Industries that are winning the war

AGRICULTURE, steel, oil, transportation—all indispensable weapons. But there is another weapon to be fittingly grouped with them—a weapon of the heart—motion pictures!

Fittingly grouped with them, too, on their own basis of volume of business done and amount of capital invested, as well as on the basis of performing the indispensable duty of keeping up the national heart.

It is common knowledge that the quality of all others that America has brought to the Allies is buoyant morale, lightness of heart—and it is common knowledge from coast to coast that it is Paramount and Artcraft Pictures that have been adopted by the whole nation as the romantic fuel of its cheery temper.

Paramount and Artcraft Pictures have actually accomplished the magnificent destiny of raising the screen to the importance of a first-grade weapon of victory.

In thousands upon thousands of American communities the great Paramount and Artcraft Pictures, aflame with the purpose of victory, have shaped the public morale—the stuff of which victory is made—to a steely resoluteness!

No wonder the President has expressed his appreciation of the war-value of motion pictures!

The men and women of vision behind Paramount and Artcraft give their word to the nation that the weapon they wield shall always be kept polished and bright—

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The February Classic

Some of the Features:

FLORENCE TURNER
Of course, you remember the beloved Florence of old Vitagraph? Six years ago she crossed the seas, but now she has returned to the films. Here is a human, vital story of Miss Turner, who has been for months touring the British camps and hospitals entertaining the English Tommies.

PRISCILLA DEAN
Something of a "nut interview" is this humorous chat with Priscilla of the wonderful funny character. There are plenty of laughs in this little talk with Miss Dean, who, most of all, loves "to travel fast," be it in auto or plane.

DICK BARTHELMESS
Dick, just out of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., went directly into the films with Herbert Brenon in Alla Nazimova's "War Brides." He has been coming along rapidly ever since, until now he's one of the favorite juvenile leads of the silverscreen.

FAIRE BINNEY
Is little Miss Binney a star in the making? Anyway, you'll be interested in this story of a girl, who, in a few months, has worked her way up to playing opposite Jack BARRYMORE in the films.

These are but a few of the fascinating February features of The Classic, which, aside from its many intimate chats and articles, and its hundreds of new and striking pictures, will carry the cream of the month's photoplays in fictionized form. The February Classic will have three big film dramas in story form, including Billie Burke's "Good Gracious, Annabelle" and Norma Talmadge's "Heart of Wotona." And there's a beautiful cover of Clara Kimball Young.

The Motion Picture Classic
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Behind the Screen

What Is Nerve Force?

NERVE Force is an energy created by the nervous system. What it is, we do not know, just as we do not know what electricity is.

We know this of Nerve Force: It is the dominant power of our existence. It governs our whole life. It Is Life; for, if we knew what nerve force is, we would know the secret of life.

Nerve force is the basic force of the body and mind. The power of every muscle, every organ, is nerve force, and it receives its initial impulse through the nerves. Our vitality, strength and endurance are directly governed by the degree of our nerve force.

If an elephant had the same degree of nerve force as a flea, or an ant, he could jump over mountains and push down skyscrapers. If an ordinary man had the same degree of nerve force as a cat, he could break all athletic records without half trying. This is an example of Muscular Nerve Force.

Mental Nerve Force is indicated by force of character, personal magnetism, moral courage and mental power.

Organic Nerve Force means health and long life.

It is a well balanced combination of Physical, Mental and Organic Nerve Force that has made Theodore Roosevelt, General Pershing and Charles Schwab and other great men what they are. 95% of mankind are led by the other 5%. It is Nerve Force that does the leading.

In our nerves, therefore, lies our greatest strength; and there, also, our greatest weakness—for when our nerve force becomes depleted, through worry, disease, overwork, abuse, every muscle loses its strength and endurance; every organ becomes partly paralyzed, and the mind becomes befogged.

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any part of their organ is weak or diseased.

It is "nerve" or "you are ran down," the doctor tells the victim. Then a "tonic" is prescribed, which temporarily gives the nerves a swift kick, and speeds them up, just as a fagged-out horse may be made to speed up by towing him behind an automobile.

Unfortunately, most people will not believe that their nerves are depleted and weak. So long as their hands and knees do not tremble, they cling to the belief that their nerves are strong and sound, which is a dangerous assumption.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

First Stage: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

Second Stage: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headaches; backache; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

Third Stage: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous overindulgence in suicidal tendencies, and in extreme cases, insanity.

It is evident that nerve depletion leads to a long train of evils that torture the mind and body. It is no wonder neuroathletism (nerve bankrupts) become melancholic and do not care to live.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should therefore give it your most earnest attention, and learn how to protect your nerves; how to relax, calm and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

Paul von Boeckmann, the noted Nerve Culturist, who for 25 years has been the leading authority in America on Breathing, Nerve Culture and Psycho-physics, has written a remarkable book (64 pages) on Nerve Force, which teaches how to soothe, calm and race for the Nerves. The cost of the book is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). The author's address is Studio 73—World's Tower Bldg., 110 West 40th St., New York. You should order the book today. It will be a revelation to you and will teach you important facts that will give you greater Physical, Mental and Organic Nerve Force. If you do not agree that this book teaches you the most important lesson on Health and Mental Efficiency you have ever read, your money will be refunded by return mail, plus your outlay of postage.

The author of Nerve Force has advertised his various books on Health and Nerve Culture in the standard magazines of America during the last twenty years, which is ample evidence of his responsibility and integrity. The following are extracts from letters written by grateful people who have read the book:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than all the drugs in the drugstore."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have read your book, and today I feel stronger than I have in years."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming my nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says he read your book and it saved me from a nervous collapse such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

(Continued on page 8)
Stronger, Clearer Voice for You!

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Across the Footlights

The New York stage now has a number of admirable and interesting things upon its boards. In at least one instance, the metropolitan theater offers an example of acting at its greatest—acting which ranks with any that may or may not have existed in the palmy days. This is John Barrymore's really tremendous characterization of Feda in Tolstoy's "Redemption."
The Tolstoy drama, sometimes called "The Living Corpse," is a vital thing. "It is sorrowful and piteous and terrible," some one has said. Tolstoy wrote it as an arraignment of the law's futility in handling the problems of life. It is marriage viewed with a cruelly ironic eye. One critic said that Feda is "the figure of all poets, all artists, all sensitive human beings who dream passionately of what is better than the reality they know." Barrymore's performance is marked by genuine histrionic genius. The supporting cast is splendidly chosen and the ten scenes and the artistry by Robert Edmond Jones. We should like to take every screen actor to see Barrymore's magnificent Feda and every director to see Jones' wonderful handling of lights and colors.

Clare Kummer, who wrote that delightful gem, "Good Gracious, Annabelle," has given another example of her charming and graceful gossamer humor in "Be Calm, Camilla." It is the little story of a young girl who comes to New York to study music, fails and is on the verge of starvation when a millionaire's car runs her down. Out of that slender theme, Miss Kummer has woven a delightful comedy. Lola Fisher, who was Annabelle, is the new Camilla and she plays with freshness, wistfulness and humor.

The unusual thing about Miss Kummer's comedies is the dialog. Almost invariably each laugh earned by the plot begins scantly and then rises to full volume," says Heywood Broun in discussing the comedy. "This would seem to indicate that a definite intellectual process is stimulated by the new play."

Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

Central—"Forever After." Alice Brady in a play of youthful love which endures despite many obstacles. Excellently acted through. It charms its audience into living once again the violent joys and heart-aches of youth.

Cohan & Harris—"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplaywrights. The principal charm of this play is in trying to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies, just as we were puzzled in "Cheating Cheaters" to know who were the burglars and who were not.

George M. Cohan's Theater—"Head Over Heels," with the saucy Missis as a delirable little vaudeville acrobat. Entertaining with tuneful Jerome Kern music and the highly amusing Robert Emmett Keane.

In a word, Miss Kummer's dialog has musical sparkle. - Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal Husband" is played with distinction and taste at the Comedy Theater.

Down at the Greenwich Village Theater, "The Better Ole," a comedy based on Captain Bruce Bainsfather's famous English stage plays, is holding forth very intelligently. "The Better Ole" is rejected by a lot of New York's leading commercial managers, but finally found a home in the metropolis' near-Bohemia. Charles D. Coburn invests Bainsfather's 'Ole Bill, the British soldier with the mud-guard mustache, the impregnable ignorance and racy Englishisms, with just the right spirit.

"Freedom," a lavish spectacle in 'teen dozen scenes showing the development of political and racial freedom thru the ages, was briefly at the big Century Theater. It was, at least, imposing.

Memorable to the last scene is the big hat of "Three Faces East," "Friendly Enemies," and "Lightnin'" go merrily on. The producers of "Lightnin,'" Winchell Smith and John Golden, have apparently just put over another hit in "Three Wise Poofs," by Austin Strong. This is built around three elderly and embittered men who come to have humanism awaked in their hearts by the ward, the grown daughter of an old friend.

"Tea for Three" holds its place as one of the best comedies of a long time; Alice Brady gives a moving performance in that touching play of youth "Forever After"; "The Unknown Purple" is a weird and startling melodrama; "Under Orders," with its two-player cast, maintains its place among the favorites; "Sleeping Partners" is a sprightly French Boulevard farce hit; Cyril Maude is doing nicely in "The Saving Grace.

"The Girl Behind the Gun" and "Head Over Heels" are batting among the musical leaders.

In other words, the season is doing very well.

Harris—"The Riddle Woman," with Bertha Kallich, Problem drama from the Danish Ladies with "pouts," a he-vampire and much emotionism. Kallich gives a picturesque if artificial performance, while Chrystal Hern and A. E. Anson makes the most of their roles.

Hippodrome.—"The newest production, "Everything," lives up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, ranging from dainty Belle Storey to scores of remarkable roller skaters, from De Wolf Hopper to a stage full of tumbling girls.

Lyceum.—"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three bachelors who adopt Belgian wabes. Amusing complications occur when the children develop along unexpected lines Jeanne Eagels is quaintly pleasing in the leading role.
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FEMALE HELP WANTED


Ladies—Purchased home binding, lining postcards, pictures, photos, etc., space time for profit. $15 or $20 weekly. Particulars free, Artist, 421-G, Station A, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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"Old Money Wanted." $2 to $500 each paid for hundreds of coins dated before 1850. Keep all old money. Dead Joe for new money. Ask about book, also. You may have coins worth large premiums. Get posted. Clarke Coin Co., Box 166, Reo, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAYWRIGHTS

FREE TO WRITERS.—A wonderful little book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas; the A to Z of successful story and movie play writing. Absolutely Free. Just address Writer's Service, Dept. 4, Auburn, N. Y.

Stories and Photoplay Ideas Wanted by 48 companies; big pay. Details free to beginners. Producer's League, 441, St. Louis, Mo.

Comedy-Dramas Wanted. Simple ideas will do. High prices and motion picture recognition are within your reach. There never was, never will be, a better opportunity for unrecognized talent to "break in" than right now. Write for particulars to G. A. Strader, 1400 Fifth Ave., New York City. (A film representative; not a school.)

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PATENTS

Wanted Ideas. Write for free patent guide book, list of patent buyers and inventions wanted. $1,000 for first prize. The above is a wonderful opportunity and a conservative offer. Write sketch for free opinion of patent. Victor J. Evans & Co., 621 Ninth, Washington, D. C.


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Write the Words for a Song. We compose music, secure copyright and submit copies to leading publishers. Submit poem; we compose complete song and supply music and arrangement. Free broadway studios, 171-D Fitzgerald Bldg., Broadway at 32nd Street, New York.

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Scenario Writers Get Your Manuscripts Typed. Fifty cents per thousand words. One can send their manuscript envelope addressed to any producer you name free. Script, M. F. Harwood, 925 Baker Street, Flint, Mich.

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LEADING PICTURE THEATERS


Radio. Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Syra—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week. (Seven)

Lyric.—The Unknown Purple. Interesting and well sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible and earns a purple ray and who starts out to get revenge. The invisible man steals necklaces, opens gates and passes through crowds with a vigorous performance of the human ray.

Plymouth.—Redemption. John Barrymore at his best in a remarkable piece of acting and a remarkable Tolstoi play. Sad, but big.

Republic.—Where Poppies Bloom. Melodramatic war play of a woman who discovers that her husband Action takes place on the Flanders battle line. Marjorie Rambeau is very emotional in the star rôle.

Keep Her Smiling. A typical Mr. and Mrs. Drew. Mr. Drew does the cleverest bit of acting of his career, and alas! slack! the screen has probably lost forever one of its brightest stars. Mrs. Drew is more charming and "younger" than ever before.

Fiddlers Three, lively little operetta with considerable fun and much good music. Louise Groody scores as a captivating little ingenue and dancer, and the lanky Hal Shelley's humanising. Altogether a likeable entertainment.

Going Up. A charming musical farce written and produced by John Craven in an interesting rôle. The music is unusually bright and catchy.

The Passing Show of 1918. One of the best of the Winter Garden shows. Pretty girls and stunning costumes. Among the features are the amusing Howard Brothers; that lively dance number, "Fred Adel Ale Astarie;" and the laughable Dooly Brothers.

The Copperhead. One of the big dramatic successes of the fall, by Augustus Thomas. A drama that will live.

The Little Teacher. A charming play, full of letter ideas, written and directed by Mr. Thomas; company every one of which makes a hit. Mary Ryan is excellent, as usual, and her support is unusually good.

A Tailor Made Man. An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young tailor who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and who then hires the latter to work for him.

The Kiss Burglar. One of the most charming of the current farces. The strange, dissection of book and considerable humor. Above all the fascinating personality of Fay Miller's acting.

Oh! Lady! Lady! Chic musical-comedy. Daintiness, wit, a well-balanced, all-star cast and catchy music are the outstanding charm of this new production.

Parlor, Bedroom and Bath. A roaring farce of the class of "Fair and Warner," "Two Beds" and "Up Stairs and Down," and about as funny and racy as any of them.

Flo-Flo. This glorified burlesque caught Broadway last season. Sprinkle some catchy melody between the gags, add a flashing chorus, season well with bold if not risqué situations, and--Flo-Flo! the dazzling costumes and you have Flo-Flo! real hit! the gags and bars and support display well-modulated voices and some real honey-mouthed lingerie.

Mayflower's. A dainty, teasing comedy with music. It has a real plot, following the life of a young couple from youth to old age, interspersed with tuneful music and some dancing.

Tiger Rose. An intense and very popular drama similar to "The Heir of Victoria," in which Lenore Ulric plays the part of an Indian maiden who loves and swears charmingly.
Fame and Fortune Contest

IS NOW OPEN

The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine have inaugurated many contests during the past, but it can safely be said that none of the picture history of the world's two popular magazines has been associated with the tremendous wave of interest which has preceded the launching of The Fame and Fortune Contest. The very first announcement brought hundreds of letters, inquiries and favorable comments. These have been steadily mounting in numbers. The opening of the contest on December 1st was marked by an avalanche of pictures.

The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine will make an internationally famous screen player of the winner of The Fame and Fortune Contest.

The two magazines will give two years' guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits in colors, special interviews, pictures, special articles, etc.—the sort of publicity that could not be purchased at any price. The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine will secure an initial position for the winner and other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine guarantee that the winner will be known throughout the civilized world.

THE FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST OPENS

The judges are now going through the portraits received. Every fifteen days the jury will pass upon the contestants' photographs, selecting the six best portraits submitted during that period. These honor pictures will be published in subsequent numbers of The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine, and an announcement will shortly be made of the first installment of honor pictures selected.

The duration of the contest will be announced later. Upon the closing of the contest the winner will be selected. It is possible that three or four leaders may be chosen and invited to come to New York for test motion pictures, after which the final winner will be decided upon.

JURY OF INTERNATIONAL NOTE

The Fame and Fortune jury of judges includes:

DAVID WINTH
THOMAS INCE
CECIL DE MILLE
MAURICE TOURNEUR

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG
HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY
EUGENE V. BREWSTER

TERMS OF THE CONTEST

1. Open to any young woman in the world, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage roles.
2. Contestants must submit a portrait, upon the back of which must be pasted a coupon from either The Motion Picture Classic or The Motion Picture Magazine, or a similar coupon of your own making.
3. Contestants can submit any number of portraits, but upon the back of each must be pasted an entrance coupon.

CLASSIC ENTRANCE COUPON

Contestant No. ...........................................

Not to be filled in by contestant

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Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any

When born ...................................................
Birthplace ..............................................

Eyes (color) .............................................
Hair (color) ...........................................

Height ....................................................
Weight ..................................................

Complexion ...........................................

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Behind the Screen

(Continued from page 5)

Anita King, well known on the screen, was injured, on October 17th, near Michigan City, Ind., when her car was struck by a train. She was engaged in aiding the Liberty Loan drive and was on her way to make an address.

Completing the late Jacques Futrelle's "My Lady's Garter" at his Fort Lee studios, Maurice Tourneur is departing for the coast to make three or four productions during the winter.

William Randolph Hearst has purchased the Universal Animated Weekly, Universal Current Events and Mutual's Screen Telegram, making Hearst's Weekly under the title of Hearst International News. On December 24th the Hearst-Pathé Weekly comes to be, Pathé now issuing its own weekly.

Edith Storey has left Metro.

Denial is made that Cecil De Mille is leaving the Lasky organization. Rumor had it that he was going into the army air service.

"Daddy Long Legs," the Jean Webster story, will be made a musical on the stage, having just started the production of "The Yellow Dove." It is believed that Mr. Lockwood contracted the fatal disease at the Madison Square Garden, where he had been engaged in Liberty Loan work at the Motion Picture Exposition.

Anita Stewart has completed her first Louis B. Mayer production, "Virtuous Wives," adapted from Owen Johnson's story. Conway Tearle, Mrs. De Wolf Hopper and Edwin Arden are in the cast. George Loon Tackett directed. "In Old Virginia" will be Miss Stewart's second.

All Goldwyn productions are now being made on the coast. Tom Moore and Mae Marsh are at work in California. The Rex Beach pictures will be filmed on the coast. Garbo will not go West until after the close of the opera season in April. Pauline Frederick and Madge Kennedy are about to start West.

John H. Collins, husband of Viola Dana and her director for a long time, died at the Hotel Marie Antoinette on October 22d of pneumonia, following a week's attack of influenza.

The influenza also claimed Julian L'Estrange as a victim. Mr. L'Estrange died on October 22d in New York. He was well known on both stage and screen, appearing up to the time of his fatal illness in the stage production of "The Ideal Husband."

Billie Rhodes has been Manhattanning.

Doris Kenyon is following "Wild Honey" with "Twilight." Both are adaptations of stories by Vinice E. Roe. "Twilight" appeared in the Metropolitan as The Alchemy of Love. Miss Kenyon is using the Biograph studios in New York for production work.

Eugene Walter, the playwright, has contracted to write three original screen stories for Norma Talmadge.

William Fox has added James Kirkwood, Charles J. Brahms, Edward Dillon and Arvid E. Gillstrom to his staff of directors, making a total of fourteen. Kirkwood has just finished Evelyn Nesbit's "I Want to Forget."

(Continued)
Cold weather whips out of the skin all its natural moisture

To make and keep your skin lovely you need two creams—one kind for protection and an entirely different kind for cleansing.

The reason your complexion suffers in winter is because the cold weather whips out of the skin all its natural moisture.

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How to protect your skin
Before going out protect your skin by an application of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Use it on your hands and neck as well as your face. Compare the fresh, soft condition in which it keeps your face with the drawn, dry feeling that generally follows exposure to cold, windy weather.

Based on an ingredient which doctors have used for years for its softening, beautifying qualities, Pond's Vanishing Cream is of the utmost value in overcoming all dryness and restoring the normal pliancy to the skin.

It is absolutely free from greasiness. You can use it throughout the day or you can put it on while dressing for the evening with the knowledge that not a bit of it will remain on the skin to make it shiny.

Your nightly cleansing needs a different cream
Without thorough cleansing of all the dust gathered during the day, the skin cannot be clear and fine-textured. Pond's Cold Cream was prepared especially to give the skin a perfect cleansing.

Try it for your bedtime toilet tonight. You will revel in the sensation of grateful cleanliness it produces.

For massage also, you will find Pond's Cold Cream delightfully smooth and easy to work into the pores.

Only the very freshest, purest ingredients are used in the preparation of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream. They will not grow hair or down on the skin.

Get a jar or tube of each today at any drug or department store.

Or we will send you free samples of each cream
Mail the coupon below for free sample tubes of each cream. For enough of each cream to last two weeks, send 10c. Get the samples today and give them a week's test. You will find that your complexion has become smoother, fresher, lovelier than ever in coloring.

Address: The Pond's Extract Company, 136R Hudson St., New York City.

POND'S EXTRACT CO.
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Please send me free the items checked:
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Instead of the free samples, I desire the items checked below for which I enclose the required amount:
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Name

Street

City...
State...
The Magic of a fine, soft skin

ONLY BY THE PROPER CARE CAN YOU GAIN THIS CHARM

IT DOES not “just happen” that some girls retain the loveliness of a fine, soft complexion. Only by really caring, by finding out and faithfully using the right treatment for the skin, have the famous beauties kept this charm.

Examine your skin closely. Its pores should be hardly noticeable. If they already begin to show conspicuously, it is a sign that you have not been giving your skin the proper care for its needs.

Begin tonight this treatment for reducing enlarged pores and making the skin fine in texture. Use it persistently. Only by faithfully caring for your skin can you correct a condition which is the result of years of neglect.

To make your skin fine in texture

Dip your wash cloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap, dip it in water and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing the face with a piece of flax. Always dry carefully.

You can feel the difference the very first time you use this treatment. Within ten days your skin will show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater smoothness that the steady use of Woodbury’s always brings.

For a month or six weeks of any Woodbury Facial treatment and for general cleansing use for that time a 25c cake is sufficient. On sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of special treatments and sample of Woodbury’s Facial Powder

Send 6c for a trial-size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury treatment) together with the booklet of famous treatments, “A Skin You Love to Touch.” Or for 15c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury’s Facial Soap and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 901 SpringGrove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 901 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

The perfect bloom of a skin so soft, so fine in texture that it seems the outward sign of an exquisite personal fineness. Read below how by proper treatment you can gain this most appealing of all charms.

For pale sallow skins

Do you lack the exquisite color that comes and goes? Write us for directions to use the new steam treatment pale, sallow skins. It brings to your skin the files glowing color for which have longed.

Conspicuous nose pores

You need not let the attractiveness of your face be marred by conspicuous nose pores. If this is your trouble, try once the special treatment for it given in the booklet wrapped around each cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap.
The screen has at least temporarily lost the picturesque Mme. Petrova, since the star is now doing a spoken play, "The Eighth Sin," which she wrote herself. So Mme. Petrova is likely to be absent from the silver-screen for at least a period. She was last seen in the films at the head of Petrova Feature Productions.
GERALDINE FARRAR

Between the Metropolitan Opera House and the Goldwyn studios, Miss Farrar leads a busy life. Gerry, you know, is American thru and thru, Melrose, Mass., being her birthplace, and her father a baseball star—Sidney Farrar. Operatic triumphs came to Gerry after long training on the Continent. Now she's interested in the films almost as much as in opera.
About the hardest caption on earth to create is one for a portrait of little Mary. What new can be said of the little girl who won her way into the hearts of the world in the old Biograph days and who has held a position all her own ever since? Just one thing—please, come back to the screen soon!
ANNA Q. NILSSON

Anna bane born in Ystad, Sweden. We dont know how you pronounce it, but why try? Anna came over in 1908, walked down Riverside Drive, caught the eye of a discerning artist and was engaged on the spot as a model. She was the original Pen- rhyln Stanlaws girl. Then the films, via Kalem, won her over. Now she's with Metro.
EVELYN NESBIT

Evelyn Nesbit is now a full-fledged Fox star, having given up vaudeville to devote her future to the celluloid drama. Miss Nesbit is hard-working and sincere—and we're going to watch her screen development with genuine interest. Her first Fox offering was "The Woman Who Gave."
"Have you a cigarette?" gently inquired the Pearl of many perils. With which we rattled back upon our shock-absorbers. We had been warned of Miss White's informality in interviews, but the question took our breath away.

Right here, in all fairness to Pearl, we should present our findings. During the whole evening of our interview Miss White borrowed cigarettes from studio workers and actors with splendid impartiality, and each request was couched in the Vassar English we have mentioned. But Miss White, we discovered, doesn't talk thusly because she knows no better. It's just an example of Pearl's unconventional sense of humor.

After observing Miss White in her numerous serials, one might suspect that to spend an evening in the studio with the star would be courting a rest in a nice, secluded white ward where they take your temperature every hour. In reality our evening with Miss White was quite uneventful, altho it was spent in the densest sort of jungle a studio staff can construct.

"What?" demanded Pearl, in response to our inquiry. "Dont you know South American when you see it? Get the asparagus and the wild rhubarb. It's no other than a suburb in Brazil."

Whatever it was, the rainy season was on. Mud was inches deep on the studio floor. Water-pipes drizzled above the scene, and scene-shifters, astride rafters, poured water from sprinkling-pots upon Pearl as she sought safety in a cave. Then along came Warner Oland, who, aided by some scoundrelly natives, piled a huge rock in front of the cave entrance. So there was Pearl a prisoner in the dark and damp interior, and—continued next week.

"I want to act like the rest," confesses Miss White. "I've always done serials—and there is no acting in a serial. I want to emote. I know that the only three dramatic features I ever did were as rotten as they make 'em. But, darn it, I want to be an actress in spite of that!"
Miss White puffed at her cigarette. "The striking profile beneath the astonishingly, almost improbably, blonde hair, held us fascinated. "I'm writing a book on my life," she continued. "It's going to tell the truth—the whole truth—the first time a screen star ever did."

Miss White studied her cigarette. No affectation here, indeed, but an interesting example of the God of Celluloid in his most playful mood. How he must grin to reach down and distribute fame as he pleases.

We asked Miss White about her ambitions. "Of course, I want to act like the rest," she responded. "I've always done serials—and there is no acting in a serial. You simply race thru the reels. Your dear old mother dies in a photoplay, and she takes 120 feet to do it. In a serial she gets 20 feet and has to step lively at that."

"I want to emote. Who doesn't? I know that the only three dramatic features I ever did were as rotten as they make 'em. They were the three most terrible plays ever done. Lord, but I was awful! One of them was..." (Continued on page 72)

"Look at all the marriage flivvers," says Miss White. "No wedding bells for Pearl. You can't do it in the movies. I know how tired I am when I get home after periling all day. I'd pick a fight with St. Peter. No, it can't be did!"

(Dland, who promptly seized the star by the throat. "Look terrified, Miss White," admonished the director, and Pearl forthwith was properly terrified, altho she held her cigarette behind her, out of range of the camera. "Hurry up and shoot," timidly said Pearl, thru her look of frozen horror. It was astonishing, the easy way Miss White dropped into a dramatic pose without the slightest effort to question or feel the situation.

Then she returned and we sat in the mud. No one ever accused me of coming from a fine Southern ancestral home, and I never gave up society when the films won me," confessed Miss White. "I came up from almost nothing, and I've struggled every inch of the way." (Seventeen)
Desperate Desmond!

Do you know him? Tell me how you picture him to yourselves? Tall? Thin? With long, drooping mustachios, always foiling the hero and chasing the girl around the world? I thought so.

You are wrong, all wrong. The real, honest-to-goodness Desperate Desmond is of medium height, of well-filled muscular development, with a laugh in his dimples and a laugh in his eyes—blue, fringed with brown. And his voice has the ring of old Ireland in it; the cheer, enthusiasm, imagination and blarney of the old country. His ambition was to make a tour of the world. All his associates—actors, writers, artists, who lived out there in California, were quite used to Bill's monolog on "When I become wealthy I am going to travel all over the world."

A short time later Billy Desmond received a flattering offer to go to Australia and head a repertoire stock company in Sydney. Strangely enough, he was not especially jubilant over the idea, but as the engagement was for only six months and would give him a chance to take at least part of that world journey of his, Bill accepted, and the impending voyage was announced.

Then it was that Hirshfield of The Los Angeles Examiner drew the first of the series of cartoons known as "Desperate Desmond." He showed our friend Bill trailing all sorts of adventures in various countries, only he pictured him as the mustached villain and not as the clean-lipped hero.

The real Desmond isn't desperate at all—that is, he wasn't when I had
Desmond

Recently on a hurried trip to New York except for a desporately

Look what York has to me," he said. "I have never had a sick

They have me rushing and so madly, green side-viewing people I

But I've always been like that, always wanting to get

After my Australian trip, which by the way, lasted two years instead of six

"No, of course not," I said, "but you really should have more photographs

And then because he knew I was unhappy for thus having aired his secret

When Florence Reed and I were going out in the car to finish up the one

Desmond is happy and carefree, Irish and prodigious, generous to a fault, loving life

(Continued on page 77)
You probably think that it is a difficult matter to find Florence Reed, because anybody who knows anything about the stage or the screen at all knows that Miss Reed is always just as busy as any one person can possibly be. But a very remarkable thing about Miss Reed is that she can always find time for anything she wants to do or for anything that she thinks she really ought to do.

Perhaps these last two months before our chat are about the busiest that she has yet experienced. In the first place, she had just completed her engagement in Philadelphia with “Chu Chin Chow,” in which she played the leading rôle last season and inaugurated this one upon her return from a rest in her country place in Maine. In the second place, she was rehearsing for her new play, “The Road to Destiny,” in which she is being starred by A. H. Woods. And, as if that were not a sufficient task in itself, she was making a moving picture in betimes. And just to show that she never forgets her old friends, when “Chu Chin Chow” opened in Boston, she sandwiched in a trip to that staid city and remained long enough to give three performances of Zahrat before returning on a train that arrived in New York at seven in the morning, so as to be in time for a rehearsal at nine.

So Miss Reed’s days consist of rehearsals at the morning at the theater. When the work comes to halt, she jumps into her limousine and sets forth without further parley for the studio, where she remains till her schedule is fulfilled. It varies from five o’clock in the afternoon till two o’clock in the morning.

In the usual course of events that would
stitute a day's work for any d-working woman, and no oneuld be surprised if the answer "No!" to any suggestion of her demands to be put upon time. But, as it was observed a few paragraphs ago, Miss Reed always finds time for anything she wants to do or for anything that she is convinced that she ought to do.

For instance, when she was asked short time ago for an interview, answer came over the wire, as dial as you please, "Why, certainly. When would you like to see it? My time is yours. Name hour you like."

It was then eight o'clock in the morning. Miss Reed explained that she had just come home from the studio. It was one of her early mornings, she said. For the last two nights her work at the studio had kept her until long after midnight. But she was glad to have a quiet evening to herself, she said. She gave her an opportunity to study more fully for her play. About the interview, she asked when it could take place.

Miss Reed proceeded to give an outline of her plans for the following day. Hickson's at eight-thirty, to start the morning's routine. Hickson's has never been open until nine o'clock, she said. It has never been known in the history of that honorable establishment that it pulled its sashes up and dusted its doorstep until that hour, and how is it possible that Miss Reed was to have a fitting at an ungodly stroke of eight-thirty?

"Yes, Hickson's at eight-thirty," Miss Reed repeated. "The night watchman has been warned, so that when I appear on the threshold I will not be arrested for attempted burglary or as a suspicious-looking character lurking outside a business establishment at an ungodly hour, and the fitters have been told to set their alarm clocks for an earlier hour, so that there is no doubt that all will be in readiness the time I arrive. From there I go to the theater for rehearsal. As on as that is over there will be only minutes to spare while I drive from the theater to the studio, which is just a few streets away. There is not much time in between, because Miss Reed as the picturesque Zahrat in "Chu Chin Chow."

(Continued on page 69)
Sessue Hayakawa Is the Proud Old Japanese with the Manners of Modern America

The barometer had been falling all afternoon. The office of the watch was in his oilskins. Everything movable on the deck had been lashed down. The ship was struggling and groaning in the grip of a Chinese typhoon.

The lieutenant on the bridge turned to a little midshipman standing at his side and shouted something to him in Japanese.

The little fellow saluted and struggled along the bridge and into the teeth of the wind, out over the rail and onto the rigging. With the old training ship rolling hit a sick thing in the sea, first on her port beam ends and then the starboard, her topmast whirring with frightful velocity across the long arc as the ship rolled, the little midshipman made his slow and difficult way up the mast.

The little midshipman was Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese picture star, and that is the stuff he was raised on. No wonder that he knows how to look stern!

I have known a lot of motion picture actors, but I have never known any other one so well worth knowing as Hayakawa.

He is a quaint mixture of actor, philosopher, athlete, poet and navy officer.

To my mind he is one of the best actors on the screen, but I think that his heart is somewhere out on a battleship, where the big guns are frowning out of the forward turrets and the sea is streaming green down thru the scuppers. To para phrase Kipling, "Once you've heard the sea a-calling, you won never heed ought else."

Not long ago they were putting on a picture at Hayakawa's studio in Los Angeles. The exuberant scenario writer had provided a situation which called for a council of Japanese notables, one of whom was to be the Mikado.

The Japanese actor who was cast for the part promptly quit the job and walked out of the studio. Likewise the next Hayakawa, being appealed to, told the manager it was useless to try to induce any Japanese gentleman to commit such indignity against his emperor.

"Then," said the manager, inspired by a happy thought, "we will get a white man to play the Mikado in make-up."

"If you do," said Hayakawa, quietly, "every Japanese in the studio will quit, and," he added, "I will quit, too."

On another occasion a writer sent in a scenario with which Hayakawa was charmed. He liked it so well that he sent for the author to help produce it. He started down to the train in his own automobile to meet him.

On the way down, his manager chanced to mention the writer's connection with a book of very dubious loyalty to the cause of the Allies. Without a word, Hayakawa whirled his car.
around almost in its tracks and went back. So far as is known the recreant author is still waiting.

Like most sailors, Hayakawa is taciturn and economical of words. If he likes you he will turn sometimes to you, as he watches a set, and, in about twenty words, say something you will remember all your life.

The other night we were down in Chinatown, where he was putting on a scene. The queer half-lights were casting gaunt, haggard shadows thru the little, whispering alleys of the quarter. Queer old figures that looked like ivory carvings peered out.

We see Hayakawa as an American, with golf sticks poking out of the tonneau of his car; but beyond I see old Samurai temples and queer Samurai swords, strange aromas of Oriental perfumes.
"I forget about time," says Miss Brady; "I bury myself, because I am so interested and I care for it so very, very much. Really, those are the things that count—fascination and absorption."

Where There's an Alice Brady There's a Way

The strains of a fox-trot floated to us. The ripple of laughter, the ends and chips of retorts came, too. Now and then a maid would pass, offering refreshments; or a khaki-clad chap would come searching, with, "Alice! Alice! Where art thou?" only to be sweetly dismissed—as this was Miss Brady's first frolic in oh! ever so long, and I wanted to find out how she could have tolerated the seriousness of her career.

"Yes," Miss Brady told me, as she nestled into the cushions of the alcove to where I had kidnapped her, "this is my first play in three years! It was becoming rather tiresome, I'll admit, getting off to the studios early in the morning; working, working, working until six o'clock before the camera; rushing home, gulping down dinner (how Dad loved that!), hurrying to the theater, and after making up all over again, and playing Jennie, coming
straight here to the apartment—and bed.

"Of course, now and then there was a dance, and once in a while a little fun. But I had to get a reasonable amount of rest for my long day's work; and somehow, never until now had I realized that 'rest' and 'diversion' go hand-in-hand. I never had time—or, that is, I never made time, because, as you know. I took this all upon me—myself—to go to the playhouse, or to see a movie, or to read a jolly book. Even my shopping was done over the telephone, and all my marketing attended to by the maids.

"It all reminds me of George Ade and one of his fables. Something like six years ago (before I had decided to go on the stage and work), I remember reading one of his lovable stories, and then (the flash of Alice Brady dimples) taking this away with me:

"'Early to bed, And early to rise, And you meet very few prominent people.'"

"But you are so young, so vivacious, so normal," I plaintively. "Didn't you mind it?"

"No," she replied to my perfectly natural question, "I did not seem to notice it at all. I am strong and healthy, and I love to work. Besides, these are not the times when one can permit oneself to think of living a 'cushie' existence. The issue is fight or work. If I cannot throw hand-grenades for the boys, if I cannot suffer cooties with them, if I cannot help them capture a Hun, then the bit and the best I can do is waste no time. Every minute should be occupied. Every minute can be occupied. It is not difficult to get into the habit of doing. Where there's a will there's a way.

"In fact, it has only been lately, when Dad begins to scold me, and then plead with me, that I have been considering relaxation. He is begging me to take a month's vacation. He claims that the least I can do is to compromise my routine for that short while by giving up the picture work and just playing in 'Forever After.' But not only do I guess—I know—that lounging around all day, doing nothing, would completely frizzle my nerves. (A bright smile—and the dimples, of course.) "I forget about time. I bury myself, because I am so interested. And I care for it so very, very much.

"For really those are the things that count—fascination and absorption. It is because school lacked that for me that I left when I was seventeen. I did not like it. It is for that reason, too, that Dad's hopes for me being in grand opera were crushed. I had studied to be a singer, but I did not care for that field, either. I had always had a desire to go on the stage, and I believe that when a person wants to do something with all his heart and soul nothing on earth can prevent him! It was that way with me. Dad was terribly opposed

(Continued on page 70)
Billie Rhodes' second feature picture, "The Springtime of Youth," and the music was for the purpose of coaxing tears from performers, instead of money from observers. The beautiful young girl in the blue serge dress was, of course, Billie.

This was on Monday, the thirtieth of September—the most eventful day of her life. Eventful because it saw the opening of her first feature and the beginning of stardom. In the light of this the circus faded into nothingness. In fact, she was paying so little attention to the action that, during rehearsal, while the rest of the cast was in tears, she absent-mindedly smiled. But, when the camera started clicking, she cried realistically and beautifully. No mere personal matter can cause a real moving picture actress to cheat the camera any more than it could cause a

She is a restless little thing, is Billie Rhodes. Perhaps this is the most noticeable thing about her. They say that she will not live in any one house longer than six months if she can help it, and she admits cheerfully that she changes her mind about every two minutes

Billie Rhodes—Circus Girl

The scene was a circus tent on a lot in Hollywood.

You would have missed the popcorn crisp, and the pink lemonade, and the "barkers." Elephants, too, and lions and tigers were conspicuous by their absence.

But the tent was there, with its sawdust floor, and at the entrance stood the bearded lady and the clown and the strong man, and the bare-back rider and the lady acrobat. They were saying good-by to one of their number, a beautiful young girl in a blue serge dress, who was leaving them for riches and a life of ease.

Every one, including the bearded lady, was in tears, while, off to the side of the tent, where they could not be seen, two men in shirt-sleeves played "This Is the End of a Perfect Day" on a cello and hand-organ. (You would hardly call that circus music.) However, with the exception of these few minor details, it all looked very real. It was real, too, for the time being.

Wilfred Lucas was making a scene for

(Twenty-six)
"trouper" worthy of the name to quit in the face of an audience. At the same time—"I can't get my mind on anything," Billie Rhodes admitted, when the scene was over. On the way to the studio she had stopped her machine in the middle of the street, and hadn't noticed that she wasn't moving until she heard someone laugh.

"Will tonight be the first time you've had your name in electric lights?" I asked.

She nodded. She was to make a personal appearance also.

"I feel a little sick," she remarked.

"Scared almost to death," said the "strong man."

"I'm not scared," she answered, indignantly; "I'm just excited, and it's hot, and I can't get my mind on anything."

I told her that I had passed the heater on my way out and that the sign was very good-looking. It was, too. Her name is a short one and so is easily played up. She asked what pictures were in the lobby. It was entirely the natural thing for her to say.

I think that "The Springtime of Youth" is a good title for one of her pictures. It fits her personality so completely.

I saw her again the next day, after the ordeal of her personal appearance was over. Everything had gone splendidly and the audience had liked the picture. She was very happy and still quite excited. This time the circus atmosphere was more pronounced. The 'cello and hand-organ were playing real circus music, and around the edge of the lot had gathered little groups of youngsters.

Every one was in a humor for work, and so the action moved quickly and smoothly. It was half-past one before the company stopped for lunch, and then you would have felt that Billie Rhodes carried the circus with her to her dressing-room.

She is a restless little thing, is Billie Rhodes. Perhaps this is the most noticeable thing about her. "They" say that she will not live in any one house longer than six months if she can help it, and she admits cheerfully that she changes her mind about every two minutes. (Continued on page 74)
So Toils the Busy Little Bebe

"Weighed and found wanting!" Not when it comes to little Bebe Daniels, Harold Lloyd's leading lady in Rolin-Pathé comedies. Even plus shopping-bag and umbrella, Bebe just tops the scales at -- But that would be telling. By simply removing your gaze from the Bebe person to the dial, you can gather the information yourself.

Here we have Bebe glancing over her fan mail. Thirteen proposals of marriage and an offer to name a new brand of perfume after her! Such is celluloid fame!

Here is Bebe--snapped on Jim Jeffries' cattle ranch, near Burbank, Cal. Quong Ben, Jim's Chinese helper, swears, by the shades of his hundred and eight illustrious ancestors, that nothing quite like Bebe came within his celestial vision heretofore. Leaving out the ancestors, we say the same thing.
Holt—Who Goes There?
In This Case It's Jack, the Fascinating Scoundrel of the Silversheet

By MARY KEANE TAYLOR

Jack Holt may be a villain on the screen, but off—! I formed my opinion while we prowled about the Lasky stage-sets, trying to locate a cozy corner away from cowboys, villains, pretty girls in evening frocks and scores of directors and scene-shifters.

First—Holt has lived almost as adventurous a career as any of the fascinating scoundrels he plays on the silver-sheet.

Mr. Holt’s father was a minister in ole Virginia, so that’s a far cry from the footlights. Son Jack took the route gradually, for his dad insisted on a college education, and the boy studied civil engineering. Before graduation he was asked to assume control of the engineering end of a mining proposition in Alaska. He stayed up there a long time, not at all interested in his vocation, feeling always that there was something bigger for him, something which would develop into a loved hobby. However, he made good use of his time, studied types, wrote down some of his impressions, thinking they might come in handy some day, and was sorry to leave the queer, rough friends whom he had made in that desolate section of Alaska.

Desolate? Ugh! The word makes one shiver—at least a Californian feels tempted to ask about climate, and I rushed in where angels fear to travel, anxiously asking, “Didn’t you just hate the cold weather in Alaska?”

“Hark to a solemn confession,” said Holt. “I’ve felt colder right here in advertised California than I ever did in that north country. There’s such a deadly chill in the atmosphere here after sundown, the houses in winter seem to become veritable morgues overnight when the fires are out, but up there one wears furs and woolens, always remembering to don garments which prevent perspiration. It’s the latter that makes for chill. Of course, you don’t look down on a stove, metaphorically speaking; in fact, you have been known to get on most intimate terms with it, especially at night, when there’s nothing to do but swap tales around its cheerful sputter.”

“Did you drift right into pictures after leaving Alaska?”

“No, indeed. I was a cow-puncher and

(Continued on page 66)
Cutting the Gordon Knot

Kitty Gordon is now starring under the United Picture Theaters banner, having some time since migrated from World Film. Hereewith are some new photographic studies of the statuesque star.
Have a Hart! Might As Well—He Has—And Plenty of It

By FAITH SERVICE

S
ome folks take a sort of joy in upsetting the preconceived notions of other folks. I do. I'm going to have the time of my life upsetting your preconceived notions of Bill Hart—you know, Big Bill—the Westerner—you know... I'm going to have an especially fine time, because the new notion—notional about it, either—is so much human—nicer than the aforementioned preconception.

A person doesn't interview Bill Hart. Not by a gun-full! On the contrary, he smokes a big, black segar, calls you "ma'am," asks you where you went to school, and just talks on, quietly and genially; till it comes to you, albeit unpleasantly, that you have overstayed and, then considerable, the prescribed length of time for an interview. Whereupon you reluctantly depart whether you want to or not—and it's not.

If I didn't interview Bill Hart, then I don't know what I did do—that is, I know what I did, all right—but I don't know just what to call it. But—"it" was at the Astor. Right here you get, or you should get, your first shock. Bill Hart—"Blue Blazes Rawdon," "The Border Wireless"—you know—in the Astor! Seemingly incongruity, according to your preconceived notions, but not at all, not at all! You're all wrong. It's not the Astor that's wrong—not even the combination of the Astor and Bill Hart. 'Tis your preconception that's doing the damage. But then, I thought the same—before. I thought: 'The Astor! Absurd! It should be, if it must be Bagdad-on-the-Subway at all, the Zoo, or the parkiest part of Central Park, or the wild wastes of the Bronx—anywhere—not the Astor and its ilk. My preconception didn't run according to a specification. If it had, I should say that I kinder expected him to come galloping down the velvet-shod corridor on a buckin' bronch, brandishing a brace of pistols and yelling wildly. At the least, I looked for a sombrero. Instead of which—

I entered a correct suite. A correct personage, extra tall, advanced to meet me, with correctly outstretched hand. "Gawdamighty!" thought I. "Can this be the right hotel, but the wrong suite?" Then I looked, and was reassured. There was no sombrero. There was no buckin' bronch.

But the Bill Hart eyes met mine. The Bill Hart eyes are there. They looked at me as they look at you and me from out the silver-screen. And the grim, somehow likable mouth—and the high cheek-bones, and the infrequent smile—But—correct tailoring, easily carried—well-cared for, potent hands—sleek hair—a voice so quiet as to be almost indistinguishable at times—a manner rather weary—And now—hold your ears! I'm going to let off some telling shots in rapid succession: Women are his greatest weakness—admittedly.

What do you know about that? Woman-hater and all the things he has been called, too! (Bill, this is letting you in for a lot, I fear. Better hire an extra secretary!)

He isn't bashful! Because he is neither histrionic, a poseur nor a publicity shark—because he speaks natural, lives normal, works hard, says but little and says that little well.

He has probably acquired the timidity reputation.

He loves the publicity end of it—the recognition—the acclaim—the gladness his presence brings.

(Thirty-one)
He's real. Whatever else he is, or isn't, he's that—essentially that. And so, of course, he loves it. What normal human wouldn't? "Only that I fear I fall short—that I don't measure up—I don't deserve it," he says.

And as for this woman-hating business—not he! "I fall so hard for 'em," he says, "I fracture my skull!"

He thinks a woman is the most sacred thing on earth—that a man who is married to the woman he loves—kiddies and home—is the-to-be-envied of kings and potentates—and he's going to get himself into that enviable state just as soon as he finds her. Also, he's going to give her everything he possibly can of tenderness and devotion—of protection and care—and all he asks in return is—loyalty. And he snapped out the word loyalty with the characteristic narrowing of the eyes.

There need be no specific type. "That would be impos-

sible for any one to say," declared Bill; "it's that indescribable something totally unnamable. She needn't be any particular variety, so long as I love her."

So, you see, she needn't be one of the daredevil horsemen—ride unblazed trails before breakfast—be indefatigable—and all that. She might even use Poudre Riz and prefer a limousine to a mustang. In fact, she could. He told me so.

Women apart, however, despite my rigid adherence to this so fascinating topic, he showed a somewhat strenuous desire to talk about horses, which topic, being a woman, was not quite so intriguing to me. Bill Hart, irreproachably tailored, and conversing feministically, was too anomalously fascinating. However... he does love horses, almost inordinately, and he loves to talk

Bill confesses that he isn't bashful, that women are his greatest weakness and that he's going to get married as soon as he finds her. And she may even use "Poudre Riz" and prefer a limousine to a mustang.

about 'em. "I wouldn't mind," he says, "being criticized as an actor, but my hair just would stand on end if I should be criticized as a horseman. Because, ma'am, if there's one thing on earth I do know, it's horses. I understand them and they understand me. No horse has ever thrown me since I was fifteen, and I've never hurt one. We just get along, that's all."

At the expiration of his contract he's going to take a rest. The first in four years of, as we know, pretty strenuous Western stuff. And he is, as he says, mighty tired. He looks it, and he acts it. "I could stand a long rest," he said, "a very long one. I'm going into the heart of New Mexico, with my horse and my dog and some books, and pitch my tent. There'll be no one to call me in the morning—no one to call on me at night. I'll sleep under the stars and dream under the sun—and together they'll give me back my really remarkable recuperative powers. It will do me a lot of good. I need it—need it badly."

Now, taking him by and large, is or is not your preconceived notion of him rather upset? Did you expect just this gentleness of him? This quietude? This grooming? And whether you did or didn't, don't you altogether like it? Isn't it much nicer, much finer, much humaner, than a rabid, rather histrionic personage with an abhorrence for women and a persistent woolly Westernness? Not that he isn't the West. He is. He is the best of it. He is the very heart of the West, tempered to the East. He is the true cosmopolite at heart—with so much of humanity within himself that he can take on, be one of, all phases of humanity, wherever and wherever.

(Continued on page 80)
The Hope Chest

If you are in, say your twenties, and are of the sterner
sex, you have heard of the B. & S. Sweetshops—and
you haven't heard of them because of their edible
sweets, either. You have heard of them, you have
visited them, because of the tempting femininities
fantastically set forth to seduce the eye. You have
toiled to come to the B. & S. It swam, according to your
means, epicurean boxes of epicurean sugar con-
trivances, and you have left behind not only a
goodly portion of your purse, but likewise of your
heart. Some one, it might have been B and it might
have been S, or it might have been the two together,
hit upon the happy idea that sugar confections
should be set forth by feminine confections, and
thereby made some cool and casual millions.
They made of their shops palaces of de-
light, with bon-bons that were fantasies
of sugar and girls made of rose-leaves
and dreams. Then they flung open
their doors, and the youths flocked in
like bees to a honeyed hive.

What happens to the least happens
likewise to the greatest. It
happened to Tom Ballantine, whose
doting male parent was the B. in
B. & S. A capital B at that.
Likewise was he the promulgator of the Great Idea. "Only em-
ploy beauties," he told his man-
gers; "Brinkleys, Gibsons, Harri-
son Fishers—dreams, you under-
stand. Make it sweet enough to
the eye and to the tooth, and the
boys'll come...they'll come....
and come to stay."

Never a rule but it works both
ways. Never do we make one
that we expect to apply to our-
selves or to those who belong to us.
But one boy certainly came—and came to stay.
That boy was Tom Ballantine, only son, only hope,
pride and pervading spirit of his father's life. But it was
a Ballantine trait—to work prodigiously and to love pro-
digiously. Life had deprived Tom Ballantine of the need
of working. It had not, and could not, deprive him of the need
of loving. Money can buy the form of love, it cannot buy
the need of it.

Tom Ballantine had heard, at college, with some amuse-
ment of what he called "Dad's new advertising." Knowing
his confidantes, he accredited the "governor" with some per-
spicuity. No doubt many a long-forgotten, juvenile sweet
tooth would once more become prominent. Pretty soft, having
beautiful girls gathered for one. Dad was becoming of a philan-thropist.

It became rumored about that of all the B. & S. Sweet-
shops, the big one at Atlantic City was the most delectable,
in many ways. Tom Ballantine went down to the Marl-
brorough for a brief trip after his strenuous year and, non-
chalantly, dropped into the B. & S. one peculiarly balmy after-
noon, merely for the unaccustomed want of something better
to do.

It was an exceedingly balmy afternoon, as he was ever after
to recall. The air was warm with spring and strong of salt, and
as he stepped there, he knew it came before him with the sweetness
of flowers and the delicacies of extrs of perfume. Alto-
gether, Tom Ballantine had a sense of the impending, tho
what could impend by merely entering one of his father's

(Forty-three)
Sheila remembered all about her father. Little things like the tender way he had tucked her lean and shivering little body into strange hotel beds, heard her, with a mother’s patience, stumble thru her prayers, brought her crude, impossible toys, decorated her Xmas tree, sacrificed for her and greatly loved her. Little things... but big enough to break the heart of pity when the warm hearts who do them are no more.

Lew Pam had decided to be "no more" for Sheila as soon as she was moderately well schooled and independent. He knew his own failing. He knew that he had not, and never would, make good. He knew that he could never be an object of pride to the beautiful woman his "little girl" had grown to be. There were times when he felt glad her mother had died. Her disappointment in him would have been a frightful thing to him. Sheila was a lady, and the world would find it out. Lew Pam believed in the world. He thought it pretty much on the level. He believed in it if it hadn’t altogether believed in him. Nevertheless, when Sheila came to him, last night, an aftermath of glory on her young and glorious face, came to him and told him that the son of the B in B & S had asked her to marry him, go away with him, that she loved him... oh, hard... Lew Pam took his second-rate, not-much-account self and promptly and for all time shelved it. "You mustn’t bring me in," he commanded, some of the long-ago, very occasional "Daddy" peremptoriness in his voice; "if you’re happy, I am happy. If you’re not, I’m not. You’re going to have a hard..."

Night, sitting very close together on the dimming boardwalk eyes shining out of the gloaming, breaths struggling with the family sit, "I love you."

Twilight, sitting very close together on the dimming boardwalk eyes shining out of the gloaming, breaths struggling with the family sit, "I love you."

Lew Pam, Xevertheless, with his only son—and—he dint going to fall for it, face down, Sheila honey. With a slapstick comedian playing cheap circuits for a pop... nix, kiddle, nix!" Sheila didn’t pay any attention to her father’s description of himself. She paid attention to his plea for his own happiness thru hers. She knew that he would gloat and hug to his shiny chest the fact that his girl, his Sheila, was the daughter-in-law of the moneyed "B." He would feel that, in a sense, he had made good—with her, at least. Probably, if she forswore love now, she and he would just drift along with their sort of scummy little current, with their rancid little coterie, and neither of them would know an instant of anything save regret and the dull care of semi-poverty. And then... last night swept over her with its warm breath of the salt of the sea... the promise... its unutterable promise... and she turned to Lew Pam a face so poignant with tenderness that the comedian rubbed his eyes and sniffled in his nose. So this—this—was his little girl!

Before they parted he admonished her further—not to go away without first going straight to Tom’s parents, “Honeymoons can wait a week or two,” he told her, "you kiddies are so young. The old folks can wait... I know... I know..."

And because she knew that he did, Sheila insisted upon going direct from the ministerial presence to the paternal one.

Both Father Ballantine and Mother Ballantine ran strictly according to type. They grasped the fact that their boy—was it only yesterday that he had graduated from knee-breeches?—their boy was married—and that the designing female who had so ensnared him had been a salesgirl in their employ—and that was enough. Father waxed profane, choleric and, finally, completely unintelligible, and mother fainted, with all the skill and dexterity of a long practicioner. After restoratives due and undue, sputterings of exclamation and frantic flappings of huge paws from Tom, a peculiar, arresting stillness from Sheila, order evolved out of chaos. Father discovered that the girl was distractingly pretty, and, at least ostensibly, a lady. Mother took note that she was dressed with a complete lack of everything save a surprising taste and delicacy. Both of them began to assume a human expression.

The final upshot of a rather distraught conclave was that the “bad children” (said with reproving emphasis) were forgiven—but that Tom must take his senior year at Harvard, and Sheila must...
attend a finishing school to be personally selected by Mother Ballantine.

Tom protested with fervor and at length. Not much! Not for him! He was a married man. He would assume the responsibilities of such an individual. He would have his honeymoon. He harped, at length and rather childishly, upon his being defrauded of his honeymoon. It seemed to awaken no answering echo in the parental hearts from which, he gloomily meditated, such a moon had long since waxed and waned.

Further despair settled upon his ardent and now frustrated young spirit when he observed that Sheila was taking, and not unkindly, the mandates being laid down to them. Scorn kindled in his eye as he fixed it upon her. Could it—could it be that she had married him because of the "B." in B. & S.? The mere surmise shot him with horror. Could it be even vaguely possible that she had forgotten that night by the sea—that immortal, immemorial night? Had she crushed the potent flowers of it under her earthly young feet so that not even the overpowering perfume drenched her nostrils? Were her light feet clad?

When father and mother had gone into conference à deux, he told her all this, glooweringly. He accused her of being mercenary, of being cold, of being fickle. He accused her at random—he who only that other night had muttered his soul's quintessence of passion against her lovely hair.

She couldn't answer him as she would have had she had the words. And she pitied his white and blazing face unspokably. Yet she felt, because she was a woman, and was to be a wise one, that the two old people knew best. That they were pointing for their two impetuous feet a course leading thru the stars. A love that had flared like a rocket into the night it needed testing, it needed trying. And then, when it had stood the testing, come, refined, from the trying, there would be distilled for them the altar of the rose of Paradise.

The following week Tom, still sullen, went back for his senior year, and Sheila went to Miss Perrin's fashionable school on the Hudson.

From her slim, dead, inexplicable mother Sheila had inherited a passion for a nicety of living, and also for the niceties of living. Perhaps Lew Pam, with his loose career but his straight philosophy, knew this. Because she had been so long gored the girl loved all the more, the money the Ballantines lavished upon her—the money, that like a fairy godmother's wand, touched her, and lo!

cobwebs clung to her slender body, fur-weighed down her lissome throat, jewels-strung from her pretty fingers and gleamed that they were there. No more dark circles under her tender eyes, no more weary feet from long standing on the rose tiles of the B. & S., no more figuring, straining, planning, wrenching a dollar to buy the beauty she craved when it could not buy the grim necessity she needed. Affluence . . . ease . . . flowers . . . music . . . beauty . . . the frame . . . the frame for which she knew herself to be the perfect picture.

She could not help it that part of herself was lulled, was satisfied. She could not help it that she had been hungry and now was being fed.

Neither could she help it that every one was satisfied but Tom. Tom, it was dawning upon her, would be an omnivorously hard person to satisfy at best. Since cradle days life had poured forth her largesse upon him, and he was in a state of perpetual expectancy. He did not like it because she was happy and said so; he did not like it because the Lounsberries had taken her up; he did not like it because his mother made much of her after the Lounsberries did. He didn't, it appeared, care for her to have a coherent thought that did not have for its basis that pulsing might by the sea. Apparently, thought Sheila, she should have been born on that night and, coincidently, ceased to exist. Her protracted state of being after that night seemed to have caused Tom nothing save torture.

Heretofore Sheila's life had been bounded by the stripping youths who spent their fathers' careless gold in the B. & S. Sweetshops for the doubtful (Continued on page 64)
Ann Little and the Great Desire

and straightway thought to yourself, 'I have said that very thing before, but not within the memory of my present life?' Have you not experienced daydreams wherein you saw clearly places and people and things that you knew full well you had never seen—in this life, yet these were as real to you for the moment as actualities of yesterday? Perhaps in these subtle ways those old existences crowd in upon the present, striking thru sometimes when the veil is thinly drawn.

'Have you never felt the promptings of the Great Desire? The one thing that it seemed to you was your most ardent hope on earth from the very day you began to think of things that mattered? You may say that these things are inherent from one's forebears, that they are simply inherited predilections. But this is an insufficient explanation, to my mind. I do not believe particularly in hereditary traits. More likely, I think, desires and peculiar aptitudes are the result of the persistence of past desires and aptitudes than of those passed on from one generation to another. I believe in the individual persistence. One man's thoughts and hopes and aims are his; they are not another's.'

'Nothing that is worth while, nothing that is fine, or good or beautiful or right—ever is wasted, lost forever. Can we believe that the mind of

ANN LITTLE was in a philosophical mood, and, as any one knows, when a person is in that mood the tongue gives utterance to the unusual, or else, the very trite. But Miss Little was not talking platitudes. Possibly the fact that she was playing Naturitch, the ill-fated Indian maiden in "The Squaw Man," had induced the disposition to philosophic utterance. The Indians are known to have come close to the borderland of things hidden from most of us, thru their association with nature unfettered by the bonds of civilization.

Be that as it may, Miss Little opened the way toward a consideration of transcendental topics by asserting stoutly that a worth-while desire never fails.

'What we most desire in our lifetime,' said she, 'we may not always attain—in that period. But there are new lives for each of us—and some time, perhaps in the dawn of new centuries, we will be born again, and with us that desire will be still persistent.'

'You mean,' we asked, 'that you believe in reincarnation?'

She smiled. 'In a sense—but I do not believe in the transmigration of the soul, if that is what you imply. I do not think we come back as dogs or cats. Or that we will remember our previous existences, save in those occasional backward flashes of memory, such as we all experience at times. Have you ever visited a city for the first time, assumingly, only to feel that there are familiar things there—a street corner, an old house—that you seem to know? Have you ever said a thing
a man, say like Abraham Lincoln, perished when the mortal was consigned to dust? Is it not easier to suppose that the mind never dies, but remains with the individual consciousness, to take new form upon the earth in time to come? Is it not easier to suppose that the mind of Lincoln may be living in the greatest man the world has known to date, President Wilson? That, indeed, the latter, with another name, another personality, is still the same individual, with advanced powers, who was the greatest man of his period, and that prior to Lincoln the same individual had been progressing down the ages, striving toward a full expression, the attainment of the Great Desire?

"Why do we find so many people in the world of merely average mentality, who apparently never achieve anything of note? Because there have been so many in each preceding phase of human life. We must grow with each stage of our progression, else we shall continue on in that same groove for countless aeons perhaps.

"We waste much of our force in idle living, talking, doing, striving for merely material things, losing our grasp on the spiritual, in evil deeds. Conceivably the mind thus employed may cause the individual to retrograde and come to a full stop. It is without the spur of a good purpose, of the Great Desire. There must be many useless lives that perish. But nothing good can ever die.

"Take the war. On the battlefield have perished many lives, no doubt, which had no impetus that will be sufficient to impel a persistence of the individual. In a word, they die and are ended. We can well believe that the brutal hordes of the Hun consist of many such individuals. But can we believe that the men who have fought for the good cause, for right, liberty, justice, honor, love and the freedom of the world, and who have laid down their lives in this cause—can we believe that they are ended? They have progressed, attaining at a bound the goal for which some of us may strive thru this and other lives to come. And they will be born again, in different forms, but with the same Great Desire, the desire for good, for justice and spiritual, not material power."

Miss Little paused and smiled, a little sadly.

"In my profession I know that certain things I feel and think are not the product merely of my education, my experience—in this short existence. And I know that if I do not feel I cannot act. No one can. Never to have felt sorrow, joy, anything of the deeper emotions, means that one's acting will be artificial. What prompts me to some height of expression in a rôle? Surely not mere mimicry, but the power to feel, possibly a remembrance of such feeling in a previous existence, breaking thru the veil and swaying my mind with old thoughts, old dreams, old hopes."
Herbert Brenon has now been in England some eight months. Much of this time has been devoted to the filming of a propaganda production for the British Government. The photodrama was written by Sir Hall Caine. One of the principal roles is played by Marie Lohr, the well-known British actress, whose screen possibilities were discovered by Mr. Brenon. In the adjoining picture, James McKay, an American assistant, is shown at the camera.

Mr. Brenon considers Miss Lohr an unusual screen personality. One of her biggest stage successes was scored in London in Frances Starr's original stellar rôle in "Marie Odile".
The Man Who Is Never Himself
George Fawcett Lives the Characters He Plays

By FRITZI REMONT

For twenty-seven years footlights, floodlights, Kliegs and Cooper-Hewitts have shed their unrelenting rays over the plastic countenance of George Fawcett. And few character actors have to their credit the creation of as many roles as Fawcett.

Not even a freakish October shower in California could dampen the anticipation I felt in hunting up the vicar of "The Great Love." But before we'd conversed ten minutes I had met a series of the delightful folk and had become intimately acquainted with the man who is never himself. For even off-screen this actor forgets that there is one George Fawcett and, utterly unconscious of self, tells his story to the accompaniment of characterizations droll and amusing.

"Let's see—autobiography," said Mr. Fawcett, with a chuckle, "that's the horrible history which never interests any one but the man who's writing about himself, isn't it? I'd hate to inflict anything like that on a long-suffering public!"

"I was educated at University of Virginia, without a care in the world, had a very wealthy father, and never expected to do a tap of work for the rest of my days. Of course, I didn't want to be an ignoramus, and I enjoyed study, but equally alluring were the sports at the college. I was captain of our ball nine all the time I remained there, sang, acted, was in the glee club, and did everything well in the way of out-of-door sports."

"Then my father died, after a lingering illness, and when I was called by his attorney to listen to the reading of my dad's will, I was disagreeably surprised that the lavish living of years, together with enormous sums spent in travel and for physicians' services, had made the drawing of a will almost a farce-comedy."

"The lawyer said to me—well, I'll show you, I remember so well just how he looked and what he said. Sort of a short-necked fellow—went over to the door like this, tapped on the window-panes with pudgy fingers, and said to me, 'What are you going to do for a living?'"

"George Fawcett was gone! In his place stood a dignified figure with a noncommittal legal aspect, one hand rumpling his hair, the other drumming exasperatingly on the glass of the door. We'd left the Griffith studio and were 'way back in old Virginia, waiting to see what twenty-one-year-old George Fawcett was going to do, sans fortune and sans vacation."

"Talk about the riddle of the Sphinx! Why, it was nothing compared with the question that old solicitor put to me. Work? I didn't know what it meant. I was strong and husky and certainly not afraid of it, but it was a pose to find out what I was going to do to make a living," continued Mr. Fawcett as he dropped into a chair.

"I said to the old gentleman, 'Well, a friend of my father's has a big business, and he offered me a job as traveling salesman when I left college. I suppose that would be open to me now. But I don't know that I have any leaning toward salesmanship—it looks like a poor idea to me.'"

"The lawyer coughed. Then he answered, 'I don't think much of it—what else could you do?' I scratched my head while he puffed at a dark Virginia cigar—see, this way. Then I tried out another theme. 'I might go West to the goldfields; there's lots doing in Nevada just now. I might be as lucky as the rest.'"

"We both sat silent after that, so it dawned on me that the idea was not brilliant after all. 'Anything else to suggest?' said my father's adviser. Then an inspiration chased across my mind and I brightened considerably. 'Yes, I'm a good actor. I've done lots along that line in

George Fawcett, in his famous characterization of the lovable old French pith in "Hearts of the World"
big, deep, chesty voice, shoulders back, slow stride, every word profoundly uttered—in short, it was always unnatural, the thing the public wanted to see—that which it called acting. To lose one's own identity in theatrical effects was the goal for which each strove.

Goodness me! I had actually lost George Fawcett again, just when I thought I had him. Instead, a frowning lago stalked across the private sanctum of David Wark Griffith, reciting lofty lines of the past.

“Oh, yes, but then followed years of swashbuckling, the romantic school, wearing o' th' buskin, swaggering walk, and a 'ho, ho, and ha, ha, m'lady' style. I was with James Herne, I played in 'The Bells'—and you can imagine that called for an entirely different characterization, but still very theatrical. There was that old Jew I killed, the bells ringing, ringing, snow on the ground, and I stoop over like this, and—a shriek—'He's dead! He's dead!'"

Whew! I wiped the damp perspiration off my brow, for an old chair had been turned over for the sleigh, and, in my mind's eye, I saw the old Jewish peddler realistically killed, while a white-faced, trembling man drew back in horror with the pouch of gold.

There's no use talking, George Fawcett is so utterly absorbed in his art that he wasn't acting for me, he wasn't trying to show what he had done, but his consummate mimicry and his constant living in his roles has made them part of himself, a series of living companions thru whom he talks and with whom he commune.

"With the entrance of the new school of acting, I started out to master it. Gradually I gained confidence, and one memorable first-night in a big New York production, I had a part which called for my entrance to a room where a man and a girl were

(Continued on page 71)
Fame Found Her In the Subway
Helene Chadwick Sought the Elusive God Success Via Advertising Car Cards
By ETHEL ROSEMON

“Do you remember the old illustrated songs, where shy young girls gazed up into the eyes of handsome collar models, as they stood beside impossible gates draped with flowers in colors that exceeded the wildest dreams of the most advanced futurist?” she reminisced.

Well, that was my first appearance on the screen—I mean as the shy young thing. When I was in the graduating class in school, the girl who sat next to me told alluring tales of the fun she had and the money she made posing for songs at a studio near her home.

Helene Chadwick started by posing for the good old illustrated song slides, then she became a model for advertising car cards.

(Photographs of Miss Chadwick copyright by Lambert)

JoGENES had a wonderful start, but I have caught up to him. Perhaps it's because he had an old-fashioned lantern, while I had an electric flash, a 1918 model. I wanted an honest man. That was why I have won a Croix de Columb.

I discovered a movie player who told me the truth about her salary, about how she broke into the movies and herself in general. She might have believed it—but she didn't.

When I suggested that Helene Chadwick give me a close-up of the road she twinkled from her good-looking to her hazel eyes.

Forty-one)
means of a paste of which I had never heard. My hair fresh
from the irons of a hair-dresser curled at the mere mention
of Restorer Brothers' wonderful fluid. I radiated comfort
after walking ten miles in a pair of shoes that pinched so
I could scarcely keep from registering pain instead of pleasure.

"One day while I was posing for these innumerable things
an advertising man suggested that I try moving pictures.

"What?" Start as an extra, and stand around hour after
hour waiting for some director to descend to gaze at me
and then pass by? Not if little sister knows it,' I replied. (I
had already done some fashion posing for Vitagraph and had
seen the life of an extra at close enough range to suit my
ambition.)

"The advertising man said I wouldn't have to start that way.
I knew that Pathe was looking for a girl of my type who
was willing to work hard at a small salary until she had made
good. I cant say that I had much faith in the proposition, but
I went to see the man—and I got the engagement. It wasn't
talent or anything as worthy, but six-tenths bluff and four-
tenths independence. The contract said thirty a week to start.
I was averaging sixty posing, and tho I was willing, even eager
to sacrifice the thirty for the sake of the work, I did not wear
that eagerness as a hat-trimming. If a girl could only be born
with the knowledge that a little independence goes a great
way toward success, she would be saved many a heartache.

"And now for the bluff. 'Could I ride? Could I swim?' Of course
I could. That was true in a way, too. I knew that other girls
rode and swam. I could, but I just didn't. That was a nice
distinction in words, wasn't it? Perhaps the secre-
tarial course had done some good after all.

(Continued on page 73)
now that life has just opened for me, I cannot help looking back with wonder upon the twenty years of my being... twenty years alone on 'Ception Shoals with no one but ad... at least I thought he was my father until a few short months ago.

For those twenty years I never saw a single man except him. Just the lighthouse, the rocks and the restless sea, rolling smilingly, self-craziness by day; pounding, shaking the undulations of the lighthouse by night. And the storms, with the elements battering against the Shoals! The loneliness of it all!

As far back as I can remember, Dad gave me a fishing-boat and trousers and a gray shirt. "You in play anywhere, child, but if you see a boat coming towards 'Ception, you hurry to me. Understand?"

I was timid... and I feared Dad. I couldn't understand myself. The one or two books that lay in the lighthouse wing-room—the Bible, "The Pilgrims' Progress" and "The Life of Christ"—fascinated me. I wasn't a bit like the en in the stories. I tried to reason out. I'd walk along the rocky shore and watch the sea and think. When I attempted to talk to Dad, he would look me into fear. "Silence!" he'd shout. "The devil's prompting. Don't talk about what you know nothing. Anything was better than bring down that bitter snarl upon thy head, so I'd go on climbing the rocks and watching the sea, wondering.

So passed the twenty years until... one day a man clambered unexpectedly upon the rocks beside me. He was younger than Dad... but dirty. I hated his every appearance. He stood gazing at me in wonder. "Lord love me," he exclaimed; "it's the id!" With that he climbed up beside me and seized me in his arms. I shall never forget my nausea. He forced his lips against mine. A kiss, he called it. I turned myself away from him and ran to the lighthouse. Dad was trimming the lamps. He noticed my appearance and exclaimed, "Child, what ails ye?"

"A man—kist me—why did he do it?" exclaimed.

Dad seized my hands, almost jerking me off my feet.

"It's the devil in you that attracts. You're Faith all over again, and you come rightly by a soul as lack as hell. Keep out of sight when men come upon these rocks. As for that d—d lighthouse tender, Jim Smoot, I'll Kill him if he comes near you again."

I ran away to my room. That strange, curious kiss had irritated me. I knew not why, for I hated the man. Was I a woman? Was this life, being kist by a stranger, all grime and dirt and the smell of whisky? I knew the odor of whisky, because Dad always drank a small glass of it on stormy nights. I puzzled for days, and then one night, at sunset it was, a vessel anchored off 'Ception Shoals. I watched them lower a small boat, and I ran away to the lighthouse. From a window could see the strangers land. One of the men was Jim

Fictionalized by Frederick Russell from the Scenario Based on H. AUSTIN ADAMS' Drama.

Dad. There were six or seven like him, but at their head was a man... younger... clean... alert... different... I watched him, fascinated. They entered the lighthouse, and I heard them talking downstairs with Dad. Not everything they said came to my ears, but I did hear the young man exclaim:

"Man alive, cant you do it for the sake of common decency?"

And Dad snarled, "I'll have nothing to do with women, d—n them! No baby will ever come inside 'Ception light. That's final!"

With that they went away. I saw the small boat make its way thru the scarlet sunset to the bigger vessel. But that remained anchored.

Next day I went in bathing, as usual. Coming out, I climbed up upon the rocks... to rest in the sun... when I came face-to-face with the stranger from the yacht.

"By George!" he gasped in surprise; "you're superb... superb... who are you?"

"I'm Eve," I answered.

"The eternal Eve," he laughed. "I'll admit that. But just what particular Eve?"

"Dad keeps the light," I responded.

"That old catamaran," said the stranger, startled. "You cant be his daughter. Why, you're a captivating little girl!"

I didn't understand. "A girl?" I repeated. "Am I a girl? But cant you see I'm a boy?"

The stranger chuckled. "You're captivating."

But I was thinking. So I was, after all, really a girl. I felt myself blushing. I half started back.

"You're delightfully ingenuous, Eve," he said. "Haven't you been to school... dont you know anything of life?"

"I've never been away from these rocks," I confessed. "Just the sea. Nobody has taught me anything. I've just seen three people in my life."

"You are an Eve!" said the stranger. "Listen, child. I own that yacht out there. My chief officer took his wife on our last cruise. But a baby came... last night. I wanted to have her brought ashore here... but your Dad refused."

(“Forty-three)
“But Dad has gone to the mainland for the papers and mail,” I told him. “Bring her ashore now with the baby. She can have my room.”

“What will your father do?” the stranger asked. “I don’t care,” I exclaimed breathlessly. “I’ve just discovered I’m a woman.”

So they brought the woman, Maude, ashore with the baby... a little ball of wailing pink... how I loved it... its every cry... its bewildered look. Then Dad came home and stormed terribly. But Maude and the baby remained.

It was Maude who told me of the sweetness of life. And at last I understood. As the days passed I learnt more of the yacht-owner, whose name proved to be Philip Blake. His yacht, the Driftwood, carried him about the world because he had grown tired of civilization. “I’ve hated the falseness of it all, Eve,” he told me. “But you’ve changed that. I was really born that day you came out of the sea to me. You’ve transformed everything. Won’t you love me?”

“But I know nothing of myself,” I said. “Nothing of my history. I’m just coming to know life... and that’s all.”

“The past is nothing,” he protested. “There’s just you and the Driftwood and the many, many days to come.”

So when Philip took Maude and the baby back upon his yacht so that they might be removed to their home, I had promised to become his wife. Promised! He told me he would return in a few weeks at most. Then there would be marriage and... happiness.

The days that followed were dream days. I walked over all the spots I had walked with him. At night I’d watch the moon and wonder what he was doing.

Finally Dad faced me, snarling. “Quit your moonin’, child. Do you think that millionaire will marry you, eh? He ain’t wantin’ to wed you, girl. You’ve a black soul like your mother. No good can come from you.”

“I don’t believe it, Dad,” I protested.

“Your mother was my younger sister,” Dad almost shouted. “Little did I think of the dishonor she’d bring down upon my head. But she fell in love with a young scoundrel named Luke Allen. A sailor with the fishing fleet, he was. I hated him from the first. I ordered him to keep away from Faith. Then Luke’s boat was lost, and for weeks Faith went around in a mad daze, weeping and carryin’ on.

“I hoped he was dead and, sure enough, they found what was left of him lashed to a piece of wreckage days later. Faith went almost frantic, and that night told me she had planned to marry Luke that comin’ month. That there was a baby comin’. It crushed my heart. I aint never been the same since.

“So I took Faith and got the job of keeper here on ‘Ception. The baby—you—came. I’d have endured that, too, but Faith kept claimin’ right to my face that you was the evidence of her true love with Luke. That there was nothin’ to be ashamed of in you.

“Right then and there I told her that you, being the result of sin, would be kept away from the world. Faith tried to take you away from me; said she was going into the world to make her way.”

I was in tears. Dad’s distorted face frightened...
me, but I felt I had a right to know. "What became of mother?" I asked.

"She enraged me," he went on. "'Faith,' says I to her, God has given me Eve to keep from a life of sin, and I'm goin' to keep her from it. I dont intend to have my soul damaged for bein' lax." But the devil possessed Faith, and that night... she... jumped from the east window upstairs... a storm was beatin' like a hurricane against 'Cep-\ tidion. She hit on the rocks and was washed away, That's your sinful history, child."

I was heartbroken. "Poor mother," I sobbed.

"So you're sidin' with her in her sin, are you?" he exclaimed, seizing me and pushing me so violently that I fell to the floor. "Well, you was raised here and here you stay. You're goin' straight."

"You can't keep me from the man I love," I answered.

"Can't I?" and Dad laughed bitterly. "I've already told him your history. Told him just before he went away. He knows you're a child of sin. You'll never hear from him again. He's done with you."

I dont know how I reached my room. I was dead at heart. Would I, too, climb out that east window up there into the storm... and forget? Days passed. Shall I ever forget the bitter loneliness of them? The wretchedness... the growing realization that Philip was not writing... was not thinking of me... was not coming back..."

Finally came the night of the big storm. Dad had been growing steadily feebler in the weeks that had passed, and he told me to tend the lights up above until morning. He even locked me in the place, alone, with the shrieking wind, the blinding, beating rain, the lashing thunder of the sea.

Then it was I debated if life was worth while—to go on and on without the one you loved, into the hopeless, loveless years. I almost opened a storm-beaten window. The ledge seemed so narrow, the black outside so cool, the end so quick. But I couldn't. The rocks down below were so cruel, the sea so relentless.

All these hours I little knew what was going on below me, in the room beneath. Unknown to me, the Driftwood had slipped behind the shelter of Ception to weather the storm, and Philip had managed to land in a small launch.

Then it was that Dad gave him back the letters he had written in the past weeks... the letters I had never known of. And he told Philip that I was dead... as my mother had died... on those rocks beaten by the sea.

And Philip, broken-hearted, had made his way thru the
They said you were dead," I whispered, afraid to touch him and find myself dreaming.
"You, too; he told me you were dead," he said.
"Dont you understand, Philip?" I said. "They've tried to keep us apart, but God wouldn't have it so. There is right... and beauty... and love in the world after all."

"This morning it was all empty and dreary," smiled Philip. "As lonely as before you came out of the sea that morning. Now you're with me and the sun is shining again, Eve."
"You've come back—knowing all about me?" I made myself ask.

"As if the dead past mattered, Eve," answered Philip. "There's just you and me. That's all that counts."

"But that letter?" I asked.

"I wrote that thinking you were dead. I was going to cast it into the sea... a (Continued on page 67)"

storm back to the Driftwood. Little did I know of this until later, for, thru it all, I guarded the light on the top of 'Ception... the very light that had enabled Philip to land, the light that now flashed thru the storm to the Driftwood, rocking in the heavy seas.

Towards morning the storm abated and I fell asleep. When I awoke the sun was shining, the sea was rolling placidly, the storm of the night before was a mere memory.

I walked along the sands, when suddenly the lighthouse tender, Smoot, appeared. Smoot, as I knew, was now first mate of the Driftwood. I started, of course, at the sight of him and looked to sea. There, at anchor, was Philip's yacht.

"Philip has come back!" I exclaimed.

"Blake is dead," said Smoot, abruptly. "Died at sea. But he left this letter for you." With that he handed me a note.

There was just one word, "Eve," on the envelope. It was unmistakably Philip's writing. And, thru my tears, I read the enclosure:

"DEAREST—I cannot face things as they are. The wretchedness of life! I was just coming to realize the beauty of it all. The world is empty without you, Eve... Never can I take you in my arms again. There's just one thing—death.

"PHILIP."

"He's gone," continued Smoot. "Might just as well forget him, girlie. What about me?"

I turned abruptly to go to the lighthouse, half-blinded with my tears. "I was then Smoot seized me. That maddened my whole being. I fought like an animal, beating and scratching his leering face.

Suddenly, out of the madness of it all, I heard a voice—Philip's! Smoot staggered back and ran down the beach... There were just Philip and I... alone at last... close to the edge of the ocean. "You've come back—knowing all about me?" I made myself ask.
The Extra Girl Becomes a Newspaper Reporter

BY ETHEL ROSEMON

"And so they were arrested and summoned to court, and behold! I was there."

How would you like to weave a wonderful dream of stardom, your picture in The Classic's Gallery, ermine furs, a limousine, a million dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds and—and wake up to read that handwriting on the wall? But then when you have a "for sale in every part of the country on the same day" sharing your struggle each month, you can afford to relinquish all these things with a good imitation of grace. Think of the hundreds of extras who must go home each night and confide their hopes deferred to the family cat!

Ever since Miss Wriggles was a pup I have been hunting for the sesame to the door of Metro's Sixty-first Street studio. I shudder to think of the years of struggling that might still be stretching before me if Director Harry Franklin had not shown wisdom in the choice of his assistant, Fred Warren. It was his discerning eye that selected me to support a courtroom bench in Emmy Wehlen's starring vehicle, "Sylvia on a Spree."

Now as an easy-chair a courtroom bench has many defects that unfit it for active service. I knew it—so did the other extras, for when the call, "On the set!" resounded thru the hall, each demonstrated his idea of soft wood by scrambling into the most likely looking seat.

A few minutes later Mr. Franklin appeared on the scene. It was (Continued on page 78)
The Celluloid Critics

another war drama seriously. Memories of Charlie drilling with the awkward squad, his well known feet the despair of a nerve-racked drill sergeant; of his combat with cooties; of Chaplin slumbering to sleep in a hut filled with mud and water; of— why but the joy of fans by telling the humorous twists of "Shoulder Arms"? Let it suffice to say that Charlie captures William Hohenzollern, the crown prince and Von Hindenburg with witticism and despatch. And if there's any funnier scene than the episode where Chaplin camouflages himself as a tree and is pursued by a fat and worried Hun thru a forest, we would like to see it.

There isn't a single dull second in "Shoulder Arms," which shows in many ways just why Chaplin maintains his amazing grip upon the affections of fans. First, the comedian takes months to make comedy, developing his fun carefully, discarding here and building up there. He doesn't rush his productions out. He whets interest and has the public waiting for him. Secondly, he never duplicates. Every comedy is different, not only as to action, but characterization. All this in comment upon his business acumen. Above all else, Chaplin is a truly great actor. He is human—touching when he wishes to. His little soldier in "Shoulder Arms" isn't a mere merry manikin going thru a cone of comedy situations. He is a human figure, sometimes even a pathetic one. Audiences do not merely laugh at him. They love him.

Norma Talmadge isn't in the least inspired in "The Forbidden City." The old vividness is missing.

There are two other interesting events of our month was the admirable Maurice Tourneur's odd episodic production, "Woman." Mr. Tourneur, we are quite sure, started out ruthlessly to show the havoc women have wrought thru history, but that he tempered his idea the last moment, by showing the changes the war has created in femininity.

Anyways, Mr. Tourneur built "Woman" in a prolog, an epilog and five episodes. These five deal with Adam and Eve and the more or less well known apple; the Roman Emperor, Claudius, and his wife, the dissolute Messalina; the affair of the monk, Abelard, and the beauteous Heloise, which must have won a whole page in the magazine section of the medieval American; a fanciful Britain coast legend of a mermaid and a fisher lad; and a Civil War episode in which a girl, for the gift of a little watch, gives a poor wretch to a firing squad. The prolog and epilog reveal the evolution of a modern butterfly into a Red Cross nurse.

"Woman," as one might except of Tourneur, is a thing of rare screen genuine heights, as in the poetic charm of the Brittany interlude and the quick grip of the story of 1864. One newspaper commentator truly remarked that Tourneur had conjured a series of
photographic ballads. Scene after scene of superb photographic beauty, fine balance and splendid light and shadow. "Woman" is a thing of which the screen may well be proud. It is necessarily episodic and halting, but, withal, it is a genuine achievement. One can easily see that the act of giving us "Woman" is a thing of which the screen may well be proud. It is necessarily episodic and halting, but, withal, it is a genuine achievement. One can easily see that the act of giving us "Woman" is a thing of which the screen may well be proud. It is necessarily episodic and halting, but, withal, it is a genuine achievement. One can easily see that the act of giving us "Woman" is a thing of which the screen may well be proud. It is necessarily episodic and halting, but, withal, it is a genuine achievement. One can easily see that the act of giving us "Woman" is a thing of which the screen may well be proud. It is necessarily episodic and halting, but, withal, it is a genuine achievement. One can easily see that the act of giving us "Woman" is a thing of which the screen may well be proud. It is necessarily episodic and halting, but, withal, it is a genuine achievement. One can easily see that the act of giving us "Woman" is a thing of which the screen may well be proud. It is necessarily episodic and halting, but, withal, it is a genuine achievement. One can easily see that the act of giving us "Woman" is a thing of which the screen may well be proud. It is necessarily episodic and halting, but, withal, it is a genuine achievement. One can easily see that the act of giving us "Woman" is a thing of which the screen may well be proud. It is necessarily episodic and halting, but, withal, it is a genuine achievement. One can easily see that the act of giving us "Woman" is a thing of which the screen may well be proud. It is necessarily episodic and halting, but, withal, it is a genuine achievement. One can easily see that the act of giving us "Woman" is a thing of which the screen may well be proud. It is necessarily episodic and halting, but, withal, it is a genuine achievement. One can easily see that the act of giving us "Woman" is a thing of which the screen may well be proud. It is necessarily episodic and halting, but, withal, it is a genuine achievement. One can easily see that the act of giving us "Woman" is a thing of which the screen may well be proud. It is necessarily episodic and halting, but, withal, it is a genuine achievement. One can easily see that the act of giving us "Woman" is a thing of which the screen may well be proud. It is necessarily episodic and halting, but, withal, it is a genuine achievement. One can easily see that the act of giving us "Woman" is a thing of which the screen may well be proud. It is necessarily episodic and halting, but, withal, it is a genuine achievement. One can easily see that the act of giving us "Woman" is a thing of which the screen may well be proud. It is necessarily episodic and halting, but, withal, it is a genuine achievement. One can easily see that the act of giving us "Woman" is a thing of which the screen may well be proud. It is necessarily episodic and halting, but, withal, it is a genuine achievement. One can easily see that the act of giving us "Woman" is a thing of which
Wilda Bennett, a charming figure in the New Amsterdam musical hit, "The Girl Behind the Gun".


Frank Bacon gives a near-Jeffersonian characterization in "Lightnin'" the Gaiety Theater success.

The Holidays in the Theater.
Above, A scene from John Williams' admirable production of Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal Husband"; right, A glimpse of John Barrymore's tremendous portrayal of Fedya in Tolstoi's "Redemption" at the Plymouth Theater; and, below, Jane Cowl and Orme Caldana in the delightful comedy, "Information, Please," at the Selwyn Theater.
The Poor Little Rich Star

Tragedy Has Come to Little Viola D.

always knew it!” Husbands, 'posin' you had wives who considered you "ab-so-lu-tely per-fect?" . . . 'Sposin'??
I dont know whether the Dana eyes, specifically, are famous or no. If they are not, they should be. They are her facial chef d'oeuvre—being extraordi-
narily large, extraordinarily brilliant and likewise of an extraordinary topaz-green. Also, they are in frequent and most telling use.
"I dont know," the diminutive Dana bewailed, "why a double tragedy should happen to so small a person as me! Just imagine—I'm losing my hus-
band, which, goodness knows, is plenty bad enough —and my director at one and the same time. I'm trying to be awf'ly brave about it, but it's har-rd!"

It was hard, even then; it is still harder for the tiny star now, but there was a spunkiness about her, a dauntlessness in spite of her fairy-like stature. She had about her the atmosphere of one who will not be downed, will not be felled, no matter what the ter-

"T o sleep, to dream, and then to
die," some time, some one has felt that and said it. It is sad, but so is it sweet. To love, to work, and then to die . . . this has not been said heretofore, but it is being done all thruout these days, when we are here today and gone tomorrow—and if it is still sadder, so, by the same token, is it far sweeter—so very sad, so very, very sweet that all of life must be per-
fumed because of it . . . perfume that brings tears . . . but tears that bring healing . . . and we who believe in the marvelous resilience of youth, if we are still to believe in anything, must believe that the perfume of her Beautiful Memory will bring healing to little Viola Dana. And it will be a beautiful memory . . . beautiful enough to vanquish pain. For when it was not a memory, but a vital and blessed fact, it shone out of her luminous eyes like stars and quivered in her jubilant young voice and radiated from her whole personality. It was her Topic Extraordinary. I, who was there for the sole purpose of having her ample autobiograph, who was bestowing upon her what most Every-
woman would have considered the golden opportunity of talk-
ing for two hours straight about Herself, heard instead that the beloved John was in the draft, that he was a perfect speci-
men, according to his draft board, and that he was the only one in sixty-two who was.

Adroitly, as I thought, vainly, as I soon discovered, I steered the frail conversational barque to her achievements, past, present and anticipatory, to the stage-versus-the-screen (an ever lucrative beginning), to Sister Shirley Mason, to prefer-
ces, to fads and foibles, to East and West, and ever and anon we came back to—"out of sixty-two other men, just think, ab-so-lu-tely per-fect!" As an addenda she said, with a snappy little snap of her big, big eyes, "of course . . . I

ror, what the

(Fifty-two)
lunched together, every day; he was her director as well as her hubby and her pal. In every line, in every way, their interests communed, in play which was work and in work which was play. And now ... pretty big "bit" for a very small person ... "What a remarkable dressing-room," I said, at random. At random is correct. I wondered whether the Dana was responsible for the colorful medley in which I found myself. The ceiling being a du Barry pink, the floors an azurean blue and the drapes a decadent purple.

"Awful, isn't it?" laughed Viola, returning from Over There with a palpable effort, "the du Barry was Emmy Welden's, the blue Miss Barrymore's and the drapes were Nazimova's. My manager thought I would like them, and had them hung here.

"I'm glad it—or they—are not your temperament," I murmured.

By FAITH SERVICE.

"For my new picture, 'Diana Ardway,'" she announced. "Diana has red, red hair, and she is supposed to be sort of an ingénue vamp. 'John,' I said, 'if I must be the naughty-but-nice child, Diana, I must have red, r-r-red hair!' 'Nonsense, Vi,' said John; 'your own hair will do nicely.' "I must have the r-r-red hair, John," I insisted, stamping my foot and being very, very temperamental, and I rolled my eyes, and I pouted, and—well . . ." She dangled the wig, triumphantly, again. "I got it!" she beamed.

She was very proud, too, because she said John thinks she has common-sense. "Most people don't," she naïvely informed me, "my family, and . . . you know . . . I suppose it's my size," she added. "But John does. When I go to California this winter I am to buy a house all by myself. And furnish it. And live in it. Here we just live in hotels, but we want a really, truly home, and we want it in California. I feel so big about it, tho, and sort of real-estatish and important. To think he trusts me with buying a house!"

I racked my brains, as I racked hers, to hit upon a topic that had not to do, firstly with John's height and breadth and subsequently with his expedition under Mars. I achieved the vague glimmer of a few sidelights . . . such as shopping, being her sole—or almost her sole—occupation and recreation—and hats the soul of that. Also that she helped small Shirley Mason to elope—was nearly taken for the bride in the excitement and married over again, the while Shirley was cowering tearfully in a corner. That, as she has not being the past three weeks, she and John, Shirley and her Bernie have just been "staying out and having a good time." She is dreadfully afraid of growing old. "It must be," she whispered, wide-eyed, "the worst tragedy in all the world. I'm so a-fraid of it! I go to bed early every night and take such good care of myself. I'm twenty-one—but I don't tell everybody that." (Neither do I!)

(Continued on page 67)
Before and After Taking

"You see, Miss Gish, the magazine editor wants us to tell him what you and your sister do when you are not working." Thus spoke the hireling in the press department to the "Little Disturber."

"That's easy for you," said Miss Dorothy, "just tell him we go to bed and try to rest up for the next day."

"But he wouldn't believe that; he'd think we were giving him press stuff. You know the public thinks you only work about one day a month."

"Well, I love that. I work just as hard as any other girl who makes her own living, and when Saturday noon comes around I'm right there at the window for my little pay check. And I don't get time and a half for overtime, either."

"But don't you do something at home—cooking, or feeding the chickens, or something like that?"

"Not for a minute. I've all I want to do without trying to cook. Besides that, I'm a poor cook. We have a hired girl, or I mean a maid, who does the cooking, and we can't keep chickens. Come again."

"But you know how to do those things, don't you?"

"You just bet I do. I've done them."

"Well, that's good enough. We'll write the story and take some pictures and send 'em out anyway, and show the people who don't believe you do anything that you are pretty busy."

"But how'll you get the pictures?"

"Like all the rest of 'em get the pictures. You'll put on the dust-cap and apron and do some housework. If the maid gets mad about it we'll tell her it's for publicity, and

Here's a little expose of how those nice domestic scenes of stars in their homes are created. Would you believe that these pictures were faked? We-e-e-l!"
she knows that's the last word."

So we went out to the Gishes and telephoned for the photographer-man, who is surprisingly on the job every time any one is doing something that would look well in print.

The day was Sunday. "The Hope Chest" had been finished the afternoon before. Miss Lillian didn't have to go to work until 2:30, so everything started off right.

"First we'll take you cooking," said the P. A.

"What do I cook?" asked the girls.

"Potatoes and roast beef, something to make you work harder."

And so we have a perfectly good photograph of Lillian basting the roast (all reports to the contrary, she knows how to baste them, too), and Dorothy peeling the potatoes. The maid had already peeled enough for dinner, so Dorothy decided that she'd Hooverize and just scrape the skin off the one she is holding. But here is proof positive that the Sisters Gish, who dwell within the star deeps, are earthly human beings who know the kitchen mechanism just like other girls.

"Is that enough?" they asked, when the camera-man had said "still" for the last time.

"For a start. What else do you have for dinner?"

"Why," said Dorothy, "I don't know what we'll have. That's up to mother and the girl."

"Let's look in the ice-box," said Lillian.

And the camera-man caught 'em again in a pose that looks just as if they were going to do the cooking themselves.

"Where do we go from here?" asks Dorothy.

"I've only ten more minutes," remarks Lillian.

The afternoon was progressing wonderfully. It was time to take Dorothy doing some sweeping.

Lillian said, "I must go now. Is the car outside?"

It was not outside. Lillian sat down on the step and

(Continued on page 79)
The Parisian Wife
This Story Was Fictionized from the Paramount Photoplay of Eve Unsell
By DOROTHY DONNELL

The Wesley Place stood starkly on the wind-bitten hilltop, gazing disapprovingly out on the world beneath thru lowered shutters, like half-closed eyelids, its rigid porch columns showing a chill white in the brassy sunlight of the March afternoon. On the north a windbreak of dark fir-trees kept up a continuous sighing monotone which had never ceased from the moment the first Wesley planted them beside his homestead two hundred years ago.

Since then eight generations of Wesleys had lived their orthodox, colorless lives here, loved their pale loves. Out of these dark portals their coffins had been carried at last to the tiny family cemetery on the hillside, where their dust need not mingle with any less dignified. In all that time the breath of scandal had never touched their roof-tree—until now.

In the gray light of the shrouded parlor the members of the family, hastily summoned to conference, gazed at each other obliquely, not quite meeting one another's eyes.

"I suppose." Lincoln Wesley, the lawyer, polished his eye-glasses delicately with his silk handkerchief, "Martin did not—hm—enter into any description of the—hm—party of the second part?"

His sister, Ellen, sniffed as she took the letter from her mother's fingers. "Listen to this," she laughed, unpleasantly. "She has hair that is what virgin gold would be if gold were alive—heavy—clinging—and her skin is a wonderful warm ivory. Her figure—" Ellen folded the paper jerkily, an angry red flecking her sharp cheekbones. "If my advice had been taken, Martin would never have gone to Paris. It's what was to be expected, that's all."

Old Thompson Wesley, Martin's grandfather, unlocked his dry, purple lips with a senile cackle. "A dancing woman—a painted daughter of Babylon," he mumbled, "whose lips are as the ante-chamber of hell."

His wife, Myra, drew the lavender knit shawl closer about her bloodless shoulders with a nervous glance at the clock. "They'll be here in less than an hour," she fretted. "Whatever will people say when they hear a Wesley has brought a wife home from Paris? And her name, too—scandalous! What respectable woman ever had a name like Fauvette?"

In Ellen's pale-blue eyes gleamed the unforgiving malice of an old, unlovely woman for a young, beautiful one. "She shall regret what she has done," she said implacably. "We must open poor Martin's eyes. Mark my words, there are things in her past that he does not know."

It was into this atmosphere of frigid suspicion and disapprobation that Martin Wesley's Parisian bride stepped, when, an hour later, the station hack deposited them at the painted iron gate. A sullen sunset smoldered thru the canopies of the fir barrier and, altho the evening was windless, the continuous low plaint rose from their branches. The shadow of the world lay sharp and distinct at her feet.

Martin, turning from paying the hackman, saw that her gray eyes were upon it with a look of fear and dread. "See," he told him, in her careful English, "the shadow—if we step into it, what of our happiness?"

He frowned away her fancy. "Don't be silly, Fauvette."

His voice grew tender on the name and, suddenly catching her to him, he kissed her with a sort of fierce awkwardness and swept her up the path and across the threshold of his ancestors.

"She has hair that is what virgin gold would be if gold were alive—heavy, clinging, and her skin is a wonderful warm ivory."
"Mother—Aunt Ellen," he faced the three silent figures in the dim parlor, definitively, "this is my wife—this is Fauvette."

The Wesleys saw a girl, incredibly lovely—the women of their family had not been noted for their beauty—a golden creature of glowing tints and young, warm curves; they saw, too, the fashionable clothes, the audacious tilt of her hat, which to their provincial eyes spelled nothing less than actual devility, and their eyes grew chill and hard as steel.

"I expect you're going to find South Quarries considerably different from what you're accustomed to." Ellen proffered a limp hand. "Martin'll show you up to your room and you can lay your things off. We always have supper at seven."

And this was the bride's welcome to her new home. Groping up the steep, narrow stairs by the flickering light of the oil lamp in her husband's hand, Fauvette pressed her eyes fiercely shut to keep back the hot, sudden tears. Daughter of an ardent race, sensitive to all the nuances of grief and joy, she had now the blank sensation of having had a door slammed in her face.

The guest-room was high-ceilinged, with chocolate wall-paper and black walnut furniture. Over Fauvette's soul washed a great wave of homesickness, pritty with the bitter tang of tears. Then she looked at her husband, unconsciously combing his hair in thick, wet spirals before the mirror, and her chin went up gallantly.

"He shall not see me cry, jamais, jamais!" she promised herself; "he married a laughing wife, and those gray, cruel ones down there shall not rob him of me!"

In the agonizing weeks that followed she tried piteous, futile little wiles to win the Wesleys to her, but it was like a butterfly dashing fragile wings against a granite wall. Ellen and her mother ignored her as much as was consistent with their theories of good breeding, and treated her before Martin with a frigid politeness, cruel as only women—and good women—know how to be. The senile old father leered at her with rheumy, knowing eyes and babbled Scriptural quotations about "scarlet women."

In church and on the street the village peered at her with prying, greedy glances and evil whisperings.

When Martin first heard the whispers he strode up the hill and across the threshold of the gaunt, white house and locked himself into the stuffy study, where Ellen heard his restless pacing and smiled triumphantly. Later she rapped and was admitted, to find him sullen-browed and blustering.

"Do you know what those evil-minded old cats are saying about my wife—about a Wesley?" Even in his anger the ruling passion of family worship was stronger than anything else.

Ellen spoke smoothly. "After all, can you blame them for wondering, Martin? A foreigner—and after such a short acquaintance! Of course, you know all about her, but to those of us who don't—well, you must admit it is not strange we—speculate."

(Fifty-seven)
Martin stared at her, startled. "Of course I know Fauvette did not—could not—" But his voice lacked conviction, and Ellen knew that she had guessed rightly. Martin had never questioned or wondered about his French wife's past until now. The seed was planted. She watered it skillfully.

"Of course, the French have such different moral standards!" she would say, blandly. or to Fauvette, "Such a pretty woman as you, my dear, must have had many admirers. Odd you should have—waited for Martin!"

It was with a sense of absolute terror that Fauvette caught her husband's eyes fixed on her one day with an expression of dark speculation. She set herself to fight his suspicion with the only weapons she knew, the ardent and innocent coquetries of her race, an eager response to his infrequent caresses, never guessing that they only served to feed the smouldering fires of his distrust.

Then, unexpectedly, a time came when her overtaxed patience snapped. Breathless with nervous hurrying, she had slipped into her place at the breakfast-table, dreading the silent glance at the clock and tightening of Ellen's thin lips that always reproached any tardiness. That they had been discussing her she knew instinctively even before Martin addressed her, tapping the opened letter in his hand impressively.

"Fauvette, my friend, Tony Ray, the novelist, is coming to spend the summer with us," he began, patronizingly, as one would speak to a very small child. "He is conservative and conventional, a member of one of the best families of Boston. We think it best to caution you in regard to your behavior while he is here."

Fauvette's eyes flashed under discreetly lowered lashes. "I understand, yes!" she smiled, dangerously sweet, into their stony faces. "You are afraid I flirt, are you? This Saint Tony must not be tempted. Very well. I will wear a black gown to dinner! I will fold my hands, voila!"

The family and their guest were gathered in the chill decorum of the parlor that evening when the click of small heel-

was heard on the stairs, and a moment later the low doorway framed a vision so incongruous, so bewildering that the dark, distinguished man talking to Ellen sprang to his feet with the tribute of an involuntary exclamation.

Simple as the black tulle gown was, it spoke in every subtly revealing line of the boulevards of Paris, the city that worships beauty in women and gallantry in men. Above the amazingly low-cut bodice Fauvette's white shoulders and neck rose in all their naked wonder, her hair was piled in sophisticated waves above her daringly rouged, defiantly gay little face, and upon the swelling curves of her breast glowed a great crimson velvet rose.

In one swift glance she saw the horror of the women, the open admiration of the stranger's frank blue gaze, the cold incredulous anger of her husband's face, and the mischievous impulse of self-assertion vanished, leaving her hot-cheeked with shame and misery. As soon as possible after the dreadful dinner had dragged to a close she slipped away to her own room, where, a moment later, Martin followed her, his hand some, rather heavy features snarled with rage.

"I have been a blind fool!" he told her, thru white lips. "But when you came down tonight in that shameless gown I knew that I had married a wanton! God—"

With a convulsive movement he tore at the velvet rose, stabbing his finger with its pin and leaving a red smear on her white breast.

She cried out with a pain more than physical, as tho his words had stabbed to the quick of her soul.

Tony Ray, noting Martin's black look and torn finger, the girl's hurt cry still ringing in the ear of his memory, nodded wisely to himself. "Ariel and Caliban," he mused. "Martin is a good fellow, but narrow and stubborn, of the earth, earthy, while she—" His long, sensitive fingers blundered in their task of lighting his cigar. Above the cynicism of his lips the man's tired eyes were wistful. "I knew her when I first saw her. She is my dream that never came true!"

(Continued on page 73)
The wrong and the right way to manicure

CUTTING the cuticle is ruinous! When you cut the cuticle, you leave little unprotected places all around the tender nail root. These become rough, sore and ragged; they grow unevenly and cause hangnails.

The right way to manicure is to soften and remove surplus cuticle without knife or scissors. Just apply a bit of Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover, to the base of your nails, gently pushing back the cuticle.

Cuticle does away with all need for cutting or trimming, and leaves a firm, smooth, even line at the base of your nails.

In five minutes the most delightful manicure you ever had
Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (these come in the Cutex package), dip it into the Cutex bottle and work around the base of the nail, gently pressing back the cuticle. Rinse the fingers carefully in clear water, pushing the cuticle back when drying the hands.
If you like snowy-white nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish your manicure with Cutex Cake Polish.

In cold weather the cuticle often shows a tendency to become dry and rough after the hands have been put into water. When this happens, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort to the base of the nails.

Keep your nails looking well. Once or twice each week manicure your nails this way and you will never be bothered with overgrown, ragged cuticle.

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Los Angeles, Cal. (Special)—Naturally the thing uppermost in the minds of the studio colony is the enforced lay-off on account of the influenza epidemic. While not so severe as in the Eastern States, all necessary precautions have been taken. Those who started pictures will be allowed to finish them before taking the four-weeks' vacation without pay. Many companies which finished a feature took the vacation immediately. By general agreement between the film companies, every one is forced to participate in this lay-off.

Nevertheless, we have had the sad issues to face here and there. Myrtle Gonzalez, who had been in ill health for a year, necessitating the resignation of her husband from the army, passed on after a few days' illness of influenza.

The Gish girls have been enjoying home life since the closing order came. Lillian finished her propaganda picture with Mr. Griffith. I saw her at the First National Bank, wearing an outfit that just suits her gold-and-white beauty. There was a white pleated skirt, a luscious belted black velvet coat, white Georgette blouse, and a huge black velvet hat simply trimmed with black velvet streamers that fluttered over her shoulders. With white boots and gloves, she was an immaculate-looking little maid.

Juanita Hansen has had (Continued on page 79)

Will Santa Claus overlook Myrtle Lynn, Mack Sennett? No, Rollo, even Mr. Claus will not overlook this
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"Social Hypocrites"  
Metro Play

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Predicting for 1919

Here are our predictions for the screen drama of 1919:

Ingénues with curls will be popular.
The sun will continue to revolve in its orbit directly back of the blonde stellar cutie’s left ear, thereby casting a glow upon the aforementioned blondeism.
Animals will be popular. There will be a strong partiality on the part of directors for canaries and doves.
Close-ups of beaded eye-lashes will be made in large quantities, thus contributing an intimate, human note to the film drama.
Doug Fairbanks will jump over a chair in May, 1919.
Bill Hart will play a bad man who reforms about June 9, 1919.
One hundred and nineteen scenario writers will get new positions, Hun spies having lost their vogue with the end of the war.
In December, 1919, Mary Pickford will be undecided between an offer of $5,000,000 and one of $6,000,000.

After looking the contestants over carefully, we respectfully offer the Modesty Prize of 1918 to Edgar Lewis. It was Mr. Lewis who announced his activities after this non-personal fashion:

“Edgar Lewis
The Bret Harte of Motion Pictures”

announces
Six Edgar Lewis Super Productions, with the usual excellent Edgar Lewis cast of players.

EDGAR LEWIS.”

A little portrait of a director named Edgar Lewis gave the final note of impersonal interest to the announcement.

The exhibitors are the backbone of the screen industry, we are told. Realizing this, we examine with interest the electric sign of a Boston movie house, which a few days ago read:

“Mae Terlincks in ‘The Blue Bird.’”

What is a travel scenic, Rollo? A travel scenic is a series of tremendous significant glimpses of the inside of tunnels.
And you ask what is a film masterpiece, Rollo. A masterpiece is any photoplay with a full-page advertisement. It becomes a work of sheer genius when it has a two-page advertisement.

We think Harold Lloyd is a good comedian—and we’ll keep right on thinking so while Bebe Daniels plays opposite him.

The old Answer Man started something when he launched his first department of replies to fan inquiries. The English screen weeklies are taking it up now. Pictures has a query page, from which we glean this information:

“ALMA, HACKNEY—We have not heard that Mary Pickford has gone in for goat-keeping at her California home— tho it is quite likely. She loves animals.”

When Doug Fairbanks conducted his remarkable one-man parade up Fifth Avenue on behalf of the Fourth Liberty Loan drive, thereby picking up several paltry millions en route, he gave the best insight into the psychology of America that we can think of. When Doug called up from the street to J. Pierpont Morgan to drop a check out his window, when he leaped over subway kiosks for the benefit of the crowds and climbed into the windows of the Union League Club to solicit contributions he was the dream of every American boy come true.

Will Charlie Chaplin be as funny now that he’s married?
Five million married men scattered around the globe await the outcome with anxious interest.

Maurice Tourneur had hardly given out the announcement that dancing is the best possible training for the screen when Earle Williams married Florine Walz.

(Fifty-two)
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"Go ahead! I am getting everything."
privilege of gazing into the young eyes sweeter than the bon-bons, or the greater one of holding, forlornly, the deft young hands—or by the hot polliwog met in driftwood theaters in backwater towns of the States when traveling with Lew Pam. There had been heroes of romance, of course, and done and done, romance breathing up from paper pages is hardly satisfactory to a hungry heart. Tom Ballantine had seemed the marvelous crystallization of a dream. He had seemed—oh, everything youth wants when youth is very young. But now among other things achieved by money is a larger vision. Not always a truer one, perhaps; that depends upon the person, but a broader scope at least.

After a year at Miss Perrin's ultra-modern school, after vacations with the Lounsberries, than whom Gotham boasts no higher strata, after the knowledge that young Stoughton Lounsberry was ready to barter his hope of heaven for the privilege of a smile from her, Sheila began to see Tom as Tom really was, and always had been, even on the immortal night—very young, very uncontrolled, very reckless and reckless, very lovable. A boy who might become a man—in time.

Sheila was very young herself, very young and with no one to turn to for the help her troubled heart needed. But down from the slender little lady who had committed only one sin, that of loving Lew Pam, came a nicety of judgment that stayed with her now. On the night before she left school for good she knelt by the hope chest and tried to visualize the mother she had never seen save thru the loving agency of Lew Pam's reminiscences. She saw her best, she thought, in the intricacies of lace and cobweb fineness contained in the hope chest. Only a lovely lady, Sheila pondered, could have called to life these fairy things. Only some one who must have loved her might have left her such a legacy. Sheila had always suspected that her mother had left her this chest with a purpose—to point the way to the girl to another life than that lived by Lew Pam. "She wanted me to know," Sheila whistled; "she wanted me to know."

She thought, of the time Miss Perrin’s, but when all is said and done, became a very good friend of hers, had told her that there was a fortune in the hope chest. "There is," Sheila had replied, "but not of money. All that I have of my mother have here . . ."

"It is more than a legacy," Miss Perrin had said, as her cold, aristocratic fingers touched the filmy things; "it is legendary; that is, it is a legend.

"I know," said Sheila, and her bright tears had fallen on the laces and gleamed there, fairer than pearls.

Sheila was sorry to leave the school; sorry to leave Miss Perrin, and Moll Lounsberry and all the others who had made her forget for this brief interval many save the fact that she was a girl and life was very good. She knew now she was going back to stand at the bar of the Ballantine approbation or disapprobation. She knew that she was to be examined, appraised, accepted or rejected. She was to be taken in or cast forth again. She was to be his wife—now, to be very careful and do not do anything the least little way. "I have a debt to pay what ever way I look at it," she said; "a big debt. . . I'm going to pay it."

Father and Mother Ballantine were unanimous in their approbation of the finished product Miss Perrin had sent them. The girl had been lovely before . . . she had been picturesque. She had traded marks . . . wealth can give them . . . she was flawless. How much the seal of the Lounsberry affection had to do with the verdict pronounced must ever remain an enigma locked in the Ballantine breast. Anyway, Father Ballantine imprinted a salutation upon her brow, waved a grandiose hand at the two young people, and pronounced, "Now go—to your reward!"

Tom's young face flushed, but Sheila turned very white. "Mr. Ballantine," she said, so softly the old gentleman had to bend his head to hear, "I love you—a great—debt. I—I am prepared to pay it. I give you back—your son."

Mr. Ballantine drew a long breath, and, in Tom's demanding ear, after the limp parents had exited, that she always had—never had loved "that Lounsberry" who would go on a honeymoon—and of course had never forgotten "that night."

Thus, on the Ballantine yacht, the Pat-
millicent times they recaptured for a golden, idyllic month of Arcady. And Sheila Arcady lived and dreamed with the gods under a waxing moon—kist with the mouth of the sea opened to kiss them both—bound themselves round with roses red with the warmth of June—quaffed the ambrosial cup and could not find the dregs. Love bound the limbs of jealousy and blinded both his eyes. The

The Hope Chest (Continued from page 35)
LASSIC

kingdom of heaven was at hand. But this was the kingdom of earth. Man has not the wisdom of the gods. He finds the gate of paradise, wrenched it wide, then closes it in his own face. After a month on the Pastime, Tom and Sheila returned to Newport, and Tom went to work in the factory built for the sole purpose of the sweet teeth of the world. Sheila wore delectable Lucilies, ran off-Roses and spent money deliciously. Every morning she convoked her to the smoking stacks of the factory, every evening she ran down to convoy him back. Life skinned along as easily as her purring, upholstered roadster. Then, with the ghastly impact life as a habit of inflicting, there came news of a train wreck on which Tom might be, a hurried trip to the horrid scene, and Tom, but Lew Pam, lying among the chris. He raised his arm to shield his face when he saw his dainty daughter and her young husband coming toward him, but he was too late. Sheila saw him, fell on her knees, tore away his coat, screaming "It's Daddy--it's Daddy!" She moaned, and never new that the eyes of her husband had ever beheld this man before nor his ears heard his name. "You did see him," she protested, as Tom muttered that he had never seen him, she should have told him. "You did see him--in a letter one day last month--don't you remember--we went--he came out--you laughed at him, and I--I went up..."

"So that," mused Tom, remembering, was why..."

"That," snapped Sheila, unfastening the unconscious man's collar, "was why. We so good as to get a doctor--quick--that once."

"You cheated," said Tom, as he stalked away; "you--you--"

But Sheila did not hear. She was soaring to the man who had crooned so many tender times to her, holding, in her turn, his bruised head upon her breast.

While Lew Pam was mending at a sanatorium under the constant ministrations of his daughter and the kindly help of Roger Ballantine, Tom was drifting, Sheila had aroused his jealousy again, and it was strangling him. Aided by his so vivid imagination, he was conjuring p for her impossible people of whom he had been of her father, he was in a cruel ignorance. Wisely, Roger Ballantine reported him to the F.B.I. West. You need," he told him, "distance to see a, my lad. You are growing short of sight. Go away--stay away--until your vision clears."

When Lew Pam got well Sheila turned to the hope chest. "I can't," she told Roger Ballantine, when he offered to help her until such time as "that young fellow" gets over it. "You are dear--but I can't. Miss Perrin is going to help me, and we are going to open a tiny shop and call it The Hope Chest in the hotel (Continued on page 74)

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MOTION PICTURES

Holt—Who Goes There?

(Continued from page 29)

range-rider in Oregon. You’ve seen him ride up to a burly steer and jump on his back as if you thought no more of than vauliting a fence back in New York? Well, that’s about the only thing I’ve attempted in my life, and I got to be quite an expert. You see, I must land squarely, preserve my equilibrium, and convince friend steer that one’s intentions to stay on his back are genuine. It sounds delightfully simple, but it’s not. You see, when you’ve been accomplished, but there’s always a bull’s mind to be considered. The little differences of opinion between riders and steer are calculated to give one an idea from a ravenous appetite to broken leg, but it’s all very diverting.

How about bucking broncos, like ride?

“Yes, much. Really easier to stick than a steer. I liked the sport. I hardly classify it as a stunt; in fact, do remember ever attempting any stunt worth mentioning.”

“But you’re in your element... doing a cowboy part, aren’t you?”

“Yes, I like it for a change. I drawing-room parties. I can do sympathetic; they don’t appeal to me at all. I like character leads, somethin’ that expresses force, whether for good or bad. The usual leading part is goody-goody, subservient always to the feminine star’s role, keeps one moomin around trying to win the lady’s love while all the odds are against one until the last reel. As Cash Hawkins in ‘The Squaw Man,’ which Mr. De Mille is reproducing, I have a part which just suits me. You know, ‘The Squaw Man’ was done about six years ago by the Lasky Company, but Mr. De Mille thinks such a fine play he has had it rewritten. I have much new stuff added, the parts are larger, and it is reproducing it.”

“Your part in ‘The Claw’ was horrid enough,” I remarked, “I should think but the queer part is that you got all my sympathy at the end, anyway. Slow clever consonant writing, doesn’t it?”

“Well, you see that was really my leading part. It had been assigned Milton Sills, of course, but he absolute refused to consider playing it. I hated the role of Maurice Stair; it did not appeal to him in any way. So I and swapped parts, everybody was happy until I enjoyed doing the character of the cowardly Stair quite as much as Mr. Sills loved the part of the real soldier who wasn’t ashamed to wear earings for sentiment’s sake.”

“Please, what is your chief aspirant in pictures?”

“Don’t laugh—the idea sounds very presumptuous, but I do want to act with Gerry Farrar. Often I have a hunch that I’m to play with her before another year has passed.”

“You said ‘family obligations’ a while ago. Are there any pictures of it?”

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Sessue of the Samurai—(Continued from page 23)
of the half-light of the doorways. Quaint, musty smells pervaded the whole picture. We fell to talking—at least I did—about the effect of peace upon the war books and war plays.

"How long do you think the public will be interested in war stories after peace is declared?"

"Ten," said Hayakawa, with the quick decisiveness of a sea captain ordering the moorings cast off. "Ten what?"

"Ten days."

"How do you know?"

"We've had practical experience in Japan—twice," said Hayakawa. "After the Chinese-Japanese and Russo-Japanese wars we saw our victorious soldiers come home. For ten days the public was wild over their stories. Then it was as though the one had erased something from a blackboard."

And I knew that was all I was likely to hear that evening.

Another evening we fell to talking about motion picture acting. Somebody was raving on about the limitations of motion pictures. "You can never put over a subtle story as you can with words."

"You can't tell a subtle story with words," retorted Hayakawa. "You can't tell anything with words."

"You can't tell by screwing up your face and grimming," contended the other man, who somehow felt his case slipping.

"That's true," said Hayakawa. He was silent for a moment; then he made the longest speech I ever heard from his lips.

"In Japan we had a great actor; his name was Danjuro. I remember one time seeing him come into the middle of the stage and fix the audience with his gaze. He didn't speak a word. His face was absolutely immovable. Every trace of expression was gone from it. It was set and rigid. He just stood there and looked, and as he looked you could feel the audience catch its breath. He kept on looking. The audience became so tense that it seemed as though you must scream if he did not move. I remember that I myself was almost hysterical when Danjuro finally relaxed and released his hold."

"Bunk!" said the skeptic. "How did he do it?"

"I am afraid it would be too difficult to explain," said Hayakawa. "Perhaps I may best illustrate it by saying this: I always try not to move my face in emotional scenes. I came from an old Samurai family in Japan. In that caste it is considered to be extremely disgraceful to show your feelings.

"Under no circumstances must you lose your absolute self-control. For instance, suicide is very common in Japan. The rites of the hari-kari are very elaborate. The knife is thrust into the left side of the abdomen, drawn across the stomach for exactly six inches, then upward for one inch. It is considered shameful if the suicide, in his pain and agony, shows that he was too agitated to make the cuts with exactitude. The dread of every Japanese boy is that, killing himself, he may show that he has not thrashed his legs around, thus bringing lasting shame to his family."

"In these ideas I was raised. I was taught that death was a mere incident of honor and poise everywhere."

"Therefore, when in motion picture I have a scene of one of these suicides, I deliberately make a scene of it, thus showing that I am not afraid of death, but I think in my heart how I hate him."

"But how do you get it over?" asked one of the actors in the group.

"It gets over in a way more sub that I could say it in words," said Hayakawa.

"But how?" persisted the actor.

"I wish I could tell you," said Hayakawa, simply. "But unless you have studied Eastern philosophy, it is hard to make it clear. There are many forces that the East knows that we do not.

"For instance, let us speak of jiu-jitsu. I don't mean the kind of jiu-jitsu that's taught to policemen; that is quite different. It is the rough preliminary training. The real jiu-jitsu is of the mind, not of the body.

"After you have studied for years, you tell one secret, two more and another secret and so on.

"What's that got to do with it?" asked the actor.

"This to do with it," answered Hayakawa. "If you should try to shoot old Japanese samurai, he would tell you to put down the gun. You would know why, but you put it down and you wouldn't know why.

"If the same token, I cant tell you what he did over when I think that way, but I know why."

This is a little off the subject, but another time Hayakawa slipped us a little secret out of the mysteries of jitsu.

"The first time you go to your gun in the darkness and hear a noise, which suggests burglars and guns, then just do what I tell you. Draw in three stomachs, right at the bottom of your dornen. Draw in until those m js are as hard as rock—then see if you yourself aren't afraid of anything in the world. When you've made yourself afraid of anything in the world. When the old drill-sergean West Point tells the cadets to 'suck them stomachs,' he thinks he is making soldiers figures. In reality, it is drawing upon a great psychological truth as old as the ages. He is insuring them against fear."

The charming thing about Hayakawa is that the next instant he steps back to the twentieth century and is a golfing companion of a gentleman and a good all-art companion.

In all his customs and manners

(Continued on page 72)
Florence the Oriental—(continued from page 21)

at the most we have only a half-
to do our work in.

But tomorrow afternoon they are
up to take some scenes in which I do
appear, so in all probability I shall
home about home or shortly after.

It happened very fortunately, as I am
ticularly anxious to get home in time
the finishing touches on my hus-
’s birthday dinner, as we are having
e friends to dine, to celebrate the
it. But that will not take very long,
have made all the preparations well
advance. So I would suggest that
ven five and six would be perhaps
best time to see me, if it is all the
to you.’ And so it was settled.

star of the stage and a star of the
en rolled up into one is a pretty
combination. But if you happen to
a friend of Miss Reed’s you will
find out that she shines just as
htly in the domestic sphere.

t when you go to Miss Reed’s you
not be surprised if, as you stand
the door, you overhear what
tds to you, in the most extraordinary
ation, something like this:

Coffee!” it may begin, in clear, sweet

“My sweet coffee! What is there I
do for you? Have you been lonely
day long? Have you missed—” as apt as
ot to be interrupted by an
pheme to muffins! ‘Oh, muffins,

y, the same voice continues,
ing here so patiently. Have you
lonely, too? Angler, isn’t it strange
coffee is so black and that muffins
is so white?”

all sound very strange until
hear another voice answer, “Miss
, those dogs were both washed this
ing, and look at the difference be-
then that the mystery is solved, and as the
to you see that “Coffee” and “Muf-
are two white puddles, whose bright
ences have been shadowed by one
ow, the departure of “Tea,” their
er, to the land where all good little
go.

Miss Reed, not being at all an ordi-
ort of person, has not at all an or-
t sort of a home. Her drawing-
, for instance, is of great

pride, resembles more some spot
Ne Orient than any drawing-room
have ever seen in any home in New
.

It is a Chinese room.

you feel instinctively as soon as you
it that it is a room upon which
are has been lavished. It is the
ence of beauty and at the same
t the same of comfort. You don’t
as you go into it that you are in
 sort of an antique shop where signs
ung at regular intervals bearing the
,” Please do not handle.”

Miss Reed has furnished this room
ly herself. She has delved about
ant old shops until she has found
pletely the furnishing she had in
.

When she couldn’t find what she
wanted in New York, she waited until
she could get to San Francisco, where
the Chinese shops have all sorts of
rarities to offer. It took many, many
months to complete this room. The
lamps alone represent many hours of
patient searching.

After you have talked to Miss Reed
for a short time you discover that she is
either different from any star you have
ever seen. She does not indulge in com-
monplaces. She does not tell, with
conviction ringing in her voice, that the
tique of the screen and the stage are
two entirely different arts, nor that while
the motion picture industry is in its infancy,
she has unbounded faith in its future,
nor does she make the hundred-and-one
stereotyped statements that burst forth
periodically from the mouths of stars
who feel that these remarkable dis-
coveries should be published broadcast
to a bewildered but admiring public.

Miss Reed is too genuine and too sin-
cere to resort to platitudes for her con-
versation. After an hour’s talk with her
you get some glimpses of the real Flo-
rence Reed, and you will discover:
That she has a brilliant, vivacious per-
sonality;
That she has a lively appreciation of
anything that is genuinely good;
That good books, good plays, good
music form an important part of her
daily life;

That she knows music backward, hav-
ing once studied the piano with the idea
of using it professionally, but that she
abandoned it for a career on the stage;

That she considers Charlie Chaplin is
a genius, and that she fully expects that
one day he will be not only a great comic-
dian, but one of the foremost actors in
America;

That she has a huge capacity for en-
joyment;

That she has a delightful sense of
humor;

That she is as lavish with her praise
of those members of her profession who
are accomplishing things as she is with-
ering in her scorn for those who fail to
take their work seriously;

That this season, for the first time in
many months, the stage will appear as a
“vampire” or a “bad woman” of any
kind, and that she is heartily glad of hav-
ing the opportunity of turning over a
new leaf;

That nothing gives her so much pleas-
ure as to hear good music, and that she
is a frequent visitor to Carnegie and
Ellen halls;

That she didn’t know that she had the
reputation of being one of the best
dressed women on the stage, but that she
thinks that any actress with neglects to
make a study of the science of clothes is
making a grave mistake;

That if you want to arouse her ire
these days, all you have to do is to ask
her what she is doing with her spare
time.

(Sixty-nine)
Where There's an Alice Brady There's a Way—(Continued from page 25)

to me relinquishing my vocal training. He would not help me in the vocal
work at all. So I ran away with a Shub-
tert show in which Fritz Scheff starred, getting a small part. When we came
back to town, Dad saw me. He realized
my determination—and has been my pal
ever since.

"I have been doing pictures three
years. At first I thought I should never
get used to it. There was a lack of
inspiration in registering before a cam-
era! Such a want of human response!
Such a need of applause! But I love it.
I love it now. And that is why I give
my best.

"The celluloid world, however, I find
is hard and heartless. It doesn't want
people who 'keep' their ages, or who do
not 'show' their ages. It wants those
without ages. It will not stand for
wrinkles and big pores and soft chins.
It is cruel. It demands youth first, then
beauty. I know too well that we cannot
all be Mary Pickfords and Norma Tal-
madges, and therefore, because of my
silly, irregulous tendencies, I have to work
at being a great deal harder. You cannot im-
agine how many disappointments my
nose has caused me while I have been
reviewing my reels!

"There are numerous things which on
the screen look trivial and of inconse-
quence. But those are the details that
encapsulate so much labor. For instance,
that picture of mine, The Death Dance.
Do you know that every evening when
my camera work had been finished, I
would go to my master and be given
instruction how to dance? Oh, I can kick
and prance about, of course, but that
tango had a most peculiar tangle of
steps. It certainly took a while of re-
hearsing before it was filmed. So there
you are! Devious details diligently done
flash on the screen one second, flash off
the next, and"—she pertly tossed her
head and stretched her chin to a be-
witching angle—"look like nothing.

"Hello, there, Teddy," she greeted
Conrad Nagel, the young man who plays
opposite her in "Forever After." "Have
you come to fetch me? Well, I can't go,
I can't go, I can't go," she jovially whim-
pered, twisting her skirts about her, put-
ing her finger in her mouth and laugh-
ingly chiding him as she does in the play.

"No, sir, I can't go out tonight. So run
along, Teddy," she stamped her foot.

"Teddy, Teddy," he protested, and
belittlingly widening her eyes and giving the dimples
a chance to dominate again, "I'm busy.
Don't you see? Woof!" And away re-
luctantly went Mr. Nagel.

"He's a nice boy," Miss Brady smiled,
turning to me. "That is one reason that
I gave the party. He was to have left
for the army today, but we managed to
get him. Thirty days' leave. Awfully
young, only twenty-one. That is why
he was not called before, altho he wanted
so badly to go. He—"

"Miss Brady," interrupted the maid,
"here are some more flowers for you."

"My! It's big and heavy and—" the
papers were torn away, the exclama-
tion ensemble was—"beautiful!"

"Aren't they just heavenly?'' came
from the depths of the blossoms and
ferns. Miss Brady was ecstatically sat
merged in their fragrance.

But before she had time to ask, "Wha
do you think?'' and before I should have
had time to answer, a United State
Army officer approached her. "Miss Alice,
"he sternly said, "we will not a
low this much longer. Your party, your
friends, your absence. A little fun for
you, miss, and with you. Come along
He lifted her off the ground, into h
arms, curtseied, as best he could, his ex-
cuses to me, and carried her off to th
dance floor. There was a roofer's che-
—i could hear it from my post—and
clapping of hands. Then, before I had
a chance to realize I had been left alo
I, too, was out there, one-stepping w
Mr. Nagel.

The music was mighty good. It wa
a victrola they were using. As soon
one record was finished those in char
immediately pulled another. They did
not want to lose a moment. They did
not want to stop. They did not want
give up Alice. Conrad Nagel laugh
into my ear, "Isn't she the bully sort?
erviceman, tho. Do you know, if al
had her way now, she'd just as lief he
rehearsing Saxon Kling's part with him
who does not care to do the other one
That's Mr. Kling. He is going to tal
the part of Ted when I go.

During the fifth and sixth encore s
stopped in the center of the floor to ch
with Mrs. Russ Whytal and Frank
Hatch (Mr. and Mrs. Clayton in "Fo
ever After"). As the music struck
we began to sway onward, Mr.
Hatch, with a languid smile, "It makes as bo
to see Jennie acting frivolous for
change."

A few hours later, when I was leavi
for home, Miss Brady came up to me
and took my hand. "I hope you enjoy
yourself," she dimpled. "I was quite
surprised with the music, myself. I
is the first time I have not had a ba
of mesmerizing musicians. But we
shouldn't have to do any along with the
them? C'est la guerre!"

"I did not tell you much, did I? If
then, it was impossible to talk a great de
when there was so little to talk about.

And so I left this busy young wo
rode home thinking Miss Brady
bona fide, 100 per cent Yankee.
comes that way by her parentage. F
mother was French. Her Dad, (one c
possibly call William Brady anything
but that when thinking of him in conn
ation with his Alice), is Irish. And
she is peculiar in the fact that she do
not try to take advantage of her he
She is not the least bit socialist.
not is a whiff of a snoh. Here is a
g who loves to work fifteen hours a
d who doesn't have to do it!"
The Man Who Is Never Himself— (Continued from page 40)

The broad arm-chair in which Mr. Fawcett had been sitting suddenly converted itself into a tête-à-tête, one of those foolish, gilded things with brocaded seats that were in vogue twenty years ago. There wasn’t any fuss, no explosive opening of doors, but a jealous little individual at white heat came over to an acounging and hoarsely whispered words which burned themselves to one’s memory. And the timid lover accepted the “Here’s your hat, what’s your hurry?” invitation and departed.

“The next morning I was famous. I had not long been away, and it was among the profession, among the big actors along the Rialto. They said, Who is this chap Fawcett? I think I said about everybody in the profession within a couple of days. The papers mentioned the little scene, and I felt I was made man. Unfortunately, I was doing my young things, and after I had within the month following I was singing all over the place. Say, I was simply rotten! Then I woke up. I saw immense power of that style of acting, but also the necessity for effacing one’s own personality and living, breathing the part.

After that I did ‘Blue Jeans,’ I was Swenigal, of course. Everybody has an Swenigal at some time of his life. You get it just like the measles and whooping-cough, but some recover more quickly than others. I’ve known men to offer in that way for fifteen years of acting. Lackaye created the Joe in New York at the same time that I created it in the second big show put on, mine being on the road in all Eastern cities. Then I did ‘In Old Kentucky,’ played with the Palmer Stock company of New York, next was a season with Maude Adams in ‘The Little Minister,’ went to England for three years, came back and did ‘The Squaw Man,’ all have been memorable. I have seen a lot of these in the last few years. I am refused in drafting a part. I study it on every angle—what would the natural man do in this or that situation? Is this what an author writes. He places characters in every conceivable condition and position with relation to other characters and the audience understands instantly. I am a firm believer in this method. Then I always actually live the part during the time I am essaying it. I will not conceive being myself and part from the character. Even at home must eat, think, work, dress and in all ways live as that character naturally would. That is my creed—not to live my own life as George Fawcett, but honestly to give every thought force and every moment of time to the character I am, for the sake of realism and naturalness.”

“You’re evidently a firm believer in working on the psychological side of acting.”

“Without psychology no man can be a great director or actor. One must have that psychological insight, that intuitiveness, which enables one not only to read the thoughts of others, but to see his possibilities. If I want to act the part of an Irishman I’ve got to know him well. I must study his make-up mentally, talk as he does, absorb his mannerisms, smoke, eat, drink as he would. I’ve been an Irishman for six weeks at a time and hugely enjoyed it. Bill Hart has cultivated this trait for years—there is not much variation to his plays, but his characters! He’s lived every one. What’s wrong with his tremendous appeal? It’s his sincerity. You can’t be an actor and just act a thing. You have got to live and feel it. Bill Hart comes into a room in that sincere, loving fashion, just like a big, clumsy, lumbering Newfoundland dog. It’s his helpless love that appeals to women, his strength in love that knocks the men flat, his childlikeness in love that makes the kiddies love him. He can put it right over on the screen. If you think right, it comes thru the camera. There are lots of things that will cover deficiency in stage productions, but on the screen you’ve got to feel and think right in order to make your work effective.

“How about directors? Might one not feel all this and still be hampered because made a mere puppet by a director?”

“Nearly every director has some special talent. With one it is photography, with another handling of mobs, another revels in melodramatic effects. The ideal director has a sense of authorship, a sense of photography, he is a psychologist, he is susceptible, resilient, plastic, and, above all, he is a true actor. To my mind, Mr. Griffith more nearly approaches the ideal today than any living man. His great power lies in visualizing the entire production before he takes a single shot. He may be unable to visualize but the one important scene in which I am playing. From this I go on to the next, and so on. This makes restricted vision. Mr. Griffith is like the architect, who can even see the trees surrounding the beautiful building he has in mind. Naturally, then, he would fewer mistakes in direction. He has the art of suggestion, leaving it to the audience to supply that which is not actually put on the screen. He understands the power of suspense.

“For instance, in ‘The Great Love’ I had but a negative part, that of the
A Pearl in the Rough—(Continued from page 17)

hand-colored, but even the color didn’t hide my acting. They had me in crinoline.

Shall I ever forget? I’m no bonehead trying to kid myself. When I get into a drama a lot of extra hands and sprout out all over me, I don’t know what to do with them. I either overact all over the place, or I stand still and they push me around like a tea-wagon. But, darn it! I want to be an actress in spite of that.”

“Are you going to try?” we prompted.

“Dunno,” said Miss White, thru the smoke. “I think, though, although it is ungrateful, has its good points. Everybody knows me—in France, South America, Cuba—everywhere. I get letters from every conceivable place. A bagful of stuff a week. I don’t know why they keep up. You’d think all the people that intended to write would have written by this time and gotten over it. But, still, I’m not coming.”

Miss White frankly admitted that no one had touched her popularity in serials. “Funny, too,” she philosophized, “I don’t make it. Plenty of good people have tried. But they don’t catch on. It’s mighty hard to pass somebody who is established in a certain type of work. You’ve got to do something as good as the original before the public will consider you. The girl that passes Mary Pickford will have to be half a dozen times as able.”

“Look at me,” continued Pearl. “I was on the stage before I tried pictures. Then I was canned by Lubin and I came to Pathé. The serial did the stunt for me and I’m famous. There you are.”

“Dont you like fame?” we asked.

“Do I like to be famous?” repeated Miss White. “James, the smelling-salts! Of course, it’s pretty nice. It’s all there is to life. People recognize you everywhere you go. I have a couple of cars, and somebody has wished a country place on me. But I returned to frantically thank God! Folks give dinners in my honor. I’m going to one at Sherry’s when I finish work tonight. I didn’t know I’d have to work tonight when the dinner was planned. But if a man wants to spend money, I wouldn’t disappoint the rest. Besides, I’ll get there before they adjourn.”

Pearl paused. Another cigarette was borrowed. Likewise some matches. Just the shade of seriousness puckered the White eyebrows. “The thing you’ve got to watch out for is getting broke when you’re old. Look at all the people that go down and out at the finish. The man who feels sprout on all sides is blind now and penniless. That’s terrible!”

We talked of many things, finally of marriage. “Look at all the fliers,” said Miss White. “No wedding-bells for Pearl. You can’t do it in the movies. I know how tired I am when I get home after piloting all day. I’d pick a fight with St. Peter. No, it can’t be done.”

Miss White casually mentioned that she never—well, hardly ever—went to the movies to see herself. “I used to try it and drag along some friends,” she said. “Then they’d trot out the worst episode of the whole serial, and I’d resolve never to go again. Now I stick to my resolution. What’s the use? I know I’m not acting.”

Then Miss White made a genuine confession. There is a chance that she may leave Pathé. She may do one more serial for them—and she may not. But one thing she swore to, she’d like to drive a war ambulance.

“Keeping a chance with public favor and all that,” said Miss White, “and I know how hard it is to come back. But the darn thing attracts me.”

Which rather sums up this Pearl in the rough. A good sort, not trying to pose, frankly not interested in much of anything, not really understanding her own popularity, yet accepting it without question and yet wondering how long the fates will be kind.

In parting, Miss White tried to give us some letters from her admirers. When we protested, she inquired, “Say, what’s your mission in life, anyway?”

Which quite left us speechless. While we tried to look into Pearl’s laughing eyes and moralize upon our lifelong pursuit, Miss White added, “I mean, what are you here for, an interview?”

We admitted the accusation. “How’d I know?” said Pearl, plaintively. “If you can make up something out of the stuff I’ve told you, you’re going some.”

Then, departing down the studio stairs, we heard Pearl inquiring of some one if the distance:

“Have you got a cigaret?”

Sessue of the Samurai
(Continued from page 68)

conversation he is American to the finger-tips, but one always feels that he Hayakawa is the soul of some stern, white Japan that has returned to earth and got into the body of a very up-to-date young man of fashion by mistake. One always feels that this hand some, attractive young clubman is reaching back into dim mysteries of an old philosophy that we wot not of. I see him in spiffy neckties and vest-chains with golf-sticks poking out of the topneau of his car, but beyond I see of Samurai temples and queer Samurai swords, strange aromas of Oriental perfumes.

Hayakawa is modern Japan. He is the proud old Samurai caste in patent leather shoes and spats.

The glasses of the old Japan which wore a contemptuous smile and killed any one who touched his sword. But the manners and thoughts of modern America. We think we have taught them a lot but they call upon life forces of which we know nothing.

A very interesting and charming young man,—this actor, sailor, philosopher—Hayakawa.

(Seventy-two)
The Parisian Wife
(Continued from page 58)

From that night life became a nightmare thing to Martin Wesley's Parisian wife. He moved his belongings into another room, and night after night the girl lay motionless in the cavernous bed, listening to the unending plink of the fir-trees, watching the uneasy shadows writhing across the ceiling in an agony of wakefulness.

It was Tony who explained very gently the monstrous words of Martin's letter that came after a week's absence in Boston, words that might have been written in vitriol on the quivering page of her heart.

"I can't bear this any longer. It was a mistake from the beginning and the sooner the ending comes the better. I've suffered this last month as I didn't know a man could suffer—when I think of that pale gold head of yours on my knees—of our future—of you! It was so cruel! But I cannot. You can get the divorce with the enclosed hotel bill for evidence. I pray God I may never see you again—"

A poor, selfish, ignoble letter enough that seemed to flay the girl who listened, leaving the small oval face a-quiver with uncontrollable pain. The man, watching, felt his muscles tauten with the primitive male desire to kill, but his voice was carefully casual.

"Those stories of yours you showed me—you know, I believe with a little help you could make good in New York. They've got what editors pray for every night on their knees, a perfectly fresh point of view."

Fauvette took the hotel bill that showed her husband's name linked with a strange woman's as tho the it were some soil thing and tore it to bits. Then she looked into Tony's face and smiled a tortured, gallant smile. "I will go to New York, and I will succeed!" she said quietly. "But I shall need you to help me, mon ami.

"A bright wave of hope swept Tony Ray's heart, but the eyes that met hers were brotherly. "Of course, I'll help you!" he promised, matter-of-factually, and with the words he made a solemn vow in his own soul that there should be no bill rendered for whatever he did for her.

It was necessary to remind himself sharply of this vow more than once in the months that followed. She was so helpless and alone, so perilously, unfairly beautiful.

On the gala night when the biggest Magazine accepted one of her stories, Tony took Fauvette to dine in a very splendid hotel, whose lights and music and flowers seemed to have been made as a background for the glowing youth and loveliness of her. From some incrustable woman-impulse, she had elected to wear the black tulle dress in which he had first seen her, and in spite of her new triumphs, her gray eyes were misty with memories. Seeing which he talked gaily and inconsequently until

(Continued on page 78)
Billie Rhodes—Circus Girl
(Continued from page 27)

Well, anyway, "I love this circus at Om-osphere," she said. "It seems natural to me, somehow or other. None of my people were ever connected with a circus, nor, in fact, with any other branch of the profession, but I've been 'on the go' ever since I can remember, just the same. We used to move regularly twice a year. I've lived all over San Francisco."

She has six brothers and three sisters—all living.

"You can imagine how much it resem-bled the biggest show on earth every time we moved," she added, laugh- ing.

Her first moving picture was made in August, 1913, by the Kalem Company and was called "The Perils of the Sea."

It was, she says, the first of the "nature pictures and was a drama."

"And now," she went on, "I'm going back to drama again. I'm glad, too. I've been doing comedies for so long that I'm sick to death of them. I want heavy emotional roles, with perhaps touch of comedy."

Just then there was a knock on the door.

"We're ready to shoot when you are, Miss Rhodes," came cheerfully from the other side. (This is a polite way of telling a star to hurry up.)

"All ready," she answered.

She had just had time to grab a bit of lunch while changing from one costume to another. On the way down stairs we talked about war posters and cartoons. Probably it is the "trouper" in her which makes her so interested in these things and in the ballet school she is attending "for fun."

Oh, yes, she is taking French.

Her eyes and hair are brown, she is about five feet tall, and all of her ge-niture are quick and impulsive.

The last I saw of her she was stand-ing in front of the mirror bidding a tearful farewell to the clown, while from the cello and hand-organ floated the strain of Tosti's "Good-by."

In the springtime of her youth Billi Rhodes has deserted two-reel comedies and become a star.

The Hope Chest
(Continued from page 65)

here on Long Island. I shall be happy and— I'll wait—I promise you."

Sheila waited. Waited thru at least two dozen pertent propositions from Stoughton Lounsberry—waited not more than one red moon—waited, and nev-er despaired. And at last he came... not Tom ... but the man he had be-come.

"I've come, Sheila," was all he said to her, but it was enough.

"Yes, you have," she told him, giv-ing him her eager acceptance, and he nev-er knew what she meant when she add- ed, "for the first time—Tom..."

(Seventy-four)
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U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
881 Brunswick Building New York City
LITTLE VIRGINIAN.—Gladi to see you again. Just as you say, hand in hand thru life we'll go; its checkered paths of joy and woe with you and me. I'm glad to watch you tho' I could do without you. I had been to your home for dinner and I saw you there. You are well and I hope you are happy.

SWEET SIXTEEN. — Yes, I'm a regular Johnny-on-the-spot. Gail Kane and Norman Johnson are the leaders. I was at the opening of a new play by them last night. A wonderful performance! I knew they would do well together.

FURIOUS LASH-BROWNE.—I was delighted with the results obtained by my natural black charm and expression and it is now quite possible to have them if you apply just a little LASH-BROWNE.

ARKANSAS GIRL.—Too bad, but law is like a book on surgery; there are a great many desperate cases in it. Mary Thurman is getting there fast. I'm sure you would like her. She is just full of life and pep, and she says she loves everybody. You don't know how much I wish to see you. I'm sure I have not seen you for a long time. I'll draw de line at de feet.

NEVER SEEN.—Never heard of the concept. Sorry, madam.

FLORIDA.—So you think I am a snappy girl. Just a girl. I am a New Yorker. I wish you luck. Alfred Whitman was with Universal last. Pie, that's my middle name, and a pie from you—well, sweet mamma! Your letter was a great surprise and I am delighted with the attention and affection of men more than a handsome address and a graceful conversation.

CADER G. W. — Try Paramount, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FLORA.—Well, why do you go with her? People speak of you, you know, the reputation, virtue and happiness greatly depend on the choice of our companions. Select and be careful. There are hopes.

HULBERT B.—Bessie Love was Sue, Jack Gilbert was Ira in “The Dawn of Understanding.” Walter McEachern played “Silver,” and Robert McElrath was in “Everybody’s Girl.” Corine Griffith was born in Texarkana, Texas.

ANNEXING BILL.—You always get a reply here. Bill. I have no record of where George Forth is—anybody know? Creighton Hale with Metro. I have no record of where he is now again; you’ll always find me here in waiting.

ERNEST A. L.—Yes, but most wives have their own secret service. Better change your mind.

BEATS.—Ralph Ince directed his wife, Lucille Lee Stewart, in “Five Thousand Miles.” She is a wonderful actress. I heard she was great in “The New York Times.” Why did Charlie Chaplin wear a mouse-trap in “Shoulder Arms”? Fool question 999.999. Perhaps to catch the cooties. Our editor says that this is the best farce ever produced.

LITTLE LASH-BROWNE.—Call me anything you like. Sure thing, we have a few ideas around here. Why doesn't she come right at the right? Ina Rogers Lyttton played in “The Forbidden City.” He was the emperor.

MAYBELL.—Her appointment has been a stage favorite of mine. We might sell you one for 25 cents.

JOHNNY JUMP-UP.—Pauline Frederick was Dolores and Pedro De Cordoba was Pedro in “A Daughter of the Old South.” Dave Smith is a director. You give me that expression with the vocabulary you use.

BILLIE K.—But you must put the name that you wish to appear in the Magazine at the top of your letter. See “Pals First.”

MACARRIA.—If you would have the pleasure of playing “Elise Dinsmore.” Why don’t you write it? I really haven’t time to write personal replies.

WILLIAM.—I have no record of where George Forth is—anybody know? Creighton Hale with Metro. I have no record of where he is now again; you’ll always find me here in waiting.

MARY.—You say “Words are paint; the voice, the brush; the mind, the painter; but science, practice, genius, taste, judgment and emotion are necessary.” That’s true, and so how can anybody become a painter without these attributes? Ira M. Lowry was the director of “For the Freedom of the East.”

LITTLE LASH-BROWNE.—It is from the Greek, and secularly means universal or impartial in respect to time and place, and ecclesiastically not limited to one people, like the Jewish Church for example. Bessie Barrie was in “Rachael.” Elia Hall was Billy, Gloria Hope is a 30-year-old business lady. Edward Coxen as Joe in “The Heart of Rachael.”

S. P., GALESTOWN.—Well, there are lots of song publishers in New York who supply the public with songs—Irving Berlin, Witmark, Stern Brothers, Leo Feist, etc.

PATSY FROM CORK.—I would not like to see you on the scrivener dance. It reminds me of the dance that Eve did for Adam. So you call me the bottomless pit of information. Nay, say not so. My hall of residence is pretty warm tonight, yet the winds are howling outside. I always manage to keep warm. You say $9.30 isn’t a penny enough for a man with a physical as well as mental task in kidding the world. Dictionary, please.

(SEVENTY-SIX)
Desperate Desmond  
(Continued from page 19)

Yes I was, and he said, 'And do you rope horses, and chase cowboys over hill and dale—if you, honest injun, do all those things?' I nodded yes. 'Gee, fellows,' we heard him exclaiming, as we got under way, 'that was Billiam Desmond, an' he ropes cowboys and rides horses, and saves girls. Gee, fellows, ain't it great?'

"If you care to, I would like to you say that I thoroughly enjoyed doing 'The Pretender.' I had a bunch of honest-to-goodness cow-punchers with me in that picture, and they were the finest lot of boys I ever knew."

As we left our table, I noticed that Bill Desmond tipped the waitress two dollars, because she had exclaimed, worn out in those strike-filled days of New York. "I am only an amateur waitress," sir, "with tears of vexation in her eyes, when she could not bring the alligator pear salad we had ordered."

And I was glad, for my judgment of William Desmond was confirmed. Happy he is and carefree. Irish and prodigal. Generous with his life and all its beauty, never morbid.

"There is nothing I like so much as a sweet, natural girl," said Desmond, explaining his generous tip. "She was a fine girl. I could tell by her expression. I admire the real qualities of womanhood. I had seven sisters, you know."

Desperate Desmond? If you'll pardon the alliteration, we'd like to call it Dimpled Desmond. But we wont, 'cause he hates em—the dimples.

The Celluloid Critic  
(Continued from page 49)

"Such a Little Prize" (Paramount) disappointed us because it discounted our first impressions of Lila Lee in "The Cruise of the Make-Believe." Here Miss Lee is quite comfortable as a star, and it is a first class performance, even fault, being trite and enemic; i. e., the search of an old sea man, his granddaughter and a hand-some young man for buried treasure. This drama, too, makes use of the draft shucker as a scoundrel. There is one point of novelty, a chimpanzee, who gives the subtitle writer an opportunity to introduce some really funny captions in orang language. Theodore Roberts offers a bully performance of the old seaman and Harrison Ford is likable as the young lover. But we give first his- toric honors to Mr. Orang. Just where he comes in isn't as vivid as she was quite baffles us. There was an insinuation about her, a distinct—shall we say? sexual attraction that reached from the screen. That is now lacking. For one thing, Miss Talmadge doesn't seem inspired. She doesn't ring true. And she should stop imitating Alla Nazimova.

Select expended considerable on her latest, "The Forbidden City," but never once does she rise to the Talmadges playing both a mother and her daughter, doubling just now being quite popular among stars. The mother, a Chinese girl, is put to death after being lassoed by a young American with the aid of a Chinese man. The baby grows up, is ostracized by the Celestial maidens, and then, by one of those movie coincidences, falls in love with the ward of her unknown father. She runs away to (Continued on page 79)
The February Magazine

A Fairyland of Film Fantasy, Fun and Fiction

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
The effervescent Doug is caught in an irrepressible moment which results in a lively story.

VIOLET MERSEREAU
After a year's absence from the screen, Violet has staged a charming return. Her fans have put in a session of Watchful Waiting.

TOM MIX
The daring cowboy star was not always a star. Wars and bad men were his passion in the olden days.

MARY CHARLESON
All about Henry Walthall's fascinating leading lady who will appear with him again under his new affiliation.

ELLIOTT DEXTER
Elliott is such an every-day sort of person, with no eccentricities or hobbies, that it was hard to get a satisfactory interview—but we did.

GLORIA JOY
The newest baby star gleams with an individual glitter. She is unique.

WILLIAM FARNUM
This story of the virile Bill makes one think of the big and rugged lands of the Northwest.

RUTH STONEHOUSE
Ruth began by being a foil for Bryant Washburn's vile schemes, and, since his reformation, she is a foil for Houdini.

The Parisian Wife
(Continued from page 73)
the waiter had left them, then leaned to her, touching her hand.
"Is it still Martin, dear?" she asked gently. "I had thought perhaps after all these months—"

That night Tony Ray wrote a long letter, which two days later Martin Wesley read, first with sick anger, then bewilderment, and last with a dawning humbleness. It told him of the wonderful love that he had thrown away because he was too poor and mean of soul to keep it.

"I have been a pitiful fool," he thought, "and I have found it out too late, but I must make what amends I can—"

It was late on the following afternoon when Martin Wesley came out into the acanthus-shadowed knoll behind Faubette's studio, to find it gay with summer dresses and laughter and the chatter of tea-cups. Tony Ray, standing beside the hostess, was the first to see the silent figure in the doorway. He hurried across the pavement and drew him into the shadowy studio. For a moment the two men faced one another in silence, then Tony spoke, harshly, "Have you the right to be here in this room, Martin?"

The other did not pretend to misunderstand. "That hotel bill was a lie"—his voice was dull, hopeless—but there are more ways than one of being unfaithful. I—I listened to their whisperings, I, who had promised God—

His voice broke in a groan. He covered his quivering face with his quivering hands and stood so, not knowing when Tony left him, not hearing when she came.

Fingers light as moth wings on his bowed head, to old imaginations, sweetness of hair—he looked up, caught her to him with a cry, "Faubette! Oh, my dear, my dear!"

For one moment the past, the present, the suffering and parting of the barren months was forgotten, everything but the nearness of her, the wonder of her flower lips against his mouth.

Then, remembering, he let his arms fall at his sides. "I came to ask your forgiveness, Faubette. I am ashamed—"

"Hush!" she said; "it was that terrible old house, and the black fir-trees always moaning—and the shadows." She shuddered, then the gray memory slid from her face, leaving a sweet and rose-pink and shy like a bride's. "Was that all you wanted of me, Martin—forgiveness?" she whispered.

With a little, broken laugh, he caught her in his arms. Thru the dim pathways of the park late that evening Tony Ray wandered. But this time his face was serene and calm, as of one who had won thru to the other side of sorrow and had left self behind.

The Extra Girl Becomes a Newspaper Reporter
(Continued from page 47)
while he was mentally arranging us with a view to obtaining the most artistic effect that a tiny grain of powder gave me a gentle little push up the ladder. Or if I could not make it otherwise.

"I need three reporters," announced the director, "two men and a woman."

Of course, I didn't mean to sneeze at that particular moment, but you all know how at times powder will produce that result.

"I'll take that young woman over there," Mr. Franklin decided, recognizing the screening possibilities of that musical sneeze, and I was forthwith escorted to the reporters' table, which, you will admit, is an added mark of distinction in this world of extras. Such is the luck that often attends the shooting of a leaping sneeze on the wing.

"Who's been winning whose affection from whom?" I inquired of my neighboring reporter.

"Oh, this isn't that kind of a court," he informed me. "This is a night court, where they have raids and everything. Emmy Wehlen, who is Sylvia Fairpoint, surprised her fiancé, Jack Bradley, one evening by announcing—"

"Before I settle down I'm going to see something of life—some of the gay places. I want you to take me to dinner tomorrow night at the Beauilau Inn."

"Jack was properly shocked, for the Beauilau Inn is the most notorious restaurant in New York City. He was wondering how he could possibly grant Sylvia's request when he met Madame St. Claire, aclairvoyant, to whom he related his predicament.

"Give a woman what she wants, let her have her own way and she no longer wants it," was her advice. "Take her to the Beauilau Inn, hire a couple of private dining-rooms and get some people you don't know to create your own wickedness. Give her enough vice to sicken her."

"Jack went the clairvoyant one better and arranged for three of his friends to dress up as policemen and conduct a false raid just to cure Sylvia of her hankering for the white lights."

"Oh, so this is only a fake court, and we're only—" I suggested, beginning to doubt the reality of my day's engagement.

"Slush! This is the sure-enough thing," Cook's chief guide hastened to reassure me. "You see, one of the hired funmakers in the next dining-room accidentally dropped a beer-bottle out of the window and just missed hitting a real policeman who happened to be in the vicinity—this is in the movies, remember—and everybody was hailed to court, policeman and all. That's why we're here."

I was so relieved. I am always troubled with an unnatural hankering to know why I am where I am.

"What are you—a lady reporter?" a (Seventy-eight)
Before and After Taking

(Continued from page 55) called out, "Oh, mother, I'm hungry. I want something before I go to the studio."

"What do you want?" Dorothy settled the question by immediately announcing: "Bread and jam.

And without even realizing that they were doing so, the Sisters Gish had given the photo-man the chance he was looking for.

"Here's where we get the real home atmosphere," came a murmur from under the focusing cloth.

"Oh, gee!" cried Dorothy, "you're not going to take this, are you?"

"Oh, there's the car!" cried Lillian.

"I'll be late if I don't go now."

So Lillian sped back to work, and Dorothy finished her bread and jam in silence.

"What next?" she said.

"Well, you can sweep out the dining-room. That will tell the world that you are a housekeeper. Where's the broom?"

"We don't use a broom in the dining-room. Some salesman was here last month, and now mamma has a brand new vacuum-cleaner."

"Can you use it?"

"Yes, but I don't like to. I tried it for an hour just for fun, but it's really work."

"Fine; let's go!"

And here's Dorothy with the V. C.—and an awfully tired expression. She says the expression is not muscular, but purely mental. But it looks real, anyway.

"Is that all?"

"Yes, thank you."

And Dorothy started upstairs to take off her towel dust-cap that she had used for costume. Just half-way up the stairs, however, she stopped to wipe new-blown dust from the bannister, and, without her knowing it, the shutter opened and closed again. And thus did the younger Gish sister close her day of housework.

"Good-by!" she called, from the head of the stairs.

"Good-by!" we answered.

"Oh—and be sure to tell them that we love the great outdoors."

Gossip of the Pacific Coast

(Continued from page 60) a slight case of flu, but is out elective-firing for Judge Thomas P. White, who is a friend of hers.

At Big Bear Lake Dorothy Phillips almost lost her life when Big Sam, the tallest tree there, crashed down after being struck by lightning. Dorothy escaped being crushed by just about two inches to spare, having jumped to one side when the tree was almost upon her.

On Hollywood Boulevard Madame Yorska may be seen daily taking an outing with her beautiful young daughter. "The Infernal Net" is being produced under the direction of Matzene.
A Twelve Times Christmas Gift in One

This is a time when you cannot be too painstaking in selecting a gift for a relative or friend.

It should be something useful, something in which he or she is interested and something that will bring pleasure to the receiver—not only one day, but many days to come.

Can you think of a Christmas present that will be more appropriate for your brother or sister, friend or relative, father or mother, husband or wife, sweetheart or soldier boy, than a year’s subscription to the Motion Picture Magazine or Motion Picture Classic?

Everyone is now interested in Motion Pictures, and everyone attends Motion Picture Theaters, and anyone will highly prize the present of a subscription to either one of these great magazines for Christmas.

Twelve times—not once—it will come to them, a reminder of you and your thoughtfulness at Christmastide.

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Better send in your order now before the Christmas rush and Christmas is very near.

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on March 12, 1896, drew this sketch of Thos. A. Edison during an interview with the great wizard. The subject of the interview was the wonderful new invention known as “The Edison Vitascope”. Blackton, the young newspaper artist, wrote the article and illustrated it with pen and ink sketches. It was the beginning of the history of Motion Pictures. Shortly after that historic interview J. Stuart Blackton turned his knowledge of things artistic into the making of “Pictures that lived and moved upon the screen” and “The Hand of Blackton” has, since 1897, wielded a potent influence in the Photoplay Industry.

“The Common Cause,” latest of the Blackton Productions, is now showing in all prominent theatres. It is a “different kind” of a War Story. It depicts the Human, Wholesome, Cheerful side of the Great Conflict. It carries a Punch, a Laugh, a Thrill or a Heart-Throb in every one of its Seven Thousand feet of Film. And like the “Battle Cry of Peace”, “Womanhood”, “Safe for Democracy” and other famous Photoplays reflecting “The Hand of Blackton” it carries a message to the People of the Allied Nations and a warning to their Enemies.

The world’s Common Cause is the New Democracy of Courage—the new tie of Common Blood, shed for that Common Cause on a Common Battleground. The Sons of Freedom, be they American, British, French, Italian or any other Nationality, go into Battle, and to Death; “Singing and Smiling”, content to give their all, that the Monument of Victory may be finally raised as their Tribute to the Common Cause.

These, the Allied Fighting Men—the “Doughboy”, the “Devil-Dog” Marine, the “Tommy”, the “Poilu”—the Men who Fought the War and Finished it, are living, breathing characters in

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latest screen masterpiece

**“The Common Cause”**

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Save coal.

Close up the unused rooms and turn off the heat. Put on storm doors and windows—put them on early. See to it that the weather strips fit.

Don't heat your home above 68°. A higher temperature is unhealthy, anyway.

Burn wood where you can.

Keep an eye on the furnace—don't leave it all to "the man."

If you feel that one shovelful of coal won't make any difference—think of it as a shell for the boys over there.

If you find yourself burning two lights when one will do—turn one out.

You, who have bought bonds and thrift stamps, you who have given of your money for war charities, given until you have felt the pinch, you whose sons and neighbors' sons are over there, will you not give up, too, just a bit of lazy, enervating comfort to help hurry along the job those brave boys have tackled?

Save light and heat, save coal.

To learn to operate your furnace efficiently, get from your local fuel administrator a leaflet entitled "Save Coal in the Home."

UNITED STATES FUEL ADMINISTRATION

Contributed Through Division of Advertising United States Gov't Comm. on Public Information

The Publishers of Motion Picture Magazine
SAVE yourself the double work of going over your furniture a second time when polishing—once with a dampened cloth and then with a dry one.

Use Lyknu—the "one cloth" polish. Only a single cloth—only a single operation—is necessary, because Lyknu cleans, polishes and dries at the same time and within twenty seconds.

Lyknu adds nothing to the surface but a polish—no grease, no oil, no gum, no waxy substance of any kind.

Lyknu removes the sticky dust-collecting coating deposited on your furniture by ordinary polishes and restores the first, fine, lustrous finish it had when bought—a finish that cannot be improved upon—just like new.

Try Lyknu today! If your dealer does not carry it, send 25¢ for bottle mailed prepaid.

LYKNU POLISH MANUFACTURING CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.
The mother-tongue of America's millions - the modern motion picture.

ABEL crumbles before the motion picture screen. "A universal language," said President Wilson. The language of the eye and the soul. And the Famous Players-Lasky Corp. has taken this universal language and placed it on a plane where it enriches the life of the whole nation with a perpetual new joy.

This season, for example, the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is giving to America even finer pictures — pictures attuned to the spirit of the time — 208 Paramount and Arctcraft Pictures generously laden with the joy of living, with romance and adventure, with song and laughter, fun and frolic, rare entertainment for high hearts.

It is the emotions that are the universal language, and it is the emotions that the motion picture speaks and sings to, whether it be the emotional deeps of patriotism or the dancing shallows of merriment.

Paramount and Arctcraft touch the deepest chords in you! Such is the power of "Foremost stars, superbly directed in clean pictures."

Paramount and Arctcraft Motion Pictures

Verify for yourself wherever you see these trade-marks, the trade-marks of "the universal language."

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR Prez. JESSE L. LASKY Vice Prez. CECIL B. DE MILLE Director General
NEW YORK

FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES
ONE hundred thousand people are paying this enormous sum for help and advice of Prof. Frank Channing Haddock, a scientist whose name ranks with such famous men and men like Edison, Patterson, Edison, James and Royce. As a result of his help, these people are increasing their earnings by leaps and bounds.

Here are a few instances:

One man writes that a single day's study of Frank Channing Haddock's book netted him $300. Another man says that, after reading Prof. Haddock's helps, his first week's profit was $807. A third man was helped to close a $2,000 deal which had been hanging fire for months. Still another man increased his earnings from $25 a week to $1,750 a week. Another remarkable case is that of the young man who increased his earnings from $25 a week to $1,000 a week as a result of Prof. Haddock's advice.

And what sort of help does Frank Channing Haddock prescribe? He simply teaches men how to increase their will power. He maintains that the one outstanding weakness in every failure and in every partially successful man is a weak will power. He claims that, through discipline, a person can be brought to such an extent that when we want to use it we are unable to. He calls it just like a hinge that has grown rusty from lack of use—suddenly does not swing when you want it to, even though that is its natural function.

Undoubtedly there are tens of thousands of men, who have every faculty necessary to success, yet who do not succeed. They may fail year after year earning but a bare existence. There are other men with no greater knowledge of business affairs, with no greater advantages of education, with no greater desire to win success, who become wealthy.

Prof. Haddock states that the difference between the successful man and the average man is the amount of will power he possesses in his will power. Two men may have a million dollar idea. One man has the will power to put his idea across and the other hasn't. The brain capacity of each man is the same. One man has the force of mind to capitalize to the fullest extent what he knows, while the other is timid, afraid, lacking in self-confidence.

Is it any wonder that thousands of people every year ask for Prof. Haddock's advice on how to increase and capitalize their will power?

The secret of success is no secret at all— it is a knack. Once you learn the knack of turning all your efforts into money, your fortune is assured. And that knack is interpreted by thousands of people as Will Power.

Money is being made in practically every business on the face of the earth. Somebody is making it. You see it all around you. There is money in your business. If not, why do you stay in it? Isn't it because you are aiming to get the power to take a chance by changing your earnings?

It is most probable, however, that there is money in the business in which you are engaged. But you are carrying out the will-power of others. You are making someone else wealthy, someone with more will power than you possess! Every year you learn more about your work, and you can help someone else understand it. When you have a will power, does it amount to? What will you be earning five years from now, if you don't do something startling with your brain?

Hundreds of thousands have found that their will power is their one weak spot— is the one thing that has been holding them back. It may very likely be the one thing that is holding you back. Isn't it worth finding out, particularly at this trying time when only the men with strong dominating wills are able to forge ahead?

Prof. Haddock, after twenty years of research and study, has prepared a series of rules, lessons and exercises which are scientifically designed to develop the brain faculty called will power. These rules, lessons and exercises do for your physical exercises do for your muscles. They are mental gymnastics, yet they are amusing to perform, instead of being a strain. From the very first day you begin to feel like a new being. There is a new light in your eyes. There is a new fire in your soul. You feel that success is just within your reach and you are going to get it. You begin to look upon life from an entirely different angle. Obstacles that looked like mountains begin to look like tiny molehills.

These rules, lessons and exercises in increasing your will power, prepared by Prof. Frank Channing Haddock have been placed in book form by the Pelton Publishing Company. I am authorized to say that you need send no money in advance—that you may examine the book for five days free. In other words, if after five days reading, you do not feel that this book is worth the asking price, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your book for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on: the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical power; how to perfectly concentrate on any subject; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from the mind unwelcome thoughts; how to develop fearlessness; how to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a dominating personality.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountainhead of wealth, position and everything we are striving for. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investi- gate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for thousands—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 250,000 owners of "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie, of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Brit. General Manager Cristhorne, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Lewis, Governor of Kansas, and thousands of others. In fact, today "Power of Will" is just as important, and as necessary to a man's or woman's equipment for success, as a dic- tionary. To try to succeed without Power of Will is like trying to do business without a telephone.

As your first step in will training, I suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 43-S Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to so many others.

You hold in your hand, this very minute, the beginning of a new era in your life. Over a million dollars has been paid by readers of "Power of Will" who sent for it on free examination. Can you, in justice to yourself, hesitate about sending in the coupon? Can you doubt, blindly, when you can see, without a penny deposit, this won- der-book that has won fortunes for so many readers and for which a million dol- lars has already been paid?

The cost of paper, printing and binding have almost doubled during the past three years, in spite of which "Power of Will" has not been increased in price. The pub- lisher feels that so great a work should be kept as low-priced as possible, but in view of the enormous increase in the cost of every manufacturing item, the present edition will be the last sold at the present price. The next edition will cost more. I urge you to send in the coupon now.

PELTON PUBLISHING CO.
43-S Wilcox Block
Meriden, Conn.
The MARCH CLASSIC

Important Features:

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

An intimate, human story with the world's greatest comedian; the sort of chat that leaves you feeling that you yourself have talked with the star.

WALTER McGRAIL

The popular Vitagraph leading man has been chatted entertainingly for the March Classic. You will find him as likeable in real life as he is on the screen.

MITCHELL LEWIS

The famous 'Poleon of Rex Beach's "The Barrier" has just been promoted to stardom. Film fans will be decidedly interested in Mitchell, who has made a name for himself in vigorous character roles.

CONRAD NAGEL

Coming rapidly into screen prominence is Conrad Nagel, who has just scored on Broadway in Alice Brady's stage hit, "Forever After." But the films are winning Nagel rapidly from the footlights.

These are a few of the bright things of the March Classic. Among the month's fictionized photoplays will be Clara Kimball Young's "Cheating Cheaters," a bully mystery-crook drama. The cover will be a striking painting of Theda Bara.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CONTENTS OF PICTURE CLASSIC

THE GIRL ON THE COVER
(Painted by Leo Sidke)

Clara Kimball Young has been a screen celebrity since she burst into prominence with her Anne Boley in Vitagraph's "Cardinal Wolsey," back in the film's palmy days. Both her mother and father were players, and Clara had turned naturally to the footlights. She started as a child and finally reached Broadway in 1911. A chance photograph shown to J. Stuart Blackton resulted in Miss Young being engaged by Vitagraph. Her subsequent success was meteoric.

Gallery of Popular Players. Rotogravure studies of Betty Carpenter, Dorothy Dalton, Bessie Love, Mae Marsh and Anna Case

Keeping That Appointment with Theda Bara. Tea with the famous vampire star 'midst Incense and Incunabula

A Fool of Fortune. Anthony Paul Kelly and his adventurous career

Sliding Down the Road to Success. Marion Rorke, and her odd career

The Interesting Life. Warner Oland leads it off the screen

Temple Bruce. Him to the Movies. The story of Maxwell Karger, Metro's director of productions

Mae Murray Makes Believe. A charming chat with the little star

She's Cornered the Laugh Market. Who? No other than Mrs. Charlie Chaplin

The Return of Florence Turner. "Vampire girl" is back in the films

A Twentieth Century Priscilla. Interviewing the piquant madcap, Miss Dean

The Scenographic Monroe Doctrine. Salisbury loves the Great Outdoors

The Heart of Wotona. Norma Talmadge's latest photo play told in story form

Stardard, Ho! In six months Faire Binney has established herself in the films

Concern Old Golden Rule Days. Carole Lombard's Bennett studios

And He Wants to Be a Playwright! Dick Barthelmess longs to smash the Great American Play... Oriental Mary Keane Taylor

Fame Via Matrimony. The romance of Florence Vidor... Olive Carew

Good Gracious, Annabelle! Billie Burke's charming new play photo-play... Frederick Russell

Glorious Gloria. Otherwise Miss Swanson

The Mid-Theatrical Season. New photographs of the successful stage plays and players

The Celluloid Critic. The new photo plays in review... Frederick James Smith

"Big Business" Characteristic glimpses of the virile star

Maggie Pepper. Fictionized from Ethel Clayton's book

The Extra Girl Invades a Mimic Boarding House. A Giday Leslie picture in the filming... Ethel Rosene

Double Exposures. Humorous comments on the world... Conducted by F. J. S.

Gossip of the Pacific Coast... Fritz Remont

The Movie Encyclopedia... The Answer Man 73

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STAFF OF THE CLASSIC:

Eugene V. Brewster, Managing Editor; Frederick James Smith, Literary Editor

Dorothy Donnell, Robert J. Stone, Edwin M. La Roche, Fritz Remont... Associate Editors

Guy L. Garrigues... Advertising Manager

Archie A. King... Western Manager

Mett H. Hayes... New England Manager

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

This magazine comes out on the 15th of every month. Its sister newsstand, the Motion Picture Magazine, comes out on the first of every month. Both are on sale at all newsstands in the English-speaking world.
THE AVALANCHE OF PORTRAITS HAS STARTED
In The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine's

Fame and Fortune Contest

Opening on December 1, the flood of portraits from contestants in the biggest contest ever conducted by The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine has almost engulfed the judges. Every mail brings hundreds of pictures. In many instances, contestants are sending a half dozen portraits.

No contest ever managed by any motion picture publication has ever attracted the interest of The Fame and Fortune Contest. Portraits are being entered from every corner of America. Remote towns, tiny hamlets, big cities are contributing their share. And pictures are beginning to come from distant parts of the globe.

HAVE YOU ENTERED? Better submit your portrait at once and, if you are lucky, get in upon the honor roll, from which the final winner will be selected.

Let us briefly outline the purpose of the contest once more:

The two magazines will give two years' guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits in colors, special interviews, pictures, special articles, etc.—the sort of publicity that could not be purchased at any price. The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine will secure an initial position for the winner and other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine guarantee that the winner will be known throughout the civilized world.

IMPORTANT—CONTEST NOW OPEN TO MEN

After considering the hundreds of requests from men of all ages throughout the country, the judges and managers of The Fame and Fortune Contest have decided to throw the doors open to men. Men will be bound by the same rules that bind the feminine contestants. Any man who has not played prominent roles on the stage or screen may enter. Every one will have an equal chance. The managers of the contest are now considering the method of making the final award. It is possible that a first prize may be awarded to both a man and a woman. This will, however, be decided later, an announcement being made in both The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine.

THE JUDGES ARE NOW EXAMINING THE PORTRAITS

The judges of The Fame and Fortune Contest are now going thru the thousands of pictures entered. Every fifteen days following December 1, the judges are to select the six best portraits entered during that period. These honor pictures will be published in subsequent numbers of The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine.

The duration of the contest will be announced shortly. Upon the closing of the contest the winner will be selected. It is possible that three or four leaders may be chosen and invited to come to New York for test motion pictures, after which the final winner will be decided upon.

JURY OF INTERNATIONAL NOTE

The Fame and Fortune jury of judges includes:

MARY PICKFORD
THOMAS INCE
CECIL DE MILLE

MAURICE TOURNEUR
Commodore J. STUART BLACKTON
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY
EUGENE V. BREWSTER

TERMS OF THE CONTEST

1. Open to any young woman, or man, in the world, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage roles.
2. Contestants must submit a portrait, upon the back of which must be pasted a coupon from either The Motion Picture Classic or The Motion Picture Magazine, or a similar coupon of their own making.
3. Contestants can submit any number of portraits, but upon the back of each must be pasted an entrance coupon.

CLASSIC ENTRANCE COUPON

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(Not to be filled in by contestant)

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STOP!
Look and Listen

HERE IS THE BIG NEWS:
You Are All Invited to a Surprise Party

It will be held in the NEXT ISSUE of Motion Picture Magazine. Of course, interesting you have found the Magazine heretofore, in the March 1929 issue you will be given the surprise of your life.

Put in your order for your party early; otherwise you are likely to get left, for Motion Picture Magazine is selling out so quickly these days that we can't even keep copies for our own files.

People have learnt that in no publication is there such up-to-the-moment news, such exclusive portrayals of their favorite personalities, such intimate personality stories of the celluloid stars, as in Motion Picture Magazine. But even these cannot be sold or given away in the NEXT ISSUE.

In the first place, you will enjoy a feature article on

HOW LONG IS THE LIFE OF A STAR?

This article contains the views of practically every big person in the picture industry as to the length of time a star can remain at the top notch of popular favor. Whatever you do, don't miss reading the opinions of John Barrymore, R. D. Rowland, Walter E. Green, Nazimova, Elsie Ferguson, and many others, on this vitally interesting subject.

And then consider

THE KITTY GORDON TREAT

Miss Gordon, in especially posed photographs, will give a veritable fashion show for your benefit in the next issue of the Magazine.

For the first time you will meet the real

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

Every period of Miss Young's career and the complete life story of this favorite screen siren will be told in unusual photographs and interesting text.

MARGERY WILSON

Will have her story told to you, in the NEXT MAGAZINE, in a manner which is as charming as her own personality. This interview will be illustrated with some of the most beautiful photographs we have ever seen. These alone are worth getting and keeping for your scrapbook.

And besides, there will be a complete account of the way in which photography is accomplished, an account of what Motion Pictures have done for the navy, and three choice fiction stories; for the first time in screen history you will see your favorite star posed with her mother. We have procured these precious pictures with great difficulty—don't miss seeing them.

This is just a sample of the Surprise Party story that in the near future you must buy the March Motion Picture Magazine.

Come early and avoid the rush. Otherwise you may miss out. The Motion Picture Magazine is holding back. So much so, in fact, that we are unable to supply the demand.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for future speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

Biyou.—"Sleeping Partners." Fiquant comedy of the French boulevards before the war. Irene Bordoni delightful, while H. B. Warner contributes a deft comedy characterization. Prismatic farce.

Central.—"Yesterday." Alice Brady in a play of youthful love which endures despite many obstacles. Excellently acted through. It charms its audience into living once again the joyful and heart-aches of youth.

Cohan & Harris.—"Rances East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful playwrights. The principal charm of this play is its attempt to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies; just as we were puzzled in "Cheating Cheaters" to know who were the burglars and who were not.

Fulton.—"The Riddle; Woman," with Bertka Kalich. Problem drama from the Danish. Ladies and gentlemen are invited to see this play. Outstandingly well directed. A fine performance throughout.

Eltinge.—"Under Orders," another war drama, and a good one, although only two acts are necessary (Eltinge and Shelley Hubbard, who are both fine.) Plenty of weeps, with a sprinkle of mirth.

Hippodrome.—The newest production, "Everybody." It is a marvel of varied attractions, ranging from dainty Belle Storey to scores of remarkable roller skaters, from De Wolf Hopper to a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

Lyceum.—"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three brothers who adopt Belgian war babies. Amusing complications occur when "Hammy" and "Sherry" go off to get their men. The invisible man steals necklaces, opens safe and passes thru doors. Richard Bennett gives a vigorous performance of the human ray.

Morton.—"Remnant." According to Hoyle, and some of the learned (?) critics (notably those of Times, Sun and Post), this play will never pay. Fortunately the public and the critics don't agree. The repartee in this comedy sparkles like a Shaw or Wilde, in sentiment and romance it equals "The General," "Ham," and "Daddy Longlegs." The humor in it rivals that of "Peg o' My Heart," it exceeds the joy spirit of "Pollyanna," and the cast is as strong as any of these. It may not be perfect in construction, and it may lack atmosphere, and maybe Florence Nash's mannerisms are not true to type (she is wonderful, nevertheless), but this play will charm and delight practically everybody but the critics.

Playhouse.—"Home Again." A highly entertaining comedy with lots of homey atmosphere and old-fashioned rural characters, founded on the present and stories by Whitcomb Riley. The cast is extremely strong from top to bottom and the story is engrossing.

Plymouth.—"Redemption." John Barrymore at his best in a remarkable piece of acting and a remarkable Tolstoi play. Sad, but big.

Shubert.—"The Betrothal," Maurice Mauer's classic to the stage. Superb production of a drama rife with poetic symbolism and imaginative insight. Remarkably beautiful series of stage pictures. Excellent cast, with Regina D'Anjou and Tylus as a great and noble couple.

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in the Ruins of the Old World which we have for-
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Y OU and I— we are the People. And it is true
that the people will rule henceforth. But
whether or not it be You and I who shall rule is
not left to Chance. For our fellows will permit none
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S O a new war is upon us—the War of Peace,
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T HE Pen shall be the scepter of this New World
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weight and sway the Opinions of the People until they rock
the sphere in the Cradle of the Press, and he who fails to read his Magazine or Newspaper will be
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Sleeping Souls of Men to set Monumental Deeds over
the graves of Dead Resolutions, and he who has not
ears to hear the Voice of the People thru their
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A little comedienne has been rapidly coming to the front in Henry Lehrman's Sunshine Comedies—Betty Carpenter. Thus far Betty's beauty has weathered the menace of aerial custard pies and aviating tomatoes. If all goes well, Miss Carpenter is likely to be heard from strongly in the near future.
Dorothy was born in Chicago and educated at the convent of the Sacred Heart. She decided to become an actress, much against the wishes of her father, who wanted to make a lawyer of her. But Dorothy rejected the Portia ambitions and went on the stage. She finally was graduated from vaudeville to pictures. Stardom under the Luce banner came quickly.
Miss Love's parents had singular foresight, for Bessie was born right in Los Angeles. With studios on every side, the future was decided. At sixteen she was doing extra parts. Finally came a real role in "The Flying Torpedo," and Bessie was made. Now she's a Vitagraph star.
"She is Madonna in an art as wild and young as her sweet eyes; a frail dew flower from this hot lamp that is today's divine surprise," penned Vachel Lindsay of Mae Marsh in his "The Chinese Nightingale." Miss Marsh is now at work on a new series of Goldwyn productions on the coast and great things are promised.
ANNA CASE

Now famous on the opera and concert stage, Miss Case started life seriously handicapped. Born of poor parents in a tiny New Jersey town, Miss Case had to fight every inch of the way. So her success is deserved in every way. Her screen debut under the International flag is being watched with interest.
Miss Bara is a young woman who thinks and has a sense of humor. We doubt that she actually takes her press-agent occultism too seriously. Still, there is a vein of the mystic about her. Yet, beneath the incense and the perfume and talk of peacock feathers and the science of numbers, is a very likeable—and vivid—young person.

Five minutes passed—ten—fifteen! The veil of incense whisked and circled about us. A stone Buddha grinned from the table. A portrait of Theda Bara, looking pleasantly over a pale Polar bear, gazed at us in the eye. Fantastic tapestry designs of peacocks drapered the walls. Close by were queer Oriental candles, half-burned. A golden lucky horseshoe, presented by an enthusiastic Western regiment, graced a side wall.

The incense gathered and curled about us. We investigated the room with the grim purpose of turning it off—if possible. But it swirled out thicker and thicker in clouds from some mysterious side room.

Twenty minutes!

Then came a distant rustle and tinkling of bracelets. Thru the gray of the burning incense came Miss Bara. In clinging crimson velvet, embroidered here and there with gold. ("Perfect," we recall saying—to ourselves.) She took our hands and murmured something about the fireplace and tea. Suddenly out of a smoke-cloud emerged a Japanese...
Appointment With Barbara

ES SMITH

vant. He lighted the gas grate, drew a circular couch closer to the fireplace and we sat down. A tiny tea-wagon peareded from somewhere and Miss Bara began.

"Perfumes fascinate," she sighed, folding up either hand esthetically to her nostrils. "I've just had two new odors created for my use and they quite captivate me." Then she went on to say that few people know the value of perfumes, which should express the personality, the time and the mood exactly.

"A mighty good start," we said to ourselves. But perhaps we failed to register vivid interest in perfumes. Anyway, Miss Bara shifted rapidly to other subjects. Suddenly she dropped and her famous eyes considered us seriously.

"When were you born?" she asked.

At our confessions.

"I was born in November," she said. "If you had been born two weeks earlier I couldn't have sat here ten minutes with you. Our stars would be in conflict."

We sighed with relief.

Miss Bara talked of dreams and their interpretations. Once as Bara, we remember. She shouted that she was a vestal virgin in ancient Greece—or is it Rome? And we've forgotten the interpretation.

Miss Bara serves us with an odd sugared "Mr. Petes" heared. "Mr. Petes" is Miss Bara's newest sugar. The rest said that she was terribly unlucky with dogs. Either they bit somebody or died or something. We moved away slightly from "Mr. Petes," who, however, seemed to consider the future without worry. At the moment he was eating toast quite unperturbed.

In the middle of our second cup of tea, Miss Bara delved into the science of numbers. We've forgotten how she reached it, but, according to numbers, fate has destined Miss Bara is going to appear on the stage—soon. It is her dearest desire. When her present screen contract has expired, she will turn to the footlights with something big and mystic and vampirish.

her to get her success wholly thru herself. After some figuring she got our number, explaining that our success would come partly thru ourself and partly by working thru others. Which left us even more relieved, but still somewhat hazy. Probably noting our labored breathing, Miss Bara had the Jap servant turn off the gas logs and shortly the incense began to dwindle away. We started to think clearer.

Our talk wandered on to many things. Miss Bara's occultism began to give here and there before a healthy humanism. We commenced to sense her real self. Somehow we felt that she had done her duty by her press-agents and was becoming the real Theda Bara.

But she did tell us how she sends contributions to a little church in the mountains of

(Continued on page 78)
A Fool of Fortune
By BARBARA BEACH

I want to tell you about Tony Kelly’s characteristics, also some chapters of his life, for two reasons. First, he is an author who has succeeded on his own at an age when most men are just beginning; and second, his history contains a corking human interest story. "Don’t say I am a genius," said Kelly, in response to a remark I made to him. "I’m not. But I read the newspapers, I know my history, and I have hundreds of ideas which I can scarcely wait to work out on paper."

There, in a nutshell, is the secret of his success. He works his ideas out on paper. Long before his enthusiasm has waned he has Underwooded and sold a scenario, a play, a vaudeville sketch, while other able writers would be content to dream their ideas into production.

Doing, not dreaming—that is the simple difference between success and mediocrity.

Anthony Paul Kelly was born "in the upper front parlor," to quote his own version of an important event. To those prosaic humans who wish further information, I may add that the upper front parlor was located in Chicago.

Tony’s parents must have had visions of saintly years ahead for their son when they gave him the Anthony and the Paul part of his name. I know they had hopes of his being a priest, at

Today Anthony Paul Kelly, playwright and scenarioist, refused an offer of $5,000 from Mary Pickford to scenarioize "Daddy Long Legs."

Four or maybe five years ago he was starving in a Los Angeles boarding-house.

Truly the mills of the gods grind speedily.

The Mary Pickford offer was refused because Tony, as every one along Broadway familiarly calls him, considered "Daddy Long Legs" too fine a play to be put into scenario form by anybody who cannot be Johnny-on-the-spot when it was produced, attending to all the fine details.

And as, at present, Kelly is a C.P.O. (Chief Petty Officer—a C O P, as he laughingly puts it) in the American Navy, stationed in New York, it was an impossibility for him to tramp out to California, where "Daddy Long Legs" is to be photographed.

But to be able to refuse $5,000—there’s the rub, as our bard of Avon would put it, and at the age of 26—there’s another!
Thus Anthony Paul Kelly Characterizes Himself.

least, for he attended St. Paul’s Academy and Loyola College with that avowed intention.
But the best laid plans, you know—at any rate, Tony was expelled from one for hitting a companion, by mistake, with an apple, and from the other for playing craps. The second expulsion of his son proved too much for the Celtic pride of Kelly père and Anthony was disowned. The parental door was shut in the prodigal’s face, and it was up to young Tony to make good on his own.
He was a stripling then—he is now—a youthful, slender figure with snappy, Irish eyes and hair that refuses to behave. For a short time he remained in Chicago as a fifteen-dollar-a-week reporter; then he went West to participate in an engineering project, just outside of Phenix, Arizona.
The sole recreation of the men out there was to ride into Phenix and see a movie. The shows then were one- and two-reelers and so mighty scarce that Tony and the boys saw the same show over and over again. Young Kelly considered this all wrong and determined to increase the supply of scenarios. Out on the dry desert he sketched a plot and submitted it to Vitagraph. His first script was purchased for, I believe, the munificent sum of fifteen dollars.
Thus it was that the bee for writing started buzzing again, and Kelly worked his way to California.
"Never put any stock in that Horace Greeley quotation about going West," said Tony; "take a tip from me and go East. In the East lies opportunity."

Tony started out to be a priest. Then he became a fifteen-dollars-a-week reporter. Next he worked on an engineering project in Arizona. After that came the scenario idea and near-starvation in California.

These were the days before the war, and California was swamped with well-known writers. For weeks Kelly hunted in vain for a position; then he hunted for a job, equally in vain, until the time came when he owed his landlady four weeks’ rent and had spent his last nickel.
"The only reason the landlady let me keep my room," said Kelly, "was because I had no baggage she could turn to account. So she let me stay sort of like an investment. If I got my job, she got her pay."

It was on a Friday that Tony had spent his last nickel for food, and on the same day he got an offer from the Los Angeles News to write on space, beginning Monday morning.
All day Saturday the lad drank water to fool himself into thinking he had eaten. Towards evening he was consumed by such a terrific hunger that he screwed up enough courage to enter a restaurant and ask the proprietor to allow him to wash dishes for a meal. He was turned out with the curt refusal, "We’ve got too many men now."
(Continued on page 77)
Sliding Down the Banisters to Success

"No." Marjorie Rambeau laughed, over her dainty cup, "I never was stage-struck. For a San Francisco girl, I was unusually slim and frail, because I had sprouted so rapidly. I am not an inch taller at present than I was when I wore pig-tails! So, as a means of strengthening my health, I was sent, when a child, to the Paul Gerson School of Acting. They had an exceptional gymnasmus course, and their dancing and calisthenic and fencing branches were, at the time, the best in the country. It just happened, that's all"—offering some Parian pastry—"that it was my lot to go on the stage. I had never given it a thought, remember, and yet, one day, a Mr. McLane came to the school to ask if he might choose a pupil to go on the vaudeville circuit in one of his sketches. He spied me as I was sliding down the banisters, and turned to the director, claiming I was the one he wanted! I was a youngster of twelve. I had never acted before. And yet he wanted me to play the part of a wife of thirty-four!" Miss Rambeau's musical trill of joy re-trilled thru the rooms of her apartment.

"Of course, with little or no theatrical aspirations, I was tickled at the idea, and because Mr. McLane was so sincere in his conceptions that I had possibilities of being an actress, and his promise that he would make me a good one, mother—for she had been asked to accompany me—let me go. Well, for the first time in my life—it was then that I donned long skirts, corsets, high heels and put my hair on top of my head.

"I loved it. Mr. McLane felt that, so the next year he put me on in a play which happened to be none other than Dumas' masterpiece—only, I am sure I am not speaking at random when I say that that was the first time, I believe, 'Camille' had ever been played by a girl of thirteen! Mr. McLane vowed he would make me the youngest leading lady... and it is so... out West... a&hio it was in stock... that is what I became." Miss Rambeau flourised the radiation of her smile effugently.

"There! What have I been doing? Rambling on about myself! Oh, my dear... I think that will do for a while." And she buonyly arose and glided over to the victrola. "Here is a record I want you to hear. I think it will please you.

It was a pretty thing. A gossamer tune, most exquisitely wafted by the lambent wand of Heifetz. After that she gave me another of his idylls, and then came Galli-Curci, Kreisler, McCormack. Each one of them exhilarated her, then sobered her, in turn. She smiled at the seriousness of her felicity. After a while she said, "Please don't think me one-sided. Jazz music gives me a good time, too.

Whereupon for a half-hour the two of us experienced thrill upon thrill of sinking to the depths of uplifting, harmonious discord. "I guess it's that way with every one," she confides "our want of extreme Why, my music cabinet just like my fancies for food, or as my childhood goals used to be, either a good or all bad.

"Which reminds me of Alaska. There, there are only two kinds of women—"
ood or bad. How I came to discover that was when I was sixteen years old. Mother and I and the company in which I had been starring were stranded in one of their mining villages, due to the neglect and disappearance of our drunken manager. Without him, we had nothing to do and were absolutely with no funds. The people of the center waited to see whether or not we would succumb to their cabarets. They were skeptical about the legitimacy of our purpose. They did not want to dare any more chances, so many times had they been fooled by the bad. After two weeks, mother and I were the only ones left. The others had by some way or other managed to reach Fairbanks. Doggedly we held out. One offer on top of the other, to sing and dance in the halls, were refused by us, until finally, when the cultured and wealthy inhabitants of the place realized our sincerity, we were, of a sudden, swamped with invitations to visit their homes, and even give private performances. You see, as soon as they came to

Once, stranded in Alaska, Marjorie Rambeau opened a school for dramatic expression in the wilds. Miss Rambeau owned her own dog-sled, in which she rode home at night after instructing the miners' kids in the art of acting

make sure exactly which extreme we were, the good or bad, they acquiesced their acknowledgment.

“Life, following that, was wonderful. They gave a big benefit for me, and I remember now how, for almost an hour, I could not speak, after they had come to my cabin and let $438 fall into my lap! They suggested I organize a school of dramatic expression; they even presented me with the wood for the construction of the building. Their tiny children came... I taught them how to sing and recite and dance. The women joined and learnt how to give pageants and tableaux. And the men—well, they were just God's men... big and clean... and boyish... and bright... and ever so eager to learn. As for me, oh, it was fabulous—like some of the moving pictures I see now! I was so happy... there with those real people... the kind who came running from miles away if they thought the smoke of their friend’s chimney wasn’t blowing right! I had my own dog-sled, too, composed of eight gorgeous canine specimens, and many a night I had to travel around alone—with this to say as a conclusion, that never, in all my two years' existence up there, was I once insulted (Continued on page 80)
W ar ner Oland leads it. Or rather, Mr. and Mrs. Warner Oland lead it. I say Mr. and Mrs. advisedly, for inasmuch as they work together, play together, plan together and dream together, so are they seen together after one has talked with them and left them and viewed them in retrospect, immensely individual, inseparably blended.

If you, whoever you may be, were going to spend an evening with a "worry, worry heavy villain," what would you expect? What would your anticipations be? Not being overly acquainted with villains and their pet habits and petter, idiosyncrasies, I don't recall precisely what I did expect, but I have several concepts of what I did not expect; i.e., I didn't anticipate a wife, certainly not one devoted and very much and very charmingly devoted to. Whose heard of a villain with a wife, and who—oh, who ever, ever heard of a villain with a happy wife? I didn't expect home atmosphere. Monte Carlo, y'know—Paris—New York in her harlequin hours. I didn't expect a penchant, totally un-concealed and unashamed, for pig's knuckles and Bass ale. Troubles, I would have thought, and, say, dripped absinthe. Nor golf, virtuous recreation, nor a craving for farming, for the raw earth, from which the decadence of a villain should have so far removed him. I found all of these things. I found a great deal more, a great depth more.

Now no one, of course, thinks any the less of a man who is villainous with Pearl White for reels an' reels an' reels. Just as no one thinks any the less of Rupert Hughes because he is not Tolstoi. Each to his separate sphere. Still, honestly, neither does one find oneself supposing that said serial seducer is a producer and a lover of Ibsen, art, Russian and otherwise, but inevitably the best and most progressive of art, a follower of the Czecho-Slave question, and, with Mrs. Oland, the introducer of Strindberg into this country. With it all, above it all, a liver of the interesting life in what he terms the interesting world. It is rather epochal.

Every occasional once in a while one meets a person, or persons, one chances upon some life, some mode of living, that makes one sit figuratively back, fold one's arms over one's suddenly wistful heart and say, "So there are people like this! Life can be this vital, absorbing thing!" And, if one is wistful, one is still glad. One is conscious of added depth, a richer, more glowing color, a refulgence of atmosphere. This, in greater or lesser part, came to my mind when I spent my aforesaid evening last week with Mr. and Mrs. Warner Oland. They have a charming studio apartment in the West 80's—an atmospheric thing, rather wide and airy and unencumbered, with various of Mrs. Oland's unframed canvases on the walls, a huge black table, a parchment lamp. Here they spend their winter months when they are not in California. During the summer they live at the Englewood Club, and golf vigorously and enthusiastically. Both Mr. and Mrs. Oland have a fine enthusiasm, a contagious zest, which communicates itself, and hence successfully, to whatever thing they may be doing.

After a summer of sports they come back.
Warner Oland Leads It—Or Rather, Mr. and Mrs. Oland, for They Work, Play, Dream and Plan Together

with renewed zeal, to their interesting world. Quite frequently they visit their publisher on his (I think they said) Massachusetts farm. Mr. Oland feels that the mainspring of all art, of all expression, whatsoever its medium, of all beauty, is the tremendous poetry of the raw, magnificent earth. The miraculousness of growing things. The rhythm of the labor of the earth. On a farm, sharing in enough of the actual work to make the fruits thereof a personal triumph, with yet some time for the cities, for dreaming and doing, is his conception of the absolutely ideal life. It might be termed "a gentleman's farm." Yet, to hear Mr. Oland speak of it, of his ideal of it, one gets a more tremendous canvas, a vaster, richer vision. That is his ideal of living.

His ideal of art is to be able to produce Ibsen and Strindberg on the speaking stage or the screen as he conceives them. Such an ideal is immensely difficult of achievement. Not every one appreciates Ibsen and Strindberg. Still fewer appreciate Ibsen and Strindberg at their most subtle. A paucity of appreciation means a paucity of remuneration, and so ... "one may be able to starve in a garret," said Mr. Oland, with the little, whimsical smile he rather oddly possesses, "gracefully, and with a certain vicarious pleasure not in New York. Not in America. We have no place here, no status, for the lean, emaciated devotee of shrines who perishes for an ideal. One must have the means that ideals may flourish."

For all of Strindberg and Ibsen, for all the higher culture and the connoisseurship he possesses, Mr. Oland in no way disparages the movies. He thinks their immensities of growth and achievement are practically limitless. At the same time, he does not think that, aside from the camera, anything original has yet been done. "But," he says, "the possibilities—no other medium has power to convey what the screen might convey—little subtleties too fine, too shaded for the cruder medium of oil, or words—shadings of things only possible to the mobilities of the human face—blending—exquisite things—these are the things the screen might do. But it never has."

"Wherein the fault?" Thus I inquired.

"Largely the scenarioist, partly the demand. A great deal, because the movies persist in imitating the stage, from which they are, if they but realized it, a thing apart, a separate thing, just as big a thing, just as important a thing—but absolutely different.

Oland's ideal is to be able to produce Ibsen and Strindberg as he conceives them. Indeed, he introduced Strindberg to the American speaking stage. Now he finds that being a villain in the movies gives him time and the opportunity to dream the dreams he cares most about.

Below: Mr. Oland, Pearl White, Henry Gsell and Director Seitz returning from location

"As a charity they have been invaluable, their good inacculable. They have filled to overflowing, in some cases, lives which have known no lessening of care before their advent."

Mrs. Oland is even more ambitious for her husband than he is for himself to "put on" a production of Ibsen or Strindberg. When, so Mr. Oland amusingly told me, "The Better Ole" left the Greenwich Village Theater Mrs. Oland immediately wished him to take over the theater bodily and begin producing.

She told me, with zest, of the characters he gave when with Madame Nazimova in her Ibsen repertory at the Bijou some years ago.

But it remains to be seen what Warner Oland will do. He is, it seems to me, if I may use so flippant an expression for a state of mind which has nothing at all of flippancy (Continued on page 71)
Temperance Drove Him to the Movies

By CHARLES JAMESON

Maxwell Karger calls himself a vagabond. Today he is director of productions for Metro. Four years ago he was broke. He even worked for a few weeks as a department store floor-walker. Five years ago saw him first violin of the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra. But let us begin at the beginning.

This man, who now checks up and supervises every photodrama of one of the screen's biggest producing organizations, was given an unusual musical education. Maxwell's proud parents little thought that their offspring would find his future in their despised nickelodeon. But such is fate.

Karger studied at the Ziegfeld Conservatory in Chicago and in due time became first violin of Theodore Thomas' orchestra there. Next he was for several years first violin of the New York Metropolitan orchestra. But he began to get discouraged.

"I suddenly came bang up against the realization that I couldn't do anything really big with the fiddle. It came to me after a recital given by Ysaye. I resigned my position."

"And then?" we prompted.

Karger smiled. "You would never guess what I turned to. It was selling refrigerator machinery for breweries. I went West, then I toured South America as a salesman. Back to America I came—"

just in time to be hit by a prohibition wave.

"Business went to smash. I looked around in a hurry—if you have a wife you have to hurry in a situation like that. I got a job as floor-walker to tide me over, and then I landed a position as first violin with the Philharmonic. The world war had just started, and the exit of a German musician left the post vacant. That was in 1914.

"My old haunting belief of my failure with the fiddle pursued me again. I became restless. I knew B. A. Rolfe, who had once played in an orchestra with Jesse Lasky. Rolfe and Lasky had

Maxwell Karger believes that there are two of advance just after the photoplay. First development of a line of young and, secondly, a systematization of business methods in studio

Metro, was interested in the company, and, when Metro organized with Rowland at the head, I went with them. That's the story of my career."

might say that perseverance drove me to the movies, reversing the usual supposed process.

"Today we are working on our first picture," continued Karger. "That might be pictures a year. Consider the difference between the problem of stage and screen producer. The theatrical manager finds a successful play to his worries concerning a star or three seasons. We have to fit a dozen plays a year—and all these must be of average merit. Movie public will turn to other favor. 'Revelation' would have lasted Naova for at least two years behind.

(Continued on page 79)
Mae Murray Makes-Believe

By ALICE BENNETT

Mae was in a very great hurry the day I talked with her at the Claridge. Her apartment there had taken on the aspect of a checking-room in the Customs House in anticipation of a very conscientious Customs House official. There were so many, many trunks, and they were spilling forth so many, many rings. Mae appeared to be happily obvious, save for the fact that she as just a trifle out of breath.

She wore a rough, little trot-a-scarf, a Tam-o'-Shanter atop golden curls and a velvet and fur cape. Most of the time she talked she rummaged hastily through pictures.

"We're trying to get our passports to London, you know," she said, and then, Mr. Uktor is making arrangements which have not quite matured, and so I don't know exactly—in fact, at 1—I am going to do. It is quite uncertain whether we are here just for the purpose of making plans or the next ear. It's——

I sighed hastily—"a hectic period.

Yes, London, of course. There is a tremendous field here. It's amazing how little is really been one. And our private backs seem to think company with a person already a little known (modesty, Mae!) would go better and more quickly. But if it takes too long to get our passports, I shall have to give it up. It may take six weeks. That could be too long—without salary." She made a little moue and deprecatory gesture. "Money is important," she declared, as tho stating a totally new and vivid viewpoint, and, it's funny, but the more one makes the more is one anxious about it. That's the way it is with me.

"Oh," said I, "married——"

"Mrs. Bob Leonard, you know," she came back, opening the tenth innovation trunk, "last August. I'm quite a bride, you see. Yes——"


Miss Murray suspended activities. Hurry was forgot. One could see that the subject nearest, and likewise dearest, to her heart (groom no doubt generously excepted) had been touched. She perched upon the fur-encumbered bed. Her fair face, her gray eyes took on a look of happy abstraction.

"Two little girls," she said, reminiscently, "four years old. I noticed them first about the studio. They seemed to be so neglected, so at odds. I offered to take them home to live with me, and their parents consented. You should have seen them blossom out. It was wonderful. I've taught them to dance, and they have a governess, and every evening Bob and I hear their lessons and their prayers. They call Bob Daddy and they call me 'Nannie.' We just all play together, all the time."

"I can believe that," I cleverly observed.

"I haven't legally adopted them, and I'm afraid I won't be able to," she resumed. "You see, they have been with me in quite a few of my pictures, and they have really done very well and shown a great deal of talent. Being around me all the time, they have ceased to regard movies, or acting, as anything extraordinary, and so have lost all self-consciousness. And then they are little beauties. Their families know all this, and think it means money in the future, so, of course, won't let me have them. But I shall keep them for as long as I can."

(Twenty-Five)
And here, in New York, I am adopting legally a little two-year-old boy for my very own. I love kiddies better than anything else. Perhaps because my own childhood was so—was—well, rather lonely. I left home when I was only eight. And then there was a convent—and I ran away from that to a friend in Chicago—and then the stage at once. So I don't feel as if I have ever really been a child with a child's world—and yet, in a way, I have never been anything else. But that's why I want to give to other kiddies some of the real little-kiddie things.

Mae has just adopted two little kiddies. "You should have seen them blossom out," says Miss Murray. "We just all play together, all the time. We have cookies and pink lemonade and popcorn. Oh, you should see us!

Mae was mounted. "We just play all the time at our California home, anyway. We give parties at each other's houses—Kitty Gordon's, you know, and ours, and Eva Tanguay's and others. You should set us. We have all the kiddies, too, and we all play puss in boots and hide and seek and mostly, pin on the donkey's tail. That's our favorite. You should see Eva doing it—always wrong. At the last one I laughed so hard I had to sit right down on the floor and rock back and forth, I was laughing so much. Then we have cookies and pink lemonade and popcorn. Oh, you should see us! Yes—"It's only make-believe of course, sheer make believe. We're big and we know it. Toyland is behind. The kiddies aren't really mine—the games we play—and everything. Make-believe. But—gosh it's fun!"

"Even on the screen," vouchsafed, "you have a large kiddie following.

Mae nodded her blond (I think it is bobbed) head—"I used to do the sweet simple things altogether, of course," she said, "but lately the directors and the company seem to think I should do the heavier, dramatic stuff. Not so much money in that little folk, I take it. My ideal would be to effect a combination, the heavy picture with the soft, simple relieving lights running all through."}

Thus spoke the lass who was once famed in the Ziegfeld Follies as the Nell Brinkley girl, after that artist's pen creations. Then came the dance craze. Mae could dance. She waltzed beautifully, fox-trotted exquisitely, hesitated divinely. One of the biggest roof gardens in all New York engaged her as special feature and Manhattan came to worship. Then Mae returned to the Follies of 1915 to be featured. She was engaged for her dancing, but the libretto called for a burlesque on the motion pictures. Who says that fat doesn't play funny tricks? Mae was cast for the leading role.

The opening night came. Miss Murray's dancing scored a course, but the movie burlesque startled several screen mag nates "killing an evening." Next day she had three offers.

She is the busiest little person, this make-believing Mae that either you or I ever, ever saw. She rushes from morning until night, and probably, from all indications, from midnight until morning. She plans and schemes, and certainly telephones, since that intrusive instrument summoned her at least eight times during my brief, particular stay.

And now, perhaps, it is over the sea and far away! I can picture her atop the riggings, bobbed curls valiant to the winds, making a make-believe of it. "Dr. dragons green at pirates bold, and mighty waves that roll an' roll!"

"But when I come home," she was saying, softly, as an addenda to my unspoken thoughts, "there'll be the kiddies waiting for me—and that is the best of all."
She's Cornered the Laugh Market

Think of having the world's highest salaried comedian smile at you across the table for 365 mornings out of the year! That's the lucky fate of Mildred Harris, who has led the universe's funniest feet to the altar.

Mildred Harris, alias Mrs. Charlie Chaplin, a star in her own name, really needs no introduction. Here she is snapped outside of her mother's place in Hollywood, also a glimpse of said Mater and the worshiping child of a neighbor.

(Twenty-seven)
I had, for some mysterious reason, expected her to be at least medium height, whereas she is very small, not over five feet. Her voice is low and "throaty"; I know from the feeling of surprise I had that I must have expected it to be high and clear. Probably, the intellectual element always present in her work had made me unconsciously overlook its humanness, and so expect an almost typical "highbrow."

However this may be, I can never think of Florence Turner without at the same time thinking of "My Old Dutch," the exquisite picture she made in England from Albert Chevalier's famous song. Not even her disappearance (her going to England was disappearance to the great bulk of the American public accustomed to seeing its favorites at least twice a month; in the case of Florence Turner it was more often than not twice a week) impressed me so much as did that picture. And yet it contains no grand battle scenes nor clashing mobs; nothing but the simple story of a cockney peddler and his "old Dutch," (the term means wife in England). The scenes are very real and very human and never dull; such scenes as linger in one's memory long after more magnificent spectacles have been forgotten.

"'My Old Dutch' is still running in England," said Miss Turner, when I told her how
much I enjoyed it, and she added, "It is my favorite, too, and
the kind of picture they like most of all 'over there.'"

We sat down on a davenport just opposite the elevators on
the other end of the horse show. It was an advantageous seat.
Being in a corner, we could see the entire balcony and almost
the entire lobby without ourselves being conspicuous.
"Oh, look!" said Miss Turner, suddenly. "Isn't that Mrs.
—and?" (naming a woman—not a moving picture star—very
notorious in L. A.) It was. We watched her in silence as she
crossed the lobby and disappeared in the direction of the
Spring Street entrance. Then we both laughed.
"We were talking," Miss Turner remarked, with exager-
ated severity, "about 'My Old Dutch.'"
I awoke to a consciousness of my duty, and anyway, I wanted
to know.
"Are you planning to produce
that type of picture here?" I asked.
A little quirk appeared about
one corner of her mouth.
"Yes," she answered, with a
now-I-am-being-interviewed ex-
pression, and then, seriously, "I
want to make comedies; or per-
haps I should say comedy-dramas
to distinguish my ambition from
slapstick. I've just finished a
picture which I
made in
Spokane,
Washington,
called 'Un-
dermined,'"
she went on.
"In this play I was
a young girl in the first part
and an old woman in the
last. I like such roles. For
that matter, I like any sort
of character study—Italian or
cockney best of all."

Suddenly her quiet
manner fell from her
and she was all ani-
mation. There was
about it no suggestion
of pose. It was as if
an enthusiast would
say, "Listen—here is
something I know
you will like!" She
is intensely interested
in people; more so, I
fancy, than in events;
hence her love for
character parts.
"I wish you could
see the cockney of to-
day," she said.
"The poorest peo-
ple in England now
are those who only a
short time ago were
rich. The others,
those who, before the
war, suffered the most
incredible hardships,
are now riding around
in taxis and wearing
furs and diamonds.
(Continued on page
72)
A Twentieth Century Priscilla

By FRITZI REMONT

Above is what the irrepressible Miss Dean terms her favorite portrait, while at the right is a glimpse of Priscilla at the San Bernardino Orange Show.

had been hauled out of a desk-drawer stuffed with everything from a special brand of tobacco to carbon sheets, shoe-laces and chewed-off lead-pencils.

“Me, I love a nut!” said Priscilla Dean, contemplating a cluster of chocolate filberts.

“Ya-ah, I heard you were engaged to be married,” vouchsafed the good-natured male incumbent of the inner office.

Priscilla’s dancing eyes rested disapprovingly on the mere male who had dared to misunderstand her, and then the little star carefully selected another bonbon.

“Call me a bromide if you like, but, to use a trite saying, ‘I’m wedded to my art’ and haven’t any intention of being engaged to a—well, a good many men are nutty, so perhaps I ought to forgive you for that remark after all.”

“Art makes a better provider than many a husband; don’t you think so, Miss Dean?”

“If I didn’t I wouldn’t be where I am now. Yep, I’m unmarried and happy—”

“I don’t think you’re telling the whole

You may have marvelled at Miss Dean’s wonderful coiffure in “The Gray Ghost.” Perhaps you spent hours teasing your locks into an imitation of her fuzzy top-knot. Perhaps you admired “The Hand That Rocked the Cradle” and wondered where Priscilla got her experience as an infant nurse, but you’ve missed the main part of that young lady’s sprightly personality if you haven’t, with your own eyes, observed her sprightliness in action.

The scenic setting on the day of our mad little interview wasn’t exactly magnificent. Publicity offices are, like newspaper dittos, bare-floored, square-desked and uncomfortably chaired, for the most part. The thing which saved this particular cubbyhole from being utterly masculine was a huge, pink-ribboned box of chocolates, which
lost of All She Loves to Travel Fast—Be It in Auto or 'Plane

truth. Isn’t it so that you and Eddie Rickenbacher are engaged to be married?” went on the remorseless male, as he twirled about in his chair.

"Engaged, nothing! He taught me how to drive a car, and I got speedomania—you know that’s a very contagious disease. Then, too, he took me up in the aeroplane. It’s the most delicious sensation; that is, I mean going up and being up in the sky. Coming down, you keep catching your breath, and it feels as if you were in an elevator that hadn’t any safety catches. But oh, I wouldn’t miss an experience like that for all the candy in the world.”

"Didn’t you feel any fear a-tall the first time you drove thru the clouds?"

"I haven’t been afraid of anything since I was a wee girlie. Why, do you know that I traveled about alone since I was four years old? Of course, there was the company, but I wouldn’t let a soul touch me. I used to dress and undress myself, had a bed all to myself at the hotels, and, whenever anybody tried to boss me, I used to stick out my tongue and stamp my foot and let them know I was perfectly capable of managing myself.

"Why, in one show I played the part of a little crippled lad. In the first act I’d come on wearing a crutch on the left side, and in the second act, I’d emerge with the crutch on the right, and nobody ever knew just where I was supposed to be lame. When they scolded, I laughed. When (Continued on page 71)"
Salisbury is the idol of the Soboba Indians, whose reservation adjoins his ranch. The tribe has named one of the tiny redskin kiddies after him, the star himself officiating as godfather. Once in a while, Monroe invites the whole tribe to a showing of his pictures at the Hemet Opera House.
The Heart of Wetona

Told in story form from the Scenario based on GEORGE SCARBOROUGH'S Play

By FAITH SERVICE

Time passes and things change. In keeping with most of the maxims handed down to us, dreary and dust-laden with age, this one is true only in part. There are things which do not change; things which have not changed since the celebrated Stone Age, when our ancestors ran about in goatskins and a leaf or two and lived conjugally, or otherwise according to their several temperaments, in caves. Love is still love; lust lust. Young blood is red; death grim. A thin moon wanes and waxes; the seasons flush and fade. Men and women scheme and plot, custom persists. All this is true, equally, of —th' Avenue and a Comanche Reservation in the farthestmost of the Far West.

In Chief Quannah, the ancient tribal customs, ceremonies and rites were as vast, as deep and as sacred as ever they had been to his first Comanche forefather executing his war-dance on an unblazed trail. Neither time, nor white men, nor schools nor a white woman whom he had taken to wife had been able to uproot from his bronzed breast the habits of his fathers long since tracking big game in their Happy Hunting Grounds.

Some twenty years ago there had been a white girl captive of Quannah's tribe. Quannah had been young then, very young, lithe as the lissome bow he bent to speed his arrows on their deadly flights, hewn as the silhouetted rocks standing forth from Big Moose Mountain, ardent as the eager sap in the young birches, swift as the rushing torrents of the liberated river. The white girl captive fell into the way of looking on the young Quannah. After a while she was offered her freedom. Quannah offered it to her. She stood by the bank of the torrential stream. She thought of home, of the men she had known there. Something keener than Quannah's arrows stabbed her in her heart. Suddenly and swiftly she was against Quannah's thudding heart. Suddenly and swiftly she was born again into a world more wonderful than she had ever dreamed. Thus love. When the Comanches liberated their captives, the white girl stayed behind.

After awhile there was a little one. Quannah said in his young stern way that she must be named for the names of his people. "We will call her Wetona," he said. The white young
mother loved him very much. A name didn't matter half so much as her love. So the little half-Indian girl was christened with due Comanche ritual, Wetona.

Not very long after, the white girl came to die. Perhaps it was as well. Quannah was reverting more and more to the ancient rites of his tribe. His white bride was wholly white, apart from her love for him which had stepped across the unspannable bridge of race and denied it. As she made patiently ready to go forth into the mysterious dark she called Quannah to her and begged that the little Wetona be educated in an Eastern college. "For my memory's sake," she pleaded, "for our dear love's sake, my Quannah, my wonderful chief."

Quannah gathered her, slight and over-fraile, to his granite chest. His hard, infrequent tears fell on the whiteness of her cheeks and won them back to transient roses pale; "I promise, he whispered and, when he laid her away from him, she was dead.

The little Wetona, golden as the sun, black-haired as the sweep of the black eagle's wing seen in the sunlight's fiercest glint, strong as the mountain cheetah, and blue-eyed as the white girl who had been her mother, grew up with the Comanches, learnt their ancient rites, then went to the Eastern college to fulfill the white blood that was in her.

Wetona wanted to love the East. It had been her mother's home. When she left the reservation for the college years she had a secret thought within her that she would never come back. Quannah was completely absorbed in the ways of his tribe. His last moment of great exceeding tenderness had sped his white girl captive over the brink. And she did love it—while she was studying and fulfilling her father's promise to her mother. Then came her time for choosing. And all at once it seemed as if her mother's voice spoke within her as it must have spoken when she elected to stay there in that farthest West.

There came to the heart of Wetona a myriad, million voices. There awoke in her an illimitable longing. She thought of the tepees sending their thick gray ghosts to heaven during the evening meal. She thought of the fat, bronzed papooses kicking bare, sturdy legs in the blaze of the sun; she thought of old Quannah, stolid and immobile by his evening fire, smoking...
his pipe o'peace. She thought of the rushing river, the grim granite of the mountains, the long, lean stretches of the plains, and a nostalgia swept over her that sent her scurrying for her trunk and the express office: "The voice of my people," she whispered to herself.

Quannah was habitually silent when Wetona told him she had come home to stay. But every so often, smoking his pipe that night, he removed it from his stern lips and chanted weird snatches of grim song.

After awhile the rushing river began to pall, the silences of forest, the mightiness of hills. Wetona took to going down to the river bank. After a while she spent all of her days there, and frequently returned late of an evening. The Indian women muttered and nodded, but she was the Big Chief's daughter, and he, in his wisdom, would know what was right and what was wrong for Wetona.

In the Spring of the year came the Corn Dance Ceremonies of the Tribe. It was of tremendous import to Quannah. "It was the oldest rite we know," he observed the night before it first came up for discussion; "we must keep."

A Vestal Virgin had to be chosen to bring sacred food to the Holy Man. Little River and Eagle declared Wetona to be the one. Quannah smiled in satisfaction. He did not say so, but it had been a long dream with him—to have his daughter carry sacred food to the Holy Man. It would be a great moment, a great hour for him. He thought that, no doubt, the spirit of his young wife would return to look upon their daughter in her beautiful innocence performing her beautiful mission.

When he went to Wetona with the command his eyes were more lightened than ever she could remember them.

"Father," she said, after the fashion of the East, "how your eyes shine. Like eagles seen after dark. Strong eagles, nesting."

"I happy this night," said Big Chief Quannah; "you, my girl, to be the Vestal Virgin at the Corn Dance. I wait long years for this, and now it come to me. Long years I wait, my Wetona. I not know much big, great joy after she go and take her very great sweetness from

He had cared for her during the week and she had become used to him. If she withstood the test—well, then, dreaming were worth the white and the sweetness of dreaming truth.

me. I not know tenderness of any woman since. Tonight I feel happiness. She nor I not been in vain, Wetona, since our baby go, a Vestal, to Holy Man."

He stopped because his daughter's golden face shone out of the deep darkness like a moon-flower, or like... like a chill seized upon him... like her face from that immense divide. She didn't speak, but Quannah knew it was because she could not. He could see her lips moving almost listlessly there before him in the suddenly oppressive blackness. A chill of premonition agued him, but he resisted it, shook it off. She was the daughter of the Big Chief, spotless, proud, royal, irreproachable. She was the daughter of that tainted thing who had come into his life for one scented hour and left him forever her own.

"Wetona," he said, and because he felt very broken he sounded stern and harsh; "Wetona..." Then an inspiration seized upon him. Perhaps she was appalled by the great honor. Perhaps she felt a maidenly modesty of unworthiness, of shyness. That was it. It had to be.

"No be shy, Wetona," he said, more kindly. "It big honor, but you Big Chief pose; the honor belong to you."

Wetona broke from him, shuddering violently. There, in that spectral dark, the Comanche blood rose like a tide within her and smote her with a dreadful fear. The thing she had done rose up with it and paralyzed her. When her voice came it was torn from her throat in shreds. "I—not I—virgin," she got out, and averted her tormented face. "I—not I—"

white man's—girl—cannot—Holy Man—Great Spirit, Great Spirit..." And she flung her desperate body on the ground and shuddered and was still.

Quannah was still, too. He was still because he was making a bloodthirsty vow. When he had done he bent over the rigid form of the girl. "Who—who this man—reho?" he demanded, and Wetona sickened at the threat in his speech. But she shook her head. "I never tell that," she said. Quannah gripped her shoulder. "You tell," he rasped, "you tell." Wetona quivered and was silent.

Quannah stood very still (Continued on page 64)

THE HEART OF WETONA

Adapted from the scenario of Mary Murillo based on George Scarborough's play, produced by Select Pictures, starring Norma Talmadge. Directed by Sidney A. Franklin. The cast: Wetona... Norma Talmadge. Hardin... Thomas Meighan. Anthony Wells... Gladden James.
There is nothing in the whole of life comparable to a beginning—young green of May—a baby—an unfolding rose—the inception of song—dawning. The most delicious, the most sung and storied locale of locales is the immortal and imperishable segment of ground "Where the brook and river meet." On that eschewal and particular segment stands, poised, willing and alertly ready, Faire Binney. Immediately behind, how translucent and parling a brook! Immediately before, who knows how valorous a river!

The fluttering of the wings of a newly fledged Popularity is, or should be, a phenomenon dear to the heart of the psychologist, the student of that rare avis, Humanity. It is a vision as delicate as the infinitesimal whirr of the humming-bird, as flush as a ripe peach, as hardy as Hope.

It may be known chiefly by early morning 'phone calls, immaculately kept press notices in spandy new scrapbooks, enthusiastic trips to photographers and plans only equal in cosmopolitan conquest to those of the late lamented Wilhelm and son. Comparisons are odious!

Airy persiflage aside, we found Faire Binney, before whose still enraptured vision the pinions of new Popularity are somewhat rapidly and dazzlingly unfolding, a real, half-incredulous, wholly anticipatory, confident, hardly ambitious young person. A very young person, indeed, in the roseate dawning of being a Vogue.

She resembles Ann Pennington physically. She must, because she informed me that I was far from being original in noting the similitude—and so huge and omnivorous are the capacities and capabilities of femininity in its 'teens that heaven knows what or whom she resembles historically, artistically or popularly.

She has a nice background, Faire Binney. Her child-days and school-days and high-school days (what there were of them) were spent in and about Concord and Boston, in the musical home and atmosphere of a very musical aunt and uncle. She played about the grounds of the home of "Little Women" and chummed with the various grand-nieces and grand-nephews of the gentle "Meg" and the aristocratic "Amy." She skated on the same river made vivid by "Laurie" and by "Jo," and bicycled on the road made history by Paul Revere. But, all these influences notwithstanding, Faire decided, two years ago, that, if she were to be an actress and she just were, she had better begin, so she said farewell to the girls and boys who looked in amazement upon so ambitious a young person.

"Of course," she reminisced, in the happy fashion of one for whom such reminiscences are no more than insubstantial memories, "I had no idea of beginning anything at once. I planned to study. And then study some more. I had had the hard and steep and endless ladder pounded into me from childhood. When I was very tiny—oh, 'bout eighteen months, I guess—I used to hastily anticipate a lecture on 'bumps' by saying, very rapidly, 'I know all about the hardships. I know they are perfectly tragic. But I don't care!' I've had that feeling all along. That, so long as I once got there, I just didn't care. I was prepared for anything—for the very worst. I was optimistic, even while I was religiously pessimistic. Of course, Connie cheered me up some, and yet, paradoxically (small stars say big things) she depressed me. When I heard of her success I thought, ruefully, 'lightning never strikes twice in the same place.' But I thought, too, 'this is just one of the hard, steep rungs I've heard so much about.' My friends thought it would be so much nicer for me to play at being a débutante, or a

Faire Binney's child-days were spent in and around Concord and Boston. She played about the grounds of the home of "Little Women" and chummed with the various grand-nieces of the gentle Meg and the aristocratic Amy

(Thirty-six)
most, to charm the ear by dainty nocturnes on a baby grand. I didn't agree. Most always, I don't.

And so she set forth to conquer Gotham, her courage in her hands.

Amazingly enough, Gotham, so adamantine to many a knocking hand, proved, or rather, is proving, quite silkaline to Faire. Of course, sister Constance, now dancing upon accomplished toes in “Oh, Lady! Lady!” was, anyway, an instrument of Fate when she took little Faire along with her to interview Maurice Tourneur. But, after that, there was just nothing to it! Faire had a test made, and then was one of the sisters, real, honest, born-that-way sisters in “Sporting Life,” had a part in the Civil War episode of “Woman” and is beginning work at date of this writing with John Barrymore in his new comedy, entitled, I believe, “Here Comes the Bride.” Which means, of course, Famous Players, a contract, “an’ a’ that, an’ a’ that!”

Not much by way of biography, for which I am grateful, since I abhor to write biographies, but a great deal by way of potentialities cannot be written but must be sensed.

I sensed a great deal . . .

the early morning, you know . . . at home . . . things happening . . . such as a jocular ‘phone call from Anthony Paul Kelly, responsible for “Three Faces East” and multitudinous known sceneries . . . mail . . . wardrobe to be selected . . . photographs to be taken . . . all the other fascinating insignia of the aforementioned budding Popularity. And Faire, in much the same state as the bewildered child who gazes upon the display left by Santa Claus, sees, yet does not see, must, perforce, believe, yet cannot. “It seems too good to be true,” summed up Faire, and yet, with a determined tilt of a small, determined chin, she added, “But I shant stop—not till I’ve gone as far as there is any going! I’ve made up my mind to that.”

Faire has bobbed, juvenile hair, a plump, childishly contoured face, wide, gray eyes and a round, not too slender figure. She has, in what might be contradiction to these attributes, commonsense and a mind of her own. She may look as tho she subsists upon lollipops, has a mind of her own, and a bank-account, along with views upon marriage, children, suffrage and Labor.

(Thirty-seven)

By FAITH SERVICE

the “Dottie Dimples” for her mental—but she don’t. Not at all. She has her own bank account, is “independent,” is going to manage all her own affairs, and has viewpoints about marriage and children and suffrage and labor, and, no doubt, theosophy, ceramics and the Syrian movement had we had time to touch upon all these little details. But we had no time. The Bird of Popularity is a rapidly ascending fowl, and upon his flight there are many things attendant. One lone interview could not detain him for a whole morning—and it didn’t. We gleaned before we left the apartment in the East 50’s, however, that just as soon as Faire is possessed of the Arabian Nights salary of a star she is going to buy an airplane first, give all her friends the time of their lives next and travel round and about the globe third. Three nice, modest little ambitions, which we have no reason to doubt will be realized.

“I want to do everything there is to do,” said Faire, “whether it be pleasant or unpleasant. When I die I want to feel that I haven’t passed by a single pleasure, a single pain. To be a great artiste—one has to, don’t you think?”

I did.

“I want to go everywhere there is to go. I want to feel everything there is to feel.

(Continued on page 70)
Teaching, as Chester Conklin finds it, seems to be as dull and prosaic as being a king in Europe these days. Here he is absorbed in the task of imitating a blotter.

The Good Old Golden Rule Days

Professor Conklin seems to be spurning the affections of Pupil Louise Fazenda. The professor, it appears, cares not for the freckled lady with the shattered heart.
And He Wants to Be a Playwright!
Dick Barthelmess Disdains Stars and Longs to Dash Off the Big American Drama
By MARY KEANE TAYLOR

If Alla Nazimova hadn't wanted to learn English so badly, this story might never have begun auspiciously for Richard Barthelmess. But, Allah be praised, she did.

But the little lady from the land of Samovars and Steppes had a very dear American friend, an actress named Caroline Harris, who offered to teach her the so troublesome English. Caroline happened to mention her young son, Richard Barthelmess, one day, and Nazimova desired to meet him.

At that time young Dick was in his junior year at college, but during vacations he had played in stock companies in Canada and at eighteen had been an assistant stage director. Besides, he danced and dressed very well.

Dick is a studious young man. He loves to sit in his den and browse among his books. His one relaxation is dancing, and it was his turns of mind, and made an exceedingly favorable impression on the Russian actress.

So, when Madame Nazimova invaded the silverscreen under Herbert Brenon's direction in "War Brides," the boy was given the rôle of the younger brother who goes to war.

He's only twenty-three years old now, but he has, in the period since "War Brides," done nineteen plays in twenty-six months. Curiously, he has appeared opposite the littlest stars—speaking figuratively, not financially—who ever flickered across the silversheet.

"The Eternal Sin" followed "War Brides" and Richard Barthelmess found himself a personality, instead of mere "atmosphere," for you see, like others he had to start in and battle and do odd jobs in some minor pictures, sometimes playing in two features at one time. Directors began to comment on the work of the "clever kid," as he was dubbed, and it wasn't long before the boy had an opportunity to play opposite the tiny lady of his dreams, Marguerite Clark.

That was a big moment in his life, for he'd adored the four-feet-ten of prettiness from afar ever since he had attended the movies.

"To think that I should have been married to Marguerite Clark countless times in pictures and then have had to give her up to a soldier. Aren't girls queer?" asked Mr. Barthelmess very seriously. "I worked with her over four years and she was always the dearest girl.
pretty fine parts with the biggest stars on the screen, but the smallest in size. I did 'Nearly Married' with Madge Kennedy, and you know it isn't very far from the sidewalk to the top of her shiny brown head. Then there was Ann Pennington, saucy Ann—she's delightful to woo in the movies. We did 'Sunshine Ann' together. Gladys Hulette is another pretty little girl with whom I was associated in 'The Streets of Illusion,' but I can assure you I retained all my illusions about Miss Hulette, for she's a REAL girl as well as a very clever little actress. Then they called me to do a part with Gladys Leslie.

"The last thing I did back East was 'Three Men and a Girl,' directed by Micky Neilan in the Adirondack Mountains. We had a dandy vacation there, too. Then Mr. Griffith sent for me to play with Dorothy Gish and to do a propaganda picture for him at the same time."

"Hurry up, Dick, we've got a few re-takes scheduled for you," shouted Director Elmer Clifton, and off hurried the young man-who-was-to-have-been-a-dramatist, to change suits for the next scene. Yes, Dick (Continued on page 70)

so helpful and sweet. I never could say enough about Miss Clark to make you know her as I knew her. She's an angel to play opposite to, and we had such fun doing the Bab Stories. Those were certainly happy days," sighed the youthful cavalier of dames. "Did you ever have any thrilling happenings with Miss Clark?"

"Well, that drowning scene, the shipwreck in 'The Valentine Girl,' was rather unpleasant, but people really thought it worse than it was. It was very cold, you remember, snow and ice and sleet, and I was to be in real ice-water in midwinter. I got around it by wearing a full rubber suit under my outer clothing, and Miss Clark was so afraid I would get a chill that she thoughtfully provided a physician, had two huge prize-fighters to rub me down, and medicines were poured down my throat until I was hustled into a cab and driven home and put to bed. There were enough precautions taken, I can assure you, but it was just an example of her consideration for all the people who played opposite her. Why, I didn't even get WET! That was about the only play in which I appeared wearing short trousers, too."

"You've always played opposite very small stars, haven't you, Mr. Barthelmess?"

"Yes, you see I'm small, only five feet seven inches, so they have given me some
Fame Via Matrimony

By OLIVE CAREW

Every road leads to Rome, they say, so why not the Highway of Matrimony? It's true that few players make a success by starting along that perilous pathway, but the exception still proves the rule and Florence Vidor is one of the notable exceptions.

You know most of the girls go into pictures and their beauty captivates either a star, a director, or a wealthy private citizen—and that's why they marry. But here's a little Texas girl who was born at Houston in 1895, educated in a convent school, and hardly out of it before she met big, handsome King Vidor. The courtship was short and Mr. Vidor started to support the school-girl bride thru his earnings as a motion picture director in an independent Texas company. He was just a year older than Florence, born at Galveston, full of ambition, and restless over the poor conditions which confronted a producer in Texas.

It was difficult to get players down there when a large cast was needed, since one couldn't phone an agency for types, as in California. That brilliant idea having once found entrance in the Vidores' think-tanks, they decided to sell out and come to Los Angeles.

Now, of course, Florence had not the slightest idea of acting. She had passed thru the usual stage of taking elocution and music lessons in the convent, and had done her bit as a player in the little French plays given there. California seemed quite entrancing at first, there was the fitting up of a home, taking sight-seeing trips, housekeeping and looking forward to a cozy dinner à deux each night. But Los Angeles is a mighty poor place in which to make friends, for every one is so busy with his own affairs, and we've been so accustomed to seeing strangers arrive and shortly after silently fold their tents about them and steal away, that we are not keen on intimacies. Consequently, Florence found time dragging heavily on her hands.

The little home was easily kept in order, reading and sewing palled on one who had been accustomed to loving attention from friends, teachers and family, and she began to wonder what on earth she could do to amuse herself.

So one day, without telling Friend Husband, and not being able to think of anything else, she decided that ACTING any old thing would be better than sitting about the house lonesomely. You see her entrance into the movie field wasn't romantic at all—it was the outcome of a longing for work to do and some one to talk to.

She applied at the Western Vitagraph and, since she was young and pretty, she was taken on as an extra. When she told Mr. Vidor, he was quite satisfied, for he knew how much she missed her parents and sister since he was busy all day at another studio.

Miss Vidor, although married to a director, started out all unknown to her hubby and got a job as a movie extra. Then all of a sudden came her phenomenal hit as the girl in the guilt-cart in William Farnum's "Tale of Two Cities".
Miss Vidor played small parts but seemed to make no particular progress. However, she was intensely interested in the motion picture art by this time and decided to stick and to make a success. Even then, Fate did not seem particularly anxious to boost her, and she was doing nothing but "atmosphere" at Morosco or Vitagraph—that is, filling in at café scenes, doing French maid parts, or afternoon callers. Besides one of the business forces at the studio said to Florence one day, "Say, you don't look a bit like a maid and every time they show you in a picture as a maid, somebody will think you're some friend of the director's whom he had to use. Why doncha cut this business?" Again, Miss Vidor did some tall thinking. She went to her director and said she would quit, that she'd rather not act at all than do atmosphere.

Starting out again, she had a little try-out at Fox and nearly every one is familiar with her jump into favor—or was it a RIDE? Anyway, she wobbled about in a guillotine cart in "Tale of Two Cities"—and found herself famous. She played "The Intrigue," and "American Methods" and, shortly after that, was asked to support Sessue Hayakawa.

Which almost brings us up to the day when I called on her at Lasky, where she is rounding out a contract and being promised better things when it's renewed.

You know those big appealing dark eyes of hers? Well, they are bigger and browner than ever.

Florence doesn't disappoint one a bit off screen. Nay, she's prettier, more vivacious than on it. She has a streak of deliberation, is a good reasoner, talks effectively, and likes to place her "character" in every possible environment and action, in order to decide what would be done in different circumstances. Probably this is one of the chief reasons for her success.

"It's rather unusual for a leading woman to use make-up for distinct characterizations; do you like it?" I asked.

"Anything so it's acting—I'm wild about the movies now. I dont care whether they make me a gypsy, a half-breed, a Japanese, Belgian—or anything!" laughed the little girl in a blue crepe de chine frock, with Brussels lace collar and cuffs.

Anything is good on Florence Vidor. She couldn't spoil her looks if she wore sack-cloth and ashes. She has a little humorous twinkle about her mouth, suggesting her ability to play comedy deliciously. Then there's the sadness of her eyes when she emotes, and one knows she can do heavy parts. Indeed, Cecil De Mille has used her frequently in parts which are hardly those of straight leads.

"What helped you most in attaining your present acting ability, Miss Vidor?"

"It wasn't a WHAT, it was several big men in the profession. First there is the unfailing kindness of Mr. De Mille, and the helpfulness of Marion Fairfax, who writes my parts as big as she dares, and who makes suggestions, talks her stories over with me, and is always ready to make a change which will give me a better opportunity to bring out a point in the characterization.

"Then, I've learned so much from Mr. Hayakawa that I could not begin to tell you about it all. I think he is the most wonderful... (Continued on page 74)
The house detective of the Hotel St. Swithin gazed at Annabelle Leigh with mingled admiration and doubt. Wasn't she delightfully pretty in her smart gown? And hadn't she just tried to cash a check for five hundred dollars at the hotel office, although her bank account was already overdrawn?

John J. McLarkey, the aforementioned hotel sleuth, rubbed his chin thoughtfully. Across the "Peacock Alley" of the hostelry, utterly oblivious to his presence, sat the mysterious Annabelle, her piquant nose at a defiant angle. As he watched, two friends appeared, and Annabelle dashed forward to meet them with a cry of glee.

"You're late, Marylyn," she exclaimed. "I've been waiting almost for hours, starved. Let's rush in to dinner."

"Dinner listens good to us," laughed Marylyn; "doesn't it, Charlie?"

"It was Charlie who suggested it. Poor chap, he looks so lonely," Charlie said.
The newcomer with the slightly upturned mustache nodded enthusiastically. Together the three hurried thru the lounge to the famous St. Swithin dining-room of gold and blue. Some distance behind came the hotel sleuth.

The head-waiter welcomed Annabelle with enthusiasm. "Everything is ready, madam," he smiled, leading the way to a table laden with orchids and special floral decorations. "My word, Annabelle," said Charlie, beneath his breath, "you've struck it rich—you're going it strong."

"Hardly," replied Annabelle. "You haven't heard the worst."

"If this is the worst," sighed Marylyn, "lead me to it. Listen, Annabelle, do you know that Charlie and I are both broke? Just now between us we barely scraped up the taxi fare outside the golden door of the St. Swithin."

A dazed look came into Annabelle's eyes, and then she burst into giggles. "And I was going to borrow the money from Charlie to pay for this spread. I'm flat broke myself. My allowance is overdue for some queer reason."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Charlie, nervously twitching his tango mustache. "Who's going to pay for all this?"

"Dunno," said Annabelle, subsiding into giggles again. "Suspect it will be the dear old St. Swithin."

Meanwhile the dinner was being served. A passing glance at the rogish Annabelle would never have revealed her doubt of mind. Just one person guessed the problem—Mr. John J. McLarkey, pausing doubtfully at the door. "It's going to stand somebody back about sixty bones," said the sleuth to himself, considerably. "I hope the lad with the hesitating mustache has the wherewithal."

At the table the three were hastily trying to formulate a plan. "Stay here and keep on eating," whispered Annabelle. "I'm going to look thru the hotel for a handsome young millionaire or something. There must be a financially sensitive soul around the St. Swithin somewhere."

Out into the lounge walked Annabelle pleasantly and consideringly. At first glance, the gathered St. Swithin guests looked quite unprepossessing. Besides, the few plainly affluent gentlemen had dowdy ladies—their wives—naturally—in tow.

Suddenly in a corner, at a writing desk, she noted a handsome clean-cut young chap. He was busily engaged in writing.

"Of course, I know who you are, Mr. Rawson," Annabelle went on, rapidly. "I—we—thought you looked lonely and we've decided to invite you to our little party."

Rawson looked about doubtfully. "It's in the blue and gold room," smiled Annabelle. "In fact, we're already eating. But won't you come? It was Charlie who suggested it. 'Poor chap, he looks so lonely,' Charlie said. And they made me come to invite you because—because—"

"Because you would have considerable influence," smiled Rawson.

Back in the blue and gold room, Annabelle led the mine-owner to her orchid-laden table. "He came, Charlie," explained Annabelle to the upturned mustache one, her left eyelid wavering just for the fraction of a second. "You were right about his being lonely."


Back at the door, Detective McLarkey sighed with relief, too. "Sure, the manager's a booby. The girl—Lord love her—is all right. What do women know about checks, anyway?"

For McLarkey knew that Rawson could buy the St. Swithin if he wished and take it home with him as a Christmas present for his manager.

Back at the orchid-laden table, Charlie was insisting, not with undue firmness, however, that the check be given to him. But Rawson had seized upon it and given it, with a hundred-dollar note, to the waiting waiter. "This is my lunch," smiled the Westerner to the piquant Annabelle. "Haven't you kept me from being lonely?"

At that psychological moment, to use Annabelle's own words, a bell-boy, paging "Miss Leigh," appeared upon the
scene. Annabelle hurried back to the lounge, to find Harry Murchison waiting. Murchison was something of a friend of both Marylyn and herself.

"Good gracious, Annabelle," burst out Mur-
chison, "I'm being sued for divorce."

"Condolences or congratulations?" inquired
Annabelle.

"Dont be funny, Annabelle," snapped Mur-
chison, "because you're the correspondent.

"Correspondent!" exclaimed Annabelle.

"How—why——"

"Dont ask questions," interrupted Mur-
chison. "I dont know how on earth she's doing it—but she is. That's why I rushed here. They're going to serve you with papers, and your only chance to escape going to court and everything is to go away at once. I dont dare talk another second. If they found me here it would be all over with your reputation. But go some place until it blows over."

With that Murchison disappeared.

Annabelle dropped helplessly into a chair. Murchison's fat and jealous little wife couldn't have picked a worse moment to launch her thunderbolt. Here she was, flat broke, and scandal galloping towards her, perhaps just around the corner.

Suddenly voices drifted to her dazed ears. Fi-

nally she pushed aside her mad thoughts to listen.

"It's this way," a pompous-looking man was saying. "I'm valet for George Wimbledon—you know, the Wimbledons of Long Island. I've been up today to find a good cook and a gardener, and here I've spent nearly the whole of it touring the agencies. And not a one have I found." Ludgate went on to tell his troubles, while an impish smile flashed across the face of Annabelle. Finally she giggled enthusiast-

ically.

She watched the valet until the other man had left him and then hurried across the lounge. "You are Mr. Ludgate?" she said. "I overheard your remarks to your friend. I'm looking for a position—as cook. In fact, I've just left my last place and—and—hap-
penned in here to rest before I went to another agency."

Ludgate studied Annabelle with startled eyes. "You a cook, ma'am? I'd never have thought it. You must have made a fortune making munitions."

"A little," said Annabelle, roguishly. "Moreover, I have two other friends who are looking for jobs, too. One of them is a master gardener."

"Fine!" said Ludgate, pompously. "I'll be glad to talk to 'em."

"Fine!" said Annabelle. "I'll get 'em. But first, do I get the job?"

"You'll do, Miss—er——"
"Annie Postlewaite," lied Annabelle glibly.
She hurried back to the table. Rawson had gone. "They've
just paged him," Marylyn explained, "he's coming back im-
mmediately."
"Listen," explained Annabelle, hastily. "I'm being named
as correspondent in a divorce suit being started by Harry Mur-
chison's fat little wife. Of course, it's terrible, and I've just
got to get away, so I won't be served with papers and things.
But I didn't know how I could do it until just a moment ago,
when I signed up as cook for the Wimbledons of Rock Point,
Long Island.
"Cook?" said Charlie, astounded. "You're joking!"
"I'm not," snapped Annabelle. "I'd rather cook
than sit in a courtroom
and have that Mur-
chison cat think
she was hurt-
ing me. So

You're all engaged," announced Ludgate. "Mind you, meet
me at the Pennsylvania Station at 8:15. I shall have the tickets.
Bring everything. You will start work tomorrow morning."
"Yes, sir," said Annabelle.
"I'm right glad you happened to overhear me talking, Miss
Postlewaite," concluded the valet, smiling heavily into the
impudent eyes of the new
cook.
Ludgate had
gone when Rawson appeared. Charlie and Marylyn excused
themselves, leaving the millionaire alone with Annabelle.
"I've a favor to ask of you," began Annabelle. "I'm going
to Rock Point, L. I., and I'd appreciate it if you would
see that the hotel sends my things out there in a rush."
They say that fate is a queer and fickle creature, but she
surely took a hand in the adventures of Annabelle. Seeing
the hotel detective, McLarkey, a second later, Rawson called him.
"Will you send up to Miss Annabelle Leigh's apartment and
see that her things are taken care of properly? She's going
to Long Island. Here are ten dollars to cover any expenses."
"You're just the man I want to see," responded the sleuth.
"You said a few days ago that you'd like to rent a place some-
where in the country. I've found it for you. A friend of
mine, a Mr. Ludgate, is willing to rent you the country place
(Continued on page 73)
Just now Gloria Swanson is coming into decided prominence with Paramount. The fact that Gloria was born in Chicago shouldn't be held against her, since she went all the way to Porto Rico to be educated. Miss Swanson made her first hit at Triangle-Keystone, where playing in the film farces meant skilled agility or—an extended rest with someone taking your temperature every hour.
The Mid-Theatrical Season

Frances Starr contributes a vibrant performance in Edward Knoblock's "Tiger! Tiger!" at the Belasco Theater. Adjoining is one of the big scenes from the drama, with Lionel Atwell appearing opposite the star.

Bertha Kalich is a picturesque figure in the problem play, "The Riddle: Woman," which is holding forth at the Fulton Theater.

Roi Cooper Megargee's "Tea for Three," at Maxine Elliott's Theater has been pronounced one of the best comedies of the year. One of the reasons is Margare Lawrence, who gives delightful performances.
The Marcels' genius of mystic symbolism and imaginative poetry makes "The Betrothal," at the Shubert Theater, a singularly beautiful thing. Reggie Sheffield and Sylvia Field are excellent in the foremost roles.

The Hippodrome show, "Every thing," has many delights, but none pleasanter than little Marion Saki, the Japanese dancer.

"Glorianna," at the Liberty, is one of the daintiest of musical comedies. Here are three of "Glorianna's chief dancers: Elsie Lawson, Emilie Lea and Marguerite St. Clair.
We doubt if the motion picture world has ever witnessed a more listless month than the one just passed. Slowly emerging from a sleep of five weeks, screen productions are almost completely devoid of interesting features.

To us, possibly the most interesting moment of the four weeks came with the belated presentation of Enrico Caruso on the screen. The famous tenor's initial celluloid attempt, "My Cousin," (Paramount), was to have appeared some weeks earlier, but the film shutdown pushed it back nearly a month.

Caruso's début was made under singularly happy conditions. First of all, "My Cousin" is a simple, direct little story in which the singer not only has a chance to play himself, thinly disguised under the name of Carulli, but to portray a happy-go-lucky sculptor of the Italian quarter. The sculptor brags that he is a cousin of the great opera tenor, only to be ridiculed through Little Italy when he comes face to face with the great Carulli in a restaurant and isn't recognized. The poor sculptor loses everything, even his sweetheart, Rosa, until touched by tragedy, the great Carulli comes to Little Italy during a fete and honors his "cousin" with an order for a bust. Then all the quarter falls down to worship before the happy sculptor and, of course, Rosa returns, too.

Caruso succeeds in playing himself with distinction and without affectation, but his real success is scored as the poor cousin. Here he is spontaneous, uncouth, easy before the camera. It is a sensitive and excellently limned characterization. Caroña White is very good as the señorita of the poor sculptor's heart. Edward Jose's direction is right in the spirit, probably the best thing he has ever done.

It is singular how quickly, now that the war is ended, that stories of the world struggle seem out of date. Consider J. Stuart Blackton's "The Common Cause." Built up from J. Hartley Manners and Ian Hay Leith's wandering and episodic stage play,
By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Grossmith as the Tommy with a penchant for Hun helmets.

The battle scenes are adequate. Sylvia Breamer is singularly beautiful at times as Mrs. Palmer—when she isn’t wearing singularly ugly costumes. Herbert Rawlinson is a masterful Palmer and Huntley Gordon a rather colorless Wadsworth. Little Charles Blackton makes a tiny part stand out.

But "The Common Cause" would not startle because of its weakness of story—even if timeliness had nothing to do with it.

Another photoplay hurt by the Kaiser’s lack of foresight in continuing the war was Goldwyn’s adaptation of Rex Beach’s story, "Too Fat to Fight," with the rotund Frank McIntyre starred. Based on a story fresh off the Cosmopolitan press, "Too Fat to Fight" tells of a fat American, too heavy to get into regular service, who finally "makes" the Y.M.C.A. Everyone has laughed at him, but when he proves his bravery in battle, even to the losing of a "Dimple," Durycle develops to be a hero.

And, of course, he wins the inevitable ingenue, serving as a Red Cross nurse. Goldwyn went to a lot of expense to make "Too Fat to Fight," and it was mighty unkind of William Hohenzol-er to give up just at the moment of releasing it. At the Rivoli he audience looked at it rather listlessly, when, a few days before, it would have made a smashing hit.

The gentle atmosphere of "Little Women," (Paramount), based on Louisa M. Alcott’s widely read story, appealed to us strongly. Here is a delightful picture—sans vampires, punches, and all the usual essentials of the photodrama. Even if "Little Women" doesn’t hold a niche in your heart as a novel, it will get you as a picture.

The atmosphere has been caught delightfully. Is it necessary to explain that the "little women" are the our daughters of an elderly New England clergyman who has gone to be war as a chaplain? How they maintain the home, comfort their father and struggle through the problems of youth form the incidents of the story. Director Harley Knoles as developed the quiet little theme in the whole with sympathy, although he missed out here and there in giving his effort to cram in everything. This has meant the slurring of some of several characters. Dorothy Bernard is delightful as Jo, and Conrad Nagel is a very likeable aura.

The best thing about Willard Mack’s "The Hell Cat," (Goldwyn), the way Geraldine Farrar photographs. She hasn’t celluloided so well since "Joan the Woman," otherwise "The Hell Cat" is a broken story. Miss Farrar plays the Irish-Spanish daughter of an old Irishman. An untamed savage of a an is fascinated by her, murders her father and takes her to his hut. Ultimately she revenges herself by stinging a dagger into the scoundrel’s heart. And, of course, the man she loves comes to her in the end. So they start anew, forgetting the past. Director Reginald Barker and Mr.

(Fifty-one)
Once the Vitagraph serial star was an instructor with McFadden's physical culture school and, later on, he toured the varieties with Sandow, the strong man. Then he decided to relax and be a mere actor. But even that palled. Next the movies came along, and as they permitted the mingling of muscles and histrionics, Bill went into the game with a vengeance.
A college education is like an auto, it may get you there and it may not, and often plain horse-sense will pass it on the road,” Maggie Pepper remarked, curtly. “I don’t know much about geometry or Greek verbs, but I do know suits.”

Hargen, manager for the Holbrook department store, indulged in a sneer which lifted the corner of his small black mustache disagreeably. He was one of those who wear their paltry authority like a hired dress-suit that does not quite fit.

Besides, he had an old score to settle with this pretty shop-girl, who had long ago given him to understand that he was persona non grata as far as she was concerned.

“Unfortunately, you are too late, Miss Pepper,” he said, suavely. “My sister, Alice, has already picked out some one for the place—a friend of hers, I believe.”

Maggie Pepper stared at him bewilderedly. For two years now she had hoped and planned, worked with an earnestness ridiculously disproportionate to her meagre wage for this promotion until it had become a part of her. She drew herself together, quivering, ready to fight at bay for the child of her brain.

“You can’t sell suits as if they were...
with those common, impudent shop-girls! I wish he'd fire every one of them. You can't tell me anything good of girls who dress as well as they do on twelve a week."

The door opened stormily and Maggie Pepper hurried in and straight into the young man's arms, blind with slow, rel- tant tears. He caught a glimpse of bright hair, drooping scarlet lips, white cheeks a shade too sharply outlined, a chin that might have been a man's, a throat that could never have been anything but feminine: he felt the warmth of her slim body, and she was gone, leaving him staring after her until his fiancee's voice, ac-sweet, sounded in his ear.

"Of course, Joe, if you're not coming—"

Frowning, he followed her rustling silks and jeweled hat into the manager's office. He was conscious for the first time of a vague wish that Alice wouldn't use so much patchouli, at that transparent blouse was so obviously seductive.

"Well, Holbrook," Hargen smiled, with a sort of uneasy fam-

In her pretty sitting room she clasped Claire to her breast.

"Your old auntie has been foolish, but she's going to be very, very wise from now on!" she told her

potatoes or prunes. You got to know them linings and buttons and pure wool and mixed! You got to be able to see ahead, instead of looking backward and wondering why that lot of brown velour checks didn't go in a stripe season, and why women wouldn't touch the bunchy gabardine that make 'em look three inches bigger around the waist! See how the department's been running behind this season. Why, Tracey's sold four suits to our one, because they've got real salesgirls instead of friends of the manager's sister! I could make the suits and coats the biggest thing in the store—in the city! I know just how I'd do it—new plate-glass cases, French gray fitting-rooms, a couple of models, maybe, and modern fixtures. Why, the forms you got now are the same ones Eve saw when she went to look at the latest thing in fig-leaves!"

She had forgotten herself in her flooding enthusiasm, and her voice, raised above the limits of painfully acquired ladylikeness, pierced thru the flimsy office partition to the ears of the young man who had been about to push open the gilt-lettered door. His companion, a girl who wore her sex flauntingly on her sleeve, laughed pettishly and pulled at his arm with an air of con-

Without a word she sprang at him, dragging the hand that held the pis-

(Fifty-four)
slanted insinuatingly. "She was impudent and I fired her," he explained, smoothly. "Trying to tell me how to run the store! If I hadn't been such a soft-hearted donkey I'd have sent her away long ago. Her sister was caught shop-lifting here last April—had a couple of mink muff's speared on each leg, and her daughter, who was with her, was wearing a four hundred dollar set of squirrel. They let the kid off, but the woman's in the pen for a year. A bad lot!"

"Oh," Alice shrilled, "how awful! But it was easy to see what she was." She opened her bag and applied a small pink puff to her cheeks with the aid of the mirror inside. "Joe and I are going over to the Cosmos for lunch, John. Want to come along?"

"Excuse me one minute," Holbrook said abruptly. "'Ve something I want to do first."

They saw his broad back disappear thru the doorway, and Alice flung her bag temporarily to the floor. Her prettiness had vanished, leaving her small, highly colored face marred with fine lines of malice and cruelty. "Now you've done it, you fool!" she said, in a suppressed tone. "He's going to take her back. I hate women with yellow hair and baby blue eyes—they can always wind a man around their little-finger! The first thing I'll do—she gestured vindictively—'the first thing I'll do when Joe and I are safely married is to fire that little blonde cat!'"

"But until you're married," advised her brother, "you can afford to forget and forgive anything. A fit of temper might be expensive, Alice, to the tune of two and a half millions."

In the deserted suit department Holbrook found Maggie putting a pile of discarded-looking suits on hangers, as one might lay away the garments of a dead child. He stood a moment in the shadow of a cloak rack, watching the square, capable hands at their work, noting the resolute set

of the small, grim little chin that would not quiver in spite of the tears that dripped down onto the plain linen shirtwaist. There was something gallant about the poise of her, something capable and strong.

"I beg your pardon—"

She did not start, but looked at him without stopping in her work, and, seeing his friendly smile, her face grew hard.

"No," she said, grimly, "I'm not your Little Bright Eyes, and I don't want an auto ride in the park or Sherry's nor an ice-cream soda. I talk suits from eight to six and I think suits from six to eight, and my motto is 'Strictly Business'—"

Joe Holbrook interrupted. "That 'suits' me," he laughed. "You see I happened to overhear part of what you were saying to John Hargen, just now and it interested me. I wish you'd tell me your idea for making over this department. I'm—er—in the selling line myself, you see."

Instantly the ice of her manner melted. She looked at him with a blue glow in her gaze and swept her hand out in a gesture of explanation about the bare, bleak room. "Can't you see how wrong everything is? You can't sell suits to a woman—you've got to coax 'em! A place like this makes them feel poor and stingy and disagreeable. They make up their minds before they see a suit that won't fit, and the color isn't becoming, and, anyway, maybe they can fix up the old one to do another season, now that eggs are so high. I'd finish the show-room with wicker and rose silk curtains and lamps and flowers so it would flatter them into thinking they were millionaires. I'd—"

Breathlessly she swept on from point to point of her creed of suit-selling, amazing him with her acumen, her unconscious insight into human foibles and weaknesses. Untutored as she was, her scheme was sound, and he suspected that it was even brilliant.

(Continued on page 08)
The Extra Girl Invades Mimic Boarding-House

By ETHEL ROSEMON

"Miss Leslie! Oh, Miss Leslie! Will some one please page my star?"

The camera was waiting—so were we. A look of anxiety was beginning to creep into Director Joseph Gleason's face as he gazed intently down the Vitagraph corridor. Suddenly there was a gurgle of mischief, and slowly from a refuse can that was reposing just off the set appeared the golden head of the original "glad girl."

"Were you waiting for me?" she asked, innocently. "I was trying to find out how it would really feel to be something some one had thrown away—for instance, an old glove or a tomato-soup can."

"Well, now that you know, how about a good imitation of Beth mopping up the boarding-house stairs?" laughed Mr. Gleason.

You have guessed it, faithful followers of my film fate—I am back at my starting-place. For weeks, even months, I tried to return home to roost, but alas! every perch was always filled, and then, one evening, just "twixt the dusk and the daylight," I met Director Gleason. When he answered, "Yes, I am casting for my new picture," I looked at him with that dazed expression you have often noticed on the countenance of a jelly-fish when brought face to face with a dish of blancmange. Of course, I expected to hear him add, "But you're not the type I need."

Alarm crept into my heart as the old familiar words failed to fall upon my waiting ear. I had yet to discover the huge bump of originality that hides somewhere behind Mr. Gleason's smiling..."
It's All in the Filming of Gladys Leslie's Latest Photoplay

face. A look of understanding passed between the director and the star, who was, fortunately, just studying the script—and lo! I found myself engaged as a boarder in Mrs. Gamp's Maison de Hash—no references required.

I like the boarder character better than any other role in which I have yet been featured. Perhaps it was the friendly I'm-glad-you're-here spirit that went from the star right down thru the little company. Before the first day was over I felt that I had known every member for a long time, and now that the engagement is ended I am just waiting for Mr. Gleason to start another picture for perhaps—but that will be another story.

Jessie Stevens conducted the house at which we were paid so much a day to board. She was one of those tons-of-prevention landladies who personally preside at each meal. The table may at one time have groaned under the weight of steaming dishes, but when we gathered around it had become Herb Hoover's pet grandchild.

Gladys, as Beth, the little slavey, did all the work of the house and, according to the rules laid down for moving picture slaves, was the butt of the ill-will of mistress and boarders. If the hash was burned, it was "up to Beth," but if it wasn't—well, it was just luck. We all had to admit, tho, that it was really her fault when, the first day, she became so interested in Denton Vane, who was playing Superstitious Louis, that she gave him a bath of tomato soup.

(Continued on page 60)
Double Exposures
Conducted by F. J. S.

**Probably** by this time the fate of the ex-Kaiser has been decided. But if it hasn't, we still submit our original suggestion: sentence him to look at all the Kaiser pictures produced during the war.

Now that the war's over, there'll be no more letters to the stars from the trenches via the publicity offices, no more pictures of stars will be found tacked up in dug-outs, and no more actors will be planning to go across—soon.

We've always believed in conservative screen advertising. Thus we pleasantly note the lines boosting "The Tidal Wave": "Every reel detonating with substance for a super-picture! Every one of its leading characters of irresistible attraction! Every one of its more than a score dramatic situations big enough for the big spot in any spectacular drama! Get on your toes for a first look at the most absorbing! most timely! vivi!!! stupendous!! thrilling screen wonder play of the year!"

**Things We're Willing to Hooverize On**
Mitchell Lewis's under lip.

Last month a photoplay was produced which wasn't written by Anthony Paul Kelly.

Monte Katterjohn has just made his monthly announcement that big, vital film dramas are coming and that the day of the doll-faced ingenue is passed.

Now comes "The Married Virgin," with this enticing billing:
"The handsomest lounge-lizard that ever infested a the dunsant"... Peace hath its triumphs, no less than war. Observe the mad effort of the producers to turn their war pictures into reconstruction dramas.

The screen industry has reached the point where a producer advertises the remarkably few productions he has made during the past five years. Witness D. W. Griffith advertising that he has only turned out five pictures in five years.

**The Vampire**
Vamp on, thou deep and dark-browed heavy, vamp!
Ten thousand censors frown on thee in vain;
Still dost thou writhe as if thou hadst a cramp,
And still against thy steel-ribbed corset strain
E'en as some fat poodle on his chain
Doth choke and strangle when he seeth a bone.
Woe to the juvenile who must remain
Throughout the op'ning reel with thee alone—
He sinks unadvertised, unmentioned, and unknown.

And I have loved thee, Vampire, from the day
When first they biographed thy scarlet sins;
I love thee unconvincing negligence,
I love thy spider-gowns, thy leopard-skins,
Thy gold snake-bracelets and thy scarab-pins,
Thy cigaret, thy chaise-longue, thy pet Chow,
Thy feathered headgear, and thy wicked shins...
Time marks no change upon thy baleful brow;
Such as the first director film'd, thou rollest now!—Jewell Paris.

Now that S. Jay Kaufman, of the New York Globe, is writing scenarios, and Louis Sherwin, the critic, is special Goldwyn publicity promoter, we have to look to Tyrone Power for our caustic comments on the films. Says Tyrone: "In the movies I have seen a director take a handsome young plumber's assistant and make a leading man out of him in three months." And he goes on to say that "motion picture acting is merely making faces."

Directors seem to have a vague idea about the sun. Otherwise, why does the sunlight always hit two players, facing each other, directly in the eyes?

Dramatic uplift item—Eileen Percy is learning to play golf.

An exhibitor up in Ottawa, Canada, on playing "To Hell with the Kaiser," fixed his theater lobby to look like hedges. We've seen a lot of lobbies that looked that way.

Note the Universal's exploitation of Mildred Harris' marriage: "The national screen star, whose marriage to the world's greatest comedian is now making fortunes for exhibitors." As our office boy says, it's an ill wind, etc.

* Fifty eight
For **cleansing**, one cream—
For protection, an entirely **different** cream

To give your skin the loveliness it should have, two creams are needed—an oil cream for cleansing, and a non-oily cream for protection

THE skin is constantly being toughened and coarsened by its daily exposure to wind and dirt. Unless you take care both to cleanse it thoroughly of all impurities at night and to protect it properly during the day, you deliberately sacrifice the clear, fresh-looking complexion you could so easily have.

**Cleanse the skin each night**

Particularly at the end of a windy, dusty day the pores of your skin are filled with fine particles of grime and dirt. To make the skin clear and fine-textured, it must be kept thoroughly cleansed.

Before going to bed, cleanse the skin liberally with Pond’s Cold Cream. The soothed, refreshed feeling will be noticeable at once.

You will find Pond’s Cold Cream a perfect oil cream for massage as well as for cleansing.

**Protect the skin each day**

Every woman who cares about her appearance knows that in cold winter days the skin must be especially protected to prevent its becoming rough, red and chapped. You can protect your skin from wind and cold, can keep it soft and smooth by applying a little Pond’s Vanishing Cream just before you go out.

![Image of women with Pond's Cold Cream](image)

**At a moment's notice, Pond's Vanishing Cream brings your skin new freshness. As a protection apply a little before going out into the cold**

**MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY**

POND’S EXTRACT CO., 136-S Hudson St., New York

Please mail me free the little checked:

- A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
- A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free sample, I desire the items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount to cover postage, packing, etc.:  

- **5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream**  
- **5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream**

Name: ..................................................
Street: ..................................................
City: .................................................. State: ...........................................

(Fifty nine)
"Have the soup cooled a little so it won't scald Denton," Mr. Gleason had directed, when he was preparing for this scene. "Tip the plate a little. Gladys, so a few drops will trickle down his coat-sleeve."

But Gladys, with the naturalness that characterizes all her work, let the plate choose its own angle and bestowed a gentle jerk on Denton's shoulder.

"Oh, don't mind me," the bathed one laughed, when the camera had stopped grinding. "I'd really just as lief have it outside as in."

"Must we eat it, Mr. Gleason?" a fastidious boarder inquired, giving the soup a disdainful glance that sent the color up to his face in a becoming rosy flush.

"Of course you must, and if you enjoy it you may have a second plate—off stage, tho, for this isn't that kind of a boarding-house."

When we had partaken of dinner presumably to our entire satisfaction, the dishes were changed and, presto! we were just finishing breakfast. What a saving of time and energy it would be if Mr. Gleason could pattern the scheme and introduce it into real life! Over our eggs we were discussing the happenings of the previous evening, when Miss Rigg's savings had been quietly transferred from her stocking—which, I must hasten to explain, was at that moment reposing in the depths of her trunk—while she was down in the parlor exhibiting a cut-glass bowl she had procured at a great bargain. Of course, all the evidence pointed to little Beth as the culprit.

The next day—next in our work, I mean, for it really happened between the evening and morning meals—found us piling into Beth's little attic-room in the wake of Mrs. Gamp, who thought she, in turn, was in the wake of the stolen money. Being a hard-hearted set of boarders, we gazed with icy contempt at poor little Beth as Mrs. Gamp threatened her with the House of Correction.

When I asked Casting Director Frank Loomis, who came up to watch the attic scene, what had become of all the little extras who shared honors with me in "The Sixteenth Wife," he informed me that most of them had done what many of their ancestors did before them, married, while others had been lured to the out-load theater. (Who, WHO, I ask yourself, can live on ambition alone?) Tho I missed the old faces, my hours of making up were lightened by four very pretty young women who shared the dressing-room with me and regaled with a discussion of the woes of a film career—and then, of course, there was Mother Dixon.

"Every day I've worked in over a month," one of them volunteered.

"Same here," another added. "And just wait until I tell you what happened to me. I had two calls during that time, and both days I was up on the roof hanging out some clothes. I haven't washed a thing since, and every time a laundry wagon passes the house I get a sick headache."

But up from the dressing-room and back to the set where the parlor was awaiting us! We had adjourned here after the evening meal. Some were sitting over in a corner gossipping, while I was trying by the light of a haughty gas jet to find my ancient Saturday Evening Post. And then Mrs. Gamp appeared and insisted upon singing to us. Evidently we had had a few samples of Mrs. Gamp's entertainment in a previous existence. Anyway, we registered pleasure to her face and annoyance to her generous back.

"Fine, Jessie," Miss Leslie called, with a clap of her hands, the minute the scene was ended.

"Miss Leslie thinks you're good," Mr. Gleason passed the word on.

"Now don't go by that," Miss Stevens laughed. "No matter how rotten I was, that dear child would think I was fine. Like her perfectly lovely loyal disposition."

I had noticed that Miss Leslie took a keen interest in every scene, whether she was in it or not. Her cheery word of praise floated down the studio to principal and extra alike. She was genuinely pleased when any one put over a good bit.

"This is my pet," she said to me one day, with her arm twined affectionately around Miss Stevens' neck. "Jessie was at the studio when I first started in pictures—not here, but with another company—and she used to fight all my battles; didn't you, Jessie?"

"Of course I did," I said. "I fought the battles of any young girl who was trying to get to the top. The girls are all so lovely to me. When one has—well, gone a part of the journey ahead, one is inclined to feel a little lonesome, but the girls always see to it that I am not without attention."

"I wonder why," commented Denton Vane, who happened to be passing. "It must be hard to be pleasant to any one with your disposition."

Every morning the general cry led by Miss Leslie was, "Any letter from Billy today?"

Billy is Miss Stevens' son, a young lieutenant 'over there,' and his letters are public property at the studio. And, speaking of letters, Miss Leslie's favorites are not the proposals from the grown-up men fans, but the appealing, often sadly misspelled missives from the kiddies all over the world. She is such a genuine youngster herself—and she is always herself, with no attempt to imitate any one else on the screen—that she can appreciate the point of view of the eager little writers—and she always answers them.

"One of my treasured possessions is a tiny little handkerchief—the ten-cent store variety—that a little tot sent me 'with all my love.'"
How We Improved Our Memory
In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones and His Wife

"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I do remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed. I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over." And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn Mr. Roth asked, "What are your interests, this afternoon, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the list of the men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

"I don't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a moment's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearing, prices, lots numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

When I met Mr. Roth again, which may not be until the first chance I get for he really broken case ever by serving in his quiet, modest way.

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine or book."

"You can do just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly, to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them."

"My own memory," commented Mr. Roth, "was originally faulty. Yes, it was a really sad event. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now I have 10,000 names and figures in the United States, many of whom I have met only once, whose I can call instantly on meeting them.

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have seven years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study I show you the basic principle of my own system of memory which I am anxious to show you..."

But the fun of learning was only the beginning. In a few days Mrs. Jones was amazed to see how her newly acquired power to remember the countless things she had to remember simplified her life. The method of housekeeping seemed to herself wonderful. She was surprised how much more time she had for recreation—because she remembered easily and automatically her many duties at the time she should be wondering. And when evening came she missed much the old "tired feeling" and was fresher than she had been in years.

At her club she became a leader because her fellow members could come on her to conduct club matters with a clear head and in a "cunny procedure."

In her social life Mrs. Jones began to win a popularity that she had never dreamed of attaining. The reason was easy to understand—because she never forgot a name once she was introduced—and this alone made her a successful hostess—much to the wonder of her friends. In short, Mrs. Jones, in developing her own perfectly good memory, discovered a secret of success not only in housekeeping, but in her social life.

Now we understand the Roth Memory Idea is going as wild as among Mrs. Jones’ friends—for she has let them into her secret.

Read the following letter from Mrs. Eleanor Phillip, State Chairman of the Tennessee Women’s Liberty Loan Committee:

"Kerloved phone card for $5 for Memory Course forwarded you. This course, by itself, is the most wonderful thing of its kind I have ever seen, and I, of course, intend to bring it to a time when I need it greatly."

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see your own hand take hold, you will be willing to send the course for free examination.

Don't send any money.Merchants, the computer of our letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied, return the book and take your money back in five days after you receive it or you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the details of the course, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risks, and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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Please send me the Roth Memory Course at seven lessons. I will either remail the course to you within five days after its receipt or send you $5.

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M P's basic. 

(Slight-Ore)
Ingram’s
Milkweed
Cream

Nature often provides a beautiful complexion, but it cannot be depended upon to keep that complexion attractive without assistance from you. Even noted beauties realize this and give their complexion untiring care.

Every day you should use Ingram’s Milkweed Cream. It is softening and cleansing and it guards the delicate fabric of the skin texture from the effect of cold and wind and dirt. Its distinctive therapeutic property keeps the skin in a healthy condition.

Get your jar today.

---

Buy It in Either 50c or $1.00 Size

Ingram’s
Velvola
Souveraine
FACE POWDER
A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

Ingram’s
Rouge
“Just to show a proper glow” use a touch of Ingram’s Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately brightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.
Established 1885
Windsor, Canada 83 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.
The raw, rough winds of winter will play havoc with your complexion unless you give the skin proper care daily. Cold, as you know, coarsens the texture. Wind roughens and reddens it. You owe it to yourself to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream, not once but twice a day during inclement weather.

This famous cream, which has been the favorite of beautiful women for many years, not only softens and cleanses the skin but has in addition a distinctive therapeutic effect upon the tissues. It actually tones them up and keeps the skin in good condition. Ask for it by its full name at your druggist's.

Buy It in Either 50c or $1.00 Size

**Ingram's Souvenirs**

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

**Ingram's Rouge**

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed, Solid cake. Three shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.

Established 1865

Windsor, Canada 83 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich., U.S.A.

The Heart of Wetona—(Continued from page 35)

above her. His repression fastened about him like a cloak, shrouding him in silence. She knew that repression. She understood it because she was of him and of his people. She feared it because she was of the East and her mother's people.

They stood so for a long time. Then Quannah began to question her again. Each word smote her shuddering flesh like a missile. At last he got from her that the man was not of their people. He was, she said, a white man. Quannah pressed the advantage he felt he had gained. Slowly, hesitatingly, she told all that her heart allowed. I never tell name," she said, and her tears soaked into the earth her head was pressed against and went to join the sobbing, restless waters of the river. "I never tell," she said.

Quannah left her there. After he had gone Wetona slipped from the bed with the intensity of retribution in the eyes and the action of a deer. She knew her father and she knew the Comanches. It would be death—death by slow torture. She was the daughter, the outraged daughter of their chief. The purest blood of the proud Comanches had been violated in her veins. Yes, it would be torture. Torture! And it would be slow, very slow, and cruel—oh, cruel! Wetona shuddered. Not for herself. She could stand torture. She felt that she could stand it. Often it seemed to her that she was tortured, had been tortured, ever since she met Tony Wells and he had awakened within her this fever which consumed her. It was fever. It was consuming fever. And it would not let her be. It drove her to strange ends, forced her to commit strange sacrilege. It tore down traditions with hot and vapid hands; it smirched modesty in her white face; it brought the head of Wetona to the dirt where her heart was wallowing. It was for Tony Wells that she shuddered as she shuddered through the night to the white man's place. She knew that fear made a baby of him. He would be direfully fearful of her father's threat.

On the way she bethought her of John Hardin. Big John, who could do more with the Comanches than any agent the reservation had ever had. John liked her too; she felt intuitively certain of that.

John Hardin was smoking his pipe in his professionally littered office when Wetona sped over his sill and stood before him. Just before her coming he had felt sad, sad and depressed. Ever since Wetona had left the Comanches to go to her Eastern college and he had seen her standing on the platform of the train, blue eyes brilliant in her golden face, he had treasured her memory, to the point of putting all other memories from him. "Some day," he had promised himself, "some day she will come back. She will be a woman grown. A wonderful woman. She will be strong as the lusty young pines and swift as the torrents of the river. She will have the

blade-keness of her father's people and the soft tenderness of her mother's. She will be a bride worth wooing, infinitely, worth winning. She will be mine.

He rose when she entered and stood looking down on her from his superior height. "Something is wrong?" he asked, kindly.

Wetona drew a long, shuddering breath. "Very wrong," she got out. "Next week Corn Dance. I was chosen for Vesta Virgin—I oh, Mr. Hardin, the tribe—it they got for Tony Wells. Please, please, for I need the care; I know I have little bit, please not let them take him, Tony Wells. Please. If they take, Wetona die—tonight—"

John Hardin knitted his brows. She had torn a dream out of his heart that had been the finest he had dared to create. Well—"Of course," he said, "what I can do I'. He got no further. Quannah stood on the threshold of the room. His lips were drawn away from his teeth. His eyes glinted white in the deepening gloom. When his voice came it was a snarl, with a tang of red blood to it. Quannah was already, figuratively, on the warpath.

"You he," he spat forth, ambiguously, "you, John Hardin. We swear by John Hardin, poor fool Indians; we say he keep faith, this agent, he white man clear to the bone. All time you vile, you low; you take chief's daughter and make street thing of her. Come, Quannah fight. Quannah fight this honorable John Hardin for his daughter's honor." John Hardin had dealt with Comanche Indians a great many years. He seldom made a mistake. He knew that if he fought the aged chief now one of two things would happen. Quannah would be killed, in which event he would lose Wetona for all time, and doubtless, his own life, since it would call the tribe upon him; or he would be killed, in which case it would leave Wetona to the dubious punishment of her people. He shook his head. "Not now, Quannah," he said. "Let me alone in some other way."


Quannah snarled, but obeyed, poising his rifle so that he covered John Hardin squarely over the heart. Hardin spoke rapidly. "You are in a bad mess, Wetona," he said, kindly. "The best thing you can do is to marry me. This will appease your father and your people. You can still see—still see—him. After a while the tribe is settled down again, we will go to the East and you may divorce me. You will be—a little
sister to me, Wetona. Will it be so hard?"

Wetona felt a sudden tightening of her throat. She took the big hand in both of hers and kissed it. "Not hard—easy, John Hardin," she whispered.

Dusk deepened into night. In the thick dark Quannah and Wetona and John Hardin walked to the home of Pastor Wells. Tony Wells was called upon as witness and the ceremony proceeded. If there were any pangs for Tony, he gave no sign. John Hardin was firm and very quiet. Wetona alone looked broken and distraught. She could not have stood by while Tony married another girl under her very eyes. She could not have helped him into a moose that would take him out of her reach forever. What sort of a love had he given her, she wondered, that he could do this thing? It came to her that John Hardin would never have let her go had she ever loved him in the way she had loved—still, God help her, loved—Tony Wells. John Hardin would have fought for her. He would have taken her tho she was in the very maw of red death. It would be a fine, a tremendous thing, the love of John Hardin.

After the ceremony Quannah stepped into the light the flickering chandelier gave down. "You no more Comanche, Wetona," he said, "and you, John Hardin, when the tribe know truth, that you marry Wetona to make big wrong right, any Comanche kill you on sight of you. I give you two days take girl and go. I, Quannah, give you two days to go."

The gas jets flickered wildly in Wetona's eyes; the sparse, neat furniture, the ugly wall-paper, the pastor's snug countenance, Tony's sullen eyes, all resolved more and more chaotically. Only one thing seemed to stand still in the sickening convolutions—John Hardin's face. Then that, too, blurred and lessened and she was in the dark.

When she came to she was muttering thickly, "Tony, Tony—" and some one was saying, very, very kindly, "Wetona, little heart, little heart."

Wetona sat erect. She was in John Hardin's home, and he was kneeling by her, stroking her throbbing temples with his capable, strong hands. Wetona stared at him wildly. "We must go," she said, tensely. "You heard Quannah, my father. You heard, John Hardin—we must go."

Hardin smiled and shook his head. "Not I," he said, calmly, and rose from his knees to light his pipe and drop into a chair beside her; "not I, Wetona. I am here as agent and to quell any uprisings. I shall stay, and if there is one, quell it. Quannah feels that you have been wronged. He believes I—I am guilty. He told me to make the white man's restitution. I have done so. Right is now on my side. Quannah is, or should be, appeased."

"He is not," whispered Wetona. "There is bloodlust in his eyes. And back there the tribe are getting ready.

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Hardin nodded. Only Wetona noticed that his face was very white.

An hour later Hardin leaned over the gallery, and his eyes shone with a strange light into the darkness. Steady footsteps were coming from the direction of Tony Wells' room. They paused, and Wetona's door opened. Hardin held his breath. Then came the voice, broken, frightened, singularly clear and poignant, "Leave go, Tony Wells, this is not love you have for me. Now I know, I know. This not love, but a base thing. John—John Hardin—not take girl this way. You want my lips, my arms about you, my hair, the touch of my hands; for my heart and the part of me that feels, that hurts, for that part you not care. Love do care. You not love me, Tony, not as I want love—now—"

Tony laughed, coarsely. "So many words, Wetona," he said. "You were mine, you still are, you always shall be. You are as weak now as you were the first night I took your lips, you wild thing, you beauty."

Wetona's voice answered him. It had a hissing sound. "All my love for you, which was love at all, it go," she said, "and hate—it is hate I feel for you—here—now!"

John Hardin's eyes were bright with unshed tears. The strength of mountains was in him and the triumph of might. He leaned far over the railing. "Tony," he said, "what you're going to do is pay your part and go on. Blood from Oklahoma—tonight—and never let Wetona's name pass your lips again. She is my wife."

There, in the dark, on those words, Wetona's eyes met his—and he was satisfied. She was his wife.

Before Tony could make good his escape the Indians were about them, surrounding the house, shrieking and yelling for John Hardin to show himself. Hardin knew them well enough to see at once that there was no play in them. He ordered Comanche Jack and Tony to their posts and prepared to fight. Tony shook with an ague and would have made good his escape had not Wetona intercepted him, lips curling, and ordered him back to his place. "You are a dog," she snapped.

The fight was on when Quannah rode into their midst, his stentorian voice raised in command. The shouting and firing ceased, and Quannah made known the fact that he had found Tony Wells, not John Hardin, the guilty man. Then the old chief entered the house and shook Hardin's hand. "You better man than Quannah," he said. "May the Great Spirit bless you!"

The tribe got Tony Wells. He never left Oklahoma, nor did he ever breathe the name of Wetona.

Inside the quiet house morninged with pale, pink fingertips, but she did not wake John Hardin, who slept in his great, old chair, nor Wetona, who lay against his heart.
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Maggie Pepper (Continued from page 55)

"Splendid!" he applauded at the end, "corking! Go ahead and try it out. I'll back you to the limit!"

She took the card he handed her, read it, stiffened. Even before she spoke he knew that her tone would be chilly, formal, curtly businesslike, as of an employee speaking to an employer. For a moment, thinking him only a clerk like herself, the bars had been down, but not more.

"You are the—Mr. Holbrook? You'll have to excuse me. I guess I had no business talking that way. You see, I've just been discharged!"

"But you're hired again, from this minute," Holbrook smiled. "You're not going to leave me in the lurch? I—I want you to sell suits for me—to manage the department."

She held out her strong, white hand and shook his as a man might have shaken it, but the soft fullness, the sweet curves of her throat, they were all woman, he thought. "I'm not going to thank you for my chance," she said, coolly. "I'm not very handy with words, but I know suits and I can sell them, believe me."

"I do believe you," Holbrook answered. "I do believe you."

There was no doubt that Maggie Pepper could sell suits. The sales statements that came to his desk every month testified it in curt figures. The crowds of shoppers that filled the shanty new Saks De Partilly store witness to it. But beyond that fact he knew no more of the woman who lived behind the discordantly business-like exterior than at the beginning.

She piqued his curiosity. He found himself more and more often speculating about her, vague troubous imaginings as to how it would seem to have those clear blue eyes, rosy cheeks and blue, blue hair. It was as if something was instead of a piece of office furniture.

He was not used to being regarded impersonally, was Joe Holbrook, and it worried him; it even began to interfere with his appetite.

He thought it was curiosity that he felt in regard to his inscrutable little sales manager—thought so until one afternoon as he passed by her office door with a memorandum for her, he heard the gruff sound of a man's voice within, then the low murmur of her reply. There was no missing the intimacy of their tones, tho he could hear nothing of what was said, and suddenly he felt a hot wave of resentment surging over him.

What manner of man had the right to sit in her office and talk to her personally, pleadingly? Was she married? Perhaps. Had she a lover? What life did she step into when she passed out of the store doors?

"It's not my business," he told himself, angrily. "I'm hiring her to sell suits."

But still he lingered, and suddenly he heard a strange, gasy sound that crumpled the memorandum in his fingers. "You wont, eh?" the gruff voice said, with ugly emphasis. "You wont give up the girl? Well, maybe I can persuade you to change your mind."

Joe Holbrook flung the door wide and stepped inside. And a queer little thrill of relief mingled with the black rage that filled him at the sight that met his eyes. This man, with his snarl, unshaven jaws and slack lips, who stood clutching Maggie Pepper by the throat, had no given her firing. Whatever she went to meet when the revolving doors of the store freed her at night, it was not to him.

He gripped the flabby shoulder muscles and swung the man free of her as he might have shook a rag. There were dirty prints on her white collar, red marks on her wrists, but she managed to smile faintly up at him.

"Dont hurt him, Mr. Holbrook. He'll go quietly now, wont you, Sam?"

The creature at the end of Holbrook's arm wriggled slyly, "Leggo of me!" he blustered, with a kind of fawning bravado. "I ain't done nothing to her that any man with feels of a father wouldn't have! She's got my child, and I wont let you go 'im."

He went apologetic tears in the memory of his wrongs. "Feelin's a father—onl child's chilgine I got."

When Holbrook returned from escorting the bereaved father to the freight elevator he found Maggie Pepper quietly waiting to see him. They went down the long flight of her bright brown hair. She met his eyes. "I must explain the situation, Mr. Holbrook," she said, painfully. "The child he spoke of is my niece, Claire, a girl of sixteen. I have had her with me for a year since her mother—was away, and I am very fond of her."

Under the commonplace words, what a relief to see the woman of mothering! Then he felt himself shut out once more. "This afternoon Sam came to me that I must give her up because he had found a hus-band for her? A husband—that baby! And when I refused he threatened me. But I do not think he is brave enough to actually harm us."

His voice was a trifle thick. "Miss Pepper, couldn't we be friends? Ever since I first saw you I've wanted to be, but you put something in between—"

"Not I," she smiled up at him sadly. "It was already between—I only tried to keep it there. It isn't that I'm a snob, or humble, Mr. Holbrook. Perhaps it's because I'm too proud, but what I've got in life I've worked for, starved for, suffered for! I used to pick up lumps of coal from the railroad track when I was able to walk—it's been a struggle ever since, and your life has been so different. It's that that is between us—our lives."

That's the first time I ever heard you reason like a woman," Holbrook laughed. "Come! We're intelligent human beings—at least you are! Why not make the experiment?" He bowed with mock solemnity. "Miss Pepper, will you feed (Sixty-eight)
the elephant at the zoo with me next Sunday afternoon?"

She did not reply at once. For the first time he saw in the clear blue of her eyes the shadow that is cast by fear. Then, a little difficultiy, she smiled. "We — will try."  

Followed enchanted days for the little suit saleswoman, colored by the memory of boat trips to Coney Island, silent strolls along Riverside, bus rides down a Fifth Avenue parallel, made glorious by the white moon. They never spoke of business in these hours when Life seemed to be left behind in the garish world of day, they never spoke of themselves. All the shy fancies, the quaint imaginings that the sorrid years had never destroyed in her, came quite naturally to her lips, and he found himself replying to the same speech. Out of chance words and phrases he pieced a knowledge of her spirit, courageous, sane, with the deep tenderness that men long for in the women they love.

But that he did not know yet; even on the night when she told him, bravely smiling, that this must be their last outing, he did not give no name to the dull misery and revolt that ached in his soul.

"I have heard that they are talking," Maggie's voice was steady. He at least must be spared the hideousness of what she had heard. "We've had some good times—haven't we? But they mustn't make bad times for anybody else. The girl you liked was unconscious. I think I had an offer to go to Japan to take charge of the importing end of a silk firm, so I'm leaving the store.

Later, in her pretty sitting-room she clasped Claire to her breast with such fervor that she was vaguely touched. But when she questioned her, Maggie only laughed. "Your old auntie has been foolish, but she's going to be very, very wise from now on!" she told her gaily.

The child gazed at her with round, innocent eyes. "You are pretty old, aren't you, Aunt Maggie?" she breathed, with unconscious cruelty.

A sharp ring of the door-bell startled them. Thrusting Claire back with sudden dread, Maggie went to answer it and returned with a whimpering woman, whom the girl greeted as "Mother."

"Sam is on the loose again, Mag!" Ada Darkin wailed. She was a faded woman, with the scar of a perpetual frown graven between washed-out blue eyes. "He's got hold of a gun somewhere an' says he's goin' t' use it on anybody that interferes with his rights! I'm scared of him this time."

Maggie patted the plump shoulder next her reassuringly. "I'll handle Sam. You better go into the kitchen. A second peal of the door-bell interrupted the words. Ada began to tremble.

"That's him now, Maggie. He'll kill us all! He's just drunk enough to be ugly and not too drunk to aim straight."

Joe Holbrook, stepping thru the door that Maggie opened, misinterpreted her look of stunned surprise. "I couldn't help coming!" He caught at her face, white hands eagerly. "Maggie, I can't let it end like this! Listen, dear—"

"Hush!" breathed Maggie. "Oh, hush!"

Along the corridor sounded the shuffle of unsure footsteps. The color drained from her cheeks. If Darkin should find Holbrook here he would not hesitate to use that knowledge to blackmail him. She cast a hunted look around and her eyes fell on an open door.

"For my sake!" she begged him, with swift inspiration. "What if you should be found here? Don't come out, no matter what you hear."

She closed the door on his expostulation and whirled to see Sam Darkin's face, seamy with fury, leering at her over a leveled pistol. "Now don't—try—stallin' me, girl!" he warned her, as he advanced, swaying, toward where she stood at bay, guarding what was more precious to her than her life, the safety of her sister and niece and the reputation of the man she loved. "I know they're here, an' I'm goin'—an' 'em. Get away, fr'm that door—quick!"

Without a word he sprang on him, dragging the hand that held the pistol downward with all her slender weight.

In utter silence they grappled together, with only the soft, muffled pad of their feet on the carpet and their heavy breathing to tell listening ears what was happenin'. Maggie's brain was whirling, but one thing remained clear in the tumult of her thoughts. Somehow she must get Darkin away and let Holbrook escape— somehow, dear God! She must save the man who had given her a glimpse of a new heaven and a new earth from the consequences of his recklessness.

Darkin's foot slipped and they fell against the table with a force that sent the metal lamp crashing. The bedroom door opened, and Joe Holbrook stood outlined against the light. With a dreadful laugh, the other man flung Maggie aside and leveled his gun.

"I'll get you, anyway, you damn interferer!" he screamed in a flat high-tone, and fired. Joe Holbrook fell as a tree fells and lay very still in the rose-pink glow of the frivolous dressing-table candles.

When Claire and her mother, screaming aimlessly, ran into the room they found Darkin gone and Maggie, very white and calm, already cutting Holbrook's coat away from a wound in the shoulder.

"Don't do that," she told them sternly. "There's clean sheets for bandages in that drawer, Ada, and Claire, get the bandy from the bathroom closet. He isn't killed—maybe even yet we can keep people from knowing.'"

Still fighting against odds, Maggie whispered, "Maggie whispered. "I'll tell you everything!"

(Continued on page 70)
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\[Continued\]
A Twentieth Century Priscilla

(Continued from page 31)

some of the company laughed, I scolded, was a contrary child if God ever made one. In fact, my mother and some of the actors said I was a little devil. Whatever the influence the role gave it, I surely did make a name for me. I led a life free from accident and fear, feeling very important with my own little purse.

"I love to travel and to travel fast. That is why the automobile and aerodrome appeal to me so strongly. It does seem such a pity that the authorities won't allow you to travel eighty miles an hour in Texas, where you might have a straight road and feel a little old 'Pep'—you know, my tiny red roadster—dragging at the eash, I just want to let her go till there isn't a hairpin left in my head."

It's easy to understand why Priscilla Dean wants perpetual motion. She is so full of animal spirits that you're disposed to wonder how she changed from comedy to drama. Her eyes dance and lilt—they're not still a moment save when she sleeps. She has the sauciest eyes you ever tried to look into. Just imagine a man trying to propose to mortal eyes like those of Priscilla Dean!

"You're nothing but a lolly vamp right now!"

"I wish I could have played 'Upstairs and Down.' I surely did envy Juliette Day that part. I could just feel myself in it. But that's the way—one always has to do things which are the opposite of one's day-dreams. Don't you think life might hand out a few more prize packages and consult us about the sort of plays we want to do? Just think of me playing in 'The Hand That Rocked the Cradle'!"

"How did you happen to get into it at all?"

"I was doing comedy out here at Universal, and as I walked across the lot, Lois Weber spotted me and said, 'There's a girl I want. That little cute fella reminded me of the mother of three children. Funny, wasn't it? But then lots of queer things have happened in my time; for instance, playing with the Ben Greel players. And do you know, I've the distinction of playing at every university in the United States.' Not many girls have had the opportunity to see all our famous universities. I think that was one of the finest experiences to look back upon—and it was fun to meet so many college boys, too!"

No, Priscilla Dean doesn't look as if she'd essay Bill-of-Avon roles, as Katherine in 'To Tame the Shrew' she might be a perfect type. Having mused idly on this line, it wasn't astonishing to hear the star of 'Why, Uncle!' explain that she loves shrew types and is doing stories embodying such. With her naturally irrepressible spirits, her wit and sparkling personality, the taming of Priscilla Dean on screen must be a fascinating task for any lord of creation.

Miss Dean, who is just twenty-one, was a musical-comedy girl before going into pictures. Even now she's entertaining at the various theaters which show her pictures. Not that she likes the idea, but Californians insist on seeing their stars at close range, and so Priscilla goes berserk to dance her way into favor rather than make a set speech. Her early training in the musical-comedy world was with such noted artists as Ada Lewis, Otis Harlan, Laddie Cliff, Ethel Levey, Grace La Rue, Justine Johnston and Taylor Holmes.

Priscilla dotes on a bull pup, a huge white Angora tabby and the luscious rose-gardens back of her home. During the early part of 1918 she boosted the Eighth National Orange Show at San Bernardino. So many demands were made on her booth that oranges gave out and Priscilla resourcefully handed them behind the counter. Not that any one minded, for when Priscilla OPCPhotograph its indifferent eyes, it's impossible to remember what is being eaten anyway.

Then, too, an infantry regiment at Fort Travers, Texas, has been calling this star of mystery plays "godmother." Every week of her young life she has mailed the "make's" of cigarettes to her boys as well as half-cooked smokes. Sub-chaser No. 305 recently presented her with a unique swagger-stick, made entirely of shells, and while it's a good protector from Johnnies, the "weapon" certainly presents a curious contrast to the demure Priscilla cloak of dark blue cloth, with Puritan lines, which envelops one hundred and thirty pounds of live-wire loveliness surmounted Dean.

Yet, strange anomaly, Priscilla off-stage enjoys taking her liveliness out all by its lone. She doesn't care for public life or café appearances, can get along beautifully without society stunts, and has the best times ever just with her car, her cur and her cat. For the saucy Priscilla is a happy bachelor maître de.

The Interesting Life

(Continued from page 23)

..."to the fence." On one hand is the feeding of the inner craving, the working for the ideals of stagecraft and of art which absorbs him. This means renunciation in a certain sense, a chance of course, of appreciation, struggle, deprivation. On the other hand, personal, conscious, and largely, dreaming and enjoying. Perhaps, in time, the two will be blent. But whatever the case, whatever the outcome, there is a big personality there, interests immensely worth the having, a nature which appeals because so many may take in, there is charity for all and malice toward none, a life done on a generous canvas, a love of the truly epicurean which is a force no matter what, no matter when its material expression. A man who has brought out of the Land of the Midnight Sun something of its searching analysis, who has taken unto himself here the qualities of a true democracy. A man, an artist and—a husband.

(Seventy-one)
The Return of Florence Turner
(Continued from page 2)

Of course they spend the money they make in mummifications on things that they do not need but have always wanted. She gave an undeniably funny imitation of two women meeting on the street, commenting on each other's finery.

"Imagine," she went on, becoming serious again, "rough, stained hands loaded with diamonds; coarse, weather-beaten faces set off by gorgeous furs. To me, that is the real comedy and is destined to be the great tragedy of the war. For what are they going to do now? They have not saved anything and have not gained any education. You can hear all your life that comedy and tragedy are very close together without actually realizing it until you see something like this!"

Real life comedy-drama! Florence Turner has seen much of it since she first sailed across the ocean six years ago! I noticed against the pale pink of her gown a golden medal. She explained that it had been sent her from the trenches by the Royal Fusiliers.

From this the conversation naturally turned to her work when she "went on the road," entertaining with her impersonations at innumerable camps and hospitals.

"One experience will never, never let itself be forgotten," she said. "You know my vaudeville acts were all character studies of one kind or another—principally comic. The one I like the best was a study of a cockney girl watching a melodrama, substantially the same scene I put in 'My Old Dutch' except for a few exclamations. I played it in a strong spotlight. I was having so many performances a day at so many different hospitals that I soon lost track of where I was going and, so one day when I went out on an impromptu stage to do that pantomime, I saw by the light of the spot intended to show me up that my audience was blind. There were hundreds of young soldiers sitting there in rows with bandages around their eyes."

She changed her act, of course, improving it at the last moment. "They are all so splendid!" she said. Florence Turner is one of those fortunate ones who may be called first-nighters at the Play of Life. She seems always to be in at the start when precedent is to be overthrown and new habits of thought established.

She was born in New York City and is of French-Italian extraction. Both her mother and grandmother, with whom she still lives, were on the stage. Her first and (for a time) the fatal mistake of stealing a scene from the (star) last appearance was with Robert Mantell in "Romany Rye" when she was three years old. She said nothing about it to her mother or grandmother, but evidently she had determined in her baby mind that she and not Mantell was going to star. The fatal scene came. It showed a group of immigrant children being examined by a ship's doctor. It seems that, being the sweetest, Florence Turner gave a big dish-pan to carry. Just as the doctor (Robert Mantell) came on the stage, she pushed herself in front of him and declined, to her grandmother, without giving him time to say a word:

"Teedle, I've got the dish-pan!"

"It brought down the house," but the next day she got the dish-pan back.

Her next start, however, was more fortunate. Certainly it constitutes invaluable advice to stage or screen aspirants.

"I was going to school in Brooklyn," she said, "when I read that a large number of extras would be needed by St. Henry Irving for the mob scene in 'Robespierre.' I went to the theater, without saying a word to my people about it.

"The stage manager was naturally picking the large girls. He gave me just one look, remarked, 'Too small,' and told me to go home with the others he could not use. But she did not go home. Instead she slipped out of sight and prepared to watch.

"Now remember," he said to those he had selected, "Robespierre has starved you, robbed you of everything you had and guillotined your husbands, sons and brothers. You (picking out a girl on the regular extra list of the theater) will lead. I want you to go after him as if you were going to tear him to pieces."

The result was tame beyond description. And then, with his temper at breaking point, he caught sight of Florence Turner behind a piece of scenery. No, he did not give her a job right then.

"You!" he said. 
"Don't tell me you go home?"

"Yes, sir," she answered.

"Well, then, what are you doing here?"

"I thought that you might change your mind."

"You did, did you? Well, I haven't changed my mind. Now get out!" and he went back to his mob. But the girl with the blood of generations of stage people in her, just naturally didn't get out. She only went as far as the stage door, turned back and, on tiptoe, found a new hiding-place.

For hours the rehearsal went on, becoming more and more of less unsatisfactory. At last, when the left-hand actress couldn't stand it longer, she stood out and once more stood before the stage manager. He threw up his hands in despair. "My G—d!" he gasped. "A you here yet?"

"There was a shriek of laughter."

"What do you know?" she said, with painful attention to the others.

Perhaps it was the laughter as much as her spunk that decided him.

"Lead it then!" he said resigned.

"You couldn't be worse than the rest."

(Seventy-two)
The words were scarcely out of his mouth when she let out a shriek which made him jump fully six inches and made for the man who was temporarily representing Sir Henry Irving and Robespierre. So that he had grudged her husband and starved her children, (she was about fifteen years old), and proceeded to kick, bite and scratch like a young wild-cat. When they pulled away they had to, in all sober earnest, drag her across the stage while she fought them to get back at him. When the stage manager appeared he thought that he explained that she need not be quite so realistic, but she got up and in six weeks led Sir Irving's mob.

The next year she went on the road as chorus-girl, and when the season was over she received a card from Jesse Lasky, asking her to call on him.

"That was before Mr. Lasky ever thought of being a motion picture magnate. He was a producer of vaudeville acts and offered me a place in one. But it was in the chorus, and I told him that I couldn't take anything less than a part. I'll never forget how nice he was. He wished me luck and said that he hoped I could get my part. As it happened, I did. Then, a few months later, I joined Vitagraph."

She became Vitagraph's brightest star. Do you remember? But of course you do! Her pictures were everywhere. If you went to the movies at all, you saw her at least once a week.

"There was a time, she remarked, reminiscently, "when I was the whole Vitagraph 'stock' company. Every one else was 'extra.'"

That was in 1907, when, as a stage child, coming from a theatrical family, she had found her place in the then untheatrical world of the cinema practically unbounded.

"The head of the firm (J. Stuart Blackton and Albert Smith) did everything themselves," she went on. "Our work was new to us as to the public, and so we went about making pictures as children play games, throwing ourselves into what we were doing at the moment with the most unbounded enthusiasm."

I remember my first picture. It was a slapstick comedy (all we made was slapstick). I'll always believe that I was afterwards starred because I could run faster than any one else. Anyway, that first picture was called 'How to Cure a Cold.' We began it at ten one morning and finished it in time for lunch.

"But the great sensation of those days was our masterpiece, 'Francesca da Rimini.' It was all of a thousand feet long. Woman, it was gorgeous! We had twenty-five supers, specially engaged, and all the men from the film-room dressed up in early Italian costumes. They didn't have a thing on properly; they looked more like cloths than couturiers! Albert Smith took the pictures. We didn't have a camera-man, and Commodore Blackton took the stills and acted—everyone, including our director, acted. Edith Storey, then a little girl ten or eleven years old, played a page.

"I remember that during the throne room scene, our marble, which was only painted canvas, kept developing wrinkles at the most unexpected and inconvenient moments. The property-man, having stood up all night to make it and being rather tired, had put it on crooked! And yet, wrinkled marble and all, 'Francesca da Rimini' was a good picture! We made up in sincerity what we lacked in conventions. Mr. Smith went abroad, and wrote that it was the talk of Paris.

"When D. W. Griffith took charge of the Biograph Company, Vitagraph had to work as never before.

"For five years Florence Turner and Maurice Costello were co-starred, and the question of the day was, 'Are they married?' So far I've escaped marriage entirely," she said, when I reminded her of this. Then, with her popularity at its height, she went to England.

"It was the only thing for me to do," she explained. "I wanted my own company, but I couldn't fight the trust here; it was altogether too strong. My pictures had always sold very heavily in England, so I knew that I must be popular there."

Needless to say, she was.

Some of the pictures she produced abroad are: 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' by Thomas Hardy (adapted by Henry Edwardes); 'Doorsteps' (from Edwardes' stage production of the same name); 'East Is East,' by Captain Philip Hubbard, of the English Army, and 'My Old Dutch.'

Good Gracious, Annabelle! (Continued from page 46)

of George Wimbledon at Rock Point, Long Island, during the owner's absence."

"Rock Point" exclaimed Rawson, recalling Annabelle's destination. "That's odd. What's he asking?"

"One thousand a week, but it's cheap at the price," said the detective. "It's the show place of Long Island."

"I'll take it," snapped Rawson. "I'll tune up this Laguage and I'll settle the details."

Next morning found Annie Pottlewaite, alias Annabelle, Michael Grove, alias Charlie Christy, and Mamie, alias Marylin Miller, installed in the servants' quarters of the Wimbledon country home.

It was after breakfast that Annabelle came face to face with Rawson, who flushed guiltily. "I've rented the Wimbledon place for at least a week," he explained. "I hadn't known where to go until you mentioned Rock Point, and having been given such a lucky idea, I managed to get this place. Since you're visiting down here, we ought to see a lot of each other."

"We will," said Annabelle, grumpily. "The cook!" exclaimed the Westerner, laughing. "If you only were!"

"But I am—temporarily," confessed Annabelle (Continued on page 74)
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Fame via Matrimony
(Continued from page 42)

actor! Have you noticed how he only uses the upper part of his face? He can work his eyebrows independent, giving his expressions so much punch. He can tell you a story with his eyes, or a slight curve of an eyebrow. He is a true artist, so beauty-loving, so eager to bring out the highest ideals, and no one could act with him as I have and not improve.

"At first, I seemed to learn but little at the other studios, but from the time I worked for Morose, Fox and the Lasky, I've just slowly climbed with very loving hands to push me along. You can imagine just HOW kind and helpful people are to me, how eager to give me a lift instead of a kick, so I've had a very lucky experience in the pictures, I think.

"Mr. Vidor is directing for the Brentwood Corporation, but we can always drive to the studios and back together and now my folks have all moved to Los Angeles, so I've forgotten that I ever knew loneliness. There is nothing so fine as congenial work, and I'm glad that I stuck to this, tho at first there seemed to be no prospect of my becoming a real artist. I wasn't discovered, pushed along in the beginning, or even enthused over by any one. I just had to make a career or die of loneliness at home. It just goes to show that you can achieve things if you only put your mind to them day after day."

Good Gracious, Annabelle!
(Continued from page 73)

Annabelle, going on to tell him of the impending divorce suit. "Of course, it all ridiculous, because I'm married now.


"Well," sighed Annabelle, "I'm so of married. I lived with my father Arizona until I was sixteen. Dad died suddenly, and one night a drunken man dragged me out of the house. I was terribly frightened, but just then an armed man we used to call The Herm came along and knocked down my rapper. He made me come to his cabin for the night. I tried to tell him how that would compromise me, and what you think lie did? Dragged me to parson's and married me out of him. Of course, he just wanted to protect me, but when I began weeping that night, took me to the railroad station at started me to some relatives in California. Then what do you suppose his pened?"

"Your husband struck it rich," said Rawson.

"How did you guess?" asked Annabelle. "That's just what happened. I became terribly wealthy and began selling me checks each month. No letters or anything else. But each month the alarm was rung. So it has been for seventeen years. But his last month's check didn't turn up, and that's why I'm cook for it."

(Continued on page 76)

(Seventy four)
CLAUODIUS.—Enjoyed your poetry immensely. You know what Elbert Hubbard said of poets—a poet is one whose ideas of the beautiful and the sublime get him in jail or Potter's Field. And some say poets are like birds—the least thing makes them sing. But the bird that can sing and insists on singing should have its neck wrung. But as for thee, O Claudius, sing away.

MARIE.—Cast tell you how to become anacro, only to enter the Fame and Fortune Contest.

UNCLE BOB.—Marie Osborne was born in 1911. Little Mary McAlister is living in Chicago, and her last picture was an Espanay. So you would like us to report the causes of divorce as well as the causes of death. Want to be on the flop?—Betty R.—Hobart Henley has signed up with Goldwyn for some time as a director. He will receive a starting salary than the fan's praise. Ernest Truex and Shirley Mason in "Good-by, Bill." Yes, Earle Foxe in "Puck's Bad Girl." CALIFORNIA 13.—Many of our women are not so pretty as they are painted. Your suggestion is very good, and I have passed it along to the editor. The Sinn Fein came into existence about twelve years ago. The phrase means "For ourselves alone." The organization is traced back to a series of articles by Arthur Griffith.

TOM F.—Ethel Clayton in "Vicky Van," and Elsie Ferguson in "His Parisian Wife." That was the name of the Santschi and Kathryn Williams in "The Adventures of Kathlyn.

ANDREW M.—You have some women barbers in your neighborhood. We have to cut by a woman. Iowa Billy Rose—well, we haven't any information on her.

CLAUODIUS.—In you remember Michal Normand when she was getting $25 a week with Vitagraph, playing with Flora Finch and John Bunny? That's only imagination. Yes, Nora Talmadge played "The Heart of Vermont" in California.

LILIAN AND GRACE C.—You say, "What is to become of us when you die?" That's not bothering me; what I'm worrying about is what's to become of me. Did you see Earle Williams and Cyril Ham in "The Man Who Wouldn't Tell?"

OLIVER MCL.—Surest thing you know—77, bald and whiskers. That's my picture up above. I hardly sweep the floor with my beard, tho. John Barrymore also played in "The Man from Mexico."

SWAZZIE.—Thanks for yours. You're right, Democracy, the hand that rocks the thrones, rules the world. "Batting Jane" is an Artcraft picture. You're a splendid little talker. Men speak of what they know, women of what pleases them.

WM. HART FAX.—Surely write to WM. Hart. He'd be glad to hear from you. Recall that chat with him in last month's Classic? Women their greatest weakness! He was in "The Cold Desert." He wrote more letters to the Editor. They tell me it's hard to get good ones, altho I don't find it so.
Good Gracious, Annabelle! (Continued from page 74)
Wimbledons—or rather for you. That Ludgate has taken advantage of his master's absence to quietly rent the place to you.

Rawson laughed. "He's a scamp, this Ludgate, but he's given me my chance to be near you, hermit or no hermit. Did this hermit ever give you anything but money—stock, for instance?"

Annabelle thought for a moment. "Why, yes, the day he married me and then put me on the train for California, he pushed two shares of his mine stock into my hand. But I was broke only two months ago and sold them.

"I can't tell you how I know about it," went on Rawson. "But I have found that this Wimbledon has those two shares. That was one reason why I came East. I need those two shares to get a final controlling interest in your husband's mine, 'The Bluebell.' I shall find a way somehow."

At that moment the vallet, Ludgate, considerably perturbed, appeared. "That's said," said Ludgate, "is Annie Postlewight, the new cook."

So another make-believe soror took his place in the Wimbledon retinue. The millionaire had hardly set foot on the estate when he noted Annabelle. He sent for Ludgate.

"Who is that beauty?" he demanded. "That," said Ludgate, "is Annie Postlewight, the new cook."

"Cook," exclaimed the rather intoxicated Wimbledon, "Ludgate, you have marvelous discrimination. Send her here."

Annabelle appeared a second later. "Ludgate says you wish to see me. Is it about the dinner, sir?"

"Dinner's been changed, Annie," said Wimbledon, confidentially. "What'd I care about food when I can look at you? Why—why didn't you come to work here before?"

"I've been making munitons," fibbed Annabelle. "I'll bet you're richer 'n I am," giggled Wimbledon, bibliulously. "Money won't tempt you, Annie, when you get that last name—Postlewight, or whatever it is? How'd you like to change it?"

Wimbledon's head was nodding unsteadily. He was half asleep, Annabelle sat down quietly and waited. Finally, the Wimbledon head toppled forward and drank up the spirits. Quickly Annabelle slipped to his side and secured his wallet. She looked thru it quickly and, in a side folder, found the two missing mine shares.

Suddenly she heard a step behind her and started. It was Rawson! She slipped the wallet back into Wimbledon's pocket, reclaiming the certificates.

(Continued on page 78)
A Fool of Fortune
(continued from page 19)

The Firebug

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“HELLO, CHIEF:

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North Carolina when she desires something very particularly. And it always comes. Sometimes, however, she changes her mind after the contribution is sent and it's awkward how the thing materializes anyway.

We noted the address of the church carefully.

The evening darkness gathered. But the Jap did not appear to switch on the electric lights, and we sat in the dusk. Miss Bara began to show a genuine sense of humor. We pushed five Oriental cushions from the cluttered couch and began to be really interested.

"Did you see me as Cleopatra?" inquired the vampire de luxe.

"I certainly did," was our enthusiastic confession.

At which Miss Bara laughed. "I liked that best of all my screen roles. But do you know what my Jap said of me? 'You fat on the screen. Miss Bara, not a bit fat off!' I think the boy was disappointed."

And the Jap is honorably correct—at least about the off-screen part and minus the disappointment. Miss Bara isn't the statuesque person you might expect. She is of average height and quite, quite slender. And genuinely girlish.

Miss Bara devotes a lot of time to reading. Really! We know, because she talked intelligently of books. She had just finished Arnold Bennet's newest story, "The Pretty Lady," the war-time adventures of a French courtesan in London.

She loves her sister, Loro, deeply, and insisted upon having her meet us. Loro is a younger sister and very, very blonde. So Miss Bara told us. Loro hadn't returned by the time we departed.

Crisis—that is, unkind criticism—hurts Miss Bara very much. She told us so. Some critic had just intimated that her Salome was a fleshly conception and not the mental lady who must have upset the Biblical court.

"I ask you," demanded Miss Bara plaintively, "how can I portray a mental Salome? Can I show my mind working for the camera? Will I have subtitles?"—tell my brainy sayings? or will I go thru the dance of the seven veils with a finger thoughtfully pressed to my forehead?"

And then Miss Bara told us a secret. She is going to appear on the stage—soon. It is her dearest desire. The right play hasn't come along yet. But when her present screen contract has expired, she will turn to the footlights with something big and mystical and un-vampirish.

Other things she told us, too. She loves New Orleans most of all the places she has visited. The atmosphere and romance of the old city appeal to her. She hates the lurid titles they give her pictures. She thinks it rather mean to intimate that she looks "that way" on the screen because she is near-sighted.

She laughs at her vampire fame as doesn't take it so seriously. Indeed, she is a young woman who thinks and has sense of humor.

Let us confess that Miss Bara isn't unkind to us. Doubtless, of course, that she actually takes her pre-agent occultism too seriously. Yet she is a vein of the mystic in her. But are thoroughly sure of her healthy, all mind. For beneath the incense and perfumes and talk of peacock feathery and the science of numbers is a ve like the heart—wild—young person.

Just before we left Miss Bara handed us a little Egyptian scarab to examine. Suddenly she glanced at the palm of her left hand.

"Whoops!" she exclaimed. "What love line—" And then she began to tell us all sorts of things about ourselves most of them startlingly true.

"This is your interview," we minded, hastily withdrawing our telltale palms.

"You ought to take that to a go palmist. I never saw—"

But we departed. The elevator grazed us all the way to the ground floor with a steely eye. In the lower-division hall three others considered with odd but unmistakable interest.

Hastily slipping on our gloves—cover further palm revelations—we hurried into the night.

Even outside, queer, faint flashes incense still clung to us.

Good Gracious, Annabelle! (Continued from page 76)

"What are you going to do with them?" he inquired.

"I'm going to send them back to the rightful owner, my husband. If he wants to buy them, you will have to give them to him."

But Rawson merely smiled.

Annabelle was sitting in her room three hours later, when she realized that the whole estate was in a hubbub of excitement. Wimbledon had discovered the loss of his mine shares and summoned the police. The detective promptly arrested the last servant engaged, Rawson, the supposed yacht captain.

To shield Annabelle, Rawson, holding his real name, admitted a crime. Then it was that Annabelle wrote to Wimbledon and told him the whole story.

Wimbledon ordered the detective to bring Rawson to his library.

Rawson looked at Annabelle.

"Perhaps I should explain. I want those two shares because—because of the hermit!"

"You, the hermit?" exclaimed Annabelle. "Good gracious!"

"Does it please you to meet your band leader like this?" whispered Rawson.

"I love it," sighed Annabelle, "and you!"

(Seventy-eight)
Temperance Drove Him to the Movies

(Continued from page 24)

footlights. One week after we had finished it we had to start Nazimov on 'Toys of Fate.' 'Revelation' was past and done.

"This belief that screen producers do not equal stage managers is all a fallacy. We are up against problems that would swamp a footlight producer. For instance, where are we to find eighty stories a year? You know—and I know—that Metro, like other companies, does produce bad pictures at times. It can be helped. We are working on schedule; a good scenario may melt away in the filming, just as a poor word can be carried in a celluloid winner. But, either way, it is made and must fit its place in the schedule."

Karger believes that there are two steps of advance just ahead of the photoplay. "Where are we to get our eighty stories, let me repeat?" he went on. "I believe, and I believe firmly, that a young writer must be provided to develop these. These men will have no style, they will not be authors in the present sense of the word, but they will possess the power to visualize, the ability to tell a story without conversation, in a word, the photodramatic sense. The average five-reeler, being crammed with movement and incident, has meat enough for three spoken plays. On the other hand, the photoplay can frequently visualize three chapters of a book in twenty feet. Yet books, averaging more plot, make better picture dramas than stage plays.

"When I go to see a photoplay I no longer criticize the story. I know the producer's problem. It's all very well to tell us to get the big literary men to write the scripts. They can't do it. Style—the formation of a sentence—is everything to them. They fail to grasp the fundamentals of a scenario. They persist in taking ten pages to show how John Blank got to the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway, which we saw in a screen flash. They will not take us seriously."

"This gradual development of the newer screen writer is one angle of the photoplay's development. The other will come thru a better systematization of business methods in the studio. When I entered pictures I quickly came to a realization that the weakest link in the production chain was the director. The director had grown up in the early days. He was usually a graduate student, and a screen player at that time was a stage failure, for the films were in low estate."

"Consequently many of these directors were inexperienced. Nearly all of them were dizzly with their success. Where they had been getting fifty dollars a week they were getting five hundred. A company would be assembled at nine o'clock in the morning and Mr. Director wouldn't arrive until after lunch.

"I and others did, that this must stop. We at Metro have been doing our best to master the situation."

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New Patriotic Plays, Recitacions, Entertainments for war-time benefits, vaudeville sketches, monologues, etc. Write for catalog free. Y. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 67, Chicago.

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HAIR ON FACE, BODY OR UNDER ARMs positively removed with root; no electricity or poisonous drugs; absolutely harmless, no pain. Write for particulars, letter or call for free demonstration. Miss Bertha Blackwell, 12 West 48th St., N. Y.

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COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF DRAFTING

ROY C. CLAPLIN, Pres., Dept. 969, Washington, D. C.
Suppose You Found 3 Dollars In Each Package

You May Find It There in This Way

The 32-cent package of Quaker Oats contains 6,335 calories—the energy measure of food value.

See the table below.

See what those same units cost you in other common foods.

Note that each package, if used to displace meats, eggs and fish, saves you about $3.

So the $3 is there—in real money saving—the same as though it came in bills.

Here is what the energy value in one Quaker Oats package costs in other foods at this writing.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cost of 6335 Calories</th>
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<tr>
<td>In Quaker Oats</td>
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<tr>
<td>In Round Steak</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Veal Cutlets</td>
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<td>In Eggs</td>
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<td>In Halibut</td>
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<td>In Salt Codfish</td>
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That means that ten breakfasts of Quaker Oats cost less than one average meat breakfast of the same energy value.

But the difference is greater than that.

Quaker Oats is vastly better food. It is almost the ideal food—the complete food.

It is the food of foods for children and for workers, regardless of its cost.

Remember these facts when you plan your meals.

Quaker Oats is oat flakes of super-grade and flavor.

It is flaked from whole grains only—just the rich, plump, flavorful oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

You get this luscious oat food without extra price when you ask for Quaker Oats. That is too great a fact to forget.

Two Sizes: 12¢ to 13¢—30¢ to 32¢

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

Now a script goes to a Metro director exactly as it is to be produced. A conference has been held, every change has been made. The director has participated in this conference and he is compelled to produce the script as he gets it.

"With all our companies on the coast working under ideal studio conditions, I am planning to go further with this systematization. I believe that each individual producing unit—that is, each director, star and supporting company—should have a business manager. This man will be in absolute control of the company, except for the artistic development of the picture, for which the director would be responsible.

"This manager will be a cold-blooded business man. I would rather have him know nothing about art or the photoplay. He would lay out a schedule and see that it was lived up to in every detail.

"The day of the director's unlimited power has passed. Today—and tomorrow—the director will be in the position of an opera singer. He will follow his dramatic score carefully, giving it all the color and beauty in his power, but he will not take liberties with it."

Sliding Down the Banisters to Success (Continued from page 21)

by one of the men, drinkers and gamblers tho they may have been.

"I promised myself, and mother and I promised each other, that some day we are going back. Then we'll see old Bill Williams, the kindest, dearest Irishman that ever sledged those parts in furskins. He was the one who drove us away the week we left. I shall never forget his concern about our comfort.

"I have so much to be thankful for, so many people to whom I owe my gratitude. There is Mr. McLane, for instance. Unpolished tho his methods of teaching may have been, often, of late, I have wished I had him here to give me his crude idea of the rudiments of a certain action. That is why I do not regret one bit of sorrow I have had to undergo, or any of the hardships I had been forced to combat. All those difficulties have made me stronger in the end, and now I cannot help but sense that it was right for me to suffer. Yes, of course, it was hard. Because I was led to big things right at the beginning does not signify that there were no knocks. There was youth, you know—youth, with its assets and handicaps. Many were the disappointments and discouragements, but, as I said, I feel now that they were all given to me with a dose of wherewith. They have taught me, so subtly and thoroughly, how to appreciate what is worth appreciation.

"That is the way I feel about the movies. I wanted to do the interesting work they provide. I got what I wanted, so it must have been right, and I must have worked and wanted tremendously hard, because I get to love them more and more every day."

(Righty)
In a public address at a Red Cross Benefit on June 23d, 1917, Theodore Roosevelt said: "Commodore Blackton started over two years ago in an effort to arouse this country to its peril—he has done more than any one man for the cause of Preparedness—his foresight was uncanny. 'The Battle Cry of Peace' did a tremendous amount of good in assisting in recruiting."

Now another great screen masterpiece has been created by "The Hand of Blackton"

"The Common Cause"

The story with a laugh, a thrill and a throb—the big film production of the year

Presented to the public at the very stroke of the hour which it symbolizes—the victory hour of the world's civilized nations, bonded in a common purpose—The Common Cause of Humanity. See it at your favorite theatre.

14 Great Artists in the Notable Cast, featuring

Herbert Rawlinson
Sylvia Breamer
Lawrence Grossmith
Charles and Violet Blackton
Huntly Gordon
Louis Dean
Mlle. Marcel
Philip Van Loan

And in the Prologue and Epilogue:
Julia Arthur
Marjorie Rambeau
Irene Castle
Effie Shannon
Violet Heming

"Pictures with the mark of Blackton are worth while"

BLACKTON PRODUCTIONS INC.
Studio, 423 Classon Ave.
Brooklyn, N.Y.
25 West 45th St., New York City
A WATCH has to be made of sturdy stuff in order to “make good” on a man-of-war. The constant vibration, the extreme heat in the boiler rooms, the cold salt air and the change of climate from the Arctic to the Tropical are the most severe tests on a watch. If a watch will stand up and give active service aboard a man-of-war, it’ll stand up anywhere.

6003 Burlingtons have been sold to the men aboard the U.S. battleships. Practically every vessel in the U.S. Navy has a Burlington aboard. Some have over 100 Burlingtons. The victory of the Burlington in the U.S. Navy is testimony to Burlington superiority.

21-Jewel Burlington $2.50

And yet you may get a 21-jewel Burlington for only $2.50 a month. Truly it is the master watch. 21 ruby and sapphire jewels, adjusted to the second, temperature, isochronism and positions. Fitted at the factory in a gold strata case, warranted for 25 years. All the newest cases are yours to choose from. You pay only the rock-bottom-direct-price—positively the exact price that the wholesale dealer would have to pay.

You don’t pay a cent to anybody until you see the watch. We ship the watch to you on approval. You are the sole judge. No obligation to buy merely because you get the watch on approval.

Write for Booklet!

Put your name and address in the coupon or on a letter or post card now and get your Burlington Watch book free and prepaid. You will know a lot more about watch buying when you read it. Too, you will see handsome illustrations in full color of all the newest cases from which you have to choose. The booklet is free. Merely send your name and address on the coupon.

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FAIRY SOAP

BUBBLING with a rich, cleansing purity all its own, Fairy Soap is most refreshing for all toilet and bath uses.

Fairy Soap floats. The white, oval cake fits the hand.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"
The modern way to manicure

MODERN manicuring does away forever with the uneven, thick, scraggly cuticle rim caused by manicure knife or scissors.

Try this new way to-day! You wouldn't have believed your nails could look so shapely, so well groomed!

Just wrap a little absorbent cotton around the end of an orange stick (these come in the Cutex package). Dip the stick into the Cutex bottle and work around the base of your nails, gently pushing back the cuticle. Rinse the fingers in clear water, pressing the cuticle back when drying the hands.

Wouldn't you like one of these complete sets?

For 21c we will send you one of these manicure sets, complete with the cuticle remover, Cutex Nail White, Cutex Nail Polish and emery board, orange stick and cotton. Send for yours to-day. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 902, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, send 21c for your sample set to MacLean, Brenn & Nelson, Limited, Dept. 902, 499 St. Paul St. West, Montreal, and get Canadian prices.
You wouldn't know the Old Town now!

TIME cannot blur some recollections. If you've ever lived around a small town, your memory needs no photograph of what it looked like then. Seen the Old Town lately?

Or any other of ten thousand and any day or night in the week?

No, the "P. O." is no more the hub of all rural life. The 7:30 mail is no longer the big excitement out where they still breathe fresh air and own broad acres.

Much more going on than the "Annual County Fair" or the good old Church Social.

In these times, whenever "Jones, the Farmer" hankers after a couple of hours' laughs and thrills, he goes just where "Brown, the City Banker" goes. And he sees just as fine motion pictures as Mr. Manhattan can see at Broadway's toniest theatre.

Just as fine, because just the same pictures!

The famous productions distributed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

The pictures identified everywhere by the two names: Paramount and Arclight.

And those better motion pictures just naturally brought with them:

— Handsome Modern Theatres All Over the Country.
— Bigger Business for Local Merchants.
— Broader, Happier Life to Every Man, Woman and Child.

Paramount and Arclight Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying Paramount and Arclight Pictures— and the theatres that show them.
Finish These Stories for Yourself

The girl got a $6 a week and was lonely. "Piggy"—you can imagine his kind—was waiting downstairs. He knew where champagne and music could be had. But that night she didn't go. That was Lord Kitchener's thing. But another night. O. Henry tells about it in a story. Read it.

Low Price
MARCH 10th
is the last day

For years you have read of O. Henry—you have read these advertisements and thought that some day you would own a set for yourself. And you have put off the sending from month to month. The time for that is gone. Now today—you must order your set of O. Henry to get the low price and the Jack London FREE.

So great is the popularity of O. Henry—so enormous is the demand for his books—that we should like for all time to offer you sets at the present low price. But we can't. It costs 41 per cent more to make the sets now than it did. Paper costs more—ink costs more—binding costs more. So the price has to go up. But to give you one more chance to get the present price, we have put off the raise in price till March 10th. That is the last day. Send the coupon now and get a set of O. Henry at the present price.

So many sets of O. Henry have been printed that the old plates were entirely worn out and we had to make brand new plates for this edition, so you will get the very first impression from these new plates—the clearest, cleanest print you have ever seen.

O. HENRY

One soldier in France had with him a volume of O. Henry which was split up into as many parts as there were stories, distributed and used until the print had worn away.

With a touch that brings a lump into your throat and a stifled sob, he tells you of the underpaid drudges—the future mothers of America—who suffer rather than be bad—and of others. He shows you that the tired little shop girl, smothered behind a pile of shirtwaists, is a sister to the débutante smothered in the cushions of her big limousine with the same desires, impulses, little vices, the same tragedies and joys. He shows that though he never met you, he knows your life inside out, backwards and forwards—he has written all about you somewhere in these twelve magnificent volumes.

FREE

Jack London
5 Volumes

His name has spread over the earth. Imitators have arisen about him in a cloud—shutters of his genius. He was a Noreman of the Western coast. Through him we may drop our weight of everyday fears and deal with men—for he was bolder than all his heroes. See life with him in the rough—life, palpitating—latent—real. Get his best work absolutely free of charge.

Only a Few Days Left

This is your last chance to get O. Henry at the low price. Don't miss it. Remember one day's delay may make you too late. Be sure your coupon is mailed on or before March 10th, and the best way to make sure is to mail the coupon right now. Up—up—up—goes the sale of O. Henry—higher and higher every day. Two million six hundred thousand in the United States alone. How many thousands in Australia, France, England, Africa, Asia, we cannot tell. And you can have the books on approval at the low price—with Jack London FREE. Don't wait.

SEND THE COUPON NOW.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO.
30 Irving Place
New York
Watch Your Nerves
by PAUL von BOECKMANN

The greatest of all strains upon the human body is that caused by nerve tension. Instant death may result from great grief or a sudden fright. The strongest man may in a few months shrink to a skeleton through intense worry. Anger and excitement are the cause and result of digestive and other organs. It is simple to understand, therefore, that lesser strains upon the nerves must slowly but surely undermine the vital forces, decrease our mental keenness and generally wreck the body and health.

In this simple truth lies the secret of health, strength and vitality. The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M. D., the author of numerous works on the subject, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

Few people realize the powerful influence the nerves have upon our well-being, and that they may torture the mind and body when they become deranged, supersensitive and unmanageable. Few people realize they have nerves, and therefore heedlessly waste their precious Nerve Force, not knowing that they are actually wasting their "Life Force," and then they wonder why they lack "Pep," have aches, pains, cannot digest their food, and are not fit, mentally and physically.

Just think a moment what a powerful force your nerves play in your life. It is your nerves that govern the action of the heart, so that your blood will circulate. It is your nerves that govern your breathing, so that your blood will be purified. It is your nerves that promote the process of digestion, assimilation and elimination. Every organ and muscle, before it can act, must receive from the nerves a current of Nerve Force to give it life and power.

Your body and all its organs and parts may be compared to a complex mass of individual electric motors and lights, which are connected with wires from a central electric station, where the electric power is generated. When the electric force from the central station becomes weak, every motor will slow down and every light will become dim. Tingling and numbing the motors and lights will do no good in this case. It is in the central station, the nervous system, where the weakness lies.

I have devoted over thirty years to the study of physical and mental efficiency in man and woman. I have studied carefully the physical, mental and organic characteristics of over 100,000 persons in this time. As my experience grows, I am more than ever convinced that nearly every case of organic and physical weakness is primarily due to nerve exhaustion. Powerful and healthy looking men and women who did not show the least outward signs of weakness, were found upon close mental and physical diagnosis to have exhausted nerves. Usually every organ was perfect and the muscles well developed, but the nerves were not sufficiently charged with the Nerve Force to give these organs and muscles tone and power. How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, nerves were for relief for my mission of "something the matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to show that any particular organ or function is weak. It is "Nerves" in every case.

We are living in the age of nerve strain, the "mile a minute life." Every man, woman and child is over-taxing the nerves, thus wreaking that delicate system. Nerve strain cannot be entirely avoided, but it can be modified. Much can be done to temper the nervous strain, and the wise use of this line is imperatively necessary if we are not to become a race of neurotics (nerve exhaustion). I have written a 64-page book which is pronounced by students of the subject to be the most valuable and practical work ever written on nerve culture. The title of the book is "Nerve Force." It teaches how to sooth, calm and care for the nerves. The cost is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio No. 91, 110 West 40th St., New York.

The only way to judge the value of this book is to read it, which you may do at your risk. In other words, if after reading the book it does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, plus the outlay of postage you may have incurred. I have advertised my various books on health, breathing and other subjects in this and other magazines for more than 20 years, which amply demonstrate my integrity. Over a million copies have been sold.

You should send for this book today. It is for you, whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living; for to be dull and derailed is to lose the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves, and those who must tax their nerves to the limit. The following are extracts from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than any medicine I ever tried."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was a case of over-strain. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I was so depressed and weeping so well and in the doctor's waiting room."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Bosses and worries are no problem to me now."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and I was half dazed all the time."

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A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

The premiere of "The Greatest Thing in Life" came off beautifully, and a crowd house greeted Mr. Griffith and his players pending a certain speech from the master director. The production was preceded by original prolog written by Jack Lloyd, in which方向 Griffith and rear behind the scenes by George Fawcett. The stage was set for a beautiful table during this recitation, and dancers in Disneyland completed a magically pretentious entente.

In the audience studio folks outnumbed society on the sightly edge of fanatics, who find more adoration than cash for a Griffith pit toplay. Kitty Gordon swept in regally, we tigress, and the audience really was she beautify making everybody chance a dislocates spine for just one peep.

Winifred Kingston arrived just ahead Elgin with envy. She wore a street suit black and white, small turban of black diotto footgear. Jeannie MacPherson, Ad Shirley, Kenneth McCaffey, well known prominent writers of the Lucky studio, was in for a share of attention. Bill Desmo just a bit gray over the ears, seemed no sooner she had supplanted someone.

In the lobby, one noted a most enthralling sandwich, for Marcia Manon was squeezed between her husband Mr. Walker, his pinky-maiden humming"dazzling than dual dumps behind them, and her brother, Zion, of the Universal City Publicity Staff. They wore "twice" costumes—street and evening dress. Miss Manon and her mother came in some furs, one of the New York pursa.

The way, Carmel had a funny face lately when she made half ball her brother, Zion, of the Universal City Publicity Staff. They wore "twice" costumes—street and evening dress. Miss Manon and her mother came in some furs, one of the New York pursa. The way, Carmel had a funny face lately when she made half ball her brother, Zion, of the Universal City Publicity Staff. They wore "twice" costumes—street and evening dress. Miss Manon and her mother came in some furs, one of the New York pursa. The way, Carmel had a funny face lately when she made half ball her brother, Zion, of the Universal City Publicity Staff. They wore "twice" costumes—street and evening dress. Miss Manon and her mother came in some furs, one of the New York pursa. The way, Carmel had a funny face lately when she made half ball her brother, Zion, of the Universal City Publicity Staff. They wore "twice" costumes—street and evening dress. Miss Manon and her mother came in some furs, one of the New York pursa.
THE APRIL CLASSIC

The foremost writers of the motion picture world are now contributing to The Motion Picture Classic, many of them writing exclusively for us. Among them are such well-known authorities on the photoplay as Kenneth Macgowan, Harry C. Carr, Hazel Simpson Naylor, Elizabeth Pelret and Frederick James Smith. In The Motion Picture Classic you will find the liveliest articles, the most exciting interviews and the newest pictures. Among the April features are:

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

The April Classic will carry the brightest, most intimate chat with the famous comedian that you have ever read. It was a many-sided, real Chaplin that has been caught by an interviewer. With the chat are a number of exclusive new pictures taken for The Classic.

OLIVE THOMAS

The fair and vivacious Olive has been chatted in picturesque fashion for the April issue. Caught just before she departed for the coast for her newest series of starring features, Miss Thomas gave an interesting and humorous interview.

GRACE DARMOND

The dazzling blonde of the screen tells an absorbing story—one that will grip you from the very first words. Miss Darmond is as interesting as she is pretty.

A gripping and striking article on the photoplay will be contributed by Kenneth Macgowan. There will be a dozen or so snappy personality stories with just the people you are interested in. The best of the month’s photoplays will be ably fictionized. One of these will be the newest Charlie Ray photo-comedy. And The Classic, famous for its beautiful pictures, will outdo itself.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

The Motion Picture Classic

175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

Bijou.—"Sleeping Partners." Piquant comedy of the French provinces. Before the close Irene Bordoni delightful, while H. B. Warner contributes a deft comedy characterization. Prismatic. It

Cohan & Harris.—"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this by Anthony playwriters. The principal characters are all wonderfully done, giving us to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies, just as were we puzzling in "Cheating Cheaters" to know who were the bargrils and who were not.

Fulton.—"The Riddle: Woman," with Bertha Kalich. Problem drama from the Danish. Ladies with "pats," a he-vampire and much excitement. Kalich gives a picturesque if artificial performance, while Crysta! Hene and A. E. Anson make the most of their roles.

Hippodrome. — The newest production, "Everything," lives up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, ranging from dainty Belle Storey to scores of remarkable roller skaters, De Wolf Hopper to a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

Lyceum.—"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three brothers who adopt Belgian war babies. Amusing complications occur when the children grow up with unexpected results. Jeannie Eagels is quaintly pleasing in the leading role.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge. The invisible man steals necklaces, opens safes and passes thru doors. Richard Bennett gives a vigorous performance of the human ray.

Playhouse.—"Forever After," Alice Brady in a play which is filled with humor, which endures despite many obstacles. Excellently acted throughout. It charms its audience into living once again the violent joys and heart-aches of youth.

Plymouth.—"Redemption." John Barrymore at his best in a remarkable piece of acting and a remarkable Tolstoi play. Sad, but big.

Republic.—Channing Pollock has devised an odd drama, "Roads of Destiny," from the O. Henry story. No matter what path one takes, the ultimate result is the same, is the philosophy of the play. Florence Reed is admirable in three widely contrasted roles.


ON THE ROAD.

"The Saving Grace." Delightful English comedy by Haddon Chambers, brilliantly played by Cyril Maude as a cashiered British army officer trying to get back in the big war. Lack of London Cockney is excelled by this piece. 

"Under Orders," another war drama, and a good one, although only two actors are necessary to tell the story—Elie Shannon and Shelley Hall, who are both fine. Plenty of weeps, with a sprinkle of mirth.

"Home Again." A highly entertaining comedy with lots of home atmosphere and old-fashioned rural characters, founded on the poetical pictures of the play's setting. The cast is extremely strong from top to bottom and the story is engrossing.

"Be Calm, Camilla." One of the most charming play of the season. Lola Fisher makes her first in a part of the Mary Pickford type and will doubtless be heard from on the screen.

"Head Over Heels," with the saucy Mitzi as a delectable little vaudeville acrobat. Entertaining with tuneful Jerome Kern music and the highly amusing Robert Emmett Keane.

"Where Poppies Bloom." Melodramatic war play of a woman who discovers that her husband is a Hun spy. Action takes place on the Flanders border line. Marjorie Rambeau is very emotional in the star role.

"Keep Her Smiling." A typical Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew comedy. Mr. Drew does the clever bit of acting, career, and dailies. Alas! allack! the screen has probably lost forever one of its brightest stars. Mrs. Drew is more charming and "younger" than ever before.

"Fiddlers Three," lively little operetta with considerable fun and much good music. Louise Groody scores as a captivating little ingenue and dancer, while the lanky Hal Shirley's humor is amusing. Altogether a likeable entertainment.

"Going Up." A charming musical farce written around an aviator, with Frank Craven in an interesting role. The music is unusually bright and catchy.

"The Passing Show of 1918." One of the best of the Winter Garden shows. Pretty girls and swinging songs in the fresh air, the amusing Howard Brothers; that lively dancing team, Fred and AdeleAstaire; and the laughable DooleyBrothers.

"The Copperhead." One of the big dramatic successes of last year by Augustus Thomas. A drama that will live.

"The Little Teacher." A charming play, full of human interest, and played by a company every one of which makes a bit. Mary Ryan is excellent, as usual, and her support is unusually good.

"A Tailor Made Man." An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young girl who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and who then hires the latter to work for him.

"The Kiss Burglar." One of the most charming of musical-comedies. Pleasant music, distinction of book and considerable humor. Above all the fascinating personality of Fey Bainter. Very pretty chorus.

"Oh, Lady! Lady!!" Chic musical-comedy. Distinctly second string this fall, and catchy music are the outstanding charm of this offering intime.

"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath." A roaring farce of the class of "Fair and Warmer," "Twixt Bed and Board," and as about as funny and racy as any of them.

"Flo-Flo." This glorified burlesque caught Broadway last season. Sprinkle some catchy music between the gags, add a flashing chorus, season well with bold if not risque situations and flavor with dazzling costumes and you have "Flo-Flo" ready to serve. The stars and support display real-honed voices and some real honeymoon Lennon.

"Maytime." A dainty, touching comedy with music. It has a real plot, following the life of a young couple from youth to old age, interspersed with tuneful music and some dancing.

"Tiger Rose." An intense and very popular drama similar to "The Heart of Weton," in which Margaret Gorman is the star—the part of an Indian maiden who loves and swears candidly.

LEADING PICTURE THEATERS.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; Daddies; Slingebano, UKulele, Cornet, Banjo.

Rivoli—De Luxe photoplays, with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.
son is entirely unaffected, is easy to meet, has the gracious Southern manner, and couldn't make an enemy if she tried a hundred years.

We saw Bert Lytell on Broadway, shopping for the merry twenty-fifth. He's another who has the word for the Twestival on the lot. A little bird whispered that Bert surely did work hard at the Officers' Training Camp, that he bought about every book on military tactics extant. Mr. Lytell never does anything half-way; he's a fine orator, a good student, and he made up his clever mind that if he had to give up pictures for the army, he was going to be as good an officer as it was humanly possible for him to be. He has a complete library of military books and is still reading them concentrically in odd moments.

Jack Pickford has taken up quarters at the L. A. Athletic Club and is trying to content himself without home cooking.

Earl Williams won the first point in his defense of the heart-balm suit brought against him. His lawyers entered a demurrer to the complaint, stating that it did not present facts sufficient to constitute a case of action against Mr. Williams. The judge sustained this demurrer and allowed ten days in which to file a new complaint. It's another case of "Hall hath no fury like a woman scorned"—and it isn't much fun to have one's honeymoon interrupted by a lawsuit, now is it George Fisher is released from Camp Kearney and is getting ready for his re-entrance to the flickerfield. He's got a lot of speed in shooting, Bickford said. Fisher was about a rookie who'd come from a very small Middle West town and was horribly homesick. He's felt so much that he'd be in a trance half the time.

One day they were drilling on the field, and the sergeant gave orders to rear march. The dreamer paid no attention, got everybody out of line and was rudely awakened by the sergeant's irritated voice: "What in h— are you doing here?"

The startled rookie's mouth quivered, and he said, tremblingly, "P-please, sir, I-I-I-I was d-d-distracted, sir!"

And the whole company had leave to laugh it out.

George Fisher, Jack Pickford, Owen Moore and Jim Kirkwood had a sociable reunion dinner at the Hotel Alexandria one night in December. They are old pals, having worked under one manager for many years.

The Christmas cards of the Gish girls were particularly beautiful. Both bore a kilogram in silver and green, and the heart card was bordered in the same colors. Lily's had an embossed white lily with green leaves, and bore the wish, "May life be glad and good to you, and all your Christmas dreams come true," while Dot's message was a little longer, reading, "May Christmas bring you content and happiness and the coming New Year peace and happiness." Margarita Fisher had a card bearing her signature in gold, and Pat Dowling a card on New Year's Day, with the words, "Many happy returns of the day." The season's greetings from Pat Dowling.

Mr. Dowling will be back in the publicity field soon. He's done mighty little work on that line, helping out all the Red Cross and other entertainments, in addition to his strenuous training at the naval base, San Pedro.

Douglas Fairbanks stopped traffic on the Saturday before Xmas, while he rode about encouraging the street-corner W. S. S. workers, who had been caged by Liberty Bells, which were rung after each sale. He advertised for two thousand aids and got them without difficulty. Everybody wanted to be honored by the personal handshake of the stumpy king.

Margarita Fisher did a similar stunt. She leased an entire town on the Mojave Desert, the little village of Rosamond. Awfully stylish name for a desert town, don't you think?

="You're Afraid!"

"I AIN'T afraid."

"You are." "I ain't."

"You are."

What would have happened next if you were a boy? A frightful mix-up. With the calm unreasonableness of youth these two boys fought without even knowing each other—just as you have fought many a time—just because you couldn't help it.

MARK TWAIN


No wonder our soldiers and sailors like Mark Twain best. No wonder the boys at Annapolis told Secretary Daniels that they would rather have Mark Twain than any one else. To them, as to you, Mark Twain is the spirit of undying youth—the spirit of real Americanism—for he who came out of that looking-out-at-elbows-down-at-the-heels Mississippi town—has passed on to the world the glory of our inspiring Americanism—the serious purpose that underlies our laughter—for to Mark Twain humor is only incidental—and he has made eternal the springs of its youth and enthusiasm.

Take Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer by the hand and go back to your own boyhood.

A Big Human Soul

Perhaps you think you have read a good deal of Mark Twain. Are you sure? Have you read all the novels? Have you read all the short stories? Have you read all the brilliant fighting essays—all the humorous ones and the historical ones?

Think of it—25 volumes filled with the laughter and the tears and the fighting that made Mark Twain so wonderful. He was a bountiful giver of joy and humor. He was yet much more, for, while he laughed with the world, his lonely spirit struggled with the sadness of human life, and sought to find the key. Beneath the laughter is a big human soul, a big philosopher.

Low Price Sale Must Stop

Mark Twain wanted every one in America to own a set of his books. So one of the last things he asked was that we make a set at so low a price that every one might own it. He said: "Don't make fine editions. Don't make editions to sell for $200 and $300 and $1,000. Make good books, books good to look at and easy to read, and make their price low." So we have made this set. And up to now we have been able to sell it at this low price. Rising costs make it impossible to continue the sale of Mark Twain at a low price. New editions will cost very much more than this Author's National Edition. But now the price must go up. You must act at once.

You must sign and mail the coupon now. If you want a set at a popular price, do not delay. This edition will soon be withdrawn, and then you will pay considerably more for your Mark Twain.

The last of the edition is in sight. There will never again be a set of Mark Twain at the present price. Now is your opportunity to save money. Now is the time to send the coupon to get your Mark Twain.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Est. 1817, Franklin Square, N. Y.
The Perfect Hair Remover

DeMIRACLE, the original sanitary liquid, is equally efficacious for removing superfine hair from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs. This common-sense method is both logical and practical. It acts quickly and with absolute certainty. DeMIRACLE requires no mixing. It is ready for instant use. Therefore, cleanly and most convenient to apply.

Sample—We do not supply them, but you can try DeMIRACLE at our expense. Buy a bottle, use it just once, and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMIRACLE guarantee and we will refund your money.

Three sizes: 60c, $1.00, $2.00.

At all toilet counters, or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price.

DeMiracle
Dept. 28
Park Avenue and 129th Street, New York

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

Try the new way—the Silkenway—and you'll never again use the ruined hair iron. The curls will appear altogether natural.

Liquid Silmerine is applied at night with a clean tooth brush. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At your druggist's.

A Wife Too Many

Into the hotel lobby walked a beautiful woman and a distinguished man. Little indeed did the gay and gallant crowd know that around these heads there flew stories of terror—of murder—and treason. That on their entrance, half a dozen detectives sprang up from different parts of the place.

Because of them the lights of the War Department in Washington blazed far into the night. With their fate was wound the tragedy of a broken marriage, of a fortune lost, of a nation betrayed.

It is a wonderful story with the kind of mystery that you will sit up nights trying to fathom. It is just one of the stories fashioned by that master of mystery

ARTHUR B. REEVE
(The American Conan Doyle)

CRAIG KENNEDY
(The American Sherlock Holmes)

He is the detective genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically. For nearly ten years, America has been watching his Craig Kennedy—marvelling at the strange, new, startling things that detective here would unfold. Such plots—such suspense—will real, vivid people moving through the mad storm of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful tricks. Russian ingenuity has fashioned wild tales of mystery. But all these are out of date—out of the infinite variety—the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve's tales.

FREE — 10 Volumes — POE

To those who send the coupon promptly, we will give FREE set of Edgar Allan Poe's works in 10 volumes.
When the police of Paris failed to solve one of the most feared murder mysteries of the time, Edgar Allan Poe—far off here in New York—found the solution.
The story is in these volumes.

He was a detective by instinct—he was a story-teller by divir inspiration. Before or since—no one has ever had his power to make your hair stand on end—to send chills up your back—to hurl you in terror—horror! To read breathlessly—to try to guess its ending—to enjoy the perfect, flawless style—to feel the power of the master—that is all you can do in each and all of Poe's undying stories. In England and France, Edgar Allan Poe is held to be the greatest writer that America has produced. To them he is the greatest American classic.

This is a wonderful combination. Here are two of the great writers of mystery and scientific detective stories. You can get it FREE at a remarkably low price and the Poe FREE for a short time only. Sign and mail the coupon now.

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Established 1817

HARPER & BROTHERS, M. P. C. J
8 Franklin Square, New York

Send me, all charges prepaid, set of Arthur B. Reeve—in 12 volumes. Also send absolutely free, the set of Edgar Allan Poe—in 10 volumes. If the books are not so factory I will return both sets within 10 days at your expense. Otherwise I will give you $1.50 a month for 13 months.

NAME

ADDRESS

OCCUPATION

(2l)
How One Evening’s Study Led to a $30,000 Job

A Simple Method of Mind Training that Any One Can Follow with Results from the First Day

By a Man Who Made Formerly No More Than a Decent Living

I hope you won’t think I am conceited or egotistical in trying to tell others how I suddenly changed from a comparative failure to a man of success. It is true that my friends term a phenomenal success.

In reality I do not take the credit to myself at all. It was all so simple that I believe any man can accomplish practically the same thing if he learns the secret, which he can do in a single evening. In fact, I know other men who have done much better than I by following the same method.

It all came about in a rather odd manner. I had been worrying along in about the same way as any other man who was doing his bit for the family by providing them with three square meals a day, when an old college chum, Frank Powers, whom I had always thought was about the same kind of a chap as I, suddenly blossomed out with every evidence of great prosperity.

He had built a pail company and bought a good car and began living in the style of a man of ample means. Naturally, the first thing that occurred to me was that he must have been doing something different. And I had heard nothing about it. In fact, after I had asked him what he had been doing, he made it plain that nothing was to be said about it.

"Bill," he said, "it all comes so quickly I can hardly account for it myself. But the thing is, that for the past four months of my life lately began with an article I read a short time ago about training the mind.

"It compared the average person’s mind to a leaker. It said, ‘Losing its contents as it went along, which if carried any distance would arrive at its destination practically empty.’

"And it showed that instead of making the pail leakproof, most of us keep filling it up and then losing all we put into it before we have a chance to use the contents where the products would be of real use.

"The leak in the pail, the writer demonstrated, was forgetfulness. He showed that we were so busy with one thing that we forgot the all value most highly, is worthless. He proved to me that a man is only as good as his memory.

"In everything we do, if we want to progress in a man a accomplishments, we can be laid directly to our mental powers of retaining the mind’s right things—the things that are going to be useful to him as he goes along.

"Farther on in the article I read that the power of the mind is only the total sum of the manifestations which it is capable of—manifestations of will, mind, reason, intellect, or intelligence only.

"Mr. Roth, who has spread a leaky pail in hundreds of thousands of people in the United States, has been speaking of Mr. Roth’s memory course. He has demonstrated that the average man is incapable of retaining things that are not important without training.

"I‘m not going to tell you what I wanted to do or that I knew there was a possibility of money or that the man was one of the great men of our time. I tell you that it was plain as day.

"I decided not to take my chances on everything we did and whatever progress a man makes in the things he learns is limited to the things that can be retained in the mind. You will find that in the same book a man can remember absolutely all the things that he has ever learned in that particular branch.

"Mr. Roth has a sure and sure method of only as great as our power to remember.

"Well, I was convinced. My mind was a leaky pail. I had never been able to remember anything after I had shown it. I had been introduced to him, and, as you know, I was always forgetting things that ought to be remembered. It was my main problem. I thought of it as a definite barrier to business success. I started in at once to make my memory efficient, taking up a memory training course which claimed to improve a man’s memory in one evening.

"What you call my good fortune today I attribute solely to excluding a leaky pail for a mind that retains the things I want to remember.’

** Powers’ story set me thinking. What kind of a man must I be if I have a mind that is just as good as that of other people I supposed.

I had never worried about my memory one way or another, but it had always seemed to me that I must be one of the lucky few who could do things pretty well. Certainly it never occurred to me that it was possible or even desirable to acquire the memory of another. No matter, Mr. Roth’s article was a sort of natural gift. Like most of us, when I wanted to remember something important I had to go to a pad or a pockeetnote book.

Even then I would sometimes forget to look at my references when I had been?—by being obliged to ask some man whom I had previously met what his name was, after vainly grooping through my mind for the job, so as to avoid mistakes when telling the man to whom I had spoken.

And I had had my name requested apologetically for the same purpose, so that I knew I was no different than most men in that way.

I began to observe myself more closely in my daily work. The frequency with which I had to refer to records or business papers concerning things that at some previous time had come under my particular notice amazed me. I was quite sure I was doing more business about the same work as myself were no different than I in this regard. And this is how I found out the fact that I had been performing practically the same subordinate duties at exactly the same salary for some three years. I couldn’t dodge the fact that I was, as well as most other people’s, literally limped along on crutches, because it could not retain names, faces, facts and figures. Could I expect to progress if even a small proportion of the important things I learned from day to day slipped from me?

The value of most of my hard-won experience was being canceled—obliterated—by my constantly forgetting things that my experience had taught me.

The whole thing hit me pretty hard. And I began to think about the subject from all angles as it affected our business. I realized that probably hundreds of sales had been lost because the salesman forgot some selling point that would have closed the order. Many of our men whom I had heard try to present a new idea or plan had failed to put over their message or to make a good impression because they had been unable to present the market facts in such a way that the buyer was left with a definite idea of the market facts. We had really been shuffling before the situation and thus used poor judgment.

I know now that there isn’t a day that the average business man forgets to do from one to a dozen things that would have increased his profits. There are no greater words in the English language descriptive of business inefficiency than the two words, ‘simplest things.’

I had reached my decision. On the recommendation of Powers, I got in touch at once with the Independent Corporation which recently published the David M. Roth Method of Memory Training. And then came the surprise of my life. In the evening of that day I began the first key to a good memory. Within thirty minutes after I had opened the book the secret of memory was mine. And that is a perfectly true statement. Mr. Roth has boiled down the principles perfecting the memory so that the method can almost be grasped at a glance. I could read it through and be able to teach the more accurate and reliable your memory becomes. Within an hour I found that I could remember names, numbers, and even nothing but to read the lessons! Every one of those seven simple lessons gave me new powers of memory. I have been through all of them, and I feel so much that I look back on it now as a distinct pleasure.

The rest of my story is not an unusual one among American business men who have realized the value of a reliable trained memory. My income today is close to $30,000.

In my progress I have found my improved memory to be priceless to me personally. I have been majoring in every important name and face is easily and definitely memorized and even remembered experience was of immense value in my rapid strides from one post to another. In one course at a time, I learned the words of fixed names and fixed phrases, and discovered the numerous possibilities of a really good memory.

SEND NO MONEY

Mr. Roth’s Memory Course introduction to classes limited to fifty members is $1.00. But in order to secure nation-wide distribution for the Independent Memory Course in a single season the publishers have put the price at only five dollars, a lower figure than any course of its kind has ever been sold before, and it contains the very same material in permanent form as is given in the personal $1,000 course.

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double your triple the powers of your memory, and how easily you can acquire the secret of a good memory, you will know that this is one course to which you are willing to send the Course on free examination.

Do not send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. You are hereby morally satisfied, send it back any time within five days after you receive it and will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, except the coupon the now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

INDEPENDENT CORPORATION
Publishers of The Independent Weekly
Dept. R-573
119 West 40th Street, New York City

Send me the Independent Complete Course at $5, and make no deduction for the lessons. I will either remit the course to you within five days after its receipt or send you $3.

Name __________________________
Address __________________________

V. 8, Classic 5-9
You, too, can have the charm of

"A skin you love to touch"

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE THE CHARM of a skin that is soft, clear, radiant. Everyone admires it. Every girl longs for it. To have your skin as lovely as it ought to be—soft, clear, colorful—all you need to do is to give it the proper care for its needs.

No matter how much you may have neglected your skin, you can begin at once to improve it. New skin is forming every day as old skin dies. If you give this new skin the right care every day, you can keep it fresh and radiant. Such things as blackheads, blemishes and unsightly spots, you can, with the proper treatment, correct.

Begin today to give your skin the right treatment for its particular needs. You will find the famous treatments for all the commoner skin troubles in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

You will find that a cake of Woodbury's lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment and for general cleansing use. It sells for 25c at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

This beautiful picture in colors for framing—Send for your copy today!

This picture with sample cake of soap, booklet of treatments and a sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder, for 15c

This picture is Charles Chambers' interpretation of "A Skin You Love to Touch." It has been reproduced from the original oil painting, in full colors and on fine quality paper, expressly for framing. No printed matter on it. Size 15 x 10 inches.

For 15c we will send you one of these beautiful reproductions with a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—large enough for a week's treatment—also the booklet of treatments—"A Skin You Love to Touch," and a sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder. Thousands will want this picture. Send for your copy at once.

Write today to The Andrew Jergens Co., 903 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 903 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.
Anita Stewart

Anita is a Brooklynite—or, rather, was. She was born there, educated at Erasmus High School and entered picture work at Vitagraph thru the aid of her brother-in-law, Ralph Ince. "The Wood Violet" marked her first screen success. She has been soaring ever since. Now, like her fellow Vitagrapher, Miss Talmadge, she's a First National star.
Norma is now a First National star—and everythin’. We can remember when she was a mere child at that university of the screen—the Vitagraph studios. Norma grew up in Flatbush, attained film success, and joined Triangle. Then Select won her over. Just now she’s one of the most popular stars in America.
Gloria is looked upon as a real dramatic discovery these days, so it's only fair that fans know her complete moniker: Gloria May Josephine Swanson. She was born in Chicago, but hurried away to Porto Rico to forget and go to school. She entered pictures via the George Ade fables. After that came a strenuous Keystone period.
ALMA RUBENS

Alma was born in 'Frisco of French-American parents. Without stage experience, she invaded the screen with Triangle in "The Half-Breed," in which Doug Fairbanks starred. Her beauty stood out in the support of Fairbanks, Bill Hart and others, and she soon attained stardom in her own name. Now her pictures are being released thru the Robertson-Cole Company.
Billie recently stepped from one- and two-reel comedies to stardom with the National Film Corporation of America in five-reel features. Billie's prettiness and personality stood out thru the avalanche of custard pies. Fate smiled—and Billie's now a full-fledged dramatic star.
eighteen months it has bought, at a good stiff price, the talents and labors of one of America's leading painters and designers of interiors.

The artist is Hugo Ballin. It is taking small chances on the twenty-five hundred pre-exempted and twenty thousand names in "Who's Who" to say that outside William Brady, he is the only directorial force in movies today who can find his name in the 1910-11 edition of that list of American notables. At that time he had already won such prizes in the world of the fine arts as the Architectural League medal and the Thomas B. Clarke Shaw and Hallgarten prizes. He had decorated the homes of many millionaires and art lovers. He was soon to put the mural decorations of the Wisconsin State capitol, where he had never a photoplay. And that was because Alice would have said—there were no photoplays to see.

Seven years later the photoplay world could look back


Center, a new portrait of Hugo Ballin; top, an example of an exterior selected by Mr. Ballin in Florida for Goldwyn's "Thais"; bottom, an instance of Ballin's art in "The Silver Star"
Innominal record. As a record which
won this artist’s
ance to the new-
the arts, and a
el to which Ballin
self was to con-
be notably.
here was art in
movies before
h. Make no mis-
about that. For
есe was “Lasky
ing”—that rich,
low in which
Farrar won
screen laurels,
armen. There
the sumptuous
accurate detail which Wilfred Buckland contributed to
ome producers. There was the marvelously dramatic
ows, muffing the massive settings, that Ince and Brunton
to the Triangle. And there were the splendid close-ups
ith Bitzer.
 it was something more revolutionary that Ballin
ght to Goldwyn. It was something that even the legiti-
ter hesitated to accept—settings with simplicity
 detail, suggestion instead of elaboration, interpre-
instead of ornate confusion. Ballin brought to the
en a considerable part of that theory of the new stage
which Gordon Craig had dinned unsuccessfully into
ars of English and American producers for twenty
ent think that the movies accepted the thing with whoops
y. Ballin had to work slowly and carefully to win his
He had to learn the limitations of the screen, and he

Above the portrait of Mr. Ballin is one of his prelimi-
nary charts for a “Thais” setting and below is the ex-
setting, built in Fort
Lee, from Mr. Ballin’s plan.
This is the desert nun-
ry in “Thais”
Right, Mr. Ballin at his best in the boudoir scene of Goldwyn's "Nearly Married" had to convince a good many people that these limitations weren't great as they thought.

Ballin began with some definite and extraordinary theories which he has never given up and which he has made his fellow-workers adopt. "Every emotion," he told one of the first Goldwyn press agents who came to him for "copy," "can be expressed in terms of form and color; thru the physical marshaling of objects, thru contour and balance (balance of weight, of course, but art balance), thru light and shade and their gradations, the world's grief and the world's laughter may be deftly and exactly expressed. Despair and hope, doubt and decision, hypocrisy and sincerity, these and other traits may be conveyed suggested by the physical surroundings of the people who are supposed to feel them."

A very simple example of this was to be seen in almost the (Continued on page 65)
Maurice Tourneur in an off-the-screen moment of his production, "Woman"

THE screen, first to agitate for preparedness, first to protest against Hun ruthlessness, first to reflect the mental reactions of the great war, is pausing to consider the future.

What will be the subject of the next great photoplay? And, to be great, such a screen drama must necessarily catch the thought nearest the heart of the public—it must deal with the one subject of greatest vital interest to the world.

The end of the war came so abruptly, at least to the short-sighted, that it left producers breathless, and with scores of war productions on their hands.

This means after-war changes and the release of many belated trench and renamed "reconstruction" pictures. These are the natural aftermath of the war's termination.

The big photoplay of 1919 will not be a war picture. But it is coming. At this moment it may be only a mental germ in the brain of some unknown scenario writer or director. But it is coming.

Will it deal with some phase of world reconstruction? This is very possible, at least in a remote sense. Will it be the problem of the returned soldier and his readjustment to civil (Continued on page 62)
At a time when the old world has a penchant for everything American, and we of America are becoming more closely in tune with Europeans than ever before, it is more interesting than ever to meet and perchance know Marie Doro.

For in Marie Doro the independence and clear-thinking qualities of the American girl are blended with the mellowed art and appreciative instincts belonging to the European. Marie Doro takes time to think.

Therein lies her Continental understanding of art and life's subtleties. For real art is only the expression in various forms of the finer understanding of life, an understanding that is attained only from meditation as well as study, from leading an individual existence, instead of a mad rush to keep up with the crowd.

One can imagine Marie Doro in an English garden pouring tea from rare old English china and touching it with love and reverence because of its fineness. One can imagine her being alone for hours, among the roses, or her picture on the Louvre, or night after night attending the grand opera in Rome. One can picture her at Monte Carlo, her large eyes dwelling upon the beauties of the cerulean Mediterranean, blinded, nevertheless, to the realities of life because she is poignantly aware of the world tragedies being enacted in the Casino.

Marie Doro is to the American stage what the Renaissance was to Rome.

For some two years the artistic touch of the presence has been withheld from the public. For two short weeks last winter she did, indeed, star in a stage play called "Barbara," an idyllic production of gossamer fabric, indeed, imaginative to enlist the sympathy of a million business people, as its brief life proved.

Marie Doro is one of those few individuals known to have a single - mindedness of purpose. Marie Doro is rare in a world of manufactured art. For two years she has never put to the crucible of dramatic art. But she did. She left pictures until they burned through, which could not be done as it was considered that they ought to be produced the time before.

One can imagine Marie Doro in an English garden pouring tea from rare old English china and touching it with love and reverence because of its fineness. One can picture her at Monte Carlo, her large eyes dwelling upon the beauties of the cerulean Mediterranean, blinded, nevertheless, to the realities of life because she is poignantly aware of the world tragedies being enacted in the Casino.

Marie Doro is to the American stage what the Renaissance was to Rome.

For some two years the artistic touch of her presence has been withheld from the public. For two short weeks last winter she did, indeed, star in a stage play called "Barbara," an idyllic production of gossamer fabric, indeed, imaginative to enlist the sympathy of a million business people, as its brief life proved.

Marie Doro is one of those few individuals known to have a single-mindedness of purpose. Marie Doro is rare in a world of manufactured art. For two years she has never put to the crucible of dramatic art. But she did. She left pictures until they burned through, which could not be done as it was considered that they ought to be produced the time before.

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She is to make two special photoplays in Europe under the direction of Herbert Brenon.

In order to have a last word with her before sailing, I called upon her in her Fifth Avenue apartment. She herself opened the door. To one long accustomed to an advance greeting by the maids, butlers or secretaries of screen celebrities, this fact alone stamped Marie Doro as a distinct individual.

"How are you?" she said. "Come right in."

The words were ordinary enough, but the golden quality of her voice made one feel for the first time the beauty of that every-day greeting, just as Yvette Guilbert's singing of a common little French chanson creates for the time being a masterpiece.

Miss Doro's living-room is a large one which masquerades as medium-sized because of its coziness. No matter how often you visit her home, you will be unable to catalog the furnishings of her apartment. They have become more than chairs and davenports and baby grand pianos. They have become a whole, the sum of which is greater than any of its parts, a home setting for the Doro existence. As a friend of mine once beautifully expressed it:

Mere desk was I, my caste was low,
Heavy my heart with sorrow,
Until they brushed me up to show
Miss Doro.

I sank into unplumbed abysses
Of shame; I felt I vexed her,
And yet I soon was sold to Mrs.
Dexter.

She saw beneath the ugly me.
Now, glorified each part,
I realize that, plus Marie,
I'm art.

(Continued on page 62)
Pushing the electric bell at 3920 Wilshire Boulevard, Hollywood, produces much the same effect as rubbing Aladdin’s wonderful lamp, for out of the gusts of a cold December rain it ushered me into the presence of hospitality warmer than the fires which glow on every hearth in Castle MacDonald.

Donald MacDonald and Mrs. Mac, who was Maudie Gifford before their marriage, and who played on the stage with Henry Miller, Dustin Farnum, John Mason and other splendid actors-producers, haven’t any bairns. But pets? Ah, now you’re talking, for they are so important that a description of the live stock comes before one may enthuse over this wonderful house. First, there’s a dog-star which shines high in the firmament of animal actors. Margarita Fisher has just finished a play in which “Mrs. Ming” is featured, to which the Pekinese was clothed in baby things and had to be passed off as Margarita’s progeny, in order to smuggle the snub-nosed and costly infant on a Pullman.

“We were a little afraid to have Mrs. Ming with us again; these actresses get so temperamental, you know. We’ve six more Pekinese, and Maudie and I didn’t know whether they would stand for the airs she might put on after having supported Mrs. Fisher, but we were agreeably surprised to find that she came right down to earth again. However, the other half dozen rather look up to Mrs. Ming and seem to acknowledge her superiority,” explained Mr. Mac, with a twinkle in his honest Scotch eyes.

So the rest of the doggies trooped in. Every one is a high-brow and has a distinguished name, and most of them are descended from Llenrud and were imported from old England. Perhaps the ugliest and quaintest one of these brown orbed prize-winners is Princes Dar Ling.

Then there’s the Scotch collie without whom...
Mr. MacDonald never travels, and who exercises a dignified restraint over the emotional bow-wows who have a special recreation parlor back of the tea-house in the MacDonald's lovely Japanese garden.

Korean grass was especially imported to beautify what had been a miserable adobe-soil lot. While the photograph of the garden was taken before the grass had spread, some idea of the transformation may be gained. The beauty of Korean grass is that it never needs a landscape barber and will speedily cover barren wastes and transform them into idylls of beauty. There are real lotus buds blooming in the miniature lake; six varieties of pastel-shaded water lilies turned dripping faces toward the sky, and shrubs galore shook their dainty skirts as we stepped across to the tea-house for a survey of the garden that dreary Saturday afternoon.

With a sigh of relief, born of the delicious comfort and warmth in the drawing-room, we settled down to a talk of Mr. MacDonald's activities, while the maid trundled in the tea things and Mrs. MacDonald touched the rare old silver pieces with dainty, reverent fingers. Here was comfort indeed. "One feels like talking about the old days in pictures when the firelight glows and the rain patters without, dont you think so? Somehow, today I am thinking so much of Harold Lockwood. You see, he and I started in pictures together; he was earning $25 a week in stock and I was getting $30 because I worked by the day. He was such a clean, lovable chap, it's no wonder he rose to be a star, while I—well, I've been director and leading-man. I really like to do villains; it's so exciting to get the leading-man or star into all sorts of scrapes, far more interesting than making love—on the stage."

(Continued on page 71)
The Nash Twins are pleasant features of “Everything,” at the Hippodrome.

Florence Reed has scored a decided hit in “Roads of Destiny,” at the Republic Theater. Here is a glimpse of Miss Reed and John Miltern in a strong scene of the drama.

Frances Starr in a tense moment of “Tiger! Tiger!” at the Belasco Theater.
The World of the Footlights

John Barrymore in his highly colored characterization of Fedya in Tolstoi's "Redemption" at the Plymouth Theater

Lola Fisher and Hedda Hopper in Clare Kummer's delightful comedy, "Be Calm, Camilla," at the Booth Theater
Emergency Nagel

By C. Blythe Sherwood

leading role opposite Alice Brady in the stage play, "Forever After." And Nagel chalked down another hit.

But the war came and the lad became restless. Finally he enlisted in the navy. While awaiting Uncle Sam's call, he kept on in "Forever After." About this time Brady began a screen version of Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women" and he decided upon Nagel as an ideal choice for Laurie.

"But," Conrad smiled back at me from the mirror in his dressing-room at the Central Theater, "I didn't feel as tho I ought to accept his kind offer. My summons to leave for camp might come any day, and then the result would have been one glorious inconvenience for all concerned. That is, I thought so. But nothing like that happened, because, after Mr. Brady's..." (Continued on page 80)

Conrad Nagel is a William A. Brady discovery. Brady saw him in vaudeville, playing in an Edgar Allan Woolf sketch, and summoned him to play Otto Kruger's rôle in "The Natural Law."

Emergencies have always played a big part in Nagel's existence. Right after playing in "The Natural Law" he was called to play William Elliott's rôle of Youth in "Experience," Elliott having suddenly been taken ill. Nagel was notified on Friday and, after one rehearsal, he went on at the Saturday evening performance.

It was a long and difficult rôle, but Nagel made a decided success. Next came rôles under the Brady management with Mary Nash and Florence Nash. Finally Henry Hull, playing in "The Man Who Came Back," fell ill, and Nagel had another opportunity. This hit established the lad in the astute William A.'s favor and he was given the
Genevieve Rutherford Hale, farmerette, stood in front of the mirror in the deserted dormitory conscientiously pow- 
ering her rose. The mirror was a dilapidated fit with a permanent wave in its surface which gave that small, saucy feature even of a tip-tilted aspect that nature had warded and did other ill-natured things to the pretty face reflected therein.

In the eastern window, uncurtained, was a torn green shade, the morning light streaming in a white-hot glare, making all the ugliness of the bare room with its wooden bunks and yellow furniture. In spite of her brave and joyous resolves, Genevieve sighed, remembering the shaded gray-and-ivory room at home with its leisurely breakfast tray and the tiny white-tiled bathroom beyond.

"I don't believe," she reflected ruefully, "I ever knew what seven o'clock in the morning looked like before.

There, I oughtn't to com- 

The boys in the trenches bally aren't allowed to lie in bed late, either." she put the puff back into the tiny gold vanity case that hung on a chain about her neck, pulled the red gold fluff of a trifle farther on her cheeks and drew a marvelous o-shanter of sun-colored satin jauntily over her fore- 

The tam matched the old gold smock embroidered with 

She must have found that milking costume in Vogue," 

She eyed the sallow girl with the wispy drab hair in disgust, under the heading "What the Well-Dressed Fifth Avenue Woman Will Wear the Coming Season." Did you ever see a thing so silly?"

One of those society girls who are making a fad of the r’t worn last the day out—

Farmer Hubbard surveyed Genevieve speechlessly. The only words that he could have used at the moment were not for the ears of farmerettes to hear. Then, cryptically, he addressed the expectant line.

"Sherman," he growled, "was right about war." His tones sounded the deeps of gloom. "Do any of you know how to milk?"

"A cow?" piped Genevieve, helpfully, into the uneasy silence. Mr. Hubbard's heavy jaw fell. He manifestly struggled with unholy yearnings, but his reply was soft and gentle.

"Oh, no, no; of course not. We milk the chickens on this here farm." A titter traveled down the line, to which Genevieve added her clear treble. She did not suspect that she was being ridiculed. One by one the others were apportioned to different tasks until only she and the tall school-teacher of uncertain years remained.

"I'm leaving the poultry in your charge, Miss Bicknell." The farmer glanced at the little gold figure beside her with manifest disgust. "All o' the chickens! Do you get me?"

"I understand perfectly," Bertha Bicknell nodded. She turned to Genevieve with wry lips. "The hen-house must be cleaned out before lunch. Perhaps you have something a trifle more—more suitable to put on?"

"Not a thing," Genevieve laughed, as they walked toward the outbuildings. "You see, I wanted to do something to help my country, but I just made up my mind that I wouldn't farm unbecomingly! Madame Louise made the costumes from my own designs. I couldn't find a thing like them in any of the shops."
They had reached the poultry houses. Bertha thrust a hoe into her companion's hands and pointed to the low doorway. Her eyes, as they rested on the absurd little figure, were hard and pitiless.

"Give it a thorough cleaning, walls and floor," she directed, briefly. "I am going to mix the whitewash out here."

Humming a blithe little tune, Genevieve disappeared, leaving her mentor smiling grimly as she began to stir a pail of slaked lime. When, a few moments later, the song abruptly died, she laughed aloud.

"She'll be in time for the afternoon train!" she muttered, vindictively. In precisely fifteen minutes a small, golden figure wobbled forth from the dark interior of the hen-house and sank gasping and pale of lips upon a nearby wheelbarrow.

"Oh," moaned Genevieve, "oh, it isn't—exactly pleasant being a farmerette, is it?" She swallowed hard, blinking back the tears. "I know I oughtn't to mind—smells and things, when the boys in the trenches have to stand even worse, and the folks s-said I w-wouldn't stick it out——"

Bertha Bicknell splashed her paddle thru the white-wash with an audible sniff. "Are you the youngest in your family?" she snapped. Genevieve nodded, while a fat tear homesickness zig-zagged thru the powder and dripped amorously from the peak of her small chin.

"I thought so," Swish! Swish! went the whitewash. "You can always tell a Benjamin the first thing!"

"A—a Benjamin?" faltered Genevieve.

"Didn't you ever read your Bible?" asked Bertha, coldly. "Benjamin was the youngest of twelve brothers, so they coddled him and spoiled him and did all the hard jobs for him. Being the youngest—the brush swept across the leaving a glistening trail—being the youngest is an incurable disease."

Silence, while the gate became a dazzling white and the brush attacked a nearby chicken-coop of aged appearance. Then shakily, but with a forlorn assumption of importance, the small smocked and embroidered figure picked herself up from the wheelbarrow and marched silently thru the low, dark doorway. But Bicknell stared after her in a curious softening of her harsh expression. "I wonder!" she mused.

Luncheon was served under the grape-arbor to a chatting accompaniment of toasts, zestfully relating the morrow.
hips. One farmerette alone was conspicuous missing.

"She's probably designing a corn-stalk negligee" tittered the thin girl with the spatter of freckles. The man-

ish one beside her nodded a bobbed head vigorously.

"The sooner she beats it, the better!" he announced. "She's making a laugh-

ing-stock of all of us! Suppose a re-

porter from a Sunday supplement

would catch sight of those Ziegfeld
gate!"

Srown on her face in the grass at this moment the possessor of the very orna-

mental legs lay weeping, steadily but

silently, amid the shattered fragments of her dream. But when a motherly hand patted her shoulder, she lifted her

wollen face with a gallant failure at a

mile.

"I'm not—not crying!" she denied, hawkily, "only, you see, I never knew before how hard it was to be a Ben-

jamin!"

Mrs. Hubbard was wide and sweet-

acqu and motherly. She sat down

lumpily on a nearby tree-stump and

smoothed the bright tangle of curls back from the girl's forehead. "Suppose you

e'll ma all about it, dearie," she sug-

gested comfortably.

So Genevieve Rutherford Hale poured out all the disillusion of the morning and the new-found and disquieting
tory of the "youngest of the family,"

winding up by clenching her little fists

valliantly. "But I'm not going to be a

lacker! If cleaning smelly hen-houses

will help win the war, I'll clean them if

it kills me—'most did this morning,

oo. And, if being the youngest is a
disease, I'll get cured—"

"Land, dearie, every family has got to

have a youngest!" Mrs. Hubbard smiled

nisti. "I suppose my Bobbie is a

Benjamin, too, when it comes to that.

The older boys always made much of

him, and I guess I spoiled him—he was my baby, bless him!"

A sigh trod on the heels of the smile.

Genevieve looked up at her sympa-
thetically. "Did he want to go to fight?

The lump face took on anxious

creases. "Well, no, he didn't, not ex-

actly," Bobbie's mother said. "He hated

the notion of killing people. He's got

the tenderest heart in the world, Bobbie

has, but he's got grit too. Don't you

fret about being a Benjamin, child; you

and Bobbie are going to show folks it's

a name to be proud of!"

It was a refreshed and dainty Gene-

vieve that strolled out of the big house

late that afternoon, with glowing cheeks

and crisp curls peeping under the droop-
ing tam-o'-shanter. The three dishev-

elled farmerettes limping up the path

from the cornfield stopped short in their

tracks and stared at her speechless.

"I feel so much better," Genevieve
told them, sweetly. "I've had a nice

How long, Miss," growled the farm-
er, "has my son Bobbie been writ-
ting to you?"
nap and a hot bath, and now isn't there something I can do?"

For a taut instant there was actual violence in the air, then it passed. The dusty farmerettes glanced at each other.

"The hoeing ought to be finished tonight," remarked one, softly, and "It's going to be!" Bertha Bicknell answered, significantly.

Late that evening a stealthy figure moving along the highway under the unwinking survey of the full moon heard a queer little sound from the cornfield beside the road and paused to listen. Some one was talking above the uncertain and labored progress of the hoe, in a dreary monotone.

"Oh, dear," the little voice was saying, stumbling now and again over a gulpy sob, "oh, dear, I never dreamed how many legs and arms I had! Four of 'em couldn't ache so! There must be a dozen at the very least!"

The listener drew nearer, peering over the fence. A slim, fantastic figure etched against the luminous night sky was moving toward him along the final furrow, swaying with weariness. "But it's a job that's got to be done!" the clear voice went on, tiredly, "and it's only slackers that give up their jobs because they don't like them! If the boys can kill Kaisers over there, I guess the least I can do is kill weeds—over—here—"

The hoe-blade struck a stone ringingly and flew from the wielder's unsure hands. With a gasp she crumpled up on the rustic bench by the fence, a little gold heap of woe.

"Don't be—scared!" a voice in her ear begged her, as a tall figure vaulted the fence and dropped down beside her. "I'm nobody but just me, you know!"

Genevieve looked up, startled, straight into a troubled boy face under a broad, soldierly hat-brim, a face with straight features, a sensitive mouth and wide, wistful eyes.

"Why," she said, wonderingly, "I'm not scared! I wouldn't be scared of you—"

Then, in the moonlight, she colored deliciously at what she had said. "I mean," she explained, "that a United States soldier couldn't do anything bad!"

The boy stared at her, frowning. "What're you working out here at this hour for?"

(Continued on page 68)
The Brownie Who Became a Star

By FRITZI REMONT

Even as a lonely little French Canadian lad in Syracuse, Mitchell Lewis longed for the stage. Luck favored the stage-struck youth in singular fashion. When Palmer Cox's "Brownies" were all the rage in the pages of St. Nicholas, some great mind conceived the idea of putting the little folk on the screen. Mitchell Lewis was a lad who'd always wanted to go on the stage. He says he inherited his love of singing, dancing and acting from his Welsh progenitors, and, as his mother was a Bohemian, he could truly sing "I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land—I'd rather fail in Bohemia than win in another land," only it wasn't the Bohemia of his mother's birth, but that of the stage folk here and abroad.

Anyway, he started off as a weeny Indian Brownie, and before three months had passed, he had grown so tall that he was recast and did the rôle of Giant. When that engagement was over—too tall for kiddie parts, too young for juveniles—he decided to enlist in the navy. Here he stayed six years. He had gone to the enlisting officer with his best pal, a Syracuse lad of French-Canuck parentage, one George Four-

Mitchell Lewis started his career by playing a weeny Indian Brownie. But he grew so fast that in three months he was playing the Brownie Giant.
This led to such expressions on the cook's part as "You! My wife he ees damn strong feller; you know heem, no?"

Leaving the navy, Mr. Lewis really didn't know what to do with himself. His brother had a good position with the Philadelphia Traction Company and offered to teach him the street railways game. So the young man took the "job" offered, and, when a strike occurred and motormen were conspicuous by their absence, Mitchell was asked to pilot the cars thru the mobs threatening violence to strike-breakers.

It took just about three round trips to convince Mr. Lewis that the only way to escape a cracked head was to leave the cars. So he carefully moved his car to the barn, got his little bonnet and fled to New York without the formality of a good-by to his brother.

He traveled back to Syracuse and soon got an engagement with Willie Collier, playing a Turkish servant of the harem. This show "went broke" in Nashville, so there was nothing for it but to return north and seek another affiliation.

Arriving in New York City, he had but two dollars left. He found a little hotel called "The Ogden," where they asked for seven dollars' room rent—in advance! When told that two dollars constituted his bank account, the good-hearted landlady sent him to a little French place nearby.

"You see, I thought if I had to go into debt, I wanted to go in slowly and enjoy the agony. not get it all over at once. So a garret room in this French lodging-house just suited me for the time being," laughed Mr. Lewis reminiscently. "And it had such splendid conveniences. (Continued on page 64)
Another step—or rather another comedy stumble—in Mabel Normand's return to slap-stick farce is "Sis Hopkins," a Goldwyn screen version of the Rose Melville bucolic stage classic. "Sis Hopkins," by the way, is the first picture done by Miss Normand since the Goldwyn exodus to the coast.
Pauline was the sixteenth little Curley.

Can you imagine a girl being blessed with thirteen brothers? That's the distinction Pauline Curley enjoys first of all.

The diminutive, golden-haired, hazel-eyed fairy was destined to make a reputation at a very early age. The older Curley children had danced and made a hit at Sunday-school entertainments in Holyoke, Mass., but, after the death of Pauline's older sister, the mother went into utter retirement, grieving over her loss. So Pauline was three years old before she had her chance in the Holyoke Sunday-school room.

Pauline made a hit with everybody, singing "Teddy Bear." Indeed, she still has the funny little bear as her precious pet, for Pauline is even now so very young that one may not whisper her real age... the very youngest leading lady on the screen, an it please you.

As we sat in the comfortable Curley living-room in Hollywood, Pauline was persuaded to sing her first song, which ran:

"I am going to sing of my Teddy Bear,
For he is all the rage now, I do declare."

"You want to know how I came into pictures at last?" repeated Miss Curley. "Oh, that's a story which begins a long way back. After that Teddy Bear début, I was appearing at various entertainments, and at six I played in 'The Sleeping Beauty' at the Y. M. C. A. I went into the stock companies at Holyoke, Mass., and played Cupid in 'A Knight for a Day,' but I was too young and they were afraid of the authorities, so Claire Whitney, then sixteen years old, took my place. The Holyoke people still follow me with the greatest interest. They're always sending me theater programs which feature me ahead of the star I'm supporting. Isn't that civic patriotism or something like that?"

After the stock company engagement, Ormi Havley, of Lubin, engaged the clever child to act with her, but Pauline never saw a run of this picture, for she had received a call for another engagement. This was quite a disappointment to Mr. Lubin, for he'd formed a great attachment to the little Holyoke fairy, as he termed her.

When eight years old, Miss Curley appeared in six pictures in New York, one of these being "School Days," another "No Children Wanted." Then she did Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" companies, switched over to be a Little Lord Fauntleroy, played in "The Outlaw's Christmas," and finally entered Majestic-Reliance for pictures again.

Pauline once did a long-time vaudeville act with Hans Robert, covering the Orpheum circuit in "A Daddy By Express."

There are mighty few girls on the screen who, at Pauline Curley's age, have enjoyed such a varied acting experience. It was for this reason that she had no difficulty in doing emo-
Curley

wasn't a lucky stone. I was quite a little girl then and, as I sat in the carriage waiting for my turn, Mr. Dwan picked up a stone the size of a potato—see, it seems to have eyes, even—and handed it to me with, "Paul, here's a lucky stone for you. As long as you possess this, you'll never want, and the fairies will bring you luck, world without end. Amen!"

"Of course, I carried it with me, and not long ago, when I did 'Bound in Morocco' with Mr. Fairbanks, Mr. Dwan was talking in my dressing-room and I showed him the potato-stone lying on the dressing-table. He was so astonished and pleased, because he'd almost forgotten the incident."

"Do you like emotionalism, Miss Curley?"

"I haven't had much chance to emote because I've always been just a love-sick maid in most productions. In fact, Mr. Balshofer used to say to me, 'Dying fish. Pauline, please, dying fish.' And I'd roll my orbs like an expiring fan-tail and slink into Mr. Lockwood's arms. But I do love to emote and, if I can just manage to hurry along the growing-up process, I hope I'll have the opportunity. Just now I can't do a thing but play ingenue. Mr. Hart saw me one day and told me to make up for a girl of twenty. He said to mother, 'If the kiddie can manage to look older on the screen—of course, it's not so difficult on the stage, where we don't have closeups—I can use her for several pictures.' So I did my best, had my hair quite high and presented myself to Mr. Lockwood's daughter, Crystal Herne, Howard Kyle, Mary Shaw, Lizzie Hudson Collier, (sister-in-law of the famous Willie), and William Mack were in the same company. Is it any wonder that little Pauline has become a splendid actress? Soon after Miss Curley re-entered pictures with Mary Aldan in "The Better Way," and it wasn't very long ago that she did "The Turn in the Road" with Lloyd Hughes and Helen Eddie, not to mention the rôle of the princess in "The Fall of the Romanoffs," directed by Herbert Brenon.

When Pauline Curley was but eleven, she got a lot of notoriety by playing in "Polygamy," which attracted attention because the Mormons objected to its exploitation. Crystal Herne, Howard Kyle, Mary Shaw, Lizzie Hudson Collier, (sister-in-law of the famous Willie), and William Mack were in the same company. Is it any wonder that little Pauline has become a splendid actress? Soon after Miss Curley re-entered pictures with Mary Aldan in "The Better Way," and it wasn't very long ago that she did "The Turn in the Road" with Lloyd Hughes and Helen Eddie, not to mention the rôle of the princess in "The Fall of the Romanoffs," directed by Herbert Brenon.

Pauline is the only child at home. Many of her brothers have passed on, others live at a great distance, her sister is married, back East, and so this little girl of the films is living (Continued on page 74).
The Quest of the (Mc) Grail

Now once, when I was young—a stripling lad—
Dreaming, envisioned, of fair deeds and bold—
Methought of the Fair Grail—and yearned to be
A member of King Arthur's Table Square.
Wild tears I wept to think that he and his
Had waged their tourneys while I, still unborn,
Was blind to vision, blind to valiant quests,
And that there was no more of valorousness
In my most arid age.
Then came to me

An Editor with inspirational eye,
said
The McGrail, a Vitagraphic Star, get him
For me.
I wept no more for Launfal nor the nights.
I saw before mine eyes a grail indeed
And not a vase of substance nebulous, a quest which might
Materialize—might, in a concrete form, be wholly
Wholly mine.
I took my lance in hand (a Faber, soft)
I took a ramping steed marked
Brighton L,
And into FLATBUSH, courage looming high,
Rode mightily.
Before me, glassed and gray and battlemented,
Rose up the Vitagraph, within whose hold
Was he whom I had come thus far to seek
No moat made more impatient my
Impatient feet, but a slight lad spake with me, and in part
Bade me not fall nor faint—my quest was o'er!
And then I saw HIM—and he spoke to me—saying, with pleasant voice:
"A little lunch?" As we walked
I looked at him and saw
A goodly sight.
For he was very tall, and very broad: his eyes
Were not more deep than they were blue; his lips
Were firmly cut, and his black hair
Had a romantic silvering at the temples.
He told me, over omelet delicate, some coffee and
Some foamy Charlotte Russe how he had sold
In many a hamlet small and hamlet far
Slim cigarettes, and how, in Gotham once
Having a sale to make which tried him sore, he called a friend

Two characteristic studies of Walter McGrail and a glimpse of him, sans mustache, in a recent Corinne Griffith picture

(Thirty-six)
By ALEXANDER LOWELL

He knew upon the stage—was told to "come around"
And straightway had a part,
From thence to Vitagraph.
Next year he hopes
To be a Star in very 'special features,
Comedy is his special forte he thinks, since he feels best
When making a world saddened, sick with tears,
Forget—and laugh——
But I believe
That I can see him better when Romance
Is all a-flower—for methinks
He looks the perfect lover and could make
Of love
The Perfect Art.
Of such as he
Young dreams are woven . . .
When he was very young—a tiny lad—
His mother hoped, he said, that he might be
A Priest. A celibate, avowed to
A Holy life—and one can see him thus—
Full easily.
In vestiments sacerdotal, and with light,
Somber and rich from many stained windows,
On his head. Or, with shut eyes,
Whispering in some dim confessional, absolving all
The scarlet, secret sinning of the World. There is
About him an aroma of these things—
Romance and cloisters and crusadings of
Some unforgotten, some more mellow
Age.
And yet he loves, because he is most human after all,
And Humanity is a vast paradox,
Farm life, jazz music and a pretty girl.
Tennis, motoring, the "rest of it."
He is
America in Youth.
For women he
Said with a little, special tender tone that some
Who say that they are woman-haters must have forgot
Their mother was a woman.
And he had
A certain courtliness of bearing then
That took me back to reminisce again
Of olden days when Knights held tournneys for
Some fair, some chaste ideal.
At home he lives
Alone with a long invalided father, whose chief joy
Is the young life his son brings in to him, and whose hope
Is one day to see run the pictures he has only seen in stills.
He thinks of all the Stars in the vast heaven
The one most fixed, most brilliant,
most divine.
Is Mary, beyond which
Description need not go.
She makes, he says,
No slightest move nor gesture
not complete,
Not necessary.
Her skill and artistry are
Consummate.
And then we talked, e'en as
the Walrus said—
Of many things, and methought
This man is young, and there
is much before him,
more than all
(Continued on page 74)
The Silent Star of the Silent Drama

BY MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

Helen Keller in moving pictures! Who next? One may remain passive while the procession of opera singers, politicians, cartoonists, ex-bandits, propagandists and famous beauties pass by on the screen, but the thought of this marvelous woman, deaf and blind, being able to surmount the many obstacles of filmdom filled me with amazement, and a hundred difficulties flashed across my mind.

At the Brunton studios in Los Angeles I found Miss Keller busy with a scene. Except for the absence of that badge of power, the megaphone, there was apparently nothing unusual about the proceeding.

Soon, however, I began to wonder how Miss Keller knew when to walk to the table, when to take up the book, when to pass thru the door! No one was directing her, yet she seemed never at a loss, but moved with the utmost confidence thru the scene. "Here is a mystery," I thought. "I must be in the realm of that psychic phenomena where thought transference without visible or audible means is considered an ordinary affair."

The scene ended and another began, while I grew more puzzled at this invisible presence! I shifted to a more comfortable round of the ladder (Continued on page 69)

Above, a recent portrait of Miss Keller; top, Miss Keller "talking" with Director George Foster Platt, with Mrs. Macy at her left; right, Miss Keller selling a $1,000 Liberty Bond to Governor Stephens, of California.
"You are wonderful," he whispered; "somehow or other, Nan, these moments with you seem to me the only ones worth living."

Cheating Cheaters

Fictionized from the Scenario Based on Max Marcin's Play

By FAITH SERVICE

"Folks," said Steve Wilson, "if that Palmer outfit is comin' for the tea spillin' this P. M., now's the time for a guy to speak up." He paused impressively and let his eye rest upon the smoky, indolent group. "I don't believe Nan is going thru for us," he said.

The "folks" sat up. Steve Wilson could not have been more effective with a bomb. George Brockton let forth a contemptuous oath.

Nell Brockton thrust a violent hairpin into her violent, henna-gold hair. Antonio Verdi ceased thumping syncopated opera on the baby grand. "Not—going—there—for-us?" they exclaimed, incredulously and in unison. George Brockton was the first to recover.

"What's the dope?" he questioned.

"I've said a mouthful," affirmed Steve. Then he leaned forward and thrust forth his jaw. "When a skirt lamp's the right guy," he said, "and she aint a dead one—she falls for him. Nan has lamped the right guy and—she aint no dead one."

"You mean—?" once more in unison, this time not quite so scoffingly.

"I mean Tom Palmer," declared Steve Wilson; "I don't like those long walks she's got into the way of takin', and I don't like the glint in her lamps when she comes in from 'em. It means—the soft stuff. Oh, I know what you're all thinkin'. Nan's hard stuff, you're thinkin'; Nan's nails, you're cegotatin'. Well, Nan was nails, but the harder these skirts is before, the softer they is after. Take it from little Steve."
The "folks" stirred uneasily. Steve exploded again. "I don't like the damnable job, anyway," he growled. "When I goes after a guy's rocks, I takes a gun and a jimmy—I don't hire no Westchester swell joint and give tea parties. These ain't my methods, and I don't like the complexion of the thing."

George Brockton only had time for another expletive, Nell Brockton for another hairpin and Tony for another chord when the hall door flung wide, a scent of wild woodland filled the handsome, cluttered room and Nan came in. "'Lo, folks," she greeted them, "Why the Gertrude Gloom atmosphere? Hasn't Ira come across? Have you seen a copper?" Then, without waiting for their replies, she wheeled about on them briskly, "Come, Steve," she said, "we haven't until day after tomorrow, you know. Help me get this arbuth in the vases. You, Tony, cover up the Police Gazettes with the sofa cushions; it's not the sort of reading matter the Palmers go in for. Nell, you and George skip upstairs and make the transformation scenes. This thing has got to go thru. Do you all get me—got to?"

Nan had an autocratic way. Steve muttered something about a kaiser in their midst. The rest of the "folks" eyed him scornfully for his treacherous dubity.

Nell whisked about with a dust-cloth, opened windows to admit the fresh, stirring air, plumped up cushions, scattered the flowers, carelessly and effectively. The others watched her, half in-re

"Rather clever," he said. "You'd never take that to be an electrically charged safe, now would you?"

sentiment, he in wonder. "You know," Nell reminded them, "the Ira Lazar has put four thou in this job already. What more, Ferriss is onto us. We've got to get away with this, g away with it p. d. q and—p stakes. We've wasted enough time. My trip abroad wi George, meeting the Palmer, leasing this outfit—it's run in money. We've got to make this haul." She finished and eyes them over. "Skip," she ordered, "the swell Palmers will be here in an hour."

When the swell Palmers were admitted by the factotum who had been Steve Wilson, the transformation was complete even to Nell Brockton, garbed in comfortable material; Verdi, an Italian master, and George Brockton, genial host. On the stairs Nan was coming to meet the Tom Palmer intercepted him. "You are wonderful," he whispered to her in a roughened voice as he took the hand she gave him. "Somehow or other, Nan, these moments with ye seem to me the only ones worth living. I— I wait for them from one to the other. I—"

Ruth, alias Nan, smiled down on him. "Oh, Tom," she murmured, and there was none of the cool assurance in her voice, "oh, Tom, there are so many walls between me and you—so many hills to climb—so many twisted paths—"

Tea was served, and after tea Ruth played to them little tender, vibrant things that caused George Brockton to yawn and nod and Nell Brockton to stare thru the twilight wit
ly aroused suspicion. Somehow, these are not the things one of their gang would be apt to play, no matter what the theatricalism called for. Steve, snorting contemptuously as he wheeled out the tea-cart, did not further sustain them.

"I am going to play at Professor Verdi's recital this Thursday," murmured Ruth an interlude. "I should like to have you hear me." She included Mr. and Mrs. Palmer and Grace.

George Brockton started in his chair. "My dear," he interposed, "I forgot to tell you and I am sorry to disappoint you, but I will not be able to be at the recital, I fear."

"Why, father . . ."

"Unfortunately, your mother and I are to be in Chicago. You will have to accompany us. It is too bad."

Tom Palmer left the piano over which he had been lounging. "Mother," he broke in gruffly, "couldn't . . .?"

Mrs. Palmer smiled graciously. "Of course," she said; "how slow I am. We could love to have you with us, Miss Brockton. Please . . ."

Ruth caught Tom's anxious eye, and her cheeks flamed slowly. "May I father?" she asked. Brockton nodded, and from the direction of the butler's pantry came another and a badly muffled snort.

Ruth pulled the last blind to the next morning, then turned her confidantes. "You all know what to do?" she said. "Tell, for heaven's sake, don't answer the bell under the most extraordinary circumstances. Steve, if you lounge in the windows, it's all off. Verdi, nix on the chromatic scale. We're in Chicago, George and Nell. Don't get back till you get the high sign."

Steve broke in inelegantly. "We got our cues all right, all right, Nan," he said; "what's your stuff?"

Nan eyed him keenly, then smiled. "My stuff is to help self to the famous Palmer pearls, if I'm not much mistaken," she said, "and when I get them you are to be on tap at a car and whisk us all away. The very same night we set sail for South America. We won't dare to market the jewels up here. Down there—well, crooks are getting richer every day. Now I'm off—keep your minds glued and sit tight."

"Good luck, Nan!"

"No soft stuff, Nan," said Steve.

Tom Palmer surveyed the living-room anxiously. He turned sharply to Mrs. Palmer. "Everything O. K.?" he asked. "No Police Gazettes about here, you know. Miss Brockton will hardly care for that form of literary enjoyment."

Grace Palmer laughed, not very pleasantly. "I must say, Tom," she observed, "that if you were not so damn silly about what Miss Brockton would or wouldn't like, we might finish up this job and pull stakes. You know, Ferris is onto us hot and heavy. It'll mean twenty years for us if we slip up."

Tom Palmer ran his hand over his suddenly sweated brow.

"Aint your guts in it, Tom?" asked the "butler," Phil, gruffly.

"Never mind what's in it, Phil," Tom laughed and shrugged his slim, groomed shoulders; "I'm going thru with it," he added. "Tonight—she'll be here—the old folks will be away—the coast clear. We've planned for this night. Well, it's come. It's up to me to see you fellows thru—I'm going to do it." He gave a short, sharp laugh. "Honor among thieves," he added.

When Ruth Brockton came in Tom met her. "We're just having tea," he said; then, lower, "Oh, Ruth, to see you here—in my house—Ruth, I never knew one girl could mean so much to me—could color all the world—give me new eyes, new ears, a new heart."

Ruth looked at him. "A new heart?" she murmured, then she laughed lightly.

Ruth was in the corner, a pistol in her hand. "One can always come back," Tom whispered huskily. "One cannot always love. If love comes, Ruth, who are you to turn away from it?"
rather loudly. "You must show me your famous pearls," she said. "You know, I am something of a gem fancier. I suppose you have them cleverly concealed."

Tom Palmer led her into the living-room and pointed to a panel in the wall. "Rather cleverly," he said. "You'd never take that to be an electrically charged safe, now would you?"

Ruth opened her eyes. "Charged?" she asked childishly, "to—to kill, you mean?"

"Well, ra-ther!"

Ruth laughed. "How—how very clever!" she said, banally.

Then she turned to Grace. "I have a hobby," she declared, sitting down by her. "I want to build a house of my very own and I'm keen on architecture. Will you give me a sort of a plan of your home? I think it is delightful, especially the ground floor. Oh . . . She held out her hand for the case Tom was showing her. "How perfectly marvelous! I don't wonder, Mrs. Palmer, that you have electrically charged safes to guard these deep-sea wonders. They are miracles."

Mrs. Palmer smiled. "We were in the habit," she said, "of keeping them in the safe in town, but it made it so annoying to run in for them if we suddenly had to have them, so Tom here devised this."

"I put the pearls in, and shut the safe door. I devised the gardens, too," he said, "and I want to show Miss Brockton my skill as a landscaper. Pardon us, mother."

In the garden Tom Palmer dropped his derby manner. He took Ruth's hands and drew her to him till she could feel the mighty thumping of his heart. "I had to get you out here, Ruth," he said; "I had to speak to you—to put this to the test. I—I love you, dear. I want you to go away with me—to leave all this behind—all these people behind. I want to be alone with you—in a world-alone—"

Ruth drew back in her breath. She closed her eyes to shut in the picture he painted. The sweetness it portended pervaded her, and her mouth trembled with a foretaste of ever-bliss. Then she shook her head. "These people . . . " she repeated after him, "our mothers—and fathers—our—our—work. Tom, not now, not so soon—"

"One can always work," Tom whispered huskily; "one can always come back. One cannot always—love. If love comes—Ruth, who are you to turn away from it?"

Ruth pulled her hands away from his too insistent clasp. She shut her eyes again, this time because what she saw smote her with premonitory pain. "I can't, Tom," she said; "not now—dear."

At midnight of that night Tom Palmer had finished what he set forth to do. He had made a skillful entry into the Brockton home. He had the famous Brockton diamonds against his breast. Presently he would be back with the gems he could divide the spoils, and the job he had grown to love would be completed in so far as he was concerned. He was among thieves—well, he had preserved his. It was the kind of honor he ever had preserved, but perhaps it was better than none at all. He would go away now—to Soo America where men's deeds were furred to a narcotic slumber. Yes, he would sleep; he would dream—and forget. Forget past, forget Ruth; most of all, he would forget Ruth. She was in his blood, once the lust of stones been. He would eject her, put her forth.

He crossed the room cautiously. Phil would be waiting in the car. Grace and the Palmers would be waiting on the road. In the morning they would be on their way—to Soo America. Ruth would awaken in an empty house. It would bruise her—but she was not the kind to crumble. She would come thru. He was sure of that. He . . . "Hands up!" said a professional voice. Tom wheeled. "The coppers!" he groaned, and his lips whitened and tauter. "Game's up," he admitted and hung up his arms.

Not for full moon did he take cognizance of the sneers behind him. He realized that Mr. and Mrs. Brockton were also the room hands; high, not very high. Ruth was in the corner of his hand.

After the were handcuffed, Ruth turned to officers. "Will you leave me alone with him?" she asked, "just for a little while?"

"Tom turn to her. Face was white as his." "W-what does th—"

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At the National Detective Agency the day following the Brocktons, Steve Wilson, Verdi and the Palmers awaited ultimatum. Steve was aggressively ugly. "You gentle Raffles," he spat forth contemptuously, "oughter get wha comin' to you. Go about things honest and no harm'll come to you. I told you Nan wasn't going thru for us! I told y' she was stool-pigeonin', or double-cros'in', or something o' th kind. Where's she now, that's what I want to know?"

Tom Palmer spoke up, rather wearily. "Getting the thi

(Continued on page 57) (Forty-two)
Can you believe that the avoir-dupoi-esque young woman with Bryant Washburn is our own Mary Thurman? When you recover from the shock you can reassure yourself by glancing at the recent portrait of Mary, just above, and at the almost-as-recent flash of Mary at Mack Sennett's studios.

Mary is sacrificing everything for Art these days. She has deserted the Sennett sea-going forces and is pursuing the drama relentlessly. In "The Poor Boob," with Mr. Washburn, she plays the horrible victim of candy. How does Mary appear so—er—rotund? Gosh, we give it up!

But—who, oh, why?—pick on Mary for this sort of role?
The Celluloid Crane

De Mille never loses sight of his drama, futile close-ups, flashes of animals and the usual screen clap-trap. On the other hand, there are scores of human bits of byplay to build up character and aid the atmosphere. And let us not neglect the remarkable study of a woman who, torn by pity, sexual loneliness, slips a terrible mistake and refuses to fight fate.

"The Squaw Man" is a remarkable study of a man who, torn by pity, sexual loneliness, slips a terrible mistake and refuses to fight fate.

Since Maurice Tourneur turned her vehicles into picture poems, Elsie Ferguson hasn't filmed so beautifully as in "Under the Greenwood Tree."

The screen has offered few things bigger than Elliott Dexter's sensitive, finely limned portrayal in "The Squaw Man."
By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

and now for Charlie Ray and "String Beans," (Paramount),
and drama, Julian Josephson's story is just a little above the
ripe. In the matter of direction, "String Beans" may be
ly described. But Ray's playing of Toby Watkins
is a study in adolescence. Ray is sincere, direct, unutter-
We must admit that we looked for
"Virtuous Wives" return to the
iens. It is the
s of a young man,
less in the quest of
position, and life, who flirts her
Thanks to the
ations of another
our more unscrupu-
the virtuous wife, the
"Branding
Broadway" is
William Hart
photo play of
many months
tops all thru "Vir-
puous Wives." Per-
has for this reason
 Conway Tearle's
s portrayal of
 the business man
ar overshadows
Miss Stewart's play-
ing of the wife.
Yet, in truth, the star did not register
with any of her old vivdhood. At mo-
ts she is even amateurish. The late
Adwin Arden's handling of the middle-
aged husband of a butterfly wife is excel-
ent and Mrs. De Wolfe Hopper as the
wife, herself past mistress of the art of
playing with fire, is effective.
But in "Virtuous Wives" Tucker has
staged one vibrant scene, the moment
where the elderly Wall Street magnate's
little son hovers between life and death.
Here "Virtuous Wives" flashed fire.
Rumors from the coast led us to expect
mighty things of David Wark Griffith's
fifth picture in five years, "The Greatest
Thing in Life." Here is the story of a
girl's quest for the greatest thing in life
and of the regeneration, thru war and
love of a young American snob. But
Griffith's latest drama presents nothing
new. There is the ingénue in desperate
waiting for her dower down, an American divi-
hoc, rushing to the rescue, the inevitable
chance allied lines hidden in a basement, and
steps above the conventional. There is
the American heroine thinks she has found her
Frenchman until she discovers that he knows
written by his own countryman, Rostand.
An astonishment comes when she finds that, even upon
been only a chicken" to him. The other big
widely discussed. Here the American hero and
ark refuge in a shell hole. A bullet mortally wounds
him, who falls into the white lad's arms. Dying in
dead, he pleads for a kiss from his mammy. Then it is that
n, who puts his arms around the dying man and presses
check. We have been told of the extreme daring
and that Griffith is astonishing for his handling of the
firth of a Nation." Be that as it may,
ir disappointment in "The Greatest Thing in Life"
(Continued on page 70)
The Greeley Expedition to the Zoo

Reading left to right: deer, Evelyn

A little dog along just was snappis, right star.

How they follow Evelyn around! What? They're some of her deer fans! Go to the foot of the class

Evelyn Greeley snatched a few hours away from the World Film studio to visit the Bronx zoo. But Evelyn had the foresight to take along her newest furs, some peanuts and a camera-man.
The Stagnation of the Screen

Herbert Brenon, Fresh from Flanders Fields, Believes the American Photoplay Is at a Standstill

By CHARLES JAMESON

or what are the thoughts of a motion picture director upon his return to America after ten months in war-swept Europe, many of them not in the front lines of Flanders fields? Since Herbert Brenon thru this experience "over e," his mental reactions will be of decided rest.

First, after some ten days studying the situation in the American production field, Brenon expressed himself as "frightened at the absolute stagnation. I dislike to pose as an alarmist," declares Brenon, grimly, "but the situation is critical. American makers of film drama are suffering a mental overconfidence, to frank. Before war, France, Italy, England were heavily engaged in making motion pictures. There was stiff competition. American producers were even a slender measure of competition. American producers paused for a moment. They had the world to themselves. And the photoplay has been waiting ever since. We must have competition," conceded Brenon. "It is vital to the very life of the photoplay. When a man breaks records in a foot race, he does it in competition with other athletes. If he ran alone, he would probably finish many seconds behind his other record. It's the same way in the making of pictures. Some one else must be making them, too. Just now the whole art is moribund."

"I look to England to be the real competitor of America — and I hope the competition will come as soon as possible. I know the first question raised in opposition. It is only the statement that the climate is against picture-making in the British Isles. But let us be fair. We do not take all our Eastern motion pictures in New York, or within a few miles of New York. We send companies to Louisiana, into the Carolina mountains, to Canada for the right sort of exteriors. When it snows in New York, we send a cast to Florida to get summer scenes. It is just as cheap or cheaper, and just as quick or quicker, to shoot a company across the channel to beautiful southern France, to the Alps, to Rome, to Monte Carlo, into the very Sahara Desert itself. And consider the results! "English photoplays are weak things now, because it is financially impossible to spend more than $10,000 upon a production and get your money back. There is no American demand and the sales are wholly confined to the British Isles. But let English producers put $50,000 and more into film plays, and your American producer would have genuine competition."

I am pleading for encouragement to British makers of pictures, for the art cannot survive without competition."

Brenon returned from abroad with his viewpoint broadened and quickened by the war. "I want you to ask me who is the greatest genius in the motion picture business," he said, with a smile. "Then I shall answer, Charlie Chaplin! Not only is he a great actor—a really great actor with moments of genius—but he is a great director, a man of infinite imagination and ability. I believe the day will come (Continued on page 84)
Caught in Dressing Room No. 10

I have always been afraid of Harry Morey. I have seen him "treat 'em rough" in so many Vitagraph pictures that I have wondered what fate of an interviewer would be who dared to ask a big fellow to talk about himself.

So far as getting him to talk about himself goes, my visit with Mr. Morey was a failure. It simply can't be done. Morey will talk about pictures until the last man drops, but you can't get much out of him about himself.

The facts about Mr. Morey that I did gather were picked up from his associates at the Vitagraph studio. Morey has been with Vitagraph since 1909, when he left the stage for motion picture work. Vitagraph folks, therefore, know Mr. Morey as well as they know their own families.

Morey got his start with Vitagraph almost 10 years ago, because he was the first man-size policeman ever put into a motion picture. A picture in those days was not complete without a policeman, but the rôle of movie cop was also the smallest thing in the business so far as requirements were concerned, and almost without exception these small parts were played by none of small physique. One day Morey played part of a policeman, and he was such an artistic success (judged by the motion picture standards of 1909) that three stories centering around the character of a policeman were immediately written for the first full-sized cop that screen boasted. It was but a step, then, in the rôle of guardian of the peace to disturb the peace. Morey played heavies for a long time and then, by sheer merit of work, developed into full-fledged star lead.

I found Mr. Morey in that nook at Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn where he is always to be found in his spare moments. They told me at the office that if Morey was not working in his set, I would find him in No. 10. Being a rank outsider, I did not realize that No. 10 was one of the Holy of Holies in the big Vitagraph plant. So after many wanderings and turnings, directions, I came to a door marked No. 10 and knocked.

Yes, it was Morey's dressing-room, but who opened the door, my first impression was that I stumbled into a police station on a busy day. A crowd of rogues and hoboes crowded into the room it had never been my privilege to unearth, as usual, it was only the gang—in make-up—hang out in No. 10. When the gang realized that someone wanted to pay a purely personal visit to Mr. Morey, they disappeared, and I found myself alone with Harry of the Mighty Right.

"The gang can't seem to get used to the dressing-room now that it's all dolled up," said Morey. "The company has just fitted it up for like a regular place, but so how I don't feel at home."

"It looks as tho it ought to satisfy the most exacting highly-strung temperament," said I, as I gazed around appraisingly.

"Temperament hell!" said Morey. "I have been here No. 10 ever since I came."

(D Forty-eight.)
Itograph, and I wouldn't have let them change it a bit if it wasn't that there was not a thing left in the room that could be used with safety.

"Yes, sir," said the big fellow, as he surveyed his quarters with regret, "if I could let this old room do the looking for me, you would get a yarn that would make our eyes pop out.

"They used to call this the Vitograph Club Room. It was the hang-out for the whole crowd. We did an old card-table here in the middle of the room, and the bunch came after hours and tagged as tho they lived here. It was everybody's room, and the other fellows went on the theory that their own dressing-rooms were only to hang their hats in. No. 10 was where they ed. The directors used to come in whenever they got lonesome in their own rooms and,udging from the attendance, I guess directors are about the lonesomest fellows on earth.

"But I guess I am getting swell now, like the rest of the picture people. I have my dressing-room all to myself. Earle Williams and I used to share this room together, at different times Jim Lackaye, Gladys James, Leo Delaney and Bill Dunn shared it with me.

"The old room sure could tell some yarns.

I tried several times to turn the conversation toward Morey himself, but he fought shy of it. Finally, he capitulated with, "I smoke and I drink. In fact, I have all of life's vices in moderation. Seven days make a week for me the same as for anybody else. I make my living by acting before the motion picture camera. Hundreds of other people are doing the same thing, so why pick on me?"

"That's one trouble, as I see it, that we have got to guard against in motion picture work. If I put Harry Morey into everything that I do, I won't get very far, will I? That is why character leads appeal to me so much more strongly than the usual type of fancy heroes, who do not exist in real life.

"Here's what I mean. Suppose an actor develops certain peculiarities or characteristics that absolutely identify him through any kind of a make-up; in other words, he is always himself. No matter what play you see him in, then, you do not see the character that he is portraying, but you see the man who is acting the part. That's all wrong, to my way of thinking.

Dressing-room glimpses of Morey, who got his screen start ten years ago because he was the first man-sized policeman ever put into a motion picture

(Continued on page 71)
I had never thought of her as the mysterious Miss Clayton.

From the time I first saw her in a melodramatic picture to the time I first saw her, in person, at the Lasky studio I had thought of her as of the direct, full-of-the-joy-of-life sort; intellectual, undoubtedly, for to this her skilful work—work which could not be entirely due to her director—bore witness, but not temperamental and, certainly, not at all mysterious.

Boisterous laughter led me to her, one afternoon, while she was making a scene for "Maggie Pepper," soon after she came to the Pacific Coast. Wandering around the big stage, looking for "copy," the laughter guided me to the set, and I came upon her quietly waiting while Director Chester Withey was straining to get some dramatic action out of a cat. The "set" was a tenement-house kitchen, the unvarnished table set for a meal having the inevitable accessories, such as gas-plate, cheap chairs, sink with dishpan underneath and cupboard above, that belong to the life of the "woiking goil," and there, too, was the "woiking goil" herself, in the person of Ethel Clayton, impersonating the heroine. I gathered that the action was to show Maggie Pepper in the act of catching a thief. She is getting something out of the cupboard and, hearing a noise, turns and discovers the kitten with his head caught in the cream-pitcher. She has to break the pitcher in order to free the culprit. The laughter which had drawn me to the set was due to the failure of the cat to play according to script. Tempting morsels drew his head into the pitcher, but he would get away with them altogether.

Ethel Clayton started in the chorus at the La Salle in Chicago. Then Miss Clayton sought out New York because she wanted to become a real actress. Finally she went to pictures with the old Lubin Company.

Every one around was getting a lot of fun out of this contest between cat and director except the star. She gave no sign either of amusement or of impatience over the time-wasting futility of many efforts repeating on the scene with the automatic efficiency of a perfect piece of mechanism. I was irresistibly reminded of a story about a mystic who could safely trust his body shell to go thru its accustomed routine while he himself left it and went elsewhere, for there was no indication of slighting of work on the part of Miss Clayton. On the contrary, too fast for Miss Clayton and the camera.
there was a marvelous quickness in
the way she caught the director's
very shade of meaning. The start-
ing effect that I got was the contrast
between the lifeliness of the screen
reproduction and the impression of
attachment you got while watching
her at work.
Therefore when, several months
afterward, I was asked to interview
Ethel Clayton, I made the appoint-
ment with the zest of a pioneer about
to start on a journey into a strange
and unexplored country, and in this
case my reward was greater than
anticipated, for Ethel Clayton is in-
deed in a class by herself. In a world
where thousands of
girls fight, in vain,
for histrionic
honors, she,
she
had
her
own
district
upon

her. She
has
made

a

nock

of

the

famous

poem, "Op-

portunity." She has done
more than neglect to

open her door
to the knock
of that for-
tune-bearer.
On several
occasions

You get an odd im-
pression of detach-
ment while watching
Miss Clayton work. It irresistible
reminds
one
of
the
Eastern
mystics, who leave
their
bodily
shells
to
wander
into
far
lands

she
opened
it
just
wide
enough
to
slam
it
in
Opportunity's
face, but
patient, importunate
Opportunity
refused
to
be
denied
and
kept
on
knock-
ing
until—for
in
her
case
Oppy
came
disguised
as
a
male—she
indifferently
permitted
fame
and
fortune
to
enter
her
door.

I found her busy with her company
in the making of a scene for "Private
Pettigrew's Girl." She handled the interview in the same
impartial, efficient way she does her work. We sat on the
edge of the set, where we could see everything without
being disturbed.

"This must remind you of your own days as a chorus-girl," I
remarked. She nodded assent, and as I dug a little deeper
into those chorus days I learnt that she did not seek an
engagement, but that the La Salle chorus director found
her in the Ziegfeld Music College in Chicago. "I did not
take the work seriously," she said. "If I did not feel like
going on, or wanted to go to a party, I would get one of
the girls from the school to sub for me. I did not
permit the work to interfere with things I wanted
to do."

This chorus work, however, had sufficient
influence upon her to result in a determination
to go to New York. "I felt," she explained,
"that if I was going to be an actress, I wanted

(Continued on page 62)
The Extra Girl

Anita and John

had to have proper running togs, and what could be sweeter than a check suit a vest of some nondescript pattern, a collar that threatened at every turn to dislodge that famous thim from the end right eyelash of mine, a brown silk tie, a brown Fedora hat, and yes, puttees.

Our first appearance was at a political meeting, where Ida Fitzhugh, as Auron Noyes, was explaining just why she should be the town's next Mayor. We agreed heartily with the statements that we had been down trodden long enough, that we should now assume our rightful places, etc. More enthusiastically still did we applaud the promise of Alec, the town tailor to give us trousers for $9.99. (You see Alec's business has decreased until even the minus signs were lost in the shuffle when ninety-nine per cent of the fighting male population of Fremont—Alec himself making the missing per cent—had followed the colors.) Out wardly we were men.

For the past fifty-seven years I have been laboring under the delusion that, had I been permitted to land on terra firma in the guise of a boy, my girlish laughter would have rung down the ages in one glad sweet gurgle of delight. Now, after two days' incarceration in the habiliments of a man, I feel thankful that I am a girl, I do.

I have added a new member to the list of those studios in which "Welcome" threatens to break thru the doormat without further notice. It's the Famous Players-Lasky-Paramount and everything. For months I knocked timidly at its stately portal, but no one ever seemed to hear, until one evening John Emerson, the director de luxe—why not directors as well as steamship suites and sardines?—bent his kindly ear and, lo! I became a Famous Player.

You've all heard of Anita Loos, the lady who thinks up bright—and, yes, original—ideas for Director Emerson to put upon the screen. Well this time she looked into the future and figured out what might happen if the war went on indefinitely and women continued to show the world that woman's place is not always in the home any more than man's place is always—or even half the time—in the office. Therefore the masculine attire in which C. E. G. disported for two days. If we were to run everything, from the soda fountains to the trolley cars, we

Director John Emerson takes Authoress Anita Loos out of the safe at 9 A.M.

John uphold the honor of profession, as as Ernest Tru Miss Loos a Louise Huff
An Emerson-Loos Comedy in the Making
By ETHEL ROSEMONT

inwardly our souls still hugged to themselves the wonderful love of an early Monday morning bargain.

But, of course, Aurora had a rival candidate, young Ernest Truex Abraham Lincoln Jones, who was home from France on sick leave and whom the little band of Civil War veterans, known as the Coots, clung to as their last hope of rescue from the tyrannical domination of the womenfolk. If Ernie couldn’t save their comrade Coot from being nursemaid to the baby of Betty Wales, who, under the new order of things, had become business manager of the town paper, if he couldn’t re-establish the old evening meetings around the stove in the village store, where the old Coots were free to—well, if they did get things a little topsy-turvy, wasn’t it their divine right as old vets? What was the world coming to?

Then the Coots and Ernie laid a deep plan. Upon the arrival of a mysterious package from France, the Coots paraded the streets with signs:

"AT THE OPERA HOUSE TONIGHT
FREE MOTION PICTURES OF THE FREEMONT BOYS IN FRANCE
LADIES ESPECIALLY INVITED"

Did we want to see our boys in France? We did to a man.

Long before the appointed time we were bustling along the street, each intent upon occupying the front seat. Eagerly we watched the screen, and then, to our horror, there appeared our own individual property flirting with some young French vamp instead of spending his time kissing our photograph. And he war had

Toasting Truex.
Left to right: John, Anita, Ernest, Louise and our own Ethel Rosemon

not driven these French girls to men’s clothes. Instead, it had but strengthened their desire to please the masculine eye. Verily, much depends upon the weapons one employs to kill the fatted oyster.

"Oh, there’s not a hand on this picture. Harry, and look at the hussy with him!" cried Merci Esmonde, editor of the paper, as Mr. Merci Esmonde appeared upon the scene.

"And there’s my George. I’ll never speak to him again!" shouted the business manager.

"From where I sit, looks as if he wouldn’t mind it very much," laughed an old Coot.

"Wait until he comes home," another girl cried, as the picture progressed.

"If I were in his place, I’d never come home," a Coot near her teased.

"Now, ladies, you see what our boys are used to in Paris. Are you ready to meet the competition?" Abe asked, at the end of the picture. Then he continued:

"I have a confession to make. These pictures were made by our boys simply

(Continued on page 79)
The Fame and Fortune Beauties

Los Angeles, Cal.; San Diego, Cal.; Cleveland, Ohio; Hutchinson, Kansas; Spokane, Wash.; Columbus, Ohio, and Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, are recorded upon the second honor roll of The Fame and Fortune Contest of The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine. Out of the thousands of portraits entered in the contest, the judges have selected the seven most attractive young women to enter between December 15th and January 1st.

It is no easy task narrowing the avalanche of portraits entered in fifteen days down to seven, but, after long consideration, the following successful contestants were named:

Margheurite Irving, of No. 1707 West Point Road, Spokane, Wash., proved to be one of the most winning of all the contestants, and her picture gets a prominent

(Continued on page 88)
SHIRLEY ROSMORE laid down her pen wearily, to read the last words she had written. "John Broderick had reversed the Frankenstein theory. From a man he had made himself a machine, an iron-willed Colossus of Finance. He had most forgotten how to be human—"

"I wonder," she mused, "whether he has entirely forgotten?"

Behind the white forehead, resting on one slender, propping and, her thoughts ached dully. She had been writing against me, feverishly, desperately, ever since that day three weeks go when she had come home, to discover that her father was an old man.

She thought, heart-sickly, now of that first shocking limpse of his white head, no longer held in the old roud erectness, the wrinkles that days of worry had ragged thru his cheeks, the look of hurt in his deep-set ray eyes. Downstairs he sat this moment, staring before him like a condemned prisoner waiting for the hour of execution.

"Six months! We've got six months yet," she reminded herself. "A great deal can happen—must happen—in six months! And this"—she touched the closely written sheets before her—"this is the first shot in my campaign! It's only a mouse-bite, perhaps, but mice have conquered lions before this."

"Shirley!"—her mother's voice held a pleasant tinge of excitement—"Shirley dear, here's some one to see you!"

Resentfully the girl rose with none of the customary feminine touches to hair and belt that are the heritage of beauty and twenty-three. She was a gloriously ung-limbed creature, with something Greek about

(Fifty-five)
the carriage of her head, and dark, folded masses of hair. There was an unawareness of beauty about her that was quite sincere. She had never consciously looked at herself in her life, which is another way of saying that she had never been in love.

Today, however, when she saw who her visitor was, she colored, then frowned at the confession of her blush. "Why, Jeff!" She shook his outstretched hand nervously. "I didn't know you were in this part of the world!"

"I'm quite likely to be in any part of the world where you are," the young man assured her gaily. He was a tall, thorobred youngster, upon whom the exquisitely tailored clothes he wore did not look dandified. "You know I promised to help you, but I haven't done much so far. Father has absolutely refused to put in his oar."

"No wonder," Shirley said, bitterly, "since it is he who is driving my father into disgrace."

There was no mistaking the amazement of his look, and her eyes softened. "Oh, I know you didn't dream such a thing, Jeff. But it's true. Judge Scott has looked into it and says it is undoubtedly father's adverse decision against the Southern and Transcontinental that decided John Ryder to put him out of the way. There are two letters your father has that would clear dad, but he refuses to give them back—says he never received such letters. So I am afraid"—she tried to smile up at his disconsolate face, when they went to the Plaza later that evening—"I'm afraid you'll have to give up helping me."

"But I won't give you up, Shirley!" Jefferson Ryder said, doggedly. "You know what I told you in Paris—it's still true and always will be. If you let a little scrap between our fathers—"

"A little scrap!" Her eyes blazed. She drew herself the full of her superb inches. "When it means the soiling of a good man's name! It will kill father if Congress votes to impeach him, but they shant vote to do it! I shall find a way to save him yet!"

"If there is a way you'll find it," he spoke hesitantly, "but the old man's made up his mind, he'll get his way. He always has, he always will, and there's no use defying him. I ought to know—I've been his son for twenty-five years!"

"You're afraid of him—every one seems to be, and that's why he can get his way, but when he meets some one who is afraid of him or his bullying millions—" She held out her hand again with an air of finality. "It's good-by, Jeff. We'll see nothing else would be absurd. I'm writing a book about yr. father this moment upstairs. I'm going to fight him—find him to the last ditch, and I can have his son making love me while I'm doing it!"

"If you're told to love your enemies, doesn't that mean use your sons of your enemies, too?" Jefferson Ryder suggested slyly.

"Go to it, Shirley—I'm with you! If the pater should see you he'd be with you, too. Why don't you have a talk with him?"

"No begging!" Shirley Rossmore said, with a shake of her head. "I'm not going to fight with woman's weapons—hair and hats and smiles and Parisian perfumery! I'm going to fight him with his own weapon—brains! I'm going beat him at his own game!"

She had spoken confidently, but her heart was heavy. A week later, she left the manuscript of her book, "An American Colossus," at the publisher's and faced the long weeks waiting that must intervene before the first result of her strategy would be known. Waiting was not attractive to her nature, the more so as with the passing of the days that brought him closer to the time of his trialJudge Rossmore grew truculent, silent, and the tiny, shabby house where they had ended when the blow fell grew more tense with dread.

"If it shouldn't work," she would find herself waking up the night to murmur; "but no one can help recognizing Broderick. He's a vain man—all braggers are vain! And he will want to know more about a author."

The first copies of the book came, the press notices, which she read with a wildly beating heart. Yes, she had been right, her portrait of the giant multi-millionaire had been a good likeness. The American Colossus, pitiless, manly, rancid, a superman in some ways, a small y in others, seized un
the imaginings of the country. The pulpit made it the text for sermons, the magazines printed long critical reviews, and, last, one morning came the note that she was waiting for.

"Dear Miss Green," the letter ran, curt as a general's orders to a subordinate, "I would be glad to see you at my office in regard to your book, 'The American Colossus.' I shall expect you on any afternoon most convenient to you this week. Sincerely, John Rutherford Ryder."

Frances Green had been the nom-de-plume she had signed her book, resentful at the necessity for subterfuge, yet recognizing it. With flaming cheeks, she hurried to her typewriter to frame an equally curt reply:

"Dear Mr. Ryder—I am not in the habit of visiting gentlemen in their offices. Yours sincerely, Frances Green."

"The first blood!" she told herself, exultantly. "I'll wager one ever wrote to him like that before."

She was quite right. When John Ryder read the note the next morning, his stern, heavily featured face took on a curious expression. He was not angry—the occasion was too trivial for anger, but he was curious and grudgingly admiring.

"Write the lady another note, Bagley, inviting her to the home of Mrs. Ryder and myself to visit our home," he directed his secretary, a lean, shadowy man, who had lived so long in the shade of the great man's personality that he was distinctly at ease when he was alone with himself and confronted with the necessity of making an independent decision in regard to his neckties or waistcoat patterns.

The second invitation brought Shirley Rossmore in cog to the house of her father's enemy. Trim, devoid of coquetry in her severe serge suit and mannish sailor hat, she met his grim gaze steadily. There was even a hint of amusement lurking in the quiver of her lip corners, but her eyes were non-committal. Her silence forced him to the initiative of speech.

"I have read your book with interest," John Ryder said, "and I am curious to know where you found the character of Broderick."

"In my imagination," Shirley responded, calmly, "where else?"

He turned the pages between his fingers. His bushy eyebrows drew together into a continuous straight line, menacing, terrifying. "How did you know," he asked, abruptly, "that I had an Indian girl tattooed above my right elbow?"

Her clear-eyed innocence was flawless. "Oh, have you? What a coincidence!"

He gave her cleverness the tribute of a slow, grim smile. It was not often that he found a match for his wits in the cringing satellites that surrounded him. "This Broderick," he tapped the book covers, "how would you classify him?"

Shirley Rossmore returned his gaze steadily. "As the greatest criminal the world has ever produced," she said, in her young, clear voice, "as the arch-enemy to mankind. But, as I said before, he is, of course, and very luckily, merely an imaginary character." She picked up her gloves and rose, as if to bring the interview to an end. "Is that all, Mr. Ryder? I am rather a busy person."

Twenty-five years of success had given John Rutherford Ryder the point of view of a dictator. He was accustomed to
giving orders and receiving obedience; his wife and son feared and deferred to him, his friends flattered him, the newspapers admitted his power, his enemies, of whom the number was legion, paid him the compliment of bitter hatred, writhed under his tyrannies—and submitted to them. In all those twenty-five years no one had ever so openly and coolly ignored him as this slender girl with the amazingly moulded chin and the unfeminine steadiness of eyes.

To his own surprise, he heard himself speaking spontaneously. “My dear Miss, I hope you are not too busy to undertake a piece of work for me—work which this book of yours has proved you are just the person to do. I wish you to”—he hesitated, changed his peremptory wording—“I would be very glad for you to write my biography. The material is already collected, but you would have to compile it here. It cannot leave the house.”

Under the smooth mask of indifference Shirley’s brain whisked in a sort of sick stage-fright. Her opportunity—her father’s opportunity lay in her grasp, but for a panicky instant the magnitude of the task appalled her. What if she should fail? After all, this grim, gray man before her was a lion and she was only a mouse. Then resolutely she raised her head and met his glance, unsmilingly.

“I will do it.” He liked her brevity, her lack of the useless words and fluttering, meaningless movements common to her sex. “I will come tomorrow. There’s no time to lose.”

To herself she was thinking in terms of months and days. “Three months before Congress convenes. I must hurry—hurry for my father’s sake. Amen!”

It was her way of praying. Shirley Rossmore was not one to lay her burden of petition upon the Lord and sit with folded hands, waiting. As she shook hands now with John Ryder, the library door opened to admit Jefferson. At sight of his father’s visitor, stopped, staring blankly.

“Jefferson, this is Miss Frances Green, who is coming to stay with us for a few weeks to do some literary work,” said the older man, in the tone of unconscious patronage which he always used toward his son. A slight shake of Shirley’s head checked the impending disclosure. She held up her self-possessed hand.

“You have been kind enough to be interested in my book, ‘An American Colossus,’ ” she explained, sweetly. With a gravity that matched hers, he took the small, gloved hand.

“I should think,” he dared her, “that you would be afraid of your own creation, Miss—Green. John Brodericks is—immense!”

Shirley Rossmore smiled gently up into his anxious eyes.

“I am not afraid of any man in a book or out,” she said.

“Even the John Brodericks of the world have their human spots. If I were to meet a man of that sort I would be certain that I should find his sooner or later.”

She had been a regular inmate of the Ryder household several days before she had the opportunity of speaking to her one-time suitor. Then, one afternoon, he looked up from her manuscript, to see him standing in the doorway of her tiny sitting-room, watching her fingers overcast by a very slight sullen lips.

“I wish,” he burst out angrily, “that I had been the son of a hod-carrier, I might have amounted something then.”

“You would have stood a better chance of it,” she said.

(Continued on page 8.)
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So beautifully smooth and even does Cutex leave the skin at the base of the nails, that I never think of allowing my cuticle to be cut.

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Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.

Scene: The mahogany-finished sanctum of the president of the newly created Solar System Pictures, Inc. Flowers grace the desk of the executive, who is meditating in a comfortable chair.

Trembling Secretary: Rex London, the famous author, is waiting outside with a scenario.

President: Let him wait. What's he doing here during our first week?

T. S.: And David Thomas Griffin, the great director, has just wired.

President: Too soon. Tell him to wire again next month.

T. S.: The men who are going to build the studio have just 'phoned for an appointment.

President: What are they trying to do—rush me? Let 'em wait!

T. S.: And there's a man from an electric sign company outside. I'll send him along, too.

President (rubbing his hands enthusiastically): Take an order for a dozen Broadway signs out to him. Are you ready? Take this down. Electric signs to read: The Solar System presents Tessie Jazz in the world's greatest super-picture, "The Triumph of Aphrodite." Got that?

T. S.: Yes— but you haven't got the studio or the scenario or the director yet!

President (benignly): That'll do. I'm closing up now for two weeks. Going to the coast to look over conditions. Tell my press-agent to shoot out something about the great future of the photoplay, particularly Solar System photoplays. I'll be back on the thirtieth!

(Exit President.)

About this time each year, with spring hovering on the horizon, we like to select our yearly silverscreen baseball teams. Here's our choice for this year of our Lord, 1919, femininity coming first:

Outfield—Nanisova, Norma Talmadge, Elsie Ferguson.
First base—Mary Pickford.
Second base—Constance Talmadge.
Short stop—Louise Fazenda.
Third base—Glady's Leslie.
Pitcheers—Theda Bara, Alice Joyce.
Catcher—May Allison.
Subs—Madge Kennedy, Dorothy Gish.
And the team of mere men would be:
Outfield—Elliott Dexter, Henry Walthall, Herbert Rawlinson.
First base—Charlie Chaplin.
Second base—Dick Barthelmess.
Short stop—Wallie Reid.

Third base—Conway Tearle.
Pitcheer—Bill Hart.
Catcher—Charlie Ray.

There are no subs. We had all we could do to make a full team.

And for umpires we'd name Cecil De Mille and Maurice Tourner.

What a neat idea it was for Samuel Goldfish to change his name to Samuel Goldwyn, because he heads Goldwyn Pictures. Wouldn't it be whimsical to go further and have Adolph Paramount, Richard A. Metro and Carl Bluebird?

If there's anything more permanent and unbreakable than David Griffith's doors, we want to see it. It takes a whole Hun army five hundred celluloid feet to smash one of them down.

Henry Ford has invaded the educational weekly field. In other words, Henry hopes to educate the films. Most millionaires are educated by the films on entering the game. Boy, page Mr. Hearst.

A new screen company has just been launched ycplect the Gold Coin Company. And Sidney M. Golden is the organizer.

Just as we type this—with the mercury flirting with the zero mark—we learn that Theda Bara is playing a hula-hula lassie in a South Sea picture termed "Creation's Tears." And with relief we discover that the Florida coast and not Fort Lee is playing the role of the Pacific isle.

Out in India they are protesting about American photoplays because they show kissing. Like the Pennsylvania censors, they think it the height of impropriety for a man to kiss a woman. Consequently, their favorite dramas are the American news weeklies.

The Egyptian rights to Theda Bara’s "Cleopatra" have just been sold. Now if the Egyptian board of censors will only stop the production or something, we'll have an interesting publicity story.

William Fox predicts that Western pictures will come back strong this year. Yes, Fox produced the Tom Mix and Bill Farnum Westerns, and Carl Laemmle is quite sure that war stories will remain in popularity. Carl has "The Heart of Humanity" and several others on hand. There's nothing like getting impartial views on things.

(Sixty)
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G. P. 398.
and political life. The returned soldier is going to play a mighty part in the next national political campaign and in him there is room for a vital picture.

Political observers predict that a soldier candidate will be put forward by one of the older parties in the next campaign to offset a socialist tendency feared by political machines.

Will the big photoplay deal with the politico world as it is known — the problem of the woman who supplants the absent soldier and who must now fight for her very existence? Will women, broadened and developed by participation in world activities, be satisfied to step backward?

Will it deal with the varying phases of socialism, something that goes deeper than looking upon every socialist as a be-whiskered gentleman with a bomb in each hand?

Or will it present the new—and ideal—American home, wherein the man and the woman live, work, achieve and dream together, for the war has advanced femininity to this position? Here is a subject of extreme significance.

True, each that opens this new subject and enmesh it in celluloid will be the next Griffith. Will Griffith himself do it, or will it be Ince, Tourneur, De Mille or any one of a dozen promising creating men of the studios? Does the genius to do this big picture lie in Griffith, with his singular ability to handle masses and his equally singular inability to get away from the melodramatic chase; in Tourneur, with his painter’s sense of beautiful pictures and his semi-Parisian viewpoint; in Ince, who seems to have lost his splendid scenario sense; in De Mille, looking upon life with the eye of the theater but steadily advancing; or, indeed, in any one now on the horizon?

Or will no new movie genius come out of the West?

Seeking the ideas of the foremost men of the silverscreen on the problem, we wired to David W. Griffith. He does not believe that a great public problem will be the subject of big future pictures. “I believe that it will be more or less as it was before this war,” he says. “The ex-haustibles are renewable. Humanity, always waiting to be exploited, lies in the primitive desires, loves and elusive hopes of the human heart. I am afraid that the problems succeeding the war change from day to day, each new day bringing a new problem; that when building a photoplay on any one, you take the chance of having it a back number by the time it is released.”

Maurice Tourneur believes in the screen wholly as an amusement organ. “I consider it a mistake to build photoplays around problems,” he wired emphatically. “Photoplays are for entertainment and should be entirely independent of world problems, which form topics for lectures, newspapers and magazines.”

(Continued on page 72)

Sunlight on White Velvet

(Continued from page 21)

“Apropos of the desk, it might not be inappropriate to say that Miss Doro loves antiques, has a habit of finding the most beautiful objects in the most unexpected places.

I was glad that it was the twilight hour and that the shaded lamps were lit, for that is the hour that welds people closer, it is the hour of confidences. Miss Doro easily achieved the unusual by looking daunting, in a work-bag large enough for a schoolgirl would wear and the impossible by looking dignified while curled up on a davenport.

We spoke of many things; her forthcoming trip to Europe and how glad she is to be going to do pictures under the direction of Herbert Brenon, whom she considers one of the really great directors; of her former trips abroad, some twenty or so in number, when she was starring on the stage in “The Morals of Marcus” and “Diplomacy”; of life and its oddities; of art and its expression; of marriage.

Altho she is very learned, Marie Doro’s eyes—yes, manner—express a certain naiveté, there is about her a certain dependence, and yet one could not call her dependent. Perhaps one would better say there is a certain confidence and trust in her attitude towards the world. She possesses a lack of pose which makes her own charm distinctive, but spirituality is her chief aura.

We were speaking of geniuses.

“You say to yourself—read the old masters and believe them without exerting their own reasoning powers?” she said. “For instance, Carlyle’s oft-quoted and constantly believed definition, ‘Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains.’ When you stop to analyze it, you know that isn’t true. Geniuses are people that are able to do all things well, and if dumber, then they are intelligent. They specialize in one certain method of self-expression. If they possess humor, the ability to laugh at themselves and not to become so blinded that they cannot see their own mistakes when admirers flatter, then their genius will accomplish great things.”

Miss Doro is fond of music. She thinks that real mode of self-expression should have been the piano, but the opportunities for recognition in the musical world are fewer than on the stage. Consequently her intelligence counsels her not to be dissatisfied with her success as an actress.

“Do you know,” said Marie Doro, “that great satisfaction has come from seeing Elliott succeed.” (Is it necessary for me to remark for the —ionth time that in private life Marie Doro is Mrs. Elliott Dexter?)

“All is well,” said Elliott, “and the possibility of marrying Miss Hoxton is a definite possibility.”

(Continued on page 81)

The Mysterious Miss Clayton

(Continued from page 51)

to be a good one.” In the metropolis, however, she found so much to do and to see that she did not go near any of the theatrical expenses. “I didn’t care about missing the opening night,” she said, “and I didn’t care about overlooking the stage,” she said, simply. However, it seems that she came in contact with a friend of O’Reily, a well-known Middle West theatrical manager, who was in New York hunting for a satisfactory leading woman. O’Reily came, saw and was conquered, and he offered her the place, but his companion refused to take it. She wanted to return to Chicago, and she turned him down.

After she had returned to Chicago, O’Reily came and repeated his offer. “He asked me,” she said, “if it was a matter of salary, and I told him that I would not consider any salary, that I did not care to go.”

O’Reily, repulsed, returned to Minneapolis and permitted several weeks to pass. Then he hit upon the brilliant expedient of sending a money order to put the expenses “I didn’t care much for you and I want to give you here a confession that I have no plumb for her depth.”

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

{Continued}

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{Continued}

{Continued}

{(Sixty-two)
See why your skin needs two creams

Every woman who knows how to make her skin look its loveliest has found that, necessary as a cold cream is, it is not enough.

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(Sixty-three)
Lustr-ite them

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MOTION PICTURE

The Brownie Who Became a Star
(Continued from page 32)

For instance, I had hooked my time-piece in Nashville in order to get matters straightened out when it came to rising I would have been at a loss if it had not been for the friendly church nearby which rang the hours each morning. Then I'd sit up in bed, gazing at the Hotel Normandie clock, decide whether I'd do without breakfast - a decision I often made without much mental effort but with bodily discomfort - and so got along splendidly without my "ticker."

But it only lasted a short time, that famine period. Mr. Lewis soon had an engagement with "A Chinese Honeymoon," a musical comedy which enjoyed a long run. In fact, he stuck by it for two years.

Then followed a summer engagement with pictures in the old Reliance Company. In those days producers like William Brady refused to engage actors for the stage who had ever been tempted by the films. It was a case of earning a living, so Mr. Lewis defied fate and tried the screen. Really, it was Phillips Smalley, who introduced him to the new idea, with the remark, "Easy money, Mitch, easy money. Do try it out."

After one picture was finished there was a change of directors, and the new director didn't like Mr. Lewis' lack of arm motion.

As the actor was tall, he refused to become a human semaphore and was promptly discharged. He drifted back to the stage, and, when another dearth of engagements arose, his good angel, Phillips Smalley, again ran into Mr. Lewis' receptive embrace. There were three or four pictures with the Rex concern, then a trip to England, where Mr. Lewis played Nobody in "Everywoman." He'd never worn a dress suit or tile hat before, but English society and caused him to buy the first evening uniform.

On returning to the States a number of theatrical engagements followed, and then a very queer circumstance put Mr. Lewis into pictures forever 'n ever. He had met an old-time friend, Syd Bracy, one day, who asked him to come to a lovely spot called New Rochelle, where he might possibly find an engagement with Thanhouser Films. Mr. Mitchell was living uptown in New York at 181st street and one morning he started off for a walk and finally a ride on the road to West Farms. Seeing a car marked New Rochelle, he boarded it with the idea, "Guess I'll go and call on Bracy."

Arriving at New Rochelle, he found the Thanhouser plant and a man outside wildly waving his arms and saying, "For goodness' sake, hurry up; we've been waiting for you for over an hour!"

Mr. Lewis said, "Waiting for me? I guess not. I dont know anybody here but Mr. Bracy."

The excited individual shouted, "Sure you do! You're to play with Mr. Heffron. What's the matter with you, loony?"

Mr. Lewis didn't know really just who was the goat, but he said weakly, "I didn't have any engagement here; I just thought I'd call on some friends."

"Ah, g'long with you. Trying to kid me? You're Mitch Lewis, aren't you? Well, you're playing a part in this thing right now, and you'd better rush along now or you'll get yourself in wrong."

Mr. Lewis never did know how that happened. No light was ever thrown upon the subject, and whether it got a telepathic message in his dream which sent him out that warm morning or whether some one at the studio errored no one can say. Anyway, he was told to put on a false mustache, wear the clothes he'd come in and play a blackman part.

After that followed "The Million Dollar Mystery," with Margarette Snow, Flo La Badie, and Jimmy Cruez. The he did "The Barrier" and was asked to go on the stage with Nazimova in "Cer
tion Shoals," but liked films so well that time that he's never gone on boards again.

Just before our interview Mr. Lewis was to do a big feature which required snow, but as it hasn't snowed yet Big Bear, California, thus far, the company put on "Children of Bannishment," which is filmed in the Yosemite.

Mr. Mitchell is a pure type of Cammie, swarthy, dark-eyed, easy of movement, a man who feels at home in the clothing of the Westerner and who has dressed-up. In connection with this he said the picture was an admirable humorous connection with his first Western appearance. He'd been invited to a big reception at one of the motion pictures plants to celebrate the building of a glass stage. He hated it all up, but thought he must for once pay on the best he had, and so ordered dinner and cheap hat.

Having sacrificed everything for that sake of high society, he was intense astonished to find that Los Angeles love soft hats, comfortable suits and put on claw-hammars under protest.

"You should have seen me," said Lewis mournfully. "I was the only man in a dinner coat—save the waiters! don't think I have gone those feet out of the closet since. I wear soft hats, or hats, and as I work so much on loc
tion—am even now getting ready for eight or eight weeks in the wilds of California—you may know I don't need much wine. I'd hate to be a dolly-dolly lead
an, I would!"

Perry Lewis, creator of cost-
less out-of-door types, shivered at mere idea of crimped silk shirts and high
collars.

Juanita Hansen was loaned to Lois Weber to appear with Anita Stewart in her production. Many of the scenes for this production were filmed on the seventh floor of the Hotel Alexandria, where Miss Stewart has a set of rooms. Miss Weber likes to use the thing instead of sets, and often borrows some houses for her interior scenes, or hotels, as in the present instance. 

Sixty-four
The New Studio Art
(Continued from page 18)

production upon which he worked, that
ious fable called “Fighting Odds,”
which Maxine Elliott made her justly
famed debut. The only memorable
scene of that film—except for Charles
Dunst’s acting—was the settings. They
were the much-touted “Goldwyn quality”
chambers. And of these settings the
most notable was the boudoir in which
Maxine Elliott, as a woman of means accus-
ed to luxury, made the deliberate con-
trast of the man who was striving to
his fortune.

It was up to Ballin to produce the
requisite of wealth and breeding—and some-
ing more. The scenario called for the
scene of passion. He did it all with three
four handsome but simple “props”
first smooth gray walls and two slim
spires of black. The Orient furnished
only materials he needed—an Egyp-
ian plaque, stone censer and carved
arch. There was more beauty and a
fair and subtle suggestion of luxury
and passion in these few things than
were would have been in a whole massed
setting of all the Oriental cozy cor-
ses of the Fox storehouse.

Note one thing further. In such a set
you can see the actors. Your eyes aren’t
jumping up their energy. You see the
layers of chairs and gold
lines and fur rugs and florist’s shops.

The beauty and appropriateness
are flung aside—instant heighten-
ball’s method would still conquer,
cause it deliberately forces the spec-
cator’s eyes to concentrate on the primary
thing in moving pictures, the human
spies. Ornamentation and elabora-
tion of settings and costumes can only
fail that end. Witness the money and
the spent on the feather costumes and
broad interiors of “The Woman God
forgot.” In that welter of black and
white and gray restlessness it was impos-
ible to see clearly or follow properly
actions of the characters when in vio-
ent motion. You couldn’t see the forest
for the trees.

The playwright who has followed
Goldwyn productions can now recall
hundreds of beautiful scenes which had
attracted his attention at the time because
they accomplished the much more im-
portant purpose of fusing with the story
the direction and the acting in one single
act. That is Ballin’s success.

But this is not to say that the artist has
accomplished all he hoped for. Perhaps
was nearer complete accomplishment
the first few months of his work than
is now. For then it was a theory—
did a practice—of Goldwyn that for
ey director who was a moving picture
pert there should be a co-director who
was an artist. Thus while Everett Shinn
worked with Horan on “Polly of the
Jews” and H. W. Cotton, the portrait
liner, with Trimble on “The Spreading
Tail,” Ballin was partnered with
Robinson on “Baby Mine.” In designing
the settings he indicated on the ground
an all the camera angles. During the

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MOTION PICTURES

PROJECTIONS FOR SCHOOLS, CONVENTIONS, LIONS, ETC.

110 East 16th St., New York City

(Continued on page 74)
Cheating Cheaters

(Continued from page 32)

"Yes, I guess," he said; "poor old Tom.

"If she squeals," said Steve, and felt in the pocket where his gun had been, and the copper relived him of it. When Nan did come in she was guiltily white. Her head was lowered and as she passed the expectant gang her eyes were averted. Tom gave up hope. Nell Brockton attempted aplomb. "Is it Ferri's, Nan?" she asked. "Is it Ferri's that got on to us?"

Nan looked at them. Her eyes were roused kindly, even compassionate.

"He had the expression of one who looks at a little children who have been very naughty and must, perform, be dealt with.

"Yes," she said, "it is Ferri's."

There is a long pause, during which Detective Stone stood in the doorway. Then he raised her head. "Boys," she said, "I am Ferri's—Ruth Ferri's."

A gasp rose up and seemed to smite away the grimy ceiling. Tom Palmer chilled, very, very softly. Under his breath murmured, "Clever, oh, clever," d Ruth heard him, for her calm ruth quivered. She turned to Detective Stone. "Mr. Palmer," she said, "is the leader of the Palmer gang. I should like to have a little talk with him before I plain matters to the others. Will you delay these other ladies and gentlemen out for a few moments?"

When they were alone, Tom turned to his and laughed. "You've got the whole track, Miss Ferri's," he said. "Tell me, icky how you are going to dispose of us."

Ruth came over to him and took him by the lapels of his coat. There, in that mamma-room, her face glowed like early rose. "Tell me, rather," she smiled softly, "how you are going to dispose of me."

Tom stared at her. "You mean . . . ," said at length.

"That some women can only love once. I am one of those women, Tom."

After a close silence, Ruth raised her head. "I was a reporter on one of the dailies," she said. "A bit of my work tracted the attention of the detective fences, and one of them offered me a job. I was successful on small cases. They gave me this big one—to get the Palmer gang. I got in with George Brockton—went abroad with him to keep line on him—met you; saw your heroism when that sub got us. Tom Palmer, you suppose I could condemn a man who would throw away his life that a sick man might go aboard—to safety? Do you? Well, I came back with the Brockton gang who had been commissioned to get the Palmer gang. And, so you see . . . ."

"And now . . . .?"

"Well, now I am going to give every st of both of those gang a chance to go right. I went in to 'get' you. I have come out, liking all of you, believing in . . . . (Continued on page 81)

(Continued on page 81)
My 10 years with a corn
By a woman who typifies millions

I had, like most women, two or three pet corns, which remained with me year after year.

I suppose that one was ten years old. It had spoiled thousands of hours for me.

Of course I pared and padded them, but the corns remained.

Then Somebody Told Me

Then somebody told me of Blue-jay. I promised to get it, and did.

I applied it to my oldest corn, and it never pain again. In two days I removed it, and the whole corn disappeared.

It was amazing—two days of utter comfort, then the corn was gone.

That day I joined the millions who keep free from corns in this way. If a corn appears, I apply a Blue-jay promptly, and it goes.

I've forgotten what corn aches were.

I have told these facts so often that not a woman I know has corns. Now I gladly write them for this wider publication.

Certainly corns are unnecessary. Paring and padding are needless. Harsh, mussy treatments are folly.

When a corn can be ended by applying a Blue-jay, surely everyone should end them. And anyone who will can prove the facts tonight.

How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B&B wax, which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

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Stops Pain Instantly
Ends Corns Completely

25 Cents—At Druggists

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(Continued from page 30)

Genevieve smiled ruefully. "You see, she confessed, "I was awfully lazy this afternoon and I didn't get my stunt done. Besides, I'm not a very-talented farmerette yet!" She looked down at her puffy, calloused palms drearily. "I don't like being a farmerette as much as I thought I was going to, but I'm not going to be a Benjamin!"

"A what?" he asked, bewilderedly, and for the second time that day Genevieve explained the unflattering term. At the end he laughed shortly, as tho he did it to keep himself from crying.

"So ma said that, did she?" He stared down at his big, lax hands. "So ma still believes in me—"

Genevieve looked at him, without surprise. "You're Bobbie!" She laid one of her blackened little paws on his sleeve. "Oh, I'm so glad! I wanted to ask you—do you hate your job very much?"

He choked over his reply. "I despise it! Practicing to kill men! Think of it—oh, it's beastly! It makes me sick—"

"I know just exactly how," she nodded eagerly. "This morning in the chickenhouse I felt like that. I just wanted to give up and run away!"

He had her hand in his now, but neither of them noticed it. "And you—you didn't!" he marveled. "You stayed?"

"Of course," Genevieve said, matter-of-factly. "We've just got to win the war, haven't we? But it's pretty hard on the Benjamins."

The boy rose to his feet, straightening his sagging shoulders. He still held the small, friendly hand, so performe she rose with him and stood, looking up, very far up, for he was so very tall.

"Listen, little comrade!" Bobbie said, with a queer, shamed smile. "I'm not supposed to be here, but I thought I couldn't go on at the camp. Now I'm going back and try it again. You've made me feel as if I could somehow."

His tone seemed to beg her to understand. "Of course," she soothed him, "of course you can. Your mother knows it and so do I!"

"You're a trump!" His grip on her fingers tightened. "But if you—don't suppose you'd be willing to—write once in a while, would you? And sort of keep my courage up, you know—"

A little silence hovered over them, full of the soft, unheard sound of unsaid things. Then slowly Genevieve nodded. "If you'll write and keep up mine!" she smiled.

He tore a leaf from a notebook, scribbled an address on it and thrust it into her hands. "It's a bargain," he said, "and don't tell any one I was here. It might get me in bad. Good-by, little comrade! Good-by till the next time!"

"Good-by, Benjamin!"

He was gone, a tall, lean, shadow-figure vanishing among the other shadows. Standing stock-still where he had left her, Genevieve reached up and felt her cheek tentatively. "I believe," she
old the moon astonishingly, "why, I do believe—he kis me!"

Up in the heavens the wise old moon gave a cosmic chuckle and hid his laughter in a cloud.

"Some one," announced Farmer Hubbard, severely, the next morning, "some one—you don't know who and I'm not instituting any guessing contest—was seen by one of our busy-face neighbors talking with a fellow in a uniform pretty night midnight last night in the south field." His eyes rested shrewdly in the confessing crimson of the face under the jaunty satin tam. "Now, God knows I warn't cut out to chaperone a young ladies' seminary. So all I got to say is if it happens again I'm a-going to take steps to find out for sure which it is!"

Genevieve Rutherford Hale glanced dimly about the circle of averted faces and her small chin went up proudly. Let them suppose what they were low enough to suppose. She marched away from the whispering group, carrying her how over one silken shoulder sturdily. But in the lonely days that followed it took all her new-found courage to meet their silent hostility. Bertha Bicknell alone was kind to her in a gruff and uninviting fashion, but the others were frankly resentful of her presence, albeit they could no longer find fault with her work.

The fed chickens, milked cows, weeded, pitched hay without a murmur, a colorless, resolute little figure in her exotic costumes. But at night she was never too tired to brush her hair and do it up in curlers, and cold-cream her face and hands. Consequently, while the rest of the farmerettes displayed wispy, uncared for locks and complexes the blue and texture of old leather, Genevieve was as pink and white and dainty as a Harrison Fisher poster girl. And this, too, they laid against her.

It was on the downhill side of summer when Genevieve, looking up from her task one afternoon, saw Farmer Hubbard striding toward her with thunderous brow, an unopened letter in his hand. She took it, the swift, telltale color racing to her temples as she saw the handwriting.

"How long, Miss," grated the farmer, "has my son Bobbie been writing to you?"

She met his angry gaze steadily, without replying. Her silence nagged him into cruelty. "You never knew him—before you came here, so you must have written him first! There's a special name for your kind o' a girl—the bold, forward kind that goes round picking up strange young men!"

He wheeled on his heel and strode away, muttering. With flashing eyes, Genevieve watched the broad, stubbom back disappear. "I'll go home!" she cried. "I'll leave this dreadful place—these hateful people!"

Then her glance fell on the letter in her hand and she paused. "No!" she said at last, "no, I won't run away. I'll stay—and fight a little private war right here. I promised him I'd stick and I will!"

Over their breakfast of ham and eggs the farmerettes the next morning were frankly jubilant.

"That was a great idea of yours, Bert, taking her clothes!" tittered the freckled girl. "She'll never put on the overall to left her, and we'll be rid of her."

A rustle in the doorway drew their eyes to the radiant vision framed therein—a vision with becomingly waved and arranged red-gold curls above a smock of soft white silk, hand-stencilled and laced with a dull blue cord the exact shade of the wide-eyes that blazed above its jaunty bow. It was apparent to all of them that this was a new Genevieve Rutherford Hale, a defiant Genevieve, confident, assertive, belligerent.

"You overlooked this suit in the closet," she said, calmly, "and if you dont give back the others I will have you arrested! You can bully me into going away, I enlisted for the summer, and I'm going to stay!"

She gazed about at them almost—yes—actually pityingly. "You poor, homely things!" she said, gently. "You dont serve your country one bit better by being so homely—it makes a person's eyes ache to look at you!"

Across the lawn toward the grape arbor came two figures. Still speechless, the farmerettes watched Mr. Hubbard hold out his hand to Genevieve. "Bobbie here has told me all you did for him," he said, awkwardly. "I—I reckon I was wrong. I reckon we've all been wrong from the beginning——"

It was his apology, and she recognized it as such, but before she could answer, the other newcomer pushed by the older man and caught her two hands in his own and bore her up and gallant in his uniform, Bobbie Hubbard stood gazing down at the slim, dainty loveliness of her with his heart glowing in his honest boy-eyes. Seeing which, the farmer and the farmerettes stole away and left them.

In the dormitory, they regarded each other's undainment furiously. The freckled girl was the first to break the silence. Frowning, she turned away from the unflattering mirror.

"Did you see the way he looked at her?" she queried. Then, thoughtfully, "I dont suppose any of you have got a pair of curling-tongs that I could borrow."

The Silent Star of the Silent Drama

(Continued from page 38)

which was serving as a seat, determined to fathom these mystic forces. Ah, there it was—the first ray! I began to suspect that the psychic waves which passed between director and the wonder-woman had their origin in the tapping of the former's foot.

Later, I learnt the whole story of this remarkable system of directing. Mrs. Anne Sullivan Macy, Miss Keller's fa-
I have booked, gives the answer. The point I want to make is that, in this day and age, it is easier to obtain a beautiful face than it was in the past. Not only should you seek to look attractive as possible, but your self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your effort, may find the world in general judging and admiring you, and wholly, by your "books," therefore it pays to keep your books at all times. PERMIT NO ONE TO SEE, YOU LOOKING OTHERWISE, it will endanger your well-being and the respect of others. It is the best thing you can do for your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new nose-shaper "Trados" (Model 21) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. It is pleasant and does not interfere with one’s daily occupation, being worn at night.

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thinking. I don't want to be Harry Morey in any part that I play in a picture. After all, the great mass of picture-goers come to see a play. If the play is acted by good stars and supports, so much the better, but the play can't succeed if an actor substitutes his own personality for the character that's been created by the author of the play. Take 'Within the Law,' for example. You may remember that I played the part of Joe Garson in that picture, and I tried to be the photoplay work must be of the utmost to keep Harry Morey out of the story. The personality of Harry Morey had no place in 'Within the Law.' If it had been permitted to creep in, it would have spoiled the picture for the spectators, because they were interested in Joe Garson.

"And, along the same line, if they were to find that Joe Garson in 'Within the Law' was exactly the same kind of a fellow as the other parts that I have played, Joe Garson would not be worthy of their interest.

"It all comes down to this. Each photoplay necessarily deals with a different character. If all the characters were alike, there would be no interest in moving pictures. If an actor permits his characterizations all to be the same, it amounts to the same thing. Every one of his pictures shows the same character, with a different name and perhaps a little change in make-up, but they are all the same.

"Playing character leads, if you are willing to study your characterizations and make them live, is the very finest kind of work. I'd a whole lot rather do character leads than the conventional heroes, because the poor hero in the ordinary dress-suit picture can go so far and no farther. His work is cut out and the public is either bored by etiquette and convention, and he has got to be nice and set a good example, and all that sort of thing.

"Cant you see how much more fun I get by playing a river pirate in one picture, an African diamond miner in another, a roughneck longshoreman in a third, and so on?

"And what I said to you a few minutes ago about the importance of the play goes strong for me. Fortunately, we have come to that point in motion picture work where good production is a matter of course. Photography, settings, locations, lighting, all of the things that make up the artistic and technical side of the photoplay work must be of the highest type in any kind of a picture. We take that for granted and it is nothing to brag about any more. The same thing holds good for the acting. We take it for granted that the stars fit the roles which they play and that the supporting players are first-rate in every particular.

"It all comes down, then, to the play itself. A good story, logical, with plenty of drama, holding the interest to the end, is the thing that counts, and you see how a play will be spoiled if an actor steps out of a play and becomes himself instead of sticking right to the business of being the man in the story. So we are right back where we started in our talk."

Once again Morey's eyes traveled around his well-loved dressing-room.

"Yes, sir, this little old room was the scene of many happy days."

Then I said to myself, "Here's where we get some more inside stuff." But the door popped open and in came Paul Scardon, Morey's director.

"Ready, Harry," said Scardon, and my precious interview was over.

I trailed along to the set and watched Morey work, hanging on in the hope that I could get the big fellow to talk some more, but Morey was gone. In his place was a creature of the underworld, a thug and a gunman, if ever there was one. I was afraid that if I dared to intrude the little business of my interview, the personality of Morey might not return in time to save me from rough usage at the hands of the gangster.

Anyhow, I had made him talk, even if he would not say much about himself. I had been given the privilege of being in No. 10—there's scarcely a greater privilege at Vitagraph—and I had seen him change from Morey, the big, good-hearted, kindly fellow, to the kind of a gentleman who can have the whole dark alley to himself any night.

A pretty good accomplishment for one day's effort to get Morey, I figured.

The Den of a Modern Villain

(Continued from page 23)

"Well, I was just wondering whether you would modify that," laughed Maudie MacDonald. "That's quite a strong statement for a home-loving man to make."

"Just to digress a moment, what do you suppose Maudie wants to do now? Just when we have this place all fixed up and love it so, she's sorry that it is not in the Spanish style, with a patio and a lot of red peppers hanging on strings and palms dangling from the drawing-room ceiling and—"

"Now, dear, how can you? You see, it's just the Scotch in Mr. Mac; he hates to pull up stakes. Once he is settled and satisfied, he would just like to anchor for life. I love this place, too, and I'm fond of all this Japanese style, and every piece has for years been connected with it, for we gathered bits all over the world, but I don't see why we shouldn't sell the house and some of these things and begin over again. It's such fun to design and plan a place and its furnishings, and then the Spanish style seems to fit this country so much better. I've in mind a lovely spot in the foothills near Glendale, which would be—"

"Maudie, you'd have to change all the
Opportunities for an Unusually High Return

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It is amazing what a variety of ages and interests our students’ roster reveals.

Here is a schoolboy of fourteen who learned K. I. Shorthand upon the advice of his father who studied one of the old systems and knows better than to have his boy go through the same ordeal.

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(EC-213)
An Invitation
Which Mothers Should Accept

Nearly every magazine you read invites you to serve Puffed Grains—
for the children's sake.

That is, Puffed Wheat, Puffed Rice and Corn Puffs—all bubble
grains, flavorful and flaky.

And it pictures ways of serving which millions now enjoy.

500 Million Dishes

Last year mothers served in these ways over 500 million dishes.
And these three Puffed Grains have become the favorite grain dainties.

Millions of children are getting whole wheat with every food cell
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They are getting whole rice puffed to flimsy, airy morsels, eight
times normal size.

They are getting corn hearts puffed in like way—delightful food
confections.

They are getting all these grains fitted for digestion as they never
were before.

All are steam-exploded—all are shot from guns. All are prepared by
Prof. Anderson's process to make them hygienic foods.

And all are fragrant, flavorful tidbits with a taste like toasted nuts. All
are the most enticing grain foods in existence.

If you now serve one of them try the other two. Each has its own
fascinations.

And try serving them in more ways. They are ideal all-hour foods.

Puffed Wheat  Puffed Rice
and Corn Puffs
Each 15c Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

The Quest of the (Mc) Grail
(Continued from page 37)

Much is within him. He has seen
With open heart and kindly, patient eye
Pain in his home, suffering made sacred,
And felt
The need of turning crêpe to carnival.
His youth
Is not a shallow thing, nor yet his Art
Built for applause.
His fellow-workers love him, and that
Means
Riches within
And withal, his Greek-god contour,
His black hair—his eyes—he has 'twould
seem
A power there to stain
The world with tears, or color it
With laughter.
And I thought
This Age is not so arid after all—there
are still quests
Possible of a replete fulfillment—
Still a (Mc) Grail
More possible of a complete
Achievement.

The New Studio Art
(Continued from page 66)

Ballin's dead body—the "simple" hall
arose. It was wainscoted and paneled,
from end to end, very thoroly. It had a
pair of stairs with a balustrade of turned
and twisted wood that would have de-
lighted good Queen Victoria. And when
the director got to the bottom of it he put
the crowning touch of his "simplicity" on
top of the newel post. It was a brass
chandeleir in the image of William
Shakespeare or some other leading light.

Various officials of the new company
gazed at it, studied it, reflected on it.
And Ballin's battle was won.
There was no more director's "sim-
plicity" in Goldwyn. Ballin got a large
order for the genuine article.

(Seventy-four)
Prize Contest
Can You Tell These Stars by Their Eyes?

Above you see the photographs of the eyes of six of the many famous motion picture beauties who endorse and use Ingram's Milkweed Cream and whose names are listed below in the coupon. These pictures were taken from portraits used in our advertising during the past year. Your problem is to identify the actress by her eyes. First, note the number opposite each photograph. Then, when you have decided upon your guess as to the actress, write the number opposite the proper name in the coupon and forward the coupon to us. If you guess correct the names of three of the six actresses we will forward to you, without charge, our charming Guest Room Package.

Ingram's
Milkweed Cream
and Other Ingram Toilet Requisites

What the Gift
You Win Contains

Our Guest Room Package contains Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets, and Milkweed Cream, Zodenta Tooth Powder, and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes. It is a very attractive and conveniently useful gift, and one that will introduce you properly to Ingram Quality. Mail coupon to

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Established 1885
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FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.
83 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

I have marked my guesses by number in this list of Ingram stars of 1918. If I am correct in three of the six guesses please send me the Guest Room Package FREE.

May Allison
Ethel Clayton
Marguerite Clayton
Alice Brady
Olive Thomas
Hazel Daly
Constance Talmadge
Corinne Griffith
Louise Lovely
Doris Kenyon
Juanita Hansen
Mabel Normand
Norma Talmadge
Ruth Roland
Nance O'Neil
Virginia Valli
Mollie King
Shirley Mason
Louise Huff

Name_________________________
Address______________________

(Seventy-five)
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must remove the hair from her underarms, to wear
the smart, sheer fabrics modestly. X-Bazin, the
famous French depilatory, the comfortable, clean
way, dissolves hair in five minutes, just as soap
and water dissolve soot. The repeated use of
this preparation reduces the growth and vitality
of the hair instead of stimulating it.

For and $1.50 at drug and department stores, or we will
mail direct on receipt of price, 75¢ and $1.30 in Canada.

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French Depilatory

Powder

X-Bazin

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Room or Den

With Portraits of Your Favorite
Picture Players

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the room or den of motion picture
enthusiasts than attractive lifelike pictures
of those players whom you admire and
love.

The group of eight portraits which we
are now offering free with a year’s subscription are just what you need for this purpose.

They are printed in rich, warm sepia tones by the famous rotogravure process—just
the right size for framing and room decoration.

These Portraits Not for Sale

These can only be obtained with a year’s subscription to the MAGAZINE or CLASSIC.
Our supply is now nearly exhausted, so Don’t Delay, but Send Your Order at Once.
Just fill out, cut off and mail the attached coupon with necessary remittance.

Complete List of the Portraits

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M. P. PUBLISHING CO.

175 Duffield Street

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 45)

(Artcraft). At heart it is the old Griffith
chase. It reveals just one thing new, a sort of
dezoized close-up—with lazy, dreamy eyes
singly applied to Lilian Gish, who plays the heroine. Her role is a sort of tone
boy character, to which this particular Gish, if
I am not mistaken, is adapted. Possibly, Mr.
Griffith, let Dorothy do the comedy of the Ge
family and leave Lilian a dream idyl. W
exhivy Harron as the regenersted Ameri
can. Griffith, by the way, has endeavored to
duplicate his Monsieur Cuckoo of "Hearts of
the World" with an almost similar character,
the same sort of humorous, garlic-eating Mona.
Bebe. But there is a vast difference between
Robert Anderson’s Cuckoo and David Butler’s
Bebe. One is spontaneous, the other an
imitation.

We are genuinely sorry that Allen Holubar’s
"The Heart of Humanity," (Universal), star-
rating the vivid Dorothy Phillips, arrived af
the end of the war, because it deserves it
measure of success, and we fear it, that nobody
wants war drama now. With all its palpable
imitation, "The Heart of Humanity" stamps
Holubar as a director of promise. For it
remains, in handling and flashes of story
of Griffith’s "Hearts of the World," De Mille’s
"When I Come Back to You" and even Chap
in’s Shoulder Arms, Oddly, Holubar has
achieved a little of that imitating something
better than the originals. We went to see "T
Heart of Humanity," at a private midnight,
showing, intending to remain but a short time.
And we stayed until the final scene at about
2 a.m.

Briefly, it is the tale of four brothers who
join the allied forces from the wilds of Canad.
One has just married, and much of the story deals with her experiences "out there" as a nurse and her rescue from the
Huns by her husband. Robert Anderson
Griffith’s M. Cuckoo, plays one of the broth-
ers, something similar character, and stands out
strongly. We are not particularly interested
anywhere with William Stowell as the hero
von Stroheim’s." Oddly, Holubar has
achieved a little of that imitating something
better than the originals. We went to see "T
Heart of Humanity," at a private midnight,
showing, intending to remain but a short time.
And we stayed until the final scene at about
2 a.m.

"The Heart of Wetona," (Select), marks
the return of Norma Talmadge to something
of her old dramatic form. This melodrama
of "Scarborough" by Sir Arthur Wingate, as
appearing behind the footlights, is very well
done for the screen by Sydney Franklin.
There are outdoor Western shots that
make one feel like taking a taxi to Grand Cent
Station.

There is nothing namby-pamby about M
Scarborough’s melodramatic story. Weton
daughter of a white mother and a redskin
father, has been betrayed by a man of a
mother’s race. She refuses to tell the man
her name to her father and, instead, seeks refuge
with a kindly Indian agent, Hardin. The age
in order to protect her, the agent marries Wetona,
convention, intending to divorce her later, so that she may wed the man of her
protection.Hardin and Wetona comes to know the meaning
deeply interested in Wetona. Miss Talmadge makes a
decidedly interesting Wetona. Gladwell Jam
is the ideal choice for her from her tribe, but
no one who knows Wetona’s life, but Thom
Meighan seems stodgy and heavy as Hard
out of their way of thinking. "The Heart of Wet
will hold your interest.
But why the stumbling English from Wetona—in the subtitles? Wetona had been
college in the East.

"Branding Broadway," (Artcraft), is a
favorite William S. Hart play of my month.
For Hart isn’t just a genuine cow-
boy, knotting the muscles of his neck in
i tense ire, but a Westerner with a
sense of humor. And Hart plays the man delightfu

(Seventy-six)
with a score of subtle humorous shadings. Driven out of a Western town by the reform element, Robert Sandes heads to New York. There he is engaged by a sinister figure as a sort of guard for his hard-core son. Sandes finds adventure a-plenty, besides a beauteous young woman who runs a restaurant. Mr. Hart should thank C. Gardner Sullivan for this story, slight as it is. Three or four others along the new lines will lift Hart out of his celluoid rut.

And, if Hart's sense of humor will surprise you, what about the blasé Wallace Reed displyed done? And he surely did get a 'Wave in Many Millions' (Paramount), the comedy of a book-agent who inherits forty millions—or is it fifty? The story is pretty venal, but Reed is likeable.

"A Lady's Name," (Select), Constance tal-
madge's latest comedy, based on a Cyril Har-
court stage play, seems labored, to our simple way of thinking. Considering screen adaptations of the story of a young woman, an author, who adver-
tises for a husband in order to get ideas for a novel, she gets the ideas—and a husband in the person of Harrison Ford. Ford, as usual, acts well, but he should change his taller. Constance is piquant where it is pos-
sible to be, but "A Lady's Name" is quite un-
spontaneous. Walter Edwards has utilized almost all until the whole thing is to be one face after another. Close-ups show up a farce seriously, except where facial play is necessary. Here Edwards tries to make byplay take the place of play.

Since Maurice Tourneur turned her vehicles into picture poems, Elsie Ferguson hasn't filmed so beautifully as in "Under the Green-
wood Trees" (Artcraft), his adaptation of Ford's visualization of the old H. V. Esmond's stage play. "Under the Greenwood Tree" revolves around a well-bred, wealthy woman with romantic inclinations. She hires a gypsy equipment, poses as one of the wanderers and meets the rich young lord of the manor. Of course, she falls in love, especially after the chap has battered up the whole tribe of gypsies, who have tried to rob her.

Curtiz has selected a series of singularly beautiful outdoor settings. Indeed, "Under the Greenwood Tree," if slender dramatically, is an optical joy. Miss Ferguson is, of course, a fascinating heroine. Eugene O'Brien is the hero. We dare the ire of fans by declaring he is artificial in this role.

"Arizona," (Artcraft), as done by Douglas Fairbanks, isn't Angus Macrae's "Thomas' drama," by any means. The story of the young lieutenant, who allows himself to be forced out of the service rather than tell a lie, which will bring the touch of scandal to his colonel's wife, is distorted to fit the Fairbanks acro-
batic. Even so, "Arizona" is more serious than the past dozen or so Fairbanks vehicles. If anything, "Arizona" proves that Fairbanks should stick to satire and let drama alone.

"Little Miss Hoover," (Paramount), Mar-
gerite Clark's latest, seems completely puerile to us. Herein the heroine falls in love with a young stranger who is suspected of being a slacker. She saves him from being tarred and feathered and, lo and behold! he turns out to be a sort of Jimmy Hoover, busy involving tongs for the Eggheads of Agriculture. Eugene O'Brien is the gentleman in question, and if there is any performance of the F.B.I. with more affected than that given in "Little Miss Hoover," it is Mr. O'Brien in "Under the Greenwood Tree." Even Miss Clark seems artificial in this piece.

Here, Inspiration," (Metro) has the beau-
tiful May Allison—which is quite enough. The story is a combination of the conventional melodrama line and the seeming "Keys to Baldpate" idea. Here all sorts of things happen to a young playwright in the Kentucky hills, and then turn out to have been arranged by the playwright's enemies to provide ideas and atmosphere. Of course, if the manager had all these ideas in the first place, he couldn't need the income to provide pick flaws in the story? The glorious May Allison is in it. And May certainly does rest the eyes.

"The Hope Chest," (Paramount), is Doro-
thy Gish's latest, and the distributor has already

(Continued on page 83)
Oh, that delightful, smooth, sweet, clean feeling that comes from using Boncilla Beautifier! No woman derivates of a beautiful skin should ever be without this perfect toilet requisite.—Ethel Clayton.

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Film Information Bureau, Sta. C, Jackson, Mich.

Tony A. T.—I said “there is small chance not a small chance.” It makes a lot of difference.

Robert T., Spencerton—Yes, dear friend, I am still smoking. Tobacco is an antisepetic that makes them do well. However, I have taken to caramels since the war; they require less sugar than any of the other candies. Pauline Starke was Angie, and Walt Whitman was Anthony in "Daughter Angie."

Mrs. J. W.—I have handed your letter to the Celluloid Critic, and it may convert him. Thanks, Dear, It was a thrill to the man of wisdom is the man of years. Well, that’s me! That Goldwyn was taken at Fort Lee, N. J. No, you take them all. You where you were not a breeze whispers, not a bird flaps its wings, and it was the triumph of reposing. Then I say, let us not abuse the good things of life.

Ralph D. G.—I’m sure they were real lobsters used in the Sennett picture. No, I have never seen a timed lobster—except on Broadway. Write in for that record. A periscope is an optical instrument enabling a submarine commander to see what is going on outside under water. They are also used to look over trenches.

Eunestine A. D.—So this is your first letter to me. Welcome! Yes, I believe it is quite true that Francis X. Bushman was divorced from his wife and immediately married Beverly Bayne. You say, "Oh, what men dare do! What men must do! Why, daily do I not knowing what they do!"

Agusta Wink.—So it was all about Douglas Fairbanks. You know I have observed this difference between my readers—the men mourn most for what they have lost, the ladies for what they haven’t got. Let not your heart be troubled. Ruth Roland is playing in "Hands Up."

Ulyse B.—That’s right; relatives butt in where devils fear to tread. Some of your questions are addressed to William Desmond in "Hell’s End." Knowledge is the father of wisdom, so get wise. But a good book is the precious life-blood of an auster spirit embalmed and treasured upon purpose to a life beyond books. Books are my best friends.

A Minter & Hayakawa Fan.—Yes, E. K. Lincoln is married. Yes, fat men are always funny, but that is not saying that thin men are always solemn. You wouldn’t call me fat, would you? I draw only five feet eight of water in my socks and my gross tonnage is only 160. I am a little Mason of the Indies.

Bertha B. Jackson.—Yes, indeed, I am fond of my work. The man who likes his job is never a slave to his work. I still have some salt of my youth in me, even tho I am 77.

Verla D.—So you call me "Everybody’s Friend." I want to be and wish I was. You want a double interview of the two Farnums. Good idea, if we can ever get them together. He is a brother. Will look up that fact. Questions of hair and complexion are too deep for a mere man.

F. G. L.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of film manufacturers. Kathleen Clifford is now on the stage. If you wish answers by mail, be sure to send a stamped, addressed envelope.

TONY A. T.—I said “there is small chance not a small chance.” It makes a lot of difference.
The Extra Girl, Anita and John
(Continued from page 53)

The purpose of showing you women what they want to come home to. The audience gasped in mingled relief and astonishment.

"Our boys' hearts for months have been hungry for home, and when they come home they must be greeted by women and not freaks." And then old Joe, former Mayor of Kalamazoo, added: "When the boys come home, especially when one knows just exactly when that great day could be.

"On the set as soon as you're in your evening dresses, Mr. Emerson is waiting." Assistant Jack Kennedy's voice sounded on the other side of the open doorway, while Mr. Kennedy's nice blue eyes gazed into space—also on the other side of the open doorway.

The boys were at home now, of course, and we were flitting more artfully and a great deal more fearfully than those French girls had ever dreamed of doing.

Between scenes I wandered around the camera, and there beside Mr. Emerson was sitting a pleasant-faced boy of pre-war proportions.

"Anita Loos," I registered mentally and smiled encouragingly. I have a peculiar knack of smiling at celebrities, something always given me that self-satisfied feeling, even tho that greatness belongs to some one else. The lady reigned the smile—another one—and then just in back of me I heard a great rush of voices and sounds of—

"Well, Nita, did you get here at last?"

"How have you been, old dear?"

moral exclamations of joy.

I turned and beheld a dainty little lady with large brown eyes that sparkled an answer to every greeting. It really seemed incredible, but, yes, some of the group were calling her "Miss Loos," and then I remembered having seen "her picture" in the papers. The other corner of the screen has certainly lost a star, but when the firmament is filled with stars, while it contains only one meteor that an leave such interesting stories, such lovely subtitles in its trail.

Miss Loos was soon the center of an admiring group. The "group," I must admit, did most of the chattering and the "center" seemed content to have it so.

During the course of the conversation I
(Continued on page 85)

(Seventy-nine)
**MOTION PICTURE CLASSES**

Emergency Nagel (Continued from page 26)

promised assertions that the making of the picture would not take long and should like the newness of the work, went, and am mighty happy for it.

"Oh, it was a picnic! We were a good friends, and it was just like goin' off on a summer’s spree with the family. You know, we went and had the reals were filmed on Louisa Alcott’s homestead. Those scenes you saw in the garden were in her garden; and altho it involved man difficulties to get the interiors inside he, it was accomplished.

"Indeed, I liked the work. It might sound funny, please don’t laugh, but or of the things that tickled me most was the idea of having my hair darkened by mascara every night and marched waved every morning by a regular hairdresser. Laurie, I suppose you remember, was picturesque because of his third black curls—and the director of the company did not recall that until we were set and ready to begin!"

Conrad Nagel, like all children, we go to school. But, unlike most youngest who were fond of the outdoors and leav es for fiction, the book for his stud History, literature, those were his pets. fortunate pets were those, an fortunate was he to have them, because after three years of devotion, at the age of seventeen, he graduated from High land Park College, Des Moines, Iowa.

When I asked him about his face, under the make-up of Ted I "Forever After" flashed with pride, and have a younger brother, who, some day is going to be the greatest comedian, the greatest musician and the greatest artist in the world." He laughed as he continued with his rhapsodies, "Father the dean of the Aborn School of Oper and mother—well, mother is—just mother, God bless her!"

"It is not simple, then, to understand how my inherent tastes influenced me."

Especially drama. I used to write sketches for the boys, put them on myself, and, ofte could not withstand the temptation act more than one rôle. Mr. Selwyn Fortune Hunter came to town one son, about five years ago, and in between school work I’d manage to skip off to the theater to play two small parts.

The Lyceum Theater Company, the women of the community of amateurs, in some branches in Des Moines all. During vacations I went on the road with the Midland and Redpath comp asies as a reader. Now that I look on those days of no sleeping quarters, frozen waterpipes and fleshless, sweatless, meatless, heatless programs, I am convinced that I must have loved stage and its accoutrements even at the early date."

And now Nagel is alternating between "Forever After" and playing opposite Alice Brady at old Vitagraph, for the war is over and Uncle Sam doesn’t ne him.

(Eightly)
Sunlight on White Velvet (Continued from page 62)

"You believe in marriage?" I queried, brilliantly, knowing the answer already.

"I have seen many marital failures," replied Miss Doro, "but there is something—here"—she placed a fragile hand over her heart—"that refuses to lose an ingrained belief in the possibility of ideal marriages."

From marriages we lapsed into a rapid argument over the respective merits of Heifetz and Mischa Elman as violinists.

Later, as I bade her adieu, I was again conscious of that blending of the old world with the new. It was a strange sensation, not unlike that produced by the sight of spring arbutus on Broadway, of French hand-kissing in an American drawing-room.

"You will come and see me when I return," she said, and the quality of her voice again thrilled like the glow of sunlight on white velvet.

Note—As The Classic went to press a company was organized to conserve Marie Doro as a national resource. Altho Miss Doro had more patrons and Mr. Bennett's secretary had sailed, the plans were changed and the Doro-Brennon pictures will be made in America.

Cheating Cheaters (Continued from page 57)

most of you. I am going to give the rest of them a chance. They'll write their confessions—and those confessions will be intact until they attempt to double-cross me. But I don't think they will. And you—and I—"

Tom drew her to him. "First you must know," he murmured into her dusky hair, "that I—college-debts. It was easy—if I was too easy—then—but what, what of you and—"

"You drew a wonderful picture once," she told him, "of you—and I—in a world—alone. Under us—the purple, pulsing sea—over us a honey-colored moon—forgetting all things by—by all things forgotten...

Ten minutes later a broken, broken heart,voice called shrilly forth: "Holmes, will you show them in?"

H E R S in this one-bouse-tow—night—at seven the judge—arrested her as an heiress, promised to a big politician—he, the man beside her, not her fiancé—

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The Stagnation of the Screen
(Continued from page 47)
when he will stop acting and devote his whole time to directing. And he will not
confine himself to comedies by any
means. Mighty big dramas will come
from the Chaplin studios.
"The present inflation of salaries will,
of course, have to stop. There are just
two of us, just Mary Pickford and Mary
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are an exquisite blend of pink, cream, green, and gold, with gold edges, flexible, highly finished, strong
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together over the work of their player friends who appear
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or $2.00 and we'll send four packs. Don't you just want a pack for yourself? They're worth every
bit of 65c a pack!
We have reached the point where we are beginning to worry about the first night," Miss Loos laughed. "Suppose the audience happens to call 'Author, author!' and the two of us have to stand up on the stage side by side?"

Miss Collier, as you know, is tall and stately, while Miss Loos, as one of the extras commented, leaves nothing to be desired in the way of a watch-charm. She began to write before she had a speaking acquaintance with her teens and sold her first scenario when she was fourteen. Miss Wriggles remarks that she has several literary geniuses dangling from her family maple, but she never hopes to break Miss Loos' record.

"You love to work, don't you, Nita?" a friend inquired.

"I love to eat," she returned. "That's the answer."

"In your places, children," Mr. Emerson was calling, and we scrambled back to the set.

It was towards the end of the day, and most of us were beginning to feel the strain of our emotional acting. Here and there a groan arose, accompanied by a sigh.

"Just a little while longer, children," Mr. Emerson encouraged. "I know you're all tired, but then you would be actresses."

Finally faithfulness brought its own reward. No—1 hate to disappoint you both—Mr. Emerson did not promise to feature me in his next production, but he did do something which was the balm to my aching feet such a promise would have been to my weary soul. As my companion players and I were standing on the corner that is the exit from the Paragon studio lane at Fort Lee and madly concentrating upon the approach of a car, an auto stopped near us, and Mr. Kennedy alighted.

"Is Miss Rosemon here?" he called into the darkness.

When I had reached the door of the machine, with that what-have-I-done-now feeling coming out of my left shoe, I was invited by Mr. Emerson to occupy the one remaining seat. It seems that Mr. Kennedy, in his role of custodian-in-general of names and addresses, had casually remarked that one of the girls had to take a long trip to Brooklyn at that hour of the night. Such a fate was hard to direct for Mr. Emerson's kind heart, his "giving me a lift to the subway," which, strange to relate, was at the same place I had left it in the morning, made it possible to get this story to F. E. before he closed the last form and to arrive chez moi while Miss Wriggles still retained the buoyancy of youth to wrig her well-manicured tail in friendly welcome.

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YOU and I—we are the People. And it is true that the people will rule henceforth. But whether or not it be you and I who shall rule is not left to chance. For our fellows will permit none to rule who has not won his Crown!

So a new war is upon us—the War of Peace, the War of the Pen. And the Pen is Mightier than the Sword! For the pen is Bloodless and every well-directed stroke means a new rivet in the Renaissance of Right.

The Pen shall be the seer of this New World that woke on Flanders Fields. The Pen shall lead the World's Men to the World's Market Places and leave to Unknown Failure the Merchant who does not Advertise. The Pen shall weigh and sway the Opinions of the People until they rock the sphere in the Cradle of the Press, and he who fails to read his Magazine or Newspaper will be blotted with Ignorance. The Pen will raise the Sleeping Souls of Men to set Monumental Deeds over the graves of Dead Resolutions, and he who has not ears to bear the Voice of the People thru their Orators shall never see the Morning! The Pen shall skin the richness and sweetness of the World's Glories in History, it shall bring the essence of Men's Lives to be relieved in the Library, it shall enchain the tragedies and laughter, that storm and burn the Human Soul, in an exquisitely hour on a Curtained Stage, it shall last of all Sing the weary world to sleep by sweeping the strings of Poetic Fancy.

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The Lion and the Mouse
(Continued from page 58)

admitted, calmly, trying to deny the glad leaping of her heart at his appearance by the indifference of her tone. "Still, handicapped as you are, it seems to me that you have an Irishman's heart in Paris—"

"The boy you knew in Paris and I am not the same fellow!" he sneered, self-scrornful. "I'm only a marionette—a soulless puppet, dancing when my father pulls the strings. Oh, I hate myself for obeying, but I go on obeying all the same."

With a groan that came from his heart, he flung his long young limbs into a chair, and looked at her like a little boy in trouble.

"Shirley," he cried, bitterly, "dad told me that I was to marry Kate Roberts, the daughter of the senator! Seems he and her father have fixed it up between them, and we're supposed to tie the kneck like good children!"

"Senator Roberts—the leader of the Conservative party that is going to put my father off the bench!" Shirley spoke, thoughtfully. "Ah, I see. That is his pay for swinging the vote as Ryder dictates. Well, I've seen her picture—it ought not to be hard for you to obey."

"Don't talk that way!" Jefferson Ryder leaned forward with sudden passion, seizing her hands in his hot grasp. "It's sacrilege, when you know I love you. Kate is a fine girl—we've been good pals ever since we were children, but it's you I want to marry—you, with your wonderful dark head like a cameo and your sweet lips and all the dear youngness of you!"

"I suppose," said Shirley, quietly, "you told your father that?"

The quick color stained his handsome face. His eyes avoided hers. "I said I was a puppet."

She looked down at the tossed sheets upon her desk, that he might not read the pain in her eyes. "Then, if that is true, you insult me by speaking to me of love!" she said, in a quivering tone. "If my father says not as they are—if John Ryder had never willed the ruin of James Rossmore—even if I loved you, I could never marry a man who would not fight for me—defy the world, the flesh, the devil—for me!"

The biography grew with the passing of the days. In spite of the heavy and sheen of her heart, Shirley Rossmore found her self giving a grudging admiration to the man whose character, with its strength and weaknesses, was unfolded to her ken in the close intimacy of her work. There was that in her own nature which responded to the sheer brute power of him, the pride of will, the relentless overcoming of obstacles in his path.

She was determined to have him, and when the wedding day was wavered, all that was needed to strengthen it was the memory of the broken man huddled in his desolation of dread in the dingy little suburban cottage, waiting the day of his disgrace.

As for Jeff, she saw nothing more of him. But one morning, opening the
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This is the beginning of a new era in the world’s history, and we have based our Big Idea on — ‘The world is full of undiscovered and undeveloped talent, and the near future will need it all. Our idea is to discover that talent and prepare it to fill the needs of the new development. Our plan is entirely new and original. We are not trying to sell you something, nor are we trying to get you to sell something. We simply want you to send for our booklet. That will tell you the whole story.

If you are ambitious to move forward, if you feel that you would like to find out if you have talents that should be developed, if you want to do your share of the re-building of the new world and share in its prosperity, don’t let this chance slip by. Send a postal card at once for our booklet.

American Heartstone College

177 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.
caused the deformity seen at the left, it had existed 9 years when the McLain Sanitarium straightened the foot. See page 14. Picture. The patient writes: "Just a few lines of thanks for the wonderful results following my treatment. After utilizing pru- rient years on the side of my foot, I found myself in a natural position, I do not use a cane at all. I certainly recommend the Sanitarium for one, similarly afflicted." Mail: CARL A. ROBINSON, Kosmosda, Ky.

FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treat- ment of Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Dis- ease and hernia—Mr. Scott, His Honor, Dis- trict Judge, President; Mr. Squires, in charge of children and young adults; Mr. Gar- sil, superintendent. Address all correspon- dance to.

The McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
818 Asbert Ave.
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For a pretty transaction FIGHT E L E D E Y TILL you don't do business with us. We guarantee you our sound goods and your dollars un- der the American House of Gold.

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American Art

We have on exhibition at all times a large collection of paintings by the most famous of American artists, including fine examples of George Inness, R. A. Blake- lock, Elliott Daingerfield, H. W. Ranger, R. G. Brown, G. H. Smilde, Arthur Damon, Carleton and many others. Edward Mor- gan, Eugene V. Brewer, etc., etc.

Illustrated Catalogue in Colors

mailed for five cents in stamps.

LA BOHEME

175 Duffield St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Infantile Paralysis

The Fame and Fortune Beauties

(Continued from page 54)

position in the second honor roll. Miss Irving, like all the other seven winners of the honor roll, has no experience of a professional character. Miss Irving studied dramatic art, however. She is five feet, six inches, in height, with medium brown hair and dark-gray eyes. The Oriental lassie is Emma Clare Orb, reared in the Victoria Apartments, 10th and C Street, Washington. She dances, but not professionally. Miss Orb is a Kentucky girl, having been born in Louisville. Her hair is black and she has hazel eyes. She is just five feet, one inch, in height.

Aliene Fulton, of No. 215 F Street, East, Hutchinson, Kansas, oddly re- sembles Lillian Gish. She, too, is a Ken- tucky girl, with blonde hair, brown eyes and is exactly five feet, two inches, in height.

Madeline Cunningham resides at No. 4951 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. She is a blonde type, with blue eyes. Just four feet, 11 inches, is Miss Cun-

ningham.

Grace Durfee is of the typical screen
GLADYS LESLIE

This little girl is Vitagraph's sweetest ingenue. She is winning. She is charming. She never overacts. She is buoyant, bubbling with Youth. We present her to you as she is at home.

JACK PICKFORD

Jack and Jack Sam have decided to go separate ways. Jack has returned to his first love—the movies. Uncle Sam taught Jack a number of things the movies never could, yet Jack is firm in his belief of the movies. Thru him, you will be presented with the mind of the average man discharged from Uncle Sam's service.

CHARLES RAY

Charlie's specialty in pictures is a real, sure 'nuff boob. But read this interview. Charlie's being a boob is indeed limited to pictures.

FRANKLYN FARNUM AND EDDIE POLO

Here are two popular people with interesting careers—each distinctly different. They are so decidedly different that one marvels at it. Discover thru their stories how trifling incidents oftentimes shape a destiny.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

Connie and Optimism run hand in hand. Yet sometimes Connie is a lap ahead. Connie can think of more mischief in five minutes than any other normal girl. In this story we present the reason why Connie is loved by all filmland.

GOOD OR BAD PHOTO-PLAYS

Which do you prefer? Read this instructive article. Read why the right kind wins. Right always wins—be on the winning side.

The Motion Picture Magazine

175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, New York

ingénue type. She lives in the heart of the screen colony, altho she has never appeared before the camera. Her address is No. 1271 West 35th Street, Los Angeles, Cal. Miss Durfee was born in Chicago. She has golden hair, blue eyes and is just five feet, three inches.

Beatrice Edith Bond is the first young woman not born in the United States to find her way into The Name and Fortune of the Roll. Long ago, it was her birthplace. Just now she resides at No. 56 Provencher Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada. She has fair auburn hair, blue-gray eyes and is five feet, four inches, tall.

Muriel Maxine Main, of No. 117 Chittenden Avenue, Columbus, Ohio, is another Chicago girl. She has brown hair, brown eyes, and is five feet, 4 3/4 inches in height.

Let us briefly outline the purpose of the contest once more:

The two magazines will give two years' guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits in colors, special interviews, pictures, special articles, etc.—the sort of publicity that could not be purchased at any price. The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine will secure an initial position for the winner and other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine guarantee that the winner will be known throughout the civilized world.

The terms of the contest follow:

1. Open to any young woman, or man, in the world, except those who have already received prominent screen or stage roles.

2. Contestants must submit a portrait, upon the back of which must be pasted a coupon from either The Motion Picture Classic or The Motion Picture Magazine, or a similar coupon of their own making.

3. Contestants can submit any number of portraits, but upon each of portraits must be pasted an entrance coupon.

CLASSIC ENTRANCE COUPON

(Not to be filled in by contestant)

Name

Address

City

State

Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any

When born

Birthplace

Eyes (color)

Hair (color)

Height

Weight

Complexion

---

“One More Step, and I’ll Blow Your Brains Out!”

Wildly the boy flew up the shrouds. One step behind came Israel Hans—wounded—drunk—but with the cold light of hate in his eyes.

Never was there such a thrill in all the tales written since the beginning of time—from that first day when the old, hairy, tall, strong, nut brown man with the sabre cut across his cheek rapped on the Inn door, till that sweet day when they sailed home with the treasure—but how feeble are words to tell the rich magic of

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

There are thousands of people who have read Treasure Island and have no idea that there are twenty-five such volumes. You who have read only a little of Stevenson, what weight do you have before you? You do not know yet The Master of Ballantrae, that charming gentleman with the black soul of evil—you have not ventured into the wilds of the South Seas for golden, murderous treasure—you have not crossed the purple sea from the spicy, sun-warmed islands of the South Sea to a frosty, snow-crowned mountain in Peru. You have not stood beneath the Annie Woman, as Our scenery so wondrously suggests you might have stood, on the borders of a land of gold, with Prince Otto—nor yet on the alone ship, the Wrecked Boat, which the roll of eponymous, in which you long to be—nor yet at the table of the Duke of Halkirk, so rich and fine and fragrant and filled with all the lovely things of the world. We who have read them a hundred times, always with delight, how we look on you with envy!

At Last, the Thistle Stevenson

28 Volumes For Less Than Half Price

Adventure, Humor, Mystery, Historical Romances, Songs, Poems, also Stevenson's Letters. 80 Illustrations.

For years the lovers of beautiful books have looked with longing eyes at the handsome Thistle Edition, and wished they could call it their own. But the Thistle Edition was too costly to launch the prices were beyond the reach of most people. But now, at last, we have welcome news for the big world of Stevenson lovers. You can have the Thistle Edition, containing all of Stevenson's Works in 28 volumes—at less than half price. The great original edition for plates has largely been worked out of the slender, and the earlier editions of hours have generously reduced their royalties.

In all the history of this house we have never before been able to make such an offer. Nor have we ever before been able to make the Thistle Edition. This is one of our special sources of pride.

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For months these books have been in preparation, and so the time for our large press run is there lower than they are ever likely to be again.

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Send me, at charges prepaid, complete set of ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S Thistle Edition, in 28 Volumes bound in attractive cloth, in which I will return them within 30 days at your expense. Otherwise, I will send you $1 in cash and $2 a month for 14 months.

Name

Address

Occupation

M.P.O.C. 3-17
Good motion pictures depend, primarily upon good stories—just as all good plays do.

Each J. Stuart Blackton picture has as its base a good story.

"The Common Cause", the latest Blackton super-production, was an adaptation from a play written by J. Hartley Manners and Ian Hay Beith.

The story, strong and magnetic and intense in its appeal, formed a solid foundation for the wonderful picture...

It was The Hand of Blackton that interpreted it;
that made the story seem to really come to life;
that made the characters really live;
and that brought the scenes of the story so faithfully before you.

All Blackton Productions have good stories behind them—and that's only one reason why they're so good!

"Pictures with the mark of Blackton are worth while"

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25 West 45th Street, New York
How it Feels to Earn $1000 a Week

By a Young Man Who Four Years Ago Drew a $25-a-week Salary—Tells How He Achieved It

Determined to find out what that vital spark of success is, I bought books on every subject that pertained to the mind. I followed one idea after another. But I didn't seem to get anywhere. Finally, when almost discouraged, I came across a copy of "Power of Will." Like a bolt out of a clear sky there flashed into my brain the secret I had been seeking. There was the real fundamental principle of all success—Power of Will.

Prof. Haddock's lessons, rules and exercises in will training have recently been compiled and published in book form by the Pelton Training Co., of Meriden, Conn. I am authorized to say that any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, you may feel that the book is worth $3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical powers; how to perfectly concentrate your attention on any subject; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from your mind the most discouraging obstacles; how to develop fearlessness; how to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a will of iron.

Never before have business men and women needed this help so badly as in these trying times. Hundreds of the world's largest obstacles confront us every day, and only those who are masters of themselves, and who can hold their heads up will succeed. "Power of Will," as never before, is an absolute necessity—an investment in self-culture which no one can afford to deny himself.

Some few doubters will scoff at the notion that personal growth, wealth, position and everything we are striving for, is but the result of a fountain-head of wealth, position, and everything we are striving for. But the great mass of intelligent men and women and the millions who have invested in themselves by sending for the book to the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for me—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" had done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 250,000 owners of "Power of Will" there are more prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fan, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Geo. McKelvin, Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christie, of Wells Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Arthur Capper, of Kansas, and thousands of others. In fact, for itself, "Power of Will" is just as important, and as necessary to a man's or woman's equipment for success as a dictionary.

To try to succeed without "Power of Will" is like trying to do business without a telephone. As your first step in will training I suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, and send it to the Pelton Training Co., 43-B Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This act alone means the turning point of your life, as it has meant to me and to so many others.

The cost of paper, printing and binding has almost doubled during the past three years, in spite of which "Power of Will" has not set any increased in price. The publisher feels that so great a work should be kept at low-priced as possible, but in view of the enormous increase in the cost of every manufacturing item, the present edition will be the last sold at the present price. The next edition will cost more—so attend to the matter now.

[Form]

I will examine a copy of "Power of Will" at your risk. I agree to remit $3 or return the book in 5 days.

---

Name: [Blank]
Address: [Blank]
City: [Blank] State:
The History Back of Modern Beauty

WHEN the royal women of ancient Egypt learned the value of Palm and Olive oils they made a discovery to which modern users owe Palmolive.

For this famous soap contains the same rare oils, the luxury of famous queens 3000 years ago.

Its bland, fragrant lather is the final perfection of the blend which is old as history.

Palmolive Shampoo also contains the same Palm and Olive oils, keeping the hair soft and glossy with their mild yet thorough cleansing qualities.

Palmolive is sold everywhere by leading dealers — wartime price, two cakes for 25c. It is supplied in guest-cake size at those hotels most famous for de luxe service.

Send 25 cents in stamps for Travelette case, containing miniature packages of eight popular Palmolive specialties attractively packed.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
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The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited
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"What's on tonight?"

SOMETIMES it's the man of the house and sometimes it's the woman that starts the ball a-rolling.

An eventful evening two or three times a week is an important part of the art of enjoyable home life.

Now that the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has taken the guess-work out of motion pictures you can bank on the evening coming off right.

Is it a Paramount Picture?

Is it an Artcraft Picture?

Those are the key questions.

The reputation of the foremost stars, of the greatest directors, of the topmost and largest motion picture organization is vested in and richly expressed by Paramount and Artcraft Pictures.

Those brand names have naturally come to mean a whole lot to America. They sum up the cream of the national entertainment.

Don't take chances with your evenings. Be sure it's a Paramount or Artcraft Picture. Note current releases in panel.
The Secret of Being a Convincing Talker

How I Learned It in One Evening

By GEORGE RAYMOND

HAVE you heard the news about Frank Jordan?" This question quickly brought me the little group which had gathered in the office of the Jordan. Jordan and I had started with the Great Eastern Machinery Co., within month of each other, four years ago. A year or two afterward, Jordan was taken into the accounting department, and the company sent him out as salesman. Neither of us was blessed with an unusual amount of fertility, but we "got by" in our new jobs all right.

Imagine my amazement, then, when I heard: "Jordan's just been made Treasurer of the company!"

I couldn't hardly believe my ears. But there as the "Notice to Employees" on the bulletin board, telling about Jordan's good fortune. Now I knew that Jordan was a capable fellow, and unassuming, and I wondered how he would inveigle me for such a sudden rise. I knew, too, that the Treasurer of the Great Western had been Mr. John, and I wondered how in the world Jordan landed the place.

The first chance I got, I walked into Jordan's new office and after congratulating him warmly, I asked him to let me in on the details of how he jumped ahead so quickly. His story so intensely interesting that I am going to present it as closely as I remember:

"Tell me just how it happened, George, because you may pick up a pointer or two that will help you.

"Remember how scared I used to be whenever I had to talk to the chief? You remember how you used to talk to me that every time I opened my mouth I put my foot into it, meaning every time I spoke? Well, time I said, I got into trouble! You remember how Sinton left to take charge of the Western office and I was asked to present him with the loving cup the boys gave him, how flustered I was and how I couldn't say a word because there were people around? You remember how confused I used to be whenever I met new people? I couldn't say what I wanted to say when I wanted to say it; and I determined that if there was any possible chance to learn how to talk I was going to do it.

"The first thing I did was to buy a number of books on public speaking, but they seemed to be meant for those who wanted to become orators, whereas what I wanted to learn was not only how to speak in public but how to speak to individuals under various conditions in business and social life.

"A few weeks later, just as I was about to give up hope of ever learning how to talk into society, I read an announcement stating that Dr. Frederick Houghton of New York University had just completed a new course in business talking and public speaking entitled "Mastery of Speech." The course was offered on approval without money in advance, so since I had nothing whatever to lose I decided by examination to write and have them and in a few days they arrived. I glanced through the entire eight lessons, reading the first two pages here and there, and in about an hour the whole secret of effective speaking was opened to me.

"For example, I learned why I had always lacked confidence, why talking had always seemed something to be dreaded whereas it is really the opening of an adventure, how to get up and talk. I learned how to secure complete attention to what I was saying and how to make everything I said interesting, forceful and convincing. I learned the art of listening, the value of silence, and the power of brevity. Instead of being funny at the wrong time, I learned how and when to use humor with telling effect.

"But perhaps the most wonderful thing about the Mastery of Speech was the actual example of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making oral reports to my superiors. I found there was a right way and a wrong way to present complaints, to give estimates, and to issue orders. I picked up a number of things about how to give my opinions, about how to answer complaints, about how to ask the bank for a loan, and so on about wide subjects. Another thing that struck me forcibly was that instead of antagonizing people when I didn't agree with them, I learned how to bring them around to my way of thinking in the most pleasant sort of way. Then, of course, along with those lessons there were chapters on dramatic situations, how to find material for talking and speaking, how to talk to friends, how to talk to servants, and how to talk to children.

"Why, I got the secret the very first evening and it was only a short time before I was able to apply all of the principles and found that I was able to have an almost magical effect upon everybody to whom I spoke. It seemed that I got things done instantly, where formerly, as you know, what I said 'went in one ear and out the other.' I began to acquire an executive ability that surprised me. I smoothed out difficulties like a true diplomat. In my talks with the chief I spoke clearly, simply, convincingly. Then came my first promotion since I entered the accounting department. I was given the job of answering complaints, and I made good. From that I was given the job of making salesmen present their reports. When I joined the Officers' Training Camp, I was made Treasurer. Between you and me, George, my salary is now $7,500 a year and I expect it will be more from the first of the year.

"And I want to tell you sincerely, that I attribute my success solely to the fact that I learned how to talk to people."

When Jordan finished, I asked him for the address of the publishers of Dr. Law's course, and he gave it to me. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he had stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to sell to people who had previously refused to listen to me at all. After months of record breaking sales during the duller season of the year, I received a wire from the chief asking me to return to the home office. We had quite a long talk in which I explained how I was able to break sales records—and I was appointed Sales Manager at almost twice my former salary. I know that there was nothing in me that had changed except that I had acquired the ability to talk where formerly I simply used "words without reason." I can never thank Jordan enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking. Jordan and I are both spending all our spare time making public speeches on war subjects and Jordan is being talked about now as Mayor of our little town.

So confident is the Independent Corporation, publishers of "Mastery of Speech," Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how you can, in one hour, learn the secret of speaking and how you can apply the principles of effective speech under all conditions, that they are willing to send you the Course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon and write a letter and the complete course will be sent you, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the Course, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Independent Corporation
Publishers of The Independent Weekly.
Dept. I-374, 119 West 40th Street, New York.

Please send me Dr. Frederick Houghton's "Mastery of Speech," a Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking in eight lessons. I will either return the Course to you within five days after its receipt, or send you $5.

Name

Address

M.P.C. 4-19
NEW YORK: Superb Hair quickly and permanently removed without scarring. Stationary Multi-use Electic needle. Wigs, wigs, and Wigs! It has been removed. Particulars, Miss Walker, 1 W 34 St. Phone 2366 Greenley.

BIAIR ON FACE, BODY OR UNDER ARMS positively removed with results. No discomfort or pain; absolutely harmless and painless: write for particulars, or call for demonstration. Miss Bertha, Specialist, 12 W 26 St, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Branch Manager Wanted for new established Chicago concern. Write W. L. Smith, 56 W 20 St., Chicago. Your experience in the key-making or similar work will be considered. You will be highly paid.女士

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WANTED—strict, capable maid for 1939. To travel. Woman must have experience doing light housekeeping. Write W. V. Smith, 98 N 18 St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Housekeeper.

GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENTS


HELP WANTED


MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

$25.00 Profit Nightly. Small capital starts you. Outfit sold on instalment plan is pleasant and does not interfere with your daily occupation. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Write for catalog. Aims Moving Picture Co., 446 Morton Blvd., Chicago.

MOTION PICTURE CL.

News of the Studios

William McAdoo, just resigned fromident Wilson's cabinet, has been named special adviser of the Griffen,Pickands-Chaplin-Hart combination at a salary of $100,000.

Dolores Cassinelli is likely to be seen in a series of photoplay adaptations of Gabrielle D'Annunzio's work.

Pearl White's next serial is to be R. W. Chambers' "In Secret." Walter McKeel will be the lead.

H. B. Warner has been signed by Roy,

DOUG-Gole to do eight features. Warner pictures is to write a two-reel comedy each month for thirteen months for the same organization.

"Upstairs and Down," the farce which the Hattons, is "Olivia Thomas' first Sel.

Production. Louise Winter's "The Bridge" has been secured and Cosmo Har-

ton is to write three stories. Charles G. Weiss is directing. Appearing with Miss Thomas, "Upstairs and Down" are Robert Ellis, Mary Thoby, Mary Charleson, Bert Gamble, Kathleen Kirkham and Donald MacDonal.

The Famous Players-Lasky has secured Hall Caine's "The Woman Thou Gavest" for filming. Hugh Ford is to direct it. Emile Cohl is producing the adaptation. The same man who directed "Cecil," the novel which Herbert Bixenon plans to produce.

Edward Jose has been finishing his ment's big Salvation Army feature in East. The company, including Ruby de Re, was brought on from the coast.

Pauline Frederick is finishing her first copf movie, "The Last Time," with husband and partner, at the coast studios. Lyle Mack, is with her. In the cast are The Holding, Sidney Ainsworth and Cor Baker.

Myrtle Stedman is to do a series of "Seal Classics" in five parts for Gray Productions, Inc., a new Brooklyn operation.

J. Stuart Blackton's "The Common Man" is being well received across the country, according to exhibitor reports. Mr. Blackton, who is a partner in the film company, is married to the actress Sydney C. Blackton, who is well known on the stage and screen.

Leonce Perret has completed a film version of the novel of Bayard Veiller's "The Thirteenth Chair" with Yvonne Delva and Walter Law in the cast.

Owen Moore has been signed to play Goldwyn Rex Beach production.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Alton Smith on Jan. 17. Mrs. Smith is president of the Women's Council of the Red Cross.

Warner Oland has been seriously ill "flu" at his home in New York.

Thomas H. Ince, who has been producer for Paramount and Artcraft for two years, has signed a contract with Adolph Zukor to produce his personal film for the leasing year which commences September Under the terms of the contract, Mr. Ince produce four or five series of productions the next year, all of which will be person Mr. Ince. This will include Charles Ray, Enid Bennett and Dorothy pictures.

The Prohme Amusement Corporation is to present Texas Guinan in a series of 20.reel Westerns to be produced in San Antonio, (Continued on page 77)
There will be an unusual and timely article by Frederick James Smith, with Frank Losse, Belle Daniels, and other screen folk just now in the bright spotlight. It will be an interesting, well-written article. For May Classic, Miss Faenza, you know, has a genuinely humorous literary style all her own.

And Besides—

EARLE WILLIAMS

The March of the Playboy

A recently interesting article on the development of the screen story by Miss Faenza, the May Classic. Miss Faenza has succeeded in making a brief star in her California triumphant star in his California bungalow where his bride and his friends are spending their honeymoon months.

LOUISE FAENZA

The Caruso hasn't been many a music critic, with the results written in Louise's own inimitable style, will appear in the May Classic. Miss Faenza, you know, has a genuinely humorous literary style all her own.

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

Astor.—Pay Bavier in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid in love with an Englishman, just when racial barriers seem insurmountable, turns out to be the daughter of a white missionary. Has all the ingredients of a good drama. Miss Bavier is picturesquely pleasing.


Cohan.—"A Prince There Was." George M. Cohan in an interesterring role of a very entertaining character. Plays a series of games in which hearts are trumps—and wins.

Cohan & Harris.—"Three Faces East." Another strong German spay drama, this by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful playphotowrights. The principal success of this play is in trying to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies, just as we were puzzled in "Cheating Cheaters" to know who were the burglars and who were not.

Comedy.—"The Climax." A comedy with incidual music. Excellent, entertaining story of a young opera singer who lost her voice—and he lost his. There's a magnificent bit of acting by Miss Cohan, if she were a more finished singer, the play would have a stronger appeal.

Forty-Second Street.—A color picture in the perennial "Sinbad." Typical Winter Garden show with lots of girls in Hooverized attire. With John Boles, the real Farber sisters and the dainty Kitty Doner.

Fulton.—"The Riddle: Woman," with Bertha Kalich. Problem drama from the Danish. Lady dispenses true justice, and her character is emotional. Kalich gives a picturesque if artificial performance, while Crystall Herne and A. E. Anson make the most of their roles.

Hippodrome.—"The new production, "Everything." Lives up to its title. It is a maze of love, hate, and attractions, ranging from dainty Belle Storey to scores of remarkable roller skaters from tabloid opera to a stage full of rollicking Aladdin.

Liberty.—"The Marquis de Friaola." Leo Ditrichstein in the best play he has done since "The Great Lover," and in a somewhat similar play, "The Smiling Adventure." While it is too bad to make the courting of women the theme for a play, and a hero out of such a pathetically ugly and dull person to play so fine that we forgive its naughtiness for its art.

Lyceum.—"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three bachelors who adopt Belgian war babies. Amusing complications occur when the children develop along unexpected lines. Jeanne Eagels is quantity pleasing in the leading role.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge. The invisible man steals necklaces, opens safety cases and passes through doors. Richard Bennett gives a vigorous performance of the human ray.

Playhouse.—"Forty-Second Street." Alfred Brady in a play of youthful love which endures despite many obstacles. Excellently acted through. It charms its audience into living once again the violent joys and sorrows of youth.

Plymouth.—"Redemption." John Barrymore at his best in a remarkable piece of acting and a remarkable part, but how. Punch & Judy.—Remarkably interesting season of Stuart Walker's Portmanctoue company at this intimate little theater. The season is largely devoted to entertaining and vivid playlets of Lord Dunsany. Admirable acting and finely artistic staging.

Republic.—"Plan of Attack." Hellock has devised an old odd drama, "Roads of Destiny," from the O. Henry story. No matter what path one takes, the ultimate result is the same, is the philosophy of the drama. Florence Reed is admirable in three widely contrasted roles.

ON THE ROAD.

"The Saving Grace." Delightful English comedy by Haddon Chambers, brilliantly played by Cyril Maude as a cabbie. Richly flavored with old-fashioned characters, founded on the poems and stories of J. Whittome Riley. The cast is extremely strong from top to bottom and the production is as brilliant as you would expect of a Stage production. Plenty of wits, with a sprinkle of mirth.

"Home Again." A highly entertaining comedy with lots of homely atmosphere and old-fashioned characters, founded on the poems and stories of J. Whitcomb Riley. The cast is extremely strong from top to bottom and the production is as brilliant as you would expect of a Stage production. Plenty of wits, with a sprinkle of mirth.

"Be Calm, Camilla." One of the most charming plays of the season. Elsa Fisher makes a lovely debut in a part of the Mary Pickford type and will doubtless be heard from on the screen.

"Head Over Heels," with the saucy Mitzi as a dainty little vaudeville acrobat. Entertaining with tuneful Jerome Kern music and the highly amusing Robert Emmett Keane.

"Keep Her Smiling." A typical Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew comedy. Mr. Drew does the most of the acting of his career, and Mrs. Drew is more charming and "younger" than ever before.

"Fiddlers Three," lively little operetta with considerable music and much good music. Louise Groody scores as a captivating little ingénue and dancer, while the lanky Hal Skelly's humor is amusing. Altogether a likeable entertainment.

"Going Up." A charming musical farce written around an aviatory, with Frank Craven in an interesting role. The music is unusually bright and catchy.

"The Copperhead." One of the big dramatic successes of the winter, by Augustus Thomas. A drama that will live.

"The Little Teacher." A charming play, full of human interest, and played by a company everybody loves. Mrs. Law is excellent, as usual, and her support is unusually good.

"A Young Man." An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young tailor who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and who then hires the latter to work for him.

"Oh, Lady! Lady!" Chic musical-comedy. Daintiness, wit, a well-balanced, all-star cast and credit music make the outstanding charm of this offering intime.

"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath." A roaring farce written for the Mary Pickford. Her "Twin Beds" and "Up Stairs and Down," and about as funny and racy as any of them.

"Maytime." A dainty, touching comedy with music by Victor Herbert, who has carried the life of a young couple from youth to old age, interspersed with tuneful music and some dancing.

"Sleeping Partners." Piquant comedy of the French boulevards before the war. Irene Bordoni delightful. Prismatic farce.

"The Castle." Unique drama that starts in New York and ends in the trenches. It has its laughs and its thrills and is replete with clever characterizations.

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KRAUTH & REED

DEPT. 69

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BROADWAY COMPOSING STUDIOS

167 E. 10th Street, Broadway at Times Square, NEW YORK.
Across the Footlights

Last month found the New York theaters at the apex of a highly prosperous season. With the metropolis jammed with returned officers and soldiers, members of their families to welcome them, buyers from all parts of the country, and others, the amusement places could not fail to register the biggest business of several years. They say that steel and the theater are the two barometers of prosperity. The theater certainly is an indication of a splendid peace prosperity.


One might think that the stage has been carefully combed for promising material by the screen producers. But we fear they've overlooked several good bets. First, there is Lola Fisher, who played Camilla so refreshingly in "Be Calm, Camilla." Here is a real possibility. And there is the picturesque Fay Bainter, the star of "East Is West." There is an exotic piquancy to Miss Bainter that would be a distinct novelty on the screen. Some far-sighted producer will seize upon her before long. Now let us hazard a third discovery: Margaret Mower, of the Portmanette Players. Here is a young actress of beauty and unusual tragic power. Her playing of the ill-fated queen in Lord Dunsany's "Laughter of the Gods" was a really magnificent thing. And why hasn't the screen won over McKay Morris, the admirably versatile leading man of the same organization? Really, the screen producers need to enjoy scores after the fashion of the National and American League baseball teams.

While we're on the subject of the Stuart Walker Portmanette company, now enjoying a season at the quaint Punch and Judy Theater, let us say a word of its remarkable excellence. Here is intellectual drama intelligently produced. Mr. Walker has been largely devoting himself to Lord Dunsany, presenting "The Laughter of the Gods," "The Gods of the Mountain," "The Golden Doom" and other playlets of the brilliant Irishman—and presenting them with imagination and artistry.

Another drama is going to reach the stage after being first seen on the screen. This is Cosmo Hamilton's "Scandal,"细胞oided by Constance Talmadge. The piece is being produced over here by the

(Continued on page 76)

She played to lose

Round and round spun the wheel, yet she lost—and smiled. Women are not good losers—but this one—behind those burning eyes lay a mystery—a desperate plot.

Craig Kennedy—the brilliant detective—solved it.

If you would forget your cares—if you would be entertained breathlessly—read this astonishing, baffling tale. It is one of the matchless stories by

Arthur B. Reeve

(The American Conan Doyle)

Craig Kennedy

(The American Sherlock Holmes)

He is the detective genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically. For nearly ten years, America has been watching his Craig Kennedy—marvelling at the strange, new, startling things that detective-hero would unfold. Even under the stress of war, England is reading him as she never did before.

Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the madestream of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. Russian ingenuity has fashioned wild tales of mystery. But all these seem old-fashioned—out-of-date—beside the infinite variety—the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve's tales.

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(Seven)
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T HE World War was waged against Kaisers and all Autocrats who suppressed the People's Opportunities. Opportunity was relegated to a Favored Class.

T HE Favored Class has been abolished and today you and I stand on the Rims of a New Age. The look into the Agonized Face of the Victor tells us that the Supremacy of the Sword lies buried in the Ruins of the Old World which we have forever left behind.

Y OU and I—we are the People. And it is true that the people will rule hereafter. But whether or not it be You and I who shall rule is not left to Chance. For our fellows will permit none to rule who has not won his Crown!

S O a new war is upon us—the War of Peace, the War of the Pen. And the Pen is Mightier than the Sword! For the pen is Bloodless and every well-directed stroke means a new rivet in the Renaissance of Right.

T HE Pen shall be the scepter of this New World that woke on Flanders Fields. The Pen shall bring the World's Men to the World's Market Places and leave to Unknown Failure the Merchant who does not Advertise. The Pen shall weigh and sway the Opinions of the People until they rock the sphere in the Cradle of the Press, and be who fails to read his Magazine or Newspaper will be blasted with Ignorance. The Pen shall raise the Sleeping Souls of Men to set Monumental Deeds over the graves of Dead Resolutions, and be he who has not ears to hear the Voice of the People thru their Orators shall never see the Morning!

T HE Pen shall skim the richness and sweetness of the World's Glories in History, it shall bring the essence of Men's Lives to be relished in the Library, it shall enchain the tragedies and laughter that storm and sun the Human Soul, in an exquisite hour on a Curtailed Stage, it shall last of all Sing the weary world to sleep by sweeping the strings of Poetic Fancy.

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Dear Sir: I am interested in your announcement. Please send me your booklet "The Open Door" free, without any obligation on my part.

The Next

Motion Picture Magazine

We beam with delight upon our fortune in announcing the contents for the May issue of the Motion Picture Magazine. We are proud to announce that we have prepared stories and interviews and picture pages about more real favorites in this issue than we have ever been able to get together before. Just scan the following headlines closely. You cannot afford to miss such a complete résumé of screen history.

HENRY WALTTHALL

Now comes a new Walthall to the screen. A man with a new purpose, a fresh incentive, a burning determination to accomplish big works. In a story which thrills because of its very simplicity, Kenneth McGaffey presents the Walthall of today.

FANNIE WARD

This awe-inspiring person talks easily, and knowingly, on all sorts of topical questions. Somehow one forgets the question at issue when marveling at Fannie. She has found the perpetual Fountain of Youth. Read this article and see why.

MARGARITA FISHER

The Fisher devotees have a wonderfully intimate story waiting for them in this issue. They will discover how Margarita really and truly worked her way to success. This interview is as thrilling as a story book tale.

RUTH CLIFFORD

This dainty little lady has had the most unique entrance to Film- land that it's been our good fortune to read about. We found Ruth's story so entertaining that we decided to pass it on to the fans. They will always remember this Ruth's personality story for its charming quaintness.

A BRIEF RÉSUMÉ

We cannot refrain from adding to your state of expectancy by merely hinting at the fact that, if you look real hard in the May issue, you will find up-to-the-minute chats with Eddie Polo, the Sydney Chaplin, Jupe Arthur, the president of Metro, Richard Rowland, Chester Barnett, and Marie Prevost. We pause for breath here—yet we may have left out the best!

The Motion Picture Magazine

175 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.
A Typical ‘Blackton’ Cast

IN THE BLACKTON SPECIAL FEATURE:

“A HOUSE DIVIDED”

To the millions of photoplay patrons throughout the world, this phrase has come to mean more than a mere figure of speech.

Every Blackton Production is built upon the firm foundation of a splendid story, with real literary merit, and . . . .

That story is enacted by a splendid cast of picture players, each one chosen for his or her special fitness for the part.

Not “stories to fit a particular star,” but “special stars to fit the story.”

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“The Common Cause”
“Missing”
“Life’s Greatest Problem”
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25 West 45th Street, New York City
Why My Memory Rarely Fails Me

and how the secret of a good memory may be learned in a single evening

By DAVID M. ROTH

FIFTY members of the Rotary Club were seated in the banquet hall of the Hotel McAlpin in New York. I was introduced to each member in turn by a roster containing the names and addresses of the guests. An hour later I called out each item, and gave the name opposite which it had been written.

At another time I glanced at the license numbers of hundreds of automobiles which passed. These numbers were written down by witnesses, in the order in which they were passed, and I accurately gave the order in which the numbers went by.

From Seattle to New York I have appeared before salesmen's meetings, conventions, and Rotary Clubs giving demonstrations of my memory. I have met over 10,000 people in my travels. Yet I am quite...
There may be stars who photograph more beautifully than Miss Joyce, but it's rather hard to think of 'em in a hurry. Alice has been a joy to the screen since 1910, when Kalem first discovered her—a popular New York art model. Miss Joyce was just optically fascinating then. Now she's an actress of both beauty and emotional force.
Marguerite started out with dramatic aspirations, but the musical comedy stage first won her. It was with De Wolf Hopper, her four feet of ingenuousness being a striking contrast to his elongated comedy. Then came the drama, and finally the screen, where Miss Clark has reached her greatest success. A varied career, indeed!
ROSEMARY THEBY

Rosemary is a graduate of the famous Blackton-Smith school of the photoplay, the old Vitagraph Company. Later on, Rosemary tried comedy with Harry Myers for a time. Now, however, Miss Theby is back in serious photoplays again. She was in Griffith's "The Great Love" and is now with Metro.
VIVIAN MARTIN

At the age of six Vivian was playing a kid in Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" with Richard Mansfield. At fourteen she was playing the title role in the road company of Barrie's "Peter Pan." Now, at—well, anyway—she's a Paramount star. In other words, Vivian has merited every advancement in her career. And Miss Martin, by the way, has been showing decided progress on the screen lately.
Barbara first dreamed of success on the musical stage, being a cousin of the star, Louise Gunning. By chance she decided to try the movies as an extra. Herbert Brenon saw her and gave her a special role in "A Daughter of the Gods" with Annette Kellermann. Since that time her progress has been steady. Her recent work in "The Silver King" with William Faversham was the best of her career.
The Celestial Nazimova

Alla Nazimova has another exotic rôle in Metro's special production of Edith Wharpy's novel, "The Red Lantern," which was adapted to the screen by June Mathis and Albert Capellani. Mr. Capellani is the director of "The Red Lantern," which is a picturesque Chinese story.
The Star on the Defensive
By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Probably no more significant thing has occurred in all screendom than the organization formed by Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, William S. Hart, Charlie Chaplin and David Wark Griffith and called the United Artists' Distributing Association. That is, these stars are going to independently produce and release their own pictures.

All sorts of rumors and reported reasons have come from the coast, but the one most broadly talked about is that these stars feared certain impending amalgamations and combinations of producers were against their best interests. Hence the defensive organization.

The star on the defensive!

All of which leads to many conclusions. "The organization isn't going to shock the world," one producer said. "It means just one thing—that the star, being his own boss, will pay himself just what he receives for his pictures, minus his expenses and the studio's cut. In other words, just what he is worth. And it won't be what I am asking from producers!"

But the thing goes deeper than a mere fluctuation in the market.

For the first time in the history of pictures, the star is on the defensive.

**Motion Picture Stars’ Reasons for Combine**

The following statement was issued yesterday afternoon by the "Big Five" concerning the new combination of motion picture stars:

A NEW combination of motion picture stars and producers was announced yesterday, and we, the undersigned, in furtherance of the artistic welfare of the moving picture industry, believing we can better serve the great and growing industry of picture productions, have decided to unite our work into one association, and at the basis of existing creases, as are now rapidly drawing to a close, to release our combined productions through our own organization.

This new organization, to embrace the very best actors and producers of the motion picture business, is headed by the following well-known names: Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, William S. Hart, Charlie Chaplin and David Wark Griffith. Each of whom have proved their ability to make productions of value both artistically and financially.

We believe that it is necessary to protect the exhibitor and the industry itself, thus enabling the exhibitor to book only pictures that either pass or fail at his disfavor or favor, it being to his advantage when he is booking films to please his audience of either program films where he does not desire, believing that too many of the people we can reach are very much at this step in positively and absolutely earnest order to protect the great motion picture public from threatening combinations and unions that would force upon them mediocre productions and machine-made entertainment.

(Signed)

Mary Pickford
Douglas Fairbanks
William S. Hart
Charlie Chaplin
David Wark Griffith

"Passed at Los Angeles, Jan. 15, 1919"

(Seventeen)
A Dozen Chaplins, and They’re All Charlie

By HARRY C. CARR

You can always be sure of hearing music somewhere around the place, especially when a picture is in the making. Chaplin is an accomplished violinist. Somewhere in among the notes that come from his fiddle are his motion picture "hunches" hidden. Charlie is always his own director, and he works very slowly; he literally fiddles around in his pictures.

Charlie is working on a motion picture now. The other day they made up the first set. Charlie came out in his big shoes and his funny little derby. All alone he walked out to the set. Trained by experience, the other actors went away and left him to himself. Charlie was about to begin "sniffing for an idea.

For a solid hour he walked around that set. A boy would have said he was "just foolin' around." He picked up props and put them down again. He pulled skittishly at the rope controlling the light-diffusers overhead. Then for a while he simply walked around and around the set with his duck feet and his little cane. That is the way he gets his hunches.

In the midst of his meditation a brash extra man came up snickering to himself. He had the greatest idea ever encountered by mortal brain. It was so funny that he couldn't hardly get out the words to say it. Charlie smiled a wan little smile and moved away. The extra man relentless followed, all the while expatiating upon the beauties of his world-beat "gag."

Finally Charlie managed to shake him off.

There is one Charlie Chaplin on the screen whom everybody knows. There are a dozen other Charlie Chaplins known only to his intimate friends and his neighbors in Los Angeles.

There is a ringside-seat-at-the-prize-fights Charlie Chaplin, there is a big business investor Charlie Chaplin, there is a star dinner guest Charlie Chaplin, a violinist Charlie Chaplin and a lot of other Charlie Chaplins that nobody knows about outside of his own hometown. Also there is a "my son, Charlie Chaplin," known to a little English lady across the water.

Charlie's studio is one of the most beautiful places in Los Angeles. It is on the edge of Hollywood, the motion picture suburb. The rugged peaks of the Sierra Madres frown down upon it from the north, while to the south and west a long valley stretches away to the sea. You can see the Pacific shimmering in the distance like a sheet of silver.

The studio looks like an old English village; all the offices are built like quaint English cottages.

At an evening party not long ago, one of Chaplin's friends told him how her little boy had cried because he could not come also and see the adored comedian. Charlie insisted upon hiring a taxi and going to see the lad. For an hour he stayed there telling stories—and he forgot to go back to the party.
There's the Comedian, the Violinist, the Star
Dinner Guest, the Business Investor and
the Various Other Charlie Chaplins

Charlie sidled timidly up to his manager, who was standing around the
et. Charlie had the air of a child who is being pursued by an obstreper-
as bumble-bee.

"Please tell that gentleman," he said, "that we will not need him
after all for this picture." And in about three seconds the extra man
with the funny bone was in search of another job.

Chaplin is not intolerant of suggestions. He accepts a great many.
but he has a quick, active mind, and he knows without long explana-
tions whether or not an idea is a live one. The best way to give him an
aspiration for a "gag" is to state the bare idea without details, then walk
way without forcing him to the unpleasant ordeal of saying "Yes" or
No" in your presence.

There is no question about it; Charlie is temperamental. Sometimes he
will sit for an hour around the set doing absolutely nothing, waiting for
"hunch."

Unless he feels funny he won't work at all. No studio emergency
will induce him to act if he is not
the mood. And he is very easily
ggled out of the mood. It is not
frequent that the sight of a com-
ian with a bad make-up on will so
aberrant Charlie that he will not
be able to work again that day. The
truth is, this little English artist is
sensitive as a taut violin string.
For this reason he does his best
work with his own company and
nder his own direction.

There are times in the
aplin studio when
ou would think you
ere at an orchestra
hearsal. Somebody
laying a piano,
obody else a 'cello,
ad Charlie the violin.

Chaplin would, in

fact, have been a successful
professional musician. As a
child he was very poor. His
father and mother were second-
rate music-hall performers. His
father died and left his mother
overwhelmed by abject poverty.
For a time both Charlie and his
brother Syd were charity patients
in an English poorhouse. Charlie
says his one ambition at this time
was to be an orchestra leader. He
used to crawl off into a corner of
the poorhouse, with a stick for a
baton, and pretend that he was
leading a great symphony orches-
tra; the poorhouse was a great
theater, glittering with lights and
the diamonds of a horseshoe
circle.

Charlie's mother now, by the
way, lives in England, smothered
in all the luxury that her nature
can stand. She regards "my son
Charles" as the final authority on
all earthly questions. If Lloyd
George and the King make a declaration on one side
of some question and she gets a postal from "my son
Charles" intimating to the contrary, why, the King and
Lloyd George are out of luck; that's all to it.

But to return to the studio orchestra. The overture will
suddenly be interrupted by the abrupt departure of the viol-
inist; Charlie's "hunch" has suddenly come.

But even after the "hunch" comes, he is a slow and
(Continued on page 71)
"Do you want to do me a real favor?" asked Corinne Griffith, as she helped us remove our white overcoat upon entering her Seventy-second Street apartment.

"Yes!" we replied, unanimously. Only in mere typewriting does the word "do" carry the emphasis that we gave it. For we were looking right into Miss Griffith's blue eyes. Her reddish blonde hair fascinated us. She lives up to all the promises of her screen self in her gown of—

But the colors and materials have long since escaped us, if we ever did note them. But we really do remember the blue eyes, the piquant hair, the superb profile the—

But let us return to the chat.

We gathered our mental faculties for the shock of Miss Griffith's requested favor.

"I'll tell you afterwards. You're just in time to have tea with me along with some new home-made chocolate cake."

We subsided. What mere masculine interviewer could concentrate upon personality and dry facts when confronted with blue eyes, Griffithian blonde locks—and chocolate cake? We decided that we had done our interview duty long enough and took the cake.

"This favor," we hazarded later, "what—is it?"

"Let's forget it for a while. Ask me lots and lots of questions."

"But we don't interview people like that," we confessed. "We just sit and chat and then go away and write about your aunt and the color tint of your personality and that sort of thing."

"Really?" said Miss Griffith, and her blue eyes looked sort of aghast. "I—think I like the old-fashioned interview best You know the ones. Full of stories, facts—except your age."

"Yes," we said politely and negatively.

"But I haven't much of a personality," continued Miss Griffith. "I haven't even pets. Had a parrot but it would get out of its cage and tear up paper and muss up the whole apartment something terrible. So I had to get rid of him the other day."

"Let's see. I read some when I have time."

On the table was a copy of the Russian confession.
"Do you like that?" we asked.

"Sort of," admitted Miss Griffith. "It did rather interest me. But with steady working at the studio, don't have time to do real reading.

"I was born in Texarkana, Texas," continued the actress. "Our folks have lived there for years and years. Grandfather Griffith was mayor of the town four times."

We looked properly impressed.

"You probably know my story. I was in New Orleans and attended a ball there. I won a beauty prize, and Rolin Sturgeon, the Vitagraph director, noticed me. He offered me a chance to go on the screen, and I decided to take it.

"My family was horrified—but they're very proud of me now," sighed Miss Griffith. Imagine the conceit of Texarkana these days!

"The family's gotten over the shock, but it was hard on them.

Corinne was born in Texarkana, Texas, her family having lived there for years. Grandfather Griffith was mayor of the town four times. Miss Griffith's antecedents were Italian and Irish, which, as Corinne admits, is "some combination." She has an Italian family coat of arms—but they don't bother about those things in Ireland.

"I'm Irish and Italian. Some combination!" Miss Griffith showed us her Italian family coat-of-arms. There was no Irish one. But Miss Griffith's blue eyes prove her Irish antecedents.

"First I went to the west coast Vitagraph studios and about two years ago they brought me East," reminisced Miss Griffith. "Then my troubles began. I simply couldn't get the make-up right for my style of features. The outdoor work in the West had required entirely different make-up. That's why I looked simply terrible in my first Eastern pictures. You remember them?"

But we remained neutral by declaring we hadn't seen them.

"Well, they were," continued the actress. "But now I'm getting it better. You know success on the screen is really a matter of good photography and good lighting. "I didn't know the first thing about acting when they (Continued on page 80)"
Externally H. B. Warner is a Broadway Beau Brummel. He affects baby blue shirts and collars, spats, platinum and diamond scarf pins, finely cared for hands and all the external attentions that belong to the born exquisite. Yet the first thing one stumbles over in H. B. Warner's apartment is a—baby buggy.

Right, Mr. Warner and Irene Bordoni in a moment of "Sleeping Partners"

Pride of race is one of the very few stable emotions in this age of the ephemeral in all things. Pride of profession is more tangible, while love of home and family is quite the provincial thing.

Which, by all the rules of corollaries, should make H. B. Warner stable, tangible and provincial. He is, however, effete, cosmopolitan and admittedly comme-il-faut.

Simply proving that contradictory qualities make the most interesting individuals. The least rut-like person, the more likelihood of his ability to breed ideas that will help make the world move on.

In the realm where actors have their being, H. B. Warner is revolutionary; that is, he starts a revolution in your mental country of preconceived conditions.

Externally he is a Broadway Beau Brummel. He affects baby blue shirts and collars, spats, platinum and diamond scarf pins, finely cared for hands and all the external attentions that belong to the born exquisite.

And yet the very first thing one stumbles over in the entrance to his apartment is a—baby buggy.

Now most actors warn you carefully not to mention the little wife at home, especially good-looking matinée idols of the H. B. Warner type. To be honest, it isn't their fault. Their press-agents or managers generally insist upon it. But H. B. Warner is influenced by something more vital than managers. He is actuated by pride of race.

"That's all there is of me," he says, as he leans over the white-enamed crib that cradles his six-weeks-old daughter, Joan. "In her are embodied all my hopes and aspirations. I live in her."

And one recognizes the mainspring of existence.

Later we left the wide-eyed bundle of his dreams and sought his tasteful living-room, where we ensconced ourselves in luxurious brown velvet chairs. Mr. Warner
slowly drew a cigarette from his silver case and lit it. “I want my daughter,” he said, “to make her stage début on the same stage that I made mine, that my father and that my father’s father made theirs. The English stage has known four generations of Warners. I want it to know a fifth. “When I was only four years old I made my first stage appearance in ‘The Streets of London.’ My dad carried me on that I might say I first acted on the same boards that he did.” Young Warner was then sent to school and graduated from the Bedford Grammar School in England. The call of his blood carried him back to the footlights, and he started his career in earnest, playing minor rôles with his father and in the Sir Beerbohm Tree company. In the summer of 1906, when the two

H. B. Warner is a perfect example of control. He is like a Kentucky race-horse, nerves taut, sensitive, with all of his surplus speed check-reined for the life race by perfect poise and mental balance.

Warners were settled in their summer cottage some miles from London, they received a telegram from an American theatrical manager, George C. Tyler. Complying with the request typed on the yellow slip, Charles Warner, H. B.’s father, went up to London the next day and met Mr. Tyler at the Ritz. “How-do, Charlie?” said Tyler. “Where’s that boy of yours?” “Harry?” said Warner, Senior. “Why, yes,” said Tyler. “Didn’t he get my telegram?” “I got a telegram from you, George.” “Man alive!” said Tyler. “I don’t suppose you even thought to look at the initials. I want your boy. I want to take him back to America with me.” So it happened that the next day the proper Warner met the producer. “I want you to go to America with me and play leading man for Eleanor Robson,” said Tyler. “How do you know I’ll do?” parried H. B. “You’ve never seen me act.” “I want you. You look the part. You are your father’s son. We sail the day after tomorrow—will you be ready?”

(Continued on page 78)
Springtime on the New York Stage

"Listen, Lester," running at the Knickerbocker Theater, is a lively, dancy musical comedy. Much of its success is due to the charming work of Gertrude Vanderbilt and the agile dancing of Johnny Dooley. They are here reproduced in a tense terpsichorean moment.

"Up in Mabel's Room" is a racy and piquant farce at the Eltinge Theater. Dudley Hawley and Hazel Dawn have the principal roles.

Gymnastics for chorines. Here is the athletic Vera Roehn and the pretty chorus of "The Melting of Molly" at the Broadhurst Theater.
The stage year has offered no more impressive contribution than Lord Dunsany's "The Laughter of the Gods," produced by Stuart Walker as part of the Portmanteau season at the Punch and Judy Theater. Margaret Mower and McKay Morris do some superb work in this glowing drama.
Dorris wanted a musical career, and she was something of a prodigy at the piano. At nine she played accompaniments to Kubelik, the violinist, in San Francisco. Then the movies came along and seized her. Miss Lee's début was in "His Mother's Boy" with Charles Ray.

Dorris wanted a musical career because stunts are nothing to her. She loves 'em and is afraid of nothing. Miss Lee will shortly be seen in another Ray picture.

Altho but sixteen, Dorris Lee can dance, ride, row, fence, run and jump over a four-foot fence with ease. Since she was a baby Dorris has had a rigid athletic training, her father being a well-known newspaper sporting writer using the pen name of "Willie Green"
"Yours of the 16th inst., received, and in reply would beg to state that Deeph Copper Preferred is quoted."--

Rita Charles' clever fingers danced over the words with an experienced nonchalance that left her brain free to follow its own bent. At present it was pleasantly occupied with the wisp of tulle, the scrap of satin and handful of jet which, in combination, meant the dinner gown she was going to wear this evening.

Supposing that the Recording Angel takes down people's thoughts in celestial shorthand, hers would have run something as follows:

"If that doesn't bring Harrison Chalvey to time nothing will! His family is beginning to get worried—first thing I know they'll be packing their innocent little angel child out of harm's way. Four o'clock and T. J. not thru yet! I wont have time to get that Marcel—what chance does a girl that works all day have against those rich society dames? Wonder what T. J. would say if he knew I was riding in his own limousine last night with his son making highball love to me!"

"Miss Charles!" She looked up with a start, to find Thomas Olverson's steely gray eyes fixed disapprovingly on her. "I have asked you twice for the Parker-Mills contract!"

He looked at her, thought Rita, angrily, as she searched thru the files for the missing document, exactly as he looked at the ticker-tape or the telephone or any other piece of office equipment. Rita was not accustomed to having men regard her in this wise.

The afternoon's work at last over, she hurried home thru
the faint spring dusk, impatient of the stream of traffic that delayed her at the cross streets, even in her shabby business suit and cheap straw turban a provocative, daring little figure which drew men's glances like a lodestone. She was one of those creatures who wear their sex on their sleeve. Every look, glance, gesture proclaimed it aloud—"I am the female of the species! I am woman—made to be loved. I am young, and beautiful, and female!"

Wherever she went she was followed by covert glances, speculating, specious. But she never answered their challenge. Rita was out for bigger game. She guarded her respectability zealously, not for its own sake so much as because her shrewd little brain told her that it was her greatest asset in the difficult task she had set herself, that of gaining a foothold somehow—anyhow—on the slippery reefs that led upward to the citadels of society.

The boarders at Mrs. Potts' Select Boarding House were gathered on the stoop, awaiting the summons to dinner. They answered her brief, frigid nod with envious stares that found vent in words as soon as she had passed beyond hearing.

"Wonder who's the meal ticket tonight?" Miss Dobbs, the buyer in Tracey's department store sniffed, with the unforgiving virtue of a lady on the shady side of forty. "The maid told me that she has a new dress—of course, there's not enough material in her evening clothes to cost much, still——"

"Three different cars in as many evenings!" nodded a manicurist from the Biltmore. "The head-waiter in the Pan Room says Harrison Chalvey brings her there at least two evenings! and everything from oysters to cheese! For my part I don't see it! Of course her eyes aren't bad, and that quizzical dark-red hair——"

"I think Rita Charles is awfully nice!" Carrie Billings said sturdily. She was a sickly little thing who did a song-and-dance act in the three-a-day circuits whenever she was not, as now, recovering from a breakdown. She turned to a silent man beside her. "Dont you, Doctor Varian?"

A wide, baby stare of the utmost guilelessness robed a question of malicious meaning. For it was a commonly whispered report among the other boarders that Rita Charles was Doctor Varian's reason for being there.

"I think," said the doctor, pointedly, "that it's going to be a lovely evening and, also"—as a bell clanged thru the hall behind them—"that dinner is ready," and, rising, he stood, tall and straight, to let them pass. But his face, as he followed them, was rather grim.

Ida, the down-at-heel little maid, rapped upon Rita's door, then, in her eagerness, stuck her befizzled head around..."
“Please, miss, the car’s come and the shower says to tell you it’s waiting.” She drew a loud breath of admiration. “My! you look swell, Miss Rita—just grand—like a real sassyety girl!”

The black tulle and satin gown limned the girl’s young, curvaceous figure with startling frankness. She had spent the long interval since her homecoming cleverly, and the result was a dainty freshness, a perfection of detail that a French maid could hardly have improved upon. From her sleekly balanced head to the tiny heels of her satin slippers Rita Charles looked precisely like any of the exquisitely contrived young women of the Four Hundred whom she would later brush against in the palmroom of some fashionable hotel—except for her eyes.

Those alone showed her difference, her struggle. There was a strained look to them, a hardness that was almost calculation. Where they should have been lazy, indifferent, they were anxious.

Tonight as she sat on the soft cushions of Harrison Chalvey’s town car she was wondering, with all the sickening eagerness of a gambler who has staked everything on one throw of the dice whether she would be able to “land” a proposal tonight. She had played her cards expertly, yet she could not be sure. Chalvey was no novice with women; she did not dare to let his attentions go seriously for fear of frightening him away, yet, on the other hand, she had heard disquieting rumors of family interference.

The chauffeur opened the door and handed her out at the blazing entrance of the Highmore Hotel. “The Peacock Alley, miss,” he murmured, in a tone whose servile respect was belied by the knowing leer of his glance. “He will he here—soon as possible.”

Head held haughtily high, Rita swept up the carpeted steps and by the liveried doormen, acutely conscious, under her affectation of ease, of her lack of escort. In a deep chair in the corridor, named, for obvious reasons, “Peacock Alley,” she sat disconsolately waiting, outwardly calm, inwardly raging with humiliation and resentment.

She knew very well that Chalvey would not have dreamed of treating a girl of his own class in this offhand fashion. Pride whispered for her to leave before he came, but it was a feeble whisper, quite drowned beneath other advisory voices. It was a small enough price, after all, she admitted grudgingly, to pay for a dinner at the Highmore, with its lights and flowers, music, exotic and costly food, its flatteringly attentive waiters, its atmosphere of ease and indifference to money which her restless soul craved.

And so she waited obediently and presently he came, blase, offering careless, casual apologies, a trifle uneasy as he faced her across the snowy table in a semi-private corner of the Turkish Room.

“Here’s a pretty go, Rita!” he confessed; “the mister has decided to go to Newport, so I’m off tomorrow! Do you know I hate to go somewhere, but the Rock
of Gibraltar is a down pillow compared to the mater, once she makes up her mind."

Rita looked down at her Blue Points, sick with disappointment, conscious that she must not show it. She had only this evening then! Well, she would make the most of that.

She smiled into the heavy, rather vacuous face opposite, a slow, challenging smile. It was no time for delicate work. "I wonder," she murmured, "why you hate to go——"

But the fates were working against her. Midway of the dinner a waiter called Chalvey to the telephone. When he rage filmed her eyes. When all danger of their falling was past she called for her coat and went out into the foyer, hand touched her arm. She looked up to see T. J. Olversen; Junior's, face, slightly flushed, smirking down into hers.

"Well, well, sweetness!" he greeted her. "Not calling it an evening so soon? Have a drink with me, eh? No? Well, me see you home anyhow.—got the old bus right outside."

T. J., Junior, was not yet forty, but he was puffy and flabby and slightly bald. There was always the smell of his half-cocktail about him, and he wheezed going upstairs. His glance was an insult, his touch a degradation. Rita, shrinking involuntarily, allowed him to lead her down the steps and across the pavement to his car.

Doctor Varian was just returning home from his settlement house when the Olverson limousine, looking oddly out-of-place in the dinginess of W. Twenty-third street, drew up before M. Potter's boarding-house. To his surprise, the door did not open at once, and he noticed that the old rose silk curtains within had been unloosed so that they covered the windows.

As he stood, hesitating, he heard a stifled cry from the car, a shuffle of a struggle. With a grim face the doctor sprang across the pavement and wrenched the door of the limousine open, catching the slender figure that tumbled out in his open arms.

Before he could make a move, Charles Olverson had slammed the door she murmured an order to the chauffeur, and the big car was gone. Very pale, but perfect the mistress of herself, the girl put up shaking hands to her loosened hair and tucked a wispy tulle under her coat.

"He—was trying to kill me," she explained, coolly. "He had been drinking—course, but—I am very grateful to you for coming—I when you did!"

(Continued on page 64)
Tea He!
Interview in One Act
By GLADYS HALL

Henry G. Sell (formerly Henry Gsell) - Victim
Gladys Hall - Inquisitor
Other Man - Sedulous Waiter

SCENE
The scene is the Balm Room of the Wilmore. The action sounds (see cast given above) triangular, which is also peppy, but is, in reality, strictly interrogative and righteously professional. Main characters are discovered at a small, marble-topped table to the right of the dim greenroom. From somewhere off-stage an orchestra orchestrates fitfully. The Sedulous Waiter serves . . .

Ah, orange pekoe . . . with nervous dexterity, after the manner of his kind. The Inquisitor, as the curtain rises, resembles a highly agitated interrogation point. The Victim, hero to how many of Pearl White's heroines, appears to be, at least, un garçon complaisant.

The Victim (hurriedly) - I was born in California . . . my mother was a blonde . . .

Inquisitor (nonchalantly attacking an inoffensive English muffin) - I really don't wish to know where you were born . . . nor the color of your eyes, nor . . .

Henry G. Sell (with dark suspicion) - I understood you to be an interviewer. I . . .

Inquisitor (continuing blandly) - Your eyes . . . I see they are gray . . .

nor the complexion of your progenitors . . . your habits . . . your inner self . . . advanced stuff, y'know . . .

Henry G. Sell (aggrievedly) - Still, California, you know . . . Californians always-

Inquisitor (resignedly) - Yes, yes, they always . . . I know . . . but what's this I hear about your name . . . your changed name?

Henry G. S. - Well, you see, no human being alive today ever pronounced it right. I contracted paralysis of the tongue explaining it. Fans deluged me with plaintive queries. I was generally hailed as a "gazelle," or some other gentle beast. It sort of got on my nerves. Too young for nerves? How nice of you . . . tea he! No, but really, the nerves come from playing in stock, which, nevertheless, I enjoyed greatly. (Continued on page 69)
gowned in black velvet. The gown was made long, almost to the ground, and a long black velvet cape hung from her shoulders. Because she looked so distinctly royal, I was vividly reminded of the occasion of our first meeting. Then she had been suffering from a bad cold and the doctor had ordered her to bed. But she had gotten up as soon as he left the house and comfortably ensconced herself in a big armchair. She was wearing a sixteenth century negligé that had recently seen service in a costume picture.

Answering the question of what becomes of their old clothes, she had remarked, "This is too good to throw away so I wear it around the house."

Later, two tiny children had come over from next door and we had left our chairs to sit on the floor, looking at the pictures which entirely filled the lowest drawer in the side board. When they left, she had remarked, "My real ambition is to have five children of my own." (And she means it, too.)

We had iced lemonade, and told jokes and read fortunes. She is very much of a fatalist.

"I never worry about the possibility of death or being in an accident or anything like that," she remarked. (We had been talking of the influenza.) "I think that some things in life are as inevitable as our pictures."

"But do you think that war picture really are inevitable?" I asked.

She nodded affirmatively. "I've been talking with some soldiers, and they say that the returning..."

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*Grace Darmond* and her mother not only look like sisters, but they really and truly are chums. They live in a beautiful bungalow in the foothills of Hollywood.
An Interview in Sixteenth Century Negligée with a New Star

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

troops will love to see war pictures and point out all the errors that the director has made in his production. Certainly, I think that they will be popular!

"Which will be popular, the errors or the pictures?"

"Both," she answered cheerfully, "but I should say chiefly the errors. It is only human nature that one should like to show how much one knows."

I was introduced to her mother. It is "old stuff" to say that a mother and daughter look like sisters, but in this case the usual complimentary phrase is true. They do look like sisters, and they are really and truly chums. They live in a beautiful bungalow in the foothills of Hollywood. The other members of the family are "Theda," "Anita" and "Earl," canaries so tame that they are often let out of their cages and permitted to fly around the house, and "Boy" is their pet—an exceedingly lovable tho entirely plebeian puppy.

"We picked him off the street one night," said Miss Darmond. "It was about midnight, and he had been howling outside my window for about an hour. At last I dressed and went outside to see what was the matter. The poor little fellow was cold and hungry and just generally miserable. We took him in and fed him and advertised him, and then when nobody came to claim him, adopted him for our own. He wasn't what we wanted in a dog, for we had been planning to get a Boston bull, and now we cant. One dog around the house is enough."

It has frequently occurred to her to give "Boy" away. "But when it came to the point I couldn't bring myself to do it!" Which is the most characteristic thing about her I know!

But to return to my interview. We went down the steps leading to her dressing-room and crossed the lot to where the "set" was waiting.

"It seems strange," she remarked on the way, "not to be playing opposite Earle Williams." She was with his Vitagraph company for a year. "I dont believe that your head is a bit bigger," I said, suddenly.

"Do you know," with mock wonderment, "I dont feel a bit different than I did before I was a star! Tho, of course," (here she

Miss Darmond is twenty years old, likes ham and cabbage and when she was a little girl, her pet ambition was to be a milliner. She was born in Toron-
to, her father being a concert violinist

gave a screamingly funny imitation of the up-stage star), "I know that by becoming a star I will seriously damage the drawing power of Mary Pickford." She dimpled at the idea, which goes to show that she is not in the least conceited.

I watched her work for a while. They were making (Continued on page 68)
SHE jumped into instant fame thru her success in "Hell Morgan's Girl." The play was so vivid and so well suited to Miss Phillips' personality that every one remembers her girl of the Barbary Coast. Nothing she did subsequently quite touched it—until her recent heroine of "The Heart of Humanity."

Motion picture acting is but an incident to Dorothy Phillips. It is a means to a very important end. She loves to act, but her love is selfless. True greatness is said to arise from unselfish motives. Miss Phillips' whole soul is thrown into her work because, you see, she's not earning a big salary just to buy motors and stunning clothes, but because—

"Gwendolyn is really a beautiful child," came a soft, sweet voice from a dark corner in the set. A big English hall—lovely upholstered settees, a fireplace, dusky corners that suggested romantic love-making—and there you have the background for the Madonna of the Movies.

"They say all mothers make that remark," went on the voice, with the soft Baltimore accent, "but really you must believe me, because I'm not citing my own opinion—everybody says she is beautiful. She has real chestnut hair—something I always wanted myself. You know that chestnut which shows glints of burnished gold in the satiny brown? She would make you think of the shiny nuts we used to love to roast at this season of the year back East. And her coloring is perfect, and she is so full of vivacity and life—I think perhaps that is her real charm.

"I am glad I can act, glad I can give her an easy future. Isn't it
will be able to save for her future. You see, Mr. Holubar's position is such that I need not act from the financial point of view unless I care to, and so it's just the baby that is my big incentive.

"There, I'm alone. Would you like to motor over home with me and see Gwendolyn?"

Was any one going to miss an opportunity of seeing the beautiful child of a very beautiful screen star? Unlike Togo, who replied by saying nothing, I split the atmosphere by as hearty a "yea-verbly" as ever pleased a mother-heart.

The Holubars have a lovely home in Los Angeles. As for Dorothy, she looks like a little sister of the four-year-old Gwendolyn. No photograph half does justice to the child's loveliness. She doesn't like to have a picture taken, is not a bit vain, and rather sets her little face in an attempt to be grave, for, be it known, Gwendolyn Holubar is full of roguish smiles, of happy twinkles, and has glorious, deep, sentimental eyes that tug at one's heartstrings. Her greatest possessions are a picture of her mother, selected by herself from dozens submitted, and a little American flag. She has toys galore, and her mother plays with her in every spare moment at home.

At the studio, Miss Phillips has been wearing a gorgeous evening frock of cloth of silver, with magenta velvet, diamond ornaments and rings, and a beautiful string of perfectly matched pearls. At home, she's the embodiment of Southern daintiness. You know how the Southern girls always love frillies and fluffy-ruffles? Well, that's the sort of style Dorothy Phillips brings to California from her Baltimore home.

The gods heaped favors into her tender deep gray eyes, which look like the mountain lakes of northern California. Dorothy Phillips was born in 1892 in Baltimore, and studied at the high school there, then began in stock company, graduated to the cast of "Everywoman," later did "Mary Jane's Pa" with Adonis Dixey, and then spent her summers working for Essanay, refusing to give up her stage career, which she then considered paramount. Later such inducements were offered Miss Phillips that she gave up the legitimate stage and has been in pictures ever since, her main reason for sticking to the "silent" being mother-love. She is (Continued on page 70)
"Get this!" says Madge Evans, "you're to have a close-up—try to look dramatic, or something.

"Now, go to it," commands Madge. "Cut the comedy and make believe you're Doug Fairbanks. Kiss me and then jump over the piano.

"This is the way a love scene has gotta be done," explains little Miss Evans. "Put some zip in it!

"Ye gods!" sighs Miss Evar. "I'm going to can the whole troupe. They're the worst that ever jarred the cells.

P. S.—The leading "lady" Madge's brother

Madge's Own Movie School
“W've got the 'littliest' company ever formed,” said Olive Thomas, “but it's all our own, isn't it funny?”

When Olive Thomas says “isn't it fun?” her ingénue eyes, round and innocent and glistening, sparkle with a spirit somewhat similar to that which must have lighted the eyes of Columbus when first he sighted the western hemisphere.

When Olive says, “I had influenza on Christmas, wasn't it rotten?” her eyes are still alight with the thrill of discovery.

To philosophize upon Olive's eyes is amazingly tempting, but the plot of this little tale demands a more substantial and less intriguing introduction.

In the land of the creeping celluloid there has lived a man whose vast financial moves and producing plans have been closely watched, intensely admired, and bitterly feared by rival producers. To a certain extent, Lewis J. Selznick is a picture Cresus. His touch upon a picture project turns it to gold, for either himself or some one else.

A little more than a year ago the name Selznick disappeared from all electric signs, trade paper advertisements and newspaper articles concerning pictures, and Lewis J. became president of the Select Pictures Corporation.

Now it happened that Mr. Selznick has a son, just turned of age, who has been associated in all his father's enterprises. Young Myron didn't like this hiding of the family name behind a bushel. So a short while ago he made up his mind to see what he could do for his country, or rather his patronymic.

Thus the reason for the startling news which recently dawned upon the movie horizon: Myron Selznick had organized the Selznick Pictures Corporation and engaged Olive Thomas as his star at a salary of $2,500 a week. After nearly wearing out Mr. Bell's well-known invention, I managed to obtain an appointment with Olive Thomas. There was no time for the pink-tea setting or softly lighted boudoir atmosphere, which the usual interview should have according to all laws. Miss Thomas agreed to see me in the office for a moment or two before train-time.

Picture an office that befits a king of finance. A desk, large enough to swallow a billiard-table, is monarch of the room. Leather chairs, deep, sinking in ones and divans; Oriental rugs and silver appointments are its subjects. And among these Olive and I held court.

Olive cuddled into her soft sealskin coat with an impatient little shrug. “I certainly do have the worst luck,” she announced, in a perfectly unperturbed voice. “Here I come to New York on a two-weeks vacation, to get clothes and do the theaters before starting our new picture and, lo and behold! I have to get the flu. They hurried me off to a hospital, and there I spent my vacation, being told if I didn't do this and didn't do that, they wouldn't be responsible and I'd probably get worse and maybe die.

No theaters, no shops, nothing. Jack (Pickford, his husband) is out on the coast taking pictures, you know, and he wired frantically every day. I spent my Christmas in bed. Jack sent me a diamond necklace by a friend of his who had been in the navy. He showed it to me the day before Christmas, but we were afraid to leave it around, so he offered to put it in his safe-deposit box. Came Christmas, and I wanted my necklace, at least to look at. No way of getting it—wouldn't you know?

—We had forgotten that he couldn't get it out on Christmas day. No theater, no necklace, nothing. Just bed and ice-bags.

"But I fooled everybody New Year's. All the boys and girls had sent me flowers—pityingly, don't you know.

But I made up my mind. I was going out on the street, you know.

"We have a house out in California and it's nice weather and all that," says Miss Thomas. "But there's nothing to do. No excitement, no big plays. All I do is work every day and go to the movies in the evening. I told mother I felt just like an Irish workman."

it killed the. When I walked into the club, you'd have thought I was a ghost, every one was so surprised. They greeted me with Why, Olive Duffy! My real name was Duffy, you know.

"For the last two days I have been staying with a friend of mine, and I can't see how she puts up with me. I have turned her apartment into a regular hotel. There have been insurance agents examining me for $300,000 worth of insurance to protect the company in case I should expire before my (Thirty-seven)
contract
ran out;
there were
photographers,
s shoemakers,
dressmakers,
fit-
ters, people run-
ing in with this
paper and that for
me to sign. You see,
the doctors didn't want
me to go out. Today's
the first day I've left the
house for any length of
time, and tonight I have to catch
the train for Pittsburgh to visit
my mother and then hurry
out to the coast and work." We
edged in a little remark
of "Do you like the coast?"

"Of course I do," she said. "We have a house out
there and it's nice weather and all that. But there's noth-
ing to do. No excitement, no big plays. All I do is work
every day and go to the movies in the evening. I told
mother I felt just like an Irish workman. Working each
day, paid once a week, and a half holiday on Sunday."

"But some difference in the pay," I remarked, pointedly.
Just at this crisis the door opened and Mr. Selznick, Sr.,
came in, followed by his secretary. Miss Thomas and I
soft-pedaled our chatter and asked as one voice with but
a single thought, "Oh, are we in your way?"

The busy picture financier pressed five or six little
buttons set in a square box on his desk and said, cordially,
as if time were of no consequence in his rushed life, "Go
right ahead and enjoy yourselves," and with a nod to
his secretary to follow him, he left us in possession of
his sanctum.

"We've got the 'lit-
tlest' company ever
formed," says Olive,
"but it's all our own.
Isn't that fun?"

"Oh, dear," said Olive, "I do hope
I won't have to see any more peop-
today. I look such a fright!"
Which started an argument on the
impossibility or possibility of such
thing. At its very height Myron Sel-
nick entered quietly.

"When you two girls finish chat-
ting," he said, "Cosmo Hamilton
waiting outside to see you, Olive!"
"Oh, dear, what does he want?"
"To talk over ideas for your new
story. Surely you're not afraid of an
mere man."

"Afraid?" said Olive, as she
vigorously to her full height of fi-
feet four. "Have you forgotten that
he can beat both you and Jack at wrest-
ing? Afraid of a man! I guess no
Any woman can get the best of a man
if she wants to."

Myron and Olive stood side by side
both belonging in the bantam-weigh
class.

"See my star," said Myron.
"See my manager," said Olive.
" Haven't we got the 'littlest' com-
pany?"

" We won't have any one in the
company who is over five feet four.
will we, Olive?" said Myron.

"No, siree!" agreed Olive. "Ev-
 Jack is in that class, so he can
belong."

"What I like is we're going to ha
just a little corner of a studio, b
it's all our own. Isn't it fun.
No one can boss us. Can
they, Myron?"

" No, siree!" agreed M
ron.

"I must go," I put i
"Mr. Hamilton is wait-
to talk to you."

"Oh, that's all right," said
Olive. "You're just our sl
so you can belong, too, ca
she, Myron?"

"Yes, siree!" said Myron.

But I saw my duty and par
ted.

As I passed thru the out
office I saw the famous auth-
Cosmo Hamilton, cooling his
bespatted heels until M
Thomas found time to see hi
and the big producer, Herb
Brenon, waiting patiently for a
business conference with Mr.
Selznick, Senior, until Mr.
Thomas had quite finished w
Louis J.'s private office.

But all of these things, whi
are the natural homage due
queen star, failed to amuse me
so much as the fact that n
mentarily I had forgotten th
my companion was Ol
Thomas, a famous film star at
the wife of the equally famous Je-
Pickford. I had failed to remem-
her she was a favourite in D
Ziegfeld's well-known Follies.

To me she was a jolly good fellow;
just one of the girls.

(Thirty-eight)
ANDY FLETCHER was an inventor. He couldn't help it. He had been born that way. From the very dawning of his juvenile consciousness he had been tinkering with things, many things, dreaming things. He had dreamed gigantic fogs, revolutionary things. That nine of them had, thus far, not true, bothered him very little. There was always more dream of. Dreams are happy, prodigal things. Of course, not everybody has the same viewpoint. His dad, for instance. His, like manifolds before him, hammered steel endlessly in little smithies. He hammered it tirelessly. Three times a day departed from his anvil to eat. At eight he divested himself of a leather apron, his spectacles and, this for more inordinate, no doubt of other impediments and betook himself to his dormitory slumbers. There was no departure. Andy did not understand the admirable mechanism of his paternal parent. His parent did not understand the world-building dreams of Andy. They seemed, these dreams, to manifest themselves freely in little matters of alarm clocks, ancestral watches, chen devices and the like, which, after Andy's touch, never again. Or, if they did run, exhibited tendencies like nothing human ever known. Dad did not understand Andy. In due course of events, dad betook himself to an orderly laboratory. Goodwife Fletcher speedily followed suit, the bit in life having grown upon her.

Andy was left alone.

He was a dutiful lad, dreams withstanding, and he mourned deeply for six months with a sober taffeta hand sewed neatly on his Sunday suit. Then it came to him that he could dream in. He felt a great passion reforming the world, for making it a better place to live in. He did not, like many others, know just how to begin. He thought of his mother, of her worn hands, her anxious expression. What might have made life easier for her? Sweeter? Softer? Some people begin in the bowels of the earth, some in the last strata of the air. Andy decided that he would begin right at home. He thought for a whole week, with only the old gray mare and the speckled chicken for companioning. There came to him the thought that there had been an endless procession of potatoes, all of which had to be sliced... by hands... by his mother's hands. Suppose... suppose... she had not had to peel them. What a saving that would have been... of energy... of force, precious thing. Thus the invention.

Andy worked tirelessly. Unlike his father, he forgot to eat and, quite frequently, to go to bed. That the world should have its potatoes sliced for it by science seemed to Andy to be the great thing.

The night on which he put it to the test was epochal. His face grew very red and his breathing halted for five perceptible
Andy finally made it understood that he wished to draw from the bank all his funds because the president's daughter liked a fellow with a car.

Andy Fletcher the perfection in femininity. But he was used to dreaming and not so used to actuality. To pull his cap from his head when they met by chance on the street was as far as he went in loving Andy ever dared to imagine.

Alice, being feminine, was more largely fanciful. For a long time the vision of the boy before the anvil with his honest dreamer's eyes shining, strangely blue, from the ruddiness of his cheeks, kept coming between her and her dinner, her book, her knitting, the faces of her girl friends.

She liked the way he smiled. She liked the gesture with which he pulled his cap from his tousled hair. She liked the gleam of his teeth. She had never seen a boy she liked so well. She wished that he liked her. It isn't much fun being a goddess when one is sixteen and the month is May. It is still less so when one does not even have the chilly satisfaction of being aware of one's empedestalling.

When Alice read the sensational announcements she was very much excited. Just to prove it she ran home and put on her figured organdie. The old housekeeper had told her that her hair was "yeller as corn-silk in it." She wished that the boy whose sinewy arms wielded the anvil would see it as she thought so, too. She hoped that he would succeed. That would be triumphant.

He wasn't a bit triumphant. He arrived, ostentatiously, with the marvelous miracle and a bushel of potatoes badly need of slicing. He looked very much flushed, very impatient. Alice had to put her hand over her heart so the people might not see its beating. Not that the people of Pipersville were given to taking notice of beating hearts—

The miracle didn't seem inclined to slicing activities. It stuck the stolid vegetables before it with wildness and quite at random. It remained not one unsliced, but quite unmoved well. Pipersville began to laugh. There was a sorry. Those who had come to be remained to see. Only Alice is silent, sympathetic, understanding.

When the dynamo had got the power in via the discolate invent. He had been stoned by a vision. Why, was her valorous. It became a matter to his isolation.

"I'm a awful sorry," she ventured, and put timid hand up his sleeve. It stood alone in a public square. Trade had be resumed. He are the mighty fallen!

Andy looked down on her. She's a little thing! Terre pretty. Sweet!

He gulped. "I'm no go," he lamented; "can't do any thing."

Alice became more and more womanly. More and more of that vast army who push their Herculean courage their men to triumph arches. "You can't, " she declared, squeezing the rough sleeve just a little, "You can, too! You—" She cast aside her for inspiration. What was it she had read of women behind the throne? What was it? "Our stave-pipes useful out of order," she exclaimed, brilliantly: "If you could fix it—do you suppose—"

Andy Fletcher gazed down on her. He felt a healing anointing. Already the Little Giant was becoming littler, losing proportion. He inflated his chest. "Let me do it." He boasted. "Like to see anybody stop me!"

So would Alice.

Walking along the board sidewalk to the photocratic dimension, a dream was coming true for both of them.

Andy Fletcher did miraculous things to the stove-pipe. It seemed to know an amazing amount about everything under the sun, stove-pipes being only among the least of the Alice watched, adoring.

After the job was completed she pried still further and
Alice Flint represented to Andy Fletcher the perfection in femininity.

Andy had a difficult time in getting his mission clearly put. He finally made it understood that he wished to draw from the bank all his funds because the president's daughter liked a fellow with a car.

The president glared at him. "I knew your father when we both—ah—stole apples together from the same orchard," he snapped, "and I never knew him for a damn fool, and I never knew he was even fool enough to have a poor fool for a son. If I've a fool for a daughter more's the pity. Get out o' here. You, not your money!"

It never occurred to the disconsolate Andy that not fifty presidents could deter him from withdrawing his funds if he really a had a mind to. The choleric Mr. Flint completely cowed him. He was vanquished.

He shuddered before the man's sacrilege. His daughter a tool! Oh, oh, the worm in man!

Andy sat gloomily before his shop till the evening shadows bespoke the evening meal. Meals were lonely times since Goodwife Flint had dutifully followed her spouse to his last slumbering. Meals wouldn't be lonely if... shucks!...

a fellow with an auto! Andy had always been an honest youth. His father had drilled that into him even if it had not been in his small, sturdy body at his natal hour. He had never overcharged. He had never underpaid. But tonight he was bitter with the world. There stood between him and his life's happiness a
miserable—probably—flivver! A flivver... when they crawled even this country road like bugs instead of vehicles to pinnacles of glory.

When a rich farmer from a neighboring farm came up with a car badly smashed in the fracas at the country fair, Andy set his grim mouth. "Cost you fifty," he said.


Andy ran his fingers thru his hair. His inventor's brain spun around. He saw the wretched salvage taking shape, acquiring action. "Done!" he said.

When the salvage resolved itself finally into the semblance of a car, Andy christened it "Greased Lightning."

was fearfully clad, and over his shoes, which shone like k, he wore what Andy described as "dresses."

Alice introduced him as "Mr. Armitage, from Noo Yor. Andy was left in doubt as to which was the more important of the two, Mr. Armitage or the small city he rather graciously hied him from.

The same doubt seemed to be with Mr. Armitage. He laughed at Pipersville. "Odd little town you have!" he said, and lit a cigarette. Andy always remembered Mr. Armitaged

with a bottle of his mother's apple cider and puffed up the road to call on Alice Flint.

He found her very much engaged. Her manner quite changed. She had a ruffly gown on. Her curls were on her head. And she did not cast so very many shy, sweet smiles at him. She even laughed just a bit at "Greased Lightning," standing, rather crude, at the gateway. Alice was with a strange young man, a very strange young man. He

"GREASED LIGHTNING"

Fictionized from the photoplay by Julien Josephson. Produced by Famous Players-Lasky, starring Charles Ray. Directed by Jerome Storm. The cast:

Andy Fletcher..........................Charles Ray
Alice Fletcher..........................Wanda Hawley
Alden J. Armitage.....................Robert McKim
Laban Flint............................Willis Marks
Grandpa Piper........................Bert Woodruff
Milt Barlow...........................John F. Lockney
Kufus Shadd..........................Otto Hoffman

Laban Flint presented A with a factory-made chine, shining to the He winked prodigiously. "It's a weddin' press" he said.

New York, for his superfine foot-coverings and for his r etars. At the particular moment he could think of nothing but the fact that Mr. Armitage was where he wanted to be, getting the smiles he wanted; get, hearing the words it should have been meant to him.

Mr. Armitage seemed to able to explain his presence at Pipersville to everybody's satisfaction, save that of Ar (Continued on page 66)
Bessie is just wondering which is the hardest: the New York subway system or the California mountains.

No, Miss Love doesn't usually carry a ladder on her expeditions.

Herewith, Bessie is doing a bit of tight rope work, crossing a brook on her California hike.

California, Love and Spring-time

We knew directors would start something with their puttees. Now the actresses are taking 'em up. Behold the putteed Bessie.
The Celluloid Critic

With the photodramatic world whirling in a maestro of reported amalgamation and re-named changes—which are all too sudden—there is but one can hardly expect much of the screen drama. Unrest is good for the soul, however. Here and there are signs of new trends, new ideas, new ideals. The photodrama is on the verge of breaking the fetters of the machine-feature-a-week and raising itself to a new level.

The month itself was dull, but few high lights. Again the leadership goes to Cecil de Mille, who followed his "The Squaw Man" with his odd study in matrimony "Dont Change Your Husband."

Based on an original story by Jeanie Macpherson, "Dont Change Your Husband," (Artcraft), has not only the merit of being written for the screen, but of coming a little closer to life than the average sugar-coated photodrama. We admire Macpherson's philosophy, but we admire her effort to get out of the silverscreen rut in approaching the realities of things as they are.

Miss Macpherson starts seven years after the conventional movie fade-out has united Leila Porter and her business-absorbed husband, James Denton Porter. Lazy habits around the house, a penchant for onions and a general letting up of the finer things of life, causes Leila to turn to the dashimg Schuyler Van Sutphen. So she divorces James and marries Van only to discover that one husband is, in his way, another James. Meanwhile, Porter has seen his folly and has developed into an athletic Beau Brummel. So Leila divorces Van and marries James. And the final scene shows Porter, again at his old feside, lapsing into slimeber behind his evening newspaper. The moral, according to Miss Macpherson, is that all husbands are alike and a wife might as well make the most of the one she possesses.

De Mille handles "Dont Change Your Husband" with fine taste and dramatic discretion. Just now there's no director as satisatym as Miss Macpherson's, is that all husbands are alike and a wife might as well make the most of the one she possesses.

Griffith makes another effort to make a comedienne out of Lillian Gish in "A Romance of Happy Valley."

"A Romance of Happy Valley," (Artcraft), starts with the charmingest of all, Van Hartz, who is the most simpleton of all. He is the soul struggle of a little country boy who finally tears himself away from his little sweetheart and his parents to find himself in the city. Finally he returns, his pockets bulging with money. His father, now penniless and facing eviction, does not recognize him when he comes to see him. Then the old man tries to kill the stranger in order to get his money, but chance prevents the tragedy. It seems that the village bank has been robbed and the posee has pursued the cracker to the homestead. The boy's name, he notes, goes out to investigate just as the wounded bank robber crawls into his room. So the old man chokes the thief to death instead of his son. Consequently, everything ends happily, except for the burglar.

"A Romance of Happy Valley" is Griffith briefly at his best and extendedly at his worst. He seems unable to get out of the slough of the melodramatic punch and the chase. The early portion of the picture, despite exaggeration of rural characters, has many fine moments, such as the little love scene in the corn field between the boy and his sweetheart. But, in the main, "A Romance of Happy Valley" is pretty inferior stuff.

Lillian Gish plays the country sweetheart, Griffith continuing in his efforts to make the most idyllic girl on the silverscreen into an eccentric comedienne. Robert Harron varies as the country boy and George Fawcett completely overdoes the old farmer. Fawcett is guilty of celluloid ranting in the moments when he fights with his conscience before attempting to kill a stranger within his gates.

Jack Barrymore's "Here Comes the Bride," (Paramount), is good fun in the main. Adapted from the stage farce of Max Marcin and Roy Atwell, the piece lends itself quite effectively to the screen and to Barrymore's methods as a farceur. The comedy is built around an impertious young lawyer who, in order to earn $10,000, marries an unknown woman. At that moment his sweetheart, the daughter of a wealthy man, decides to elope with him. All sorts of comic complications result.

Barrymore plays the penniless lawyer in an entirely different spirit than it was originally done on the stage. He is, however, highly amusing in Little Faire Binney, who was in James Tournier's "Woman," is pleasant enough as the sweetheart.

"The Silver King," (Artcraft), which marked William Faversham's return to the screen, is a creaky screen adaptation of a creaky stage melodrama by Henry Arthur Jones. This is the story of an Englishman who believes he has committed a murder while in his cups, who comes to America and strikes it rich in the West and then goes back to vindication and marries the wife, who has loved him thru it all.

Mr. Faversham films very well, but is fearfully staid. You know the sort? Continued glances upward as if one expects rain. All this, of course, to indicate a belief in an all-seeing providence to guide one thru seven reefs. Much more effective, to this war of considerate things, is Castleton's sympathetic playing of the wife. This is Miss Castleton's best screen work thus far.

Looking over the period of some two weeks at "Go West, Young Man," the whole thing seems rather vague, except a remembrance of Moore as the down-and-

(40:40)
out tenderfoot washing dishes in Twin Bridge's restaurant. Ora Carew isn't very interesting as the heroine, we regret to report.

Max Marcin's successful trick melodrama, "Cheating Cheaters," has reached the screen via Select with Clara Kimball Young in Marjorie Rambeau's original role of Ruth Brockton. The story built around the efforts of two gangs of crooks to fleece each other, each believing the other to be a wealthy family, is adequately enough adapted to the screen. There is considerable humor, Miss Young is satisfactory enough, Jack Holt is the hero, and Mrs. Minchin has a role that she can do, and Anna Q. Nilsson's prettiness stands out strongly.

"Out of the Shadow," (Paramount), is the usual hectic sort of thing that has been hurting Pauline Frederick for many, many months. Miss Mickle is in the role of the widow, Ruth Mickle is acquitted. She suspects that her benefactor is the guilty man and, although she loves him, she starts out to solve the mystery. In the end she proves to be the culprit, so the widow and her proven friend are united. "Out of the Shadows" is a pleasant evening's entertainment. This sort of thing is right if it points to the sort of thing that is going on and gives us a little bit of satisfaction at the end.

Willard Mack's drama, "Shadows," in which Goldwyn stars Geraldine Farrar, considerably discouraged us. In the first place it is the old, old story of the young girl who is suddenly confronted with the facts of life at the very apex of her happiness. In this instance Muriel Barnes is the happy wife of Judson Barnes. But some years before she was known as Cora Muriel is being a dance hall belle in gay and giddy Alaska. Indeed, she had been deceived by a rough gentleman named Jack McGuff into thinking she was the lawfully wedded Mrs. McGuff. But the McGuff person really had a wife back in the states.

As we intimated, Cora, or rather Muriel, has reached the point of having everything her heart desired when McGuff appears upon the horizon. But she neatly traps him by scattering her jewels about her boudoir, screaming when McGuff appears and thereby causing his death when a policeman shoots the visitor, thinking him a burglar. So Muriel, alias Cora, is left to her happiness.

The drama is worked out without any particular imagination being displayed upon the part of Mr. Mack or the director. Nor are we attracted by Miss Farrar's performance as Cora-Muriel. If nothing else, she photographs badly. Tom Santschi is hyper-red blooded for such a sort of thing, as Monsieur McGuff and Milton Sills is hyper-frigid as the loving husband, Judson Barnes.

There is nothing particularly distinctive about J. G. Hawke's latest dramatic "Mutt and Jeff" idea, in which William S. Hart appears. Herein Hart plays a reckless and rough and innocent boy of a land swindler who camps him into office as sheriff and then proceeds to sell off the whole district without regard to the land claims of the original owners. But Sheriff "Careless'" Camody refuses to be a part to the swindle, pursues the swindler to Chicago and brings him back to Arizona to make restitution. Incidentally, "Careless'" wins the heart of Ruth Fellows, one of the swindler's victims.

We like Hart as "Careless," but we still keep on wishing for more original vehicles. Launcelot Craven, "Strength," (Vitagraph), written for Harry Carey, does little more than provide the virile Vitagraph star with double exposure characterizations as cousins who look alike but are utterly unlike under the skin. Henry Crozier robs his country cousin of an estate and then dazes to marry the cousin's sweetheart, still keeping up his fling as the honest Dan La Roche. Rather than disillusion the young woman, La Roche keeps silent, even to going to prison for the other's misdeeds. But the villain finally gets his deserts and La Roche gets the girl.

Unfortunately, the whole spirit of whimsy is lost in "Day Dreamer" (Goldwyn), is infused for a fragrant fantasy, but it rolls lumberingly along, never once soaring cloudward. It is the lift of an odd little girl who fancies that her knight errant will come to her from afar—real-gracious—she does. But he isn't really a knight, for he is no other than Dury O'Hara, wanted by George Graham, the cement king, to disfigure the young woman. But Primrose falls in love with Dan, everything ends happily and the amateur knight errant develops into the real thing after all.

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"Go West, Young Man," with Tom Moore, is a Doug Fairbanks picture minus the aeronautics. Gloria Swanson proves to be a distinct screen discovery in Cecil de Mille's "Don't Change Your Husband."
Violet Heming leisurely removed the make-up from her face. Her acute Englishism, her blondeness, her typical British height and build stood out clearly. Yet there is nothing of a staccato personality about Miss Heming.

She views the stage and screen with a frankly humorous and businesslike twinkle in her blue eyes.

She said nothing about art during the whole chat! She didn't refer to her ambitions!

We know that Miss Heming doesn't look upon the photoplay as a form of art. To her it has possibilities and splendid remuneration and all that sort of thing. Indeed, she inquired quite blandly if we thought it would continue in popularity. Frankly, she is more interested in the stage. But even the footlights are observed thru half-humorous eyes. Acting is distinctly a business with Miss Heming.

She is proud of one thing—her actor family.

Miss Heming comes of a distinguished English stage family. Her mother was Mabel Allen and her father Alfred Heming. She came to America some fourteen years ago—a mere slip of a girl.

Alfred Heming. Each summer Mr. Heming took a company to Douglas, on the Isle of Man, for a hot-weather season. The Isle of Man is the home of Hall Caine, the author, and Caine became a keen friend and admirer of Miss Heming's father. When the Manxman wrote his best novel, "The Christian," and later dramatized it, the very first performance was enacted by the Heming company. This was for copyright purposes, and Caine himself portrayed the hero, John Storm. "I stood in the wings, a mere kiddie," says Miss Heming, "and watched the performance. Mrs. Caine did Polly Love, mother was the heroine and father played Drake.

"I came to America some fourteen years ago," continued
Miss Heming, "and it was odd that a few years later a project was started to film 'The Christian.' I was offered a rôle. Pauline Frederick, then unknown to the screen, was to have played in it, along with James O'Neil and Brandon Tynan. But the scheme fell thru and later the play was screened by the Vitagraph Company."

"We recalled seeing Miss Heming in a road company of 'Peter Pan' with Vivian Martin, the present film star, as Peter. Then the dignified Miss Heming was just a mere schoolgirl Wendy, Miss Martin a juvenile and boyish Peter.

Miss Heming laughed. "I thought that had been forgotten. Wendy was my first rôle in this country, the very year I came over. I was just a gawky girl then. Right after that I played 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.' In fact, I was the original Rebecca, Edith Taliaferro playing it in New York after I had played it on the road. Violet Mer-sereau was the Clara Bell, Edith Storey the Emmy Jane, and Ernest Truex was in the cast. It was a regular movie company, altho none of us thought even remotely of the photoplay then."

Meanwhile Miss Heming kept right on growing. Ingenue rôles came and then leading parts with such stars as George Arliss. Altho she played in companies fairly rife with budding screen stars, the celluloid lure quite passed her by. It was not until a year or so ago that she did her first picture.

"It was terrible and we shall forget all about it," confessed Miss Heming. "I didn't know the first thing about screen make-up and I looked quite awful. My real screen début was in 'The Judgment House,' which J. Stuart Blackton produced."

(Continued on page 74)

Miss Heming longs for the screen to do costume or romantic pictures. "I know that's rank heresy," she says, "but I love picturesque and beautiful clothes."
The Girl With the Nursery-Rhyme Name

The word "thrilling" repeated frequently during a conversation, a clear-eyed, wholesome girl who really means it because, to her, everything is thrilling, a California bungalow, a rose-garden, a little, nervous laugh, youth incarnate—Marjorie Daw.

Because she is so easily thrilled at things she has been called "the greatest little 'thrill' girl in the movies."

"That is true," she said, "I'm not a bit blasé." (She has a way of speaking about herself as tho she were ninety, as when I asked her for a picture she had taken with Geraldine Farrar, whose protégée she is, she protested, "But you don't want that one; it was made years ago!" and, too, when we were looking at photographs, the ones she thought best were always the ones that made her look the oldest.) By which it may be seen that she is a real ingénue, even tho she has on her young shoulders a great deal of responsibility. She is sending her younger brother thru school and taking care of an aunt who lives in Arizona.

However, this Marjorie Daw receives a great deal more than "a penny a day," and she "don't go any faster," because Doug Fairbanks could not do so many stunts for her if she, too, were moving quickly. She has been with him for five pictures, longer than any other leading lady he has had.

I saw her at her home in Hollywood. It is a simple little place, simply furnished. There was nothing in sight that one would call a luxury. In the front room, for instance, are a handsome rug, a piano and two built-in bookcases. All of her chairs are thoroly comfortable, tho not in the least preten-

"See-saw, Marjorie Daw,
Jennie shall have a new master,
She shall have but a penny a day,
Because she don't go any faster."

The girl who was discovered by Geraldine Farrar as she is today, a glimpse of her playing opposite the delightful Doug, and as she was when Gerry first saw her.

tious. She has very few pictures; those in her bedroom are all photographs. In the bookcases are many school-books of her own and her brothers', number of novels, some collections of detective stories and a great deal of poetry. There really is no rose-garden. I put it in with my other impressions because it seemed to me that she belonged in one.

Think of her, then, as dressed in gingham and with her brown hair wavy, tho not in curls, hanging down her back, and you have a picture of her as she looked when I called unexpectedly at half-past ten o'clock New Year's morning.

"If I had known you were coming," she said, "I would have thought up something thrilling to tell you."

So it happened that the conversation turned on thrills, and she told me that if nothing happens to prevent it, she will go to France with the Douglas Fairbanks company and make several pictures there. She was girlishly afraid that
By ELIZABETH PELTRET

Something might happen to prevent her
singing.
"Blanche Sweet asked me to go to New
York with her," she said. "I asked Mr.
Fairbanks if I could go, and he said that
even I could, but at the last minute
I found that he would have to begin a
picture right away, so I didn't get to go.
But in studying French, but I'm not setting
my heart on the trip. I sometimes think
that if you want a thing too much, you
won't get it." Which last was a curious
thing for Marjorie Daw to say, because if
there ever was a child of fortune, she is
not child. Fortune has indeed smiled!

Marjorie

was

born

in

Colorado;

prings a

tile

over

eighteen

years

ago.

Marjorie

has

resolved
to

always

carry

a

notebook.
"Because," she says, "I've
changed my ambition. I
want to be a scenario writer.
And, perhaps, after a while
I'll write short stories"

Center, one of Marjorie's
very first pictures

When she was three years old
her parents took her to New
York City.
"Little as I was when we first
got to New York," she said,
"I remember the Hotel
Belleclaire, where we
stayed. There was a fire
engine-house across the
street and my favorite
kasaries was watching
the engines. Frances
Starr lived there—I mean
the hotel, of course, not
the fire engine-house—
and we became quite good
friends. I remember her,
but, of course, she's for-
ten me long ago!"

She was just fourteen years old when she first "broke into"
moving pictures. She was not, however, a stranger to the
studios. She and Mildred Harris, who is now Mrs. Charles
Chaplin, were and are chums. She used to watch Mildred
Fairbanks work in "Indian stuff" at Inceville. "And," she said,
"it didn't inspire me with the least desire to work in pictures
myself; it looked too much like real work! But I like having
Mr. Fairbanks do stunts, as the story says, for me.'

"We were living in Santa Monica," she went on. "When
we moved to the city, (Los Angeles), my brother started
working at the Fine Arts studio. So, too, did Mildred Harris.'

Marjorie, whose real name, by the way, is Margarita House,
spent a great deal of time around the Fine Arts studio, tho
she never worked there. Her brother, Chandler, was featured
in children's pictures. Chandler is younger than Marjorie, but
he is quite tall. (This Christmas he "blossomed" into his first
long pants. He is just sixteen years old, his birthday coming
in January.) But to return to Marjorie Daw's screen
beginnings. Her first picture was with Wilfred Lucas and Cleo
Madison at Universal and was called "The Love Victorious.
Next came "The Warrens of Virginia," made at Lasky's at
the time that Geraldine Farrar came West to make "Carmen."

One day the great star, on her way to her drawing-room,
paused to watch the fourteen-year-old girl work for a while.
(Oh, well, it's the same old story, except that in this case it
really happened. It does sometimes, you know; not, perhaps,
so often in real life as in fiction, but often enough to keep hope
(Continued on page 76)
THE amount of pulchritude in America is amazing! That is the opinion of THE FAME AND FORTUNE judges after examining the thousands of portraits entered in the international contest now being conducted by THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

That latent talent and ability were laying hidden in every part of the country was obvious. There were many young women and young men who might easily be successful on the stage if they had one thing—opportunity. THE FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST is that opportunity. The genuineness of the opportunity is guaranteed by the standing of the two magazines.

But even the judges are surprised by the amount of camera possibilities unearthed by the contest. One thing is certain—it is going to be no small task to narrow the promising candidates down to one or two winners. Indeed, to select an honor roll of seven every fifteen days is almost herculean.

After carefully examining the thousands of pictures entered between January 15th and February 1st, the judges selected for the four honor roll the following seven:

Miss Prudence Eddy, of No. 3225 South Emerson Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn. Miss Eddy is a Chicago girl of the auburn type. Her hair and eyes are

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Above: PRUDENCE EDDY

Right: HAZEL O. KEENER

Right: LUCILE V. LANGHANKE

Above: ETHEL NEWSOM SMITH
black and she is five five inches in height. Miss Eddy has never had professional experience.

Miss Ethel Newsom Smith, of No. 1138 Travis Avenue, Fort Worth, Texas. Miss Smith was born in Corinne Griffith's birthplace, Texarkana, Texas. Her public appearances have been limited to charity performances. Miss Smith is the first successful candidate to admit of red hair. Her eyes are blue and she is exactly five feet in height.

Miss Gladys Dillman, of No. 398 Sherbrooke Street, Winnipeg, Man., Canada. Miss Dillman was born in Winnipeg. She has light-brown hair, blue eyes, and is five feet three and one-half inches in height.

Miss Isabelle Falconer, of No. 423 West 120th Street, New York. Miss Falconer has been on the stage, last appearing in "Jack O'Lantern." She was born in Milwaukee, and like Miss Smith is of red hair, while she has blue eyes. She is exactly five feet four.

Miss Hazel O. Keener, of No. 1 West Grant Street, Bettendorf, Scott County, Iowa. Miss Keener was born at Fairboy, also in Iowa, and is of the blonde type. Her eyes are like her name, and she is five feet six in height.

Miss Lucile V. Langhanke, of No. 1120 East 47th Street, Chicago, Ill. Miss Langhanke has received a dramatic, musical and dancing training. She was born in Quincy, Ill., has dark auburn hair, dark-brown eyes, and is five feet three.

(Continued on page 62)
A hush fell on the laughing, chatting girls. They paused with grease-paint suspended in mid-air, with fingers deep in the snowy contents of cold-cream jars or with pans of black cosmetic sizzling merrily over lighted candles. Their eyes turned toward the open door, while their thoughts went wandering back over the years on trains of memory awakened by the low-toned voice in the next room.

"But who was the son of Philip the Second?"
"I don't know."
"Oh, yes, you do. Who was he?"
"I don't know."
"Of course you do. You told me yesterday morning and the morning before that. Why can't you tell me now? Remember, no candy or cake until you do."
"Oh, yes, now I know," piped the small voice. "It was Louis."
"Louis the what?"
"Louis the Lion-hearted."

We could almost hear the teacher chuckle as she announced a recess in the morning's lessons. Her rule of pedagogy from the inner consciousness of the eternal mother, had been tried and not found wanting. Little Russell scampered happily, perhaps to play at being cinema-man, perhaps to see how far up the scenery he could climb without being caught.

We smiled in sympathy and renounced our roles of eavesdroppers to complete our faces for those who were soon to play before the camera.

This was the new phase of the ever-changing celluloid world, where stars rise and fall according to their own ability or that of their press-agent, where the rows, the joys, the triumphs, and the defeats of the
An Evelyn Nesbit Feature in the Filming

very-much-alive shadow folks are never flashed upon the screen in either a long-shot or a close-up, and where the intimate touch, such as this, that makes the whole world akin, is lost in tales of sable coats that cost a princely fortune, of diamonds that are guarded by detectives and of bank accounts that put to shame the rise of the mercury on the hottest day in summer. For instance, you, who will follow with interest the vision of Ruth Hayes, as she smilingly receives her diploma from the hand of the school superintendent, would never have painted the picture of Evelyn Nesbit, the mother, with little Russell at her knee, going over the morning's lessons before starting the usual routine of the studio day—that is, if I hadn't supplied you with the model. The lessons are not haphazard smatterings of this and that, either, but are as carefully planned as if the movie superintendent waiting on the set were a real one who would rate the teacher according to her methods. And Russell takes to the lessons—well, just about as any normal, healthy youngster takes to anything that interrupts his play.

This little dressing-room scene prepared us for the set, where Teacher Ann Eggleston stood primly in her correct schoolmarm black gown and the entire board of directors waited on the platform for the exercises to begin. There was the usual line of fluffy girl graduates, with the corresponding line of awkward boys, who would be doggone glad when all the fuss was over. There were the always-among-those-present groups of doting parents and friends who never fail to thrill when the next generation "goes forth to conquer the world"—and there were the time-honored hard assembly-room seats, thank you.

When everything was "set," Miss Nesbit joined the line of

(Continued on page 78)
Gossip of the Pacific Coast
By FRITZI REMONT

Wm. S. Hart has really pulled off something new in makeup—pulled off is right. He's had his head shaved in order to do a convict rôle. Can you imagine Bill without any hair at all? The funny part is that his new characterization is that of Hair-Pin Harry Dutton, in one of the Boston Blackie stories, running in *The Red Book*. Walter Long is back from service and will play Boston Blackie, George Stone is cast as Donald Dutton, son of the criminal, and Juanita Hansen plays the Poppy Girl, who tries to charm big Bill. By the way, Juanita Hansen has been traveling about under different directors. She's mighty obliging about being loaned about, something like an umbrella in California's rainy season. She just completed a good characterization in Anita Stewart's latest play, under Lois Weber's direction.

One of the prettiest girls in the society world of Los Angeles, a descendant of a fine old French family, Valerie Geronpry, was engaged for Miss Stewart's production also, and has done such good work that her future in pictures is assured.

And now Fay Tincher's back at Universal. She and Jane Novak are doing the principal feminine rôles in "The Fire Flingers," under the direction and lead of Rupert Julian. The latter is advertising all around California (Continued on page 69)

ONE of the most stirring events of the past month was the big meeting held at Doug Fairbanks' palatial Beverly Hills home, for the purpose of perfecting a combine of the Big Five, i.e., Mary Pickford, Mr. Fairbanks, Wm. S. Hart, Charles Chaplin and D. W. Griffith, for the production and release of pictures independently of any other organization now existing. Dennis O'Brien, Mr. Fairbanks' New York attorney, came out to conduct the proceedings, and, as Miss Pickford was still confined to her home, her attorney attended the meeting with Mrs. Charlotte Pickford.

This new "trust" has everybody guessing. The plans are not quite perfected, and they do say that the big men like Adolph Zukor, T. L. Inlay, Jesse Lasky, et al, are standing like little boys at the circus fence, trying to peep in and find out what's up. They disclaim fear, but if five great money-makers "go it alone" it's surely going to be hard on some of the concerns which have made thousands on their output heretofore.
Peggy Does Her Darndest

Fictionized by Olive Carew
from the Metro Photoplay

"Y ou're stalling!" accused Peggy, indignantly; "that last uppercut wouldn't have knocked out a good healthy mosquito!"

Brother Frank ruefully massaged a swollen area under his right eye and investigated a tender spot on the point of his jaw before replying. "That Don Quixote chap who used to go round scrapping with windmills didn't have anything on me!" he declared. "If this is the way you go at it for fun, I'd sure hate to run up against you when you were in earnest!"

Peggy beamed. "My right isn't so bad," she admitted, with due modesty, "but I haven't got the punch in my left I'd like. Tito is showing me how to develop one, tho. He gives me jiujitsu every morning in the garage. Want me to show you how I can throw a man over my shoulder?"

Her brother backed hastily away, surveying the small, be-bloomered figure before him with mingled respect and amaze.

"Tito—you don't mean to say the master's lent you the new Jap butter? Oh, I say, sis, beat up the family all you like, but spare the servants. They're so hard to get now!"

"Oh, mother doesn't know about it," Peggy explained easily, "She thinks he's exercising Eleanor's pet Chow!" She raised her slim young arms above her head and indulged in a frank yawn that showed firm, even white teeth. Under the man's golf-cap pulled over her eyes, wisps of red-gold hair straggled about her flushed, curving cheeks. One sleeve of her outing shirt exhibited a hole, and her shoes bespoke a strenuous career in the open.

"How old are you, anyhow, Peg?" Frank Enslhoe asked, with sudden seriousness. "Seventeen, isn't it? You ought not to be thinking how to throw a man over your shoulder at that advanced age!"

You should be studying the ways of keeping him at your side. Eleanor ought to be able to give you pointers on that accomplishment."

"Oh, Eleanor!" Eleanor's sister spoke with open contempt. "She makes me tired, the way she Theda-Baras all over the place! And that stocking she knits on whenever a new young man shows up-like the Penelope dame in the mythology book! The soldier that wears that'll have to use it for the next war. Gee, I wish you weren't going back to college tonight! Come on, let's try that new uppercut over again. One, two, three—go!"

The battle was raging at its liveliest when an unsuspecting group of people, arrayed in cool summer spotlessness, strolled thru the rose-hedge and paused aghast at the scene of carnage before them. The tall, lean young man in the English-cut clothes showed keen interest, the elder of the two ladies exhibited distinct annoyance, while the younger surveyed the muddy figure of her sister, her bleeding nose and disreputable hair, with ill-concealed delight.

"Lovely! Ripping!" murmured the guest. "That little fellow has got a punch that reminds me of Bantam Jim's. Look at that left upper to the jaw! Good, eh? Well, rather!"

"Frank!" Mrs. Enslloe called, in a carefully modulated tone of reproach, "Frank dear, come here a moment! I want you to meet the Honorable Hugh Wentworth.

The two young men shook hands cordially.

"You'll have to excuse my appearance, Mr. Wentworth!" Frank laughed. "My kid sister here has been showing me no mercy! Peggy—why, where has she gone?"

For the lawn behind them was unoccupied. Peggy had precipitately disappeared. "Peggy is a sad tomboy, but, of

"You're stalling!" accused Peggy indignantly; "that last uppercut wouldn't have knocked out a good healthy mosquito!"
course, she’s a mere child yet.” Eleanor shrugged. “I hope you won’t get the wrong impression of American girls, Mr. Wentworth! If so, I feel that’s my patriotic duty to give you another one.” She lifted her eyes to him meltingly. Eleanor had large, limpid eyes and used them to their best advantage. “So I’m going to steal you for an hour or so on the lake all by my own self!”

“Charmed!” said the Honorable Hugh, gallantly. “But I say now, was that little fellow your sister, really? No spoofing? Spunky, I call that, my word!”

In the stable loft Peggy cuddled her knees to her Norfolk breast and reviewed the situation impartially. The long young man was undoubtedly the son of the English diamond broker, who had come to bring her father a large purchase of stones. The household had been in a stir over his expected arrival for days and Eleanor had bought an expensive new complexion and several ravishing gowns in preparation for him.

“Why, he looked—nice!” discovered Peggy, wonderingly; “as nice as the policeman at the corner, and the iceman, who lets me drive his cart, and Tito—like a regular person instead of a Young Man!”

Peggy disapproved of Young Men on principle. They all had slicked-back hair and creased trouser-legs and a silly way of talking to girls. But this one was different. She liked the way he smiled with his eyes instead of his mouth, and the way his jaw shoved under the dark, clean-shaven skin. She liked—”

“But what’s the use?” Peggy sighed, disconsolately. “Eleanor’s vamping him already.”

There was a bit of cracked mirror on the wall, where Thomas, the coachman, occasionally underwent repairs. Peggy went over to it and regarded the snooched and disheveled young person reflected therein candidly.

“Beauty,” she decided aloud, cheerfully, “is not my strong point! But then, look at Cleopatra! She was no cold-cream ad. Just the same, you have to hand it to her for getting what she wanted! And I’m going to, too. Anyhow, I’m going to do my darndest to!”

Harrison Emboe came home to dinner in a very pleasant frame of mind. The headlines in three of the afternoon papers had screamed the news of the Honorable Hugh Wentworth’s arrival in America to an interested world, not omitting to state in detail his reasons for coming. By now every crook in town knew that “The Light of the World,” the most famous diamond in existence, was somewhere in his possession.

“Might just as well have given the combination of the safe and had done with it!” grumbled the discomfited diamond merchant aloud, in the seclusion of his library. “It’s lucky I had that new safe-deposit drawer put in before he got here. But even then, there’s no telling! They may have an accomplice in my own household—”

He paused, staring at the incredible evidence of his own eyes. Peering over the top of a high-backed chair, a face, shadowed by a huge cap visor and almost concealed behind a ferocious black mustache, was gazing at him menacingly. But even as he stared the impressive hirsute adornment became unmanageable. It slewed to the left, toppled and slid to the floor, as the upper-lip to which it was fastened crinkled in a wide smile.

“Peggy! What on earth—” her father began helplessly. “You frightened me out of a year’s growth. What’s the idea of the whiskers?”

Peggy slid out of the chair and proudly displayed a large tin disk fastened to her chest.

“Read it!” she ordered.
Still more mystified, her father peered down at the badge. "A Binkum detective!" he read slowly. "Am I to understand that this refers to—you?"

"Yep! Correspondence course," Peggy explained importantly. "As soon as I heard that big diamond was coming I wrote to the Binkum people, and I'm a real detective now! You don't need to worry, dad—I'll look out for it."

Mr. Ensloe managed to turn a laugh into a cough with great presence of mind. "If I'd only known of this before!" he regretted. "But I didn't, you see, and this very afternoon I hired a man from the Central Office to come up here and guard the stone."

"Will he be disguised?" Peggy asked, crestfallen. "All good detectives have to wear disguises. I've got some perfectly swell ones. You'd never guess when I have one of them on that I'm me."

"No, I noticed that," said her father, dryly, "and that reminds me. Wasn't there a young man attached to the diamond? I don't see him anywhere about—"

The sound of an opening door sent Peggy to her feet in a panic. "You'd better set your detective to guarding him. He's in a good deal more danger of being stolen than his diamond!" she declared, darkly. "By this time Eleanor has told him that it's wonderful to meet some one who really understands, and that she's always liked Englishmen better than Americans, they're so rare, you know, and that it's the strangest thing, but she somehow had the feeling that they were going to be good friends!" She faced her father, a small, bloomed figure of wrath. "I'm sick and tired of being a Jack Horner, and I'm coming out of my corner. You watch and see!"

She was marching up the stairs in a whirl of enthusiasm for her new-formed resolution to "beat sis at her own game," when a voice, deep and broad of vowel, sounded behind her, starting her so that she promptly fell downstairs and into a pair of outstretched masculine arms.

"Miss Margaret Ensloe, I believe?" The owner of the arms, with remarkable tact, accepted the situation as tho this was the normal way in which he was accustomed to meet strange young ladies. "I've been hoping for the pleasure of meeting you ever since I saw that boxing exhibition this afternoon."

Peggy recovered herself and stood back, a queer new sensation tingling in her cheeks. She did not know that she was blushing. She only knew that she felt very small, and abashed, and very trouboush.

"I'm—I'm just Peggy," she murmured. "Margaret is too large in the waist and too long in the skirt for me—it's not a good fit."

In her own room, she stamped a small foot furiously. "I acted," she told herself, "as if I had just had my fifth birthday! It's a wonder I didn't stick my finger in my mouth!"

She marched to the closet, jerked down a ruffled white organdy and kicked off her heavy shoes as one might fling down a gage of battle. "Never you mind, Peggy Ensloe, the bout's not over—only the first round. I may not win, but I'm going to do my darndest anyhow!"

After dinner, with a glint of malice in her brown eyes, she followed her sister and the Honorable Hugh to the vine-covered veranda and seated herself, placidly oblivious to Eleanor's wireless appeal, between them.

"Can you box, Mr. Wentworth?" she inquired, without needless circumlocution. "I've been achin' to ask some one who knew about the right way of feinting with the left to cover a jab to the jaw. And what is your method of delivering a 'hay-maker'?"

The Honorable

With the moonlight kind to her tresses, Peggy was not only passable—she was even pretty. The heavy waves of bright hair framed her small pointed face charmingly; the simple white ruffle round her neck accentuated the youth of her
Hugh’s somewhat solemn countenance grew positively animated. He entered into an extremely technical discussion of swings and punches, illustrating with appropriate gestures, while Eleanor, arrayed in her most seductive gown, gazed at her small sister with an indignant amazement that changed, gradually, to thoughtful calculation.

With the moonlight kind to her freckles, Peggy was not only passable—she was even pretty. The heavy waves of bright hair framed her small, pointed face charmingly, the simple white ruffles about her neck accentuated the youth of her, reminding Eleanor somewhat pointedly of her own six years' seniority. And worst of all, there was no doubt that she and the Honorable Hugh were getting along very well. It was high time to put the little chit in her place.

With a tolerant smile Eleanor leaned forward, and spoke as one speaks to a small, forward child. "Peggy dear, you mustn't bore Mr. Wentworth, you know! And isn't it time you were running up to bed? Say good-night, like a sweet child." Her tone actually purred. She laid a white, proprietory hand on the Honorable Hugh's coat-sleeve. "You know I promised to show you the rose-garden! Of course, it isn't like your wonderful English gardens—America is so—so raw in some ways—"

Her voice drifted back, honeyed, caressing to Peggy's ears as she led the helpless Hugh, unresisting, down the veranda and out of sight. It was clever work; Peggy had to admit that, but she did it with bad grace, and spake sundry uncomplimentary and unsisterly things to the moon, punctuating her remarks with angry thuds of small boot-heels against the veranda rail. Afterwards she jumped down and shook a businesslike little fist in the direction of the rose-garden.

"Capturing a man is pretty poor sport!" she declared. "They can't help themselves! But there's some skill in capturing a criminal! I guess I'll stick to detecting. It's more in my line than this 'rose-garden-by-moonlight' stuff!"

For the next few days Peggy was very busy, but, as she was always that, no one paid her much attention. Eleanor, with a fair field to herself, had the Honorable Hugh so that, Peggy declared to herself with scorn, he would sit up and beg, and roll over and over and be a dead dog whenever she commanded. "The "Light of the World" reposed in all its scintillant wondrousness in the new safe-deposit drawer that Mr. Ensloe had had built for it in his massive mahogany library-table, and the Pinkerton man, disguised rather feebly as a butler, roamed the halls with an air of mystery that alone was worth the salary he was paid.

On the afternoon of the fourth day since the Honorable Hugh's arrival the chic-est of chic French maids in the kind of cap and apron they wear on the stage was wandering on the lower lawn of the Ensloe place when, turning a corner of shrubbery, she came face-to-face with a tall stranger who wore the dress of a gentleman with the unease of something else.

Palpably startled and discomfited by the meeting, the stranger rallied on perceiving with whom he had to deal and chucked the pretty maid under the chin. "Hallo, sweetness!" he said, with a killing smile. "You look lonesome! I guess it's lucky I happened along, eh?"

The pretty maid shrugged her shoulders as Paris shrugs them, and spoke several words in a French which Paris does not speak. She gave him to understand that while she did not approve of being chucked under the chin by a total stranger, she was not exceedingly angry. Emboldened, he came closer and laid a large and none too clean hand on the waves of hair that escaped from under the smart little cap.

"Some thatch you got, girlie?" he volunteered. "I always liked that reddish-goldish kind! Say, I know where there's a comb with brilliants set (Continued on page 82)

(Fifty-eight)
The more you cut the cuticle the faster it grows

Why cutting makes it rough, uneven

How to have lovely, shapely nails without cutting the cuticle

When you trim the cuticle around your nails you cannot help cutting also into the live part of the cuticle which protects the delicate nail root.

Look through a magnifying glass at the cuticle you have been trimming. You'll see for yourself that you have made little cuts in the living skin.

In their effort to heal, these tiny cuts make the nail uneven and ragged. They become rough, dry and ragged. Once you have a thick, uneven edge at the base of your nails.

Nowadays, cutting the cuticle has given place to a safe way of removing it. First soften it with Cutex, then dip it off with a cloth, leaving a firm, smooth, unbroken edge.

Wrap a little absorbent cotton around the end of an orange stick (both of which come with Cutex) and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Work around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. In a moment the cuticle is softened. Wash it off in warm, soapy water, pressing back the cuticle when drying your hands.

Perhaps at certain seasons, the cuticle at the base of your nails tends to become rough and dry. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is a soothing cream prepared especially to counteract such drying.

You will love the way your nails look after you have given them a Cutex manicure. Don't expect, however, that with only spasmodic care you can keep them well-groomed. Make the care of your nails as much a matter of habit as brushing your teeth. Whenever you dry your hands push back the cuticle with the towel. Then once or twice a week give them a quick Cutex manicure.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cuticle Comfort are each 35c.
Double Exposures
Conducted by F. J. S.

When Prohibition Hits the Screen

Imagine Bill Hart galloping into the Last Chance Café and holding up the soda clerk;

The meeting of Desperate Jack Holt and his confederates in the back room of the Mirror Candy Store;

Handsome Harry Holmes, the city chap, dragging the peach sundae of innocent little Miss Gig L. Gingham;

Charles May, as a young man about town, staggering out of the De Luxe Soft Drink Emporium;

Imagine Theda Bara, cigarette in one hand, wickedly sipping a chocolate soda.

Now that ex-Railroad Dictator McAdoo is in the movies, it will probably be impossible to get a chair anywhere.

Maurice Tourneur does "Woman."

William Fox follows with "Woman, Woman."

Now if some one will only do "Woman, Woman, Woman."

How Those Thrilling Screen Magazines Affect Us

Imagine the punch we find in this series of celluloid:

1. Ushers of the Blank Theater in the act of bowing to camera-man.
2. President John K. Jones receiving the degree of LL.D. at the University of Mugwump, Mugwumpville, Texas.
3. Floods almost destroy the town of Pawpuck, N. H.
4. The suffrage convention in Scott County, Iowa.
5. A dangerous freight wreck on the K. & G. R. R. at Rocktown Center, Cal.
6. The making of hemp rope:
   (a) The native method of making rope in the Sunkist Islands
   (b) Loading rope on board steamers
   (c) Unloading rope from steamers
   (d) Selling rope to studios making Western dramas.
7. Vice-President Marshall visits his home town.
8. The cartoon adventures of Happy Katzenjammer.

"Let's not announce this as an all-star cast," says Mr. Selznick, referring in his publicity to his first production. We are much more entitled to this description than many of us who use it—but let's not.

From which we gather that Myron thinks he has an all-star cast.

We read with interest an advertisement of Billie Rhys forthcoming drama of a hula-hula girl. "It will bring the screen her personality," confides the adv., "in surroundings that show her off to the greatest advantage."

Henry Lehrman has had the influenza! And Mack Sennett hasn't! Is Henry becoming original?

Once in a while we stumble across a cheering subtitle like this, clipped from a recent Madge Kennedy fil-em:

"Many days and months have tripped by with happy feet."

What chance has the screen extra these days? Thomas has just added a weather bureau to his studio, so that he can ascertain whether tomorrow will be cloudy or rainy before hiring his extras.

They Go Hand-in-Hand

Top-drawers and revolvers.
Nursemaids and policemen.
Villains and silver cigarette-cases.
Vampires and clinging gowns.
Politicians and cigars.
Reporters and notebooks.
Ben Turpin and bathing girls.
Goldwyn dramas and concrete stairways.
Many a woman wonders at the charming complexion of stars of the stage and film. The secret of their attractiveness and the way they retain their dainty colorfulness is an open secret. They give their complexion the proper care. Never for a day do they neglect the needs of the skin. And Ingram's Milkweed Cream is their favorite beauty aid. It has a distinctive therapeutic quality, in addition to its softening and cleansing properties. Its daily use will tone up the skin and keep it in a healthful condition.

Buy it in either 50c or $1.00 Size

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

New York City May 2, 1918

F. P. Ingram Co.

I am glad indeed to tell you how much I prize Ingram's Milkweed Cream. It lives up to its reputation for keeping the skin soft and clear and in good condition.

Doris Kenyon

in "Wild Honey"

In this thrilling "film" Doris depicts a little Western flower growing wilder every hour. From where we sit it looks very much as if Doris were deliberately tantalizing the young gentleman in the Wild West costume.

De Luxe Pictures, Inc.

Photoplay

Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

Coupon

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO. 83 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

I enclose a dime in return for which please send me your Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Milkweed Cream Rouge, Face Powder, Zodenta Tooth Powder and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes.

Ingram's Alveola Souveraine

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY

Established 1885

Windsor, Canada 83 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Australasian Agents, T. W. Cotton, Pty., Ltd., Melbourne, Australia
The Fame and Fortune Beauties
(Continued from page 51)

Miss Ethyle Faunce, of No. 760 Ho-
bart Place, N. W., Washington, D. C.
Miss Faunce was born in the capital city.
She has light-brown hair, gray eyes and
is five feet three inches in height.

The contest has brought forth many
interesting angles on national beauty.
Texas and the South West seem to be
remarkably productive of beauty. The
cost has been going remarkably strong.
New York, the supposed home and cen-
ter of national pulchritude, has been
barely holding its own.

The Motion Picture Magazine for
May will carry the fifth honor roll, pre-
senting the seven best contestants enter-
ing their pictures between February 1st
and February 15th. The Motion Pic-
ture Classic will follow with the honor
roll for February 15th to March 1st.
This will be continued until the close of
the contest.

Here are some important things to
note:

If you wish your portrait or portraits
returned, enclose the right amount of
postage to cover mailing. Attach stamps
to your entry with a short note say-
ing "Do not place stamps in separate
envelope. These pictures will be returned upon
examination by the judges for the monthly honor
rolls.

If your pictures were entered before
February 1st and you have not won a
place on any of the honor rolls, try
again. Because you have submitted one
or more pictures does not bar you from
trying again. The quality of your por-
trait, weakness of photography, etc., may
have had something to do with its failure
to win a place.

Try not to send hand-colored por-
traits. In reality these injure your
chances of consideration. The judges
prefer to consider all contestants equally.
Besides, if a colored picture is selected
for the honor roll, it will not reproduce
as well in an engraving as an ordinary
portrait.

The contest is open to men. This
should be repeated, perhaps. Many mas-
culine contestants have appeared, but,
we regret to report, their average hasn’t
nearly approached the so-called weaker
sex.

Upon the closing, the final winner will
be selected. Undoubtedly he or she, (as
the contest is now open to men), will be
selected from among the various semi-
monthly honor rolls. It is possible that
three or four leaders may be chosen and
invited to come to New York for test
motion pictures, after which the final
winner will be decided upon.

It is also possible that a first prize may
be awarded to both a man and a woman.
This will, however, be decided later, an
announcement being made in both The
Motion Picture Classic and The Mo-
tion Picture Magazine.

Since the winner will be named from
the various honor rolls, it is important
that contestants submit their portrait, or
portraits, at the earliest possible momen
ter thus getting, if possible, an early place
these rolls.

It is important, if you have al-
ready won a place on the honor roll, that
you submit at least several more pictures
be used later by the judges. In
case, contestants should write the word
“honor roll” across the face of the trans-
coupon which is attached to the portrait.
The words should be written in red ink,
be plainly distinguish-

Let us briefly outline the purpose of
the contest once more:
The two magazines will give
years’ guaranteed publicity to the
winner. This will include cover por-
traits, special interviews, picture,es,
even articles, etc.—the sort of pub-
that could not be purchased at any
cost.

The Motion Picture Classic and
The Motion Picture Magazine will set
an initial position for the winner
among other opportunities, if necessary.
At the end of two years The Motion
Picture Classic and The Motion Pic-
ture Magazine guarantee that the winner
will be known through the civilized wor

The Fame and Fortune jury includes
Mary Pickford, Thomas Ince, Cecil
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Flagg, Howard Chandler Christy and
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The terms of the contest follow:

1. Open to any young woman, or man
in the world, except those who have already
distributed prize, screen or stage roles.

2. Contestants must submit a por-
trait upon the back of which must be
pasted a coupon from either The
Motion Picture Classic or The
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motion picture coupon of their own
making.

3. Contestants can submit any num-
ber of portraits, but upon the back of
each must be pasted an entire
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(Not to be filled in by contestant)

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Address..........................................................

Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any...........................................

When born..........................................................
Birthplace..........................................................

Eyes (color)..........................................................
Hair (color)..........................................................

Height..........................................................
Weight..........................................................

Complexion.......................................................

(Sixty Two)
Low Seven Evenings' Study Qualified Me for a $10,000 Position

By F. H. Drummond

A Gripping Success Story That Will Make All Ambitious Men and Women Ask Themselves the Question: "Why Can't I Do the Same?"

I will never forget the words of Charles M. Schwab, the biggest steel manufacturer in the world. He said: "Nothing is so plentiful in America as opportunity. There are more jobs for the taking than there are people to fill them. The captains of industry are not hunting money. America is heavy with resources. There are plenty of opportunities for the taking—opportunity for the taking is the law of life, as it is everywhere else in the world."

I asked the advice of a number of older acquaintances, and the first ten who came to mind were shorthand writers and were encouraged by them to take up the study. The principal drawback seemed to be the hours for which it was necessary to learn the instrument in order to become master of its intricacies and a proficient writer. However, this was a necessary evil, and although somewhat discouraging at the prospect, I decided to enroll in the local business college.

I was waiting for the new term to open, when I happened to strike upon a vacation advertisement in a shorthand book, which I acquired, and which I learned to read and write with the most absolute readiness for any purpose for which shorthand could be used. This shorthand was so far arranged in lessons as to make it possible to learn it at home in a comparatively short time—and, as it was clearly stated, this was the method which had not been satisfied with the course. I could return it without charge to myself, for it sent for it was my first step in the right direction. I carefully studied the book and found that it had learned all of the characters by heart, and after practicing for a month, felt so thoroughly the benefits of a method newly gained knowledge that I decided to go to Chicago and seek a position immediately.

I felt that placing myself on my own resources in a large city would broaden me and make me a bigger man in every sense. It would call out the biggest things in men—make me rely upon myself and not upon the assistance and encomiums of the office. I secured a position as stenographer in a publishing house. Six months later I was raised to a sight stenographer at $50 a week. This brought me in frequent contact with the General Manager, who delegated more and more responsibility to me. In a little over a year I was made Office Manager. That was just seven years ago. Today I am Vice-President and General Manager of a large business concern, with an annual income of over $10,000,000.

It may be of interest to mention here the splendid progress which a younger sister of mine made by learning the same course which I took. She was a very bright young woman, with an excellent reputation in the local stores at the time and studied evenings. In three months she secured a position as stenographer in a large factory in Galveston, Texas. The company sent her to the Vice-President of the Company at a salary of $500 a month.

And now, as I look back to those days in Farmington, there Father proposed that I take a job as a bookkeeper in the mines, I think of the black prospects I had at that time. And yet, with my old convictions to prepare myself for something bigger and better—and Paragon Shorthand was the means of helping me make myself.

The story of Mr. Drummond represents one of many of America's greatest men. If you have read the stories of the lives of the principal figures in the history of America, you might have noted that almost invariably their start to fame and fortune was through their ability to write shorthand. Take such men as Charles M. Schwab, Theodore Roosevelt, Frank C. Vanderlip, George B. Cortelyou, William Leach, Jr., Edward Bok, and others too numerous to mention, and you will find that Shorthand was the instrument they used in carving out their magnificent careers.

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Address

Mail coupon to PARAGON INSTITUTE, 601 Broad St., Farmington, Conn.
The big hands of the doctor knotted.

"My God!" he spoke fiercely. "To think you should expose yourself to such things! It's monstrous—it's unthinkable! Any drunken scoundrel can insult you!"

"Oh, no!" Rita's voice was ironic. "Not any scoundrel, Doctor Varian—only those who have at least a million. I am very exclusive in the matter of insults, you see!"

Standing there in the soft spring moonlight, she looked very small, very helpless and fragile and alone. And seeing her so, the doctor forgot all his braggart resolutions and caught her two small, cold hands in his own. "Rita, Rita," he begged her, "I never meant to speak of my love again, after that time you told me you couldn't afford to love, but I can stand by and see you fling the youth of you and the beauty of you and the wonderfulness of you recklessly away! I tell you I know you better than you know yourself. I know it isn't the real you that wants these pitiful things—excitement, good times, money, admiration. You're pure gold underneath—"

"I am—nothing underneath," Rita Charles said, wearily. "I'm a hollow sham. I'm not good, I'm not bad—yet. I'm just a tin-panner, that's all. And I'm not worth your loving, Doctor Varian."

She slipped from him and ran up the steps, turning in the doorway. "I forgot to tell you I'm going to Atlantic City tomorrow—a belated vacation. You may think of me—if you choose to think of me at all—as sporting in the waves in a midnight blue satin bathing-suit! It's a very becoming suit—if you happen to think of me! Good-night, doctor, and good-bye!"

In her own room she stood a long while gazing into her mirror thoughtfully. "It won't do." She shook her head. "Imagine me married to a poor man, wearing cotton stockings, and seconds at that, buying beef for stewing, scraping and scrip- ming and growing scrappy and snifflerh. Remember, Rita, my girl, it won't do!"

The first few days at Atlantic City slid by eventlessly.

And then, on the fourth evening of her vacation, she entered the sun-parlor of her hotel and came upon Harrison Chalvey himself, evidently waiting for her.

"You!" she gasped, taken off her guard for the moment. "Why, I thought you were in Newport—"

"Thought so myself," he assured her cheerfully. "But you see, there's a reason why I'm here instead. And you're the reason, Rita."

She felt her knees trembling, and sank down on the piano bench, fingers fumbling among the keys. As tho at a great distance she heard him speaking the words which meant an open sesame to her dreams. At the same great distance she heard her own voice make incredulous reply:

"Let me think it over till tomorrow night—you have taken me very much by surprise! I must be sure—sure—"

Late that night she lay sleepless, darkness, and suddenly laughed aloud, remembering the look in the face of the one she had put to him. Perhaps after all it had been wise thing not to jump at his proposal. But why, why had she hesitated?

"I am a fool, but I've got to see him again," she said presently and, reaching up, she switched on the light and took a telephone blank in the desk drawer. She scribbled a hasty message, rang the maid, and handed it to her with directions that it should be sent at once.

Then, wide-eyed and quivering, she stretched herself on the bed and waited for the dawn.

She was her usual controlled self when she met Doctor Varian the next afternoon. "I sent for you," she told him, "we walked along the beach in the teeth of a brisk wind, "to make you desire me."

His eyes rested gratefully on her visage. "Then," he said, quietly, "I have set yourself a difficult task—"

She set her teeth hard on her quivering lip. Her voice was hard. "I've done it, because your loving me stands in the way of what I mean to do. I want to marry for money—I want luxury, ease and softness. I want silk and satin for my body and expensive food for my servants to wait on me, but you see—"

Her voice broke over a sob.

"Yes," he prompted, gently, "Rita?"

"But you see, ridiculous as it is, I love you." She shrank from the joy of a clean, good face. "No, no! Don't look me in the way—you don't understand. The words died on her lips as it looked up, to see Harrison Chalvey coming toward them along the boardwalk.

The meeting was brief, a hurried intimation, a distrustful look exchanged between the two men, a touching of hats, and they had passed on.

"Who was that man, Rita?" Doctor Varian asked. She met his eyes deliberately.

"The man I am going to marry. She saw him wince from the words, tho they had been a whip lash, and hurried on before she should lose her courage. "I love you—and I am going to marry him. Now do you understand what sort of a woman I am? Ah, yes! Do I said I was going to make you despise me—and I have, I have."

Shimmering gown, shimmering satin skin, Rita Charles stood in the lounge that evening waiting for Harrison Chalvey. It was already five minutes after the appointed time when a pair, screaming her name thru the crush, crowded, handed her a note. With a set of disaster clutching at her heart,
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“May your splendid institution continue to grow from strength to strength and that of you I am sure will come to appreciate the actual worth of the I. C. S. training,”

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Prof. A. P. Anderson knew that each wheat kernel contained some 125 million food cells.

He knew that each cell contained a trifle of moisture.

So he said, "I will turn that moisture to steam, then explode it. Thus I will burst every food cell so digestion can instantly act."

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He finally solved the problem by sealing the grains in huge guns. Then he revolved the guns for one hour in 550 degrees of heat.

When he shot the guns every food cell exploded. About 125 million steam explosions occurred in every kernel.

Airy, Flaky Bubbles

The grains came out shaped as they grew, but puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size.

The fearful heat created a toasted nut flavor.

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He had what is recognized everywhere now as the most delicious wheat food in the world.

But above all it was a whole grain made wholly digestible. Every food cell was broken, and that never before was done.

He applied the same method to rice. Then to pellets of hominy, and created Corn Puffs.

Now there are three Puffed Grains, each with its own delights. And happy children are now getting about two million dishes daily.

Don't let your children miss their share.

Keep all three kinds on hand.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice and Corn Puffs Each 15c Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

MOTION PICTURE

Greased Lightning
(Continued from page 42)

Fletcher. To Andy there seemed to be only one good and sufficient reason why anyone should remain in Pipersville. That reason was Alice Flint. Mr. Flin further complicated matters by taking a liking to the suave young gentleman from New York. The final outrage was that Armitage possessed a perfectly good, perfectly new and shiny and wholly adequate racing car. Then seemed times innumerable when Andy Fletcher, working at his smithy, looked up to rub the dust from his eyes, to see Armitage and Alice spinning down the road. Outside the shop "Greased Lighting" stood, disconsolate.

It finally transpired that Armitage was in Pipersville for purposes of a race meet. Where once Andy had advertised the demonstration of the potato slicer, Alden J. Armitage advertised the race meet, with an offer of $200 for the winner of the five-mile auto race.

Andy read the elaborate posters and looked grim. That might have overruled "Greased Lighting." The inventor worked; the lovelorn youth was forgotten. Night slipped from him and dawn rose up, red-banneated and triumphant.

Andy Fletcher rose up, too, red-visaged and triumphant. "Guess you'll go now," he said, fiercely, to the nude, stripped-looking vehicle before him. "Aint much but go to you!"

All Pipersville overhauled their various flivvers for the great meet. Mostly, they painted and varnished, or, among the more light-minded, adorned them with floral wreaths and drappings. Alden J. Armitage had told them that the meet would "boom" Pipersville. "It's what you folks have needed," he told them. "What you've had to have—your town'll be a big burg after this. It'll be in all the papers."

It was in all the papers, but not just in the way Alden J. Armitage had led the trusting villagers to believe. Still more, Andy Fletcher was in them, but not at all in the way he had led himself to believe.

The day of the meet had dawned, golden and clear. At one the entire population of Pipersville turned out upon the ball-grounds, from which the competing cars were to start and to which they were to return. The entire population, with the exceptions of such personages as Laban Flint, the postmaster and the express agent. Alice Flint was there, however, roseate in the eyes of Andy Fletcher. Alden J. Armitage appeared for a brief instant, and in another brief instant disappeared.

The cars started from scratch bravely; ribbons flying, futile flowers dropping—all the cars saving only "Greased Lighting." That stood mulishly still. Andy, every red, tinkered desperately and in vain. The people on the grandstand laughed. Alice Flint felt her eyes welling with tears. The mothering feeling came back to her again. She had never felt that way about Alden J. And—must
ave worked so hard, too... it was a name... "Greased Lightning" looked shamed of its own ugliness. Andy had admitted the stark ugliness, but had said that "Greased Lightning" was "stripped or action." He had added, further, that there was "nothin' but go to her!"

She seemed to be none of that commodity at all. The people roared. They shouted such pleasantries as that "Fletcher was winnin', by gum!" "Go back to your niv, Andy!" and other witticisms.

Andy grew red to the point of being perfectly unbelievable. Both he and "Greased Lightning" were painful to behold.

The competing cars came back, one Timothy T. Tidwell, butcher, proud and ostentatious. There was no sign of Alden J. Armitage. No sign of the aesthetician two hundred. There came only the bedraggled spectacle of Pipersville's one plagiarist dragging his appallingly mutilated person across the ball field. Pipersville gasped and was still. This was a day of strangeness. Cars that were stripped for action, but would not run, prizes that were won but not loned, plutocrats who came before the populace in rags and bleeding. Only Alice detached herself and ran to meet he battered specimen, who was her holic parent. Alice... and Andy... fearful of her fear.

Laban Flint was badly mussed up, but quite verbatim coherent. He informed his daughter, Andy, and his townpeople, collectively, that Alden J. Armitage and "gang" had attacked him, rendered him insensible and as you see, sly," and was even now fleeing the spot in the much-admired roadster.

Andy heard no more. He fled back to Greased Lightning." He called "Greased lightning" names. He exhorted him. He apostrophized her. He swore and prayed at her. All at once she gave a snort. She jumped, she leaped, she seemed to live, and all that Pipersville could see of Andy Fletcher was a whirling spiral of dust.

Pipersville cheered. Alice caved in. I knew he'd do it," she said.

Such were the details that got into the paper. Andy Fletcher found himself chronicled as the famous Village Blacksmith. He became a figure of romance. He had not only captured a notorious gang and the leader thereof, known in ess exclusive circles as Black Peter, but he had won a race, broken a speed record, captured the girl of his heart. Laban Flint was properly appreciative. He presented Andy with a facturer's machine, shining to the eye. He winked Rodriguez when he made the presentation. "It's a wedding present," he said.

Andy and Alice retreated to the old farm. They listed, "You wanted a fellow with a car," reminded Andy.

"Yes—I've learnt from then. He—hat man—I found out that a car doesn't make any difference after all. Nothing does—except—"

She laid her soft cheek on his. She lushed, "I—" she began, then valorously, "I don't care a bit about the car," he said, "with... you..."
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The Purple and Gold Damonds (Continued from page 33)

simple little scenes—just entrances an exits. Once the action was interrupted by a laugh from the assistant director, "What is it?" asked Director Hampton.

"What's the matter?" said the star.

The assistant explained: "You have your hand out of the window, and it is supposed to be down; so it will look as though you, and the sash, were coming in.

"The scene was, of course, retaken.

The picture has not, at this writing, been named, but it is from a scenario by William Parker, and the cast included Forrest Stanley, Wilfred Lucas and Charles Clary. It is directed by Jess Hampton, the head of the company.

Grace Darmond was born in Toronto Canada. Her father was a concert violinist. After his death, she and her mother went to Chicago, where a friend, a scenario writer, gave her an introduction to the Selig company. Her first picture was a comedy, "When the Clock Went Wrong."

"I was the most disappointed person in the world when I saw it," she said. "Not because I looked so bad, but because I couldn't see myself at all. I really thought I was very important, too—it was really the lead—but I didn't know how to 'play to the camera,' so all any one could see of me was the back of my hat or my heels.

"After about six months with Selig, I went to Vitagraph. Her worst difficulty at that time was overcoming that little mannerism she had, 'a way of saying things,' she said, 'of twisting my lip; it look dreadful on the screen.'

Some of her pictures which cor readily to mind are "The House of Thousand Candles," "The Millionai Baby," "A Texas Steer," and, more recently, "The Man Who Came Back." "An American Ace," with Earle Williams, the latter is her favorite picture. She paid an earnest tribute to its director, "I've had more help and encouragement from James Young than from any other director I've ever worked for.

It is said of Mr. Young that he grew very much excited when things went wrong and is even likely to throw a new hat on the ground and stamp on it.

"He doesn't do that any more," said Grace Darmond. "He told me that he realized how much he had been harming himself and intended to take this calmly from now on!"

She has not been long enough with Director Hampton to become familiar with his methods. "He seems to be very quiet," she said, "and just as kind as anybody can be!"

Again, during a pause in a scene, her eye fell on the long line of buttons on her tunic, and she began counting, "R-La, poor man—"

"What is it to be?" I called at the end, and she called back, laughing, 'doctor'!

She is twenty years old, likes ham and eggs (Continued on page 70)

(Sixty-eight)
Tea He!  (Continued from page 31)

I was rather sirenous, however. Quite soon I'd start the night in one town and finish it in another. After that I'd have the little matter of the name. I finally decided that it would be rather nice to have a handle somewhat pronounceable. More convenient and all that. So you'd know yourself when you heard yourself called. And yet I didn't want to go too far afield. After sleepless nights I decided once more to separate the name already one—the "G" from "sell," and if you have it—Henry G. Sell! Thus shall be known in future. Only professionally, of course. What could be simpler?

INQUISTOR—What could be? (Pense deh which Victim looks an accustomed cigarette to the lighter of the Sedulor Waiter's sketch.) I suspect you of sense of humor . . .

Heny G. S.—Is that a lead? Good enough. Well, you're edition is correct. I hope, however without a sense of humor is like fizzle-water without the fizzle. Sense of humor is the only difference between your optimist and your pessimist. Mine must have developed in my earliest youth, because, in high school, I used to contribute to my daily "ham daily" straddling a 'tombstone in a yewfyl cemetery. Can you just imagine me dangling a agile limb against some moulderin' here lies? I enjoyed it greatly. (Inquisitor shudders appropriately.)

INQUISTOR (shudders subsiding)—I guess you like serials and Pearl hite . . . an' that?

Henry G. S.—I do indeed. Especially Miss White. She is a peach to work with—unspoiled absolutely and the first ever! As for serials, I know some people disparage them, even laugh at them, but, to my mind, the most important thing in the theatrical game is to keep working. If you do, steadily and without breaks, you're bound to keep learning and expanding your knowledge of the game. Serials are the best publicity-givers ever. So I'm not amusing any definite moves ... just leaping on . . . and enjoying it hugely.

INQUISTOR (splashing about in the ange pocker)—Er . . . forbidden ills, I hope, but . . . er . . . marriage . . .

Henry G. S. (cheery)—Not in the least. You may say that I am not marred with perfect safety—even with perfect truth. You may also say that I am going to be some day, I hope. I don't care about going all thru life as the gay chloro-hed. As for house—three rooms the thirties, wherein I do all the moves apropos of a young man of the cloth.

I have be especial hobby—reading Oscar Wilde's "Dorian Grey." I generally readed, with a light, slightly adjusted or purpose, winking down upon me. I am a great admirer of Wilde or particular of "Dorian Grey. I suppose it is a dangerous admission.

INQUISTOR (coverly)—And the silver-framed pictures . . . now tell me . . . what of those?

Henry G. S.—I've only one silver-framed photo in my rooms . . .

INQUISTOR (with knowing look)—And that?

Henry G. S.—My mother's! (Clock strikes five. There is a buzz of new arrivals. Inquisitor and Victim rise under the hovering ministrations of the Sedulous Waiter. New arrivals nudge one another, and there is an underrace of mingling voices, saying, "Henry Gsell . . . Pathé serials last week . . . I saw a new Victim gives a deplorable smile. Responsively the remote orchestra breaks into "wimples." Inquisitor and Victim make their way among the tables and palms. Near the exit the Victim bends over to the Inquisitor. There is a mischievous look upon his face.)

VICTIM (speaking of the photograph)—I said only one silver-framed one. (Speaks with great meaning. Cocks one eye.)

INQUISTOR (plainly inarticulate)—Oh-h-h! Ah-h-h!

(A) (As they disappear from view bends into a veritable interrogation mark, with a whole battalion of inquiries in her eyes. Henry G. Sell is still missing, hat in hand.)

CURTAIN

Gossip of the Pacific Coast  (Continued from page 54)

For a double, but so far nobody has just been able to come across with that perfectly good Julian air-salute.

Thurston Hall has always made a great hit with Morose Theater audiences, and since last summer he's been in demand at the studios also, having returned to films after a time spent solely on the stage. Mr. Hall is to support Frissy Dean in "Raggedy Ann" this time.

Ruth Clifford actually lost ten pounds during her flux incarceration. She says she gained back ten last year; and now returned to Universal and began to toy with the cafeteria "eats" there. Ruth is usually very happy, but this week has been so frequent and distressing that even her hair has gone off on strike and kinks rebelliously, she says.

Emil Bennett is doing a "snooper" rôle in a newspaper play written by C. Gardner Sullivan, who is a former newspaper man. To see Emil choose the alphabet all over the lot—beg pardon!—typewriter, is very diverting.

Edwin Stevens, who delighted audiences at the Orpheum. Not long ago, and who is one of the veteran comedians, dancers and comic opera "headlights," is now supporting Dorothy Dalton. The strange part is that Mr. Stevens must be dissatisfied and pretend to know nothing about dancing, and Dorothy is teaching him the fox-trot in her new picture.

Theodore Swartz was seen coming out of Frederick's beauty parlour the other day, wearing a smile, a grey squirrel cape and a tiny topcoat.

Mitchell Lewis is now a Select star and has completed arrangements to visit the snow country around Truckee for the filming of scenes in a picture which will be of the "Barrier" type. Mr. Lewis is one of the few stars who can boast of a downtown office, but he is asylum with his broken in a business way and spends odd moments right near Fourth and Broadway, entertaining business or social visitors at the handy offices.

(Continued from page 72)
The Soft Beauty Skin

In your community—probably in your neighborhood—are many women of fine appearance who could tell you that the secret of their fair complexion is due to the unvarying softness of their skin; that it always remains soft regardless of weather exposure; that any long, tedious process of skin treatment is unnecessary when Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is used. Rough, irritated or unhealthy conditions soon disappear and smooth, fine textured, wholesome skin is gradually developed. The Week-End Bottle gives you a week's trial; the regular size will last two months.

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With my style book you will come a credit certificate, opening the way to discount. When you get ready to buy, simply tell me what to send. If you wish, I will send the cost over several months—paying me as you please.

I intend my crew simply as an extra advantage that women everywhere enjoy. I offer it, because it allows women of moderate means to buy from me in the most advantageous manner. You get the advantage of new things early in the season and paying as you get use and pleasure from them.

I Am Especially Proud of My Approval Plan

I would never dream of asking you to run any risk in ordering from me. I send things on approval, right into your home. You give me plenty of time to try them on, to compare them and to reach a decision. If you are not perfectly pleased, you return your selections, and I pay the postage back. My free trial can never cost you a penny.

Send Only

Silk George Waist

If you wish this waist—tell us to send it on approval. Envelope only one dollar. It will be sent at your risk.

The material is guaranteed pure silk georgette. It is of the latest fashion, and has been knitted and finished with fine linen hand-worked embroidery. It is a perfect fit to your figure. It is made to order, and arrived fast. Delightfully elastic, with a lovely front, and arrived fast. Digitally tailored, with a lovely front, and arrived fast.无数 geometrical designs, or be cut for summer wear. Starting from shoulder seam to hem, perfectly finished on both sides, or be cut for summer wear. Starting from shoulder seam to hem, perfectly finished on both sides. Silk George in back. Close fitting, new style cuffs.

COLORS: White, flesh, navy blue, Belgeion blue, or fashion gray. Sizes 26 to 42, bust measure, no larger. Order from this paper. No. U. 4P 3470. Price prepaid $4.98

Hand Embroidered

Every Question of Style Answered In My New Book

I know bo women pore over fashion magazines to get new ideas for dress. They naturally want to know in advance of the season, what will be worn. With me all this day is in day out business. You will learn from my new book whether skirts will be short or long, and what the widths will be. You will get first hand information about the season's colors and fabrics; the newest ideas in trimmings and latest tendencies in blouses and other articles of dress. Every question about footwear will be settled. You are naturally asking yourself if it the government regulations have been withdrawn. Let my style book tell you all about these things. Send it for it as a fashion guide. Nothing more. Think about buying later.

Departments—Suits, coats, dresses, waists, skirts, hats, shoes, lingerie, underwear, children's wear, etc., and 300 kinds of pie goods.

All Bargains—How I Get Them

I was virtually brought up in the ladies' wearing apparel business. I know the experts, and the real dressing styles. I have been connected with all the famous dressmakers in the city, and I know the men and women who make the clothes. You can't be too careful about your money. You will get the best from me. I have had some wonderful experiences in the business. I have always tried to give the best service possible. You will find me honest and trustworthy. I have always been a friend to the working girl. I will try to give you the best value for your money. I have always been a friend to the working girl. I will try to give you the best value for your money.

MARTHA LANE ADAMS, 3715 Maspal Road, Chicago

Dorothy, Alan and Gwen

(Continued from page 35)

able to stay in one place, and no more wants to travel about, facing foothills. Alan Holubar was born in San Francisco in 1889, so he is just a few years his wife's senior.

Miss Phillips played some victrola records in which she is especially for "You see, I can't accommodate to music at the studio. While I don't always have

music while I act—for instance, strong emotional parts I need vivacity, exciting music. In sad roles I want something like the Chopin 'Berceuse' or E-flat nocturne, or one or two Nevin's, tender, pathetic little songs. But there are some straight parts which require so much thought for their work out, so much detail work and not too emotions, that I would be distracted if heard any music. I just can't help listening when I hear music, I love it too. A attention would be diverted from a serious portrayal if I heard something either wildly exhilarating or sentimental. I believe that music is always necessary to spur on the emotions, to bring about moods. At last, that is how it affects me."

And every day winds up with a real truly tea-party on the lawn, where Miss Phillips' hand-crocheted table-cove grace a portable table, and where Gw dolyn has a little picnic table right close to "mother dear." And there's not thinking in this whole world that Doris Phillips undertakes which does not some way include a thought of love for her baby.

"And will Gwendolyn act some these days?"

"That's up to her, in slang parlance laughed Miss Phillips, happily. "She never has, of course, and we do not for her to the studio. We have a very housekeeper, who looks after the ba while we are away, and we let Gwendolyn have a normal, healthy development. If the germ which has been boding duty and myself should one d inoculate her, we won't be held back our, but we are planning that she shi have a splendid education, that if should pass out she will be provided for, and that she to be so sensibly brought up that she won't become selfish or a tramp. I believe that we are three the happiest people in the world!"

The Purple and Gold Darmonce

(Continued from page 68)

cabbage and, when she was a little girl her pet ambition was to be a milline Her contract is with the J. D. Hampf Productions Company. I almost forgot to say that she bought a gorgeous new car, which, it now, she loves to talk about to friends, who have cars that "can't be beat".

"Some day when you come to see me she said, "I may be showing off a new airplane; who knows?"

(Seventy)
A Dozen Chaplins, and They Are All Charlie
(Continued from page 19)

A typical worker. Sometimes he will re-arrange a scene ten times and “take it” only once. He leads. Usually he shows a member of the cast how to do his lines. The actors of the company always help him. Charlie is a splendid fellow. 

Peculiar to Stamford, no He-ee-and-easy 
iia Dwn ron. 
jght t'een 3.

He fact is, Charlie knows very little of his own or anybody else’s money. He couldn’t buy a bag of peas without being cheated in the process. His brother Syd invests all his money, and he is a very shrewd investor is he.

Sometimes Charlie has a whole twenty-dollar bill in his pocket, and he feels a little guilty about it. He weighs it around him, and shows it to his friends.

Late years Charlie has been in the “stepping around in society.” Here is a peculiar charm to social circles in Los Angeles. Probably no one in the world do so many great things make their home. To a sort of free-and-easy Western air is added charm of individual distinction. He would choose to death trying to be the air of a stiffer and more formal society, but he finds a charming charm in a certain circle of well-known Los Angeles people who welcome him. He doesn’t have to pose; he can be impulsive, genuine self.

It is a high-brow circle headed by a motion picture director’s wife. She is a cultured expert of illustrious and high degree. She has salons at which everybody soars. None of them know exactly what they are talking about, but that is a detail. Charlie sat frozen to his seat. Ever since then, on occasion, he has given the most excruciatingly funny imitations of the people he saw there. There is no Chaplin picture on the screen as funny as Charlie’s take-off of the lady who quoted Bergson. If she ever sees it there will be a murder.

Every Tuesday night Charlie is a prize-fight fan. Just beyond the edge of the city there is a little factory town named Vernon, where sports flourish. There are two or three roadhouses where the one-step is propagated. There is Jack Doyle’s fight arena, where the fistic art is cultivated. Almost every big movie star in the business is to be seen at the ringside every Tuesday night. Charlie rents two ringside seats for the year. Near him sits Douglas Fairbanks. When she is in California, Mrs. Vernon Castle has the ringside seats next to Chaplin’s. It is an eminently respectable place, attended by almost as many women as men. It is more fun to watch Chaplin at a fight than it is to watch the fight.

(Continued on page 80)

He First Notices Your Complexion

Make your complexion beautiful—attractive—a reason for admiration.

If your complexion is naturally rough, or lacks that exquisite texture so greatly to be desired, give it a few touches of

CARMEN

COMPLEXION

POWDER

and see how well it commands the glance of approba- tion.

White, Cream, Flesh, Pink

30 Cents

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48 Photos of Movie Stars

reproduced in halftone, On cardboard, suitable for framing. Arbuckle, Rana, Chaplin, Pickford, Anita Stewart, Pearl White, etc. Both male and female STARS are all here in CLASSY POSES. By mail postpaid 15 cents. Stamps or Coins.

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of the Enlarged Joint and Bunion. Sent on approval. Money back if not as represented. Send uniform for test. One of the improved样式s. Can be worn without shoes.

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JAP ROSE
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Its odor is so delicate and fascinating—like the breath of a rose—and it is so smooth, refreshing and soothing to their tender skin.

That is why it is preferred by the growing young, too, who are satisfied with only the best.

Trial Offer: Send 2c for a attractive Wreck-

Pack containing four Jap Rose mini-

atures, consisting of each of Talcum Powder, Soap, Cold Cream and Toilet Water.

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evenings are worn. It assuages freedom of move-

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corrects. That is why all use Delatone.

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Delatone is an old and well known scien-
tific preparation for the quick, easy and certain removal of 

hairy growths, no matter how thick or stubborn. After application the skin is

clear, firm and beautiful, with no pain or disci-

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Specialists recommend Delatone for the

depilation of undesirable hair from face, neck or

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THE SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL CO.
Dept. HZ, 339 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gossip of the Pacific Coast

(Continued from page 69)

Herbert Rawlison, Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, Lieut. Lawrence Grossmith, Sallie Coe and Sylvia Breamer snapped between scenes during the filming of Commodore Blackton's "A House Divided".
How I Teach Piano

To More Persons than Were Ever Taught by One Man Before

I make good players of them in quarter the usual time, at quarter the usual cost, and all by correspondence.

“Impossible!” some persons said when I started, twenty-five years ago, but every year I obtained more students, until today many hundreds of men and women are studying with me in all quarters of the globe. Every state of the Union contains scores of accomplished players of piano or organ who obtained their entire training from me by mail, and at quarter the usual cost and effort. I will gladly refer you to any number of my graduates who will soon convince you of the surprising results they obtained by my scientific method. Write for my 64-page free booklet, “How to Learn Piano or Organ.”

You learn faster, not because anything is omitted, but because you use every possible scientific assistance—many of which are entirely unknown to the average teacher. My patented invention the COLOROTONE sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a “nightmare” to students—becomes easy and fascinating. It enables you, in your third lesson, to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well. This one fact saves you months of time. The COLOROTONE is patented and cannot be used by any other teacher of conservatory.

With my fifth lesson I send you another important and exclusive invention, QUINNDEX, a mechanical “movie.” It shows you every movement of my wrists, hands and fingers at the keyboard. You see the fingers move, as clearly as if thrown on the moving picture screen. You do not have to reproduce your teacher’s finger movements from your MEMORY—which naturally cannot be always accurate. Instead, you have the correct models right before your eyes during every minute of practise. You follow them minutely and exactly without any chance of error or misunderstanding. Without Quinn-dex much of your time (and your teacher’s time) would be devoted to correcting bad habits acquired through faulty practise. This discourages more students and wastes more time than any other single factor. Quinn-dex does away with it entirely. You cannot obtain anything like Quinn-dex except from me. Moving pictures have never before been applied to piano instruction. Quinn-dex is operated easily and simply by hand, and even a child can successfully use it. It contains 684 separate pictures. Quinn-dex is fully explained in my free booklet “How To Learn Piano or Organ.” Write today.

The old way of studying with a so-called “private teacher” by the oral or “spoken” method is rapidly being discarded, and anybody can see why. If you want a teacher “all to yourself” and can afford only $1 to $5 a lesson, it goes without saying that you can obtain only third-rate instruction. No true authority could give you his entire, exclusive attention for so small a fee. Furthermore, by the old-fashioned oral method, at least half your “private teacher’s” time is absolutely thrown away in giving you routine instructions about clef signs, measure bars, sharps, flats, the value of notes and rests, etc., etc., which are necessarily the same for all students and could just as easily be put into writing. Of course you can’t remember a quarter of what he tells you, so most of your next lesson is taken up going over the same material again. This truly sinful waste is entirely done away with by my WRITTEN METHOD. Your routine instructions are all in writing for reference any time, day or night. Nothing is forgotten nor needlessly repeated. You obtain as much of my time as you really need, and every minute of it is devoted to your real guidance, and not to routine instructions. In all essential ways you are in closer touch with me than if you were studying by the oral method—yet my lessons cost you only 43 cents each—and they include all the many recent developments in scientific teaching. For the student of moderate means, this method of studying is far superior to all others. Even for the wealthiest student, there is nothing better at any price. You may be certain that your progress is at all times in accord with the best musical thought of the present day, and this makes all the difference in the world.

Investigate Without Cost—Special Offer

My method is endorsed by distinguished musicians and educators who certainly would not recommend a second-rate system. It is for beginners, or experienced players, from 14 to over 60 years of age. You progress as rapidly or slowly as you wish, in spare time at home. All necessary music is included free and becomes your property. Diploma and degree granted. The tuition fee is now, for a short time, cut exactly in half, on account of our Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Offer. Investigate without cost or obligation. Write today, using postcard, letter or Free Book Coupon for my 64-page free booklet “How to Learn Piano or Organ.”

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Address ..................................................
Pay Her $3
For Each Empty Package

A Suggestion to Men

The 32-cent package of Quaker Oats contains 6,221 calories—the energy measure of food value.

In meat, eggs and fish the average cost of 6,221 calories would be at least $3.50.

So each 32-cent package served in place of meats saves around $3. And the housewife who saves it should have it.

Make each empty package worth $3 in some special household fund. Then watch the fund grow.

This is how some necessary foods compare in cost, at this writing, based on their calorie values:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Quaker Oats</th>
<th>Cost of 6221 Calories</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>In Quaker Oats</td>
<td>$0.32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Round Steak</td>
<td>2.54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Veal Cutlets</td>
<td>3.53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Average Fish</td>
<td>3.70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Canned Peas</td>
<td>3.35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Cod Fish</td>
<td>4.85</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

And Quaker Oats, which costs so little, is the greatest food in the list.

Analysis shows the oat to be almost the ideal food in balance and completeness.

Make Quaker Oats your standard breakfast. That's the best way to bring down food cost.

Quaker Oats means extra flavor without extra cost. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flaky oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

In millions of homes this exquisite flavor has made the oat dish popular.

Two Sizes: 12c to 13c—30c to 32c
Except in the Far West and South
Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover
Fail to Buy These Real Photos of Movie Stars

YOU admire the clairvoyance through which mortals...
The Girl With the Nursery-Rhyme Name
(Continued from page 49)
alive in the breast of the beginner.) Marjorie Daw was "discovered." At
Geraldine Farrar's advice, Cecil B. De
Mille gave the child a five-year contract.
"And that," said Marjorie Daw, was the greatest thrill of my life!
After "The Warrens of Virginia" she appeared in "The Secret Orchard" with
Blanche Sweet, "The Puppet Crown" with Ina Clair and Raymond Hatton,
and "Out of Darkness" with Charlotte Wallis.
When she reached the "awkward" age the company sent her away to school.
Among the pictures made since her return are "The Jaguar's Claws" with Sus-
se Hayakawa and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" with Mary Pickford.
The Fairbanks pictures are "The Man from Painted Post," "A Modern Mus-
eketeer," "Bourne in Morocco," "He Comes Up Smiling" and "Arizona."
"But I think that the most thrilling experience I ever had in a picture was when we were making 'A Modern Mus-
eketeer," she went on. "You know some of the scenes were taken at the Canyon Du Schley. Before we left here I was
looking forward to a glorious time. Mil-
dred Harris had a vacation about then,
so she and her mother went with us.
Then I fell and broke my ankle and had to be sent home. It was thrilling but
disagreeable!"
She belongs to the most exclusive club imaginable. They meet every Tuesday
night at the home of Lillian and Dorothy Gish. The club has only a few members,
the Gish sisters, Blanche Sweet, Con-
stance Talmadge, Mildred Harris and
Marjorie Daw being the most faithful.
(Tuesday is the night that they are least
likely to have engagements, because it is
"fight night" at Vernon, and among the men the younger set is likely to be there
in a body."
I almost forgot to tell you about Mar-
jorie Daw's New Year resolutions. She
is going to try and be more careful about
business and from now on she is going
to carry a notebook with her wherever she goes.
"Why the notebook?" I queried.
"Because," she said, "I've lacked my
ambition. I want to be a scenario writer.
And, perhaps, after a while I'll write short stories, too; who knows?"

Across the Footlights
(Continued from page 7)
Shubert's, "Scandal" has already reached the footlights in London, where it is a
distinct hit, with Arthur Bourchier and Miss Kylee Pelley as the leading roles.
There is a piquant "nightie" scene in the
stage version that has had London gasp-
ing.

STAGE NOTES
Mrs. Vernon Castle has returned from
London. She says she will not dance
again, but will appear on either the stage
or screen.
Nat C. Goodwin died at the Claridge
(Continued on page 83)
Don’t Make That Sad Mistake!

You will make one if you marry some happy, healthy, pure young girl, and make her the mother of children who will be a grief to her and a reproach to you as long as you live.

Are you strong, vigorous, healthy, with good red blood in your veins and an abounding vitality, that will impart to your children the same qualities when you bring them into the world?

Or are you weak, thin, stoop-shouldered, with your blood like water, or poisoned by constipation; dyspeptic; always eating poorly and sleeping poorly—just dragging yourself through your daily tasks, with no bit of pep or get-up-and-go about you?

What YOU are, your children will be, only MORE SO. There's no getting around it.

The Law of Heredity Can’t Be Evaded

You can be the father of strong, sturdy, happy children, no matter what you are or your children are, if you build up your physical organism, strengthen your vital organs, clear the cobwebs out of your brain; FIT YOURSELF to live a whole man’s life and do a whole man’s work in the world.

If you have err’d in the past and are suffering now, or fearing the later consequences of those youthful indiscretions, get hold of yourself, BE A MAN, correct the conditions that will be fatal to your own happiness and the happiness of the girl you love if you should enter the state of matrimony while those conditions still exist.

NONE OF WHAT CAUSED YOU TO LOSE YOUR MANHOOD; whether it was your own fault or circumstances you could not control. YOU CAN BE A REAL MAN AGAIN and the father of happy, healthy, laughing children—and I CAN SHOW YOU HOW TO BECOME ONE.

Let Me Help You Become a REAL MAN

I can help you build yourself up; help you strengthen yourself; make your heart, lungs, liver, stomach, help rid you of headaches, dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation. I can help you turn that thin, watery blood of yours into the rich, red blood of a fighting man fit to fight the battle of life under ANY circumstances and WIN IT.

Whatever handicap you may be laboring under, the result of weakness caused by early errors, I can help you correct it and without the use of powders, pills or potions of any kind. I can help you mentally and physically to become the kind of man you want to be: a man your wife and your children and of yourself build up into the kind of man you ought to be; the kind of man you WANT to be, and—above all—the kind of man your wife or the girl who is to be your wife, wants you to be and BELIEVES YOU TO BE NOW.

Don’t Be Only Half a Man!

You can never get ahead; you can never be successful; you can never be happy or make your wife happy or have happy children unless you WAKE UP and pull yourself out of the rut. Unless you build up your physical organism, strengthen your vital organs, clear the cobwebs out of your brain; FIT YOURSELF to live a whole man’s life and do a whole man’s work in the world.

If you have erred in the past and are suffering now, or fearing the later consequences of those youthful indiscretions, get hold of yourself, BE A MAN, correct the conditions that will be fatal to your own happiness and the happiness of the girl you love if you should enter the state of matrimony while those conditions still exist.

NONE OF WHAT CAUSED YOU TO LOSE YOUR MANHOOD; whether it was your own fault or circumstances you could not control. YOU CAN BE A REAL MAN AGAIN and the father of happy, healthy, laughing children—and I CAN SHOW YOU HOW TO BECOME ONE.

Take the First Step Right Now

Take hold of yourself in time, by sitting down and filling out the Free Consultation Coupon below. GET A FREE COPY of my book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength, and Mental Energy.”

It will cost you three 2c stamps for mailing expenses, nothing more, and you OBLIGATE YOURSELF TO NOTHING WHATSOEVER.

Mark the subject in the coupon that interests you most and I will send you FREE, in addition to the book, information which you will find of immense help right at the beginning.

I KNOW I CAN HELP YOU, because I already have helped thousands of other men, who have written to me—though they were the first step by filling out and sending me the coupon. DO IT NOW!

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UNTIL THE THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATION

(Continued from page 23)

“I will,” said young Warner, and two days later he sailed for America and has lived here ever since.

In America he appeared successfully in “Nurse Marjorie,” “Susan in Search of a Husband,” “Salomy Jane,” “These Are My People.” He became a full-fledged star in “Alias Jimmy Valentine,” from which time he has remained one of the most popular men on our stage.

This winter his Broadway success was the famous character of “D sonsth,” but he has signed a contract to go to California and do pictures as soon as he can leave this popular play.

“It’s better that the baby should be in the land of sunshine, where she can be out of doors all day long. For myself, perpetual sunshine is as tiresome as perpetual rain.

The bad must come to make the good appreciated.

“Do you like pictures?”

“I like them if they are produced properly, which, I might add, is seldom. Frankly, I cannot tolerate a lot of noise, a lot of vulgar swearing. I will be with pleasant people—the Robertson-Cole Company. I am sure they will let me have my way. I am going to make it a rule there be no swearing or roughness about the studio. To make a production that is artistic in any sense of the word, the atmosphere must be congenial.”

Mr. Warner is a keen student of human nature. He is a wide reader, and, of course, a clever talker. His voice has the soft-tone quality, resultant from generations of culture. He is a perfect example of control. He can feel, but you would scarcely know it. Possessed of a keen sense of humor, he never laughs boisterously. He is like a Kentucky race-horse, nerves taut, sensitive, with all of his surplus speed checked, the surface by perfect poise and mental balance.

“Marriage,” says H. B. Warner, “is a success when it is fifty per cent. team-work and fifty per cent. sense of humor. The trouble with most couples is that they forget the other party is human.

Wives should realize that men are creatures of failings. Did they laugh at them all annoyances would be forgotten.

Women love strength in a man. Strength of mind, character, or physical strength.

“I believe married life is the only happy existence. As some one once said, ‘Man was not meant to live alone.’

“My mother lives in England, you know. She has her own lot—home in the suburbs. She is comfortable. For eight years I have tried to persuade her to come and visit us. You see, I couldn’t make her stir herself out of her comfortable rut even to come and see me. But now there’s Joan, so I am sure she will come to us in California, and then we will have all my people with me. I shall be a perfectly happy man.”

“You will mind leaving your New York friends?”

“I have very few real friends,” he philosophically eyeing his cigar smoke. “I seldom see those I have. I suppose they were in trouble, I would walk over barefoot over glass-covered Pavements, if it would help them. A friend is a person who loves one for one’s faults and wishes to help one overcome his failings. It is easy to call one’s friend when all is rosy.

“I believe luck, you know. Lu is the only thing that makes one person succeed where another fails,”

I gasped. “You believe in luck?”

“Certainly. Opportunity knocks—a person makes a great success. He may have no more ability than another man who plods all his life. But it showed him his opportunity.”

“Yes and you really want your daughter to go on the stage?” I asked, my mind reverting backwards.

“Certainly, if she wants to—any woman will want to, I am sure. I am proud of my profession. Why shouldn’t I be.

The stage does as much for the highbrow pervert as any other business. People who are aware of its immorality are all wrong. I am not going to church as often as some. My religion is in my own heart. I do what is right or wrong according to my own ideals. I do not fear death. I know I were going to die tomorrow would not be the first time.”

We are glad that H. B. Warner is coming back to the screen. A man who has separated the gold from the dross of existence, a man whose talent is inborn, and who has refined that knowledge of life as it should be can give to the silversheet an added poise and understanding.

The Extra Girl Becomes Village Belle

(Continued from page 53) graduate.

She smiled a greeting to every one in general, and every one in particular thought she attended it for him and smiled back. That way with a genuine smile. Any number of people may take it without infringing on the rights of others.

Of course, it was Ruth who received the greatest round of applause, she was the most beloved girl in the world. It was Ruth who reserved her best smile, for she had promised to her teaching more than any other child in the school was Ruth’s mother, Miss Kingsley. She shed tears of joy at her unmixed popularity, which tears said more to preserve intact for the close of the evening back until her face was flushed with the sunshine. But it is only the tears that can be prevented from falling on the line of least resistance, the downward path and disappearing. The other queer reactions, too.

(Continued on page 87)
arrangement to bring about moving picture world dominion, and we came together. There is no reason why others who make first-class pictures, such as Norma Talmadge, and Clark Gable, and others, could not join our organization should they so desire.

"We have plenty of capital and business backing to put into effect the necessary booking machinery, and the public will be the gainer by the new organization."

The big stars will and must produce fewer and better stories. This means the coming of the story into its proper place. We see signs of this everywhere. Mary Pickford pays $80,000 for "Pollyanna" and "Daddy Long Legs," while Anita Stewart buys "Virtuous Wives" for $40,000. Any price for a good story! In time similar prices will be paid for original scenarios and the big writers will begin to create for the screen. Then will the photoplay begin.

It isn't an impossible conclusion to believe that producers will of a necessity cease to turn out photoplays on machine schedule and divert their attention to creating from four, six or eight sincere, dignified, well-done productions a year—productions that will draw because the name of the maker will come to mean something.

We are told by exhibitors that just four stars can be depended upon to draw in any sort of weather: Chaplin, Pickford, Fairbanks and Norma Talmadge.

Yet, with one exception, the draw of even these fluctuates. Chaplin maintains his tremendous pulling power because he devotes two months or more to making three reels of comedy; to cutting, eliminating and changing until he has a well-nigh perfect bit of film. Chaplin alone of all screenland is looking into the future with prophetic eyes. On the other hand, Fairbanks turns out "Arizona" and "The Girl of the Golden West" and his next movie will be a failure. Miss Talmadge draws ahead with "The Heart of Wotana" after one or two just average pictures. So it goes.

The star combination, whether it is just a strategic scheme for the moment or a permanent thing, foreshadows just one thing:

The making of better and fewer pictures, with increasing valuation placed upon the story.

The World to Live In
(Continued from page 65)

The Star on the Defensive
(Continued from page 17)

The Field of Dishonor

SHE had never seen a highwayman before. This one had on army officer's boots and the man was laughing and told him so. But it was serious business for him. He needed death, and dishonor. It is a story as startling and curious with its tangle of romance and adventure—with its daring, thrilling climax—that it could only be told by that maker of romance—

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(v Seven-ten)

April 7th

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All coupons postmarked on or before midnight of April 7th get the present low prices of a walk and mail this chance. Mail your coupon for a complete set for examination and the Stevenson Free today.

Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York
Corinne, Chocolate Cake and Deep, Dark Secret
(Continued from page 21)
put me in pictures. The best I could
was to try not to look dazed. B
really was. Now I've learned how to
my identity a little in a part, I think.

"I want to do melodrama. I
that best. There's one play I'd just
—The Willow-Tree.' There
possibility that I shall have it, too.

"Every night I go to the movies,
Miss Griffith ran on. "It's the only
advance. I study all the stars, I
love Joyce best. When I tell
that, and also that I have the next d
room to Miss Joyce down at a
graph, every one marvels. By all
rules, we should be throwing make-up
each other. But she's a dear."

Miss Griffith sighed. "If I could
ograph like that! My!
love roles that call for beau
costumes—simply love 'em. One
have a luxurious soul."

We hated to stop the confession
that mysterious favor was preying
our mind.

"What was that you wanted us
to for you?" we asked, casual-like.

"It's this," said Miss Griffith, all
nessness. "Tell folks I'm not mad .
cause I'm not."

"Really?" we ventured, recalling
very one fancied she was Mrs. W. T.
Campbell.

"Honest and true. It's awful
credited with a husband when I
haven't got one. And I haven't.
start when I was in California. I
got out that I was to be married
press-agent here in New York re
and used it in publicity just as it
dappened. And I've never been at
stop it ever since. That report is
right on going and going. It's—
horrible!"

"Frightful!" we appended.

"When you haven't really got a
continued Miss Griffith. "I wish
weren't out shopping. She'd prove
you."

But we couldn't wait for moth
to return from her shopping expen
So we present our facts as we got
them.

Corinne certainly ought to know.
Anyway, we believe it, because
looked into those blue Grifftihan e

A Dozen Chaplins, and The
Are All Charlie
(Continued from page 71)
You have seen people sitting beside
chauffeurs merely driving the car, to
see them stiffen as they jam my
imaginary brakes and step on imaginary
throttles. Well, that's Charlie at a
fight. He ducks and snorts and
dogs. If you sit next to him you go home
lacerated. When the knock
comes and one of the fighters is
floor squirming and whirling in
Charlie's face looks worse than the
sufferer.
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or 5 S. Wabash Ave., ED-213, Chicago, Ill.
Peggy Does Her Darndest
(Continued from page 58)

in it that would go swell with your hair!"

He came closer, leaning down at her.

"Listen, baby-doll, I got a hankerking to see the inside of the house yonder. If you slip down tonight at twelve, say, and let me in, that comb is yours! And a kiss in the bargain. How's that listen to you?"

The French maid considered, smiled delightfully and without guile. "Mais certainement!" she told him. "Tonight at twelve—whee, whee!"

During dinner that night Peggy was unusually silent. And afterward she disappeared as completely as the Fate had simply erased her from the blackboard of Life. On the porch below, saccharine with moonlight, confidence-compelling, the Honorable Hugh held the fair Eleanor's hand, and thought, so clever are women, that he did it because he wanted to.

In the room above a small figure was busy assuming, one after another, various strange and wonderful disguises, from that of a minstrel show negro, thru low-comedy Charlie Chaplin, to the uneven, irregularly mustached individual who had disturbed Mr. Ensloe's soliloquies in the library some nights before. But none of them was fully satisfactory. They didn't do, so Peggy decided, make her look different enough.

Chin in cupped hands, she considered the question, and a great light was vouchsafed her. Eyes shining, checks flushing, she stole from her room and down the hall to the pink and puffy chamber where, amid rose Dub Barry curtains, French gray and cane and crystal jars and bottles, her sister planned her conquests.

From a well-filled wardrobe Peggy chose a vampire gown of satin strung with jet, daringly cut, worldly wise, and clasping this wickedly of costumes to her breast, she scurried back to her own room and proceeded to array herself in it.

Aghast, she stared at the shameless and sophisticated young person in the mirror, and for an instant she quailed. But Peggy was game.

"Tho it's queer," she reflected, as she sat herself down in one big chair by the window to will, "how much more disguised I am by taking things off than by putting things on!"

Let us now, in the manner of the poets, proceed to apostrophize midnight and bid it hasten on black-sandaled feet to keep its nightly tryst with the world.

No doubts or apprehensions disturbed Harrison Ensloe's slumber. No fear of impending marriage writhed thru the Honorable Hugh's dreams. Neither her steel-pronged halo of curlers nor chinstrap harness awakened the vampirish Eleanor from pleasing visions of being presented at the Court of Saint James.

Crash! And again a crash, succeeded by a howl.

In the library below Peggy stooped calmly over the prostrate figure outspread at her feet, examined a rapidly swelling protuberance on the point of his
in and spoke aloud, with pardonable implacability:
"A bully uppercut, if I do say so!
In that left is still weak."

Inarticulate sounds in several keys drew her gaze to the doorway, wherein stood the Ensloe family and the onerous Hugh. Peggy beam'd upon him, waving an explanatory hand at her victim. "After the diamonds," she explained, succinctly. "Your precious petrified overtook himself, dad, so I had to step in."

Mrs. Ensloe ran to her daughter with hysterical sob. "But precious," she uttered, "he had—a-gunt!"

"Sure he did," assented her daughter, dimly, "but I just naturally handed him a upper to the jaw and it took. That's I."

"Oh, I say—ripping!" cried the Honorable Hugh, taking a step toward her, anamny to look, in spite of his disant advantage costume of pajamas and a dressing-gown, extremely dignified, remarkably handsome, essentially masculine.

Glancing at him, Eleanor was suddenly minded of the curlers and chin-strap she fled with a shriek, followed more owly by her father and mother, who ad caught a certain look on the two faces they were leaving, and were wise a generation.

However, they might have stayed for the Honorable Hugh. To him there as only one person at present on earth, slim, gallant girl-creature with shy brown eyes and a wistful, frightened nile. With a little low laugh he went to his One Person and took her into his arms.

"Peggy," said the Honorable Hugh, "I love you!"

"Maybe," suggested Peggy, against a rimson brocaded shoulder, "maybe it's just this dress—"

"Maybe it's just you!" said the Honorable Hugh, with a shake in his deep voice. "Oh, little Peggy-girl! Won't you say that you do care—just a little—for me?"

Peggy's red-gold hair nestled against his breast, Peggy's red lips lifted to his kiss. "Well," whispered Peggy, contentedly, "well, I'll do my darndest to!"

Across the Footlights

(Continued from page 76)

Hotel, New York, on Jan. 31. His last appearance was in "Why Marry?" in Philadelphia a few days before.

David Belasco has just produced a drama of Irish village life, "Dark Rosaleen," in which Eileen Huban has the ending rôle.

Marjorie Rambou is playing the star rôle in Leighton Graves Osman's "The Fortune-Teller," prior to departing for London for an English season.

Henry Miller and Blanche Bates are appearing in Philip Moeller's "Molière," Miller playing Molière, Miss Bates appearing as Madame de Montespan and Jolbrooke Blinn being seen as Louis XIV.

(Continued on next page)
as related to the purchase of sound dividend-paying securities under the easy and convenient terms of "The Ten Payment Plan."

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WM. P. S.—Oh no, Charlie Chaplin is handsome without his make-up. His wife is a little beauty. Carol Holloway is with Vitagraph. Thanks so much. When I get letters like yours, it makes me try to turn on my cheerfulness and lighten the way for my readers.

LILLIAN L.—Lincoln's famous Gettysburg address was delivered Nov. 19, 1863. House Peters with the Garson Company. His last play was "The Forfeit." Jack Holt is with Paramount, and Beau Wilson is not playing.

JOYALIS, THE JOYAL.—Never noticed that. You like "Bleak House" best. Remember when I was a youngster I always liked "Great Expectations."" There is the same tone. I'll tell you about it some day. My family is a little taken with it. Nothing is printed at Marseilles. May Allison's sister never played in pictures. Dustin Farnum is 44 years old and William Farnum is 42.

BRETTELL, A K.—I don't think it is that on most of our covers the players have their mouths open. He who has fine teeth laughs most. Thanks for all you say, but applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

SLIPPERY SLIM.—So you have been called a sweet kid. Reminds me—Willie fell in the molasses barrel in the shed. "Now I'll lick you, Willie," his mother said, and that's what I ought to do to you, kid. But, yes, go on! FLORETTA DE GRASSE.—It was General Joffre who said to the French army at the Marne, Sept. 5, 1914: "The hour has come to advance at any cost, because she is cold. If we are thinking of renaming Ocean Boulevard in Brooklyn Joffre Boulevard in honor of him. Sussee Hayakawa is going to remain in pictures and not go to Japan.

M. V. W.—I never brought up any children, so I can advise you—a little out of my line. But I know that a boy resents injustice more than punishment, and nothing has a better effect on children than praise. Try it.

SALLIE SAPHIRE.—A fool's heart is in his tongue, but a wise man's tongue is in his heart. What does this mean to you? When you find yourself inclined to be angry, speak in a low tone. Say yourself, Sallie.

SUSAN B.—For some reason or other, I haven't been hearing from the soldier-boys. They are all too busy. In Russia it is a Russian word and means council or committee. It is used particularly at present to designate the councils of the working men who are controlling the actions of the revolutionary government.


RISQUE.—Yes, we like crackle-jack. The shortage of coal is due to the lack of labor, congested transportation and increased consumption. But if there were no little people in the world we should not be great, and we ought not to be great except for their sake.

Henry Walthall played briefly in "The Awakening" on the Broadway speaking stage.

FREX.—No I am not so bold that I don't know where my bald head leaves off and my face begins, nor do I keep my hat on when I wash my face. You want more about Robert Harron? Right. Now that 2/3 of a person's life is spent in hesitating, and the other third in repenting.

ALICE O'T.—Too late now.

TOE DANCER.—As a toe dancer you may be wonderful and also a good singer, but I can't help you get in the pictures. You apparently are not a dancer, as you say. No action, looks and words step from the alphabet and spell character. Some character to a tab. BLUERIB.—Thanks for the dike. All about Eugene O'Brien. He's quite a boy, and getting a place in the sun for himself. Don't know how old he is, but the alimony is the cost of an affinity. No, I never belonged to the Alimony Club—how could I on $9 per?

PRINCESS L.—Alice Brady is playing in "In the Picture". She is 26. Frank Mayo married—no. But our general health is the speedometer that tells us how fast we are living.

EVERY-WAN-NO-SUM-MORE.—Shoot, and you will get it. Mignon Anderson, Metro; Miriam Cooper, Fox; Margaret Courtis, isn't playing, but she is in the Brady picture. Join one of the clubs there—is not your stock of information rich enough?

PEARL WHITE ADAMS.—Pearl White is writing a book on her life. Will you let me know when it is finished. Shouldn't take much longer, because she isn't very old. Isn't it so that the higher we rise, the more isolated and colder we are? You see if I was an ice man I'd be colder still."

CLOWN PRINCE.—Jules Raucourt was Pierre in "Prunella." Edna Goodrich in "The House of Lilies." Nothing is too much for me. James Kirkwood directed Evelyn Nesbitt in "I Want to Forget."

THU JAYS.—You ask what is the difference between the men and a drunkenard. That one is so old that it has whiskers. Because the moon is full once a month, and the drunkenard full every night. But, pray, what has this to do with M. P.? So you are going to be married according to the fortune-teller—my boy there is no tatter of fortunes except Bradstreet and Diny because she isn't very old. Isn't it so that the higher we rise, the more isolated and colder we are? You see if I was an ice man I'd be colder still."

SHRIMP FLYNN.—Alice Brady was Flora and Helen Montrose was Mrs. Maitland in "The Danger Man." Alice Brady is playing in "For Ever After" at the Plymouth Theater, New York. And why worry? Shrimps don't worry the two great causes of worry are idleness and ill health.

DASOTA BILL.—Well, a box came in to me for Christmas without any contents, marked "Received in bad condition and that may have been from you, Bill. Thanks just the same." Carlyle Blackwell and Evelyn Greely in "Love in a Hurry."
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Tiny bottle costs few cents at drug stores—anywhere

The Movie Encyclopedia

(Continued from page 84)

BES. S.—Irene Castle has denied that she is to wed Tom Powers of the old Vitagraph. Some day we'll see an article in The Classic on how double exposures are made. Your ending is good, but let me say that there is one thing worse than dishonesty—incompetency, and you have neither.

Miss Movie.—So you think I am getting old very fast. Not any faster than the rest of you. But Pathe, and a Spanish Mooreno is again playing for Vitagraph. No, I haven't been bored by your letter, and you can go on with your Wally or gent, as you put it. Nothing doing—you can't bribe me. (Note—Did you know that a gent is a person who writes parrots and pronounces Italian-talk?)

Inquisitive Ann.—Fire away, Ann; I've got my typewriter all set. A regular old Monarch machine, electric last of the year, huge opening, the kind where you can type with a basketful, and letters in front of me, letters behind me, and—well, just play the old racket.

Let me know how you make out with your studies.

Daffodil.—Reminds me of spring. Looking in the florist's window the other day, I read a sign, "We give a packet of seed with every plant. Across the street in another florist's shop, a sign in bold type, "We give the earth with every plant." Yes, Hale Henry is still commending it.

Lotta Nerive.—Not so much. Colvis established the kingdom on the site now occupied by the great Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris. Oh, but Frank Losee was Uncle Tom.

Appreciative.—Don't know where you can reach Leo Reed.

Bushwick Commercial Girl.—Harold Lockwood was his real name, Robert Walker is 31 years old. Yes, E. K. Lincoln is married, Thanks for the fee.

Announcing Bill.—Florence Vidor played in "Till I Come Back to You." Your letter was encouraging toward the end, but it sort of back-fired at the start.

Gene.—Some one there is agin me. Who is it? The Spartans do not inquire how many the enemy are, but where they are. I am not a woman, I AM NOT A WOMAN. The next person who intimates that I am should prepare for the worst. I have the grandest little bunch of spinach on my anatomy called the chin that you ever saw, and women don't usually grow such luxuries. So you don't think Fred Stone ought to be revealing the screen secrets. Mac Marsh is m-a-double r-i-e-d now.

Sun Maid.—No, my child, you always get an answer in The Classic. So you want to see more of Mary Miles Minter. Then you should see her in her bathing-suit. And you don't like Olive Tell, because she smokes and makes fun of God's image, "mankind." You're right; the men should not be made the laughing-stock of women.

Sugar Lump.—Thanks for the picture. My dear, description only excites curiosity; see, satisfies it. Gloria Hope was in "The Auction Block." Join one of the correspondence clubs; a list of addresses furnished upon receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope.

Madeleine.—So you don't think we ought to publish the private lives of the players. Why, when they agree to it and our readers demand it? Tom Chatterton is on the stage.

I. O. U.—That's a bad title to select. Are you so used to signing it that you have the habit? Mary Allison and Joseph Keeler in "Social Hypocrites," William Duncan in "Fight for Millions." Yes, Earle Williams is really in tune, and happily so. Mary Anderson is married also. Yes, Alfred Whitman is married.

Tom.—Irene Castle was with Pathé. If you care enough for the result, you will almost certainly attain it.

Hazel H.—All right, Hazel, but marriage often تعني فهم فطيرة. If you want to know who they are, Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne in "The Poor Rich Man." They are now playing at the Vitagraph studio, and thundering.

Margaret and Dinah.—You just write to them and they will send their photos.

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The Extra Girl Becomes a Village Belle

(Continued from page 78)

tors see them—real ones, that are in no way related to the bottle of glycerine reposing in your medicine-chest—they give whoops of delight and insist upon the preservation of those tears, no matter how dear the cost to the neck of the generator.

But Director Charles Brabin appreciated them. Does this name bring up any associations, dear fans? Yes, it is the same six feet something of director who gave me my first engagement at the Vitagraph 'way back in the dear dim past. You will remember he was directing Peggy Hyland at that time, and you will also remember that I entered his presence with fear and trembling. When I ran into him one evening at the Fox office, I greeted him with all the joy one bestows upon the returned collar-button.

"Want some work?" he asked.

I confessed that and the hope that some accident might hurl me into W. P.'s arms, or else that I might fall gracefully in front of his patent-leathers so that he would be forced to give me some sort of notice—these and nothing more were the causes of my several pilgrimages to 46th Street.

"Well, ask Johnnie Kellette what to wear, and be at the studio tomorrow morning at nine," he concluded.

"Well, it's winter, Ethel, and—well, look as old-fashioned as you can. See?" So said Kellette later.

I nodded understandingly, and sat up half the night trying on bows and dresses that Miss Wriggles says I wore when she was a babe in arms, but which I am still sure must have waved merrily from one of my ancestral clothinglines.

Anyway, the next day I obediently clapped and clapped and clapped while Mr. Brabin was taking a thousand feet of tears. So well did my applause register that the director said I might flash some more in his picture; in fact, a great deal more, and then, just when the birthday party came along and all the other girls and boys of the village were there, I got "it"—even now I am afraid to encourage its return ever so softly by its name, and Miss Wriggles and I sneezed and sneezed and sneezed and took all sorts of medicines and all sorts of nourishment, while the Kliegs and the Cooper-Hewitts daily shone, but not for us. They took the birthday party, ate the cake and everything without us, and Kirah Markham, Mr. Brabin's secretary, told me how very effective it all was and how Miss Nesbit's surprise was so genuine that it brought a lump into her, Miss Markham's, throat. Then after Miss Nesbit had bravely fought it off for a few days and later Mr. Brabin had stubbornly declared that it shouldn't touch one of his six feet, life again resumed its normal joyous course.

This picture, "Judge Not," is the kind that always makes the women slyly wipe their eyes in the friendly darkness of the little playhouse and causes the men to

(Motion Picture Classic)

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wish they hadn't and determine not to again. Of course, there's always a hard-}

some young minister in such a story—

the Assembly of the plain, older ones

never sees the light of the celluloid—and

he always presides over a tiny white

church. Such a little church Director

Brabin found viewing the surrounding

country from a green knoll in Old Tapp-
n, N. J.

The clang of a trolley bell has never
disturbed the quiet of the chickens in

Old Tappan, nor has a railroad ever

lifted the mortgage from an Old Tappan

farm by running daily thru its back yard.

As it was in the beginning, it nests

sweetly and quietly far away from the

beaten track. We were glad that it was

so, both for Old Tappan's sake and for

our own. Trolleys and railroads have
ceded to thrill us seasoned travelers,

while sightseeing buses that pick you

up at the Fox office in New York and

whirl you thru miles and miles of unbro-

country—well, could they help but

cause joy to the human soul? Now

and then we had to get out and walk

up one hill down another, and at regular

intervals we were forced to admit that

the air was a bit frosty for even the sum-

day of January. As far as the Jersey

side of the Weehawken Ferry every one

was talking at once, and then by degrees

e general calm settled down over the two

big buses.

As we were going down the final

stretch to Old Tappan we caught sight

of Miss Neshit, Mr. Brabin, Andy Culp

and the rest of the staff eagerly scanning

the road for our approach. George

Lane and his camera were already

stationed opposite the church, all set for

action.

"Gee, it makes you feel just like a

star to be late and keep everybody

waiting and everything, doesn't it?" joyfully

exclaimed one of the extras.

"Dream on, fair one," encouraged her

companion. "Your check will be the

best little alarm clock you ever had."

In one corner of the tiny Tappan

church we balanced mirrors and make-

up boxes on our knees in a sad attempt

to make up.

Meanwhile star and director paced

the countryside while the sun slowly

but surely continued to slip over to say

"Hello" to the picture folks in Califor-

nia. At last, however, we were ready,

and Culp Culp Carried us onto the

down the lawn, just as if we had stopped to

gossip at the close of the morning

service. Some of us were still exiting

from the little white doorway, and soon

Ruth came forth in a becoming purple

hat, a long blue cape and a quaint ruffled

dress. Two of her girl friends tried to\ncoose her to accompany them, but, intimating

that she had prospects of more pleasing

companionship, she smiled her way thru

the gossiping groups, stole quietly past

her mother and father, who were ex-

changing choice bits with friends in the

foreground, over to the fence, where

Alec Peters, (Gladden James), was

waiting for her.

(Eighty-eight)
There was a reason for her "stealing by" her parents. They in no way approved of her seeming fondness for Alec, who was brakeman of the train on which Ruth took her daily trips to high school. Alec came from New York and easily dazzled Ruth by his city ways. Ruth's father, however, had seen him gambling around town and had failed to be dazzled. That night when Ruth, who had stayed out later than usual, tried to gain her room by the ancient and honorable method of removing her footgear, she dropped one of her slippers, which is also an ancient and honorable method of announcing one's arrival to a sleeping household. She soon found herself looking into Père Hayes' angry face. He warned her that if she ever saw her with Alec Peters again he would disown her. The next day Ruth told Alec of her father's threat, and he persuaded her to go to New York with him, promising to marry her as soon as he could obtain a license. Of course, Ruth didn't know that he wouldn't, but you do, and you also know that he will finally cast her off and leave her alone in a big city.

The next time we appeared at the Old Tappan church, which was really just after we had consumed our sandwiches and pie, but on the screen is months and months later to allow for the minister's trip to New York, his rescue of Ruth from the life she has been forced to lead and her return to her heart-broken mother, we were a very much excited congregation. The minister had persuaded Ruth to resume her former place in the choir, and then he had preached a sermon on the Magdalene, hoping thus to soften the hearts of the congregation toward the wanderer. It didn't seem to do much good, tho, for as she came from the church on the arm of her father the youngsters started to jeer and gossiping women turned their backs and drew aside their skirts.

"The idea of the hussey's coming to church!" one of my group ejaculated, vehemently.

"But the minister approves," I declared just as vehemently, for we had been ordered to hold indignation meetings that would "register."

"Of course he does. There's a reason. Cant you see he's sweet on her?" said Teacher Eggleston.

The only excuse I can offer for our uncharitable attitude is that in reality we had not heard Crawford Kent's sermon on "Judge Not." He is scheduled to preach to us tomorrow, but I don't think it's going to make any impression upon us, for if it did, we would have to return to Old Tappan and take the scenes all over again. We have assured Crawford that he need have no scruples about extending the sermon over an indefinite period. If it finds no resting-place within our narrow minds it will find a welcome-little-wreath-wrangling hung in the window of our flat parlor, so here's hoping!

And hoping!
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**Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions**

Here are their latest productions listed alphabetically. See the list! And see the pictures!!

**Paramount**

John Barrymore in "The Toll of Honor"

*Edie* Bennett in "Partners Three"

Bette Burke in "Good Deeds Are Punishable"

Lisa Calamari in "The Bride"

Margaret Clark in "Easy Street and a Girl"

Evelyn Clayton in "Sugar Pepper"

Dorothy Dallas in "Silent Automobile"

Pauline Frederick in "Paid in Full"

Dorothy Glenn in "Pony Polly"

Lila Lee in "Pony Love"

Vivian Martin in "Little Conrado"

Shirley Mason in "The Winning Girl"

"Charles Ray in "The Sheriff's Son"

Wallace Reid in "A Child's Mori"n"

Bryan Washburn in "Poor Boy"

**Paramount-Artcraft Specials**

"The Hoo Whistle" with a Special Cast

"Private Property" with Private Harold Peto

"Spooking Lewis" A Maurice Tourneur Production

"The Silver King"

"Herbert William Pepper"

"Lilah Warren" (from Louis H. Leffingwell) A Will A. Brady Production

"The Face of the World" A Thomas H. Ince Production

**Artcraft**

Earle Carnes in "My Country"

George M. Cohan in "He Spy of the Trail Holiday"

Cecil B. De Mille's Production

"Don't Change Your Husband"

Douglas Fairbanks in "Arizona"

Elsie Ferguson in "The Marriage Press"

D. W. Grifflin's Production

"The Girl Who Waged at Home"

"William S. Hart in "Your Husband"

"Carroll Norton in "Johnny Got Your Gun"

"Supervision of Thomas H. Ince"

**Paramount Comedies**

Paramount-Adventure Comedy "Love"

Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedy "The Village Smithy"

"Teddy's Wild Day"

Paramount-S爱尔les Comedy "Superintendent of the Baboons"

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in "Once a Mason"

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for each week

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"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"
The Most Profitable Evening I Ever Spent

—The Evening In Which I Acquired David M. Roth’s Secret of an Infallible Memory

By VICTOR JONES

PEOPLE say my memory is uncanny—that it has taken years of hard training to have it. It has never occurred to me to have trained my mind to recall all the faces, figures and facts I have stored away. But nothing could be further from the truth. It seems almost incredible, yet I learned the secret of an infallible memory in a single evening—and it was the most profitable evening I ever spent.

Before I discovered my perfectly good memory, hundreds of important facts and figures used to slip away from me. I was a slave to the memo pad and other artificial aids to memory. My inability to remember names and faces was embarrassing—and costly. I had to apologize almost every time I met some one I had met before. I couldn’t remember what I had read in letters or books. My mind was like a sieve.

Yet today my memory is absolutely under my control. I can meet fifty people within ten minutes and call them by name an hour later or at any time anywhere. I can recall long lists of bank clearings, telephone numbers, facts, names, rates, in fact anything I care to remember. I can repeat entire passages out of a book after reading it once. My mind is like a well ordered filing cabinet—I just reach into it and draw forth whatever I have stored away.

Instead of being a handicap, as it was formerly, my memory is now my greatest asset. The cold fact is that after my memory began to improve I got a new grip on my business, and in six short months I increased my sales by $100,000, and that in war time, mind you, with anything but a war bride.

But my reader is doubtless anxious to know how I improved my memory in one evening. It all came about through meeting David M. Roth, the famous memory expert, at a luncheon of the Rotary Club in New York, where he gave one of his remarkable memory demonstrations. I can best describe it by quoting the Seattle Post-Intelligencer's account of a similar exhibition.

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowed me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

“There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything. I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

“You can do this as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

“My own memory,” continued Mr. Roth, “was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really poor memory.

“On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds. While there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can instantly on meeting them.

“That is all right for you, Mr. Roth,” I interrupted, “you have given years to it. But how about me?”

“Mr. Jones,” he replied, “I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you.”

He didn’t have to prove it. His course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in the forty-eight States to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and backward without a single mistake.

That first lesson stuck. And so did the other six.

The result was—and my cashier will vouch for this—I increased my sales by $100,000 in six months!

The reason stands out as brightly as a star bomb. Mr. Roth has given me a firmer mental grasp of business tendencies and a better balanced judgment, a keener foresight and the ability to act swiftly and surely that I never possessed before.

His lessons have taught me to see clearly ahead; and how to visualize conditions in more exact perspective; and how to remember the things I need to remember at the instant I need them most in business transactions.

In consequence, I have been able to seize many golden opportunities that before would have slipped by and been out of reach by the time I woke up.

You see the Roth Course has done vastly more for me than teaching me how to remember names and faces and telephone numbers. It has done more than make me a more interesting talker. It has done more than give me confidence on my feet.

It has given me a greater power in all the conduct of my business.

Mr. Roth’s course has endowed me with a new business perspective. It has made me a keener observer. It has given me a new sense of proportion and values. It has given me visualization—which after all is the true basis of business success.

So confident are the publishers, the Independent Corporation, of the immense value of the Roth Memory Course to every reader of this magazine that they want you to test out this remarkable system in your own home before you decide to buy. The course must sell itself to you by actually increasing your memory before you obligate yourself to spend a penny.

Don’t send a single penny. Merely fill out and mail the coupon. By your return post, all charges prepaid, the complete Roth Memory Course will be sent to your home.

Study it one evening—more if you like—then if you feel that you can afford not to keep this great aid to more dollars—to bigger responsibilities—to fullest success in life, mail it back to the publishers within five days and you will owe nothing.

Good judgment is largely a matter of memory. It is easy to make the right decisions if you have all the related facts outlined in your mind—clearly and exactly.

Wrong decisions in business are made because the man who makes them forgets some vital fact or figure which, had he been able to summon clearly to mind, would have changed his viewpoint.

A man’s experience in business is only as old as his memory. The measure of his ability is largely his power to remember at the right time. If you can remember—clearly and accurately—the solution of every important problem since you first took hold of your work, you can make all of your experience count.

If, however, you have not a good memory and cannot recall instantly facts and figures that you learned years ago, you cannot make your experience count.

If a better memory means only one-tenth as much to you as it has to me and to thousands of other business men and women, mail the coupon to-day—NOW—but don’t put it off and forget—as those who need the Course the very worst are apt to do. Send the coupon in or write a letter now before the low introductory price is withdrawn.

The Amazing Memory Feats of David M. Roth

The Roth Memory Specialist said: “Of the 150 members of the Seattle Rotary Club at a luncheon yesterday, not one left with the slightest doubt that Mr. Roth could do all claimed for him. Rotarians at the meeting had to pinch themselves to see whether they were awake or not.

‘Mr. Roth startled his colleagues by asking sixty of those present to introduce themselves by name to him. Then he asked them aloud and instructed a member at a blackboard to write down names of Sirus, sponsors, and meeting on numbered squares, meanwhile sitting with his back to the writer and only burning the positions by oral prompt. After this he was asked by different Rotarians to tell what was written down in various square and gave the entire list without a mistake.

‘After finishing with this Mr. Roth single out and called by name the sixty men to whom he had been introduced earlier, who in the meantime had changed seats and had mixed with others present.”

Independent Corporation
Publishers of The Independent Weekly
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NOTE—Full details of contest will be found on page 52.

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THE June Classic

The first Summer number of The Motion Picture Classic is going to establish a brand new standard for beauty and interest. Among the live features will be:

An interesting interview with the Shelley Girls, Mary Miles Minter and Margaret Shelby, illustrated by intimate new pictures.

A human talk with Anita Stewart, now busily at work on the coast upon her new series of photoplays.

Alma Rubens will tell her plans in a little chat which reveals a new angle upon the beautiful star.

Pretty Hazel Dawn has been interestingly interviewed.

Another personality chat of decided interest is with Ernest Truex, just now dividing his time between a Broadway stage play and the studios.

The whole country is—indeed the whole world seems to be—entered in The Fame and Fortune Contest. The June Classic will present the eighth honor roll of the international contest.

The Celluloid Critic, recognized for his fearless comments upon the silverscreen, will discuss the current photoplays.

There will be interesting articles on the silent drama by Frederick James Smith, Kenneth Macgowan and other authorities.

The fictionized photoplays, as usual, will be the best obtainable. Probably you have noted that The Classic is obtaining the cream of the world's film production for short story presentation.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
175 Duffield St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

THE GIRL ON THE COVER
(Cover painted by E. O. Smith)

Ruth Roland was born in San Francisco, her parents being stage players. She made her first stage appearance at the age of four and quickly became known through the Pacific coast as "Baby Ruth." Miss Roland played in vaudeville and stock in the coast States and finally became a screen player under the direction of F. C. Hartigan at old Kalem. There she remained for several years, finally being secured by Pathé as a serial star.

Gallery of Popular Players. Rotogravure studies of Marguerite De La Motte, Kitty Gordon, Alice Brady, Myrtle Lind and Catherine Calvert. KENNETH MACGOWAN

A Dreamer of Dreams. An oddity exotic personality is that of Marcia Manon. FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Hard Luck Tarte. Handsome Conway is at heart a restless pessimist. HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

In Pursuit of Billie. Miss Burke is a very, very busy and canny task. C. Blythe Sherwood

War and Women. Captain Robert Warwick breezily discusses battled fields and femininity. FAITH SERVICE

The Endowed Photoplay. Vachel Lindsay talks upon the need of an uncommercial screen drama. CHARLES JANESON

Saturday to Monday. Constance Talmadge's piquant new comedy in story form. DOROTHY DONELL

Living Down the Name of Percy. Such is the terrible task of Percy Marmont. FAITH SERVICE

Farnum's Fishing Folly. William Farnum's vacation trip into the tropical Gulf of Mexico. PATHE

Me by Myself. The amusing confessions of a real comedienne written by herself. LOUISE FAZENDA

Earle and His Ambitions. The elusive honeycombs of Earle Williams make a few confessions. FRIZI REMONT

A Woman There Was. Theda Bara's colorful new story narrated in story form. FAITH SERVICE

A Daniels Come to Judgment. Little Bebe Daniels is going in for the serious drama very soon. FRIZI REMONT

Richman, Poorman, Beggarnan—They're all Frank Losee, who is a character actor of many parts. C. Blythe Sherwood

The Celluloid Critic. The newest photoplays in review. FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the Broadway Theaters. Interesting moments from the successful New York stage plays. PATHE

The Extra Girl Invades Another Courtroom. The new Florence Reed picture in the filming. ETHEL ROSEMAN

Sugar and Spice and Everything Nice. Mollie King, who divides her time between the stage, the cabinets and the theater. SUE ROBERTS

The Newest Beauties of the Fame and Fortune Contest. OLIVE CAREW

Enter—The Baby Vampire. Olive Thomas' newest role. OLIVE CAREW

The Stronger Vow. A picturesque story based on Geraldine Farrar's new photoplay. FRIZI REMONT

Gossip of the Pacific Coast. OLIVE CAREW

Double Exposures. Humorous comments upon the screen plays and players. Conducted by F. J. S. NOEL

The Movie Encyclopedia. THE ANSWER MAN

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC - - 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

This magazine comes out on the 15th of every month. Its sister publication, The Motion Picture Magazine, comes out on the first of every month. Both are on sale at all newsstands in the English-speaking world.
Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when they speak to peers appear in their vicinity.)

Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American and, just when tragedy seemed likely, turns out to be the daughter of a white missionary. Has all the ingredients of popular drama. Miss Bainter is proving a most versatile and admirable actress. George H. Calhoun, "Bijou."—"A Sleepless Night." Another farce written with the idea that nothing funny ever happens outside a bedroom. The usual in one you'll be surprised to find the tale of a guileless young woman who decides to be unconventional and pink-pajamaed at any cost. Extras: Miss Marjorie Rambeau, Mr. William Morris. Admireable. Peggy Hopkins is the lady in question.

Cohan & Harris.—"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful playwrights. The principal character, whose play is trying to find out who are the German spies and who are the Allies, just as we were puzzled in "Cheating Cheaters" to know who were the burlgars and who were not. Cohan's.—"A Prince There Was." George M. Cohan in an interesting rôle of a very contemporary nature. He's playing a little game in which hearts are trumped and wins.

Forty-Fourth Street.—Al Jolson in the perennial Goldsmith, "Cigarettes and Whiskey," with lots of girls in Hooverized attire. With Jolson are the entertaining Farber sisters and the delightful "Thorpe." The play is a good drama, well played. Montagu Love is now appearing in this melodrama.

Hendrix.—"The Man of N'Orleans." Mrs. Fiske in a new comedy of moonshine, madness and make-believe, in which she again proves herself to be one of the most beautiful units of comédiennes. Excellent cast, notably Irene Haisman, who seems to have picture possibilities.

Hippodrome.—The newest production, "Everything," lives up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, ranging from dainty Belle Stovitser's play to the remarkable roller skaters and a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

Knickerbocker.—"Listen, Lester." Lively, and keen to show with considerable humor, thanks to clever Johnny Dooley. Excellent aid is given by Gertrude Vanderbilt, Clifton Webb, Ada Lewis, Ada Mae Wees and Eddie Garvey.

Lyceum.—"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three brothers who adopt Belgian war babies. Among the comic incidents occurs a series of unlooked-for surprises and the children develop along unexpected lines. Jeanne Eagels is quite pleasing in the leading rôle.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming into a parlour ray, and who starts out to get revenge. The invisible man steals necklaces, opens safes and passes thru doors. Richard Bennett gives a vigorous performance of the human ray.

Morocco.—"Cappy Ricks." A capital comedy by Tom A. Wise in a capital rôle which he plays with great success. The cast is excellent. Lebanon. Mollie King is featured.

Morrissey.—"This Country's My Home." A capital comedy by Tom A. Wise in a capital rôle which he plays with great success. The cast is excellent. Lebanon. Mollie King is featured.

Playhouse.—"Forever After." Alice Brady in a play of youthful love which endures despite many obstacles. Excellent acted throughout. It charms and exhilarates once again the violent joys and heart-aches of youth.

Plymouth.—"Redemption." John Barrymore at his best in a new piece of acting and a remarkable Tolstoi play.

Punch and Judy.—Remarkably interesting season of Stuart Walker's Portmanette company at this intimate theater. The set is largely devoted to the glittering and vivid playlets of Lord Dunsmury. Admirable acting and finely artistic staging.

Shubert.—"Good-Morning, Judge." Light musical show adapted—remotely—from Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's "The Magistrate." Built around the farcical efforts of a magi- trate to escape a raid on a lively café, the principle of the story is simple and admirable. Peggy Hopkins is the lady in question.

ON THE ROAD.

"The Riddle: Woman," with Bertha Kalid Problem drama from the Danish. Ladies sit "pasts," a he-vampire and much emotion. Kalid brings picturesque if artificial per- formance. While Chris, Herrs and A. I. Anson make the most of their rôles. "The Marquis of Frîola," Le Dolitucci in the hope Creys is a noble since "The Great Lover," and in a somewhat similar spirit. Hit acting is splendid. But it is too bad to make the rest of the story. In short, the scenes for play, and a hero out of such a perfidious re- robute as the marquis, the play is so fine that we forgive its naughtiness for its art.

"Roads of Destiny," Channing Pollock has devised an old drama from the O. H. story known as "The man who takes one," to ultimate result is the result of our philosophies of the drama. Florence Reed is admirable in three widely contrasted rôles.

"Rose of Maeterlinck's" the sequel to "The Blue Bird." Superb production of a drama rife with poetical symbolism and imaginative visions, the parallel staging and stories of stage pictures. Excellent cast, with Reginald Sheffield as Tythyl.

"Roads of Destiny," Channing Pollock has devised an old drama from the O. H. story known as "The man who takes one," to ultimate result is the result of our philosophies of the drama. Florence Reed is admirable in three widely contrasted rôles.

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Across the Footlights

Just now interest in the theater world is centered in the effect prohibition will have upon the stage. The general opinion of producers seems to be that the theater will profit greatly by the coming dry era, and also the cabaret form of entertainment seems destined to suffer.

"I am not a prohibitionist—in fact, I am against prohibition," says Mr. Klaw, of Klaw and Erlanger. "But I believe that prohibition will help the theater. Of course, it may injure the cabaret performances, but the theater proper will be helped." David Belasco is even more enthusiastic. "Prohibition's influence upon the theater will be tremendous and, in my opinion, will work a vast deal of good for players and managers alike. The box-office will be certain to reflect the changed conditions, for its coffers will benefit enormously by the dollars once spent for drink," Daniel Frohman points out that the motion picture industry has already eliminated thousands of saloons in this country. The theater is always the supreme resort of pleasure, recreation and entertainment," he says, and it will be further benefited by the prohibition mandate. The added prosperity to these places of amusement, which I feel will accrue to it, will enable managers to develop the resources of the theater in providing wholesome and intelligent amusement to the public, and thus to keep it out of the saloons. "The theater," he says, "will benefit greatly by the existence of prohibition. Already the cinema has shown how it can affect the public that is accustomed to pay for the cheaper priced places in the theaters. I expect to see prohibition, by keeping the public out of expensive restaurants and cabarets, drive the first-class theaters that the cinema has already done by attracting the men from the saloons."

The remaining hope of the metropolitan cabaret seems to lie in the revival of the dance craze. Since the coming of the armistice the dance has been returning to popularity with a bang. The Cascades at the Biltmore, the ballrooms at the Astor, the grill of the Waldorf-Astoria and the other smart dance centers have witnessed a marked increase in the popularity of terpsichore. Will the end of Bacchus silence the jazz? That remains to be seen.

Altho Lent has, of course, affected the theater, the season's business of the metropolitan spoken stage has been as usual. "East is West," with Fay Bainter, at the Astor Theater, for instance, has jumped into one of the year's financial hits. And such productions as "Tea for Three" at the Maxine Elliott, "Friendly Enemies" at the Hudson, "In Mabel's Room" at the Elgin, "Dear Brutus" at the Empire, "Tiger, Tiger" at the Belasco, "Lightnin'" at the Gaiety, and "The Better 'Ole" at the Cort go right on to record business.

Stephen Leacock

"Hello, Chief:

"Haven't found the firebug yet, have you? You will know who he is only when I am dead and the fire stops. I don't suppose you even realize that the firebug talks to you almost every day about catching the firebug? That's me. They never caught me in Chicago or anywhere else, so you might as well quit looking for me and take your medicine."

The Firebug

That was the warning which caused the fire chief, unsigned—and then, the very next day, a woman was found nearly dead in a burning building.

It was a mystery that needed the master mind of Craig Kennedy, the scientific detective of this day—Craig Kennedy, who came to life in the mind of

ARTHUR B. REEVE

CRAIG KENNEDY

The American Sherlock Holmes

He is the genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and added it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically.

For nearly ten years America has been watching his Craig Kennedy—marvelling at the strange, new, startling things that detective-hero would unfold. During the stress of war England is reading him as she never did before.

Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. Russian ingenuity has fashioned wild tales of mystery. But all these seem old-fashioned out of date—beside the infinite variety—the weird excitement of Arthur Reeve's tales, in 12 volumes—over 250 stories.

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To those who send the coupon promptly, we will give FREE a set of Edgar Allan Poe's Masterpieces in 10 volumes—over 200 stories.

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The story is in these volumes. He was a detective by instinct—he was a story-teller by divine inspiration. Before or since—no one has had his power to make your hair stand on end—to send chills up your back—to hold you in suspense—terror, O horror! To read breathlessly—to try to guess the ending—to enjoy the perfect, flawless story—to feel the power of the master—that is all you can do in each and all of Poe's undying stories. In England and France, Edgar Allan Poe is held to be the greatest writer that America has produced—to them he is the foremost American classic.

This is a wonderful combination—here are two of the greatest writers of mystery and scientific detective stories. You can get the Reeve at a remarkably low price and the Poe Free.

HARPER & BROTHERS
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(Seven)
GOSSIP OF THE SCREEN

William A. Brady has withdrawn his resignation from the presidency of the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry. A dinner was given in his honor at the Ritz-Carlton, at which the Motion Picture Club of America was organized, and the motion picture industry
is moving towards the building of a clubhouse.

C. E. Shurtleff, former general sales manager for the W. W. Hodkinson Corporation, has closed with Mrs. Charmian K. London, wife of the late Jack London, for the exclusive rights to all of the London books for the next five years. Mr. Shurtleff plans to produce four pictures a year.

The Rothafel Pictures Corporation has signed Wally Van to direct the first production, starring Elaine Hammleston.

The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has purchased Rida Johnson Young's "The Lottery Man" for production.

Mrs. Charlie Chaplin and Blanche Sweet have been visiting in New York, making the trip together.

Katherine MacDonald has her own producing company now, with Colm Campbell as director. Miss MacDonald will produce in Los Angeles.

Irene Castle has been signed to appear in Famous Players-Lasky productions. The first will be a Robert W. Chambers story, "The Firing Line."

Bessie Barriscale was recently called to New York by the illness of her sister.

Frances Marion, well known as a scenario writer, has returned from France and is again with Famous Players-Lasky. Miss Marion was in special war work.

Liest. Tom Forman, now out of the army, has been re-signed by Famous Players-Lasky under a two-year contract to play juvenile leads.

William Fox has gone to Europe.

Thomas H. Ince, now without contracts with Lloyd Hughes, a discovery, William Conklin, Douglas MacLean, Doris Lee and Otto Hoffman.

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne exhibited nearly a dozen dogs at the recent kennel show in Madison Square Garden, New York. Several won cups and ribbons.

Goldwyn has purchased Eleanor Gates' "Alec Lloyd" and H. H. Knibbs' "Overland Red" for Will Rogers' use. At the end of the Folies Bergere, Mr. Rogers will go West to start production.

The films have won over Briggs, the cartoonist creator of "The Days of Real Sport," "When a Feller Needs a Friend" and other series. These are being done in the form of one-reel comedies at the Producers (New Rochelle, N. Y.) studios, the principal parts being enacted by children.

Marquise Clark has been vacating. Now, however, work is well along on "Come Out of the Kitchen."

Charles Bryant is again leading man for his wife, Mme. Nazimova, in "The Brat," now being produced by Metro on the coast.

Alma Rubens has been Manhattaning.

June Caprice returns to the screen as co-star with Creighton Hale of the new Albert Caplan Productions, to be released through Pathé. Production work is being done at the Solax (Fort Lee, N. J.) studio.

(Continued on page 64.)
“Hey Tom!”

Do you remember when Tom Sawyer went swimming and had everything hidden so carefully, so that Aunt Polly couldn’t find out?—

Aunt Polly had sewed up his shirt that morning. But Tom had carefully re-sewed it, so he thought he was safe. But alack and alas, he used black instead of white.

Once more you will laugh with Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn—but you will want to cry as you laugh. For behind the joy of youth is the reality of life—the philosophy you did not see when you were a boy.

MARK TWAIN

25 VOLUMES

Novels  
Humor

Essays  
Travel

Boys' Stories  
History

While he lived, we loved him. He made us laugh, so that we had not time to see that his style was sublime, that he was biblical in simplicity, that he was to America another Lincoln in spirit.

The Great American

He was American. He had the idealism of America—the humor, the kindliness, the reaching toward a bigger thing, the simplicity. In this work we find all things from the ridiculous in "Huckleberry Finn" to the sublime of "Joan of Arc"—the most spiritual book that was ever written in the English language, of serene and lovely beauty, as lofty as Joan herself. A man who could write two such books as "Huckleberry Finn" and "Joan of Arc" was sublime in power. His youth and his laughter are eternal; his genius will never die.

Low Price Sale Must Stop

Mark Twain knew what hard times meant—and he wanted everyone in America to own a set of his books. So one of the last things he asked was that we make a set at so low a price that everyone might own it. He said, "Don’t make fine editions. Don’t make editions to sell for $200 and $300 and $1,000. Make good books, books good to look at and easy to read, and make their price low." So we have made this set. And up to now we have been able to sell it at this low price.

But you must act at once. You must sign and mail the coupon now. If you want a set at a popular price, do not delay. This edition will soon be withdrawn, and then you will pay considerably more for your Mark Twain.

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Send NO Money

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Nature intended your skin to be flawless

I S YOUR skin fine, soft, attractive? If not, find out just why it is marred by blemishes; then start immediately to gain the natural beauty, the clear, radiant skin that can be yours.

Skin specialists are tracing fewer and fewer troubles to the blood. They say more often, skin blemishes can be traced to the bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores of the skin with dust, soot and grime. To clear your skin of blemishes caused by this insidious and persistent enemy, use regularly the following special treatment:

To remove skin blemishes

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury’s Facial Soap; then dry your face. Now 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 soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Rinse very carefully with clear, hot water, then with cold.

In addition to this special treatment, use Woodbury’s regularly in your daily toilet. This will make your skin so firm and active that it will resist the frequent cause of blemishes. Before long your complexion will take on a new clearness and freshness.

Get a cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. Woodbury’s is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada. A 25-cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

Sample cake of soap

with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury’s Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream for 15 cents

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch". Or for 15 cents, we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury’s Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Face Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 5 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 5 Sherbrooke Street, West, Ontario.
MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE

Miss De La Motte has been coming to the front recently in Douglas Fairbanks productions. She was the Lena of "Arizona." She has just completed work in "In Wrong," with Jack Pickford, and has returned to the Fairbanks forces.
Miss Gordon was famed on the English musical stage as a beauty before she first dazzled New York in "He Came from Milwaukee" with Sam Bernard. She soon became a star in her own name in "The Enchantress" and other productions. Then World Film won her to the screen. Now she’s one of the United stars.
ALICE BRADY

Light opera, drama and the photoplay have been the successive steps in Miss Brady's career. This season she has been dividing her time between the stage hit, "Forever After," and the Select studios. Now she announces that she is leaving Select soon, perhaps to make pictures abroad.
Myrtle Lind ran away from home to join the movies. Statistics do not state where said home was located. Anyway, she was going to dramatic school when the screen idea seized her. Now she’s one of the most famous of Mack Sennett’s beauties. Thus Art is served, after all.
AHERINE CALVERT

Mrs. Calvert is perhaps best known for her playing "The Deep Purple," "A Romance of the Underworld," and other plays written by her and, the late Paul Strong. Frank Keeney brought "The Deep Purple" to the screen and was just been doing "Seven of Fate," the Salton Army-Paramount production.
The March of the Photoplay

But it is in the vital thing, the thing of the animating spirit, the spark of life, the idea, the story, and the means by which it is recast in celluloid, that the surpassing progress has been made. The flood of cheap re-issues of Hart are proof enough of how far the story teller has gone in ten years. Take "Man to Man," with Re- Mitchell. I have been unable to locate its birth certificate, and it may well be that this curious two-reeler is not more than five or six years old. But, whatever its age, it demonstrated how tremendously far we have gone.

The story isn't at all bad in itself. It contains plenty of materia l and suggestions for one of those well-nigh perfect yarns that Har and Ince give us today. It brings a New England maiden out West to take charge of her dead uncle's property and drops her into a dance-hall. Thereafter come the conversion of Hart to love anew, better ways, a conflict with concupiscent gambler and a game of poker in which Hart wins the girl by out-cheating a cheat.

As the men of the early days put the story together the incidents drop out of the camera with no more cumulative excitement than was the case with other parts.

Ten years ago we began the experiment of transferring gray matter to celluloid. In a short decade we have worked out the intricate and miraculous task of taking a man's mental conceptions of other beings, sorting them out on paper by rudely developed rules of plot or by much more potent intuitions, representing them in the shape of human actors, photographing those representations of thoughts, and then sorting them out all over again in the film editor's laboratory, all in order that they may finally find their way back into the human mind again as mental conceptions of human beings.

Ten years we have had for the working out of a new story-telling art. Five years, if we go by the date when five-reel feature pictures first began to be made. In that time the photoplay has gone as far as other arts have gone in a hundred years. From Homer to Euripides, 1000 B. C. to 450 B. C., is no further in technical development than from an early Broncho Billy melodrama to "Branding Broadway."

Part of it has been the progress of mechanisms—cameras, lighting, laboratory. Such progress has been equaled in other mechanical fields, in the development of the automobile, for instance.
hewing-gun out of a penny-in-the-slot machine. There is nothing of what makes screen art today—no human detail, no bits of atmosphere, no conflicts of emotion in the souls of the people, no possibilities of unhappiness, no suspense and not a shred of understanding.

"Man to Man" contrasts all the more vividly with the photoplay of today because in scale and action it is so decidedly of the particular school which has pushed the art of screen story-telling farthest—the Ince-Sullivan alliance. Griffith remains the master of the movies, and his own school of photoplay writing is vital and perhaps more important because of its natural humanity; but the group that worked with Thomas H. Ince and C. Gardner Sullivan at Culver City more than a year ago have done more to create a distinct and exclusive method of story-telling. The photoplays to which Sullivan and Katterjohn and Hawks have put their names—"The Crab," "Hell's Hinges," "The Bride of Hate," "The Flame of the Yukon," "The Paws of the Bear," "Carmen of the Klondike," "Shell '43," "The Phantom," for example—all bear a close family resemblance. The ones I name were made when all three were working in the Ince studio, and they all show the same characteristic method of handling. The action is pared down to the bone and then fleshed with exact and appropriate details. The film is started easily and naturally with the introduction of a character or two and an emotion and a place, which gradually begin to accumulate action—and interest—about them. There is no awkward "Now I'm going to tell you a story" start. There is no moralizing. Life just begins to live before you. As you go forward with the story, the effect is of a taut and clean-cut structure designed to achieve the strongest possible dramatic effect. Descriptive subtitles are keyed to the emotion of the story. They are never allowed to seem like necessary explanations of an inept continuity man. Lacking the usual verb, saying "Filled with indecision" instead of "John is filled with indecision,"
There was an odd exotic leisure in the way Marcia Manon's slender hand stole across the restaurant table and gracefully selected a bonbon—a picturesque atmosphere of sunny, warm lands in the way she indolently lifted the bit of candy to her lips.

The sound of jazz music from the hotel orchestra and the hurried chatter of nearby voices clashed. Marcia Manon, with all her exotic flavor, is not the Broadway exotic. She frankly admits her dislike of the city's madness.

"I love to be awakened by the sunshine and the birds rather than the hotel clerk at the telephone. And the noise, and the rush, and the would-be Bohemianism, and the satisfied old women who live in New York hotels, they all disrupt my thoughts. Still, I am getting used to the noise. Now, at least, I sleep nights."

Miss Manon came on from the coast, let us hasten to explain, in order to play in "The Malefactor" with Jack Barrymore. This visit was her first to New York, at least the first she remembers.

"I was here once before, when I was two months old. My mother was Italian, my father Russian."

Marcia Manon is a real child of the theater. She was born in the Royal in Paris. Her mother was Italian, her father Russian. Indeed, she was actually born at the Palais Royal in Paris. Indeed, I had chanced to visit the theater and the event occurred. So it is a truth a child of the theater.

"My parents brought me to America, but, heaven! they kept me in sunny California. Oh, I grew up. I longed for a part on the opera stage. I studied and studied. Every cent I could get toward developing my voice.

"I reached nineteen, and still my idea was far away. I decided to try doing extras."

Abbe
You Get Just What You Dream About, Is Marcia Manon’s Philosophy

the rôle, but couldn’t get her, and they tried player after player in the part.

“I was given a chance, altho Miss Pickford quite frankly did not believe
I could do it. They tried me for three days, studying the bits of nega-
tive in the darkroom at night. Then they decided to keep me. The
only other chance I have had was the de luxe comforter in 'Old
Wives for New.' Really, I can’t see why I am being interviewed.
I haven’t accomplished anything yet.”

Miss Manon smiled—a tired, far-away sort of smile. She selected
another bonbon, leisurely, with a minimum of physical effort.

“I believe you get just what you dream about,” she went
on. “Nothing more and nothing less. I am not a fatalist. I have
worked too hard. You must work to succeed; work hard, un-
waveringly. The successful are those who can disregard pain—
who are strong enough to do that and go on. The real people
have sacrificed and suffered to be where they are.

(Continued on page 65)
The world considers Conway Tearle one of the most popular matinée idols of the present-day stage or screen.

Mr. Tearle thoroughly believes he isn’t a matinée idol, never was one, and never wants to be.

“Too be a matinée idol,” says Mr. Tearle, “all that is necessary is a knack of wearing clothes, the money to go to a first-class tailor, a pretty face and the ability to clutch the girl gracefully in the last few moments of the third act.

“I never was a pretty man. I don’t want to play namby-pamby heroes. I want to play men with a dash of deviltry in them, like ordinary human beings. I want to play men that have no one likes him. He is positive he has the least luck of any actor. He verily believes that he has nothing to say that will interest the world. He even doubts his own braininess. He is one of those restless individuals who, no matter how much they accomplish, never quite reach the goal of their ambition.

And he absolutely fails to realize that this very lack of self-satisfaction, which is the death-knell of so many popular actors, is the surest sign in the world that he will not stand still, but will continue to advance. He fails to realize that as he goes on, his ambition grows in proportion, so that he thinks he never accomplishes it. To those who look no farther than today it may seem a curse to be perpetually dissatisfied, but to those gifted with an insight into the art of creation it is common knowledge that contentment or a fatty self-satisfaction spell the end of achievement.

The stage is Conway Tearle’s natural inheritance. His father was Ormsby Tearle, one of the most famous English actors of his day... his mother, an American actress, Minnie Conway, with a theatrical lineage which stretched back to 1712.

Conway was born in America, but was taken to England when he was eight years old. There he received his education at Winchester.

In spite of the fact that his ancestors had mapped out his destiny, the stage, he studied law and even took up professional boxing as a means of livelihood.

“Imagine me even attempting to be anything but an actor,” says Tearle. “Why, it just couldn’t be done, and so I finally succumbed to the call of the blood and took up my proper profession.”

Among his first plays were “The Geisha” and “Ben Hur.” After six years of consistently good acting in London, Tearle sought America, where he made a decided hit with Grace George.

The records of that time show that he was the most sought after actor in America. Again his version of the story differs. “Don’t,” he almost pleads, “say any one ran after me or that I got ma s h notes.

It isn’t true. No one ever pays any attention to me.”

Tearle has romantically melancholy eyebrows. They glow gloomily over his deep-set eyes. But there is a certain whimsical upturn to his mouth which belies his depression. He maintains that everything he has ever obtained has been thru sheer hard work.

His modesty is real. He believes his own statements and, all proof to the contrary, you couldn’t make him believe differently. He says where another actor has made a hit in a very short time without any
effort, his didn’t come without the most excruciatingly hard work. This was as Rene in “The Hawk.” He was not called upon to take the part until three days before the play was to open in New York. At the time he had walking typhoid, but did not know it. He was obliged to rehearse his part for three days and three nights, with the result that he scored a big hit, but he very seriously undermined his health.

“I like the stage better than pictures,” says Mr. Tearle.

“and I think I always shall. On the screen I am simply depicting some one else’s thoughts; on the stage I can put my own interpretation across. With all due respect to picture directors, they want to talk, think, walk, do everything for you. You are nothing but the automaton that carries out their ideas. You wait three weeks for your big scene, and then—woof!—you discover it is nothing.

“Of course, I think the ideal way would be to direct myself. Be a director? Heaven forbid! I mean I would like to plan out my own work like Chaplin does. For instance, I would have given anything to have played ‘The Silver King.’ My father starred in the original stage production. It was one of his greatest hits. It does seem as if the screen part might have been mine, but you see, no luck, no luck at all.

“Everybody asks me what screen star I like best, and I always answer, diplomatically, the one I am playing with at that time. As a matter of truth, I think Norma Talmadge is the fairest, squarest star of them all. She is willing to go fifty-fifty every time, to give a fellow a chance.

“That girl has real brains. I dont see why some one doesn’t star her on the stage. I think she would be a tremendous success. She can really act.

Left, Miss Talmadge and Mr. Tearle at an informal between-the-scenes luncheon. “With all due respect to picture directors,” says Mr. Tearle, “they want to talk, think, walk, do everything for you. You are nothing but an automaton that carries out their ideas.”

“I like playing on the stage because I have most of my afternoons off, can play golf, get out in the country in the machine—live. In the studio I work all day—and get into a dress-suit the next morning at 8 A.M.

“You ask what I’d do if I were bound to an office? Routine work? Dear lady, it couldn’t be done.”

Conway Tearle admires women that have brains, and yet he says that he is afraid of those that have.

“They’re always obtruding themselves and making a man feel insignificant—and a man doesn’t like to feel insignificant. I know I haven’t an overly large supply of brains, but I dont want any one to make me feel this all the time.”

Mr. Tearle has one failing. He just cant remember to keep an appointment to save his soul. He cannot be bound. He is as irresponsible as a gold-fish. He hates to have people make a fuss over him—particularly women—and yet he says he would like pictures better could he think that the picture public liked him.

One of his greatest charms is his voice and his perfect English. He is a finished diplomat, tactful, as are all innately well-bred people.

He will always be a seeker, a hunter for that elusive happiness, that self-satisfaction which is just beyond, whose gossamer wings teasingly brush his eyelids and pass on.

He is a romantic figure, a gallant, a genius, with all of a genius’ moodiness.

He is one of the most popular actors on the screen today—and he doesn’t know it.
Little Florence Patricia, two years old, is Billie's Land of Promise. "I love her so," says Miss Burke. "I love them all so. Baby, mother, the home, the chickens and dear, kind Flo. Why, I can hardly realize that I've been married five years. Five! They've been five wonders." On this page are pictures taken on the Hastings-on-Hudson estate.
Miss Burke Is
Very, Very Busy

of the quaintest foreign style. On the walls were pastel miniatures, in the corner a Louis XVI desk, across were trellised mirrors, and again clocks, vases, books and candlesticks were photos—hundreds of them, all autographed. They were from one celebrity after another, but the majority of them "From Billee Burke."

"See? Ees that not a darling?" asked Madame, indicating a picture of Miss Burke with garlands in her long, thick, plaited hair. "That was Billee's début on the stage about nine years ago in England. Billee was so magnifique that, alo tho at the time she was studying music (she, too, had a charming voice), George Edwards insisted on having her in his Christmas pantomime. Then here she ees in 'Three Little Maids,' that bright success, with Edna May."

"Charles Frohman was impressed with her acting with Charles Hawtrey in 'Mr. George.' He engaged her to return to America with him to play opposite John Drew in 'My Wife.' See? She ees here . . . her hair she now wears on top of her head, but she ees still the girl! She had been in America but one year when she was made a star in 'Love Watches.' There . . . ees that not a wonderful picture? After that I remember he played in 'The Runaway' with Ernest Lawford, 'Mrs. Dot' and in 'The Mind-The-Paint Girl.' Here are the pajamas I made for her that are now known all over as Billie-burkies! Shelley Hull was with her in that play, and also in 'The Land of Promise' and 'Jerry.' Billee ees simply heartbroken over his death. He was so young and fine.

"Last year Billee played with Henry Miller in the piece by M. Dumas, 'A Marriage of Convenience.' I theenk she loved that the best of all her parts! The satins, the picturesqueness, the daintiness all appealed to her nicety of expression."

Madame left me to get ready the outfit "for Billee." Over two hours, and the time did not drag. There is nothing more diverting or enchanting than to view a growing array of exquisite garments. "Here eet ees . . . such a state of wildness! In two days she goes away . . . and all these costumes must go with her. Look! Ees this not a sweet one?" And she held high for scrutiny a smart sports blouse

(Continued on page 76)
“You'll have to come back in a year or so, then,” said the captain, ordering intricate hors-d'oeuvres in a casual way. “I expect to have one round about that time.”

“You mean you wish you had been wounded, I take it?”

The captain looked at me with com- miseration. “Do I?” he exploded. “Gosh, every time I see one of the boys with an arm or a leg gone, my heart sinks into my boots. I'm ashamed of my arm where the wound chevrons ought to be. I wish the Boche had played tick-tack-toe all over my face with his cunning bayonet. There's just one affliction I am glad I escaped—

“And that?”

“Loss of my eyes. I'd hate not to be able to see a pretty woman.”

This were easier to imagine of the gay Lo-thario who, a few years back, charmed New York singing “Oh, You Dear, Delightful Women” in “The Balkan Princess,” who later made problematical love to Frances Starr and, still later, stormed his way to a capture on the screen.

“You had rather a difficult rôle—over there, didn't you?” I asked.

“I was on General Pershing's staff, you know,” the captain said; “Intelligence Department. It was interesting in a way, tho' not dangerous . . . not very many thrills. It was my job to keep the general supplied with information to go on important and private missions, and all that. Once, a few months back, I came over here. I met Foch and

(continued)
Clemenceau and most of the great French generals and officials. They are tremendous. Foch is a veritable superman."

The hors-d'oeuvres had given successive way to ices and black coffee. I veered. "Perhaps if you haven't quite got your perspective of war," I suggested, "women . . ."

He laughed. When he laughs he laughs mostly with his eyes, which are brown and have a twinkle in their depths, a wicked little twinkle. Paradoxically, one is reminded of a small boy. Thus, no doubt, the charm which has made "Bob" Warwick a menace to the chances of other less gifted members of his own sex.

"Women!" he said. "Why, I've always had a perspective on women. It is that they are invariably, individually and collectively charming."

"But after the war?" "What then? They have been magnificent, of course. That did not surprise me as it seems to have surprised almost everybody. It was to be expected. It has not detracted from their charm—in the contrary. I love all the women. The French girls . . . ah! And the German women . . . never let anybody tell you that they are dull, stolid, uninteresting . . . it is not so."

He seemed about to go into a sort of cosmopolitan reverie, speaking feministically, when I recalled him with a figurative dash of cold water.

"Marriage?" I asked. "Do you still believe in it (Continued on page 66)"

"Marriage is a failure because, afterwards, women don't flirt enough," philosophizes Warwick, "and, therefore, men don't try enough. Men have one instinct which is stronger than all others—the hunting instinct. You take the average married man—he knows he doesn't have to hunt any more . . . He feels cheated, defrauded!"

(Twenty-five) © Alfred Cheney Johnston
The Endowed Photoplay

By CHARLES JAMESON

"The future of the motion picture lies in the endowed photoplay," declares Vachel Lindsay, who always sees the screen from an oddly interesting viewpoint. Lindsay is the colorful Illinois poet who has made a singularly deep and searching study of motion pictures. In other words, he is a poetic fan. Some time ago he wrote a volume on "The Art of the Moving Picture."

In the interim he has been writing poetry and seeing more pictures. The results of his new ideas he embodied in a lecture given at Columbia University in New York City recently. And the cornerstone of his address was a plea for the endowed photoplay.

The fact that Mr. Lindsay was invited to address the Institute of Arts and Sciences of Columbia University on the photodramatic art deserves more than passing comment. The screen is advancing!

Mr. Lindsay's comments were vigorous, as one might expect. He began by declaring that he, with others, had once considered the director as the most important factor in the making of photoplays, but that he had, with those others, reached the conclusion that "the real hero of the moving picture would be the scenario writer."

"It is the scenario writer," he said, "who must supply the material out of which artistic photoplays are to be built," and he urged that the author's rights be proclaimed "in season and out until they dominate the field." "The photoplay is good so far as it follows the

Mr. Lindsay believes that the scenario writer has no chance in the commercial field. Scenarios with fresh ideas, upon being submitted to commercial producers, are put thru a script factory, reducing everything to a common denomi-
SUSANNE,” said Mrs. Ercoll, stirring her tea with the air of one doing it a great favor, “says that she will never marry again.”

“In my experience that remark usually precedes the announcement of an engagement,” Mrs. McVey sagely. She helped herself to sugar with a prodigality that would have turned r. Hoover pale and set her blushes off. “No woman no does expect to get married ever after 35 years so.”

“Then aren’t any men who don’t expect to be married?” The hostess shrugged her pink negligee shoulders. “Lemon, dear? But one would think that after her first impossible experience! I happen to know that she was on the eve of marrying Carter when, fortunately, he did the tactful thing of dying. Of course, I never advise any one, but I should think that she would stick to suffrage. Or perhaps raise kine dogs, or go in for a soul, or something that she could get rid of more easily than a husband.”

She was a large woman, with a round, pink face, who affected a babyish air of helplessness and fussy, dabby clothing. Architecture was mid-Victorian, her ideas depended upon what she had been reading last.

“I had rather a notion that Foxcroft Grey would be the next candidate for the vacant position,” Mrs. McVey purred. “He seems so attentive. That was positively a bale of roses I saw the hall just now. Of course, he’s hopelessly old-fashioned Lucy, you are so impulsive,” she murmured. “It’s merely the announcement of Susanne’s engagement to Foxcroft Grey.”

She selected a bit of French pastry and passed the silver basket to her friend. “My dear, you must be sure to come. A week from today. I don’t know why they delay it so long—a great many things can happen in a week.”

The butler added another to the company about the samovar by ushering in Arthur Barnard, the new tenant, who had just leased Mrs. Ercoll’s bungalow at the foot of the lawn, a young man of terrible seriousness, whose chief characteristics were a feeble mustache, a large Adam’s apple and a mission to enlighten the world by a series of problem plays upon which he was laboring.

“I have brought you, dear lady,” he bowed over his landlady’s pudgy hand, “a gift more wondrous than pearls and fine gold! I have brought you a precious thought, a little fledgling brain child of my own.”

It developed that he had discovered that those unmarried were more truly married than if they were married, while the bonds of matrimony were far from liberty bonds, and the realization of the ideal was the true aim of existence. Or at least that is what his auditors got from his explanation.

He spoke in beautiful, gummy, soothing syrup phrases, ate a great many little frosted cakes without seeming
In the little apartment, where Susanne basked about like an energetic sunbeam, the scorched and odd, embossed dishes were seasoned with kisses conscious of them, and held his audience enthralled until interrupted by the breezy entrance of Foxcroft Grey.

"My dear boy," cooed Mrs. Er- coll, "come here and he kiss immediately, and tell me what you mean by running away with my little girl."

"The privilege of kissing you," Foxcroft explained, gallantly, "was my chief reason for wishing to marry Susanne. As soon as I saw you, two years ago, Mrs. Er- coll, I said to myself, 'If that woman has a daughter, I am going to marry her,' and last night, aided and abetted by the moon, I got her promise."

"The newspapers—" began Mrs. McVey. Foxcroft nodded with an air of modest satisfaction.

"I phoned 'em the good news as soon as the offices were open this morning so that Susanne would find her bridges hard to burn," he explained. "And I've given a month's notice to my apartment house."

"You live at the Bachelor Hall, don't you, Mr. Grey?" Mrs. McVey wanted to know, with rougishly wagging forefinger. "The only house in the city where women aren't admitted. Come, now; tell me truly, aren't there ever? I know there must be! Oh, naughty, naughty! Tut, tut—h-m!"

Arthur blushed chastely. He spoke loudly of women, dissected them on paper, and fled from them in the flesh, unless they were on the safe side of fifty. He had a deep-seated belief that they were one and all bent upon marrying him. Susanne in particular terrified him. Hearing her rumahot stop now on the drive outside he rose to make his escape, but before it could be consummated Susanne was in the room.

There was an air about Susanne Sinclair, née Er- coll, as breezy and sunny as an April morning. She was the sort of woman whom others of her sex "never can see anything in," which, of course, means that she was as pretty as the proverbial picture, lithe, moon-blond, with the short upper-lip that made Helen of Troy a decidedly dangerous and unsettling young person.

Her eyes narrowed slightly as they discovered Foxcroft Grey's well-featured face among those turned to greet her, but she tossed her hat aside and advanced to the tea-table, stripping off her gloves with perfect self-possession.

"I've been interviewing Lady Buggleswaiite, the English suffraget that tied herself to the hitching-post in front of Lloyd George's house," she explained. "She's a wonderful woman—been in jail twenty-four times. She was hoping to make it twenty-five even, but the women unfortunately got the vote before she could. It's an inspiration to talk with her. However—she helped herself liberally to sandwiches—"I don't believe in hunger strikes."

Arthur Barnard interrupted, his pale, intellectual face suffused with embarrassment. "You will excuse me, Miss Susanne, but I—really, I must go. My play must not suffer from my wanderings in pleasant fields. I feel that I owe a debt to society."

He did not mention the debts he also owed to his tailor and his butcher. Coincident with his departure, Mrs. McVey and Lucy took their leave, and Susanne beheld with alarm her mother's preparations to follow suit.

"Why," she demanded of Foxcroft, as Mrs. Er- coll's pink-upholstered figure disappeared behind the curtains, "why should people flee from an engaged couple as if they had the plague? And who said we were engaged anyway?"

"You did," Foxcroft assured her, "darling."

Susanne pointed toward the windows, thru which the sun was streaming in. "Last night I had a little too much moon, and it went to my head. You ought to know that a woman never means anything she doesn't say at eleven o'clock in the morning, with the sun in her eyes. You had no business mak- ing me think I wanted to marry you."

"You made me think you did," he led her to a chair before the long French mirror. "Sit here, dearest, so that I can see two of you!"

"If a man had any sense of honor," Susanne said, severely "he'd behave before marriage the way he is going to afterward."

"That," said Foxcroft, "is an odd conception of what is honorable! However, the main thing to be settled this morning is where we are going to live after we are married. And I think—it's only a suggestion—that we could talk rather
etter if you were to come over here onto this ottoman beside me, so, and put your head down on my shoulder so, and I were to kiss you so and so and so.

"Marriage," Susanne mourned, without reversing her pale gold fluff of hair from Foxcroft's neck, "is the mask civilization has put upon slavery! When two people become one, that one is the man, never the woman. A wife hasn't the freedom of her servant girl—"

"I'll give you a day off, occasionally," suggested her lover, every other Thursday, say.

"No!" Susanne sat up suddenly, and her eyes began to shine. "I'll tell you! We'll make it a Saturday to Monday marriage!" She lapped her hands, as one who has discovered the solution to the unsolvable. "We'll meet for dinner very Friday and be married until Monday morning, when we'll each go our way in absolute freedom, answerable to each other for our actions until the next Friday. We'll not try to see each other or write each other as to how we spend the week days, but over the week ends we will!"—she blushed shyly—"we will keep house and barrel and talk about the high price of things and find fault with each other's clothes just like real married people! Well?"

Foxcroft Grey was not called one of the cleverest young lawyers in the New York bar for nothing. There is more than one way of winning a case. "It seems to me," he smiled, with perfect good humor, "that you have hit upon a very brilliant an. If you like, I'll draw up a iron-clad contract to that effect, and we'll both sign it.

And in that case, no doubt, I can keep my apartment. McCauley, the janitor, is a hard-hearted Scot, but we'll show him the wedding certificate and he'll oblige me to his 'no ladies' rule.'"

"A wife is no lady," McCauley ruled, when a week later, a xicad deposited Mr. and Mrs. Foxcroft Grey in the Bachelor's hallway with the gentle patter of rice, "but then, a husband is no bachelor, either. I dunno, I dunno."

Foxcroft's argument was of the old reliable type. McCauley pocketed it with a dour grin. "You're exempt, Mrs. Grey," he told her, "but a word of warning to ye, I draw the line at nursing bottles an' perambulators!"

The first matrimonial week-end was a grand success, despite the fact that Susanne's knowledge of cookery was limited to the kind of Welsh rarebit, fudge and stuffed eggs, while Foxcroft's culinary contributions were the mixing of Bronx cocktails and the toasting of frankfurters. In the little apartment Susanna bustled about like an energetic sunbeam. The orchard and oddly concocted dishes were seasoned with sarsaparilla. The small figure in the fluffy silk and chiffon negligee flitting across the breakfast-table from him awoke to Foxcroft for the obvious fact that the toast was smoked, the coffee bitter and the eggs exceedingly hard.

Susanne assumed the rôle of matron like an ambitious actress studying a new part. When she went in for a new dress she flung herself into it with all her heart; now she took marriage as she had taken up barefoot dancing, Bahaism, and the Woman's Movement. When she stood on Monday morning pinning her very smart little hat with the cocky wing tip her curly hair, she congratulated herself that her experience had proved a grand success.

"Now to be happy the married!" she murmured aloud, with a triumphant smile. "We are revolutionists. We will show the world that marriage need not be a degrading slavery, wiping out individualism—damn this mirror! It wasn't made to hold women's hats, that's certain—we will abolish boredom, nagging, jealousy—"

She paused. In the room beyond, the telephone was ringing shrilly, and Foxcroft was answering. "Hello! Yes, this is Mr. Grey's apartment—who is this? Oh, yes." Was it fancy, or did his tone change, grow conscious? "You—what? Well—er—I'm engaged this moment, but in half an hour—certainly, I'll be delighted. I'd suggest the fire escape. McCauley is such a crab. Very well, expect you then. G'by!"

Susanne jabbed the hatpin viciously thru her blonde curls. It was none of her business, of course, but—not that she cared—that was certainly a queer message for a man to get on his honeymoon!

"What was I saying?" she said, fretfully, to the exceedingly pretty but rather blank face in the mirror. "Oh, yes, we will abolish jealousy—"

Another girl and the fire escape! Three days married and already telephoning to other women! Well, it was lucky she...
didn't care. She'd show him two could play at that game.

She'd—"

"Well, sweetheart?" Foxcroft had come softly up behind her, and the mirror for a moment looked like the June cover of a popular magazine. "How do you like marriage?"

Susanne laughed lightly to cover the scorched feeling in her heart. "Week-end marriage," she corrected, "perfect freedom of the individual, remember. No questions asked."

Foxcroft smiled. "Of course. We're under contract, aren't we?"

See you next Friday—Kitz, eh? Palmroom at six-thirty. Good-by till then, darling."

It was two nights later when Arthur Barnard, wrestling with esoteric soul-struggles, looked up from his manuscript to find what appeared at the first glance to be an angel, an exceedingly up-to-date and well-dressed angel with a cobweb of moonbeams in her hair, standing in the doorway of his sitting-room.

His frantic clutching of his dressing-gown about his pink pajamaed chest was purely reflex. Arthur thought nothing of baring his soul to sympathetic ladies, he was not appalled by naked emotions, but he was acutely conscious of his pajamas.

"Arthur Barnard," the vision said, in a tremulous tone, and advanced into the room, to his horror, "Arthur, I am in great trouble. You must listen to me, you must help me. Oh, oh"—continuing to advance—"it is terrible, terrible!"

"My dear Miss Sus—that is, Mrs. Grey,"

Arthur stammered, recoiling, "you must not come here. Suppose some one should see you! They might misconstrue—oh, please, please go away!"

Ignoring his frantic wail, Susanne flung herself upon his knees by his chair and captured one hand. Her wrap of satin and fur slipped back from her shoulders like creamy milk; her eyes, of the blue of violets dewed with grief, looked up into his. Not being a husband, Arthur Barnard was not water-proof to woman's tears. He squirmed, but he listened, in awe of, as his better nature prompted him, fleecing the place immediately.

"Somehow," Susanne went on, with despairing tone, "my husband has conceived an unreasonable jealousy of me. He received an anonymous letter hinting that I was not true to him, and, acting upon it, he is coming, tonight, here!"

The playwright's mental agonies were pitiable. His pale eyes, the color of commercial bluing, seemed in danger of leaving her socks off.

"But why here?" she moaned, in why hesitate come? Dear, this things don't people in life, in plays."

"He is coming here," Susanne explained, stilted, because he is esoteric of you, and think he will find me here. I came to warn you that must not be found here."

Arthur staggered to his feet, knees chattering in his castanets. "You—he—"

He clutched at the arm

She looked up at him with a beautiful blush.

"I've decided not to be a week-end wife any longer, but an all-the-time wife so long as we both shall live!"

"You must be miscalculating over the letter. Why should any one write an accusation of me? This is blameless. I never made anything stronger than ginger ale, do not sign a swear, go to bed at all past nine—cold shive every morning—"

His voice trailed to gurgle. Watching his face, Susanne felt the prize of love doubt. After all, perhaps she should have done some other man—any one be jealous of Arthur? Still, the letter had been a masterpiece. She felt certain that Foxcroft would come, and there and place, if not there were certainly unconventional. He should see that she, too, could have him.

affairs on the side. The sound of footsteps on the walk outside brought her to her feet, clutching at the pink flannel nearest her. "It's he!" she whispered, and for the first time fear swept her. What if Foxcroft thought—"

She cast a frantic glance about the room, saw a door, ran for it, to be halted by Arthur's almost inarticulate plea—"No, no, not there—that's the bedroom, the bedroom—"

(Continued on page 67)
You may think such a feat is not possible. There are some handicaps, you may say, which are just, don'tcher-know, a trifle beyond... Percy, you pursue, is one of them...

We thought so, too. We thought: "Percy! Deah, deah! He will be a charming chappie, oah, charming!" Our mental processes evolved the sweetest pictures... pink teas... pink spats... a rosie-budder in the button-hole.

By the law of logic and by right of name alone we should have committed the interview in some dim tea-room to the tune of French pastries and cocoa. But, it seems, neither logic nor names go to the making of the man.

We interviewed Percy Marmont in the thoroly efficient and wholly masculine office of Thomas J. Dixon. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon. Below us roared and seethed, a monstrous shifting coil, the traffic of Times Square. It was growing dusk. The intricate electric ads were flagellating the skies. It was all very commercial. Very un-Percyfied. The walls of the office were plastered with posters of "The Invisible Foe" and one or two portraits of theatrical luminaries. Mr. Marmont was depicted, chiefly with hands, groping for God knows what. There were deep leathern chairs about. From one of these emerged, pleasantly, rather lengthily, Mr. Marmont.

He is extremely lengthy. One of the tallest. He is also extremely fair. Fair hair, fair skin, fair eyes. There seemed to me to be something sort of Robert-Louis-Stevensonian in the attenuated length of his figure, his small, rather narrow head, his slender, nervous, interesting hands. He has extremely interesting hands. There is a flavor about the man. A difference. One does not know just wherein the difference lies, but knows that it is there. There is, one feels, a gentleness, a sort of a whimsical general comprehension, a great good humor. Withal something boyish. Something eager.

(Continued on page 72)
The Yuma passing out into the gulf from Miami, Florida

Bill landed five large tarpon, the average weight being eighty pounds.

Above, Breakfast before harpoon exercise and, below, Bill in the very act of washing up. The first photo extant of a star doing this.
After finishing the Fox production, "The Jungle Trail," William Farnum engaged the schooner Yuma, Captain Jim Thompson commanding, for a fishing trip. Out past the Florida keys they went, into the Gulf of Mexico. There Bill learnt how to harpoon the elusive swordfish and, as a climax to the expedition, he speared a man-eating hammerhead shark, weighing 1,500 pounds and 20 feet in length. It required a flotilla of soft-nosed bullets from Mr. Farnum's 22 automatic rifle to finish Mr. Shark.

Here is Bill Farnum snapped as he shot up Mr. Shark with his automatic rifle. Below, Bill conferring with Captain Thompson. At the lower left is a close-up of the shark.
Wouldn't it be the most terrible irony of fate if you began with the aspirations of a Bernhardt and ended as a clown? I did. What if you had spent hours with your father's best buggy robe draped around your rather dumpy figure in a desperate imitation of your favorite tragedienne, only to meet with shrieks of laughter when your family, thinking you were being murdered, burst upon you? It happened to me.

Have you not held yourself tense as you read Hugo or Maupassant into the wee, sma' hours and relaxed with relief when you came to yourself again? I have. Only I couldn't relax. It was real. I was meant to assume Duse's laurel crown. Some day they would realize—then—oh, well, genius can afford to be generous.

I was raised in an atmosphere of roasts only on Sunday, starched calico dresses that scratched, and missionary meetings. My rather lonely girlhood had bred in me an absolute frankness toward myself and other people which made it difficult to understand the little peculiarities of folks in general. To laugh at them was the farthest thing from my mind. It was daily instilled in me that life was a serious proposition—there was no such word as humor, and comedy consisted solely of black-faced clowns and medicine fakers.

The worst bump of my life was when I found I was not pretty. My personal appearance had been given no thought at home—it was taken for granted, and my sole sacrifice to vanity was to stand meekly each morning while the clammy end of a wash-rag trickled down my spine.

It happened at a school dance. I was frankly a wall-flower. Any overtures I made to the callow youths lined up against the wall made no impression—something was radically wrong. I hurried to the dressing-room and gazed at myself. No, I wasn't like those girls out there. My eyes were neither veiled nor mischievous—they were round and frankly stared at a then
unfriendly world; my hair fell in limp, drab folds—it was hair and that's all; my mouth was neither pouty nor cupid-bowed—it was something to put food into; of my nose, the less said the better; and my forehead and ears, exposed nakedly to the public, gave me a horrid, undressed feeling. I was not

pretty. Only a girl can realize what a terrible realization that must be.

For a month I was self-conscious—what was I good for? I had ambitions, but for what? One day an idea struck me. I had always played a little; of course, I was an embryo Paderewski. Why hadn't I realized it before?

My imagination ran so riot that I pictured great audiences held spellbound under my music, then the clash of applause. Yes, I'd show them yet.

Living in flats is not conducive to genius—nor flat-dwellers sympathetic. One evening while rendering my own version of "Hearts and Flowers," there was a hard thumping on the ceiling—I must be quiet or move. I kept quiet.

Then I painted. Our rooms were mazes of lurid sunsets and moonsets, landscapes and seascapes—just which was which was rather difficult to discern. The family walked dazedly about with a rather bilious appearance and went off their food, till a kind friend came to their assistance. Wouldn't I like to make some money for Christmas? The picture company where she was employed were to use lots of extras soon—would I like to try?

"I'd love to, but I'd have to ask the family."

There was a pow-wow, and while great-aunts and second cousins gazed disapprovingly at this rebellious ugly duckling, it was decided that, as I had caused quite enough trouble already, they'd better let me have my way. Moving pictures sounded (Continued on page 69)
Earle and His Ambitions

films may come and films may go, but 

Thought I was going to use the same old ending, didn't you? No; this is all about the new benedict's ambitions, and they dont lead him into the temptation of going on forever, even in films.

I remember reading that young Mrs. Williams' pet ambition was to be fulfilled in California, for she had set her heart on a white house with green shutters. She's missed that house by a few kangaroo jumps, for it stands at the corner of a block which harbors but four dwellings on one side and none at all on the other. This unrestricted view gives outlook upon the foothills, shows up dandelion-covered meadows even in January, and makes one believe that the Williamses are suburbanites.

The Catalina Street houses are on terraces. It's most like living in a moated castle. There are lawns all around the houses and garages in the rear. The newlyweds' home is a one-story bungalow of brownish tints, has an awning-cloth hammock-swing on the front piazza, and is very snugly hidden from spying intruders by tall rose-vines and smilax, intertwined with asparagus.

It is the voice of Florine Williams which greets one over the telephone. It is she who protects her famous spouse from annoying, unnecessary conversations. Even tho you must give a minute account of yourself before Earle Williams answers the 'phone, you feel the cordiality ringing thru his wife's mellow tones.

But once you're expected, the Vitagraph star isn't afraid to admit you himself. He's not a bit up-stage and, while his manner suggests reserve, he talks easily. All the front rooms seem to open into each other, showing an alluring hominess. The furniture is massive mahogany, but it's all meant to be used and lacks stiffness. There are lots of Jap-

Films may come and films may go, but Earle Williams—

Angeles a white vines the Earle front want Highest a

Films may come and films may go, but Earle Williams—

Angeles a white vines the Earle front want Highest a
moving on by slow stages—don't laugh. I don't mean the sort of stages you've seen in the movies for years past."

"How about ambitions in the direction of writing plays or directing?"

"I just finished co-authoring on a new play. I like that sort of work very much, but I never would assume direction of a play. It seems to me that sooner or later, most directors are a bit 'crazy,' to put it mildly. It's no wonder, tho', their responsibilities are so heavy. They receive all the kicks from the head office—except in my case, for I have contracted to do eight pictures yearly, and if we are behind, as we certainly are just now, having finished but two pictures and partly shot a third, the blame falls on me.

"To run off a picture in two weeks, as I have been known to produce one, means hard work. It can't be done where there are numerous distant locations, but, fortunately, in the last instance of the kind we had many studio interiors and city locations, and we worked a few Sundays."

"It's a strange thing, the way pictures run. Now, I have an ambition along this line. I'd like to do an entirely different sort of picture each time, a radical departure from the last produced. I believe it keeps the fans more interested in a star. But fate interposes and I find myself doing several detective stories in succession, much against my will.

"I had finished and exhibited a detective tale, and immediately my manager and I received endless scripts of detective stories, saying they exactly fitted me. Papers and trade journals stated that I would be welcoming detective plays. The New York office was swamped with detective junk. We waded thru piles of this stuff, reading and rejecting, but the Eastern office finally insisted on keeping a few, which accounts for me having starred in them.

(Continued on page 70)"
WINTHROP STARK was sent to Kolpee in the South Seas to convey to the natives there the word of God. He embarked for the atmospheric journey with the fire of the true and zealous missionary burning in his heart a lambeat light. He felt only a vast pity for the dark bodies and the darker souls of the blindfolded creatures he had been enjoined to help. He hoped for converts, nothing more.

When he came back at last he realized a great many things apart entirely from the Word of God that he had never realized before, having been born and bred in New England with all and quite a little bit more than that implies, and having, chronologically and in due sequence, fallen in love with a New England girl. He learnt, for example, that while the Word of God may differ from land to land and from sea to sea, a woman's heart is a woman's heart, be it bared and barbed on the shores of remotest Lapland or among the tropics, where there is no light save only the light of the sun. He learnt that the stuffs of tragedy are mixed with the same ingredients there as in the stark, prim New England village wherein he had had his early training. Blood and love and death... death and blood and love... the woof and warp of the minor chord of the crucified human heart. He learnt that a woman's love... but we run ahead...

He landed in Kolpee after a journey upon a sea as sweeping as the wings of a mammoth bird, and as blue, or still bluer, than the eyes of the New England lass he had left with his modest diamond upon her symbolistical finger. He arrived at night, just after the moon, tremendous and richer than honey, was riding a low, thick sky. There were queer murmurs about, strange scents and sounds, impending things. Now and again the gleaming dark body of a native would slide from some underbrush. A javelin would gleam whiter than the gleams of the javegin moon. Laughter would sound, uncouthly. Love would sound, also uncouthly. There seemed to Winthrop Stark to be a mighty lack of reticence, even in the blackness. Grown-up children, he mused, who had forgot to hide their brazenry of childhood. Men and women... in the dark...

The next morning Winthrop Stark walked slowly along the coast-line. Afar down he could see the naked pearl divers preparing for their work. The women back in the village were hammering at their meal. Children shouted and ran crazily into the sea. Now and then there would be a cry of "Shark!" Winthrop Stark moved slowly. His bishop had told him to take his time with these people. "Come upon them slowly, my son," he had said. "Don't upon them, as it were. Live among them simply and ostentatiously that...

FAITH SERVICE

Fictionized from the Photoplay

The South Sea Romance of the Rev. Winthrop Stark, the Beautiful Zara, Daughter of King Majah of Kolpee, — and the Black Typhoon.

Zara was modeled in Amazonian fashion, with limbs as free as the air she breathed exultantly, skin deeper than wild olives, eyes like great jewels, hair a thick halo of shameless bronze... a magnificent creature

A WOMAN THERE WAS

"A WOMAN THERE WAS"

Narrated by permission from the scenario of Adrian Johnson, based on Neje Hopkins' story. Produced by William Fox, starring Theda Bara. Directed by J. Gordon Edwards: The cast:

Zara.....................................................Theda Bara
Rev. Winthrop Stark..................................William B. Davidson
Pulce....................................................Robert Elliott
High Priest.............................................Claude Payton

(Thirty eight)
Winthrop Stark had intended to follow faithfully the ad-
nition of the reverend bishop. Winthrop Stark was that
t of a person. He had not counted upon Zara.
He had walked far past the sight of any person when he
me, inadvertently, upon Zara. He thought, as he viewed
before she saw him, thought quite abstractly, of course,
ng Winthrop Stark, New England missionary, what a mag-
possible. She was. Modeled in Amazonian fashion, with
his as free as the air she breathed exultantly, skin deeper
a wild olives, eyes like great jewels, hair a thick halo of
less bronze, clean blood that leaped and bounded under
sheen of her skin, a magnificent creature. She seemed,
ought Stark, to be the primitive spirit of the South Seas.
meaning of the bludgeoning moon, the riddle of the in-
prehensible flowers, the answer to the negroid meaning of
resistless sea. Of course, Winthrop Stark did not think
se things concretely. They ran thru his brain, inchoately,
were gone before the girl rose and stood before him,
suring his clean sweep of limb, his steady eyes, his stern
n, with her jeweled eyes.
I am Zara," she announced herself, in a colorful contralto,
a, daughter of Majah, King of Kolpee.
W inthrop Stark took off his clerical hat and smiled.
I am the new missionary," he said, and then, somehow, he
is silent. He seemed to read something in the dark, liquid
full upon him sadder than fate, more immutable than
nity. He had an unaccountable sense of wishing he had
er come to Kolpee, never dared to dream that he could
ert these fervid children with their riotous heatheniry.
You stay long? Zara questioned him.
Stark essayed a smile. "Until I have done my work," he
waved, gravely.
She tossed the defiant bronze strands from her brilliant,
y eyes. "What work you do?" she questioned him. "You
for pearls. But no."
But no," smiled the young and zealous missionary, "unless
call souls pearls, which you probably do not. I have come
, Zara, to teach your people the Word of God. The word
love. Of divine love."
He, red, sullen lips beneath his gaze smiled. Zara had
rested the meaning of the word love. She, too, had
med, here on this island, sleeping, a mammoth flower in
blue cradling of the sea. The winds, the scents, the heavy
na of living had taught her much of love. Pulke, the chief
liver, had tried to teach her more. Unlike the scents
the winds and the sea, he had failed. He dived deep and
ight up from the jealous depths the rarest pearls of the
ice, but he could not dive deep enough to find the hot,
wakened heart of Zara, Princess of Kolpee. He could not
deep enough for that.
W inthrop Stark could not dive for pearls at all. He knew
ning of the profession. He knew little of these dark
oles. Yet, as he stood there on the hot gold sand, with the
ouching his fair head and a smile in his cold New-Eng
eyes, there awoke in the half-tamed breast of the South
Island princess a passion everlasting. Secrets were re-
ed to her. Meanings became clear. All her formless,
ful, swirling days became patterned and clear to her.
ere was no confusion anywhere. She smiled up at him—
W inthrop Stark had the absurd idea that she had found

There are no fine shadings of convention in the South
lands. A man talks with a woman be-

That afternoon in
Stark's cabin Zara
put her arms about
him. She pulled
his reluctant head
to hers. She
whispered to him
that he was a
god and she wor-
shiped him.
any remote God that Zara was learning.

Pulke, the pearl diver, did not reason this out. He only knew that he had been diving for months and months for a pearl he knew of which must surely bring him the possession of the Princess of Kolpee. He knew that between him and that consummation stood now not merely the finding of the pearl, but the slender black figure of the man with the "head of a little sun."

There are certain definite and very simple measures in the South Sea Islands. One bears a grudge. One goes to the king and demands the death of the inimical one. Thus Pulke. He went to Majah, King of Kolpee and father of Zara, and told him fervently that this missionary was in Kolpee not for the purpose of a new God, but for the purpose of Zara. He, Pulke, desired the death of Stark.

Majah was not a king by reason of a cool sense of judgment, and life was very tame. The death of the white missionary, with his evangelical face and stirring words, would be a sensation. No doubt a fête could be held. There could be feasting, and it might be something of a pacifism to the now impending black typhoon.

There was one gentle spot in Majah. His love for Zara. He looked upon Zara almost with superstition. He had seen the miracle of her birth, the surpassing miracle of her growth, the blessing of her bourgeoning beauty. There was no female on Kolpee to be compared to Zara. And she was his. She was the only thing, the only achievement, on which Majah could look with a swelling of his copper chest, an inflation of his pride.

When she pleaded with him, arms about his barbaric neck, for the life of the white missionary, he acceded. He reserved judgment. Zara turned on Pulke and bared her teeth.


That afternoon, in Stark's cabin, Zara put her arms about God, as he already was . . . or he could go forth on the sea as he had come and she would follow him, cradling him in her arms. She whispered violent things to him, and he felt the mantle of her passion swoop down upon him like a robe of many throbbing colors.

He had come to teach the Holy Word of God . . . and had taught the pitiful love of man . . . himself . . . to the woman, who was so savagely, tragically . . . just woman.

He prayed for help.

Zara drew back from his stillness. Her jeweled eyes dimmed as the fires had been killed in them. She tried to speak, and at last made articulate. "You . . . dont love me . . ."

Winthrop Stark did not answer. Refutation seemed impossible in face of this palpitaing heart, which seemed to him to be breathing nakedly before him, a flower he was about to crush . . . He moved away and bent over the small trunk which he kept his small possessions. Without speaking, he handed her a modest silver frame encircling a modest, young face; a face banded with smooth hair, with guileful mouth and calm, unquestioning eyes. Zara stared at it. In vivid face besought the replete ones. The cry she gave startled Winthrop Stark, startled even the cabin not unmindful to the mortally wounded yelps of animals hurt.

She met his eyes. And he shook his head in the affirmative: "She is too cold," screamed Zara, utterly distraught. "I know not of love . . . nothing, I tell you . . . nothing will ever . . . at all . . ."

Winthrop Stark closed his eyes. A line flashed through his head: "Love's dim, cathedral ways . . ."
him, with Alice and him. "Love's dim, cathedral ways..."

This was discord, this love Zara offered him. This was profundity. Vicious, scarlet, destruction. It would be destruction, he knew it. It would burn his soul to ashes and his body to damnation. It would leave him nothing but a husk to drag back to that sweeter, saner thing that awaited him in the New England town. Profanity... of course... then why the engulfing warmth that rose up to assail him like the hot, impossible breaths of assaulting roses? Why the nostalgia that swept over him? Why the desire, sinister, horrible, conquering? He flung off the closing arms...

"Zara!" he heard himself saying. "This is not love... I have not come on such a mission as this... I..."

Zara laughed. She laughed horribly, he thought. She matched the little, nun-like picture from him and trampled it under her savage feet. She turned on his cabin and wrought destruction upon it. She raised up his priestly garments and hung them forth. She was a fury. The fury of the South seas

"I finish," a voice said at the window, and Stark turned to see the teeth of Pulke gleaming at him even as the many pearls gleamed. He saw a javelin raised. He closed his eyes...

he felt, in the unaccountable way he had felt many things since he had come to this land of nude feeling, that her great heart was crushed within her breast, that she was, inwardly, bleeding to death. If he had succeeded in bearing a feeble torch to her poor, immured soul, he had, in the doing, mutilated her vivid heart... the heart she had offered to him...

When the black typhoon was over and the uprisings consequent upon it were quelled and a sort of sultry peace settled at last upon Kolpee, it was found that Majah was dead, that fifty natives were dead with him and that Zara was reigning princess.

When they brought this news to her, Pulke and the high priest and the other, dearer, slender priest in his slim black, the old fires lit a moment in her eyes. She motioned Stark to her side, and he bent over to catch the words that rose with difficulty from her crushed breast. "When I go, Sun Man," she whispered, "it no longer safe—for you. They think you do these things—the typhoon—my sacrifice—my father's death—they not calm yet—I, as reigning princess, can—

"Pulke live on after I am gone. He remember that he love me, but that I love you and that so am I gone from him 'ever and 'ever.'"

The reigning princess of Kolpee said little more. She exacted from the high priest the promise that the Sun Man sail from Kolpee in safety. She was reigning princess and she knew that her last word would be sacred.

"You go back," she whispered to Stark, as he made the sign of the cross over her fallen head; "you go back... and I... and I..."

Winthrop Stark sailed at sunrise. The sea was wing-like, blue and very calm, the sun was pale and undemanding, but far off in the receding distances the island of Kolpee glowed like an opened flower beating like a heart...
A Daniels Come Judgment

it wouldn't be really boiling water, and the tea was as weak
and many a photoplay story. She chattered entertainingly, and
it up in delicious cakes and candy, and had the guests empty
cups very politely indeed.

If you want to see the real Miss Muffet act, just prow in
Bebe's dressing-room in the famous old Bradbury mansion,
top of Court Flight, now used by the Rolin Film Company I
a studio. Bebe owns a big part of that outfit, for they gar-
er the finest room in the old house, the second floor from
which has a huge bay-window facing out over the entire ci
Tropical trees throw their shadows on the sunlit, uncarpet
floor, a huge evergreen tries to inv
second-story men to deeds of
ahem!—valor, and Bebe love
everything about her dressin
room, except the spiders wh
will insist on climbing up
weave fanciful meshes for th
flies that come to Bebe's par
Just about the time I co
were, the "three lit
maids fro

Bebe is afraid of just
three things—gas-
stoves, spiders and
guns! She isn't at all
afraid of making
speeches, but spiders!
Gracious!

Sparking of guns and things,
we'll start right off by saying
that Bebe Daniels is afraid of
three bugaboos, gas-stoves, spiders—and guns!

The other day she was faced with
her pet aversion, a good-sized Colt
—no, not a foal, silly, but one of those
put-you-out-of-your-misery Colts
and, tho Bebe stuffed her ears with
cotton and was prepared not to hear
a thing, she ruined a perfectly good
shot by screeching her face up into
a pretty good imitation of a per-
simmon-eater and had the company
tied in knots with laughter. Of
course, there were retakes, and she
behaved herself beautifully the
next time and showed what a
pretty Bebe she really is.

But that's not all. The other
night fond Maman was out, and
Bebe had unexpected visitors.
She wanted to concoct tea, but
she hadn't the nerve to say she
was afraid to light the gas-range,
and finally hit on the brilliant
idea of using hot water from the
instantaneous heater, which is a
self-lighter as soon as a faucet
is turned on. Bebe forgot that

(Forty-two)
By FRITZI REMONT

When I took my seat at the front of the hall, mother remaining in the rear. Not a thing happened, and I got very nervous wondering if I could get to Los Angeles by 9 p.m. Finally, I told an usher I would either have to speak right then or not at all. I had been so fussed by all the rushing about that I'd never even thought much about the speech, but had outlined a little of it driving to Pasadena. Marie and Stella were to be there, and what do you think? Later they told me that Marie got so nervous for me,

knowing I'd not written down a thing on 'Ambition,' that she had to leave the hall when I started talking. So she needn't brag about being so courageous about spiders; she's got a weakness, too.

"When I got up to talk, I promptly forgot all about my outlined talklet, and started right in boldly, tho I must admit that I never can control my heart-beats when I have to talk. Let me dance, sing, act, do stunts before the camera or anything like that, and I'm cool as Alaska in winter, but talking makes me terribly afraid!"

"But what did you talk about, Miss Daniels?" we queried, stupidly, while we watched a sudden change from dainty frock to a Turkish harem outfit, which re

quired stockyless feet slipped into gold-cloth slippers, much beading of already heavy dark eyelashes and an extra dash of rouge on Cupid-bow lips.

"Ambition!" said Bebe, roughly and withdecided emphasis.

"Oh, yes, to be sure, but what did you tell them about it? About your own experiences?"

"Yes—er—and things like that. But I told them that will power was a great thing—that one must get will power first of all. If I had a child, I'd want it to have a temper and a strong will. You

(Continued on page 74)
Richman, Poorman, Beggarman—!
They're All Frank Losee
By C. Blythe Sherwood

Frank Losee started out as a boy to study law. That is, the *he* to which his folks were able to dictate. But in between dusty volumes young Losee was haunted by the whispers of *himself*—the callings of his heart's desire. He—wanted—to—act. And because his want was earnest, because his earnestness persisted in caring for a thing of interest, because his interest was supported by youth in all its doggedness of determination—he gave up plowing printed words, and joined the Hooley Stock Company of Brooklyn.

When a famous cartoonist made world-known that series, "Let George Do It," he meant really, and should have said, "Leave it to Frank." Whenever the Hooleys were in doubt as to whom they could cast for their varied parts, they would come up smiling with the inspiration, "Say! There's that big, young person—the good-

*Upper right, Mr. Losee playing himself; just below is a glimpse of Mr. Losee with Pauline Frederick in "Sapho"; in the lower right corner, as Scarpia in "La Tosca"; as Uncle Tom in the small circle; and, lower left, in "Great Expectations"*

poorman, beggarman, thief, as vividly as he enacted the parts of doctor, lawyer, Indian chief. To both his stage and screen directors he showed that, when it came to a toss-up between tradition and something new, he could win out with the latter, by completely abolishing the idea of having just "certain people for certain people." He did away once and for all, with the belief that, if an aged negro were needed to portray an aged negro, the casting men would have to go out and *find* an aged negro.

These incessant switchings from part to part
(Continued on page 78)
The Celluloid Critic

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

The house of Pathé contributed the one unusually interesting thing of the month, “Common Clay,” with Fannie Ward. This screen adaptation, by Ouida Bergere, of Cleaves Kinkead’s melodrama, may not find its way into our list of the best hotplays of the season—because of its banal conventionality—but Miss Ward’s playing stands out at the very forefront of the year’s acting. “Common Clay” starts as a veritable human document, the true story of a young woman, raised in squalor, who longs for luxuries and pretty things. But Mr. Kinkead lapses into the usual melodrama of the persecuted heroine and the illegitimate heiress. Thru all the trite situations Miss Ward is an intensely moving and dramatic figure. The star has never given a more unforgettable portrayal, a very real woman of the slums. There is one eminently big moment in “Common Clay,” when she sees little Ellen Neal go into the night. Fred Goodman’s weak man-of-the-town is a distinct thing and W. E. Laurence reveals vivacity Miss Allison lends the slender little theme. It is just a farce built around the younger sister of a wealthy family—a tomboyish hoyden who revolts against her elder sister’s tyranny and steals her beau. “Peggy Does Her Darndest” is brimful of fun, the beautiful May being admirably assisted by Rosemary Theby as the autocratic sister and Dick Rosson as the gymnastic brother, while Augustus Phillips makes the small role of a gentleman crook stand out. This comedy marks a new milestone in the career of a young woman who is going to be the most popular comédienne on the screen.

One of the ushers at the New York (Continued on page 79)

Top, William Farnum and Louise Lovely in “The Man Hunter”; right center, Fannie Ward as the heroine of “Common Clay”; and, left Corinne Griffith in “The Girl Problem.”
In the Broadway Theaters

Leo Ditrichstein is contributing one of his most brilliant characterizations in the Continental comedy, "The Marquis de Priola," at the Liberty Theater.

Ruth Donnelly and Ralph Sipperly offer brisk comedy performances with George M. Cohan in "A Prince There Was" at the George M. Cohan Theater.

The piquant Peggy Hopkins has the leading role in New York's newest boulevard farce, "A Sleepless Night," at the Bijou Theater.

One of the liveliest of the Broadway musical comedies is "Some Time," at the Casino Theater. The striking chorus is one of the features. Here are four remedies for the Tired Business Man: Ann Toddings, Anna Stone, Renee Hughes and Marie Astor.

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Known to operetta as a delightful voiced songstress, Eleanor Painter is winning new laurels as a dramatic actress in the melodic drama, "The Climax," now on tour.

One of the popular hits of the season is "East Is West," at the Astor Theater. In this drama Fay Bainter offers another picturesque creation.

One of the bright features of "The Velvet Lady" at the New Amsterdam Theater is Lainty Fay Marbe.
The Extra Girl Invades Another Courtroom

We were resting between scenes. In hushed tones we were exchanging confidences that, if shouts from the housetops, might have turned monarchs into republics, Bolsheviks into Holy Rollers, and ended for all time any doubt in the public mind concerning the League of Nations and the freedom of the seas.

"She's a winner," eloquently whispered "Muffins" brushing the hair back from his high brow.

"Believe me, old girl, they don't come any finer supplemented "Coffee," writing "Finis" on the table of the last olive on the plate.

"She's the littlest woman in the business," remarked John Stahl, sotto voce to an interested spectator.

At that moment the subject of discussion approached, with that graceful glide which has long been our envy and the object of our unsuccessful imitation. She was enveloped in squirrel from chin to toes. Her eyes shone thru the brim of her black lace hat and, a "Muffins" put it, "she was a winner."

But it takes more than that to make and keep score of friends like "Coffee" and "Muffins" and Mr. Stahl. "You must be genuine and human and then—we then you should worry about anything else," "Coffee" told me later.

It all came about this way. My best friend announced one day—and oh, how she flattered me—"Get a story about Florence Reed, and I'll forgive you for going into pictures."

You see she (the best friend) comes from Worcester, Mass. Worcester has one great reason for pride besides its proximity to Boston, and that is the fact that Florence Reed was at one time leading woman of its favorite stock company.

Above all things I crave my best friend's forgiveness, so one morning I waited at the corner of Forty-second Street and Tenth Avenue for an I-dare-you-to-catch-me until the Indian outside the nearest cig. store had nothing on me in the line of being a permanent feature of the landscape, and was rewarded finally landing on my arched insteps at the door of the Fifty-fourth Street studio. As usual, a courtroom was in the act of being transferred to the screen. Not if there is a courtroom lying around loose in which have at one time or another failed to grace its hard bench, I can in no way account for its escape. The chamber of justice had one lone seat vacant, and the lone seat had a thousand beckoning hands. Even before Assistant Director Fred Hazenmeyer had engaged me I found myself moving towards it as if in a trance. Here and there a face that had aided me in decorating other courtrooms in previous existence smiled at me in friendly greeting.

The jury had already assembled. In general composition it was not unlike other juries that sit and are paid the full space; in fact, I recognized several jurors of yester year, and even the year before that, except that it was made up of eleven men—and one woman. The woman, of course, was the heroine, Miss Reed has been dividing her time betwixt the stage play, "Roads of Destiny," and the screen studios. She has just completed "The Woman Under Oath," in which Miss Rosemon appears with her
reed. She was watching with intense interest Gareth Hughes, under the grilling questioning of the prosecuting attorney. Did he recognize the gun? Had he purchased the gun on the night of the murder? Had he gone to David Powell's apartment on the same night in the suspicious company of said gun? He had, but he still per-

ised he had not fired the shot hat had temporarily discon-

The prosecuting attorney was confident that he had won his case. In measured tones he imparted that confidence to the jury in general and to Miss Reed in particular. While he was thus engrossed in his oratory I had an opportunity to make a note of one of the main differences between a movie star and an actress. According to Hoyle, he former's face would have remained impassive, for the camera was shooting over her shoulder, getting the back of her chic little hat and the corner of one small ear, but not a glimpse of her face, so why should she express motion that could not possibly be registered upon the screen? But Miss Reed is the actress whether the audience is looking or not, because—well, I suppose because it is a way real actresses have. Every reaction to the words of the attorney was mirrored in her expressive face. I thought of Mr. Stahl's words: "These are not moving pictures, but mentality pictures. Every turn of Miss Reed's eyes registers a thought.

When the accused, the witnesses, the

(Continued on page 80)
Sugar and Spice and Everything Nice

Writing about kings and queens at this particular stage of the world’s development would seem an inauspicious beginning for a popular story, royal families being rather out of favor nowadays.

However, that oft-quoted exception-to-the-rule is the subject now being treated, for right in the heart of New York there exists a royal family, which, we dare say, will always be popular and well-loved by its subject. A royal family whose queen is a King. In order not to disturb you in any further anomalies, I hasten to explain that I am speaking of Mollie King.

Mollie, (no one ever thinks of calling her Miss King, so democratic this queen of Broadway), reminds us of that well-known saying, “sugar and spice and everything nice.” She makes us think of crushed strawberries, out-of-season, and ice-cream; of pink and lavender crêpe-de-chine, of ermine and sables, but principally of diamonds, huge, sparkling, million-dollar diamonds.

One cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, think of Mollie King without these things, and yet, while we waited for her to get to the stage at midnight, (she was singing and dancing on the Century roof), her sister Nellie told us of the time when they were younger.

Nellie and Mollie had both played on the stage since babyhood largely in vaudeville.

Immediately after this Mollie King was featured in the Winter Garden and has been a queen of musical comedies ever since.

“Mollie always was a cute kid,” said Mother King.

“She didn’t have a voice, but there was just something about her that everybody liked. Whenever she’d pick up, in her shrill little soprano, she would command immediate quiet and attention from the most crowd audience.

“And the most generous child, no more sense of responsibility than the man in the moon, always jolly, always loving life, always doing something for other people.”

“O-o-o-h, mother!” a voice like the cheerful chirp of a canary called from the inner recesses.

Mrs. King jumped to her feet.

Two seconds later she returned. “You can come now; I’ve got it buttoned up.”

“It is so nice of you to come,” Mollie greeted us, and chatted on quickly without giving any one a chance to put in a word. “Awfully good of you. Want you have some of this—and this—and this?”

I found myself being loaded down with candy boxes, which a little slip of hand shoved into mine, from innumerable drawers of the commode, in front of which she stood. Boxes covered with lavender brocade, five-pound boxes, ten-pound ones, and insignificant two-pounders appeared as if by magic from every crevice.

“Oh, that’s all right; don’t say a word, I’ve lots more, dear. Don’t know what to do with them, really I don’t.”

The dispenser of bonbons stood still four seconds,

Her beauty is quite breath-taking, the sort of pink-and-gold and baby-stare beauty that reads about but dont believe in. Her soft, dark eyelashes, far longer than those ever described in the season’s best-seller, frame eyes of hazel hue. Golden curls peeped from beneath an enormous black picture hat ornamented with priceless birds of paradise. Her lithe young figure was swathed in clinging black velvet.

Her father entered and wrapped an enormous coat of the richest sable about her.

“Be sure and keep that bundled around your neck, Mollie,” he admonished.

“Are you sure you have everything, honey?” Little Mrs. King hovered anxiously around.
By SUE ROBERTS

"I feel like wearing jewels. Where did I leave them?" said Mollie, feverishly fumbling around her boudoir.

We looked worriedly about. Precious jewels might be peeping from the rosy, lavender lace coverlets that draped the cool, dry-colored bed. Maybe they were caught in that deep pink shaggy of silk and lace. Surely that was a diamond that peeped from the cunningly simulated roses that ornamented the floor lamp.

But no, from the same white commode from which, magician-like, she procured the boxes of candy, Mollie drew forth a jewel-case and, carelessly slinging it over her arm, said she was ready.

And, from out of all this exotic materialism with which the public had endowed its darling, Mollie King’s eyes peeped at us, round and expressive of childhood, right forwardly, deprecatorily, smiling with good fellowship.

We left her at the stage door. The steel-cut buckles on her tall black pumps sparkled as she tripped in. "Be sure and ask back and see my dressing-room, won’t you, dear?" she said, as she entered the mysterious back-stage regions.

Out in front we were shown to a table in the very center of the roof. The show was a very brilliant one, but we waited uneasily for Mollie.

Her brother, Charles King, appeared and was the object of much applause.

Finally we could stand it no longer. We tripped down some dark passages, hemmed in by canvas scenery, until we reached an open space directly behind the stage. Here stood statuesque chorus-girls, gorgeous in their stage plumage and beautiful in spite of rouged faces and carmined lips.

Mollie King’s dressing-room was gayly pointed out to us.

Four chorus-girls were beautifully reposing on Mollie’s couch. Mollie’s maid was serving them with refreshments, while the queen and star of the show sat in front of her light-studded mirror doing her own hair.

(Continued on page 89)
Now that most of the foreign lands are contributing to the Fame and Fortune Contest of The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine, interesting comparisons in the matter of national beauty can be made. Thus far the American girl not only holds her own, but the entire field! But one or two young women born outside of the United States or Canada have thus far won an honor position in the international contest. What more can be said of the beauty and charm of the American maid?

The sixth honor roll of the Fame and Fortune Contest has been decided by the judges to number:

Delilah Otte, of No. 65 Chestnut Avenue, Jamestown, N. Y. Miss Otte is a blonde type with blue eyes. She is five feet eight inches in height. Miss Otte, by the way, was one of 29 young women picked from thousands of entrants in the "Typical American Girl Contest" conducted some time ago by The New York Times, the jury of
judges including such artists as Fisher, Stanlaws, Flagg, King, Boileau, Gilbert, etc.

Helen Lee Worthing, of No. 1073 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Miss Worthing is a Southern beauty, with blonde hair and dark-blue eyes. She was born in Louisville, Ky., and is in Boston studying singing and dramatic art. Miss Worthing won quite a little attention in the Boston papers at the time of the recent influenza epidemic. She donned a Red Cross uniform and volunteered her services to the Brookline Red Cross, personally aiding in the nursing of sufferers. She drove her own car, too, in transporting patients for the Red Cross. Miss Worthing is a member of the Louisville Dramatic Club, a well-known amateur organization.

Marie Chappelle, of No. 49 Garden Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Chappelle has dark-gray eyes, auburn hair and is five feet seven. She has never been on the stage or screen.

Marguerite A. Haupt, of No. 1917 Sixth Avenue, Spokane, Wash. Miss Haupt has gray-blue eyes, light-brown hair and is five feet four.

Dorothy E. Fisher, of No. 318 18th Street, Seattle, Wash. Miss Fisher has brown hair, blue eyes and is five feet four and three-fourths in height. Thus the rivalry between Seattle and Spokane goes merrily on. Both these cities seem to be contributing thousands of portraits to the contest.

Alice May Marvin, of 19218 Walnut Street, Berkeley, Cal. Miss Marvin has appeared on the (Continued on page 83)
Rosemary Theby and Robert Ellis have prominent roles in Olive Thomas' support.

In her first Selznick production, Olive Thomas plays the flapper vampire heroine of the Hattons' piquant farce, "Upstairs and Down." One of the lively scenes is a bathing-suit party in the servants' quarters of a Long Island residence.

Enter—the Baby Vampire.
The Stronger Vow
Told in Story Form from the Geraldine Farrar Photoplay
By OLIVE CAREW

It was carnival night in Seville. Over the ancient city the azure tent of the sky was hung with the glowing lanterns of the stars and a large, round, softly colored moon was wafted above the cathedral domes like one of the balloons in the square below. From every stilted streamer caught the crimson light of the torches and sent it reeking on the soft breeze. From every shadow sounded low voices, quivering, importunate, lilted laughter, kisses.

Carnival in Seville! Youth and the madness of youth, love and youth's magic, heat of old passions, old hates wreathed with exquisite courtesy, like a stiletto wound with rose vines. The masks that the balleros wore covered dark faces, and darker desires, the arch eyes peeping over waving fans were full of strange lights and glows, shadows of the flames that sent tall Troy crashing into embers ages once.

"Ah, but I adore the fiesta!" The girl in the loge above the carriquet booth bent forward to uncoil a serpent of confetti over the crowd below. The blue lanterns strung along the balcony lighted up her strong yet sweetly rounded figure as she did so, the proud chin and head set on the white column of neck, the hollows of the young bosom between lace folds of the mantilla. The man watching her silently from a corner of the box caught his breath at her beauty, for it was always love to him. She was a broad fellow, with a thick, stocky figure and a hunchback face, bitten by the acid of many passions, fearless in a fight, forgetting in a grudge, unswerving in his purposes. And this girl, with her dark, lusterless wraiths of hair, her arching brows and proud, high-bred beauty, was one of his purposes. He wanted her with a want that ate him like corrosion, and he would have her when his time was ripe.

"Do you know, cousin," she turned to him gaily, "my mother met her fate at the carnival, and so perhaps I, too—" She was busy drawing a golden ribbon thru one of the painted eggshells which the vendors sold. "She sat in a balcony and flung a bauble into the crowd, and my father—who must have been a handsome man then—caught it and brought it back to her, and that was the beginning. So you see I am really a daughter of Carnival. I wonder whether—"

She had lifted the gay toy above her head and tossed it out above the shifting crowds. The others in the box applauded; even the duenna smiled approval. Dolores De Cordova, of an old Castilian family whose line ran unbroken and unsullied to the farthest horizons of history, could say, with the old French monarch, "I am not accountable to conventions."

Afterwards, when Dolores was seated, the stranger sprang up beside her. "Is this the end, lady, or the beginning?" he whispered.

Pedro Toral scowled. He hated to be reminded of his distant relationship,
he hated the knowledge that other men had the same rights of looking at her and adorning her that he possessed. Sometimes he was not quite sure that he did not hate her, with her mockery and high disdain and unreachableness.

Jose, her younger brother, was peering over the railing, watching the flight of the whimsical token. "A prize! You've won a fine prize, Dolores!" he shouted, doubling up with laughter. "See, that tall caballero in the monk's cloak caught it, and Dios! but he's looking this way—he's coming, I do believe!"

In the square below a tall, straight figure, cloaked and masked, was pushing among the crowd of masked merry-makers, in their direction. Glimpses of conventional evening dress showed beneath his cloak, and he wore a silk hat, fantastically wreathed with purple and green paper streamers. There was an assurance in his carriage, an air of authority about him that showed even in his grotesque mummery.

Dolores' eyes were sparkling with mischief as she leaned gracefully against the rail and looked down, the rich color coming and going in her cheeks. Pedro, gazing, leaned to Jose with a snarl. "Surely you will not allow him to speak! A nobody out of nowhere. What are you thinking of?"

"Oh"—Jose tossed the thought from him with an impatient shrug—"what's the odds? This is carnival!"

The painted eggshell swinging from his fingers by its tinsel ribbon, the stranger stopped beneath the box and lifted his hat with a sweeping gesture. "I have come to thank you, señorita," he spoke with a pleasant voice, "for this favor, which has made it possible for me to speak to you."

"It is the Fates that you should thank, señor," Dolores laughed. "I entrusted my message to them."

Toral rose, white with rage, and dragged Jose to his feet, and out of the box with him. "In another moment I should have slit that fellow's throat for him!" he growled as,| lan, they sat about a table in one of the numerous temporary drinking booths, while a Pierrette inclined to stoutness served the wine.

Jose, who had already had rather too much wine that evening, tossed off his glass before he replied. "Oh, you impossible, Pedro! Always trying to pick a quarrel. There's no harm in it. The man was a gentleman—any one could see that."

"You shouldn't have allowed it," Toral insisted sulky. His eyes searched the circle of boxes about the square until they discovered a white arm, lying along the rail, a gracefully bent head to meet the gaze of the blurred, dark figure standing beneath. His fury mounted to his brain, clouding sense in disreton. "And if Dolores was all that she should be, she would not allow it, either. Only a light woman—"

"Be careful what you say!" Jose was on his feet, quivering, with his hands at his other's throat. "Take it back, or they will be the words you ever speak!"

And while they struggled, Dolores and the stranger talked on in sentences as stilted and light of meaning as blown bubbles of balloon about them, while the engaging steadily into one another, spoke of other things.

"THE STRONGER VOW"

Fictionized from the scenario by J. Clarkson Miller, based on Izola Forrester's story. Produced by Goldwyn Pictures, starring Geraldine Farrar. Directed by Reginald Barker. The cast:

Dolores De Cordova.................................Geraldine Farrar
Señora De Cordova.................................Kate Lester
Juan Montejo........................................Milton Sills
Pedro Toral.........................................Tom Santschi
Ibhi Le Boux........................................Hassard Short
Dolores ran to the still figure, sobbing out inarticulate grief, moaning, stroking the heavy rings of black hair on the white, cold forehead, but the mother, straight and fearless, spoke with steady lips. “Who did this thing?”

A squat, broad figure detached himself from the shadows of the stair and came into the room. It was Pedro Toral, shielding his ravaged face from the light. He spoke in short, jerky sentences, never ceasing to shield his face with one broad, muscular hand. He and Jose had supped together and said farewell. A little later, as he was returning home thru a dark alley, he had stumbled over the body of his more-than-friend, his dearer-than-a-brother, foully done to death! At his cry a crowd had gathered and he had shown them the way home. That was all.

“Dolores,” Señora De Cordova said tonelessly, “you alone are left of our house to avenge your brother. You are only a girl, but you are a Cordova. Swear that you will find his murderer and kill him.”

Dolores raised herself to her superb height. Every vestige of color was gone from her face, and her eyes were the only living things about her. She touched her finger to the blood that dripped from Jose’s wound and made the sign of the cross above her head. “Blood for blood! Life for life!” she cried, in a ringing tone. “I swear that I will avenge my brother!”

If time cannot erase old scars, it at least heals them so that they no longer throb. In the days that followed Dolores was caught up into the whirlpool of life and tossed hither and yon until at last she was cast upon safe shores. A twelve-month later found her in the house of her aunt, Doria D’Olonne, the widow of a French attaché, in the Rue Eugenie in Paris. The Señora De Cordova’s frail thread of life had snapped soon after her son’s body was

between them the still form of Jose De Cordova, the last male of his line, dead with a cowardly knife thrust between his shoulder-blades.

Leina nodded sleepily in the back of the large, all about them music of guitars and violins wailed immemorial longings, dancing and gestural figures in clown’s garb seemed creations of a dream, and in all the hot and spangled nights they seemed but they two.

Afterwards, when the De Cordova carriage had come and Dolores was seated, the stranger sprang up beside it. “Is this the end, lady, or the beginning?” he whispered. He had unmasked, and she saw a young, grave face, with finely cut features, turned to her, with a look that set her alight to singing.

The many-colored rain of confetti blew about them, her sky folds of hair were rainbow with it, and her eyes were wistful with the light of dreams. “It is strange, but then life is strange,” she answered. “The Future still wears her mask, her road, and what lies behind it we may not know. Yet it may perhaps—”

He put out his hand and drew it back, not touching her. “We shall meet again sometimes. I am as sure of that as that I all some day cease to breathe,” he said, quietly, with a slow, deep breath. “Till then, farewell,” and he was gone, vanishing to the rout of maskers.

In her dimly lighted, low bed-chamber Señorita De Cordova lay, draped upon high-piled pillows, awaiting the return of her son and daughter from the carnival. She was a little, frail, wisp of a woman, in whom the fires of life still smouldered with a host of their old flame. She could still thrill to the memory of old, long-faded loves, still nourish the traditional hatreds of her house at her withered breast.

When Dolores stood on the threshold the woman on the bed raised herself with a little cry. It was as the her self and that there, fresh from the carnival that had given her her voice. She stretched out her arms. “My child, what has happened?”

But she did not need to ask. Dolores did not need to answer, or a long while there was silence in the room, each woman taking down the pathway of the years, the one along a traveled road, the other, wonderingly, along the path that stretched ahead into the blinding glory of the sun.

A strange sound brought them back to the present with a start—the shuffle of slow feet on the courtyard stones, men walking heavily, as if they bore some burden. The lower door swung open with a bang and the shuffling feet began to ascend the stairs portentous silence that seemed to shriek with sinister, unuttered things.

Señora Cordova, she who had not walked for years, rose stiffly from her bed and stood on her feet, waving aside her daughter’s hand. “Your brother”—she said the words with a deep certainty—“he is dead, and they are bringing him home.”

They were standing in the same frozen immobility when the dreadful procession entered, a carriage rider, an officer, severalaskers still in their foolishly panoply of light-heartedness, bearing be-
laid away in the family vault under the limes, and Dolores had
left her birthland, a sad-eyed beauty in her black robes, who
contemplated taking a nun's vows and sighing away her life
behind the gray, ivied walls of some convent.

No nun, this, who stood radiant in white satin and pearls,
with the look on her face that a woman wears but once, when she stands beside
the man she loves and repeats proudly before the whole world her vow to
"love and honor until death do them part."

The Marquis De Valera, who stood beside her, was a tall,
serious man, with finely chiseled features and an air of authority.
He was a member of the Spanish
Legation, and a hundred tales were whispered among the crowd of
guests who attended the wedding as to how the two had met; at
Monte Carlo, one related.
at the embassy ball,
corrected another.
Only one person
in the room be-
sides the two
most con-
cerned knew
the tale of
the meeting,
on a night
of revelry
and color,
more than
a year gone
by.

Pedro Toral, outwardly impassive, smoothly garmented, a
gentleman attending the wedding of a distant cousin, was, in
reality, a soul in hell. His fingernails were white with the
strain of his clenched hands, and behind the lids of his down-
cast eyes smouldered the fires of unholy flames. Yet his lips
wore a little smile, writhing as he bared the thought of his
purpose close to his sick heart. Afterward, when she went
upstairs, he would strike, not with blows, but with words.
He would watch the happiness slip from her face, watch her
joy turn to hatred.

He made the most of his moment. Facing her behind the
closed door of her boudoir, he deftly reopened the wound.
"Have you forgotten your vow to avenge your brother? Bah! How soon women like you forget! A kiss, and you
fling away your honor, the honor of your race, like a handful
of ashes—"

"Why do you say such things to me now?" Dolores asked
him, clutching her joy desperately round her. "Give me this
moment of happiness, Pedro. It is mine, I tell you—mine!"
He looked at her and laughed cruelly. "Happiness? With
the murderer of your brother?"

Slowly, as if the sap were gone from her, she sank down
upon the couch. Under the veil her face was a white horror.
"A lie," she said, with difficult lips. "A lie—"

"The truth." Pedro whipped a handkerchief, sinister with stain,
from his pocket and pointed to the crest in the corner.
"Do you see that? I found it beside Jose—his blood is on it,
the same blood you dipped your finger into when you swore
that his murderer should die!"

her voice was very weary. "I will not—forget my vow. As
now, Pedro, leave me. For the love of Mary, leave me if
I can plan—what—I must do—"

A wild moonlight was blowing about the streets when
Dolores slipped out of the rear door of her aunt's house of
run, stumbling, down the Rue Eugenie, seeking the shadow
and clutching the folds of her dark cloak about a plain gold
that had been brought with her from Spain. At the corner
where the great bulk of the cathedral squatted against the sky
she paused; then, with a desperate haste, pushed open
the chancel doors and entered. From the shadows, two
figures slipped after her to the church portals and there set
themselves to wait.

"Make no mistake," their leader told them, in a hissing
word; "she must have no chance to scream. Down the stairs
there, then to the right to the Cafe of the Red Brothers—"

"Did we ever fail you before, master?" the burliest she
muttered, hoarsely. "This won't be the first little job in
Trust to Bibi, she shall be silent as the dead."

When the bandage was jerked from her eyes and the
tattoo, her hand, Dolores looked about her at rough, bare walls
mouldy with green damp, earthen floor, rude tables and chairs
wine-stained, and into the blazing face of Pedro Toral, which had slipped all pretense of gentility, leaving a huge
animal with bared, slavering fangs and bloodshot eyes.

"I've brought you here, to see that you fulfill your vow," he told her, licking his lips with thick tongue. "With your own hands you're going to kill your

(Continued on page 64)
How to give yourself a "professional" manicure

A few minutes' care once or twice a week keeps your hands flawless

ALWAYS—day and night—are you proud of the appearance of your hands?

With the least bit of time, the least bit of trouble and expense, your hands can always be as well-groomed as though you had just come from the manicurist.

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Next, directly from the tube, apply Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Spread it under evenly and remove any surplus cream with an orange stick. This leaves the nail tips snowy white.

Finally rub Cutex Cake Polish on the palm and pass the nails briskly over it. If you wish an especially brilliant lasting polish, apply Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cake Polish.

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Gossip from the Pacific Coast

By FRITZI REMONT

for Jack Pickford; Mark Larkin, who used to do the publicity honors for Balboa but who had the honor of being selected by winsome Mary to "cover" her doings, and pretty Lois Wilson herself, resplendent in a son, who came in all dimples and pretty flushed cheeks.

At the counter Kathleen Kirkham slid her fish-tail evening gown over a rough stool and ate her luncheon with as much appetite as if she'd had Dresden and cut-glass befitting the gorgeousness of her frock.

By a window, at a table built for two, wee Mary Pickford Rupp was lifted into a chair by the Pickford chauffeur, who enjoyed a complete dinner while the baby uncomplainingly and with great appetite negotiated graham crackers and milk. She's not a bit spoiled, that youngster, and never asked for a bit of pie or ice-cream, as most little tads do.

Apropos of Mary, Jr., I must digress sufficiently to tell you of her youthful admiration for Francis Carpenter, who was seen on the lot ready to do his bit with Jack (Continued on page 68)

Maurice Tourneur, (upper left), went to the bottom of the sea off San Pedro to direct scenes for his "The White Heather."

Center, King W. Vidor his wife, Florence Vidor, and their brand new baby, Suzanne. Below, Dorothy Gish and Dick Barthelmes in an off-the-screen moment.

(Sixty)
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Shirley Mason
and Ernest Trues
in "Come On In"

Notice the silver bar. Perhaps Ernest should evince more interest in the gold band binding him to his beaming bride. Maybe the silver bar made the gold band possible though. What do you think?

Paramount Picture

Miss Shirley Mason is another famous star of the screen who states that she "prefers" Ingram's Milkweed Cream.
Double Exposures
Conducted by F. J. S.

Wanda Hawley drove her new car straight thru a California bungalow the other day, knocking the family sideboard into the street. Which is just another ad. for California. Where else, we ask, would a Wanda Hawley drop in so informally?

New York women have started a crusade against lingerie displays in shop windows. Well, we still have the Sennett comedies.

Norma Talmadge has now reached the point where a face powder and toilet water have been named after her. Thus she achieves the artistic level of Mary Garden.

It took eight hours, says the press-agent, for Director Dawley to get a horse to yawn in filming Doris Kenyon's "Twilight." Apparently no one thought of showing the horse Miss Kenyon's "Street of Seven Stars."

THE TENSEST SCREEN MOMENTS OF THE MONTH
Corinne Griffith as a modiste model in "The Girl Question." May Allison in her gym suit in "Peggy Does Her Darndest." May Allison in her riding knickers in "Peggy Does Her Darndest."
May Allison in her vampire gown in "Peggy Does Her Darndest."

We respectfully add two members to our 1919 baseball team: Gloria Swanson and Dorothy Phillips.

We certainly admire the optimistic David Griffith in holding the story of "The Romance of Happy Valley" as a studio secret until the release of the photoplay. There was just one leak. Back in the middle ages that very plot, minus trimmings, originated, and it has been done at least a few times since. Still Mr. Griffith was quite successful. The puzzled fans who sat just behind us when we viewed the picture consider the plot a total secret.

What more can we ask? The fiction of Snappy Stories has been secured by a producer for the movies. Thus the literary level of the screen takes another uplift.

The Art-O-Graf Corporation signs Franklyn Farnum in New York and takes him to Denver to star in an eight-reeler, "The Wolves of Wall Street." Nothing like getting the locale exactly right!

(Sixty-two)
How Famous Movie Stars Keep Their Hair Beautiful

Proper Shampooing is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

**Watkins Mulsified Coconut Oil for Shampooing**

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Watkins Mulsified Coconut Oil at any drug store. A four ounce bottle should last for months. Splendid for Children.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
The Stronger Vow (Continued from page 58)

Anita Stewart
Says:

"In everything from charming French designs to slendersilk elastic the \textit{Bonnie-B} is perfectly exquisite. It is my favorite Veil."

The \textit{Bonnie-B} is imported from France. That accounts for all its exquisite designs in chenille and silk embroidery. The silk elastic drawn through the edge does away with the old-fashioned bother of pinning and knotting. You just slip it on.

\textbf{Bonnie-B VEIL IMPORTED FROM FRANCE \textit{Just Slip it on!}}

Do not confuse \textit{Bonnie-B} Veils with \textit{Bonne-B} Hair nets. Accept them only in the \textit{Bonnie-B} envelope, to make sure of the money-back guarantee.

If your dealer cannot supply you send us his name and 50c for the \textit{Bonnie-B} Veil Mist. Stewart is wearing "Pat." No. 204.

The \textit{Bonnie-B} Company, Inc.
218 Fourth Avenue, New York.
Also Importers of \textit{Bonne-B} Human Hair Nets

"So long as we go together what matters?" she whispered against his shoulder. "Juan, why did you kill my brother? I ought to hate you, but I cannot, only why did you, why?"

He frowned. "Your brother? Then that was he I found on the night of the carnival! There was another man, a short, stocky fellow, strangely like that Apache chief out there, bending over him, but he fled at my approach. I tried to stanch the wound with my handle-chief, but he was already dead. Dolores! How could you suspect me of that?"

She touched his cheek. "I think I never did," she whispered, "for I loved you even when Talor told me—Toral who tried to foist on you on his own scarlet deed!"

The panes ripped from top to bottom and an arm wielding a dagger was thrust in. Juan drew her back and held her close. "One last kiss, oh, my dear love—my wife!"

With the shouts and blows in their ears, they were alone, for one perfect moment, heart to heart, lips to lips. Then, with a rending crash, the door fell to. Yet, strangely enough, it was not the wolf pack that charged in, but blue-clad gendarmes, Distributing lusty blows right and left upon the panic-stricken Apaches binding their hands and leading them away. One of the bunch split on the rest—wanted revenge for his sister being wronged, he told us. I think, monsieur and madame, we arrived in good time now.

"You have given us life," Juan D. Valera said, slowly, in a strange, faraway tone. Then, looking down into the beautiful face still held close to his breast, he gave a low laugh of pure gladness and kissed the red, quivering lips until they grew warm and quick again. "We have come back from the honeymoon death and injuries we earned in the carnival!" he cried, a great pulse of gladness beating thru the words. "Welcome home!"

GOSSIP OF THE SCREEN

(Continued from page 8)

Vitagraph has purchased from Robert W. Chambers' novel, "The Cambric Mask," for all Joyce.

Lient. Earl Metcalfe, just out of the army, has been engaged to direct Paramount-Fla comedies.

Chester Withey is again directing Nora Talmadge after a siege with the influential Miss Talmadge by a Russian d'jнстру. In a Russian dress with Pedro de Cordova, Marc MacDermott, Margarette Clayton and Margarette Court in her supporting company.

World Pictures will star Lewis S. Stone in a series of eight super-pictures during the coming twelve months. Mr. Stone is at work on the first, "Man's Desire."

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle has contracted to appear in Paramount comedies for the years more.

Geraldine Farrar, following the closing of the Metropolitan opera season, departs Culver City to begin her film productions. She will continue at the Goldwyn studios in October.

(Continued on page 63)

(Sixty-four)
A Dreamer of Dreams
(Continued from page 19)
"Nothing comes by chance. You work and work and finally, perhaps, comes the reward."

The light of interest was in Miss Manon's eyes. Oddly fascinating eyes they are, vividly shining out from the pale olive, immobile face.

"Screen acting is hard work. But it isn't so hard, to my way of thinking, as being a cash girl. I could never figure out two plus two and get it right."

I don't like to do vampire roles. Because I realize that unsympathetic roles get you nowhere with the public. Look at Mary Alden. A great actress, but lost in a maze of big—but unloved-characterizations.

"I live a very plebeian existence in Los Angeles with my mother and brother. We have an apartment. Mother is a wonderful cook. We give little musical affairs on Sunday nights to our friends. That is about the limit of my social life."

"Perhaps the sameness of it all had rather started to bore me. When I came to New York I resolved to live in Washington Square. That lasted three days. I came up there in a hurry—to find luxuries and comforts."

"I am not a Bohemian, I guess," Miss Manon smiled.

"I have three idols," she went on. Jeanne d'Arc, Napoleon and Bernhardt. I would give anything to be as great as Bernhardt. I could, too, if I had it in me to dream and work and sacrifice consistently.

"My name came about by chance. My real name, you know, is Camille Ankwich. But that I knew would never do for a screen player. One night I sat watching Geraldine Farrar in 'The Devil Stone' in the Lasky projector room. Miss Farrar was playing Marcia Manon. 'There's your name,' said William De Mille. And so we changed Manot to Manon and I became Marcia Manon. Sometimes I regret that I did not retain Camille, however. I love it, even if a great novelist did put a bit into disrepute."

The interview was ending. "I have not talked so much in all my New York stay," concluded Miss Manon. "I have been too confused. But I can think of a thing to add, unless you say that I believe women who are too mental are a bore. And I never want to be a bore."

GOSSIP OF THE SCREEN
(Continued from page 64)
The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has purchased the screen rights to J. M. Barric's "The Adorable Crichton" and Walter Brown's "The Everybody." Cecil De Mille will produce the Barrie drama.

Mrs. Olga Petrova is appearing in vaudeville.

Madge Kennedy has just made a flying trip east to see friend husband, Captain Harold Lobster.

Herman Polo, aged 76, father of Eddie Polo, died recently in New York, following an attack of pneumonia.

(Continued)

"I'm as Good a Man as Jim!"

"They made him manager today, at a fine increase in salary. He's the fourth man in the office, to be promoted since January. And all were picked for the same reason—they had studied in spare time with the International Correspondence Schools and learned to do some one thing better than the rest of us."

"I've thought it all out, Grace. I'm as good a man as any one of them. All I need is special training—and I'm going to get it. If the I. C. S. can raise other men's salaries it can raise mine. If it can bring a better home with more comforts to Jim and his family can it do it for me, toward a better job and I'm going to mail it to Scanton tonight!"

Thousands of men now know the joy of happy, prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools prepare them in spare hours for bigger work and better pay. They will find them in offices, shops, stores, you will find them, in offices, shops, stores, you will find them, in offices, shops, stores, you will find them everywhere.

Why don't you study one thing and get ready for a real job, at a salary that will give your wife and children the things you would like them to have?

You can do it! Pick the position you want in the work you like best and the I. C. S. will prepare you for it right in your own home, in your spare time—you need not lose a day or a dollar from your present occupation.

Yes, you can do it! More than a million have done it in the last twenty-seven years. More than 100,000 are doing it right now. Join them without another day's delay. Mark and mail this coupon!

You Have a Beautiful Face
BUT YOUR NOSE?

I n this day and age, attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. PERMIT NO ONE TO SEE YOU LOOKING OTHERWISE; it will injure your welfare. Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? Your new nose-shaper, "Trados" (Model 34) covers now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permenantly, is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night."

Write today for free booklet, which tells how to correct ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1039 Ackerman Blvd., Binghamton, N. Y.
He Will Take
The Bubble Grains, As You Know

Offer a boy a dish of bread and milk, and a dish of Puffed Wheat in milk. You know he will take, ten times in ten, these flaky, toasted bubbles.

In Puffed Wheat every food cell is exploded. The grains are shot from guns. He gets a scientific food, where digestion is easy and complete.

When children like it better—vastly better—why not serve some Puffed Grain to them in every bowl of milk.

Offer Him Choice At Breakfast

Serve Puffed Wheat to him, and beside it any other wheat food. He will see in Puffed Wheat flimsy, toasted bubbles, puffed to eight times normal size.

He will taste an almond flavor, much like toasted nuts.

There was never a whole-wheat dish ever created which could tempt a boy like that.

When Puffed Grains are best for them, and are liked best, why not always serve them?

Puffed Wheat  Puffed Rice
Corn Puffs

All Bubble Grains—Each 15c—Except in Far West

How to Serve

With cream and sugar. With melted butter. In bowls of milk.

As ice cream garnish. In your soups.

Also douse with melted butter for hungry children after school.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

War and Women
(Continued from page 25)

now that the war has come to an end?

"Decidedly. I always have believed in marriage, and more so than ever now. But I haven't believed that many marriages are successful, and I believe I've pretty darn good theory why not. In the first place, it is, or it should be, a Art. Do you know the real secret of most of the failures, most of the evils of the deadly boredom leading to suicidal tendencies or—forebidden fruit?"

"No," I admitted.

"Women don't flirt enough after marriage," he summed up, triumphantly, and therefore men don't try enough."

I committed an act of mental digestion.

"You see," he went on, in the half-serious, rather tentative way he had, "men have one instinct which is stronger than all others—the hunting instinct. It is what pronounces wars, this desire to conquer; it is what first leads a man to the pursuit of a woman. You take the average married man—he knows he doesn't have to hunt any more. On the contrary, the game is bagged. The game is up. Waiting. Within reach. Soll conscious, sometimes consciously, I feel cheated, defrauded. He feels lack. Therein lies the danger. I tell you, if women were only clever enough they'd flirt...they'd keep a man hunting..."

"But what about the sweet idealism I begged. "The tranquil domesticity, the home and all that?"

"We don't live in that sort of an age as said the captain. "No doubt that is way things should be, but they are not. We live in a fast age, don't you think? We've either got to play according to rule—or be cheated out of winning. If all hands, women as well as men, it's better to play up." He laughed again. "I'm in 'way over my head," he said, with naive as of manner peculiar to him and rather charming, "but then," he adds "one generally is when one gets on the subject of women."

When I asked him why he was going back to the screen in preference to the speaking stage, he winked one eye contemptuously. "I suppose I ought not to say this to you," he said, "but the fact is: I need the money! After the war, you know..."

"Typically American," I mused, after he had installed me in a taxi and we were driving homeward, "typically, oh, very typically masculine. The battlefields war on one side, dear delightful women on the other, Captain 'Bob' between the two...actor, warrior, mere man!"

Carmel Myers has gone to San Francisco, chaperoned by her mother and driving her own big Hudson sedan. She took with her a party of young folks, this is Carmel's first real vacation. Eastern trip being more in the nature of a patriotic duty, including visits to cantonments, last year. They are taking in all the sights of the Bay cities.
Imagine the thrill of hearing
Your Song from the Stage!

Why don't YOU write the Words for a Song, and submit your poem to us? Write about Patriotism, Love, or any other subject. We write the music and guarantee Publisher's acceptance. If you have a poem, written now, send it to us TODAY. There will be no too many popular songs.

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FREE BOOK!
This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at home. At one quarterly special rate. Slogan: In a Half Hour of Practice, the Correct Method is embodied by making melodies and solos of State Conservatories. Play chorus at once and receive royalty. Study mono-chorus, not as sung, only music, free.

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DAYTON, OHIO

Don't You Like Her Long Eye-Lashes?

Any woman can now easily have this added charm, simply apply Lashneen once a day. Results are quick and sure. Lashneen stimulates growth of lashes and brows by supplying natural nourishment and by keeping them in healthy condition. An Original Formula. Authentic patent. Bldg., Stage and Screen, and women of social prominence. Absolutely harmless. Try it. Mailed in plain cover on receipt of 50 cents (or money order). Send today—manny back if not satisfied.

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SAVE YOUR BODY
Conserve Your Health and Efficiency First

“I Would Not Part With It For $10,000”
So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. “Worth more than a farm” says another. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it.

The Natural Body Brace
Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS OF WOMEN and MEN. Develops Strength, grandeur of figure brings mental and physical relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

Wear It 30 Days Free at Our Expense
Send away with the strain and pain of standing and walking, rough roads, temperature, drafts, chills and chills, rheumatism, cramps, corns, weakness, shyness, depression. Soft flannel-covered, spring steel supporting, adjustable sternum and inter-rib straps. Convenient and easy to wear, KEEP YOURSELF FIT, write today.

HOWARD C. RASH, Pres., Natural Body Brace Co., 326 East 12th, Kansas City, Missouri

Bowllegged Men

Your legs will appear straight when you wear

Straightleg Garters

Remarkable invention—Combination home-approximator—last leg—straightener—quickly adjusted at all degrees of prominence. No troublesome forms; put on and comfort-able to wear at any ordinary garter—can be put on just an ingenious harness or pointed for any special garter for bowllegged men. The most clever proven appearance wonderful. Bowllegged men everywhere are wearing them. Outfit includes Write for free booklet, mailed in plain envelope.

S-L GARTER CO.
655 City National Bank Bldg.
DAYTON, OHIO

Saturday to Monday
(Continued from page 30)

Foxcroft Grey, standing in the doorway, bowed formally to the discomfited pair. ‘Good-evening,” he said coldly. “I am afraid I have interrupted. I came to see Mr. Barnard about the matter of his lease, but it can wait.” He was turning away. Susanne ran to him and fell upon her knees, dimly conscious in the back of her mind that she had seen this done on the stage in a like situation. She clutched his coat, spoke tragically: “No, no, Foxcroft! You shall not go until you have heard my explanation!”

“I am not asking for one,” her husband said, still in the same painfully polite tone. “You forget our contract. By its terms I have no interest in your movements from Monday to Friday. Of course, if I were a husband in the ordinary sense of the word——” He glared at the shivery Arthur, who attempted to clare back and failed miserably.

“Before God I love you, Susanne,” Foxcroft wept. “Tell him so, Arthur! Tell him so, Arthur! Tell him our relations are platonic, tell him——”


The door closed softly behind him. Susanne, still on her knees, stared after him and burst into a shower of tears, not feminist tears, but large, wet ones that dripped from the point of her nose, reddened her cheeks and made little oaks in the pink powder thereon.

Then, she sobbed, illogically, turning upon the speechless Arthur. “See what you’ve done! I hope you’re proud of yourself, breaking up my home! Foxcroft will never forgive me—oh, oh!”

Arthur Barnard reached for his mus-ette and, finding it, tugged it, and thereby juggled an idea from his reeling brain.

“Don’t distress yourself,” he begged her. “Mr. Grey is a gentleman. He will allow you to get the divorce, and I am a gentleman—I will marry you and take an honest woman of you!”

Susanne stared, then burst into hysterical mirth. “You!” she gasped. “Marry out! Oh—my—God!”

It was a very contrite little figure that, the next day, stole into the masculine portals of the Delaney’s. McCulley, using the imitation tear in the vesti-ble, looked up at the unhallowed sound of skirts with a scowl that changed owly to a smile as he recognized the strader.

“Tis an awfu’ time I’ve been having!” he exclaimed to her, wiping his honest brow with the duster. “After men take the trouble to live in a place where omenfolk is forbid, it seems they break their necks tryin’ to see which of them in smuggle a lassie in! Bachelors aint they were once, that’s sure. ‘Twas the other day”—he warmed to his eclave under his auditor’s flattering interest—“Mr. Delaney, that lives over...” (Continued on page 68)
Saturday to Monday
(Continued from page 67)
your man, brought a lady home from
dance on a bet that she wouldn’t stay
his sitting-room all night. She took him
up, and did so, but when morning came
her nerve failed and she tried to get
away down the fire escape—"
"The fire escape!" Susanne faltered
"Why, that must have been—tell me—"
McCaughey winked.
"I gave her piece of my mind and sent her home
a taxi," he said, as he brought the crea-
ting lift to a halt at Foxcroft’s floor.
"We’ll mention no names. She was
good lass, but foolish."
Susanne fitted her key into the lock
and stole into her husband’s apartment.
Her heart was beating wildly. She felt
not like a suffragist, nor an individuali-
or, but very humble and helpless and sorry like a little girl who
does’ wrong and is sorry.
In the living-room, Foxcroft was
reading the paper as calmly as tho his
heart was not broken, his home not shat-
tered. He looked up as she entered and
noded casually.
"Honest, just be polite—treat me as if
we were married!" she quavered.
Foxcroft laughed as he took the smil-
ting hands in his own. "Foolish, Susanne!" he said. "You don’t suppose
I didn’t see thru that game? And, by
the way, I couldn’t be jealous of that little
shrimp. Now look at me, truly, could I?
Just one condition, dear—"
"Susanne smiled but she smiled, like the sun coming
up from behind a cloud. "Well, maybe
I can’t be jealous, but I can be! So I
decided”—she looked up at him with a
beautiful blush—"I’ve decided not to
be a week-end wife any longer, but an-
year round—the-time-wife”—her blue eyes grew
dazzlingly, she lifted her face to his kiss—
so long as we both shall live."

Gossip from the Pacific Coast
(Continued from page 60)
Pickford. We overheard a great bit of
conversation between those two. Sue
wee Mary, "I’m going to give your
mother five dollars for you, little boy,
I like you and I want to take you home
to see you."
Francis bristled right up, his
tassel lox fluffed up in the strong wind
and a look of defiance in his eyes. "Dont
dare to do anything like that. My mother would do
if you did!"

Mary was unperturbed. She seen to
that with a smile and then the money to my
father. "And why? Wont you give me
five dollars for you, little boy?"
Francis said in a tone of innocence
worth the cost of "Aladdin" and stared
his feet angrily as he shouted, "Dont
he dare! Don’t you ever think of such
thing? Why, you’d just kill me in a
if you tried anything like that—you’d
not live without me."

With that he raced off in an aggrieved
indignant frame of mind, leaving Sue
Mary looking decidedly puzzled.

{

368-eight
Me By Myself
(Continued from page 35)

Doubtful, but it would keep me away from home, they thought. Temperament in four rooms was like a firecracker in a teacup—anything might happen.

The great day came. We started out at seven o'clock in the morning. I, clad in my Sunday best, shoes that pinched, and the family jewels, boarded a car filled with Broadway cowboys and ex-sェrЬettes, and after choking for an hour from the smoke and dodging toacco juice, we reached our destination, the smoky moving picture camp in the hills.

It was to be an Indian picture, and we stood in line for our costumes and gowns. Just before my turn came the gowns were out—just was my luck! I must have shown my keen disappointment, for he assistant said, "Give the kid a chance, put her in the back and keep her in the shade." I have often wondered if any one was ever startled by the sight of a blonde Indian flitting before them.

That was the beginning. A new vista had been opened to me. Soon I received $25 a week—it was dabbling in high finance.

A happy year followed, then the blow fell. I had gained a little recognition as the general utility woman of a small comedy company, playing everything from Swedish servant girls to dainty ingenues with flowing curls and all the accepted regalia. In parts that had character to them I succeeded fairly well. At one time I was a '^ting' cent. That started trouble and ended in my being fired. I had tried to slip gracefully around and smile winsomely, but I was never more awkward in my life, and my smiles and caricatures of anything human. The director was plainly losing patience.

We came to the place in the story where my sweetheart and I climbed in a tree to have a look at the Indian style from my pursuing parents. We had a sooner settled ourselves comfortably in a bough, when it came crashing to the round. When my senses had sufficiently covered, I found myself, professionally speaking, at liberty.

"At liberty" was putting it mildly—I was just plain loose. After a few weeks I hunting a position I looked for a job. Even Denver were very will-o-the-wispy, and every place I had ever heard of except the Keystone. Some how it frightened me. Everyone one said, "Keep away from that place if you value your life." I didn't think much of mine, but I wasn't racy about having it hanged out by a rick or policeman's club.

Things got worse and worse, and one day, in despair, I set forth for the studio of bricks, bruises and bumps. It was very mild-looking little place at the edge of peaceful hills. I was just laughing at myself for my foolish fears when patrol full of cops came tearing from the side entrance, clubs and guns in hand.

One look was enough. I made for home.

I went there every day for a week, but after waiting weeks, my turn came. It was my chance. Gun in hand, I walked in and ordered my first doing a fandango in my throat. "All right, camera!" yelled the director. Somebody—I think it was me—rushed forward. "Shoot!" somebody yelled. I shot. "Shoot again!" I exploded all the remaining chambers. "Good!" a strange voice called. "Take a fall." I grew bold, but kept working. Such an indignity had never before fallen to my lot. "Take a fall!" The voice was now a shriek. It was now or never. Somehow I threw my feet into the air, hurled myself forward and hit.

They were laughing—was it with me or at me? Anyway, I'd done my best. If this failed, it was the "want ads" for me.

"All right, miss. That's all for today. Eight-thirty in the morning, please." I couldn't wait for a car and ran all the way home. Almost strangled myself on water, so couldn't tell the wonderful news for an hour, anyway.

I must have been up half the night making faces at myself in the mirror and practicing falls. When morning came I was a little the worse for wear, but happy.

I made the call, and it's been eighty-eight every morning since.

I did have a few faint yearnings toward drama, but have reconciled myself with the thought that every one has a hard luck story and to create smiles was worth any sort of sacrifice.

Serial comedy is my ambition. Clowning and buffoonery are for children. Little humorous accidents that can happen in everyday life are the real laugh-getters. If your audience put themselves in your place, you are accomplishing something. Personality and thought photograph, and to get laughs you must feel them yourselves, not mechanically pour a character because you are told.

I have gotten over the childhood aches of plainness and realize that to be happy one must be busy, and as long as I can't be any one else, it isn't so bad to be me.
Wives of Doctors

Don't Have Corns

Doctors All Know Blue-jay

It is made by a surgical dressing house whose products doctors use.

Doctors' wives use Blue-jay when a corn appears. And they end it at once and forever.

Millions of others now use the same method. In a moment they apply a Blue-jay plaster. The wrapping makes it snug and comfortable, and they forget the corn.

In 48 hours they remove the Blue-jay and the corn is ended. Only a few of the toughest corns need a second application.

The pain is stopped instantly. The corn is ended—and completely—in two days.

Blue-jay has done that for millions of corns. Your corns are not different. It will do it for your corns.

If you have corns and don't prove this you do yourself an injustice.

Corns Are Out-of-Date

In the 'old days corns were common. Nearly everybody had them.

People patted them, padded them, coddled them and kept them.

Nowadays, most people never suffer corns. Yet tight, dainty shoes are more common than ever.

Consider that fact. The reason lies in this scientific Blue-jay.

One user told another, until millions now employ it.

Quit Old Methods

Paring is unsafe and temporary. Padding is unsightly. Old, harsh, mussy treatments have been discredited. These are scientific days.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. Learn that the pain does end. Learn that the corn does disappear.

Learn that these results come in an easy, gentle way.

When you do, your corn troubles are over—all of them, forever.

Try it tonight.

How Blue-jay Acts

A is thin, soft, protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B waxed centered on the corn to gently undermine it.

C is rubber adhesive. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, New York, Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Blue-jay

The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly—Ends Corns Completely
25 Cents—At Druggists

Earle and His Ambitions

(Continued from page 37)

"Now, I recently did an English story, and right on top of that they puttach another for me—same location. I don't want to do it right after the other because I'm afraid I will have would-layplaywrights concocting English society dramas for me by the score.

"I'm afraid the law of suggestion is work. I wish I knew how to break it telepathic cords. I'm as fond of varie as any onlooker, but it does seem as they tried to tie me up in the 'three of kind' dramas. I began to do a sto back East which followed one mug like it, shut last year. According when I came out here, I dropped it work, and what do you suppose? just got word from the East, asking if could not possibly finish the old sto and rush it thru. So as I don't want to be disobliging, I've succumbed to the law of sameness once more.

"Now, titles are queer things," so Mr. Williams, reflectively. "For store, I finished a play near Corona in which the Government aided consider ably. That is one reason we were slow in finishing it, for we had to await the convenience of aviators and others the service, and the working title was 'The Ace,' which naturally would let people to expect a military play. How ever, the title has been changed to 'Highest Trump' and I very much feel that people who abhor cards and haven't any idea that the highest trump is an ace may be deterred from seeing this drama.

"The funny thing is that about a year ago, when I first came out, everybody said eagerly to me. 'Well, how do you like our State?' I said one day. 'Oh, State.' Where did you come from? The lady answered, 'Oh, I left Massachusetts nine years ago; this is my State now.' I said, 'It would be more appr iate to call it my State than yours, for I was born in Sacramento and I cer tainly do belong to California.' I was eventually to live in the country out here. I love the life of a country squire. I don't mean away back from the railin of electric cars, but country enough to give one lots of ground about the house and a place to keep a few animals. It seems to me that the ideal way to live is to be within motoring distance of town, and yet far enough away from business and city noises to have it called 'country' by one's friends."

Outside stood the classy special Hays son speedster which is Mr. Williams' steed. Not a car at the recent auto show in Los Angeles could compete with it. I've been told. The telephone bell rang and our twilight musings were suddenly interrupted. Mr. Williams returned smiling.

"Mr. Williams just wondered if I had finished our chat," he said, politely. "I have promised to call for her at friend's home, so unless you can think of anything else you want to ask, I'll do it better go after her—at once."
The March of the Photoplay (Continued from page 17)

they seem mere comments and interjections. The story is always arranged so as to flow as much as possible without their help. The whole effect may be melodramatic, because the stories are rather melodramatic and the situations intense. But the Sullivan dramaturgy is, after all, not unlike the Ibsen dramaturgy in its definite, tight structure. Perhaps Henry Bernstein, building on Ibsen, is the best parallel.

To keep up what may be extreme comparisons, the other distinctive school of the day is the independent Field, or, by himself and associated with Ince in the studio of Griffith, is in the Hauptmann vein of naturalism. The master himself, Frank Woods, and the directors like Allan Dwan, were largely responsible for it. John Emerson and Anita Loos, for all their individual flavor, are products of it. Whatever we see today is the result of a fusion of Ince's and Griffith's crafts, and as we look at the many novels and passed through the hands of one of Griffith's old directors, has that priceless quality of naturalness and humanness which, as an end, is worth all of Sullivan's splendid theatricalism. You may wonder, however, if the plausible reality of a picture of the Griffith school couldn't be got by a careful and workmanlike development of whatever plot he has in hand. In spite of valiant belief in humanness, I begin to think I prefer Sullivan. At any rate, Sullivan's methods can be used for Griffith's ends.

Of course, there are other schools, or at any rate, classes, in the development of the photoplay. The propaganda play, from Eustace Hale Ball's "The Dying Souls" to the latest products of Lois Weber, is not to be sniffed at. Mack Sennett and Hamilton Del Ruth have contributed a distinct method of their own. As for Chaplin—all, who wants to see a better screen story, better told, than "Easy Street"? There has been even a school which might better be described as an academy—a five-foot shelf of the world's classics—an Encyclopedia Britannica of stories. I mean the products of Paramount during its first four ears.

Since Griffith and Ince joined the commandos of Zukor and Lasky, things are different. But what a range of famous collections of popular stories they have! From early in the new industry and Broadway failures the Paramounts gave us to match against the original and screen-wise products of the old Triangle! They began with yarns that didn't fit the screen, and they told them with continuities that seemed to have no connection at all of screen possibilities. They did one splendid thing, however. They demonstrated the absurdity of taking stories as shaped by the needs of other mediums instead of going to the root of the stories themselves—human beings.

There ought to be a law against the screening of plays and a severe penalty for any continuity writer who doesn't throw overboard three-fifths of every novel. If we had seen to it these last five years, where might the prodigious art of the photoplay not be today?

Just where the credit for a screen progress belongs is always more difficult to say than where the blame ought to be placed. In the case of a script editor starts by buying a staple play, if co-workers are never going to be able to make it into a good photoplay. But when a really decent product is on the screen, it isn't so easy to determine just who did the trick. Aside from acting and lighting and photography, the genius of the editor and writer may make itself known in at least five ways—

There may be a good plot to begin with—maybe an original, maybe the leavings of a novel. Then there is the synopsis. At that point a writer may very easily enrich a story, give new directions to it and supply all sorts of valuable suggestions. Next comes the continuity. If the continuity is bad, it can ruin everything that has gone before. If it is good, it can almost remake a story by its utilization of minor possibilities of action. After that the director can enrich the continuity or ruin it. Finally, along comes the film editor to spoil the work of all four or to salvage an almost hopeless production.

The recipe with Ince seems to have been a dominating personality, always intensively but creatively critical, surrounded by men of first-class ability, who react to that dominating personality and stand out by that reaction. Griffith seems to be more a great personality that never bothers to have very much to dominate. And he leaves the whole job himself. Film editing, direction, and even acting are his regular tasks, as those who have read of his making of "The Birth of a Nation" know. But it is further true that Griffith is frequently the creator of the idea, the builder of the synopsis. There was once a certain "Granville Warwick," unknown to studio directors but prominent in the credit titles of many Triangle productions.

The fact seems to be that Griffith has written interesting scenes to his own liking, just as he has written out parts of his own plays. He has done so for years; he will do so for years.
Living Down the Name of Percy—Continued from page 31

And enthusiastic. We were armed, fore-armed, with the facts that Mr. Marmont was a Londoner and that he had but just toured the world. Also that he was stopping over in New York longer than he had anticipated.

"Why"—we asked.

"I got awfully interested in the movies," Mr. Marmont rather tactfully replied. "And I always wanted to play the 'The Invisible Foe'—and, all told, it was so jolly interesting, so jolly hospitable, don't you know . . ."

We "shot" a few more inquiries, such as, "Were you born right in London?"

"Indeed, yes. Born and bred there. In the part of London that would correspond to uptown here in New York. I'm a cockney, you know, a genuine cockney. Pure cockney. The streets of London . . . all my childhood and youth were spent there."

"An actor? You were destined for that?"

"Not by my parents. Oh, no! I was educated for the bar. Studied for the bar. And I was cast quite unhappily in the work. I shall never forget just how unhappy I was. I hated the hate. Hated the confinement. It was all colorless to me. Then—well, I had a friend, the proverbial friend, who was connected with the stage. He offered to give me a chance. I—ran away. We spoke in the dimming office, that we could vision it all . . . the fall, pale, eager youth bent, unwillingly, over the dusty, fuzzy law-books . . . staring past them . . . beyond them to a land of chameleon scenes . . . to the art that beckoned him with a myriad mystic tongues. Law makes a dingy thing for such an one."

"What first?" Percy was saying, in his light, pleasant voice, "a great many of them London plays which never reached here. Then came this trip about the world. We played everywhere, even to 'East Lynne' and 'Lorna Doone.' We played in the farthest corners of the earth. African veldt, in all the cities, great and small. We were chased by German submarine, we had all manner of adventure. It was quite tremendous. It is amazing how keen Africa is about the stage. Johannesburg is quite, quite modern. Very New Yorkish. Well, then, America. I had no idea of remaining here. It was simply en route."

"Where from America?" I suggested.

"What do you think of it? Do you like it, or the reverse? What of New York?"

"I am quite mad about it," said Percy, "quite. The West is stupendous. I can't get it into my head. I never imagined such vastness (pronounced 'varstness'). I was totally unprepared for the West. New York is much as I imagined. Not so different from London. Except, perhaps, down about Wall Street. There it is unbelievable in its energy. When I am down there I feel like saying, 'Oh, stop, please stop, just for an instant. It is too much!'"
How "Silent Simms" Became a Master of Speech

By MARTIN M. BYRON

"YOU are ceasing beyond words," shot out Mr. Worden. "Why didn't you keep Mr. Truesdale here? You knew I would be back in ten minutes."

Harry Simms gulped hard, and replied weakly, "I did try to keep him here, Mr. Worden, but he wouldn't stay."

"What? Wouldn't stay even ten minutes? Why, you could have kept him that long without his realizing it. Why didn't you talk to him about the weather, about peace, about the price of potatoes. about anything?"

This wasn't the first calling down I had heard Simms get. He had been with the firm for eight years and had reached the point where he was as much a fixture around the office as the desk or the chairs. He was a slow-going, steady plunger, earning $40 a week. He managed to keep busy in the Sales Department, keeping records of salesmen's reports. No one around the office seemed to notice him. He was so quiet that the only things that would start him talking were such momentous events as the beginning of the war or the end of the war. Even when his baby was born, Harry said only three words—"It's a boy."

It wasn't long before we nicknamed him "Silent Simms."

Yet the "Silent Simms" of two years ago is now our Sales Manager, regarded as one of the most brilliant men in our organization, getting an annual salary that runs close to five figures, and is slated for the vice-presidency!

How all this happened in so short a time makes one of the most remarkable stories of success I have ever heard. But let Harry tell his story as he told it to me when I asked him point-blank what sort of magic he used in transforming himself.

"Well," said Harry, "you remember when I first trudged in that day and I could not hold him for ten minutes until the Chief backed out? And when the Chief came back and I found Truesdale gone, how he bowed me out:

That incident marked the turning point of my life. I made up my mind that I was going to keep down the nickname of Silent Simms, that ad fastened itself upon me to a point where I dared not speak to my wife. I was just afraid, had almost forgotten how to use my tongue, perhaps I got that way because every time I pounced my mouth I "put my foot in it." I was always getting in wrong, I would give instructions and then have to spend twenty minutes explaining to them. I would dictate a letter and then have to write five more to explain the ideas to the Chief and get so flustered that I couldn't make myself understood at all. In one instance I talked an idea to the Chief and he would get so flustered that I couldn't make myself understood at all. In one instance I talked an idea to the Chief and he would get so flustered that I couldn't make myself understood at all.

But just as I closed down I had the vision of what I had done. I began to put a new kind of gadget into my letters, into my memoranda, into my talk with customers, and in the office. In a little three minute talk with the Chief I nearly floored him with some ideas that had been in my mind for years, but which I had always held back. It wasn't long before I was taken off my old desk and put at the city salesman's desk. You know how I

made good. Seems almost like a dream now. Then, a short time later, I was given Roger's job on the road, in the hardest territory we have. And when I began to break records there, the Chief wired me to come back and gave me Morgan's job as the sales manager when Morgan was put in charge of the Seattle office.

"This great change came over me simply as a result of my having learned how to talk. I imagine there are thousands of others who are in the same boat in which I found myself and who could become more effective only by learning the secret of being a convincing talker."

When Harry Simms finished, I asked him if he would not have the benefit of Dr. Law's Course and he told me that only recently Dr. Law prepared a complete course in printed form which contained exactly the same instructions as he had given in his lectures, sent for it and found it to be exactly as he stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to realize that Simms' success was the natural outcome of real ability to talk, for my own success with the Course has been as great as any other. I could do nothing better for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking.

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Address

Motion Picture Classic 4-19
A Daniels Come to Judgment

(Continued from page 43)

A Daniels can always train a strong character and make it useful, if you know how, and Bebe nodded sagely, “but if you haven’t any will, it’s awfully hard to acquire it. You certainly never can achieve your ambitions in these days of stress and obstacles unless you do it with will and you’ve got to show a temper some times or people will think you are a foot-scraper.”

“Listen to Bebe talk! That’s what I call preaching without practice,” interrupted the pretty, blonde Stella. “You never see her around here with anything even approaching a mental storm-cloud and she’s been here two and a half years at that.”

“Oh, that’s because everybody around here is so nice to me,” replied Miss Daniels, modestly. “But you’d have laughed at that ‘Ambition’ speech; I really drew forth lots of applause, and mother said, as we drove away—really I was sort of insulting—mother said, ‘Bebe! I didn’t know you had it in you.’ And on the way into Los Angeles I had to learn a new song, three verses and chorus. You can imagine what an exciting evening that was for me.”

“What do you sing, Miss Daniels-soprano?”

“Oh, no! I sing—everything,” said the young lady, with an all-inclusive sweep of two lovely bare arms, over which trickled a little cream-lace fashioned into harem-angel sleeves, dotted with lavender sequins. “I sing by ear, and I can b soprano, contralto or alto at will, really began as a soprano, but a teacher misplaced my voice, and I don’t suppose I use it correctly at all now. But I am lucky—oh, else the public likes my up-to-date songs.”

Bebe Daniels has lots of loving-cup trophies won at dancing contests. She began at eight years of age to dance her way to public favor and has an enviable reputation in Los Angeles now.

“Do you intend to remain in comed Miss Daniels?” Everybody loves to debate in futures at some time.

“My contract expires in June of this year. I can’t say what I’ll do, but probably I’ll remain with Pathé at any rate, to come back to show the world I had the talent. I’ve had so many years’ experience on the stage that it would be very pleasant to turn away from light comedy to something heavier, more satisfying to one’s soul.”

There was a pause, during which Bebe turned her bobbed locks. The familiar cascade over one side of her forehead and puffs over the ears were accomplished with a puckering of delicate eyebrows.

“Luncheon, Bebe,” chirped a merry voice in the hall.

“Coming!” warbled Bebe, in her be soprano.

And we all did the “Where is now the merry party I remember long ago?” a Retakes and luncheon wait for no man or woman, either—at a studio.

(Seventy-four)
The Latest ‘Blackton’ Production, “A House Divided” might also be called “A House Beautiful”

The Story—Gripping
The Cast—Exceptional
Interior Settings—Superlative

Pictures with the mark of ‘Blackton’ are worth while
In Pursuit of Billie (Continued from page 23)
of imported pongee. There were others . . . others . . . each more attractive than the ones before, and each, with all their wealth of style, not half as delightful as they were going to be when graced by and gracing their adorable mistress.

Then, at last, came Billie Burke. "Well," (after the introductions and excuses), "I've had a time of it today." She smiled and dropped into a chair. "Getting clothes for baby! You'd think the shops would consider the wardrobe of infants. But they don't. "Which reminds me," said Billie, consulting her platinum wrist-watch, "that it is time to telephone my sweetheart. Every day, when I am in town, we kiss each other good-night over the wire."

She gave central her number and turned to madame, saying, "Tell the lady, dear, what a child is Florence Patricia. Imagine! Only two years old and . . . Oh! Hello! Will you let me speak to baby, please?"

"Good-evening, sweetheart! What? 'Baby's o' weddy to go Palm Beach?' Is ooh, darlin'? Tell mamma, baby happy? 'Baby's worry happy!' Yes, sweetheart; mamma's very happy, too. Mamma bought baby lovely pair of white gloves today. What, darling? 'Baby mus' go wash her hands and go to sleep? All right, precious. Here's my kiss . . . m-m-m-m-m . . . nice and long. Nighty-night!"

"That," she confided, turning to me with joyous dampness in her eyes, "is my land of promise. I love her so. I love them all so. Baby, mother, the home, the chickens, and dear, kind Flo. Why, I can hardly realize it, that this week is my marriage anniversary of five years. Five? No, it can't be! It must be four. It is impossible to have time fly so rapidly. Why, it seems like yesterday that I had no one to think of but myself. Five? Oh, dear me, at any rate they've been five wonders.

You have no idea how a woman grows—spiritually, mentally and in every other way—when she has some one to whom she can give her love and her thoughts. Some one for whom she wants to strive and go on working so that she can be worthy of the respect due her from one she is capable of worshiping.

"Flo is a wonderful man. It puzzles me often how anybody so stalwart with work and so busy with ideas can, day in and day out, time and time incessantly, make it a habit to please everybody the way he does. I have never known him not to pay attention to the thousands of trivialities strangers and subordinates are continually bringing up before him. Flo, as far back as I or any of his associates can remember, has never been known to refuse a request. And the phenomenal part of it all is that he keeps every one of his worries and problems to himself. If he is nervous, he is fretful inwardly. His temper, when it does do harm, he allows only to hurt Flo.

"We really did not have to go to

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drive.
Richman, Poorman, Beggarman—
(Continued from page 44)

admirably fitted him for larger, more permanent roles later on. There are few veteran theatergoers who, the minute they touch upon the subject of Bertha Kalich in "The Kreutzer Sonata," do not spontaneously remark, "And Frank Lose? Will you ever forget him?"

The following year, and run in "The House Next Door," and after that his memorable two years under the management of David Belasco in "The Rose o’ the Rancho."

Four or five years ago, while he was acting with William Faversham in "The Hawk," William Faversham, who was just starting to attempt his first picture, tried to persuade him to "come along with me and slide into the silver screen."

"I flatly refused," now laughs Mr. Losee. "After growing up in the land of realism, it seemed ludicrous to dwindle down to the movie studio of make-believe."

"My initial screen work happened when 'The Eternal City' was being filmed, and they wanted exactly one day, I had no sooner got out of the gates than they picked out of curiosity, partly because Elliott Dexter and Pauline Frederick were old friends of mine. As I appeared, one of the directors called to me, 'Hello, Losee! You’re just the man we need. Come, exactly as you are, get in on this. All you have to do is lie still and pretend you’re dead. ’"

"Well, you know how old things go into the history books. This took up the challenge and acted the corpse."

"That is how I got my first drilling in playing before the camera, too. For as I lay there on my back over an hour, while the others around me rehearsed and rehearsed and rehearsed, I could not help but absorb the directions. I was compelled later to make use of them, for although I was ‘dead’ at the beginning, I had to continue with my part, as they had taken the last scene first! After I finished that picture with them, I went back next season to play with Ernest Truex and Henry Miller in 'Just Outside the Door.' We ran only nine days. That left me without something to do and prompted an offer to be with Dexter again and Margarette Clark in 'Helene of the North' by the Famous Players-Lasky, with whom I have been ever since."

"My ideas haven’t changed any. I feel the same about the lack of verity under the Cooper-Hewitts now as I did at that time. In fact, the taste of the picture had given that thought. For instance, here I am talking to you, and at any moment the boss will call me, and out of a perfectly clear sky I shall have to go on, feel miserable, act tragically, and show that my heart is breaking because my daughter ran away with a second-lieutenant. As you are bound to ask me, then, why I am here, I shall deliver without any pretense, tell you the truth. Having been born, schooled, influenced, grown and now getting old and wise in New York City has made of me a confirmed commercialist!"

"You can put it in print, too. I am not ashamed of it."
Don't Commit A Crime
Against The Woman You Love

N O AMOUNT of love will ever be atone for the crime you will commit if you make a second false start out of your present repudiation of the woman you are UNFIT to assume the duties and responsibilities of a husband and a father. Her whole future life, her body and soul, will be in YOUR keeping; no one will be able to help her if YOU prove faithless to her trust in you. Don't put the matter aside, you can't get away from it; you can't make any girl happy, if you are weak, impotent, sickly; grubby with filthiness, poisoned by constipation, or suffering from any other devitalizing ailment. Stop and think, right now, for HER sake, if not for your own. What CAN her marriage to you bring her, but lifelong regret and sorrow, if you are not able to carry out the promise you made to her before you began to drink, to make your blood like water and your brain woozy as a result of your condition.

She Thinks You Are a Man
She trusts, admires and loves what she THINKS you are—a real MAN, mentally, morally and physically, whom she can respect as well as love. She believes in a man who can look any other man in the eye and hold his own with him; who is able to meet her under any circumstances; who can make his way in the world and give her the comforts she has a right to expect from her husband; and finally who can—ultimately make over the mother of his happy, healthy children, a blessing to you both. Think of the kind of children you will make her mother of if you are one of the great UNFIT! Think of the weakness, of decay, of filth, of disease and fear, that you will bring into the world—pitiful little creatures, with no chance in life, living reproaches to the father who begot them. Don't close your eyes to these things. They are Facts; Facts thoroughly understood by the heads of dogs, cattle and horses; facts recognized by the legislators of several states, who would make it a LEGAL, as well as a MORAL, crime to marry unfit.

Make Yourself 100 Per Cent Fit
Put your past behind you. What if you have led a gay life and sowed a big crop of wild oats? Start NOW to root them out. What is a cradle? It is the candle at both ends and feel now like a human wreck, with your strength of body and mind dissipated and your vitality ebbing away? All the more reason why you should begin now, TODAY, to stop that steady loss, build up your strength again, regain your health and make a manly, rebuilded man of yourself. It is the ONLY thing to do—the only way to have any more happiness in life—the only way to keep from slipping down into the scrap heap of the hopelessly down-and-out—and you can do it, if you go about the right way.

Streetfight Will Show You How
No matter what your work or business or occupation, you can build yourself up in my way without interfering with it in the least. I'll help you strengthen your heart, lungs, stomach, muscles, nerves, eyes, your vitality, your health, and make you feel that you are young. 

Don't Be Discouraged
Never mind how low down you have fallen; I don't care a rap what your present condition is or what brought you to it—I know I can improve you 100 per cent in a very few months. I am doing it every day for men who had given up all hope, and have helped them respected members of society again: filling them with life, and ambition, pep and giant, and enabling them to make a success in the world.

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Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Newark N. J.—Please send me your book, "How to Use Nature's own §TRONGFORT $TRENGTH and MENTAL ENERGY" for postage of which please add 25c. I do not wish to be marked (32c.)

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Health and Strength Specialist
896 Park Building, Newark, N. J.
The March of the Photoplay (Continued from page 71)
knows the Griffith studios denies that D. G. is as skilful a scenario writer as he is a director. And perhaps it would be as unwise to deny that great screen art should be the product of a single Ad-mirable Crichton, a single many-faceted Pooh-Bah. Gordon Craig believes that the man that writes a play ought to be able to costume it, design its scenery, direct it, and—if his own career is any sign—press-agent it as well. The movies have proved that that is the surest way of putting a century of art development into ten years.

The Extra Girl Invades Another Courtroom (Continued from page 49)
jurors and the various attorneys and clerks had been photographed to Mr. Stahl's complete satisfaction, he turned his attention to the members of the bench brigade, not that we were important factors in this "thrilling drama of life and love," but just in front of you, the spectator, and middle of the accused boy. They were the other two sides of the triangle, and it was essential to depict their emotions to complete the third or fourth reel. It was a thrilling moment in the proceedings when the torture of the boy caused the sweetheart to rise from her bench—and no bench or occupant thereof could censure her. Isn't she just too dear, the boy was to avenge her that the boy had committed the murder.

"Honey, don't you see that they are going to send this boy of yours to the electric chair? Oh, they can't do it, they can't do—" pleaded Mr. Stahl, trying to bring the facts home to the mind of the little girl.

"All thru," Mr. Stahl announced around six o'clock. Miss Reed had left about four, much to my regret, but then, I suppose she didn't need a few minutes rest before the evening performance of "Roads of Destiny," and we hustled away from the courtroom.

It was two long weeks before I was again on the Tenth Avenue car, studio-bound.

When we finally reached the studio there was a general scramble to get ready in the ten minutes that still remained. May MacAvoy, who was playing Miss Reed's sister, and two of the star's pro-togues, an old school friend, Mae Gri-fiths, and Blyth Daly, daughter of Arnold Daly, shared the room with me.

"Oh, I think it's just wonderful to be in pictures," the latter enthused, waving a stick of grease-paint in the air. "I came over to call on Miss Reed the other day, and when I said 'Oh, how I'd love to be in pictures,' she answered, 'Well, then, you shall be.' And here I am. Isn't it just too dear?"

You know I go to the Art League morn-

(Continued on page 88)
Learn Shorthand at Home—In 5 Evenings

Learn the Lessons in Five Evenings, then Acquire Speed by Easy Practice

Five days hence you will be writing K. I. Shorthand—that is if you were to start learning today.

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BYRON W. CREEVES.

"It was a pleasure to learn K. I. Shorthand. Within three hours I could write words. I can now write over 100 words per minute and am positive that by a little more practice I could write up to 150 words a minute. It is easy to read one's own notes in K. I. Shorthand."

JOY WADSWORTH.

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Name

Address

Number of Free Lessons Requested

(No charge—limited supply)

(Brightly-one)
The Celluloid Critic
(Continued from page 79)
duction. Charles Rock makes a human characterization out of Old Bill. “False Faces,” the Thomas Ince production of Louis Joseph Vance’s romance, is a bulky screen melodrama, a considerable distance behind “Sporting Life,” but still a distinctly well-sustained thriller. “False Faces” continues the adventures of Mr. Vance’s popular character, the Lone Wolf, thru the world war. Remember Herbert Brenon’s high-speed “Lone Wolf” with Bert Lytell? Here the Lone Wolf’s combat with the German secret service and his efforts to aid the beautiful heroine, who is carrying a valuable Allied message in a tiny tube, provide plenty of excitement, not the least of which is the way the adventurer is picked up at sea by a U-boat. Later the Lone Wolf sinks the submarine and escapes. Henry B. Walthall is the hero of “False Faces” and he does all sorts of difficult physical stunts not usually connected with the Little Colonel. On the whole, Walthall makes the Lone Wolf interesting, altho he should never wear a gray fedora. A hat like that simply doesn’t go hand-in-hand with romance. Mary Anderson is pleasant as the heroine and the direction of Irvin V. Willat is keyed to a splendid speed. The U-boat scenes are admirably done.

Just after Vitagraph does Charles Klein’s “Lion and the Mouse” with indifferent success, Paramount follows with his “Maggie Pepper.” Oddly the lesser stage piece is infinitely better screen entertainment. This we credit to the continuity, the humorous subtitles and Chester Withey’s keen direction. “Maggie Pepper” has been told in story form in The Classic, which makes repetition of the story unnecessary. Suffice it to say that Ethel Clayton as the slangy department store employee is a bright figure of comedy and sincerity, while Elliott Dexter is, of course, a highly satisfactory store owner. “Maggie Pepper” isn’t much of a screen drama, but it is good entertainment.

“Paid in Full,” (Paramount), adapted from Eugene Walter’s drama, seems to have swallowed up Pauline Frederick bodily. Miss Frederick is well nigh lost in the unfolding of this dramatic sermon upon living beyond one’s means. The real horrors go to Robert Cain, as the weakening husband who steals in order to acquire luxuries and then wants to hold his freedom at any price. Here is one of the best bits of celluloid playing of the year. But slighter less effective is Frank Losee’s vigorous Captain Williams. Losee’s identity is almost completely sunk in the character. As a screen piece, “Paid in Full” will hold your interest, but it lacks the cumulative power of the stage drama, because the adaptation follows the drama too literally. A story must be told in different fashion for the silverscreen than for the footlights.

William Farnum’s “The Man Hunter,
(Continued on page 86)
The Greatest Family and Fortune Beauties

(Continued from page 53)

screen, being remembered for her playing of the little sister Mary in "Huck Finn" and "Tom Sawyer" with Jack Pickford. That was in the summer of 1917. Miss Marvin has brown eyes, brown hair and is five feet five.

Virginia Brown, of 565 West 162d Street, New York City. Miss Brown has had some slider experience. She has brown eyes, black hair and is five feet four and one-half inches in height.

The Motion Picture Magazine for June will carry the seventh honor roll, presenting the seven best contestants entering their pictures between March 1st and March 15th. The Motion Picture Classic for June will follow with the honor roll for March 15th to April 1st. This method of presenting honor rolls will be continued until the end of the contest.

Here are some important things to note:

The closing date of the contest has not yet been decided upon, but it will be announced in both The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine far enough in advance so that every one can get their final pictures in before the last hour.

If you happen to be within a short distance of the office of The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine, please do not telephone the office for information regarding your pictures.

With thousands of portraits arriving daily, the impossibility of giving out information of this character is plainly apparent. Do not write to ask if your portraits have arrived safely. These queries cannot be answered.

If you wish your portrait or portraits returned, enclose the right amount of postage to cover mailing. Attach stamps to pictures with a clip. Do not place stamps in separate envelopes. These pictures will be returned upon examination by the judges for the monthly honor rolls. Pictures may be lost in handling and we cannot guarantee the safe return of portraits.

If your pictures were entered before March 1st and you have not won a place on any of the honor rolls, try again. Because you have submitted one or more pictures does not bar you from trying again. Try not to send hand-colored portraits. The contest is open to men.

Upon the closing, the final winner will be selected. Undoubtedly he or she, (as the contest is now open to men), will be selected from among the various semi-monthly honor rolls. It is possible that three or four leaders may be chosen and invited to come to New York for test pictures, after which the final motion winner will be decided upon.

It is also possible that a first prize may be awarded to both a man and a woman. This will, however, be decided later.

It is important, if you have already won a place on the honor roll, that you submit at least several more pictures to be used later by the judges. In this case, contestants should write the words "honor roll" across the face of the entrance coupon which is attached to the portrait. The words should be written in red ink, to be plainly distinguished.

Let us briefly outline the purpose of the contest once more:

The two magazines will give two years' guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits in color, special interviews, pictures, special articles, etc.—the sort of publicity that could not be purchased at any price. The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine will secure an initial position for the winner and other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine guarantee that the winner will be known through the civilized world.

The Fame and Fortune jury includes: Mary Pickford, Thomas Ince, Cecil de Mille, Maurice Tourneur, Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, James Montgomery Flagg, Howard Chandler Christy and Eugene V. Brederer.

The terms of the contest follow:

1. Open to any young woman, or man, in the world, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage roles.

2. Contestants must submit a portrait, upon the back of which must be pasted a coupon from either The Motion Picture Classic or The Motion Picture Magazine, or a similar coupon of their own making.

3. Contestants can submit any number of portraits, but upon the back of each must be pasted an entrance coupon.

(Continued from page 53)
Talcum Powder

East or West—North or South

JAP ROSE

Talcum Powder

Is the choice of women of the most refined taste. There is a subtle fascination in its delicate odor—like the gentle breath of a rose. And it is so refreshing and soothing to the most tender skin.

Try! Offer: Send 2¢ for an attractive Weak - renk sample of JAP Rose, mds-ter- tures, consisting of each of Talcum Powder, Soap, Cold Cream and Toilet Water.

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Copy this Sketch

and let me see what you can do with it. If you like to draw, my practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your ability. A large proportion of the newspaper artists were trained by the cartoonists and illustrators who have been successful, and in a short time you will possibly be a favorite with the playwrights who are more pretentious. You refer to Jack Mower as Graham in "Jilted Jane," Wanda Hawley in "Aloha, aloha!," and Mary W.—You say you want the December 1918 Motion Picture Magazine, which we are out of, and I am sorry I am not in a position to get you one. Mary was a 690 Oak Street, Bethlehem, Pa. You are going to get a raft of magazines, Mary, when our readers know that you are so good and generous.

Dimples.—So you are physically down and out, and medicine does not help you. Non- sequitur! I believe you are anywhere but out, but you may be down temporarily. Get out in the sun. Remember that where the sun does not go, doctors do. Nature is the only real doctor. Don't you take the advice of all medicines, and physicians can do is to assist Dr. Nature. That will be about $5.00 for the advice. And you want an interview with Thomas Meighan. Look up the February 1917 Magazine issue, and Interest.—After seeing Corinne Griffith in "The Girl Question," we are going to see a film of clothes. Fifth Avenue was scoured for those gowns, and they look, don't they? You want an interview with Carlyle Blackwell. We shall get in touch with Norman immediately, if not sooner.

Arthur M.—Say, what do you think I am? How am I?—I don't believe you are anywhere in the Greek motion picture players? It can't be done. Merci Monsieur.—Avec plaisir. Thomas Meighan and Alobis Connelly are in "Out of the Clear Sky." So you think Marguerite Clark "hogs" the screen. I have no influence when it comes to getting Norma Talmadge and this is all right. Yes, I am going to get a kick. Norman is ready to take the stage. Perhaps you have. Cost. So you want to register a kick. Go ahead. You don't care for Norma Talmadge in Chinese or Italian parts, but when you are her as real self. We shall get in touch with Norman immediately, if not sooner. How am I?—I don't believe you are anywhere in the Greek motion picture players? It can't be done. Merci Monsieur.—Avec plaisir. Thomas Meighan and Alobis Connelly are in "Out of the Clear Sky." So you think Marguerite Clark "hogs" the screen. I have no influence when it comes to getting Norma Talmadge and this is all right. Yes, I am going to get a kick. Norman is ready to take the stage. Perhaps you have. Cost. So you want to register a kick. Go ahead. You don't care for Norma Talmadge in Chinese or Italian parts, but when you are her as real self. We shall get in touch with Norman immediately, if not sooner.

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How Every Woman Can Have A Winning Personality

Let Me Introduce Myself

Dear Reader: I wish to tell you how to have a charming, winning personality because all my life I have seen that without it, any woman labors under great handicaps. Without personality, it is almost impossible to make desirable friends, or get on in business; and yes, often must a woman give up the man on whom she first set because she has not the power to attract or to hold him.

During my career here and abroad, I have met a great many people whom I have been able to study under circumstances which have brought out their weak or strong points, like as they sit upon a lens of a moving picture machine will magnify into the light on the screen. And I have seen so many people, lacking in personality, that I can set down their’a and fall completely, in a way that has been quite pathetic. I am sure that you also are familiar with one or more such cases.

Success of a Winsome Manner

I saw numerous failures that were so distressing that my thoughts could not help dwelling on those shattered and vain ambitions. I have seen women of education, and culture and natural beauty actually fall where other women might have had such advantages, but possessing certain secrets of lovable, winning, a certain sweetness, a certain knock of the right side of the right word would get ahead deightfully. Nor were they naturally forward women. Now, there they were the kind that men call clever. Some of them, if you studied their features closely, were positively not handsome; yet they seemed so. They didn’t do this by covering their faces with cosmetics; they knew the right words. And often the winning women were in the thirties, forties, or fifties, and as renowned and famous as any younger girl. You know what I mean. They drew others to them by a genuine interest in the other person. Others liked to talk to them and do things for them. Therefore their presence felt perfectly at ease—as though you had been good, good friends.

French Feminine Charms

The French women among my friends seemed to me more generally endowed with this ability to fascinate, than did my friends among other nationalities. In the years that I lived in Paris, I was amazed to find that most of the women I met were enchanting.

"Is it a part of the French character?" I asked my friends.

"Were you born that way?" I often would ask some charming woman.

And they would tell me that "personality" as we know it here in America, is a art that is studied and acquired by French women just as they would learn to cook, or to sing by cultivating the voice. Every girl and woman possesses latent personality. This includes you, dear reader.

There are numerous secrets for developing your personality. In France, where the women have always continued to bear children, and where opportunity for our sex is restricted, those who wish to win husbands or shine in society, or succeed in their careers, have always been led to develop their charms in competition with others.

How Men’s Affections Are Held

Ladies, if there are any who have been suffering as that thousands and thousands of fine young men are daily doing, then I am here to announce to you, for I know how altering are the French methods, that I could help conceding the truth in the assertion of a certain French-American

Important

To obtain Madame Fara’s little book "How," free, you may fill out the coupon and send in or you may write by letter or postcard requesting it. Address as below:

GENTLEWOMAN INSTITUTE
615 West 43d Street
102B
New York, N. Y.

Become an Attractive Woman

I can take the girl or woman who is ignorant or careless or unattractive, or the girl who dresses unbecoming and in her sense of importance of appearance in personality; I can enlighten her in the ways of women of the world, in making the most of their apparel. All this without any extravagant cost. I show her how to acquire it with originality and taste. Your failures, your desire to show yourself to advantage, is a real art and without that knowledge you will always be under a disadvantage.

For Married Women

There are some very important secrets which I have discovered French women have which enable them to hold the love, admiration and affection of their husbands. I will show you the secrets of charm which you will not be able to understand in the course

You may have all those attractive qualities that men adore in women journalist that “American girls are too provincial, formal, cold and superficial while the French girls radiate warmth of sympathy, devotion and all those exquisite elements of the heart that men adore in women.”

And I who am successful and probably known to you by reputation through my activities on the New York St. Honoré can tell you in all candor, as one woman confiding in another, that these French secrets of personality have been a very important factor in the successes of mine. But it is not my tendency to boast of myself, the Juliette Fara whom I want you to feel that you already know as your sincere friend, but I speak of YOU and for YOU.

French Secrets of Fascination

My continued residence in France enabled me to observe the ways and methods of the women closely. I studied and analyzed the secrets of their fascinating powers.

When I returned to the dear old U. S. A., I set myself at work putting together the facts, methods, secrets and formulae that I had learned while in France.

One thing I am absolutely convinced—every woman who wishes it has a winning personality.

Overcoming Deterrent Timidity

I know I can take any girl of a timid or overmodest disposition, one who lacks self-confidence, or is too self-conscious for her own good, and show her how to become discreetly and charmingly daring, perfectly natural and comfortable in the presence of others. I can show you how to bring out charms which you do not even dream you possess.

Uncouth Boldness—or Tactful Audacity?

If you are an assertive woman, the kind that suffers from too great forwardness, I can show you in a way that you will find delightful, how to be gentle and unassuming, yet to wear the false fabric of your repelling and uncenarios personal

The method, you will succeed, oh so well, while by good looks or unpossessed audacity you meet with setbacks.

I can take the frail girl or woman, the listless one who usually feels that the good things in life are not for her and shows her how to become vigorous and strong, tingling with enthusiasm and good cheer and how to see the whole wide world full of splendid things just for her.

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Get the Book "How" at
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Please send me postpaid as a gift and without any obligation on my part, Madame Juliette Fara’s little book entitled "How.”
NERVE EXHAUSTION

Civilization's Greatest Danger

The wonderful organ we term the Nervous System consists of countless millions of cells. These cells are reservoirs containing a mysterious energy we call "Nerve Force," and, as the great scientist, Sir William Osler, explains, the volume of Nerve Force stored, represents our "Nerve Capital."

Our Nerve Capital represents the sum-total of all our powers, for every muscle and vital organ is regulated and receives its impulse of life through the nerves. Sever the nerves leading to an organ, and that organ will become paralyzed and useless. Permit your Nerve Capital to become exhausted, and the entire vital machinery will act feebly and become deranged.

You may violate Nature's laws in the matter of exercise, eating and abuse the body otherwise, and yet live to be very old and retain a fair degree of health, but there is yet to be born a person with a constitution so strong that he will not break down in a few weeks under intense nervous strain. This proves conclusively the truth of the statement made by that eminent British authority on the Nerves, Dr. Alfred T. Schofield, namely, "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

Watch Your Nerves!

Guard your nerves as you would the most precious thing you possess. They mean everything to you—your Happiness, Health and Success in Life. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for when your nerves "blow up," life is not worth living. The finer your brain is, the more delicate are your nerves and the greater is the danger of Nerve Exhaustion.

Read the BOOK Nerve Force 96 Pages Price 25c

This book teaches how to Soothe, Calm, and Care for the Nerves, and how to prevent Nerve Exhaustion. The only way to judge the real value of this book is to read it, which you may do at the author's risk. In other words: if it does not meet your fullest expectations, return it, and your money will be refunded, plus your outlay of stamps. The author has advertised his various books on health subjects in this and other magazines for the last 20 years, which is ample proof of his responsibility. Over a million copies have been sold. Doctors recommend them to their patients and large Corporations buy them in quantities to give to their executives and other employees, so that they may profit by the common sense advice given and attain greater Nerve Force and higher efficiency.

Send for the Book Today.

Paul Von Boeckmann
Studio 124—110 West 40th Street
New York City

The Celluloid Critic (Continued from page 82) (Fox) is a symphony in revenge. Henry Fonda ruins George Arnold and send him to prison. Thereafter, for five whole reels, he is on the verge of strangulation by the vengeful George, who is of course, no other than Farnum. Finally George, Henry and the girl the villain longs to marry are cast away on a desert island. The young woman comes to love George and everything ends festively when Henry falls over convenient cliff. Personally, the hyper-blooded Farnum rather bores us, but "The Man Hunter" is well directed by Frank Lloyd. For the first time in our recollection a shipwrecked hero accumulates whiskers.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, (Paramount), will probably entertain you if you like that sort of thing. You know—homely optimism amid a back ground of goats, tin cans, mud and ma trons at washtubs. This is all very well but we personally prefer Corinne Griffith or May Allison. This photoplay, by the way, may confuse admirers of Alice Hegan Rice, for it is a combination of "Mrs. Wiggs" and "Lovey Mary," with Lovey and Miss Hazy played up an Mrs. Wiggs completely soft- pedaled. Margaret Clark is the Lovey and again she fails to approach her screen work o' years ago.

Let us confess that "The Wicked Darling" (Universal), gave us our first glimpse of Priscilla Dean. We were disappointed. Miss Dean's hair isn't nearly as temperamental as her pictures indicated—or perhaps she is wearing it differently. The wicked darling is belle of the underworld who falls in love with a chap from the social set. There is a pearl necklace everybody tries to steal, revolver combats and other melodramatic incidents. Naturally, things end happily for the wicked darling. We found our interest wavered all thru. strikes us as odd. Perhaps the story was more dramatic in the picture, that Miss Dean is essentially comedienne. But Universal doesn't see to agree with us.

Ala Nazimova misses fire all thru "Out of the Fog," the screen version of H. Austin Adams's stage drama, "Cecil Shoals." This also, has been to in story form in "The Call of the Wild." The lo story of the untamed little girl of lonely lighthouse rock should have devolved into a gripping and colorful piece. But all thru Mme. Nazimova seems to just fall short of striking a big, convincing note. Is she never to equal in vivid grisselte of "Revelation?" Alze Capellani's performance presents unexpected limitations. For instance, when a horse appears to be raging at the windows of the lighthouse interiors, outside flash indicates decidedly placid weather. At there are other lapses. We liked work of Henry Harmon as the grim of keeper of the light.

Will the Nazimova of "Revelation" return in the coming "Red Lantern"? Let's hope so.

(Eighty-six)
Watch Your Newstand for The Next Issue of The
Motion Picture Magazine

On the cover of the June Motion Picture Magazine will appear a painting which we do not hesitate to say is the most beautiful ever offered to the public. Watch for this beautiful cover portrait of Olive Thomas.

Among the feature articles of the month, is the first interview obtained with

IRENE CASTLE
since she returned from abroad and placed her signature on a new contract to do pictures for Paramount.

TOM FORMAN
At the very beginning of the war, Tom enlisted. From start to finish, he has done his duty regardless of self. For this reason Motion Picture Magazine wishes to place the seal of its approval on his work. Kenneth McGaffey has written a fine, intimate study of this young actor.

CHARLES CLARY
Everybody has been asking for an interview with Charles Clary and in the June issue of Motion Picture Magazine they will be told all about him, his personality, his likes and dislikes—his real self.

BESIDES these bright personality stories, the June issue of Motion Picture Magazine will discuss all the new phases in the industry. There will be three of the season’s greatest fiction stories and the newest and most beautiful photographs of stage and screen favorites obtainable.

A Brand New Set of Players’ Portraits
Larger, Finer and More Attractive than Previous Offers

As a special inducement to our readers to buy Motion Picture Magazine and Motion Picture Classic direct by mail, we have for two years been including a set of eighty players’ portraits with a year’s subscription.

During two years so many changes have taken place among the players that this set has become old and out of date.

Accordingly, we have discontinued our offer of eighty portraits, and have substituted a new, larger, finer and more attractive set of portraits of the twenty-four leading players.

The entire set are done in sepia by rotogravure, in accordance with our special instructions, and are as high-grade as this process of printing, which is famous for its artistic results, can produce.

You will like these pictures. You will enjoy framing them to decorate your room or den. You will be proud in their possession.

You may have a complete set with a year’s subscription to either the Motion Picture Magazine or Motion Picture Classic.

It will cost you forty cents less to buy your magazine by the year direct, than monthly at your dealer’s. In addition, you will obtain a set of these attractive pictures.

Why not write today to reserve a set for you? Be sure to use the attached coupon.

LIST OF SUBJECTS

Mary Pickford
Marguerite Clark
Douglas Fairbanks
Charlie Chaplin
William S. Hart
Wallace Reid
Pearl White
Anita Stewart
Theda Bara
Frances X. Bushman
Earle Williams
William Farnum
Charles Ray
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Mary Miles Minter
Theodora Kishball Young
Alice Joyce
Vivian Martin
Pauline Frederick
Billie Burke
Marjorie Kennedy
Elsie Ferguson
Tom Moore

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Will improve your skin more than any other cream you have ever used. We guarantee it to take away pimples, freckles and brown spots, and keep the skin soft and clear. If your skin needs a good cream try this one. Enough for 20 days’ trial for this adv., and ten cents in balance. Larger jar 60 cents at your druggists or from us if he cannot supply you.

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Also please send me at once a set of the twenty-four players’ portraits. Enclosed find $ ……… in payment.

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Apply a few drops of Freezone upon that old, touchy corn. Instantly that corn stops hurting. Then shortly you lift that troublesome corn right off, root and all, without pain, soreness or irritation.

A few cents buys a tiny bottle of Freezone at any drug store, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn or corn between the toes, and the painful calluses and hard skin from the bottom of the feet. Just try it!

Keep Freezone on dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

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The Extra Girl Invades Another Courtroom

(Continued from page 80)

"Of whom?" I questioned.

"Why, of Miss Reed, of course. When I showed it to her she said, 'Blythie dear, I shall certainly have to see that you go into pictures at once—and stay there indefinitely.' Isn't she adorable?"

Just then there was a tap at the door. "Getting off made all right, Blythie?" Miss Reed inquired. "Goodness, girl aren't you about stiff?" she inquired when she had been in the room long enough to have her breath form dramatic icicles which hung gracefully in midair.

We were. The boiler had taken upon itself to burst the previous evening the way boilers frequently do the night before a particularly cold day when there is an evening dress scene to be taken. A few minutes Miss Reed was in consultation with the powers that be, Preside Binberg and all, and shortly afterwa our toes began to thaw and the room coming of the electric stove that was decorating the floor.

The cabaret scene was of the usual picture variety, where every laugh and makes merry, a few drink cele tonic that registers champagne—all the poor tonic will lose its main exc for living after July first—and no or cats.

Of course, we had to remove our coats when the director said "Picture!" to what fan would enjoy seeing a health as well as a meatless cabaret even Florence Reed—and 1—graced it screen?

"John, Fred, Jack Holbrook, coat Miss Reed called, as soon as the camera had stopped grinding. "Well, anyway the idea, John Stahl, of your directing with your overcoat and gloves on!"

"Very well, dear lady, I will take this off at once," he laughed, as he wrapped the star in overcoats that seemed to come from every corner of the studio.

"It's a case of 'The Woman Under Coats' instead of under oath, isn't it?" she said. "Now, John, don't get my hemmed up with that collar. Speaking of hair, mine seems to be puzzling a num ber of people. After every matine show I find a group of girls outside the door, evidently movie fans, bent on discovering what sort of locks I wear on the street."

"And then I suppose you pull your away down over your ears and hustle, dont you?"

"Now, you know me better than that, John. Still, it's great to be a woman mystery, isn't it?"

"Dont know. Never tried it," replied Mr. Stahl.

"Coffee" and "Muffins" sat up begged for an olive and a piece of cheese, as and they mushed the "cabareticals" they declared it was just great to be the pets of a genuine hun like Miss Reed, a picture star, a star, an actress and everything.

(Eighty-eight)
CLASSIC

Sugar and Spice and Everything Nice

(Continued from page 51)

"Hello, dear!" she greeted us. "Can you find a chair?"

The chorus-girls, far too comfortably ensconced in the star's dressing-room to remove themselves, somewhat impaired my powers as an interviewer. So I studied my surroundings. The walls were plastered with telegrams of congratulation from critics, producers, prominent men, other actresses and actors. There indeed was all the glamour of the theater.

"That Smith girl said you were only under study once; that's not true, is it, dollie?" quoth the chorus-girl in Alice Liddell.

"No, dear, it isn't," said Mollie, as she wist her golden locks into the precise hope she wished.

"And that Gray girl—you know, the one who has a husband and baby, and swears he hasn't—she got turned out the other day, you know they say she drank." The lady a brown curls rolled this delicious verse of gossip slowly between her rimmed lips.

"Now, that's too bad. Cant anything be done for her?" said Mollie, carefully sidling the last touches of make-up to her peach-like complexion.

"No; guess she's too far gone for it," harried the second guest, as she helped herself to the box of cigarettes resting on Mollie's table.

"Want one?" she offered us, generously.

We gave up in despair. For a moment she held Mollie's perfumed little hand in his, then hurried away—out past a row of the principals and chorus-girls sitting final pins in their elaborately boudoir costumes. The atmosphere was asked by a lack of worry. If the over- fire was finished, why, the musicians cold play another bar. Why worry....

Cut in front, I reached my seat under the table she had knelt from the door. Suddenly the spotlight flashed on.

An audible gasp ran around the semicircular audience. In the middle of the stage there stood, all alone, a slen- ter figure clad in pure shimmering white, a touch of coral beads spanning her white shoulders. It was the dazzling, camera-like beauty of the girl's face, and under the huge picture hat of ral-colored velvet, that accounted for the gasps.

Had she done nothing more than stand and let them look at her, the attention would have been satisfied. She smiled forward and smiled... she took it in stride, in her confident manner. She seemed to say, "You are my ends. I like you.

Everybody forgot their pristine amazement at her beauty; they clapped and clapped and clapped. They banged on the doors.

The music started.... Her baritone voice spoke the words to a popular song.

It was Mollie King, the queen of New York's musical comedy stage. (Eighty-nine)
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stew pan and cover (2 pieces!; 1 Up stewer (2 qoarts); 1 lip stewer (1
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4 piece set consisting of salt, pepper and toothpick holder and etand; 1
combination funnel [6 pieces! 6 1/4 inch nutmeg grater; lemon juice
squeezer: biscuit ana doughnut cutter; 8 1/2 inch potato masher; 6 5/8
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"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison moss of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I do member correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the member, introduced me to you at the neccoh of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure deal! I haven't laid eyes on you since at day. How is the grain business? And you did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hilton hotel—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to listen in even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend, answering my question before I could ask it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster introduced me, by my name, to the guests to Mr. Roth, got in line and when it was my turn the man looked at me and said, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection?" I telephoned number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd of 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake.

That is more of each man's business telephone number, for good measure. I won't tell you all the other amazing things Mr. Roth did except to tell how he called back, about a minute's hesitation, long lists of names, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, reel post rates and anything else the guests had in rapid order.

********

When I met Mr. Roth—which you may be I did the first chance I got—he rather laughed me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, or anything I have read in a magazine. "You can do this just as easily as I do. Any- no with an average mind can learn quickly do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "is originally very faulty. Yes it was a nearly faultless. On meeting a man I would lose his name in twenty seconds, while now there are 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met, but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But own me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it-not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the pointed Lorpheum Publishing Co.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

The first lesson stuck. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olsott, Bonyge, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially specially applied to me, may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

Mr. McManus didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely count on my memory now, I can call the names of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method.

Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't sure. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to swing the hammer of knowledge on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up we never hear anyone in our office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name is H. O. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell; Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one course, one practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in increased earning power will be enormous.

Victor Jones

Send No Money

No confident in the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easily it is to double, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that the course you have just learned will act as a "Multigraph"—you don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter saying that you will pay for the course prepaid, as soon. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course and only 50 in full payment. You take no risk.

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Please send me the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either return coupon to you within five days after its receipt or send you $5 in full payment of the course.

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M. P. Classic—619
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The screen draws back the curtain of life, unveiling the thoughts, loves, passions and ideals of humanity. In fact, the secret of the fascination of Paramount and Artcraft Pictures is that they show you yourself as you really are, or as you might be.

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Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying Paramount and Artcraft Pictures—and the theatres that show them.
For mid-summer The Motion Picture Classic is assembling an ideal number—light, bright and vivacious, with several timely and absorbing articles to balance the July atmosphere.

Elliott Dexter—The able Paramount leading man is about to become a star. The July Classic will present an up-to-the-minute chat with him.

June Elvidge—A breezy little interview, with special pictures, has been captured for the mid-summer number.

Louise Lovely—The lady with the chocolate eclair name makes interesting copy. You'll be absorbed in her personality story.

Gloria Swanson—Is anybody more interesting to film fans right now than Gloria? Here is the first heart-to-heart talk with one of the most promising of screen actresses.

and

A fascinating article about the Martin Johnsons, who are taking motion pictures to show to the cannibals of the South Seas. Besides a dozen or so other features, there will be an important announcement about The Fame and Fortune Contest.

along with

Hundreds of stunning new pictures. The Classic has its own photographers both East and West waiting to catch the unusual. Small wonder that The Classic is now recognized as the livest and most beautiful of motion picture magazines.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

175 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Contents of Motion Picture Classic

The Girl on the Cover
(Painted by Leo Stieke, Jr., from a Portrait by Lumière)
Mabel Julienne Scott was born in Minneapolis, of Norwegian and French parentage, to which may be traced her hardy Norse vigor and Parisian vivacity. She graduated from stock into vaudeville, where she attained considerable success. Then came motion pictures and her unusual hit as Cecilia in Rex Beach's "The Barrier." Miss Scott is at her best in portraying the outdoor type of primitive girlhood.

Gallery of Popular Players. Rotogravure studies of Bert Lytell, Irene Castle, Clara Kimball Young, Louise Huff and Wanda Hawley.

What the Photoplay Might Do. Interesting suggestions from the able producer of the legitimate theater, Stuart Warner.

The Photographe. Elsie Ferguson, blending of fragile beauty and cerebrial vigor. Frederick James Smith.

Don Pedro de Cordoba. Of Spanish and French parentage is this handsome leading man.

The Screen as a Repertoire Theater. Business methods of the films and stage interestingly contrasted.

A Mansfield of the Polies. It's the glorious Martha...C. Blythe Sherwood.

Standing Room Only. But Wyndham, being a huge Englishman, requires plenty of it.

A Star Who Really Did Her Bit. Edith Storey, who has been driving a war ambulance for many months. Harrison Haskins.


Those Sibyl Girls. The daily life of Mary Miles Minter and her sister, Margaret Shelby.

Summer in the New York Theaters. Interesting Moments on the Broadway Stage in the Month of June.

The Gown Quest. The dress problem of a star, as told by Bessie Barriscale.

The Witness for the Defense. Short story related from Elsie Ferguson's newest photoplay of mystic India.

A Hale Fellow Well Met. Sur-r-re, in this case it's Creighton, who was born in Cork, Ireland.

The 1919 Bathing Girl Arrives. Introducing the Mack Sennett seaside favorites in their newest martini.

The Celluloid Critic. The latest photoplays in review. Frederick James Smith.

The Luxurious Louise. The real Miss Glaum as she is, told by her own fireside. Mary Keane Taylor.

 beauties from Every Land Enter Contest. The eighth honor roll of the Fame and Fortune Contest.


The Extra Girl Almost Becomes a Cabaret Entertainer. The first Creighton Hale-June Caprice comedy in the making.

The Influence of June Upon a Mere Onion.

Double Exposures. Humorous Comments Upon the Screen Plays and Players. Conducted by F. J. S.

The Movie Encyclopedia. The Answer Man.

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these plays are not available in their vicinity.)

Astor Theatre—"East Is West." The story of a quaint little man who falls in love with a young American and, just when racial barriers seem insurmountable, turns out to be the daughter of a Chinese banker. For a comedy in which all the ingredients of popular drama. Miss Bainter is picturesquely pleasing.

Belasco—"Tiger! Tiger!" Edward Knoblock's pow'rful play, produced in March. The story of a British Member of Parliament and a cook—and a passionate love that brooks no obstacle, to the hero's eternal admiration as the servant, while Lionel Atwill gives a tremendous performance of the Parliamentary. Staged with all the admirable detail that is natural to written work, and the really big things of the dramatic season.

BiJou—"A Sleepless Night." Another farce written and acted to perfection, and as far as an old eagle lover happens outside a bedroom. The usual in and out of bed piquancy, being the tale of a guileful woman. Will she, or will she not, get her conventual and pink-pajamaed at any cost. Ernest Glendinning and William Morris admirable. Peggy Hopkins is the lady in question.

Broadhurst—"39 East." A charming comedy founded on a boarding school romance in which many a love-making difficult for a pair of young lovers.

Cohan's—"A Prince There Was." George M. Cohan in an interesting role of a very exciting type. A patriotic, historical literary game in which hearts are triumphs—and wins.

Comedy—"Toby's Bow." A delightful comedy in which Richard Rodgers proves that he is a very fascinating actor.

Criterion—"Three Wise Fools." A strong piece of theatre with three crusty old bachelors who are bequeathed a young woman and who are subsequently rejuvenated. melodrama with a heart. Helen Menken gives a delightful performance of the nerve-racked heroine while Claude Gillingwater is a delightfully tensy old Teddy Findlay.

Empire—"Dear Brutus." Written with all of Barrie’s whimsical insight into the human heart. Will he, or will he not, get his second chance? Barrie takes his characters to an enchanted wood of the might-have-been, where they reveal what would have happened had they taken the path they chose in the rarest sentiment. William Gillette gives a compelling and haunting performance, while Helen Menken proves that she might have been with superb humanness, and the remainder of the cast is admirable, particularly the statuesque Violet Kemble Cooper. Tasteful staging, especially prone magic, one of the really big things of the dramatic season.

Henry Miller—"Mis’ Nelly of N. Orleans." Mrs. Fiske in a new comedy of moonshine, mundane, and mischief and as bright as a summer day. An old man who proves herself to be one of the greatest comedienne. Excellent cast, notably Irene Hislam, who seems to have picture possibilities.

Hippodrome—"Everything."活着 up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, derived from dainty Belle Storey to scores of remarkable roller skaters and a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

Kickerboxer—"The Pink Teller." A lively dance show with considerable humor, thanks to clever Johnny Dooley. Excellent aid is given by Gertrude Karsch, Adelaide Adams, Ada Mae Weeks and Eddie Gavie.

Lyric—"The Unknown Purple." Interest and true sentiment are combined here. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invincible, transforming into a purple ray, and who must be stopped before he steals necklaces, opens safes and passes thru doors. Richard Bennett gives a vigorous performance of the human ray.

Moran—"Mary of the Capitol." A capital comedy with Tom A. Wise in a capital role which he plays capably with a capital C. The company might be better, but, for a that, the play is good.

Playhouses—"Forever After." Alice Brady in a play of beautiful love which includes many obstacles. Excellently acted throughout. It charms its audience into living once again the violent joys and heart-ache of youth.

Republic—"The Fortune Teller." An interesting play that comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb. Marjorie Rambeau does some really lovely work here, and there is good work in New York in years. Rest of cast not in her class and play is weak in last act.

Shubert—"Good Morning." Light musical show adapted—remotely—from Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's "The Magistrate." Bruce Humberstone is the only one who manages to escape escape to escape a raid on a lively tea, thus being arraigned in his own court. The de luxe doll, Mollie King, is featured, and her brother, Cyril, and George Harrell contribute exceptional first aid.

Vanderbilt—"A Little Journey." The comical experience of a man who is more interested travelers on a Pullman which is finally wrecked. Excellent cast.

ON THE ROAD.

"The Net." An unusually good drama, well played. Montagu Love is now appearing in this melodrama.

"The Riddle Woman." with Bertha Kalich. Problem drama from the Danish. Ladies with "pasts," a he-vampire and much emotionalism. Kalich and her brother do if artificial performance, while Chrystal Herne and A. E. Anson make the most of their roles.

"Roads of Destiny." A stage comb which is in the best play he has done since "The Great Lover," and in a somewhat similar part. His act is splendid. While it is too bad to make the coming of stage’s love for a player, and a hero out of such a perfidious repubrob as the marquis, the play is so fine that we hope its best days are yet to come.

"Roads of Destiny." Channing Pollock has devised an old drama from the O. Henry story, and Peterborough with one of the best. The ultimate result is the same, the philosophy of the drama. Florence Reed is admirable in the three widely contrasted roles.

"The Banquet." Maurice Maeterlinck’s sequel to "The Blue Bird." superb production of a drama ripe with poetic symbolism and imaginative ideas, and surpassing all series of stage pictures. Excellent cast, with Reginald Sheffield as Tybuz.

"The Garter." Delightful English comedy by Haddon Chambers, brilliantly played by Cyril Maude as a cashier British army officer trying to get back in the big boy’s world. Lady graveyard is successful and human comedy of an old couple who find themselves face to face with the abominable Garter. Miss Emma Dun’s role as a man is the original—New York company.

LEADING PICTURE THEATERS.

Loree’s, Y. N. and Loree’s American Roof—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Loree’s Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Feature picture and better feature. Many firsts.

Riccio—De Luxe photoplays, with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

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Things to Look Forward to

The July Motion Picture Magazine

The next issue of the Motion Picture Magazine will be brimful of beautiful pictures, worth-while articles, fascinating stories and news notes covering the entire theatrical field.

Among the specially written articles are:

**PEARL WHITE**
This is a genuine gem of a story showing for the first time Pearl White as she really is.

**FOR THE BRIDE**
A complete pictorial lay-out of present-day fashions which will show those happy, little, anticipatory brides all over the country just how to select a trousseau that will be up-to-the-minute in New York fashions.

**THRU THE LOOKING-GLASS**
Haven't you often wondered just what foreign nations thought of us, our arts and enterprises? In this remarkable article, the FRENCH viewpoint regarding American films is entertainingly told.

**MARC MACDERMOTT**
Every picture fan will be delighted with this new interview with a favorite who has remained popular from the early film days.

**SOLVING THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM**
Alice Joyce will tell just how to accomplish this difficult feat, in the July Motion Picture Magazine.

This is just a taste of the good things. Don't forget we run the best stories of any magazine.

---

TAKE Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer by the hand and go back to your own boyhood. Let MARK TWAIN show you the way.

Perhaps you think you have read a good deal of Mark Twain? Are you sure? Have you read all the novels? Have you read all the short stories? Have you read all the brilliant fighting essays?—all the humorous ones and the historical ones?

**A Big, Human Soul**

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Behind the Screen

Robert Gordon, fresh from U. S. A. service, has been engaged by Commodore J. Stuart Blackton for a forthcoming production in which Sylvia Breamer will also appear.

Evelyn Greetly is now a full-fledged Work Film star. Previously she has co-starred Carlyle Blackwell is said to have left Work Film.

Maurice Tourneur is now at work in Culver City, Cal., on "Romany Rye," with J. A. Holt and Cooper, Seena Owen, Tully Marshall and Wallace Beery in the cast.

Katherine MacDonald now heads her own producing company with a studio in Los Angeles. "The Thunderbolt" is the first production, and has been brought to the stage by Douglas Fairbanks. Wallace Reit will film "The Black Bag."

Dorothy Phillips has renewed her West Coast contract, her present arrangement terminating in February, 1921.

Frederick L. Collins, president of McClure Productions, Inc., and publisher of McClure's Magazine, is in Europe.

Richard A. Rowland, president of Metro has been visiting at the Coast Metro studios.

Eugene Mullin, recently scenario editor of Vitagraph, is now in charge of the Universal Coast script department.
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Bert Lytell

Lytell is a Herbert Brenon discovery and he made his first hit as the dashing, reckless hero of Mr. Brenon's "The Lone Wolf." Now he's a Metro star. Bert had a long stage career before he went into the films, his last appearance being in "Mary's Ankle."
Irene Castle has returned to the screen with Paramount after doing her bit in the world war. Mrs. Castle has resolved never to dance again, since she could never find a partner equal to her Vernon. But film fans are satisfied that the vivid young woman who established her skill in a number of Pathe productions is back on the silversheet again.
Miss Young has been a screen luminary since she first flashed into meteoric success under J. Stuart Blackton's developing hand at old Vitagraph. Miss Young has been on the stage since she was a kiddie, her parents being well-known players. Miss Young is now a foremost Select star.
LOUISE HUFF

Miss Huff was born in Columbus, Ga., but her folks soon moved to New York. With her sister, Justina, she longed for a stage career. "Ben Hur" was one of her first engagements and, after considerable experience in stock, she joined the Lubin forces. Later she was a Paramounter and now she is a World star.
Wanda is now a figure to be reckoned with on the screen. Her hits in "Old Wives for New" and "We Can't Have Everything" proved that fact. Once she was known in the films as Wanda Petit. But folks began to make puns about the name and Wanda changed her cognomen.
Probably no one is better to talk of imagination on stage or screen than S. S. Walker. For a long time a lieutenant of that master of stagecraft David Belasco, Mr. Walker has attracted world-wide attention to his Portmanteau Theater.

Mr. Walker's Portmanteau Theater has been an institution of similarly lofty ideals. To it America is largely indebted for its knowledge of Lord Dunsany, whose colorful dramas of gods and men combine beauty, satire, imagery and tremendous dramatic suspense. All of Walker's productions have been marked by the real spirit of the stage art, which is at once sincere, imaginative and spirited. From all this, he has developed a repertoire company of striking excellence.

"Perhaps it is presumptuous to even discuss the photoplay," Mr. Walker, "because I know little of the way in which it is done. It is very easy to point to something and say it is wrong. But men have spent years of millions of dollars in business to have a good reason for doing it a very thin way. "It is not that I have few photoplays. I once read quite dete..."
n. That was before I went into one of our de luxe movie houses and heard the symphony orchestra play Massenet, which came a singularly beautiful film with quotations from Rupert Brooke and finally a drama with no little imagination.

But most of all I have found that screen producers are afraid to do anything new. They have developed a series of things to portray a set series of situations and they put every story thru an identical mill. For instance, there is chase, with its many variations, as a means of attaining suspense.

It isn't that screen producers lack imagination. They frequently reveal giant flashes of it. But they are afraid to carry their imagination to its logical conclusion. They wander back into the groove of set situations, believing somehow that audiences demand and can understand nothing else.

I recall one vivid instance of this picture called 'The Cruise of the Make-Believe.' That little make-shift ship of yards, boxes, barrels in a sordid tenement backyard is a blinding flash of imagination, but the producer— or was it the screen writer?—fearsome from it. He hears a story about a ship which had been taken over by the gods, and can understand nothing else.

Top. Another view of Mr. Walker's stage setting for "The Book of Job," with Margaret Mower and Elizabeth Patterson at the right and left as Narrators and Mr. Gaul (center) as Job talking with the three men from Uz.

Right, Mr. Walker's presentation of Lord Dunsany's 'The Laughter of the Gods,' with McKay Morris as the king and Margaret Mower as the queen.
Louis XV never had more uninterested thoughts of the future than we. What of the stars waiting to be interviewed in 1920 or 1921? Have we not just chatted with Elsie Ferguson—for a whole evening—by the gorgeous fireplace of her gorgeous Park Avenue home? Can we ever hope for a greater esthetic thrill?

Interviews may come and interviews may go, but never will we forget our picture of Miss Ferguson gazing into the crackling flames. The patrician poise, the laughter in her quizzical blue eyes, the saucy tilt of her nose as the flames played upon her beauty, the black velvet evening gown with the one touch of color, a crimson rose.

There were dozens and dozens of roses gracing the grand piano. And, tossed over a chaise-longue, was a rich tapestry purchased that morning—a tapestry of fabulous cost woven with infinite care some four hundred years ago in a dark and gloomy monastery by painstaking monks who little wotted of the movie future.

Miss Ferguson, after the tapestry, whimsically admitted her possible extravagance, at least her love of the luxuries of life. "What would life be without them?" she asked, with a delicate little sigh. But Miss Ferguson is not a poseur. Unless possibly in her graciousness to a mere interviewee, there is no pose in her directness. She expresses her likes and dislikes without trying to gild them. There is no affectation in her manner. She has not forgotten her own struggle. The delicacy and fragility of Miss Ferguson's beauty do not quite prepare one for her cerebric vigor. Miss Ferguson can—and does—think. And these are not the thoughts of a butterfly, but the mental reactions of a sincere student of humanity.

"The stage is dearest my heart," she said, "that of the little singer against fate."

The delicacy and fragility of Miss Ferguson's beauty do not quite prepare one for her cerebric vigor. Miss Ferguson can—and does—think. And these are not the thoughts of a butterfly, but the mental reactions of a sincere student of humanity.
Miss Ferguson credits her whole development to the stage rather than the screen. "One does not develop in the studio," she says. "The necessary method of doing disjointed scenes here and there from the photoplay prevents a genuine living of the character. On the stage you play a character straight thru for many nights. It grows, expands, mellows— and you develop with it".

It seem a part of photoplay making. Then, too, I took it upon myself to say a good deal about the selection of my vehicles, and I made a number of bad choices. 'Heart of the Wild,' for instance.

"I had wanted to do that because I had played 'Pierre of the Plains' on the stage. But when I came to do 'Heart of the Wild,' based on that play, I found that I had changed. I was young, undeveloped, fired with extreme youth when I played Jen behind the footlights, but when I came to do her on the screen I found that I had developed. I could no longer feel her ingenuous view of life.'

Miss Ferguson credits her whole mental development to the stage rather than the screen. "One does not develop in the studio," she says. "The necessary method of doing disjointed scenes here and there from the photoplay prevents a genuine (Continued on page 87)
De Cordoba's parentage was fascinating. His mother was a true Parisienne, dainty, dark, vivacious. His father was a Spaniard, born in Camaguey in Cuba. Pedro was born in New York, in the shadow of the Metropolitan Opera House. Above is a portrait of de Cordoba and, at the left, is a glimpse of Pedro with Director Chet Withey and Norma Talmadge doing "The New Moon" at Lake Saranac, N. Y. The deep, dark, splendid glow of old wine, mellow old wine, stork wine and the swift exquisitute champagne of Paris, evanescence jeweled ... and de Cordoba with both blent within his vei made it seem so stupid and phleg to be born just plain, everyday can—so obvious, so sort of run- nos.

Of course, de Cordoba wa
De Cordoba is a good deal more the Spaniard than the Parisian. He is too serious for Paris, too slow in his movements, too inscrutable in his smile and his eyes which are sad. Paris speaks occasionally in his smile, his smile which is humorous, even light. More, he has that subtle, inscrutable charm of older civilizations than ours, older legends, older mythologies. He has that instinctive wisdom which has come from beauty touched with decadence. He has that atmospheric richness born of the Old World, specifically of old Spain.

There is an inescapable atmosphere...the bravado of toreadors waving a bunting of scarlet...murmurings and secreries under lichenened cathedral walls...the old cathedral Ibanez has written of...shy doñas draped in mantillas of black lace caught at the breast with a crimson, scattering rose...courtyards where vivid hibiscus flowers come to a flagrant maturity only to die away, and green and orange lizards sun under fountains (Continued on page 77)
The Screen as a Repertoire Theatre

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

You hear very little today of the old battle of the stage versus the screen. Mrs. Fiske asserts that Charles Spencer Chaplin is a great artist, and Walter Prichard Eaton admits that Griffith knows his business. Also scenario writers, moving picture press-agents and too enthusiastic young critics have got over announcing the demise of the legitimate. The stage will recover. And so will the screen.

But there is still a versus worth versusing—the organization of the stage versus the organization of the screen. It is worth thinking about, because the business organization of any art or any industry has its effect on the quality and price of the product. Thinking won't change these things. Economic forces will attend to that. But it never hurts to have an intelligent audience on the side-lines of evolution.

There are two kinds of theater organizations—America's and Europe's. America's is bad. Most of Europe's is—or was—good, some of it perfect. America puts on plays in New York or Chicago for long runs. The cost of putting them on is multiplied by the fact that everything from actors and scenery to company managers and stage hands is hired or made for just that one production and discharged or scrapped if it is a failure. That means high prices for all these things—a sort of accident insurance. If the play is either great enough or commonplace enough to appeal to about 200,000 New Yorkers, it lives and goes out on the road and makes money, lots of it. And all the other producers try to produce one like it. Nobody is making any money out of the play that only 50,000 of us want to see.

Over in Europe, before the war, they had a kind of theater that served both publics, the wholesale and retail. It was the repertory theater—our old stock company with modern improvements. Actors and scenery and managers and stage hands all worked together, the whole season thru, in a single theater. They put on a dozen new plays that one theater, and kept a dozen old ones alive, at just half what we pay for a single "success" and three or four failures. Audiences got to know their theaters and man and actors and were able to depend on them to always give them a certain quality of entertainment. There theatrical artists were as dependable as the old Triangle or Griffith Chaplin. Three or four nights in the week some big success was running. Another night was given up to some artistic drama for the minority—Ibsen or Shaw. On a couple of other nights Shakespeare or a play of three or four acts was to be seen. Each got its own audience and by the others. There are advantages in all this—financial, artistic—that we can't touch over here. Even our specialized "type" actor isn't to be compared with the rounded player of the Continent who has had to play all different parts to play each year.

What about the screen? Well, at various times our screen has come pretty close to a lot of the good points of the repertoire theater. Different as it is in principle—making a single film production and then selling copies all over the land—and badly worked as many phases of its business organization are, the screen has, or may have, curious resemblance to the best type of theatrical organization.

The movies fall behind often enough—ever behind our Broadway methods. Screen-blight, for instance, is written all over the movie system. The stage keeps the mere person in its place much better than it used to. Rounded productions are apt to be the stage successes today, replacing the star of a few years back. The movies sti the star. They stick to it even tho Griffith and Tucker and De Mille have shown that the play's the thing. For the star of the screen is no longer sign-post.
The day before I interviewed Martha Mansfield I went to Alfred Cheney Johnston for some photographs.

"Martha?"—he began, his face lighting up—"Martha? You'll just love Martha. She is so frail. She is an exquisite pastel. You can't connect Martha with the theater at all. She is sweet, and fine, and dainty—a fragile flower."

I believed all this until the next morning.

When the Mansfield door opened.
And she stood in front of me.
Not smiling.
But laughing.
And wearing a sports costume.
Of the gayest color.
And revealing from under a hat.
Hair.
More dazzling than any bonnet.

And greeting: "I'm so glad you came just when you did. Because if you had not arrived at this minute, I should have gone for my walk."

We went inside. The living-room was cheerful and cozy.
Miss Mansfield did not sink into the divan, but crossed her legs on the piano bench.

I didn't really mean to spy. But the odor of flowers attracted my attention to look in their direction, and behind them I saw some interesting books, and in back of the volumes, in state, stood the photograph of Hazel Dawn, and high above the Dawn hung a Leyendecker poster, and, in a direct angle, pointing to the other corner of the room, peeped a hockey stick.

"Skate?" query au naturel.
"No," illuminatory smile. "Not now. I like swimming and I (Continued on page 76)
Standing Room Only

By BARBARA BEACH

Wyndham Standing has no excuse for not being a good actor; in fact, he only followed the course of least resistance when he became one. Nevertheless, it required the combined efforts of two press-agents, one wife, a studio manager and a star for me to obtain an appointment that I might discover the reason for his dramatic existence.

When his star, Elsie Ferguson, providentially took it into her pretty head to steal a day's vacation from finishing "The Witness for the Defense," Mr. Standing's wife dutifully repeated my plea that he give THE CLASSIC some recognition, and the studio manager said he could have the day off. The press-agent told him the office wanted him, the office publicity manager begged him to spend his holiday within the portals of their marble Manhattan office building ready to tell a phone-worn reporter the story of his life, then, and not until then.

I found myself confronting a sleekly groomed but somewhat embarrassed giant.

He looked for all the world like a hale and hearty Englishman. His voice in greeting was resonant and firm, his hand large, vivid-gripping and welcoming. There was an amused twinkle in his pale blue eyes.

At once the thought came to me of an English squire standing before an open door thru which came the fragrant warmth of blazing logs,

(Twenty-four)
I repeated the remark to Mr. Standing. His face reddened boyishly up to the very roots of his finely brushed, light hair.

"That was good of her," he said, "but Jimsy was a lovable character. In other roles I have played, people have shuddered— I was so brutal as the villain. Once I even heard a woman say, 'Isn't he a wretch? I'd hate to meet him on the street!' "

"I never want to be considered a type. When one becomes a type, one ceases to advance. In spite of the progress the photoplay has made since its first inception, I believe that it is still only in an embryonic stage. One of the reasons for this is that directors depend too much on types. They should depend more on brains, on the ability of a person to feel a part, to project his thoughts across the silver-sheet, instead of being simply the photographic counterpart of a character.

"I believe that a time is coming when a good many of these types are going to be weeded out. There will remain individuals who can so live their characterizations that they are felt across the screen. Norma Talmadge is an example of what I mean. The player is going to be able to express every little mood, every varied thought, because his intellect is capable of feeling the part. There will be no need of the subtitle. I tell you it is not the wild gestures, the hair-tearing acting, the tricks of the trade, nay the Olga Nether-soling that is going to lift the art of the screen out of its embryonic age. It is the thinking, here— he lightly tapped his forehead—and the feeling here," he placed his hand over his heart.

"At the present time there is also an overuse of the close-up. The more close-ups, the less possibilities of a dramatic, smooth-flowing story."

Personally, I am very interested in the art of the photograph, but I found Mr. Standing so vitally absorbed by it that I had great difficulty in switching the conversation back to personalities.

Like a writer discussing his latest story; a painter, his most recent portrait; a mother, her only child, was Wyndham Standing with his theories on photoplay acting. It is his hobby, and if he were not such a jolly soul and could he have an aversion for anything, it would be for the type actor. And could one imagine Wyndham Standing and

(Continued on page 79)
A Star Who Really Did Her Bit

By HARRISON HASKINS

Later it developed that Miss Storey was quietly doing her bit. No dazzling announcements blazoned in the newspapers, no pictures of the star in uniform, not a single word appeared.

Indeed, Miss Storey doesn’t want publicity for her war work. Why? Because “it’s been such bully fun,” as she explains it. “It thrills me and pleases me—and that’s enough.”

Miss Storey has been steadily driving an ambulance for the National League for Women’s Service. This doesn’t mean chauffeuring a motor-car thru the metropolitan streets in a natty uniform. Far from it. Miss Storey, like the others, reports at nine o’clock in the morning and devotes the day to meeting incoming transports andliners at the docks and transporting the sick and wounded to hospitals thru the maddening congestion of Manhattan street traffic, to transporting men from place to place and to special emergency work.

When the great Perth Amboy explosion occurred, Miss Storey drove her car for thirty-six consecutive hours, thru the night, the blinding smoke and the bursting shrapnel, in bringing the injured to safety.

And that was but one of the things. The “flu” epidemic brought

(Continued on page 80)
"Damn'd redhead!"
"Red—but not damned."
"I said..."
The girl stepped over to the disheveled youth, who stood swaying and glaring at her in his bath-robe, and laid a forcible hand on his arm. From under the villained red hair her eyes blazed blue and keen.
"You cut this," she commanded; "we've done it, and it's as much of a mess for me as it is for you—more, likely. What do you think I'm getting out of it? What do you think I'm likely to get out of you? I may have been a cabaret singer and not high enough in the "Sore" Hundred, but I could earn my own bread and butter. I was a somebody. I wasn't a good-for-nothing parasite, living on the money of a decrepit old man and sneaking the kisses of a bunch of rowdy women. That's all you've been. Now you've overstepped yourself, my son! You've got a bit drunker than usual—even for you—and a bit spoonier than customary even with me. You've married me..."
"Bunk!" interjected the tousled young man, with rather flat scorn.
"No bunk about it," snapped the Redhead, with fury. "Roly Gard is a notary and as certified as any notary ever was or is ever likely to be. There were witnesses a-plenty. You signed the certificate—so did I. It's iron-bound all right, all right, Mr. Wise Alec."
Mr. Wise Alec looked the part of anything save wisdom. He essayed more scorn.
"After some of the 'decrepit old man's' cushion, eh, sister?"
The Redhead stood her ground. "Never you mind what I'm after," she told him; "you hustle and get after a job. That's your cue. We're married. Drunk or sober, the fact remains. When a girl—or a fellow—gets married, things change..." An unaccountably wistful light tempered the belligerent blue of the Redhead's eyes, but the tousled youth ignored it. "Things change," went on the Redhead; "things get straighter. Cleaner, sort of. They've got to—with us. We're a family now. I'm going to run straight, Matt, straighter than straight..."
The Gilded Youth sneered. "You tell 'em well," he scoffed. "Well, as for me, and thanks to you, I guess I'll run on the Bread Line. When uncle hears of this it will be good-by, little Naffie. A cabaret girl as a Mrs. Matthew Thurloe will be the knock-out blow to 'll Nunkie. His heart's none too good as it is. Farewell, damn'd Redhead; hope the Narrow Path sits well, young'un."
Ten minutes later the dingy door of the dingy, unsavory room shut to with a bang.
Daizie Mellows, christened Maud by her sponsors in baptism, waited until there was no chance of the door reopening, then she flung herself on the bed and sobbed and
A month later Matthew Thurloe drifted into the cabaret again where Dazie jazzed in a string of beads or so and a very heavenly smile and a cloud of intriguing red hair dug her knuckles into her eyes and tore at her red head, at her young breast, at her flimsy clothing. I wanter die!” she shrieked in fierce undertones; “oh, Gawd, oh, Gawd, please let me die!” Then, suddenly, she reared upward and sat erect. She shook her fist at the dun wall. “But I’m gonna live,” she rasped fiercely; “I’m gonna live... an’ live an’ live.”

A month later Matthew Thurloe drifted into the cabaret again where Dazie jazzed in a string of beads or so and a very heavenly smile and a cloud of intriguing red hair. He drifted in quite alcoholic. He was entirely too alcoholic to note the sudden light in Dazie’s soft blue eyes. He was rather too befogged to note that she plied him with more alcohol assiduously and consistently. He thought, vaguely, that it was kind of her. He got over his post-matrimonial belligerence. He harked back to the luminous days and lurid nights when he and Dazie had just been “pals.” What a magnificent pal she had been! What a four-squer! Never any fourflushing about Dazie. Never any renigging. She had always been there. And what a looker she was... dear, damned Redhead! With her scarlet mop and her laughing mouth and her kisses one could not forget... Matthew Thurloe called her to him and kist her, and, kissing her, was lost. Oblivion rose up in soft floods of ecstasy and submerged him. Wave after wave of delight seeped his soul in liquid bliss. Then he slept.

When he awoke he was not at all certain that he was awake. He had sort of got out of the habit of awaking in a room delightfully darkened, with a pitcher of tinkling ice at his right and a squatty little jug of roses at his left. There was a peace about the little room he lay in—a peace he could not define. Somehow or other, irrelevantly, no doubt, he was reminded of his mother, long ago dead. She had passed out of his life, leaving only the shade of a thought, cool, calm, tender and very hushed and holy. It was almost like that in here. Almost the way his mother would have had it had she been living to shelter him from sin.

His last memory was of the Redhead... of kissing the Redhead, deliriously... damned Redhead... how he hated her! How violently he hated her! How desperately!
ad dimmed the bright, amazing blueness of her eyes ... ley fell and the idle needle pricked them into nothingness ... ter the tiny tragedy her brave mouth smiled ...

Matthew was an expert mechanic. There had been nurses at college . . . degrees and brilliant promise . . . then shares and drinks and girls with voices to beguile had come between young Thurloe and his sane, straight chosen line. He struggled for awhile—then the struggle had seemed to be at worth while. Life had staled in his mouth. Pleasure had turned a carminded cheek to him and, under the rouge, lo! her neck was jaded! There had been more cabaretine, moreinking, more and more girls. Now and then there had been occasional pull-ups. A nice girl . . . a hope again. Then the ce girl had turned out to be not so very nice after all, and a'tt had dived deeper than before into the substratum of things to drown, assuage, crush out his shallow pain. Then aie . . . Daizie with her devil's hair and her laughing, provocative mouth and her astonishing straight, clean eyes.

Daizie . . .

Matthew turned to mechanics again. With Daizie to feed in, to wake him in time, to greet him at night, he somehow didn't find it such hard sledding. After a while he even liked the work. He got a raise. Then he got another raise. One night he took Daizie out and bought her a black satin frock and a funny little black hat with a blue rose. He laughed before he knew it, because her blue eyes were so brightly blue beneath it. Then he relapsed into sullenness again. Before he had reached home he had called her "damned Redhead" at times.

"Some marriage, this is!" he sputtered, as he bade her good-

ight, with surly ill-grace, at the door of the tiny room she inhabited.

"Better than the old stuff," said Daizie; "cleaner . . . sweeter . . ."

"My eye!" grunted Matthew, and slammed her door for her graciously.

He sat on the edge of his divan and scowled into space. He hated the way her red hair floated before his mind's eye, a living nimbus. He hated the persistence of her eyes.

In her room Daizie sat on the edge of her bed, too, but she was smiling.

A fortnight later Daizie announced one evening that her mother and father were coming to town. Matthew had never seen just that look in her eyes.

"You've just got to play up for me, Matt," she told him.

"You see, mummy and dad are nothing but babies . . . dear, big, ridiculous babies. They've never heard of a cabaret. If they ever got into one they'd think they were in hell. They'd turn up their toes and die if they ever thought their little Maud had ever done the hula in the place she did. They're fresh from the farm—the real, honest-to-God variety. Oh, they're real enough. They're the realest things on earth. Matthew— I know you don't care about me—but don't give them beasts for thoughts. Don't hurt them . . . dont. Well, they think I worked in a department store until I was married. They think I'm just the same—as I was back home. They bank on me. Matthew . . ."

Matthew growled from behind his uncompromising paper. But he had not been reading the paper.

Daizie's progenitors were undeniably the real thing. Wisps of the home hay all but protruded from their amazed ears. They stared vastly, oh'd and ah'd and were "tickled to death" with everything and everybody, including especially and demonstratively their "gal" and their new "son-in-law." Father Melloes informed his daughter in the not ill-pleased hearing of Matthew that she had "cotched a hummer," and Ma Mellows reinforced the eulogy with an emphatic "Lands, yes!"

Matthew felt a thawing in the frigid zones of his heart. Here was something essential. Here was something good. He invited Ma and Pa Mellows and their delighted daughter to dinner and a show.

"Are you sober, Matthew?" she asked, succinctly.

"Where th' am 11th demanded Matthew.

"At home," said, equably, the girl.

"Whose home?"

"Yours," said Daizie.

"and mine."

(Twenty-nine)
Daizie glowed. Matthew took note of it and found time to his ear. "This isn't for you, damn you!" The con-

ted girl continued to glow under the hat with the shadowy 

blue rose. What the devil, squirmed Matthew miserably, were 
girls with scarlet hair born for... girls with scarlet hair who wore blue 

roses and whispered like a magi in a dream? To torture him? To 
pull at him with soft deliriums? To take his heart and twist it and contort 

it and toss it about like a shuttlecock? 

To... oh, damn the girl anyway! 

Darn the red head of her!

Ma and Pa Mellows departed at the end 
of a crammed, jammed week. They had 
the time of their lives! 

They had, they felt, cruelly, really 
lived. They thought Maudie's 

man was the epito-

me of all the heroes of 
rine, the facsimile of all 

the plutocratic 
secions of wealth and 

prestige, the final authority 
on all subjects, earthly and 

celestial. They considered 

that Maudie had taken 

rank with the 

immortals.

Maudie was 

tearfully sorry to see them go. 

She would miss them. She had been happy with 

them. There would be no more cozy par-

ties for the four of them. There would be no 

more of that 

worshipful 

Matthew, who 

threw back his 

head and laughed 

with Pa... who... who kist her 
good-night under the 

beneficent gaze of Ma. There would be no more of this stuff 

of dreams.

"You're not... not going to kiss me good-night any more, 

are you, Matt?" she asked him 

the night the old folks 

departed.

Young Thurloe scowled at 

her. "I'm not on exhibition 

now," he reminded her.

He was on exhibition the 

next night, either, when his 

plutocratic Uncle Parker 

Thurloe sent for him and 

offered to reinstate him if he would "cast off" the little "gut-

ter rat" he had picked up with. 

Uncle Parker was nearly on 

exhibition, tho, on a marble slab. Young Matthew tore this 

up. He hurled incriminations frightful to the ear at Uncle 

Parker. He defended his "damned Redhead" as a mad 

lady of a blessed damozel, a hour, a combination of all the virtues 

none of 

vices. He saw 

he would rate 

stare than let 

her; he saw 

that he would 

rather be dead 

than with her. He left 

home, still raving. He left Uncle Parker 

dischoved an 

incongruous 

grinning ho-

fully.

He couldn't 

home and fe-

her. His new 

liberated love 

long congealed 

within him, 

raving like 

a tornado. 

would be lost 

he went to now... 

would stumble 

to her on a 

humbled knee.

... he would 

kiss her 

the tips of his 

fingers. 

he would wor-

ship her al-

pry to her... 

hewout 

in brief, ma-

a bally ass i 

himself. O, 

doesn't do th-

One plays sa-

when one pla-

saner. 

He renova-

his attire a 

rolled into 

Claridge. He 

have some cof-

—that was his lie 

now—and then 

up home. 

Daizie was home! Something 

almost unbearable stabbed in 

at thought of his love, 

he saw her—sitting at a table 

near 

with Roly Gard. 

a Roly Gard talking with 

He saw the play of her lay, 

with the stem of her glass. 

He saw her as, it seemed 

him, he had never seen her— 

desirable—a woman, his, 

another man. His Redhead 

had toiled for her 

condemned him, thought of 

him, made him. The girl 

had transformed a round 

(Continued on page 70)

(Thirty)
Shot at Dawn

By AILEEN ST. JOHN-BRENON

It is an unwritten law that brains do not go with blond prettiness. Hazel Dawn is the exception that proves the rule. Above, Miss Dawn as she appears in the stage success, "Up in Mabel's Room".

There are two things that strike you the minute you meet Hazel Dawn. One is that she is pretty and dainty. The other is that she has so much common sense, along with decided opinions of her own. Somehow you don't quite expect it of an ash blonde. It's the unwritten law of the Medes and—blondes.

Hazel Dawn is the type of blonde who knows what she wants when she wants it, and she believes in sticking to a thing until she gets it. Not that she makes a fuss if she has to wait or if things go wrong. She does not believe in getting temperamental and she is not over-fond of people who do, but she does believe in carrying out a principle, even if force has to be used to get it.

And she has been known on more than one occasion to do it. There is the story, for instance, of how she treated the young Harvard undergraduate whose attentions became annoying when she was playing in a musical comedy up in Boston.

She was coming out of the theater one evening, when a youth, who was very much smitten with her charms over the footlights, stepped up and murmured, "Oh, you sweet thing!"

Miss Dawn did not appear to notice his observation. Whereat the young man, thinking he had been too reserved, advanced somewhat closer.

"You for me," he chuckled.

Miss Dawn hurried towards her car, while the youth, fearing he might thus lose sight of her forever, took her by the arm, and said, "Dont be so stingy with yourself!"

Miss Dawn decided to follow his advice. Biff! Bang! He

(Continued on page 69)
Who Put the True in Truex?

Hill, a typical, rather stultified, seen-in-the-Movies little Western town. Father Truex was a doctor. Came there once to Rich Hill a magnificently characteristic Old-Time Actor, a relict of the Time of Booth, phrase richly dear to the hearts of the Craft. He was called Edwin Melvin. He had describes Truex, with a humorous tenderness, a mouth that connected the ears with an amazing facility and a staggering display of gold teeth. He had rheumatism and he had memories. "I was with Booth, sir," he would wheeze portentously; "with Edwin Booth. I was the Gravedigger to Booth's Hamlet, sir, the gravedigger, sir. With Edwin Booth."

Fate and increased rheumatics maneuvered Melvin into the hands of Truex père. Truex père did things, did great things, sir, for the rheumatics. Result: near-death-bed gratitude on the part of the histrionic Melvin and a promise gutturally intended to "make a Booth of the lad, sir, a Booth of the lad."

The young, six-year-old Ernest-lad was nothing loath to be made a Booth of; having cherished in secret rather vaguely Boothian aspirations long ere the advent of Edwin Melvin, Edwin Melvin organized a Dramatic School and young Truex enrolled.

Edwin Melvin was a relict of an Old, Old School. He was old himself; sad, no doubt. He was sick and weary, an artist who had become humorous rather than a humorist. But he was a sort of an artist, at least an artist-soul basking in the long-glancing rays of genius dead and gone. He knew the methods of

W h o e v e r did, o r whatever did, it's a good job. A thorough one. A complete one. And by the same token, there is nothing so difficult to recount as the essential truth. It defies ornamentation as unworthy. It scorns fine verbiage. It evades floweriness. It jeers at platitudes save of the nudest. And I must tell the truth herein, if I never have before, the truth, the whole truth about Ernest Truex because, integrally and essentially, Ernest Truex is essential and integral.

There is nothing of the m u m m e r about Truex. There is nothing reminiscent of strutting, peacock-wise, the boards; nothing of the spectacular; nothing of the Jarley Waxwork exhibition spirit. He is quite simply M a n , the M a l e. More, he is fundamentally, wh o l l y and avowedly a F a m i l y-Man. Capitals in- tentional. He is f i r s t of a l l a Family-Man. In his family, in the very bosom of his family, rests his interest, his heart and the fine good spirit of the comedy-akin-to-tears which animates his work. He rings true because he is true.

He had rather a quaint picturesque Beginning-of-Things, considering the fact of his birthplace, which was Rich Hill, Missouri. Rich
Above, Truex in his dressing-room, and, below, as he appears in the stage comedy, "Please Get Married," with Edith Tallafarro. Truex has been actively on the stage since he played the role of little Aulus in "Quo Vadis?" as a child.

By ESTHER ELVIDGE

Booth. And the tricks, if tricks there were. He knew his richness. He had savored his legend. He gave a dark, sombre, heavily fragrant but invaluable store to the wide-eyed, open-eared young Truex. At seven he had young Truex strutting the boards as the Melancholy Dane. Conceive—at seven! Hamlet, seeped in tragedy, at seven. "My kids," said the grown-up Ernest, "sing 'Over There' and do a bit of jazzing and that's the limit. They've probably never heard of 'Hamlet.' If they have they think it's some new brand of breakfast food. I'm just as glad."

Shortly thereafter, the Truex home in Missouri broke up and young Truex toured about the country with his mother and another child, a girl, of his own age. They did Shakespeare in all the small towns. Cant you see them? Pigmy Romeos and Juliets languishing with a passion it would take them years to grow and tears to know. Gay Rosalinds, grim frantic Lears, imposing Petruchios, dark vengeful Iagos and Othellos.

Then some manager saw the youthful Shakespeareans and young Truex played his first real role on the real stage as "Little Aulus" in "Quo Vadis?" From then on he just kept steadily at it, studying when and where he could in between times, working, growing more and more in love with his art, more and more determined to make good.

Now, before the low-water mark of thirty, mere adolescence for the fortuitous male, he is playing on Broadway, has played on Broadway and has effected a sinecure in the coy heart of Gotham, both speakily and screenically.

He speaks almost with fervor of Chaplin. Chaplin, the Artist. Almost with reverence. He would like to be, he says, sort of an "Intellectual Chaplin"—not that Charlie is not intellectual—he must be, of necessity, to

(Continued on page 69)
Everybody has been saying, "Isn't it nice to see Margaret Shelby working with Mary Miles Minter again?" For a long time the powers that be had decreed that it was poor business policy to allow sisters to act together. Mary tried out so many "contrasts" that her pretty blonde head refused to register further impressions of feminine supports, and she sighed with relief when Margaret once more entered the cinematographic arena.

Those girls thoroly understand each other. That's one reason why everything moves so much more smoothly when Mary and Margaret are cast together. They are splendid foils for each other, for Mary closely resembles her handsome, blonde mother, and Margaret has the dark, dashing Southern charm of her father.

Even in their friendships the girls are totally dissimilar. They never like the same people, and each has her pet feminine chums. Of course, that eliminates jealousy and makes the girls keenly interested in each other's doings. Their gossipy and cozy little chats are not for outsiders to participate in, but if you have ever wandered around a corner of the big stages at Santa Barbara, or back on the lovely pergola where the girls pour tea, giggles and imitations will greet you.

Margaret Shelby had been spending much of her time in Los Angeles, with Grandmother Miles as chaperone, in order to perfect her voice. She had planned to go back to musical comedy—but when Mary begged her sister to return, Margaret came home to Santa Barbara.

The other day, in the projection room, every one was amused at Mary Miles Minter's remarks ament her latest production. While the picture was being run, Mary said, "Would you look at the little nondescript blonde next to that beautiful dark girl? I wonder why they let her act at all!"

But Mary couldn't really help acting. There's a great secret about it. She was destined by fate to become an actress, and here's how.

Before Mary Miles Minter saw the light of day, Mrs. Shelby was compelled to leave her dearly loved Texas home and move to Shreveport, La. She grieved over the loss of friends, the separation from Mrs. Miles, her mother, and couldn't see anything nice about the new surroundings. She voiced her discontent continually, and really gave way to so much self-pity that when Mary was born showing a birthmark, Mrs. Shelby felt she had been punished for her complaining.

A bright red star showed up on baby Juliet's forehead. For everybody knows that Mary's real name is Juliet Shelby, and Juliet she is called by her family and intimates still. Mrs. Shelby felt convinced that her resentment at being compelled to leave Texas, the "Lone Star State," was responsible for the mark.

About two years ago, Miss Minter subjected her "star"

Mary Miles Minter and her sister, Margaret Shelby, are splendid foils for each other. They never like the same people and each has her pet feminine chums. Of course, that eliminates jealousy. They have recently been playing together, albeit Margaret had planned to go back to musical comedy. On this page are two studies of Mary Miles-

Minter
By FRITZI REMONT

Below, Mary, Mrs. Shelby and Margaret, and, right, a study of Margaret. The Shelby girls live on the no-breakfast plan, starting the day's work on boiling water with lemon juice. They partake of a light luncheon, never "piece" between meals, and finish the day with a plain dinner, cutting out sweets and substituting fruits to electrolysis, with the result that only a faint white outline of a perfect five-pointed star remains, "right in the middle of her forehead," where curls hide it so well that no one has suspected Mary of being a Texas baby.

Some months later, an astrologer called at the American Film Studios and was introduced to the Shelbys. He was shown Mary's birthmark and said, "You're always worried about that mark and blamed yourself for its presence, haven't you? You ought to be glad your daughter has it, it is the insignia bestowed by fate to foreshadow your young daughter's stardom on stage and screen."

And they do whisper about Los Angeles now that Mary has been seen at the Hotel Alexandria luncheon table very frequently with David W. Griffith and Mrs. Shelby for chaperone. The Shelbys had made plans to tour Europe, but it is said that Mr. Griffith wants Mary to do at least one picture for him before she sails abroad. The passports are already secured, but the date of sailing is indefinitely postponed, for the great man has said "Wait!" and no one dare disobey. So our little Mary is destined to achieve still bigger things by way of her lucky star.

(Continued on page 74)
Helen Menken, at the left, contributes one of the most interesting characterizations of the season in the human little drama, "Three Wise Fools," at the Criterion Theater. Her playing of the distraught heroine of the Winchell Smith-John L. Golden drama is vivid and compelling.

Below is one of the striking relaxations for the tired business man at the Winter Garden, where the extravaganza, "Monte Cristo, Jr.," is successfully holding forth.

The charming Evelyn Gosnell, above, has made a distinct success in the farce-comedy, "Up in Mabel's Room," at the Eltinge Theater. A glance at this boudoir glimpse of Evelyn should convince any skeptics who believe that the drama isn't advancing.
Summer in the New York Theaters

A Cohanimized opera comique is "The Royal Vagabond," the colorful and tuneful musical offering at the Cohain and Harris Theater. The brain of George gives pep plus romance. Here we have Grace Fisher and Frederick Santley in a charming moment of "The Royal Vagabond"
“O, it’s good to be in New York again!” exclaimed the beautiful Bessie Barriscale as we entered the tea-room of the Knickerbocker at just the right moment, when the orchestra was playing that soul plaint from “Samson and Delilah.”

“Why, that’s Bessie Barriscale,” whispered a young woman to a friend as we passed. “I thought she was out on the coast.”

“Did you hear that?” asked Miss Barriscale as we were seated. “Isn’t it wonderful the way they keep up with us out there? How I love them for that! There’s no place like New York, except Paris.”

“That’s the first time I ever heard that the two cities were at all alike.” I observed. “Madame Sarah Bernhardt once told me that Washington, D. C., and Paris are first cousins in looks, but that New York is unlike any other place on earth.”

“And Madame Bernhardt is quite right,” said Miss Barriscale with her attractive smile and well-bred, sweet voice, with just a trace of a fascinating Southern accent.

“But how can that be?” I inquired, completely puzzled. “First you say they are and then you say they aren’t alike.”

“Oh, that’s easy,” merrily replied Miss Barriscale. “It’s just as easy as the answer to a puzzle—after some one has told you the answer. New York is like Paris because, if you want beautiful gowns, you have to travel three thousand miles from Los Angeles to New York to get them, just as many of your New York women have been accustomed to travel three thousand miles from New York to Paris for the same purpose. Now, isn’t that simple? New York is the Paris of America.”

I felt ashamed of my guessing powers after that.

“Actresses of the spoken drama,” continued Miss Barriscale (and, by the way, have you noticed with what delicacy of distinction screen stars refer to plays and players of the stage?) (Continued on page 68)
Through the filmy dusk the notes of the temple bells floated like the petals of a golden lily, drifting languorously on the heavy air. The dim room, with its arched casements closed against the ever that stalks thru an Indian night, was restless, as tho all the air had been sucked out and nothing but the heat remained, quivering, viscid, something that could be breathed, touched, almost seen.

Stella Ballentyne's slender height drooped like a lilted flower above the keys of the piano—brought from Bombay. The white curve of her brow was etched against the dark wall hangings, the tender modelling of chin, a mouth like that of Venus of the Louvre, passionately carven, almost as colorless as the insensate marble. For the rest her hair was a soft blur of pale silver-gilt, and the light from between the shutters fell on her beautiful dinner gown, waking fires in its iridescent sheen so that she seemed to be sitting among streaming flames.

The man in the doorway watched her thru narrowed eyes; his handsome young face, with a certain arnesseness in its heavily modelled features, seemed to stir and twist, tho it might have been the effect of the shadows that moved constantly in the room, cast by the passers in the street beyond the half-closed shutters. Harry Thresk was no novice in Love; he knew well what it was he felt for this slim English girl whom Captain Ballentyne had brought back to the great house of the governor-general ten months ago; he knew what he wanted—thought he knew how to get it. He had been discreet, playing his game without amateurishness, at tonight he meant to show his hand—

The slender fingers touched the keys languidly, and the ghost of an old English love song crept into the fetid air, like a strange breath of wild roses blown from some Lancashire lane—"Oh, that we were maying." In the heavy atmosphere of India, sick with spices, heavy with decay, musty, unclean, it seemed an alien thing, like the woman who played it with hunted eyes and tightening throat.

England! Less than a year ago, yet she had been an exile for uncounted years, she—

A story of love and tragedy in mysterious India amid the call of the temple bells

(Thirty-nine)
A sound, neither a cry nor a sob, but something formless and inexplicable, drew their eyes toward the woman by a dimly outlined casement. She was standing rigid, with a curious tense expectancy as the shrinking from a blow. Her eyes were dark pools with horror in their depths. "The jungle," she spoke in a flat tone, "the jungle—" the tone vibrated to a agonized, importunate; "no, no, I wont go! Curtis, you can make me go?"

Ballentine strode toward her and gripped one bare shoulder so that his sinewy fingers sunk into the flesh, but his voice was...

...had heard the temple bells pealing thru immemorial dawns like this, she had awakened in a myriad blazing dawns to shudder away from Life afresh, and accept it, and go on.

Her head drooped forward, and a tear splashed hopelessly down on the keys. She was not given to crying, not even her ayah, the secret, brown woman who dressed her masses of fair hair, and put her sumptuous clothes upon her beautiful passive body, had ever seen her cry, but that song was like a touch on the quick of her soul. "I cant bear it," she whispered, "I cant go on!"

A step sounded on the rug beside her, and a hand, cold even in the paralyzing heat, touched her arm. She sprang up quivering and faced Harry Thresk's covetous smile. He spoke in a low voice that seemed to insinuate many things, intimacy, a secret shared—"Stella—I heard you. You shant bear it, any longer, you shant go on!"

The wife of the governor-general held her head high, forcing her lips to smile gallantly. She drew her arm from his touch without haste yet with a sort of inner withdrawal that should have warned him not to go on. "Mr. Thresk! You—startled me—I was indulging in a good old-fashioned fit of the blues. The heat; I suppose; I cant seem—quite to get used to it."

He brushed aside her words impatiently. He had gone too far to draw back now, and besides, he thought he had read her righly, her shrinking horror of the man she had married with his crassness, his parade of ownership, his reputed brutalities. "Dont put me off, Stella! I tell you I heard you, and I've been watching you for months. You're unhappy, frightfully unhappy—no one who loved you could help seeing that, and I love you; Im—I'm crazy about you, for you, you Wonder Woman!"

"Hush!" Stella Ballentine said faintly. "You mustnt—you dont know what you're saying—"

He pressed her mercilessly with his insistence. "Come with me, tonight—from to England, away from all this heat and stench and misery. Think of the cool green of the lanes, and the cool blue of the sky, and the little thatched cottages cuddling around a stone chapel—" he was wise enough to leave his own passion in the background and play upon her homesickness like an instrument, but she moved from him restlessly, the cold light from the window writhing across her bared bosom and drawn face like the shadows of flames.

"No! No! Someone is coming—" she gave a breathless laugh—these Grain women well in these things. "I'm afraid I don't agree with you, Mr. Thresk—Bombay is more like Debussy than Wagner; what German could ever have set this crimson exotic, this musk and murder, to sound?"

Curtis Ballentine, beefy, flabby of flesh under his heavy jowls, aggressively the master, stood on the threshold looking from one to the other without suspicion. He was so self-centered that he was not even jealous; besides, any man who was not a milksoop could hold his wife—there were ways—"What rot are you talking now, Stella?" he grunted. "Lo Thresk! Got a match? These damned native things wont light." The flare of the lucifer lit up his coarse-grained skin, his wavy black moustache, the web of fine lines radiating from his eyes. He was very pale, with the bluish tinge of skin that in men of a certain temperament denotes either drugs or drink; his wife glanced shrinkingly at him, then away with a flicker of dread in her eyes.

"I was just telling Mrs. Ballentine that she should be thinking of taking to the hills if this weather keeps up," Harry Thresk said easily, "even the natives were bowling over in the bazar today. Bombay's no place for a woman before the rains."

"Luckily," Ballentine said suavely, "luckily my affairs will take us out of town for a few weeks; this government inspecting has its advantages, Thresk. My wife and I start for the jungle tomorrow morning."

A sound, neither a cry nor a sob, but something formless and inexplicable, drew their eyes toward the woman by the dimly outlined casement. She was standing rigid, with a curious, tense expectancy, as the shrinking from a blow. Her eyes were dark pools, with terror in their depths. "The jungle," she spoke in a flat tone, "the jungle—" the tone vibrated to a agonized, importunate; "no, no, I wont go!"
old. "That will do, Stella—no heroics! Get to bed, and tell anash to pack your guips. *We leave at ten.*
She looked at him dazedly, then the light left her face and
yes, leaving it blank, wiped of expression. Silently she moved
across the room, draperies rustling like dead leaves, and the
larkness of the corridor swallowed her. Ballentine flicked
the ashes from his cigar and sank heavily into a chair. "Hys-
erical—the heat affects women queerly." He fumbled in his
coat and drew out a packet which he handed to the other
man. "Here's that photograph of the outlaw, Gunga Dak, I
spoke to you about the other day. It
must be delivered to the authorities at
Calcutta this week and his friends
are doing everything they can to
prevent its delivery. It's like
having dynamite in your
pocket, but they wont
suspect you have it. Take it
up when you go Wednesday, will you,
old man— you may save my life. There
hasn't been a day since I got hold of it I haven't
had the sensation of having a knife stuck in my back when-
ever I've been out of the house! A native is glad of a chance
to do murder for the price of a meal, you know.*
Harry Thresk thrust the packet into his coat and rose. "Sure,
glad to do it! It would be annoying to be murdered, I can see
that myself. So long, old man—say good-by to Mrs. Ballen-
tyne for me."
In the hot dusk he stopped on the terrace of the house to
glance back. Outlined against the light of an upper window
stood a woman's figure looking out into the night with arms
raised behind the fine gold nimbus of her hair in an abandon
of despair. He
stared up at her
with tingling
nerves. "Not
yet, perhaps,
hut some time," he
muttered, "as sure as she
is a woman and I
am a man."
Harry Thresk
did not return
from Calcutta
for a fortnight,
and news trav-
els slow in In-
dia. It was not until he
came back to
Bombay and
dropped in at
the Consulate
Club that he
heard what sent
the glass of
whisky and soda
crashing from his
fingers.
"Too bad for a
pretty woman to
get into such a
mess!" old Purdy,
the tax commis-
sioner was saying,
unctuously, "but after
all any girl who would
marry a rotter like Ballen-
tyne—"

*His character is no excuse
for her murdering him, tho'—it
was at this point that the crashing
glass drew all eyes to Thresk's shocked
face.*
"What are you talking about?" he demanded
loudly. "Ballentine you said—and murder—"
"Where have you been, son?" McConnell of the artill-
ery slapped him on the
shoulder. "Why, the Ballentine
affair is the talk of the place; we
haven't spoken about anything else
since they brought the governor-
general back from the jungle with a
knife stuck thru his heart a week ago.
His servants accuse Mrs. Ballentine and
she has been arrested. The trial comes off
Saturday— Hey! Drink a drop of brandy,
man, you look as if you'd seen a ghost!"
But Harry Thresk pushed the glass aside, and
moistened his dry lips with his tongue. "She didn't do it," he muttered; "why—look at her! It's impossible—"
"Yellow hair isn't a good alibi, tho', my son," McConnell
objected; "of course we're all sorry for her—Ballentine was a
swine when he was drunk, which was most of the time, but
after all he was her husband and, if all wives who disliked their

(Part-one)
husbands went about sticking knives into 'em it would make it darned uncomfortable for most of us.'

Thresk shouldered his way thru the group and called for his hat and coat furiously. He wanted to get out where he could think, could plan. He stepped out under the scintillant Indian heavens, trying to picture Stella Ballentyne, with all her soft luxuriousness, her frail, faint beauty, in a prison, and involuntarily his muscles tightened at the thought. He had felt for her as deep a feeling as his selfish sensuous nature was capable of; he felt for her, besides, the desire for possession which would not brook denial.

"Did she do it?" he asked himself fruitlessly as he paced the deserted bazar. "She was afraid of the jungle, afraid of him—but those little hands! Still despair will give a woman strength for anything. Yes! She must have known. Men don't help a woman except for pay!"

The Ballentyne trial was the sensation of India. The court room was crowded and the narrow, crooked streets about it were thronged with curious groups, clamoring to see the beautiful prisoner. Stella Ballentyne sat thru the opening hours in the witness stand and answered tonelessly the questions put to her. In her dead black garments, with her white face and the faint fine gold of her hair under the drooping black veil, she made a striking picture that might have been labeled "Tragedy." Only her eyes, burning with pain under the heavy lashes, were alive; the rest of her was a beautiful corpse-creature, indifferent to stares, to danger, to the stab of intimate questioning.

"Yes," she told them, "we had quarreled. He had been drinking—that was why he went to the jungle on his 'tours of inspection'" (Continued on page 64)
A Hale Fellow Well Met

By SUE ROBERTS

AM afraid," said Creighton Hale, as he greeted us, "that I am going to make mighty poor copy."

Promptly we made use of our ever-ready "Why?" "Because," he answered, while an amused smile crept the corners of his clean-cut, boyish mouth, "can't talk about my favorite country estate, nor out my preference for my Rolls-Royce to any erce Six, nor can I say that my pet dog is a thour-nd-dollar pom. So, so far as a press story goes, you have picked the wrong person."

Our spirits rose. We were decidedly tired of talk- ing to stars who owned every extravagance. We guarded the young man beside us with respect.

He looked like a prosperous young business man, his clothes were well-tailored but did not spell eater. He wore no jewelry. He made no attempt to be impressive. He was natural. I hate press stories," he went on. "In order to rise up to publicity printed about them, stars would have to be millionaires a hundred times over. You can't fool the public! They know that, with the ex- pion of two or three, actors are not millionaires, and it only makes them ridiculous to chant about their ranches, farms and country estates—in the ural. And anyway, does the public go to see us for what we have or what we are?" Truly that round, boyish face masked a man's ind.

"We work hard. Day after day, when I was working in the Pearl White serial, I left my house at east Neck at 7 a.m. and drove the little old bus. Jersey City, worked steadily all day, coming home at my old hour at night, sometimes so utterly lagged a sleep at the wheel—and catch myself making bee-line for an obstructive lam-post."

"You are an American?" we hazarded.

"Su-r-r-re and I might talk like this," said he, rolling his r's maliciously.

"Oh, Irish?"

"Right, born in Cork . . . and——"

Seeing there was no way out of it, he recounted his history.

Creighton Hale's father was an Irish singer and manager, who used to tour Ireland in repertoire. It was only natural that the lad should go on the stage; a matter of fact, he was carried on before he could talk. Later he played all sorts of little Willies all over England and Ireland.

His histrionic activities were interrupted for a time when his father sent him to school in London. Here he took up electrical engineering, but gave it up as a bad job and returned to the stage.

Ten years ago Hale came to America with Ger- trude Elliott, (Lady Forbes-Robertson), and her company, remaining here ever since. His account of his first knowledge of pictures was told with true Irish sense of humor.

"I had known House actors," he said, "in In-

Ira L. Hill's Studio

(Continued on page 82)
The 1919 Bathing Girl Arrives

Miss Hammond and Marie Prevost are experimenting with a little "shimmie dance." The space is limited, but then you don't have to move — your feet, that is — for the "shimmie"

A sea-going close-up of Miss Hammond is at the right.
Note the effect of the farmerette movement upon the Mack Sennett girles. Instead of the conventional bathing-suits, the Sennett beauties are donning the simple and unaffected overalls. Personally, we are strong for the maritime farmerette, when it is either Phyllis Haver, who is very much at the right, or Marie Prevost, in the fencing pose just above.
The Celluloid Critic

could have told you that—God is love and light. He is everywhere.” When the man protests, the child goes on, “When ye close the blind a room is dark—Sorrow is where you never I love in.” Then his dead wife’s sister, who has loved him always and cared for his child thru the years, comes—and out of it wretchedness of the past appears the foundation of a new happiness.

Mr. Vidor’s doctrine is applied Christian Science, but “The Turn in the Road” isn’t a preaching. Twice it sweeps superbly moving climaxes. There is the love story of Paul and his wife amid the gentle atmosphere of a small town. He is a slice of life itself. Again there is the return of Paul and his discovery of the secret of life. Mr. Vidor has lapsed into melodrama in telling his story, but his lapses are so far offset by the cumulative power of his directness that they are forgivable.

“The Turn in the Road” is a mighty big thing.

The photodrama has able handling, from little Ben Alexander’s touching Bob and Helen Jerome, Lloyd Hughes and the brief but sweet little wife of Pauline Curley.

At last! David Griffith has contributed something to the screen which deserves its meed of praise and which—at moments—flashes to brilliant humanness. It is “The Girl Who Stayed at Home,” (Artcraft), which is, at basis, just another war story.

This time Griffith takes two love themes, first the story of a typical, healthy young American and his French sweetheart, and secondly, of the chap’s weakness, lounge-lizard.

“Boots,” (above), has the finely unnstrained Dorothy Gish and the finely strained Richard Barthelmess.
By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

brother and his cabaret light o' love. It is in this second theme—in its showing how war regenerates the two—that Griffith touches his heights. But the director must have his war, and we are shown how the two brothers rescue the little French girl, undergoing the usual embrace from the usual dastardly Hun officer.

There are two or three remarkable scenes in "The Girl Who Stayed at Home"—bits of life showing the director's uncanny insight into femininity. It may sound odd to mention a little moment where the cabaret girl—who but Griffith would dare to call her Cutie Beautiful?—cuddles into a huge chair and whispers nothings into a telephone. But the blinding flash of greatness is here. Again, in a moment where the lonely girl half sobs, half dances as her phonograph grinds out a rollicking war ditty. It is here that Clarine Seymour stands out so brilliantly. Griffith has a genuine discovery in Miss Seymour, whose playing is vivid in every detail. And Cutie Beautiful's fascinating "shimme walk"! The screen has had nothing like it since Dorothy Gish's little disturber came gliding across the silver-sheet with piquant boisterousness.

In one other thing Griffith's "The Girl Who Stayed at Home" stands out. He has dared to present a kindly German soldier, even to showing the man leaving his old mother in the fatherland. Yet shortsighted critics have condemned this broad-mindedness. It is in these few flashes that Griffith rather restores our faith in his leadership. If only he had literary discernment! "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," credited to a mysterious S. E. V. Taylor, is banal stuff, another variation of the old Biograph chase.

Miss Seymour overtops every one in the production, altho Bobbie Harron indicates the regeneration of the weakling with broad strokes. Richard Barthelmess is commendable as the brother and Carol Dempster satisfactory as the Parisian sweetheart.

There are several reasons why "The Brand," the Goldwyn adaptation of the Rex Beach story, held our interest. Here, indeed, is the dance-hall girlie of the Yukon, the gold rush, the mushroom mining town, the scoundrelly gambler and all the rest. But "The Brand" grips because it tells a direct story that isn't warped to fit a star and which is staged with dozens and dozens of differences from the conventional movie idea of the Northwest. This last we credit to the personal supervision of Mr. Beach himself, who surely knows his Yukon country, and to the able Reginald Barker, one of our most dependable directors.

We guarantee that this story of the middle-aged miner who falls blindly in love with a dance-hall girl will hold you absorbed. Russell Simpson plays the old fellow superbly, and—

(Continued on page 88)
The Luxurious Louise

"Star Row." She's right next to Charlie Ray and Enid Bennett, a star opposite the big swimming tank which will furnish her with lots of amusement in spare moments. You never saw Louise in a swimming outfit, did you? Miss Glaum says for once in her life she will allow the fans to see her in what she calls her "naughty-naughtie" because most folks seem to think she lives in flowing draperies and fish-tail gowns.

The decorators at the Ince studio finished the little suite up beautifully, of course, each star bearing his or her own expense of interior fittings. One steps into a reception room whose windows are draped in pongee with side-drapes of heavy, dull blue. The wall paper is blues and grays, and the pictures are soft tones of blue, gold or grey.

There's a couch in the blue and gold with very lovely hand-bullion cushions, wicker chairs, a harmonious rug, a tiny desk which next in the world is going to hold Louise's fan letters, and best of all, new-fangled gas-heater which keeps the place comfy in the chilly times. Any one who has lived thru the oil-heater stage of Los Angeles studios will appreciate this innovation.

Adjoining this room one finds a tiny dressing-room, separated from it by monks' cloth curtains stenciled in blue. Could a star possibly be more comfortably housed?

"Are you going to light-housekeep here, Miss Glaum?" I asked in.

"I really could live here, couldn't I? If we ever get flooded out in rainy season, I may stay overnight on the box-couch and cook a simple breakfast on the gas-heater. Anyway, I'm goin'

Out of the chrysalis seclusion of unpleasant experiences, both business and domestic, comes now a regenerated, more sparkling Louise Glaum.

Unfortunately for Thomas Ince, he was unable to take Louise under his wing personally, for his releasing contract called for but four stars, but as he's mighty fond of the Lady of the Peacocks, he suggested that J. Parker Reed be his proxy. In this way, Miss Glaum has all the advantages of the most up-to-date studio in the world, advantages which cover stages, props, laboratories, interior decorators, and every possible accoutrement of the modern motion picture.

Louise Glaum's new dressing-room suite is in

Louise Glaum is an odd type. Known to the screen as a "vampire," she wholly loves home life and seclusion. Most of all she longs for housekeeping, a fireside, a good book and her pet dog, Runtie. Below is a home study of Miss Glaum and her mother.
"I'm very happy now," says Miss Glaum. "I've gained much knowledge, I have philosophized and learnt that loss is often gain... I want to play real women in the future. I want to live the women who suffer nowadays. It's not real to be sinless, none of us have reached that stage."
AND still they come! Beauties from every clime to seek fame and fortune in the international contest of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and -

Top: CAROLYNN BROOKS
Right: TOOTS SANDELL
Below: EVELYN JEWEL POUTCH

Who could conceive of so many beauties—and so many varied types of prettiness? The originators of THE FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST little realized the amount of feminine pulchritude in the world. Indeed, the judges are being fairly swamped with thousands of portraits, the large percentage of which are out of the ordinary.

Among the young folks from outside the home borders of our own states to enter THE FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST (Fifty)
Very Land Contest

Miss Sharon says she has been in concert work, killed deer in Montana, shot elk in Wyoming and panned for gold in Colorado. We would like to add that she made a place in the eighth honor roll of The Fame and Fortune Contest. Miss Sharon might—if she would try again with new photographs.

The judges of The Fame and Fortune (Continued on page 84)
In the tent of Ali Zaman, (him whom they call "The Raider"), the moonlight lay on the outspread carpet in spectral pools, like dead daylight. In the distance a camel screamed and the dogs of the camp lifted up a moaning chant to the moon, but in the tent was silence and a sense of waiting.

The motionless figure, squatting on the floor cushions, did not stir when light shadows fiddled over the pale, moonlit spaces before his brooding eyes—shadows of Arabs with turbaned heads and fluttering draperies, slim, secret shadows of women carrying water-jars on their veiled heads, the grotesque simulacrum of camels, gaunt and furtive, a little dancing shadow of undraped comeliness, maiden slender, frolicking with its own loveliness.

At last there was a thud of hoof-beats far out across the sands. A stir of arrival swept the camp. Voices shrilled, dog barked, and the sands softly crunched under hurrying feet. Still the silent figure did not stir. Even when a huge Arab strode thru the opened flap of the tent and salaamed, he only turned the cold glow of his eyes upon him without speaking.

"Spokesman of Allah," intoned the newcomer, "greetings!"

"And to you," his master said curtly, "what hast thou brought from the well of El Mudir?"

"A prize more precious than rubies, more sparkling than diamonds, more glorious than the noonday sun," averred Joudar, the chief of the plainsmen, with a moistening of thick lips, "a woman as white as moonlight, as soft as the simoon, as fragrant as the vales of Araby! A woman with skin like the——"

**THE MAN WHO TURNED WHITE**


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Role</th>
<th>Actor</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ali Zaman</td>
<td>H. B. Warner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain Arthur Rand</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ethel Lambert</td>
<td>Barbara Castleton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. Mirabeau</td>
<td>Eugenie Forde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capt. Cecil Beverly</td>
<td>Wedgewood Newell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joudar</td>
<td>Manuel O'Jeda</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hans Mirabeau</td>
<td>J. Dwigginus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fanina</td>
<td>Carmen Phillips</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The man on the cushions waved his hand:

"Peace. Bring her in."

Joudar, damped in the full flood, backed gasping with stifled words of admiration, returned half leading, half carrying a slanting figure in the crook of one immense arm.

"Behold!" There was regret on the fierce, dark face of the henchman as he surrendered his plunder and stood back, fixing his eyes on the white forehead under the torn, disheveled hair. Brown maidens were well in their way, and by their charms, but this one had skin like milk, white velvet and pale flower petals, and her lips were a red line instead of full and pouting...

"Joudar, leave us," Ali Zaman said heavily, "and see that she be not disturbed. Remember, if so much as one camel wags, or one dog snarls, they shall be strangled. And if a thief come across my shadow tonight it would be better for us that he had never been born!"

"Allah is the only God, and Ali Zaman is his mouthpiece."

Joudar promptly responded, flexing his mighty waist muscles. Salaaming, he disappeared and the tent flap fell behind, erasing all light. The heaving breathing of the careless girl sounded in the silence. She stood drooping, where the great encircling shadow had left her, clasping and clasping her small hands under her slight bosom. Nothing happened.

Moments passed, freighted with heavy waiting. Then the cry was torn from the girl screamed hysterically once, twice. Afterwards a bare arm and hand were thrust into her mouth and set her back into the flesh, eyeing

(Fifty-two)
man across the slender barrier with wide, fear-darkened eyes. His slate-blue glance met hers like steel.

"Whence came you, daughter of an alien race?" he asked, a deep voice. "Have you no friends to keep you from wandering on the great plains?"

Hearing her own tongue from that dark, mysterious countenance, the girl took a step forward, hope flickering into her eyes. "Will you set me free?" she whispered. "Surely you will not keep me here—they will be anxious! They will not know what has happened—"

There was not a hint of softening in the granite wedge of ice that looked sombrely forth from the folds of the white robe. "Ali Zaman never frees his prey. Come hither, and let me look at you and see whether you suit me."

She did not stir, but the darkness pulsed to her defiance. With a lazy motion of one hand he struck a flame on the tripod beside him, filling the cone of the tent with a bluish vaporous bow. In it they regarded one another, the man with still lips, the girl with brave disdain. She was a little ring that could be crushed by a man's hand, with hair like grey and brown eyes and the smallest hands in all the world. "Well?" she asked, presently, when he had taken his fill of her youth and sweetness and the incredible whiteness of her skin. "Well?"

He nodded slowly. "You please me. You ease me very well. Come to me, flower of the far away. Do not be afraid of me, but do not cross my will."

Even the thin thread of her lips lost its color, but she did not stir. He rose his great height, arms folded, the hite folds of his robe giving him a majesty that even in her terror she felt. "I am Ali Zaman," he spoke slowly. "I do as I will with whom I please. You shall be my beloved if a space; it may be little, it may be long. The world has one cruel thing to me—why would I show mercy to any in whom I felt? Mercy—a coward's word!"

Over the top of a leveled pistol the girl's eyes flashed. The Arab chieftain touched his belt. A smile bent his lips, tribute to her cleverness. "And if you do," he said calmly, "what then? How far do you think you could run from my avengers? How long could you live on the desert under the pitiless sun?"

But she was not listening to him. Pistol slipping from her relaxing fingers, she stood staring at him with such distillation of horror in her face that his eyes instinctively followed hers to where, in her struggles, she had torn a rent in his cloak. "So!"—the scorn of her voice was like red-hot iron, branding his soul—"so—you are a white man—"

Underneath the snow of the draperies his flesh gleamed in the faint light, not brown and desert-colored, but as dazzling white as her own!

For a moment he gazed down into her eyes with a curious look, as he pleaded with her not to judge, not to despise. Then, turning on his heel, he left her alone in the tent, the wind of his passing sending the shadows of the flames on the tripod flaring over his white robe. Ethel Lambert felt her knees faltering beneath her. Wave on wave of faintness beat on her brain, engulbing it, and she fell in a little crumpled heap among the silken cushions. When the world crept back, there was the night wind on her forehead, and overhead, very strangely far away, the familiar stars. Somewhere there was...
motion, like a wave lifting her to and fro; somewhere there was an odd sound, like a heart beating fast and loud in her ears. Then she knew it was a heart, and her cheek was pressed against it, and the wave-like motion was a horse beneath her galloping over the shifting sands.

Opening her eyes, she looked up into a tense, dark face lined like a mask of pain. Ali Zaman spoke flatly, thru set teeth. "I am taking you back to your people." A ripple ran over the brown skin. "I found I was too much of a—a white man to keep you."

The girl, clasped against the thudding of his heart, watching the pale streaming of the stars thru the vast spaces above her, swayed to the tune of the powerful steed's galloping; felt a strange sense of familiarity, as tho she had known always that this moment would come. Perhaps—a tug of awe stirred her heartstrings—perhaps that was why she had come to the great desert; perhaps all her life she had been traveling to meet this wild, primitive moment thru her safe, conventional days.

"We are almost there," A Zaman said briefly.
"Hark!"
"Somewhere ahead in the night the sound of music came to their ears, and the mist was pricked with needle-points of lights. The man descended, and set his burden down, gently supporting her until life crept back to her cramped limbs. "The town lies a step before you," he said, pointing. "I can go no farther with you, for if it were known that Ali Zaman had brought you out of the desert your reputation would be gone!" He laughed without mirth and was turning away, but her hand on his white sleeve restrained him.

"Wait!" she whispered. "I cant let you go without knowing more—saying more—"

He shook his turbaned head. "Words cannot mend what deeds have done. Remember me, if you are merciful, as one who has suffered much from the world and wished to repay what he could in kind. Remember that I did you no harm. Or better still, do not remember me at all! And now, daughter of the green lands, good-night and good-by!"

She looked up, a long way up into the dark, tragic face, twisted with pain. "My name is Ethel Lambert," she said, with difficult lips. "I am traveling with my uncle and aunt. I wish you would come with me and meet them. They are very kind people, and they would understand, and try to help—"

"There is no help!" It was a wild, passionate cry. "There is no help for those in hell!" He controlled himself sternly. "You do not understand—some things. When a man's honor is lost he is dead to the world that knew him, tho his body may be a traitor and refuse to die. I am an outlaw, so I herd with other outlaws until I have forgotten—almost the ways of my kind! Or I had forgotten until tonight—"

He knelt suddenly before she knew what he was about and touched his lips to the hem of her skirt. Then, with a salaam, he turned and, leading his horse by the bridle, strode out in the desert, more than mortal tall in his white robes, beside the white moon. Then the hot tears blot him from her.

Late that night out in the desert a man sat, sinewy hands clasped about his knees, and stared desolately into a futu darker than the midnight sky, lonelier than the vastness of the desert stretches, unillumined by a single star of hope. He could not go back to his band of raiders; he could not go forward. For 12 hours he sat there motionless as he had schooled Ali Zaman to a When he rose finally there was a bitter smile upon his lips and he laughed without mirth and was turning away, but her hand on his white sleeve restrained him.

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He knelt suddenly before she knew what he was about and touched his lips to the hem of her skirt. Then, with a salaam,
The woman had been a woman—there will always be a woman for thee.”

The word rang in her ears. She knew that she had failed and guessed why. With the desert woman love and hate are the same passion, as the rose and its thorn are one. Behind the drooping veils of her long lashes Fanina’s eyes grew fanged and evil as her voice, honey sweet, paled him with questions until at last, all unsuspecting, Arthur Rand had told her of Ali Zaman, and Joudar, and the camp of the raiders where he had ruled as chieftain, eastward across the sands.

After a week had passed Rand told himself that he need not fear to meet the little white girl any longer. “She has gone,” he thought, “gone back to the green places—the clean green places where I cannot ever follow.” So he went for a walk in the bazaar.

And there, in one of the sidewalk shops, he found her bargaining with a greasy ruffian for the possession of a beadwork bag and about to be most ingloriously cheated. Afterward Rand tried to remember whether he had spoken without thinking or because he could not help it. At any rate, he cried out her name very much as a man dying of thirst might cry out “Water!” She turned with a start and looked at him with clear, troubled eyes.

Then, standing there in his linen garments, with his cork helmet in one hand, Arthur Rand remembered many things—remembered that he was an outcast whose name was anathema among all good people; remembered, under the amazing gaze of a stout, elderly lady, who hurried up to Ethel’s side, that she did not even know his name and that she had great and just occasion to hate him and fear him.

He bowed with an echo of his old manner. “I am afraid you have forgotten me, Miss Lambert—Captain Rand,” he smiled, easily. “I met you at the—at the fête the other evening.”

He saw a wave of color sweep the lovely face before him and knew that she had remembered him, and that—Allah is merciful—she was not angry, did not hate him. In an instant she had taken her cue from him, introduced her aunt and was seconding her invitation to lunch at the hotel.

In the next few days Arthur Rand alternated between heaven and hell. To be so near her, to be able to look at her pale, wonderful loveliness and hear the soft speech of his native isle on her lips—it was more than human to give all this up and go away, and so he lingered, and at length, as he had known it must, the die fell. Captain Randolph Beverly, of His Majesty’s Own, returning from an inspection trip, strode into the dining-room and paused at the Lamberts’ table, holding out his hand to Ethel.

“My word, this is a bit of luck!” he cried, gaily. “I was afraid I’d miss you—” His words trailed as his smiling glance fell upon Rand’s white, set countenance. With starting eyeballs and a mottled, angry red staining his cheeks, he opened his lips, but Arthur Rand forestalled him.

He rose quietly in his place and spoke to Ethel as if out of all the world she alone was present. “Miss Lambert, this gentleman here thinks I have no right to be dining at your table. He knew me once, you see, some four years ago, when I was dishonorably discharged”—not a quiver of the white lips over the words—from the Foreign Legion on a charge of cheating at cards. He will tell you that I am a scoundrel and a cad to have taken advantage of your divine friendliness in this way, but—he does not know what he would do if he were in hell! Good-by, Miss Lambert. God keep you—”

He was gone, striding erectly among the tables to the door.

(Continued on page 72)
What did it matter that the spring blasts of the balmy belated blizzard threatened to send the huge glass moving picture conservatory of the Solax studio clattering down around our ears? Who cared that every time the door opened a gentle Arctic wind lifted tables and chairs and sent them gaily one-stepping with the Kliegs and Cooper-Hewitts? Director "Happy Cappy" beamed and proudly asked the extras, "Have you caught me?" which is his French idea of American slang. Sunshine June opened her blue eyes and sent us one of her merry smiles; Creighton Hale looked about to see if any one
Almost Becomes a Cabaret Entertainer

because they resemble the vampire which I never hope to be and the zebra which I have often dreamed of being. (These are the reasons which I am giving the press, but among ourselves, girls, stripes that run at right angles to the eyebrows have a tendency to emphasize one's sylph-like form.)

And while I was experimenting in make-up, the other chorus-girls were dancing away, notwithstanding the fact that all the previous evening their eyes and toes had twinkled Merrily in an effort to make some few hundred of the t.b.m. class forget their offices and perhaps their wives.

"Oh, gee, I wonder when we eat," one of the girls exclaimed with the final kick.

"More pep, girls," Mr. Capellani interrupted.

"These are college boys—Johns—come to take you out after the show," Mr. Vaughn interpreted.

"Act accordingly."

"H-m, who ever heard of a college boy being a regular John?" one of the girls remarked.

"Well, I suppose it goes in pictures, but I must say what they know about Johns wouldn't take the place of the cream on a crème de cocoa."

On tiptoe they stole to the door to catch a glimpse of the college chaps who aspired to the role of Johns. In the hallway Zena Keefe as Jackie was talking to "Lefty" Flynn, the leader of the boys. Just as the girls were stealthily gaining upon the couple, there was a rush around the corner of the dressing-room and the rest of the boys bore down upon the surprised little dancers and carried them off to the cabaret.

It was in this college restaurant—the only one in town that boasted of a cabaret—that the main action of the "Oh Boy" story took place.

(Continued on page 86)
June Elvidge believes that the back-to-nature movement shouldn't stop— even in time of peace. So she decided to raise an onion in the backyard of her suburban estate.

Every night June takes up the onion and waters it carefully. This is inconvenient for the onion, but an absolutely sure way of making it grow.

Note the admiration of the maid. June has just informed her that to be absolutely sure about the onion coming out all right, she is planting it already grown.

Of course you observe the studious attitude of Miss Elvidge. Could an onion resist growing under these conditions?

The Effect of June Upon a Mere Onion
The wrong and the right way to care for your cuticle

Learn to keep it smooth and even without ruinous cutting

When you use knife or scissors or even a sharp steel nail cleaner on your cuticle, you cut into the living skin.

If you look through a magnifying glass, you will see that this is so—that you have made tiny, jagged cuts in the flesh itself. As any specialist can tell you, the skin in its effort to heal these ugly little places, grows up quickly, unevenly, and forms thick, rough, ragged cuticle.

How to keep your cuticle smooth, unbroken

You can keep your cuticle so thin, smooth and even, that it gives special beauty to your hand.

To do this, once or twice a week remove overgrown cuticle gently, harmlessly with Cutex:

Wrap a bit of cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package). Dip it into the Cutex bottle and work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the dead cuticle. Then rinse your fingers in clear water, pressing back the cuticle when drying your hands. In this way, you keep your cuticle in perfect condition with no breaking or cutting of the skin.

Thousands of women have learned that Cutex makes hang-nails and rough, heavy cuticle a thing of the past.

With Cutex you can keep your hands well groomed all the time.

At any drug or department store you can get Cutex. The Cutex Remover comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is also 35c.

A complete trial manicure set for only 21c

Mail the coupon today with 21c, and we will send you the complete Midget Manicure-Set shown below. This will give you at least six perfect manicures. Send for it today!

Address Northam Warren, Dept. 906, 114 West 17th Street, New York City. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 906, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

MAIL COUPON WITH 21c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 906, 114 W. 17th St., N. Y. C.

Name...........................................

Street..........................................

City..........................State............

Send 21c for this complete Manicure Set
Double Exposures
Conducted by F. J. S.

WHY WE WOULD RATHER SEE PRO-
TOPLAYS AT PRIVATE SHOWINGS

Scene: The dark auditorium of a movie palace de luxe.

Time: During a feature film.

The voices speak in the darkness just behind us.

First Voice: Say, Kate, ain't it too bad about Charlie Ray?
Second Voice: What'er about him?
Divorced his wife, goin' to marry Theda Bara.
Honest! Why, Theda's married to Bill Farnum.

They're divorced. Say, did'ja see that smash-up them?
Ye-ah, faked.

Faked?
Sure; Tessie's friend, Jennie, works as an extra over at the Fox studios, and she says that all that stuff is faked.

Yuh can't believe nothin' you see, can you?
Nope, and that night stuff. All faked, too.

You mean it didn't happen?
Ye-ah, happened, but in the day time. They painted in the night. Jennie told Tessie so.

Who painted it, Charlie Ray?
Nah, use your brain, Kate, the guys in the developin' place.

Gee, some dress that dame's wearin'!
You said it. But I don't care.

'Bout the dress?
Nah, 'bout Charlie. I'd leave my happy home for him any day.

HOW COULD THEY GET ALONG?

A problem play without a door.
The persecuted heroine without a bed.
The villain without a cigarette.
The vamp without a clinging gown.
The ingenue without high heels.
The Western meller without a dance-hall.
The society drama without the other man.

Our idea of doing the impossible is to film the plot of the musical comedy, "Oh, Boy!"

Our favorite subtitle: The End.

The more we read of what exhibitors say about the pictures they play, the more we wonder how on earth the photo-play advances a-tall. List to these choice comments from exhibitors, published in The Motion Picture News:

"Under the Top": "Not an animal in it. Business poor."
"The Gypsy Trail": "Another picture like this will finish Washburn."

"Here Comes the Bride": "You have to be a real high-brow to get this. Barrymore acting either a drunk or a nut; hard to tell which." And also this: "Jack Barrymore very unpopular here, nothing to him."

"Prunella": "Nothing to it. 5,000 feet wasted."

Motion picture advertising always has its interesting flavor to us. Take the Outing-Chester pictures, which, according to the advertisement, are intended for:

"People who love dogs and skunks and rhinoceroses."

Personally, we draw the line at skunks, and the magazine owner refuses to let us keep our pet rhino tied to our desk.

And we note a charming Southern accent to the Vitagraph advertising these days. For instance, it refers to "Miss Dulcie From Dixie," as being as sweet as "cane sugar."

Also observe the warning in this dainty announcement:

"This is the model. Mimi had eyes, such eyes—beware; Form like Venus, man—take care. Trust her not, Stop, look, listen, She's not an angel."

AS A MAN THINKS.

THE BIG NEWS OF THE MONTH

The staggering announcement that Marion Davies roller skates every day along Riverside Drive.

Speaking of warnings, Olive Thomas says, via her press agent, that the vampire baby stare is a bigger world menace than the Bolsheviki problem. You're right, Olive, the Bolsheviki merely want to divide up property.

We're going to reorganize our movie baseball team in order to get Clarine Seymour in the line-up. Just imagine Clarine with her vibratory glide, running bases!
How Famous Movie Stars Keep Their Hair Beautiful

Proper Shampooing is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant. Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use WATKINS MULSIFIED COCONUT OIL FOR SHAMPOOING.

This clear, pure, and entire greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCONUT OIL at any drug store. A four ounce bottle should last for months. Splendid for Children.

THE R. L. WATKINS CO., Cleveland, Ohio.
have shelves upon shelves of goods, lengths from ten to twenty yards, and one of the things I'll wear in 'Sahara' is made of wide georgette which I had specially dyed from cream to the deepest cerise. You can well imagine I was happy. I stayed on in New York, but not out here. It's the same way about train gowns—the Eastern costumes carry them, but there's no call for many out here, and I do love trains. That is why I have a little dressmaker who makes things according to my own designs. The shaded chiffons look beautiful in a picture, even tho their colors are not seen.

As she talked, her chin always tilted upward, a little habit Miss Glau has, her intelligent eyes shining sympathetically, her smile encouraging one to stay and chat, I studied this girl who has been registering vampire "impressions" for so long, and whose whole being is so utterly feminine, motherly and domestic. You see, Louise Glau's real life is entirely different from her stage conceptions. She loves housekeeping, likes to stay alone with a fire, a good book and Rantie, and has risen bravely out of the chaos of heartaches caused by her divorce and business arrangement.

"It was very hard at first," said Louise.

"You see, I had always been romantic, and when I married, I had pictured a life of home-making and domestic bliss. I was always idealizing home, husband and even tiny happenings."

"Do you think that very early marriages are a mistake? Is it because people marry too young that they tire of each other?"

"No, I dont think it's that—for you remember how many old folks we see who have lived together forty or more years happily, and who married in their teens. I think it is because, in this business, we become tired, strained, we are flattered; if we are a little weak we are misled by those who flatter us; we may become irritable, temperamental—and then a sudden word, a lack of self-control—we meet some one who appears to be more congenial—well, it all spells divorce," said Miss Glau very seriously.

"Never has Louise Glau looked so well, happy or childlike. Her skin is very clear, and the color in her cheeks isn't from a rouge-box. In private life she doesn't use make-up, as most of us do nowadays. Her hair is the shining brown, rolled over the ears, softly coiled in back, and peeping out under a very new and stunning brown straw turban. Turbans seem made for Louise—any shape or size is becoming to her."

"Yes, I'm very happy now, happier than ever in my life," said Miss Glau in answer to my question. "I've gained much knowledge, I have philosophized and learnt that loss is often gain. It was hard at first to realize things—and I used to wish that I might die; I couldn't bear much of it, and then going home and finding no family life such as I had dreamed of. But now—I would not go back to the old past. If I ever marry again, he will be a homely man, good, very intelligent, domestic—but no man in the profession. He may be a business man or in any other profession—but not a man in the profession."

"And what of your subsequent plays?"

"I'm reading magazines, books, in fact anything suggested or sent to me. Ju about the time I wire an option to New York, some one else seems to have got there first. You see, I want plays that are true to life. People aren't shocked at reading domestic tragedies in new papers; in fact, they seem to hunt them out particularly. It has been the custom in Hollywood to put in anything, like the vivid sufferings of women who err in one direction, but are good at heart and who come thru all right, or else do before their regeneration, but still winning the sympathy of the audience.

"I want to do the real thing—I want to live the women who suffer nowadays. It's not real to be sinking—none of us have reached that stage. The thing that matters is how we make use of our experiences, how we can teach others, sympathize with them, understand their motives. No one of us who condemns us know what she might have done under just such circumstances. I am always analyzing complex characters—whether in books, in newspapers or in the play submitted to me. I want to understand the effect environment has on others ruminated this clever star.

"Your desire in that direction is go to carry you pretty far around the world isn't it? You seem always to be carried to foreign locations—it ought to be mighty liberal education," I ventured.

"Yes, and I hate shanis, too. I want to do real canals when I do a desert scene not an inserted Pathè bit from a travogue. I want to do where the sand is thick, not on the lot with a few shaved in. We went to Oxnard dese this last time and, while we used a mixer machine for the sand-storm, everything was very realistic otherwise, included the bad camels who wanted to be members of the company, and who did succeed in biting the negro attendant arm very badly."

"Have you tamed your peacocks?"

"I hate to admit that they are the m'horr, unruly, disagreeable birds a one ever saw. They simply wont what you want. They screech and r and, when it's necessary to use them, the chauffeur catches them and has to them until we get started. In fact, 'Sahara' we hired trained birds which stood by calmly. I do love my peacocks just because I'm strong for bright color."

(Continued from page 72)

(36ty-two)
Miss Enid Bennett is another famous star of the screen who states that she “prefers” Ingram’s Milkweed Cream.

Famous beauties of stage and screen as well as of society regard Ingram’s Milkweed Cream as indispensable to the beauty of their complexion. We have on file hundreds of voluntary letters that testify to their regard for it.

The difference between Ingram’s Milkweed Cream and many so-called “face creams” is its therapeutic property. It is easy to find a cream that softens and cleanses the skin but only Ingram’s Milkweed Cream does this and in addition tones up the tissues and keeps them in good condition. Ask your druggist for a jar today.

Buy it in either 50c or $1.00 Size

Enid Bennett
in “Partners Three”

Enid just made a “lucky strike” with the sledge she is now shoulder-ering. She looks “tight fisted” in the picture but this break of luck should change matters.

Paramount Picture

Ingram’s
Milkweed
Cream

Ingram’s
Velvola Souveraine

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A complexion powder especially distinguish-
ed by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore
a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture
and refinement of perfume. Four tints—
White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

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“Just to show a proper glow” use a touch
of Ingram’s Rouge on the cheeks. A safe
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HERMO “HAIR-LUSTR”

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FOR MEN & WOMEN

The hair will stay dressed after Hermo “HAIR-LUSTR” has been applied. No more musses, untidy looking hair even after a shave. Adds a charming sheen and lustre. Strengthens the fibers of the hair, as well as its beauty. Dress it in any of the prevailing styles and it will stay that way. Gains the hair that soft, glossy, well groomed appearance so becoming to the stars of the stage and screen. Guaranteed harmless and instantaneous.

Two Sizes—$0.50 and $1.00

芪, three times the quantity of life. Send for JAN TODAY. Results to curly, money order, or U. S. stamps, and we will send, as soon, Hermo “HAIR-LUSTR” and the Hermo Booklet, “Guide to Beauty,” prepaid, under plain cover. Use it free and if not satisfied, return it to us on what is left, and we will refund your money IN FULL.

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LOFTIS BROS. & CO., National Credit Jewelers

1355 to 1385 State St., Chicago, Illinois

STORES IN LEADING CITIES

The Witness for the Defense

(Continued from page 42)

—so that he could drink himself into beastliness without fear of being seen and reported to the Home Office. "No, I do not remember what we quarreled about all that time. It really does not matter, does it? I ran out of his hotel and it was after mid-night and waited there for hours; then when I thought he might be asleep I crept back, and I found"—she shuddered through her delicate frame—"I found him—on the floor—with the knife sticking up—"

The words died down to a whisper which only the eager listeners—the greedy scavengers of the society who always flock to a murder trial—leaned forward to catch. Questioning and cross-questioning failed to shake her story, and was excused. Unable to sit, with bent head and still folded hands, seemingly indifferent to what went on about her, or to what was said. A native servant was called and thru an interpreter he testified that he had heard "Missie Sahib" say that she would like to kill her husband. It was the very afternoon before the murder. The Sahib had killed her bird—a little yellow bird she had brought with her, on her marriage, in a wicker cage. The Sahib was drunk, oh, yes, very drunk of a certainty, and when he was drunk he liked to hurt helpless things. Once there had been a child got in his way—

But the judge refused to listen to further loquacity and excused the man, who salaamed and disappeared. A stir went round the room where Stella Ballentyn, sitting absorbed and motionless in an isolation of spirit, alone did not seem to feel. She had threatened to kill her husband then—it looked bad, very bad.

Then from nowhere apparently a lean English figure rose and made leisurely way to the witness stand. Harry Thresk took the oath and leaning nonchalantly on the rail began to speak in crisp, definite words.

"On the night before Curtis Ballentyn and his wife went to the jungle—a week before his death to be exact, I was at his house—"

Stella Ballentyn looked up slowly as if his words had roused her from her trance of misery. Her face was swept by a dull creeping red stain; she bent forward, staring.

"During the course of my call," Thresk continued, imperturbably, "Ballentyn gave me a packet and asked me to deliver it to the authorities at Calcutta, saying it was the picture of the famous outlaw Gunga Dak. And as he gave it to me he told me that he felt that life had been in hourly danger from some one of the outlaw's friends. His exact words were: 'There hasn't been a day since I had it that I haven't had the sensation of having a knife stuck into me where I go.' He was in actual danger of his life then, and—later—"

There was a moon that night. It drenched the garden of the consulate with a cool glow, like daylight in dreams. It seemed to wash the air free of the hot scents of spices and white dust a human bodies, clean from old superstitions, old sins. In the pale light St.

Ballentyn's hair was full of odd glint little sprays of flame. She held out to him some of the Sahib's hair, and he heaved them quiver in his fingers. "How can you thank you?" she asked, her voice like muted string. "It was you who saved me. I owe you my life, for if I had not been freed I should have died."

Then, the man said almost harshly, "I am going to ask my reward. Come, you must help me make it up to you for all these years."

She drew her hands away and turned from him, resting one pointed elbow on the balustrade. The spray of roses touched her white shoulder tumbled thro in a strong breeze. "I cannot go to you," she said finally in a spent voice "because, you see, it was true—I did Curt Ballentyn.

Silence. The Southern cross atop their heads burned red. The man leaned to her. "It makes no difference."

"You cannot understand because you aren't a woman," Ballentyn's wife cried out desperately; "you do not know what a woman has to endure, what degradations—tortures—refinements of shame! He always made me go to the jungle with him and sit close by while he became a beast with a beast's delight. And then my bird—he always caged raggedly on a sob—"I brought it from home, from England—it was all I had of the old life, and he killed it deliberately before my eyes and laughed when I screamed. I said then that I would be glad to kill him, but I didn't mean to. I only wanted to get away—one I was running into the jungle, but he came after me and hunted me like a wild beast into the mud and swamps and brought back, so this time I thought I would myself. There was a knife on the table, but it was so ugly—and I was afraid to die. It was as tho a hand was holding mine back; then he came, and he sneered at me, and tried to take the knife away. Oh!"

Harry Thresk looked down at a covently, at the soft curves of the wife's throat, the nape of the neck where the hair curled in little gold-colored rings as a baby's. How beautiful she was, I thought he wanted her! "Stella," he said steadily, "forget everything but the torture, and come to me with me. Thats why I told that story. I knew you liked him, while I told it—but I wanted you and I must have you!"

"So that was why," Stella said slow
**Imagine the thrill of hearing Your Song from the Stage!**

That was the experience of one of our writers in Seattle, Washington, a few weeks ago. The theater was dark. Suddenly the stage light was turned on the stage. A beautiful girl, accompanied by the orchestra, started singing a ballad that set the audience-thrilling—full of resonance and soul. As the end of the song came, a loud and continued applause was heard. A shot was fired. A song was composed to repeat the chorus twice before the audience would let her go. In writing of this experience, the writer said:

"No one can imagine how proud I was as I sat in my seat and heard Mr. Friedman's beautiful music and my lyric sung by the performer on the stage. The congratulations of my friends on the way home was received. The song is worth more than money can buy."
June Joys Which Belong Together

Bubble Grains and Berries

When berries come, mix Puffed Grains with them—always. Every fruit dish needs—like shortcake—some flaky, crusty blend.

These flimsy, toasted bubbles add a flavorful delight. Yet, like the sugar, they almost melt away.

The Ideal Dish for summer suppers and luncheons is Puffed Wheat and milk. Think of toasted whole grains, light and airy, puffed to eight times normal size.

Morning Greetings

The most welcome dish at breakfast is some Puffed Grain, as you know. There is no other way to make a grain so enticing.

At play time, countless mothers crisp these grains and douse with melted butter. Then these tidbits become food confections for children to eat dry.

Never Enough

Rarely do children get enough whole-grain food. Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice supply it.

They supply it with every food cell blasted, so digestion is easy and complete.

For Puffed Grains are steam-explored. Every granule is fitted to feed. While they seem like mere enticements they are scientific foods.

Children who don’t get enough eat something less desirable.

Puffed Rice and Corn Puffs taste like bubbled nut meats. They make candy light and nutty. They form a flimsy, nut-like garnish for ice cream.

Any Puffed Grain forms ideal toasted wafers for your soups.

Puffed Wheat  Puffed Rice
Corn Puffs

All Bubble Grains—Each 15c—Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company
Solo Makers

arms on the hawthorn hedge as he pulled contentedly on a short briarwood pipe.

There was a sprinkle of grey in the rich brown curls she remembered, new linen about the mouth and eyes, but she was near-sighted to them. Wisdom whispered to her to pack her bag and go up to London by the morning train, but she made no motion to obey. In the looking-glass she questioned her reflection eagerly and unsatisfied with its sun-burned adés an audacious cherry ribbon at the back puffed out the prim hands of honey go about her temples. She was pale, a hesitated over the rouge-pot, but pulled it aside with a sigh.

“He has forgotten,” she told herself with wildly beating heart, “I am Stella Maywood any longer, but Stella Ballentine—and then, perhaps I have heard—”

But Dick had not forgotten, and he had not heard of the dark days that separated them. With his warm, hearty hands clasping hers and his blue eyes alive with the echo of the old look she had need of the rouge-pot. As naturally one who picks up a book that has been tossed aside they took up the old relit unconfessed but telltale in every quivered glance, in half-drawn sighs a broken words.

“Just one more day—I have a right one more day!” she begged of her conscience when she knelt in the window gaze out over a midnight world, hot chills press against the cool pane. “I’ll hold all my life to suffer in; just one more day!”

Once, indeed, she tried to speak him of her marriage and its shame and misery, but the words faltered on her lips in dread of the horror that daring must stamp upon his face, the withdrawal of his eyes. And so she went on, clutching desperately at each moment of happiness until the inevitable end.

“I’ve always loved you, Stella,” whispered against her hair. “Once when our parents separate us, and delay a happiness, but nothing on earth or Heaven shall keep you from me now.”

She quivered to the memory of his touch, the feel of his lips on hers as they sat hours later in the darkened drawing room staring into the pitiless face of the future with desolate eyes. So self-isolated was she that she did not hear the first steps that trod upon the walk, nor the tall, jaunty figure that stood press in the door of the room. It was not he spoke her name aloud with a sinister meaning in the lengthening elaboration of the syllables that started up with a slight scream touched the light button on the wall, Harry Thresk’s handsome, dispassionate face sprang out of the darkness like apparition of evil.

“My dear Ballentine.” Thresk said slowly.

“I hope I am not intruding?”

She brushed aside conventions, lures. Her face was suddenly starkly pinched. “What do you want of me?” she whispered.
“Here’s Where We Got Our Start”

“Look, Nell—this coupon! Remember the night you urged me to send it in to Scranton? Then how happy we were when I came home with the news of my first promotion? We owe it all, Nell, my place as Manager, our home, our comforts—to this coupon.”

Thousands upon thousands of men now know the joy of happy, prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools prepare them in their spare time for bigger work. You will find them in city, town and country—in office, factory, shop, store, mine and mill, on farms and on railroads. There are clerks who became Advertising Managers, Salesmen and Executives; carpenters who became Architects and Contractors; mechanics who became Engineers and Electrical Experts; men and boys who rose from nothing at all to splendid responsible positions.

There are such men as Jesse G. Vincent, who advanced from toolmaker’s apprentice to Vice President of Engineering of the Packard Motor Car Company. Such men as H. E. Gardner, who won through I. C. S. spare time study the training that equipped him to build the great Equitable Building. These are but examples. They have proved what men with ambition can do.

More than a million men and women in the last 20 years have advanced themselves in position and salary through I. C. S. help. Over 100,000 are studying right now. You can join them and get in line for promotion.

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Lift Corns Off!

Touchy corns and calluses lift off with fingers. Doesn’t hurt a bit!

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon that old, touchy corn. Instantly that corn stops hurting. Then shortly you lift that troublesome corn right off, root and all, without pain, soreness or irritation.

A few cents buys a tiny bottle of Freezone at any drug store, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn or corn between the toes, and the painful calluses and hard skin from the bottom of the feet. Just try it!

Keep Freezone on dressers and never let a corn ache twice

The Gown Quest
(Continued from page 38)

"used to make a great fuss over the trips abroad in search of 'Paris gowns' but out on the Pacific Coast we think nothing of running over here when we need something new."

I loved the way she said that—"running over here."

"Any one would think," I said, "that you were speaking of coming over to Hudson from Hoboken or trolleying across the East River from Long Island City, instead of crossing the continent."

"Among the many things motion picture actresses learn," said Miss Barriscale, "much amused, “is that distance is nothing. We actually forget ther is such a barrier as miles. Monte Cristo said, 'The world is mine!' W don't feel exactly that way, but we do believe that the world is our playground and workshop. Sinbad the Sailor, Robinson Crusoe, and all the other great travelers had nothing on us, for we are apt to be told that w must leave for South America tomorrow and I am sure nobody would show w slightest surprise and no one would ask, 'Where do we go from here?' by no doubt some one would inquire 'What time do we start?'"

"So, you see, New York is only little way from us. However, w would not make the trip so often if w were not for the gowns, and lingerie and hats—and, oh! everything to do with woman's soul, except the gorgeous fruit, and flowers, and trees, an climate of California. The latest i art—that's New York; but the fines in nature—that's California. Understand the difference?"

"I think I do," I replied, as I notice for the first time the details of the artistic creation worn by Miss Barriscale—a rich dark-blue silk-velvet dress and coat with which she wore a smart black hat with an uncurled ostrich feather of blue, wound about the crown. The effect was in perfect taste, yo striking.

"You said just now," I said, wondering where she got that stunning costume, "that you have come 300 miles to New York for a gown. Was it really one gown for two?"

"To be exact," replied Miss Barriscale as she reprimanded a straining lock of that wonderful mop of curl, golden hair, "I should say lots of gowns—at least a dozen."

"If you make a practice of comin to New York on shopping tours, yo must have quite a wardrobe," I suggested.

"Wardrobe, did you say?" aske Miss Barriscale. "Why, I have a room filled with nothing but clothes. I have hundreds of gowns and expect to have hundreds more as times goes by."

"I have dozens and dozens of pair of slippers and shoes of every descrip (Continued on page 74)
Shot at Dawn
(Continued from page 31)

The impact of her sinewy right arm, and the first thing he knew he was staggering away in the arms of his much disconsolate companions.

It is useless, after that, to remark that Miss Dawn is fond of outdoor life and that she is very athletic. You don't go around registering uppers unless you are pretty sure that your muscles are in very fine shape.

You will admit, too, that you must have the courage of your convictions to confess that you are a Mormon. Well, Hazel Dawn is a Mormon, and she admits it. In fact, she fails to understand why any one should be surprised when she says that she goes to the Mormon church here regularly.

Of course, she does not practice polygamy. She has not even gone so far as to adopt even one husband.

Well, to begin with, it must be explained how Miss Dawn came to be a Mormon. She was born in Utah—Ogden, to be explicit—and her parents were members of the Mormon church. Miss Dawn and her sister used to sing in the choir and go on concert tours in between services.

It seems a far cry from a church choir to a risqué farce or a motion picture studio. But Miss Dawn is one of five talented sisters and, in the natural course of events, they all went to Europe to have their gifts perfected. One studied the violin, (that was Miss Dawn), another the cello, and so on, and they all learnt to sing. And now they have a home-grown orchestra, with soloists and everything.

One day Miss Dawn's teacher asked her why she didn't invade musical comedy. She made her first appearance in London. There was the beginning of it all. Then "The Pink Lady," came along, and Miss Dawn had all the qualifications, violin and all, and she was imported right back to her native country.

Some hawk-eyed motion picture man saw her and she was snapped right up for the screen, making her début in "One of Our Girls," a Famous Players production. And then, after a while, life for Miss Dawn was just one picture after another.

Perhaps you have been wondering why you have not seen Miss Dawn lately on the screen. Well, you will soon, if all goes well. That "if all goes well" is entirely up to Miss Dawn. She explained it all in her dressing-room the other day at the Eltinge Theater, where she has the leading role in the farce "Up in Mabel's Room."

"The sort of work I love best of all is certain phases of picture work. There is nothing that appeals to me so much as working in the open, or exteriors, as they are callously known. I love to get up on a brisk, bright morning, tramp miles across the woods or drive way out into the country, and there begin while the day is still fresh."

Now it is up to some enterprising young literary genius to supply Miss Dawn with the right kind of a story. Otherwise Miss Dawn won't be able to begin her days exactly right.

Who Put the True in Truex?
(Continued from page 33)

do what he has done—but more deliberately intellectual . . . without the impediments of straight comedy—the mustache, the shoes, etc. . . . He doesn't want to have limitations, this Truex. He wants scope . . . room . . . breathing-space . . . of the new way in which he is coming to be regarded, has come to regard itself. An actor used to be sort of a freak, he said, stared at everywhere, hardly human. Now, actors are becoming businessmen. With methods. With dignity. With little or none of the, to him, offensive vulgarity. Even with commercialism, which doesn't in the least infringe upon their artistry—on the contrary—

"This standing about the clubs," said Truex: "drinking . . . gosh! Or going about in cafes as something of a side show. I don't see it. My profession is my job and I'm going to make good on it. I've still a long way to go and I'm going—but I'm merely an ordinary human being earning my bread and butter, and not anything to lose an eye over."

One does not blame him for being a family-man when one regards your-photographs of said family. The delectable, refreshing photos of Mrs. Ernest and Philip and Jamie. One mentally accredits him with just that much more sound sense. One envies him in a manner of speaking.

"My boys and I are pals," said Truex, with enthusiasm delightful to behold. "I'd rather be with them, doing things with them, than with any one I know. I like to think they feel the same. They're pretty much the whole show with me. When I built my house at Great Neck both Mrs. Truex and I built it for them, around their comfort and convenience. We all do things together. Talk everything over. We're an awfully happy family. My mother, who was my pal thru all my first stirrings, lives with us, and every one is pleased. There's nothing like it."

I asked him if he would like to see small Jamie, or Philip, or both, become actors later on.

"Why not?" he asked; "with the profession what it is, and what it will be then, if they love it honestly, if they make good on it—why not?"

Thus Ernest Truex. He is obviously awed by what he calls his "good luck." He is having one splendiditer time out of everything and everybody. He is quite tremendously in love with life. Life is quite extraordinarily in love with him. For the rest—why not?

The Precious Gift of a Velvety Skin

Femininity . . . Appeal . . . Charm . . . speak in the smooth texture of your cheeks and hands. The precious gift of a velvety skin can be yours.

BONCILLA BEAUTIFIER will give you this—and more. It lifts out the lines and blackheads—closes enlarged pores—and brings that sought for clear, radiant complexion.

It not only does this for the skin—but it imparts a firmness to the flesh tissues of the face that gives, and keeps, that youthful look. You look refreshed instead of weary.

You will note the improvement from the first application, which requires no massage.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send $1.00 for full-size jar. Results guaranteed. Money back if not satisfied.

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Boncilla the original, unexcelled, faultless and complete complexion to one fair to look upon. Mercilized With generosity, gently absorbs the deadened surface skin, revealing the smooth, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who pride themselves on the beauty of their complexions. 

MERCILIZED WAX

Soldiers Sooth Skin Troubles with Cuticura

Soldiers of the U.S. Army and Navy

"The word is out. The Camps have found a real help. They are using it, and they like it."

that really AIDS. Prove this at our expense. Let
us send a PORT-O-PHONE to you for FIFTEEN
DAYS' FREE TRIAL, without deposit or any
obligation on your part. Prove it in your own way
that the PORT-O-PHONE gives you immeasurable
EASIER, BETTER and CLEARER hearing than you
can obtain through any other means.

3d
back.

What.

Quite
attractive
come

Redhead
(Continued from page 30)

into a law-abiding citizen—who had suf
fered all things... endured...
His coffee was bitter and black. The
place was musty and crowded. He got
up and walked out.
She was waiting for him when he got
home. "I saw you at the Claridge," he
said. The words stuck in his throat and
stalled him.

"Roly Gard met me," she said; "he
begged me to have some tea with him.
I felt lonesome and so I did. I hope
you dont mind."

"Lonesome..."

Matthew coughed portentously,

"I told you not to show up," "Matt."
she said, "after all it does not make much
difference whether you do mind or not.
We're quits."

Young Thurloe took on a grass-green
tint. Dazie tried not to see, tried still
harder not to believe.

She waited for him to speak, to cuss
her with bitterness and picturesquely. He
remained greenly still.

"You see," she rushed on, "your Uncle
Parker w-wants you back. I agreed with
him. You're not happy, Matt, and you
are straight now. You'd be happier ...
with your own . . . he offered me money.
—I -of course I told him I wouldn't sell my husband. I told him,
no, that I agreed with him in the main.
That it would be all right . . . quite all
right. You—Matt, you will be happier . . .
back with your own . . ."

Matthew came to. He came to vol-
canically and tempestuously. The red
blood chased away the green pallor.
He gave sort of a leap, sort of a lunge. He
had her in his arms. He appeared to be
devouring her in the most famished sort
of a way. He was muttering into her
scarlet hair. "My own," he was saying,
with ferocity, "my own . . . eh? What
are you, then? Answer me . . . what are
you? You are my own . . . you are my
own . . . tell me you are . . . tell me
me you are . . . tell me, then, that you
will be!"

Something that sounded like "I will,
oh, I wlll . . . I am . . . I always
was . . ." came from the shoulder her
head was jammed against.

Young Matthew gave a loud, exultant
laugh. It had a note of savagery. "This
is life, by heaven!" he shouted. "This is
life, my mate!"

"And love," said the girl, "and love
. . . and dreams . . . come true . . ."

The delirium was still on them when
Uncle Parker 'phonod to say that his
money would go to a Home for Stray
Cats, or something of the kind, unless it
was to be shared by "that damned, all-
wool and a yard wide Redhead of
yours."

Robert Anderson seems to have been
rushed into luck. He's been employed
ever since he was in "Hearts of the
World," and as soon as he finishes "The
Light," with Allan Holubar, he's to be
starred in two-reelers at Universal.
The Screen as a Repertoire Theater

(Continued from page 22)

public has yet learnt to recognize as a guide to the probable merits of one of a hundreds of fly-by-night films.

But even in the star, the screen has the tremendous advantage over the stage. Everybody sees him. Keokuk doesn't have to be content with a "number two company" of inferior players in Rialto or Strand Theater screen succ-

cesses. If the screen was organized like the stage, Tom Ince would have to make the production of "Breed o' Men," with all Hart, for New York, and then get together another bunch of wild Westerns, probably with Roy Stewart or Harry Carey in the lead, and make the same thing all over again for Keokuk. And less Ince did this about half a dozen times. Pasadena wouldn't see "Breed o' men" with any sort of company at all until 1921.

It seems unfortunate that the stock company, the basis of the cheapness and pertness of the repertoire theater's act-

ing, should have partially disappeared from the studios. In the early days the fly way the screen could get reasonably down and act the same as it did for them for a comparatively long pe-

riod. But as more and more stage players flocked to the studios and produc-

tions grew longer and took weeks instead of days to make, the producers began to up the stock company and fall back on individual engagements. Even here, however, the studios were vis-

ible enough to gain certain actors, minor and major, for a number of productions, and the players themselves know that the length of their employment is not dependent on the success or failure of a particular fable. This means that, the producer may have to make a large number of series contracts, give the man the chance to make his house stand in the same way that he signs with his patrons, even in the absence of "star series" contracts, gives the man the chance to make his house stand of dependable engagements. By careful choice and some led expense, he can make his house in the same way he makes a repertoire theater.

He can play quality always. He can show the obvious popular film and the

rare with the great name for a longer period and he puts in good but less "touted" as for shorter terms. And he can keep his theater a repertoire theater by giving the cheap-rental reissues of old classics.

Of course, the matter isn't really quite as simple as that. The theater manager himself doesn't always appreciate his oppor-

tunities and the movies are too young for him to have produced a real body of screen classics which will stand revival. Fox's press-agent once got up a blurb about the million-dollar library of films which his employer was planning to present to New York City. As a matter of fact, that library is coming some day. But equally as a matter of fact, there wouldn't be a great deal to put in it if it were here now.

There would be something, of course, and there are certainly a lot of interest-

ing productions that the theater manager can sandwich into his regular bookings. He does sandwich them in, as a matter of fact. There were the Biograph re-

issues of a couple of years ago, some of the splendid work that Griffith did in the early days, things like that Pueblo romance in which Anna Q. Nilsson [or whatever her name was] plays a little Indian girl with an art that she hardly touched again till she did "Stella Maris." Nowadays the "W. H. Produc-

tions" take the place of the Biograph peddlings. Hart in two reels and Chap-

lin and Normand and Conklin make up the stock of popular reissues today. The lighter dramas mostly seem as crude as the Keystones seem good. But they are worth seeing for all that. They bring back pleasant memories. They have sentimental associations. They certainly demonstrate the progress of the screen. Why does no enterprising theater man-

ager preface his new showings of Hart with one of these reissues and a little, well-worded message on the progress of the old favorites?

Anybody who thinks there is both enter-

tainment and incentive to progress in the revival of old plays, old books and old films must regret that the two-reel drama had so short a life, that it died before screen art came to its present perfection. (Comedy, thank fortune, is still in the air.) But films short of a dozen or two-reel films, and the key-

stones can still rejoice the vegetant.)

The difficulty of repertoire now—and more so for the future—is the short-

age of the short. A theater manager may— and I think should—revive five-

reeles as the principal feature of his program; he should revive Griffith's best-

est productions, "The Avenging Con-

science" and "The Open Mind," and Ma Philpot's plays as "The Escape" and "The Midnight Stage" and a well-edited and well-printed "Cavitation." But in ten years, unless fashions change, he will have a difficult time to find short fillers to show again. We aren't making them. We are too hopelessly wedded to the standard-length, five-reel picture. The short story of the screen is gone and the only chance that the future manager will have of filling up his program with a short reissue is the chance that some astute company will edit down a lot of our puffed-up and padded-out "features" to the two-reel length so many of the stories deserve.

But perhaps the answer for the future (Continued on page 80)

---

Health and Beauty

Treat Yourself in Nature's Way
Right in Your Own Home

Enjoy the keen zest of living that comes with braced nerves and pulsing blood, which puts a sparkle into the eyes, color in the cheeks, and gives the beauty of face and figure that reflects bounding health; drive out pain as by magic.

The Therapeutic White Rays of the Sterling Pain Relieving Lamp are a scientific adaptation of the marvelous healing properties of the sun's rays. The warm, soothing, soft, white rays penetrate and vitalize every cell and tissue; new growth is stimulated; the body is refreshed and vitalized. It brings you a clear unblemished skin, rose-tinted cheeks, bright eyes; quickens the sluggish blood, rebuilds fresh new muscle, and clears new skin. Beauty and massage parlors throughout the country charge several dollars for a few minutes treatment that you can now enjoy in your own home for a few cents with the

Sterling Pain Relieving Lamp

"The Light That Heals"

Relieves pain without destroying vitality. Absolve the body of so many ailments and pains that are away with the use of harmful drugs. Relief from pain granted by the electric switch. Rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, earache, goitre, tension, and innumerable other ailments, as well as nervous conditions are instantly eased and relieved. Invaluable in the treatment of skin diseases. Physicians endorse and recommend Therapeutic Light to you.

Health—Beauty—Power

Nothing vague or mystic in the use of the Sterling Lamp. Our free book tells you of its uses and...
The Man Who Turned White
(Continued from page 55)
and beyond, leaving the little group about
the table ga-ping. The elder couple were
valiant with indignation, Captain Bever-
ley reminiscent, but Ethel sat silent,
swaying down at her twisted hands.
When Arthur Rand strode from the
hotel into the quivering moonday his only
thought was truly, Tamra, lurking in
the shadows, crept to him, but he put
her aside blindly and strode on to the
shimmer of heat. She watched him,
thick lips drawn back in a snarl; then,
turning, she plunged into a hypath. If
she could not have him, no other woman
would, that was sure.
Hour after hour he had been
striding over the shill sand, he did not know
which, when the sound of hoof-beats be-
hind him drew his glance, and in spite
of himself a cry burst from his lips. "Ethel! What are you doing there? Ethel—why
did you come?"
Shutting from the horse, brushing
the soft flowing hair from her eyes.
"There is no time—the tribesmen of Ali
Zaman have been warned—they are
coming to kill you!" He felt her quivering
against his side. "A native woman—
oh, she laughed when she told me!—she
said I should never see you again. Ar-
thur, we must go—the horse will carry
difficulties.
He sent a quick glance across
the plains and laughed softly. "It is too late.
Sure?"
Out of the blinding east a billow of
sand was rolling, and thru it gleamed the
shine of spears, the flash of white robes.
Arthur Rand caught the girl up and set
her upon her horse. "Good-by, dearest
among women! Look you, I am already
as one dead—would you kiss me just
once before you go? If I could take
your kiss with me.
Her lips were on his, warm, quivering,
his voice in her ears. "If you stay, I stay.
Or you and I must die! I will not live
without you."
Even as she spoke a bullet screamed
across the sands and brought the horse
whinpering to his knees. He snatched
the pistol from his belt, sending an
answering shot to meet the onrushing
horde. In a flurry of sand they drew
behind a sand dune and seemed to be de-
cussing their next move. Rand touched
the girl's hand reverently. "You have
flung away your life for me."
But she only smiled divinely. "I
have found my life," she whispered.
When Beverley came upon them, five
minutes later, Rand had just shot his
last cartridge, and already the white-clad
forms were wriggling across the sands,
but their goal of turning was to rear, as
they saw the newcomer, and once
more they drew back behind the dune.
Rand's eyes met Beverley's steadily.
"What are you doing here?" They might
have been in some quiet English club
instead of on the savage brown desert,
with Death crouching a stone's toss away.
"I have to—pay my debt," the other
answered slowly. "I've played the
coward's part long enough. I'll die
man at least if I haven't had the courage
to live like one. When I found out bad
in town where you'd gone I followed
a quick as I could get here." His tail
twisted curiously as he turned to the
girl he spoke clearly, rapidly. "Ali Land
sent me, but I didn't know then when I
saw Rand was caught cheating at cards,
was—it was I who was the cheat, b
Artie here took it upon himself, beca
once back in the Soudan I'd pulled hi
out of the way of a nigger's spear. It's
hit late, my telling now, but not too lat
please God! My horse will carry ve
and I can hear those few minutes, at least until you can—
The clump of desert shrub sprawl flat
and Beverley fell, smiling debonairly.
their feet. Rand snatched the pist
from the outstretched hand, and from the
plains and laughed softly. "It is too late. 
Sure?"
Out of the blinding east a billow of
sand was rolling, and thru it gleamed the
shine of spears, the flash of white robes.
Arthur Rand caught the girl up and set
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"I have to—pay my debt," the other
answered slowly. "I've played the

The Luxurious Louise
(Continued from page 62)
and barkarie splendor, and because
they are sort of mysterious a
nals, but I can tell you they are per
for they are not, and probably—never 
be, ungrateful things.
Just imagine the girl who can en
until you are all shivers and thrills, it
has always played parts which led f
away from Friend Husband, and who
seemed to live in an atmosphere of s
geous flocks, male adulation and que
power, preferring her own lonely lives
with a wee bull-dog for company!
But when you've talked with Luc
(tam—you understand just why.
She's a perfectly self-possessed, woman
sincere bit of humanity.

(Seventy Two)
DO YOU KNOW THE LITTLE GIRL IN THIS PICTURE?

You wouldn't think she is the head, the very heart and soul, of one of the most important business enterprises in America—but she is!

Her business is making folks happy—making them laugh, perhaps shed a tear or two, and forget—while they watch her photoplays on the screen—rent day and the high cost of living, and everything else.

That making people happy is mighty important work, you'll agree.

It's because of Mary Pickford's earnest desire to do her very best that she decided to produce her own pictures. She wants to select her own stories and plays and have the say as to how they are to be produced.

With her mother as business manager, The Mary Pickford Company is now busy making photoplays which Miss Pickford earnestly hopes you will like better than any she has appeared in.

WATCH FOR THIS, HER FIRST VERY OWN PICTURE.

It, like all her new pictures, will be advertised thus, under her own signature:

Mary Pickford
In Jean Webster's Celebrated Story and Play-
DADDY LONG LEGS

"Daddy Long Legs" will show her friends the kind of pictures Miss Pickford intends to produce. The screen rights alone to this celebrated story cost more than is expended on the entire productions of most photoplays.

Of course, some one has to attend to the shipping of the films and collecting the money and all that—so for her first three pictures beginning with "Daddy Long Legs" Miss Pickford has chosen

THE FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS CIRCUIT, INC.
a nation-wide organization of theatre owners banded together to encourage the making of better motion pictures.

(Seventy-three)
Those Shelby Girls
(Continued from page 35)
old finery and frocks was used by Mar
recently and sent to a little girl in Louisi-
ana, the old home state of the Shelbys.
There are more requests for these beauti-
ful outfits than the girls can grant.
And, "no foolin'," April first was Mar
Miles Minter's natal day—a day on
which the Shelby girls gave a big hous-
party with a dinner dance and lots of
"April Fool's Day" conceits and jokes.
This will be the last opportunity to give
a birthday feast in Santa Barbara,
seems, for Mary has definitely refused to
design another contract with the America
Film Company. She thinks that three
years of hard work in a small town ought
to be followed by a lot of travel, with its
educational advantages and possibilities
for foreign shopping, its freedom from
the aggravating Kliegs, and rest from
eye-strain.

So this year of peace is destined to be
an eventful one for the fascinating Shelby
Sisters, and on their return next fall
they know who they are.
The Gown Quest
(Continued from page 68)

Even the wonder-
ful eye of the camera
cannot detect the
difference between a
delicatet, petal-like skin
and one protected by
the magical touch of

CARMEN
COMPLEXION
POWDER

The favorite of the "stars" because everywhere—under the
glare of the electric light, in the
broad sunshine, under the lamp-
light, in wind everywhere—
Carmen gives to the complexion
an enhancing beauty.

White, Pink, Flesh, Cream and the
ewn Carmen-Brunette Shade
50c Everywhere

MOTION PICTUR

(Continued)
How to Increase Your Will Power
In One Hour

Author of This Article Tells How He Quickly Acquired a Dominating Will Power that Earns Him Between $50,000 and $70,000 a Year

FOUR YEARS ago a man offered me a wonderful bargain. He had money and wanted to sell me some shares in a young, growing company for $1,000. Based on the earnings of the company the stock offered a 25% interest in the first year, and a stock offer later, in fact, the man who finally bought the shares sold them again in five months at a profit of $4,000.

The reason I didn't buy the shares was that I could not more raise a thousand dollars than I could hop, skip, and jump across the Atlantic Ocean. A thousand dollars. And my income only twenty-five a week.

The second chapter in my life began several months later, when another opportunity came to me. It required an investment of $30,000, during the first year I raised the money easily, paid back every penny borrowed, and had $30,000 left at the end of the first year! After less than four years, my business has paid me a clear profit of over $200,000, and is now earning between $50,000 and $70,000 a year. Yet for twelve years before, the company had been using money every year!

The natural question for my reader to ask is, "How could you borrow $20,000 to invest in a business which had previously lacked money?" After being unable to borrow $1,000 for an investment that seemed secure?

It is a fair question. And the answer can be given in two little words—WILL POWER.

When the first proposition came to me I assented by simply because I didn't have the money and couldn't borrow it. I went to my friend next and all turned me down. Several times I tried to talk business with me at all. They all treated me personally, and they asked about the kiddies, but when it came to money matters I hadn't a chance. I was scared stiff every time I talked to any of them, I pleaded with them, almost begged them. But everybody had their "money all tied up in other investments." It was an excuse, but I accepted it meekly. I called it hard luck. But I know today that it was nothing in the fact that I lack of Will Power or rather my weak Will Power, which caused me to get what I wanted.

I began to read books about psychology and mental powers. But everything I read was too general. There was nothing definite—nothing that told me what to do.

After several months of discouraging effort, I finally encountered a book called "Power of Will," by Prof. Frank Channing Haddock. The very first page to me as a shock. When I opened the book I was amazed. I realized that will power was the vital spark—the one thing that I lacked. And here in this book were the very rules, lessons and exercises through which anyone could increase their will power. Eagerly I read page after page; including such rules as: A Law of Great Thinking; How to Develop Analytical Power; How to Concentrate Perfectly; How to Guard Against Distractions; How to Develop Fearlessness; How to Acquire a Dominating Personality.

An hour after I opened the book I felt like a new person. My sluggish will power was beginning to awaken. There was a new light in my eye, a new spring in my step, a new determination in my soul. I began to see, in my past, the many mistakes I had made, and I knew I would never make them again.

I practiced some of the simple exercises. They were more fascinating than any game or card of any sort.

Then came an opportunity to acquire the business which had lost money in the twelve years, and which I turned into a $50,000 a year money maker. Instead of cringing before the moneyed people, I won them over by my sheer force of will, I would not be denied. And my every act and word since then has been the result of my training in WILL POWER.

I am convinced that every man has within himself every essential quality of a work, except a strong will. Any man who doubts that statement need only analyze the successful men he knows, and he will find himself their equal, or superior, in every way except in will power. Without a strong will, education counts for nothing, money counts for nothing, opportunity are useless.

I earnestly recommend Prof. Haddock's great work, "Power of Will," to those who feel that success is just out of reach—to those who lack something that they cannot afford. I read aloud, and to find a small salary.

Never before have business men and women needed this help so badly as in these trying times. Hundreds of real and imaginary obstacles confront us every day, and only those who are masters of themselves and who hold their heads up will succeed. "Power of Will" as never before is an absolute necessity—an investment in self-culture which no one can afford to deny himself.

I am authorized to say that any reader who cares to examine "Power of Will" for five days may of other. In fact, today of this great book supplies that one faculty you need most to win success, return it and you will owe nothing. Otherwise send only $3; the small sum asked.

Some few doubts will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountain head of wealth, position and everything we are striving for, but the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for me—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 250,000 owners of "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Holmes; W. G. Hill, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britit; General Manager Christie, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Senator Arthur Capper, of Kansas, and many other persons whose names are unknown.

As your first step in will training, I suggest immediate action in this matter before it is too late. You need not even be a writer of the future; you can do it now. If you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 43-K Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. You hold in your hands the first chapter of a new era in your life. Over a million dollars has been paid for "Power of Will" by people who sent it for free examination. Can you, in justice to yourself, hesitate about sending in the coupon? Can you doubt, blindly, when you can see, without a penny deposit, this wonder-book that will increase your will power in one hour.

The cost of paper, printing and binding has almost doubled during the past three years, in spite of which "Power of Will" has not increased in price. The publisher feels that so great a work should be kept as low-priced as possible, but in view of the enormous increase in the cost of every manufacturing item, the present edition will be the last sold at the present price. The next edition will cost more. I urge you to send in the coupon now.

PELTON PUBLISHING COMPANY
43-K Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

I will examine a copy of "Power of Will" at your risk. I agree to remit $3 or return book in 5 days.

Name _____________________________
Address __________________________
City _____________________________ State __________________________

(Seventy-five)
The Cost of Building Bodies

Protein is the body-builder. Also the costliest element in food.

Quaker Oats yield 16.7 per cent protein, which is more than sirloin steak. Potatoes yield less than 2 per cent—bread about 9 per cent.

That’s one reason why oats dominate as food for growing children. They excel all other grains in this body-building element.

Figuring protein alone, this is what it costs at this writing in some necessary foods:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Food</th>
<th>Protein Cost per Pound</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Quaker Oats</td>
<td>$0.63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White Bread</td>
<td>1.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Potatoes</td>
<td>1.48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beef, about</td>
<td>2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ham</td>
<td>3.63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eggs</td>
<td>2.32</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Thus body-building with Quaker Oats costs half what it costs with bread, and a fraction of the cost with meat.

What Energy Costs

Energy value is another food essential. Most of our food consumption goes to supply it.

Quaker Oats yield twice the energy of round steak, six times as much as potatoes, and ½ times bread.

At present writing energy costs in essential foods as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Food</th>
<th>Energy Cost per 1000 Calories</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Quaker Oats</td>
<td>$0.65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Round Steak</td>
<td>0.41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Veal Cutlets</td>
<td>0.57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Average Fish</td>
<td>0.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chipped Beef</td>
<td>0.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hubbard Squash</td>
<td>0.75</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Thus meat and fish foods average ten times Quaker Oats cost for the same energy value.

This doesn’t suggest an exclusive oat diet. Other foods are necessary. But this food of foods—the greatest food that grows—should form your basic breakfast.

It means supreme nutrition, and the saving will average up your costlier foods for dinner.

Get Quaker Oats because of their matchless flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, luscious oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

When such extra flavor costs no extra price you should get it.

Prices Reduced to 12c and 30c a Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

A Mansfield of the Follies
(Continued from page 23)

love riding. Now, nothing can come up to that. I love animals and such anyway.

"M-m-m-m. And what else, Miss Mansfield?"

"Oh!—California. The flowers, fruits, sunshine, contentment, universal love—lack of rivalry, peace, calm, and the darling little, inexpensive bungalow. Oh, and the sunsets. It was like living in a world made by Joseph Urban, the way those gorgeous colors can be surrounded us. California is heaven! I do not want it any different than that—ever. Only I want it when I'm alive and when mother can come with me.

"I look two years ago that mother and I were there. I was playing opposite Mr. Linder at the time. It really was lots of fun. We had many a picture out of it—and much exaggeration, too. Mr. Linder never had a director. He was a natural born, funny, unrestrained comedian. And as he could not speak a word of English and I knew little French, it was indeed difficult to get him to act, when I hadn't the least idea what it was all about or what it was that I should do.

"I learnt then, and have seen since, that a good director is everything. You can rave a great deal about movie actress' beauty and charm and vivacity, but if she is without interest or a spark of imagination, and a sympathetic director to bring it all out of her, she is nothing and will never get anywhere on the screen."

"And you were in the Follies?" Mr. Mansfield queried.

"Last year in the Follies. I lost the bits I had to do, and in appreciation I tried so hard to do them well. W. Frank Carter sang, 'I'll pin my hat on the girl I left behind,' I was the girl do you recollect, in the darling, fashionable dress.

"This season I am in Mr. Ziegfeld's Follies. The first one I saw playing at nine-thirty, and as I do not have to perform again until the semi-twelve, I always take advantage of the spare time and go off to the theater. It is the only chance I get all week as my days are taken up at the studio. Of course, continually dropping in to see a show after the second act as begun, is hard, and that is why, instead of getting into the habit of going to the movies, I am quite sure of my care for pictures—good ones—a great deal.

"Oh, there is no excuse for some of the pictures we see nowadays. There is not a reason in the world, at this cinema date, for a bad picture."

"Martha talking like that?" Mr. Mansfield laughed. "Good heaven."

All of which I submit for Mr. Al Cheney Johnston's attention. An exquisite pastel—yes! But an athletically real American girl who can talk as well.
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FOR SUNBURNED SKIN

Apply HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM gently with
finger tips or moistened handkerchief; it cools tender, irritated
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the

theater.

Which

is

not.

"Everything successful is commercial.
To exist a thing must make money.
And if it doesn't exist it certainly can do no

But, just now, the main thing is courage.
The makers of screen dramas must cast off their fears—and venture out into
new fields."

Don Pedro de Cordoba
(Continued from page 21)

long ago disused . . . blood over-ripe . . . grapes over-ripe . . . a land supine
with its own largesse . . .

One felt one's self seeped in the

glitter as Don Pedro spoke of his
father, of his birth, of his ancestry.
Spoke particularly and especially of the
to which he feels himself to be
an almost exact reversion. This ances-
tor—this sounds Chinese rather than
Spanish—was named Don Gonzalo de
Cordoba, and he was known as the Great
Captain of Spain. A sort of a Don
Quixoteish sort of person, if we remember
our Cervantes, perhaps with just a
bit of Don Giovanni. This is mere
surmise. At any rate, the generations have
collected their inevitable filaments about

Seventy-seven)
WRITE A SONG

Love, Mother, home, childhood, patriotic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send Words Today.

THOMAS MERLIN, 269 Reaper Block, Chicago

Don Gonzalvo, and Pedro de Cordoba feels that in him flows not only the blood of the Captain of Spain, but also that thing of the same spirit, something of the same sympathy. Enough, at least, for him to revive the long-ago Captain and make him live for us, an epitome of the romance of Spain, vivid, swarthly, colorful.

To make this even more than a mere probability, that latter part written about the existing figure of Don Gonzalvo de Cordoba and these plays, in the original Spanish, are even now in the Boston library. Don Pedro has seen them, has even gone into them a bit.

These plays, this Don Gonzalvo, this bringing to America something of Spain that is of it in truth, is what de Cordoba desired to do. But...

"One grows so lazy in New York," said Don Pedro. "I should be doing these things now . . . at thirty-seven . . . I should be at least beginning them. I simply do not get at it. I suppose it is largely a matter of the will growing flabby, the line of least resistance."

Don Pedro, meanwhile, is one moved along so rapidly from one thing to another . . . but plans . . .

"Some day, tho, I shall simply pack my trunks and take my wife and go to Spain and linger there a while, drinking in the old atmosphere, weeding out the old legends, delving into the more intimate records of this great captain of Spain. If I do this I shall feel that I have something to go to, but I am right — that I am right. Spain is vivid. It should be made so. It has a wealth of beauty . . . Of course, they will need not only translating, the plays, they will need adapting. They are very old. In the meantime" — he gave his light smile — "I must make a name popular enough to attract. To attract the crowd. They will come, I know, to scoff; they will remain, I hope, because they will like it."

The glamor persisted. It was a wrench to come back to the studio, to the insistence of the telephone, to the raucous yells of "Lights!" One found one's self asking why. Don Pedro admitted a greater liking for the speaking stage. Admitted, too, the artistic possibilities of the screen . . . deplored its great existing commercialism, which will not pass away in his day or ours . . . Pictures have been kind to him, he admits. He has been fortunate in his leading women, or rather the women he has played the leads to. He has had, no doubt, the best of them in every way. He loves the out-of-doors part of them, the traveling about.

Past and beyond all these things, he is devoted to his home; to his wife, who is little more than a bride; to the inner things which go to the making of life when life is earnest and real and worth while.

One left the Talmadge studio feeling the contact of a personality quite detached from all outward considerations. mumuring to one's self over and over again that "soft, meandering Spanish name . . ."

"Finer Than a Diamond"

H. B. Stowe, Director of "The City of Washington"

Send No Money! Send your name and age only, we'll send you a 'fine than a diamond' at".

Standing Room Only
(Continued from page 25)
anything as uncomfortable as catastrophe, it would be that some one might somehow make the mistake of calling him a type actor.

In time, however, I found that Mr. Standing has refreshing views on many other subjects. For instance, he is that hitherto unmet individual, the leading man who is not extravagant. He bewails the fact that so many actors forget that their $600 a week engagements do not last forever. He believes that while the sun is shining one should prepare for rain.

In other words, instead of investing his salary in fast motor-cars, in summer homes and unnecessary fads, he puts it in the bank, for even highly paid picture engagements do not last forever.

He does not believe in being so ambitious that one does not take time to live. As Shakespeare says, “Vaulting ambition, which overlaps itself.”

He thinks that a woman who wants a career should not marry, and especially not a man in the same profession. He says that a woman who requires the applause of her creative powers, of her charms or her personality, outside of her own home, will do well to remain single.

Many women, he says, mistake their longing for praise for a sign of great genius, and then wonder the love of a good man. Possessing no more than mediocrec ability, they seek that will-o’-the-wisp—worldly fame.

Mr. Standing believes that most men want their wives to be fully occupied taking care of them, and where a husband and wife follow the same profession, jealousy of the other is bound to creep in and cause friction.

Wyndham Standing has played in pictures both in California and New York, and wherever he goes his wife accompanies him. Mr. Standing considers New York more ideal to work in than California, that state being too entertaining, too conducive to dreaming and not doing.

In farewell, I repeated several compliments I had heard of late concerning Mr. Standing’s acting as leading man to Elsie Ferguson and Pauline Frederick.

The tall, well-groomed actor agitatedly mapped out some hieroglyphics with his cane on the Famous Players-Lasky Company’s immaculate Persian rug. It was plain that he was seeking that proverbial grain of salt.

“That’s awfully good of them, mighty good,” he said. “An embarrassed pause, and then, “My wife is the only person that tells me the truth. It is refreshing!”

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(Seventy-nine)
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A Star Who Really Did Her Bit
(Continued from page 26)

A mighty need for nurses, and Miss Storey, with many other young women volunteered. These volunteers serve from eight at night to eight in the morning in the city's overflowing hospitals.

One might think that these thin, would constitute a day's work. But for the girl ambulance driver. To wounded boys in khaki, the nurse has anxious and terrible stories to tell, and then to move the soldiers to and from the hospital.

This means that the chauffeur turns in her ambulance at one o'clock the next morning.

Brief furlough finds Miss Storey her country place at Northport, Long Island. She there takes herself about the garden and "just relaxes." Sundays she usually brings her brother, Dick, home and there a family reunion. Dick is in the navy and the pilot of a submarine chaser. As not the least member of the Stonestead homestead is a Belgian Red Cross do found wounded on the roadside in Flanders by an American ambulance drive. Alto he was caused in an injury to do the driver got the animal to safety. At he later gave the dog to Miss Storey.

Is Miss Storey going to return to school? She's too busy yet to tell plans. "Besides, ambulance driving is nearly as wearing as starring in the play and it's a thousand times more fun," says Miss Storey. "We all try to give the boys a good time—and we can bet none of them will ever forget an ambulance if I can help it."

Will they forget?

Just wait until these wounded lads—Miss Storey on the screen again! Ju wait!

The Screen as a Repertoire Thesair
(Continued from page 71)

is a different length of program rather than of play. Perhaps we shall be given a full evening's entertainment instead of half an hour. Perhaps we shall be given the idea on which the Triangle started, the $2 price—two-five re-aders at one two-reader. Already a few towns such as Boston, are putting up two features on a program. It isn't a very good answer right now, because we haven't got enough good long films or even enough eight-weeks. The idea is the same. The tickets are being bought. On the other hand when we have got a few more classics good as "The Avenging Conscience," "The Escape," "Subtitle Submarine, "The Coward," and "The Cheat," this double bill of the old and the new is the way to go. The theater manager will get a longer entertainment for these less per person, and he can charge considerably more for it. From the producer's point of view, it means longer life for each production that really good. All these things, with the memories thrown in, are surely sure from the viewpoint of the movie fan, the sound as the European theater, which will in some degree resemble.
Read what Walter Norton says about
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Upon a careful examination of K. I. Shorthand System, I am convinced that any intelligent person, even a child that can read and write, should be able to write within five hours—or better say, within ten fairly separated half-hours.

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For the good of all.

Walter Norton

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Mail the Coupon
A Hale Fellow Well Met
(Continued from page 43)
calling themselves ‘Famous Players’ had been organized, had hired an old barn on Thirty-fourth Street and were going to make pictures. ‘Why don’t you try for a job?’ he said. ‘They say there’s good money in it.’

“Nothing doing,” said Creighton Hale, and was rewarded shortly by an engagement to play at the Criterion Theater with John Mason in “Indian Summer.” Pictures slipped his memory until, again on Broadway, he ran into House Peters. Peters oozed prosperity. His overcoat was of the latest cut, his hat obviously new, and he wore yellow gloves that had never seen the light of day before.

“What’s the matter?” said Hale. “Find a gold mine?”

“No,” said House, ponderously, “I am playing in pictures.”

Such prosperity was not to be slighted, the young Irish lad decided, but he wasn’t nor all sure he would like pictures nor that he would be a success in them. So to try them out he secured a part as an extra under an assumed name. He played in a Virginia Pearson production in which Theda Bara was also an extra.

“She was queer even then,” said Hale, dryly.

What he saw of pictures did not impress him mightily, for he decided to remain in the spoken drama. Only to have Frank Powell, then a director for Pathé, see him on the stage, take an instant liking to the young man with the blond hair, seek him back-stage and induce him to go into pictures in earnest. Hale appeared successfully in “The Taint,” “The Exploits of Elaine” and “The Romance of Elaine.” Some of his most likable successes were attained as co-star with Gladys Hulette in Pathé pictures.

At present he is co-starring in the new Capellani series of pictures with June Caprice. He is especially interested in their first production, “Oh, Boy,” the original role of which he created on the stage.

Creighton Hale’s chief sad is horses.

“Now mind,” he cautioned, “don’t say I enjoy my horses. But I do like to ride, and I know how a horse should be bridled and handled. I have played around with them ever since I was a kid.”

He is a clean-minded young chap, a member of the Lambs and, while he is an excellent actor, he is not one with the hickety glow of Broadway.

He has an infinite respect for the intelligence of his audiences and bewails the fact that directors feel they have to pound home every point in a picture drama.

“The great trouble with pictures today is that they leave nothing to the imagination of the audience,” said Hale.

“I’m sorry I haven’t any wild, thrilling story to give you. I am just I, you see,” he said, in parting.

But we, we weren’t sorry to have met a real human without any stagey foibles.

GIRLS! LOTS OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR

35 cent bottle of “Danderine” makes hair thick, glossy and wavy.

Removes all dandruff, stops itching scalp and falling hair.

To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine.

It is easy and inexpensive to have nice soft hair and lots of it. Just get a 35 cent bottle of Knowlton’s Danderine now—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, fullness, and an incomparable softness and luster, and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair.

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Try a 35 cent bottle at drug stores or toilet counters.

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(Eighty-two)
Little Page.—Crane Wilbur in "Devil McCabe," with Juanita Hansen opposite him. Harry Northrup, he of the expressive eyebrows, will play opposite Pauline Frederick in "The Frenzied Woman." You flutter me, Little Page. I don't think Norriss ever played in pictures. Wasn't she great in "Rembrandt"? Vivian Rich was with Universal last.

Fitzie—Vizzy, why, memoirs, are a species of historical writing, tho not strictly constituting history. President Wilson's ancestors on both sides were Scotch-Irish. Oh my word! William Hart is married. You want more interviews with Fritz Remont as the interviewer. Editor, please page Fritzi for more.

Anabelle—Watch your step, because the error of an hour may become the sorrow of a whole life! Mary Miles Minter in "The Ascension of Isabel." Dusty Farren in "A Man in the Open" and Kitty Gordon in "Playthings of Passion." (United). Kathleen Clifford was born Feb. 16th, 1894. Yes, she is very artistic.

Nazarova, the sublime.—Enjoyed your literature. Read enough but not too much, because no book will ever bring you the waters of that secret fountain within yourself. See July 19th Magazine. No to the Elliott Dexter sequel. At least there is "The World in the Social Pirate." Jack Barrymore in "The Test of Honor.

Allen—Everything is being prepared for your coming. The scenery used for setting the picture stage differs from the scenery of the dramatic stage by the absence of color. There can never be such quiet days as are going to photograph. Peggy Hyland, English; Herbert Rawlinson, English; Mary Pickford, Canadian; Olga Petrova, Russian; Sessie Hare, Japanese; and Alla Nazimova is Russian. BILLIE BURKE has re-signed with Famous Players.

Roseale M.—Permettez moi to say that if you saved thirty cents every day, in fifty years you would have saved $2,831.22. Try it and see if I'm not right. Carilye Blackwell, World Film Co., New York City. You ask, "Is it so that Theda Bara is a devil?" Lordy! Lordy! Helen M.—Constance Talmadge is taller than Dorothy Gish. Keep him. Not every young wife can be her husband's first love, but she can be his last—if he dies soon enough. Parlor, no matter the phone. Well, I'm back. Earle Williams is married and very happy.

Allys L. G.—No indeed, our Celluloid Critic never suffers from indigestion and is always in the pink of condition. The girls here call him "Fredy" and he's really as good looking as I am—not that going some swift. You speak highly of Conrad Nagel's playing in "The Lion and the Mouse." You say the man who has taken one wife deserves a crown of patience, and the man who has taken two deserves two crowns of folly. Quite right if he takes them all at once.

Ayre to Moorhead Admire.—Write Tony at Los Angeles, Cal, Why, Galli-Curci was filmed by Universal. Ruth Roland's serial "The Tiger's Trail."
Beauties from Every Land Enter Contest

(Continued from page 51)

Contest finally selected the eighth honor roll to include:

Carolyn Brooks, of 918 South 10th Street, Birmingham, Alabama. Miss Brooks has had considerable experience in college plays. She was born in Alabama, has blue eyes, dark-brown hair and is five feet six and a half inches in height.

Toots Sandell, of 4406 Tennessee Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri. Miss Sandell has been in vaudeville and musical comedy. She is a blonde type, with blue eyes, and is five feet four.

Evelyn Jewell Pouth, of 611 Western Parkway, Louisville, Kentucky. Little Miss Pouth, who is just thirteen, can dance, sing, swim, dive and ride horseback, which ought to make her popular with almost any director. She was born in Louisiville, has hazel-brown eyes, brown hair and is exactly five feet in height.

George W. Smith, of 975 South Hoover Street, Los Angeles, California. Mr. Smith is one of the few genuinely handsome men to try the Fame and Fortune Contest. The judges have almost come to the conclusion that all the good-looking chaps are already in the movies or that the country's masculinity is hiding its light under a bushel. Mr. Smith has been in stock. He has dark-brown eyes, dark hair and is six feet tall.

Beatrice Ellen Levey, of 19 Suffolk Street, New York. Miss Levey is now employed as a cloak and skirt model. She was born in New York, has dark-brown hair and is five feet four inches in height.

Marie Josephine Stadler, of 548 Bainbridge Street, Brooklyn. Miss Stadler is now employed as a sample model for evening gowns. She has posed for Harrison Fisher and her portrait has adorned many of the leading magazines. She has dark-gray eyes, light-brown hair and is five feet five inches in height.

Minnie Gaynor, of 42½ Richelieu Street, Quebec, Canada. Miss Gaynor has appeared in amateur productions. She has dark-gray eyes, light-brown hair and is five feet three. She was born in Toronto.

Here are some important things to note:

The contest is drawing to a conclusion!

The closing date of the contest has not yet been decided upon, but it will be announced in both The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine far enough in advance so that every one can get their final pictures in before the last hour.

If you wish your portrait or portraits returned, enclose the right amount of postage to cover mailing. Attach stamps to pictures with a clip. Do not place stamps in separate envelope.

Try not to send hand-colored portraits. Upon the closing, the final winner will be selected. Undoubtedly he or she (as the contest is now open to men), will be selected from among the various semi-monthly honor rolls. It is possible that three or four leaders may be chosen and invited to come to New York for test motion pictures, after which the final winner will be decided upon.

The motion picture magazines will give two years' guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits in colors, special interviews, pictures, special articles, etc.—the sort of publicity that could not be purchased at any price. The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine will secure an initial position for the winner and other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine guarantee that the winner will be known throughout the civilized world.

The Fame and Fortune jury now includes: Mary Pickford, Thomas Ince, Cecil de Mille, Maurice Tourneur, Comodore J. Stuart Blackton, James Montgomery Flagg, Howard Chandler Christy, Samuel Lumière and Eugene V. Brewster.

The terms of the contest follow:

1. Open to any young woman, or man, in the world, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage roles.

2. Contestants must submit a portrait, upon the back of which must be pasted a coupon from either The Motion Picture Classic or The Motion Picture Magazine, or a similar coupon of their own making.

3. Contestants can submit any number of portraits, but upon the back of each must be pasted an entrance coupon.

CLASSIC ENTRANCE COUPON

Name: ________________________________  (Not to be filled in by contestant)

Address: ________________________________ (city), ____________________________ (state)

Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any:

When born: ____________________________ Hairplace: ____________________________

Eyes (color): ____________________________ Hair (color): __________________________

Height: ____________________________ Complexion: ____________________________

Weigh: ____________________________ (Eighty-four)
What Is Nerve Force?

Nerve Force is an energy created by the nervous system. What it is, we do not know, just as we do not know what electricity is.

We know this of Nerve Force: It is the dominant power of our existence. It governs our whole life. It is Life; for, if we knew what nerve force were, we should know the secret of life.

Nerve force is the basic force of the body and mind. The power of every muscle, every organ; in fact, every cell is governed and receives its initial impulse through the nerves. Our vitality, strength and endurance are directly governed by the degree of our nerve force.

If an elephant had the same degree of nerve force as a human being, he could break all athletic records without half trying. This is an example of Muscular Nerve Force.

Mental Nerve Force is indicated by force of character, personal magnetism, moral courage and mental power.

Organic Nerve Force means health and long life. It is a well balanced combination of Physical and Organic Nerve Force that has made Thomas Edison, General Pershing and Charles Schwab and other great men what they are. 95% of mankind are led by the other 5%. It is Nerve Force that does the leading.

In our nerves, therefore, lies our greatest strength; and there, also, our greatest weakness—for when our nerve force becomes depleted, through worry, disease, overwork, abuse, every muscle loses its strength and endurance; every organ becomes partly paralyzed, and the mind becomes befogged.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be toned in order.

Unfortunately, few people know that they waste their nerve force, or will admit that it has been more or less exhausted. So long as their hands and knees do not tremble, they cling to the belief that their nerves are strong and sound, which is a dangerous assumption.

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased. It is "nerve" or "you are run down," the doctor tells the victim. Then a "tonic" is prescribed, which temporarily gives the nerves a swift kick, and speeds them up, just as a fagged-out horse may be made to speed up by giving him a kicking.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

First Stage: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling" especially in the back and knees.

Second Stage: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headache; backache; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

Third Stage: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and in extreme cases, insanity.

It is evident that nerve depletion leads to a long train of evils that torture the mind and body. It is no wonder neuroasthenics (nerve bankrupts) become melancholy and do not care to live.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve Force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know and understand all there is to learn about your nerves; how to relax, calm and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

Paul von Boeckmann, the noted Nerve Culturist, who for 25 years has been the leading authority in America on Breathing, Nerve Culture, and Psychodynamics, has written a remarkable book (96 pages) on the Nerves, which teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost of the book is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Bound in elegant cloth and gold cover, 50 cents. Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio 110, World's Tower Bldg., 110 West 40 St., New York City. You should order the book today. It will be a revelation to you and will teach you important facts that will give you greater Physical, Mental and Organic Nerve Force. If you do not agree that this book teaches you the most important lesson on Health and Mental Efficiency you have ever read, your money will be refunded by return mail, plus the outlay of postage you may have incurred.

The author of Nerve Force has advertised various his books on Health and Nerve Culture in the standard magazines of America during the last twenty years, which ample evidence of his responsibility and integrity. The following are extracts from letters written by grateful people who have read the book:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but was simply a case of abused nerves; have re-read your book at least ten times."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming my nerves has cleared my brain. I wish I had re-read it all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous system. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse such as I had three years ago; now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

(Right-hand-column)
few minutes he was a willing victim, and Zena pried him with liquor to her heart's content. When he became pleasantly uncertain as to his whereabouts, she questioned the contents of a paper he held in his hand and from it learned that he was the town's leading advocate of prohibition. At this juncture Detective Sims Joseph Conyers arrived and, seeing what had happened to the judge, attempted to arrest Jackie. With the quickness that had been in a large measure responsible for her rapid rise from chorus-girl to leading lady, she swung her bag, hit Mr. Conyers in the eye and disappeared thru the crowd just as the lights went out and a group of the boys captured the detective. Her efforts to find a safe hiding-place led her to the room where Creighton Hale was awaiting the return of June, who had gone home to announce her marriage to the assembled throng. The same “Oh Boy” is a moving picture whose father was a musical comedy, you can let your imagination have full sway in painting the complications that arose.

The next camera was focused very low, the orchestra started up and the girls began to dance.

“But why—why?” I gasped to myself, for I had never seen the lens at that particular angle. I heard a chuckle and, looking up, found “Big Ben” Taggart standing beside me.

“The camera’s getting only the line of legs,” he explained. “Rather neat? Well, I’ll say so.”

“Any man would and many men will,” was my mental comment.

“Lefty” Flynn, who was leader of the college boys’ activities, seemed to pervade the entire cabaret. When he was in charge Mr. “Happy Cappy” gave his instructions and then sat back and looked on with his bland smile. There was no occasion to call “Pep!” or even “Ginger!” The days when “Lefty” was the famous Yankee fullback—remember?—are not so very far away, and he still looks out or down upon the world with the enthusiasm of the football hero. In private life he is Captain Maurice B. Flynn, of the aviation corps—and, oh yes, “Big Ben” is a captain, too, and the youngest veteran of the Boer War, for when there is a fight “Big Ben” just naturally gravitates toward it—but no one ever thinks of him as anything but “Lefty.” Now that the war is over, he’s going into pictures seriously, and both Creighton Hale and I predict that before many months have passed “Lefty”’s face will be smiling down from the walls of boudoirs all over the country. Around the studio Creighton and “Lefty” are pals. “Lefty” looks down upon Creigh- ton from his six feet something and exclaims:

“Gee, but he’s a fine kid!”

And Creighton looks down upon “Lefty” from his years of successful starring and smiles:

“The take it from me, old man, you’re going to make good.”

“Very, just heard a good one,” Mr. Dorris announced one day. “That chorus-girl over there wanted to know what the black-and-white was doing around here. I told her the way, be thinking up a speciality. We’ll need you later.”

My next hours were haunted by the specter of that speciality. You will remind me from the kindness of your heart, as did Flora Finch, that the voice does not register. True, but the ears of the two hundred extras were as keen as the male eyes of the studio when the merry cold chorus-girls hove into sight. Over it all hung the knowledge that my partiality to perpendicular stripes had placed me in this delicate position and there was no zebra to help me out.

“Hustle up, girls; the cars are waiting,” Mr. Dorris interrupted.

Mr. Capellani has machines to take his players from studio to set. We all voted it a very pleasant innovation and suggest that the custom become universal.

The next day the air was full of football. By dint of some judicious listening I gathered that as soon as Old Man Win- ter remembered his manners and the teaching of his mother, Mrs. Autumn, and gave up his seat to Miss Spring, there would be a big football game which “Lefty” Flynn would win just as he won the famous Yale game. (I don’t remem- ber exactly how that was, but I’ll know after I see “Oh Boy.”) If there were only some chance of being invited to the game, but at present the prospect resembles the fade-out in the last reel. The disadvantage of these hints in print is that they come out weeks after they might possibly aid in accomplishing their purpose.

The cabaret ended toward the close of the third afternoon, and Director Capellani transferred his guests to the orches- tra seats of the theater set.

The success of the family elm becomes a weeping willow.” I remarked to myself, as visions of that specialty began to cast fantastic shadows on the retina of my left eye.

“I have some good news for you, folks,” Mr. Dorris said, after an interval of ten minutes, during which my black stripes had run into my white ones with all the results. Was he going to announce my specialty?

“Hurrah, we work tomorrow!” a half-dozen extras cried in one breath.

“No, Mr. Capellani can’t get the exact shot he wants today, so you’re all thru for good.”

“How good” it was he had no idea.

On the way to Doro’s for dinner, the three days’ check from Mr. Louis Jerkowsky, the business manager, I thought it good form to present my regrets at not having had an opportunity to entertain.

“Well, it wasn’t your fault you didn’t do it,” he remarked, encouragingly.

I am still wondering what he would have said if I had.

(Stetis-otl)
CLASSIC

The Patrician of the Photoplay
(Continued from page 19)

living of the character. On the stage you play a character straight thru for many nights. It grows, expands, melts, loses its freshness, becomes "routine." I find myself absolutely dependent upon my audience. That is why the lure of the stage never leaves me. There is something electrical in the way thoughts flash back and forth between a player and the playgoer.

Miss Ferguson's eyes glowed with interest. She snatched her fan to express the electric spark as it cracked across the footlights. "The studio's loss of an audience at first seemed insurmountable. However, I soon found my audience in my director. But, if he cannot feel with me, react to my emotions, then I am lost. That is why, it seems to me, that a great director must be a man of infinite, delicately strung feelings."

Miss Ferguson misses the use of her voice, of course. "One thing does seem to hurt," she admitted. "It is the way subtitles are flashed upon the screen. One works up to a big scene and, just as its height, a subtitle of spoken words is flashed. Then the scene resumes just where you stopped speaking the words, frequently with the biggest bit of your playing cut out and cast into oblivion."

"I shall return to the stage this fall," continued Miss Ferguson. "I want to go on developing. The stage, as I have said, gives expansion of character thru the very living of a character. But it gives more than that—it gives opportunity to meet and study people, to read and to think."

"There is nothing so restful as having time to be introspective," smiled the actress. "That is, to sort and arrange my impressions and their reactions upon me."

"When I return from the studio I am infinitely tired. I used to laugh at the idea of the tired business man and his love of light entertainment of the chorus-girl type. But after my months in the studios, I can understand his mood. My eyes are too tired to permit night reading and, when I do feel able to go out in the evening, I want to go to something frothy, something that will rest my numbed nerves. Yes, I am a tired business woman these days."

The more thought seemed preposterously amusing. The fragile Miss Ferguson, at the moment daintily studying her cigarette, seemed far removed from the extensions of her character. She was every inch the delicate aristocrat.

But Miss Ferguson smiled. "It is true, nevertheless. But that is not the real reason for my return to the stage, since, like everybody else, I suppose I shall keep up my screen work. It is the lure of the footlights. The mere smell of the theater stirs me."

Miss Ferguson's sensitive nostrils quivered. There was a far-away look in her eyes. "That musty, grease-painty odor of an old dressing-room!" she sighed.

(Continued on page 89)
Kay Laurell, whatever you may yet say of her limitations, sinks her own identity in giving a relentless performance. And we ask you to watch for the little differences in detail.

Hearken, ye Marguerite Clark fans! Her latest, "Three Men and a Girl," (Paramount), held over from last summer for some reason or other, is an idyllic little story of distinct charm and appeal. And the Marguerite Clark you and I have loved is here, vivacious and fascinating as of yore. Based on Edward Childs Carpenter's story, "Three Bears," it relates the tale of three woman-hating young bachelors who dash away to the woods to be far from femininity, only to have their plans invaded by Miss Clark. The inevitable, of course, happens. Richard Barthelmess is delightful as the bear who wins Miss Goldenlocks. The other bears are played by Percy Marmont, who is excellent, and Jerome Patrick, who is heavy and out of spirit. "Three Men and a Girl" is a celluloid bonbon. Micky McKean, who has Irish blood in his veins and humor, used both in directing it.

Norma Talmadge is advancing gloriously. There is no other word for it. Never was she better—photographically or dramatically—than in "The Probation Wife," (Select). And never was a star more handicapped by a loose and trite scenario. Jo Mowbray, the innocent ward of a woman who keeps a risqué resort, is sent to a home for wayward girls. She escapes and is befriended by a young author, who, to prevent scandal, marries the young woman. Then he promptly thinks himself in love with another woman. But Jo arouses his jealousy and wins him back. Here are two fine old parts for Jo. Her third film this year, and she raised nearly a $25,000 salary will make Miss Talmadge a varied rôle.

The star is a fairly dazzling Jo, and she overrides the creakiness and weaknesses of the script with fine spirit. Indeed, she gives considerable shading to the development of Jo's character. The screen has its army of ingenues, but we know of no one who can play this kind of young woman with the lure of Miss Talmadge. Alex B. Francis presents the rôle of a kindly old friend admiringly, while Thomas Meighan is a rather stogy author-husband. A word of compliment to Director Sydney Franklin upon his handling of the star.

When the war ended we had hoped that Jo would not disappear. But producers have simply changed the Hun into a Bolsheviki and retained the explosive. Consider "Boots,"(Paramount). This is outrageously impossible melodrama, but it has the finely unrestrained Dorothy Gish and the finely restrained Richard Barthelmess. Dorothy prevents a Bolsheviki lady from putting a bomb under the hall wherein presides the king of England—and she prevents the lady after the most vivid feminine fist fight we have ever observed. Barthelmess is a young Scotland Yard detective. If you can believe that ingenues and Bolsheviki wander around in secret passages under Windsor Castle, or wherever it is that the king mingles with mere plebeians, you can accept "Boots." It has a good measure of Gish humor.

And again the Bolsheviki appear in "The Woman on the Index," (Goldwyn). In this production Pauline Frederick plays a woman who marries a young man in America, and then goes to France to make her fortune. But when she returns, she finds that her husband has married a woman and is living in a penniless condition. The photoplay was written by Willard Mack from a melodrama which attained no particular vogue a year or so ago. A hectic story it is, of a guileless young woman who marries a young thief without realizing his perfidy. When the police are about to arrest him, hubby shoots himself. One of the confederates falsely accuses the wife of killing him, but after a time she is acquitted. Without telling of her past, she marries a wealthy man. Later the very police captain who persecuted her enlists her services as a spy against some deadly Bolsheviki agents. One of these agents discovers her past and threatens to tell hubby No. 2. What will she do? But everything turns out well and the wife becomes a regular heroine. Nowhere is "The Woman on the Index" anything but mechanical melodrama. Willard Mack and George Foster, thescenario writer, have employed the most magnificent photographers and cinematographers they could get, and written a story with a dash of tautness and a dash of plausibility, and achieved a result which is hard to forget.

The Celluloid Critic—(Continued from page 47)

The Celluloid Critic—(Continued from page 47)
nobleman who wants to repudiate his marriage to a commoner, and, as the only record is in a wrecked yacht at the bottom of the sea, he almost gets away with it. But the hero and the villain, encased in deep-sea diving attire, fight on the ocean floor, the scenario cuts his own spine and all ends well. There is the usual beautiful Toun-our photography and the playing of Jack Gilbert as an unhappy young Scot, who loves the heroine in vain but gives his life for her happiness, is most ex-ellent. And the minor rôle of the yacht captain, played by an unknown player, is admirably done.

Anita Stewart’s “A Midnight Romance,” (First National), doesn’t measure up to that star’s first photoplay, “Virtuous Wives.” Miss Stewart has the rôle of a princess who, upon being ship-wrecked apparently off Los Angeles, discards her title and takes a position as a hotel bookkeeper, her meeting with a wealthy chap during a stolen midnight bathing visit to the beach, and the efforts of a blackmailing couple to trap the hero form the basis of Marion Orth’s story. Miss Stewart simmers the story. Jack Holt is the hero and Juanita Hansen, who seems to change companies daily, is the lead. Almost the most substantial thing about the story, if we except Miss Han-sen, is the hotel background. The director, Mrs. Lois Weber, has appar-ently commanded a real hostelry.

George Walsh must certainly save a goodly portion of his weekly stipend. His principal expen,ise is the upkeep of a stalwart suit of B. V. D.’s. “Never Say Quit,” (Fox), is another melodramatic panorama of George’s shoulder muscles. Herein Walsh plays Reginald Jones, an unlucky youth with a jinx and a pen-chant for rescuing ladies in distress. He gets the worst of it every time until he lands on a small sailing vessel and re- cues the fair young heroine from a muti-nous crew. The action is studded with long subtitles—labored bits of near humor. Producers seem to have the impression that captions can put over any sort of comedy. Here is another in-stance where they slow up the action, such as it is. This Walsh might do something—good stories and with good direction—for he has a healthy per-sonality. Florence Dixon reveals promi-se as the jinx-breaking heroine.

If Bill Hart were only as reckless about getting varied scripts as he is about undergoing a convict haircut! In “The Poppy Girl’s Husband” he permits his cowboy locks to be shorn whilst he por-trays a prisoner serving a fourteen-year sentence. He has loved and provided for his wife thru it all, and is quite natu rally perturbed on his exit from behind the bars to discover the poppy girl mar ried to the very sleuth who “sent him up.” Then Hairpin Harry sets out to get venge-ance on the lad, merely the branding upon the fickle lady’s face of a picture showing a woman pushing a convict into a convenient grave.

But Hairpin postpones his revenge, for he meets his own little boy and his heart is softened. So he takes the lad and runs away to a place where he lives happily ever after, propelling a canoe thru sunset fade-outs upon a sylvan lake.

All you can say about “The Poppy Girl’s Husband” is that C. Gardner Sullivan has devised a crafty scenario—but it isn’t life. Mr. Hart, however, is ex-ellent, particularly in the moment on the train when he learns of the poppy girl’s peridy. Juanita Hansen is the lady. Walter Langer’s “Hairpin” pal stand out splendidly. George Stone, too, is adequate as the little boy.

We award the Croix le Boredom of the month to “Johnny Get Your Gun,” (Arctraft). This is Fred Stone’s third—and most awful—vehicle. Edmund Laurence Burke has tried to fit the comedy with a story, building it around Stone’s acrobatic tricks, but the stunts fit into the plot like a bricklayer at the opera. Stone is an interesting example of a player who can’t get over in the films. Your eyes actually have to hunt all over the screen for him. Poor Mary Anderson stands out a little, but James Cruze deserves the lion’s share at the end of Stone’s lasso for his French count.

Having the most promising comédie on the screen, Metro shows its busi-ness acumen by providing her with a melodrama wholly devoid of humor. This is the unkind treatment allotted the fair May Allison in “The Island of Intrigue,” a dull tale of a wealthy girl kidnapped by a gang of blackmailers. Miss Allison has the worst company of the month.

Everybody is reviving old Charlie Chaplins. Some of them, as the fa-mous Essanays, reveal many flashes of Charlie’s 1919 genius.

The Drewe’s comedies, alas! are no more.

Sunshine Comedies? A mad maze of Sennett stuff done plus speed and minus refinement—or anything else.

The Harold Lloyd farces are certainly advancing with a wallop. They possess more originality and freshness of attack than any of the celluloid comedies of the moment. Consider the breathless fun of “Look Out Below,” with its clowning apparently on the upper girders of a skyscraper in construction. Or the snow satire of the Bolshieviki in “A Sammy in Siberia.” And Lloyd, who has an original way all his own, has the prettiest assistant on the screen in Bebe Daniels.

The Patrician of the Photoplay

(Continued from page 87)

“But they are building so many sanitary modern theaters these days that even that is disappearing. One might as well make up in an insurance agent’s office now.

“The truth is, I guess, that one can only love once in a big way,” murmured the actress.

“And...” we prompted, hoping for something of a confession.

Miss Ferguson laughed quizzically.

“And I loved the stage first!”
What! Another Magazine?

Yes, indeed, and there's a reason!

Too many magazines now? Yes, we admit it. But there's always room for one more—if it is the right one. We are preparing for you

The Magazine of Magazines

We are building what will without doubt be

The Handsomest Magazine in the World

This is no idle boast. We measure each word and mean just what we say. We are not going to tell you all about it this time, but we will just deal out a few morsels to sort of whet your appetite. Here's the title:

SHADOWLAND

Doesn't that sound romantic and interesting? Yes, it will be devoted to Motion Pictures mostly, but not entirely. It will contain something for everybody. Every copy will be so amazingly beautiful that it will be preserved always as a keepsake. No expense will be spared to make it truly wonderful. The first number will appear in August and you will be duly notified of its coming. All we ask of you now is to remember that you have a real treat coming to you—a royal feast of good things in this wonderful new magazine. We promise it! The publishers of the Motion Picture Magazine and Motion Picture Classic promise it!

Watch and Wait for

SHADOWLAND

SHADOWLAND

SHADOWLAND

(Ninety)
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In the daintiest container you find the softest, smoothest talcum there is—and as fascinating and delicate as the breath of a rose.

People of taste and refinement, who are satisfied to have only the best, prefer Jap Rose Talcum Powder for the bath, for the nursery, for the face—for all uses.

**Trial Offer:** Send 20¢ for an attractive Week-end Package containing four Jap Rose miniatures, consisting of one each of Talcum Powder, Soap, Cold Cream and Toilet Water.

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SINCE 1881

Pajamas and
Night Shirts
The Nightwear of a Nation
Exceed Expectations
How I Improved My Memory
In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I do remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven’t laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States, said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your interests, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man’s business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won about other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute’s hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

When I met Mr. Roth—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowed me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the field who have met me once, whose names I can instantly on meeting them.

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you.”

He didn’t have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most eager of the first-eighth to eight to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

The first lesson stuck. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of O’Cott, Bonyne, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 179 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage.

Mr. McManus didn’t put it a bit too strong. The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely count on my memory now. I can call the names of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once they have been by Mr. Roth’s easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be “scared stiff” on my feet—because I wasn’t sure. I couldn’t remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and “easy as an old shoe” when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a “hair trigger” memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in our office say "I guess" or "I think" so much or "I forget that right now" or "I can’t remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of ‘Multigraph’ Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don’t care who he is—can improve his memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in a month."

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Victor Jones

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The spot where hearts beat faster.

The spot where the audience becomes one living unit of happiness.

The spot where no man or woman can remain isolated.

The spot where the spirit of Paramount and Artcraft catches everyone happily up.

You know where the better theatre is in your locality, don't you?

Then you know where Paramount and Artcraft Pictures are.

You are happy there because you are in touch with the pulsing heart of all humanity.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is out to see that there is at least one spot in every tiny section of this country where every human being can get in quick touch with the best fun in the world.

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These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying Paramount and Artcraft Pictures — and the theatres that show them.
THE AUGUST CLASSIC

The midsummer issue of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC will be just the sort of magazine you will want beside you when you swing in your hammock on your vacation days—when the sultry breezes are just stirring the trees and the world is steaming under a hot summer sun.

The AUGUST CLASSIC will be beautiful, entertaining and vital, as usual.

King Vidor, the young director who startled the whole screen world with his "Turn of the Road," has been chatted, along with his wife, Florence, and little Suzanne. In fact our interviewer and our photographer spent a whole day with the Vidor—and the result will fascinate you.

Little Ben Alexander, who has been the child player on the screen, tells his boyish hopes and aspirations in a cute little interview. This has exclusive pictures, too.

Mary Alden, who always gives a fine performance, is the subject of a brilliant personality story—the sort of CLASSIC interview that makes you know the real person.

and

There will be an important announcement in THE FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST. The CLASSIC’s Extra Girl will return with an interesting inside studio story. The CELLULOID CRITIC will comment upon the latest photoplays. Besides, there will be up-to-the-second stories and pictures of Vernon Steele, Louise Lovely and dozens of other favorite folk. The fictionized stories will present the best of the summer photoplays and the dazzling pictures—hundreds of them—will be the kind you can find in no other magazine. Why? Because our own photographers take them for us.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

175 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to spoken plays appear

Astor.—Pay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American and, just when racial barriers seem insurmountable turns out to be the daughter of a white missionary. Has all the ingredients of popular drama. Miss Bainter ispicturesque. Bijou.—"Three for Diana." A rather colorless comedy with rather a colorless heroine, (but a beautiful one), who is much scandalized for not being virtuous, has very well done but it will not set the world on fire. Broadhurst.—"39 East." A charming comedy founded on the British experience in which many interesting characters make love-making difficult for a pair of young lovers. Cannot.—"Lil," A tuneful musical comedy using the flash-back screen idea. Ed Wynn very amusing as a stage carpenter, while Mae West gives excellent comic aid as a tough gamin. Comedy.—"Toby's Bow." A delightful comedy in which Norman Trevor proves that he is a very fascinating actor.

Criterion.—"Three Wise Fools." Austin Strong's human little drama of three crusty old bachelors who are bequeathed a young woman and subsequently become away from their war. They reveal what would have happened had they taken another road. Here is a scene of the freshest sentiment. William Gillette has been given a compelling and haunting performance, while Helen Hayes plays the daughter who might have been with superb humanness, and the remainder of the cast, particularly the statuesque Violet Kempble Cooper. Tasteful staging, especially the magic wood. Favorite Street.—"Take It From Me." A comedy with music, in which a sporty young man falls heir to a department store and runs it according to the latest musical comedy methods. Henry Miller.—"Miss Nelly of N' Orleans." Mrs. Fishke in a new comedy of moonshine, marriage and mystery. Peggy O'Neill proves herself to be one of the greatest of comedienne. Excellent cast, notably Irene Hulman, who seems to have picture possibilities. Hippodrome.—"Everywhere," lives up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, ranging from dainty Belle Storey to scores of remarkable roller skaters and a stage full of swinging Arabs. Knickerbocker.—"Lashed. Lester. Lively," dandy show with considerable humor, thanks to clever Johnny Dooley. Excellent aid is given by George Brackett, Clifton Webb, Ada Lewis, Ada Mae Weeks and Eddie Garvie. Longacre.—"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this one by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplaywrights. The principal charm of this play is in the different types of German spies and who are the Allies, just as we were puzzled in "Cheating Cheaters" to know who was good and who was bad. Lyceum.—"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three brothers who adopt Belgian war babies. Amusing complications occur when the children discover that their adopted parents are Jeanne Eagels is quaintly pleasing in the leading role. Selwyn.—"Tumble In." Musical comedy version of the successful farce, "Seven Days," the comic story of a house party under quarantine. A niggling chorus now lends optical aid. Peggy O'Neil is the best of the cast of fun-makers. Vanderbilth.—"A Little Journey." The comic experiences of a dozen or more interest-

preserve this list for reference when these in their vicinity.

ON THE ROAD

"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well sustained thriller. The story of a convict who in an attempt to make himself invisible, transforming into an invisible ray, and who starts out to get revenge. The invisible man steals necklaces, opens safe and passes thru doors. Richard Bennett gives a vigorous performance of the human ray.

"A Sleepless Night." Another farce written with the idea of making it a "make believe" happening that happens outside a bedroom. The couple in and out of bed piquancy, being the tale of a guileless young woman who decides to be unconventional and an intimate friend to both East Glendinning and William Morris admirable. Peggy Hopkins is the lady in question.


erful new comedy about the character of a British Member of Parliament and a cook—and a passionate love that brooks no obstacles. Frances Starr is admirable as the character, while Lettie Lion and who stars dourous performance of the Parliamentarian. Staged with all the admirable detail typical of this established institution, is the really big things of the dramatic season. "The Nel." An unusually good drama, well played. "Stage Love is now appearing in this melodrama. "The Marquis de Prilza." Leo Ditrichstein in the best play he has done since "The Great Lover," and in a similar part. His acting is splendid. While it is too bad to make the conquering of the woman to a flat and a hero out of such a superior. The action is splendid. While it is too bad to make the conquering of the woman to a flat and a hero out of such a superior. The acting is splendid. While it is too bad to make the conquering of the woman to a flat and a hero out of such a superior. The acting is splendid.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

(8½s)
She Played to Lose!

This woman—so soft—so lovely—so exquisite in every detail—so out of place in that wild gambling hell—this woman played to lose. Across the gleaming tables her long white hands pushed the cracking bills. One after another the yellow backed hundred dollar bills passed from her golden bag to the dealer. And yet she smiled serene.

How she got there—why she was there—how she got away—it all makes a thrilling story—a tale with not one mystery, but three—and it has been told by to-day's master of detective mystery—

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He is the detective genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically. For nearly ten years America has been watching his Craig Kennedy—marvelling at the strange, new, startling things that detective-hero would unfold. Even under the stress of war England is reading him as she never did before.

Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. Russian ingenuity has fashioned wild tales of mystery. But all these seem old-fashioned—out of date—beside the infinite variety—the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve's tales.

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SELECT your own subject — love, patriotism — write what the heart dictates, then submit your poem to us. We write the music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Our leading composer is Mr. Jack Feldman, one of America's well-known musicians, the author of many song successes, such as "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland," "We Can't Go Wrong," "When I Dream of Old Erin," and others. The music is composed with a minimum of ten notes, and is in a format you wish. Don't delay. Get Busy—Quick.

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Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our very liberal proposition.

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A twenty page publication issued fortnightly citing unusual opportunities in the stock market, free upon request. Write for 4-MA, including our copyrighted booklet describing "The Twenty Payment Plan," the original easy payment method of acquiring good values.

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A watch has to be made of sturdy stuff in order to "make good" on a man-of-war. The constant vibration, the extreme heat in the boiler rooms, the cold salt air and the change of climate from the Arctic to the Tropical are the most severe tests on a watch. If a watch will stand up and give active service aboard a man-of-war, it'll stand up anywhere.

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And yet you may get a 21-jewel Burlington for only $2.50 a month. Truly it is the master watch. 21 ruby and sapphire jewels, adjusted to the second, temperature, isochronism and positions. Fitted at the factory in a gold strata case, warranted for 25 years. All the newest cases are yours to choose from. You pay only the rock-bottom-direct-price—positively the exact price that the wholesale dealer would have to pay.

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Put your name and address in the coupon or on a letter or post card now and get your Burlington Watch book free and prepaid. You will know a lot more about watch buying when you read it. Too, you will see handsome illustrations in full color of all the newest cases from which you have to choose. The booklet is free. Merely send your name and address on the coupon.

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Behind the Screen

Cecil de Mille is now at work on J. M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," with Elliott Dexter and Gloria Swanson in the cast. Immediately after this production Mr. Dexter will be advanced to stardom, being directed by William C. de Mille.

J. Stuart Blackton has purchased the screen rights to "Dawn," by Eleanor H. Porter, author of "Pollyanna."

Following the completion of the opera season, Geraldine Farrar has gone West to resume her playplace work for Goldwyn. Her husband, Louis Tellegen, will be her leading man. Mr. Tellegen has acted on the screen before, but never with his wife.

Selznick Pictures have added Eugene O'Brien and Elaine Hammerstein to its roster of stars, along with Olive Thomas. Mr. O'Brien's first will be "The Perfect Lover," based on Leila Burton Wells' "The Naked Truth."

The American Cinema Corporation has signed Louise Huff. This company also has Mollie King signed for a series of productions.

Mary Miles Minter, accompanied by her mother and sister, is in New York, and an early contract announcement will be made.


David Wark Griffith inaugurated a screen repertoire season—the first in the history of the world—at the George M. Cohen Theater in New York on May 13. "Broken Blossoms" was the opening drama, to be followed by "The Fall of Babylon," and "The Mother and the Law."

Irene Castle, widow of Vernon Castle, and the screen star, was married to Captain Robert E. Treman, of Ithaca, N. Y., on May 3 at the Church of the Transfiguration (The Little Church Around the Corner), New York. She will continue in the films.

Wanda Hawley has been re-engaged for three years by the Paramount-Artcraft. Her first reward will be the role of Peg in the forthcoming "Peg O' My Heart."

Guy Empsey is making a screen feature, "Hell on Earth," with Evelyn Martin, Betty Blythe, Marguerite Courtot, Sally Crute and William Dunn in the cast.

Alma Rubens is now a Pathé star. She will make eight features during the coming year.

Chester Conklin has left Mack Sennett to join the Fox comedy forces.

Marshall Neilan has signed contracts to produce eight features for release thru the First National Exhibitors' Circuit, starting on June 1.

William A. Brady is in Europe with his wife, Grace George.

The First National Exhibitors' Circuit announces that it has signed Constance Talmadge. She will do six productions within a year, each written and directed by John Emerson and Anita Loos.

Conway Tearle has been playing with Florence Reed in a United production.

First National again! They have signed Charles Ray to star after his present face Paramount contract for eight pictures expires.

(Mark Twain)

"You're Afraid!"

"I ain't afraid." "I ain't." "You are." "You are."

What would have happened next if you were a boy?

A frightful mix-up. With the calm unreasonableness of youth these two boys fought without even knowing each other—just as you have fought many a time—just because you couldn't help it.

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No wonder our soldiers and sailors like Mark Twain best. No wonder the boys at Annapolis told Secretary Daniels that they would rather have Mark Twain than anyone else. To them, as to you, Mark Twain is the spirit of undying youth—the spirit of real Americanism—for he came out of that loafing-out-at-elbows-down-at-the-heels Mississippi town—

he has passed on to the world the glory of our inspiring Americanism—the serious purpose that underlies our laughter—"to Mark Twain humor is only incidental—and he has made eternal the springs of its youth and enthusiasm.

Take Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer by the hand and go back to your own boyhood.

Perhaps you think you have read a good deal of Mark Twain. Are you sure? Have you read all the novels? Have you read all the short stories? Have you read all the brilliant fighting essays—all the humorous ones and the historical ones?

Think of it—25 volumes filled with the laughter and the tears and the fighting that made Mark Twain so wonderful. He was a bountiful giver of joy and humor. He was yet much more, for, while he laughed with the world, his lonely spirit struggled with the sadness of human life, and sought to find the key. Beneath the laughter is a big human soul, a big philosopher.

Low Price Sale Must Stop

Mark Twain wanted everyone in America to own a set of his books. So one of the last things he asked was that we make a set at so low a price that everyone might own it. He said: "Don't make fine editions. Don't make editions to sell for $300 and $300 and $100. Make good books—books good to look at and easy to read and make their price low."

So we have made this set. And up to now we have been able to sell it at this low price. Rising costs make it impossible to continue the sale of Mark Twain at a low price. New editions will cost very much more than this Author's National Edition.

You must sign and mail the coupon now. If you want a set at a popular price, do not delay. This edition will soon be withdrawn, and then, you will pay considerably more for your Mark Twain.

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Cut out this coupon and mail it today
Try this famous treatment tonight

Wring a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it well with Woodbury’s Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in very gently a fresh lather of Woodbury’s. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive. Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Always dry your skin carefully.

Conspicuous Nose pores—How to reduce them

Do you know what it is that causes conspicuous nose pores, the bugbear of so many girls? The pores of the face are not as fine as on other parts of the body. On the nose especially, there are more fat glands than elsewhere and there is more activity of the pores.

These pores, if not properly stimulated and kept free from dirt, clog up and become enlarged. That is the reason why conspicuous nose pores are so common.

Try the special treatment for this trouble given above and supplement it with the steady, general use of Woodbury’s Facial Soap. But do not expect to change immediately a condition resulting from long-continued exposure and neglect. Make this special treatment a daily habit. Before long you will see how it gradually reduces the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

Get a cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. You will find Woodbury’s on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25 cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

Sample cake of soap, booklet of famous treatments, samples of Woodbury’s Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream sent to you for 15c

For 6c we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, “A Skin You Love to Touch.” Or for 15c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury’s Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 907 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 907 Sherbrook Street, Perth, Ontario.

If your skin is marred by blackheads

It is because the pores have become clogged with oil, dry cuticle and the dirt and dust of the air. A special treatment for this skin trouble is given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap.
HAZEL DAWN

Miss Dawn is at present lost to the films, but the celluloid world may soon win her back. She has the leading rôle in the successful stage comedy, "Up in Mabel's Room." She has been very popular on the stage since her first hit in "The Pink Lady." Famous Players won her to the screen and later she appeared under Herbert Brenon's direction.
Miss Darling is a New York girl. She jumped into the limelight when the Hearst-Selig News Pictorial sent her across country with a big publicity campaign. Later she was in Pathé, Mutual and Hearst productions. Now she has the leading rôle in Samuel L. Rothapfel's first feature drama of his unit program.
CONSTANCE BINNEY

The Binney sisters—Faíre and Connie—have been coming to the front with meteoric vividness lately. Maurice Tourneur really discovered them, presenting the sisters as the heroines of his "Sporting Life." Connie had previously danced in "Oh, Lady! Lady!" Now she is dividing her time between the studios and the stage play, "39 East."
THEDA BARA

Of Polish and Swiss parentage is the famous Burne-Jones lady of the screen. Since her first appearance in the films as the vampire of "A Fool There Was," Miss Bara has held a niche all her own in the hall of celluloid fame. Now it is said that she is going to Europe to make her productions at various interesting locations on the Continent.

Photo Sarony
MAY ALLISON

Miss Allison has been coming vividly to the front as a comédienne with Metro. Born in Georgia, she left boarding-school for the stage. Her first success was as Vanity in "Everywoman" and later she understudied Ina Claire in "The Quaker Girl." She entered pictures via Famous Players' "David Harum." Next she scored as leading woman at American for the late Harold Lockwood. Then came stardom.
Tomboy Talmadge

Miss Talmadge paused abruptly. “Do you still want to follow Norma’s footsteps?” we asked.
“Well,” (and there was just the shade of longing in her voice), “everybody has decided that I am best in comedies and so, of course, I am going right on making comedies. They want them and they must be satisfied. But Norma is wonderful in her emotional plays, isn’t she? Big-sister adoration it is. And now that the youngest of the family, Natalie, is in the films, Constance will have somebody to look up to her. Constance’s first real hit, you will recall, was as the lively mountain girl of the Babylonian portion of David Griffith’s “Intolerance.” That success decided her career—moulding it in the field of comedy.

Constance Talmadge is a healthy type of young American girl, a happy-go-lucky, rather tomboyish sort of person—but distinctly a regular girl. No fads, no particular hobbies has Constance. She is quite satisfied with the fun of life.

There is nothing of the dependent, timid type of femininity about her. She is thory able to take care of herself. Yet the way she looks up to her sister, Norma, is distinctly interesting. Constance’s world is bounded on the north, east, south and west by Norma. The big sister is the rule by which all things of the screen are measured.

“Isn’t she wonderful?” sighs Constance, of Norma. “Growing more wonderful every moment.” And she shakes her bobbed locks with a characteristic Talmadge gesture, the while gazing ceilingward with infinite heroine-worship in her laughing eyes.

Constance’s career in the films has been an outgrowth of Norma’s success. We can recall only a few short years ago when Norma was just an ingénue at the old Vitagraph plant. “I was going peacefully to the Brooklyn schools then,” relates Constance, “with never a thought—well, hardly many thoughts—of the movies. Of course, way down in my heart I wanted to follow Norma, but gracious! I was homely. I don’t know yet——”
By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Griffith recently reconstructed the Babylonian story of "Intolerance." Indeed, this revamped theme has already been shown in Los Angeles. A number of new scenes were added, for which Miss Talmadge again donned her mountain girl garb.

"I discovered that I had grown considerably thinner," laughs Miss Talmadge, "and, where these new scenes are placed in among the old ones, if you look close you can see that I gain and lose ten or fifteen pounds in a second with one abandon. But it isn't noticeable. Seeing the revised story did revive my mind. I had been afraid I was getting old. But my wrinkles don't register on the celluloid yet."

Constance has just taken up classic dancing, along with Norma and Theda Loos. "You should see them doing the classic stuff," giggles Connie.

Adolf Bolm, who is teaching us, just looks at me, rolls his eyes in amazement and keeps saying the same word in Russian over and over. Norma says it means "no, no, no!" but I suspect it's something a turned sight stronger."

Miss Talmadge laughingly denies all reports and rumors of her various marriages. "I have been married to everybody on the coast," she says, "from Dick Barret to Bob Vignola."

"I lost five pounds right there," says Miss Talmadge. The way Constance Talmadge looks up to her sister, Norma, is distinctly interesting. Constance's world is bounded on the north, east, south and west by Norma. The big sister is the rule by which all things of the screen are measured. "Isn't she wonderful?" sighs Constance of Norma, "growing more wonderful every moment."

"Then the "subpoena servers" tore off their whiskers. They were John Emerson, the director, and "another nut," as Constance tells the story. After laughing over Miss Talmadge's discomfiture, they disappeared.

Miss Talmadge hurried over to the Algonquin with her friends for breakfast, and she was just entering the dining-room when a ferocious-looking detective walked up and seized her arm. "You're under arrest," he announced.

"He had to hold me up. I was that weak," explains Constance. Then the stranger pulled off his whiskers, and it was...

(Continued on page 76)
The Exquisite Villain

By BARBARA BEACH

I had always wanted to meet a villain in a play, to experience that rare thrill about which John Galsworthy and other less noted novelists write so glibly.

When the editor said, "Interview Lionel Atwill," I muttered something about "God is good."

Had I not seen Mr. Atwill night before last with Elsie Ferguson in her picture, "The Marriage Price," and the night before that as the breath-taking lover in Belasco's stage production, "Tiger, Tiger"?

In the due course of time, I succeeded in making an appointment to call on Mr. Atwill. That gentleman's Japanese valet admitted me to his one-door-from-Fifth Avenue apartment. It is typical of Mr. Atwill that he should live one door from Fifth Avenue. It is also typical of him to have a Japanese valet. His valet's knowing smile as he shut me in the living-room left me expectant of drawn silken curtains, burning incense, soft-murmured phrases, in a sybaritic atmosphere.

Instead I found myself alone, the morning sunlight enveloped me, and the fine old mahogany furniture, freshly dressed in coverings of rose and black and yellow chintz, in a cheerful golden glow.

A stack of Smart Set magazines were banked under the table, while an antique bookcase was filled with well-read works of Wells, Bennett, Ibsen. On a be-

Lionel Atwill comes of a good old English family and he is a graduate of Oxford. "I was properly educated and played cricket like every other English boy," he says. "Eventually I surprised the family by announcing my intention of seeking a stage career." Above, a portrait of Mr. Atwill; left, a glimpse of the actor in his one-door-from-Fifth Avenue apartment, and below, in a photoplay with Elsie Ferguson

I had now my observations progressed when the door swung briskly open and my host entered.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," he said, in a crisp, businesslike manner. "I had an appointment at the British embassy and was detained longer than I anticipated. You know actors always get the reputation of being poor business men, always late for appointments and all that, but if only theatrical managers would employ more specific business tactics instead of clapping one on the back and saying, 'Drop in any time, old top, and we'll talk over that contract,' we wouldn't have to waste so much time hanging around."

He drew a stiff chair, which bespoke New England, up to his gate-legged table, while I nearly smothered in the luxury of his davenport. At once he asked my permission to smoke, and at intervals of ten minutes thereafter he lit a fresh cigarette from the glowing butt of its predecessor. His small mustache, which he wears according to the part he is playing, was sleek and dark, and his skin was so smooth-shaven that the pink color showed.

By dint of much questioning, I learnt that Mr. Atwill came to America from London in 1916 to play an eighteen weeks' engagement as leading man with Lily Langtry. He has remained here ever since. In those three years his theatrical experiences have been widely varied. He created a sensation in the stage play, "Eve's Daughter," with Billie Burke, only to be disappointed by having the play fail. He took a brief dip into vaudeville in a

Photo Matarane, Chicago

Photo White, N. Y.
Lionel Atwill Is a Typical Englishman, an Oxford Graduate—and a Connoisseur of Life

dramatic playlet, and did notable work with Nazimova during her Ibsen season at the Plymouth Theater, New York. His most recent success is in "Tiger, Tiger," where he plays the lead opposite Frances Starr. Several offers have been made him to star, and the motion picture magnates are offering unbelievable sums for his services.

"You like America?" I went on, proddingly.
"Certainly," he said; "otherwise, why would I stay so long? America offers a greater sense of promise than any other country. I prefer London for one reason only. The social position of the actor is entirely different than it is here. In London he is accepted in the best society, over here he is considered more or less of a bounder. For instance, the other evening an Oxford classmate of mine brought one of the feminine members of your 400 behind the scenes at the Belasco Theater. She shook hands with me gingerly, we talked a while, and as they left she remarked, sub rosa, with a rising inflection in her voice, "Why, he seems a perfect gentleman!"

My friend told me that when he replied that I belonged to a good old English family and graduated from Oxford with him, she was even more astonished, and exclaimed, "You don't say so!"

"In America actors are regarded as a curiosity, as a something to be gaped at, to do odd and eccentric things that no one else would do—to be idolized, perhaps, but never regarded as human beings.

"In London actors often come from the best families. Younger sons of the peerage are only too glad to study for the stage and earn a few honest pence to fill out the family's depleted exchequer. Many actors are knighted and those who become successful do so because they are men of letters who have studied and worked hard to gain their position. I happened to come from a family unconnected with theatricals. My grandfather was an architect and I was properly educated and played cricket like every other English boy. Eventually I surprised the family by announcing my intention of seeking a stage career.

"For five years I toured the provinces, working like a dog for that success which would give me an opening in the London theaters, the goal of every English actor's ambition. Finally my chance came under the management of Charles Frohman. We played in bad luck, several of our productions being failures, but I was fortunate enough to receive favorable personal notices. My first big success was in Arnold Bennett's 'Milestones.'"

"What do you think of pictures?" I asked, really interested and not as a matter of form.

He lit a fresh cigarette, ran his hand over his finely brushed hair and looked somewhat annoyed.

"I honestly think pictures have possibilities, but not until some of these old-fashioned ideas are combed out of them. For instance, to the picture director a character is either a hero, who is all good, or a villain, who is all bad. To his mind there are no gradations, and just so long as he takes each story and moulds each character to form the screen is going to continue to be just so much bla-a.

"The worst person in the world has some good in him, the best individual has moments of weakness and wrongdoing. No one is wholly good or evil, and by trying to make them so the screen is all wrong.

"I, for one, will never play in pictures again until I am assured that the director is broad-minded enough to present a villain who has lovable qualities, or a hero who has a few weaknesses."

For the last few seconds of my visit we forgot pictures and philosophized upon life in general.

Mr. Atwill has the brain of a thinker and the body of an exquisite. He is sophisticated, but his is an intellectual sophistication rather than an emotional one.
To a High-Brow Critic

An Open Letter to Walter Prichard Eaton on Reading a Diatribe Against the Screen

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

Sir—From your long experience as a dramatic critic you are well aware that the great American drama depends on the great American dinner, on the gastronomic pitch to which critics and audiences are tuned before they enter the playhouse. If your acquaintance with the screen has been a thoroughgoing one, you would know that the American movie is at the mercy, not of the chef, but of the night watchman. The screen scorns allegiance to Gaston d'Alimentaire and embraces Father Time.

Whether or not a high-brow thinks the screen has a future—or even a past—depends on just what week he happens to choose for his semi-annual moving picture excursion. The "industry," as its workers dub this most temperamental art, is as flighty as a swallow, as changeable as a suburban time-table, as varied as the thousand tiny pictures from which each screen play is made. In a single week your high-brow may see four films full of good entertainment and even bearing an occasional intimation of artistic immortality. For nine more weeks he may see nothing but the stupid and the commonplace—workaday ineptitude. The chances are thus ten to one against the movies' winning the respect and interest of such an intelligent and radical critic of the drama as yourself.

In 1914-15, while Europe left the photoplay business to America, the art bounded forward to what seemed a marvelously perfected new form in the five-reel entertainment. D.W. Griffith and Thomas H. Ince evolved slightly varying types of screen story and screen production which nobody has since bettered in any notable or consistent way. The other picture-makers have merely caught up. They have learnt the method and imitated. Even the pioneers themselves have since done little that positively advances the art. They have experimented with this or that trimming, and developed this or that actor; but screen art at its best has practically stood still for three years.

Now standing still means, even to a fond frequenter of the silversheet, retrogression or the appearance of it. You cannot see month after month of film releases, never exceeding a certain level, without being terribly conscious of the lapses of the normal irregularities and backslidings. The screen puts forth about a dozen new films every week. When not one shows, on the whole, a notable improvement or indicates (Continued on page 86)
Year by year the American speaking stage steadily advances. The entrance of such idealistic—and practical—managers as Arthur Hopkins, Stuart Walker and Winthrop Ames, along with the influence of the small so-called amateur theaters furthering the new stage art movement, have materially advanced American theatrical standards.

The past theatrical season has been a remarkable one in every way. With the metropolis jammed with visitors—in both khaki and "cits"—the theaters were bound to show a prosperous year. They reaped a golden harvest, breaking every previous record.

Odd phases have marked the year. With the conclusion of the world war came a striking avalanche of comedy, largely of the risque boudoir variety. After that appeared a revival of the romantic drama. Managers, with their hand on the public pulse, believe that the public mind, weary after the years of war worries, has turned away from the introspective, searching, realistic type of play. Thus the drama of silks, satins (Continued on page 87)
Half child, half woman is Gloria Swanson. Her naiveté is remarkably refreshing—it blows like a fresh breeze across the studio lot. It is why every one likes to talk to Gloria. Always she is original without effort, and, while she is not humorous and doesn't appreciate her own sallies, every one else is convulsed.

Gloria's mother has always told her not to try to be funny. She has said impressively, "Gloria, you are utterly wanting in humor." It's true, she is. Perhaps that is why she can say droll things unconsciously, just as the best child actress is the one deaf and dumb to the camera's grind.

Then, too, Gloria has a wonderfully imaginative mind. She loves to sit by the fire o' nights and weave a bright loom for the future. It's always interwoven with love, for the little Scandinavian wants everybody else to share her future happiness.

Perhaps that is because she hates to be alone. Gloria calls it being alone when she's surrounded by company, carpenters, directors and camera-men on the Lasky lot. Unless she has a close confidante with her, Gloria is lonely. Imagine any one being lonely with about twenty-five people on the set! But that's how temperamentally the speckle-eyed leading lady of "Dont Change Your Husband" really is. You see, her gray eyes are very deceiving. They have specks of hazel, blue and other colors so cunningly dashed upon them that, with changes of mood, Gloria's big eyes look different.

In order not to be lonely, and since her mother's recent marriage, Miss Swanson has "imported" her grandmother from the East to keep house for her near Laurel Canyon. Gloria's dearest friend, Beatrice La Plante, shares the home.
By FRITZI REMONT

looks after every detail which might cause Miss Swanson annoyance and smooths the path for her friend in Damon and Pythias fashion. In fact, they're known as the feminine Damon and Pythias.

"It's funny," said Miss Swanson, in her deliberate way, "it's very funny, but the people I just can't bear at first, always I love most later, and always I have for my most intimate chums."

Isn't that contradictory? Most of us say, "Oh, if I don't like a person at first meeting, I never change my opinion later on."

"Bee was horrid at first, I thought. Now I think that if she dies, I want to die right away, too. I could never stand being alone—she must be with me always," continued Gloria, with a temperamental mood of sadness changing her expression. Really, it savored more of bathos than pathos, for Gloria, being known, was toying with her second thin toast and chicken sandwich, which probably accounts for her next remark.

"How I do love this sort of a sandwich— I would hate to live in a world where nobody knew how to make them. I have such a healthy appetite," concluded Miss Swanson, as she wriggled uncomfortably in a Crusader period gown, which had very peculiar reinforcements in the lining.

The flock was a contradiction of Gloria's mood, of course. One expects that sort of thing. She's having an outfit made to fit for a queen. Her new costumes cost anywhere up to one thousand each, and while Mr. De Mille doesn't call his players stars, Gloria has every advantage of a star. Her make-up that day called for a gorgeous creation of old-rose charmeuse of rare quality, with angel sleeves (Continued on page 72)

The little Scandinavian actress says she reads a great deal—that is, when she's sick. The one time she was sick in the last four years she read—oh—so much. "It's astonishing how much I read," admits Gloria.
The Conscious Epicure

By FAITH SERVICE

It was 4.30 p.m. The lobby of the Algonquin was gray with quietude. One or two people moved about, pussy-footed. The call-boys dozed on their benches. On a sudden the revolving door revolved with a right good will. There was a gust of air, an atmospheric stir, awakening.

"Eh—ah—do I owe you a bill?" asked an agitated voice, with something of, some kind of, an accent.

"You do," replied an emphatic voice.

There was the scratching of a pen on a check.

I awoke to the fact that the apparently, only apparently, agitated inquirer was my quarry for the day—Eugene O'Brien. I registered a subconscious fact: "Gosh, isn't he healthy!" As he glanced quickly about, caught my obviously interrogative eyes and advanced springly upon me, the thought was re-registered. "Awfully fit," I added, as an addenda.

Athletic club, I afterward learnt, so many "rounds," deliberate training and all that. Efficiency.

He said, in his rather jerky manner, that he knew he was late, was awfully sorry he was late, would I accept his apology for being late, and before I could inform him that he was not late, he had, somehow or other, maneuvered me into the grill of the Algonquin and was suggesting "a steak, a rice pudding, now what will you have?"

Awfully interesting people seeped into the Algonquin at one time or another, he went on. Samuel Merwin was stopping there at that very time. Dorothy Dalton was there. He himself frequented it because he thought it had an atmosphere—really an atmosphere. It was restful and one could talk. Talk was the great thing, after all. Pity if one could not talk or find some one to talk to.

When I consider my talk with Eugene O'Brien I have the jolly glow one has when one has talked with a jolly, interesting person—a person who has not thought to the exclusion of living vitally nor lived to the flatulent exclusion of thinking. A person, moreover, with a sportsmanship, thoroly understandable point of view and a sense of humor.

When I consider writing said talk for the further enlightenment of the general public I am seized with an acute mental something or other. We "just talked"—that's the way it was. Being Eugene O'Brien, it couldn't be any other way. He is not the type who was, or ever could be, up for inspection, on dress parade. If he knew, when he entered the Algonquin, that he was destined to talk for publication, he forgot all about it the moment he actually began to talk, except to observe, with pathos, that he and all people in the public eye are "victims." If he has a professional manner it falls from him lightly as a mantle which is essentially superfluous. He cannot, he says, talk "trot" to a person. "Not to know a person well," he declared, "is a damnable
waste of good time. I detest the casual acquaintance. In fact, I have
no casual acquaintances. I either get under the skin or I get nowhere
at all.

There is a very much abused, consequently cheapened expression,
called “the joy of living.” If one can forget the abuse one can apply
it to Eugene O’Brien and have the perfect analogy. He is redundant
of the sheer pleasure of being alive. Life has been kind to him, gen-
erous, colorful. In return, he has been kind to Life, met her fairly,
played the game. One gets that at once. Noth-
ing of the snob; nothing of the unhealthy cynic; nothing whatever of the misanthrope. Health
... everywhere. Living interests him. It inter-
ester a great many people, but it interests him
consciously. In the scheme his work interests
him most of all. When he is about to begin a
picture he lives the part in so far as that is pos-
sible before he attempts to portray it. If he is
to be a member of the idle rich, he dines at the
Ritz and the Plaza various times, or at the
Biltmore. He keeps his trained eye on the type
of idle rich he is to be. He “plays the sedulous
ape” to their little mannerisms, their tricks of
expression and manner. Contrariwise, if he is
to be a ruffian from some obscure Bowery, he
dons a sweater and cap and plunges into the
substratum of existence. He hobnobs with the
Bowery habitués and gets their point of view.
He steeps himself in the character he is to
portray.

(Continued on page 71)
(Twenty-five)
The Romantic Hero Returns

Robert Warwick, just back from the battlefields of France, plays a Civil War hero in the Famous Players-Lasky visualization of William Gillette's popular stage play, "Secret Service." The romantic drama—the play of quaint old costumes and fanciful appeal—has returned with a bang on the spoken stage and, quite naturally, the screen is falling in line. Wanda Hawley is the hoop-skirted heroine of "Secret Service".
"To think of eloping with a wounded war correspondent after three weeks' acquaintance—how perfectly grandly romantic!" Jocelyn Miller purred. She was a sentimental little creature, with round blue eyes always ready to brim with sympathetic tears, and little soft, harmless, colored sugar views on life.

Alice Burton—the last name still felt absurdly new and self-conscious on her tongue, like the very shiny gold band on her left third finger—drew the brush thru the long, dully shimmering masses of bronze hair, a little smile lingering on her lips. And since negligée confidences were in order, she took up the shining thread of her tale anew. "Well, you see it was simply Fate that invalided Rob to the Bright Waters Sanitarium just when we happened to be there. And of all the places for a romance! Carbolic acid and white tablets and pink tablets and brown tablets, and egg-nogs and chirpody and hot-water bottles and charts—ugh! Of course, I hadn't much time to think about anything else at first."

The sigh that trod on the heels of the words meant, as Jocelyn knew, the invalid father whom Alice had taken to the sanitarium and whom she had left behind in the little cemetery of the hillside town. "We should not grieve for those who have left all sorrow and pain behind," she murmured, patting her friend's hand; "remember how happy he is now, knowing of your happiness."

Already Alice was glowing softly thru her tears. It was her high noon of joy, and no shadows could stay long across her sun. "Robert," she said, dreamily, "is so wonderful! It's just as tho I'd given God the plans and specifications of my ideal man and He'd made Robert to fit them. He has the noblest ideas, Jocelyn. Truly, he's so good it's almost—almost frightens me!"

The doorbell of the apartment shrilled across further confidences. Jocelyn returned
She tore at the envelope with fingers that suddenly were nervous. The few typewritten lines within leaped to her eyes almost at a glance, tho she continued to gaze at them mechanically, her face between the shining folds of hair with its smile still curving the lovely lips, suddenly, curiously, like a mask held before horror.

Yet to the casual glance they seemed commonplace enough.

"Dear Miss Winton," the note ran—there was a broken corner to the capital "W," she noticed, mechanically—"No doubt you have already heard of the failure of the Arizona Queen Company and realize that the note you gave in security for your brother is now valueless. If you will call to see me I am sure that we may reach some agreement on the matter. Yours sincerely, Benjamin Graves."

The silence grew so long that Jocelyn looked up from her own letters in surprise, which grew to curiosity as she gazed at the whitely smiling face of the bride. "No bad news, I hope, dear?" she cooed.

Alice folded the letter with careful precision. "Oh no, of course not," she said, breathlessly, "just a tiresome business matter."

The envelope fluttered to the floor at Jocelyn Miller’s feet.

She picked it up, glancing covertly at the impressive engraving in the corner, then she gave a cry of surprise. "Why Alice! I hope you haven’t gone any money tied up with the Graves person. Jack says he’s a crook and they’re getting the evidence together to prove it. Why, he brought home paper only last night that he said would send that man to jail for running a fraudulent business. They’re in the library safe now!"

Alice Burton was snapping the neck of her georgette blouse, a gay, light-hearted peach-blow affair, settling her smart little turban close over her ears. "I’m going downtown," she said, abruptly. "If Ro phones, will you tell him I’m—shopping. I’ll meet him there; the Biltmore for tea as we planned . . ." She drew a pause across the pallor of her cheeks, setting them ablaze, but her eyes above their flowering were black with dread, and she Jocelyn in a pleasurable state of speculation all day. There nothing that gives us quite such mental stimulation as it cocktail thought that our friends may have done some thing that is not quite—quite—you know!"

In Benjamin Graves’ handsome mahogany private office ha an hour later Alice Burton sat, listening, in a sort of stupor misery, to the smooth voice that was like a thud; she smiled o "Very regrettable, of course, but considering that it was a second offense, I could hardly keep him any longer."

Alice wrenched her hands, in their pale-tinted, bridal-looking (Twenty-eight)
gloves, together in her lap. "Poor Ned! I tried to save him—it was about that that I came today, Mr. Graves—my note."

The thick-set, suavely smiling man across the desk bent forward, laying a manicured hand, with its flat nails gleaming, upon her sleeve. "My dear Miss Winton," he deprecated, "I hope you haven't let my letter to you worry you. I have perfect confidence that you will be willing to pay your indebtedness."

"But," Alice spoke, faintly, "if I understand you, my money is all gone. Father put everything he had into those bonds."

"I was not thinking of a money payment," said Graves, significantly. He glanced at the closed door, then leaned forward till his thick-skinned face, with its heavy beard pricking the flabby cheek, was close to hers. "Alice! You must have guessed how I feel about you—you must have seen it when I promised not to prosecute your brother. I'm—I'm mad about you! I'd marry you in a moment if I were free, but at least I can take care of you. You'll have to let me—what could a girl like you do without a penny in the world? And I'll give you everything you want—everything—"

The girl drew her sleeve from his touch as from something loathsome. Her cheeks were flaming banners. "Mr. Graves! I don't understand what you're trying to say to me—I refuse to understand! But if you are worried about my future, you have evidently not heard that I am married."

"I have heard," said Graves, without changing his position, "I have heard that you made a mad, runaway match with a penniless scribbler named Robert Correll Burton. I have not had the pleasure of reading any of your husband's novels, which are quite too highbrow for an ordinary, everyday man like me, but I have read several reviews of them, and I gathered the impression that Mr. Burton is a man with very high ideals of womanhood, very noble ideas indeed." He was smiling, with a gleam of white teeth thru his thick, red lips that reminded her vaguely of the look she had caught once, when she was a child, on a wolf in the zoo.

"Well?" she questioned, fighting back the wave of fear that threatened her, "well? And if that is so?"

"If that is so," said Graves, softly, "doesn't it occur to you that such a man would expect his wife to be like Caesar's? Above suspicion—"

Alice laughed, tho the cold wave of fear was washing high about her, the taste of it was salt and bitter to her lips. "I have never had even the shadow of another love affair," she triumphed, "and if you mean that you will tell him about poor Ned, I shall tell him that myself, and he will hunt for him with me!"

"That was not quite what I had in mind." A drawer rasped open. Graves laid two letters on the polished surface of the desk, and Alice uttered a cry of amazement. Her own handwriting lay before her, unmistakable in every fine, slanting line!

"But," she faltered, "I never wrote you. Where did you get those letters—what do they say?"

"You insist on hearing?" The thick fingers, with their glittering nails, shuffled the sheets. "Here is an extract, then. I can hardly wait to have you with me again, with your dear arms about me. What we are doing may be wrong or right, but—one thing I know—it is inevitable. Your Alice—"

The wave of fear washed over her, submerging reason and sense alike. "He wouldn't believe—"

She was clutching the desk edge, swaying. Such things didn't happen, couldn't happen in this sane world, with policemen on every street corner and cars clanging by beyond the window. It was only in movies or in stories in the twenty-cent magazines that men said things like that—did things like these—

(Twenty-nine)
From the desk drawer other objects were emerging, in billows of pink chiffon and ivory lace. In the austere office these intimate feminine garments looked strangely improper, furtive. Graves held up a kimono, diaphanous as a dream, and pointed to the embroidery on the sleeve.

"Your monogram," he smiled. "It's no use, my dear! Besides, the servants in my Westchester house will all swear—toward anything I ask them to swear to. Better be reasonable."

Such things simply didn't happen. The deep boom of a clock on a nearby church-tower brought Alice out of the dizzy tumult of her world with a shock. Four o'clock, and at half-past four Rob would be waiting for her. She must plead with him, but the magnitude of his forgeries, his cleverness in compiling his evidence appalled her, the words from her lips.

And, after all, she had no need to utter them, for as she groped for speech the door was flung tempestuously open, and a tall, handsome woman of the type that men stare at and women avert their gaze from rustled in, in an aura of imported scent. Oblivious to the presence of a visitor, she spoke with a kind of angry triumph that played traitor to all her carefully acquired youthfulness and flamboyant beauty, bringing out telltale lines about her mouth and eyes.

"May be you'll listen to me some of these days, Ben Graves! Didn't I warn you—"

"'Hush, Rose!" Graves said sharply. "Mrs. Burton, excuse me a moment; my—secretary wants to speak to me."

Ensued a subdued buzz of whispering, broken by an ejaculated curse. "Miller has them? The devil you say! So Loomis played informer—a nice mess we're in! There must be some way out—hold on!"

He turned to Alice with a short laugh, and she saw, with dull surprise, that his face was purplish and his hands shook as if he had been drinking. "Miller, the district attorney, has got hold of some papers I want. In fact, I've got to have them, and quick, too. Bring them to my house tonight—496 Madison Avenue—and I'll give you back your promissory note and this evidence here."

"It'll be easy—you're staying at his house, your husband and he are old friends, and no one will ever suspect you. You didn't seem inclined to my other proposal, perhaps this will suit you better."

She of the flamboyant hair and figure flung herself upon him, raging. "So you were planning to can me, eh? You were fixing to set up another woman. Well, I tell you I won't stand for it! I'd kill you and myself first. I'd—"

He swept her aside with a rough gesture. "Rose, shut up! Don't you want to take the whole place into your confidence? This is a business matter. How about it, Mrs. Burton? Will you exchange evidence with me, or do I see your husband tomorrow?"

Afterwards, sitting in the cool gray peace of the hotel tea-room, with Robert's pleasant voice in her ears, Alice tried to remember what she had promised, tried to plan what she was going to do, while outwardly she chatted, drank orange pekoe and English crumpets and seemed to listen to what her husband was saying.

Rob her host's safe! Like a common thief—absurd! Ye he had said tomorrow morning. Her whole body burned at the thought of the hideous forgeries and the unspeakable significance of the monogrammed garments. Would Robert's faith stand up under such overwhelming onslaught as that? Would any man's? No! No! She must protect that faith as a mother protects her child. She wondered whether her agony was not plainly written on her face for the whole world to see and glanced into the mirror opposite, shocked at her own calm.

What was it Robert was saying.

"Something about a visit with Jack Miller to police court and a prisoner they had seen."

"I told Jack he had too damned much sympathy for a lawyer," Robert was chuckling, "but he insisted on trying out his theories tho I do think when it comes to hiring a suspect gunman as a chauffeur he's going bit too far."

"In some way Alice Burton managed to live thru the rest of the wretched day. On the plea of a headache, she freed herself from the epagement that had been planned for the evening, dance, and watched her husband leave with the Millers, protesting to the last that he would not stay with her. Then, waiting until the house grew quiet as the servants had betaken themselves to their quarters, she wrapped a lacy negligee about her shuddering body and cre into the library.

The combination of the safe, as she had observed who Jocelyn had put some jewelry into it a day or two previous was scrawled on the back of one of the pictures. With growing steadiness of nerve Alice drew the curtains a side the window and switched on a single reading-lamp. A room's search yielded her the figure, and she moved swiftly to the iron safe, sunk into the wall by the book-case, and be

(Continued on page 69)
Between phone calls and all sorts of interruptions, June Elvidge paused momentarily to discuss her career, marriage and other things. At the right, Mr. Smith (with the annoyed expression) about to give up the interview as hopeless.

A May Interview With June
By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

The spirit of spring was in the air—even in the busy World Film Corporation's crowded offices.

"I'm going to buy some clothes over on Fifth Avenue," began June Elvidge, by way of warning, "and I do hope this interview won't be long." "It won't," we responded. "We can see that now."

"Right-o," said Miss Elvidge. "Shoot!"

"Just a moment, Miss Elvidge," began the company's "still" cameraman. "Remember you have an appointment with me in fifteen minutes to do some publicity stunt on a quiet corner of the avenue."

"What stunts?" demanded the star, with just the shade of menace in her tone.

"This interview——" we reminded. "Some snaps of an automobile hitting you," said the "still" man gently. "Hitting me!" repeated Miss Elvidge. "I have a new gown on. Where is it going to hit me?"

"At Fifth and Forty-second Street," admitted the photographer. "Do you call that a quiet spot?" snapped June. "Listen——"

But the press agent dragged the photographer away. "Go right ahead with the interview," he reminded pleasantly.

"Well, I was raised in Pittsburg, the home of the scandal and the land of the chorus girl," began Miss Elvidge. "Say, that photographer has funny ideas——"

"Yes; Pittsburg," we interrupted.

"Pittsburg?" repeated the star. "Pittsburg? Oh, yes; raised there. I was born in St. Paul, but my folks moved to Pittsburg when I was a kiddie. You see, they sort of realized that I'd want to go on the stage."

"Say, Miss Elvidge," interrupted a mere vice-president of the film corporation, "how are things?"

"Listen," snapped the star, "there's one of your photographers trying to get me to stage an auto collision on the avenue and——"

The press agent appeared from somewhere and dragged the protesting vice-president suavely away. "This interview," we reminded.

"Oh, yes," continued Miss (Continued on page 65)
Taking Motion Pictures to the Cannibals

Somewhere in the South Seas a little schooner is beating its way before the trade winds. Above is the bright South Pacific moon and the Southern Cross, illuminating the restless seas for many miles, and, far away, on the horizon, are tropical islands, their coral reefs studded with palm-trees. The warm breeze, whispering thru the sails, speaks of the mystery of life and death.

This boat is the tiny schooner of the adventurous Martin Johnson and his plucky little wife, Osa. Johnson has been thru the South Seas twice before, once as a member of Jack London’s famous Snark cruise and later with his wife on a trip of his own. On this last trip Johnson obtained some 50,000 feet of motion pictures of savage life. These pictures are now being shown in this country under the title of “The Cannibals of the South Seas.”

This third trip of Martin Johnson is his crowning effort. Not only is he going to obtain more motion pictures of the South Sea savages, but he is taking motion pictures to the cannibals.

Picture to yourself a tropical island, a large sheet stretched between two palm-trees, rows of savages squatting in the open clearing and, upon the screen, the animated pictures of an express train rushing head-on. Can you imagine the amazement of the aborigines? Or will they literally eat up the films—and the exhibitors?

(Thirty-two)
The Johnsons sailed from San Francisco on the Ventura on April 8th. They landed at Sydney, Australia, and then journeyed on to the New Hebrides Islands in the Pacific. Reaching the seat of government at Vila, Johnson refitted his fifty-foot schooner, the Oso, and sailed away into the unknown with his wife. With them went one hundred police boys, (native soldiers), loaned by the government. After touring the New Hebrides and Solomon Islands in their schooner, the Johnsons are going to touch New Guinea, the Celebes Islands, Borneo and Sumatra, cruise thru the Sulu Sea to India, sail thru the Indian Ocean to Africa, come up thru the Suez Canal, touch Egypt, Arabia, Italy and Spain, and finally reach England. It will then be but a jump back to New York. All this will take two years.

The Johnsons took twenty-two trunks from New York. Within these galvanized and nickeled trunks, equipped to combat the tropical rust, are three motion picture cameras, 75,000 feet of unexposed film, packed in special tins after a secret method devised by the adventurer, a Pathoscope projection machine made to order for showing pictures in the tropics, and an electric generating outfit for furnishing the necessary "juice." In addition to all this, Johnson took along carefully selected films showing trains, elephants, giraffes, etc., pictures of street scenes in New York, Paris, London, and other cities, magical films and a lot of slapstick comedies. Charlie Chaplin is included.

"The savages apparently fail to grasp where we come from or where we go to," said Mr. Johnson. "Each tribe seems to think that the world is limited to its individual surroundings. They utterly fail to understand the magnitude of the globe. Possibly these pictures will illuminate their simple minds; at least it will be an interesting experiment."

Besides the varied assortment of film, Mr. Johnson is taking back the motion pictures he secured on his last trip, and he is going to show Chief Nagapate, the cannibal chieftain of the Big Number Islands, a view of himself.

(Continued on page 70)
Along Came Ruth

Once upon a time, way back in Biblical days, they were busy putting up the oat crop, or whatever it was they raised in those days on the farms in Juden. History has it that the gleaners strove lustily on this summer afternoon. The sun was sizzling down and the honest toilers were bending to their task, straightening up now and again to take the cricks out of their sturdy backs. Then all of a sudden the industrious farmers were given an electrical shock, for the prettiest, daintiest damsel they had seen since last Passover tripped into the field, carrying a flagon of water for the parched throats of the harvesters. The girl who came along was Ruth, sister of Naomi, and the sensation she created when she made her entrance on that hot field has been emulated in modern times by another Ruth, who is also coming along.

This modern prototype of the Judean harvest field vision is none other than Ruth Roland who flits from serial to serial with the airy lithe-someness of a spotted and spangled butterfly. She is a vision of bubbling youth who can ride, swim or motor before the camera without exhibiting the clumsiness of a female Sandow. In the most thrilling escapades of her Pathé serials she is always the eternal feminine.

To obtain audience with Ruth, one must journey to the Astra Studios in Glendale, Cal., where the star has been very busy on her newest serial, "The Tiger's Trail." She was located there one busy morning. An important scene was about to be taken—depicting a temple where Hindu tiger worshippers conduct their weird religion.

In a great cage occupying one entire end of the "set," a real live tiger, loaned for the occasion from Col. Selig's zoo, paced restlessly to and fro. It was cold, with the damp coldness of a California spring, and his striped highness was ill at ease. How he longed for the lofty green corridors and the festooned tangles
of his own jungle home in India. This bustling, noisy studio atmosphere made him sick. Those nauseating blue lights, filtering thru the foliage and checker- ing everything with lights and shadows, were no substitute for his own Indian sun. So he paced back and forth and now and then grumbled in a deep growl. He was not mad—just annoyed, and a bit homesick for his own jungle domain.

The star, attired in natty riding breeches, stood chatting with a sinister looking Hindu, in white silk swathings, and a queer outlandish creature who bore a strange resemblance to the tiger himself. His face was streaked and striped until one could imagine almost that he belonged in some way to the tiger family. The Hindu and the Tiger Face would presently assume fiendish expression and diabolical fury. They would pick up the dainty Miss Roland and toss her to the ravenous tiger in the cage. But just now the three, Hindu, Tiger Face and Star, were discussing dancing.

The Hindu averred that the modern fox trot was the most graceful of all dances, and the Tiger Face held for the new walking waltz. But Miss Roland emphatically declared that the old-fashioned skirt dance of twenty years back was the real perfection of terpsichorean art. And she gave a demonstration.

"Why, Ruth!" exclaimed the swarthy Hindu, "where did you pick up that step? I remember seeing a girl do that back in Steubenville, Ohio, when I was a kid. The ten—twenty—thirty—ladies—free- with-one-paid-ticket-on—Monday night shows used to come along, and between the acts the ingénue who played Harriet, The Perse- cuted School Teacher in the drama used to put on her dancing clothes and come out in front of the cur- tain and do those steps. Why, it's the old skirt dance."

"Certainly it is," responded Miss Roland. "That old skirt dance, which I believe today could be revived with great success, brought me in my bread and butter for many years. I have danced it in every theater and town hall on the Pacific Coast time and time again."

Thus the truth will out. Ruth Roland, known from Medicine Hat to Melbourne as the fearless heroine of the Pathé serials, was once an infant phenomenon. She made her first stage appearance at the tender age of three and one-half years and thereafter tripped and bowed behind the footlights steadily until she was seventeen, when, like hundreds of other girls, she responded to the lure of the camera and left the stage "flat on the lot," as they say around the circus.

Ruth was born in 'Frisco and she was literally born into the profession. Her mother was Elizabeth Houser, who was known in her girlhood as the California nightingale.

(Continued on page 66)
Olga Mishka is one of the hits of Arthur Hammerstein’s musical comedy, “Tumble In,” based on the farce, “Seven Days,” and now running successfully at the Selwyn Theater. “Tumble In” is a pleasant comedy, with such interesting entertainers as Peggy O’Neil, Herbert Corthell and Charles Ruggles.

Constance Binney has jumped into prominence on both screen and stage. She has just scored an unusual hit as the heroine of the comedy, “39 East,” now enjoying a run at the Broadhurst Theater.

One of the most decided vaudeville hits of the year has been scored by pretty Sheila Terry, below, who is heading one of William B. Friedlander’s variety offerings on a tour of the Keith theaters.
Summer Reaches Broadway

The boisterous colorful role of Colonel Philippe Brideau provides Otis Skinner with splendid romantic material in "The Honor of the Family," which has just been revived at the Globe Theater.

Mildred Le Gue, left, injects a piquant flavor into the South American scenes of the lively musical comedy, "Some Time," which has been having one of the season's longest runs at the Casino Theater.

Fay Marbe is the principal feminine lure of the Klaw and Erlanger summer musical show, "The Velvet Lady," running at the New Amsterdam Theater. Aside from the lureful Fay, there are able comedians, a pretty chorus and Victor Herbert's music.
She has that gift of the gods—a perfect comedy face.

What is a comedy face? Who can say!

Two things are certain; one is that it possesses pathos and the other that it is different from any other face.

Take, for instance, the comedy face of Charles Chaplin on the screen or the comedy face of Rose Stahl on the stage. These you know very well and have known for a long time. But this comedy face is a new one. You are just beginning to see it. Attention was first attracted to it a short time ago when it was used as a foil for the beauty of Mary Pickford in "The Little Princess." There was another Pickford picture, "How Could You, Jean?" in which you also saw it to advantage. I am speaking, of course, about the face of ZaSu Pitts.

ZaSu looks to be somewhere in her teens. She is about five feet four, very thin, has brown eyes and very beautiful brown hair which reaches below her knees. This beautiful hair is never evident on the screen because she draws it straight back from her face and does it up in tight braids, (braids that have the effect of accentuating the wistful expression of her eyes).

Little more than two years ago she came to Los Angeles from Santa Cruz, Cal., for the purpose of going into motion pictures. She was without beauty, without experience and without influence to aid her. She did not even have a wardrobe.

"I wore one suit all of that time," she said, "a Norfolk I bought in Santa Cruz. Hickey! O-o-oh! I made the rounds of the studios in it until they knew me by it, when I was a long way off. It was like a trade mark. I will always think that it brought me luck even tho one man asked me sarcastically 'if I expected to get a job on my looks.'"

With this most unpromising beginning she is, today, one of the most promising players of the younger set—just another proof of the stone-age (Continued on page 64)

"Oh, dear!" said ZaSu Pitts, when she learnt that THE CLASSIC wanted an interview. "I feel so unnecessary." ZaSu is a born comedienne, the California directors say. Above, Miss Pitts and George Hackathorn in a scene from King Vidor's new photoplay, "Better Times." Right, a brand new portrait of ZaSu (Thirtys-eight)
CAREY BRENT was a reformist by nature and inclination. It followed as the night the day that she was also one by deed. For in Carey's simple creed of living deeds were the natural children of impulses.

Her mother died when she was four, her father was exhausted and despairful when she was six, and, up to the time she was fifteen and boarding-school claimed her, she had an endless chain of governesses, mam'zelles and frauleins, who came to Brent's robust and optimistic and who departed ghastly and wan.

They predicted various and always dire fates for Carey. At eighteen Carey was still intact—and still impulsive. Still seeking, in her heart of hearts, which was golden and true, the great adventure. What that great adventure might consist of Carey was not at all certain . . . she rather inclined toward the Fiji Islanders, or perhaps those "sweet Polynesians" . . . then there were the more modern Czecho-Slavs. Said Carey, "I know I should be an enormous success with savages."

Her father and her brand new, twenty-five-year-old stepmother concurred.

"If ever I get you married!" her father sighed.

"That will be none of your doing, dad," observed the airy Carey, "I am capable of choosing my own man."

"Carey!" said the impeccable millionaire Brent; "the man does the choosing, my dear, not the—the young lady!"

"Old stuff!" snapped Carey. "The man doesn't have a say in it, dad—female of the species, if you know your Kipling."

Peter Brent shook his head and turned to his young wife. "A year abroad," he was heard to mutter, and Carey made her getaway. Dad always sought a panacea in some remote land when her young Americanism got the better of him.

Out in her little roadster the road slithered away. It was too bad to be alive in such a jolly world—alone. Carey sobered abruptly. She was alone. She admitted that to her-

self, honestly, rather wistfully. There were people, of course—oh, yes, there were people—endless people. Rather nice people, too, the most of them, rather decent and all that. But no comrade among them—no one who met her, square, adventure for adventure, heart for heart—no comrade, that was the word.

Too bad . . . she could have been such a good comrade, too, she felt that. She could have paid tremendously well. With some one. A man? Yes, of course, a man. Carey was woman enough to know that the perfect comrade must be likewise the perfect complement—hence the man—her mate.

Too damn'd bad . . . Carey let out more speed. Helped some, speed did. Was an exhaust . . .

People . . . oh, yes. There was dad. A bit stuffy and full of Noahian ideas, but thoroughly a good sport and a bit—just a bit—rejuvenated since Pamela had got her slender claws upon him, which, of course, she had done, only dad didn't recognize it as such. And then there was Pamela . . . her stepmother . . . her contemporary, too. Pamela was good enough—a supine sort and fond of Robert W. Chambers, breakfast trays in bed, facial massages and sticky matinées. Orthodox, too, and beastly sentimental. Still, Pamela had a heart, which was something and, if she had catty claws, she managed to keep them sheathed most of the time, which was in her favor. Pamela was just a girl, the usual sort of girl. Her blood was rather sluggish, always had been.

Then there were the members of her "set"—the crowd she motored with, golfed with,

"So you are Harry the Duke," she said, "is there any reason why you shouldn't jack up my car for me and lend a hand?" "None that I know of," replied the convict, and his voice was nice . . . nice modulations . . . traces of breeding.

(Thirty-nine)
played at tennis with, was proposed to by. Some of them her schoolmates, some of them in her class at college. A sane lot, most of them. Children of wealthy parents—all sense of adventuring quenched a generation or two ago. Carey believed herself to be a reversion to some ancestor in whose veins had poured the surge of the eternal seas, the strong, humid call of the forests primeval, the locked barriers of the Far North, the verve and glamor of the old South...all the world...all the wide world over...adventuring.

Carey suffered. There were moments when she suffered desperately. It was when she felt alone...mateless. Then, oddly, her car suffered, too, in companionship. There was a loud report.

"Damnation!" exploded Carey. "Tire and inner tube—what a mess!"

She stepped forth and proceeded to investigate. "Job for me," she said, and donned overalls and cap.

It was then that she perceived the convict, sitting as a convict should, sheepishly by the roadside, after a long jaunt.

It was characteristic of Carey that she took in his face before she registered his attire—took in his face—and liked it.

A jolly face...adventurous...

Then she took in the stripes and remembered that the morning papers had contained rather lurid accounts of the escape of Harry the Duke from the county jail, and that Harry the Duke had had a no less lurid previous career.

"So you are Harry the Duke," she said succinctly; "well..." she paused and measured him thru level, blue bright eyes; "well, is that any reason why you shouldn't jack up my car for me and lend a hand?"

"None that I know of," replied the convict, and his voice was nice...nice modulations...traces of breeding...whither gone...?

Harry the Duke made a neat job of the repairing. When he had done Carey Brent sat on the running gear of her roadster and addressed him.

"As clever a mechanician as you," she said, "shouldn't have to be a dirt common criminal. Not sporting...not a bit..."

"A bad start..." said Harry the Duke.

"No excuse for the same kind of a finish. How about a new start? Willing to work?"

"Who'd take me?" bitterly.

"I would."

"You! what foolish hardness!"

"Call it, rather—faith."

"In what?"

"Human nature, the

(Part 4)"
best of it. "You, if you like." Harry the Duke's eyes widened and met hers. Again she had that strange sense of adventuring...of comedically adventuring...a thrill shook her...

"You're a fool," she muttered to herself; "a fool—again...

Harry the Duke was speaking. "You're—you're—I don't know just what to say—but what I feel—good Lord!" Carey Brent gave him her smile. Four young eligibles were languishing to death at that very instant for the very same incomparable gift. "You're on!" was all she said. "Climb into these trappings of mine so you won't be pinched en route—the rooms over the garage are ready and quite decent—and I'll fix father."

Carey fixed father as neatly as Harry the Duke had fixed the roadster, and the new chauffeur, to whom Carey gave the pretentious name of Inchcliffe, was indeed "on."

There were other things in the Brent establishment rather considerably more off than on. There was, to be specific, the matter of the languid lovely Pamela and Ralph Seward. Carey knew about it, but what was worse, other people were beginning to think about it, too. It wasn't sporting. Carey hated anything—hated all things—that were not sporting. And there was Dad—Dad had had a hard life, a stern life, there had been little of softness to it, little enough of charm, the charm that women give...lovely women one loves. Carey knew that her Dad loved Pamela, with all the fervor of his Indian summer. She knew that it would break his pride and reach thru to his heart if he should discover the little intrigue with Ralph Seward...

And Seward was such a mess, such an unsporting mess. It was rumored, pretty substantially, that all the back-stairs gossip in the papers filtered thru, noiselessly, by way of Ralph Seward, who, with no money and many debts, lived like a sybarite. Some of that back-stair gossip had hurt—had hurt pretty badly, people Carey was fond of. It wasn't the sort of thing Carey could stomach...not like criminals for example...honest, open criminals who wore striped suits and did daring escapes and masqueraded in the very teeth of the law...something adventurous there—some spirit...nothing cramped...nothing petty...

Pamela was pretty—indubitably—and no doubt, thought Carey, the beast simply wanted another scalp to add to his already nefarious collection. But her father's wife! The woman—the girl, rather, who had her dead mother's place, her dead mother's name—the silly girl, who yet had none of evil—Carey made a decision. She knew her Seward. Had had experience with the like of him before. He would be easily swerved, easily sidetracked, and Peter Brent's unattached daughter and heiress would be far richer game than Peter Brent's wife, already bespoke.

The next time Ralph Seward loll'd over Pamela at the teacart Carey sat opposite him, a vantage point, and made eyes and smiled and lolled, too, seductively...gave promises...hints... It was beautiful bait. Ralph Seward made the ideal fish. He responded with almost unflattering promptitude. Here was luck...rare...Old Brent's girl...only child...sole heiress, leaving out Pamela, who would be left out if she were not more cautious with her weakish emotions...left out in the cold. Carey Brent was different stuff—a lot of the old man in Carey—iron, grit, pep!

After Carey had left them purposely, Ralph drew nearer to Pamela. "Suppose I change my tactics, Pam?" he said.

The languid woman pouring him tea hesitated, her eyes widened: "How do you mean, Ralph?" she asked.

"Carey—Carey instead of you—you to help me out—a marriage, as 'twere."

Pamela threw back her head and laughed. "You!" she exclaimed, "and Carey...how funny, how awfully funny!"

Seward compressed his lips. "It's Carey, then, or those letters in the paper," he said, "kind of messy, Pam, you know that."

"Threats again! You are a serpent, Ralph, just a serpent, crushing me..."

"You'll never bargain, Pam. Life is a bargain. I'm even will-

(I'm come for the letters," she said briefly, "the letters you are holding over Mrs. Brent. Hand them over!"

(Part one)
ing to change—to let you alone—
what is the girl to you?"
Pamela thought. What was Carey to her? The
sweep of a clear wind blowing... the salt of the
tangy sea... the straightness of white lilies... the flash of
a sword... the courage things, beautiful and bright...
"Never mind that, Ralph," she said hurriedly; "but—too
much—too much to harter—with you."
A week went by with cross-purposes playing. A week while
the world grew more golden, the flowers more riotous, the
moon more swollen with honey... Hot days, while Pamela,
white and wretched, served Seward with tea and cakes, watch-
ing him... and Carey opposite to him made jests with him,
dates with him, daring eyes at him. "She's falling in love with
him," thought Pamela; "being Carey... how can she... how
can she?"
"Pam's in love with him," thought Carey in her turn, "having
known Dad... a man... how can she... how can she?"
Seward sipped tea and waited... Carey Brent, old Peter
Brent's girl... what luck, what luck!
At the end of the week Carey was desperate. It was slimy
... this waiting about. Didn't seem to be doing a bit of good
either. One gorgeous night, after a day of it, she got her
roadster out. Inchcliffe, in the flooding moonlight, looked
Grecian and companionable... "Want to come," she asked
abruptly... another impulse... The man nodded and
jumped in...
Summer and the white, straight road... summer and
the smells of night... and the sounds... and, oddly,
the stillnesses... unexpected... in which one heard
one's heart thumping and one's pulses drumming and one's
breath whispering, warmly... night... and summer... and adventuring with a
good comrade... Carey turned to look at Inchcliffe

THE SPORTING CHANCE

Fictionized by permission from the scenario of Will
Ritchey, based on Roger Hartman's story. Produced by the
Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, starring Ethel Clayton.
Directed by George Melford. The cast:

Carey Brent..........................Ethel Clayton
Paul Sayre............................Jack Holt
Peter Brent...........................Herbert Standing
Pamela Brent........................Margaret Green
Ralph Seward.........................Howard Davies

with a sudden tumult in her
blood... a criminal... and a
comrade...
Was she mad?
Mad that this man
spoke to her in a
language she un-
derstood? Yes, she was. Of course she was. Mad in mid-
summer... oh, beastly mad... and yet...
She turned the car about and made for home. Safety first,
she thought. Inchcliffe looked too rigid, too wooden... nothing could tell her he was not feeling this purple night... no, nothing could tell her that. And before his criminal
career—why, before that he had undoubtedly been a "regular fellow"—her own kind, the kind one danced with, who kist
one, perhaps, on such a night... A year abroad... per-
haps Dad was right... righter than a fox.
Just at the turn of the driveway they came upon Pamela
... Pamela and Seward... very close... whispering
there in the dark.
Carey whistled to them and they jumped as tho they had been
struck.
As Inchcliffe helped her out Carey turned to him. Her
face was white and rather sharp.
"Whom did you see in that machine there on the drive-
way?" she asked, commanded rather...
The ex-criminal faced her simply. "One of the maids—
and the groom, I believe, Miss
Brent," he said.
Carey held out her little
cold hand and shook her
criminal.
"Right!" she said, with a
little catch in her voice, "oh, absolutely right—Inchcliffe."
An hour later, in negligence,
she wandered into Pamela's
room. She had heard Pamela
sobbing, dismally...
(Continued on page 67)

(Forty-two)
The Mestayerian Theory
By GLADYS HALL

"The Mestayerian Theory" savors, no doubt, of Nietzsche, of Shaw—the familiar Nietzschean theory—the equally familiar Shavian theory. It may savour, but therein similitude ceaseth. For the similitude is confounded at the very outset by the fact that Henry Mestayer is an absolute optimist. The most absolute optimist, for a deep-thinker, whom I have ever encountered. The most simply self-confessed. Now Nietzsche may be an optimist. Likewise the pungent G. B. S. Or both. But if so, their optimism is reached only by a series of tortuous mental involutions, and even then conclusion is swathed and veiled and uncertain.

Somehow or other most persons who aspire to greatness in one form or another eschew the sunlit plains of the optimistic. In any form, on any subject. The "why" projects debate. Perhaps they think one cannot be optimistic and subtle at one and the same time. And not to be subtle is certainly to be lost. Perhaps they reason that to be avowedly a pessimist is to conjure up depths, to admit mental abysses, to speak from mental and emotional crucifixes. Perhaps. But as for depth, only a philosophy which has been tested thru many waters, which has suffered under many mellowing suns and waned under many moons can evolve at last, after pessimism, into the clean-swept plain of optimism.

"We evolve," says Mr. Mestayer; "we absolutely evolve. We must. We necessarily must. There cannot be immobility. That much we know. There cannot be retrogression with any finality. Nature, from whom we learn all things, teaches us that. Therefore optimism. For optimism is progress—and vice versa."

"The war," I asked; "a reversion?"

"Not at all. Still progress. Yes, even with the means—for the end will be ample justification, and if there be justification big..."

Henry Mestayer believes that the Superpicture will come when the Great Director arrives. "He must not be the one thing which mars the perfect artistry of our greatest director today," says Mestayer. "He must wish to evoke in his players, not the recurring image of himself, but their own personalities, their own egos, their own essential thoughts." Below, a glimpse of Mr. Mestayer and Grace Darling in a Rothapfel production

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enough, that is all that counts. Never again will there be possible a rape of Belgium. Never again will one man have the power of plunging a world of men into carnage. Never will there be possible slaughter of little, unoffending children, outrage of women, violation of honor and treaty. False things have been smashed—to the death. I am supremely optimistic on the subject of the war. It is immense progress."

Mr. Mestayer speaks convincingly. He speaks simply, forcibly, rather tersely than otherwise. He speaks rapidly, as a man who has thought his subject out and knows it well. He is rich with simile and anecdote, with comparative matter and illustration. He is immensely well-read. In the course of our talk he alluded specifically to Voltaire, to Dickens, to Sudermann, to the more modern Shaw and Dunsany. He believes in adherence to the best; never in compromise of any sort. He does not deny the commercialism of the screen, but does deny its future. His optimism permeates both his personal life and his professional. For the latter, he is convinced that there is the Higher Art of the Screen and that Higher Art is imminently at hand. He speaks, always, of the Superpicture.

He makes four main points:

"The director's the thing," he said; "the whole thing. More important than the story, more important than the star, if there be one, more important than the cast. It is essential to the Superpicture that the director be a man of vast sympathies, of fine understanding, of real artistic

(Continued on page 77)
War's aftermath is the basis of most of the leading photoplays of the month. Directors have passed the trench stage of warfare and are now showing us the man who stayed at home "to carry on," the soldier who returns wounded and disfigured, and the loneliness of the boy in khaki far from loved ones.

Consider Cecil De Mille and his latest, "For Better, For Worse," based upon an original story by Edgar Selwyn. A typical young American girl, Sylvia Norcross, is the heroine. She cannot understand when the man she loves, a young and skilled surgeon specializing in children's diseases, decides that he is of more value at home than fighting at the front. She simply brands him as a coward and, carried away with the mania of patriotic excitement, weds another chap on the eve of his departure for France. When the drums have died away, Sylvia begins to realize that she loves the doctor after all. And, when she comes to understand his sacrifice in staying home, she loves him the more. Then word comes of her husband's death in Flanders.

Sylvia and the surgeon are to announce their engagement at a reception—just when the husband returns, his face a makeshift work of army doctors. The surgeon believes, of course, that he should give up Sylvia, but she will have none of it. It isn't a question of patriotism, but love, she reasons, and she goes into the doctor's arms. But the future doesn't seem wholly empty for the rejected hub- by, for a pretty little girl, who has loved him all along, appears opportunely to comfort him.

"For Better, For Worse" is adroitly built stuff of the theater, but it has any number of decidedly effective moments. And De Mille handles his theme with his usual faultless attention to human detail. He extracts every ounce of effect from his story via his stock company of four able players—Glo- ria Swanson, who
By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

plays Sylvia; Elliott Dexter, who is the children's surgeon; Tom Forman, who does the soldier-husband; and Wanda Hawley, as the little blonde comforter who has loved him from the start. Just one word of protest. Won't Miss Swanson use a little less obvious facial make-up? But, all in all, "For Better, For Worse" is a compelling photoplay—and one of Mr. De Mille's best.

From another angle, "Eyes of the Soul," (Artcraft), treats of war's aftermath. A blind soldier is the central figure of George Weston's story. Living alone, his little savings fast dwindling, Larry Gibson faces a desperate future. Then comes Gloria Swann, a cabaret girl about to sell herself to a wealthy old judge. But Larry touches her heart and, out of her pity, grows love. At first the soldier refuses to accept her sacrifice, altho ultimately he marries Gloria, but not until after he proves his ability to write songs. Finally a child is born and at last he sees again—thru the eyes of his baby. Director Emile Chautard has not only told "Eyes of the Soul" with genuine and moving tenderness, but he has had the courage to retain the original ending of the story and he has sounded the psychological depth of his Gloria and his Larry. No mere series of animated pictures is this photoplay, but a searching soul analysis. Elsie Ferguson has done no better work in many months than her Gloria and, more than all else, she has been big enough to accord remarkable opportunities to a supporting player, Wyndham Standing. Mr. Standing gives one of the rarest celluloid performances of the year as the lonely, blind Larry, into whose bitter darkness comes the sunshine of understanding love. Big and compelling is his portrayal—and the figure of the blind soldier playing his banjo in his lonely, desolate room will live in our memories for a long time to come.

We have had war pictures and war pictures, but none with more quaint appeal than "Pettigrew's Girl," which Para-
(Continued on page 81)

( Forty-Five)
Introducing Cutie Beautiful

Why not be lucky?
Why not indeed!
The real secret of success appears to be in trusting your luck, or providence, or destiny, and then in going ahead and doing whatever you want to do. Just like that; no worry about it at all! However, I am ahead of my story.

"The luckiest thing that ever happened to me," said Clarine Seymore, the beautiful brunette "cabaret girl" in D. W. Griffith's picture, "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," "was in having the Rolin Film Company break a contract with me. If they had not said that I was incapable as an actress, I would still be in slapstick comedy, and I hate slapstick comedy! I sued them, tho, and won my suit, and was given a part by Mr. Griffith immediately afterward." All of which goes to show that if you dont want to go some place, you aren't so very likely to get there, and the reverse; in this case it was especially the reverse.

Clarine Seymore lives in a bungalow on Fountain Avenue in Hollywood with her parents and a little four-year-old brother who is the only other child.

But I did not see her at her home. I saw her at the Griffith studio on Sunset Boulevard, one of the most historic spots in Los Angeles. It has been called the "star factory," because almost every great star of today started there. It is in a group of buildings painted a dark and, some players believe, a "lucky" green. (Luck or fate or coincidence, call it what you will, has played a large part in the life of Clarine Seymore.)

"I wanted to be an

Clarine Seymore, who scored as the cabaret girl of Griffith's "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," was released by the Rolin Company because they thought she couldn't act. Then Griffith signed her—and her hit was made. Which shows the odd way Dame Fortune plays with one's fate.

(Forty-six)
Once Miss Seymore lived in New Rochelle, N. Y. Then she decided to be a screen actress—but it was hard to find a director who agreed with her decision. Finally, however, she was signed to play opposite Toto, the clown, in Pathé comedies. Angeles looking for a girl small enough and unique enough to work with Toto, the clown. He had great difficulty in finding a girl of the type he needed. At the Pathé studio they ran off bits of film for him to help him in his quest, and in one of these bits of film he saw the girl. They didn't know who she was, (no record is kept of the extras), but she was Johnny-on-the-spot in the extras' waiting-room outside.

It was just luck? But she was there!

As a result she came to Los Angeles.

When her work with Toto ended she was given a contract with the Rolin Film Company.

What seemed to impress her most about that experience was the size of her dressing-room. It was big as a house, she said, and had high ceilings and depressing, dark-colored walls. This studio is in a house of the old Los Angeles, built before there was such a thing as a California bungalow. It stands on top of a hill on the edge of Little Mexico. Her dressing-room was furnished with just one little dressing-table and nothing else.

(Continued on page 76)
The Fame and Fortune Contest will close at midnight of July 1.

The concluding weeks of the international contest are being marked by an avalanche of photographs. Contestants are entering in the final moments from practically every country of the globe. A great many contestants have entered from Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, the Hawaiian Islands and the Far East. Oddly, not one of these contestants has yet been judged by the Fame and Fortune jury to be as beautiful as our own American girls.

Remember, but a few more honor rolls remain before the contest closes. These honor rolls will continue to be published by The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine until the entire period of the contest has been covered.

With photographs being received by the thousands, it is impossible to predict just when the final leaders in the contest will be decided upon. It is probable that three leaders will be named and invited to come to New York for test pictures, after which the final first prize will be awarded.

While it is, of course, difficult to predict definitely, it is expected that the first issue of our new magazine, Shadowland, will carry some sort of announcement regarding the leaders of the contest, with brand-new pictures of them.

When The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine first announced The Fame and Fortune Contest, Shadowland had not been created. But the appearance of this new and greater screen monthly, the de luxe Shadowland, means that the winner of The Fame and Fortune Contest will have three big magazines blazing his or her way to success.

No publicity campaign, aimed towards the making of a screen player, has ever been conceived with this magnitude. It means fame and fortune in every sense of the words to the lucky winner.

Do you realize how seriously this contest is being taken by producers? Winners in the various honor rolls are being approached weekly by managers who want to tie them up to contracts, having faith in the judgment of The Classic and The Magazine, backed by the acumen of the famous judges of the contest.

The ninth honor roll, for the period between April 15th and May 1st, has been decided to include the following:

Lee McHenry, of 3025 South Tekoa Street, Spokane, Wash. Miss McHenry has had no professional experience. She has black hair, blue eyes and is five feet two inches in height.

Marian Manning, of 210 Nevada Street, Long Beach, Cal. Miss Manning has danced on the stage and played small roles in stock. She has brown eyes, brown hair and is exactly five feet five.

Nora Orr, of 69 Helena Avenue, Toronto, Can. Miss Orr has never been on the stage or screen. She has brown hair, brown eyes and is five feet three inches in height.

Melanie Gordon, of 1871 California Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Miss Gordon has danced with Lubouska and Evan Burrows, the classic terpsichorean artists. She has golden hair, dark-blue eyes and is five feet four.

Frances McKern, of 223 E. Second Avenue, Spokane, Wash. Miss McKern has appeared in church plays, school entertainments and amateur dramas. She has brown-gray eyes, light-brown hair and is five feet four.
Contest Is Closing

Goldie Grace Wanemacher, of No. 3621 Greenview Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Miss Wanemaker has played extra parts in pictures and danced in society affairs. She has light-brown hair, blue eyes and is five feet three.

Andre Bayley, of 711 E. Washington Street, Los Angeles, Cal. Miss Bailey has danced on the stage. She is an Alabama girl, and describes her eyes as "laughing brown." Her hair is gold brown and she is five feet two.

Contestants should take careful note of the following:

Pictures received after midnight of July 1st will not be entered in the Fame and Fortune Contest. If you wish your portrait or portraits returned, enclose the right amount of postage to cover mailing. Attach stamps to picture with a clip. Do not place stamps in separate envelope.

Try not to send hand-colored contest portraits.

Upon the closing, the final winner will be selected. Undoubtedly he or she, (as the contest is now open to men), will be selected from among the various semi-monthly honor rolls.

The three magazines will give two years' guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits in colors, special interviews, pictures, special articles, etc.—the sort of publicity that could not be purchased at any price. The Motion Picture Classic, The Motion Picture Magazine and Shadowland will secure an initial position for the winner and other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years The Motion Picture Classic, The Motion Picture Magazine and Shadowland guarantee that the winner will

(Continued on page 81)
A Stradivarius of the Screen

Anita Stewart stood in a drawing-room set, under the glare of Cooper-Hewitt's. I was watching the delicate play of expression on her face—absorbed.

She is restless, highly strung, quickly responsive to suggestion, sensitive to her surroundings. The impression of daintiness you get of her from the screen is enhanced by the delicate texture of her skin and the fineness of her golden-brown hair. She is about five feet four.

We often compare people with material things. Of one you will say he is "like a barrel," of another she is "like a jellyfish," of a third, dolled up in present-day trimmings, "like a post bedecked with holiday streamers." Anita Stewart, on the contrary, reminds me of the least material thing I know of—the clear, high notes of a Stradivarius violin. Whenever I think of Anita Stewart, I think, also, of music as it comes from a frail, taut string, so sensitive to vibration that a slight breeze may sound it.

It was in her home I next met her. Her mother and sister were there, and her kid brother—just 16—who wants to be an electrician.

You could imagine nothing more lovely than this home. The rooms are very large, with unusually high ceilings and the fine pictures are hung far apart so that there is no suggestion anywhere of overcrowding. You get the same suggestion of spaciousness from all of the furnishings. The drawing-room is done in dark blue and russet brown. There is a rare bear rug in front of an open fireplace. (Miss Stewart is extremely fond of furs.)
and during a conversation I had with her, one afternoon, wore a coat which inspired me with a desire to run my hand backward and forward across her shoulders.)

A sun-porch which runs the full length of the house is shut off from the wind by walls of glass. It overlooks a broad, rolling lawn which even in winter looks like a green velvet carpet. Her bedroom is in keeping with the remainder of her surroundings. Everywhere one finds wide spaces and unobtrusive luxury.

We sat on the veranda in the sunshine, Miss Stewart preferring the stone railing to a comfortable chair, because there the sun was warmest.

"I love California," she said and, as tho the two were synonymous, "I love warmth and richness of tone and everything that helps to remove obstacles. I like to have things to happen, quickly."

She was eating rich candies from a Chinese sweet meat tray, breaking each piece of candy in two to get at the heart of it—a nut in the center.

Miss Stewart has an exquisite home in Hollywood. The rooms are very large with unusually high ceilings. The drawing-room is done in dark blue and sunset brown. A sun-porch runs the full length of the house, shut off from the wind by walls of glass. It overlooks a broad, rolling lawn which, even in winter, looks like a green velvet carpet. Her bedroom is in keeping with the remainder of her surroundings. Everywhere one finds wide spaces and unobtrusive luxury

I asked if, like Lois Weber, her director for two productions, she was a believer in reincarnation.

"No," she answered, emphatically, "I'm not.

"I believe that heaven and hell are just states of mind. I believe that God punishes us for everything bad we do, and rewards us for everything good we do, NOW—in this life—not beyond the grave, nor in any future state. I believe that everything happens for the best, except death. I cannot believe that death is ever for the best."

Anita Stewart is twenty-two years old. Naturally, she is very much in love with life. She loves the high places. "Not," she said, "the high, lonely places of the mountains, but the high places of the cities where one can sit alone and look down upon the crowds and hear the murmur that comes up from constant movement. I love people."

A little later, our conversation turned to other famous stars. "We can't have everything," she said, apropos of a well-known player who has recently suffered a great misfortune.

"Sometimes I am sorry that I am so successful because, perhaps when I grow old, love or friendship or something equally big may be denied me. The unhappy famous! You see them around you everywhere, don't you? Sometimes I think that great success is

(Continued on page 85)
"It isn't fair," Helen Winthrop rebelled passionately, "it's striking in the dark. If it were anyone living, I could fight and win, but this grappling with the dead—oh, its damnable!"
"Helen!" Robert Craig protested, with something akin to horror, "you don't know what you're saying. For heaven's sake, dear, don't get melodramatic." He moved restlessly about the long drawing-room, touching the cloisonné on the mantel, the vellum bindings on the bookshelves, the Ming bowl of jonquils on the grand piano with absent fingers.
"I suppose you're nervous—yes, of course, you are!" he caught at the explanation with masculine tolerance, "but for the life of me I can't see what there is to get tragic about in what your poor father wrote!

You don't see things straight. Better wait till tomorrow to talk about it.

He made the suggestion with alacrity. Robert, as Helen knew, had a dread that was almost fanatic of anything tinged with sentimentalism or heroics. He was the soul of conventionality and to him the wrong of a matter lay, not so much in itself, as in its being talked about, known and discussed openly. For that reason the content of Harrison Winthrop's posthumous confession had little seriousness to his mind, so long as the world in general knew nothing of it.

"I wish I could believe I was hysterical, Robert," she said mournfully, "but I know in my heart of hearts that I never was so. Ever since I read Dad's letter this afternoon I've had the feeling that I have been asleep, dreaming pleasant dreams, and that I had waked up to life's realities at last." She looked up at him somberly, with dark suffering eyes. How big and handsome and dear he was! But her voice hurried on, as tho she dared not put off the saying of the hard thing she had sent for him to say, lest her courage should quail. "Robert, you were one of the dreams, dear—the best dream of them all, but I have got to—give up dreaming now—"

"Helen!"—her sick heart thrilled in spite of its misery at the protest of his tone—"do you mean you're going to break our engagement?"

"For your sake, dear," she nodded, "because you're too fine and healthy and splendid for me to come to with a tainted inheritance."

"Nonsense!" he spoke almost irritably; "don't let's use big stage words about this, Helen. If you mean you won't marry me because your father used to take a drink occasionally, I think you're hard up for an excuse, that's all I can say!"

"If it were only occasionally!" Helen shook her head, white lips making a gallant attempt at a quivering smile. "But you read what he said. His father, and his father's father, and how he had struggled and—failed. Oh, now I can see so many things I never understood before! There were days at a time when he stayed in his room and wouldn't let me come in, and his voice sounded—somehow—frightened! No, no, Robert, I can't let you take the risk of marrying me."

"You can't help me marrying you," Robert Craig affirmed with the set of the jaw that had already had notable effect upon the juries who listened to his pleas. Helen did not answer, but a tide of joy washed over her soul. He would not let her go! The thought was warm like a leaping fire, she held her hands to it gratefully. What if after all she might go on as they had planned, what if there might be the breakfast table that she had pictured with its fruit and pleasant gleam of silver, and the homey steaming of coffee that she would pour for him—what if she might destroy the letter and with it the dreadful fear that had companioned her ever since that afternoon?
The two in the drawing-room were so engrossed with their own affairs that they had not heard the creak of the door, cautiously opened, nor seen the small sailor-boused figure that had entered and crept to Helen's side, but now a shrill little voice spoke unexpectedly in the silence, with the startling effect of continuing an already launched conversation.

"An' I got a bunny wiv one black ear an' one white ear, an' I got a white mice, an' a cats, an' a baby bruvver, an' a n'annie, an' two granfathers, an' a slate pencil, an' a n'express waggin', an' nat's all. What have you got?"

Helen's eyes, as they rested on the small figure, were tragic with thwarted motherhood. "Nothing," she said slowly. "I have nothing, little John."

"No bunnies, nor slate pencils, nor little boys like me?" Little John's tone was full of pity, he was about to speak further on the matter, but his aunt, the housekeeper, interrupted.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," she fretted, "slippery as an eel that boy! I turn my back one minute to look at my baking and he's gone. Come along of me, ye little Thafe o' the World!"

The silence that hovered over the beautiful, luxurious room was full of unsaid things, questions, replies. The man stood frowning down at the flower he was twisting in his big fingers, the woman sat staring before her with wide, mournful eyes. When at last she spoke, there was that in her tone that told him that pleading would be of no avail. "I have them to think of, too, Robert—your sons. They have a right to be born well."

He was lawyer enough to know that his case was lost, but lover enough to plead with her, to argue, and finally to re-proach and storm. "To no avail.

"You dont love me—you cant, or you wouldn't let anything on God's earth separate us!" he said at last, anger thickening his voice, "but if you think you can keep me dangling to satisfy your conscience, you're mistaken. If I go, I go for good, and I shant come back."

In the mute misery of her face he read her answer and caught up his hat violently. If you prefer shadows to realities, keep them! I loved you—I always will love you, but I shall take precious good care I never see your face again!"

His words, bitter, taunting, echoed thru the silent room long after he had gone. She wondered whether she would hear them echoing thru the dun years to come . . . at her movement the papers on her lap rustled with the dry sound of dead leaves. That was what they were—old sere sins, dead deeds of her forebears drifting down over her radiant springtide, burying it. Because her father's father had drunk too deeply she must go athirst . . . it was not just!

Presently she rose with infinite weariness and went to her desk to write a few lines, fold and address them. "I suppose it's a coward's part to run away," she murmured, "but I've got to have time to make over life with another pattern. Stella will keep me till I can decide what to do."

The society of the little Southern city found Stella Scarr's beautiful guest a welcome break in the boredom of their ingrowing acquaintance with each other's tastes, witicisms and personal characteristics. Her gowns were more thrilling than the Russian Revolution, her dark loveliness rivaled the National League as a clubroom topic, albeit the tone of the comments was distinctly respectful. Within a week it was known that Miss Helen Winthrop had snubbed Bob Barton, the wealthy roué of Shannon, had refused Calhoun Carter, the professional heartbreaker, and had on three occasions chosen to drink water at the dinner-table, instead of wine. All of which cataclysmic things, of course, caused comment and conjecture. Stella herself, fluffy and irresponsible as a maltese kitten, was puzzled at her friend's puritanical attitude.

"Of course, if you think a man notices a woman who doesn't drink, I could understand you, Nell, but you seem to be as much of a man-abstainer as you are of cocktails," she fretted; "one would almost think you were afraid of them both."

"I am afraid to drink," Helen confessed quietly, tho her cheeks burned. She looked up at her friend, who stood hatted and gloved for the street before her. "I didn't tell you, Stella, but that's why I didn't marry Bob—why I shall never marry anyone.

Helen's eyes, as they rested on the small figure, were tragic with thwarted motherhood. "Nothing," she said slowly; "I have nothing."

"No bunnies nor slate pencils nor little boys like me?" Little John's tone was full of pity,

(Fifty-three)
My father couldn't help drinking—oh, I don't mean anything disgusting! He was always a gentleman, and most people never guessed. I never knew it myself, until he died and left a letter telling me that I must fight, always.

Stella stared at her blankly, "Poor dear!" but it was the froth of sympathy. She was so entirely sorry for Stella Scarf that she had no time for other people's troubles, believing herself a misunderstood woman, married to a coarse, unappreciative brute of a husband, who neglected her for ridiculous business conferences, and was furious if another man so much as glanced at her. It was a very comfortable and elastic viewpoint and enabled her to justify herself in taking small, sly nibbles of forbidden fruit, without spiritual indigestion.

Now, as she spoke, she was gazing into the mirror of Helen's dressing-table with a little secret, pleased smile. Will Terhune would approve of her in that peacock blue suit. "The only thing I'm afraid of is what people say about me behind my back!" she laughed in her soft lisping voice, "but a little, harmless cocktail! It seems ridiculous to be afraid of that..."

She was fluttering away, but Helen caught her sleeve. "Terhune again?" she met Stella's defiance steadily. "My dear, are you sure it's a safe game you're playing?"

"Safe enough if you know the rules!" Stella assured her smartly. "Still, you can come along and play convention if you like. If you were a blonde I wouldn't let you, but Will doesn't like dark women."

The tea-room of the fashionable hotel was crowded, and Helen's mushroom popularity brought smiling nods, bows and admiring glances from all sides. Young men lingered beside her chair, older women paused to speak a gracious word to the beautiful newcomer from the North. Stella and Will Terhune, a sallow, carefully dressed man on the perilous edge of middle-age, gave up all pretense of including her in their intimately low-pitched conversation. Looking across her teacup at the flushed baby prettiness of the girl whose cheeks were scorched with the fires, with which she was playing as thoughtlessly as a child with matches, Helen suddenly felt immeasurably old, immemorially wise, and weary and experienced. It came to her poignantly, that the ever-present fear had abandoned the youth out of her, leaving her grey of soul, wrinkled of heart, old—cold.

"I have stopped living so long before it's time to die!" she thought wearily, "and the rest will be just waiting, and being afraid—"

These words were to return to her later like the answer to a question. It was on a midnight of fitful moonlight and blown shadows, when she stood in an angle of the upper hallway and watched Sidney Scarf come crashing out of his wife's room with a livid face and plunged down the stairs, that they came back to her, and brought cold reason on the heels of her first panic fear. Stella had lied to her, then, when she pleaded a headache, she had gone out, and Sidney had returned unexpectedly and found her gone. The air was electric with tragedy... he would go to Terhune's apartments and he would find—what would he find?

"You have stopped living—" memory whispered, "what does it matter what happens to you?"

Helen's head was whirling, she groped back to her room, found a long black coat and flung it about her negligée. Below stairs she could hear Scarf's snarling tones, as he roused the chauffeur. She opened her window, stepped out on the fire-escape, and climbed down into the thick summer darkness that rose to meet her, murky, stifled with the sweets of jasmine and rose.

The two in Will Terhune's rose-hung sitting-room sprang up at sight of their visitor, and Stella's pretty, silly little face seemed to shrink into a sagging network of feeble lines, as Helen poured out her tale. She was the sort of woman who meets an emergency with tears, and whines in the face of Fate. Now she sank into a chair, dragging the telltale intimacy of her face and chiffon ruffles about her, moaning, sobbing.

"If Sid finds me here he'll divorce me—I'll be disgraced—it will kill me—"

"Get her out of here," Helen commanded. She stripped off her coat and wrapped it about the

(" Fifty-four")
other woman's shuddering shoulders. "Quick, there isn't a mo-
ment to lose."

Left alone in the dim, rose-lit room, she paced the floor till Terhune returned. Their eyes met—his admiring, speculative; hers hard, cold. "Well?" there was angry contempt in her
voice, but he chose to disregard.

"She'll be home in five moments." He looked at her over the
lighting of a cigarette, coolly. "What are you doing this for?"
"There is no use of two lives being ruined," Helen said simply. "Stella had a chance for happiness—I have none, that's all."

In the turgid deeps of his glance a spark of admiration
flickered. "That—sporty! But I suppose you know you'll be
done for when this gets out—and it'll get out. Scarr is a cad.
By tomorrow afternoon the story will be laughed at and
banded about in every clubroom in town, and not a woman in
Shannon will see you, if you stand directly in her light. They'll
cut you in the tearooms, they'll draw their skirts away—and
the most virtuous of them will be the ones who haven't been
found out yet.

"I am not afraid of scan-
dal," Helen Winthrop said
wearily. "What can lies do?"
"They can do a damned
lot!" Terhune averred; "they
can hound you wherever you
go, break up new friendships,
steal in like poison gas when
you think you're safest. A lie
has driven many a woman to
the streets and to the morgue."
"I am not afraid of any-
thing any living person can do to me"—she turned on him eyes
filled with such tragedy that he fell back in amazement—"it is
the dead I fear . . . " footsteps halted outside the door, and
a violent knock thundered thru the apartment. Helen sank
into the deep chair, smiling faintly as she drew his cigaret
case toward her. "I'm afraid I'm rather an amateur in sin—
do I look sufficiently abandoned? Then—let them in."

The following weeks tested the truth of Terhune's proph-
ecies. Thru the nightmare of them she moved with head held
high, white face giving no sign that she heard the whispers
and sneering laughter that followed her wherever she went,
or saw the averted faces and lifted shoulders of disdain. But
alone in the hotel room, whither she had moved in spite of
Stella's half-hearted protestations, she paced the floor in a
travail of spirit that often left her pillow unpressed till dawn.

After all, she reflected, why should she stay at Shannon,
and suffer Shannon's wasp-like stings and briar snubs? She
avoided the melodramatic scene of parting which Stella
would have staged, the weak, sentimental tears, the hysterical
gratitude, and slipped out of the city late one evening, with a
passionate breath of relief as she watched the lights twinkle
out of sight.

Followed bewildered months
wherein it was gradually borne
in upon Helen that Terhune
was right. Wherever she went
Rumor followed on padded
feet; she grew to watch for the
hardening of women's glances,

(Continued on page 80)
Alma Rubens: Business Woman

By CHARLES JAMESON

Alma Rubens suggests an old-fashioned garden. On the screen, that is. Not after you have met her! For, instead of a mental picture of a beautiful actress, you come away with a vivid impression of a very live young business woman.

But not that Miss Rubens isn't beautiful. She is. Big, thoughtful, almost dreamy-eyed. You gather this fact with a gasp and then come smash up against the fact that her heart is centered in business rather than anything else.

No artistic temperament is here. No, indeed. Miss Rubens calmly admits that she cares more about the business side of production than the histrionic. If you have visualized Miss Rubens reclining on her dressing-room chaiselongue, surrounded by orchids, revise your estimate. You'd probably find her in the president's office going over the books.

"I'm not a good interview subject," Miss Rubens told me, when we met in the new Hotel Commodore in New York. "I can't talk of my art—and all that. I guess I'm plain uninteresting."

"I was born in San Francisco and educated at the Sacred Heart Convent there. That's quite a step from the movie studios, isn't it? But it's exactly the step I made."

"I wanted to act. Thru friends I met Rolin Sturgeon, the Vitagraph director, who introduced me to Frank Woods, then director of production for Triangle. Douglas Fairbanks needed a leading woman for his next picture, 'The Half-Breed,' and they gave me the role. That's the whole story. I was singularly lucky, that's all."

"After 'The Half-Breed' I played in the unfortunate 'Peer Gynt' with Cyril Maude and in several pictures with Mr. Fairbanks and William S. Hart. Then they began featuring and starring me. There you have my whole career."

"I have my own company now and it's fun. The business side interests me so. Not that I dislike screen acting. But I have just one real, honest-to-goodness ambition—to be a stage star!"

"That's a real confession that I have made to nobody else. I do want to shine behind the footlights. And here's still another confession—I'm going to next season. Well, perhaps I won't exactly shine, but I'm going to try anyway. It will be in a play by Daniel Goodman, in which I will play a half-breed sort of girl. If all goes well, the production will be made by Al H. Woods."

(Continued on page 78)

(Fifty-six)
“Hurry up the picture,” is the curt reminder. “Never mind this detail or that. The release date demands the last scene be shot tomorrow.” And more likely a scenario will be enclosed with the simple notice: “Read this tonight and be ready to start work on it the day after tomorrow.”

The star rubs his eyes, shakes himself mentally, and wonders what it is all about. Slowly but surely he is forced out of the mood of the present picture, becomes muddled, confused and acts only as an automaton, but finishes according to command on program time.

George Beban broke off all ties to duty of this sort and started work on a picture which you now know as “Hearts of Men.” The story is that of a man’s great love and sacrifice for his mother and his little boy. Mr. Beban conceived the story, directed and acted in the picture and did the cutting and assembling. He spent all the time he wished and spared no expense.

When the whole was finished, he had placed all his hope, money, and belief, besides a year’s time, in 5,000 or so feet of celluloid. At last Mr. Beban showed his product to a crowd of men who buy films to market them. These men smoked, lolled in their chairs, distracted each other’s attention from the poignant pathos and clean humor of the piece by chatting aloud in the projection-room. Their idea was to frighten Mr. Beban into thinking he had produced a poor picture. They offered him a paltry sum condescendingly. Mr. Beban decided that, if it was worth anything to them, it was worth his price. He dismissed them.

In time the picture was shown to other companies, with the result that it was sold for twice the sum that Mr. Beban could have made had he worked for a salary every week during the year.

“I choose the character of a poor Italian or Frenchman” (Continued on page 71)
More Bathing Girls of 1919 A.D.

No, they're not Mack Sennett belles, but sea-going ingénues of the William Fox coast forces. Mr. Fox believes more in the flapper type of aquatic actress than Mr. Sennett. The various young women in these pictures are nameless. we regret to inform an anxious public.
How to keep your nails looking freshly manicured all the time

YOUR nails look unbelievably lovely after their Cutex manicure!

They are so shapely, so exquisitely groomed; the cuticle edge at their base is as smooth, firm and even as if they had just had a professional manicure.

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So little trouble, too

Once or twice a week, according to the rapidity with which your cuticle grows, dip the end of an orange stick, wrapped with absorbent cotton, into your bottle of Cutex and work it around the base of each nail, gently pressing back the cuticle.

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NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 907, 114 W. 17th Street, New York City

Name

Street and Number

City and State

(Fifty-nine)
Gossip of the Pacific Coast
By FRITZI REMONT

of the motion picture theater. I'd like to know how a working man, or a salaried clerk, can afford to take the family to see a show at a minimum entrance fee, including war-tax, of twenty-eight cents. That's the admission in El Paso, and I viewed two performances which gave me the creeps owing to the frosty emptiness of the theaters. Oh, it was hot enough outside all right, tho only April weather. Pauline Frederick, coupled with a new Sidney Drew comedy was showing at one house. There's a funny feature about that place, too, for one enters and exits at either side of the screen, which is right at the front doors. Accustomed, as we are in Los Angeles, to viewing the screen as we enter, this hunting for seats in a dark auditorium with a flickering effect at the entrance is peculiarly disconcerting. There must have been 150 people present at the main show of the evening.

Further down the street, where everything is most decidedly Spanish, even the signs over the movies, one discovered blood and thunder serials, with Marie Walcamp and Francis Ford running strong. These houses were being jammed by the Mex population at a dime a throw—but the combination of oily overalls and garlic kept me safely on the outside where I could hear them chatter about Marie, the "senorita bonita" whose lithographic reproduction as she hung in midair kept the men from entering too quickly.

At Phoenix it was hotter, but the theaters are artificially cooled and many degrees cooler than the street, so they offer a refuge from

(Continued on page 89)

Above, Mary MacLaren and her mother outside their California home. Right Mary Pickford viewing a scene of her newest photoplay in the making. Director Micky Neilan stands behind her and Charles Rosher is at the camera.

LOS ANGELES, (Special) — Lately
I've had a splendid opportunity to see how the pictures "get over" in towns far removed from our cinema center. One hears so much of high-salaried stars, of 100 H. P. directors, publicity men and advertising genii, that it would appear as if exhibiting motion pictures were a sort of foretaste of heaven, with sun and moon forgot—but stars twinkling everywhere and compelling us to give a "look, give a listen, give a little sympathy"—plus all our surplus cash.

Cash? Well, that may be the eventual downfall
New York City

F. F. INGRAM CO.

May 2, 1918

I am glad indeed to tell you how much I prize Ingram's Milkweed Cream. It lives up to its reputation for keeping the skin soft and clear and in good condition.

Doris Kenyon

in "Wild Honey"

In this scene—a moment of breathless suspense—and then unmindful of glowing glances and the grim glitter of guns, the stalwart "sky pilot" straightway elbowed himself to the withering little wild flower. And Doris was quickly caught up in friendly arms.

De Luxe Pictures Inc.
Photoplay
They're Making It More Difficult to See Motion Pictures Every Day

8:30 p.m.—Arrive at de luxe screen theater just as orchestra launches upon opening overture. This is accompanied by various natural phenomena, such as rain, lightning and a volcanic eruption, plus a rainbow.

8:45 p.m.—Scenic picture of waterfalls in the Cascade Mountains.

9:00 p.m.—Large gentleman resembling a waiter suddenly confronts the orchestra, proves to be a tenor, and sings.

9:15 p.m.—Topical news pictorial showing several fascinating freight wrecks and floods.

9:30 p.m.—Quartet unexpectedly surrounds the screen and harmonizes defiantly.

9:45 p.m.—Cartoon comedy.

10:00 p.m.—Classic dancers appear,classic as much as the limited stage permits.

10:15 p.m.—The feature, which you have been waiting for since 8:30, appears at last.

Why on earth must the subtitles, used to introduce characters, tell all about their defects and good points? Aren't the actors able to put over character shadings? Suppose a novel had two or three opening pages devoted to telling all about the people of the story. What surprise would be left? Screen producers seem to think their characters should be tagged like articles in a shop window.

The Month's Happy Thought
One of the big screen distributing companies in England is frankly called The Butcher's Film Service, Ltd.

Why Editors Wear a Worried Look
Because each morning's mail brings—
Ten pictures of snow stuff at Truckee.
Fifteen pictures of stars in their panting Rolls-Royces outside their palatial bungalows.*
Twenty pictures of stars standing in front of their studio dressing-rooms.*

* A bungalow in California is a marble affair at least three stories in height.

From the Ukelele to the Yukon
"From bare skins to bearksins," vividly remarks the Goldwyn press-agent, in explaining "Smiling" Billy Parson's trip from Honolulu to Alaska for comedy backgrounds.

The Perfect Smile
As sad as a Billy West comedy.

They are presenting the "Mut and Jeff" comedies in France, but they have changed the title to "Dick and Jeff." Mutt was a little too much for the Parisian sense of humor.

Our Favorite Screen Moment of the Month
Nazimova in her bead-ed princess costume in "The Red Lantern."* * *

You Said Something, Harriette
"Girls in the movies are always loving one man and marrying another," philosophizes H. U. in The New York Tribune. "Perhaps that is so they will continue to be in love with them."

We heartily join Lee Kugel in his campaign against the sort of screen publicity that calls every player a star who comes from the stage to the screen. It's time to draw a halt on such stories as the winning to the films of Miss Tessie Tanglefoot, who "co-starred with David Warfield in 'The Music Master,'" when Tessie really was just a super.

Gene O'Brien's first stellar vehicle is "The Perfect Lover." And we thought none of 'em were perfect. By the way, Gene certainly likes Gene as an actor. He heartily applauded himself at the opening of "Fires of Faith."

Tamar Lane, who has been poking fun at the poor commercial movies from the lofty height of Boston, has collapsed before the attack of Mammon. He's now publicizing for M. Selznick. We dare Tamar to produce a giggle in "That's Out" about the Selznicks!

To Jack Pickford
By Ned Hungerford
You send me to a land of dreams—
The rainy day—
The old, old barn—
The loft of hay—
The blowing waves of grass—
That mystic spot where treasure lies beneath a certain tree—
The sweep of feathery cloud—
The brook with nibbling fish—
A glamorous land where all the make-believe of youth might be!

But there are thoughts of age, and loss of friends,
And unfilled dreams,
And that adventuring called death by some—
These thoughts must reach to you!
And when these stiller days have come
I hope that I may pay,
In honest, friendly coin, as sweet and free.
For all the gentle, natural dreams of youth
You pictured back to me!
How Famous Movie Stars
Keep Their Hair Beautiful

Proper Shampooing is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL FOR SHAMPOOING.

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle should last for months. Splendid for Children.

THE R. L. WATKINS CO., Cleveland, Ohio.
The Girl with the Ginger-Snap Name

(Continued from page 38)

stuff that talent will win, no matter how heavy the handicap.

My first glimpse of ZaSu at work was at Laskey's. I noticed that Director Melford gave her many opportunities to put in bits of business of her own, and that he kept saying to her, "Go slow! Take it easy!"

You would have noticed a queer little quirk around the corners of her mouth and a frequent way she has of waving her arms about as if they didn't belong to her.

It is said that Mary Pickford discovered her, because she had done nothing of note prior to "The Little Princess."

Before I met ZaSu, and at the time she started work with Miss Pickford, the little star's mother happened to mention "Mary's new find" during the course of a conversation. "She is a curious little thing," remarked Mrs. Pickford. "Her only danger is in her excessive nervousness. Mary thinks that she will go a long way."

ZaSu seems to think and act simultaneously. So rapid is her action that one could almost fancy it preceding the thought—if such a thing were possible.

"Oh, dear!" she said, when I told her that the editor of The Motion Picture Classic wanted me to interview her.

She seemed to be more worried than pleased, adding with a sigh, "I feel so unnecessary."

But it so happened that she was very necessary at that moment to the making of a scene, for the director called her away and the interview did not materialize that afternoon.

The next evening I met her at the Studio Club. She doesn't live there, but she did for quite a period after she came to Los Angeles, and the club retains a large share of her love and affection. It is the most home-like place imaginable. It is on Carlos Street in Hollywood, within walking distance of all the largest studios.

Many a young girl, alone in Los Angeles and just getting a foothold in the film world, has found this club an almost perfect substitute for home.

"It is my hobby," said ZaSu, referring to the club, "the thing outside of my work that I am interested in most of all."

We were at dinner, enjoying some mince pie—that is, I was enjoying it. The other girls—there were eleven of us at table—had had too much mince pie, of late, to look upon it with the same enthusiasm.

It seems that a friend of the club had made it a Christmas present of mince meat, and mince pie had been served, as it seemed, "from then on," with clock-like regularity. However, it certainly was delicious mince pie.

After dinner we went upstairs and ZaSu showed me the little room in the attic which had been hers for more than a year. It was a pretty room and daintily furnished; you would not wonder that she still loves it.

She has practically no unpleasant memories of her screen struggles, but she has many funny ones. Comedy comes naturally to ZaSu. Even the way she got her name was funny.

It seems there were two aunts, one who answered to the name of Eliza and the other to that of Susan, and it was one of those cases where the parents wanted to name her for one or the other but did not wish to offend either, and so they took the last two letters of Eliza and the first two letters of Susan and put them together, just as if they were naming a breakfast food instead of a little girl, with the result that ZaSu Pitts started with a name that once heard no one will ever forget—an almost inestimable advantage with casting directors in the days when she first made the rounds of the studios.

"I did the nuttiest things when I first came from Santa Cruz," she said.

We were sitting on the bed of that little room in the attic.

"Everything was like a game to me. I formed a theory that people were partial to Southerners. There were two Southern girls on the train coming down. Neither was pretty, but both attracted a great deal of attention; so sitting in my room, alone, I practiced on a Southern drawl. I tried it out, first, on a street-car conductor, and when he asked, 'Excuse me, miss, are you a Southerner?' I knew that I had put it over. Then I tried it on a shoe salesman and he actually tried to flirt with me—it made such a hit. He asked me if I was here with my people. I absent-mindedly said that I was alone, and then, realizing that if I remained true to my pose, I could not say I was with friends hastily that I was here for my health.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked.

"Then I did the first thing that came into my head. I coughed several times and said, weakly, 'consumption,' and that brought the end of that romance."

However, it wasn't the end of the Southern accent. She had not, as yet, gotten any work at the studios, but the first casting director that she tried that accent on gave her a day's work, even tho he had a sign out, "No Extras Need Apply."

The Southern accent, having served its purpose, has disappeared, but ZaSu retains the drawl and speaks in a dry tone which is in sharp contrast to her quick, jerky movements. She makes me think, somehow, of a composite of Rose Stahl, Eva Tanguay and Minnie Mad- dern Fiske, with just a dash of Chaplin thrown in.

Her first director must have, undoubtedly, recognized her comedy possibilities, for after her first picture, work came fast. She soon got a stock engagement at $12 a week with a company (Continued on page 79)
The Man Who Banished Corns

Blue-jay was invented by a scientist of distinction. By a man whose lifetime has been spent in the study of surgical dressings.

This is a master’s method—correct, complete and efficient. And the millions of people who know it, never think of enduring a corn.

All in One

The first step is to stop the pain. This is done by removing all pressure—by the soft protecting ring marked A.

The next step is to gently cause the corn to disappear.

This is done by the remarkable B & B Wax, which no corn can resist.

This bit of wax—marked B—is centered on the corn. It cannot spread. So, unlike old-time methods, it acts on the corn alone.

C is rubber-coated adhesive. This snugly wraps the application, protecting everything.

You apply this Blue-jay in a jiffy. The corn pain stops at once. The wrapping is comfortable and you forget it.

In two days you remove it and the corn can be lifted out. Only rare corns need a second application.

This is the scientific way, the easy, sure and right way to end corns. You will never return to any wrong method when you try a Blue-jay once.

Try it tonight.

Blue-jay
The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly Ends Corns Completely
25 Cents—At Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, New York, Toronto

(Continued from page 31)
My Way of Teaching Piano is All Wrong

Plenty of people tell me so—who have never seen it. Learning by correspondence is “new fangled” they say—the methods of fifty years ago are “good enough for them.” Nevertheless—those who have tried the best, because they have taken it (and there are now over three thousand of them) tell me that they learned in less than half the usual time—and at quarter the usual cost. I have increased the number of my pupils every year since I started in 1891, and will gladly give you the names and addresses of any number of them in any part of the world who can prove that “Learn Piano or Organ” will interest and inform you. But don’t send for it if you’re afraid of being convinced.

My way of teaching piano or organ is entirely different from all others. Out of every four hours of study, two hours are spent entirely away from the keyboard—learning something about Harmony and The Language of Music. This is a fearful shock to most teachers of the “old school,” who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of finger combinations. When you do go to the keyboard, you accomplish twice as much, because you understand what you are doing. Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece—not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are entirely unknown by the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLOROTONE sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a nightmare to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. Dex is a simple hand-operated moving picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. You actually see the fingers move. Instead of having to imagine the course of the fingers movement from MEMORY—which cannot be always accurate—each of the corresponding movements is before you during every minute of practice. The COLOROTONE and QUINN-DEX save you months, years, and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained only from me and

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MOTION PICTURE

Along Came Ruth

(Continued from page 35)

At the age of fifteen she was a protegee of Adele Patti and was invited to go to Europe, but because of family objections was unable to do this.

Ruth’s father was manager of the Columbia Theater in San Francisco. With her father a manager and her mother an actress, what could the poor girl do? When Ruth was just three and a half years of age she “went on” in Edward Holden’s production of “Cinderella” in her father’s theater, with her mother playing a rôle in the show.

When Ruth’s success increased, she was able to produce the play, and it became a great hit. She then went to New York and appeared in the musical comedy, “Little Lord Fauntleroy.”

After “Cinderella” had enjoyed its share of prosperity, Ruth, now firmly established as a child actress of parts, was engaged to play Little Lord Fauntleroy in that famous children’s classic.

Then followed a long list of child roles until she had a personal acquaintance with every switch and sidering on the Southern Pacific system, but her most Eastern booking was Sacramento.

Yes, she once made an extended trip, but still it was towards the setting sun. She went to the Hawaiian Islands and was the first child actress to appear in Honolulu. She made such a hit that she remained there until she had stored up six months, playing continuously.

She then returned to Frisco and for several years in stock, including a long engagement with the famous Belasco Company at the Alcazar Theater, which is said to have sent more stars to Broadway than any one organization in the country.

Next in the evolution of Ruth came a very successful tour in her own play, which took her over the Sullivan-Conside vaudeville circuit.

Then one evening a director for the old Kalem Company, which specialized in cowboy-redskin-Mexican bandit-Western stuff, dropped into the theater where Miss Roland was playing. “Ah,” said he, “a perfect camera type.” After the performance he went back to Ruth’s dressing-room and talked with her. Two weeks later she reported at the Kalem studios outside of Los Angeles and went to work. She has been in pictures ever since.

Her daring feats soon attracted the notice of the serial makers, ever on the alert for the much sought after combination of beauty and nerve, and via the Balboa route Ruth soon graduated as a full-fledged Pathe serial star.

(Sixty-eighth Annual Meeting of the University Female Athletics Association, San Francisco, March 27-28, 1939)
The Sporting Chance
(Continued from page 42)

"Pam," she began, without preamble, "hadn't you better out with it? Hadn't you lots better?"

"I—I c-cant, Carey, you'd despise me."

"No. No, I wouldn't, dear. Honestly, I wouldn't despise anything that's real—that's got your heart in it—flesh and blood—so long as you're sure of that. Do you—you love him very much, Pam?"

Pamela sat erect. She ceased her sobbing. "Oh, Carey, no!" she gasped. "I may as well tell you the truth. I seem to be too weak and too silly and indeterminate to fix this man for any self—but I married your father—a year or more before—I was terribly in love with a man, a married man. Infatuation, I guess—but desecrate. I—I wrote him silly letters—prodigal letters—letters lots more incriminating than any of my actual deeds had ever been. Ralph Seward was got a hold of these letters, how, God knows. He's—he's making a regular sword of Damocles of them—he's threatened and threatened me with them... he... oh, Peter would hate me!"

Carey took her in her arms. Her blue eyes were unexpectedly soft. "You poor dear," she crooned, "of course, Dad wouldn't hate you—he never could hate you. Partly, but he needn't know, and we'll dispose of the sneaky Seward. We'll..."

Pamela faced her. "But, Carey," she whispered, "as tho the answer she might get, "you...I thought you were beginning to care for Ralph..."

Carey laughed aloud. "Not I!" she declared. "He's not the variety I favor. I—I—Pamela, I have criminal leanings!"

After that night, long after Pamela was sleeping with the caught breath of the little child who had been punished and then petted and tucked away, Carey was out again on her trusty little roadster. If she knew her Ralph Seward he was not indulging in child-like, repentant slumber, but in many drinks and much choice scandal. His apartment would be vacant for some hours. There were fire-escapes... and there were bribes. Everybody knew the daughter of Peter Brent. No one would suspect her of anything nefarious. A tenner—and she would be admitted, sans question, to Mr. Seward's rooms.

She was. But Mr. Seward was not the absent host. He had just come in, he said. He gave forth a hideous aroma of barroom indulgences. He had a repellent tenderness about him. His little Carey, he pushed, was more than welcome. He, himself, was more than honored. There were some things, just a few, he had not expected of life... this visit of hers was one of them... such a sweet admission... so charmingly staged... he really...

Carey interrupted him acidly. "Will (Sixty-seven)"

---

"$100 a Week, Nell! Think What That Means To Us!"

"They've made me Superintendent—and doubled my salary! Now we can have the comforts and pleasures we've dreamed of—our own home, a maid for you, Nell, and no more worrying about the cost of living!"

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Why don't you study some one thing and get ready for a real job, at a salary that will give your wife and children the things you would like them to have?

You can do it! Pick the position you want in the work you like best and the I. C. S. will prepare you for it right in your own home, in your spare time—you need not lose a day or a dollar from your present occupation.

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Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped Nose without cost or inconvenience.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist. 1039 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y.

Helen Holmes is going back to serials, tho she vowed never again. J. P. MccGowin, her husband, will direct Helen in a new and long thriller. Which will be of decided interest to fans.

(Sixty-eight)
over the heavy knob, moving it with delicate care. She would have laughed aloud when she felt the hidden springs click and the door swing open in her hand.

She stood motionless, one hand clutching the brocade-covered jewel-case which was the first thing she touched. Had she thought those words or had she heard them spoken? In the silence she heard a heart ticking like a watch, breathing—hers or another's? When she cast a look to face her fears she turned her head and found herself staring into the eyes of a man, who had entered the room so softly that she had not heard a footstep. The glass lamp-shade cast a greenish light over the white oval of his face, and Alice Burton whispered a name, "Ned!"

Alice spoke very simply, starkly, as one does in life's most complex moments. "Benjamin Graves is going to tell my husband that I was his mistress unless I get some papers for him—the papers that will send him to prison. Oh, I know it sounds ridiculously melodramatic."

With one stride her brother was at her side, fingers sunk into her shoulder. "Evidence? Good God, Alice—I don't believe it!"

She smiled faintly. "Thank you, Ned. Of course, it isn't true, but he's had letters forged and lingerie with my monogram—I must have dropped a handkerchief in his office that other time. And Robert will believe it. Oh, yes, he loves me tremendously—that's why he'll believe it. Men are queer that way."

"Go to bed, Alice!" he ordered her curtly, "and don't worry. I'll get those things from Graves."

It was not until she was slipping into sleep fifteen minutes later that Alice Burton really heard his words. Then realization brought her up among her pillows with bounding heart. What had he meant?

She sprang from the bed, snatched a spangled scarf from the bureau, and drew on a pair of carriage boots and an all-enveloping opera-cloak. In the hall her impatience would not wait for the elevator, and she ran down three flights of stairs and by the astonished hall-boy into the evening streets. A cold wind was blowing and the streets were almost deserted save for wandering shadows. There was an unreality about everything as tho the streets and blown cloud masses above her and herself were all part of a dream.

It seemed a dream, too, that she was standing in the vestibule of Benjamin Graves' house, looking thru the half-open door into a dark hall, with leaping firelight washed across one wall from a door at the end. If it were not all a hideous dream, would the door be open? She moved down the hall and stood in the doorway of the firelit library, clutching the cloak about her. Then her arms fell at her sides and the cloak slipped from them to the floor, and the flames cast red shadows, like bloody smears, over her white face and bosom and the rounding folds of her negligé.

On the floor, in an unshingly huddle, lay Benjamin Graves quite dead. It was strange how certain she was that he was dead, even before she saw the dark pool oozing sluggishly to the rug, the bronze paper-knife. Dead! A dreadful dream . . .

What came after was part of the dream—the blue-coated men, the shouts, the rough questions that bested upon her ears like hail, the knowing stares that would have scorched her to the quick of her soul but that she was too numb to feel them. She sat silent, still, waiting patiently for the waking that must surely come, her gray-blue eyes wide and fixed, her whole softly curving body, outlined beneath the thin stuff of a night-robe, rigid and pulseless as the limbs of some marble Aphrodite. It was thus that Robert Burton found her when he came.

"Sorry, sir," said the police sergeant, touching his cap and averting his eyes from the white suffering of the man's face, "but it's pretty clear she did it. There are letters from Graves on that table, and clothes with her monogram, and then, sir, look at what she's wearing. There's only one thing to think—"

He did not finish the sentence, for the simple reason that Robert Burton's hands were at his throat, Robert Burton's eyes blazing down at him. "Better think it instead of saying it—his voice rang like metal—or there'll be another dead man in this room."

He flung the man aside, strode to the table and stood gazing down at the rose garments strewn upon it; then across the white misery of his face dawning a strange little, hoyish smile. He went to the sofa on which his wife was sitting.

"Alice," he said, "Alice, dear, look at me."

Slowly she lifted her heavy gaze to his brave smile and higher to the steadfast light shining in his eyes. A tremor passed across her immobility, then her fingers crept to his cheek, touching it duly. "Then it—is really you?" she whispered.

"Oh, Rob—I've had such a dreadful dream—I thought I thought you didn't believe in me. But it wasn't so, was it? You couldn't look that way at me if it was so—"

"It wasn't so, Alice," he answered gravely. "We're awake now, you and I. And no matter what comes, dear—no matter what comes, we must remember that doubts and disbelief are nightmares and only love is real."

She laid her cheek on his shoulder, snuggling close. "It was a terrible dream," she murmured; "it's—wonderful—to be awake!" And so saying she slipped into a deep slumber, like a tired child at the long day's end.

When a little later, they came with the news of Rose La Verne's confession that she had killed Graves rather than lose him to some other woman, they found her smiling joyously in her sleep, as a child smiles who knows that there is nothing to fear in all the world.
GIRLS! LOTS OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR

35 cent bottle of "Danderine" makes hair thick, glossy and wavy. Removes all dandruff, stops itching scalp and falling hair.

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It is easy and inexpensive to have nice soft hair and lots of it. Just get a 35 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, luster, and an incomparable gloss and luster, and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair.

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Try a 35 cent bottle at drug stores or toilet counters.

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Taking Motion Pictures to the Cannibals
(Continued from page 33)

Which is likely to considerably surprise Monsieur Nagatape.

The trunks include large assortments of beads, clay pipes and other trinkets calculated to win the savage heart, and there is a businesslike collection of heavy-duty rifles for big game and automatic revolvers for personal protection.

Mr. Johnson attributes the remarkable success of his "Cannibals of the South Seas" to the fact that he developed his films on the day he took his pictures, instead of taking all the negatives back to the United States to be developed here. "It isn't necessary to have a dark room," he explains. "I simply carry a black top to shield off the bright light of the South Pacific moon and stars.

This time something like $25,000 is invested in our trip. We have all sorts of special lenses; microscopic ones for filming tiny insects and native flora, long-distance lenses for telescopic shots. Filters and screens for cloud and color effects, and special apparatus for underwater photography.

"I am going to film night scenes. For instance, I am going to picture the natives watching motion pictures. For this purpose I am taking along a large number of night flares."

The story of the Johnsons is an interesting one. These two sea adventurers hail from—inland Kansas, being born thirty miles from each other. Martin lived at Independence. After his marriage with Jack London, he began giving lectures and, in the course of events, came to the neighboring town of Canute, where the future Mrs. Johnson lived.

"I was singing in the church choir," relates Mrs. Johnson, "and, after meeting Martin, he asked me to come over to Independence to sing during his entertainments. Finally his mother called up my mother on the 'phone, and I went over to sing for the week-end. I was to return on Sunday at midnight—but we were married at nine o'clock."

Their life has been an adventurous one ever since. Mrs. Johnson is a slender little person, a singularly good screen type and not at all the sort of person you would connect with roughing it in the South Seas.

"By the end of the cruise I'm as tanned as any savage," she said. "But, at the start, when the native women see me, they come running up and rub my arms and face with their fingers, apparently to see if the white will come off. I carry a bottle of peroxide to rub on afterwards, for many of these native women have leprosy and other terrible diseases."

Mrs. Johnson handles a rifle as an expert, swims well and isn't afraid of anything—except the tropical spiders. "I'll never get used to those huge things," she laughs, "but, thank goodness, there are no snakes in all the South Seas. Indeed, your baggage is always examined to see if you carry any reptiles with you. The
The Talcum Mere Jap I is a Soop, attest "..." features, our main appreciation is. hour. be not ance who who "Your sex is not just," he said, "to one another." He thinks the woman who has lived, who has known struggle and failure and depths, incomparable. And who, he asks, who among us dares to judge? Tolerance is one of his strong beliefs. Tolerance of the individual, because one cannot tell the pitfalls and the pity that have befallen the individual. He is a professcd individualist himself. For the main underlying individualism- fear of hurting others—"we overestimate our own importance," he says, with his smile, which is Irishly whimsical, "when we believe in our powers of hurting. There is only one sin, to my mind, one deadly sin-time. Time rots, and that is unforgivable. It rots youth—and all that is bright and beautiful. It is the superstercancy.

He believes that we should cheat Time, cheat Time conscientiously. We should be greedy of the day, mindful of the hour. And always the epicure, which he is. Our emotions, he thinks, should be to us what rare wines are to the epicure thereof—so many emotional wines to get the flavor of, to test, to enjoy, with appreciation and deliberation. An epicurean philosophy, that...

After steak and rice-pudding we went across to his "diggings." "I've heard photocratic things of these rooms of yours," I said.

"They're cozy," he answered, "and rather pretty—that's all that can be said for them.

They were cozy. From the wellremembered depths of a davenport stripped like a zebra with blue and black, I attest it. They were essentially cozy. Still more were they essentially the frame for the big, wholesome Irish-coloradoan sort of man-person Eugene O'Brien is first of all before he is anything else. He is a sort of a place to smoke his pipe and drink his drink and argue, in the mingled fumes, with cronies chosen well. As for the dirt part—pssh! Mere artistry!

There were low book-shelves, with row after row of books which had been read. A great deal of the Russian stuff and some Dick and Jane and technical volumes and single editions. He assured me that he, personally, never read them, but he has the good sense to have them look as tho they were read, and that is much.

There was a grand piano—"a prop," he said. And there were huge wicker chairs and black smoking-tables and the most fascinating desk in the world and also the most untidy. If there was one letter on that desk there were one thousand, and quill pens and check stubs and photographs, out of the confusion of which emerged one of his mother and one of Frances Starr. There were others, but they were lost in the shuffle. Owners, take notice. It was a nice debris, tho. Jolly and masculine, with the sublime carelessness of masculinity, the supreme dependence. There was a fire burning and a rush broom and a winged Victory or Mercury or something, and a Russian-looking cabinet.

Everything was real. The word real can mean a tremendous lot, taken very literally. One could never know Eugene O'Brien quite perfectly did not one see the sort of things he selects to live with. They are real. They have a fundamental quality. They belong to the chooser and the conscious connoisseur—not only of furniture. They are man-stuff plus imagination. They're livable things, things that will stand the acid test—Time.

Eugene O'Brien is a good sort. He is the sort society takes by the right hand and the Bowery by the left. He makes his world very safe for democracy. He is the epicure who yet does not shun corned beef and cabbage.

Beban Beliefs

(Continued from page 57)

man or American," says Beban, "because the masses can understand his suffering—they can understand the tremendous struggle for daily bread for a loved one—and as for the classes, their sympathy will hold them interested in everyday lives."

This art of portraying a sympathetic character which tugs at one's heartstrings is a part of Mr. Beban himself.

Small and slender, lean and vivid, shingly brown-eyed, he can wax tragic over the sufferings of a horse, a dog, a boy. He can even make the moisture come to one's eyes as he recounts an everyday experience.

He maintains that it is the simpler souls who know the great lifelong loves.

He believes that we who are creatures of a luxurious environment, who amuse ourselves constantly, cannot in the very nature of our lives, love with as great a devotion as the simple, uncomplex foreigner who bends his back to the toil of daily bread-getting.

This may be so, and yet Mr. Beban's own lite more or less refutes his statement. For his love and pride in his boy, George Beban, Jr., known to some of you as Bob White, is as compelling as if he had the talent to support him.

There is no doubt that George Beban is a real artist, with a heart as big as his art—but he is also a keen business man, and woe to the person who thinks he can get the best of him, via the compliment or underhand route.

You can't fool George Beban with a lot of saccharine statements; he will weigh the sugar from them and judge you by the pulp.
of the best goverette, endless strings of jewels, a heavy headdress of braided hair, spangled and bearing painted miniatures.

"Do you like to cook, Miss Swanson?"

"I hate it; in fact, I don't know how to boil an egg," said the young lady, decidedly. A funny thing about Gloria is that she uses most emphatic language without putting force into her voice. She is not poised, unexcited most of the time. "I never do turn to cook," and I don't know how to keep house, either—I only want always to be an actress. I hope the next four years are as exciting and full of changes as the past four have been," she concluded.

"Yes, especially the last few months—what a change from your work at Triangle, or the first part of your screen experiences at Sennett, isn't it?"

"H'm," answered Gloria, laconically. "Will you have dessert?"

Having declined the sweets and asked if Gloria liked anything after luncheon, I uncovered another of her loves—for she never does anything half-way. She's either for you or against you, she doesn't merely tolerate.

"I don't care for desserts. At night I want a cork-tipped cigarette with my large cup of coffee, it rests me so after the day's work. During the day I never smoke—no, never. I attend strictly to business when I am on the lot. Oh, sometimes I just love a little ice-cream, or a sundae toward bedtime," said Miss Swanson, contrarily.

"You didn't know I had a new dog, did you?" she went on. "Yes, a strange dog, very strange. I think he has all kinds of dogs and a Shetland pony in him," came in her naive manner which puts one hard to it, to sustain a groan. Gloria was so deadly serious about the new canine as she further described his merits. "I think he might turn out to be a shepherd dog or a hound when he gets his growth, but I am not sure. He's awfully smart, tho; he knows as much as my pedigree French bull and he is far more amusing. And you should see how healthy he is—marvelous!"

"Where did you learn to ride horseback?" I asked, as Gloria looked longingly out of the café window at two young women cantering along the boulevard.

"Oh, that was at Puerto Rico—I left there six years ago. Horrid place to live. And the climate! Miss Swanson delicately held her perfectly good, straight nose. "I want to see the whole world, but I shall live in Los Angeles a long, long time. Did you know I have a two-year contract at the Lasky studio? I just very much enjoy two dozen flash-backs, something like 'Don't Change Your Husband,' and in one we are Vikings, the next Crusaders, then Colonial folk. The costumes are so pretty—but I got my hands all chapped at San Pedro being a Viking and sitting in the boat so long. Perhaps it was because it was a cold day and I dallied my hands in the water incessantly. I love to swim, swim; let's go!"

"And Monte Blue and I are so cute in our Colonial things. And I know all the fans will just love us. I can always laugh when Monte smiles. I do think he has the most contagious smile," graciously allowed the new leading lady.

Of course, Monte Blue is not the only man in her company who wins Gloria's smiles—there is one who isplaying opposite her, happened to approach the little Kissel-Kar-Kopay she has been driving for quite a while.

"I believe this is Miss Gloria Swanson, isn't it?" said Tom, with mock gravity. "Are you looking for a chauffeur?"

"Are you a Swede?" returned Gloria calmly. "And what I want is a gardener, not a chauffeur."

"Nope, I'm just back from the army; I'm a Sammy," said Mr. Forman.

"Give me one of your signed pictures, Tommy. I want one desperately; in fact, I've wished for one for a long time, pleased the Crusader lady, as she shifted gears and endeavored to keep leather and Jullets disentangled from satin draperies.

"I'd like to know what you did with the one I gave you three weeks ago," said Mr. Forman, in a very aggrieved manner.

"Why, Tommy, you never did give me one. How can you say such a thing?"

"I'd like to know why I didn't, especially when I took the trouble to buy a new bottle of white writing fluid and signed it 'Yours most sincerely, Tommy,'" and Mr. Forman began to look belligerent.

"Oh, yes, I remember now; you were featured on my dressing-table for a whole twenty-four hours. Wasn't it in kind to do that? Generally they last only half a day or so," returned Gloria, very reflectively.

"Then you dont intend to marry just yet, and aren't really in love with any one?" I jumped into the breach.

"Oh, I love lots of men—lots—but I never love just one most. I think they are so pleasant to have about the world, dont you?" Gloria shows no partiality, evidently.

"I had the most fun planning with Bee the other night what I will do when I get two million dollars. I will put one million into some safe, reliable bank and just live on my interest and let them keep the books, and the other million I will spend in getting everything I want and everything that every one I like wants. Of course, I will get my own car and cars for all of them, too, and for girls that have one or two pairs of silk hose only. I shall buy a few new hands—well, I forget just now, but I have it all at home figured to the last cent, on a piece of foolscap paper and some of my best new writing paper, too."

"I want a racing car. Oh, such a speedy racing car. I think first I will get a Hudson Super Six with a high (Continued on page 74)"
He Wanted Glamour

By FAITH SERVICE

When I married I determined that the Woman should be the
incarnation of all the lures I had read about and had only seen
on the screen. None of your flat-footed, full-breasted, athletic young
Amazons for me... blooming creatures with their hideous commo-
raderie, their bourgeois good-fellowship, their unpowdered faces,
their sexlessness.

I desired an incarnation of all the Cleopatras of all the ages... a
creature mysteriously suggestive of the Orient... Egypt... Persia... far Cashmere. Scarlet,
exotic places... strange, enthralled places... She must have blue-black hair sleek-coiled
about a small proud head... she must have sensuous almond
eyes and carmined, subtle lips. She must have limbs long and finely
modeled. Her skin must be like pomegranate blossoms and her
hands like drenched lotos flowers. She must be to me the breath of the
poppy... the key to the riddle of her sex, yet never quite the key...
the sweet strangulation of famishing sins. She must sway
rather than walk, and her voice
must be pitched like a minor note in
an Indian love lyric. She must
wear gowns like black clouds, cling-
ing, bat-like, to a moon-white sky...
or the too caressing pelts of furred animals...
and jewels exhaled from the Catacombs. She
must exhale perfume like unto the
ghost of a gardenia... She must
have lived the endless ages and dis-
tilled the precious atar of all rare
loves... She must speak of lit-
tle children with a faraway light in
her Slavic eyes... a slightly wist-
ful light... She must intimate
remoteness from the subject. She
must be, in a word, Faustine,
Dolores, Fragoletta, Troy's Helen
... the Nile's Serpent, a Screen
Star...

I met her in a studio on Unmph
Street. I ravished her with my
eyes. My veins ran desire instead
of blood. She was svelte...
She was Egypt, incondable...
the dream-passion of the poppy
... gracile as a snake. I hung
about her like a director... cov-
esting her pantherine grace...
the touch of her lotos palms on my
eyes. She was in conversation with
a detestable materfamilias:
"Yes, I says to mommer," she
was saying, "that husbands is so
many responsibilities, but children
... and mommer says to me, 'You
oughter know...'."

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If you haven’t, you cannot realize what a de-
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beauty attention which every woman needs.

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most cheerfully. Send $5 today to the
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Griffith, Betty Blythe and Gladys Leslie,
all of the Vitaphone Company; Ruth Ro-
land, Faith; Kay Allison, Metro, and Lil-
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blouses or the sleeveless dancing frocks decreed by Fashion. She
must remove the hair from her arm-pits to be modest or well
groomed. X-Bazin provides the simple, comfortable, womanly way of
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250 Exclusively Famous French Depilatory Powder

(Seventy-three)
The Delightful Contradictions of Gloria
(Continued from page 72)

A Radiant Complexion for You

A skin so fair that to touch it is “eternity in the brush of a bee’s wing” can be yours if you follow the method employed by famous beauties who know the secret. BONCILLA BEAUTIFIER lifts out the lines and closes enlarged pores. When removed, blackheads are removed. The complexion is radiant clear, free from lines and soft as velvet. Immediately on application you will feel the gentle pat, pat, the lifting, smoothing sensation that assures you that it is starting its good work of youthful restoration of the skin.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send $1.50 for full-size jar. Money back if not satisfied. You take no chances—run no risks. Send at once.

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The Delightful Contradictions of Gloria

(Continued from page 72)

Oh, that delightful, smooth, sweet, clean feeling that comes from using Boncilla Beautifier! No woman desires of a beautiful skin should ever be without this perfect toilet requisite.—Ethel Clayton.

A Radiant Complexion for You

A skin so fair that to touch it is “eternity in the brush of a bee’s wing” can be yours if you follow the method employed by famous beauties who know the secret. BONCILLA BEAUTIFIER lifts out the lines and closes enlarged pores. When removed, blackheads are removed. The complexion is radiant clear, free from lines and soft as velvet. Immediately on application you will feel the gentle pat, pat, the lifting, smoothing sensation that assures you that it is starting its good work of youthful restoration of the skin.

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The Delightful Contradictions of Gloria

(Continued from page 72)

gear, a long, slim body, and a GREAT wheel, so I can squeeze down behind it and look thru the spokes as I twirl it with a dash. And I shall wear a coat with a very tight-fitting cape that comes right up under my eyes, and oh—I can feel that fur tickling my nose right now!”

Gloria scratched vigorously, then remembered a ruined make-up. “Goodness, where’s my powder puff?”

The glories of the new car were utterly forgotten. That lively child has the greatest fun switching from one subject to the other. Yet she is very grave for whole days at a time. Her dresser says that Gloria loves to have her hair done for pictures. She doesn’t mind how many times a day it must be re-drest, and if Hattie, her very capable helper, attempts to leave the lot, Gloria’s wheeling tones call her back.

“Have you bobbed your hair?”

“No, not bobbed, just short. I HATE long hair, do you? Cant ever fix it nicely in pictures. I never wear a wig, but sometimes I have to put on a switch, as today for this costume which requires a braid of hair over each shoulder... twined with pearls... that is the braids, not shr.”

One thing noticeable about Gloria Swanson is that she is always being waited upon by some one. She’s most winsome, very thoughtful and practical, and yet she has a way of letting others share responsibilities and of assisting her in every way. Some one is always saying, ‘Cream, dear? and taking care of her cup of coffee, or ‘Let me carry that for you, honey?’ and she’s a sort of royal princess wherever she travels. Gloria is not spoiled or selfish, but she’s centered her mind on acting to the exclusion of all other pursuits or duties.

Taking it all in, Gloria is distinctly different. She has great individuality, a firm will, and mind which change with her environment. You may find her blithely gay for two days at a time, and again very still, eager to remain home and cogitate. There are times when she must dance wildly, ride like a Cossack, sing like an Apache—and then you wonder whether she’s ever really known Gloria Swanson, daughter of the Vikings, and again you’ll find moments when she wants to be alone with Bee and her faithful hair-dresser, Hattie. She gives lots of parties at her home, is frequently seen dancing at the beach cafés, and is a great favorite among the younger movie set.

But when asked whether she spent much time in reading, little Miss Swanson, of the sudden rise into fame, said with her usually contradictory manner:

“Er, ye-es, I read a great deal, that is, when I am sick. Just think, the only time I was laid up for four years, was when I had the flu last December—and I read! You would be astonished to see how many books I had about me!”

Isn’t it a wonder that they can reproduce positives from the negatives of so delightfully contrary a creature?
The Most Profitable Evening I Ever Spent

—The Evening In Which I Acquired David M. Roth's Secret of an Infallible Memory

By VICTOR JONES

PEOPLE say my memory is uncanny—that it must have taken years of patient effort on my part to have trained my mind to retain and recall all the facts, figures and names I have stored away. But nothing could be further from the truth. It seems almost incredible, yet I learned the secret of an infallible memory in a single evening—and it was the most profitable evening I ever spent.

Before I discovered my perfectly good memory, hundreds of important facts and figures used to slip away from me. I kept a pad and other artificial aids to memory. My inability to remember names and faces was embarrassing—and costly. I had to apologize almost every time I met someone I had met before. I couldn’t remember what I had read in letters or books. My mind was like a sieve.

Yet today my memory is absolutely under my control. I can meet fifty people within ten minutes and call them by name an hour later or at any time anywhere. I can recall long lists of bank c lendings, telephone numbers, facts, names, rates, in fact anything I care to remember. I can repeat entire passages out of a letter or a book after I have finished reading it. My memory is improved to such a degree that I can even see an automobile through a plate of glass.

Instead of being a handicap, as it was formerly, my memory is now my greatest asset. The cold fact is that after my memory began to improve I got a new grip on my business, and in six short months I increased my sales by $10,000, and that in war time, mind you, with anything but a war bride.

But my reader is doubtful as to how I improved my memory in one evening. It all came about through meeting David M. Roth, the famous memory expert, at a luncheon of the Rotary Club in New York, where he gave one of his remarkable memory demonstrations. I can best describe it by quoting the Seattle Post Intelligencer’s account of a similar exhibition.

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowed me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

'There is nothing miraculous about remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine. You can do this as easily as I. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.'

'My own memory,' continued Mr. Roth, 'was originally very faulty. Yes, it was a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them.'

'That is all right for you, Mr. Roth,' I interrupted, 'you have given years to it. But how about me?'

'My Jones,' he replied, 'I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find—it not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you.'

He didn’t have to prove it. His course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in the forty-eight States to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off instantly without a single mistake.

That first lesson stuck. And so did the other six.

The result was—and my cashiers will vouch for this—I increased my sales by $100,000 in six months!

The reason stands out as brightly as a star bomb. Mr. Roth has given me a firmer grasp of business tendencies and a better balanced judgment, a keener foresight and the ability to act swiftly and surely that I never possessed before.

His lessons have taught me to see clearly ahead; and how to visualize conditions in more exact perspective; and how to remember the things I need to remember at the instant I need them most in business transactions.

In consequence, I have been able to seize many golden opportunities that would have slipped by and been out of reach by the time I woke up.

You see the Roth Course has done vastly more for me than teaching me how to remember names and faces and telephone numbers. It has done more than make me a more interesting talker. It has done more than give me confidence on my feet.

It has given me a greater power in all the conduct of my business.

Mr. Roth’s course has endowed me with a new business perspective. It has made me a keener observer. It has given me a new sense of proportion and values. It has given me visualization—which after all is the true basis of business success.

So confident are the publishers, the Independent Corporation, of the remarkable value of the Roth Memory Course to every reader of this magazine that they want you to test out this remarkable system in your own home before you decide to buy. The course must sell itself or actually improve your memory before you obligate yourself to spend a penny.

Don’t send a single penny. Merely fill out and mail the coupon. By return post, all charges prepaid, the complete Roth Memory Course will be sent to your home.

Study it one evening—more if you like—then if you decide that you can afford not to keep this great aid to more dollars—to bigger responsibilities—to fullest success in life, mail it back to the publishers within five days and you will owe nothing.

Good judgment is largely a matter of memory. It is easy to make the right decisions if you have all the related facts outlined in your mind—clearly and exactly.

Wrong decisions in business are made because the man who makes them forgets some vital fact or figure which, had he been able to summon it to mind, would have changed his viewpoint.

A man’s experience in business is only as old as his memory. The measure of his ability is largely his power to remember at the right time. If you can remember—clearly and accurately—the solution of every important problem since you first took hold of your work, you can make all of your experience count.

If, however, you have not a good memory and cannot recall instantly facts and figures that you learned years ago, you cannot make your experience count.

If a better memory means only one-tenth as much to you as it has to me and to thousands of other business men and women, mail the coupon to-day—NOW—but don’t put it off and forget—as those who need the Course the very worst are apt to do. Send the coupon in or write a letter now before the low introductory price is withdrawn.

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CLASSIC

The Masteytherian Theory
(Continued from page 43)

values, of insight and appreciation. He must not be the one thing which, to my mind, mars the perfect artistry of our greatest director today—the egotist. He must wish to evoke in his players, not the recurring image of himself, of his own desires, his own beliefs and mode and method of achieving results—but their own personalities, their own egos, their own essential thoughts.

"The next most important thing is the story—and more the treatment of the story than the skeleton itself. A script should come up for discussion among every member of the cast and the director a week or more before it is to be rehearsed. I say rehearsed advisedly. It should be rehearsed, so that everything may be got out of it. Every smallest part, every character delineation in that story should be talked over, minutely, exhaustively. There should be argument and counter argument. Before the actual work is begun no shade of feeling, no fine analysis should have been overlooked.

The last possibilities should be exhausted. "I believe that the day of the ingénue with many curls and cunning ways is over. The public thinks deeper now, and wants more. I believe that the day of the sex story, as a sex story, is also over and done with. We are surfeited of them. Thrillers, too—like the once-loved 'melodrammer' of the stage—no more. The old order is passing away on the screen, as it has in every other institution, whether artistic or otherwise, which has permanence and intrinsic worth. There will emerge a survival of only the fittest.

"Personally, I am not for the star system. It is a distortion of values which are worth more than the exploiting of a personage—if it be exploitation. It is an utter distortion of the story. It throws into undue and always unmeant relief one person to the exclusion of the other, and fundamentally valuable characters. Often a whole story, a whole book, has been changed out of all semblance to its original state to make grotesquely prominent the star. Take a Dickens novel, for example. Conscientiously, thoughtfully, one marvel of delineations the cremen might make of it! What miracles of characterization—and then concept of making just one person stand boldly orth, subduing all the others—the lust! That is just a hasty example . . . Yet that is what the screen does. On the basis of the star system. Disproportionate. Out of focus.

"I believe that there are just two essential things toward the making of the upscreen—two essential things from rich, as from a rich, abundant soil, all other things will spring—the right director, the man of insight—and the photography—not of facial expression which will be trickery, but of thought—the sought behind. "Could there be anything more innately interesting to every one of us—more vital—more searching than the absolute revelation of the working of the

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MOTION PICTURE

human mind? Is there anything so important? Anything else so valuable? The most basic thing . . . the working of the mind. And the screen could show that. Could positively show that. In the close-up, by allowing the players to think. There would need to be no mum- mery. There would need to be no gymnastics of the features."

"But will any one," I ventured, "get to the point of believing this is so? This is evolving—so far."

"It is begun," declared Mr. Mestayer, with his crisp assertiveness, "and it is believed in. Mr. Rothapfel is beginning it now. It takes time, of course. All evolution takes time, infinite time and infinite patience. Things are not done in a day. Only youth—very green—is in a hurry—wishes to make way, to make haste. But consider the evolution of all the theatrics. I am the only surviving member of the oldest theatrical family in America. The theater is bred in the very marrow of my bones. There is handed down to me the outlawry, the glamor and something, too, of the patience.

"The Superpicture is inevitable. More, it is imminent. Because we evolve. We must, you see."

I left Mr. Mestayer at the entrance of the Claridge. "I am going to the Lamps Club," he said, "to talk to some old cronies." He waved his walking-stick debonairly. "Good-by," he said; "don't take me too seriously."

But the Mestayerian theory—weighed, not wanting. Not wanting in any sense the Mestayerian theory—why not very seriously? If just a few among us think this over, what Parnassus may we not gain?

Alma Rubens: Business Woman

(Continued from page 56) the production will be made by Al H Woods.

"I realize that the stage doesn't pay a well or offer as a big a reward in popu- larity, but I long to try it; not, of course deserting the screen entirely.

"Perhaps you think I'm courageous to try starring on the stage at one jump. No, I'm not taking lessons in acting or using my voice. I hate technique and the artificiality that comes of training. I never want to talk with a 'famly modulated voice' that you never hear in real life. I just want to act humanly and, I haven't got that in me, nobody on earth can teach it to me."

Miss Rubens had never been in New York before. "It's wonderful!" she ex- claimed. "Such a vast maze of business, I shall love it." Then it developed that while Miss Rubens was about to return West to make one more picture, she was going to return to make her next triple productions in New York. "Maybe I'm not looking forward to it!" she laugh.

Miss Rubens made just one more con- feession. "The right way to spell it in America is R-u-e-b-e-n-s, although everybody seems to spell it just as they see fit. It was originally R-u-e-b-e-n, but that was too tricky to be used, so I decided to Rubens once for all."
The Girl With the Ginger-Snap Name
(Continued from page 64)

Making one-reel comedies which has gone out of existence. King Vidor, who has just been directing her, was assistant director with the same company.

The nearest ZaSu has come, yet, to the philosophy of life is a feeling of intense sympathy with everything and everybody, based, be it said, more upon intuitive understanding than upon sentimentality. She has very little of the latter. She loves to have a bit of pearl gray upon her all of the time. Her little attic room at the club was done almost entirely in that color. Her earliest ambition was to grow orchids, commercially, and she was successful in this in a very small way. Her screen career is the result of her mother's initiative rather than her own. She is now living with her mother and two brothers in an apartment on Fremont Avenue, near Sixth Street, Los Angeles. Her father has been dead for ten years. ZaSu came to California from Kansas, her native state, when she was ten years old. She is a high-school graduate.

A May Interview With June
(Continued from page 65)

publicity pictures—yes—I'll tell you all about it at lunch." "You think it can work out successfully—marriage, that is?" we asked, in a breathless abandonment of getting at least one or two more facts. "So far so good with me," concluded Miss Elvidge. "Sorry, but I've got to rush along. Have a luncheon appointment, you know. Good-by—awfully glad to have met you—hope the interview turns out all right." Two seconds later the photographer, dragging a huge camera, burst into the room. "Where is she?" he demanded. "Gone!" we answered, faming ourselves. "Why didn't you hold her? Did you get your interview?" "Darned if I know," we replied. And as we departed we heard the camera-mat moraling, "Aint temperament awful!"

Taking Motion Pictures to the Cannibals
(Continued from page 70)

British government intends to keep the islands clear of snakes.

"What sort of clothes am I taking? You'll laugh. Nothing but dozens and dozens of pajamas. That's all I wear. It's the right foot. The salt in the air and the intense sun burn up my hair, but it's all fun." And—"I love the lure and adventure of it," she explains. "No matter what happens, we shall always know that while we have lived, we lived."
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MOTION PICTURE

The Fear Woman (Continued from page 55)

(Continued on page 82)
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4. Contest closes July 1. No pictures received after midnight.

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The Celuloid Critic (Continued from page 45)

mount produced from a Dana Burnett story. There are no battlefields, and tanks, or smoke screens and glamour. It is just the story of a lonely soldier in a training camp, one William Pettigrew who returns to New York on leave, takes a fancy to a picture of a chorus girl in a shop window and then ventures to stand outside the stage-door to watch his idol perform. An all-too-rude encounter and a chance meeting grows an odd romance. The chorus girl turns down a millionaire admirer to wait for the hero, and the training camp returns. And when he marches back up the Avenue, she is in the first line of cheering spectators. Ethel Clayton is vivid as the chorus girl who longs for unadulterated love while Monte Blue is admirable as the lonely khaki lad. Blue is advancing remarkably. "Pettigrew's Girl," too, has something besides heart appeal. It has a millionaire follower who isn't a scoundrel and a meeting between the chorine and her Rilly in training camp, where, (shades of romance!), he is peeling potatoes on "kitchen police." If "Pettigrew's Girl" doesn't touch you, please see your family physician about a summer tonic.

And now comes a regrettable duty, commenting upon Harry Harrison's production of Major Robert Rutherford's "The Unpardoned Sin." Major Hughes built his novel around the Hun invasion of Belgium and the story is one atrocity after another. In the main, it centers about the efforts of an American girl to locate her mother and sister in illfated Belgium, where they have been the victims of German atrocities. God forbid that America's first-born should ever return from battle so scarred. sweet returns to the screen after a long absence, playing both Dinny Parrott and her ill-fated sister, Alice. The characterizations, both keyed at a high and grueling emotional height, apparently prevent shadings. At any rate there are no gradations to the performance and Miss Sweet does not touch us anywhere. More effective is Mary Alden's playing of the mother. Marshall Nollan directs "The Unpardoned Sin" without revealing any particular touch of imagination.

"Fires of Faith," the Lasky-Salvation Army production, sounds a much healthier note. "Fires of Faith" comes pretty near being a dramatization of the famous Salvation Army operation. It is propaganda softened with romance, dealing with the activities of the Salvation Army in France and sugar-coated with a double-barreled love theme. There are a few scenes of life out of the streets by the Salvation Army and her country lover; and a rich young society girl and her admirer, a young waster. At four meet in France, the girls as Salvation lassies, the men as soldiers, and each is regenerated. Edward Joseph's direction is adequate and the playing of Catherine Calvert as the country girl, Ruby de Remer, (who is improving remarkably), as the society girl, and Robert Anderson, the immortal M. Cuckoo of "Hearts of the World," as the bumptious lover, is of an excellent caliber. Eugene O'Brien is the waster who sees the light.

We went to see "The Red Lantern," (Metro), Alla Nazimova's latest photoplay, with high anticipation, but the thing left us cold. Not thru any fault of Nazimova, however. Production based on Edith Wherry's novel, has simply been swamped in gorgeousness. Before such massive and glittering backgrounds, all personal interest dwindles. We lost all desire to know the fate of the little half English-half Chinese girl who, raised and educated to Western ideals by her sitters, suddenly falls in love and comes smash up against the blood barrier. Embittered, she falls in with a plot against the Chinese army. From this point on, out red lantern to lead the Boxers, and, in the end, loses her life. Nazimova plays this girl of contrasting racial moods finely, in fact it is her best performance since "Revolutionary Girl," (Continued on page 83)
The Fear Woman
(Continued from page 80)

pliectic, rose in his place, drawing all eyes. The other uninvited guest caught a single glimpse of Helen Winthrop’s face, with the smile frozen on her white lips, then bent his head upon his hand and gazed down at his plate as Scarr began, in halting words, to speak.

But when the last word had fallen on the paralyzed silence of the room, he rose leisurely and with great thoroughness knocked the speaker to the floor. Then with the utmost coolness and suavity he walked over to where Helen Winthrop sat stricken at the head of the flower-strewn table and offered her his arm.

“Allow me!” Robert Craig bowed. As tho she moved in a dream, she rose and laid her hand on his arm. He turned matter-of-factly to the breathless onlookers, “You have been a party to a blackmailing scheme,” he assured them, “may I remind you that the law looks unkindly upon the spreading of libel and scandal, and inform you at the same time that this lady here is my future wife, and that I shall take prompt measures in case of any—indiscretion on your parts.”

The veranda was deserted, tinted with the amber of a low-hanging tropic-moon. In its mellow glow the two gazed into each other’s face in a silence that threatened with unspoken things. At last, trembling—but after tonight—after that horrible story before everyone. Robert, you can’t still believe in me. I don’t see how God could still believe in me! How do you know that it isn’t true—

Because I love you.” It seemed to settle the question for him, and for the moment for her. She lay against his shoulder, clinging to him as tho she could never let him go, swept with great gusts of sobs. “Bob, Bob, it’s been so terrible—I never dreamed life could be so terrible, but you’re here. You’ve come!"

Suddenly the light went out from her face, blown out by the chill wind of memory. “But—I forgot, father’s letter! That isn’t changed—the fear—oh, God! the fear is still there!”

He laughed. “Helen, look at me, Dear Little Fool! Have you touched a drop of drink since I saw you—have you wanted to touch it?”

She shuddered. “No, I hate it!”

“Then,” said Robert Craig, drawing her close in his strong, hungry arms, “dost you think you’ve kept me waiting long enough?”

She looked up into the tenderness of his face, a glory dawning in her lifted eyes. And in the light of it the dark shadow of fear slipped away and was lost forever, for the shadows do not linger in the sun.

And she did not keep him waiting any longer . . .

(Eighty-two)
clation," but the humanity of it all is crushed beneath the sheer weight of the script. Where an imaginative director would have suggested, thus keeping interest centered upon the main figure of his theme, Director Ali Cappello has thrown thousands of supers and a fortune in Oriental architecture upon the screen. Result—cold, gorgeous, brainless—Leatrice Joy dazzles your eye, but will never touch your heart. Nazimova plays both the pseudo-goddess and her English nurse. Beery gives a performance of Warner Oland as the scoundrelly leader of the Boxers.

Anita Stewart is approaching the Anita Stewart who cold in her vehicle, "Mary Regan," based on the Leroy Scott novel. The camera-conscious star of the last two Stewart pictures has had a notable performance, of the little daughter of a crook who finds herself outside the pale of good society and who loves too deeply to let her carry on, has distinct subtleties. Lois Weber's handling is admirable in its directness, altho she has found it necessary many times to resort to a 'phone to carry her story.

"The Test of Honor," (Paramount), is the first serious photoplay John Barrymore has tried for. Having billed him as an actor of high and sincere attainments, the films have been watching him as a comedian. Once John—then Jack—was the heart of the footlights. But he passed that period some years ago. Now he has likewise crossed the celluloid line between the ridiculous and the sublime.

Not that there is anything sublime about "The Test of Honor," which is adapted from E. Phillips Oppenheim's "The Mole," but it is a well made, popular film theme, it seems, is the backbone of "The Test of Honor," Martin Wingraue goes to the pictures as a director and presents his picture, The Test of Honor, as the daughter of a young woman. From that point on, revenge is his single thought. He hunts and traps the woman, now married, whose husband is to be turned from her home into the streets, and Martin himself finds happiness in the love of a little girl which has carried him along. Even the solidity of Barrymore's acting does not keep the ruthless hounding of even a faithless woman, Mabel MacKay. As the lady who pays the price, is very good at times and very bad at others. Constance Binney is promising as the Flapper who has the heart of a child, and Jack Johnston has an all too brief appearance in this picture. "The Test of Honor" is well knit and persuasive.

Poor Sessue Hayakawa! Always struggling with the limitations of story possibilities, since he must always renounce the fair yellow-white flapper or delicate innocent. In "The Courageous Coward," (Exhibitors' Mutual), he has gotten a bit away from this rut. Herein he plays a lawyer, a young Jack Sessue, who has the heart of a child, and who loves a young girl of his own race in this country. Rather than break his word to an American woman, he bears the brand of being a coward and almost loses his sweetheart before the secret of his silence is revealed. Tsuru Aoki is the sweetheart. We found the unforfeited heroine, Miss Yone Yone, now fascinating were the Hayakawas in the old Ince days!

The screen has had few more entertainingly comic roles than that given Sessue Hayakawa in "Arabella," (Select), in which Constance Talmadge gives her usual delicious performance. As in the last picture, the heroine loses her heart to each new masculine admirer. There is a young chap who sincerely loves her and he sets out to cure Arabella by injecting her with the spirit of the English country, i.e., when Arabella is just about to succeed to the blandishments of her latest. Thus in succession comes a violent Westerner, a new thought-intellectual college president, an Englishman, and finally a forlorn and a little lady who is finally cured, of course, and accepts the substantial love of the man who has been waiting. The picture combines the spirit of light comedy with the spirit of the English country and with the spirit of the English country in the film.

Wallace Reid is technically the star of "The Roaring Road," but a dashing racing between an express train and a car is quite as interesting. As an addition, the favorite feature, "The Roaring Road," is the romance of an automobile man's daughter and a spirited and true racing car driver to prove his mettle, James Cagney. Reid, the director, has handled the race in masterly fashion. It is the thrilling thing of the film month.

"Peppy Polly," (Paramount), interested us at the start, but gradually the reformatory background oppressed all the joy out of the story. Dorothy, a bright young lady, is a vibrant young woman who gets the idea of being sent to a reformatory to investigate conditions. She eases a brick thru a jeweler's window and becomes a reformatory woman with a vengeance. And along comes the reformatory doctor, to whom she loses her heart. Eventually explained, Dorothy improves with each picture. Richard Barthelmess is the doctor. Richard, Barthelmess would not be our choice of a safe physician for a girl's reformatory.

Our recollections of "The Yankee Princess" (Vitagraph), are so slender that we can only remember that Miss Hazlett plays the daughter of a newly rich Irish family. For one thing, "The Yankee Princess" has clumsy direction. There are moments in "Captain Kidd, Jr." (Artcraft), when you wonder if you are watching a Mack Sennett farce. For the most part, a character of barren rumination has been transposed into broad burlesque in the making by Director William D. Taylor. "Captain Kidd, Jr." even Barbara Low loses her heart to Fort MacTavish. Dorothy, a bright boy. Miss Picford is her pleasing self as Mary Lavin, Douglas MacLean is a likeable man, and Robert Armstrong is a bright boy. After all, we liked Miss Picford's treasure-hunting garb. best of everything in "Captain Kidd, Jr.," The Money Corral," (Artcraft), takes William S. Hart temporarily away from his Western ranges. Here is a character who once more engaged as night watchman for a Chicago bank where robberies have been frequent. How he steals a gang and wins the heart of President little lord furnish interest and excitement. In fact, "The Money Corral" held us all the way. Mr. Hart contributes a delicious moment, when he is caught in a pool. He suddenly thrusts into a smart society reception, makes his escape thru an open window. The Stronger Vow," (Goldwyn), a German picture, is not particularly bad, but not thru faults of story, acting or direction. The whole thing was simply unique, but the edge from all surprise, even to telling all us about a character's character in introducing the players. The Stronger Vow" is read to me thru the pictures, thru the animated pictures, and Thomas Santtschi was a Spanish scoundrel. Never will we forget it.

And "A Regular Fellow" (Triangle). A story with possibilities done in dull fashion.
Trixy Lee—Yes, June, the month of bugs, I mean bride. This is a peculiarly dangerous teetotaller marriage. After the wedding, August, September, October, November, December, January, February, March, April, and May. Richard Barthelmess is not married. You can see him on the stage but I heard he is going to marry Mary Miles Minter. She was in New York in May. She can recite Maud Fealy’s reading at the Brunton Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

C. S. G.—It is true that Lillian Russell has had five husbands. She has been trying to get a good one. Interviews of the players you mention forthcoming.

Another, I believe, in frequent ablations. After my bath, a shave and a change of clothes. The effect is as spiritually refreshing as the chemical science. This is why I am so good. Maude Fealy is in Salt Lake City. Address them Los Angeles, Cal.

Blue Eyes—Good for you. You remind me of Socrates when he said, "When a man is first married, he sees no use for heaven. After the first years of marriage have passed, he begins to see a second place." Address them Los Angeles, Cal.

French Tank—Oh, oui, Marie. Douglas Fairbanks. Yes, that is another story.

Prince Dantan—Come, come—loosen up! Anger is a mental process by which we punish ourselves for the wrongdoing of others. Anger is directed against the self. One drops the idea that one can cut one’s way to happiness and learns to autograph their photos for all who request it—they would have no time nor money for anything else. Stop in again some time.

Tom Mix, Jr.—Nothing to say. It will not be nearly so interesting to know how many teetotallers are married. I know of none. I will not be interested in knowing when the famous stars can be autographed. I will not be interested in the dialects of the stars, directors, etc.

G. R. C.—You remind me of what Voltaire or somebody said: "Love is all of the passions, and none are more insipid than the head, the heart, and the senses." Have I ever been struck? I’m not saying anything. Charles Kent, Elaine Jaffe, Henry G. Sell, L. Rogers Letts have all been seen with Corinne Griffith in "Thin Ice." Sounds like a real Vitagraph, doesn’t it? You’re right. David Wark and Frances Starr have never been in pictures.

Jack J.—Ship away, Jack! Why, Maine rakish! Charlie, Charlie! Glad to see you first for tobacco, and of course the latter has a wide-world reputation for thoroughbred horses and cattle. You want a picture of and interview with me, Jack?

Inquisitive Ann—Fire away, Ann. From the snap enclosed, you don’t look a day older than 65. Good-by—you say you will call me later. I may not be so busy then. How old am I?

Dolly Dimples—Nat Goodwin had five wives and this is what he thought of each of them, first: Elyza Weatherly, “Like a Mother”; the next: Flora, "a Roman Senator"; Edna Goodrich, "an Error"; and Margaret Moreland, "My Life Preserver." You thought she was no good to the like of the pleasant. Send for a list of correspondence clubs. Yes, Robert Gordon was in New York last I heard of him. Harrison Forde in Los Angeles.

Elise M.—Alia vostra salute. Someone once told me never to drink that sort of water. But—well, what’s the use? Who said vote dry? Blaine Hammerstein is a Selmick star. She has the best actresses in the world. And the Russell is with American, Santa Barbara, Cal. You say you have written seven letters, and mine was the shortest of all. Whoopee! Breathe it again!

Lucile—Yes, I have a date book, but not for my social engagements. The first suburban to reach America was the German U-53 when it entered the harbor at Newport R. I., October 7, 1916. She left in about three hours and during the next few days sank a wrong lot of ships in American waters. Yes, Lewis Cody was in "Borrowed Clothes."

J. J. —Are you coming to my cell for I don’t own a cell; I just have the hallway. What do you think I am, a millionaire? God must have loved the get-rich-quick dupes de made so many of them. There’s no place here for you. Sorry.

Reta S.—That is one thing that I seldom bring to the table and cut—a pack of cards. Cards are all right for an occasional pastime, but most people use them like they do everything—like they use last words for moderately, but to excess. "Daddy-Long-Legs" has just been released.

J. Q., Australia—You want a list of all the ships that sailed on April 8th, Man alive, that would take some time. Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati, and not on the Sahara Desert.

Well, there is just one place in this world where there are no taxes to pay, no creditors, no worries, no distress from the hot or cold, no fear of the morgue, no dread of disloyalty, nor of ingratitude, and no pain, sickness, or disease—the grave. Absit inviva. Yea, Verily.

L. B.—You bet I love music. I play the Jew’s harp. Mirabeau’s (the orator of the revolution) last words were: "Let me die to the sounds of delicious music." I think just before I die, I’m going to hire an Italian band. Harold Lockwood’s mother was the first to write...
A Stradivarius of the Screen
(Continued from page 51)
never really a blessing." Then there came a quick reaction from the serious tone our conversation had taken. She laughed, and then, abruptly, "What will I look like when I'm 80? Will I still have my youth? Will I be happy, I wonder?"

She chafes under any kind of restraint or monotonity. "I hate to play the same types over and over again. I wonder if you remember my early work with the Vitagraph? I played rowdy characters — the tough gum-chewing girl of the slums. I enjoyed it; every moment of it. And then I played soft-footed back-to-nature types. I liked them, too. The first praise I ever got from a director was for my work in that sort of character in 'The Wood Violet.' My salary was $25 a week at the time.

'One day there came a note from J. Stuart Blackton complimenting me and telling me that my salary would be $30 from then on. The funny thing about it was that I had just broken a looking-glass and I was in tears over it when the note arrived — my sister had been insisting that it would bring such terribly bad luck."

'I have noticed,' she went on, "that since then, every time I have broken a mirror some stroke of good luck has followed."

Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn and educated at Erasmus Hall. Her entrance into the films was not attended by any unusual incident. Her people had not been connected with the stage or screen in any way. Her sister married Ralph Ince of the Vitagraph Company.

'I used to visit the studio a great deal,' she said, "and so just naturally worked in; doing small parts, at first, and gradually working up to large ones."

Miss Stewart was off the screen for more than a year as the result of an unfortunate legal tangle with the Vitagraph Company. The lawsuit against her resulted in a very serious breakup. After so long a time away from the studio, she said, it was a joy just to be in one again.

'Until a few months ago, I had never seen an open air studio. After the solid, comfortable studios of the East, fixed up with hot and cold showers, big comfortable steam-heated rooms — oh, everything for convenience, these places open to the sky struck me at first view as just a sort of hovel. But after a lot of talking, I've got to admit that Califomia by saying this. Perhaps that's why I say it. I love anything dramatic."

now, and she has been in pictures the last 9 years.

J. WALTER.—Collector of coins! I should say so. I collect anything I get my hands on. Never allow your energies to stagnate, keep going. Jack Mulhall opposite Emmy Wehlen, (Metro), in 'The American in Australia," and both Mabel Normand and Wallace Reid in one reel comedies, Wanda Hawley and Wallace Reid are playing opposite.

MARGARET S.—You're all wrong. None of the players you mention is dead. New lease of life for you.

JEANNE JACQUES.—Richard Bartherm is 24 years old and Eugene O'Brien is about 35 years old. No, you had some good stuff in your letter. Thanks, drop in again.
some new line of departure, the inferior products stand out alarmingly. And if, Mr. Eaton, you are as frequent a photograph as the average intelligent person who can see nothing in the movies, it is entirely natural that, when you do go to the pictures, you will dislike the big bulk of screen mediocrity. It is entirely natural that you should be in no mood to take joy from this or that little touch of genius—probably accidental the first time, but capable of being observed and imitated and improved upon. No one should expect you to make from these bits something, because the person was capable of putting the photoplay beside the drama. But once out of ten times it is a good week. Once out of ten times you come away from the theater with the sense of a pleasurable evening of story-telling. Once out of ten times you see a "Boots" or a "Girl Dodger" or a "False Faces." And that one good result we really ought to convert to the screen.

If it is "Boots," you watch a score of small touches in characterization and business and photography that make lively and interesting the unwinding of an absurd "Bolshevist" (vice German) plot to blow up Wilson and King George in the Guild Hall. You hope to see Dorothy Gish's archismal and impec- cunious love-making transplanted to some Bonner-esque tale; you treasure up those foggy streets of London and those splendid compositions of cabs and dim lamps for some Gissing scenario.

If it is "The Girl Dodger," on the other hand, you find the neatest of swift comedy plots backed by the distinctly good "idea" of a bashful post-graduate "grind" who thinks he is being forced to entertain a musical comedy star when she is really a perfectly proper young débutante. In the telling of the tale you get a vivid sense of the possibilities of this fluid medium, once creative writers follow it with their choice and comprehension of such present-day masters of the scenario as J. G. Hawks, formerly of Ince, now with Goldwyn, who wrote "The Girl Dodger." Further, this Ince production gives you splendid technical direction and business and the acting of the most sensitive and intelligent of screen players, Charles Ray.

If the film is "False Faces," you have again that sure swiftness of narration which fits melodrama even better than comedy. You see a splendid atmospheric opening, with bit after bit of night-fight on the battle-front, which gradually fuses into the beginning of the story. You find fewer opportunities than you might like for the acting of the screen's best tragedian, Henry Walthall; but in compensation, Mr. Ince has tossed in a few intriguing experiments in "disolves," "visions" and the handling of suspense. And here, tho the story comes from Louis Joseph Vance's book, you find that somehow it fits the screen because it is a steady-running plot; it proves a pleasing contrast indeed to the alter-
and furbelows is with us again, and success marked the appearance of the Barrymore in "The Jest," of Philip Moeller's "Maile," and of our Skinner's revival of "The Honor of the Family." Producers are already preparing for a continuation of the romantic play next season. David Belasco's first big production will be a Chinese spectacle, with a fortune in Oriental trappings and with Lenore Ulrich starred.

The high artistic average of the season is unquestioned. It is doubtful if the American theater has revealed anything finer than the scene in the forest-of-the-might-have-been in J. M. Barrie's "Dear Brutus," or the moment where the unborn children reveal Tyltyl's long-sought true love in Maeterlinck's "The Butterfly," or the gruelling psycho-analysis of Tolstoi's "Redemption," or again—the splendidly constructed suspense of Lord Dunsany's vivid playlets, done by Stuart Warner's Portmanteau Company. Or, again, in the appearance of John and Lionel Barrymore in the adroitly constructed drama of medieval intrigue, "The Jest," altho we cannot speak of this last instance from personal observation.

With the exception of the bit of Maeterlinck symbolism, these dramas not only attracted attention, but were financial successes. Not that the so-called commercial drama disappeared before the vogue of the aesthetic. The drama manufactured to please the tired public was present and reaped the usual reward. Witness the success of "East Is West," "Friendly Enemies," "Three Wise Fools," "Three Faces East" and others.

Possibly Roi Cooper Megruce's "Tea for Three," a fresh, prismatic comedy built about the usual triangle but replete with sparkling dialog, stands at the forefront of native contributions to the drama. This has a delightful playing trio in Arthur Byron, Frederick Perry and Margaret Lawrence.

An excellent bit of genre playwriting is "Lightnin'" written by Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon and featuring Mr. Bacon's humorous and lovable portrayal of a lazy village harem-scarm—a characterization Jeffersonian in its effectiveness. Indeed, Lightnin' Bill Jones is something of a Rip Van Winkle. Critics declare that nothing funnier than the characterization is "Lightnin'" has appeared since Harry Judson Smith gave us the delicious reception of "The Tailor-Made Man.

Anthony Paul Kelly turned briefly from writing screen scenarios to dash across one of the season's hits, "Three Faces East," a cleverly constructed melodrama of German spies in which you cannot tell who is a spy and who isn't, or what country they represent, if they do, until the final curtain. Violet Heming is excellent in this evening of gorgeous stage trickery.

Edward Knoblock's "Tiger, Tiger," a

(Eighty-seven)
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Frank discourse on physical versus mental love that set even Broadway gasping, was materially aided by the David Belasco staging, the way Frances Starr sunk herself in the rôle of the cook who turned the head of a member of parliament, and Lionel Atwill, who portrayed the M. P. Looking back, we rather give Atwill the major share of the credit.

And, glancing thru the entire season, we find nothing more deliciously charming than C. Haddon Chambers’ “The Saving Grace,” a serio-comedy of a cashiered British officer who struggles to get back in the army in order to fight the Germans. Cyril Maude played the lovable Fighting Blinks, while Laura Hope Crews gave a splendid performance as the amiable wife with the delightful feminine unlogic.

We have mentioned “East Is West.” This, as somebody has said, is just the old type of “Queen of the Highbinders” melodrama done with two and a half dollar actors. But really it is something more. The authors have clinched success by making the heroine a sort of Chinese Peg o’ My Heart. Fay Bainter does her pleasingly.

“Forever After” is mechanical and even crude at times, but, beneath everything, it sounded a certain note of youthful hope and longing. Utilizing the screen flash-back idea, too, helped. Alice Brady gives a compelling performance as the heroine and Conrad Nagel is decidedly promising as the hero.

“Three Wise Fools” revealed the old story of the bachelor who is willed a pretty girl, only in this case three crusty old chaps are bequeathed the maid. And the usual rejuvenation comes threefold. “Daddies” presents the angle of four old bachelors who are induced to adopt war orphans. The result is the same.

“The Better ‘Ole,” based on Captain Bruce Bairnsfather’s now famous cartoons, was produced in Washington Square after all the commercial managers had rejected it. There it scored tremendously and ultimately it was brought up town, running all season. “The Better ‘Ole” is a musical adaptation, with old Bill of the walrus mustache as the hero.

Another “long-runner” of the year was Richard West and Carlyle Moore’s bizarre trick melodrama, “The Unknown Purple,” of a convict who invents a way to transform himself into a purple ray in order to get revenge. Richard Bennett played the man.

“The Sleeping Partners,” adapted from the French of Sacha Guitry, led the van-guard of the boudoir farces. This was a piquant boulevard comedy with Irene Bordoni as a French charmer and H. B. Warner as a dashingly love-maker who fails. Among the best of the later farces of this type were “Please Get Married,” in which sheets, Trues and Edith Talley ferro appear, and “Up in Mabel’s Room,” which has Hazel Dawn in its cast.

Samuel Shipman and Aaron Hoffman hit upon a popular theme with their “Friendly Enemies,” the comedy-drama of two German-Americans, one true blue and the other pro-fatherland until he sees the evil of his ways. Sam Bernard and Louis Mann played the contrasting dialect roles.

To return briefly to the artistic side of the season:

Tolstoi’s “Redemption,” adapted from an English version of “The Living Corpse,” was a great deal to Robert Edmond Jones’ striking stage designs. Jones is now leading the upward march of America’s setting creators. “Redemption” is the story of an artistic weakening who moral difficults he is in su-

Tolstoi aimed to hit society’s method of having standardized laws in handling human weaknesses and against the oppression of stupidly constituted authority. Jack Barrymore’s playing of the weakening was highly colored but effective, while Hubert Druce as a drunken egotist and Russ Whytal as a distinguished Russian nobleman gave able, excellent aid.

Stuart Walker’s season of Lord Duns- sany was of unusual interest. “The Laughter of the Gods” and “The Gods of the Mountains” stood out strongly. In the various Dunsany playlets McKay Morris, Margaret Mower and George Gaul contributed some brilliant playing.

Winthrop Ames’ presentation of “The Betrothal” was marked by signally beautiful settings, possessing a vital vein of imagination. Particularly beautiful was the scene in the realm of unborn children.

“The Jest” is of singular interest, aside from being a very direct example of drama, because it marks the appearance of the Barrymore brothers, who represent all that is best in our younger players. “The Jest” has wonderful stage settings created by Mr. Jones.


To a High-Brow Critic

(Continued from page 86)

catch the outlines of the two figures, when the picture fades out into a blackness from which gradually emerges the evening sky with the moon dipping behind a cloud. Another “fade-out” back to the embracing couple; then the clouds again with the moon emerging. Another flash to earth, and then a night sky full of gleaming stars.

Surely such translation of human emotions into natural pictorial symbols opens up new possibilities for the screen.

Surely there is hope here of progress beyond that mere story-telling facility which has hitherto made the movie’s peculiar.

Surely such flashes of the spiritu-

al illuminate a new horizon of screen art.

And surely, Mr. Eaton, they must sug-}

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Kenneth Macgowan.

(Righty-eight)
Gossip of the Pacific Coast
(Continued from page 60)

the broiling process of the paving. I saw "Diane of the Green Van" with Alma Rubens—about fifty people in the house. With iced tea, programs, music, ushers and what-not, I wondered how the exhibitor made a living. In Phoenix, as in El Paso, the minimum entrance fee is two bits plus tax. That keeps the kiddies very effectively out of the movies.

The return trip took in San Diego where Griffith's "The Girl Who Stayed at Home" was released simultaneously with the Los Angeles showing. You couldn't risk the two bits at a meeting in that house, only a few rows of them, and placed in a neck-craining position before the screen, so at 38 cents about a hundred of us took in the play, and some more extravagant ones shelled out four bits plus tax to see a mediocre show which provoked no enthusiasm, not even for the gallery-plotic lines.

We all applauded the stars and stripes, but the trench-warfare put a lot of folks who'd evidently suffered from insomnia theretofore right into a calm frame of mind.

Unlike Los Angeles which can run a show a week or longer, these towns must change bi- or tri-monthly. We returned to our burg, I found Blanche Sweet's "The Unpardonable Sin" playing to advance sales of reserved seats, positively no standing in line. But it has taken full page advertisements in our most expensive dailies to get that showing—so who's the loser? Surely not Mr. Garson.

A trip to Culver City and the Goldwyn revealed Tom Moore striding about in a fox-hunt outfit looking Lord Algy to the manor-born; it was rather surprising to hear that Naomi Childers is the Lady Algy, but I was told that it was very difficult to get that refined, high-bred type of Englishwoman needed for the comedy, and after considerable effort and chutzpah Miss Childers was the survival of the fittest. She has a languid, patrician air—hardly sporting enough for a noblewoman who smoked, followed the hounds and gambled to better purpose than Lord Algy himself.

Victor Schertzinger is quite at home now at Goldwyn, just a stone's throw from the Ince Studio and Charlie Ray. Eugene Ford was working there with Madge Kennedy, having appeared in other Goldwyn features. She says her daughter, Victoria, is living the quiet home life with Tom Mix, and may not appear in pictures again for a long time. Pauline Frederick's mother and Boston auntie are staying with her indefatigably.

Some of our readers know that Leatrice Joy, formerly supporting Warren Kerrigan and other stars, is being featured in San Diego with the Virginia Brissac Company, who did "The Chorus Lady" while I visited there. Miss Joy is very popular, receives lots of applause and flowers, and one of the main thoro-fares carries a handsome billboard with her pretty little Southern face. Leatrice's brother is Dr. Crimean Zeigler.
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- *Paramount-Fleuss Comedy* *No Mother to Guide Him*<sup>®</sup>
- *Paramount-DeRDD Comedy* *Welcome, Little Stranger*<sup>®</sup>
- *Paramount-Bray Pictograph* *Gilded*<sup>®</sup>

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- *Our first week*<sup>®</sup>
- *Paramount-Butler Helmsly Travel Pictures*<sup>®</sup>
- *Our first week*<sup>®</sup>

And remember that any Paramount or Artcraft Picture that you haven't seen is as new as a book you have never read.

(Four)
THE SEPTEMBER CLASSIC

Always first in striking new pictures, first in live wire articles, first in brilliant personality interviews, first in fascinating fictionized photoplays, THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC will establish a brand new standard for itself with its first autumn number. Among the September features will be:

LILLIAN GISH

An absorbing study, by Frederick James Smith, of the real Griffith actress who has just scored so brilliantly in "Broken Blossoms." This has new art study portraits taken exclusively for THE CLASSIC.

WALLACE MACDONALD

The young leading man is seeking an enchanted princess. You will want to know all about his idealistic quest, told in a crisp and breezy chat.

MARIAN DAVIES

The beauty of filmland tells of her longings and her dreams in a quaint little interview brilliantly illustrated.

DOUGLAS MACLEAN

The films have no more promising young actor than the clever Mr. MacLean. Here is a live talk which presents him in an exceedingly interesting light.

Then there will be the usual cream-of-the-month's photoplays told in story form. Strong and virile articles by Kenneth Macgowan and other screen authorities. There will be an especially interesting article by The Celluloid Critic. The Extra Girl will be present and there will be a dozen or so interviews of the typical CLASSIC cleverness. And over a hundred stunning pictures, many full page, that you can find anywhere else, because our own photographers are taking them.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these plays are running in their vicinity.)

Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American and, just when racial barriers seem insurmountable, turns out to be the daughter of a wealthy mandarin. Miss Bainter in all the ingredients of popular drama. Miss Bainter is picturesquely pleasing.

Bijou.—"Love Laughs." One of the brightest and most recent of the year, and you don't doubt till the end just how it is going to come out. Don't miss this one.

Broadhurst.—"39 East." A charming comedy founded upon a boarding school romance in which many interesting characters make love-making difficult for a pair of young lovers.

Cohan and Harris.—The Royal Vagabond. A Company with a heart in every sense of the words. A tuneful operetta with Cohan speed, pep and brash American humor. Also Burnham Miller. And a cooking cast with Grace Fisher, Tessa Kosta, John Goldsworthy and Frederick Santley, besides the detectable dancers, Dorothy Dickson and Carl Henson.

Comedy.—"Toby's Bow." A delightful comedy in which Norman Trevor proves that he is a very fascinating actor. This is a delightful comedy. The song-writer, Leo Robin, has written four songs that will be a revelation to the average operatic producer. The words are by Clauded Gillingwater, is a delightfully witty old Teddy Findley.

Eldinge.—"Up in Mabel's Room." Piquant, dashing but decidedly amusing farce built about the pursuit of a dainty pink undergarment which bears the same name as a recent jazz dance. Admirable cast, including the radiant Harry F. Smith, Enid Mayne, who plays opposite, and Evelyn Gessell, all known to the screen, and Walter Jones and John Cumberland. "Up in Mabel's Room" is an admirable example of Melodrama with heart. Throb. Helen Menken gives a striking performance of the nerve-racked heroine while Claude Gillingwater is a delightfully witty old Teddy Findley.

Folks.—"The Photo-Play World."

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Behind the Screen

The Eminent Authors’ Pictures, Inc. has just been organized, with Rex Beach as president and Samuel Goldberg as chairman of the board of directors. The capital stock is placed at $1,000,000. The corporation has under exclusive contracts six novelists: Mary Roberts Rinehart, Rupert Hughes, Basil King, Governor Morris and LeRoy Scott. Production plans call for the author to have final power of direction and supervision over his picture. The first production will be Major Hughes’ "The Cup of Fury."

Vitagraph is producing Eugene Walters’ melodrama of the Northwest, "The Wolf," with Earle Williams starred. Jane Novak is leading woman.

Myron Selznick has placed Robert Ellis under a long-term contract as leading man. His first picture will be made with Elaine Hammerstein in "Love or Fame?"

J. Stuart Blackton announces the formation of J. Stuart Blackton Feature Pictures, Inc., capitalized at $1,000,000. Commodity Blackton will be president and director-general of the corporation, which takes over all interests of Blackton Productions, Inc. Incidentally, Commodity Blackton retains large financial interests in the Vitagraph. Commodity Blackton announces that his first production will be his own story, "Moonshine," in which Sylvia Breamer and Robert Gordon appear. Early productions will be Eleanor H. Porters "Dawn" and Wallace Irwins "Phantoms." Commodity Blackton announces that Martin Johnson, the artist, will be art director, that Stanley Olmstead will be chief of the scenario department, that Jack Martin will continue in charge of the studio and technical staff and that his son, J. Stuart Blackton, Jr., will be associated with him in the executive offices.

Lester Cuneo, who fought the Hun with the Thirty-third Division, is back in "cigs" again.

George D. Baker, the director, has left Metro.

Fred Stone is back in California, making four independent productions at the Brunton studios. Millicent Fisher is playing leads in the first production.

William Farnum is to do Louis Tracy’s desert island romance, "Wings of the Morning," for Fox.

The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation announces its intention of filming Mark Twain’s "Huckleberry Finn," with William Taylor directing. For Tyler” was contracted from the battle front, where he served in the British army. He was commissioned a lieutenant before hostilities ceased.

Billie Rhodes has been in New York filming "The Blue Bonnet," a Salvation Army story. She brought her whole company from the coast, including Ben Wilson, Alan Hale and Irene Rich.

George Irving is directing Olive Thomas’ third Selznick picture.

Eddie Foy and the seven little Fays are making a series of two-reel comedies in Denver this summer. George McManus, the humorous artist, has created a special cartoon character for Mr. Foy.

Elliott Dexter has been seriously ill on the coast, having suffered a nervous breakdown.


Jack Pickford has completed the three pictures called for in his first National contract.

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You may have more than 2,000 instruments for a week’s trial in your own home. Play it as if it were your own. Then, if you wish, you may send it back at our expense. Trial does not cost you a penny.

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"I have gained 12 pounds...I feel so energetic."--Mrs. Mary A, Reiman (of New York City). "Pearl La Sage Cream is a wonderful thing for me...I am失眠 again."--Mrs. Florence G. Miller (of New York City).

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are both disfiguring and embarrassing, and now they are unnecessary. They’ll quickly vanish if you use Pearl La Sage Freckle Cream. Freckle Cream is a skin soft, smooth as satin, and entirely free from hives, freckles, and freckles. It is a bar sent pre pared, in just the right amount; nothing to do; nothing to bother; nothing to worry about. Money refunded if unsatisfactory—try it for 30 days. It will erase my valuable beauty books, "Beauty Secrets and Wholesale Catalog." With Pearl La Sage Freckle Cream, your skin will be smooth and soft, and you will be able to go about without any fear of being noticed. Try it now and see the difference. Write for Pearl La Sage Freckle Cream, with full instructions. Pearl La Sage Freckle Cream—no. 110, West 40th St., New York City.

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The Secret of Making People Like You

“Getting people to like you is the quick road to success—it’s more important than ability,” says this man. It surely did wonders for him. How he does it—a simple method which anyone can use instantly.

ALL the offices were talking about it, and we were wondering which one of us would be the lucky man, for the President was announcing to the general run of salaries in the office, that he would have a new assistant to fill a position that had been vacant for the last three months.

But there were two reasons why we felt that the President would never appoint me to the position, and the ability to meet even the biggest men in their offices, their clients and in business, with a sense of absolute equality. While the firm considered me of even more importance than knowledge of the business.

YOU know just what happens when news of this sort gets around. They were all talking about it. It seemed to come to a head, and the choice was narrowed down to two men.

They had the choice all narrowed down to two men: Harry Peters and I. I felt it about the same. Peters was a hard worker, and I was sure he would be the choice.

But personally, I felt that I had the edge on him in lots of ways. And I was sure that the firm knew as much about me as the other man.

"Never shall I forget my thrill of pleasure when the presidential secretary came into my office with a shiny smile, looked at me and said, "Mr. Peters, this is the news that you have been waiting for."

There seemed to be no reason why I should not be appointed to the position, and I read the bulletin. It said: "Effective January 1, Mr. Henry Peters, of our Cleveland office, will assume the duties of Assistant-to-the-President at the same salary."

PETERS? Peters—surely it couldn’t be Peters? Why, this fellow Peters was only a branch-office salesman. Personality—What! Why, he was only five feet four inches tall, and had no more personality than a mouse. Stuck up against a big man and he’d look and act like an office boy. I knew Peters well, and there was nothing to him, nothing at all.

January the first came and Peters assumed his new duties.

All the boys were quite hostile to him. Naturally, I felt very keenly about it, and didn’t exactly go out of my way to make things easy for him.

But our open opposition didn’t seem to bother Peters. He went right on with his work and began to make good. Soon I noticed that despite my feeling against him, he was secretly beginning to admire him. He was winning over the other boys, too. It wasn’t long before we all buried our little hatchets and pal-ed up with Peters.

The funny thing about it was the big hit he made with the people we did business with. I never saw anything like it. They didn’t see anything in the firm and praise Peters in the street. He looked in with a friendly air and spoke to the people, and he got it over with. Now, you had never seen such a smile on his face or heard such a chatterbox.

Peters was a man of many formalities, and he always made it a point to stop and talk to the people, and he always looked like a statesman.

And off the record—why, Peters had almost as many fancy formalities offered to him as a dictionary has words.

WHAT I could not get into my mind was how a little, unpretentious sort of chap like Peters could make such a hit in the office. I supposed I had always been a little afraid of the people in the office.

But you want to know what method I used to do all these remarkable things? It is this: You know that everyone doesn’t think alike. What pleases one offends another. And when you offend one person another. And what pleases one person another.

It is just the same with business. You offend some people, and you do not offend others.

And of course, the business of life is to know what friendly people will make them happy, and what will make them least happy.

I was always astounded that I was able to do some things that everyone else was unable to do.

One day I decided to try the experiment. I went to see Peters, and I asked him how he got along with the people in the office.

He said, "I never thought of that. But I believe that it is because I try to be friendly to all people. I try to do my best for everyone, and I try to make everyone feel as though they were important."

And it was just as he said. In a short time everyone in the office knew him, and everyone liked him. And he was able to get along with everyone.

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Gossip of the Pacific Coast
By FRITZI REMONT

Los Angeles, (Special)—The biggest event of the month was the aero circus held at De Millet Field on May 18. If anybody in cinema circles wasn't there, he'd better write this office just same, for we failed to miss any of the movie folk; automobiles jostled and pushed each other like subway crowds. The circus was advertised for several days beforehand by Mr. De Millet, who flew over the burg dropping circulars, and he who obtained the greatest number of those was entitled to a free ride with Mr. De Millet the following week. A small tad with large freckles collected 499 and won.

Speaking of the Aero Squadron, there's hardly a girl in the movies who hasn't an adoring swain belonging to the fliers. Among the adored one, might mention petite Viola Dana and the languorously lovely Margarita Fisher, both of whom are visiting at Hotel Alexandria for the week. Miss Fisher was accompanied by her mother, sister Dorothy, her secretary, and Congo Ziva, daughter of the well-known New York savant and writer, lecturer, and teacher. Miss Zive has always, lately assumed the duties of "bulldog" to the American swan and was mighty busy while here arranging countless interviews with the fliers per minute for the many various magazine representatives, moguls and milliners, not to mention endless social functions, for Margarita was much entertained, especially by the military set. Her handsome light-brown car and good-looking chauffeur, whom lots of folks thought a really, truly soldier, were conspicuous in front of the Spring Street entrance to the big hotel.

Viola Dana was talking with Bert Lytell one day when I stepped out a bit on the Metro stage. I remarked on the close resemblance between the two stars, so striking as to make one believe they are brother and sister. Mr. Lytell thought a bit and then said, "you gotta look at Miss Zive this week to tell me that! I wish it were really true, for you, see, I think Miss Dana is very, very pretty, a great compliment to resemble her even remotely!"

And little Viola, whose tophat just reaches up to Bert's chest expansion, interrupted in her usual vivacious manner, "Bert is just my great, big, kind brother—and I'm proud to look like him. Lots of people have told me also that I look like him. Perhaps it is because both have the humorous dimples over upper lip, the deep eyes of a tender, yet merry, twilight hue, and the profile shows noses very similar.

Bert Lytell is pleased over the new plays Mr. Karger bought for him in New York, one of which he is offering "The Great Lass Ltd."

You can't get a novel on its first presentation by Mr. Morosco in Los Angeles, and Bert told me he is going to study the methods of one of our local musicals, of Latin origin, get his tricks of expression, and even accent, tho it's only a silent dreamer this time. Bert is letting his luxurious lox grow longer than they may be marcelled for this picture, and everybody is kidding him about "Frenching" his hair. Perhaps it is because both have the humorous dimples over upper lip, the deep eyes of a tender, yet merry, twilight hue, and the profile shows noses very similar.

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"Hello Huck"

RECALL that golden day when you first read "Huck Finn"? How your mother said, "For goodness' sake, stop laughing aloud over that book. You sound so silly." But you couldn't stop laughing.

-To-day when you read "Huckleberry Finn" you will not laugh so much. You will chuckle often, but you will also want to weep. The deep humanity of it—the pathos, that you never saw as a boy, will appeal to you now. You were too busy laughing to notice the limpid purity of the master's style.

MARK TWAIN

When Mark Twain first wrote "Huckleberry Finn" this land was swept with a gale of laughter. When he wrote "The Innocents Abroad" even Europe laughed at it itself.

But one day there appeared a new book from his pen, so spiritual, so true, so lofty, that those who did not know him well were amazed. "Joan of Arc" was the work of a poet—a historian—a seer. Mark Twain was all of these. His was not the light laughter of a moment's fun, but the whimsical humor that made the tragedy of life more bearable.

A Big Human Soul

Perhaps you think you have read a good deal of Mark Twain. Are you sure? Have you read all the short stories? Have you read all the brilliant fighting essays—all the humorous ones and the historical ones?

Think of it—25 volumes filled with the laughter and the tears and the fighting that made Mark Twain so wonderful! He was a bountiful giver of joy and humor. He was yet much more, for, while he laughed with the world, his lonely spirit struggled with the sadness of human life, and sought to find the key. Beneath the laughter is a big human soul, a big philosopher.

Low Price Sale Must Stop

Mark Twain wanted every one in America to own a set of his books. So one of the last things he asked was that we make a set at so low a price that every one might own it. So we have made this set. You have been able to sell it at this low price. Rising costs make it impossible to continue the sale of Mark Twain at a low price. New editions will cost very much more than this Author's National Edition. But now the price must go up. You must act at once. You must sign and mail the coupon now. If you want a set at a popular price, do not delay. This edition will soon be withdrawn, and you will pay considerably more for your Mark Twain.

The last of the edition is in sight. There will never again be a set of Mark Twain at the present price. Send the coupon only—no money.
Colorful loveliness—satiny smoothness!

You, too, can have a clear, soft skin

A SKIN fine, soft, beautiful! Do you know that the smoothness of your skin is dependent upon the oil that is constantly being produced by its glands?

If the glands produce too much oil, your skin becomes oily and shiny. It loses that soft, clear look. If you are bothered by this particular skin trouble, use the following treatment as frequently as is necessary.

**To correct an oily skin and shiny nose**

With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin firmer and drier the very first time you try it. Use it as often as your skin requires. Before long you will see a marked improvement.

Get a cake today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. You will find Woodbury's on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25 cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

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**Sample cake of soap, booklet of famous treatments, samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream sent to you for 15 cents**

For 6c we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

---

**Around each cake, the booklet of famous skin treatments**

In the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, you will find scientific advice on the skin and scalp, as well as complete treatments for the commoner skin troubles.

**TABLE OF CONTENTS**

- Conspicuous Nose Pores
- Tender Skin
- Shiny Nose
- Sluggish Skin
- Pale, Sallow Skin
- Coarsened Skin, etc.

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See the booklet for the special treatment to keep your skin fine in texture.
Miss Normand, Goldwynner, started her professional career as an art model. Finally she journeyed to the old Biograph studio, and David Griffith gave her the rôle of a page in a Florence Lawrence picture—thus starting her celluloid career. Mabel became famous as the "diving girl" and in Mack Sennett comedies as a comédiennne of unusual humor.
VIVIAN MARTIN

Miss Martin started her stage career at the ripe old age of six as a kiddie with Richard Mansfield. Later, she played with William H. Crane, Andrew Mack, and many other stars, finally being graduated to ingénue rôles. Her success on the stage brought her to the attention of Maurice Tourneur, and she has been a screen favorite ever since. Miss Martin is still a Famous Players-Lasky star.
Miss Michelena is a daughter of Fernando Michelena, a famous tenor of his day, and herself won a distinct place on the light opera stage in the productions of Henry W. Savage, the Shuberts, and others. Miss Michelena stepped to the screen with considerable success. Her most recent photoplays are being released by the Robertson-Cole Company.
In a single season Miss Gosnell has jumped into prominence on both the stage and screen. She scored a decided hit in the farce-comedy, "Up in Mabel's Room," which ran all season in New York, and she has been meeting with success in the films, where she has been appearing in the Montgomery Flagg comedies.
ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN

Miss Hammerstein is a daughter of Arthur Hammerstein, the theatrical manager, and a granddaughter of the famous Oscar Hammerstein. She went on the stage as a matter of course and then upon the screen, making her first success with Robert Warwick. Now she is a Selznick star.
The stage setting was not in tune. The Farrar Central Park West house was being closed for the summer, for Geraldine and her husband, Lou-Tellegen, were to embark the next day for California—and the Los Angeles studios. White coverings draped pictures and furniture. The pungent odor of moth-balls permeated everything. Just here and there a flash of cretonne of Japanese design seemed in keeping with things.

Before we met Geraldine Farrar we had formed something of a composite mental picture of the actress-diva. There might be a bit of the tender vividness of her operatic Madame Butterfly, but, most of all, there would be the almost masculine virility of her peasant Maid of Orleans as she led her men-at-arms in "Joan the Woman" and the fearlessness of her tigerish gypsy girl in "Carmen."

Two studies of Geraldine Farrar and her husband, Lou-Tellegen. "Our marriage has been successful," says Miss Farrar, "because it is based upon good comradeship. The roseate glow of romance cannot endure indefinitely. When that fades, there must be a foundation of comradeship."

And we found—the sort of woman who has seen life in its many phases. She makes no effort to pick flowery phrases, to gild her thoughts. She speaks directly, with almost a masculine vigor. Illusions? We doubt if she has any. Life, to her, is a matter of give and-take. She has fought her way upward. Yet there was nothing of tiredness in the way she said, "It's a fight... every second... this holding of success." Her voice was lusterless—but the indomitable note was there.

"Success is not all honey and roses," she went on. "It involves..."
responsibilities—regarding one's self and others. You always have to stop and consider. What effect will this or that have upon public opinion? Yet one must be continually doing things—or the public forgets. This very interview is a link in my campaign of keeping in the public eye. I admit it.

"And there are the moral responsibilities to others. Every successful person has hero-worshipers everywhere. What effect will your act have upon them? Think of the young, unsophisticated girls who hold you in a shrine from afar. Yes, there are responsibilities.

"In reality our lives become public property. One comes to frankly explain very intimate things. For instance, why did I marry? I had believed I would never wed, because I thought I could never find a man who would not try to stifle me, who would not try to crush my independence. So much for thinking. I met Lou-Tellegen. We married and our marriage has been successful."

(Continued on page 68)
In the first place, I want to explain that it was only because I am feminine and small and teased so hard that George Walsh let me have these photographs. From this you must not infer that George is susceptible to the opposite sex. He isn't. He is one of those seldom found men who are essentially monogamic; who loves but once in a lifetime and who regards all other women as he would his mother or sister—individuals to be infinitely respected and looked up to and helped. A woman's request is a command to George Walsh.

I asked for pictures.

Big George grew red and rather helpless himself. He wanted to say "Nothing doing," but his infallible kindness and generosity made it difficult.

Finally, after shifting his feet uneasily over the Walsh parlor rug, he gave up the struggle and said, "All right, you're the doctor! Take 'em."

Now George has a fad, an all-engrossing hobby. He thinks that all the wrongs, unhappinesses and even immoralities of mankind would be eliminated if human beings kept themselves physically fit. George believes that exercise would eliminate the necessity of policemen. I think George cares more about his exercises than anything else in the world; they are a ritual with him which is observed as faithfully as a Catholic's confession.

It hurts, fairly hurts, the robust young giant to see the average slope-shouldered, pallid youth of our cities. In a moment of disciple-like fervor George had his series of exercises photographed so as to explain to the present-day heathen the proper means of keeping physically fit. The photographer, detecting an amazing resemblance in the perfection of the young man's muscular development to that of the Greek gods, as an experiment, photographed George in several poses, similar to the famous sculptural works of the Greeks. You yourself can see the remarkable resemblance. That is how the pictures came to be taken and, while I was being entertained at the Walsh's 95th Street, New York, home, Dad Walsh just happened to show them to me along with a bunch of new photographs of his boy.

Now reformers of any kind are apt to be pretty severe. A certain sternness characterizes George Walsh's attitude toward the careless youth of today, especially the Broadway type of man who lives on his emotions.

"I can't understand them and they can't understand me," said George. "I am not going to try to force any of my acquaintances to my way of thinking; in fact, I seldom tell them my beliefs, because they would think I was just a nut. But there are mighty few men whom I have ever been out with, who have not tried to force me to take a cock-tail and, when I
By BARBARA BEACH

refuse, they insist and insist, or make it so obvious that they think me a poor sport that I feel mighty uncomfortable. Therefore I shun most clubs. I am not a good mixer. If being a good fellow consists in jeopardizing one's health, I prefer to be a poor sport.

George formed this creed of his early life. From the time he was a small lad, making the Hudson his swimming pool and the whole of New York City his stamping-ground, he had determined to be physically strong. He had a terror of not growing up to be tall, and for that reason he never put a cigarette between his lips, as did the other boys. He used to hang by his hands from the doors and rafters so as to be sure he'd stretch out and grow tall. Not a spot in the roads or parks about New York City but young George explored in those days, sometimes by hiking, but mostly on his bicycle.

If you look closely, the next time you see a Walsh picture, you will see a deep dent in his left temple just where his blue-black hair curls away from his broad forehead.

"I got that," George recounted, "at the age of twelve, when I was performing tricks along the sills of a second-story window. I fell and hit a spike. For days the family thought I couldn't live; in fact, all hope had been given up for my recovery, but here I am, you see. I must have been meant to live for some purpose! I believe that we are all atoms in a divine scheme of things and it is up to us to do our best. God gave us our body to take care of, not abuse, and that is one of the reasons I can't take any pleasure in carousing or chasing about all night long the way most New York men do. They bring upon themselves an early old age. They most certainly cannot make the most of themselves."

"But what does give you enjoyment, pleasure, happiness?"

(Continued)
The "Once-Upon-a-Time" Girl

Once upon a time there lived a poet whose heart was a song and whose mind was a well of wisdom and whose soul had been tried through theLethean waters of many experiences. He sang a song, and the song began "Make me a child again, just for tonight." He sang that song because of his wisdom he had come to know that all the happiness the world can give is never the happiness of little feet straying through a daisy field in May, robbing the trees of the tart wild cherries, splashing about in the eternal brook. Or perhaps he knew his Bible and remembered the words of admonition, "Unless ye be as a little child."

"It isn't possible to be made a child again, even for the precious boon of the one little night. It isn't possible to make the long returning. Almost, it is impossible for us to retain the heart of a child."

When a woman, a girl, has been acclaimed by the great ones of the earth as, for verbatim instance, "the most beautiful blonde since Venus," when she has been posed by Harrison Fisher, when she has been starred in musical comedy and in pictures, when, every place she goes, there is a stir and always the stir in admiration, even amazement—ego in a large dose is not only to be fully expected, but even to be condoned.

There is an exception to this, alas, fairly consistent rule. Rubye de Remer is the exception. Once upon a time there was a beautiful princess, and her hair was pure gold and her eyes were like blue stars fringed with gentian flowers, and she swayed like an Easter lily when she walked, and this beautiful princess was gentle and sweet in all her ways, and obeyed the good King, her father, and the virtuous Queen, her mother, and was courteous and mild of manner to all with whom she met... All of us, at one time or another, have read a very similar fairy legend. All of us, or most of us, have long ago foregone the belief in the beautiful princess with the hair and the heart of gold.

There is such an one.
By FAITH SERVICE

She is Rubye de Remer. Like Lochinvar, she comes out of the West—Denver, to be geographically correct. And she has the real Western rolling of the r's, this princess from out the pages of Christian Andersen. “People are always telling me,” she said, “that I should get over my Western twang, but I tell them that I am a Western girl, and proud of it, so why should I try to talk like some one I'm not? They tell me, too, that I should be more ‘up-stage,’ have more airs and graces. I just can't. If I can't be myself sincerely enough to please, I certainly can't hope to be anybody else. I think sincerity is the most beautiful characteristic in the whole world—just real people, no matter what they do or who they are. Of course, I am mad about people with ability and the power to prove it, but then, quite often, they are the real people.”

It is significant (Continued on page 80)

Rubye de Remer has a hobby for kimonos, and she has a remarkable collection of them. She is emphatically not extravagant. She loves rare perfumes. And—as to homes—she thinks “harem must be lovely”
The Menace of the De Luxe Theater

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

We have so long considered the de luxe theater, with its trappings, its symphony orchestra, its singers and dancers, its futuristic settings, its lengthy program of scenics, cartoons and newsweeklies, as uplifting the film drama, that we have blinded ourselves to its menace. Buried beneath two hours of incidentals, can the photoplay advance?

These things served their purpose in attracting the people who fought shy of the old, unsanitary ten-cent reconstructed store theater. But the photoplay has now found its place.

Does the future of the film play lie in the de luxe theater? I doubt it. The day is not far distant when screen dramas will be played across country like theatrical attractions. All this is forecasted by indications on every side that the manufacture per company of one and two features a week will cease and that producers will release but a limited number of carefully made photoplays a year. All this means a revolution in exhibiting.

Listen to the protest of David Wark Griffith, who a few days ago told me: "I have been condemned for certain of my recent productions, in which, in reality, I was trying to meet the so-called needs of exhibitors. Yet, even then, I found that exhibitors, in order to fit the feature picture to their lengthy programs, were cutting my productions as they saw fit. Tender little scenes, to which I had devoted weeks of labor in developing, were mercilessly trimmed out to speed up the de luxe program. This happened with 'The Romance of Happy Valley,' 'The Girl Who Stayed at Home' and others of my pictures."

"I see but one solution," went on Mr. Griffith. "That is the presentation of a photoplay after the fashion of the spoken play. Produce it to the length that the story requires, be it four, seven or twelve reels. Present it at a theater intelligently and let it continue at that theater as long as the public demands it. So I am doing with 'Broken Blossoms.' Therein lies the future of the photoplay."

There are further indications on every side. Mr. Griffith is a link in the organization of the "Big Four," who will make but four productions each a year. Metro announces that its program policy is ended and that productions will be fewer and better made, with a star only where a star is required. Goldwyn makes announcements of a similar trend.

It is essential here that we go back to the beginning in explaining the situation. The coming of the photoplay was marked by the domination of the old General Film organization of so-called licensed companies. For a time this combine absolutely controlled the American market, finally collapsing thru the inability of two or three companies to hold up the weakness of the other members of the organization. When Biograph failed (Continued on page 87)

Three examples of de luxe theaters: Top, the New York Strand; center, Grauman's Los Angeles Theater; bottom, the New York Rialto. Are the de luxe houses hurting the photoplay? David Wark Griffith and others believe they are a destructive and hampering influence.
Griffith Renews Old Promises

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

The blight of "The Birth of a Nation"—the evil effect of that great photoplay on its director and on the whole motion picture art—has only been made evident to the more critical among the fans by the artistic and financial success of Griffith's masterpiece of brutality, "Broken Blossoms."

Because of Griffith's immense success with "The Birth of a Nation," no director of motion pictures has yet received exact and full credit for his work—Griffith least of all. The character and magnitude of that photodrama led critics astray on the genuinely best qualities of its producer, and the immensity of its success drew Griffith himself for many years into the pursuit of false photographic gods. We are only just beginning to realize this as we watch him now matching his talents in hour-long, five-reel entertainments against the eighty or a hundred routine directors who turn out a dozen of these "short" films each week.

Literally immense was the first effect of Griffith's work for the screen—his invention of "close-up" and "cut-back" in the days when he made two-reelers for the Biograph, dreaming only of four- and five-reel productions, never of the twelve reels of "The Birth of a Nation." His effect on the American form of photoplay when he began to make films of the present popular and almost universal length—five reels—was also extraordinary. Out of the possibilities that he demonstrated in films like "The Escape," and the rivalry he aroused in men like Thomas H. Ince, arose the present type of photoplay. But the effect on himself and on the movie world of the two films of his next stage was still more power- ful. Its influence—and in many ways, its harm—cannot be overestimated. Thru the failure of the best film he ever made, "The Avenging Conscience," and the success of "The Birth of a Nation," Griffith and a large part of the motion picture industry were turned into by-paths whose unprofitable ends this great director and his audiences have only begun to see.

Unquestionably that extraordinarily exciting Civil War film did a great deal for the movies. Its unapproachable fame brought new audiences to the screen and spurred on producers. But it brought audiences to a screen unable to satisfy them, and it spurred producers to types of production that only disillusioned these audiences. It gave producers the idea that spending a great deal of money, hiring a great many people and trying to tell a three-hour story should result in satisfactory screen entertainments. The mistake as to the money and the mobs might have been inevitable, but at least it should have been easy to observe that "The Birth of a Nation" was really two distinct stories about the same people, hitched more or less neatly together. As a matter of fact, nobody saw, and Ince spent hundreds of thousands on "Civilization," Brenon on "A Daughter of the Gods," De Mille on "Joan the Woman," Dixon on "The Fall of a Nation," all to no artistic or financial profit. It was Ince's modest "Coward," De Mille's "Cheat" and other almost forgotten five-reelers that really advanced screen art from the place that Griffith had got it to in "The Escape."

Nobody knows whether the success of "The Birth of a Nation" had more effect on its producer than the failure of "The Avenging Conscience," his shorter but much more artistic mixture of Poe's "Annabel Lee" and "The Telltaile Heart." Anyway, he went off making "million-dollar movies," like the rest of the producers. Indeed, he made nothing but big pictures for three years. Fortunately, he lost a great deal of money as well as time on "Intol erance," and so he was forced to sign up for a number of five-reelers while he made another spectacle, "Hearts of the World." And the battle-mad juggernaut was financially successful, we are now enjoying a number of shorter and more consistent and characterful films by the unquestioned master of the screen.

In the interim we have lost a good deal. For one thing, Griffith has made only eight films of his own in about five years. Even in footage shown on the screen, they do not equal a third of the work of the average director. More important still, Griffith abandoned until very recently the promise of fine, restrained effects, real characterization, psychological action, found in "The Avenging Conscience." When that finer production failed and the obvious melodrama of "The Birth" made money—and fame—Griffith turned from the hard and dangerous business of character study and psychological action to the sure-fire recipe of a riot, a race and a rescue. That was the plot for three parts of "Intolerance" and all of "Hearts of the World." His first short film, "The Great Love," was the same sort of thing; indeed, it seemed just a pared-down version of a twelve-reel Griffith war picture, with all the loose ends and dangling characters that such a process would produce. Admirers of Griffith were a daleful lot when they came out from seeing his first five-reeler in four years—

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It was Suzanne that I saw first.

She smiled sweetly upon me from the comfortable arms of the same old colored mammy that had watched over her father's childhood back in Texas.

You see, Suzanne was a Christmas gift to that interesting young couple, King Vidor and his wife, pretty Florence Vidor of the screen. She is an adorable little creature, with a winsome smile that will surely add luster to the Vidor name in days to come.

Suzanne's father told me quite seriously that she was a most remarkable baby, and that they had invented an arrangement on their Stutz where she would be protected and comfortable during their Sunday motor trips and they had great times together, for she was always so good!

King Vidor has been making history in the great motion picture industry during the past few months, and his successful film, "The Turn in the Road," has established him before an admiring...
Texas, too. My father was in the lumber business, and he hoped I would join him when I left school, but he was mighty fine about it when he found I had my heart set on pictures, and declared I should be free to follow my own inclinations.

"Not knowing how else to start, I began writing scenarios, and sent each one with the utmost confidence of its speedy success. By actual count, I had fifty-two scenarios wandering about the studios at one time, but they all came back with alarming regularity.

"Then I decided to learn the technical end of the business, and how I did study! I bought a motion picture camera and two Klieg lights, which mother let me set up in the living-room at

(Continued on page 66)
I shall never forget the time Ann Pennington was playing in the Follies and I wanted to see her, more than anything else, when she opened in Philadelphia. It just happened that I was rehearsing that day for the new Midnight Frolic and I could not be free before seven o’clock. Anyhow, I managed to get two of the girls from the New Amsterdam who wanted to go with me and, as we rushed to our homes and did not have time to pack full valises, we grabbed what was needed, stuffed them into my vanity box, jumped into the little old Hudson and were off. It was too bad, however.

(Continued on page 82)
The Career of Katherine Bush
Fictionized by Permission from the Scenario based on ELINOR GLYN’S Novel
By FAITH SERVICE

At the age of ten Katherine Bush decided that she could not bear her father and her brothers; a year later she came to the reluctant conclusion that she bore her mother, the gramaphone and the smell of the soup-kettle with hardly more of equanimity, and at fifteen she was fixed in the belief that she was personally beautiful, clever, far superior to the family an unkind fate had placed her in the midst of, and that she was going to escape from thence at the first opportunity, golden or otherwise. As an aside, she granted her older sister, Matilda, a modicum of affection and respect. At least Matilda did not “toff” about. At least Matilda, when the harassed Mrs. Bush died, had seized the rather greasy cloying helm and steered the mundane Bush ship with no out-and-out cap-sizings. There were some things to be said for Matilda; given another chance ... Katherine believed a great deal in chances. She believed, too, that it was entirely possible to make them. There was Matilda’s lack. It wasn’t in her to make them.

But then, Matilda had drawbacks, which she, Katherine, did not suffer from. She had tended long over the soup-kettle. She had wrangled with too many tradespeople. She had been—well, not unwilling, too much about.

It was different with Katherine. She knew that she was tall and straight and rather splendid. She knew the value of her gray and steady eyes; she knew the power of her red, firm lips. She sensed the potential magic of her white, efficient hands. She was not mistaken when she cherished the belief that a certain power, a certain seduction, emanated from her whole person. Given that chance ... to what Parnassus might she not ascend? Given that chance, from what pinnacle might she not look down, serenely, on the Bushes and their shrill-voiced prototypes?

The Bushes

She remembered standing in a balcony with him at Monte Carlo. She remembered the sudden pain that stabbed her in the pink and vital heart of her delight ... the question that smote her like a lance of gold ... “What if I love him? What if this destroy me?” how she hated them! Her coarse brothers, with their rancid, coarse ambitions, their smudgy love affairs, their little, Cheapside passions. Her sisters ... all save Matilda ... with their terrible “young men,” their revolting matrimonial
hopes ... or worse ... their coarse wrists, their coarse ankles, their coarse minds ... the blare of the gramophone ... the red lamp on the not always immaculate tablecloth ... the smell of a kitchen after it has just known soap-suds and water ... the sight of unmade beds and discarded clothing ... it sickened her ... unutterably ...

Before she was two-and-twenty Katherine Bush had decided that there was only one way for her to right things, and that was to make, paradoxically enough, and in the eyes of convention, a mistake. In other words, a man. A man must be the rung of her ladder. After that ... there would be, could be, other men, but she would use them and not they her in any slightest sense. This one time, this initial beginning, she would, perforce, have to give as well as take. Some said to give as well as take was the way of the world.

Not her world ... she was to be of the rare ones to take whom the world gives, nor wait for a returning.

Katherine Bush was a creature of a strange tenacity of purpose. She did not readily, nor very speedily, determine upon a course, but when the determination was once reached there was no power possible to swerve from it.

At Liv and Dev’s, the moneylenders, where she was employed as typist, there were various habitués of the masculine and very upper strata. Almost each and every one of these frequenters had honored Katherine, at one time or another, with appreciative stares and words, invitations to luncheon, tea and dinner—and worse. Each and every one had met with the level gray of her eyes, the cool negative of her essentially cool lips, the merest acknowledgment of her charming, adolescent head.

Then Lord Algy took to coming in. Lord Algy was, so to speak, a last word. He was slender, almost a stripling. He was very fair. He was excessively polished, cultured, bored and infinitely charming. Fresh—or stale, rather—from the boraxy Bush atmosphere, he smote Katherine Bush full on her esthetic heart—and on her still more esthetic ambitions.

Almost there was nothing she might not learn from Lord Algy. That world beyond where moved the great ones of the earth—that world that admitted of no Bushes ...

Lord Algy knew of these.

The first night he asked her to dine with him she refused. But she did not refuse with the gray, level stare, nor the straight, uncompromising lips. She refused, and then suddenly her gray eyes closed, and from beneath the shut lids there darted a warmth, like a little, living flame.

Lord Algy returned the next day.

A week later, she dined with him.

Years afterward, when the career of Katherine Bush was an orderly, infinitely progressive thing, she remembered, to the last detail, that first dinner, and the young Lord in his dinner coat with the violets pinned to it, his fair head, his charming hands, his voice opening gate after gate of soft delight to her. His easy talk of the things she had struggled for ... his love-making ...

Years after she remembered, too, the night she went away with him ... to Paris ... to Monte Carlo ... to some of the garden spots of the earth where the great lovers long since dead to love and pain have made immortal their immortal passions. She remembered standing on a balcony with him at Monte Carlo. She remembered the sudden pain that stabbed her in the pink and vital heart of her delight ... the question that smote her like a lance of gold ... “What if I love him? What if this destroy me?” And the reply she made to herself, the whipcord she applied to her senses. “Love him? Tradition! Drink this cup, too, then fling the cup away! Fool, will you let a passion choke you like a weed!”

The farewell was not so easy of remembrance. It never became easy. There was so much pain to it, so much young pain ...

“But, darling, I want you to marry me!” he had pleaded with her when she gave forth her ultimatum of separation.

“That is impossible. You”—her straight, red mouth, how straight it had been that day, but how grimly white rather than red —“you, even you, are not high enough for me, Algy.”

His had been the bitterest laughter! It had cut across the room in which they had been sitting.

“Not high enough! And this love we have known ... you deny that, too?”

“I am going to like you, too,” said he, “which may not inter you in the least.” As a matter fact, said Lady Garribardine, find that it does interest me. I it, you my nephew a my chief source of worry, Geri Strobridge”

(Twenty-eight)
"No. While it lasted... I have got to learn, in my life, to eat my candy—and know that it is gone. You are not for me, I am not for you. I will not make ravages on my emotional nature and thereby deplete my power and strength by having scenes with you. This has been a dream, beautiful past any words that you or I can say... let it remain a dream... even tho' it haunt me..."

His young face had stared down on her cold one, a mute misery, a mask. Then he had wheeled out of the room, out of her life... And she had laughed. She had made herself laugh; she had, as it were, flogged herself into laughter. What tho' it grated and jarred... it was an achievement... she had loved him... she had held him to her heart... she had covered his eyes, his young mouth, his fair head with her strange, eternal kisses... under a southern moon, under a new-born sun they had lain, breast to breast, and around them a sea had pounded and moaned... and then... he had bowed and walked out of her room and she had laughed and lit a cigarette.

It was good. She felt that it was good. She had climbed the first rung on the ladder and she had not even barked her shins. She had learnt and she had not paid more than a fleshly price for the learning which was, indissolubly, of the spirit, mind and flesh. One must always pay... but if one got more than what one paid for, one was being clever... n'est ce pas?

She felt, after that, that she could talk, that she could manage the little airs and graces that made a Bush a Bush or not a Bush. There were little secret codes with which she had become familiar, little by-plays, infinitesimal but vitally important. There were slogans... she knew them... she had watched Lord Algy with more than the eyes of love... she had drained him dry of his mode of living and the modes of living of those about him. It had been sheer profit, she told herself.

She told herself, too, that she was done with Liv and Dev's. The old money-lenders, like the young Lord Algy, had obscured her purpose. She knew that Algy would look for her there. She had spoken truthfully when she had said that she did not want emotional scenes. Her youth, her cool, undisturbed poise were the fundamentals of her charm. It was necessary that she maintain them. Time would, must, obliterate, soften, even do away completely with the gnawing pain she had about her heart. Algy and his passion, which had been golden, and purple, and crimson red, must surely be limned out.

Matilda, when she came home for a few, regretful days, told her that she heard she had been "up to things."

Katherine tried to laugh. It was not the laugh she had been wont to give. "I've been learning, Tilda," she told this only possible member of her wholly impossible family, "if that's what you mean by 'up.'"

The next week she had seen and answered Lady Garribardine's advertisement for a private secretary.

She had liked Lady Garribardine and, as she admitted herself, Lady Garribardine had liked her, which was immensely more to the point.

There was something about the two women, infinitely removed lineally, that was akin.

A certain coolness, a certain detachment, a certain power of aloofness from all intimate things... perhaps a coldness which might have only served as armor for a heart hotter than fire when really reached...

"I am going to like you," her ladyship had said, from the remarkable bed on which she was reclining, be-wigged, be-rouged and be-perfumed.

Katherine had given her one of her level looks. "I am going to like you, too," she had said, with her somehow distant young voice, "which may not," she added, as tho' thoughtfully, "interest you in the least."

"As a matter of fact," said Sarah, (Lady Garribardine), "I find that it does interest me... interest me enormously. My
for example, with her body of a bourgeois, her spirit of the splendid school, her heart of the eternal mother... And the nephew, Gerald Strobridge, with the world at his perfect fingertips and the scorn of the world on his caustic lips and in his disappointed heart... Lao Delmar, too, the very blonde widow who was pursuing him, gathering about her for the pursuit the jaded fragments of her long-since depleted emotions, and his wife, who wept continuously and maintained a turgid undercurrent of turgid little passions for turgid little people... they were rather shuddery, when one grew to know them...

It was one of the few natural things that Gerald Strobridge should turn to Katherine. He saw in her all the same, deep, vital thing he had everlastingly missed. He saw in her the passion he had dragged, or had dragged for him, a rag in the mud, made a flower again, vital, aromatic, life-giving.

He saw in her the love, deserving of the term, a lamp, held high, and trimmed and tended... and motherhood... and comradeship... and serenity even into the twilight...

Katherine saw in him the epitome of all those things which she ought to have known.

He was the ultra-epicure. He was the absolute cosmopolite. The Arts were baubles to him, with which he was thrillingly familiar. The world had flung wide its doors to him and he had marched in, and looked about, and stayed to investigate, and assimilated...

He told her what to read. He talked to her of art, of music, of sculpture and of the great ones of

all of these. He spoke exhaustively on politics and on what the world was doing, should do, would do. He

(Continued on page 73)
Tempered Steel

By FAITH SERVICE

SOMETIMES a person, or a personality, has a quality which is more finely descriptive than any carefully compiled list of specific, personal characteristics. To describe Vernon Steel as being "tempered" is happily, to make a play upon his name and, still more, to give his essential quality. "Tempered"—he is rather perfectly that. There is a sense of coolness about him, there is an air of detachment, there is a very fine sense of well-preserved balance. There is even the slightest possible suggestion of a potential cruelty. One could imagine him playing the vivisectionist to life and taking a scientific delight in the deliberate process.

One could never imagine him being prodigal, in any way, of himself, of his emotions, of his art. There is a reserve which comes from somewhere deep within. On the other hand, such is his sense of balance one could equally well fail to imagine him as anything but generous in the fundamentals of friendship, of loyalty, of good faith.

He is a positivist. In small things and doubtless in great things as well, altho there I am not wholly qualified to speak. His beliefs give one the impression of being steel-cut, finely chiselled and delicately unalterable. And he is something of a fatalist; something of a believer in, and a dealer in, chance. Not only theoretically, but in the actualities which have determined his life.

He was born in South America, in Chile, of English parentage, his family living there for a number of years for business reasons. He lived there for seven years, returning to England once or twice during that period of time.

"When I went back to England for good," he said, "when I was about eight years old, I was a thronging little South American, and so was my sister. I spoke nothing but Spanish, which is, of course, the language of the country, and it took me quite a while to get onto my native tongue. Now I wish that I had not let the Spanish tongue slip from me. I've forgotten it completely as far as conversation goes, but, strangely enough, I picked up a Spanish novel the other day and found myself going thru it and getting the whole sense of it—just a reversion, I suppose, an instinct. Or echoes . . . ."

"Going on the stage was a chance with me," he told me, "just an odd chance. I had just won a scholarship, and was about to return it, when I happened to take tea one afternoon with a friend of my family who happened to be interested in the stage. It seemed that she had, that same afternoon, received a letter from the manager of "The Gas Lord Quex," telling her what a hard time he was having to get a certain type of young man to walk off and on the stage. My friend, a married woman, turned to me and said, "There's a chance for you, Vernon."

"Nothing more was said about it, but walking home that evening, I decided that it might be a sort of a lark. Without doing any further consecutive thinking, I just went up to see the manager, was engaged, and signed a year's contract. The thing was done. Naturally, my family was furious, and so I had to make the best of it—and the best of it was five pounds a week—and the road.

"Of course, I was very young, and being with older people for the first time, and being made much of, and the atmosphere, which has its undoubted charm—

(Continued on page 70)
The
Ethelescent
Miss Lynne

discharged a short time ago—so he’s learnt a thing or two about punctuality. In fact, he is the sort of young man who’d rather sit at the railroad station a half-hour ahead of time than jump for the last car-step in order to make his train.

That failing of Pat’s started the whole unpleasantness in the Garden of Eden, situated on top of a beautiful hill, with unrestricted view of the four corners of the earth. They called it North St. Andrews Boulevard, and you can’t get there at all unless you have a car, for no one would attempt that hill-climb with the present price of footgear. The fact that the energetic Mr. Dowling had a new Buick made the interview as well as the too early arrival possible.

Well, at the top of this heavenly hill there’s a two-story bungalow court, the tops of the houses being connected by a very medieval-looking arch which forms not only a porte cochere, but a covered walk right back to the flower garden, and an entrancing view of the hill back of that, whereon thrives a patriotic bean orchard yielding tons of the stuff that made Uncle Sam’s boys Hun-lickers.

We stopped and reconnoitered. About the only intelligent idea Pat had of Miss Lynne’s whereabouts was that he once drove her home in the dark, and he thought this was the hill she called home. Consequently we read the letter-box cards and failed to find the Christie comedienne. A Scandinavian lawn-barber accosted us, said he didn’t know

Ethel Lynne lives in a two-story "bungalow" atop a hill in Hollywood. The accompanying pictures show her reading in a leisure moment at home, giving her pet doggie his daily bath, and snatching a nap at the Christie studio.
By FRITZI REMONT
EXCLUSIVE PICTURES
By NELSON EVANS

any Miss Lynne, that no moving picture lady lived around there, but that "Ah ben tank Missus Lindsay live yoost in frawnt house."

Being a Swede, we couldn't make him admit that the name might be Lynne, so we tried the doorbell. A soft pattering, and the door opened wide enough to show Ethel in a French-blue negligé, hastily gathered in front by her free hand.

"Pat! How dare you? I told you three-quarters of an hour. It's not been twenty minutes since you phoned. I'm so ashamed!" Miss Lynne looked so utterly crestfallen that we slunk in like guilty Adam and the crawling snake.

But after five minutes of mutual apologies, we began to feel sort of acquainted, and I, for one, wasn't going to let the matter of habiliments drive me out of Paradise.

Ethel Lynne is absolutely Etherecent. You can't meet her without trying to coin adjectives to describe her charm aptly. Old Webster, having lived before the movies were born or such stars began to glitter on a celluloid firmament, didn't invent enough words to cover them, and the old ones are looking so dusty and shopworn that I wouldn't dare use them for Ethel, whose individuality is as great as her comedy is infectious.

She resembles Billie Rhodes strongly, only Ethel is much taller, slimmer. A director at Universal said mournfully, "Ethel, when you and Billie are not together, I can't tell you—apart!" They wear their hair alike, have the same big, soft brown eyes and have been taught in the identical school of comedy (Continued on page 69)
The last verse of "Over the Hills and Far Away" is surely the saddest thing that Robert Louis Stevenson ever wrote. For when a man has left the Land of Make-Believe, he has usually forgotten all about it, too.

Perhaps he started on his downward path by making believe to himself that there was no such place as the Land of Make-Believe. In this case, he has left it behind him forever.

Sometimes children do this, or have it done for them by well-meaning elders. They are the most pathetic little kiddies in the world. They have forgotten what it means to just pretend.

But the Land of Make-Believe is real; Ben Alexander lives in it all the time.

Around the studios they call him the peek-a-boo baby. This is not only because he plays all the time—(tho he does, I've seen him leave an emotional scene and play tag with the star, with tears still in his eyes and on his cheeks)—but because the musical score of "Hearts of the World" made that score his own.

One of the most effective scenes in the entire picture is the scene where the "littlest brother," (Ben Alexander), jealous of the boy's love for the girl, sticks his tongue out at her. The children are at play and all thru the comic little scene the orchestra plays:
Peek-a-boo, I see you,
Right there behind the chair—

A little later, you remember, the house in which they have taken shelter is blown up. You see the "littlest brother" screaming with terror, the tears running down his face, and then his little form half buried in the ruins. And the orchestra plays:

Peek-a-boo, I see you,
Right there behind the chair!
Peek-a-boo, I see you,
I see you hiding there,
Oh, you rascal!

The child's terror is so real! All over the world, critics have spoken of him as Griffith's wonder-child; the baby-boy Bernhardt of the screen, often forgetting, in their admiration of his emotional work, that his terror would not be nearly so effective if his play and his laughter were not effective, too.

But Ben has been in many a picture since "Hearts of the World" was made. (In King Vidor's "The Turn in the Road" he is his own little blond self; the personification of love and faith and trustfulness.) So now people are beginning to speak of his smile.

Curious, isn't it, that this little six-year-old child should become the most talked of player in two of the most talked of pictures of the year? And yet it is so! In "Hearts of the World" he represents all of the helpless innocents, crushed by war, while in "The Turn of the Road" he is love triumphant; the voice of God showing the way to (Continued on page 78)
The Young-Old Lady of the Screen

No one who saw "The Birth of a Nation" could forget the part of the octofoon—the mistress of Stone- man. Much of the part was cut in some states, but there was one scene especially which would stick in one's memory forever. That was the scene in which the octofoon, scorned by a Southern man, tore her own clothing, (doing Mrs. Potiphar

The spirit of adventure has ruled Mary Alden's career. She was born in the city of romance, New Orleans, spent some years in the romantic city of the continent, Vienna, made her stage début in London, and played Ophelia and Mrs. Dane before she was nineteen. Above, Miss Alden in her famous role of the octofoon in David Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation".

You have heard of stars whose light went out after gleaming for a year or two, because they could not act and the public grew tired of looking at their pretty faces. And you have heard of girls being raised to stardom because of some unusual bit of acting in a play that failed. But this is the story of a star who went out, (only as a star, however), because she proved herself an actress in a play that was a tremendous success. I am referring to Mary Alden.
over again). You remember, she even spit at the man! That role stamped Mary Alden as a character woman.

"I don't think that Mr. Griffith knew I was going to spit," said Mary Alden, who is from New Orleans. "I did it on the impulse of the moment, and it was exactly the thing that a negro would do, but it 'made me what I am today,' the young-old lady of the screen." (Miss Alden is not yet out of her twenties.)

"But you did character parts before?"

"Yes, because I have always liked them. The ordinary run of straight parts seem to me insipid, or at any rate, uninteresting. I played the part of Henry B. Walthall's mother when I was twenty-two years old. But I didn't plan on doing old lady parts all of my life, and that is what specialization in character parts involves. The other pictures I could have lived down; they are not in extensive circulation any more. But 'The Birth of a Nation' I couldn't live down! It made a character woman out of me forever and ever, amen!"

Miss Alden's success as the octogenarian girl of "The Birth of a Nation," shaped her career. It stamped her as a brilliant character actress—and a character actress she has remained. "But character obscurity is not always a disaster," she says. "Good character players are so rare in motion pictures that they can ask almost anything they like!"

She was more than in earnest, I noticed. And, seriously, have you ever stopped to think what "The Birth of a Nation" did to its creators? Take Griffith, for instance. If he never finds another perfect story, the public will blame him and not the circumstance. How often one hears that Griffith is going backward because "He never does as good work as he did in "The Birth of a Nation"!" And yet Griffith is not going backward; his direction has gone on advancing; give him another story as good and you'll see! So the director, actress, or actor, wise in their craft, will pray, "Oh, Lord, save me from a big hit that circumstance won't let me live up to!"

But to return to Mary Alden, who has lived up to her hit, you know.

"Have you ever noticed the extra people at work?" she went on. "The new ones have a craze for close-ups; they can't get close-ups enough; they (Continued on page 71)"
So This Is Easter!

Up to the moment of glimpsing Easter Walters in negligee we had considered Easter an occasion to dress up! Such is Easter West. Little Miss Walters is a California girl and she has been appearing on the screen quite considerably lately, largely with Ruth Roland in Pathe's "Hands Up" and "The Tiger's Trail." Outside of celluloid close-ups, Easter (that's her real name) best of all enjoys motorcycling.

Photos by Witzel, L. A.
"Men," cynicized Pamela Gordon, gazing morbidly at the olive transfixed upon the hatpin in her hand, "are the reason why so many women don't get married."

"Men," averred Kate West, bitterly, "are like those hair tonic pictures—there's such an amazing difference in them before and after taking."

"Men," contributed Violet Ainslee, albeit a trifle wistfully, "have not changed in any essentials since the paleolithic age." Her gaze grew dreamy. "There was one stood beside me in the subway tonight. He had blue eyes that just matched his necktie, and he kept staring, and staring—of course, I was furious," she amended hastily, as she caught the horror in her companions' eyes.

"But you saw him, Vi," Pamela reproached her, "and he saw that you saw him."

(Please note: The following text appears to be out of sequence and contains elements of the previous narrative. It may require context to make sense in its current placement.

"...Now, to me, men are practically invisible, like waiters, and chauffeurs and clerks—I simply don't see them, that's all! If you knew the creatures as I know them, dear"—she smiled a sad, sweet smile—"if you'd been thru the experience I have been thru—"

The other two girls gazed at her in respectful awe. To the eyes of the unthinking Pamela would have appeared merely a daintily pretty girl with a quantity of dark hair, a delectable dimple in her chin and a strawberry marshmallow sundae of a kimono, all frothy ruffles and rosy frills. But their deeper insight saw her as a disillusioned soul. She had
Kate lovingly thrust aside the thought of the good-looking young press agent who hung about the wings every night when she did her turn. "What are you doing about the League, Pam?" she queried, breathlessly. "I think we ought to start it as soon as possible—there's a perfect epidemic of engagements in the chorus lately. Two more of the girls came down last night."

Pamela shook her head. "To think that there are women who will still give up their independence, their careers—all this!—she waved a vague hand about the cluttered studio, indicating the plaster cast of the Dying Gaul wearing a club-footed picture hat of the Cologne Cathedral and the Sistine Madonna, (with limp feminine garments hanging from the corners of the frames), the model stand upon which stood a cathedral chair, a bottle of milk and an empty Uneeda Biscuit box—"to think that they will voluntarily relinquish their splendid freedom to become the slave of a man, and cook his pork-chops in some stuffy four-room flat in Harlem! It is women like this that the league will save. Girls, we are—Moises sent to lead our sisters out of the Land of Bondage!"

Fumbling in some recess of the kimono, Pamela drew out a sheet of paper and unfolded it reverently. "Listen to this. I drew it up today while I was waiting for Bacchante's nose to set—"The Cau of the Order of Man-Haters. I hereby swear never to allow a man to set foot across the threshold of my door, never to listen to a word of love-making, never to marry any man."

They gazed at one another breathlessly. Violet grew slightly pale. Kate slightly red as the press agent nudged her memory. Pamela wore the ecstatic expression of a prophetess. She lifted the hatpin solemnly. There was something Delphic about her, something Greek, heroic, terrible. Even the pink kimono took on the aspect of oracular robes stirred by the mysterious winds of fate. "Swear!"

The other hatpins went up, Kate's defiantly. Violet's with a suspicious quiver. Together three voices took up the words of the oath. As the last syllables still vibrated thru the room a strange sound drew their eyes toward the dark square of the air-shaft window. It was like a chuckle imperfectly disguised as a cough. It was undeniably masculine in its origin. On the heels of the sound a face emerged from the darkness, also undeniably masculine, and wearing the expression of ingratiating apology seen on youngsters who are trying to explain their presence in the jam closet.

"Hallo!" said the face, ruefully. "I say, you don't mind if I light on your window-sill, do you? This coping is confoundedly narrow, and I'm no Douglas Fairbanks." Sitting astride the sill, the newcomer mopped at a damp brow.

"Perhaps," said Pamela, and the simile of the sundae applied to her tone, which was frozen, "perhaps you will be good enough to explain whether you are a burglar or are merely insane."

"I am neither," declared the young man, indignantly. "I am simply unfortunate—"his glance swept the three faces turned toward him—"brightened—that is," he amended, "I thought that I was unfortunate, but now—I'm beginning to believe that my good old guardian angel was strictly on his job."

Overhead, somewhere in the Stygian deeps of the airshaft, a window slammed open, as if manipulated by an indignant hand. The refugee promptly fell off the sill, into the studio. "His!" he begged. "Please, please, his, and keep on histing till I explain. You see—"he pointed explanatorily upward—"there's a man up there that thinks I'm in love with his wife."

It might have been imagination, but he fancied that the hauteur of their expressions increased. "Not that I am," he hastened to explain. "I should say not! Why, she's thirty-five, at least, and tall and has red hair. Now I prefer little women—unabashed, his eyes sought Pamela—"little, sort of dainty women—with dark hair, and dimples, and——"

"Your tastes do not interest us," Pamela said, distantly. Quite by accident her fingers

Balanced upon the frail bridge he turned back, looking straight into Pamela's brown eyes, his own dark gray-ones very grave the his lips were bantering. "All aboard! Won't you wish me bon voyage?"

(Forty)
sought her hair. "We have a rule in this studio that no man shall set foot across the threshold! If you do not go at once, I shall call the police."

"But I didn't set foot across your threshold," the stranger pointed out, with a wide, boyish grin that showed two rows of even white teeth. "I came in by the window, and I'm going just as soon as that poor nut upstairs gets discouraged looking for

peared. As he came in the door I went out the window, and there you are! And here I am. Muh fatal beauty is always getting me into trouble.

"I suppose," volunteered Pamela, "that that is the best you can do on the spur of the moment, and it's no more unlike than most explanations unfortunate wives have to listen to. But it is certainly not very flattering to me to have you suppose I am fool enough to believe it, or anything else that a man says!"

Startled by her vehemence, he stared at her blazing cheeks and the blue flame of her eyes. Then, softly, he whistled. "There's one thing sure," he remarked, apparently to the chandelier, "that guardian angel of mine is going to get a raise."

Stamp! Down went a small slippered foot upon the floor. Pamela pointed to the airshaft. "If you don't go before I count three, I shall call the police! One—two—th—"

"But how?" he pleaded. "This is nine stories up. You may hate me, but you surely have some consideration for poor, hard-worked janitors, and there'll be an awful mess for him to clear up at the bottom of that airshaft tomorrow morning if you turn me out like this."

The three girls held a whispered consultation, leaving him for the moment alone beside the bust of Bacchante. In that moment his roving eye had spied a slip of paper pinned to the soft clay. Before he had time to remind himself that a gentleman does not read what is not meant for his eyes he had taken in the few scrawled words:

"Wanted, a position in a business office by a capable young woman who does not chew gum. Does not giggle, flirt or wear openwork hosiery, who does not spell amount with two m's, and is not looking for a man to marry her. Pamela Gordon, Suite Twenty-Five, Berkley Studios."

A hasty survey of the Bacchante, the empty milk bottle on the model throne, the gay feminine headgear tilted rakishly upon the Dying Gaul, and the young man smiled a satisfied, pitying, condescending, wholly masculine smile, which was still lingering upon his lips when Pamela appeared, bearing an ironing-board. Disdaining help, she lifted the board to the window-sill, and pushed it out until, somewhere in the darkness beyond, the further end found anchorage.

"The apartment opposite is empty," she informed him, coldly. "The window is open—the janitor was airing the place this afternoon."

Balanced upon the frail bridge, he turned back, looking straight into Pamela's brown eyes, his own dark-gray ones very grave, tho his lips were bantering. "All aboard! Won't you wish me bon voyage?"

Neither her eyes nor voice held any hint of relenting. "It is a matter of complete indifference to me what happens to you," Pamela said, coldly. Then, as he bowed and turned away, the ironing-board creaked sharply. "Oh—do be careful!" begged this inconsistent she.

A moment later the subdued sound of a closing window across the airshaft told them that their visitor was gone. Hauling in the ironing-board, Violet pounced upon a small white pasteboard oblong pinned to the end.

"Mr. Edgar Appleton Holt," she read. "Oh, girls, did you notice what perfectly bee-yuteful teeth he had when he smiled?"

"I certainly did not!" Pamela declared, mendaciously. "Give me that card at once, Vi! I wish to—to destroy it."

"The two girls watched her sweep from the room, holding the
bit of pasteboard at arm's length, as tho it were a viper coiled to sting. Violet, without apparent reason, sighed. "Pam is so perfectly darling—I don't see how any man could help falling in love with her. If that Wilbur Searles could have seen her as she is now!"

"Why, Vi!"—Kate was shocked—"what a horrid idea!"

Violet blushed. "Just the same," she asserted, "I don't believe he'd have jilted her. But since he did, it's no wonder she hates men. And of course we've got to stand by Pam."

"Of course," agreed Kate, dismally.

The next afternoon Pamela's advertisement harvested a sheaf of replies, the best of which was the offer of a post as private secretary to Carter Sprague, of the Wall Street firm of Sprague and Golden, bond brokers. Pamela turned the Sistine Madonna to the wall and set the Bacchante away on the topmost closet shelf, while a tear fell upon the smudgy plaster nose.

"Good-by, my dear," she told her, forlornly. "There's no use having a soul if you haven't any body to keep it in, and that means butter, cakes and beef-stew."

Carter Sprague, bald, dyspeptic and sixty, regarded her pessimistically. "Didn't expect you to be pretty," he grumbled. "That ad sounded like thirty-thin-as-a-rail-and-spectacled. What d'ye mean 'don't want to flirt'? Why don't you? It isn't healthy for a pretty girl not to want to flirt."

"Men," Pamela explained, "are a matter of supreme indifference to a woman with brains. The fable of love is very pretty, of course, but it is distinctly old-fashioned. The modern woman sees that it is only the bait to entrap her into lifelong slavery."

"H'm-m!" sniffed old Sprague, callously. "So sex is going out of style? Tell that to my nephew! He's at Long Beach now, but when he comes back—say, that boy could make love to a dressmaker's wax mannikin so that she'd melt and run all over the place! Fable of love, eh? Well, we'll see, we'll see!"

But after three weeks, during which Pamela moved serenely about her affairs in the Sprague offices, apparently armor-proof to the arrows of the archer, Sprague began to confess that he might have been mistaken. Indeed, the atmosphere around her desk became so glacial that the bond salesmen ostentatiously turned up their coat-collars when they passed it.

Then, one morning, just as he was congratulating himself upon the beautifully typed pages she was handing him, Carter Sprague saw the streets begin to waver and shake erratically, heard the quick indrawing of her breath and glanced up, to see his secretary staring with wide, fascinated eyes into the face of a tailor-made young man who had just breezed into the room.

"Damn, Edgar, so you're back!" he grunted. "What's wrong with the beach? Are they wearing ankle-length bathing-suits this year, or what? Thought you were safe for a couple of months."

The young man beamed, as he returned his uncle's far from cordial handshake. "I had a hunch I'd better come back," he said, cheerfully. "You're gettin' on, y'know, Nunkie, and need my strong young arm to lean on and all that sort of thing!" He glanced casually at the silent secretary. "Got a tip from my guardian angel and took the first train. By the way, Nunkie, what happened to Miss Willard?"

"Got married!" snarled Sprague. "Third chest of silver I've had to buy this year. Damn it, Edgar—that is—h—um—meet Miss Gordon, my new secretary—Miss Gordon, my nephew, Edgar Holt, a scalawag if there ever was one. He'll probably set you to work card-cataloguing his love affairs!"

"I don't believe him, Miss Gordon," smiled Edgar. "My face is my alibi!" He gazed down ingeniously. "I say, I'm wondering—you see, I'm a sort of a returned prodigal, you know, and it's almost lunch-time! I know where they have awfully decent fatted calf, with mushrooms and sweetbreads on the side! I don't suppose—"

"I don't suppose," Pamela said, briefly. She gathered up the papers on the desk, addressing herself pointedly to her employer. "Then I will get out the Butler Brothers papers! And alert to the Amalgamated Woolens matter? And the J. L. and M. bonds? Very good, Mr. Sprague." Her nod barely included the younger man. She swept from the room, but not before Edgar had reached the door and held it open.

"Allow me!" His tone dropped to the level of her ears. "If I only had an ironing place!"

By the indignant flash of her eyes he knew that he had scored, and his heart gave a queer, hurtful throb underneath the English-cut waistcoat. She hated him, that was plain to see, but if she could be so adorable when she hated a man, what would she be like if she loved him. It was this problem which Edgar (Continued on page 81)

(Forty-two)
Dorothy Dalton, Hot Weather and Emotionalism

Beauty has nothing to do with screen success, declares Dorothy Dalton. Not the least bit. Nor has the quality of being a good artist. Miss Dalton is equally sure of that. And it isn’t because of any stage personality. For the camera does all sorts of tricks with footlight personalities.

“What is it?” repeated the actress. “It’s a distinct something of the screen—a personality which the animated camera catches. You may not even be pretty, you may know nothing of a player’s technique, you may never have been behind the footlights and yet be a photoplay favorite.”

Miss Dalton does not venture a definition of this celluloid personality. (Continued on page 72)
The closing of The Fame and Fortune Contest on July 1st followed a deluge of final entries from practically every country of the globe, contestants coming from every corner of the earth, ranging all the way from London to the Straits Settlements, from Australia and New Zealand to sunny France. And yet the American girls are still more than holding their own, crowding out all entries from other lands.

While the contest has closed, a number of honor rolls still remain to be published. Representatives of pulchritude from remote climes still have a chance of invading the contest. Interest has apparently grown apace with the conclusion of the contest, every mail on the final days bringing hundreds of pictures. It will take weeks, of course, to give all these careful examination and it will be some time yet before anything like a final conclusion can be arrived at by the judges.

It is very likely, however, that the original plan of selecting three leaders will be adhered to. These leaders will be invited to come to New York, where test pictures will be taken and the final winner decided upon. And—let us whisper—the first issue of Shadowland, to appear late in August, will carry portraits of these leaders, if all goes well.

Careful elimination of many promising contestants brought the eleventh honor roll, for the period between May 15 and June 1, to include the following lucky seven:

Bobbie Delys, of 6140 Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Miss Delys has posed in commercial motion pictures for the Rothacker Company. She is a graduate of the Jacobean school of dancing and
has some stock company experience. Miss Delys has dark-blue eyes, very black hair and she is five feet five.

Billie Vivian Sullenger, of 1111 Eighth Avenue, Seattle, Wash. Miss Sullenger is a pianist of considerable ability. It is interesting to note that, in 1909, Miss Sullenger, then five years old, won a beauty contest for children. She has hazel brown eyes, blonde hair and is five feet three.

Christine Gardner Simpson, of 431 East Romota Street, San Antonio, Texas. Miss Simpson was born in Tennessee, her father being Major J. A. Simpson, of the United States Army, (regulars). She has dark brown eyes, auburn hair and is exactly five feet six and one half inches in height.

Irene Marcellus, of 145 East 92nd Street. Miss Marcellus has played small rôles in Maurice Tourneur productions. She is a dancer and art model, having blue eyes, blonde hair and being five feet eight inches tall.

Fay Brennan, of the Harrington Hotel, Washington, D. C. Miss Brennan has brown hair and brown eyes and is five feet four. She (Continued on page 84)
It is trite, of course, to repeat that David Wark Griffith's "Broken Blossoms" marks an epoch in the march of the photoplay. Nearly every one has pronounced this verdict, but the fact must be stated again. "Broken Blossoms" reveals something of what will be the photoplay of the future. For the screen drama of tomorrow is to be a blending of the art of the dramatist, the painter—and the poet. "Broken Blossoms" is just this.

Since the first animated picture we have had the methods of the stage applied to the screen. Bald stories they have been, in the main, with here and there a flash of splendid dramatic suspense, of fine spectacular effects and of superb beauty of photography. But the thing that was to differentiate the stage and the screen has been slow in coming. Distant flashes had appeared, it is true, but the poetry of the camera has never been really plumbed. "Broken Blossoms" reveals a lyric quality we have long dreamed for the photoplay, but never discovered. There are other splendid qualities to "Broken Blossoms," but it is because of this alone that we place the production as a milestone of the screen. Indeed, at moments Mr. Griffith makes the camera fairly sing.

So it is not because of its technical advances, its fine handling of a relentless tragedy, its philosophy, indeed, its moving spiritual vein, that we rate "Broken Blossoms" so highly. It is because Mr. Griffith has at last revealed what the film camera will do—tomorrow and in the days to come.

We have frequently lamented what we consider Mr. Griffith's weakness—a lack of literary discrimination, which, it seemed to us, left his work without a real foundation. "Broken Blossoms," however, has an excellent literary distinction. It is adapted from Thomas Burke's story, "The Chink and the Child," of his book, "Limehouse Nights." Mr. Burke is an able writer who has set out to paint the London of today as did Dickens of yesterday.

Limehouse is the slum of London, where "East meets West" and the
Hindus, the Siamese, the Chinamen and the negro mingle with the Caucasian in the leveling gambling and drinking river-front dives where the swirling fogs of the Thames rise up to hide the hell of it all. To Limehouse has drifted the Yellow Man, a young Chinaman who, fired with zeal, some years before left his native land to bring the message of the Orient to the struggling, blood-mad white man. But the yellow idealist has reckoned with certain things as they are and his collision with sordid realities of Limehouse has left him dulled and sickened, but still hearing the old call of his temple bells of far-off China.

The Yellow Man keeps a little shop in Limehouse. One day the daughter of a brutal cockney prize-fighter falls in a faint across his threshold, fresh from a beating administered by her parent. Now the dreaming Yellow Man has long watched this waif of Limehouse from afar and, in his still idealistic eyes, she is something of a flower growing in the mire. So, all unmindful of consequences, he lifts the unconscious girl and carries her to a sanctuary above his shop. There he gently dresses her bruises, gives her gay Oriental robes, decks his room in honor of the visiting goddess and worships. Thru the little drudge's undeveloped mind runs derisive laughter, then a bit of fear and ultimately an acceptance of this sudden invasion of a quaint Eastern heaven. Finally she even comes to smile.

But her happiness is not for long, for the bully father, fresh from a triumph in the prize ring, bears that his daughter "has taken up with a Chink." He sets out to avenge his family and racial honor and rushes to the shop when, by chance, the Yellow Man is absent. He wrecks the rooms and drags away the girl. Once at home, he kills her in his wrath. Then returns the Oriental. He follows the brute to his lair, desperately resorts to the terrifying means of vengeance by which the beauty of his life had been destroyed, shoots the murderer and then carries the dead girl back to his shattered room. He rearranges the torn silken robes, sets up his smashed altar to Buddha—and kills himself. So "Broken Blossoms" ends with the police, the personification of misunderstanding materialism, just forcing their way into the Yellow Man's shop. But, in vague outline, we see a mystic ship drifting eastward down the river of souls.

Critics have said that "Broken Blossoms" is brutal and even depressing. The note of brutality did not touch us, we must admit. To us the idealism and the spirituality of the theme far overtopped the mere physical side. It is, as some one has said, as a flower unfolding, as delicate as incense smoke. Only the beautiful and the spiritual seem real; the slums and the brutality are as of an unreal land of materialism. Mr. Griffith has told Mr. Burke's story with the lyric quality of the poet. There are subtitles that are golden gems of direct, finely conceived expression. There are scenes that are living paintings, in their light and shade and balance.

"Broken Blossoms" is the best acted photoplay we ever saw. (A broad statement, but nevertheless true!) Lillian Gish is the waif of Limehouse. At once vivid and gentle, pathetic and wistful, Miss Gish gives a performance of the little girl "with

(Continued on page 60)
A Rod That Grew Up Straight
La Rocque Stands Alone

By SUE ROBERTS

"I love working in pictures because they bring pleasure to poor people who would otherwise have no joy."

Thus spoke Rod La Rocque.

And to one long accustomed to the lofty suggestions of would-be highbrows for screen upliftment, which will make the cinema drama appeal to the white-handed class that has nothing to do but amuse itself, this statement was as refreshing as the first swim in summer.

"I don't give a hang if I am in a picture showing at New York's de luxe Broadway theaters, the Rivoli, Strand or Rialto," continued young La Rocque, "but I am proud that over on the East Side, in the barren tenement districts of New York, or out in the hot, arid Western towns where movie night is a god-send, I am helping to bring a little brightness into the lives of people who would otherwise have no joy, no pleasures. I feel that pictures belong to the poor people; they have been the one open door to romance and happiness in the bleak lives of the ungilded classes, and that, I believe, is the movies' true field." I am glad I belong to a profession that brings joy to people who have to count their nickels. I don't give a rap for those who blandly drop into the Strand to idle away an empty hour."

Now Rod La Rocque doesn't pretend to be a demigod; he is just a good-looking six-foot-two assemblage of masculine muscularity. His shoulders are broad and manly and his handshake is a firm greeting of friendliness. He walks with a stride which calls up visions of seven-league boots, but he carries a cane and orders a meal with the nonchalance of a man-of-the-world. He smokes cigarettes and up to the first of July was not adverse to a preferred highball. About him, however, there is nothing of the dilettante, nor is there anything of the blase actor. He possesses, in abundance, youth's golden qualities, enthusiasm and ambition.

His ambition, to learn and to improve the quality of his chosen work, has followed him ever since he first appeared on the stage at the august age of seven years. At that time he was the youngest member of the Mack-Leone Stock Company, of which Willard Mack was the manager. "Salome Jane" was the piece marked by his first appearance.

His theatrical training continued on the stage until one summer a few years ago, when he was appearing with the Garrick Players of Chicago.

Rod, as everybody familiarly calls him, heard fascinating rumors of the movies everywhere, and he thought it would be a pretty good idea to get into a business that would permit him to stay in one place long enough to hang up his hat. At Essanay he made his first screen appearance, playing heavies.

He was at that time, you must know, a youth in his teens.

"One day," recounted Rod, with a humorous twinkle of recollection in his clear dark eyes, "Wash (Bryant Washburn) was sick and couldn't begin his

(Continued on page 64)
For I suppose I thought of her as a child, very young: a ten-year-old girl with a particular kind of brightness in her eyes. She looked up at me with a smile, a bright, cheerful smile that I could not help but return. "I can give you what you need," she said, "just exactly what you require, old dear." She checked them off on pink fingers. "Me, and Omar—and the fits. You should have seen them—he was trying to stand on his tail. It was simply horrid!"

The shrewd little brain under the bright tangle of curls had long ago devised an intricate system of strategy for use in dealing with this grim old man whom Wall Street magnates feared, cringed to and obeyed. She marshalled her tactics now, smiling up at him with a widening of her round blue eyes. Behind the smile her graceless brain was delighted to note that she was succeeding.

"Dont I pay enough servants to look after one cat?" Guthrie growled, trying to scowl in spite of the twinkle in his grey eyes.

"But, old dear, no one can sympathize with fits they're not related to." She was all-round baby innocence. "Now you and I are the only real folks 'Omar' has, and I wanted you to come and hold his nose while I gave him a dose of castor oil. I'm sure you were tired of your horrid business anyhow, and I think those whisky old men were hateful to laugh.

"I felt myself the master of any financial complication which might arise in the Street, but this slip of a girl-things, with her whims, her pretty follies, and—" he suspected acutely—her uncanny knowledge of his weak spots, always made him feel baffled and inadequate.

"Amy, how old are you?" he asked, vaguely. "Twelve, isn't it—or thirteen?"

"Nearly sixteen." She swept him a burlesque courtesy. "But I'm not grown up—I'm never going to grow up. Of course I suppose I shall have to do up my hair and get married and have children and wear wrinkle plasters like the cook does, but no matter what happens, I've made up my mind that I'm never going to grow up inside. And on my fiftieth birthday I'm going to slide down the banisters, and on my sixtieth I'm going to climb a tree!"

Her grandfather gazed at the vivid little face helplessly. After all, Adam, seventy and mighty of intellect, is never a match for even a sixteen-year-old Eve. But Alexander Guthrie was not one to admit defeat. He chose with discretion to waive the point of her breach of etiquette in bursting into the directors' meeting.

"Amy," he said, briefly—his decisions were always made briefly and irrevocably, I have to run over to London in three days, and you are coming with me. I'm going to put you into an English boarding-school.

"For the Gibraltar quality of his decision! For two days Amy packed joyously; then came a grey day of rain that dampened her spirits, and brought in on a particularly vicious gust a quiet, shabby little man with a scholarly stoop to his shoulders and a round, pink, cheerful face which Amy covered with kisses.

"Daddy! You dont deserve a perfectly good daughter," she scolded him. "And why dont you ever have your suits pressed? And that necktie is simply tragic, and you havent even once said, 'What a pretty girl is getting to be!'"

"If you could just ease the strain on my windpipe," suggested John Burke, mildly. He held the dancing little figure at arm's-length, studying her with honest pride, mingled with not a little anxiety. "Dear me, I had no idea—well, to be sure time don't fly. I hope you're studying hard, Amy, and being a good girl?"

His daughter laughed uproariously. "How positively quaintly beautiful!" she cried. "It's old-fashioned to be good now; people are wearing their souls very short this season. How long are you going to stay, daddy, this time?" Her voice was oddly wistful. "Now, Amy, dont begin that!" John Burke begged, in alarm. "You know I couldn't live in a place like this." His gesture drew the gilt furniture, the tapestries and heavy oil paintings into the words. "I couldn't eat a mouthful under this roof, because I know that some one else—an old woman or a little child—is going hungry because of it. I couldn't…"

"Yes, I know what comes next. Beautiful!" Amy interrupted, rudely. "Tho I never could see how not eating my dinner would feed anybody else unless it was, the cats that go thru the garbage pails. But, daddy, if you wont live with me, then I'm going to come and live with you!"

He stared at her dazedly. "Really, my dear, I dont think you'd like it," he objected feebly. "Somehow you dont quite—look like Craigen Street. It's not entirely pretty there, and quite smelly, till you get used to it."

"But people live there, dont they?" Amy persisted. Her father's round face lost something of its cheerfulness and became a shade grim.
"Oh, yes, people live there," he admitted; "quite a number of people, in fact."

"Then," decided Amy, with a prance, "I'm going back with you. I'll tell grandfather so this minute." She paused, thoughtfully. "I suppose he's going to be rather—difficult—but I'll manage!"

Facing Alexander Guthrie's amazed displeasure a moment later, she was not so sure, but tho she quailed in spirit, in body she smiled up at him serenely. "There's no use getting purple round the edges, old dear. I've decided, and if you try to make me go on the boat I'll jump overboard and swim back!"

"That damfool socialist father of yours has been setting you against me!" roared the old man, with a bitter memory of another occasion long ago when a slip of a woman with Amy's hair and eyes had faced his rage dauntlessly for the sake of the mild, gentle little man downstairs. "You haven't an idea how John Burke lives. I've shielded you from knowing that side of the world, I've made a lady out of you. Did his tone rise questioningly here? "Isn't it enough that he stole your mother away from the life she'd been reared to and took her down into his pestilential slums, and killed her in less than a year? I tell you you shant go!"

"And I tell you I shall go!" Amy flashed furiously. "Maybe you can play God with everybody else, but not with me. I've got a will of my own and a wont of my own, too!"

"Go, then!" thundered Alexander Guthrie, "and don't come whining back to me for sympathy when you get tired of your bargain!"

"But she will come back," he assured his sick heart when she had gone; "she will come back fast enough—you cant make a sow's ear out of a silk purse, either. By the time I'm back from Europe"—he fumbled among the steamship folders on his desk—"how long does the trip take anyway? A week to go over, and another to come back—three, probably. Damn it, it's inexcusable for a ship to take that long! What kind of service do you call that for the public—monstrous!"

The telephone shrilled on his desk. "What's that, Phelps? You've got the trunks aboard? Then you can spend the afternoon getting them off! I've changed my mind. I'm not going to Europe while those lumbering, out-of-date ships cant cross one little ocean in less than seven days!"

In the great hall below, Amy, very small and subdued in her plain little tailored suit, pushed her father ahead and ran back up the marble steps to where the butler and her father's secretary stood, rigid as the carved granite lions on the grand staircase. She thrust one little paw into the butler's surprised palm and lifted wistful eyes to him.

"Please, Carter, see that the old dear wears his muffler when the wind is east," she faltered, "and please, Carter, tell the cook she can have my roomiest kimono, and please, please, Carter, kiss 'Omar' good-night every evening for me."

For a dangerous moment the butler's wooden face showed symptoms of becoming human, then he controlled them. "Very good, Miss Amy," he said, solemnly, "I will attend to these matters. I will, indeed."

Craigien Street, as John Burke had confessed, was not exactly pretty. It stretched its reeking, shambling length between frowsy tenements, webbed with spidery fire escapes; its broken pavements were scattered with refuse, swarming with children. Amy picked her way daintily, small nose uplifted in disgust, but an inquiring glance at her father showed his mild round face quite unshaded.

"Looker Miss Vanderbilt, kids!" a terrible child with matted hair and a dirty pinfore fell into step beside Amy, holding her tattered skirts with mincing fingertips. "We'll all be gittin' our pictures in the sassiet page next!"

A wanzened boy, with an old man's face, pleasantly en-

"Don't I pay enough servants to look after one cat?" Guthrie growled, trying to scowl in spite of the twinkle in his grey eyes.
named tousled faltered, kiss know stone vigorously towel, Xd"i.

snarl his and She's Dey to grimiest-of-all savory relirty family you."

"'Lo, Burke and Amy, this young man is going to be a good friend of yours. He's a neighbor of ours, is Dish."

Amy's expression was haughty. She did not appear to notice the ready hand, but, nothing daunted, Dish utilized it to take her suit-case from her, marching cheerfully by her side as they went on, and throwing out intimate bits of the family biography of those they passed.

"That Yid wid de coats over his arm is named Isaacs. Dey lives under us, an me pop shies me mudder's geraniums at him f'r callin' him a shanty Mick. Dose kids is part Mo-rierty and part O'Toole. Dat drunk is old Pop Spiny."

Amy maintained a stony silence as they turned in at the grimiest-of-all doorway, went up three flights of bare, splintering stairs and turned into a low, crowded room, filled with savory steam. Her father, with a matter-of-fact wave of the hand, indicated a stout, bare-armed woman dishing out mulli-gan and potatoes.

"This is Nora, Amy, who will teach you to keep house famously!" he said, cheerfully. "When you can make stew that smells as good as hers, you'll be doing more than all the dancing masters and French tutors in the world could teach you."

Amy gazed about the clean, cluttered place, noted the three plates laid on the red-check tablecloth and, without warning, burst into outraged tears. "I am not ac-customed to eat with servants!" she wept. "You can serve my dinner in my room."

And she swept by them and slammed the door of the tiny bedroom violently. For a long time she sat by the window, staring rebelliously out across a snarl of clotheslines at the bed-mapping windows of the tenement opposite, reveling in an orgy of self-pity. She, the granddaughter of the great Alexander Guthrie, with a maid all her own, and a footman to open the door of her lavender town car, she to be expected to eat with a red-elbowed cook!

Then, insensibly, her nostrils began to sniff. Mulligan might not be refined, but it certainly smelled good, and after all, when you came right down to it, onions grew in the ground as well as asparagus and roses.

In the window opposite a tousled dark head appeared, glanced cautiously around, and began to haul in on the nearest clothesline. Amy watched in amazement as the owner of the head captured a towel, used it vigorously and carefully re-pinned it to the line. Then, looking up, he caught her wide-eyed gaze and began to laugh merrily. "Caught red-handed, or rather wet-handed!" he boomed across the narrow court.

"But you know what cleanliness is next to, and I'd used my towel for a paint rag!"

Amy laughed, too, partly because she approved of the whiteness of his teeth and the boyish way he had of throwing his head back, partly because she was tired of feeling tragic and relieved to find that even in Craigen Street life is worth living, partly because of the democratizing influence of the mulligan stew. "Are you an artist?" she called.

The boy opposite grinned ruefully. "Well, nobody else seems to think so," he confessed, "but I've got a sort of a hunch I might be—in time. You're Mr. Burke's daughter, aren't you? He's—well, he's the greatest little man in Craigen Street, and there isn't one of us, Jew or Gentile, white or not-so-white, who wouldn't fight the person who denied it!"

The words were still echoing in Amy's mind when her father came into the room, with a troubled look. "Of course, my dear, I know that this isn't what you've been used to, but for my sake I wish you'd try to like it." He looked down at her wistfully. "They're people, just the same as those that live on the Avenue—perhaps more so! And I'm afraid if you aren't careful you'll hurt their feelings. If you could be—"
The descent was made safely, tho with some detriment to appearance and apparel. "You are a swell burglar, you are!" hissed Amy indignantly.

curls her eyes were twin imps. "Surest t'ing you know, mister!" she cried. "Nix on dis highbrow stuff! I'm so tough I scare myself sometimes—dat's me!"

Within a week no one would ever have suspected that Amy Burke had not been born and reared in Craigen Street. She became the queen of "de gang," and the policemen on the beat began to have a hunted look in the eyes and to lose flesh. Old Peter Cooper, the new lodger in Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's front parlor, found his chief recreation in watching the bright head darting about the street below, bobbing thru the intricacies of the shimmy with Dish to the jangle of the hand-organ, bent

eagerly over the mysteries of dice-rolling, diving dexterously thru the legs of the law when it descended upon the illicit pastime and away with a taunting laugh up some dark alley.

"A hoodlum!" he would mutter, with a shake of his frowzy white head. "A lawless, mischievous, blessed little hoodlum."

After supper one evening he called Amy up into his room and attempted to reason with her. "Wouldn't you like to be a lady?" he asked finally. Amy's face became suddenly grave.

"A lady? Do you mean outside or in?" In her absorption the street argot slipped from her speech. She looked up into the bearded face with thoughtful blue eyes. "I knew a woman once, the outside kind, and she snapped at her maid and cheated her grocer and talked awfully about her friends behind their backs, but she wore nice dresses and lived in a fine house and they called her a lady. Now Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is the inside kind of a lady. She goes after Shaughnessy when he's drunk, and feeds the neighbor's children when Tony is out of a job, and last week I saw her take in the Widow Martin's washing—she's losing her eyesight—and do it over and hang it out again so she'd never know. But you wouldn't call Mrs. O'Shaughnessy a lady, would you?"

"I wouldn't have—once," the old man muttered in the billows of his patriarchal beard; "now—I don't know, I don't know."

"And there's Dish," Amyflamed. "He won't grow up to be anybody, but he could if he had a chance. And there's Pietro, who could play the violin if anybody would give him one, and heaps of others."

A faint flush showed in her clear cheeks. "There's the man across the alley with his pictures; he's an artist, only he (Continued on page 88)

THE HOODLUM


Amy Burke..........................Mary Pickford
Alexander Guthrie..................Ralph Lewis
John Graham.........................Kenneth Harlan
Dish......................................Melvin Messenger
John Burke..........................Dwight Crittenden
Nora.................................Agie Herring
Pat O'Shaughnessy...............Andrew Aadcock
Abram Isaacs........................Max Davidson
Evelyn Greeley in her automobile dressing-room; above, in a classic dance moment in "Phil for Short," and, below, posing as the woman with the hoe.

"Canst look sixteen?"
"Canst try."
"Bob" McIntyre, the World’s casting director, scrutinized me closely, not to say critically, first without his glasses, then with them, evidently discovered a Fannie Ward germ in my nervous organism and engaged me as one of the schoolgirls in "Phil for Short."

The picture had been in progress some time; in fact, it was the second day of the particular scene (Continued on page 64)
Henry Hull and Constance Binney in a domestic moment of Rachel Crothers' drama, "39 East," at the Broadhurst Theater. In one short year, Miss Binney has established herself on both screen and stage.

Bertee Beaumont, left, is one of the charmers of the musical show, "The Lady in Red," now weathering the summer months at the Lyric Theater.
Virginia Fissinger is one of the delectable features of the Winter Garden production. If there's anything better suited to the hot weather than the Winter Garden, we want to know it.

A restful moment for the negligee chorus in the musical farce, "Tumble In," based on "Seven Days," at the Selwyn Theater. "Tumble In" has been enjoying a remarkable run.

Fred Hillebrand and Vera Michelena in the bright musical comedy, "Take It From Me," at the Central Theater. Miss Michelena gives a delicious travesty of a screen vampire in "Take It From Me."
Ideals and Idols—Past and Present

versatile. The fault of the speaking stage today, and in my opinion, the reason for the deterioration of quality in actors, the quality of characterization and versatility, is that they stay in one part for as many years as the public will stand for it. In the old days, repertoire was imperative because we were not creating new plays yearly. The stars were creators of business and followed precedents at the same time. For instance, Edwin Booth followed the traditions of his famous father, doing Shylock and other big parts, but he never attempted some roles made immortal by his father, because of physical limitations. We had 'illuminative acting' because men studied the classics. They were not cramped by the close corporation idea.

"They talk often of fine old stage directors—why, that's as much of an illusion as the one foisted upon the public at present as to the multitude of wonderful motion picture directors. The hoboee of the screen have had their day—they are relegated to the scrap-heap which has buried the mediocre stage manager of the past. But there is this much to be said about the ideal production of the past—it was dominated by a thinking, creative, acting head—by an artist, an actor who was well-read, cultured.

"An actor would go to a producer and in answer to the question, 'What do you play in 'Hamlet,' sir?' he would reply, 'I play Horatio.' The producer further queried, 'Are you up to Laertes?'

'Oh, yes, sir.'

Frank Keenan in contrasting roles, including, in circle, a study in "The Bells." "We played repertoire in the old days," says Mr. Keenan, "that is why we had better actors and actresses—one became versatile. The fault of today is that players stay in one part for as many years as the public will stand for it."

What is there about Frank Keenan that he holds audiences in the hollow of his hand? Most of all, it is his courage, his sincerity, his fearlessness. He's never afraid of the outcome when he knows he is right. He doesn't fear precedent, exhibitors, producers or corporation heads—and he's carrying out his own ideals and flinging the gauntlet of his creative spirit into the arena of commercialism.

He is eminently fitted to be a leader in the new conception of the photoplay. Frank Keenan began as a legitimate actor after having served an apprenticeship in college theatricals.

"You see," continued Mr. Keenan, as he turned from the telephone, "I knew young Nat Goodwin at that time, and I was imitating Nat's imitations of famous folk. After I left college, I entered commercial life and traveled about, selling goods. I value this experience, because it gave me an opportunity to study human nature, to understand the public mind—and to make a living. However, in a summer's vacation, I was called upon to play a semi-professional engagement. I made good and was engaged by Joseph Proctor, who let me play the Duke in 'Othello.' I didn't care about salary—which shows I was a born imitator and actor, caring for art itself, whether it brought hardships or glory.

"We played repertoire—that is why we had better actors and actresses, one became /
Frank Keenan Contrasts the Old Days and the New

By FRITZI REMONT

Denman Thompson, of Boston, would meet a man on the street, talk over a coming production, engage him without a contract, and keep to the letter of it scrupulously. Do you suppose any of us dare to do that nowadays, in this world of commercial grapers? Yet there are exceptions, for you remember that David Belasco never had a contract with David Warfield—the word of those men was like bands of steel.

"Denman Thompson simply said to his people, 'All right, we'll work under the same terms as last time.' The actor-manager might say, 'Oh, Mr. Thompson, I've got to ask you a little more, because I have added some extra business and put on a few more people in such and such a scene.' Den would say, 'I'll allow that, of course.' Or perhaps later on he would come to one and pat him on the back in friendly fashion and say, cheerfully, 'I made your check larger, old chap; business is good and you deserve that.'"

"But, Mr. Keenan, wouldn't that seem to indicate that greater honesty existed in the old days, as well as stronger personal friendships between producers and actors?"

"Yes, it would," opined Mr. Keenan, in his emphatic way. He has a powerful voice, talks rapidly and without stopping to hunt for words, knows just what he wishes to say, and, without vanity or self-sufficiency, delivers his thoughts in a hit-straight-from-the-shoulder manner. With his bright eyes, splendid physique and clear skin, one imagines him a gladiator in a twentieth century arena, where his opponents are not of flesh and blood, but of wrong conceptions which it is his mission to floor.

"The glory, the pride of good productions, rather than the exploitation of a star or star-director, was the main thing so far back as forty years ago. It will be so again.

(Continued on page 62)
The Ayes Have It

The young woman very much at the left, just below, is Phyllis Haver, another belle of the Sennett beach. And yet they tell us that it becomes monotonous to live in California all the year 'round.

Harriet Hammond is the sea-going cutie wearing the half socks—just now all the vogue in California—and the wrist watch, besides the string of pearls.

A cold wave seems to have hit the Mack Sennett bathing beach about the time this snapshot of Marie Prevost was taken. Or else Miss Prevost dreads the dire possibility of tan.
IF MOVIE FANS WERE AS RABID AS BASEBALL FANS
(The innocent ingenue approaches thru the dell, the sunlight glowing upon her blond curls)—Voices in the audience: We're off! Play ball! Let's go! That's a girl, Mary! We'll, fix 'em up today!
(The heroic young blacksmith approaches, leading a cow)—Voices again: Whee, Carlisle! Smash 'er out! Tie the bull outside! Shut 'em out today! They ain't got no chance agin you!
Other voices: Get a score card! You can't tell the players without a card!
(The villainous traveling man from the city trips lightly over a fence)—Voices: You robber! Awful! Where'd you get that face? You'll get yours! Wait till the fifth reel!
(The villain outwits the blacksmith and threatens to foreclose the mortgage)—Voices: Rotten script! Where's the scenario writer? Lynch him! Give us an axe!
(The vampire, also from the city, tries to lure the blacksmith)—Voices: Where's the ump? Hey, ump, watch her! She's gettin' away with murder! Them curves aint accordin' to rules! Take her out!
(The hero, unvamped, foils the traveling man by selling his anvil and paying the mortgage)—Voices: Horseshoes! That'll hold you for a while! On yer way, bo! What'd we tell you!
(The fade-out, Miss Ingenue in the smithy's arms)—Voices: Some shut out! Some film! Let's go!
Other voices: Sas'frilla! Ginger ale! Peanuts!

Russian stories are now with us! Yet the latest, Norma Talmadge's "The Full Moon," can't be considered anything but a poor Bolshevehicle.

WHO, MACK?
"Senate reveals startling figures."—Newspaper headline.
William Campbell, at Universal, is said to have a trained mosquito. Yes, the mosquito is doing a bit.

Up in Alaska they're kicking because some of the American "Alaskan" photoplays show eucalyptus trees in the so-called Yukon scenes. What do they want, palm trees?

MAY BE SO
Doris Lee has changed her name to Doris May.

William Duncan, the serial star, admits that in making his last reveu serial, he wore out: 12 pairs of riding breeches; 4 pairs of boots; 10 pairs of socks; 24 silk shirts.
During the same period we— But the comparison seems only to apply to the socks.

We stand ready to admit Bill Hart's ability as an actor. We've just looked over his book, "Pinto Ben and Other Stories."

REVOLUTIONIZING THE INDUSTRY NOTE
Lewis Selznick has insured Eugene O'Brien for a million.

At last a frank advertisement. Scott Sidney, the director, advertises as follows: "Yes, I made 'Tarzan,' but I am not particularly proud of it."

NEWS NOTE
As we go to press one screen magnate was reported not to have sailed to Europe to study film conditions.

Considering the classic dance moments in Charlie Chaplin's "Sunnyside," the farce seems to be a successful take-off.

No, Rollo, Rupert Hughes' photoplay, "The Cup of Fury," has nothing to do with the period after July 1.

On another page, David Griffith protests at the way exhibitors cut and trim photoplays just as they please. Out in Dallas, Texas, the other day, a manager inserted a wedding scene from an old film into "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," thus satisfying the morals of two horrified women who protested at the ethics of the Hall Caine story. "The wedding made no difference to the plot story and lots of folks thought it improved it," says The Motion Picture World, in commenting upon the pleasant little incident.
The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 47)

We haven't the heart to discuss Mr. Griffith's "True Heart Susie," (Paramount), immediately after his "Broken Blossoms." For realists who despair of the screen's capacity to catch the dreamer of the East almost broken before the realities of life, painted with strokes of splendid subtlety and restraint. And Donald Crisp, who we have neglected to speak of, the technical advances of "Broken Blossoms," Mr. Griffith is making more extended use of the idealistic close-up of vague out-of-focus photography. His face, his eyes, his neck, his shoulders, his head, — with what the close-up needed to rob it of its material headed eyelash and painted lip revelations. Mr. Griffith send it to it with tremendous effect in handling Miss Gish's scenes where Battling breaks down the closet door to reach her.

Mr. Griffith is using living colors—palpitating blues, pale bronzes, hot golds and a vivid rose—to aid the dramatic moods of his photopictures. In short, he knows but what mood colors may ultimately fill the void left by the human voice?

A lot of audiences are talking of "Broken Blossoms." It is, for instance, the initial production of the screen's first repertory season in New York and other cities. It is the kind of picture where stories with "unhappy endings," but "Broken Blossoms," with its inevitable tale of passions, should be seen by all forces, marked with the steady, inexorable tread of a Greek tragedy.

What a step it is to turn to the other photo-plays of the month!

Mary Pickford has probably contributed nothing to the screen which will be more popularly popular than her latest story, "Daddy Long Legs," (First National), of the quaint orphanage foundling who becomes wealthy and is finally married by a wealthy chap. Ruth Chatterton starts on an entirely different key, sounding the pathos of the character. Miss Pickford makes Judy Abbot a figure of comedy,—and boisterous comedy at that. Judy even innomodately collides with a heap of MEN, and suffers through the distinguished Daddy Long Legs, and Micky Neilan, who directed the picture, himself plays the chunky Jimmie McBride. From a technical standpoint this picture is positively choppy continuity development. But Miss Pickford has jammed in the laughs at any cost. The picture is named for her character, "Mary Moon," (Select), based upon a scenario by H. E. Van Loan, is trite and involved melodrama without humanity. Mr. Van Loan has taken the reported derangement by which all women in certain parts of Russia became the property of the state,—a report that is now pretty thoroughly discredited—and woven it into a new-fashioned "meller" of very virtuous heroines and very sinning villains (all of them with whiskers). Mr. Van Loan's idea of Russia is it's a country of two classes.

If nothing else, "The New Moon" reveals that Stuart Holmes, the famous he-vamp, is losing his lifted figure. Aaya St. John.

Delicious is Harry Carr's "I'll Get You Yet," (Paramount), in which the steadily developing miss Pickford is suffused with laughter. Here is the humorous tale of a millionaire's daughter who has to hide her wealth in order to wed a poor report of a man to be signed and hugging cupboards are more than aroused. "I'll Get You Yet" is full of original twists, and Miss Gish is given excellent aid by the versatile Richard Barthelmess. Ralph Graves exhibits promise in this comedy. He's been off the set, too, and is a frequent Celluloid critic. Which may or may not account for the brilliance of this little silver screen skit.
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What causes rough cuticle and hangnails

How to have smooth, even cuticle, perfect nails

ONLY a bit of cuticle one-twelfth of an inch wide covers each delicate nail root. You can see from the diagram what a tiny protection this is.

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The live cuticle itself, the real protection of the nail root has been actually cut away.

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This ragged edge splits and forms rough places and hangnails.

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I see it coming; the exceptions of the past have stood for the advancement of the drama, and the commercial manager who has sneered at stars and has made himself a star director will fade away... today.

"Our people of the screen have been non-creators because directors have made them types, instead of giving them ability to act. Take, philosophically, the growth of this big business of motion pictures. The making of movies is a business way, and in a human way, the stage has advanced, become more real, so all things have their advantages. Very frequently, the advantage makes the producers of things theatrical forget the basic foundation of the very structure upon which they have built. Well, they are killing the goose that laid the golden egg.

"Shakespeare never meant 'The play's the thing' as people have conceived and interpreted that saying. What he did mean would be true of a stick of wood. 'The play's the thing by which I will catch the king's conscience!' He meant that it was the vehicle used. Instead of meaning that the play was the whole thing, that all in this world find that without interpretation the play is nothing. The men who have been found the illuminaries of the world—Euripides, Sophocles, Æschylus—were all writers and actors. Theodorus, the base of whose great statue still stands in Athens, taught Demosthenes and was seated in the Greek Senate, but the monument was erected to him there because he was the greatest actor, not senator, of his time.

"I said in a speech made at New York City, when they were throwing adulation at the managers of stage and screen, 'Without a drama to manage, there can be no dramatic manager.' Tourists of the world will come to London, will pass the tombs of kings and queens, and stand awe-struck before the tomb of the Bard of Avon, or before the tombs of great actors and actresses in Westminster Abbey.

"The deterioration of the drama in an artistic way is because of its being now a business proposition. You cannot blame managers exactly for saying 'Why take this play off, when it's good for two or three years?' The actor who plays 'heavies' will, therefore, always play heavies. Our screen director says, 'Have Blank do this part? Oh, never—he's a heavy! We can use him at all.' Consequently, many a fine actor is out of work for weeks at a time, while some mediocrity is put in at a good salary. However, he's killing himself, because he can do repertoire and the Nemesis of ignorance pursues him to an early death. You've only got to watch the life of an ingenue to see this for yourself. The character woman with ability to do anything lives on the screen in spite of her wrinkles.

"Well, all this type idea has created wooden actors. I don't wonder they call them 'heavies!' A pretty good description," laughed Mr. Keenan, with that whimsical quirk of the eyebrows which has so often appealed to us on the screen.

"Do you consider the motion picture art in advance of the stage art?"

"The motion picture starts out where the stage left off. Unfortunately, however, instead of clinging to good ethics, they have taken in the past to engaging stenographers with big lolypop eyes and heavy hair, counter-imposters with straight features, 'ham' actors who because of poor diction and bad voices could not get a good hearing on the speaking stage and were relegated to cheap stock engagements, but who looked handsome and had some idea of characterization, and chorus-men—failures of the past, with a little gray matter and some knowledge of good acting, and perhaps a bit of the woman, men who rang up the curtain or told stage carpenters what to do next.

"Yes, all these crept into the early days of the picture. Some have survived and become directors, making good commercial use of their early opportunities, but not advancing in true art. Good actors never attended the motion picture at first; the !How people got by! for so long a time. Some of these are now titled great directors by the unknowing, but a few years will serve to eliminate those cheaters. Some will survive anyway, because they will jump to safety somewhere.

"This motion picture game started and will surely continue its art, no matter how clouded. It has grown in public favor because the middle class found it could see what it missed on the speaking stage, thru inability to pay the high prices of most theaters. Then it appeals to the actors because they are doing something different every day.

"We are a very young nation; stage and screen are still in the very young stages. We are leaving behind us something for the future to see and remember, and if we dont do this well, we have cheated our future channels. One of my ideals is to leave nothing unworthy of the vision of the next generation. Sheridan's 'School for Scandal' was a mirror of the time in which it was written. We are going to do our epochal plays, our super-capably after this stirring up of the world, to conceive tremendous plots, plots of quality to survive time—plots which will interest us twenty years from now as much as today.

"But how is that possible, when big writers find no incentive to write for the screen. They get bad money for good stories? A few like Gardner Sullivan, Jeanie Macpherson and Frances Marion have steady contracts, but outside writers wont write directly for the screen, since it pays better to write a novel, sell it to a monthly, publish it in book form and eventually sell the stage or screen rights.

"That's true, for at first big writers sneered at this industry, but things are to change from this very year on. We will pay for stories directly, good stories that have not been hashed about in public libraries first, or ruined by some continutity writer's conception of a modern novel.

"But what we have to study besides is the dramatic values. We cannot do this when a corporation head with no idea of art says, 'Rush this picture thru in five weeks.' I got so sick of the slogan of 'It cant be done' star ruination innovations that, like many others, I was forced to produce independently. The birth-throes of error are the cradle of the infant ideal which will be nursed into healthy growth by honest men and women of the screen today.

"Instead of rushing a picture thru, when I note weariness in my company, I say, 'Let's take a few weeks, a little rest, take a little relaxation.' What? Take five weeks for a production and put out something poor because we're fagedged and not up to our best work? Never! I'll lose money first, and that's putting it strongly, when so much is invested. I want people to say of my plays that I have done my duty by my author, that the play's the thing as a vehicle, not a star exploitation, and that they will read an advertisement and say, 'Oh, a Frank Keenan production; that's sure to be good. Let's go tonight.'

"Often an actor comes to me and says, 'How big is my part?' I answer, 'As big as you care to make it, so long as you dont play the wrong type.' They want to exploit the good character, but also spoilt the dramatic values—one of our greatest assets. Dramatic proportions must be perfect if we would have a good production.' I could put in special bits of dramatic acting for myself very often, something to exploit Frank Keenan, star, but I would kill my leading woman—so I leave it out. I will not yield to the temptation of star ruination exploitation. What I want is ensemble playing—the thing which produces a great symphony, not a solo.'

"Then you believe that the type actor should be eliminated entirely?"

"Most decidedly. I dont consider any man an actor who cannot do anything but one line of parts. He's merely an impersonator and never will become a versatile artist, a flexible thinker.

"If we are to promote a motion picture art, then we must have patience to direct and instruct men that they may become artists. That is the true idealism of the screen, and it will naturally mean a lot of failed Idols—but after all, we all want the survival of the fittest.'

So this man who thrilled us in such screen dramas as "The Coward," "The Crab" and "War's Women," who made us shiver with horror over "The Bells," who lectures, teaches and produces, who has done more actual propaganda work for the various war relics in Los Angeles than idle laymen, is laying a better foundation for the screen art, a bed-rock of success for future generations.
Brooklyn, N.Y.
Nov. 15, 1917

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Corinne Griffith

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Corinne Griffith

In "The Unknown Quantity"

In this scene Corinne is perhaps making a little friendly call on the gentlemen under duress to the left—"O prison where is thy sting?" We personally would be glad to go to prison for the privilege of having Corinne call on us.

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The Extra Girl and Evelyn Greeley

(Continued from page 53)

which I was to grace. The little fresh-water college, Elmwood, had a certain number of seats in its classroom. The previous day, they had been filled to capacity. Then one of the pupils had dropped out, not because of any unfriendly feeling toward the college, but because, her chum informed me, of an offer of a "job" that would last much longer than this particular picture. It would not do to have a vacancy when Hiram Greeley, a professor of Greek and pretty Evelyn Greeley was his assistant, so C. F. G. matriculated and filled the unoccupied space completely—if not gracefully.

It was the spring of the year and, as every college student knows, spring and examinations are synonymous terms. We had sat up most of the night cramming Greek roots into our brains, and now we were attempting to bring order out of our chaotic thoughts. My neighbor nudged me gently in the rib that happened to be nearest to the point of her pen and inquired:

"How do you translate that second sentence?"

I shook my head, registering absolute ignorance of the question at issue. At that moment Miss Greeley and Mr. Thompson looked up from their work and rapped sharply on their desks, attempting to convey the thought that such behavior at such times is covered explicitly in the Fourteen Points of the Examination Period.

"But Miss Greeley is far too young to be the assistant of a college professor, is she not?" I ventured to inquire of my playful rib-poking neighbor, while Max Schneider, the camera-man, was getting ready for the next shot.

"Well, you see she was brought up on Greek," my friend replied. "Her father was a Greek scholar, who taught his infant daughter to utter her first cries in that language. Tho he was long on learning, he was short on cash, and when he died he left Evelyn a whole library of books, out of which even Hoover couldn't make a decent hash and not much else. Her guardian, Donald MacWraith, wanted to marry her, but she couldn't see him at all, at all, so in the hope of making her love him he treated her rough and made things so unpleasant for her that she ran away from home dressed in boy's clothes. In the woods she met Professor Alden—that's Hugh Thompson, you know—who hated girls because one of them had just trampled his hollyhocks. He thought Evelyn was a boy, because none of her curves showed or anything, so when he found out she could read Greek he invited her to come to see him. One day she popped into his office and introduced herself as Damophila, Phil's twin sister.

"My brother said you'd be awful glad to see me," she assured him.

"Professor Alden was just resigning the position because all the girls were giving him flowers and making eyes at him and everything."

"Well, you go, you'll find females," the president told him. "Stay here and I'll try to protect you. I'll get you an assistant to handle the girls and you can take charge of the boys."

"Wont I do?" Evelyn asked, and she was engaged right on the spot. That's how she happens to be here.

"Now, all the girls turn their heads toward Mr. Thompson, all the boys toward Miss Greeley," Director Oscar Apfel interrupted. "Bend over your papers until I count ten, then up and turn."

We were not in the later scenes, but we sat around watching the proceedings with great interest. Unanimously the extra girls and boys were very much in favor of Miss Greeley. This was her first picture as an independent star. As I have watched some stars I have asked, "How did it happen?" Haven't you? But with Miss Greeley one knows exactly how. She has a large amount of the sweet winsomeness that characterizes Mary Pickford. Of course, there is only one Mary Pickford. One of the star airs, nor does she look as if she is apt to acquire them. She seems to enjoy the company of her fellow players, and the extras talk to her just as freely as they do to members of their own group.

Most of the girls were rubbing aching backs and limbs this particular day. Miss Greeley, preparing to introduce the Greek dances she had learned from the pictures in her father's books, Director Apfel had decided that they should be staged in proper Greek style, so had engaged a competent dancing instructor, under whose watchful eye the extras had been rehearsing for hours the previous day.

"Oh! can scarcely walk!" one of them exclaimed, as she sank stiffly into a chair off-stage.

"You're not accustomed to dancing, then?" another extra suggested, with a superior air, as she straightened up to prove that she was free from aches and pains.

"Of course, I'm accustomed to dancing, Pavlova," the first returned. "But I'm up-to-date. The stuff we're doing now must have been invented when Adam was an infant. Perhaps that's when you learnt it."

When Mr. McIntyre engaged me he mentioned that there was to be a dancing scene and suggested that, if I practiced the all of this girl, I might be permitted to trip the light fantastic over Mother Earth's muddy chest some day in the near future. In previous existences I have felt the combination of dirt, pebbles and prickly weeds yield to the weight of my unencumbered feet.

However, I decided to be game, but on the first round I learnt that I was entering a sort of contest. The girls whose elbows, knees and chins formed the letter "Q" in the most efficient manner would be chosen for the final exhibition. The other pupils of the college had a long start by both nature and training, so I decided to try it voluntarily.

"One, two, three—down; one, two, three—up!" the instructor called. How glad I was for the shelter of the friendly trunk. It always does pain my sense of the aesthetic to dance without music.

A week later I met one of the dancers on the Fort Lee boardwalk.

"We practice every day," I inquired.

"Sure, but let me whisper something. Doing the Greek on the American green isn't all it's cracked up to be. Maybe you think the early spring mud is as soft as it looks. Well, stick to it next time and you'll find out."

I smiled agreeably. I could afford to smile agreeably this and many succeeding mornings. Why, you will learn in our next. Then you will join Miss Wriggle and me in a gurgle of girlish delight, you will.

A Rod That Grew Up Straight

(Continued from page 48)

new picture. The management didn't know quite what to do, until I up and invented that they let me play the part. They looked at me in astonishment. 'Why, you play heavies,' they remonstrated, unwilling to be jostled out of their rut of preconceived ideas. 'What of it?' I asked. 'I know I can do leads; try me. Nothing ventured, nothing gained.' They let me play the part and I've been doing leads practically ever since. But in reality it's a great deal more difficult to be the character man than the hero. The hero generally has a pleasant all-around time of it and gets all the praise; the character man has to really act."

Rod talks with a delicious drawl, which may be the result of his birthplace, Canada. Canadian is doubtless a great deal in recounting humorous happenings.

He loves to introduce his slender young mother as Mrs. La Rocque, because every one takes her to be his wife; and, when his young sister is along, nothing pleases him quite so much as to have her mistaken for his daughter.

He considers his work in "The Venus Model," with Mabel Normand, the most satisfactory he has yet done and he doesn't wish to sign up with any stock company. He believes that he will accomplish more by free-lancing and associating with different directors and companies with each new picture than by being tied to any one organization. He's a horror of becoming narrow and groove-like.

But—

"It doesn't pay to be too serious," said Rod, teasingly. "You get serious, get married, then divorced! Might better spend your money on good clothes and have a good time. Eh—what do you think?"

And his teasing smile left me dubious as to whether he was joshing me or serious!
EDWARD BOK, for years Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, said in a recent interview: "The value of stenography to young people is that very often it is apt to place them in a position of confidence, and to bring them into direct contact with their employers, thus giving an insight into the inner workings of business, which they could scarcely obtain in any other way." This truly portrays his own experience.

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HON. CHAMP CLARK, Speaker of the House of Representatives, says: "A little smattering in a great many subjects may make a man a very pleasant and agreeable companion, but those who succeed best are those who make themselves master of some particular subject. For instance, I can get, in forty-eight hours, two or three dozen stenographers—that is, stenographers in name—at $5.00 or $6.00 a week. But one who can write 90 words a minute, and do it well, can secure from $75.00 to $100.00 a month, and one who can report a trial in court or take speeches verbatim, can get anywhere from $100.00 to $150.00 per month, and a first-class stenographer or reporter can get $6,000 a year."

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Veni, Vidi—Vidor! (Continued from page 25)

home, and I began making two-reel comedies, which I wrote, directed and played the lead.

"About this time I met Florence, and I remember that the first time I called on her I poured forth all my hopes and plans and asked her to act in my comedies."

"Oh, I thought it all very wonderful," Florence interrupted. "I had always wanted to go on the stage, and when King asked me to be in his pictures, I thought my chance had come. My family, however, went right up in the air when I mentioned it and I had to 'phone King the next morning that I could not be in his film."

"By the time I had made three two-reel comedies we were planning to be married," continued King, "and we decided to take them on our honeymoon to New York and sell them. That was four years ago. We certainly had a great trip, for we sold the comedies and then stayed on for several months, seeing all the pictures shows, visiting all the studios, and waiting around for hours to catch a glimpse of some well-known star. We were real fans.

"After returning to Texas, we suddenly made up our minds to come to California. We bought a Ford touring car, packed up our belongings, including a motion picture camera, said good-by to our families and started out."

"We slept and cooked our meals wherever we happened to be and had reels of experiences," Florence's soft voice broke in. "I remember once, in the middle of the desert, we had a blow-out and didn't have another tire. We got out and sat in the sand and just looked at that car. We seemed to be lost in a world of sand and sunshine, and I told King that I guessed this was the end of our journey."

"Things always come out all right," said King. "For just then we saw a speck in the distance. We fairly held our breath, and soon a Ford came chugging thru the sand and there, fastened on the side, was a new tire! I asked the man if he would rent that tire at so much per mile and he agreed. The next day, however, he offered to sell it to me for four dollars."

"Six weeks after leaving home, we landed in San Francisco—with twenty cents. Daunted? Oh, no, we sold the Ford and felt very rich, so we stayed a few days and saw the fair, then came down to Los Angeles."

"King is never daunted," remarked Florence. "He is always optimistic and keeps saying that everything will turn out all right—and it does."

"We took a tiny bungalow and I began going on King, "and, when that was writing a scenario for William Hart," turned down, I went out to Universal and started in as property man."

"While I went to Vitagraph at ten dollars a week," laughed Florence. "But we didn't mind. We were here and on
the blessed outskirts of success—that beckoned—right over there!” and they both laughed at the memory.

“Yes,” he replied, “we were happy, and I worked and studied every minute and in a short time I was made assistant director. I then went over to Christie, where I wrote and directed comedies, later going with the LaSalle Company, where I did about everything, and was also assistant director with Carter De Haven. Then I wrote and directed the Judge Willis Brown series of two-reel boy pictures.

“One evening I came home and told Florence about a story that had just come to me, that I thought would make a good picture. She was enthusiastic and I began writing it immediately after dinner. I worked nearly all that night and the next, and at about five in the morning I finished ‘The Turn in the Road.’ We thought it was good and I decided not to sell it, but wait until I could produce it myself. When the Brentwood Film Company was formed I had my story all ready. So you see, everything did turn out splendidly!

“It seems to me,” he went on seriously, “that motion pictures offer the greatest avenue for the molding of human thought that the world has ever known, and while keeping in mind the entertainment value of a picture, I hold that there should be some message, some helpful thought.

“The majority of the people who daily attend picture shows spend their days struggling for just enough to live on. When night comes they are tired and often discouraged with the monotony and grayness of their lives, yearning for something to lift them up and out of it, something to bring them fresh thoughts. They may not put this in words, but the picture that presents a strong human lesson simply told, that touches the universal heart of humanity, is the one that appeals to them.

“It is my ambition to make such pictures. I want the story to be wholesome and clean, and it must be natural, must ring true, so the country boy, the city girl, the small-town man and woman can easily understand it.

“I am making a comedy now, ‘Better Times.’ The idea brought out is that, wherever one may be, the sunshine comes from within and not from the sky, that no matter what the conditions, it is possible to rise above them.

“The next picture is to be a strong drama and Florence will appear in it, for Suzanne is getting to be such a big girl she can stay with Mammy.” And the two exchanged a happy smile.

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MOTION PICTURE

The Dominating Diva

(Continued from page 17)

Mr. Tellegen, who had just entered the room, smiled. Yet we doubt if Miss Farrar noticed. Her eyes, from beneath a huge, floppy crimson hat, coldly studied the opposite wall.

"Possibly you may think it is because, being in separate fields of theatrical activity, we are apart much of the time. But really this is not the answer. It is because, to be successful, marriage must be based upon good comradeship. The roseate glow of romance cannot endure indefinitely. When that fades, there must be a foundation of comradeship. Other things enter into it, such as a union of active, developing minds. But comradeship is vital.

Mr. Tellegen glanced up from examining a sectional fishpole he had just purchased. ‘That’s quite true,’ he smiled.

Miss Farrar is very definite in her opinions. For instance, she believes thoroly in the star system. Her reasoning is direct. ‘A big screen director may take a young, and promising young woman and he may train her to portray a moment of life as he sees it,’ she reasons. ‘But the spark of an understanding delineation will not be there. On the other hand, if that same director has a star with years of training and years of living life behind her, he can instantly get valuable results. The cooperation of the two means that the scene will attain the zenith of its possibilities.”

Miss Farrar paused. ‘It is for this reason that I believe Cecil De Mille and his screen stock company are working into a cul de sac—indeed, that any company without a star fails of its possibilities.”

Miss Farrar believes that a star far off-balances any distortion of the story made to fit the player. “A novelist or a dramatist frequently finds one of his characters developing unexpectedly, shaping his original story. What of that?”

Miss Farrar smiles at the oft-repeated statement that the field of drama and of literature is being rapidly exhausted by the cinema in the motion picture’s search for stories. “We have not started to film the big things yet,” she says. “My husband and I are perhaps in an unusual position to judge. We speak and read five languages, and we know the material that is waiting the mature motion picture camera.”

Miss Farrar is frank in her detestation of average screen criticism. “What is the future of criticism which discusses whether or not I film well and fails to consider whether or not I made the most of an emotional mood?” Yet she is even more cautious about music criticism and the critics who “play to their own petty whims,” as she expresses it. We talked a long time of music, for it is Miss Farrar’s biggest interest. She frankly says that the cinema is but secondary, and always will be.

(Continued on page 85)
The Ethereal Miss Lynne
(Continued from page 33)

— but there the resemblance really ends. However, if you look at some of the old stills in which both girls were featured, you'll turn with a puzzled look to a know-it-all and ask, "Which is which?"

So you see, I cant dub Ethel opalescent, for her radiance is more than tone-color. It's based on a nature both beauty-loving and practical, idealistic and common-sensible, humorous but with touches of wistful tenderness — in short, it's her Etheluscence which charms.

Mr. Christie has put forth 134 comedies in which he has featured various stars, and Ethel Lynne bears the distinction of being one of the four original members of the company, including Al Christie, Charlie Porter, and a stage carpenter, all of whom have worked on the lot since 1916.

"I suppose, like most comediennes, you are hoping for the day when you'll be free to play heavy weepies, aren't you, Miss Lynne?"

"I should say not! I can't understand why any one would want to leave comedy for the movies. It messes up my r-e-v-o-u-s to play drama — I just could run away from myself, I fidget so. Why, comedy is the easiest sort of work; that is, the sort I do. I'm off early — there is hardly a day when I work all day. I have time to go home and sew or read or entertain a few friends. Now today, for instance, I was only resting because I returned at 3:30 — then Pat called up and said he'd bring you, and mother and I were just dressing, for you see, we usually dine downtown. Oh, how I hate to be caught this way!" Miss Lynne gave the offending negligence a wrathful tweak, tucked one pretty foot, with its new and very splendid velvet dressing gown of which she was so proud, and stepped into the very latest of both the circles where, under the other knee and hands, she gave a look severely at the seemingly penitent Mr. Dowling.

"H-m — I like you that way," returned the cavalier aux dames.

The setting for Ethel is so wholesome, so like the girl herself, that a brief note must be made of it right here. Ethel believes that useful things should be beautiful and the beautiful useful — she's a disciple of the utilitarian William Morris. Consequently, her home has that restful feeling which rooms give when not overcrowded with bric-a-brac and dust-collectors of brilliant plumage.

The chairs are all comfortable. That's a very important point. They are soft-tufted leather, sprawa lazily on very beautiful rugs in colors which combine gray and gay, and a piano shows its white teeth smilingly, so that one knows intuitively it's well fed by dainty fingers.

She must be a contralto, for her voice is low and rich. She speaks rather deliberately and with her eyes, while never restless, are expressively accentuating every word she utters.

"Was this love of comedy always in you?" You see, most of the girls merely enter a comedy company as a gateway to better things, so when a young girl is really in love with comedy and doesn't want to rise any higher than being the best comédienne possible, it rather looks as if that leaning had been a birthday gift.

"I knew a lot of girls in the Egan School of Music and Drama, and one day they told me that they were engaged for a Morosco musical comedy for which rehearsals were just starting. They advised me to 'Come along in,' as I'd enjoy it very much. I had always run three blocks just to peek at an actress when I lived way down in Texas, my native State, so I thought here was a fine opportunity to see lots of players all in one place and get paid for doing it — of course, assuming that Mr. Morosco would take me on.

"I was engaged without difficulty, and we began eight weeks of rehearsals, dancing nearly all day long. Really, it was more like going to a dancing school than rehearsing a show. I was so utterly worn out with the hardness of it all that I only stayed with the show three weeks after it actually started, for my nerves began to give out and mother didn't want me to get sick. I was but a schoolgirl then, out for a summer vacation.

"Then Jean Hathaway, who had been with Morosco also, met me some months later and said she was in a vaudeville skit on Pantages and asked me to play a small part. I was given the engagement, and by the time I'd played over the circuit and returned to Los Angeles, Jean had started with Mr. Christie. She suggested my going there for a try-out, and I had a test on Thursday and was promised an answer by the following Saturday, which would give them time to develop the film and project it. On Saturday I found myself with joy, for they told me over the telephone that I had a good test and was engaged for stock. So I've stuck ever since, and I hope to stay right by this line of work.

"But you did some propaganda work with Mr. Beban, didn't you? Runs in my mind I saw you in a picture with him."

"Yes, I did one film for the government with him. Mr. Beban made me up for himself, for I didn't know a thing about that sort of make-up. By using very dark grease-paint and putting little lines here and there on my face, I really made a good Neapolitan, see?"

But the impression he wasn't telling any secrets — and it appeared to hug a wilowy slip of a girl like Marie Doro, graceful, just a wee bit flattish.

So the biggest impression I got of the girl whose eyes remind one of the china dolls we used to play with, surprised-looking, guileless, very wide open, was that she is utterly sincere.

Lest this leaves a doubt in your mind, remember that Adam wasn't willing to take the blame, that Eve felt very much ashamed and that the serpent didn't give a fig, just so long as she got a peep at unspoiled Ethel Lynne.

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One Man in America can Teach You Motion Picture Writing Correctly

By Ford L. Beebe

(Special writer "MOTION PICTURE NEWS," Scenario Editor two years Helen Holmes Serial Co., three years with Universal, etc.)

There’s a constant and tremendous demand for good motion picture stories. Right now, the studios cannot get enough good stories to fill their stars with suitable roles. And not alone this but stories are getting scarcer all the time. Books and magazine stories have failed to make good on the screen—staff writers are written out. But the film companies must have stories. And they want and must have these from "outside"—writers from the thousands of people outside the studios who have ideas and the genuine ability to write them if only they knew how to put them into proper shape. Forseeing this demand there has been a flood of so-called "schools," "systems" and "plans" attempting to teach them motion picture writing.

I have spent years in the different motion picture studios. These years convinced me that not one writer in a thousand could teach others this new art of writing for the movies. I doubted that the heads of these various institutions could themselves do what they are trying to teach others to do. I did not believe that they were themselves successful writers of feature stories. I did not believe, in fact, that they themselves could actually write and sell their own stories. So I investigated.

And out of the amazingly long list I found one man. A man who is known to hundreds of thousands of film fans as the author of innumerable successful photoplays. I found that this man—F. MCGRW WILLIS—has actually written over two hundred produced film stories. That he has written feature stories for more than TWENTY OF THE BIGGEST STARS IN FILMDOM. That he has worked for Ince, Fox, Pathé, Universal, etc. That he wrote Nat Goodwin’s big starring role in pictures. That he prepared the original story for filming Lea Minnelli’s role. That he is the author of the first pictures made in this country and sent to France to be hand colored. That the motion picture trade papers speak of him as a man who has an absolutely thorough knowledge of photoplay writing. That he has repeatedly been chosen to write the first stories to inaugurate new brands of films. That June, 1919, has seen another new brand, bringing back to the screen H. B. Warner in two of this man’s original stories.

So I interviewed him personally. And I found this: He has the fairest proportion of his kind ever conceived. He is helping unknown writers achieve recognition. He is showing writers outside the studios, for the first time in the history of the motion picture industry, the inside way of writing—THE DIRECT, DETAILED METHOD THAT STAFF WRITERS USE IN SELLING THEIR OWN STORIES TO THE PRODUCERS. He has the personal endorsement of the director themselves, who want their stories written only in this way and there is no other. He has made this method so plain and simple that it can be learned in one evening’s study. And in addition to all this he is giving his pupils a FREE SALES BUREAU to aid them in finding a market for their stories. He is acting as a personal representative of these writing studios at the studios and with the directors. For he knows that unless writers have this personal agent they cannot hope to succeed. And he positively will not accept any fee or commission on any sale whatever.

The cost of his course has purposely been placed so low that everyone who wants to write can take advantage of it. The entire course, including his free sales bureau, is but TWELVE DOLLARS. And he protects everyone by an absolute money-back guarantee.

In the interest of better motion pictures I feel it my duty to give him every aid I can. So if you are in earnest about writing photoplays I want you to get in touch with him. Do not remit any money. Just ask him to send you his FREE BOOK, "The Inside Story of Motion Picture Writing." See for yourself his wonderful offer. But do this at once. Immediately, Address

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crowd into the front line of a mob in order that their faces may be seen. And the extras who have been in the game long enough to know something about the business accommodate the novices joyfully. And why not? Unless they know that it is very close to the end of the picture, they don't want any close-ups. A close-up too often means an extra's finish so far as that picture is concerned. A new mob's thought will make the reason for this clear. If a girl is distinctly registered as one of the mob storming a millionaire's house because he isn't paying enough for their work in the factory, she can't very well appear as a guest in the home of that millionaire in the next reel. Not only that, but the biggest opportunity may come in the later scene.

"No, obscurity, or comparative obscurity, is not always a disaster. For instance, I 'struggle' along, making three or four hundred dollars a week. Good character women are so scarce in moving pictures that they can ask almost anything they like. If I had gone on being a star the public would probably have tired of me long ago. Such things do happen. You know, some one has said that the popularity of a moving picture star lasts, on the average, about five years.

"Moving picture work is a business with me.

"Which is probably why she does it so well. It seems that one may, with impunity, neglect one's art, but one may never neglect one's business—that is an unpardonable sin!

Mary Alden had her own company when she was with Reliance-Majestic, and that was, if my memory serves me aright, about four or five years ago. And now she is planning on having her own company again, but in the meanwhile she does not have to fear a series of set-backs thru the failure of poor pictures. She can frequent a number of parts instead of "taking what she can get," as many a star must. Good actresses are scarce. Hearken, all you screen aspirants: there is plenty of room at the top. (All you have to do is get up there!) Her services are always in demand, while every part she plays augments her reputation for careful artistry among producers as well as with her public. No story, however poor, can seriously hurt her. She has security, security of money and the knowledge of work well done. No one could ask for more!

When the editor of Motion Picture Classic asked me to interview Miss Alden, I got her number from the Griffith studio and called her on the telephone. She answered in a pleasant, thrifty manner and suggested that the interview take place during luncheon. (I love interviewing people who invite me to luncheon.) Anyway, we agreed to meet in the lobby of the Alexandria, but here a difficulty arose.

"You won't know me," she said.

(Seventy-one)
Dorothy Dalton, Hot Weather and Emotionalism

(Continued from page 43)

She simply shrugged her shoulders and said it couldn't be done. "The Lord—and the camera—can only tell that," she laughed.

It was a hot day. A sultry breeze drifted thru the Hotel Algonquin windows. But Miss Dalton did not seem in the least disturbed by the weather. "I love heat—love it thoroly," she said.

"That is why, when it was decided to send me on to New York to make at least one picture this summer, that I gave a shriek of joy. Do you really think we'll have a hot summer?"

"We don't think we will—are we," we gasped, mopping our brow.

"I do like New York in the summer," continued Miss Dalton. "The tang of the hot pavement in the air——"

But we changed the subject.

Miss Dalton related her experiences in getting a screen foothold. Unlike most actresses, Miss Dalton was comparatively easy. "I had been playing in stock at Keith's in Portland, Me., when a chance came to play the leading rôle of Jen in the all-star film production of Edgar Selwyn's 'Pierre of the Plains.' You will recall that this play was re-done comparatively recently by Elsie Ferguson. But I was the original screen Jen."

"Soon after I went to California for a rest. There I met Thomas H. Ince socially. He had seen my work in 'Pierre of the Plains' and he offered me a rôle with William S. Hart in 'The Disciple.' Immediately after that I played with Henry B. Warner and William H. Thompson. Then Mr. Ince advanced me to stardom at old Triangle—and I've been a star ever since. Not a very interesting tale, is it?"

"Recently, when I did one or two lighter pictures, fans seemed to wonder if I intended to change my style of vehicle. Let me set any doubts upon that account at rest. I am definitely doing only emotional dramas. I like that sort of play best of all—and I think I am best suited to it. Right now I am seeking the best emotional material. It isn't easy to find, you may be sure."

"Submitted manuscripts take odd twists. For instance, this last week I received three good stories, all worth buying; at least, she admits of none. Of course, I couldn't do three dual rôle plays in succession, or anywhere near together, so I shall have to select just one of the three."

Miss Dalton's personality is rather hard to analyze. Her interests seem to wholly lie in the studio. She has no hobbies; at least, she admits of none. She is too busy to read anything but scenarios extensively.

"I'm just a hard-working actress," she described herself and sighed. "I wish the thousand-and-one young girl fans who envy our luxurious existence could only live one whole day with me."

"That would cure them."

(Seventy-two)
The Career of Katherine Bush
(Continued from page 30)
gave her rapid, brilliant biographies of the men of the hour; he spoke specifically of Lord Norbury—and all the time a love of her kept growing in his breast which had known only the counterfeits of love.

There is nothing in life, nothing in humanity, which does not have a limitation that some day must be reached. Love is no exception to the rule. Pain goes so far, patience goes so far, bulked desire goes so far, love turned in upon itself goes so far... then a limitation is reached and there is a breakage, a cleavage, or, mercifully, a healing...

Gerald Strobridge reached his limitation, which seemed to him to comprise every element of pain and patience, on the night of one of Sarah, Lady Garri-bardine's dinners.

Katherine had remained above stairs. The dinner had been deadly dull. The wine had tasted flat to him, the flowers had been heavy, the music had been uninspiring. The women, as he let his cold, sick eyes wander over them, were like the flowers, scentless. There was no sweetness anywhere. There was no pulse. Spring had gone out of the world, out of his heart, unless the woman with the level eyes and the hands-that-did-things would stoop from her immutable heights and give it back to him. She alone had the power to restore his lost romancing. He had been staled by gold, staled by last, staled by the demands of women who were puppets dancing, mincing on ribbons that had tripped his feet. All of his knowledge had availed him nothing. He had had a glory before him, a glory and a vision, and he had closed his eyes to it, his ears, his heart which was now awakened to the waking and making imperative demands. What if they were not to be met, these demands? What if this hunger which this woman had created within him was never to be appeased? Well, he wanted life, tho it meant desolation. Perhaps he would have it—the desolate.

After dinner he wandered into a small, unoccupied smoking-room. He wanted solitude, almost fiercely. Wanted to be alone. He thought of the Indian jungles and a nostalgia swept over him. To be alone... with her eyes upon his, in dreams—oh, in dreams, of course, with her hands in his, with her mouth on his. God help us... we are racked and tormented and twisted and thumb-screwed and jeered at and reviled and cast aside... to rot...

Upstairs he heard the pacing of feet, steady feet, to and fro, to and fro... He was minded of the female tigress in the deep, far jungle-land, infinitely patient, infinitely tenacious and also infinitely cruel... His mind inventoried the house. The room above was Katherine's room. Of course. The pacing of those feet was Katherine pacing. Of what was she thinking in her resistless way? Of whom? What was she plan-

(Seventy-three)
ning in her coldness, in her growing self-sufficiency?

Suddenly his desire for her fell upon him and got him by his throat. The walls of his training, of his mode of living, of his code of ethics fell from him, inutility. All that he had done and been, all that he planned, all that he stood for today, the fact of where he was... dry dust. Upstairs Katherine Bush was pacing and pacing, planning and planning... He gave a sudden, abrupt laugh that had not so much of mirth in it as it had of a blind pain.

There was a staircase in this antechamber. It led to Katherine's apartment. If there were mercy in the breast of a woman... if she were mortal and not mechanical... if she were as compassionate as, obviously, she was cold...

When he stood within the door of her room his last shred of armor had dropped from him. He was become a mendicant, pleading.

Katherine had ceased her measured pacing of the room and was on her couched before the fire. She had been reading and the book had dropped to the floor beside her. As Gerald Strobridge entered, the flames, dying down, gave a last effort and threw a glare of scarlet across the cool perfection of her features, the sheen of her splendid hair, the white remoteness of her breast.

"Katherine," he muttered, when he had reached her side and dropped to his knees beside her. "What have I meant to you? What have I been? Anything? Nothing? Tell me!"

There was a silence. His heart throbbed in it, loudly, obtrusively. "A door," she said, at last, in her modulated tones, "a door, very wide... to spaces. I am infinitely grateful, Mr. Strobridge."

"A door!" Gerald Strobridge gave a ghostly smile. "What is it they say in the Bible," he asked, "about a stone in the place of bread?"

"I do not know. Are you here for bread? Are you hungry?"

Immediately she sensed the wrong potentiality of her queries.

The man beside her laid his gloved hand on her bare arm. It was hot and his pulses stirred. There was something pitiful in the disintegration of his habitual composure. There was something of a reversion to the man he might have been if he had had... that chance again...

He was speaking and his voice was broken up. "Yes, terribly hungry. Terribly. I want bread. And wine. And meat. And strong drink. From your hands only, Katherine. Yours are the only hands to serve me now. I cannot never know love again unless love comes with your face, with your voice, with your rhythm. Help me... please..."

Katherine withdrew her hands very gently, very inexorably. Something soft and warm and more maternal than passionate was stirring within her. She thought of Lord Alg and the ashes of roses she had achieved there. Her mouth hardened.
Let Me Introduce Myself

DEAR READER: I wish to tell you how to have a charming, winning personality because all my life I have seen that without it any woman lords over great handicaps. Without personality, it is almost impossible to make desirable friends, or get on in business; and yes, often must a woman give up the man on whom her heart is set because she has not the power to attract or to hold him.

During my career here and abroad, I have met a great many people whom I have been able to study under circumstances which have brought out their good or bad points, like a tiny spot on the lens of a moving picture machine will magnify into a very large blot on the screen. And I have seen so many people, lacking in personality, try to make a success of their plans in a way that has been quite pathetic. I am sure that you also are familiar with one or more such cases.

Success of a Winsome Manner

I have numerous failures that were so distressing that my thoughts could not help dwelling upon those shattered and vain ambitions. I have seen women of education, and culture and natural beauty actually fail, where other women were much better off, but possessing certain secrets of loveliness, a certain knack of looking right and saying right things, which would get them ahead delightfully. All were naturally forward women. None were they the kind that men call clever. Some of them, if they studied their features carefully, were decidedly not handsome; yet they seemed so. They didn’t do this by covering their faces with cosmetics; they knew the true facts; and often the women with a thirty, forty, or even fifty year edge in years. Yet they “appealed.” You know what I mean. They had something to offer by a subtle power which seemed to emanate from them. Others had the knack of looking far younger than they were; of doing things for them. In their presence you felt perfectly at ease, and yet you had been good, good friends for very long.

French Feminine Charms

The French women among my friends seemed to me more perfectly endowed with this ability to fascinate, than did my friends among other nationalities. In the years that I lived in Paris, I was amazed to find that most of the women I met were enchanting.

“Is it a part of the French character?” I asked my friends.

“Were born that way?” I would often ask some charming woman.

And they similarly told me that “personality” as we know it in the States, is an art, that is studied and acquired by French women just as they learn to cook, or to sing by cultivating the voice. Every woman of French blood possesses that personality. This includes you, dear reader. There are numerous things that you can do which will make you charming to others. I have heard it said that if you make yourself charming to others, you will make yourself charming to yourself. If you have ever been in France and been conscious of the woman, you will see the truth of this. She has a charm that is unexplained, a charm that is not only captivating but enchanting. She is graceful, she is romantic, she is feminine, she is unassuming, she is alluring, she is winsome, she is winsome in her every move, in her every word. She is a woman, not a girl. She knows more than the average girl, and she knows more than the average woman. She knows more than the average man.

French Secrets of Fascination

My continued residence in France enabled me to observe the ways and methods of the women closely. I studied and analyzed the secrets of their fascinating power.

When I returned to the dear old U. S. A., I set myself at work putting together the facts, methods, secrets and formula that I had learned while in France. Of one thing I am absolutely convinced—every woman who wishes it may have a winning personality.

Overcoming Deterrent Timidity

I know I can take any girl of a timid or over-forward disposition, one who lacks self-confidence, or is too self-conscious for her own good, and show her how to become gracefully and charmingly daring, perfectly natural and comfortable in the presence of others. I can show you how to bring out charms which you do not even dream you possess.

Uncouth Boldness—or Tactful Audacity?

If you are an assertive woman, the kind that suffers from too great freedom, I can show you in a way that you will find delightful, how to get rid of it. If you are the very opposite of the fibric of your repelling and ungainly personality and replace it with another that wins and attracts. By this method, you will succeed, oh so well, while by unorthodoxy or misapplied audacity you meet with setbacks.

I can take the fragil girl or woman, the listless one who usually feels that the good things in life are not for her and show her how to become vigorous and strong, tingling with enthusiasm and zest and cheer and how to see the whole wide full of splendid things just for her.

Become an Attractive Woman

I can take the girl or woman who is ingrateful or careless of her appearance, or the girl who dresses carelessly and in an manner that makes her appear dumpy and ungraceful. I can enlighten her in the ways of women of the world, in making the most of their apparel. All this without any extravagance, and I can show her how to acquire it within her means and taste. You realize, of course, that dressing to show yourself to advantage is a real art and without that knowledge you will always be under a disadvantage.

For Married Women

There are some very important secrets which can enable French women to hold the love, admiration and devotion of their men. How the selfish spirit in a man is to be overcome so ingeniously that he does not know what you are accomplishing until some day he awakens to the fact that his character and his manner have undergone a delightful change. What is this but not only making you happy, but he is finding far greater pleasure in life than when he was inconsiderate. There are secrets in my compilation that are likely to change a turbulent course of married life for one that is harmoniously ideal. And this power lies within you, dear Madame.

Acquire Your Life’s Victory

What we call personality is made up of a number of little things, some of which are vague and indefinable. Personality, charm, good looks, winsomeness and success can be cultivated. By my secrets, if you learn the rules and put them into practice, you can become what I call an appealing personality. Don’t think it impossible. Don’t think you were born that way. Don’t even think it ought to be. Merely be sure because it is certain that I have collated and transcribed for you an important form that you have ever read.

Once you have learned my lessons, they become a kind of second nature to you. When you notice the improvement in your appearance, how you get on easier with people, how your home problems seem to shrink themselves, how much easier it is to do little things (and big ones, too) life gets to hold so many more secrets for you, you will decide to put more and more of the methods in practice in order to obtain still more of life’s rewards.

No New Fad—the Success of Ages

The message of this book is not a fad. It is not to be taken as advancing some new-fangled fad. All my life I have lived in the world of common sense and practical methods. And what I have put into my course on the cultivation of personality is just as practical as anything can be, I could go on to tell you all about my success in the world, about how I have made myself known to thousands. But I will not waste time. The Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free, postpaid, in a plain wrapper, just for the asking.

My advice to you is to send for the free book "HOW" if you want to gain the finest of friends and to possess happiness with contentment that will come to you as the result of a lovely and winning personality.
"I want you to go, Gerald," she said, "at once. I think I have told you that I am a climber. One cannot climb where there are obstacles... your wife... the scandal. If you love me, love me really; give me your help and strength rather than your weakness and desire—given so many fruitless times before. I could be rather a splendid friend, even I. As a woman... I can only be that on a pinnacle; Gerald, and I am going to get there."

"You are like ice."

"Finer than fire, Gerald."

"You are inhuman."

"Humanity must rise—even to humanity."

"I love you."

"You want me. You are incapable of love."

"And you? You?"

"Not ready—yet."

The man rose from his kneeling posture. Some of the pride he had lost from him came about him again. He felt a tremulous admiration for this woman, barely more than a girl, who had gone so far along the path of self-containment. Nothing mawkish here, nothing yielding, nothing indiscriminate or promiscuous. "Rather a splendid friend," he rather.

He smiled down on her thru his tight lips. "What do you want me to do for you, my friend?" he asked.

Katherine's level eyes suffused. Her hand strayed out to his tentatively, then withdrew. "I have never come so near to love, my friend," she said, in the softest tone she had ever heard from her, "as—just then. Bigness... oh, I love it, Gerald!"

Gerald Strobridge bowed. "I repeat," he said, still simply, still with the essential pain in his heart coming out in his voice.

Katherine Bush raised herself on one elbow. "I want to meet the Duke of Mordryn," she said. "I want to meet him more than I have ever wanted to meet any one, anywhere, at any time. I—I am going to be utterly frank with you, my friend, because I think you, alone among men, can bear frankness and be considerate of it. I believe the Duke of Mordryn is—the end of my climbing."

She lay back and watched Strobridge thru her eyes that glinted like streaks of steel.

Strobridge smiled. "You are quite magnificent," he acknowledged. "How do you propose to go about this?"

"I want to hear him speak in the House first—just to be certain. His voice, you know, his play of hand, his manner of speech, those things tell. Then—then, my friend, I want to meet him at a dinner on his own footing, as it were, just as a friend of yours, perhaps. Not, you understand, as secretary to Lady Garribardine."

"You think Mordryn would not penetrate that eventually and with ease?"

"Oh, but yes, of course. I shall tell him myself at our second meeting. If
there be a second meeting it will be because he desires it very greatly—and if he does—"

Gerald Strobridge bent over the hand she abruptly extended to him in dismissal. "He will desire it," he said, simply.

When he left the room Nazimova watched him with eyes grown shamelessly bright. "He is an old man now," she said to herself; "his youth... he has left his youth behind him... in here... with me..."

The Duke of Mordryn was a foremost figure in the political and social life of his country, because he had taken what he wanted whether it was supposed to be the thing to do or not. He had, as it were, followed his natural bent and his natural bent had led him to unlimited power.

He had never seen a woman he desired for more than an hour after dinner, or an occasional theater. He had seen, talked with, scorned, reluctantly admired a great many.

When he saw Katherine Bush an extravagance of thought rushed over him. "There is a mate meet for such as I," he thought, and he could have laughed aloud. "Silly," he added; "wait until I talk to her. She will prattle. She will ask stereotyped questions. She will gush."

She did, of course, none of these things. She was rather still than otherwise, but it was an immense stillness. It was filled, the Duke of Mordryn thought, with the rushing of giant waters, with the invincibility of mountains, with fastnesses unpenetrated, with a vast sense of waiting, with color...

He left her after Gerald Strobridge's dinner, and walked home, an unprecedented occurrence with him. "I must have air," he said to himself; "somehow I feel as tho I have been in the presence of something bigger than myself, bigger than the universe. That woman, with her inscrutable eyes and her efficient, miraculous hands, has remade my world tonight."

He called on her at Lady Garribardine's three nights later.

She received him in a small ante-room, and she wore the simple black-and-white in which she performed her pleasant secretarial duties.

"You look..." he began. "I look—suitable," she told him, "I am Lady Garribardine's secretary. Please don't interrupt me. You are interested in people, in their processes of thought, in the working scheme they make of their loves. I know that you are. You have told me. I am going to tell you mine."

She told him faithfully, nakedly, with the scorn she felt for it all playing like fine rapier-thrusts thru her speech. The rancid Bush villa, the smudgy Bush brothers and sister, the blaring gramophone, the middle-classes... then of Lord Alg... of her invincible determination, of her willingness to pay prices (Continued on page 85)
Alexander the Little
(Continued from page 35)
despairing ones. And he is always ut-
terly natural; nothing he does ever seems
like acting at all. It isn't acting, either.

He lives in the Land of Make-Believe,
so for him anything is real if he chooses
to make it so. Notice him on the screen
when the plot calls for him to be asleep.
Every muscle is relaxed; he looks as tho
he had been sleeping all night!

Ben, whose name in full is Nicholas
Benton Alexander III, (and every inch
a king), lives with his mother in a pretty
little bungalow in Hollywood. His father
has to live in Hanford, Cal., to look after
his dry-goods business there, but, if he
keeps a diary, it probably reads some-
thing like this:

"Saturday—Left Hanford for Los An-
geles at 10:02 to see the family.

"Sunday—Arrived L. A. 8:30; spent
the day with the family.

"Monday—Left L. A. for Hanford to
see the store.

"Tuesday—Spent the day looking over
the store," etc., etc.

His friends say that he has solved the
problem of perpetual motion.

Ben is an only child. He made his
debut into public life by way of his pic-
ture on the cover of a rose catalog. His
first moving picture, made when he was
three years old, was "Each Pearl a Tear," with Fannie Ward. Others made
before "Hearts of the World" are "Big
Tremaine," with the late Harold Lock-
wood; "What Money Cant Buy," with
Louise Huff and Jack Pickford; and
"The Little American," with Mary Pick-
ford.

Later pictures are "The Lady of the
Dug-out," with Al Jennings; "The Bet-
ter Wife," with Clara Kimball Young;
"The Turn of the Road," for King Vi-
dor; "The White Heather," for Maurice
Touurneur; and "Joselyn's Wife," with
Bessie Barriscale.

"Ben," I asked one day, "how on earth
do you manage to cry in a scene? I've
watched grown-up actors work, and they
seem to have all sorts of trouble.

"Why, I just pretend like I'm sad," an-
swered Ben, "and then I cry."

He pretends not only on the set, but
all of the time, because that belongs to
his nature, and, by the same token, he is
never "fresh," never shows off and is
never self-conscious. He doesn't even
tell you what he is going to pretend be-
forehand; he just slips into the Land of
Make-Believe and lets you follow him if
you can. If you cant—well, then, you
and Ben will be talking from opposite
worlds, if he manages to talk with you at
all! I've seen him pet a dining-room
table very earnestly and affectionately,
and I didn't dare ask him whether it was
a horse or a dog. I could go over and
pet it, too, and he would say, "Dont you
think this is a pretty horse?" (or dog,
whichever it happened to be). But to
ask him right out what it was would be
fatal; it wouldn't be playing the game.

Ben came home one day, a few weeks
ago, and calmly informed his mother that

---

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Star in
Metro Pictures

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admired Viola Dana's
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nourishes and promotes their growth, making them long, silky, and luxur-
ant, thus bringing out the deep, soulful expression of the eyes. Thousands
have been delighted with the results obtained by its use, why not you?

Satisfaction Assured or Money Refunded
Two sizes, 50 cents and $1.00. At your dealers,
or sent direct, upon receipt of price, in plain cover.

The wonderful success attained by "Lash-Brow-Ine" has caused the same to be closely imitated. Look
for the picture of "The Girl with the Rose," which appears on every box of genuine "Lash-Brow-Ine."

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M. P. PUBLISHING COMPANY
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Millions of People Can Write Stories, and Photoplays and Don’t Know It!

This is the startling assertion recently made by one of the most widely read writers of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really can and simply haven’t found it out? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can tell a story. Why can’t anybody write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn’t this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Is it possible that yesterday somebody dreamed man could fly? To-day he dives like a swallow ten feet thick above the earth and laughs down at our imaginary mortal atoms of his fellowmen below! So Yesterday’s "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

The time will come, writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be saying, ‘I have thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers, as well as huge numbers of new world of them!’ And do you know what these writers-to-be are? They are—stories of—youth—old—new, and doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at back-splash, following around schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sawdust and foliage, with the most, I may laugh—but these are The Writers of To-morrow.

For writing isn’t only for geniuses as most people think. Don’t you think it could happen that you a study-writing faculty just as he did the greatest writer? Only maybe you are the type of person that it isn’t worth the effort, for you don’t have the gift. Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, their first efforts don’t go very far; they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They’re through. They must be the type that you had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein they might have astonished the world. But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, you must learn the principles of grammar; you must learn to exercise your faculty of thinking. By exercising your intelligence your imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of grammar are more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody can learn. In school, pupils are taught to piece together a story. A story is nothing more than a child sets up a miniature edifice. It is very easy to slip, and if you have finished the first, if you haven’t made the mistakes in the first story, you have to do it again. That is a very difficult step.

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If you can write you can make money; you must do it. If you do not go to college you should go to college, in order to learn the principles of grammar, and to exercise your intelligence as much as you can. You must write, and if you write, you must write well. Writing is a craft, and writing is a science, and writing is an art. Writing is a craft, and writing is a science, and writing is an art. You must write, and if you write, you must write well. Writing is a craft, and writing is a science, and writing is an art. You must write, and if you write, you must write well. Writing is a craft, and writing is a science, and writing is an art. You must write, and if you write, you must write well. Writing is a craft, and writing is a science, and writing is an art. You must write, and if you write, you must write well. Writing is a craft, and writing is a science, and writing is an art. You must write, and if you write, you must write well. 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The "Once-Upon-a-Time" Girl
(Continued from page 21)

of this once-upon-a-time young person that when she talks of these real people and the people with ability she never, even in thought, includes herself. Her entire attitude, expressed and unexpressed, is, 'Who am I that I should look up to any of them in esteem?'

She thinks her mother and dad are the dearest people in all the world, and when she has a "lot of money," her main ambition is to buy back the old homestead where she was born and convert it into a home for destitute children.

She still tells of her first job, which was to pose for Harrison Fisher, with honest affection in her manner. "Whatever may come to me in life," she said, "I will never have the thrill I felt when Mr. Fisher asked me to pose for him."

She doesn't want to go on the stage. Just doesn't care about it. "Pictures are for me," she said, "and I am going to stick to them. I dont believe in divided and subdivided aims."

She always, always wears black, or old blue, or a mixture of both.

She has a hobby for kimonos and has a remarkable collection of them, more in the way of quality than quantity.

She is emphatically not extravagant.

She loves rare perfumes.

Her idea of a home is concentrated upon one room which, she told me, with the wide eyes of a child, should be hung in black velvet and strewn with old blue velvet chair and divans and have a marble fountain playing in the center.

"There would be attendants," she said, "to fan me and rub me. I think harems must be lovely—only I'd probably be doing the fanning instead of being fanned."

Which is quite, quite probably knowing Ruby de Remer.

She has a host of friends, and "Everybody just loves Ruby" is their slogan. It isn't as the "most beautiful blonde in the world," it's as those old Denver friends greeted her, nor yet as the girl whom World Films is starring and whose pictures are circumnavigating the globe, but just as "Ruby dear" who went to school with them.

She has a duck of a new Romer car.

"I dont consider it an extravagance," she told me, seriously speculative. "You see I just bought it—just to take me back and forth to the studio, or I would be fagged out and tired-looking, and there would be no profit in that. I feel like a child with a new toy."

There is never a night, no matter at what hour she retires—this was confided to me by her chum, who lives with her—"that she doesn't get down on her knees by the side of her bed and say her prayers. And she does not need to pray to be made a child again, just for tonight, for she has kept thru fame and fortune, fair and ill, the ready laughter, the dear unself-consciousness, the clear heart of the eternal child, than which no art finer, no power stronger, no magic deeper.

(August)
Girls (Continued from page 42)

Appleton Holt determined to solve.
For one so experienced in the fine art of love-making, he made a good many blunders. It was on one of these occasions that Pamela faced him with fury-colored cheeks and dangerous words.

"What is it you want?" she asked him, breathlessly. "You’re doing this for a purpose—what is it?"
And here Edgar Holt made his greatest blunder of all.

"You are the purpose, Pamela—you!" he said, with a gesture of such exultation and information that she was speechless.

They were alone in Sprague’s office for the moment, and he bent to her, crushing the little hands that fumbled among the typewriter keys in his big clasps.

"Pamela, what can I say to make you believe me—what can I do?"

"Nothing," she spoke dully; "nothing.

I shall never believe in a man again. And now you won’t please—go away!"

The next morning an elderly woman with a structural steel frame and bone spectacles greeted Edgar’s horrified eyes when he entered his uncle’s office. His heart felt like a punctured tire as he turned to the scowling Sprague. Where’s—Miss Gordon?"

"How do I know?" growled his uncle.

"I said good-night, as usual, last night, and this morning this—grief appeared, said Miss Gordon had sent her, as it would be impossible for her to hold her position any longer. Only stenographer I ever had that knew whether receive was ever or it. What did you say to her, you young accost?"

"Nothing," Edgar assured him, المسا, "nothing at all except that I loved her, and wanted her to marry me more than anything in the world and a few little things like that; but she wouldn’t listen to me."

"Turned you down, eh?" wondered old Sprague. "Well, didn’t I always say that girl had sense?"

In the studio Pamela got down the Baccante, dashed the crumby nose and put on her modeling apron. "Back to my career!" she announced to Violet, briskly; "back to my career!"

She placed a sticky clay grape-leaf over the Baccante’s brow. "Tonight we’ll hold a meeting of the Man-Haters’ League."

Violet avoided her eyes. "I’m sorry, Pam, but tonight I’ve got an—an engagement. Don’t—don’t wait up for me."

The day dragged interminably. The pale, sickly light straggling in at the airshaft window washed the studio with gloom. Presently it began to rain, with a hissing sound as the drops swept down the shaft. The woman above scolded her children shrilly and unceasingly. A dank odor of boiling cabbage seeped into the room.

Pamela lit the gas jets, made herself a cup of tea, only to find that there were no lemons in the cupboard, put five different sort of flowers on the Baccante, varying from Roman to Hibernian, and finally cast herself upon the model stand and wept.

And in the midst of her weeping the door-bell rang, and the elevator boy handed her two telegrams. They were very short, and strangely alike:

DEAR PAM— I have just married the head bookkeeper in my office. He is a prince, and
Lovingly, Violet.

DEAR PAM— I have just married the press agent at the theater. He is an angel, and I am
the happiest girl in the world. Lovingly, Kate.

Again Pamela cast herself upon the model and wept, and this time she wept because there were little four-room flats in Harlem that had cretonne curtains at the windows, and wicker chairs and a dainty white dinner-table set for two. And once again the door-bell rang.

Edgar Holt looked down from his great height at the tear-streaked face with an absurd weakness that camouflaged his sudden hungry impulse to sweep this small, stubborn, beloved man-hater off her feet and into his arms. "I’m here to read the gas-meter," he began gaily, and suddenly choked. "Pam, you ran away. What made you run away from me, sweetheart? Was it, I wonder—was it because you were afraid you might like me—just a little if you stayed?"

The dark head went up. "Of course it wasn’t," Pamela declared, in a voice like tinking ice. "I’m not in the least afraid."

"There was something I wanted to say," hinted Edgar, "if I should be in

visiting in this house."

"You forget," Pamela reminded him, sternly; "you forget the rule—no man shall step across the threshold of the door!"

A moment later she stood, staring blankly toward the stairs. He was gone! He had bowed gravely and gone away, and not even I shall come back again.

Not that she cared, of course, still he might have waited to see whether she meant what she said. And, of course she did mean what she said. Still... She was standing desolately by the open door, when she heard his voice again, above her, behind. "There wasn’t any ironing-board this time, so I had to use a Baccante."

With a little, quivery cry she turned, and found herself caught up, held close in a pair of strong arms that would not let her go. Not, however, that she tried the experiment to sec. Shamelessly she clung to him, sobbing against his collar. "Oh, how could you do such a reckless thing? It’s nine stories up—why, you might have been killed!"

(Continued on page 87)
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THE Beauteous Yvonne

(Continued from page 26)

We did not get to Philadelphia until the show was over!

“It was late, and the hotel clerk who we approached thought we were crazy climbing two rooms—and having it bagged. But I kept way the vanity box high above my head until I finally impressed upon him his duty, and we were fully equipped.

“To sleep, certainly, would have been ridiculous. Most people go to that town for that, but we had come to see ‘Penny.’ We did not pay any attention to the clock. I am sure. A few hours later we were happily engaged in our visit, and after breakfast we were on the road again to Broadway and our rehearsal for our premiere that night.

“Until I was eighteen all my days were spent up North. That’s the climate for me. Every month is as it should be. Winter is fascinating and summer is hot that’s where people get their change to live and a chance to have fun, which after all, is my idea of living. School in Canada meant one important thing to me. It was not so much study as the sporting life of the outdoors and the ideal companionship of young boys and girls. I was taught. I never fretted over examinations.

“I loved the theater. I was crazy about music. And there was nothing like the motion of dancing. Immediately after I left college I ran off with Joseph Santley’s company in ‘When Dreams Come True.’ It didn’t last long a time, but it was enough to make me want more, so the next season, I went, under the Ziegfeld-Dillingham management, in The Century Girl. I never worked so hard before. Eight times a week with the show, and every single night, after the performance, I danced and sang in the Cocoanut Grove on the Roof.

“I went with the Folies after that for one season.

“So far I have done only one picture for Mr. Rothafel. Association with him is a treat. But I do wish we didn’t have to rehearse so excessively. That is what takes all the realism out of it. If I am told to do a thing, I can do it spontaneously, at once. But I cannot and I do and then, after the seventh performance, act as if it were the first time. I suppose I’ll get used to it. And won’t it be funny if the movies is the one medium that can make me learn poise and restraint?”

The door banged open. A golden little boy stood on the threshold. Yvonne’s half-sold brother, Jerome, was duly introduced to me, and I was told that Flowers That Bloom in the Spring, but didn’t have time for ‘Tra-la’ before the telephoned in, and the maid entered to announce, “Miss Leslie.”

“Please tell her,” spake Miss Shelton, continuing to shimmie, “to get tickets for Tumble In, and to telephone Flo and ask her to come along. I’ll call for them at eight.”

(Continued on page 88)
the film that was going to show the routine directors what the master could do in their medium. But since then have come "The Greatest Thing in Life," "A Romance of Happy Valley," "The Girl Who Stayed at Home" and finally "Broken Blossoms." While the first three have lots of the old sure-fire tricks — races, rescues, robberies, sudden business failures — their constant tend to them, there is power without pretentiousness, and there is more and more of the human. "Broken Blossoms" is a remarkable rule unto itself.

None except "Broken Blossoms" has — or even attempts — that economical close-cut technique which Ince and Neilan and Tucker have made characteristic of the best in the photoplay. But they all have the Griffith quality of weaving a vast number of threads into a single design, and in three or four spots they have some things that mean much for the art of the movies.

These have nothing to do with Griffith's genius as a coach, as an inventor of business, or as a remarkable sense of the popular taste. One is a matter of characterization, the other of technique.

In "The Greatest Thing in Life," Griffith gave desperate and disillusioned admirers of the screen the hope that character actors and screen writers are capable of plot. There he won his audience not half so much by the brilliant battle scenes as by the interesting picture of a rich young snob falling in love with a "common little girl" and admitting her commonness along with his love. In "A Romance of Happy Valley" he got clear away from "long shots" and thousands of actors and enriched his canvas with portraits of small-town people, including a young gawk for a hero and a potential old maid for a heroine. He couldn't trust his audiences to love this as they actually did, and he gave the story a melodramatic "trick ending; but he did characterize, and he did the same thing to a certain extent in his next, "The Girl Who Stayed at Home."

Far more interesting and far more important was Griffith's introduction of the "soft-focus" of art photography, first in "The Greatest Thing in Life." Griffith is always experimenting with new technical effects. He tried color in "Intolerance," blacked-out horizons in "Hearts of the World," night photography in "The Great Love" and a translucent screen lit from behind in "Broken Blossoms." Most of these departures, however good, have not been worth the trouble and expense of the contrast between the new treatment and the old which Griffith has been content to permit in juxtaposed scenes. There was something of this same contrast, a great deal, in fact, in his "soft focus" close-ups in "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," but the effect was only to point the splendid possibilities in the new method.

There were a dozen really beautiful close-ups in this film. The composition and the lighting, as well as the softened treatment, made those mastodontic faces, for the first time, something besides offensive or merely exciting. At one point the soft-focus was used, however, not so much to give beauty as to heighten emotion, and the result was astonishing. A soldier was parting from a little cabaret dancer, just before he sailed. She was entertaining him at supper in her room, and we looked across the table at her, as he was doing. We saw more than he did, of course, for in this strange, soft, almost vague view of her thru the new lens we caught both the frail, ephemeral quality of the girl and the hysteric, nervous fervor with which she loved, the flame of desperate devotion that had been set burning in her. It is an almost impossible thing to describe, but the emotion of that face was many times more keen and visible because of its removal from the exact reality of ordinary, sharp motion picture photography. The realization of this became a dreadful certainty when the brief close-up was over and we flashed to both figures. All we found was the stupid, harsh reality of the physical man and the physical girl and all the hundred details of the room and food and clothes. Suddenly we saw again that close-up, its emotion — and its possibilies. These possibilies Griffith has plumbed almost to their depths in "Broken Blossoms." The result is the only fundamental and important contribution to the advance of the photoplay made in four years.

Even in "Broken Blossoms," however, Griffith has almost succeeded in getting us off the trail of his best work by a lot of elaborate tricks of presentation which are largely specious and certainly have nothing to do with the two fundamental virtues of the film — its photographic departures and its simple and tragic characterization. A great deal of bosh has been written about Griffith's trick of training his blue or pink light from the back of a translucent screen. It is interesting enough. It gives a tinting and tiring with living light far more striking than any attained by dyes. But it creates, in my opinion, no permanent values greater than the beauty of Mr. Bitzer's own photographic shadows, and it has the same feeling as Griffith's other attempts to use color in parts of "Intolerance" and night photography in parts of "The Great Love." The scenes thus treated stand out as if they were in another medium and lose all proper structural relationship to episodes in the same setting projected in the ordinary manner. There is an emotion in light-tinted scenes which Griffith manifestly aims at, but there is an emotional and intellectual contrast far greater than smoothness of story can permit. Moreover, the brilliant blue of the shadows distracts the eye from what should be the center of attention, the high lights of the human faces. But the failure or virtue of this trick is nothing compared to the splendid experi-

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**Classi**

**Griffith Renews Old Promises**

(Continued from page 23)

Thousands of women everywhere are saying that every day Rents are higher, food and clothing cost more. They economize every minute; they go without things they need, and still they cannot quite make ends meet.

Maybe the income has increased a little. Still, it is not enough to pay for necessities, to say nothing of a few luxuries that every family is entitled to. What are you going to do about it?

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BROADWAY COMPOSING STUDIOS
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Avalanche of Entries at Contest’s End

(Continued from page 45)

has had no stage or screen experience. Adair McDonald, of the Chandler Bldg., Boone, Iowa. Miss McDonald has captured a prize for her oratorical ability and she has appeared in amateur theatricals and recitals. She has blonde hair, blue eyes and is just a bit over five feet in height.

Shirley Blackshaw, of 260 Laurel St., Boston, Mass., N. H. Miss Black- shaw submitted a large number of snapshots which seem to reveal an unusual ability to catch appealing poses. She is five feet two inches in height, and has brown hair and brown eyes.

The most interesting days of the whole contest are those just ahead. Fame and fortune—in every sense of the words—are waiting some lucky young woman or man whose picture has been accepted for one of the honor rolls. Today he or she is practically unknown, a year from now his or her name will be known in every land of the earth. Then, in magazines—specially for the big picture CLASSIC and the new SHADOWLAND—will combine to make her world-famous. Two years’ publicity in the three magazines is guaranteed to the winner. This, as has been explained before, will include articles, pictures, and even color enlargements of your pictures. Furthermore, there will be a sort of publicity that cannot be purchased at any price. Moreover, the three magazines will procure an initial position for the winner and give later aid if necessary.

Now a word upon the return of photographs. As far as has been possible, considering the thousands of pictures received almost daily, the portraits to which stamps were attached have been returned as fast as the judges considered them. However, if you have not already received your pictures back, after having stamps attached to them in accordance with the rules, do not write to us. You will receive them as soon as they can be handled. Portraits to which no stamps were attached will not be returned. It is also impossible for the contest staff to handle requests to return these now, even when postage is forwarded. It is utterly impossible to go thru the thousands of un-stamped portraits to seek out any special pictures. The judges regret that this rule must be adhered to, in order to facilitate the closing of the contest and the awarding of the final prize.

In the cast of Cecil De Mille’s “The Admiral of the Navy,” the artistry of Edwin Barrie is Bebe Daniels, long a foil for Harold Lloyd. Bebe has a small role, and others in the cast are Gloria Swanson, Lila Lee, Thomas Meighan, and Theodore Roberts.

Madge Kennedy is New Yorking.

Norma Talmadge and her husband, Joseph Schenck, reopened their summer place at Bay- side, L. I., early in June. Constance Talmadge and Mamme Talmadge occupy a home nearby.

(Continued on page 45)
The Career of Katherine Bush
(Continued from page 77)

if necessary and her belief in herself to the extent that only an initial purchase price would be necessary.

The Duke of Moradyn's face was drawn. "What did you pay," he asked, thinly, "for your initial price?"

Katherine's face reflected the golden glow of a dream too vivid to last. She spoke of it as such. "In a dream," she said, "in something of my youth. In pain... but mostly in a dream... a dream that I trampled... under my feet."

A silence fell on the little room. Moradyn spoke at last. "I suppose you know," he said, "that I loved you—at one time?" "Yes," said Katherine.

"So much," the Duke went on, "that neither time nor circumstance, nor you, nor I, or anything we do or are can subtract from it or add a whit to it. It is fundamental. It just is."

"Yes."

"There is power in you," the man went on, "and passion and immensity. You are something of the woman of all times. Yet you are poignantly yourself. My dear, I love you. There is no need of further speech between you—and me."

"No," said Katherine, and suddenly her level eyes met his, and widened, and her white, strong hands reached over to his, and she went to his heart.

"I did not think," she said, in her clear voice, grown throaty and deep, "that power... power which I love... would come to me... led by—ah, led by love, my dear!"

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MONSIEUR LE SOUTHLAND.—Greetings! Yes, my oscillating fan is oscillating at the rate of a hundred revolves a minute. Mme. Nazimi is borrowing from 19. Lou-Tellegren is playing opposite his wife.

PET.—Yes, child, but, after all, it is better to remain good and not try to be exciting. The high cost of beauty is too much. Ruth Stonehouse is in Hollywood. Doris Baker with Fox.

X. RUBELLE.—Yes, Lillian Gish is natural. B natural is the sweetest note ever struck by a director, and Griffith usually strikes it. Milton Sills to play opposite Pauline Fredrick.

CURIOSITY SHOP.—No trouble at all in answering yours. Enid Bennett was born in York, Alberta, Canada, Oct. 23, 1914. She is the daughter of W. H. and Mary Bennett. She has light hair, grey eyes, weighs 102 and stands 5 ft. 3 in. Lillian Walker, born April 19, 1899, is playing opposite Warren Kerrigan in his next release.

JOH N BULL.—Oh, well, inconsistencies often get the best directors. Betty Compson is with Triangle. Am looking up the other.

MALVINA M. Y.—You address me "Dear $9.95 per week." Nice thing to call a fellow. No, indeed, I don't expect a dry summer; I have been soaked every day so far—perspiring, you know. Jean Sotbern was the sister. Thanks for the love you sent.

ESTHER M.—Oh, it pleases me much to have praise when I deserve it, but it joys me more to deserve praise when I have it. As I understand, Mma. Bunting, another little fan of mine. Mae Gaston was Betty in "The Silent Mystery." Ruth Roland was in to see me the other day. No, she is not married. Fine girl is Ruth.

NAT.—Howdy, Nat! Tom Forman is not married. He came very near being so, too. You can reach him in Los Angeles, Cal.

MERIDY.—Listen, now: A-v-i-a-tion, with the accent on the third syllable. Nazimova is pronounced Na-zim-0-vu, accent on the second syllable, although some people place the accent on the third. Mc-A-do, accent on the first syllable. Betty and Miss Louise is with Incow now. Harrison Ford, Yes, send 25c.

LOIS.—Don't agree with you at all; less charity and more justice is what the world wants. Norma Talmadge about 23. All about Brady about the same, with a wee bit added.

PEP.—That's what everybody should have, but exaggeration always weakens. William Rockefeller is living in New York City. Sure thing he reads THE CLASSIC. Who don't? Well, I've heard that mothers make men, and wives mend them. Lillian Gish is in New York now.

SOUR BUNCH.—You want a cover of Charles Ray and Richard Barthelmess, Why Trinity Church and its graveyard are in the heart of one of the busiest centers in New York City. Trinity Church is a grant from the King of England. It has no original owners save the Dutch Government and the Indians from whom the Dutch bought Manhattan.

CARL M.—Lew Cody is in New York at present. I note the passing of the chorus girl. They are now indexed as "Ladies of the Ensemble." Imagine a Johnny boasting that he teaches a lady! We have not heard that E. Stewart are going to play with Eugene O'Brien in Selznick pictures. Ralph Ince will direct. Guess Eugene knows how to pick his friends.

N. N.—Yes, that's true, but every married man should join some good society, and as good as the best is the society of his wife and children. Don't mind at all, Pearl White is just 30.

Doris.—Is this where you ring in? No, G. A. Anderson, Maurice Costello, Mildred Gregory and Gene Gauntier are not playing now. David Butler in that.

S. S.—Yes, it is a shame to feed horses on grass. Bosh! Why, that's the most natural food for a horse. No other food keeps him healthy and strong and make him live as long. Marc MacDermott is in New York City just now. There are a few French actresses here.

MOREAU O.—Bon jour! Sylvia Breamer is at the Blackston Studio, 423 Classon Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. You should eat to live, not live to eat. Doris Kenyon lives opposite Doris Kenyon in Paramount pictures produced by Thomas Inc. She is going on the stage again this fall. Some directors, those lads.

Jo.—Let me see, Herbert Rawlinson was born in England, he isn't married, and he was largely a playboy. But it is true that when a man marries he makes many sacrifices. He is ready to give up everything—his pipe, his cocktail, his pet, his dinners, his golf and his club.

DUTC H.—Kolin Sturgeon is directing for Universal. Billy Mason has gone in vaudeville. Kin George has a birthday, June 5th. His Christian name is George Frederick Ernest Albert—that's all. Just a few more than that. He must have the greatest lot of play presents when he was young. I'll watch out.

BON AM.—Is that how you shine? Yes, you're right, many people damn it if they were not expected to refund. A photograph of me? Zounds and gadzooks, begone.

MRS. C. W.—Always glad to hear from the wives, you know, and I don't blame you, but I cannot give you the name of the girl in "Youth and Mirth."

LAUREN.—Oh, but you shouldn't ask me who my favorite star is. I have found that if you wish to appear agreeable in society you must consent to be taught many things which you know already. Elaine Hammerstein, Olive Thomas and Eugene O'Brien are in the East playing for Selznick.

Jo.—Just had an interview with Ralph Graves. As I sit here stroking my grey beard, sighing like a furnace, I should say a "Sinkin' Fund" is a fund set apart from earnings or other sources of income for the redemption of debts of government or other corporations.
The Menace of the De Luxe Theater
(Continued from page 22)

There's Only One Way
to secure a satin skin
"Apply Satin skin cream,
than Satin skin powder."
(Ask your druggist for free samples.)

Fashion says
the use of
DEL-A-TONE
is necessary so long as
sleeveless dresses and sheer fabrics
are worn. It assists freedom of move-
ment, unhampered breezes, modest elegance
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clear, firm and smooth, with
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dend Delatone for
removal of objectionable hair from face, neck
or arms.

The Sheffield Pharmacal Co.
Dept. HZ, 339 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
The Hoodlum
(Continued from page 52)

 hasn't been discovered yet. If people with money liked to collect music lessons for waiters and milk for babies and eye treatments for wash-women and things like that instead of old masters and Venetian glass!"

She sprang to her feet startlingly. "Why, do you know John Graham—he's the artist who was in jail once? He told me so, and he told me why, too. A rich man he worked for did something that wasn't honest and put the blame on him, and that rich man was—my—grandfather!"

The room was very silent. The old man in the broken arm-chair did not stir or speak; only looked steadily at the quivering face of the girl before him, shame-colored in its golden frame of curls. Then, slowly, "You seem to take it to heart, my dear. Is it because this young man—"

Amy did not quite meet his eyes. "I was thinking about an old man," she said. "If I could only tell the old dear what I feel, but, after all, he wouldn't listen. Grandfather believes nobody but himself, not even God!"

Long after she had left him the man in the chair sat staring ahead of him with eyes that were curiously like the stern grey gaze of Alexander Guthrie, save for one thing. No, not even his guardian angel, had ever seen tears in Alexander Guthrie's eyes.

Late the next evening two shadows approached the dark, silent bulk of the Guthrie mansion, with careful avoidance of the arc light on the street corner. "This way—round to the coal-chute at the back," sibilated the short shadow. "I've always wanted to slide down it, and now I'm going to!"

The descent was made safely, tho with some detriments to appearance and apparel. When his eyes rested on the small figure that admitted him thru the kitchen door, John Graham uttered a chuckle, stifled in its infancy by a sooty paw placed firmly across his mouth.

"You're a swell burglar, you are!" hissed Amy, indignantly.

"Well, you see I'm an amateur," he whispered remorsefully. "But seriously, Amy, I'm sorry I let you in for this now. It's a bad matter to open a safe, even to find the proofs of a man's good name. If we should be caught—"

"Oh, can de sob stuff!" Amy of Craigen Street, muttered. "Didn't I tell you I ust' woik fr de guy dat lives here? I know de place, and anyhow, the old dear—me de owner—is in Europe. Buck up an' follow me!"

She was leading the way thru the shadowy kitchen, but his hand on her arm restrained her; his voice, infinitely tender, was in her ears. "Amy, you brave little pal—Amy, why are you doing this for me?"

She wriggled from him, breathing fast. "Oh, because—because I'm a hoodlum!"

Before he could recapture her she was speeding up the stairs, and he perforce must follow as noislessly as possible. And on the topmost step he stumbled violently and uttered a sharp exclamation. The two novices in the gentle art of housebreaking clung together, gasping.

"Now," said Amy, tragically, "you have upset the apple-cart!"

Her foreboding was correct. In the upper regions feet sounded, doors opened, then the click of a switch filled the hall with blinding light, in which the tall, gaunt figure of Alexander Guthrie stood outlined on the landing above them.

For a moment no one spoke, then the old man leveled a tragic forefinger. "Amy, you a housebreaker!"

"I—I thought you were in Europe, old dear," Amy faltered. "Grandfather, this is John Graham, the man you sent to prison, the man whose good name you've got locked up in your safe—that's what we came to get back. It's you that are the thief, for you stole it from him—"

"Amy," Alexander Guthrie begged her, brokenly, "Amy, I deserve it, I suppose, but I've had punishment enough." He looked at the man before him wistfully. "It was a great wrong I did you, Graham. Words can't right it, tho of course I'll see you're cleared. I've been hard, harsh, and selfish. I'll make it up to you, Graham. Street to teach me just what a despicable creature I was!"

Amy came closer, staring wonderingly up at him. "Why, then," she faltered, "then—you're Peter Cooper!" And suddenly she was sobbing in her grandfather's arms, the tears making zigzag water-courses in the grime of her cheeks.

Over the bright head the old man met the young man's gaze. No words passed between them, but in the inarticulate language of the soul the one asked forgiveness, the other forgave.

Then Amy lifted her head from her grandfather's shoulder and looked at Graham thru her lashes with a wonder-full, brave blush which even the coal-dust could not conceal. "Do you know, old dear," she said, irrelevantly, "I've changed my mind about some things, too? I think I've been a hoodlum quite long enough, and tomorrow morning at nine o'clock I'm going to start in growing up!"

The Beauteous Yvonne
(Continued from page 82)

"That's Mae Leslie," turning to me. "She manages the Century Roof show. She's a peach of a girl. I can have just as good a time going out with her and Flo as I can with any manly escort. In fact, I love girls. My girl friends. They're so regular.

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