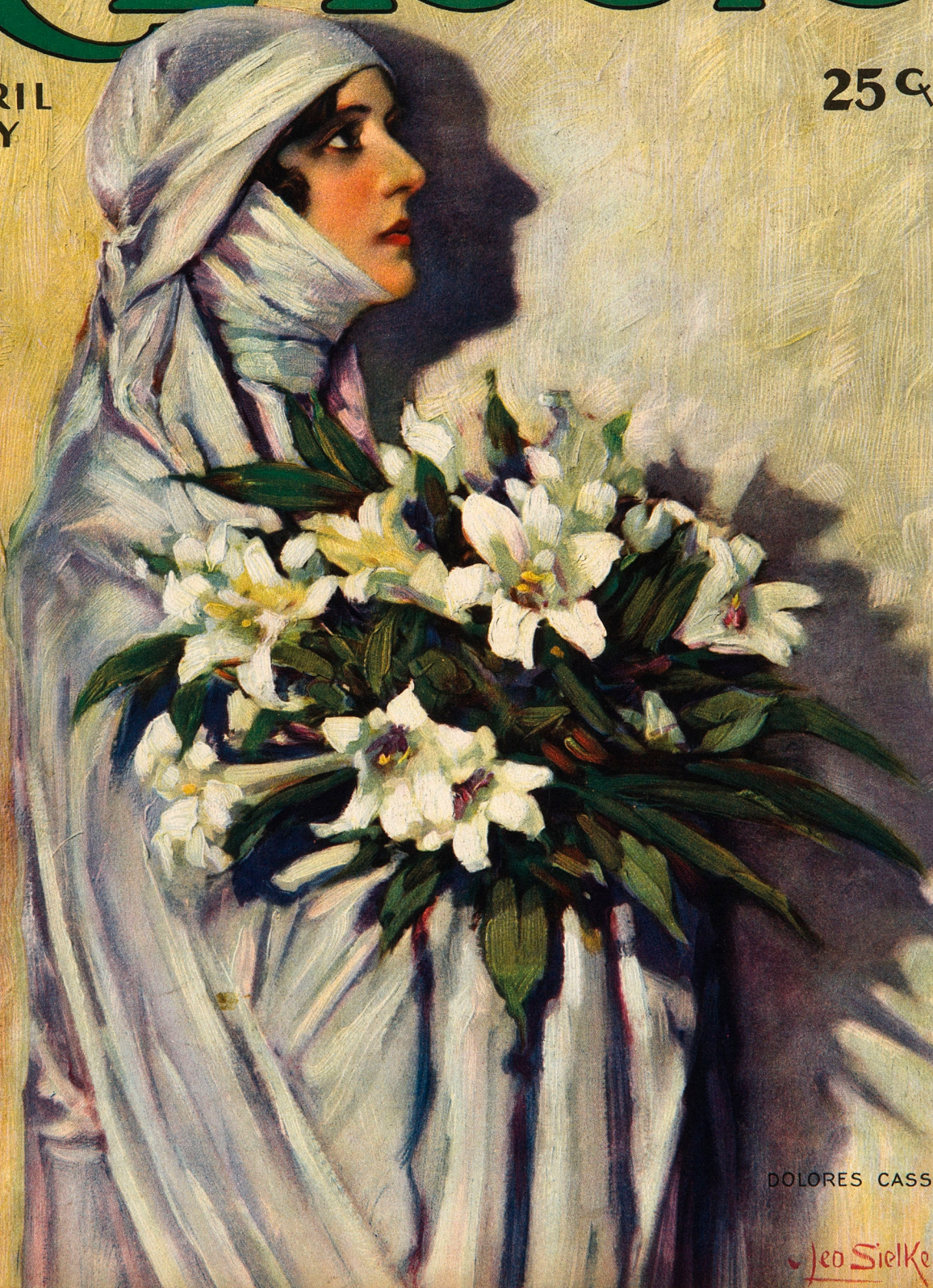


MOTION PICTURE

CLASSIC

APRIL
MAY

25¢



DOLORES CASSINELLI

Leo Sielke Jr.



Adorable
Deltah
PEARLES

*The Final Expression
of Pearl Loveliness*

▪ *Offered by Jewelers
up to \$300^{the} Necklace* ▪

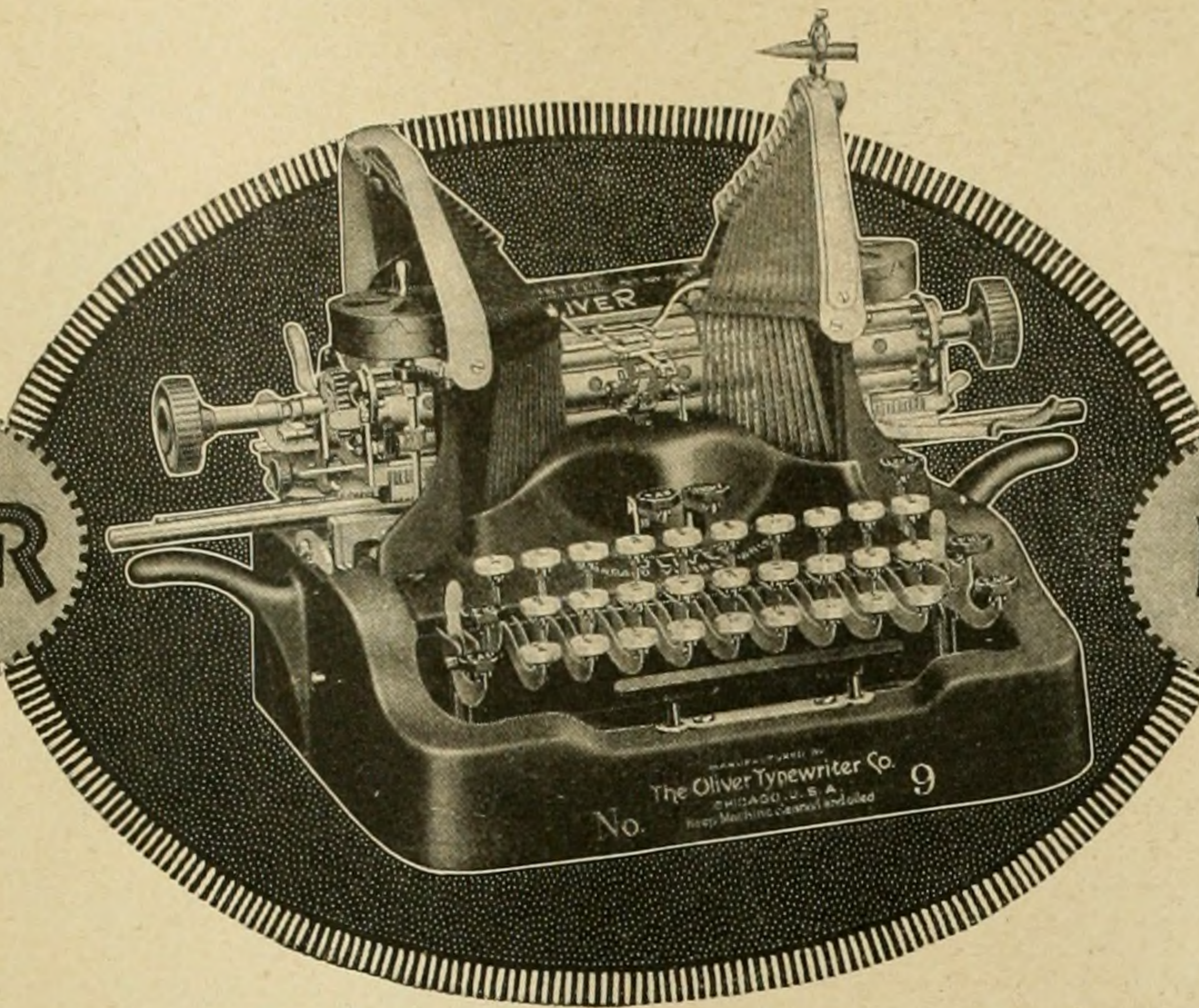
L. Heller & Son Inc.
PARIS ~ ~ ~ NEW YORK
Established over a quarter of a century

ETHEL CLAYTON

WAS
\$100

NOW
\$57

OLIVER



NINE

A Stenographer's Advice On Typewriter Buying How to Save \$43

THE young lady who suggested this advertisement convinced the writer that too few people realize that the Oliver Typewriter has the usual keyboard. A definite propaganda, she insisted, had been spread to lead people to believe that the arrangement of letters on the Oliver keyboard was different, and therefore difficult.

This advertisement is to set people aright. It should be understood once and for all that the Oliver has the same universal arrangement of letters as on all standard typewriters. And it has improvements and simplifications not found elsewhere. Several hundred thousand stenographers use the Oliver daily.

The young lady brought up another point. She said many people might think that the new \$57 Oliver is a second-hand or rebuilt machine of an earlier model.

But note that this advertisement is signed by The Oliver Typewriter Company itself. This is a guarantee that the \$57 Oliver is the exact model formerly priced at \$100. Not a change has been made. It is a new machine. The latest product of our factory.

How We Both Save

The entire saving of \$43 comes from our new sales methods.

During the war we learned that it was unnecessary to have great numbers of traveling salesmen and numerous, expensive branch houses throughout the country. We were also able to discontinue many other superfluous, costly sales methods. You benefit by these savings.

Among the Large Users Are

United States Steel Corporation
Montgomery Ward & Company
Pennsylvania Railroad
Lord & Thomas
Columbia Graphophone Co.
Bethlehem Steel Company
National Cloak & Suit Co.
New York Edison Company
National City Bank of New York

Cluett, Peabody & Co.
Hart, Schaffner & Marx
Encyclopedia Britannica
American Bridge Company
Otis Elevator Company
Diamond Match Company
Fore River Ship Building Corporation
Boy Scouts of America
Corn Products Refining Co.
Boston Elevated Railway

Over 800,000 Oliviers have been sold. It is used by the big concerns, as listed below.

This Oliver Nine is a 20-year development. If any typewriter is worth \$100, it is this, our latest and best model.

Free Trial

We ship an Oliver Nine to you for five days free trial. If you decide to keep it, pay us at the rate of \$3 per month. If you return it, we even refund the transportation charges. What could be fairer, simpler? You may order an Oliver Nine for free trial direct from this advertisement. It does not place you under the slightest obligation to keep it.

Used machines accepted in exchange at fair valuation.

Or, you may ask for our free book entitled, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." This amazing book exposes the old way of selling and tells where the \$43 used to go.

Read the two-way coupon—then mail it today. Note how simple the whole plan is—how you deal direct with the manufacturer.

Canadian Price, \$72

The OLIVER Typewriter Company

1454 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago (92.02)

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1454 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay \$57 at the rate of \$3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is.....

This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name

Street Address

City..... State.....

Occupation or Business.....

Mail Today—Don't Delay



Know before you Pay

NOT all motion pictures are good. Neither are all books, all music, all paintings.

You have to use judgment in selecting your motion picture entertainment.

Sounds difficult. But it's not.

Just make sure before you buy your ticket that it's a Paramount Picture.

If it is—go in! It's good.

That's the secret of buying your motion picture entertainment right. A motion picture can't be paramount unless it's—*Paramount*.

The name Paramount is the binding guarantee personally to you from Famous Players-Lasky Corporation that the picture is *right*.

No need to take chances when you can know *before* you pay!

Paramount Pictures

Latest Paramount Artcraft Features—Released to May 1st

*Enid Bennett in
Billie Burke in
Irene Castle in
Marguerite Clark in
Ethel Clayton in
"The Copperhead"
Cosmopolitan Production
Cosmopolitan Production
*Dorothy L. Sifton in
Cecil B. deMille's Production
"Everywoman"
Elsie Ferguson in
George Fitzmaurice's Production

"THE FALSE ROAD"
"WANTED—A HUSBAND"
"THE AMATEUR WIFE"
"EASY TO GET"
"YOUNG MRS. WINTHROP"
With Lionel Barrymore
"THE CINEMA MURDER"
"APRIL FOLLY"
"BLACK IS WHITE"
"MALE AND FEMALE"
With All Star Cast
"HIS HOUSE IN ORDER"

Houdini in
"Huckleberry Finn"
*Ince Supervised Special
*Ince Supervised Special
*Douglas MacLean and Doris May in

Vivian Martin in
*Charles Ray in
Wallace Reid in
"The Cost"
"The Teeth of the Tiger"
Maurice Tourneur's Production

"THE GRIM GAME"
With All Star Cast
"BEHIND THE DOOR"
"DANGEROUS HOURS"

"MARY'S ANKLE"
"HIS OFFICIAL FIANCEE"
"ALARM CLOCK ANDY"
"EXCUSE MY DUST"
With Violet Hemling
With David Powell
"TREASURE ISLAND"

George Loane Tucker's Production

Robert Warwick in "THE MIRACLE MAN"
Bryant Washburn in "THOU ART THE MAN"
"THE SIX BEST CELLARS"

*Supervised by Thomas H. Ince

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedies
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies
Paramount-De Haven Comedies

Paramount Short Subjects

Paramount Magazine *Issued Weekly*
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures *Issued Weekly*

"ON WITH THE DANCE"
Dorothy Gish in "MARY ELLEN COMES TO TOWN"
D. W. Griffith's Production "SCARLET DAYS"
Wm. S. Hart in "THE TOLL GATE"
A William S. Hart Production



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



Are you tired?
 Has life begun to pall?
 Have you gotten everything you set
 out to get?
 Does the achievement weary?
 Is the daily burden growing heavier?

Read Shadowland

Take a trip into the Land of Romance
 Where you will find that tired feeling
 leaving you.
 Life will take on new interest.
 The daily burden grows lighter, for
 you have come to a new country;
 an old country which is ever new.
 The country of Romance,
 Of Art,
 Of Beauty!

Read Shadowland

If you are tired of reading ten-foot
 headlines that Congress is going to
 cut down expenses—
 If you have been kept awake o' nights
 puzzling over the Whys and Where-
 fores of Socialism,
 If you have been over-fed with the
 dullness of life,
 Try

Shadowland

Now that we have been rapped across
 the knuckles by
 The Ruler of Prohibition,
 It is the only stimulant left which is
 worth while!
 In this issue will be the first of some
 unusual cartoons by MASSAGUER,
 the famous artist and editor of *Social*,
 the Cuban magazine.

JOHN DRINKWATER, author of
 the great American play, "Abraham
 Lincoln," speaks to the readers of
 SHADOWLAND—MAURICE TOUR-
 NEUR tells us some of the faults of
 the photoplay.

There will be beautifully colored
 pages, splendid articles on art, the
 stage, the silent drama, strikingly
 illustrated.

There will be the latest and best
 things from Paris and New York in-
 terpreting the season's latest achieve-
 ments.

These are only a few of the reasons
 why you will like SHADOWLAND,
 where youth, beauty, adventure, wit
 and mental recreation are enshrined.

SHADOWLAND

175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Painted by Leo Sielke, Jr., from a copyright photograph
 by Lumière.)

An appropriate Easter cover girl is Dolores Cassinelli,
 who comes from Italy, the land of sunshine and flowers.
 Altho she was born in Italy, Miss Cassinelli was brought
 to this country at an early age and she is really a typical
 American girl.

A singer of no mean ability and an accomplished musician, Miss Cas-
 sinelli is a screen star of unusual attainments. She has been popular in the
 films since the days of Essanay.

	PAGE
Rotogravure Gallery of Players. Full page studies of Florence Vidor, Dorothy Dalton, Bebe Daniels, Coleen Moore and Leatrice Joy	11-15
The Pulse of the Photoplay. Jesse L. Lasky discusses the trend of public taste in motion pictures.....	<i>Frederick James Smith</i> 16
A Joyful Miss Joy. Leatrice of the happy cognomen is a pretty daughter of old Dixie.....	<i>Maude S. Cheatham</i> 18
When "Micky" Walked. How Neilan worked his way up from a Buffalo factory's night shift.....	<i>Elizabeth Pellet</i> 20
Miss Mason Manages. Shirley successfully reconciles stardom with being a little housewife.....	<i>Truman B. Handy</i> 22
Milady of the Fan. The interesting story of pretty Francelia Billington, who has just reached stardom..	<i>Emma-Lindsay Squier</i> 24
Jack Jekyll and Barrymore Hyde. Glimpses of the new screen adaptation of the famous Stevenson story.....	26
Gentle Jane. How Jane Novak divides her time between the studios, her husband and her daughter	<i>Maude S. Cheatham</i> 27
The Sporting Duchess. The new Alice Joyce photoplay told in interesting story form.....	<i>Faith Service</i> 29
Pretty Polly. Pauline Starke graduated from pigtailed to screen featuring in three years.....	<i>Fritzi Remont</i> 34
Merry May. Miss Allison at home.....	36
Bonnie Mary. How beautiful Mary MacLaren made her way from the Winter Garden chorus to stardom.....	<i>Elizabeth Pellet</i> 38
Two Cinema Players from Foreign Shores. The pictur- esque careers of a Russian and a Danish star.....	<i>Lillian Montanye</i> 40
A New Cinema Find. Nancy Deaver is a piquant discovery.....	42
Judy of Rogue's Harbor. Short story based upon Mary Miles Minter's newest screen vehicle.....	<i>Olga Shaw</i> 43
That Irishman From Paris. Otherwise George Fitz- maurice, director de luxe.....	<i>Frederick James Smith</i> 47
Aladdin in the Studio. Demonstrating how difficult set- tings are created indoors on short notice.....	48
The Celluloid Critic. The newest photoplays in review..	<i>Frederick James Smith</i> 50
A Bigger Fame and Fortune Contest. The latest honor roll in the international contest.....	52
The Dancin' Fool. A colorful short story built upon Wallie Reid's newest screen romance.....	<i>Esther Steel</i> 54
Double Exposures	<i>Conducted by F. J. S.</i> 58
The Movie Encyclopedia	<i>The Answer Man</i> 96

Look for the last minute features among the advertising pages

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 of address, giving both old and new address.

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

Don't Send a Penny



Send just your name and address. Let us send for your approval this truly gorgeous fancy flowered Voile frock—a delight to every girl's and woman's heart. Just the exquisite, modish model you've set your heart on having. An exact duplicate of the expensive dresses shown in America's most exclusive fashion shops. And the price we are able to set on it is amazingly low—a bargain never known in fashion's history. You cannot duplicate it at double our price. Send only your name and address. See yourself in this stunning, new frock. If not overjoyed with its wonderful lines and quality, return it. The try-on will cost you nothing.

Latest Model Voile Dress Bargain

A smart frock, made of splendid quality fancy flowered voile. See the exquisite new design full flared tunic—now the smartest fashion. See the smart white organdy collar and cuffs daintily edged with handsome pattern Val lace. Vestee trimmed with fine pearl buttons. Sleeves $\frac{3}{4}$ length. Full cut skirt. Colors: Navy Blue, Rose or Lavender. Sizes, bust 34 to 46. Misses, bust 32 to 38. Order by No. B882 for Blue, B883 for Rose, B884 for Lavender. Be sure to give size.

Don't Delay—Act Now

RUSH Send for yours before they are all gone. At our price they are sure to be snapped up quickly. Few women can resist such an unusual bargain. Send no money—just your name and address—now. Then pay our low price, \$4.95 for dress on arrival. Examine and try it on. If you think you can duplicate it at double our price—if for any reason you do not wish to keep it—return it and we refund your money.

LEONARD-MORTON & CO., Dept. 619 Chicago

Faces Made Young

The secret of a youthful face will be sent to any woman whose appearance shows that time or illness or any other cause is stealing from her the charm of girlhood beauty. It will show how without cosmetics, creams, massage, masks, plasters, straps, vibrators, "beauty" treatments or other artificial means, she can remove the traces of age from her countenance. Every woman, young or middle aged, who has a single facial defect should know about these remarkable



Beauty Exercises

which remove lines and "crows feet" and wrinkles; fill up hollows; give roundness to scrawny necks; lift up sagging corners of the mouth and clear up muddy or sallow skins. It will show how five minutes daily with Kathryn Murray's simple facial exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

Results Guaranteed

Write for this Free Book which tells just what to do to bring back firmness to the facial muscles and tissues and smoothness and beauty to the skin. Write today.

Kathryn Murray, Inc.

Suite 536 Garland Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

Stage Plays That Are Worth While

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

Astor.—Ray Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American. Racial barriers seem insurmountable, but there is a happy and surprising ending. Has all the ingredients of popular drama.

Booth.—"The Purple Mask," with Leo Ditrichstein. A stirring, romantic melodrama of the days of the First Consulate in France; tense, colorful and highly interesting. One of the best evening's entertainments in New York. Mr. Ditrichstein is delightful as the royalist brigand, the Purple Mask; Brandon Tynan is admirable as the republican police agent, Brisquet; Lily Cahill is a charming heroine, and Boots Wooster makes her bit of a peasant girl stand out.

Broadhurst.—"Smilin' Through," with Jane Cowl. An odd, but effective, drama which purports to show how those who have gone before influence and watch over our lives. Miss Cowl is exceedingly good as a piquant Irish girl and also as a spirit maid whose death occurred fifty years before. "Smilin' Through" will evoke your smiles and tears.

Casino.—"The Little Whopper." Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal pleasantly heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Browne, who does excellent work, Mildred Richardson and W. J. Ferguson.

Central.—"As You Were," with Irene Bordoni and Sam Bernard. A delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various sirens of history. Pleasant music and a pleasant chorus lend effective aid.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else on the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlyn, a discovery, is a brilliant Lincoln.

Comedy.—"My Lady Friends." Highly amusing entertainment adapted from a Continental farce. Much of the humor is due to the able work of Clifton Crawford in the rôle of the guileless young publisher of Bibles whose efforts to spend money get him into all sorts of difficulties. June Walker scores in Mr. Crawford's support.

Century.—"Aphrodite." Highly colored and lavish presentation of a drama based upon Pierre Louys' exotic novel of ancient Alexandria. Superbly staged adaptation of the play that caused a sensation in Paris. Dorothy Dalton, the screen star, returns to the stage in the principal rôle of the Galilean courtesan, Chrysis, and scores. McKay Morris is admirable in the principal male rôle.

Eltinge.—"Breakfast in Bed," with Florence Moore. A rather amusing farce satirizing the movies with vaudeville's lady clown, Miss Moore, working very hard to put it over.

Empire.—"Déclassée," with Ethel Barrymore. One of the big things of the dramatic season is this clever play by Zoe Akins. Whether or not it has the basis of truth, it is brilliantly written and is well played by Miss Barrymore.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Look Who's Here," with Cecil Lean. A passable musical entertainment that entertains when Mr. Lean and Cleo Mayfield hold the center of the stage.

Globe.—"Apple Blossoms." The ambitious and much heralded operetta of Fritz Kreisler and Victor Jacobi plus colorful Joseph Urban settings. An offering far above the musical average. John Charles Thomas sings admirably, Wilda Bennett is an attractive heroine and Florence Shirley lends a piquant personality to the proceedings.

Harris.—"Wedding Bells." A bright and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Admirably written and charmingly played by Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger. One of the things you should see.

Hippodrome.—"Happy Days." Big and

spectacular production typical of the Hippodrome. The diving girls are again a feature, disporting in the huge "Hip" tank.

Hudson.—"Clarence," Booth Tarkington's delightful comedy, built about the way a returned soldier reunited a disturbed but typically American household. Superb performances by Alfred Lunt, Glenn Hunter and Helen Hayes give the comedy a fine verve.

Knickerbocker.—"Shavings." A pleasant bucolic entertainment based upon Joseph C. Lincoln's familiar Cape Cod stories. Harry Beresford is featured in a gentle, whimsical characterization.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Cat Bird," with John Drew. A leisurely little play by Rupert Hughes, dealing with an elderly ecologist who straightens out the romances of several people according to the principles derived from his studies among the flowers and insects. Mr. Drew returns to the New York stage after an absence of two years as the ecologist. A suave evening's amusement.

Morosco.—"Sacred and Profane Love," with Elsie Ferguson. An absorbing—if loosely conceived—drama by Arnold Bennett which marks the return of Miss Ferguson to the speaking stage. It is the story of the remarkable love of a keenly mental authoress for a musical genius who slips into the slough of drugs. Miss Ferguson has many admirable moments and Jose Ruben contributes some brilliant playing as the drug wreck.

Nora Bayes.—"My Golden Girl." A passable musical entertainment with a score by Victor Herbert. A chorus girl, Jeannette Dietrich, scores the hit of the show.

Thirty-ninth Street Theater.—"Scandal," Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Francine Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading rôles in the excellent footlight production.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1919." A typical girly garden show in which the famous runway gets plenty of use. The revue presents a number of travesties upon current attractions, particularly colorful being that of "The Jest," with Charles Winninger doing a clever burlesque of Lionel Barrymore.

ON TOUR

"The Frivolities of 1920."—G. M. (Broncho Billy) Anderson's girl revue. Lively, speedy musical show with a large measure of vulgarity, but many pretty girls. The cast includes the Kouns Sisters, Henry Lewis and the beautiful Doris Lloyd.

"Always You."—A typical Hammerstein musical show with Irene Franklin, the brilliant mistress of the character song, and Ralph Herz featured.

"One Night in Rome."—With Laurette Taylor. J. Hartley Manners has furnished his wife with a colorful and picturesque character of a *de luxe* fortune teller in "One Night in Rome." The play itself is but a pallid melodramatic background for the big rôle. This, however, is so vividly written and so vividly played that it lifts "One Night in Rome" into the ultra-interesting class.

"The Royal Vagabond."—A Cohanized opera comique in every sense of the words. A tuneful operetta plus Cohan speed, pep and brash American humor. Also tinkling music.

"The Girl in the Limousine."—A decidedly daring boudoir farce by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, in which a pink and white bed is invaded by every member of the cast during the progress of the evening. John Cumberland is very funny and Doris Kenyon, fresh from the screen, is both pretty and pleasant as the heroine.

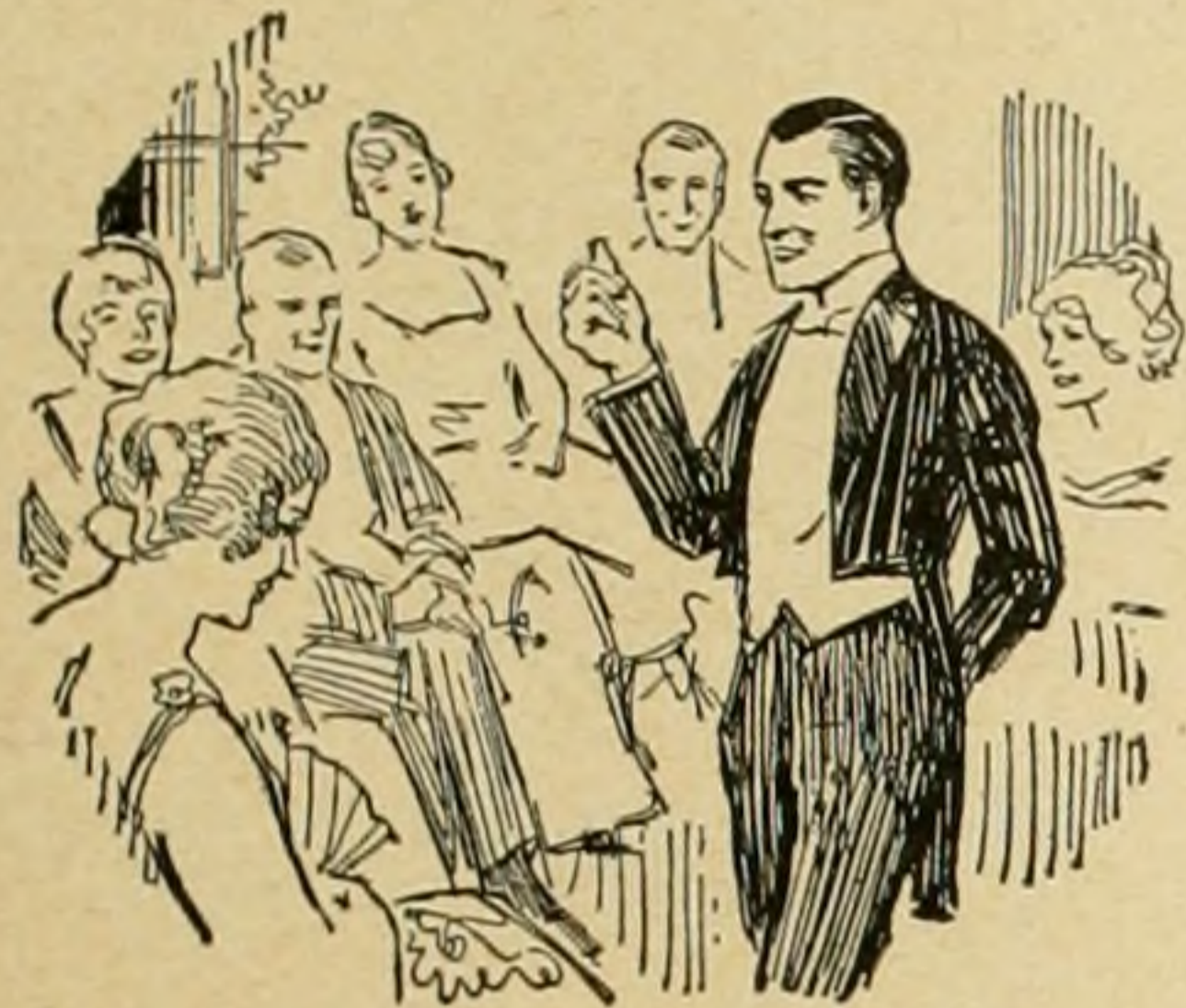
"Civilian Clothes."—A delightful comedy to please everybody. Brand new idea and cleverly worked out. Thurston Hall in the title rôle shares the honors with beautiful Olive Tell. Support excellent.

(Continued on page 8)

Learn To Talk Convincingly

—and the World is at Your Feet

WHY can one man sell where another fails? Why can one man literally carry an audience off its feet, while another, speaking on the same subject, makes little or no impression? Why can one man get the sought-after job when another better qualified is turned down? Why does everyone "believe in"



An interesting and convincing talker is popular—the center of attraction at all social affairs.

one man and have no confidence in another who really has just as much ability? The thing that counts is

Not Only WHAT You Say But HOW You Say It

The world is full of splendid merchandise that doesn't move—"order takers" who should be salesmen—political ideas that meet continual defeat—good men earning less, much less, than they're worth; all because so few know how to use that God-given faculty of speech which is one of man's greatest weapons.

Let Me Teach You

I can teach you how to carry conviction—how to make what you say have



If your words carry conviction you can influence a crowd to think as you do.

the effect you want it to, whether you talk to sell, to convince or to entertain. I can enable you to overcome timidity—give you confidence in yourself, develop your personality, improve your memory.

I can show you the art of brevity, the value of silence. Instead of being funny at the wrong time, I can suggest when and how to use humor with telling effect. Do you know the knack of making oral reports to superiors? Do you know the right and wrong way of presenting complaints, estimates, and to issue orders?

CAN YOU DO THIS?

Can you talk as well in public as at home?

Can you get financial backing when you want it?

Can you win confidence, friendship, love through your speech?

Can you make people listen when you talk?

Can you hold your hearers spell-bound?

Can you give humorous, extemporaneous talks?

Can you address any size audience from one to thousands?

Can you get up and talk, any time, any place, without nervousness?

I can show you how to answer complaints, how to ask the bank for a loan, how to ask for an extension on your note. Another valuable lesson I teach is how—instead of antagonizing people when they disagree with you, you may swing them around to your way of thinking in a pleasant sort of way. You will learn the best way to get things done—the secrets of diplomacy.

Results in One Evening

Now one of the remarkable things about my method is that it requires little study and time.



Among strangers or at home people listen eagerly.

Nearly anyone can grasp the principles in an evening. Hundreds of letters pour in every day proving that my method brings almost immediate results.

Thousands Have Benefitted

Among the enthusiastic students of my Course are thousands of prominent men in all walks of life—they include business men, preachers, lawyers, teachers, physicians, bankers, etc., etc.

Frederick Houk Law



At a committee or board of directors' meeting you will be able to hold attention when you talk.

The Independent Corporation, publishers of "Mastery of Speech," Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking, are offering you an opportunity to learn in your own home how to improve your ability to Talk Convincingly. They are so confident



The ability to talk convincingly will win over prominent men. It is one of the secrets of closing big deals.

that you will see its possibilities that they are willing to send it to you for free examination.

Send No Money

You send no money. Just mail the coupon and, all charges prepaid, you will receive the Course—you are under no obligation whatever—and if you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you get it—you will owe nothing.

But if you are pleased, as thousands of others have been who have used the Course, it will cost you only \$5 in full payment. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Act immediately before this unusual offer is withdrawn.

Personal Experiences:

"... The very day after examining 'Mastery of Speech,' I had the confidence to go up and ask my superintendent for a transfer on the planers... And, to my surprise, he gave it to me. I had for months been wanting this change, but didn't have the confidence until your Course pointed out the easy way to talk to your 'Superior.' That is only one incident where your Course was of value."

RALPH L. LEONARD,
40 Bridge St., Beverly, Mass.

"After a careful perusal of the Course, I am convinced that correct speech is the largest contribution to a man's success, and that honest application to the study of this Course will produce the desired perfection in speech."

H. W. GROSS,
1802 W. Mansur St., Guthrie, Okla.

"I have had the Course only a few days, but have already noted considerable improvement in speech and in ability to please and entertain persons I'm associated with. I am much pleased with it."

OLAF A. BLOMGREN,
Utilities Q. M. C. Camp Lewis, Wash.

Independent Corporation

Dept. L-574, 319 Sixth Avenue, New York

INDEPENDENT CORPORATION

Publishers of the Independent Weekly

Dept. L-574, 319 Sixth Avenue, New York

You may send me the Course or Courses checked below. Within five days after receipt I will either remail them or send you \$5 for each in full payment.

- Mastery of Speech
By Frederick Houk Law
- Roth Memory Course
By David M. Roth
- How to Read Character at Sight
By Dr. K. M. H. Blackford
- Super-Salesmanship (\$7)
By Arthur Newcomb
- Purinton Course in Personal Efficiency
By Edward Earle Purinton
- Ferrin Home-Account System (\$3)
By Wesley W. Ferrin

Name.....

Address.....

Mot. Pict. Classic 4-20



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

CRAIG KENNEDY
The American Sherlock Holmes
ARTHUR B. REEVE
The American Conan Doyle

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—marveling at the strange, new, startling things that detective hero would unfold.

FREE POE 10 Volumes

To those who send the coupon promptly, we will give FREE a set of Edgar Allan Poe's works in 10 volumes.

When the police of Paris failed to solve one of the most fearful murder mysteries of the time, Edgar Allan Poe—far off here in New York—found the solution. The story is in these volumes.

In England and France, Edgar Allan Poe is held to be the greatest writer that America has produced. To them he is the great 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 for a short time only. Sign and mail the coupon now.

*Cut out this coupon
and mail it today*

Harper & Brothers, 8 Franklin Square, New York City.

Send me, all charges prepaid, set of Arthur B. Reeve—in 12 volumes. Also send me, absolutely free, the set of Edgar Allan Poe—in 10 volumes. If the books are not satisfactory I will return both sets within 10 days at your expense. Otherwise I will send you \$1 within 5 days and \$2 a month for 14 months. Send for special Canadian offer. M.P.C.-4-20

Name.....
Address.....
Occupation.....

Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Continued from page 6)

"Nightie Night."—Described by the program as a "wide awake farce," "Nightie Night" lives up to its billing. It has plenty of verve, ginger and some daring. There are scores of laughs. Heading the very adequate cast are Francis Byrne, Suzanne Willa, Malcolm Duncan and Dorothy Mortimer.

"The Magic Melody."—A "romantic music play" with a tuneful score and a picturesque Willy Pogany setting. Charles Purcell, Julia Dean, Earl Benham and Carmel Myers, the last two well known to the screen, head the cast.

Elsie Janis and "her gang."—Lively entertainment built about the experiences of the A. E. F. on the other side. Well put together by Miss Janis, who shines with decided brightness. A pleasant entertainment.

E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe in Shakespearean repertoire.—These artists represent the best traditions of our theater and their revivals of "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet," and "The Taming of the Shrew" are distinguished in every sense of the word.

"See-Saw."—A pleasant musical entertainment. Dorothy Mackaye is pleasantly cast.

"The Better 'Ole."—The Coburn production of the musical comedy based upon Bruce Bairnsfather's now immortal cartoon creation, Old Bill. Mr. Coburn's characterization of Bill is still as remarkable as ever.

"A Lonely Romeo."—With Lew Fields. A light show running in the usual groove. Frances Cameron, who is developing remarkably, is the bright figure of "A Lonely Romeo," while Mr. Fields is his humorous self. There's a decidedly funny scene in a men's hat shop.

"Chu Chin Chow."—An opulent and beautiful musical extravaganza based upon the Arabian Nights tale of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Dazzling series of sensuous stage pictures. "Chu Chin Chow" is presented this year with an entirely new edition and new costumes. Marjorie Wood makes a colorful desert woman, Lionel Braham is very effective as the robber sheik and Eugene Cowles makes the rôle of steward stand out. George Rosely plays the young lover admirably.

"La La Lucille."—Musical comedy built around the efforts of a loving couple to arrange a divorce in order to live up to the terms of a millionaire aunt's will. A co-respondent is engaged and troubles begin.

"The Shubert Gaieties of 1919."—A lively revue with scores of statuesque girls and stunning frocks. A decidedly attractive entertainment.

"John Ferguson."—A vigorous drama that compares favorably with anything of the kind that New York has seen for years. Beautifully staged and acted. Masterpieces of this kind should be liberally patronized to encourage others.

George White's "Scandals of 1919."—All sorts and variations of dancing make up for a lack of story or humor. The real star is piquant little Ann Pennington—as seductive a little jizzer as ever shimmied on Broadway. Then there's the lively dancing of Mr. White himself.

"Friendly Enemies."—This is the record-breaking comedy drama of last season, with Louis Mann in his original rôle.

"Three Wise Fools."—Austin Strong's human little drama of three crusty old bachelors who are bequeathed a young woman and who are subsequently rejuvenated. Melodrama with a heart throb. Helen Menken gives a striking performance of the nerve-racked heroine, while Claude Gillingwater is a delightfully tasty old Teddy Findley.

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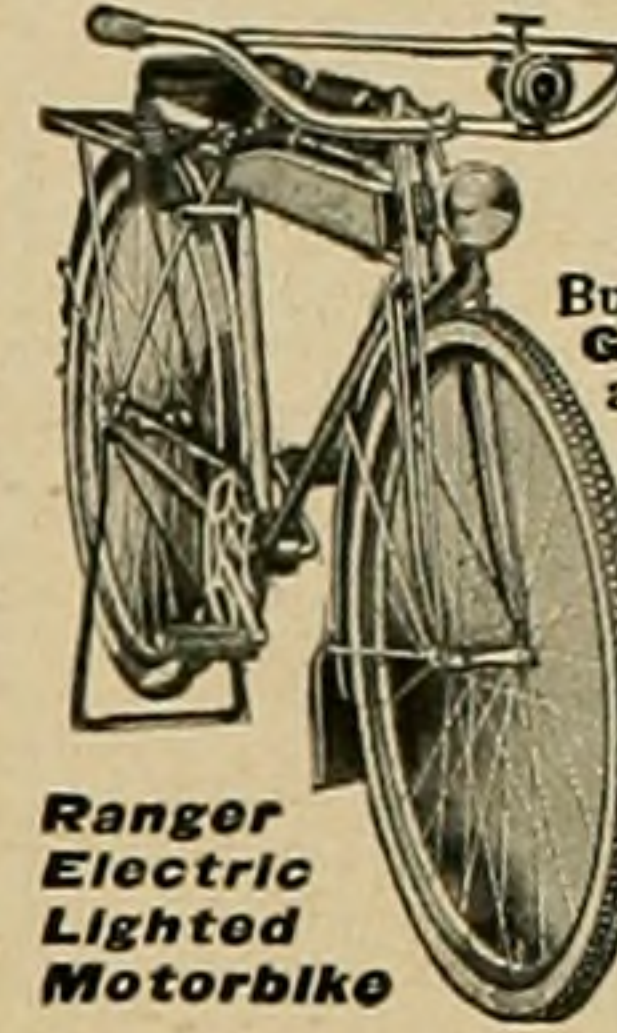
Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.



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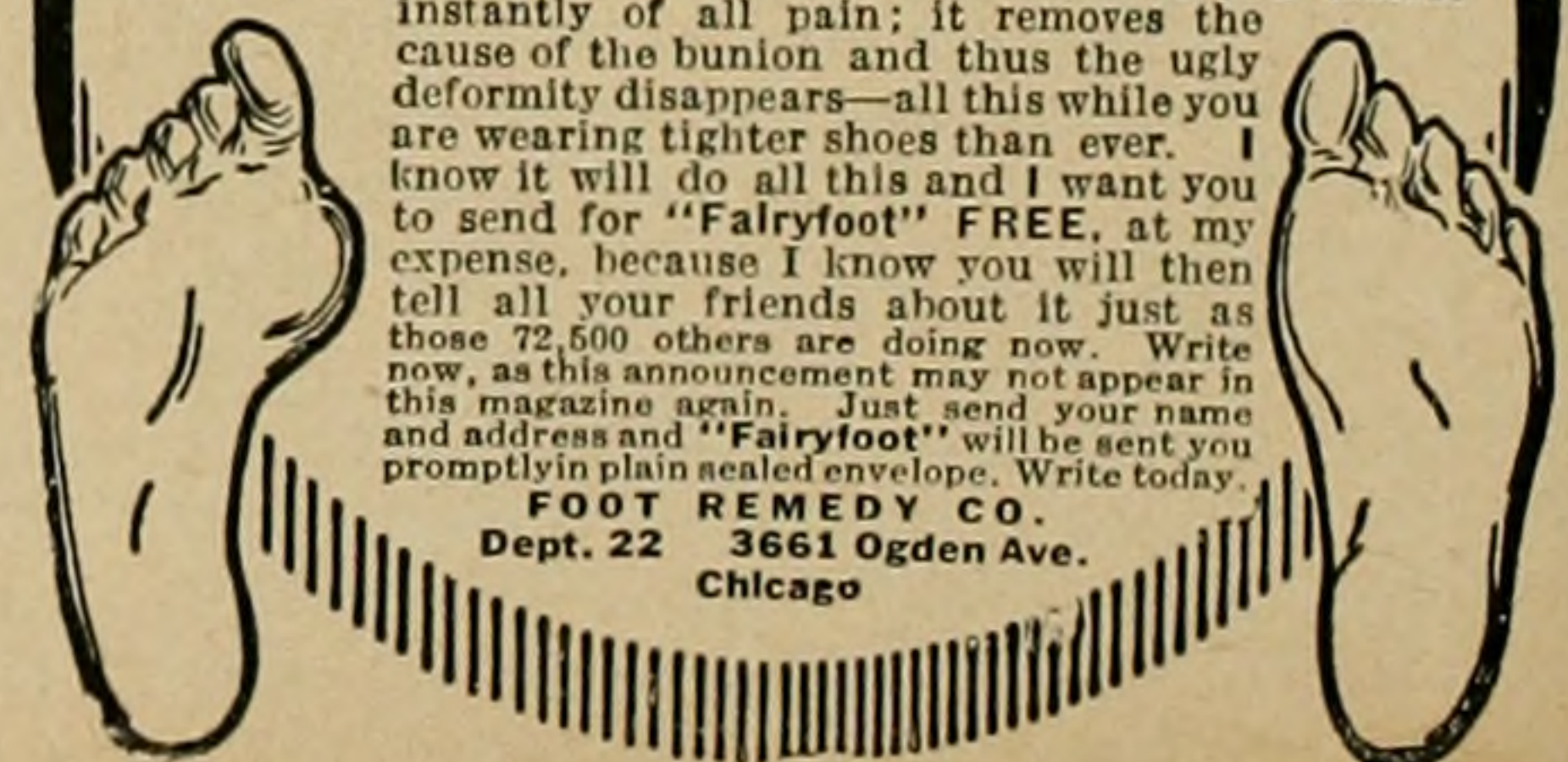
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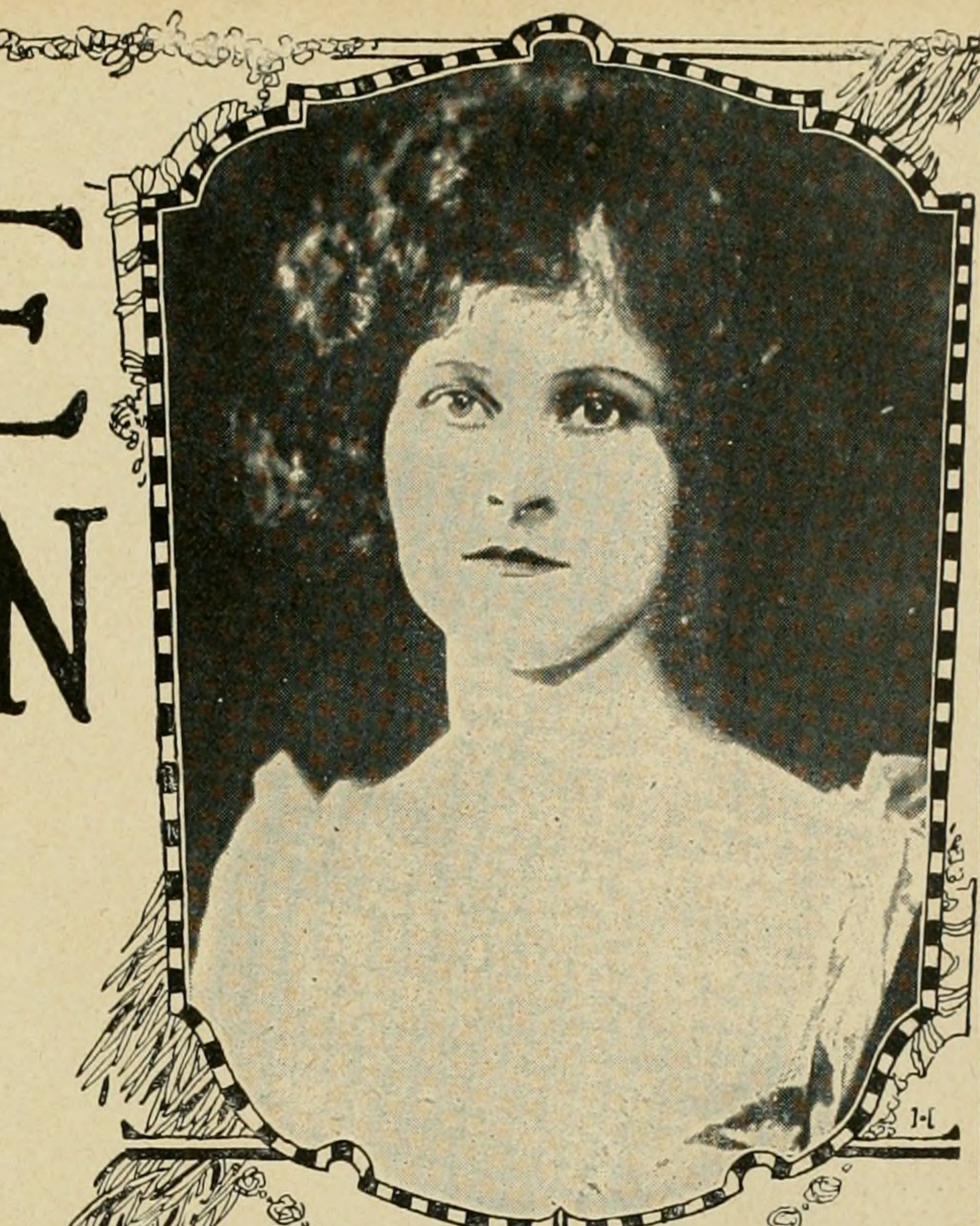
will give \$3,000.00 in cash to the motion picture audiences of America for their opinions about Miss Hampton and her initial stellar screen production

"A Modern Salome"

YOU can be one of the 37 Prize Winners.

Your theater will show "A Modern Salome," a colorful Twentieth Century version of the romantic tale of King Herod, Salome and St. John the Baptist, conceived and directed by Leonce Perret from the famous play "Salome," by Oscar Wilde, distributed by METRO Pictures Corporation.

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37 Prizes Totaling \$3,000.00 in cash

Contest Rules

All essays must be submitted by August 15, 1920.

Essays must be less than 500 words long and must be submitted thru your local exhibitor.

Answer the Following Questions:

- 1—Who was Salome in Biblical history and what did she do?
- 2—What is the strongest dramatic situation in the plot of "A Modern Salome?"
- 3—How would you describe Hope Hampton's type of beauty?
- 4—What is your ideal of what a motion picture star should be?
- 5—What is the lesson taught by the story of "A Modern Salome?"

The judges of the Hope Hampton Prize Contest are:

- Mr. Eugene V. Brewster, editor and publisher of "Motion Picture Magazine," "Motion Picture Classic" and "Shadowland."
- Mr. Burns Mantle, dramatic critic of the New York "Evening Mail" and contributor to "Photoplay Magazine."
- Mr. Penrhyn Stanlaws, one of the foremost artists of America.

Anyone who sees or reads the story of this great picture may participate in this contest. You can get the story from the exhibitor in your city who shows "A Modern Salome"

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSE



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

FLORENCE VIDOR

Miss Vidor bids fair to achieve new honors in the forthcoming production of her husband, King Vidor, exponent of the human, close-to-the-soil photodrama. Miss—or rather Mrs.—Vidor is an actress of singular attainments



Photograph by Apeda

DOROTHY DALTON

Altho Miss Dalton is the talk of New York in the pagan spectacle, "Aphrodite," she is still devoting at least a portion of her interests to motion pictures, dividing her time between the theater and the studio



Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

BEBE DANIELS

Miss Daniels stepped from screen farce to drama so recently that the event is still being talked about. Miss Daniels was Harold Lloyd's charming foil in dozens of Pathé film comedies



COLEEN MOORE

Born in Michigan, Miss Moore was educated in a convent in Florida. D. W. Griffith gave Miss Moore her first opportunity in a Bobbie Harron drama and she has advanced steadily ever since



Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.

LEATRICE JOY

Miss Joy lives up to her name in being an optical joy. On another page you will find an interesting little chat with this pretty New Orleans maid

The Pulse of the Photoplay Public

No one should know the pulse of the motion picture public better than Jesse Lasky, first vice-president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and unquestionably one of the cinema's biggest powers.

The photoplay, as developed by the Lasky organization, may well be described as art harnessed to business. The screen drama is very nearly produced according to a mathematical formula. To make picture plays in this fashion one must know the public taste—and know it accurately.

The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation believes it has solved this. It secures regular reports from every exhibitor it supplies with picture plays, and these reports are supposed to embody the opinions of the audience, as well as the box-office result.

"The real—the vital—development of the photoplay," says Mr. Lasky, "is the steadily increasing success of the film drama which, minus a star,



In the center is a snapshot of Mr. Lasky in conference with Cecil de Mille and, below, he is talking things over with Thomas Ince and Mr. de Mille. Across the page is a glimpse of Mr. Lasky in his New York office and, in the lower corner, discussing "The Round-Up" with Roscoe Arbuckle



scores on its own merit. The public is showing a confidence in the producer or director unheard of two years ago. For instance, consider the present drawing power of Cecil de Mille.

"There are several distinct trends to the photoplay of 1920. One is towards comedy. But, to be successful, the comedy, however light, must have a theme—an idea. This may be almost anything—the high cost of living, the extravagance of modern woman, the relation of husband and wife—but the idea must be beneath the laugh. 'Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave' was an interesting example. Again, the fast-developing popularity of Wallace Reid in comedies of this type. Reid was always more or less a favorite, but since he has turned to comedy, he has developed by leaps and bounds.

"Again, the public of 1920 will now accept the drama with a moral, provided it is entertaining. 'Everywoman' was a preachment, but it was pleasant, and it has been well received across country.

An Interview With Jesse L. Lasky

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

"Another trend is the extraordinary success of a film play like 'Huckleberry Finn. The public wants direct, human, close-to-the-soil stuff. There is no question of that. We are so certain that we have delegated William de Mille to center upon this style of production."

Mr. Lasky turned to answer the telephone. In a two-minute conversation he practically engaged a new star. Then he returned to our interview.

"The costume play of other days is still out of vogue and will not be popular for the next few years, if, indeed, it ever attains popularity. This can be easily explained psychologically. When we view a silent play we unconsciously cast ourselves in the rôle of the hero or the heroine. We live in a vital age—an age of the aeroplane, the automobile, the telegraph, the wireless, a period of tremendous business battles. When we see modern plays of our own time we throw ourselves into the drama and draw inspiration from it. This is unconscious, of course, but this exhilaration, this inspiration, is naturally lacking in stories of dead and passed times."

Mr. Lasky paused. And, catching our breath, we turned the subject towards the actor.



"The trend there," he answered, "is clearly towards the dramatic man or woman and away from the becurled ingénue. The old-fashioned ingénue has passed. No one can ever make another Mary Pickford. Miss Pickford was the exception. She has an ability amounting to genius, along with tremendous technical resources. She is, in fact, an emotional actress with the exterior of an ingénue. There will never be another Mary Pickford, and any one who attempts to produce another is doomed to failure."

Mr. Lasky discusses the popularity of the close-to-the-earth play, the comedy and the starless production, besides the happy ending and other things—as reflected by the theater box-office

The conversation switched back to the photoplay story. "The sex theme," went on Mr. Lasky, "is steadily receiving

(Continued on page 64)



A Joyful Miss Joy

"Mother had selected the name Beatrice for me; it means—Blessing, you know, but it seems there were many Beatrices, so taking the alphabet she went down the lines seeking another first letter. Coming to L, which stands for Love, she decided that was the one, so I became Leatrice, to her, a combination of Blessing and Love."

"And with Joy added, what a wonderfully happy name you have," I said, watching her lovely, sensitive face with its delicate shadings of thought.

"Oh, isn't it? I love it and find it a constant inspiration," she responded, joyfully. "Anyway, I'm so happy, and here I am playing the rôle of an unhappy wife in this new film, 'Just a Wife.' Imagine being unhappy in all these lovely clothes, to say nothing of the family heirlooms in jewels!"

She was indeed an alluring picture in her dinner gown of lovely shades of apricot, the brocaded velvet and tissue clinging to the straight, girlish form. There is a poetic charm, an elusive delicacy, about this young beauty which seems to enfold her in a glamor of romance. Her hair is dark, as are her eyes, which are far apart and very wide open, and altogether, she combines the brilliant qualities of which stars are made.

"This stately business, trains, and grown-up



LEATRICE JOY was born in New Orleans, and is the ideal type of that most fascinating bit of femininity, a daughter of the Old South.

All thru the family, on both sides, flows the French blood of old Bordeaux, which was transplanted into this country three generations ago and its warmth and glow has been tenderly fostered under the Louisiana blue skies.

Her voice is soft and very melodious and she speaks slowly, lingering over her words, and when she says "deah," there is a caress in each slurred letter, while her "Yes, sah" is deference itself.

"Dont lose it," I exclaimed, speaking aloud my thought.

"Lose what?" and the wide eyes looked interested.

"That accent!" I replied.

"Oh, deah, I cant, I have *tried*, for everyone laughs at me, but my tongue gets all tangled up when I try to talk like you Northerners," and her happy, girlish laugh caused everyone on the set to turn toward our corner with a smile.

"Yes, there is a real reason why it is Leatrice instead of Beatrice," replied Miss Joy, when I remarked on her unusual name.

Leatrice Joy is a Dixie girl and a daughter of picturesque New Orleans. The French blood of old Bordeaux flows in her veins. Her name, Leatrice, translated into matter-of-fact English, means Blessing and Love :



By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

action is a little new," she confided, "and I have a wild desire to sit on my foot or slide across the floor. It is a great part, tho, and Roy Stewart is a wonderful husband," she added mischievously, as Mr. Stewart sauntered across the set looking very impressive in his correct evening clothes.

"I am a Southern girl in this picture," Leatrice went on, gaily, "and the other day when I was married I wore mother's real lace wedding veil and felt so proud and romantic."

"And some day, I suppose, you'll be wearing this veil at your own wedding," I said.

"I hope so, but it must be a far away day, for I am too much interested in my work to let anything interfere. I had a hard, stiff climb and would never be willing to give up until I reach the heights. Somehow, I do not believe that careers and love go hand in hand, both are too absorbing, so I say, please let love stay away from me for a while!

"Anyway, I am not thinking about such things. Mother spoils me and it would be very hard for me to find a man who would be as devoted. We are very happy together in our little bungalow in Hollywood and are great stay-at-homes.

"I have just been selected to play the lead



Leatrice Joy plays her first real dramatic rôle in George Loane Tucker's "Ladies Must Live," and she has been selected to play the lead in the Selznick production, "Blind Youth"

in the next Selznick picture, 'Blind Youth'; isn't that wonderful?" and Leatrice sighed, rapturously. "So many beautiful things are happening and every one is so lovely to me. I believe the secret of it all is that happiness depends on our own thoughts. The first thing I say to myself every morning is that the day is beautiful and everything and

everybody in it, and that I reflect only happiness and joy and contentment! We all have our own perfect place and nothing can take it from us. Why, the orange blossom doesn't fret and worry, fearing that the—the—the watermelon will usurp its place!" And we both laughed at the simile, even while grasping the tremendous import of her sweet thought.

When Leatrice was a little girl down in the big house in New Orleans, she used to array herself in her mother's hats and pretty dresses and play "lady," before the mirror in the reception hall, and so the first desire for dramatic work began to unfold.

One morning in 1916 she read in the paper that the Nola Film Company had been organized in New Orleans and they wished to secure a native daughter for their leading rôles. Leatrice decided to answer the advertisement. The test was a little scene in which she was to weep. That very morning she had received a letter from her father, who was in El Paso for his health, and with this in her mind, the tears came readily enough and she put a touch of appealing pathos into her acting that so impressed the manager that she was instantly engaged.

(Continued on page 72)

When "Micky" Walked

Of course, any one who knows Marshall Neilan will tell you that he can find something amusing about almost anything that has happened, is happening or that he can imagine as happening in the future!

He "kids" all the time, at the studio and away from it, and his people "kid" back at him and call him "Micky" and apparently all but worship him.

Think over a few of the pictures you have seen that were made under his direction. There were "Amarilly



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

THERE was a time when Marshall Neilan belonged to a sort of club which was called by the others working in a certain machine shop in Buffalo, N. Y., "the beer squad."

"We," he said, referring to "the beer squad," "used to work eleven hours a day, or rather a night, for we began at eight in the evening and worked until seven the next morning. You can imagine us as we looked, tired and grimy; in a word, all in. But just as sure as we quit work, we used to walk to our rooms, fully two miles away. And why do you think we did it? To buy beer with the nickel! I used to write a little note for myself"—he was only fifteen years old at the time—"Please give this boy five cents worth of beer," and sign it 'Mrs. _____.' " He looked thoroly amused at the recollection.

And now "Micky" is one of the most famous directors of moving pictures in the world. Cause and effect? Perhaps. In order to be really great one must be really human.

If a man has never known "ups and downs"; if he has kept, as we used to say in English class in school, the even tenor of his way, then his work must necessarily prove as calm and comparatively uninteresting as his life.

But frequently there is too much said about the early struggles of the successful. One is likely to forget that as soon as they are over with, these struggles are, as a rule, a source of unlimited material and endless amusement.

Marshall Neilan worked his way up from the bottom. At fifteen he worked on a night shift in a Buffalo machine shop. At twenty he was in a Los Angeles stock company. A little later he was leading man at old Biograph

of Clothesline Alley," "Stella Maris," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and "Daddy Long Legs," with Mary Pickford as the star; "Mice and Men," in which he also played the lead; "Freckles"; "Hit-the-Trail Holliday"; and, more recently, "In Old Kentucky," with Anita Stewart. Weren't they all characterized by little humorous and human touches undoubtedly brain children of the

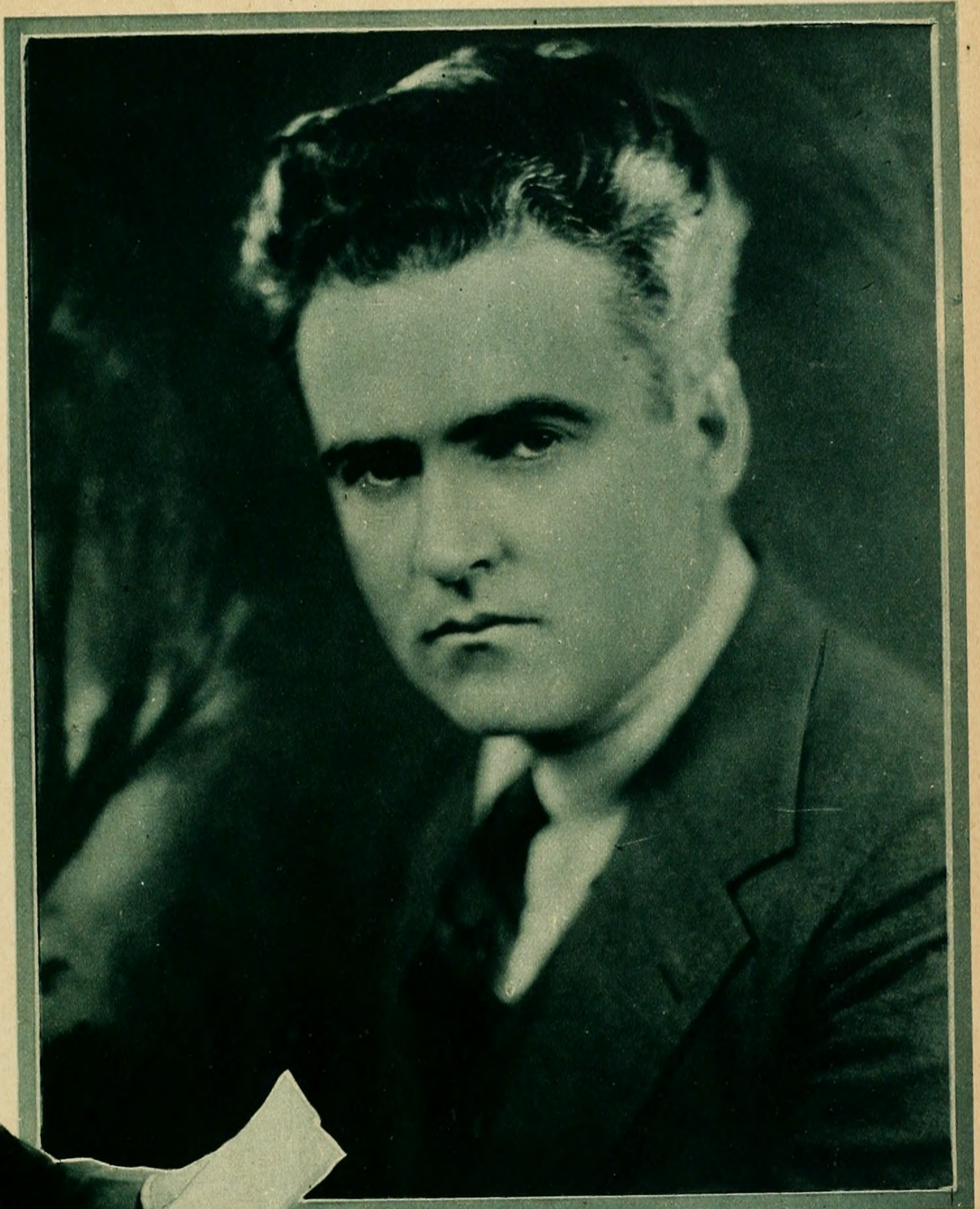


By
ELIZABETH
PELTRET

director? They were, and there you have "Micky."

No wonder that he doesn't have to walk any more! Naturally, he has a handsome car and, if he wants anything to drink, like tea or orange-juice, (you see, the times have changed), he can drive to the "Ship" at Venice and have it more expensively than any inexperienced person would think possible.

I saw him in his office at the temporary studio of the Marshall Neilan Productions, on the day after his return to Los Angeles from Portland, Oregon, where he had gone with the purpose of shooting scenes for "The River's End."



Photograph by Evans, L. A.



As a director, "Micky" Neilan has tried his hand at everything from "Ham and Bud" comedies up. He has a remarkable sense of humor and "kids" all the time. The studio folk "kid" back—and every one worships "Micky"

He had taken his company up there with the intention of staying five weeks, but had returned almost at once, without shooting a single scene.

"What was the trouble," I asked, "the weather?"

"Yes; it started to rain the day we got there. I knew from previous experience that it would probably continue indefinitely, so I decided it would be best for us to come back. The joke was on me. We received a report that the weather had cleared the day after we left!"

Luck like that would have given some producers an awful grouch. Neilan laughed and lit a cigaret.

(Continued on page 70)

Miss Mason Manages

wistfully, "when you haven't your own home. I feel so unsettled here in California, where mother and sister and I are living in furnished apartments. Nothing our own, no associations. Nothing you'll regret leaving behind you when you move. And we move so often!"

Which is the style in Hollywood. Everybody is continually moving into everybody else's house. The picture colonists, not being interested in moss, are more or less rolling stones. But Miss Mason, when you speak of such things to her, shakes her head after the manner of a fascinating sub-déb, and sighs.

"I do so love a home. One's husband, you know, must be considered, and mine is a believer in solid comfort. Berney is such a good husband. I never want another."

The horoscoper some time ago told Shirley that she is

Shirley Mason is the wife of a great, big black-haired boy whom she adores. They're the happiest couple imaginable. "Berney is such a good husband," confides Shirley. "I never want another"

"Oh, little sister mine, let me look into your eyes and read an inspiration there; let me hold your white hand and know the strength of a philosophy more beautiful than human knowledge teaches. Let me fold you in my arms and have you ever with me, that in the glory of your faith and love I may walk the paths of wisdom and peace." —Eugene Field.

SHE'S a petite creature, hair bobbed à la Irene Castle. Nineteen, a star, and the wife of a great, big, black-haired boy whom she adores and to whom she not infrequently talks baby talk, and whose judgment in all matters is quite final—as far as she is concerned.

There's everything about her that makes one think Shirley Mason is a child—a child of the Eugene Field type, whose philosophy, happiness, is, as Field has said, more beautiful than human knowledge teaches. Her clear, grey-blue eyes search you wonderingly when she is perplexed, and when she smiles her lips part like two petals of a rosebud opening in the sunlight.

It happened that when I saw her at her home in a fashionable Hollywood hostelry, into which she and her family were just moving, Shirley was heartbroken because she, perforce, had to take her dog and cat to the hospital to board. The hostelry is typically Hollywood; it allows no cats nor dogs, altho the bars have been let down and movie actors are permitted residence.

"That's just it," she said,



And Shirley, At That, Isn't Old Enough to Vote

By TRUMAN B. HANDY

going to live to be eighty-two years old. Horrors! What's she going to do with herself after she's seventy-five?

Merely look after Berney, and anticipate the eighty-second summer. She remarks, naively, that she won't be useful any more, and, therefore—

"And just what would you do if a vamp walked in and tried to steal Berney?" I queried.

"Scratch her eyes out!" vociferously.

And then, perhaps, I suggested, she is wont to "vamp" him herself at times, to kind of exercise a variety of exorcism—just merely to pique his interest.

"Certainly," she remarked, nonchalantly, smiling, blushing a little—(we interviewers do get vulgarly personal at times, don't we?)—"everybody does. Every woman has some time or other wanted to do a little vamping. I vamp Berney by trying to look my prettiest, to wear the things he'll like to see, to do the things he'll enjoy, and to think the things that he thinks."

And she's quite certain that if Lew Cody came around he would find her unreceptive to his chicken-hawkerie, for, she swears, she wouldn't know how to act under such circumstances and she'd be so fussed that she'd say exactly the thing that would spoil the aforesaid Mr. Cody's train of thought.

"And," she interposed as a sort of postlude, "I'm terribly interested in Berney, and one man is quite enough."

She's what the horoscoper has termed a "twain"—a dual soul—one interested in affairs of home, the other engrossed in an avocation. Only in Shirley's case the avocation has proved to be a vocation. And the horoscope has proclaimed her lucky days the third, fifth, sixth and eighth of each month, with Wednesday each week predominating. Her best letters are B, C, H and D, and as she held the chart in front of me, telling me its innumerable indescribable signs, of half of which she herself doesn't know the meaning, she clapped her hands as a sudden thought struck her.

"Lucky letters, B and D. Why, those are Berney's initials: Berney Durning! I never thought of that before. Isn't a horoscope wonderful?"

"Perhaps his middle initial is C or H?" ventured yours truly.

"Oh, no," she sighed; "it's J. Joseph,"

(Continued on page 73)

Shirley Mason is a sister of Viola Dana. "I've always been a tomboy, while Viola hasn't," she says. "When I was young I always played with the boys"



Milady of the Fan



Photograph © by Shirley Blanc, L. A.

THEY told me out at Universal studio to interview Francelia Billington about her Japanese fans, so I did; that is, I asked her to let me see her collection. Instead of complying with my request, she burst out laughing.

"That's a studio joke," she apologized, sobering.

"Then you haven't any collection?" I asked, a trifle tartly, mentally hoping that a certain publicity man would choke on his demi-tasse.

"Oh, yes—yes, indeed," she hastily assured me, "but they're all in Japan—they aren't that kind of fans, you see," she hurried on, disregarding grammatical niceties. "They're people . . . you know, picture fans."

I forgave the Universal P. M., and we sat down to chat. Miss Billington has a home in Glendale, near Los Angeles, with a mother who looks young enough to be her sister, a sister, Wanda, who is a trifle older than she, and a white Spitz dog which answers to the name of "Mutts" and which is very much a part of the family. She was wearing a creation—it really *was* that—of grey-ured chiffon, with loose, fluttery sleeves and a deep collar of cream l. Her hair is lighter than you would expect from her pictures, and her eyes are either grey or hazel—it's hard to tell which—and she smiles with unexpected quirk, showing lovely white teeth and wholesome little laughter lines at the corners of her mouth.

I suppose you know without my telling you that she was Eric Von Steinhilber's leading woman in his much talked about feature, "Blind Husband" and has been made since that time, a Universal star heading her own com-

Francelia Billington began her film career as leading woman, largely thru her friendship with Mr. and Mrs. George Melford. So Francelia started playing opposite Carlyle Blackwell at old Kalem, following Alice Joyce



pany. But to return to the fans—Japanese variety!

"It's a funny thing," said Francelia, settling herself into the corner of a couch piled high with comfortable pillows, "but it seems that in Japan I am very popular. I'm sure I don't know why," she added, frankly. "I'm not a raving beauty . . . I think they must be partial to blondes, not having any of them in that country. But the fact remains that two-thirds of my mail comes from Japan, with the most extravagant praise for my work and flowery compliments for my 'heaven-flower beauty,' as they call it. Recently I won the popularity contest over there, and since then the whole studio force has joked me about my collection of Japanese 'fans.'"

At my request, Francelia's mother went upstairs to look for some of the letters and gifts which her talented daughter receives from the Flowery Kingdom. And, while waiting, we talked shop—pictures, directors, titles and ambitions.

"I suppose you commenced as an extra girl?" I asked, confidently, but the fair Francelia shook her head and almost blushed.

"No, I didn't," she confessed, apologetically. "I'd like to say I had, but the truth is that I began my career in pictures as a leading woman.

I was fairly pushed into the movies. If I had had to stand around in the hot sun for just *one* day, waiting for a casting



By EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

director to 'cast' his eye on me, I'd probably be selling ribbons or teaching school, but believe me, I would *not* be in pictures!"

Did you ever hear a movie star talk like that? I never did. They always tell, and truthfully, too, I suppose, of their heart-breaking struggles for "bits" in pictures and for recognition of their talents. Naturally, I asked for further details—any one would.

"It happened when I was seventeen years old—that was five years ago," she said, by which you will notice she is one of screendom's beauties who can afford to tell her real age.

"George Melford, who was then a director at the Kalem Company, in Glendale, and Mrs. Melford lived near us. Mrs. Melford was always trying to get me to go over to the studio for a test. But I considered being in movies a sort of disgrace and wouldn't go. And then one day, when I was up at her house, Mr. Melford came in with the announcement that Alice Joyce was leaving Kalem. He said to me, 'I've got to



Recently Miss Billington scored in the leading rôle of the Von Stroheim production, "Blind Husbands." Now she is a Universal star

have a leading woman, Francelia, and you look a bit like Alice Joyce; come over to the studio tomorrow for a test.' Well, you might imagine

that I would have been delighted, but I wasn't. I went over because mother *made* me go, and when they offered me thirty-five dollars a week to play leads opposite Carlyle Blackwell, I simply couldn't resist. Wasn't I a mercenary little wretch? Not one thought of art, mind you—just money! But those first weeks that I worked were very unpleasant ones for me. I hoped that my school friends wouldn't find out that I was a 'movie actress,' and I fairly sneaked to the studio for fear some one I knew would recognize me. Naturally, I got over that and began to like the work for its own sake.

"I did leads for Universal two years ago, then was with American for a year, playing opposite William Russell, and now I'm back at Universal, being featured. My latest picture is called 'The Day She Paid'—doesn't that sound lurid?" She continued, "It's a picturization of Fanny Hurst's story, 'Oats for the Woman.'

"I think it's a shame to spoil a logical situation by an artificial finale that takes the punch out of the picture. I know the exhibitors say that the public demands them—but do they? Look at 'Broken Blossoms'—could anything have been more tragic than that ending? And now that Griffith has made the plunge, I suppose we'll have a regular orgy of sob fade-outs."

And then Mother Billington returned with a big box full of letters, pieces of silk, hand-painted

(Continued on page 78)



Jack Jekyll and Barrymore Hyde



Jack Barrymore has just completed a screen version of Robert Louis Stevenson's classic, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," for Paramount-Artcraft. Here are contrasting studies of Barrymore in the dual character. Martha Mansfield is the Millicent



Gentle Jane

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

WATCHING pretty Jane Novak in her appealing rôles as heroine in the romantic pictures of William Hart, Hobart Bosworth, Lewis Stone, Sessue Hayakawa, Tom Mix, and a score or more of our leading film stars, she appears to be a mere slip of a girl with no more vitally serious thought in her little head than the adventures depicted on the screen.

This is *one* Jane Novak!

The other one is a happy, contented housewife, fluttering about her lovely home in Hollywood, for in real life she is Mrs. Frank Newburg, and there is an adorable two-year-old daughter, Virginia.

Domesticity and careers present no unusual combination in these days of woman's freedom, yet, somehow, I had never thought of *Jane* as sewing, cooking, or caring for a baby!

"How do you do it?" I asked, as she rescued Ginny from a tumble on her head.

Jane laughed. "The responsibility came so gradually that I learnt as I went along. It all works out beautifully except when I have to be away from home on location. I have been out of the city five of the past six months. A terrible thing happened when I came home the other day after spending seven weeks in Portland. Ginny didn't know me and it broke my heart!" and Jane's soft voice ended in a wail as she hugged the baby close in her arms.

"I spoil her when I am home and the nurse is so distressed because I do not insist on the regular hours she has been following. Oh, dear, I know I ought, but it is such fun to let her do as she pleases," and while the lenient blue eyes beamed upon the two-year-old, I quite understood how impossible it would be for the



Photograph by
Evans, L. A.

Back of the screen is the real Jane Novak—a happy, contented housewife and Mrs. Frank Newburg. Moreover, this real Jane is the mother of a beautiful two-year old daughter, Virginia. Above is Mamma Newburg and below is daughter Virginia



gentle Jane to become a disciplinarian.

Gentle!

This is indeed the one word which describes Jane Novak!

Tho she is very sweet, refreshingly genuine, absolutely unspoiled, alluringly feminine, with a serenity that remains ever unruffled, yet it is this *gentleness* that stands out above every other quality when one thinks of her.

Jane was born in St. Louis, her father being a newspaper man in that city. She early made her appearance in a stock company, which was something of a family affair, being composed of two uncles, two aunts, and a half a dozen cousins. This was followed by a short experience in vaudeville and musical comedy, always in St. Louis, however, for her mother would never permit her to leave the home

It was when she was seventeen that she made her first train trip, all alone, crossing the country to Los Angeles to join her aunt, Ann Schaefer, who had been playing with the Vitagraph Company for several years.

On the very morning of her arrival, Jane was introduced to Mr. Newburg, and, after a romantic courtship extending over two years, they were married in a little vine-covered church in Santa Monica, on May 25, 1915, the bride being just nineteen.

Mr. Newburg has given up his screen work and is secretary and treasurer of the Actors' Association, as well as his wife's business manager, for Jane confesses that she knows nothing of business, letting "Hubby" attend to all these worries.

"My first picture was a little comedy with Ruth Roland," said Jane, "and from the first I loved the work. I believe there is a little angel following me around for so many nice things are always happening. Of course, I hope to be a star some day, that is what I am working for, but I have been so fortunate in playing leading rôles with many splendid actors who are fine men as well. This is an education and an invaluable training.

"I have been with William Hart in a

Jane Novak was seventeen when she crossed the continent to join her aunt, Ann Schaefer, then a Vitagraph actress. At nineteen she was married in a little vine-covered church in Santa Monica. Jane's first picture was a comedy with Ruth Roland



Photographs by Hoover Art Co., L. A.

number of his pictures and he is such a true artist himself that you can not help gaining much. Oh, he is a *dreadful* tease and I have an exciting time when I am working with him.

"Coming down from Sacramento the other day our company was in the diner and they were all teasing me. Finally, I took a rose I had been wearing and threw it at Mr. Hart. It landed on his plate and he declared I had started a rough house, so, to get even, he poured a whole glass of *ice-water* down my back," and Jane shivered as she laughed.

"Several years ago I made four pictures with Hobart Bosworth and I was very glad to be with
(Continued on page 65)



The Sporting Duchess

Fictionized from the Alice Joyce-Vitagraph Photoplay

By FAITH SERVICE

MURIEL, Duchess of Desborough, was sporting in more ways than one. She was sporting in her instincts as well as her tastes. She loved her husband, her son, horses and fair play. Chiefly, fair play. Her blood ran thru her veins according to the best form, and bluey. She maintained traditions. She expected the same of others. She expected happiness, too. She was one of the serene souls who, giving serenity to the world, expect serenity to be given back again. Her years were tranquil, well ordered, charming . . . that is, until the Duke of Desborough "ran across" some old friends in London and planned to have them for a week-end at Desborough.

"I knew them in India," he explained to his Duchess; "Mostyn and Mrs. Delmaine and most of the others. I know them—rather well. One does, y'know, in India." He added, with what Muriel reconsidered apparent irrelevance later on, "the rainy season, dont you know?"

From the beginning she did not like Mostyn. He was dissipated, and he had unpleasant eyes. They shifted like oily waters. She not only did not like him, but felt a fear

of him, which annoyed her. Groundless fears were hysteria, and the Duchess had a fine contempt for hysteria.

She did not like Mrs. Delmaine, either, but she felt, as one woman to another, a kind of pity for her. There were ghosts in her eyes—sad ghosts—and restless. Dead things stirred and would not let her be. It was evident that Mrs. Delmaine had been exceedingly unhappy.

The fact that her husband had known her in India meant very little to Muriel. No doubt the Duke had known a great many women in India and elsewhere. Muriel was not the type to question pasts, which certainly belonged to their owners. The present, so that it had dignity and security, was all she asked.

It was the present that Mostyn and Mrs. Delmaine,

who, in the Indian days, had been more than friends to the Duke of Desborough, wished to ferment. They had



Her years were tranquil until the Duke of Desborough "ran across" some old friends in London and planned to have them for a week-end at Desborough

"I am no end sorry, Muriel. I wouldn't tarnish a single hair of your head . . . or the boy's. You know that, dont you, my dear?"



love name. Desborough, caught unaware, held her to him, whether necessarily or unnecessarily he himself would probably have found it hard to say. He found, when, unexpectedly, he met Muriel's eyes, that he could say nothing at all. Mrs. Delmaine did not give him any help. Muriel did.

"I am sorry you are ill," she said, with a gracious ease. "Shall I send for your maid? You must wish to rest?"

If Desborough had loved Muriel before, he loved her even more after the tensivity of that little scene had been relaxed by her deft touch. More than all else, anyway, he had always loved the sporting blood in her. It had had the power a finely strung whip has on a blooded steed—the effect of making him rear up, hold his head high, step

reasons . . . Mostyn had got, at cards, on the race-track and one way or another, Desborough into debt. Badly into debt. The one way out for Desborough was his horse, "Clipstone," winning the Derby. If Mostyn should foreclose before the Derby, there would be few vestiges of dignity possible, then, for the Duke and Duchess. Mostyn had another reason. He was the sort of a man who always would have another reason, and the other reason, in some form or other, would be a woman. He had looked upon Muriel, and from the introduction he had conceived for her an obsession. That she was cold, aloof, unattainable were but so many goads. Neither did it make, to him, very much difference how he attained his desire. His desire, in itself, was all that mattered.

Mrs. Delmaine was a willing conspirator. She had taken her discard hard, when it came to the matter of Desborough. It had been unforgettable, for some 'strange reason she had never been able to fathom. Perhaps—her mouth quirked bitterly at this thought—perhaps she had loved him. Who could tell? Love, or a lesser thing, it had hurt her past forgiveness. It had bred, first an intolerable pain, then bitterness, arid and consuming, then the desire for a personal vengeance which might measure back to him some meed of the pain she had known. Mostyn seemed a sort of answer to a great many blasphemous prayers.

Mrs. Delmaine was not as subtle as she might have been. She had got, it seemed, beyond that stage. Pain is a bad thing for shades and nuances, especially when a woman has turned the shady thirties and has known emotional thumb-screws. She was not, at any event, subtle enough for the Duchess, who was very subtle indeed and far cleverer than she might have been credited with being by a casual observer.

She fainted in Desborough's arms, just in time for Muriel to see him bending over her. She maintained the faint, coming out of it badly and murmuring something anent times like these in Indian days . . . she added a little, intimate Indian

proudly. He felt, in that hour, that he wanted, more than anything else, to hold his head high, to step proudly. He told her so. There was a silence between them, and he knew that she could not ask him any question, but that her heart was wondering. He felt that the part of pride called for words.

"A long while ago," he said, taking her hand, which met his touch firmly, "a long time ago—in India—Mrs. Delmaine meant—meant something to me, Muriel, in the way a woman does mean something to a man—at times. It passed away, with me. Completely. It was a closed incident. It was final. It has been, until her appearance here, absent from my most subconscious thought. Of course, her coming was a breach . . . horrible . . . Mostyn did not tell me, when I met them all in town, that he was bringing her here to stay . . . just for tea . . . I am no end sorry, Muriel. I wouldn't tarnish a single hair of your head . . . or the boy's. You know that. You do, dont you, my dear?"

"Yes," said Muriel; "yes . . . of course. You know, it is instinct or tradition, or just the sense of possession, which is rather a grilling thing . . . but—well, there's a certain pain to a—a thing like this, of course. Not that I dont understand. Not that . . . I . . . I believe I do."

"I dont want you to," whispered the Duke, holding her very close; "I dont want you to, sweetheart, and yet I . . . oh, I adore you because you do."

It was upon this scene that Mostyn entered, unobtrusively, and noted that the original plan had failed. The Duchess was being sporting.

The only thing to do was to change the target of attack. Since Muriel was so awf'ly sporting, the logical quarry was Desborough himself. Men and the jealousy of men were more easily inflamed. Mrs. Delmaine said that she thought she could pierce the armored pride. Leave it to her, she told Mostyn.

It was an easy rôle for Mrs. Delmaine, that of sympathy

blended, subtly, with admiration. It was throbbingly easy for her to sit by Desborough and talk with him of things near to him. It brought back, hotly, the old days in India, when he had ridden by her rickshaw—and they had talked—

"The Duchess is superb," she had said to him, "but she is a woman, my dear, almost intensely feminine, don't you think? Of course, forgiving you for . . . for me was almost unearthly, but . . . I dislike this, Tony, but don't you think there was something . . . a little something underlying?"

Desborough shifted uneasily. He was conscious that he was not being sporting—sporting as Muriel was—in so much as shifting from what should have been his utter refusal or disturbance. And yet . . . little, slithering thoughts kept creeping into the recesses of his mind . . . the utter desirability of Muriel, for one . . . the indubitable if unpleasant attraction of Mostyn . . . glances he had seen . . . Muriel's voiced dislike of the man . . . something akin to his own feeling for Mrs. Delmaine . . . dregs of dead hours . . . dregs . . . he knew the symptoms . . . he knew the way they manifested themselves . . . He grew cold, there in the sunlight, while the woman's insidious propaganda did its work . . . Muriel . . . and Mostyn . . . and the stirred ashes of hours out away . . . He felt sickened.

If the events of other lives and circumstances, and, who knows, the fates had not, apparently, all conspired together just at this time, Desborough might have recovered from the distress Mrs. Delmaine had given him. He might, might very well, have grown ashamed of himself and open-eyed to the whole tawdry situation; might, even, have violated English hospitality and asked the two to leave Desborough. But lives, circumstances and the Fates did conspire, and before the Duke could get a sane perspective on the matter he was hurled into a veritable maelstrom of questionings and shame.

Probably Muriel's very sporting blood, which occasionally manifested itself in an extreme reticence, had a great deal to do with it. She had not, for instance, thought it incumbent upon her to inform the Duke that Mary Aylmer, their small son's governess, had been going into serious trouble. This was not, according to the viewpoint of the Duchess, the sort of thing to tell a man, even one's husband. So that, on the night of the big country ball, when the Duchess found that Mary Aylmer had fled Londonward, penniless and obviously desperate, Desborough had no clue as to Muriel's apparently inexplicable

It was upon this scene that Mostyn entered, unobtrusively . . . The Duchess was being sporting

conduct. Mostyn had remained behind, awaiting the Duchess, he had said. When the Duchess appeared she was attired, not for the ball, but for a hurried trip to London in search of Mary. She had a horrible presentiment of the river case . . . and Mary had made the baby years of her small son safe and happy ones.

Mostyn insisted upon accompanying her. He was amazed at any disclaimer. Did, he wondered, the Duchess quite know what she was doing that she should contemplate a night trip to London *alone*? It was unthinkable, and she was apparently distraught.

In the press of this new situation Muriel lost sight of Mostyn as an individual at all. She supposed a trip alone was rather a bizarre thing to do. There could be no harm, there could be nothing at all, one way or the other, in Mostyn escorting her up on the train. No doubt it would be eminently more proper. She gave an abstracted consent.

There seemed, to Desborough, when he returned home to find Mostyn and the Duchess both missing, nothing abstracted about it. It had, to him, a deadly intent and meaning. Mrs. Delmaine's soft hand and beguiling voice were decidedly not oil upon his troubled waters. He felt, in that sudden engulfing presentiment, that the world was all wrong and that women made it so. He had enough, he thought, pressing down upon him, and Muriel knew it. Yet, in this dark hour, when all his hopes and energies should have been concentrated upon the forthcoming Derby and the rehabilitation of his fortune, she left him, left him, disgraced and alone, with a boulder like Mostyn, who . . . Good God! He shuddered when he thought of the coiled and slimy trail Mostyn had covered.

Still, there were appearances . . . He would, of course, give chase to Muriel and, having found her, would then let her go, make her go. He would take her son from her, her home, her name. He would expose her to the slings and barbs of the poisoned gossips, and, if she had one, her own



conscience. He would let her see what Mostyn could do for her. Women—bah! There was Mrs. Delmaine . . . and there was Muriel. Opposite poles, he would have said, and yet here they were, meeting on common ground. Would, one day, the same sad, restless ghosts haunt Muriel's dark eyes because of things still poignant, still unforgettable?

Desborough never believed, tho, as he and Leigh, Mostyn's friend, traveled up to town that he was going to discover anything more than a well-covered trip for the purpose, perhaps, of talking and planning. He was essentially shocked and horrified when, breaking into Muriel's room at her hotel, he discovered her, white and dishevelled, with Mostyn, scarlet and, so it seemed to the blurred vision of Desborough, satirically triumphant. Muriel's cry of "Tony . . . you've come in time!" reached him as thru the roaring of many turbulent and outraged waters. He felt that Muriel was using theatrics . . . and on him. She should have known better. Here, now, for the first time in her life, she was being crude, was being cheap. The sporting blood he had been so proud of, and so sure of, had run out of her veins. She had suffered profanation. She could never be the same. Desborough needed a pedestal for the woman to whom he gave his adoration. It was the toppled pedestal that had sent Mrs. Delmaine crashing to the earth.

The house party at Desborough broke up that night. Mrs. Delmaine returned to London and the rather vague obscurity in which she kept herself enshrouded. Mostyn, dropping all pretense of friendship for Desborough, foreclosed on Desborough's stables, thus losing "Clipstone" and his attendant hope for the Duke. Harold, their little son, ill over the loss of his mother, whom he had worshiped, was removed to a sanitarium in London and the merry wags who call themselves the Fates had full tilt and sway.

Muriel, of them all, outraged and misjudged as she had been, maintained a certain balance. In the death of her hurt, in the very heart of her pain, she felt a sympathy for the Duke, for what he must in every way be suffering. She even felt a sense of pity for Mostyn, poor man, harried by the beasts within him. She felt, for herself, that things must come straight again. She believed, still, that the world paid back in like coin. She felt that, entrenched, she could wait.

She could, but the Duke's fortunes could not. With the loss of "Clipstone," he had lost his chance of rehabilitation. With his pride torn from him as well as his wife, Muriel trembled for him. He had not much of the constructive quality, the lovable Desborough. He needed fortification of one sort or another. Muriel grew desperate. At the same time she learnt, or the suspicion was given her, that the Duke was directly responsible for the flight of Mary Aylmer. Also, that he was seeing and seeking consolation in Mrs. Delmaine. There grew in Muriel the belief that, if she could save him financially, he might still make of his life something of the thing he wanted. She loved him enough to love herself a great deal less. It was this hope that led her to consent to an engagement with Lord Streatfield upon the day her divorce decree was granted. Streatfield was a nice boy. He was clean and he had adored her. She would be giving him happiness, and he—well,



he would give her his consolatory presence and he would buy "Clipstone" for her, so that she might return him to the Desborough stables and win the Derby race for the Desborough glory. Streatfield, for a young man, and one very much in love, had few illusions . . .

He had learnt that the greatest illusion of all comes when you think, once and for all, that you have done with illusions. The only illusion to cling to is the rather facing one of reality. He had come up against that one, for the first time in his life, when he knew that he loved Muriel. He had come up against it rather hard. But he did love her. In the light of his love for her he knew that he'd only wanted other women, for himself, never for them. He learnt that love is sacrifice and service, there being no limits to either one of these.

If he could give to her, even in so small a measure as to give her comfort after all the discomfort she had known, he knew that he would achieve what must be for him his pinnacle of happiness. If he could take the droop from her slender shoulders, the shadows from her dark, dear eyes, the dejection from her wistful mouth . . . just to lift these ghosts from her . . . would be enough . . . this, learnt Streatfield, was *love* . . . The first step was to buy "Clipstone" and allow her to feel that thru the horse and a won race the fortune so dear, so inevitably dear, to her heart, was restored . . .

"Clipstone" did win the Derby race. He won it in spite of foul play on the part of the opposing jockey. He won it because the judges played exceedingly fair and reversed the numbers, having disqualified the opposing "King of Trumps" for the foul. The Desborough debt was cleared.

Young Leigh was with Desborough and back of them was Streatfield, who had come for her



After the race Muriel went to her little son at the sanitarium, where, once a week, she was permitted to see him.

After the race several other persons went there, too. They all seemed to be impelled.

First it was Desborough. Muriel's heart contracted at the sight of his tensed face, tensed and drawn in spite of the victory. It contracted with a pain, a pain for him, when he ordered her from their son's room. She knew because she was what she was that his suffering, reacting on her, was torturing him even more terribly. She had learnt a great many things since Mostyn and Mrs. Delmaine had been their week-end guests . . . a great many things about men and women, and passion and despair. And also, about love.

She had learnt how to temper justice with mercy and how to leaven despair with the divine ingredient of hope. She had come to believe that, of all vital things, the most vital of these is love, and that it will, because it must, win thru. Other things make no difference, springing, as they do, more or less extraneously, from the fundamental fact.

It had been so with her. She loved the Duke, not because she didn't know him; not because she harbored an illusion which the house party and the incidents thereto had torn from her, but because she did know him, and knowing all was forgiving all. She loved him as she loved their son, who, being wise, might, too, at times be foolish, yet in both guises be the same essential being. It was this love that had directed her every move, that had enabled her to stay away from him, to retreat when he seemed to wish it, knowing that if his love for her were of the same inherent quality as hers for him he must inevitably come back to her, and that if it were not, she could not do with a lesser thing.

Young Leigh was with Desborough and back of them was Streatfield, who had come for her. In the midst of Desborough's denunciation, Leigh was speaking. He was admitting that he had given false testimony at the trial of Muriel and Desborough for divorce. He had been "bought" by Mostyn and Mrs. Delmaine. He admitted, too, that he had helped Mostyn foster Desborough's suspicions and, further, that it was he who had suggested to Muriel that Desborough was responsible for Mary Aylmer. The responsibility of that, he added, belonged to Mostyn. He concluded, miserably, that it was "pretty slimy."

Desborough, more gravely than was his wont, acknowledged that it was.

"You know what the need of money is," muttered Leigh. "It is a regular grindstone on your very soul. I had one once, and then . . ." He looked over to where Muriel, very white and straight, was standing by her son, her patient hands touching his hair, her eyes compassionate and Madonna-like. "I couldn't go on," he said, indicating Muriel, "with her . . . as she . . . is . . ."

There was a silence in which, between all of them, assent breathed and a tacit acknowledgment of the sporting duchess. Then the boy went on, as tho some coiling thing was untwisting itself from his inner consciousness. "It's the other sort of person," he intoned, rather nasally, "the Mostyns and the Delmaines, little, mean sort of people, violating, pandering sort of people. Petty jealousies, old grudges, and all that. Mostyn . . . Mostyn was mucking about in the mud, reaching for a star to drag down into it, and Mrs. Delmaine—well, we know her type. They seem to keep recurring . . . anyway, they kept at me, the two of them kept and kept at me, suggesting, offering, bribing, threatening . . . they knew a chap's weak points, those two, and they attacked 'em . . . they made me do it . . . I can swear to that . . . it was weak in me, but they played on that weakness . . . oh, they played right enough . . ."

The Duchess intervened, kindly. She said it was quite all right. She said that so courageous an acknowledgment was a thoro vindication. She said that they all forgave him, and more, understood. It was, she added, quite all right, and turned her head that she might not see the tears standing forth in the lad's eyes . . .

It was Streatfield who saved the day. He went over to Muriel, white in the gathering gloaming, and took her soft hand in his. "Steer straight, Muriel," he said, tenderly, "and dont think of me. You love Desborough and I know now that you belong to him. He knows it, too. Be happy. Please be happy. You've made me so . . . and that will hold. Good-by."

A month later Muriel was again at Desborough. Tony sitting very close to her; their small son, roses beginning to show in his cheeks again, safe in his nursery with Mary, also safe.

"Do you remember," Desborough was saying, "that Streatfield said that you belonged to me? Do you?"

"Yes, dear."

"Do you know—it's so? You do. Deeper than all outer things, a truth like that exists. We belong, you and I. We have, we can have, no separate entities."

Muriel took his head between her hands and held it close.

THE SPORTING DUCHESS

Told in story form from the scenario of Lucien Hubbard based upon the play of Augustus Harris, Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton. Produced by Vitagraph, starring Alice Joyce. Directed by George Terwilliger. The cast:

Muriel, Duchess of Desborough	Alice Joyce
Douglas, Duke of Desborough	Percy Marmont
Major Roland Mostyn	G. V. Seyffertitz
Mrs. Delmaine	Edith Campbell Walker
Captain Cyprian Streatfield	Lionel Pope
Rupert Leigh	John Galsworthy
Harold, the Duke's son	Dan Comfort

Pretty Polly

I thought her all too serious, too weighted with responsibilities, and was glad to hear that she had found an opening at the old Triangle, in Culver City, when the famous Griffith plant closed down.

The two years that followed saw Pauline Starke a featured player with her name in electric lights. One began to



Photograph by Clarence C. Bull

I SAW her first three years ago, a sad little wisp of a thing, with a pigtail, down-drooping lip-corners and a shabby frock, with shoes too large for the tiny Cinderella feet. At the time, Pauline Starke was doing school in company with Mildred Harris Chaplin, Georgie Stone, Violet Radcliffe and other very small fry.

Polly Starke and Mildred Harris were the oldest scholars, and both were in the gauche, schoolgirl age when attending the Majestic-Reliance school, where one teacher disseminated knowledge to all grades.

It was necessity that drove Pauline to the movies, for at the time her mother was wardrobe mistress at the Reliance studio and Pauline's future looked none too bright.

A few days later, in a physician's office, I met mother and daughter, and pretty Polly looked positively older than she does now. You see, at that time she *had* to put on age in order to hold the opportunity to make good on the screen. With her hair dressed high and a ridiculously long skirt, the little girl sat on a stiff-backed settee and talked very seriously to me while her mother had a treatment.

Necessity drove Pauline Starke to the movies. Her mother was wardrobe mistress at the Reliance studio and Polly's future looked none too bright. Then directors began to see in her another Mae Murray and—presto!—success was hers

look for the sad little face with the uncanny big eyes, the straight hair and sob-sistery rôles. It was whispered that directors refused to let her play straight comedy because she was a second Mae Marsh.

Then the war began, and a policy of



By
FRITZI
REMONT

taking the public's attention away from horror and death by substituting comedy-drama for tearful photoplays, put Polly on her mettle. It was in "Until They Get Me" that Pauline did a daring jump, a "Fairbanks' drop" into space, landing on a horse's back and galloping away in great style.

So it was with a good deal of curiosity that I rang the upstairs bell of a two-family flat house, conscious that a pretty



Photograph by Clarence C. Bull

The real Pauline Starke is not the sad-faced Injured Innocent one expects to find. She has a sweet face, is a bit whimsical, droll and wistful, but, most of all, she loves life with a healthy enjoyment. She has just celebrated her nineteenth birthday

little face was peeping out of the second front window. It wasn't a minute before tripping steps came down the stairway and Pauline welcomed me to the home she and her mother have occupied for the past three months.

I couldn't believe my eyes! It would take more than ordinary persuasion to make one

swallow the fact that Polly's mother is her senior by nineteen years. And Polly herself! Bless me, the child is younger now than when she sat on the school-bench. Her hair is modishly arranged, parted on one side, with ear-warmers which are mighty becoming and make one think her hair is bobbed.

Pauline Starke doesn't photograph "true," either in private sittings or on the screen. She's not the sad-faced wight one expects to find. She's blest with the sweetest little face, a bit whimsical, droll, wistful—but optimistic, full of the enjoyment of a healthy, young life. Her nineteenth birthday was celebrated in January, 1920. She's a slim girl, and her feet haven't grown any bigger in the three years aforesaid, even tho clothed in comfortable cosy-toes, put on because she'd worked so hard all day in tight pumps that the exquisite luxury of a pink satin boudoir slipper appealed strongly.

Now that she doesn't *have* to look old, Polly is looking childishly young. Her mother looks about six years older than she; both have the fine, fair skin, soft, dark hair worn off the face, and thoughtful eyes. Mrs. Starke is keeping every

(Continued on page 60)



(Thirty-five)



May Allison comes pretty near being the screen's most beautiful comédienne—if she actually isn't. She has the piquancy of the Billie Burke of ten years ago plus the beauty of _____ but words fail us

Photographs by Evans, L. A.

Below is a boudoir glimpse of Miss Allison and at the right, is May as she appears ready for her morning gallop

Photograph below © by Hartsook, L. A.



Merry
May



Both photographs © by Hartsook, L. A.



Above is another
chic boudoir study
of May Allison and,
left, are May and
her valuable pet
wolfhound

Bonnie Mary



Mary MacLaren was stage-struck, like many girls. At fifteen she went into the Winter Garden chorus. Then she came to California with a letter of introduction to Lois Weber. That started her celluloid career

I ARRIVED at Mary MacLaren's home a few minutes ahead of the time stated for the appointment, only to be told by the maid that Miss MacLaren had gone out, left no word for me, and did not say when she would return. While I was waiting to speak with her mother, she came driving up.

My first impression of this pretty, yellow-haired, blue-eyed girl, who sat waiting for me to "start something," was one of wholesomeness. I could see no trace of paint or powder on her clear, fresh skin, and when she talked her clear and pleasant voice seemed to match the rest of her. She had no affectations, no striving for effect. It seemed impossible to realize that this young girl became a screen star in her early teens, was then the center of a bitter legal fight over her services. She is so unspoiled, so utterly unlike what I expected to find her.

It was evident that she had had difficulty in interviews.

an inch and a half wide. How did you come to make such a mistake?"

"You know, mamma, I haven't been feeling very well lately," was her excuse.

"I can't possibly use this. You will have to go back and get me another piece."

Which goes to show that, altho a star, Mary is still rebuked by her mother, as any other girl of nineteen years.

Mary MacLaren paid a warm tribute to Lois Weber's great directorial ability. She explained that she had signed a new contract with Universal after the courts nullified the first one, in order to retain the right to continue the use of her screen name.

The living-room of her pretty and typical California bungalow on Manhattan Place, convenient to Hollywood, is furnished simply but in good taste. It extends the entire width of the bungalow, but is not so large that it could not be heated by a little fire in the grate on the coolest California morning. I sat on the lounge, and opposite me, on the wall, was a Maxfield Parrish print. As I entered my eyes were filled with the beauty

"I suppose you come to an interview with something like the self-consciousness with which most of us sit to a photographer?" I said.

"I never know what to say," was her simple confession.

And so we proceeded, not to have an interview, but just an intimate chat about work and life and books and other things, during which I mentioned, casually, "You are Kathleen MacDonald's sister."

"Yes," she replied, "I am the youngest of three of us, but I was the first on the screen." This with just a touch of pride.

"Did you try hard for it?"

"No," she answered, "I deserve no credit. I was given a letter of introduction to Lois Weber and she put me to work immediately."

We were interrupted by her mother. "Excuse me," she said, and then, "Mary, did you bring the piece of lace insertion that I asked you to get?"

"Yes, mamma," was the reply; "I'll bring it to you." And she did so. She had reseated herself when her mother exclaimed, "Why this is only half an inch wide! Didn't you look at the note? I wrote upon it

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

of several bunches of beautiful red roses.

The whirr of an aeroplane was heard overhead, and it brought out the fact that Mary's sister, Miriam, was to be married in a few days to H. Clyde Balsey, who was a member of the famous Lafayette Escadrille, and a description of battle in the clouds of Raoul Lufberry, the famous ace.

"I have no yearning for aviation; I prefer to stick to terra firma," said Mary, "altho I do know it isn't any safer. I have had three cars smashed up for me in as many years." (One of these accidents brought her to the border-line of life. She was unconscious for sixteen hours and in bed several weeks.) "One peculiar result of this accident," she said, "is that since my recovery I have abandoned, altogether, horseback riding and surf bathing, two of my favorite recreations, while it has not had the least effect on my automobiling, and I think it must also be responsible for my disinclination for air riding."

"What was there in your life before your screen experience?" I asked.

"Nothing extraordinary," she replied. "Like most girls in their early teens, I was



Once Miss MacLaren lived with relatives in the West Virginia hills. When her present contract expires she plans to go to England and Scotland to visit the homes of her Scotch ancestors

stage-struck, and a glimpse behind the scenes of a New York theater made my home town seem stuffy and intolerable. I told my mother I was determined to go on the stage. I applied for an engagement, and was taken on with the chorus of the Winter Garden. I was not then fifteen years old. It was not long before I decided not to go on with it, but I cannot say that the life lost all of its glamor for me."

"Do you hope to renew your stage experience?"

"Yes, I am studying for it."

"Serious drama, of course."

"Of course, serious drama." She smiled as she repeated the words. "Mother says it is my near-morbid tastes in drama and books and is but a passing phase of the late teens and early twenties. Edgar Allan Poe is my favorite author. His grim stories fascinate me, and it interested me tremendously when I learnt that we have the same birthday, January 19th. I think, tho," she continued, "that the book that made the most impression on me was 'The Mysterious Stranger,' by Mark Twain. It fascinated me with its terrible pessimism."

She also spoke of the pessimism of Oscar Wilde and the gloom of Balzac. Her interest in these dark pictures of life is the inquisitive

(Continued on page 62)

Two Cinema Players

By LILLIAN

"WHEN one has lost all that counts and is still young, and must live on, there is only one thing to do—make the best of what is left. That I am trying to do."

It was eleven o'clock on a Sunday morning. A big house just off New York's famous avenue—a big room, dull green and tan, hangings of old rose—Madame Halina Bruzovna in a richly upholstered chair, her feet resting upon a Bokhara prayer rug that sank heavily into grey pile.

Would it were possible to tell her tragic story as she told it to me, slowly, hesitantly, carefully, in pretty, broken English, and to picture her mobile, sensitive face, the appeal of her dark eyes, the indescribable grace of gesture of her beautiful hands as she turned to her watchful secretary when the right word would not quite come.

Madame Bruzovna began her stage career more than eight years ago. Her repertoire consists of comedies and dramas of Russian, French, English and Polish authors, Kinternacker, Wilde, Bernstein, Gorky, Tolstoi, etc. She is known not only in Poland, her native country, but all over Europe, in Australia, even Africa, as the stage and movie queen of Poland.

"The Dancer," a popular Broadway production a year or two ago, is one of the plays in which Madame Bruzovna scored a wonderful success. It ran six months at the State Theater in Warsaw, following which Madame formed a company of fifteen people and went on tour.

When war broke out in Europe, she happened to be in Berlin and, before she could get out of the country, was taken prisoner. Finally, thru the intervention of friends, she was allowed to go to Switzerland, leaving her trunks, her jewels in Berlin. During her sojourn in Switzerland she could not buy even a change of linen, as there was not enough clothing for the old and the children.

Anxious to reach her native town, Warsaw, she was compelled to journey all over Europe, thru France, England, Norway and Russia, before she reached Poland, where, until war closed the theaters, she continued her stage career.

In California there had lived for twelve years young Ostoya, Polish by birth, American by environment, but loving Poland with the intense love that all Polanders have for their

native land. When Europe was plunged into war, he, with many other loyal countrymen, hastened to his country's need.

In Warsaw, young Ostoya met his talented young countrywoman, Madame Bruzovna, and greatly admired her. The admiration and esteem were mutual, and soon they were married. When Major Ostoya, later one of the most famous of Polish commanders, was called to the battlefield, madame donned a soldier's uniform, shouldered a gun and went with him as a soldier in the Polish army. Twice she fought in the front-line trenches. With her husband she was stationed in Warsaw during the crisis of the Polish struggle. After she left the army she became a Red Cross nurse, serving for eight months directly behind the firing-line. One of her choicest possessions is a medal given her by the late Czar of Russia when he was at Warsaw and was shown about Red Cross headquarters by Madame Bruzovna, who speaks Russian fluently. The medal is an old one, struck by the first Romanoff Czar centuries ago. When Nicholas presented the medal to Madame he said: "This



Mme. Halina Bruzovna has come to American films from Russia, where she served as a soldier in the Polish army in order to be near her husband, a major

From Foreign Shores

ANTANYE

medal, cast by the first Romanoff, is presented to you for your distinguished service by the last Romanoff." These prophetic words were uttered just a month before he lost his throne.

In connection with her stage work in Warsaw, the young Polish artiste had played many leads for the Sphinx-Warsaw Film Company, so, besides active service as soldier and nurse, madame was called upon many times to play leading rôles in films that were shown all over Europe during the war, many of them being taken at the front.

And then, the war over, Major Ostoya was killed at Danzig by the Bolsheviki.

"It was so very hard," said Madame Bruzovna. "We had gone thru the war together—never very far apart—and so happy—even tho we were facing—yes, living, strange things, terrible things, outrageous things. Always, when we had time, we planned our future—after the war. My husband wanted to bring me to America and put me on the stage. He tried to teach me English, but always I liked best to talk to him in Polish.

"And now he is gone. I have the cap he wore when last I saw him alive—his pictures, a few snapshots of both of us taken on the very few days we spent 'honeymooning' in Poland. That is all, and I am here—because he wanted me to come.

"I have been here four months. I am trying hard to learn to speak English perfectly, because Mr. Shubert, Mr. Belasco, say they will put me on the stage when I have English right. Americans—have been very kind. They told me about pictures and, because I cannot bear to be idle and because it takes much money to live in America, and many 'marks' I brought from Poland to make one American dollar—I work in pictures.

"At Selznick studio we made 'The Faded Butterfly.' It is very interesting and very different from making films in Europe. Over there we made all pictures out of doors. Here, we make them in a studio with big lights.

"I like the country—the people—the work I do. Sometimes it seems like a dream—my life. Sometimes, when I think—it seems I must be sixty—so much I have lived. But—when one has lost all that counts and is still young and must live on—there is only one thing to do—make the best of what is left. That I am trying to do."

"Do I look so much like a vamp—a home-wrecker?" queried Helen Gammeltoft, Scandinavian film star and songstress, gazing earnestly up at us. "Please tell me."

She did not, we decided, and said so emphatically. She is strikingly beautiful, with a sensitive face, masses of hair that shone like burnished copper against the old-blue of the chair in which she was seated, and an appealing personality that is bound to set the male heart beating faster—but "vampish"—no, we wouldn't say that.

Miss Gammeltoft was born in Copenhagen. She had an inherited passion for music, a consuming zeal for the study of it. As she grew older music was always to her the voice that she best loved and understood.

To sing in opera was her ambition, but the impatient urge of youth and a tempting offer decided her to accept a shorter cut to a career, and at the age of seventeen she made her stage début in musical comedy at the Gaiety Theater in London.

It was during her popularity as a music-hall favorite that her

(Continued on page 68)



Helen Gammeltoft came to this country from Copenhagen, where she was a favorite in Danish film plays. In the center is a glimpse of Miss Gammeltoft in a screen drama, "The Little Chauffeur," with Nicolay Johansen



A New Cinema Find



Photographs by Apeda



A new photoplay discovery, Nancy Deaver, is just bursting upon the silversheet horizon. She first appears in Mayflower's "The Law of the Yukon." Note her taking ways at the left



Told in Story Form from the Mary Miles Minter-Realart Photoplay

By OLGA SHAW

A SHORT time ago it came to my ears that a great many people, tourists and such like, had written, and even sold, stories about Judy of Rogue's Harbor. It made me rather indignant and accomplished the even greater feat of making me think . . . for I felt, justifiably, that not one person among them knew as much of Judy as I did, being there, as I was, during the summer when the drama of her young years came to its predestined climax. Not any one of them knew Teddy, or the Governor, or poor, tragic Ollie, or the Lady of the Roses, with her white hair and her forgetful eyes. It made, all of it, a deep impression upon me at the time, unfolding before me, as it did, and then I went away and there came obliterating years, and not until I read a recently published story obviously with Judy as a theme did memories come back to me . . . fragmentary . . . here and there . . . vivid here and there . . . sweet and sad . . .

The first glimpse I had of Judy, for instance, was with Denny. Just at that time it would have been impossible to see her without Denny. The two were continually together . . . and it gave me a sort of pleasurable pain, compounded of estheticism and sheer love of form and beauty, to see the lovely girl, approaching womanhood on sure, steady feet, guided, as it were, by the fragile little boy whose protectress and confidante she was.

There was probably nothing particularly arresting about Judy to the casual observer, save for the flowerlike beauty and tinting of gold and sea-shell pink and forget-me-not blue,

which were her eyes. She was not brilliant. She was even quaintly illiterate most of the time. But she had, if I may so express it, the all-pervasive quality of love, and it seemed to beam from her tender eyes, shine from her white brow, touch her lips with just the difference that made her unforgettable. At least, she has been unforgettable to me . . .

I have always been touched, in one sensibility or another, by contrasts, and the contrast of Judy to her surroundings, to the people about her, was what first diverted my attention from—well, myself at the time—to her. The cottage, with its unkempt exterior, its rather obvious little "fixings" done, all too plainly, by a woman's hands; the old man with the sullen eyes and the perpetual pipe, at the window; the tragic-looking girl about Judy's own age, but as different as two creatures of the same sex and the same general lineaments could well be; the cowering child, Denny, and the coarse farmer, Jim, who was, it seemed to me, hovering, and always ominously, in the immediate background.

There were, I thought, strange elements mixing and contending there. There was storm brewing . . . and of all things, I did not want to see the little girl with the love potentiality in her face in any sense victimized.

I grew to know the Lady of the Roses. I think I came to want to know her at first because of Judy. After a while I wanted to keep on knowing her because of herself. She had an exquisite gentleness that, just at first, I had mistaken for a silkiness I am not

JUDY OF ROGUE'S HARBOR

Told in story form from Clara Beranger's scenario based upon Grace Miller White's novel. Produced by Realart, starring Mary Miles Minter. Directed by William Desmond Taylor. The cast:

Judy.....	Mary Miles Minter
Lieutenant Teddy Kingsland.....	Charles Meredith
Governor Kingsland.....	Herbert Standing
Grandpap Ketchel.....	Theodore Roberts
Lady of the Roses.....	Clo King
Olive Ketchel.....	Fritzi Ridgeway
Jim Shuckles.....	Allan Sears
Benny.....	Frankie Lee
Peter Kingsland.....	George E. Periolat



Jim, it seemed, was hovering, always ominously, in the background . . . and, Judy shuddered to us, wanted to "get married with me"

partial to. But after a short time I came to know that the gentleness was a philosophy acquired piece by piece and bit by bit, often with fingers that bled, and, always, with a heart that ached. It was the martyred way

in which she had draped the shrine of faded dreams and locked away desires.

She told me that Judy was unalloyed youth and love. "The loveliest thing," she added, "that ever God thought of, after roses. Once upon a time . . ."

I had to prompt her, but she shook her head and made a little gesture with her hands as tho she were closing the door on a room she had vowed to leave unprofaned.

"We make a great mistake," she told me, "in talking of old hurts. We think for easement, but we get revivification. I never speak of dead things . . . not hopes . . . nor hurts . . ."

And so, of course, I did not touch upon the theme again, but, often, seeing her with Judy, I pictured her as a woman who had loved very greatly and whose dearest hope had been to cradle a child in her arms, the child of the man she had so loved. I came to think of her like that, wearing the immortelles of a great renunciation.

I didn't know, until Judy brought Denny to the Lady of the Roses to keep, just how matters stood at the little hut in Rogue's Harbor. Judy was shocked, that night, out of her usual timidity, never without its accompaniment of a fastidious dignity.

Grandpap, it evolved from Judy's tremulous lips and fingers, was lovely as you can think when he was sleeping. Then, it seemed, he had dreams, gentle-appearing dreams, and his half-opened eyes were kind, his mouth lost its ugly twist and became tolerant and all his ferocity fell from him even as an ill-fitting cloak might fall. He seemed, Judy thought, to be

his *real* self. It was characteristic of Judy that she would believe more really in the gentle self of dreams than the coarse one of awakening. Judy was like that.

"He has been getting," Judy told us, "worse and worse of late" . . . when he was awake. He had threatened her and he had actually hit Ollie. Also, he had sided with Jim Shuckles, who, Judy shuddered to us, wanted to "get married with me." As a climax, he had about done for Denny, on whom, most frequently and most disastrously, he vented his unbridled brute rages. This night had been the end. Denny, Judy had thought, was done for. He could stay no longer in Rogue's Harbor if he were to stay on earth at all.

"I thought," she ended, with her wide eyes on the calm eyes of the Lady of the Roses, "that he could kinder stay with you a bit till I . . . till I c'n make plans. I'm going to do something for Denny. He aint going back to grandpap, not ever. If you cant . . ." She ended on rather a wistful note and waited.

The Lady of the Roses had taken Denny's bruised little body into her arms and was soothing him with whispers and with touch. The calm of her eyes was momentarily troubled. Her lips moved and I heard her say, "Not like . . . and yet . . ." Then she smiled up at Judy. "Of course I shall keep him," she said; "it will be charming for me. He shall have lots of bread and milk and sunshine and roses and love, and these are the things, and all the things, a child requires. I shall give them . . . oh, gladly! And he shall watch me sew, by lamp-light, and when you come, Judy, to try on the frock I am making you we will have Denny as audience and critic-in-general."

It seems to me now, on looking back, that two or three uneventful weeks went by, with the exceptions of the daily brawls at the hut in Rogue's Harbor. They, I knew, were daily. They were as much a part of the atmosphere as the smell of the salt, mud and sand, the clam-shells drying in the sun, the

salt winds breathing over the marshes, the smell of the ships and the feel of the shifting fogs. It all, somehow, blended into the place, and only Judy stood forth, penetrating the miasmas like a pale shaft of purest gold . . .

It came to me then that Governor Kingsland, then Governor of the State, was spending his summer in the next town, as was his wont, and that he came quite frequently to Rogue's Harbor and quite frequently talked with Judy. At the time I did not connect the Governor and his visits with anything in any sense out of the usual. He was a busy old man, I thought, if I thought at all, with fancies, with dreams . . . to which, no doubt, the child with her sunny hair and her sunny eyes and her naïveté, made whimsical, made tenderish appeal.

Still later it came to me, in divers ways, and finally thru the Lady of the Roses, that the Governor's grandson, Teddy, had met Judy and that he seemed to share the family leaning.

I came into closer touch with the whole when Teddy began to meet Judy at the cottage of the Lady of the Roses.

"They've been meeting in the woods," she told me, "and by the lakeside, and when and where they could. I think it better if they come here. They must be alone, of course; that is their right. But there are alonenesses and alonenesses. I think it is better if I am here, an abiding presence."

I thought of what a mother she might have made if life had not been denying, watching her, as I did, mothering Denny and standing apart from Judy, infinitely wise.

It was more an idyll than a love, all along. Judy, with her child's face and child's loyalties and woman instincts; Teddy, with his chivalry and his fresh-from-the-wariness and his growing, deepening, first unconscious and then very frankly conscious love . . .

It was an idyll against which the brutalities of Jim and poor Ollie seemed bestially insulting.

It was, perhaps, merely again, the matter of contrast. Judy was an eidolon, a thing of dreams and dream-desires, and Teddy loved her, responded to her, in just that way.

Ollie, poor creature, was just an exponent, and a very untutored, very uncontrolled, very crass one, of sex, of her sex. There was a man, and there was a woman, and there was a child; there was a marriage, or there was not a marriage, according to Ollie, and there were no shades, no complexities pro or con. There ran thru her, partly because of her sex, no doubt, a certain dull and even dread persistency called loyalty,

and an equally dull bewilderment and helplessness when she discovered no such trait in the man from whom she had dully, too, expected it—Jim. It was not Jim Shuckles, so much, who looked after Ollie now, with that light in his eyes; it was the father of Jim Shuckles' impending child . . . and Ollie's world was awry, with no possibility within her horizon of adjustment.

It has come to me frequently since, and specifically in connection with Judy, that love, the essence of love, must be a constructive element. Judy was a builder. Her whole impulse was one to rear things, and, always, toward the clouds . . . She had the quality of patience, too.

She must have had, because, as it evolved afterward, after the day of the Governor's narrowly averted death, and her own heroism, heroically displayed, she had been fighting all sorts of almost insuperable elements, having to bring to bear upon them the wisdom of a woman and the wit of an adventuress.

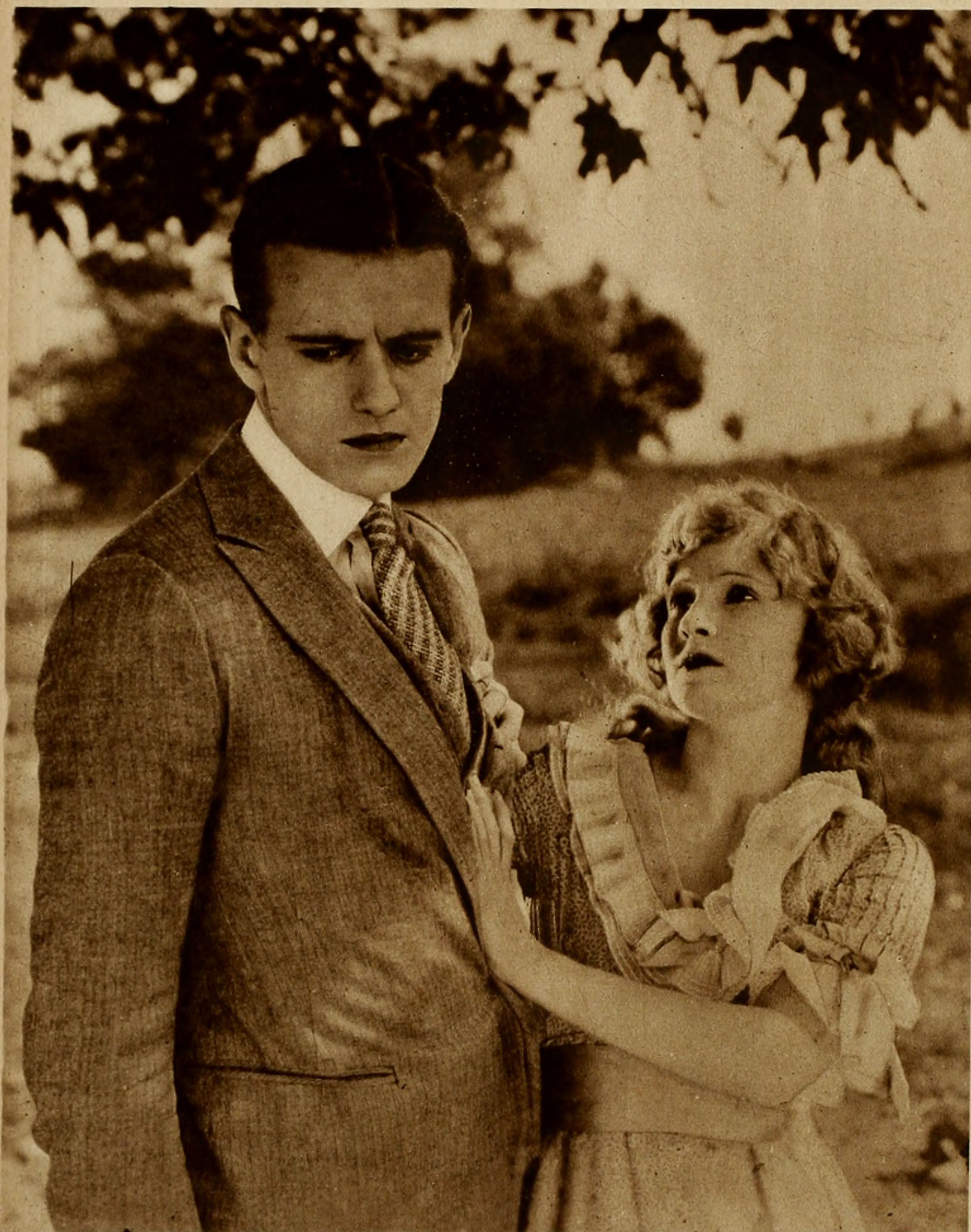
It is an ill wind, so saith an ancient proverb, and the day of the assault on the Governor's life and Judy's saving of the same had the effect of the heavy mists of Rogue's Harbor lifting and revealing the hulls and the masts of the many ships, secret and otherwise, at rest in that same harbor, veritably Rogue's Harbor.

It revealed, primarily, the fact that there was, without a doubt, some sort of secret organization in the town operating anarchistically. It must have come to Judy on that occasion that Jim Shuckles was a part of it. The ideas connected by some sort of natural inference, called, easily, instinct. Jim just *was* that sort of person. And, by natural inference, too, it must have come to Judy that this very connection was to be some sort of a means of saving Ollie, whose poor tragedy was growing daily in the lives of all of them. Judy had that instinct, exclusively a woman's.

It made Teddy know how much he loved her, too. When he saw her swinging at the head of the maddened horses to stop them on their mad career, he knew that life and death were duelling and that the life at stake was the breath of his own. It didn't make any difference who she was, or what her relationship to the queer people at the hut at Rogue's Harbor was. She was Judy. He was Teddy.

"They've been meeting in the woods," she told me, "and by the lakeside, and when and where they could. They must always be alone . . ."





Teddy and Judy walked in the garden of roses just as they came to their most perfect bloom, and whispered, one to the other, the old-as-the-world vows

And the answer was two-in-one.

It made the Governor reveal things hidden too long. It gave back . . . but this is how it happened . . .

Two nights after the attack on the Governor's life another attack was planned by Jim Shuckles and his fellows. The Governor, already incapacitated, was to be spirited away. The whole party was to be disrupted. Power, in short, was to be shifted. The plans took place in the barn at Rogue's Harbor, and poor Ollie, ever, these days, on the lone trail of Jim, overheard them. She told them all to Judy, because, primarily, she told everything to Judy. Judy made her plans, and, herself maneuvered the Governor from his house, to a boat, and thence to the cottage of the Lady of the Roses, to whom, somehow or other, Judy felt all who were weary, or sick, in danger or in doubt, should essentially go.

When the Governor recovered from his stupor and beheld

deliberate. It sounds—monstrous. I know. There is no alleviating circumstance. There is no possible condoning. I was young. Shallow. I did not know what we pay for joy and what we mean by pain. I had not known grief nor death, nor love, nor any of these things. The years bring these. It took a great many to bring them to me. I told you that the money was gone and the child was dead. I made it seem real beyond all shadow of a doubt. You went away at once. Later, when penitence came to me, I could not find you. You seemed to have vanished from the general surface of the earth . . ."

"I had," murmured the Lady of the Roses, and all the battle with pain made intolerable her face, so that the Governor turned from it with a groan.

"There is no expiation," he said; "I know that. I cannot, no matter how bitter my sorrow, give you back your lost years. I cannot give you back your baby. I can give you back your little girl. She is here. Judy. I gave her to her grandfather

(Continued on page 75)

the Lady of the Roses, he gave a sort of cry, a terrible sort of cry that yet held a strange, paradoxical relief. It was as though a soul long tormented was facing an ultimate, most exquisite torment before some sort of a Nirvana.

"I've felt that this would come to me for a long while," he said. "I told my son only yesterday that I could not give him more money for his senatorial campaign because the money—is not mine to give. Has never been mine to give. It . . ." He looked up into the serene face of the Lady of the Roses and the slow tears gathered in his eyes. "I hate to take from you once more," he said, brokenly, "the serenity you must have gained at such a cost. But I am taking it this time, I know, only to give it, in some measure, back to you again. My dear, when your husband went away so many years ago and did not return—when you returned alone and I had to account to you for the moneys that had been entrusted to me and the child left in my house—I lied."

The Lady of the Roses started violently. Her lips formed the word "child." Involuntarily, Judy moved closer to her. Teddy, in the background, was watching his grandfather with an absorption, half fascinated, half terrorized.

"I lied," the Governor was saying, thru taut lips; "the temptation overcame me, and I fell. It sounds

That Irishman From Paris

By FREDERICK

JAMES SMITH

AN Irishman from Paris—and with a French accent! Which seems to describe George Fitzmaurice, the director.

For Fitzmaurice was born in the Parisian capital of true Irish folk from the south of the little green isle. Wanderers, they had made their home in Paris. It was early decided to train young Fitzmaurice for the diplomatic service—that goal of the Continental youth—but the future director decided differently.

Art beckoned and Fitzmaurice decided to be a painter. He studied and was graduated from the famous Julien School in Paris. Oddly, two years after Fitzmaurice left, Lionel Barrymore came to the same place to study art.

Fitzmaurice found it impossible to pin himself down to pigments and brushes, and the next year found him in the Far East. "It was far from an artistic career that I fell into," laughs Fitzmaurice in telling it. "I became a salesman for cotton, jute, hemp and other Eastern products, and for nine years I lived in India, with visits to China, Japan and Egypt to break the monotony.

"Then I wandered back to Occidental civilization and the movies. Six years ago I invaded pictures with Pathé, and I have been directing ever since. That's the whole story."

Fitzmaurice doesn't tell his own tale very well. Beneath the bare outline are, we suspect, scores of colorful adventures—but Fitzmaurice simply will not talk of himself.

Oddly, this variegated career seems to have been an admirable preparation for the screen. For Fitzmaurice owes his remarkable ability to attain beautiful pictures—admirable in light, shade and grouping—to his early training as a painter, just as

(Forty-seven)

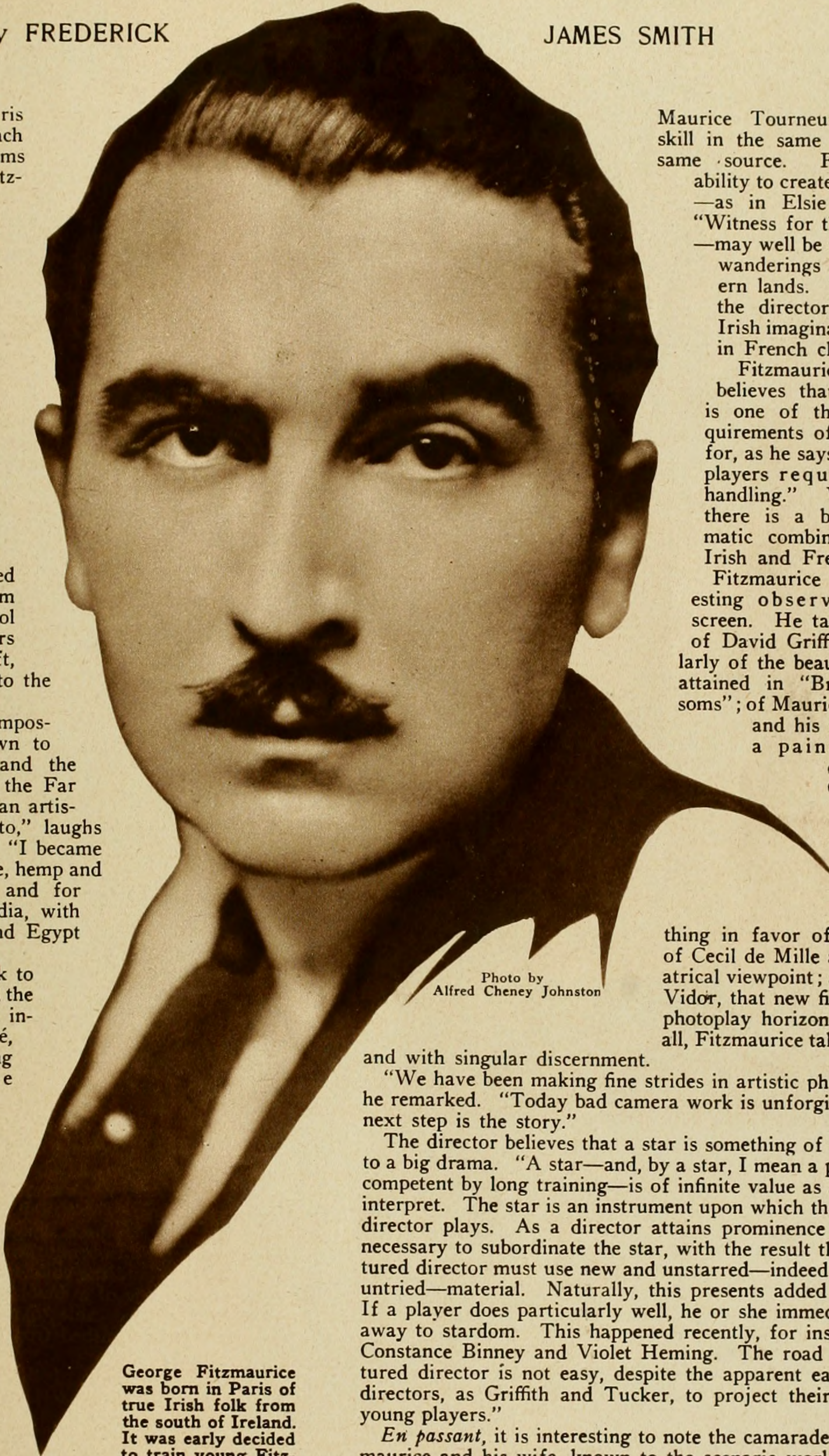


Photo by
Alfred Cheney Johnston

George Fitzmaurice was born in Paris of true Irish folk from the south of Ireland. It was early decided to train young Fitzmaurice for the diplomatic service. But the future director decided differently

Maurice Tourneur owes his skill in the same field to the same source. Fitzmaurice's ability to create atmosphere—as in Elsie Ferguson's "Witness for the Defense"—may well be traced to his wanderings thru Eastern lands. To this add the director's natural Irish imagination trained in French channels.

Fitzmaurice himself believes that diplomacy is one of the chief requirements of a director, for, as he says, "stars and players require delicate handling." We ask if there is a better diplomatic combination than Irish and French?

Fitzmaurice is an interesting observer of the screen. He talked vividly of David Griffith, particularly of the beauty of scene attained in "Broken Blossoms"; of Maurice Tourneur and his rare skill as a painter of the

cinema; of George Loane Tucker and his disregard for every-

thing in favor of the story; of Cecil de Mille and his theatrical viewpoint; and of King Vidor, that new figure on the photoplay horizon. Of them all, Fitzmaurice talked frankly

and with singular discernment.

"We have been making fine strides in artistic photography," he remarked. "Today bad camera work is unforgivable. The next step is the story."

The director believes that a star is something of an essential to a big drama. "A star—and, by a star, I mean a player made competent by long training—is of infinite value as an organ to interpret. The star is an instrument upon which the intelligent director plays. As a director attains prominence it becomes necessary to subordinate the star, with the result that the featured director must use new and unstarred—indeed, frequently untried—material. Naturally, this presents added difficulties. If a player does particularly well, he or she immediately slips away to stardom. This happened recently, for instance, with Constance Binney and Violet Heming. The road of the featured director is not easy, despite the apparent ease of some directors, as Griffith and Tucker, to project their ideas into young players."

En passant, it is interesting to note the camaraderie of Fitzmaurice and his wife, known to the scenario world as Ouida Bergere. "We work together on every production," explains the director. "I owe a lot to our team work."

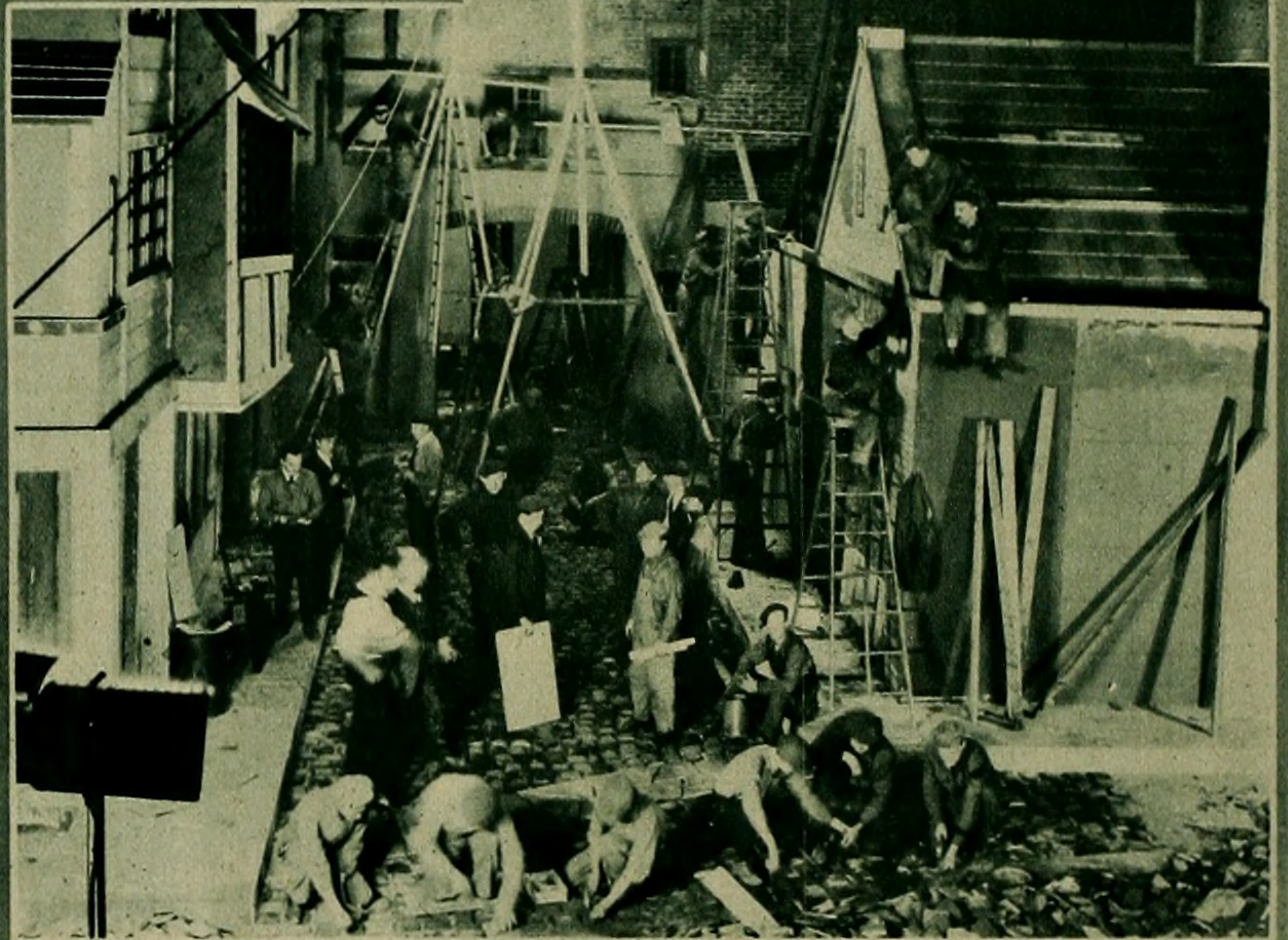
(Continued on page 83)

Aladdin in

Demonstrating how difficult—
and atmospheric—settings are
created right in the studio



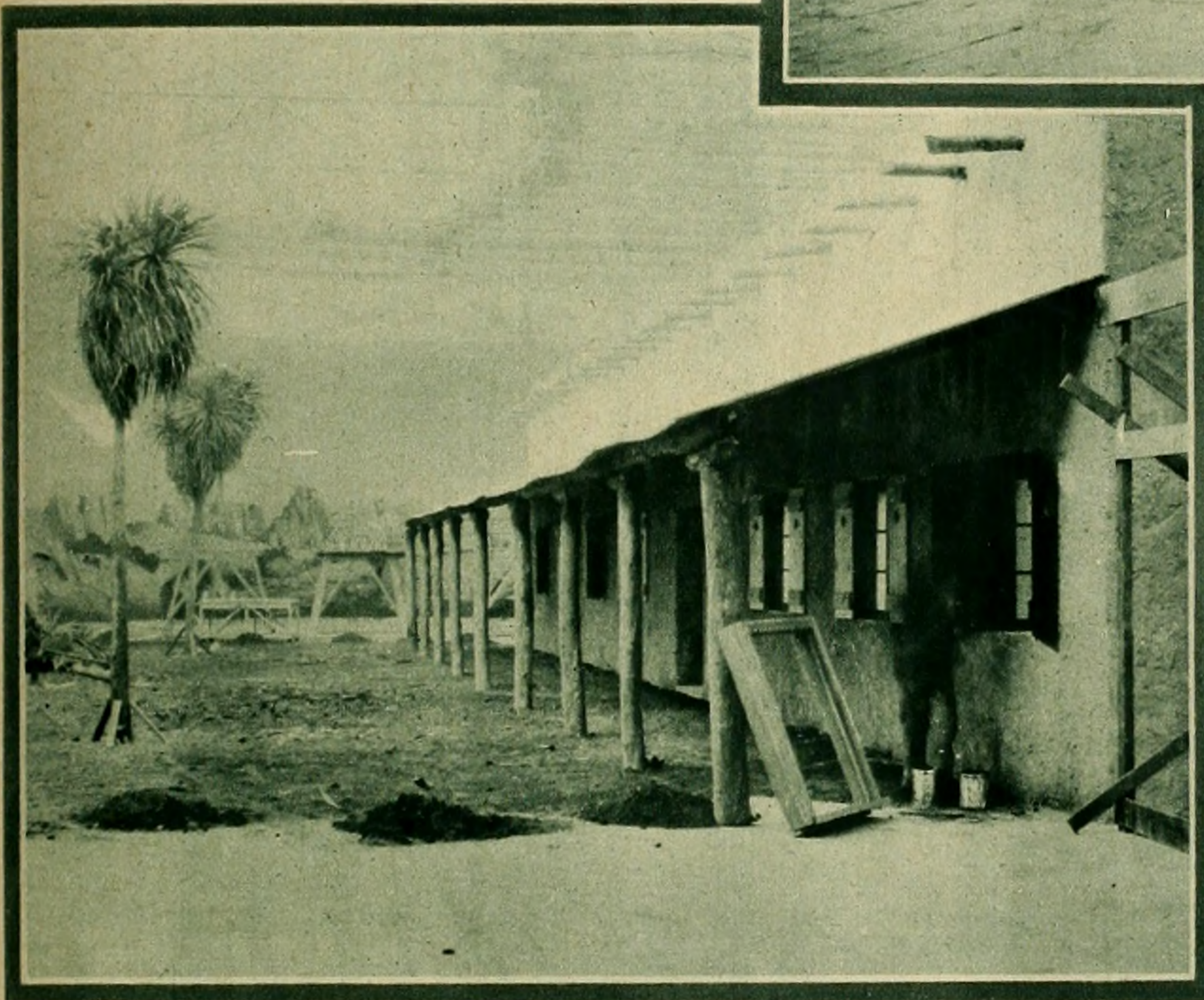
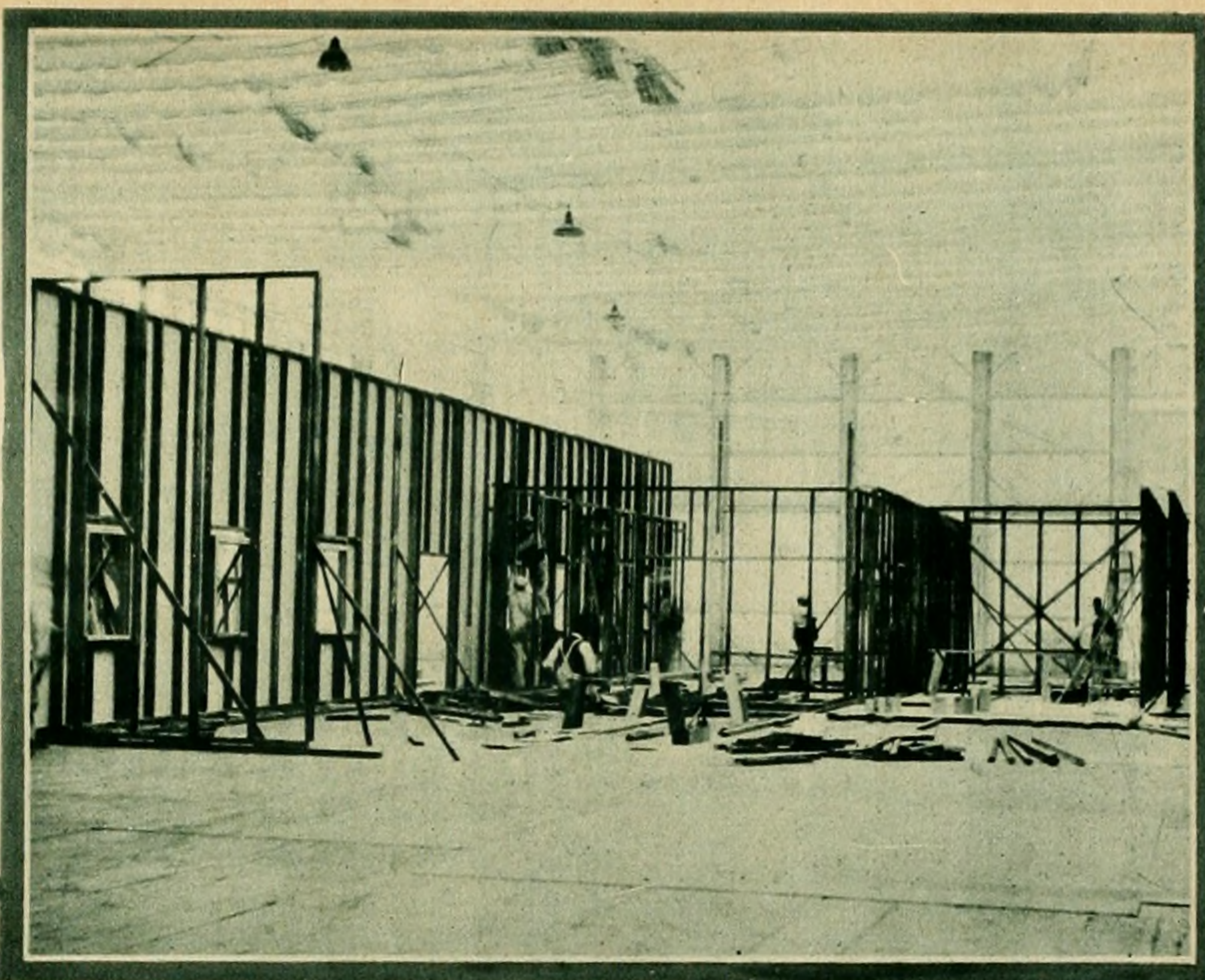
The director needed a London street of the period of 1860. Presto! The studio Aladdin came into action and the street was constructed on the spot within a few hours



The street was correct down
to the finest detail. Even the
pavement blocks were built
of wood and painstakingly
nailed to the floor

the Studio

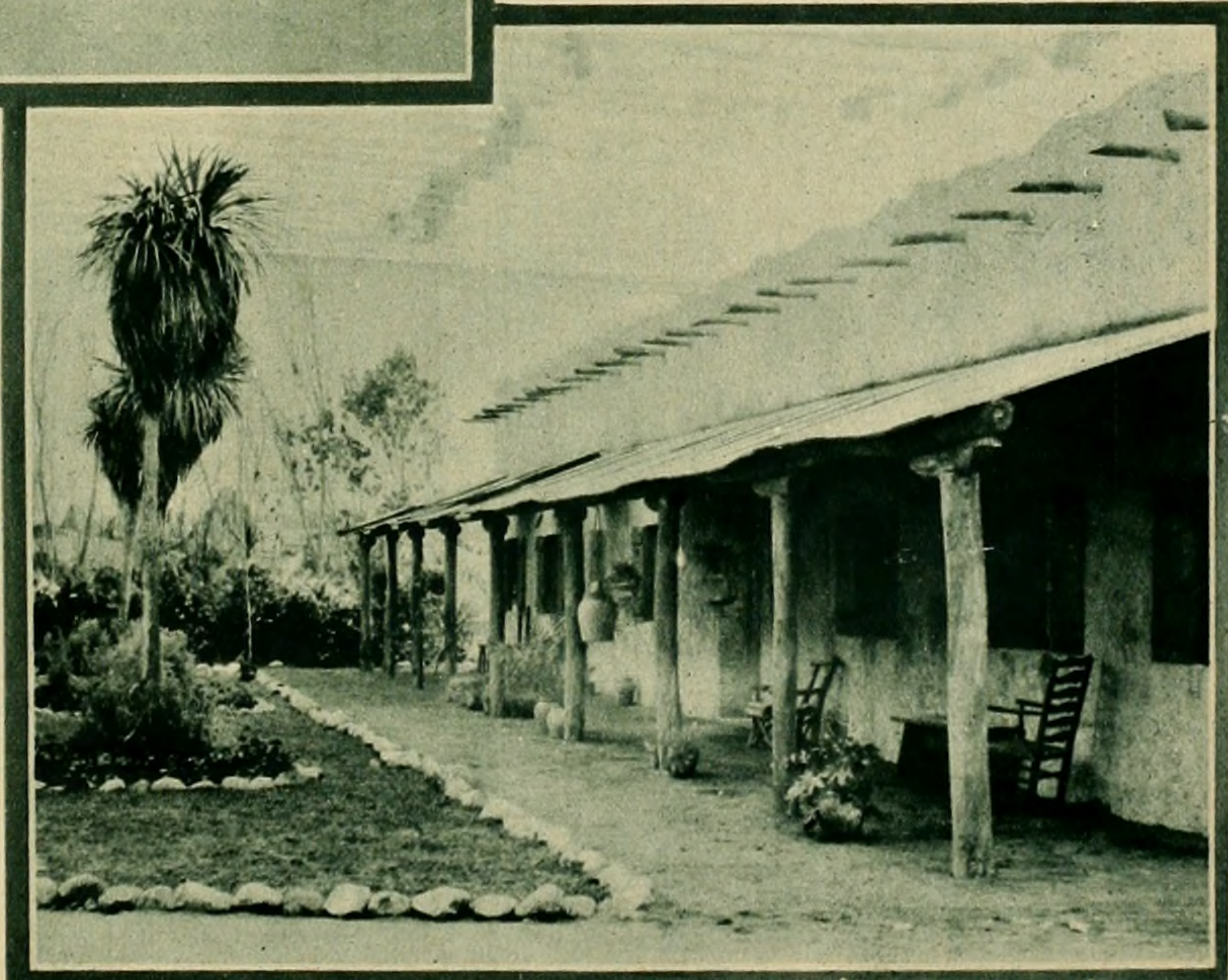
These two settings were built in Famous Players-Lasky studios, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" in the East, and "The Round-Up" in the West



Out at the Lasky studio the director said casually to his studio aid: "I need a ranch house in the morning—get busy!" Herewith is the adobe house in three stages



It wasn't easy, but a little thing like reproducing a section of the South-West doesn't cause the modern studio staff to pause



The Celluloid Critic

SOPHISTICATED and searching is the photoplay of 1920. Franker and franker does it become each month in dealing with that eternal theme—sex. The picture puritan may lift his trembling hands in horror, but we see the photoplay as in its adolescent period. The screen drama has been growing and, with a mighty hurrah, it has just discovered sex.

What a shock Cecil de Mille's latest silken orchidrama, "Why Change Your Wife?" (Paramount), would have caused but two short years ago. Not that this latest ruthless cinema invasion of the sacred domain of they-lived-happily-ever-after will not provoke comment. It will—decidedly. For De Mille starts intimately in a bath, with hubby safety-razoring and wifey trying to button her dress unaided, and zips briskly thru matrimonial boredom, divorce, marriage to a pretty gown model, another case of domestic ennui, a second divorce and remarriage to wife No. 1. Remember De Mille's "Why Change Your Husband?," in which he pointed the moral that divorce is rather a waste of time, since all men eat onions, forget to shave and doze off to sleep directly after dinner? Here he reverses the sex of his moral and shows that all wives— But we pause. Mr. de Mille makes his point with more adroit grace. He says, in brief, wives should learn when to be wives and when to be sweethearts.

We verily believe "Why Change Your Wife?" to be Mr. de Mille's best film contribution. It is done with all the director's luxuriousness of method. It has been very smoothly constructed by William de Mille and gilded with subtitles of excellent expression. Moreover, it is admirably played. Thomas Meighan is mere man to the life as the husband of humanly shifting affections, while Gloria Swanson sounds a deeper note

than heretofore as the first wife. Bebe Daniels reveals a subtlety new to her screen playing as the mannequin who dazzles the bored spouse.

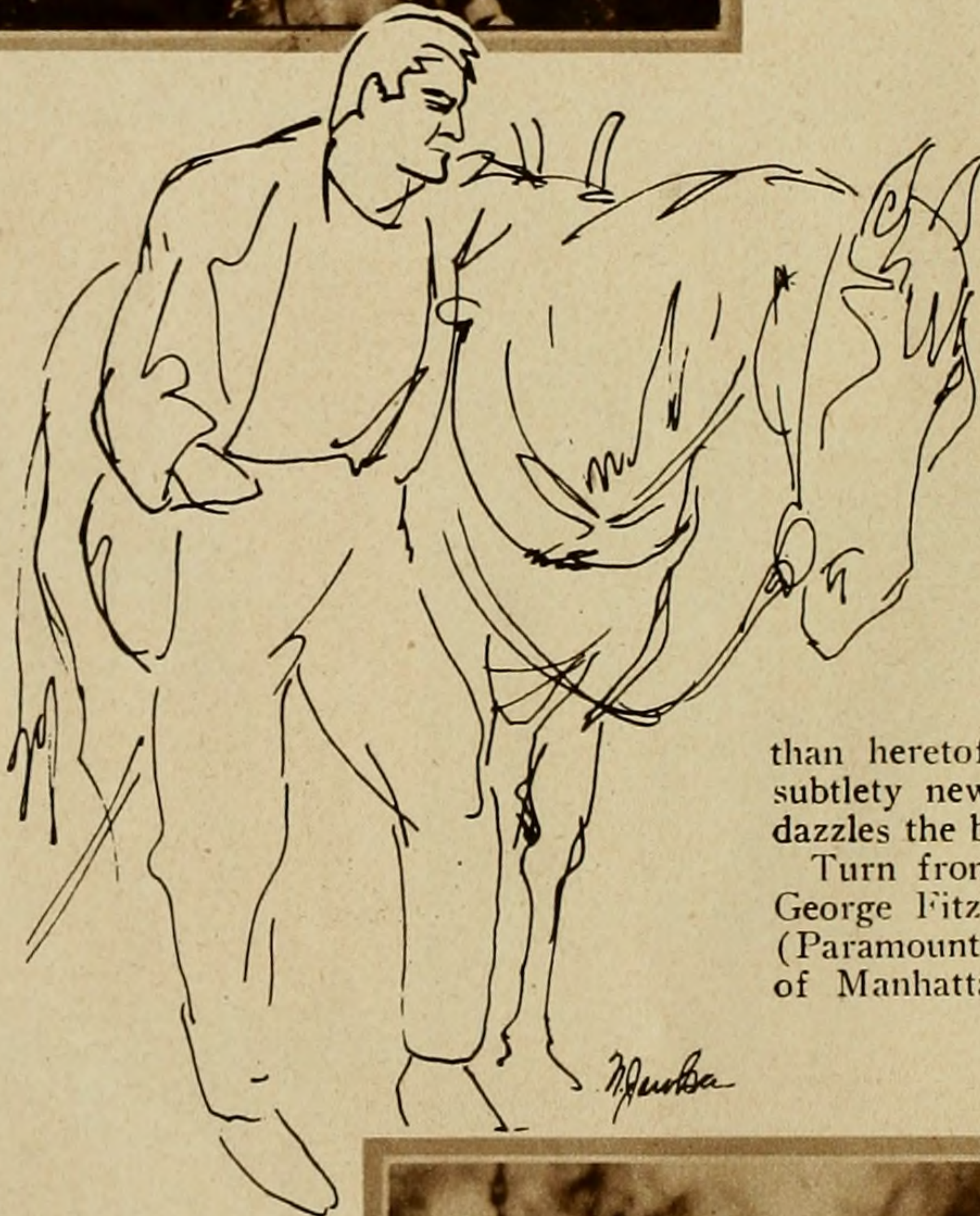
Turn from the De Mille opus in divorce and marriage to George Fitzmaurice's production of "On With the Dance," (Paramount), a de luxe excursion into the gilded sordidness of Manhattan. This presents a new Mae Murray. Miss

Murray has long been a film luminary of decided piquancy, but her dramatic ability has hardly extended above the knees. Here she is both piquant and dramatic, thanks to Mr. Fitzmaurice.

"On With the Dance" dashes thru mismatched marriages, a murder, an international trial and divorce. Miss Murray has the rôle of a bizarre little Russian; a pagan who lives for the moment, a butterfly of shallow emo-



Above, Thomas Meighan and Bebe Daniels in "Why Change Your Wife?"; right, an impression of Lionel Barrymore in "The Copperhead"; and, below, Wanda Hawley and Wallie Reid in "Double Speed"



MY DEAR MR. SMITH:

When I read your wonderful letter to me in reference to "Pollyanna," I was so deeply moved that the tears came to my eyes. It is the sweetest tribute that has ever been paid to me, and one which I sincerely appreciate. I am going to keep it always in my treasure box.

I had almost decided not to impersonate any more children on the screen but, since your letter, I have reconsidered my decision.

Cordially yours,
MARY PICKFORD.



By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Illustrated by NORMAN JACOBSEN

tions, yet understandable, even lovable, in her frailties. Unthinkingly she brings down the crime upon her head. Then it is that the girl, Sonia, rises for a second to greatness of soul, when she goes upon the witness stand and, to save the husband who no longer cares, deliberately lies away her name and every dream.

Ouida Bergere has transformed Michael Morton's stage play into a most effective film drama. Mr. Fitzmaurice has given it a superb screening. Aside from the dramatic effectiveness, he achieved a remarkable series of screen pictures. Here is the best silverscreen light, shade and balance since "Broken Blossoms." The cabaret scenes, with Miss Murray as the chief charmer, are finely done.

Besides developing a most remarkable dramatic note in Miss Murray, Mr. Fitzmaurice selected a capital cast, with Alma Tell shining as a human, well-bred girl of society and David Powell furnishing excellent playing as the distraught and unhappy husband of the shallow Sonia. This photoplay—sweeping from the midnight cabarets, where bored, jaded New York amuses itself, to its ultimate finale outside the Criminal Courts Building, crowded with photographers of the yellow journals—stamps Mr. Fitzmaurice as a director of the very first rank.

Marshall Neilan's first independent production, James Oliver Curwood's story of the Canadian mounted police, "The River's End," is likely to be very popular, because it is an effectively built melodrama. Basically, it plays havoc with the probabilities and falls down in an even casual examination. Death overtakes a police officer after he has pursued and captured his man in the Arctic Circle. The captive, who by one of those remarkable coincidences, looks exactly like his captor, assumes the uniform and personality of the dead man and returns to civilization. There he meets his "sister" and falls in love with her. A very happy conclusion is ultimately reached, of course. What? The hero wasn't really guilty of the crime? Of course not. A death-bed confession of the real murderer solves everything.

Lewis Stone does the two rôles—of captor and captive—with fine virility. A corking performance it is. Marjorie Daw is cute—a typical screen heroine. Mr. Neilan had a well-knit continuity to work with, but he deserves credit in

keeping a high note of suspense and mystery thruout. "The River's End," with all its weaknesses, holds you. The early Arctic Circle scenes do not impress us, but Mr. Neilan has done some brilliant double-exposure work—the best we can recall—in his scenes with Mr. Stone.

Little Shirley Mason came into prominence in two productions: Maurice Tourneur's visualization of Stevenson's immortal tale of adven-
(Continued on page 108)

(Fifty-one)



Top, Mae Murray in "On with the Dance"; center, an impression of Mabel Normand in "Pinto"; and, left, Zena Keefe and Owen Moore in "Piccadilly Jim"

A Bigger Fame and Fortune Contest

Eleanor
Stahl of
New York

Winnie Row-
ley of Brook-
lyn



Photograph by
Morrison, Chicago



Photograph by
Morris
Galleries

Above, Dolly Davis of
Chicago and, left,
Marie Zorka of Van-
couver, B. C.

Above, Irene Snow of
Erie, Pa., and, right,
Ione White of San
Antonio, Texas



This new Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920 has started off with a bang.

Already an avalanche of photographs of beautiful women and handsome men are swamping the office and a special staff is kept busy every day checking them up.

They come from all parts of the world—from Australia, New Zealand and other far distant lands. The interest aroused by the success of the last contest has brought gratifying results.

It should be remembered that the winners of this contest get the same guarantee that was promised the winners of the last

(Continued on page 86)

The Dancin' Fool

By
ESTHER STEEL



SYLVESTER TIBBLE had the spirit of the commercial reformer. How he came by it neither God nor he could tell. And *where* it came from did not seriously annoy him. The source of things was of little moment to Sylvester Tibble. There were so many manifest things to be immediately attended to. Actions and reactions, complexes and analyses, as such, were wholly unknown to the energetic Tibble.

He had been energetic at the time of his birth; he continued to be energetic thruout the precarious span of his boyhood and he would continue energetic until the day of his doubtless protesting death.

He was perpetually bursting out of things, in one fashion or another. When he was very small indeed he burst forth from his clothes because of surplus fat and surplus energy. When he was twenty-one he burst from the precincts of the home farm and the home town because his ideas were surplus and, e'en as his infantile fat, energetic. Also, analogous to the fat again, his ideas were concrete. They centered upon making money and they super-centered upon Uncle Enoch Jones, who operated, rather successfully than

otherwise, a jug factory in the gold-paved city of New York. The mere fact that Uncle Enoch had had the commercial wizardry to go to New York in the first place commended him to 'Ves, who was surrounded, otherwise, by farm-abiding relatives, rather horribly content.

It should be Uncle Enoch, a fortune and jugs!

There was little or no posity to Sylvester Tibble. Uncle Enoch did not appear to him in any light other than the maker of a salable and highly utilitarian article, upon which could be hooked and fastened the brimming zeals, the enthusiastic ideas of a hitherto unappreciated Tibble. That is, he had no posity when he left the dear old farm . . . later . . . but that is later . . .

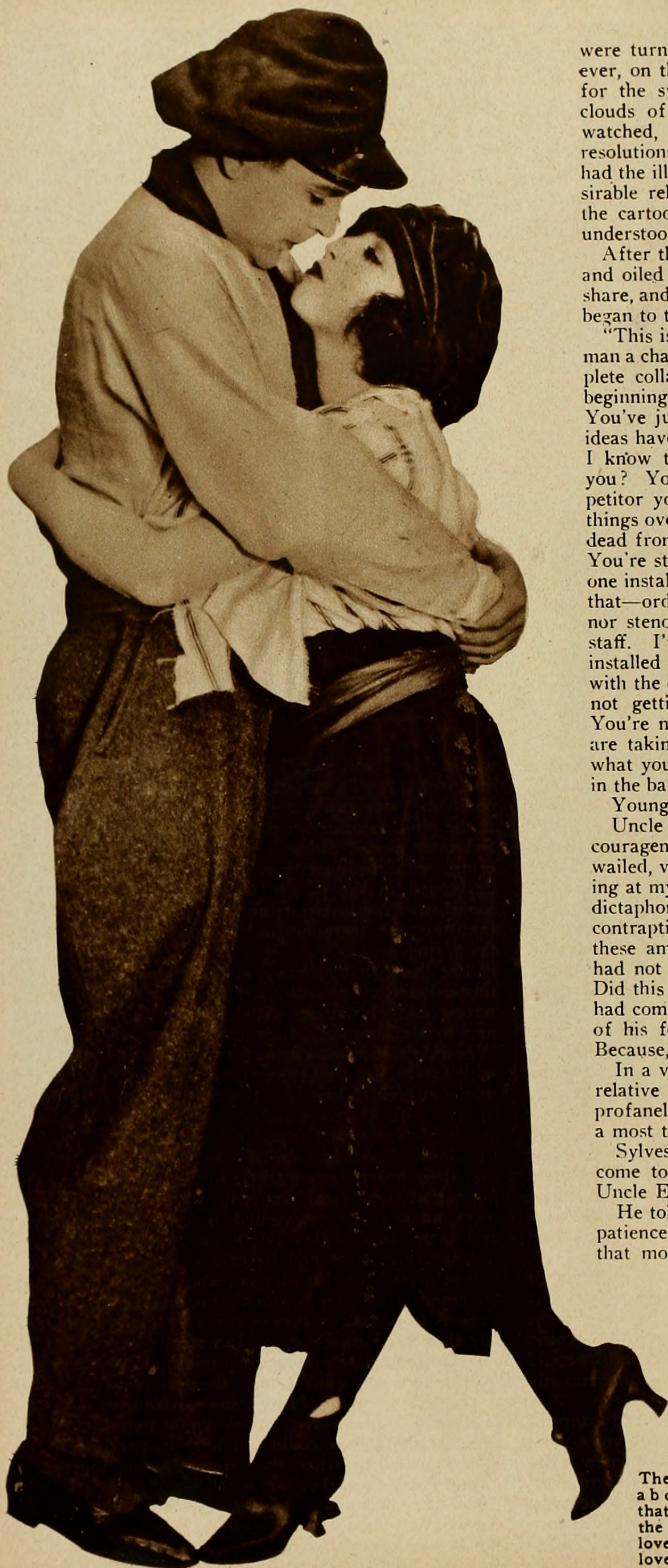
Uncle Enoch, approached by the all but unknown nephew, ruddy, exuberant, immensely cordial, did not, at first blush, nor second, either, share the cordiality. He was making jugs in his own way, selling them in his own way, saving his income in his own way. That it was an antiquated way bothered him not at all. It was *his* way, and he was of the vast majority to whom that is wholly and pleasingly sufficient.

To begin with, he did not believe in sweeping out an office in which one only *worked*. Sanitation in a factory where jugs

THE DANCIN' FOOL

Fictionized by permission from the scenario of Clara Kennedy based upon Henry Payson Dowd's story. Produced by Famous Players-Artcraft, starring Wallace Reid. The cast:

Sylvester Tibble.....	Wallace Reid
Junie Budd.....	Bebe Daniels
Enoch Jones.....	Raymond Hatton
Meeks.....	Willis Marks
McGammon.....	George B. Williams
Ma Budd.....	Sylvia Ashton
Elkus.....	Carlos San Martin
Gaines.....	W. H. Brown
Harkins.....	Tully Marshall
Dorothy Harkins.....	Ruth Ashby
Tom Reed.....	Ernest Joy



were turned forth was "new-fangled." There seemed, however, on the first day of young Tibble's arrival, to be no help for the sweeping, at least. Uncle Enoch, obscured by the clouds of the dust of considerable antiquity, stood by and watched, making grim and, as he feared within him, futile resolutions to make quick work of this young upstart who had had the ill grace to be his sister's child and then foist the undesirable relationship upon an old man. This, then, was what the cartoons meant by pokes at one's relatives . . . Enoch understood . . .

After the sweeping, Sylvester straddled a desk, neatly dusted and oiled by the hand recently self-released from the plough-share, and faced Enoch, still inhaling heavily of dust. Sylvester began to talk.

"This is only the beginning," he said, and got the old gentleman a chair in time to prevent the floor from receiving his complete collapse. Sylvester persisted. "This isn't all, just the beginning," he repeated. "You see, Uncle Enoch, I've ideas. You've jugs and a force to turn 'em out. I've ideas, and the ideas have to do with selling the jugs. You're *not* selling 'em. I know that. Comparative statistics prove that. How can you? You're not up to date. You're letting every other competitor you've got, and you've got 'em by the fourscore, put things over on you. You're the gimp horse in the race. You're dead from the eyes up. You've got a crêpe on your efficiency. You're stale. You haven't even got a telephone—I've ordered one installed. You haven't even got typewriters. I've rectified that—ordered half a dozen. You haven't got adding machines, nor stenographers, nor dictaphones, nor the proper operating staff. I've taken care of that, too. When these details are installed I'll go out on the road for you and see what's wrong with the out-of-town trade. Something is—that's flat. You're not getting the orders the Mills Jug Company is getting. You're not getting half the orders the New Time Jug people are taking in, nor making one quarter of the profits out of what you do sell. You're on a freight and you're being done in the bargain. You leave it all to little 'Ves."

Young Tibble smiled, by way of encouragement.

Uncle Enoch was beyond the smile and quite beyond encouragement. He didn't know his Ibsen or he might have bewailed, very lustily, the fact of the "younger generation knocking at my door." He did assimilate the heresies of telephones, dictaphones, stenographers and such like twentieth century contraptions. All the troubles known to men came from just these ambiguous and wholly distrustful sources. His father had not done business in such a fashion up in Jaytown, Pa. Did this young radical suppose that just because Enoch Jones had come to the city of New York he had forsworn the ways of his forefathers, the honest, God-fearing ways? *Did* he? Because, if he did, he would learn . . . he would . . .

In a voice that quavered, Uncle Enoch bade the undesirable relative to be gone, to be completely and, for Uncle Enoch, profanely *gone*. In a word, he consigned Sylvester Tibble to a most thoro annihilation.

Sylvester Tibble had not swept for nothing. He had not come to New York for nothing. He had not picked upon Uncle Enoch Jones for nothing. He had *come to stay*.

He told Uncle Enoch so, without ire and even with a certain patience. He bore with him; that was manifest. He had come that morning, unheralded and certainly unasked, and Uncle Enoch had been there, among the dust and jugs, for nigh onto half a century, but that was an inconsiderable part of the whole, which was the renovation of the Jones Jug Factory and the innovation of the fortunes of Sylvester Tibble.

Promising, with unnecessary kindness and forethought, to report promptly for work in the morning and observing that he would now go forth to seek a night's lodging, the son of the sister of Enoch Jones fared forth.

Not at once, however, to seek a night's lodging. Reading efficiency manuals and economics and the Laws and By-Laws of

The people who lounged about McGammon's that night looked on at the dawning of first love, of young love, of love when love is new



Commercialism was not all the reading young Tibble had done in his clean-swept room at the home farm. He had read, too, of the cabarets of New York, the dancing girls, the wine and laughter and lure. He had read, approvingly. One of the things he had come to New York for was to dance and to laugh and to live. He had mapped it all out. He would seek love as he would seek his fortune, applying principles of efficiency and system.

Of course, it did not happen to him as he had planned it—love. Almost always this is so, of others than Sylvester Tibble. It happened to him suddenly, with an almost violent abruptness. It happened to him deliciously and accidentally, and like this:

The first cabaret he saw he went into, and the first cabaret happened to be rather a rough sort of place known familiarly as McGammon's. The attraction at McGammon's happened, that season and that fateful night, to be Junie Budd, a very young thing with limbs like a flying dryad's and a face like the name she bore. She *was* very young and very sweet and very untouched, and the gods had surely kist her pink, arched feet and put that abandon of grace into the curves of her body. Sylvester, not being poetical until still later, did not note these details *as* details. He did note, however, that the music—or was it something more?—quickened the pulse of his heart almost unbearably, that he felt oddly short of breath and that there was a dizziness in his head and a coldness in his hands heretofore unknown to him. He tried his efficiency formulas and they fell flat. He tried to think of Uncle Enoch and the jug outfit and tomorrow's regimen and found that all he could see was a pair of limbs, flying and fleet and sweet; all he could hear was the hula-hula of the music. It was uncommonly queer.

Then the thing itself happened. Junie Budd stopped dancing. There was a commotion above which her voice rose, clear as a bell, resentful, full of tears. Sylvester knew what one did then. His head cleared and he made the platform upon which they danced with a bound. Junie's partner, it seemed, had kist her, full upon the mouth, and this was in no sense a part of the program. Junie was "pertikeler," and "What

would Ma Budd say?" was the hue and cry. To emphasize her point she was rubbing savagely at the pink, assaulted mouth, and Sylvester found himself considering, with the queer new undercurrent of thinking he had developed in the past fifteen minutes, that that pink, hurt mouth was the loveliest thing he had ever seen; lovelier, even than the pink anemones in the woods at home with the first of the spring.

The thing to be done was to dispose with two fists of the unspeakable villain who had done the more than unspeakable wrong and, this done, with dispatch, and being nothing very new to McGammon's, the music was resumed. Junie signified 'Ves didn't quite know how, that she wouldn't at all mind dancing with *him*. 'Ves had never done much dancing before, but all that mattered to him was the face of Junie Budd, and he fell in love with her then and there, and the people who lounged about McGammon's that night looked on at the dawning of first love, of young love, of love when love is new, and knew that their hearts beat in their breasts with a different rhythm. They knew that their eyes filled with unconscious and uncalled-for tears, knew that they wanted to see this over and over, again and again, so that they might walk forth into the greyness of the unlovely street and never see the greyness nor mind the unloveliness; but they did not know why. They did tell McGammon what they wanted, tho, in various ways and with various reasons, and they told it *so* variously and so emphatically that McGammon made Junie and 'Ves a joint proposition to take immediate effect and Junie and 'Ves accepted.

They did not quite know, themselves, what had happened to them that night. It had come so strangely, so unexpectedly, so keenly and sweetly. They knew that they wanted to be together; that they could not bear to part. They knew that they were happy when they were dancing together and inexplicably sad when their arms fell asunder and the music ebbed low. They knew that they did not see just as they had seen before; that there was a different meaning than there had been the day before. They did not know quite yet that it was love.

Whatever the reason Junie Budd and 'Ves danced their way to fame



He called Enoch Jones a few hard but understandable names and produced from every pocket his wearing apparel boasted contracts secured by him on his trip

That night Junie took 'Ves home with her and introduced him, palpitably, to Ma Budd. Ma took roomers and was willing, having a vacancy, to include Sylvester Tibble, "with references." Sylvester was efficient enough to have equipped himself with these. He had foreseen

almost all contingencies save the entirely marvelous one of falling in love—and, of all marvelous persons, with Junie Budd. To *think* that he should have picked out Junie Budd! It was, he knew, with a reverent and deep conviction, nothing less than a dispensation from heaven.

Late that night poesy entered the soul of Sylvester Tibble and he inscribed his first perfervid sonnet to "Beautiful Junie Budd."

In the morning he knew that he was in love.

So did she.

Before they danced, that same evening, at McGammon's he told her of his love, and she admitted hers, and the mutual confession ended in the first kiss and the promise of the finest engagement ring in the town.

On the way home from McGammon's 'Ves told Junie all about Uncle Enoch and the jug factory and the reforms he was instituting and was going to institute in order, altruistically enough, to make Uncle Enoch and the jugs efficient and, quite incidentally, to make the gold and glittering fortune of one Sylvester Tibble. Junie Budd listened and believed. The jugs and the efficiency principles were all rather vague, but, outstanding and startling, was the great fact of the greatness of Sylvester Tibble. It was, to her, a manifest fact, and she told him so. Further proof of his greatness consisted in the fact that he put the idea of greatness modestly from him—it was nothing much, he guessed, to come fresh from a farm and place factories and factory owners and labor situations

and out-of-town trades upon a speedy efficiency basis . . . nothing much as *he* could see—it was just *him*, that was all . . . just Sylvester Tibble. He happened, wonderfully or otherwise, to be made like that.

Perhaps the world was hungry, after the war, for the lighter flowers of lighter things. Perhaps it was just the inborn desire everywhere to see young love and young life winged on dancing feet. Whatever the reason, Junie Budd and 'Ves danced their way to fame. Once again 'Ves burst bonds. McGammon's could not hold them once the tales of their light-some steps became noised abroad. Offers came in and they danced, finally and triumphantly, in the Garden of Roses, the most famous and the most exclusive of the popular cabarets.

Junie would have been content just to dance and love, but there was a real sense of commercialism in Sylvester. "They want us because we're so darned young," he told Junie, "and so much in love. Both these things *show*, honey-girl. That's what the people are coming to see. That's what they want, even tho they haven't the sense to *name* it. That wont last—the youth part of it—and they wont want to see the love part when the youth part isn't there. Then . . . where will we be? We wont save money at this rate. People living this sort of life just *dont*, just *cant*. And, anyway . . . I dont want to have you keep on dancing for other folks to see . . . I want you to dance over green lawns and wild flowers . . . in the morning . . . in the moonlight . . . for *me* . . . alone . . . honey . . ."

"Why . . . why, 'Ves," whispered Junie Budd, resting her young, pink face against his sleeve, "I . . . I didn't know you were a poet . . . *too* . . ."

"I'm not," said 'Ves.

"But . . . just now . . ."

"I'm a lover . . . *that's* why . . ."

'Ves danced at night and by day he persisted in his thankless job of modernizing the down-sliding Jones Jug Factory. He

fired the star salesman when he found that he had been looting the firm via his much-inflated expense account, and he managed, with much effort and a great deal of abuse, to smuggle in the typewriters and the telephones. The stenographers were still in abeyance, owing to a slight consideration for the apopleptic tendencies of Uncle Enoch.

Then, one night, after dancing at the Garden of Roses, he met James Harkins, a jug manufacturer, and his extremely up-to-date and talkative sister, Dorothy. Harkins was willing to talk, and from the talk of both of them 'Ves gleaned his great idea for merchandizing the Jones Jug. It meant a trip on the road and, before the trip, it meant a great many talks with the Harkinses, both brother and sister, to accumulate data and gain information. It meant, analogously, seeing considerably less of Junie Budd, who simply *could* not talk jugs nor get the ins and outs of efficiency. Seeing less of Junie Budd meant an aching loneliness to 'Ves, but it meant to Junie, Dorothy Harkins. She had always suspected that 'Ves was far too wonderful a person to have loved her, and now this commanding young woman, with the statistics of jugs at her very fingertips, was going to prove the horrid fact to 'Ves himself. Junie skidded completely away on the idea. She told 'Ves she was certain of it. She told him not to mind her; her heart could break, but her feet should go on dancing . . . and dancing . . . and dancing . . . forever and ever and . . . at which juncture her poignant grief conquered her and she wept out her heartbreak and gave him back his ring and sent him forth on his trip, puzzled, distraught, more, however, than feverishly anxious to make good that he might dazzle Junie's baby blue eyes with a more than magnificent diamond. She was a child, God bless her, a baby, and as a child and a baby bright things should be dangled before her to bring her back to his heart . . . in the meantime . . . there were the jugs . . .

It took 'Ves two months to do what he wanted to do, and when he returned to New York it was spring again and it was night-time . . . such a time and such a night as the first one upon which he had met Junie Budd and danced with . . . and loved her . . . and made a host of people to dream while their lips grew wistful and their eyes grew dim with tears . . .

He had not heard from Junie since the night she had sobbed out her farewell to him, but she had said, then, that she would keep on dancing and dancing . . . forever and ever . . . and so he sought her in the Garden of Roses.

She was dancing there, but, he saw at once, not as she had danced before . . . with him. There was life in her young grace, but the love had gone from the life and the pulse from the flesh. And the people, too, they were sipping their wine . . . smoking . . . only casually . . . only occasionally did their eyes rest on the girl and man dancing on the stage . . . 'Ves heard one man say, "Curious . . . she used to get you like a heartache that you wanted to keep on feeling . . . Not now . . . deader than a door-nail. Management's to can them, I hear."

This was too

"Will you marry a dancin' fool, Junie?" the young lover asked, "and . . . the present partner and future outright owner of the Jones Jugs, Incorporated . . . will you?"

(Fifty-seven)

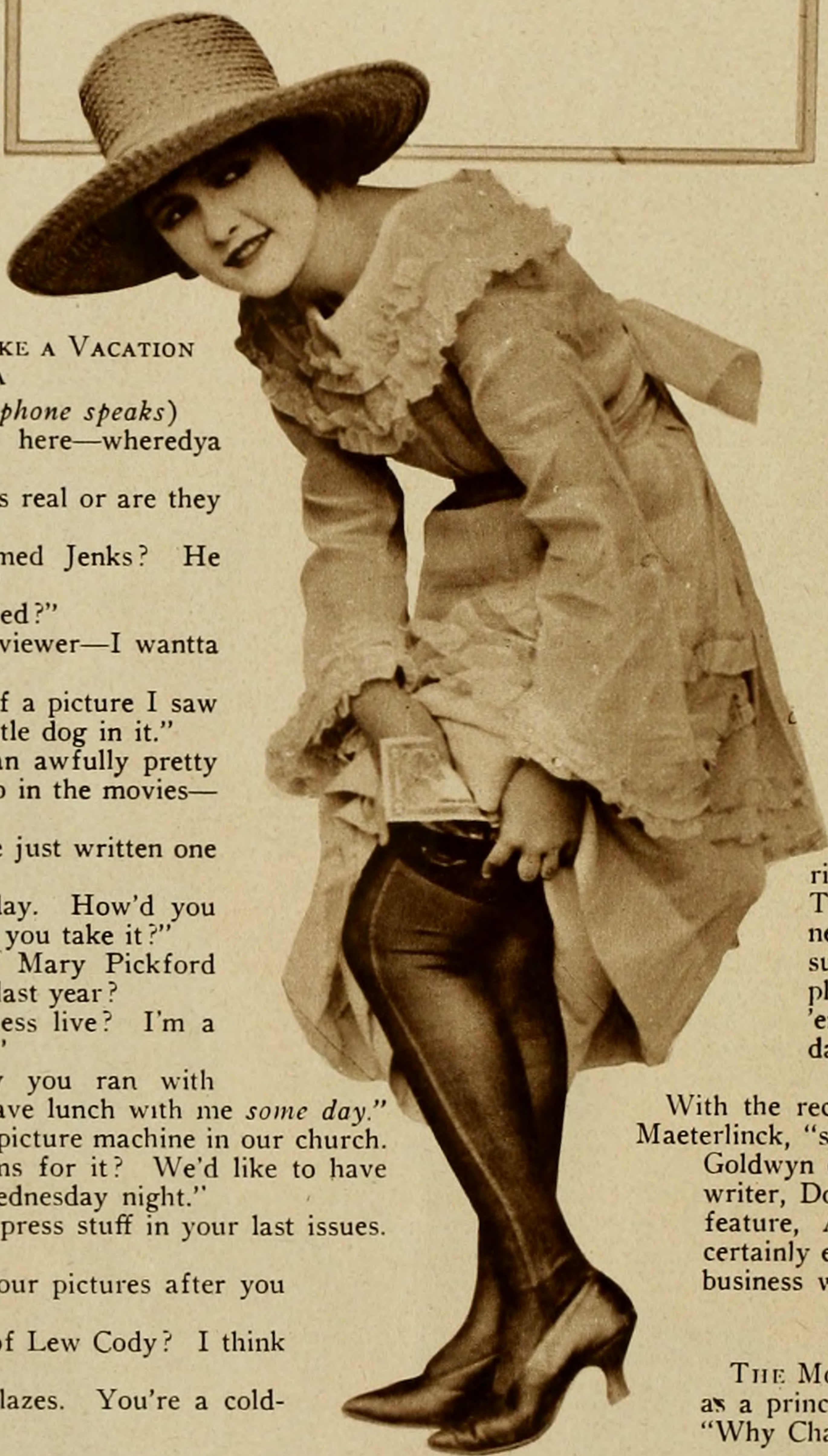
much for 'Ves. It was too much for him to look on at his dancing dryad with all the fervors gone from her pretty limbs. He made the stage as he had made it once before, months ago, seized her in his arms and gave the assembled crowd the lure and lilt they had missed, not knowing why . . . And they hadn't forgotten him. They hadn't forgotten her. They hadn't forgotten the pair of them together. They didn't know that the quick gasp of her breath, the exultant leap of her young body, the ecstatic sway and song of them was because she hadn't known . . . because her heart had been breaking . . . because young love had come to her again . . . made the world a dream new . . . they knew they were getting what they wanted, and they told the young couple so with cheers and cries and welcomes and bravos . . .

There was one table on the floor silent in the midst of the general hubbub. Grouped about that table were the Harkinses, brother (Continued on page 79)



Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.



BIG MOMENTS OF THE MONTH

When Bebe Daniels adjusts the sofa victrola in "Why Change Your Wife?"

The moonlight swim of Connie Talmadge in "Two Weeks."

Mae Murray's cabaret moments in "On With the Dance."

Our idea of far-fetched comparisons occurs in a recent Lewis J. Selznick advertisement, which compares the quality of Selznick productions to the quality which "impresses you on every hand in the stately mansion of George Washington at Mount Vernon." Pretty soon some ambitious press agent is going to compare somebody else's pictures to Grant's Tomb.

The "piquant photoplay" is still striving for piquancy. A recent Constance Talmadge comedy carries this advertising line: "A tale of wild men and wild women in a wild city." A picture of an elderly gentleman examining a cutie's right shoulder-blade carries this message: "Ye gods! The old fossil thinks he's a sinner!" And the advertising man sums it all up in this choice phrase: "What if it does make 'em blush—your theater is dark!"

With the recluse "Blue Bird" philosopher, Maeterlinck, "supervising productions" at the Goldwyn coast studios; the "Pollyanna" writer, Doc Crane, dashing off a super-feature, Art (capital A, please), has certainly entered the scenario end of the business with a vengeance.

DID YOU NOTICE

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC'S debut as a principal player in Cecil de Mille's "Why Change Your Wife?"

GROWTH

By BARBARA HOLLIS

I've grown away from you I know,
I tried to take you too;
But you cried out, "Come back to me!"
And that I cannot do.

I hoped it might not matter, dear,
Till in your grieving eyes
I saw that you were lost to me—
Could it be otherwise?

Life holds its compensations—true—
A crown for every cross;
Yet can the sad sweet joy of growth
Make up for bitter loss?

Above,
A Run on the Bank,
Introducing Laura La
Plante of the Christie
comedies

LOST KISSES

By ELEANOR HAMMOND

You kist me, and the sea wind blew away
The kiss and lost it in the whirling spray.
A nautilus came drifting in from sea—
It was your kiss blown back to me.

You kist me where the summer breezes pass;
We lost the kiss among the wind-blown grass,
And as we laughed, we saw it flutter by—
A little yellow butterfly.

And once beneath a sky of amethyst
Almost your lips touched mine, almost we kist.
The night wind stole the kiss and tossed it far—
It blossomed as a little star.

At Every Move of Your Hand— Your Nails are Conspicuous



YOU jot down a memorandum—
instantly eyes are attracted to
your hands. Instantly a judg-
ment of you is formed, based upon
the appearance of your nails.

Eyes follow a moving object auto-
matically; follow it as inevitably as
they blink when something suddenly
flies towards them. This is why they
are so often fastened on your finger
tips.

**Notice today and count the num-
ber of times someone glances at
your nails.**

People no longer excuse unsightly
hands. For it is generally known
that nowadays well-kept nails are
simply a matter of a little care.

However busy you might be, how-
ever hard you might use your hands,
you need never be ashamed of your
finger nails. It requires only a few
minutes of the right kind of care
once or twice a week to keep them in
perfect condition. But be sure it is
the *right* kind of care.

The safe and satisfactory method
of caring for the cuticle is softening
and wiping away. This is easily
done by the use of Cutex, the pure
liquid cuticle remover.

The simple Cutex method of mani-
curing takes less time than the old
painful cutting of the cuticle, and
it is *absolutely harmless*. Cutex Nail
White and Nail Polish complete a
perfect manicure.

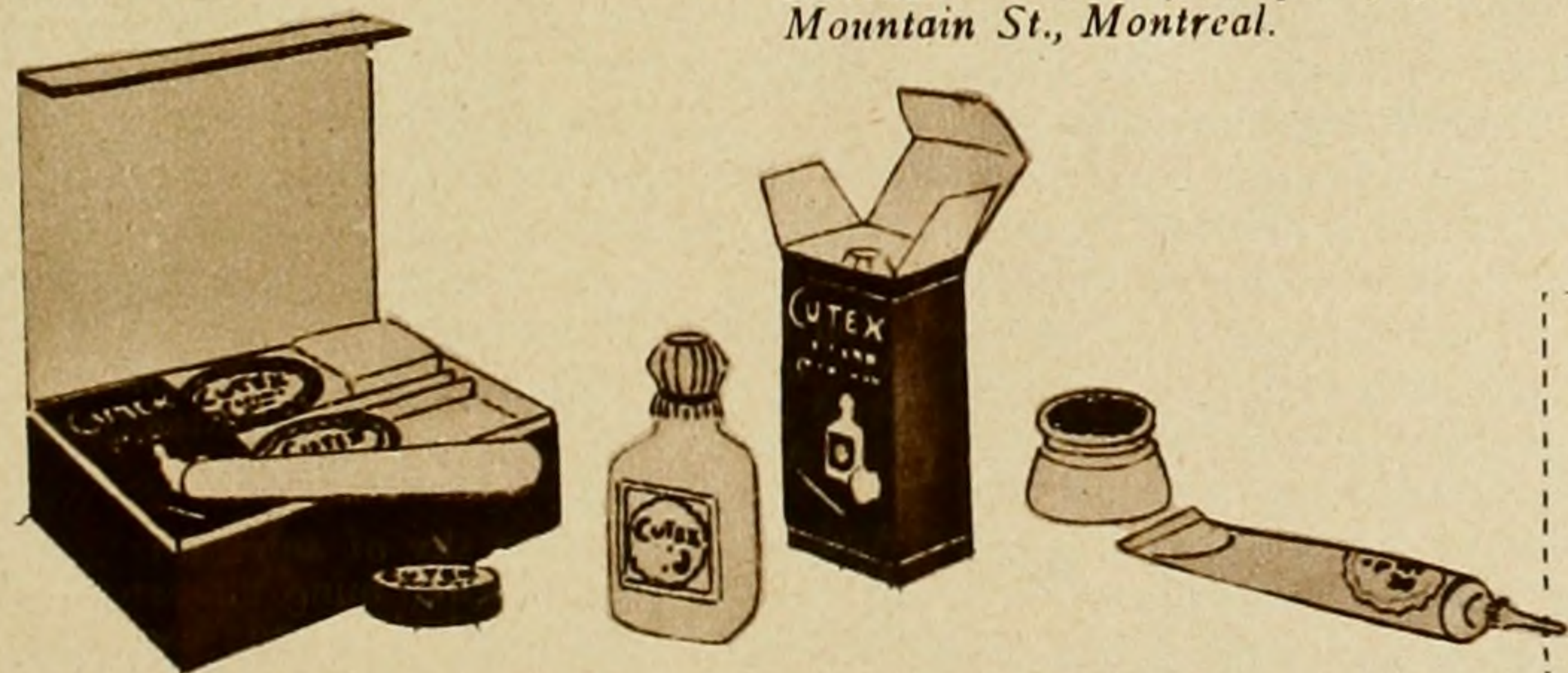
You will be astonished at the won-
derful results from one Cutex mani-
cure. Repeated once or twice a
week, it will keep your nails in per-
fect condition.

Cutex can be obtained at every
drug store or department store in
35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail
White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream
are each 35c.

*Six complete manicures
for 20 cents*

Mail the coupon below with two
dimes; we will send you the Cutex
Introductory Manicure Set, not as
large as our standard set, but con-
taining enough of the Cutex prepa-
rations for at least six complete
manicures. Address Northam War-
ren, 114 West 17th Street, New York
City.

*If you live in Canada, address
Northam Warren, Dept. 905, 200
Mountain St., Montreal.*



Mail this coupon with two dimes today

NORTHAM WARREN

Dept. 905, 114 West 17th Street, New York City

Name _____

Street and Number _____

City and State _____

Pretty Polly

(Continued from page 35)

photograph ever taken of her daughter, because she wants them all to gaze upon and dream and croon over when Pauline leaves for a home of her own.

That did look as if Polly had expectations matrimonial. I asked her about it first thing.

The girl laughed merrily. "I don't want to marry until I am twenty-five, it's such fun to live and work and travel about. But a fortune-teller told me I would marry next year—and I'm awfully excited about that."

A cynical visitor happened to be there and withered Polly's orange-blossom hopes with the cold wind of mistrust and disappointment.

"I hope you fare better than I do!" quoth the mere male. "Two fortune-tellers told me I would marry very young, and at the end of twenty years I'm still doing monologs!"

"She might not have understood her business," answered pretty Polly, peppfully.

"There isn't anything I love quite so much to do as to dance," went on Pauline. "But I ruined my lovely new ball-gown—just think, my very first ball-gown—"

"Pauline, I can't think how you managed to do it," interrupted her mother. Then, explanatorily, "Pauline went to her first big ball this month—the directors' ball. She wore a débutante frock, American Beauty velvet, very simply made—not one of those matronly looking décolletés, but—"

"Why, mother, you know it hasn't a thing but shoulder-straps. You're beginning to describe it as if it had a high neck," chimed in Polly.

"I don't know how it is that young girls now think of nothing but clothes—I get so sick of hearing clothes, clothes, at the studio, and Pauline's vagaries nearly drive her tailor crazy. He always says, 'Pauline, you know what you want, but you never know how hard it is to make it your way—you drive me insane!'" Mrs. Starke sighed in a motherly sort of fashion.

"You should see my trick frock—for the street!" Pauline didn't wait for a second invitation when I begged her to show it off.

Miss Starke is very original. She designs everything she wears. Moreover, she won't study fashion books, even when the tailor flourishes them hopefully under her straight little nose.

"I think Pauline may be quite a designer after a while," continued Mrs. Starke, while Polly dove headfirst into her clothes closets. "Just now everything she does seems freakish to me. I don't see any particular reason for turning the world topsy-turvy the way she does, there are so many pretty fashions in the windows and books."

"Here is my trick skirt—see, I wrap myself into it this way." I don't wonder the tailor gets excited. The skirt begins as a semi-circle, slopes off into a long

point, and wraps twice around the slim hips to form a double overskirt, with drop underneath, and just one little tape holds the lower part together with a snap fastener. Skirt edges and coat are finished with binding of black leather. A bright little vest, fastening in the back, adds color to the blue suit.

"You didn't finish telling me about the ruined ball dress," I reminded.

"Oh, to be sure. Jack Pickford and I were doing all sorts of exhibition dancing, and I think the knees of his black trousers must have interfered with my velvet skirt, for it shows long black streaks, like dye.

"I had a perfectly thrilling experience today. Jack had his new aeroplane on the lot and, when I said some day I wanted to go up in it, he proposed my going right off with his pilot. I couldn't do stunts, because they won't let you do that unless the owner goes along."

Pauline drives her mother out to Culver City daily in her Buick coupé. She's doing Melissa in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"—not much of a part, but a fill-in until her own feature is produced at the Goldwyn plant.

Before that, she played the younger sister in "Eyes of Youth," but much of the rôle was cut out owing to the enormous amount of film consumed. In "Soldiers of Fortune," under Alan Dwan, Polly fared well. Then she is showing in "Broken Butterfly," with Maurice Tourneur's direction, and "The Life Line," which forces her to be mother to a four-year-old daughter, a part opposite to the screen Lothario, Lew Cody. Pauline has had to weep thru so many of these abandoned girl stories—always she is the Injured Innocent.


"Will you keep on with that sort of stuff?"

"I like best to play the part of the very poor little girl who works hard, or meets somebody, and who gets very wealthy and is happy forever after," said Pauline Starke, enthusiastically. That's natural, of course, for Pauline's own life has been a development of the chrysalis into a beautiful butterfly—a shedding of limitations and achievement of home, fortune and many friends.

Her home is really beautiful. There are soft chairs, much mulberry-colored velvet, lots of cushions, all showing up well against the grey rug. Mahogany catches high-lights from the various gas-heating devices, one being an open grate with gas-logs. There are very odd lamps with subdued shades, not a glaring light anywhere, and the canary cage has a ruffled arrangement of dark green silk like the window drapes. The canary is Polly's only pet, and he fights her viciously, to her immense gratification and mirthfulness. However, he does sing night and day, which is all a canary is supposed to do.

Pauline herself is never quiet. She

(Continued on page 62)



How to Find the Cream You Need

Stand in a good light—examine your face carefully in a mirror, and then—

Study this Chart

Acne Cream—for pimples and blackheads.

Astringent Cream—for oily skins and shiny noses.

Combination Cream—for dry and sallow skins.

Foundation Cream—for use before face powder.

Lettuce Cream—for cleansing in place of soap and water.

Motor Cream—for skin protection, before exposure.

Tissue Cream—for wrinkles and crows' feet.

Whitening Cream—for freckles and bleaching.

You do not experiment when you use Marinello Creams. Their value has been established by use in more than 4000 Beauty Shops and employment by millions of women.

The advice of Marinello Experts may be secured at our

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1404 Mallery Bldg.
Chicago

Eastern Office:
366 Fifth Avenue
New York

MARINELLO

A Beauty Aid for Every Need

Marinello Toilet Preparations may be had at all Drug Stores, Department Stores and Shops.



HOW TO FIGHT THE LITTLE FOES WHICH WORK TO MAR YOUR SKIN

YOUR complexion is surrounded by enemies—There is that inward enemy that shines the face. There is the tricky breeze that dries and dulls the unprotected skin. There is dust that clogs the pores.

Be always on your guard against their wiles.

EXPOSURE to wind, sunlight and dust coarsens your skin. Skin specialists say that you can protect your complexion from this injury by applying a protective cream before every outing.

Of course you cannot apply a cold cream before going out—cold cream leaves your face too oily.

Lightly touch your face and hands with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It is made precisely for daytime and evening use. It has not a bit of oil in it, so it cannot make your face shine.

In this way you can keep your face appealingly soft and smooth no matter how much time you spend out of doors.

YOU never can tell when that treacherous enemy, an ugly glisten, will creep upon you unawares and make you look your worst.

This cannot happen if you powder in such a way that it will last.



To foil wind, sun and dust, use a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream before motoring or other out-of-door sports

You cannot expect too much of powder. The right powder foundation is essential if you are to stay powdered. For this you cannot use a cold cream. The oil in it soon comes out in a worse glisten than ever.

Before powdering rub a tiny bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream on your face. Then notice how smoothly the powder goes on, how natural it looks. It will stay on indefinitely. Until you wash your face it cannot shine again.

DUST is a subtle enemy. When your skin grows dull, loses its clearness, it is simply an announcement that the pores have become clogged deep down with tiny particles of dust.

To remove these, vanishing cream is not enough! Only a cream with a good oil base will suffice.

Before you go to bed and after a train or motor trip, rub Pond's Cold Cream into the pores and wipe it off. It contains just enough oil to work deep into the pores and thoroughly cleanse them. You will be shocked at yourself when you see how much dirt you were harboring.

When you go downtown, stop at the drug store or any department store and buy a jar or a tube of each cream. You need never again fear the little flaws that ruin one's appearance.



The same greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream makes the powder stay on

YOUR SKIN NEEDS TWO CREAMS

Every skin needs two creams. For daytime and evening a cream specially made without oil, so that it cannot reappear in a shine. This is Pond's Vanishing Cream. It has no oil and cannot make your face shiny even for a moment. It is based on an ingredient which is prescribed by world famous physicians for its softening effect. Use it for protection from the weather, for a powder foundation and for freshening the skin at a moment's notice.

On the other hand, for cleansing, for supplying a lack of oil, and for massage, Pond's Cold Cream should be used. Its formula was worked out to supply just the amount of oil required to give it the fullest cleansing power, and just the smoothness to work well into the skin.

Neither of these creams will foster the growth of hair on the face.

FREE SAMPLE TUBES
Mail this Coupon

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, 137-N Hudson St., N. Y.
Please send me free the items checked:
Sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
Sample of Pond's Cold Cream
Instead of free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:
A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....



Tiny deepening lines can be kept at bay with a Pond's Cold Cream massage

POND'S

Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil

Look Your Best at Easter

TIME has proved the merit and marked superiority of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. In its class, it compares with gold, because it is the accepted standard. So pronounced is the preference in favor of D & R Perfect Cold Cream that practically no dealer with proper regard for his customer's expressed desire would attempt to hand you a "just as good." He knows that the Red Band of Honor on every carton of



DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM

"The Kind That Keeps"

is firmly fixed in the mind's eye of discriminating women, even if they have only tried this toilet necessity but once—so impressive and apparent is its quality and purity. To massage your face, hands, arms and neck every day with D & R Perfect Cold Cream will ensure your having a soft, smooth skin and a complexion that radiates charm and youth. In tubes and jars, 0c to \$1.50.

Poudre Amourette: The face powder de luxe of daintiness. Looks natural and stays on. Flesh, white, brunette, 50c, at your dealer's or by mail from us.

Daggett & Ramsdell
Dept. 1507
D & R Bldg. New York



Send For Free Samples

Free trial samples of Perfect Cold Cream and Poudre Amourette will be sent you on request.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

Method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing three stamps. We teach beauty culture. D. J. Mahler, 405-P. Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

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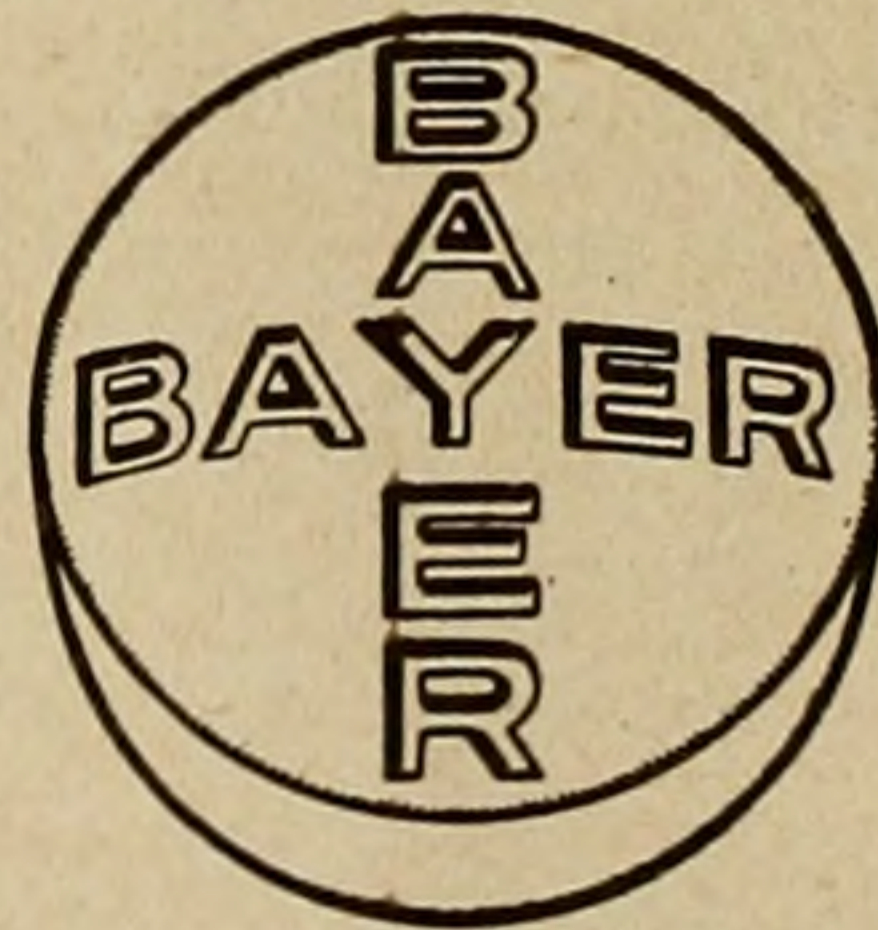
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Insist on unbroken packages

BAYER-TABLETS of ASPIRIN

Boxes of 12 tablets
Bottles of 25 and 100
Also capsules

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Pretty Polly

(Continued from page 60)

has a way of standing, stork-like, on one foot, or swaying on both feet—crossed! Again, she'll rock in a perfectly straight chair—and always it is the essence of graceful movement.

"Dont tell anybody I swim—for I dont!" she burst in, suddenly. "They are always talking about how the girls swim, and I dont want anybody to think I'm trying to put something over, for I cant swim a single stroke and I dont want to!"

I crossed my heart—let these words bear witness to the truth.

"What sort of man do you want to marry?" Pauline's ideas are so original one wants to draw her out further.

"I want——" Polly reached over for the figs stuffed with walnuts before she felt fortified to answer the momentous question. "I want a man with personality now—strong personality. I used to dream of a handsome man, but I've seen too many good-looking men, and played with too many, to care about their faces any more. I'm after intelligence and character—that's the only thing that lasts."

"That looks as if you were turning from leading men to directors," shot in the cynical visitor again.

"Perhaps," closed pretty Polly, laconically.

Bonnie Mary

(Continued from page 39)

interest that makes almost all of us eager to peep into a chamber of horrors.

"One of the great events of my life," she remarked, "was when I made a long visit to an aunt, who lived in her old Colonial home in a wild portion of West Virginia, on the trail which the pioneers traveled on their way westward to colonize Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois. I was very fond of our history, especially of the struggles with the Indians. My aunt did not allow me to associate with the neighbors, who were mountaineers of the feudist type, so I used to wander around, fancying myself in the scenes of these combats between the whites and the redmen. She had a large library, and I would cuddle up in it when I was tired of tramping and explore the bookshelves. It was there that I made the acquaintance of Becky Sharp and the people of Dickens. The latter attracted me the most. I was especially fond of 'The Tale of Two Cities' and 'Bleak House.' Next February, when my contract with Universal is at an end, I intend to visit Europe and see all the Dickens landmarks and explore the abiding places of my Scotch ancestors. I feel that the rest will do me a lot of good, and when I return I will be able to go back to my screen work with new zest."

Her most famous picture was "Shoes," made under the direction of Lois Weber. Some of her more recent pictures are "Rouge and Riches," "Bonnie, Bonnie Lassie" and "Petal on the Current." The last, (her favorite), from a story by Edna Ferber.

How Famous Movie Stars Keep their Hair Beautiful



NORMA TALMADGE
"You may use my testimonial to the value of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO."



ALICE BRADY
"I consider WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO an ideal shampoo. It can be used with such little effort and keeps my hair in wonderful condition."



MABEL NORMAND
"I never knew that a shampoo could be so delightful until I used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO."

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 SHAMPOO

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 SHAMPOO at any drug store. A four ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children

THE R. L. WATKINS CO.,
Cleveland, Ohio



PAULINE FREDERICK
"Not only is the use of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO beneficial to one's scalp and hair but the refreshing and stimulating after effects are delightful and indescribable."



MAY ALLISON
"Of all shampoos I have ever used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO is by far the superior."



MARIAN WALKER
"It keeps my hair looking its best, and is easy to use."

Be SURE it's

WATKINS

If it hasn't the Signature, it isn't MULSIFIED



Don't Be Gray!

Nowadays it is very easy to produce the natural color in your hair in a perfectly harmless manner by the use of

Canute Water

FOR GRAY HAIR

This pure, colorless, greaseless and odorless water-like liquid contains none of the injurious ingredients of ordinary hair color preparations. It looks like ordinary table water and is just as pleasant and safe to use.

"Canute Water" itself is colorless and will not stain the skin. It combines with the hair and cannot come off in washing or even curling with hot iron.

Sold by leading drug and department stores on a positive guarantee of absolute satisfaction or your money back. Avoid substitutes.

Price—\$1.25 Per Bottle Booklet sent FREE on request Also sent prepaid upon receipt of price.

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Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh — Youthful Looking



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Powdered SAXOLITE

Effective for wrinkles, crowsfeet, enlarged pores, etc., because it "tightens" and tones the skin and underlying tissue. No harm to tenderest skin. Get an ounce package, follow the simple directions—see what just one application will do. Sold at all drug stores.

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ATTRACTIVE furniture like the tastefully cushioned fibre rocker below, may be yours GIVEN YOU as a Factory to Family saving just through buying your home supplies from the Larkin Factories. Purchase your soaps, pure foods, toilet articles, etc. of us, and let us send you back, your saving through Factory dealing in the form of a splendid Larkin Premium to beautify your home.

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The handsome new Larkin Catalog, picturing 1500 Larkin Premiums and 700 Larkin Products, with which Premiums are GIVEN, is just off the press. If you are in need of new furniture, rugs, silver, curtains, china, cut-glass, etc. let the Larkin Catalog show you how the same money which

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Mail coupon today to nearest address for your copy of this valuable Catalog.



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The Pulse of the Photoplay Public

(Continued from page 17)

more attention as audiences develop. That is natural, for sex, playing a big part in real life, must necessarily play a big part in our drama. Thus sex has stood out in our biggest recent successes, 'The Miracle Man,' 'Male and Female,' 'Everywoman' and our new film production, 'On With the Dance.'

"Our public does not want a morbid story. Every film play tending towards the overdramatic, the brutal or the depressing shows poor box-office returns."

We questioned Mr. Lasky upon the happy ending. "It is necessary," he answered. "The audience out in front of the screen centers its interest in the hero or heroine and unconsciously roots all evening for its favorite. If the story comes to an unsatisfactory ending, the audience feels an intense personal injury. No, the happy ending is a requisite. The charge is made that the spoken drama is truer to life in this respect, but if you go carefully over the footlight successes, you will find them capped with happy endings, with but few exceptions.

"One thing I want to make clear: I do not, by any manner of means, believe that the death-knell of the star has been rung. But we can now have good pictures without a star, for our audiences have developed. Today the screen and stage stand upon an equal footing in this matter of the star."

Mr. Lasky briefly disposed of the so-called menace of the foreign photoplay.

"The foreign-made drama can never cope with our own photoplays, because its makers have not the pulse of our public. Their work is temperamentally and even racially unsuited to us.

"We have been studying England carefully. Indeed, our plans to produce in Britain were intended entirely to bring us closer to the English public, for we could find far better places to make pictures. On the whole, we have learnt that British and American tastes are very much alike. The English audience likes society plays very much. On the other hand, its taste in comedy runs to the slapstick, while over here we have been steadily tending towards a higher type of comedy."

Again Mr. Lasky paused. "I want to add one thing," he went on. "We hear a great deal of change and unrest among the personnel of picturedom. Stars and directors are ever shifting and ever starting their own companies. I have watched them and they all come face to face with one great fact—that there is an element in photoplay-making not often considered. That is the studio organization behind the picture—the art director, the scenario editor, the research department, the casting director, and all the rest. Back of every good picture must be a fine organization. That is why stars slump in popularity and directors fall off in workmanship when they try to go it alone. And they continue to fall down until they build up an adequate staff."

(Continued on page 83)

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RIGOROUS exercise, indoors or out, is doubly beneficial when the slightest tendency to cough is prevented by Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops. Get them anywhere.

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EXACT SIZE OF BOTTLE

You have never seen anything like this before

Gentle Jane

(Continued from page 28)

him again last summer when he came back to pictures. We made some thrilling submarine scenes in a rough sea where I had to jump from a rowboat on to the submarine, and be submerged six times. One day Mr. Bosworth was reassuring me and said, 'Jane, don't you ever be afraid. Remember I have two big hands ready to battle for you at any time or any place.'

"Sessue Hayawaka is wonderful to work with, too. He is very intense and feels his emotional scenes so keenly that he carries me along with him. He is another merry tease and delights in telling long stories in Japanese and making funny sketches of me while we are resting between scenes.

"I have been doing a new picture, 'The River's End,' with Marshall Neilan. He is a genius at directing, always so encouraging, keeping every one keyed up to the spirit of the action. This is the best rôle I have ever had and a decided change, for I am the daughter of a judge who has loads of money, so I wear lovely clothes. You remember that I usually wear the worst old, horrid ones!"

This home-loving Jane enjoys cooking and in the midst of her busy life last summer she filled a closet with jellies, jams and wonderful looking preserves. She likes to sew, and Virginia's tiny garments are hand-made with dainty touches of embroidery done during the long waits between scenes at the studio.

While we were chatting Virginia had succeeded in upsetting a basket of pictures, and selecting a still, brought it to me, announcing, "Dis is Jane, dis is Bee Hart," and planting a moist kiss on each pictured face she darted away before her mother could catch her.

"She always calls me Jane; every one does, you know. When we take her to see my pictures, she recognizes me the moment I come on the screen and she calls out, 'Dere's Jane, dere's Jane,'" and the fond mother smiled, indulgently.

So you see, there are, indeed, two Jane Novaks. One, who with her charm and beauty, as well as her thoro knowledge of the dramatic technique and unusual ability as an actress, makes one of the loveliest heroines before the camera. The other one, with her sweetness and gentleness, makes a real home for her loved ones, and fortunately for us, she manages the dual rôles most successfully.

THIEVES

By BARBARA HOLLIS

I am in sympathy with thieves,
Condemn them less and less.
I can forgive them anything—
Their weakness I can guess.

For in my life the stolen things
Seem far the sweetest yet;
As I look back upon the days
I never shall forget.

A stolen hour—a stolen word:
A stolen kiss from you:
I am in sympathy with thieves—
Whatever they may do.

(Sixty-five)



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Our composer, Edouard Hesselberg, will write the music, and we will have the complete song printed according to our SPECIAL PLAN.

Edouard Hesselberg, Our Composer

received his musical education at the Moscow Royal Conservatory of Music, Moscow, Russia. After perfecting himself under Rubinstein, he began a brilliant concert career, appearing with such world famous artists as Sembrich, Nordica and de Reszke. He has played before and received valuable decorations from the former Czar of Russia, the present King of Italy, and other Royal families. He is an interpretative artist of rare and distinguished ability as pianist and composer. Among his greatest song successes are "If I Were a Rose," of which over a million copies have been sold. His latest song, "America, My Country," the new national hymn, is now in its fourth edition. Our writers are indeed fortunate in securing the services of this great musician.



EDOUARD HESSELBERG

You Can Succeed by Metropolitan Studios Plan

and make no mistake about it. There is a golden opportunity offered people who can furnish real "words for a song." Popularity follows a successful song writer. If you are in earnest, read over a few of the popular songs—study the words and the way they are written.

Every magazine and every newspaper is filled with ideas for a song. Just use your imagination. Select any subject—love—patriotism—home—mother—sweetheart. Tell the story in simple language in two verses and chorus, and then send it to us. We will examine it without charge. If our Lyric Editor finds your words contain an idea for a song, we will offer you the benefit of our service. REMEMBER, YOU INCUR NO OBLIGATION IN SENDING US A POEM FOR INSPECTION. GET YOUR LETTER INTO THE MAIL BEFORE ANOTHER DAY PASSES. WHO KNOWS—YOU MAY BE THE "SONG WRITER OF TOMORROW."

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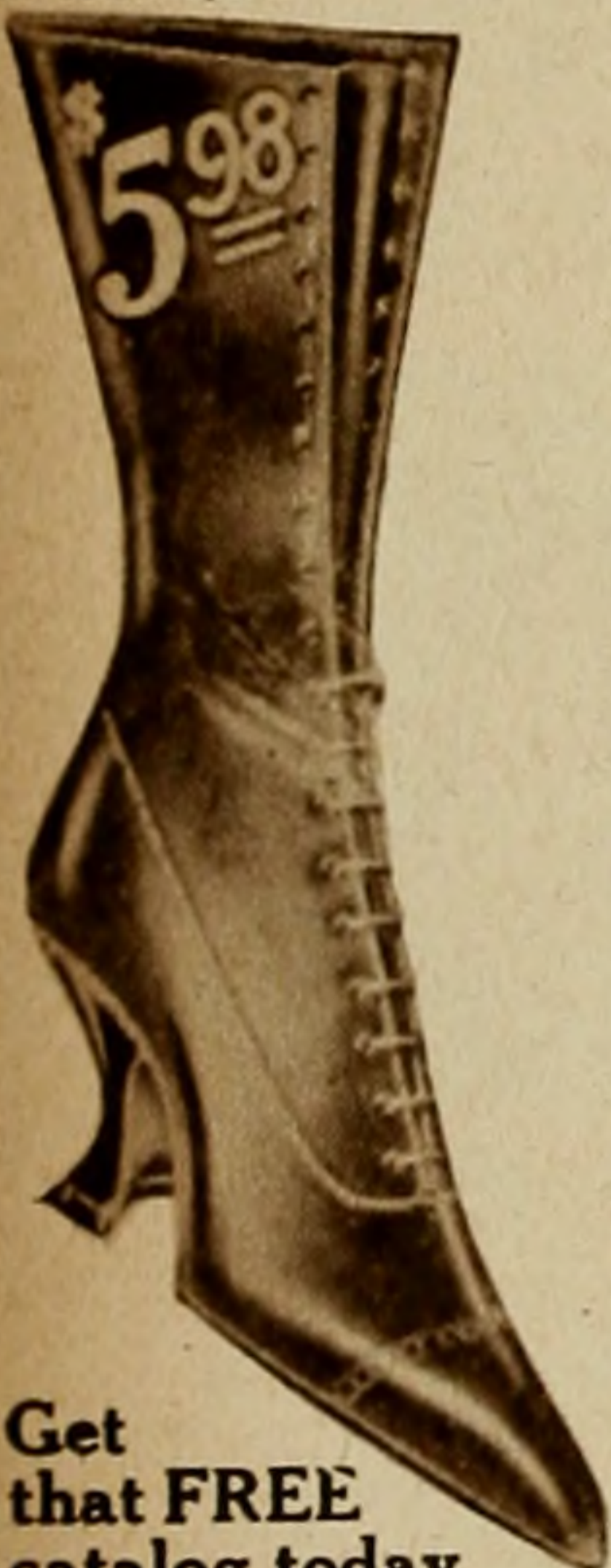
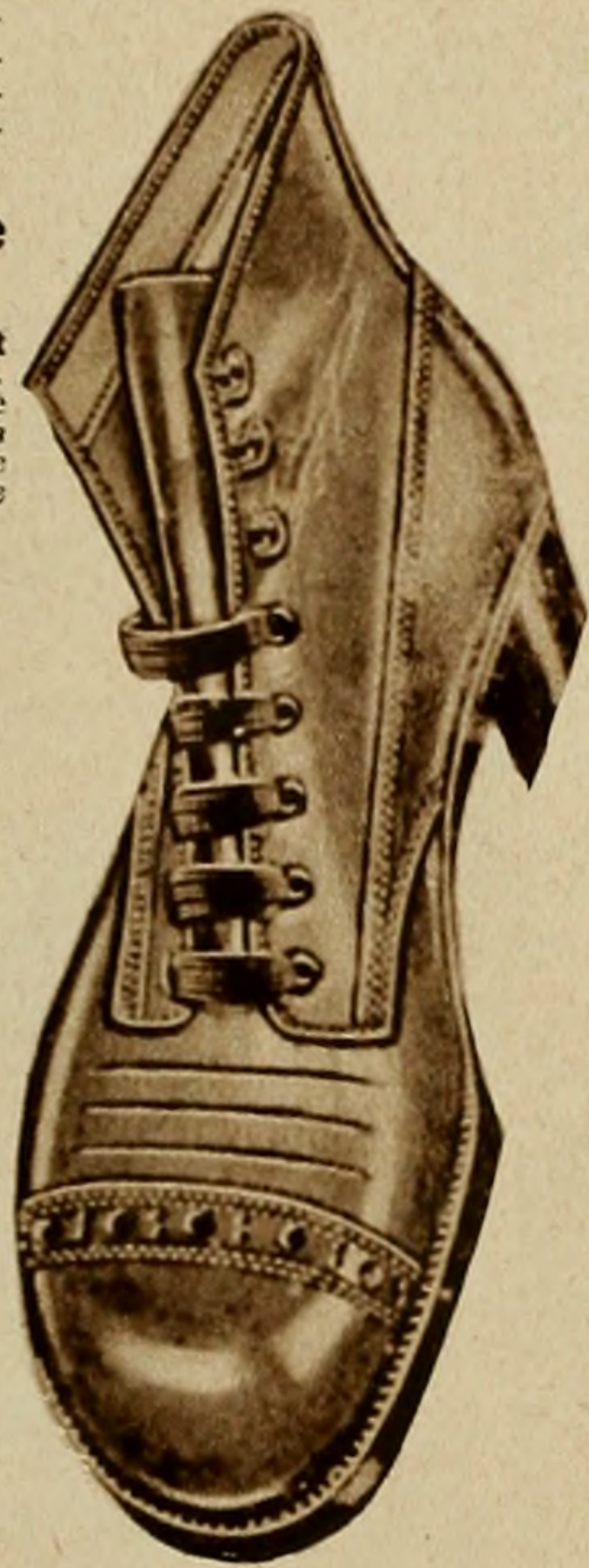
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Men's Black Dress Shoe at \$3.98. Style 104. Jacob V. Gilman, McKeesport, Pa., wrote regarding this shoe. "The shoes you sent me are what they are paying \$7, \$8, and \$9 for here in McKeesport."



Women's Vici Kid Glove Fitting Hi-Cut, \$5.98. \$9 value. Minnie Hawkins, Greensboro, Ala., writes. "The shoes are much better than I expected them to be. I am certainly proud of them."

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UNITED STORES CO., Box 275, Lancaster, Pa.

Gossip of the Pacific Coast

By FRITZI REMONT

LOS ANGELES, (Special)—Springtime and sunshine, pretty girls and new clothes, and Kathleen Kirkham in just the right mood for a luncheon to celebrate the coming of new things and the feminine reminiscing over the old.

At her home on Delaware Avenue, Miss Kirkham entertained us beautifully, the special honoree being her married sister from the Middle West. The mahogany table was bare, save for Cluny lace doilies and a delightfully springy centerpiece. A tiny pond holding some Japanese toys, a real one-inch goldfish, an infinitesimal turtle that never should have left home and mother, and spanned by a tiny bridge, proved highly attractive.

The place cards were hand-painted Japanese figures, mounted on tiny boxes holding salted nuts, and each guest received a favor of a tea-cannister of dark wood, hand-painted, ribbon-tied, holding orange pekoe tea. Two Japanese figures stood near the pond, swinging lanterns filled with incense. The rooms were decorated with peach and plum-blossoms, and flowery vines and roses "budded in" at the windows, as Kathleen put it.

I was delighted to meet an old-time friend in Nell Craig, who has signed up the best contract she ever had. She's been reducing, so that her svelte and graceful figure was simply lost in the wonderful moleskin coat which she had donned for driving.

Coleen Moore had begged a few hours off from the Haworth studio; having worked all day and night before the luncheon she was able to get only a few hours' sleep before the luncheon. She is the cutest kiddie, drives a Hudson roadster, but is planning to buy a larger car for her "family," since her mother and brother of school age have come to stay. The Moores have been occupying an apartment, but Coleen says she simply *must* get a big house now. Her hat was a very flower-basket of wild blossoms, and her new taffeta frock, with its bouffant hips, one of the prettiest creations this spring.

And, by the way, you never tasted such luscious light biscuits as those Kathleen serves. She calls them "Mrs. Washington biscuit," and I am sorry that lack of space forbids my giving you the recipe—but you might ask her for it when bidding for a photograph.

She was looking charming in one of those square-cut necks which are so becoming to Kathleen. The frock was black taffeta, with fine lace about the square and elbow-sleeves touched off by little net undersleeves about four inches wide. Miss Kirkham's sister is almost like enough to be a twin, and their mother, as usual, did the honors, for she keeps house for busy Kathleen. A couple of capable colored girls made perfect table service possible.

Emma-Lindsay Squier, whose stories we all enjoy so much, wore a cute blue taffeta, very ruffly, offset by dainty neck and cuff adornments. Margaret Ettinger

(Continued on page 82)



GLORIA SWANSON
Cecil B. DeMille Artistic Player

WALLACE REID
Luxuriant Star

Hermo "Hair-Lustr"

(Keeps the Hair Dressed)

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

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\$1 size three times the quantity of 50c size. SEND FOR JAR TODAY. Remit in coin, money order, or U. S. stamps, and we will send Hermo "HAIR-LUSTR," and the Hermo Booklet, "Guide to Beauty," prepaid, under plain cover, at once. Use it five days and if not entirely satisfactory, return what is left, and we will REFUND YOUR MONEY IN FULL. Once you use Hermo "HAIR-LUSTR" you will never be without it. SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY.

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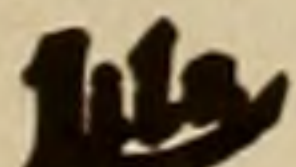
Send fifty cents today for a trial jar. Use it five days. If it isn't just what you have been looking for—send it back. Your money will be cheerfully returned to you. Send United States stamps, coin or money order. Your jar of delicately scented, greaseless Hair-Dress will be promptly mailed postpaid. Send for this wonderful toilet necessity today. Send \$1.00 for Three Months' Supply

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Gentlemen: I am sincerely pleased to have the opportunity of recommending your remarkable preparation "Lash-Brow-Ine" for stimulating the growth of the Eyelashes and Eyebrows.

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long and curling—form a charming fringe for her eyes and give them that wistful appeal which adds so greatly to her facial beauty and attractiveness. Beautiful Eyelashes and well-formed Eyebrows—how wonderfully they bring out the natural beauty of the eyes! They are now within the reach of all women who will just apply a little

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"THE LASH-BROW-INE GIRL"

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Dept. 112, Springfield, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1897

INCORPORATED 1904



THE DENOUEMENT

By FRA GUIDO

When the noonday of our life, dear, finds fulfillment in our toil,
And the evening sun is setting in the west,
When our path starts winding downward, thru the autumn drowsy woods,
To the Valley where abides the Final Rest,
Then we'll stop in at the playhouse where they weave young lovers' tales—
Sure there'll be some little housing for an old-time guest—
And we'll see the old story that was ours in youthful glory,
The eternal, sweet old story of love's everlasting quest.

There we'll sit in our old places, missing many friends, departed,
Watch the lovers, voicing fervent vow,
We'll re-live our sacred moments, when in June-warm scented by-ways,
There was something, in my ear, you whispered low;
They will play a new love story, but they'll mirror our own glory,
When you kist me, strolling where the willows blow,
We'll re-live our own life-story, mellowed now by age's glory,
Our sweet story, ever cherished, since the tender, long ago.

Greatest of Popularity Contests

The new popularity contest of SHADOWLAND, THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC is going merrily on. Hundreds of votes are arriving daily. They come from the East and West, from New Zealand, Australia, from almost every country in the world. Many letters accompany the votes and all concede this contest to be the best, the most impartial, the most rousing contest that has ever been conducted in the interest of the players.

The contest is a joy to all participators because, not only are they boosting their favorites and adding to the popularity of the players, but they also have a chance to win one of the splendid prizes depicted on another page of this issue.

The contest is running another six weeks, or until June 1st. You still have a chance of casting three votes in each class for your choice of the most popular player. We know that our readers are intelligent and discerning critics and that their opinion as to the player who combines the greatest number of characteristics that go to make popularity is of supreme importance in the field of motion pictures. Therefore we are counting on you. A special staff of workers are kept busy counting and sorting the classes of votes that are coming in by thousands. Here are the results to the time of going to press:

Among the women stars, Mary Pickford leads with 9,487 votes, Norma Talmadge with 6,434 and Pearl White with 1,243.

Among the male stars, Richard Barthelmess is first with 2,210 votes, Wallace Reid with 2,892 and William S. Hart with 1,453.

Two Cinema Players from Foreign Shores

(Continued from page 41)

striking beauty attracted the attention of a well-known artist. She consented to pose for him and later this poster, "Beauty and the Beast," won an international prize.

It was in London, also, that the Danish beauty made her film debut, appearing in "The Seventh Commandment" with Gladys Cooper and the late James Welsh. She had many flattering film offers, but by this time she had become so homesick that she returned to her home in Copenhagen.

From the music-halls to Ibsen plays seems like an impossible accomplishment, but that's exactly what this versatile young artist did, proving, also, that sometimes a prophet (or artist) has honor in his own country, for in her native city she scored a big success in these famous plays. Following this, she further demonstrated her versatility by achieving a brilliant record as a vaudeville artist, especially in Stockholm and Gottenborg.

Back in Copenhagen again, she was offered splendid opportunities with the Nordisk Film Company. She played ingénue rôles, then boy impersonations, which she liked very much. Then, the managers decided that she was to continue her career as a screen vampire and outlined a particularly sensational program for her.

"I simply couldn't do it," she said; "I decided to come to America, where they have plenty of vampires and are not looking for more. I don't want to be a woman with a past, a raging, hissing, impossible vampire creature condemned to eternal sinning. I want to play straight, dramatic parts—something requiring brains, intelligence, a chance to grow—rôles that will make people love, not hate, me—so I packed my grip—and here I am.

"And—if I can't get what I want, I'll go back to Copenhagen—to the stage—but *not* to vamping!"

SONG AFTER GRIEF

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

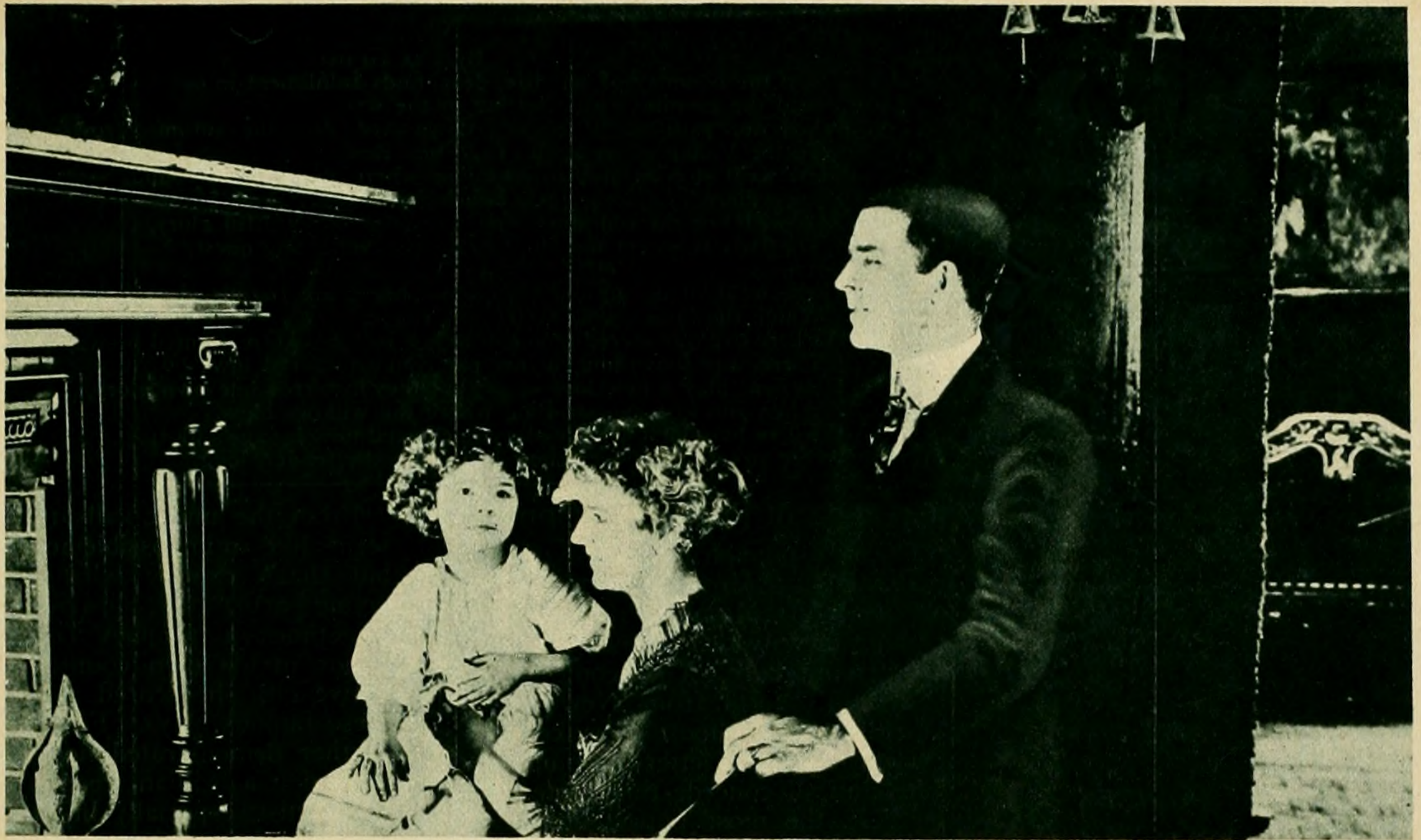
Give me the summer days again,
When hope was warm and love was true,
When little griefs were all we knew
And sorrow sang no long refrain.

Give me the summer dreams again,
When all the lands spread broad and fair
With promises of joys to share,
And hawthorn bloomed in every lane.

Give me the summer songs again,
Their words of dewy-hearted flowers,
Their music of light-falling showers,
And low winds rustling thru the grain.

Give me the summer joys again,
Ah, Life, just once, and let me go
The old way that I used to know
And lost—so dense the mist of pain.

I saw those summer days again!
I knew your lips, denied so long,
I knew the dreams, the joy, the song;
Saw Time with his own hours enchain
Upon the screen, those days again!



“The Proudest Moment of Our Lives Had Come!”

“We sat before the fire place, Mary and I, with Betty perched on the arm of the big chair. It was our first evening in our own home! There were two glistening tears in Mary’s eyes, yet a smile was on her lips. I knew what she was thinking.

“Five years before we had started bravely out together! The first month had taught us the old, old lesson that two cannot live as cheaply as one. I had left school in the grades to go to work and my all too thin pay envelope was a weekly reminder of my lack of training. In a year Betty came—three mouths to feed now. Meanwhile living costs were soaring. Only my salary and I were standing still.

“Then one night Mary came to me. ‘Jim’, she said, ‘why don’t you go to school again—right here at home? You can put in an hour or two after supper each night while I sew. Learn to do some one thing. You’ll make good—I know you will.’

“Well, we talked it over and that very night I wrote to Scranton. A few days later I had taken up a course in the work I was in. It was surprising how rapidly the mysteries of our business became clear to me—took on a new fascination. In a little while an opening came. I was ready for it and was promoted—with an increase. Then I was advanced again. There was money enough to even lay a little aside. So it went.

“And now the fondest dream of all has come true. We have a real home of our own with the little comforts and luxuries Mary had always longed for, a little place, as she says, that ‘Betty can be proud to grow up in.’

“I look back now in pity at those first blind stumbling years. Each evening after supper the doors of opportunity had swung wide and I had passed them by. How grateful I am that Mary helped me to see that night the golden hours that lay within.”

In city, town and country all over America there are men with happy families and prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools come to them in the hours after supper and prepare them for bigger work at better pay. More than two million men and women in the last 28 years have advanced themselves through spare time study with the I. C. S. Over one hundred thousand right now are turning their evenings to profit. Hundreds are starting every day.

You, too, can have the position you want in the work you like best. You can have a salary that will give your family the kind of a home, the comforts, the little luxuries that you would like them to have. Yes, you can! No matter what your age, your occupation, or your means—you can do it!

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When "Micky" Walked

(Continued from page 21)

"I always said," he remarked, "that one reason I wanted my own company was so that I could hire an efficiency man and then can him. Now I think that I'll hire one and let him stick around for a while. It would keep me amused."

"A sort of court jester?"

"Yes."

"We had some fun on that trip, tho," he went on, characteristically.

It seems that when the company reached Oakland he found that his grip had been left in San Francisco and sent his secretary back for it. By the time the secretary discovered the grip, the company had left Oakland. He took the next train. They would have connected all right except that Neilan decided to stop at a little way-station for Thanksgiving dinner. Then instead of remaining in Portland, the company came back immediately, with the result that, tho "Micky" took both his secretary and his grip along, he didn't see either of them until he got back home again.

This wasn't all. A friend of Neilan's who had gone along just for fun, came down with a bad cold. This gave "Micky" an idea for livening up a dull moment of the trip. He decided to invent an epidemic of the "flu." He made a number of "flu" masks and ordered every one to wear them, but there were (intentionally) not enough to go around. Those who didn't get masks were thoroly scared, while the others, onto the joke, had a good laugh.

"Gracious!" you exclaim, "doesn't he ever take anything seriously?"

Of course, no one ever asked him this question, but if they did, his answer would probably be, "Yes, I'm always very serious when I am directing ants or goldfish."

Why should he be serious? Successful, twenty-eight years old and handsome—what more could any one want?

Marshall Neilan was born in Los Angeles, California, in 1891. He was about twenty years old when he joined a stock company in San Francisco, helping to form the mob in mob scenes. Within a few months, however, he was made the juvenile lead.

"All of that has been said so often," he remarked, plaintively.

Yes, he was with Griffith; a leading man with the "old" Biograph. He was also with Kalem, Universal, Selig, American and Famous Players. He has been leading man for Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark and Blanche Sweet.

As a director, he has tried his hand at everything from the W. K. Ham and Bud comedies to the somber feature, "The Unpardonable Sin."

And now, as producer and director at the head of his own company, he is one of the "Big Six" association of directors just formed, which includes, besides Marshall Neilan, George Loane Tucker, producer of "The Miracle Man," Maurice Tourneur, Mack Sennett, Thomas H. Ince and Alan Dwan, a formidable

combination which, it is rumored, will later become affiliated with the "Big Four," Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin and D. W. Griffith, tho in regard to this Marshall Neilan would say nothing.

All during our conversation there were innumerable things to be done . . . he was casting for his next picture . . . this association was just being formed . . . he had about fifty appointments . . . With all of his "kidding" and his innate love of fun, you would never forget that he is doing big things and has heavy responsibilities. He isn't always laughing. Sometimes he looks quite serious. His brown eyes are large and his long, thick lashes, that turn up just a little at the ends, would be the envy of almost any young girl in the world. So, too, his thick, wavy brown hair.

I mentioned the "dog stuff" in "Stella Maris." If you saw the picture, you cannot fail to remember how, after the big dog had driven the little dog away, he was shown haunted by his conscience, having a little vision of his own.

"I've always liked to believe that animals, and especially dogs, think, and that one might be troubled by his conscience in quite the same way as a human being," said Neilan. "You know the expression of the cat that has eaten the canary, and examples of the thoughtfulness of horses are unending. I hold that that stuff was quite possible. Why, even goldfish . . ."

This brought to mind a story about him which has been going the rounds in Hollywood for some time. It seems that there was a big goldfish in a bowl at Lasky's that would "go crazy" every time he heard "Micky's" voice. Whether this was caused by fondness for "Micky" or sensitiveness to sound vibration, no one seems to know. But anyhow, the fact remains, and it has caused him to be very generally referred to as the greatest director of fish in the world.

Seriously, his fondness for animals, like his fondness for children, is one of his outstanding characteristics.

"I've thought," he said, in conclusion, "of a good stunt for Wes' next picture." He was referring to little Wesley Barry, the twelve-year-old boy who is his protégé and who "Micky" thinks has unbounded promise. "Wes' father sends him to 'rush the growler' with a pitcher, and every time he goes, Wes breaks the pitcher. Finally the old man, who isn't particularly squeamish, tells him that from then on he can get the beer in a hot-water bag."

So you see Marshall Neilan has what the novelists call a "usable past."

ANITA'S ANXIOUS ADORER.—Thanks. Look up June 1916 issue for her chat. I know, but if you squeeze the hand of a woman who has a history she will wonder just how much you do know.

CONCHITA.—I'm not much of a Spaniard in speech, but oh, you castanets! Yes, that's my real self up above. You think I have "devilish eyes." But love is a tyrant that spares no one.

(Seventy)



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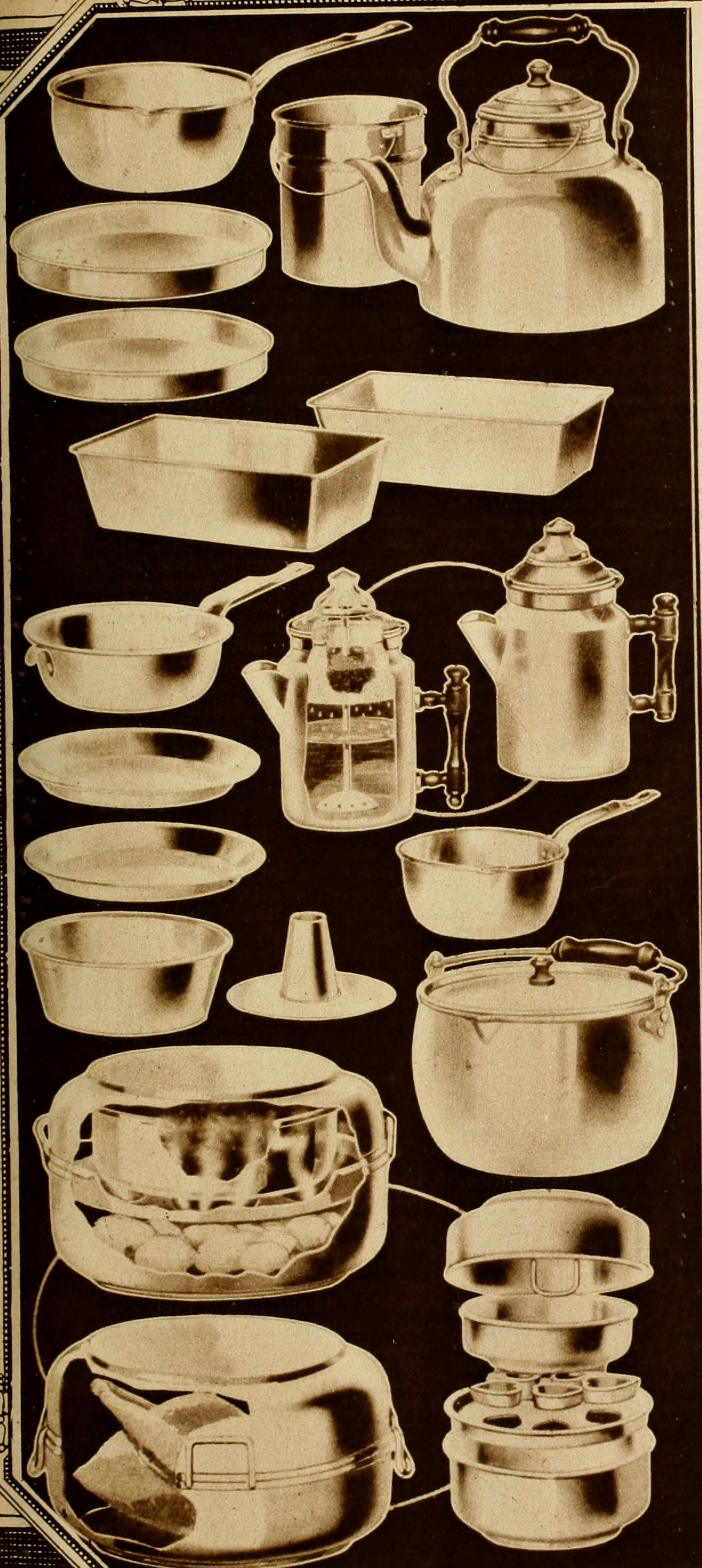
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A Joyful Miss Joy (Continued from page 19)

Several pictures were made under this
banner and then Miss Joy journeyed up
to New York where she made one picture
under Maurice Tourneur, later going to
Jacksonville to appear in the Paramount
one-reel comedies.

Comedies were all right for a time,
but she longed for dramatic work, so
persuading her mother to accompany
her, she came to Los Angeles where
there were more opportunities.

"Oh, I was lucky," declared Leatrice,
with her joyful enthusiasm, "for at once
I was given the part of Toby, the South-
ern girl in 'The Dollar Bid,' with Jack
Kerrigan; then I played the ingénue in
William Farnum's 'The Man Hunter.'

"I guess each experience mellows and
prepares us for the next. My father
passed away while I was making 'The
Right of Way,' and it was terribly hard
to go thru those death scenes."

Since coming to pictures, Leatrice has
been cast in a series of Southern girl
rôles in which she could portray her own
sweet, girlish self, and it was not until
she played the lead in George Loane
Tucker's new picture, 'Ladies Must Live,'
that she had the chance to play a truly
dramatic rôle. Mr. Tucker predicts that
this young girl will win her laurels as a
dramatic actress and suggested that she
change her name, declaring that Joy was
not suitable for a future Fanny Daven-
port. After much consideration, Lea-
trice decided she couldn't sacrifice Joy,
even for art, and will take the name with
her even to the very heights of a dra-
matic and emotional success.

In her dressing-room there is a much-
used copy of Emerson's essays which
this little Southern girl reads daily, gain-
ing help from its high philosophy.
Turning the leaves of this book I found
a little poem dedicated to her mother
and then I discovered that it was as a
poetess that she first dreamed of finding
her place in the artist world.

Thru the sweet thought expressed in
rhyme, I glimpsed a depth, tenderness
and power, which promises great mo-
ments in Leatrice Joy's screen por-
trays.

HEREAFTER

By BARBARA HOLLIS

When finally I in death shall lie,
My hope will be to dream of thee—
To find in deep untroubled sleep
Fond memories awaiting me.

For naught I crave beyond the grave—
Nor greater bliss in Heaven than this:
To dream of thee—thy smile to see—
To keep the memory of thy kiss.

SCREEN RIMES

By VARA MACBETH JONES

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
And it must have been the curl
That helped to star the girl—
For really her acting was horrid!

There was a movie star
Who lived in a shoe;
Her press agent told me—
So it must be true.

Miss Mason Manages
(Continued from page 23)

it stands for. I always forget that, because I don't like the name Joseph, do you?"

And when I mentioned the fact to her, Shirley remarked that she had completely forgotten that Joseph is a perfectly revered saint, whom all adorers must respect. The name has a sort of history, don't you know.

"Yes, and so has Luke," she countered. "That's no sign that we must retain a name we don't like, is it?"

And speaking of names reminds me. Shirley's real name is Leonie Flugrath, and, altho she'd like very much to have kept the Leonie, she frankly says that the letters comprising Flugrath would never look well in electric!

She's one of three sisters, one of whom is Viola Dana, the Metro star, and the other, Edna, at present a quite popular English comedienne in London. Everybody in Hollywood fully believes that Viola sets the style for sister Shirley. She does, in some respects, because, as Miss Mason remarks, "she knows so much more about things than I do."

But there's a particular advantage about being young. One can sit on the lawn and play with one's cat or one's dog without setting the town tongues to wagging. And one can dress in pinafores and Peter Pans without creating the impression that she's a female nut. And one can sing if she wants to sing. In fact, one doesn't have to be taken seriously at all times.

"When I was young," Shirley goes on to say, "I used to buy the oldest-looking hats and gowns, and wear all of Viola's clothes, because I wanted to look more grown up. Now I'm all over that. Every girl passes thru that stage when she wants to look more sophisticated than her mother."


She and Viola look so much alike that it's difficult to tell them apart. The fatal beauty was nearly disastrous two years ago, when she was married to Berney, because, at the crucial moment, the minister nearly wed Viola to Shirley's husband-to-be.

"And when I first came to Hollywood, it was just after Viola's husband, John Collins, had died of influenza. Viola wasn't seen in public much, and when I ventured out I got all the sympathy, because people mistook me for my sister.

"But I've always been a tomboy, while Viola hasn't. When I was young I always played with the boys. Girls were so catty. And I had an idea that I must always wear kid gloves, altho it didn't matter whether or not they had fingers. Just so they were gloves. Oh, when I was young, we had the best time! Steal strawberries! Once I nearly got arrested."

This when-I-was-young talk amused me greatly. Shirley, sitting opposite me in her little black velvet dress, with lace collar and elbow-length sleeves, portrayed the quintessence of youth. Impudently I inquired her age. Nineteen.

(Seventy-three)



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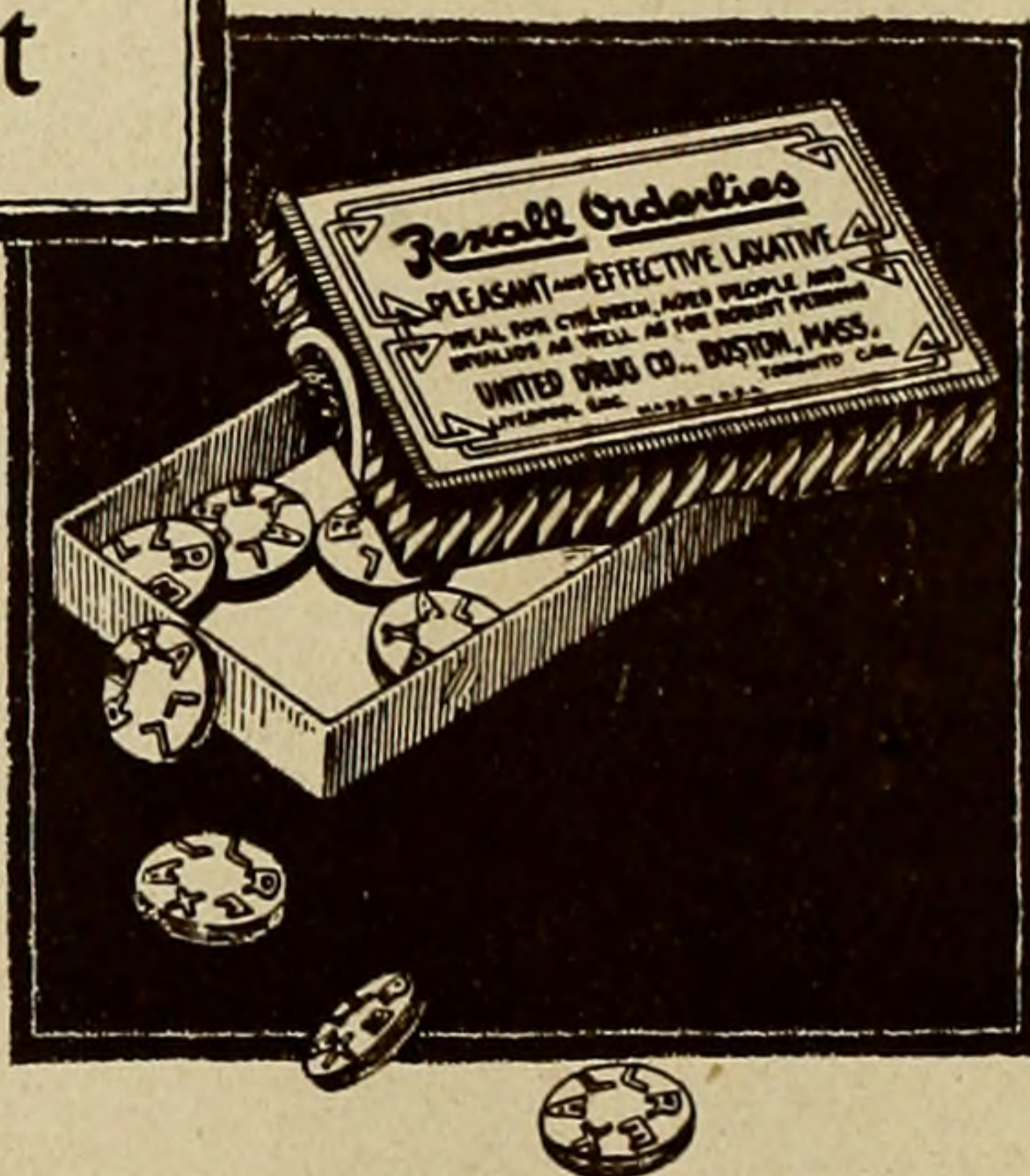
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Not old enough to vote!
She doesn't care particularly, because, she says, when she is twenty-one and over it'll be just her luck to be very busy at the studio when election time comes around.

"Cant I let Berney mark my ballot for me?" she asked.

I informed her it isn't being done.

"Well, then, I suppose I must find some way to do it myself. I shall be very happy when I'm twenty-one. Then I shall be considered discreet. One nowadays cant be considered discreet until one has reached one's majority, as they say politically, can one?"

In the year 1900, among other important events, occurred the birth of the youngest Flugrath, now Mrs. Berney Durning. Brooklyn, N. Y., is the lucky city, and today Shirley Mason and Gladys Brockwell are about the only Californians I've met who condescend to "put in a good word" for the settlement across the river from Manhattan.

Little Leonie made her debut on the stage when she was two and a half in a play with Peter B. Daley, in which she rushed onto the boards, crying dramatically, "Daddy!" A few months later she created the part of Little Hal in William Faversham's production of "The Squaw Man." Other child parts, her specialties, were Meenie in "Rip Van Winkle" and Jan in "The Piper."

She was never bothered much by the "gerrymen," as the members of the theatrical profession term those gentlemen whose duty it is to make a mental inspection of stage children under sixteen in order to note that their education has not been neglected, because both she and Viola got their schooling in the summer when the company was vacationing.

Once, when she was eleven, a "gerryman" called her into the office of the manager and asked her such foolish questions as "What letter comes after W?" and, at length, what procedure she would pursue were she to lay a carpet in the room.

"I was up a stump," she confided to me, "but I thought that I'd better say something. At length I got very haughty and looked at the 'gerryman' with my best 'heavy' stare.

"'Sir,' I said, 'I dont think that I shall ever be required to lay a carpet. Therefore I have never given the matter consideration.' The 'gerryman' was very obliging and did not further trouble me."

Shirley's start in pictures was a case of hard work and long waiting until she should get a "call" from the Edison studio, which was near the Flugrath home in the Bronx, New York. She was understudying sister Viola in "The Poor Little Rich Girl" and had a great deal of time to herself. Her mother thought of the flickers and registered her at the studio, where Harry Beaumont and Mary Fuller and Marc MacDermott were starring. Finally, both she and Viola were given "kid" parts, meanwhile continuing their legitimate work, when Shir-

(Continued on page 76)

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Judy of Rogue's Harbor

(Continued from page 46)

after you had gone. It is all true." There was a pause during which the silence throbbed among them like a quivering heart. The Governor fainted and no one knew the difference. The thing that mattered was between Judy and the Lady of the Roses. The lovely bond that had been between them was being explained to them. An awareness that had existed, almost miraculously, from the first, came to fruition between them. The Lady of the Roses had Judy against her heart. The tears distilled thru empty hours, how empty her lips would never formulate, threaded Judy's hair like priceless pearls. "I know now," the woman murmured, with an immeasurable tenderness, "why I sewed the little frocks for you, why I wanted to curl your hair, my darling, why I wanted to make you cookies and other goodies. It was all the little loving demands of the separated years, crying out to me . . . oh, baby . . . oh, baby . . ."

Of course, I didn't hear it all in detail. There are some things one does not feel one wants to hear about. Sacred things. Bared hearts. An hour like that after years of barren hours. There are no words for them.

I do know, tho, because Judy told me so, that the Lady of the Roses forgave Governor Kingsland for the terrible wrong he had done her. The philosophy of years had taught her, too, the mellowing of that philosophy which knows all, and knowing, forgives . . .

I know that she went to Rogue's Harbor and identified the old man there as her father, brought back to him, permanently, the evanescent kindness he had had, of late, only in dreams.

I know that Jim Shuckles and his gang were apprehended, and that Teddy and Judy gave him an alternative—Ollie or jail—and that, completely terrorized for the first time in his cowardly life, he married Ollie and was even, it turned out, moderately human toward her.

And I know that Teddy and Judy walked in the garden of roses just as they came to their most perfect bloom, and whispered, one to the other, the old-as-the-world vows, and billed and cooed, and made promises more fragrant than the drifting petals, more mysterious than the salt breaths of the sea; more set and eternal, more unalterable, than the stars, in their fixed, immemorial courses.

And, because no one ever quite "lives happily ever after," as the beloved lore of the fairies would have us believe, I will not say that they did, but they have lived as happily as ever two young things could, together, and, because they are so young and have so much love between them, both for their neighbors and themselves, the unhappiness that comes to them is taken, heads high, transmuted into philosophy, and so given back again. And over it all, with shining needle poised and serene eyes smiling, presides the Lady of the Roses waiting for the baby she knows will come to her now.

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is an ordinary income for a writer, \$150 to \$200 is very ordinary price for scores of fiction magazines to pay unknown writers for a single story. \$1800 and \$2000 each are the prices two women writers received for their stories.

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We have prepared a booklet entitled "How

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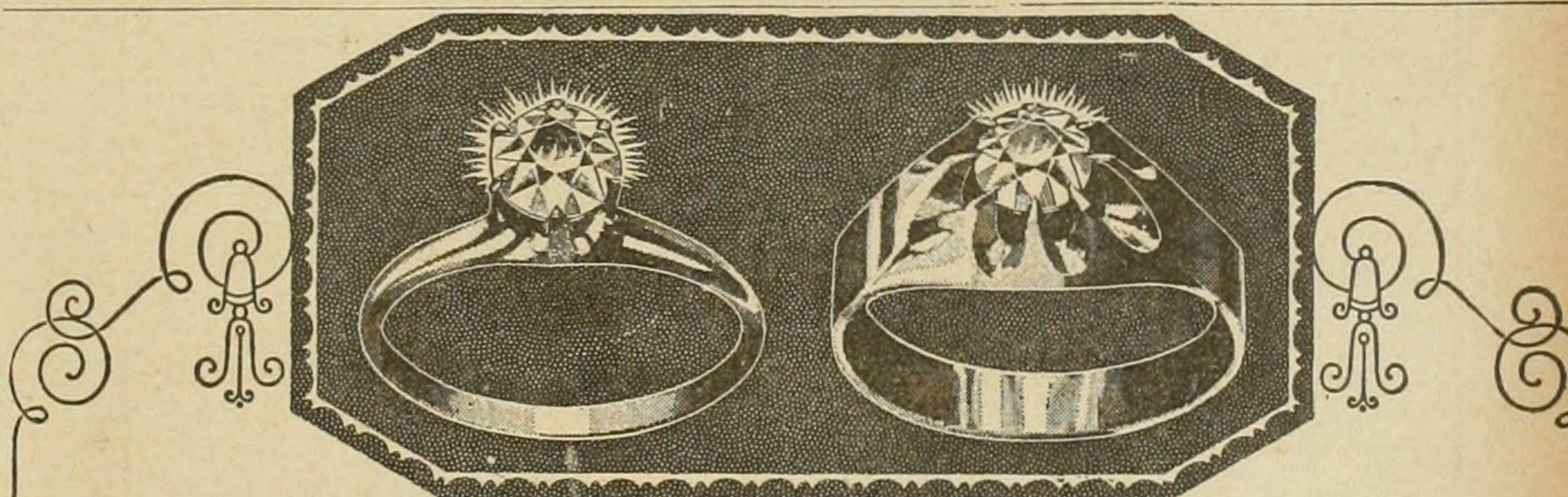
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Removes the Actual Cause of the enlarged joint and bunion. Sent on approval. Money back if not as represented. Send outline of foot. Use my Improved Instep Support for weak arches.

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Don't send a penny. Upon your simple request we'll send you a genuine Lachnite gem mounted in either of these solid gold rings on 10 days trial. These exquisite gems have the eternal fire of diamonds. Over 150,000 people have accepted this offer and have found the way to own beautiful jewelry at a trifling cost.

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Send us your name and address today. Use the coupon on a letter or a post card. Be sure to send your finger size. To do this cut a strip of paper just long enough to meet over the second joint of the finger on which you wish to wear the ring. Send the coupon now—and not a penny in cash.

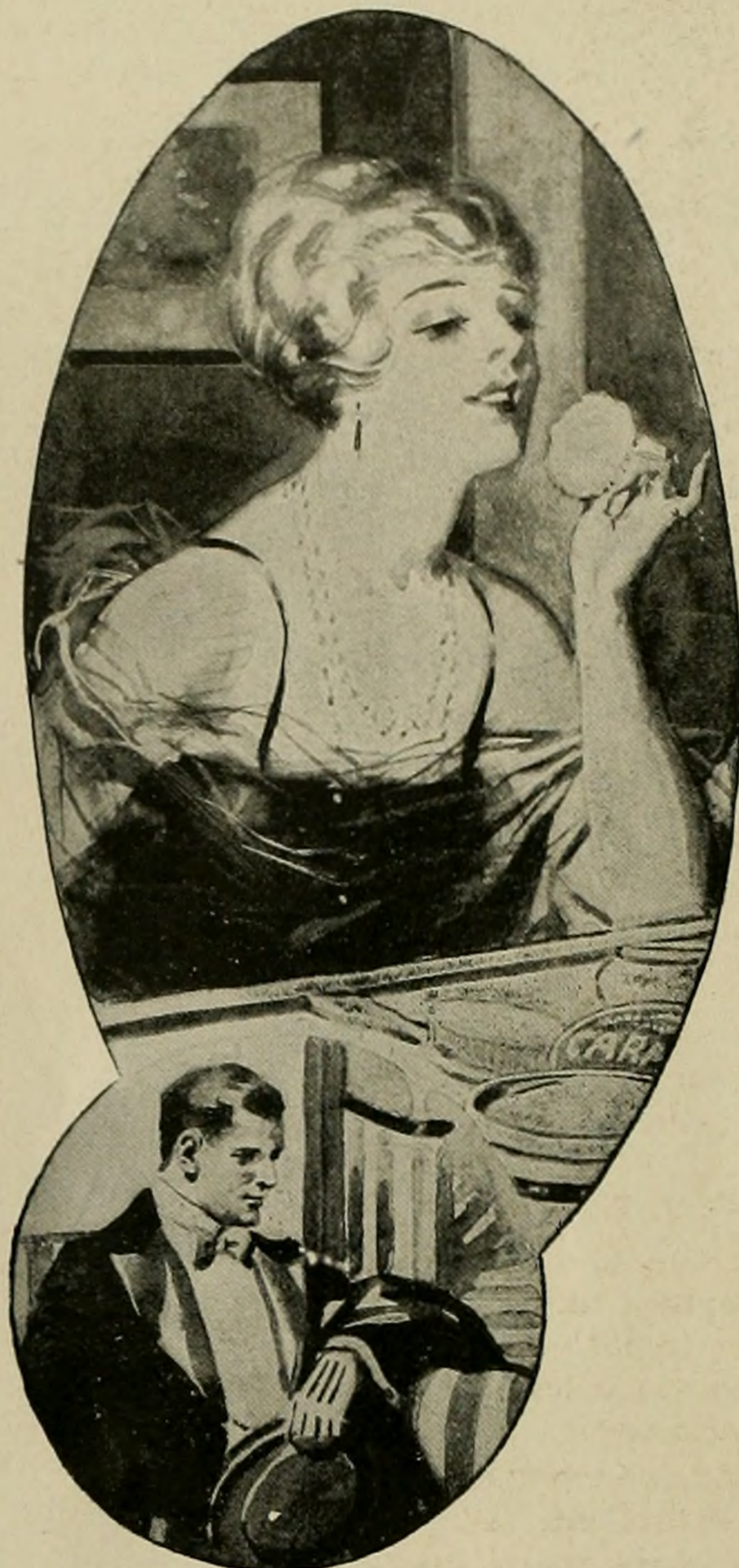
Harold Lachman Co., Dept. 1554 12 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

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Send me prepaid, Ladies' ring on 10 days' free trial. When it comes I will deposit \$4.75 with the postman. After ten days I will either return the ring or send you \$2.50 a month until the balance is paid. Total cost to me \$18.75. If I return the ring, you will refund my \$4.75 immediately. I enclose my finger size.

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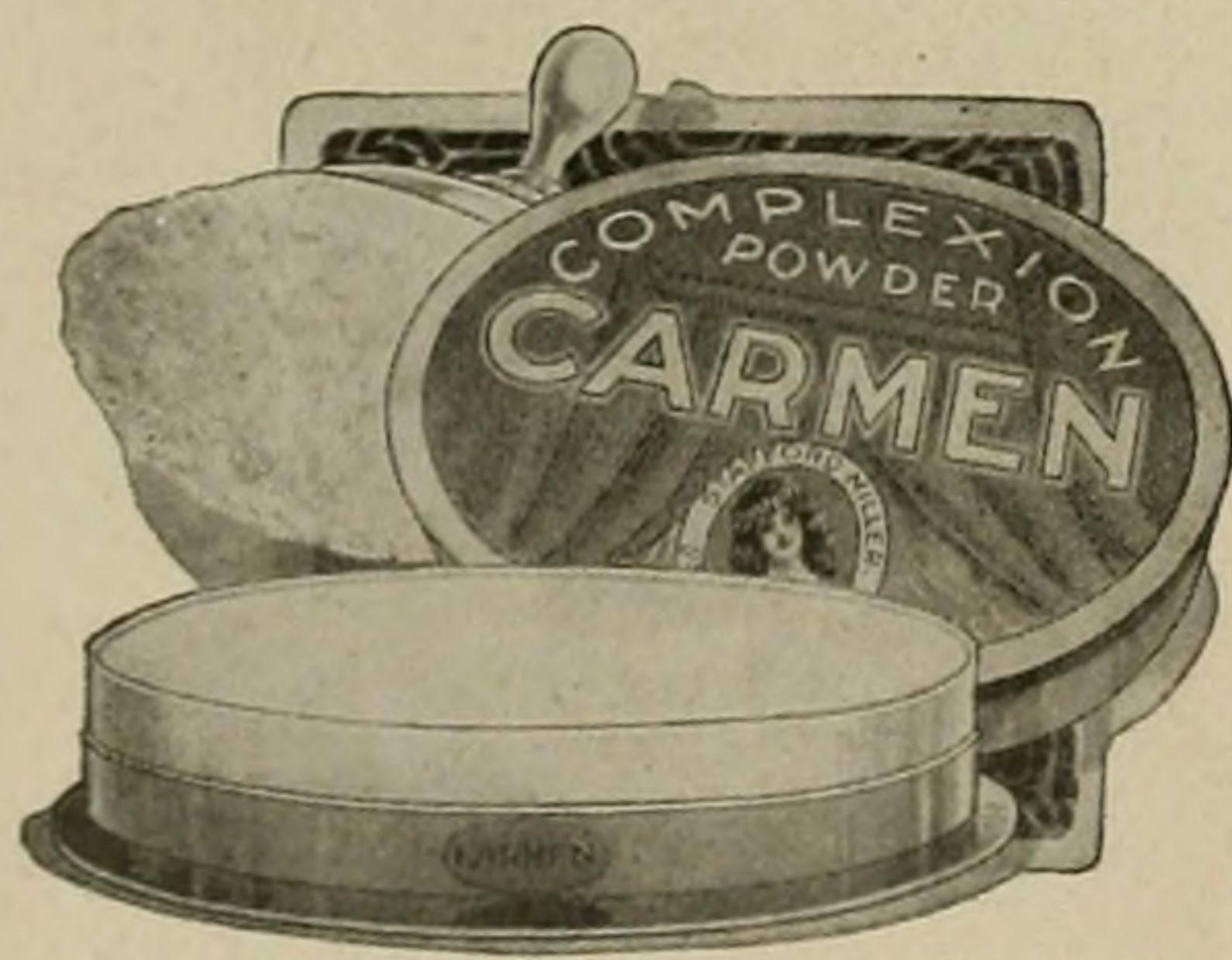
The Final Touch



Have a complexion that stands the most critical gaze—a skin radiantly beautiful in sunlight or under the glare of bright, artificial light. Win the admiration that only a complexion which bespeaks the bloom of youth can gain, by using

CARMEN COMPLEXION POWDER

Its final touch imparts to the most lovely natural complexion an added subtle charm and gives even rough skins a velvety smoothness that challenges close inspection.



The Final Touch

White, Pink, Flesh, Cream and the Exquisite New CARMEN BRUNETTE Shade—50 Cents Everywhere.

Trial Offer The new shade Carmen Brunette has proved so popular we know you would like to try it. So send 12 cents to cover postage and packing and we will send you a purse size box with two or three weeks' supply. Or we'll send any other shade preferred.

Stafford-Miller Co.
St. Louis, Missouri

Miss Mason Manages

(Continued from page 74)

ley played Peter in the Frohman production of "Passersby."

At length she went with the Kleine-Selig-Edison-Essanay combination as a star in "The Telltale Step," "Lady of the Photograph," "The Apple-tree Girl," etc., and finally with McClure's serial, "The Seven Deadly Sins," where she starred in the "Passion" episode. She was next won to the Famous Players fold, as their youngest ingénue. Under that contract she made perhaps six plays, among them "The Winning Girl" and "The Final Close-up." On the expiration of the contract, Miss Mason rested in Hollywood for several months and at length signed with Maurice Tourneur for the ingénue part in "Treasure Island."

Now, however, she has the distinction of being William Fox's newest star, who is to gleam in a series of stories that deal with the innermost life, thoughts and actions of a sub-débutante.

"What is your philosophy?" I asked, concluding.

"Simply to be happy," she rejoined. "Be happy, make everybody else happy and stay young. One is dead an awfully long time, isn't he, and I believe in getting the fullest enjoyment out of life, which, for me, is bounded on the north by mother, on the south by Viola, on the east by Berney and on the west by my cat and dog. And since both of the latter are languishing in boarding-school, it looks as if I'm minus a place for the setting sun of my hopes, which I'm cut out to entertain till I'm 82 years old and 'cant eat nothin' but bananas!'"

And Shirley, who isn't old enough to vote, mimicked an old lady of the toothless stage and told me she wasn't going to live long—only eighty-two!

THE STUFF THAT PLOTS ARE MADE OF

DIRECTOR (during the disagreement)—Who are you, anyway?

SCENARIO WRITER—Me? Why, I'm the guy that discovered the coin in coincidence!

SHE WASN'T FRIVOLOUS

"The 'leading lady' of this company didn't want to work today because it is hot, whereupon the director got angry and told her not to be so frivolous."

"What did she do then? Go to work?"

"Yes, she went to work and dismissed him."

HER EASTER SIN

By WALTER PULITZER

The wife before her husband stood,

As if for his inspection,

All newly gowned, and on her head

An Easterish confection.

She cried, "'Twas such a bargain, dear—

The price you'd never guess;

It cost but eighty dollars, and

It can't be bought for less."

"What, eighty for *that* thing," he cried,

And simply boiled within;

"Extravagance like that is—well—

It's shameful—it's a sin!"

The lady, ready with retort

And nothing daunted, said,

"Oh, well, at least the sin will be

Upon my own fair head!"



A new era in teeth protection

These new discoveries mark a new era in teeth cleaning. Tooth beauty comes through removing the cloudy film coat. But that also means vastly more. It means safer, cleaner teeth. And it doubtless will mean, in the years to come, a vast reduction in tooth troubles.

Dentists everywhere are urging people to adopt this new protection.

Why Teeth Glisten

Millions of Them Now

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

You see glistening teeth in every circle now. For millions of teeth are being cleaned in a new way. They are not only whiter, but cleaner and safer. And leading dentists everywhere are urging this method's adoption.

A ten-day test, which costs you nothing, will show what it means to you.

To end the film

The purpose is to end the film—the cause of most tooth troubles.

Film is that viscous coat which you feel with your tongue. It is ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It is that film-coat which discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve film. So brushing has left much of it intact. Millions of well-brushed teeth, on this account, dis-

color and decay. Few people escape tooth troubles, and it is largely because of that film.

Now a combatant

Dental science, knowing these facts, has long sought a film combatant. It has now been found. Convincing clinical and laboratory tests have proved it beyond question.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this tooth paste in all ways meets modern requirements. Millions of people have already tried it, and the results you see on every hand show what it means to teeth.

The vital facts

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

But pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So this method long seemed barred. Now science has found a harmless activating method, so active pepsin can be every day applied.

Pepsodent accomplishes two other great results. But its all-important quality is this action on the film.



Mark the results in ten days

One cannot question the Pepsodent effects. They are too conspicuous.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Compare the results with results you get now. Then read the reasons for them. After such a test, neither you nor yours will be content with old methods of teeth cleaning. Cut out the coupon now.

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REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, now advised for daily use by leading dentists everywhere. In three great ways it meets modern requirements. Druggists supply the large tubes.

10-DAY TUBE FREE 377

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 354, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

Milady of the Fan

(Continued from page 25)

posters and cleverly carved toys—all from far-off Japan.

"Isn't it sweet of them to like me so well?" Francelia said, gratefully. "But the way they express their admiration—you *must* read some of their letters!"

One Oriental epistle was on a long strip of thin rice paper, in verse form, and with delicately painted flowers outlining the edge. Another was inscribed on silk, and commenced, "Miss Billington, dear sir—" Japanese fans, it seems, do not believe in expressing their admiration merely in words. Almost all of them sent material tokens of their esteem, ranging from expensive kimonos to postal coupons which could be exchanged for stamps. Many of them sent their pictures, and two girl admirers of flapper age sent photographs in their "swimming suits," tho how they would be able to navigate in the water was a problem which Francelia and I gave up. We recommend it to the attention of the Sennett bathing beauties.

It must not be supposed that Miss Billington's popularity is limited to Japan. Her work with Kalem, American and Universal is widely and favorably known, and her emotional rôle in "Blind Husbands" gave her even greater opportunities to display her talents. This rôle, indeed, again brought her strongly into the screen limelight and attracted unusual interest.

"Oh, just one more letter before you go!" Francelia urged, with the unexpected little quirk of the mouth that comes when she smiles. "It's the prize of my 'fan' collection, and if you can tell me what it's about, I'll give you one of these posters."

I got the poster, but I *didn't* win it. Francelia was generous enough to let me have it anyway. Do you think you could have won it? This is what the letter said:

"Dear, F. Billington—I double to say that I cant well versed in composing an English. But these sort letter is taken your intresting, I think so. I am writing for you that I am very glad. Then I have taken your beautiful photograph by your kindness. I am very found the autograph of the famous actoress. But, generally person are giving me by print. You are very kindness man.

"I am thankful your truth heart; and I am longing to preserves your envelope with the photo.

"Now Miss. Much to my regret then your photo was not so clear. I am very regret what a beautiful itself.

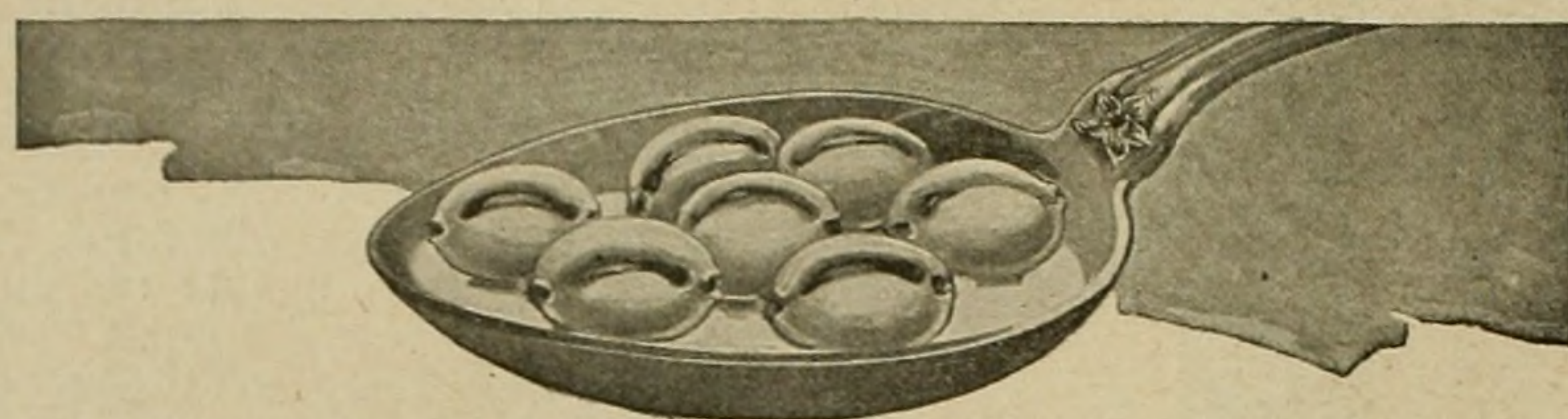
"If you have a good kind. Please heard me to my request and send me another delightful one. I think you shall be to send it for me. Excuse me Miss. I am so unreasonable to propose. But I am fond your truth. Then I have to make application to you.

"Now I am out for you some of the nishikie (picture print). These picture is famous in our country. And my writing picture with it.

"And some of the bamboo's pen for you. And a little lovely doll with it. Use to play.

"Dont wait to write me of your health and present condition. Good grant that every succeeding year may bring you continued prosperity."

"Believe me,
"HIROSHI SHIOGAWA."



Like Nut Bubbles

Yet It's Whole Wheat Puffed

There lies the fascination of Puffed Wheat.

The grains are light and airy—puffed to eight times normal size. They almost melt away.

An hour of fearful heat has given them a taste like toasted nuts.

Yet they are whole wheat. Every food cell is exploded so digestion is easy and complete.

They supply whole-wheat nutrition as no other food can do. In lesser ways of cooking, the outer wheat coats pass largely undigested.

Dozens of Delights

The three Puffed Grains with their different flavors offer dozens of delights.

They are not for breakfast only. Every home finds countless uses for these nut-like, flimsy grains.

Remember These Three

Puffed Wheat in milk is the utmost in a food. With every food cell broken it is easy to digest.

For luncheons, suppers and at bedtime there is nothing to compare with this dish.

Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs mixed with fruit adds a delicious blend. It adds what a light and dainty crust adds to shortcake or to pie.

Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs, crisped and lightly buttered, become a food confection.

Have a dish ready when the children come from school. They will eat them like peanuts or popcorn. And they take the place of foods less healthful, less easy to digest.

Millions of children are now enjoying Puffed Grains, but not half of them get enough.

Every home should keep all three Puffed Grains on hand.

**Puffed
Wheat**

**Puffed
Rice**

**Corn
Puffs**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

To Make Royal Pancakes

Our food experts have worked for years to make an ideal pancake mixture. Now it is ready—with Puffed Rice Flour mixed in it. The ground Puffed Rice makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nut-like taste. You can make the finest pancakes ever tasted with Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. Add just milk or water, for the flour is self-raising. Order a package now.



The Dancin' Fool

(Continued from page 57)

and sister, and Uncle Enoch Jones, contemptuous of what had gone before, vociferously disgusted at that "dancin' fool," as he anathematized his nephew.

Harkins did not gainsay the anathema. He had been trying, while 'Ves was on the road, to beguile Enoch Jones into selling the business. Enoch had not been wholly unwilling. He had felt, since the innovation of his nephew and his methods, like an atom taken in hand by a cyclone, and he wasn't at all certain as to where he might be cyclonically deposited. The thing was going down-hill, he had to admit that, and Sylvester, blame him! was running up expenses something fearful, and, so far, he hadn't seen any of the efficient results so glibly predicted. All he had seen were a lot of new-fangled contraptions and their bills to do work heretofore done by honest and understanding hands, and a "dancin' fool" smirkin' and grinnin' down at a bunch of fool people with some slip of a thing hangin' to his arm . . . efficiency . . . bah! . . . He didn't very much care for the talkative Harkinses, but they offered him a fair price for the business he had built up, painfully, by hand, only to have it ridiculed, bandied about, jostled and torn asunder by the "dancin' fool" his sister (Elmira had always been a fool herself) had given birth to . . . and he was tired . . . his head hummed with the worry and the change . . . he was old and these other people . . . other methods were new . . . cruelly new . . . Better to take the price they were kind enough to give him and go back to where this young upstart had but recently come from. Then, drat him, if he wanted to make jugs, let him *make* them . . . for the enterprising Harkins.

He was thinking these things when 'Ves came up to him, grinning, and begged him to go back to the office; he wanted to have a talk with him. He told him to take the Harkinses along, too, if he cared to. He would get Junie and follow up. Uncle Enoch said, with intent, that he *did* care to take the Harkinses along, and, when 'Ves arrived, half an hour after the others, he found Uncle Enoch almost in the act of transferring the Jones Jug Factory to the Harkins interests.

He called Uncle Enoch Jones a few hard but understandable names and produced from every pocket his wearing apparel boasted contracts secured by him on his trip big enough and solid enough and soaring enough to make the Jones Jugs famous. The dust of antiquity was not too thick in the eyes of Enoch Jones to miss figures. He considered them, while back of the enigmatic specs a glint and a glimmer began to grow. Finally, "Facts," he said, "is facts, and figgers is figgers. Mr. Harkins, I have reconsidered."

After the all but unmarked retreat of the Harkinses and the reluctantly, the

(Continued on page 83)



"And then, through a beautiful actress, I discovered home Electric Massage!"

"THIS stage beauty, a radiant, youthful woman who has been famous for years, confided to me that electric massage is the *one* daily luxury that she insists on having. As a matter of fact she told me that this is not a luxury but an absolute *necessity*. So I bought a 'Star' and I'm delighted!"

Likewise, to every woman who is not satisfied, unless she looks her very best, at *all* times, home electric massage is the one health-and-beauty treatment she can rely on. She knows that massage, when properly applied, will keep her complexion clear, fresh and colorful; her hair and scalp in the pink of condition; her figure supple, attractive and of youthful contour.

Today more than half a million Star Electric Massage Vibrators are being used *daily*. Hundreds of women have writ-

ten us that they are delighted with the almost magical results that the "Star" has wrought with their once muddy, unattractive complexions; stubborn, coarse-looking hair and unwelcome body blemishes. Don't the experiences of these other women prove to you that *you*, too, can re-create your skin, your hair, your youthful contour?

Such beautiful women as Grace Davison, Corinne Griffith, Evelyn Gosnell, photoplay stars shown below, and scores of others, use and endorse the Star Electric Massage Vibrator. Get a "Star" today. Price \$5.00 for complete outfit. At leading drug, department and electrical-goods stores or direct from us on receipt of \$5 and your favorite dealer's name and address. (Price in Canada, \$7.50.) Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 216, Torrington, Conn.

The Star Electric Massage Vibrator

For use in your own home



The Best Thing in Life

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

IT was just before luncheon, when we were sitting in the garden, that Kipling's "Jungle Book" got mixed up with Jack Gilbert's first interview.

This was strange, because we hadn't been talking about books at all.

On the contrary, we had been talking about moving pictures and Maurice Tourneur and ham sandwiches and milk and Maurice Tourneur. With Jack Gilbert, just at present, all conversational roads lead to Maurice Tourneur. He may begin by mentioning his own efforts towards putting on flesh, but he will invariably end by telling you that Maurice Tourneur is a god.

We tried to get into the studio cafeteria, but it was crowded to the doors.

"Let's walk around for a while," suggested Gilbert.

The sun had broken thru the fog only about an hour before and the Goldwyn studio garden was at its best. Shrubs and ferns and, further away, eucalyptus trees, made spots of comparative darkness to relieve the glare on the white



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

Jack Gilbert is but twenty-three. He comes of an actor family, indeed one of his earliest memories is being stranded in a little Arkansas town. Gilbert and his father washed dishes in a little railroad lunch-room in order to earn money enough to get home

buildings and the glass-encased stages.

"Pretty," remarked my companion, appreciatively. We seated ourselves where the sun was warmest.

"You write stories, dont you?" I asked.

"Yes; I was in the scenario department of the Gibraltar Company, but it

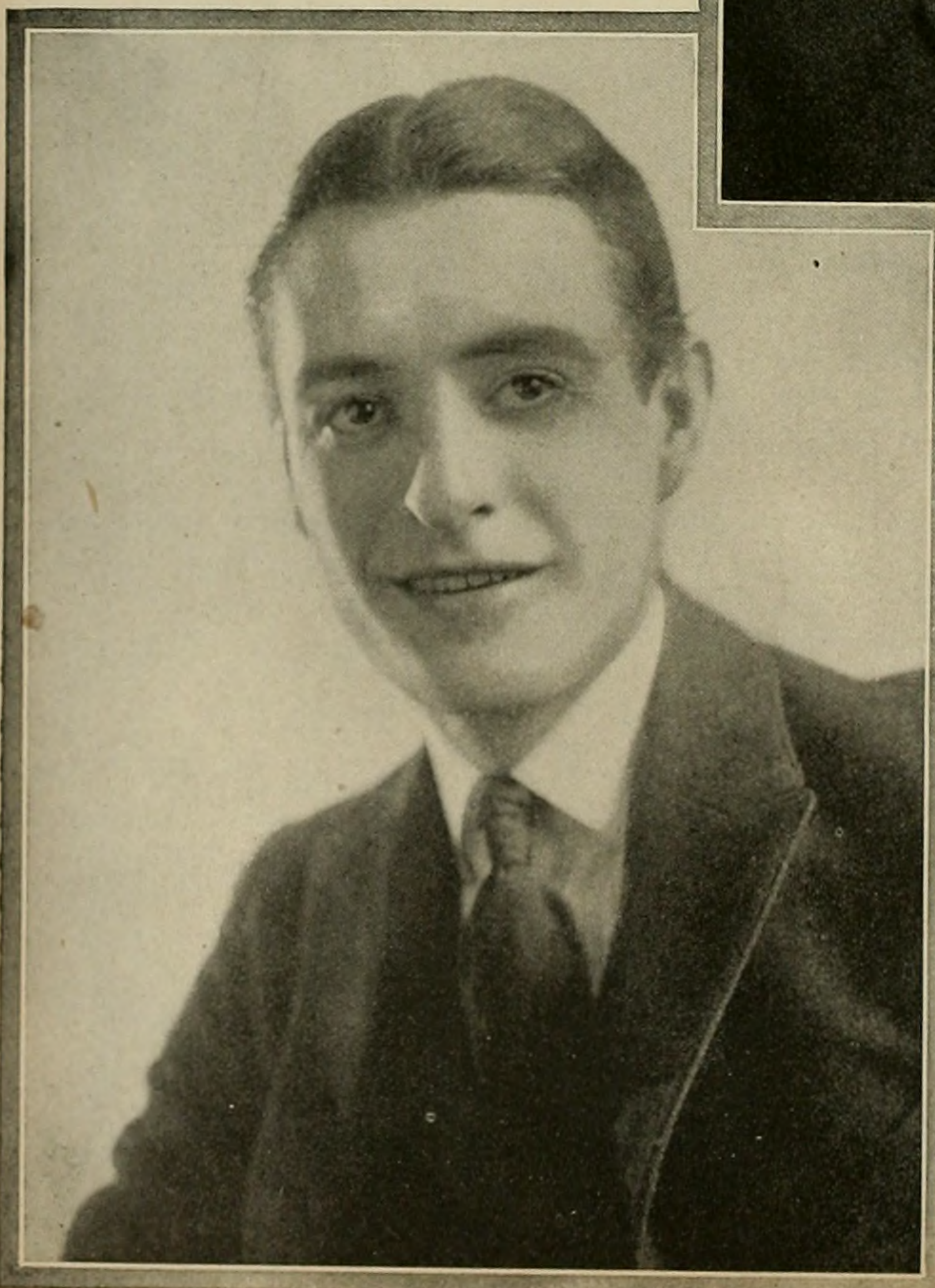
blew up just about the time I got well started. Then I made a resolution to write a story a day for the purpose of improving my mind. After about five days, I decided to quit that and take up foreign languages."

"What foreign languages did you learn?"

He laughed and traced a circle in the garden path with his cane.

"Actors," he said, "are like monkeys. Did you ever read Kipling's 'Jungle Book'? Yes? Then you know how monkeys are. They play with one thing for a while until they get tired of it, then they let it go and jump to something else. And imitative; the only way an actor can improve his work is by watching some other actor. When a John Barrymore picture comes to town, I go to see it five or six times. But just as a monkey, no matter what he may pick up and drop, sticks to his trees, so an actor sticks to his work. He cant help it; it's second

(Continued on page 84)





Beverly Travers
in "The Fear Woman"

Beverly, the charming girl in white, is doing wonderful work. She has a natural dramatic ability coupled with beauty and personality, and we look for her to go far in the film world.

Goldwyn Picture

Los Angeles, Calif.

May 1, 1919.

F. F. INGRAM CO.

Not only do I use Ingram's Rouge but I have recommended it to many friends. I like it particularly because it does give a truthfully natural color and it never runs, no matter how warm the day or work.

Beverly Travers



PHOTO BY
EVANS

Ingram's Rouge

Pallor places almost any woman at a disadvantage, To appear at her very best, she needs a finishing touch of color; a soft, natural, girlish tint, such as Ingram's Rouge imparts.

Ingram's Rouge is excellent in every way, and unusual in some ways. It will not run; it will not streak; it is not affected by perspiration; nor will it harm the skin, for its color is not absorbed. Prepared in daintily scented cakes, which are less wasteful than loose powder, it is sold in three perfect shades, Light, Medium and Dark. Price 50 cents.



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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.

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"There is beauty in every jar." It clears clogged pores, banishes slight imperfections, soothes away redness and roughness, and keeps the delicate texture of the skin soft and smooth. Its exclusive therapeutic properties keep the complexion toned up and healthy all the time. Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00.

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(Look for proper address at left)

I enclose 6 two cent stamps in return for which 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.

Gossip of the Pacific Coast

(Continued from page 66)

represented the Studio Girls' Club and drove over in her little brown Scripps-Booth.

They are keeping Helen Eddy, of the Club, very busy at the Hollywood Community Theater, besides her work with Mr. Beban. Helen is so versatile and has such a fine voice that delivery of her lines is always listened to with great pleasure.

The Southern Pacific station was crowded one afternoon as I dropped in to bid farewell to a friend departing on the *Owl*. The Christy company producing "Bringing Up Father" was occupying a hollow square at two of the exit gates and an audience five deep stood about the outer edges of the square. Funny Johnny Ray was togged out in a top-hat garnished with a bright-blue ribbon and three ditto buttons, and as the echoes are very noticeable at the terminal station, everything he said was carried for hundreds of feet. A train dispatcher had nothing on Mr. Ray! The tourists are entranced whenever they happen to witness a free show like this. It's funny to hear their comments.

Donald Crisp is directing "Held by the Enemy," and there are more people in Northern and Southern uniforms and crêpe hair mustaches ambling up and down Vine Street at luncheon time than you could imagine. It reminds me of that old panorama of Gettysburg. It is droll to see the "dead" men arise when the noon whistle blows. They've an attendant out there who smears thick mud over the countenances, hands and clothing of the hundreds of extras employed at five dollars per diem. 'Tis very realistic. The women in hoop-skirts have a difficult time getting luncheon at the small nearby café, but the leading players manage to stuff themselves into cars and drive over to the Boulevard, where there are some good light lunch places and French cafés.

Gloria Swanson always drives over, because she's particularly fond of toasted bread with chicken en mayonnaise as a filling, and the waiter knows to the fraction of an inch how she likes the bread cut. Ethel Clayton has a lot of extras, too, and the Lasky lot is a busy place this spring, every company working overtime.

I noticed Wally Reid in a gorgeous blue silk lounging robe sunning himself at noon in front of the enclosed stage and enjoying the society of fat Walter Hiers, who is called "The Soft-Drink Kid." Mr. Hiers is always telling jokes, singing, or otherwise amusing not only stars but extras. He was wearing gaiters with inset rubber, and is playing in "Held by the Enemy." He's under a five-year Lasky contract now, and looks as if he were quite lot-broken and at home on Vine Street. There's one thing about genial Walter, he is big enough to be found easily, and his merry chirps give away his whereabouts, anyway.

Monte Blue is wearing tortoise-shell

goggles offstage. That pair of spectacles gives Monte a sort of sentimental, poetic air. One expects to hear him burst forth into limericks—he's quite a hand at jingles, be it known. Raymond Hatton, beloved on the Lasky lot, has become a Goldwyn feature player. Nobody begrudges Ray his good fortune, for he's worked steadily for advancement, even playing untitled parts in some of the larger productions for Mr. de Mille, just to give proper characterization to what would have been a minor part in less capable hands.

Herbert Heyes has taken this town by storm in "Civilian Clothes," which has run steadily for nine months at the Morosco Theater, Los Angeles. Not long ago, Clyde Fillmore told me, when stepping out of the aforesaid *clothes* into a Lasky contract, that he thought Heyes would be the best Sam McGinnis of them all. The local papers are raving over Mr. Heyes' conception of the part, altho they fairly admit that both Thurston Hall and Clyde Fillmore seemed incapable of improvement, so well did they play their parts.

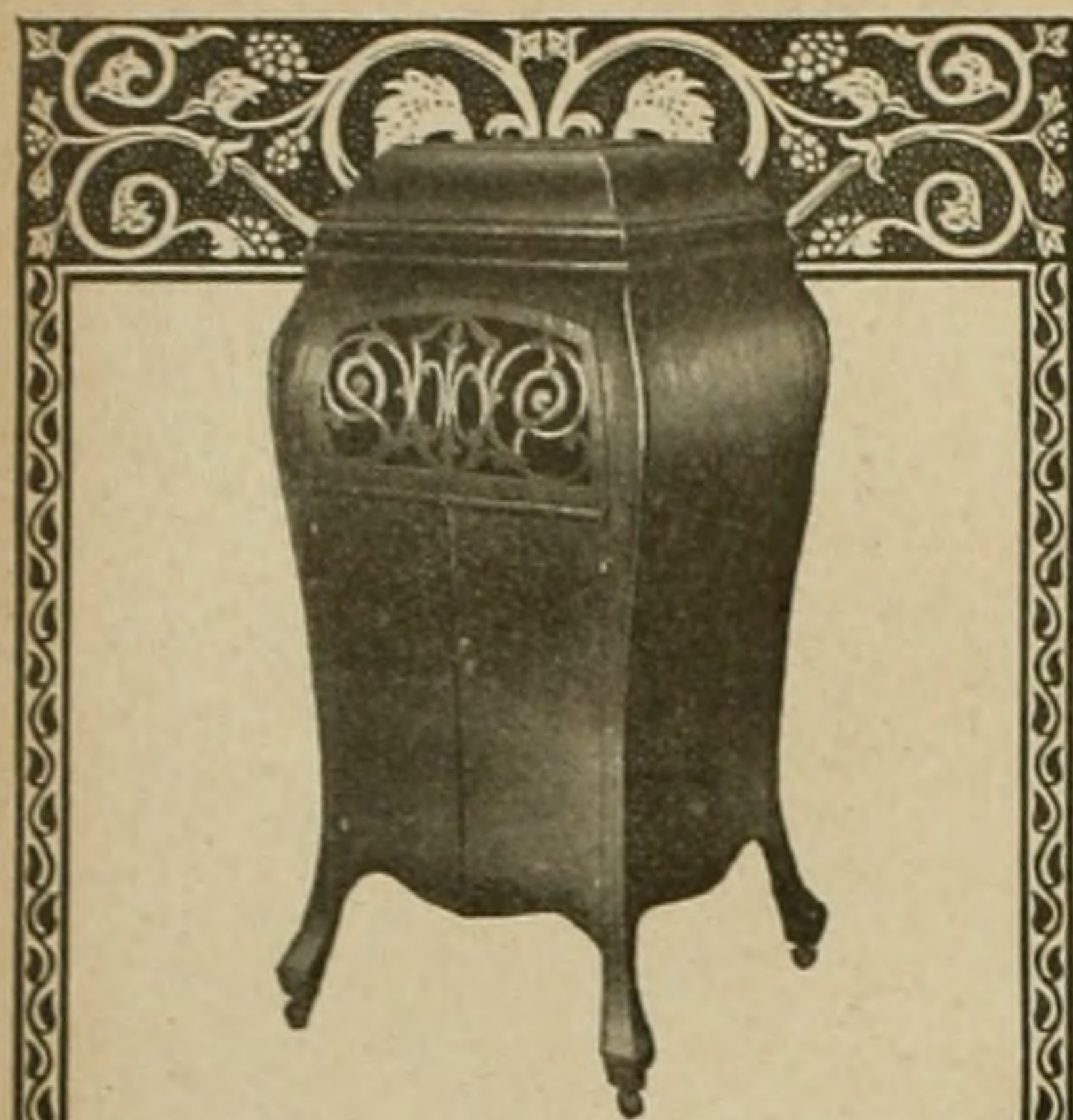
Priscilla Dean has really wed Wheeler Oakman, a former stock company man here. They were married in February, at a "wedding within a wedding" on the Universal lot. She's as saucy a bride as you'd wish to see—always up to pranks.

Lincoln's Birthday was famous for the Wally Reid ball at the Hotel Alexandria, heralded in advance by sky-bombs dropped by Lieut. Shirley J. Short. Viola Dana was patroness, escorted by Lieut. Locklear, whose plane was donated for the cloud-massaging acts. I asked Vi if she were engaged to the lieutenant, and she answered, most emphatically, "If you value your life, repeat not that question!" They do say on the lot that Viola sees *red* when quizzed on *that* subject.

Wherever one goes, Edith Roberts is talked about. The movie colony predicts wonderful things for Miss Roberts. They say she's as clever as she is beautiful. She has had a fine cast for "The Daring Duchess," including Henry Woodward, Leota Lorraine, Stanhope Wheatcroft, formerly of the Morosco Theater, Harold Miller, Kathleen Kirkham and Ogden Crane. The next picture for Miss Roberts will be a revival of Clara Louise Burnham's famous novel, "Jewel," for nowadays stories dealing with metaphysical healing are very good money-makers. Tommy Meighan told me that you can't *buy* a ouija board in New York on short notice, that the wave of psychic phenomena has struck not only that skeptical money-making burg, but every little hamlet thruout the country. Nearly everybody at the studios is interested in mediums, and lots of the girls have crystals, ideographs, Jula boards—or something like that.

Eugenie Forde, who supports Mrs. Hayakawa in "A Tokio Siren," was

(Continued on page 87)



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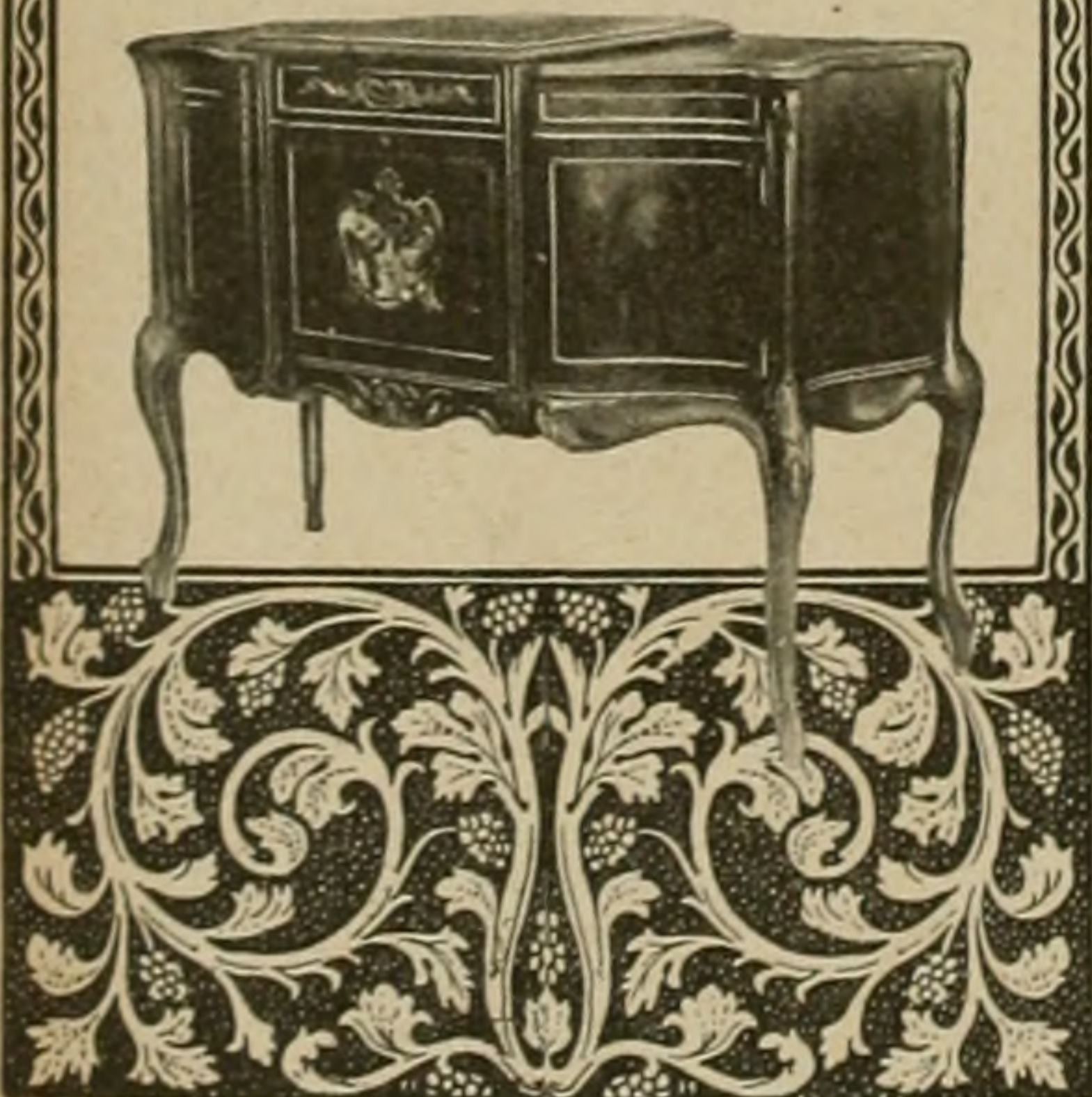
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That Irishman From Paris

(Continued from page 47)

Fitzmaurice has just attained the distinction of producing for Paramount-Artcraft in his own name. "George Fitzmaurice Productions," they are called, for the director has followed the footsteps of other notable makers of photoplays. This shows that reward comes surely in the world of the cinema.

The Pulse of the Photoplay Public

(Continued from page 64)

Mr. Lasky picked up an exhibitor's report. "The pulse of the public beats in this," he smiled, and then he concluded:

"It would be folly to say that we lead our audiences, just as it would be equally ludicrous to say that they lead us. *We are finding our way together.*"

The Dancin' Fool

(Continued from page 79)

humorously, the unwittingly tender and conciliatory good-night of Uncle Enoch, Junie Budd and Sylvester were alone.

"Will you marry a 'dancin' fool, Junie?" the young lover asked, "and—the present partner and future outright owner of the Jones Jugs, Incorporated . . . will you?"

"I'll marry you," whispered Junie, "just you . . . like you were . . . that first night . . . when you came and found me . . . and I didn't know . . . and didn't care . . . who you were, so long . . ."

"So long . . .?"

"So long as you . . . as you held me . . . close . . . and . . . and loved me . . . 'dancin' fool' . . ."

"SHOOT TODAY!"

By WALTER E. MAIR

Peep o' day in January;
Winds that were so long contrary
Drift to sleep, and all their fretting
Hardly seems worth while forgetting.
(Some one breathes into my ear
That a picture-day is here.)

Drowsy dawn in January,
And the tender stars unwary
Taunt their rising lord and master,
While he threatens their disaster.
(Ah, what is it seems so good?
Nature's in a melting mood!)

Wondrous morn in January!
'Twas but yesterday that Mary
Wept of mother, courts and lawing;
But . . . today, the ice is thawing.
(Is it Mary turns to say,
"Shooting-light is great today?")
Happy morn in January!

NOT A GENUINE HERO

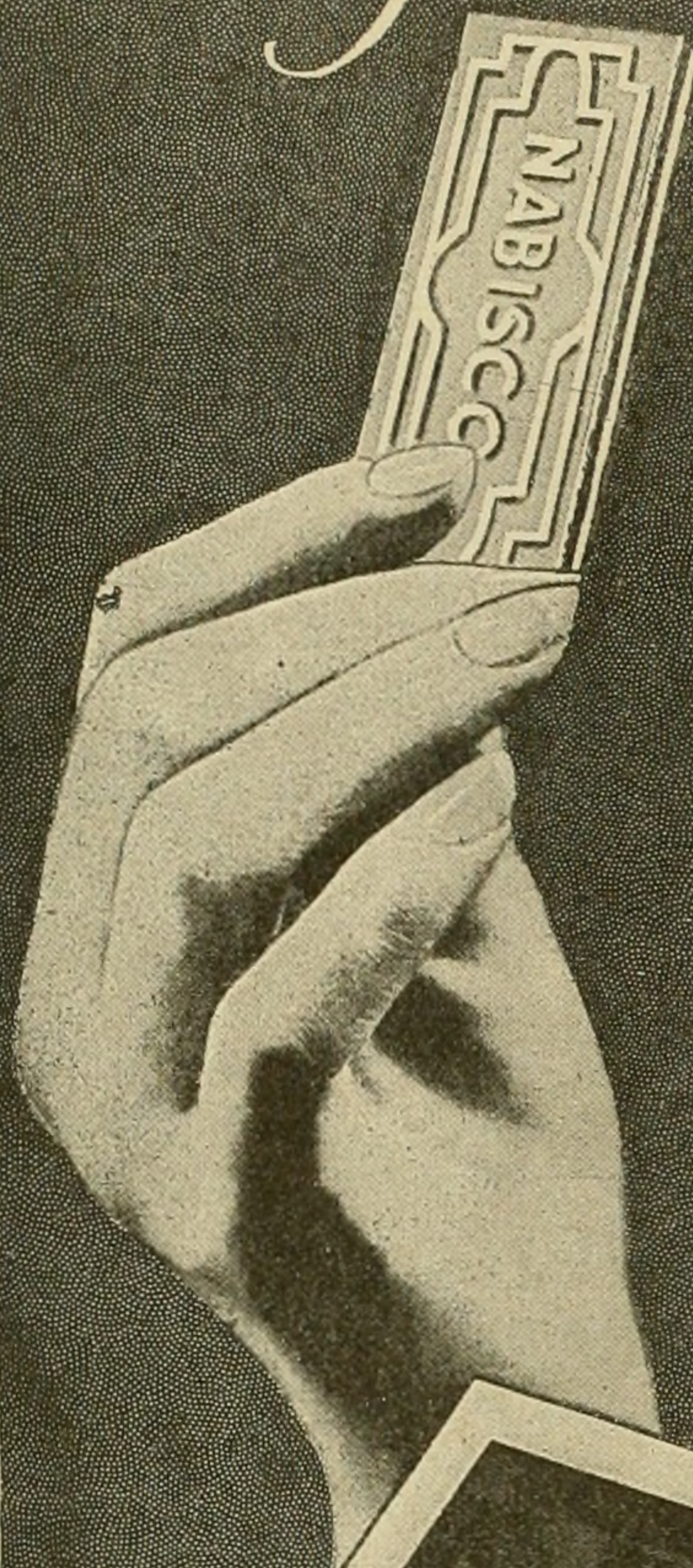
She saw him coming; the welcoming light in her eyes and the tender smile on her lips made her more beautiful than the roses, pansies and morning-glories that grew all around her. He saw her watching for him, and waved as he hastened thru the pasture.

Then—then it happened. The bright glow died out of her azure orbs; she gave a quick little gasp and keeled over into a convenient bed of skunk cabbages.

Instead of lightly vaulting over the fence, he had opened the gate and walked in, just as you or I would do.

(Eighty-three)

The Glad Moment



THE glad moment comes when the NABISCO box is newly opened and the feast within disclosed to happy eyes.

The sad moment is when the last NABISCO Sugar Wafer has disappeared, and appetite calls for more.

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Now sold in the famous In-er-seal Trade Mark package.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



The Best Thing in Life

(Continued from page 80)

nature to him or he wouldn't be an actor."

All of this was said lightly, and then he added, with boyish seriousness, that his work is his life; that he'd rather die than do anything else; that he would a thousand times rather die than not succeed in it!

He is very serious, is Jack Gilbert, and very young, in some ways younger even than his twenty-three years. He played you will remember, the part of a fourteen-year-old boy in Mary Pickford's "Heart of the Hills." But since then he has added five pounds of breadth to his five eleven of height, with the promise of more from the physical instructor of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, where he lives. Also, he played a "heavy," (his first rôle of that sort), in "Should a Woman Tell?" with Alice Lake, and the strongly sympathetic part of the puritanical garden boy in the George Loane Tucker picture, "Ladies Must Live."

On the day I saw him he had just signed a two-year contract with Tourneur and he was, he said, in the seventh heaven, happier than he had ever been in his life before. A director can make or break his people . . . it meant everything, he said, absolutely everything, to be with the right one, and Tourneur could bring out the best there was in you! He would praise you to the sky when you did anything well and perhaps break a chair over your head when you did anything badly . . . Gilbert laughed.

"He won't let his people overact, tho," he went on, "and he doesn't kill your enthusiasm. He makes you want to do your best every minute, because you know that the work you are doing with him will live, that it means something. Did you see 'Victory'? Didn't he just take you to the South Sea Islands?"

Gilbert's eyes are dark-brown and have in them much of the romantic mysticism of the Celt. His feeling of hero-worship for Maurice Tourneur is real, quite the realest thing imaginable, and one knows that Mr. Tourneur must be conscious of it and proud of it, too.

We left the garden and went to the cafeteria, where, neither of us being particularly hungry, Jack Gilbert had a piece of apple pie and I had a ham sandwich, and we both drank milk for the sake of the extra pounds it might add. "You must drink it very slowly," he advised.

He was born in Ogden, Utah. "Almost a Mormon," he remarked. His mother, Ida Adair, was a well-known stock actress. His father, Walter Gilbert, also an actor, is at present stage director of the Baker stock company at Portland, Oregon.

Jack, or, to give him his full name, John C. Gilbert, made his first professional appearance at the ripe old age of six months, when, in company with Eddie Foy's oldest son, he crawled on the stage at the end of an act. It was at about this time that he began to dread

the loneliness of Thanksgiving and Christmas. This is a feeling that belongs to all actors, an unfailing mark of the professional who is usually away from home, if he has one, and who has to give an extra performance into the bargain. However, the most vivid recollection of his childhood is of an incident that happened when he was about eight years old.

He and his father were "barnstorming" with a company playing some wild and woolly melodrama the name of which he has, of course, forgotten. In a little town in Arkansas they cleared a little something from the receipts and the manager, seeing his chance, left the company very suddenly, taking with him the little something. To make a bad matter worse, a cyclone came along in the middle of the night and blew away most of the town . . .

"We were stranded. My father and I had to go work washing dishes in a little railroad lunch-room to get money enough to get out!"

Those were early . . . very early . . . struggles. His screen career began with Triangle-Ince. "Golden Rule Kate" and "The Mother Instinct."

He made "More Trouble" for Vitagraph, (no pun intended), and "Wedlock" for Paralta. His first picture for Maurice Tourneur was "The White Heather." When I saw him, they were just "shooting" "The Glory of Love." I almost forgot to say that a number of the scenarios he wrote were produced, one of them by Henry B. Walthall.

After lunch, we walked over to the stage and sat on the edge of the set, showing a wax-works exhibition in Paris, waiting for Jack Gilbert to be called.

"It is not a good thing," Gilbert remarked, "for an actor to marry outside the profession."

"Is it a good thing," I asked, "for an actor to marry at all?"

"Oh, yes! No man ever won great success unless he had a woman to help him. That is true not only of actors, but of all the big people of history!"

So, you see that Jack Gilbert is still looking forward to the best thing in life, a romance that will do its share towards making him famous.

OPPORTUNITY

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

Fate led two wanderers to a shining place
Where ghostly forms awaited silently,
And thus he spoke: "Choose each from this
dream-race,
A guiding-spirit for the years to be."

And one bent eagerly, and chose as his
A radiant being, fair and strong and wise;
The other, watching idly, answered this:
"Choose for me, Master, blinded are my
eyes."

And Fate led to him one who stood aside
With folded wings, and weary, joyless
breath.
Then to the first, he said, "Life is thy guide,"
And to the second murmured, "Thine is
Death!"



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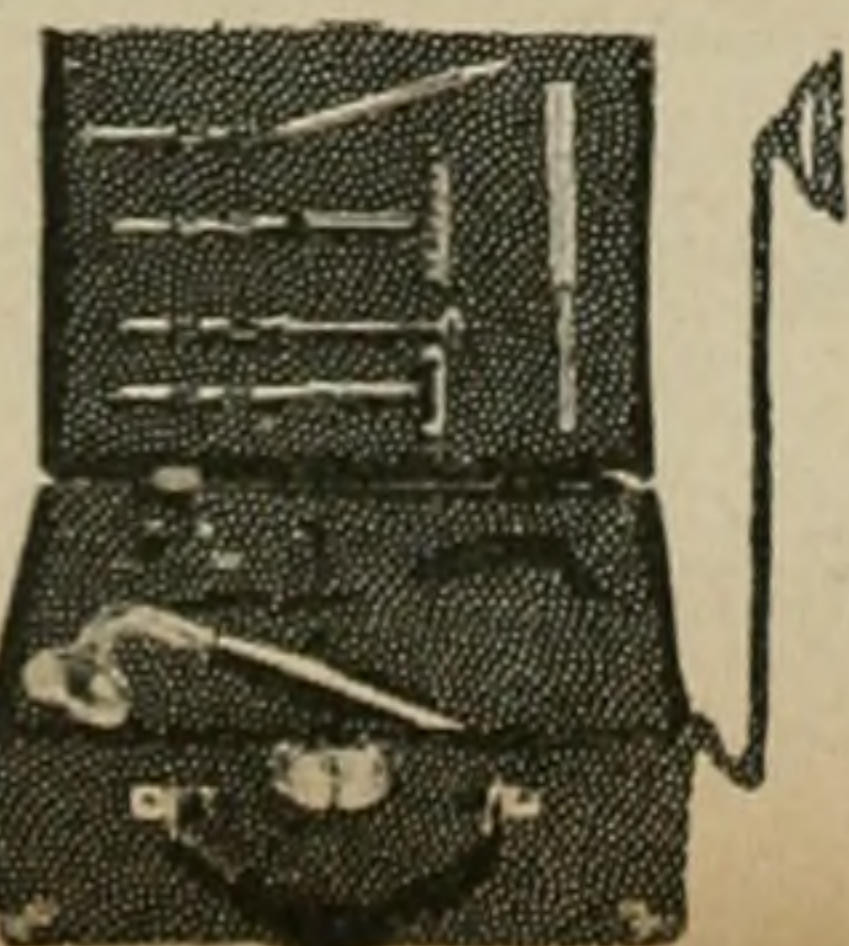
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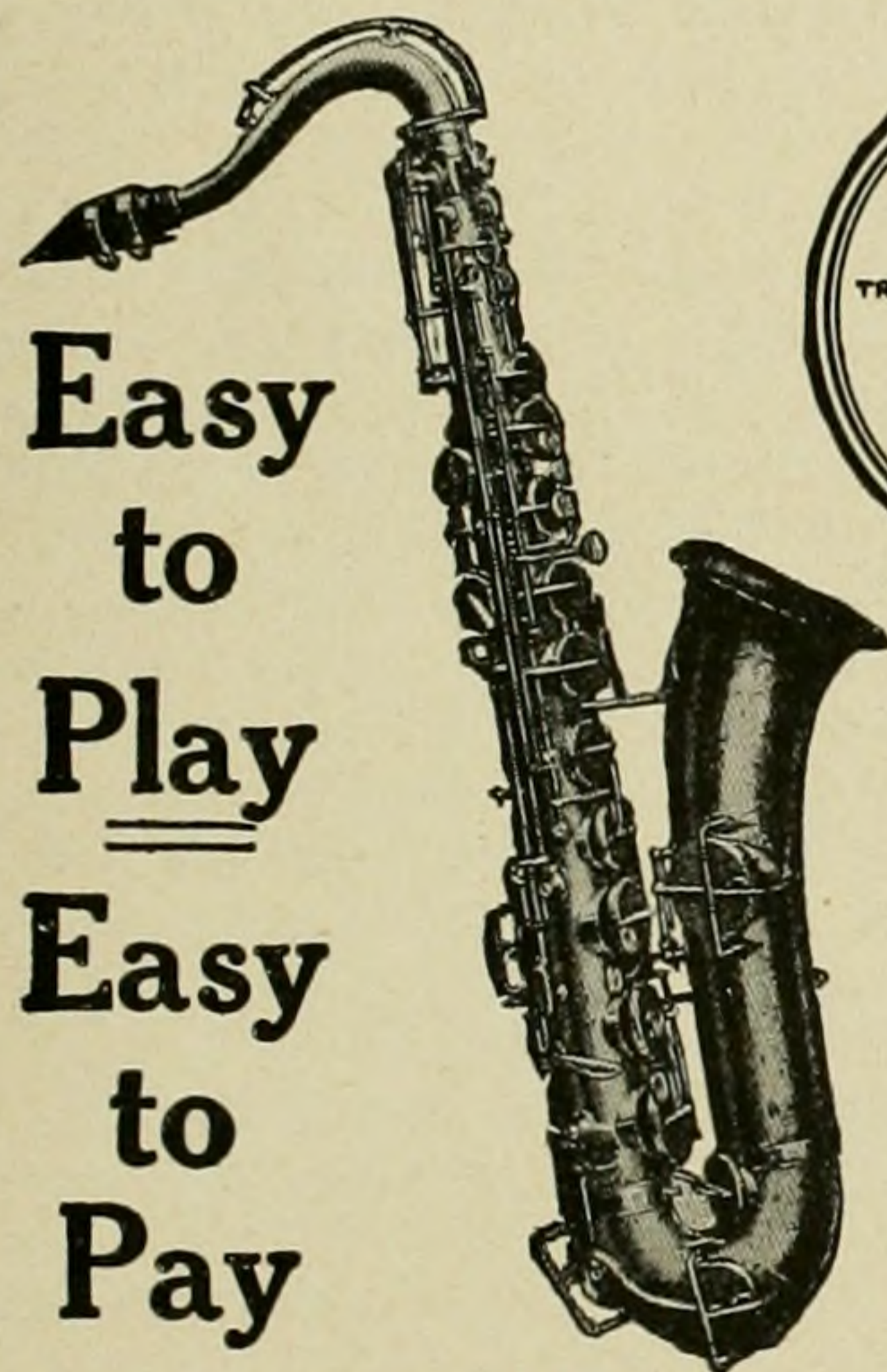
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Tom Brown, of the famous Six Brown Brothers, the highest priced musical act: "Your improved models prompted me to adopt them generally. Nearly every member of my several different organizations uses your True-Tone Saxophones to their entire satisfaction."

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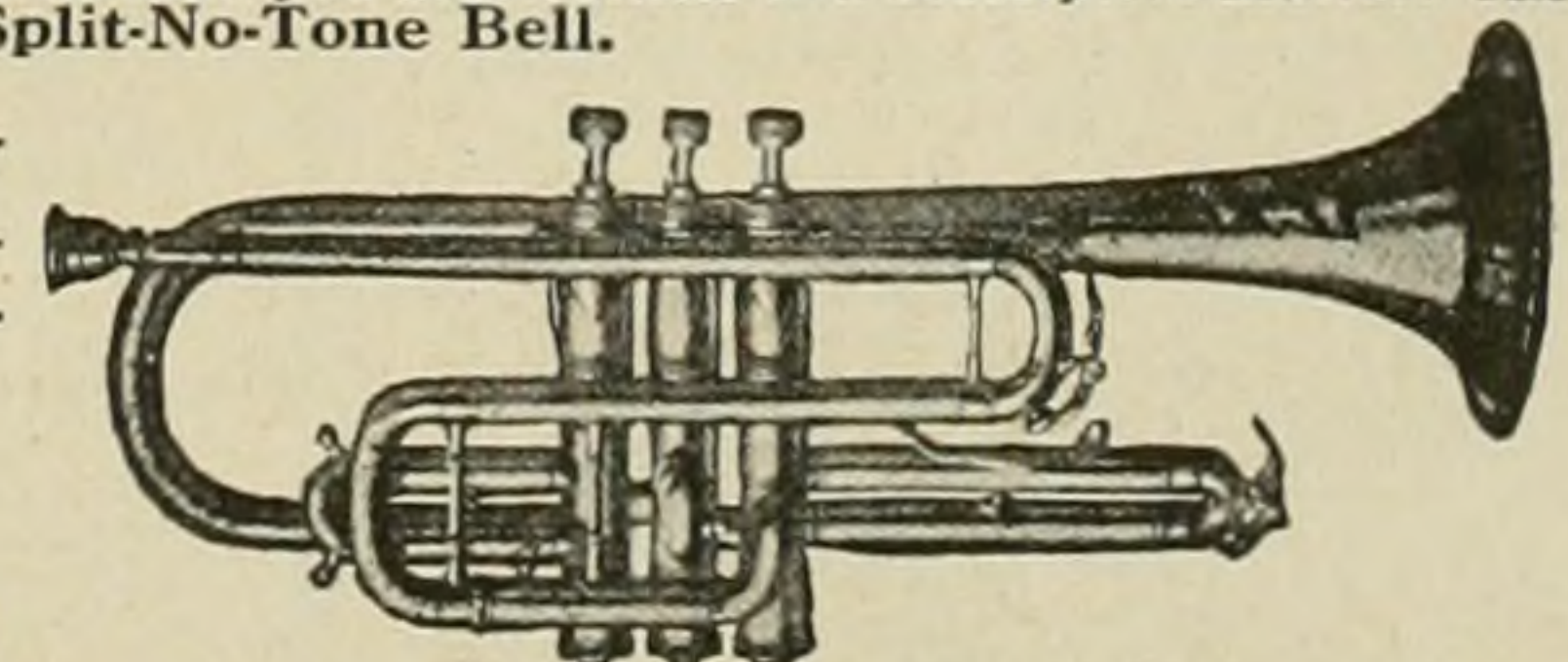
Tells what each Saxophone is best adapted for; when to use singly, in quartettes, sextettes, octettes, or in regular band or full Saxophone Band. Tells how to transpose for cello parts in orchestra, and familiarizes you with many facts you would like to know, whether you are a beginner, amateur or professional. It illustrates and fully describes the virtues of each model of the Saxophone Family. Ask for your copy.

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The Wonderful Buescher-Grand Cornet (9)

A Bigger Fame and Fortune Contest

(Continued from page 52)

contest: two years of the widest publicity in THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and SHADOWLAND. This publicity includes special interviews in each of the magazines, cover portraits in colors, special pictures, articles by well-known writers, etc.

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, SHADOWLAND and the CLASSIC will secure an initial position with one of the prominent producing firms. The judges alone of this contest constitute a hall of fame. Each and every one of them stands pre-eminent in his or her particular line of endeavor. The list of these luminaries of the dramatic and photographic world will be published in a later issue. Watch for it.

This contest is open to every man, woman and child. There is no age limit or, indeed, limit of any kind. There are no residential boundaries, either. If you live between the North and South Poles and New York and Yokohama, in either direction, you are eligible to enter this contest.

Of special interest to those who enter this contest is the announcement that a five-reel drama is now being produced. The honor roll winners will appear in this, as well as the winner or winners of The Fame and Fortune Contest. If this chance to make a mark in the film world interests you, fill out the coupon you will find on the bottom of another page of this issue and send it to us, together with the best photograph you have or can have made, and let the famous judges decide whether you have something in you that the picture lovers all over the world are looking for.

The attractive women who have so far sent us their names and pictures for this contest still outnumber by far the men who have entered. It should be remembered that this contest is open to the men as well as to women, and we again urge our masculine readers who have film stardom aspirations to send us their names and pictures.

We are sure that there are many men among our readers who have these aspirations and have only waited their chance to appear before the lens. Here is your opportunity. Send your photographs to us and they will receive the same consideration from the judges as do those of the fairer sex.

Those entrants who finally make the honor roll are to be congratulated, since the test is very severe. The judges give a careful and painstaking as well as fair and impartial consideration of the claims and photographs of the entrants and those who are picked are therefore the most nearly perfect entrants for each period.

A word or two about "A Dream of Fair Women," the two-reel feature which brought before the searchlight of the motion picture world the twenty-five

(Continued on page 95)

(Eighty-six)



THE fairy fine strands of "Best Knit" Hosiery shape themselves perfectly to the contour of every dainty curve. A delightful tailored fit—the beauty of which is enhanced by a deep rich lustre attained only by exclusive "Best Knit" process of finishing—lending a charming touch of correctness to the well gowned woman's attire.

"Best Knit" Hosiery entirely satisfies the most exacting demands at a most economical cost.

A full range of colors in popular weights and styles, in silk, silk plaited, silk lisle, and lisle.

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Are You Satisfied with your Appearance?

Look Better—Feel Better—Make Your Appearance Count For You and Not Against You—No Drugs or Cosmetics

All from 5 Minutes' Fun a Day

10 Days' Free Trial to Prove It

MEN—WOMEN—if you want that healthy, wholesome look that wins admiration, that brings success, that helps make friends, then here is a 10-day trial offer it will pay you to know about.



Many moving picture stars enjoy a daily vacuum massage with the Clean-O-Pore which science has acclaimed the only perfect method of massaging.

Vacuum Massage is the greatest natural aid to better health and better appearance. It cleanses the pores as nothing else can, takes out the poisonous trouble-making impurities and puts new life and health into the tissues underneath; does it by creating a free circulation of blood, nourishing and purifying all through the parts massaged.

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You can try it 10 days free. Use it on face, scalp or any part of the body—see for yourself how it improves your appearance by stimulating a vigorous circulation that feeds the tissues and carries away impurities—how it brings color to the cheeks and a sparkle to the eyes—how it cleans the pores, smooths out wrinkles and makes firm flesh—how it builds up the neck, bust or other hollow parts of the body—soothes and strengthens the nerves, and relieves headaches—how soothing it is after shaving—how it invigorates the scalp and hair and takes out dandruff—and how it is downright fun to use.

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A few minutes' use a day will show wonderful results. Instead of pounding the sensitive skin as an electric vibrator does, this wonderful machine by its soothing SUCTION opens and cleanses the pores, creating a clear healthy skin—removes pimples and blackheads, smooths out wrinkles and sagging flesh—develops neck and bust—invigorates the scalp and clears it of dandruff. In handsome leatherette case. Separate appliances for face, scalp and body massage.



AGENTS Write for Interesting proposition

Gossip of the Pacific Coast

(Continued from page 82)

married again in February. She has sold her house on Bronson Avenue, right near Victoria Mix's home, and bought a larger and more beautiful mansion not very distant from the Mixes, for I don't know what Vicky would do without her mother. Those two enjoy shopping together as few mothers and daughters do. Both have exquisite taste and the means to gratify their longing for pretties.

Lee Moran and Eddie Lyons are a pair of cut-ups offstage. When Mr. Moran was laid up with flu, Mr. Lyons continued making scenes in which his partner did not appear according to the script. Upon Lee's return, Eddie said, joyfully, "Glad to have you back, Lee; heard you were dead!" Lee grinned, winked one eye and said, "Heard the same rumor, Eddie, but knew it was a lie, minute I heard it."

Mary Miles Minter will stand as god-mother to Juliet Shelby Whitney, her namesake, on Easter Day, at the famous Mission Inn, Riverside, California. Charlotte Whitney, baby's mother, lives with the Shelbys, since Mary's secretary must be constantly on hand to direct her publicity, answer fan letters and post photographs. Margaret Shelby has an excellent part in Mary's new picture. On April 1st, Mary's eighteenth birthday was celebrated, and she comes of age in California, altho according to the terms of her contract, made in New York, she is not of age, "pictorially speaking," until 1923, when she will be twenty-one.

Miss Minter takes herself very seriously. She is quite a reader and has a talent for writing, and I'm expecting to see her name on a scenario or novel before she's thirty and when she has tired of acting.

Winifred Westover, at last report, was dickering about the payment of salary in the Swedish motion picture concern which stars her for a year abroad. It seems that Winifred wanted the salary paid in American coin, while the promoters wanted to pay her the contract salary in Swedish currency, which would have meant a considerable loss when exchanged. Cablegrams have been sent by all concerned and, as a long-distance disagreement of this sort is rather expensive, we all await the outcome with considerable interest.

The winner of the Fame and Fortune Contest in our magazines is hard at work on the Universal lot. Virginia Brown Faire has adopted the "U" menagerie, even including a vicious horse which she's learning to "stick by."

THE BURDEN
By BETTY EARLE

There was a vast pale sobbing once that leapt
And swelled to anguishes as on a sea
Whose mad-drenched rocks the white hands
blindly swept—
And then at last a strength came quietly.

So stand I like a shadow, without trace
Of grieving left; only solitude;
And in the cool the night is all my face,
And over all the stars I bend and brood.

Wanted This Year

A grave dearth of story plots now confronts the motion picture industry. Producers will pay you well for any suitable story-ideas. Literary ability not a prime factor. Learn how you can write for the screen.

5000 New Story-Ideas for Motion Pictures

The above figure does not include material needed for religious, commercial and educational films.

SOMEWHERE in America this year, scores of new motion picture writers will be developed. (For the motion picture industry must have a continuous supply of good, new story-ideas if it is to survive.)

Most of these new photoplaywrights will be men and women who never wrote a line for publication. They will be people with merely good ideas for stories, who are willing, during spare hours, to learn how picture directors want their plots laid out. Producers will pay them \$100 to \$500 each for clever comedies,

and \$250 to \$2,000 each for five-reel dramatic scripts. They will pay these prices because they must have stories. 95% of book material is unsuited to their need, and as yet not enough people are writing for the screen to supply the demand.

The above is a statement of fact concerning the motion picture industry. If you have a story-idea as good as some you have seen produced, this opportunity is wide open to you.

There is plenty of proof that producers really do pay the prices stated above. For they are paying these prices constantly to people we have taught to write for the screen—people who never saw a motion picture studio.

In Two Short Years

It was a little over two years ago when the famine in story plots first became acute. Public taste changed. Playgoers began to demand real stories. Plenty of manuscripts were being submitted, but most were unsuitable. For writers did not know how to adapt their stories for the screen. Few could come to Los Angeles to learn. A plan for home study had to be devised.

Frederick Palmer (formerly staff writer of Keystone, Fox, Triangle and Universal) finally assembled a corps of experts who built a plan of study which new writers could master through correspondence.

The Palmer Course and service has now been indorsed in writing by practically every big star and producer. Back of the Palmer Plan, directing this work in developing new writers, is an advisory council composed of the biggest figures in the industry. It includes Cecil B. DeMille, Director-General of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; Thomas H. Ince, head of the Thomas H. Ince Studios; Lois Weber, America's greatest woman producer and director; Rob Wagner, well-known motion picture writer for the Saturday Evening Post.

In two short years we have developed dozens of new writers. We are proud of the records they have made, and we prefer to let them speak for us.

A Co-operative Plan—Not a Tedious Course

Our business is to take people who have ideas for stories and teach them to construct them in a way that meets a motion picture producer's requirements. We furnish you the Palmer Handbook with cross references to three stories already successfully produced. The scenarios come to you exactly as used by the directors. Also a glossary of studio terms and phrases such as "Iris," "Lap Dissolve," etc. In short we bring the studio to you.

Our Advisory Service Bureau gives you personal, constructive criticisms of your manuscripts—free and unlimited for one year. Criticisms come only from men experienced in studio staff writing.

Special Contributors

Twelve leading figures in the motion picture industry have contributed special articles to the Palmer Course. These printed lectures cover every phase of motion picture production. Among others these special contributors include: Frank Lloyd and Clarence Badger, Goldwyn directors; Jeanie MacPherson, noted Lasky scenario writer; Col. Jasper Ewing Brady of Metro's scenario staff; Denison Clift, Fox scenario editor; George Beban, celebrated actor and producer; Al E. Christie, president Christie Film Co.; Hugh McClung, expert cinematographer, etc., etc.

Our Marketing Bureau is headed by Mrs. Kate Corbaley, formerly photoplaywright for Mr.

Advisory Council



Cecil B. DeMille
Director-Gen. Famous
Players-Lasky Corp.



Thomas H. Ince
of the Studio that
bears his name



Lois Weber
America's greatest woman
producer and director



Rob Wagner
motion picture writer
Saturday Evening Post

and Mrs. Sidney Drew. In constant touch with the studios, she knows their needs, so that when our members so desire, we submit their stories in person for them. Thus we not only train you to write; we help you to sell your story-ideas.

\$3000 for One Story Plot

Our members come from all walks of life; mothers with children to support, school teachers, clerks, newspaper men, ministers, business men, successful fiction writers. In short, we have proven that anyone with an average imagination and story-ideas can write successful photoplays once he is trained.

One student, G. Leroi Clarke, formerly a minister, sold his first photoplay story for \$3,000. The recent success of Douglas Fairbanks' "His Majesty the American," and the play, "Live Sparks," in which J. Warren Kerrigan lately starred, were both written by Palmer students. Many students now hold staff positions, four in one studio alone.

We have prepared a book, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing," which will inform you of the Palmer Course and service in greater detail. If you desire to consider the unusual opportunity in this new field of art seriously—this book will be mailed to you free.

At Least Investigate

For there is one peculiar thing to consider in the Palmer Plan. One single successful effort immediately repays you for your work. Not all our members begin to sell photoplays at once—naturally. But most of them do begin to show returns within a few months. And the big majority are not literary folks. They are people who have simply made up their minds to make money out of story-ideas they have in the back of their heads—and incidentally, perhaps, to gain some reputation.

The way is open. Producers are making every effort to encourage new writers. The demand is growing greater every day, and the opportunity is rich in its rewards because it is young. If seriously interested, mail the coupon.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation
Department of Education
517 I. W. Hellman Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation
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517 I. W. Hellman Building,
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Please send me, without obligation, your new book, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." Also "Proof Positive" containing Success Stories of many Palmer members, etc.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State.....

Ellen From Tennessee

By LILLIAN MONTANYE



curtain, a bit of gold pasteboard for a crown, she danced, sang and gestured—and created for herself a land of make-believe, a world that none of her family or ancestors, so far as any one knew, had ever dreamed of.

By the time Ellen was fifteen she knew quite definitely that she was going to be an actress. She was not abnormal, unusual in any way. In reality and habit she was like the girl friends with whom she walked arm-in-arm under the old elms of the quaint little city. But deep under every inherited habit there was something that would not be suppressed.

One evening at supper she announced herself: "Mother, grandmother, I have decided that I will not always sing in church; I am going to be an actress!" Had she announced her intention of being a plumber, a butcher, an anarchist, her family could have been no more astonished, more hopelessly bewildered.

Helplessly they searched the family tree to see if they could spy out the branch that had handed down this perverse inclination. For their Ellen to sing in church for a consideration had been bad
(Continued on page 90)

Ellen Cassity, J. Stuart Blackton's latest discovery, hails from Tennessee. She came to the screen via the "Ziegfeld Follies," and is the latest beauty of that famous organization to grace the films

Photograph below by Lumière



Photograph by Pach, N. Y.

It's her real name and her stage name: Ellen Cassity. A name that from the press agent's point of view needs no camouflage. Surely the gods of luck must have taken a hand at her christening and in bestowing upon her many more true gifts: brown hair with threads of gold; slate-blue eyes with velvety, dark-fringed lashes; regular features; a perfect skin and a shapely, healthy body. And, if they had the gift of sight and knew that the wee lassie was destined for a career, they gave no sign, for, with the wisdom of their kind, they knew that gods of luck and gods of chance, also careers, must bide their time.

Ellen Cassity was born in Jackson, Tenn., of good old Southern stock; a people proud, upright, uncompromisingly conservative. A family of gentlemen and gentlewomen, careers, for their womenfolk, artistic or otherwise, were not even considered.

When Ellen was five the family moved to Louisville. Shortly afterward it was discovered that the small daughter had a voice of unusual quality. She was given lessons, vocal and instrumental, and at the age of ten had developed into a child prodigy and was solo soprano in a church.

Not only was she soloist on Sundays, but she was also the star of her grade at school entertainments. An omnivorous reader, she spent many a rainy afternoon in grandmother's attic and in Dickens, Scott, Stevenson, and finally a set of Shakespeare's plays, she discovered a secret door to another world.

Unknown to her adoring family, little Ellen began to dream dreams. The old attic, with its low ceilings, its dusty rafters, saw strange sights. Before an ancient mirror with tarnished frame, with an old portière, a lace



Ellen From Tennessee

(Continued from page 88)

enough, but she had the gift of song; rightly used, it might help others and was not unbecoming a gentlewoman. But a public career—the stage!

Quietly but persistently, Ellen sought to overcome parental objections. She studied, she sang in church, in concerts, she took part in school entertainments, she attended the theater whenever possible and she bided her time. Finally a theatrical manager and friend of the family advised her to come to New York and her mother, still unreconciled and secretly hoping that the New York managers would have none of them, came with her.

But alas for maternal hopes! The very first day in New York, thru a lawyer friend whom Mrs. Cassity had known for years, Florenz Ziegfeld saw the beautiful young Southern girl, noted her grace, her charm, and signed her for "The Follies of 1917." During her career with "The Follies" her face was the model for more than a dozen Clarence B. Underwood covers and a well-known photographer won several prizes with art studies of Miss Cassity. Finally she left "The Follies" to sing in "Words and Music" with Raymond Hitchcock. Following this, she had the opportunity to understudy the leading rôle in "Pals First," later going on tour as leading woman.

And then, unfortunately, Miss Cassity was obliged to undergo a severe operation on her throat that resulted in the weakening of her voice. So she decided to accept one of the many flattering offers for screen work.

"I could still dance," she says, "and sing some, but I felt that it would be best to give my voice a rest and try pictures. I am so glad that I did and have no idea now of going back to the stage, but, of course, one never knows.

"While I found the stage interesting, I find the pictures even more so. The stage was, to me, a veritable land of make-believe. But the pictures are more than that. They are a series of wonderful adventures—every day is different from the one before. Not that it isn't hard work, it is. One has to be on the alert every minute. One's physical endurance is put to the test very often, and often there are real dangers to encounter—as, for instance, when we were making 'Checkers' and a piece of glass flew into my eye, causing me to suffer tortures, even endangering my eyesight. All the same, I had a wonderful time making 'Checkers.'

"Just now I am co-starring with Herbert Rawlinson in 'Passers-By,' produced and directed by J. Stuart Blackton, and I want to say that it is a great opportunity to work with Mr. Blackton, who is a gentleman every minute of the day and is consideration itself.

"My favorite parts and hobbies and ambitions? I like drama best, with plenty of action—also light comedy. Am

(Continued on page 110)



Cupid says: "Secure a Satin Skin"

A girl likes a fair faced, clean looking, manly fellow. The same fellow prefers natural beauty, a girl with satin skin. The secret of a satin skin is found in Satin Skin Cream (Cold or Greaseless), an essence of perfuming flowers, healing herbal extracts, beautifying balsams. You can make your skin a smooth, satin skin, free from blemish, add to your attractiveness, comfort and charm, by daily using Satin Skin Cream.

SATIN SKIN POWDER is dense, "holds tight," clings with the tenacity of the true friend that it is to your skin. Bestows refined fairness, a "smart" well groomed appearance. The best party and theatre powder, because it stays on. Satin Skin is stunning in street effect, neutralizing the brightness of day and sunlight, with a satiny soft glow. Made in five finest shades: Flesh, white, pink, brunette, naturelle.

- I. At night apply Satin Skin Cold Cream to wet skin.
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- III. Satin Skin Powder gives satiny finish. Choice of 5 tints:

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Learn Vaudeville Acting
 Stage Work and Cabaret Entertaining successfully taught by mail. Your opportunity to enter fascinating, money-making profession—to travel—see the world—as vaudeville actor or actress. My simple, easy, complete Professional Course—only one of its kind—COVERS ALL BRANCHES. Develops Personality, Confidence, Skill, and tells you just how to get on the Stage. Send 6c postage for big booklet, "All About Vaudeville." Give age and occupation.
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Submit your Song-Poems on any subject for our advice. We revise poems, compose music of any description, secure copyright and employ original methods for facilitating free publication or outright sale of songs. UNDER THIS SUCCESSFUL CONCERN'S GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION.

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CONTAINS VALUABLE INSTRUCTIONS TO BEGINNERS AND TELLS THE TRUTH CONCERNING EVERY BRANCH OF THIS ESSENTIAL AND FASCINATING PROFESSION. THE GREAT WORK ACCOMPLISHED BY THE POPULAR SONG IN WINNING THE WAR IS ONLY AN INDEX TO THE MUCH WIDER SCOPE AND GREATER OPPORTUNITIES AFFORDED BY PEACE.
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than a collection of your favorite and most beloved Movie Stars. These are not cheap imitations but genuine honest to goodness photographs, size 8 x 10. Make your selection from the following list:

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Beverly Bayne	Anita Stewart
Francis X. Bushman	Norma Talmadge
Alice Joyce	Pearl White
Jack Kerrigan	Ben. F. Wilson
Mary Miles Minter	Earle Williams
Mabel Normand	Crane Wilbur
Olga Petrova	Lillian Walker
Mary Pickford	Clara K. Young

or any of the other popular stars
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Money cheerfully refunded if not satisfactory. Mail at once with name and address plainly written to
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How to Obtain Beautiful, Rich, Long, Eyelashes and Brows!

EVERY WOMAN should be the rightful owner of beautiful eyes, the essentials of which are, First: Long, rich eyelashes; and Second: Well-cared-for eyebrows. No matter what color your eyes may be,—gray, brown or blue,—if they are shaded by thick, silky lashes, and well-shaped brows, their charm is greatly accentuated.

Nowadays, no one needs to be the dissatisfied possessor of short, thin, uneven brows and lashes; you can greatly assist Nature by simply applying a little of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier at night. This scientific preparation nourishes the eyebrows and eyelashes, causing them to become gradually thick and lustrous, imparting sparkling expression to the eyes, and added charm to the face.

M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier, which has been successfully used by thousands, is guaranteed absolutely harmless; it is not a greasy, sticky salve, but a clean, nicely-perfumed liquid, in a cut glass bottle with glass stopper and applicator. The cut represents actual size of bottle. The active principle of this valuable article is a rare and expensive organic concentration which is unequalled for the purpose of stimulating and strengthening the particular follicles which produce rich, dark eyelashes.

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFACTORY

Upon receipt of 75c in stamps, coin or Money Order, I will send you postpaid, in plain wrapper, a bottle of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier together with my copyrighted booklet on Beauty Hints.

- The following preparations are of highest standard and well recommended:
- M. T.'s Nature's Beauty Cream, a wrinkle eradicator\$.75
 - M. T.'s A. B. A. Lotion, for Pimples and Blackheads.....\$.75
 - M. T.'s Depilatory to remove superfluous hair.....\$.50
 - M. T.'s Freckle Cream, for stubborn freckles and tan.....\$1.00
 - M. T.'s Minerated Quinol, "The Incomparable Vanishing Cream".....\$.75

M. TRILETY, Toilet Requisites Dept. 30, Binghamton, N. Y.

Why do women weep?

Why do men chuckle?

*Why does the whole audience clutch
their hands and strain their eyes?*

REMEMBER how the fat man ha ha'd right out and got the audience giggling and the old lady laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks. What a wonderful picture that was!

And last week even the gruff old bachelor had red eyes when the lights went on. You felt as though you had lost your own sister when Melissy died.

All the way home you discussed the story.

Why do you enjoy this picture or that one so much? Have you ever stopped to think why?

First it was such a human story.

And the star was so sweet in the part. You always *did* like her. All the characters seemed just like the real people.

And the scenes—real rooms in

real houses. The outdoor pictures were like a vacation for you—out in the open—daisy fields, sunshine, mountains, deserts.

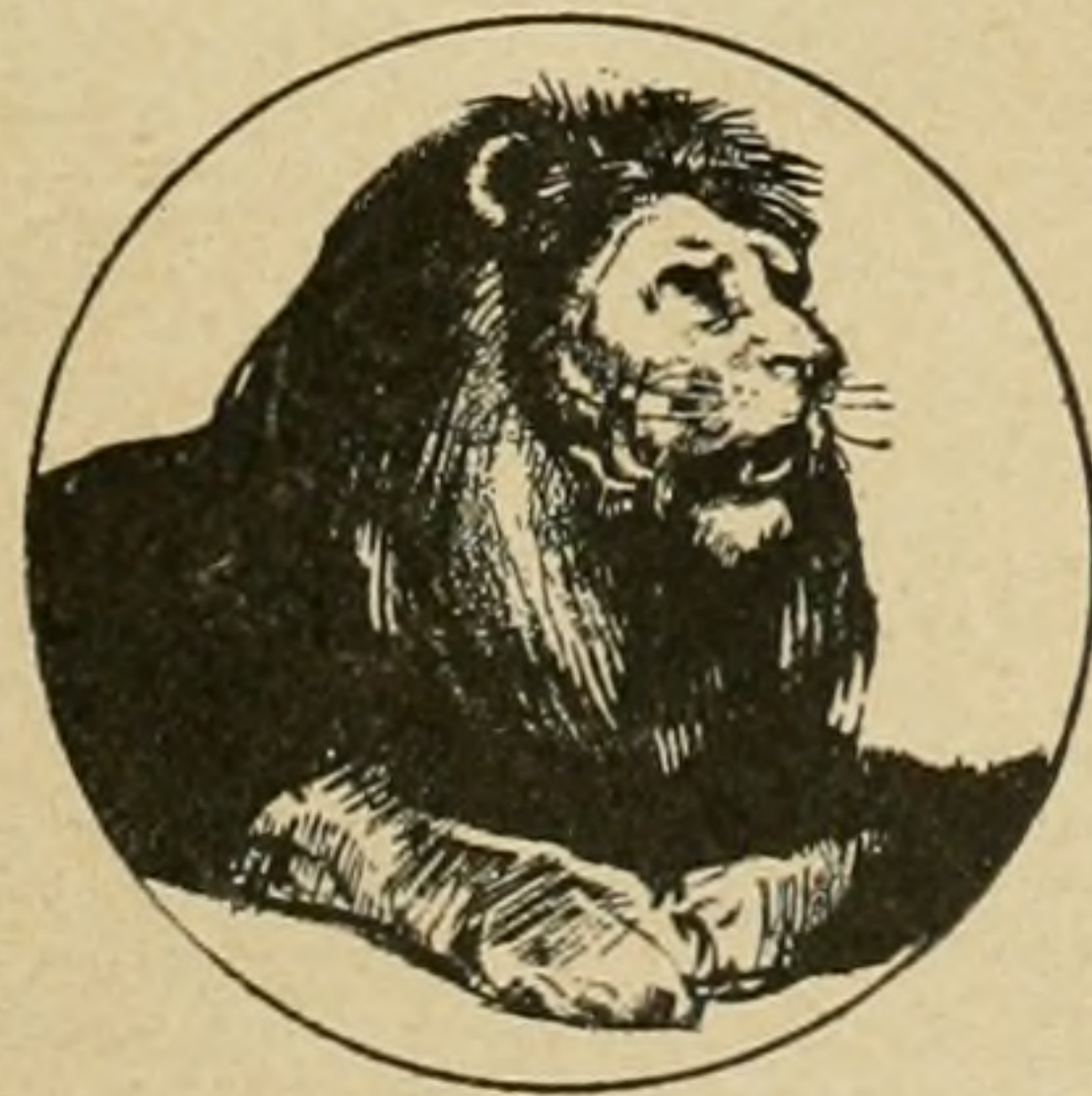
Perhaps you didn't notice the photography, you were so interested in the story, but you will remember how clear it was—how beautiful the lighting.

These are the things you will always find in a Goldwyn picture. Interesting stories—your favorite star—beautiful settings—perfect photography. Goldwyn combines them all. When you see a Goldwyn picture you forget your troubles—you forget the baby's croup and the cook's leaving.

You come home feeling as fine as though you'd had an outing.

Never miss a Goldwyn picture. They are the ones you know you will enjoy.

GOLDWYN PICTURES



Lloyd Hughes

His Ship Comes In

By MARY FORRESTER

"That picture," said Lloyd Hughes, "did a lot toward making me realize how much depends upon the way you look at things."

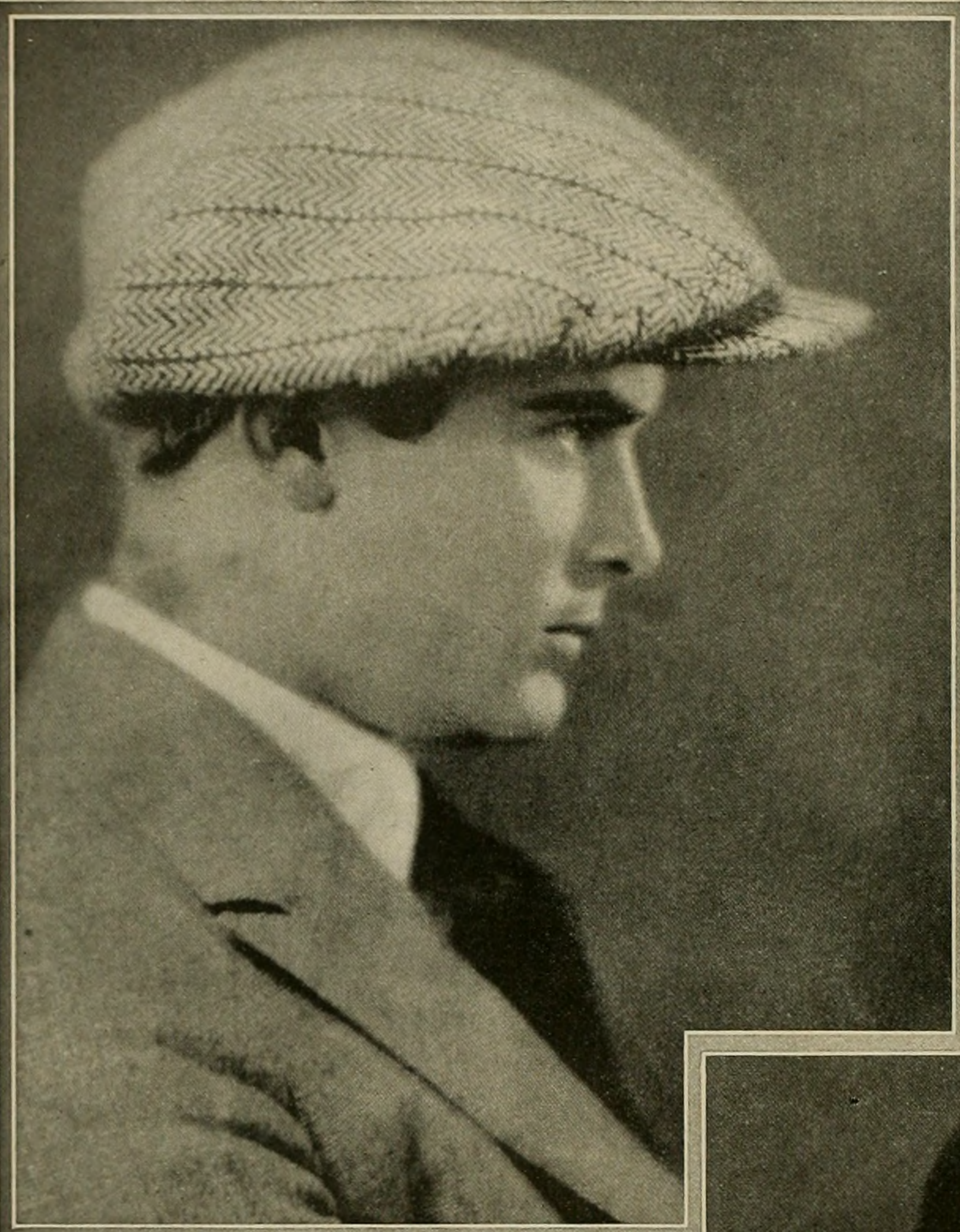
A good illustration of how much depends upon the way you look at things is the story of Lloyd Hughes' own boyhood. Nothing unusual about it; nothing at all. His life was the same as that of innumerable other youngsters. But he looked at the world thru rose-colored glasses and so, at twenty-one, he has found a rose-colored world.

"When I was a kid," he said, "I used to stay around theaters as much as I could. I always liked them. I was stage-struck even then!"

This was when he began delivering papers after school. He used to make plays for himself, imitating the people he met on his route, and later he did the same thing when he got his first job during a school vacation.

"I was a butcher boy," he said, "and that position gave me more material."

(Continued on page 94)



Both photographs by Evans, L. A.

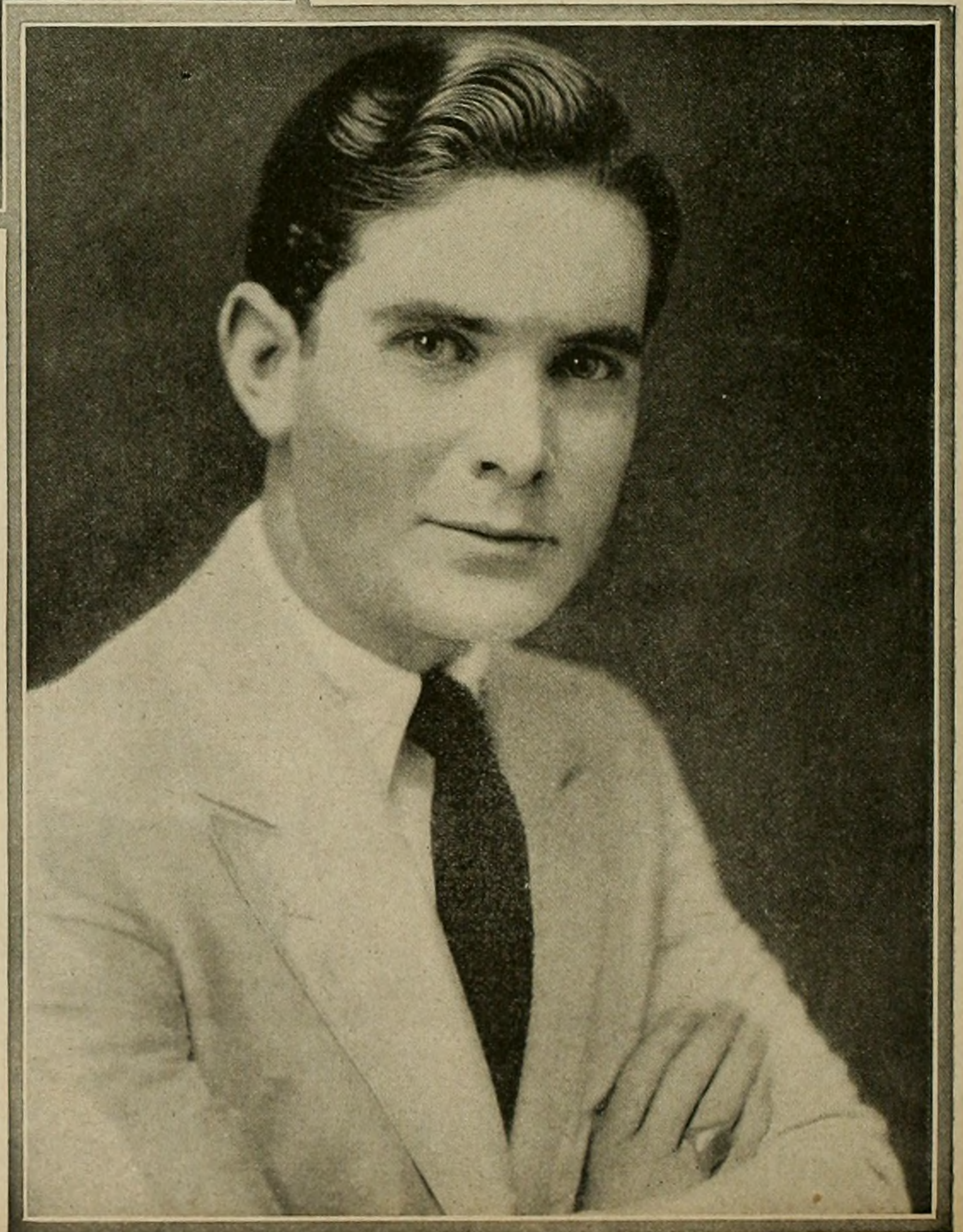
LLOYD HUGHES is Youth incarnate.

This doesn't mean that he is frivolous. On the contrary, he is very serious, with the romantic, humor-touched seriousness of the Celt. His cheeks are red, his eyes blue

and his hair dark, almost black. He celebrated his twenty-first birthday during the making of King Vidor's "The Turn of the Road," and it was in this picture that he played his first leading part; in fact, his first really important part of any kind. He is a real discovery. His ship has just come in and he is beginning to unload it, keenly conscious meanwhile of the romance of it all. His love of romance is, indeed, the most characteristic thing about him. It is hard to picture him in any work which would not be colored by his imagination.

It is a curious thing that "The Turn of the Road" marked in more than one way the turn of the road in his life. Not only did it bring him success, but it changed his entire outlook. It is a picture marked by youth and hope and earnestness. Mr. Vidor, the author and director, is himself little more than a boy—"He's twenty-four," said Lloyd Hughes, as tho that were quite ancient—but he had something to say and said it well—because he meant it.

Lloyd Hughes worked in a hardware store by day and went to a dramatic school by night. Then he began as a studio extra. His hit in King Vidor's "The Turn in the Road" led to his recent Thomas Ince contract



Do You Know How Rich You Are?

Do You Realize that Your Photoplay Ideas, if Brought to Life Upon the Screen, Might Make You Wealthy?

NO matter what your profession, vocation or trade, be it lawyer, teacher, doctor, newspaper-man, engineer, editor, advertising writer, accountant, clerk, stenographer, salesman, or telephone girl, etc., you have ideas for Photoplays which, if put into proper form, as we can teach you to do, may be worth anywhere from \$500 to \$5000 each.



A PROFESSION OPEN TO ALL

Photoplay writing is a profession of the first rank, from the standpoint of enormous earnings, and yet it is open to "unknowns" and persons without previous writing experience, to a degree which no other profession is. It is not limited to "Geniuses" and so called "Born Writers"; no one has a monopoly of it. We are bringing forward a new army of photoplay writers, recruited from the ordinary walks of life, and they are producing screen plays of amazing quality. Producers, Artists and Directors are searching for the man or woman who can contribute a fresh note or new idea, and are ready to reward them handsomely.

ADRIAN JOHNSON FORMULATES SYSTEM

The profession of photoplay writing has been brought to your very desk. Adrian Johnson, the master scenarist of the entire profession, whose name you see, almost weekly, thrown upon the screen, or in electric lights over the theatre entrance, as author of the play, has reduced the science of screen writing to a teachable, learnable system of simplicity and accuracy. The person of *average intelligence* can master and put it to practical application. His system covers the basic rules of photoplay writing which experienced writers invariably follow and which beginners must know to get their material in required form. It comprises 20 lessons, 2 model Scenarios of successful productions, to study, imitate and as patterns for your Scripts; A Dictionary of "Studio Language," the very words, terms, phrases and expressions used among Artists, Directors and Producers, besides a wealth of necessary, inspirational and developmental information gleaned from the personal experiences of this famous writer, in his meteoric rise from an "unknown" to the highest pinnacle of success in this profession. With this material at hand, you know when your scripts measure up to professional form, and that they will reach the producers in condition to invite reading and not rejection.

That remarkable photoplay, "The Miracle of Love," featuring the brilliant young star, Miss Lucy Cotton; "April Folly," with Miss Marion Davies, and "Checkers," Mr. Johnson's latest three successes, are now being shown from coast to coast. Mr. Johnson has written 300 additional produced photoplays.

ADVISORY AND SALES BOARDS

Mr. Johnson heads the Advisory board which reads, criticises and suggests the necessary improvements to make your scripts saleable. Our Sales Department exists on commissions earned by the sale of successful scripts. It is an expert organization with entree to all producers, artists and directors who buy plays, and is as eager to receive a saleable script as you are to write one.

So unqualified is our confidence in our System, and the service we provide, that the complete system is sent you on approval, allowing you several days to decide whether it can teach you photoplay writing.

SEND NO MONEY

"A FASCINATING CAREER" is the name of an interesting book that is absolutely free to you, for the asking. It tells what the famous artists and directors shown here think of our System, The Adrian Johnson Photoplay System, 3d Floor, Am. Theatre Bldg., New York City.

Adrian Johnson Photoplay System, Inc.,
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Please send, without obligation, the book "A Fascinating Career."

ADRIAN JOHNSON NOTABLE SUCCESSES

- "Miracle of Love"
- "April Folly"
- "Checkers"
- "The Typhoon"
- "The Ruse"
- "Camille"
- "Honor"
- "The Devil"
- "Wrath of the Gods"
- "The Marriage Bond"
- "Tiger Woman"
- "A Royal Romance"
- "A Small Town Girl"
- "Romeo and Juliet"
- "Lure of Heart's Desire"
- "Darling of Paris"
- "Madame du Barry"
- "Every Girl's Dream"
- "Three Musketeers"
- "Heart and Soul"
- "Her Greatest Love"
- "Daughter of France"
- "Battle of Life"
- "Cleopatra"
- and over 300 others

New York City, 2-25-20.
Dear Mr. Johnson:
Your system is proving what I have always contended,—that there is ample genuine writing talent in any group of men and women in any vocation, if it can be organized.

What they lack is a knowledge of the mechanics of writing, and that you can teach this there is not the slightest doubt.

Sincerely,

John Y. Brooks

Dir. for Robertson Cole in forthcoming Georges Carpentier productions.

New York, N. Y.,
Feb. 15, 1920.

Dear Adrian Johnson:
I have spent several hours nosing through your photoplay system. It is at once, the most complete, comprehensive and satisfying thing in correspondence instruction that I have seen.

It is amazingly simple and I am not at all surprised that usable scripts are coming in from lawyers, teachers, newspaper men, and folks who have never written before, as your correspondence shows.

We need this new infusion of writing blood.

Very truly,

Lucy Cotton

Star "Miracle of Love."

New York City, 2-14-20.
The Adrian Johnson System,
New York City,

Gentlemen:
I have critically read your Photoplay System and consider it the most concise and satisfying text-book produced up to date, on how to write photoplays.

It deals clearly with fundamental principles of writing for the screen, and anyone who has a good idea and possesses a little common sense, is assured of a good margin of success by following this valuable system.

Very truly yours,

Edward Bellm

Dir. "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath."

A QUINTETTE OF FAMOUS DIRECTORS WHO ENDORSE THIS SYSTEM

EDMUND JOSE
"Mothers of Men"

TOM TERRIS
"Fortune Hunter"

R. WILLIAM NEIL
"Yes and No"

E. H. GRIFFITH
"O. Henry Stories"

GEORGE D. BAKER
"Cinema Murder"



FAMOUS STARS IN FAMOUS ROLES



LUCY COTTON
"Miracle of Love"



CATHERINE CALVERT
"Romance of Underworld"



LEAH BAIRD
"The Capitol"



CARLYLE BLACKWELL
of 100 Successes

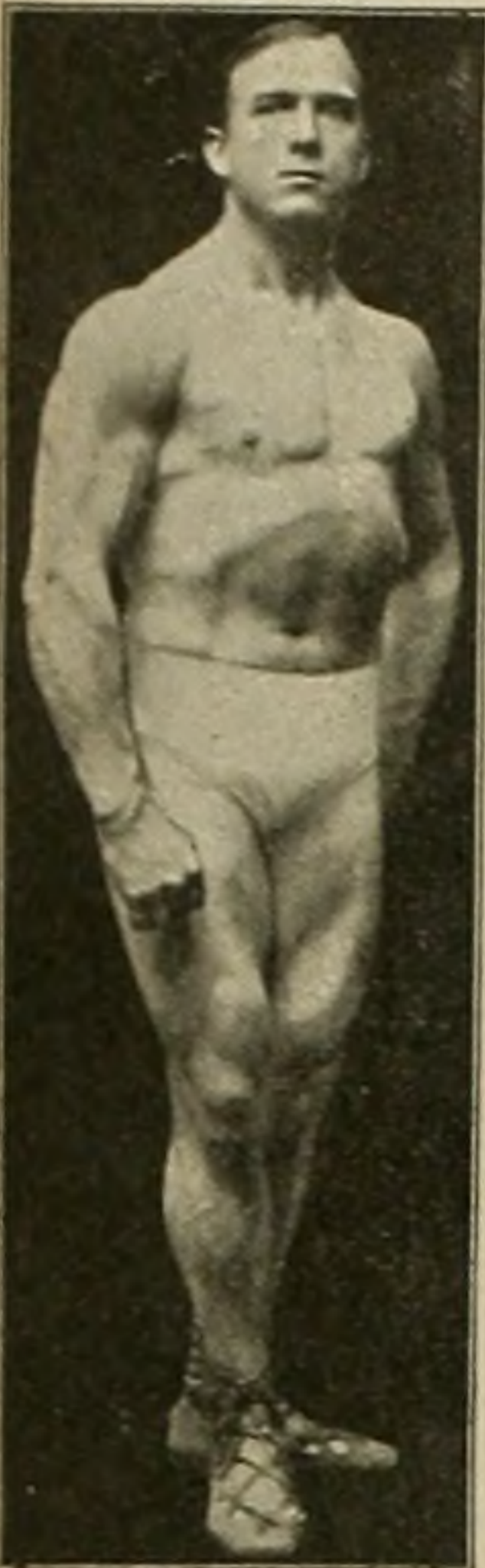


EVELYN GREELY
"Aladdin's Lamp"



EMMY WEHLEN
"Miss Robinson Crusoe"

Are YOU a Man or a Mannikin?



STRONGFORT
The Perfect Man

A man's happiness largely depends on his Vital Powers; his success in social, domestic and business life all centres around this. If he is not virile, he is not magnetic, forceful or attractive; neither is he sought after—his very strength is the axis upon which all else relating to him revolves. Men become weak through overwork, worry, and bad habits, and gradually lose their strength and manhood. When they reach the stage when they find their strength on the wane, it is the forerunner of failure, and domestic happiness is then soon upset. Young men become incapable of marriage, listless and purposeless; their brain power decreases as their manhood fails. Strongfortism so strengthens the internal muscles, which are responsible for general health and physical strength, and the most obstinate and long standing cases give way, in a short time, to its internal action.

MAKE A MAN OUT OF YOURSELF

The only way to do it is to build up your body—all of it—through Nature's methods; NOT by pampering your poor stomach and giving it extra work to do. Don't be a pill-feeder. And don't think fate is making you a failure. The real REASON why you don't succeed doubtless lies in your poor, emaciated body, in your half sickly condition, which shows in your face and your unhealthy skin. The world has no use for weak, sickly people; nobody wants to have them around.

BUILD UP YOUR BODY

You can do it, if you will only WILL to do it, and go about it in Nature's way. You can make your figure manly and symmetrical and at the same time strengthen your heart, lungs, stomach and every other vital organ, by developing the INTERNAL muscles on which their action depends, as well as your external muscles. You can free yourself from Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, or any other chronic ailment that is handicapping you and holding you back, WHEN YOU HAVE NATURE ON YOUR SIDE. Get back your health, strength and a big store of reserve vitality, by taking advantage of the tremendous revitalizing power which Nature has implanted in every human organism.

STRONGFORTISM

The principles of Strongfortism are based upon my discovery—that internal muscular activity governs Health, Strength and Life itself. Most forms of disease are caused from the muscles losing their power of rapid contraction. As these muscles are responsible for holding the internal organs in position, when they are relaxed, the organs gradually fall out of their place and rest upon other organs, upsetting their functioning and causing almost every known form of disease. Strongfortism gives contractile power to these muscles and quickly makes them normal and so draws the sagging organs back to their position.

What I have done for thousands of other weak, ailing, discouraged men and women, I can do for YOU. There isn't the slightest doubt of it. Whatever your present condition and whatever brought you to it I GUARANTEE to improve you if you will follow my directions for a few months.

SEND FOR MY FREE BOOK

"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy" will PROVE to you that STRONGFORTISM can and will do for YOU what it has done and is doing every day for other men and women who have TURNED TO NATURE for the restoration of their lost vitality. Remember, there's no medicine of any kind in Strongfortism; no expensive apparatus required; no interference with your business, work or occupation. Fifteen or twenty minutes daily in the privacy of your own bedroom will work wonders for you.

BE HEALTHY—STRONG—VITAL—THAT'S LIVING! Send for the book NOW—don't put off doing so. IT'S FREE, but it's worth good money to any man or woman in ANY state of health. Fill out the coupon below and enclose it with three 2c stamps to cover packing and postage and I will mail you with the book a special letter on the subject in which you are most interested.

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Physical and Health Specialist

1208 Strongfort Institute, NEWARK, N. J.

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Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Newark, N. J.

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| .. Colds | .. Short Wind | .. Weak Eyes |
| .. Catarrh | .. Flat Feet | .. Falling Hair |
| .. Asthma | .. Stomach | .. Gastritis |
| .. Obesity | .. Disorders | .. Heartweakness |
| .. Headache | .. Constipation | .. Poor Circulation |
| .. Thinness | .. Biliousness | .. Skin Disorders |
| .. Rupture | .. Torpid Liver | .. Despondency |
| .. Lumbago | .. Indigestion | .. Round Shoulders |
| .. Neuritis | .. Nervousness | .. Lung Troubles |
| .. Neuralgia | .. Poor Memory | .. Increased Height |
| .. Flat Chest | .. Rheumatism | .. Stoop Shoulders |
| .. Deformity | .. Bad Habits | .. Muscular |
| .. (describe) | .. Weaknesses | .. Development |
| .. Insomnia | | |

NAME

AGE..... OCCUPATION.....

STREET

CITY..... STATE.....

Lloyd Hughes

(Continued from page 92)

I saw him at his home on Coronado Street, Los Angeles. It is an attractive bungalow, painted green, with a wide lawn and plenty of flowers, as pretty and homelike a place as any one could find in a long day's journey. Here he lives with his mother, father and two brothers. One brother is eleven and the other seventeen years old. His father is a locomotive engineer, and Lloyd's earliest ambition, the only one he had before he thought of being an actor, was to follow in his father's footsteps. This was in Arizona, where he lived on a ranch near Bisbee, close to the Mexican border. Incidentally, he has lived almost all over Arizona. During school months, the monotony of life in Bisbee was broken by forbidden swims in the reservoir and regular pitched battles with little Mexicans—the sort of life out of which Hamlin Garland made literature.

When his family came to Los Angeles, Lloyd went to work for a wholesale hardware company as a salesman. Now there is plenty of romance in the wholesale hardware business—after you have left it. While you are in it, however, there is plenty of work. The stock contains everything from a needle to railroad iron. In addition to his regular work he went to a dramatic school and memorized a part in a play every week. He must have worked and studied all of the time. He saved a large portion of his wages from week to week and at last quit and started in doing extra work at the studios. This was about two years ago. A great deal of work came his way. There were even occasional bits and small parts, but these were few. He has certainly worked very hard to bring his ship to port. It only remains to be seen if he will work equally hard unloading its cargo. Unless one has an unusual character, success at such an early age is often fatal to continued success later on. Lloyd Hughes does not seem to face this danger. He is a sincere, earnest boy, fully conscious of the heights still above him. It is certain he will go far.

His first part was in a two-reel comedy-drama with King Vidor. This part led to an engagement with the American Film Company at Santa Barbara to play a juvenile lead with Margarita Fisher. From there, he came back to Los Angeles and worked at Universal City as the Third Brother with Dorothy Phillips in Allan Holubar's "The Heart of Humanity."

"After that," said Lloyd, "came 'The Turn of the Road.' The rest, I suppose, you know."

He started to work with Enid Bennett and when the picture was half finished he was given a two-year contract by Thomas Ince. He was recently loaned to Paramount for the making of one picture with Vivian Martin.

Asked about what advice he would give to the screen aspirant, (the screen aspirant always wants advice, you know), he said:

(Continued on page 106)

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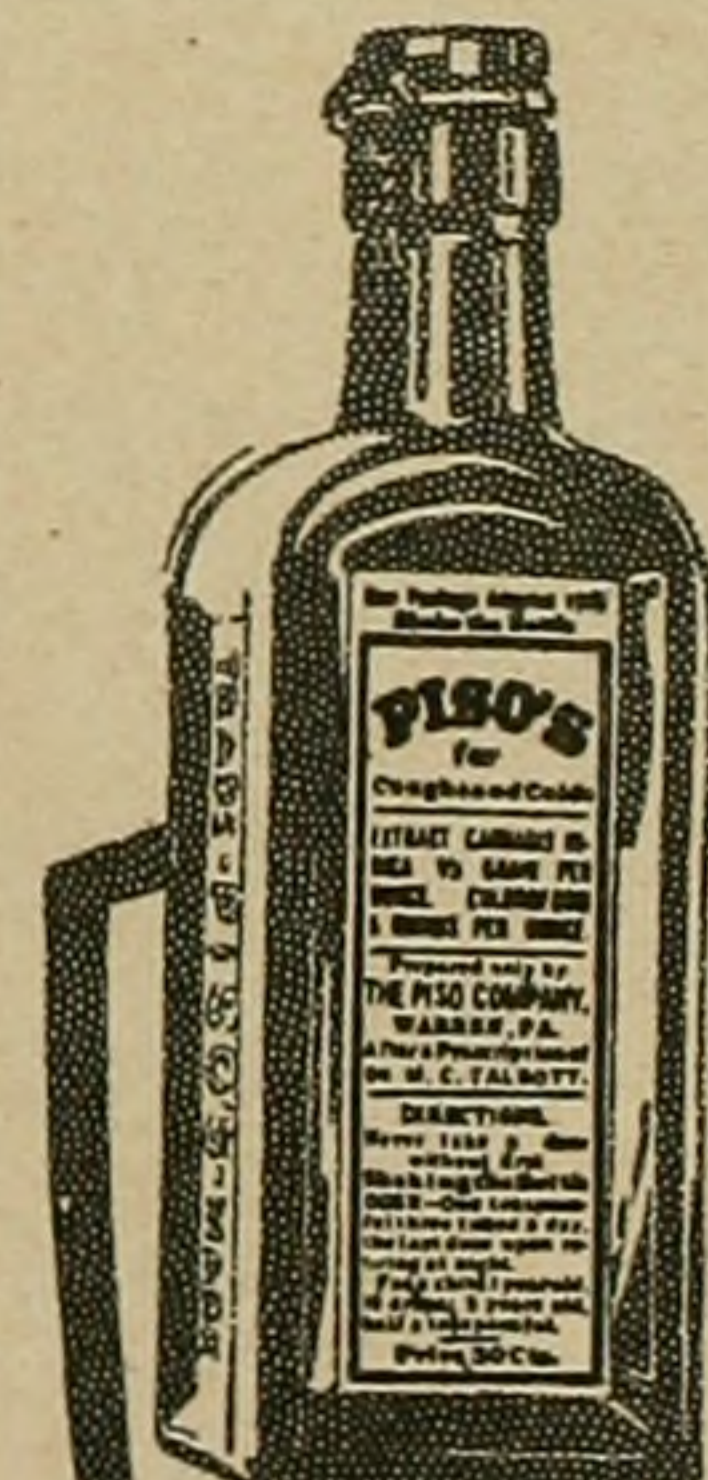
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and let's see what you can do with it. Cartoonists and illustrators earn from \$30.00 to \$125.00 or more per week. Many opportunities are opening up for boys. My practical course of individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Send sketch of Uncle Sam with 6c in stamps for examples of the work of successful boy students which will show the possibilities for YOU. STATE YOUR AGE.



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30c at your druggist. Contains no opiate Good for young and old

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(Ninety-four)

A Bigger Fame and Fortune Contest

(Continued from page 86)

American beauties who were on the honor roll of our 1919 contest. You can have this feature run in your local theater if you will communicate with Murray W. Garsson, Foundation Film Corp., 1600 Broadway, New York, who is presenting this film.

The second honor roll winners are:

Eleanor Stahl, who lives at 17 W. 44th Street, New York City. She has yet to appear before the footlights or the camera. She was born in Russia. She is 5 feet 2 inches in height and weighs 110 pounds. She is of a fair complexion and has a wealth of dark-brown hair. Her eyes are of the ocean depths, for they are green-blue.

Ione M. White, 415 Fransch Street, San Antonio, Texas, is a Dixie girl with blue-grey eyes and golden hair, weighing 106 pounds and being just one-quarter of an inch short of five feet. She has had some amateur experience on the stage and screen.

Dolly Davis is a native Windy City girl, living at 1536 W. Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Ill. She is a golden-haired, blue-eyed maid and is 5 feet 2 inches in height and weighs 98 pounds. She has had no professional stage or screen experience as yet.

Irene Anna Snow is a native of Erie, Pa., living at 308 E. 12th Street. She has hazel eyes and medium brown hair, is 5 feet 3 inches in height and weighs 120 pounds. She has not yet graced the screen or the footlights.

Marie Protich Zorka, of the golden-brown hair and dark-brown eyes, is a native of France. At present she is living at the Rivinton Apartments, 777 Burrard Street, Vancouver, B. C., and she has made several public appearances as an eccentric and classical dancer. She has the clear olive complexion of Southern Europe and is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 122 pounds.

Winnie Charlotte Rowley is a native of New York's greatest borough and lives at 427 Dean Street, Brooklyn. She is blessed with a combination of light-brown hair and blue eyes. She is just two inches over five feet and weighs 115 pounds. Up to the present neither stage nor screen has had the pleasure of her appearance.

Here are a few things to remember in connection with this contest:

It has been decided that August 1st will be the closing date of the Fame and Fortune Contest.

Never give up trying to get on the honor roll. If you do not succeed at first, try again.

Please do not send hand-colored portraits.

A Résumé of the Fame and Fortune Contest, Past and Present

So many of our readers have written to us asking for information about the

(Continued on page 97)

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison 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 most 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? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching 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 sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are the Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. The greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you'd be amazed to find your story would sound just



Copyright, Lumiere

Miss Helene Chadwick, versatile screen star, now leading lady for Tom Moore of Goldwyn Film Company, says:

"Any man or woman who will learn this New Method of Writing ought to sell stories and plays with ease."

as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, is Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write? Who says you can't?"

Listen! A wonderful *free* book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called "The Wonder Book for Writers," shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't *dream* they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you are a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to win

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"With this volume before him, the veriest novice should be able to build stories or photoplays that will find a ready market. The best treatise of its kind I have encountered in 24 years of newspaper and literary work."—H. PIERCE WELLS, MANAGING EDITOR, THE BINGHAMTON PRESS.

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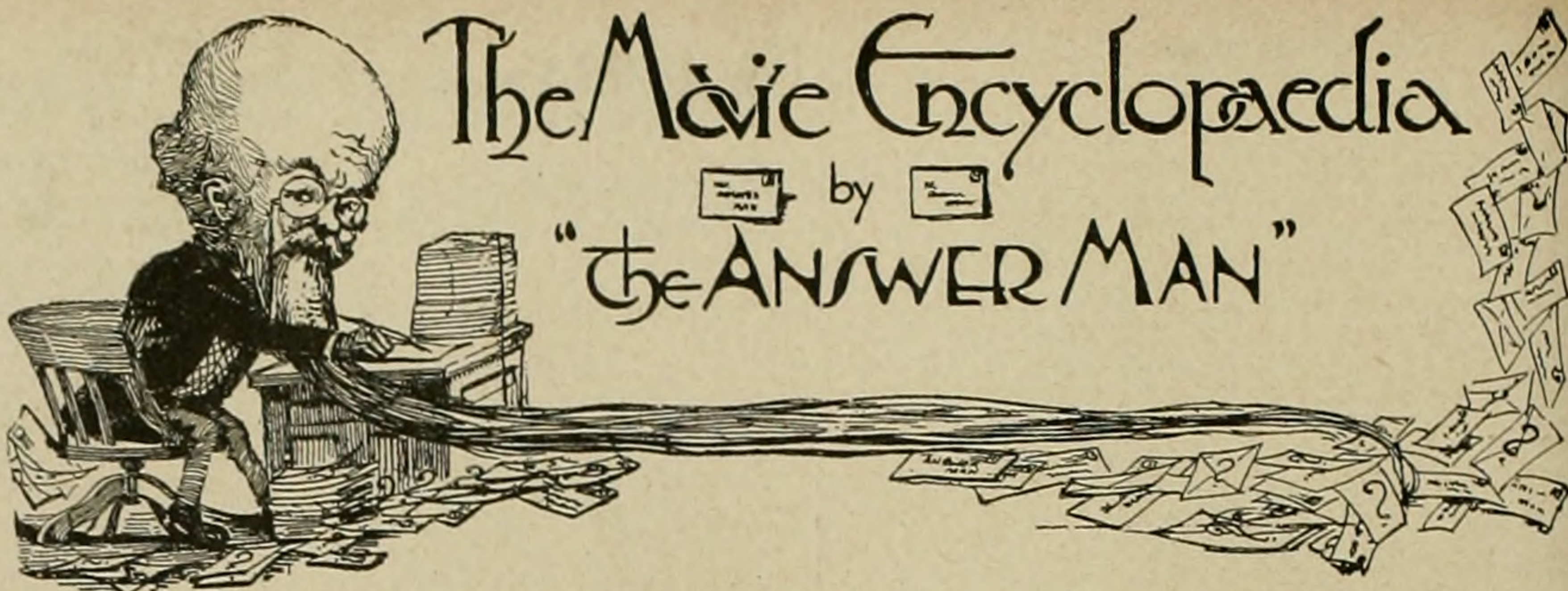
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The Movie Encyclopaedia

by

"The ANSWER MAN"

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

TONY'S ADMIRER.—Hold on to what you have rather than reach for that you cannot get. Oh, yes, I have met Antonio Moreno. In fact, lunched with him. Alla Nazimova has signed up for two more years with Metro.

CHATTERBOX.—Remember, if you want to be answered in THE CLASSIC, be sure to write CLASSIC at the top of your letter. Grace Darling has joined Goldwyn for three years. She is in Los Angeles.

A GOOD FELLOW. Shake! I like a regular fellow. And a lot of my readers are regular. No, I couldn't call June Caprice a decided blonde. In fact, she hasn't decided yet. Claire Whitney played leading parts opposite House Peters in "You Never Know Your Luck," produced by Sunset Pictures.

ADELAIDE M.—If you mean in book form, get in touch with Brentano, Fifth Avenue, New York City.

OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Yes, Harold Lockwood has appeared on the speaking stage. Now Conrad Nagel has gone and married. Both leads of "Forever After," Conrad Nagel and Alice Brady, married inside of a month, but not to each other.

MILDRED S.—Haven't heard of Marguerite Courtot doing cabaret work. May Allison is out in Los Angeles, and Elsie Ferguson is working in New York. Our sailors wear the black scarf in memory of sailors who have died in previous wars. The wide, flaring trousers are a matter of adaptability to conditions. They have to roll them up to the knees when scrubbing decks.

VERBENA B.—You've got the right idea there! Call again.

K. S. SHIOYA.—Which Mabel do you refer to? But, after all, life is at best full of dangers, and but few of us ever get out of it alive. Write me some more.

NORMA TALMADGE FOREVER.—Sure thing Wanda Hawley played opposite Doug Fairbanks. Also opposite Bill Hart. William Shay had the lead in "Secret Service Sam." The magazine you mention is out of business now. "Safety Curtain" was not published in our magazine.

BUCKSKIN BILL.—Hello, Bill! Well, I reckon the Amazon discharges the largest amount of water of any river in the world, and the St. Lawrence next. Rose Tapley is doing special exhibitor work for Paramount. Ruth Roland is in Los Angeles now. You refer to Ann Forrest.

S. V. H.—This is out of my line, but when my mahogany desk becomes stained from dampness, I wipe it with a polish made of one tablespoonful of turpentine and three tablespoonfuls of linseed oil to a quart of boiling water. Not inflammable. Tyrone Power is now in Canada. Lionel Atwell is to play opposite Florence Reed for United. You want to know if Theda Bara showed any special signs of talent before becoming an actress. Hardly think the real and true information is obtainable. She started with Fox.

THREE SISTERS.—Yes, it is true Betty Gray, of Biograph and Vitagraph fame, recently died. Frank Lanning is playing for Robertson

Cole, Los Angeles. William Hart, Los Angeles.

CONNIE.—Oh, so you like the snappy answers I give. What snappy thing can I say to you without snapping at you? No relation. You want an interview with Constance Binney. Write Nazimova, Metro Studio, Los Angeles, Cal. Surely you can be my friend, why not?

SARAH H.—You say movies will never be the same to you until Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien play together and Constance Talmadge and Harrison Ford play together. This thing must be fixed up somehow, so the movies will be the same to you.

LILLIAN L.—Interview with Harrison Ford. He seems to be in great demand today. Oh yes, X-rays have been used to tell ages. Some of you girlies had better keep away from the X-ray. You say Tom Chatterton and Belle Bennett are playing in stock in San Francisco.

ESTHER M. F.—A good game to play is to take photographs of the moving picture players and tack them to the wall, numbered, and give prizes for those who guess the most correctly. Conway Tearle is now in the West. Wallace MacDonald is out in Los Angeles.

BRITISHER.—I beg his Royal Highness' pardon. King George's birthday is on June 3d, and not on the 5th, as I said. No, never saw them.

FLO-FLO.—Why dont you send for a list of film manufacturers?

CAREFREE DOT; SIS HOPKINS; T. M. P.; JANE C.; FI-FI; SUSIE G.; MARGARITA, NEW ORLEANS; LILLIAN F.—Please see above for yours, and dont fail to write again.

MARY JANE.—Glad to hear from you. You say a "perfectly good man getting only \$9.50 per week." How do you know I am perfectly good? How can I be perfect and good too? Broncho Billy has given up the picture business for theatricals.

CHRIS.—You should have entered your picture in the Fame and Fortune Contest. The editor didn't think it safe for me with all the beauties coming in, so he sent me on a vacation. We had some exciting times here.

H. B., STAMFORD.—Yes, write to the players direct.

CASCARETS.—So that's your name, is it? Yes, I have heard orators get up and say they didn't have anything to say and then talk endlessly. I cant tell you why they do it. Your letter was so interesting I am going to quote a paragraph. You say "I knew a little girl six years old, who was sick for four years with paralysis. She recently died, and every evening her mother used to have to tell her some story in which Mary Pickford played, often she told the same one over many times, as Mary didn't play in new ones every day. Ruth finally passed away one evening just as her mother finished telling her a new story of Mary."

A READER.—All right, but be sure to sign your name and address next time. And I shall greet you à bras ouverts. Viola Dana is out West.

A Résumé of the Fame and Fortune Contest, Past and Present

(Continued from page 95)

Fame and Fortune Contest of last year and for this year, that we think it advisable briefly to review the history of the contest from the beginning.

Late in 1918 we conceived and started the Fame and Fortune Contest and, during the year 1919, it was featured in all three of our publications. Nearly every issue of each magazine contained several pages of the leading contestants, which we called the Monthly Honor Roll. Photographs came pouring in from every nook and corner of the country, and while we never counted them, it was estimated that we received over fifty thousand.

Our idea was to go thru the country with a fine tooth comb, as it were, bringing out all of the young girls who had motion picture possibilities. We feel safe in declaring that there were very few villages thruout the country which had not heard of this contest and were not talking about it. Nearly every town sent in a representative to the contest. Those who read our announcements and saw the pictures of the leaders in each issue of our three magazines talked about it to friends and neighbors, and even wrote to distant cities, recommending that certain young ladies enter the contest.

For example, in one case a lady living in Dallas, Texas, had a niece who lived in Denver, Colorado. She sent a copy of our magazine to the young lady and advised her to enter the contest, and she did so. Thus, even those who were not regular readers of our publications learnt of the contest, and we believe that the country was well covered.

However, it was our first venture and we made several mistakes. This year we are making good use of our first experience, and we are confident that the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920 will far outshine the previous one.

On account of the recent printers' strike, and traffic and freight troubles, together with a far-reaching shortage of paper, we have been very much handicapped, as have all other publications, and several important announcements regarding the contest did not find their way into our columns. But for these and other difficulties we would have been publishing each month the usual two pages of beautiful pictures of the contestants. All obstacles have been surmounted; the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920 is now well under way and running in full force.

Last year the judges of the contest were Mary Pickford, Thomas Ince, Cecil de Mille, Maurice Tourneur, James Montgomery Flagg, Howard Chandler Christy, J. Stuart Blackton, Samuel Lumière and Eugene V. Brewster.

The judges for the 1920 contest will probably be Mary Pickford, Mme. Olga Petrova, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Mau-

(Continued on page 103)

I Teach Piano A Funny Way

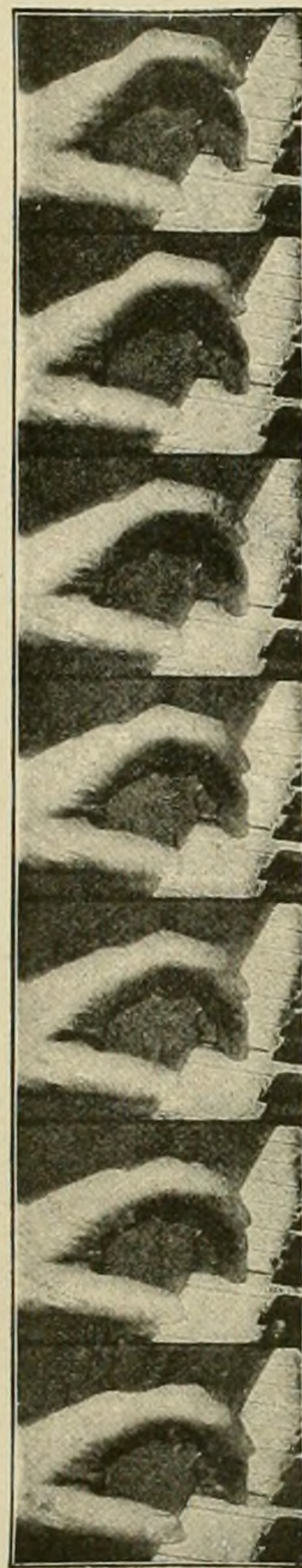
So people said when I first started in 1891. But now, after over twenty-five years of steady growth, I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. I make them skilled players of the piano or organ in quarter the usual time at quarter the usual cost.

To persons who have not previously heard of my method, this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring you to any number of my graduates in any part of the world. There isn't a state in the Union that doesn't contain a score or more skilled players of the piano or organ who obtained their *entire* training from me *by mail*.

Investigate by writing for my 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

My way of teaching piano or organ is *entirely different* from all others. Out of every four hours of study, one hour is spent *entirely away from the keyboard*—learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of finger gymnastics. When you *do* go to the keyboard, you accomplish *twice as much*, because you *understand what you are doing*. Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not 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* 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 "night-mare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. Quinn-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 reproduce your teacher's finger movements from MEMORY—which cannot be always accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The COLOROTONE and QUINN-DEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can



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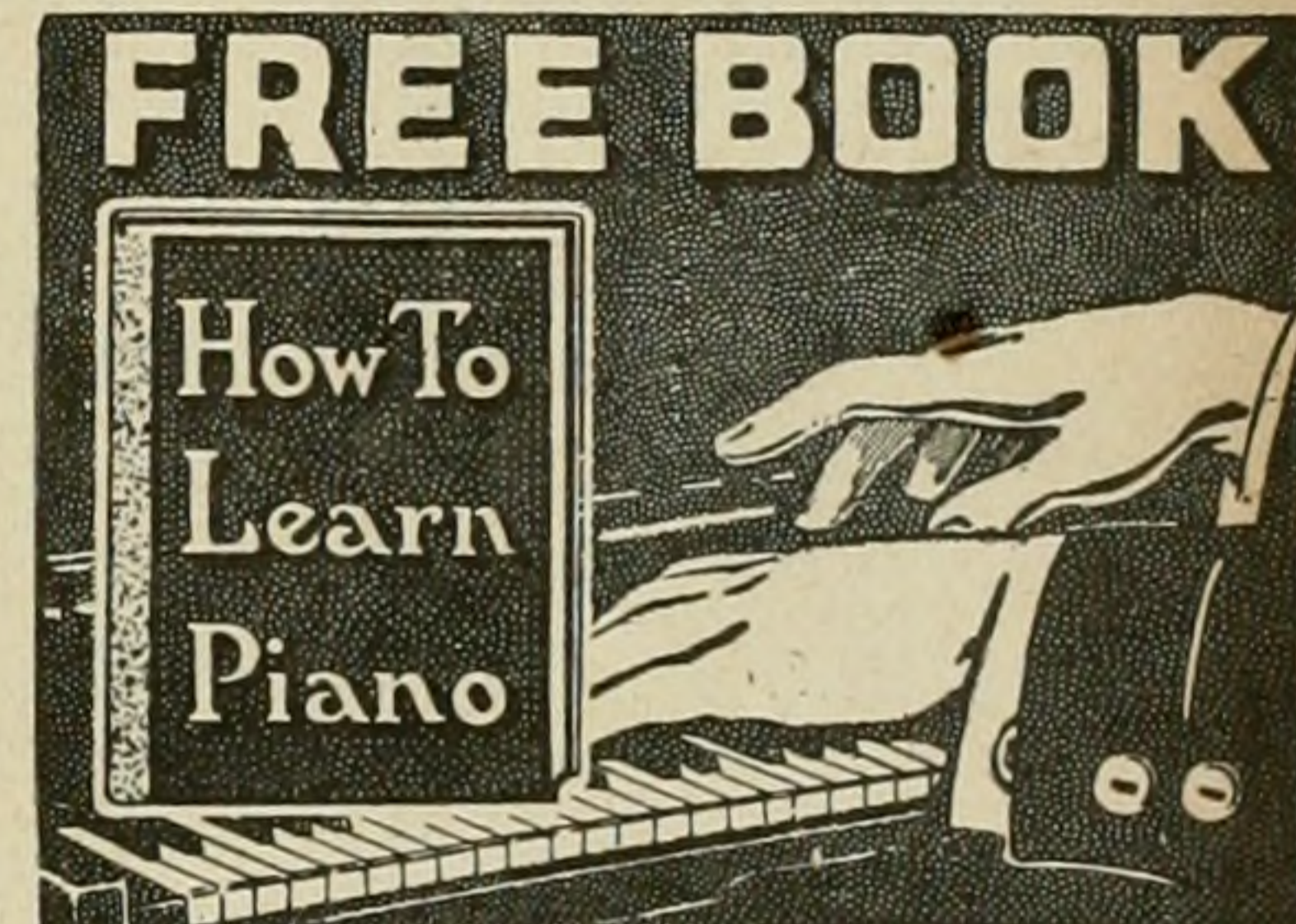


Dr. QUINN AT HIS PIANO—From the famous sketch by Schneider, exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition.

be obtained *only from me* and there is nothing else anywhere even remotely like them.

Men and women who have failed by all other methods have quickly and easily attained success when studying with me. 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, and 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.

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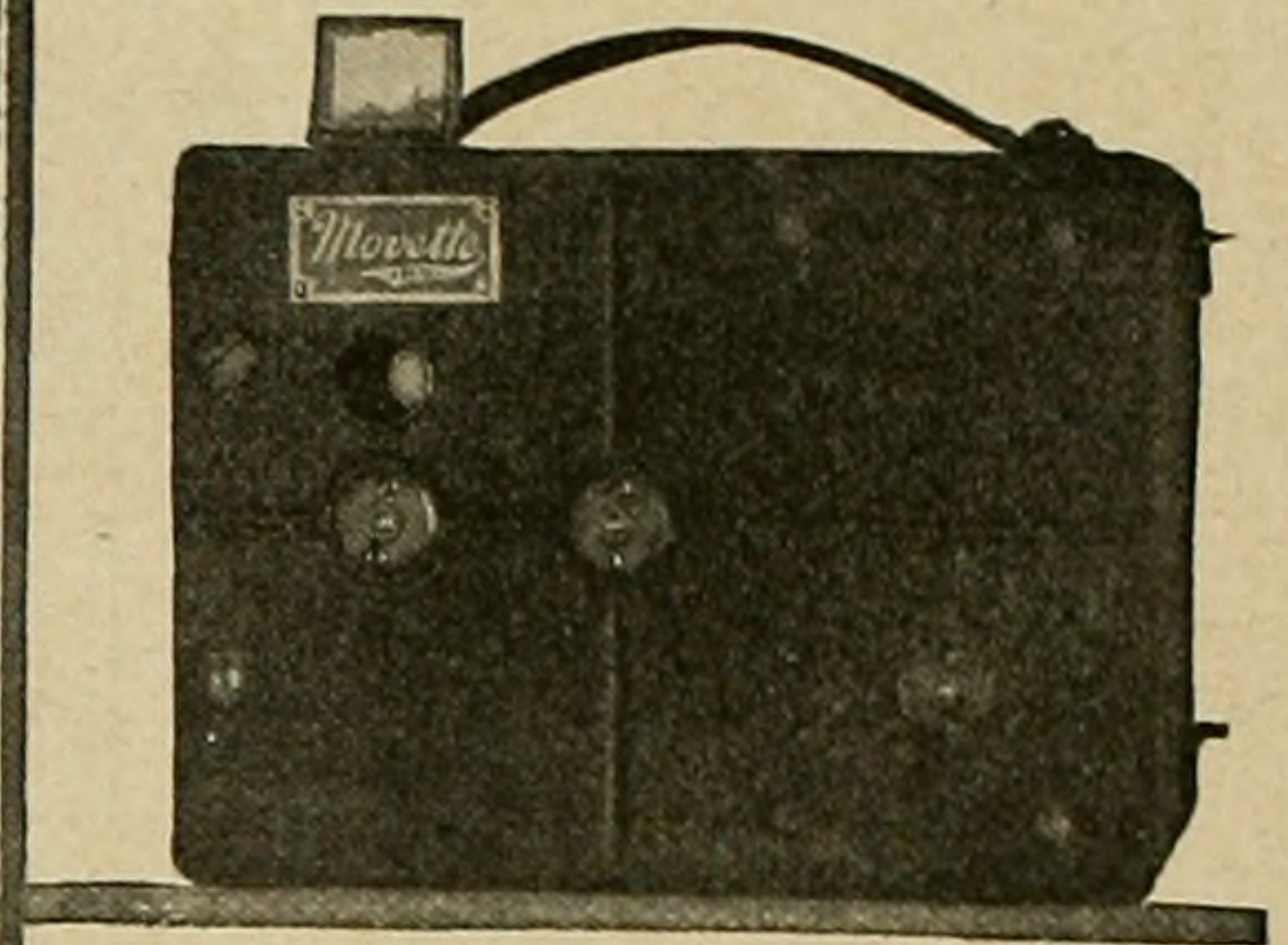
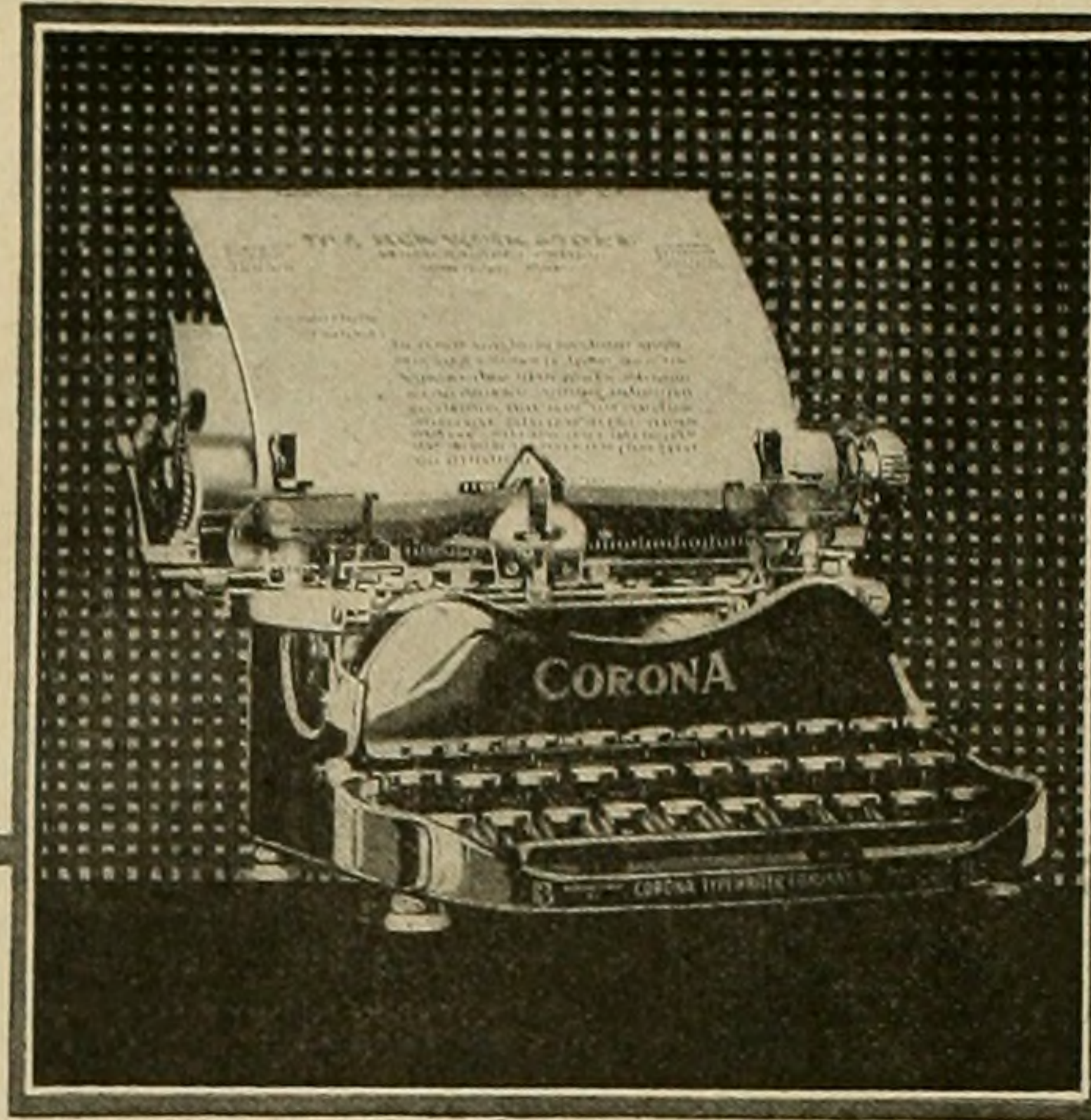
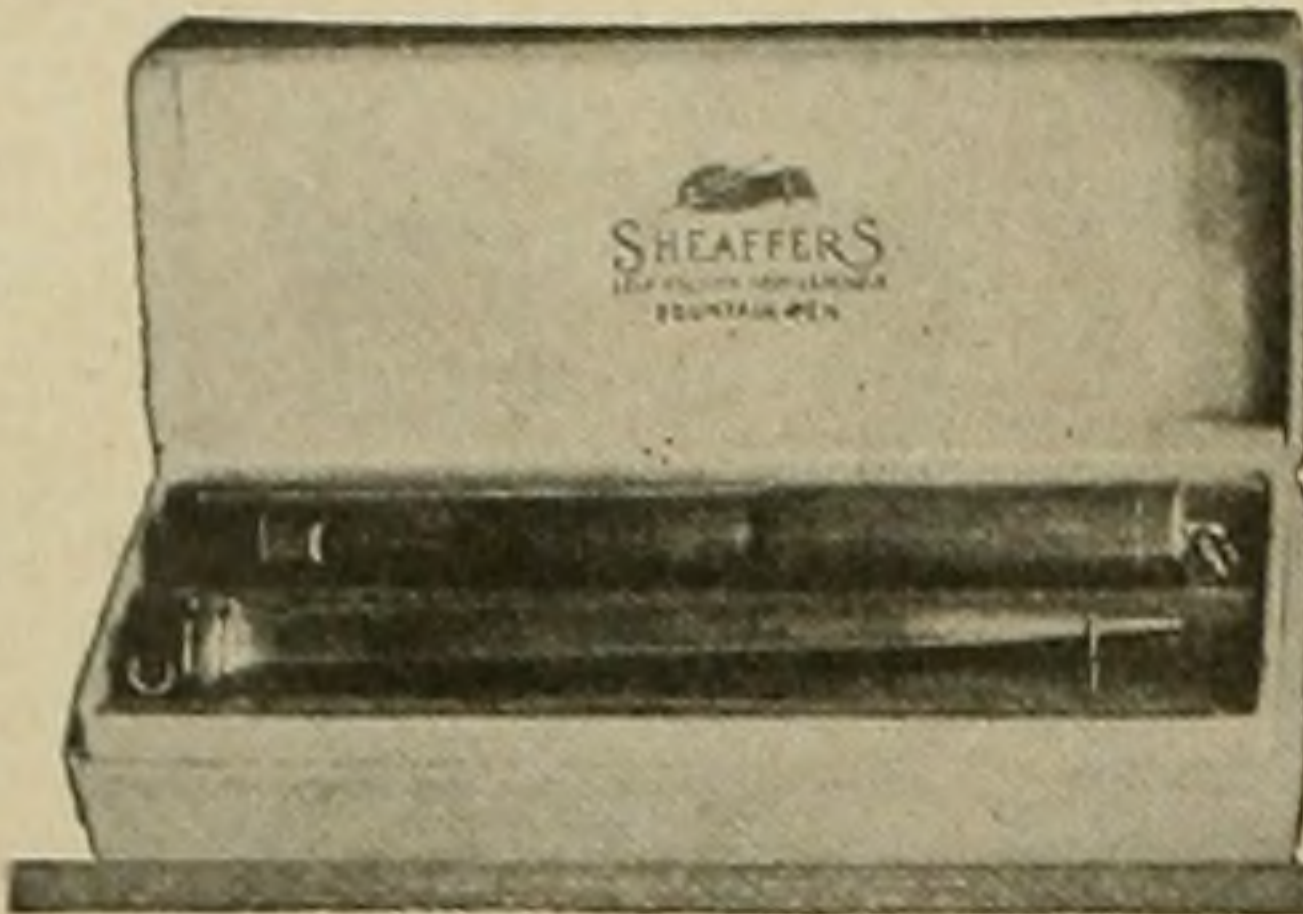
For Boys and Girls Also

Third

Prize

Second Prize

Fourth Prize



Ninth Prize



Popularity Contest Awards

Sixth Prize



SECOND PRIZE

Movette Camera and three packages of films (value \$65). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip—your canoe trip—in pictures—pictures of your family or friends—living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

THIRD PRIZE

Corona Typewriter with case (value \$50); an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one's study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

FOURTH PRIZE

Sheaffer "Giftie" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

FIFTH PRIZE

Bristol steel Casting Rod agate guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Packed in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag.

SIXTH PRIZE

Loughlin Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no locks to forget.

SEVENTH PRIZE

Star Vibrator, handsomely finished in nickel plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

EIGHTH PRIZE

Same as Seventh Prize.

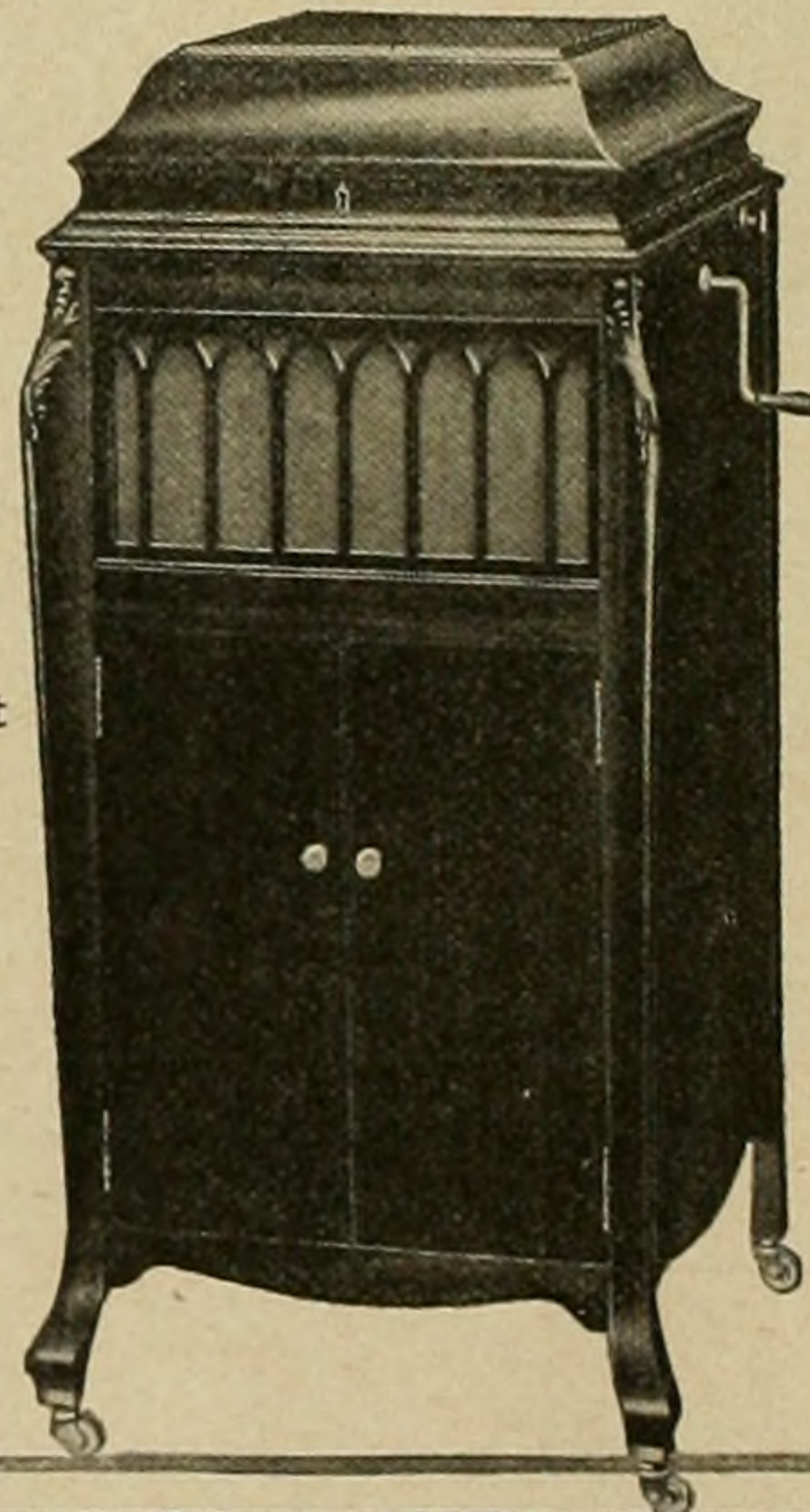
NINTH PRIZE

Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.

FIRST PRIZE

Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value \$160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathe, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record.

A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.

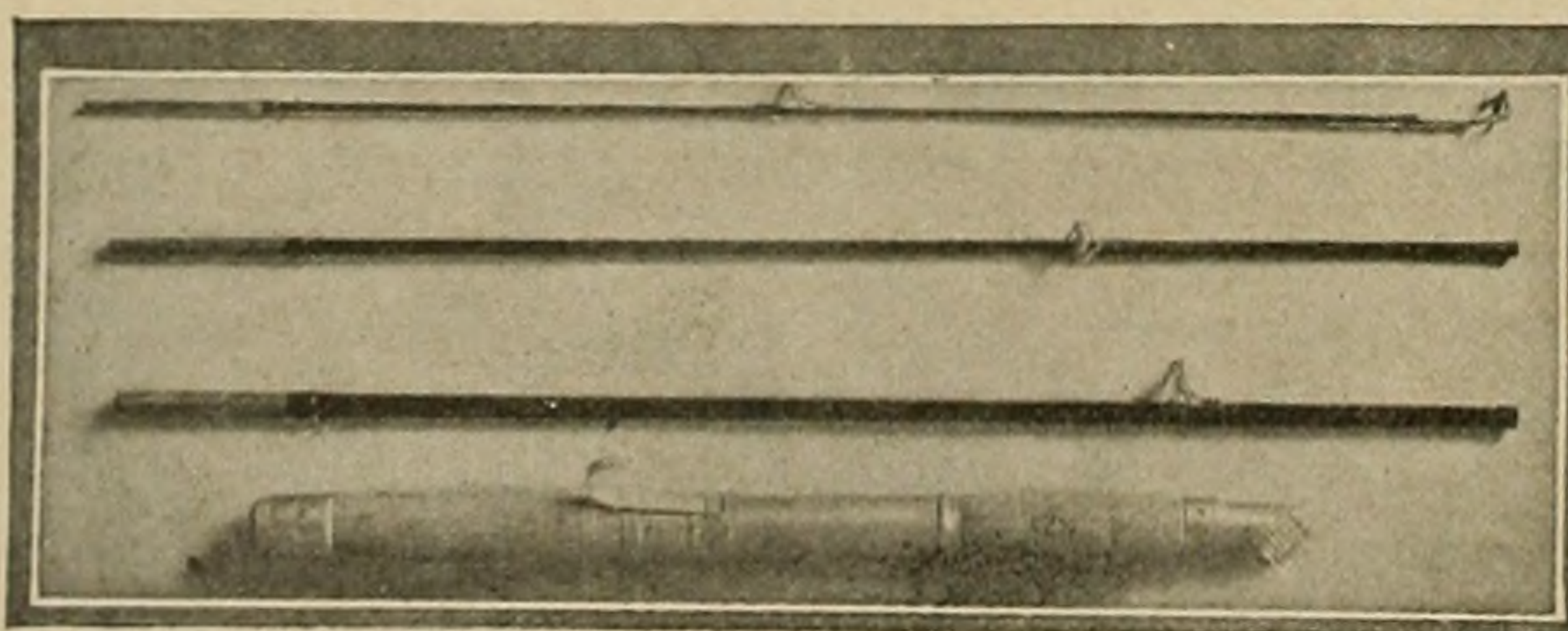


First

Prize

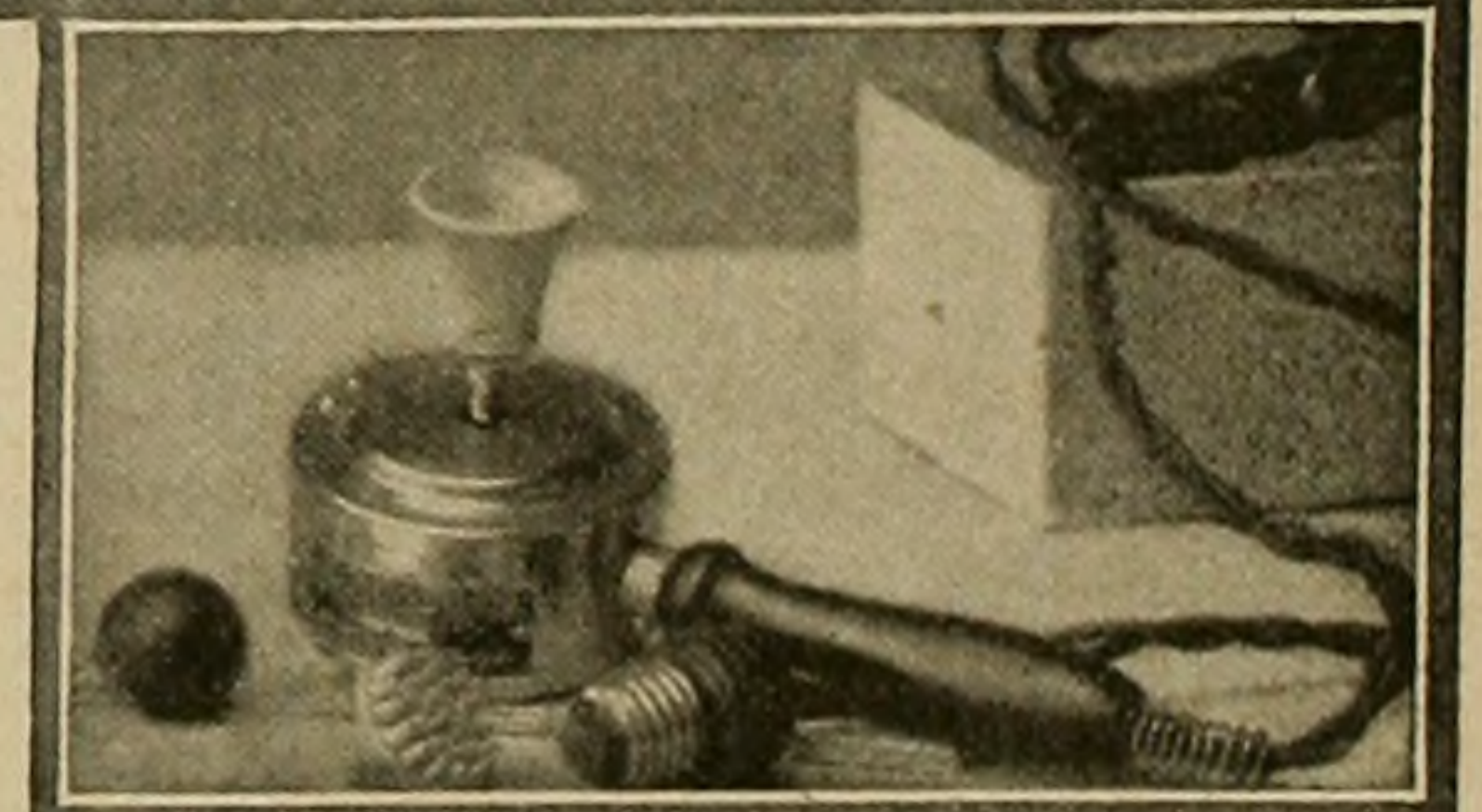
The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical genii have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so *now*. Dont lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.



Fifth Prize

Seventh and Eighth Prizes



Greatest of All Popularity Contests

Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?

Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?

Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do **you** think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

Shadowland, Motion Picture Magazine, and Motion Picture Classic—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read **Shadowland, the Magazine and Classic**.

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper in Class Number 2 provided you make the ballot the same size and follow the wording of this coupon. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The contest began on December 1, 1919, and will close on June 30, 1920.
2. There will be seven ballots as follows:

December	1919 ballot
January	1920 ballot
February	1920 ballot
March	1920 ballot
April	1920 ballot
May	1920 ballot
June	1920 ballot
3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for **Shadowland** every month, and the same for **Motion Picture Magazine** and yet again the same for **Classic**. Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1

Shadowland, Magazine and Classic:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I consider
the most popular player in the entire field of Motion
Pictures.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

Country.....

(Dated).....

Class Number 2

Shadowland, Magazine and Classic:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I believe that
will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with
..... votes.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

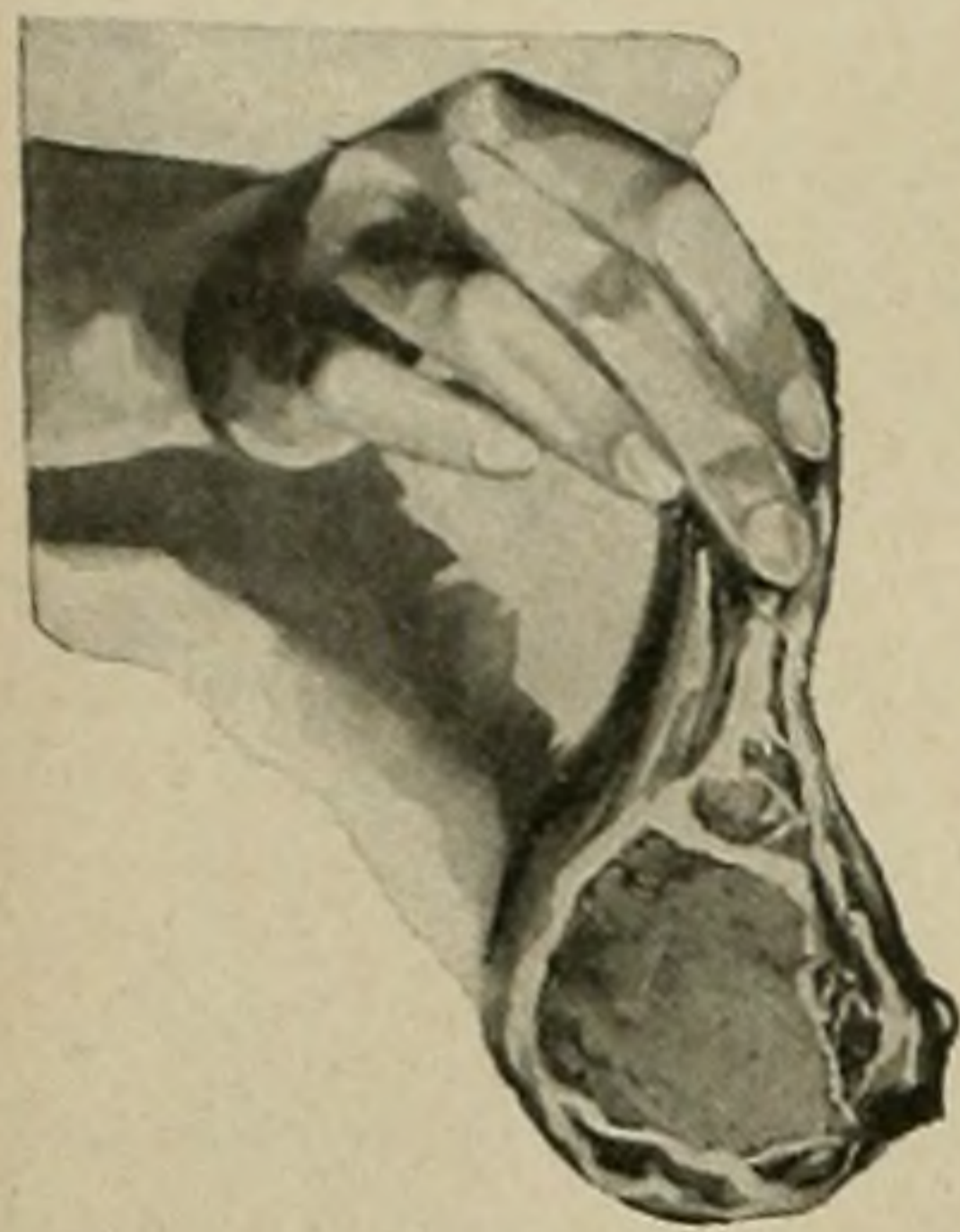
Country.....

(Dated).....

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And Serve Vastly Better Breakfasts

One dollar spent for Quaker Oats buys about as much nutrition as \$10 buys in meat and fish and eggs.

So a Quaker Oats breakfast, compared with a meat breakfast, saves you some 90 per cent.

And in oats you get the supreme food.

You get an ideal food—almost a complete food.

You get a food which, measured by calories, is twice as nutritious as round steak.

And you get the needed minerals.

What \$1 Buys

Note how much \$1 buys in Quaker Oats. It will serve a hundred breakfasts.

That same \$1 in some other foods will buy you only ten breakfasts.

Then compare by calories—the energy measure of food value. That's the way foods should be figured. You buy them for nutrition.

Here is what \$1 buys in calories at this writing in some necessary foods:

What \$1 Buys At This Writing in Calories

In Quaker Oats . . .	18,000 calories
In Average Meats . . .	2,200 "
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In Hen's Eggs . . .	1,400 "
In Broilers . . .	600 "

One needs variety in food, regardless of the cost. But the basic breakfast should be Quaker Oats.

That is the food which everybody needs. And its trifling cost will average up your food bills.

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From Chorus to Characters

The Story of Wallace Beery

By FRITZI REMONT

There was a time in the life of Wallace Beery when he *hustled* trunks for a living in Ringling Brothers' Circus. Long trunks and tiny trunks, unruly trunks and tractable trunks came under his supervision, but instead of carrying make-up and tarlatan skirts, ringmaster's high hat and Prince Albert, jockey's caps and scarlet coats, clowns' sugar-loaf "bonnets" and Pierrots, those trunks were usually loaded with peanuts and hay.

Having departed from school hurriedly and with great vexation of spirit, young Wally joined a circus and was initiated in the art of elephant training. That was the start of his dramatic career. He handled the biggest "effalunt" in captivity, old "Twenty-Six," on whom circus-going kiddies lavished special tidbits. "Twenty-Six" and Wally grew to be fast friends and baby elephants grew into husky stunt artists under Mr. Beery's tutelage.

Later, discovering an excellent basso profundo within his well-developed chest, a basso which could hold its own above the din and roar of side-shows and ear-splitting band music, Mr. Beery decided that comic opera would be the right channel for his talents. He had been a good mimic always, and it wasn't difficult to obtain a hearing with producers of musical mirth.

So those of you who have seen "Floradora," "The Prince of Pilsen," "The Burgomaster" and dozens of other stage entertainments may dig up the old programs and there discover Wallace Beery listed in the *merry, merry*.

His real opportunity arrived as understudy to Raymond Hitchcock. Finally Beery was given his chance. He sang the title part, put over the "business" until the house was in a riot, and awoke next day to find himself famous. It's happened before, of course, but, nevertheless, it thrilled Mr. Beery and fired his ambitions. He advanced rapidly, played a season with Sir Henry Irving, had a lead with Margaret Illington, did a character part in Orrin Johnson's company, and finally took the highroad to pictures.

For seven years Mr. Beery has been doing unusual characterizations. His first real screen hit, however, came with "The Unpardonable Sin," in which he played the German officer.

"I owe a great deal to Mr. Neilan and Miss Sweet," said Mr. Beery. "You should have seen the man-hunt going on for a suitable type. Every one was suggesting that Mr. Neilan should send to New York for some 'high-light' of the stage or screen. I had called on him at his suggestion, and was finally given the part, altho I was really not well known, having played a great deal in stock up to that time. I studied the part carefully

(One hundred)

with Miss Sweet and found her most helpful and liberal in giving me opportunity to show what I could do.

"I have done three pictures with Maurice Tourneur, who was well pleased with my work for Neilan, and perhaps my best recent part was in 'Behind the Door,' another of those bad German officers. I played with Wallace Reid in 'The Love Burglar' and Priscilla Dean in 'The Beautiful Beggar.' Then Lois Weber came to me and said she had in mind a wonderful story—after seeing 'The Unpardonable Sin.' But before I can work with her I have a number of other productions in which strong parts are given me."

"You are not under contract, then?"

"No; I free-lance, but I am always engaged for five or six pictures ahead—it's not a case of worrying over the next engagement, thank the Lord!" said Mr. Beery, cheerily.

"How do you develop your characters? Do they grow on you as the play progresses, or can you see the whole thing from the very first inception of the rôle?"

"By no means. I always find them unfolding new possibilities as we go along. Of course, I have a general idea of what I shall do. For instance, in Tourneur's 'Romany Rye,' in which a peculiar English type was requisite, I made up as a Dickens character. I spent several days at the public library with a whole set of Dickens, studying the old pictures and reading his wonderful character sketches. Then I made up like one of the pictures, always keeping in mind the peculiar character given by Dickens. Mr. Tourneur was highly pleased with the result.

"When I was cast for 'The Round-Up,' I visited San Francisco and made an intensive study of Remington's famous pictures. You know his Westerns—those half-breeds, cowboys, Indians or Mexicans? I had a great part in 'The Round-Up.' You know, that is giving 'Fatty' Arbuckle a chance to drop comedy for a while. They hunted everywhere for a suitable type, until some one suggested that Mr. Arbuckle might be induced to play a part in the drama, for he's been wishing to get out of comedy for a long time.

"It was funny at meal time while we were on location. The food up in the mountains was of the type which never saw seasoning. Roscoe would empty nearly a whole pepper-shaker over his meat stew and say that he couldn't get the poor flavor originally found because the pepper gave it some character. Finally we all followed his advice and the landlord said he'd have to charge us extra for condiments. Talk about city profiteering. Why, the mountain folk aren't so far behind!"

"You lived in Japan, didn't you?"

"I had five months over there with my company. It is a poor place to live. All the meats have to be shipped in from our country or Australia, and they're rather stale most of the time. There is no way

THE MISSOURI WALTZ

Little Lessons That Mean Fortunes to Those Who Learn Them—History Repeats and Fame Is Achieved—An Old Story Retold

During the summer of 1914 John Valentine Eppel, who leads the Eppel Dance Orchestra at Oskaloosa, was a visitor down in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri, and while there he heard the natives humming a bit of a waltz tune that was a part of their very life. He brought it forth and tried it out as a dance offering. It was a waltz and the wise people all said that a waltz was impossible—that people wanted nothing but the fox trot or a one-step; but that is the way people generally say and do when a good thing is about to be started on its onward march.

Frederick Knight Logan took that little theme and arranged it for the piano. He then tried to sell it to the Barnhouse Publishing Co., of Oskaloosa, Ia. And, by the way, one real reason why Barnhouse just naturally turned it down was found in the fact that this same Frederick Knight Logan also lived at Oskaloosa.

Young Logan found that it was quite easy to compose music, but it wasn't so easy to sell it to a publisher. So he proceeded to publish it himself. That was in 1914. He first got out the arrangement for a piano, then he put it out for eleven parts and piano as an orchestra; then as a full orchestra. It was later arranged as a band number. By that time this young local venturer found himself swamped with orders, and he had about worn out the family wheelbarrow transporting his output to the post-office, so one day he got on the train and came to Chicago, determined to find a real publisher.

Of course the usual thing happened. The big city publishers pronounced it too cheap; it was really musically rotten to all of them—except F. J. A. Foster. That bustling, pushing plugger soon saw his judgment rewarded with orders. The more orders he received the more advice he also received, most of which was to the effect that he had picked a flivver.

Ask your dealer to show you how many ways the "Missouri Waltz" has been published; see if you can find any sort of arrangement that it hasn't been put thru; see if your player piano doesn't offer it in a half dozen different styles, then run it down and see how many different kinds of talking machine records you would have to buy if you would own one of each kind. These household necessities have the "Missouri Waltz" in every conceivable style, from its own original instrument, the mouth organ, to a symphony orchestra record. Grand opera stars and cabaret singers, soloists and choristers have all taken a trial at presenting this number. More than 2,000,000 records have been made of the "Missouri Waltz."

Not long ago we were sitting in at a little confab discussing music and its relation to

the lyceum and chautauqua movement when a cablegram was received by the publisher, asking for 100,000 copies of this same international favorite and with it the sales rights for the German-speaking countries.

Yes, the "Missouri Waltz" is an international affair. Not simply because F. J. A. Foster holds an international copyright on it, but because the people all over the world sing it, play it and listen to it. More than a million copies have been sold abroad, and it is still raging.

This is more than mere boost for a song for the "Missouri Waltz" does not need boosting—to boost it is like attempting to paint the lily. What we have written is for those who want to learn the lessons that this wonderful success has to teach.

Don't think that Frederick Knight Logan grabbed this success right out of the air. He worked for it. He earned it. It didn't come to him—he went after it. For years he worked to prepare for his service. Those who saw his mother at the convention and saw her efficient help, saw the talented, inspirational assistance that she rendered, didn't need any one to demonstrate that song poem with words that tell of the "lingering moments divine" that animate her work and her very life as she collaborates with her talented son in the work that has made Frederick Knight Logan, "The Waltz King" of our day.

Reprinted from *The Billboard*

Feb. 14, 1920

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Don't the
You Words
for a
Song?**



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. Leo Friedman
one of America's well-known musicians, the author of many song successes, such as "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland," "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," "When I Dream of Old Erin," and others the sales of which ran into millions of copies. Send as many poems as you wish. Don't Delay. Get Busy—Quick.

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Males Scientific Laboratory
443 Bradbury Bldg., Los Angeles.

Marie Antoinette SKIN BLEACH

of getting fresh vegetables, and the rice riots were going on—we were all glad to get back to God's country. In Tokio alone last year 85,000 women died of tuberculosis. That little country is just about the size of one of our smallest states and it's overcrowded. I don't wonder they all seem to want to come to California!"

"How about morals over there?"

Mr. Beery laughed. "I think the difference is that in this country we know the difference between right and wrong and do wrong anyway, and over there they don't know the difference and so they sin, too. I guess immorality is pretty much the same the world over—only motives may be different. They have two religions; the followers of Buddha are somewhat stoical, but the newer Shintoism allows lots of fun and gaiety. We used the old Buddhistic temples for backgrounds, and it was marvelous to see what had been accomplished in rare carvings and decorations. I enjoyed that part immensely."

"Did your brother precede you in pictures, Mr. Beery?"

"Noah came in thru me. I'm thirty-three and he's thirty-eight—and both of us keen on the photodrama. The art of portraying unusual characters opens up a field not overcrowded, so that I am happily so placed that I may choose my next production field. That gives one opportunity to play in worth-while dramas. Leading men often have to take whatever is offered—and I always think that it must be very tiresome to act as 'feeder' to a strong feminine star. I prefer the individualistic work—in short, emotional characters."

In "Soldiers of Fortune," Mr. Beery had ample opportunity to show his talent for make-up. He's not a handsome man, but his face betrays force, the brown eyes are kindly, and there's a twinkle of mirth at the lip-corners. He is tall and supple, very athletic. One of the funniest early make-ups of Wallace Beery was in the "Swedie Series," done long ago by Essanay and remembered by fans all over the world. He used to enjoy doing comedy quite as much as he now leans to heavy character parts.

Married? Not now. The beautiful Gloria Swanson, who plays on the same lot nowadays, was formerly Wally Beery's wife. He leads a bachelor existence.

THE SIGN

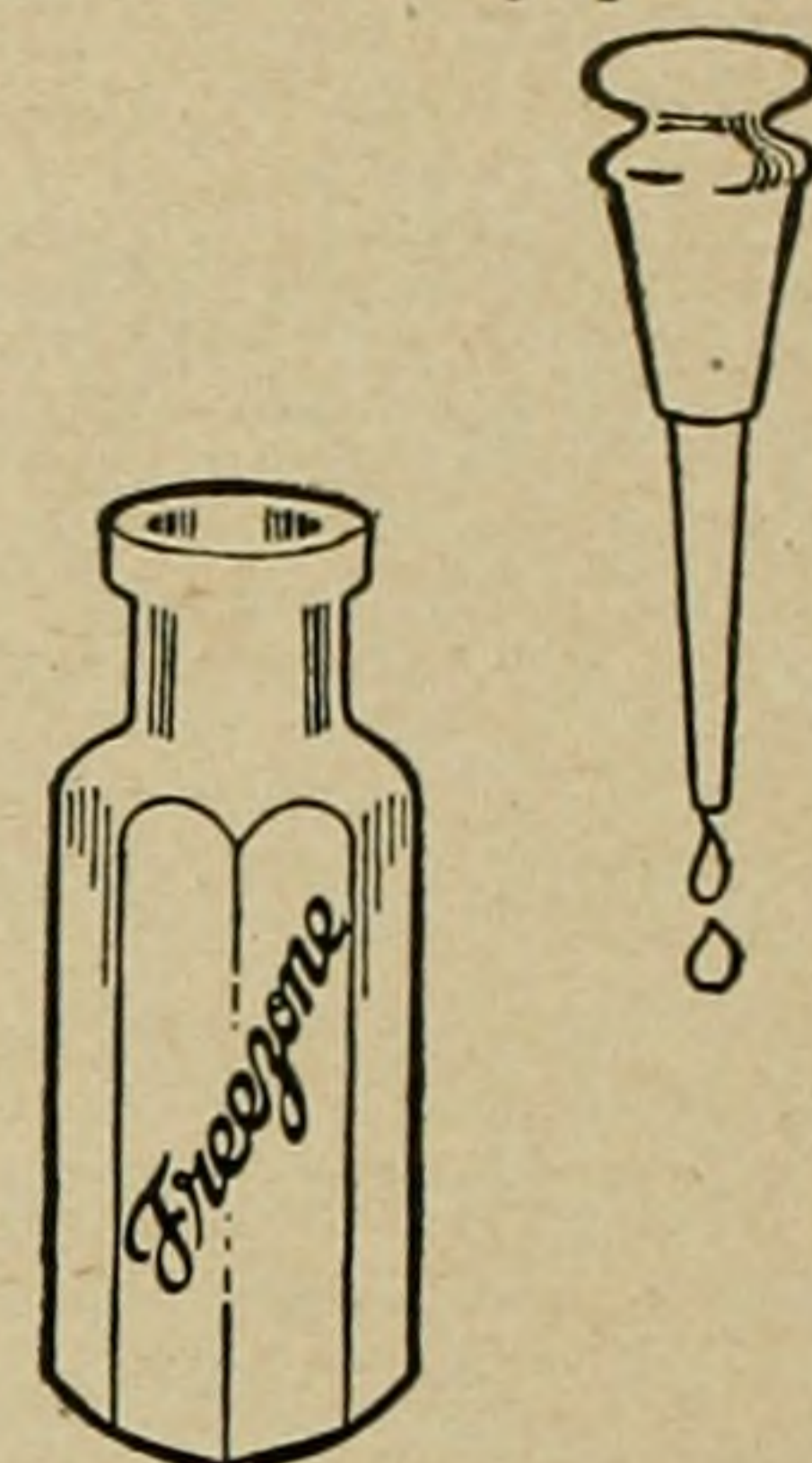
By BARBARA HOLLIS

I might have known that you had gone
Before they told me.
I sensed a difference
Even as I raised my hand
To lift the knocker . . .
But I stayed
To hear the words they said.

But as I turned to walk down the path
I realized . . .
I might have known before.
The aspen-tree beside the gate—
Its leaves were still . . .
As still as death.

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns so they peel off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

A small bottle of Freezone costs but a few cents at drug stores anywhere.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

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Thousands of All Types Needed—Beauty or Experience Not Necessary

For the first time in the history of moving pictures it is now possible for screen aspirants everywhere to get consideration from the big film directors. No matter where you live or whether you are considered good looking, we get your photograph before the directors, many of whom are in urgent need of new "screen-faces."

We do not teach "movie" acting. Ralph Ince, famous Selznick director, says: "There are many young girls who could make good in the movies. I will be very glad to take advantage of your service." Marshall Neilan, known everywhere for his work in directing Mary Pickford, says: "I am convinced that the service you render screen aspirants offers many new personalities to moving picture directors." P. A. Powers, of Universal says: "A new crop of film stars will be needed at once to supply the insistent demand."

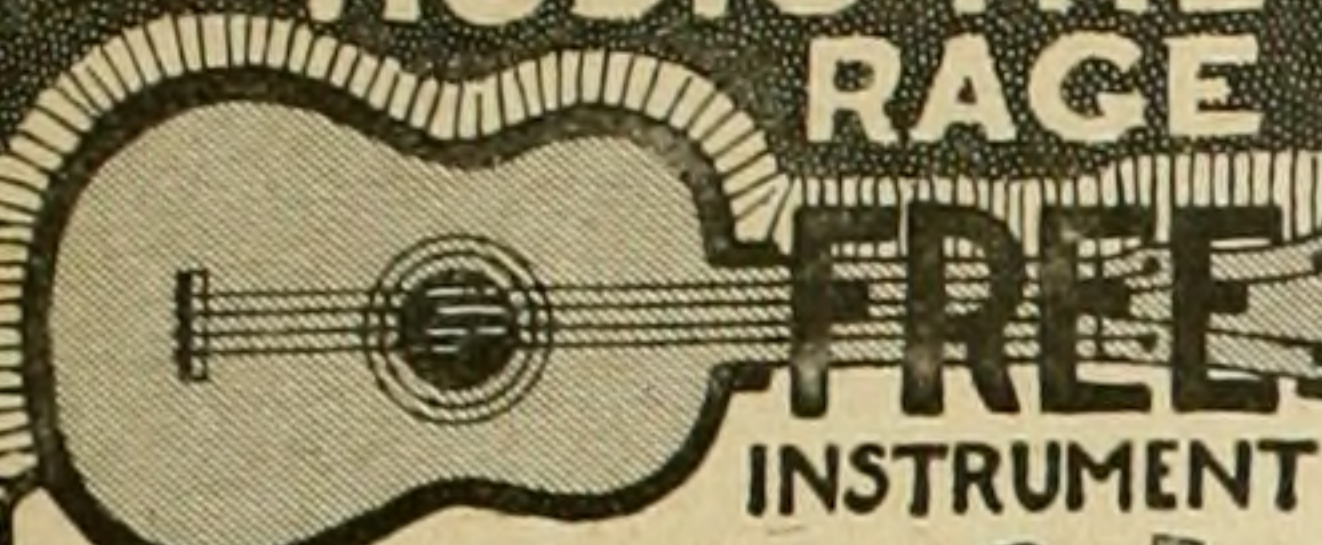
With the assistance of famous directors and motion picture stars we have prepared a printed guide, "The New Road to Film Fame," just off the press, which tells you what to do and gives full directions.

It also contains endorsements of our service from famous people, statements from directors, portraits of celebrated stars and direct advice to you from Mollie King.

Remember that salaries in this profession are big—that beauty plays but a small part—that experience is not necessary—and that thousands of all types will be needed to meet the tremendously growing demand. Send ten cents (Postage or Coin) to cover postage and wrapping this new guide. Get it at once—it may start you on the road to fame and fortune. Address: **Screen Casting Directors Service, Dept. B-2, Wilmington, Delaware.**

If you are not sincere in your desire to get in the movies, please do not send for this printed guide.

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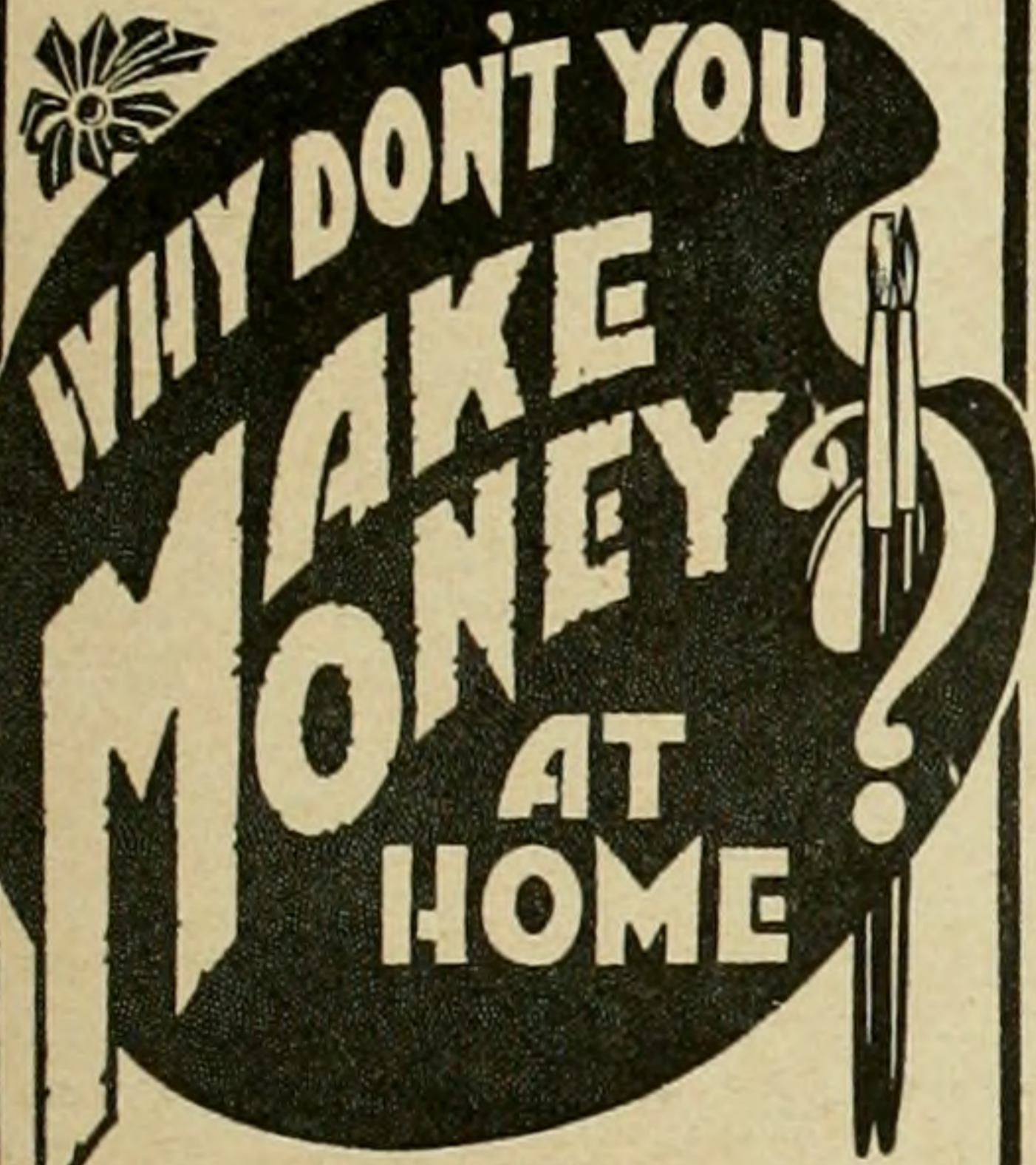
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A Résumé of the Fame and Fortune Contest, Past and Present

(Continued from page 97)

rice Tourneur, Samuel Lumière, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brewster.

In September, 1919, the judges announced twenty-five honor roll beauties and invited them to come to New York for the making of final test scenes. Twenty-two responded promptly and arrived at the offices of our magazines on the appointed date, whence they were taken in automobiles to the country estate of Mr. Brewster, president and editor-in-chief of our three publications, at Roslyn, Long Island. Under the direction of Wilfrid North, the well-known motion picture director, the test scenes were made of these young ladies on that date and also on the following day. When these pictures were developed, printed and shown to the judges it was decided to spend two more days making test pictures of some of these twenty-two young ladies, and also of some others who had since appeared. It was also decided to write a scenario in which the young ladies would appear. Miss Gladys Hall, of our editorial staff, wrote the scenario, entitled "A Dream of Fair Women," suggested by Tennyson's poem, and Mr. North and some of the judges made a cast from this list of twenty-five young ladies. The play was completed in due course.

Nearly five thousand feet of film were taken, out of which about twenty-one hundred feet were selected and put thru the usual course of printing, cutting, titling, etc. Then a meeting of the judges was called to see the finished product. Some of the judges were unable to be present and photographs of the young ladies were sent to them. The result was that the following young ladies were selected as winners:

Miss Blanche McGarrity, San Antonio, Texas; Miss Virginia Brown, New York City; Miss Anetha Getwell, Chicago, Ill.; and Miss Anita Booth, Reading, Pa.

We had agreed to give the winners of the contest two years' publicity in our publications and to secure for them a contract with some good producing company. At the time the contest closed we expected there would be only one winner, but the result was that we had four to look after.

Miss McGarrity found it necessary to return to her home in Texas and decided not to accept a contract for the present. Miss Brown, who was only fifteen years old, was placed with the Universal Film Company under a contract which was approved by the Supreme Court, and which calls for a salary of \$75.00 a week to begin with and ending at \$750.00 a week. Miss Getwell was promptly placed with the American Cinema Corporation at \$150.00 a week. She has also received other offers. Miss Booth received several offers and at the present writing is playing with Ralph Ince and is receiving \$250.00 a week.



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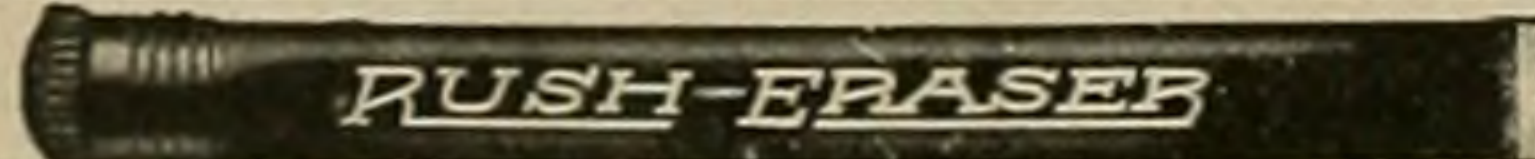
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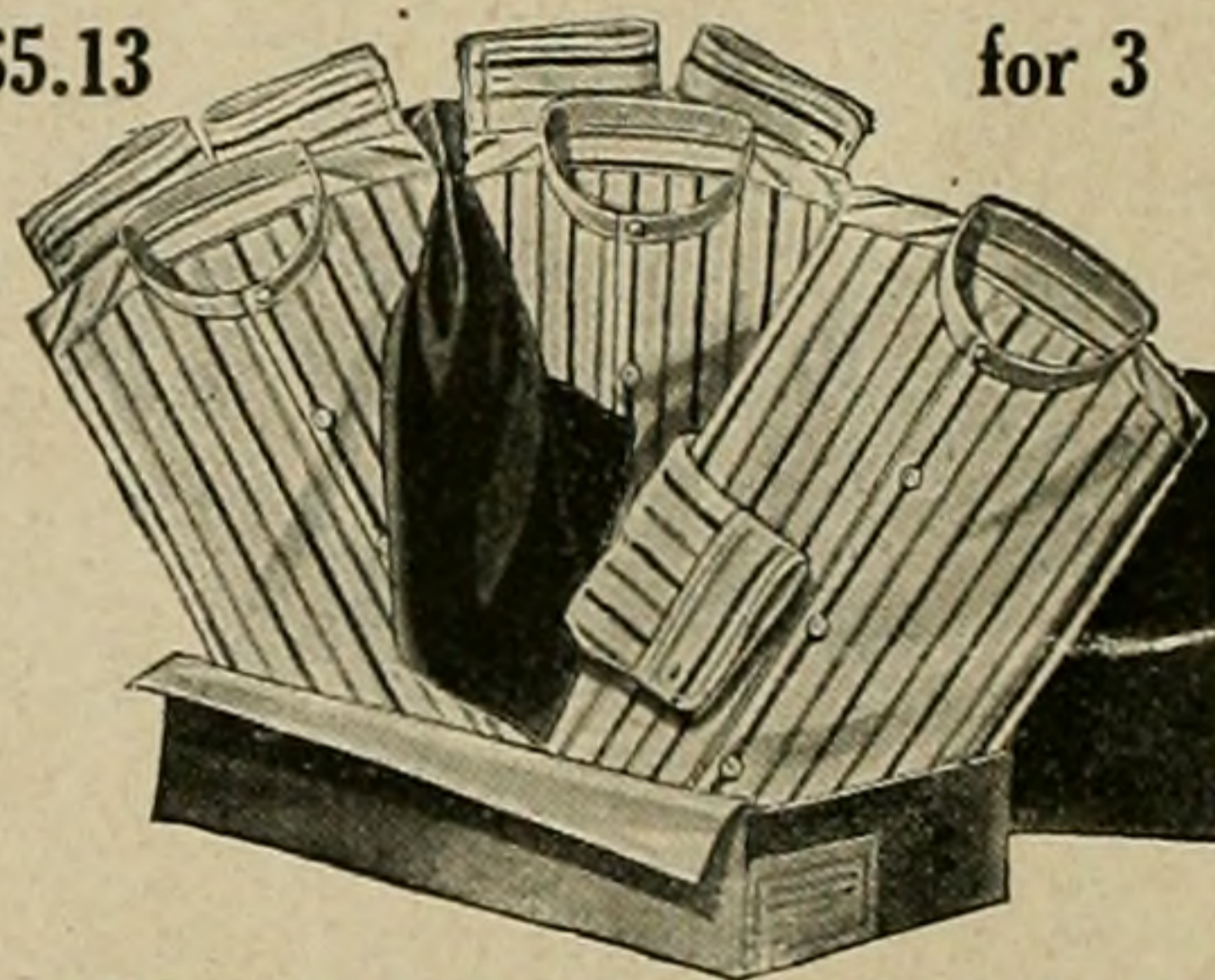
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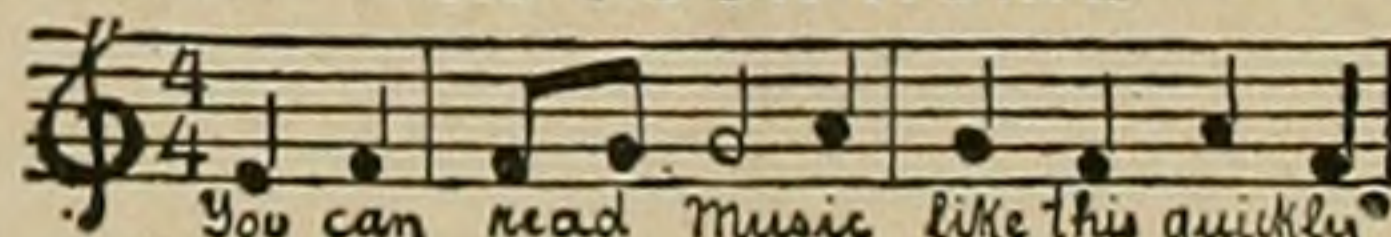


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We also wish to add that among the near-winners were several who have also been successfully placed. Albert E. Smith, president of the Vitagraph Company, said that he would take four of the young ladies at a salary of thirty dollars a week, but at this writing none has accepted.

Miss Fay Brennan, of Washington, D. C., has been playing with a company which is producing in Washington; Miss Lanessa Carroll has been doing small parts for Goldwyn and other companies. Miss Helen Lee Worthing has been playing at the new Capitol Theater in New York City. Miss Margaret Falconer has been playing in Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic in New York City, and also several others have been doing small parts here and there.

On the other hand, quite a number of the twenty-five were found to be not quite the types that are now required on the screen, and they returned to their homes, perhaps discouraged. They learnt that beauty and grace are not all that the screen requires, and that some of the most beautiful girls do not screen well, while many girls who are not so beautiful do. We have also learnt that it is impossible to pick winners from mere photographs.

In some cases the Editorial Committee, acting for the judges, wrote to the contestants advising them to call at our offices, if convenient, and many did so. In some of these cases the decision was favorable.

This year we have adopted the system of having a moving picture camera on hand, and as the contestants appear and pass the preliminary tests, they are put before the camera and a test picture is made to see how they photograph. If the committee thinks the contestant is not eligible, a test picture is not made of her, but her picture remains in the contest, nevertheless. Even if she does not pass the preliminary inspection, she still has a chance of winning the contest. With all the experience of ten years, and all of our accumulated knowledge of stars, present and gone, we do our best to give a verdict which will bear the test of the final review. It is obviously impossible to make a test of every one that comes. This would require a hundred cameras and operators and would involve an expense of many thousands of dollars. Only those who seem "to have everything" are accepted for test scenes.

This year we are making a five-reel feature in which will be embodied the test scenes of the twenty-five honor roll beauties. This picture will be a drama, and it calls for a number of characters other than the contestants themselves; hence we are making test scenes of girls, boys, young men and young women, and even of much older people in order to see if they will fit into the cast. Before the year is over we expect to have a classified list of screen possibilities of all types and ages. We shall make this list available for the producing companies

(Continued on page 106)

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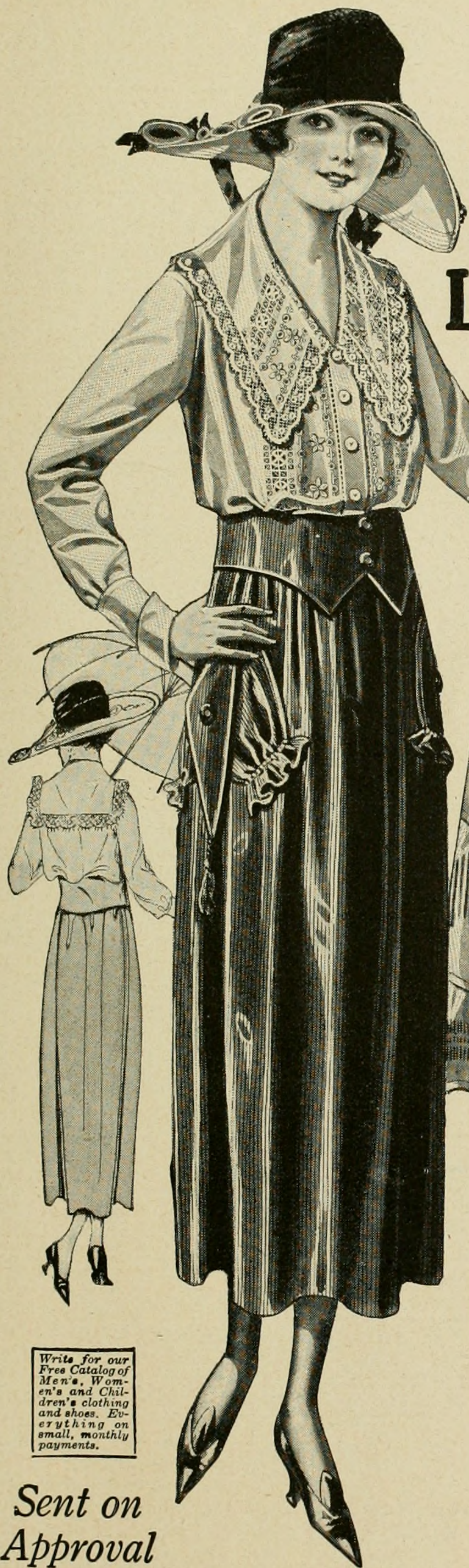
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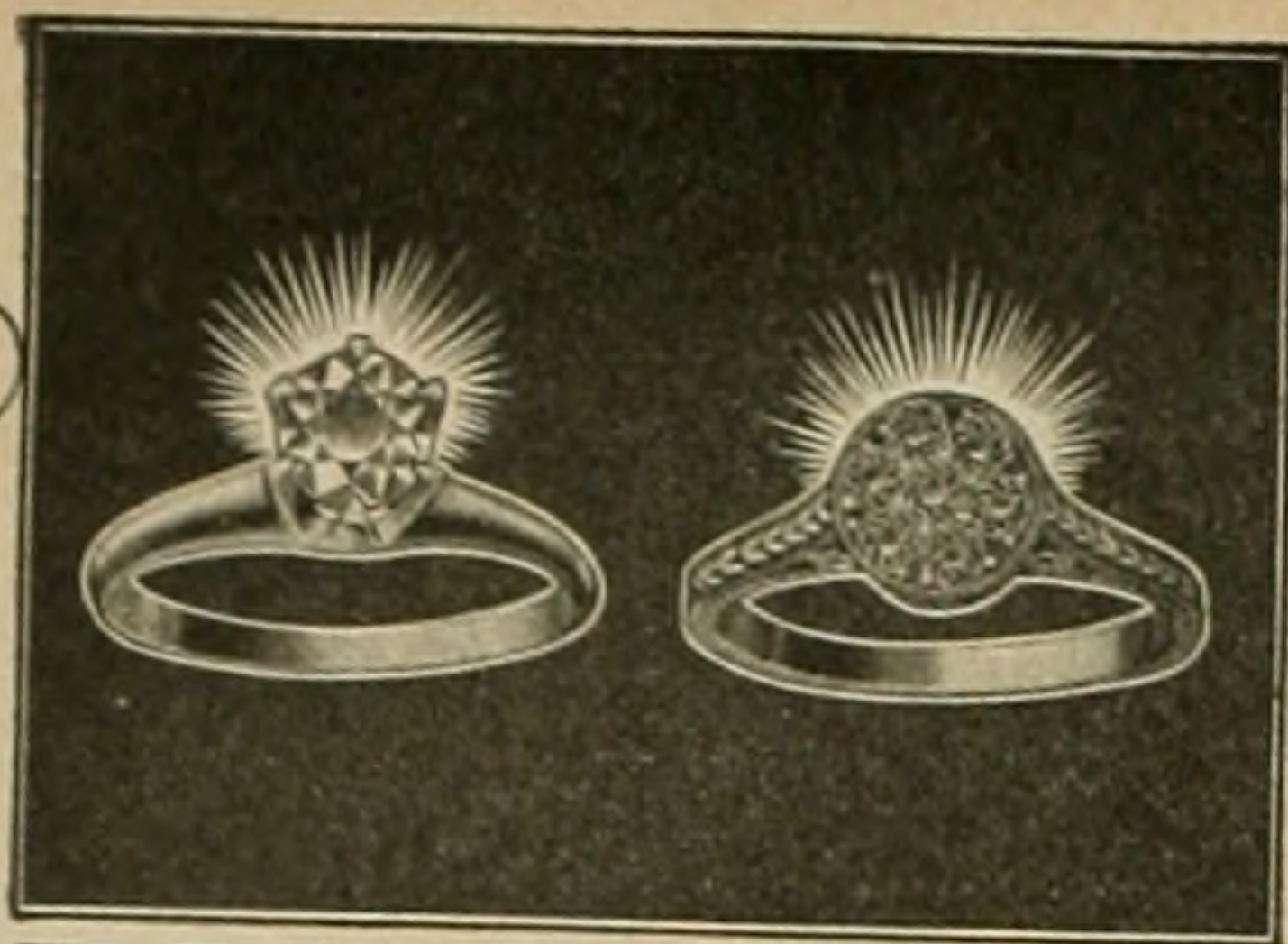
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A Résumé of the Fame and Fortune Contest, Past and Present

(Continued from page 104)

and we hope in this way to find motion picture employment for many who would otherwise find no means of securing it. We are confident that the contest last year has produced at least two stars who will become internationally known, admired and classed with any ten stars that might now be mentioned. If we accomplish no more than this, we believe that our work has been well done. This year we intend to do still more, and there seems to be no limit to the possibilities.

As to the play which we produced, "A Dream of Fair Women," it is now on the market. All theaters in the United States will be able to show it. If you want to see it all you have to do is to ask your exhibitor for it. If he does not know where he can get it, tell him to write or telegraph Murray W. Garsson, 1600 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. It is a two-reel picture of decided beauty and interest. You will see in it some very pretty girls and some excellent acting on the part of young girls who had never been before a motion picture camera. You will see a few whom you may not think beautiful but who possess screen personality. However, we want you to see this little play and judge for yourself.

You will be doing a favor to your neighbors or distant friends by telling them about it so that they may enter the contest themselves or tell others. As the poet says, "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen and waste its fragrance on the desert air," but with the Fame and Fortune Contest running there is no excuse for any undiscovered Mary Pickford to say that she never had a chance.

Lloyd Hughes

(Continued from page 94)

"My brother wants to go on the screen—the brother that is seventeen—and I dont know what to tell him. I'm not sure that I want him to break in as an extra man. Only too often it is a case of once an extra man, always an extra man. The directors put you in that class and are afraid to take a chance on you for fear you'll spoil the picture. But, on the other hand, the continuous extra work accustoms you to different methods of direction and you lose all feeling of self-consciousness before the camera. Then, too, if you do get anything you appreciate it and dont let it drop in a hurry."

Which goes to show that he is a very wise young man.

But the most serious thing of all is—a girl! He didn't mention her name, of course, but he left no doubt as to her existence. However, he's not married yet, not even engaged—officially. And so, ladies, cheer up! There may be many girls before one finally proves fatal!

Dont Let Your Right Eye Know What Your Left Is Doing

By FRITZI REMONT

There was a time in the life of Bernard Turpin, popularly known by the nickname which dignifies a certain alarm clock—Ben—when his crossed eyes meant a tragedy. Now he has those same eyes insured for ten thousand dollars against their becoming *un-crossed*.

Almost every story ever written about Ben has given a different cause for his ability to see everything double save a pay-check. He had waited for us before confessing the truth. Here it is. While playing Happy Hoolligan for three years, he had to look cross-eyed nightly for from ten to twelve minutes, (not to mention the daily matinées), and one morning he awoke to the matutinal shave and discovered jest had been turned to earnest.

"If I'd been handsome, I'd have been a dramatic actor right along, but with these eyes wished on me I had to find something to do that would keep me in a permanent job," he said. "I didn't know the ropes in the old days of pictures, so when Essanay offered me twenty dollars a week, I thought I was on the way to Paradise. You see, I'd never earned more than twenty-five on the vaudeville circuits. I used to do everything from mopping floors to camera-grinding for scene-numbers. Anything to stay on that lot and earn a regular salary.

"Then the mash notes began coming my way. Sure, I have had them—only they are worse now, but that might be because I have a business manager and an income," he added, as he noted the peculiar look in my eye, which I tried in vain to conceal.

"I'm from old New Orleans, a Frenchman, all right. I began to act on the streets on amateur nights, in little side-shows. About the time I was seventeen I got married and went into vaudeville. It didn't take—the marriage, I mean, and as for the other, that didn't put me on easy street by any means. When I was thirty-three I tried it again—marriage, I mean, and if I were any happier—in spite of my facial handicap—or maybe because of it—I couldn't stand it, that's all."

Ben Turpin, like most comedians, is a better tragedian than many who are cast in heavy lines of straight drama. He is a comedian by birth, for France is the nation of mimics, and yet, if outward appearance allowed, he would probably be luxuriating in the tragic rôle of Hamlet.

"I really owe all I am to Charlie Chaplin and Mack Sennett," said Mr. Turpin. "The very first time I met Charlie Chaplin, he laughed for two hours, couldn't act at all. They told him to straighten up and get to business, but he said, 'I cant—that chap's blank expression has me laughing so I

(Continued on page 114)



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Adventures at Monte Carlo, from the novel, "The Guest of Hercules", by C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

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Attraction

Seeing the Pictures You Like

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has been elected "First, Finest and Foremost." 495,000 movie fans did the electing. The May magazine will be over one-half million. Here are some of the articles to be featured—

A real heart-to-heart talk with Geraldine Farrar, operatic star and movie queen, beautifully illustrated, by Adele Whitely Fletcher.

Jimmy Morrison, the same Jimmy of old, comes back to us in a realistic chat by Gladys Hall.

Evelyn Martin, "Peg o' My Heart" of the speaking stage, is chatted by Lillian Montanye.

There is an article of unusual interest with unusual illustrations, entitled "Cinema Relations," by Truman B. Handy.

There is chat and gossip, the latest reviews of the silversheet, splendid fictionizations, including "The Stolen Kiss," featuring Constance Binney.

The cover is from a painting by Evelyn Martin.

The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 51)

ture, "Treasure Island," (Paramount), and a little circus romance, "Her Elephant Man," (Fox).

Mr. Tourneur succeeded in catching a fair measure of Stevenson's rollicking spirit of a devil-may-care in the filming of his merry tale of pirates, buried gold and that boy of boys, Jim Hawkins. Mr. Tourneur followed the lead of a recent stage production in casting a girl for the rôle of Jim. There is no love element in "Treasure Island" and, psychologically, the presentation of a girl serves subconsciously to help fill this dramatic want. We rather like Miss Mason's mock boyishness. Tourneur's deftness of photography and screen picture is at its very best in "Treasure Island."

Miss Mason's "Her Elephant Man" really deserves little comment. It is simply a very crude and claptrap melodrama of circus life, with the little star as a bareback rider. Miss Mason gives a pleasant performance, but the single other thing we can now recall about "Her Elephant Man" is a fairly well done cyclone which wrecks the tent show.

Turning to weightier things, we pause before Lionel Barrymore's "The Copperhead," (Paramount), based upon Augustus Thomas' drama of a simple farmer who suffers every possible loss and indignity that he may serve the North as a spy thru the Civil War.

We were not particularly impressed with Charles Maigne's direction, which seemed to lack accent and gradation. Nor with the loose scenario. Moreover, Mr. Thomas' play, to our viewpoint, is a gloomy presentation of a rather futile sort of patriotism. We cannot reconcile our mind to the thought that the great Humanitarian, Lincoln, conceived and directed such a ghastly sacrifice.

We admit the force of Lionel Barrymore's playing as Lem Shanks, but Doris Rankin seems weak as "Ma" Shanks. And the ex-waiter who essays Lincoln is quite awful. Briefly, "The Copperhead" is very drab.

Speaking of Lincoln, Ralph Ince did the Emancipator in a two-part special, "The Land of Opportunity," (Selznick). Flashing back to Lincoln and an incident of his early campaigning days, this purports to hit at so-called Bolshevism, now believed to menace America. In the old Vitagraph era Mr. Ince seemed to us an admirable and graphic Lincoln. Not so now. Moreover, this two-reeler is but passably done.

While on the subject of two-reel productions, let us consider Mrs. Sidney Drew's celluloiding of Julian Street's "The Charming Mrs. Chase," in which she advances the theory that the quest of thrills after thirty is too much trouble for any sort of satisfaction. With fine and characteristic touches of subtlety, Mrs. Drew paints the gradual interest of a placidly satisfied husband in a charming "other woman," his lame search for romance, and his return to

his home and comfortable chair with a sigh of relief. John Cumberland is delightful as the recreant hubby. There are a hundred and one little touches to lift the mild little comedy into the unusual and again stamp Mrs. Drew as a leader of the human cinema school. But one thing we deny Mrs. Drew and Mr. Street. That is the theory that thrills are missing after thirty. We're just over the thirty mark and we don't believe it—not yet!

"Huckleberry Finn," (Paramount), William D. Taylor's screening of Mark Twain's epic of boyhood, disappointed us, too. The scenario attempted to crowd too much of Twain into the photoplay, with the result that the film version is episodic and jumpy. There is a sickening effort to make the freckled Huck into a sentimentalist. But, with it all, Lewis Sargent does excellent work. His Huck Finn is a spontaneous and commendable bit of playing.

Allan Dwan's second independent production, "The Luck of the Irish," constructed from a Harold McGrath story, seems rather conventional in handling. It is a picturesque tale, a romance between a plumber and a pretty school-teacher extending all round the world. But, for all that, it runs in time-worn grooves, with the usual rich waster villain, a freckled boy for comic relief, and so on. We approve of James Kirkwood as the pipe expert hero, but Anna Q. Nilsson lacks sincerity as the cause of all the trouble and happiness.

"The 13th Commandment," (Paramount), with Ethel Clayton starred, is a sermon preaching the text, "Thou shalt not spend more than thou earnest." It runs along conventional lines. Miss Clayton deserves better material.

We found "Piccadilly Jim," (Selznick), which is screenically built for Owen Moore from the magazine story by P. G. Wodehouse, to be fairly entertaining stuff. Piccadilly is a brash young American who gets into all sorts of scrapes, but manages to solve the difficulties of others and win the girl of his choice. We like Moore as Piccadilly, and a fine bit, of the spoiled child, "Oggie" Pett, is done by Reginald Sheffield. Zena Keefe does not, however, arouse our interest as the girl of the story.

Constance Talmadge is advancing once more. She plays with a delightful buoyancy in "Two Weeks," adapted from an Anthony Wharton play, "At the Barn." It is structurally weak, being another invasion of a bachelor Eden by a sprightly young woman, but Miss Talmadge invests it with sparkle and high humor. Conway Tearle is an excellent foil. George Fawcett makes his bit stand out vividly; indeed, he well nigh runs away with the whole comedy. Sydney A. Franklin's direction lacks incisiveness in places, but, on the whole, he has done rather well.

(Continued on page 110)

How You Can Have a Charming Personality

To Women! Dear Friends of my Sex:— Truly, I have good reason to be one of the happiest women in the world. For every mail brings me so many letters of appreciation. If you were in my place, you would be delighted to know that you were a real help to so many, to feel that you could be a sort of fairy god-mother to someone in need of just the kind of knowledge you had stored up and just the kind of sympathy you have in your heart.

Oh, the letters! How I love them all. They fairly breathe appreciation and friendship for the good things they attribute to me and my work. Here is one from a little woman in Allentown. I remember the first time she wrote me. Such a pathetic little letter it was, a sigh from beginning to end, mingling with a sort of forlorn hope that I, Juliette Fara, might be able to help her.

Yes, to help her. To show her how she might attain success, how she might throw aside the mantle of a gray, uninteresting and even repellant personality and be just what the Creator intended her to be, a glorious, magnetic little woman radiating charm and personality, captivating hearts of men and women alike with a new found power sparkling with the attraction that draws friends like a magnet, compels admiration, respect and all the other things in life worth having.

That's what my little friend wanted and that is what all of us want. Now she writes and tells me that she has attained the desire of her heart, and that to me—think of it, to me—she owes the credit of her success. Can you blame me for being elated and happy?

But hers is not a new story to me. I have dedicated my life to helping women overcome their imperfections, my whole being is wrapped up in a desire to enable you, dear Reader, as well as others of my sex, to attain the success that comes to those who will acquire the exquisite and charming ways which are so necessary if we women are to achieve the feminine success so dear to our hearts.

Perhaps you know that I spent years of my life in Paris, watching, studying, and analyzing the captivating ways of the French woman, she whose fame has spread to every land, she who holds in her hand the destiny of her country and her men, she to whom the power of attraction is an art and a science to be cultivated just as one would learn to play the piano or sing. What secrets have been revealed to me! What amazing things I have found in the French woman's treasure box of personality!

There was Mademoiselle Polaire, for instance, one of the most fascinating little bits of femininity I ever knew. Beautiful? Dear me, no! Mademoiselle was positively ugly of feature. But people raved over her.



Juliette Fara

But Mademoiselle Polaire had personality, she understood the very things that I would like to teach to you who are far from being ugly, you,—an American Girl—equipped as no other girl in the



Photo by Abbe

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

THIS esteemable young lady has won a place in the hearts of millions. Study her picture well; it will make you think.

What man, woman or child has not been charmed by her superb acting, her magnetic personality, even as she has captivated you.

Note the tilt of her head, the sweet, quiet unassuming dignity in her easy, graceful pose. Remember—you have never heard her utter a word. She has no opportunity of portraying her thoughts and emotions in vivid, eloquent speech. By pose, motion and facial expression, she holds your attention, thrilling you, amusing you, leaving you with a lingering memory of her charming mannerisms.

All that Juliette Fara teaches, Miss Talmadge employs to her direct personal advantage, so much so that a prominent director said: "Mentally and physically she is able to adopt any attitude with the greatest ease and to express any emotion or shade of feeling. That is why she attained such nation-wide popularity."

Miss Talmadge has heartily indorsed the instructive knowledge which Juliette Fara imparts to women, and what Miss Talmadge indorses you should know. "How" you also can use the secrets which she uses to such advantage is explained to you in the free book "How" which the Gentlewoman Institute will send for the asking.

whole world is equipped, to cultivate a charming personality, to use the secrets I am ready to impart to you so that you can be just the wonderful, admiration-compelling woman you would like to be.

How often have you wished you could reach out your arms and draw close to your heart the devotion, the luxuries of life, the tender love that you see others enjoying! How often have you envied the woman who seemed so supremely happy in the shelter of a wonderful home and perfect love, the woman with scores of admirers at her feet, or another with an enviable position!

You have wondered why, gifted to no particular degree with beauty of either face or form, or endowed with but ordinary intellect or education—why some women attain their desires so easily.

I will answer you. They have personality,

the winsome charm that all women can have, once they know the secrets.

Now, dear Reader, I do not want to seem the least bit mysterious, but you who wish to acquire a winning personality should know the secrets which I have found out. These I would like to whisper in your ear, to tell you confidentially, woman to woman, how I have achieved my success, and how I have helped so many of my sisters achieve theirs.

How many women there are who in some way or other find it desirable and even necessary to use every bit of honest persuasion they can summon to control the love and hold the interest of the men of their hearts! Sometimes they win over the thoughtless, indifferent or erring ones by weeping or arguments. But more often do they fail when they do not understand the true secret of winning personality for women.

Yes, if they only knew. If they would but work with head and heart instead of only the latter, using the knowledge, the secrets which would make the task so easy, the results so wonderful and everlasting. How I have longed to go to these women and say: "Let me teach you," instead of which I must stand aside and await the time they must realize that I have what they want.

Of course, there are all types of women in the world. Among those who have yet to attain a charming personality is the loud, aggressive, rather forward girl. Then there's the woman who is too shy and retiring. If you are either of these types, or if some other imperfection stands between you and your desires, I am sure I can help you. As the beautiful butterfly issues from the homely cocoon so should you emerge from the darkness and obscurity with a new found power at your command, with the alluringly beautiful personality of a woman whose hand is firmly on the throttle of her own destiny.

I want to make you sought after by both men and women. I want you to be the real center around which revolves every social function you attend. I want you to rise in business and make yourself so independent that you can choose your own pathway through life, gain and hold the love of the man of your heart, dispelling your troubles like fog before the bright sunshine. So I want you to learn what I have learned, to share with me the secrets of a winsome manner.

But this is not all I have to tell you. I would like to know you better and have you know me better. So first I suggest that you write for a little book into which I have written some of the wonderful secrets I know.

Juliette Fara

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I have called this book "How," because it really tells how you may start upon the right road to a career of contentment and happiness.

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The Celluloid Critic (Continued from page 108)

Wallace Reid has another spirited and amusing comedy in "Double Speed," (Paramount). Reid plays a harum-scarum young millionaire, Speed Car, who starts across the continent by automobile, has his car stolen, lands in Los Angeles as a hobo and gets a job as The Girl's chauffeur. Reid is clean-cut and likeable, as usual, and Wanda Hawley is a pretty reward for Speed Car's tribulations.

Will Rogers' "Water, Water, Everywhere," (Goldwyn), does not measure up to his previous comedy, "Jubilo." Indeed, this is slow and frequently dull. Rogers plays a big-hearted cowboy who sacrifices his own secret love for a young woman in aiding the reform of the man of her heart, a young doctor who is a victim of drink. Irene Rich lends an ingratiating characterization.

A certain warmth of spirit and the pungent odor of the Cumberland pines permeates "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," (Goldwyn). Jack Pickford depicts the hero of John Fox, Jr.'s, widely read novel of the nameless lad who finds a name, a manhood and a love in the fiery test of the Civil War. As the primitive hero of the forests, young Pickford does well, but, to us, he falls distinctly short of the Fox hero in the wartime moments. Yet, on the whole, it is a pleasant picture. Clara Horton is as becurled a blonde cutie as any young movie hero might hope to find, but Pauline Stark has been ill advised as to facial make-up as the wistful mountain girl, Melissa. Dwight Crittenden stands out as the village schoolmaster. Wallace Worsley's direction is adequate, particularly in the choice of fine scenic locations.

Sewell Ford's nervy young hero, Torchy, has reached the screen in the person of Johnny Hines. The first of the series, (Master Films), is not particularly inspired. Hines seems too old for the boyish hero, we regret to report.

Ellen From Tennessee

(Continued from page 90)

not crazy about 'adventuresome' parts, but can do whatever I'm given to do, as I have not as yet developed temperament. And my hobbies are horseback riding, of course—every Southern girl can ride; it's a part of her education, but my principal hobby is my mother. She has been such a dear and came around so beautifully when she realized that I was desperately in earnest about wanting to succeed in my profession. She has stayed with me in New York and even journeyed to the coast with me. She's not just a mother—she's a pal.

"And ambitions? Well, seriously, to make the very best of myself and, even tho I never become a great star, so-called, to do something that will stand out—to do a picture that people will remember because of some part I played, whether great or small."

Favored by
the Stars



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In a few minutes after applied you feel the soothing, lifting sensation that assures you of its work of youthful restoration. It lifts out the lines.

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These are only a few of the many expressions of appreciation we have received.

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(One hundred and ten)

Our "Young Visitors"

By FAITH SERVICE

Not so very long ago we had three distinguished young visitors for luncheon at No. 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn. I use the term "young" advisedly. The three were Dorothy Gish, Lillian Gish and Mother Gish. "Mother," said Lillian, speaking of some recently taken family photographs, "is the beauty of the family" . . .

It is said by a very great many authorities on the diverse subject that Art is Realism. If this be so, the quintessence of Art can be handed, sans dispute, to Dorothy and Lillian Gish. Lillian is, in real life, the origin and source of her wistful screen prototypes. She is gentle; she is finely, gently intelligent; she is resourceful. There is to her an appealing personal charm even as the charm she gives us screenically.

Dorothy is Dorothy. She has humor. She has verve. She has "pep" and action. One is never certain what her next move will be, nor her next speech. Possibly she is not quite certain herself. Mother Gish regards "The Little Disturber" with something of apprehension.

We found no ostentation and no flurry of excitement at that luncheon. It would not be supposed that young visitors of fame were with us. Lillian asked questions, for the most part. And Dorothy lamented the fact that she plays in comedies when she had much, *much* rather play in drama, and lamented, still further, the fact that she had to work at all. "I never," she said, "crack a smile in between pictures. I couldn't be induced to."

Lillian, quietly, with the little air she has of one apart, observed that the ruling characteristic of human nature is to long to do the things one is not doing and for which one is not fit. She herself, she said, would much prefer to write.

At the time of their lunching with us they were house-hunting in Westchester county, to be near the new Griffith studio. We asked them what manner of home they were seeking and they informed us that it was to be a farm. Dorothy interpolated that a cow was to be the first object of their search. She couldn't, she said, conceive of what they would ever do with a *cow*. Now, chickens, a dog, cats, pigeons, even *pigs* . . . but a *cow* . . . We gathered that Dorothy has a probably wholesome fear of cows and we delicately suggested the same.

"Mother is the only brave one in the family," agreed Dorothy with equanimity. "We had a burglar scare in California, and Lillian and I nearly died of fright—under the bedclothes—goose-flesh and all that. Mother, on the contrary, sat straight up in bed, levelling a pistol at the door thru which her grimly intended victim was to come. She ac-

(Continued on page 118)

(One hundred and eleven)

The Biggest Novelty-Special Ever Produced!

To the Motion Picture Public of the World:

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COULD YOU BE A SCREEN STAR?

DO YOU WANT TO BE A SCREEN STAR?

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Tell your exhibitor to get in immediate touch with his exchangeman, or with Mr. Garsson, Foundation Film Corp., 1600 Broadway, New York City, regarding this film and the local contest.



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JUST OUT—What's What in America

By EUGENE V. BREWSTER

Editor-in-Chief of

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THE M. P. PUBLISHING COMPANY

175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

You Have a Beautiful Face BUT YOUR NOSE?

IN this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you 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? My new nose-shaper "Trados" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

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Mary Pickford has been divorced from her husband, Owen Moore. The decree was granted by Judge Lanogan at Minden, Nev., on March 1, on the grounds of desertion.

Alice Joyce was married to James B. Regan, Jr., son of James B. Regan, proprietor of the Knickerbocker Hotel, one of the biggest New York hostelrys, on March 6th. The marriage took place at the Church of the Holy Innocents, New York, the ceremony being performed by the pastor, Rev. Thomas Lynch. Mr. Regan is a graduate of Yale, class of 1915, and he served in both the British and American armies in the recent war. Miss Joyce was previously married to Tom Moore, brother of Owen and Matt Moore.

Realart announces Wanda Hawley as its new star.

King W. Vidor's first release on the First National program is "The Family Honor," Florence Vidor being featured.

Adolph Zukor, president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, sailed on the *Imperator* on March 8th for Europe. So did William A. Brady.

Mrs. Sidney Drew has been visiting on the coast.

Sylvia Breamer has joined the Mayflower forces. She is to have the leading rôle in Robert W. Chambers' "Athalie." Sydney A. Franklin is directing.

Corinne Griffith has signed a new Vitagraph contract for another three years.


Winchell Smith, the playwright, has joined the Metro staff of scenario writers at Hollywood, Cal.

Myron Selznick has signed Arline Pretty as lead for his production of Willard Mack's "The Prince of Pines."

During early March Pearl White and her William Fox company worked on the production of "The Tiger's Cub" at Port Henry, N. Y., with a temperature of 35° below zero. Thomas Carrigan was leading man.

Marcus Loew, who now owns 100 per cent. of the Metro Film Corporation, announces that the Metro will greatly increase the number and quality of its productions. From fifty to seventy-five productions will be released during the coming year and a \$2,000,000 studio built on Long Island. The Loew interests are now building forty theaters.

Conway Tearle is to be starred by Nat Spitzer. The productions are to be made at the Bull's-Eye California studios.



The Old Canoe—Moonlight —and Us Two

Isn't it easy to bring to mind the cosy scene? The swish of limpid waters; subdued voices; the seductive harmony of stringed instruments—lilting notes—dreamy—elusive—soothing as a sweetheart's touch—crashing chords and syncopation, the spontaneous expression of the tingling joy of life and youth. Honestly, whether it be in the memory or but half-acknowledged hope, don't you thrill with the sweet intimacy of that cooling, moon-lit, music-caressed solitude?

But listen to a secret: It isn't the canoe—nor the moon, nor the water that plants the thrills in our hearts. It is the MUSIC—the lingering melodies that haunt us with thoughts of happy hours. And 'tis the same in any setting. Summer's shady nooks; snugly evenings of early Fall; Winter's cheery firesides—always and everywhere the music of the good old Gibsons seems to furnish the indefinable "something" that just naturally eliminates formality, makes hearts brighter, friendships more dear, and love the sweeter, and fills memory's storehouse with precious thoughts. This is the secret, but really there is no secret at all, for anyone can own and play a GIBSON.

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The only exclusive manufacturers of high-grade fretted instruments. Developers of Mandolin Orchestras.

Dont Let Your Right Eye Know What Your Left Is Doing

(Continued from page 106)

cant stop. If you want me to work—get him out of here.’

“At that time I was getting twenty-five and Charlie was drawing twelve, fifty!”

I gave a pretty good imitation of Ben's famous blank expression at this remark. Mr. Turpin settled his eyes on a couple of figures in the carpet and continued, unmoved. “Twelve hundred and fifty a week!,” he said slowly. “I'd have thought that a slight prevarication if I hadn't seen a check or two.

“Then one day *Broncho Bullets* Anderson came to me and offered a contract for two years at twenty-five per week. Nothing to worry about, he couldn't discharge me—I couldn't quit—and always a steady living for twenty-four months, hot or cold, stormy or sunshine!

“I reached for a pen with my fingers shaking. ‘Where?’ I said. *Broncho Bullets* pointed to a line near the bottom of the page, and it was all I could do to see it with my right eye. The left was off the job looking far into the future. Just for a bluff, I swirled the penholder around like a man getting ready to write fancy cards. Then I wrote—just as firm—Bernard Turpin! That settled me for two years—we worked at Niles, upper California.

“Then at last it dawned on me that I had sold myself for a mess of pottage. I began to hear of salaries. I discovered that I had made more than three million for the *Essanay*—actually cleared that much on my pictures . . . and I was living on a clerk's salary. We had hard work in those days—slapstick of the roughest sort.”

“How do you manage to look so blank when you know a piece of pie is coming at you, or that ice-cream is going down your back?”

“Never anticipate anything.”

“How can you help anticipating when you just know it is coming?” we persisted.

“Just dont—that's all. Think of nothing, keep your mind an absolute blank—or you cant *look* blank, of course. I didn't mind the custards or soft soap or soot and flour so much in the good old slapstick days,” he said, “but cold ice-cream running down your back is something that you cannot forget in a hurry. I'm glad those days are about over. We're depending more on expression and funny situations now.”

“You are a scream in ‘*Salome vs. Shenandoah*,’” we hurried to say.

“I dont like it—and I dont like the public appearance I make as John the Baptist. I consider it sacrilegious—even if it is a travesty on the Theda Bara play. I was brought up better than that,” concluded Mr. Turpin, soberly and sadly, and if you ever want to know just *how* sad he can look, go and see one of his comedies.

Ben turns out a picture about eleven

times a year. He is a hard worker, and even when he is not featured in a *Sennett* comedy, he is usually “rung in” for an extra bit.

A few months ago, he lost four of his best front teeth, because a man who was to kick him in the chest “lost his bearings and aimed too high.” Ben has been in the hospital thirty times for operations or breaks, occasioned by rough comedy. Such is the life of a comedian.

“When did you begin to think yourself worth more than twenty-five dollars weekly?” we asked, wishing to lead the conversation back safely to Mr. Turpin's intrinsic value.

“I was playing with Charlie Chaplin in ‘*A Night Out*,’ and it was like co-starring plus getting an extra's wages. When we had finished two reels, Charlie said we were going out on a location on Monday. This was Friday. I said, ‘I'm not going a step unless I get five hundred dollars in cash—no *checks* for mine!’ There were two more reels and I made up my mind I'd quit pictures or earn what I thought I was worth. He coaxed and talked—but I said it was five hundred or nothing. He told me I *must* be ready to go on Monday at eight A. M. I said, ‘Not on your life. I stay right here unless I get the price in cash.’

“Monday he did not start. He finally offered three hundred, but I told him curfew would not ring that night. The company hung around until Tuesday, then five hundred pretty little bones were placed in my willing hands, and from that time on I considered myself a motion picture actor—and a fixture, including my eyes.”

Now Turpin owns his home, drives his own seven-passenger Studebaker and is a member of the Elks.

“Yes, I guess I'm getting popular,” admitted Mr. Turpin, without vanity. He is one of the most matter-of-fact individuals who ever faced a hard fall. Surprises mean nothing in his bright young life. “One lady fan—she's married, too—wrote and asked me for one of my most cross-eyed pictures to hang in her bedroom, for she says that when she and her husband quarrel, she feels cheered up right afterwards if she can go and laugh at my picture. That's doing good in the world, aint it?”

And, as to Ben's famous mustache, he let me into a deep-dyed secret. The first one he ever wore was cut off the end of his own toupee! He almost had the style patented, he avers, but finally decided that while other men might imitate his “crêpe hair” appendage, they never could hope to attain the eloquence of ten-thousand-dollar eyes, so now a wig-maker has a steady contract to make these waterfall effects by the hundred.

And, like the immortal Pope, Bernard Turpin believes that “Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll; charms strike the sight—but *merit* wins the soul” of film fans everywhere.

(One hundred and fourteen)

Bowlegged Men

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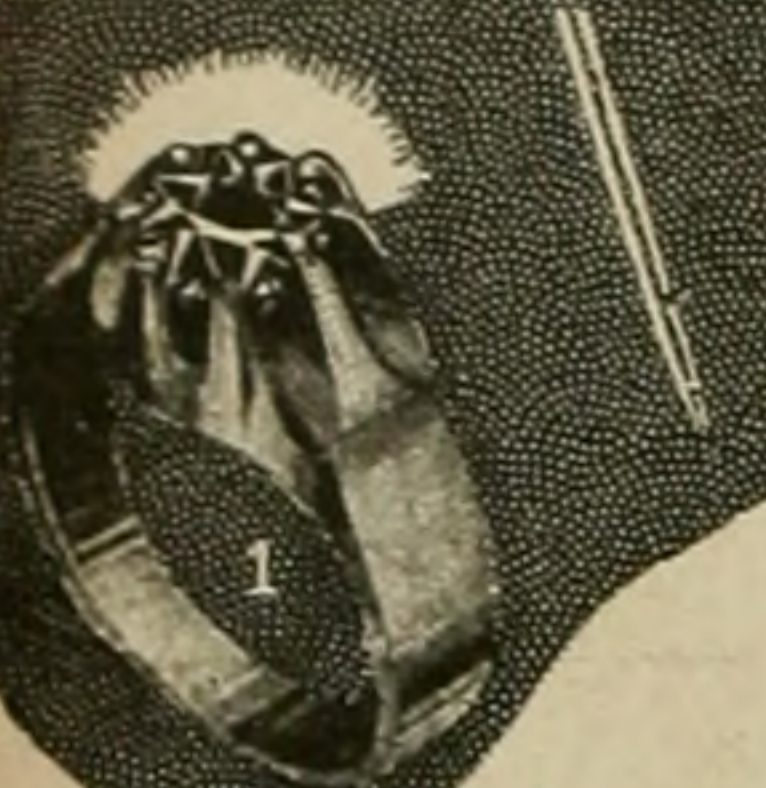
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At last the Church has actively enlisted the motion picture. This spring sees the Interchurch World Movement, the new coöperative organization formed by most of the Protestant denominations of the United States and Canada, using films to put the needs of the world before the country.

During the winter an expedition, numbering the Rev. A. V. Casselman, E. Lloyd Sheldon and Harry Keepers, sailed from San Francisco to film interesting things of the Far East. At about the same time another expedition, numbering Willard Price, editor of *World Outlook*, and Horace D. Ashton, departed from New York for North Africa and the Near East.

These two expeditions were sent out by the Interchurch World Movement in coöperation with the Educational Films Corporation. These represent, as pointed out by the *Educational Film Magazine*, the first sincere attempt of the Church to film the work of missions in foreign lands and to obtain unusual pictures of interest in this particular field. The expeditions will thus obtain two groups of films. The first, covering mission work and activities, will be later shown in churches. The second, to be released under the title, "World Outlook on the Screen," will be shown in motion picture theaters. Some 100,000 feet of film will be obtained in all.

This second group of motion pictures will delve into odd bits of strange lands never seen by tourists. Thus, for instance, they will touch upon the life of the women of the East as affected by modern progress. Again, they will reveal how the world war has brought civilization to the Arab and Bedouin in lonely desert spots.

The Far Eastern expedition sailed on the *Persia* on December 21st, and eight months will be spent in India, Burma, China, Japan and Korea. The Rev. Casselman is a widely known missionary leader. Mr. Sheldon is well known as an author, playwright and scenario writer. Mr. Keepers is the camera-man of the expedition. It will interest MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC readers to know that he was the camera-man responsible for the prize picture, "A Dream of Fair Women," now being shown thruout the country and made under the direction of Wilfrid North.

The other expedition will visit Egypt, Algeria, Turkey, Syria, Armenia, Palestine and parts of Italy. Mr. Price has attained prominence as an editor and Mr. Ashton is one of the best known photographers and motion picture men of two hemispheres. He is a fellow of the American Geographical Society and a member of the New York Academy of sciences.

Judging from British and Continental

film publications, a certain steady falling off in sales of American photoplays is manifesting itself in England, Italy and Spain.

Indeed, in England the threat has been made of a high protective tariff on films. But this is hardly probable. American productions are being crowded by cheaper films of British, Italian, Scandinavian and even German make.

Many German films have piled up during the war and German manufacturers are trying to find a market for them everywhere. These make their appeal because they are workmanlike and cheap. British producers are distinctly worried over the situation. Can the ill-nourished infant British production stand this added competition, they ask. A movement is on foot to force the printing of the country of origin upon each and every film. This is to prevent the camouflaging of German films as Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian and Danish.

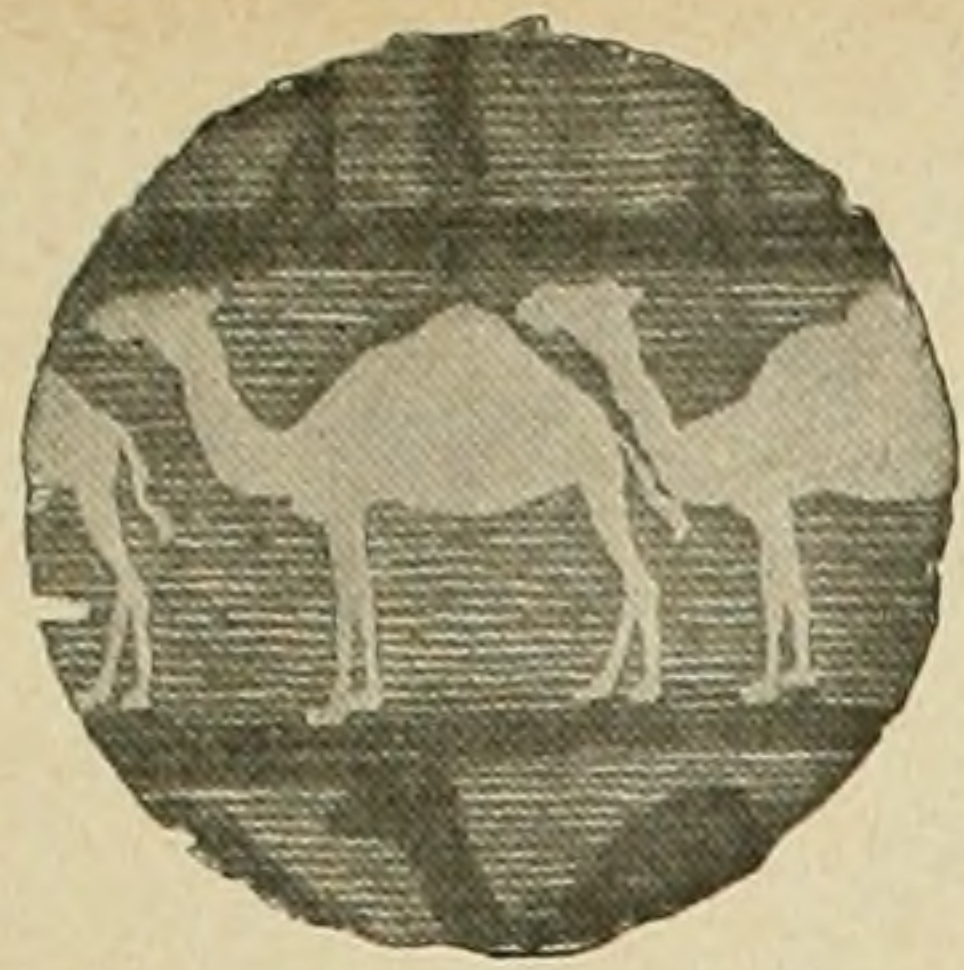
The rivalry between American and British films goes merrily on in England. Just now they are pointing with interest to the fact that, in the year 1918, there was a fall of 3,500,000 feet in the export of American film to England. Also that, in December, 1919, Britain exported films to an amount two and one-half times as great as the corresponding month of 1918. Yet *The London Kinematograph* sums up the matter clearly when it asks British screen men to drop the idea that Americans dislike British productions and seek to prevent their importation. "Let the British film maker drop the habit of appealing for 'equal treatment' from America until he has established his ability to give equal value. . . . The British producer who first achieves success on this firm basis of equality will, we venture to think, laugh heartily at the pitiful attempts occasionally made today to picture him as a hard-luck case."

A certain resentment runs thru British comments upon American productions. With some truth we must admit they protest the "naïve faith of some American producers that one soldier of the United States is worth a few dozen of any other country."

Yet David Griffith's "Broken Blossoms" appears to have scored a triumph in London. *The Daily Mail* said:

"The whole production is filled with the spark of genius which raises it above any film drama yet made and opens a new road for the expression of the highest dramatic art on the screen."

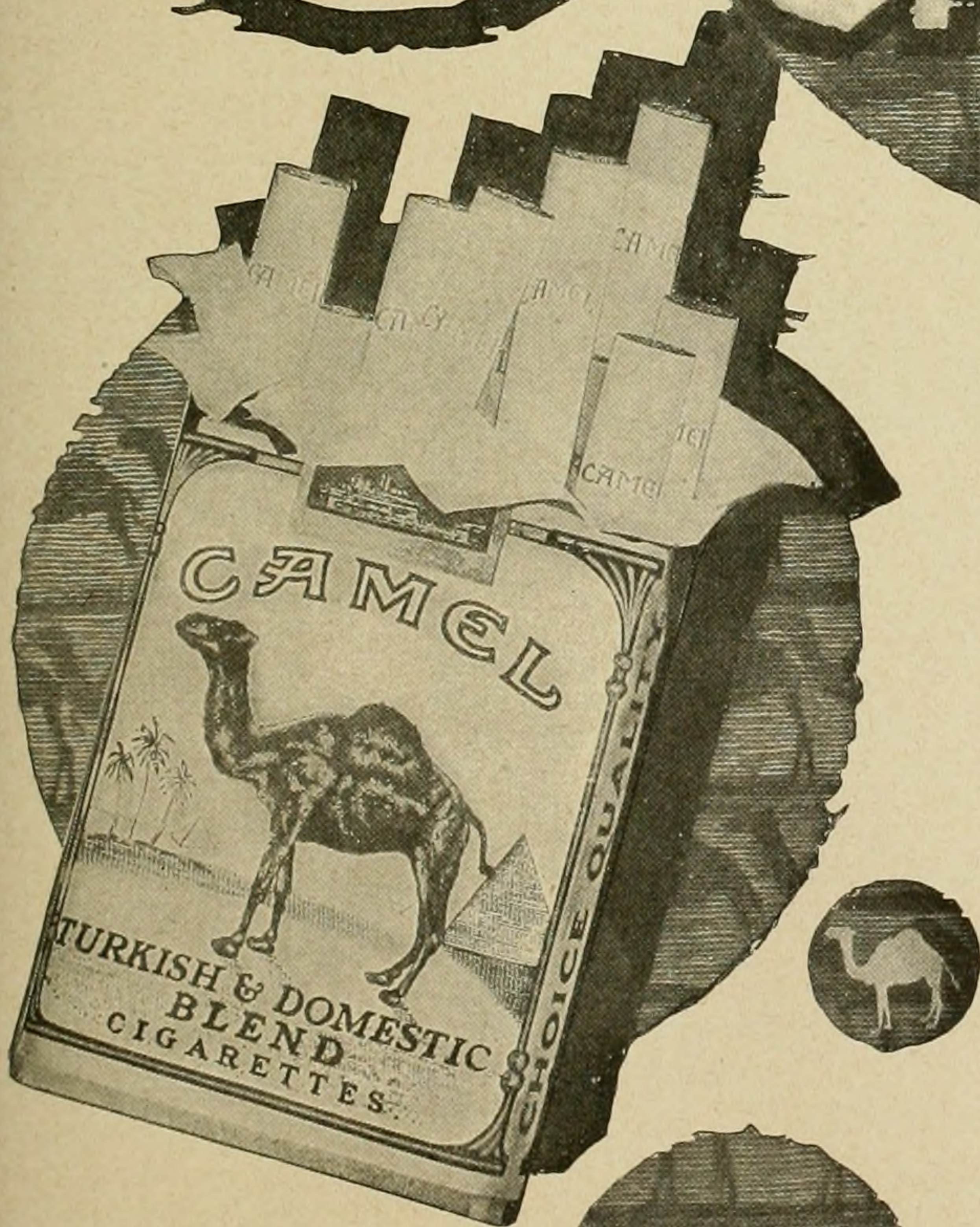
And *The Sunday Telegram* said: "It is in every sense a masterpiece. David Wark Griffith has no equal. Others may emulate, but they never manage to get quite the same touch. 'Broken Blossoms' will be one of the big things of the year."



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Our "Young Visitors"

(Continued from page 111)

tually fired a shot, altho it didn't make the mark. The burglar, however, was frightened away. I told mother that she had the heart of a murderer."

The Editorial Staff shook with a sort of composite mirth. It would be hard to suppose a murderer's heart in a Gish breast. There is something about each one of them, even to the more earthly Dorothy, suggestive, reminiscent of lavender and old lace, of quaint custom and lyric verse, of melodies fingered forth on a spinnet, of potpourri and minuets. It is the aroma of these things which they have brought with them to a hitherto less lovely medium of expression. They are, each one of them, whimsically characteristic. They have, individually and together, an atmospheric charm, from Mother Gish, who is but a slightly-grown-older Lillian, to Lillian herself, slender and potential, to Dorothy, sparkling and keen and young.

They are quite utterly unprofessional in their manner, in their point of view, in their bearing and talk. They might never have seen the inside of a studio. There are none of the earmarks. Probably there are no two girls more perfectly themselves. They have given a great deal and borrowed nothing. They do not talk of their work, if they can gracefully avoid it. They do not speak of their ambitions, nor of their successes, past, present or future. There is about them a fine reticence. They love their mother, their home and the best artistic expression of the work they are doing. These things come naturally to them and they express them naturally.

After they had been regretfully ushered out by Mr. Brewster and the rest of us, we asked each other the inevitable question after some one of the stars has taken luncheon with us at our more modern Round Table—"What do you think?" we wanted to know—and we all thought the same. Lillian was as we had thought she would be, *must* be, from her portrayals on the silversheet. She was gentle, she was lovely, she was poetic, she was a thinker and a dreamer.

Dorothy was as we had thought she would be, *must* be, from her portrayals on the screen, humorous, lovable, vivid, "regular."

Mother Gish is the mother of the two, an eminently satisfactory arrangement, pro and con.

For these young visitors the house of the Big Three is ever open, the arms of the Editorial Staff the same, and the table ever round, with a capacity for being rounder!

LU LU 'HUCHON.—What do you mean by accusing my beard of being fluffy and kinky? You come in some day and I'll let you stroke it. So your brother thinks Elsie Janis is a regular "peacherino." I dont know what that is, but tell your brother I agree with him. And just tell that brother of yours he's got me wrong with the ladies. Yes, I sure do admire Charlie Ray. So you like Tamar Lane's stuff in the MAGAZINE. Yes, he's almost as bright as I am. Write again.

THE SKIN BEAUTIFUL



She who possesses a beautiful complexion is a beautiful woman.

Be Beautiful

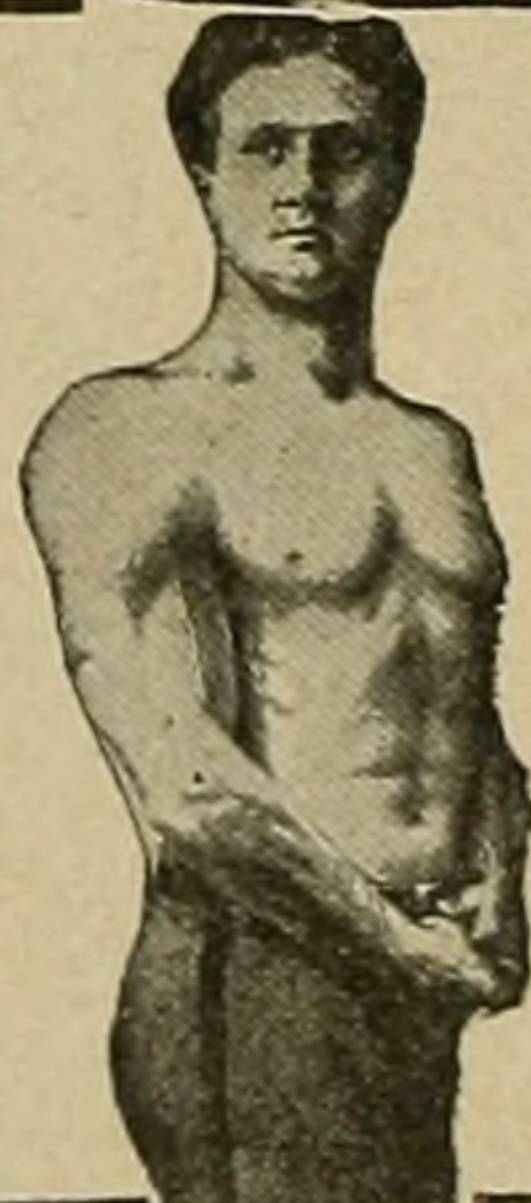
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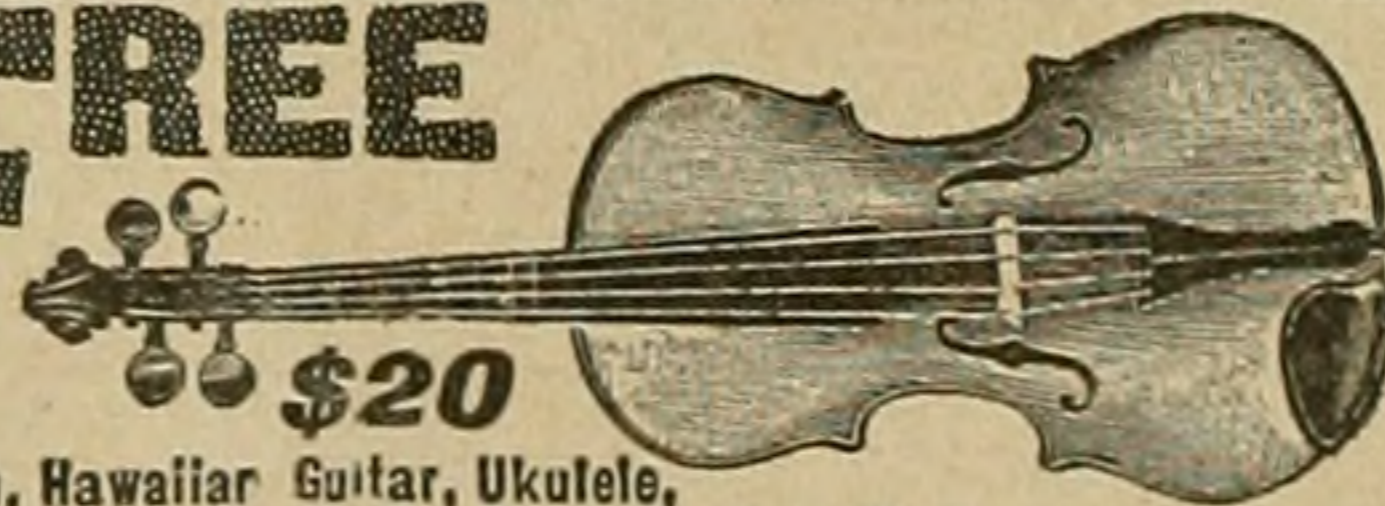
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- Can I become a photoplayer?
- Have I sufficient talent?
- Have I the necessary personality?
- How can I become a Motion Picture Director?
- Can I become financially interested in Motion Pictures?
- Can I write for Motion Pictures?
- Have I a "Motion Picture face"?
- Can I train myself for any branch of the business?
- If I have the talent and ability to become a picture star, how can I get a start?

These are questions that have long remained unanswered. But they can be answered. There have been schools that pretend to teach Motion Picture acting, but they are generally frowned upon by the profession. Personality, charm, winsomeness and beauty are God-given gifts. They can be cultivated and improved, but not created. Acting is a natural talent. Some have it, others acquire it, but most people who haven't it never will learn it. Grace is natural to some, but most

people can acquire it. There is no rule about beauty, grace, charm, etc., and some may win without any one of the supposedly necessary requirements.

If you want to try to win a place in the great Motion Picture Industry, send five cents in stamps for this booklet, "Who Can and Who Cannot Get Into the Pictures and Why?" Address it to

THE NATIONAL MOTION PICTURE INSTITUTE
173-175-177 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE NATIONAL MOTION PICTURE INSTITUTE
173-175-177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Can and Who Cannot Get Into the Pictures and Why?" Enclosed is 5 cents in stamps for mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

THE GREAT

1920 FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST

Are you beautiful?
 Do you possess charm?
 Do you think yourself a potential Mary Pickford or Theda Bara?
 Does your environment make it impossible for you to act, but not to dream?
 Do you live in a make-believe world all your own, far removed from the dull reality of your daily life?
 Do you dream of fame and fortune and all the big things of life? Do you long for a fairy godmother who will some day touch you with her magic wand—and like Cinderella-of-the-ashes, transform you from a dull, drab cocoon into a beautiful butterfly?

The New Fame and Fortune Contest

Is the fairy godmother of all the movie fans of the country. By the magic power of the press, she will seek you out, no matter how small your hiding place. She will open up to you a new world—a new vista of life with all its wonderful gifts! Thru the power of the greatest motion picture publications, THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND, the golden opportunity of your life is offered to you. Remember the old adage which, tho it may bore you by its familiarity, yet carries the force of a great truth—Opportunity knocks but once!
 Go to your photographer. Have him make a photo of you which will *be* you.
 Send it in as early as possible.
 It may interest you to know that a great five-reel feature drama has been written and will be produced in connection with The Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920. The Honor Roll girls will all appear in this picture.

“A Dream of Fair Women”

Which brought the twenty-five Honor Roll girls of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest before the eyes of the world, has been completed and you may see this wonderfully interesting picture in your own home town! If the manager of your home town theater has not already secured this film for exhibition, tell him to get in touch with Murray W. Garsson, Foundation Film Corp., 1600 Broadway, New York. See it! It will give you an idea of what you will be doing if you are one of the Honor Roll winners.

RULES FOR THE CONTESTANTS

Contestants shall submit one or more portraits. On the back of each photo an entrance coupon must be pasted. The coupon must be from either THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC or SHADOWLAND, or a similar coupon of your own making.
 Postal card pictures and snap-shots not accepted. Tinted photographs cannot be reproduced in magazine.
 Photos will NOT be returned to the owner.
 Photographs should be mailed to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Send as many as you like.
 The contest is open to every man or woman, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles. There is no age limit.
 Contest closes Aug. 1, 1920.

-----CLASSIC ENTRANCE COUPON-----

Name.....
 Address.....(street)
(city).....(state)
 Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any.....

 When born.....Birthplace.....Eyes (color).....
 Hair (color).....Complexion.....
 Would you like to take part in the Five-Reel Feature Drama?.....



Portraits of Your Favorites

TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

What is a home without pictures, especially of those one likes or admires? How they brighten up bare walls and lend a touch of human sympathy, alike to the homes of the rich and poor!

And what could better serve the purpose of decoration for the homes of motion picture enthusiasts than portraits of the great film stars, who have become world-wide famous?

The publishers of the three leading motion picture monthlies, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND, have accordingly prepared at great expense, especially for their subscribers, an unusually fine set of portraits of twenty-four of the leading players.

These portraits are 5 1/8" x 8" in size, just right for framing, printed in rich brown tones by rotogravure, a process especially adapted to portrait reproduction, and are artistic, accurate and high-grade in every way.

You will like these portraits, and you will enjoy picking out your favorites. You will delight in framing them to be hung where you and your friends may see them often.

LIST OF SUBJECTS

Mary Pickford
Marguerite Clark
Douglas Fairbanks
Charlie Chaplin
William S. Hart
Wallace Reid
Pearl White
Anita Stewart

Theda Bara
Francis X. Bushman
Earle Williams
William Farnum
Charles Ray
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Mary Miles Minter

Clara Kimball Young
Alice Joyce
Vivian Martin
Pauline Frederick
Billie Burke
Madge Kennedy
Elsie Ferguson
Tom Moore

These portraits are **not for sale**. They can be secured only by subscribing to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC or SHADOWLAND for one year, and then they will be sent free.

You will want the MAGAZINE, CLASSIC, SHADOWLAND, or all three during the coming year. Subscribe **now** and get a set of these portraits. It will cost you less than to buy them by the month at your dealer's. Send in your order today and we will mail the portraits at **once**.

COUPON

Date.....

M. P. PUBLISHING CO.
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:

	U. S.	Can.	For.
Magazine	\$2.00	\$2.30	\$3.00
Classic	2.50	3.00	3.50
Shadowland	3.50	4.00	4.50
All Three	7.50	8.80	10.50

Gentlemen: Kindly enter my subscription to the
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE }
MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC } for one year. Also please
SHADOWLAND }
send me at once a set of the twenty-four players' portraits.

Enclosed find \$..... in payment.

Name

Address

MOTION PICTURE PUBLISHING CO.

Regarding Delays

As we have announced before, the great printers' strike in New York interfered seriously with the publication and distribution of every periodical that was printed in and around New York City. Many publications went bankrupt, and several have not yet recovered from the catastrophe. Every one of them has suffered immeasurably. Not only did the strike mean several months' delay in getting out the magazines, but it meant a terrible confusion in every editorial office.

Those publishers who tried to get their magazines out in spite of the strike, adopted various methods, among which was the sending of one piece of work out of town and another piece of work to another town, and still another part of the publication to some other place or to be done by some other process. Some of this matter was lost, other parts were printed so badly that they could not be used, and the working machinery of every editorial office was sadly disrupted.

On the top of this came blizzards with their accompanying traffic obstructions, and for weeks it was impossible to move the printed magazines from the printer's to the post-offices. Then came blizzards and freight congestions in other parts of the country, which further delayed matters. It never rains but it pours, and to add to our troubles, came the announcement that there was a serious shortage of paper in the world, necessitating the cutting down of the supply used by various publishers. It is certain that some publications must go out of existence, and it is well known that many large newspapers and magazines have been compelled to cut down either the size of their edition or the number of pages.

But now, since the strike is over and the winter also, the sun shines once more and we emerge from the maze of difficulties more hopeful than ever.

Unless something unforeseen occurs, our three magazines will be published on time hereafter, and the contents will be superior. We have taken up the missing threads of various departments and now have them well in hand. Those readers who have been lenient with our shortcomings and patient with us for the numerous delays in getting their magazines, have our warmest thanks and gratitude. We are looking for better things in the future, and we can see no reason why we shall not be able to give you finer magazines than ever, and give them to you on the very day that we promise them.

Stars Needed

Any exhibitor will tell you that there are not enough stars. Good stars are scarce, and they are nearly all tied up with contracts with a very few companies. New companies are forming every day and they require stars. This makes the demand greater than the supply. The producers have been objecting to the High Cost of Stars, and the exhibitors are complaining of the High Cost of Films. Some have even gone so far as to state that the Star System must go. But there will always be a demand for stars and when there are enough stars to supply the demand there will be a better feeling all around and the film industry will advance and prosper. Again, it is evident that many of our well-known stars are passing out—some retiring of their own accord, and some losing their popularity and drawing power. It is quite clear, therefore, that we must have more stars. Where are they to come from? We maintain that there is no better way to discover and introduce new stars than the Fame and Fortune Contest, which is conducted every year by the three leading magazines,—MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND. This being true, it should be warmly supported by producers, exhibitors and public alike.

(One hundred and twenty)

YOU CAN GET INTO THE MOVIES IF YOU WANT TO

Maybe you're all ready now, but don't know exactly how to go about it, or maybe there's a few technicalities unfinished or overlooked; or possibly there's a whole lot you don't know and need to know.

In any case, we are in a position to offer you sound suggestions. Cut out the coupon below, and enclose 5c for postage for our booklet "CAN I GET INTO THE MOVIES?" Then you judge!

National Motion Picture Institute

175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE NATIONAL MOTION PICTURE INSTITUTE
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Can and Who Cannot Get Into the Pictures and Why?" Enclosed is 5 cents in stamps for mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

Pathé Serials

"An exciting story, please!"
How many times have those words been spoken over the desk at the Public Library!

Exciting stories! How much in demand they are with the readers of the popular magazines! The love for them is universal; it begins and ends with no one class or creed.

Pathé Motion Picture Serials are always exciting; they are written, produced and acted for the great public that wishes to be lifted for a little while from the hum-drum facts of everyday life. They are thrilling, entertaining and always clean. There is a motion picture theater in your vicinity that shows Pathé serials; it will be easy to find it!

Now showing: Ruth Roland in "The Adventures of Ruth;" George B. Seitz in "Bound and Gagged;" Pearl White in "The Black Secret" from Robert W. Chambers' book "In Secret;" Jack Dempsey in "Daredevil Jack."

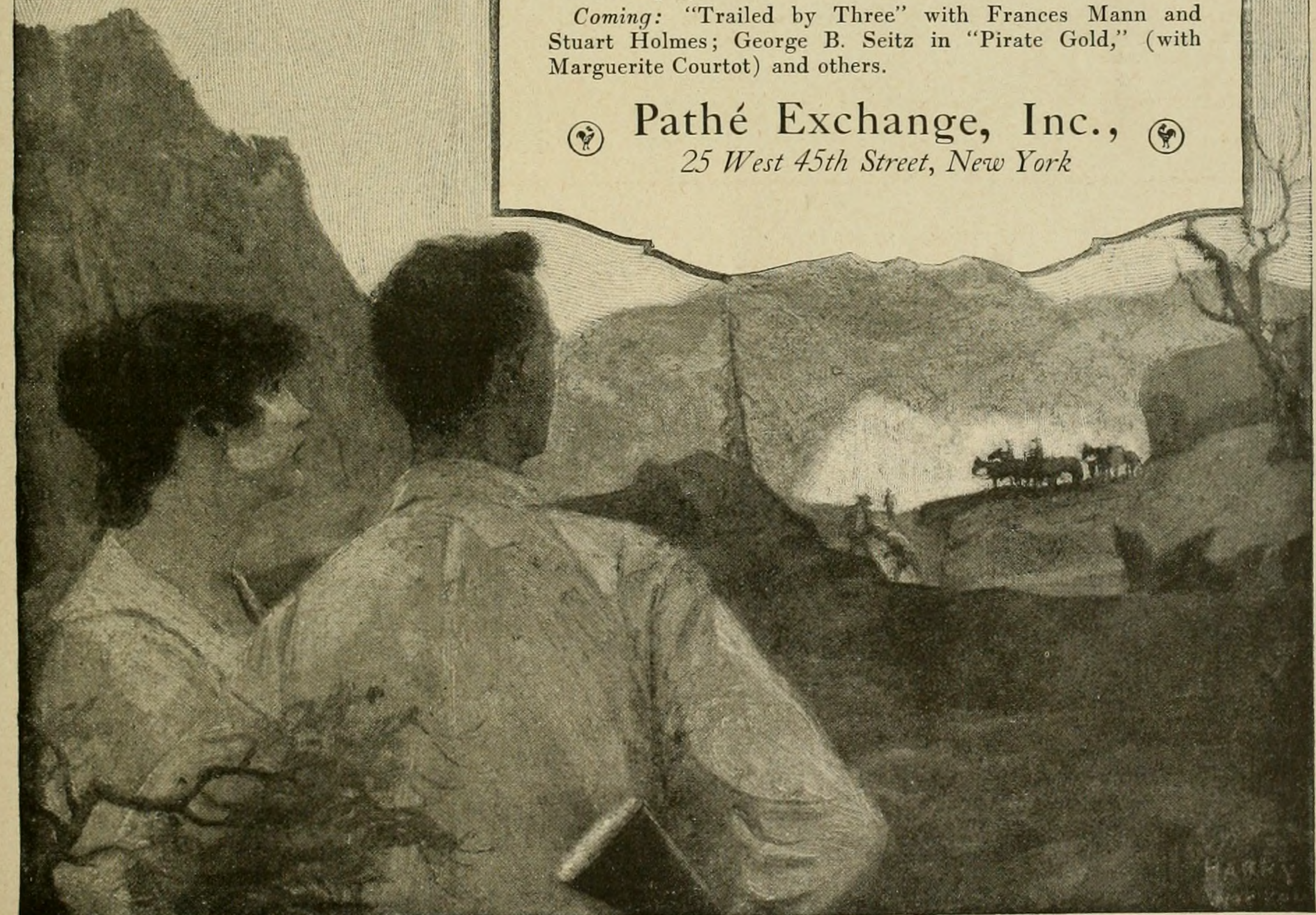
Coming: "Trailed by Three" with Frances Mann and Stuart Holmes; George B. Seitz in "Pirate Gold," (with Marguerite Courtot) and others.



Pathé Exchange, Inc.,



25 West 45th Street, New York





The Burlington

— 21 Jewels —

This superb 21-Jewel, thin model Burlington is sold to you direct at the rock-bottom price. This masterpiece of watch manufacture has twenty-one Jewels of Sapphires and Rubies. It is adjusted to position, adjusted to temperature, and adjusted to isochronism. Send the coupon today for free book on watches.

\$350 a Month

You pay only this small amount each month for this masterpiece, sold to you at the direct rock-bottom price, the lowest price at which a Burlington is sold.

Burlington Watch Co., Dept. 1275
19th St. and Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
338 Portage Avenue Winnipeg, Can.

Please send me (without obligation and prepaid) your free book on watches with full explanation of your cash or \$3.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

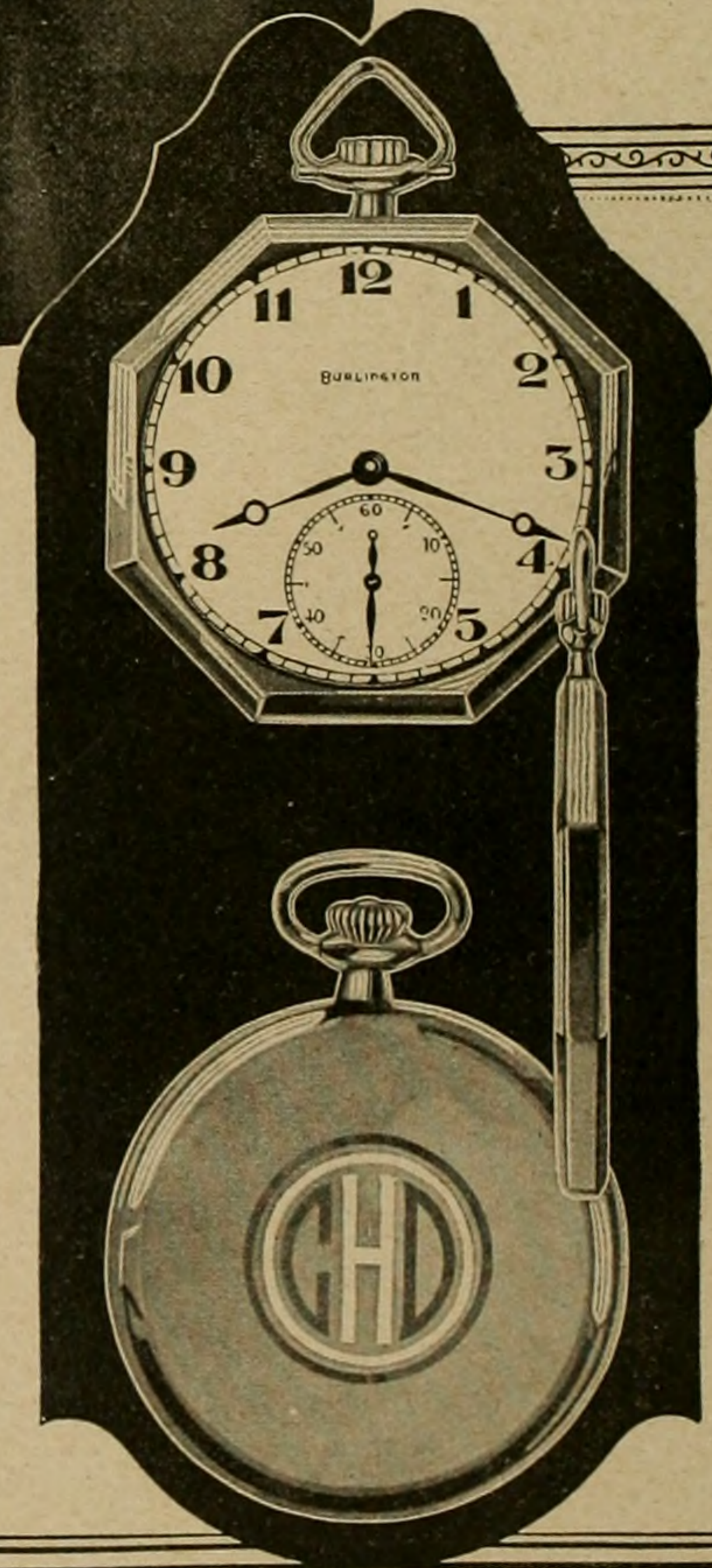
Name.....

Address.....

Send this Coupon for Watch Book

You do not pay a cent until you see the watch. Send the coupon today for this great book on watches, and full information of the \$3.50 a month offer. Don't delay.

Burlington Watch Co.
19th St. and Marshall Blvd.
Dept 1275, Chicago, Ill.



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TALCUM
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PARFUM
Mary Garden
Rigaud
PARIS

*The New
35¢ Size*

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This fragrance enriches the entire series which includes

- Breath Pastilles
- Brilliantine
- Cold Cream
- Eau Dentrifice
- Eye Lash Beautifier
- Eye Brow Pencil
- Extract
- Face Powder
- Greaseless Cream
- Hair Tonic
- Lip Rouge
- Liquid Soap
- Nail Polishes
- Powder (Solid)
- Sachet Powder
- Shampoo
- Talcum Powder
- Tissue Cream
- Toilet Water
- Tooth Paste
- Vanity Case



Rigaud
16 Rue de la Paix
PARIS

Conspicuous Nose Pores

How to reduce them

COMPLEXIONS otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores. 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.

To reduce them: wring a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive*. Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Notice the improvement the very first treatment makes—a promise of what the steady use of Woodbury's Facial Soap will do. But do not expect to change completely in a week a condition resulting from long continued exposure and neglect. Use this treatment persistently. It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores and make them inconspicuous.

Begin TONIGHT the treatment your skin needs

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 25c cake will last a month or six weeks.

In the booklet which is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, you will find complete treatments for the commoner skin troubles, including Conspicuous Nose Pores, Blackheads, Skin Blemishes, Oily Skin and Shiny Nose, Coarsened Skin, Tender Skin, Sluggish Skin, etc.



A - SKIN - YOU
LOVE - TO - TOUCH

Sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream for 15c

For 6c we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or 10 days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet, "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 Company, 904 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address the Andrew Jergens Company, Limited 904 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.