

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

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FIRST FINEST AND FOREMOST

OCTOBER

MAGAZINE

25 CTS



Marie Prevost

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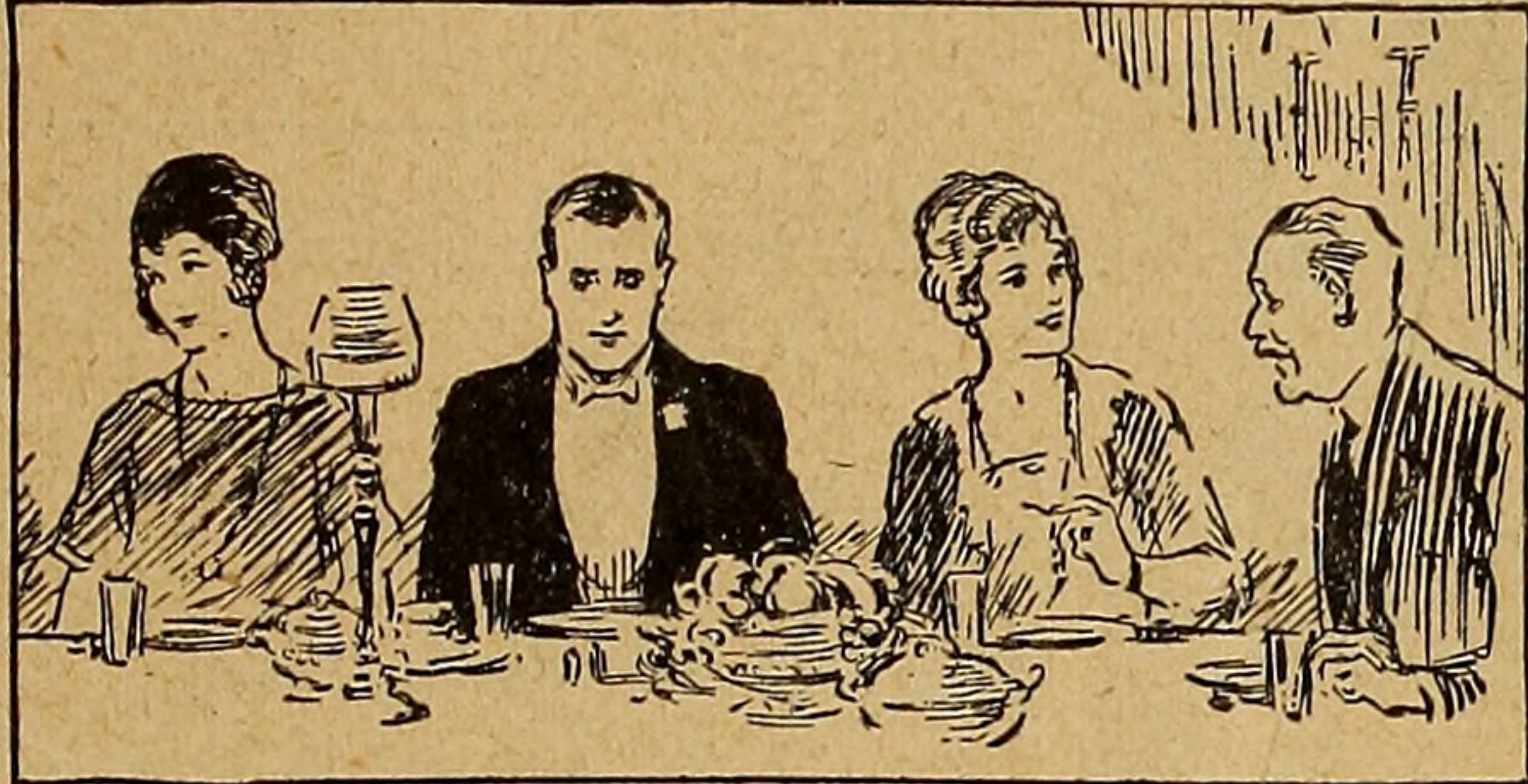
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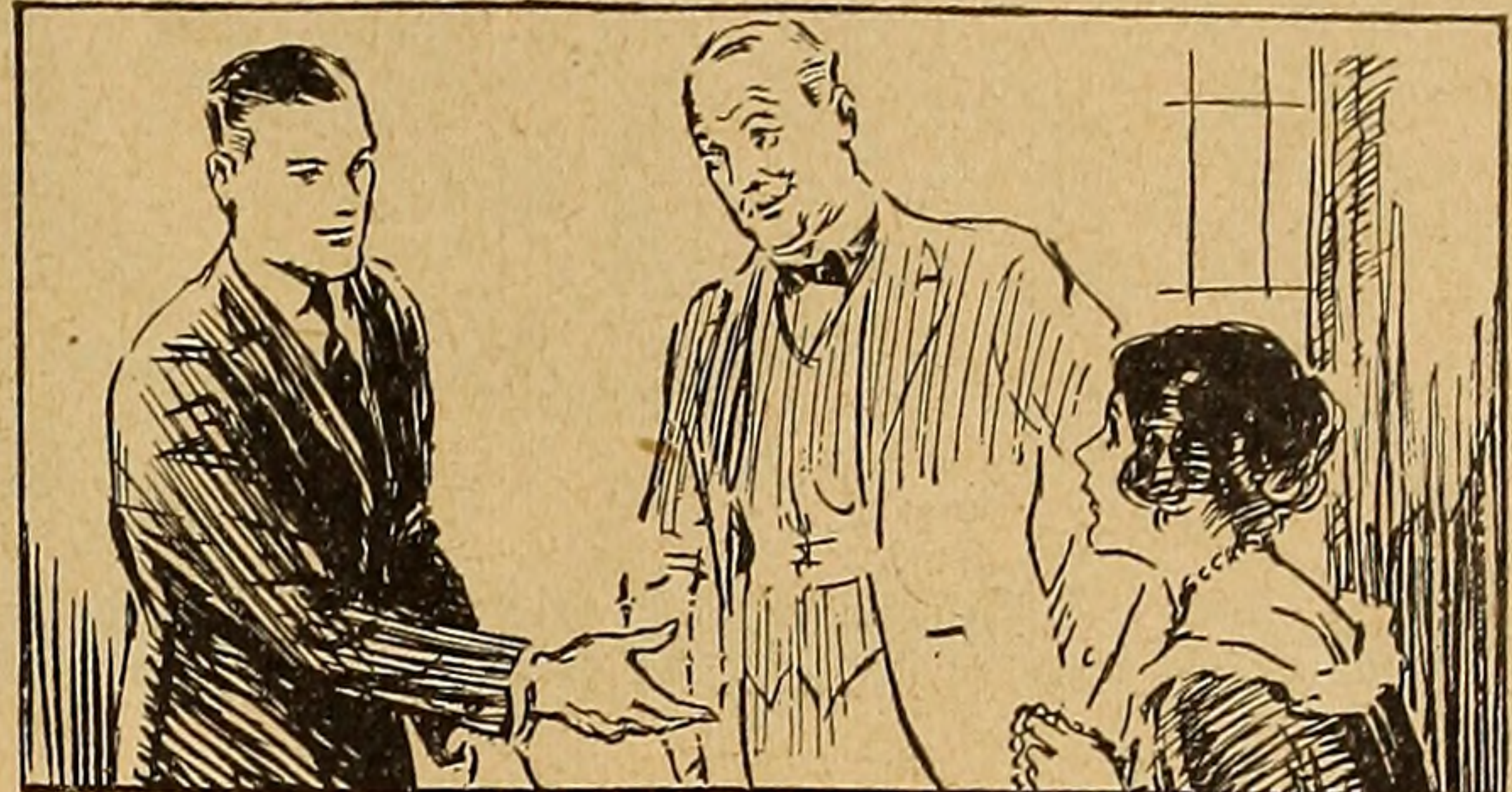
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Do *YOU* Do Any of These Embarrassing Things?



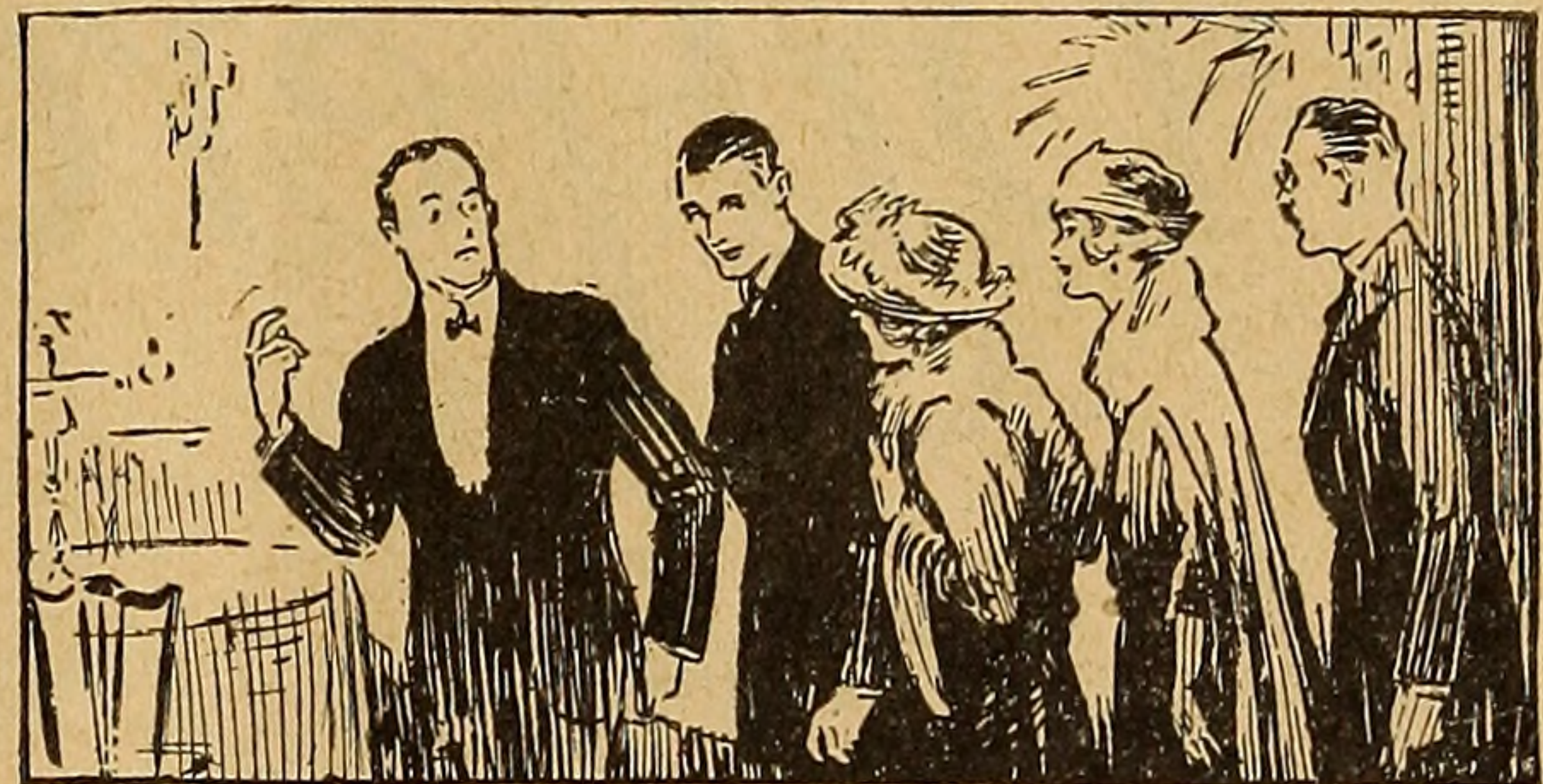
The man in this picture has reason to be ill at ease. He has attended an informal dinner in conventional full dress. The Book of Etiquette would have told him how to interpret the word "informal" on the invitation—and would have revealed to him important things to know regarding an informal social function. The Book of Etiquette tells you what to wear on all occasions.



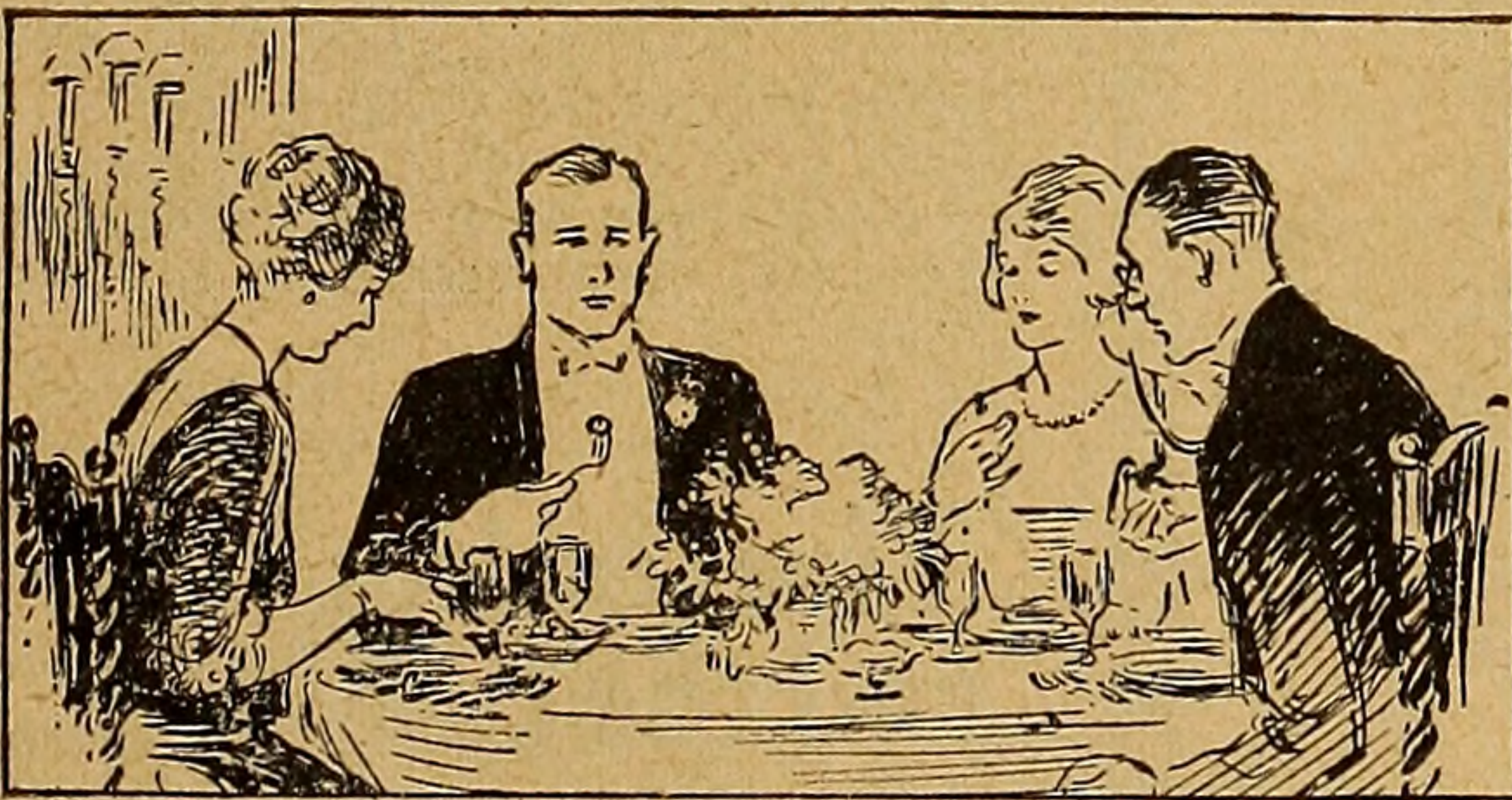
His friend has just introduced him to the young woman. Instead of waiting for her to offer her hand and make the acknowledgment, he has extended his hand first and mumbled confusedly something about being "Glad to meet you." By telling you how to make and acknowledge introductions, the Book of Etiquette prevents a great many embarrassing blunders.



She has just signed her name in the hotel register, and glanced at the names above. She sees, in these other signatures, that she has made a mistake—that she has registered incorrectly. Mistakes such as these can often be very embarrassing indeed. The Book of Etiquette prevents them, as it covers the whole subject of hotel etiquette completely and authoritatively.



Without realizing his mistake, the man in this picture has followed the head waiter, preceding the young woman. It is the wrong order of precedence, and he discovers it to his embarrassment only when he notices the entrance of another couple. The Book of Etiquette tells you about the mistakes that might be made, when entering the theatre, the street car, the drawing room. And it tells you how to avoid these humiliating blunders.



Every one knows that table manners are an index to breeding. The man in this picture has taken olives with a fork, and has just realized his error, as the others have taken them with their fingers. Too bad he didn't refer to his Book of Etiquette! It tells all about table manners—how to eat corn on the cob, lettuce, asparagus, frozen pudding.



The gentleman at the right does not know how to dance. Instead of doing what he should, under the circumstances, he is making himself conspicuous by standing alone while the others dance. The Book of Etiquette would have told him how to avoid this embarrassment—and would have told him also the complete etiquette of the dance and of dancing. It is a most fascinating chapter.

The Book of Etiquette Sent for FREE Examination

If you do not already own the famous two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette, send for a set at once that you may examine it at our expense. Don't be without it another week. It solves many little problems that may be puzzling you, tells you the right thing to do, say, write and wear on all occasions.

It costs you nothing to examine the Book of Etiquette. You are not obligated to keep the set if you are not delighted with it. You be the judge—just mail the coupon and let us send you the Book of Etiquette for free examination. But do it NOW!

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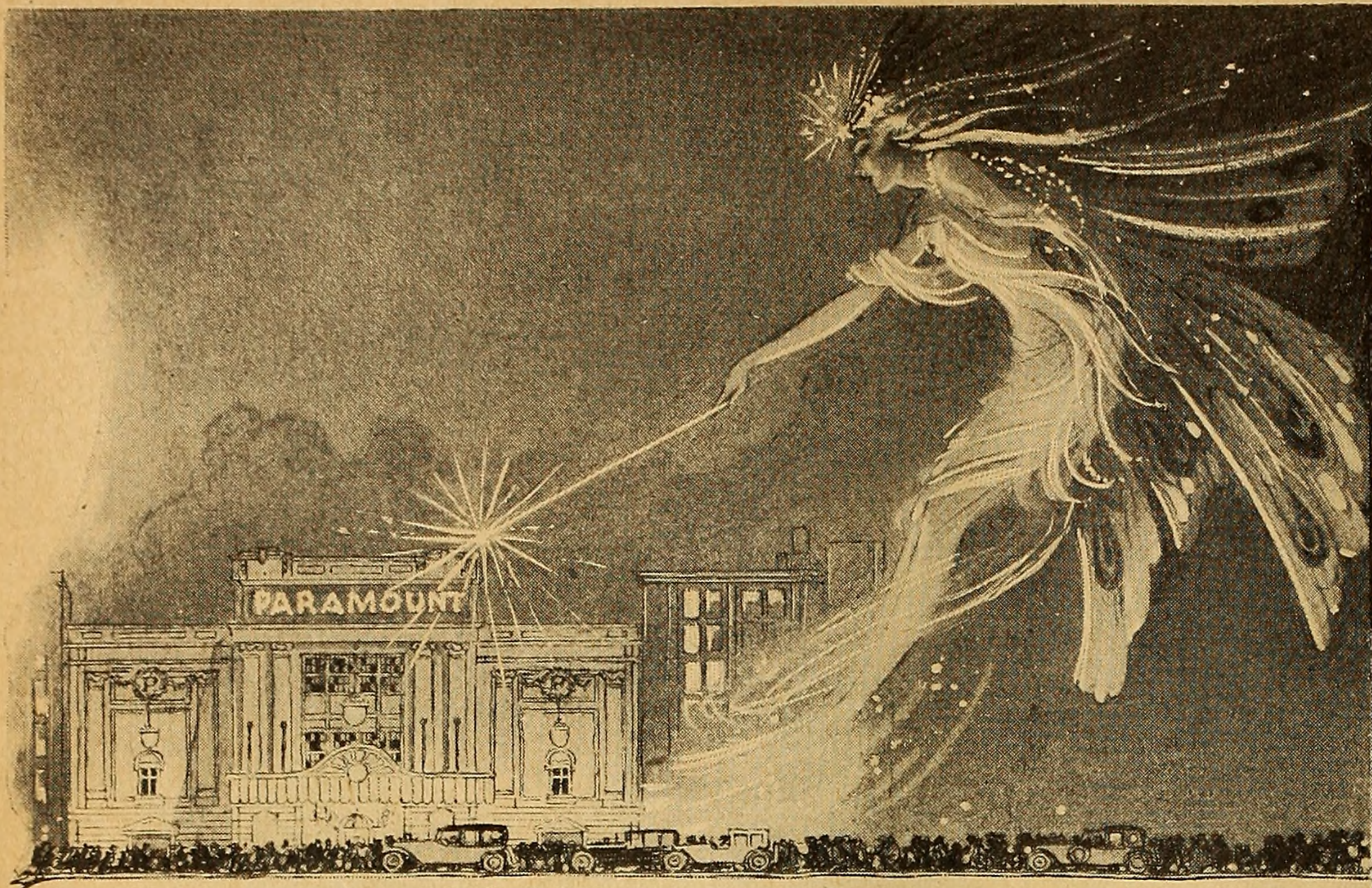
I accept your free examination offer. You may send me the two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette free for 5 days. During that time I will examine the books, read some of the chapters, examine the illustrations. I understand that all phases of etiquette are covered—wedding etiquette; the etiquette of dress, of speech, of manners; dance, party, tea etiquette, etc. Within the 5 day free period I will either return the books or keep them as my own and send you only \$3.50 in full payment. I need not keep the set unless I am delighted with it.

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"The Old Homestead" with Theodore Roberts

Absolutely one of the greatest Motion pictures ever made. Don't miss it. **George Fawcett T. Roy Barnes Harrison Ford and Fritz Ridgway**
Adapted from Denman Thompson's play by Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank Woods. Scenario by Julien Josephson. Directed by James Cruze.

Wallace Reid in **"The Ghost Breaker"** supported by **Lila Lee and Walter Hiers**
The scene is Old Kentucky. Wallace Reid is the last of an ancient family. Over in Spain there's a girl who possesses nothing but intoxicating beauty and a haunted castle. How and why she and he meet is the beginning of the plot, and thereafter it thickens into great adventure.

By Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard. Adaptation by Jack Cunningham. Directed by Alfred Green.

A new and striking type of melodrama set in the South African diamond mines. **"Pink Gods"** with **Bebe Daniels, James Kirkwood, Anna Q. Nilsson, and Raymond Hatton**
By Cynthia Stockley. Adaptation by J. E. Nash and Sonya Levien.

A George Melford PRODUCTION "Burning Sands" with Wanda Hawley, Milton Sills

The man who directed "The Sheik" directed this picture. "Burning Sands" is a man's answer to "The Sheik." The lovers are Milton Sills and Wanda Hawley, and they dare everything for each other's sake. **Robert Cain and Jaqueline Logan**
By Arthur Weigall. Adaptation by Olga Printzlau. Scenario by Julien Josephson.

A George Fitzmaurice production "To Have and To Hold" WITH Betty Compson and Bert Lytell

supported by **Theodore Kosloff, W. J. Ferguson, Raymond Hatton and Walter Long**
Action, love, suspense, fights, blowing up a ship, beauty, bloodshed, comedy, marvelous sets, a battle between a man-o'-war and a pirate ship; great swordsmanship, gowns that it took sixty dressmakers a month to prepare, startling photography, more romance, more suspense, more action—
By Mary Johnson Scenario by Ouida Bergere

"The Cowboy and the Lady" WITH Mary Miles Minter AND Tom Moore

To set a new standard of thrills in a Western picture is a considerable achievement and that is exactly what you have here.
From the play by Clyde Fitch
Directed by Charles Maigne

"The Face in the Fog" by Jack Boyle Directed by Alan Crosland Created by Cosmopolitan

The cast is the best indication of what to expect from this picture: It includes Lionel Barrymore as Blackie Dawson, the gentlemanly safe cracker. Louis Wolheim, Lowell Sherman, Seena Owen, Mary MacLaren, Geo. Nash, Gustave von Seyfertitz, and Macy Harlan.

You may have seen all the great spectacle pictures made so far, but you still have something coming to you. **"Above All Law"** A HAMILTON THEATRICAL CORPORATION PRODUCTION
50,000 Indian natives in the cast.

Motion Picture Magazine

The First, Finest and Foremost Magazine of the Screen

OCTOBER

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How A New Kind of Clay Remade My Complexion in 30 Minutes

For reasons which every woman will understand, I have concealed my name and my identity. But I have asked the young woman whose pictures you see here to pose for me, so that you can see exactly how the marvelous new discovery remakes one's complexion in one short half-hour.

I COULD hardly believe my eyes. Just thirty minutes before my face had been blemished and unsightly; my skin had been coarse, sallow and lifeless. Now it was actually transformed. I was amazed when I saw how beautiful my complexion had become—how soft its texture, how exquisite its coloring. Why, the blemishes and impurities had been lifted right away, and a charming, smooth, clear skin revealed underneath! What was this new kind of magic?

You see, I never did have a pretty complexion. My skin is very sensitive. It always used to be so coarse and rough that I hated to use powder. Sometimes pimples and eruptions would appear over night—and as for blackheads, I never could get rid of them!

To be perfectly frank with you, I tried everything there was to try. I greeted each new thing with hope—but hope was soon abandoned as my skin became more harsh and colorless. Finally I gave up everything in favor of massage. But suddenly I found that tiny wrinkles were beginning to show around the eyes and chin, and I assure you I gave up massage mighty quick.

Wasn't there anything that would clear my complexion, that would make it soft and smooth and firm? Wasn't there anything I could do without wasting more time and more money? It was very discouraging and I was tempted more than once to give it up.

In fact, on one very disappointing occasion I firmly resolved never to use anything but soap and water on my face again. But then something very wonderful happened—and being a woman, I promptly changed my mind.

Why I Changed My Mind

Did you know that the outer layer of the skin, called the epidermis, is constantly dying and being replaced by new cells? I didn't—until I read a very remarkable announcement. That announcement made me change my mind. It explained, simply and clearly, how blackheads, pimples and nearly all facial eruptions are caused when dead skin and bits of dust clog the pores. Impurities form in the stifled pores—and the results are soon noticeable.

The announcement went on to explain how scientists had discovered a marvelous clay, which, in only one application, drew dust, dirt and other impurities and harmful accumulations to the surface. This Domino Complexion Clay, in only a half-hour, actually lifted away the blemishes and the impurities. And when it was removed, the skin beneath was found to be soft, smooth, clear and charming! Can you blame me for wanting to try this wonderful discovery on my own blemished complexion?

My Extraordinary Experience

I won't bore you with details. Suffice to say that I applied the Domino Complexion Clay I had read about to my face one evening at nine o'clock and settled myself comfortably for a half hour of reading. Soon I was conscious of a cool, drawing sensation. In a few moments the clay on my face had dried into a fragrant mask. And as it dried and hardened there was a wonderful tingling feeling. I could actually feel the millions of tiny pores breathing, freeing themselves of the impurities that had stifled them, giving up the bits of dust and accumulations that had bored deeply beneath the surface.

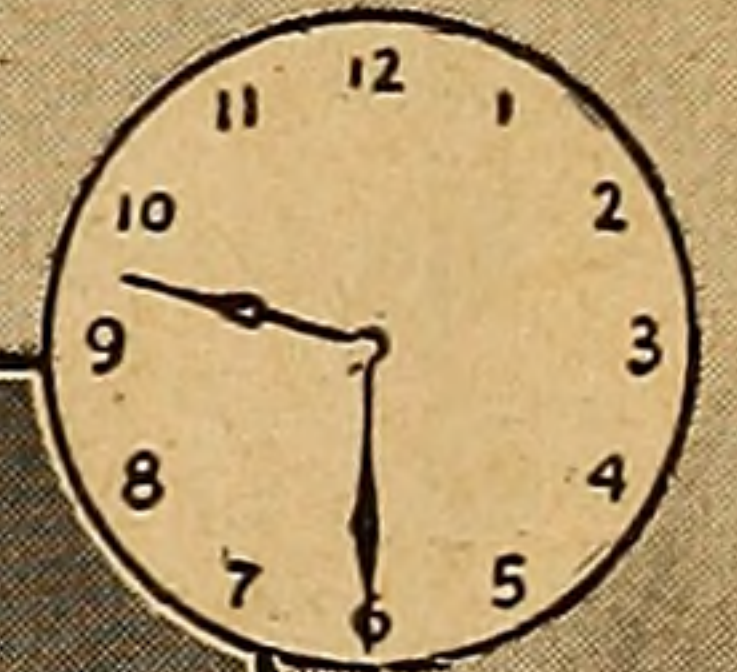
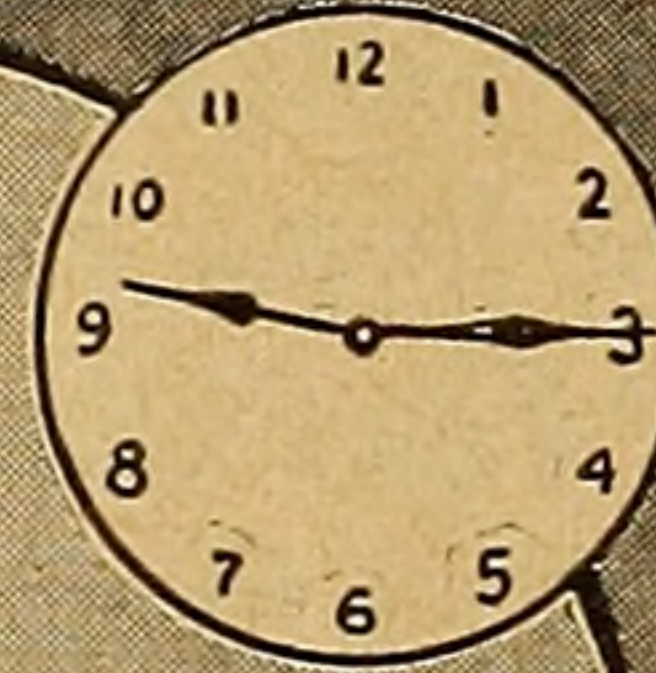
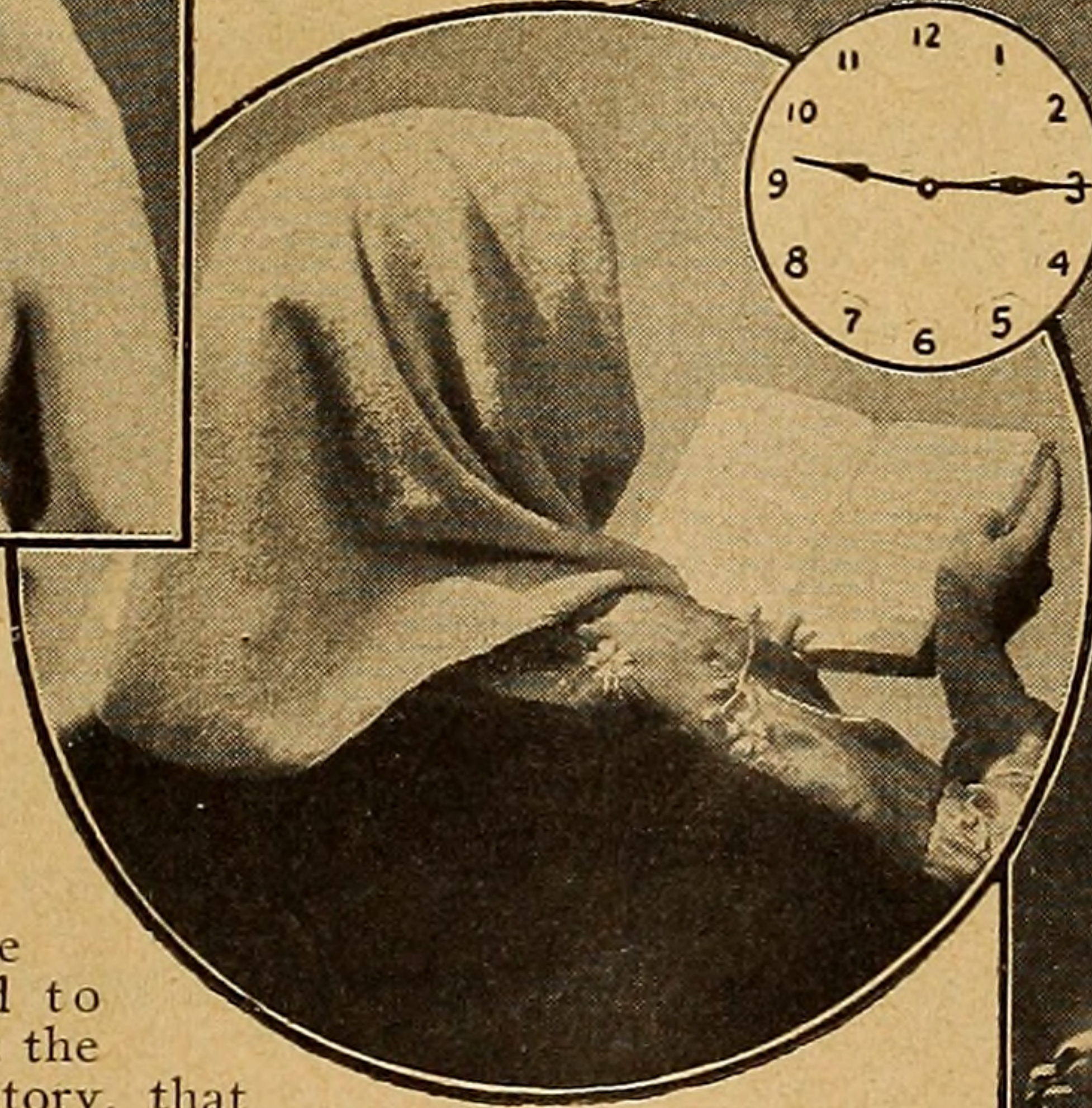
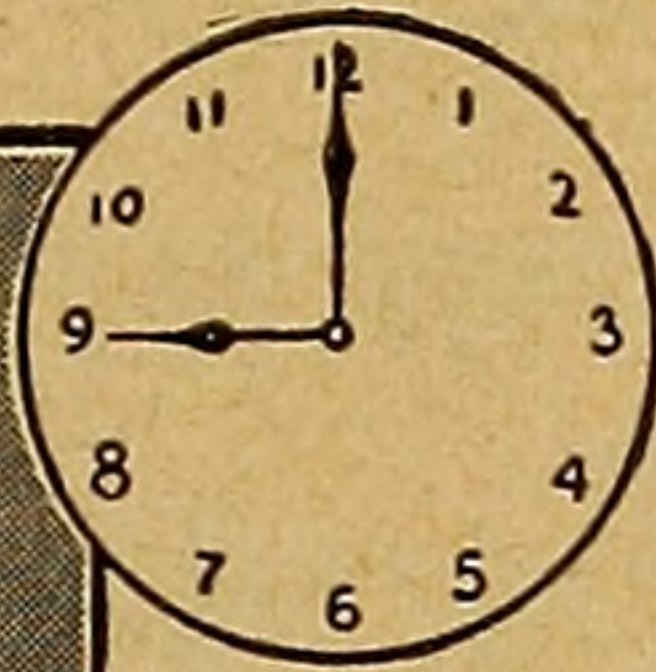
At nine-thirty I removed the Domino Complexion Clay and, to my utter astonishment, found that I had a brand new complexion! Hidden beauty had actually been revealed! Every blackhead had vanished; the whole texture of the skin had been

transformed into smooth, clear, delicately-colored beauty.

I shall never forget my extraordinary experience with Domino Complexion Clay. It accomplished in a half hour what other preparations had not accomplished in years. It is because it did it for me, because I actually had this wonderful experience, that I consented to write this story for publication.

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Three simple steps—and the complexion is made clear, smooth and radiantly beautiful!

plexion Clay is made was discovered by the chemists of the Domino House. I have been asked to state here, at the end of my story, that Domino House will send without any money in advance a \$3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay to any one who reads my story. If I would write my experience with the marvelous new Domino Complexion Clay for publication, the Domino House agreed to accept only \$1.95 for a \$3.50 jar from my readers.

You, as my reader, should not miss this opportunity. I am sure that the marvelous Domino Complexion Clay will do for you what it has done for me. I want you to know that your money will be promptly refunded if you are not delighted with results and return what is left of Domino Complexion Clay within 10 days.

Send No Money

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By taking advantage of this special low-price offer, and sending direct to the manufacturers, you get Domino Complexion Clay freshly compounded, the very day your order arrives. And you pay only \$1.95, plus few cents postage, although products of a similar nature, and without many of the advantages of Domino Complexion Clay, are sold regularly from \$2.50 to \$3.50.

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Don't delay—I'm glad I didn't! Mail this coupon or a postcard today. Domino Complexion Clay will be sent to you in a plain sealed package—no markings to indicate contents. Domino House, Dept. 2510, 269 So. 9th St., Phila., Pa.

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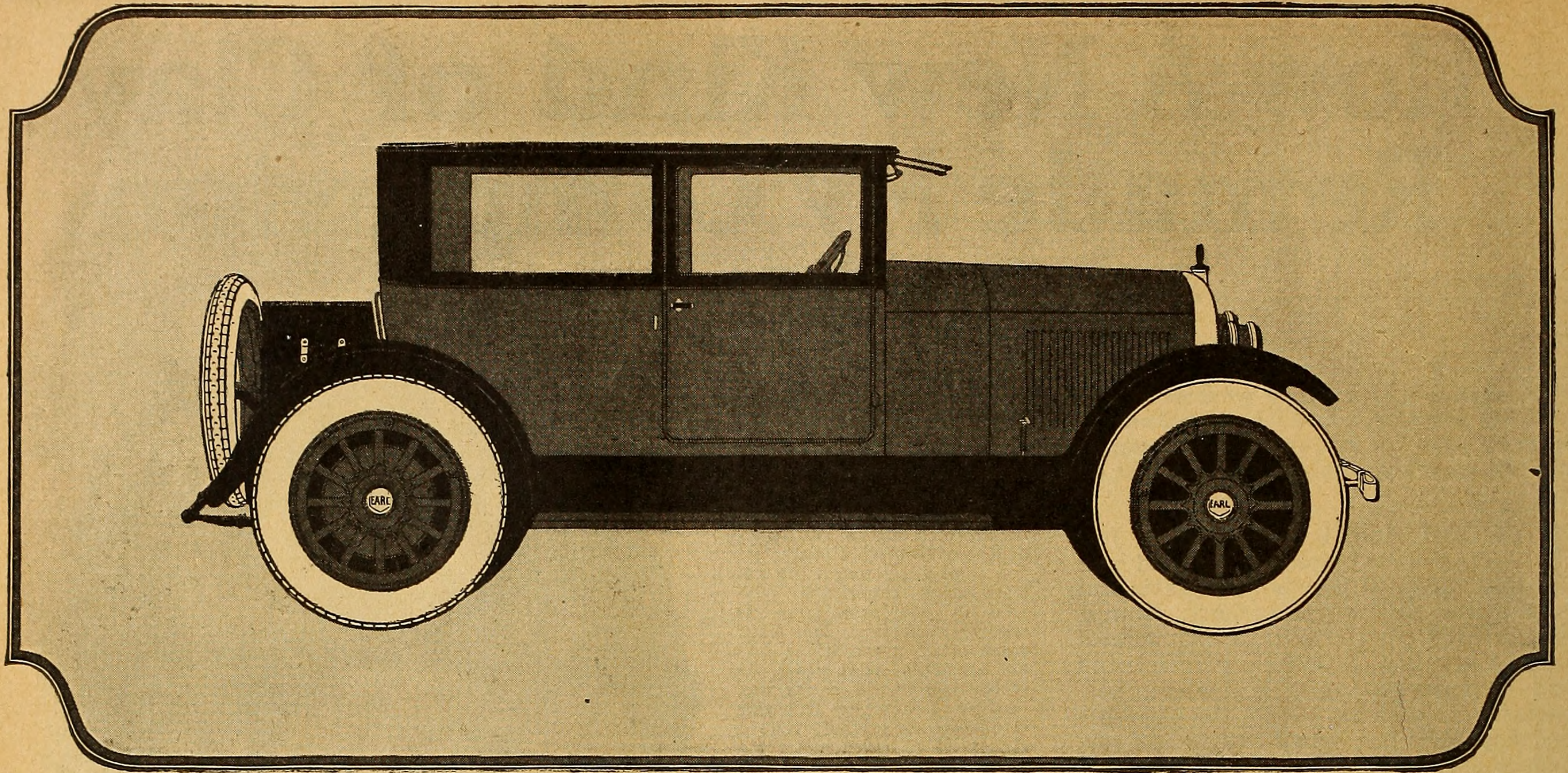
You may send me a \$3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay, sufficient for 2 months of beauty treatments. According to the special agreement, I will pay postman only \$1.95 (plus postage). Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I am purchasing this first jar with the guaranteed privilege of returning it within 10 days and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name.....

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If you wish, you may send money with coupon
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The EARL Cabriole at \$1395

Unites dignity and charm with remarkable economy and comfort in a fine 4-passenger closed car

ALL the beauty, the friendly convenience and practical utility you have wanted and looked for in an enclosed motor car, you can see, test and *enjoy* now in the new Earl Cabriole. Open, it is airy as a touring car for summer driving. Yet it can be sealed in less than a minute against rain or dust or wind storm.

At \$1395, its tangible every-day-in-the-year value will strike you as extraordinary. Its character and uncrowded ease are suggested by the "comfort specifications" in an adjoining column. Yet skilled design has kept its weight down to 2780 pounds—carried lower on longer and more resilient springs than in any other car of the Earl's wheel base.

The Cabriole will delight you

Only a careful "close-up" of the Earl Cabriole will give you an idea of its faultless proportions, the distinction of its sweeping lines, the rich harmony of gray Spanish leather within and Earl blue and black without.

The more you are inclined to ask of an enclosed car—all-weather comfort, flexible power without extravagance, ease of handling, speed for emergencies, and ability to go anywhere a motor car can be driven—the more satisfying you will find the Cabriole. See it today at the nearest Earl dealer's. Go over it feature by feature. Drive it yourself. You'll say: "At last! My idea of a motor car."

Comfort Specifications

Generous body dimensions, with a very low center of gravity and perfect balance, make for unusual riding qualities in the Earl Cabriole. Its over-all length is 14 feet, lacking one inch. Coupled with 56-inch rear springs, a rigid 7-inch channel frame with five cross members, and special spirals in tilted cushions, this roominess provides road comfort unsurpassed by cars of much greater first cost and operating expense.

Low sweeping lines give the Cabriole its special distinction. Its over-all height without passengers is only 74 inches. Head room is ample, however—from seats to top lining, 37 inches. The front tonneau is 53 inches long. The rear seat is 45 1/2 inches wide, seating three without undue crowding.

The very wide plate glass door panels are lever-controlled and can be raised or lowered without effort in the fraction of a minute. The one-piece, clear vision windshield swings inward or outward. Ventilation of the Cabriole, therefore, can be regulated to a nicety. The individual seats can be tipped forward at right angles, the backs folding flat. With the extra wide doors, this makes entrance and exit easy. The complete equipment includes sun visor, windshield wiper and dome light.

Touring Car	\$1095
Cabriole	1395
Custom Roadster	1485
Brougham	1795
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Prices f. o. b. Jackson

EARL MOTORS, INC.

JACKSON



MICHIGAN

Full information about the Cabriole and four other striking Earl models on request. Some profitable dealer territories are still unassigned. Wire or write to Jackson for the facts and our contract terms.

Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade Mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

Mending the Movies

Everyone is tired of unintelligent pictures.

Everyone rebels against the finest stories and plays extant being butchered to make a director's holiday; and to enable the producer to boast of the millions of dollars a picture has cost him.

Sentiment is to be desired, but slush will never do.

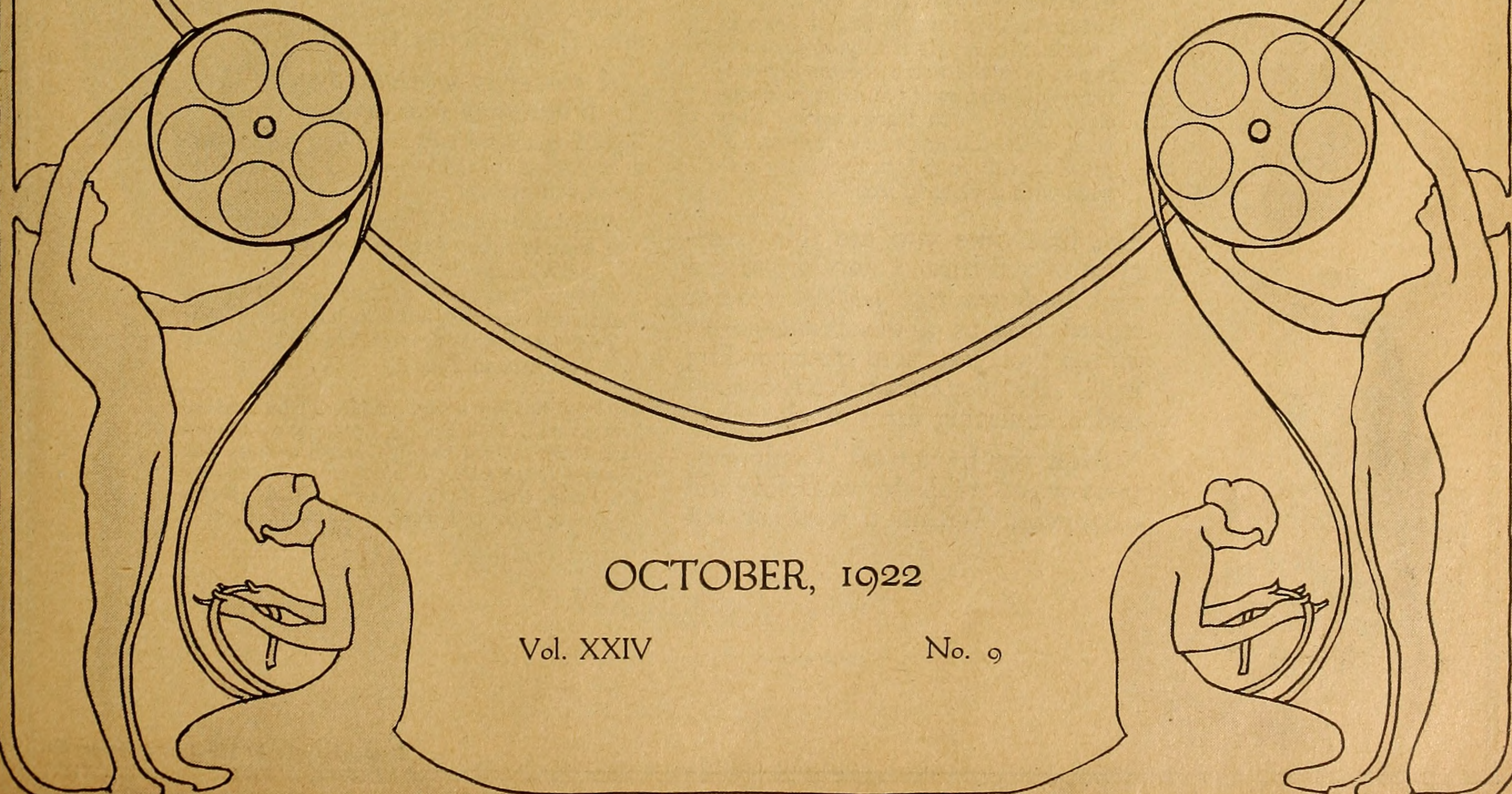
Sensational episodes which stir the blood are always popular, but they must not be insulting to the intelligence of their audience.

The watchword is better motion pictures today.

The up and doing producers have harkened to that call——

The others are falling by the wayside——

And the motion picture is going on to a shining goal!



OCTOBER, 1922

Vol. XXIV

No. 9



There is constant danger in an oily skin

A SKIN that is too oily is constantly liable to infection from dust and dirt, and thus encourages the formation of blackheads, and other skin troubles.

You can correct an oily skin by using *each night* the following simple treatment:

FIRST cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now, with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight feeling*. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding in *the right way* to a more thorough and stimulating form of cleansing.

After you have used Woodbury's once or twice this drawn feeling will disappear. Within a week or ten

days you will notice a marked improvement in the condition of your skin.

This is only one of the famous skin treatments given in the booklet which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Special treatments for each different type of skin are given in this booklet. Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin tonight the treatment *your* skin needs. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general cleansing use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

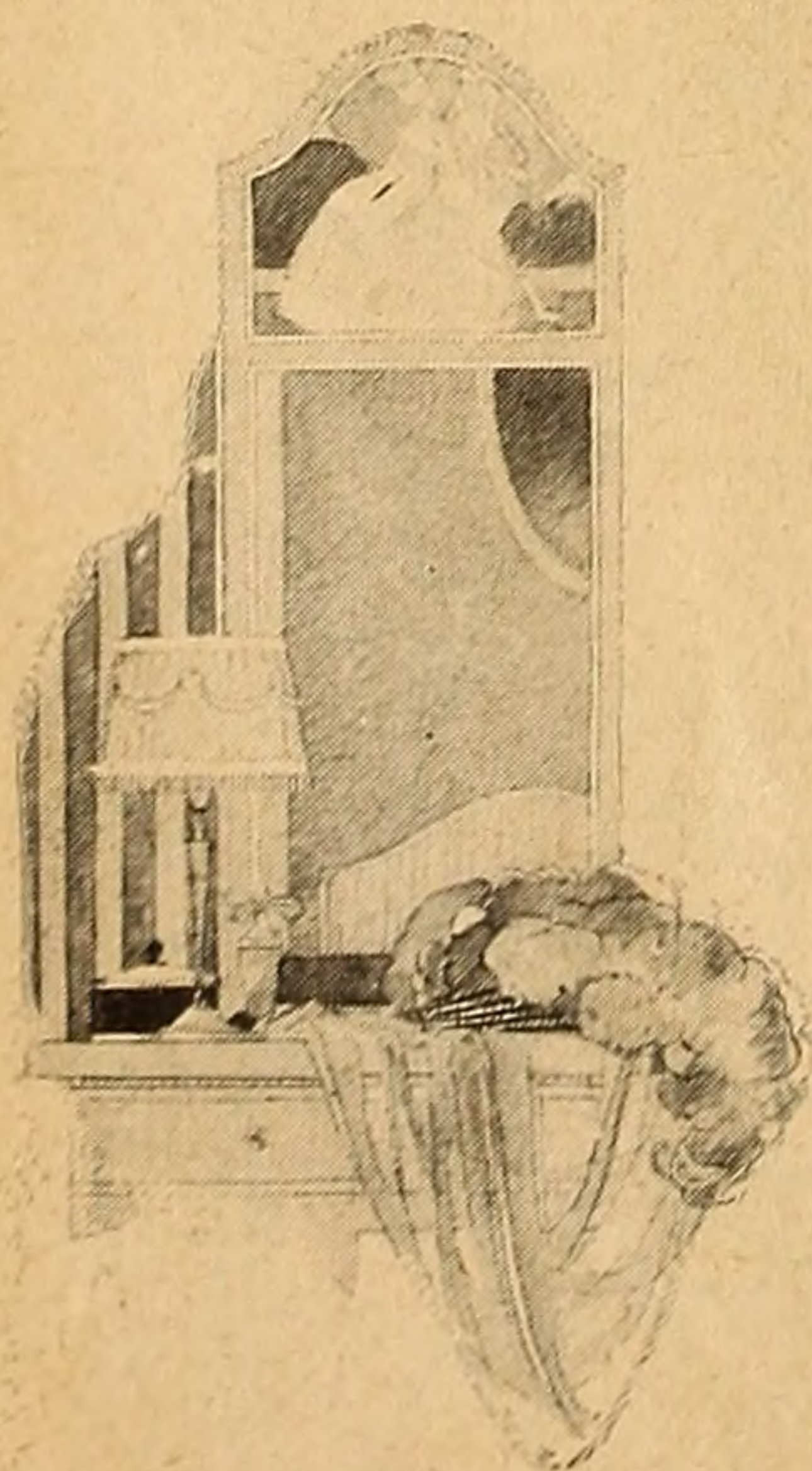
A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream

A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1310 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1310 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.* English Agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.



OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY



Photograph by Shirley Vance Martin

We present Jackie Coogan as Oliver Twist



Photograph by Abbe

Pauline Starke is coming into her own. For a long time the critics have acclaimed her. Her face captures the more elusive emotions as the violin captures the music of the woodlands. "Passions of the Sea," a forthcoming Goldwyn production, finds her in the cast



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

You never confuse anyone else with Florence Vidor, somehow. There is a definite note to her. And because he is married to her, King Vidor is assured of a charming leading-lady in all of his productions. She will shortly be seen in his picture, "The Shuttle Soul"



Photograph by Rice

In theatrical circles there are rumors of Madame Nazimova's return to the stage. We find it in our heart to hope they are without foundation



Photograph by Abbe

Norma Talmadge is appearing in "The Voice from the Minaret," and Eugene O'Brien is opposite her! Whether or not she will do "The Mirage" after that has not been definitely decided.



Photograph by C. Heighton Monroe

Rudolph Cameron married Anita Stewart when he was her leading-man at the Vitagraph Company. Then he left the screen. However, "Rose o' the Sea" finds him playing opposite her once again



Alice Calhoun is of the younger order of screen stars. She has done several fine things, and she is rich in promise. Her next production will be "Little Wildcat"



Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

When Lights Are Low

Posed by Betty Compson in the George Fitzmaurice Production
"To Have and To Hold"

ALICE BRADY
Talks To
GLADYS HALL

industry in the world. An industry, mind you, not simply an 'Art.' And they should be taken as such. No other industry in the world worth its title was ever conducted as the industry of the screen is non-conducted. Every other industry has schools of training; branches of preparation, systems of co-ordination . . . plan and purpose.

"Raw recruits form the ranks of the screen. I do not allude very particularly to the actors and actresses. After all, they are but parts of the whole. And as a matter of knowledge, crude talent may very well be the best talent. But directors, cameramen, assistant cameramen, lighting men, studio managers, producers, exhibitors . . . they should be trained men. Not only are they not trained eight times out of ten, but there have been no opportunities for them to acquire training.

"And no opportunities are being made by the generation, or for the generation, which is to come.

"No younger generation is knocking at the door.

"I believe in specialists. I believe in preparation for a life work. I believe in an industry being run as an industry and not as a playground for playboys and playgirls.

"A director should know something of architecture, something of interior decorating, something, of course, of literature and music, and tradition and art. He should also know what may or may not be termed his subordinate branches. He should know the camera, the lights and the technical technique. He should be equipped to direct more than a brace of emotions.

"A cameraman's knowledge should not only include every least possibility of his camera, but he should be an artist as well. He should know grouping, effects, lights, *et cetera*.

"Motion pictures are more than mediums of fictional delight. Probably their greatest field is the educational field. The eye learns more swiftly, more easily and more delightfully than the ear. And the educational sphere has illimitable scope. Surgery, for instance. Formerly, a great surgeon performing some epochal operation could be seen only by some ten or twelve men. Thru the screen the progress of surgery can be seen by the most remote



Photograph by Kendall Evans

undergraduate in the most remote corner of the country.

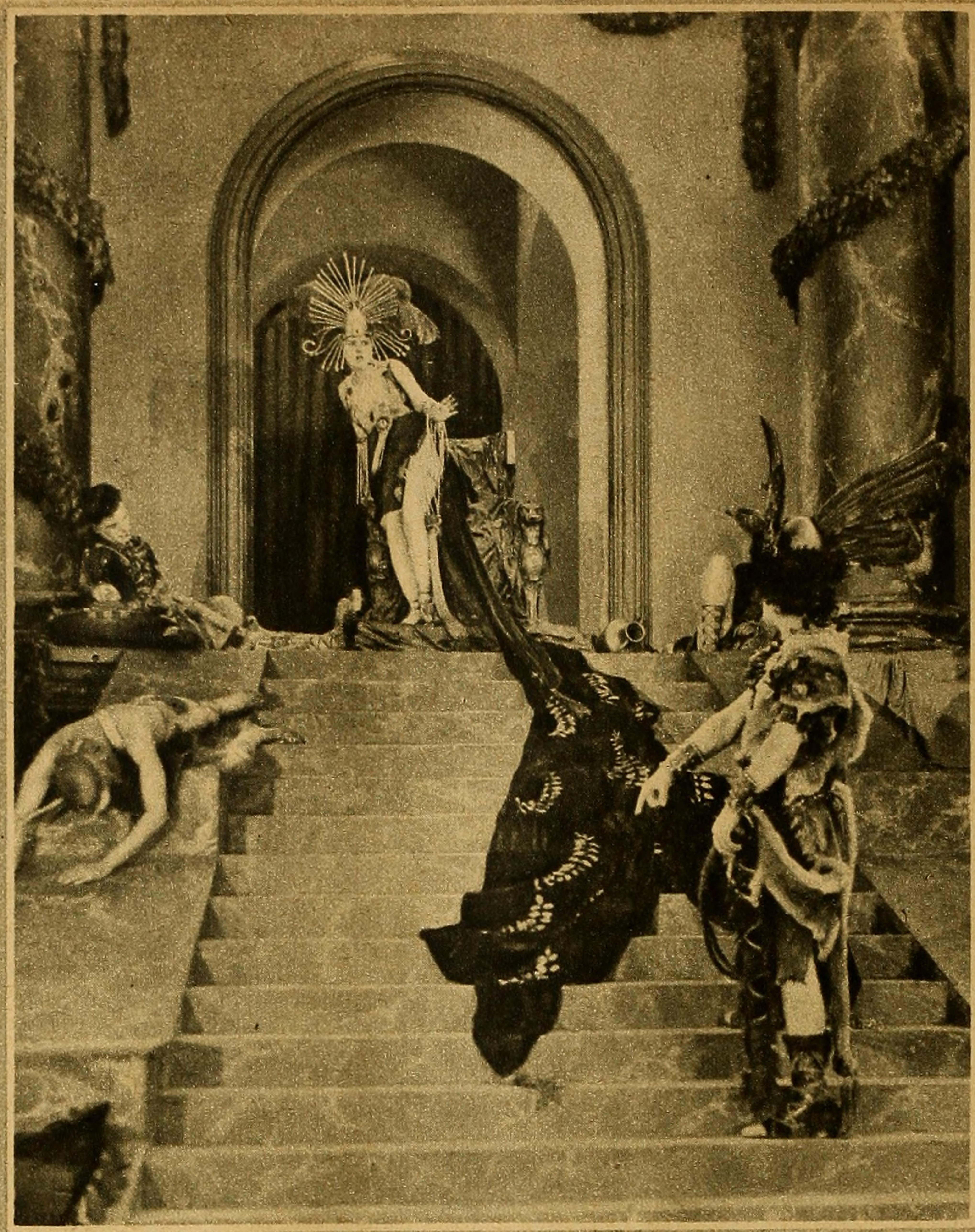
"The fictional value of motion pictures is too greatly stressed, and even in the fictional field I believe in the educational quality having a part. Thruout the country there are people who take the screen as a creed. They believe in it. They go by it. They mold themselves, consciously or unconsciously, after its subtle suggestions. The suggestions should be correct. For a petty instance, a girl taking the part of Mary Vanderpool of the Six Hundred should not be seen leaving her home at ten in the morning, sparkling like a jeweler's window. It isn't done. The screen has a tryst to keep with *trust*—the trust of the numberless public.

"It is all too haphazard. People *happen* in. Jobs happen to the people. They may have little or no predilection for what they are doing. They probably have had no experience. They have certainly had no training. There

(Continued on page 103)

"It is all too haphazard. People *happen* in," said Alice Brady, talking of motion pictures. "Jobs happen to the people. They have had no training . . . there are the exceptions, of course. There always are"

Cecil B. de Mille is again active at the studios. The filming of his new extravaganza, "Manslaughter," is now in progress. Huge sets are being erected at fabulous costs . . . gorgeous silken women display their charms . . .



Herewith reproduced are two scenes from the bacchanal. The scene below gives a vivid impression of the orgy. At the left are Thomas Meighan and Leatrice Joy in the same episode—

When the Wine Is Red

All photographs by Donald Biddle Keyes



And now in the embrace of the chaise longue I regarded her, Anna Q. who sat at the foot, neither too far nor yet too near, at the exact distance where discretion and allurements combine to charm the critic's eye—Anna Q. from Ystad, svelte masseuse of hungry hearts, Anna Q. from Sweden.

During the past year she has been one of fortune's children, traveling the length and breadth of Europe on that magic carpet, the Lasky payroll.

In Berlin:

"I met Ernest Lubitsch, the director of Pola Negri, who made 'Passion,' 'Gypsy Blood,' and 'One Arabian Night.'

He is a young man, an enthusiastic man. It was Lasky's plan that I should work with him and that Pola Negri should go to America. A sort of exchange. Mr. Lubitsch was very kind in his eagerness to use me. I engaged a German teacher to travel with me and teach me German in anticipation of my stay there. I had known the language when a little girl in Sweden but it had left me, almost completely.

But plans were changed suddenly. It was decided that it

would be unwise to send Pola Negri to America. Our customs here are so utterly different from those of the Germans, our very thought is different. It was decided that Pola Negri would not find it easy to work among a people whose language she could not understand and whose methods were strange to her. I met her. She is young, charming, spirited. We could only speak perfunctorily. I could not speak German, nor she English. It was very hard, for that reason, to reach either of them, *la Negri* or Lubitsch.

"Lubitsch works in what appears to be a reclaimed Zeppelin hangar, a huge place, so that when we stood upon the balcony that encircles the interior walls the men working below were pygmies. Here were built all of those gigantic sets in 'The Loves of Pharaoh.'

"What are their methods? It is quite impossible to describe them. The difference extends into their very thought processes. They see things differently. We amaze them. I doubt if Americans could grasp their



Photograph © by Hugh Cecil

viewpoint were someone more adequate than I to explain it. It is something tremendously big and broad and tolerant. It is delightful. That spirit goes into their work, into their pictures."

In Italy:

"Italy is most wonderful of all. Not the big cities. They are filthy, unhealthy. But in the villa colonies by the sea, clustered on the hills, with an infinity of cobalt blue sky above and the sun beating whitely down. One could drowse his life away there. It is the most ideal spot in Europe for picture making—southern Italy."

In Paris:

"A Parisienne Christmas! I had never expected to realize that dream! Yet there I was, in the heart of it,

(Continued on page 93)

"Sweden," smiled Anna Q. Nilsson. "I was there three times during my sojourn abroad. I went there first on my own—a return to the home hearth. I made a picture there, too. It is beautiful, my country; wooded and clean. I hope to return one day soon"

That Indescrib

Players Find Stardom When They

By FREDERICK



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

THE SWEETHEART

In every man there is the lure of purely romantic love for some ideal woman; and this unreal, seductive Golden Girl is bodied forth for him in the personality of Gloria Swanson. She is more than an alluring individual—she symbolizes the eternal quest of love, with all its dangers and adventures and rewards. She epitomizes the warm romance of youth. Man sees in her not merely a beautiful sensuous girl, but the beautiful sensuous girl of whom he has always vaguely dreamed. She is the far-away Princess of the fairy tale, and he is the brave knight who goes bravely forth to battle, with her silken, scented glove beneath his armor. She stands for feminine charm and witchery thruout the ages. She is Everyman's phantom sweetheart; and she represents the mystical allure of women everywhere. In short, she is the symbol of sex.

JUST what is meant when we say that an actor, or actress, possesses "that indescribable something"; or that a certain person has beauty and talent and intelligence, but lacks "personality"?

To analyze and define "personality" constitutes one of the most difficult tasks with which psychologists are confronted, for each individual subject presents a new and specific problem.

And in this connection there arises another important question—namely: Just what is the powerful hold which certain of the leading motion-picture stars have upon the public? How can we account for each one's tremendous popularity when they are obviously so entirely different from one another?

Compare, for instance, a dozen or so of the foremost film stars. You will find that they have almost nothing in common. Each one is a distinct type, both mentally and physically. And yet we like them all. Each one of them exerts a specific fascination over us. Each one appeals to us in a different way, and arouses in us a different set of emotions.

On the other hand, there are many actors and actresses

THE WIFE

There is a certain type of woman that is called the marrying type, because she embodies those qualities which men look for in the future mother of their children. And this type of the wifely woman is epitomized in Alice Terry. There is none of the "vampire" in her make-up. Tho' pretty, she is not over-sensuous; and beneath her external attractiveness, there is the leaven of common sense. Men feel that she is trustworthy—that she would love but once, and that her home and children would be her entire world. She recalls their own mothers when young, for she herself has much of the maternal about her. And every man, when he dreams of his future wife, pictures a girl more or less like her—sweet, tender, substantial, loyal, and practical. And herein lies her strong appeal. She is the symbol of the eternal wife and mother.



Photograph by Hoover, L. A.

THE CLINGING VINE

There is a type of girl that, for want of a better term, we call the "clinging vine." Thruout all life and literature she is constantly appearing—sometimes as a waif, sometimes as a step-child, sometimes as an orphan. But whatever her rôle, she always takes a strong hold upon the sympathetic human heart. This type of frail appealing woman is perfectly represented by Lillian Gish, whose dominating characteristic is a sweet and yielding feminine weakness. She does attract by her beauty or physical charms; and she is without the sensuous sex appeal of many other stars. But in every man she arouses an emotion of pity, and calls forth his protective instinct. Her fragile, wistful nature appeals directly to his primitive manhood. Indeed, she appeals to everyone because she is the symbol of the eternal "clinging vine."



able Something

Symbolize Strong Instinct of Humanity

VAN VRANKEN

who are fully as attractive physically, and who also are as technically proficient, as the stars we admire. Yet they do not grip us in the same way. They are without that "indescribable something."

It is not, therefore, physical charm or acting ability which accounts for a star's widespread popularity. It is something deeper and more powerful—something which other actors do not possess.

The truth is that every one of the big motion-picture stars represents some fundamental instinct in mankind. A star is not only an individual, but also a symbol of some profound psychological impulse and universal emotion. Each one stands for an ideal.

That is what makes them great. That is why they appeal to us so strongly, when other actors, just as good-looking and just as capable, fail to hold us.

Last month I selected six widely different types of male stars, and analyzed the broad human instinct which each one epitomized.

This month I have chosen six leading women stars, and have explained how each one is the symbol of some universal appeal.

THE SISTER

Every man has a distinct kind of love which he confers on his young sister; and it is an entirely different emotion from that which is called forth by his sweetheart, his wife, his daughter, or his mother. This particular kind of emotion—this sweet, tender, protective, brotherly love—is invariably aroused by Mary Miles Minter. Her attraction is but slightly sexual, and altho she is pretty and alluring, the appeal she makes does not depend on her physical charms so much as on her simple, feminine, girlish temperament. Every man in the audience is her potential "big brother," eager to look out for her and help fight her battles. This fraternal instinct of love and protection is in all men; and Mary Miles Minter symbolizes the sweet, domestic girl who has ever been man's ideal of the younger sister and boyhood friend.

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe



Photograph by Shafindel Studio, N. Y.

THE GRAND LADY

Aristocracy and patricianism have a universal appeal. The "grand lady" is always admired, for the things she stands for—poise, courtesy, breeding, good taste—are rightfully admirable. Democracy does not mean that these things should be done away with, but that they should belong to everyone—not merely to a limited class. Elsie Ferguson represents the woman of true culture and refinement, and epitomizes those finer qualities which go with social breeding. She possesses dignity and reserve. She dresses in excellent taste. She carries herself well; and her manners and social graces are both natural and charming. Above all, she represents the intellectual type of woman. She has a great personal drawing power; but her strongest appeal is due to the fact that she is the symbol of the "grand lady" who inspires emulation and respect.



THE FRIEND

Constance Talmadge represents the type of girl which every normal man would like to have for a friend and comrade. She is jolly and good-natured, vivacious and talented. At any gay gathering she is always the most popular girl present. Love-making is by no means all there is in the relations of the sexes. There is companionship, admiration, sympathy and understanding. And it is this friendly attitude—this intimate good-fellowship—that Constance Talmadge immediately calls into being. She is man's ideal "pal"; she knows how to amuse him, how to lift him out of himself, and banish his troubles. He feels better and happier for being with her. She is, of course, admired tremendously for herself; but her hold goes much deeper, for she is the symbol of that rare and desirable person—a feminine friend and goodfellow.

A Fortune in Freckles

By
HARRY CARR

wiser men would have had the courage and presence of mind to do: he apologized to the President and began all over again from the beginning. This time he got thru in great triumph with a regular blaze of California sunshine. It seems if you have fortitude enough, you can lick even a voice that is trying to find itself.

All of which goes to explain the reason why an interview with Wesley is decidedly monosyllabic. Wesley has a lot that he could say; but he doesn't trust that voice out on any extended excursions. Whenever Wesley finds it necessary to go out with his voice, as it were, he keeps it muzzled and on a leash.

Between the two of us, however, I had the worst stage fright. Wesley was afraid of his voice: I was afraid of my gears. You see he had volunteered to let me drive him



Photograph by Ries Brothers

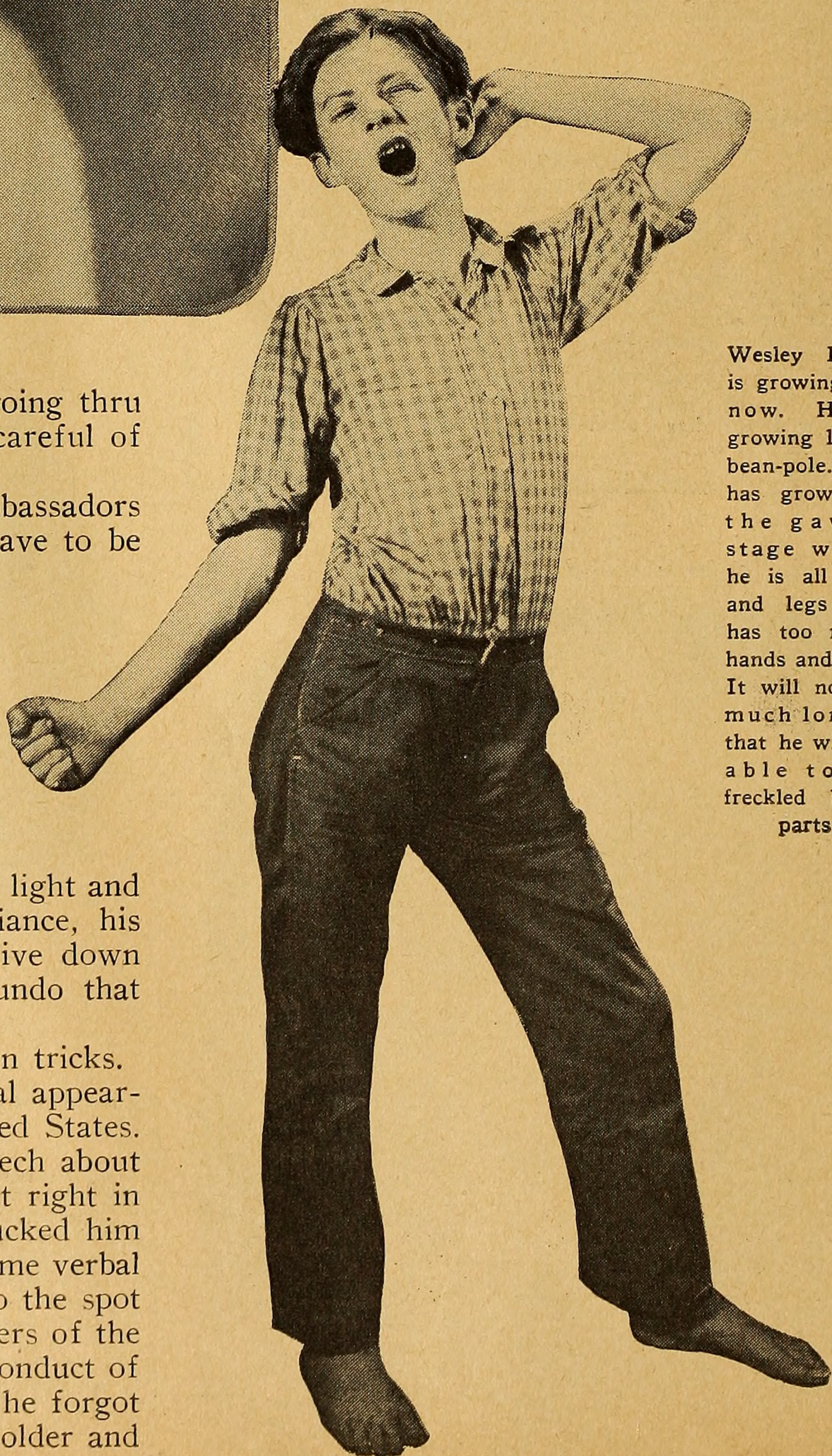
WESLEY BARRY has just been going thru a period where a man has to be careful of his words.

Of course presidents and ambassadors and ladies in the process of getting divorces have to be wary of their words too: but not in the same way as Wesley.

About a year ago, Wesley discovered that his speaking apparatus was no longer to be trusted. Just when it was most necessary for him to articulate in a low tremolo with a soulful quaver in the sub basement, to his horror and dismay, his voice went squeaking off in high C. At other times when he wished to dash off a few thoughts in a light and frivolous tone denoting persiflage and insouciance, his darned old voice suddenly took a head-first dive down into such horrendous thunders of basso profundo that the very sound scared him.

That voice just laid in wait to play him mean tricks.

A few weeks ago, while on a tour of personal appearances, he called upon the President of the United States. He had a cargo of oranges and a beautiful speech about California all ready for President Harding: but right in the most impressive part, that terrible voice bucked him out of the saddle so to speak and went off on some verbal gymnastics of its own. Wesley stood frozen to the spot while his voice went squealing off into the rafters of the White House. Wesley was so shocked at the conduct of this unruly member of his personal family that he forgot his speech. Whereupon he did what very few older and



Wesley Barry is growing big now. He is growing like a bean-pole. He has grown to the gawky stage where he is all ears and legs and has too many hands and feet. It will not be much longer that he will be able to do freckled boys' parts

AN INTERVIEW WITH
WESLEY BARRY OBTAINED
UNDER DIFFICULTIES

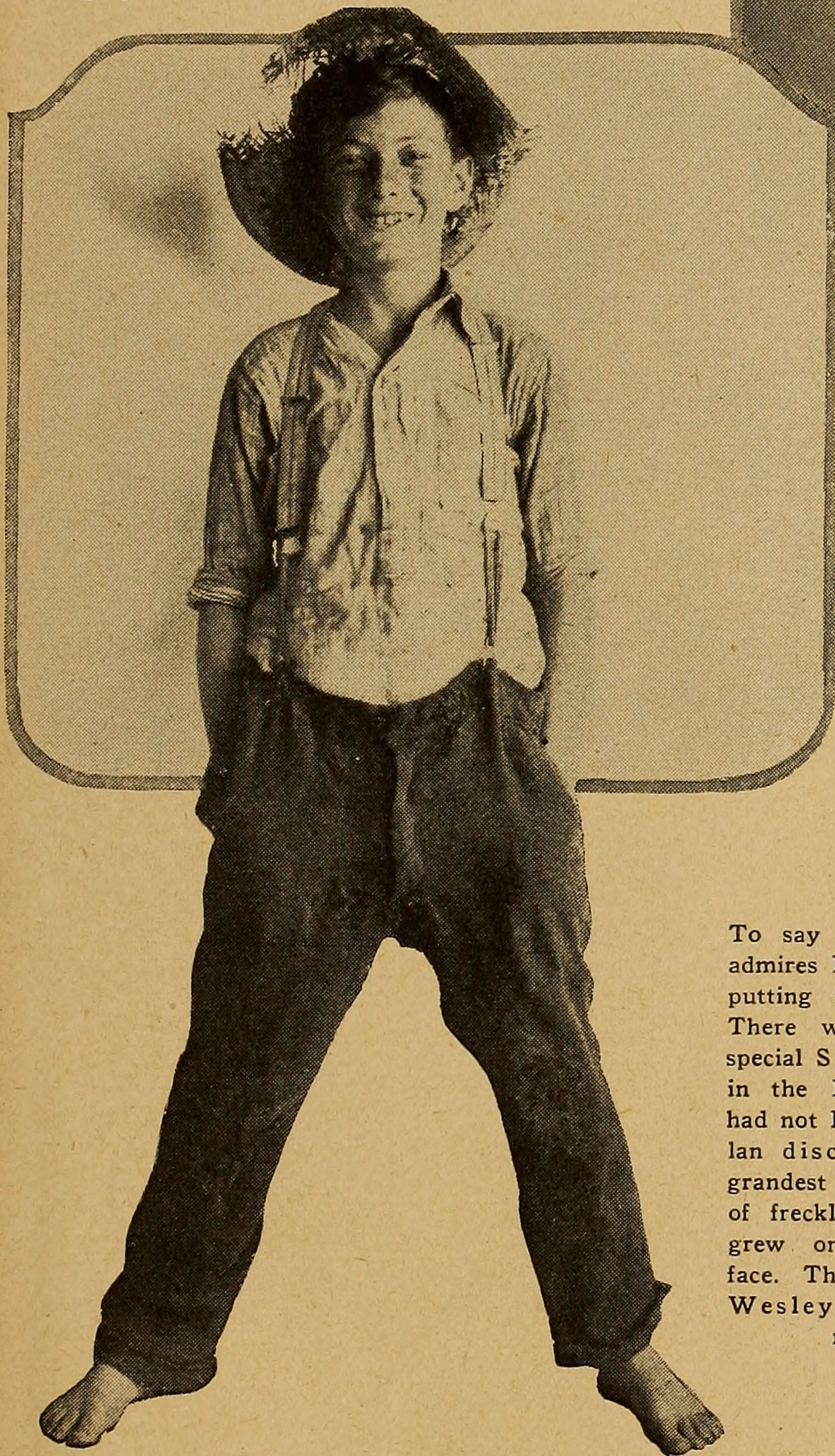
from the Neilan studio over to Warner Brothers, where he is playing a part in "Rags to Riches." I quail whenever I try to drive a car under the withering eye of a small boy.

But every time he gave me one of those scornful looks, when I didn't shift the gears right, I could come back at him with a question.

I asked him about his trip around the country, looking over the mayors, presidents and other scenery. He had

(Continued on page 94)

Photograph by Lumiere



To say that Wesley admires Mr. Neilan is putting it mildly. There would be no special Studebakers in the Barry family had not Marshall Neilan discovered the grandest accumulation of freckles that ever grew on one boy's face. Then and there Wesley became a movie

At the top of the page is a new and typical camera study of the king of freckles. Above and at the right, two additional photographs which find Wesley resembling a bean-pole in some degree. In truth, he is growing up



Photograph by Evans, L. A.



Photograph by Evans, L. A.



Photograph by Abbé

Laurette of All Hearts

Laurette Taylor is now at the Metro Studios, where she is bringing "Peg O' My Heart" to the screen—even as she brought her to the stage

Silhouettes

By
DORIS KENYON

HAROLD LLOYD

Arpeggios on a piano;
Puck full of cocktails;
A frog sitting on a lily pad,
Winking at a dragonfly;
The school dunce graduating
With honors.

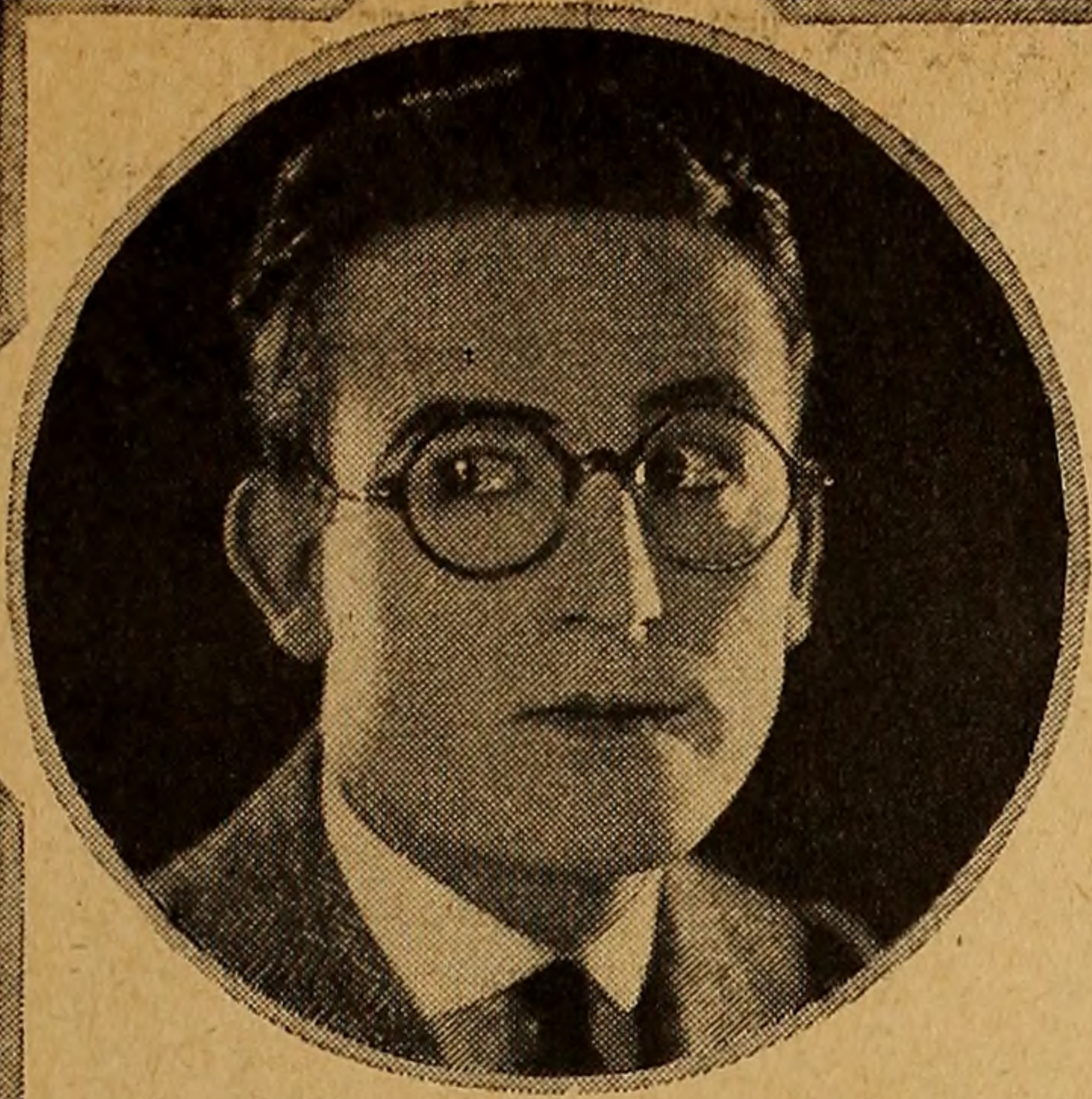
CONSTANCE TALMADGE

Frosting on a birthday cake;
A butterfly alight on a back-comb;
A Stutz roadster on an open-road;
Pink lemonade and popcorn at a circus;
The click of jeweled heels on a polished
dance-floor;
The willow shining her finger-tips in a
silvery stream;
Eyes full of tinkling songs;
And a blasé débutante at a Russian opera.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Muted strings on a violin;
Eros dressed in overalls;
Scent of new-mown hay under a summer
shower;
Ideals and ideas woven into a May basket;
A country lane carpeted with apple blossom
petals;
Tobacco jar and slippers by a fireplace;
Summer vows kept down the years;
And pictures in a camp fire.

(Continued on page 90)



Photograph by Gene Kornman

HAROLD LLOYD



Photograph © by Melbourne Spurr

MARY PICKFORD



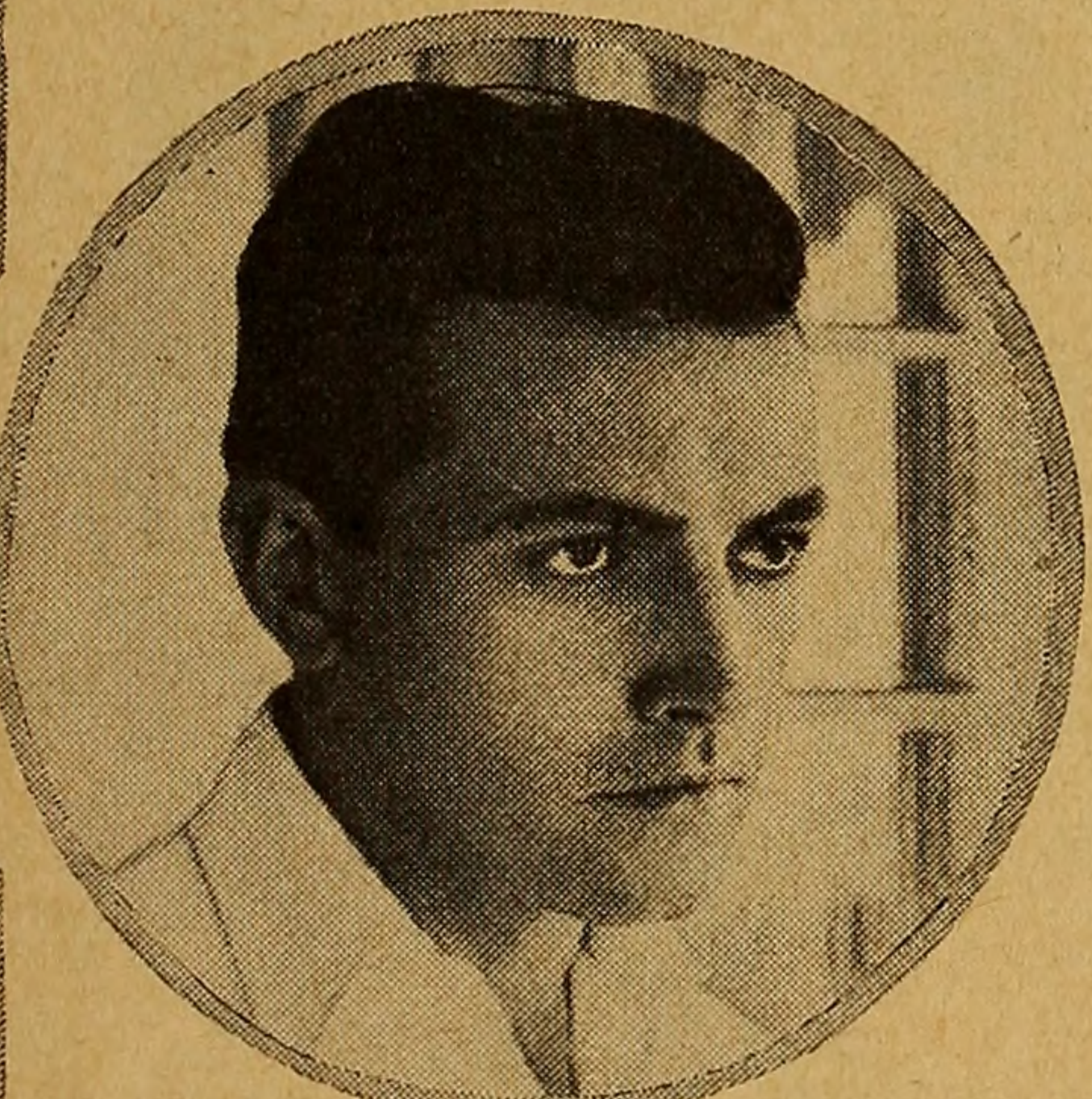
Photograph by Abbe

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

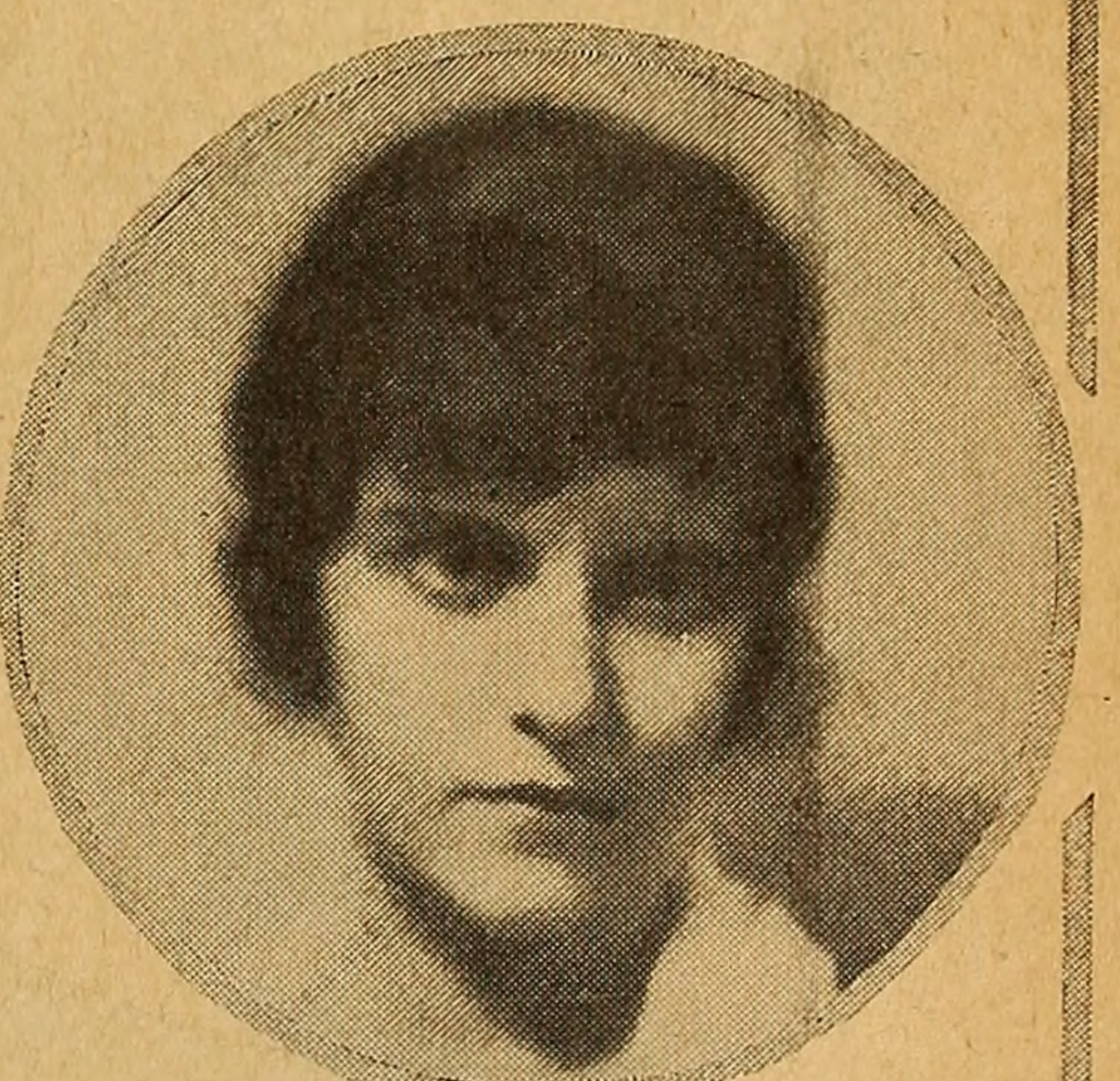


Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

RODOLPH VALENTINO



RICHARD BARTHELMESS



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

MADGE KENNEDY



Doris Kenyon has long been recognized as a writer of charming verse. And the above silhouettes give some suggestion of the exquisite understanding with which her poetry is endowed

At present Miss Kenyon is rehearsing a new stage play, but she will also appear in motion pictures as she has heretofore, combining her work in the two dramas

Clarence Goes to the Movies



"Gee!" our hero is declaring, with all the fervor of seventeen, as he sees his own particular star billed for the show that evening. "It's about time that old skeezics put on a decent film. We summer people deserve something besides low-brow comedy. If I got to spend the summer in this dead hole, I need a little more amusement than ice-cream cones and the mail train"

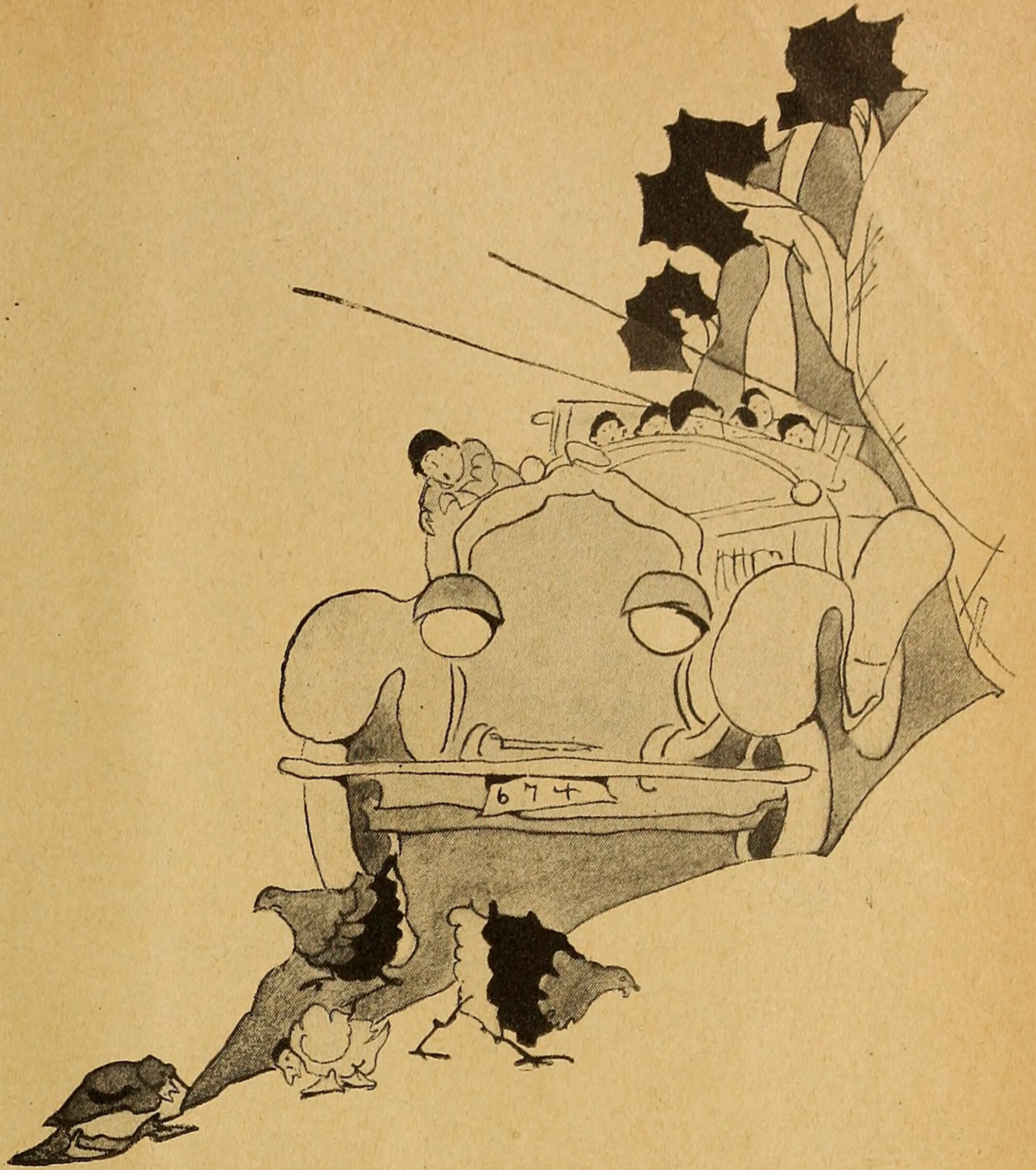
"Begorra, now," says Katie, unwillingly enough marooned far from the beaten tracks of our metropolitan police, "phwat's the matter with the puddin' I be after cookin' for you?" "It ain't the puddin'," Clarence defends, with true masculine irascibility. "I gotta lubricate the Tin Liz before dark. Do you expect me to walk down to the movies?" "Please eat it," says Mother



"Pictures postponed," stutters Clarence, as he reads the sign that is being posted. "Naow, young fella," emphasizes Eben, "ef the 5:05 daont leave the Junction in time ter get the fillum up to Thompkinsville tonight, I ain't ter blame. Ef you're so doggone set on seein' that picture, why daont you ride daown in that nifty racer of your'n and get it?" "I will do that little thing," promises Clarence

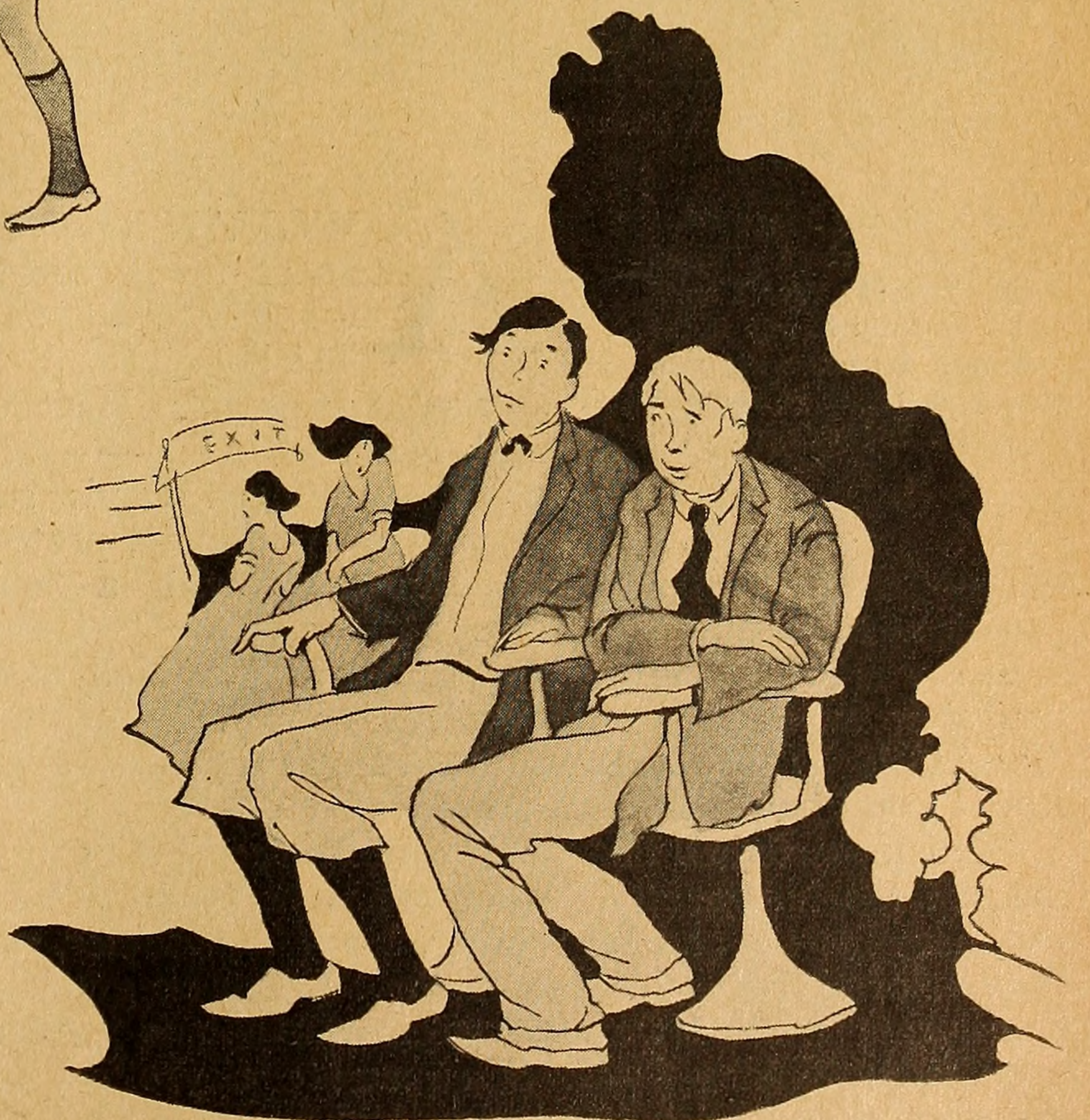
By OLIVE BUTLER

Here we have the most imperturbable station agent in the county trying to explain the shortest cut over the roughest roads to a tenderfoot, from a city where traffic cops are thick as swarming bees. "Looks like a plan of a roller-coaster to me," grumbles Clarence. "You just got half an hour, and it's twenty-five miles ef it's an inch. Why dont you go to the band concert?" "Band concert!" sniffs Clarence



When it comes to intensive speed, the ride of Paul Revere would now be but a pale parody on this picture, when one but considers that Clarence's steed is geared down to three spark-plugs and an overload of human freight. We fear that every outlying village and farm will send in a bill for disabled poultry, if their owners are quick enough to read the license plate before he purrs victoriously into the Junction

This discovers our satisfied hero seated in the rear of the Bijou, with Bill, his pal. "That was some ride!" "Some ride," Bill reiterates. "If old Harrington hadn't of kept me sweeping out his store until six o'clock, I might a been in on it. Gosh, Clarence, ain't she some queen?" "Hadn't seen her since I left the city," boasts Clarence. "Thought it was about time. Thought they could palm off any old band concert on me"



Heavens, No!

By

WILLIS GOLDBECK



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

"Well," Mildred began when questioned about Harold Lloyd, "it's like this: Harold and I—I mean Harold is the only man I know well; well enough, that is, to go out with to dances and things . . ."

But a woman's Heavens, no! Now, what tha—?!? Little Mildred Davis said it, prettily, poutingly, protestingly—"Heavens, *no!*"—just like that; with a small squeak at the end.

She was curled up on the couch in her Hollywood bungalow when I was impudent enough to mention Harold Lloyd; that is, to mention him as a possible—but, Lord! you know what I mean.

"People started all that talk," said Mildred indignantly, but not too indignantly, "when we went to New York together; Harold and his mother, I and my mother, and the rest of Hal Roach's film family. Goodness gracious, a girl cant walk down the street with a man without everybody thinking——" She paused; maybe because the same thought came to her as had come suddenly to me; that it's an awful long walk from Hollywood to

A WOMAN'S no. We arch our eyebrows wisely and say, "Ah!"

But a woman's Heavens, no! Now, what tha—?!?

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New York, even with mammas along. Anyway, she added, by way of finishing, "Have a chocolate."

I did. And we talked about popular songs.

Mildred, more familiarly Middy, even more familiarly Mitty—I believe that is her name at the Roach studio where she is the only girl and the pet of the lot—is small, blonde and impulsive. Her eyes are hugely grey, her mouth quite red and given, after each little rush of words, to remaining surprisedly open. It is quite bewitching.

For a comedienne she is amazingly in earnest. For a resident of Horribul Hollywood she is astoundingly, impossibly, patently nice. And sweet. And, on the whole, adorable. 'Sfunny, but 'sfact.

She attained the unique distinction that afternoon of being the first cinemese to serve me tea and cinnamon toast, stand-bys these many years of Eastern interviews and viewers. The New York idea, you see. Mildred caught it on that fatal trip.

The tea-table proved a fairway for chatter and I found among other things that Mildred is to star under the management of Hal Roach. It is likely that her first picture will be "Rosie

O'Grady." That she and Colleen Moore and Bessie Love and Ruth Clifford and some one else whom I cant for the life of me recall have formed a little clique and in mob formation visit the movie theaters, the five and ten cent stores and other dens of vice for which Hollywood and Los Angeles have become renowned. The younger set, I suppose, one might call them. The trouble is that someday they will become really adventurous and go slumming in the dangerous Wilshire district, where Inhibitions and Complexes lurk behind each palm and poinsettia.

"But it's a funny thing," I remarked absently. "Do you know, I have never seen you dancing or eating or doing anything without Harold Lloyd beside you?"

She eyed me dubiously, then took a deep breath.

"Well," she began, "it's like this——"

"Nyesth, nyesth, gwán," I murmured encouragingly, gnawing industriously at my cinnamon toast and teacup.

"Well," she began, "it's like this. Harold and I—I mean Harold is the only man I know well; well enough, that is, to go out with to dances and things and—oh, do let me give you some more tea!"

That Was All Mildred Davis Would
Say When Asked About
Harold Lloyd

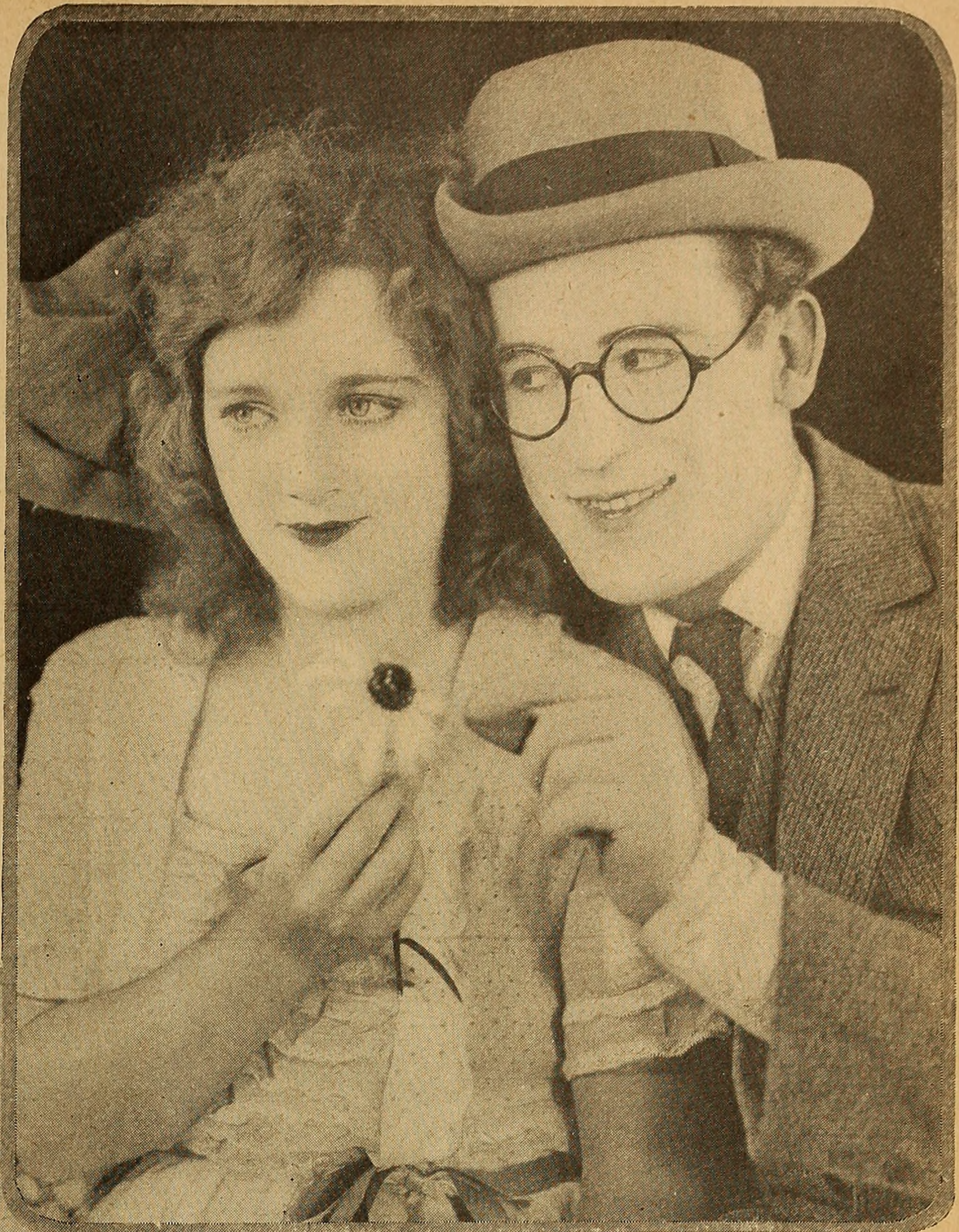
"Oh, I couldn't think of it," I remarked, passing her my cup. "The toast," I added, staring at the empty plate, "the toast is excellent." I was very wistful. It worked.

But seriously. Mildred, remarkably young still, is one of those fortunate ones who can look sanely on what they have accomplished and pronounce it good—but not good enough.

"I am optimistic about everyone except myself," she said in an introspective moment. "It seems sometimes as tho I had done so little."

Mildred is to star—under the management of Hal Roach. And it is likely that her first picture will be "Rosie O'Grady." At the right, Miss Davis is pictured with Harold Lloyd in "Grandma's Boy." Below, is another camera study

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander



Photograph by Gene Kornman



It was startling, that mood in a girl whose life is pitched distinctly in a key of brightness and humor, but it is a mood that comes to every being who has ambitions. A thing accomplished ceases to mean a great deal. There is always something bulking hugely on the horizon far ahead to urge one to further progress.

"One thing, tho, I've discovered," she went on, her voice decisive. "It is this: that if you want a thing you must ask for it. You wont get it otherwise."

With her live her mother, brother, father and grandmother.

"But it's wonderful to have a family," she exclaimed. "There are always so many people and so much noise. It's lots of fun. And mother, she is the sweetest thing on earth. For girls with a career a mother is either a wonderful help or a terrible handicap. Mine's a wonder."

Mildred, to repeat the oft repeated, is from Pennsylvania, a descendant, all hokum omitted, of the one and only Ben Franklin. Because her family moved to Tacoma and because she won a beauty contest there she left school to become a screen siren, a wicked vamp—to put it in my own hectic tongue. She herself said:

(Continued on page 90)



A YOUNG fellow from the East had the effrontery to try and get a job in a Western picture recently without knowing how to roll a cigaret with one hand.

We have had all kinds of animal comedies. Now Universal is making a series of bull comedies. The publicity department, no doubt, is writing the scenarios.

Niles Welch's greatest ambition is to play the rôle of an Englishman, parting his hair in the middle and using a monocle.

Some films are more to be pitied than censored.

WHAT WOULD THE MOVIES BE

Without Gloria's gowns?
Valentino's glossy hair?
Theodore Roberts' cigar?
Harold Lloyd's spectacles?
And Ben Turpin's eyes?

HOW TO BREAK INTO THE MOVIES

Organize your own company and elect yourself president. Then write a scenario and cast yourself in the leading rôle. Everybody is doing it.

WANTED

By Betty Compson, another picture like "The Miracle Man" to prove she can still act.

OUR OWN NEWS MONTHLY

It is reported that D. W. Griffith will shortly return to California to make pictures.

According to inside information, Vitagraph has bought up Corinne Griffith's contract. Here's a chance for some

Bobby Vernon, Charlotte Stevens, Verne Winters and Peggy Cartwright in "A Hickory Hick"

producer to get a real star. It looks as tho Allen Hollubar has at last made another good picture in "Hurricane's Gal."

Theda Bara will not be seen in a vampire rôle when she does her comeback on the screen.

"Nanook of the North" has scored a tremendous hit, and the peril of Eskimo pictures will soon be upon us.

Why doesn't someone do one of Eugene O'Neil's dramas in picture form?

Since Strongheart made such a hit in "The Silent Call," dogs are earning more money in Hollywood than actors.

FAMOUS REMARKS

Katherine MacDonald: "The play is the thing all right, but how are you going to get them?"

Director R. A. Walsh and a company of players have left for a cruise of the South Sea Islands, and incidentally to make a picture. It's a hard life, this picture game.

Now that Marion Davies has made a couple of good pictures, the caustic critics will have to fall back on someone else for a goat.

STARS THAT WILL SHINE

Claire Windsor, one of the most beautiful girls in the silent drama.

Pauline Garon, the very spirit of the flapper.

FILMS FOR FAMOUS PEOPLE

Charlie Chaplin in "The Spendthrift."
Ben Turpin in "Why Girls Leave Home."
Henry Ford in "Shylock."
Pussyfoot Johnson in "Ten Nights in a Barroom."
Fatty Arbuckle in "Eat and Grow Thin."
Kaiser Wilhelm in "Over the Hill."

Hurricane's Gal

Lola was the skipper of the *Tahiti Belle*. The old sloop with its contraband cargo and its rough crew was her world. Then Steele O'Connor came into her life. And in her heart was born a desire for those things which were her woman's heritage - - - frail clothes, flowers, books - - - and love.

By NORMAN BRUCE

"WHY, you poor excuse for pants, who's running this ship, you or me?" Lola stormed, "Say, listen, Cris, is the *Tahiti Belle* mine or your'n? I can tend to any stowaway ever shipped! Bring him around to the main cabin pronto—wait!" she abandoned her bullying tone for one of feminine curiosity, "what kind of looking cuss is he?"

The Captain of the *Tahiti Belle* spat bewilderedly. "I'm hornswoiggled if I can make him out," he confessed, jerking a black-rimmed thumb, "he ain't like the lousy, waterfront scum that us'ly stows. He's diff'rent—*clean*, and I'm damned if he hasn't got a toothbrush packed in his hip pocket stid of a gun! Kind of a fancy looking map he's got. Cant make out his game!"

Lola slapped her hip, revealing a protuberance beneath the bungalow apron she wore. "I can handle the hardware as well as any cargo-cootie ever lived," she said complacently, "I guess with this revolver and fifteen crew to pectect me, I'm safe from a gent with a toothbrush. Bring him around—in five minutes, understand?"

She flew to a cracked fragment of mirror tacked to the cabin wall beside a map and ran a broken bit of comb thru her rough dark hair, then with a stealthy look about to make sure she was not observed she took a package of cornstarch from the locker and powdered her nose. Having now made concession to her sex, she lighted a particularly villainous looking cutty-pipe such as sailors choose and took a refreshing puff.

"I beg your pardon."

The pipe dropped from Lola's pretty lips to the table as she whirled to face the owner of the pleasant voice. The stowaway stood in the door of the cabin, inclining his head deferentially, a tall young fellow with an air about him, in spite of the wrinkled suit and unshaven cheeks, that made him seem strange-

ly out of place in this rude cabin. He looked, Lola thought, staring, a little like a dockwolloper she knew in Lisbon who was called Gentleman Dick, and *clean*—Lor' blimme! For some unconsidered reason, she thrust her own hands into the pockets of the apron, thrusting out her chin defiantly.

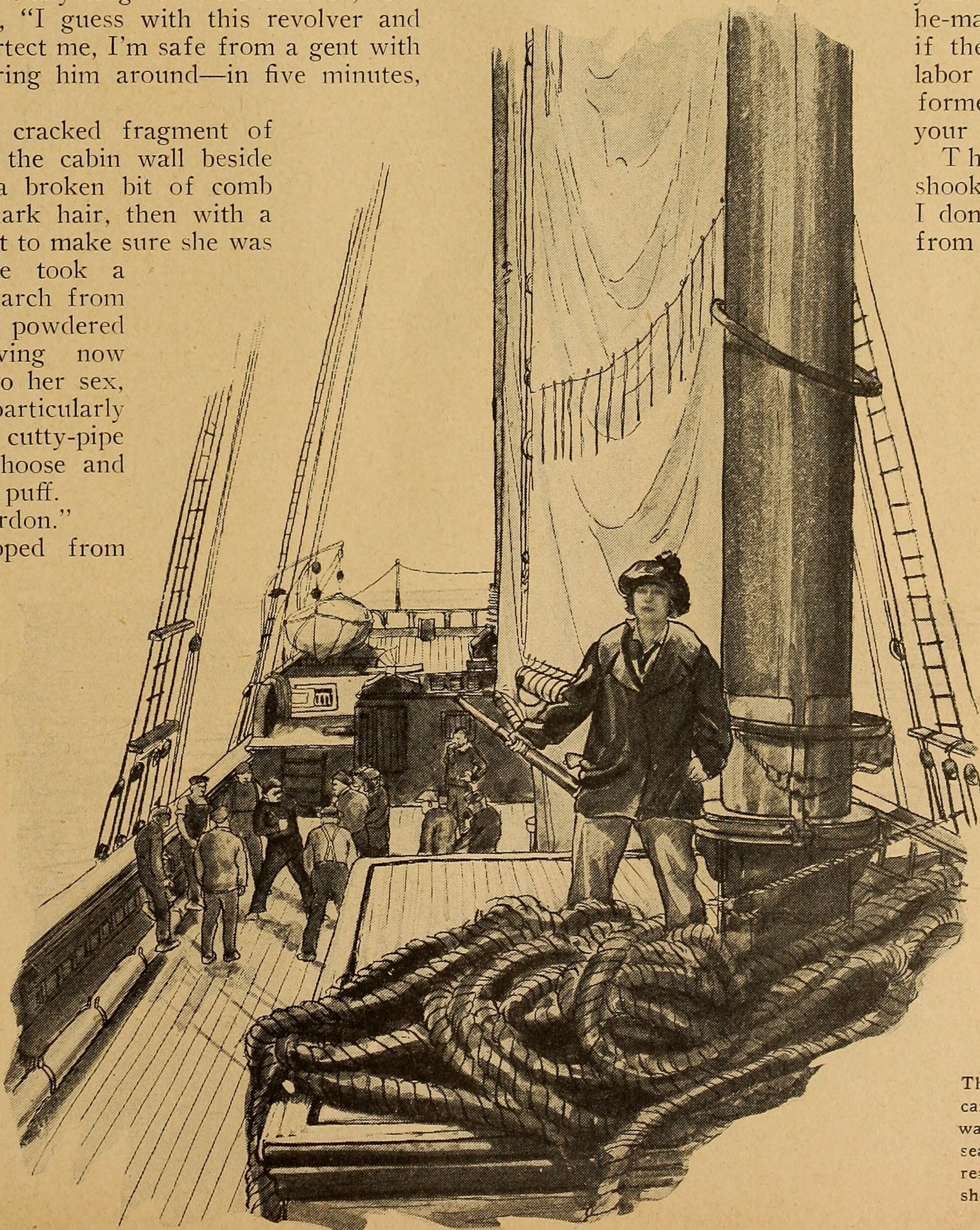
"Well," she snapped (his finger-nails were all shiny! She had never seen anything like them), "well, wot were you doing, hiding in my ship?"

The newcomer knit his brows. "*Your* ship? You are the owner of the *Tahiti Belle*?"—it was evident that he was disconcerted by the news, but he recovered himself instantly. "I needed to get to San Francisco. Unfortunately I had no money—" shrugged his shoulders, thrust out his hands deprecatingly.

Her anger mounted as she caught a twinkle in the dark eyes. "Why not work your passage like a he-man? You look as if the hardest manual labor you'd ever performed was brushing your own hair!"

The stowaway shook his head. "But I dont know starboard from larboard," he objected, "I dont know the fo'c'stle from the mainsail. As a sailor I'm a fine toe dancer, but if you'll just tell me what to do, Miss—Miss—"

Lola tossed her head, with crimsoning cheeks. "Miss Nothing! They call me Hurricane's Gal, 'cause I was born on the high seas in a hurricane. They called Pap Give-m-Hell Gay-



They called her "Hurricane's Gal" because she was born on the high seas in a hurricane. Her real name was Lola. And she was the skipper of the *Tahiti Belle*

lord, but I dont hone for any frills. I'm Lola, that's all; Lola the skipper of the *Tahiti Belle*."

The stranger bowed. "And I," he said in his pleasant voice that sounded somehow the way his nails looked, "am Steele O'Connor—very much at your service!"

He held out his hand. Lola hesitated, wiped one small, soiled paw on her apron and laid it in his big clasp. "Put it thar!" she said, groping for elegance suited to the occasion, "I ain't proud!"

"But you must let me work my passage out," Steele O'Connor smiled, "I dare say I could make a stab at peeling potatoes and mixing plum duff or whatever it is sailors eat!"

Lola considered, "There ain't anything you could do—unless"—she looked shyly down, fumbling with her revolver as another girl might toy with a rose to hide her confusion, "unless you'd learn me to speak like you do. I had a grammar book onct and I'd got as far as the second person plural when a gol-darned wave washed it overboard. O' course with these hunkies—" she jerked a scornful thumb to indicate the crew, "you gotter talk rough—they dont understand any other kind. But I might meet the Prince o' Wales sometime and I'd hate to have my grammar skid!"

Thru sunny seas the *Tahiti Belle* made its leisurely way while the crew, freed miraculously from petticoat tyranny, loafed about the lower deck playing dominoes and reading tattered novels, and above, absorbed and content, Hurricane's Gal learned how to conjugate the first verb in the grammar—"I love, thou lovest, he loves. We love, you love—"

Steele O'Connor proved a good schoolmaster in more ways than one. Without her knowledge Lola learned from him lessons that had no connection with books, learned that the world was a marvelous place, that life was a wonderful thing, learned to comb her frowsy hair and curb her amazingly frank tongue. And she

On the silken pillows she writhed with the torture of her thoughts. "I hate him. I hate him!" she said over and over again. And then, "Oh God, let me hate him. I cant live and go on loving him this way!"

threw the cutty-pipe overboard, a sacrifice to the new god who had come to take the place of the old—he of the chubby cheeks and downy wings and quiver of arrows tipped with honey-poison.

But in ratio to her growing happiness, the handsome stowaway seemed to grow dejected, troubled. And one evening as they stood side by side looking away toward the faint shadows on the horizon that meant land, his trouble spilled over into words—"Our journey is almost over, Little Lady! I'm sorry it has to end, it's been a sort of enchanted time." His dark eyes brooded, "I—I hate to say good-bye—"

"Good-bye!" she did not realize that she was giving her poor little secret away in that cry of terror, "but—I'm going to stay ashore next trip! You can come to see me—and we can finish the grammar lessons—" in tardy shame of her self-revelation.

He looked away, toward the porpoises leaping in the wake of the *Tahiti Belle*. His chin was very grim, the outlines of his jaw stood out under the dark skin. "Duty," said Steele O'Connor wryly, "proper noun, singular number—I do my duty, you do your duty—we both do our duty, Lola." He started, peering toward the purple streak which was growing clearer, resolving itself into towers and roofs, "In three hours we will be in port. I—I have a fancy to say good-bye now, as friends say it—for we have been friends, haven't we, Hurricane Gal?"

Lola had lived on the sea all her life, had swum in it, dived far down into the green glades where goggle-eyed fish scattered before the visitant from another world. But she had never felt the sensation of drowning until now. It seemed that she could not breathe for the dizzy feeling in her head, the pain at her heart. But somewhere within her Pride lifted its head courageously. She managed a gallant smile. "Good-bye" she said clearly, "I'm very pleased to have met you—"

She turned away with a strangled sob and ran down the deck.

Either she wavered as she ran, or his eyes saw her so thru a film of tears. Remembering what goods the *Tahiti Belle* carried in her hold, Steele O'Connor tried to harden his heart. "If this

were a moving picture," he said under his breath, "it wouldn't end so. We would have been cast away on a desert isle, with a phonograph to play us dance tunes.



How she would take to savagery and shell necklaces! What a wild little creature it is, all fire and fury and freedom, and I am going to do a thing that will damn me forever to her primitive mind!"

He turned to view the nearing shore. Already the enchantment was wearing thin. He found himself thinking of Phyllis Fairfield with her cold and correct loveliness, her assured poise, the drawling voice, always with a note of mockery in it, that would soon be saying, "Tonight? But I'm afraid I have an engagement, Steele! You can't expect me to keep my evenings open and spin till your return like *What's Her Name!*"

They were entering the harbor now. From somewhere, suddenly a blaze of light, radiated from a prism, danced over the water to meet the *Tahiti Belle*. Steele O'Connor took a mirror from his pocket, squared his shoulders, and catching the sun with it began to send an answering flash across the later afternoon waters of the harbor.

To Lola, half an hour later, outflung in her cabin behind locked doors, came hurrying feet. Frantic hands beat upon her door. "The rev'nomen!" It was Cap'n Cris's voice, hoarse with rage, "They're on the deck! They've seized the *Tahiti Belle* for carrying contraband—it'll be jail for you if you don't skip. I got a boat at the other side—"

They were pulling away toward the shore before Lola asked the question he had been waiting for. "But who tipped them off? There's something crooked about this—nobody could have guessed—" the recent weather of culture was sheering off, leaving the wild little outlaw of the sea; Lola wound up the sentence in a throat-blistering string of oaths.

"Crooked!" Cris exclaimed bitterly, "I knowed all along you couldn't trust a fellow as clean as him!"

She gave a cry, struck at him with a furious little fist, "You lie! I'll kill you for saying such things against him—" horror struggled with the purple rage on her face. "Say you didn't mean it, Cris! Not him—"

The sailor nodded, spat into the sea, "Sure, he was a Customs Man—a dirty spy. He had the cargo all listed up in the two days afore we found him—him and his toothbrush! Hell."

Lola gazed wildly around, as tho the familiar sea and sky had changed places and all things were strange and menacing. Then she flung back her head and laughed shrilly. "Say!" she struggled, "say! Wasn't that a joke on me, Cris? I've fell in love—fallen in love," she corrected herself mechanically, and her dark head fell forward on her outflung arms with a choking sob.

Give-'m-Hell Gaylord had been a resourceful man, not



by any means putting all his eggs into one basket. Safely sheltered in a luxurious room in the top of the Wing-Lee Tea Garden on the Barbary Coast of San Francisco, Lola waited for the hue and cry to die down, her days punctuated by the thin moan of the samisen strings from the tea garden on the first floor, her nights measured by the click of ivory balls on the roulette wheels in the big secret red-lacquered room just below.

Stretched on a *chaise longue*, Lola gave herself up to brooding sullenly. She had fed and befriended Steele O'Connor; he had repaid her with this. She had given him her first girl-dreams, her untouched heart, and he—

On the silken pillows she writhed with the torture of her thoughts. "I hate him! I hate him!" she said over and over, and then, striking her breast savagely, "oh God, let me hate him! I can't live and go on loving him this way!"

In the papers she read of the confiscation of the *Tahiti Belle* and the splendid work of Steele O'Connor, head of the Revenue Bureau. There were pictures of him, too,

She felt like a bad little girl, and suddenly the weapon in her hand seemed absurd, melodramatic. "I was a sworn officer of the law, and you were breaking the law," Steele O'Connor said quietly, "what else was I to do? A man must be faithful to his duty, you know"

5 tall, handsome in sport clothes, playing tennis, in hunting garb, or riding on horseback with a young woman. "Miss Phyllis Fairfield, popular society girl"—Lola hated Miss Phyllis Fairfield. "I would like to tear her silly face with my nails!" she thought viciously, "I suppose she says 'eye-ther' and 'ny-ther' the way he does, and wears the clothes he likes and never makes any mistakes in her table manners! Ugh! She wouldn't dare to climb the rigging and stand away up above with the wind whistling thru the ropes and the sky close by! Pasty, pale-faced thing."

The scent of joss sticks and incense was abomination to lungs that loved the clean ocean breezes. Within a week Lola was a caged wild thing, beating frantic wings. With the torture of her imprisonment the hate-thought of Steele O'Connor thrust the love-thought aside. She got a savage comfort planning the different means of revenge she might use, playing with the idea until it became familiar as all detestable things do become in time.

At midnight, two weeks after the *Tahiti Belle* had come into port, Steele O'Connor, writing at his desk in his bachelor apartment on the Heights, started up at the ringing of his doorbell. The woman who stepped by him into the living-room brought no flash of recollection to his mind. Black coated, with a wide low-brimmed hat and veil, she stood motionless, facing him, and he could feel the hidden eyes intent upon his astonished face.

In spite of a sensation of gooseflesh, Steele laughed. "Do sit down," he urged, drawing out a chair, "this is a delightful surprise!"

"I dont know about the delightful part," Lola said,

sweeping the veil aside, "but maybe this will surprise you!"

He looked down at the blunt, blue-black thing in her fingers, then deliberately turned his gaze to an ash tray on the table beside him and shook the white tip from his cigar. "I see. You mean to kill me?" his tone was as casual as tho they were discussing the weather, "well, Little Hurricane Gal, before you do I want to tell you that I'm glad to see you again. I've thought of you so many times, and hoped you were safe. And I've hoped something else—" he smiled at the stony face, "and that is that some day we might meet as girl and man, not as smuggler and Customs Officer."

The revolver wavered her amaze. "You had your nerve!" she stammered. It was not the scathing speech of denunciation she had prepared. His words had skilfully taken the ground from under her feet. She felt like a bad little girl and suddenly the weapon in her fingers seemed absurd, melodramatic.

"I was a sworn officer of the law, and you were breaking the law," Steele O'Connor said quietly, "what else was I to do? A man must be faithful to his duty, you know."

"A woman would not be," Lola flashed, "not if her duty meant harming someone she cared for." Standing there, with the revolver in her fingers, the poor child looked up at him, swept with color like flame, the humblest thing on earth—a woman, asking to be loved. He took a step toward her, opened his lips impetuously, and then he stopped. His eyes had fallen on the picture in the silver frame on the mantel shelf, and following them, Lola saw Phyllis Fairfield's face, scornful, coldly lovely, patrician.

The flame died, leaving ashes of her hope. She felt abashed, apologetic, and hated herself for it. In the mirror on the opposite wall she saw herself in a lightning flash of clear vision as she was, uncouth, untaught, the associate of rough sea-faring men.

"I understand," Lola said heavily, "I'm not good enough for you—"

"You are not good enough for *yourself*," Steele cried. "I know what you can be, the fine, splendid woman who would die sooner than smuggle or swear or rage!

But now—you're like your nickname, Hurricane Gal. You dont know any restraint or master. Why, I've seen you knock down a cabin boy with a belaying pin! I've heard you use the language of the gutter—"

The revolver clattered from the girl's hands to the polished floor. "But if I was different—if I was a lady like *her*!" she nodded toward the silver frame, "if I was screwed down, and smoothed off and made over, you could love me then?" she

All that afternoon the two girls crouched together in a corner of the cabin, watching the closed door fearfully while the noise of the rising gale mingled with the ribald laughter and the drunken shouts of the crew . . .



was gone in a flurry of skirts, leaving a reek of some strong scent behind, her last words echoing in his ears with the crash of the closing door, "If you want a lady, I'm damned if I'm not going to *be* a lady if I have to go to hell and back to learn!"

Steele O'Connor gasped. Then he began to laugh rather hysterically, and when he was done with laughter he went to the silver frame, lifted it and questioned the scornful beauty within. "You wouldn't give up so much as a dinner engagement for me, would you, Phyl? And she would go to hell and back to please me! I wonder—" he drew a deep breath, "I wonder whether I'm not ninety-nine kinds of priggish fool to try to tame that glorious wild thing! I wonder—"

The next morning Steele O'Connor wondered still more. His morning's post was disquieting—an ill-spelt note from Lola announcing that she was going to learn to be a lady by watching a lady whom he admired and so no more from Hurricane Gal. P.S. excuse mistakes in grammar because she had never studied the last of the book.

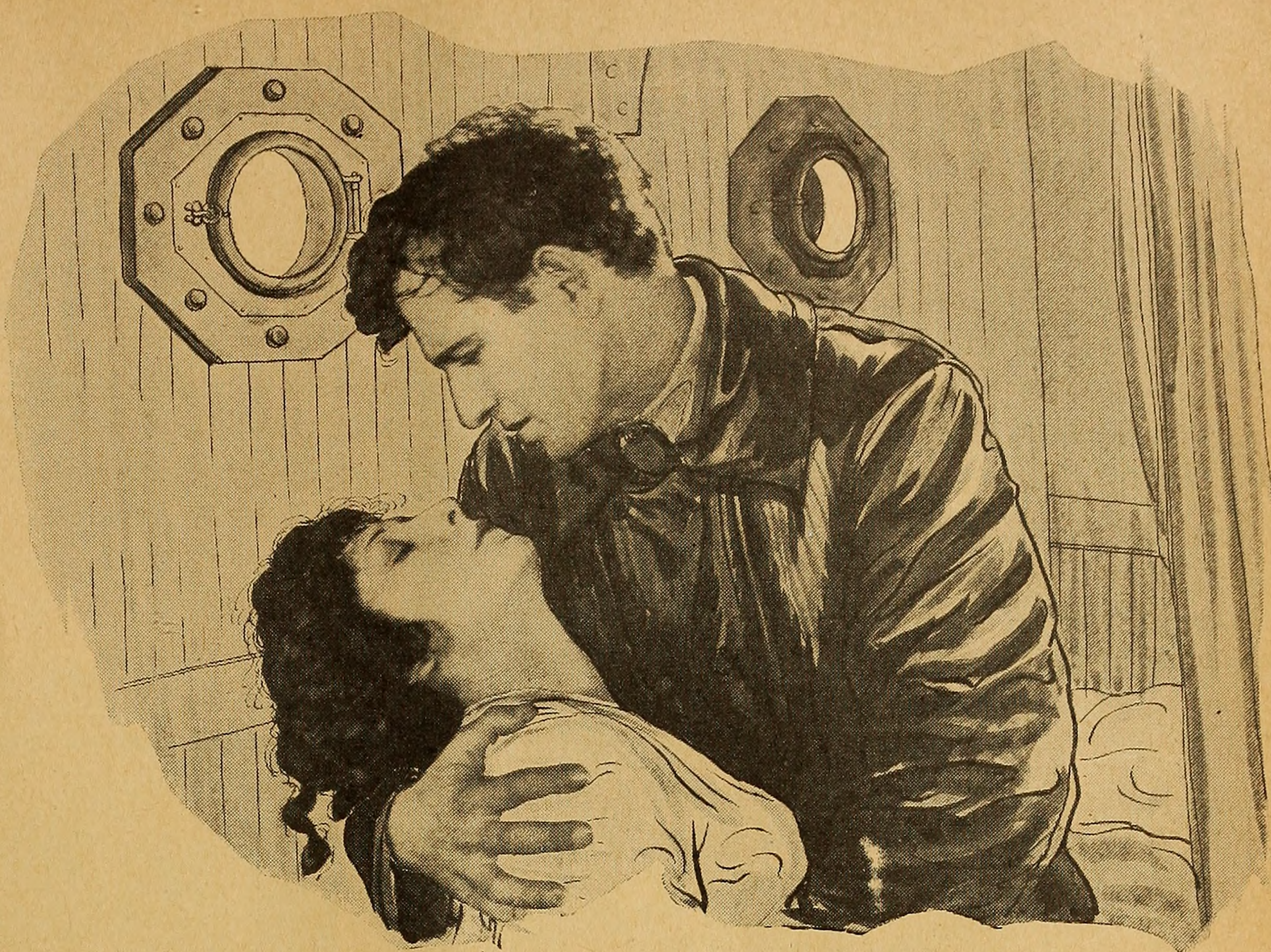
With a queer sort of foreboding he hastily opened the morning's paper, to rise to his feet with an exclamation of horror as the big headlines leaped to meet his eye, "Society Girl Kidnapped. Miss Phyllis Fairfield disappears on her way home from a dinner-dance at the Ritz last night. Chauffeur says two men, who appeared to be sailors, attacked him as he waited for the popular society girl, stripped off his coat and cap and hustled him away. It is thought that Miss Fairfield may have been placed on one of the vessels that cleared the harbor last night, among which were the *Netherlands*, the *South Sea*, and the *Samoa Belle*."

"Good Lord!" Steele O'Connor gasped. The paper slithered from his nerveless fingers as he addressed the coffee percolator earnestly, "It would be just the thing she would do, something unfettered and elemental, and amazingly, devilishly practical!" He mopped his forehead, "Now I ask you, isn't she wonderful?

Nerve, dash, action—*some girl!*"

The coffee boiled over with a hiss, very like a scornful sniff. Steele began to chuckle in the fatuous manner of a father recollecting some of his child's bright sayings. "Now I ask you," he was muttering as he went to the telephone, "can you beat it? What a pirate she would have made! the crazy darling—oh, I beg your pardon, Central! I wasn't speaking to you. Give me Port 709-W—the Navy Department."

On board the *Samoa Belle* an exceedingly angry young



woman sat up with a jerk on the narrow bunk as another young woman with an earnest and determined expression on her piquant face entered the cabin, breakfast tray in her hands. Altho the boat was rolling drunkenly in a rough sea not so much as a splash of coffee streaked over the sides of its cup as the newcomer deftly swung her burden down to the table, and then sat down beside it.

"I told you last night why I brought you," Lola said calmly, turning innocent dark eyes upon Miss Phyllis

Fairfield's unbecoming rage, which gave her complexion a bleak, purplish hue. "We'll begin with breakfast because I never did know the stylish way to eat an egg."

Phyllis Fairfield gave her a look intended to be withering. "You are quite mad," she began haughtily, "you will find that civilized people cannot do such a thing as you are doing without punishment. You will find—" here the boat gave a long, slow, deliberate roll and Phyllis turned a trifle green and

collapsed on the pillows with a stifled moan.

"There is going to be a storm," her captor and would-be pupil in manners observed cheerfully; standing by the porthole she looked out at the leaden sky on which great oily clouds writhed in cosmic labor, "a regular hurricane! Hark! The dishes in the galley are beginning to go already!"

"I never could stand the water!" moaned Phyllis, "it makes me seasick even to take a *bath!* I shall die! Oh,

(Continued on page 102)

HURRICANE'S GAL

Told in short story form, by permission, from the First National release of the Allen Holubar production based on the scenario of Allen Holubar which was adapted from the story by Harvey Bates. Directed by Allen Holubar, and starring Dorothy Phillips. The cast:

Lola.....	Dorothy Phillips
Steele O'Connor.....	Robert Ellis
Chris Borg.....	Wallace Beery
Cap'n Danny.....	James O. Barrows
Phyllis Fairfield.....	Gertrude Astor
Sing.....	Willing Fung
Lieut. Grant.....	Jack Donovan
Mrs. Fairfield.....	Frances Raymond



Above are the Pilgrims in 1600; at the right, the year 1800 is depicted; and below, you discover the lovers of 1840

This Is So Sudden!



"This is so sudden" is quite the proper thing to say when honored with a proposal. See the etiquette books!

Woman's instinct is a strange thing. Ever since the beginning of time, it has warned her of the minute when she might expect a proposal. At times this has made things difficult. To have the man aware of her knowledge would be folly. So she has adopted the subterfuge of surprise. Down thru the years comes the beguiling whisper, "This is so sudden." Priscilla won immortality when she admitted her knowledge of John Alden's affection, and said simply: "Why dont you speak for yourself, John?" Her words will live until the end of time.

Proposals of Other Years
 Posed by
 Glenn Hunter and Mary Astor



Above, you glimpse sweetheart days in the year of 1860; at the left is a proposal of 1890; and below, Twentieth Century romance is pictured



If we are to judge from these pictures, proposals reflect the very spirit of the times—

The restraint of the Pilgrims—

The charm of the Colonial declaration of undying affection—

The quaint homage of the bended knee in the Kate Greenaway days—

The poetry of the gallant lover in 1860—

The fervor of the swain in 1890—

And the enthusiasm of the flappers in our own happy era—

By their proposals you shall know the years!

Not So Wild

THE only way to enjoy research work is to pick an interesting field in which to work. It took me less than five minutes, once I had decided to research, to choose for my hunting-ground The Home Life of the Vamp. You'll readily see what a popular subject it is, especially if you



Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes



Photograph by Monroe, L. A.

These canned Cleopatras and Scheherazades are not exactly "as advertised"! The fleshly lure is a mirage mirrored on the perpendicular platform of our best flicker-palaces. Above, Bebe Daniels; at the right, Rosemary Theby, and below, Estelle Taylor



Photograph by W. F. Seely, L. A.



have ever successfully returned from Hollywood. (More than one good man has gone . . . and stayed!)

As soon as you find yourself back in the East after a tour of inspection covering Los Angeles, Culver City, and celluloid way-stations, you find yourself besieged by the curious, less fortunate than you, wanting to know. And the most burning question of all, I have found, has to do with the off-stage—but not so oft-staged—parties, orgies, and bacchanalian revels of the Vamps.

"How," the lady next door will want to know, "how is this here Bebe Daniels in real life?"

"Does Louise Glauum rouge her toes?" demands the advanced flapper across the street.



By MALCOLM OETTINGER

"Is Betty Blythe married?" asks the bachelor below my apartment. "And is Mae Busch related to Annheuser?"

Not a query about Lois Wilson or Bessie Love or Anita Stewart or Florence Vidor. They are all Nice People, and, therefore, uninteresting off-stage. The world is curious only concerning the more lurid ladies of the leaping pastels.

Consider the private, so-called, lives of our foremost serpentine

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

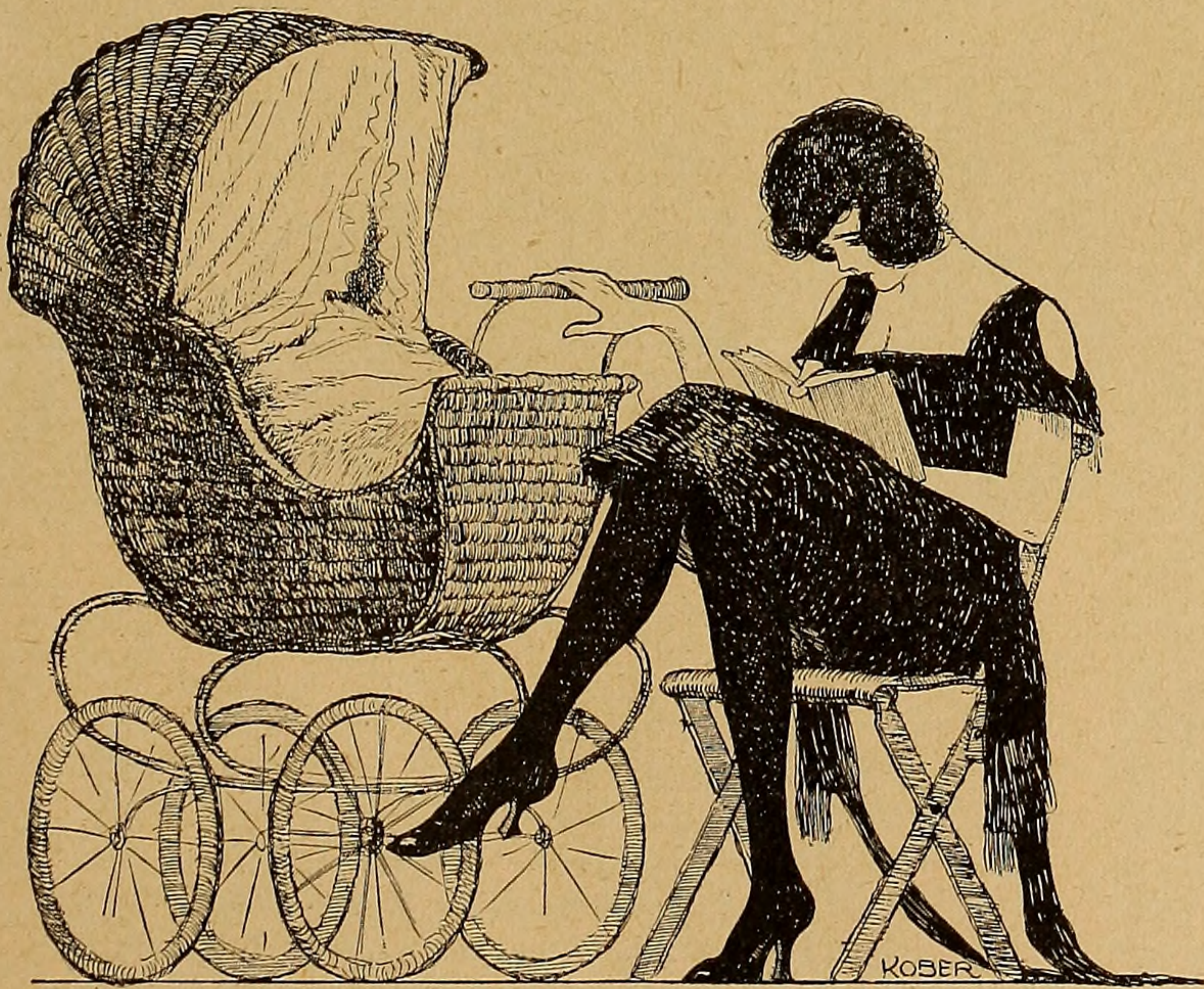


Photograph by Mishkin, N. Y.



A bedecked beauty slithering around on the screen looks more alluring to you, lounging in a loge seat listening to the languorous strains of "Tristan und Isolde," than that same beauty looks at eleven a. m. shrouded in gingham, on the porch of her California cottage. Above, Theda Bara; at the left, Mae Busch, and below, Betty Blythe

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander



cinemactresses. Theda Bara, currently quiescent but inevitably to be named as the best known, may be investigated first. Off the screen she impresses one as being a moderately attractive woman of ordinary good taste, creating less attention than a Fifth Avenue flapper, a

(Continued on page 98)



Is Your Face Your Fortune?

IS your face your fortune? It may be! Have your friends admired your beauty? Has your life been brightened by charming things people have said of your appearance? If so, submit your photograph to the Contest Manager of the American Beauty Contest without delay. And at the same time we warn you to be careful to comply with the simple rules which have been found necessary.

The Brewster Publications, as you probably know, are looking high and low for the American Beauty. Will she be light or dark—short or tall? It is difficult to say. She is somewhere and this contest will find her. The prizes which are mentioned in



Photograph by
Edwin Bower Hesser

Above is Mary E. Cameron, of Hollywood, California. Miss Cameron is fair, with deep blue eyes and brown hair . . . She reminds us of Betty Ross Clarke



Mary Margaret Ward, above, is rich in the possession of a live face. Her bright eyes are grey and her curls are brown



At the right is Betty Burton. Betty, who lives in Brooklyn, has brown hair and eyes. There is something about her reminiscent of Dorothy Dalton

Photograph (left) by
Grace Salon of Art, N. Y.

Enter the American Beauty Contest and Find Out

the advertisement in this number are something of a dream come true. They represent a glorious visit to New York, including the cafés, theaters and shops; or a thousand dollars instead. They represent magazine covers and other publicity which the winner will receive. And it is not preposterous to suppose that all this attention will bring numerous opportunities.

The six girls pictured on these pages win honorable mention this month. They are all beautiful, you will agree—and in most instances their beauty is widely varied. From the Honor Rolls published every month in each of the four Brewster publications, the American Beauty will be chosen.



Photograph © by Strauss-Peyton

At the top of the page is Julia Clarkin, alluring in her furs. Miss Clarkin lives in Kansas City, Mo. Her hair and eyes are brown

Photograph by W. F. Seeley, L. A.



Above is Marie Andree Cooper, of Colorado Springs, Colorado. Brown hair with a red tint and blue eyes contribute to her beauty. And at the right is Domini Redfern, who also comes from Hollywood, the suburb of motion pictures. Miss Redfern has hazel eyes and golden hair



What Does

By LESLIE



Photograph by J. W. Moorhouse

DAVID Powell speaks with the clipped precision of his people, of England; clearly, quietly, exactly.

Our talk that morning at the Lasky studio in Hollywood, up in the chill concrete box that he called his dressing-room, skirted banality without ever actually bowing to the frump.

One recalling David Powell upon the screen, in "On With The Dance," let us say, or in some other glittering Mae-Murrayesque vehicle, evokes the picture of a dark man, suavely handsome, with underneath a hint of passionate reserve.

In reality he gives us the semi-somber mien of the Briton, courteous always, not bored, but quite withdrawn.

Uprooted from England, whence he had returned after an exile of years, by the abrupt cessation of production activities in London, forced to unburden himself of a house in Hampstead, a bit of brocade on the hem of London, he is accepting California philosophically, with a pleasant melancholy.

"It was a pity," he said. "I had just got back into the manner of living there again. I was there just sixteen months. England, after one has been away for long, particularly if he has lived here in America, is absurdly peaceful. It took me months to adjust myself to it.

"The first thing one realizes on settling there is that he is tired, worn out. The

"Yes," said David Powell, "I play in society dramas consistently. Queer, isn't it? As a matter of fact, I never did those things on the stage. I did mad things . . . you know, hysterical things. I've no idea, really, how this other came about." At the left is Mr. Powell with Gloria Swanson in "The Gilded Cage"



It Matter?

DREW

eternal rush of America, the knowing that one must keep on going if he would not see the next man grab the prize—all that is suddenly lifted. It is like coming into a quiet pool after riding the rapids.

"The second realization is purely physical; it is one of cold. For weeks I went about shivering, with my hands blue. There is no steam heat there, you know—no central heating, as they call it. Merely fireplaces; sometimes stoves. The solution of it? It is a queer one; simply roast beef and—burgundy. To warm the blood."

Thus our talk, concerned with amiable trivialities. One realizes at once that neither a half hour, nor an hour, nor even hours, can reveal the man, David Powell. It is wiser to accept the casual contact.

Since returning, he has made one picture; with Gloria Swanson — "The Gilded Cage."

I remarked that he adhered with remarkable consistency to our so-called society drama, the silken stars; Mae Murray, Gloria Swanson, others.

"Yes," he said, stroking his mustache briefly. "Queer, isn't it? As a matter of fact, I never did those things on the stage. I did mad things, you know; hysterical things. Emotion, intensity, that sort. I've no idea, really, how this other came about, why I have been cast so persistently in society rôles. Curious, isn't it?"

He lit a cigaret.

"I remember," he went on, considering the dying flame of his match, "when I played 'The Good Hope' with Ellen Terry. She was always forgetting her lines, and always doing it in the midst of some hysterical scene of mine. I had to climb down always, prompt her, and then climb back again. It was because I seemed to understand a little better than most. I could manage to anticipate her mistake and make some sign with my lips or my hand—rarely ever a word—that would set her right again.



Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

"I've an idea that my next picture will be with Dorothy Dalton. I may have a chance at something hysterical in that."

Abroad he found little time to inspect the British film factories.

"They have scant hope against America. They simply cant spend the money. Over there a production costing twenty-five thousand pounds—a hundred thousand odd dollars—is tremendous. They haven't the market. But I imagine that in a few years time they will be offering a little competition, if they can once get their pictures over and into the theaters. I can see no reason on earth why they shouldn't. It has been merely that they

David Powell speaks with the clipped precision of his people, of England; clearly, quietly, exactly. He has the sober view of the Briton, courteous always, not bored, but withdrawn

(Continued on page 89)

In a California Garden - - - -



All photographs by Melbourne Spurr



It is pleasant somehow to think of Mary in a garden . . . preferably an old-fashioned garden with its hollyhocks, sweet-william, marigold and mignonette. The summer days have found Mary working on "Tess of the Storm Country." But the summer twilights have found her in the stretching gardens of "Pickfair"

Across the Silversheet

Talk Concerning the New
Productions

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

WE feel quite sure you will quarrel with Madame Nazimova's screen version of Oscar Wilde's "Salome." You may declare that it is ultra-modern in treatment besides being super-exotic and then dismiss it.

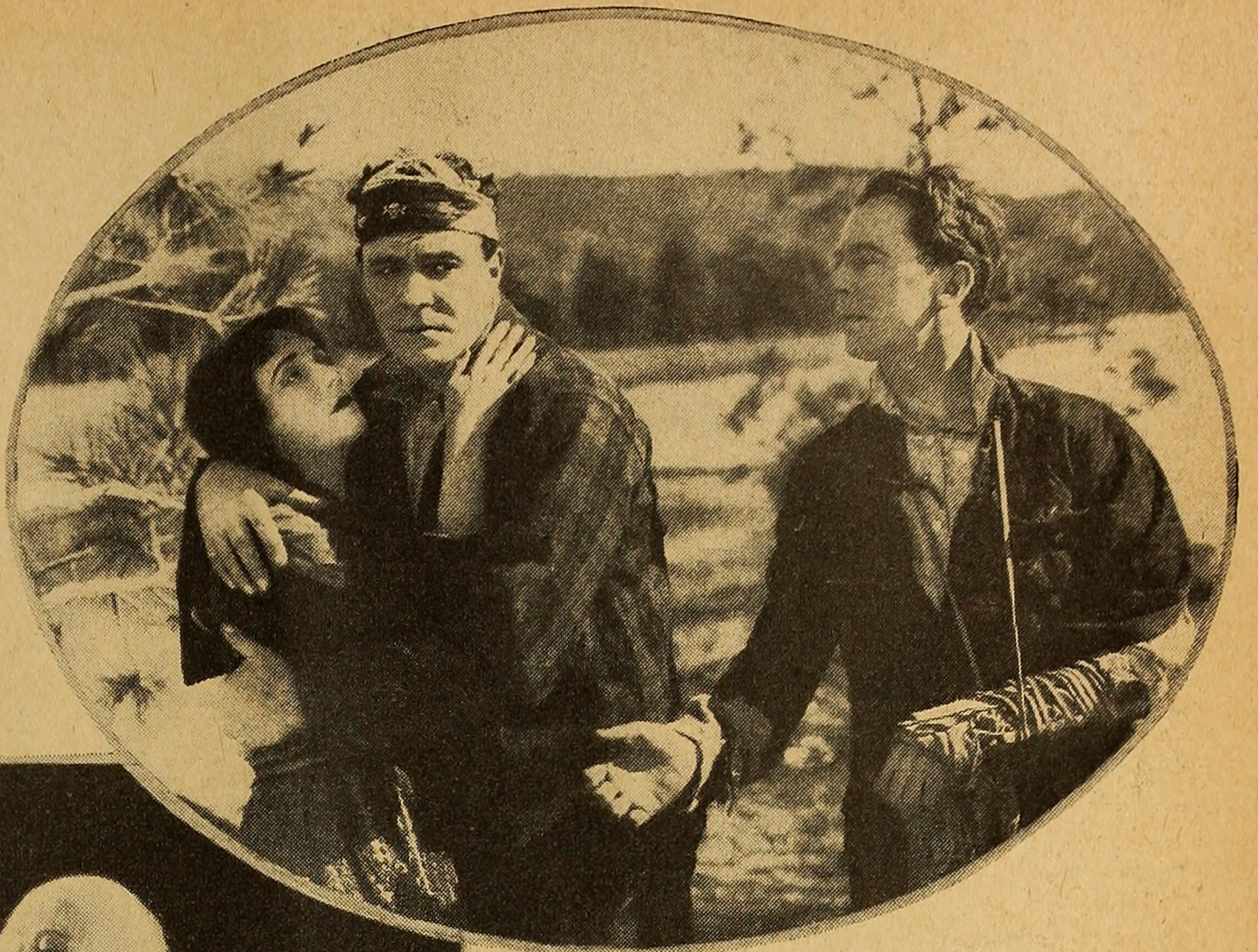
However, we think it is more likely that you will consider it further. And because it is what it is, it merits consideration. To give it further consideration, it is too long. The first two or three reels unwind without anything whatever happening. It would have made an infinitely finer offering had it been produced as a short length subject.

Nevertheless, it took courage to select this as a screen production in the first place. The exquisite beauty of Oscar Wilde's "Salome" lies in the music of its colorful phrases and the color of its musical cadences. The screen version is beggared by the loss of these, and the super-erotic and decadent values become uppermost.

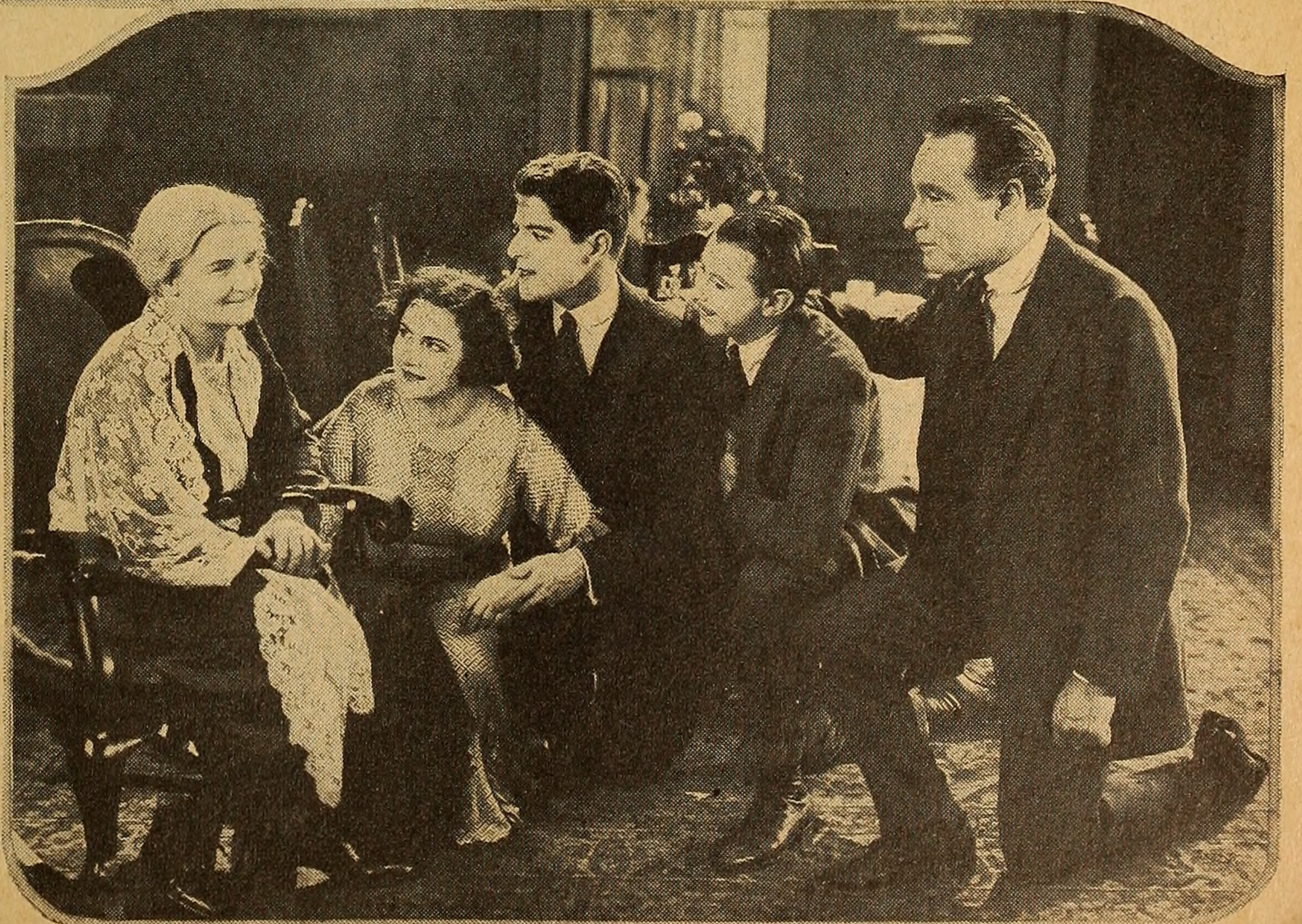
The tale is faithful to the "Salome" of Wilde. Even the subtitles have a Wildian flavour. This is encouraging, for producers with faith in the works of any master are rarities. For Madame Nazimova's fidelity we are grateful, even while we doubt the wisdom of her choice of "Salome" as a screen production.

In the title rôle Nazimova permits herself only one opportunity in which to convince her audiences that the art she possessed in "Revelation" and on other occasions is still her own. This is the episode in which she bends over the silver charger that holds the head of Jokanaan. Here she rises to undisputable heights. As a matter of fact, the whole episode is adroitly handled. No

(Continued on page 116)



Above is a scene from the screen version of "The Storm," which enjoyed a lengthy stage success. At the left is Madame Nazimova in the title rôle of Oscar Wilde's "Salome." This merits consideration, because it is what it is—a faithful version of a great work. Below is Mary Carr in "Silver Wings," another weepy mother-love theme



Comment on

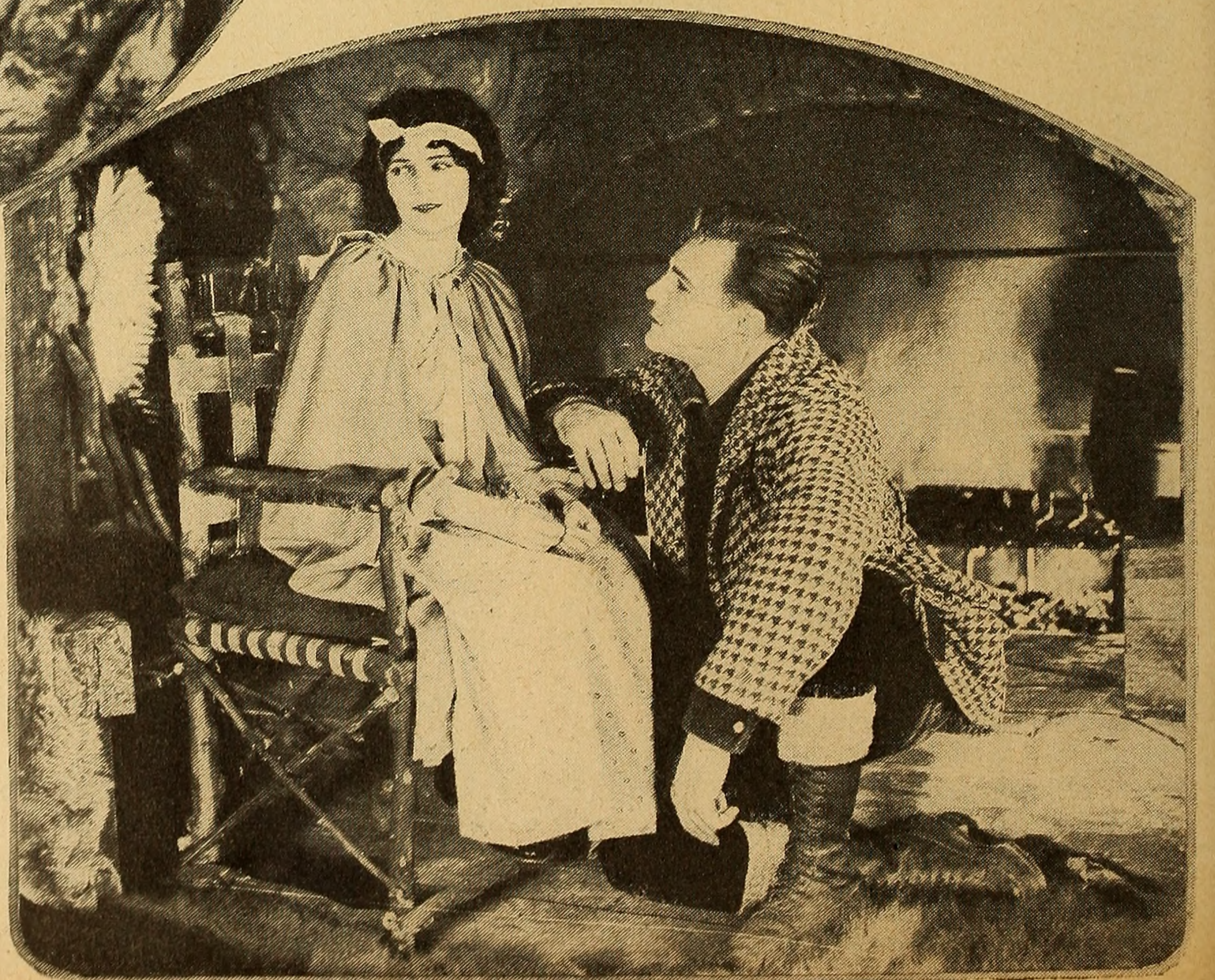
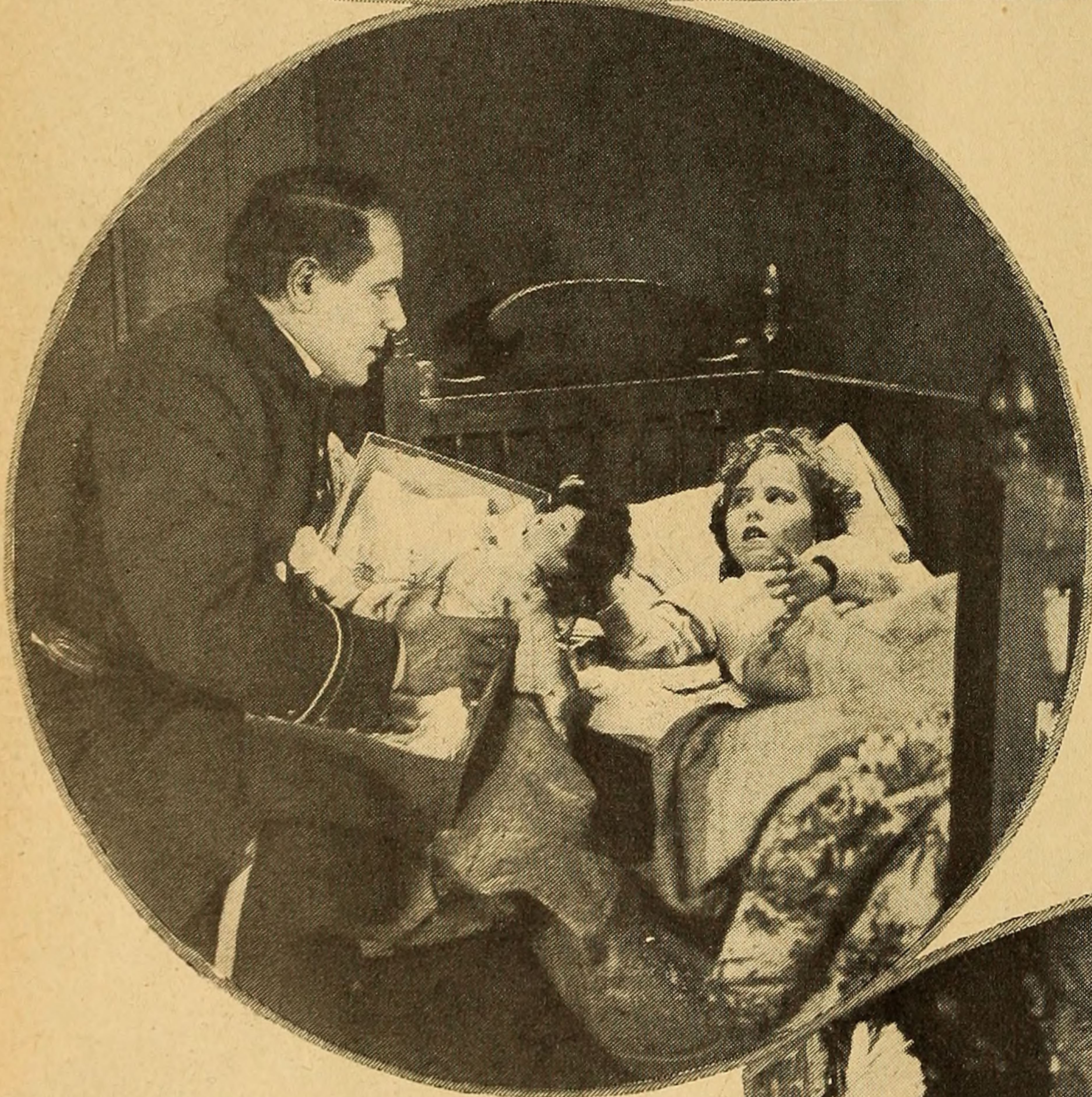
Critical Paragraphs You In Selecting

GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE LAW—ARROW

A TRITE melodrama in the same old orthodox vein of Curwood's — a melodrama introducing the dear Mounted (Oh, Mr. Curwood!) in a Saskatchewan setting; "God's Country and the Law" is simply another movie ground thru the mill. Unoriginal, lacking in suspense and surprise, and the director pounding home every point as if he believed us to be in swaddling-clothes and unable to catch Curwood's moth-eaten diagram—the picture never rises from the level of mediocrity. A bootlegger carries the plot. Once he finds his conscience, he goes into the woods and dies. This procedure will raise a scornful laugh not only with the bootlegging gentry but the gentlemen who buy their goods from them. The Mounted rescue a harassed wife and dash on after their man. If you lived in the north woods, would you leave your spouse unprotected—without a gun hanging conveniently above the fireplace? Fred Jones does, following Sydney Olcott's direction. But Gladys Leslie finds refuge in a turbulent stream. This picture will only please you after you've been on a long vacation—say up in Saskatchewan.

IN THE NAME OF THE LAW—FILM BOOKING OFFICES

Father has arrived. The neglected parent, who has effaced himself from the picture that mother



At the top of the page, Gladys Leslie and Fred C. Jones in "God's Country and the Law." Above, Ralph Lewis in "In the Name of the Law," and at the right, Buck Jones in "Trooper O'Neil"

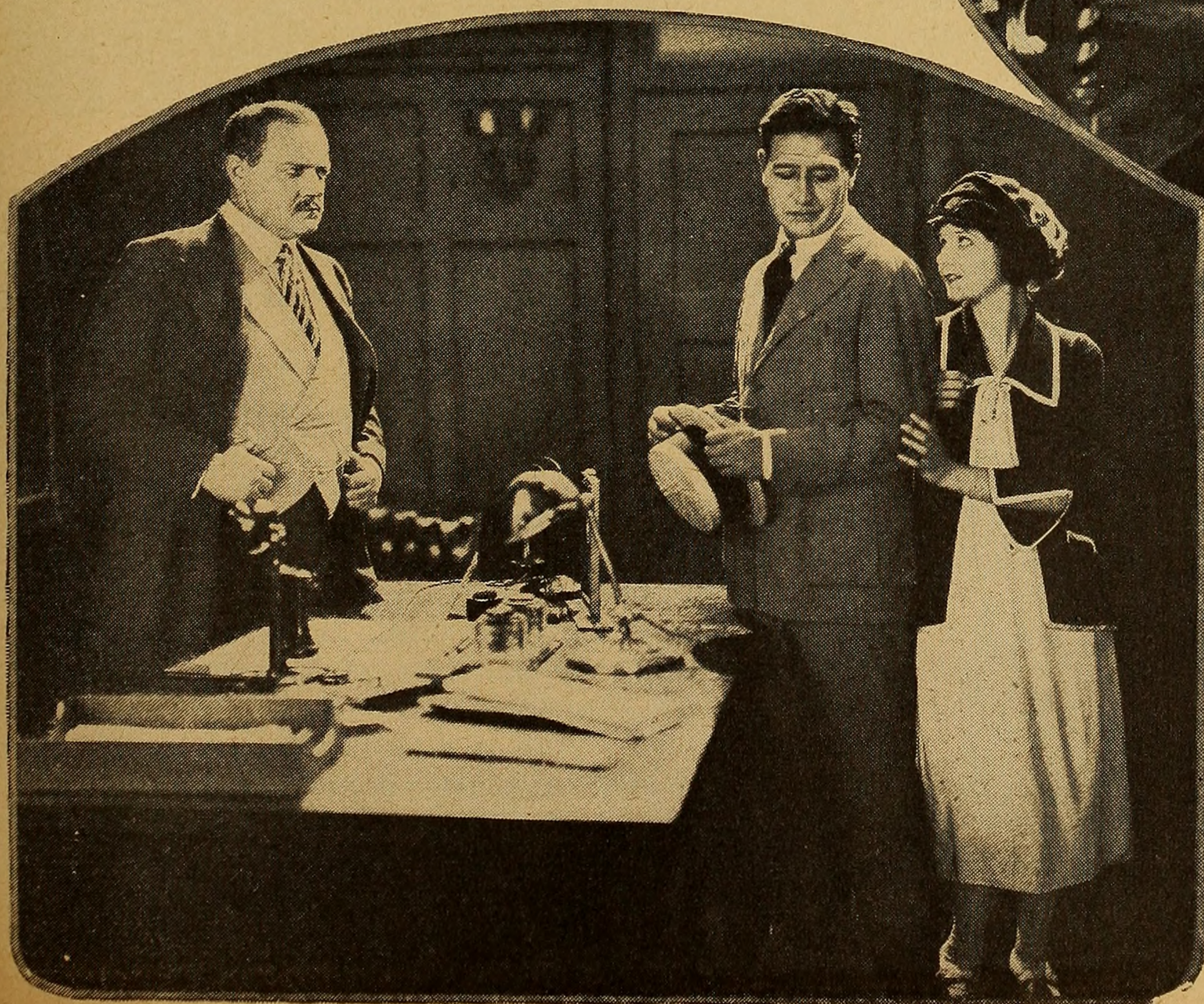
Other Productions

Which Will Guide Your Entertainments

may shed a tear for a recreant child, has reached the screen in a policeman's uniform. The scene is any city; the cop any cop of your neighborhood. This feature carries a mighty title for such mawkish sentimentality. It belies itself, for there is nothing revealed touching upon the realities and humanities of the policeman's beat from station-house to his home. You look for colorful incident, such as marks every cop's experience in enforcing the law or in showing favor toward some trespasser—and you look in vain. What you do see is a policeman who stupidly shoots his own son and convicts him on the spot without showing the great heart which he is supposed to possess.

We wish that Emory Johnson could have drawn a real policeman instead of the lay figure who masquerades in the uniform of blue. The only significant point he brings forth is the revelation that even a cop can be sentimental—that he isn't eternally hounding the self-sacrificing hero or chasing Chaplin's imitators. Thus he shows the only novel touch.

The picture is crammed with incident of home life. The children grow up and watch their step, altho one becomes involved in a crime of which he is innocent. The boy who goes to college returns to defend his brother and saves him from conviction thru employing their adopted sister as the star witness. The defense relies upon an outburst of oratory which arouses not only his own lacrimal glands but those of the crowded court-room. The episode is arbitrary and convenient, but it is well staged notwithstanding—



At the top of the page is "Slim Shoulders," with Irene Castle; just above is Earle Williams in "Restless Souls," and at the left, "The Referee," with Conway Tearle



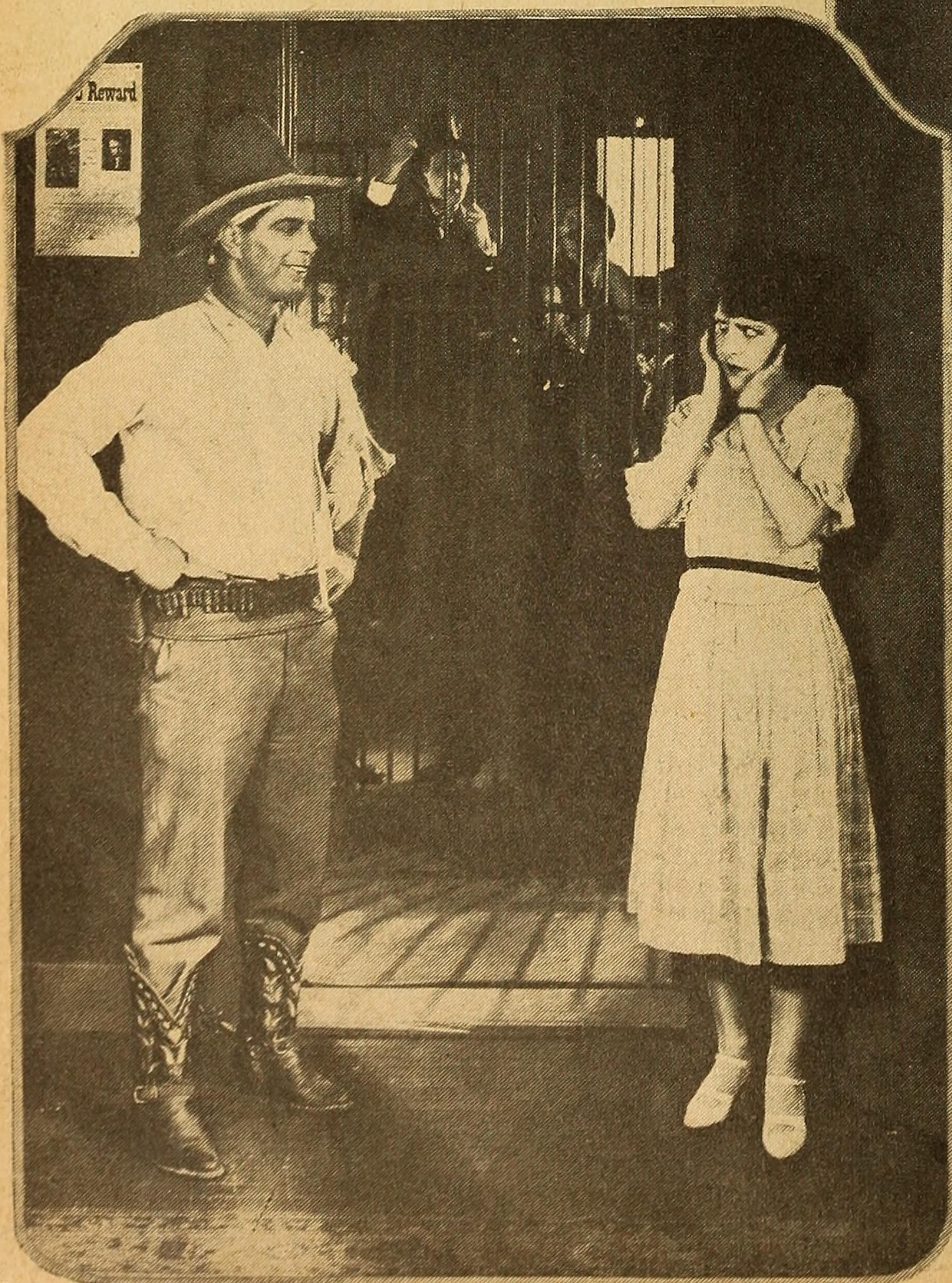
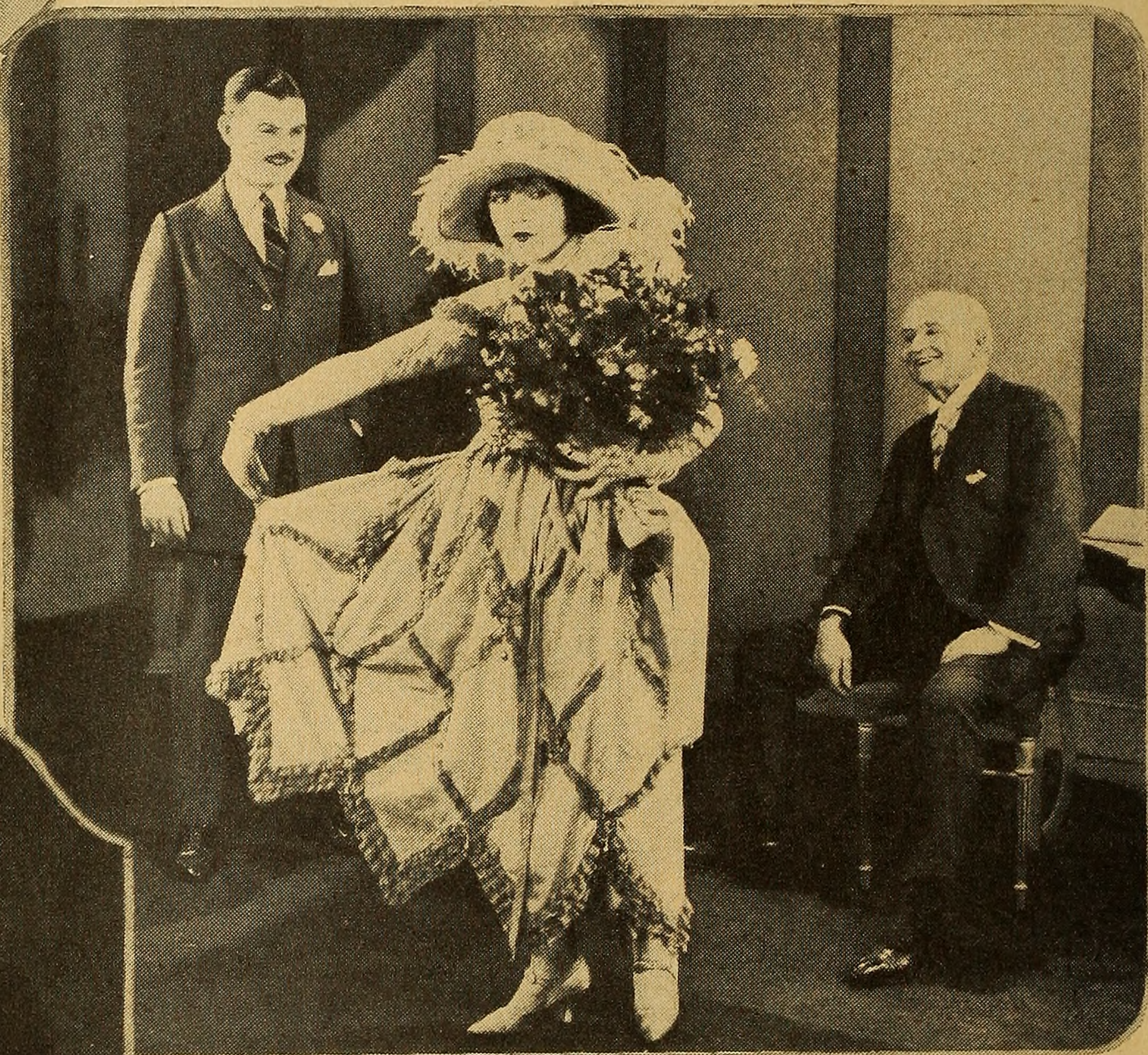
Above, Helene Chadwick with James Rennie in "The Dust Flower." Marie Prevost at the right is seen in "Her Night of Nights," and below is Hoot Gibson in "Trimmed"

the legal chamber and the manner of conducting the case ringing genuine. But the station-house is neglected. Also the humor and human incident. And these factors are part and parcel of every policeman's life.

The picture will appeal to the mass mind. The spectator will feel disappointed however with the director in leaving out so much real detail. Father may just as well be represented in any ordinary suit of clothes. He is simply masquerading here. The acting is adequate, Ralph Lewis lending dignity and sincerity to his rôle of the cop.

TROOPER O'NEIL—FOX

What does this title suggest to you? Must you be told that the Northwest Mounted pattern is here again, carrying on with its stereotyped slogan—"get your man"? There is nothing in this Charles (Buck) Jones opus which intrigues the



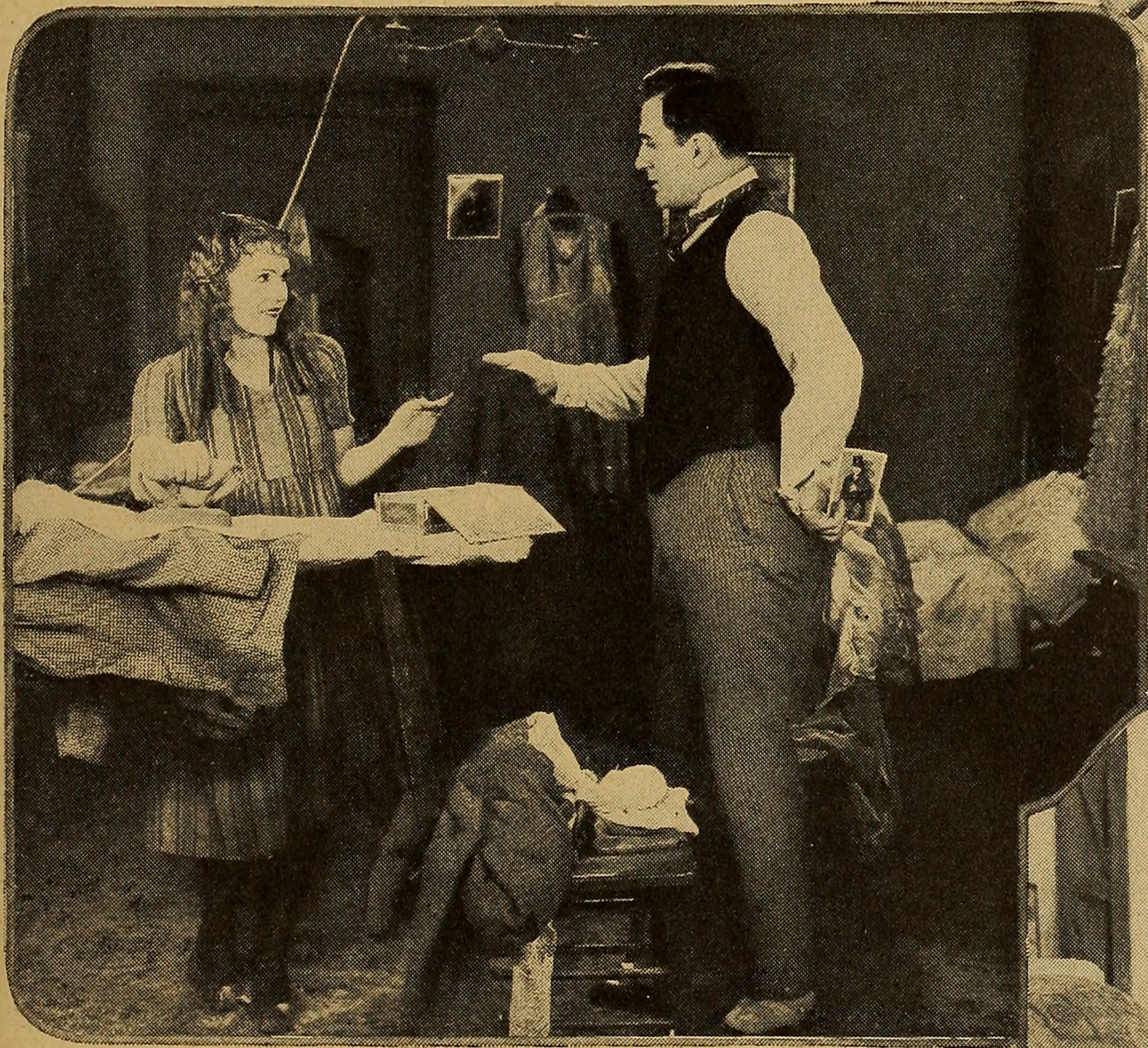
imagination. You know for a certainty that the fearless Mountie will be confronted with the troublesome task of obeying the call of duty or the call of the heart. And somehow you lose all sympathy for him when he elects to live up to the law and arrest the girl upon such flimsy evidence as carrying a gunshot wound in her side. This isn't the stuff of which heroes are made and Burt Standish of Tip Top Weekly fame will tell you so. There is an attempt to secret the plot under a coating of mystery, with the spectator asked to suspect one of four Canucks involved in the murder. Jones is sent to the scene of the crime disguised as a trapper. It is noticeable that he wears wintry togs at the same time that little mam'selle is bedecked in a summer dress and who is even seen picking daisies in the clearing. A few shots ring out—a knife or two is hurled thru the air and the vengeful Pierre makes a dying confession. Poor titling and breast-heaving, eyebrow-wiggling emotion burden this orthodox recipe. If a Mountie must get his man, or his woman, let him do so without the holier-than-thou motive of a Volstead agent.

SLIM SHOULDERS—HODKINSON

While you cannot expect any variation of theme where it concerns a daughter willing to sacrifice everything for a father who has played too fast and loose with the stock ticker, you will have to admit, however, after seeing Irene Castle's newest expression, "Slim Shoulders," that it is the best picture she has had since her old Pathe days. Eliminating the crooked god of the machine long before the story has reached its climax, is certainly brushing it up with novelty. You say to yourself—"the story is over." But it gets away on another tack. The dead man's influence lingers long after he has made his unhappy exit. His heir casts a dread shadow until the resourceful girl intrigues him with her charm while she masquerades as a burglar in search of the papers. Good old papers. For once you hold your mirth the while you are quite fascinated in her scheme of operation. The picture presents rich exteriors and the interiors



Above is "Our Leading Citizen," with Thomas Meighan and Lois Wilson. At the left is Gladys Walton in "The Trouper," and below, you find Mary Miles Minter in "South of Suva"



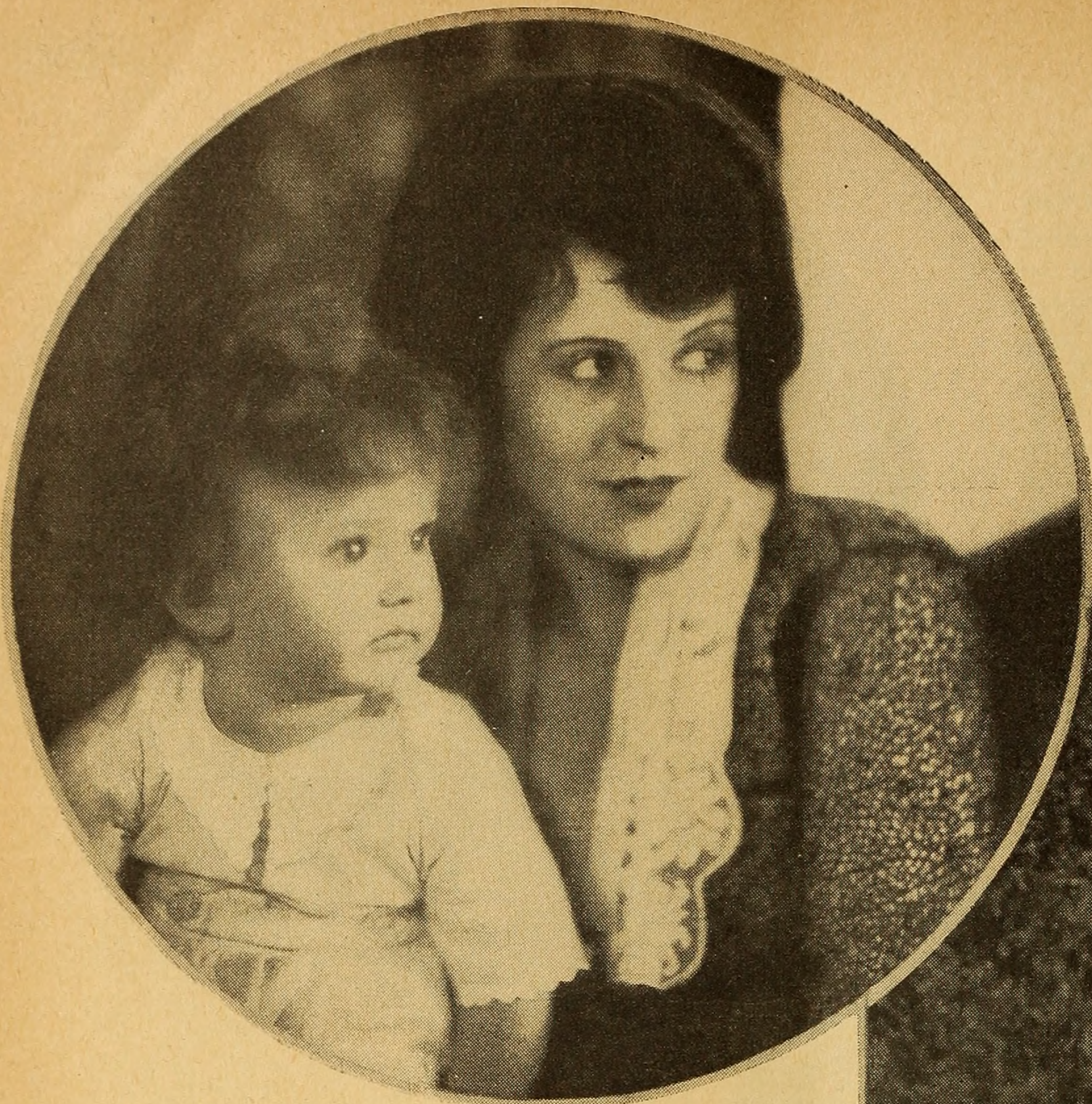
are sumptuous without being gawdy. Irene Castle catches the exact mood in her portrayal. She looks more like an actress here and less like a mannequin than in anything we have ever seen her in.

RESTLESS SOULS—VITAGRAPH

With spiritism and psycho-analysis and other cults being broadcasted these days—with Conan Doyle putting these ideas in the heads of the proletariat—it is quite timely on Vitagraph's part to resurrect a Richard Harding Davis story, "Playing Dead," and give it to Earle Williams for expression. Retitled "Restless Souls," it makes a faint gesture for entertainment. After a few brief moments in which neo-symbolism stuff is disseminated by an effeminate little high-brow, the picture becomes tired and flops thru lack of vitality. Earle is the husband of a woman who feels the occult urge. Since he decides that she prefers contact with the dear departed and the rest of the

(Continued on page 118)

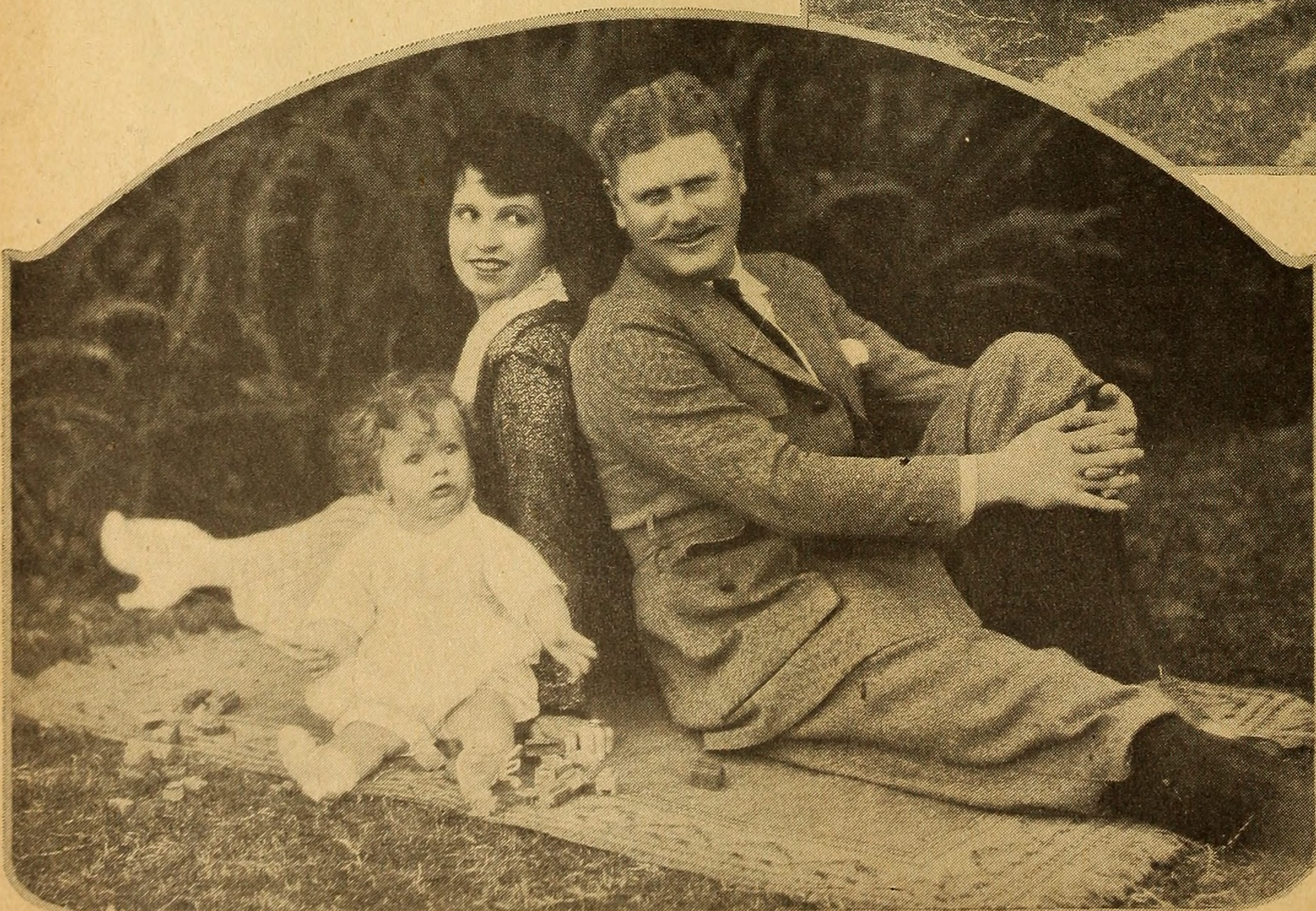
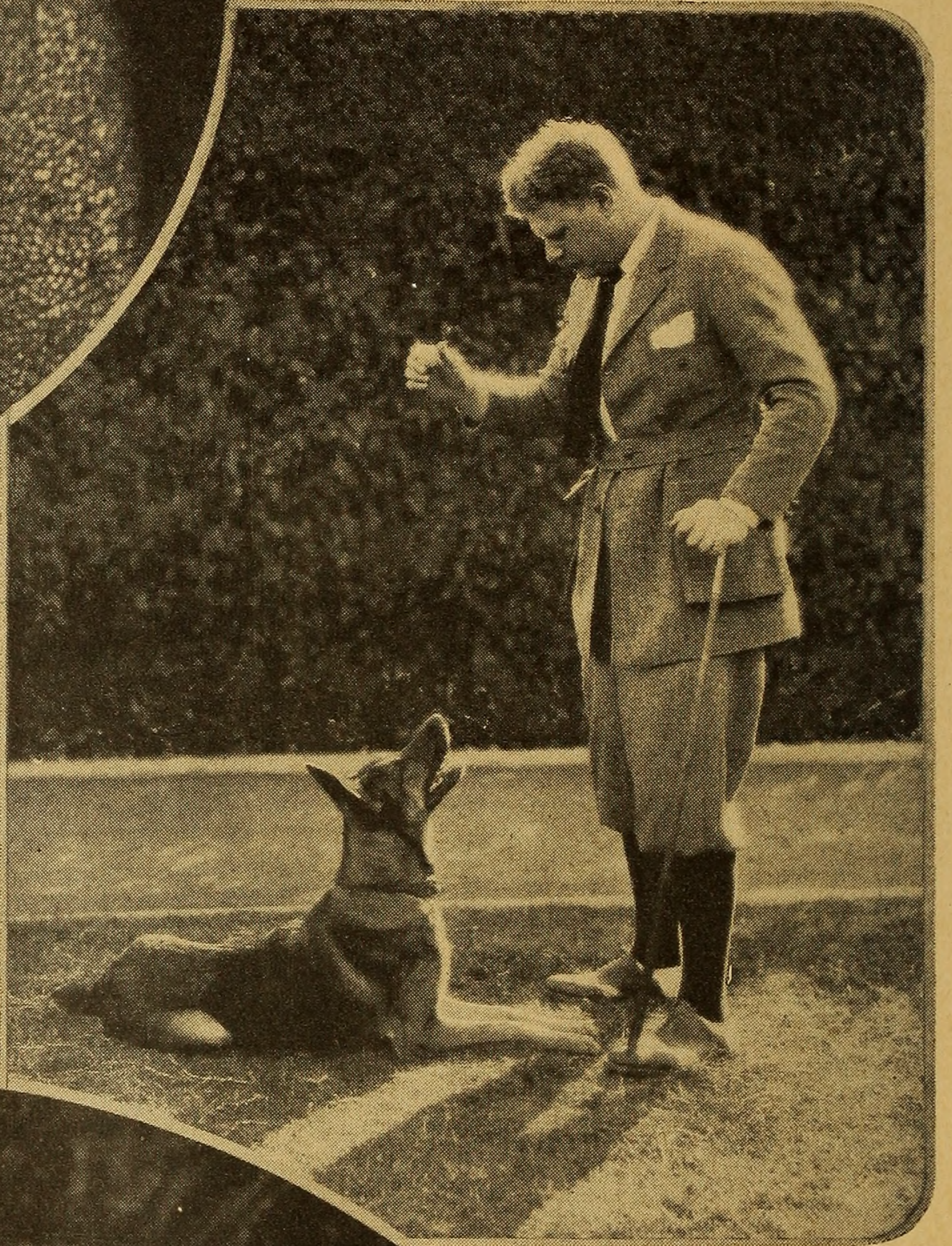




These pictures are domestic enough to cause you to believe they were photographed in almost any suburban town. You might even go further and suppose the father to be a rising young banker who married his pretty wife even as she left an exclusive finishing-school. But, strange as it may seem, they were taken in wicked Hollywood. Page the reformers!

All photographs by Rice

Page the Reformers!



Allan Hale married Gretchen Hartman, you know. And since her marriage she has devoted herself entirely to things domestic—to the Hale home on the outskirts of Hollywood—and to the Hale baby, Allan, junior



Letters to the Editor



Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, it is requested that this be specified.

Thoughts concerning unjust censorship and the regret that "Foolish Wives" wasn't permitted to be even a finer picture, makes this letter interesting.

DEAR EDITOR: May I give some of my opinions about the movies and the various stars? So many of your readers do that I have decided that I shall take a chance along with the rest of them and hope to see my letter in print.

My favorite star is Alice Calhoun. I have watched her career with a great deal of interest and am very pleased that she is making such great headway. I shall never forget her as Babbie in "The Little Minister." In this picture she showed such fine dramatic ability that I think that the most critical could find nothing wanting in her interpretation of the rôle. I prefer her in rôles like Babbie and Princess Jones rather than those like the one she had in "Closed Doors."

Gee, but I'm glad that Dorothy Dalton is back in her old rip-roaring rôles. I have seen "Moran of the Lady Letty" and "The Crimson Challenge" and I think that she is most appealing as the boyish, swaggering girl who has been forced to rely on her own resources and "quick draw." I hated her in society rôles and as a wronged wife and now that she is back in her old place, I hope that she will continue to be the female Bill Hart.

I don't believe in censorship. At least not the way it is being carried on at present. What is perfectly O. K. in one state is all wrong in another. Certainly if they are to have censorship, they can have uniformity all over the States. But the censors are really childish

about some things. I have seen scenes that should have been out, remain in the picture, and then I have heard of very fine scenes being cut out just because the censor had an idea that it should not be. I hope that Mr. Will Hays will abolish this one-sided censorship and make it uniform.

Have you seen a fine subtitle absolutely ruined by the awful blunders in spelling and punctuation and grammar in it? This is what I saw in a recent picture "The mills of the gods grind *slow* but the grind exceedingly fine." The mistakes in spelling are too numerous to mention, as are those of punctuation.

I liked "Foolish Wives," but I think that it would have been very much better if the powers that be had let Erich von Stroheim cut and title the picture himself. I read that after he had spent so much money and all the rest on the picture, they refused to let him cut the picture and put that job into the hands of professionals. Well, they did their best to wreck the picture but it survived their attempts. The effects, acting, story, directions, photography left nothing to be desired but—oh, well what's the use.

I would like very much to hear from the readers of this magazine and if they write to me, I shall endeavor to answer all of the letters, if possible.

I shall close with best wishes for the success of your fine magazine.

Sincerely yours,
CHARLES TUCK,
Box No. 317, Salisbury, N. C.

Criticism is always something of a matter of opinion—however—

DEAR EDITOR: May I just say a little about a criticism I read the other day from a very large newspaper on "Mother O'Mine"? It ran something like this—"The title and the name of the producer give the impression that it is something out of the ordinary, but it isn't. In fact, it is very ordinary. Its sponsors have placed some of

the best productions, which makes one like this all the more disappointing, as the expectation is to see something worth while. The plot is ready-made, a hand-me-down affair, and many of the situations are absurd. There is no dramatic force any more in basing the entire picture on sensational action."

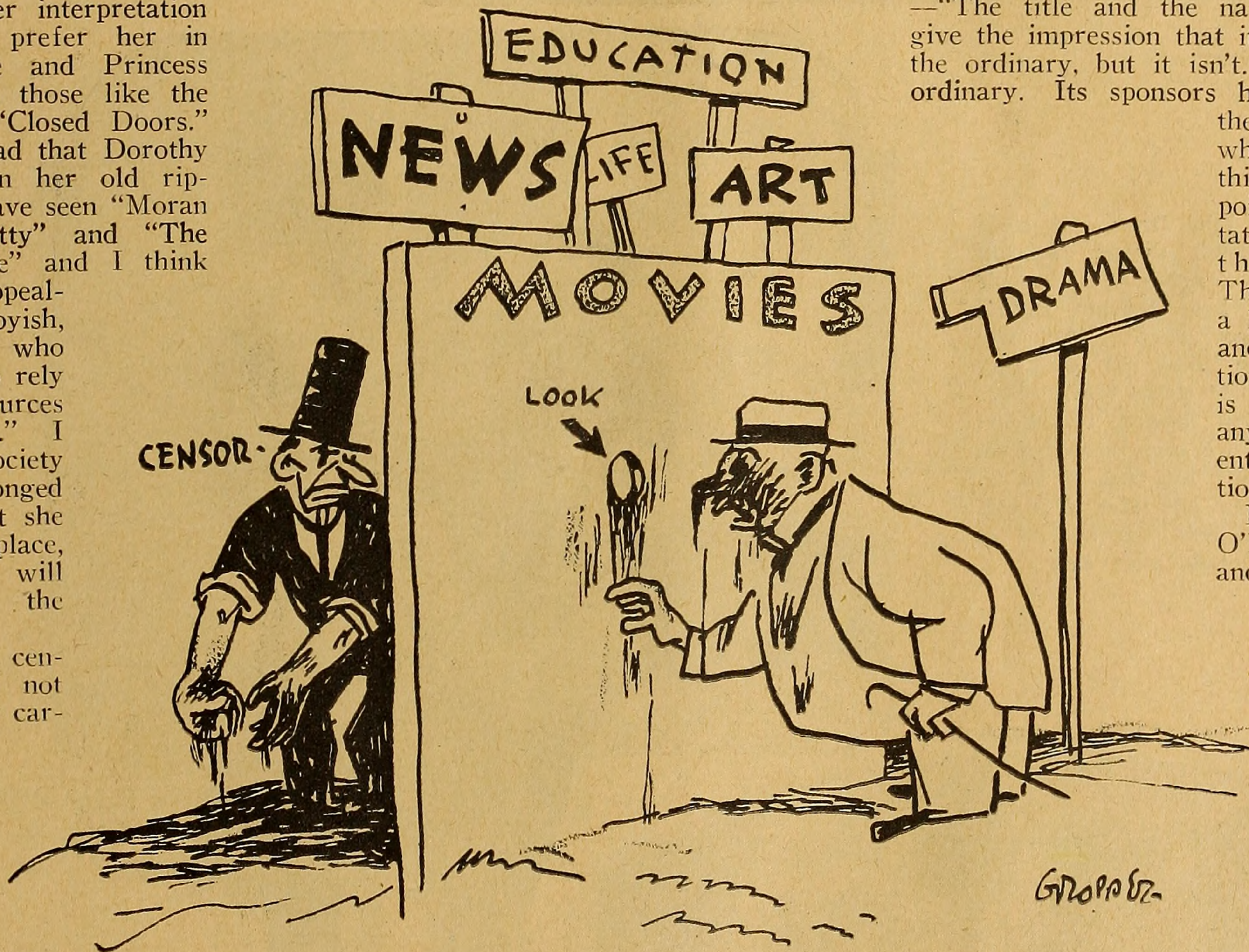
I have seen "Mother O'Mine" three times and would like to see it again. I can conscientiously say that I enjoyed it more than any other picture I have seen this year. The critic that wrote the above statement, in my estimation, is a very poor critic. The acting was as good as it could have been. Take, for instance, Lloyd Hughes, here is a fine

young actor with lots of ability. Why don't we see more of him? He is surely handsome enough! Then Betty Ross Clarke, she is not what one might call beautiful, but she has something that so many of our screen heroines lack—sincerity, sweetness and a very thorough understanding of playing a part. Poor Betty Blythe, she had a bad part, that of a very wicked vampire, but she played it wonderfully well. Also Claire MacDowell was splendid as the mother. After all, Mr. Ince has made a wonderful picture, from every standpoint—acting, directing, sub-titles, etc.

Hoping for the future success of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Sincerely yours, JAQUE NUGENT,
1216 Chickasha Avenue, Chickasha, Okla.

Newsreels are a joy to people in isolated towns. This reader makes a plea regarding them—

DEAR EDITOR: Some of us live in small towns and we don't get away much and we'd like to—a lot—so our interest in
(Continued on page 104)



"The censors are really childish about some things," writes one reader. "I have seen scenes that should have been out remain in the picture, and then I have heard of very fine scenes being cut out just because the censor had an idea it should not be." All of which goes to prove that reactions must always vary

On the Camera Coast

By
HARRY CARR



SOMEBODY must have sent out a long and loud call for the stars of yesteryear, because they are certainly flocking back to the screen. Even to Theda Bara.

Blanche Sweet and Mae Marsh are among the *revenants*, and their ghostly presences are all to be seen in big pictures.

Miss Bara has signed up with the Selznicks, and the understanding is that before the summer has flown she will have thrilled the camera lens once again. Her first picture is to show some time in the fall.

To all intents, Miss Bara is to forsake her vamping ways upon her return. If she does appear in the siren rôle, it will be much modified. No prehistoric flourishes or wriggles. In fact, the Selznick organization has been debating seriously the possibility for starring her in a costume drama.

No sooner had she been married to Marshall Neilan than Blanche Sweet decided that she would return to the ghastly lights. She has been engaged for the principal rôle in the Metro release of "Quincy Adams Sawyer," to be produced by the Sawyer-Lubin combine. Her rôle will be that of Alice Pettingill, the blind girl.

While Mae Marsh has gone abroad to appear in pictures, her future in America seems indefinite just now. It is indicated that she will be cast in a forthcoming Griffith feature, and the rumors mention "Ben Hur," which, it is predicted, Griffith will direct for Goldwyn.

Excursioning to regions unexploited by the camera, goes on more actively seemingly, from week to week. Reginald Barker is one of the most recent adventurers, having decided to take the exteriors for his new picture "Timber" in the

"No, sir," declares John Drew. "A stage career is responsibility enough for one man." And Rupert Hughes loses a movie recruit who would have brought shekels galore into the box office. "The Old Homestead" is being filmed, and the Lasky lot reminds you of Old Home Week. Harrison Ford is playing Reuben, and Fritzi Redgeway is Ann. Below, reading from left to right, you find Lila Lee, Anna Q. Nilsson, Lois Wilson and Mae McAvoy. Lila Lee seems to hold the interest of her stellar friends with ease



Photograph by Paramount



NEWS FLASHES FROM THE PACIFIC COAST

British Columbia logging camps. He will have Frank Keenan and Anna Q. Nilsson in the leading rôles. Craig Ward, whom Barker considers a "find," has an important part.

Rex Ingram may go questing upon his arrival in the East, Bermudas or somewhere in that locality. He has temporarily abandoned his plan to film "Toilers of the Sea," it would seem. Alice Terry, Ramon Samaniegos, Malcolm MacGregor and other members of his permanent organization will accompany him wherever he may go.

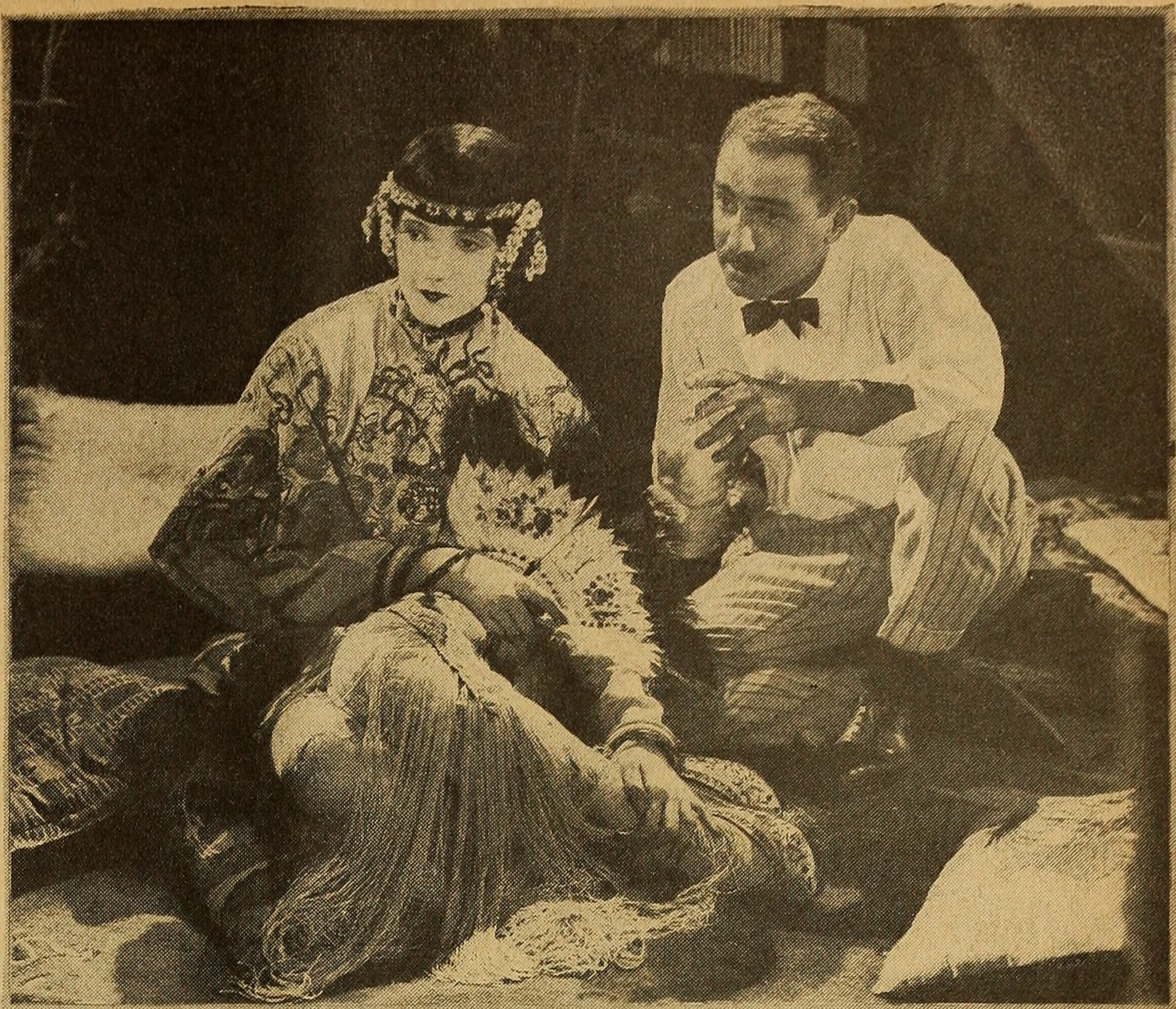
Marshall Neilan has made up his mind on his first picture for Goldwyn organization, with which he recently signed. The story is "The Strangers' Banquet" by Donn Byrne. It presents the theme of a modern girl's fight against industrial unrest.

The marriage mart has been singularly quiet. Correspondingly there has been very little excitement in the divorce exchange. Everybody is apparently too busy to be bothered with domestic or personal affairs. Katherine MacDonald was a recent victim of the rumor plague. Somebody suddenly linked her name with Jack Morrill, club man and golfer of Chicago. This, plus a diamond solitaire on her left hand, third finger, was evidence enough for the printing of the report and a denial by the star, who stated quite emphatically that she has no intention of getting wedded to anybody just at present.

The nearest marriage on the calendar is that of Jack Pickford and Marilyn Miller. Ere this is printed it should have taken place, despite protests of Flo Ziegfeld *et al.*

Mama Pickford seems particularly jubilant, as do the other members of the Pickford family.

(Continued on page 110)



Constance Talmadge is in the throes of things Chinese these days. "East Is West" is being filmed, with Sidney Franklin behind the megaphone. At the left is Charles Ray and Mrs. Ray. Below, the men of the Lasky lot indulge in a conversational afternoon. James Neill seems to be doing the talking. Milton Sills, Charles Ogle are attentive—George Fawcett may have heard the tale before



Without A Cosmetic Cosmos

By GORDAN GASSAWAY

THERE are some players who, when they step from the screen or the stage, carry the theater or the studio right along with 'em. Sometimes they carry it in a little black box and dab it on from time to time, and sometimes it simply radiates from them as does heat from a well-janitored radiator.

But not Dorothy Phillips. She neither dabs it on when she is out of her studio dressing-room



The sweetness of Dorothy Phillips is not the sweetness of the impossible Pollyannas of this world. Her sweetness is tempered with mercy—a mercy that is tempered with a quick wit. She stands with the great women of the world who have been as beautiful in character as they have been in characteristics

Photograph by Horwitz



nor does she radiate it in her home. Her profession with her is a thing apart.

As a matter of fact, when you meet her in the glare of a conscienceless noonday sun you are in doubt as to whether or not she is an actress—not a lap at a lip-stick, just the fresh color of her lips and complexion that nature gave her. She is without camouflage, mentally or physically.

In the four or five years that have passed since she first flashed upon our optic horizon as a Universal star, as vivid as a northern light, Miss Phillips has ameliorated the verve of youth with the sympathy of a broad outlook. She has bloomed as a rose, somewhere in that marvelous, thinking mind of hers but without losing the guilelessness of childhood.

Dorothy Phillips Continues to Combine Marriage and a Career Under Her Husband's Direction

If it wasn't for the whip-like slash of that mind, her sweetness, which is her outstanding characteristic, would be almost too sweet. But now it is a sweetness with an allure which does not gum up your mentality when you think of her.

Hers is not the goo, if I may borrow the term, of the impossible Pollyannas of this world. Her sweetness is tempered with mercy—a mercy that is tempered by a quick wit! She stands with the great women of the world who have been as beautiful in character as they have been in characteristics.

She is as placid as a lotus pond, and as gracious as a mandarin. On account of this deep placidity, one feels that she will never have—er—wrinkles. A number of years ago, when Miss Phillips startled the world with her characterization in "Hell Morgan's Girl," and made a name for herself thereby which has echoed down the ages, I sat me down and wrote her a letter. It was a long letter and it told her how wonderful she was. Then a year later, after she had appeared in some terrible pictures that almost obliterated the good work she



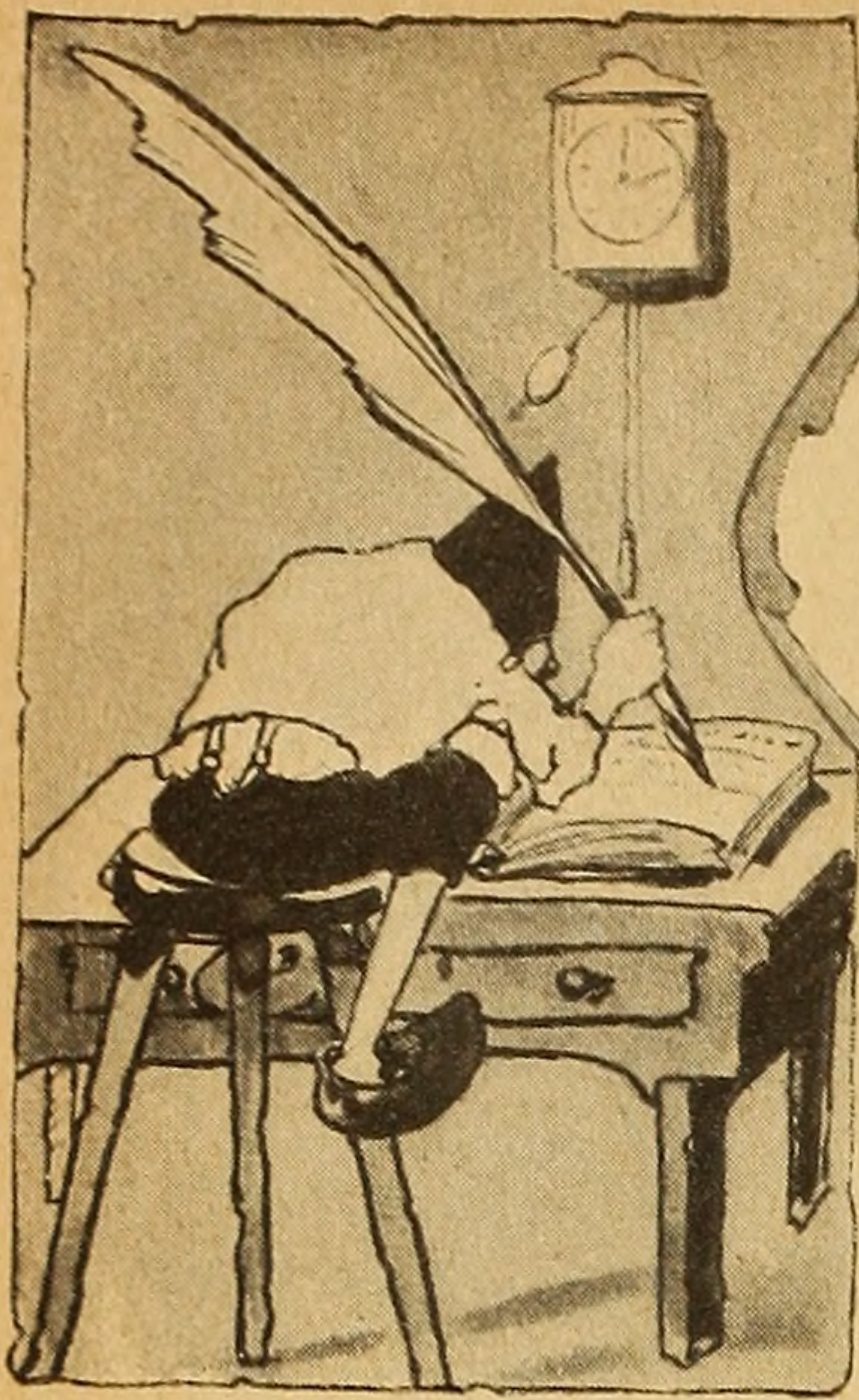
Photograph by Horwitz



"There is no special preparation thru which I can put myself or my brain before I take up a new rôle," said Dorothy Phillips. "I try to keep my mind as free from contamination as is humanly possible and let the future direct my destiny"

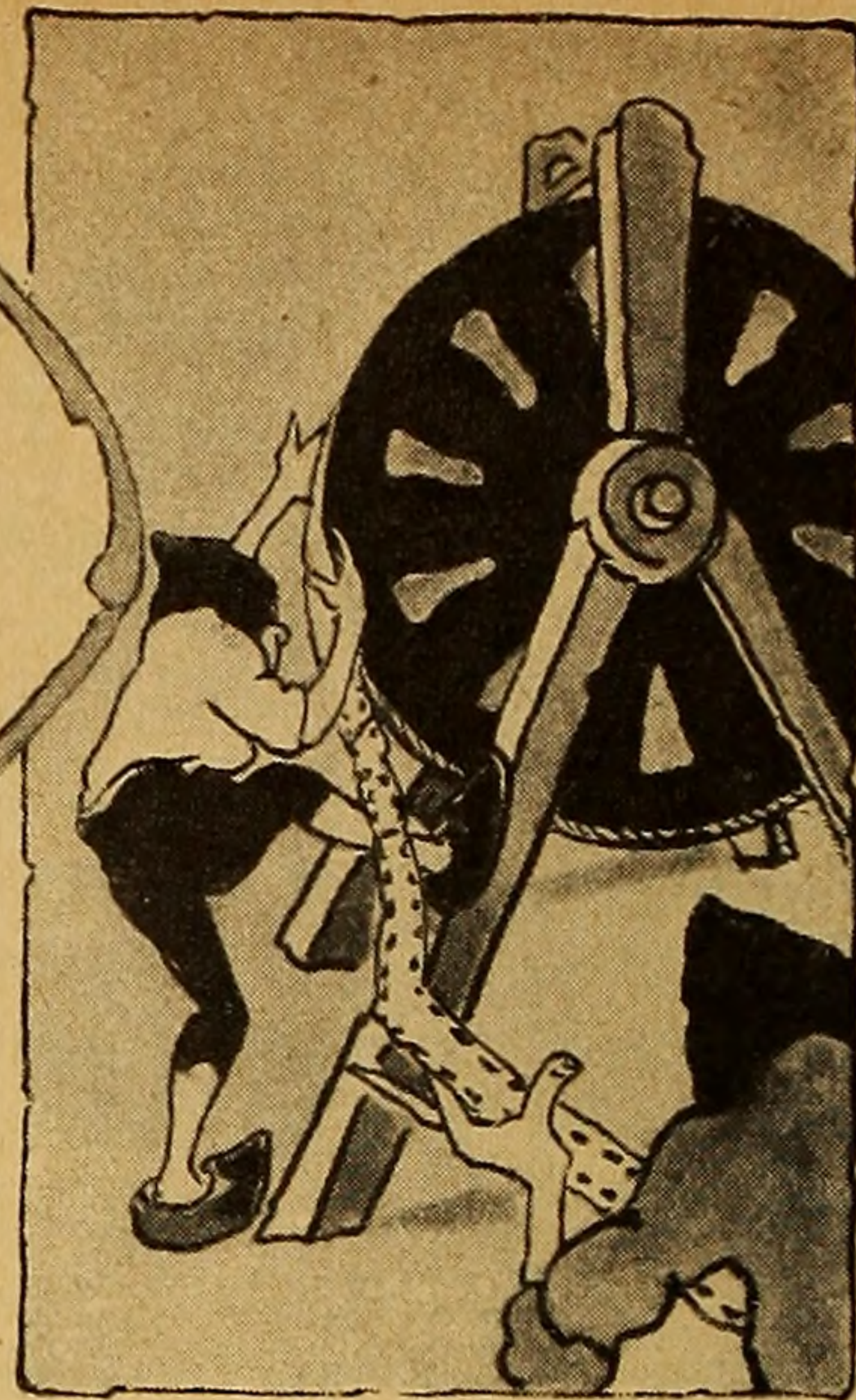
had done as "Hell" Morgan's daughter, I wrote her another letter and told her that if she didn't get some snappy stories she would be r-r-ruined! Mind you, this was four years ago. And upon our meeting the other day she spoke of this letter. Among the thousands that she had received she remembered mine, and my

(Continued on page 100)



The Juvenile Critic

By
DOROTHY WHITEHILL



July 19, '22.
OH my darling Punch,
I am so excited that

I can hardly write. I just this minute heard that my very own Douglas Fairbanks is doing a picture of Robin Hood. Do you suppose it's because I asked him to a long time ago. Uncle Roddy says "undoubtedly," but I think he's just teasing; anyway, it's just too wonderful for words and I can't wait to see it and I think I'll write and tell him to please hurry up.

Yesterday I saw a picture called the "Five Dollar Baby," and I thought it was dreadfully silly to begin with and I'm quite sure it never could have happened.

A poor woman leaves her most darling baby on the steps of an orphanage and then goes and jumps into the river. She really did, only I closed my eyes because I didn't want to see her splash.

Then a man called the Solitary Kid finds the basket and thinks it is full of things to eat and takes it, with some milk, too. Then when he finds out it is a real live baby he is scared at first, but then he takes it over to a pawn-shop where you can sell whatever you want to and then if you pay every once in awhile someday you can go and get it back again.

Well, the Kid gets five dollars for the baby, and the old man who owns the shop and whose name is Uncle Ben has to keep her and take care of her until she is called for.

Then the picture skips a long time and she, the baby I mean, her name is Ruth, grows up and you see her dancing before a crowd to the music of a street organ. Two boys, one Irish and one Jewish, have a fight to see which one will dance with her, and the policeman comes to stop them and Ruth jumps on his back and puts her fingers over his eyes and the boys get away.

She goes back to her uncle and he tells her about the money being paid for her every year and that he hopes it won't be paid any more so that she can truly be his little girl, and then Ruth remembers that a shabby man in the street gave her a letter to deliver to her uncle. She opens it and there is the money.

Then she goes away to school and comes back all dressed up in a fur coat and the Irish boy goes to the station to meet her and brings her home in his new Ford.

There is a Xmas party and all kinds of funny people are there and everybody has presents, and then a dreadful looking woman tells Uncle Ben that she wants her son to marry Ruth and Uncle Ben tells Ruth, who is very unhappy to hear it, because she wants to marry the Irish boy.

Well, she needn't have been so unhappy because the Jewish boy didn't want to marry her but another girl.

That night the Kid comes back to the city and just before twelve o'clock he calls to claim his child, but of course he knows Uncle Ben won't let her go, so he says he may have her if he pays a most huge sum of money, and dear Uncle Ben says he will.

The next night Ruth hears them talking in the office and knows what it is all about and so she slips down the stairs and takes the money and runs for a policeman.

When Uncle Ben finds the money gone he is all excited and the Kid doesn't believe there ever was any money, and then they have a fight and in comes the Irish boy and stops them (tho once I heard Uncle Roddy say an Irishman never stops a fight) and Ruth comes in with the policeman and they take the Kid away, but not to jail, because he promises to be good.

Then in comes the Jewish boy and he has married the other girl and the picture stops with Ruth kissing the Irish boy, so I suppose that meant they were going to get married.

I hope I'll see some really good pictures next time.

Your loving sister,

JUDY.

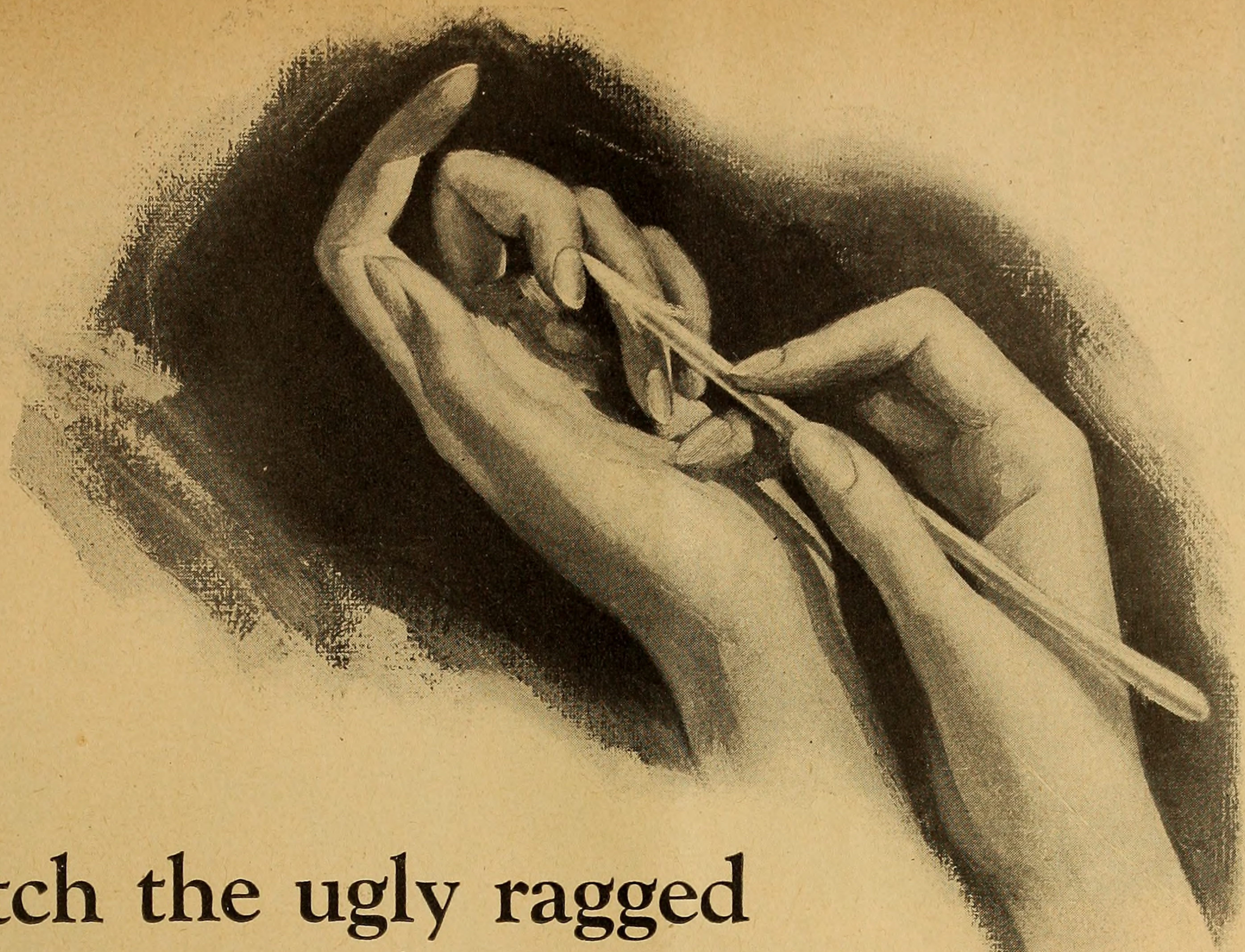
New York City, July 20, 1922.

DEAR PUNCH: I've just come home from the movies, but I didn't enjoy myself very much. The name of the picture was "Married People," and I guess it was made for grown-ups, even tho there are some children in it.
(Continued on page 107)



On the left-hand side is a picture from "The Five-Dollar Baby." And at the right is a scene of the happy ending of "Married People"





Watch the ugly ragged cuticle instantly disappear

NOWADAYS it is no longer considered safe to cut the cuticle. For you cannot trim the dead cuticle around your nail rims without snipping through in places to the living skin which protects the delicate nail root.

Look through a magnifying glass at the cuticle you have been trimming. You will see the little cuts yourself that you have made.

In their effort to heal, these tiny cut parts grow more quickly than the rest. They become rough, dry, and ragged. Soon you have a thick, uneven edge at the base of your nails. Your whole hand will look ugly.

The safe modern way

There is a safe, pleasant, dainty way to care for the cuticle. In the Cutex package you will find orange stick and absorbent cotton. Wrap a little cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then gently work the stick around the base of the nail. Rinse the fingers in clear water, and at once the ragged, ugly cuticle will simply disappear, leaving a smooth, even nail rim. Then

work under the nail tips, to bleach them white and instantly remove stains.

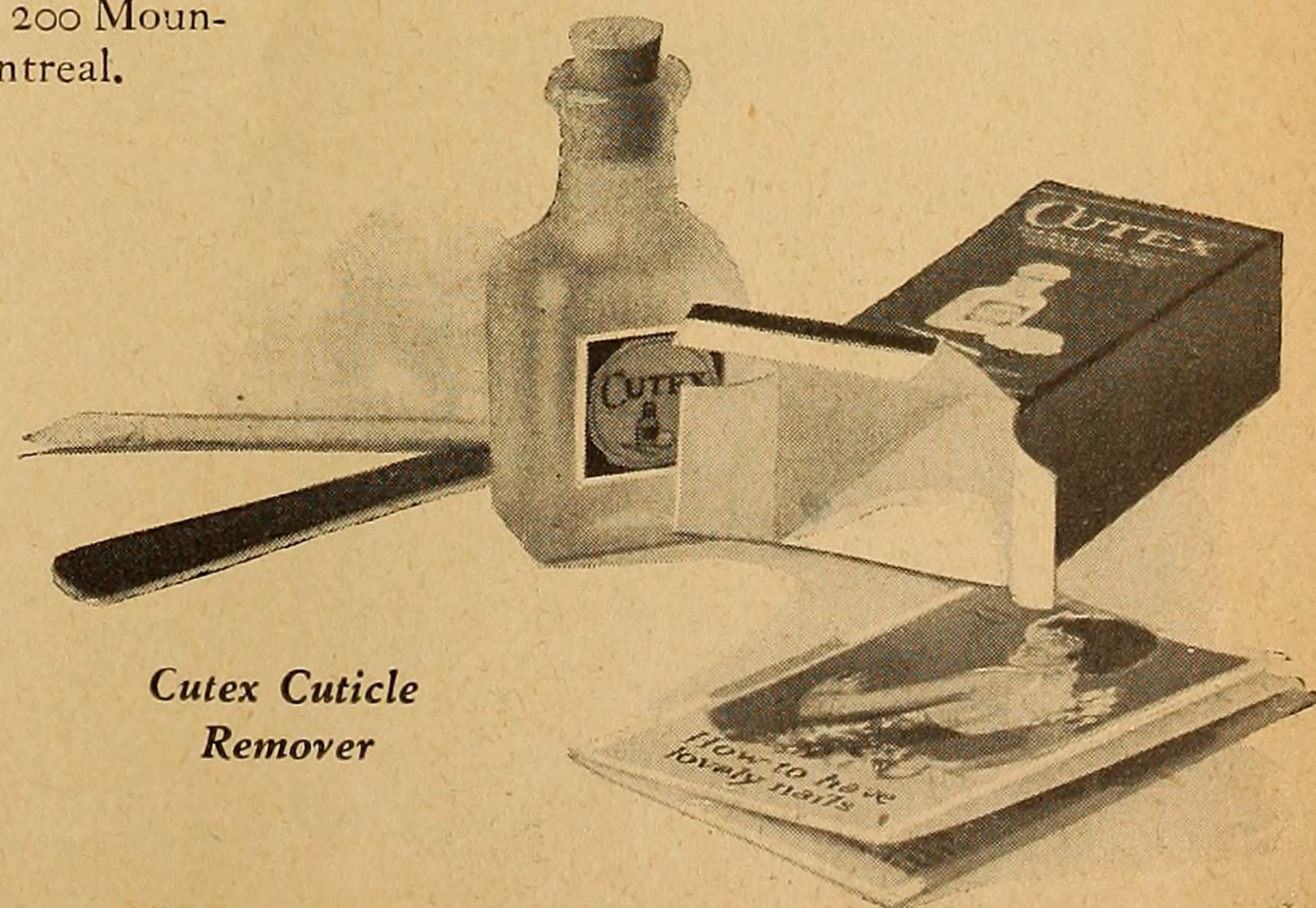
No manicure is really complete without the jewel-like shine which is obtained from any of the Cutex polishes. These come in cake, paste, stick, powder and liquid forms.

The powder and liquid polishes have been recently perfected and are better than any heretofore appearing on the market. A light coat of Liquid Polish, used as a finishing touch, will make your manicure last just twice as long.

Cutex Sets come in four sizes: at 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$3.00. Or each article in the sets separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Introductory Set—only 12c

Send 12c in coin or stamps today for the new Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), the new Liquid Polish, the new Powder Polish, orange stick and emery board. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. M-10, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.



Cutex Cuticle Remover

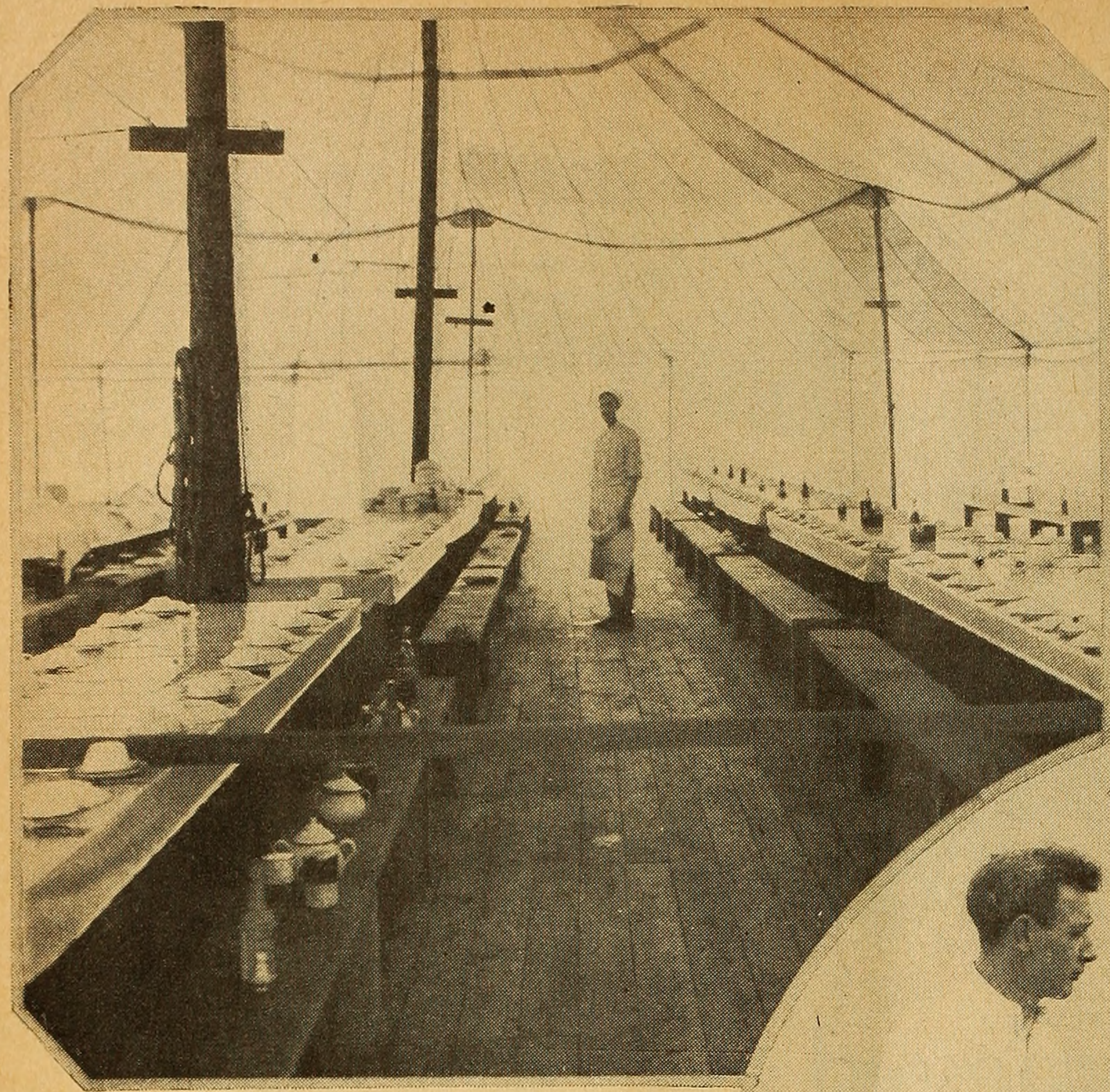
MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12 CENTS TODAY

Northam Warren, Dept. M-10,
114 West 17th Street, New York.

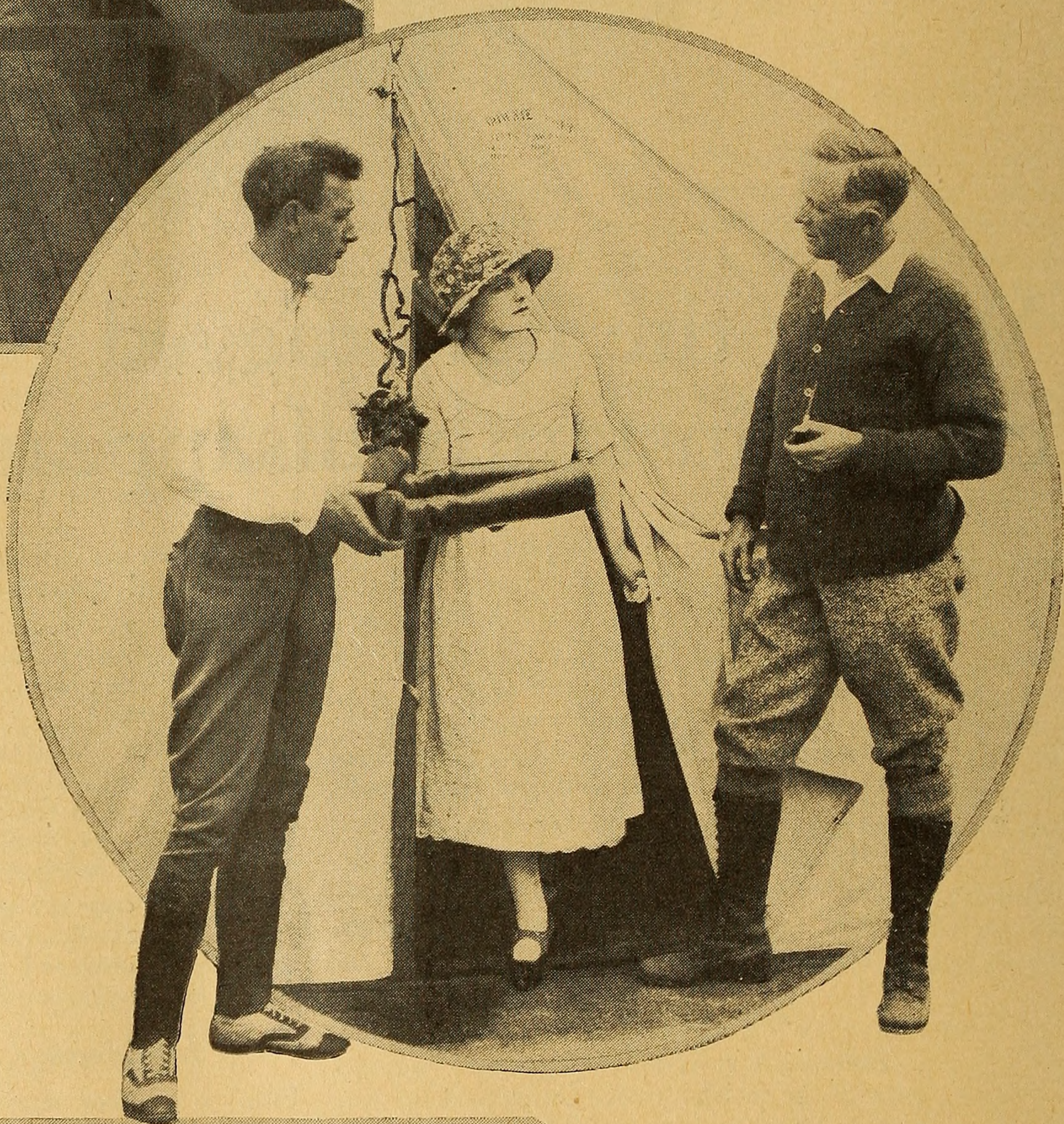
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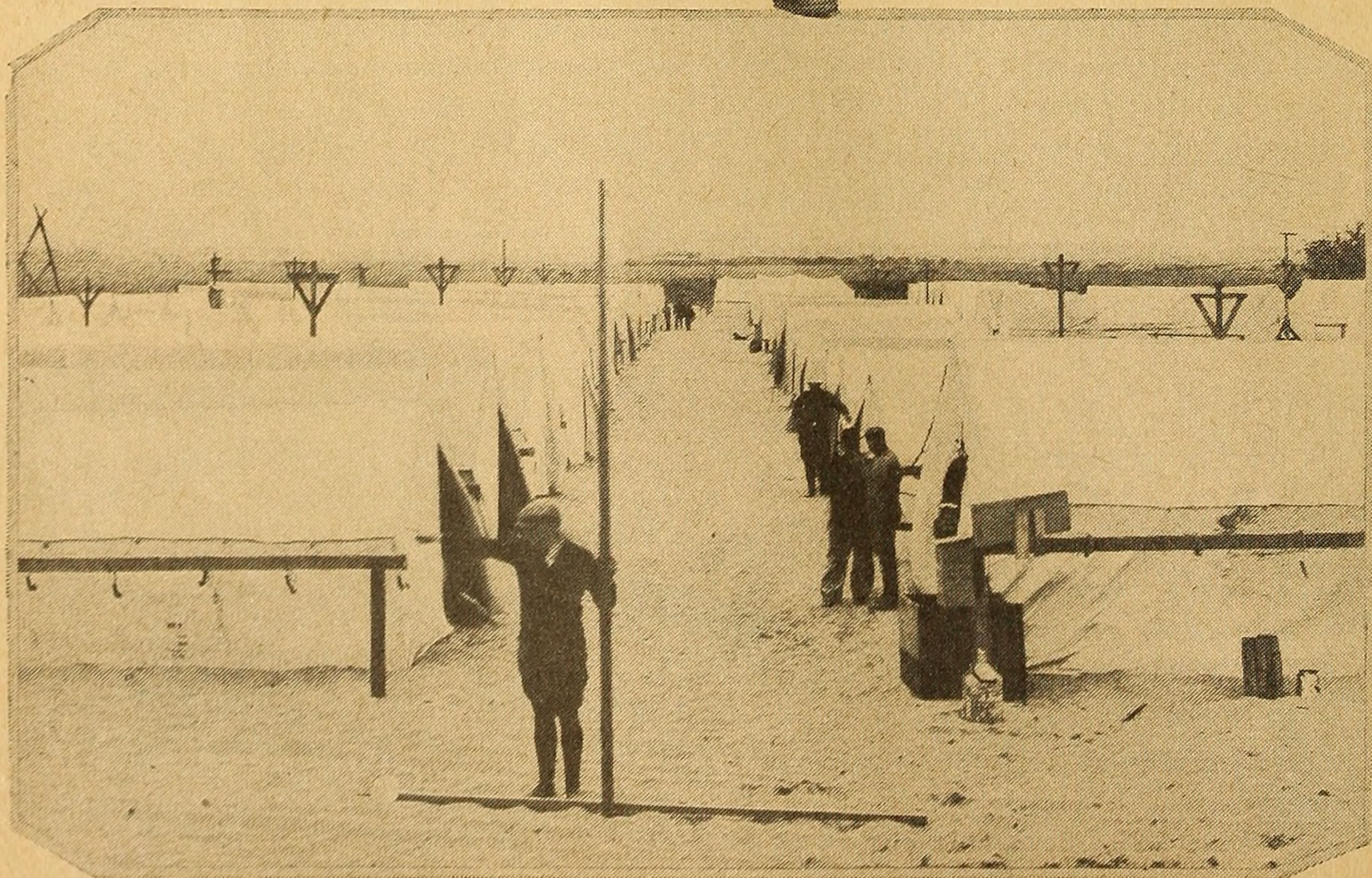
City _____ State _____



"Burning Sands" is a story of the desert. And George Melford decided to have his company camp out on the desert while the exteriors were filmed. It facilitated their work, but they all agreed that location by the sea or in the mountains is more to be desired



Camping on Burning Sands



The picture at the top of the page shows the dining-tent where the entire company was fed daily. Needless to say, a large commissariat department was necessary. Above, Wanda Hawley confers with Director Melford over riding boots in front of her private tent. At the left is a view of the white city which sprang into being on the desert's burning sands



Only a cream that your skin can absorb will give it that clear fresh look in an instant

A cream to give your skin a special freshness

Something to make the skin look its best at a moment's notice. Every woman wants to know about it. Something that will actually make your skin feel and *look* softer and smoother the moment you apply it.

Only a cream that your skin can absorb will do this instantly. This cream is Pond's *Vanishing Cream*—made of ingredients famous for their soothing effect on the skin and by a formula that combines these ingredients in such a way that the cream is absorbed immediately.

Always before you go out or whenever you want to appear especially well, smooth on a little of this light cream. You will notice the moment you apply it to your cheeks what a freshened feeling it gives you. That tired look disappears and your skin looks clear—it will feel firm and rested. It is indispensable for evening use as it makes your skin look its best immediately.

How many times, especially when you were dancing, you have wished your face would not get shiny and

that the powder would stay on! Powder put directly on the skin does not stay, but soon flecks off, leaving your face as shiny as if you had not powdered.

How to make the powder stay on longer

Try powdering after you have used Pond's *Vanishing Cream*—the soft velvety surface it gives your skin forms the ideal powder base. The powder goes on evenly giving your skin a natural transparent tone and it stays on for hours. The cream cannot reappear in a shine because it contains not a drop of oil.

No one cream, however, can contain all the properties necessary to keep your skin in perfect condition. For thorough cleansing you need a cream with an oily base. Pond's *Cold Cream* has just the necessary amount of oil to remove every bit of dirt from the pores and not enough to overload them.

Use both these creams every day. Both are so fine in texture they cannot clog the pores or promote the growth of hair. You can get them in jars or tubes of convenient sizes at any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

POND'S
Cold Cream for cleansing
Vanishing Cream
to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES — MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
150 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c.) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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



The new George Fitzmaurice production, "To Have and To Hold," promises to be a lavish and colorful affair. It is gay with the sophistication and extravagance of royalty on the Continent . . . Theodore Kosloff portrays Lord Carnal, resplendent in purple and gold lace

All photographs by
Donald Biddle Keyes

Purple and Gold Lace



Pastel colors, sheer cobwebby weaves—

Your silk underthings will last longer washed this way, says Van Raalte

THE smart silhouette demands them, these sheer cobwebby underthings that breathe Paris. They are irresistible in their pastel daintiness, and filet lace, their delicate ribbons and picot edging.

And you can keep them colorful and lovely if you wash them the safe Lux way. There is no harsh rubbing of the delicate fibres, there is not one particle of undissolved soap to weaken or yellow the fabric—Lux is as delicate as the most fragile fabric—it cannot injure anything pure water alone won't harm.

Send today for our booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free. Lever Bros. Co., Dept. T-10, Cambridge, Mass.



McCallum Hosiery Co.
Northampton, Mass.

Lever Brothers Co.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We had street stockings in black, brown and grey, and evening stockings in cerise, emerald, and pale blue washed in Lux. Each pair of stockings was given the number of launderings the average stockings receive.

The stockings were still in excellent condition at the end of the washings. The color changes were not noticeable and the silk was in good condition, strong, springy, and with no frayed or broken threads such as appear when rubbing is necessary or when a harsh soap is used.

The excellent results we obtained with Lux were due only in part to the fact that it does away with rubbing; the main factor in our minds is its mildness and purity. If silk hose are washed, following the directions, with Lux after each wearing they will give longer service.

Very truly yours,
McCALLUM HOSIERY COMPANY
G. B. McCallum
President

VAN RAALTE COMPANY
FIFTH AVE. 30TH TO 31ST STREET
NEW YORK

Lever Brothers Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

No silk undergarment gets harder usage than a vest, so we had three flesh colored silk vests, of sheer, medium and heavy quality, laundered in Lux the average number of times an undergarment is washed before it wears out.

The vests lost astonishingly little color - there was practically no fading. In fact, at the end of the washings, they were about as soft and lustrous as when new.

We attribute our success with Lux especially to its purity. A very harsh soap or soap flake is ruinous to silk. The mild Lux lather cleanses so quickly and with such gentleness that it is impossible for it to injure the garment. We are glad to recommend it to the women who wear our silk underwear.

Very truly yours,
Benjamin Raalte
THE VAN RAALTE CO



LUX



Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien are reunited. And in the reunion is the answer to the thousands of requests which both Miss Talmadge and Mr. O'Brien have received. There was probably never a more popular arrangement. "The Voice from the Minaret" is the first picture to find them together again

Anita Loos and her fairly well-known husband **John Emerson** are vacationing in Europe. That is, they are vacationing when they are not trying to think of things to annoy the New York police department when Al Woods puts on the show they are translating for him from the German. This

happy couple intended to return to their favorite luncheon table at the Algonquin by September first. Now the news comes that **Mother Talmadge**, **Norma** and **Connie**, guarded by **Joseph Schenck**, are sailing for the other side on that very date; naturally, John and Anita are going to wait over a boat or so.

"This accident business has got to stop, cease, exist no longer except on location," said **Larry Semon** pathetically as he removed the steering-wheel from his neck and gazed meditatively at the street car, which he had managed to let wreck him very nicely. "The only regret I have," he continued, "is that the camera wasn't set up on that S curve I made." With that he lightly dusted his hat, dropped a flower on the remains of his car, boarded the street car and rode back to his studio.

Rodolph Valentino has a new tailor. Winifred Hudnut, whiling away the time before she can once more approach the altar with her almost husband, has taken over Rodolph's wardrobe as one of her first

Greenroom Jottings

domestic duties. As yet she hasn't attempted the Bond Street looking suits he affects when off duty. She has very sensibly stuck to the mysterious chemise-like affairs that he is going to wear in his new release "The Young Rajah." Of course, the fact that Winifred once went by the name of **Nastacha Rambova** may have some to do with this costume business.

Shirley Mason has been stung by the autobiographical bee. She is spending all her spare time pounding out the story of her life. If Shirley goes at it with her usual enthusiasm, we bet she'll turn out at least three volumes.

Dorothy Gish, the third of the great Griffith triumvirate to join Inspiration Films, has given a novel reason for wanting to play in Richard Barthelmess' new film, "Fury." The reason is she likes the part.

Olga Petrova has sailed for Europe to take a well-earned rest. She not only had a hard season's work in "The White Peacock," but as soon as that closed she started to work on her new play? The title of her new offering has been "lifted" from Oscar Wilde and is "The Harlot's House."

Laurette Taylor once more returns to her old love, "Peg of My Heart." This time she will flit across the silversheet and while it may not do justice to her accent, it will do more than justice to that well-remembered innocent stare of hers.

So, **Will Hays** had to go out to the Coast and look them over for himself. Not that he doubts that everything isn't as it should be. But when he was Postmaster, his curiosity was so aroused by the consistent disappearance of the Post Office appropriation that doubtless he will never really calm down again, but just keep on investigating the rest of his life.

Mae Allison has returned from Porto Rico, where she has been making a picture for Associated Exhibitors. Miss Allison is looking for a dramatic rôle. She says she is tired of having managers look at her blue eyes and golden hair, then invariably announce: "You're just the type I want for comedy." The only thing that deters Miss Allison from going out and lining this dramatic rôle up is—that she has no clothes. Being a far-sighted individual, she sent her clothes on to New York by a stewardess of a ship that sailed before hers. The stewardess was to leave the clothes at a cleaners, which she did very carefully. But it happened that the stewardess left before Miss Allison arrived and until she comes sailing merrily back from Porto Rico or remembers to write or something, Mae's clothes will remain sweet and clean in the case at the dry-cleaners.

Mabel Normand's gone abroad, which we told you all about last month, but at that time we didn't know that Prince Ibrahim of Egypt was offering to take up movies and everything if Mabel would only say yes

Regarding Motion Pictures and the People Who Make Them

to his simple question. Mabel didn't mention whether Egypt was on her itinerary or not.

Owen Moore is starring in the Selznick release "Love Is an Awful Thing"; playing opposite him is his recent bride, Kathryn Perry. Tracing this interesting thread along, we find that the story was written by Victor Heerman and adapted for the screen by his bride of a year. I ask you what's in a name?

If a spark from Robert J. Flaherty's cigaret had not fallen on the film record of one of his expeditions among the natives of the Ungava Peninsular, when he was discussing with Sir William Mackenzie the possibility of presenting it to the public, it is doubtful if we would ever have had "Nanook of the North." The cigaret incident so enraged Mr. Flaherty that he decided he would go and get a picture that would replace his exploded one, and would be so well worth presenting to the public that there wouldn't even be any discussion about it. "Nanook of the North" was the result.

Violet Mersereau and her company have returned from Europe. They have been in Rome over a year making "Nero" and "The Shepherd King,"

Mae Busch found no guide books necessary recently. Richard Dix accompanied her on her explorations around London Town. And, in between times, Maurice Tourneur cornered them long enough to film the exteriors of "The Christian" which was the purpose of their trip abroad



for William Fox. J. Gordon Edwards, the director, did not return with the company but went on to Paris where he is to confer with William Fox, who is there after dropping the company, for "If Winter Comes" in England.

There is no symbol in this photograph, which finds Cecil B. de Mille at the feet of Leatrice Joy. It was simply a comfortable way of supervising a scene of Rome's decadence, which needed careful direction . . .

Virginia Magee, who understudied Lillian Gish in "Way Down East" and "Orphans of the Storm," is announced as leading lady in Richard Barthelmess' new picture "The Bond Boy." Henry King, who directed the picture, is quite sure that before six months are over Virginia's name will blossom forth in the electric lights of stardom.

Pearl White, who has to have a French chauffeur so she won't forget that dear, dear Paris, had to act as said chauffeur's interpreter in court the other day when he was fined twenty-five dollars for speeding.

And right on top of Pearl's *débâcle*, comes the news that Irene Castle, having once upon a time lost a ring that didn't belong to her, brought back one from Paris to replace it. Strangely enough the ring appeared on the hand of the recipient before it sparkled for the Custom's officer. Irene says it was simply a mistake in the matter of adjustment and that everything was amicable.

Pauline Frederick has at last decided, after feverishly changing her mind or A. H. Woods's mind three times, to call the new play in which she is to appear "The Guilty One."

"Every few days somebody who never reads the movie periodicals comes forward with the notion that there is room in this country for another humorous magazine."

—F. P. A. in *The Conning Tower*.

How could you, Franklin, when you depend on us so much?
(Continued on page 88)

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, a list of film manufacturers, etc., must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. If the answer requires research, an additional stamp or other small fee should be enclosed; otherwise the answer must wait its turn. All inquiries should contain the name and address of the writer, and if it is desired a fictitious name be used in answering, it should be written in the upper left-hand corner of the letter.



The Answer Man

Find here some food for thought,
And some for contradiction;
Some lines a little overwrought,
But much more truth than fiction.

WIN-U-FRED.—No, I didn't mind the heat this summer. In fact I never mind anything except myself. Went bathing a number of times, and that helped keep me cool. Why, Sessue Hayakawa and his wife are in Japan. I should say I do like to eat—happiness rarely keeps company with an empty stomach. Frank Mayo in "Caught Bluffing."

MAY E. P.—I'll try to relieve your mind—bring on the questions! Louise Glaum's real name is Isabella Schwartz. The Talmadge girls are not Jewish. Theda Bara is going to be starred in Selznick productions.

VIOLET S.—I'm sure if you were in love you would know it. It usually leaves a mark of some kind. Here is Ibsen's way of telling. "It grows like the acorn thru the long years, while it feeds on dreams, on sorrows, and song, then, suddenly, it buds, and in that fleeting moment it has buried itself deep down in your heart." Yet, how does he account for love at first sight? You want a picture of Niles Welch on the cover. I'll do my best.

ROSE REVERE.—So you think that Rodolph Valentino is not the same Valentino you saw on the screen three years ago. He didn't seem to be doing the producers and public a favor by acting then. I know how you feel. You say "Peace to his ashes, I mourn in silence." Ethel Barrymore is doing a stage play this fall. You should see the picture "Nero"—really! Glad to hear you are going to a night school. In this life, nothing is to be had for nothing.

NUT SISTERS.—Ches and Wal. You say you are all that your name suggests—totally unbalanced, a recent condition caused by Mr. Valentino's marriage to Miss Hudnut (no relative of ours). Did you ever try taking ice-cream and marshmallow—it agrees with nuts. Let's be serious. The "Letters of Junius" were a series of seventy political letters signed "Junius," which appeared in the *Public Advertiser* between January 21, 1769 and January 21, 1772; reprinted in two volumes in March, 1772. The printer and publisher was prosecuted for a certain letter which appeared against King George III, but he was acquitted. You're welcome, run in again.

BABA.—You say I didn't turn up when sense was distributed—nonsense! Yes, Mabel Normand was in Europe for the summer. Doris May and her husband Wallace MacDonald are playing in "The Understudy."

O. W. L.—You refer to Seena Owen. She was the wife of George Walsh once. Played in a number of pictures.

F. E. D.—Well, I manage to be at the office about eight-thirty, but the rooster that crows earliest in the morning is not always

the one that puts up the best fight during the day. My mail is very heavy, and I'm always there to see it come in. Edward Earle is playing in George Arliss' "The Silent Voice." Yes, we all regret the sudden death of little Bobby Connelly, who died at his home in Lynbrook, L. I., in July, 1922. We all loved him here and he surely is a great loss to the world.

MARTHA R.—It brought me back a few years to read yours. The Pansy Club is no more. Thanks for all the nice things you say about me. Do I deserve them? I don't know who said "Young man, you'll be troubled till you marry, and from then you'll never have rest." Can't prove it by me. Probably said by some bachelor. Virginia Faire, one of our contest winners, is playing in "Omar, the Tentmaker" right now.

C. W. A.—Here you are at last. You see I agree with Plato when he said "True philosophy consists more in fidelity, constancy, justice, sincerity and in the love of our duty, than in a great capacity." That capacity sounds A. V. in its usage. No, Audrey Munson is no relation to Marguerite Courtot. What makes you think so? Neither is the latter married to George B. Seitz. Alice Joyce is married to James Regan, and they have a daughter. She expects to return to the screen in the fall. Jack Mulhall played in "The Midnight Man." Hope you are not angry.

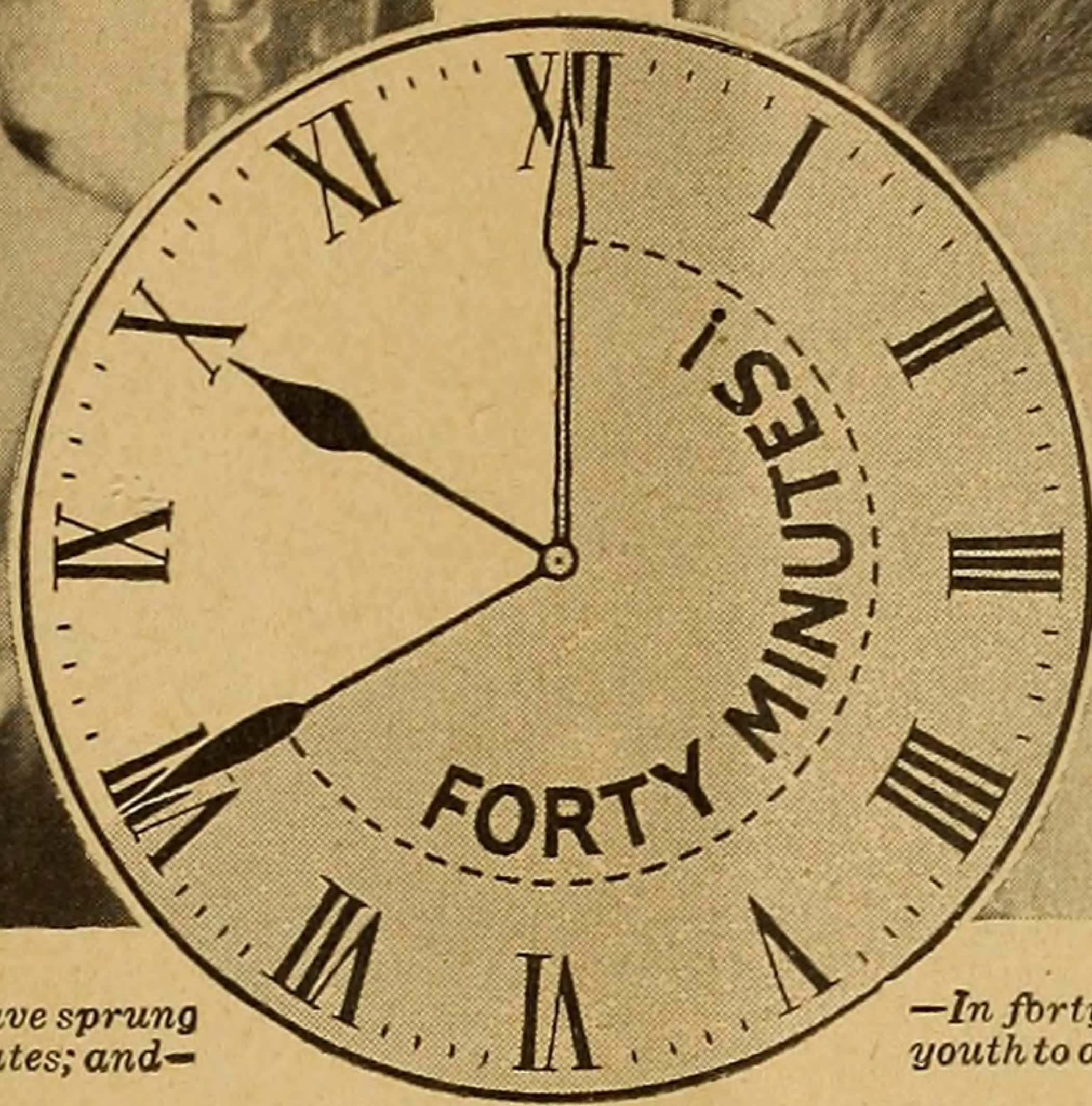
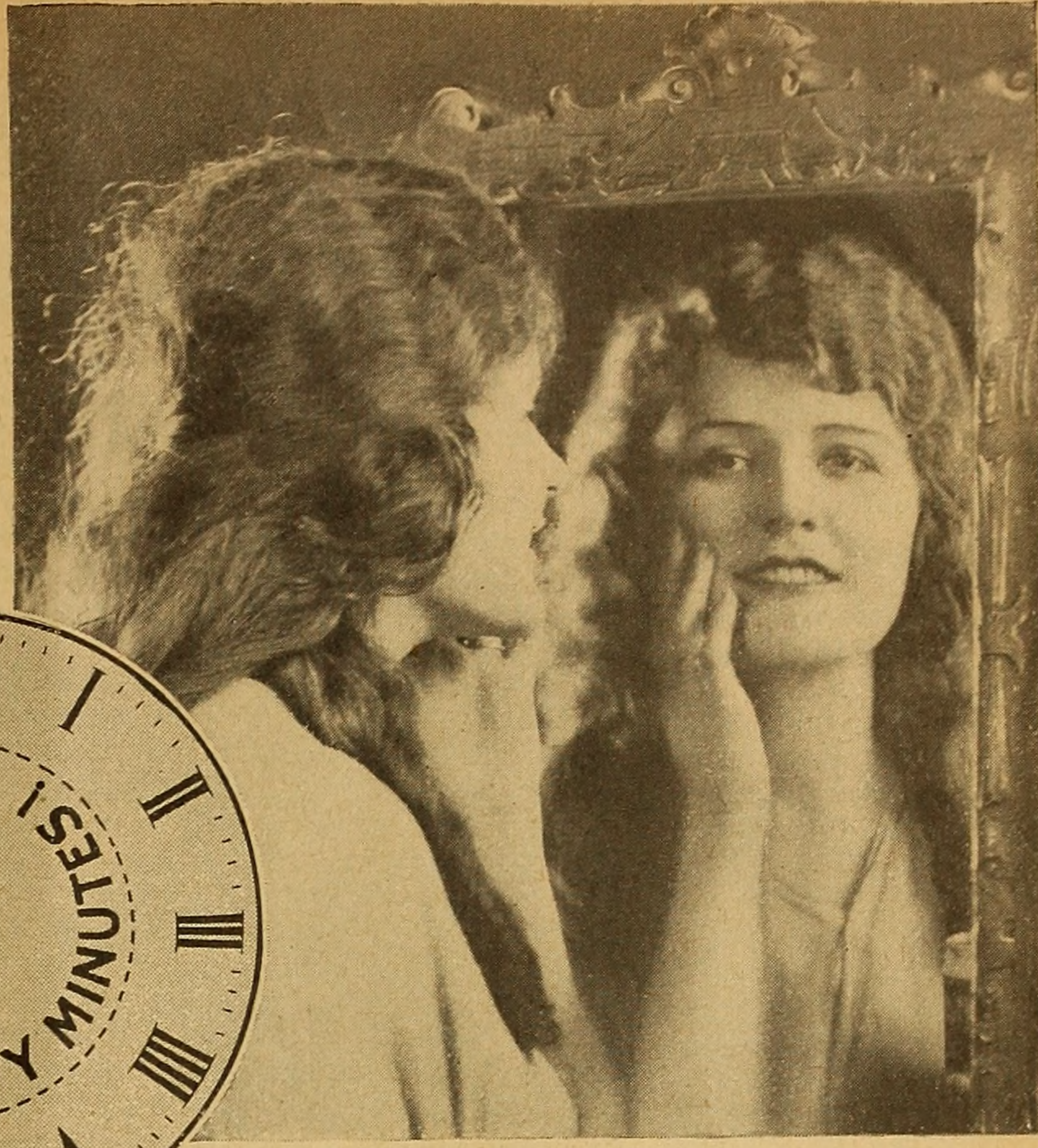
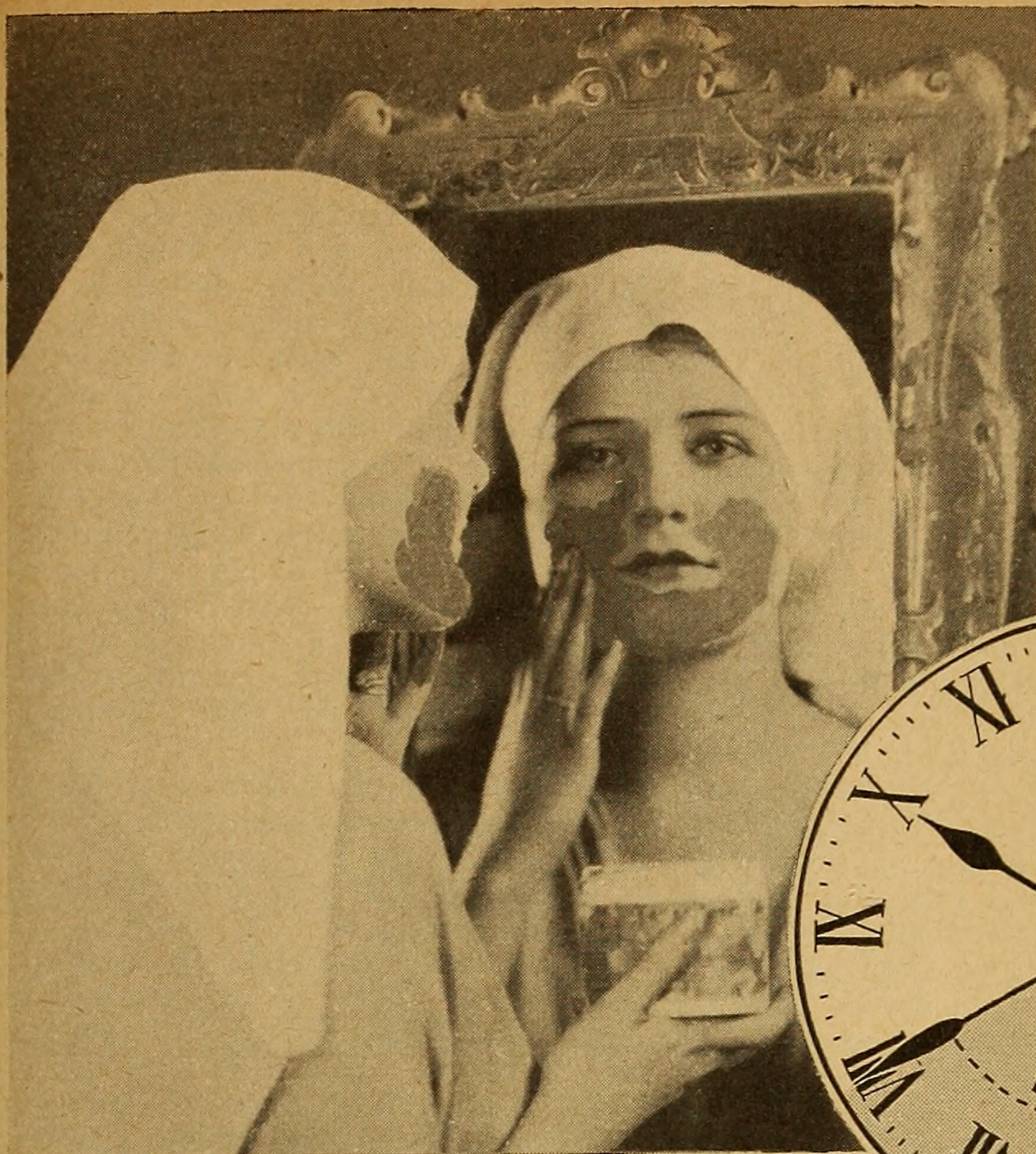
CHINQUAPIN.—So you just bought a ream of paper—500 sheets—and you are going to use them all on me. Well, your letters are a joy and comfort, I wish I could print them. So you don't like Agnes Ayres because she is too phlegmatic (but one can afford to be phlegmatic with a public like us), and neither do you enjoy Katherine MacDonald or Justine Johnstone, they have no snap and pep.

AND ANOTHER CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.—The Eagle Motion Picture Club, of which J. Donald Atkins, 2388 W. 21st Street, Los Angeles, Cal., is the secretary. Write him and he will tell you all about it. I wish you luck.

VOLTAIC.—You want to start a Billy Burke Correspondence Club. Both hands up! No, Marie Dressler is not playing now. Will you ever forget "Tillie's Punctured Romance?" I believe you refer to Marguerite Snow. She isn't playing either. She is the wife of James Cruze. Thanks for the views; write me again.

KUTE KEWPIE KID.—Don't you call my bald plate a "fly's skating rink." The mosquitoes seemed to make it their rendezvous this summer. They found it cool and well ventilated. You certainly registered many kicks. The Correspondence Clubs seem to cover one of them. Blanche McGarity didn't retire, she is making pictures in Texas. So Annette Kellerman is playing near your home in New Zealand. I really cannot say whether Earle Williams has a brother in your part of the country. Write me some more. Great stuff!

CINEMAN.—You say you have just been picked for life, and you hope it won't be pecked. But then, you are living in Reno, that is one advantage in your favor. So you are going to try your



A clay of such amazing power no less than a dozen imitations have sprung into being; applied in a moment; starts its work in ten more minutes; and—

—In forty minutes, wiped away, the clay has forced the clarity and color of youth to any human skin on which it is applied. A new triumph of dermatology

A New Skin in 40 Minutes with this Astounding Beauty Clay!

How a Pleasure Trip to Sunny Wales Uncovered a Secret of Mother Earth's That Forever Ends Any Women's Need for a Complexion Beautifier

By MARTHA RYERSON

I HAVE brought to America the greatest news women ever heard about the skin. From Wales where I spent a month without seeing a single bad complexion. I went there with a complexion that had been my despair since childhood. *One afternoon I left it in the hills; exchanged it for one of absolute purity and undoubtable natural color.*

Except that I can now let you prove it for yourself! I would never tell the story—a story my own father found it hard to believe!

Hardest of all to believe is this: the transformation took just forty minutes! Here are the facts:

About the first thing one notices in this southern English province, is the uniformly beautiful complexions. The lowliest maid—and her mother, too—has a radiantly beautiful skin. Mine, lacking lustre and color, with impurities nothing seemed to eradicate or even hide, was horribly conspicuous.

It was a happy thought that took a most unhappy girl on a long walk through the hills one afternoon. I had stopped at the apothecary's to replenish my cosmetic—to find it was unknown. They did not have even a cold cream. The irony of it! In a land where beauty of face was in evidence at every turn—the women used no beautifiers! Do you wonder I "took to the hills?" I didn't want to see another peaches-and-creamy complexion that day. But I did.

At a house where I paused for a drink from the spring, I stepped back in surprise when the young woman straightened up to greet me. Her face was covered with mud. I recognized the peculiar gray of that section; very fine, sleek, smooth clay it was. Seeing my surprise, the girl smiled and said, "Madam does not clay?" I admitted I did not!

I Decide to "Clay"

In a moment, she wet the clay which had dried on her face and neck, wiped it away, and stood in all the glory of a perfect complexion. I think I shall never again envy another as I did that stolid maiden of the hills. Her features were not pretty; they did not need to be. For no woman will ever have a more gorgeous skin. She explained that this amazing clay treatment did it. The natives made a weekly habit of "claying" the skin, quite as one cares regularly for the hair.

I was easily persuaded to try it. Had I not done ridiculous things in beauty parlors where many could see my plight? We tucked a towel over my blouse,

and from the spring's bed she took the soft, soothing clay and applied it.

As we sat and talked, the clay dried. Soon I experienced the most delightful tingling in every facial pore; the impurities were being literally pulled out. Half an hour more, and we removed the clay mask. Hopeful, but still skeptical, I followed into the tiny house to glimpse myself in a mirror.

My blemishes were gone!

I fairly glowed with color that spread down the neck to the shoulders. My cheeks were so downy soft, I felt them a hundred times on the way home. Father's surprised look when I entered the rooms of the little inn that evening was the most genuine compliment a woman ever received. In a basket I had two crocks of the precious clay. I thought father's questions would never end; where did I find it; could I take him to the spot; what was its action, and reaction, and lots else I didn't know. Father is a chemist.

Suddenly it dawned on me. He wanted to unearth the secret of that clay's amazing properties, and take it to America! For two weeks we staid on; he worked all day at his "mud pies" as I called them. Back home at last in Chicago, he worked many weeks more. He experimented on me, and on all my girl friends. At last, he scientifically produced clay identical with that Welsh clay in its miraculous effects—only ten times more smooth and pure.

Anyone May Now Have This Wonderful Clay

News of the wonders performed by this clay has brought thousands of requests for it. Women, everywhere (and men too, by the way) are now supplied Forty Minute Clay. The laboratory where it is compounded sends it direct to the user. A jar is five dollars, but I have yet to hear of anyone who did not regard it worth several times that amount. For mind, in over six hundred test cases, it did not once fail. It seems to work on all ages, and regardless of how pimples, clogged or dull the skin may be.

The application is readily made by anybody, and the changes brought about in less than an hour will cause open-mouthed astonishment. I know.

When I see a woman now, with a coarse-textured skin that mars the whole effect of her otherwise dainty care of self, it is all that I can do to refrain from speaking of this natural, perfectly simple way to bring a skin and color such as Nature meant us to have—and has given us the way to have.

Keep your skin pores clean, open, tingling with life! My father has made you a remarkable offer below. Read carefully.

FREE DISTRIBUTION OF \$5.00 JARS

(Only One Jar to a Family)

The general public is entitled to benefit by a discovery of this importance. So, for a limited time we will distribute regular, full-size \$5.00 jars of Forty Minute Clay without profit—at only the actual cost, which is \$1.87.

You may have your first jar for only this bare cost of getting it in your hands! The expenses of compounding, refining, analyzing, sterilizing, packing, printed announcements, and shipping in large quantity, has been figured down to \$1.87 per jar, plus postage.

For the small laboratory cost price of \$1.87 for ingredients, shipping, etc., is not really a payment; rather, a deposit that we will promptly return if you are not unreservedly satisfied that this miracle clay is all we claim.

Send no money now. Pay postman the net laboratory charges of \$1.87 plus postage, when he brings your jar. Or, if unlikely to be at home at mail time, enclose \$2.00 and jar will arrive post-paid, with the same money-back guarantee.

I can assure any man or woman who will try this miracle of Nature's own chemical laboratory a remade skin.

Wm. Ryerson
Head Chemist

THE CENTURY CHEMISTS, Dept. 48
Century Building, Chicago:

I accept your "No Profit" offer. Please send me a full-sized, regular \$5.00 jar of Forty Minute Beauty Clay at the net laboratory cost price of \$1.87, plus postage, which I will pay postman on delivery. My money back unless only one application proves completely satisfactory.

Name.....

Address.....

hand at picture writing—you seem to have talent. Very little doing in that line tho—meaning both talent and scenarios. Why, I thought "Tol'able David" one of the best pictures of the year. Barthelmess is a sure winner. Yes to your last.

LAFAYETTE.—But it is useless to demand some things, they must be given. Just be patient. Elmer Clifton's picture will be released very soon. No, Maude Adams has never played in pictures. There is really nothing I can do about helping your town get a new post-office. I advise you to write or get in touch with one of the officials of your town. That's just a bit out of my line. Next please!

A. E. R.—The verse you refer to was about no one in particular. Wanda Hawley is playing opposite Rodolph Valentino in "The Young Rajah." You want to know what company Brazil Nuts come from? French pastry? And, Egyptian cigarets? I refer you to Mr. Edison.

BUSTER.—See here, I believe that every child should be taught how to earn money, and next, how to save it. Yes, if you cant put money in the bank, take out an endowment policy. Blanche Sweet and Marshall Neilan were married in Chicago last June. Somebody said it was about time. Theda Bara played in "The Two Orphans" for Fox some years back.

H. W. Mo.—Well, I would be in a pretty fix if I told you who I thought was the prettiest player. Have you no regard for an Answer Man's life? Betty Blythe is playing in "How Women Love." Yes, Eugene O'Brien in "The Voice from the Minaret" with Norma Talmadge.

SYBIL.—Glad to hear of your success. Do send along the picture. When you come to America look me up. Keep busy child, because a pound of idleness weighs twenty ounces.

ELEANOR G.—Herbert Rawlinson's picture "Come Thru" which is being made by him for the second time has been changed to "The Flash Man." Harry Morey, Marguerite Clayton, George Fawcett and Miriam Battista are playing in "The Curse of Drink."

I. O. U.—I wish you did. A rag, a bone, a hank of hair! Pardon me, but did I hear you straight? You wish some movie player would send you their hair after it was bobbed. How old would you like it—red, black or white?

BILLY B.—I'm sure you will like the picture of Valentino on page eleven of last month's magazine. Look it up. Yes, Goldwyn is producing "Ben Hur." Gladys Leslie is playing in "Timothy's Quest" for her own company. Still they come.

WATTLE BLOSSOM, BRISBANE.—You've got me there. I cant say whether Katherine MacDonald ever played in "Daddy Long Legs" on the stage in Australia. Sorry I cannot help you, but stage plays are a little out of my category. Well, you ought to know that the savage can see one-tenth farther than a civilized man.

T. H. HONOLULU.—Hoola, hoola! And then some. What a question. Here you list twelve players names and you ask me to tell you the education and how far thru school they went. I'm sorry, Hoola, but I'm not familiar with the childhood days of the players. I may be old, but not so old. Of course we raise coconuts in Florida.

SHANGHAI. WHAT?—*De bonne grâce.* Yes, I'm still here on the job while you have married, raised a youngster, traveled thru China, Japan and the Orient. I'm still here, pounding the keys. Flossie C. P. is no more. My heart actually stopped beating after reading your most interesting letter. Speaking of hearts, not sweet-hearts, the heart pumps over 225,000 cubic feet of blood every year, so figure out my heart beats since you've been away.

MARGARET O.—Write Famous Players, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Cal. *Voilà tout.*

GARLAND C.—It was Dickens who said "My life is one demd horrid grind" in Nicholas Nickleby. I never said it. Donald Crisp has returned from Europe, I saw him at the Algonquin Hotel recently. That's where a great many of the players stop when in town. So you think that Mary and Doug are real entertainers, and theirs is art that conceals art. We are all waiting for their new pictures.

KILLARNEY FOREVER.—Long may she wave. D. W. Griffith was married to Linda Griffith at one time. I dont know the present status of his matrimonial affairs. Yes, Doris Kenyon's father was a clergyman. After all, life is made up not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles, and kindnesses and small obligations given

habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort. That is why I smile on you.

LAWRENCE B.—Shake, I'm glad to know you Lawrence. Ethel Clayton is playing in "Three Cornered Kingdom" for Robertson-Cole. The Carter de Havens are playing in "Entertaining the Boss." Tom Mix in "A Kiss in the Dark." Write me again.

BETTY S.—No I dont mind answering questions. That's what I get my \$10.50 per week for. I just about earn my daily bread and buttermilk. But I dont assume that because a girl asks for advice she wants it. Mary Carr played in "Silver Wings" and it sure was a weepy affair. She appeared in person and she brought one of her little Carrs with her. You know she has six. Some people are lucky to have one. Her next picture will be "The Custard Cup," and she says it is going to be full of laffs. I hope so.

QUIDA G. F.—Clever—your letter. Crane Wilbur has black hair and he is 33, stands five feet nine.

BEBE.—I'll do my best. William Russell is playing in "A Self Made Man" for Fox. Yes, Jack London's "The Mohican's Daughter" is being filmed now.

IDA R. N. J.—You're right, Ida, I dont claim that all you read here is original. What I can steal from Shakespeare, Ibsen, Wilde etc., I steal without hesitation, and my conscience never bothers me. But what great writer doesn't steal now and then? Yes, Thomas Meighan is one of my favorites too. I liked him in "The Leading Citizen," also in "If you Believe it, It's so." What an absurd title. He seems to get a lot of exercise out of his pictures, especially when he beats James Kennedy. Write me again, wont you?

PING PONG.—Are you playing a game with me? Yes to your first. The cause of most divorce cases among the movie people—men and women I suppose. That isn't very original, is it? At this writing Gloria Swanson isn't married.

JUNE.—How considerate! You cant tire me with two questions, June. Yes, Madame Rambova and Winifred Hudnut are one and the same. She did not play in "The Four Horsemen." Beatrice Dominquez danced with him.

G. M. H.—Then you agree with Ibsen who said "No man will sacrifice his honor, even for one he loves! Millions of women have done so!" So you are for the feminine sex every time. You say you cant stand Rodolph Valentino, but you are for Conrad Nagel. Douglas MacLean is not doing anything right now.

BERTHA AND HELEN.—How are the two of you? In part you say "We are strong admirers of Rodolph Valentino and think he would be perfect if he could only find a barber who wouldn't let his hair grow down his collar. Is he trying to compete with the 'Seven Sutherland Sisters,' the 'House of David' or with you? Please Answer?" More likely with me, I'll wire him immediately.

A SHIFTER.—You're O. K. There is nothing I can do to help you get into pictures. It cant be done. But the great business of man is to improve his mind, and govern his manners. Are you doing that? Henry Walthall and Ralph Graves are playing with Marjorie Daw in "The Long Chance" for Universal. Yes, Francis Ford is directing Peggy O'Day in "The Storm Girl."

A COLLEGE GIRL.—Oh, I drink about a quart of buttermilk a day. Still living in the little old hall room. Yep, and I like it too. The reason you like Wallace Reid is because he never kisses any of the girls passionately. I must say your likes differ from some of my readers.

MASTER R. L.—But preparing for the worst sometimes brings it on. Jane and Eva Novak will play in "Thelma," the first picture they have played in together. Joe Moore and Louise Lorraine are playing in "Up in the Air about Mary."

E. S. MONTGOMERY.—You say in answer to "The Southerner" in one of my departments, that you have seen many a Southern gentleman shake hands with his colored slaves. You'll have to fight that out between yourselves—cant prove it by me.

LIGHTNING.—Horrors, no, he wouldn't like you for saying it, either. Bill Hart is 48 years, and not 60 as you think. I wish you luck. Dorothy Gish and Glen Hunter in "The Country Flapper." This is for her own company too. Catherine Calvert in "What Woman."

MAYA H., Sydney.—So you like the American pictures, and think Wallace Reid is wonderful. Of course, he is. You also think Dorothy Davenport is the luckiest woman in the world to have such

an ideal husband. Oyez Warren Kerrigan is not married. Constance Binney, in "The Sleep Walker."

I'VE GOTTEM.—Well, hang onto them. No, you're all wrong. I

(Continued on page 114)



Why Let Nine Tenths of Your Attractiveness Remain Undiscovered?

New books, just published, contain a revolutionary treatment of the psychology of attraction—show how even the most attractive women often fail to use more than a fraction of their real power, and tell how every woman, by learning to use this power, can increase tenfold her ability to fascinate her associates.

Every woman ought to have complete mastery of her Powers of Attraction.



FEW women realize their own powers of attraction. Even the most beautiful, even the most fascinating, charm only a tenth of the number of men whom they could charm if they knew their own powers; while the average girl, with a choice of only one or two men, is really ignoring a tremendous power within her that could give her the choice of a dozen. From the most attractive to the most retiring, all women, practically, are like the heiress who does not know how to write a check—who goes hungry with idle millions awaiting her command. They do not know how to use their own powers.

Every woman knows, even the most lovely and the most popular, that although she can attract a certain number of men, there are others for whom she seems to have no attraction at all. Often the very man who seems the most desirable, the real man she has always been waiting for, is among those whom she cannot attract. All her beauty, all her loveliness, all the attractiveness which brings other men to her feet, seems of little avail in winning this particular man. The simple truth is—that her attraction for other men is simply accident and luck. She herself has no control over it. When a situation confronts her in which accident and luck are not in her favor, she is utterly helpless—she has no plan, no method, no art, and no knowledge. She knows that she has within her a power to attract men, because she has attracted other men, **BUT SHE DOES NOT KNOW HOW TO USE THAT POWER TO ATTRACT THIS PARTICULAR MAN.**

Those women—often lacking in facial beauty—who seem to have the world of men at their

feet, are simply women who know how to use the power that is within them. This power is in every woman, ready, waiting to be called out and used—but not one woman in a hundred realizes it, and not one woman in a thousand appreciates the IMMENSITY of that power, its ability, when understood and used, to win the heart of any man. When properly guided and developed, this power can give to any woman, not the BEGGAR'S choice of only one or two men, but the QUEEN'S choice of the best her community has to offer—the choice of those who seem above all others in worth and ability.

No really intelligent woman ought to be satisfied with leaving this power *uncontrolled*. No self-respecting woman should depend upon *accident, instinct and luck* in attracting the man of her choice. Let *knowledge* take the place of *accident*, *intelligence* take the place of *instinct*, and *aim, plan and method* take the place of *luck*. To those proud women who refuse to look upon themselves as the playthings of Chance, who propose to be the masters of their own destinies, we offer a remarkable set of books, entitled

“The Art of Attracting Men”

These books reveal how every woman, in winning a man's heart, shows certain qualities of character, and practices certain principles. Sometimes she acts instinctively and unconsciously, sometimes purposefully and consciously, but she can never win him, either consciously or unconsciously, *unless she practices those principles*. Her methods are based upon a psychology as old as the race, upon long established and well-known principles of human nature. When she understands these principles and chooses to practice these methods, she can be just as certain of attracting the man of her choice as she is that two and two make four.

These books further show how the qualities inherent in every good woman can be made the most potent charm of all. They instruct her in the little devices, stratagems and artifices by which bewitching women, ever since the days of Ruth, have been making men understand the

real loveliness of their natures, the beauty of their characters, and the need for their companionship. They give to the modest, home-loving girl the advantage of knowing how to appeal in the **RIGHT** way to men—of understanding the innocent little tricks and devices that appeal to them most—of appreciating the peculiarities of human nature in men which make them easy to win. They give to *deserving* girls the *knowledge* and the *power* to win men away from the *undeserving*.

Many women, without knowing it, do the very things that cause men to lose interest in them. This course in the art of winning men shows how human nature works in men; how certain traits, usually overlooked by the women themselves, inspire liking, and how other habits, of which few women suspect the importance, can make any woman, no matter how beautiful otherwise, disagreeable in men's eyes. In fact, many women, not understanding **HOW DIFFERENT** human nature in men is from human nature in women, drive away even those men who are at first attracted to them.

Any good mother should be glad to place this course in the hands of her daughter. It contains the things—and only the things—that a live, self-respecting, modest and womanly woman ought to know about her own psychology, her own personality, her own God-given powers. There is not an offensive word or allusion in it. Its disclosures, its teachings, are all upon the highest plane.

When the average woman develops her own latent powers and chooses to exert them, she is irresistible. She can employ a thousand little enticements, covertly but modestly bring into action a whole battery of feminine charms and graces, before which the average man is as defenseless as a baby. **YOU** have as much of this ability, this power, as most other women. Learn to use it, not by accident, not by chance, but with intelligence, understanding and method. Learn the art of fascinating men. Know what a wonderful thing it is to feel your own power, to be popular, sought after, and altogether bewitching at all times, to go everywhere, to join in all the good times, and to have choice of a dozen desirable men. Enjoy the greater social and business success, the eagerness of everyone

to help and to please her, which the exceptionally fascinating woman always enjoys. Why let yourself be disappointed by lack of knowledge of the power that is within you? Why not employ the arts and the methods and the plans by which thousands of other women have been winning the hearts of men?

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You need not pay for these wonderful little books until after you have read and tested them. They will be sent to you, postage prepaid, for a three days' examination **ABSOLUTELY FREE**. If, after reading them, you are not entirely satisfied in every respect, return them to us any time within three days after receiving them, and *you will owe nothing*. If, however, you decide to keep these remarkable books, then send only \$3.25 in full payment at the end of the three days' examination period. You take no chances whatever. You do not pay until you have seen for yourself the value of the books.

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- How homely women attract men?
- Why beautiful women sometimes fail?
- How to undermine the man's reserve?
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- The stratagems that win the notice of men?
- How to be teased?
- How to make the most of a picnic?
- Six ways to increase the man's interest?
- How the hesitating man is brought to action?
- Three ways to inspire the proposal?
- How to win favorable notice?
- How to remove obstacles to marriage?
- The mistakes that drive men away?
- How a long engagement becomes a short one?
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PEARLS

Greenroom Jottings

(Continued from page 83)

Luiz Ochea, manager of the Cinema Condes of Lisbon, refuses to stick to Portuguese theaters for his releases. He has arrived in this country to arrange for United States releases.

George Horace Lorimer, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, has been to Hollywood. Practically all the literary contributors to his famous weekly took a day off from scenario writing and met him at the station.

House Peters, **Claire Windsor** and baby **Richard Headrick** are featured in "Rich Men's Wives," the initial release of the new Al Lichtman Corporation.

John Gilbert is to be starred by **William Fox** in "St. Elmo." **Bessie Love** is to be his leading women. If they try to run excerpts from the book as captions, they'll waste a lot of film. The book was undoubtedly written for a contest, the contest being, how many letters can be gotten into a word.

Mary Pickford is going into the doll business. She hopes to have little Mary Pickfords on the counters before Christmas.

Marshall Neilan has been completely won over to super features. Never again will he make "program" pictures. Hereafter everything he turns out will be larger than the thing before.

It is a strange thing that the **Asta Neilson** "Hamlet" doesn't reach Broadway. When it was presented at the Lexington last year, it was unanimously praised. After all, there may be something to the rumor that distributors are

showing a decided lack of interest in handling it. This certainly is a pity!

Flo Ziegfeld on his way home from Paris with Patricia's new wardrobe moaned softly when he got the radio that Marilyn Miller was no longer Marilyn, but Mrs. Jack Pickford, "and after all I've done for the girl," said he to the unresponsive waves. However, don't worry. "Sally" after September 4th will still have the fetching Marilyn in the cast. A contract is a contract.

And as for Marilyn and Jack they are quite satisfied with themselves, the world and their wedding. It was, according to Doug and Mary, a very nice wedding, and they ought to know; it was held in their front parlor with the string quartet from their own studio to play the wedding march.

It was 2.30 in the afternoon of July 30th, that the Rev. Neal Dodd of Hollywood's little Church Around the Corner, took his place in front of the floral altar and read the fatal words that linked, with the aid of a flexible platinum ring, Marilyn and Jack together for as much time as they can spare from their careers.

Mrs. John Steel Sweeney, the bride's sister, was her only attendant. Victor Herman was Jack's moral support and he didn't forget the ring or anything.

After the ceremony they say Doug made a new hurdling record, but he also got the first kiss after Jack, which is a pleasant record, too.

For a honeymoon the newlyweds toured the northern resorts including Santa Barbara and Del Monte.

Blanche McGarity—one of the winners of the Brewster Publications' first Fame and Fortune Contest, if you'll remember—stops making pictures long enough to meet Babe Ruth. Who wouldn't be a ball player?



What Does It Matter?

(Continued from page 57)

have lacked technical knowledge, tho personally I think this technique, technique, technique has been overdone."

David Powell, to become specific, is a Welshman; but one has come to accept Wales as a part of England, or perhaps one had better say England as a part of Wales. With Lloyd George on the roost, Welshman never, never shall be slaves.

An interesting career on the English stage opposite the most prominent players—Ellen Terry, Forbes-Robertson, others—has given him a background and a finish that we too often feel the lack of in our handsome Americanos.

We clung to Britain and the British thruout our conversation, the green fields of it, the serenity, the attitude that says, "Oh, well. What does it matter after all?" to every trouble.

"They are remarkably cheery over there," said David Powell. "Optimistic. Those who had money and lost it, dont seem to worry much. Of those who have gained a lot, people shrug and say, 'Newly rich.' That is all. New York is pulling a much longer face."

And again:

"Coming upon England or Ireland after a few days of waste stretches and tossing water, one realizes suddenly that the green fields he has passed thru in America have not been really green. Ireland from the Channel is like an emerald."

Of picture making abroad, he says:

"The beauty of making pictures in London is that one is rarely there. It is Spain or Monaco or Italy or France. And of course from the reality one gets something, an atmosphere that sets cannot give. I myself, tho, have never been wholly at ease on an exterior set. I would prefer that everything be shot indoors. Particularly if one has been on the stage, it is difficult to retain the illusion, to feel sincerely. The sunlight is too actual. One needs the mellower lights of the studio."

He related amusingly the absurd sense of freedom that comes upon one when sailing off from America, on board the giant *Olympic*.

"It is amazing to know that you can sit down at a table and order a whiskey and soda, that it is the expected thing to do. And then the astonishment when the charge is a shilling, sixpence, more or less!"

He shrugged resignedly.

"But now that I have come back, I have given it up entirely. I do not find it worth the while. One usually gets poison for his pains, and pains for his poison."

An acceptance of things is the outstanding trait of the man.

"It is a curious thing," he said, in parting, "that the unexpected thing is usually the successful thing. I recall that Forbes-Robertson put on 'The Third Floor Back' as a stop-gap between other productions. It proved to be one of his biggest hits.

"So," he smiled slightly, "I dont know, really, what I shall do. Something hysterical, I hope. Probably not."

His shrug seemed to indicate, "Oh, well; what does it matter after all?"

I suggested that we had had a comfortable chat.

He nodded pleasantly.

"Right-ho," he assented.

QUALIFIED

DIRECTOR: Did you ever have any experience as a cameraman?

APPLICANT: No, but I turned the churn a lot on the farm.



This Free Test

Has brought prettier teeth to millions

The prettier teeth you see everywhere now probably came in this way.

The owners accepted this ten-day test. They found a way to combat film on teeth. Now, as long as they live, they may enjoy whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

The same way is open to you, and your dentist will urge you to take it.

The war on film

Dentists, the world over, have declared a war on film. That is the cause of dingy teeth—the cause of most tooth troubles.

A viscous film clings to the teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Old brushing methods left much of it intact. Then it formed the basis of thin cloudy coats, including tartar. Most people's teeth lost luster in that way.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Very few people have escaped these troubles caused by film.

Ways to combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to combat that film. Able authorities have amply proved their efficiency. So leading den-

tists the world over now advise their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, avoiding old mistakes. The name is Pepsodent. It does what modern science seeks. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

Aids nature's fight

Pepsodent also multiplies Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. One is the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which cling to teeth. In fermenting they form acid.

It also multiplies the alkalinity of saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay.

Thus Pepsodent gives to both these factors a manifold effect.

Show them the way

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

One week will convince you that Pepsodent brings a new era in tooth protection. Then show the results to your children. Teach them this way. Modern dentists advise that children use Pepsodent from the time the first tooth appears.

This is important to you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over now. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 945

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 215, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....
.....
Only one tube to a family



Even his wife wouldn't tell him

OF COURSE, she loved him—loved him dearly and looked to his future just as ambitiously as he did. There was nothing she wouldn't have done for him.

But they were both sensitive young people and this subject seemed to be one she could not bring herself to discuss.

The position he held, with a firm of excellent standing, had promised much. Yet he did not seem to progress as he should have—as they had hoped. Other men constantly stepped ahead of him into the better positions. He seemed to be giving satisfaction, yet he was standing still.

The thing that held him back was in itself, perhaps, a little thing. But one of those little things that rest so heavily in the balance when personalities are being weighed and measured for the bigger responsibilities of business.

A big, little thing that even his wife never mustered courage enough to mention!

* * *

Halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) never won a man promotion in the business world—and never will. Some men succeed in spite of it. But usually it holds them back. And the pathos of it is that the person suffering from halitosis is usually unaware of it himself. Even his closest friends don't want to mention it to him.

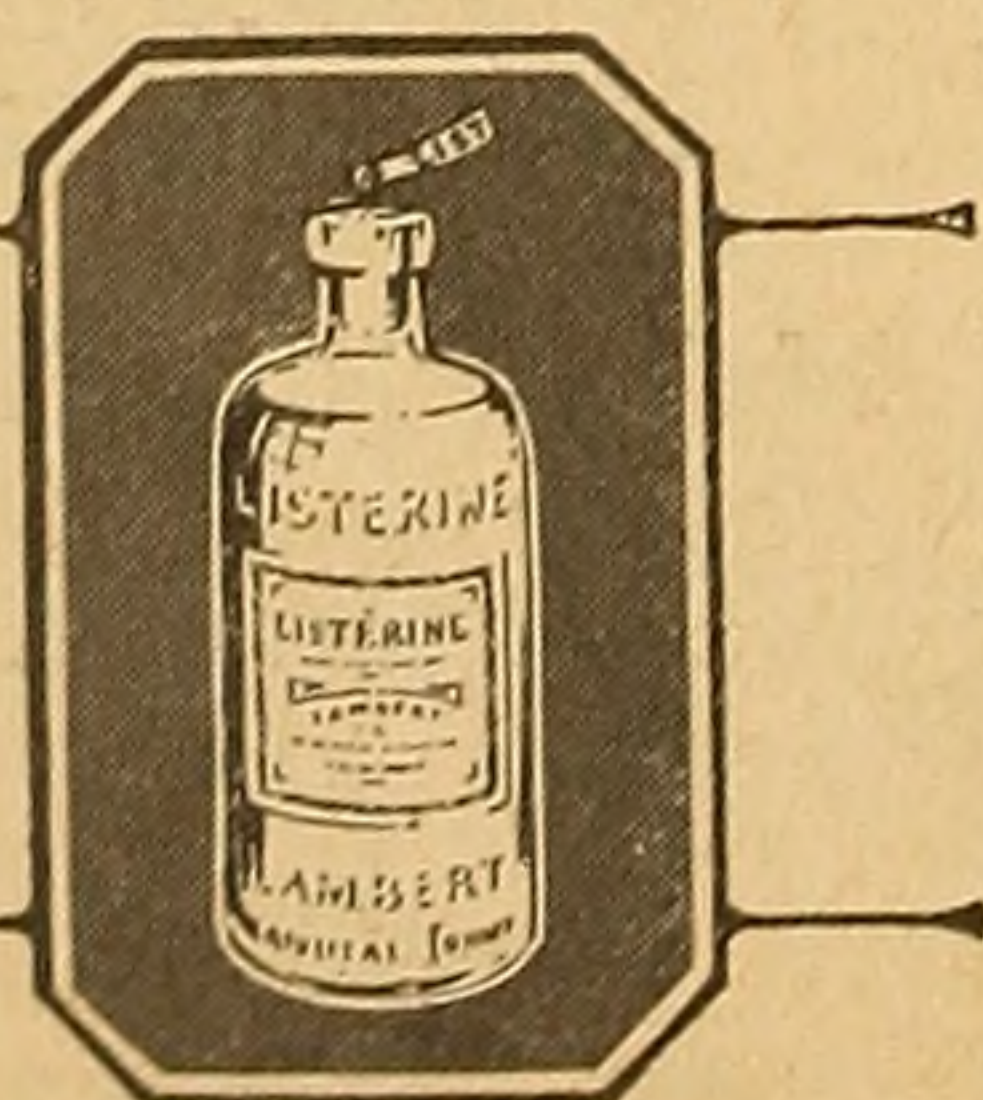
Sometimes, of course, halitosis arises from some deep-rooted organic disorder; then professional help is required. But usually—and fortunately—it will yield to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

Listerine, recognized for half a century as the safest antiseptic, possesses properties that quickly meet and defeat halitosis. It halts food fermentation in the mouth, and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Its systematic use this way puts you on the safe and polite side. Then you need not be disturbed with the thought of whether or not your breath is just right. You know it is.

Your druggist will supply you. He sells lots of Listerine. It has dozens of different uses as an antiseptic. Note the booklet with each bottle.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, U.S.A.

For
HALITOSIS
use
LISTERINE



Silhouettes

(Continued from page 39)

MARY PICKFORD

Silent prayer falling softly on the night;
Wisteria hanging over an arbor of dreams;
Fairy spray from the wave of success;
The vesper song of the hermit thrush;
Water-lilies shining in the dusk;
Lotus-bud hands clasped over the head of
a child;
Debussy's notes painted by Romney's
brush;
And the reflection of a humming-bird's
wing
On a star.

RODOLPH VALENTINO

A smoldering volcano;
The hot breath of a bull at bay;
A gondola melting into the sunset;
A Spanish love-song with
An accompaniment of clashing swords;
A heart-shaped valentine bought by every
girl;
The drooping eyes of the camel
Reflecting nothing, yet revealing all;
A muezzin's daybreak call from a minaret;
And a sword of steel in a velvet sheath.

MADGE KENNEDY

Some drops of perfume spilled on a minia-
ture;
The graciousness of a queen with
The understanding of a hand-maiden;
A Salvation Army lassie with a Fifth Av-
enue style;
Madame Récamier serving tea at the Ritz;
Candles burning at the altar at twilight;
Arbutus on a gleaming hillside;
All dreams we dream at dusk;
Which is itself a dream;
And the genius of simplicity.

Heavens, No!

(Continued from page 43)

"I don't want to play a little sweetness and light sort of flapper, but I don't want either to parade in gorgeousness and gilt. I think that sort of thing, while it fascinates people, sends them home dissatisfied. They look around their own home and the comparative shoddiness of it comes sharply to them. They become disgruntled, unhappy. I'd like to do something that would please them because it was attainable, not beyond their reach. I want to send them home feeling that there's something worth while in life after all. The other has a box office attraction, I know. What people can't get in reality they will seek again in pictures."

She moved suddenly to the piano, to strum a brief tune, then swung round again.

"I had a chance to go into musical comedy, when I was in New York," she said.

"Why didn't you?"

"Couldn't—contract. But if the chance ever comes again when I can, I will." She ran her finger over the keyboard. "I had several offers for pictures, too, when I was East. And Harold wanted me to come back anyway."

"H'mm," said I, reverting to type. "Why did he?"

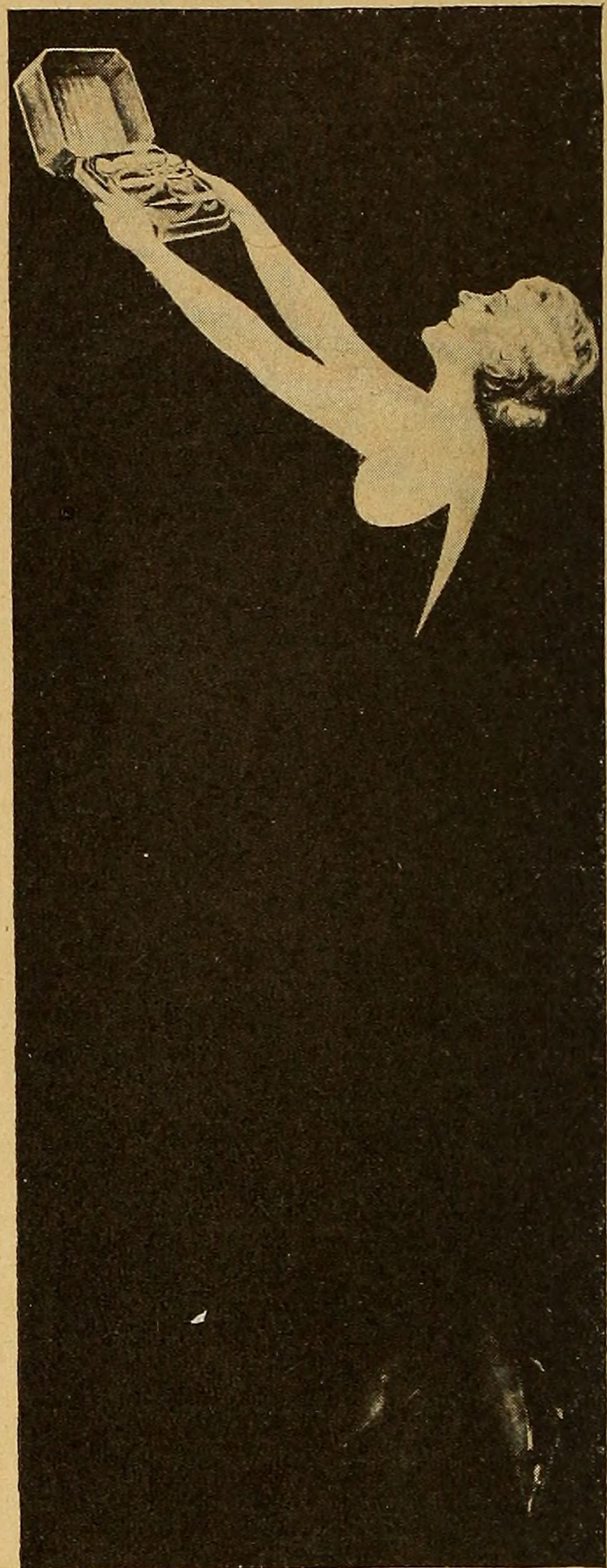
"Just because," said Mildred promptly. "And do have another chocolate."

I did. And departed presently, pondering.

A woman's no. We arch our eyebrows wisely and say, "Ah!"

But a woman's Heavens, no! Now, what tha—?!?

FIBERLOID



Beautiful Toilet Articles of Fiberloid

in Ivory, Tortoise and colors to harmonize with interior decorations. A gift intimate and lasting, Fiberloid will not break, dent or tarnish.

Leading stores sell it in single pieces and in handsomely cased sets.

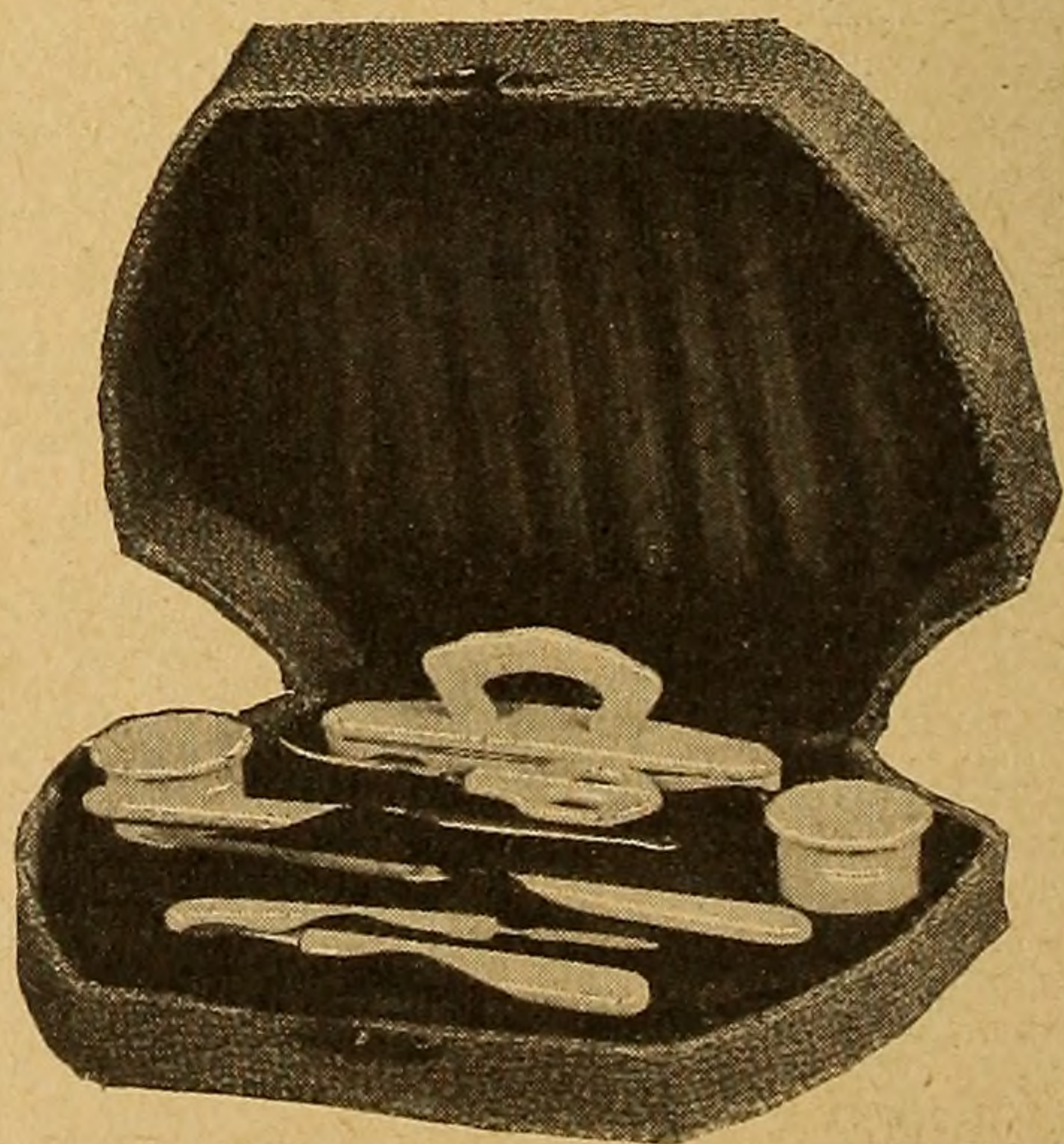
Send for the *Fiberloid* booklet describing the attractive patterns—

*Avondale . Berkshire . Fairfax
Gramarble . Rosemont*

The FIBERLOID CORPORATION

INDIAN ORCHARD, MASS.

New York Office, 55 Fifth Avenue



8-piece Set, Berkshire Pattern, Ivory Fiberloid

Pompeian Beauty powder



They Turn to Admire

What is it they admire so much—the radiance of her lovely coloring? Yes, but even more the sparkle of her eyes, the glow of her expression, that come from knowing her skin is like a rose and that she is looking her very best.

One bit of magic gives her this enviable position—this radiant confidence. She knows the secret of Instant Beauty—the complete “Pompeian Beauty Toilette.”

First, a touch of Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of fragrance. Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle? Lastly dust over again with powder to subdue the Bloom. Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant! (Above 3 articles may be used separately or together. At all druggists, 60c each.)

TRY NEW POWDER SHADES. The correct shade is more important than color of your dress. New NATURELLE is a more delicate tone than Flesh, blends with medium complexion. Our New RACHEL shade is a rich cream tone for brunettes.

“Don’t Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian”

Day Cream (60c) . . . holds the powder
Beauty Powder (60c) . . . in four shades
Bloom (60c) . . . a rouge that won’t break
Massage Cream (60c) . . . clears the skin
Night Cream (50c) improved cold cream
Fragrance (30c) . . . talc, exquisite odor
Vanity Case (\$1.00) . powder and rouge
Lip Stick (25c) . . . makes lips beautiful



These three for Instant Beauty

GUARANTEE

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Co., at Cleveland, Ohio.

TEAR OFF NOW

To mail or to put in purse as shopping-reminder

 THE POMPEIAN COMPANY
 2129 Payne Ave., Cleveland, O.
 Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1922 Art Panel. Also please send five samples named in offer.
 Name _____
 Address _____
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 Naturelle shade powder sent unless you write another below.

Get 1922 Panel—Five Samples Sent With It

“Honeymooning in Venice.” What romance! The golden moonlit balcony! The blue lagoon! The swift-gliding gondolas! The serenading gondoliers! Tinkling mandolins! The sighing winds of evening! Ah, the memories of a thousand Venetian years! Such is the story revealed in the new 1922 Pompeian panel. Size, 28 x 7 1/4 inches. In beautiful colors. Sent for only 10c. This is the most beautiful and expensive panel we have ever offered. Art store value 50c to \$1. Money gladly refunded if not wholly satisfactory. Samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, DAY Cream (vanishing), BLOOM, NIGHT Cream (an improved cold cream), and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a talc), sent with the Art Panel. You can make many interesting beauty experiments with them. Please tear off coupon now and enclose a dime.

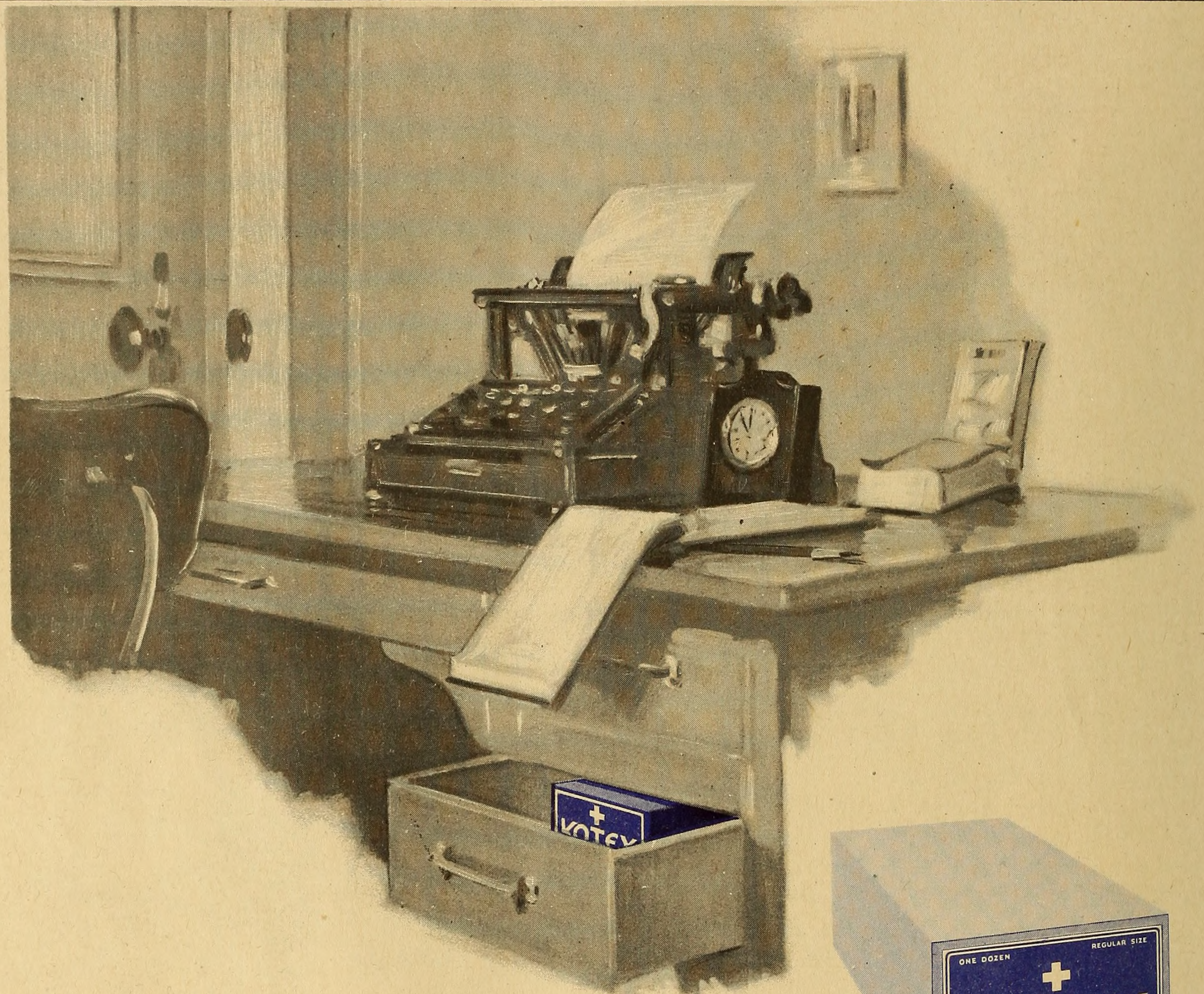
THE POMPEIAN CO., 2129 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Also Made in Canada

© 1922, The Pompeian Co.



KOTEX



Every Day More Women Provide Themselves with Kotex

KOTEX is as essential to the modern woman's toilette as typewriters and stenographers are to modern business. Kotex prevents the embarrassment of asking at the store counter for sanitary pads—just as it does away with a difficult laundry problem.

Kotex is easy to buy without counter conversation by simply saying, "A box of Kotex," in almost any drug, drygoods, or department store. Kotex is so easy to dispose of by following directions found in each package, that in many schools, offices, stores, and shops, Kotex is furnished free.

Kotex are inexpensive, but from every standpoint superior to birdseye or any other sanitary pads. Keep a supply on hand of both the Regular and the Hospital sizes—the latter extra large.

Kotex are also useful for many household purposes such as for headache pads and hot and cold applications.

Ask by name for Kotex.

*Regular Size, 12 in box
Hospital Size, 6 in box
(Additional thickness)*

Kotex cabinets are now being distributed in women's rest-rooms everywhere—hotels, office buildings, restaurants, theatres, and other places—from which may be obtained one Kotex with two safety pins, in plain wrapper, for 10 cents.



Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Boul., Chicago
51 Chambers Street, New York :: Factories: Neenah, Wis.

Copyright 1922—C. P. C.

INEXPENSIVE, COMFORTABLE, HYGIENIC and SAFE — KOTEX

Anna Q. Nilsson Talks of Her Sojourn Abroad

(Continued from page 33)

with a tiny group of American friends. Gaiety, gaiety, gaiety!"

In Sweden:

"I was in Sweden three times during my sojourn abroad. I went there first on my own, intending a vacation, a return to the home hearth, that I had been planning for years and years, a family reunion. I made one picture there for a Swedish company, an old legend of the country. Then Famous Players-Lasky sent for me. I set out on the various excursions I have mentioned, returning to Sweden now and then. It is beautiful, my country. Wooded and rich and clean. I hope to return one day soon."

In England:

"And finally they called me to England to work with George Fitzmaurice. England, or London, is impossible for pictures. The fogs! They are thick, curdled. They creep into the studios and hang there in a heavy pall, as tho a thousand cigarets had loosed their smoke. Then the fog machines are set going. Sometimes they work; sometimes they dont. England, London, as a producing center is a big mistake. But it, too, is a beautiful country, England."

And now, perforce, Anna Q. has come back, to sink once more into the infamous sloth of Hollywood, where in the day the cameras absorb with hungry clicks the beauty and the brawn of films, and where by night the devil stalks in lurid cloak. Ask any blue-nose—he knows.

"Not to be highbrow or anything of that sort, but Los Angeles, Hollywood, gives one's mind nothing," she said. "It would be nice to see an opera occasionally, a really good play, some unusual music. Here we grow in on ourselves."

Anna Q. Nilsson reflects the minds of hundreds, many of them too timid or too discreet to venture an opinion on California. Palms, and the purple mountains and the sea—these are good. But they are good in the way of the lover to whom the girl said, "Oh, George, you're so good to me! But, gosh, I'm tired of you!"

She is playing, Anna Q., in Penrhyn Stanlaws' latest production, "Pink Gods." Shall we forestall the wisecracs and say, albeit sadly, that it has nothing to do with pink lemonade, or pink pajamas, or pink anything else? Just gods. Lots of 'em.

And surely Anna Q., queenly, blonde and Junoesque, should make a fitting goddess.

MAGIC!

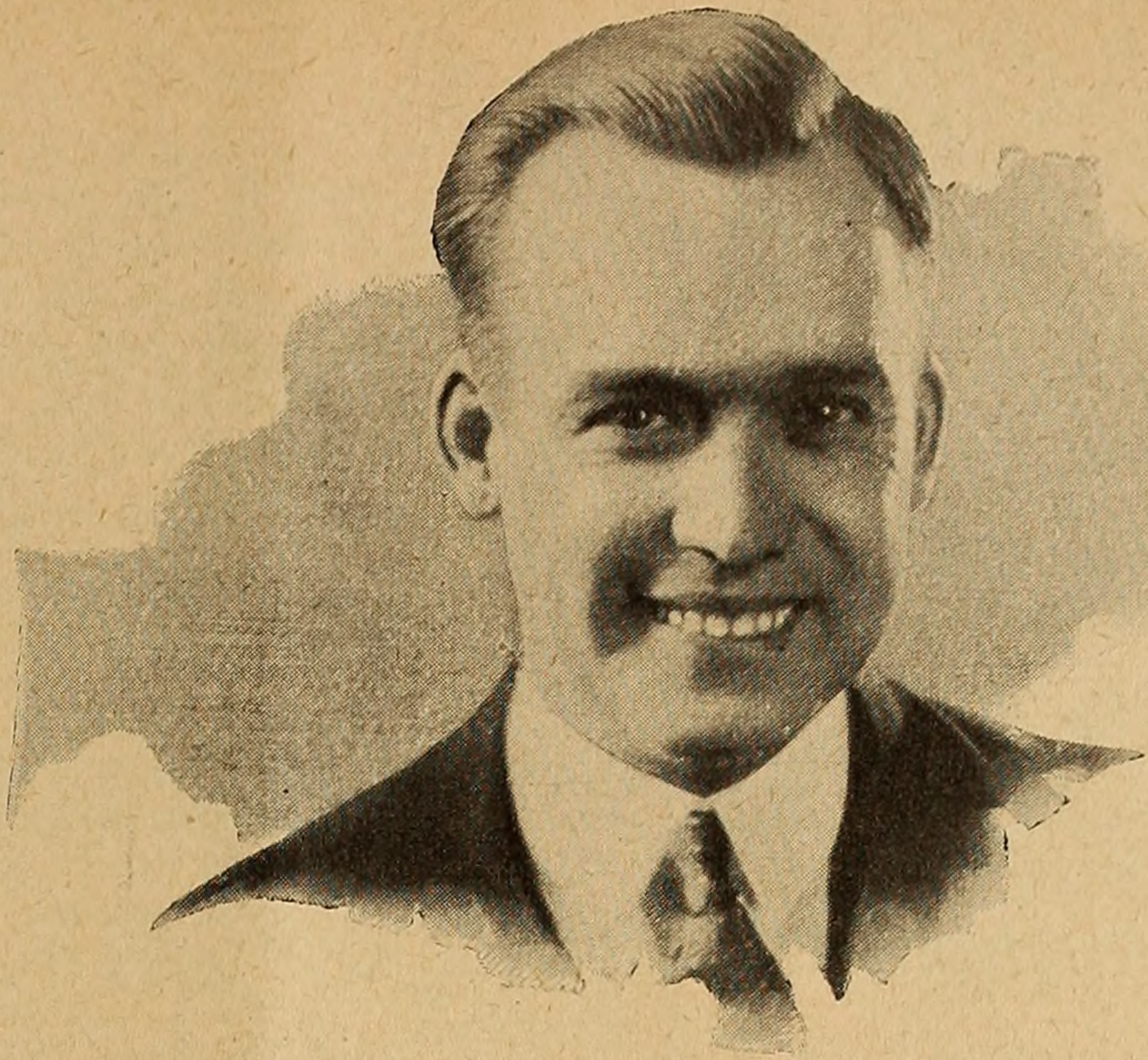
ANNA HAMILTON WOOD

Oh, it isn't the film, it isn't the plot, it
Isn't the set I see,
It is just the look in the lover's eyes—like
The look you once gave me!

It isn't the palace, it isn't the ranch, it
Isn't the cottage there,
It's the little place we once called "home"
With its battered winding stair!

It isn't the story the author wrote that the
Men and the women play,
But it's life and youth and love again—
Before you went away!

So I sit and dream while the film winds
On and live in yesteryear
'Till the final fade-out comes, like death,
And separates us, dear!



Save the Life of Your Tooth Enamel

"Wash"—Don't Scratch or Scour Teeth

GRITTY, soapless tooth pastes may show quick results. If you scour away your skin, Nature can replace it. But even Nature will not replace tooth enamel once it has been worn away by gritty, soapless tooth pastes.

COLGATE'S CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY

"Washes" and Polishes—Doesn't Scratch or Scour

IT IS A DOUBLE ACTION DENTIFRICE:

- (1) Loosens clinging particles.
- (2) Washes them away.

Sensible in Theory. Healthy saliva is practically neutral, sometimes slightly alkaline. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is mildly alkaline, practically neutral, and cleanses without disturbing Nature's balance. Avoid dentifrices that are strongly alkaline or appreciably acid. Colgate's helps to maintain the right mouth conditions.

Correct in Practice. Harsh drugs and chemicals harm mouth tissues. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream does not contain them. Authorities agree that a dentifrice should do only one thing—clean teeth thoroughly. Colgate's does this. No false claims are made that Colgate's possesses any other virtue, but it does possess this one in a higher degree than any other dentifrice.

COLGATE & CO. Est. 1806 NEW YORK



Colgate's cleans teeth thoroughly—no dentifrice does more. A LARGE tube costs 25 cents—why pay more?

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture



X-BAZIN

The French way to remove hair

AS easy as applying face powder— and as safe—is the removal of superfluous hair with this dainty, fragrant, rose-perfumed, French depilatory.

Safety First

For more than a century, the fastidious women of Paris have used it with a confidence born of perfect results. For one hundred years it has had the approval of physicians and dermatologists. It is guaranteed to leave the skin smooth and white, and unlike the unwieldy razor, it will positively discourage the further growth of the hair. X-Bazin is the safe depilatory, and may be used freely on the most sensitive skin.

At all drug and department stores, 50c and \$1.00 in the U.S. and Canada. Elsewhere 75c and \$1.50. Send 10c for trial sample and descriptive booklet.

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GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., Sole Distributors
In the United States and Canada
Dept. E, 16th Street and Irving Place, New York

Reduce Your Flesh in Spots Arms, Legs, Bust, Double Chin

In fact the entire body or any part without dieting by wearing **DR. WALTER'S**
Famous Medicated Reducing

RUBBER GARMENTS

For Men and Women

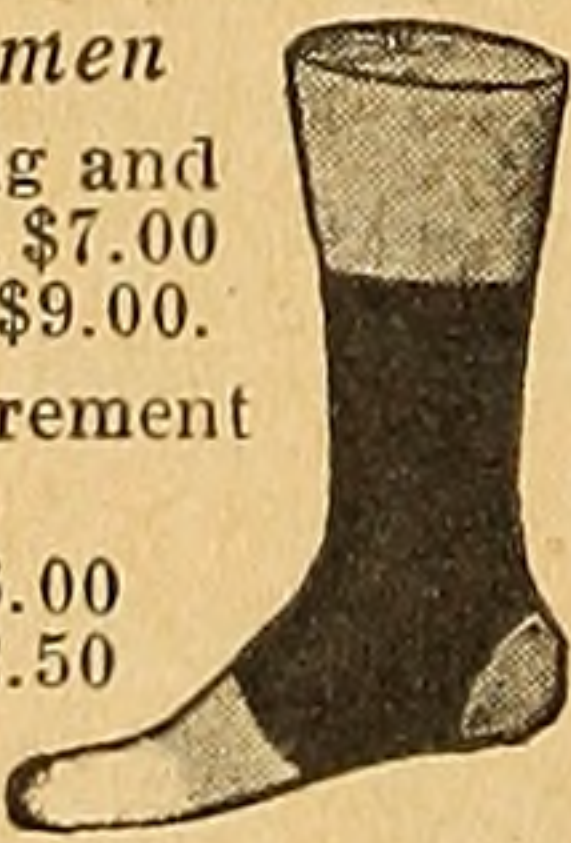
Anklets for Reducing and Shaping the Ankles, \$7.00 per pair. Extra high, \$9.00.

Send ankle measurement when ordering.

Bust Reducer, \$6.00
Chin Reducer, \$2.50

Send for Illustrated Booklet

Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter
353 Fifth Avenue :: New York



The Road To Health and Beauty

A daily check on your weight marks your progress on the road to ideal health and beauty. Know exactly the progress you are making; guessing is dangerous. Weigh yourself daily without clothes—it is the only safe way. The

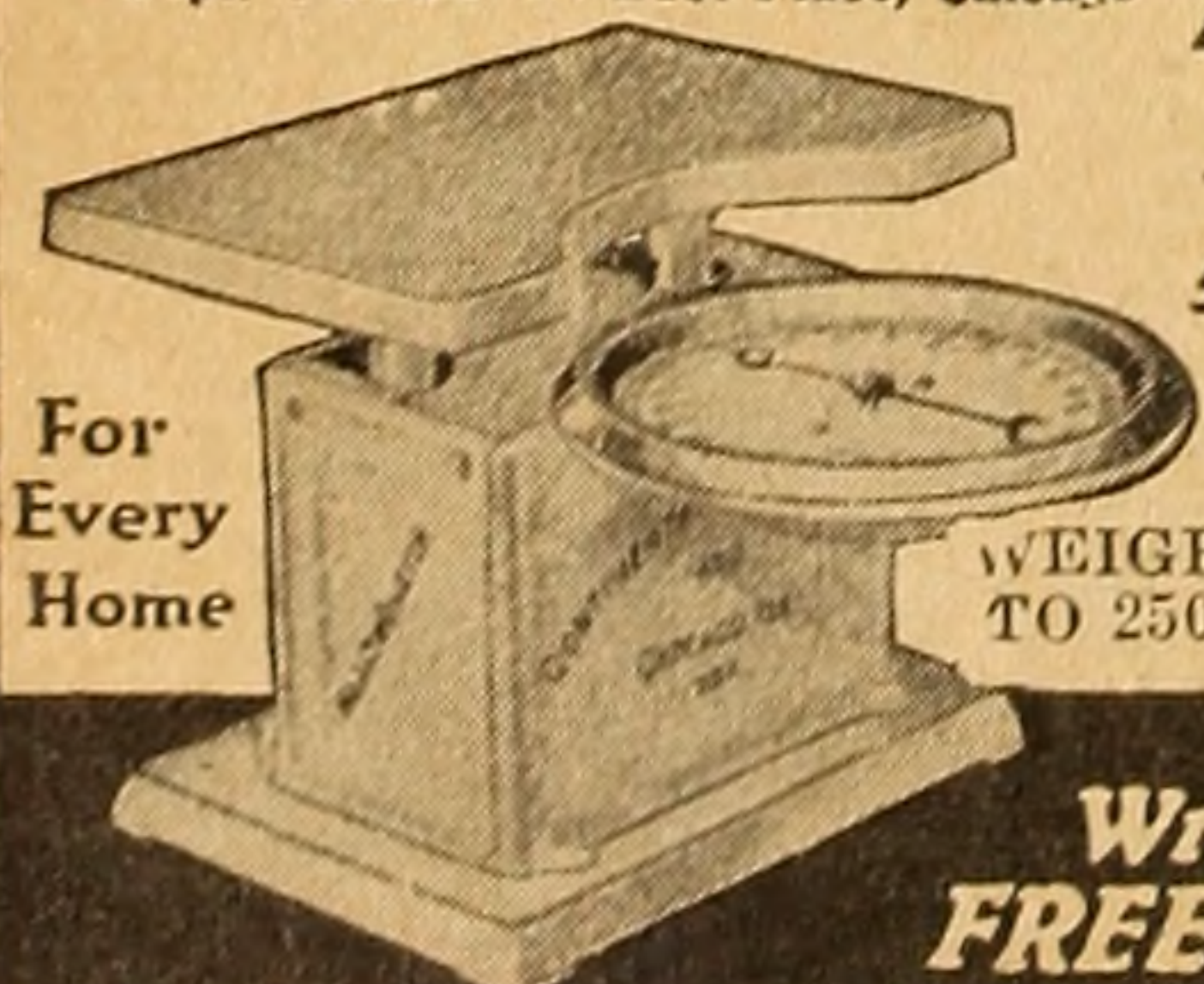
HEALTH-O-METER

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will gauge your health correctly and conveniently. Just step on and read your correct weight on the dial. Thousands are in use. See, try and examine the Health-O-Meter at our expense. Our illustrated circular gives the all-in-your-favor details. Write—right now.

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Doesn't
Guess
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WEIGHS UP
TO 250 LBS.
Write For 10 Day
FREE TRIAL OFFER

For
Every
Home

A Fortune in Freckles

(Continued from page 37)

a lot he wanted to say, but he couldn't take a chance. So his only answer was "Slick."

I asked him about his friendly doings with the President and asked him for his estimate of Mr. Harding. "He's a good guy," he said briefly. "I'm for him."

"Who else did you meet in Washington?"

"Nobody."

"Didn't you meet the Vice-President?"

"Oh, him," said Wesley, leaning over to shove in my gas choker with the air of one at the end of human endurance. "Yeh; he was all right."

"What about the pages; didn't you see the page boys? Didn't they give you a reception?"

"Yep," said Wesley. "You ought to advance your spark going up a hill."

Wesley and I didn't seem to be making much progress. He replied with weariness when I talked to him about his triumphs in Detroit, when he broadcasted himself on the radio. All the mayors he had met left him cold.

In olden days, an ordinary freckled boy would get excited over a ball game seen thru a knot-hole in a fence; but on his trip around the circuit, these are the things Wesley did—and still they left him cold: Directed the traffic standing out in the middle of the Chicago loop, compared with which all other traffic is a quiet Sunday in the country; acted as Mayor of Milwaukee for one hour; met Babe Ruth; started the international junior ice skating races in Chicago; was insured for \$100,000; talked over practically every radio in every city; led Junior Naval Reserve parades and conducted recruiting meetings all over the country; umpired for two minutes in a Pacific Coast League baseball game; conducted a scenario contest for the *Chicago News*; acted as city editor of the *Milwaukee News*; acted as chief of police in Detroit and talked himself blue in the face at a million dinners.

But, even with all that, his travels had left no dent on his cosmos except that he volunteered the opinion that a certain little city in North Carolina was the rottenest punk town on the map.

It was when I asked him about Penrod that we suddenly got action.

"Say, that was slick; that book," he said with fervor. His voice began to quiver at the edges, and he suddenly shut down the cover on it again.

"I read it four times," he said. "And I'm just going to start readin' it again. It's the slickest book I ever read."

"Did you ever meet Mr. Tarkington?" I asked.

"Who's Mr. Tarkington?"

"He's the man who wrote 'Penrod.'"

"Oh."

"Wouldn't you like to meet him?"

"If you dont hold out your hand when you turn a corner, you'll get pinched—sure."

"Wouldn't you like to meet Mr. Tarkington?"

"Yeh." His tone lacked enthusiasm. No author means anything in the life of a movie star.

"Did you ever read 'Tom Sawyer'?"

"Yep."

"Didn't you like that better than Penrod?"

If I had tried to shift gears without throwing out the clutch, the glance that he gave me couldn't have been more scornful. "Well, I should say not," he finally managed to articulate.

"Dont you like 'Tom Sawyer'?"

"Aw, I guess it's all right."

"It is considered to be one of the world's classics."

"It ain't as slick as Penrod."

We rode along in silence. Finally Wesley volunteered: "I'm going to have my own automobile. It's a Studebaker with a special body. I picked it out myself." He paused. Then he added with an emphasis that I could not misunderstand: "I'm an awful good driver." That let me out.

Having warmed up to that extent, Wesley confided in me that, when he grew up, he wanted to be a director like Mickie Neilan.

I think it is his secret conviction that the solar system revolves under special orders from Mr. Neilan; that Mr. Harding would a lot rather be Mr. Neilan than just President of the United States; that it was Mr. Neilan's propaganda pictures that ended the war, and that all creative artists from the time the cave men painted the rocks, down to Michael Angelo, down to the present time, were just experiments—preliminary to Mickie Neilan. To say that Wesley admires Mr. Neilan is putting it mildly. Which is as it should be. There would have been no special Studebakers in the Barry family had not Marshall Neilan stopped one day in front of a grocery store on the outskirts of Los Angeles, and found there the grandest accumulation of freckles that ever grew on one boy's face. Then and there Wesley became a movie.

Wesley is growing big now. He is growing like a bean-pole. He has grown to the gawky stage, where he is all ears and legs and has too many hands and feet. It will not be much longer that he will be able to do freckled boys' parts.

As all these stage children do, he is losing the naïve simplicity and boyishness that have endeared him to a very large public.

When we finally got to Warner Brothers, he volunteered to show us over the studio.

As we got to the first set, Wesley turned on a switch and flooded the place with light.

"Nice set," said someone in the party.

Suddenly a light of creative frenzy came into Wesley's eyes. I imagine that all the great characters of history must look just that way when they give forth deathless remarks, like "Give me liberty or give me death."

"People do not realize," began Wesley, in his best oratorical voice, "when they look at a motion picture, the pains and expense that the production has caused. They little think when they look upon a beautiful set what great sums of money have been spent. When they look upon a beautiful set, they do not realize that someone had to build it . . ."

Everybody looked at everybody else with amazement. The sudden transition from Wesley's frugal monosyllables was so abrupt.

"Those who look on the mimic figures on the screen . . ."

Then we understood. Wesley was making us one of his personal appearance speeches.

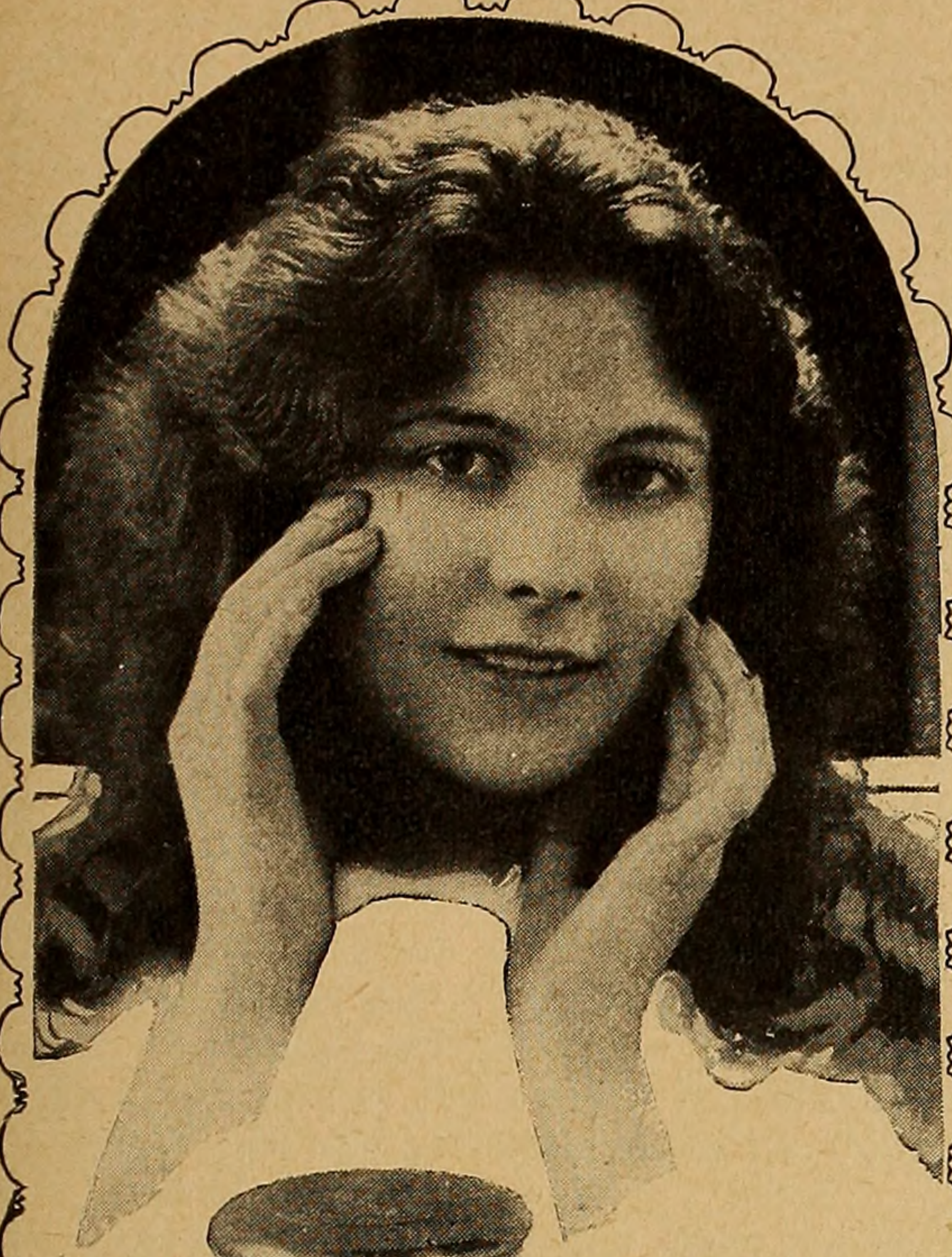
We stood and wondered with dismay how long it was going to last, when suddenly his voice broke and went squealing off into space.

After all, Heaven is very kind.

When a boy gets to the smarty age, his voice becomes so unruly that he cant talk much.

Great is Allah in his wisdom.

~ night



Use Rigaud's Cold Cream and Tissue Cream at night.



Use Rigaud's Vanishing Cream in the morning.

How lovely you will be tomorrow is something you can decide this very night! For years, many of the most exquisite complexions have owed their beauty to

Rigaud's COLD CREAM TISSUE CREAM VANISHING CREAM Fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden

Rigaud's *Cold Cream* works its way into the pores, cleansing them of dirt, allowing the skin to "breathe" and appear radiant.

Rigaud's *Tissue Cream*, helps flabby muscles become firm; it improves and refines the texture of your skin. Rigaud's *Vanishing Cream* forms a perfect base for your morning's light film of powder.

Decide today to win loveliness for yourself—go to your druggist's or department store, now, and select these three essential Creams.

PARFUMERIE RIGAUD
16 Rue de la Paix, Paris, France
GEO. BORGFELDT & Co., NEW YORK
Sole distributors in United States and Canada



Borderland

(Continued from page 31)

gant. I took handfuls of the incense-brimming roses and crushed them in my two hands until the chance thorns made my flesh bleed, and blood and roses mingled together and were heedlessly one.

"I told him that I would go with him that night. I told him that if he knew where the world's end was, I would go there with him. I told him that . . . oh, what does it matter what I told him, save to show you the turbulent state of me! Maddened women have said these things before, under the stimulus of Sauterne, with rose-stains and blood-stains on their fluttering hands . . .

"We made definite plans.

"We went into the drawing-room—he told me that he would wait for me—fifteen minutes. He looked cruel to me, but the look passed . . . in his arms . . .

"I started to leave him—and then I gave a shriek. Such a shriek as is popularly attributed to the heroines in a melodrama. I can still hear it—that shriek of mine. And I believe now that the chilling, grisly fear that was mine in that moment wiped out, also in that moment, the mordant passion that had been corroding me.

"Of course, you know.

"It was old Eileen. Old Eileen, who had not walked in fifteen years, walking straight toward me, steadily, quite. Her grey hair hanging about her ears. Her semi-sightless eyes widened and clear. Her voice clear, too.

"We managed to put her into a chair.

"Eh, it's a strange story, ma'am," she said, 'but hear it thru, deary, hear it thru . . . Dora Becket told it to me, just now, when she couldn't get the ear of you, try as she might.'

"Eileen!" I called to her, as tho she were a mile from me. 'Eileen, what is it? Are you ill? Are you crazy? Shall I call Nora?'

"Old Eileen shook her canny head and something, I dont know what, maybe it was Dora Becket, too, told me to sit quietly by and let her tell her old wife's tale. Told me that she wasn't crazy in the least . . .

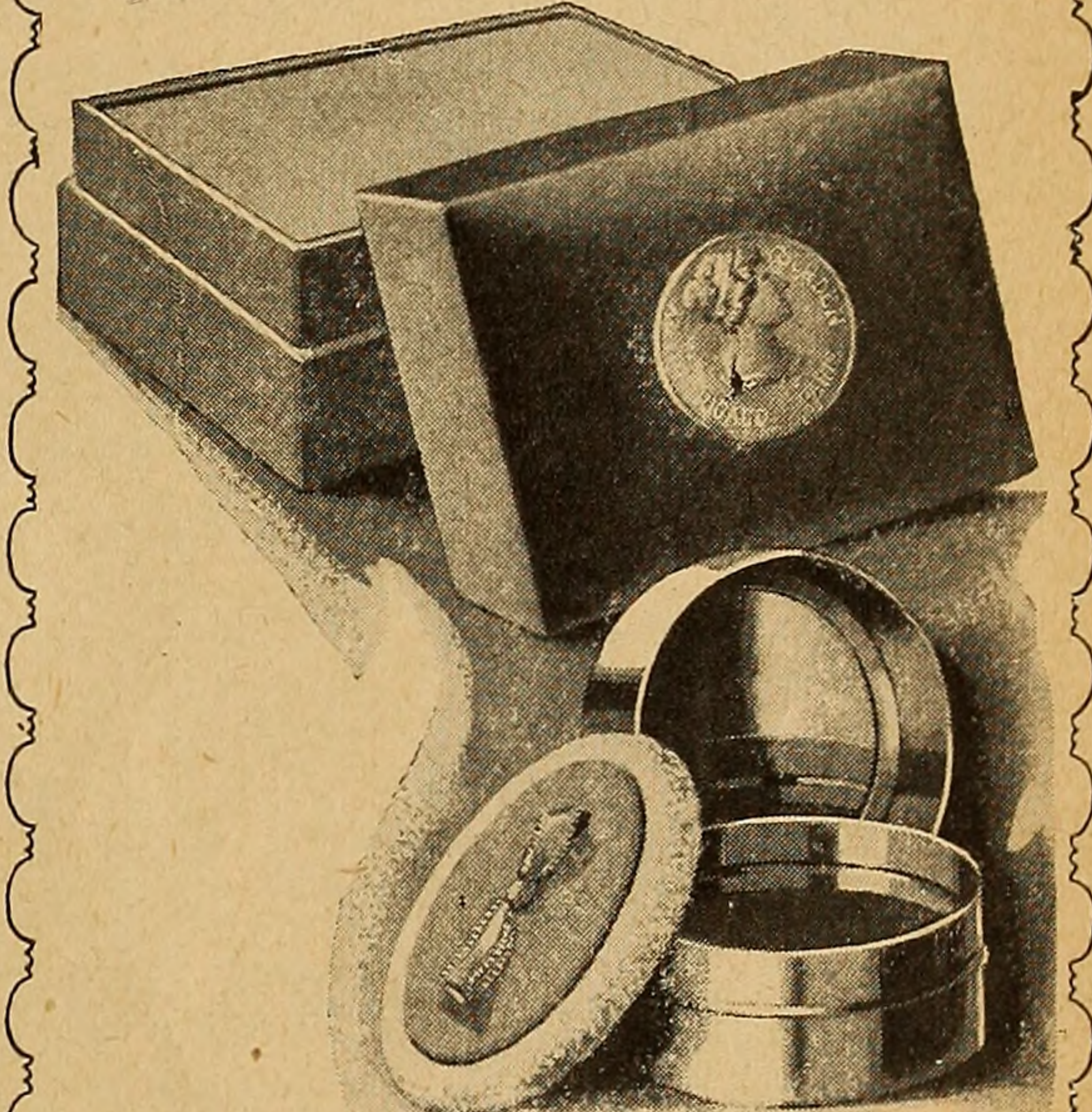
"Go on!" I said.

Clyde and I sat down on the couch quite apart. Eileen's chair was facing us. She sat composedly enough.

"Dora Becket has been trying to talk to you, deary," she said. 'Dora Becket, that has been dead and searching these twenty years. Tonight it was that she came to the Well at the World's End, the Well of the World, after the weary searching. And when she came to the Well at the World's End, she bent over and down she looked to see if she could find her child. The wee one she's been searching for all these many years. But she didn't see her baby, may the good Saints send her rest! She didn't see her baby, but she saw *your* baby, Edith Wayne, and she saw your good man, a'toiling and a'moiling, and she saw the fine gentleman here, in his dinner coats and his fixings, and her heart hurt her, for she saw you were taking the path she had trod before you, twenty years an' more, and she knew that you would be treading the path, too, the weary path that hasn't ended yet, ochone, the searching and the seeking of it!

"And so, at the Well at the World's End Dora Becket tried to call to you. She came close, close to the Borderland, where spirit and flesh can touch if they'r a'kin, but you didn't hear her, macree. You didn't and you couldn't. And she called and she called, but there was no one

~ morning



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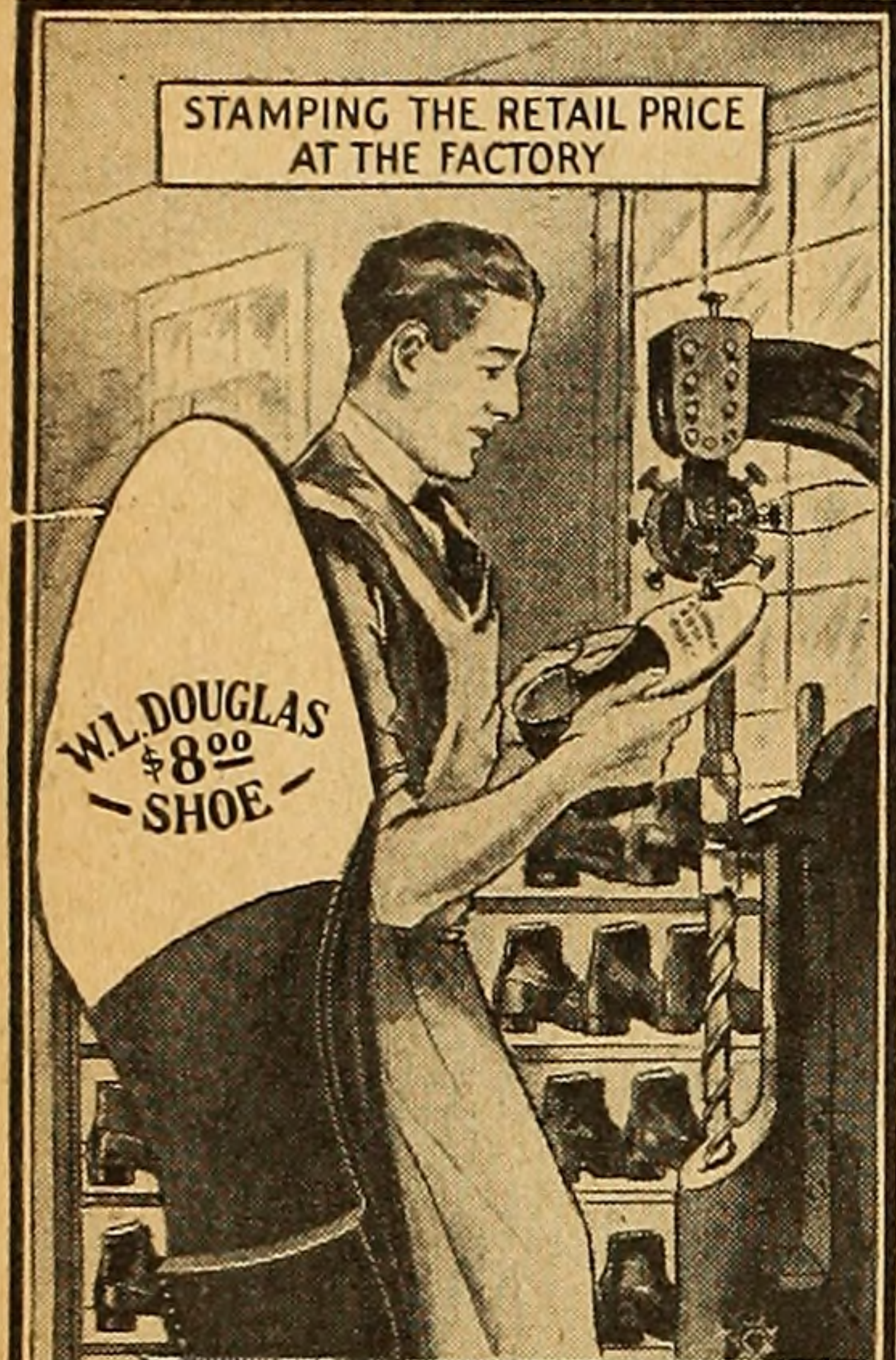
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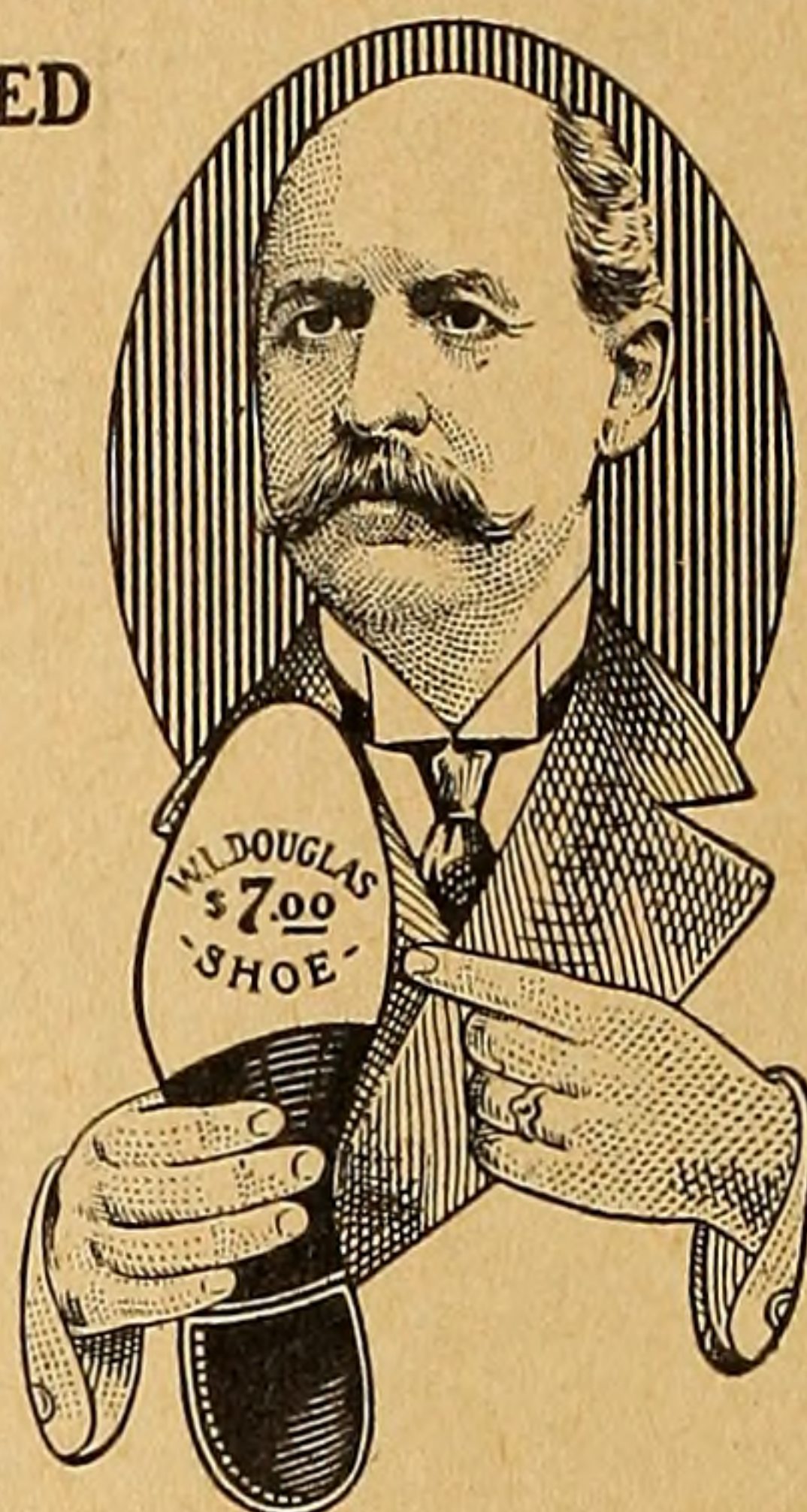
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CLARINDA, IOWA

near enough to Borderland, saving only my old bones. Saving only old Eileen McCreel. For I'm that near the Borderland, so near, that I felt her little wisp of a hand in mine, little cold and lonely hand, and I heard her little lone, lost voice telling me the sad story of her, and I heard her begging me to come to you and speak her story to you so that you might turn aside from the path of sin while yet there's time . . . and her little lone, lost hand had in it all the powers the medical men haven't had these ten years a'gone, and I rose me off of my chair in such a way that the hair of my grandchild, Nora Conlon, would fair have stood on end if she had of seen it, and felt my way along from my own quarters, and I came down these stairs and into this very room as light as if I had been that same Dora Becket herself. And, indeed, herself was in here but an hour a'gone, but no word nor sigh could she get from the twain of you.

"And this is her story, may Heaven rest her poor soul in peace this night!

"Tell Edith," was her words, "that I am a kind of a kin of hers and that is the reason when I looked down the Well at the World's End it was her I saw . . . Tell her that when I was twenty-four, I had a husband and a little girl, just her little Jimty's age. And I felt as she feels now—lonely and old-before-her-time and bitter and hurt. And there came along the dashingest adventurer I had ever seen—my husband's own half-brother, Captain Francis Vincent. And I felt all that she felt; all that she is feeling now. I felt that all I wanted on earth or in Heaven was to get as far away from every living thing as I could and be alone in all space with Captain Francis Vincent. Tell her that I crushed red roses in my palms, too, and that I kissed each little, separate wound as tho they had been kisses . . . And after that, we planned to go away—on his ship . . .

"I wanted to take my little girl, but I didn't want to so much, but that he wasn't able to dissuade me very easily. It was no place, no condition of life for a child, he told me, and I believed him, because I wanted to and needed to, just then. And I thought Peter would never care because I thought he never *had* cared, and that was because, tell her, I had never known what caring was.

"And so we left the house—the same house, tell her, on just such a rich, warm night. And we went aboard ship and all the stars rocked like little, crazy boats in a sky as royal as purple. And I felt my heart beating against my breast. And when he kissed me, his kisses were like the wounds of the roses. They left wounds, too.

"And then, on board ship, we lay at anchor, and I tried to think, at peace . . . But there seemed a redness in the sky. He told me that it was the redness of the roses . . . that it was the blood I had drawn from my white hands . . . but I told him it was redder than that . . . more terrible . . . and then I screamed . . . I screamed and screamed and just as I screamed, tell her, that I knew my false, fierce passion for this man had gone away, had left me clean and cold and barren. And futile. And crazed. For, tell her, that I knew the red in the sky was the red of my own home, afire. Afire and my baby alone in it. Alone in it with only a deaf servant on the upper floor."

"Old Eileen leaned forward then, and eerily rubbed her crackling hands as tho over that helpless funeral pyre . . . 'eh, deary, eh, deary,' she kept muttering, and I had to prod her and remind her and ask her what else Dora Becket had said . . .

"And tell her," Eileen went on at

How YOU Can Write Stories and Photoplays

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "Three Weeks," "Beyond the Rocks," "The Great Moment," Etc., Etc.

length, 'that as I screamed for the third time, I jumped . . . into the racing tide . . . the tide that raced *the other way* . . . the tide that took me, not to my baby, but over the world's last rim. That night I died.'

"Eileen muttered more and more. She kept rubbing her hands as tho they were mortally cold. Her voice grew fainter as she finished Dora Becket's story.

"'And tell her,' she said, 'that my baby died, too. And that ever since that night of passion and farewell, I have been searching thru the spaces of the world . . . searching . . . searching . . . space that is more cruel than pain because it is unanswered and unanswered . . . searching for the one thing that I know that I want . . . for the deepest need of all needs . . . for the soul of my child . . . for the lost soul of my little, lost child . . . tell her not to . . . tell her not to . . . save her . . . save her.

"Old Eileen leaned sharply forward. There was an instant of utter suspension. She was dead."

Edith Wayne sat up in her low wicker chair. She unclasped her hands, with some difficulty, for the knuckles were white and strained looking, as from tension.

She tried to smile at me.

"That is all," she said, "of Dora Becket's story—or almost all. The rest of mine, I think, you know . . . Clyde went away. He has never come back. There has never been any urge for him to come back, on either side. We called it 'midsummer madness' on both sides . . . and let it go at that . . . What else?"

"Of course, Jimty came home. I went for him the very next day . . . and you know how I found him . . ." She turned her white hand over and there, across the palm, was a long, jagged scar. "I got there just in time," she said, simply, "I cant talk about that part of it . . . even now. He was climbing the high scaffolding of the gymnasium . . . just about to get to the . . . to the end. I climbed after him . . . And I think, Dora Becket must have helped me, then, for only a miracle brought us both safely back to earth . . . and to Big Jimty who was coming up that day, unknown to me, to see his boy. On that ride back home . . ." Edith Wayne's eyes turned back to that memory . . . and were lost to me . . . I did not try to follow her. I knew she wanted that intimate hour for her sacred own. I knew, because I had seen them together afterward . . .

Edith was speaking again, her eyes on Jimty, reclining squarely upon his back, resting after his manly labors.

"And I know that Dora Becket is happy, too," she said, "because I had a dream about her soon after Jimty was home again. It was a dream . . . but oh, it was *true!* I dreamed that I came to a gateway of roses, roses as white as the moon, and that the gateway swung open and a light was within. A light like and unlike the moon. A light like the light of the moon, but a moon that is living, not dead.

"And when I grew so that I could see for the soft, sweet light, I saw a garden of flowers . . . living, lovely flowers, like tender faces . . . and in the garden was Dora Becket, kneeling, and a child was with her, close against her breast . . . and oh, her face was happy! I know that it was true . . ."

"Thank you, my dear," I said, "you have paid me a tribute in telling me this story. There are no words . . ."

Edith smiled. "No . . ." she said . . . "no, my friend . . ."

I walked slowly down the garden-path.

At the gateway a giant rose tree showered some blood-red petals upon me, and I crushed them underfoot . . .

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

These mistaken ideas have recently been proved to be "bunk." People know better now. The entire world is now learning the TRUTH about writing. People everywhere are finding out that writers are no different from the rest of the world. They have nothing "up their sleeve"; no mysterious magic to make them successful. They are plain, ordinary people. They have simply learned the principles of writing and have intelligently applied them.

Of course, we still believe in genius, and not everyone can be a Shakespeare or a Milton. But the people who are turning out the thousands and thousands of stories and photoplays of to-day for which millions of dollars are being paid ARE NOT GENIUSES.

You can accept my advice because millions of copies of my stories have been sold in Europe and America. My book, "Three Weeks," has been read throughout the civilized world and translated into every foreign language, except Spanish, and thousands of copies are still sold every year. My stories, novels, and articles have appeared in the foremost European and American magazines. For Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, greatest motion picture producers in the world, I have written and personally supervised such photoplays as, "The Great Moment," starring Gloria Swanson, and "Beyond the Rocks," starring Miss Swanson and featuring Rodolph Valentino. I have received thousands and thousands of dollars in royalties. I do not say this to boast, but merely to prove that you can be successful without being a genius.

Many people think they can't write because they lack "imagination" or the ability to construct out-of-the-ordinary plots. Nothing could be further from the truth. The really successful authors—those who make fortunes with their pens—are those who write in a simple manner about plain, ordinary events of every-day life—things with which everyone is familiar. This is the real secret of success—a secret within the reach of all, for everyone is familiar with some kind of life.

Every heart has its story. Every life has experiences worth passing on. There are just as many stories of human interest right in your own vicinity, stories for which some editor will pay good money, as there are in Greenwich Village or the South Sea

Islands. And editors will welcome a story or photoplay from you just as quickly as from any well-known writer if your story is good enough. They are eager and anxious for the work of new writers, with all their blithe, vivacious, youthful ideas. They will pay you well for your ideas, too. Big money is paid for stories and scenarios to-day—a good deal bigger money than is paid in salaries.

The man who clerked in a store last year is making more money this year with his pen than he would have made in the store in a lifetime. The young woman who earned

eighteen dollars a week last summer at stenography just sold a photoplay for \$500.00. The man who wrote the serial story now appearing in one of America's leading magazines hadn't thought of writing until about three years ago—he did not even know that he could. Now his name appears almost every month in the best magazines. You don't know whether you can write or not until you try.

I believe there are thousands of people who can write much better stories and plays than many we now read in magazines and see on the screen. I believe thousands of people can make money in this absorbing profession and at the same time greatly improve present-day fiction with their fresh, true-to-life ideas. I believe the motion picture business especially needs new writers with new angles. I believe this so firmly that I have decided to give some

simple instructions which may be the means of bringing success to many who have not as yet put pen to paper. I am going to show YOU how easy it is when you know how!

Just fill out the coupon below. Mail it to my publishers, The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y. They will send you, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a handsome little book called "The Short-Cut to Successful Writing." This book was written to help all aspiring people who want to become writers, who want to improve their condition, who want to make money in their spare time. Within its pages are many surprises for doubting beginners; it is crowded with things that gratify your expectations—good news that is dear to the heart of all those aspiring to write; illustrations that enthuse, stories of success; new hope, encouragement, helps, hints—things you've long wanted to know.

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Elinor Glyn

Not So Wild

(Continued from page 53)

Constance Talmadge

as Ming Toy in her latest production for First National
"EAST IS WEST"

MISS TALMADGE is going to give you the surprise of your life in this, her newest picture. Her sudden leap from comedy character to the whimsicality of little Ming Toy will delight as well as surprise you.

You all know what a wonderful success this play made on Broadway where it had one of the longest runs of any show ever played. But remarkable as was that success, the picture is destined for even greater triumphs, for the screen is able to give it a richness of atmosphere surpassing the limitations of the spoken stage.

It is taken from Sam Shipman's play, and adapted by Frances Marion; directed by Sidney A. Franklin, director of "Smilin' Through."

Whatever else you miss, don't fail to see this one.



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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?

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pen-pushing peeress, or a visiting Australian acrobat. She is married, and has been, consecutively, to Charles Brabin. Here you see, is not the home-wrecking hussy the Fox fillums made her out to be, nor the sinister cutie of mystery psalmed by the Fox press bureau. The fact, incidentally, that she is about to return to the silent stage indicates an impending revival of not-for-children pictures.

Perhaps as potent a pippin as we have in ocular opera, Bebe Daniels would disappoint the thrill-seeking, I think. She lives with her mother, and works so hard (this is first-hand information) that she steps out only once a week—on Saturday night—even as you and I and a lot of other people. Out of range, Bebe is a rather flip looking flapper—hardly exotic or tropic or wild . . . She has more than her share of good looks, and an unaffected ignorance about current events and literature. It may be *naïveté*; it may not. But here is none of the ultra-sophistication she so effectively suggests when she is De Mille-dolled up to "get" Tommy Meighan or the Valentino. You miss the beauty-spot on her elbow, the flash in her screen eyes, the magnetism of her gelatin presence.

Sophistication is a marked characteristic of the regal Betty Blythe, but her private life is anything but vermilion in hue. Her husband is the Scardon who cans Universal products for the hinterland, dines every evening with his queenly frau, and, on Thursdays, usually smiles beside her and gives dances to the snaking gentry at the Hollywood Hotel. Everyone, of course, between sixteen and sixty, likes to Scandal Walk with the Sheba sensation, but of scandal, as such, there is nothing stirring. As a temptress, aside from her silversheetings, Betty doesn't figure. Once the final fadeout is filmed, la Blythe becomes Mrs. Paul Scardon, wife—

There are other cellulorelei of immeasurable potency who, off screen, affect one less than Prohibition affects the Little Club. In "Kismet" and other spooled scenarios, Rosemary Theby elevated a mean shoulder, a cruel lip, an ensnaring veil. Away, far away from the studio, Rosemary has a bungalow, in one of those trick courts. *Au naturel*, as herself, forgetting directors and blinders and other curses, she reminds me of a Greenwich Village feminist. As it is she is a Hollywood feminist. But vamp? Feminists are, to me, a sexless lot.

Mae Busch inspires broken homes, for a living, but she, too, is oh-so-different at the Studio Club or the Ambassador Grill or the Community Theater. You wouldn't recognize her as the Circe of the Stroheim stuff.

Make-up and studio lights and all that have a lot to do with it. A woman looks altogether different under the cold morning sun, and under the voluptuous spell of a sputtering Klieg, shaded, twisted and spilled at just the right angle!

As a final fetching example of what a joltless sensation these film fair hand you, I choose to tell of Estelle Taylor, who is, as I have stated before from a neighboring pulpit, the best of the modern two-dimension Nethersoles. In "While New York Sleeps" she worried every censor board in these United States with her torrid temperament, and in the revamping of the original vamp 'script, "A Fool There Was," she is removing the Bara laurels and draping them about her own white shoulders. But should you even meet

Estelle as Estelle, brace yourself for a terrific surprise.

Before encountering her, I expected big things—spiked tea at least. Instead I found a Rural Free Delivery beauty ringing up a Broadway hit—and *wondering* how she did it! When I met her she had just written the folks back home, in Wilmington, Del., to let 'em know she'd be home for the week-end . . . She told me she's dying to meet Mary Pickford . . . wanted to know how old Rudy Valentino is . . . hoped she could arrange to see The Hippodrome that night, and . . . well, la belle Estelle is, in real life the antithesis of her gelatin Jezebels. She staggers my typewriter-finger! This Delaware Delilah spends her off-hours at the movies. And when they are bunched off-hours, at the movies in Wilmington, Del!

These canned Cleopatras and spooled Scheherezades are not exactly as advertised. The fleshly lure is a mirage mirrored on the perpendicular platforms of our best flicker-palaces. The gleam of the lady's eyes (Bebe's or Mae's or whose you will!) is as artificial as the very spotlight that renders the gleam hundred-proof.

The difference is, I daresay, mostly in the setting. A bedecked beauty slithering around on the screen looks more alluring to you, lounging in a loge seat listening to the languorous strains of *Tristan and Isolde* than that same beauty looks at eleven a. m. shrouded in gingham, on the porch of her Californian cottage. And, perhaps, all things considered, it's just as well that it is as it is. You'll watch these glamorous creatures more contentedly henceforth, realizing, calmly and coolly, that altho they make Sappho look like a Chautauqua lecturer, those vamping sisters of the screen are really not so wild.

THE QUESTIONNAIRE

J. LILIAN VANDEVERE

I much enjoy a photoplay unless I sit beside

A wriggling child, who must be made of question marks, inside;

For when the thrilling feature comes, and I am tense and mute

It's—"Has she got her nightie on, and wont the pistol shoot?"

Or when my finger-tips are cold and cheeks are all aglow

I hear, "Why did he lock her in, and does her husband know?"

And if a picture sob has left my own eyes far from dry—

"What does the lady's letter say; why does she sit and cry?"

Perhaps my special hero dares both danger and disgrace,

Then—"Did he really rob the bank, and what's that on his face?"

Some day I'll chain that trusting child, and set to work close by

A phonograph that plays one tune—"Who? What? Where? Which? and Why?"

A KICK WAS COMING

FIRST EXTRA: That was some part you played in that last scene. Didn't it thrill you at the start?

SECOND EXTRA: No; it was at the end, when the director glared at me, that I was thrilled.

CELESTIAL

BILL: How come she's a movie star?

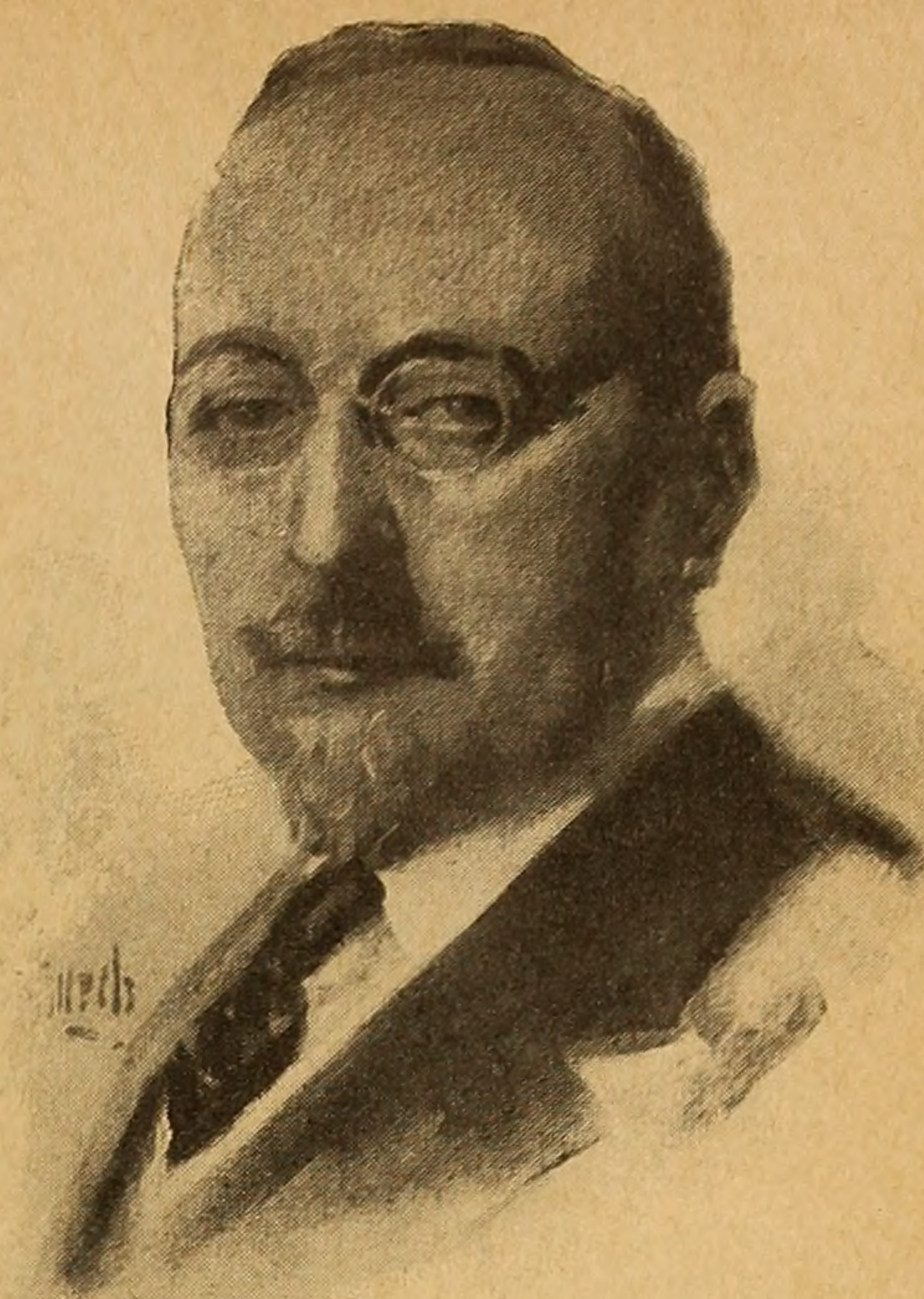
PHIL: She's been mingling with angels.



Ask Him

Ask the boy what cereal he likes best. He will say, we believe, Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Millions of children do.

And these are the best foods for him. They make whole grains enticing.



Ask Him

Ask the doctor what cereal is best for the boy. He will probably say Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. For he advises whole grains. And these are the only whole-grain foods with every food cell broken.

Let No Day Pass

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The reason for whole grains lies largely in minerals. In the lime, the iron, the phosphates which growing children need.

Whole wheat is almost a complete food. It supplies 16 needed elements. Children who get whole wheat in plenty are in no way underfed.

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The reason for Puffed Grains is the fact that every food cell is fitted to digest. There are 125 million food cells in a grain of wheat. This process explodes them all.

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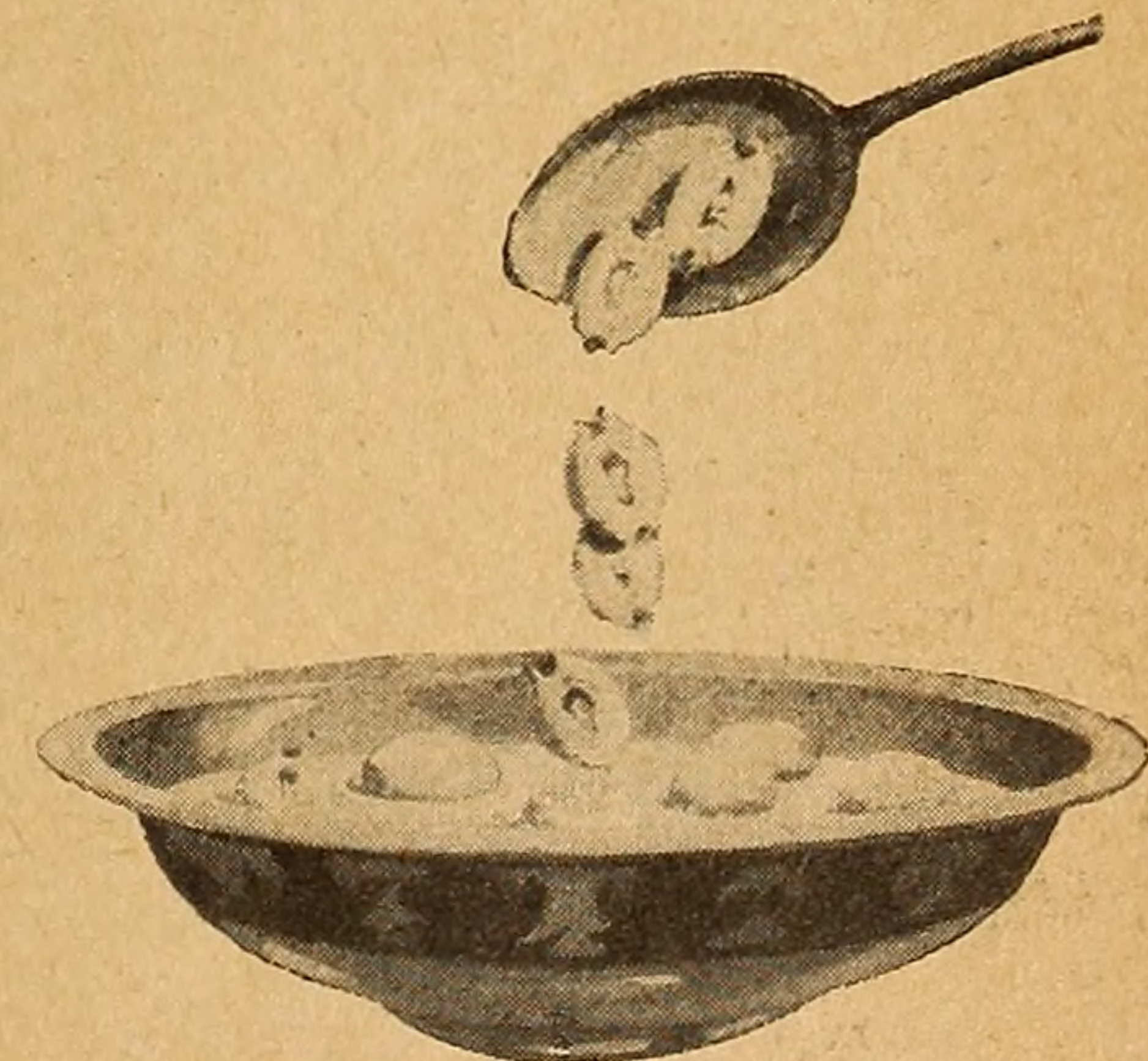
Like bubbled nuts

The fearful heat gives Puffed Grains a taste like toasted nuts. The puffing makes them airy, thin and flimsy. So this makes whole grains food confections. Children revel in them.

You can serve in a dozen ways, at mealtime and between meals. Do so—you mothers who believe in making whole-grain foods delightful.

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CLASSIC for OCTOBER

Without a Cosmetic Cosmos

(Continued from page 57)

name, altho at the time I was only a lowly picture fan. She could probably remember yours, and your name, too, if she should meet you by chance tomorrow. That is what I mean when I say that she is gracious—a graciousness which sinks deeper than the amenities of the social whirl.

And speaking of the social whirl, which is often a whirlpool, Dorothy Phillips has never been sucked into its vortex. Other picture players may prattle of their books and their long winter evenings at home knitting, but with Miss Phillips I know, as a resident of long standing in Hollywood, that she thinks much more of her home, which is beautiful and in such perfect order that it almost aches, of her books and of her husband than she does of gaiety. She is far too serious to be a butterfly, but her seriousness, like her sweetness, is tempered with a catch-as-catch-can sense of humor.

"Perhaps I am timid," she said to me the other day, "but I have a very deep feeling of responsibility to the public which goes to see my pictures. I feel that I must give the best I have to my work, and how can I do it if I spend half my nights in a cabaret?"

It was in the midst of "Hurricane's Gal" picture that I pursued Miss Phillips and found her at the studio. Her company had been on location for six weeks at San Pedro, aboard a schooner which was supposed to be owned and sailed by the heroine of the story. What with storms and rats and other details not concerned with the story, the entire company was worn out. Miss Phillips herself, when I arrived on the set was being petted into her part by Husband Holubar. The tears which came at his behest were real—and near the surface. She was tired, very tired, and the picture was behind schedule. You know what that means. When she was finally released from the glare of the Klieg lights and from many temper shaking retakes, she came across to us with short, halting steps. Her voice was soft, weary in its greeting, but the flash of her personality illumined her blue eyes with a glow which could not be dimmed.

"You have gone and done it!" I exclaimed, for we had met before and I felt the privilege of acquaintanceship.

"What do you mean?" she queried. "Oh, yes, I know—my hair. I had to. Goodness knows I didn't want to do it—but he made me!" She indicated her director-husband with a half humorous gesture and a quirk to the famous Phillips mouth.

"You told me that you never would," I said, reprovingly, "and I wrote it in a story. You were the one person I couldn't imagine with *bobbed* hair . . . but I like it!"

It isn't a conventional bob. It is as tho she had cut it off to keep it out of her eyes as she stood in the wind on the deck of her ship. Dorothy Dalton played "Moran of the Lady Letty" with her hair bobbed.

In "The Sea Tigress" we are to have the Dorothy Phillips of old, for which the powers be praised. All the fire of the Phillips performances which brought her fame will be seen again in this. It is as tho she were coming out from an eclipse.

"I never thought I'd be an opium smuggler," she said, when we were seated in the shadows of the set with the paraphernalia of an elaborate San Francisco apartment bath-room scene staring us in the face, "but here I am, with my own ship, my own crew and a smuggler's daughter. You never can tell what you'll be next. I hope

the public wont get the idea that I like to do it." There was a pathetic droop to her mobile mouth as she spoke. I felt sorry that she must work so hard.

Dorothy Phillips is first of all a woman, then the actress, despite the fact that she became a player when very young. She was on the legitimate stage, you know, before she went into pictures and flashed upon the horizon as a Universal star. She is a home-keeper, and is far removed from what is commonly thought of as a home-breaking actress as day from night.

Her hands are capable hands—strong, rather broad, very white and firm. She uses them simply, and with telling effect. They do not flutter, nor pick at a string of beads nor wander aimlessly thru the air. If she raises them in a gesture, it has a direct meaning upon what she is saying. Otherwise they lie idle in her lap. She is artist enough not to distract attention from the expressiveness of her eyes and mouth.

More than almost anyone else in pictures, Dorothy Phillips has learned the intrinsic value of every feature she possesses. She knows to a dot the value of a lift to the corner of her mouth, the droop of an eyelid, a tiny frown, the narrowing of her eyes. She is the best eye-narrower in the business. If you watch the next picture of her you will see what I mean. It is because she is a great artist that she has taken herself apart and studied the mechanism of what makes her go. The very poise of her shoulders, the droop of her head speak volumes.

Among picture players in Hollywood, who are more or less clannish, Dorothy is less known than almost anyone. She entertains charmingly at her home up near the foothills, but it is usually in honor of visiting notables or for a very few close friends. She neither gives big parties nor accepts invitations to them. Her home is her castle and she is its undisputed mistress. In this way she is considered more or less diffident and unapproachable. As a matter of fact, she is the most warm-hearted, approachable player in the business, but just because of this she is protected, from the usual public importunities, by her husband, her managers, her press agents, her servants and her stage hands.

"Tell me," I asked, somewhat hurriedly, as I heard the lights on the set begin to sputter again, calling the drooping little figure at my side to work, "how you prepare yourself for the acting of a new part? How do you approach it?"

"Perhaps I can answer you best by an illustration," she replied, after a moment's thought. "A brook tumbling to the sea needs no preparation for its immersion in Mother Ocean. It is the destiny of the brook that eventually it swells the volume of the sea. But in its tumbling down the mountain, over precipices and pebbles, it is purified and cleared, so that when it falls at last to its destiny it is aerated, sparkling and prepared."

"Do you get me?" She has a fascinating manner of falling suddenly into the vernacular for a moment. "I mean, that there is no special preparation thru which I can put myself or my brain before I take up a new characterization. My past experience, the little experiences of life, are the pebbles, and I only try to keep my mind as free from any contamination as is humanly possible and let the future direct my destiny. I always feel that I am ready for the part when it is given to me."

But one does not feel that the pebbles in Dorothy Phillips' career have been very big ones. The experiences of which she speaks are those which come to any one, passing from girlhood into the full flower of womanhood as she is doing.

No Wonder ROUGE NEVER GAVE A NATURAL COLOR!

But at last Science has solved the baffling Secret of Nature's own lovely flush

Science now discloses that no known shade of purplish red—the familiar color of rouge—can ever duplicate Nature's perfect artistry. No matter how skillfully rouge is applied, the task is *impossible*.

In creating the wonderful new English Tint, the *great handicap of rouge came to light!* The startling discovery was made that to obtain perfect results, such as Nature gives, the color used *must positively change upon the skin after it is applied*. No wonder, then, that rouge never gave a natural color!

No more amazing development has ever been accomplished in beauty's name than the finding of Princess Pat English Tint. No more fascinating story has ever been told than the long search by a famous English Scientist for the mysterious "X-Tint" which should duplicate Nature.

Like many great discoveries, chance gave the inspiration and a happy accident brought about the final triumph. Chance led the famous creator of English Tint to banteringly criticise the tell-tale rouge upon the cheeks of a woman companion. She in turn challenged her critic to use his vast store of knowledge to produce something better. Thus a scientist turned his hand to a task which had baffled the cosmetician since rouge was first used.

Search was made first for some actual, definite color, which would simulate the marvelous beauty of Nature's handiwork when the cheek is divinely mantled with soft pink and creamy white. Time after time the attempt was made to perfect ordinary rouge, to so modify the familiar purplish red that it would appear natural. But with every resource of science available *the effort proved futile*.

But the scientist worked on, with his assistant the subject for experimentation. Casting aside red tints as impossible, hundreds of differing shadings of delicate color were used. Many were an improvement, but none was perfect.

Then accident stepped in and by sheer chance a rare and costly ingredient was used. The result was an unknown shade of delicate orange, beautiful indeed, but not the color one would *ordinarily* select to match Nature's perfect complexion.

GORDON GORDON, Chicago

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"The Amazing Million Dollar Beauty Secret Had at Last Been Discovered"

Idly enough, this new shade was tried upon the assistant's cheeks. And then a wonderful thing happened. Instantly the coloring underwent a subtle alteration. The orange tint *changed upon the skin!* The scientist exclaimed in amazement! For beneath his startled gaze there had appeared the absolute perfection of

Nature's own coloring, the blending of delicate pink and white that marks the transparent beauty of the famous English complexion. The amazing "Million Dollar Beauty Secret," Princess Pat English Tint, had at last been discovered.

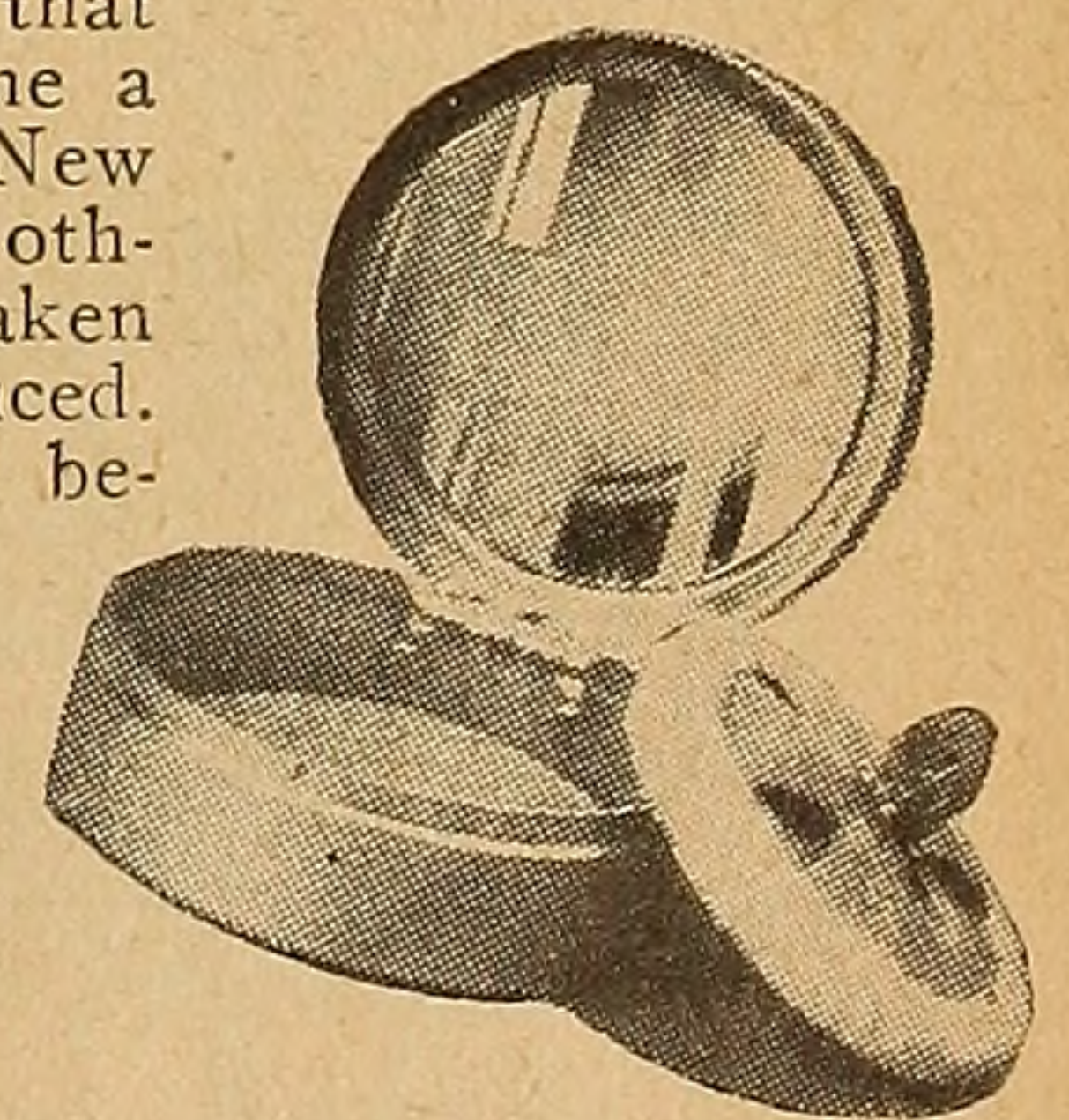
Princess Pat English Tint

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Still the scientist was not satisfied. He determined to make English Tint waterproof. And such wonderful success attended his efforts that one may actually go in bathing without the slightest impairment of coloring. English Tint on the cheeks will not run or streak, even if rubbed with water. Perspiration does not affect it. Yet it vanishes instantly beneath a touch of cream or the use of soap.

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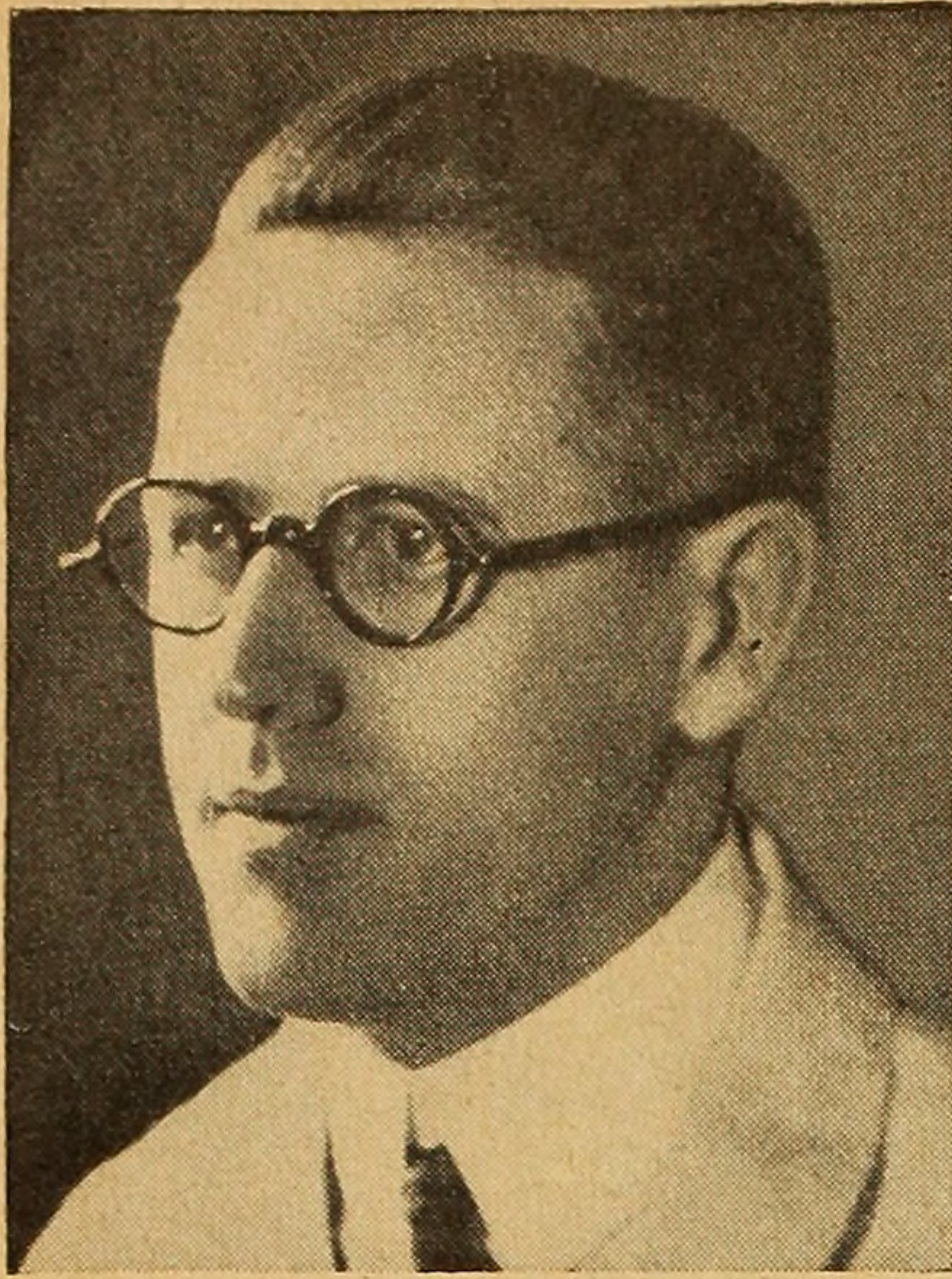
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The element he has found physics one's skin. Its action is gentle, but positive. Its use is delightful, for it is applied outside. Put it on; slip

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into your easy chair; in less than an hour the skin pores *move*. Impurities clogging your facial pores are instantly banished; even the pores themselves are contracted and rendered invisible. The new bloom of color and velvety texture of skin are simply marvelous.

The scientific name of this new element is Terra-derma-lax. It is blended into a soft, plastic clay of exquisite smoothness. Place it on the face like a poultice. Soon, you feel this laxative working on every inch of skin. In half an hour wipe off with a towel—and with it every black-head, pimple-point, speck and spot of dirt. That's all. Terra-derma-lax must be fresh, so every jar is dated and shipped direct.

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Hurricane's Gal

(Continued from page 49)

if you've got the least sense of womanly pity, take me home where I can get my maid to help me out of this fiendish dress and these terrible corsets and give me a manicure and a m-m-massage—" Her voice broke off in a wail that had nothing of her former hauteur in it.

Lola turned from the porthole. In her eyes an uneasy look was growing. "You mean—if we should run into a hurricane, you would really *suffer*?"

"I should die!" Phyllis wept.

Lola flung back her head, tossed out her arms. "The storm—how I love it! The crash of the great green waves that curl over the topmast and blot out the sun, the winds that rage and scream—I feel so free! It's as tho I were a part of it, a part of the sound and the fury"—her arms fell heavily—"but you are not a part of it. You belong ashore where there are roofs and soft carpets and pink lights—you would be like a butterfly in my gales. I have done wrong to bring you. We will go back—"

She was gone a long time. When she came into the cabin again, her face was a white oval against the dark masses of her hair. She locked the door behind her and stood, leaning heavily against it, meeting Phyllis' frightened eyes with a quivering smile. "They—wont go back," she said in a flat voice, "the crew have been drinking. The Captain and the mate drew lots for—you and me—"

The girl on the bunk rose, trembling. "Things like that dont happen," she whispered; "they dont happen to people like me."

Hurricane's Gal looked at her with eyes that had seen many strange and terrible things. "I dont know this crew like the one on the *Tahiti Belle*, Pop's other ship," she said with a casualness that somehow gave truth to the incredible situation. "And maybe I dont curse so well as I did. Anyhow, they're going on and we with 'em. And by night, with the raw rum they're drinking we'll have hell on our hands!" Then seeing Phyllis's ghastly face, Lola sprang forward and put protecting arms around her. "Dont you worry!" she comforted her stoutly. "I've got six chambers loaded in my gun—and I can shoot right well! I wont let nothing—*anything* happen to you!"

All that afternoon the two girls crouched together in a corner of the cabin, watching the closed door fearfully, while the noise of the rising gale mingled with the ribald laughter and drunken shouts of the crew. Toward dusk, unsteady footsteps blundered along the corridor and the handle of the door turned. Finding it locked, the man stumbled away, muttering curses. Lola set her revolver on her knee. "I been in tight places before," she said coolly; "there was a mutiny on the *Tahiti Belle* once, when Pop was alive, and then in the South Seas two canoes of cannibals boarded us—dont you worry. We'll scare these blustering cowards off the first shot!"

But her heart was not so confident as her words. If they should rush the door—a cold horror stabbed her. Well then, she would bargain with them! She would offer herself, on condition that the girl Steele O'Connor loved was spared. It was her *duty*—she knew now the meaning of the word, knew many things, as a landscape is revealed clearly in a single lighting flash.

They were coming! Tramping feet, wild animal cries—Lola rose to her feet, and then—then the room rang to her ex-

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Rachmaninoff on Musical Bolshevism, by Jerome Hart. The popularity of the great Russian composer and his work is readily appreciated in this intimate sketch.

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The Passing of Stage Decoration, by Sheldon Cheney. Wouldn't it be a bit ironical if stage decoration suddenly tended to disappear from the world's theaters just at the moment when we Americans have developed our finest theatrical talent in that direction?

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Peterboro', a Town of Artistic Personality, by Edward Hungerford. The author of "The Personality of American Cities" gives us a fascinating pen-picture of the McDowell Colony and the beautiful countryside in which it is situated.

CARICATURE

Wynn Invades Germany. SHADOWLAND'S well-known contributor sends some sketches from the banks of the Rhine that are inimitable.

SHADOWLAND

for OCTOBER

ultant cry. "The planes! They've come after us—see, they're descending!"

The cabin was filled with the sound of wings, the porthole darkened as the fleet of hydroplanes sent in pursuit by Steele O'Connor dipped down to the water, and the crash of rapid firing guns sounded thru the crashing of the storm.

"It will all be hushed up," Steele O'Connor told Lola, an hour later. Under the guidance of the sullen crew, the *Samoa Belle* was speeding back toward San Francisco, while armed marines, carrying their rifles significantly, patrolled the decks, and the fleet of planes had vanished droning into the cloudy dusk. Phyllis Fairfield was asleep, comforted with the assurance that she would be able to keep her country club date the next day, and Steele and Lola sat alone in the main cabin with the moonlight making round silver discs at their feet. "The family will not want the publicity of prosecution." He spoke in a crisp official tone.

She lifted timid eyes to his stern face. "If you had not come—" she said, "I was going to do my duty—" And she told him, very simply, what she had been going to do. The little cabin was very silent for a moment after she was done. "Of course," she added drearily, "I know that doesn't make any difference. I only wanted you to know that I'm going to try to do my duty—always, even if I never can be a lady—"

The sentence was never finished for, with a quivering laugh, he had caught her up in his great arms and held her against the hard beating of his heart. "I don't want you to be a lady!" Steele whispered, lips on her cheek. "I know now, I only want you *yourself*, Little Hurricane Gal!"

She looked at him, with the new soul in her eyes. "Not Hurricane any longer, I think—" Lola said, "I've come—home to port—at last—"

"No Younger Generation Is Knocking at the Door"

(Continued from page 25)

are the exceptions, of course. There always are. I am not speaking of them.

"And I am theorizing. I have no definitely practical suggestions to offer, excepting that I do believe in a more solid organization and in some sort of preparatory training for the technicians at least.

"There is a great hue and cry today about the Screen. There is cavil and complaint. The Press, the Public, all revile and condemn the various branches and products of the Screen. And yet no constructive thing is being done in order that the oncoming generation may better the performances of the generation now in power. There is much criticism and little construction.

"We need progression.

"Many years ago Mr. Griffith made 'Judith of Bethulia.' To my mind, no picture that has come after has been any improvement upon that. Surely that is not adequate progress. We may not be retrogressing, but neither are we progressing healthily. An industry with so tremendous a field, with so vast a public, with so world-wide a power should not stagnate into sensationalism, fiction or the static state.

"The industry is 'an infant' . . . but where is the next generation to guide it to maturity?"



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The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

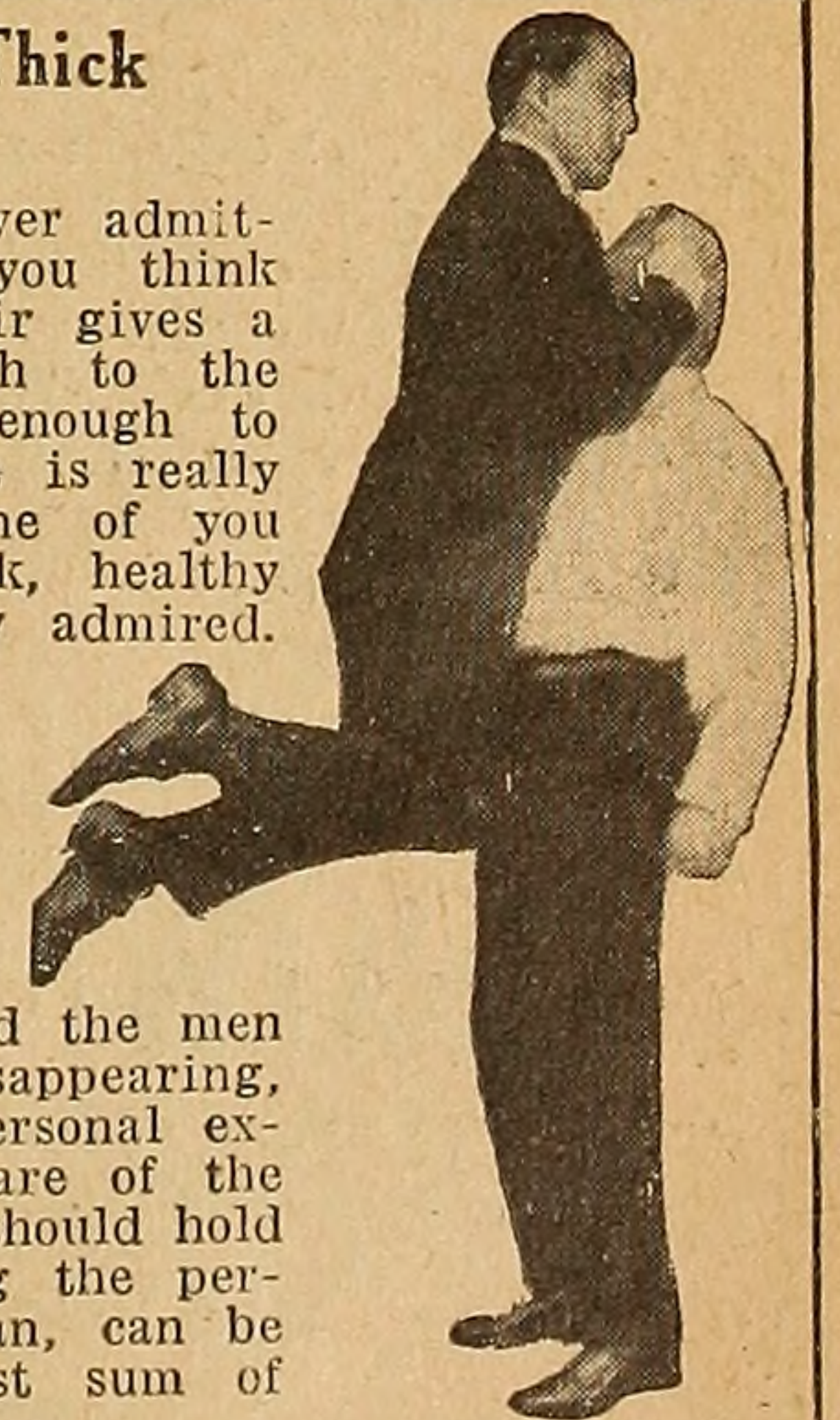
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Of course, men are never admittedly vain, but don't you think thick, "live" looking hair gives a look of general strength to the man who is fortunate enough to have it? And yet, there is really no reason why every one of you should not have the thick, healthy hair which is universally admired. How can it be acquired? By buying my book, **STRONG HAIR**, and diligently following the course set forth therein. In this book I give to the bald-headed men, the men with thin, "anaemic" hair and the men whose hair is rapidly disappearing, the benefit of my own personal experience in the proper care of the hair. This book, which should hold a prominent place among the personal effects of every man, can be purchased for the modest sum of 25 cents coin postpaid.

Prof. A. Barker, D. C., Dept. 650, 865 6th Ave., New York



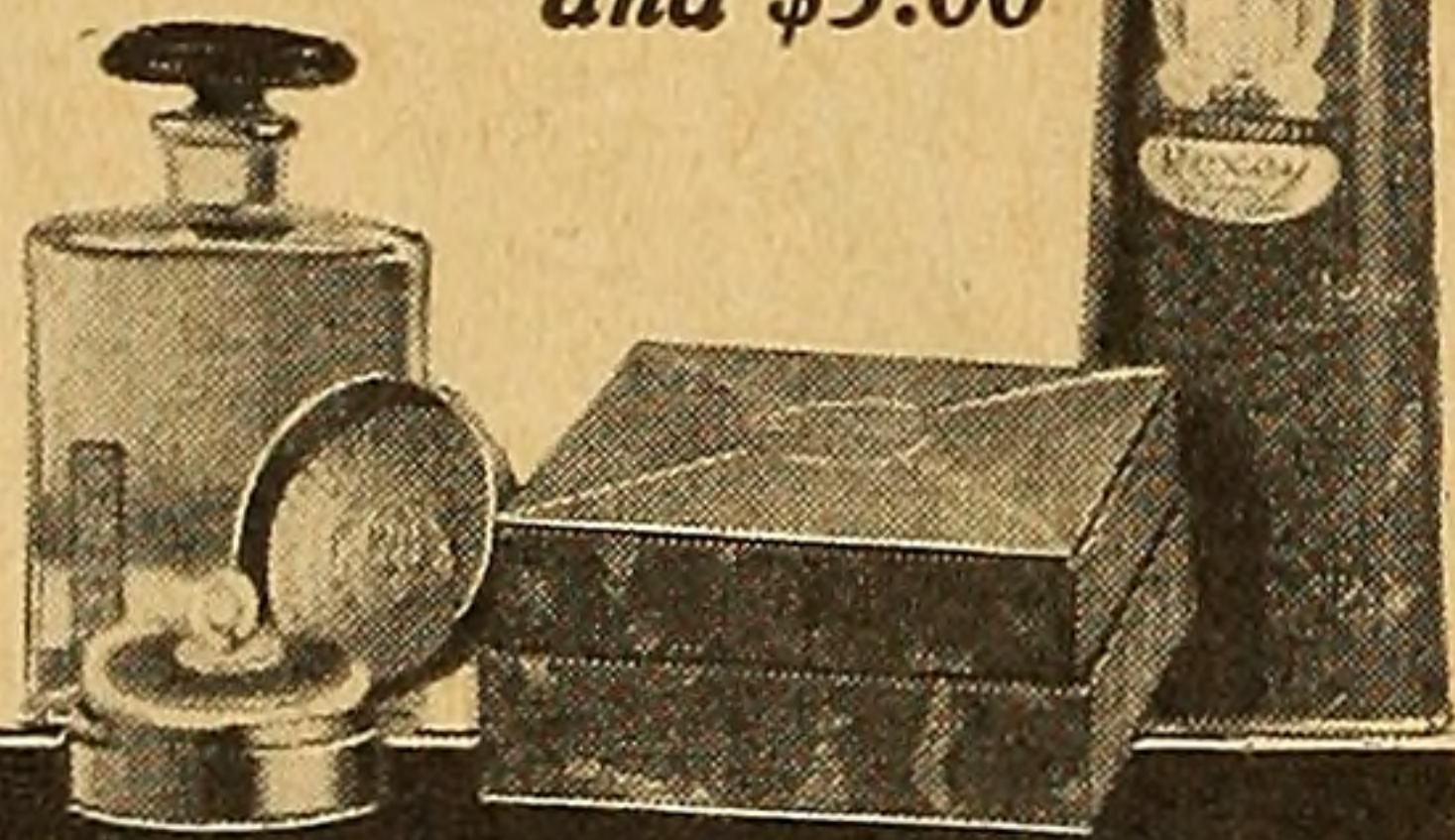


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Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 71)

people who do things worth-while like the President, senators, Edison, Henry Ford *et al* is keen. We are intensely interested in the "news" feature of the movie show—we love it when it doesn't make us mad with a fleeting glimpse of some celebrity snatched off the screen before we had a chance to focus our welcoming glance on it. Give us just a few more feet; we'd like to see who's in the box with Harding—what the grand opera stars are wearing—a decent look at Landis—ditto of Edison and Ford—a chance to realize what the Beardstoom flood really was like—a front view of Assistant Secretary Roosevelt instead of a glimpse of three men, one of whom is supposed to be him—take your choice. It is quite maddening, and then as tho it would compensate, feet and feet and yards of "our navy's smoke screen." Exciting for the sailors no doubt, but rather a bore to us who like the pictures of prominent people.

Couldn't you get—rather wouldn't it "take" to show the cabinet member's families and homes—their children and also those of the foreign diplomats? Some of their costumes and clothes are quite strikingly different. Why wouldn't it be as good as "our Navy at Cuba" or—"Podunk?"

Give us a sample and if I hear people say that they don't like it I'll write and apologize.

Sincerely yours,
ALICE R. MORRISSEY,
Bloomington, Illinois.

Pictures as ornate as French pastry but with no backbone are here-with justly criticized:

DEAR EDITOR: In my estimation there is but one reason why the motion picture as an entertainment failed to draw its usual crowd last year: the story, and the character of it.

It appears that since the ending of the war, producers are challenging one another to see which one can put the greatest amount of foolishness, lavishness, etc., in one production, without even attempting to have an interesting theme in it.

Now, I realize we all enjoy a picture of this sort occasionally but, of a certainty, we are bound to revolt at such trash if the producers continue to feed us upon it.

The time has come when we are inclined to turn our heads and giggle when someone mentions the motion picture as an art; that is, in most cases, for I do admit that there are some really great geniuses upon the screen, but the majority!

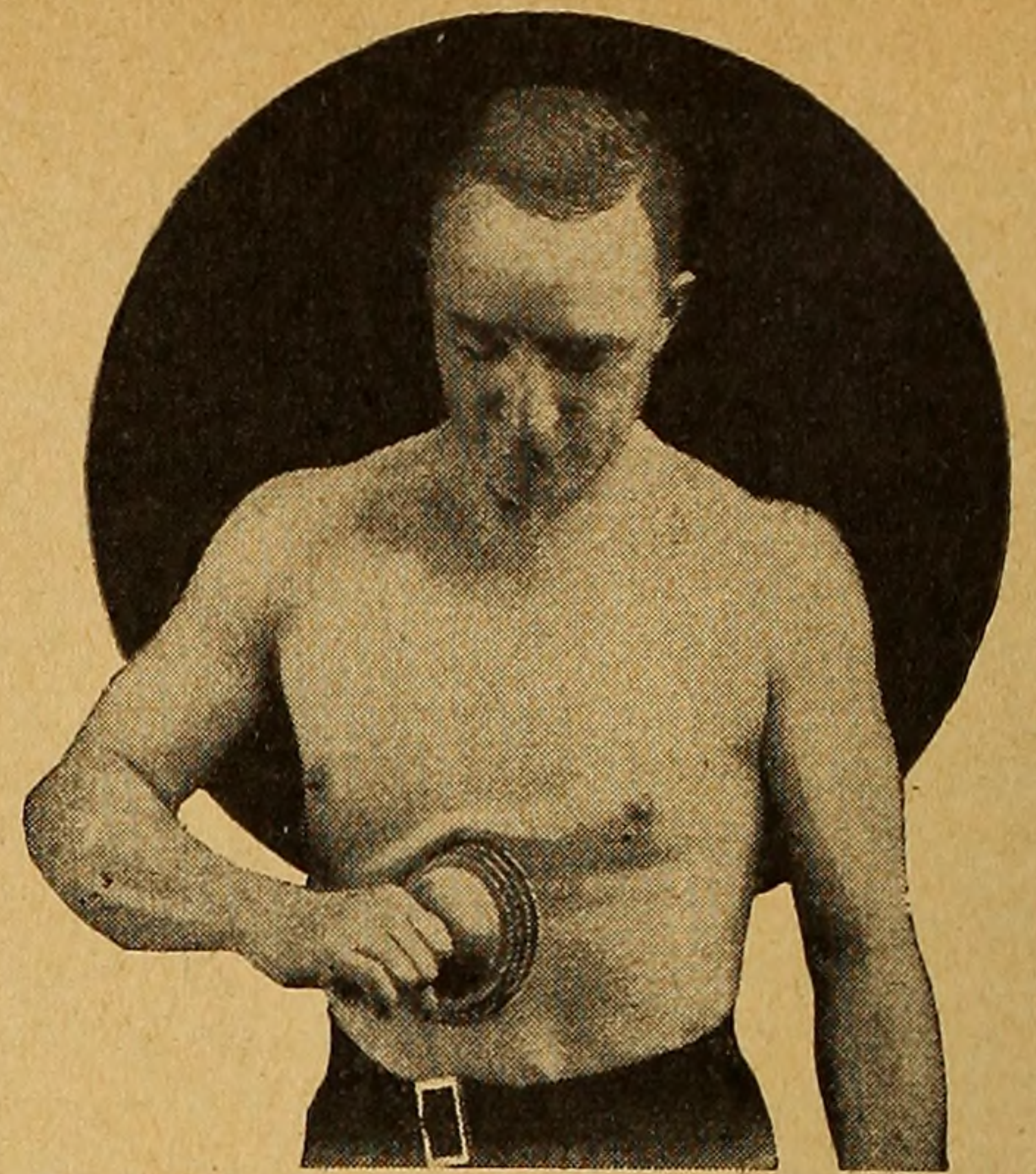
Isn't it true that, after seeing all the foolishness possible crammed into one picture, we are often inclined to ask, "Just what was the picture about?" And here have we struck a vital point.

Just what was the picture about? Nothing, would answer for a great majority of the plays now being produced.

I believe that I may say without contradiction that about one out of every ten photoplays has a plot in which we are at all interested.

What I believe the average patron wants is a photoplay in which he may see at least one thing that he himself has experienced, or in other words a play which could happen to him, you or me.

Another thing, I believe, which the average patron dislikes, is to be told a lesson



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Are your ankles thick and unattractive? FLEC Ankle Reducing Cream will reduce and improve them. Are they shapely but slightly overplump? FLEC will slenderize them. This unique cream was created especially for YOU.

During sleep this harmless preparation reduces large ankles. Users of FLEC wear present-day modes with assurance.
\$1.00 the large tube, postpaid
THE FLEC COMPANY
Dept. B New Rochelle, N. Y.
Send 2-cent stamp today for attractive folder



Clear Tone FOR PIMPLES

Your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. \$1,000 Cold Cash says I can clear your skin of the above blemishes.

WRITE TODAY for my FREE Booklet—"A CLEAR-TONE SKIN"—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for fifteen years.
E. S. GIVENS, 222 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

The Juvenile Critic

(Continued from page 76)

It starts with a girl who is trimming a most funny looking hat with hen's feathers. She doesn't get a chance to wear it because a young man comes to see her and brings her another one that I thought was just as silly looking, and so did the girl. She put it on all silly which-ways and I laughed and thought the rest of the picture was going to be funny but, oh dear, it wasn't at all.

They get married, the girl and the man, you know, and go to live in a beautiful house and they don't seem to be good friends at all. The girl, I suppose she's a lady now, is very lazy and only loves her dogs and that makes her husband very sad.

Well, one night she goes to a dreadfully smelly place (anyway it looks smelly), a restaurant where all sorts of queer people are, and out in the kitchen there is a poor woman who is doing all the cooking and after a little while her little boy comes to help her. (His real name is Bobby Clarke and he has just adorable curls).

I forgot to tell you that Mrs. Cluer did not go there to eat anything but just to stare and she didn't go with her husband but with a man who was just horrid later on.

I can't tell you all that happened after that because it was much too confusing; but the little boy's mother dies and the Sisters come to take him to the orphanage and he jumps off the fire-escape and runs away from them.

Mr. Cluer is very nice and he knows a little girl whom he wants Mrs. Cluer to adopt but she won't. So he goes to see her in her lovely nursery and they play dolls together.

Then Mr. Cluer goes away and the horrid man comes to call and while he is there the other horrid man, that he met in the restaurant that I didn't tell you about because I didn't understand him, finds Timmy and makes him go into the Cluers' house by a window so that he can open the front door for him.

Well, Mrs. Cluer hears him and gets her gun and shoots, and oh dear, she hits Timmy. After that I liked the picture because Timmy goes to the hospital and gets well and Mrs. Cluer adopts him and the little girl Mr. Cluer loves, and Mr. Cluer comes home and they run to meet him and I guess they all lived happily ever after. Anyway I hope they did.

Your loving sister,
JUDY.

SO!

By O. O. KERMAN

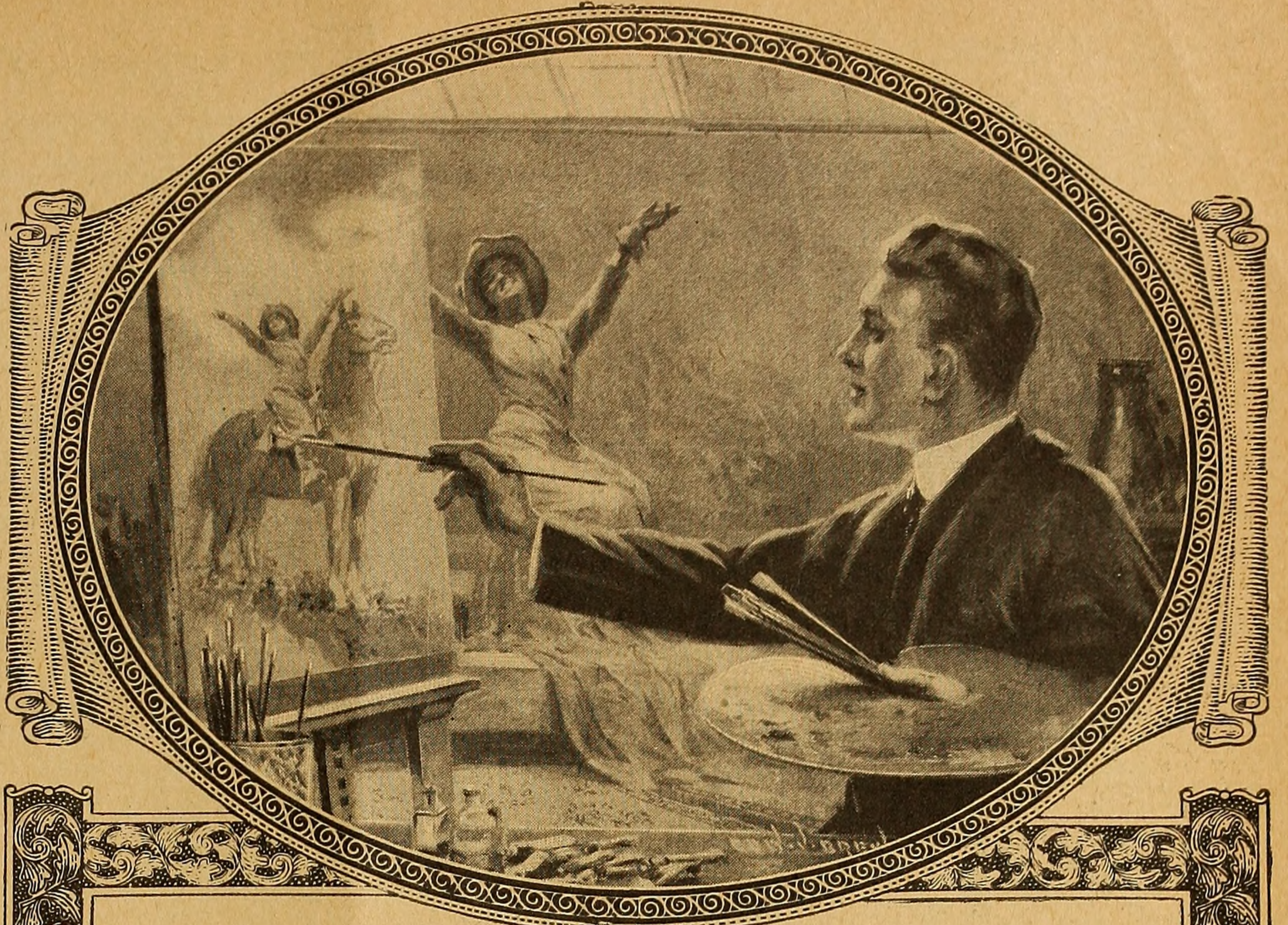
We all have yearned—and yearn We still—
To do some things We never will.

Within the Films We've found a vent
Where We may view some things We meant.

When "Doug" routs foes, We just sit-tight—
And fancy, too, that We can fight.

We'd love to slam and bang and whack—
We know some heads We sure would crack.

But, as We've not been built that way,
We hail with joy the Photo Play.



Big Prices Paid to ARTISTS

LEADING illustrators and commercial artists—both men and women—are frequently paid \$250, \$500, \$1,000 and even more for single illustrations or designs—and their work is eagerly sought. Good commercial art is vital to modern business—millions of dollars are paid for it yearly by thousands of advertisers, periodicals, publishers and others.

Earn \$50, \$75, \$100, \$150 a Week and Up

If you like to draw, develop your talent. Get into this fascinating profession which has come into its own, and has a future as big as modern advertising and modern business. Learn at home in your spare time by the up-to-the-minute "Federal" Home-Study Method—a proven result-getter. It teaches you step by step, without need of previous training or experience. You receive individual personal criticisms on your drawings.

Federal Training Highly Endorsed

Leading illustrating companies, designers and commercial artists have endorsed Federal Training as America's Foremost Course in Commercial Designing. Nationally known artists and illustrators—both men and women—are Authors of original lessons Contributed exclusively to the Federal Course. Think of it! Artists whose work is constantly seen in the magazines—whose signatures on drawings are worth hundreds, sometimes thousands of dollars—will give you the benefit of their experience and advice only in this Course.

Among Federal Authors are Charles Livingston Bull, the well known animal painter; Neysa McMein, famous for her magazine covers; Charles E. Chambers, a leading magazine and story illustrator; Franklin Booth, the "Painter with the Pen"; C. Matlack Price, an authority on posters; Edw. V. Brewer, who has done many "Cream of Wheat" drawings; Harold Gross, for many years Designer for the Gorham Co.; D. J. Lavin, formerly head of the Chicago Tribune Art Dept.; and L. V. Carroll, a noted magazine and advertising illustrator.

Get This Free Book, "YOUR FUTURE"

Training always gets the big incomes—and gets them quickest. Invest your spare time in your ability to draw. Send for this book, beautifully illustrated in colors, giving facts about the field of commercial art, and every detail you will want to know about the Course. It shows remarkable work by Federal Students—and it's free to anyone 16 years old or more who is in earnest. Fill in and mail the coupon now, kindly stating your age and occupation.



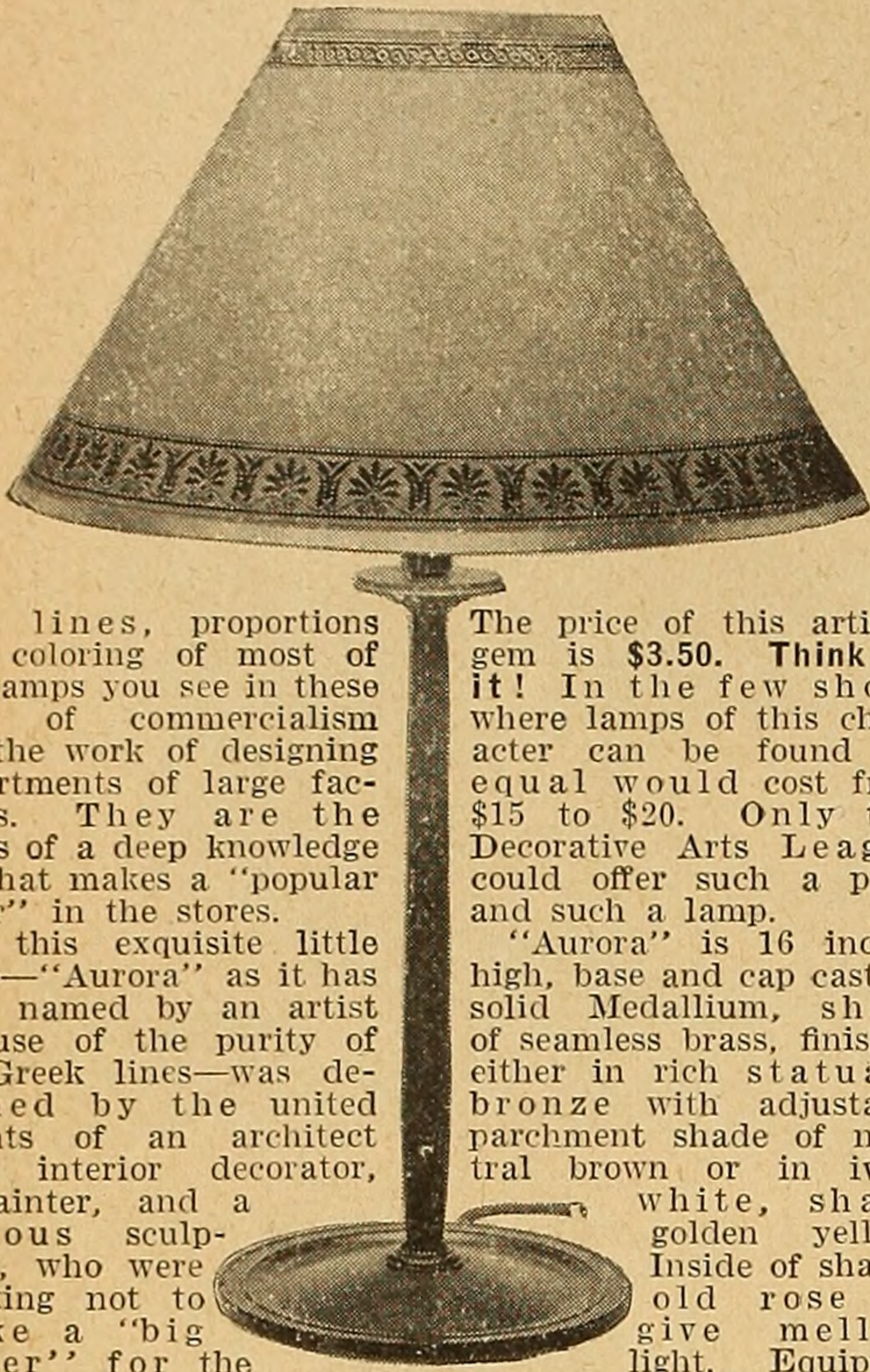
Federal School of Commercial Designing
1455 Federal Schools Building
Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me "YOUR FUTURE," without charge or obligation.

Name

Age..... Occupation.....
(Write your address plainly in margin.)

Three Talented Artists Joined in Designing This Lamp



The lines, proportions and coloring of most of the lamps you see in these days of commercialism are the work of designing departments of large factories. They are the fruits of a deep knowledge of what makes a "popular seller" in the stores. But this exquisite little lamp—"Aurora" as it has been named by an artist because of the purity of its Greek lines—was designed by the united talents of an architect and interior decorator, a painter, and a famous sculptress, who were working not to make a "big seller" for the stores, but solely to design a lamp of truly artistic proportions, with real grace, symmetry and beauty, yet of great practicality.

The price of this artistic gem is \$3.50. Think of it! In the few shops where lamps of this character can be found its equal would cost from \$15 to \$20. Only the Decorative Arts League could offer such a price and such a lamp. "Aurora" is 16 inches high, base and cap cast in solid Medallium, shaft of seamless brass, finished either in rich statuary bronze with adjustable parchment shade of neutral brown or in ivory white, shade golden yellow. Inside of shades old rose to give mellow light. Equipped for electricity, wire socket, etc., everything but bulb. Send no money, simply sign and mail the coupon to Decorative Arts League, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Aurora \$3.50

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE, (A.H.)
175 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Send me at the League members' special price, an "Aurora" Lamp, and I will pay postman \$3.50 plus the postage when delivered. (Shipping weight only 5 lbs.) If not satisfactory I can return lamp within five days and you are to refund my money.

Check finish desired—Statuary Bronze; Ivory White.

Signed.....

Address.....

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

New Discovery Clears Skin



No more freckles, blackheads or pimples! No more redness, roughness, sallowness or "muddy" complexion! Science has made a new discovery that clears and whitens your skin with amazing quickness. As if by magic your skin imperfections harmlessly vanish—and your complexion takes on that clear, smooth beauty that everyone envies and admires. There is hidden beauty in your skin. In an amazingly short time you can bring it out.

Make This 3-Minute Test

You have always wished for a smooth, white skin, free from all blemish. Now thru this new scientific discovery you can quickly have it. Make this 3-minute-before-bed-time test. Smooth this cool, fragrant cream upon your skin. The very next morning look into your mirror. Note the results. See how the skin has already begun to clear. Notice how quickly freckles give way to unblemished, milky whiteness. Blackheads and other imperfections have already started to vanish. Get this magic key to renewed beauty. Order a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Cream—this harmless new discovery. If within five days you do not already see satisfactory results your \$1 will instantly be refunded. Ask your dealer—or enclose a \$1 bill with your order and mail direct to the Paris Toilette Co., Dept. 410, Paris, Tenn.

HAIR ON THE FACE QUICKLY DESTROYED

WIZARD STICK treatment painlessly destroys hair, root and follicle (life of hair), without mar or blemish to the most sensitive skin. The most stubborn growths succumb to this treatment. No electrolysis or caustics. Praised and recommended as the only effectual method for satisfactorily destroying hair and root. RESULTS GUARANTEED. BOOKLET FREE.

LOURIM CO. Dept. M, Litchfield St., Bay City, Mich.

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow

(Continued from page 63)

the most meticulous observers could not detect any difference in her manner toward the two rivals.

After dinner the girls retired to the dining-room to help their mothers, and Ichabod and Brom joined the men on the stoop where they were telling ghost stories.

"But he was seen again," Hendrik Kip was saying as they drew near. "Dominie Heckwelder saw him with his own eyes."

"What does he look like?" asked old Brouwer in trembling tones.

"As to that, I cant say," replied Kip, "but—"

"He's monstrous tall," interrupted the voice of Cornelius van Brunt, "and wears a black cloak, and sits on a black horse—black as night. And he holds before him in his two, long, skinny hands—a—a—"

"A human head!" croaked the voice of Wouter van Houten.

Ichabod shivered.

The Headless Horseman, beyond a doubt!

Further tales of the mysterious spectre only increased his fright. He longed to be away, but was afraid to go home. He would go and pop the question to Katrina first. After that, nothing could terrify him, for he was confident she would accept him. Brom had already left and the way was clear.

But something had gone wrong. The young lady was at first encouraging, then merely coy, then—

History neglects to state the outcome of that critical tête-à-tête; but suffice it to say that a little later Ichabod roused the sleeping Gunpowder with lusty cuffs and kicks and rode away with a desolate and crestfallen air.

The night was black and moonless. The hour was long after midnight. The whole countryside seemed as dismal as Ichabod himself. All the stories of ghosts and goblins he had read and heard now crowded back into the pedagogue's mind. His teeth chattered and his bony shanks clung to his horse's belly as if to gather courage from his warm steaming sides. At the foot of the long hill lay the little bridge barely discernible in the thick blackness of the night. As they drew near Gunpowder stopped short and refused to budge for all Ichabod's excited and strenuous attempts to urge him on. After a moment Ichabod became aware of a huge, black misshapen figure standing motionless on the opposite side of the stream.

Teeth chattering, legs shaking as if with an ague, his voice hoarse with fright, the wretched man broke out into an involuntary psalm tune. This seemed to break the spell holding his stationary steed and over the bridge they clattered, close to the monster on the other side.

"Who are you?" croaked Ichabod with the last vestiges of his voice.

But The Thing made no reply.

He slapped Gunpowder across the flanks with the reins and the startled animal leaped ahead. The huge misshapen mass beside them put itself in motion and gradually Ichabod could distinguish a gigantic figure on horseback. It was muffled in a voluminous cloak and before it on the pommel of its saddle rested a horrible head with flaming eyes.

The Headless Horseman!

Ichabod's terror rose to sheer desperation and he showered such a hail of kicks and blows upon the ribs of his old nag that that animal tore away as swiftly as a deer.

But ride as he would the dread spectre kept pace with him. Not a sound did it make. Not even the feet of its horse pounding on the road could be heard. Ichabod panted with the excitement of the chase, but it did not even seem to breathe. On and on it rode thru the black night, grim and silent as the tomb, thru the churchyard, where Ichabod's saddle slipped clean off his flying horse and he was hard put not to be cut in two by Gunpowder's sharp back bone. On and on in dizzy circles until Ichabod, who was by this time nearly senseless with fright, was further dismayed to find himself back at the bridge where they had first met.

Was it an evil omen?

His poor fluttering heart told him that it was.

Suddenly the Headless Horseman rose in his stirrups and hurled his horrid head at the trembling school-master. Ichabod tumbled headlong to the ground and the demon rider and Gunpowder flew by like a whirlwind and left him there.

The next morning Hans van Ripper found his saddleless horse cropping grass in the yard. Ichabod Crane had not returned nor was he at school where Hans had gone to look for him. The saddle was found in the churchyard. Ichabod's cap was found near the bridge and not far away lay a shattered pumpkin. That was all.

They searched the brook for his body but it was not found. Shortly after his rival's disappearance Brom Bones conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar.

* * *

Now this is the legend of Sleepy Hollow, and whether it's true or not, I cannot say. I only know this: that Ichabod Crane was never heard of again—but the old housewives have their suspicions, and they may be right.

LETHE

By IDA M. THOMAS

When trouble leads me down a tortuous road,
And I am struggling to escape the load
Thrust heavily upon me, do not think
That foolishly I drown my grief in drink.

Not I! I've sought and found a better way:
Among the stars, I for a season stay!
Not those of heaven, far-off, cool and serene,
But real and living stars upon the screen.

Theirs are the hands that, stretching out,
can reach
Our burdens and forgetfulness can teach.
Lethe's soothing stream—I sought it everywhere,
Till at the movies—ah! I found it there.

HONORED

"You were run over by a movie star's automobile," the nurse informed the girl as she recovered consciousness. A radiant smile illuminated the victim's features.

"Oh, wont my friends be jealous," she mused.

The American Beauty Contest

The American Beauty Mirror
Whose Face Will It Reflect?

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Am I the fairest of them
all?"

We all know the famous fairy story of the Queen who thus addressed her mirror—and now there is a reason and an opportunity why every woman should seek similar counsel from her mirror.

Then—if her mirror is encouraging—she should send us her photo at once.

We are looking for beauty and only beauty. This is NOT a movie contest.

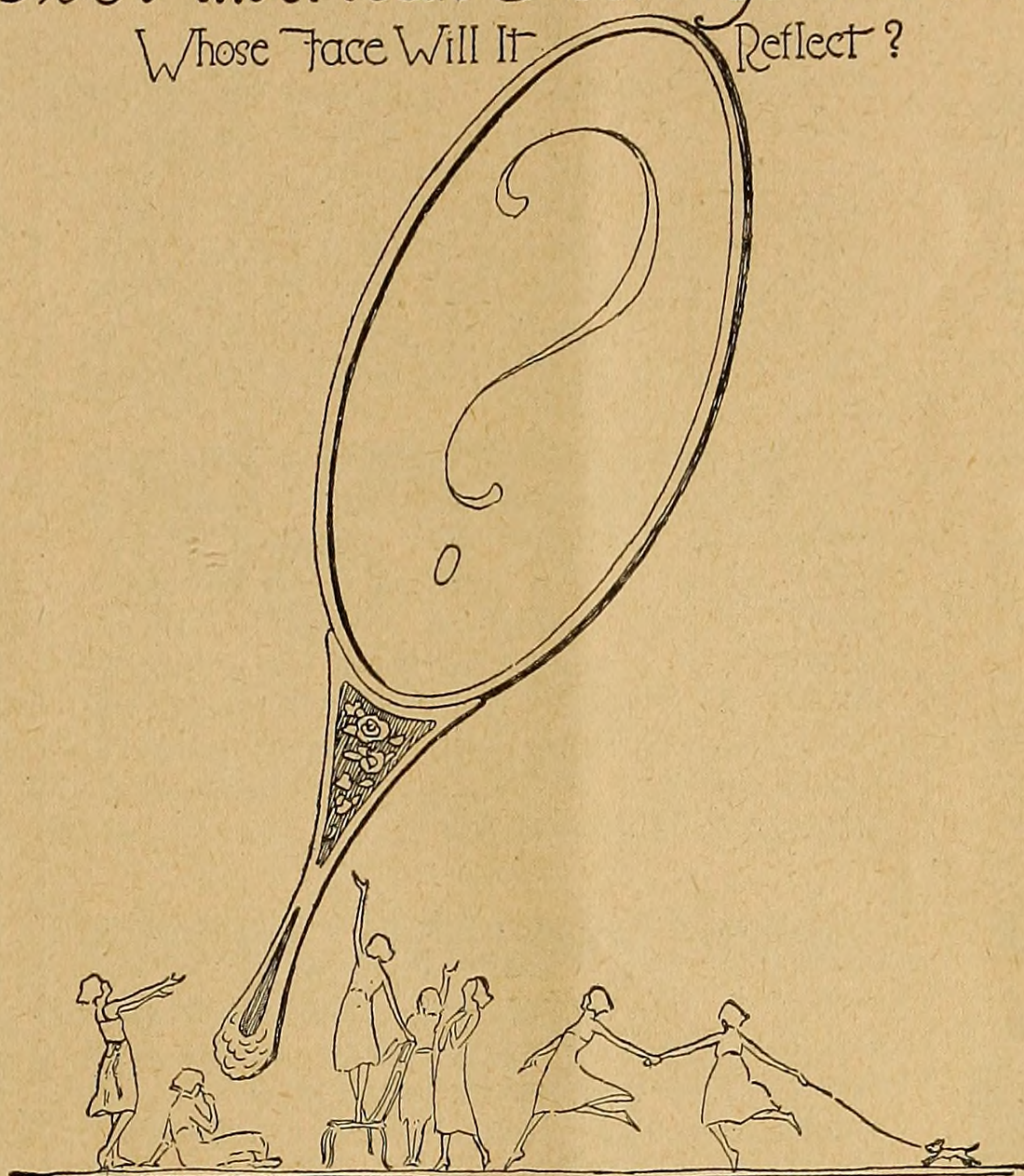
The Loveliest Woman in America

You may think it's a tall order to find her among so many beautiful women. It *is*—but the Brewster Publications, read thru-out the length and breadth of the land, are determined to find her—and find her they will!

Somewhere, as you read this page, that fortunate young woman may be reading the same page, unconscious of the fame and rewards that await her.

Is it you? Is it the girl next door? Is it that lovely girl you met last summer?

Read the simple rules, and the splendid rewards that await America's loveliest girl!



These Will Be the Rewards of America's Beauty:

1. A trip to New York, properly chaperoned, and a chance to take in the pleasures which only that great city affords: the opera; the theaters; our wonderful library; the famous East Side; great museums; the celebrated Greenwich Village; all the luxurious and beautiful shops on the most luxurious and beautiful street in the world, Fifth Avenue; and so on.
2. A well-known American artist will paint her portrait.
3. A representative American sculptor will model her head.
4. These works of art will be exhibited in one of the leading art galleries of New York City and elsewhere.
5. She will have her picture on the cover of BEAUTY.

There will be a second prize and a third prize, and possibly more. These will be announced later.

In view of the fact that the American Beauty may be found in New York City, or its immediate vicinity, the prize in her case will be \$1,000, instead of the visit to New York. Just think of that—

One Thousand Dollars! (\$1,000)

This is an unprecedented offer. Do not fail to take advantage of it. Send us your photograph. That is all that is required of you. Think what you may win—just because you happened to be born beautiful. Scrupulous care will be taken of every picture received. ALL of them will be examined by the contest judges.

Notice

Photographs that are submitted to us in our Beauty Contest will be turned over to the *Metropolitan Magazine*, from which they will select photographs to be used on the *Metropolitan Cover Contest*.

THE RULES

1. No photographs will be returned.
2. No exceptions will be made to this rule.
3. Winners will be notified.
4. Snapshots, strip pictures, or colored photographs will not be considered. Outside of these, any kind of picture will be accepted; full length or bust, full face or profile, sepia or black. You may submit as many photographs as you wish.
5. Photographers, artists, friends and admirers may enter pictures of their favorites. Credit will be given photographers whenever possible.
6. Do not ask the contest manager to discuss your chances. He has nothing to do with that end of it.
7. Do not write letters. The close of the contest will be announced in

10. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your photograph.
11. The contest is open to any girl or woman sixteen years or older, professional or non-professional, in America. That means the whole continent!

NOTE.—Any infraction of these rules will cause a contestant to be barred from the contest.

Address your photograph: Contest Manager, Brewster Publications, Inc., Brewster Building, Brooklyn, New York.

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
MAGAZINE
SHADOWLAND and Beauty

at least three months in advance. There will be a contest story every month in all four magazines, with all necessary news and information.

8. The most beautiful picture received each month thruout the operation of the contest, will be published in a monthly Honor Roll in all four magazines. These girls will be notified when, and in which magazine their picture will appear. This does not mean that they have necessarily qualified for the final award, nor that those whose pictures are not published have failed. The winner will not be decided upon until the end of the contest.
9. Such a coupon as the one below, properly filled out, must be PASTED on the BACK of every photograph submitted.

THE ENTRANCE COUPON

This is a portrait of:

Name.....

Address.....

Age..... Weight..... Height.....

Color of Eyes..... Hair..... Complexion.....

It is submitted to the American Beauty Contest, subject to the rules thereof, by:

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation (optional).....

The Secret of New York



On Broadway

Up and down famous Broadway, those smart looking girls and women you see, have found The Bobbed Hair Secret

The National Bob

Patented

Whether you seek style or comfort, this permanently waved, bobbed hair effect is ideal

for Ladies with Bobbed Hair

who want to save the expense of constant and ruinous burning, curling and waving

for Ladies with Long Hair

who want to preserve it and save it from cutting or constant and ruinous marcelling

for Ladies with Thin Hair

who want to let it grow longer and more beautiful by wearing a National Bob over it.

ORDER BY MAIL--if you wish. Sold at most stores or sent direct on receipt of \$10.00 and a strand of your hair. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

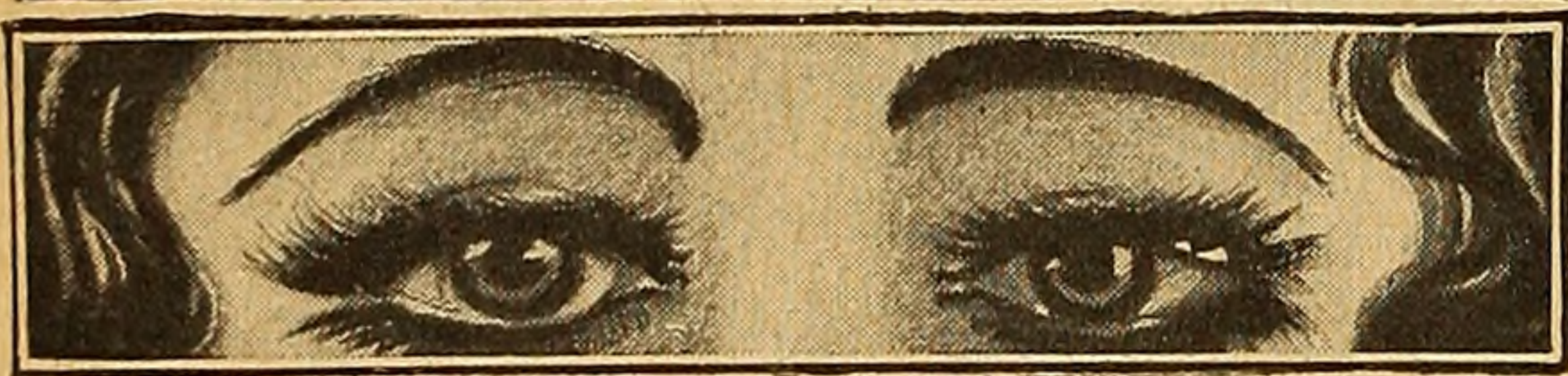
NATIONAL HAIR GOODS CO.

368 Sixth Avenue Dept. 410 New York

National Hair Nets
Ask your dealer or send
65c for boudoir box of six



National Artificial Eye
Lashes, \$1.50 pair



IT IS TO LAUGH!

She's all dolled up and looks like she had a black eye. HER MAKE-UP RAN. Can't happen if you use Wm. J. Brandt's Red Fox Liquid COL-Y-BROW. For eyebrows and eyelashes. WILL NOT RUN. Absolutely harmless. Colors: Black and Brown. By mail \$1.00. HAIR SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. A, 24 EAST 21ST ST., NEW YORK

Teach Your Child Fancy Dancing



See that your daughter develops this charming accomplishment. The little dancer will take her place at receptions, school entertainments, festivals, kiddies' parties, etc. You'll be proud. She will be grateful in later years. For Fancy Dancing gives her charm, the one thing we all seek in womanhood.

Lessons by Mail

You teach your child at home, from our easily followed instructions. Everything made simple. Any mother can teach and any child can learn the beautiful dances of the seasons, flowers, allegorical fantasies, stately minuets, etc., in her own home—under the proper environment. Instructions by noted teacher-danseuse. Wide repertoire, from simple compositions to classics and advanced toe dancing. Students prepared in short time for public appearance—at clubs, social functions, etc. Very small cost. Write at once for handsomely illustrated booklet, low tuition fee, etc. No obligation. Address

Madame Ludwig School of Fancy Dancing
Elocution and Other Accomplishments
Conservatory at 4739 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

LABLACHE FACE POWDER

"How the elusive perfume of Lablache takes me back! Grandmother's lightly powdered cheek—Mother's dimpled chin—and home." Fifty years of dainty custom—three generations have established Lablache as the finishing touch to the toilette of well-groomed women.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c a box, of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c for a sample box.

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 56
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 73)

We are informed, however, that Miss Miller had to send no less than twenty cablegrams to Europe before she could obtain Ziegfeld's reluctant consent, he being her professional daddy, on account of the contract he has for her services.

Mary Pickford has branched out into a business all her own. She is going to manufacture dolls, miniatures of her own golden-curlled, blue-eyed self. It seems that the plan for the enterprise has been brewing for some time, but is just now reaching fulfilment. It will represent, so Mary says, at least a five-hundred thousand dollar investment.

"The real inspiration for this doll," said Miss Pickford, "is my little niece for whom the first one was designed." The toy is also to fill a demand from the star's many junior admirers. Nearly three-quarters of a year was spent in trying to obtain a suitable reproduction, and the services of various artists were employed. Christian von Schneidau has been commissioned to do the work.

Having flitted and flitted in a very butterfly-like way, Claire Windsor has at last settled in the flowery and flourishing garden of the Goldwyn studios. She had appeared in several pictures made by the company, such as "Grand Larceny," "Brothers Under Their Skins," and "Broken Chains," and they liked her so well they decided to retain her permanently. Miss Windsor has speeded to prominence in three years. Tears were what first melted the goddess of fame, but more recently she has been smiling frequently and with considerable sophistication. The latest large event in her life has been the bobbing of her hair.

Miss Windsor is not only a very successful actress, but also a very competent mother. Her little boy is regarded among the handsomest of filmdom's children.

Anybody who wants an interesting sidelight on acting and personality need only talk to Helene Chadwick for a few minutes. If you ask her what her chief difficulty is in screen playing, she will tell you that it is comedy. Yet la belle Helene is reputed to have done her best work in "Brothers Under Their Skins" in a light rôle. She has another in "Gimme," the Rupert Hughes picture.

Miss Chadwick is one of the truly modest screen celebrities. So unconscious is she of her own popularity, and so lacking in vanity about it, that she keeps an autograph book in which she invites the notables that she meets to write their names. She was the most thrilled person in the world when Mary Garden recently signed the book. Yet Helene herself is known to probably quite as many people in a more vivid way than is Miss Garden.

When the "Captain Blackbird" company set sail recently from San Francisco for the South Seas, there were very few people along except those making up the film unit headed by Raoul Walsh as director. One not in the picture was Miriam Cooper, who decided to accompany her husband. Another was Mary Jane Irving's mother.

The trip is one of the most extraordinary ever undertaken in the interest of the silversheet. The destination is Tahiti, made famous in the writings of W. Somerset Maugham and Frederick O'Brien, and

(Continued on page 112)

Superfluous Hair

Can be permanently
removed and

DESTROYED BY ELECTRICITY

But it can be done at
your own home,

BY YOURSELF

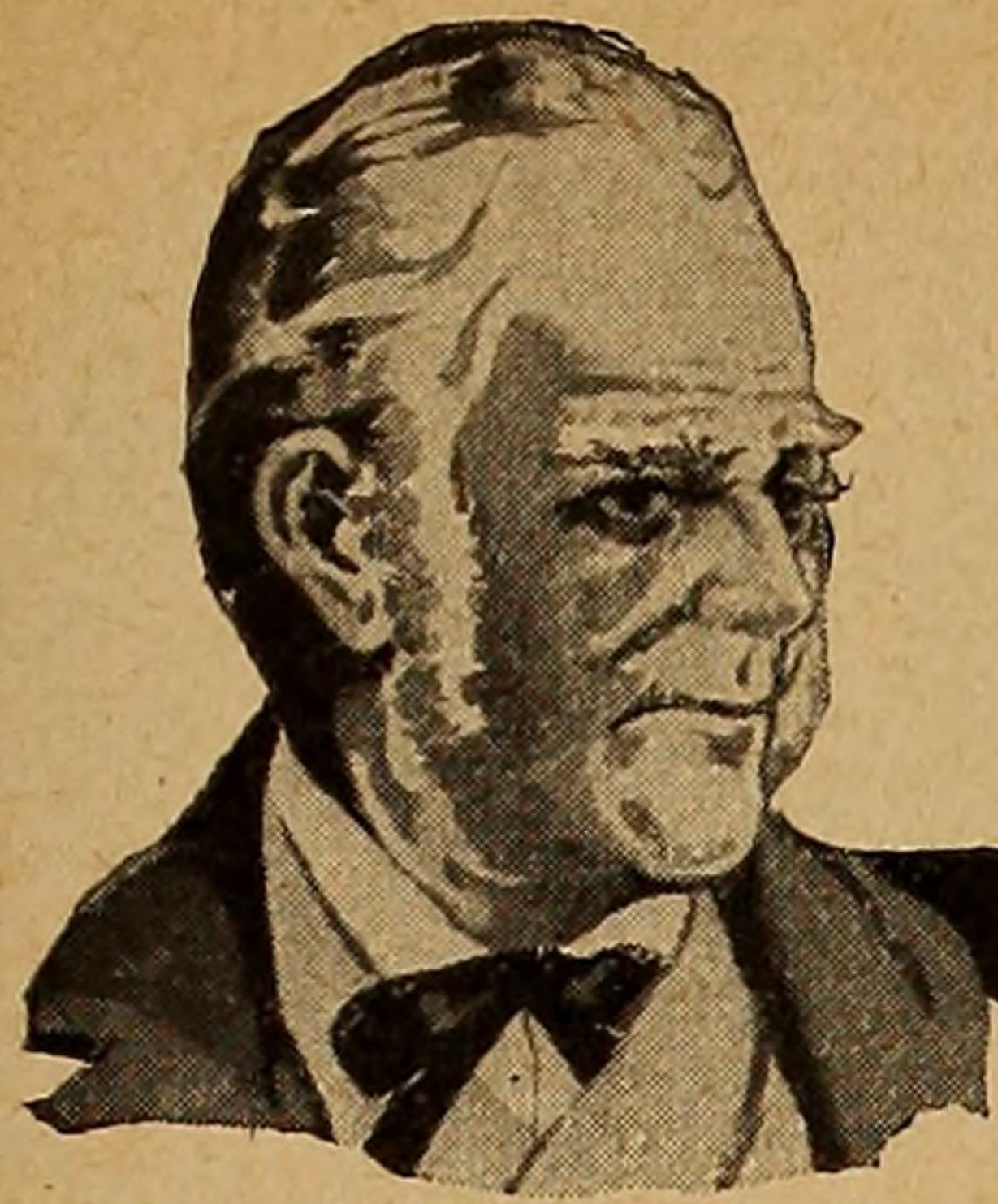
I have perfected a portable electric battery and full equipment, whereby any person can learn in ten minutes how to use the electric needle with ease and success. Full directions with each battery. You cannot fail. Even if you do, you can do yourself no harm. No danger whatever. My method is simplicity itself. You can remove hair from any part of the body, and when you once destroy the roots, the hair can never grow again. Electricity is a method known to science which

Permanently Destroys Hair Growth

A child, almost, can operate this battery without danger. It cannot possibly go wrong. A good operator can remove over 100 hairs an hour without leaving the tiniest scar or discoloration.

Price complete, with full directions for use, \$20.00, prepaid.

EDWARD BRUESTEL
Jamaica - - New York



Their Medicine Chest For Thirty Years



THOUSANDS of older people have been using Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) since it was first offered to the public more than thirty years ago. They have found this remedy a real help in relieving and preventing constipation and the train of distressing disorders which accompany irregular elimination. To them, the red and black box has been a medicine chest for thirty years.

What Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) has done for others it can do for you. Nature's Remedy is *more than a laxative*. It acts on the liver, stomach and kidneys, and by increasing the activity of the eliminative

organs aids materially in relieving and preventing constipation, biliousness, headaches, the tired and out-of-sorts feeling, and rheumatism. Try an NR Tablet tonight; see how much better you will feel tomorrow. At all druggists.



Chips off the Old Block

NR JUNIORS—Little NRs One-third of regular dose. Made of same ingredients; then candy-coated. For children and adults. Have you tried them? Send a 2c. stamp for postage on liberal sample in the attractive blue and yellow box.

A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE COMPANY, Department K St. Louis, Mo.

The New Corliss Palmer Preparations

The Best in Cosmetics is None Too Good

Infinite pains have been taken by Miss Palmer to perfect these preparations as to ingredients, which are of the best. Miss Palmer personally supervises the making of all her preparations and never allows any article to leave the laboratory without a long trial of it by herself. She is a severe critic on the art of make-up and insists that by clever use of her preparations a person shall not appear "made-up," but bring out the beauty and hide the blemishes.

We Guarantee Our Preparations to Be Harmless

We enclose directions written personally by Miss Palmer. You cannot go wrong if her words are heeded.

A Special Word Must Be Said of Our Creams— They Are Exquisite and Without Equal

CORLISS PALMER FACE POWDER.....\$1.00
CORLISS PALMER FOUNDATION CREAM
 —A heavy, flesh-color cream that will hide all blemishes and make the powder stick on as will nothing else. To cover a pimple, or a red nose, or the whole face for an all-day make-up, there is nothing like it..... .50
CORLISS PALMER FACE ROUGE..... .50
CORLISS PALMER LIP ROUGE..... .50
THE FOUR, attractively boxed in set..... 2.50
CORLISS PALMER VANISHING CREAM
 —A light, dry cream of purity, to be used in the morning, or at any time, to freshen the skin and make a foundation for the face powder .75

CORLISS PALMER CLEANSING OR NIGHT CREAM—A heavier cream, to cleanse the face at night and to soften and beautify the skin..... .75
CORLISS PALMER LEMON CREAM—An exquisite cream of even texture, purity and loveliness. For general use on the face and body..... .75
THE THREE, attractively boxed in set..... 2.25
CORLISS PALMER BEAUTIFIER—A lotion of the finest quality, for those who do not care for creams as a cleanser. An absolute corrector of an oily complexion, a bleacher, an astringent, healer of blemishes, and a very great enemy of wrinkles..... .60

Impressions Are Lasting—Look Your Best at All Times

We will mail, postpaid, any of the above preparations on receipt of price in stamps, cash, or money order. (In mailing coins, wrap them carefully to prevent them cutting a hole in your envelope.)

RICHARD WALLACE

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

BATHASWEET

TRADE MARK REG.

Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriousness to your bath—cools, refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth.

PERFUMES YOUR BATH **SOFTENS HARD WATER INSTANTLY**

Three sizes, 25c, 50c and \$1. At drug and dept. stores. Send 10c for miniature can. Bathasweet imparts the softness of rain water and the fragrance of a thousand flowers.

THE C. S. WELCH CO., DEPT. M-P, NEW YORK CITY

A PERFECT NOSE FOR YOU

SPECIAL SIZES FOR CHILDREN

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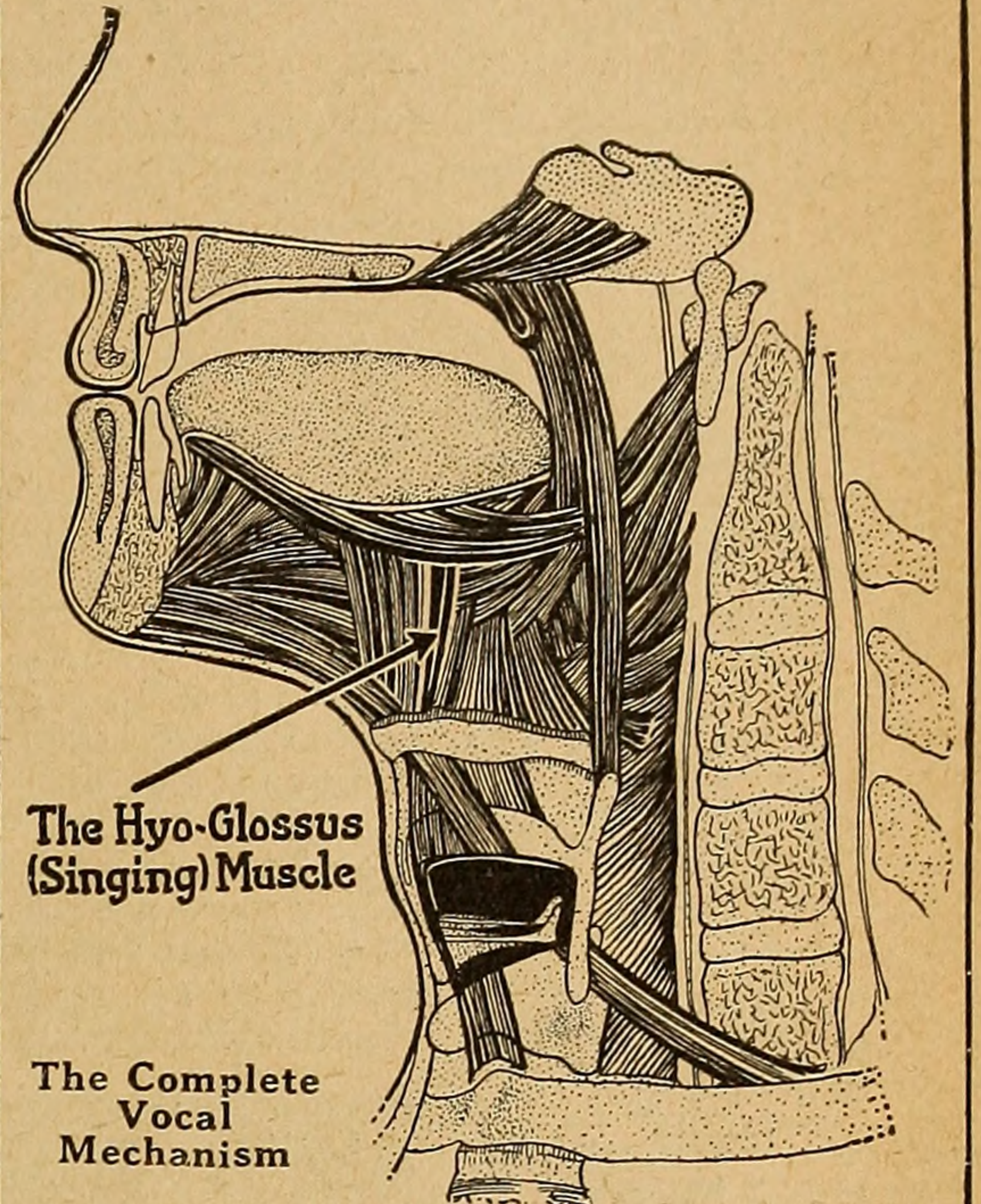
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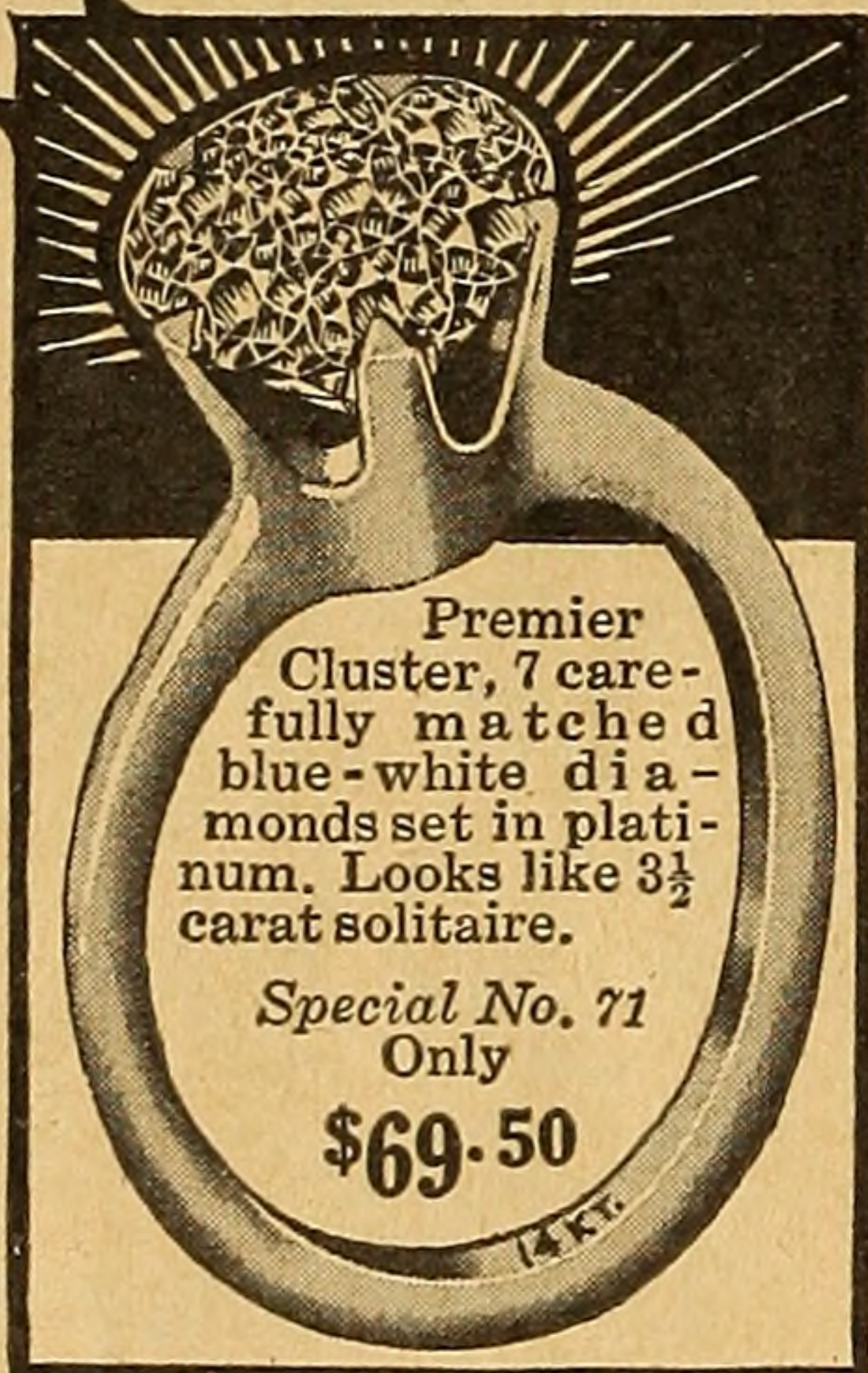
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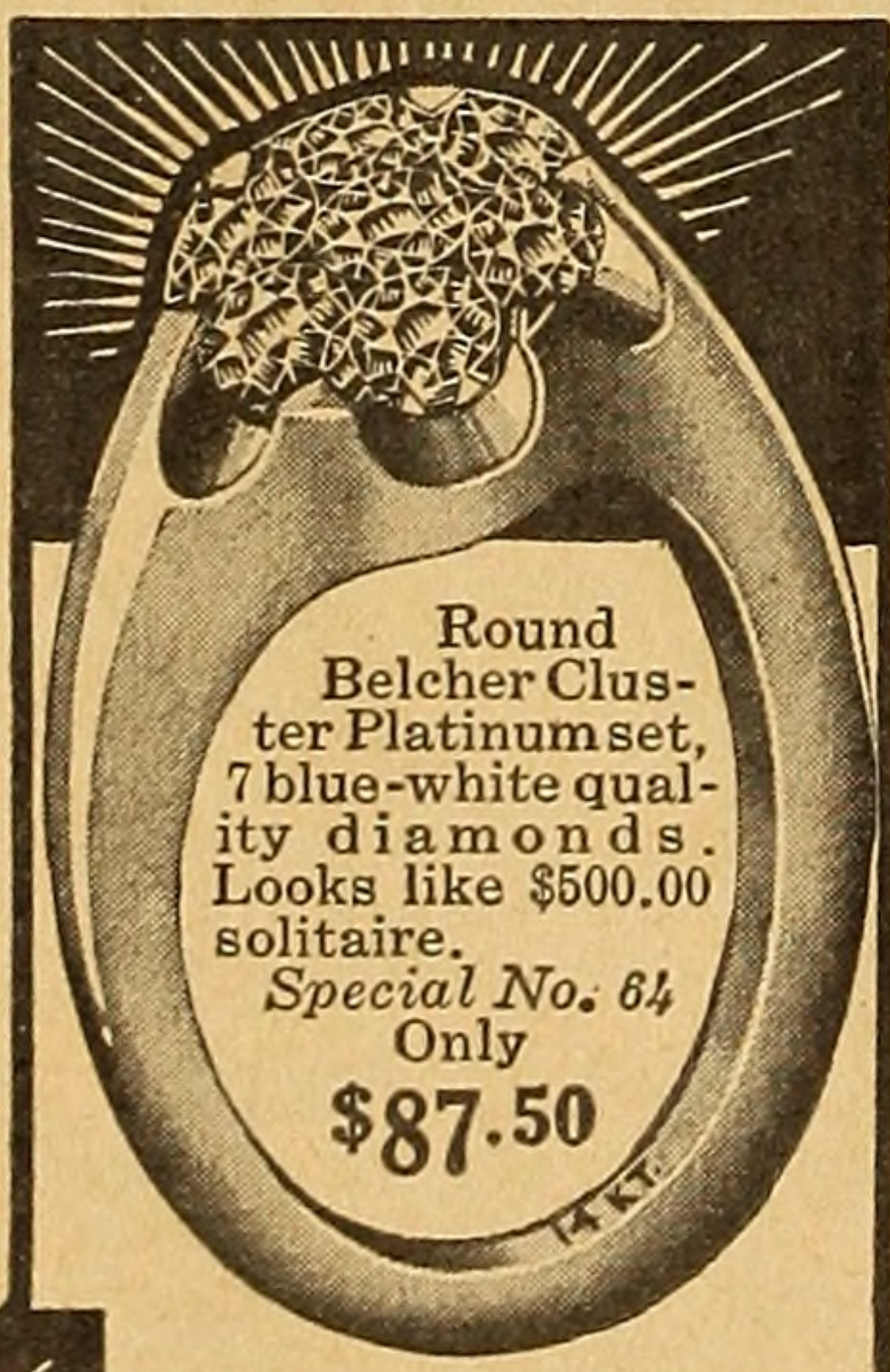
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On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 110)

by the gossip of Pacific tourists. It is a wild and wicked tropical island, and so luxuriantly beautiful with tropical vegetation that the picture will probably make the uninitiated fan dizzy for days.

The company will be away three months filming the exterior. The cast finally selected includes House Peters, playing the title rôle, Antonio Moreno, Pauline Starke, George Seigmann, William V. Mong, Rosemary Theby, Baby Mary Jane Irving, Myrtle Lind and Carl Harbaugh. There were many candidates for the leading feminine rôle, but Miss Starke finally won out.

The well-known star system continues to suffer a fearful barometric depression. Latest to announce abolishment is the Selznick Company. Outside, of course, of the Theda Bara unit.

Elaine Hammerstein and Conway Tearle are to play together in a picture with about equal honors, and there is some talk of combining the talents of Owen Moore and the lovely Elaine, as well.

Selznick's have apparently come to California to stay. It is even probable that they will induce Miss Bara to come West, as Hollywood is now officially the center of their operations.

Miss Hammerstein made a trip back East recently to find out whether she liked New York as well as she used to. She returned some weeks ago. At first she was "dreadfully homesick" out here, but is said to be recovering rapidly now under the influence of California breezes.

They will get independent, these directors. And it's terribly hard to hold them down when they do. Edward "Ted" Slogan is the latest. Don't know whether you recall him or not. He made pictures for Frothingham for a while, his most successful being "The Ten-Dollar Raise." Now, however, he is going it alone, and his first story is "Blind Justice," by Frank R. Adams.

Elliott Dexter, recognizedly one of the most artistic of screen actors, has apparently solved his future by becoming leading man in Clara Kimball Young's pictures. This is not a small opportunity just now. For Miss Young is making "Enter Madame" from the very clever stage piece of the same title. It sounds as if it will become one of the best themes that the star has had in a long time. Wallace Worsley is directing.

Jackie Coogan just can't seem to hold on to his directors. He has a new one for his latest feature. None other, as it happens, than E. Mason Hopper, who produced the series of "Edgar" comedies for Goldwyn some time ago. Mr. Hopper was successful with most of these films, and seems therefore just about the right man to talk Jackie into doing things before the camera.

The writers are certainly a busy group. They have their own clubhouse, of course, and now they are thinking of improving and enlarging it. What's more, they're planning to build a theater, where the plays of the authors who write scenarios will be presented. Many of these same authors are, of course, expert playwrights, and have longed for a chance to have premières of their spoken dramas, which they go right on writing in Hollywood.

The actors of the cinema colony are



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which we want you to have. It tells how to criticise and enjoy the movies. If followed carefully, it will add to your powers of discernment and make you a first-class critic. It also contains a code, and many pages on which you can mark down every play you see and tell just why you liked it or didn't like it. When you have filled the book you will prize it very highly and you will send for another. We want every reader to have one, so we have made the price just what it costs us to produce, 10 cents. Think of it, only 10 cents! It will be worth many dollars to you!

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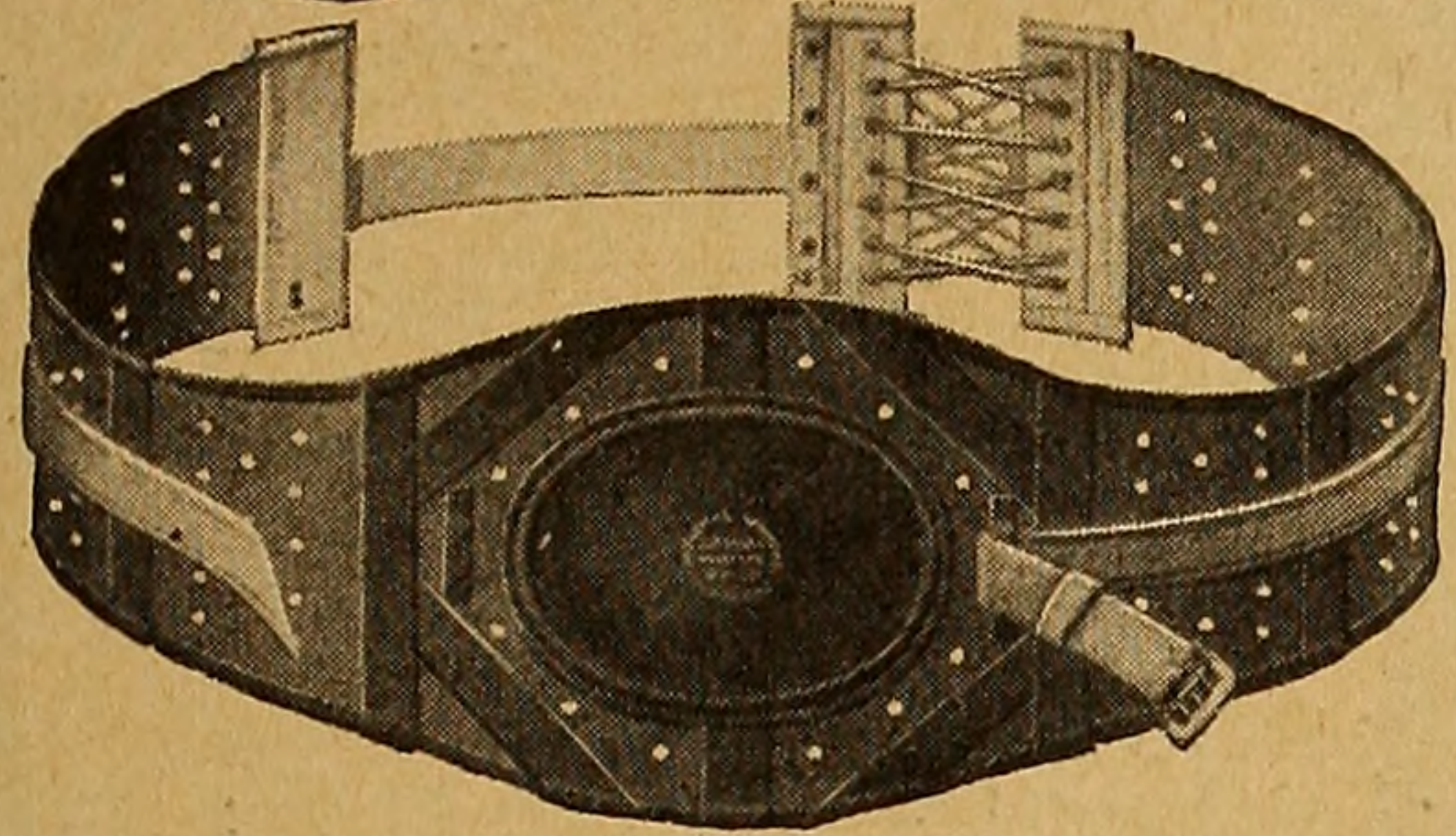
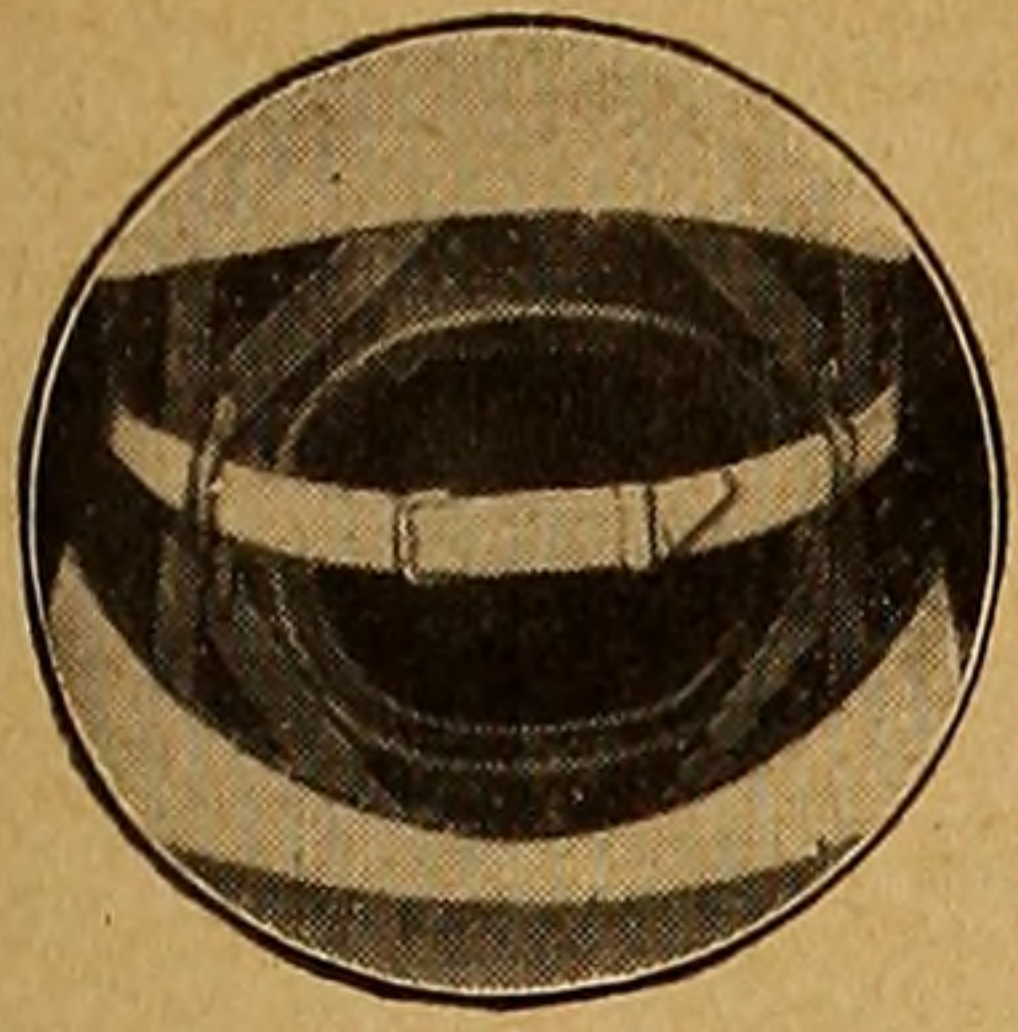
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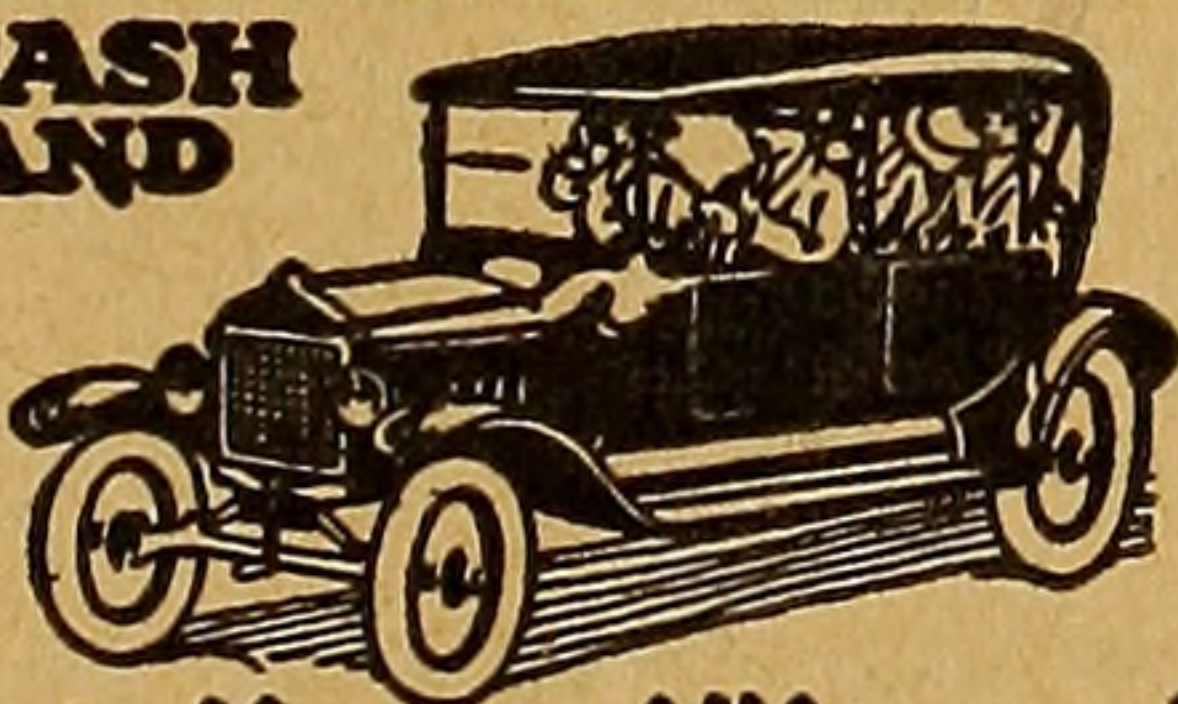
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much interested, as it means for them a chance to speak their lines again.

The writers are also conducting a relentless war against fake scenario schools. They have asked for reports from everybody of instances of fraud and deception. They are to invoke the "lawr" on whom-ever they suspect of being guilty.

These stars just will get into trouble with the motor-cops. There's no stopping them. Betty Compson is the latest to become snarled up with the law. Betty, so it seems, was in a bathing suit and shivering. She was in a hurry to get home. She had told the chauffeur to speed up, at least so the motor-cycle officer declared. On stopping her, they handed the Japanese chauffeur a summons, but neither hide nor hair was seen of him afterward. Miss Compson said later that she had discharged him. He had failed to match a new car she had purchased, or something. At time of writing, Betty's fate hangs in mid air.

Leatrice Joy and Thomas Meighan got along so well together in Cecil de Mille's picture, "Manslaughter," that they are playing opposite each other again in "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow." Truth is, Thomas Meighan is starred, and Miss Joy is the feminine lead. Al Green is directing.

A number of steady standbys in the picture "profesh" are appearing together in John Stahl's "The Dangerous Age." A glance at the cast shows us the names of Edith Roberts, Cleo Madison, Lewis Stone and Myrtle Steadman. We remember when all of them, except Stone, were solo stars. Richard Tucker and Ruth Clifford have important rôles.

Upon completing his current feature, "Robin Hood," Douglas Fairbanks is threatening to remove the grease-paint for a time, and specialize as a picture producer exclusively. This was the interesting announcement forthcoming from the Pickford-Fairbanks studios lately. The reason is chiefly that the next film planned by Fairbanks is "The Virginian," Owen Wister's popular story. In this, it is contended, there is no suitable rôle for Doug. The project is still in the air, however.

"Asking me what I will do next after the showing of 'Robin Hood,'" said Doug, "is a good deal like requesting an aviator to say what he would do next if he were forced to land in the middle of the Sahara Desert, because he was out of gasoline. The answer is, 'Maybe, but I don't know for sure.'

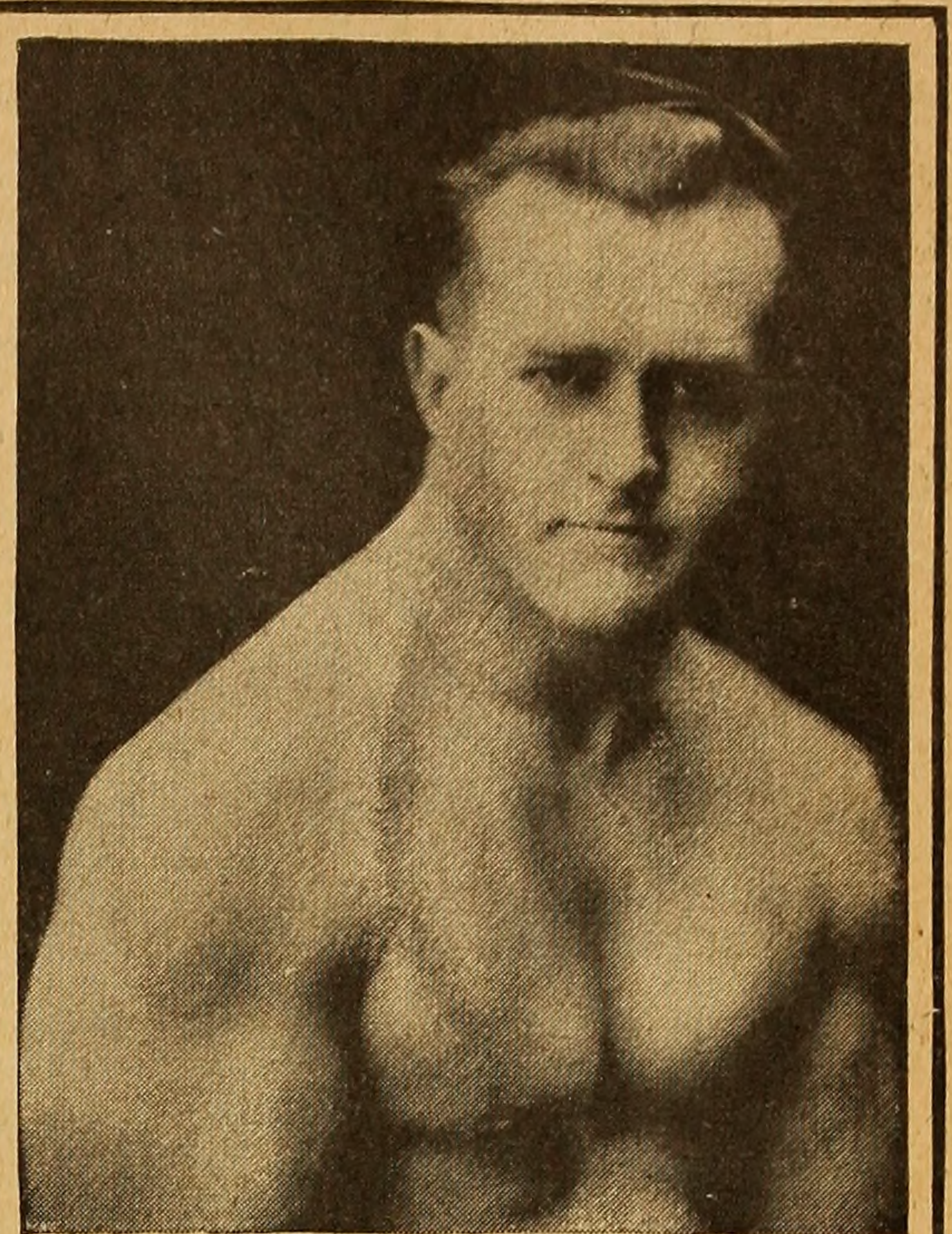
"I did think of playing 'The Virginian' next, but upon advice of counsel, better known as Mary Pickford, I am about to change my mind and produce the feature with some other star in the principal rôle.

"You see, it's a question whether people will accept me as the Virginian, that slow-moving, soft-speaking, easy-going hero of the plains that Owen Wister made all America love.

"Temperamentally I am just the opposite of the Virginian. I always move to a swift temp, and if I do play the Virginian, I respect him so much that I will play him exactly as the author created him."

If Doug decides to produce the story and supervise the directing with someone else in the title rôle, he will take the company to the Jackson Hole country, the Virginian's stamping ground, some time in August. This location is Yellowstone Park.

Marie Prevost has been signed up with the Warner Brothers organization, who contemplating filming a number of novels. She is to play the principal rôle in "The Beautiful and Damned" as her first feature.



Latest photograph of Earle E. Liederman
Taken Feb., 1922

If you were dying tonight

and I offered you something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. Tomorrow, or any day, some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance.

A Rebuilt Man

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow strong. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you, but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

All I Ask Is Ninety Days

Who says it takes years to get in shape? Show me the man who makes any such claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old backbone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. Your whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you've only started. Now comes the real work. I've only built my foundation. I want just 60 days more (90 in all) and you'll make those friends of yours that think they're strong look like something the cat dragged in.

A Real Man

When I'm through with you, you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do things that you had thought impossible. And the beauty of it is you keep on going. Your deep full chest breathes in rich pure air, stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge, square shoulders and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular he man. You have the flash to your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after in both the business and social world.

This is no idle prattle, fellows. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead. I like it. I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them, I will do for you. Come then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life to you.

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It is chock full of large size photographs of both myself and my numerous pupils. Also contains a treatise on the human body and what can be done with it. This book is bound to interest you and thrill you. It will be an impetus—an inspiration to every red blooded man. I could easily collect a big price for a book of this kind just as others are now doing, but I want every man and boy who is interested to just send the attached coupon and the book is his—*absolutely free*. All I ask you to cover is the price of wrapping and postage—10 cents. Remember this does not obligate you in any way. I want you to have it. So it's yours to keep. Now don't delay one minute—This may be the turning point in your life today. So tear off the coupon and mail at once while it is on your mind.

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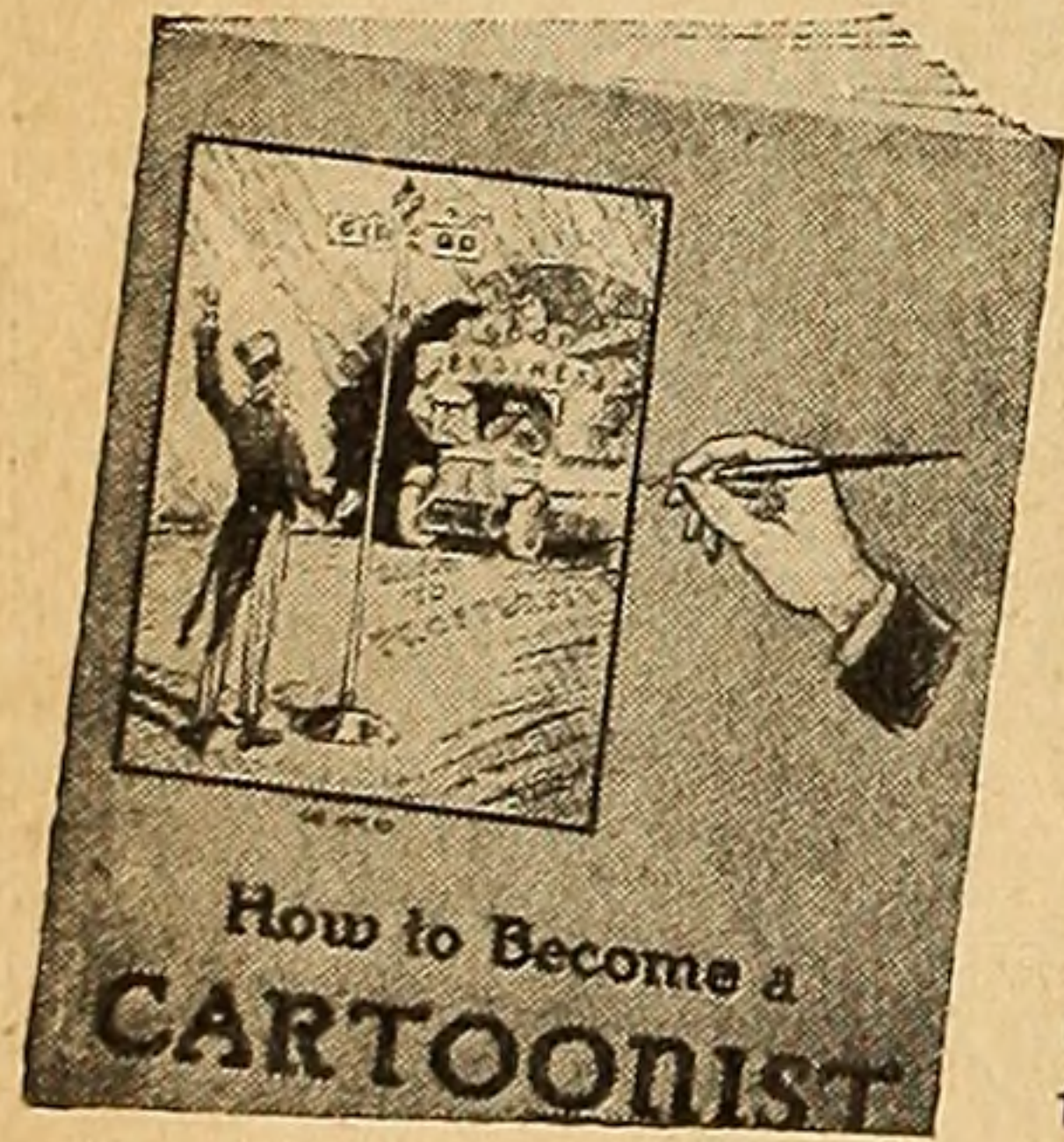
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The Answer Man

(Continued from page 86)

haven't any lady admirers—all men. I'm a little too old for the ladies. Didn't see that Australian production. Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt are playing in "Bought and Paid For."

JOAN D. E.—Sorry I neglected you, but it wasn't intentional. Ethel Clayton is with Famous Players, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, and Charles Clary is playing with Katherine MacDonald. Lon Chaney played in Hope Hampton's "The Light in the Dark." I'm afraid your clipping would be of very little interest to my readers. Sorry. Write me any time.

BILLIE V., BETTY N., CURIOSITY, DIONE, FAN, R. E. G., A FLAPPER, E. B., F. S. W., W. R. D., MARTHA R., AGNES OLIVE SNOW, JULIO ARMAND FOR MINE, H. L. J., BETTY, FLYING PAT, M. S., DARLING DOT, UNDER THE MISTLETOE, CHARLES WILLIAM R., M. M. B., RAMSAY REX, J. M. K., PEGGY MC, WALLY WALLACE, JUST BUD, MARCELED MARY, SHELIA H., LONESOME NELL and MARY M.—Sorry to have to put you in the also rans. Write me again, and try to ask me something that has not been answered before.

MARY.—I doubt whether you will see Bebe Daniels playing opposite Harold Lloyd now. Art Accord, in "The Days of Buffalo Bill." Douglas MacLean, in "The Hottentot." Betty Compson, in "The Green Temptation." Well, you should save. Correct and thrifty finance is the religion of worldly prosperity.

MADCAP.—It was Oscar Wilde who said, "Men marry because they are tired; women, because they are curious; both are disappointed." Mona Lisa is not playing now. Wanda Hawley is with Lasky. The two children you mention are not playing. Write me any time. I'm always here.

CURLY.—Is buttermilk good for curly hair? Say, you want to write Corliss Palmer, the Answer Man of BEAUTY. Anita Stewart, 6800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif. Leatrice Joy has the lead in "Manslaughter," directed by Cecil de Mille.

OSKY Wow-wow.—Your letter was mighty interesting. You say you wonder why the American Revolution hasn't been done in pictures. Probably because most people don't go to the movies to study history. You think "Janice Meredith," by Ford, could be used. Why don't you suggest it to Mr. Griffith? Richard Barthelmess' "All at Sea" has been changed to "The Seventh Day."

ANITA MCP.—Always glad to hear from you. It takes about five days to cross the continent. No, I have never been to Los Angeles. Your joke is very clever. Why does the camel wear two humps? If one fails him, the other reminds him to keep a dromedary date. Ha, ha, he, he, and likewise ho, ho! Florence Vidor, in "The Real Adventure."

A. L. T.—You refer to "The Goddess."

C. B.—He that is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsome, strong, rich nor wise. I've missed them all. Gareth Hughes can be addressed at Louis Burston Studio, Universal City, Calif. Rex Cherryman was Gaston in "Camille." You're welcome.

NORMA'S FAN.—So you don't think I have such a big head. I don't think so, either. Eddie Polo is playing in a serial, a modernized version of "Robinson Crusoe." Harry Myers is in the cast. Elinor Fair is pretty. She is playing opposite Henry B. Walthall in "The Able Minded Lady," for the Pacific Film Company. That's a new one to me.

JESSIE R.—Don't confine yourself to do-

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Mabel Normand	Katherine
Olga Petrova	McDonald
Mary Pickford	Mae Murray
Blanche Sweet	Charles Ray
Anita Stewart	Nazimova
Norma Talmadge	Charles Chaplin
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Earle Williams	Richard
Clara K. Young	Barthelmess

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 Special proposition to dealers

ing only that which you are told to do. There are always other things to do. Hunt for them, and you'll be able to find them, and do them. The lazy man has always failed in every spot and in everything. Yes, Cullen Landis, in "The Man With Two Mothers," with Sylvia Breamer and Mary Alden.

A. G. S.—Yes, you can use the same title. PEGGY M.—You say the best portion of a good man's life is his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love. Never heard of Edward Phillips. Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels, in "North of the Rio Grande."

V. S., Brooklyn.—Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman, in "The Virgin of Stamboul." No, Bebe Daniels is not married. That was Norma Talmadge, in "Sign on the Door."

U. R. WISE.—Not so wise! Great men are those who can control both good luck and good fortune. Yes, Harry Todd was the old man. Herbert Rawlinson and Roberta Arnold are separating. Pauline Frederick played in "The Woman Breed." She is to come back to the stage this fall.

DERVENTE.—Here you are in a nutshell: Never heard of the Porter girl; Thomas Meighan has no children. Yes, I saw "Buddies."

FRANK A. O.—Someone told me once to speak little and well, if I would be esteemed as a man of merit, so I took to writing. Nancy Deaver was Alice in "Chivalrous Charlie." You think she has beautiful eyes. Virginia Faire is playing in "Four Hearts."

FAN FAN.—Cant say that I think Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge are slipping. They are still very popular. Corliss Palmer has not yet started on her next picture, but she probably will have two finished before the summer is over, because they have two all ready to shoot. Allene Ray is still in San Antonio, Texas. Warren Kerrigan, Crane Wilbur and Earle Williams? Alas, how hath the mighty fallen!

LORRAINE.—I dont know of any place where you can buy pictures of the players; but if you write direct to the player, be sure to enclose 25 cents in stamps.

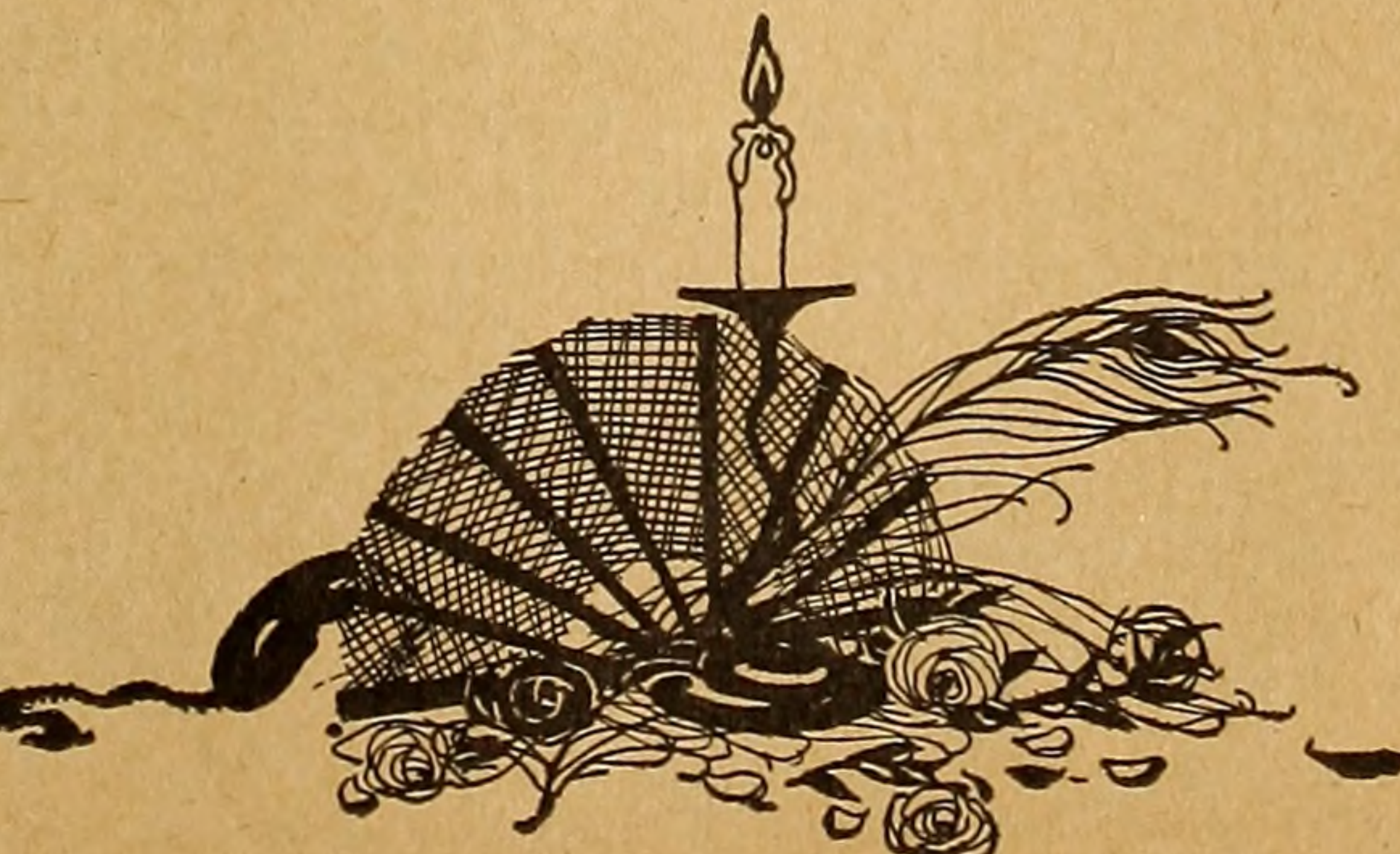
PEGGY O'NEILL.—You want to aim above morality. Be not simply good; be good for something. Yes, that's an excellent likeness of me.

OLGA F.—Thanks for your verse.

U. R. KIND.—You want to know if I accept confidences and give advice. No, I dont do either. I might give a bit of advice once in a while. Yes, I write the answers in the CLASSIC, too. I have been doing this now for about twelve years. It's about time I was pensioned off, dont you think? Clara Kimball Young, in "The Wordly Madonna."

OMAR AT THE MOVIES
 By HUGH HOLBROOK

A program headed by my best-loved star, A cushioned chair, a box of sweets, and thou
 Sitting beside me in the dusky space—
 Ah, Moveland were paradise enow.



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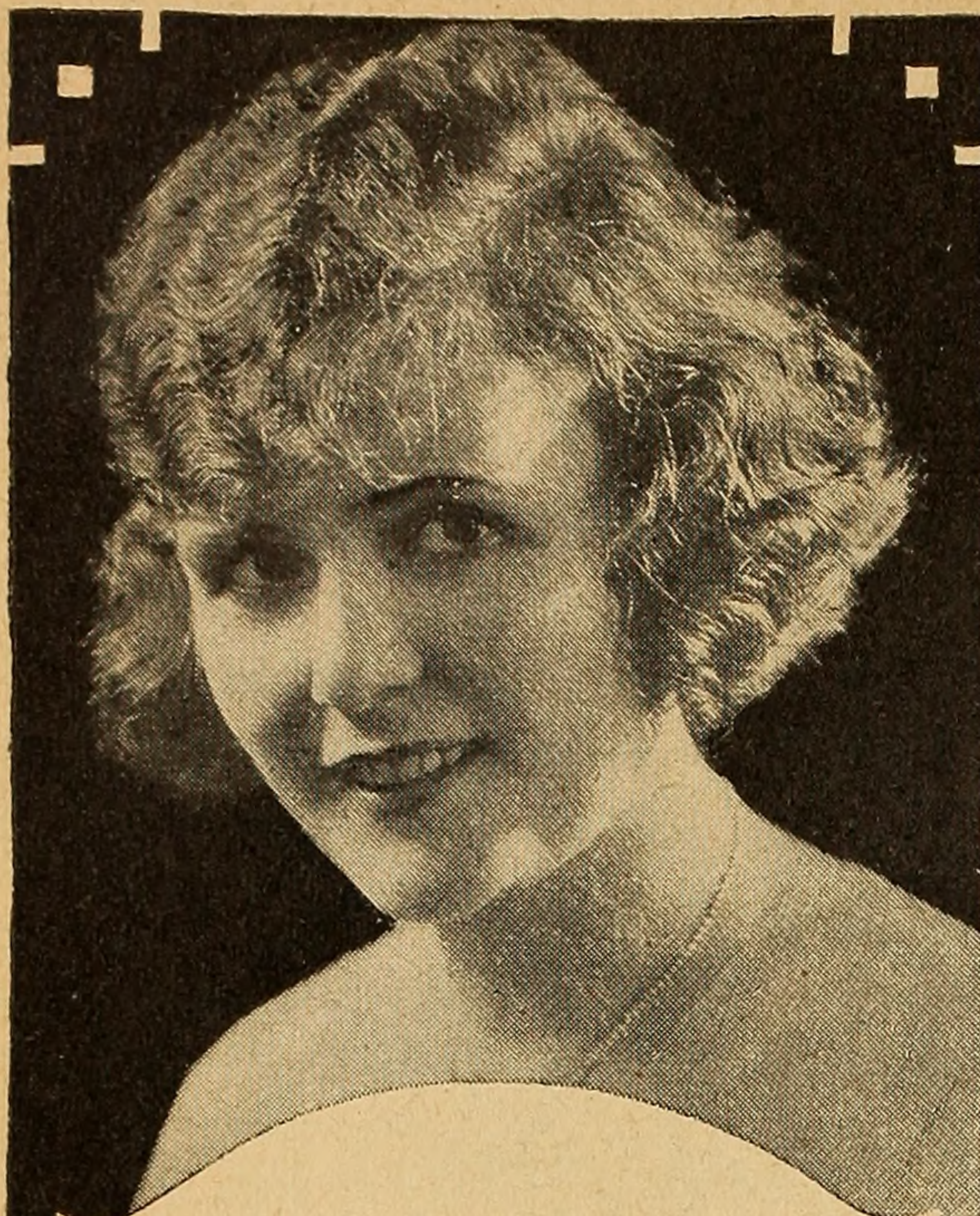
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Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 65)



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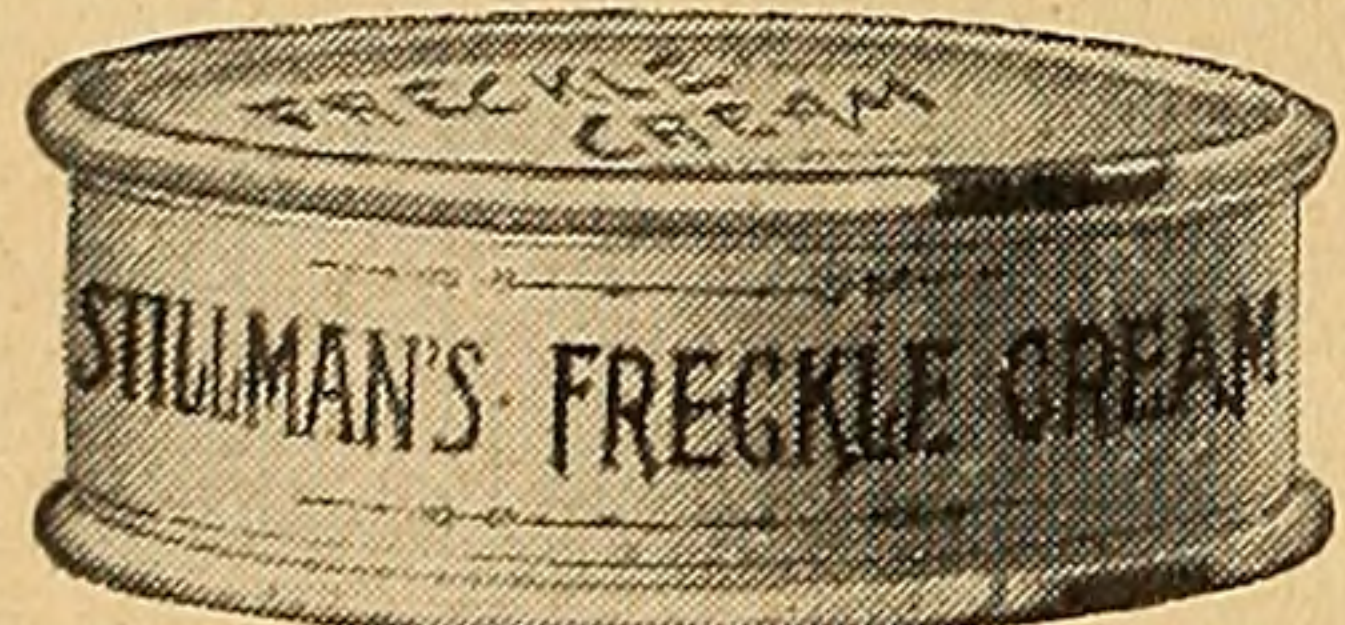
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papier-mâché head is evidenced. With her sweeping cloak Salome covers the charger, sinking with it to the ground. On her face is the mute cry of desire; desire intermingled with pain, and love and hate. Then comes the title:

"They say that love hath a bitter taste . . .

Ah! I have kissed thy mouth, Johanaan. I have kissed thy mouth."

The settings and costuming deserve a paragraph in themselves. They are undoubtedly important—sometimes they are permitted to be more important than the action. Nastacha Rambova, or Mrs. Rodolph Valentino, as you will, is responsible for the bizarre note. It is a symphony of what seems to be black velvet embroidered in and painted in great and fantastic figures of silver. Undoubtedly this sort of thing is effective but only when skilfully handled. Here it often obtrudes upon the action. And we have always been led to believe that the first requirement of any setting or background was to suggest the atmosphere of the action in an unobtrusive manner.

On the whole, Nazimova's production of "Salome" is, if anything, a trifle more erotic, somewhat more decent, and several times more exotic than the "Salome" of Oscar Wilde.

But there are, in several instances, moments of rare and poetic beauty. And these go far in capturing the exquisite beauty of the lost verse.

We hope that Madame Nazimova will not be discouraged if her "Salome" is not received with open arms—

We hope that Charles Bryant will realize that it is easier by far to direct someone other than your wife—

That Madame Nazimova will give the screen more Ibsen, or other fine drama—

And that she will have a director other than a husband.

If "Salome" is a departure from the general run of motion pictures, the same thing cannot be said of "Silver Wings." Here is the old story of mother love; the story which has been tested and tried but not to be found wanting. It always wrings tears from the audience.

Once again the children grow up and leave the home nest—what does it matter if this time the home nest is resplendent because mother has made a success of her sewing-machine factory. Once again the oldest son, black-sheep that he is, rules first over mother's heart.

Then the theme varies a bit—mother becomes extravagant in order to satisfy her favorite's social ambitions. But the fade-out shows the family reunited, arms entwined about the frail little mother.

Mary Carr made her success in a mother rôle wherein she was the victim of her children's thoughtlessness and selfishness. This would seem to cast her in similar rôles until Doomsday. And, as a matter of fact, it wouldn't surprise us any if she was equally as good in a picture which varied infinitely more in theme.

Nevertheless, as we said previously, mother rôles have not been found wanting. You may resent the far-fetched drivel which coats the action, but your throat is apt to become choky.

Mary Carr needs no recommendation to you in mother rôles. And her support, while comprised of unknown players, is for the greater part excellent.

If you like weepy themes dealing with mothers and growing children who, one

by one, leave the home nest, you wont be taking any chances in going to see William Fox's "Silver Wings."

It seems to us that only a very few people have the gift of telling a story, whether it be in a novel or on the screen. And this is what Reginald Barker has done with considerable success in "The Storm."

Now "The Storm" makes no attempt at being a great production. You realize this with something of a sigh of relief. It is an interesting story of two men and a girl, heretofore a stranger to both of them, who are snowed under in a little cabin during the winter months. Both men come to love the girl. The man of the woods plays fairly. He matches his primitive qualities against the more sophisticated attractions of his friend from the city. And in the city man the alloy which civilization breeds in the clean standards of men creeps to the surface.

Thrills are always popular. And there is a real thrill in both the blizzard and the raging forest fire. Incidentally, these fire scenes are shown in color.

House Peters is Burr Winton, the man of the woods—Matt Moore is his friend, and Virginia Valli is the piquant French girl.

Perhaps a great many people will remember "The Storm" as the successful stage play of last year and the year before. Nevertheless, stage plays do not always adapt themselves to the screen as well as this one does. The Universal Film Company were wise in the purchase of the screen rights. And they were also capable in their production of the story once it was in their possession.

CENSORED

By L. CORTRIGHT

I wrote a circus story once,
With horses and with clowns.
But when the censors saw the thing
Their faces filled with frowns.

They shook their heads in sad dismay;
One even tore his hair.
They said: "We'll cut this equine scene—
The horse's back is bare."

And then I filmed a railroad play,
With engines running fine.
I thought 'twould pass the censors sure;
I even cut out grime.

But when it came to cutting,
They showed colossal nerves.
By cutting out my railroad tracks—
Because they showed some curves.

THE THUR-R-R-ILLER!

By BESS FURMAN

The movie hero stood upon full twenty flaming stories;
The bottom one was quite all gone, which added to his glories,
For, jumping thrice three thousand feet, the sweet star on his arm,
He landed safely in the street—and rang the fire alarm!
Into the terrors of the sea he fell from out a blimp,
A death-bomb missed him narrowly, a bullet left him limp;
When captured by Mex bandits wild, he lit a cigaret,
And in a close-up coolly smiled, "I ain't dead yet!"

N O V E M B E R

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Presents **THEDA BARA** In

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a fascinating one-act playlet

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You cannot afford to miss this number of the

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MAGAZINE

N O V E M B E R

SHADOWLAND

Expressing the Arts

MUSIC

Rachmaninoff on Musical Bolshevism, by Jerome Hart. The popularity of the great Russian composer and his work is readily appreciated in this intimate sketch.

DRAMA

The Passing of Stage Decoration, by Sheldon Cheney. Wouldn't it be a bit ironical if stage decoration suddenly tended to disappear from the world's theaters just at the moment when we Americans have developed our finest theatrical talent in that direction?

ART

The Etchings of Edward Hopper. Fine examples of the work of a rising exponent of this popular field of artistic endeavor with editorial comment by the distinguished artist and critic, Guy Pene du Bois.

DECORATION

An Aristocrat in Bohemia. In other words, the home of Robert Winthrop Chandler, the man who prefers to decorate the interiors of the houses of his friends to being a social decoration himself.

TRAVEL

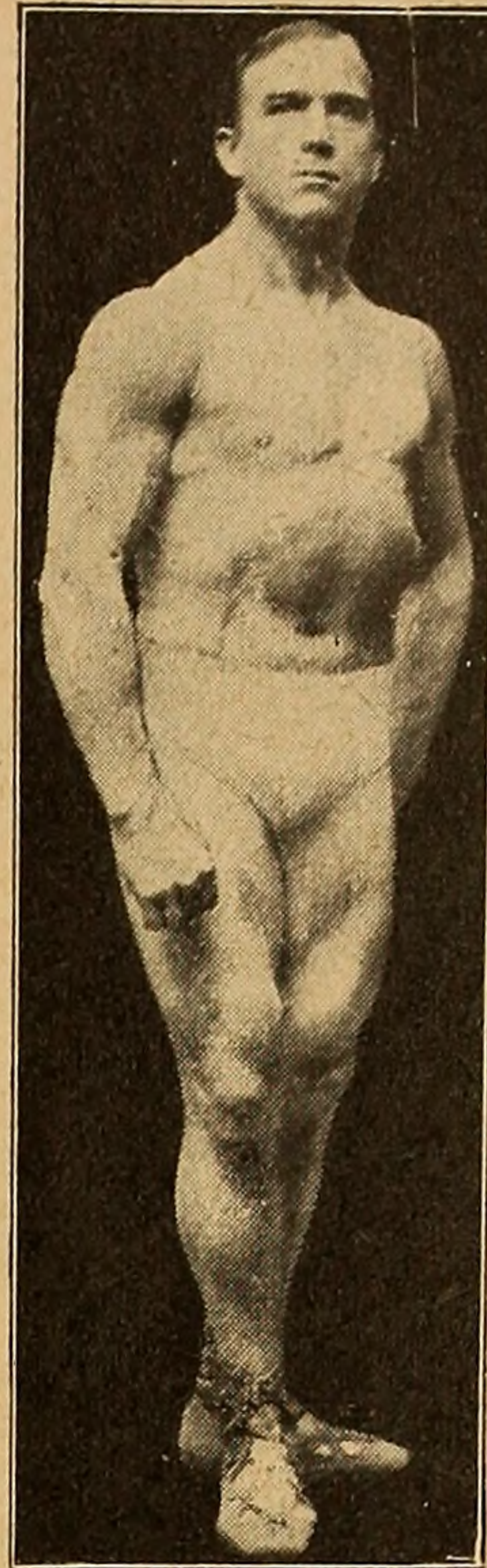
Peterboro', a Town of Artistic Personality, by Edward Hungerford. The author of "The Personality of American Cities" gives us a fascinating pen-picture of the McDowell Colony and the beautiful countryside in which it is situated.

CARICATURE

Wynn Invades Germany. SHADOWLAND's well-known contributor sends some sketches from the banks of the Rhine that are inimitable.

SHADOWLAND for October

Regain Your Vigor and Vitality



STRONGFORT
The Perfect Man

Conquer your weaknesses—resist the elements of weakness and ill health that are dragging you down and sapping your very life-forces. Get rid of the nagging complaints that make your life a wretched failure. Shake off Catarrh, Constipation, Indigestion, Nervousness, Headache, Rheumatism and the numerous other results of neglecting the body and abusing natural law. (See Consultation Coupon). Your whole body must be revitalized. You must aid Nature in reviving the worn-out decaying cell-life and rebuild it into live vital tissue. Don't wait until you are bedridden! Don't put it off until you are down on your back, probably dependent on charity! Get busy NOW, before it is too late and

Restore Your Flagging Powers

You are run down mentally and physically. You have burned the candle at both ends—used up your store of precious nerve energy—robbed your blood and cheated your body and brain out of the elements of vigorous manhood! The delicate mechanism of your body is out of adjustment, because you have violated the inflexible laws of Nature. The future looks dark and hope-

less to you—but don't be discouraged—cheer up—you can come back.

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I can make a new man of you—rebuild you from head to foot. My methods are not experimental; I personally, am the result of the Science I have perfected. No drugs or dope—no pills or tablets—no fads or fancies—just plain common sense, pure science and the unfailing restorative forces of Nature.

I want to help you overcome the weaknesses and deficiencies that make your life a wretched failure. I want to make you over into a virile specimen of 100% Manhood. I want to make you magnetic and energetic—keener mentally—happier—more successful. I am anxious to help you. I can help you with

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| .. Rupture | .. Biliousness | .. Heart Weakness |
| .. Lumbago | .. Torpid Liver | .. Poor Circulation |
| .. Neuritis | .. Indigestion | .. Skin Disorders |
| .. Neuralgia | .. Nervousness | .. Round Shoulders |
| .. Flat Chest | .. Poor Memory | .. Lung Troubles |
| .. Deformity (Describe) | .. Vital Losses | .. Stoop Shoulders |
| .. Successful Marriage | .. Impotency | .. Muscular Development |
| .. Rheumatism | .. Weak Eyes | .. Great Strength |
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Comment on Other Productions

(Continued from page 69)

psychic phenomena than the contract of his manly arms he promptly challenges her love by playing dead. His revival is somewhat amusing. Again a dog grabs about eighty per cent. of the honors.

THE REFEREE—SELZNICK

A man who uses the two fists that God gave him—a man who refuses to look under his pillow for the filthy lucre, but plays the game square. That is Conway Tearle. Ladies and gentlemen, we are introducing him as the third man in the ring. He was once a champion, but he broke his arm. So like most pugilists, he opened a pool-room and refereed fistic encounters on the side. Comes the day when he is asked to give a crooked decision. It is only a scheme on the part of his sweetheart's father to test his honesty. The rest is easy. Selznick has an entertaining picture here—one directed with attention paid to painstaking detail for correct atmosphere. Ralph Ince we salute you for giving us as realistic a ring battle and background as if we journeyed over to Boyle's Thirty Acres. You see it's a story based upon the rise or fall of a man. And it contains everything. If it becomes sentimental, there is Tammany Young and some real "pugs" to lift it out of the commonplace. Mr. Tearle's features are too classic to look the type, but he manages to be sincere. Look for the local color. The picture has it in abundance. It carries a punch without taking the count.

THE DUST FLOWER—GOLDWYN

There is a suggestion of O. Henry in this story of Basil King's. In reading the former's city sketches, "The Four Million," you will notice Cinderella scattered throughout its pages. "The Dust Flower" is a story of a modern Cinderella who is lifted from a suicide grave by a young romancer; the latter, piqued over his fiancée's Ritzy conduct, resolving to marry the first girl he meets. So Helene Chadwick, possessing suicidal tendencies for the first time, is rescued from a watery grave and installed in a lavish menage as his wife. The story at this point develops an obvious note. The pretty spouse, realizing her shortcomings (she is a product of the slums) and thinking her husband would be happier with his erstwhile sweetheart, makes a hurried exit. It is superfluous to add that reconciliation follows. The brightest part of the interpretation is donated by Claude Gillingwater as the butler—a thoroly delightful sketch, inimitable and charming. Helene Chadwick is satisfying as the girl. She lends a wistful fragrance to the rôle, giving it a spiritual touch. A finely mounted picture is "The Dust Flower." And it carries a smooth running story well told.

HER NIGHT OF NIGHTS—UNIVERSAL

An inconsequential bit of fluff, so light that it fairly dances upon its own projection rays is "Her Night of Nights," a Marie Prevost opus. The visiting buyers come to town and the piquant Marie exhibits herself to intrigue them. Pooh—for their affection! The country swain gets first and last call—even tho he wears store clothes and becomes a shipping clerk. Sort of an old-fashioned girl for a model, dont you think? Marie takes a plunge in the marble pool—but the scene is only a teaser. The plot bubbles forth and is punctured time and again. It is a frail, gossamer pattern and quite stupid. Grandpa and

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uncle will want to see the picture. Be sure to tell them.

TRIMMED—UNIVERSAL

We have seen pictures where dogs rescued not only the leading characters but also the plot, but here is an expression which gives Hoot Gibson, the spotlight, showing a story bolstered up by a donkey. And by never stepping out of character, the jackass adds a touch of merriment to this episodic tale of a returned war-hero, who is elected to the office of sheriff for the mere sake of being embarrassed by the country yokels who control the votes. Animals never step out of character. That's why they are so real—so natural. The bright spot in this slender western depicts Gibson bringing in the murderer via donkey express. The guilty plotters are all locked up in the village bastille—in the same cell with the jackass and his passenger. "Trimmed" is so episodic that the director must have shot his scenes as he cried "Action!" Gibson wears the orthodox checkered shirt and a huge dental smile. And he can frown like a naughty boy deprived of his marbles.

OUR LEADING CITIZEN—PARAMOUNT

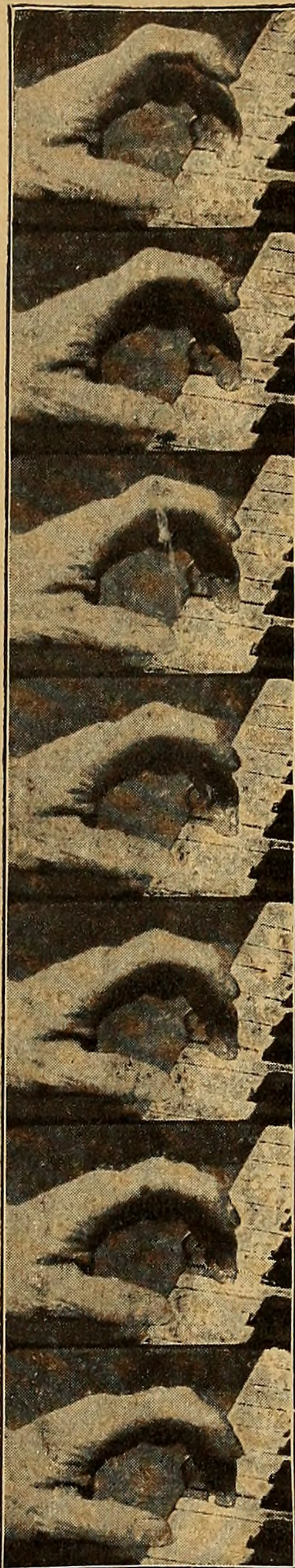
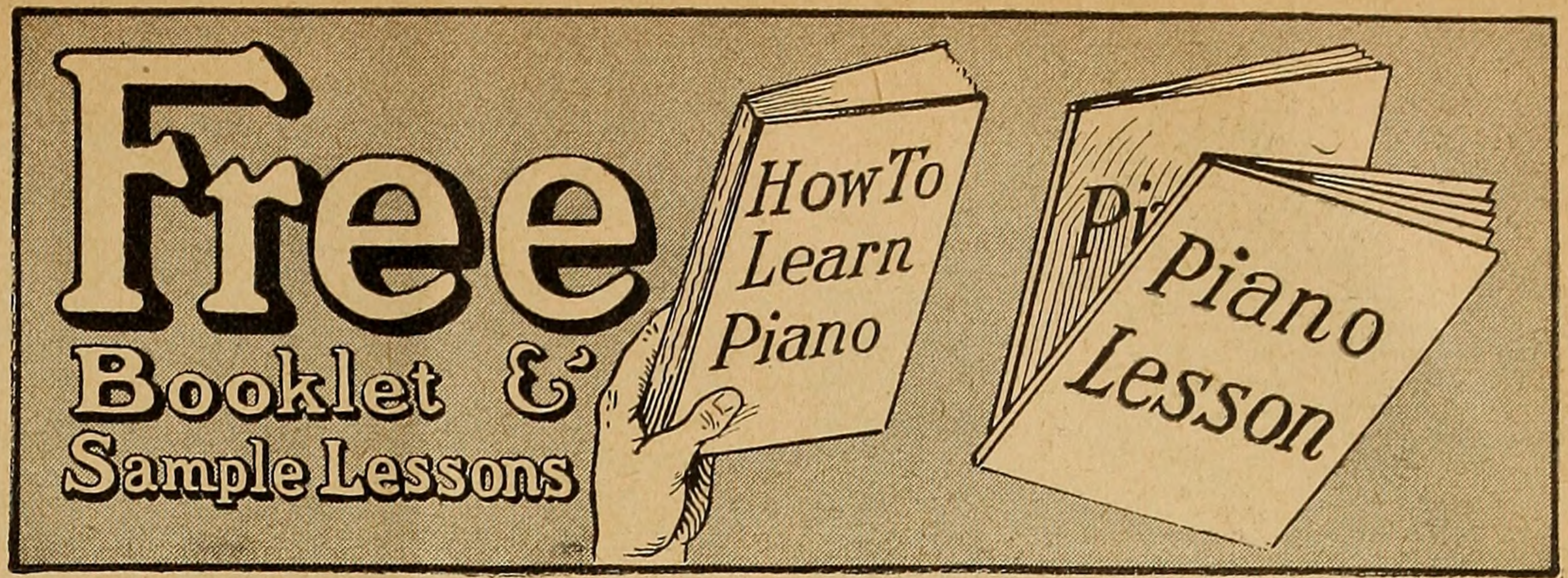
This is said to be George Ade's first original story for the screen, and any of you who are familiar with the gifted Hoosier's work will instantly recognize his style of writing—his own peculiar brand of humor. There is a suggestion of his "County Chairman" in the depiction of "back country" politics and tho the direction is uninspired, there being a monotonous repetition of scenes, still you are certain to be entertained thru the breezy captions and Tommy Meighan's portrayal of the lazy war hero who would rather fish for trout than fish for the votes of his constituents. You must understand that the girl has awakened the sleeping fires in him so that he becomes really ambitious. The plot gets its expression from the conflict of the rival candidates. Any of you who live in the country will recognize the types. None have been exaggerated. Lois Wilson makes a pretty and wholesome heroine, while Theodore Roberts chews the cigars in the best manner of a gumshoeing politician. James Neill and Guy Oliver lend color to their respective rôles of candidate and fisherman.

THE TROUPER—UNIVERSAL

Gladys Walton is hardly recognizable in this crazy-quilt story of a slavey who is the jill-of-all-trades for a cheap road company touring the back country. Any of you who have seen this personable star of late will agree with us that she is getting on in the screen world. But in "The Trouper" we'll have to chalk up a black mark against her. Mack Sennett has taken this identical plot and burlesqued it for a hearty laugh. Here the sponsors have attempted to adopt a fifty-fifty measure. Oodles of sentiment and pathos drip from its serious scenes, for the slavey is kicked and cuffed around by the company in the manner of the proverbial stepchild, while at other times there are a few fleeting moments of ridiculous hokum—after the manner of Sennett. The picture is an easy reminder of nickelodion days, there being nothing subtle or imaginative about it. The actress of the company vamps the wastrel son of the village Cræsus and the slavey is used to bring order out of chaos.

SOUTH OF SUVA—PARAMOUNT

They are beating the tom-toms, these Fiji Islanders, preparatory to offering Mary Miles Minter as a sacrifice to a hea-



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then god. Mary has drifted down there to be with her husband after many years separation. But the tropics have conquered him. She flees to her boat companion. Which of course takes us right back where we started. This is South Sea stuff, so old that the creaking machinery can almost be heard. We cannot offer you much entertainment with "South of Suva." Even its backgrounds and details are faulty. The "blacks," we venture, never heard of Suva and their wigs strike a discordant note. And a town painted on canvas representing a harbor scene—oh, Frank Urson, how could you? White-hot romance, passion and barbaric gew-gaws are stirred up in the cannibal pot. It is not a tasty dish. Walter Long gets a colorful tropical slant from the bestial husband.

A SELF-MADE MAN—FOX

George Horace Lorimer wrote this one. He is the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Presumably the type of story which he loves best didn't come thru on schedule, so he promptly took his pen in hand and dashed off a few lines about the square-jawed youth who gets on in the world by using pluck and perseverance. Rather an old idea, isn't it? Yet an idea which never fails. If you doubt it, consult the *Post's* circulation figures. There are hardly five reels of story here, consequently the early scenes introduce a large slice of hokum. William Russell is the self-made man who is kicked out by his parent and who finds his character awaiting him outside. The father has a wide-awake competitor whose son slaves to put Bill's dad out of business. So on to the big fight in the manner of the daily scramble in the Stock Exchange. Take the boys. The next day they might run your errands without being bribed.

THE UNDERSTUDY—ROBERTSON-COLE

Stories of stage life are like the little girl. When they are good, they are very, very good, and when they are bad they are horrid. "The Understudy" is not so horrid as it is silly. It is nothing more or less than a Christie comedy—one of the polite two-reelers stretched to five reels. Result? A large size vacuum. Is it any wonder that such able farceurs as Otis Harlan and Arthur Hoyt look out of place? It is as if the director pulled the strings and the marionettes proceeded to execute their capers. An understudy doubles in brass both on and off the stage. Fascinated by her pep, the youth's wealthy father sends for his collegiate son—who has been assigned to Western pastures that he may forget the blandishments of a mercenary chorine. Call it puerile piffle and let it go at that.

THE HALF BREED—FIRST NATIONAL

This picture takes us back to Broncho Billy's early days. Which is another way of saying that it is hopelessly antiquated. Carrying an impossible plot, produced without any revelation of sequence, it seems like a waste of time and money on the part of the sponsors to have considered it at all. Close-ups, more close-ups, and useless hokum of a collegiate brand together with descriptive titles made necessary to explain what it is all about—these are a few samples of what "The Half Breed" contains. Lacking as it is in logic, smoothness of plot, naturalness in interpretation, we will have to condemn this with a censorship complex all our own. Those who are paid to hear six o'clock strike in America might better turn thumbs down when they see pictures reverting to an ancient type. Walk rapidly by the theater where this is showing.

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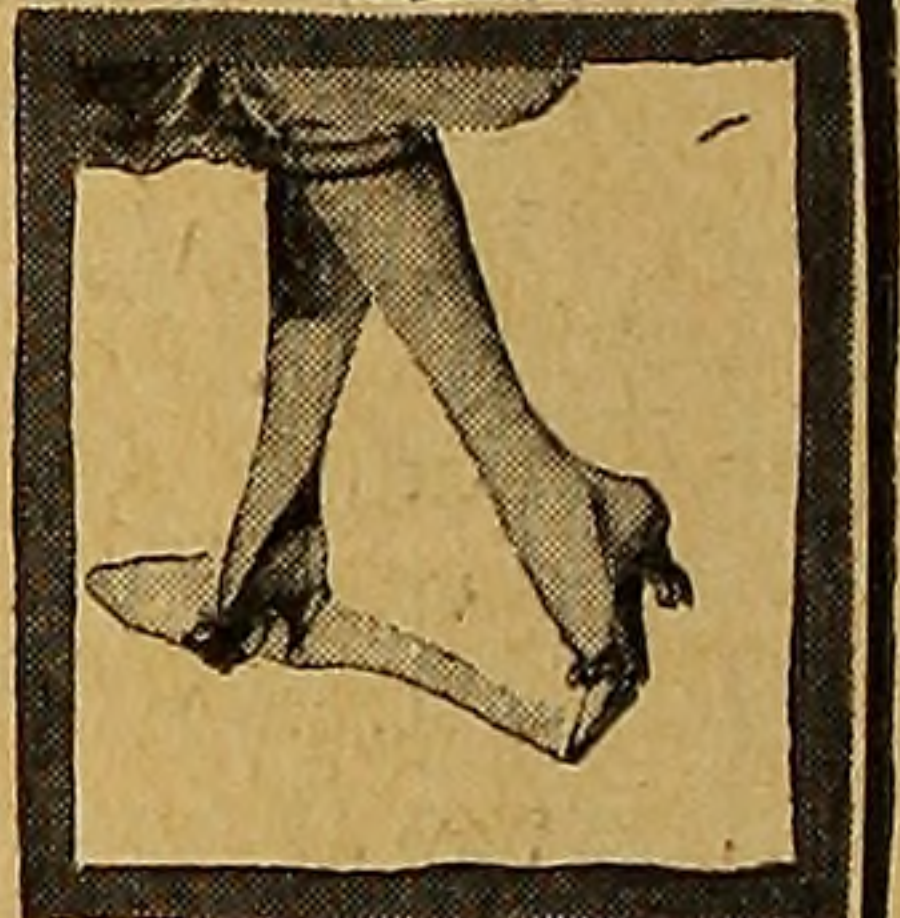
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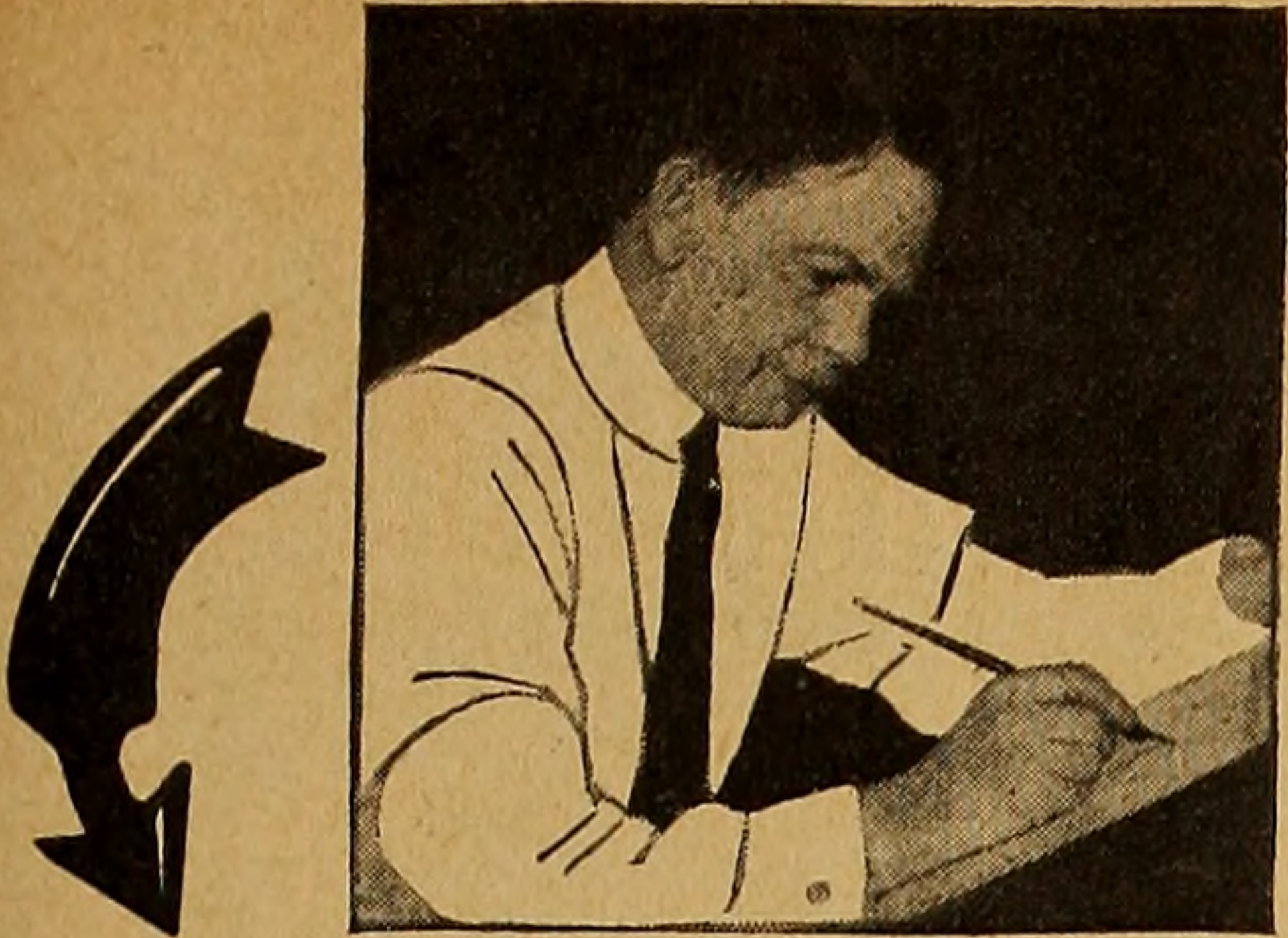
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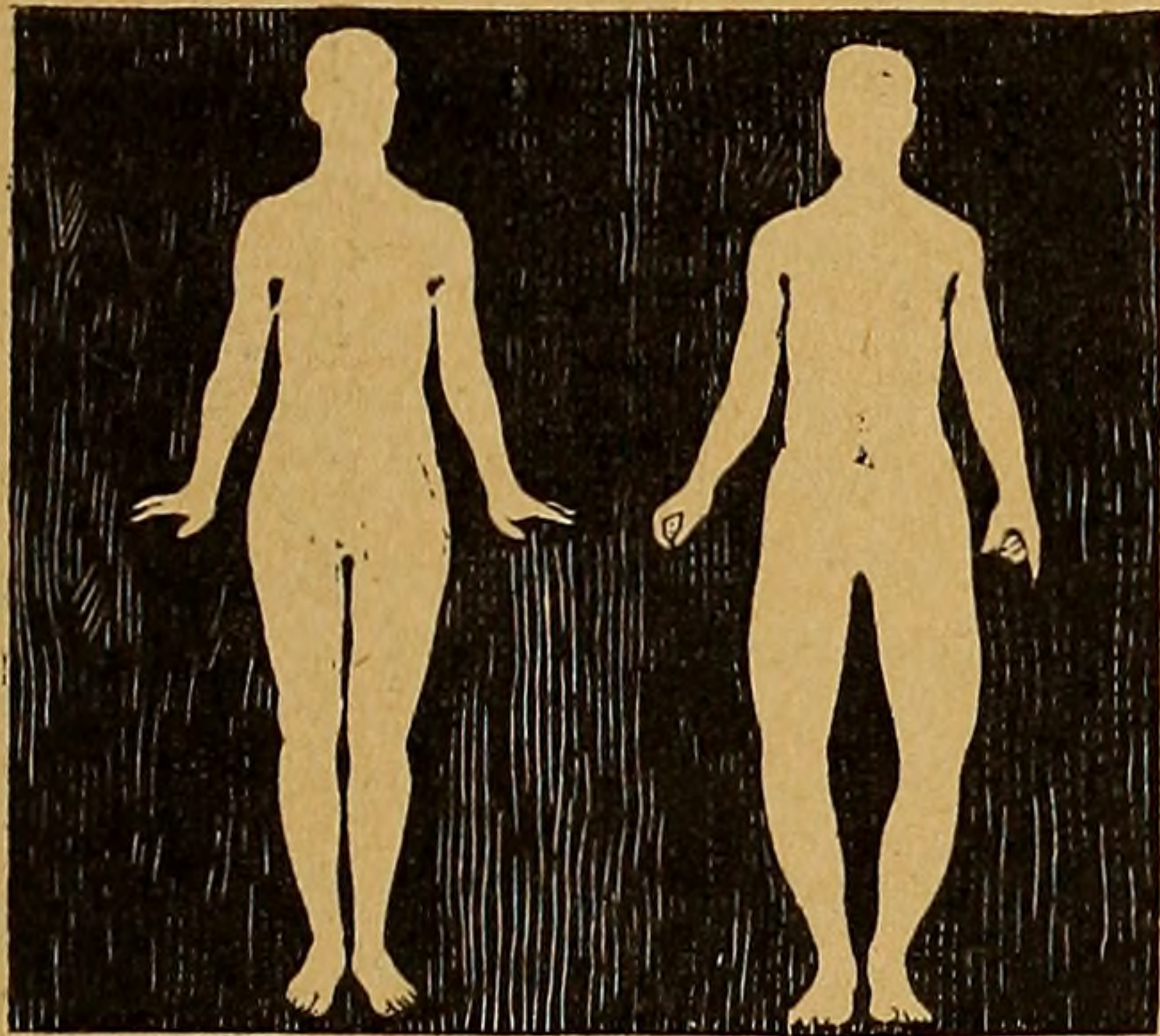
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Robbins as a director capable of inspiring a happy touch to light comedy patterns. His latest entry, "The Ladder Jinx," while not containing the story substance, nor the keen shafts of subtle humor, travels with enough speed and hokum possibilities to please seven patrons out of ten—the other three being sticklers for realities. The title spells an evening with the superstition complex, and sure enough the contents of the improbable tale are filled with one long-drawn-out jinx. The entire incident happens in one afternoon, evening and morning of the following day, and the figure of the hard luck is a newly appointed bank cashier. From the moment that he walks under a ladder the jinx is his invisible companion. His bride-to-be is kept waiting and a theft at the bank causes him to be accused of the crime. You cannot take it seriously, and you will admit that it is often amusing and could be made more so if compressed into three reels. In the cast are Tully Marshall and Otis Harlan, two players always dependable whenever they are given opportunities. The former, who demonstrated a gift for comedy expression in "Too Much Business," comes forward with a rich character sketch. "The Ladder Jinx" will not linger in your memory long. It lives its little hour for the sake of brightening up the day for the jaded.

MY DAD—FILM BOOKING OFFICES

If you should ever care to write scripts for the screen and you were stumped for a story, a safe plan would be to follow the favorite formula of the Canadian Northwest. First select your background of eloquent vistas presenting an animated Corot. Next center your plot around a fur-trading post with the factor the god of the machine. Follow this with the usual melodramatic flavor of a killing. Bring in the Mounted if you care to. And before you know it, your words will grow into paragraphs and your paragraphs into a complete story, ready for any producer. "My Dad" is old—very old stuff. True it leaves the Mounted at the post, introducing a scheme of vengeance in its place—a scheme which drives a youth onward to clear his father's name. There is some physical action which offers a dog rescuing his master after the manner of "The Silent Call"—a dog which, incidentally, gives the best performance in the cast. The only hard work connected in such a story is finding enough background to give it a scenic investure. We understand that film companies have to wait weeks for a snowfall. While they are waiting it seems as if they could give a thought to novelty. Probably they are passing the time talking over their next script.

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everyone secretly nourishes a sympathetic bond for a jailbird. Some would even trade places with him—for a lark. Among the embellishments of the picture are charming Mary Astor, the colorful Tammany Young, the quaint Vivia Ogden and the dependable George Fawcett. Surely nothing amiss in the interpretation.

MAN'S LAW AND GOD'S—AMERICAN RELEASING CORP.

It is getting to be that one's picture fare is just one Northwest Mounted pattern after another. With no variations expected (it would be a milestone in production if some were offered) the spectator sits back, catches the characters and the workings of the plot, and proceeds to take a nap, feeling certain that when he awakes everything will be in its customary place. If he does not go to sleep he may at least feast his eyes upon the vast, open spaces. Certainly he won't be intrigued by the plot. The author of "Man's Law and God's" presumably didn't know what he was going to do when he dashed off this opus. It borders upon all dramatic ingredients without getting beneath the surface of any of them. In a confused sort of way it teaches the dangers (mark this) of courtship by mail. The officer's uncle desires to see him married. The sophisticated girl from the East answers it. What follows is the inevitable rescue of the fair romancer when she foolishly allows herself to accompany a desperate character who dotes on cameos. This ruffian has foully murdered an old woman for the inconspicuous cameo pin she wears. The picture is of the vintage of 1912.

THE MAN UNCONQUERABLE—PARAMOUNT

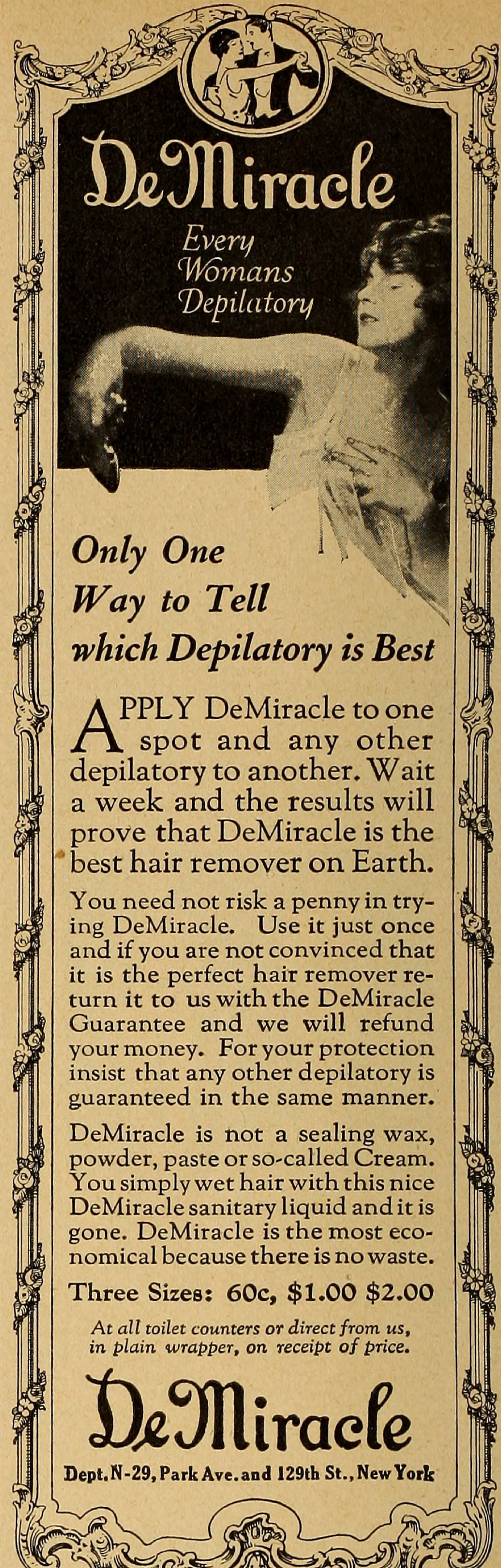
Hail to the South Seas! Here is Jack Holt smashing and crashing his way in one of those straight-from-the-shoulder melodramas. It is not a story of a redeemed beach-comber, nor does it present the lovely sloe-eyed half-caste girl who charms him away from civilization. Violent is the action when Jack is beset on all sides by the riff-raff of the islands. He has inherited his uncle's pearl fisheries, and before he is able to collect the precious jewels they introduce some new melodramatic trick such as using a machine gun from a boat. There isn't much liberation. Consequently you will miss the suspense. Sylvia Breamer plays the Spanish girl with creditable verve. Others involved in the scheme that might makes right are our old friends Edwin Stevens and Clarence Burton. You, who do not care to sit thru this up and at 'em story, please leave the theater quietly.

ALWAYS THE WOMAN—GOLDWYN

It is quite easy to trade upon the popularity of "The Sheik" and other Oriental stories which have met with success on the screen. Betty Compson takes a leaf from Valentino's note-book to give us a dash of Egyptian hocus-pocus. And what a leaf it is! It being Betty's own production she has used the camera without discretion. And you look in vain for the talent which marked "The Miracle Man." Betty is a vaudeville dancer traveling via steamship to Egypt and she is brought up sharp with a colorful past thru a steerage passenger, an Egyptian, informing her that she is the reincarnation of a queen of the Nile who ruled when every king built a pyramid of his own. It is picturesque in some degree. That is all. But its development is as difficult to read as a group of Egyptian hieroglyphics. We advise Betty to give up such ambitions as this in the future.

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"The Place of the Beauty Specialist in the Community," a fascinating article by that internationally recognized authority on beauty, Mme. Helena Rubinstein.

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EVERY day—regularly—treat your skin with Ingram's Milkweed Cream. More than a face cream, more than a cleanser, Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, will soon soothe away old traces of redness and roughness—soon banish annoying little blemishes.

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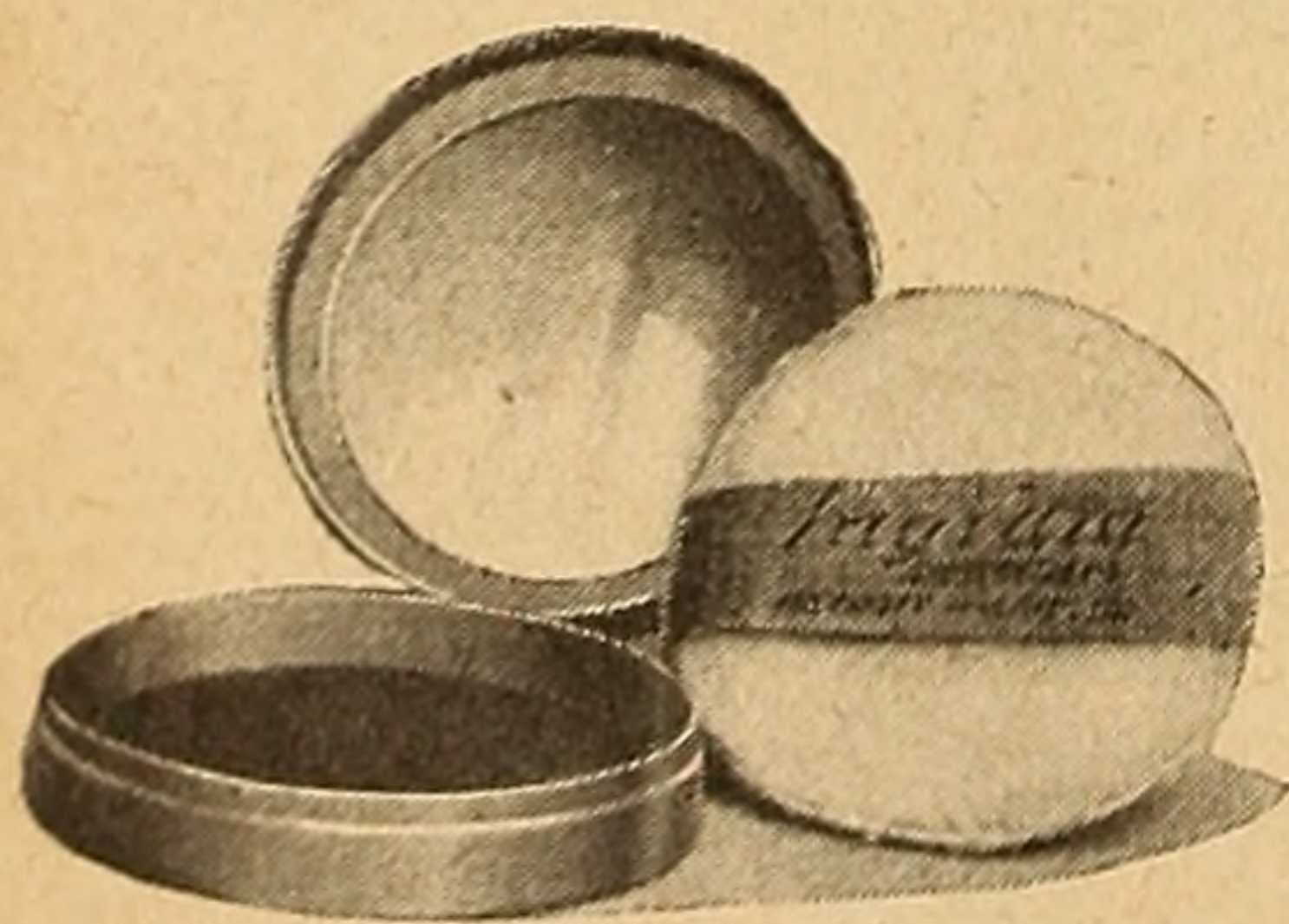
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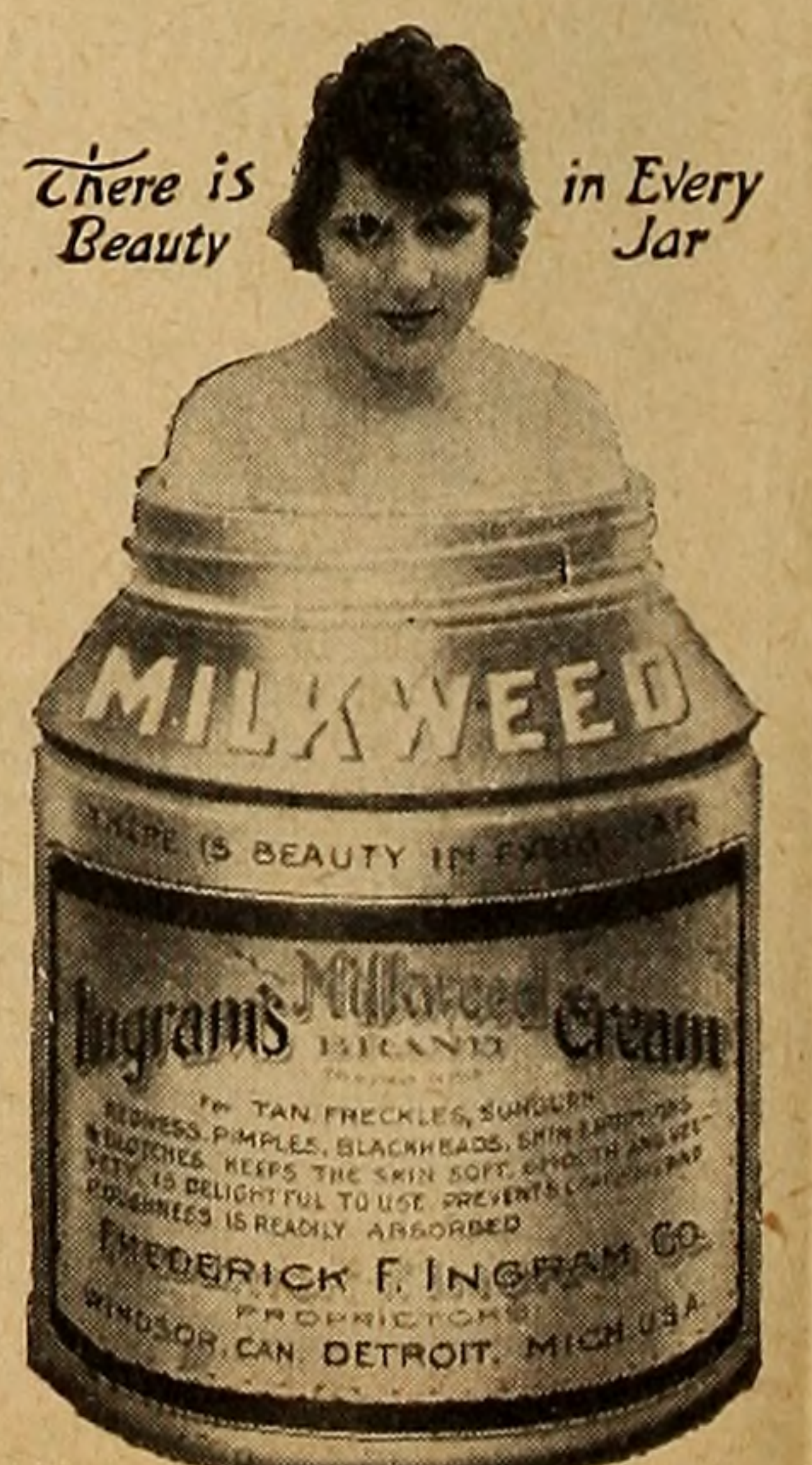
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Different types of hair need different treatment to bring out their beauty and lustre—there is a tested treatment for your individual type of hair.

NATURE intended every woman to have beautiful hair—hair that is full of lights and lustre—hair that is soft and silky to touch.

This is a message to women who wish to keep this beauty or who would restore it.

For the cause of most all hair troubles is now known. And there is now an ideal method of treating your hair that deals directly with the cause of these troubles.

There is an oil in the scalp, secreted by the glands of the hair, called Sebum. It is nature's beautifier. It is this Sebum oil which gives your hair its natural beauty and lustre—when your hair is healthy.

But, like all skin secretions, its flow is often excessive. Then your hair becomes oily, or full of dandruff and later scales.

This is the danger signal. For Sebum, if neglected, becomes the chief source of harm to your hair. It clogs the roots—it stops the natural flow of this oil. Your hair becomes dry and brittle.

And this Sebum, if neglected, quickly decomposes, forming fatty acids, which inflame the scalp, burn away the tissue, and if left unattended to, generally kills the hair roots.

The first step is the same as with any skin surface. Remove the surplus, purge the pores and follicles.

But not with ordinary soaps and cleansers. For you must aim at the Sebum. You must remove it—dissolve it—clear it from your scalp, in a way that will not harm the delicate tissues.

Once the cause of hair trouble was known, our chemists began their search for an effective remedy.

They have developed in Palmolive Shampoo, we believe, the best way yet known to combat Sebum effectively.

The next thing is to care for your hair as you would your complexion, to bring out its beauty and lustre. Together with the Sebum combatant our chemists have blended Olive Oil. Nothing throughout the ages has yet proved the equal of Palm and Olive Oil for bringing out the lustre, sheen, and silky softness of your hair.

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So, for your own sake, stop hit or miss methods. Adopt the Palmolive Shampoo, together with one of these tested treatments, that is *right* for your type of hair.

Then see how soon your friends begin to note the remarkable change and the softness and beauty of your hair.

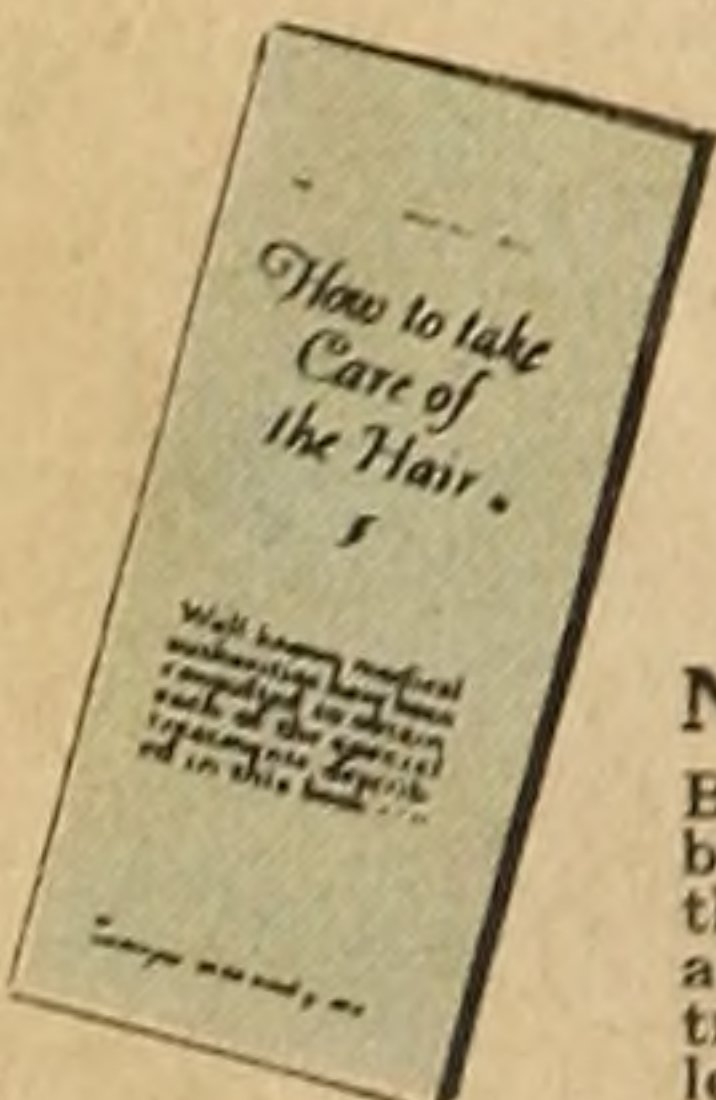
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