

MOTION PICTURE

CLASSIC

FEBRUARY

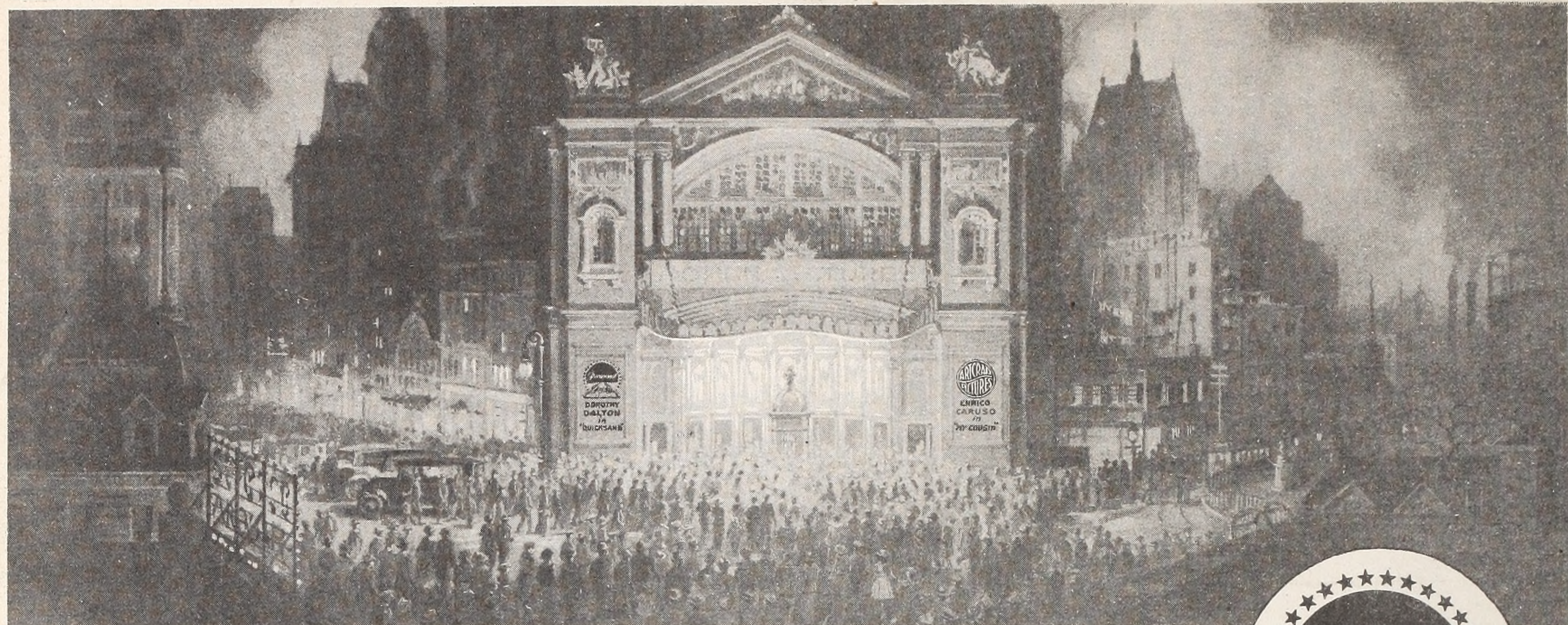
20¢

TO READER
you wish read
magazine, place
stamp on this
pull the maga-
and it will be
in the hands of
dies or sailors.
to proceed over.

APPING—
NO ADDRESS

CLARA KIMBAL YOUNG





The mother-tongue of America's millions — the modern motion picture.

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

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

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

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

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

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

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE Director General

NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"



HERE are the latest productions of Paramount and Artcraft Stars, listed alphabetically, released up to January 1.

Save this list. Check the ones you have seen and ask your theatre manager when the others are coming.

Artcraft

Cecil B. de Mille's Production
"THE SQUAW MAN"
Douglas Fairbanks in "ARIZONA"
Elsie Ferguson in
"UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE"
D. W. Griffith's
"THE GREATEST THING IN LIFE"
William S. Hart in
"BRANDING BROADWAY"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

Maurice Tourneur's Production
"SPORTING LIFE"

Paramount

Enid Bennett in
"FUSS AND FEATHERS"
Marguerite Clark in
"THREE MEN AND A GIRL"
Ethel Clayton in
"THE MYSTERY GIRL"
Dorothy Dalton in "QUICKSAND"
Dorothy Gish in "THE HOPE CHEST"
Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex in
"GOODBYE BILL!"
(A John Emerson-Anita Loos Production)
Charles Ray in "STRING BEANS"
Wallace Reid in
"TOO MANY MILLIONS"
Bryant Washburn in
"THE WAY OF A MAN WITH A MAID"

Supervised by Thos. H. Ince

TRADE MARK



FRANK CHANNING HADDOCK

\$300,000 a Year Paid by Business Men For His Money-Making Advice

ONE hundred thousand people are paying this enormous sum for the help and advice of Prof. Frank Channing Haddock, a scientist whose name ranks with such famous mental-culturists and psychologists as Bergson, James and Royce. As a result of his help, these people are increasing their earnings by leaps and bounds.

Here are a few instances:

One man writes that a single day's study of Prof. Haddock's advice netted him \$300. Another man says that, after reading Prof. Haddock's helps, his first week's profit was \$897. A third man was helped to close a \$2,000 deal which had been hanging fire for months. Still another man increased his sales from \$200 a week to \$7,500 a week. Another remarkable case is that of the young man who increased his earnings from \$25 a week to \$1,000 a week as a result of Prof. Haddock's advice.

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

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

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

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

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

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

It is most probable, however, that there is money in the business in which you are

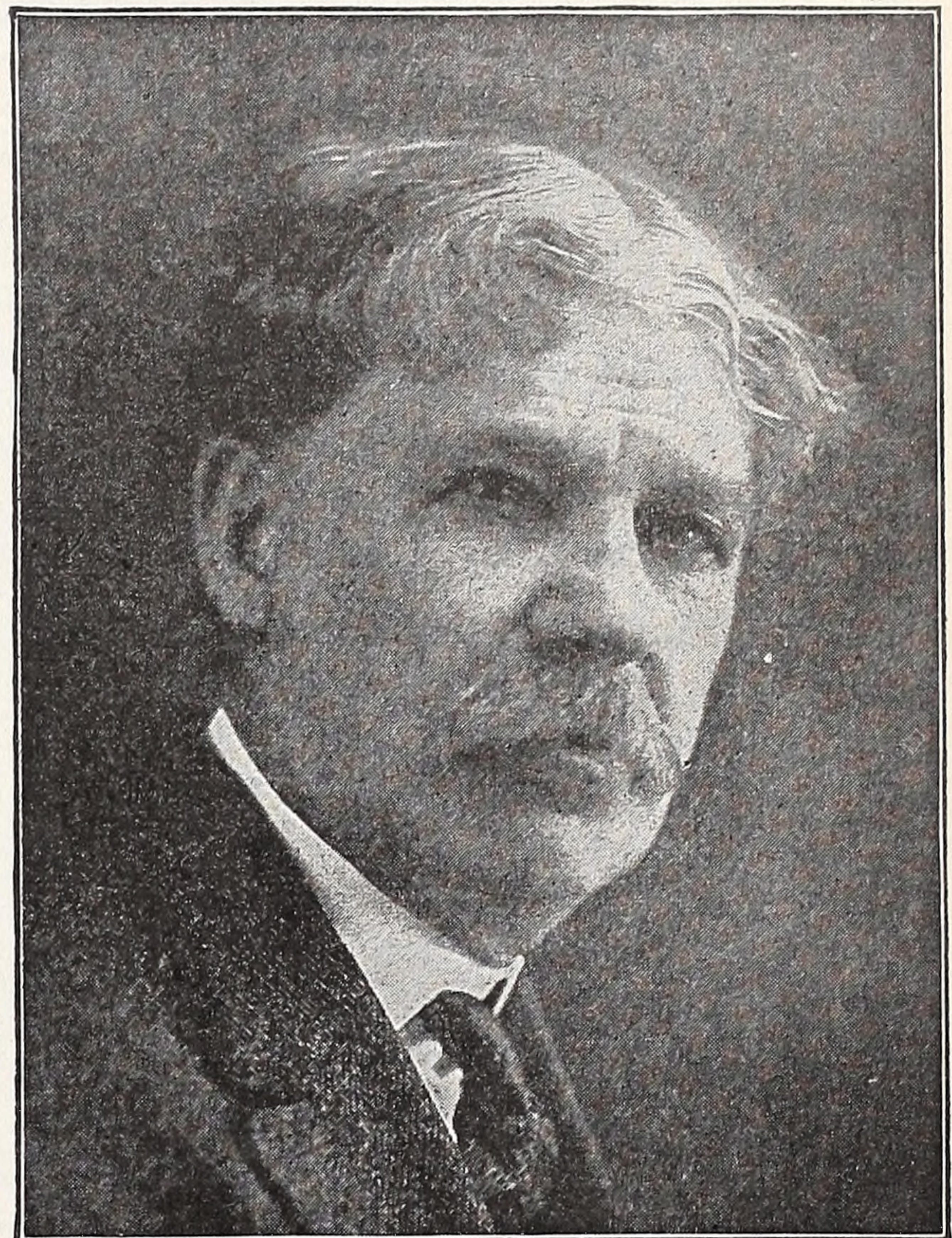
engaged. But you are carrying out the will-power of others. You are making someone else wealthy, someone with more will power than you possess! Every year you learn more about your work, and you earn a few dollars more per week, but what does it amount to? What will you be earning five years from now, if you don't do something startling with your brain?

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

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

These rules, lessons and exercises in increasing your will power, prepared by Prof. Frank Channing Haddock have been placed in book form by the Pelton Publishing Company. I am authorized to say that you need send no money in advance—that you may examine the book for five days free. In other words, if after five days reading, you do not feel that this book is worth \$3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your book for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on: the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical power; how to perfectly concentrate on any subject; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from the mind unwelcome thoughts; how to develop fearlessness; how to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a dominating personality.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountainhead of wealth, position and everything we are striving for. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for thousands—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 250,000 owners of "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie, of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper, of Kansas, and thousands of others. In fact, today "Power of Will" is just as important, and as necessary to a man's or woman's equipment for success, as a dic-



tionary. To try to succeed without Power of Will is like trying to do business without a telephone.

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

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

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

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

PELTON PUBLISHING CO.
43-S Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.
I will examine a copy of "Power of Will" at your risk. I agree to remit \$3 or remail the book in 5 days.
Name
Address
CityState

The MARCH CLASSIC

Important Features:

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

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

WALTER McGRAIL

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

MITCHELL LEWIS

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

CONRAD NAGEL

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

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

The cover will be a striking painting of Theda Bara.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Painted by Leo Sielke)

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

Gallery of Popular Players. Rotogravure studies of Betty Carpenter, Dorothy Dalton, Bessie Love, Mae Marsh and Anna Case.....	PAGE 11-15
Keeping That Appointment with Theda Bara. Tea with the famous vampire star 'midst incense and Oriental hangings.....	<i>Frederick James Smith</i> 16
A Fool of Fortune. Anthony Paul Kelly and his adventurous career.....	<i>Barbara Beach</i> 18
Sliding Down the Banisters to Success. Marjorie Rambeau and her odd career.....	<i>C. Blythe Sherwood</i> 20
The Interesting Life. Warner Oland leads it off the screen.....	<i>Janet Service</i> 22
Temperance Drove Him to the Movies. The story of Maxwell Karger, Metro's director of productions.....	<i>Charles Jameson</i> 24
Mae Murray Makes Believe. A charming chat with the little star.....	<i>Alice Bennett</i> 25
She's Cornered the Laugh Market. Who? No other than Mrs. Charlie Chaplin.....	27
The Return of Florence Turner. The famous "Vitagraph girl" is back in the films.....	<i>Elizabeth Peltret</i> 28
A Twentieth Century Priscilla. Interviewing the piquant madcap, Miss Dean.....	<i>Fritzi Remont</i> 30
The Strenuous Monroe Doctrine. Salisbury loves the Great Outdoors.....	32
The Heart of Wetona. Norma Talmadge's latest photoplay told in story form.....	<i>Faith Service</i> 33
Starward, Ho! In six months Faire Binney has established herself in the films.....	<i>Faith Service</i> 36
The Good Old Golden Rule Days. School excitement at the Sennett studios.....	38
And He Wants to Be a Playwright! Dick Barthelmess longs to dash off the Great American Play.....	<i>Mary Keane Taylor</i> 39
Fame Via Matrimony. The romance of Florence Vidor.....	<i>Olive Carew</i> 41
Good Gracious, Annabelle! Billie Burke's charming new photoplay fictionized.....	<i>Frederick Russell</i> 43
Glorious Gloria. Otherwise Miss Swanson.....	47
The Mid-Theatrical Season. New photographs of the successful stage plays and players.....	48
The Celluloid Critic. The new photoplays in review.....	<i>Frederick James Smith</i> 50
"Big Bill" Duncan. Characteristic glimpses of the virile star.....	52
Maggie Pepper. Fictionized from Ethel Clayton's latest photoplay.....	<i>Dorothy Donnell</i> 53
The Extra Girl Invades a Mimic Boarding House. A Gladys Leslie picture in the filming.....	<i>Ethel Rosemon</i> 56
Double Exposures. Humorous comments on the film world.....	<i>Conducted by F. J. S.</i> 58
Gossip of the Pacific Coast.	<i>Fritzi Remont</i> 60
The Movie Encyclopedia	<i>The Answer Man</i> 75

Published monthly at 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Subscription, \$2.00 a year, in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico, and Philippines; in Canada, \$2.30 a year; in foreign countries, \$3.00. Single copies, 20 cents, postage prepaid. One-cent stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as Second-class Matter. Copyright, 1918, by the M. P. Publishing Co., in the United States and Great Britain, a New York corporation, with its principal offices at Bayshore, N. Y. Eugene V. Brewster, President; J. Stuart Blackton, Vice-President; E. M. Heinemann, Secretary; Eleanor V. V. Brewster, Treasurer.

STAFF FOR THE CLASSIC:

Eugene V. Brewster, Managing Editor; Frederick James Smith, Literary Editor
 Dorothy Donnell, Robert J. Shores, Edwin M. La Roche, Fritzi Remont..... Associate Editors
 Guy L. Harrington..... Sales Manager
 Duncan A. Dobie, Jr..... Advertising Manager
 Archer A. King..... Western Manager
 Metz B. Hayes..... New England Manager

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

This magazine comes out on the 15th of every month. Its elder sister, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, comes out on the first of every month. Both are on sale at all newsstands in the English-speaking world.

THE AVALANCHE OF PORTRAITS HAS STARTED

In The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine's

Fame and Fortune Contest

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

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

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

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

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

IMPORTANT—CONTEST NOW OPEN TO MEN

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

THE JUDGES ARE NOW EXAMINING THE PORTRAITS

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

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

JURY OF INTERNATIONAL NOTE

The Fame and Fortune jury of judges includes:

MARY PICKFORD
THOMAS INCE
CECIL DE MILLE

MAURICE TOURNEUR
Commodore J. STUART BLACKTON
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY
EUGENE V. BREWSTER

TERMS OF THE CONTEST

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

CLASSIC ENTRANCE COUPON

Contestant No.....
(Not to be filled in by contestant)

Name.....

Address..... (street)

..... (city)..... (state)

Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any.....

When born..... Birthplace..... Eyes (color).....

Hair (color)..... Height..... Weight.....

Complexion.....

STOP! Look and Listen

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

It will be held in the NEXT ISSUE of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. No matter how interesting you have found the Magazine heretofore, in the March 1919 issue you will be given the surprise of your life.

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

People have learnt that in no publication is there such up-to-the-moment news, such exclusive portraits of their screen favorites, such intimate personality stories of the celluloid stars, as in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. But even these wise ones will be surprised with the NEXT ISSUE.

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

HOW LONG IS THE LIFE OF A STAR?

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

And then we offer

THE KITTY GORDON TREAT

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

For the first time you will meet the real

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

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

MARGERY WILSON

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

And besides, there will be a complete account of how night photography is accomplished, an account of what Motion Pictures have done for the navy, and three choice fiction stories; for the first time in screen history you will see your favorite star posed with her mother. We have procured these precious pictures with great difficulty—don't miss seeing them.

This is just a sample of the Surprise Party in store for you when you buy the March MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Come early and avoid the rush. Otherwise you may miss out. The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is selling like hot cakes. So much so, in fact, that we are unable to supply the demand.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE,
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

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

Bijou.—"Sleeping Partners." Piquant comedy of the French boulevards before the war. Irene Bordoni delightful, while H. B. Warner contributes a deft comedy characterization. Prismatic farce.

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

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

Fulton.—"The Riddle: Woman," with Bertha Kalich. Problem drama from the Danish. Ladies with "pasts," a he-vampire and much emotionalism. Kalich gives a picturesque if artificial performance, while Chrystal Herne and A. E. Anson make the most of their rôles.

Eltige.—"Under Orders," another war drama, and a good one, altho only two actors are necessary to tell the story—Effie Shannon and Shelley Hull, who are both fine. Plenty of weeps, with a sprinkle of mirth.

Hippodrome.—"The Riddle: Woman," with Bertha Kalich. Problem drama from the Danish. Ladies with "pasts," a he-vampire and much emotionalism. Kalich gives a picturesque if artificial performance, while Chrystal Herne and A. E. Anson make the most of their rôles.

Lyceum.—"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three bachelors who adopt Belgian war babies. Amusing complications occur when the children develop along unexpected lines. Jeanne Eagels is quaintly pleasing in the leading rôle.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge. The invisible man steals necklaces, opens safes and passes thru doors. Richard Bennett gives a vigorous performance of the human ray.

Morosco.—"Remnant." According to Hoyle, and some of the learned (?) critics (notably those of *Times*, *Sun* and *Post*), this play will never, never do. Fortunately the public and the critics don't often agree. The repartee in this comedy sparkles like a Shaw or Wilde, in sentiment and romance it equals "The Cinderella Man" and "Daddy Longlegs," the humor in it rivals that of "Peg o' My Heart," it exceeds the joy spirit of "Pollyanna," and the cast is as strong as any of these. It may not be perfect in construction, and it may lack atmosphere, and maybe Florence Nash's mannerisms are not true to type (she is wonderful, nevertheless), but this play will charm and delight practically everybody but the critics.

Playhouse.—"Home Again." A highly entertaining comedy with lots of homey atmosphere and old-fashioned rural characters, founded on the poems and stories of J. Whitcomb Riley. The cast is extremely strong from top to bottom and the story is engrossing.

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

Shubert.—"The Betrothal," Maurice Maeterlinck's sequel to "The Blue Bird." Superb production of a drama rife with poetic symbolism and imaginative insight. Remarkably beautiful series of stage pictures. Excellent cast, with Reginald Sheffield as Tytyl.

ON THE ROAD.

"The Saving Grace." Delightful English comedy by Haddon Chambers, brilliantly played by Cyril Maude as a cashiered British army officer trying to get back in the big war. Laura Hope Crews admirable.



Why Don't You Write the Words for a Song?

SELECT your own subject — love, patriotism — write what the heart dictates, then submit your poem to us. We write the music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Our leading composer is Mr. Leo Friedman one of America's well-known musicians, the author of many song successes, such as "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland," "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," "When I Dream of Old Erin," and others the sales of which ran into millions of copies. Send as many poems as you wish. Don't Delay. Get Busy—Quick. CHESTER MUSIC CO. 538 S. Dearborn Street Chicago, Ill. Suite 295

Conservative Investing

There is no better means to conservative investing than the

Twenty Payment Plan

How to utilize the plan to the best possible advantage in connection with securities that possess the greatest investment value and market-profit prospects, consistent with stability of principal, is currently outlined in our fortnightly publication

"Investment Opportunities"

This publication will be sent gratis upon request for 83-MA, including booklet explaining

The Twenty Payment Plan

In Successful Operation for a Decade

SLATTERY & CO.
(Inc.)
Investment Securities

40 Exchange Place, New York



DON'T YOU LIKE My Eyelashes and Eyebrows?

You can have the same **LASHNEEN**, a hair food applied once each day, will absolutely produce thick and long eyebrows and eyelashes. Easy to apply—sure in results. Lashneen is an Oriental formula. One box all you will need. Not sold at druggists. Mailed on receipt of 25c coin and postage, or Canadian money order. **LASHNEEN COMPANY Dept. 19-D Philadelphia**

THE RESURRECTONE

TRADE MARK REGISTERED



Get Rid of that Nasal Twang on YOUR Phonograph

This remarkable reproducer gives sounds their proper expression and rhythm. Its naturalness and warmth of color makes the sound a true "resurrection" of the original. Applicable to any machine. You'll be delighted with it. Send \$10 if nickel plated, or \$12.50 if gold plated, and the RESURRECTONE will be sent postage paid. State make of instrument. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. **Hoffay Talking Machine Co., Dept. 10, 3 W. 29th St., New York City**

"Head Over Heels," with the saucy Mitzi as a delectable little vaudeville acrobat. Entertaining with tuneful Jerome Kern music and the highly amusing Robert Emmett Keane.

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

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

"Fiddlers Three," lively little operetta with considerable fun and much good music. Louise Groody scores as a captivating little ingénue and dancer, while the lanky Hal Skelly's humor is amusing. Altogether a likeable entertainment.

"Going Up." A charming musical farce written around an aviator, with Frank Craven in an interesting rôle. The music is unusually bright and catchy.

"The Passing Show of 1918." One of the best of the Winter Garden shows. Pretty girls and stunning costumes. Among the features are the amusing Howard Brothers; that lively dancing team, Fred and Adele Astaire; and the laughable Dooley Brothers.

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

"The Little Teacher." A charming play, full of human interest, and played by a company every one of which makes a hit. Mary Ryan is excellent, as usual, and her support is unusually good.

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

"The Kiss Burglar." One of the most charming of musical-comedies. Pleasant music, distinction of book and considerable humor. Above all the fascinating personality of Fay Bainter. Very pretty chorus.

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

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

"Flo-Flo." This glorified burlesque caught Broadway last season. Sprinkle some catchy music between the gags, add a flashing chorus, season well with bold if not risqué situations, and flavor with dazzling costumes and you have "Flo-Flo" ready to serve. The stars and support display well-modulated voices and some real honeymoon lingerie.

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

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

LEADING PICTURE THEATERS.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Rivoli—De Luxe photoplays, with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

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

YOUR VOICE

Wider Range—Clearer Tones



DO YOU wish to possess a sweeter, stronger and clearer voice with a wider range? And have complete control of your voice at all times? This is now possible by the latest scientific discovery, the Feuchtinger method. This method will improve your voice 100%. This is what it has already done for others. Simple, silent exercises—just a few minutes every day—you will be surprised at the daily improvement of your voice; imparts strength to the vocal organs and gives a surprising quality of richness to the tones.

This course in voice training is given to you right in your home. It is endorsed by many well-known speakers and singers. No matter where you live, it is possible for you to secure this training on a most remarkable offer. Send the coupon for full particulars and proof of what it has done for others. Don't delay the improvement of your voice.

DO YOU STAMMER?

The famous Perfect Voice Institute method is invaluable to those who stammer or lisp. A special course of training for those with an impediment in their speech has been prepared by a famous European director. It will give you command of

muscles and cords which reproduce vocal sounds. You should not hesitate for one minute to secure this valuable training. It will give you the self-confidence so necessary to your business and social success. Write at once for full particulars.

VOICES RESTORED Good Voices Made Better

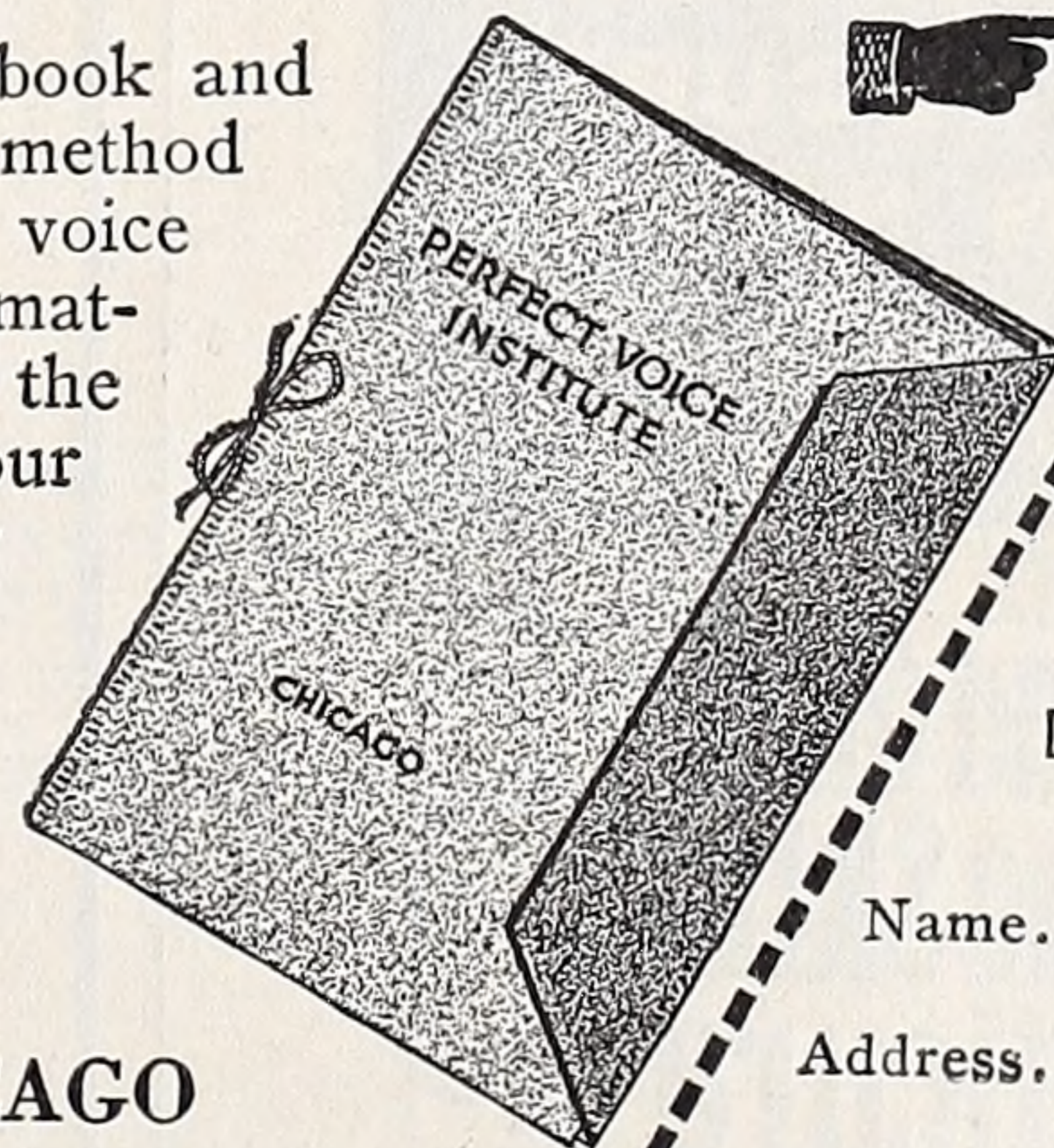
The Perfect Voice Institute has accomplished remarkable results with those who no longer have the clearness of tone and expression they once had. Imperfect voices are made perfect. All huskiness and harshness removed. The vocal organs strengthened and put under remarkable control by a perfectly natural method. It is not an experiment but a very decided success. Send for free book and special offer.

Free Consultation

Every person who is interested in voice is entitled to FREE consultation. Take your problems to Mr. Feuchtinger. WRITE him today. You can consult with this institution at any time about your voice. This service is absolutely free. This is the only institution of its kind offering this service. Write us today and we will send full particulars FREE.

Free Book—Send Coupon

Send the coupon today and get our free book and literature. Learn just what this famous method is and how it will give you a perfect voice while you study right in your home. No matter how helpless your case may seem the Perfect Voice Institute can improve your voice 100 per cent. Mail the coupon for this information. You will be under no obligation whatever. Act at once and learn about this very special offer.



Perfect Voice Institute
Studio 9552
1772 Wilson Ave.,
Chicago

Send me the book and facts about the Feuchtinger Method. I have put X opposite subject that interests me most.

Singing
 Speaking Lipping
 Stammering

Name.....

Address.....

Perfect Voice Institute
1772 Wilson Ave., Studio 9552, CHICAGO



WOMEN ARTISTS NOW NEEDED!

Learn At Home

Women have shown their ability in every field entered. Now comes a tremendous demand for women artists. The Liberty Loan and other war campaigns have proved that *pictures produce results*. Merchants now fully realize this—and need women artists and illustrators to carry out their ideas.

Learn By Mail

By our new method of teaching by mail you can learn in your own home, in a few weeks, illustrating, cartooning and commercial art. Hundreds of successful pupils are now making splendid incomes. Get into this fascinating work yourself and earn \$50 to \$100 or more per week! Have your own studio or secure high salaried position. Or work in spare time. Many students earn while they are learning!

Artist's Outfit Free

A complete outfit free to all students. Includes everything required to produce hundreds of dollars worth of pictures. Here is your chance to develop your neglected talent and start yourself on the road to independence.

Send Free Coupon

for the most remarkable offer ever made by any recognized and reputable school of art. Special terms to a limited number of new students and complete Artist's Outfit given Free. Fill out and mail the attached coupon and we will send you, at once, a beautiful Art Booklet filled with drawings and full particulars of our extraordinary offer. Do it now—before you turn the page.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
1142 H Street, N. W. :-: :-: Washington, D. C.

Free Coupon

Washington School of Art,
1142 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Without any obligation on my part, please send me your Free Art Booklet and Special Free Drawing Outfit Offer with Reduced Terms to new students.

Name

Address

**STRAIGHTEN YOUR TOES
BANISH THAT BUNION**



**ACFIELD'S
Perfection Toe Spring**

Worn at night, with auxiliary appliance for day use.

Removes the Actual Cause

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

Full particulars and advice free in plain envelope.

C. R. ACFIELD, Foot Specialties, (Est. 1901)
MARRIDGE BUILDING
Dept. 157, 1328 Broadway (at 35th Street) New York



BEAUTIFUL HAIR

A new and successful method of growing the hair has been discovered, which consists of penetrating the hair follicles with a special vitalizing hair serum, causing it to produce a new hair; the hair regrows as it was in youth—straight, wave or curl—and with a natural and beautiful lustre; testimonials and medical reprints.

NATIONAL BIO-CHEMICAL LABORATORY,
Knox Building, 5th av. (entrance 40th st.), suite 501.

**THERE'S ONLY ONE
WAY TO SECURE
A SATIN SKIN**

**APPLY SATIN SKIN CREAM,
THEN SATIN SKIN POWDER.**

**Boys and Girls
Clear the Skin
with Cuticura**

Druggists; Soap, Ointment, Talcum 25c. each.



A Profession Within Your Grasp!

With the Dawn of Peace Comes the Rise of New Opportunities

THE World War was waged against Kaisers and all Autocrats who suppressed the People's Opportunities. Opportunity was relegated to a Favored Class.

THE Favored Class has been abolished and today you and I stand on the Rim of a New Age. One look into the Agonized Face of the Victors tells us that the Supremacy of the Sword lies buried in the Ruins of the Old World which we have forever left behind.

YOU and I—we are the People. And it is true that the people will rule henceforth. But whether or not it be You and I who shall rule is not left to Chance. For our fellows will permit none to rule who has not won his Crown!

SO a new war is upon us—the War of Peace, the War of the Pen. And the Pen is Mightier than the Sword! For the pen is Bloodless and every well-directed stroke means a new rivet in the Renaissance of Right.

THE Pen shall be the scepter of this New World that woke on Flanders Fields. The Pen shall bring the World's Men to the World's Market Places and leave to Unknown Failure the Merchant who does not Advertise. The Pen shall weigh and sway the Opinions of the People until they rock the sphere in the Cradle of the Press, and he who fails to read his Magazine or Newspaper will be blasted with Ignorance. The Pen will rouse the Sleeping Souls of Men to set Monumental Deeds over the graves of Dead Resolutions, and he who has not ears to hear the Voice of the People thru their Orators shall never see the Morning! The Pen shall skim the richness and sweetness of the World's Glories in History, it shall bring the essence of Men's Lives to be relieved in the Library, it shall enchain the tragedies and laughter that storm and sun the Human Soul, in an exquisite hour on a Curtained Stage, it shall last of all Sing the weary world to sleep by sweeping the strings of Poetic Fancy!

HAIL to the Age of the Pen! For the literary arts are the foundation of all the arts and sciences. Without them success in any undertaking is well nigh impossible. They are stepping-stones as well as independent professions.

SO, the time is ripe for the New Education to rise—The AMERICAN COLLEGE OF LITERARY ARTS. This is the only institution in the World devoted solely to the Word and the Pen. It is consecrated to Opportunity and the People's Need. It puts a Profession within the grasp of the Man Who Has Ears to Hear.

WHY bury a talent in the grime of a back-breaking, soul-rasping, mind-crushing job? This, to the Man or Woman who HAS a talent!

MEN and Women of Talent, we salute you! We greet you with the Key to the Door of Opportunity in our hand.

WE warn you, that the Door stands at the top of a high mountain which only diligent Study and honest Perseverance may hope to reach. We Keepers of the Gate are trustees only. Treasures lie within that none but True Knights of the Pen may lay hands on.

WE are seeking Dreamers of Dreams, to be sure, but none shall pass out with the Seal of Approval until we are convinced that he IS a Doer of Deeds.

OLD Schools have passed away, we offer you one born Yesterday breathing the New Spirit of the Age. Here is a School in the very midst of the Turmoil of Life. Here the Man and the Woman meet Masters, mind to mind and heart to heart, who have solved Life's Problems in their Particular Profession. Here may study Students who never walked in Learned Halls, students who are gray with Age or grimed with Toil, students who commune with their Masters tho they dwell in Timbuctoo or Kokomo, students who are masters of all their time or who can garner a treasured hour a day. The A. C. L. A. plan fits the Student's Mind and Ambition and ignores his or her physical, financial and social handicaps.

IF YOU think you belong to the Ruling Class, if you can Dream Dreams and Do Deeds, if you can follow Opportunity over the rugged paths that lead to the Summit of Achievement, if you would like to peer into the Treasures the New Age holds for YOU, clip the Coupon below, and send it to us and we will send you a handsome Brochure of Inspiration called "The Open Door."

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF LITERARY ARTS

310 Washington Avenue

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF LITERARY ARTS, 310 Washington Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sirs: I am interested in your announcement. Please send me your booklet "The Open Door" free, without any obligation on my part.

Name

Street

City and State

Date



Buy an Income Month by Month

How Money Makes Money

Few people realize the power of accumulated savings—or capital. If you start in now to invest your savings wisely and continue this practice, you can become financially independent later on.

7% to 9%

Small or large sums may be invested in Big and Growing American industries to net 7% to 9% and more. In addition there are strong possibilities that your capital invested will be increased.

The Ten Payment Plan

enables you to purchase the best and safest stocks upon a first payment of 20% and the balance in nine equal monthly sums. You secure dividends while making payments. For full details send for booklet P-2.

E. M. Fuller & Co.

Members of Consolidated Stock Exchange of N.Y.

50 Broad Street New York

Play Piano in One Hour--10c



No teacher needed. Complete self-instructor. In one hour you can play an accompaniment to any song written. This chart is invaluable to anyone wishing to quickly become a piano player. After using a few times you can dispense with chart. Mailed with catalog of novelties for 10c, 2c postage. ROYAL CHART CO., Dept. D, So. Norwalk, Conn.

(Nine)



All of Your Favorites

The group of 80 portraits which we are now offering, with a year's subscription to either the Motion Picture Magazine or Motion Picture Classic is the most complete and most attractive of any similar offer ever made.

Printed in rich, warm sepia tones by the famous rotogravure process, their appearance is one that will delight you and your friends. More than that, they are just the right size to conveniently mount and frame.

YOU CANT BUY THESE PICTURES

These pictures are not for sale. They can only be obtained in connection with a subscription to the Magazine and Classic. Shall we reserve a set for you? Just fill in coupon and mail with remittance.

YOUR FAVORITES ARE HERE:

- | | | | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|-------------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| Frances Nelson | Jackie Saunders | Jewell Hunt | Owen Moore | Louise Glaum |
| Marguerite Courtot | Virginia Pearson | Alice Joyce | Virginia Norden | Fay Tincher |
| Ruth Roland | Kathlyn Williams | Peggy Hyland | Theda Bara | Billie Burke |
| Annette Kellermann | King Baggot | Alice Brady | Bessie Eytan | Viola Dana |
| Fritzi Brunette | Henry B. Walthall | Fannie Ward | J. Warren Kerrigan | May Allison |
| Mary Miles Minter | Charles Chaplin | Cleo Rldgely | Edna Mayo | Beverly Bayne |
| Pearl White | Beatriz Michelena | Marle Doro | Helen Holmes | Francis X. Bushman |
| Orml Hawley | Earle Williams | Vivian Martin | Clara Kimball Young | Harold Lockwood |
| Erwin August | Frank Morgan | Dustin Farnum | Lillian Gish | Mme. Petrova |
| Kitty Gordon | Huntley Gordon | Myrtle Stedman | Mabel Normand | Valli Valli |
| Bianche Sweet | Anita Stewart | Lenore Ulrich | Dorothy Gish | Mrs. Sidney Drew |
| Anita King | Lillian Walker | Edna Godrich | Bessie Barriscale | Sidney Drew |
| Wallace Reid | Leah Baird | Mary Pickford | Norma Talmadge | Ethel Clayton |
| Mae Murray | Dorothy Kelly | Marguerite Clark | Douglas Fairbanks | Carlyle Blackwell |
| Mary Fuller | Lucille Lee Stewart | Pauline Frederick | Mae Busch | Mollie King |
| Jane Grey | Charles Richman | John Barrymore | William S. Hart | Muriel Ostriche |

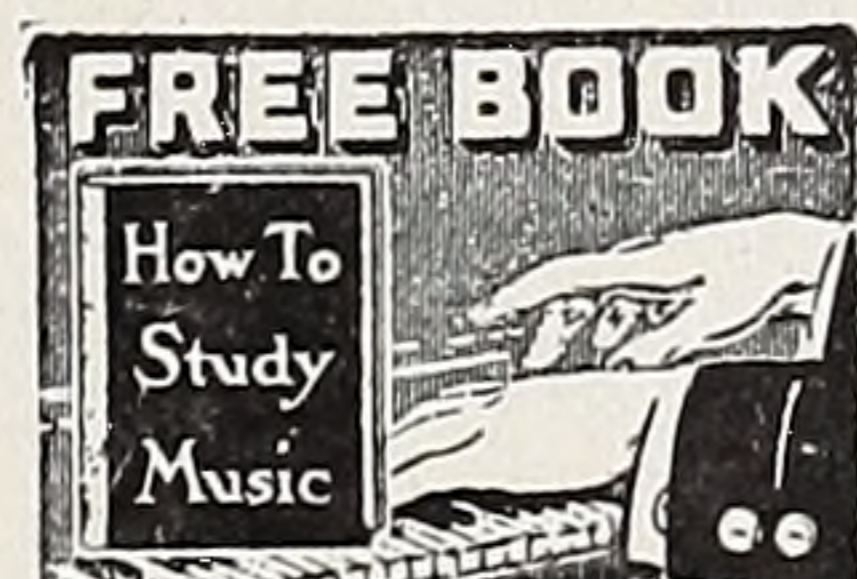
Subscription prices

	Magazine	Classic	Magazine & Classic
United States	\$2.00	\$2.00	\$3.50
Canada.....	2.30	2.30	4.10
Foreign.....	3.00	3.00	5.50

M. P. PUBLISHING CO.

175 Duffield Street

Brooklyn, N. Y.



Learn Piano!

This Interesting Free Book

shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ in your own home, at one quarter usual cost. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method is endorsed by leading musicians and heads of State Conservatories. Successful 26 years. Play chords at once and complete piece in every key, within 4 lessons. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. For beginners or teachers, old or young. All music free. Diploma granted. Write today for 64-page free book, "How to Study Music." M. L. Quinn Conservatory, Studio KB, Social Union Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Photoplays - Stories - Poems - Songs

Ambitious Writers of Photoplays, Stories, Poems, Songs, send today for new catalog of helpful suggestions. Atlas Publishing Co., D-598, Cincinnati, O.

Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c. for our Twelve-Hour Talent Tester or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. Instructive and valuable. Send dime or stamps today. Interesting, Illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!

Film Information Bureau, Sta. C, Jackson, Mich.

Buy U.S. War Savings Stamps

Own Your Own Stocks in a Year

BEGIN TO-DAY

Invest wisely. Obtain Growing Income. Buy only high-grade stocks paying substantial dividends. First payment 20% of purchase price. Balance in equal monthly payments during year.

Write to-day for Booklet "M.P."

Francis & Co.

Investment Securities

Cor. Broadway and Wall St., New York City



BEFORE shampooing, rub the scalp with the tips of the fingers (not the nails). This stimulates the blood that feeds the roots of the hair, and loosens the particles that clog up the pores



Now dip the hair in warm water, separate it into small parts and scrub the scalp with a tooth-brush lathered with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rinse thoroughly



NEXT apply a thick, hot lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and leave it on for two or three minutes



CLEAR off with fresh warm water. Wash all the soap out carefully and finish by rinsing in tepid water



DRY very thoroughly. To make the hair fluff out prettily, dry it hanging over the face instead of down the back

The Right Way To Shampoo

HOW THIS TREATMENT HELPS YOUR HAIR

THE whole beauty and lustre of your hair depend upon your *scalp*. This is why caring for the hair is the same as caring for the skin.

Which of these is your hair trouble?

Is your hair dull and lifeless? It can be made rich and lustrous.

Is it greasy, oily? Or dry and brittle? You can correct the condition which prevents the tiny oil glands from emitting just the right amount of oil to keep your hair soft and silky.

Is it constantly powdered with dandruff? Or does it come out in combfuls? Begin at once to keep the pores of the scalp as free and clear as you keep the pores of your face.

Keep your scalp healthy

To keep your scalp healthy and vigorous, use persistently Woodbury's Facial Soap, formulated after years of study by John H. Woodbury, the famous skin specialist.

Use the soap treatment given on this page as a regular shampoo. You will enjoy the healthy, active feeling it gives your scalp. You will soon see the im-

provement in your hair—how much richer and softer it is.

For ten or twelve shampoos, or for a month or six weeks of any of the famous facial treatments, you will find the 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap sufficient. Around it is wrapped the booklet of famous Woodbury skin and scalp treatments. Get a cake today. Woodbury's is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada—wherever toilet goods are sold.

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder

Send 6 cents for a sample cake (enough for a shampoo or for a week of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you, in addition to these, a sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 902 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 902 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC



BETTY CARPENTER

A little comedienne has been rapidly coming to the front in Henry Lehrman's Sunshine Comedies—Betty Carpenter. Thus far Betty's beauty has weathered the menace of aerial custard pies and aviating tomatoes. If all goes well, Miss Carpenter is likely to be heard from strongly in the near future.



DOROTHY DALTON.

Dorothy was born in Chicago and educated at the convent of the Sacred Heart. She decided to become an actress, much against the wishes of her father, who wanted to make a lawyer of her. But Dorothy rejected the Portia ambitions and went on the stage. She finally was graduated from vaudeville to pictures. Stardom under the Ince banner came quickly.



BESSIE LOVE

Miss Love's parents had singular foresight, for Bessie was born right in Los Angeles. With studios on every side, the future was decided. At sixteen she was doing extra parts. Finally came a real rôle in "The Flying Torpedo," and Bessie was made. Now she's a Vitagraph star.



MAE MARSH

"She is Madonna in an art as wild and young as her sweet eyes; a frail dew flower from this hot lamp that is today's divine surprise," penned Vachel Lindsay of Mae Marsh in his "The Chinese Nightingale." Miss Marsh is now at work on a new series of Goldwyn productions on the coast and great things are promised.



ANNA CASE

Now famous on the opera and concert stage, Miss Case started life seriously handicapped. Born of poor parents in a tiny New Jersey town, Miss Case had to fight every inch of the way. So her success is deserved in every way. Her screen debut under the International flag is being watched with interest.

Keeping The The

By FREDERICK



FIVE minutes passed—ten—fifteen! The veil of incense whirled and circled about us. A stone Buddha grinned from the table. A portrait of Theda Bara, looking pleasantly over a pale Polar bear, gazed 'at us in the eye. Fantastic tapestry designs of peacocks draped the walls. Close by

were queer Oriental candles, half-burned. A golden lucky horseshoe, presented by an enthusiastic Western regiment, graced a side wall.

The incense gathered and curled about us. We investigated the room with the grim purpose of turning it off—if possible. But it swirled out thicker and thicker in clouds from some mysterious side room.

Twenty minutes!

Then came a distant rustle and tinkle of bracelets. Thru the gray of the burning incense came Miss Bara. In clinging crimson velvet Embroidered here and there with gold. ("Perfect," we recall saying—to ourselves.) She took our hands and murmured something about the fireplace and tea. Suddenly out of the smoke-cloud emerged a Japanese

Miss Bara is a young woman who thinks and has a sense of humor. We doubt that she actually takes her press-agent occultism too seriously. Still, there is a vein of the mystic about her. Yet, beneath the incense and the perfume and talk of peacock feathers and the science of numbers, is a very likeable—and vivid—
young person



Appointment With Theda Bara

WES SMITH

servant. He lighted the gas grate, drew the circular couch closer to the fireplace and we sat down. A tiny tea-wagon appeared from somewhere and Miss Bara began.

"Perfumes fascinate me," she sighed, holding up either hand esthetically to her nostrils. "I've just had two new odors created for my use and they quite captivate me." Then she went on to say that few people know the value of perfumes, which should express the personality, the time and the mood exactly.

"A mighty good start," we said—again to ourselves. But perhaps we failed to register vivid interest in perfumes. Anyway, Miss Bara shifted rapidly to other subjects. Suddenly she stopped and her famous eyes considered us seriously.

"When were you born?" she asked. And we confessed.

"I was born in November," she said. "If you had been born two weeks earlier I couldn't have sat here ten minutes with you. Our stars would be in conflict."

We sighed with relief.

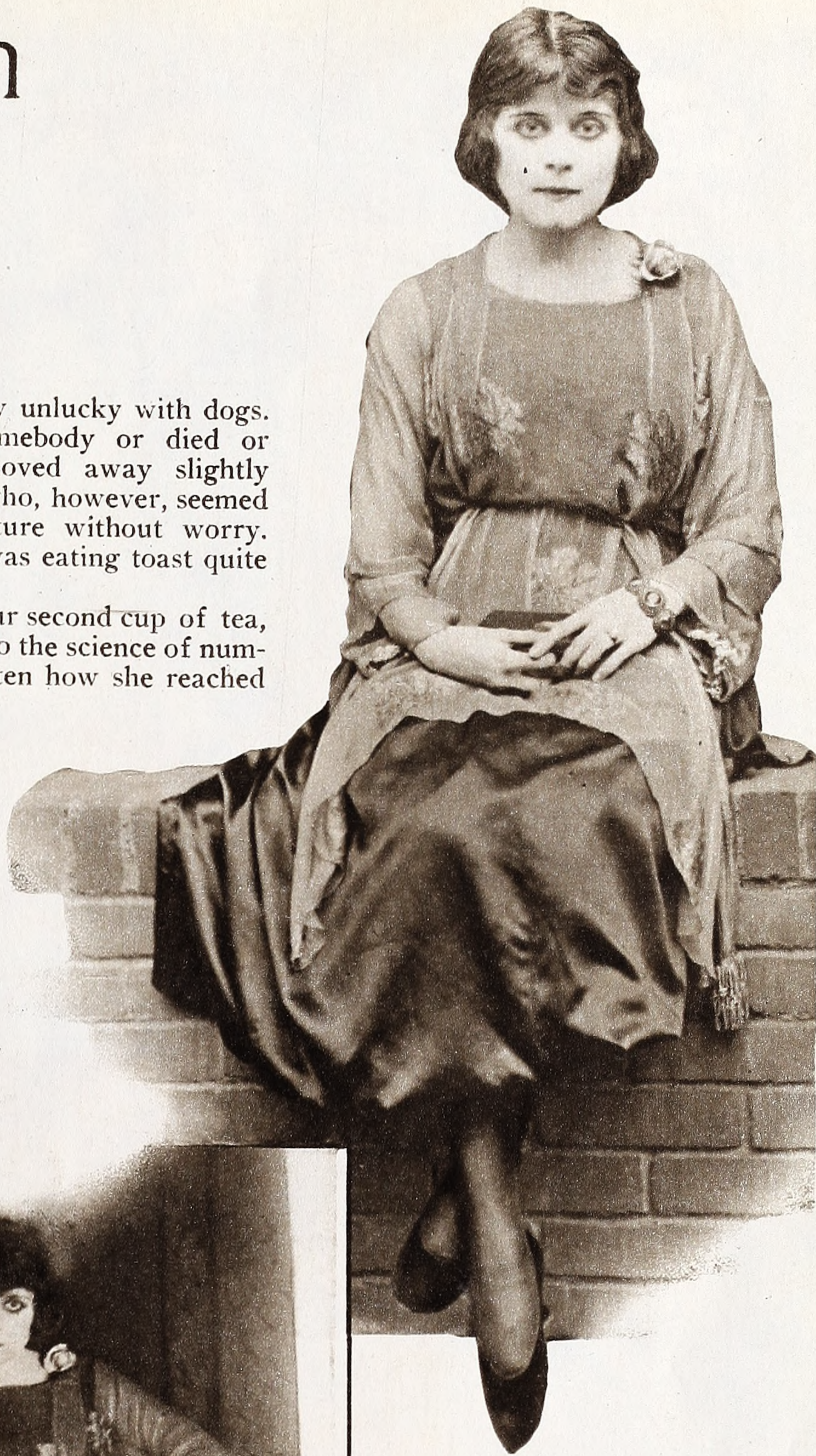
Miss Bara talked of dreams and their interpretations. Once, Miss Bara, we remember, claimed that she was a vestal virgin in ancient Greece—or was it Rome? And we've quite forgotten the interpretation.

Miss Bara serves us with a cold and odd sugared toast. "Mr. Petes" appeared. "Mr. Petes" is Miss Bara's newest valet. The valet said

that she was terribly unlucky with dogs. Either they bit somebody or died or something. We moved away slightly from "Mr. Petes," who, however, seemed to consider the future without worry. At the moment he was eating toast quite unperturbed.

In the middle of our second cup of tea, Miss Bara delved into the science of numbers. We've forgotten how she reached it, but, according to numbers, fate has destined

Miss Bara is going to appear on the stage—soon. It is her dearest desire. When her present screen contract has expired, she will turn to the footlights with something big and mystic and vampirish



her to get her success wholly thru herself. After some figuring she got our number, explaining that our success would come partly thru ourself and partly by working thru others.

Which left us even more relieved, but still somewhat hazy. Probably noting our labored breathing, Miss Bara had the Jap servant turn off the gas logs and shortly the incense began to dwindle away. We started to think clearer.

Our talk wandered on to many things. Miss Bara's occultism began to give here and there before a healthy humanism. We commenced to sense her real self. Somehow we felt that she had done her duty by her press-agents and was becoming the real Theda Bara.

But she did tell us how she sends contributions to a little church in the mountains of

(Continued on page 78)

A Fool of Fortune

By BARBARA BEACH

I want to tell you about Tony Kelly's characteristics, also some chapters of his life, for two reasons. First, he is an author who has succeeded on his own at an age when most men are just beginning; and second, his history contains a corking human interest story.

"Don't say I am a genius," said Kelly, in response to a remark I made to him. "I'm not. But I read the newspapers, I know my history, and I have hundreds of ideas which I can scarcely wait to work out on paper."

There, in a nutshell, is the secret of his success. He works his ideas out on paper. Long before his enthusiasm has waned he has Underwooded and sold a scenario, a play, a vaudeville sketch, while other able writers would be content to dream their ideas into production.

Doing, not dreaming—that is the simple difference between success and mediocrity.

Anthony Paul Kelly was born "in the upper front parlor," to quote his own version of an important event. To those prosaic humans who wish further information, I

may add that the upper front parlor was located in Chicago.

Two glimpses of Anthony Paul Kelly's stage success, "Three Faces East," with Violet Heming and Emmett Corrigan in the leading rôles. The hit is now running at the Cohan and Harris Theater

Tony's parents must have had visions of saintly years ahead for their son when they gave him the

Anthony and the Paul part of his name. I know they had hopes of his being a priest, at



TODAY Anthony Paul Kelly, playwright and scenarioist, refused an offer of \$5,000 from Mary Pickford to scenarioize "Daddy Long Legs."

Four or maybe five years ago he was starving in a Los Angeles boarding-house.

Truly the mills of the gods grind—speedily.

The Mary Pickford offer was refused because Tony, as every one along Broadway familiarly calls him, considered "Daddy Long Legs" too fine a play to be put into scenario form by anybody who cannot be Johnny-on-the-spot when it was produced, attending to all the fine details.

And as, at present, Kelly is a C. P. O. (Chief Petty Officer—a C O P, as he laughingly puts it) in the American Navy, stationed in New York, it was an impossibility for him to traipse out to California, where "Daddy Long Legs" is to be photographed.

But to be able to refuse \$5,000—there's the rub, as our bard of Avon would put it, and at the age of 26—there's another!



Thus Anthony Paul Kelly Characterizes Himself

least, for he attended St. Paul's Academy and Loyola College with that avowed intention.

But the best laid plans, you know—at any rate, Tony was expelled from one for hitting a companion, by mistake, with an apple, and from the other for playing craps. The second expulsion of his son proved too much for the Celtic pride of Kelly père and Anthony was disowned. The parental door was shut in the prodigal's face, and it was up to young Tony to make good on his own.

He was a stripling then—he is now—a youthful, slender figure with snappy, Irish eyes and hair that refuses to behave. For a short time he remained in Chicago as a fifteen-dollar-a-week reporter; then he went West to participate in an engineering project, just outside of Phoenix, Arizona.

The sole recreation of the men out there was to ride into Phoenix and see a movie. The shows then were one- and two-reelers and so mighty scarce that Tony and the boys saw the same show over and over again. Young Kelly considered this all wrong and determined to increase the supply of scenarios. Out on the dry desert he sketched a plot and submitted it to Vitagraph. His first script was purchased for, I believe, the munificent sum of fifteen dollars.

Thus it was that the bee for writing started buzzing again, and Kelly worked his way to California.

"Never put any stock in that Horace Greeley quotation about going West," said Tony; "take a tip from me and go East. In the East lies opportunity."



Tony started out to be a priest. Then he became a fifteen-dollar-a-week reporter. Next he worked on an engineering project in Arizona. After that came the scenario idea and near-starvation in California

These were the days before the war, and California was swamped with well-known writers. For weeks Kelly hunted in vain for a position; then he hunted for a job, equally in vain, until the time came when he owed his landlady four weeks' rent and had spent his last nickel.

"The only reason the landlady let me keep my room," said Kelly, "was because I had no baggage she could turn to account. So she let me stay sort of like an investment. If I got my job, she got her pay."

It was on a Friday that Tony had spent his last nickel for food, and on the same day he got an offer from the *Los Angeles News* to write on space, beginning Monday morning.

All day Saturday the lad drank water to fool himself into thinking he had eaten. Towards evening he was consumed by such a terrific hunger that he screwed up enough courage to enter a restaurant and ask the proprietor to allow him to wash dishes for a meal. He was turned out with the curt refusal, "We've got too many men now."

(Continued on page 77)

Sliding Down the Banisters to Success



"No," Marjorie Rambeau laughed, over her dainty cup, "I never was stage-struck. For a San Francisco girl, I was unusually slim and frail, because I had sprouted so rapidly. I am not an inch taller at present than I was when I wore pig-tails. So, as a means of strengthening my health, I was sent, when a child, to the Paul Gerson School of Acting. They had an exceptional gymnasium course, and their dancing and calisthenic and fencing branches were, at the time, the best in the country. It just happened, that's all"—offering some Parisian pastry—"that it was my lot to go on the stage. I had never given it a thought, remember, and yet, one day, a Mr. McLane came to the school to ask if he might choose a pupil to go on the vaudeville circuit in one of his sketches. He spied me *as I was sliding down the banisters*, and turned to the director, claiming I was the one he wanted! I was a youngster of twelve. I had never acted before. And yet he wanted *me* to play the part of a wife of thirty-four!" Miss Rambeau's musical trill of joy re-trilled thru the rooms of her apartment.

"Of course, with little or no theatrical aspirations, I was tickled at the idea, and because Mr. McLane was so sincere in his conceptions that I had possibilities of being an actress, and his promise that he would make me a *good* one, mother—for she had been asked to accompany me—let me go. Well, for the first time in my life—it was then that I donned long skirts, corsets, high heels and put my hair on top of my head.

"I loved it. Mr. McLane felt that, so the next year he put me on in a play which happened to be none other than Dumas' masterpiece—only, I am sure I am not speaking at random when I say that that was the first time, I believe, 'Camille' had ever been played by a girl of thirteen! Mr. McLane vowed he would make me the youngest leading lady . . . and it is so . . . out West . . . altho it was in stock . . . that is what I became." Miss Rambeau flourished the radiation of her smile effulgently "There! What have I been doing? Rambling or about myself! Oh, my dear . . . I think that will do for a while." And she buoyantly arose and glided over to the victrola. "Here is a new record I want you to hear. I think it will please you."

It was a pretty thing. A gossamer tune, most exquisitely wafted by the lambent wand of Heifetz. After that she gave me another of his idylls, and then came Galli-Curci, Kreisler, McCormack. Each one of them exhilarated her, then sobered her, in turn. She smiled at the seriousness of her felicity. After a while she said, "Please don't think me one-sided. Jazz music gives me a good time, too. Whereupon for a half-hour the two of us experienced thrill upon thrill of sinking to the depths of uplifting, harmonious discord."

Marjorie Rambeau as she appears in "Where Poppies Bloom." A San Francisco girl, Miss Rambeau was sent to a dramatic school. One day she chanced to slide down the banisters. A theatrical manager was standing at the bottom and he engaged her on the spot—to play a wife of thirty-four

"I guess it's that way with every one," she confided "our want of extreme. Why, my music cabinet just like my fancies for food, or as my childhood goals used to be, either a good or all bad.

"Which reminds me of Alaska. There, there are only two kinds of women

By C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD

good or bad. How I came to discover that was when I was sixteen years old. Mother and I and the company in which I had been starring were stranded in one of their mining villages, due to the neglect and disappearance of our drunken manager. Without him, we had nothing to do and were absolutely with no funds. The people of the center waited to see whether or not we would succumb to their cabarets. They were skeptical about the legitimacy of our purpose. They did not want to dare any more chances, so many times had they been fooled by the bad. After two weeks, mother and I were the only ones left. The others had by some way or another managed to reach Fairbanks. Doggedly we held out. One offer on top of the other, to sing and dance in the halls, were refused by us, until finally, when the cultured and wealthy inhabitants of the place realized our sincerity, we were, of a sudden, swamped with invitations to visit their homes, and even give private performances. You see, as soon as they came to



Once, stranded in Alaska, Marjorie Rambeau opened a school for dramatic expression in the wilds. Miss Rambeau owned her own dog-sled, in which she rode home at night after instructing the miners' kiddies in the art of acting

make sure exactly which extreme we were, the good or bad, they acquiesced their acknowledgment.

"Life, following that, was wonderful. They gave a big benefit for me, and I remember now how, for almost an hour, I could not speak, after they had come to my cabin and let \$438 fall into my lap! They suggested I organize a school of dramatic expression; they even presented me with the wood for the construction of the building. Their tiny children came . . . I taught them how to sing and recite and dance. The women joined and learnt how to give pageants and tableaux. And the men—well, they were just God's men . . . big and clean . . . and boyish . . . and bright . . . and ever so eager to learn. As for me, oh, it was fabulous—like some of the moving pictures I see now! I was so happy . . . there with those *real* people . . . the kind who came running from miles away if they thought the smoke of their friend's chimney wasn't blowing right! I had my own dog-sled, too, composed of eight gorgeous canine specimens, and many a night I had to travel around alone—with this to say as a conclusion, that never, in all my two years' existence up there, was I once insulted

(Continued on page 80)

The Interesting Life

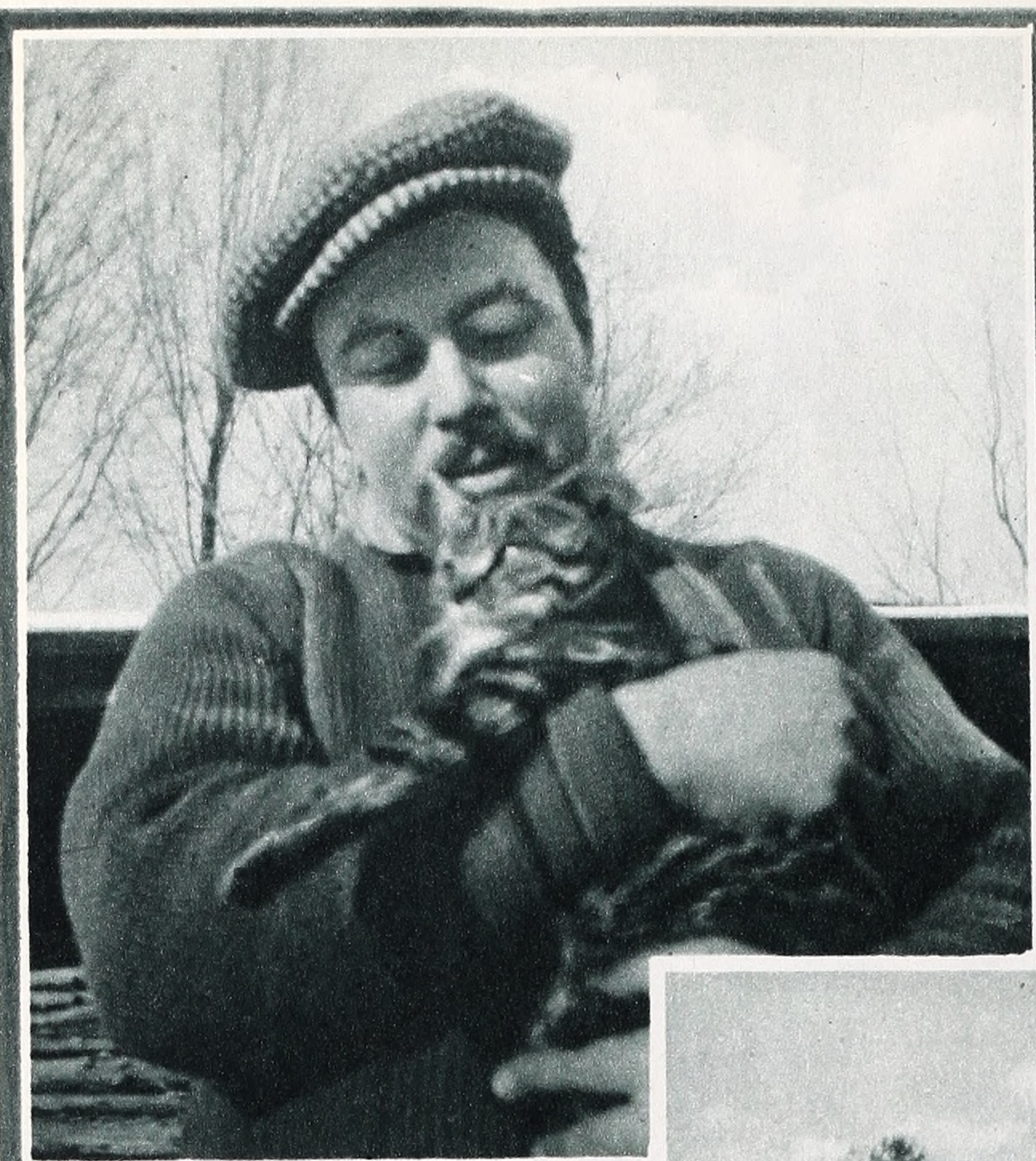
By JANET SERVICE

Mrs. Oland, the introducer of Strindberg into this country. With it all, above it all, a liver of the interesting life in what he terms the interesting world. It is rather epochal.

Every occasional once in a while one meets a person, or persons, one chances upon some life, some mode of living, that makes one sit figuratively back, fold one's arms over one's suddenly wistful heart and say, "So there are people like this! Life *can* be this vital, absorbing thing!" And, if one is wistful, one is still glad. One is conscious of added depth, a richer, more glowing color, a refulgence of atmosphere. This, in greater or lesser part, came to my mind when I spent my aforesaid evening last week with Mr. and Mrs. Warner Oland.

They have a charming studio apartment in the West 80's—an atmospheric thing, rather wide and airy and unencumbered, with various of Mrs. Oland's unframed canvasses on the walls, a huge black table, a parchment lamp. Here they spend their winter months when they are not in California. During the summer they live at the Englewood Club, and golf vigorously and enthusiastically. Both Mr. and Mrs. Oland have a fine enthusiasm, a contagious zest, which communicates itself, and hence successfully, to whatever thing they may be doing.

After a summer of sports they come back,



WARNER OLAND leads it. Or rather, Mr. and Mrs. Warner Oland lead it. I say Mr. and Mrs. advisedly, for inasmuch as they work together, play together, plan together and dream together, so are they seen together after one has talked with them and left them and viewed them in retrospect, immensely individual, inseparably blent.

If you, whoever you may be, were going to spend an evening with a "werry, werry heavy willain," what would you expect? What would your anticipations be? Not being overly acquainted with willains and their pet habits and pettier idiosyncrasies, I don't recall precisely what I *did* expect, but I have several concepts of what I *did not* expect; i. e., I didn't anticipate a wife, certainly not one devoted and very much and very charmingly devoted to. Whoever heard of a villyun with a wife, and who—oh, who ever, *ever* heard of a villyun with a *happy* wife? I didn't expect home atmosphere. Monte Carlo, y'know—Paris—New York in her harlequin hours. I didn't expect a penchant, totally unconcealed and unashamed, for pig's knuckles and Bass ale. Trouffles, I would have thought, and, say, dripped absinthe. Nor golf, virtuous recreation, nor a craving for farming, for the raw earth, from which the decadence of a villyun should have so far removed him. I found all of these things. I found a great deal more, a great *depth* more.

Now no one, of course, thinks any the less of a man who is villainous with Pearl White for reels an' reels an' reels. Just as no one thinks any the less of Rupert Hughes because he is not Tolstoi. Each to his separate sphere. Still, honestly, neither does one find oneself supposing that said serial seducer is a producer and a lover of Ibsen, art, Russian and otherwise, but inevitably the best and most progressive of art, a follower of the Czecho-Slav question, and, with



The Olands have a charming studio apartment in the West 80's—an atmospheric thing, wide, airy and unencumbered. Here they spend many months of the year. That is, when they're not roughing it on a farm in Massachusetts



Warner Oland Leads It—Or Rather, Mr. and Mrs. Oland, for They Work, Play, Dream and Plan Together

with renewed zeal, to their interesting world. Quite frequently they visit their publisher on his (I think they said) Massachusetts farm. Mr. Oland feels that the mainspring of all art, of all expression, whatsoever its medium, of all beauty, is the tremendous poetry of the raw, magnificent earth. The miraculousness of growing things. The rhythm of the labor of the earth. On a farm, sharing in enough of the actual work to make the fruits thereof a personal triumph, with yet some time for the cities, for dreaming and doing, is his conception of the absolutely ideal life. It might be termed "a gentleman's farm," yet, to hear Mr. Oland speak of it, of his ideal of it, one gets a more tremendous canvas, a vaster, richer vision. That is his ideal of *living*.

His ideal of *art* is to be able to produce Ibsen and Strindberg on the speaking stage or the screen as he conceives them. Such an ideal is immensely difficult of achievement. Not every one appreciates Ibsen and Strindberg. Still fewer appreciate Ibsen and Strindberg at their most subtle. A paucity of appreciation means a paucity of remuneration, and so . . . "one may be able to starve in a garret," said Mr. Oland, with the little, whimsical smile he rather oddly possesses, "gracefully and with a certain vicarious pleasure not in New York. Not in America. We have no place here, no status, for the lean, emaciated devotee of shrines who perishes for an ideal. One must have the means that ideals may flourish."

For all of Strindberg and Ibsen, for all the higher culture and the connoisseurship he possesses, Mr. Oland in no way disparages the movies. He thinks their immensities of growth and achievement are practically limitless. At the same time, he does not think that, aside from the camera, anything original has yet been done. "But," he says, "the possibilities—no other medium has power to convey what the screen might convey—little subtleties too fine, too shaded for the cruder medium of oil, or words—shadings of things only possible to the mobilities of the human face—blendings—exquisite things—these are the things the screen might do. But it never has."

"Wherein the fault?" Thus I inquired.

"Largely the scenarioist, partly the demand. A great deal, because the movies persist in imitating the stage, from which they are, if they but realized it, a thing apart, a separate thing, just as big a thing, just as important a thing—but absolutely *different*.

Oland's ideal is to be able to produce Ibsen and Strindberg as he conceives them. Indeed, he introduced Strindberg to the American speaking stage. Now he finds that being a villyun in the movies gives him time and the opportunity to dream the dreams he cares most about.

Below: Mr. Oland, Pearl White, Henry Gsell and Director Scitz returning from location



"As a charity they have been invaluable, their good incalculable. They have filled to overflowing, in some cases, lives which have known no lessening of care before their advent."

Mrs. Oland is even more ambitious for her husband than he is for himself to "put on" a production of Ibsen or Strindberg. When, so Mr. Oland amusedly told me, "The Better 'Ole" left the Greenwich

Village Theater Mrs. Oland immediately wished him to take over the theater bodily and begin producing. She told me, with zest, of the characters he gave when with Madame Nazimova in her Ibsen repertory at the Bijou some years ago.

But it remains to be seen what Warner Oland will do. He is, it seems to me, if I may use so flippant an expression for a state of mind which has nothing at all of flippancy

(Continued on page 71)



Temperance Drove Him to the Movies

By CHARLES JAMESON

MAXWELL KARGER calls himself a vagabond. Today he is director of productions for Metro. Four years ago he was broke. He even worked for a few weeks as a department store floor-walker. Five years ago saw him first violin of the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra. But let us begin at the beginning.

This man, who now checks up and supervises every photodrama of one of the screen's biggest producing organizations, was given an unusual musical education. Maxwell's proud parents little thought that their offspring would find his future in their despised nickelodeon. But such is fate.

Karger studied at the Ziegfeld Conservatory in Chicago and in due time became first violin of Theodore Thomas' orchestra there. Next he was for several years first violin of the New York Metropolitan orchestra. But he began to get discouraged.

"I suddenly came bang up against the realization that I couldn't do anything really big with the fiddle. It came to me after a recital given by Ysaye. I resigned my position."

"And then?" we prompted.

Karger smiled. "You would never guess what I turned to. It was selling refrigerator machinery for breweries. I went West, then I toured South America as a salesman. Back to America I came—

just in time to be hit by a prohibition wave.

"Business went to smash. I looked around in a hurry—if you have a wife you have to hurry in a situation like that. I got a job as floor-walker to tide me over, and then I landed a position as first violin with the Philharmonic. The world war had just started, and the exit of a German musician left the post vacant. That was in 1914.

"My old haunting belief of my failure with the fiddle pursued me again. I became restless. I knew B. A. Rolfe, who had once played in an orchestra with Jesse Lasky. Rolfe and Lasky had



Maxwell Karger believes that there are two lines of advance just ahead of the photoplay. First, the development of a new line of young authors, and, secondly, a better systematization of business methods in the studio.

Metro, was interested in the company, and, when Metro organized with Rowland at the head, I went with them. That's the story of my career.

I might say that

temperance drove me to the movies, reversing the usual supposed process.

perance drove me to the movies, reversing the usual supposed process.

"Today we are working on our 100th picture," continued Karger. "That means eighty pictures a year. Consider the difference between the problem of stage and screen producer. The theatrical manager finds a successful play and his worries concerning a star cease after three seasons. We have to fit a picture with eight dramas a year—and all of them must be of average merit or the movie public will turn to other favorites. 'Revelation' would have lasted Naumova for at least two years behind us."

(Continued on page 79)



"The Three of Us," with Mabel Taliaferro, was our first. Rowland, the present head of

Mae Murray Makes-Believe

By ALICE BENNETT

MAE was in a very great hurry the day I talked with her at the Claridge. Her apartment there had taken on the aspect of a checking-room in the Customs House in anticipation of a *very* conscientious Customs House official. There were so many, many trunks, and they were spilling forth so many, many things. Mae appeared to be happily oblivious, save for the fact that she was just a trifle out of breath.

She wore a rough, little trotteur, a Tam-o'-Shanter atop her golden curls and a velvet and fur cape. Most of the time she talked she rummaged hastily for pictures.

"We're trying to get our passports to London, you know," she said, "and then, Mr. Zukor is making plans which have not quite matured, and so I don't know exactly—in fact, at all—what I am going to do. It is all quite uncertain at present. We are here just for the purpose of making plans for the next year. It's"—she sighed gustily—"a packing period. Oh, yes, London, of course. There is a tremendous field here. It's amazing how little things really been done. And our two private back-sets seem to think a company with a star already a *little* bit known (modesty of Mae!) would go better and more quickly. But if it takes too long to get our passports, I shall have to give it up. It may take six weeks. That would be too long—without salary." She made a little moué and a deprecatory gesture. "Money is important," she declared, as though stating a totally new and vivid viewpoint, "and, it's funny, but the more one makes the more one is anxious about it. That's the way it is with me. Yes——" Mae has an odd little way of finishing up a sentence with a "yes" and a little, running laugh. Then she added, pensively, "I shall miss the children."

I started. It was a most matronly statement, most materally delivered. "The children" was a sweeping assertion. "Curious sense of humor, this," I thought, and took stock

again of the highly unmatronly, Tam-o'-Shantered little person. "Oh," said I, "married——"

"Mrs. Bob Leonard, you know," she came back, opening the tenth innovation trunk, "last August. I'm quite a bride, you see. Yes——"

I felt for my head. "I've been doing too much of this interviewing," I thought, weakly. "The—the children?" I queried.

Miss Murray suspended activities. Hurry was forgot. One could see that the subject nearest, and likewise dearest, to her heart (groom no doubt generously expected) had been touched. She perched upon the fur-encumbered bed. Her fair face, her gray eyes took on a look of happy abstraction. "Two little girls," she said, reminiscently, "four years old. I noticed them first about the studio. They seemed to be so neglected, so at odds. I offered to take them home to live with me, and their parents consented. You should have seen them blossom out. It was wonderful. I've taught them to dance, and they have a governess, and every evening Bob and I hear their lessons and their—their prayers. They call Bob 'Daddy' and they call me 'Matsie.' We just all play together, all the time."

"I can believe that," I cleverly observed.

"I haven't legally adopted them, and I'm afraid I won't be able to," she resumed. "You see, they have been with me in quite a few of my pictures, and they have really done very well and shown a great deal of talent. Being around me all the time, they have ceased to regard movies, or acting, as

"I love kiddies better than anything else," says Mae. "Perhaps because my own childhood was so—was, well, rather lonely. I left home when I was only eight. And then there was a convent—and I ran away from that to a friend in Chicago—and then the stage at once."

anything extraordinary, and so have lost all self-consciousness. And then they are little beauties. Their families know all this, and think it means money in the future, so, of course, won't let me have them. But I shall keep them for as long as I can.





And here, in New York, I am adopting legally a little two-year-old boy for my very own. I love kiddies better than anything else. Perhaps because my own childhood was so—was—well, rather lonely. I left home when I was only eight. And then there was a convent—and I ran away from that to a friend in Chicago—and then the stage at once. So I don't feel as if I have ever really been a child with a child's world—and yet, in a way, I have never been anything else. But that's why I want to give to other kiddies some of the real little-kiddie things."

Mae has just adopted two little kiddies. "You should have seen them blossom out," says Miss Murray. "We just all play together, all the time. We have cookies and pink lemonade and popcorn. Oh, you should see us."

Mae was mounted. "We just play all the time at our California home, anyway. We give parties at each other's houses—Kitty Gordon's, you know, and ours, and Eva Tanguay's and others. You should see us. We have all the kiddies, too, and we all play puss in boots and hide and seek and mostly, pin on the donkey's tail. That's our favorite. You should see Eva doing it—always wrong. At the last one I laughed so hard I had to sit right down on the floor and rock back and forth, I was laughing so. Then we have cookies and pink lemonade and popcorn. Oh, you should see us! Yes—"

"It's only make-believe of course, sheer make-believe. We're big and we know it. Toyland is behind. The kiddies aren't really mine—the games we play—and everything. Make-believe. But—gosh it's fun!"

"Even on the screen," I vouchsafed, "you have a large kiddie following."

Mae nodded her blonde (I think it is bobbed) head.

"I used to do the sweet simple things altogether, of course," she said, "but lately the directors and the company have seemed to think I should do the heavier, dramatic stuff. Not so much money in the little folk, I take it. My ideal would be to effect a combination, the heavy picture with the soft, simple

relieving lights running all thruout."

Thus spoke the lass who was once famed in the Ziegfeld Follies as the Nell Brinkley girl, after that artist's pen creations. Then came the dance craze. Mae *could* dance. She waltzed beautifully, fox-trotted exquisitely, hesitated divinely. One of the biggest roof gardens in all New York engaged her as special feature and Manhattan came to worship.

Then Mae returned to the Follies of 1915 to be featured. She was engaged for her dancing, but the libretto called for a burlesque on the motion pictures. Who says that fat doesn't play funny tricks? Mae was cast for the leading rôle.

The opening night came. Miss Murray's dancing scored, of course, but the movie burlesque startled several screen magnates "killing an evening." Next day she had three offers.

She is the busiest little person, this make-believing Mae, that either you or I ever, ever saw. She rushes from morning until night, and probably, from all indications, from night until morning. She plans and schemes, and certainly telephones, since that intrusive instrument summoned her at least eight times during my brief, particular stay.

And now, perhaps, it is over the sea and far away! I can picture her atop the riggings, bobbed curls valiant to the winds, making a make-believe of it, of dragons green and pirates bold, and mighty waves that roll an' roll!

"But when I come home," she was saying, softly, as an addenda to my unspoken thoughts, "there'll be the kiddies waiting for me—and that is the best of all."

She's Cornered the Laugh Market

Think of having the world's highest salaried comedian smile at you across the table for 365 mornings out of the year! That's the lucky fate of Mildred Harris, who has led the universe's funniest feet to the altar



Mildred Harris, alias Mrs. Charlie Chaplin, a star in her own name, really needs no introduction. Here she is snapped outside of her mother's place in Hollywood, also a glimpse of said Mater and the worshipping child of a neighbor



The Return of Florence Turner

I had, for some mysterious reason, expected her to be at least medium height, whereas she is very small, not over five feet. Her voice is low and "throaty"; I know from the feeling of surprise I had that I must have expected it to be high and clear. Probably, the intellectual element always present in her work had made me unconsciously overlook its humanness, and so expect an almost typical "highbrow."

However this may be, I can never think of Florence Turner without at the same time thinking of "My Old Dutch," the exquisite picture she made in England from Albert Chevalier's famous song. Not even her disappearance (her going to England was disappearance to the great bulk of the American public accustomed to seeing its favorites at least twice a month; in the case of Florence Turner it was more often than not twice a week) impressed me so much as did that picture. And yet it contains no grand battle scenes nor clashing mobs; nothing but the simple story of a

cockney peddler and his "old Dutch," (the term means wife in England). The scenes are very real and very human and never dull; such scenes as linger in one's memory long after more magnificent spectacles have been forgotten.

"'My Old Dutch' is still running in England," said Miss Turner, when I told her how



Above: A recent study of Miss Turner in one of her beloved Italian characterizations. *Center:* a new portrait of the famous "Vitagraph girl;" and, *Right:* Miss Turner when she was at the height of her Vitagraph popularity

A PIONEER, the gold rush, the early days of "the movies," a mobile gypsy face whose owner could seemingly turn it "inside out"

for slapstick comedy or rightside out for emotional drama with equal ease, (in Scotland, where they did not know her name, they called her "India Rubber Gertie"), the days when moving picture stars certainly did work, (manual labor, oh, boy!), the girl whose work made Vitagraph pictures so good that, in sheer desperation, the Biograph Company had to put D. W. Griffith in charge, the star you loved the best of all—Florence Turner.

I saw Florence Turner one afternoon recently when she had been in Los Angeles something over a week. I was sitting in a big armchair on the mezzanine floor at the Alexandria, looking down on the lobby and wondering if a bell-boy in flu mask really was all nose or only looked that way, when I saw her step onto the balcony from the elevator. The first thing I noticed about her was that she had not changed at all, and then, while I was introducing myself to her and asking for an interview, I noticed that she was oddly unlike my mental picture of her.

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

much I enjoyed it, and she added, "It is my favorite, too, and the kind of picture they like most of all 'over there.'"

We sat down on a davenport just opposite the elevators on the other end of the horse show. It was an advantageous seat. Being in a corner, we could see the entire balcony and almost the entire lobby without ourselves being conspicuous.

"Oh, look!" said Miss Turner, suddenly. "Isn't that Mrs. _____?" (naming a woman—not a moving picture star—very notorious in L. A.) It was. We watched her in silence as she crossed the lobby and disappeared in the direction of the Spring Street entrance. Then we both laughed.

"We were talking," Miss Turner remarked, with exaggerated severity, "about 'My Old Dutch.'"

I awoke to a consciousness of my duty, and anyway, I wanted to know.

"Are you planning to produce that type of picture here?" I asked.

A little quirk appeared about one corner of her mouth.

"Yes," she answered, with a now-I-am-being-interviewed expression, and then, seriously, "I want to make comedies; or perhaps I should say comedy-dramas to distinguish my ambition from slapstick. I've just finished a picture

which I made in Spokane, Washington, called 'Undermined,'"

she went on. "In this play I was a

Upper Right: Miss Turner as she appears in "Undermined," filmed recently in Spokane, Wash. *Center:* One of the most popular of her old Vitagraph portraits. *Below:* A scene from "Undermined."



young girl in the first part and an old woman in the last. I like such rôles. For that matter, I like any sort of character study—Italian or cockney best of all."

Suddenly her quiet manner fell from her and she was all animation. There was about it no suggestion of pose. It was as if an enthusiast would say, "Listen—here is something I know you will like!" She is intensely interested in people; more so, I fancy, than in events; hence her love for character parts.

"I wish you could see the cockney of today," she said.

"The poorest people in England now are those who only a short time ago were rich. The others, those who, before the war, suffered the most incredible hardships, are now riding around in taxis and wearing furs and diamonds.

(Continued on page

72)



A Twentieth Century Priscilla

By FRITZI REMONT

had been hauled out of a desk-drawer stuffed with everything from a special brand of tobacco to carbon sheets, shoe-laces and chewed-off lead-pencils.

"Me, I love a nut!" said Priscilla Dean, contemplating a cluster of chocolate filberts.

"Ya-ah, I *heard* you were engaged to be married," vouchsafed the good-natured male incumbent of the inner office.

Priscilla's dancing eyes rested disapprovingly on the mere male who had dared to misunderstand her, and then the little star carefully selected another bonbon.

"Call me a bromide if you like, but, to use a trite saying, 'I'm wedded to my art' and haven't any intention of being engaged to a—well, a good many men *are* nutty, so perhaps I ought to forgive you for that remark after all."

"Art makes a better provider than many a husband; dont you think 'so, Miss Dean?"

"If I didn't I wouldn't be where I am now. Yep, I'm unmarried and happy——"

"I don't think you're telling the whole



YOU may have marvelled at Miss Dean's wonderful coiffure in "The Gray Ghost." Perhaps you spent hours teasing your locks into an imitation of her fuzzy top-knot. Perhaps you admired "The Hand That Rocked the Cradle" and wondered where Priscilla got her experience as an infant nurse, but you've missed the main part of that young lady's sprightly personality if you haven't, with your own eyes, observed her sprightliness in action.

The scenic setting on the day of our mad little interview wasn't exactly magnificent. Publicity offices are like newspaper dittos, bare-floored, square-desked and uncomfortably chaired, for the most part. The thing which saved this particular cubbyhole from being utterly masculine was a huge, pink-ribboned box of chocolates, which

Above is what the irrepressible Miss Dean terms her favorite portrait, while at the right is a glimpse of Priscilla at the San Bernardino Orange Show.



Most of All She Loves to Travel Fast—Be It in Auto or 'Plane

truth. Isn't it so that you and Eddie Rickenbacher are engaged to be married?" went on the remorseless male, as he twirled about in his chair.



"Engaged, nothing! He taught me how to drive a car, and I got speedomania—you know that's a very contagious disease. Then, too, he took me up in the aeroplane. It's the most delicious sensation; that is, I mean going up and being up in the sky. Coming down, you keep catching your breath, and it feels as if you were in an elevator that hadn't any safety catches. But oh, I wouldn't miss an experience like that for all the candy in the world."

"Didn't you feel any fear a-tall the first time you drove thru the clouds?"

"I haven't been afraid of anything since I was a wee girlie. Why, do you know that I traveled about alone since I was four years old? Of course, there was the company, but I wouldn't let a soul touch me. I used to dress and undress myself, had a bed all to myself at the hotels, and, whenever anybody tried to boss me, I used to stick out my tongue and stamp my foot and let them know I was perfectly capable of managing myself.

"Why, in one show I played the part of a little crippled lad. In the first act I'd come on wearing a crutch on the left side, and in the second act, I'd emerge with the crutch on the right, and nobody ever knew just *where* I was supposed to be lame. When they scolded, I laughed. When

(Continued on page 71)



"Me marry!" confides Priscilla, "nothing doing—I'm wedded to my art! I'm satisfied with 'Pep,' my little red roadster"

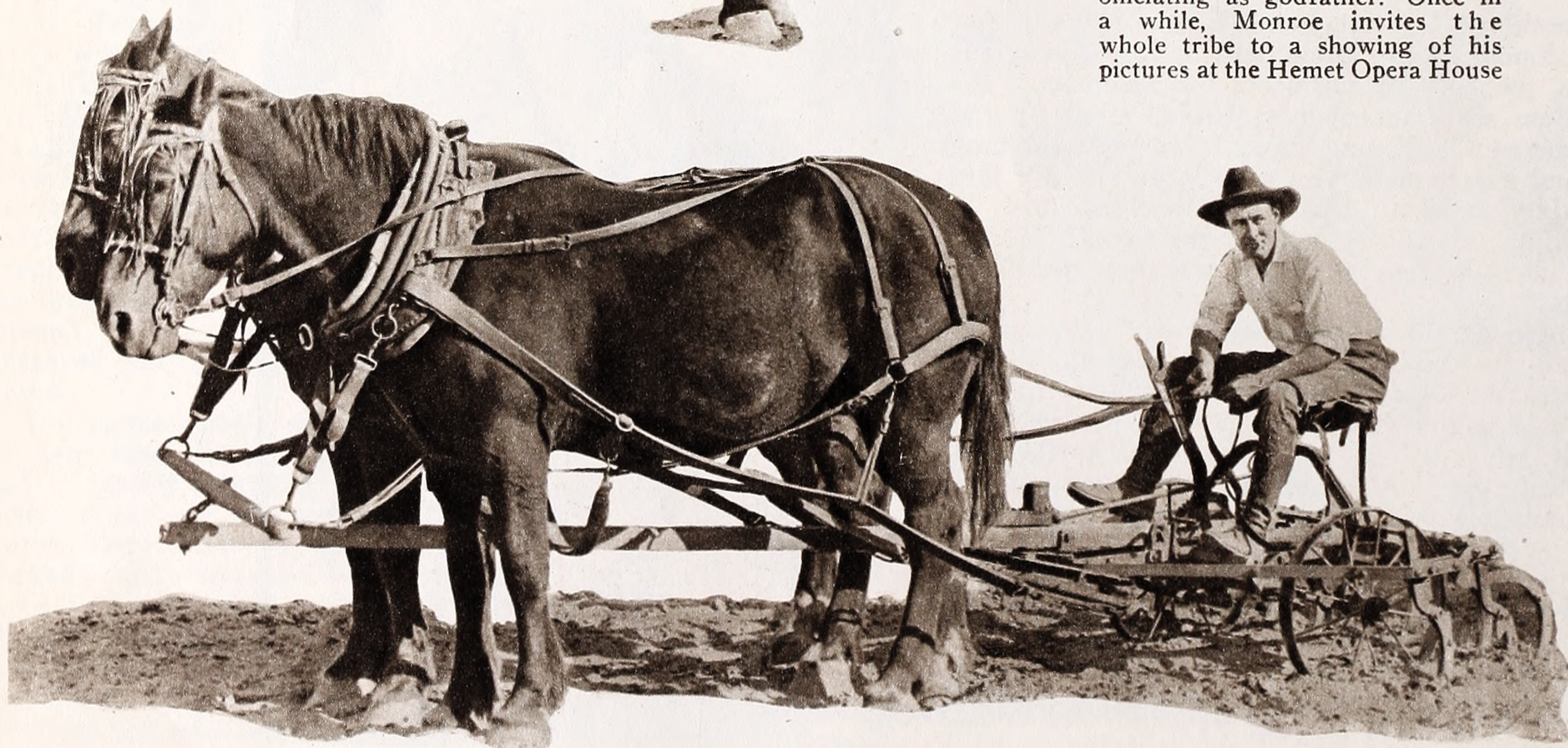
The Strenuous Monroe Doctrine

Salisbury Loves
the Great
Outdoors



The Bluebird star owns a big ranch near Hemet, Cal., a few miles away from the actual scene of "Ramona," in which he made his screen debut as Alessandro. Here Salisbury raises everything from avocados, alias for alligator pears, to apples, and from horn toads to horses

Salisbury is the idol of the Soboba Indians, whose reservation adjoins his ranch. The tribe has named one of the tiny redskin kiddies after him, the star himself officiating as godfather. Once in a while, Monroe invites the whole tribe to a showing of his pictures at the Hemet Opera House



The Heart of Wetona

Told in story form from the Scenario based on
GEORGE SCARBOROUGH'S Play

By FAITH SERVICE

TIME passes and things change. In keeping with most of the maxims handed down to us, dreary and dust-laden with age, this one is true only in part. There *are* things which do not change; things which have not changed since the celebrated Stone Age, when our ancestors ran about in goat-skins and a leaf or two and lived conjugally, or otherwise according to their several temperaments, in caves. Love is still love; lust lust. Young blood is red; death grim. A thin moon wanes and waxes; the seasons flush and fade. Men and women scheme and plot, custom persists. All this is true, equally, of —th' Avenue and a Comanche Reservation in the farthestmost of the Far West.

In Chief Quannah, the ancient tribal customs, ceremonies and rites were as vast, as deep and as sacred as ever they had been to his first Comanche forefather executing his war-dance on an unblazed trail. Neither time, nor white men, nor schools nor a white woman whom he had taken to wife had been able to uproot from his bronzed breast the habits of his fathers long since tracking big game in their Happy Hunting Grounds.

Some twenty years ago there had been a white girl captive of Quannah's tribe. Quannah had been young then, very young, lithe as the lissome bow he bent to speed his arrows on their deadly flights, hewn as the silhouetted rocks standing forth from Big Moose Mountain, ardent as the eager sap in the young birches, swift as the rushing torrents of the liberated river. The white girl captive fell into the way of looking on the young Quannah. After a while she was offered her freedom. Quannah offered it to her. She stood by the bank of the torrential stream. She thought of home, of the men she had known there. Something keener than Quannah's arrows stabbed her in her heart. Suddenly and swiftly she was against Quannah's thudding heart. Suddenly and swiftly she was born again into a world more wonderful than she had ever dreamed. Thus love. When the Comanches liberated their captives, the white girl stayed behind.



After awhile there was a little one. Quannah said in his young stern way that she must be named for the names of his people. "We will call her Wetona," he said. The white young





he whispered and, when he laid her away from him, she was dead.

The little Wetona, golden as the sun, black-haired as the sweep of the black eagle's wing seen in the sunlight's fiercest glint, strong as the mountain cheetah, and blue-eyed as the white girl who had been her mother, grew up with the Comanches, learnt their ancient rites, then went to the Eastern college to fulfill the white blood that was in her.

Wetona wanted to love the East. It had been her mother's home. When she left the reservation for the college years she had a secret thought within her that she would never come back. Quannah was completely absorbed in the ways of his tribe. His last moment of great exceeding tenderness had sped his white girl captive over the brink. And she did love it—while she was studying and fulfilling her father's promise to her mother. Then came her time for choosing. And all at once it seemed as if her mother's voice spoke within her as it must have spoken when she elected to stay there in that farthest West.

When Wetona left the reservation for the college years she had a secret thought within her that she would never come back

There came to the heart of Wetona a myriad, million voices. There awoke in her an illimitable longing. She thought of the tepees sending their thick gray ghosts to heaven during the evening meal. She thought of the fat, bronzed papooses kicking bare, sturdy legs in the blaze of the sun; she thought of old Quannah, stolid and immobile by his evening fire, smoking

mother loved him very much. A name didn't matter half so much as her love. So the little half-Indian girling was christened with due Comanche ritual, Wetona.

Not very long after, the white girl came to die. Perhaps it was as well. Quannah was reverting more and more to the ancient rites of his tribe. His white bride was wholly white, apart from her love for him which had stepped across the unspannable bridge of race and denied it. As she made patiently ready to go forth into the mysterious dark she called Quannah to her and begged that the little Wetona be educated in an Eastern college. "For my memory's sake," she pleaded, "for our dear love's sake, my Quannah, my wonderful chief." Quannah gathered her, slight and over-frail, to his granite chest. His hard, infrequent tears fell on the whiteness of her cheeks and won them back to transient roses pale; "I promise,"

Often it seemed to her that she was tortured, had been tortured, ever since she met Tony Wells and he had awakened within her this fever which consumed her



his pipe o' peace. She thought of the rushing river, the grim granite of the mountains, the long, lean stretches of the plains, and a nostalgia swept over her that sent her scurrying for her trunk and the express office: "The voice of my people," she whispered to herself.

Quannah was habitually silent when Wetona told him she had come home to stay. But every so often, smoking his pipe that night, he removed it from his stern lips and chanted weird snatches of grim song.

After awhile the rushing river began to pall, the silences of forest, the mightiness of hills. Wetona took to going down to the reservation. After a while she spent all of her days there, and frequently returned late of an evening. The Indian women muttered and nodded, but she was the Big Chief's daughter, and he, in his wisdom, would know what was right and what was wrong for Wetona.

In the Spring of the year came the Corn Dance Ceremonies of the Tribe. It was of tremendous import to Quannah. "It

the oldest rite we know," he observed the night before it first came up for discussion; "we must keep."

A Vestal Virgin had to be chosen to bring sacred food to the Holy Man. Little River and Eagle declared Wetona to be the one. Quannah smiled in satisfaction. He did not say so, but it had been a long dream with him—to have his daughter carry sacred food to the Holy Man. It would be a great moment, a great hour for him. He thought that, no doubt, the spirit of his young wife would return to look upon their daughter in her beautiful innocence performing her beautiful mission.

When he went to Wetona with the command his eyes were more lightened than ever she could remember them.

"Father," she said, after the fashion of the East, "how your eyes shine. Like eagles seen after dark. Strong eagles, nesting."

"I happy this night," said Big Chief Quannah; "you, my girl, to be the Vestal Virgin at the Corn Dance. I wait long years for this, and now it come to me. Long years I wait, my Wetona. I not know much big, great joy after *she* go and take her very great sweetness from

me. I not know tenderness of any woman since. Tonight I feel happiness. She nor I not been in vain, Wetona, since our baby go, a Vestal, to Holy Man."

He stopped because his daughter's golden face shone out of the deep darkness like a moon-flower, or like . . . like . . . a chill seized upon him . . . like *her* face from that immense divide. She didn't speak, but Quannah knew it was because she could not. He could see her lips moving almost listlessly there before him in the suddenly oppressive blackness. A chill of premonition agued him, but he resisted it, shook it off. She was the daughter of the Big Chief, spotless, proud, royal, irreproachable. She was the daughter of that sainted thing who had come into his life for one scented hour and left him forever her own.

"Wetona," he said, and because he felt very broken he sounded stern and harsh; "Wetona . . ." Then an inspiration seized upon him. Perhaps she was appalled by the great honor. Perhaps she felt a maidenly modesty of unworthiness, of shyness. That was it. It was. It had to be.

"No be shy, Wetona," he said, more kindly. "It big honor, but you Big Chief papoose; the honor belong to you."

Wetona broke from him, shuddering violently. There, in that spectral dark, the Comanche blood rose like a tide within her and smote her with a dreadful fear. The thing she had done rose up with it and paralyzed her. When her voice came it was torn from her throat in shreds. "I—I—virgin," she got out, and averted her tormented face. "I—I—

white man's—girl—cannot—Holy Man—Great Spirit, Great Spirit . . ." And she flung her desperate body on the ground and shuddered and was still.

Quannah was still, too. He was still because he was making a bloodthirsty vow. When he had done he bent over the rigid form of the girl. "Who—who this man—*who?*" he demanded, and Wetona sickened at the threat in his speech. But she shook her head. "I never tell that," she said. Quannah gripped her shoulder. "You tell," he rasped, "you tell." Wetona quivered and was silent.

Quannah stood very still
(Continued on page 64)



He had cared for her during the week and she had become used to him. If she withstood the test—well, then, dreaming were worth the while and the sweetest of dreaming truth

THE HEART OF WETONA

Adapted from the scenario of Mary Murillo based on George Scarborough's play. Produced by Select Pictures, starring Norma Talmadge. Directed by Sidney A. Franklin. The cast:

Wetona.....Norma Talmadge
Hardin.....Thomas Meighan
Anthony Wells.....Gladden James

Starward Ho!

Airy Faire Binney is on the Threshold of Fame

very young person, indeed, in the roseate dawning of being a Vogue.

She resembles Ann Pennington physically. She must, because she informed me that I was far from being original in noting the similitude—and so huge and omnivorous are the capacities and capabilities of femininity in its 'teens that heaven knows what or whom she resembleth histrionically, artistically or popularly.

She has a nice background, Faire Binney. Her child-days and school-days and high-school-days (what there were of them) were spent in and about Concord and Boston, in the musical home and atmosphere of a very musical aunt and uncle. She played about the grounds of the home of "Little Women" and chummed with the various grand-nieces and grand-nephews of the gentle "Meg" and the aristocratic "Amy." She skated on the same river made vivid by "Laurie" and by "Jo," and bicycled on the road made history by Paul Revere. But, all these influences notwithstanding, Faire decided, two years ago, that, if she were to be an actress and she just *were*, she had better begin, so she said farewell to the girls and boys

who looked in amazement upon so ambitious a young person.

"Of course," she reminisced, in the happy fashion of one for whom such reminiscences are no more than insubstantial memories, "I had no idea of beginning anything at once. I planned to study. And then study some more. I had had the hard and steep and endless ladder pounded into me from childhood. When I was very tiny—oh, 'bout eighteen months, I guess—I used to hastily anticipate a lecture on 'bumps' by saying, very rapidly, 'I know *all* about the hardships. I know they are perfectly tragical. But *I don't care!*' I've had that feeling all along. That, so long as I once got there, I just didn't care. I was prepared for anything—for the very worst. I was optimistic, even while I was religiously pessimistic. Of course, Connie cheered me up some, and yet, paradoxically (small stars say *big* things) she depressed me. When I heard of her success I thought, ruefully, 'lightning never strikes twice in the same place.' But I thought, too, 'this

is just one of the hard, steep rungs I've heard so much about.' My friends thought it would be so much nicer for me to play at being a debutante, or, at

Faire Binney's child-days were spent in and around Concord and Boston. She played about the grounds of the home of "Little Women" and chummed with the various grand-nephews of the gentle *Meg* and the aristocratic *Amy*

THERE is nothing in the whole of life comparable to a *beginning*—young green of May—a baby—an unfolding rose—the inception of song—dawning. The most delicious, the most sung and storied locale of locales is the immortal and imperishable segment of ground "Where the brook and river meet." On that especial and particular segment stands, poised, willing and alertly ready, Faire Binney. Immediately behind, how translucent and purling a brook! Immediately before, who knows how valorous a river!

The fluttering of the wings of a newly fledged Popularity is, or should be, a phenomena dear to the heart of the psychologist, the student of that *rara avis*, Humanity. It is a vision as delicate as the infinitesimal whirr of the humming-bird, as flush as a ripe peach, as hardy as Hope.

It may be known chiefly by early morning 'phone calls, immaculately kept press notices in spandy new scrapbooks, enthusiastic trips to photographers and plans only equal in cosmopolitan conquest to those of the late lamented Wilhelm and son. Comparisons are odious!

Airy persiflage aside, we found Faire Binney, before whose still enraptured vision the pinions of new Popularity are somewhat rapidly and dazzlingly unfolding, a real, half-incredulous, wholly anticipatory, confident, hardily ambitious young person. A



By FAITH SERVICE

most, to charm the ear by dainty nocturnes on a baby grand. *I didn't agree. Most always, I dont.*"

And so she set forth to conquer Gotham, her courage in her hands.

Amazingly enough, Gotham, so adamant to many a knocking hand, proved, or rather, is proving, quite silkline to Faire. Of course, sister Constance, now dancing upon accomplished toes in "Oh, Lady! Lady!" was, anyway, an instrument of Fate when she took little Faire along with her to interview Maurice Tourneur. But, after that, there was just nothing to it! Faire had a test made, and then was one of the sisters, real, honest, born-that-way sisters in "Sporting Life," had a part in the Civil War episode of "Woman" and is beginning work at date of this writing with John Barrymore in his new comedy, entitled, I believe, "Here Comes the Bride." Which means, of course, Famous Players, a contract, "an' a' that, an' a' that!"

Not much by way of biography, for which I am grateful, since I abhor to write biographies, but a great deal by way of potentialities cannot be written but must be *sensed*.

I sensed a great deal . . . the early morning, you know . . . at home . . . things happening . . . such as a jocular 'phone call from Anthony Paul Kelly, responsible for "Three Faces East" and multitudinous known scenarios . . . mail . . . wardrobe to be selected . . . photographs to be taken . . . all the other fascinating insignia of the aforementioned budding Popularity. And Faire, in much the same state as the bewildered child who gazes upon the display left by Santa Claus, sees, yet does not see, must, perforce, believe, yet cannot. "It seems too good to be true," summed up Faire, and yet, with a determined tilt of a small, determined chin, she added, "But I shant stop—not till I've gone as far as there is any going! I've made up my mind to that."

Faire has bobbed, juvenile hair, a plump, childishly contoured face, wide, gray eyes and a round, not *too* slender figure. She has, in what might be contradiction to these attributes, com-

mon sense and a mind of her own. She may *look* as tho she subsists upon lollipops for her bodily sustenance and

Faire, altho she may look as tho she subsists upon lollipops, has a mind of her own, and a bank-account, along with views upon marriage, children, suffrage and Labor



the "Dottie Dimples" for her mental—but she doesn't. Not at all. She has her own bank account, is "independent," is going to manage all her own affairs, and has viewpoints about marriage and children and suffrage and labor, and, no doubt, theosophy, ceramics and the Syrian movement had we had time to touch upon all these little details. But we had no time. The Bird of Popularity is a rapidly ascending fowl, and upon his flight there are many things attendant. One lone interview could not detain him for a whole morning—and it didn't. We gleaned before we left the apartment in the East 50's, however, that just as soon as Faire is possessed of the Arabian Nights salary of a star she is going to buy an airplane *first*, give all her friends the time of their lives next and travel round and about the globe third. Three nice, modest little ambitions, which we have no reason to doubt will be realized.

"I want to do everything there is to do," said Faire, "whether it be pleasant or unpleasant. When I die I want to feel that I haven't passed by a single pleasure, a single pain. To be a great artiste—one *has* to, dont you think?"

I did.

"I want to go everywhere there is to go. I want to feel everything there is to feel.

(Continued on page 70)

Teaching, as Chester Conklin finds it, seems to be as dull and prosaic as being a king in Europe these days. Here he is absorbed in the task of imitating a blotter



The Good Old Golden Rule Days



Professor Conklin seems to be spurning the affections of Pupil Louise Fazenda. The professor, it appears, cares not for the freckled lady with the shattered heart

And He Wants to Be a Playwright!

Dick Barthelmess Disdains Stars and Longs to Dash Off the Big American Drama

By MARY KEANE TAYLOR

IF Alla Nazimova hadn't wanted to learn English so badly, this story might never have begun auspiciously for Richard Barthelmess. But, Allah be praised, she did. But the little lady from the land of Samovars and Steppes had a very dear American friend, an actress named Caroline Harris, who offered to teach her the so troublesome English. Caroline happened to mention her young son, Richard Barthelmess, one day, and Nazimova desired to meet him. At that time young Dick was in his junior year at college, but during vacations he had played in stock companies in Canada and at eighteen had been an assistant stage director. Besides, he danced and dressed very well. Was a serious young gentleman of a studious



© Abbe

Dick is a studious young man. He loves to sit in his den and browse among his books. His one relaxation is dancing

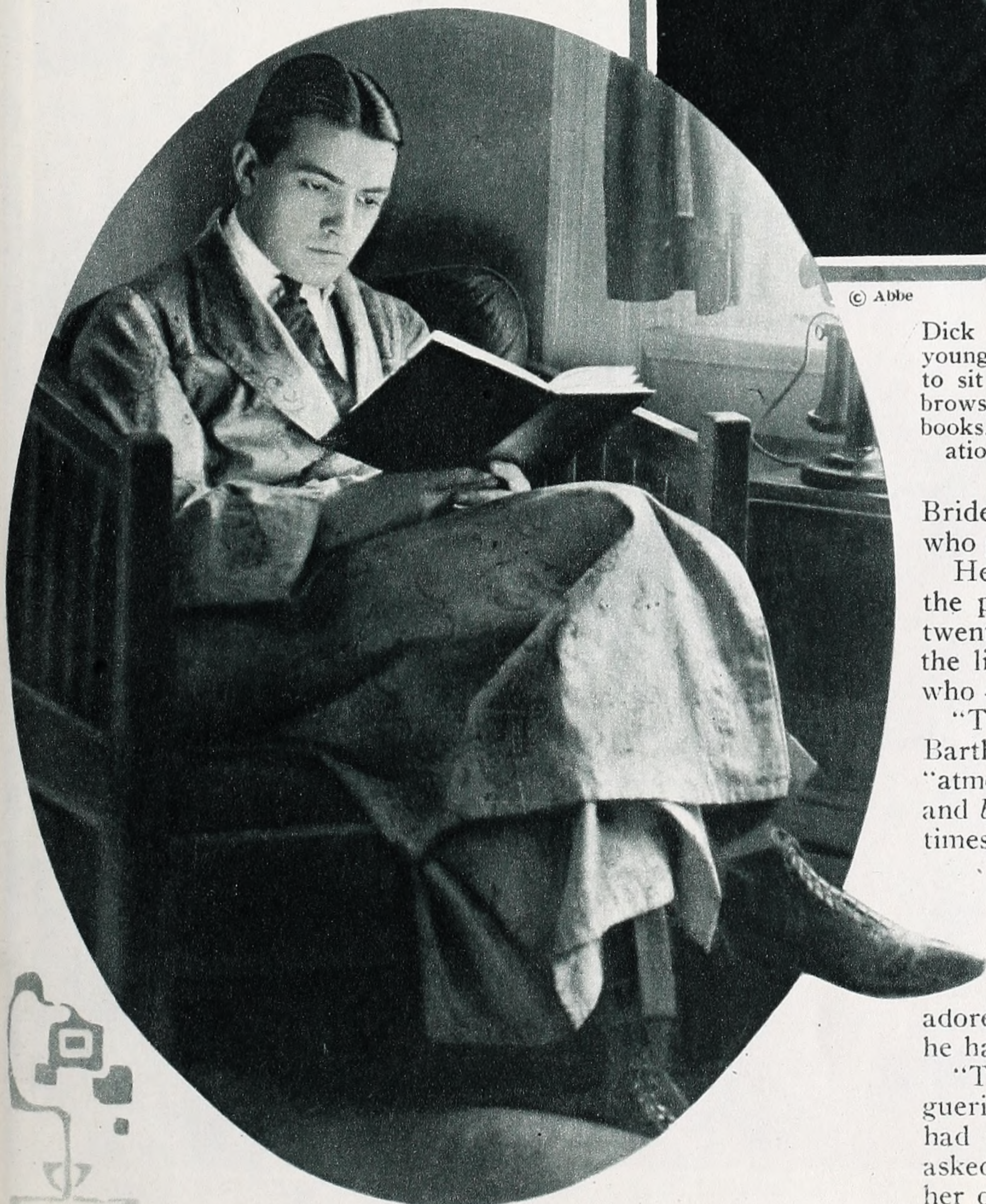
turn of mind, and made an exceedingly favorable impression on the Russian actress.

So, when Madame Nazimova invaded the silverscreen under Herbert Brenon's direction in "War Brides," the boy was given the rôle of the younger brother who goes to war.

He's only twenty-three years old now, but he has, in the period since "War Brides," done nineteen plays in twenty-six months. Curiously, he has appeared opposite the littlest stars—speaking *figuratively*, not financially—who ever flickered across the silversheet.

"The Eternal Sin" followed "War Brides" and Richard Barthelmess found himself a personality, instead of mere "atmosphere," for you see, like others he had to start in and *battle* and do odd jobs in some minor pictures, sometimes playing in two features at one time. Directors began to comment on the work of the "clever kid," as he was dubbed, and it wasn't long before the boy had an opportunity to play opposite the tiny lady of his dreams, Marguerite Clark. That was a big moment in his life, for he'd adored the four-feet-ten of prettiness from afar ever since he had attended the movies.

"To think that I should have been married to Marguerite Clark countless times in pictures and then have had to give her up to a soldier. Aren't girls queer?" asked Mr. Barthelmess very seriously. "I worked with her over four years and she was always the dearest girl.





pretty fine parts with the biggest stars on the screen, but the smallest in size. I did 'Nearly Married' with Madge Kennedy, and you know it isn't very far from the sidewalk to the top of her shiny brown head. Then there was Ann Pennington, saucy Ann—she's delightful to woo in the movies. We did 'Sunshine Ann' together. Gladys Hulette is another pretty little girl with whom I was associated in 'The Streets of Illusion,' but I can assure you I retained all my illusions about Miss Hulette, for she's a REAL girl as well as a very clever little actress. Then they called me to do a part with Gladys Leslie.

"The last thing I did back East was 'Three Men and a Girl,' directed by Micky Neilan in the Adirondack Mountains. We had a dandy vacation there, too. Then Mr. Griffith sent for me to play with Dorothy Gish and to do a propaganda picture for him at the same time."

"Hurry up, Dick, we've got a few re-takes scheduled for you,"

Dick has played opposite most of the tiny stars of the screen, starting with Marguerite Clark. Here he is making love to the irrepressible Dorothy Gish

shouted Director Elmer Clifton, and off hurried the young man-who-was-to-have-been-a-dramatist, to change suits for the next scene. Yes, Dick
(Continued on page 70)

so helpful and sweet. I never could say enough about Miss Clark to make you know her as I knew her. She's an angel to play opposite to, and we had such fun doing the Bab Stories. Those were certainly happy days," sighed the youthful cavalier of dames.

"Did you ever have any thrilling happenings with Miss Clark?"

"Well, that drowning scene, the shipwreck in 'The Valentine Girl,' was rather unpleasant, but people really thought it worse than it was. It was very cold, you remember, snow and ice and sleet, and I was to be in real ice-water in midwinter. I got around it by wearing a full rubber suit under my outer clothing, and Miss Clark was so afraid I would get a chill that she thoughtfully provided a physician, had two huge prize-fighters to rub me down, and medicines were poured down my throat until I was hustled into a cab and driven home and put to bed. There were enough precautions taken, I can assure you, but it was just an example of her consideration for all the people who played opposite her. Why, I didn't even get WET. That was about the only play in which I appeared wearing short trousers, too."

"You've always played opposite very small stars, haven't you, Mr. Barthelmess?"

"Yes, you see I'm small, only five feet seven inches, so they have given me some



Fame Via Matrimony

By OLIVE CAREW

EVERY road leads to Rome, they say, so why not the Highway of Matrimony? It's true that few players make a success by starting along that perilous pathway, but the exception still proves the rule and Florence Vidor is one of the notable exceptions.

You know most of the girls go into pictures and their beauty captivates either a star, a director, or a wealthy private citizen—and that's why they marry. But here's a little Texas girl who was born at Houston in 1895, educated in a convent school, and hardly out of it before she met big, handsome King Vidor. The courtship was short and Mr. Vidor started to support the school-girl bride thru his earnings as a motion picture director in an independent Texas company. He was just a year older than Florence, born at Galveston, full of ambition, and restless over the poor conditions which confronted a producer in Texas.

It was difficult to get players down there when a large cast was needed, since one couldn't 'phone an agency for types, as in California. That brilliant idea having once found entrance in the Vidors' think-tanks, they decided to sell out and come to Los Angeles.

Now, of course, Florence had not the slightest idea of acting. She had passed thru the usual stage of taking elocution and music lessons in the convent, and had done her bit as a player in the little French plays given there.

California seemed quite entrancing at first, there was the fitting up of a home, taking sight-seeing trips, house-keeping and looking forward to a cosy dinner *à deux*



Miss Vidor, altho married to a director, started out all unknown to her hubby and got a job as a movie extra. Then all of a sudden came her phenomenal hit as the girl in the guillotine cart in William Farnum's "Tale of Two Cities"

each night. But Los Angeles is a mighty poor place in which to make friends, for every one is so busy with his own affairs, and we've been so accustomed to seeing strangers arrive and shortly after silently fold their tents about them and steal away, that we are not keen on intimacies. Consequently,

Florence found time dragging heavily on her hands. The little home was easily kept in order, reading and sewing palled on one who had been accustomed to loving attention from friends, teachers and family, and she began to wonder what on earth she could do to amuse herself.

So one day, without telling Friend Husband, and not being able to think of anything else, she decided that ACTING any old thing would be better than sitting about the house lonesomely. You see her entrance into the movie field wasn't romantic at all—it was the outcome of a longing for work to do and some one to talk to.

She applied at the Western Vitagraph and, since she was young and pretty, she was taken on as an extra. When she told Mr. Vidor, he was quite satisfied, for he knew how much she missed her parents and sister since he was busy all day at another studio.



Miss Vidor played small parts but seemed to make no particular progress. However, she was intensely interested in the motion picture art by this time and decided to stick and to make a success. Even then, Fate did not seem particularly anxious to boost her, and she was doing nothing but "atmosphere" at Morosco or Vitagraph—that is, filling in at café scenes, doing French maid parts, or afternoon callers. Besides one of the business force at the studio said to Florence one day, "Say, you don't look a bit like a maid and every time they show you in a picture as a maid, somebody will think you're some friend of the director's whom he had to use. Why doncha cut this business?"

Again, Miss Vidor did some tall thinking. She went to her director and said she would quit, that she'd rather not act at all than do *atmosphere*.

Starting out again, she had a little try-out at Fox and nearly every one is familiar with her jump into favor—or was it a RIDE? Anyway, she wobbled about in a guillotine cart in "Tale of Two Cities"—and found herself famous. She played "The Intrigue," and "American Methods" and, shortly after that, was asked to support Sessue Hayakawa.

Which almost brings us up to the day when I called on her at Lasky, where she is rounding out a contract and being promised better things when it's renewed.

You know those big appealing dark eyes of hers? Well, they are bigger and browner than ever.

Florence doesn't disappoint one a bit off screen. Nay, she's prettier, more vivacious than on it. She

On this page are some varied screen glimpses of Miss Vidor. "Anything so it's acting," confesses Florence. "I'm wild about the movies now. I don't care whether they make me a gypsy, a half-breed, a Japanese, a Belgian—or anything!"



has a streak of deliberation, is a good reasoner, talks effectively, and likes to place her "character" in every possible environment and action, in order to decide what would be done in different circumstances. Probably this is one of the chief reasons for her success.

"It's rather unusual for a leading woman to use make-up for distinct characterizations; do you like it?" I asked.

"Anything so it's acting—I'm wild about the movies now. I don't care whether they make me a gypsy, a half-breed, a Japanese, Belgian—or anything!" laughed the little girl in a blue crepe de chine frock, with Brussels lace collar and cuffs.

Anything is good on Florence Vidor. She couldn't spoil her looks if she wore sack-cloth and ashes. She has a little humorous twinkle about her mouth, suggesting her ability to play comedy deliciously. Then there's the sadness of her eyes when she emotes, and one knows she can do heavy parts. Indeed, Cecil De Mille has used her frequently in parts which are hardly those of straight leads.

"What helped you most in attaining your present acting ability, Miss Vidor?"

"It wasn't a WHAT, it was several big men in the profession. First there is the unfailing kindness of Mr. De Mille, and the helpfulness of Marion Fairfax, who writes my parts as big as she dares, and who makes suggestions, talks her stories over with me, and is always ready to make a change which will give me a better opportunity to bring out a point in the characterization.

"Then, I've learned so much from Mr. Hayakawa that I could not begin to tell you about it all. I think he is the most wonderful
(Continued on page 74)



Good Gracious Annabelle!



Told from the Scenario Based on Clare Kummer's Comedy
By FREDERICK RUSSELL

THE house detective of the Hotel St. Swithin gazed at Annabelle Leigh with mingled admiration and doubt. Wasn't she delightfully pretty in her smart gown? And hadn't she just tried to cash a check for five hundred dollars at the hotel office, altho her bank account was already over-drawn?

John J. McLarkey, the aforementioned hotel sleuth, rubbed his chin thoughtfully. Across the "Peacock Alley" of the hostelry,



utterly oblivious to his presence, sat the mysterious Annabelle, her piquant nose at a defiant angle. As he watched, two friends appeared, and Annabelle dashed forward to meet them with a cry of glee.

"You're late, Maryllyn," she exclaimed. "I've been waiting almost for hours, starved. Let's rush in to dinner."

"Dinner listens good to us," laughed Maryllyn; "doesn't it, Charlie?"

"It was Charlie who suggested it. 'Poor chap, he looks so lonely,' Charlie said."

The new-comer with the slightly upturned mustache nodded enthusiastically. Together the three hurried thru the lounge to the famous St. Swithin dining-room of gold and blue. Some distance behind came the hotel sleuth.

The head-waiter welcomed Annabelle with enthusiasm. "Everything is ready, madam," he smiled, leading the way to a table laden with orchids and special floral decorations.

"My word, Annabelle," said Charlie, beneath his breath, "you've struck it rich—you're going it strong."

"Hardly," replied Annabelle. "You haven't heard the worst."

"If this is the worst," sighed Maryllyn, "lead me to it. Listen, Annabelle, do you know that Charlie and I are both broke? Just now between us we barely scraped up the taxi fare outside the golden door of the St. Swithin."

A dazed look came into Annabelle's eyes, and then she burst into giggles. "And I was going to borrow the money from Charlie to pay for this spread. I'm flat broke myself. My allowance is overdue for some queer reason."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Charlie, nervously twitching his tango mustache. "Who's going to pay for all this?"

"Dunno," said Annabelle, subsiding into giggles again. "Suspect it will be the dear old St. Swithin."

Meanwhile the dinner was being served. A passing glance at the roguish Annabelle would never have revealed her doubt of mind. Just one person guessed the problem—Mr. John J. McLarkey, pausing doubtfully at the door. "It's going to stand somebody back about sixty bones," said the sleuth to himself, consideringly. "I hope the lad with the hesitating mustache has the wherewithal."

At the table the three were hastily trying to formulate a plan. "Stay here and keep on eating," whispered Annabelle. "I'm going to look thru the hotel for a handsome young millionaire or something. There must be a financially sensitive soul around the St. Swithin somewhere."

Out into the lounge walked Annabelle pleasantly and consideringly. At first glance, the gathered St. Swithin guests looked quite unprepossessing. Besides, the few plainly affluent gentlemen had dowdy ladies—their wives—naturally—in tow.

Suddenly in a corner, at a writing desk, she noted a handsome clean-cut young chap. He was busily engaged in writing,



"Annie Postlewaitc," lied Annabelle glibly

but Annabelle quickly recognized him as John Rawson, a mine owner, reported to be fabulously wealthy.

Annabelle walked leisurely across the room to the desk and paused doubtfully. Rawson glanced up and hastily jumped to his feet. "Would you like to use this desk, madam?" he inquired. "My letter-writing can wait."

"No-o-o," sighed Annabelle.

Rawson smiled reassuringly.

"Of course, I know who you are, Mr. Rawson," Annabelle went on, rapidly. "I—we—thought you looked lonely and we've decided to invite you to our little party."

Rawson looked about doubtfully. "It's in the blue and gold room," smiled Annabelle. "In fact, we're already eating. But wont you come? It was Charlie who suggested it. 'Poor chap, he looks so lonely,' Charlie said. And they made me come to invite you because—because——"

"Because you would have considerable influence," smiled Rawson.

Back in the blue and gold room, Annabelle led the mine-owner to her orchid-laden table. "He came, Charlie," explained Annabelle to the upturned mustache one, her left eyelid wavering just for the fraction of a second. "You were right about his being lonely."

Whereat Rawson seated himself. Charlie breathed an audible sigh of relief. Every one knew of the mine-owner's enormous wealth. Maryllyn leaned back comfortably. And Annabelle beamed.

Back at the door, Detective McLarkey sighed with relief, too. "Sure, the manager's a boob. The girl—Lord love her!—is all right. What do women know about checks, anyway?" For McLarkey knew that Rawson could buy the St. Swithin if he wished and take it home with him as a Christmas present for his manager.

Back at the orchid-laden table, Charlie was insisting, not with undue firmness, however, that the check be given to him. But Rawson had seized upon it and given it, with a hundred-dollar note, to the waiting waiter. "This is my lunch," smiled the Westerner to the piquant Annabelle. "Haven't you kept me from being lonely?"

At that psychological moment, to use Annabelle's own words, a bell-boy, paging "Miss Leigh," appeared upon the

"GOOD GRACIOUS, ANNABELLE!"

Adapted from the scenario based on Clare Kummer's comedy. Produced by Paramount, starring Billie Burke. Directed by George Melford. The cast:

- Annabelle Leigh.....Billie Burke
- John Rawson.....Herbert Rawlinson
- George Wimbleton.....Craufurd Kent
- Ludgate.....Thomas A. Braidon

scene. Annabelle hurried back to the lounge, to find Harry Murchison waiting. Murchison was something of a friend of both Marylyn and herself.

"Good gracious, Annabelle," burst out Murchison, "I'm being sued for divorce."

"Condolences or congratulations?" inquired Annabelle.

"Dont be funny, Annabelle," snapped Murchison, "because *you're* the correspondent."

"Correspondent!" exclaimed Annabelle. "How—why——"

"Dont ask questions," interrupted Murchison. "I dont know how on earth she's doing it—but she is. That's why I rushed here. They're going to serve you with papers, and your only chance to escape going to court and everything is to go away at once. I dont dare talk another second. If they found me here it would be all over with your reputation. But go some place until it blows over." With that Murchison disappeared.

Annabelle dropped helplessly into a chair. Murchison's fat and jealous little wife couldn't have picked a worse moment to launch her thunderbolt. Here she was, flat broke, and scandal galloping towards her, perhaps just around the corner.

Suddenly voices drifted to her dazed ears. Finally she pushed aside her mad thoughts to listen.

"Of course, it's all ridiculous," said Annabelle. "Because I'm married now!"

"It's this way," a



pompous-looking man was saying. "I'm valet for George Wimbledon—you know, the Wimbledon of Long Island. I've been up today to find a good cook and a gardener, and here I've spent nearly the whole of it touring the agencies. And not a one have I found." Ludgate went on to tell his troubles, while an impish smile flashed across the face of Annabelle. Finally she giggled enthusiastically.

"Annie, where'd you get that last name, Fostlewaite, or whatever it is?"

She watched the valet until the other man had left him and then hurried across the lounge. "You are Mr. Ludgate?" she said. "I overheard your remarks to your friend. I'm looking for a position—as cook. In fact, I've just left my last place and—and—happened in here to rest before I went to another agency."

Ludgate studied Annabelle with startled eyes. "You a cook, ma'am? I'd never have thought it. You must have made a fortune making munitions."

"A little," said Annabelle, roguishly. "Moreover, I have two other friends who are looking for jobs, too. One of them is a master gardener."

"Fine!" said Ludgate, pompously. "I'll be glad to talk to 'em."

"Fine!" said Annabelle. "I'll get 'em. But first, do I get the job?"

"You'll do, Miss—er——"

"Annie Postlewaite," lied Annabelle glibly.

She hurried back to the table. Rawson had gone. "They've just paged him," Maryllyn explained; "he's coming back immediately."

"Listen," explained Annabelle, hastily. "I'm being named as corespondent in a divorce suit being started by Harry Murchison's fat little wife. Of course, it's terrible, and I've just got to get away, so I won't be served with papers and things. But I didn't know how I could do it until just a moment ago, when I signed up as cook for the Wimbletons of Rock Point, Long Island."

"Cook?" said Charlie, aghast. "You're joking!"

"I'm not," snapped Annabelle. "I'd rather cook than sit in a courtroom and have that Murchison cat think she was hurting me. So

"You're all engaged," announced Ludgate. "Mind you, meet me at the Pennsylvania Station at 8:15. I shall have the tickets. Bring everything. You will start work tomorrow morning."

"Yes, sir," said Annabelle.

"I'm right glad you happened to overhear me talking, Miss Postlewaite," concluded the valet, smiling heavily into the impudent eyes of the new cook.

Ludgate had hardly



Annabelle was sitting in her room three hours later when she realized that the whole estate was in a hubbub of excitement

I'm starting for my new work tonight. Now think fast. You're both broke. This Ludgate valet person who hired me wants a gardener. That would do for you, Charlie, and I think he'd hire you, too, Maryllyn, as a maid. Let's all go down and try out the adventure."

"It's ripping!" exclaimed Charlie, enthusiastically. "I'm for it. It's jolly and all that sort of thing."

Annabelle ushered her friends into the impressive presence of Ludgate, who studied them critically. "You *have* been making money," he remarked. "I've heard that munitions paid well, but I never realized it before. Well, the war's over and you want to come back to your old work. Fine, fine! That's the spirit." He paused to consider Charlie critically.

"You're a good gardener?"

"Know it backwards," answered Charlie. "Orchids and all that sort of thing."

gone when Rawson appeared. Charlie and Maryllyn excused themselves, leaving the millionaire alone with Annabelle.

"I've a favor to ask of you," began Annabelle. "I'm going out to Rock Point, L. I., and I'd appreciate it if you would see that the hotel sends my things out there in a rush."

They say that fate is a queer and fickle creature, but she surely took a hand in the adventures of Annabelle. Seeing the hotel detective, McLarkey, a second later, Rawson called him. "Will you send up to Miss Annabelle Leigh's apartment and see that her things are taken care of properly? She's going to Long Island. Here are ten dollars to cover any expenses."

"You're just the man I want to see," responded the sleuth. "You said a few days ago that you'd like to rent a place somewhere in the country. I've found it for you. A friend of mine, a Mr. Ludgate, is willing to rent you the country place

(Continued on page 73)

Glorious Gloria



Just now Gloria Swanson is coming into decided prominence with Paramount. The fact that Gloria was born in Chicago shouldn't be held against her, since she went all the way to Porto Rico to be educated. Miss Swanson made her first hit at Triangle-Keystone, where playing in the film farces meant skilled agility or—an extended rest with someone taking your temperature every hour

The Mid-Theatrical Season



Frances Starr contributes a vibrant performance in Edward Knoblock's "Tiger! Tiger!" at the Belasco Theater. Adjoining is one of the big scenes from the drama, with Lionel Atwell appearing opposite the star



Bertha Kalich is a picturesque figure in the problem play, "The Riddle: Woman," which is holding forth at the Fulton Theater

Roi Cooper Mcgrue's "Tea for Three," at Maxine Elliott's Theater has been pronounced one of the best comedies of the year. One of the reasons is Margare Laurence, who gives a delightful performance



The Maeterlinck genius of mystic symbolism and imaginative poetry makes "The Betrothal," at the Shubert Theater, a singularly beautiful thing. Reggie Sheffield and Sylvia Field are excellent in the foremost rôles



The Hippodrome show, "Everything," has many delights, but none pleasanter than little Marion Saki, the Japanese dancer



"Glorianna," at the Liberty, is one of the danciest of musical comedies. Here are three of "Glorianna's" chief dancers: Elsie Lawson, Emilie Lea and Marguerite St. Clair

The Celluloid Critic



"Getting Together," it would have attracted wide interest a few short months ago. Now the reaction has set in, and we doubt—and doubt strongly—if war plays and photodramas will continue in popularity. The most serious fault of "The Common Cause" is a wandering story which possesses no grip. Anthony Paul Kelly was not able to better the chief weakness of "Getting Together." Vaguely the story revolves around Orrin Palmer and his pretty wife, who have drifted apart thru the young woman's interest in another man, Edward Wadsworth. Finally, of course, the young people are reunited in a field hospital, Wadsworth, now tested and proven worthy by battle, himself bringing them together. There is an incidental comedy vein running thru, of the flirtation between an English Tommy and a dashing "blue devil" for the heart of a saucy French tavern maid. This interlude is made to stand out vividly thru the able comedy playing of Lawrence

WE doubt if the motion picture world has ever witnessed a more listless month than the one just passed. Slowly emerging from a sleep of five weeks, screen productions are almost completely devoid of interesting features.

To us, possibly the most interesting moment of the four weeks came with the belated presentation of Enrico Caruso on the screen. The famous tenor's initial celluloid attempt, "My Cousin," (Paramount), was to have appeared some weeks earlier, but the film shutdown pushed it back nearly a month.

Caruso's debut was made under singularly happy conditions. First of all, "My Cousin" is a simple, direct little story in which the singer not only has a chance to play himself, thinly disguised under the name of Carulli, but to portray a happy-go-lucky sculptor of the Italian quarter. The sculptor brags that he is a cousin of the great opera tenor, only to be ridiculed thruout Little Italy when he comes face to face with the great Carulli in a restaurant and isn't recognized. The poor sculptor loses everything, even his sweetheart, Rosa, until touched by tragedy, the great Carulli comes to Little Italy during a fête and honors his "cousin" with an order for a bust. Then all the quarter falls down to worship before the happy sculptor and, of course, Rosa returns, too.

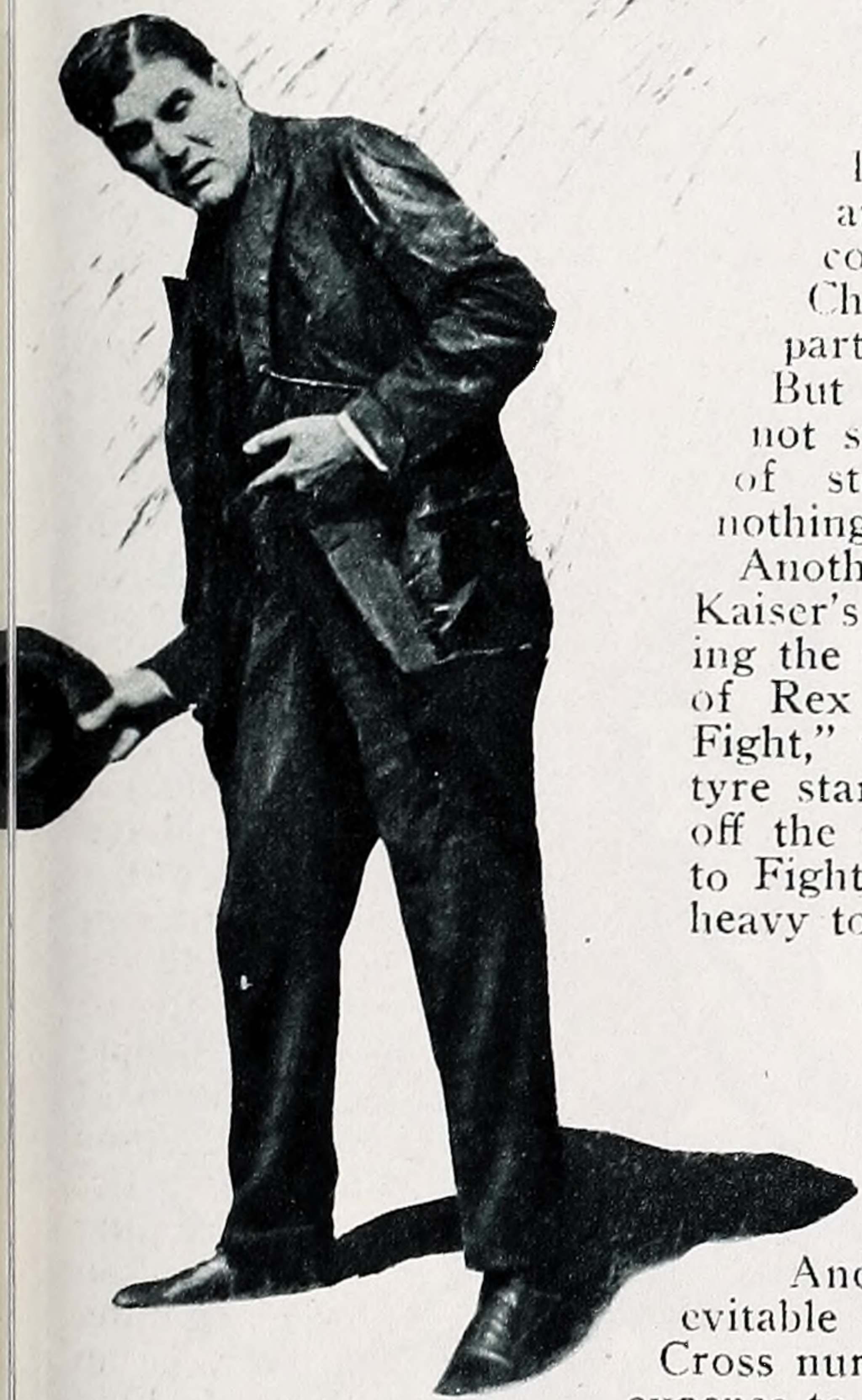
Caruso succeeds in playing himself with distinction and without affectation, but his real success is scored as the poor cousin. Here he is spontaneous, unctuous, easy before the camera. It is a sensitive and excellently limned characterization. Carolina White is very good as the señorita of the poor sculptor's heart. Edward Jose's direction is right in the spirit, probably the best thing he has ever done.

It is singular how quickly, now that the war is ended, that stories of the world struggle seem out of date. Consider J. Stuart Blackton's "The Common Cause." Built up from J. Hartley Manners and Ian Hay Beith's wandering and episodic stage play,

Above, Herbert Rawlinson, Sylvia Breamer and the Blackton children in "The Common Cause." Below, Mildred Harris in "Borrowed Clothes"



By FREDERICK
JAMES SMITH



Grossmith as the Tommy with a penchant for Hun helmets.

The battle scenes are adequate. Sylvia Breamer is singularly beautiful at times as Mrs. Palmer—when she isn't wearing singularly ugly costumes. Herbert Rawlinson is a masterful Palmer and Huntley Gordon a rather colorless Wadsworth. Little Charles Blackton makes a tiny part stand out.

But "The Common Cause" would not startle because of its weakness of story—even if timeliness had nothing to do with it.

Another photoplay hurt by the Kaiser's lack of foresight in continuing the war was Goldwyn's adaptation of Rex Beach's story, "Too Fat to Fight," with the rotund Frank McIntyre starred. Based on a story fresh off the *Cosmopolitan* press, "Too Fat to Fight" tells of a fat American, too heavy to get into regular service, who finally "makes" the Y. M. C. A.

Every one has laughed at him, but when he proves his bravery in battle, even to the losing of a leg, "Dimples" Daly-rymple develops to be a hero.

And, of course, he wins the inevitable ingénue, serving as a Red Cross nurse. Goldwyn went to a lot of expense to make "Too Fat to Fight," and

it was mighty unkind of William Hohenzol-

ern to give up just at the moment of releasing it. At the Rivoli the audience looked at it rather listlessly, when, a few days before, it would have made a smashing hit.

The gentle atmosphere of "Little Women," (Paramount),

based on Louisa M. Alcott's widely read story, appealed to us strongly. Here is a delightful picture—sans empires, punches, and all the usual essentials" of the photodrama. Even if "Little Women" doesn't hold its niche in your heart as a novel, it will get you as a picture.

The atmosphere has been caught delightfully. Is it necessary to explain that the "little women" are the four daughters of an elderly New England clergyman who has gone to the war as a chaplain? How they maintain the home, comfort their mother and struggle thru the problems of youth form the incidents of the story. Director Harley Knoles has developed the quiet little theme in the whole with sympathy, altho he has missed out here and there in trying his effort to cram in everything. This has meant the slurring of some of several characters. Dorothy Bernard is delightful as Jo, and Conrad Nagel is a very likeable Laurie.

The best thing about Willard Mack's "The Hell Cat," (Goldwyn), is the way Geraldine Farrar photographs. She hasn't celluloided so well since "Joan the Woman." Otherwise "The Hell Cat" is a hectic story. Miss Farrar plays the fish-Spanish daughter of an old ranchman. An untamed savage of a man is fascinated by her, murders her father and takes her to his hut. Ultimately she revenges herself by plunging a dagger into the scoundrel's heart. And, of course, the man she loves comes to her in the end. So they start anew, forgetting the past. Director Reginald Barker and Mr. Mack have succeeded in getting thru

"The Hell Cat" without giving offense, but the story does not possess grip or punch. The best that can be said of "The Hell Cat" is that it presents Miss Farrar to better advantage than she has been presented in some time. Tom Santschi as the villain and Milton Sills as the faithful lover have little real opportunity.

"Borrowed Clothes," (Universal), arriving just at the moment the star, Mildred Harris, had married our own Charlie Chaplin, attracted more attention than would otherwise have been allotted to it. "Borrowed Clothes" is fearful stuff, the plaintive tale of a poor, persecuted shoppgirl who is tempted with beautiful clothes by an unscrupulous young fellow. Eventually the chap reforms and marries little Mary.

The whole development of the story, from scenario writing to Lois Weber's direction, is false and untrue.

It is far from life.

Right, Madge Kennedy in "A Perfect Lady." Below, "Little Women," with Dorothy Bernard as Jo



Big Bill Duncan

Once the Vitagraph serial star was an instructor with McFadden's physical culture school and, later on, he toured the varieties with Sandow, the strong man. Then he decided to relax and be a mere actor. But even that palled. Next the movies came along, and as they permitted the mingling of muscles and histrionics, Bill went into the game with a vengeance



MAGGIE PEPPER

tionized from the Scenario
 sed on Charles Klein's Play
 By
 DROTHY DONNELL



Then followed en-
 charnted days, colored
 by the memory of boat
 rides to Coney Island



"A COLLEGE education is like an auto, it may get you there and it may not, and often plain horse-sense will pass it on the road," Maggie Pepper remarked, curtly. "I dont know much about geometry or Greek verbs, but I do know suits."

Hargen, manager for the Holbrook department store, indulged in a sneer which lifted the corner of his small black mustache disagreeably. He was one of those who wear their paltry authority like a hired dress-suit that does not quite fit. Besides, he had an old score to settle with this pretty shop-girl, who had long ago given him to understand that he was *persona non grata* as far as she was concerned.

"Unfortunately, you are too late, Miss Pepper," he said, suavely. "My sister, Alice, has already picked out some one for the place—a friend of hers, I believe."

Maggie Pepper stared at him bewilderedly. For two years now she had hoped and planned, worked with an earnestness ridiculously disproportionate to her meagre wage for this promotion until it had become a part of her. She drew herself together, quivering, ready to fight at bay for the child of her brain.

"You cant sell suits as if they were





with those common, impudent shop-girls! I wish he'd fire every one of them. You can't tell me anything good of girls who dress as well as they do on twelve a week."

The door opened stormily and Maggie Pepper hurried and straight into the young man's arms, blind with slow, reluctant tears. He caught a glimpse of bright hair, drooping scarlet lips, white cheeks a shade too sharply outlined, a chin that might have been a man's, a throat that could never have been anything but feminine; he felt the warmth of her slim body, and she was gone, leaving him staring after her until his fiancée's voice, accented, sweet, sounded in his ear.

"Of course, Joe, if you're not coming——"

Frowning, he followed her rustling silks and jeweled hats into the manager's office. He was conscious for the first time of a vague wish that Alice wouldn't use so much patchouli, and that transparent blouse was so obviously seductive.

"Well, Holbrook," Hargen smiled, with a sort of uneasy familiarity, "been taking a look around, eh? How soon are you going to drop the incog and take to grinding out little gems of thought for your employes, such as, 'Every Smile Makes a Friend,' and 'Fidelity Our Sales Insurance Policy'?"

In her pretty sitting room she clasped Claire to her breast. "Your old auntie has been foolish, but she's going to be very, very wise from now on!" she told her

Joe Holbrook thrust big hands into his pockets and jingled some keys there. "What were you doing to that girl that was just in here to make her cry?" he asked, bluntly.

A swift glance passed between Hargen and his sister, and the small black mustache

potatoes or prunes. You gotter know them linings and buttons and pure wool and mixed! You got to be able to see ahead, instead of looking backward and wondering why that lot of brown velour checks didn't go in a stripe season, and why women wouldn't touch the bunched gabardines that make 'em look three inches bigger around the waist! See how the department's been running behind this season. Why, Tracey's sold four suits to our one, because they've got real salesgirls instead of friends of the manager's sister! I could make the suits and coats the biggest thing in the store—in the city! I know just how I'd do it—new plate-glass cases, French gray fitting-rooms, a couple of models, maybe, and modern fixtures. Why, the forms you got now are the same ones Eve saw when she went to look at the latest thing in fig-leaves!"

She had forgotten herself in her flooding enthusiasm, and her voice, raised above the limits of painfully acquired ladylikeness, pierced thru the flimsy office partition to the ears of the young man who had been about to push open the gilt-lettered door. His companion, a girl who wore her sex flauntingly on her sleeve, laughed pettishly and pulled at his arm with an air of conscious proprietorship.

"Why John has any words

Without a word she sprang at him, dragging the hand that held the pistol down with all her slender strength



slanted insinuatingly. "She was impudent and I fired her," he explained, smoothly. "Trying to tell *me* how to run the store! If I hadn't been such a soft-hearted donkey I'd have sent her away long ago. Her sister was caught shop-lifting here last April—had a couple of mink muffs speared on each leg, and her daughter, who was with her, was wearing a four hundred dollar set of squirrel. They let the kid off, but the woman's in the pen for a year. A bad lot!"

"Oh," Alice shrilled, "how awful! But it was easy to see what *she* was." She opened her bag and applied a small pink puff to her cheeks with the aid of the mirror inside. "Joe and I are going over to the Cosmos for lunch, John. Want to come along?"

"Excuse me one minute," Holbrook said abruptly. "I've something I want to do first."

They saw his broad back disappear thru the doorway, and Alice flung her bag temperately to the floor. Her prettiness had vanished, leaving her small, highly colored face marred with fine lines of malice and cruelty. "Now you've done it, you fool!" she said, in a suppressed tone. "He's going to take her back. I hate women with yellow hair and baby blue eyes—they can always wind a man around their little finger! The first thing I'll do"—she gestured vindictively—"the first thing I'll do when Joe and I are safely married is to fire that little blonde cat!"

"But until you're married," advised her brother, "you can afford to forget and forgive anything. A fit of temper might be expensive, Alice, to the tune of two and a half millions."

In the deserted suit department Holbrook found Maggie putting a pile of dejected-looking suits on hangers, as one might lay away the garments of a dear dead child. He stood a moment in the shadow of a cloak rack, watching the square, capable hands at their work, noting the resolute set

of the small, grim little chin that would not quiver in spite of the tears that dripped down onto the plain linen shirtwaist. There was something gallant about the poise of her, something capable and strong.

"I beg your pardon——"

She did not start, but looked at him without stopping in her work, and, seeing his friendly smile, her face grew hard.

"No," she said, grimly, "I'm not your Little Bright Eyes, and I don't want an auto ride in the park nor supper at Sherry's nor an ice-cream soda. I talk suits from eight to six and I think suits from six to eight, and my motto is

'Strictly Business'——"

Joe Holbrook interrupted. "That 'suits' me!" he laughed. "You see I happened to overhear part of what you were saying to John Hargen just now and it interested me. I wish you'd tell me your idea for making over this department. I'm——er——in the selling line myself, you see."

Instantly the ice of her manner melted. She looked at him with a blue glow in her gaze and swept her hand out in a gesture of explanation about the bare, bleak room. "Can't you *see* how wrong everything is? You can't slam suits at a woman—you've got to coax 'em! A place like this

makes them feel poor and stingy and disagreeable. They make up their minds before they see a suit that it won't fit, and the color isn't becoming, and, anyway, maybe they can fix up the

old one to do another season, now that eggs are so high. I'd finish the show-room with wicker and rose silk curtains and lamps and flowers so it would flatter them into thinking they were millionaires. I'd——"

Breathlessly she swept on from point to point of her creed of suit-selling, amazing him with her acumen, her unconscious insight into human foibles and weaknesses. Untutored as she was, her scheme was sound, and he suspected that it was even brilliant.

(Continued on page 68)



"Not—me?" said Maggie Pepper faintly. "You couldn't mean me—"

MAGGIE PEPPER

Adapted for the scenario of Gardner Hunting, based on Charles Klein's drama. Produced by Paramount under the direction of Chester Withey. Starring Ethel Clayton. The cast:

Maggie Pepper.....	Ethel Clayton
Joe Holbrook.....	Elliott Dexter
Ada Darkin.....	Wimifred Greenwood
Sam Darkin.....	Tully Marshall
Claire Darkin.....	Edna May Wilson
Jake Rothschild.....	Raymond Hatton
John Hargen.....	Clyde Benson
Alice Keane.....	Marcia Manon
Mrs. Thatcher.....	Fay Holderness

The Extra Girl Invades Mimic Boarding-House

By ETHEL ROSEMON



"MISS LESLIE! Oh, Miss Leslie! Will some one please page my star?"

The camera was waiting—so were we. A look of anxiety was beginning to creep into Director Joseph Gleason's face as he gazed intently down the Vitagraph corridor. Suddenly there was a gurgle of mischief, and slowly from a refuse can that was reposing just off the set appeared the golden head of the original "glad girl."

"Were you waiting for me?" she asked, innocently. "I was trying to find out how it would really feel to be something some one had thrown away—for instance, an old glove or a tomato-soup can."

"Well, now that you know, how about a good imitation of Beth mopping up the boarding-house stairs?" laughed Mr. Gleason.

You have guessed it, faithful followers of my film fate—I am back at my starting-place. For weeks, even months, I tried to return home to roost, but alas! every perch was always filled, and then, one evening, just "'twixt the dusk and the daylight," I met Director Gleason. When he answered, "Yes, I am casting for my new picture," I looked at him with that dazed expression you have often noticed on the countenance of a jelly-fish when brought face to face with a dish of blanc-mange. Of course, I expected to hear him add, "But you're not the type I need."

Gladys surprises Director Gleason and camera-man Jules Cronjager by emerging from an ash can. Below, an example of music soothing the savage star

Alarm crept into my heart as the old familiar words failed to fall upon my waiting ear. I had yet to discover the huge bump of originality that hides somewhere behind Mr. Gleason's smiling



It's All in the Filming of Gladys Leslie's Latest Photoplay

face. A look of understanding passed between the director and the star, who was, fortunately, just studying the script—and lo! I found myself engaged as a boarder in Mrs. Gamp's *Maison de Hash*—no references required.

I like the boarder character better than any other rôle in which I have yet been featured. Perhaps it was the friendly I'm-glad-you're-here spirit that went from the star right down thru the little company. Before the first day was over I felt that I had known every member for a long time, and now that the engagement is ended I am just waiting for Mr. Gleason to start another picture for perhaps—but that will be another story.

Jessie Stevens conducted the house at which we were paid so much a day to board. She was one of those tons-of-prevention landladies who personally preside at each meal. The table may at one time have groaned under the weight of steaming dishes, but when we gathered around it had become Herb Hoover's pet grandchild.

Gladys, as Beth, the little slavey, did all the work of the house and, according to the rules laid down for moving picture slavies, was the butt of the ill-will of mistress and boarders. If the hash was burned, it was "up to Beth," but if it wasn't—well, it was just luck. We all had to admit, tho, that it was really her fault when, the first day, she became so interested in Denton Vane, who was playing Superstitious Louis, that she gave him a bath of tomato soup.

(Continued on page 60)

Above: Denton Vane pleads with Gladys to give the camera-man a chance, while, below, Miss Leslie listens to Author Lawrence McClusky and Director Gleason discuss some stunts.





Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.

PROBABLY by this time the fate of the ex-Kaiser has been decided. But if it hasn't, we still submit our original suggestion: sentence him to look at all the Kaiser pictures produced during the war.

Now that the war's over, there'll be no more letters to the stars from the trenches via the publicity offices, no more pictures of stars will be found tacked up in dug-outs, and no more actors will be planning to go across—soon.

We've always believed in conservative screen advertising. Thus we pleasantly note the lines boosting "The Tidal Wave": "Every reel detonating with substance for a super-picture! Every one of its leading characters of irresistible attraction! Every one of its more than a score dramatic situations big enough for the big spot in any spectacular drama! Get on your toes for a first look at the most absorbing! most timely!! vivid!!! stupendous!!!! thrilling screen wonder play of the year!"

THINGS WE'RE WILLING TO
HOOVERIZE ON
Mitchell Lewis' under lip.

Last month a photoplay was produced which wasn't written by Anthony Paul Kelly.

Monte Katterjohn has just made his monthly announcement that big, vital film dramas are coming and that the day of the doll-faced ingénue is passed.

Now comes "The Married Virgin," with this enticing billing:
"The handsomest lounge-lizard that ever infested a *thé dansant*."

Peace hath its triumphs, no less than war. Observe the mad efforts of the producers to turn their war pictures into reconstruction dramas.

The screen industry has reached the point where a producer advertises the remarkably few productions he has made during the past five years. Witness D. W. Griffith advertising that he has only turned out five pictures in five years.

THE VAMPIRE

Vamp on, thou deep and dark-browed heavy, vamp!
Ten thousand censors frown on thee in vain;
Still dost thou writhe as if thou hadst a cramp,
And still against thy steel-ribbed corset strain
Ev'n as some fat poodle on his chain
Doth choke and strangle when he seeth a bone.
Woe to the juvenile who must remain
Thruout the op'ning reel with thee alone—
He sinks unadvertised, uncaptioned, and unknown.

And I have loved thee, Vampire, from the day
When first they biographed thy scarlet sins;
I love thine unconvincing negligée,
I love thy spider-gowns, thy leopard-skins,
Thy gold snake-bracelets and thy scarab-pins,
Thy cigaret, thy chaise-longue, thy pet Chow,
Thy feathered headgear, and thy wicked shins . . .
Time marks no change upon thy baleful brow;
Such as the first director film'd, thou rollest now!—JEWELL PARISII.



Now that S. Jay Kaufman, of the *New York Globe*, is writing scenarios, and Louis Sherwin, the critic, is special Goldwyn publicity promoter, we have to look to Tyrone Power for our caustic comments on the films. Says Tyrone: "In the movies I have seen a director take a handsome young plumber's assistant and make a leading man out of him in three months." And he goes on to say that "motion picture acting is merely making 'faces.'"

Directors seem to have a vague idea about the sun. Otherwise, why does the sunlight always hit two players, facing each other, directly in the eyes?

Dramatic uplift item—Eileen Percy is learning to play golf.

An exhibitor up in Ottawa, Canada, on playing "To Hell with the Kaiser," fixed his theater lobby up to look like hades. We've seen a lot of lobbies that looked that way.

Note the Universal's exploitation of Mildred Harris' marriage: "The national screen star, whose marriage to the world's greatest comedian is now making fortunes for exhibitors." As our office-boy says, it's an ill wind, etc.

For cleansing, one cream— For protection, an entirely different cream

To give your skin the loveliness it should have, two creams are needed—an oil cream for cleansing, and a non-oily cream for protection

THE skin is constantly being toughened and coarsened by its daily exposure to wind and dirt. Unless you take care both to cleanse it thoroughly of all impurities at night and to protect it properly during the day, you deliberately sacrifice the clear, fresh-looking complexion you could so easily have.

Cleanse the skin each night

Particularly at the end of a windy, dusty day the pores of your skin are filled with fine particles of grime and dirt. To make the skin clear and fine-textured, it must be kept thoroughly cleansed.

Before going to bed, cleanse the skin liberally with Pond's Cold Cream. The soothed, refreshed feeling will be noticeable at once.

You will find Pond's Cold Cream a perfect oil cream for massage as well as for cleansing.

Protect the skin each day

Every woman who cares about her appearance knows that in cold winter days the skin must be especially protected to prevent its becoming rough, red and chapped. You can protect your skin from wind and cold, can keep it soft and smooth by applying a little Pond's Vanishing Cream just before you go out.



The nightly cleansing and massage with Pond's Cold Cream keep the skin clear and smooth.



At a moment's notice, Pond's Vanishing Cream brings your skin new freshness. As a protection apply a little before going out into the cold

Rub it lightly into your skin. It is wholly different from any other cream you have ever used. It contains no oil. At once it disappears without leaving a trace of disagreeable shine. By taking this simple precaution, you can keep your skin lovely all winter.

The very first application will show you how much your skin is benefited. Neither Pond's Vanishing Cream nor Pond's Cold Cream will grow hair or down on the skin. Try them both for a week and notice how much lovelier your skin looks.

Free sample tubes

Tear out and mail the coupon today and we will send you sample tubes of each cream free. Or for 10c., to cover postage, packing, etc., we will send you larger tubes of both creams, containing enough to last two weeks. Send for them today. Address Pond's Extract Co., 136-S Hudson St., New York City. If you live in Canada, address 136-S Brock Ave., Toronto, Canada.



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 136-S Hudson St., New York

Please send me, free, the items checked:
 A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
 A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free samples, I desire the items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount, to cover postage, packing, etc.:

A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
 A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

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

The Extra Girl Invades a Mimic Boarding-House

(Continued from page 57)

"Have the soup cooled a little so it wont scald Denton," Mr. Gleason had directed, when he was preparing for this scene. "Tip the plate a little, Gladys, so a few drops will trickle down his coat-sleeve."

But Gladys, with the naturalness that characterizes all her work, let the plate choose its own angle and bestowed a generous helping over Denton's arm.

"Oh, dont mind me," the bathed one laughed, when the camera had stopped grinding. "I'd really just as lief have it outside as in."

"Must we eat it, Mr. Gleason?" a fastidious boarder inquired, giving the soup a disdainful glance that sent the color up to his face in a becoming rosy flush.

"Of course you must, and if you enjoy it you may have a second plate—off stage, tho, for this isn't that kind of a boarding-house."

When we had partaken of dinner presumably to our entire satisfaction, the dishes were changed and, presto! we were just finishing breakfast. What a saving of time and energy it would be if Mr. Gleason could pattern the scheme and introduce it into real life! Over our eggs we were discussing the happenings of the previous evening, when Miss Riggs' savings had been quietly transferred from her stocking—which, I must hasten to explain, was at that moment reposing in the depths of her trunk—while she was down in the parlor exhibiting a cut-glass bowl she had procured at a great bargain. Of course, all the evidence pointed to little Beth as the culprit.

The next day—next in our work, I mean, for it really happened between the evening and morning meals—found us piling into Beth's little attic-room in the wake of Mrs. Gamp, who thought she, in turn, was in the wake of the stolen money. Being a hard-hearted set of boarders, we gazed with icy contempt at poor little Beth as Mrs. Gamp threatened her with the House of Correction.

When I asked Casting Director Frank Loomis, who came up to watch the attic scene, what had become of all the little extras who shared honors with me in "The Sixteenth Wife," he informed me that most of them had done what many of their ancestors did before them, married, while others had been lured to the out-loud theater. (Who, WHO, I ask you again in caps, can live on ambition alone?) Tho I missed the old faces, my hours of making up were lightened by four very pretty young women who shared the dressing-room with me and regaled with a discussion of the woes of a film career—and then, of course, there was Mother Dixon.

"It's the first day I've worked in over a month," one of them volunteered.

"Same here," another added. "And just wait until I tell you what happened to me. I had two calls during that time, and both days I was up on the roof hanging out some clothes. I haven't

washed a thing since, and every time a laundry wagon passes the house I get a sick headache."

But up from the dressing-room and back to the set where the parlor was awaiting us! We had adjourned here after the evening meal. Some were sitting over in a corner gossiping, while I was trying by the light of a haughty gas jet to read an ancient *Saturday Evening Post*. And then Mrs. Gamp appeared and insisted upon singing to us. Evidently we had had a few samples of Mrs. Gamp's entertainment in a previous existence. Anyway, we registered pleasure to her face and annoyance to her generous back.

"Fine, Jessie," Miss Leslie called, with a clap of her hands, the minute the scene was ended.

"Miss Leslie thinks you're good," Mr. Gleason passed the word on.

"Now dont go by that," Miss Stevens laughed. "No matter how rotten I was, that dear child would think I was fine. It's her perfectly lovely loyal disposition."

I had noticed that Miss Leslie took a keen interest in every scene, whether she was in it or not. Her cheery word of praise floated down the studio to principal and extra alike. She was genuinely pleased when any one put over a good "bit."

"This is my pet," she said to me one day, with her arm twined affectionately around Miss Stevens' neck. "Jessie was at the studio when I first started in pictures—not here, but with another company—and she used to fight all my battles; didn't you, Jessie?"

"Of course I did. I'd fight the battles of any young girl who was trying to get to the top. The girls are all so lovely to me. When one has—well, gone a part of the journey ahead, one is inclined to feel a little lonesome, but the girls always see to it that I am not without attention."

"I wonder why," commented Denton Vane, who happened to be passing. "It must be hard to be pleasant to any one with your disposition."

Every morning the general cry led by Miss Leslie was, "Any letter from Billy today?"

Billy is Miss Stevens' son, a young lieutenant "over there," and his letters are public property at the studio.

And, speaking of letters, Miss Leslie's favorites are not the proposals from the grown-up men fans, but the appealing, often sadly misspelled missives from the kiddies all over the world. She is such a genuine youngster herself—and she is always herself, with no attempt to imitate any one else on the screen—that she can appreciate the point of view of the eager little writers—and she always answers them.

"One of my treasured possessions is a tiny little handkerchief—the ten-cent store variety—that a little tot sent me 'with all my lube.'"

Gossip From the Pacific Coast

By Fritzi Remont

LOS ANGELES, CAL. (*Special*)—Now that the flu scare is over, all our theaters have put on new duds and decorated their buttonholes with buds, and are looking for silver coin in floods. It's been a hard pull. Funny side of the condition was shown in electric signs over the theaters. One bore the words, "All dressed up and no place to go," and another said, "We will open on Monday—MAYBE." Many meetings were held by theater owners, special committees waited on the City Council and Health Officer Powers, all to no avail.

The Metro studios closed down for six weeks, but Bert Lytell is back, honorably discharged from an officers' training school at Waco, Tex. He will hibernate on his ranch at Napa for a fortnight, then resume work. It is planned to have ten companies listening to the camera's happy chirp before the new year is out of its swaddling clothes. Mme. Nazimova is doing "The Red Lantern." Edwin Carewe, formerly Harold Lockwood's director, is now directing Viola Dana. It was a curious trick of fate that bereft Viola of her husband-director and Mr. Carewe of his star, and the new amalgamation promises big things, rising, phoenix-like, out of its ashes and sorrows.

Ince companies have been working steadily. Dorothy Dalton shot one of her biggest scenes in Judge Hauser's Superior Court room. This was during the enforcement of health ordinances, yet one hundred and fifty people were gathered in the courtroom. Of course, this is much better than building up an expensive set and has the added value of authenticity. This is one of Miss Dalton's highly emotional scenes, and a large crowd of spectators endeavored to gain entrance to the courtroom, the aforesaid one hundred and fifty persons being members of the cast, producers and supers. By the way, Dorothy is mighty proud of her Boston terriers, which resemble those little glass paper-weight "dawgs" with the "diamond" eyes. "Roxie Jane" has won six ribbons and is descended from famous English stock, and her daughter, "Honey Blossom," is to be entered in a number of shows this spring, at which Miss Dalton is quite confident of walking off with first honors.

Enid Bennett has done another desert romance. While out among the cactus palms, Director Fred Niblo came across a skeleton, and the camera-man got a good picture of "the quick and the dead." *Quick is right*—everybody says it's wonderful the way Mr. Niblo rushed into the directing game and put out a fine product. Maybe Enid isn't just crazy about her big husband!

One of the big workers out here is Harold Percival, art director for Ince. Did you ever happen to think what it means to design sets for every play put on in a big studio?



How We Improved Our Memory In One Evening



The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones and His Wife

"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I do remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed. I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

* * * *

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them."

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared

for home study I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson I was surprised to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years became president of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguishers:

"Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been pure pleasure all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instruction and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends.

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless. I can absolutely count on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to my mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't sure. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years, to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in our office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. O. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell. Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his memory 100 per cent in a week and 1000 per cent in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in increased earning power will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

What the Course Did For Mrs. Jones

From what Mr. Jones tells us, the Roth Memory Course did just as wonderful things for Mrs. Jones. She became fascinated with the lessons the first evening she could get them away from her husband, and he is forced to admit that not only did she learn the magic key words more quickly and easily than he did—but so did Genevieve, their twelve-year-old daughter.

But the fun of learning was only the beginning. In a few days Mrs. Jones was amazed to see how her newly acquired power to remember the countless things she had to remember simplified her life. The infinite details of housekeeping smoothed themselves out wonderfully. She was surprised how much more time she had for recreation—because she remembered easily and automatically her many duties at the time they should be remembered. And when evening came she missed much the old "tired feeling" and was fresher than she had been in years.

At her club she became a leader because her fellow members could count on her to conduct club matters with a clear head and in orderly procedure.

In her social life Mrs. Jones began to win a popularity that she had never dreamed of attaining. The reason was easy to understand—because she never forgot a name or face once she was introduced—and this also made her a successful hostess—much to the wonder of her friends. In short, Mrs. Jones, in developing her own perfectly good memory, discovered a secret of success not only in housekeeping, but in her social life.

Now we understand the Roth Memory Idea is going like wildfire among Mrs. Jones' friends—for she has let them into her secret.

Read the following letter from Mrs. Eleanor Phillips, State Chairman of the Tennessee Woman's Liberty Loan Committee:

"Enclosed please find check for \$5 for Memory Course forwarded me. This course, to my mind, is the most wonderful thing of its kind I have ever heard of, and comes to hand at a time when I need it greatly.

"As Chairman for the State of Tennessee for Women's Liberty Loan Committee, it is very necessary for me to remember the names of thousands of women, and with the very little acquaintance I have had with your wonderful course I find my memory greatly strengthened. I feel sure that after having completed the course I will be able to know my women and the counties they are from the minute I see them."

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to improve your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied, send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

FREE EXAMINATION BLANK

Independent Corporation

DIVISION OF BUSINESS EDUCATION

Dept. R-642 119 West 40th St., New York

Publishers of *The Independent* (and *Harper's Weekly*)
The Most Satisfactory War Journal in America

Please send me the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either remail the course to you within five days after its receipt or send you \$5.

Name

Address



Ethel Clayton

Tenderly helping to care for the wounded officer.

"The Mystery Girl"

Paramount Picture



Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Nature often provides a beautiful complexion, but it cannot be depended upon to keep that complexion attractive without assistance from you. Even noted beauties realize this and give their complexion untiring care.

Every day you should use Ingram's Milkweed Cream. It is softening and cleansing and it guards the delicate fabric of the skin texture from the effect of cold and wind and dirt. Its distinctive therapeutic property keeps the skin in a healthy condition.

Get your jar today.

Englewood, N. J., Aug. 13, 1917.

F. F. INGRAM CO.:

I find that Ingram's Milkweed Cream does just what you claim for it. It conserves one's complexion perfectly under the most trying conditions. I would not be without it.

Ethel Clayton

Mail Coupon

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.
83 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

I enclose a dime in return for which please send me your Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets and Milkweed Cream, Zodenta Tooth Powder, and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes.

Buy It in Either 50c or \$1.00 Size

Ingram's
Velveta
Souveraine
FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that *it stays on*. Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

Ingram's
Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.

Established 1885

Windsor, Canada 83 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Australasian Agents, T. W. Cotton, Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, Australia.

There is Beauty in Every Jar





Shirley Mason

"It's 'Goodbye Bill' for good, if Shirley's dainty little finger leans too hard on the trigger."

"Gosh Darn the Kaiser"
Paramount Picture



Ingram's Milkweed Cream

The raw, rough winds of winter will play havoc with your complexion unless you give the skin proper care daily. Cold, as you know, coarsens the texture. Wind roughens and reddens it. You owe it to yourself to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream, not once but twice a day during inclement weather.

This famous cream, which has been the favorite of beautiful women for many years, not only softens and cleanses the skin but has in addition a distinctive therapeutic effect upon the tissues. It actually tones them up and keeps the skin in good condition. Ask for it by its full name at your druggist's.

Miss Shirley Mason is another famous star of the screen stage who states that she "prefers" Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Buy It in Either 50c or \$1.00 Size

Mail Coupon

There is Beauty in Every Jar



**Ingram's
Velveta
Souveraine
FACE POWDER**

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that *it stays on*. Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

**Ingram's
Rouge**

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.

83 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

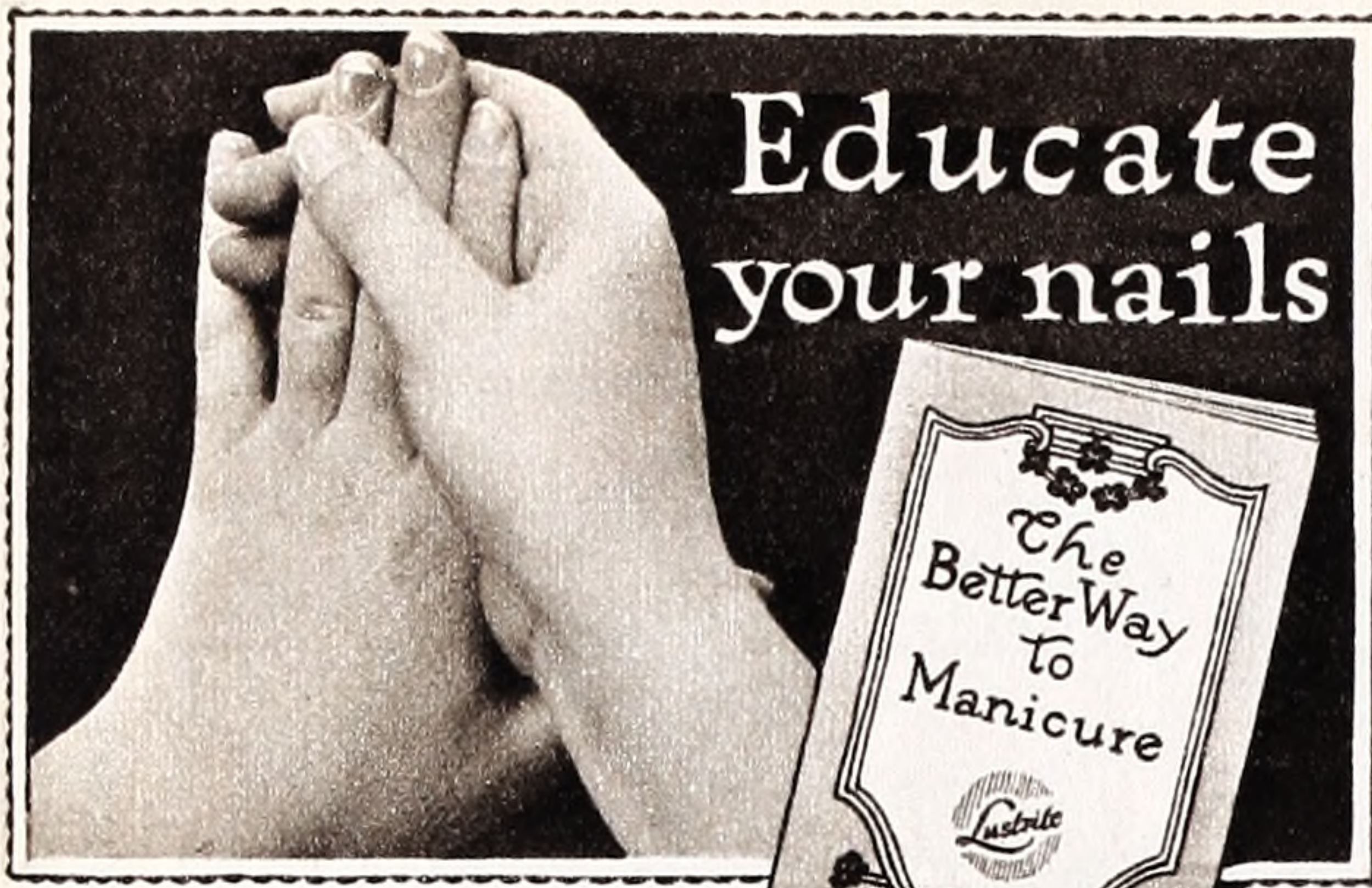
I enclose a dime in return for which please send me your Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets and Milkweed Cream, Zodenta Tooth Powder, and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.

Established 1885

Windsor, Canada 83 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Australasian Agents, T. W. Cotton, Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, Australia.



Educate
your nails

Lustr-ite them

Exquisite nails are the reward of training. "The Better Way to Manicure" tells how to give your nails the charming shape and finish you have often admired on others, without cutting the cuticle or removing it with injurious acids.

Your copy of this instructive book, with sufficient Lustr-ite Cuticle Ice to soften and train your cuticle, will be sent you free on request.

The five essentials for manicuring the Lustr-ite way are:

Lustr-ite Cuticle Ice Lustr-ite Nail Bleach
Lustr-ite Nail Whitener Lustr-ite Salve Enamel
Lustr-ite Nail Cake

On Sale at All Department and Drug Stores

The Lustr-ite Corporation

50 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



\$25,000 for 30 Minutes

That's how long it took Geo. M. Cohan to write "Over There" and it was sold for \$25,000.

Have you a good song poem you would like to exploit?

Send your poems today for best offer and immediate publication. FREE EXAMINATION. Music composed. Explanatory Booklet sent on request.

Authors' & Composers' Service Co.
Suite 517
1433 Broadway, New York



Get
the
Drop
on that Cough

Stop your cough before it stops you! Save needless doctor bills. You can stop the incipient cold and the heavy, rasping cough with

DEANS
COUGH MENTHOLATED
DROPS

They taste good—they are good for the whole family, from the baby up. For seventeen years, millions of users have been proving it. Get them anywhere from coast to coast.

Good for the Throat—
Bad for the Cough.

DEAN MEDICINE CO.
Milwaukee, Wis.

5¢

The Heart of Wetona—(Continued from page 35)

above her. His repression fastened about him like a cloak, shrouding him in silence. She knew that repression. She understood it because she was of him and of his people. She feared it because she was of the East and her mother's people.

They stood so for a long time. Then Quannah began to question her again. Each word smote her shuddering flesh like a missile. At last he got from her that the man was not of their people. He was, she said, a white man. Quannah pressed the advantage he felt he had gained. But Wetona was mute. She had told all that her heart allowed. "I never tell name," she said, and her tears soaked into the earth her head was pressed against and went to join the sobbing, restless waters of the river. "I never tell," she said.

Quannah left her there. After he had gone Wetona slipped from the wood with the unexpectedness, the agility of a deer. She knew her father and she knew the Comanches. It would be death—death by slow torture. She was the daughter, the outraged daughter of their chief. The purest blood of the proud Comanches had been violated in her veins. Yes, it would be torture. Torture! And it would be slow, very slow, and cruel—oh, cruel! Wetona shuddered. Not for herself. She could stand torture. She felt that she could stand it. Often it seemed to her that she was tortured, had been tortured, ever since she met Tony Wells and he had awaked within her this fever which consumed her. It was fever. It was consuming fever. And it would not let her be. It drove her to strange ends, forced her to commit strange sacrilege. It tore down traditions with hot and vandal hands; it smirched modesty in her white face; it brought the head of Wetona to the dirt where her heart was wallowing. It was for Tony Wells that she shuddered as she sped thru the night to the white man's place. She knew that fear made a baby of him. He would be dreadfully fearful of her father's threat.

On the way she bethought her of John Hardin. Big John, who could do more with the Comanches than any agent the reservation had ever had. John liked her, too; she felt intuitively certain of that.

John Hardin was smoking his pipe in his professionally littered office when Wetona sped over his sill and stood before him. Just before her coming he had felt sad, sad and depressed. Ever since Wetona had left the Comanches to go to her Eastern college, and he had seen her standing on the platform of the train, blue eyes brilliant in her golden face, he had treasured her memory to the point of putting all other memories from him. "Some day," he had promised himself, "some day she will come back. She will be a woman grown. A wonderful woman. She will be strong as the lusty young pines and swift as the torrents of the river. She will have the

blade-keenness of her father's people and the soft tenderness of her mother's. She will be a bride worth wooing, infinitely worth winning. She will be mine."

He rose when she entered and stood looking down on her from his superior height. "Something is wrong?" he asked, kindly.

Wetona drew a long, shuddering breath. "Very wrong," she got out. "Next week Corn Dance. I was chosen for Vestal Virgin—I—oh, Mr. Hardin, the tribe—it—they go for Tony Wells. Please, please, if you care for me so very little bit, please not let them take him, Tony Wells. Please. If they take, Wetona die—tonight—"

John Hardin knit his brows. She had torn a dream out of his heart that had been the finest he had dared to create. Well—"Of course," he said, "what I can do I—" He got no further. Quannah stood on the threshold of the room. His lips were drawn away from his teeth. His eyes glinted white in the deepening gloom. When his voice came it was a snarl, with a tang of red blood to it. Quannah was already, figuratively, on the warpath.

"You he," he spat forth, ambiguously, "you, John Hardin. We swear by John Hardin, poor fool Indians; we say he keep faith, this agent, he white man clean to his bone. All time you vile, you low; you take chief's daughter and make street thing of her. Come, Quannah fight. Quannah fight this honorable John Hardin for his daughter's honor."

John Hardin had dealt with Comanche Indians a great many years. He seldom made a misstep. He knew that if he fought the aged chief now one of two things would happen, Quannah would be killed, in which event he would lose Wetona for all time, and doubtless, his own life, since it would call the tribe upon him; or he would be killed, in which case it would leave Wetona to the dubious punishment of her people. He shook his head. "Not now, Quannah," he said. "Let me atone in some other way."

Quannah knit his brows. Then he looked up. "Wetona child of the white man, too," he said. "I read, I know, white man hurt girl, atone by marriage. John Hardin marry Wetona and make good Wetona's name."

Wetona gasped. John Hardin smiled. "Stand aside, Quannah," he ordered, "while I talk the matter over with Wetona."

Quannah snarled, but obeyed, poising his rifle so that he covered John Hardin squarely over the heart. Hardin spoke rapidly. "You are in a bad mess, Wetona," he said, kindly. "The best thing you can do is to marry me. This will appease your father and your people. You can still see—still see—him. After a while, when the tribe is settled down again, we will go to the East and you may divorce me. You will be—a little

CLASSIC

sister to me, Wetona. Will it be so hard?"

Wetona felt a sudden tightening of her throat. She took the big hand in both of hers and kissed it. "Not hard—easy, John Hardin," she whispered.

Dusk deepened into night. In the thick dark Quannah and Wetona and John Hardin walked to the home of Pastor Wells. Tony Wells was called upon as witness and the ceremony proceeded. If there were any pangs for Tony, he gave no sign. John Hardin was firm and very quiet. Wetona alone looked broken and distraught. She could not have stood by while Tony married another girl under her very eyes. She could not have helped him into a noose that would take him out of her reach forever. What sort of a love had he given her, she wondered, that he could do this thing? It came to her that John Hardin would never have let her go had she ever loved him in the way she had loved—still, God help her, loved—Tony Wells. John Hardin would have fought for her. He would have taken her though she was in the very maw of red death. It would be a fine, a tremendous thing, the love of John Hardin.

After the ceremony Quannah stepped into the light the flickering chandelier gave down. "You no more Comanche, Wetona," he said, "and you, John Hardin, when the tribe know truth, that you marry Wetona to make big wrong right, any Comanche kill you on sight of you. I give you two days take girl and go. I, Quannah, give you two days to go."

The gas jets flickered wildly in Wetona's eyes; the sparse, neat furniture, the ugly wall-paper, the pastor's smug countenance, Tony's sullen eyes, all revolved more and more chaotically. Only one thing seemed to stand still in the sickening convolutions—John Hardin's face. Then that, too, blurred and lessened and she was in the dark.

When she came to she was muttering thickly, "Tony, Tony——" and some one was saying, very, very kindly, "Wetona, little heart, little heart."

Wetona sat erect. She was in John Hardin's home, and he was kneeling by her, stroking her throbbing temples with his capable, strong hands. Wetona stared at him wildly. "We must go," she said, tensely. "You heard Quannah, my father. You heard, John Hardin—we must go!"

Hardin smiled and shook his head. "Not I," he said, calmly, and rose from his knees to light his pipe and drop into a chair beside her; "not I, Wetona. I am here as agent and to quell any uprisings. I shall stay, and, if there is one, quell it. Quannah feels that you have been wronged. He believes I—I am guilty. He told me to make the white man's restitution. I have done so. Right is now on my side. Quannah is, or should be, appeased."

"He is not," whispered Wetona. "There is blood-lust in his eyes. And back there the tribe are getting ready



Another Boy Tastes Puffed Grains

Tomorrow morning another home will be serving these Whole-Grain Bubbles.

The only children who don't get Puffed Grains are the children who don't know them.

The foods are resistless. When a boy or girl once tastes them, mothers are urged to supply them.

And millions of children now know the delights of them.

They Are More Than Food Confections

The Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are far more than delightful. They are scientific grain foods, made by the process of Prof. A. P. Anderson.

Every grain is steam-exploded—every food cell in each grain. Thus the entire kernel of wheat or rice is fitted for easy digestion.

Other forms of cooking rarely break up half these food cells.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice and Corn Puffs

*All Bubble Grains—Each 15c Except in
Far West*

Shot from Guns

The grains are subjected to fearful heat. Then they are shot from guns.

Thus they are steam-exploded to eight times normal size. They are changed to flimsy, flaky bubbles with a nut-like taste.

That makes them so enticing. But the great purpose is to fit them for food—to make whole grains wholly digestible.

That's why Puffed Grains are all-hour foods. They never tax the stomach. They are more than breakfast dainties. They are between-meal foods and bedtime foods. They are noon-time foods for business men who want easily digested lunches.

The more you know of Puffed Grains, the more you will employ them.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(2062)

Yes—such things have happened

And it is *because* they happen—*because* they are so true-to-type and so true-to-life—that they impress you on the screen with their vividness, their realism, their *actuality*!

There, if you will, is the secret of ALL successful photoplay writing. For only by picturing *real* people in *reel* life can you hope to create a photoplay that will strike home—that will be real enough to be human, and simple enough to be understood and appreciated.

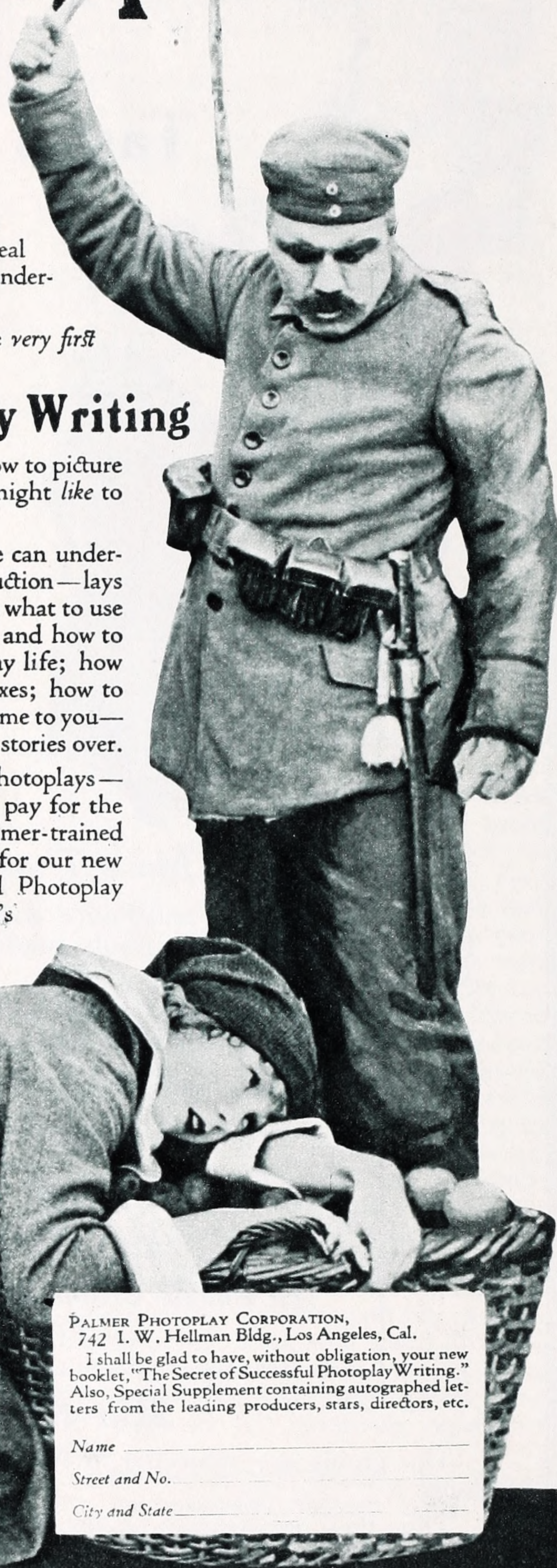
And this is one of the first things—yes, the *very first thing*—you learn in the

Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing

It trains you to *think in action*; shows you how to picture men and women and life—not as you and I might *like* to have them, but *as they are*!

In language so clear and simple that anyone can understand, it reveals the vital rules of plot construction—lays bare the “little tricks of the trade”—shows you what to use and what to avoid; where to find plot material and how to recognize it; how to gather ideas from everyday life; how to build up tense situations and thrilling climaxes; how to create *photoplays that win*! It brings the studio home to you—tells you the things you *must* know to put your stories over.

If you want to know about the famine in photoplays—the unheard-of prices producers are willing to pay for the right material, and how eager they are for Palmer-trained writers, the least you can do is to send *today* for our new illustrated booklet, “The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing.” Your copy is waiting for you and it’s *free*! Don’t bother to write a letter—simply fill in and mail the coupon NOW!



PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION,
742 I. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

I shall be glad to have, without obligation, your new booklet, “The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing.” Also, Special Supplement containing autographed letters from the leading producers, stars, directors, etc.

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City and State _____

their warpath regalia, their feathers, their—their tomahawks——”

Hardin reassured her, and for a week it seemed as tho the Comanches were going to let the insult die. John Hardin went about his duties, untroubled and unapproached, and Wetona played at keeping his house and watching for Tony, who must surely come and make this travesty of living right with her.

At the post a week or so after the ceremony Hardin encountered Tony Wells. Wetona had looked very frail that morning. “Wells,” he said, and was surprised to find his voice so pleasant, so casual, “Wetona is—with me, as you know. Run over and see her. She is—lonely.”

Tony Wells did not meet his eyes. “I will,” he said, evasively. “Fine!”

When Hardin got home that night Tony Wells was there. Wetona’s eyes had brightened and her cheeks had reddened, but somehow she did not look as Hardin felt she should look being with her love. “I am a fool,” scoffed Hardin, to himself. “The wilds have made an idealist of me. I need some good healthy materialism knocked into me.”

Later in the evening Hardin sought Wetona and Tony. “I’m running into town,” he said. “I shant be back before ten at the earliest. You can remain, Tony.”

The pastor’s son nodded. He wet his lips. Hardin sickened and turned away. A moment later Wetona was by his side. “Take me with you, Mr. Hardin,” she was pleading. “Somehow I—I—Wetona rather go—with you.”

Hardin hesitated. The temptation was very sweet, very dear. The ride thru the night and Wetona. Wetona, who had chosen to go from her lover—with him. It held possibilities of a tremendous joy. His heart leaped in his breast. Then, in the dark, he shook his head. He wanted Wetona, but he wanted her utterly. This test, when she was overwrought and excitable, was not enough. He had cared for her during the week and she had become used to him. There was no proof here. She must go thru a greater testing, a longer, stronger temptation.

The hard words of denial were taken from him by the precipitate appearance of Comanche Jack, Hardin’s firm friend and sworn ally. “Master,” he gasped, gripping Hardin’s arm, “tribe—it come—take John Hardin—torture at stake for—for——” He saw Wetona, pallid in the dark, and checked his words. “Make haste, John Hardin,” he said; “they on warpath for fair.”

Hardin smiled. So the fight was on. On—and in his house were Wetona and Tony Wells. Tonight, then, was to be the crucible, the melting-pot. She loved Tony Wells—did she, or did she not?

He drew them inside. “We will get what sleep we can now,” he told the amazed Indian and Tony and Wetona. “Later we shall need what—strength—we have.”

“Sleep—now?”



You Have a Beautiful Face BUT YOUR NOSE?

IN this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your “looks,” therefore it pays to “look your best” at all times. PERMIT NO ONE TO SEE YOU LOOKING OTHERWISE; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new nose-shaper “Trados” (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one’s daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1039 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.



Hardin nodded. Only Wetona noticed that his face was very white.

An hour later Hardin leaned over the gallery, and his eyes shone with a strange light into the darkness. Stealthy footsteps were coming from the direction of Tony Wells' room. They paused, and Wetona's door opened. Hardin held his breath. Wells was speaking, thickly. Then came Wetona's voice, broken, frightened, singularly clear and poignant, "Leave go, Tony Wells, this is not love you have for me. Now I know. I know. This not love, but a base thing. John—John Hardin—not take girl this way. You want my lips, my arms about you, my hair, the touch of my hands; for my heart and the part of me that feels, that hurts, for that part you not care. Love do care. You not love me, Tony, not as I want love—now—"

Tony laughed, coarsely. "So many words, Wetona," he said. "You were mine, you still are, you always shall be. You are as weak now as you were the first night I took your lips, you wild thing, you beauty."

Wetona's voice answered him. It had a hissing sound. "All my love for you, which was not love at all, it go," she said, "and hate—it is hate I feel for you—here—now!"

John Hardin's eyes were bright with unshed tears. The strength of mountains was in him and the triumph of might. He leaned far over the railing. "Tony," he said, "what you're going to do is pack your grip and get out of Oklahoma—tonight—and never let Wetona's name pass your lips again. She is my wife."

There, in the dark, on those words, Wetona's eyes met his—and he was satisfied. She was his wife.

Before Tony could make good his escape the Indians were about them, surrounding the house, shrieking and yelling for John Hardin to show himself. Hardin knew them well enough to see at once that there was no play in them. He ordered Comanche Jack and Tony to their posts and prepared to fight. Tony shook with an ague and would have made good his escape had not Wetona intercepted him, lips curling, and ordered him back to his place. "You are a dog," she snapped.

The fight was on when Quannah rode into their midst, his stentorian voice raised in command. The shouting and firing ceased, and Quannah made known the fact that he had found Tony Wells, not John Hardin, the guilty man. Then the old chief entered the house and shook Hardin's hand. "You better man than Quannah," he said. "May the Great Spirit bless you!"

The tribe got Tony Wells. He never left Oklahoma, nor did he ever breathe the name of Wetona.

Inside the quiet house morning pried with pale, pink fingertips, but she did not wake John Hardin, who slept in his great, old chair, nor Wetona, who lay against his heart.

(Sixty-seven)



"Here's an Extra \$50, Grace —I'm making real money now!"

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

Today more than ever before, money is what counts. The cost of living is mounting month by month. You can't get along on what you have been making. Somehow, you've simply got to increase your earnings.

Fortunately for you hundreds of thousands of other men have proved there is an unfailing way to do it. Train yourself for bigger work, learn to do some one thing well and employers will be glad to pay you real money for your special knowledge.

You can get the training that will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best, whatever it may be. You can get it without sacrificing a day or a dollar from your present occupation. You can get it at home, in spare time, through the International Correspondence Schools.

It is the *business* of the I. C. S. to prepare men in just your circumstances for better positions at better pay. They have been doing it for 27 years. They have helped two million other men and women. They are training over 100,000 now. Every day many students write to tell of advancements and increased salaries already won.

You have the same chance they had. What are you going to do with it? Can you afford to let a single price-less hour pass without at least finding out what the I. C. S. can do for you? Here is all we ask—without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

TEAR OUT HERE
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 6758, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> ELECTRICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> SALESMANSHIP |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting and Railways | <input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring | <input type="checkbox"/> Window Trimmer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Writer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work | <input type="checkbox"/> Sign Painter |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Trainman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaker | <input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and Typist |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Cert. Public Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAFFIC MANAGER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> STATIONARY ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ship Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Teacher |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILE OPERATING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING AND HEATING | <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Repairing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer or Supt. | <input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Raising <input type="checkbox"/> French |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Italian |

Name _____
Present Occupation _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____

Set in Solid Gold Set in Solid Gold

Send Your Name and We'll Send You a Lachnite

DON'T send a penny. Send your name and finger size and say, "Send me a Lachnite mounted in a solid gold ring on 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit \$4.75 with the postman and then wear the ring for 10 full days. If you, or if any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back. But if you decide to buy it—send \$2.50 a month until \$18.75 has been paid. **Write Today** Send your name now. Tell us which of the solid gold rings illustrated above you wish (ladies' or men's). Be sure to send your finger size.
Harold Lachman Co., 12 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 1552, Chicago

Train for Nursing—Now!

The war is responsible for a scarcity of nurses in hospitals—their regular nurses are going to the front. Demand for trained nurses now greater than the supply. This is your golden opportunity to become a trained nurse and easily secure a fine position at \$26 to \$32 per week. You can quickly master our special Training Course during your spare time at home and receive diploma awarded by best doctors. Easy terms. Hospital experience given if desired. We help you find employment. Write at once for catalog, same age.

AMERICAN TRAINING SCHOOL, Dept. A, 1555 N. La Salle St., Chicago

TELEPHONE, 5499 MAIN

The
Wm. G. Hewitt Press
Printers and Binders

SPECIALIZING IN BOOK, CATALOG AND COLOR WORK

Sixty-one to Sixty-seven Navy Street
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Submit your Song-Poems NOW for free examination and advice. We revise poems, compose music of any description, secure copyright and employ original methods for facilitating FREE PUBLICATION or outright SALE of songs under a certificate GUARANTEE. ING you satisfact ion.

SONGWRITERS' MANUAL & GUIDE SENT FREE

A Postal Card brings you a copy of our Free Booklet which tells you who we are, explains our methods and contains valuable information and instructions. This is your opportunity to learn the truth regarding the Song-writing profession from a reliable and successful concern.

KNICKERBOCKER STUDIOS. 75 Gaity Bldg., N. Y. City.

Stronger, Clearer Voice for You!



Weakness, huskiness and harshness banished. Your voice given a wonderful strength, a wider range, an amazing clearness. This done by the Feuchtinger Method, endorsed by leading European musicians, actors and speakers. Use it in your own home. Simple, silent exercises taken a few minutes daily impart vigor to the vocal organs and give a surprising quality to the tones. Send for the facts and proofs.

Do YOU Stammer?

The famous Perfect Voice Institute Method is invaluable to those who stammer or lisp. A special course of training for those with an impediment in their speech has been prepared by a famous European director. It will give you command of muscles and cords which reproduce vocal sounds. You should not hesitate for one minute to secure this valuable training. It will give you the self-confidence so necessary to your business and social success. Write at once for special offer.

WRITE

Send the coupon and get our free book and literature. We will tell you just what this method is, how it is used and what it will do for you. No matter how hopeless your case may seem, the Feuchtinger Method will improve your voice 300%. No obligation on you if you ask for this information. Just mail coupon.

Perfect Voice Institute
Studio 1552—1772 Wilson Ave., CHICAGO

Send me the book and facts about the Feuchtinger Method. I have put X opposite subject that interests me most.

Singing Speaking Stammering Lipping

Name

Address

Write the Words for a Song

We compose music, secure copyright and submit copies to leading publishers. Submit poems now—examination free. **Broadway Studios, 107D Fitzgerald Bldg., Broadway at 43rd Street, N. Y.**

American Art

We have on exhibition at all times a large collection of paintings by the most famous of American artists, including fine examples of George Inness, R. A. Blake-lock, Elliott Daingerfield, H. W. Ranger, J. G. Brown, G. H. Smilie, Arthur Parton, Carleton and Guy Wiggins, Edward Moran, Eugene V. Brewster, etc., etc.

Illustrated Catalogue in Colors mailed for five cents in stamps.

LA BOHEME

175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Maggie Pepper (Continued from page 55)

"Splendid! ne applauded at the end, 'corking! Go ahead and try it out. I'll back you to the limit!"

She took the card he handed her, read it, stiffened. Even before she spoke he knew that her tone would be chilly, formal, curtly businesslike, as of an employee speaking to an employer. For a moment, thinking him only a clerk like herself, the bars had been down, but not now.

"You are the—Mr. Holbrook? You'll have to excuse me. I guess I had no business talking that way. You see, I've just been discharged!"

"But you're hired again, from this minute," Holbrook smiled. "You're not going to leave me in the lurch? I—I want you to sell suits for me—to manage the department."

She held out her strong, white hand and shook his as a man might have shaken it, but the soft fullness, the sweet curves of her throat, they were all woman, he thought. "I'm not going to thank you for my chance," she said, slowly. "I'm not very handy with words, but I know suits and I can sell them, believe me."

"I do believe you," Holbrook answered, "I do believe you."

There was no doubt that Maggie Pepper could sell suits. The sales statements that came to his desk every month testified it in curt figures. The crowds of shoppers that filled the dainty new *Salon De Paris* bore witness to it. But beyond that fact he knew no more of the woman who lived behind the disconcertingly businesslike exterior than at the beginning.

She piqued his curiosity. He found himself more and more often speculating about her, vague troublous imaginings as to how it would seem to have those clear blue eyes look at him as if at a man instead of a piece of office furniture. He was not used to being regarded impersonally, was Joe Holbrook, and it worried him; it even began to interfere with his appetite.

He thought it was curiosity that he felt in regard to his inscrutable little sales manager—thought so until one afternoon as he paused by her office door with a memorandum for her, he heard the gruff sound of a man's voice within, then the low murmur of her reply. There was no mistaking the intimacy of their tones, tho he could hear nothing of what was said, and suddenly he felt a hot wave of resentment surging over him.

What manner of man had the right to sit in her office and talk to her personally, pleadingly? Was she married? Perhaps. Had she a lover? What life did she step into when she passed out of the store doors?

"It's not my business," he told himself, angrily. "I'm hiring her to sell suits."

But still he lingered, and suddenly he heard a strange, gaspy sound that crumpled the memorandum in his fingers. "You wont, eh?" the gruff voice said,

with ugly emphasis. "You wont give up the girl? Well, maybe I can persuade you to change your mind!"

Joe Holbrook flung the door wide and stepped inside. And a queer little thrill of relief mingled with the black rage that filled him at the sight that met his eyes. This man, with his sallow, unshaven jowls and slack lips, who stood clutching Maggie Pepper by the throat, had no claim on her. Whatever she went to meet when the revolving doors of the store freed her at night, it was not to him.

He gripped the flabby shoulder muscles and swung the man free of her as he might have shook a rag. There were dirty prints on her white collar, red marks on her wrists, but she managed to smile faintly up at him.

"Dont hurt him, Mr. Holbrook. He'll go quietly now, wont you, Sam?"

The creature at the end of Holbrook's arm wriggled spinelessly. "Leggo of me!" he blustered, with a kind of fawning bravado. "I aint done nothing to her that any man with feelin's of a father wouldn't have! She's got my child, that's wot. An' she wont give 'er up." He wept alcoholic tears at the memory of his wrongs. "Feelin's 'f a father—on'y child—on'y shingle child I got."

When Holbrook returned from escorting the bereaved father to the freight elevator he found Maggie Pepper quietly at work at her desk. A faint flush crept to the line of her bright hair as she met his eyes. "I must explain the situation, Mr. Holbrook," she said, painfully. "The child he spoke of is my niece, Claire, a girl of sixteen. I have had her with me for a year since her mother—was away, and I am very fond of her." Under the commonplace words, what a rushing tenderness, a very flame of mothering! Then he felt himself shut out once more. "This afternoon Sam came to tell me that I must give her up because he had found a husband for her! A husband—that baby! And when I refused he threatened me. But I do not think he is brave enough to actually harm us."

His voice was a trifle thick. "Miss Pepper, couldn't we be friends? Ever since I first saw you I've wanted to be, but you put something in between—"

"Not I," she smiled up at him sadly. "It was already between—I only tried to keep it there. It isn't that I'm a snob, or humble, Mr. Holbrook. Perhaps it's because I'm too proud, but what I've got in life I've worked for, starved for, suffered for! I used to pick up lumps of coal from the railroad track when I was able to walk—it's been a struggle ever since, and your life has been so different. It's that that is between us—our lives."

"That's the first time I ever heard you reason like a woman!" Holbrook laughed. "Come! We're intelligent human beings—at least you are! Why not make the experiment?" He bowed with mock solemnity. "Miss Pepper, will you feed

the elephant at the zoo with me next Sunday afternoon?"

She did not reply at once. For the first time he saw in the clear blue of her eyes the shadow that is cast by fear. Then, a little difficultly, she smiled. "We will try."

Followed enchanted days for the little suit saleswoman, colored by the memory of boat trips to Coney Island, silent strolls along Riverside, bus rides down a Fifth Avenue purified, made glorious by the white moon. They never spoke of business in these hours when Life seemed to be left behind in the garish world of day, they never spoke of themselves. All the shy fancies, the quaint imaginings that the sordid years had never destroyed in her, came quite naturally to her lips, and he found himself replying in the same speech. Out of chance words and phrases he pieced a knowledge of her spirit, courageous, sane, with the deep tenderness that men long for in the women they love.

But that he did not know yet; even on the night when she told him, bravely smiling, that this must be their last outing, he could give no name to the dull misery and revolt that ached in his soul.

"I have heard that they are talking." Maggie's voice was steady. He at least must be spared the hideousness of what she had heard. "We've had some good times—haven't we? But they mustn't make bad times for anybody else. The girl you are engaged to might not understand. I have had an offer to go to Japan to take charge of the importing end of a silk firm, so I'm leaving the store."

Later, in her pretty sitting-room she clasped Claire to her breast with such fervor that the girl was vaguely troubled. But when she questioned her, Maggie only laughed. "Your old auntie has been foolish, but she's going to be very, very wise from now on!" she told her gaily.

The child gazed at her with round, innocent eyes. "You are pretty old, aren't you, Aunt Maggie?" she breathed, with unconscious cruelty.

A sharp ring of the door-bell startled them. Thrusting Claire back with sudden dread, Maggie went to answer it and returned with a whimpering woman, whom the girl greeted as "Mother."

"Sam is on the loose again, Mag!" Ada Darkin wailed. She was a faded woman, with the scar of a perpetual frown graven between washed-out blue eyes. "He's got hold 'f a gun somewheres an' says he's goin' t' use it on anybody that interferes with his rights! I'm scairt of him this time."

Maggie patted the plump shoulder next her reassuringly. "I'll handle Sam. You better go into the kitchen——" A second peal of the door-bell interrupted the words. Ada began to tremble.

"That's him now, Maggie. He'll kill us all! He's just drunk enough to be ugly and not too drunk to aim straight."

Joe Holbrook, stepping thru the door that Maggie opened, misinterpreted her look of stunned surprise. "I couldn't

help coming!" He caught at the firm white hands eagerly. "Maggie, I can't let it end like this! Listen, dear, I——"

"Hush!" breathed Maggie. "Oh, hush!"

Along the corridor sounded the shuffle of unsure footsteps. The color drained from her cheeks. If Darkin should find Holbrook here he would not hesitate to use that knowledge to blackmail him. She cast a hunted look around and her eyes fell on an open door.

"For my sake!" she begged him, with swift inspiration. "What if you should be found here? Dont come out, no matter what you hear."

She closed the door on his expostulation and whirled to see Sam Darkin's face, seamy with fury, leering at her over a leveled pistol. "Now dont—try—stallin' me, girl!" he warned her, as he advanced, swaying, toward where she stood at bay, guarding what was more precious to her than her life, the safety of her sister and niece and the reputation of the man she loved. "I know they're here, an' I'm goin'—fin' 'em. Get away fr'm that door—quick!"

Without a word she sprang on him, dragging the hand that held the pistol down with all her slender weight. In utter silence they grappled together, with only the soft, muffled pad of their feet on the carpet and their heavy breathing to tell listening ears what was happening. Maggie's brain was whirling, but one thing remained clear in the tumult of her thoughts. Somehow she must get Darkin away and let Holbrook escape—somehow, dear God! she must save the man who had given her a glimpse of a new heaven and a new earth from the consequences of his recklessness.

Darkin's foot slipped and they fell against the table with a force that sent the metal lamp crashing. The bedroom door opened, and Joe Holbrook stood outlined against the light. With a dreadful laugh, the other man flung Maggie aside and leveled his gun.

"I'll get you, anyway, you damn interferer!" he screamed in a flat high tone, and fired. Joe Holbrook fell as a tree falls and lay very still in the rose-pink glow of the frivolous dressing-table candles.

When Claire and her mother, screaming aimlessly, ran into the room they found Darkin gone and Maggie, very white and calm, already cutting Holbrook's coat away from a wound in the shoulder.

"Dont do that," she told them sternly. "There's clean sheets for bandages in that drawer, Ada, and Claire, get the brandy from the bathroom closet. He isn't killed—maybe even yet we can keep people from knowing."

Still fighting against odds, Maggie Pepper, heavy odds!

It was towards dawn when Joe Holbrook opened heavy eyelids and smiled weakly up at the face bending above him.

"Hush, dont try to speak!" Maggie whispered. "I'll tell you everything

(Continued on page 70)



The Faces of Fair Women

At all social affairs, the faces of fair women form the chief attraction. Thousands of society women appreciate that when the lights are brightly shining their complexions must be faultlessly fair and fresh. They have learned to enhance and preserve their complexion by the daily use of

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM

"The Kind That Keeps"

Its effect upon the skin is also so soothing, cleansing, refreshing and purifying. Its use is a dainty and delightful habit of delicacy and refinement.

Tubes and Jars, 10c to \$1.50

Poudre Amourette: The powder that adds a final touch of softness to the skin. Looks natural, stays on. Flesh, white, brunette, 50c. Both D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream and *Poudre Amourette* may be obtained of your dealer or by mail of us.

TRY BOTH FREE

Trial samples of Perfect Cold Cream and Poudre Amourette sent free on request.

For Him

The latest "Perfect" product made only by Daggett & Ramsdell is a shaving cream in which we have scientifically incorporated D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream. The first time that a man tries this "Perfect" Shaving Cream he will say, "Well, that's the best shave I ever had." He will be as enthusiastic over "Perfect" Shaving Cream as you are over Perfect Cold Cream. Surprise him with a tube. Of your dealer or by mail of us.

Send a tube of D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream and D. & R. Perfect Shaving Cream to a soldier or sailor. They are comforts they will appreciate.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
D. & R. Building Dept. 321, New York



And He Wants to Be a Playwright--- (Continued from page 40)

Barthelness had shown decided ability for plots at a very early age and his mother determined to give him the advantages of a college education. He attended Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, and hasn't given up the idea of play-writing. He believes that his practical knowledge of play construction gained from motion picture work, coupled with his experience on the legitimate stage, will fit him for better work in the drama later on.

Sauntering out on the Griffith stages, a funny sight met the eye. A stage within a stage made the set. About four feet from the floor one saw a hall-way with stairs in the rear. Here Richard Barthelness stood with a hand-bag and a Charles Ray expression, as he crushed a Fedora in his right hand. While the camera-man focused and Director Clifton critically examined the set, the funniest jazz-band ever exploited began sweet yowls.

Seated on a broken chair, an artist on the "cordeen" jazzed away blithely, keeping time with his putteed right. On another chair nearby Buddy Harron, the famous Robert's younger brother, was playing drum with two chair-rungs beating a lively syncopated tattoo on an arm-chair. On the other side of the stage an electrician drummed with two more chair-rungs against the supports of the stage-lights. It was too much for the dance-loving Mr. Barthelness. His face remained sadly grave, but his knees began to twitch and sway and before long he was jazzing away unmindful of the trials of focusing.

"All right," said Mr. Clifton, "lights, action. There, that's fine, Dick." Soft music on the accordion this time, drumming omitted, and Richard Barthelness addressed a farewell speech to nothing in particular until his director shouted "out!" and the grave leading man gave a last sad look at the rough floor and with a shrug and backward glance, made his exit.

There's one thing about Mr. Barthelness, a thing so different from that which one expects from a leading man, that it's noteworthy. He rarely smiles. I've heard it said that he kisses the girls with his eyes. Perhaps it is his gentle aloofness that appeals.

Richard Barthelness is twenty-three, handsome—and has a big reputation as a dancer. Mr. Griffith has said of him that he is "easy and smooth in his work, fairly glides into a part, and is never rough in his conceptions."

Whether he's been spoiled by his association with such charming little stars as those who have twinkled at him the past five years, so that he can't quite come down to earth and fall in love with an ordinary twentieth century maid, or whether it is because his much-loved mother is making the bungalow too attractive and his den too comfortable to be left for outside attractions, or whether his strongly developed idealism has painted for Richard Barthelness the

image of a twin soul not yet materialized, it would be difficult to say.

There's just one sporty inclination which Dick permits himself to foster, and this leads him to Vernon weekly to see a good prize-fight or boxing bout. He has lots of books, he enjoys driving his mother out in a new touring car, and he's imbued with the idea that motion picture acting is a very serious proposition.

But he *does* love to write letters, so perhaps some day he'll woo and win some little star by the fountain pen route. As for those whom he has wooed on the screen, they are mostly wedded now. Such is the sad fate of a leading man!

Maggie Pepper

(Continued from page 69)

that's happened. An hour ago the police telephoned that Darkin had been drowned after leaping from a moving ferry-boat. There's nobody else knows you're here, and they mustn't know."

"Why, Maggie?" Holbrook asked. "Are you afraid they'll think that you—"

"Me?" She looked at him wonderingly. "Oh, no; I don't matter! But your life mustn't be spoiled, and Miss Hargen wouldn't believe you came just because you were sorry for me."

He laughed at the divine simplicity of her, then, reaching out, captured the firm, steady little hand in his own. "Maggie, little, wonderful Maggie!" he cried, unsteadily. "It doesn't matter what anybody understands or doesn't understand. I'm not engaged any longer—that's what I came to tell you tonight, that and one other thing. Put your head down close and I'll whisper it."

Three magic words, old as Time, young as Youth. A great flame of color swept her face to the white, curving hollows of her throat. "Not—me?" said Maggie Pepper, faintly. "You couldn't mean me—"

In his eyes she read the truth of the wonderful thing that had come to her, and suddenly all the hard-learned control and poise that she had won from the grudging years fell from her, and she laid her head with a little sob on his breast like a tired child that has come home.

Starward Ho!

(Continued from page 37)

This world seems to me just now to be a tremendous playroom with a workshop directly in back. One must work in the workshop, then wander about the playroom, doing what one chooses, pausing where one pleases, then going on—always going on."

"Marriage?" I suggested; "permanence?"

"Oh, that!" the small, ascending star laughed. "That's the very last toy in the playroom," she said, "and nothing is permanent."

O Youth . . . O Youth! O Popularity—thou Bird of Paradise!

(Seventy)



Not A Gray Hair!

No gray streaks and unruly silver threads disfigure the hair of any woman who once learns of this wonderful color restorer.

You apply it yourself—simply comb it through the hair. In from 4 to 8 days the gray disappears.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer

Not crude dye, but a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Doesn't interfere with shampooing, curling and dressing the usual way. Write for the trial bottle and special comb, giving the exact color of the hair. If possible enclose a lock in your letter.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
1016 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.
(193) Established 50 Years

Trial Bottle—FREE

WRITERS' FREE BOOK!

A WONDERFUL BOOK—READ ABOUT IT!

Tells how easily Stories and Plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't DREAM they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special instruction, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How your own imagination may provide an endless gold mine of Ideas that will bring you Happy Success and handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy." How to weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement, and the pitfalls of Failure. HOW TO WIN! This surprising book is ABSOLUTELY FREE. No charge. No obligation. Your copy is waiting for you. Write for it NOW. Just address:

WRITERS' SERVICE

Dept. 42, Auburn, N. Y.



1/2 PRICE—\$2.50 SEND NO MONEY

IF YOU CAN TELL IT FROM A GENUINE DIAMOND SEND IT BACK



To prove to you that our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND closely resembles the finest genuine South African Diamond, with same DAZZLING RAINBOW-HUED BRILLIANCY (Guaranteed 20 yrs.), we will send above Ladies Tiffany Style Ring with one carat gem (Catalogue price \$4.98) for Half-Price to introduce, \$2.50; or same thing but Gents Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring (Catalogue price \$6.26) for \$3.10. Mountings are our finest 12kt. gold filled quality. Mexican Diamonds are GUARANTEED 20 YEARS. SEND NO MONEY. Simply clip out this advertisement and we will ship by mail C.O.D. If not entirely pleased return within TWO DAYS for money back less actual handling charges. Give size. Act quick. Offer limited. Only one to customer. Catalogue FREE. AGENTS WANTED.

MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING COMPANY, Dept. CA2, Las Cruces, NEW MEXICO
(Exclusive Controllers of the Genuine Mexican Diamond)



HERMOTONE

Positively removes superfluous hair from under arms, face and neck. Leaves skin soft, clear. Perfectly harmless. Never fails. **INTRODUCTORY OFFER:** Full size, \$1.00 Jar sent prepaid for 60c to introduce our other guaranteed toilet preparations. Money back if dissatisfied. Send 50c now. HERMO CO., Dept. 32 542 E. 63d St., CHICAGO, ILL.

A Twentieth Century Priscilla

(Continued from page 31)

Some of the company laughed, I scolded. I was a contrary child if God ever made one. In fact, my mother and some of the actors said I was a little devil. Whatever the influence that ruled me, it surely did protect me. I led a life free from accident and fear, feeling very important with my own little purse.

"I love to travel and to travel fast. That is why the automobile and aeroplane appeal to me so strongly. It does seem such a pity that the authorities wont allow you to travel eighty miles an hour in town. When I see a straight road and feel little old 'Pep'—you know, my tiny red roadster—dragging at the leash, I just want to let her go till there isn't a hairpin left in my head."

It's easy to understand why Priscilla Dean wants perpetual motion. She is so full of animal spirits that you're disposed to wonder how she changed from comedy to drama. Her eyes dance and dart—they're not still a moment save when she sleeps. She has the sauciest eyes you ever tried to look into. Just imagine a man trying to propose to mirthful eyes like those of Priscilla Dean!

"You're nothing but a baby vamp right now!"

"I wish I could have played 'Upstairs and Down.' I surely did envy Juliette Day that part. I could just *feel* myself in it. But that's the way—one always has to do things which are the opposite of one's day-dreams. Dont you think Fate might hand out a few more prize packages and consult us about the sort of plays we want to do? Just think of me playing in 'The Hand That Rocked the Cradle!'"

"How did you happen to get into it at all?"

"I was doing comedy out here at Universal, and, as I walked across the lot, Lois Weber spied me and said, 'There's a girl I want.' That little cue landed me as the mother of three children. Funny, wasn't it? But then lots of queer things have happened in my time; for instance, playing with the Ben Greet players. And do you know, I've the distinction of playing at every university in the United States? Not many girls have had the opportunity to see all our famous universities. I think that was one of the finest experiences to look back upon—and it was fun to meet so many college boys, too."

No, Priscilla Dean doesn't look as if she'd essay Bill-of-Avon rôles. As Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew" she might be a perfect type. Having mused audibly on this line, it wasn't astonishing to hear the star of "Why, Uncle!" explain that she loves shrew types and is now doing stories embodying such. With her naturally irrepressible spirits, her wit and sparkling personality, the taming of Priscilla Dean on or off screen must be a fascinating task for any lord of creation.

Miss Dean, who is just twenty-one, was a musical-comedy girl before going

into pictures. Even now she's entertaining at the various theaters which show her pictures. Not that she likes the idea, but Californians insist on seeing their stars at close range, and so Priscilla prefers to dance her way into favor rather than make a set speech. Her early training in the musical-comedy world was with such noted artists as Ada Lewis, Otis Harlan, Laddie Cliff, Ethel Levey, Grace La Rue, Justine Johnston and Taylor Holmes.

Priscilla dotes on a bull pup, a huge white Angora tabby and the luscious rose-gardens back of her home. During the early part of 1918 she boosted the Eighth National Orange Show at San Bernardino. So many demands were made on her booth that oranges gave out and Priscilla resourcefully handed them lemons. Not that any one minded, for when Priscilla Dean smiles and turns her impish eyes, it's impossible to remember what is being eaten anyway.

Then, too, an infantry regiment at Fort Travers, Texas, has been calling this star of mystery plays "godmother." Every week of her young life she has mailed "the makin's" of cigarets to her boys, as well as boxes of ready-rolled smokes. Sub-chaser No. 308 recently presented her with a unique swagger-stick, made entirely of shells, and while it's a good protector from Johnnies, the "weapon" certainly presents a curious contrast to the demure Priscilla cloak of dark blue cloth, with Puritan lines, which envelops one hundred and thirty pounds of live-wire loveliness surnamed Dean.

Yet, strange anomaly, Priscilla off-stage enjoys taking her liveliness out all by its lone. She doesn't care for public life or café appearances, can get along beautifully without society stunts, and has the best times ever just with her car, her cur and her cat. For the saucy Priscilla is a happy bachelor maid.

The Interesting Life

(Continued from page 23)

to it, "on the fence." On one hand is the feeding of the inner craving, the working for the ideals of stagecraft and of art which absorb him. This means renunciation in a certain sense, a chance of non-appreciation, struggle, deprivation. On the other hand, serials, comforts and, largely, dreaming and enjoying. Perhaps, in time, the two will be blent. But whatever the case, whatever the outcome, there is a big personality there, interests immensely worth the having, a nature which appeals because, one takes it, there is charity for all and malice toward none, a life done on a generous canvas, a love of the truly epicurean which is a force no matter what, no matter when its material expression. A man who has brought out of the Land of the Midnight Sun something of its searching analysis, who has taken unto himself here the qualities of a true democracy. A man, an artist and—a husband.



LILA LEE
Paramount Star
recommends
Lash-Brow-Ine

Noted Movie Star and Her Secret of Beautiful Eyes

Lila Lee, the bewitching star of the Paramount Pictures, the charming girl actress whose wonderful eyes have excited the envy of thousands, owes much of her enchanting beauty and charm of expression to her wonderful eyelashes and eyebrows. We have placed the priceless boon of long, silky eyelashes and well formed eyebrows within the reach of women everywhere, who will follow some simple directions and assist Nature by applying

Lash-Brow-Ine

for a short time. The results will astonish as well as delight them. "LASH-BROW-INE" nourishes and promotes the growth of the eyelashes and eyebrows in a natural way. It is a cream which bears the endorsement of prominent chemists and beauty specialists, and which women everywhere have found to be the one thing needed and longed for to bring out the hidden charm and beauty of their eyes. So sure are we that "LASH-BROW-INE" will give entire satisfaction that we agree to refund the money if it fails.

Two Sizes, 50c and \$1

Send price and we will mail you "LASH-BROW-INE," and the Maybell Beauty Booklet, "The Woman Beautiful," prepaid under plain cover. Remit by coin, currency, U. S. stamps, or money order. **DO NOT RISK IMITATIONS.** Send your order today. We guarantee you will be delighted.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES
4305-73 Grand Boulevard
CHICAGO, ILL.



IF WE SEND YOU THIS BICYCLE



For you to keep and use for a month as your own. **Would You** then agree to show the bicycle to ten or more of your friends and tell of the low prices, easy terms and exceptional offers I make, all of which I will explain if you will say on a postal, "Send particulars of Bicycle Offer" and address your postal card or letter: Personal for **G. L. LEWIS, Mgr.** MEAD CYCLE CO. 120 Mead Block, Chicago

FREE \$20 UKULELE



Hawaiian Guitar, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Cornet or Banjo

Wonderful new system of teaching note music by mail. To first pupils in each locality, we'll give a \$20 superb Violin, Mandolin, Ukulele, Guitar, Hawaiian Guitar, Cornet or Banjo absolutely free. Very small charge for lessons only expense. We guarantee success or no charge. Complete outfit free. Write at once—no obligation. **SLINGERLAND SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Dept. 404, CHICAGO, ILL.**

Infantile Paralysis

These two letters and the photographs evidence the satisfactory results from treatment received at this Sanitarium by Miss Clara Gilbert, Delight, Ark., whose foot was deformed by Infantile Paralysis:

I arrived home all right and my friends were greatly surprised to see me walk flat on my foot. When I came to your Sanitarium I walked on my toe. I will gladly answer all questions with regard to my foot.

CLARA GILBERT,
Box 45, Delight, Arkansas.

I cannot praise your Sanitarium too highly for your great work. Clara's friends were surprised to see her foot straight. She has been quite a show girl since. We will gladly answer any inquiries in regard to your work for Clara.

MRS. CORDA GILBERT,
Box 45, Delight, Arkansas.

This private institution is devoted to the treatment of children and young adults afflicted with Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Curvature, Hip Disease, Wry Neck, etc. Our valuable book "Deformities and Paralysis," with Book of References, free.

The McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
818 Aubert Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



Music Lessons UNDER MASTER TEACHERS At Home

A Complete Conservatory Course by Mail

Wonderful home study music lessons under great American and European teachers. Endorsed by Paderewski. Master teachers guide and coach you. Lessons a marvel of simplicity and completeness.

University Extension Conservatory, (with a faculty composed of master teachers in all branches of music) is the only recognized Conservatory of Music giving lessons by the UNIVERSITY EXTENSION METHOD, grading examination papers on each lesson. Our teachers dictate individual personal letters to correct faults and make clear all doubtful points. The instruction of a Master—the individual touch of an accomplished teacher—is yours to command from the very moment you enroll. Anyone can learn at home.

Any Instrument or Voice

Write, telling us the course you are interested in, age, how long you have taken lessons, if at all, etc., and we will send you our Free Book containing text and illustrations covering lessons in PIANO (students' or teachers' courses), by the great Wm. H. Sherwood, HARMONY by Dr. Frotheroe and Rosenbecker, VOICE COURSE (with aid of Phonograph) by Crampton, PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC by Francis E. Clark, VIOLIN, CORNET, MANDOLIN, GUITAR, BANJO, REED ORGAN, by equally eminent teachers.

Send NOW for Free Book and learn how easily you can become a fine singer, or a skillful player. Write today for full particulars. Investigate without cost or obligation.

University Extension Conservatory
5066 Siegel-Myers Building Chicago, Ill.

HOTEL BINGHAM -- Philadelphia IN THE CENTER OF EVERYTHING

LARGE, well lighted and comfortable rooms. Hot and cold running water in every room. Only hotel having direct Subway and Elevated connection with all railroad stations, ferries and department stores. Roof Garden. Club Breakfast. Special Luncheons. Rooms without bath, \$1.50; with bath, \$2.00 up.
FRANK KIMBLE, Manager.

"DON'T SHOUT"



"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' With THE MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right."

"The Morley Phone for the
DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it."

Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.
THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 792, Perry Bldg., Phila.

The Return of Florence Turner

(Continued from page 29)

Of course they spend the money they make in munitions on things that they do not need but have always wanted."

She gave an indescribably funny imitation of two women meeting on the street, commenting on each other's finery.

"Imagine," she went on, becoming serious again, "rough, stained hands loaded with diamonds; coarse, weather-beaten faces set off by gorgeous furs. To me, that is the real comedy and is destined to be the great tragedy of the war. For what are they going to do now? They have not saved anything and have not gained any education. You can hear all your life that comedy and tragedy are very close together without actually realizing it until you see something like this!"

Real life comedy-drama! Florence Turner has seen much of it since she first sailed across the ocean six years ago! I noticed against the pale pink of her gown a gold medal. She explained that it had been sent her from the trenches by the Royal Fusiliers.

From this the conversation naturally turned to her work when she "went on the road," entertaining with her impersonations at innumerable camps and hospitals.

"One experience will never, never let itself be forgotten!" she said. "You know my vaudeville acts were all character studies of one kind or another—principally comic. The one I liked the best was a study of a cockney girl watching a melodrama, substantially the same scene I put in 'My Old Dutch' except for a few exclamations. I played it in a strong spotlight. I was having so many performances a day at so many different hospitals that I soon lost track of where I was going, and so, one day, when I went out on an improvised stage to do that pantomime, I saw by the light of the spot intended to show me up that my audience was blind. There were hundreds of young soldiers sitting there in rows with bandages around their eyes—"

She changed her act, of course, improvising dialog at the last moment.

"They are all so splendid!" she said.

Florence Turner is one of those fortunate ones who may be called first-nighters at the Play of Life. She seems always to be in at the start when precedent is to be overthrown and new habits of thought established.

She was born in New York City and is of French-Italian extraction. Both her mother and grandmother, with whom she still lives, were on the stage. Her first and (for a time she made the fatal mistake of stealing a scene from the star) last appearance was with Robert Mantell in "Romany Rye" when she was three years old. She said nothing about it to her mother or grandmother, but evidently she had determined in her baby mind that she and not Mantell was going to star. The fatal scene came. It showed a group of immigrant children

being examined by a ship's doctor. It seems that, being the smallest, Florence Turner was given a big dish-pan to carry. Just as the doctor (Robert Mantell) came on the stage, she pushed herself in front of him and declaimed, to her grandmother, without giving him time to say a word:

"Teedje, I've got the dish-pan."

It "brought down the house," but the next day she got "the can."

Her next start, however, was more fortunate. Certainly it constitutes invaluable advice to stage or screen aspirants.

"I was going to school in Brooklyn," she said, "when I read that a large number of extras would be needed by Sir Henry Irving for the mob scene in 'Robespierre.' I went to the theater without saying a word to my people about it.

"The stage manager was naturally picking the large girls. He gave me just one look, remarked, 'Too small,' and told me to go home with the others he could not use."

But she did not go home. Instead she slipped out of sight and prepared to watch.

"Now remember," he said to those he had selected, "Robespierre has starved you, robbed you of everything you had and guillotined your husbands, sons and brothers. You (picking out a girl on the regular extra list of the theater) will lead. I want you to go after him as though you were going to tear him to pieces."

The result was tame beyond description. And then, with his temper at the breaking point, he caught sight of Florence Turner behind a piece of scenery. No, he did not give her a job right then. On the contrary—

"You!" he said. "Didn't I tell you to go home?"

"Yes, sir," she answered.

"Well, then, what are you doing here?"

"I thought that you might change your mind."

"You did, did you? Well, I haven't changed my mind. Now get out!" and he went back to his mob. But the young girl with the blood of generations of stage people in her, just naturally didn't get out. She only went as far as the stage door, turned back and, on tiptoe found a new hiding-place.

For hours the rehearsal went on, becoming more instead of less unsatisfactory. At last, when the born actress hiding could stand it no longer, she stood out and once more stood before the stage manager. He threw up his hands in despair. "My G—d!" he gasped. "Are you here yet?"

There was a shriek of laughter.

"I know," she said, without paying any attention to the others.

Perhaps it was the laughter as much as her spunk that decided him.

"Lead it then!" he said resigned. "You couldn't be worse than the rest."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when she let out a shriek which made him jump fully six inches and made for the man who was temporarily representing Sir Henry Irving and Robespierre. She yelled that he had guillotined her husband and starved her children, (she was about fifteen years old), and proceeded to kick, bite and scratch like a young wild-cat. When they pulled her away they had to, in all sober earnest, drag her across the stage while she fought them to get back at him. When the stage manager had gotten over his laugh he explained that she need not be quite so realistic, but she got the place and for six weeks led Sir Irving's mob.

The next year she went on the road as a chorus-girl, and when the season was over she received a card from Jesse Lasky, asking her to call on him.

"That was before Mr. Lasky even thought of being a motion picture magnate. He was a producer of vaudeville acts and offered me a place in one. But it was in the chorus, and I told him that I couldn't take anything less than a part. I'll never forget how nice he was. He wished me luck and said that he hoped I would get my part. As it happened, I did. Then, a few months later, I joined Vitagraph."

She became Vitagraph's brightest star. Do you remember? But of course you do! Her pictures were everywhere. If one went to the movies at all, one saw her at least once a week.

"There was a time," she remarked, reminiscently, "when I was the whole Vitagraph 'stock' company. Every one else was 'extra.'"

That was in 1907, when, as a stage child, coming from a theatrical family, she must have found her prestige in the then untheatrical world of the cinema practically unbounded.

"The heads of the firm (J. Stuart Blackton and Albert Smith) did everything themselves," she went on. "Our work was new to us as to the public, and so we went about making pictures as children play games, throwing ourselves into what we were doing at the moment with the most unbounded enthusiasm. I remember my first picture. It was a slapstick comedy (all we made was slapstick). I'll always believe that I was afterwards starred because I could run faster than any one else. Anyway, that first picture was called 'How to Cure a Cold.' We began it at ten one morning and finished it in time for lunch!

"But the great sensation of those days was our masterpiece, 'Francesca da Rimini.' It was all of a thousand feet long. Woman, it was gorgeous! We had twenty-five supers, specially engaged, and all the men from the film-room dressed up in early Italian costumes. They didn't have a thing on properly; they looked more like accidents than courtiers! Albert Smith took the picture. We didn't have a camera-man, and Commodore Blackton took the stills and acted—everybody, including our director, acted. Edith Storey, then a little girl ten or eleven years old, played a page.

(Seventy-three)

"I remember that during the throne-room scene, our marble, which was only painted canvas, kept developing wrinkles at the most unexpected and inconvenient moments. The property-man, having stayed up all night to make it and being rather tired, had put it on crooked! And yet, wrinkled marble and all, 'Francesca da Rimini' was a good picture! We made up in sincerity what we lacked in conveniences. Mr. Smith went abroad and wrote us that it was the talk of Paris."

When D. W. Griffith took charge of the Biograph Company, Vitagraph had to work as never before.

For five years Florence Turner and Maurice Costello were co-starred, and the question of the day was, "Are they married?" "So far I've escaped marriage entirely," she said, when I reminded her of this. Then, with her popularity at its height, she went to England.

"It was the only thing for me to do," she explained. "I wanted my own company, but I couldn't fight the trust here; it was altogether too strong. My pictures had always sold very heavily in England, so I knew that I must be popular there."

Needless to say, she was.

Some of the pictures she produced abroad are: "Far from the Madding Crowd," by Thomas Hardy (adapted by Henry Edwardes); "Doorsteps" (from Edwardes' stage production of the same name); "East Is East," by Captain Philip Hubbard, of the English Army, and "My Old Dutch."

Good Gracious, Annabelle!

(Continued from page 46)

of George Wimbledon at Rock Point, Long Island, during the owner's absence."

"Rock Point!" exclaimed Rawson, recalling Annabelle's destination. "That's odd. What's he asking?"

"One thousand a week, but it's cheap at the price," said the detective. "It's the show place of Long Island."

"I'll take it," snapped Rawson. "Hunt up this Ludgate and I'll settle the details."

Next morning found Annie Postlewaite, alias Annabelle, Michael Grove, alias Charlie Christy, and Mamie, alias Maryllyn Miller, installed in the servants' quarters of the Wimbledon country home.

It was after breakfast that Annabelle came face to face with Rawson, who flushed guiltily. "I've rented the Wimbledon place for at least a week," he explained. "I hadn't known where to go until you mentioned Rock Point, and having been given such a bully idea, I managed to get this place. Since you're visiting down here, we ought to see a lot of each other."

"We will," said Annabelle, grimly. "I'm the cook here."

"The cook!" exclaimed the Westerner, laughing. "If you only were!"

"But I am—temporarily," confessed

(Continued on page 74)

DIAMONDS WATCHES

ON CREDIT Send for Diamond, Watch and Jewelry Catalog. IT IS FREE!

There are over 2000 photographic illustrations of Diamond Rings, Diamond La Vallieres, Diamond Ear Screws, Diamond Scarf Pins, Diamond Studs, Signet and Emblem Rings, Watches, Wrist Watches, Bracelets, Cuff Links, Brooches, Lockets, Chains, Charms, Silverware, Clocks, Toilet Sets; also our wonderfully showy assembled Solitaire Diamond Clusters.

Whatever you select will be sent, all shipping charges prepaid.

You See and Examine the Article Right in Your Own Hands

If satisfied, pay one-fifth of purchase price and keep it; balance divided into eight equal amounts, payable monthly. Every article is specially priced.

Any diamond purchased from us may be exchanged for other selection at the full price paid. With this privilege you need have no hesitancy in making selections.

WATCHES Our Catalog illustrates all the new watches—15, 17, 19, 21, 23 Jewels, solid gold and gold filled cases; all the new popular designs. Splendid bargains in 25-year guaranteed watches on credit terms as low as **\$2.50 A MONTH**

Send for Catalog, make selections and have as many articles as you wish charged in one account.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO.
National Credit Jewelers
Dept. KG16 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
(Est. 1902) STORES IN LEADING CITIES



THE EMPIRE STATE ENGRAVING COMPANY INC.


NEW YORK

DESIGNERS
RETOUCHERS
ENGRAVERS

PRINTING PLATES FOR ALL PURPOSES

65-167 WILLIAM ST. NEW YORK

OPEN DAY & NIGHT



OIL DIVIDENDS

We will send this deeply interesting oil magazine FREE for 3 months to anyone who will write for it. It is full of news of the oil fields; the big dividend-payers, the great new strikes in oil. If you are interested in this greatest of all modern investments—OIL, send for this magazine NOW.

3 Months' Trial Subscription FREE!

Address Either Office

Serlis & Company

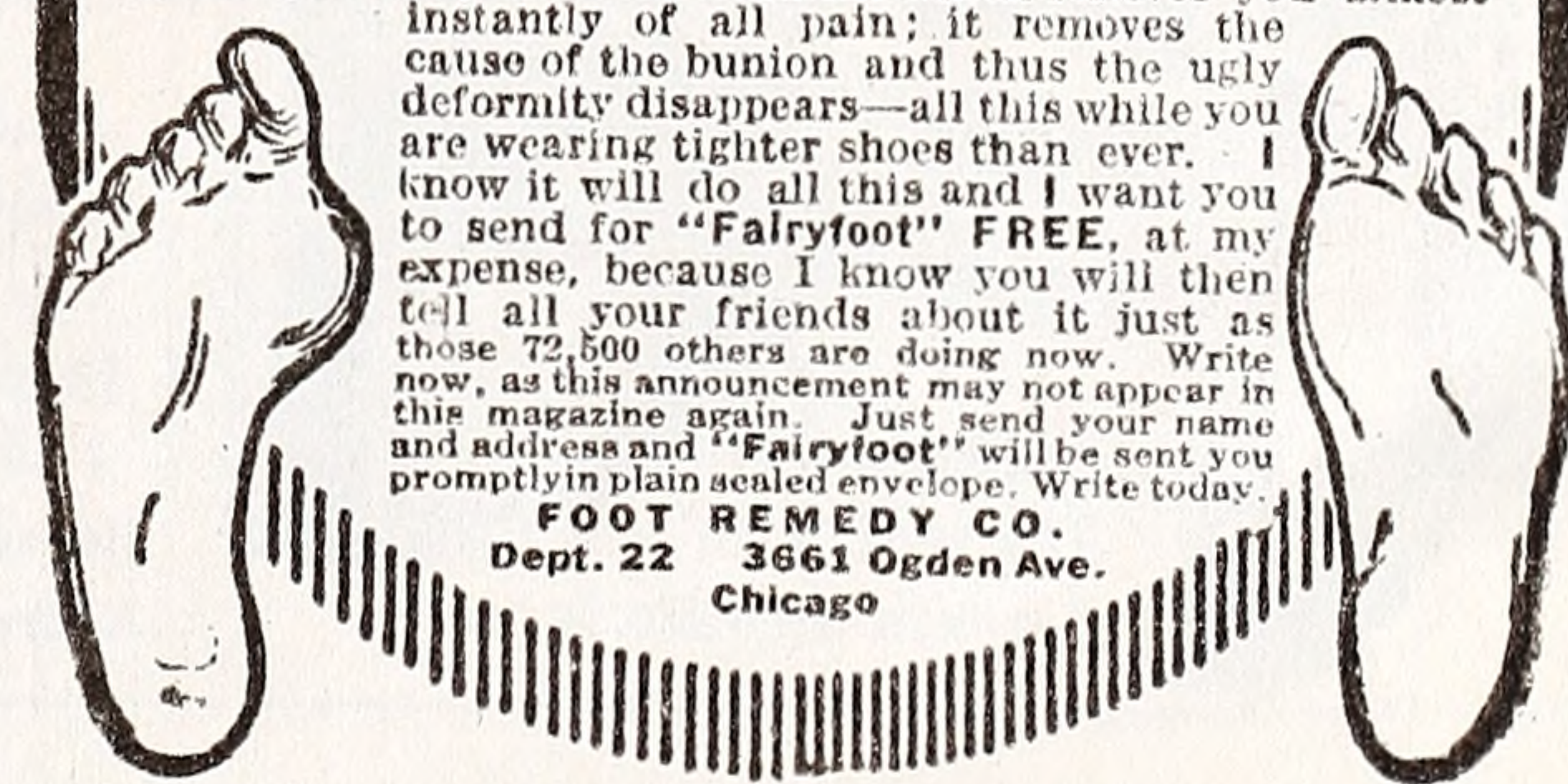
10 So. La Salle St.
Chicago

1 Wall Street
New York

Your Bunion Can Be Cured Instant Relief Prove It At My Expense

Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 72,500 others in the last six months. I claim to have the only successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you my "Fairyfoot" treatment FREE, entirely at my expense. I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you feel with them all—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that I am going to send you this treatment absolutely FREE. It is a wonderful yet simple home treatment which relieves you almost instantly of all pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. I know it will do all this and I want you to send for "Fairyfoot" FREE, at my expense, because I know you will then tell all your friends about it just as those 72,500 others are doing now. Write now, as this announcement may not appear in this magazine again. Just send your name and address and "Fairyfoot" will be sent you promptly in plain sealed envelope. Write today.

FOOT REMEDY CO.
Dept. 22 3661 Ogden Ave.
Chicago



Be Perfectly Groomed

It's unnecessary to be embarrassed by hair on your arms, underarms, or face, for X-Bazin, the famous French depilatory, dissolves it just as soap and water dissolve dirt. This is the comfortable, simple, dainty way which does not stimulate the later growth or coarsen it.

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc., 220 Washington St., New York
The Famous French Depilatory Powder

X-Bazin

50c and \$1.00 at drug and department stores, or we will mail direct on receipt of price. 75c and \$1.50 in Canada

MAGDA CREAM

Two Names That Suggest Beauty

UNIQUE-DISTINCTIVE
Pre-eminent

The Quality Cream for Discriminating People

JAPANESE JARS 75c
Opa Jars 50c Tins. \$1.00

Send 25c for a very generous Trial Package
FRED C. KEELING & CO., Rockford, Ill.



Short-Story Writing

A Course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-Story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for years Editor of Lippincott's.



Dr. Esenwein

Two important contributors to the June Atlantic Monthly are U. S. folks. Our students are selling right along to leading magazines, from the Atlantic down. One busy wife and mother is averaging over \$75 a week from photoplay writing alone.

Also course in Journalism, Versification, etc. No institution is better equipped to train for successful authorship.

150-Page Catalog Free. Please Address
THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 112 Springfield, Mass.

GIRLS—WOMEN WANTED!

AGE 18 OR OVER
\$90.00 to \$150.00 Month

U. S. Government Needs Thousands Immediately

Easy, pleasant office positions; filing, writing, listing and similar work in the Army, Navy, State, Ordnance, War Risk Insurance and other departments of the Government at Washington, D. C. Similar positions in Government offices in practically every city in the country.

Office Experience Unnecessary. Common Sense Education Sufficient.

Your country needs your help in properly carrying on the tremendous after war work of reconstruction. This is your chance to do your bit, and at the same time earn a salary of from \$1100 to \$1800 a year.

Fill out and Mail the attached Coupon.

DO IT TODAY,
TOMORROW
MAY BE
TOO
LATE!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. A77 Rochester, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Kindly send me, at once, and entirely without charge or any obligation on my part, list of U. S. Government positions now open to women. Advise me also regarding the salaries, hours, work, vacation and date of the next examination in my section, sending me free sample examination questions.

Name.....
Address.....

48 Photos of Movie Stars

reproduced in half-tone. On card-board, suitable for framing. Arbuckle, Bara, Chaplin, Pickfords, Anita Stewart, Pearl White, etc. Both male and female STARS are all here in CLASSY POSES. By mail postpaid 15 cents. Stamps or Coin.

ARDEE PUBLISHING CO.
Dept. 150 Stamford, Conn.

GIVEN TO YOU

as a LARKIN Factory-to-Family SAVING

An Oak Rocker like this usually sells for \$8 to \$10 at stores. It is a remarkable value and we give it with a \$10 purchase of Foods, Soaps, etc., as the saving you make by dealing direct with the great Larkin Factories.

Latest Catalog FREE

Send for this interesting book. See the hundreds of useful home furnishings you can get as Premiums by this economical method of Factory-to-Family dealing. Interest your friends and neighbors in these great savings. We make this a profitable service for you.

Get Our Catalog Today

Larkin Co. Buffalo, Chicago, Peoria

Please send me your latest Catalog No. 40

Name.....

Address.....

G. P. 394.....

Send Coupon or Postal to Nearest Address

Given with \$10 worth of Larkin Products

Fame via Matrimony

(Continued from page 42)

actor! Have you noticed how he only uses the upper part of his face? He can work his eyebrows independent, giving his expressions so much force. He can tell you a story with his eyes, or a slight curve of an eyebrow. He is a true artist, so beauty-loving, so eager to bring out the highest ideals, and no one could act with him as I have and not improve.

"At first, I seemed to learn but little at the other studios, but from the time I worked for Morosco, Fox and then Lasky, I've just slowly climbed with very loving hands to push me along. You can't imagine just HOW kind and helpful people are to me, how eager to give me a lift instead of a kick, so I've had a very lucky experience in the pictures, I think."

"Mr. Vidor is directing for the Brentwood Corporation, but we can always drive to the studios and back together and now my folks have all moved to Los Angeles, so I've forgotten that I ever knew loneliness. There is nothing so fine as congenial work, and I'm glad that I stuck to this, tho at first there seemed no prospect of my becoming a real actress. I wasn't discovered, pushed along in the beginning, or even enthused over by any one—I just had to make a career or die of loneliness at home. It just goes to show that you can achieve things if you only put your mind to them day after day."

Good Gracious, Annabelle!

(Continued from page 73)

Annabelle, going on to tell him of the impending divorce suit. "Of course, it's all ridiculous, because I'm married now."

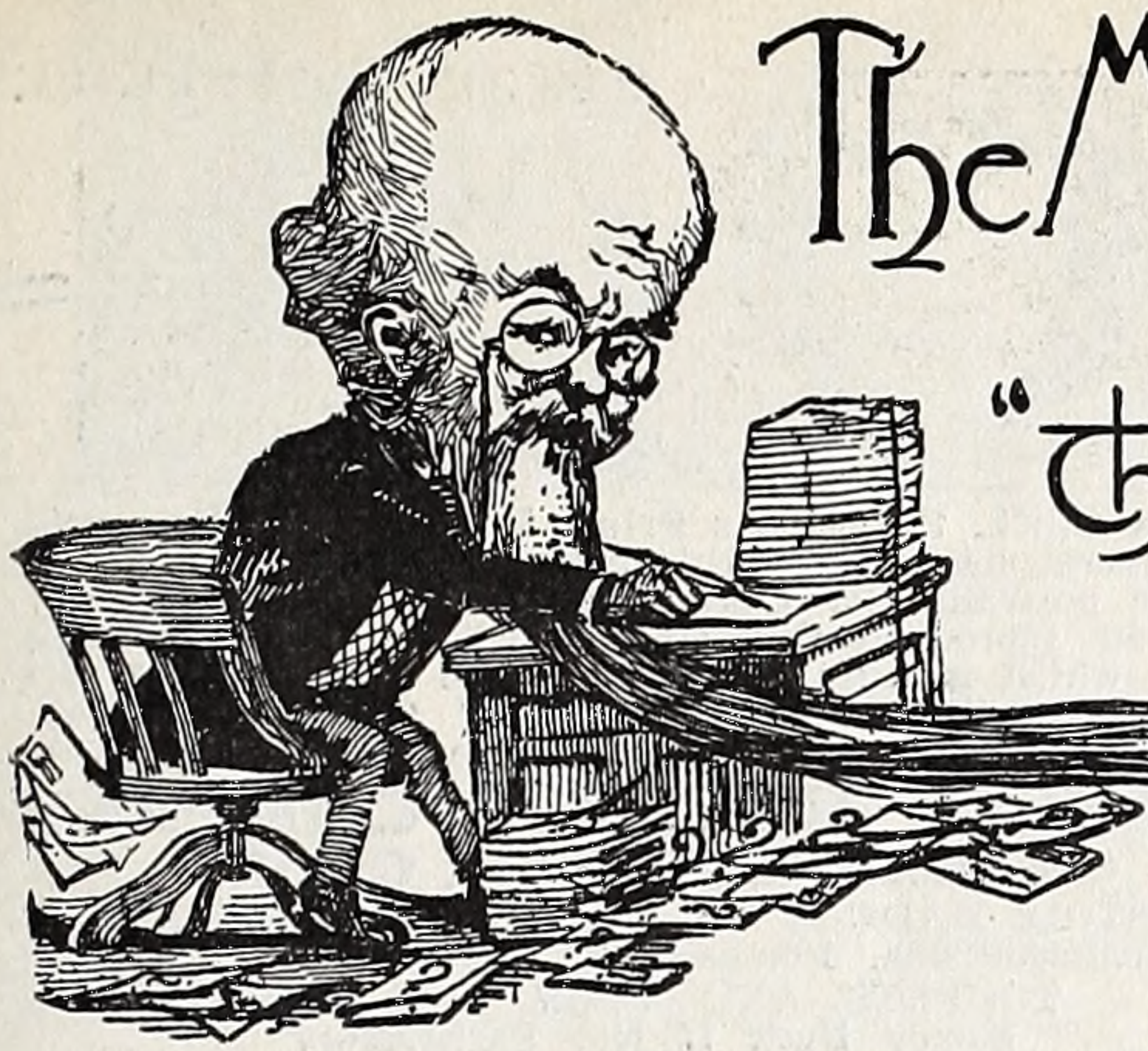
"Married!" groaned Rawson. "That's worse yet."

"Well," sighed Annabelle, "I'm so tired of married. I lived with my father in Arizona until I was sixteen. Dad died suddenly, and one night a drunken mine dragger dragged me out of the house. I was terribly frightened, but just then an old bearded man we used to call 'The Hermit' came along and knocked down my kidnapper. He made me come to his cabin for the night. I tried to tell him how that would compromise me, and what do you think he did? Dragged me to a parson's and married me out of hand. Of course, he just wanted to protect me, but, when I began weeping that night, he took me to the railroad station and started me to some relatives in California. Then what do you suppose happened?"

"Your husband struck it rich," said Rawson.

"How did you guess?" asked Annabelle. "That's just what happened. I became terribly wealthy and began sending me checks each month. No letter nothing else. But each month the allowance came. So it has been for seven years. But his last month's check didn't turn up, and that's why I'm cook for 10

(Continued on page 76)



The Movie Encyclopaedia

by "The ANSWER MAN"

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

MARJORIE B.—My stars! No, I never go skating, but I like to watch the young folks on ice. Cant you investigate further? Louise Huff and Jack Pickford played in "Seventeen." I hope you will always keep your rosy cheeks. Which reminds me that there are three things that women throw away—their time, their money and their health.

BLUE EYES.—*A votre sante.* Ruby De Remer was Miss Ashton in "We Should Worry." Yes, she is very pretty. Some think Henry Clay was the greatest American orator. I have not heard of William Jennings Bryan for many years—does he still live? Dont care what you say—love and you shall be loved.

ANNETTE.—All I can say to you is that you will have to write direct to the players.

A READER.—So you have been suffering from the toothache. Very sorry. You say you dont see why we weren't born without teeth. Well, if you will look up the authorities, I think you will find that we were. George Walsh in "On the Jump."

LOIS WILSON ADMIRER.—Speaking of widows, which are you, the bereaved or the relieved? No, it's not true; England, France and Germany and the other big nations have marines. We're not the only country with a unit known as marines. Yes, I always use glasses. Sight is a good thing, but insight is better.

LENA C.—Marguerite Clark, now the wife of Capt. H. Palmerson Williams, is back at the studio, playing in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Antonio Moreno is not married.

JUST B.—You seem to be very proud of your ancestry. I hope that is not all you have to be proud of, otherwise you would be like the potato, the best part underground. I do not believe much in ancestors, for, having come first, they are the young people, and have the least experience. A river becomes narrower and more insignificant as we ascend to its source, and becomes muddy, feeble and corrupt at its mouth. Shall I go on, or have I said enough?

NORMA C. M.—Enrico Caruso, or just plain Caruso, was the sculptor as well as the singer in "My Cousin." Taken in California. Corinne Griffith and Walter McGrail in "Miss Ambition." Virginia Kirtley was the lead in "A Law Unto Himself." Arthur Shirley in "Bawbs of the Blue Ridge."

CUTIE.—So you think I am a literary failure because I have not risen higher. I suppose a literary failure is a man whose brains are unfit for publication. Albert Signer was in "Mothers of France."

ZISCA G. B.—Thanks; I took your tip and read every word of your letter. And I did not regret it. When you come to America, you must look me up.

MARIE.—You must have dictated that letter. Let the heart dictate and the head confirm. You say you imagine you can smell onions on my breath. Onions—sure I love them. An onion a day, they say, keeps doctors away—and everybody else. Eat an orange at night, and an apple in the morning, and an onion at noon, and you'll never die.

CLAUDIUS.—Enjoyed your poetry immensely. You know what Elbert Hubbard said of poets—a poet is one whose ideas of the beautiful and the sublime get him in jail or Potter's field. And some say poets are like birds—the least thing makes them sing. But the bird that cant sing and insists on singing should have its neck wrung. But as for thee, O Claudius, sing away.

MARIE.—Cant tell you how to become an actress, other than to enter the Fame and Fortune Contest.

UNCLE BOB.—Marie Osborne was born in 1911. Little Mary McAlister is living in Chicago, and her last picture was an Essanay. So you would like us to report the causes of divorce as well as the causes of death. Want to be one of our reporters?

BETTY R.—Hobart Henley has signed up with Goldwyn for some time as a director. He would apparently rather receive a director's salary than the fan's praise. Ernest Truex and Shirley Mason in "Good-by, Bill." Yes, Earle Foxe in "Peck's Bad Girl."

CALIFORNIA BEA.—Many of our women are not so pretty as they are painted. Your suggestion is very good, and I have passed it along to the editor. The Sinn Fein came into existence about twelve years ago. The phrase means "For ourselves alone." The organization is traced back to a series of articles by Arthur Griffith.

TOM F.—Ethel Clayton in "Vicky Van," and Elsie Ferguson in "His Parisian Wife." That was Thomas Santschi and Kathlyn Williams in "The Adventures of Kathlyn."

ANDREW M.—So you have women barbers in your town. That's sad, because no man wants to be cut by a woman. Iowa Billy Rose—well, we haven't any information on her.

PATRIA.—Can you remember Mabel Normand when she was getting \$25 a week with Vitagraph, playing with Flora Finch and John Bunny? That's only imagination. Yes, Norma Talmadge finished "The Heart of Winton" in California.

LILLIAN AND GRACE C.—You say, "What is to become of us when you die?" That's not bothering me; what I'm worrying about is what's to become of *me*. Did you see Earle Williams and Grace Darmond in "The Man Who Wouldn't Tell"?

OLIVER McL.—Surest thing you know—77, bald and whiskers. That's my picture up above. I hardly sweep the floor with my beard, tho. John Barrymore also played in "The Man from Mexico."

SWEET 16.—Thanks for yours. You're right: Democracy, the hand that rocks the thrones, rules the world. "Battling Jane" is an Artcraft picture. You're a splendid little talker. Men speak of what they know; women of what pleases them.

WM. HART FAN.—Surely write to Wm. Hart. He'd be glad to hear from you. Recall that chat with him in last month's Classic? Women his greatest weakness! He was in "The Cold Deck." You want more Letters to the Editor. They tell me it's hard to get good ones, altho I dont find it so.

VIVAUDOU
CREATOR OF
Lady Mary
Face Powder
50¢

Vivaudou's latest Creation
"Pour la France"

Send 15c to Vivaudou (Dept. O, Times Bldg., New York, or if you live in Canada, to Vivaudou, 344 St. Paul St. W., Montreal) for a generous sample of Lady Mary Extract.

Opportunity Knocks!

WILL YOU LET HER IN?

Do you want to advance and progress?

We offer you the opportunity to learn a new profession. Without leaving your present occupation, we open the door of a college to you.

This is the beginning of a new era in the world's history, and we have based our Big Idea on it. The world is full of undiscovered and undeveloped talent, and the near future will need it all. Our idea is to discover that talent and prepare it to fill the needs of the new development. Our plan is entirely new and original. We are not trying to sell you something, nor are we trying to get you to sell something. We simply want you to send for our booklet. That will tell you the whole story.

If you are ambitious to move forward, if you feel that you would like to find out if you have talents that should be developed, if you want to do your share of the rebuilding of the new world and share in its prosperity, don't let this chance slip by. Send a postal card at once for our booklet.

American Hearthstone College
177 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

Send 20¢
for the trial Bottle of
The New Spanish Perfume



A WONDERFUL new perfume was created a few weeks ago. It is unlike any other perfume in the world. Subtle, exquisite, such an odor as one expects to find in the dreamy, romantic gardens of old Spain. It is called

Alcazar

It is one of the great Rieger line of Flower Drops Perfume. An ounce bottle costs but \$2.00. A four ounce bottle of Alcazar toilet water costs \$2.00. A trial bottle of the perfume will be sent to you for 20c. Write now.

Paul Rieger
252 1st St., San Francisco, Cal.

Rieger's
Flower Drops

SAVE! Speak QUICK

'WAY UNDER MANUFACTURER'S PRICE!
Genuine, visible writing Underwoods—rebuilt in our factory, with Back Spacer, Tabulator, Lateral Guide, Stencil Attachment, 2-color Ribbon, Waterproof Cover and Special Touch Typewriting Guide Book sent on 10 Days' Free Trial.

Over 100,000 Underwoods Sold to U. S. Govt.

That makes rebuilt Underwoods scarce. So, speak quick for yours. Guaranteed for 5 years. You can rent, buy on easy terms, secure cash discount or earn one through agency plan; no canvassing. Ask for Offer No. 211.

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM
34-36 Lake St.
CHICAGO, ILL.



RENT OR BUY

Be a Moving Picture Star

Do you know that many Moving Picture actors and actresses get from \$500 to \$5,000 a week? Many young ladies and young men working for small wages could do just as well if they knew how.

This book will teach you everything from start to finish. Also tells how and where to apply for a position. Gives the addresses of all the studios and managers and tells everything in detail. It is a pleasant and profitable profession and the demand exceeds the supply all the time. We will mail the book to you for 10c and 2c for mailing.

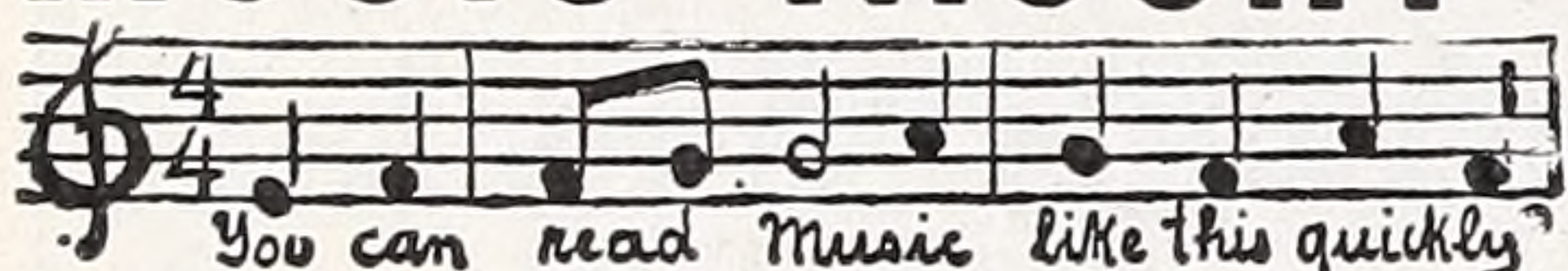
YOUNGS PUB. CO.
Dept. H. East Norwalk, Conn.



MUSIC TAUGHT FREE

IN YOUR OWN HOME

You can read music like this quickly



Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Beginners or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for FREE booklet which explains everything in full.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 70 Lakeside Building, CHICAGO

Wrestling Book FREE

You can learn to be an expert wrestler at home—during your spare time. The book tells you how. The world's marvelous undefeated champion and his trainer **Frank Gotch and Farmer Burns** will now teach you. Learn wrestling, self-defense and jui-jitsu easily at home by mail. Know all the science and tricks. First chance to learn from world champions. Men and boys, here is your great opportunity. Send for free book today stating age.

Burns Sch. of Wrestling, 1552 Range Bldg., Omaha, Neb.



Look Here, Folks!

The Stage Playing Cards will Cheer a Boy in Khaki.

"Gosh," groaned Private John Stanton, "I'd give my right eye for a good game of solitaire."

"Well, I'd sacrifice a month's pay for a good picture of Marguerite Clark," sighed Private Charles Newton.

What else can you folks at home do? Of course that's the cry of the universe just now. Everyone is anxious to think of something new and novel to send to the khaki laddie at the front. And here it is! Just the thing to help an energetic, red-blooded American pass away his few spare moments. Make John Stanton's wish come true—and Charles Newton's.

Send us 65c today and in return we will mail your boy a pack of STAGE PLAYING CARDS—the handsomest deck of cards in existence. The backs are an exquisite blend of pink, cream, green, and gold, with gold edges; flexible, highly finished, lively and durable; 52 cards and joker to each pack. Each card has a different star's picture on the back, and besides a lively game of cards, the boys can talk over the work of their player friends who appear in the pack.

Make some boy happy! Dont delay! His nerves may just need the diversion of a good game of cards. He is giving his all—65c means nothing to you. Help him out!

THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.
175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

P. S.—Make it \$1.20, and we'll send two packs, or \$2.00 and we'll send four packs. Dont you want a pack for yourself? They're worth every bit of 75c a pack!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SECURE A SATIN SKIN

APPLY SATIN SKIN CREAM, THEN SATIN SKIN POWDER.

Good Gracious, Annabelle!

(Continued from page 74)

Wimbledons—or rather for you. That Ludgate has taken advantage of his master's absence to quietly rent the place to you."

Rawson laughed. "He's a scamp, this Ludgate, but he's given me my chance to be near you, hermit or no hermit. Did this hermit ever give you anything but money—stock, for instance?"

Annabelle thought for a moment. "Why, yes, the day he married me and then put me on the train for California, he pushed two shares of his mine stock into my hand. But I was broke only two months ago and sold them."

"I cant tell you how I know about it," went on Rawson. "But I have found that this Wimbledon has those two shares. That was one reason why I came East. I need those two shares to get a final controlling interest in your husband's mine, 'The Bluebell.' I shall find a way somehow."

At that moment the valet, Ludgate, considerably perturbed, appeared. "I'm in a terrible predicament," he said to Rawson. "Mr. Wimbledon has returned for a day or two. I shall have to return your rent money to you or ask you to wait to occupy the place until he leaves again."

"Neither," said Rawson. "I shall stick—posing as a servant. Let's see. Hire me to be captain of his yacht."

So another make-believe servitor took his place in the Wimbledon retinue. The millionaire had hardly set foot on the estate when he noted Annabelle. He sent for Ludgate.

"Who is that beauty?" he demanded. "That," said Ludgate, "is Annie Postlewaite, the new cook."

"Cook," exclaimed the rather intoxicated Wimbledon. "Ludgate, you have marvelous discrimination. Send her here."

Annabelle appeared a second later. "Ludgate says you wish to see me. Is it about the dinner, sir?"

"Dinner be hanged, Annie," said Wimbledon, unsteadily. "What'd I care about food when I can look at you? Why—why—didn't you come to work here before?"

"I've been making munitions," fibbed Annabelle.

"I'll bet you're richer'n I am," giggled Wimbledon, bibulously. "Money wont tempt you then. But Annie, where'd you get that last name—Postlewaite, or whatever it is? How'd you like to change it?"

Wimbledon's head was nodding unsteadily. He was half asleep. Annabelle sat down quietly and waited. Finally, the Wimbledon head toppled forward, its owner in a drunken stupor. Quickly Annabelle slipped to his side and secured his wallet. She looked thru it quickly and, in a side folder, found the two missing mine shares.

Suddenly she heard a step behind her and started. It was Rawson! She slipped the wallet back into Wimbledon's pocket, retaining the certificates.

(Continued on page 78)




Alma Gluck, the famous Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera, has created this most becoming coiffure. In all her portraits her glorious hair is dressed as above. You can reproduce this coiffure with the Alma Gluck Braid, which is fully described in the new enlarged edition of our "VOGUE COIFFURES" Catalog—just out. Prices from \$3.00 up. Catalog Mailed Free on Request.

FRANCES ROBERTS COMPANY
GUARANTEED HAIR GOODS
CUSTOM MADE—TO MATCH YOUR SAMPLE Transformations, Pompadours, Switches, Wigs, etc. TOUPETS AND WIGS FOR MEN Money Back If Not Satisfactory

100 Fifth Avenue Dept. 606 New York



Are your Eyebrows and Lashes as Dark as You Would Like Them to be? If not You can Tint Them Beautifully With

Color-ine

It adds wonderfully to your beauty, charm and expression for your eyebrows and lashes to be slightly darker than your hair. COLOR-INE makes them appear naturally dark. If you will examine your eyelashes very closely you will find that the tip ends are very light and scarcely show up at all. COLOR-INE will darken them and make them appear much longer and thicker. It is impossible to detect COLOR-INE after it has been applied as directed.

It is impossible to get up a preparation which would darken the eyebrows and lashes permanently, as it would have to be so strong that it would prove injurious. COLOR-INE is so mild that it is absolutely harmless, yet one application will last several days. More convenient and satisfactory to use than the ordinary eyebrow pencil. Thousands of our customers use it regularly with very satisfying results.

PRICE 50c for bottle sufficient to last several months. Mailed complete with camel's hair brush for applying, under plain cover, on receipt of price. Remit by coin, U. S. stamps or money order.

Order a trial bottle today and if it is not entirely satisfactory in every way we want you to send it right back and we will promptly refund your money in full.

Maybell Beauty Booklet, "The Woman Beautiful," mailed Free with every order.

Maybell Laboratories, Dept. 12, 4305 Grand Blvd., Chicago

"Hair-Dress"




Makes stubborn hair easy to comb, neat and attractive

Miss Betty Parker Jay Dillon

Featured in Jack Norworth's "Odds and Ends"

Adopted by—Screen—Stage—Society

Because Hair-Dress will make the most stubborn hair stay the way you comb it and retain a smooth, dressy appearance the entire evening. With Hair-Dress you can comb your hair any fashionable style—straight back—any way you want it. Hair-Dress will also give to your hair that beautiful lustre so much in vogue with men and women of the stage, the screen and society. Is harmless and acts as an excellent tonic.

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

Send \$1.00 for Three Months' Supply

HAIR-DRESS CO., Dept. A, 4652 N. Campbell Ave., Chicago

A Fool of Fortune

(Continued from page 19)

Came Sunday! And with it a hunger for which one would steal. Until four in the afternoon Tony Kelly stood its gauges. On the sideboard in the dining-room stood a bowl of fruit. For a long time the boy looked at it, while his mad hunger craving ate at his vitals. Finally his hands reached feverishly out and closed over a bright red apple, a pear, some grapes.

As he stood guiltily trying to stuff his booty into his pockets, the swinging door behind him led into the kitchen flew open, and the landlady, a Mrs. West, confronted the lad, her countenance screwed into a mask of propriety and righteousness.

"That fruit, Mr. Kelly, belongs to me. It's kept solely for the members of my family."

If he could have passed out then, he would have. But with his whole soul yearning for food, he replaced the fruit and speedily vanished into his own room to consume more water.

On his Monday morning's mail he received a check from Biograph for fifty dollars, for a scenario. The first thing Kelly did was to get it cashed by the Los Angeles editor for whom he was going to work. After he had eaten he returned to the boarding-house and brought out Mrs. West. Pulling out the book of bills, he said, "I am leaving you fifty dollars, Mrs. West. How much is my bill?"

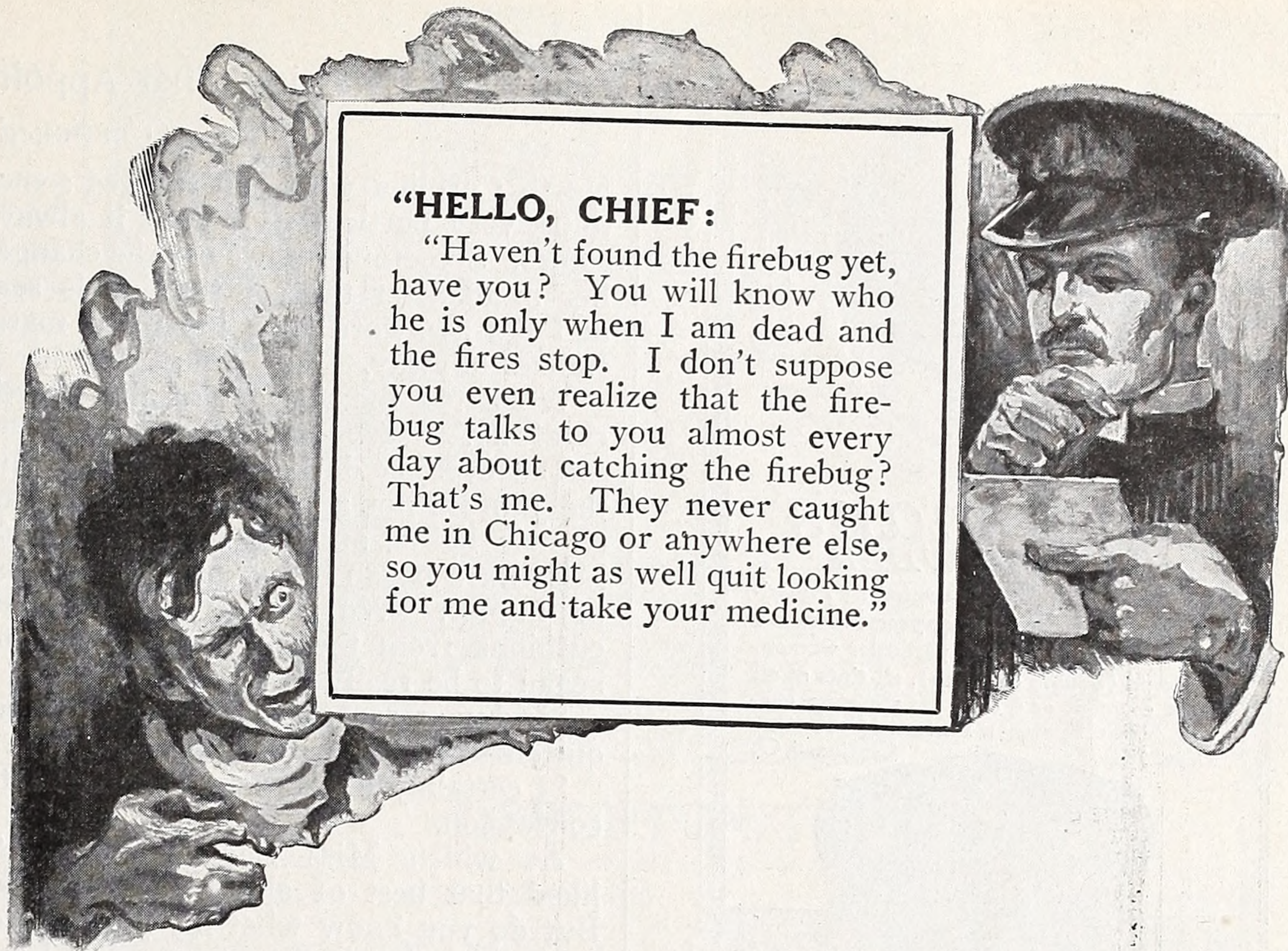
From this day the sight of her saucer-eyes as she saw his roll of the long money is one of Tony Kelly's most satisfactory memories.

From that time on his scenarios became more and more popular, and for some time he was in the script department at Essanay.

Today he is doing films for Uncle Sam. He has, perhaps, a more intimate knowledge of the United States Government than any other individual not in politics. He is a regular walking dictionary of history, past and present. He has a successful stage play, "Three Men East," on Broadway, three vaudeville sketches being produced, and the most important people in pictures seek him out to do their scenarios for them. Through it all, he remains intensely human, jolly, companionable. He loves to read because he looks at it clearly and through a glass darkly. He is enthusiastic, versatile and adaptable.

"Oh, this," he says, as if he were shaking the ashes from a cigaret that had little taste for, "this that I have is nothing compared to what I have to do—only the beginning, I hope."

Justin Farnum has a new leading lady, Irene Rich, a Los Angeles girl with talents and who worked as extra quietly and unostentatiously for the last two months. Frank Keenan and Tom both noticed her work and recommended her for advancement after working with Louise Glaum some time



"HELLO, CHIEF:

"Haven't found the firebug yet, have you? You will know who he is only when I am dead and the fires stop. I don't suppose you even realize that the firebug talks to you almost every day about catching the firebug? That's me. They never caught me in Chicago or anywhere else, so you might as well quit looking for me and take your medicine."

"The Firebug"

That was the warning which came to the fire chief, unsigned—and then, the very next day, a woman was found nearly dead in a burning building.

It was a mystery that needed the master mind of Craig Kennedy, the scientific detective of this day—Craig Kennedy, who came to life in the mind of

ARTHUR B. REEVE

Craig Kennedy

He is the genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically.

For nearly ten years America has been watching his Craig Kennedy—marvelling at the strange, new, startling things that detective-hero would unfold. Even under the stress of war England is reading him as she never did before.

Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. Russian ingenuity has fashioned wild tales of mystery. But all these seem old-fashioned—out of date—beside the infinite variety—the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve's tales, in 12 volumes—over 250 stories.

Col. Roosevelt says:

"I did a whole lot of reading. I particularly enjoyed half a dozen rattling good detective stories by Arthur B. Reeve—some of them were corkers."

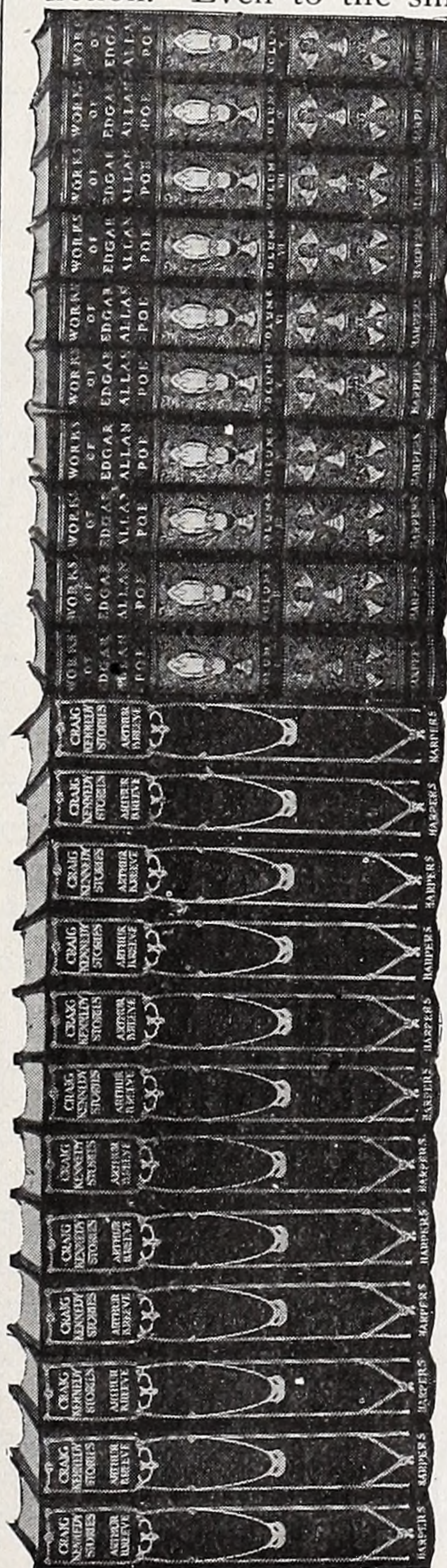
FREE! 10 VOLUMES *Edgar Allan Poe's Masterpieces*

To those who send the coupon promptly, we will give FREE a set of Edgar Allan Poe's Masterpieces in 10 volumes—over 200 stories.

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

The story is in these volumes. He was a detective by instinct—he was a story-teller by divine inspiration. Before or since—no one has had his power to make your hair stand on end—to send chills up your back—to hold you in suspense—terror, O horror! To read breathlessly—to try to guess the ending—to enjoy the perfect, flawless style—to feel the power of the master—that is all you can do in each and all of Poe's undying stories. In England and France, Edgar Allan Poe is held to be the greatest writer that America has produced—to them he is the greatest American classic.

This is a wonderful combination—here are two of the greatest writers of mystery and scientific detective stories. You can get the Reeve at a remarkably low price and the Poe Free.



M.P.C. 2-19
Harper & Brothers
7 Franklin Square, N. Y.

Send me, all charges prepaid, set of ARTHUR B. REEVE—in 12 volumes. Also send me absolutely FREE the set of Edgar Allan Poe, in 10 volumes. If both sets are not satisfactory I will return them within 10 days at your expense. Otherwise I will send you \$1.50 a month for thirteen months.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

HARPER & BROTHERS

Established 1817 NEW YORK CITY

Keeping That Appointment With Theda Bara

(Continued from page 17)

North Carolina when she desires something very particularly. And it always comes. Sometimes, however, she changes her mind after the contribution is sent and it's awkward how the thing materializes anyway.

We noted the address of the church carefully.

The evening darkness gathered. But the Jap did not appear to switch on the electric lights, and we sat in the dusk. Miss Bara began to show a genuine sense of humor. We pushed five Oriental cushions from the cluttered couch and began to be really interested.

"Did you see me as Cleopatra?" inquired the vampire de luxe.

"I certainly did," was our enthusiastic confession.

At which Miss Bara laughed. "I liked that best of all my screen rôles. But do you know what my Jap said of me? 'You fat on the screen, Miss Bara, not a bit fat off!' I think the boy was disappointed."

And the Jap is honorably correct—at least about the off-the-screen part and minus the disappointment. Miss Bara isn't the statuesque person you might expect. She is of average height and quite, quite slender. And genuinely girlish.

Miss Bara devotes a lot of time to reading. Really! We know, because she talked intelligently of books. She had just finished Arnold Bennett's newest story, "The Pretty Lady," the war-time adventures of a French courtesan in London.

She loves her sister, Loro, deeply, and insisted upon having her meet us. Loro is a younger sister and very, very blonde. So Miss Bara told us. Loro hadn't returned by the time we departed.

Criticism—that is, unkind criticism—hurts Miss Bara very much. She told us so. Some critic had just intimated that her Salome was a fleshly conception and not the mental lady who must have upset the Biblical court.

"I ask you," demanded Miss Bara plaintively, "how can I portray a mental Salome? Can I show my mind working for the camera? Will I have subtitles tell my brainy sayings? Or will I go thru the dance of the seven veils with a finger thoughtfully pressed to my forehead?"

And then Miss Bara told us a secret.

She is going to appear on the stage—soon. It is her dearest desire. The right play hasn't come along yet, but when her present screen contract has expired, she will turn to the footlights with something big and mystic and un-vampirish.

Other things she told us, too. She loves New Orleans most of all the places she has visited. The atmosphere and romance of the old city appeal to her. She hates the lurid titles they give her pictures. She thinks it rather mean to intimate that she looks "that way" on the screen because she is near-sighted.

She laughs at her vampire fame and doesn't take it seriously. Indeed, she is a young woman who thinks and has sense of humor.

Let us confess that Miss Bara interested us tremendously. We doubt, of course, that she actually takes her present occultism too seriously. Yet there is a vein of the mystic in her. But we are thoroly sure of her healthy, alert mind. For beneath the incense and the perfumes and talk of peacock feathers and the science of numbers is a verily likeable—and—vivid—young person.

Just before we left Miss Bara handed us a little Egyptian scarab to examine. Suddenly she glanced at the palm of our left hand.

"Whoops!" she exclaimed. "What love line——" And then she began to tell us all sorts of things about ourselves, most of them startlingly true.

"This is *your* interview," we murmured, hastily withdrawing our telltale palm.

"You ought to take that to a good palmist. I never saw——"

But we departed. The elevator gazed at us all the way to the ground floor with a steely eye. In the lower reception hall three others considered us with odd but unmistakable interest.

Hastily slipping on our gloves—cover further palm revelations—we hurried into the night.

Even outside, queer, faint flashes of incense still clung to us.

Good Gracious, Annabelle!

(Continued from page 76)

"What are you going to do with them?" he inquired.

"I'm going to send them back to the rightful owner, my husband. If you want to buy them, you will have to come to him."

But Rawson merely smiled.

Annabelle was sitting in her room three hours later, when she realized that the whole estate was in a hubbub of excitement. Wimbledon had discovered the loss of his mine shares and summoned the police. The detective promptly arrested the last servant engaged, Rawson, the supposed yacht captain.

To shield Annabelle, Rawson, withholding his real name, admitted the crime. Then it was that Annabelle went to Wimbledon and told him the whole story.

Wimbledon ordered the detective to bring Rawson to his library.

Rawson looked at Annabelle.

"Perhaps I should explain. I wanted those two shares because—because of the hermit!"

"You—the hermit?" exclaimed Annabelle. "Good gracious!"

"Does it please you to meet your husband like this?" whispered Rawson.

"I love it," sighed Annabelle, "and you!"

(Seventy-eight)



Freeman's
FACE POWDER

An American product adopted by America's society leaders. For 40 years Freeman's has been the choice of particular women. 50 cents (double quantity), all tints at all toilet counters, or 4 cents for miniature box.

The Freeman Perfume Co.
Dept. 104 Cincinnati, O.

Why Don't You Write the Words for a Song?



SELECT your own subject—love, patriotism—write what the heart dictates, then submit your poem to us. We write the music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Our leading composer is

Mr. Leo Friedman

one of America's well-known musicians, the author of many song successes, such as "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland," "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," "When I Dream of Old Erin," and others the sales of which ran into millions of copies. Send as many poems as you wish. **Don't Delay. Get Busy—Quick.**

CHESTER MUSIC CO. 538 S. Dearborn Street Suite 295 Chicago, Ill.

TELEPHONE, 5499 MAIN

The

Wm. G. Hewitt Press

Printers and Binders

SPECIALIZING IN BOOK, CATALOG AND COLOR WORK

Sixty-one to Sixty-seven Navy Street
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian 14k. diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold ring, set with a 1-2k Hawaiian 14k. diamond—in beautiful ring box postage paid. Pay postmaster \$1.25 C. O. D. charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger.

KRAUTH & REED, Dept. 69 MASONIC TEMPLE CHICAGO



Temperance Drove Him to the Movies

(Continued from page 24)

footlights. One week after we had finished it we had to start Nazimova on 'Toys of Fate.' 'Revelation' was past and done.

"This belief that screen producers do not equal stage managers is all a fallacy. We are up against problems that would swamp a footlight producer. For instance, where are we to find eighty stories a year? You know—and I know—that Metro, like other companies, does produce bad pictures at times. It can't be helped. We are working on schedule; a good scenario may melt away in the filming, just as a poor one may turn out a celluloid winner. But, either way, it is made and must fit its place in the schedule."

Karger believes that there are two steps of advance just ahead of the photoplay. "Where are we to get our eighty stories, let me repeat?" he went on. "I believe, and I believe firmly, that a young line of authors is to develop. These men will have no style, they will not be authors in the present sense of the word, but they will possess the power to visualize, the ability to tell a story without conversation, in a word, the photodramatic sense. The average five-reeler, being crammed with movement and incident, has meat enough for three spoken plays. On the other hand, the photoplay can frequently visualize three chapters of a book in twenty feet. Yet books, averaging more plot, make better picture dramas than stage plays.

"When I go to see a photoplay I no longer criticize the story. I know the producer's problem. It's all very well to tell us to get the big literary men to write the scripts. They can't do it. Style—the formation of a sentence—is everything to them. They fail to grasp the fundamentals of a scenario. They persist in taking ten pages to show how John Blank got to the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway, which we tell in a screen flash. They will not take us seriously.

"This gradual development of the newer screen writer is one angle of the photoplay's development. The other will come thru a better systematization of business methods in the studio. When I entered pictures I quickly came to a realization that the weakest link in the production chain was the director. The director had grown up in the early days. He was usually a graduate player, and a screen player at that time was a stage failure, for the films were in low estate.

"Consequently many of these directors were incompetent. Nearly all of them were dizzy with their success. Where they had been getting fifty dollars a week they were getting five hundred. A company would be assembled at nine o'clock in the morning and Mr. Director wouldn't arrive until after lunch.

"I saw, as many others did, that this must stop. We at Metro have been doing our best to master the situation.

(Seventy-nine)



Hinds Cream

HONEY AND ALMOND

Soft, Smooth Skin

is essential to an attractive complexion. It takes HINDS CREAM to soften the skin without making it greasy, oily or sticky; to soften so it will not chap even tho exposed to chilling winds; to soften and freshen the hands roughened and soiled by arduous Red Cross and hospital work, household, store and office duties.

Nurses and surgeons know that naturally soft skin wards off skin troubles. Some have written us that HINDS CREAM quickly restores *their hands* to natural velvety smoothness after being roughened by immersion in strong antiseptic solutions. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream keeps cheeks and neck fresh, fair and exquisitely soft. Added charm awaits the woman who selects the daintily-packaged requisites made by Hinds for improving the skin and complexion.

SAMPLES: Be sure to enclose stamps with your request. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 2c. Both Cold and Disappearing Cream 4c. Talcum 2c. Trial cake Soap 8c. Sample Face Powder 2c., Trial Size 15c. Attractive Week-end Box 39c.

Hinds Cream Toilet Necessities are selling everywhere, or will be mailed, postpaid in U. S. A., from Laboratory.

A. S. HINDS 236 West Street Portland, Maine

OPPORTUNITY MARKET

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Wanted—Ten bright capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell well-known goods to established dealers. \$25.00 to \$50.00 per week; railroad fare paid; weekly advance for traveling expenses. Address at once, Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 16, Omaha, Neb.

Ladies—Fascinating home business tinting postcards, pictures, photos, etc., spare time for profit. \$5 on 100; no canvassing; samples 10c (stamps). Particulars free. Artint, 700-G, Station A, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Women To Sew. Goods Sent Prepaid To Your Door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 22, Philadelphia, Pa.

OLD COINS WANTED

"Old Money Wanted." \$2 to \$500 each paid for hundreds of coins dated before 1895. Keep all old money. Send 10c for new illustrated coin value book, size 4x6. You may have coins worth large premiums. Get posted. Clarke Coin Co., Box 155, Le Roy, N. Y.

SONG WRITERS

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. If available we will write the music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Send poems on love, victory, or any subject. Fairchild Music Co., Suite 18-W, 203 Broadway, New York.

Write the Words for a Song. We compose music, secure copyright and submit copies to leading publishers. Submit poems now—examination free. 107-C Fitzgerald Bldg., Broadway at 43d St., N. Y.

Write a Song—Patriotic or popular. On any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. Thos. Merlin, 231 Reaper Block, Chicago.

Write the Words for a Song. We write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 538 So. Dearborn St., Suite 193, Chicago.

Write the Words for a Song. We compose music, secure copyright and submit copies to leading publishers. Submit poems now—examination free. Broadway Studios, 107-C Fitzgerald Bldg., Broadway at 43rd Street, New York.

PATENTS

PATENTS. Write for free illustrated guide book; send model or sketch for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest references, prompt attention, reasonable terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 621 9th, Washington, D. C.

GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

New Patriotic Plays, Recitations, Entertainments for war-time benefits, vaudeville sketches, monologues, drills, tableaux, make-up goods. Large catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 63, Chicago.

TOILET REQUISITES

HAIR ON FACE, BODY OR UNDER ARMS positively removed with root; no electricity nor poisonous drugs; absolutely harmless and painless; write for particulars, or call for free demonstration. Mme. Berthe, Specialist, 12 West 40th St., N. Y.

STORIES WANTED

Wanted—Stories, articles, poems for new magazine. We pay on acceptance. Handwritten MSS. acceptable. Send MSS. to Woman's National Magazine, Desk 496, Washington, D. C.

Earn \$25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 561 St. Louis, Mo.

MISCELLANEOUS

\$35.00 Profit Nightly. Small capital starts you. Outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 426 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

\$50 weekly and up selling Mexican Diamonds. Exactly resemble genuine; same rainbow fire; stand tests; sell at sight; repeat orders. Write quick for sample case offer free. Mexican Diamond Importing Co., MP., Las Cruces, New Mexico.

PHOTOPLAYWRITERS

AMBITIOUS WRITERS of photoplays, stories, poems, songs. Send today for new catalog of helpful suggestions. Atlas Pub. Co., 598, Cincinnati.

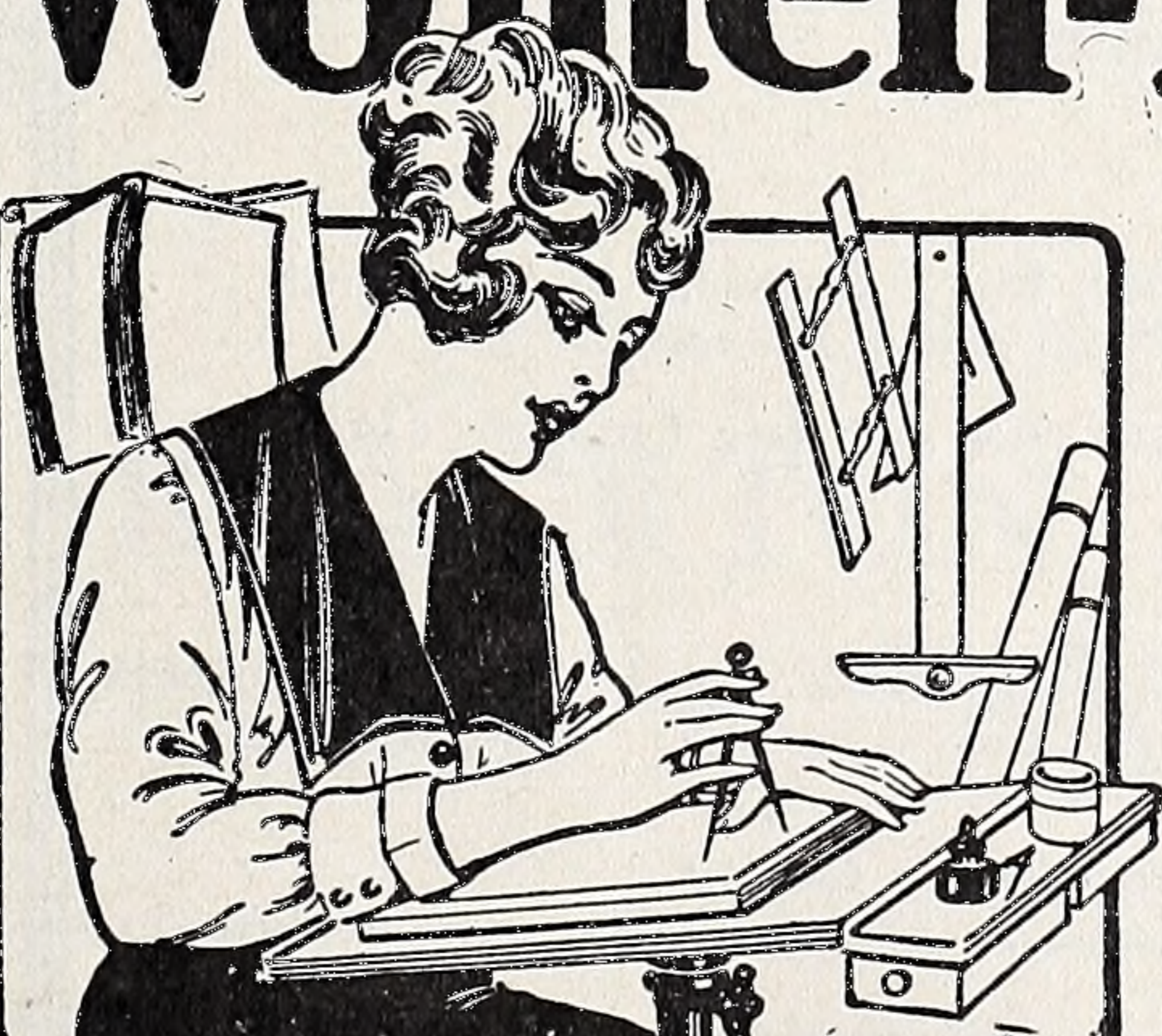
See Here! We want your ideas for photoplays and stories! Criticised free. Sold on commission. Send for guide. MS. Sales Co., Dept 95, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

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

Scenario Writers—Get your manuscripts typed, 50c per thousand words. One carbon copy. Business envelope addressed to any producer you name sent free with each manuscript. M. P. Harwood, 530 Baker St., Flint, Mich.

Women-Learn to Draw

Earn \$35 to \$100 a week



Women, as well as men, with knowledge of Mechanical Drawing, are now sought by the Government and private industries in greater numbers than ever before, at the best of salaries. Let us give you our thorough and practical training in this profession during your spare time, at home, by mail.

Complete Drawing Outfit Sent You Free when you enroll for our course. Great demand for our graduates. Drop us postal for booklet containing particulars of our course and methods,—letters from successful students, low rates and Easy Terms to Readers of This Magazine.

COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF DRAFTING,
ROY C. CLAFLIN, Pres., Dept. 969, Washington, D. C.



Suppose You Found 3 Dollars In Each Package

*You May Find It
There in This
Way*

The 32-cent package of Quaker Oats contains 6,335 calories—the energy measure of food value.

See the table below.

See what those same units cost you in other common foods.

Note that each package, if used to displace meats, eggs and fish, saves you about \$3.

So the \$3 is there—in real money saving—the same as though it came in bills.

Here is what the energy value in one Quaker Oats package costs in other foods at this writing.

Cost of 6335 Calories	
In Quaker Oats - - - - -	\$0.32
In Round Steak - - - - -	2.56
In Veal Cutlets - - - - -	3.56
In Eggs - - - - -	4.25
In Halibut - - - - -	3.31
In Salt Codfish - - - - -	4.87

Quaker Oats

Extra-Flavory Flakes

That means that ten breakfasts of Quaker Oats cost less than one average meat breakfast of the same energy value.

But the difference is greater than that.

Quaker Oats is vastly better food. It is almost the ideal food—the complete food.

It is the food of foods for children and for workers, regardless of its cost.

Remember these facts when you plan your meals.

Quaker Oats is oat flakes of super-grade and flavor.

It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

You get this luscious oat food without extra price when you ask for Quaker Oats. That is too great a fact to forget.

Two Sizes: 12c to 13c—30c to 32c

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

(2068)

Now a script goes to a Metro director exactly as it is to be produced. A conference has been held, every change has been made. The director has participated in this conference and he is compelled to produce the script as he gets it.

“With all our companies on the coast working under ideal studio conditions, I am planning to go further with this systematization. I believe that each individual producing unit—that is, each director, star and supporting company—should have a business manager. This man will be in absolute control of the company, except for the artistic development of the picture, for which the director would be responsible.

“This manager will be a cold-blooded business man. I would rather have him know nothing about art or the photoplay. He would lay out a schedule and see that it was lived up to in every detail.

“The day of the director’s unlimited power has passed. Today—and tomorrow—the director will be in the position of an opera singer. He will follow his dramatic score carefully, giving it all the color and beauty in his power, but he will not take liberties with it.”

Sliding Down the Banisters to Success

(Continued from page 21)

by one of the men, drinkers and gamblers tho they may have been.

“I promised myself, and mother and I promised each other, that some day we are going back. Then we’ll see old Bill Williams, the kindest, dearest Irishman that ever sleighed those parts in furskins. He was the one who drove us away the week we left. I shall never forget his concern about our comfort.

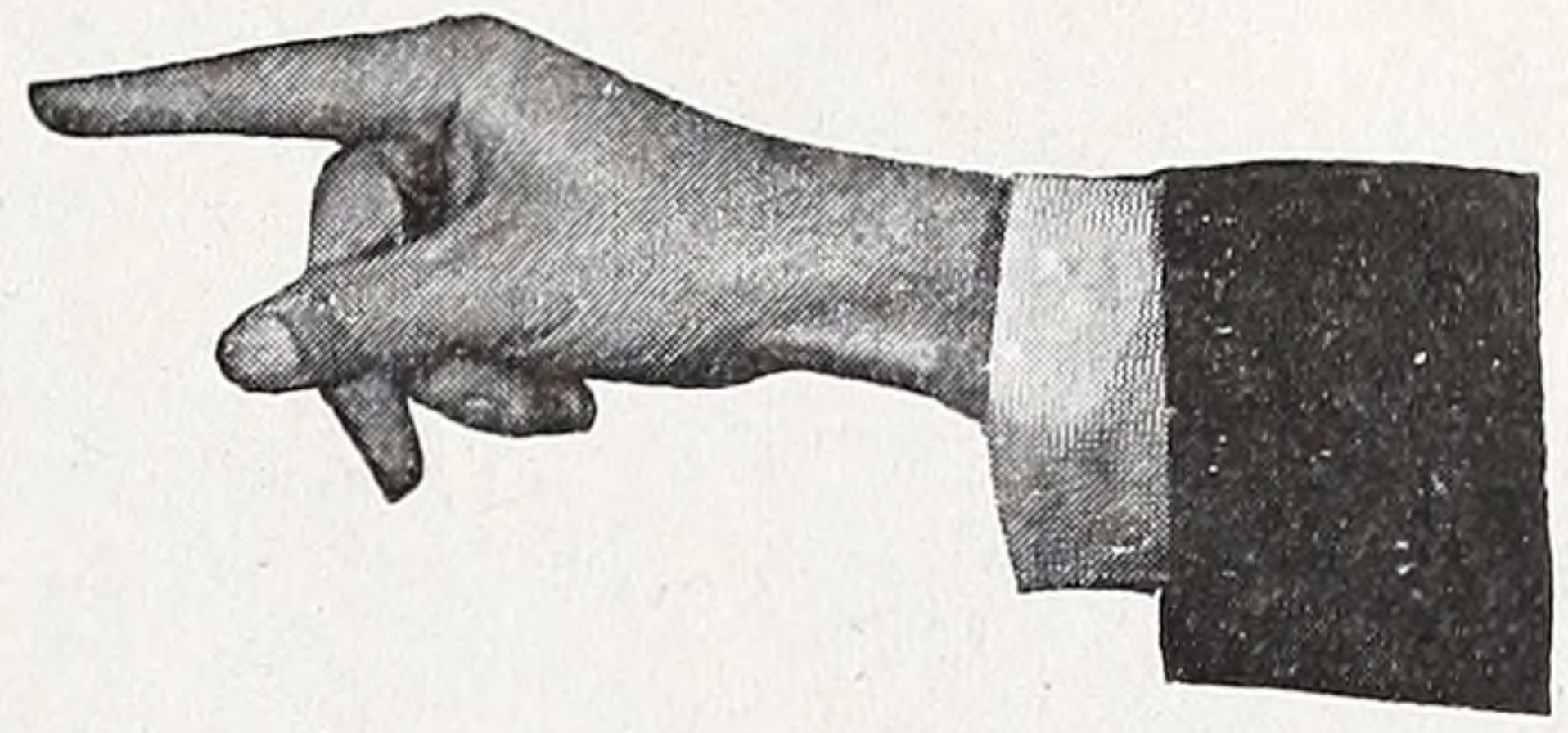
“I have so much to be thankful for, so many people to whom I owe my gratitude. There is Mr. McLane, for instance. Unpolished tho his methods of teaching may have been, often, of late, I have wished I had him here to give me his crude idea of the rudiments of a certain action. That is why I do not regret one bit of sorrow I have had to undergo, or any of the hardships I had been forced to combat. All those difficulties have made me stronger in the end, and now I cannot help but sense that it was right for me to suffer. Yes, of course, it was hard. Because I was led to big things right at the beginning does not signify that there were no knocks. There was youth, you know—youth, with its assets and handicaps. Many were the disappointments and discouragements, but, as I said, I feel now that they were all given to me with a dose of whyfore. They have taught me, so subtly and thoroly, how to appreciate what is worth appreciation.

“That is the way I feel about the movies. I wanted to do the interesting work they provide. I got what I wanted, so it must have been right, and I must have worked and wanted tremendously hard, because I get to love them more and more every day.”

(Eighty)



The Hand of Blackton



Pointed the Way

In a public address at a Red Cross Benefit on June 23d, 1917, Theodore Roosevelt said: "Commodore Blackton started over two years ago in an effort to arouse this country to its peril—*he has done more than any one man for the cause of Preparedness*—his foresight was uncanny. 'The Battle Cry of Peace' did a tremendous amount of good in assisting in recruiting."



SYLVIA BREAMER

Now another great screen masterpiece has been created by "The Hand of Blackton"

"The Common Cause"

The story with a laugh, a thrill and a throb—the big film production of the year



HERBERT RAWLINSON

Presented to the public at the very stroke of the hour which it symbolizes—the victory hour of the world's civilized nations, bonded in a common purpose—**The Common Cause of Humanity.** See it at your favorite theatre.

14 Great Artists in the Notable Cast, featuring



CHARLES AND VIOLET BLACKTON

Herbert Rawlinson
Sylvia Breamer
Lawrence Grossmith
Charles and Violet Blackton
Huntly Gordon
Louis Dean
Mlle. Marcel
Philip Van Loan



And in the Prologue and Epilogue:

Julia Arthur
Marjorie Rambeau
Irene Castle
Effie Shannon
Violet Heming

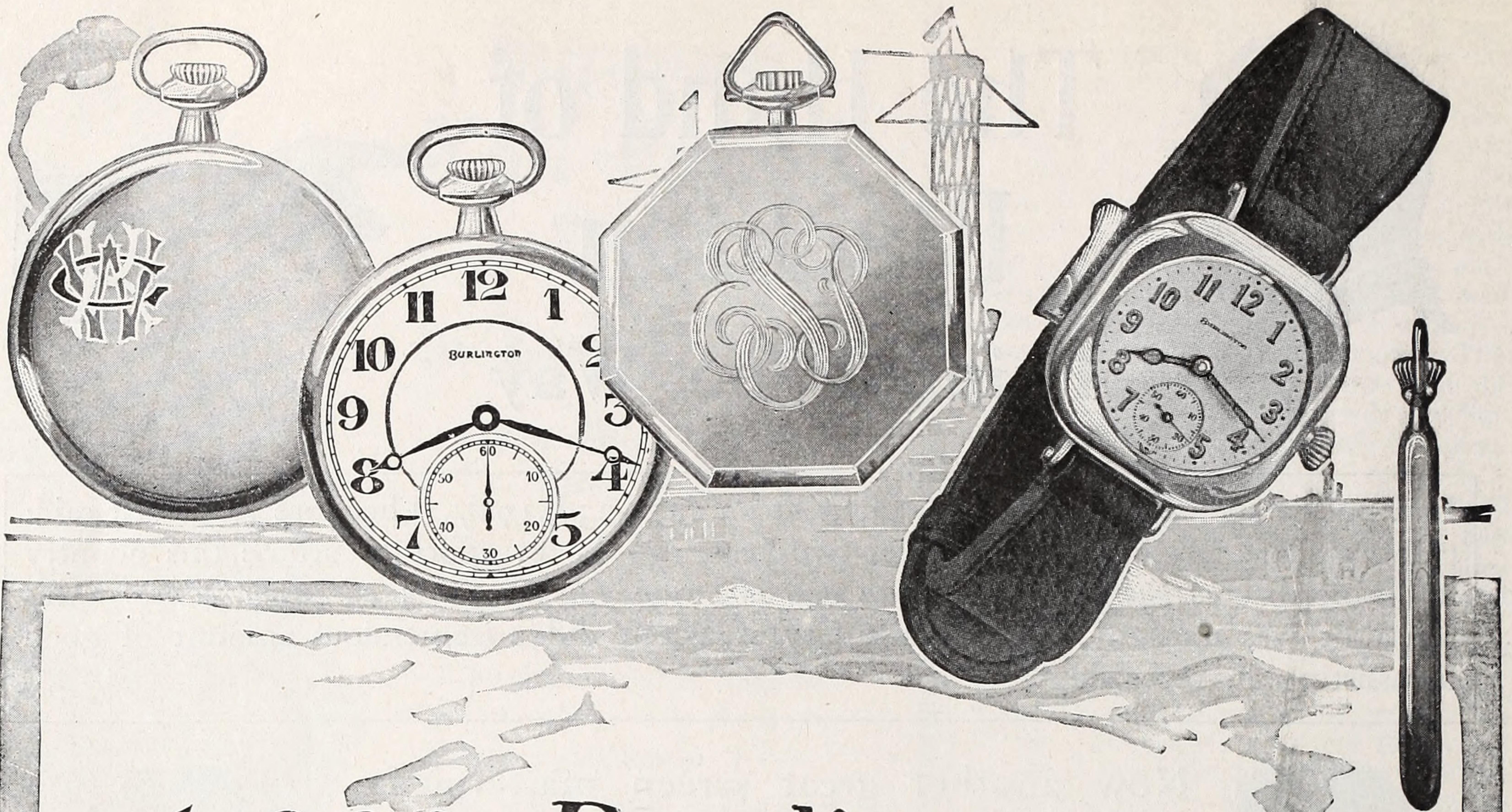
"Pictures with the mark of Blackton are worth while"

BLACKTON PRODUCTIONS

INC.

Studio, 423 Classon Ave.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

25 West 45th St., New York City



6,003 Burlingtons in the U. S. Navy—

A WATCH has to be made of sturdy stuff in order to "make good" on a man-of-war. The constant vibration, the extreme heat in the boiler rooms, the cold salt air and the change of climate from the Arctic to the Tropical are the most severe tests on a watch. If a watch will stand up and give active service aboard a man-of-war, it'll stand up anywhere.

6003 Burlingtons have been sold to the men aboard the U. S. battleships. Practically every vessel in the U. S. Navy has a Burlington aboard. Some have over 100 Burlingtons. The victory of the Burlington in the U. S. Navy is testimony to Burlington superiority.

21-Jewel Burlington \$2⁵⁰ A Month

And yet you may get a 21-jewel Burlington for only \$2.50 a month. Truly it is the master watch. 21 ruby and sapphire jewels, adjusted to the second, temperature, isochronism and positions. Fitted at the factory in a gold strata case, warranted for 25 years. All the newest cases are yours to choose from. You pay only the *rock-bottom-direct-price*—positively the exact price that the wholesale dealer would have to pay.

See It First! You don't pay a cent to anybody until you see the watch. We ship the watch to you **on approval**. You are the sole judge. No obligation to buy merely because you get the watch on approval.

Write for Booklet!

Put your name and address in the coupon or on a letter or post card now and get your Burlington Watch book free and prepaid. You will know a lot more about watch buying when you read it. Too, you will see handsome illustrations in full color of all the newest cases from which you have to choose. The booklet is free. Merely send your name and address on the coupon.

Burlington Watch Company,
19th St. & Marshall Blvd., Dept. 1552, Chicago, Ill.

Burlington Watch Co., Dept. 1552,
19th Street & Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me (without obligations and prepaid) your free book on watches with full explanation of your cash or \$2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

Name.....

Address.....

*For
Toilet*

*and
Bath*



FAIRY SOAP

BUBBLING with a rich, cleansing purity all its own, Fairy Soap is most refreshing for all toilet and bath uses.

Fairy Soap floats. The white, oval cake fits the hand.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"



The modern way to manicure

MODERN manicuring does away forever with the uneven, thick, scraggly cuticle rim caused by manicure knife or scissors.

Try this new way to-day! You wouldn't have believed your nails could look so shapely, so well groomed!

Just wrap a little absorbent cotton around the end of an orange stick (these come in the Cutex package). Dip the stick into the Cutex bottle and work around the base of your nails, gently pushing back the cuticle. Rinse the fingers in

clear water, pressing the cuticle back when drying the hands.

Wouldn't you like one of these complete sets?

For 21c we will send you one of these manicure sets, complete with the cuticle remover, Cutex Nail White, Cutex Nail Polish and emery board, orange stick and cotton. Send for yours to-day. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 902, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, send 21c for your sample set to MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited, Dept. 902, 489 St. Paul St. West, Montreal, and get Canadian prices.



CUTEX

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 902, 114 West 17th Street, New York City

Name.....

Street.....

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

Mail this coupon with 21c To-day