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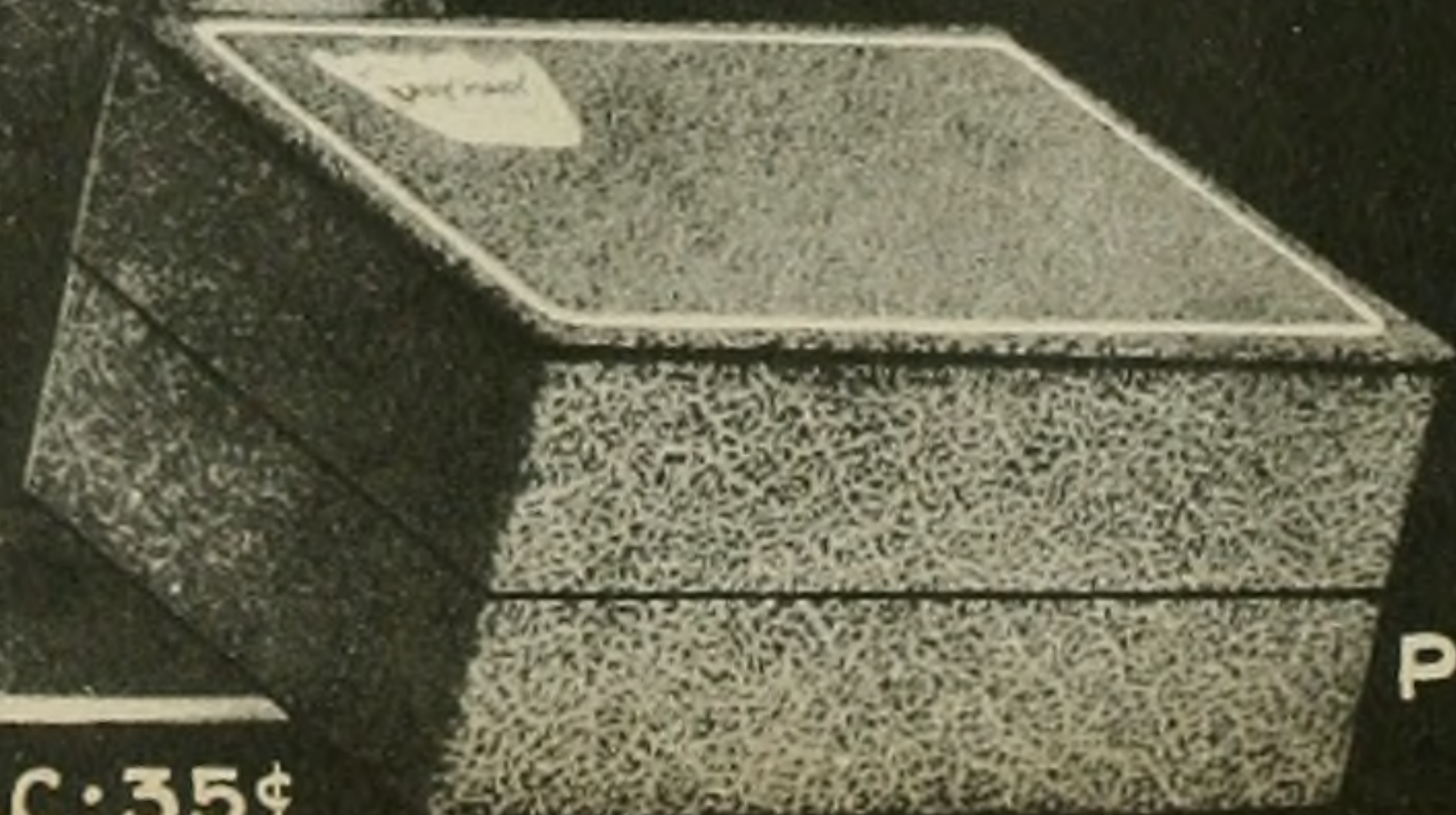
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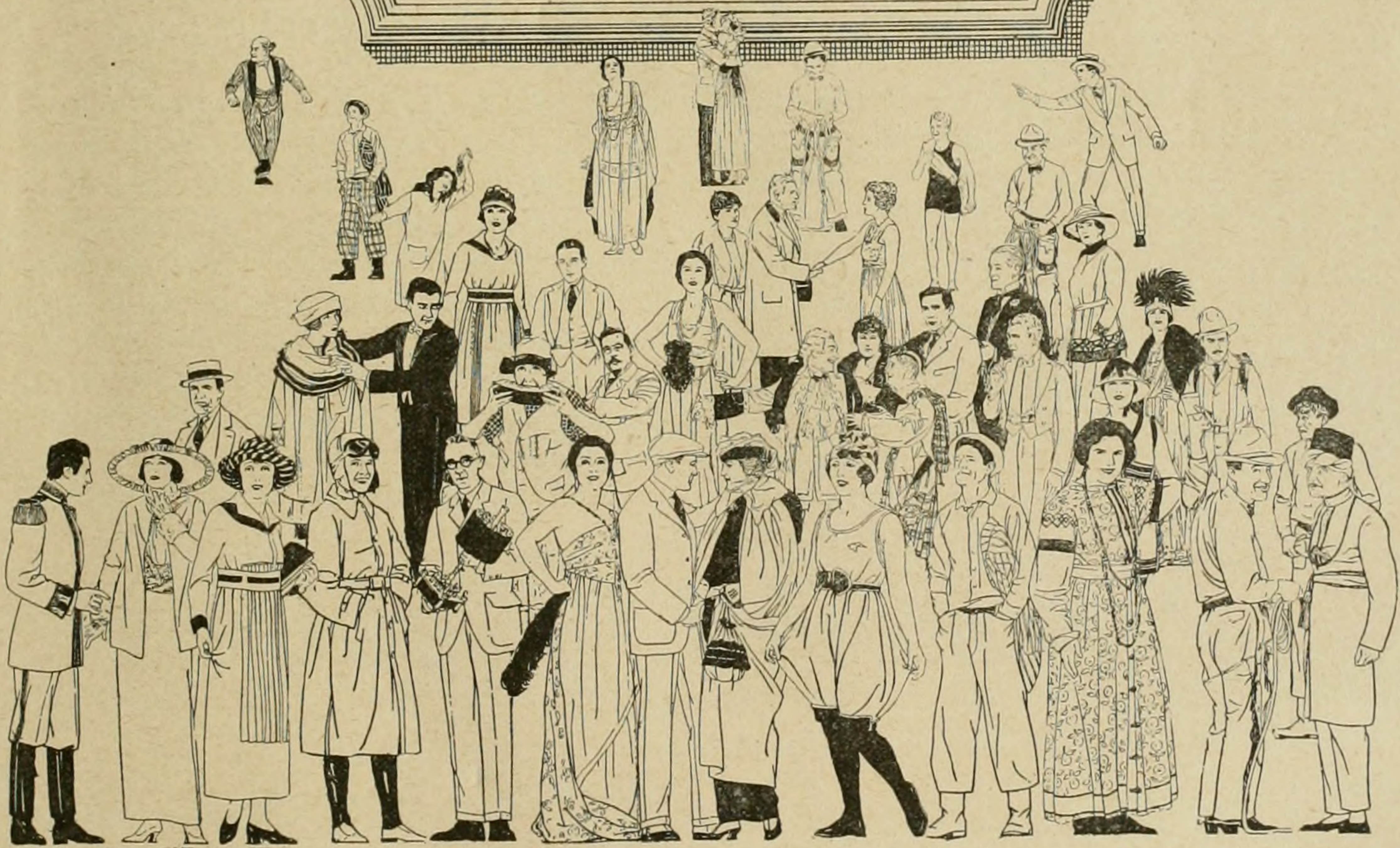


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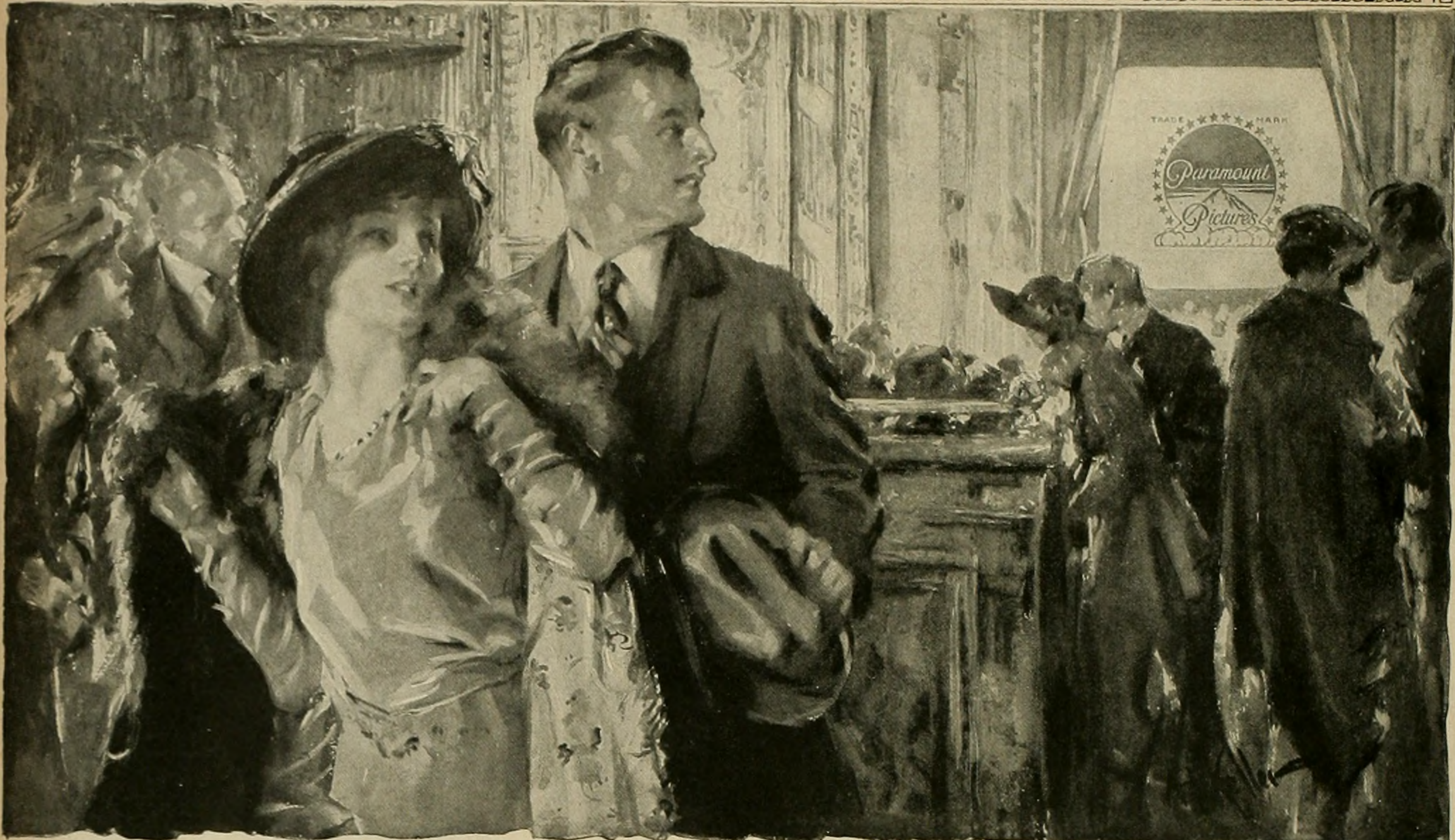
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"The Cost" With Violet Heming
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Cecil B. De Mille's Production "MALE AND FEMALE"
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Elsie Ferguson in "HIS HOUSE IN ORDER"
George Fitzmaurice's Production
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D. W. Griffith's Production "SCARLET DAYS"
Wm. S. Hart in "SAND"
Houdini in "TERROR ISLAND"

William D. Taylor's Production "HUCKLEBERRY FINN"
Vivian Martin in "HIS OFFICIAL FIANCEE"
Wallace Reid in "DOUBLE SPEED"
"The Teeth of the Tiger" With David Powell
Maurice Tourneur's Production "TREASURE ISLAND"
Maurice Tourneur's Production "VICTORY"
George H. Melford's Production "THE SEA WOLF"
George Loane Tucker's Production "THE MIRACLE MAN"

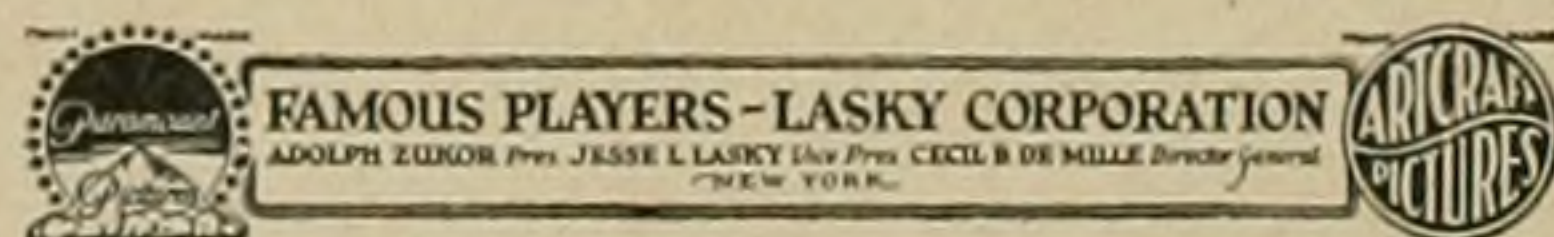
Robert Warwick in "JACK STRAW"
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Thomas H. Ince Productions
Enid Bennett in "THE WOMAN IN THE SUITCASE"
Dorothy Dalton in "BLACK IS WHITE"
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Charles Ray in "ALARM CLOCK ANDY"

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedies
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies
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Paramount Short Subjects

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



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(Painted by Leo Sielke, Jr. Based upon a photograph by the Hoover Art Company.)

Since vivacious little Clarine Seymour stepped into prominence in David Griffith's "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," playing the cabaret girl, she has been strongly in cinema interest. Little Miss Seymour has previously had considerable experience in film farce.

Since her first hit, Miss Seymour has again scored in Mr. Griffith's "Scarlet Days" and her forthcoming silversheet appearances are being awaited with interest. It is clear that the screen has no prettier or more piquant comedienne than little Miss Seymour.

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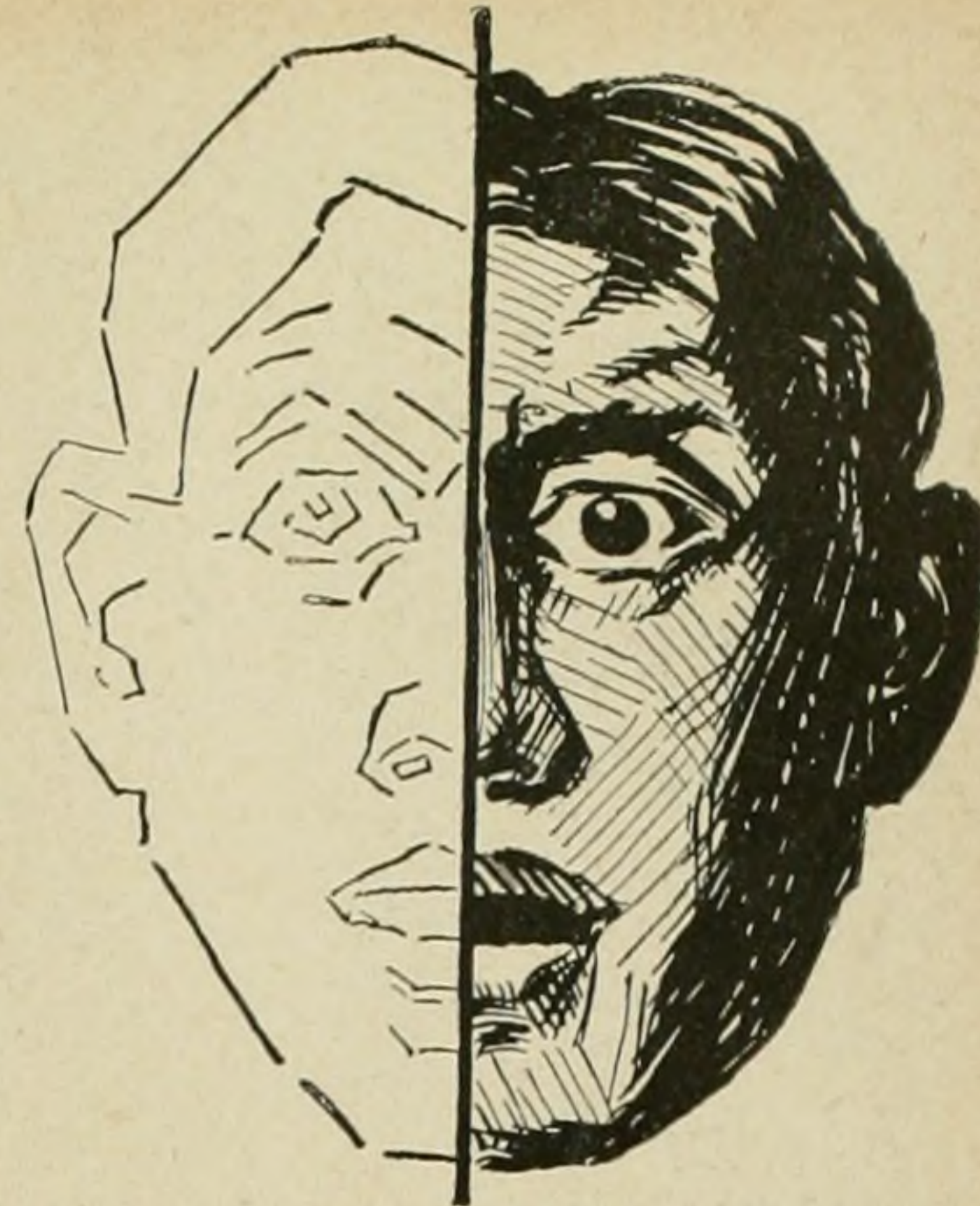
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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hudson.—"Clarence," Booth Tarkington's

delightful comedy, built about the way a returned soldier re-united a disturbed but typically American household. Superb performances by Alfred Lunt, Glenn Hunter and Helen Hayes give the comedy a fine verve.

Lyric.—"The Light of the World." A picturesque story of the passion players, showing the effect of a modern Christus upon life in 1920. Pedro de Cordoba is excellent as the wood-carver who plays Christ in the passion play, Clara Joel is effective as a village girl, and the remainder of the cast is adequate. "The Light of the World" is impressive.

Plymouth.—"The Jest," Arthur Hopkins' production of Sem Benelli's colorful and gripping Florentine drama. John Barrymore is seen in his original rôle. An admirable cast and Robert Edmund Jones' settings lend splendid aid.

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

Selwyn.—"Buddies." Amusing comedy-drama with music of the after-armistice days of our boys in France. Roland Young, Peggy Wood and Donald Brian head the cast.

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

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

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

ON TOUR

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"The Little Blue Devil." A musical entertainment built about the late Clyde Fitch's "The Blue Mouse." Tuneful music by Harold Atteridge and Harry Carroll. Lillian Lorraine is the "blue devil" and Bernard Granville is co-featured.

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

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

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"See-Saw." A pleasant musical entertainment. The delightful Elizabeth Hines stands out and Dorothy Mackaye is pleasantly cast.

"Moonlight and Honeysuckle." Ruth Chatterton in a charming comedy that might have been a big hit had the playwright taken full advantage of some splendid situations in the last act. As it is it starts like a hare and ends like a tortoise.

"An Exchange of Wives." Another Cosmo Hamilton comedy which, however, never attains the spontaneity or piquancy of "Scandal."

(Continued on page 8)

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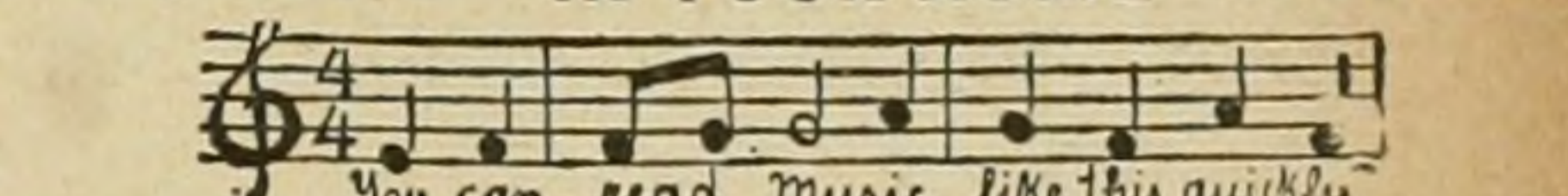


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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Continued from page 6)

The chief blush producer is a scene on a sleeping porch.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"She's a Good Fellow." A light but pleasant musical comedy built about the efforts of old folks to break up a marriage between a loving young couple. Joseph Santley is a likeable lover-husband, masquerading in skirts for a whole act. Ivy Sawyer, the very pleasing Ann Orr and Scott Welsh lend delightful assistance.

"39 East." A charming comedy founded on a boarding school romance in which many interesting characters make love-making difficult for a pair of young lovers.

"Up in Mabel's Room." Piquant, daring but decidedly amusing farce built about the pursuit of a dainty pink undergarment which bears the same name as a recent jazz dance. Admirable cast, including the radiant Hazel Dawn.

"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this one by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplaywrights. The principal charm of this play is in 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 burglars and who were not.

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Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

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

Hear, Hear!

The world is so full of a number of things, but—nothing more important to the readers of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE than the following announcement—delivered in our best oratorical manner, and with gestures:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Owing to the congested condition at the printers'—occasioned by their recent strike—and in an endeavor to catch up with our customary schedule, we regret to announce that there will be no April issue of that most welcome of visitors, THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

But—

We also wish to announce that we will issue on the First Day of April, 1920 (mark the date with red ink on your calendar), a unique feature in the magazine world—to be known as The April-May Issue of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE!

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In "The Wonder Book for Writers," which we will send to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, these famous Movie Stars point out the easiest way to turn your ideas into stories and photoplays and become a successful writer.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really can and simply haven't found it out? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can tell a story. Why can't most anybody write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the

tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them— young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind

counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance, they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they really learn to write from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?" *Who says you can't?*

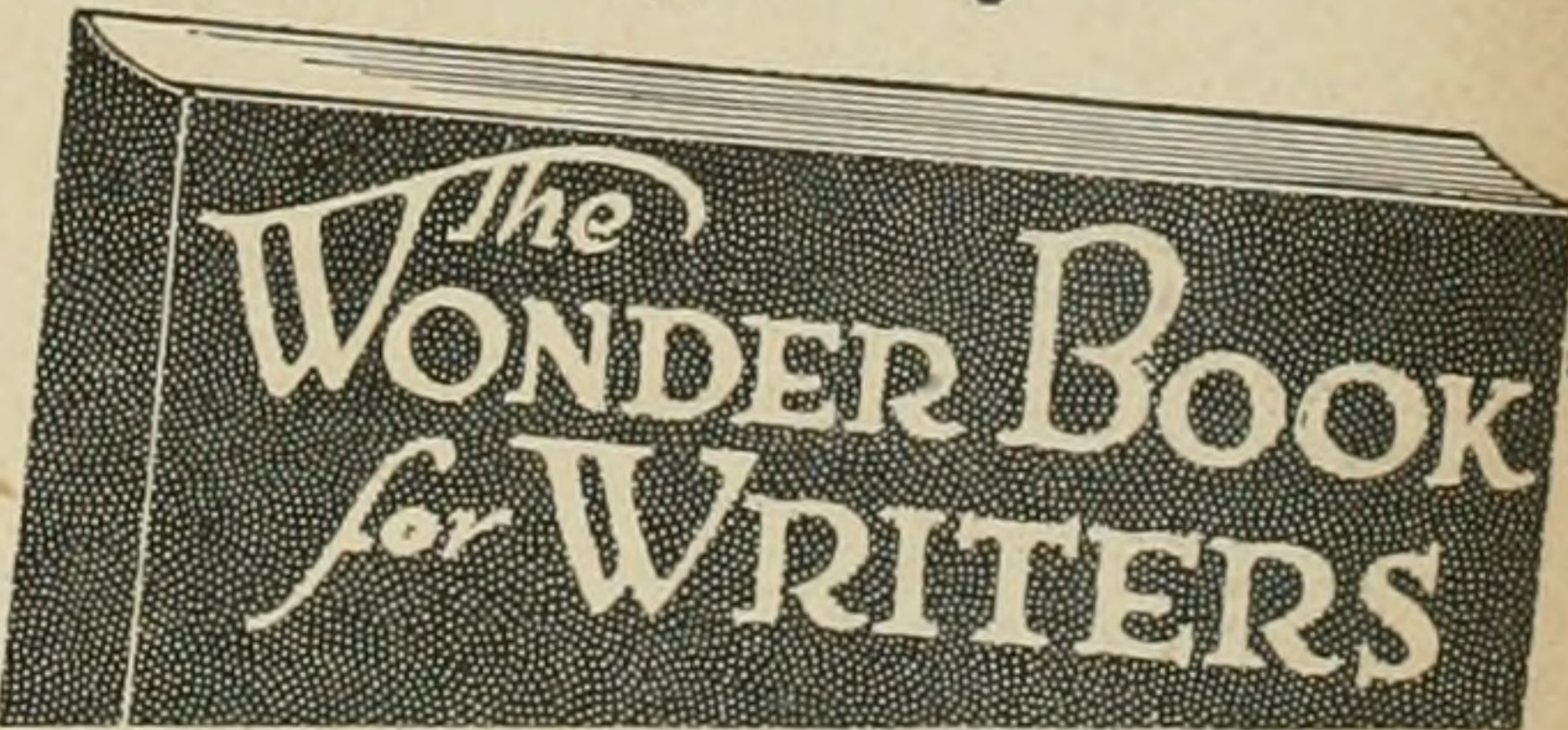
LISTEN! A wonderful FREE book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System—a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called "The Wonder Book for Writers," shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't dream they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to WIN!

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EUGENE O'BRIEN
Selznick star.



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ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN

Elaine started by being merely the granddaughter of the famous Oscar, and daughter of the stage producer, Arthur Hammerstein. But she has established herself as a star on her own merits in Selznick Pictures.



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

ALICE LAKE

Miss Lake is a Brooklyn girl and she made her début at Vitagraph. Then came several years in screen farce—with "Fatty" Arbuckle and the Christie forces—after which she returned to film drama at Metro.



Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

ANTONIO MORENO

We hear that Tony is soon to be transferred by Vitagraph from serials to features. For which we say, "Praise be!" For there is no more picturesque or colorful young actor than Tony Moreno.



Photograph by Jock Freulich

LEW CODY

"The male vampire of the screen," they call Lew Cody, now a star in his own name. Cody brings a new personality to the films, a boulevardier of the Continental capitals—an Anatol of the cinema.

Mae, Mary and Matrimony



Photograph above by Mishkin Studio
Photograph right by C. Smith Gardner

MARY had just been put to bed. We sat at the dining-room table—Mae Marsh Arms, her husband, little Mary's nurse and I. Quaint candles illuminated the room with flickering, home-like gleams.

Across the table we caught the glow in Mrs. Marsh Arms' eyes. We had interviewed the Mae Marsh of picturedom at least several times before, but this was a new Mae Marsh.

Where once flashed a rollicking glow of mischief now burned a new and steady light. And we listened:

"Mary is wonderful!" exclaimed Mamma Marsh.

"Yes, indeed," echoed Papa Marsh.

"Did nurse tell you how splendid she was today?" said mamma, turning to papa.

Papa shook his head enthusiastically. "You bet!"

"She just loves strangers——" began mamma.

"Not a bit like most whiney kids," interrupted papa.

"Every one says she's awfully different," smiled mamma, proudly.

"Yes, indeed," echoed papa.

We caught our breath. A year or so had certainly transformed the hoydenish Mae. Plumper, more rounded, there was a new dignity here. And that wonderful light in her eyes!

We asked the once-so-wistful star of the screen how she liked married life.

"Great!" she exclaimed. "I simply cant under-

Two interesting home glimpses of the new Mae Marsh and little Mary Marsh Arms, aged six months. "I love married life—and Mary—more than all the world put together," says Mamma Marsh



By
FREDERICK
JAMES
SMITH

stand why every one isn't married. I love it—and Mary—more than all the world put together."

"And you wouldn't change—"
"Not for millions," she answered, fairly aghast. "Of course, I *am* returning to the screen, but I am taking Mary along with me. All the photo-plays in the world couldn't separate us.

"I believe all this happiness—and Mary—have made me a better actress. They couldn't fail to do that. Why, I didn't begin to know the depths and the heights of life before Mary came. Now it is as if a curtain had been drawn aside and all life's possibilities lay before me.

"I may never again be successful on the screen from the standpoints of appeal and personality, but I cannot fail to be just a bit better actress. For I understand a little of life now."

"Ethel Barrymore once said something like that," we reminded.

"And it is true. Life was a thing of pleasures and whims—to be tasted as pleasant or unpleasant, and passed on. But—think of it—Mary is upstairs asleep—my own little Mary—my husband is here and I am infinitely happy.

"I am going to do my best to be successful in the films upon my return. I know I shall, if I can only make a fraction of my happiness shine out of my work."

Little Mary is just six months old. We asked her mother if she wanted Mary to be an actress. Papa Arms, who is a newspaper man, smiled.

"If she wants to be an actress, of course, I shall help her," mamma answered.

"I think she is going to be a writer," said papa, proudly. "When I sit down at night with her in my arms and open a newspaper, Mary's joy is complete. She chuckles with glee, I can tell you."

The Marsh-Arms have been spending the past summer at Forest Hills. There Mae Marsh has been resting. No pictures did she see all thru the year, of course. "I'm having a perfect orgy of picture-going now, and I'm hunting everywhere to see 'Broken Blossoms,' 'The Miracle Man' and all the other big things I have missed. I simply must see them all."

At this writing Mamma Marsh, plus papa and Mary, are



Photograph by C. Smith Gardner

about to start for the coast, where Mae will again return to the Cooper-Hewitts.

"We haven't found exactly the right story yet," said papa. Just then a sound came from the upper regions of the Arms' mansion. Mamma and nurse dashed Mary-ward.

"She's laughing in her sleep," ex-

(Continued on page 60)

The very first close-up of little Mary Marsh Arms. Note the ingénue tendencies that already reveal themselves—the coy fingers to the lips. Yet Papa Arms thinks Mary is going to be a writer

INTRODUCING THE REAL TOMMIE:

Thomas Meighan is going to star shortly, the Tommie you have come to love in "The Miracle Man," "Male and Female" and other photodramas. That alone isn't particularly startling. But the fact that Tommie has reached stardom—and retained his human viewpoint—is. Thus it is that we take unusual pleasure in saying:

"Mr., Mrs., and Miss Classic Reader, meet Mr. Tommie Meighan."

THE quote marks are discreetly placed to the fore and aft of the title lest the stigma of an undue familiarity be ascribed to the wholly humble and well-meaning scrivener thereof. At any rate and all rates, the quotes belong, because . . .

I took tea with Thomas Meighan at the Claridge, late one afternoon, lately. During the course of the chicken sandwiches and the conversation we touched upon the oft-discussed fact that simplicity is the outward and visible sign of all true greatness. Thomas had with him a letter from a very well-known editor of this city. It began "Dear Tommie," and I thought, "How fitting." It contained, too, a pithy paragraph anent our subject of greatness; i.e., simplicity, and it went on to say that in some few years "Dear Tommie" hadn't changed a jot. It said it much more cleverly than that, you understand. It was more to the point and it didn't use the word "jot," but the gist of it was the abiding simplicity of Tommie with the necessarily accompanying innuendo. It occurred to me, still further, that, ten years or more from now, there will perhaps be another letter, other letters, and that they will say "Dear Tommie, you haven't changed a bit."

The boy, Tommie, is very illy concealed by the man, Thomas.

And, still more pertinent, Tommie has an abounding sense of humor. It is a powerful lens, a sense of humor, and it does not permit the greatest of us to be set very high in our own esteem.

Tommie has been married, he told me, for ten

"Dear Tommie"

did not ask me to censor the statement in my written word, either. The ten years, happy years, I take it, from the twinkle in his eye, have been dedicated to Frances Ring. "She's got something up here," he told me, touching his forehead. I asked him, awed by the ten years, what he thought the secret of marital success really was—or is. I felt that the decade entitled him to some ripe philosophizing. He answered me, "A sense of humor." He went on to say that he considered it the really vital thing. He said that it *must* exist if the matrimonial ship is to escape the reefs and shoals. One doesn't fight, he said, when one can laugh. It makes for true camaraderie. It removes all stings. It is the real solvent.

I asked him what he thought his own success was due to, what intrinsic thing within himself.

He waved a protesting hand when I articulated the word success, but I was well fortified with chicken sandwiches and considerable orange pekoe, and I persisted. I was there to push my questions, and I believe I can say, modestly, that I *pushed*. I had to, with "Dear Tommie." He has a habit of running off the track



Tommie Meighan has been married ten years; Frances Ring being Mrs. Meighan. Regarding the secret of marital success, Tommie answers: "A sense of humor." Moreover, he calls it the one vital thing to marriage. It makes for true camaraderie. It removes all stings. It is the real solvent. Adjoining are glimpses of Mr. Meighan in recent De Mille productions

and discoursing upon somebody else, volubly and with interest. As monologist on himself he is a good Miracle Man. However, as I say,

I did persist . . .

After a tentative waiving of the word success, he said, "Such as it is—to my mother and father."

I asked him why. What particular thing or things they had done for him. "Just because they were what they were," he answered, "right-thinking, clean-living, regular people. Being with them was enough."

We paid the small tribute of a momentary silence to the memory of his mother, who had died six weeks before.

I wanted to know whether

By FAITH SERVICE

he really loved the work he was doing, and what he hopes to do in the future, along what line or lines and, particularly, whether he has any aspirations along the directorial line.

He is, you know, a very pleasant sort of person, with a light-some smile and an easy manner, or he might have gently evicted me from the further consumption of food and time as a human interrogation and therefore not accountable. Instead of which he was smilingly informative.

He hadn't cared much about his work, he admitted frankly, until quite recently. Hadn't, at all events, taken the same deep interest in it he takes now, felt the same



Meighan says he owes all his success to his mother and father. "Just because they were what they were," he says, "right-thinking, clean-living, regular people. Being with them was enough." As regards success, Meighan remarks: "A well-known person can never go out and have a thoroly good time, when and where and with whom he pleases"

impelling charm. Then, too, so many and such limitless possibilities have opened up to him recently. "The Miracle Man," he said, is the type of work he wants to do, his *line* . . . He has no desire to go back to the stage, very much contrariwise. He'd have stage-fright, he declared. Facing an audience—whew! After working in the rather clubby fashion of the studios. As for being a director . . .

"To my mind," he said, "there are three absolutely essential factors in the make-up of a really great director. The first is *imagination*. The second is *concentration*. The third is *application*. I haven't any one of the three. I guess that lets me out."

"I dont believe you haven't any one of them," I said; "the first, now . . ."

"Oh, well," he said, with a smile, "I'm Irish . . ."

The Little People have flocked for too many idyllic centuries over Ireland . . . too many banshees have wailed on too many moon-white nights . . . legends with thrills and throbs of a wild beauty have been too rife for one of Ireland's sons to disclaim imagination now.

"Well, then," I prompted.

"Well, the other two—the majority, you know—application

and concentration, I haven't a vestige of either one of them. Besides, I haven't, honestly, the desire. I'm content to leave the directing to others—Griffith and De Mille and George Loane Tucker, and men like them."

I asked him, while we were sky-rocketing with the subject of success, whether he thought a high price of some sort or other was necessarily attached thereto.

"I do," he said; "for one thing, the loss of personal liberty. Imagine, for instance, coming here for tea with Charlie Chaplin. You'd be mobbed in a great many places; in almost all places you'd be so whispered about and nudged about and openly and overtly stared at that you'd have acute indigestion before you got hold of the tea-card. A person with all that success can never go out and have a thoroly good time, when and where and with whom he pleases. There's a sort of barrier built and there's no getting past it. It's distinctly a limited sphere while seeming to be without limit."

Then, too, a certain loss, I think, of perspective.

Rose-colored glasses, in a sense, even tho we may be wholly unaware that we are wearing them, or that they have been placed upon the bridge of our, so to speak, nose.

We gaze, at times, from a figurative Woolworth and the good substantial horses and drays and other matter-of-factnesses seem lost in a sort of blur.

Tommie has not lost his. There is no blur, of rose or otherwise, upon his figurative glasses.

"Dear Tommie" is going to star this coming year. He believes, he says, that starring will show a considerable change in his work. "A great many of the best bits of the cast are often and necessarily cut out for the fuller benefit of the star," he explained, "and, quite often, work I have done has seemed stolid for that very reason. When I am doing my own starring such will not be the case, so I'm hoping."

Tommie will be interesting to watch, but what is more and better, I believe, with the well-known editor, that he will always be just about the same to *know* . . . essentially, come what may come, "Dear Tommie—You haven't changed a bit!"

Marjorie Daw: A Real Girl

contract in which she is to appear in this young producer's pictures.

"It is so cheerful," she continued, as her eyes swept the large, sunny room, with its wicker furniture and gay cretonnes, while thru the open windows could be seen rows of flaming dahlias and lovely lawns. "I adore colors. They spur me on, and these ducky yellow lights are warm and cozy. Oh, but just look here; *this* is the very best of *all*," and, dashing to a door, she led me into the most perfectly equipped little kitchen imaginable. "I've never had time to learn to cook, but now I am so enthused that I want to learn everything all at once so I can invite my friends in to a studio luncheon. Micky thinks this is a huge joke, but I'll show him.

"Always," Marjorie went on, seriously, after we had returned to the dressing-room, "I have wanted to be in Micky Neilan's company. I remember, when I was just a little girl at the Lasky studio, how I would slip around and watch him directing Mary Pickford, just hoping and *hoping* that some day I, too, could be under his direction. I nearly died of joy when it all really happened.

Photograph at left by Alfred Cheney Johnston
Photograph below by Evans, L. A.



MARJORIE DAW isn't her real name at all! Cecil De Mille gave it to her several years ago when she first came to the Lasky studio. With his prophetic eye, he probably saw that it would look better in electric lights when she grew up and became a star, than her own, which is much longer. Anyway, this sweet little name just suits her, and tho it has not yet flashed in electrics, it has appeared in very black type on many programs, for her career has progressed by leaps and bounds and she has played with many of the best known film stars of the day.

Great things are predicted for this young girl, whose spontaneity makes her characters live and breathe upon the screen, bringing youthful romance vividly before our eyes.

"Isn't it *wonderful*?" questioned Marjorie, dancing about in girlish enthusiasm.

I agreed with fervor, even while I secretly wondered if she referred to the very smart frock she was wearing, an adorable navy tricotine, which was one of her purchases during a recent trip to New York, or the artistic dressing-room, newly decorated especially for her at Marshall Neilan's quaint little studio in Hollywood, or, indeed, her splendid

"I've always wanted to work for Micky Neilan," says Marjorie Daw. So her present engagement means that her dreams have come true. "I nearly died with joy when it all really happened," she admits



By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

"We're making a great picture now, 'The River's End,'" she rattled on, with her contagious enthusiasm, "and my rôle is light comedy. I'm an English girl, and everybody loves me down to the Chinese cook. I wear pretty clothes and have a beautiful time. Why, I even ride horseback—in a still!" and she laughed gaily.

"Our whole company is wonderful, all working together like one big family, and even the camera-man, who is a dear, tells me when to put more soul into my eyes.

"Micky is so boyish, with a regular Peter Pan sense of youth, and he is always joking and 'kidding.' He sees life at its best, and one of his rules is never to lose his temper while working, and he lives up to this faithfully."

"The trip to New York—was it all you had anticipated?" I asked.

"Was it?" jumping to her feet to give added emphasis. "It was wonderful! I went and went, and saw and saw, and everything was so exciting," and Marjorie dropped back into her chair, subsiding for a moment after this ecstatic explosion.

Then followed an animated account of the shops and the styles, the new plays and the interesting people she had met, all from a girlish viewpoint so refreshing that it seemed to sweep everything old and sordid from the map.

She confessed that she found herself judging those splendid Gotham hotels and cafés by the quality of their ice-cream, this being her fad of the moment.

"Down in Greenwich Village," she told me, eagerly, "I found a new kind, queerish and delicious, made by a secret process or something, and I couldn't describe it in a hundred years, so it is just a memory to dream about," and again came the gay laugh.

"My first and only character rôle was Emmy Jane Perkins in 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,'" said Marjorie, settling down to the demands for an interview. "I was

Marjorie Daw's reminiscences are necessarily limited since she is but 18. Colorado Springs, Col., is her birthplace. She journeyed to California at the age of eight and she has been there ever since

embarrassed to death with
(Continued on page 65)



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Scotch and Seltzer



Photograph by Evans

Norman Kerry says he is more or less afraid of women — except his mother, who is seen in the circle picture. Also that he loves his liberty. Dan Cupid is duly warned



TEN o'clock in the morning, and the maid said he hadn't as yet wakened. A half-hour's wait, and at length a sleepy-eyed young gentleman clad for tennis, and bemoaning the fact that three old-fashioned, very rare, hand-blown glass bottles, sent him by express from the East, were broken in transit.

"I'm all disheartened," quoth the insouciant Mr. Kerry. "I can't replace 'em."

"Oh, yes, you can," I replied. "The Olde Curiosity Shoppe on Sixth Street has a couple just like them. Four dollars apiece, but I imagine you can 'Jew 'em down.'"

"Righto!"

And the insouciantly broken-hearted Mr. Kerry became happy again. You see, I didn't have to go thru the formality of an introduction. Norman and I have been friends for some time. In fact, I quite well remember the time that he sang a sobby song to me at my table in a Los Angeles café. That's how I met him. He thought I was some one else, and when I told him I wasn't, he said he didn't give a whoop; we were friends anyhow.

Being of the sex that wears sox and a mustache, I was at once enjoined to languish in his *chambre à coucher*, where he keeps his art treasures and which looks like a cross between the peacock-room of the late Empress of

China and the studio of a Bolshevik artist. Purple and grey hangings on the four windows, funny little doo-dabs, that Norm told me are *very* valuable, on the tabouret which stands at the head of his bed. I thought that probably they'd contain incense, or something like that, but I found they held cigarets. And—keep this quiet, mates—there's a table which looks like an *escritoire* standing along one of the walls which caches what, in these Saharaesque days, is mintly—a cut-glass carafe filled with spirituous liquor.

"Have a drink?" His forethought was really remarkable. Personally, I am never known to refuse. Neither is Norman. We both of us are Scotch, and Scotch always finds itself in seltzer.

"And now, what do you know about women?"

I knew it would get him started. He has every feminine heart in Hollywood fluttering when he makes his appearance at the hotel dances or dines publicly.

And the high school sub-débs blush and cast their eyes to the ground with what authors are prone to call maidenly ingenuousness when he passes them on the street, and I've heard 'em sigh over him. Gosh, girls, it's awful!

"The dear things!"

"Well, what about 'em?" quoth I, interviewally.

"I love them all. Except the vampires; they're too obvious. The girl to vamp me is the baby blonde. Then I know I'm getting vamped, and I enjoy it."

What is a vamp? Kipling calls her the rag-bone-hank. Gautier refers to her as a disappointed mistress. Kerry to the fore, thusly:

Vampire—Thisbe minus the hole in the wall; Melisande without her Pelleas. In other words, an unnecessary female, who

makes life more unpleasant for herself than for those whom she'd like to "wreck."

And with this

By TRUMAN B. HANDY

high-minded ideal, perhaps you may draw the conclusion that Mr. Kerry is in the matrimonial market, or that his "Wanted—A wife" ad appears in the daily papers. Huh-uh!

Kerry is more or less afraid of women. He says so himself; also, that he likes his liberty.

"For that simple reason I've never been married. I may, and I may not be, but if I were, I'd bow to my superior.

"I hate that word 'superior,' and personally, I fail to recognize any of this so-called 'superiority' in the opposite sex. In California, where women vote, they're quite an equal, but superior—huh!"

"But are they superior?" I back-fired.

"Certainly—if you love them. I mean, a man's wife is always his superior, for the reason that he wouldn't have married her if he didn't recognize in her qualities which he fails to possess and wishes to acquire. And then, too, *grandes passions* are as rare as masterpieces, and very few men are geniuses."

"And what about the cave-man? Like to be one?"

"Hot doggie! If I were married, there would be only one pair of trousers in the house, and I'd be in 'em. A man is born to be a soldier, as he is to be the head of his house. If he gives up his life for his country, he's bound to do so for his marriage, and, according to Emerson, everything has its compensation—even, in this case, if it's only paying the checks. And that's why I'm single. I've never wanted to spoil a woman's illusions."

As Kerry and I discussed pro and con the woman question, Norm skimmed thru a few dozen fan letters. At one of them he laughed. Handing it to me, I read that a shop girl in St. Louis would like to marry him. In fact, she openly stated that she idolizes him. Another heartache!

"Doesn't it give you a thrill to be idolized?"

"Huh-uh. Lions are good for only one season. As soon as their manes are cut they are the dullest creatures extant."

"But why keep the fair sex in suspense?"

"That's just why I'm telling you all this. I'm not. No man wants to make a woman impatient. Women consider themselves a flower to be plucked before the boll gets into the bud. But the proper basis for marriage is a mutual understanding. Kind of hard to get nowadays, isn't it, when in so many cases they've made a deletion in the marriage ceremony?"

Kerry is a strong romanticist, as Oscar Wilde says, "very punctual and with a passion for collecting curiosities. Great aversion to cats and bores."

His art collection ranges from an age-old
(Continued on
Page 68)

(Twenty-three)



Photograph by Evans



"Women are superior—if you love them," says Kerry. "A man's wife is always his superior, for the reason that he wouldn't have married her if he didn't recognize in her qualities which he fails to possess and wishes to acquire."



A Doll's— Apartment

matters of profession and general atmosphere.


Also, she is too happy and too hard-working and too busy having fun.

Then, there is the matter of her looks . . . tawny-colored hair massed on her head, bright eyes, fresh coloring, a springy sort of a walk and rounded lines. No, there is no suggestion in Olive Thomas of "going out into the night" to find herself. She appears to be quite completely found, between the pictures and her new and fascinating occupation of decorating and buying for her new apartment and being Mrs. Jack Pickford, at which estate she is quite evidently pleased, save for the long distance and the long times that elapse

Olive Thomas is too happy, hard-working and too busy having fun to ever be morbid. Indeed, she is too youthful and healthy—too essentially a product of Pittsburgh in nativity and New York and California in profession and general atmosphere

between their meetings. Said Olive, with naïveté, "I call Jack my 'long-distance lover.'"

Considering the newness of her apartment, a charming place overlooking the Park in the Fifties, we



TH**I**ERE is to be nothing Ibsen-esque about this interview saving the rather obvious play on a famous Ibsen title—not that the scrivener thereof wouldn't like to attempt an emulation, but that there is nothing of the morbid Scandinavian and his equally morbid and highly introspective heroines to be deduced from the Maytimish Olive Thomas.

Olive could never have posed for Ibsen. She is quite youthfully and healthfully an antithesis. Too essentially a product of—well, Pittsburgh in the matter of nativity and New York and California in the



By FAITH SERVICE

did much discussing of interior decorating. Olive has opinions and tastes, discriminating ones, and enthusiasms tempered with a really good sense of color effects and general schemes. She knows what she wants and how she wants it, and also how to go about acquiring what she wants. There is a certain directness about her despite her most palpable youth, which gives the impression of a small child in a mammoth toy shop, given, suddenly, carte blanche.

Her long, spacious living-room, with windows across the entire front of it, overlooks the park. It is carpeted in a soft French gray and Olive told me, with asperity, that she was at the studio when the carpet was laid and the men had neglected to lay filling underneath it. "If," said the small matron, "I am to pay for good stuff, I expect to get it, and good workmanship into the bargain. I am going to have them take the whole thing up again and lay it properly. I believe in value received." Which shows, in a very young person with a not inconsiderable salary, a certain sense of economics.

The apartment, she told me, was

Olive Thomas calls her husband, Jack Pickford, her "long distance lover." She wants to return to the stage, but for the next two years, or so, she is going on with her screen work



to be well on its way to completion before the arrival of the "long-distance lover" for Christmas. It was going to be, she said, with anticipation, the best Christmas they have ever had. Their first was spent in Pittsburgh in the hospital with Olive's mother, who was very ill. Last Christmas Olive was here in the East in the hospital herself, with influenza, and quite alone, and so this third Christmas (Continued on page 62)

An Aphrodite From the Screen

Dorothy Dalton has temporarily deserted the silversheet to play the leading rôle in the gorgeous Century Theater production, "Aphrodite," the highly colored drama of ancient Alexandria which has set Broadway gasping. Here are two glimpses of Miss Dalton as the Galilean courtesan, Chrysis, and a single—but compelling—one of McKay Morris as the sculptor-lover

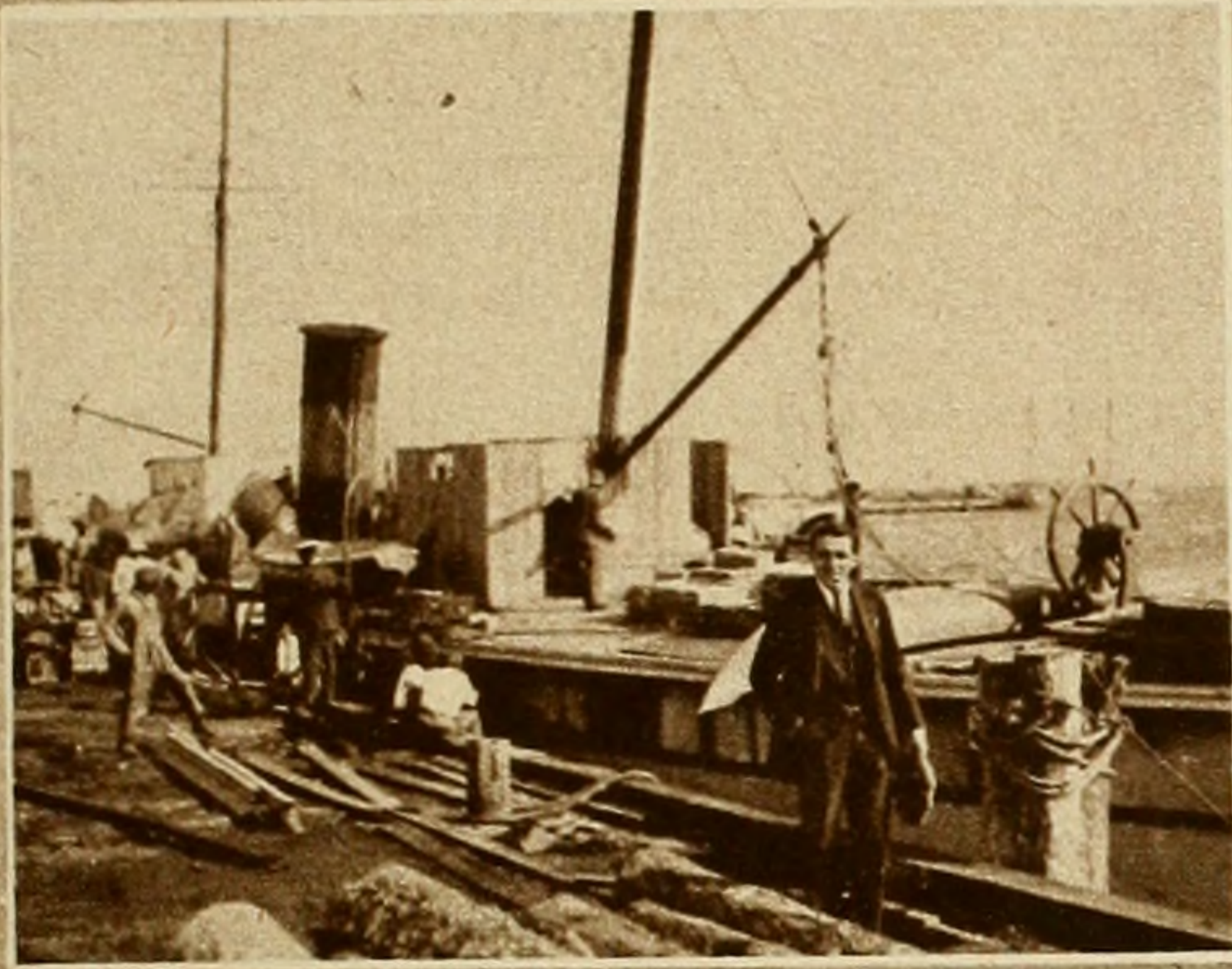


Photographs by White Studio



FF

By FREDERICK
JAMES SMITH



shal of the film. So the world of the cinema realized in a flash that December morning. But, after drifting for four days, the Griffith party made port. The photoplay sphere settled back—but we trust not to forgetfulness. It is natural for those close to greatness not to observe the light, but the honor that alone is Griffith's must be accorded. No other one man has done a fraction of service to the silent play performed by Griffith.

May he long retain the leadership! May he go on experimenting and trying, for few others have his courage and resourcefulness! To be sure there are many promising figures upon the horizon—none more notably so, for instance, than the youthful King Vidor or Mrs. Sidney Drew—but there is but one Griffith.

Let us recognize this Moses of the motion play, this Columbus of the cinema! Let us remember that grim December morning—and give all honor where honor is due—*now*.

Richard Barthelmess had gone on to the Bahamas ahead of the Griffith party. When news reached him that the Griffith steamer was missing he chartered the "Berry Islands" and started out in search. Here are views of Barthelmess and his mother on the searching trip. Below is a recent study of Griffith

THE world of motion pictures drew a startled breath and paused to think one recent December morning when the newspapers of the land carried the story that David Wark Griffith and his party had been "lost at sea" off the Bahama Islands. It is human to take a person or thing for granted—to accept unthinkingly. So Griffith, standing at the very forefront of the photoplay's march, had been accepted. But the news that Griffith might be adrift in the lonely Spanish Main—dead or dying—startled the film world and set it thinking.

Quickly it took stock of just what it owed this genius of the silent drama—for Griffith, with all his faults, is the one genius of the photoplay. From the flickering first days he has proudly held the standard upright. From the moment when he stepped from crude one-reel melodrama to such brief celluloid bits of brilliancy as "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon," "Enoch Arden," and scores of others, down thru the avenue of progress marked by the fade-out, the close-up, the dissolve, and a multitude of now accepted technical devices, to the present of that lyric tragedy, "Broken Blossoms," Griffith had led the way—and led in every sense of the word.

Other excellent and in many ways brilliant division commanders have appeared—De Mille, Ince, Tourneur, Tucker and Dwan among these potential leaders—but Griffith is still essentially the field-mar-





H—H—H! Human Hobart Henley

By OLGA SHAW

some constructive nature. Every individual craves self-expression in one form or another. It is as essential as any other one thing, and more. But it should be work that can be done when the *spirit* of it moves the *activities*. An artist, and fundamentally, a director *should* be an artist—an artist cannot work by clock, on schedule, according to rote. Theoretically, it would be very fine if it were possible and best. But it is not possible. The creative impulse is bound to be more or less sporadic. Some training can, of course, be brought to bear, but efficiency—horrible word!—will grind out inspiration if one is not careful. And it is in inspiration that the great things of living, in so far as the arts are concerned, are achieved."

Speaking of art, I unearthed the hoary question of whether he thought the film business an art, etc., etc.—you knowem.

He said he thought the art of the screen certainly *was* an art. The business end of it—no.

(Continued on page 93)



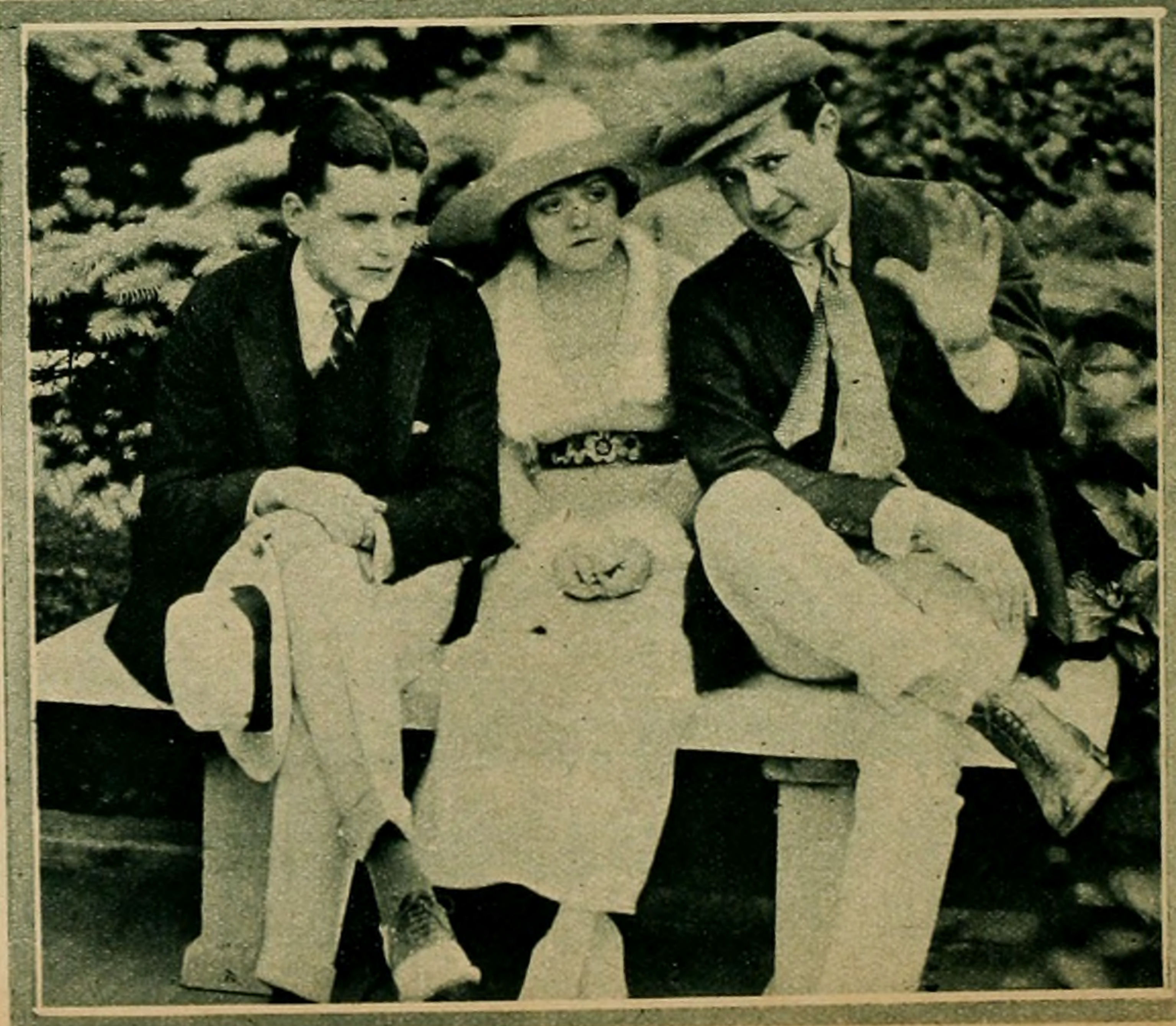
Three glimpses of Hobart Henley adorn this page. In the center he appears with John Cumberland and, below, with members of his company

"H-H-H" sounds like the Crown Prince, but it is not, however topical at the date of writing. It is about Hobart Henley, who has the humanizing touch. He has it in his pictures, "The Gay Old Dog" to wit, and he has it in his personality, which is even more, because, sooner or later, the personality of the man is bound to seep into the personality of his pictures, his work whatever form it may take. A man cannot give greater than he is.

I don't believe that Mr. Henley is conscious of the human touch he has in any deliberate sort of way. He is so very much and so very naturally a homey sort of person, with a rich sort of speaking voice, Kentuckian and rather slow, and a smile that gives you a comfortable glow in the cardiac regions and—he would blue-pencil this, I know, if I gave him half a chance, which I shant—romantic eyes and hair and general aspect.

He adores his mother, which means more than the face value of the assertion. The adoration is mutual. Originally a Kentuckian, as I said, he brought his mother here to make a home for him and in that home he abides. He is a believer in the home. He gave me a sketchy idea of his idea of happiness, and it was to get up in the morning on your own place in the country, the country of course, he said, and jump on your horse and take a good gallop before breakfast, then back to steaming coffee and eggs and things, *à la anglaise*, as it were, then dalliance in the sunshine, browsing among your books, thinking, planning, dreaming . . .

"Of course," said Mr. Henley, "to be happy and normal there must be work, interest of





The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come

Told in Story Form from the Jack Pickford-Goldwyn Photoplay

By DOROTHY DONNELL

"**A**IR they places bigger'n the Junction—bigger'n Lexington?" Melissa's eyes were round with awe. "Hit dont seem likely, Chad! 'Pears like they couldn't be."

The boy laughed with masculine superiority, flinging his fine head back in a gesture characteristic of him. "Pooh! M'liss, they're grander than anything we ever saw! They've got shining streets and white castles that reach up and up, and towers where you can see the whole world from. They've got many mansions, M'liss—grand mansions——"

Caleb Hess, schoolmaster, smiled a very little at the boyish rhapsody, with its odd mingling of the Arabian Nights and the New Testament, but it was an infinitely tender smile. Twelve patient years in the Cumberlands, dealing with soggy minds, dulled with generations of pork and pone eating, with the sullen, the dull, the vicious, had not quite extinguished the flame that had burned, altar-like, in his soul when he came up into the mountains to teach the mountain young of the beauty and the wonder that is in the world.

"Ah, but you must build your castles, Chad boy," he said gently; "you must work for your towers, earn your mansions. There is no virtue in easy things. It is you and you alone who make your life what it will be."

Trite words, old, frayed truths, but to the boy the sayings of an oracle. His dark eyes, under the ragged fringe of uncut hair, glowed like smouldering coals in a fanning wind. "I can do anything—I want to," cried Chad

Buford. The last name was problematical, a thing of tradition, for the boy was a waif of the wilds, without parents or kin, or even graves that held his own.

"I can do anything I choose to do—*anything!* I can get learning, I can be a *gent' man*—"



The didactic voice of the schoolmaster sounded soothingly. "A gentleman isn't the best thing to be, Chad boy. If you're honest and brave and kind you'll be a *man*, and that's better. A king who controls a million men is no greater than a man who controls himself."

"Chad could be a king," Melissa cried, jealously, with a look that yearned toward the long, lank boy-figure huddled before the fire; "Chad could be a king easy. He aint like the res' of us, somehow, 'pears like. He's like somebody—somebody in that book you-all read t'other day at school, 'bout tournyments and round-tables."

If Chad had lifted his eyes to the girl's face as she turned it toward him with the age-old mothering in it, he would have known what few people guessed—that Melissa Turner, daughter of his employer, was beautiful. But Chad's gaze was in the dancing flames, where his fancy pictured the strange, fluid, changing shapes of the future, and his thoughts were leagues away from the dingy, log-cabin room. Caleb saw, however, and winced. It was a pity that there could be no beauty, no grace in the world without bringing suffering with it, as the sunshine brings shadows.

"But the boy must not be fettered. He must be free, and he will go far," he thought. "Melissa is right. He is not like these dull-souled mountain folk. There is blood in him somewhere, race. Look at the height of that forehead, the shape of that chin! But he must go away quickly before harm can come. He is young, and youth's wants are dangerous."

Aloud he spoke in his accustomed drawl. "How would you

like to go to Lexington, Chad? Or, better still, how would you like to go up North to school?"

"Oh, sir!" Chad gasped, and could say no more. His sensitive lips were quivering, his long, lean hands, which all the rough work of shepherding could not make like the thick-set paws of the mountain boys, clenched together on his knee with a grip that turned the fingers white. Neither he nor Caleb, absorbed in the plans of the moment, heard the strange little cry the girl gave from her shadows, a hurt cry, like a little wild animal wounded, nor saw the whitening of the long, pointed face between the fans of wild tangled brown.

They were still talking eagerly, making plans for the journey that was to set Chad's impatient feet on the pathway to the world, when she slipped out into the cool Cumberland night, lucent with the cold clearness of the stars. She lifted her face toward them, marked with strange woman lines of pain in its girlishness. Melissa was fifteen, but she was very old tonight, old as the travail of her soul, old as the brave, sweet heart of her that now rose above its pain to pray for him.

"I've lost him, but hit's best. On'y, God, take keer o' him. If they's any hurtin' to be done, hurt *me* instead," Melissa begged. "That's what womenfolks was made for, I reckon, to git hurt 'stead of they men."

The next week Chad Buford, with all his worldly possessions, a poor calico shirt, two pairs of white socks and a thumbed, dog-eared copy of "The Knights of the Table Round" rolled into a bundle under his arm, started out afoot down the mountains, with Caleb Hess beside him, and only the half-jeering commentaries of the loafers outside the tiny general store as farewell.

"Spect you'll be 'lected President one o' these days, Chad!"

"Dont l'arn too much—'taint healthy, I reckon. Knowed a man onct went thru the 'rithmetic and took with a fever 'n' died."

To each other, after the two figures had disappeared down

"How would you like to go to Lexington, Chad? or, better still, how would you like to go up North to school?"



the trail, they spoke with coarse freedom of the boy's dubious parentage. "A bound boy, with no pappy and no mom as anybody knows on," they sneered, "settin' hisself up to be somebody—it's 'nough to make a hawg laff. He'd 'a' done better to have stayed and minded Jeff Turner's sheep, and kept his belly full."

Only one person watched Chad set out, and sent a gentle thought with him, a prayer that he might find what he went to seek for—happiness and success. Melissa, hidden behind the great tree at the bend of the trail, heard their voices coming closer, passing, then dared to look out from her leafy covert for one last glimpse of the dark head, held so high in its rough fur cap, the straight shoulders in their sheepskin covering, the very way he walked—as if, she thought, he already had his white castles, his towers. She closed the memory of this last glimpse of him away in her heart sacredly, to be taken out when she was alone sometimes, looked at, dreamed over. "I'll never see him again," said Melissa, but she did not know.

A week later Caleb Hess returned. It got about, after a while, thru assiduous questioning, that he had not taken Chad up North after all, but left him in Lexington with a Major Rufus Buford, who had taken a fancy to the boy and promised to care for him and give him an education. The name re-awakened old rumors. What if Chad should have a right to the half-jesting patronymic he had always borne? What if this major should be kin of his?

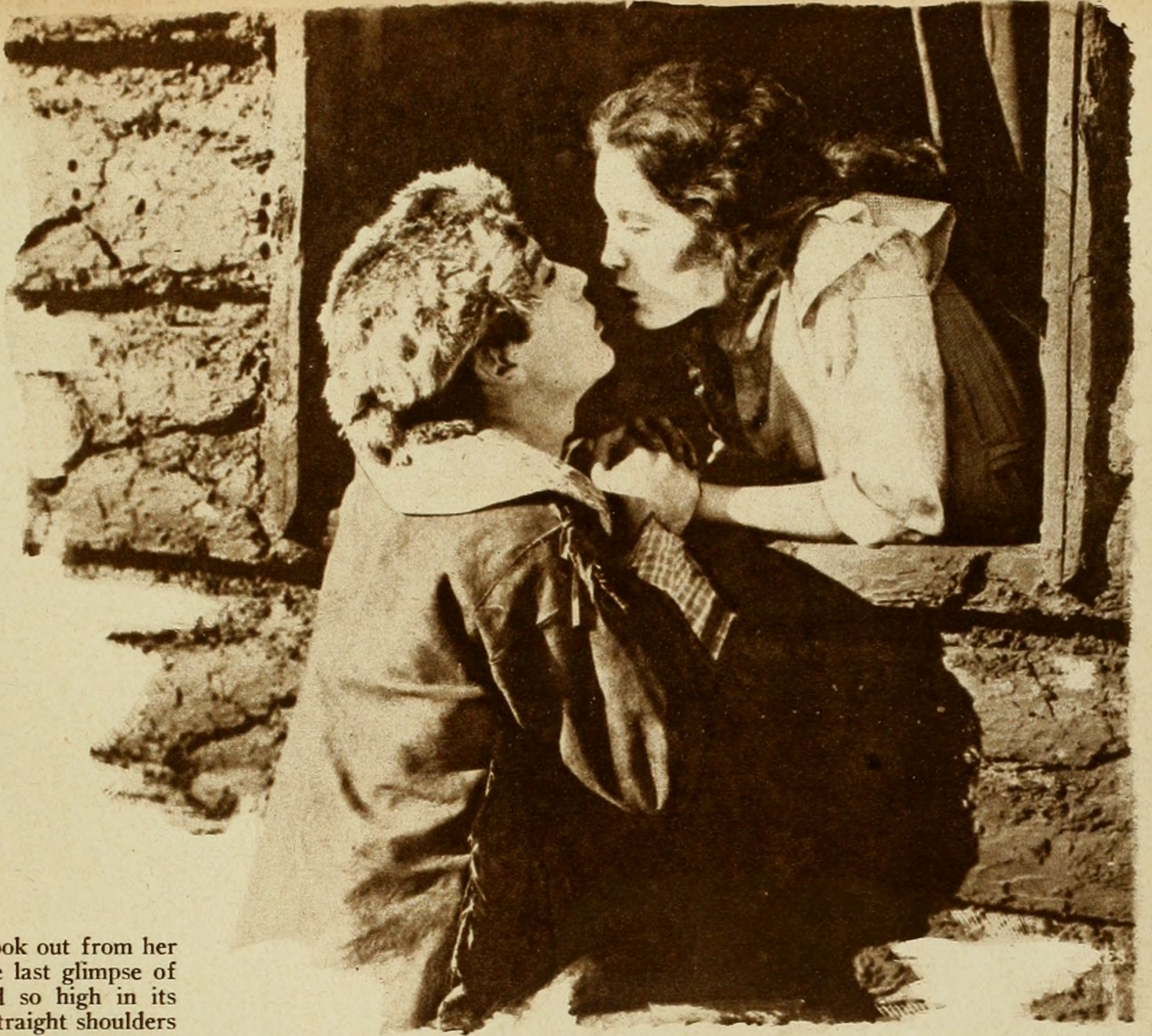
"Always said the boy had something to him," the mountaineers told each other. "Reckon he'll be mighty proud, now he's got fine friends, an' fergit all we've done fer him!"

Life went on, thru the cold winter days, the sheep, huddled in their folds, bleating plaintively. The women shuffled about the dark cabins from greasy skillet to the cradles of their ailing babes. Caleb, in the frigid log schoolhouse, labored patiently, but without inspiration, to plant a small seed of beauty in the unfertile minds before him, and M'liss dreamed in the red dusks of a tall, erect figure, panoplied like a knight, striding down the shining street of a great city.

And then one night, as the Turners sat about their eternal sow-belly and beans, and the cabin swam in the sooty, greasy light of oil lamps, the door opened and Chad stood on the threshold, looking at them with a set, white face and eyes cold and empty, like dead brands when the flame is gone.

The elder Turner brought his knife handle down on the table with a hoarse cackle of delight. "Haw, haw! Come back, eh? Fine friends turn you out and you come crawlin' back to fill your crop."

(Thirty-one)



Dan and Jake, the boys, echoed their father's hateful hilarity, Mrs. Turner gave a spiritless glance at the silent figure, then shuffled to the stove to pile another plate with food, but Melissa sprang to her feet and ran to Chad, clutching his hands in her hard, calloused ones.

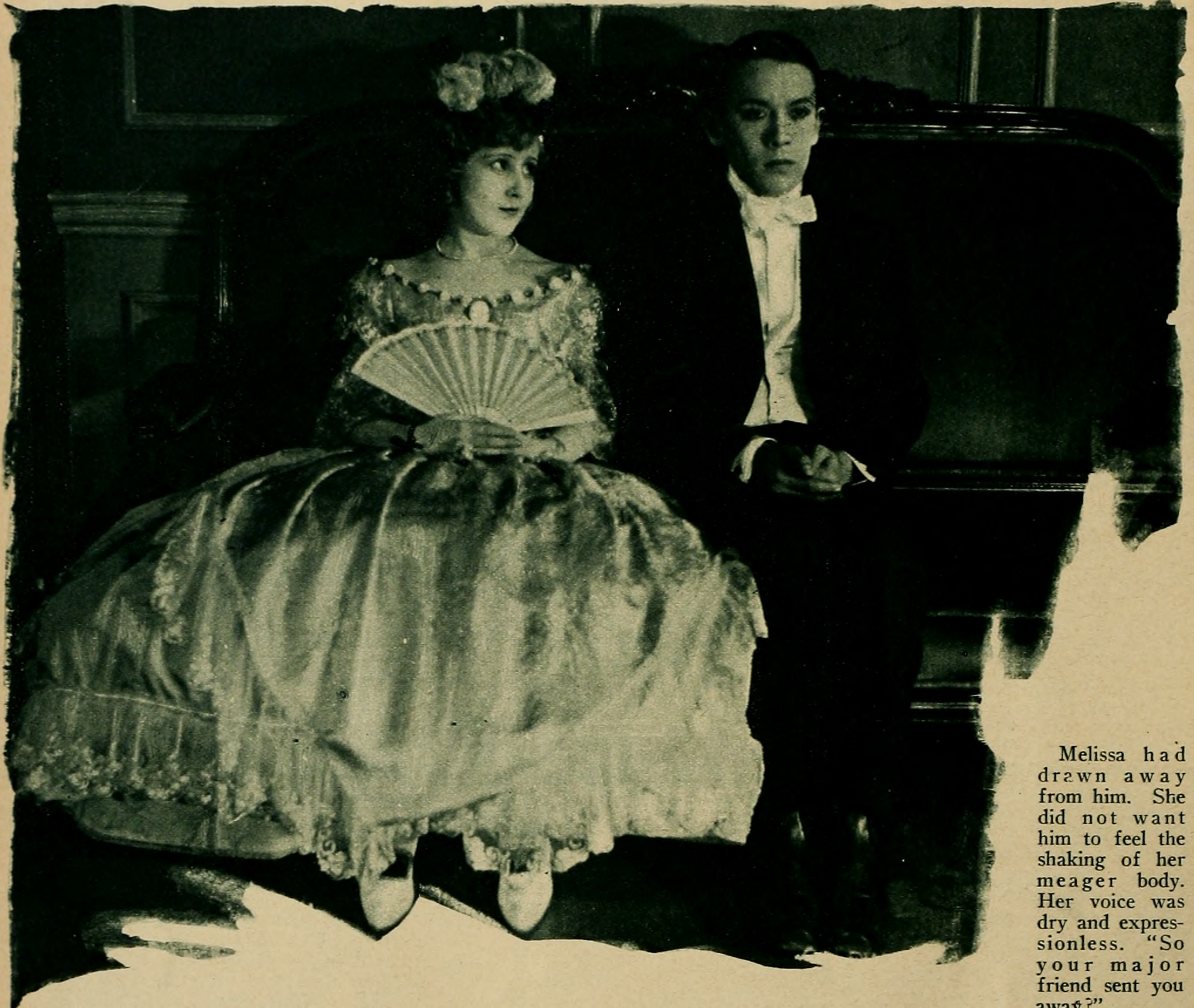
"Chad boy! Oh, mebbe it's wicked to be glad, but I am—I am!" Melissa sobbed. Then, vaguely terrified by the stillness of him, she stood on tiptoe, thrusting her face close to his. And the set despair she read there brought a cry to her lips. "Chad! What's happened? Tell me. Oh, Chad, the fire—the fire in your eyes is out! What have they city folk done t' you?"

But the boy merely shook her off, not unkindly, and went to the table. "I've come back—if you'll keep me," he said, with set lips. "I kin take care of the sheep for my keep. I found"—he drew a deep breath, and his face went white—"I found I belonged up here—"

And that was all he would say, tho he pushed the plate of repulsive food away and sat silent, staring down at his lax hands till all but Melissa had yawned themselves away to bed. Like a little, grey shadow, Melissa slipped closer, laid her hand tremblingly on his knee. "Now, Chad, tell me," she whispered. "I reckon 't isn't anything that cant be mended. What did they-all do to you—down thar?"

Chad drew a sharp breath, laughed terribly. He was very tragic, as is youth's way, for his pride had been hurt almost to death and his heart was sick. "Kin you mend bad stock? Kin you find me a mammy and a pappy—kin you give me the right to be borned at all?" Unconsciously, his tongue fell into

"You've been mighty good to me, M'liss; I reckon I wont forget it, ever," he said



Melissa had drawn away from him. She did not want him to feel the shaking of her meager body. Her voice was dry and expressionless. "So your major friend sent you away?"

"What does it say in the Scriptures," Margaret murmured, "what does it say about loving your enemies?"

mountain rudenesses, which told her more plainly than anything else of his utter recklessness. "No, M'liss! I was wrong—I kaint ever—be—a—gentleman——"

Then, in a tumbled flood of words, it was all out. The major had been kind, wonderful kind. He had treated him like kinfolk and told him he should have his chance for all the book learning he wanted. He had seemed to—to *like* him, somehow. Oh, and it was a grand place where he lived—fifteen rooms, each one bigger than the cabin, and black servants, and horses—they were mighty nice, the horses. Then there had been the folks next door—Dean, their name was, a terrible fancy man and woman, and two boys his age, and—and—

Chad's face grew scarlet in the firelight, and she saw that his hands were trembling.

"They was a girl, too—her name was Margaret," he stumbled. "She had awful pretty hair, light and sort of soft and the color of sunshiné at high noon—a real lady she was, but she—she was powerful pleasant to me, and made me forget I wasn't anything but a mountain critter. We—went riding in the park—once or twice. Then they found out"—his voice brooded—"about me being a nobody, having no pappy that I knowed on. They'd thought I was some blood kin of the major—an' when they found I wasn't, they told me"—he choked, fought wrathfully with unmanly tears—"they done told me not to come to they house no more—not to speak to—to Margaret——"

"No!" Chad said, violently. "No! He didn't know I was coming, but I couldn't stay an' be a burden—be looked down on. It hurt me—in here!" He struck his chest cruelly, violently, like a bitter man; then, like a disappointed boy, he began to sob, his forehead resting on Melissa's shoulder for comforting. "Oh, M'liss! I'll never find the white towers—and the many mansions. I wish I was dead! I wish I'd never been born!"

Melissa patted the rough head pitifully. "Dont fret, boy," she whispered; "dont fret." But her brain was already busy
(Continued on page 72)

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME

Fictionized from the scenario based upon the late John Fox, Jr.'s, novel. Produced by Goldwyn, starring Jack Pickford. Directed by Wallace Worsley. The cast:

Chad.....	Jack Pickford
Margaret.....	Clara Horton
Melissa.....	Pauline Starke
Dan Dean.....	J. Park Jones
Harry Dean.....	Clark Marshall
Mrs. Dean.....	Edythe Chapman
Major Buford.....	James Neill
General.....	R. D. McLean
Schoolmaster.....	Dwight Crittenden
Cousin Lucy.....	Aileen Manning

The Farce University

By HARRISON HASKINS



Above, Betty Compson in "The Miracle Man," and, right, in an old Arbuckle comedy. Below, the new dramatic Bebe Daniels and, lower right, the Gloria Swanson of Sennett days



THE celluloid farce comedy seems to be the training school of the film star. "The farce university," they call it in picturedom.

Consider Gloria Swanson, Clarine Seymour, Betty Compson, Alice Lake, Bebe Daniels and Mary Thurman. All graduated with honors from fast and furious farces.

We asked one of the biggest directors in the country to account for this seeming phenomena.

"Phenomena—nothing!" he exclaimed. "In farce comedy you are taught to put over your points with a bang—to accentuate with speed—to retain your poise while tons of water sweep by and a brick house tumbles about you. In a sentence, to have poise with pies."

Which, if we may further pun, seems to hit it.

We put the same question to Gloria Swanson herself. She said almost the same thing.

"Acting in farce teaches you to slightly over-exaggerate to drive home things with a smash," remarked Miss Swanson. "When the dramatic director gets you, he merely has to tone you down. And it is much easier to tone down than to tone up some one who doesn't know how to make his or her points. That is why you can more or less successfully step from film farce to film drama."

Which explains why Miss Swanson only a short time ago was a player in Mack Sennett farces.

(Continued on page 87)

Photographs by Evans



The Midnight Margarita



Margarita Fisher may be glimpsed at the left in what our fashion editor declares to be a substance of wash satin of a peach-blow shade, inset and edged with cream-colored lace and boasting a plentiful accompaniment of bows, loops—and things



At the left is a view of a Margarita Fisher dress. It's orchid and old-rose georgette with satin ribbon in contrasting tones for edging



At the right is a simple little nightie of peach-blow satin, companion to the articles worn above



Miss Fisher is observing herself—(can you blame her?)—in a dreamy robe de nuit of pink and blue georgette crepe with addenda of laces, ribbons and satin—er—budlets



The negligee just above is of blue and orchid georgette with a lacy over-drape patterned in creamy-tinted fleurs-de-lis. The slippers are of pink satin, embroidered in silver Cecil Brunner roses and forget-me-nots

If the fashion editor hadn't come to our rescue, words would have failed us in describing Miss Fisher in a combination of pink and blue chiffon, daintily dotted, embroidered, tucked and frilled. And—but here we pause



Pell of Pell Manor

THE first thing I asked Pell Trenton was the whyfore of his first name. By rights, I should have quizzed him concerning his stage and screen career, but when a man has a name that sounds as if it might be an abbreviation for "Pellingham" or "Pellerford," or something equally romantic, to say nothing of its being a great deal like "pal" and a bit like "pill," he may expect to be asked for an explanation, even tho names are strictly personal affairs and as such are supposed to be exempt from cross-examination. And he wasn't the least bit offended. Indeed, he seemed pleased to talk about it.

"I've wondered why no interviewer ever asked me that," he beamed upon me. "Every one else does as soon as the law allows. I'm proud of it for various reasons, and it is my 'monicker' and not a stage name, as every one seems to think.

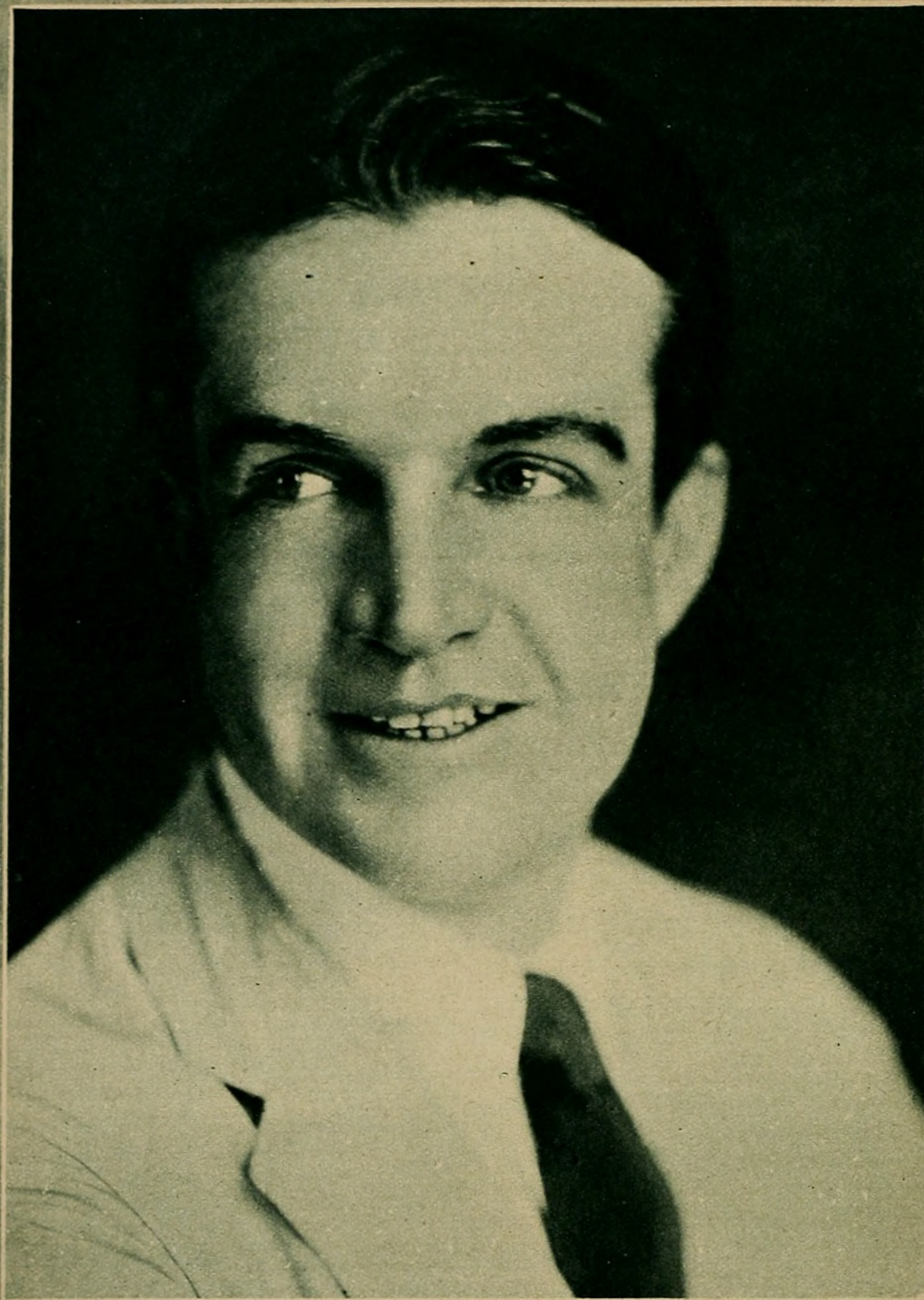
"I am a descendant of the first Lord Pell, who came over from England in 1600 and was given a grant of land in New York in what is now Westchester County. The eldest son has borne the name all down along the line—hence the cognomen for me."

They had told me at the Metro that I would find Mr. Trenton somewhere on the lot, wearing a kimono and a classic hair-cut, which was their more or less subtle way of telling me that he

was playing in "The Willow Tree," an adaptation of an old Japanese legend, and that he made a romantic-looking hero.

When I first glimpsed him, he was wearing a gorgeous black kimono with gold dots, and he was standing near a half-moon bridge in a perfect Japanese garden—made for the occasion out of the prosaic Metro lot. While waiting for the camera-men to adjust reflecting screens and mirrors, he was en-

(Thirty-six)



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

Pell Trenton started out to be a lawyer, but changed his mind. He made his debut doing a "bit" with Julia Marlowe in "The Goddess of Reason." At the right is a glimpse of him in the garden set of "The Willow Tree"



By EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

gaged in the somewhat startling occupation of powdering his nose in public, while Viola Dana, metamorphosed into a dainty Nipponese maid with tinsel black wig and butterfly kimono, was doing likewise. They seemed quite oblivious of each other's proximity until Director Otto shouted, "Action!" when they hastily put away their make-up boxes and stood very close to each other in the time-honored position for those in love.

"Camera!" called the director. "Run across the bridge, Vi—right after her, Pell—call to her, 'I'll catch you!' Run off after her—cut!"

Little Miss Dana hurried away to change her costume, and it was a rather weary but intensely romantic-looking Pell who led me over to the steps of the tea-house set for a chat between scenes.

"I didn't know whether I was going to get a minute off or not," he said, dabbing his face carefully with a handkerchief. "I am playing opposite Miss Dana in this picture, and many of the scenes are taken in this garden. There are only a few hours a day when the sun is right for shooting, so we have to take advantage of every minute when the light is good."

He has a deep, rich voice—baritone, I suppose you would call it, with that inflection which betokens at once a New Yorker and an actor. He has grey eyes that regard you alternately with twinkling humor and flattering sincerity, and his forehead is of that classic variety that in a mid-Victorian novel would be termed "brow," possibly with the adjective of "lofty" or "noble" before it. His hair is brown and has a slight wave that becomes a positive crinkle over the ears, and tho I'm sure he won't own up to this, the fact remains that he has a romantic face: You could visualize him as Launcelot or Francois Villon, or as the first Lord Pell of Pell Manor, in powdered wig and satin waistcoat.

"I enjoy working in 'The Willow Tree' immensely," he told me, when we got around to talking pictures instead of Pells. "It is an adaptation of the play that made such a success in New York, and I take the part of the English sculptor who falls in love with the little Japanese girl who pretends that she is the willow-tree image come to life.

"Let me show you thru the garden," he invited. "It is a real achievement—perfect in every detail."

He helped me across a narrow little bridge that spanned an artificial canal, and we stopped a moment to watch the white ducks sunning themselves on the banks.

"At first the stream was full of gold-fish," he said, "but ducks are no respecters of movie props, and they ate them all the first day."

The garden was indeed a miracle of realism, carpeted with soft green grass, filled with transplanted willow trees, cherry trees in full artificial

(Continued on page 78)



Photograph by Evans, L. A.



Trenton enlisted when America went into the war. He was at an officers' training camp at Palo Alto when the war ended. Pell considered it rotten luck, since he comes of a military family. At the left is a snap of Trenton in the act of being interviewed



Meet "The Frog"

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

THOSE who saw Lon Chaney's remarkable character study of The Frog in George Loane Tucker's great play, "The Miracle Man," will not soon forget it.

All thru the horror of the early scenes, where as an underworld derelict preying upon the sympathies of the slum sight-seekers with his faked paralysis, to his inspiring regeneration, not one false note was struck, and it remains as a unique study in sharp contrasts.

I was quite convinced that he must be a contortionist, and this was the first question that I asked him.

"I should say *not*," laughed Mr. Chaney, amused at the thought. "I am not even double-jointed. I figured it out that to throw the body back into position after twisting it as a paralytic, the first movements would be slow—and painful—with a quick jerk at the last, and with practice I mastered the trick.

"I'll confess that, with all my knowledge of make-up—and I have been character actor both in musical comedy and on the screen during my entire professional career—I had some difficulty in deciding just what to use for The Frog. In the first place, I planned to be a cripple, have a withered hand and a hump on my back, but when I discovered that I had to unfold *twice* before the camera, these three infirmities were, of course, impossible.

"Finally, after several sleepless nights and a number of experiments, I decided on—paralysis! I let my beard grow, and altogether I worked out a convincing make-up, horrible as it was.

"We spent twelve weeks making 'The Miracle Man,' and it was a wonderful experience, for Mr. Tucker was certainly inspired, and he inspired us until we were all living our parts every minute of the time. He works very quietly, directing every scene himself, and he went thru those underworld scenes relentlessly, with set jaw and cold eyes, while in the emotional moments he cried as hard as the rest of us.

"Character work is always interesting," continued Mr. Chaney. "In my last picture, 'Victory,' under Maurice Tourneur's direction, my rôle called for pockmarks, and I followed a Mexican, who was badly marked, all about the Plaza in Old Town for hours one hot afternoon. I wanted to see how they appeared on his face. Then I hunted up another Mexican to study the cut of his mustache.

"Recently, I played two totally different rôles in Tourneur's production of 'Treasure Island.' One was a bloodthirsty pirate, the other Pew, the blind man. In every picture I learn a little more about human nature, for preparing a character rôle means studying people. I am ever on the watch for characteristics and peculiarities that I can use in my work."

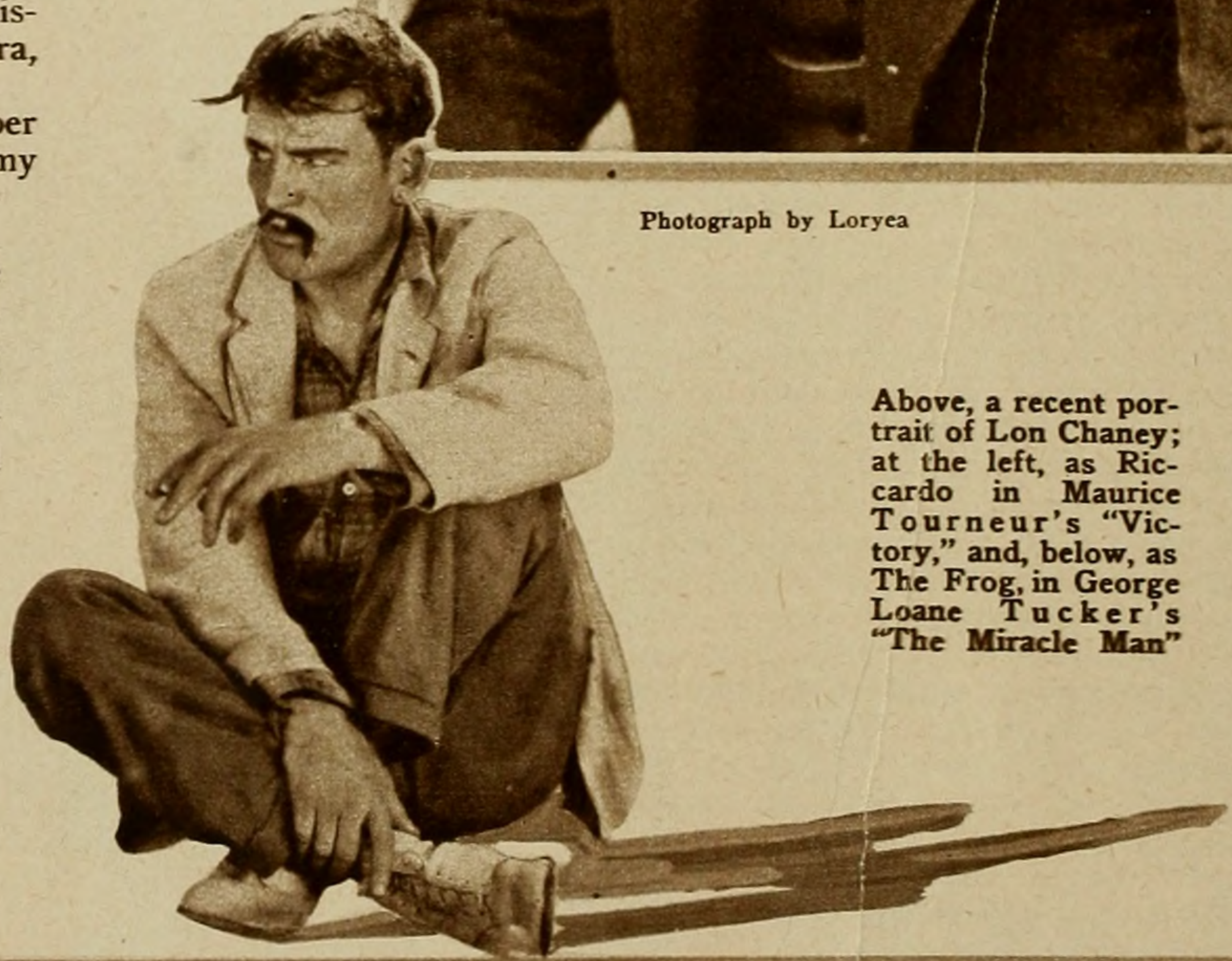
Lon Chaney was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado. Both his parents are deaf and dumb, his mother from birth, his father since he was three. This is without doubt the secret of his remarkably expressive face, which mirrors every fleeting thought, for, of necessity, he early mastered the art of pantomime.

His maternal grandmother's four children being mutes, she founded

(Continued on page 81)



Photograph by Loryea



Above, a recent portrait of Lon Chaney; at the left, as Riccardo in Maurice Tourneur's "Victory," and, below, as The Frog, in George Loane Tucker's "The Miracle Man"



Jack Straw

Told in Story Form from the Paramount-Robert Warwick
Photoplay

By FAITH SERVICE

watching him lie back and relax. For the rest, of course, it was a good deal to hear Mrs. Jennings change the tone of her complaints, but the complaints remained, only that they took, now, the form of aspirations

IMMEDIATELY upon their arrival in California the Jennings became the Parker-Jennings. This was but the beginning, but a very real beginning, of a series of satisfactions to Mrs. Jennings—er—Parker-Jennings. It was the only sort of satisfaction she had ever craved. The lack, heretofore, of these satisfactions had put the fretted lines about her mouth and the petulance in her eyes, which might, devoid of it, have been pretty. Once, they had been.

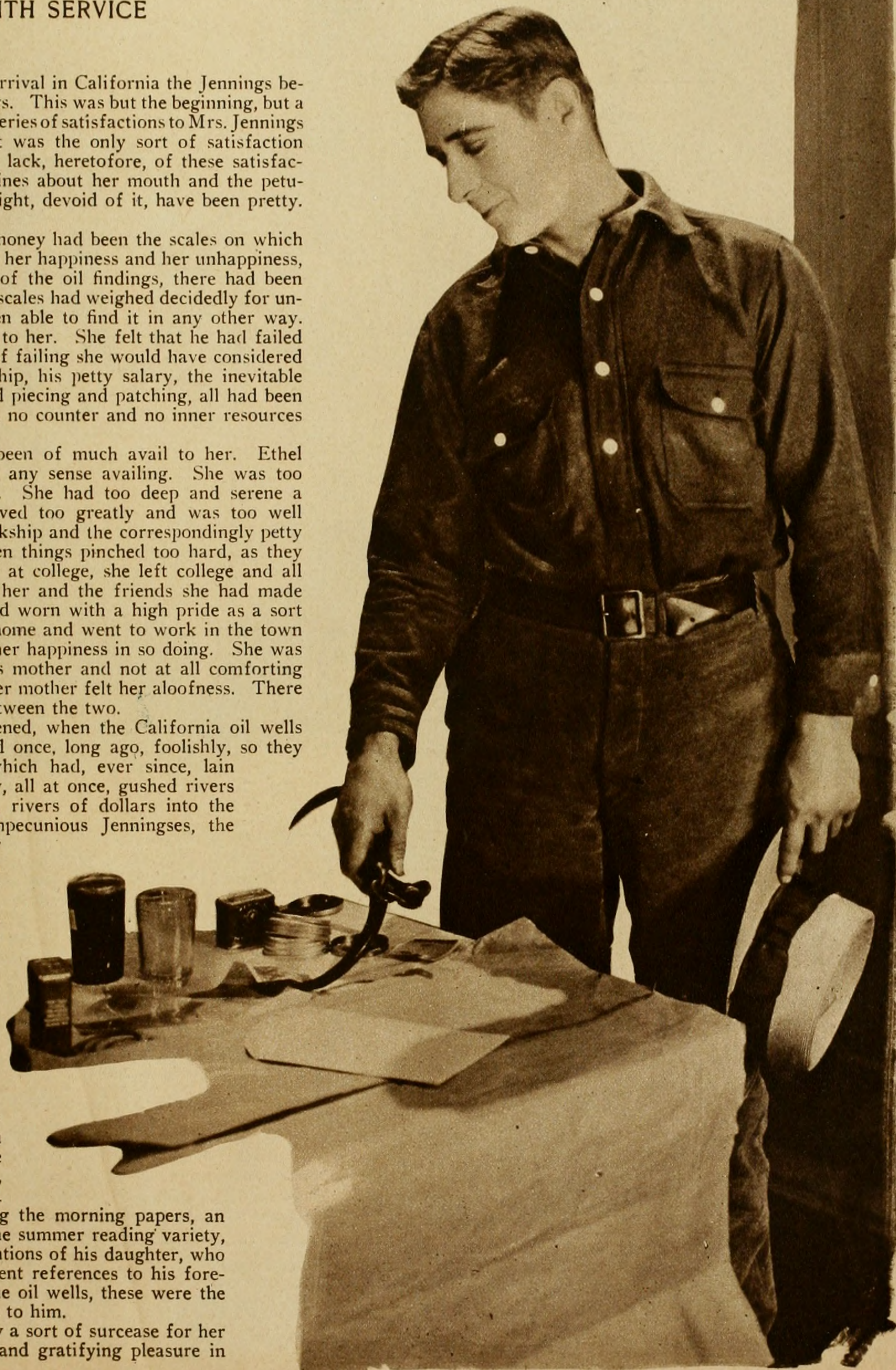
Money and the lack of money had been the scales on which Mrs. Jennings had weighed her happiness and her unhappiness, and, since up to the time of the oil findings, there had been rather a bad lack of it, the scales had weighed decidedly for unhappiness. She hadn't been able to find it in any other way. Her husband didn't give it to her. She felt that he had failed her. It was the only sort of failing she would have considered as such. His petty clerkship, his petty salary, the inevitable scrimping and scraping and piecing and patching, all had been irritants for which she had no counter and no inner resources to tap for her consoling.

Nor had her daughter been of much avail to her. Ethel was too different to be in any sense availing. She was too happy in the small things. She had too deep and serene a spirit of content. She loved too greatly and was too well satisfied with the petty clerkship and the correspondingly petty salary of her father. When things pinched too hard, as they did during her junior year at college, she left college and all the hopes it held forth to her and the friends she had made and the atmosphere she had worn with a high pride as a sort of garment and stayed at home and went to work in the town bank. More, she avowed her happiness in so doing. She was quite beyond her querulous mother and not at all comforting in her aloofness, or what her mother felt her aloofness. There was no kinship of spirit between the two.

When the miracle happened, when the California oil wells in which Mr. Jennings had once, long ago, foolishly, so they told him, invested, and which had, ever since, lain foolishly fallow, when they, all at once, gushed rivers of oil and, simultaneously, rivers of dollars into the stunned coffers of the impecunious Jenningses, the reactions were dissimilar and not without farce value. Not, either, without an element of pathos.

Mr. Jennings, worn by his petty clerkship, by the fretting of his petty salary, by the small recriminations and piled-up barbs and stings of the piled-up years, simply relapsed and asked to rest. What initiative he may once have possessed, which had been adequate, at least to the retaining of the clerkship, dropped from him. A chair in the sun, skimming the morning papers, an occasional light novel of the summer reading variety, the society and tender attentions of his daughter, who bolstered him up by frequent references to his foresight in the purchase of the oil wells, these were the things his millions brought to him.

To Ethel it meant simply a sort of surcease for her father. She took a deep and gratifying pleasure in





Things conspire. Mrs. Parker-Jennings' snobbery. Ambrose Holland's love of Mrs. Wanley, the clean-cut good looks of Jack Straw, all these things conspired together with the result that Ambrose Holland approached Jack Straw with a proposition.

probably impossible of achievement. She wanted, virulently, to break into society. For herself, Ethel had taken a sort of enjoyment in the struggle. She liked construction and she felt, when she left college and went to work, that she had done, in the way of character building, a constructive thing. Then, the way she had been managing things, the small income and all. It had been a game, played with

realities, by an earnest gamester. It had had its value and also its fascination. The frills of life meant nothing to Ethel.

To Mrs. Jennings, as has been said, it meant being Mrs. Parker-Jennings.

It meant that as an outer symbol to cover multifarious other details, such as the buying, for instance, of exorbitant diamonds, unsuitable gowns and furs. It meant the trip de luxe to California, where the family had, perforce, to live in close proximity to the gushing oil wells and the operating company. It meant the leasing and furnishing and exceeding interior decorating of the most ornate mansion to be had. It meant, too, the opportunity to be a snob, altho, of course, Mrs. Parker-Jennings would not so have termed it.

She was one, however. Successfully, to her mind; disastrously in the eventuality, as such codes of conduct generally are. Mrs. Parker-Jennings had, herself, been snubbed. The stinging memories of the snubs had remained. Remained, too,

the reluctant admiration for the persons so fortunately placed as to be able to indulge in snobbery. One of her first ambitions was to do to some other what had been done unto her. The victim was more or less non-important.

The victim happened, however, to be important to other minds if not to that of Mrs. Parker-Jennings. She was a young widow, Mrs. Wanley by name, with an adopted daughter and enough attractiveness to warrant her male support from some quarter or other. Probably rather arduous support. It came, in this instance, from one Ambrose Holland, who had one ambition in life, and that was to be the successor to the late lamented Wanley. What was resentful to Mrs.

JACK STRAW.

Fictionized from the scenario of Olga Printzlau and Elmer Harris based upon the stage comedy of W. S. Maugham. Produced by Paramount-Artcraft, starring Robert Warwick. Directed by William C. DeMille. The cast:

- Parker Jennings..... Charles Ogle
- Mrs. Jennings..... Sylvia Ashton
- Jack Straw..... Robert Warwick
- Ethel Jennings..... Carroll McComas
- Serlo..... Lucian Littlefield
- Ambrose Holland..... J. M. Dumont
- Mrs. Wanley..... Helene Sullivan

Wanley was resentful, in triplicate essence, to Holland, and he had the means and the power of retaliation. When Mrs. Parker-Jennings gave it forth that her daughter, Ethel, was not to associate with such penniless nobodies as the Wanleys, Holland swore revenge. That Ethel herself moaned over this crudity in secret was not known to Mrs. Wanley. Which brings us to Jack Straw. Also, back to New York, briefly.

Jack Straw was an iceman, and this is a romance, despite the seeming disparity. He was an iceman, that is, at the time he first saw Ethel Jennings singing while she kneaded dough. There was no ostensible reason why Jack Straw, who had roved the world in one capacity or another and had been and done many things, should fall, for the first time, in love with a young girl kneading dough and singing a popular song. Yet such is love. He did fall in love with her. Rather badly, even painfully. And he remained in love. If the oil wells had not gushed at an unpropitious moment, he would have revealed his identity and his amour at one and the same time, but to the heiress of the Parker-Jenningses such an avowal would have seemed rather preposterous. Jack Straw knew that the millions would make no fundamental difference in Ethel. She was too firmly grounded and too finely poised. But he loved her, and he wanted her to have her chance. She hadn't really seen the world, save from her college dormitory and her kitchen window, and such views were, of necessity, limited. If she should see the world thru a mist of gold and still, some day, be able to turn to Jack Straw, such a gifting would be for time immeasurable.

So Jack Straw, with an aching heart, watched the Parker-Jenningses depart, and, a month later, covered the same ground himself. Before Ethel's departure, however, he permitted himself the daring to leave a note on the kitchen table asking her not to fall in love with any one in California until he could meet her there. He signed it Jack Straw. He counted on the essential romance singing in her heart. All nice girls had romance in their hearts. They wouldn't be nice if they didn't have. It was part of a nice girl's birthright, and dreams, too . . .

Of course, Ethel did dream. She dreamed a great deal. She liked the name, Jack Straw, and the handwriting and the spirit he gave to it all. She decided that it would not be very hard to wait. Dull hours were lightened by the funny little, appealing little thought of Jack Straw. How would he come to her? In what array? In shining panoply, or tattered rags? And would he bring love with him? And who was he, after all?

After all, and just at the time of Ethel's wondering, Jack Straw had become a waiter in a hotel nearby the Parker-Jennings' mansion. The Parker-Jenningses dined there quite frequently, being usually, owing to Mrs. Parker-Jennings, without a cook. No doubt Jack Straw had had wind of this before he accepted and capably conducted his profession as waiter. It was something to be able to gaze upon Ethel, dining. To be able, now and again, ecstatically to serve her. It gave them, even tho she was serenely unaware, a bond. It gave him, too, the thrilling assurance that his note had struck a response. Ethel was waiting and watching for Jack Straw. But the time, Jack Straw believed, had not yet come. In the meantime, the greatest part of love is service . . .

Things conspire. Mrs. Parker-Jennings' snobbery, Ambrose Holland's love of Mrs. Wanley, the clean-cut good looks of Jack Straw—all these things conspired together with the result that Ambrose Holland approached Jack Straw with a proposition. It was to impersonate some titled person and allow himself to be introduced into the Parker-Jennings family. "The old bird," informed Holland, "will fall for it like a duck.

She will literally hurl herself upon you. You can fall for the daughter . . . you see?"

"I see," said Jack Straw, and was speculative. He added, "It's not a question of money, with me, of course."

"Of course not," said Holland, hastily, recognizing a sensibility and, evidently, the spirit of the adventurer for adventure's sake, since he could not know of Jack Straw's love for Ethel, nor yet that Jack Straw had seen, too frequently, Serlo, the free versifier, at the Parker-Jennings' table, reading his free verse to Ethel and expounding, no doubt with dire intent, his theories of free love. It was to circumvent Serlo that caused Jack Straw to adopt the pretentious title of the Archduke Sebastian and be thus presented to the Parker-Jenningses, to the enraptured Parker-Jenningses as represented by Mrs. P.-J. and.



After that, for minutes without end, the world swirled by in flower scents and moon radiance and the star-strewn sky and kisses and low words. Love



The papers carried gallant tales of him—the way he had hurled the poet, Serlo, into the lake . . .

a little later, by Ethel.

The causes of emotion were, as usual with this mother and daughter, largely variant.

To Mrs. Parker-Jennings the Archduke was the thing. To Ethel Jennings the man was the thing. Out of a world of men he came, quite suddenly, and there was no other man save him. Singularly uninvolved where her emotions were concerned, Ethel knew, without compromise, that she loved him.

Sensing, with the same delicate perceptiveness, his response, she knew that he loved her. This, then, was the reason of her being. It became, with the advent of this love, a paradise of a world to live in, riotous, yet serene, with flowers and the sound of music, with color and rhythm and unimagined dreamings . . . a wonder-place!

One little rift in the clear lute of all this happiness was the recurrence of the note she had had before she left New York, signed, even as that first one, Jack Straw. She did not want to make this unknown person unhappy. Out of her own largesse she wanted to give, even as she was receiving.

On the night of the large reception Mrs. Parker-Jennings gave the Archduke Sebastian, Ethel met the guest of honor

in the conservatory. He gave her, with his whimsical smile, a little note, a replica of the other three. Ethel read it, only half com-

prehending. Then she sought the eyes, the suddenly-grown-tender eyes of the Archduke Sebastian. She was silent. No word had as yet been spoken. She was delicate of the first one.

Then came his voice, unlike, yet deeply like. "Have you waited?" he asked.

Ethel felt the need of a great simplicity. "You know I have," she said.

After that, for minutes without end, the world swirled by in flower scents and moon radiance and the star-strewn sky and kisses and low words. *Love.*

Ethel's joy shone about her, a halo, when she returned to her mother and the reception committee. She couldn't keep her joy confined. Her tolerance embraced even her mother, who would see, as cause for joy, only the fact of the Archdukery.

Nevertheless, she told her, and, breathless with this latest stroke of a kindly fate, Mrs. Parker-J. planned to announce the tremendous news. This, she said, was pre-eminently the time. It was striking while the iron was, so to speak, hot. Ethel, heedless of the world knowing or not knowing, gave her half-dazed assent. Nothing of all this made very much difference. She had come, with reverence and joy, into the High Courts of Love. She was remote.

Mrs. Wanley and Ambrose Holland, arriving on the outer edge and hearing of the proposed announcement, saw the thing as a practical joke gone decidedly wrong. This, they felt, would involve too much for the joyous fillip of humiliating the impossible Mrs. P.-J. This would involve too much responsibility for the gratification of an, after all, unimportant vengeance. They decided to appeal to the pseudo Archduke, and, appealing, found him adamant.

"The thing is precipitated now," he said; "the kindest thing to do is to let this affair go off, just for tonight. Afterward, let her down. She will be able to bear it better after her triumphal hour. Anyway, you are responsible for the hoax, neither the Jenningses nor I. They will, therefore, be absolved and you yourselves will harbor what blame there will be. I think you will both deserve it for not recognizing in Mrs. Parker-Jennings a spoiled and fretted woman taking out her, after all, childish, silly spites. I think it is all up to you, both of you."

Panicky, Ambrose Holland confessed to the Parker-Jenningses. Confessed the hoax which had made of the waiter, Jack Straw, the Archduke, Sebastian. It was a confession with horrible results. Mrs. Parker-Jennings dropped from her, as one drops a flimsy cape, the aristocracy of her millions. She ranted and raged and all but gnashed her teeth. She had been on the very threshold of a supreme achievement, and lo! it was snatched from her and she was given a cup of the bitterest gall. Society, all but her own, was once again unattainable. She wept until her lashed eyes were red-rimmed, even as they had been in the days when she bent over her kitchen range to test her homely breads and pies.

It was, after all, Jack Straw who saved her immediate skin. He persisted in his original idea of going thru with the reception and announcement as had been planned. The glory of it all, he maintained, would remain firmly in the thoughts of assembled society. The divulging of the hoax would come more easily afterward. In the meantime, something would have been established. There would be a comprehensive pity for Mrs. Parker-Jennings, not unmixed with awe at her splendid hostess-ship. Society was accustomed to being hoaxed. She would not be, because of this, beyond the pale. Mrs. Parker-Jennings, all but lost in her own esteem, seized, none the less, at this granted reprieve.

The evening and Jack Straw were successful. Society seemed captivated, by the entertainment, by the Archduke and also by his prospective bride. They went away imbued with the charm, wit and gallantry of the man. The papers carried gallant tales of him: how he had written anonymously to Ethel Jennings for some months; the way he had hurled the poet, Serlo, into the lake because he had expressed sentiments to Ethel which the Archduke considered inexpressible; the home he was going to give her; the almost-royalty of it all; the way the Archduke had disappeared some time ago from his kingdom and had thus and in this place revealed himself. It was a charming romance.

Ethel Jennings read it and was able to smile over it. Was even glad that she had been, as she was, tested. She loved him. She knew that now. That he was "just Jack Straw" made, miraculously even to her, no kind of conceivable difference. He was the man for whom she had been waiting, the man who had kist her into an acceptance of life and living, there in the conservatory, the radiant being who had led her into the High Court of Love. The mere matter of who he was was no matter at all.

The matter of who he was seemed, however, to admit of various doubts and complications. One of the features of the reception, indeed, had been the arrival of the Ambassador of Pokerania, native kingdom of the supposed Archduke.

Those in the secret supposed that it was the short-sightedness of the Ambassador which caused him to, apparently, acknowledge the Archduke Sebastian.

When, on the following morning, he called upon the Archduke at the Jennings home, he found the luggage of that young man being hurled upon the front lawns, to the complete demolition of the flower-beds, and the young man himself in the extreme eventuality of following said luggage. He was informed by an irate Mrs. P.-J. that this was no Archduke, but a waiter in the hotel nearby, an impostor and the cause of her immediate downfall, just when victory had been so near.

The Ambassador amazed them all. He pooh-poohed her statement with some show of outraged dignity himself. The young man, he claimed, was indeed the missing Archduke who, some years before, had been very ill and had evidently wandered away while suffering from some sort of amnesia. The Ambassador had proofs of identification, many photographs and other things, the surveying of which brought back to Jack Straw that man he had been when, fifteen years before, he had set surreptitiously forth upon his wanderings.

Mrs. Parker-Jennings knew, in that moment, what it was to faint from joy. She took pleasure in the faint.

Ethel knew, still again, what it means to love. The outer manifestations of the state in life of Jack Straw passed over her, wholly non-essential. She told him that she had quite lost track of which of the two he might be, Jack Straw or the Archduke Sebastian. He said, loving her, that it didn't matter. And she agreed with him.

"There's only one identity worth while for me," he told her, and she, within his arms, whispered, "And what is that?"

"The man you love," he said, "the man . . . you . . . love."

"There's only one identity worth while for me," he told her, "the man you love"



Personalities



A delightful and thrilling romantic melodrama is "The Purple Mask," now at the Booth Theater. Leo Ditrichstein is the picturesque star, playing a royalist brigand of the Napoleonic days, while Lily Cahill is a charming heroine



Photograph above by White



Left, Doris Ferguson, one of stageland's beauties, now appearing in "As You Were"

Ralph Herz and Ann Seymour are principals in the new Hammerstein musical comedy, "Always You"

Photograph above by White

in the Theater

At the right is a charming moment of Jane Cowl's quaint play, "Smilin' Through." Henry Stephenson appears opposite Miss Cowl

Photograph below by Apeda



Photograph by Abbe

At the lower left are Henry Miller and Marzalo Gillmore in "The Famous Mrs. Fair," one of the season's hits at the Henry Miller Theater



Photograph by Apeda

Above are Otis Skinner and Ruth Rose in Mr. Skinner's new play, "Pietro," running at the Criterion Theater



Juanita Hansen, Pathé serial star, is one of screenland's mermaids. Juanita doesn't merely pose along the sands. She swims with the best of them

Juanita Rising from the Sea

At the left Juanita is doing her best to out Mack Sennett, the famous Sennett beauties of the California coast. And Juanita is doing very well, thank you



It's a sad, sad tale, mates. Miss Hansen is showing just how emotional and prayerful she can be, upon occasion

Zena's Zenith

By C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD

"SAY! How do ye get that way?"

It was an officer who growled the anthem. As Anthony Paul Kelly was so fond of describing his nautical rank and appearance last year—a C-O-P, who thuswise addressed Zena and me.

"Why, Mr. Policeman," pouted Zena, débutante, "what do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" He dramatically swept his club along the landscape of New Jersey. "There! What do you mean?"

Zena and I peered thru the glass of the coupé. A line of thirty or forty machines purred impatiently and were honk-konking their temperament. Thirty or forty machines—and Zena, who had arrived in the little brand new Hudson but a moment before, headed the pageant!

"Oh, Mr. Policeman," continued Zena the débutante, "I'm so tired. I've been working at the studio all day. And I do want to get home." Tears glistened. Ingenue disconsolance prevailed.



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston



Zena Keefe comes from San Francisco. She was a vaudeville artist to begin with. Then Mamma Keefe and little Zena headed for New York—and fame

Rome has fallen. So has Sennett. And Enright's bluecoats are not impervious to charm. "All right, then. You can fight with the others on the ferry."

Zena threw her in first. She crushed the claxon and laughed into the thirty or forty claxons shrieking behind, and prepared to lead the file aboard. "Dear Mr. Policeman, thank you so much!" she bade him au revoir.

"There aint much nourishment in that," he groaned, but Zena and I had already settled in front of the *Fort Lee*.

"I absolutely could not have waited until all those other cars got aboard," Zena sighed. Relief and wafted suspense illuminated her eyes. "I'm going to the theater tonight and I'll die if I miss that show."

"Which show?"

"I dont know exactly which, but I told mother to get tickets for 'The Crimson Alibi,' 'At 9:45,' 'A Voice in the Dark' or 'Those Who Walk in Darkness.' I'll enjoy any of them, so it doesn't make much difference. I'm crazy about mystery plays."

"You dont get much time for the theater, tho, do you?"

"I should say I dont. We've had to work late so often on 'Piccadilly Jim' that by the time I did get home I was afraid to take a tubbing for fear I'd fall asleep therein. But one thing nice about being with the people of 'Piccadilly' is that we are all as young and as strong for holidays as for work! Owen Moore made it a rule that we would never have to keep shop on Saturday night, and Wesley Ruggles, a peach, tho a director, was only happy, too, to pass."

Manhattan slowly shifted its skyline as we sailed nearer. Manhattan is marvelous at all times, but especially exquisite under the

(Continued on page 60)

The Celluloid Critic

The Newest Photoplays in Review

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

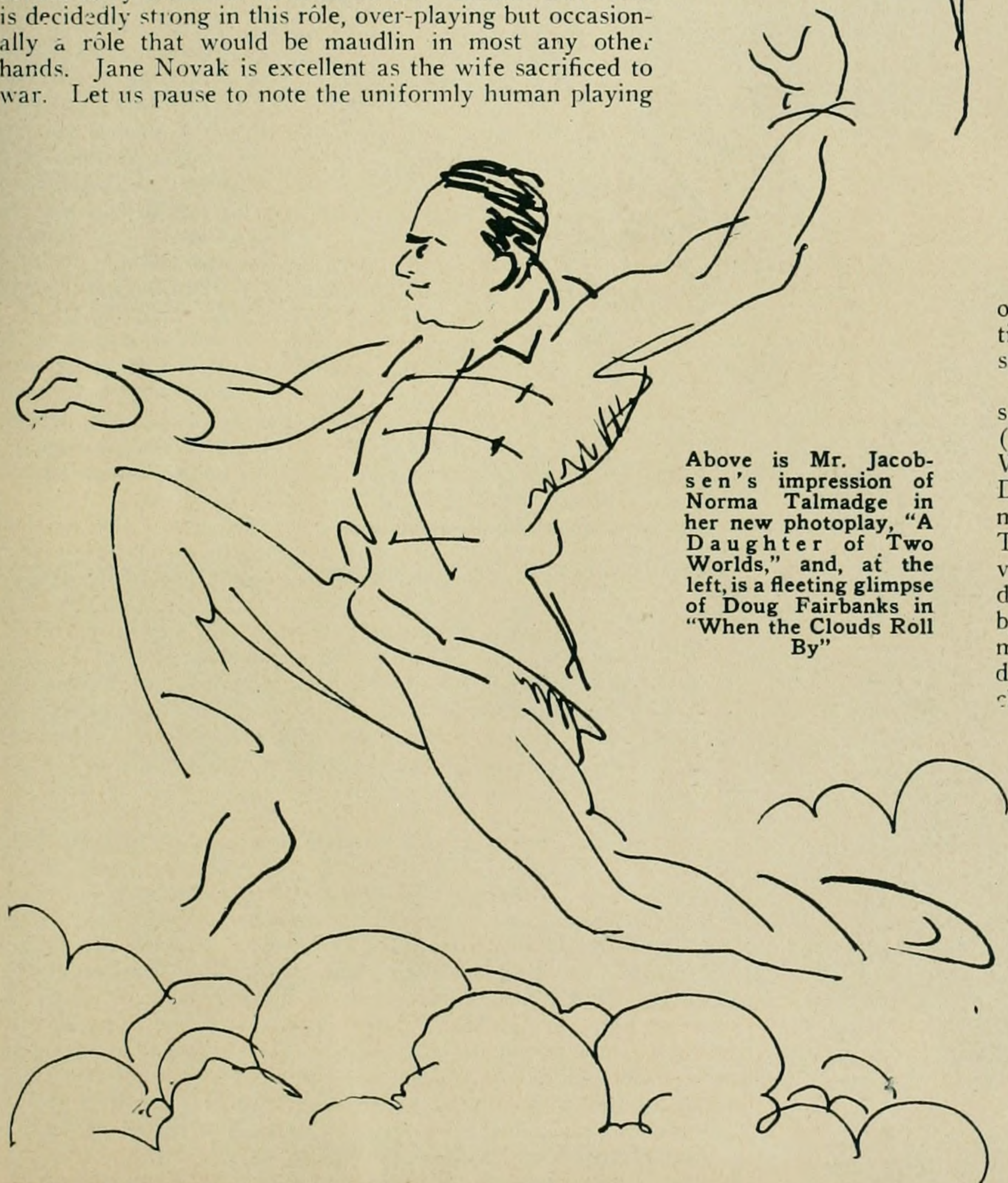
Pen Impressions by NORMAN JACOBSEN

OUT of a dull month in the cinema stands Irvin Willat's visualization of the Gouverneur Morris story, "Behind the Door." We say this not from approval of the thesis of Mr. Morris' tale, but from appreciation of a well-knit scenario, skillfully directed and played with a fine vigor.

"Behind the Door," (Paramount), is an opus in brutality—an intermezzo in gory revenge. Mr. Morris asks: What would you do if you saw your wife taken prisoner by a bestial captain of a German submarine who left you adrift in the open sea? Mr. Morris' hero, being a taxidermist, pleasantly decides to skin the Hun officer alive and, when chance later throws the U-boat in the path of his scout ship, he carries out his revenge, at least in part. But not quite, for the ex-taxidermist sighs, "I swore I would skin him alive, but he died on me—damn him!"

It isn't an appealing tale, this filming of brutal vengeance. There is too much of the material side of life in every photoplay, too little of the sweetnesses, the sacrifices, the really heroic things of the every day. "Behind the Door" is a ghastly epic in war hysteria, but it is admirably done.

Mr. Willat has superbly handled a number of difficult moments, notably the shelling and sinking of the submarine. He has evolved another remarkably powerful scene, wherein the American wrings the sordid story from the German officer. Hobart Bosworth is decidedly strong in this rôle, over-playing but occasionally a rôle that would be maudlin in most any other hands. Jane Novak is excellent as the wife sacrificed to war. Let us pause to note the uniformly human playing



Above is Mr. Jacobsen's impression of Norma Talmadge in her new photoplay, "A Daughter of Two Worlds," and, at the left, is a fleeting glimpse of Doug Fairbanks in "When the Clouds Roll By"

of Miss Novak in all her rôles, but particularly in this. Wallace Beery, too, is striking as the U-boat commander.

Again is Alla Nazimova's vivid art submerged in "Stronger Than Death," (Metro), an adaptation of I. A. R. Wylie's novel of India, "The Hermit Doctor of Gaya." We do not know the merit of the original, but "Stronger Than Death" is draggy, labored and conventional. Nazimova plays an English dancer in the East, a young woman told by her physicians that another dance will mean death. But she meets the hermit doctor, who, single-handed, is fighting cholera, and, imbued with his sacrifice and in order to gain time that a native uprising may be forestalled, poses as a reincarnated vestal—and dances. The doctors are wrong, of course, for the dancer lives to gain happiness with her lover.

We do not know just who is to blame, but both the continuity and the direction shift the interest from Nazimova to Charles Bryant, who plays the self-sacrificing hermit physician. "Stronger Than Death" is but fair in the matter of Herbert Blache's direction and is too long and wandering in its telling. Mme. Nazimova's opportunities are slight.

Norma Talmadge appeared in

two contrasting photoplays: one a delightful but slight comedy, the other a vague and badly built melodrama.

"She Loves and Lies," (Select), is a light little tale—of a vivacious girl who poses as an elderly woman of wealth in order that she may marry the man of her choice. Then, as her real self, she actually wins his heart. When divorce seems to face the worried husband, she throws disguises aside—and he finds that he has fallen in love with his wife. The comedy is done with nice spontaneity by Director Chet Withey. Miss Talmadge is charming as the much-disguised heroine and Conway Tearle is a delightful foil.

On the other hand, Miss Talmadge's "A Daughter of Two Worlds," (First National), is far-fetched and impossible stuff, badly told in continuity and direction and but indifferently acted. This deals with the efforts of a girl of the underworld to find happiness in a higher strata of society. James Young, the director, has failed to clearly place his characters, has been inexpert in many of his scenes and, on the whole, has turned out an inferior and slow-moving melodrama. True, we doubt if any director could have done much with it.

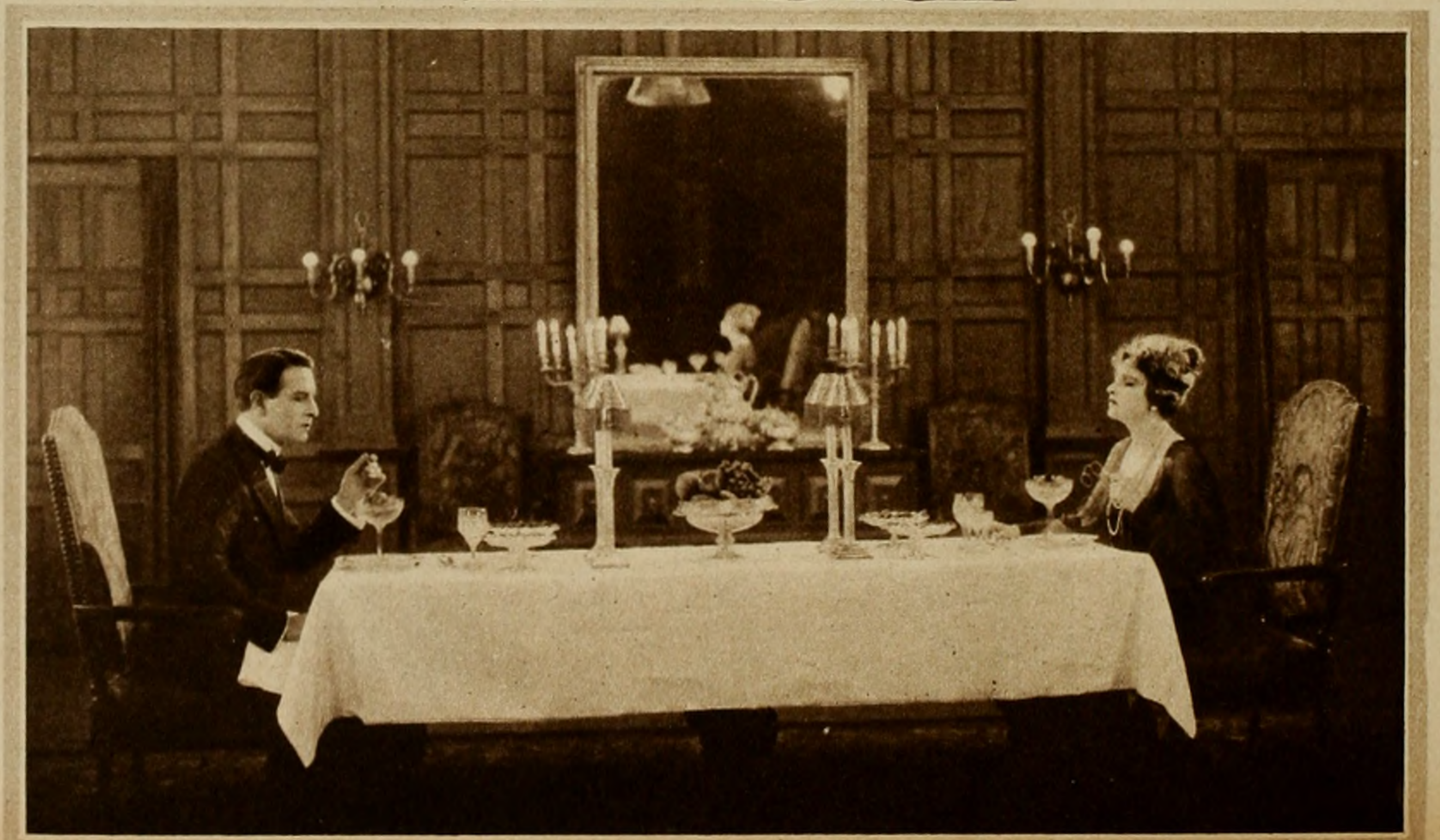
Doug Fairbanks' latest, "When the Clouds Roll By," (United Artists), is at least a little different.

Doug plays a superstitious chap who falls under the persuasions of a mysterious stranger—a man who turns out to be an escaped lunatic. Doug overcomes all obstacles, including a real flood. The climax finds Doug in a tree in the midst of the inundation. A house, with the heroine clinging to the roof, floats by. Splash!—and Doug is beside her. Then a church, with a parson astride the steeple, comes drifting by. The young couple succeed in maneuvering their house alongside the church—and the

(Continued on page 103)



Above is Constance Talmadge in her newest vehicle, "Two Weeks," at the right is Mr. Jacobsen's idea of Charlie Ray in "Red Hot Dollars," and, below, are Norma Talmadge and Conway Tearle in "She Loves and Lies"



The Fortune Hunter



Told in Story Form from the Vitagraph-Earle Williams Photoplay

By ALEXANDER LOWELL

HENRY KELLOGG was flushed by the wine of the grape and the headier wine of success. He could afford to be expansive, and he was. He eyed his friend and the sharer of his Park Avenue bed and board with a speculative as well as a kindly eye. Finally he said, "Dont be despondent, old man. You've always been successful in *one* line, at least."

Nathaniel Duncan didn't raise his head nor cease his nervous fiddling with a macerated cigaret. But he said, colorlessly, "What line?"

"Women," said Kellogg and shot him a glance.

"Oh, that . . ."

"It could be remunerative, y'know. I've a plan."

"Shoot."

"Dont be so lifeless. One thing you've got to have is pep . . . your old-time pep. It's your asset. Your stock in trade. All you've got to do is be yourself."

"I cant cash in on that. You know that."

"No, I dont. The point is, that you have never been yourself. You've tried to be everybody but yourself, every kind of type. That's why you haven't succeeded. You need the chance of self-development. You can get that by . . ."

"By . . .?"

"By marriage."

"I'm damned if I do! I cant support myself. What th' hell d'you mean coming in here with a line of jibber like this? Cant you see I'm on my uppers for fair? Down and out? I'm in no mood for your bibulous mirth. You've had a big success. I can see that. I can even be glad. But dont stand on the pinnacle of it and throw your fool cabbage-roses down at me. They . . . tonight they hurt."

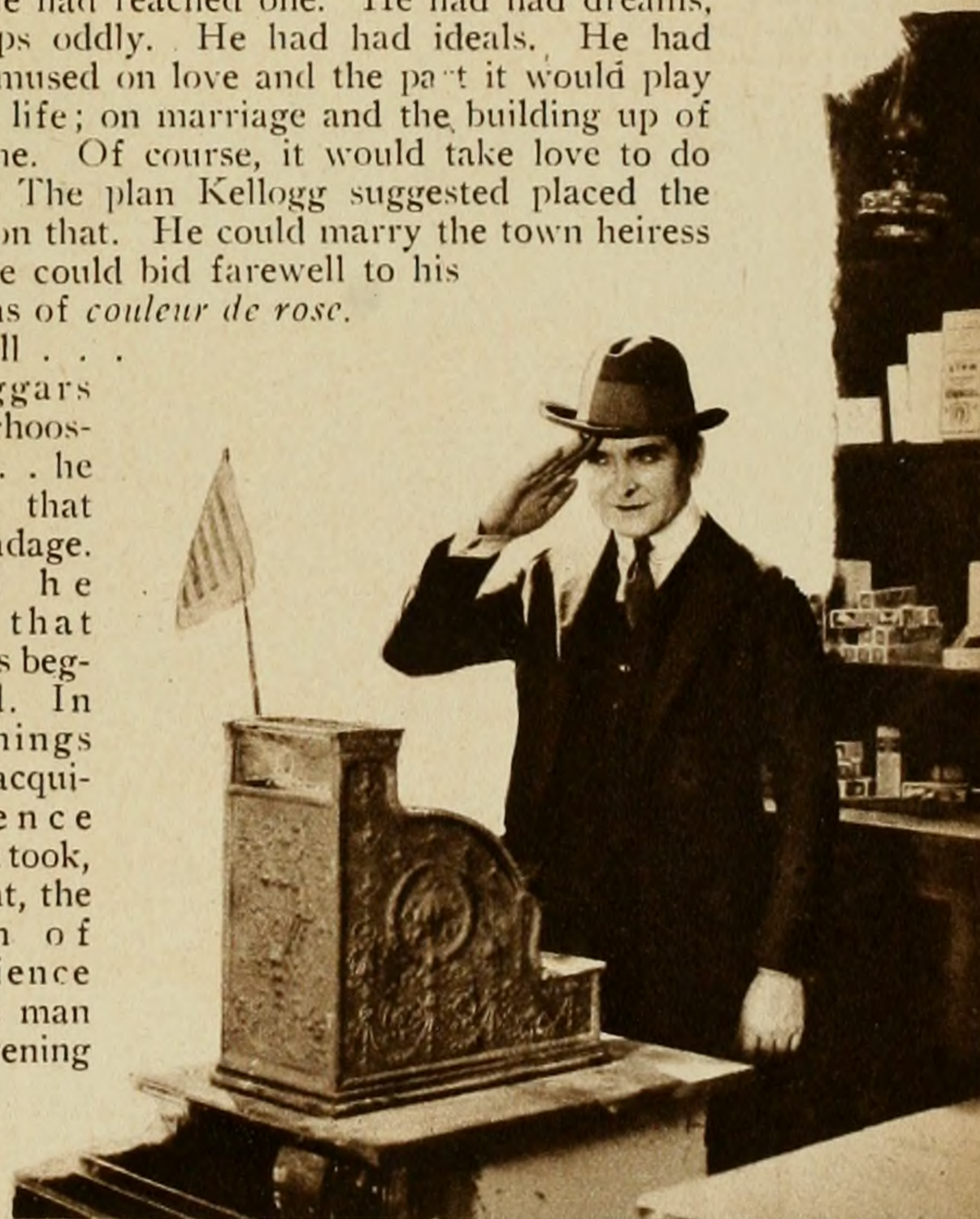
Henry Kellogg shook his head. "You've got me as wrong as I've got you right, old man," he said; "actually, I'm in earnest. Here you are, college-bred, the son of a millionaire who, kindly enough, he thought, robbed you of incentive and consequently of initiative. Result, failure and discouragement. What he didn't rob you of, however, is your appearance, your charm for women—oh, a decent enough charm, I know that; in short, your personality. My plan is for you to go to some small town a safe distance from any city. The sort of town where a man like you would be Prince Charming come to flesh

and blood, set all the hearts a-flutter, a thing of fairyland, you know . . . all that . . . I'll stake you to all expenses and a wardrobe fit to knock the eyes out of fifty local belles, and all you have to do is . . . to marry the town heiress. There's *always* a town heiress. *All* you need to do, say, is . . . to be your father's son."

Nathaniel Duncan had one faculty. He realized a limit when a limit had been reached. Today he knew that he had reached one. He had had dreams, perhaps oddly. He had had ideals. He had even mused on love and the part it would play in his life; on marriage and the building up of a home. Of course, it would take love to do that. The plan Kellogg suggested placed the limit on that. He could marry the town heiress and he could bid farewell to his dreams of *couleur de rose*.

Well . . .

Beggars and choosers . . . he knew that old adage. And he knew that he was beggared. In all things save acquiescence which took, tonight, the form of obedience to the man in evening





It was an unforgettable supper. Bread and cheese, and the thought at least of kisses, old Sam Graham talking inventive possibilities and speaking with gentle whimsy of the drug-shop

clothes, redolent of the success stocks and bonds and certified checks can bring. He gave Kellogg his word, which, at least, he had maintained and made good, and they shook on it.

Two weeks later beheld him alighting at the rather impoverished appearing station of Radville, O.

Radville, O., station or otherwise, seldom if ever had seen anything resembling Nathaniel Duncan alight. He was, so to speak, an innovation. A breath-taking one. To a man, it sat up and took notice.

Nathaniel had a charming way. He had the priceless knack of making friends. He could talk. He went to Radville determined to like Radville, and equally determined to make Radville like him. He began with Hetty Carpenter, the village gossip, to whose domicile he was directed for bed and board. Rather different, he reflected, ruefully, as its spare clapboards, thinly painted, dawned upon him, from Park Avenue and the opulent Kellogg. Still . . .

He unpacked his "props" quite ostentatiously before the trained eyes of Hetty Carpenter. Hetty had little enough on which to feed her one acute sense, the gossip sense, in Radville, and she made the most of her lean opportunities. This one, she felt, however, to be other than lean. The young man, besides a magazine cover appearance, had the gossip material of a Bible, apparently fervently thumbed, dog-eared student books and a goodly roll of the green bills of the realm. Here, indeed, was material and to spare. By nightfall every person in Radville knew of the arrival of the miraculous young man and each minutest particular thereof. Also, by the same token, Nathaniel knew each minutest particular of each inhabitant of Radville. He knew, pertinently, that Josie Lockwood was the town heiress, considerably an heiress, what was more, and that her father was an old skinflint and that he owned the bank wherein worked one Roland Barnett, who had long had the same Josie as the object of his clerkship.

He knew, too, that the town paupers were Sam Graham and his daughter, Betty. That Sam was a pauper because his pockets had always leaked and his heart had overgrown, and that Betty was the cuddliest lamb this side of the paved streets and loved nearly to the death in spite of her poverty by Radville. Contrariwise, Nathaniel felt a glow when he heard of the impecunious Betty and her dad, and a cold, frigid little feeling when he heard the description of the gilded Josie. But that, he thought, was just him, his mulish nature.

He thought rather differently, tho, after he had met the heiress and likewise the grey-eyed, starry-faced pauper. He felt that his instincts had been right. He met them both in church, whence he was conducted, as a matter of course, by Hetty Carpenter, not without, on her part, an air of triumph. Kellogg

had warned him that church would be part of the game in a small town, and he had rehearsed sanctimonious expressions which, he felt, he successfully executed. After all, there was a sort of glow to it. These simple folk, each one a part and parcel of the other's life, participant in their births, participant, too, in their deaths, offering their simple joint worship to an indisputable God. Things felt clearer, somehow.

After worship Hetty Carpenter, with the air of a convoy, presented him to Josie Lockwood. His heart sank, even while he knew it had no obvious reason for so doing. Josie was tall and slenderly made and golden-haired and with a certain sort of manner. She quite evidently knew her position and prestige in Radville, and just as evidently was deliberately *not* making use of it. There was a beyond-Radville cleverness to Josie. And yet . . . and yet . . . the chill, the frigidity, grew . . . Nathaniel could not seem to picture the stately Josie rearing up the edifices of his trampled little dreams . . .

Betty Graham, the town pauper, had a difference. He didn't know *what* it was, but he knew that it was. She wasn't so much of a "looker"; she didn't have airs and graces, her hair was blowing about under her wide straw hat, an old hat, but her mouth was frank, like a child's, and her eyes were frank, too, like early dew, and eager and expectant, and her little hand was warm and even eager. She invited Nathaniel home for supper, adding that there wouldn't be "much," and so did Josie Lockwood, adding no such thing, and Nathaniel went home with Betty Graham. Inwardly he groaned while something in his cardiac region sang, and was vindicated. It was, he knew, his lack of business acumen again attacking and conquering him.

It was an unforgettable supper. Bread and cheese, and the thought, at least, of kisses. Old Sam Graham talking inventive possibilities and speaking with gentle whimsy of the drug-shop. Betty hovering over them both, making the insufficient food manna to one of them at least.

"Rot!" said Nathaniel to himself, and gave himself a shake, but something within him denied the allegation and persisted in singing fantastic little tunes, all glad, all free, all promise-full.

Lots of things came from that first little supper. Nathaniel took a fancy, not only to Betty, but to Sam as well, with his dreaming impracticability, the broken hopes he had strewn all along his way, the thing he might have been and the thing he was. There was a bond.

Also, the drug-store promised things. Nathaniel felt that with these gentle, impoverished visionaries and his five hundred dollars something could be made of the store. Then, too, girls patronize soda fountains, particularly and especially when a tall young man with a pleasing personality dispenses the frappés, the vanilla and the nut sundaes. The drug-store might be made to pay in more ways than one.

It did. Nathaniel bought syrups, bought fixtures, paid off old credits and stood, himself, behind the polished and newly ornamented fountain.

In the evenings, he and Sam worked over Sam's automatic soda fountain. He found a great deal that was good in it; found, as was the case with most of Sam's dreams and plans, that it had not been marketed properly and at once had found obscurity. He wrote to Kellogg about it, who was ever on the lookout for the new and the possible. He wrote, too, that he had an interest in the invention, that he believed in it and that he wished that Kellogg would "let him off." He insinuated that he didn't care an awful lot for the town heiress, who was "a good sort, but——"

Kellogg wired back, "Nothing doing."

That same night Nathaniel escorted Josie home from the prayer meeting he made a habit of attending. On Josie's other side walked the all but displaced Roland, who had, before the advent of Nathaniel, been considered, and considered himself, the flashiest boy in town. To Roland, who really nurtured a passion for the stately Josie aside entirely from his mutilated pride, the presence of Nathaniel was insupportable. Before they reached the Lockwood mansion the thin skin of Roland Barnett was insufficient protection for the primitive passions always so near to the surface. He fell upon the surprised Nathaniel and they "had" it. Nathaniel conquered. He never knew why, unless it was because he had had such bully training at college and was, at the assault, red mad. Anyway, Josie screamed and the sheriff intervened, and when it was all over the conquering hero escorted Josie home and something—it may have been his turbulent blood, of which she had been the really unwitting cause, or it may have been hunger for some soft touch, or the moon, or sheer madness—anyway, he kist her at her gateway, and put the fatal query and was affirmatively answered, and it wasn't until he reached home—home being, by this time, the Grahams'—that he *knew* that he loved Betty.

He knew when she met him at the gate, with her face coming out of the dusk like a little, bruised white flower, and her starry eyes all dimmed and her clear voice all trembly because she'd heard he "had got hurt." He knew poignantly, sharply, painfully, sweetly, unforgettably and for all time. And because it was so true and so strong and came upon him with such breath-taking sweetness and force he didn't have time to collect all the

emotions that rushed in upon him, and he had her against his heart and was kissing her. And then it occurred to him that he had just kist Josie Lockwood, and was pledged to her, and he dropped down on his knees with a groan and kist, not once, but many times, the frayed hem of her little cotton gown. He said that he was not worthy of her and many things along the same line, but love had made wise the heart of little Betty Graham, and she knew that men say such things in such an hour, and she smiled while the tears of her love glistened on his hair and caught the vagrant star gleams and held them . . .

It was very sweet . . .

The next day Nathaniel told Betty of his enforced engagement to Josie. He told her all about Kellogg, and how he, Nathaniel, had tried to beg off, and how Kellogg had refused him his plea and so he had had to go thru with it. Betty said her heart was broken and her tears came again, from the broken depths of her tenderness, and Nathaniel said his was, too, and they stared with the uncompromising eyes of youth into what they deemed to be uncompromising tragedy.

Dispensing sodas, sundaes and other frivolities that afternoon, Nathaniel felt as tho he must be giving wormwood and gall in the glass receptacles. His soda fountain popularity cost him dearly that day. His smiles, he felt, were so many self-victories achieved from the very spirit of bitterness.

The following day dropped the Damoclean sword, so to speak. Henry Kellogg arrived in town, having received from Nathaniel a sketch of Sam Graham's invention. He was, he said, interested. Nathaniel presented Betty. After a bit, when they were alone, Kellogg gave Nathaniel a quick look. "Betty is the reason, yes?" he asked.

"Reason for what?" asked Nathaniel, dourly.

"For your—let us call it begging off."

"Yes. Yes, you may as well know it, I love her."

"Really?"

"Really and truly."

"What makes you so certain?"

"You are certain when love comes."

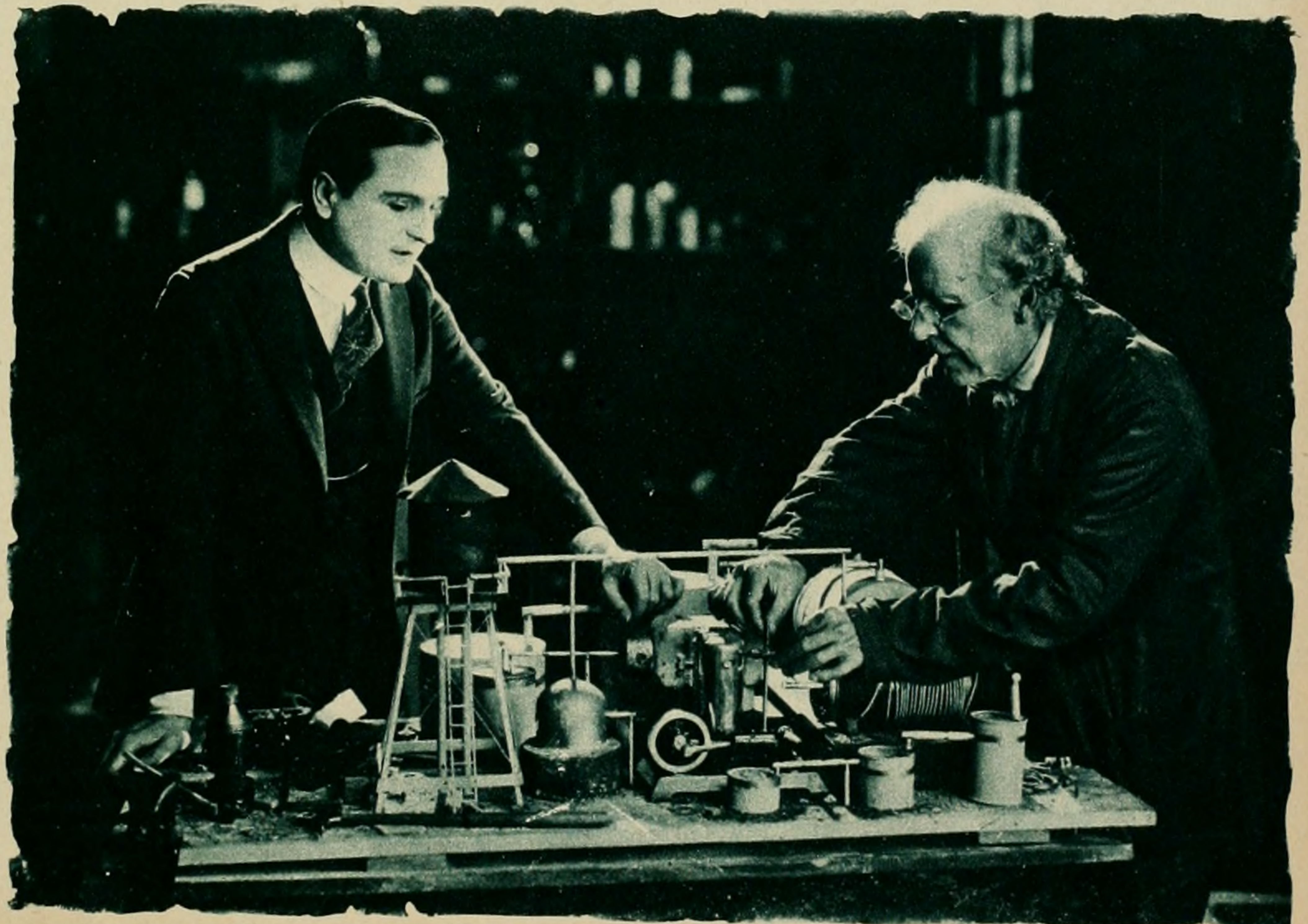
You just know. I cant explain."

"You dont need to, Nat. I do release you. I think I understand."

"You . . .?"

"I've seen Betty. She's real. Awfully

In the evenings he and Sam worked over Sam's automatic soda fountain



THE FORTUNE HUNTER

Fictionized from the scenario of Graham Baker, based upon Winchell Smith's comedy drama. Produced by Vitagraph, starring Earle Williams. Directed by Tom Terriss. The cast:

Nathaniel Duncan.....	Earle Williams
Betty Graham.....	Jean Paige
Josie Lockwood.....	Nancy Lee
Sam Graham.....	Van Dyke Brooke
Banker Lockwood.....	William Holden
Harry Kellogg.....	Charles Trowbridge
Sheriff Pete Willing.....	Frank Norcross
Roland Barnett.....	Earle Metcalfe
Tracey.....	Billy Hoover
Angie.....	Louise Lee

real. I can imagine. She would break your heart. Also, she'll make you, more, even, than the heiress. And you do love her. Betty is real. Go to it."

Occasionally the law intervenes in a sense of liberation. It did, as it happened, for Nathaniel Duncan. He had been wandering about Radville, the day after his talk with Kellogg, too dispirited to go to the store, too dispirited to seek out Josie and put it up to her, not daring to face the soft, the terrible temptation of Betty. Some one, he feared, was going to get hurt in this mix-up, and he didn't want anyone to. Not Josie, who was, after all, a good enough sort according to her lights, and not, oh, not Betty . . .

Dispensing sodas, sundaes and other frivolities that afternoon Nathaniel felt as tho he must be giving wormwood and gall in the glass receptacles

In stepped the law.

Back, it seemed, in the place in New York last graced by Nathaniel's presence in the capacity of a clerk, money had been missing.

The thief had escaped, not without, however, being seen and a description given. The man described had boarded a train going in the direction of Radville. The police had picked up the clues and the thievery was traced to the amazed Nathaniel.

An hour or two or three before he was aware of the fact, all of Radville knew that Nathaniel Duncan was a plain, ordinary thief, who had stolen from his employer and had fled to hide his crime and himself in poor, innocent Radville.

Nathaniel himself, however, confronted suddenly, by Josie Lockwood, her father, the winking sheriff, who, loathing the bonds of matrimony, thought this an opportunity to release Nathaniel, did not deny the allegation. He admitted, quite solemnly, to being a thief. He didn't say of what. He expressed no surprise. He had understood the sheriff. Formally, then and there, Josie released him, or rather, dismissed him with hauteur and scorn. She was last seen by Nathaniel sobbing away her outrage in the consolatory arms of Roland.

In the Grahams' back yard that night, or that twilight, Nathaniel sought out Betty and told her the whole truth. "It was a ruse, dear heart," he said, "and of course, Josie will know that it was when she learns that the real thief has been caught; but it did give her a chance to prove whether or no her heart was involved, and you see it wasn't. If it had been . . . well, she would have stuck anyway, wouldn't she, Betty?"

"Yes," said Betty.

"Love is like that, isn't it?" went on Nathaniel. "Real love, you know; it persists, anyway, all the time, doesn't it?"

"Oh, yes," whispered Betty.

"Then everything's all right," said Nathaniel, coming closer; "the invention is going to go . . . Kellogg, God love him, will make it, and there will be money and the store will thrive and you and I . . . and I and you . . . I love to say it, darling, you and I . . ."

But Betty was in his arms and he could not speak for the kisses on his mouth.



The Ambitious Miss Eddy

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

"I've played dozens of love scenes," said Helen Eddy, whose work with George Beban, with Sessue Hayakawa and more recently in the King Vidor production, "The Turn of the Road," has given her a place in screen circles peculiarly her own, "but," she went on, "I've never had a real love affair in my life." Probably it is this that makes Helen Eddy so different from other young girls of her age.

The game of hearts that interests them more than anything else has no interest for her at all. She doesn't talk about it with the keen relish most girls do. She regards love as an important ingredient in the making of a play, she said. We had been discussing the necessity, or lack of necessity, of an actress having some basis of actual experience as a foundation for her characterizations. "But I don't think it is at all important for any player to experience any emotion of a part in reality. Of course, you have to realize these emotions in your imagination, and that would argue some basis of experience—at some time."

"Then you believe in reincarnation?"

"Yes; it seems to me the best explanation of



Shortly after Helen Jerome Eddy left a dramatic school in Los Angeles she met a Lubin director. At that time, she wanted to be a scenario writer. The director didn't buy her script—but he did engage her as an actress

everything. After all, isn't it not only possible but probable that I have taken up the broken thread of an interrupted work, that I have had much of the experience necessary for this work and that it alone will

be sufficient for me now?"

We were sitting in the front room of her home on Van Ness Avenue in Hollywood, where she lives with her father and mother. (Other members of the family are three very lively and very affectionate puppies.)

One's first impression of Helen Eddy is of surprise—that she should be so much taller than she appears on the screen. Her brown eyes are rather round in shape and have in them something of the fatalism of the Oriental. She is an indefatigable worker. When she is not at the studio she is usually studying or rehearsing a part in some production of the Hollywood Community Players. Her voice is deep, well cultivated and of splendid scope and power. Her hair is a glossy black. She was, you will remember, a remarkable Italian in her work with George Beban. It is interesting to note that in a recent picture with Sessue Hayakawa she appears just as characteristically Chinese.

Helen Eddy is a fatalist. She feels that in training herself to become an actress she is

(Continued on page 86)

The Fame and Fortune Contest for 1920

WE were, to say the least, delighted with the results of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest. Thereby we verified our theory that the world in general, and America in particular, are still well supplied with cinema possibilities, both optically and dramatically. Our two-reel feature, "A Dream of Fair Women," which is now being shown thruout the country, presenting the winners and honor roll beauties, is proof of our success. The flattering offers received by winners and honor roll girls alike show how highly producers regard the opinion of our judges. Hence we take great pleasure in presenting our bigger and better Fame and Fortune Contest for 1920.

In connection with the contest now in progress we shall produce a *Five-Reel Feature* drama for the honor roll beauties, work upon which is already under way. The story has been selected, and it is strong, picturesque, unique and original, presenting unusual opportunities for many players of various types. To the members of its cast who measure up to possibilities, this production will give unusual publicity and prominence, since the drama, aside from being a product of the greatest campaign of its kind, would stand well-nigh alone upon its own histrionic merits.

Those contestants whose pictures appear promising will be communicated with at once, and they may—depending upon ability—be offered a part in this five-part play immediately. While we are now starting production, the play will not be completed till the late fall, since as a special feature it is to contain the test scenes taken of the honor roll girls at Roslyn, N. Y.

This opportunity is not limited to youth and beauty alone, for there are several character types needed, both male and female, some of whom are to play big parts. We suggest that any contestant wishing to apply for one of these parts so state on the entrance coupon, as well as by letter accompanying photos.

There are several points to be considered in the choice of photographs. First, do *not* submit photos that lie. Choose an artistic portrait that shows you up to the best advantage, but never one that conceals really visible defects. A false photo may win a place on the honor roll, but a feat so accomplished will only make keener your disappointment at rejection when you in person appear before the judges. So be perfectly honest with your picture; it will pay in the long run. Furthermore, we must have at least *one* straight photograph. There is no objection to an extra tinted photo, but our main concern is how you will show up on the screen, whose sole colors are black and white. Then, too, if you should win a place on the honor roll a tinted picture could not be reproduced. There is no limit to the number of pictures that may be sent in; in fact, if you fail to succeed at the first attempt, it might be well to recall that anything worth while is worth repeated efforts.

It will be well to here review the salient features of the rules and regulations governing the contest. In the first place, we *must* have regular photographs, not snapshots or post-cards; and be certain that the necessary entrance coupon is pasted upon the back of each picture. Bear in mind when entering the contest that under *no* conditions will any photo be returned. Another important point, while a little previous stage or screen

experience is allowable, *no one* may enter who has already played prominent parts; this contest is for amateurs only. Both sexes and all nationalities are eligible and there is no age limit; in short, *any one* other than well-known actors and actresses may compete.

All four winners in the 1919 contest were girls, simply because the latent Romeos of the screen were so utterly indifferent. There is just as great demand in pictures for men as there is for women, and this demand ranges from the "handsome and dashing" juvenile to the character parts. So, men of America, rouse yourselves, and show to the "female of the species" that you are as deadly as she when it comes to silver-sheet possibilities.

And, finally, we *cannot* answer any letters in regard to this contest. Obviously, it would be utterly impossible to answer *all* of the hundreds that pour in daily; hence we will answer *none*. The announcements in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND will cover every phase of the rules and regulations governing the contest. We shall also publish special articles on the subject from time to time.

Remember, this is the opportunity of a lifetime; for to the winner or winners, as the case may be, we give invaluable aid in winning a place among the bright lights of the shadow stage. We guarantee an engagement and will give to each of the winners two years' publicity. This will consist of cover portraits, pictures in the gallery, special articles and interviews by prominent writers—publicity that *cannot* be bought at any price! Hence we can promise that at the end of two years the winners will—to a degree depending upon the artistry of their work—be known thruout the civilized world. In other words, we can, thru the power of publicity, place an amateur possessing unusual screen possibilities in a position of prominence such as could not be attained thru single-handed efforts except

after a long and arduous struggle. This we guarantee.

This feature of the contest is invaluable to the winners. True, we have artists of the screen who began at the bottom and worked up step by step—and we admire them all the more for it—but it took years of struggling against fearful odds. On the other hand, think of what we are offering you. Thru our three magazines we bridge this great gap of obscurity and insignificance and immediately place you in the position which your abilities demand. Why linger at the foot of the ladder indefinitely if you have within your power the means of covering many unessential rungs at a single bound?

So here's to Fame and Fortune! We shall put over the contest and its resulting feature production with characteristic energy and enthusiasm. Your success is now up to you. Meet us half-way in the beginning, and if you possess sufficient screen possibilities we can give you the opportunity to make a place among the great artists of the silversheet.

In connection with the showing of "A Dream of Fair Women," local theaters will conduct contests under the patronage of our magazines, the winners in which will be placed on our honor roll. If your manager has not heard about this, tell him to write to Murray W. Garsson, Foundation Film Corporation, 1600 Broadway, New York City, for details and literature. Announcements also in current issues of our publications.

FIVE-REEL FEATURE

Having successfully produced the two-reel feature, "A Dream of Fair Women," which is now being shown thruout the country, presenting the honor roll beauties and winners of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest, we now take pleasure in announcing our plans for the 1920 contest. We shall produce a FIVE-REEL FEATURE drama for the honor roll contestants, and we shall start on this immediately. The story has already been selected, and it is a strong, unique, original and picturesque one, affording fine opportunities for many players of different types.

Those contestants whose pictures appear to us to be very promising will be communicated with at once, and they may be offered parts in this unusual play immediately. While we are now starting production, the play will not be completed until late in the fall, and it will include the test scenes of the honor roll beauties which will be taken at Roslyn. In this picture we can use a few persons other than young and pretty girls, for we shall need several character types both male and female. All contestants who wish to apply for one of these parts will kindly so state on their entrance coupon, or in a letter accompanying photo.

Every Day People Judge You by Your Nails

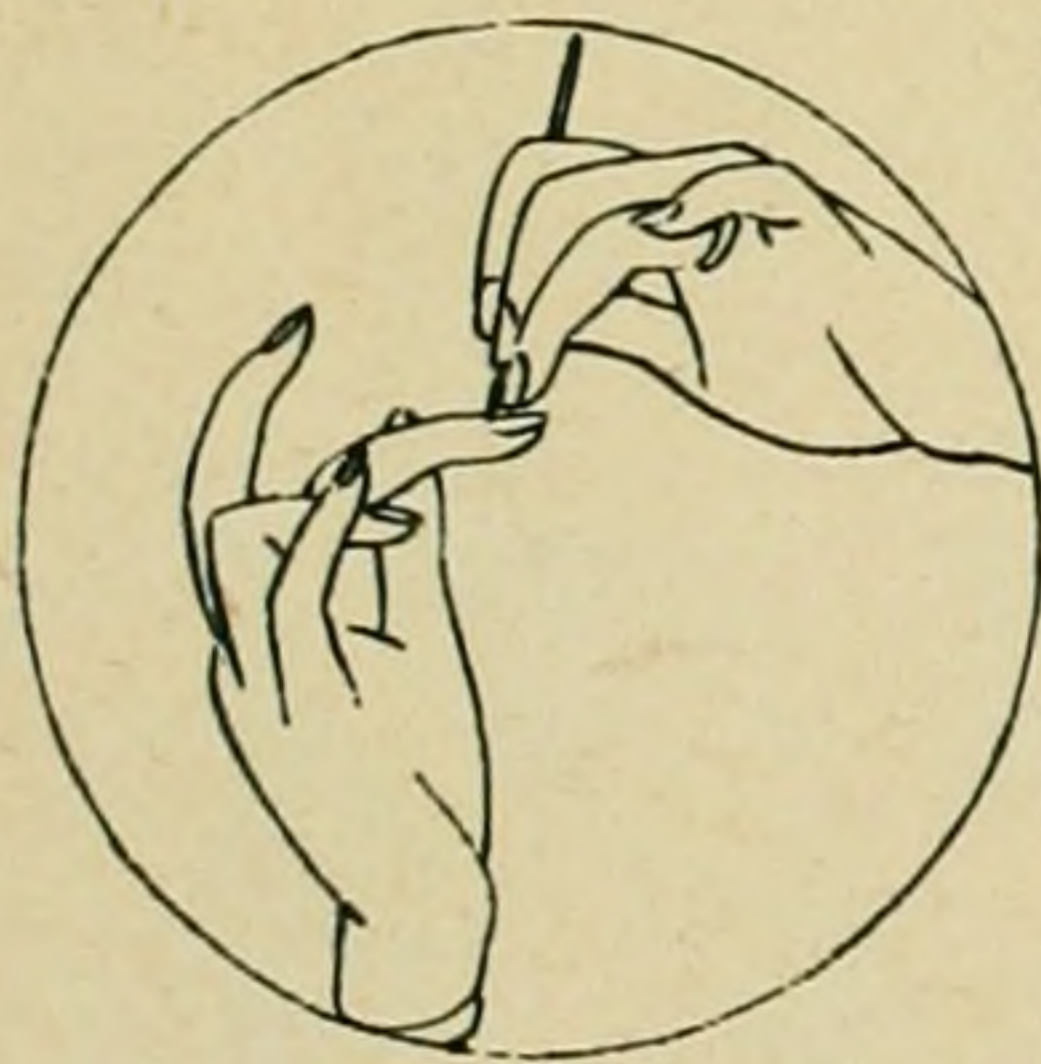


Have they the beauty they so easily can gain?

HOW beautifully turned out, how correct," you thought—until you caught a glimpse of her nails.

Then, "Shocking!" you said to yourself.

And that one glimpse of her carelessly groomed hands left an impression that you never forgot.



This method is the secret of the perfect, even cuticle of many fashionable women.

Do you realize how easy it is to keep your nails lovely—so lovely that they lend you that assurance which comes from the knowledge that even the most critical eye can find nothing but immaculate perfection?

The secret of beautiful nails lies in the care of the cuticle. This is the most important part of a manicure. The more you cut the cuticle the faster it grows. It becomes tough, thick, and hangnails appear.

You can keep your nails lovely without injuring the cuticle.

Cutex is a harmless cuticle remover. Applied to the cuticle, it keeps the base of the nail smooth, firm, crescent-like.

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package), dip it into the bottle of Cutex and work it around the base of the nails, gently pushing back the cuticle. Instantly the dry cuticle is softened. Wash the hands, pushing back the cuticle with a towel. The surplus cuticle will disappear, leaving a firm, even, slender nail base.

If you like snowy white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails directly from the tube. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. For an especially brilliant, lasting polish, use Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cutex Cake or Powder polish.

If your cuticle has a tendency to dry and grow coarse, apply a bit of Cutex Cold Cream each night. This cream was especially prepared to keep the hands and cuticle soft and fine.

Give yourself this manicure regu-

larly. Make it as much of a habit as keeping your shoes shined. It is true that one Cutex manicure makes your nails look lovely; but you cannot keep them well groomed by irregular care. Give your nails a Cutex manicure regularly.

Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are 35 cents. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 65 cent bottles. You can get Cutex in any drug or department store in the United States, Canada and in any chemist shop in England.

A manicure set for 20 cents

For twenty cents we will send you the Midget Manicure Set containing enough of the Cutex preparations for at least six manicures. Use the coupon below. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 903, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.

Mail this coupon with two dimes today

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 903, 114 West 17th Street, New York City

Name _____

Street and Number _____

City and State _____



Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.

THE goal of all screen producers — having a “two-page spread” advertisement in *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Now that Metro is doing Ibanez's “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,” some one suggests that the title rôles ought to be played by Bill Hart, Tom Mix, Harry Carey and Texas Guinan.

OUR MAKERS' DOZEN
Picking the twelve directorial leaders is no easy task. But here is Double Exposure's list:

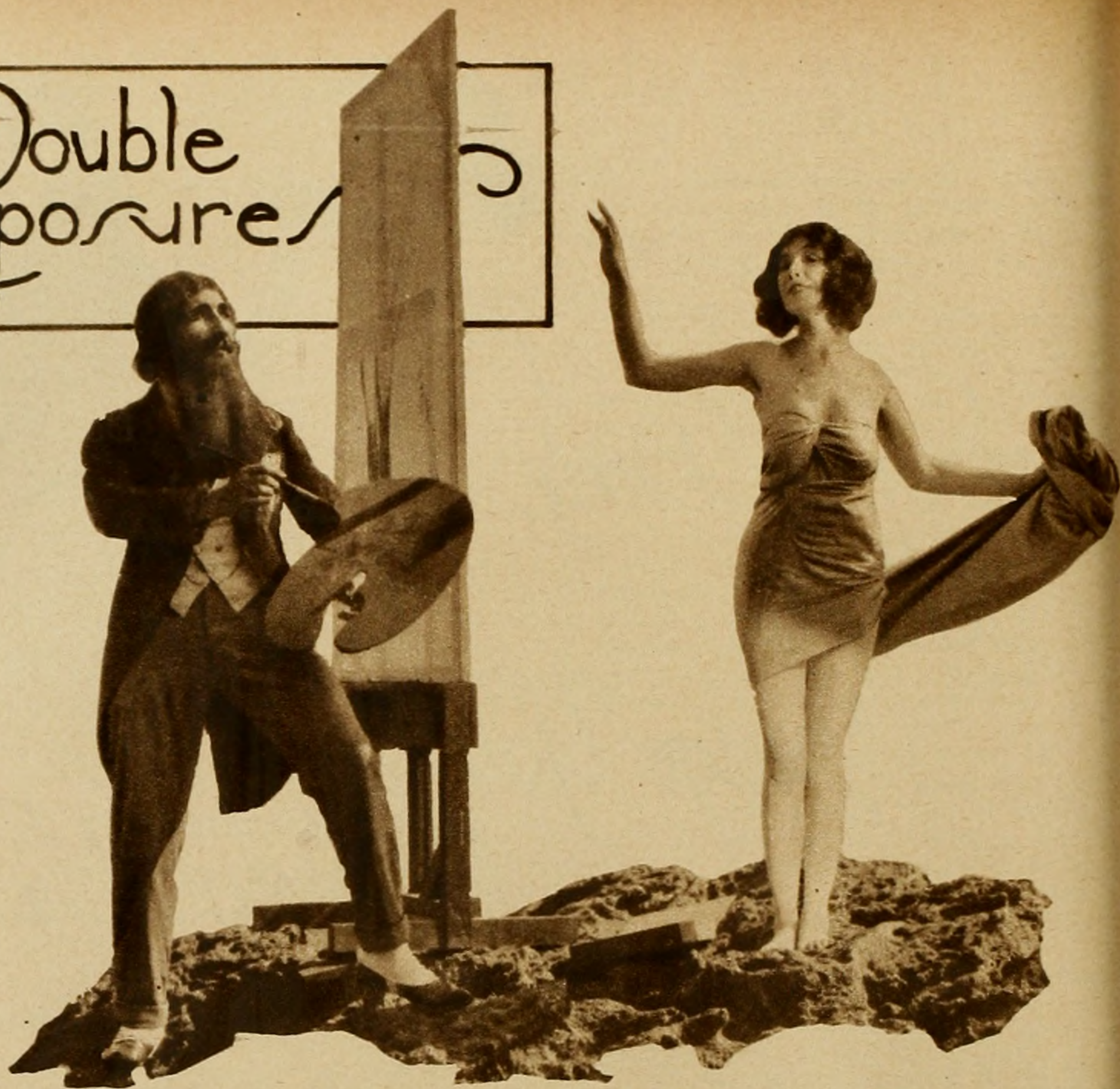
David Griffith
Cecil De Mille
Thomas Ince
Mack Sennett
King Vidor
George Loane Tucker

Marshall Neilan
George Fitzmaurice
Maurice Tourneur
Allan Dwan
Mrs. Sidney Drew

—and Hobart Henley if he makes another “Gay Old Dog.”

CONSERVATION OF SUPERLATIVE NOTE

Selznick announces the acquisition of that Pollyanna philosopher, Herbert Kaufman, as “the greatest mind on earth.”

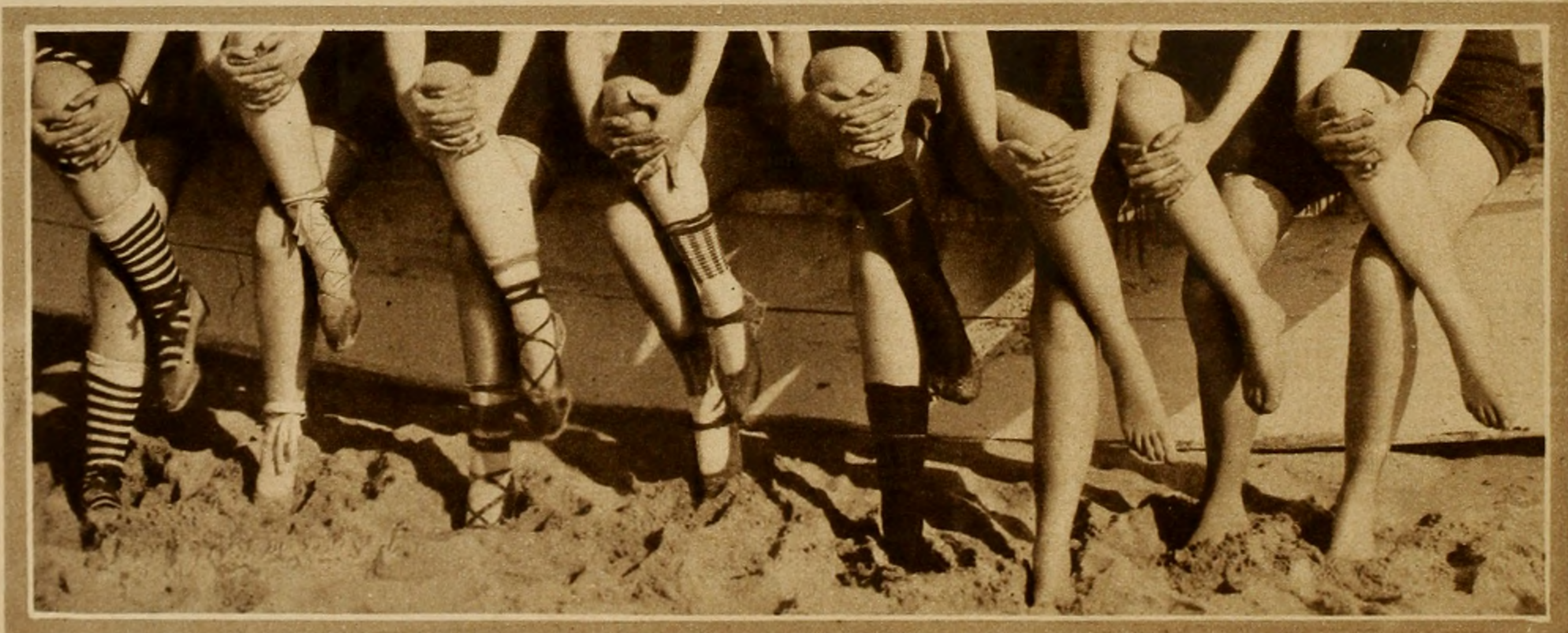


Courtesy Vitagraph Comedies

When “Yankee Doodle in Berlin” crossed to England it became “Tommy Atkins in Berlin.” And the British advts. comment upon “the bonny bathing belles” and that the police have “plenty to do controlling the queues.”

Publicity suggestions—Why doesn't Thomas Ince pose for a photograph while shaking hands with some notable studio visitor?

Isn't man ever satisfied? Here is Mary Thurman being sued for divorce?
(Continued on page 89)



The Classic conserves.—Everybody is saving something these days, and The Classic feels that it is necessary to cut down on—bathing girls



\$1.00

Down Brings This Ladies' 3-Piece Outfit

Smart Serge Skirt Lace Trimmed Voile Waist Handsome Flounced Petticoat

This useful, fashionable ladies' outfit sent to you on approval for only \$1.00 down. If you decide to keep it, pay in small monthly sums. If, for any reason whatever, you decide to send the outfit back your money will be returned immediately. To get this bargain you must act at once. The offer is limited.

Skirt Fine quality wool mixed Serge, both attractive and serviceable. The novel shaped belt as well as the unique pockets are trimmed with braid and buttons. Entire lower half of skirt is enlivened with rows of pin tucks, while the back is furthermore finished with a full length tailored fold and buttons. Colors—Navy Blue or Black. Belt 22 to 30, length 34 to 40.

Waist White Voile with shapely collar and waist-front enlivened with insertions of lace and dainty embroidery. Full length sleeves and pretty, dainty cuff effect. Color—White only. Bust sizes 34 to 44.

Petticoat Black Sateen, with flounce enlivened with neat tucks and sections of accordion pleating. Color—Black only.

When ordering be sure to give color of skirt wanted, also bust, belt, hip and length measurements.

Order by No. S-33. Terms \$1.00 with coupon, \$2.00 monthly, total \$12.95.

6 Months to Pay

Open a charge account. Order now on our liberal credit terms. We give you the latest styles, splendid qualities and amazing values in anything you want to wear. We trust honest people no matter where they live. Not a penny charge for the credit. No discount for cash. All business men use their credit. Use yours. Order this bargain today.

Order Now

Send this coupon. All clothing material is very scarce. We have only a limited quantity of these outfits. Don't be too late. Mail the coupon today with a \$1.00 P.O. order or a dollar bill. Remember, you take no risk. Send coupon now

Elmer Richards Co.

Dept. 1553 — W. 35th Street, CHICAGO

Write for our Free Catalog of Men's, Women's and Children's clothing on small monthly payments.

Elmer Richards Co. Dept. 1553 West 35th St. Chicago

I enclose \$1.00. Please send the Ladies' 3 Piece Outfit No. S-33.

Color of Skirt Skirt sizes Belt Hip Length Bust size for Waist

If for any reason I wish to return the outfit after examination I may do so and every cent I have paid will be returned instantly, without question. Otherwise, I will pay the advertised price, \$12.95, on your terms of \$1.00 with coupon, balance \$2.00 monthly.

Name

Address

Sent On Approval

Zena's Zenith

(Continued from page 48)

iridescence of sunset. The west was aglow, and the windows we approached gleamed like orange lanterns behind a veil of rose chiffon. I looked at Miss Keefe, in her black velvet toque, and her squirrel-trimmed suit. Orchids lent an extra tint to the picture that I sensed she so completely harmonized.

Manhattan spells expectation. And Manhattan at twilight spells fulfillment. Zena Keefe, sitting beside me, vibrant, alive to influence, keen to interest, spelled expectation . . . and fulfillment . . . and expectation all over again.

Zena comes from San Francisco, where at an early age she became a vaudeville artist. Mrs. Keefe recognized that the only way to gain development is to go after it. So Mother Keefe and Baby Keefe rolled up their tent-flaps and went on circuit tour.

Zena laughs now. "At every different town we visited, I was enrolled in a new school. I'm not the least bit sorry that I didn't get the academic training in one particular school, because, now that I look back"—which isn't so awfully, awfully far—"I think the course laid out for me did much more good. The rules were few. Tersely, I believe I was drilled to work and play, as much at one as at the other and—enjoy both."

The primer of "Never to Be Bored" is as innate in Zena Keefe as A-B-C. She claims that working as she did when a child has not taken away her youth but, if anything, has shot it out ahead, preceding her. All the work that she did then has been balanced by all the play she can afford today. She says this, but Zena makes me feel sure that when she slept, even, she giggled, and when she wept, if ever—she is not the weeping-willow sort—she'd jazz her sobs into oblivion. Zena may some day catch up to her childhood, but she will never entirely grasp it so that it can absorb.

Zena may be of the footlights, but, like all compensations that run true to Emerson, Zena is essentially an outdoor girl. When she told me that skiing and riding and skating were her middle names, and I found it a happy surprise, Zena smiled, "Yes, indeed! I may look fragile, but if I bend over I won't break my back." The one expectation of her heart not yet fulfilled is to—fly!

Zena let 'er out again, and this time whizzed past the freshmen. "I wish some kind fan would give me an aeroplane for Christmas," she whispered to the wind.

Mae, Mary and Matrimony

(Continued from page 17)

plained papa, with super-fatherly calm. "Never cries—never. It's all the way you bring them up. Start them right and they go right."

Which we jotted down in our notebook for possible future reference.

(Sixty)

MOVIE MISFITS

By ETHEL M. FEUERLICHT

Charlie Chaplin as Hamlet
Mary Pickford as Cleopatra
Theda Bara as Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
Fatty Arbuckle as Romeo
Fay Tincher as Juliet
Pauline Frederick as the Ugly Duckling
Jack Pickford as Othello
Charles Ray as Iago
Douglas Fairbanks as the Little Lame Prince
Dorothy Gish as Alice Sit-by-the-fire
William S. Hart as Prince Charming
Eugene O'Brien as Old Scrooge
Olga Petrova as Cinderella
Nazimova as the Quaker Girl
Mary Miles Minter as Katherine the Shrew
Kitty Gordon as the Brat
Marion Davies as Topsy
Lillian Gish as Thais
Marguerite Clark as Salome

And we dare any one of them to try it!

EMPTINESS

By BARBARA HOLLIS

My soul went out to the soul of the moon,
As she rode thru her studded sky;
There was no one else in the earth or air—
There were only the moon and I.

I traveled far in that mystic land,
Out over the Bridge of Years,
That crosses the River of Time and Space
With its ripples of smiles and tears.

I passed the Gateway of Hopes Long Dead.
With the Arch that is built out of Dreams;
And walked thru the Valley of Things undone
By the mortals who basked in her beams.

I, too, felt the spell of her magic rays,
But the joy from my heart had fled;
And I turned away with a bitter sigh—
For the soul of the moon was dead.

MR. BROWN QUALIFIES

By WALTER E. MAIR

James De Lancey Sterling Brown
(Classic mug but hopeless bean!)
Dreamed that Fate had writ him down
For a future on the screen.

So he journeyed to the Coast,
(Rather logical at that!)
But he dwindled to a ghost,
Looking 'round for "something fat."

Desperate at length he grew—
(Ah, Los Angeles was cruel!)
For our J. D. L. S. knew
Fate was smiling as the mule

Smiles upon its incubus:
(Pause we now to drop a tear!)
Plunged he 'neath a jitney-bus,
Broke a nose, tore off an ear.

* * *

Later on, that visage rare
(Ah, the murderous extra-line!)
He displayed; someone yelled "There
"Is the type we're after: fine!"

Steady work from that day on!
(Viva, J. D. L. S. Brown!)
Crooked-nosed, with beauty gone,
As a bum he scooped the town.

Moral, friend? Well, h'm, let's see—
(Moral market's mighty slack!)
Why, oh, yes,—it seems to be:
"Always keep on coming back!"

A HOPELESS CASE

By VARA MACPETH JONES

Brown wished to be very emphatic
When he spoke of a friend quite erratic,
Who spent all his days
At the movie-plays;
So he called him a hopeless FANatic!

TINT
GRAY HAIR
YOURSELF
AT HOME

AT forty or fifty a woman may still not feel more than twenty-five years old. But no matter how well preserved her skin may be, how clear the sparkle of her eyes or how painstaking she may be in other details of her toilette—in the end she will be judged by the appearance of her hair.

For there is no longer any excuse for permitting the hair to remain gray, faded and streaked. In one's own home, with no other help than a bottle of BROWNATONE, all its original color and beauty can be instantly restored—any shade from light to medium brown, dark brown or black—making it even more glorious and attractive than it was in youth.

Hundreds of thousands of women use and all leading druggists recommend this safe and harmless hair tinting preparation.

BROWNATONE

Send 11 cents for
Trial Bottle

and valuable booklet
on the care of the hair.

Two colors: "Light to
Medium Brown" and
"Dark Brown to Black."

Two sizes: 35c and \$1.15.
In Canada, 50c and \$1.50.



The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
WINDSOR ONTARIO COPPIN BLDG.
COVINGTON, KY. U.S.A.

How famous Movie stars Keep their Hair Beautiful



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



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



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



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



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

PROPER Shampooing is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

WATKINS MULSIFIED REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up.

You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children

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



Be SURE it's

WATKINS

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

Cherish your beauty at all Seasons



THERE is nothing we cherish so deeply as the persistent preference that American women of three generations have expressed for D & R Perfect Cold Cream. The fact that old admirers continue to use this dependable and tested toilet necessity, year in and year out, while the younger generation keeps swelling the ranks of satisfied patrons, is the final proof of superiority. The Red Band of Honor on every package of

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM "The Kind That Keeps"

is put there as our pledge to you of unquestioned quality and purity and for your protection against substitution. The daily use of D & R Perfect Cold Cream will add charm to your complexion, cherish its beauty in all seasons and keep your skin clear and soft. It has many uses in the home and nursery. In tubes and jars, 10 cents to \$1.50.

Poudre Amourette: The renewing face powder that stays on and always looks natural. Flesh, white, brunette, 50 cents. Of your dealer or by mail of us.

Daggett & Ramsdell
Dept. 1406
D & R Bldg. New York



Send For
Free Trial
Samples

Samples
of D & R Perfect
Cold Cream and
Poudre Amourette
will be sent
Free on request.

'Ts in the Leaf
A MATCHLESS PREPARATION FOR OBTAINING AND PRESERVING THE BEAUTY OF THE COMPLEXION.
"Nacarine" clears the skin thoroughly, removes tan and freckles, whitens and softens the hands. By mail \$1.00.
THE NACARINE CO., 621 West 135th Street, N. Y.

Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh — Youthful Looking

To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, illness or worry—to overcome flabbiness and improve facial contour—there is nothing quite so good as plain
Powdered SAXOLITE
Effective for wrinkles, crowsfeet, enlarged pores, etc., because it "tightens" and tones the skin and underlying tissue. No harm to tenderest skin. Get an ounce package, follow the simple directions—see what just one application will do. Sold at all drug stores.

How to Obtain Beautiful, Rich, Long, Eyelashes and Brows!



EVERY WOMAN should be the rightful owner of beautiful eyes, the essentials of which are, First: Long, rich eyelashes; and Second: Well-cared-for eyebrows. No matter what color your eyes may be,—gray, brown or blue,—if they are shaded by thick, silky lashes, and well-shaped brows, their charm is greatly accentuated.

Nowadays, no one needs to be the dissatisfied possessor of short, thin, uneven brows and lashes; you can greatly assist Nature by simply applying a little of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier at night. This scientific preparation nourishes the eyebrows and eyelashes, causing them to become gradually thick and lustrous, imparting sparkling expression to the eyes, and added charm to the face.

M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier, which has been successfully used by thousands, is guaranteed absolutely harmless; it is not a greasy, sticky salve, but a clean, nicely-perfumed liquid, in a cut glass bottle with glass stopper and applicator. The cut represents actual size of bottle. The active principle of this valuable article is a rare and expensive organic concentration which is unequalled for the purpose of stimulating and strengthening the particular follicles which produce rich, dark eyelashes.

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFACTORY

Upon receipt of 75c in stamps, coin or Money Order, I will send you postpaid, in plain wrapper, a bottle of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier together with my copyrighted booklet on Beauty Hints.

The following preparations are of highest standard and well recommended:

- M. T.'s Nature's Beauty Cream, a wrinkle eradicator\$.75
- M. T.'s A. B. A. Lotion, for Pimples and Blackheads.....\$.75
- M. T.'s Depilatory to remove superfluous hair.....\$.50
- M. T.'s Freckle Cream, for stubborn freckles and tan.....\$1.00
- M. T.'s Minerated Quinol, "The Incomparable Vanishing Cream".....\$.75

M. TRILETY, Toilet Requisites Dept. 30, Binghamton, N. Y.

A Doll's Apartment (Continued from page 25)

must do a great deal of atoning. Also, they have a kiddie with them. Six years old. Of the masculine gender.

I inquired.

The kiddie is Olive's brother's boy. Last summer the mother died and Olive adopted the small nephew. Just at present he is going to school in Tarrytown. At the date of my talk with Olive she was expecting him the following day to come to New York, while she bought for him a velvet suit and a fur overcoat.

"He wants an aeroplane for Christmas," she informed me, with seriousness at the behest; "the only thing that bothers him is how it is going to manage to get thru these windows. I explained to him that Santa will manage it somehow, that he is quite marvelous as a manager. I don't know just what I can get by way of an aeroplane, but of course I shall get some sort of a thing that flies."

All told, the young Jack Pickfords were going to make a high and festive occasion of Yuletide. That very morning Olive had been buying Jack's gift, consisting of a set of black pearls for evening wear, at Tiffany's, and there was also a resplendent lounging robe of sumptuous silk, and then it was only the first part of December. I should think the aeroplane not the only unlikely thing to wedge into one apartment. Olive laughingly remarked that her mother says she and Jack spend all their salaries giving one another presents.

"He's always sending me something and then I send him something back," Olive said. "You see, we have to bridge the distance in some way. At first I just couldn't get used to the idea of living this way, but I suppose one gets used to anything, given time. When we were together we used to use up the time fighting over things. I'd say, 'You were out with this person or that person,' and he'd come back at me in the same way, and we'd have a lively time of it, but we're over that now. We know that we can't sit home by the fireside all the time just because we cannot be together."

She went on to observe that there was not, in screen work, however, much of any time to sit by the fireside or elsewhere. She worked, she said, with a pretty little air of distraction, night and day, and when she was supposed to have a week off to attend to such necessities as shopping for household and for Christmas, there were all sorts of retakes and other summoning things.

She would love, she said, to go on the stage, but for the next two years or more she will do as she is doing now . . . for the present . . . Thus is it gorgeous to be gorgeously young and be able thus to dicker with the passing of the young years . . .

As I was leaving she showed me thru the whole of the apartment and told me, with the pretty pride of possession, of what she was doing, intended to do, with every nook and corner. One feature of

(Continued on page 101)



No. 169. EMBROIDERED GEORGETTE AND TAFETTA COMBINATION \$18.95

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THE woman who dances, or who engages in any form of exercise, knows the value of having a complexion which retains its delicate loveliness throughout the glow of her exertion.

Nature intended that your skin should remain smooth and fresh despite the free flowing of the blood that comes from exhilaration, and Resinol Soap is nature's agent for preserving the soft natural bloom of your skin.

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Marjorie Daw: A Real Girl

(Continued from page 21)

my make-up, for every one teased me about my fat legs. You see, I wore woolen stockings and flat-heeled sandals, and I guess they did look big.

"I played with Sessue Hayakawa in 'The Jaguar's Claws,' and it was while making this picture up in Montana that I learnt to ride horseback. I had the wildest time on that trip, for it was my first experience going away on location, and there were cowboys and Indians, and I was thrilled every minute.

"Then I was Betty Warren in 'The Warrens of Virginia,' and fell madly in love with Blanche Sweet, with her charm and lovely poise.

"At the time Geraldine Farrar made 'Joan the Woman' I was studying geography and history, and was so thrilled to be a part of that fascinating period of French history that I read book after book on the subject and became a walking encyclopedia on Jeanne d'Arc.

"My first grown-up part was in 'The Chorus Lady,' with Wallace Reid. I wore my hair up, and I know I aged years trying to be emotional at the right time, for I didn't know what it was all about. After this I was glad enough to be a little girl again with Charlotte Walker in 'Out of Darkness.' I remember what a blow it was, tho, when she told me that I must wait until I had lived before I could hope to play tragedy, for I was just beginning to feel the urge toward 'heavy stuff.' Then, when Theda Bara came along, I decided I must be a vamp, the greatest of them all, and now I want to be a good comedienne. I absolutely refuse to be called an ingenue. I'm not one!" And Marjorie's big eyes flashed a bit of defiance at this much overworked term.

"Perhaps it was during my two years with Douglas Fairbanks as his leading woman that I learnt the real power of comedy. He has a tremendous vitality and so much pep, thoroly enjoying his work. One important thing I learnt from him was never to go on a set in a listless mood, no matter how one may feel. He puts his whole heart into every scene, and it makes me a little homesick to think there is another girl in my place, for I loved to work with Douglas."

Marjorie's reminiscences are necessarily rather limited, for it was only eighteen years ago that she was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado.

When she was eight she came to California with her mother and brother, Chandler, who is three years her junior.

Marjorie and Chandler are all alone in the world now, for the little mother passed away two years ago, and the absolute devotion and remarkable "chumminess" existing between brother and sister is a favorite topic among their friends. With an older girl friend they play at housekeeping in a pretty little bungalow in Hollywood.

Tho Chandler had gained some prominence in the picture world, they have

(Continued on page 101)



“\$1,000 Saved!”

"Last night I came home with great news! Our savings had passed the \$1,000 mark!

"I remember reading one time that your first thousand saved is the most important money you will ever have, for in saving it you have laid a true foundation for success in life. And I remember how remote and impossible it seemed then to have such a sum of money.

"I was making \$15 a week and every penny of it was needed just to keep us going. It went on that way for several years. Then one day I woke up! I found I was not getting ahead simply because I had never learned to do anything in particular. As a result whenever an important promotion was to be made, I was passed by. I made up my mind right then to invest an hour after supper each night in my own future, so I wrote to Scranton and arranged for a course that would give me special training for our business.

"I can't understand why I had never realized before that this was the thing to do. Why, in a few months I had a whole new vision of my work! The general manager was about the first to note the change. An opening came and he gave me my first real chance—with an increase. A little later another promotion came with enough money to save \$25 a month. Then another increase—I could put aside \$50 each pay day. So it went.

"Today I am manager of my department—with two increases this year. We have a thousand dollars saved! And this is only the beginning. We are planning now for a home of our own. There will be new comforts for Rose, little enjoyments we have had to deny ourselves up to now. And there is a real future ahead with more money than I used to dare to dream that I could make. What wonderful hours they are—those hours after supper!"

For 28 years the International Correspondence Schools have been helping men and women everywhere to win promotion, to earn more money, to have happy, prosperous homes, to know the joy of getting ahead.

More than two million have taken the up road with I. C. S. help. Over 100,000 are now turning their spare time to profit. Hundreds are starting every day. Isn't it about time for you to find out what the I. C. S. can do for you?

You, too, can have the position you want in the work of your choice, you can have the kind of a salary that will make possible money in the bank, a home of your own, the comforts and luxuries you would like your family to have. No matter what your age, your occupation or your means—you can do it!

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 So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. “Worth more than a farm” says another. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it.

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Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS of WOMEN and MEN. Develops erect, graceful figure. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.
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The LASH-BROW-INE GIRL

A Gorgeous Beauty with Star-Like Eyes

GLORIA SWANSON—one of the world's most beautiful screen stars—is fully aware of the fact that beautiful eyes make a beautiful face, because she, as well as all other stars of stage and screen, and society's favorite beauties, spare no pains to add to the charm of their eyes, by means of long, silky, luxuriant Eyelashes and well-formed Eyebrows, Nature's perfect frames for "The windows of the soul"—the EYES. What hundreds of thousands of women are doing, you can do—make your eyes beautiful, give them a deep, soulful expression with the aid of beautiful Eyelashes and Eyebrows if you will simply apply a little

Lash-Brow-ine

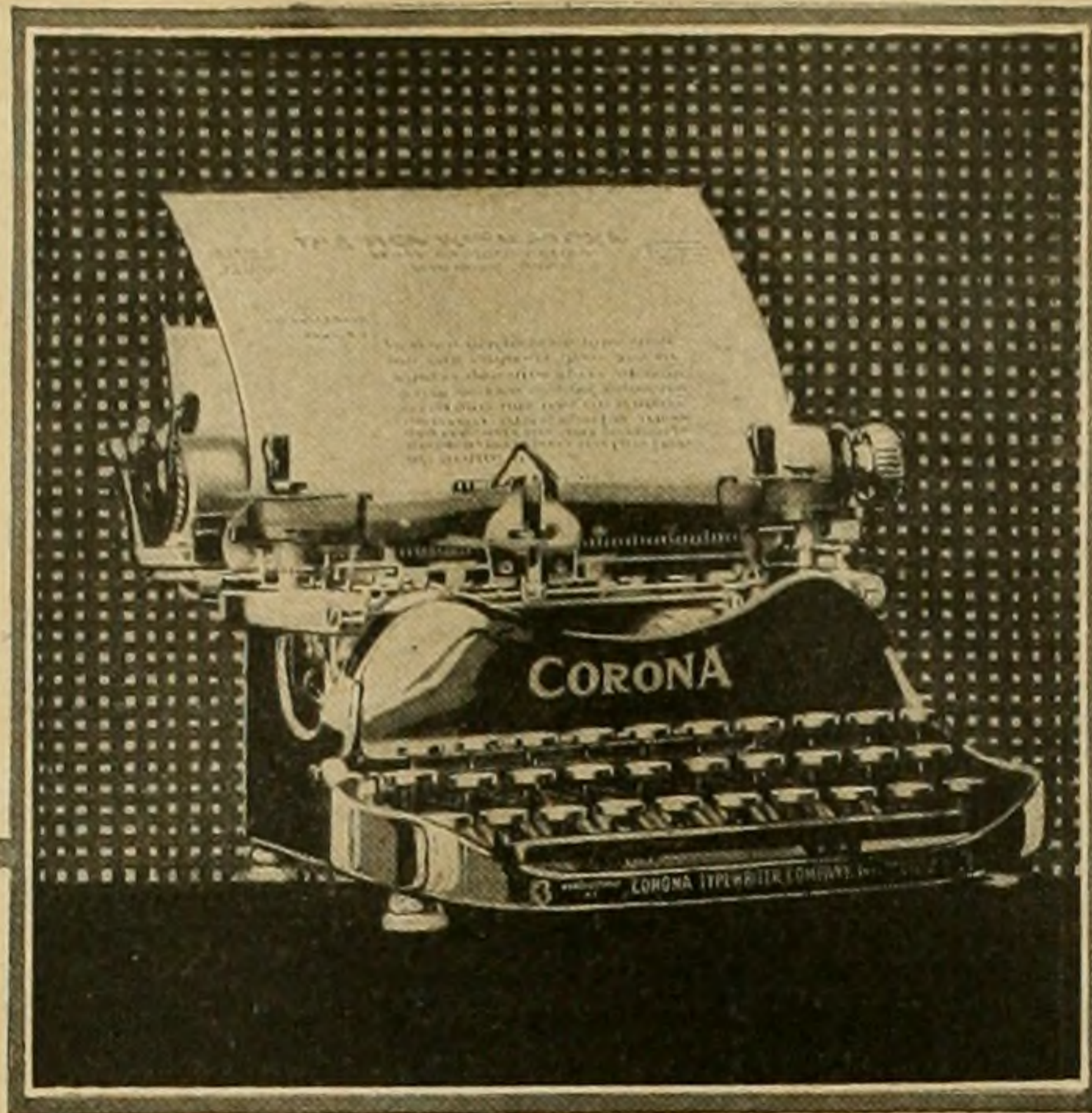
nightly. You will be amazed and delighted with results obtained, so, why not start this transformation at once? "LASH-BROW-INE" is a pure, delicately scented cream, which nourishes and promotes the growth of the Eyelashes and Eyebrows in a natural manner. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Used and endorsed by beautiful women everywhere.

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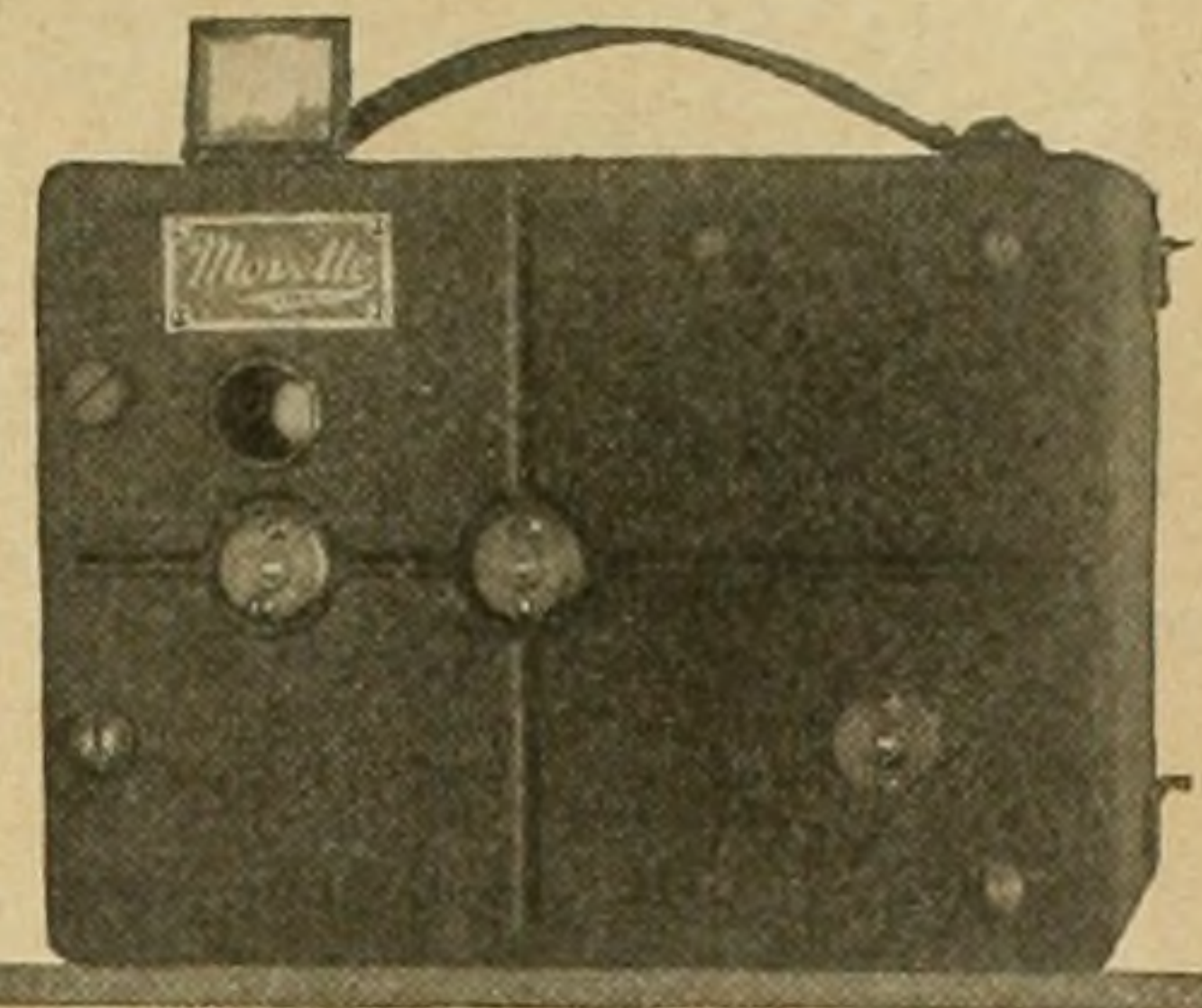
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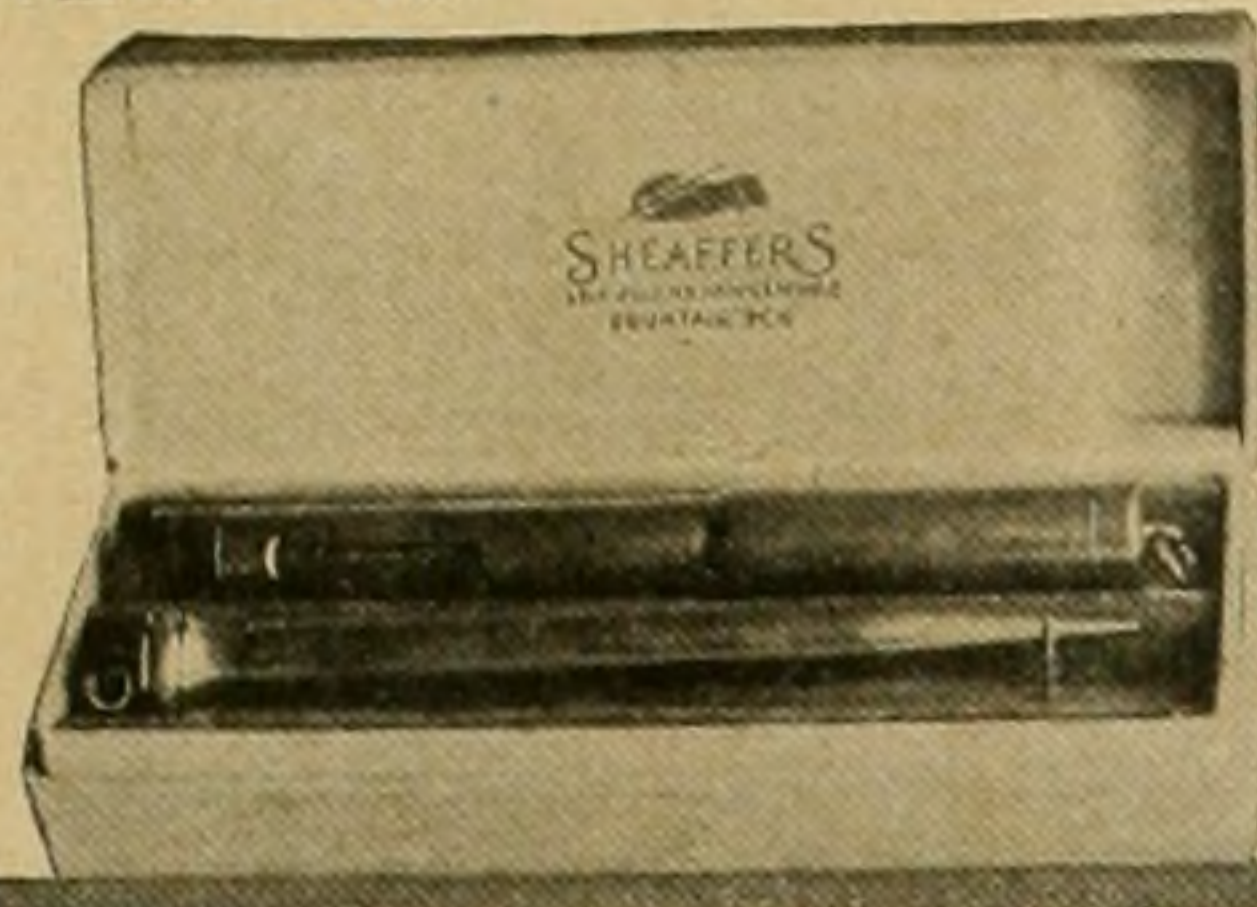


Prize

Second Prize



Fourth Prize



Ninth Prize



Popularity Contest Awards

Sixth Prize



THE new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unfailing and rife. If you have entered it or

have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical genii have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

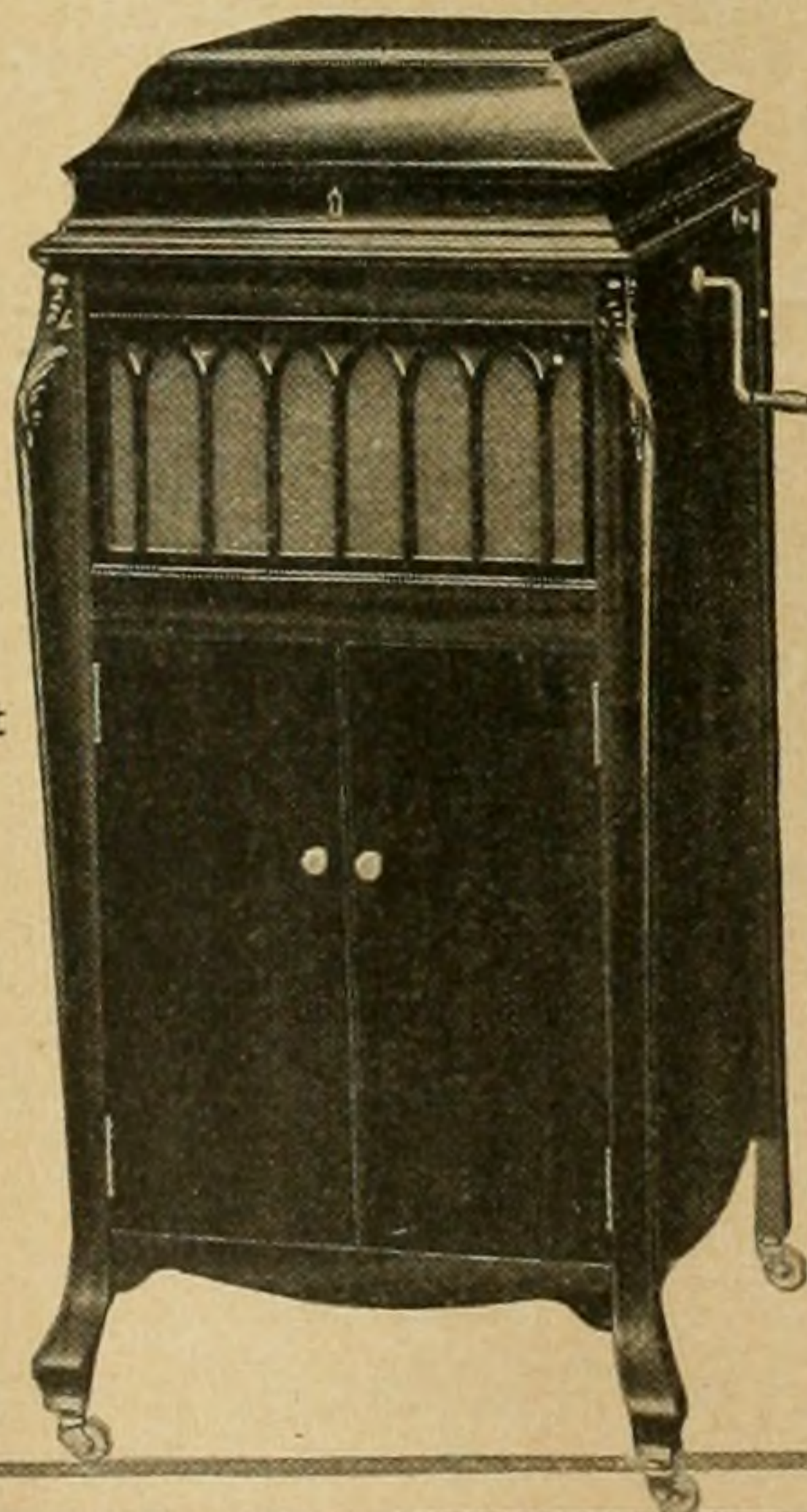
Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so *now*. Dont lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

FIRST PRIZE

Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value \$160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathe, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record.

A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.

First



Prize

SECOND PRIZE

Movette Camera and three packages of films (value \$65). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip — your canoe trip—in pictures —pictures of your family or friends—living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

THIRD PRIZE

Corona Typewriter with case (value \$50); an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one's study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

FOURTH PRIZE

Sheaffer "Giftie" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

FIFTH PRIZE

Bristol steel Casting Rod agate guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Packed in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag.

SIXTH PRIZE

Loughlin Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no locks to forget.

SEVENTH PRIZE

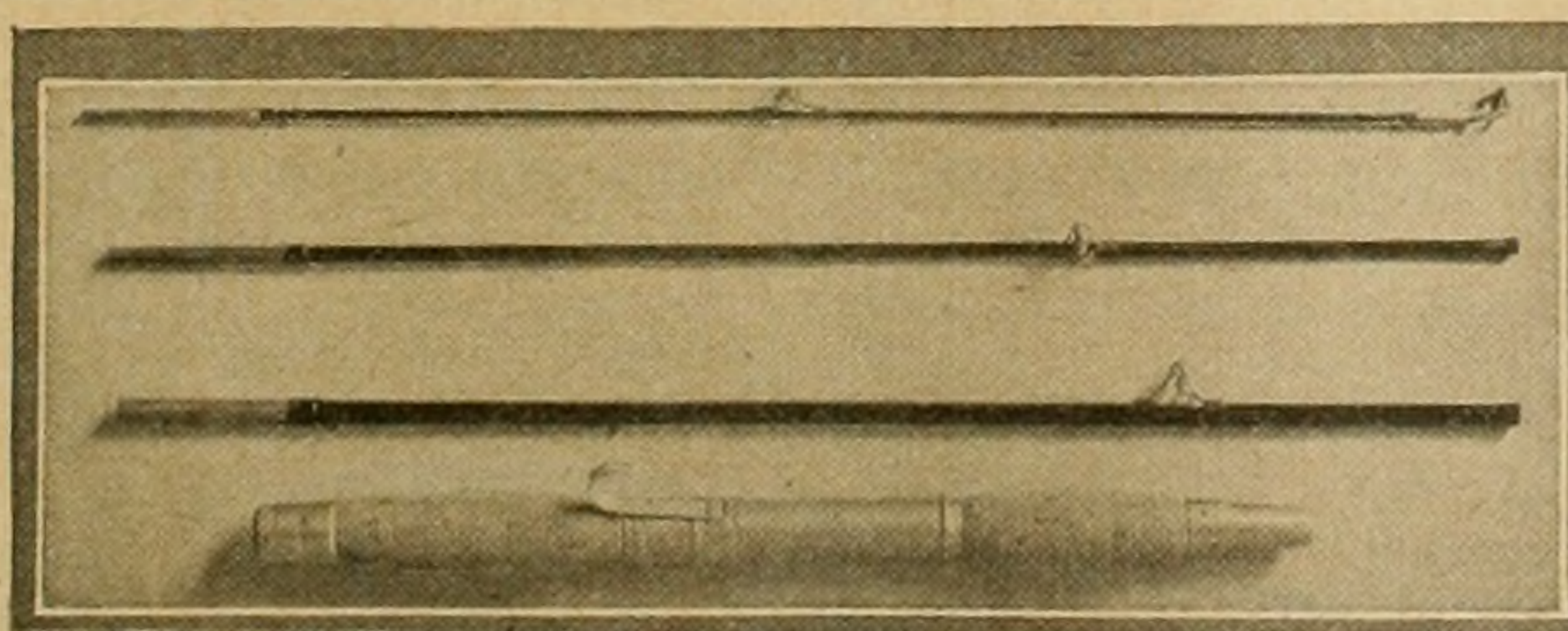
Star Vibrator, handsomely finished in nickel plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

EIGHTH PRIZE

Same as Seventh Prize.

NINTH PRIZE

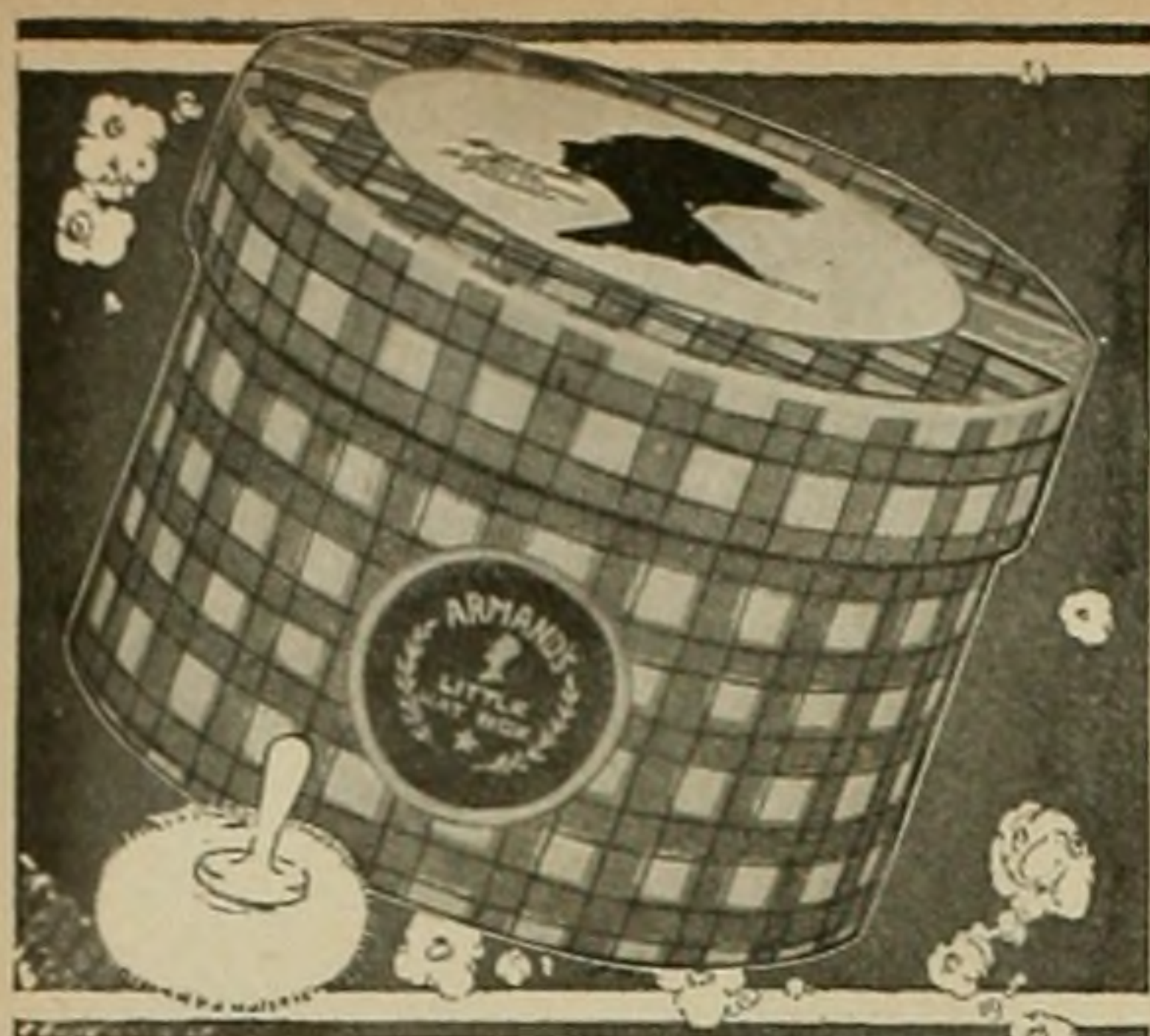
Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.



Fifth Prize

Seventh and Eighth Prize





ARMAND COMPLEXION POWDER

ARMAND is all a woman could desire in a face powder—soft, clinging and invisible!

All the better shops carry Armand in several delightful fragrances, Armand Bouquet, a fairly dense powder, is 50c and Armand Cold Cream Powder, a wonderful new idea originated by Armand, is \$1.

If you prefer, send us 15c and your dealer's name for three samples. Address

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"Diamond Dyes" Make Old, Shabby,
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Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods,—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, draperies,—everything!

A Direction Book is in package.

To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card. Wells and Richardson Co., Burlington, Vt.

Fashion says the use of DEL-A-TONE

is necessary so long as sleeveless gowns and sheer fabrics for sleeves are worn. It assists freedom of movement, unhampered grace, modest elegance and correct style. That is why

"they all use Delatone"

Delatone is an old and well known scientific preparation for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths, no matter how thick or stubborn. After application the skin is clear, firm and hairless, with no pain or discoloration. Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for removal of objectionable hair from face, neck or arms.



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THE SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL CO.
Dept. LX, 339 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE NEAR-PICKFORD

By WALTER E. MAIR

When a studio was built next door to Blomstein's,

And Reba was born soon after,
With hair that curled so naturally,
And soulful eyes that rolled,
And everything. . . .

They said Art had been, so-to-speak,
The predominating, prenatal
Predestining influence. . . .

Reba grew up.

So did the hair that curled so naturally,
And the soulful eyes, which waxed more
lustrous. . . .

She became more screenish every day . . .
And everything. . . .

But somehow, alackaday,

Reba is only a cold-cream demonstrator.
And the Blomsteins do not live luxuriously
In a million-plunk bungalow-dream
Down among the sheltering palms.

So we think that the good Lord must have put
Almost all the elements into little Reba
Of a wondrous second Mary Pickford,
Excepting only—the necessary soul o' the
ould sod.

Which, of course, is Heaven's fault . . .
Not Reba's.

SCREEN MAGIC

By ETHEL HOPE

Out from the cold and the whirling snow,
He came at close of day;
Lured by the warmth and the ruddy glow,
Lured by the tones of the music low,
Where picturedom held sway.

Fair were the scenes that before him went;
He watched as one entranced;
Feeling his heart growing more content,
Feeling himself far less worn and spent,
And his heart's joy enhanced.

Into the cold and the whirling snow
He trailed the crowds at last;
Deep in his soul was the summer's glow,
Deep in his eyes a glad light shone low.
As on his way he passed.

IMPRISONED

By BETTY EARLE

Like a leaf I would turn and turn in the
sunlight,
Enlarging my shadow in my own way,
Baring the flaunting green of my soul to all
who would understand;
And to all who would understand, baring the
wan underneath of my soul.

But they have bound me tight, tight:
All the tendrils, the minions, the moods.
They have pressed me between white walls
that breathe no escape.
And when the stars lean over the night, I cannot
answer;
And when the wind pulses low, I cannot re-
spond.

THE TRAGEDY OF HUMOR

By LA TOUCHE HANCOCK

Everybody's still,
Everybody's solemn,
Papa's got to fill
The daily comic column!
Mother doesn't dare
To ask him for money;
Silence everywhere,
Papa's being funny!
Sister cannot sing
To amuse the folks;
Peace o'er everything,
Papa's making jokes!
Anxious, quiet, sad,
All around we sit;
Isn't it too bad
Papa is a wit?

Scotch and Seltzer

(Continued from page 23)

hand-carved rum-chest given him by his uncle, an old Nantucket whaler, to a set of ebony opium pipes regaled him by a Chinese smuggler. He has every variety of vase, pitcher, bottle, platter; a dozen different varieties of period furniture from Jacobin to Stickley; several original canvases—one of Rembrandt's.

And then, he has a sister, who is his secretary, and a charming mother, who speaks with a semi-Southern accent and whom Norm worships.

And he, who is the typical sophisticated man of today, the romancer who is a romancer without being a vampire, is, about his sister, unquestionably the most solicitous being I've ever seen.

Miss Kerry is eighteen and beautiful, tho one of those rare flowers whose petals have as yet to be singed by the bright lights. Norm says that he's glad she's not what is generally known as "sophisticated."

"I'm afraid it's a very great drawback these days," he remarked, "altho I wouldn't have sis any other way for worlds. A fellow, when he only has one little sister, places his every hope in her. He wants her to be like his mother. What he himself does, affects him alone; it must never reflect upon others."

In 1910 Kerry had an appointment to Annapolis. Somehow or other, he changed his mind about being a naval officer and enrolled in St. John's College, the arts and science branch of the University of Maryland, to learn about the world.

But college got on his nerves. He, like many other young progressives have found, discovered that one today lives in a commercial era that has swept away the dust of ancient Rome and Greece; that has put the practical note into affairs of education. In fact, Kerry says that to him a worldly education was worth twice that gleaned from fifty-seven varieties of 'ologies and 'onomies.

He became associated with his father in the cattle business and journeyed to Latin America to purchase hides and beef. Later he returned to this country and rode the range in the West. It was there that he met Art Acord, with whom he eventually journeyed to Los Angeles, where he became a salesman of anything from real estate to cuff-links.

One day, two years ago, he journeyed to the Brunton studio to sell Paul Engstrum, one of the proprietors, some paint. As he walked across the lot he was accosted by a casting director. Bessie Barriscale's leading man, it seemed, had suddenly become temperamental and "walked off the set" while the company was "shooting" a nearby park. Blonde Bessie, stranded, had sent in an S. O. S. for a leading man. The casting director liked Norm's looks, dragged him into the office, and fifteen minutes later Kerry was in a company car, speeding to Griffith Park and wondering what all that writing in a contract meant.

(Continued on page 70)



Mabel Normand
in "Pinto"

A rag and a bone and a pair of leather "chaps" seem to have all those old chaps hypnotized. Mabel is surely an old man's darling; but then, we don't notice that any young men are indifferent to her charms, either.

Goldwyn Picture

New York City, N. Y. Oct. 31, 1917
F. F. INGRAM CO.
Detroit, Mich.

I do not hesitate to recommend Ingram's Milkweed Cream and Velveola Souveraine to all my friends. They should have a permanent place on every woman's dressing table.

Mabel Normand



PHOTO BY HARTBOOK

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Youth, the springtime of a woman's life, should be made beautiful, and its beauty carried forward into middle age. Every woman owes this to herself, and to her family; and every woman knows that beauty does not walk hand in hand with a rough or blotchy skin.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream is the only therapeutic face cream. It works easily into the tiny skin cells, healing, cleansing and softening the tissues. Used regularly, night and morning, it develops a healthy, attractive skin.

Start using it at once—today.

In 50c or \$1.00 Size

There is Beauty in Every Jar



Ingram's Velveola 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.

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"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.

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ROMANCE

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

"'Twas once upon a time" and "Far away"—
 What charm the worn, familiar phrases
 hold
 Of mystery and magic, and of old,
 Enchanting places; courtiers brave and gay,
 And lovely ladies, sweet as budded May,
 Whose beauty and quaint graces manifold
 May lift us one brief moment from the gold
 And clamor of the world's drab workaday.

Again we tread romance's fair domains,
 Thru pathways sweet with rose and lavender,
 Led by the fragrance faded memories stir,
 Back to the glamour of the leafy lanes
 And gardens hedged with patterned box and
 lime
 Of "Far away," and "Once upon a time."

WHENE'ER YOU SING

By WALTER PULITZER

A thousand fancies come and go,
 Rare orchids 'mid the daisies grow,
 Sweet voices ring across the snow,
 Or seas sob in their ebb and flow—
 Whene'er you sing!

Blue mountains rear their crests on high,
 Kings sit alone 'midst revelry,
 Palms pierce the forest to the sky,
 Processions, torch-lit, pass me by—
 Whene'er you sing!

Life's sordid cares of ev'ry day
 Are overpowered and shut away.
 All unrestrained the fancies play
 From glad to sad, from sad to gay—
 Whene'er you sing!

But I must add, O maiden, fair!—
 My views your father does not share.
 The room he'll leave, the door he'll slam
 And right out loud he'll swear, "Oh, d—n,"
 Whene'er you sing!

DIRGE

By FAITH SERVICE

Out of my broken heart I'll make a song,
 Aureate with psalmistry—blood-stained with
 wrong—
 Binding love's shattered limbs—cradling love's
 head—
 Closing love's muted mouth, stricken and red.

There where a sickly moon rides o'er her
 dead,
 There must I lay it low—love's crimsoned
 head—
 But on the Silversheet, memoried and dear—
 Rises love flowering, homing, and near . . .

A REEL ROMANCE

By MINNA IRVING

I cannot sit at eventide
 Beside the girl I love,
 Or spoon with her while softly shines
 The silver moon above.
 I cannot take her for a spin,
 Altho I own a car,
 Or out to supper, or to hear
 The latest opera star.

I see her almost every night,
 Yet cannot press her lips,
 Or tell her that her sparkling eyes
 The brightest arcs eclipse.
 I cannot ask her to be mine,
 For lo! the little queen
 Is a celebrated heroine
 Upon the movie screen.

But I'm in luck and would not change
 My sweetheart of romance
 For all the girls that ever led
 A hapless chap a dance.
 She's never not at home to me,
 Tho every night I go,
 And all I have to spend on her
 Is a ticket to the show.

Scotch and Seltzer

(Continued from page 68)

Shortly afterward he joined the British forces, but was rejected because of an injury received in training. Returning to this country, he recuperated and, incidentally, made a few more pictures. He then signed up for service with Uncle Sam, and was on his way to Buffalo, N. Y., to report, when he met Constance Talmadge on the train. The tank corps, however, was more important than the camera. He proceeded to his training camp and later was commissioned. And then the war finished itself!

But, nevertheless, he was destined to play opposite Connie Talmadge and, when his contract expired, to be signed by Alan Dwan as the star of Mayflower Corporation to play the handsome, manly young engineer-hero of Richard Harding Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune."

And, as an actor, Kerry is sadly lacking in one attribute—conceit. Everybody calls him Norm, and he refuses to take himself seriously. For if you do, he says, everybody else will take you seriously; if you don't, your mistakes are going to be overlooked and you're going to get by. All of which makes the movies for him more a pleasure than a business.

"And you're quite sure that you won't get married as soon as I get out of the house?" I queried, in parting, for I know so many married actors and I've personally viewed three contracts signed by the weaker half of the family.

"Nope," he echoed. "Have another drink? Good Scotch, this, eh?"

Absolutely! And, as I have said before, the better the Scotch, the more apt it is to find itself in seltzer.

BLEEDING HEARTS

By FAITH SERVICE

He sent no gift of roses . . . lover's greetings,
 No lacy-patterned, verse-encircled token;
 Just this . . . a tiny sheaf o' bleeding hearts
 Because our hearts were broken.

He sent no flowering thing, nor joyous song,
 He swore not that his love was true and blue;
 Just bleeding hearts because his heart had bled,
 Ah me, mine bleeds anew!

He sent no sweet confections, gaily ribboned,
 No tender missive, things all lovers say;
 But this . . . a faded sheaf o' bleeding hearts
 On All-Hearts Day.

THE MOVIE VILLAIN

By TED OLSON

Not of the chap with the rakish air
 And the manner coaxing and debonair;
 Nor yet of the ruffian of darkest dye:
 With the unshaved jaw and the lowering eye;
 Nor still of him whose receding chin
 Bears subtle witness to secret sin;
 Tho each is steeped to his eyes in crime,
 For none of them do I weave this rime.

The villain of whom I tell is seen
 Not in the light of the silver screen;
 He's the one who stumbles in front of you,
 Stamps on your feet and ruins your view,
 Pours himself in the nearest chair,
 Poisons with garlic the suffering air,
 And favors you and the rest of the crowd
 By reading the titles half aloud.



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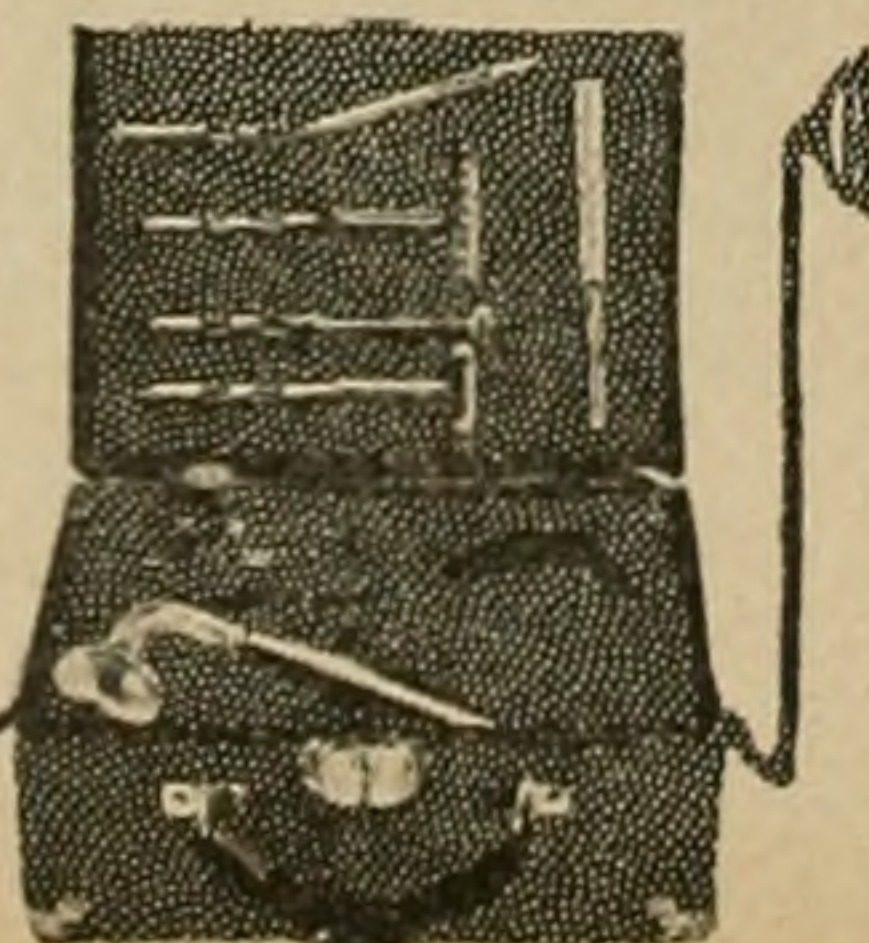
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The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come

(Continued from page 32)

with wild schemes. If it meant the overturning of the world, the reaching up to pluck stars down from the sky, she would gladly do her best for the sake of bringing the light back to his eyes.

Of course, Major Buford discovered the runaway after a search, tho the seeking took several weeks, and, of course, he insisted that he should come back to Lexington with him. "Hold up your head, my boy! Show 'em you dont care a damn what anybody thinks!" he roared. "By gad, I thought you had more spirit!" But secretly he rejoiced in his proud old heart at the boy's stubborn pride.

It took argument to overcome it. It took Caleb's reinforcements, Melissa's pleading. But perhaps more potent than any of these things was the unseen urging of a sunny-haired vision in a black velvet riding-habit, who seemed to whisper earnestly, "Chad, come back! We'll go riding again together. Wait and see!"

So Chad once again turned his face from the mountains to the Valley of Disillusion, but before he went he kist Melissa good-by—kist her as he might have kist his mother, with frank, boyish lips, careless and passionless. "You've been moughty good to me, M'liss. I reckon I wont forget it, ever," he said. She held his head a moment between her small, hard hands and looked in his eyes. Hope had rekindled the fires of his youth, and they flared high and splendid—torches of a conqueror.

"Good-by, Chad," said Melissa, and smiled so that he would not know her agony. "Good-by, boy."

Again she thought, watching him go into the morning distance, "I shall never see him again."

Yet you were wrong, M'liss—once more—once more—

In the valley time passed on winged feet, the time it takes to make a boy into a man, to make a gold-haired girl into a woman. The major adopted Chad legally. He was as proud of him as he was of his own name, and that is saying much. For, to the major, birth was the only necessary virtue, not to be a gentleman the only unforgivable sin. Sometimes he would stand long beside Chad's bed and look down into the lean, cleanly cut face, with its hollowed temples and proud lips, with faded, questing old eyes.

"The Buford chin," he would mutter irritably, "and the Davidson nose. There's blood in you, boy—blood, and I'm damned if I dont believe it's Buford blood, too! Chadwick Buford was a rover and a waster, but he was a gentleman, and you're a gentleman's son."

But he never spoke of this to Chad. Indeed, he did everything possible to make the boy proud of his ancestorless state. "Every line has a beginning," he told him, tartly. "You shall found a line, my boy—a line of Bufords and gentlemen."

The kindly forgetfulness of time had dimmed Chad's offense of birth in the

(Seventy-two)



That Would Buy 100 Dishes Of Supreme Food—Quaker Oats

Consider that—the steak for an average family meal would serve 100 dishes of the food of foods.

Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish. One egg would buy five dishes. One chop would buy twelve dishes, based on prices at this writing.

You can serve ten breakfasts of Quaker Oats for about the cost of serving one with meat or eggs or fish.

Saves 90% on Your Breakfast

But the true way to measure foods is by nutrition. The calory—the energy unit—is used for this comparison.

Quaker Oats yield 1810 calories per pound, while round steak yields 890 and eggs 635.

This is the cost per 1000 calories in some necessary foods at this writing:

Cost Per 1000 Calories	
Quaker Oats	5½c
Average Meats	45c
Average Fish	50c
Hen's Eggs	70c
Vegetables	11c to 75c

So Quaker Oats, compared with average meat foods, saves some 90 per cent on a breakfast.

And the oat is the supreme food. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness.

It is rich in elements which growing children need. As a vim-food it has age-old fame.

Make Quaker Oats your basic breakfast. Start the day well-fed. Use this saving to bring your average food cost down.

Quaker Oats

Flaked from Queen Grains Only

Serve Quaker Oats for its delightful flavor. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. Yet it costs no extra price.

15c and 35c per Package

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eyes of the Deans. When he returned home from college, tall, slimly built and handsome in a dark, grave, eager fashion, Mr. Dean himself unbent far enough to call upon him and publicly invite him to his home. The Dean boys, noisy young blades of his years, greeted him with the careless democracy of youth, and Margaret, grown straight and slim as a candle with a flame of gold above her vivid, flashing face, danced and rode with him as she danced and rode with the young Olivers and Carters and Blackburns, and the dandified youths from Richmond who came to visit at her father's house.

"She's good to me because she just cant help being good to everybody," Chad said, quietly, to the major. "I hope I'm not quite such a cad as to take any hopes from that, sir."

"Pooh!" snorted the major, grandly, bristling, as he always did, like an old turkey cock when anything concerning Chad's desirability came in question. "Pooh! Dont be so damn humble! I hate humble men. Believe in yourself! If you do that you're fit to marry a princess of the blood! Pooh! The girl's no fool! Dont treat her like one."

But Chad shook his dark head gravely and turned the subject. He was put to it these days to keep Margaret Dean's dazzling face, the light, crisp rustle of her garments, the scent of her, diffused by every movement, the need of her out of his thoughts, as a man of honor should, who had nothing to offer her but a borrowed name. Youth was hot in him, aching, tormenting, giving him no peace. He grew a bit thin, more than a bit white and worn with the struggle those days, and the old major was anxious.

"By gad! There's spirit for you! Eating his damfool heart out for that girl and she'd fall into his arms if he asked her! But he wont ask, confound his devilish pride—he'll die before he asks her! Still something must be done—cant have the boy wasting to a shadder before my face and eyes."

So the major, muttering, puffing with the pride that was in him. What it was that must be done he did not say, and, in fact, could not guess. Certainly nothing was further from his thoughts than what did happen. One day in early autumn, Chad Buford strode into the house, with thunderous face, and flung his riding-crop upon the table. His voice when he spoke to his guardian was high and shaking like that of a man at the breaking point of nerves.

"I'm going away, sir—to China—Egypt—Bombay—anywhere so long as it's far enough!" he cried, and rested his forehead on his arms, folded upon the mantel. "I've got to go—if it isn't already too late—"

"And by that, Chad?" asked the major, very softly. "By that you mean—"

"I mean," said Chad, in a stifled voice, "if I haven't already made her love me—a beggar from Nowhere! But it all happened so quickly." He groaned and shook from head to foot. "Her horse

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That slimy film which you feel on your teeth is the cause of most tooth troubles.

It clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So it continues to mar the beauty and to wreck the teeth.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

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For home use this method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And to show its effects a 10-Day Tube is sent to anyone who asks. This is to urge that you get it.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

This method long seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. And now active pepsin can be daily used to combat this viscous film.

Able authorities have made convincing clinical and laboratory tests. Now everyone is asked to make a home test and see what Pepsodent does.

Compare the results with the methods you are using. See the change in ten days. Then decide for yourself if this new method is best for you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

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Your Skin ~

May Become Several Shades Darker in a Day

—can grow sallow, faded and dingy before you realize it.

Correct this condition in time. Use the cream that has been especially prepared for the sallow skin.

Whitening Cream—one of the "Seven Marinello Creams"—penetrates to the deeper layers of the skin, where the coloring matter is located, and effectively removes sallowness, restoring the rosy glow of youth to the complexion.

How to Use Whitening Cream

After carefully cleansing your face and neck each night with Lettuce Cream, rub in Whitening Cream until every bit has been absorbed. You will soon notice a marked improvement—the skin will be several shades lighter, fresher, fairer, lovelier. Send 2c stamp for sample.

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Chart of Marinello Seven Creams

Lettuce Cream for cleansing the skin.

Tissue Cream for a rough, dry skin.

Astringent Cream for an oily skin.

Whitening Cream for a sallow skin.

Acne Cream for blemishes and blackheads.

Motor Cream for skin protection.

Foundation Cream before using Powder.



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"Best Knit" Hosiery meets the requirements of the most exacting—it gives satisfaction to thousands. "Best Knit" always fits as if made to measure. It

pleases the most particular in appearance, style and wear.

Made in a full range of colors in popular weights and styles—silk, cashmere, lisle, silk plaited, silk lisle, silk and wool.

Your store can supply you. If not, write us.

Milwaukee Hosiery Company, Milwaukee, Wis.



shied and bolted. I followed and stopped him. It had been a close shave, and I suppose I was a bit off my head—before I knew what was happening I—I had her in my arms, sir! Oh, cad—cad—"

"And then," said the major, with deep satisfaction, "I hope you asked her to marry you."

Chad laughed uglily. "I? Ask that paragon among women to marry me? A shepherd of the hills born under the bar sinister? No, sir, I begged her pardon on my knees. I told her that I loved her, but could not ask her to marry me and throw her life away—I told her—a good many things—"

Silence while the fire snapped rosily. Then spoke the major, dully, "So you'd go away and leave the old man alone? Chad boy, there's a better way. Wait a bit—the papers are uneasy. There may be a war, and then the South will need you. Wait, Chad. Things have a way of working out. Give them a chance."

"It would take more than a chance to work my life out as I would have it," said the lover, wearily; "it would take a miracle. But—I will wait a little."

It was the miracle that happened. As they spoke the bell rang, and presently the negro butler ushered in a vision, all blue velvet hood and swansdown cloak and golden, fluttering curls, a vision that stood trembling and blushing on the threshold, looking from one amazed man to the other, a vision that presently rustled forward and into a seat by the fire, which immediately became a throne.

"You are not—very cordial to visitors!" murmured the newcomer, plaintively, with an upward glance that made Chad clutch at the mantel. "But perhaps when you hear what I have to say you will ask me to take off my things and pour the tea. Chad, a very strange thing has happened, so strange that it seems almost a dream. Today, just after I got home, a girl—or perhaps she was a woman, at least she was dreadfully thin and sick-looking, and so strangely dressed—came to the house and asked for me. 'Air you-all Margaret?' she asked me, looking at me with such big, mournful eyes, 'Chad Buford's Margaret?' And then she began to laugh and cry at the same time, and all the time looking at me with those great eyes. 'Yes, I'd know you anywhar,' she said, 'even if I hadn't seen you riding with him.' And then she told me why she had come, Chad—it was to bring me these."

The boy, for he was hardly more, took the worn, soiled papers she handed him, dazedly, held them to the firelight, and the room rang to his cry. "A marriage certificate—my mother's and my father's!" He seemed to grow taller there before them all. "Mary Miles and Chadwick Buford, Gentleman! That is my name, then—I have a right to that name!"

The vision pouted, sighed. "And what about me?" it asked, in a small, meek tone. "Haven't I got a right to it, too, Chad? Oh, before I'd be so stingy with my old name!"

(Continued on page 80)

BEWARE OF THE LITTLE FLAWS THAT MAKE ONE HOMELY



It is so easy to let your skin acquire bad traits



A LITTLE roughness, a little shine, a little cloudiness of skin, and one's looks are gone! It is so easy, too, to let your skin acquire these bad little traits unless you know just how to avoid them.

Wind and cold whip the moisture out of your skin—leave it dry and tense. Then follow roughening and chapping. Skin specialists say that one can protect

Before you powder, take a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream and rub it lightly into the skin. At once it disappears, leaving your skin softened. Now powder as usual and don't think of it again. The powder will stay on two or three times as long as ever before. There is not a bit of oil in Pond's Vanishing Cream, so it cannot reappear in a miserable glisten.

WHEN your face is tense from a long, hard day, yet you want to "look beautiful," remember that the cool, fragrant touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream smoothed over the face and neck, will instantly bring it new freshness. Do this before you go to a dance.

BEWARE of allowing your skin to cloud up and lose its clearness. When this happens, it is because minute particles of dust have worked their way too deep into the pores to be removed by ordinary bathing. It takes a cold cream with a good oil base to remove this deeply lodged dust.

Before you go to bed and whenever you have been especially exposed to dust, rub Pond's Cold Cream into the pores of



Even though you are tired, you can make your complexion especially lovely at a moment's notice

the skin. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth. You will say: "How *could* so much dust have gotten into my pores!" Do this regularly and you will be rewarded by a clear, fresh skin.

Why your skin needs two kinds of cream

Every skin needs two creams. Do not forget that the cream which you use for daytime and evening is especially made *without oil* so that it cannot reappear in a shine. This is Pond's *Vanishing Cream*. It cannot make your face shiny even for a moment. It is based on an ingredient prescribed by physicians for its softening effect. Use it for protection from cold, for a powder foundation, for freshening the skin at a moment's notice.

But for cleansing the skin and for massage it is the cream with an *oil base* which you need—Pond's *Cold Cream*. Use it nightly before retiring, and whenever you have been exposed to dust and dirt.

Neither cream will encourage the growth of hair on the face.

Stop at the drug store or at any department store and buy a jar or a tube of each cream. See how much it improves your skin.



A touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream before going to a dance gives your skin new transparency

the skin by applying a softening and soothing cream always before venturing out. Never omit this.

Of course, you can't apply a *cold cream* before going out. It makes your face too oily. Lightly touch your face and hands with Pond's *Vanishing Cream*, which is made precisely for this daytime and evening use. This leaves your face smooth and protects it from the weather. Do this every time you go out.

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(An advertisement has appeared in a daily paper, in which a poet says he will write love verses for One Dollar.)

The maiden gazed with pensive eyes
To where the stars were blinking;
She did not notice that the moon
Was positively winking!
For she was lost in Lethe's stream—
In plain prose, she was thinking
Of all th' intoxicating draughts
Of love her soul was drinking!
The paper clasped within her hand
Had verses written on it,
Full of her raptured lover's vows,
And, as the moonbeams shone, it
Seemed just as if the rays were sent
To let the maiden con it;
And so again, and yet again
She read his precious sonnet!
"Ah! how my sweetheart's passion burns!"
She cried. "Yes, now I know it,
Here every sentence speaks his love,
Just as his actions show it!"
But Venus sighed, and Cupid grinned,
And Eros cried, "Oh, blow it!
'Twas written for a dollar by
That advertising poet."

BALLADE OF PROFITEERS
By CHARLOTTE BECKER

Mike gets two dollars every hour
For helping with the cows and hay;
And, grinning as worn housewives cower,
Amanda's asking five a day.
Pat's coining untold wealth, they say,
At jobbing with a wrench and screw;
The garbage men for taxis pay—
But what is left for me and you?

The peas and beans and eggs and flour
Whose prices cause our souls dismay,
Bestow upon the grocer dower
For limousines and gems' array.
And, if objections we betray
Anent the butcher's bill for stew,
Then his "Not givin' it away"—
But what is left for me and you?

Warm frocks of wool or velvet tower
Above our possible survey,
And furs! 'Twould make old Cræsus sour
Had he such mandates to obey.
Bricklayers' wives may still be gay
And in their garb of latest hue
Adorn the restaurant or play—
But what is left for me and you?

To drive a moving-van or dray,
And earn a goodly revenue
So we our daily needs allay—
Is all that's left for me and you!

HUMORS OF AMERICAN TRAVEL
By WALTER PULITZER

The agent of a well-known insurance company in New York was on his way to Chicago, and the train stopping at one of the wayside stations, he got out for refreshments. Walking up to a porter he asked:
"Will my bag be safe here?"
"Sure, if you'll put a card on it," replied the darkey.

The traveller hunted thru his pockets for a card with his name on it, but without success. But he found an old pack of playing cards, and scribbling his name across one of them, he laid it on the bag. . . . Coming back from the refreshment room he found his bag missing.
"Porter, some one has taken my bag!" he cried.
The porter chuckled. "Say, mister, that was cert'nly a foolish thing you did."
"Why, what did I do?"
"You laid a King of Hearts on that bag and a chap just come up here and put an ace on it and took it away!"
MORAL: Always carry a card-case with you.



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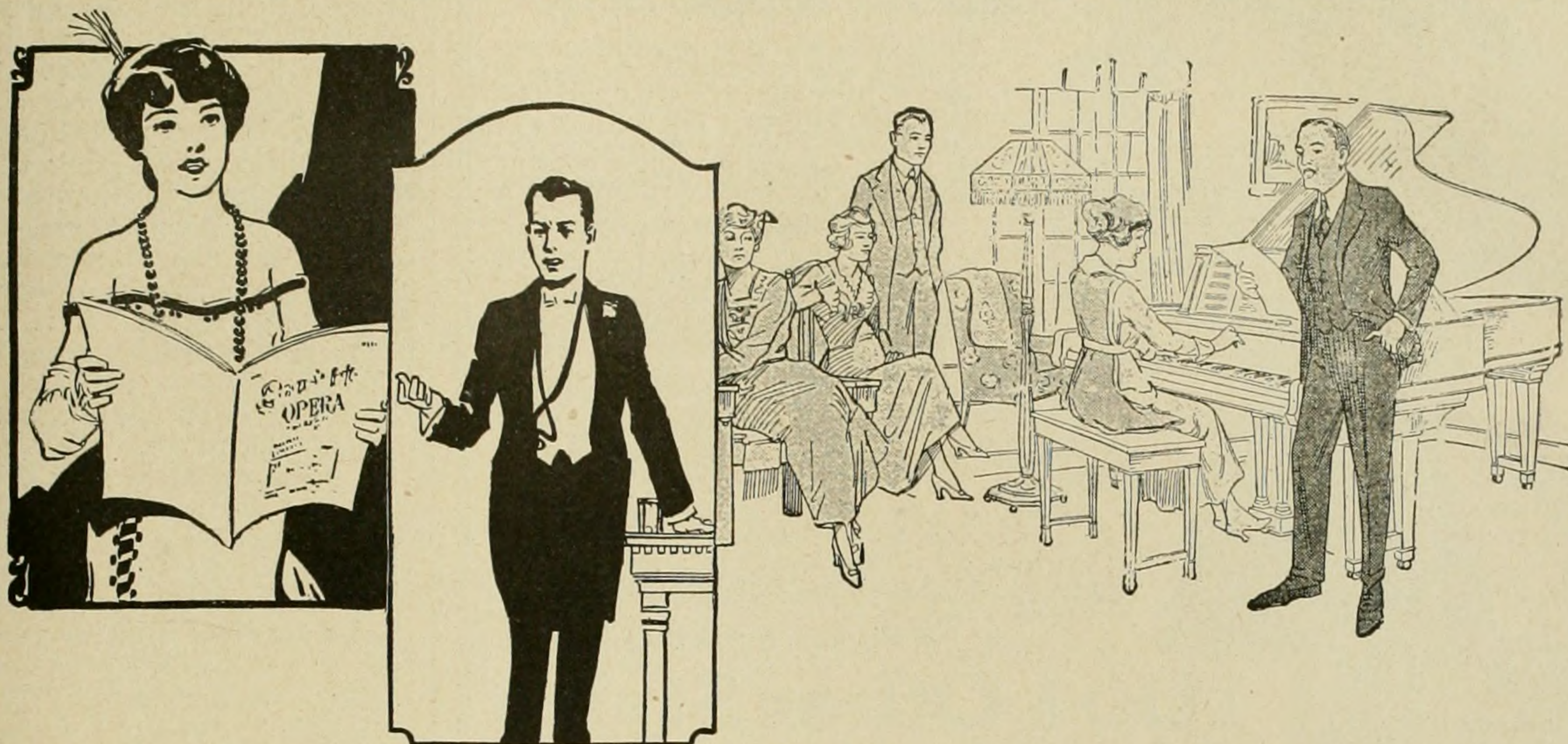
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Feuchtinger
method
of voice culture

Pell of Pell Manor

(Continued from page 37)

bloom, Oriental pergolas, quaint pagoda-shaped bird-houses, stone storks and fantastically cut shrubbery. At one end of the garden a hill rose steeply, and this, Mr. Trenton pointed out, was built by the studio carpenters, in tiers like the seats of a circus, and covered with green shavings to simulate grass. To the camera's eye the illusion was perfect. There was not an inch of the magic garden that did not look as if it had been born and educated in Japan.

We sat down in the bamboo pergola, and Mr. Trenton talked about his work on stage and screen.

"I really started in to be a lawyer," he said, "but just as I was ready to take my examinations I took a notion that I would rather be an actor. Perhaps if I had had a great deal of trouble getting started my ardor would have been dampened, but as it was, I got a bit with Julia Marlowe the first thing in 'The Goddess of Reason.' I stayed with her company until she married Mr. Sothern, and after that—well, I've had a checkered career. I've played everything from the stern father who shoves his erring daughter out into the paper snowstorm to the jealous husband in 'Parlor, Bedroom and Bath,' which was, by the way, my last stage appearance in New York. From 1910 to 1918 I played one hundred and fifty leads in stock companies in Salt Lake City, Bridgeport, New Haven and New York, and I was a juvenile in Herbert Blache's company—he is with Metro now, you know, and directed 'The Uplifters,' in which I played opposite Miss Allison."

Somehow we got around to talking about the war.

"Oh, yes, I enlisted," he said, "but I didn't get across—worse luck! I was in the officers' training camp at Palo Alto when the war flivvered. I think I would have made a good soldier, too," he continued, a trifle wistfully. "It's in the blood. All the Pells and Trentons have been military men, and I am what mother calls a 'double son' of the Revolution, because two of my ancestors fought in that war, one as a Tory and one as a Colonial."

After being mustered out, Mr. Trenton took up picture work once more, having before his enlistment played with Mrs. Vernon Castle in "Stranded in Arcady" and with Clara Kimball Young in "The House of Glass." Since the war he has been with Metro, and has played opposite May Allison in "The Uplifters," "Fair and Warmer" and is now Viola Dana's leading man for "The Willow Tree."

Somewhere from the interior set an authoritative voice was calling for "Pell," and Pell responded in a tone that was a little regretful—at least I imagined that it was, and I hope I was right.

"I wont detain you a minute longer," I said, as we walked down the gravel path

(Continued on page 102)

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Writers should read the contest conditions carefully before submitting stories. If your news dealer cannot supply you with a copy of the current issue, the publishers will be glad to send a copy on receipt of 20 cents; but as the conditions are fully set forth in the BLACK CAT, the publishers cannot enter into correspondence regarding the Contest.

THE BLACK CAT MAGAZINE
229 West Twenty-eighth Street New York, N. Y.

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come

(Continued from page 74)

It was long after when they remembered Melissa. "She hunted for those papers—all this time," Chad said, wondering. "Poor M'liss! Dear M'liss! Oh, we must find her."

But when they did find Melissa she needed no thanks of theirs. Very still and white and peaceful she lay on the narrow bed in the hospital where she had gone from Margaret's door, and once again with the little shadowy, mysterious smile on the lips, no longer hungry, Melissa was beautiful. They gave her a simple burial in the valley, for somehow Margaret knew, being a woman, that Melissa would have liked to be near Chad.

It would have been followed by a wedding, but on the very eve the smouldering fires of the quarrel between North and South burst out in all their devastating brightness, and Chadwick Buford told his sweetheart, with white lips, that he could not fight for the South and keep his honor clean. "And now," he said, wistfully, when she was done with futile weeping and pleading, "now I suppose you hate me, Margaret, and never wish to see me again?"

"Never!" she flamed, small foot set violently down; "never!" And then, as, bowing, he turned to go, she whispered, in a small voice, after him, "Oh, Chad! Be careful—don't let them shoot you!"

The major took the news as a man takes a sentence of death. He seemed to shrivel up before the young eyes that pitied and yearned over him, to grow, of a sudden, very old and frail and tired. "Go, then," the major said, in a panting whisper. "Go, damn you! I've raised a traitor to my country! I hope I never may see your face again."

He never did see it again. The war was hardly a year old when the major died. Just before, he sent for Margaret. "Don't be—too hard on the lad," he whispered, difficultly. "Always—did what he thought right—damn fool, of course"—his voice grew weaker—"but—I'd never have forgiven him—if he hadn't fought as he thought. A thorbred—by gad, my dear—a gentleman—"

And so when at last the great wound had begun to heal and men were brothers again instead of enemies, Chadwick Buford came home to the great empty house which the major had willed to him, in stiff, unforgiving phrases, and after a week of self-flagellation he crossed the yard, with its roses and laurel, and set the brass knocker on the Deans' door thundering.

In the drawing-room, a trifle shabby now, as all the South was and would be hereafter, he faced Margaret Dean, her brightness hardly a little touched by the four years of pain, tho her dress was of an older style and mended cleverly.

"I have come back, Margaret," he said slowly, searching the face that baffled him, "I have come back. Can you for-

(Continued on page 102)



The Six Brown Brothers of Chin-Chin and Jack-o-Lantern fame. The highest paid musical act of today.

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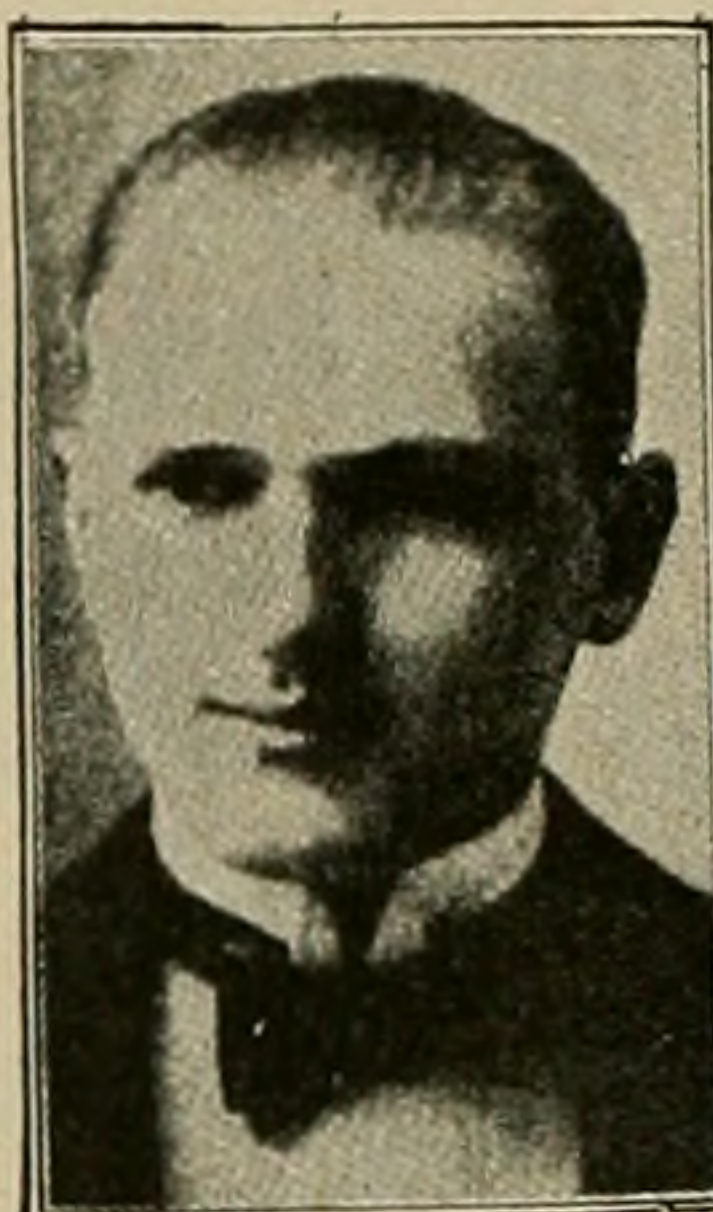
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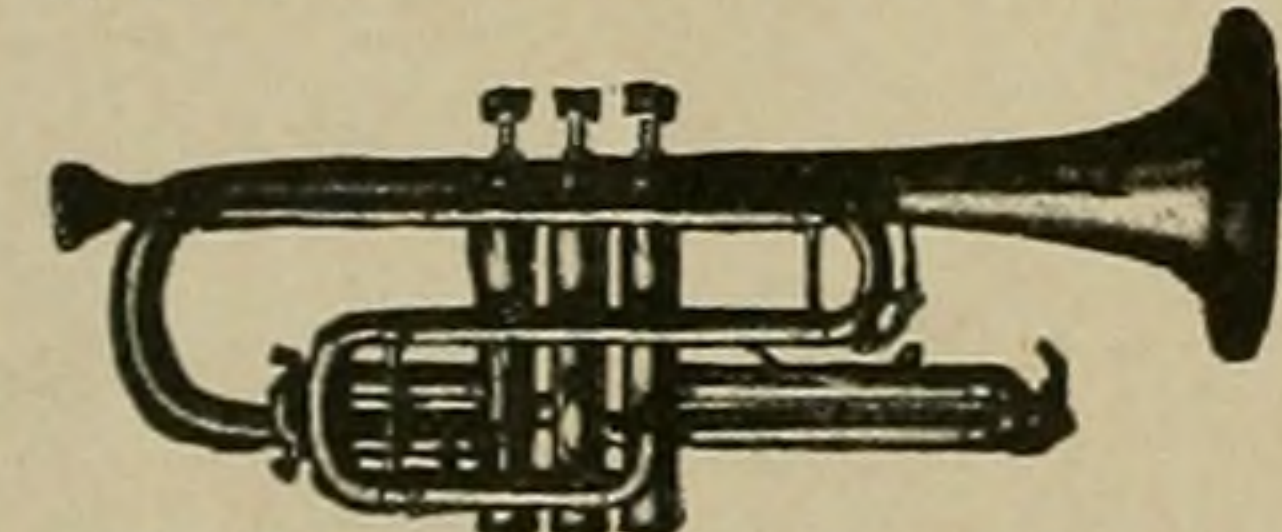
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that! You may be interested in knowing that I received my musical education at the Moscow Royal Conservatory of Music, Moscow, Russia, and later became the royal court pianist. I have appeared in concerts in all the leading cities of Europe and this country. Among my greatest song successes are:—"If I were a Rose," of which a million copies have been sold, and the national hymn, "America, My Country."

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Meet "The Frog"

(Continued from page 38)

the State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, in Colorado Springs. His mother had always been interested in dramatics, and even after her marriage she continued to direct and be stage manager of all the entertainments given at the institution, and Lon was barely three when he began appearing in charades and pantomime sketches.

At the age of twelve, he was property boy at a local theater for twenty-five cents a night. At eighteen he started into the theatrical business in earnest and with his brother, who was twenty-three, he opened a stock musical comedy company, producing all the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Lon played the comedy rôles and arranged the dancing acts, for he had become a skillful dancer, tho never having had a lesson.

They played the entire season at the Grand Opera House, then toured the State, after which they sold the company to the leading tenor, and Mr. Chaney continued with them as master of transportation, wardrobe mistress and comedian, all for the enormous sum of twelve dollars per week.

"Lots of high-sounding titles, but little money," he laughed. "But will you believe me when I tell you that I saved four dollars every week?"

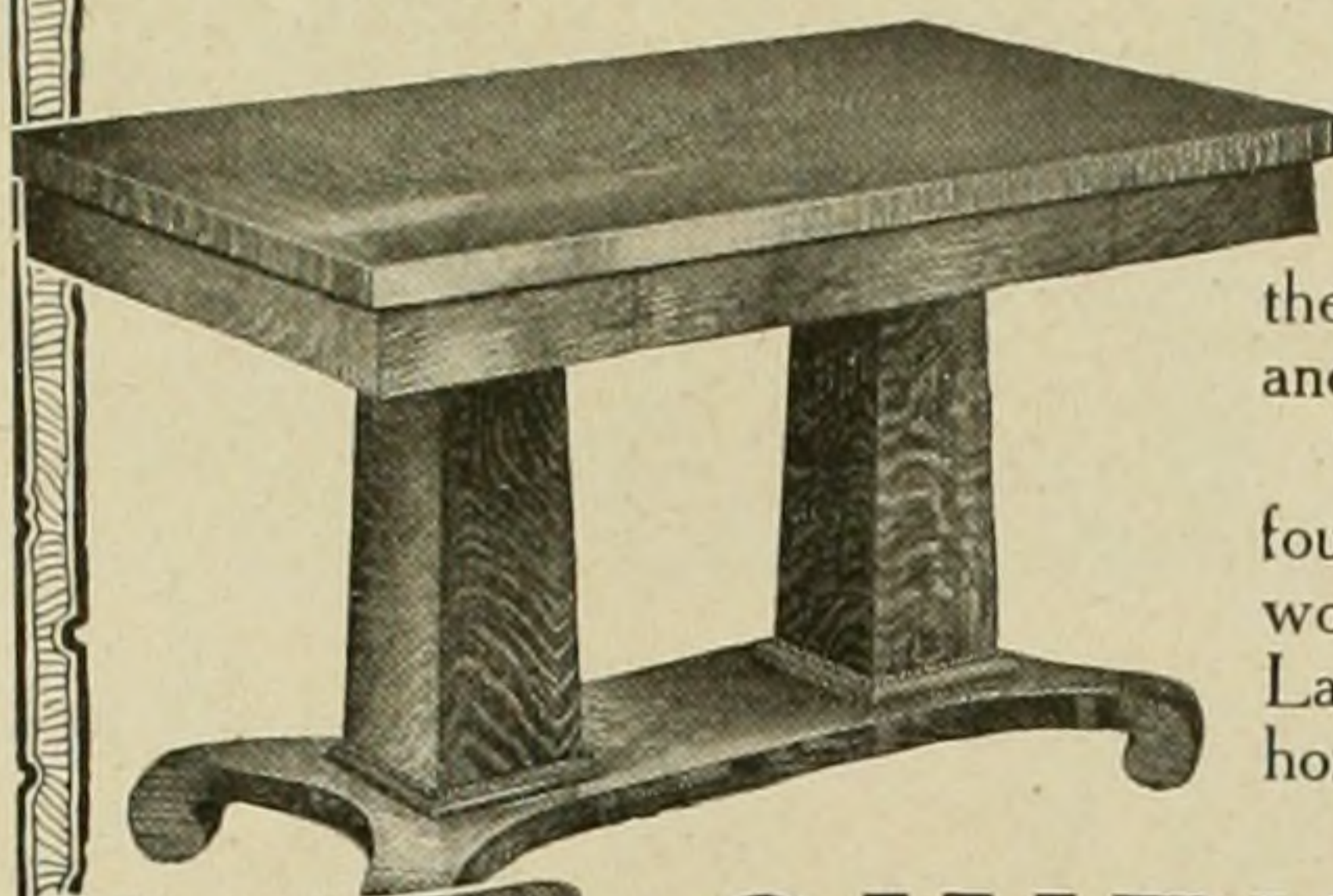
"Tho I played in musical comedy for years, I knew nothing of music and couldn't sing a note, but a comedian has much liberty in this line and can always get by with reciting his songs and adding a little dancing to the number. The only dramatic rôle I ever played was Gaspard in 'Chimes of Normandy.'"

About 1909, Mr. Chaney came to Los Angeles and appeared in tabloid musical comedy, later joining Ferris Hartman's stock company, playing in a number of such operas as "A Knight for a Day" and "The Time, the Place and the Girl" at the Lyceum Theater in Los Angeles.

Lon Chaney's next step was to become the producer of Kolb and Dill, those popular funmakers of the stage. He also acted and danced in the plays. It was while on tour that he met Lee Moran, who, having identified himself with the motion pictures a year or so before, was enthusiastic over their possibilities, and on his return to Los Angeles he called on Mr. Moran at the studio.

"You can guess the remainder of the story," Mr. Chaney went on. "I soon succumbed, and my first work was with Allen Curtis, at Universal, in a regular slapstick comedy. Then I played a strong character rôle, a hunchback fisherman, one of those rough exteriors but with a heart of gold, in a story written by Jeanie MacPherson. Tho only a two-reeler, it went big, while I made the discovery that the screen was more interesting than the stage. I wouldn't go back for worlds. This work affords a broader scope, a chance for splendid character acting, and I like the idea of a different rôle with every picture.

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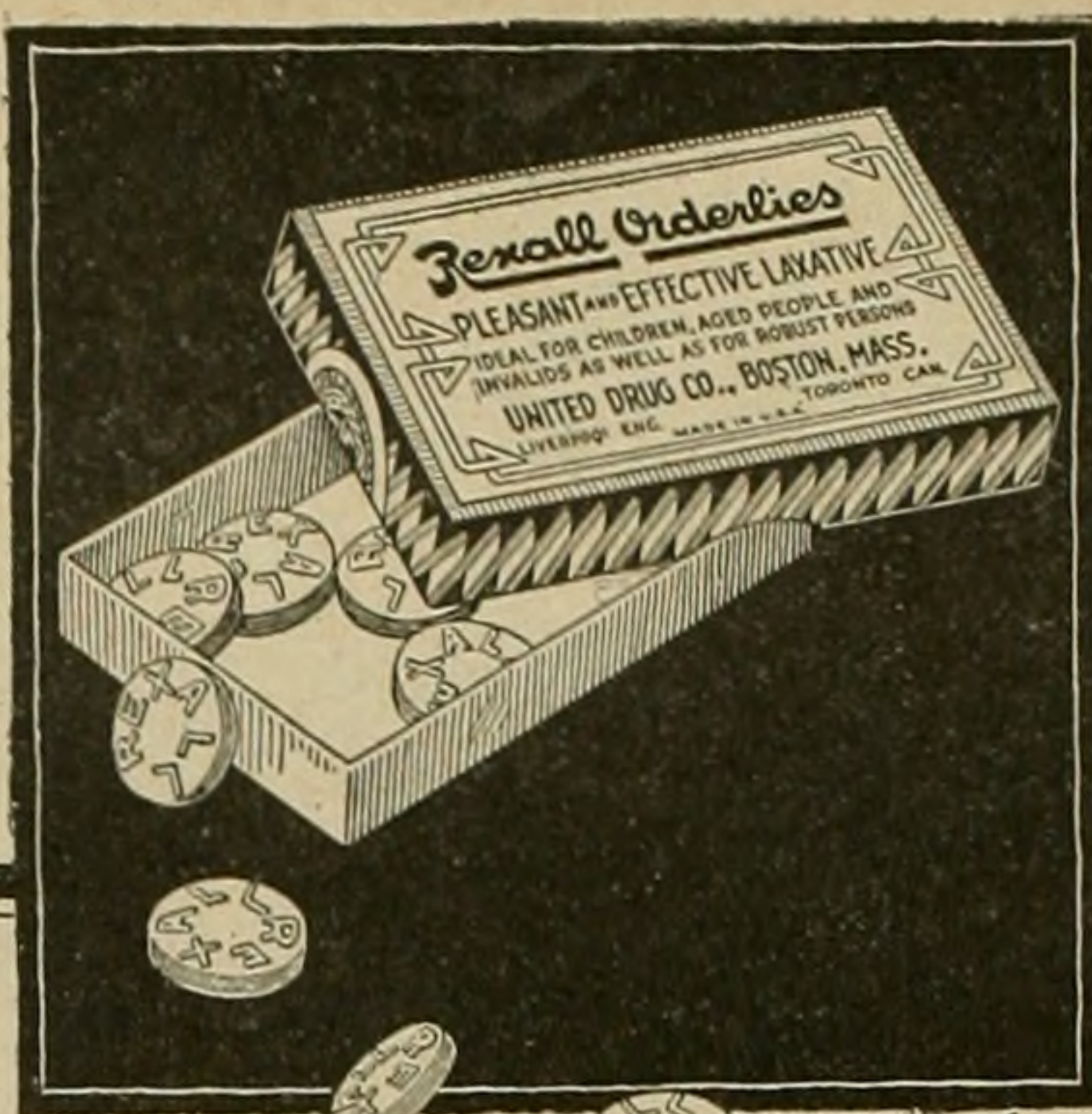
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SONG OF THE TOILER

By **ETHEL HOPE**

Day after day I sit up in my dreary tenement,
And hour by hour my nimble needle ply,
To earn the money only that it may again be spent—
There's rent to pay and food and clothes to buy.

'Tis oft that I grow weary of the dingy streets
and walls
And long for wind-swept fields and skies of blue;
While all my starved and yearning soul for joy and beauty calls—
For once far fairer scenes than this I knew.

But yester-night I chanced to go to watch the pictures play
In fleeting, fairy fashion on the screen.
I saw—I scarce believe it yet—the ocean foam and spray
And stately ships that plowed their way between.

I saw old-fashioned gardens quaint, where lilies tall and fair,
And gorgeous poppies nodded in the sun;
I saw the guelder-roses bending in the summer air
Which blew away their petals, one by one.

* * * * *

The huge machines whirl noisily; the room is filled with din;
Without, there is the ceaseless noise and strife;
But thru my happy memory a host of pictures spin,
Where sea and ships and summer-time are rife.

STAGE EFFECTS

By WALTER E. MAIR

The little things that Mary says to me,
When we are sitting looking at the screen,
Somehow just make me wish that I might be
In charge of all the lights—and the machine.

I'd flash "Good Night," and let the fans de-
part,
And then a single lamp of rosy glow
I'd burn before a close-up of my heart
To show her, so she couldn't fail to know,

How, as the shadow-people went their way,
One vision only lingered to the end,
All bound 'round with my thoughts from day
to day,
A vision much too dear to just pretend!

And then I'd put—ah, yes, a question-mark
In softest tints I'd screen, while, tenderly,
As lights died down till all was still and dark,
I'd have the organ breathe "Oh, Promise
Me!"

ANTICIPATION

By BARBARA HOLLIS

In life's wide fields and wooded hills,
In deep ravine or plain,
They who have passed each other once
May some time meet again.

Thru life's long paths of mystery,
Of happiness and pain,
This is my prayer: Our lips have met—
God grant they meet again!

JOURNEY'S END

By MORRIE RYSKIND

"Love," said I, "I'm thru with you forever:
You have mocked me with your promises long
enough!
I have followed strange roads when you com-
manded,
Strange roads . . .
Roads that beckoned, ever beckoned . . .
And at the trail's end, there rose the Mirage
of Happiness—
But it was only a mirage,
For the trail led to Nowhere."

And Love spake:
"It is true you have not found what you
sought,
But was the seeking the less joyous therefore?
Ah! the clean, sweet dreams
That I alone can give . . .
Only dreams, it is true, but has Life
Anything better to offer?"

But I steeled my heart to his pleading,
And I said:
"Love is only a dream, and I would awaken
to Life!"

And so I started on the Great Adventure,
Alone.
And Life was worth the finding:
And I slew many dragons on the way,
And fought my battles with a stalwart
heart . . .
Sometimes I missed the phantasies of Love,
But mainly I was thrilled with the realities of
Life . . .

Often the Road I had chosen
Appeared to lose itself in many windings,
But ever it unwound itself,
Leading to Somewhere . . .
And I laughed, and was merry,
For the other roads
Had led to Nowhere . . .

So came I to the Ending of the Road,
And there—behold!—
Far more alluring than before
Was Love!

"So this," I laughed, "is the end of all!"
But Love smiled whimsically . . .
And so I knew
That it was only the beginning.

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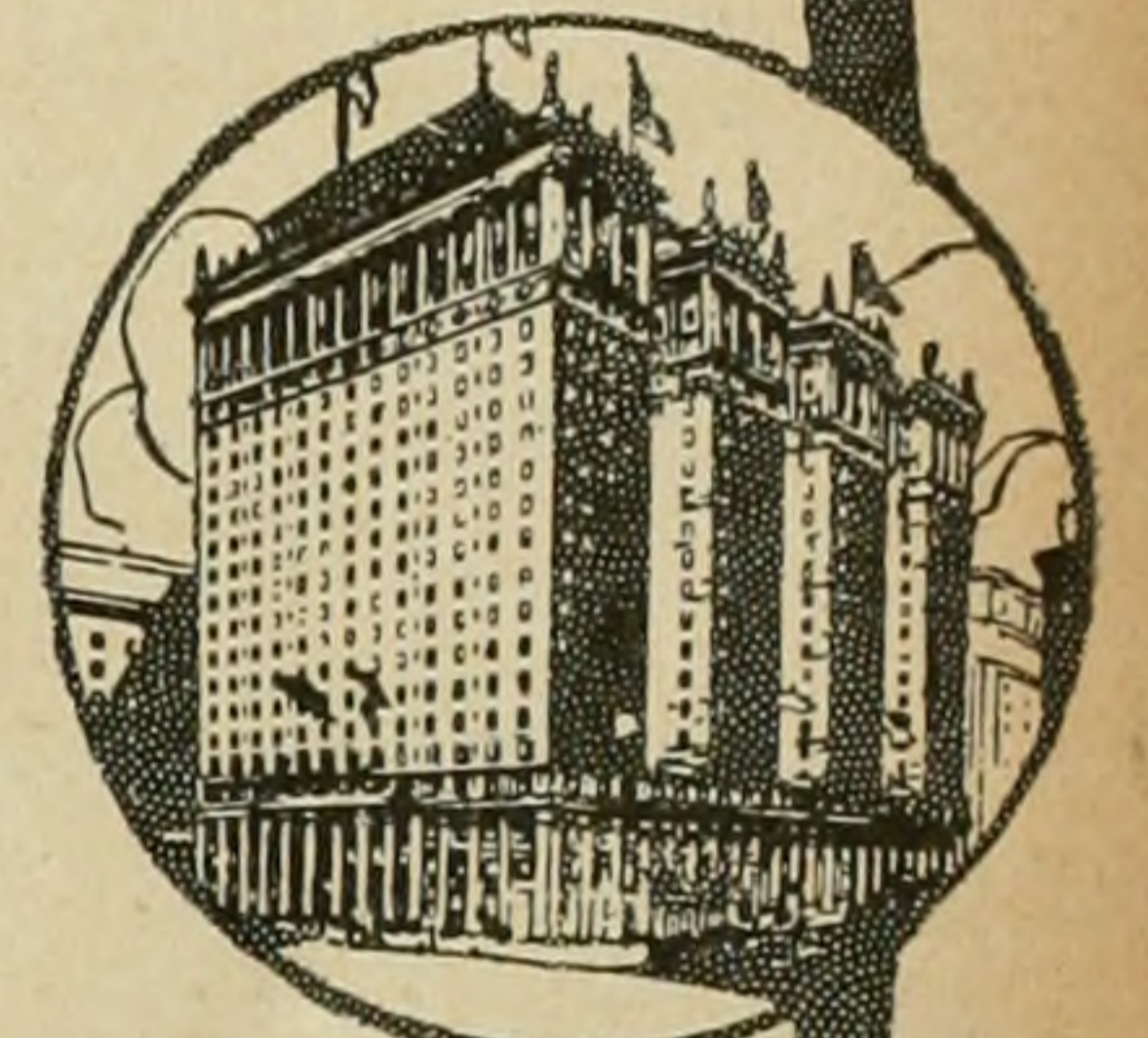
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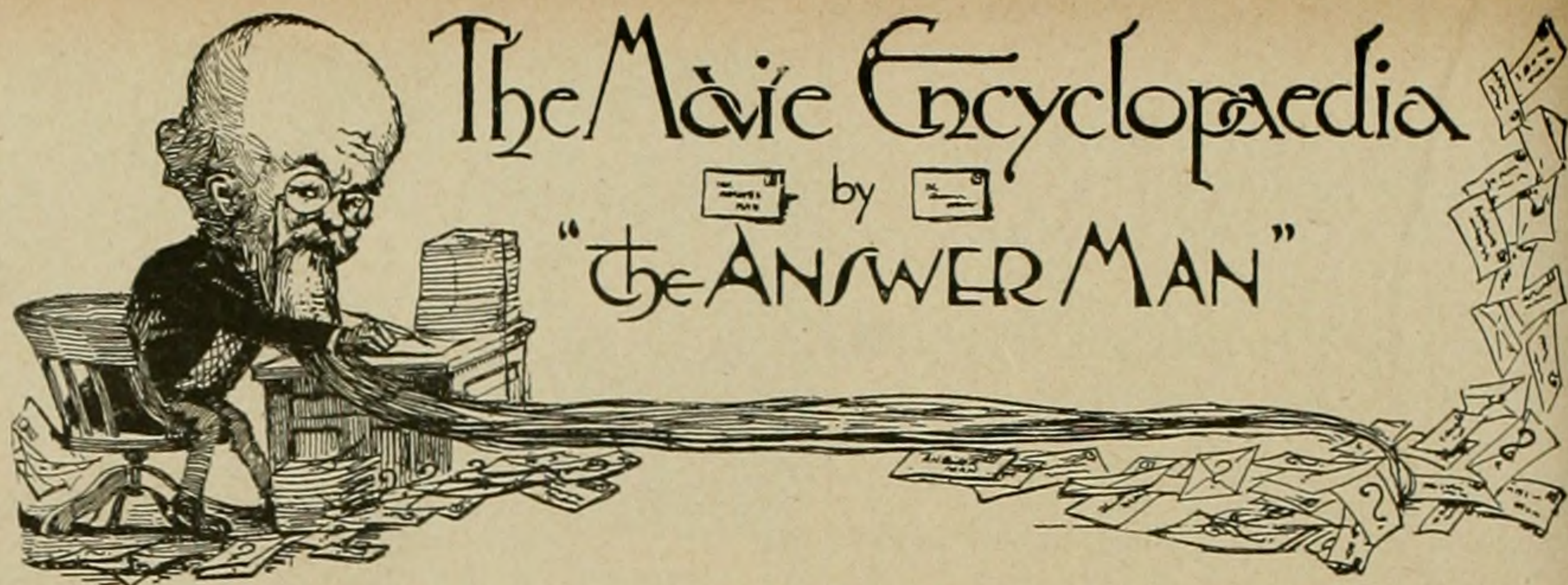
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The Movie Encyclopaedia

by "The ANSWER MAN"

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

ETHEL CLAYTON FOREVER.—Greetings, friends, and I hope we can get back on schedule time from now on. I hope you will be patient with me, and I'll do my best to make up for lost time. There is no Triangle Film Co.—at least they are not producing. Mildred Harris Chaplin can be reached at Los Angeles, Cal. No.

ETHEL M. P.—Your first letter, is it? Well, come often. Ralph Graves married? Nay, nay! Yes, Dorothy Dalton is playing at the Century Theater, New York City. Of course Emily Stevens is still in the ring—she is playing in "The Sacred Flame." Somehow or other that girl likes fire.

LITTLE MISS ZEALANDIA.—Yes, and some of the American people waste their lives as tho they were going to have plenty of others to utilize. Why, Tom Forman has signed a contract with Lasky for four years. He's doing some directing, too. No, child, I dont conceal my age because I might receive mash notes from admirers. I'm honest to goodness 79. Do write me again, enjoyed yours immensely.

WARWICK ADMIRER.—Right you are. Alice Joyce is playing in "Slaves of Pride." Jack Dempsey, the pugilist, is playing in the Pathé serial, "Dead or Alive," produced in Los Angeles. Of course, I live alone. You think I ought to have a butler? They're not being made any more. Butlers are like poets, they have to be born that way, but when a child is born nowadays, he is expected to become president—never a butler.

ALMA MATA.—I'll do anything to help you. Why dont you send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of the correspondence clubs? Yes, Roscoe Arbuckle is with Lasky playing in "The Round-Up." Edward Earle will play leading part in "The Law of the Yukon," released thru Mayflower. Oh, I dont mind when they complain. More people make complaints than ever make a living. Sure, run in again.

JENNIE.—You ask me why I raised a beard. Well, it was this way, Jennie. The women insisted upon sending me so many ties, in self-defense I raised a beard. Now you have my secret. No, you need cry no more, Eugene O'Brien is not married. Dorothy Davenport, Mrs. Wallace Reid, is playing in "The Fighting Chance" with Conrad Nagel and Anna Nilsson. Los Angeles, of course.

ALMA S.—So you have a new ermine scarf. Fit for the queen, I'll say. Did you know that ermine was nothing but the winter skin of the common stoat. The animal turns white in snow time, all but the very tip of its tail, which remains black. Mabel Julienne Scott, Tom Forman, Irving Cummings and Roscoe Arbuckle all playing in "The Round-Up," directed by George Melford. I should say that was some round-up—all-star cast, too. So long, Alma.

DOMACO.—No, I never get angry. When I feel it coming on, I count ten. That's a wonderful joke of yours—you say a blotter is not the real thing, it's just a take off. True, a blotter does not blot—simply absorbs the superfluous ink. Why, Jack Dempsey is living in Fannie Ward's former home in Los An-

geles. Jack Sherrill will return to the stage soon.

L. G.—Well, Mary Pickford is 26, and Elsie Ferguson—well, she sang in the chorus of "Belle of New York" twenty years back, so which is older? Yes, Lionel Barrymore is playing in "The Copperhead," a famous stage play, for Paramount. Blanche Sweet in Bret Harte's "Fighting Cressy."

KEWPIE D.—You bet I like kewpies. I like the "splash me kewpies." Sorry I haven't her name. You probably read it in one of the newspapers, there's only about 60,000 newspapers in the world. Dolores Cassinelli is playing in "The Web of Deceit." Leah Baird in "The Capitol."

FREDERICK W. K.—You win, you win, my error. You say I was all wrong when I said "Neither Constance Talmadge nor Harrison Ford are married." The verb should be singular. Thanks for the correction.

EITANCE.—If you refer to the King and Queen, they have returned to Belgium.

NORMA TALMADGE LOVER.—Thank you for your invitation to spend my vacation with you at Sparta, but since it is on the Erie R. R. I cannot accept. The last time I rode on that road I asked the man back of me a question. He could not answer, but he said he had been riding on that road all his life. I then suggested he must have got on just before I did. I dont see why they put cow-catchers on the Erie engines. They ought to put them on the rear car. There is not the slightest danger of an Erie train ever overtaking a cow, but what is to prevent a cow from walking in the rear car and chewing somebody up? No, thanks, anywhere but on the Erie for mine. You want more about Norma Talmadge in our magazines.

POLYANNA.—The explanation of the phrase "mother tongue" is that, at home, father has nothing to say. 318 W. 48th St. is Norma Talmadge's address. No, I have no jokes about the telephone service. It's no joke, believe me. Telephone service was furnished to residences in the fall of 1879 and during that year there were sixteen telephones in New York City residences and five in Brooklyn residences. No, I didn't live in Brooklyn then, I lived in hopes, and I had plenty of neighbors.

HARRY A. J.—No, Kathlyn Williams is playing just the same. Bebe Daniels is in Los Angeles, Cal.

WALLACE L.—It isn't the way you look at other girls that spoils you with your sweetheart, but the way they *dont* look at *her*. Elsie Ferguson born in New York, 1883. So you have been floating around the Fort Lee studios for eighteen months and cant get in.

HENRY H. D.—It's on now. No, Gen. Leonard Wood did not get across, but his friends are now trying to put him over.

HELEN P. G.—You refer to "The Canterbury Tales," written by the first great English poet, Geoffrey Chaucer. You say the Stadium High School is in Tacoma and not in Seattle, and that Mildred Davis is from Tacoma. *Nous verrons.*

(Continued on page 95)

(Eighty-four)

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Shadows Cast Before

Some seer with a far vision has said that coming events cast their shadows before. A Modern, especially an editorial Modern, might well say that such is the case with coming Magazines—they cast their shadows before. SHADOWLAND is just this—a COMING Magazine. SHADOWLAND *does* just this. It lives in the Today and it promises richly, artistically, colorfully, literarily for Tomorrow. This is the Age of Progress and SHADOWLAND is the many-toned note striking, striving to strike, the harmony of the Age, the ultra-perfect Chord.

SHADOWLAND wishes to be in many lives just that—a perfect chord. A perfect chord means a perfect blending of many things and that, again, is what SHADOWLAND aspires to. To something, may we say, just a little bit finer, a little bit higher, a little bit more fraught with dreams and dreaming than we, the great Most of Us, get in our Little Everyday. Like a Shadow it wills to move in the trend of our daily lives yet leaving a Substance behind.

There is no one of us who, consciously, subconsciously or unconsciously, does not love and reach out for the color of things, the pulse of things, the rhythm of things. There is no one of us who would not, if we could, 'broider the drab cloth of the mundane with a shimmering Thread of Gold. Perhaps, being blest, with more than one shimmering thread. SHADOWLAND would like to be at least one of those shimmering threads.

It would like to be a simile to the rainbow seen at the end of a grey day.

It would like to be as a song heard faintly, clearly, by a weary heart.

It would like to induce a smile where a tear had been before.

It would like to give an hour of forgetfulness with the turning of its pages where such forgetfulness might be grateful balm.

It would like to be a friend, felt as a friendly hand.

It would like to be a light, a guide, under no obscuring bushel of adversity.

It would like to be and it aims to be a bit of real beauty, intrinsic, like a small glimpse of depthless blue seen thru rifted clouds.

To this end it has striven and still more mightily will strive.

It will strive for Color and for Counsel.

It will strive for Wisdom and for Wit.

And it has been writ in many a book of the Ancients that to those among us who mightily strive will be awarded the green sprays of the young Laurel.

We of SHADOWLAND ask for the laurels of many friendships and the beliefs thereof!



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LIST OF SUBJECTS

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Marguerite Clark
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Charlie Chaplin
William S. Hart
Wallace Reid
Pearl White
Anita Stewart

Theda Bara
Francis X. Bushman
Earle Williams
William Farnum
Charles Ray
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Mary Miles Minter

Clara Kimball Young
Alice Joyce
Vivian Martin
Pauline Frederick
Billie Burke
Madge Kennedy
Elsie Ferguson
Tom Moore

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M. P. PUBLISHING CO.

175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Ambitious Miss Eddy

(Continued from page 55)

fulfilling her destiny, and not her destiny alone, but the destiny of another Helen Eddy, whose career in this incarnation ended when hers began.

This Helen Eddy, at one time a famous teacher of elocution, was her grandmother and constant companion during the impressionable years of her childhood. Helen's mother, (every one calls Miss Eddy Helen), was very ill, when the grandmother took the little girl and brought her to California, so her grandmother's influence was the first and the strongest Helen ever knew. It is with her today to an even greater extent than when her grandmother lived.

So, while it impressed me as being unusual, it was quite natural that she should have asked me to write this story about her grandmother.

The grandmother's favorite color was lavender, and the color alone is enough to bring back to Helen Eddy vivid memories of days spent at Mission Inn, at Riverside, California, when she was a little girl. "This was," she said, "before they raised the rent there." Of course, it was a fashionable place, but not the palatial resort that it is today. The first reprimand she ever got was from her grandmother, for whistling in the dining-room of the Mission Inn.

"She was so very beautiful," said Helen Eddy. "Her hair was white, soft and wavy, and her face was very sweet and gentle. She had lost her voice. I never knew her when she could talk above a whisper, but that whisper was beautiful in tone. She read and recited to me constantly. I knew 'The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner' before I was seven years old. Among her pupils was Margaret Illington—and Margaret Illington was the first actress that I ever met in person."

This was not until some years after her grandmother died. Helen Eddy had been going to a dramatic school in Los Angeles for some years and appearing in Los Angeles theaters occasionally, when such appearances did not interfere with her grammar school work. The first of these appearances was at the Burbank when she was about fourteen and was in support of Margaret Illington.

"Grandmother knew Clara Morris very well, and she used to give me readings showing Miss Morris' conception of many a famous rôle. She used to talk to me of the history of the stage, too, long before I was old enough to understand."

So you see all of Helen Eddy's training was for the speaking stage and, tho her work for the screen is always sincere and conscientious, she is still looking forward to the career originally planned. She went on the screen by accident, anyhow, or at least it seemed that way. It all happened when she was a high school student at Manual Arts, a school that saw the early training of many another moving picture player.

High school days gave Helen the de-

(Eighty-six)

Pretty May Allison, Metro star, is one of the most popular screen actresses to-day. Miss Allison is a great Star Electric Massage Vibrator enthusiast and recommends it to all her friends and followers.



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For headache, nervousness, fatigue, insomnia, indigestion.

Dollars, your local dealer's name and address to us and we will send one complete outfit direct to you, postpaid. Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 216, Torrington, Conn.

The woman of fastidious tastes, young or old, realizes that beauty is but a natural reflection of health. Wrinkles, "crow's feet," eyes that have lost their youthful sparkle, obesity and other unwelcome facial blemishes are, to a great extent at least, brought on by what we term "the strenuous life." Muscles are sure to become weary and congested unless they get relaxation. And complexions are certain to suffer unless properly taken care of. Home electric massage is recognized

as the building-up process nearest to Nature's.

Electric massage is the active man's best friend. It takes the kinks out of sore muscles, stiff joints, sprains; it relieves headache, nervousness, fatigue; it is ideal for after-shaving facial massage and a boon to men whose hair is falling out. So the "Star" really is the ideal \$5.00 Christmas gift. Especially so when you stop to realize that other vibrators cost from eighteen dollars up to fifty.

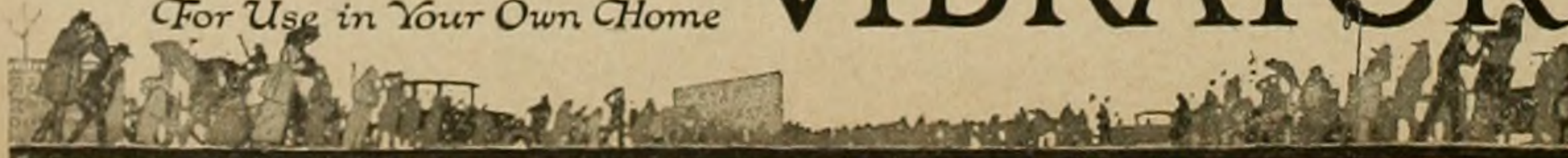
Get a "Star." Put it first on your shopping list for Christmas purchases. Complete outfit only \$5.00. Includes three applicators, six feet of cord and illustrated booklet explaining all uses. The Star "Universal," a more powerful vibrator, costs \$6.00. Fits any electric light socket. Preferred by many. Make your choice to-day. Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 216, Torrington, Conn.

Men! Try this: After you've finished shaving, take a little cold cream, rub it over your face—then massage yourself with the "Star" for two or three minutes. It's great!



Treat your hair and scalp at home. Save that beauty-parlor money. A "Star" costs only \$5.00, but lasts for years. Get one to-day and let your husband use it.

The **STAR** Electric Massage **VIBRATOR**
For Use in Your Own Home



sire to write plays as well as act in them. She became the official stage director of many a production. From writing plays she began writing scenarios and from writing scenarios she began trying to sell them. It was in this way she met Captain Melville, head of the Lubin studios. Captain Melville did not buy a scenario, but her long training, first under her grandmother and then at a dramatic school, had given her a bearing that he recognized. She was a remarkable type, he saw, a type that would either be a great success or a flat failure. He offered her a place with his company, not as a scenario writer, but as an actress, and she accepted. Her first picture was "As the Twig Is Bent." This was in San Diego. She remained there for six months, playing a little bit of everything. In Los Angeles again, she applied for work with the Morosco Company. She became George Beban's leading woman, and in order to look more thoroly the Italian, she bobbed her hair, to the very great distress of her family. Her first Beban picture was "Pasquale," followed by "His Sweetheart," "The Marcellini Millions," "The Cook of Canyon Camp" and "One More American." Now she is a free-lance, and so great is the call for her services that she is frequently compelled to make two pictures at once, as when she did a heavy, tragic rôle with Hayakawa mornings and broad farce with Bryant Washburn afternoons. She appeared in "The Man Beneath" and "The Illustrious Prince" with Hayakawa. Her latest rôle is with Mary Pickford in "Pollyanna."

The Farce University
(Continued from page 33)

Also why Miss Lake was only recently playing opposite the rotund "Fatty" Arbuckle.

Why Betty Compson was also aiding the avoirdupois Arbuckle a few short months ago.

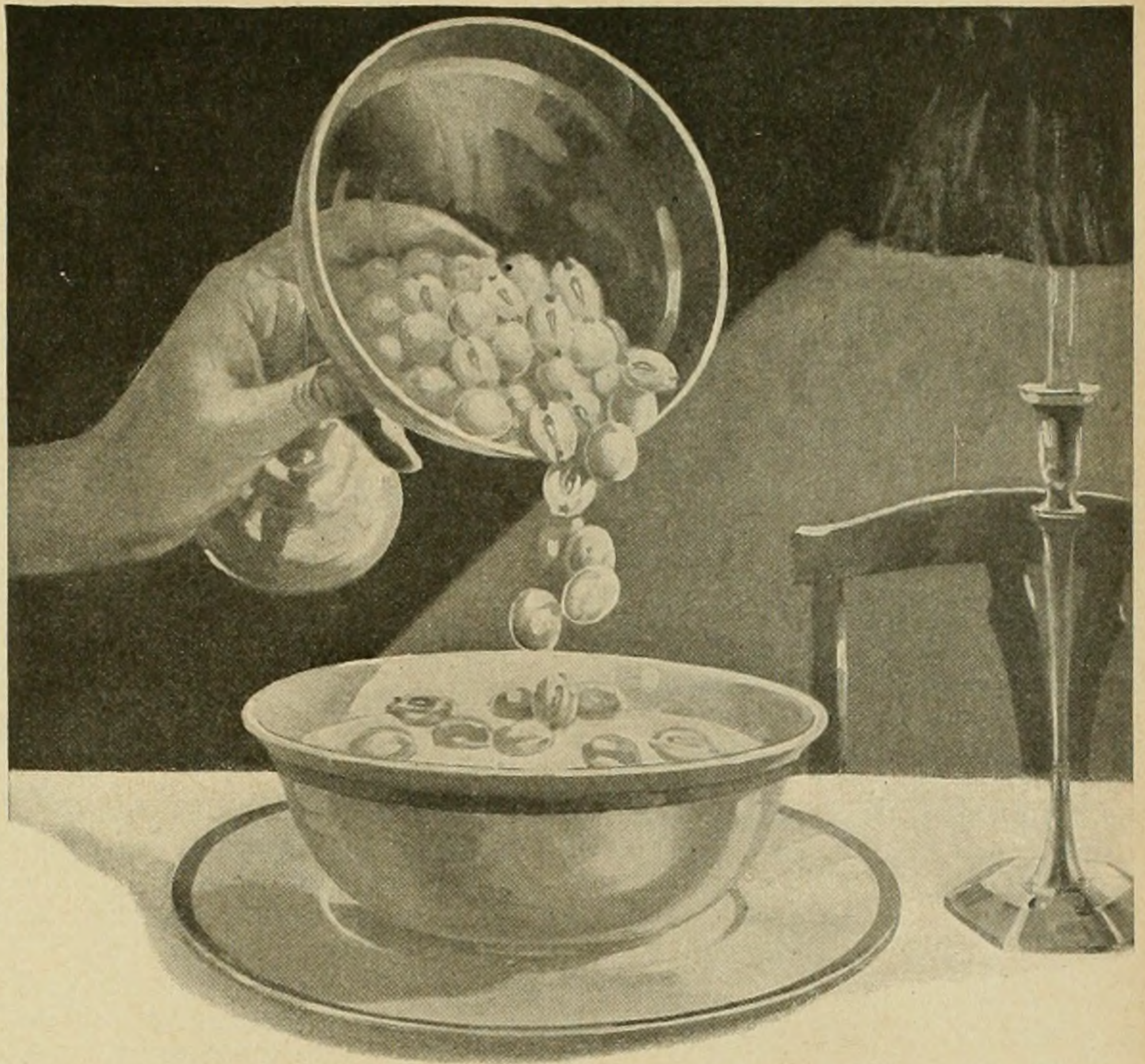
Why Bebe Daniels stepped from Harold Lloyd to Cecil De Mille's studio.

And why Mary Thurman deserted the Sennett bathing squad for Art.

The Metro powers-that-be consider Miss Lake the discovery of the screen season. But before Miss Lake became a foil for the heavy Mr. Arbuckle, she had serious screen leanings. A Brooklyn girl, she started at old Vitagraph. After that she was at Universal. Then came her excursion into farce with Sennett, Christie and Arbuckle, all of which apparently brought her ability to a head.

Mary Thurman was just an unknown bathing beauty on the Sennett beach when a shrewd press agent "discovered" that she was an all-round athlete. Then Mary leaped into fame overnight. All the time, however, she was obtaining valuable training. Like every other member of the Sennett seagoing squad, she had dramatic leanings, and her farce experience seems to have started her well on the road to success.

David Griffith took Clarine Seymour from Christie and Toto, (Pathé), come-
(Continued on page 102)



Bubble Grains At Bedtime

Foods Easy to Digest

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are not for breakfasts only. Serve them for luncheons and suppers. Float in every bowl of milk.

These are bubble grains, airy, crisp and toasted, puffed to eight times normal size. No other dainty in existence makes the milk dish so enticing.

Every Food Cell Blasted

Consider Puffed Wheat. Here is whole wheat made delightful, both in texture and in taste.

Under Prof. Anderson's process, every food cell is exploded. Digestion is made easy and complete.

It supplies whole-wheat nutrition. It does not tax the stomach. It makes milk inviting, and every child should drink a pint a day.

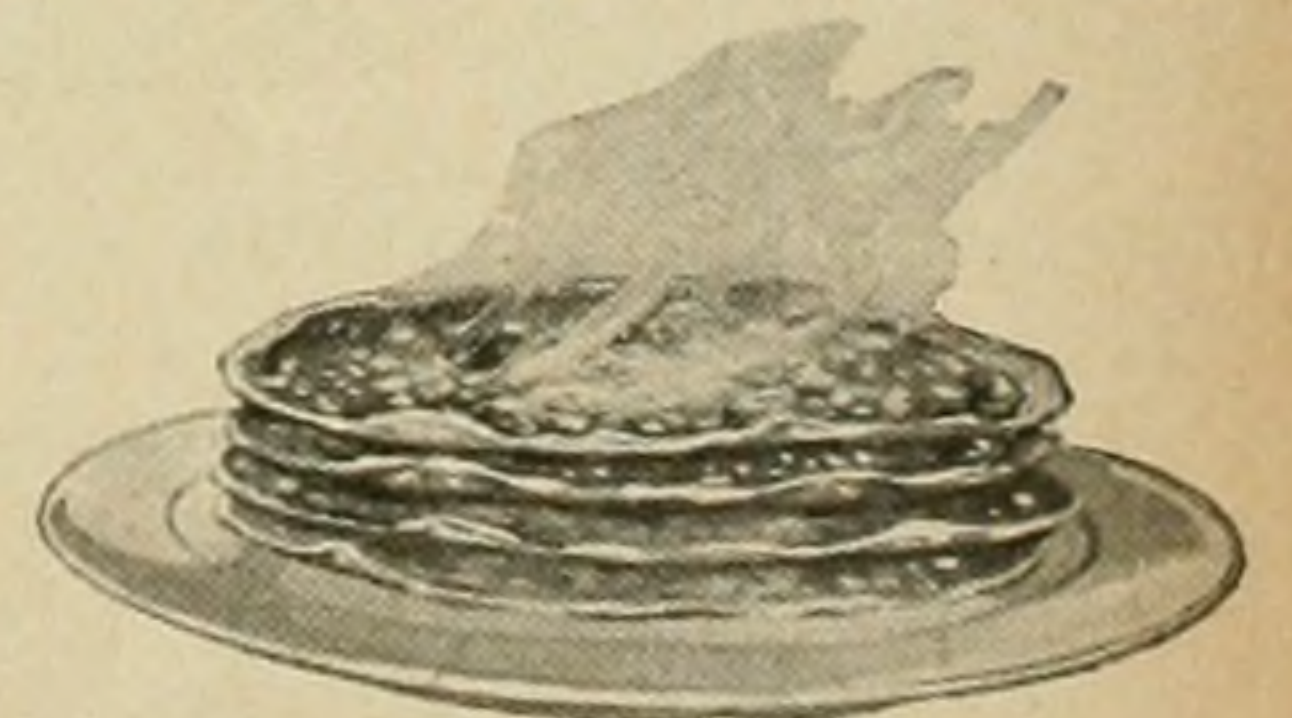
Serve as a breakfast dainty. Mix with your fruits. But don't forget that Puffed Grains also form the ideal bedtime dish.

Puffed Grains are the greatest of grain foods and the most enticing. Serve all three kinds. Let children revel in them.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice Corn Puffs
Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

A New Pancake Delight

Now we make a pancake flour mixed with ground Puffed Rice. It makes fluffy pancakes with a nut-like taste—the finest pancakes ever served. The flour is self-raising. Simply add milk or water. Ask your grocer for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour and you'll have a new delight.



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Sole Makers



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"It is better than a position. I make more money than I could in any other way. I make new friends every day and have established a pleasant, profitable business that makes me independent of financial worries. I have never been so happy as I am now as a World's Star Representative." That is the story told by women in every part of the country. Without previous experience they became successful, happy business women, with good incomes. You can do as well as they have done.

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You can devote all or a part of your time to this pleasant, profitable work. You will find it easy to sell World's Star goods to your friends and neighbors.

Women everywhere know the exceptional quality of World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear. They like to make their selections right in their own homes. They welcome our representatives who save them countless tiresome shopping hours.

Previous Experience Is Not Necessary

More than 20,000 women have made money as World's Star Representatives. Thousands of them never had any previous experience, yet they were successful right from the first week.

Use Your Spare Time or All Day

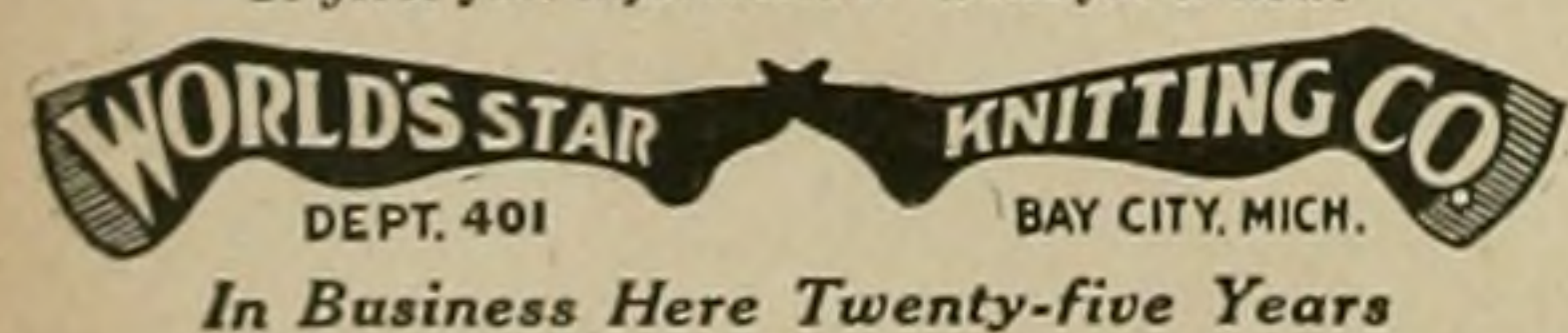
An hour or two a day will enable you to add to your present income. We have representatives who make \$50 a week and more by devoting all their time to the work. The first order taken nearly always means additional orders, because World's Star quality always gives such complete satisfaction.

Write Today! Be Our Exclusive Representative in Your Territory

We tell you just how to start the work, to find new customers. With our help you will very quickly have a profitable business. You can be our only representative in your territory and get all the benefit of our extensive advertising now appearing in all the leading women's magazines.

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6196 Siegel-Myers Bldg. Chicago, Illinois

Reel Realities

What is being done towards preserving the motion picture records of our country's participation in the great war?

These priceless films should be placed in some kind of national film repository, probably in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, and measures made for the preservation and renewal of these films as long as may be possible. Steps have already been taken along this line in France and the idea has been taken up in England. Indeed, the movement has been given wide comment thruout British film circles.

Preserving War Films

In each allied country much money has been spent on commissioning painters to record now historical battle scenes, but little real effort seems to have been made towards preserving the actual film records of these events. Says the London *Kinematograph* anent the subject:

"Surely we do not want the American film version of what occurred to be the only record for posterity to see! Even if it were necessary to take fresh copies of the films every few years, the expense would be quite justified and more than compensated by the money-earning value of the films. There are many other films which might be added to the National Repository, notably the films of famous people, living or dead, and the big historical subjects, but for the moment we are confining this inquiry to official war films, the preservation of which it is necessary to take prompt steps to insure. On the general question, our view is that the directors of the National Repository would invite all producing companies to present copies of worthy subjects for preservation, and we are certain that all producers would regard such an invitation in the light of an honor. How much time must elapse before we see the National Film Repository founded?"

Public Questions on the Screen

Until the government recently asked the film world to coöperate during the war and again only recently in combating Bolshevik influences, the idea seemed pretty thoroly rooted that the film should not enter the field of public discussion. The motion picture was an entertainment, it was reasoned, and not a means of public debate. Why?

As well rate the newspaper and magazine as light reading and cast aside their vast power to present and discuss current questions.

The possibilities of the silversheet are beyond our present horizon. But surely the canvas will embrace things of vital import to us today. The motion picture can do more to explain, teach and develop humanity than any other agent. Consequently we disagree with the famous T. P. O'Connor when he says, at

a meeting of the British Kinema Commission of Inquiry:

"We would not allow films showing a dispute between capital and labor or serious things like that. You see, a department like ours, if we took these things on, would have a very large and a very delicate issue to decide, and we are not anxious to add to our responsibilities. We exist mainly, almost exclusively, for the kinema theater alone, for the amusement of the public, and for the profit of the proprietor or the owner of the film." In other words, the kinema is a business, not a debating circle.

Kinema Theaters in China

Albert Nachbaur states in the Chinese-French *Journal de Peking* that there are only fifty-seven kinemas for the four hundred million inhabitants of China. And, he adds, it is not the patrons who are lacking.

"The Chinaman, curious, artistic, and a loiterer, adores the kinema; but in order to make it popular there must be touring undertakings, a special wagon on each of the principal railways." Weekly shows could be held in the theaters and halls. With regard to films, at present, he states, Pathé and Gaumont are represented in China. "All the rest are American."

Consider the vast possibilities in China for Louis Selznick and his electric signs.

Foreign Film Activities

Pavlowa is now doing a film play in Rome with Rimich, the Italian king of the screen. Her entire ballet appears with her. Reports from Spain, by the way, indicate that Italian productions are returning to favor there, supplanting American photoplays. This is largely because the Italian pictures are much cheaper than our own.

Paris is about to see Griffith's "Broken Blossoms" under the title of "Les Lys Brisés."

Restricting British Theater Building

The building of theaters in England is about to be seriously restricted, at least. The British Ministry of Health will soon take steps to impose drastic restrictions upon the building of kinema theaters until the government housing scheme has yielded more tangible results, it is said. At the moment the cabinet is considering whether it would not be advisable to prohibit the erection of kinema buildings altogether, for a definite period, but the present indications are that the less drastic course of imposing restrictions may be decided upon. It is impossible to say more at the moment beyond the fact that, if restrictions are decided upon, these would operate under a system of licenses. Such licenses would be granted only in such districts where no housing schemes are in progress.

Double Exposures

(Continued from page 58)

BIG DRAMATIC MOMENTS OF MONTH
Gloria Swanson's boudoir knee in "Male and Female."

Bebe Daniels as Vice in "Every-woman."

Mae Murray in "On with the Dance."

Louis Burston, prex of Burston Films, Inc., announces that the motion picture ranks next to the printing press in moulding public opinion. Boy, page Christopher Columbus!

WANTED

A successor to the term, "super-feature." Wire any publicity department, collect.

Our selection for screenland's beauty brigade:

- Bull Montana
- Lon Chaney

ONE PAIR PUTTEES, PREPAID

"What prize will you give to the first director who omits a bathroom scene?" asks a CLASSIC reader.

While we are on the subject of popular trends in the celluloid plays, what about the present striving for boudoir daring after the fashion of the footlight dramas? Listen to this announcement of a Connie Talmadge production: "Just naughty enough to be nice." In it Connie wears, so the press agent declares, a "filmy costume made of moonbeams and midnight witcheries."

Just now the celluloid drama is undergoing an epidemic of desert island plays. Note the recent Norma Talmadge effort, "Victory," "Male and Female," et al. And the great Griffith is coming along with another. Which raises the question, who would you rather be desert-islanded with? And Griffith seems to have satisfactorily answered the question in his production with Cutie Beautiful.

And while we're on the subject of Griffith, the publicity prize of 1919 goes to the director's recent "lost at sea" episode. We understand that one California director is so peeved at Griffith "making" the front pages with a dinky little trading steamer that he contemplates wrecking an ocean liner.

The critic who remarked that Dorothy Dalton is a revelation in "Aphrodite," said something.

NEWS NOTES TO BE PUBLISHED IN 1920
Mary Pickford is again sued by Mrs. Cora Wilkening.

Producers announce a revolutionary method of releasing pictures.

I. C. Badly, the big screen magnate, says that the surface of the industry has barely been scratched.

William Hart announces his early retirement.

Big amalgamation of directors startles screen world.

I Teach Piano A Funny Way

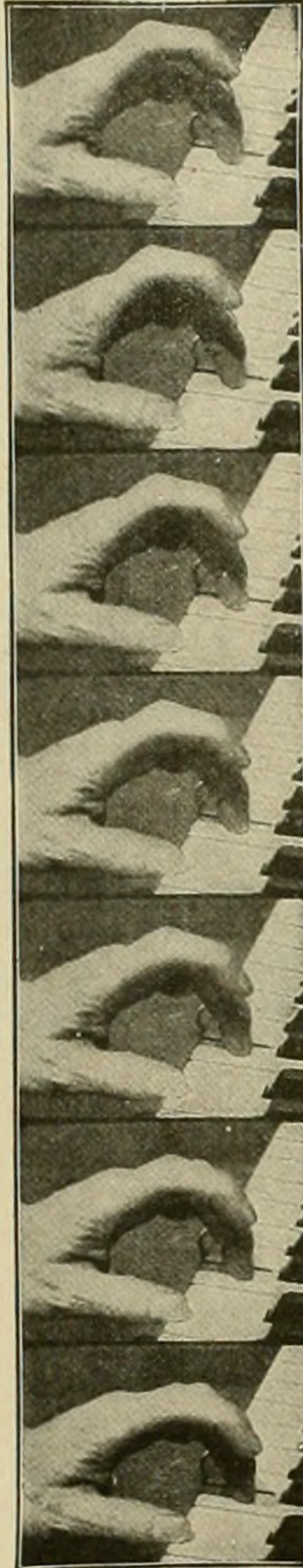
So people said when I first started in 1891. But now, after over twenty-five years of steady growth, I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. I make them skilled players of the piano or organ in quarter the usual time at quarter the usual cost.

To persons who have not previously heard of my method, this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring you to any number of my graduates in any part of the world. There isn't a state in the Union that doesn't contain a score or more skilled players of the piano or organ who obtained their *entire* training from me by mail.

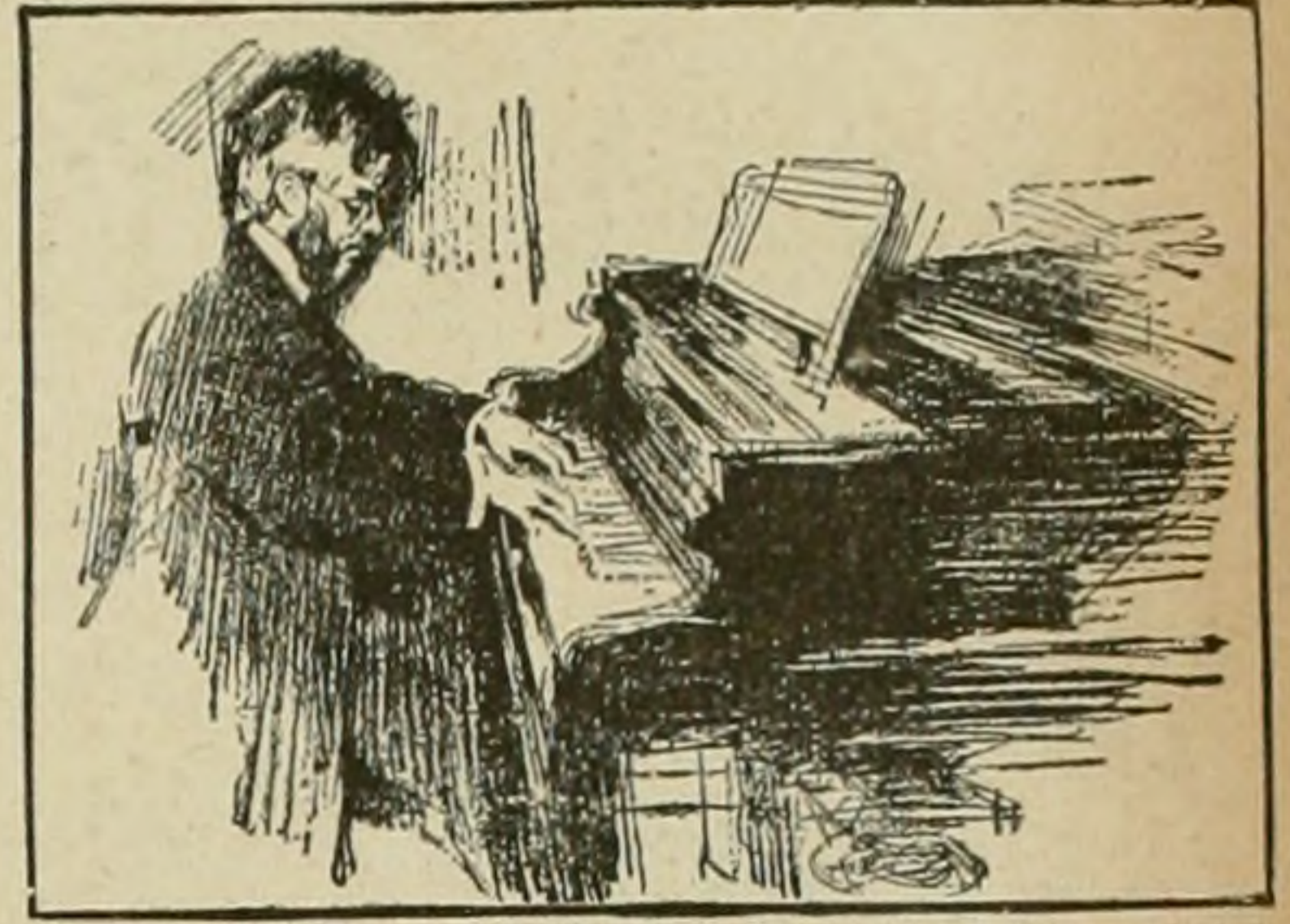
Investigate by writing for my 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

My way of teaching piano or organ is *entirely different* from all others. Out of every four hours of study, one hour is spent *entirely away from the keyboard*—learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of finger gymnastics. When you *do* go to the keyboard, you accomplish *twice as much*, because you *understand what you are doing*. Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are *entirely unknown* to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLOROTONE, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a "night-mare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. Quinn-Dex is a simple hand-operated moving picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. *You actually see the fingers move*. Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from MEMORY—which cannot be always accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The COLOROTONE and QUINN-DEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can



Marcus Lucius Quinn Conservatory of Music
Studio KC, Social Union Building, BOSTON, MASS.

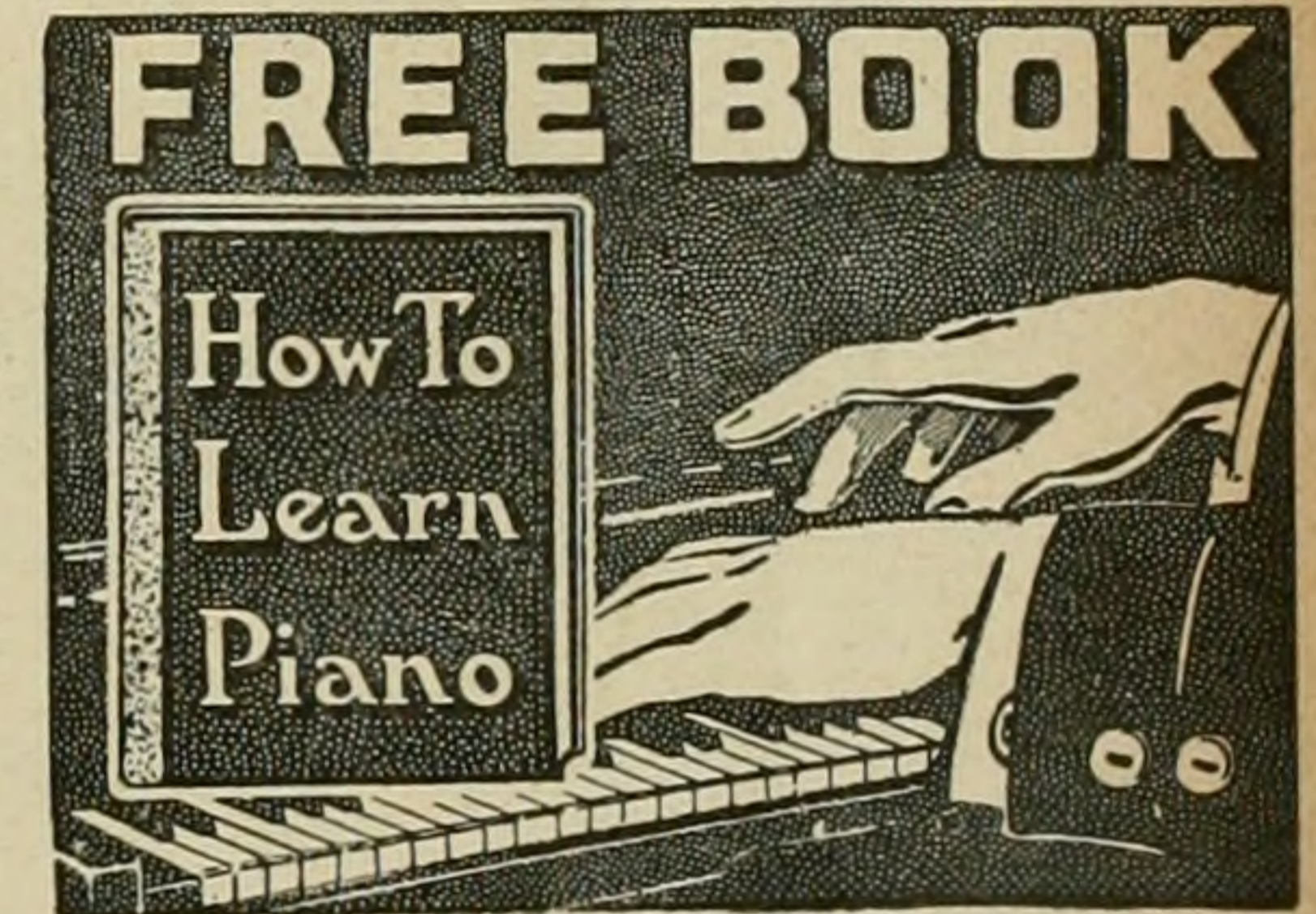


Dr. QUINN AT HIS PIANO—From the famous sketch by Schneider, exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition.

be obtained *only from me* and there is nothing else anywhere even remotely like them.

Men and women who have failed by all other methods have quickly and easily attained success when studying with me. In all *essential* ways you are in closer touch with me than if you were studying by the oral method—yet my lessons cost you only 43 cents each—and they include all the many recent developments in scientific teaching. For the student of moderate means, this method of studying is *far superior* to all others, and even for the wealthiest student, there is nothing *better* at any price. You may be certain that your progress is at all times in accord with the best musical thought of the present day, and this makes all the difference in the world.

My Course is endorsed by distinguished musicians who would not recommend any Course but the best. It is for beginners or experienced players, old or young. You advance as rapidly or as slowly as you wish. All necessary music is supplied without extra charge. A diploma is granted. Write today, without cost or obligation, for 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."



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Please send me, without cost or obligation, your free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ," and full particulars of your Course and special reduced Tuition Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

ANNOUNCEMENTS will be made soon of a local Fame and Fortune Contest under the patronage of this magazine to be held by your motion picture theater, the winner of which will stand a good chance of winning a place on the screen. If your theater man has not, as yet, made arrangement for this contest, have him communicate at once with this magazine or write direct to Murray W. Garsson, Foundation Film, Inc., 1600 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

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Clare Briggs drawing one of his "When a Fellow Needs a Friend" cartoons.

CLARE BRIGGS, the man who draws "When a Fellow Needs a Friend," receives more than \$100 a day. There are many other cartoonists whose income would look good to a bank president.

If you have ideas and like to draw, you may have in you the making of a great cartoonist. Developing natural ability is the surest road to success. Through the Federal School of Applied Cartooning, the 30 most famous cartoonists of America teach you. What this school will do for you by mail in your spare time is told in the 32 page book, "A Road to Bigger Things." It contains studio pictures of Briggs, McCutcheon, Sid Smith, Fontaine Fox and the other stars on the Federal Staff. Write for your FREE COPY today. Just tear out this advertisement, put your name and address in the margin and mail it now.

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0327 Warner Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota



Gladys From Paducah

Gladys Coburn, the leading woman of William Fox productions, hails from Paducah, Ky., also the birthplace of Irvin Cobb. None of her people had ever been on the stage. But Gladys decided to be an actress and secured a small part in "Too Many Cooks," the stage comedy



Photographs by Ira L. Hill



After "Too Many Cooks," came an engagement with Julian Eltinge in "The Crinoline Girl." Right thereafter Miss Coburn startled Paducah by joining the Ziegfeld Follies. She made her celluloid debut in "The Primitive Call," and has been attracting attention recently with William Farnum

Fame and Fortune Contest

Having successfully produced the two-reel feature, "A Dream of Fair Women," which is now being shown thruout the country, presenting the honor roll beauties and winners of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest, we now take pleasure in announcing our plans for the 1920 contest. We shall produce a Five-Reel feature drama for the honor roll contestants, and we shall start on this immediately. The story has already been selected, and it is a strong, unique, original and picturesque one, affording fine opportunities for many players of different types.

Those contestants whose pictures appear to us to be very promising will be communicated with at once, and they may be offered parts in this great play immediately. While we are now starting production, the play will not be completed until late in the fall, and it will include the test scenes of the honor roll beauties, which will be taken at Roslyn. In this picture we can use a few persons other than young and pretty girls, for we shall need several character types, both male and female. All contestants who wish to apply for one of these parts will kindly so state on their entrance coupon, or in a letter accompanying photo.

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is a booklet with general information about Who Can and Who Cannot Get Into the Pictures and Why?

This is just what you have been wishing for. Others are getting in—and if you have the talent why stand on the outside any longer? Send 5c in stamps with the coupon below and we will mail a booklet to you.

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THE NATIONAL MOTION PICTURE INSTITUTE
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Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Can and Who Cannot Get Into the Pictures and Why?" Enclosed is 5 cents in stamps for mailing.

Name.....

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Cecil B. DeMille Artcraft Player

WALLACE REID
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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

The hair will stay dressed after Hermo "HAIR-LUSTR" has been applied. No more mussed, untidy looking hair. Adds a charming sheen and luster, insuring the life of the hair, as well as its beauty. Dress it in any of the prevailing styles, and it will stay that way. Gives the hair that soft, glossy, well groomed appearance so becoming to the stars of the stage and screen. Guaranteed harmless and greaseless.

Two Sizes—50c and \$1

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

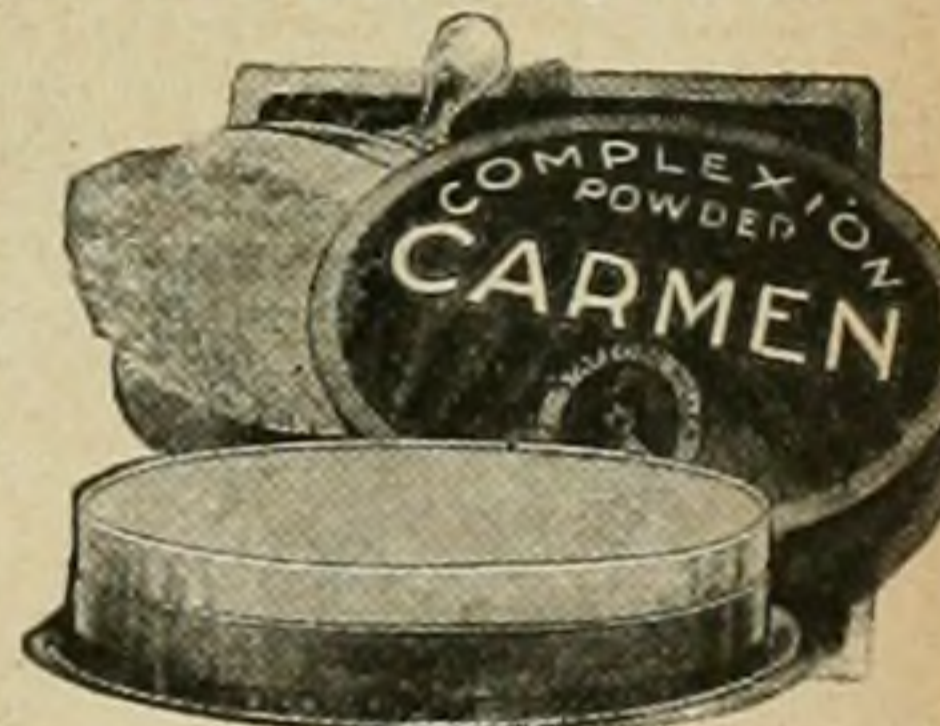
Carmen Complexion Powder

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

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

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

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Indoors or out



Get the Drop on that Cough

HOUSEWIVES! Sudden changes from the overheated kitchens to cooler rooms or outdoors—or vice versa—often mean a cold. Prevent it! Use Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops. Get them anywhere.

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DEAN'S MENTHOLATED COUGH DROPS

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Original Eyelash Beautifier

Those wonderful, long, silky eyelashes and eyebrows that add so much to your beauty are easily acquired when you use Lashneen. Lashneen is a secret Japanese preparation. Absolutely harmless. Positive in results. At your druggists or direct from us.

"Lashneen keeps my lashes looking so beautiful my friends often remark about it."
—Sylvia Breamer.

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Druggists—Lashneen is selling big. If you have not stocked it, write us.
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Sanitary "O.K." Erasers
Just the thing for Particular People.
Always clean
They Erase
—Ask Your Stationer

Metal Holder keeps Rubber Clean, Firm and Keen-edged.
Works Better - Lasts Longer
Two Rubbers, the length of the Holder, are made, one for Ink, one for Pencil. By slight pressure, clean Rubber is fed down as used. Price 15c each; Fillers 5c each, 50c per doz. "O.K." Booklets FREE. Adjustable Brush to fit Holder 10c
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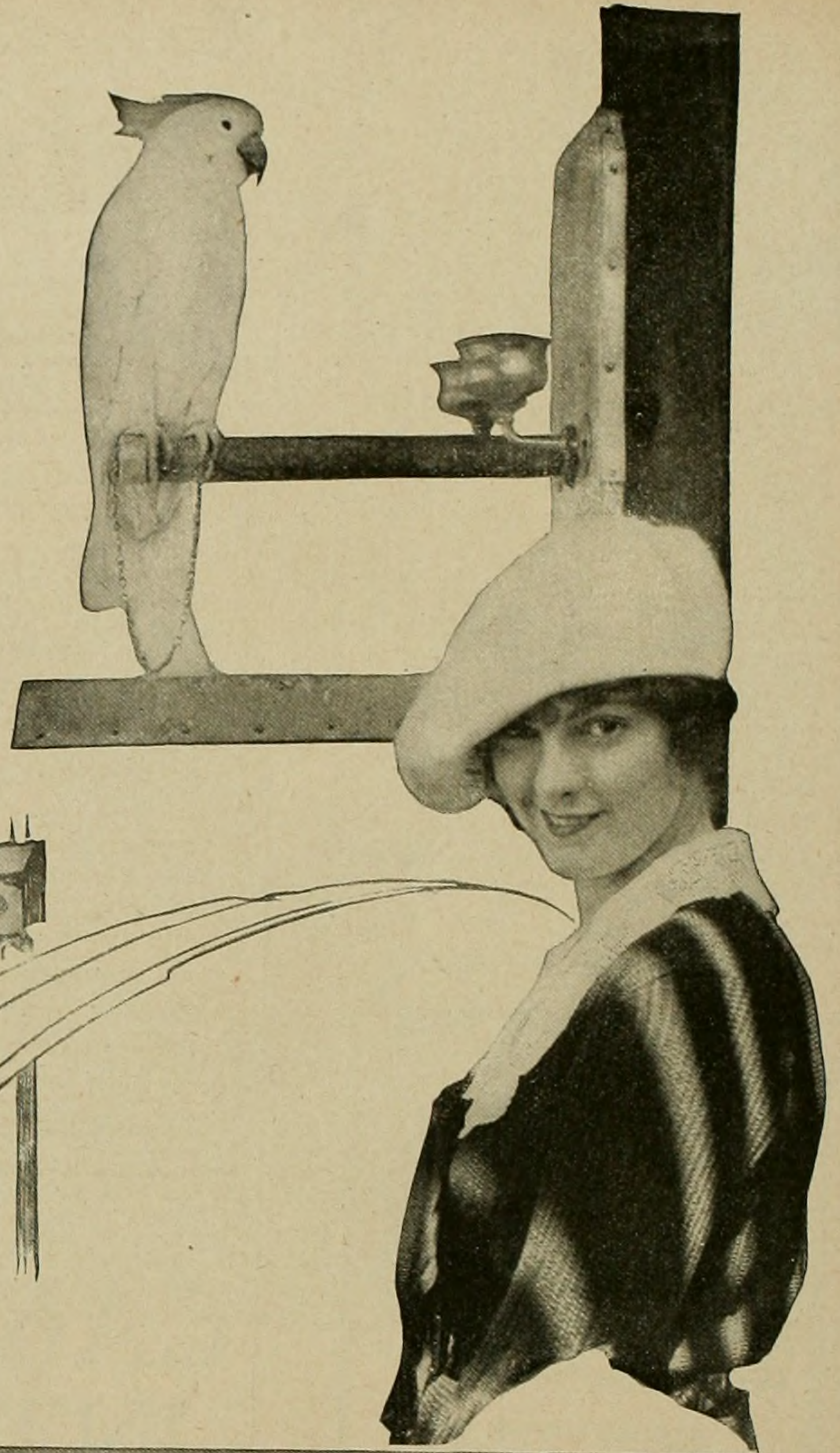
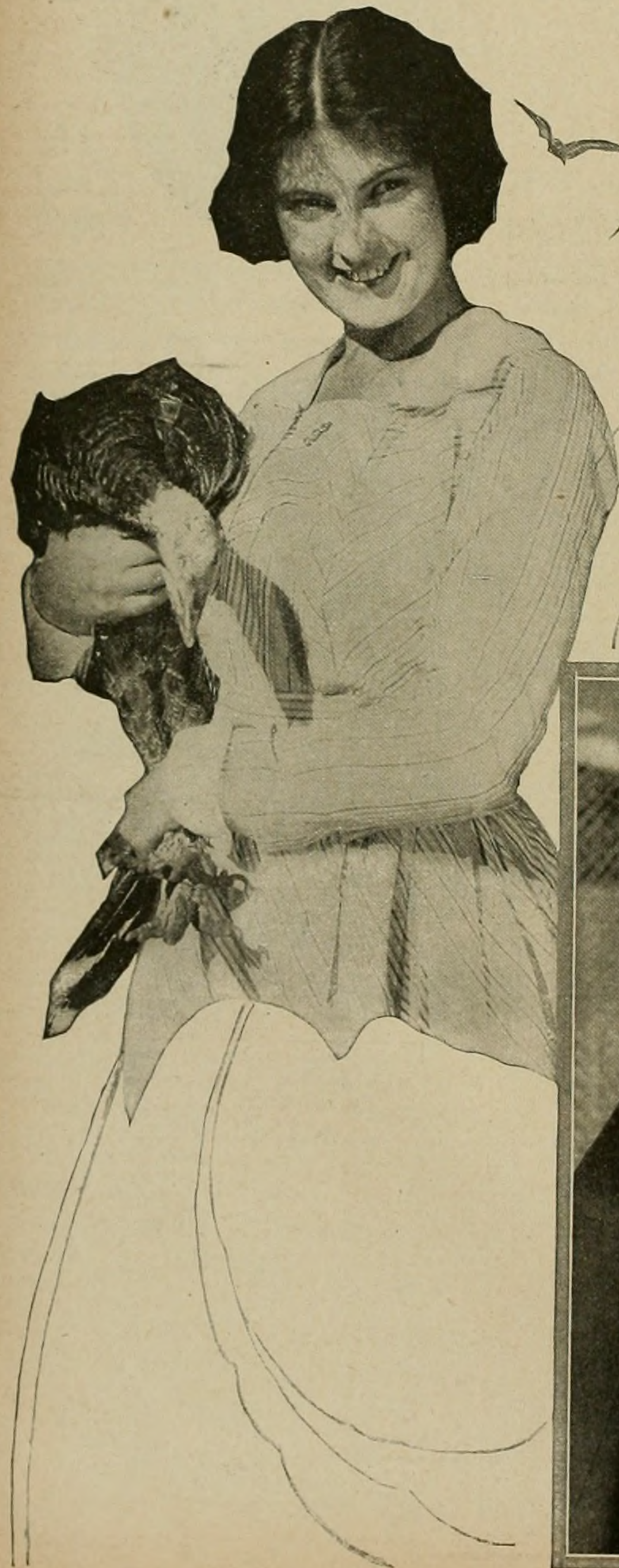
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SAVE! SPEAK QUICK ACT TODAY

Priscilla And Her Pets

Priscilla Dean, the popular Universal star, is apparently a lover of pets, judging from all photographic indications. Priscilla, by the way, is growing in popularity with that critical bird, the photo-play fan



H—H—H!
Human Hobart Henley
(Continued from page 28)

"The business end of it is the trouble," he said, "the retarding factor. Not mentioning any names, I know, from personal experience, that a director may be working on a picture and conditions on a certain day may not be entirely desirable. There may be friction, which is unavoidable occasionally. As a consequence, very few scenes will be shot. Perhaps, late in the day, the power-that-be will come in and inquire how many scenes have been taken. You tell him and he is aghast. He tells you, in no very measured terms, how much he knows should be produced per diem, per hour. Just as the taking films were so much grinding out of sausage meat, so many pounds to the hour, on an efficiency schedule. This has been the condition a great many of us have been up against. It has been a money-making proposition and art has had to stand by. These things considered, and their quite probable elimination also considered, I should say that the screen is a great art. It has every possible reason to be."

I mentioned, with an ear to argument, the loss of the speaking voice, so rich an asset on the stage.

Mr. Henley waived it as of no import, even to be considered as an advantage. He suggested that I, or anybody, sit thru, in one evening, two or three stage plays. Contrariwise, he suggested sitting thru two, three, even four photoplays. The former would be, he said, exhausting, even abnormal. The latter would be quite in order, is even done, and without any vast amount of fatigue. One sense in pictures, the aural sense, is completely at rest. Witnessing a stage play all the senses are called into play.

I asked him whether he had any particular mission in directing pictures, any specific message he wished to give. He disclaimed this with a smile and a shrug. Just something human, he said, something that people, all the people everywhere might see and go away, feeling kindlier, feeling happier and more tolerant, the one of the other, than they had felt before. To present *life*, not as we would like to have it, but as it is. Illusions are all right as a pique now and again, but dangerous as steady diet.

One of his ideas, which seems to me interesting, is his selection of themes. He takes only what appeals to him as human, whether it rises or falls to the general rule of a screen play. He takes only what appeals to him as that fine thing akin to tears and likewise akin to laughter, which makes the whole world kin. He believes, with Kipling, that Julia O'Grady and the Colonel's lady are sisters under the skin and that, fundamentally, the deepest source of tears and the most hidden founts of laughter are one and the same.

Another idea is that of using, in his pictures, non-professionals almost entirely. If he believes that a person fits the part, he engages him to play the

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Those contestants whose pictures appear to us to be very promising will be communicated with at once, and they may be offered parts in this great play immediately. While we are now starting production, the play will not be completed until late in the fall, and it will include the test scenes of the Honor Roll Beauties which will be taken at Roslyn. In this picture we can use a few persons other than young and pretty girls, for we shall need several character types, both male and female. All contestants who wish to apply for one of these parts will kindly so state on their entrance coupon, or in a letter accompanying photo.

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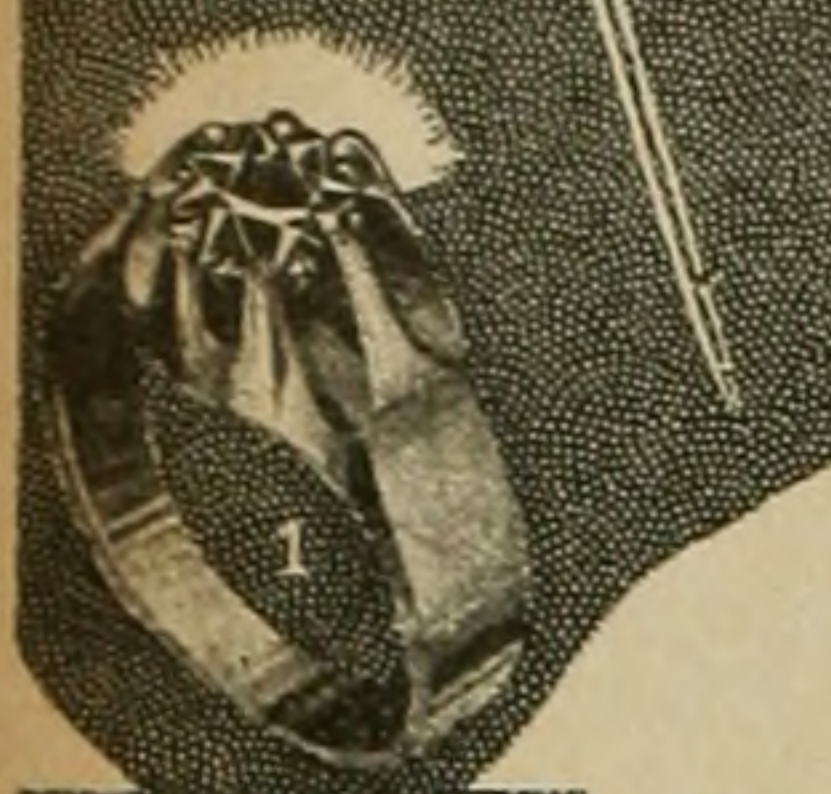
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part. It makes no difference whether he has or has not ever played before. It makes no difference where he comes from nor what he does. He might see a man walking along the street and think to himself, "That is my John Smith." He would approach that man and put it up to him. Almost always, he says, they are splendid. Of course, he uses discrimination. If a person looks so utterly the type as the persons Mr. Henley selects look, they are certain to have at least some inside qualities to tally with their outer seeming. Upon that he relies and, almost always, rightly.

When I talked with him he was near to the end of directing "Skin Deep," the main if not the only characters being two old maids, sisters, to whom, after lean years and many dreams foregone, a legacy is left . . . their reactions . . . And to watch him handle the two characters was a joy and a bit of artistry . . . Just as tender . . . just as beguiling . . . just as coaxy-and-come-ony-now as tho he were, in reality, inducing emotions in two old, quaint ladies dear to his heart. He has that manner, anyway.

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By SOPHIE E. REDFORD

Young Lochy, ballooning, came out of the fog In his Q-23—he was flying *incog*;
He had smiled all the way thru a forty-mile gale,
As he thought out his plan and hereby hangs the tale.
For a chap with a little 8-cylinder car Was to wed the fair Helen of Young Lochinvar!
His gondolas maneuvering 90 an hour, For his gondolas carried 800 horse-power, But he slacked his propellers when coming in view
Of the home of fair Helen on Fifth Avenue. He circled the heavens above her and poof! Landed softly on top of her old daddy's roof. He slipped down the fire escape, not to alarm The guests at the wedding—he meant them no harm—
But had he been found there without an excuse They might have mistaken the Ace for the deuce!
He looked at the crowd as he sat on his perch, And just as they started to go to the church. He jumped thru the window and picked up the bride
And carried her out with a strong manly stride. The bridegroom right after him hollering "Stop!"
As onward they scrambled till over the top, When Lochinvar handed the bridegroom, alas! A few cubic inches of hydrogen gas!
Then buckling a belt on his lady's slim waist, He gave her a coat and some goggles in haste, For her relatives hitherto standing aloof Were now on their way *en famille* to the roof
And the language was not a polite *parlez vous* That was heard at that moment on Fifth Avenue.

April-May Magazine

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has always stood for all that is best upon the Silverscreen.

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Better than ever, brighter, gayer, more intimate is the *April-May* number. The very prettiest, the very smartest girls are there. The handsomest of men grace its pages.

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Faith Service visited the new Griffith studios recently and saw Lillian Gish directing her sister Dorothy—and in a vivid word-picture tells you all about it.

There will be fictionized stories of the best photoplays featuring Viola Dana, Norma Talmadge and Wallace Reid.

Motion Picture Magazine
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Movie Encyclopedia

(Continued from page 84)

ADMIRER.—*Bon jour.* Why dont you go up to Fort Lee, N. J., to get the pictures? That's just a myth. Progress consists in discarding one's delusions, just as a bird molts its worn-out feathers to make room for fresh ones. Betty Blythe and Mahlon Hamilton are in "The Third Generation."

M. R. P. D.—All of the people you mention will be interviewed sooner or later. Be patient.

HELEN A. C.—You failed to send the where-withal. And, oh, boy, that's necessary.

JOSEPH W.—No, I didn't mind the cold weather this winter. Had all my furs out, and I was comfortable in my hall room. Surely I drink buttermilk. *Vola Vale* is with Metro in Bert Lytell's company. Good company, too. I haven't the name of "The Kid" in "The Girl from Outside."

LUCIEN F.—Well, if a man continually makes a fool of himself it does not follow that every clown is a self-made man. Yes, Babe Ruth's pictures are being shown. Yes, about Pauline Frederick. First two on the coast, the others in New York. Run in again, Lucien.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS ADMIRER.—Thanks, the manner of the giving makes the real value of the gift. Well, you dont want much of any. You know Socrates said "He who has the fewest wants is nearest to the gods." Bryant Washburn is playing in "Too Much Johnson." Warren Kerrigan in "Live Sparks."

MARGUERITE MCG.—Alice Brady is playing in "Forever After" and also on the screen.

DORIS W.—Sessue Hayakawa is about 31 years old. Douglas Fairbanks has been in pictures for about five years. Your critic reminds me of the eagle who "has a contempt for all other birds." The owl, however, is more contemptuous still, for he hoots at everything. Bessie Barriscale is playing in "Beckoning Roads."

DOROTHY M., BROOKLYN.—No, we never published "The Spite Bride."

VIRGINIA C.—You want interviews with the players and their wives. I'm afraid a good many of them would prefer not to have their wives present. Your illustration reminds me of Lord Bacon, who, when he went driving in the rain, would remove his hat to let the shower come upon his head, and say that he seemed to feel the spirit of the universe upon him. Dorothy Gish and Owen Moore in "Betty of Greystone."

EDITH H.—Have no list of addresses of players.

DORIS K.—Why didn't you sign your name and address?

HENRY H. D.—No, I dont know whether Gloria Swanson can speak Polish. I have never spoken to her in that language. Olive Tell is with Jans Pictures, Inc., 729 7th Ave., N. Y. C.

JUNE C.—Yes, Viola Dana has bobbed hair. Yes, we have to have them. Fools and obstinate people make lawyers rich. And knowledge directs practice, yet practice increases knowledge, so there you are. Run in and we will debate it some day.

LEONA T.—My, all in one breath. You want Nazimova on the cover, more about Zazu Pitts, and an interview with Lila Lee. You think Dorothy Gish is great in comedy, and Marie Provost very cute. And you dont like Betty Blythe. You say I remind you of a mirror, because I reflect. Most gracious lady, I thank you.

TEXAS BLUE B.—Well, I'll try to be kind to you. Jack Pickford is playing with Goldwyn. He might send you his picture if you write him. Yes, I thank you for the fee.

W. J. WRIGHT.—Yes, Louise Lovely is still playing opposite William Farnum, Fox Company, Los Angeles, Cal. I didn't care for "Wings of the Morning." Cant say that I liked her in it.

LOIS C.—Do you really mean that? No, I have never tried a fireless cooker, but I have had lots of experience with a cookless fire. I prepare a good many of my meals. You want to see Grace Cunard back again. Grace, the silversheet is paging you.

(Continued on page 96)

ALADDIN HOMES Readi-Cut

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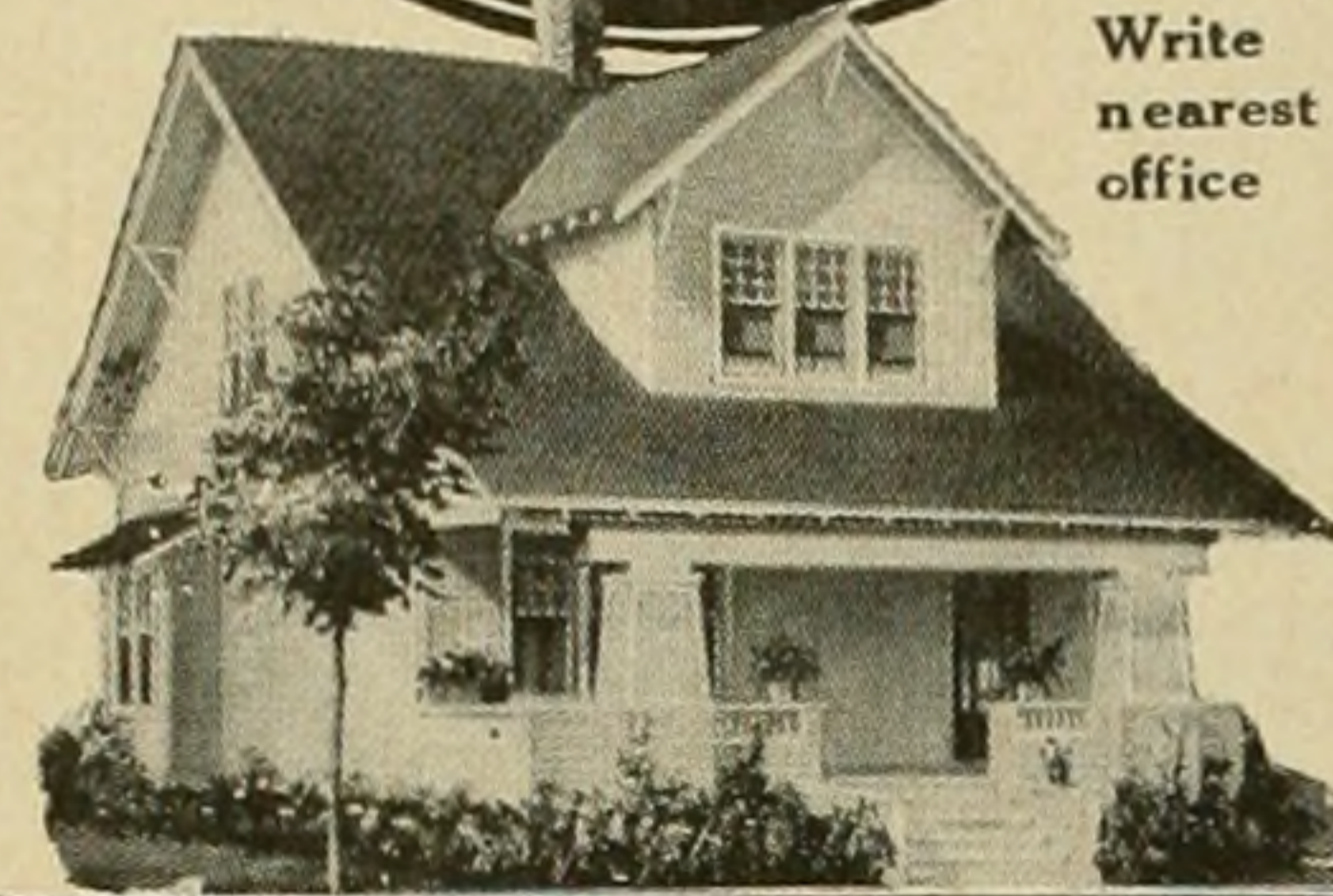
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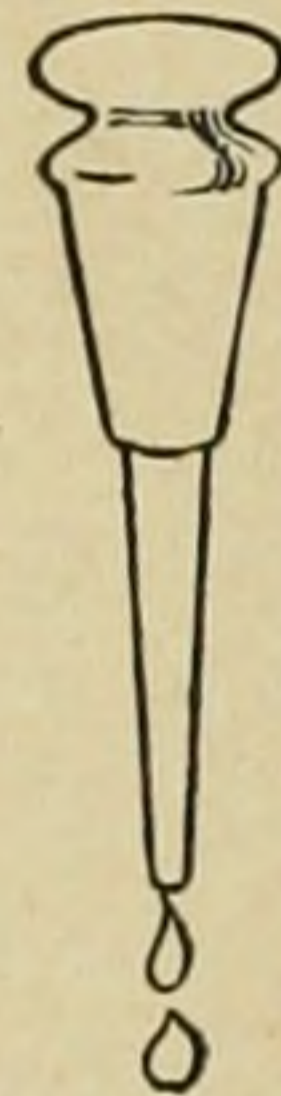


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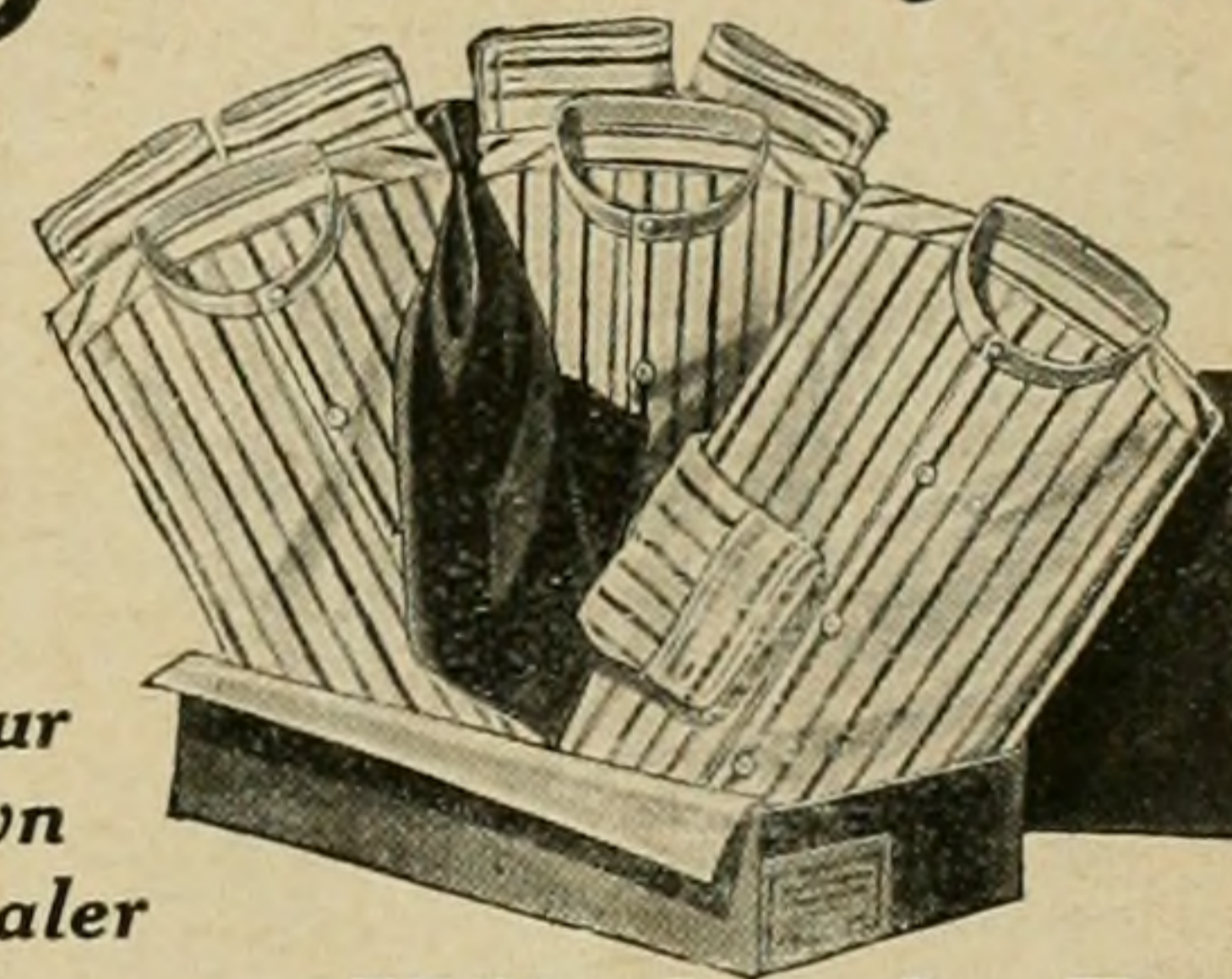
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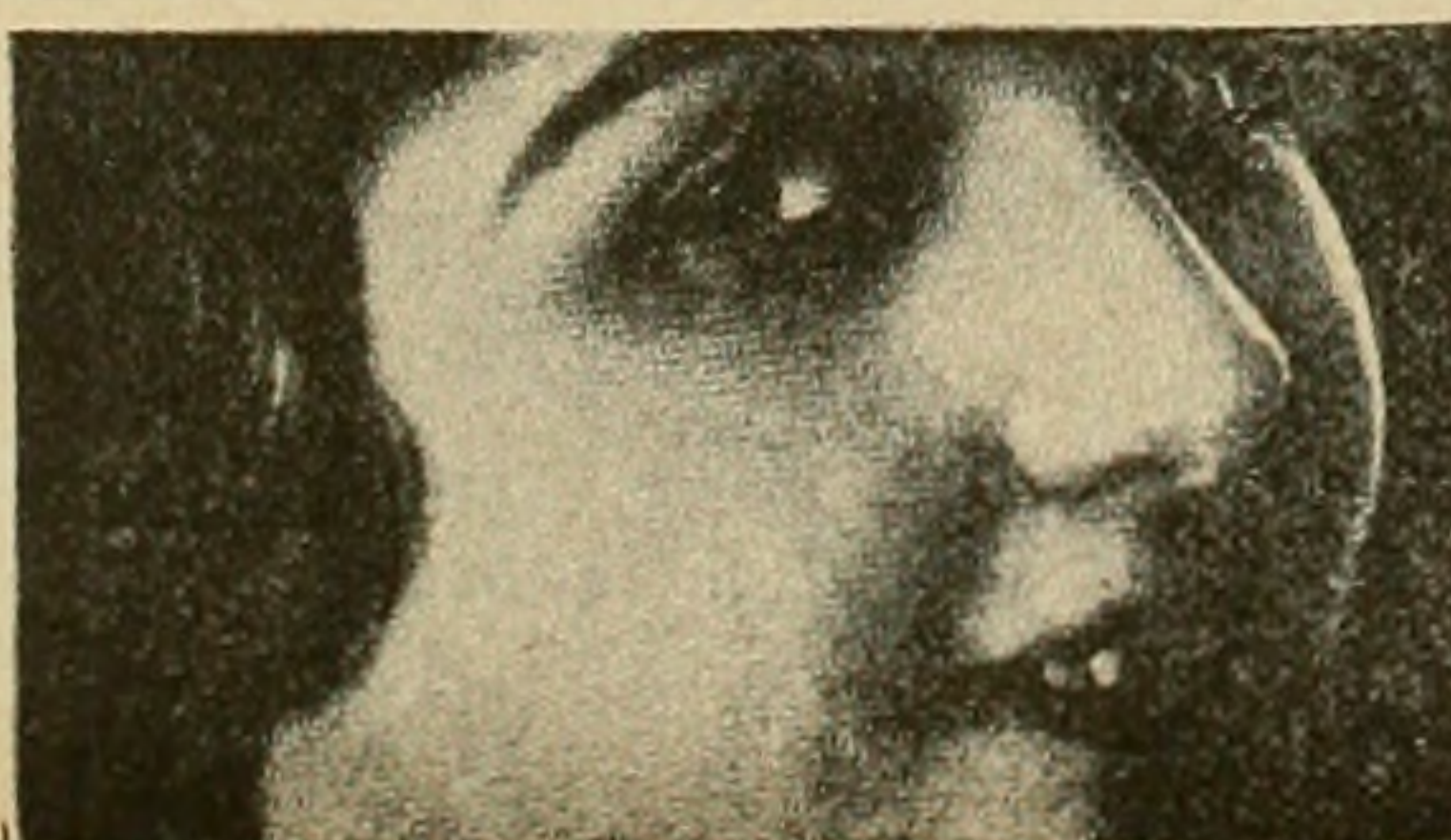
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DORIS B.—Surely I like to know what you think of these magazines. We'll do all we can to give you what you want. Yes, it would be a much different world if we were as discouraged with ourselves as we are with other people. Oh, of course, Harry T. Morey is with Vitagraph. Very much so. His next picture is "The Darkest Hour," but most of Harry's hours are bright. You know he's a star.

WALLACE REID FAN.—You say in part, "If you are really 79 years old, be quick about answering." Yes, child, it's vice versa now, the old must dance to the tune of the young. Henry Walthall played in "Confession." Louise Glaum played in "The Lone Wolf's Daughter."

EMIL G.—You want information about Ellen Cassidy. Well, she's Irish, and she has a Catholic name, and she probably likes the color of green—particularly on payday.

OO LA LA.—Wee, wee. Why, Famous Players have bought "Aphrodite," now playing in New York, and in which Dorothy Dalton is making a hit. It will be produced in pictures soon. Louise Lovely is with Fox. No, I don't use a cane—only the infirm and aged do that, not to mention dudes.

MINNEHAHA.—Why, John Burroughs says that animals experience grief over the loss of their young, but not over the death of a member of their flock or tribe. Death itself seems to have no meaning to them. Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne played in "The Master Thief" in Los Angeles. They do say that Washington seldom smiled, but the same cannot be said of Laugh-eyette.

MILLCENT.—Hobart Bosworth is the star in "Behind the Door," directed by Thomas Ince. Louise Glaum fell and sprained her ankle when making the final scene of "Sex."

APHRODITE.—Of course I compose on the typewriter and, like Kipling, use an Underwood. My greatest pleasure in life is to rise early and oil it. I can do better on this machine without the trouble of thought. I just start something at the first line, pull open the throttle valve and go for a walk around the park. When I come back I find an answer of any desired length completed and the machine flushed and happy waiting modestly for my applause. Believe that, and I'll tell you another. Douglas Fairbanks in "When the Clouds Roll By." Elaine Hammerstein in "Greater Than Fame."

MRS. JAMES DE B.—Glad to hear from the mothers as well as the children. Shirley Mason was born in Brooklyn, 1901, but she has lived it down. She has brown hair, grey eyes, and plays the piano beautifully. No, I never boast of my ancestors. I have a tree around here some place. But it's a rather sad fact that the ancestors of a great many men who boast of their coats-of-arms, had no coats to either their arms or their backs. You mean Mitchell Lewis in "The First of His People." Come in some time, and I will be glad to chat with you.

THURSA.—Don't cry, little girl, don't cry. Washing your eyes with tears may be disconcerting for the moment, but it clears the vision afterwards. Delaware, Alaska, Nevada and Wyoming have the least picture theaters of all States in the U. S. A.

C. K. Y. FAN.—Yours was more of a letter to the editor, but I like to hear what you have to say about the magazines. Yes, I have heard that armistice, like divorce, is the little period *à la mode*, between two marriages. Get thee behind me, Satan.

MIRIAM H.—Your wish will be satisfied soon. Richard Barthelmess has been interviewed. McAlpin is Scotch. But if you don't change your opinions you never will enlarge your knowledge.

JACKIE.—Betty Blythe was born in Los Angeles, 1893. She has dark hair and complexion, weighs 145, 5 ft. 8½ ins. No, I have never met her. Glad to hear from you; write some more.

TWO, TO, TOO ENTHUSIASTIC.—Address Elsie Ferguson, in care of Paramount, New York City. "Unpardonable Sin" has been released for some time now. The maiden name of Mrs. George Washington was Martha Dandridge.

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WILLIAM DUNCAN ADMIRER.—Write the players you mention in care of their company, Los Angeles, Cal. Yes, there must be something fascinating in the scheme of getting others to do our intellectual labor for us; to attempt to fill up our minds as if they were jars. Wouldn't that jar you? Clara Young in "The Forbidden Woman."

MONTE BLUE writes that on account of change of address he wants his friends to know that several hundred requests for photos were neglected. Address him Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Let's hear from you again, Monte.

DIZZIE DOT.—Yes, and a drop of ink will make millicus think, if wisely directed. Dorothy Dalton and William Desmond in "A Gamble in Souls." Speaking of suffrage, did you know that more than 14,000,000 women in suffrage states will be privileged to vote for President next year, even if the Federal suffrage amendment is not carried? I'm out of politics. No, I don't think I will accept the nomination for President. But, of course, if they can't find anybody else, and the nomination were forced upon me, I might ask the editor to give me a four years' vacation and try it.

C. E. C.—May MacAvoy in "The Woman Under Oath." You write a clever letter. As somebody has said, some men are always making spiteful remarks about any man who succeeds. They seem to think the door of success will open to them if they do enough knocking. Madame Petrova is not playing in pictures, but she is the most popular vaudeville artist in the world.

ROBIN G.—Yes, Richard Barthelmess, Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, N. Y. You say he was good in "Broken Blossoms," but whoever saw a Chinaman with a dimple in his chin? Shucks! A Chinaman with a dimple is a better Chinaman.

JERE G.—Florence Turner has been making comedies at Universal and Maurice Costello makes occasional appearances at Vitagraph.

HENRY K. S.—I doubt whether the actresses you mention will carry on a correspondence with you. You know they work all day the same as the rest of us.

CANADA.—There is nothing being said about Mary Pickford retiring from the screen. Come, you must not think that of Eugene O'Brien.

MITZI V.—That's one thing, don't believe in rumors. Theda Bara is very much alive. So you noticed a careless mistake in "Her Kingdom of Dreams." You say the envelope when handed to Miss Warren had no stamp on it, and when she opened it, it was all stamped, addressed and everything. And you wish Nazimova would give up smoking. When she sees this and learns your desires she will no doubt promptly desist.

POPPY.—No, Dorothy Gish does not wear a wig when not playing. What do you think I am, a human geography? Texas was much larger before it was annexed to the U. S. in 1845. Please look up your own geography. You advise me not to throw my old gaiters in the back alley because then they would become alligators. I deny the allegation and defy the alligator.

INQUISITIVE.—Norma Talmadge was born in 1897 at Niagara Falls. She has brown eyes, is 5 feet 2, and weighs 110. Mrs. Charlie Chaplin in "The Inferior Sex." Ben Wilson, and Neva Gerber was the girl in "Mystery Ship." Why, I should say the reason for the lack of development in the Alaskan forests is because of the dampness. Sit down and write me again, Inquis, and I'll do my best.

A. B. C.—Touching on a subject of which I know little, but the name "whiskey" was probably derived from the Celtic "uisgebeatha" (water of life), which was contracted to "usquebaugh" and still later to whiskey. It's selling for \$8.00 a fifth, and try and get it, even for that! Zena Keefe in "The Woman God Sent," a Selznick.

TOMMY, ST. PAUL.—You say some of the players have shaky reputations. Who said so? In order to preserve an unspotted reputation, you have got to look out that nobody spots you. Everybody is free to give his opinion except lawyers—they sell theirs.

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Yourself



The girl got \$6 a week, and was lonely. "Piggy" you can imagine his kind,—was waiting downstairs. He knew where champagne and music could be had. But that night she didn't go. That was Lord Kitchener's doing. But another night—



When the Gorilla Sang!

Fluttering—poised an instant—then back and forth with light and easy steps she sprang, while he leaped out at her side mimicking the uncouth, hideous bounds of a gorilla—she in her woodland nymph dress of leaves and he in the clothes of Broadway. There in that dingy night court—in the pale flare of the gas jets—they did a dance which held the destiny of two lives—and yet, so strange it was that only one of all who saw it dared guess—



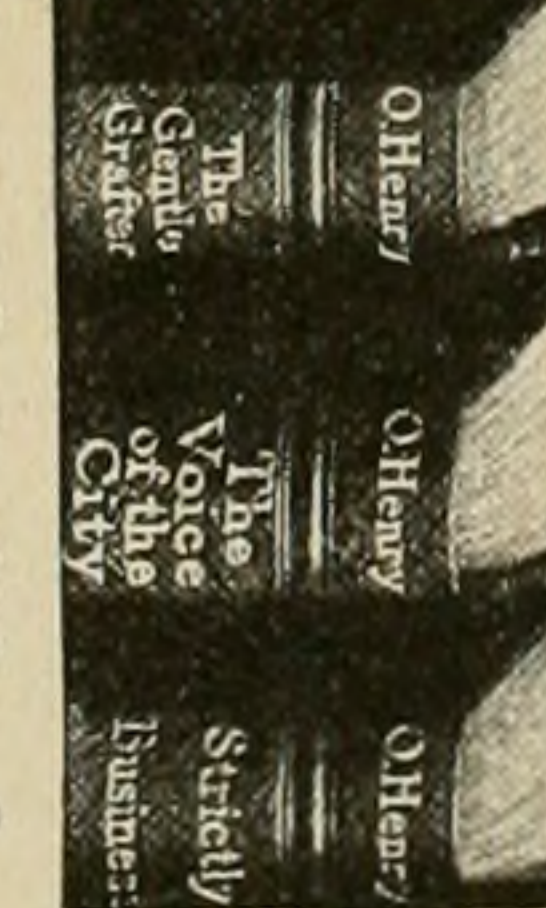
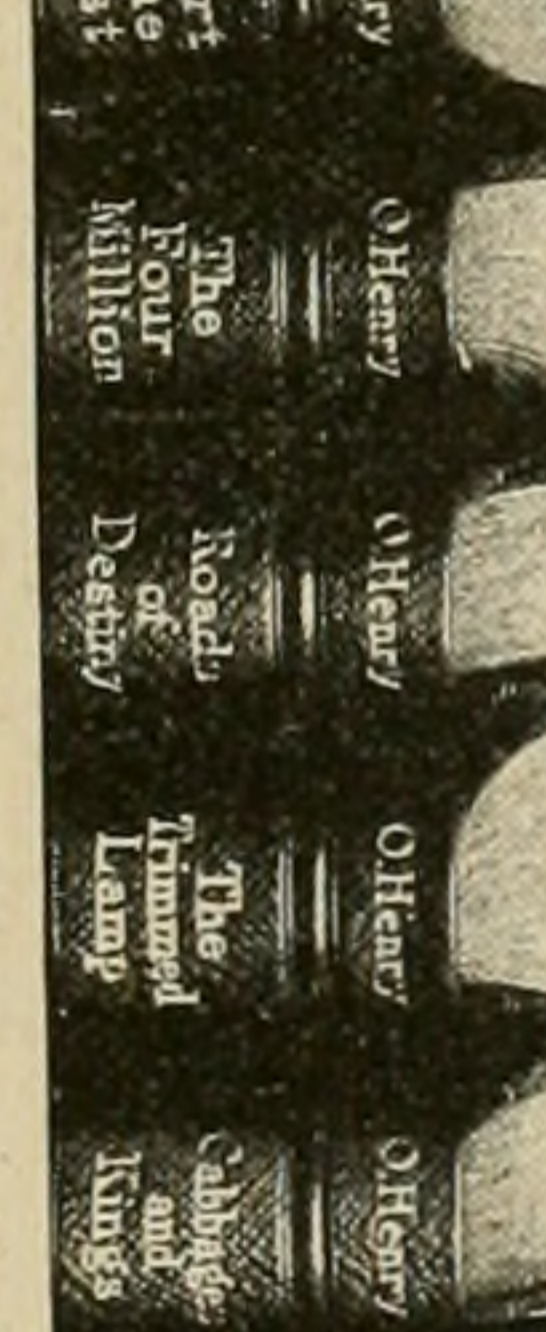
Two Against Two Hundred

They were waiting for him to collapse, before they killed him. He was alone with two hundred man-eating blacks. He had tended them in their misery—but they had no gratitude.

And then she—this girl—had appeared, out of nowhere—like some mysterious goddess out of the Pacific. And alone, they two fought off the two hundred.

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Gossip of the Pacific Coast

By FRITZI REMONT

LOS ANGELES, (Special).—It's a well-established fact that when any one wants to raise funds for charitable purposes, the motion picture field is combed for cuties first of all. At Clune's Auditorium, just before the holidays, the Los Angeles *Examiner* arranged a monster benefit, at which nearly everybody tried to insert a bit, with the effect of keeping us out of bed until 2 A. M. one Sunday morning.

Ben Alexander aroused a lot of amusement by playing director behind a big camera, with Charlie Murray as chief actor. His instructions, coupled with much delightful semaphoring and facial maneuvering, made one of the hits of the evening. The genial Mr. Murray had been billed to tell funny stories, but introduced himself by saying that he knew more "stag" stories than any other sort and that, if the ladies would retire from the audience, he would be pleased to entertain the men folk.

One of Cecil De Mille's playlets was produced with telling effect, Bebe Daniels sang lovely ballads, Mary Miles Minter told anecdotes and—oh, well, what's the use? Everybody was there and saw and conquered.

Gloria Swanson, the adored of many swains, has gone and done it. She is off on her honeymoon with Herbert K. Sornborn, who is with Equity Films Corporation. This is Miss Swanson's second venture, altho she is only starting to tick off her twenties. She will continue her screen career, having several years' contract with Famous Players-Lasky Company to fulfil.

Conrad Nagel is starting as a star on the same lot, doing "The Fighting Chance," Robert W. Chambers' exciting novel, under Charles Maigne, who has but lately arrived also.

The lot at Vine and Selma streets, Hollywood, looks rather lively, with eleven companies working hard. Uncle George Melford is now a feature director, and several new directors have been added to the list, among those being Thomas Heffron, who is megaphoning Major Warwick and Lois Wilson, who is making her first appearance opposite the soldier-star. Miss Wilson looks about sixteen now; she keeps getting younger and prettier and is one of the best-loved girls at the studio. It was just about two days before Christmas, a frightfully warm spell that we had, and Lois was sauntering about, package-laden, awfully excited over the exchange of gifts. She wore a sheer little frock of some lace-trimmed buff material, and was made up for the afternoon scenes with the Major.

I saw Wanda Hawley in a blue suit and ditto turban, looking exactly like one of those blonde "Baby Vamps" the stores are selling nowadays. She is playing opposite Bryant Washburn this time, in "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," which James Cruze is directing.

Stop!

We cant. We haven't a minute to spare. We are trying to catch up. We have to make up for that time we lost in taking off that tire, punctured by the printers' strike. The race is a hot one—it looks as tho we might be beaten, but——

Look!

We are not the only ones upset by punctures, and blow-outs, and strikes, and things—and the race is even again—and

Listen!

We have an idea! We are going to win yet. We will leave the punctured April issue of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC by the roadside, and will catch up by putting out an April-May issue!

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Ethel Clayton was buying Oregon holly wreaths, having carefully sorted thru a lot of spruce and pine circlets, which did not appeal to her fastidious taste. She's done "Young Mrs. Winthrop," under Walter Edmunds, formerly with Connie Talmadge, and will start on "A Lady in Love"—and Ethel is—but only with her work.

Mary Anderson planned to remember everybody at the Selig studio with gifts—at least those who work with her—and looked engulfed behind piles of small boxes and strands of ribbons looped for safe-keeping about her neck. Mary said that she wished we had a theater like the one Seattle boasts, which has a second-floor ballroom where one may *dance* to *rest* one's self while waiting for seats in the motion picture auditorium. She hates to stand in line, and with Los Angeles crowded to the bursting point with tourists, one cannot get a seat anywhere without holding down a bit of paving on Broadway for an hour or so first.

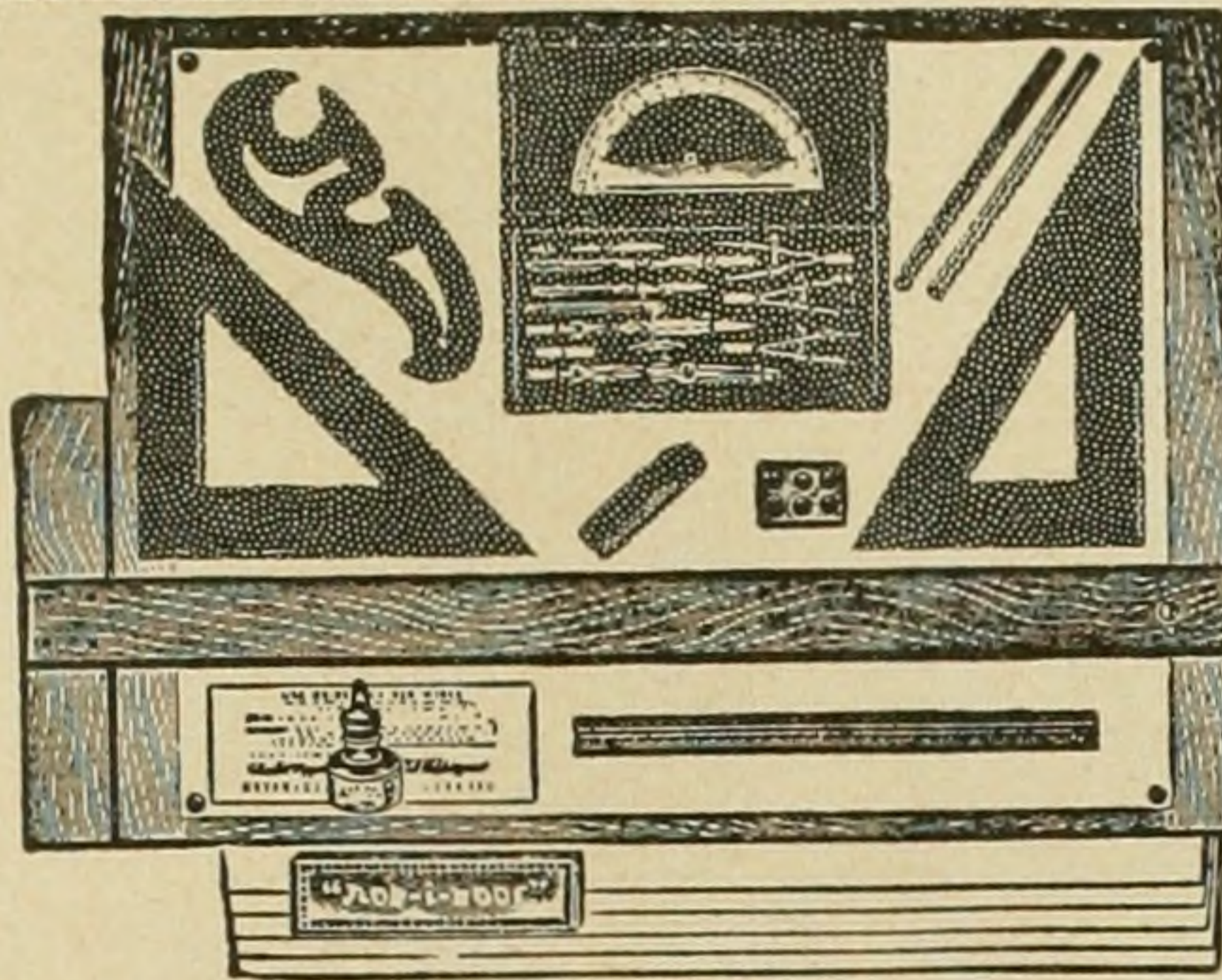
Mitchell Leison, the wonderful designer for the Famous Players-Lasky studio, whose entrancing gowns for Gloria Swanson have been shown on living models at our local theaters many times, is back from New York, where he had *carte blanche* for the buying of rare laces and materials. Howard Higgin, who designs the luxurious sets used by the De Milles, has also returned recently. He's an architect as well as connoisseur of furniture and draperies, china and bric-à-brac, so it's no wonder his sets are "chemically pure" in every respect.

I met Irving Cummings sauntering up Vine Street with Junior, who is surely the image of his *Par*—with the same big brown eyes and "sortacurly lox," only Junior is hatless and his fond parent wears a giant Stetson. They do say that Mrs. Cummings is the most delightful woman! That this is one of the truly happy marriages in Filmland. It's no wonder Mr. Cummings had the top button of his sports shirt thrown wide to the December zephyrs, for any man should be chesty over a handsome infant like Junior.

Over on Wilshire Boulevard, I bumped into "Mother" Sylvia Ashton, who was dropping in on the Donald MacDonalds for afternoon tea. The latter have just bought the lot next to their handsome home, and Mrs. MacDonald, artist that she is, has designed marvelous improvements, for the garden will now be double size, and one part will be devoted to a sunken garden, adjoining the cute Japanese tea-garden, where so many lovely hours have been spent in entertaining friends with the only amber beverage now available in Hollywood.

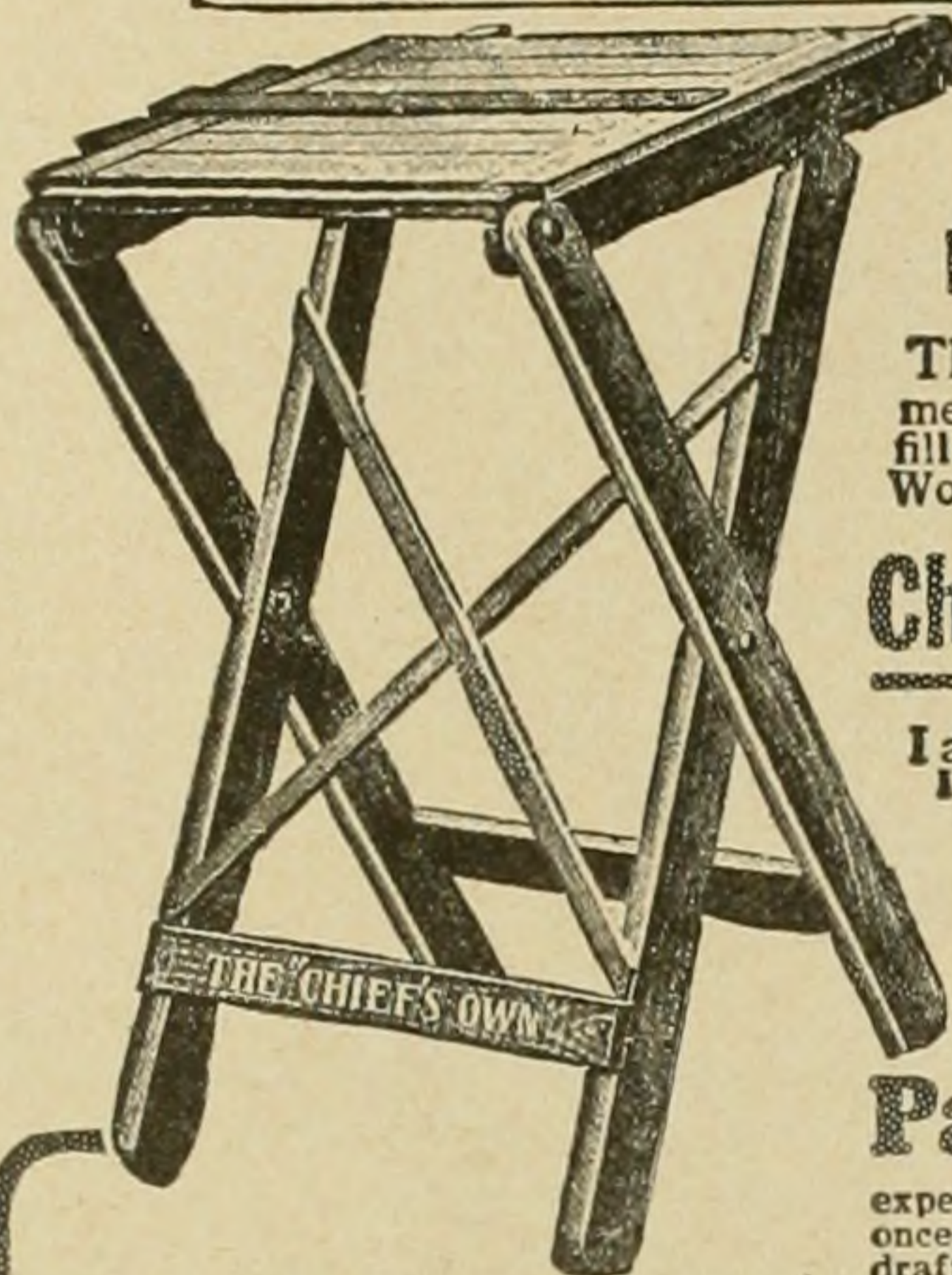
William Stowell, whose tragic death cast a lot of gloom over the photoplayers, left seventeen thousand dollars, his only surviving relative being an elderly aunt. Lillian Leighton, who is always mothering some one on the screen, is still taking care of Mr. Stowell's birds, books and other pets, not to mention the treasures he collected in the last few years. She

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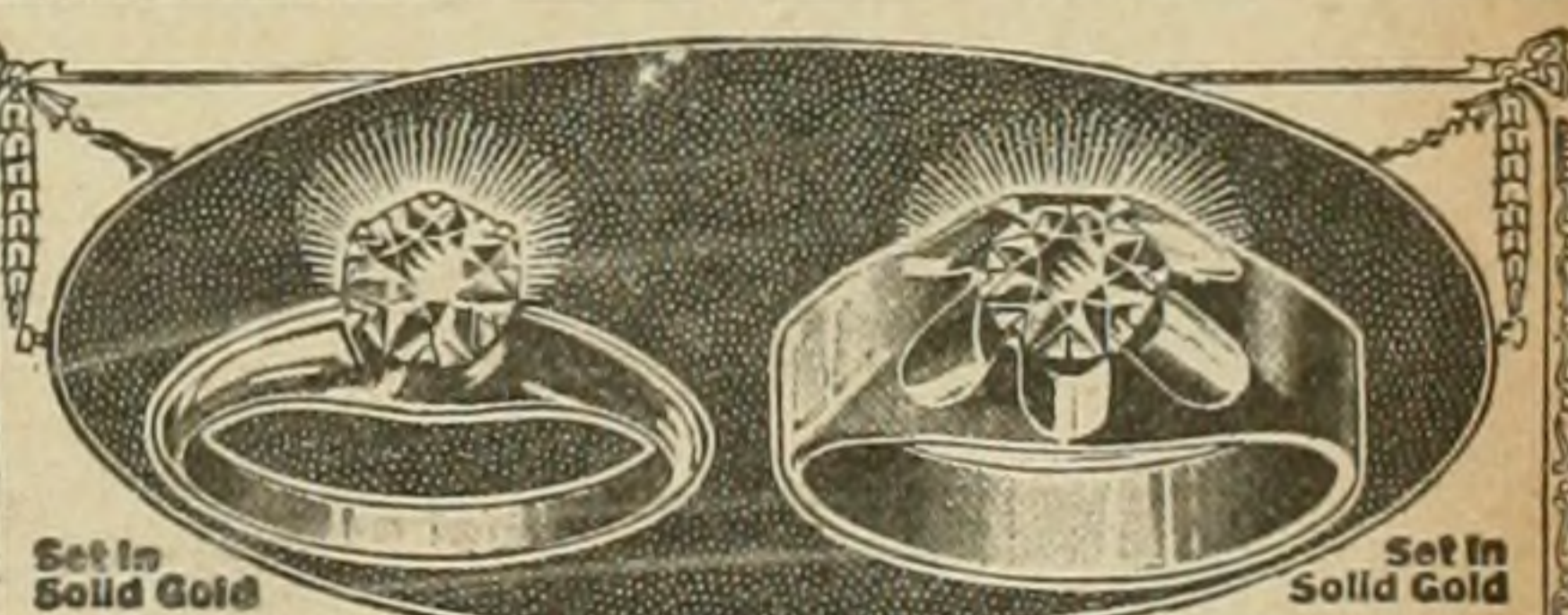
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black..... jet black..... dark brown.....
medium brown..... light brown.....

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had received so many interesting letters from Mr. Stowell, who was a "great big kid," they all tell me, very good-hearted, frank and unspoiled—and it's been almost impossible for Miss Leighton to believe that he really wont return to claim his trinkets and pets.

Colleen Moore has been suddenly elevated to special honors, and is doing an eight-reel feature, the biggest thing ever handed out to that bright little gossoon. I met her shopping for a chic wardrobe, and judging by the wrinkle on her pretty face, she's very much puzzled about her "trousseau."

Miss Moore was out on location at the celebrated San Juan Capistrano Mission, half-way between Los Angeles and San Diego, and sent lots of snapshots to her studio friends from that interesting resort. San Juan was pretty well destroyed by an earthquake in 1812, and only part of the mission has been restored, altho the beautiful and quaint old cloister garden still offers splendid "shots" for the camera.

At San Francisco, I saw a preview of the first Australian film offered in our markets, and many were the Los Angeles brokers and producers who had run up to see it.

The story is a dialect poem by C. J. Dennis, considered the greatest writer of dialect poems in any language today. The theme of "The Sentimental Bloke" is simple, but it is sympathetic, allows of much legitimate comedy and gives charming glimpses of Australian scenery. A flash-back of scenes from "Romeo and Juliet," with subtitles in verse supposedly recited by "The Bloke," is one of the funniest things in this comedy.

I overheard a conversation between two men later. The one with a wealthy voice and a rotund personality was saying, "I am afraid of it; we're not strong for dialect stuff in the U. S. A., because we're not apt to understand it."

The other replied, "I dont see that at all, for in each case the action follows the subtitle in dialect so closely that a man must be an ignoramus not to catch the drift of the verse."

The first answered, "You're talking from the standpoint of critic and newspaper man—I'm talking for Lizzie and Sallie, *et al.*, who cant even read ordinary English."

Then both laughed as the newspaper man recited dramatically, "'Ow I ongkored for 'at coot, 'at barmy goat named Romeo!'"

Wilfred Lucas directed the photoplay, so it's with a good deal of interest that we viewed it, at all events.

A party of Indian princesses and princes visited the Lasky studio, and while it's not unusual to have foreign visitors, these excited attention because the ladies were of such high caste that they were distinguished by having diamonds *inset* in their noses, one on either side. Evidently they dont have gumshoe men in India to disturb the peace of mind of the young ladies.

A queer sight presents itself at Sixth and Hill streets, former home of the First Methodist Church, and a good

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"The Magazine of Magazines"

You have just come in from your day's work. You are mentally exhausted. Life is deady in its monotony, and you flop down in a chair and gaze stupidly at the blank wall of your existence before you.

Your hand gropes idly for the cigarets or pipe (or knitting). It touches a magazine. Half-despairingly, you pick it up with the faint hope that your mind will be distracted for a moment. In the arch of light coming from your reading lamp, you stare at the name—SHADOWLAND. You repeat it slowly, again and again, in a sort of half-whisper. Slowly vague thoughts begia to form in your mind. Half-developed visions, pictures from the inside world of the mind's eye, creep into your memory. You set sail for the Land of Romance, that misty Land of Long Ago.

SHADOWLAND—Again you say it and shadow pictures appear before you. You remember the long evenings before the fire-light when you were a child. You sat on grandfather's knee and gazed fearfully over his shoulder to where the long, grotesque shadows towered from floor to ceiling.

You remember when a boy, coming home late at night from some fellow-playmate's house, across the empty lots which looked so threatening and full of mysterious shadows. How frightened you were, your only companion being your shadow running alongside of you and causing strange thoughts and terror to trouble your mind.

You remember the great discovery that two shadows could be one. That moonlight night when, holding her in your arms; you saw the single shadow on the grass. You sigh with regret—for *Shadowland is Memory.*

* * *

You turn the pages of the magazine and, like the immortal Alice, you begin at the beginning, go on to the end, and then stop. Regret leaves you. Your mind becomes stimulated, for Romance is with you still, but in another form. Your pulse quickens at the sight of so much Beauty—your sense of humor is touched by the wit of the writers, and your mind appreciates the cleverness of the articles. You become more and more absorbed. Fatigue vanishes; the world and its troubles are again worth while, and you are content—for *Shadowland is Life!*

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As dew revives the flowers, Satin skin cream brings back beauty to aging, fading faces, smooths away blemishes. At the ball, at home or abroad, everywhere, the favorites of fashionable folks are Satin skin powder (flesh, white-pink, brunette or naturelle) and Satin skin cream. You are a la mode with a satin skin, and

There’s only one way to secure a satin skin. Apply Satin skin cream, then Satin skin powder. Sold at leading toilet counters. Suspect any substitute. Insist upon Satin, and remember, “There’s only one way to secure a satin skin: Apply Satin Skin Cream, then Satin Skin Powder.”

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many of the former church members are expressing shocked surprise.

The building was bought by Syd Graumann for a new theater, and the enterprising advertiser has boarded up the stained glass windows partially, ditto the big carved portals, and placed his advertising sign across the edifice announcing the forthcoming production of motion pictures de luxe on the sacred site. But that’s not the worst of it, for fruit vendors have leased the “concession” from Graumann, enabling them to display fruits and vegetables on the steps formerly trod by pious visitors, and so for the first time we’re seeing a twentieth century version of “My house shall be called a House of Prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves and money-changers.” Yet it’s quite in line with P. T. Barnum’s advice, isn’t it?

A Doll’s Apartment *(Continued from page 62)*

her boudoir is to be an antique desk, lined—she is having it *relined*—with purple leather, and before which she will sit to write, Turk-wise, upon a mammoth cushion.

All about there were pictures, framed in heavy silver, which “Jack gave me,” of Jack himself, of Olive and of the kiddie, besides various other screen luminaries.

I came away with the impression of a child playing, very successfully, at being grown up, and having a thoroly good time in the playing . . .

Marjorie Daw: A Real Girl *(Continued from page 65)*

decided that he shall finish high school and go thru college before choosing a career.

“We think of a new one every few days, so there is no telling what he will really be when the time comes. My brother is *everything* to me,” and Marjorie waxed eloquent in his praise. “His fatherly advice guides every move I make, for we talk over all my personal and business affairs, and his judgment is wise and dependable. He is growing an inch a week and is getting so dignified. He is struggling to learn to dance now, and we have the greatest fun every night, dancing all over the bungalow.”

So, with memories of a happy childhood and the present filled with glorious dreams of future triumphs, Marjorie Daw is fast growing up.

After being with her an afternoon one realizes that what we most love in her is her wholesome joyousness, which suggests rose-gardens, sunbeams and fairy fancies.

FASCINATING PHYLLIS By BARBARA HOLLIS

Phyllis is false—she is fickle and frivolous; Phyllis is flighty—flirtatious, forsooth; Phyllis is frank—ah, yes, frightfully, fearlessly;

Fair yet so faulty—I’m speaking the truth.

Phyllis is fathomless—fetchingly fathomless; Phyllis is flippant and faithless I know; Phyllis is foolishly fond of philandering; Isn’t it funny I love Phyllis so!



She Played to Lose!

This woman—so soft—so lovely—so exquisite in every detail—so out of place in that wild gambling hell—this woman played to lose. Across the gleaming tables her long white hands pushed the crackling bills. One after another the yellow backed hundred dollar bills passed from her golden bag to the dealer. And yet she smiled serene.

How she got there—why she was there—how she got away—it all makes a thrilling story—a tale with not one mystery, but three—and it has been told by to-day’s master of detective mystery—

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

He is the detective genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically. For nearly ten years, America has been watching his Craig Kennedy—marveling at the strange, new, startling things that detective hero would unfold. Such plots—such suspense—with real vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. Russian ingenuity has fashioned wild tales of mystery. But all these seem old-fashioned—out of date beside the infinite variety—the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve’s tales.



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

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

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"It was falling out, getting brittle and stringy. My scalp was filled with dandruff and itched almost constantly.

"A few applications of Kolor-Bak produced a wonderful improvement. The itching stopped instantly. There was no more dandruff. And—marvel of marvels—it is now restored to its original color—not a gray hair shows anywhere!"

Kolor-Bak is not a dye or stain. It is colorless, stainless, harmless and restores original color to gray hair simply by putting hair and scalp in a healthy condition.

Send for our special trial offer; also Free Book on Hair which explains how Kolor-Bak restores gray hair to its original color.

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STILLMAN'S FRECKLE CREAM

Made especially to remove freckles. Leaves the skin clear, smooth and without a blemish. Prepared by specialists with years of experience. Money refunded if not satisfactory. 50c per jar. Write today for particulars and free booklet—

"Wouldst Thou Be Fair?"

Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. Sold by all druggists

STILLMAN CREAM CO.
Dept. 3 Aurora, Ill.



Pell of Pell Manor

(Continued from page 78)

from the pergola, "but I would like to know about your hobbies—what you do outside of pictures."

For some reason he seemed much embarrassed.

"I—er—oh, I ride horseback, and—do you really want to know?"

Of course, I did. He was so mysterious about it I thought it must be dueling or moonshining.

"I play poker!" he confided, in a stage whisper.

"So do I!" I responded, in the same tone, and we shook on it.

"I've always thought," he added, in hurried confidence, "that my fondness for that indoor sport was responsible for my part as the Mystic Shrine husband in 'Fair and Warmer.' You remember, he was a poker devotee."

The casting director tells me *positively* that such was not the case. But far be it from me to contradict Pell of Pell Manor.

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come

(Continued from page 80)

get the last four years, and remember the four days before them—or are we still enemies, my dear—oh, my dear?"

She sank down upon the couch, and one slim hand patted invitation on the damask beside her. He came, hesitant, not daring to hope, sat down, white with her dear nearness, and then he saw that she was smiling with wet eyes.

"What does it say in the Scriptures," Margaret murmured, "what does it say—about loving—your enemies?"

The Farce University

(Continued from page 87)

dies for his company. Like Miss Lake, she is a Brooklyn girl.

Gloria Swanson started in filmized George Ade fables with Essanay in Chicago, drifted to the Keystone and Sennett forces—and Cecil De Mille found her.

Bebe Daniels was a stage kiddie and literally grew up behind the footlights. She started her film work with the Harold Lloyd farces and—presto!—De Mille seized her.

Betty Compson played in vaudeville and stock companies before she tried the films with the Al Christie forces. Then came the Arbuckle comedies and her discovery by George Loane Tucker for "The Miracle Man."

Yes, it's a big year for comédiennes.

Movie Encyclopædia

S.—Thanks for the lock and key. You say it is the key to your heart. Entirely unnecessary—love laughs at a locksmith.

EUGENIE S.—Yes, some of the players write to their admirers, but it is asking a lot of them to correspond regularly.

OLGA 17.—Greetings, dear child! You say it makes you beautifully sad and fills you with longing to think back on the olden days when you wrote to me so regularly. Do come and see me soon.

The Ides of March

Beware the Ides of March, for it is generally considered unlucky. Beware them any other year, but this year beware lest you forget the Ides of March, for at that time you will be able to purchase at the newsstands—in the book-stores—on the train—and in the thousand and one usual places, the *March-April* number of SHADOWLAND, "The Magazine of Magazines."

You see the reason for the hyphen is, we will be unable to issue a March Number of SHADOWLAND, because we are tired of being behind with our schedule, which is a result of the recent printers' strike.

However, *Know All Men by These Presents*: That on or about the twenty-third day of March, in the year nineteen hundred and twenty, there will be placed for sale at all customary places, a *March-April* issue of SHADOWLAND MAGAZINE—more beautiful, more artistic, more interesting than any previous number, by which sale we expect to repay the readers of this magazine for the annoyance caused by the necessary omission of the March issue.

We thank you for your kindness in the matter.

M. P. Publishing Co.

175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE charm of a beautiful complexion merits none but the finest and daintiest of face powders.

Freeman's FACE POWDER

For 40 years the choice of women who prize their beauty. Of lovely fragrance and closely clinging.

All tints at all toilet counters 50c (double the quantity of old 25c size) plus 2c war tax. Miniature box mailed for 4c plus 1c war tax.

THE FREEMAN PERFUME CO.,
Dept. 104 Cincinnati, O.

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FREE INSTRUMENT

Can You Play? Are You Popular?

LET this famous player be your instructor. Let him teach you to produce wonderful, sympathetic melodies on the Hawaiian Ukulele. No more exquisite music was ever given to mankind.

Draw to your home and yourself charmed circles of friends and admirers—know the delights of popularity. Sing and dance to the tender strains of Hawaiian music.

Write us at once for information how you can obtain ABSOLUTELY FREE a genuine Ukulele, which we are giving away to introduce Harry J. Clarke's new and wonderfully easy system of instruction by mail.

Small cost—great results!

Write Mr. Clarke personally today.

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Miss Wise Woman says MAGDA CREAM used first makes powder cling much better. When motor-ing it protects the skin. After a day's shopping or dusty ride it is nicer than soap for cleansing the skin. A MAGDA massage before retiring keeps the skin youthful looking, rests and refreshes tired nerves.

MAGDA CREAM

25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00
at Drug Depts. or direct from

F. C. KEELING & CO.
Rockford, Illinois

The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 50)

knot is tied. The way a healthy young chap falls beneath the spell of the madman forms an unpleasant vein running thru an otherwise high-spirited comic romance. You will at least sense this vaguely when you see the comedy.

"Should a Woman Tell?" (Metro), is claptrap melodrama of the most obvious sort, dealing with one of those super-innocent cuties who is wronged by a rich

TO MARY PICKFORD:

It would not be quite fair to write a cold, calm criticism of "Pollyanna." Because it would not tell half that is in our heart.

'Way back in the minds of all of us are dreams—the dreams we started with, the dreams that came to grief when we encountered life as it is. You have the ability—indeed, we should say genius—to stir those latent memories, to sweep back the years, to give us faith again.

How well you have succeeded in "Pollyanna"! The calm, critical side of our brain tells us that it is a sugar-coated view of life as it isn't and never was, but the dream side of us stirs—and awakens. What, then, of criticism? You have given us a golden flash into something intangible, never to be attained perhaps, but sacred, far inside our hearts. You have made us forget the realities of today.

If we ever reach the point where you fail to touch us, Mary Pickford, we will know that our ideals have gone, that our heart is empty, that ashes have taken the place of our memories. May that never be!

We know—our critical self keeps repeating it—that you never did a finer, better sustained or an infinitely more subtle bit of playing of childhood than your Pollyanna. That the tear was never so close to the smile. But it is the soul beneath this histrionic dexterity that we feel. *You are eternal youth, with its dream cities of high hopes.*

We need you, Mary Pickford—and more "Pollyannas."

THE CELLULOID CRITIC.

and unscrupulous youth and who goes thru reels and reels of hectic emotions. "Should a woman tell?" is supposed to be the problem facing the cutie when she weds a very upright young chap. "Should a Woman Tell?" is exceedingly mediocre. The direction is uninspired, save for a rather well done shipwreck. The one redeeming feature is the rather promising work of the new Metro star, Alice Lake, who seems a sort of mingling of Alice Brady, Norma Talmadge and half a dozen other celluloidic luminaries.

You Can Have these real Pearls of Ayesha

Here's an opportunity to purchase pearls of exquisite lustre and beauty—so delicately colored and glowing with milky lights that you will wonder how so much beauty could be contained in globes so small. Ayesha pearls so closely imitate the costly Oriental gems that even experts find it difficult to distinguish between them.

They are manufactured in exact simulation of the real pearls formed in the depths of the seas. Nature's own process has been closely and carefully followed. The result is startling. Compare Ayesha Pearls with any \$20,000 string you have seen and realize the exceptional offer we make you.

You can now buy this 20 in. string of gleaming gems, graduated from the exquisite Annette to the radiant Metropolitan Opera size, fastened with a solid gold clasp.

Send Only \$1.89

After you have examined them closely and they meet with your entire satisfaction send us the balance of only \$8.00.

When you receive the pearls—observe their beauty. Wear them with even your plainest frock—notice how they enhance the charm of your appearance. Watch your friends turn to you in admiration. Note how they blend with the whiteness of your throat.

You cannot consider your personal possessions complete until you own a string of these lustrous beauties. Do not permit the other women of your acquaintance to out-dress and out-class you.

Our supply of these gems is limited. Act now—write immediately before our stock is exhausted and you miss this splendid offer.

Send today. Don't hesitate, you get remarkable value.

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WRITE THE MUSIC

SUBMIT YOUR SONG POEMS ON ANY SUBJECT FOR MY PERSONAL CRITICISM AND ADVICE. ACCEPTABLE WORDS WILL BE REVISED, FURNISHED WITH APPROPRIATE MUSIC, COPYRIGHTED AND EXPLOITED UNDER MY ORIGINAL METHODS FOR FACILITATING THE PUBLICATION OR OUTRIGHT SALE OF SONGS. VALUABLE BOOKLET ON SONG WRITING SENT FREE ON REQUEST. WRITE TO ME TODAY.

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AUTHOR OF "I'M TYING THE LEAVES SO THEY WON'T COME DOWN—DON'T FORGET OLD DIXIELAND" AND OTHERS, &
12 GAIETY THEATRE BLD., NEW YORK

WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS

But It Doesn't Cost a Cent

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Just as easy as sitting on the magic carpet and wishing yourself a place on the screen. This is open to everybody—ladies and gentlemen. It doesn't matter who you are, what your nationality is, how old or how young you are, married or single, fat or thin, or where you live. All you must possess is charm of manner, grace of movement or some personal charm or beauty.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND

will give two years' publicity to the winner. This means your portrait in colors on our magazine covers that claim a circulation of nearly a million copies monthly; interviews, special articles, pictures,—in other words, publicity that cannot be bought at any price. The magazine claims that in two years the winner will be standing on the ladder of success in the motion picture world. Can you afford to pass this up?

RULES FOR THE CONTESTANTS

Contestants shall submit one or more portraits. On the back of each photo an entrance coupon must be pasted. The coupon must be from either THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC or SHADOWLAND, or a similar coupon of your own making.

Postal-card pictures and snap-shots not accepted. Tinted photos cannot be reproduced in magazine.

Photos will not be returned to the owner.

Contestants should not write a letter accompanying photo requiring a reply. Thousands of photos will be received and it will be impossible to answer each one. All rules will be printed in all three magazines.

Photos should be mailed to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Send as many as you like.

The contest is open to everybody, no age limit, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.

Contest closes Aug. 1, 1920.

CLASSIC ENTRANCE COUPON

Name.....

Address..... (street)

..... (city) (state)

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

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

Hair (color)..... Complexion.....

"Red Hot Dollars," (Paramount), isn't much as a story, but it is vivified and humanized by Charlie Ray, as a young machinist who saves the life of his employer and is rewarded by being adopted into the family. Then, of course, he settles a feud between his foster father and the grandfather of his sweetheart. Charles Mailes makes this dour old Scotchman stand out and Gladys George is effective as his daughter. Ray was never better than in "Red Hot Dollars." What a vitally real person he is!

"The Beauty Market," starring the breathlessly beautiful Katherine MacDonald, is another story wherein the society girl of fine sensibilities is just about to sell herself in matrimony when the rugged chap happens along and teaches her that the real thing is "to cook and scrub and love." Every time this kind of story ends we experience a period of worry for the hero, knowing that the fair butterfly heroine is going to become an awful flivver as a cook. But one should really look no further than the final fade-out. Miss MacDonald is the heroine, Roy Stewart is the strenuous hero, (and we liked and disliked him in alternating moments), while Kathleen Kirkham gives an able—and finely subtle—performance of a weak society hanger-on.

An unpleasant tinge overhangs "The Woman in the Suitcase," (Paramount), Enid Bennett's latest vehicle. This is due to the story itself, revolving around the efforts of a girl of refined home life who tries to overcome her father's secret weakness for a very blonde young woman by meeting the v. b. y. w. in her own sordid world. At the same time, the story holds the interest.

Albert Ray and Elinor Fair have certain possibilities, but they are not strongly manifest in "Tin Pan Alley," (Fox). Briefly, it is a story of a young chap who writes a song hit and then loses his head. The photoplay has the usual Fox subtitles; *i.e.*, labored attempts at humor. Still worse is Peggy Hyland's "The Web of Chance," (Fox). This even has the unforgivable fault of bad photography.

"Haunting Shadows," (Robertson-Cole), is a passable visualization of Meredith Nicholson's novel, "The House of a Thousand Candles," of a lonely, deserted house, hidden treasure, ghosts and kindred ingredients of callow romance.

Let us turn for the moment to comedies. Fatty Arbuckle, (Paramount), shows a decided improvement. His "The Garage" is the funniest farce of the month. Not a little of this merit is due to "Buster" Keaton.

Harold Lloyd has been slumping a bit. His "From Hand to Mouth" and "Captain Kidd's Kids" were rather weak. The former has Bebe Daniels' successor, Mildred Davis, who appears pleasantly youthful and promising. Mack Sennett has not turned out a brilliant burlesque in quite some time. The Sunshine and Universal comedies continue as fearful as of yore.

Pathé Comedies

They Teach the Hard-to-Make-Laugh—How to Laugh

HUMOR is raised to the *n*th degree in Pathé Comedies. Joyous, care-free laughter bubbles out of audiences at the mere thought of Pathé Comedy stars. No propaganda, no social problem, but just clean fun and the high spirits of youth!

HAROLD LLOYD, who for four years has been teaching the hard-to-make-laugh how to laugh, is presented in a hilarious two reel comedy every month, produced by that master hand, Hal Roach.

MRS. SIDNEY DREW, who is known wherever live people who have not forgotten to smile, is presenting John Cumberland, famous star of the stage, in two reel comedies, one each month.

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"ROLIN COMEDIES," each of one reel length, for four years favorites with the public, featuring "Snub" Pollard and "Sunshine Sammy," the cunning little darkey, are shown weekly by a theatre in your vicinity.

Ask your favorite theatre when!

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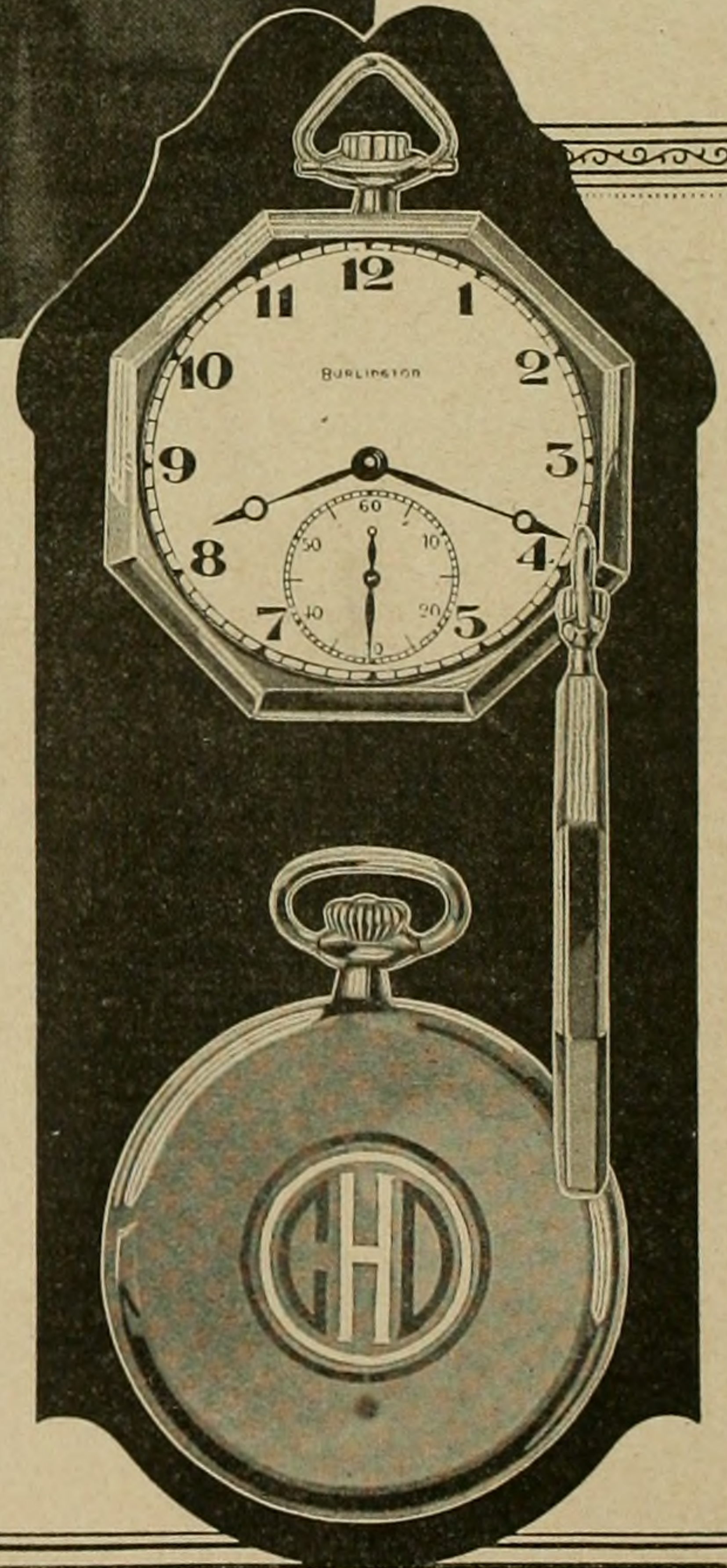
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WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?

Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?

Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do **you** think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

Shadowland, Motion Picture Magazine, and Motion Picture Classic—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read **Shadowland, the Magazine and Classic**.

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper in Class Number 2 provided you make the ballot the same size and follow the wording of this coupon. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The contest began on December 1, 1919, and will close on June 30, 1920.
2. There will be seven ballots as follows:

December	1919 ballot
January	1920 ballot
February	1920 ballot
March	1920 ballot
April	1920 ballot
May	1920 ballot
June	1920 ballot
3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for **Shadowland** every month, and the same for **Motion Picture Magazine** and yet again the same for **Classic**. Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1

Shadowland, Magazine and Classic:
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I consider
the most popular player in the entire field of Motion
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City.....
State.....
Country.....
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..... votes.

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Street.....
City.....
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Country.....
(Dated).....

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JUST as the Egyptian Princess of 3,000 years ago bequeathed a heritage of beauty to the modern girl, so did she also hand down knowledge of the surest way to keep it.

She knew that Palm and Olive Oils were mild, beneficial, natural cleansers, as soothing in their action as a lotion. A crude combination was all she could command — today she would use *Palmolive*.

For the mild, soothing, profuse lather of Palmolive soap, so smooth and creamy, embodies this oldest beauty secret.

Palmolive beautifies while it cleanses because it contains the same rare oils used as both cleanser and lotion in ancient Egypt.

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