

MOTION PICTURE

# CLASSIC

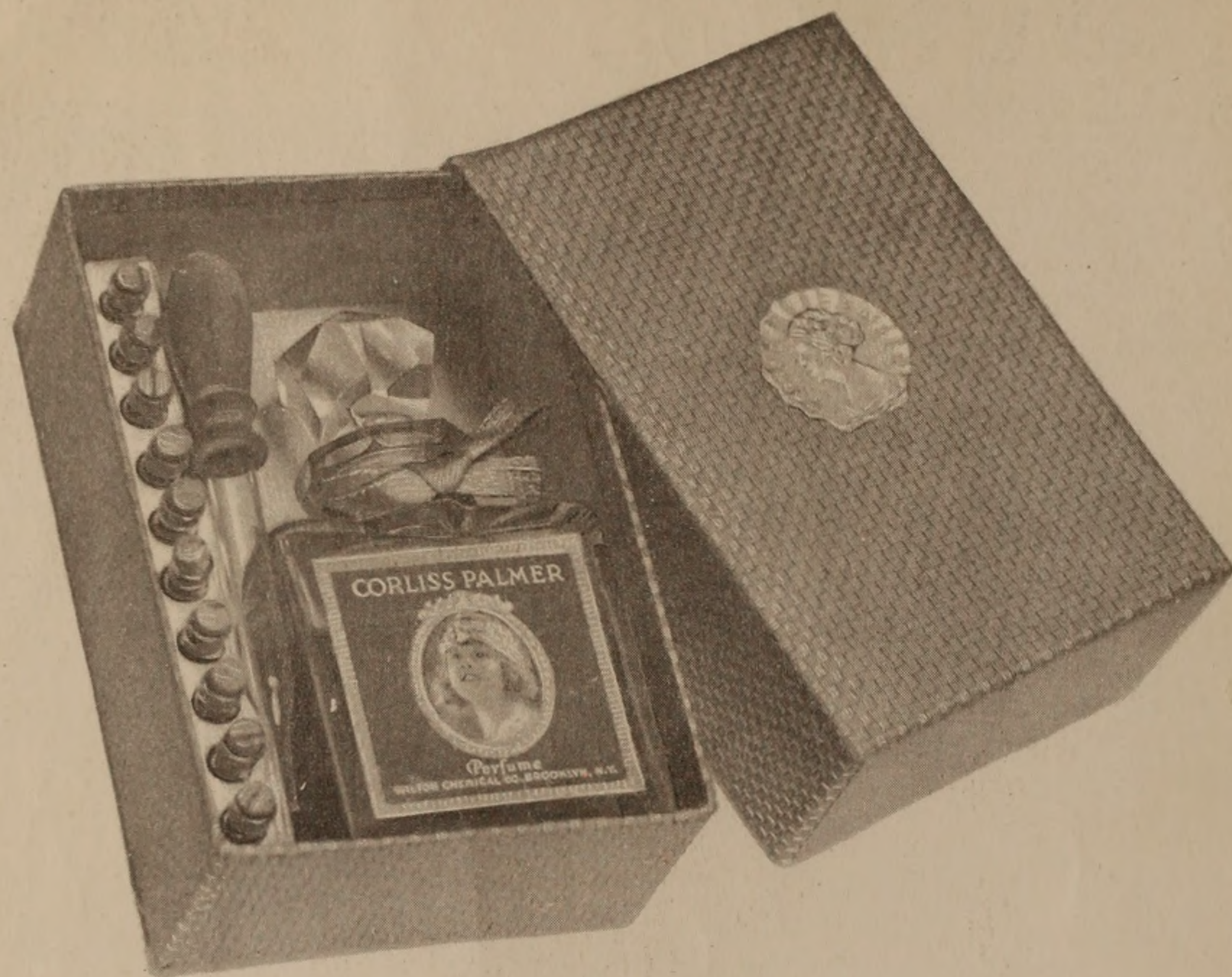
JUNE

25¢





# *The Latest in Perfumery*



## *Petites*

**T**AKE one to the theater or dance, empty it and throw the tiny bottle away (or save it and refill it). The finest perfume in the world, when placed on a handkerchief or gown, lasts only a few minutes after it has dried. Only moisture or heat can bring out the aroma again. Hence, the perfume milady applies in her boudoir is usually lost by the time she arrives at her destination—the place it was intended for. Petites overcome this waste. They take up no room, are easily opened, and you can always have the dainty, delicate, bewitching aroma clinging and lingering about your presence. Ten Petites, filled with the most delicious perfume, accompany every two-ounce cut-glass bottle, together with a filler, all neatly packed in a beautiful box. The perfume is

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Jeanne Jacques

*(Sole Distributor)*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.





The man who extends his hand to a woman, upon meeting her or upon being introduced to her, is revealing his lack of social knowledge. The woman is always expected to extend her hand first, and if she doesn't the man should merely nod in greeting.



Blunders at the dinner table betray one's lack of good manners at once. Instead of placing both hands into the finger-bowl at once, the man in this picture should place one in at a time, just allowing the finger-tips to touch the water.



People can see at a glance that the young man in this picture is ill-bred and unused to good society. The music has ceased, and instead of escorting the young lady to a comfortable seat near her friends, he has left her standing awkwardly in the center of the floor.



One cannot sympathize with the wall-flower, for one would not be a wall-flower if one knew what to do. The young woman in this picture should join other women who are not dancing, instead of making herself conspicuous by sitting alone.



The young woman in this picture has received an engraved announcement from a friend, announcing her engagement. She is writing a note of congratulation. This is a breach of good form, as an announcement of this kind does not require acknowledgment and none is expected.



The man making the introduction is saying, "Mr. Roberts, allow me to present Miss Clark." This is incorrect. It is an extreme discourtesy to the young woman. He should say, "Miss Clark, allow me to present Mr. Roberts."

# How Many of these Blunders Do You Make?

YOU have heard of the Book of Etiquette. It is the most reliable and authentic source of information for the man or woman who wishes to do, say, write, and wear always what is entirely correct and in good form.

Perhaps you have often wondered what to do under certain circumstances, how to answer certain invitations, what to wear to certain social functions. Perhaps you have wondered how the home should be decorated for a party or wedding, how the formal dinner table should be set, how the woman who marries for the second time should be attired.

The Book of Etiquette covers all phases of social requirements in an interesting and authentic manner. There are two handsome library volumes—each volume divided into two distinct parts. There is a chapter on correct dress for every occasion that tells you what to wear to the theatre and opera, to the afternoon dance and evening dance, to the afternoon tea and the garden party. There is a chapter on speech that tells you how to create conversation, how to make yourself agreeable and interesting to others, how to use tact in conversation, and how to find subjects to talk about. There are chapters on dinners, on dancing, on travel and hotel etiquette, on engagements, weddings and entertainments.

Only by knowing the social rules of good society can one hope to avoid embarrassment. Only by knowing exactly what to do and say on all occasions can one hope to be always calm, well-poised, self-confident. Etiquette is the splendid

armor that protects men and women of every social standing from the humiliating blunders that make people misjudge them.

## The Origin of Certain Social Customs

The Book of Etiquette is written in as interesting and fascinating a form as a story. Wherever possible, the origin of social customs has been traced to its source and the story woven around the conventionalities of the present time. For instance, in wedding etiquette you find out just why the engaged girl should receive a tea-cup for a gift, why the woman who marries for the second time may not wear white or a veil, why rice and shoes are thrown after the bride, and why the bride and groom both must have escorts to the altar.

In the chapter devoted to the bride's outfit, you read the interesting story of the origin of the trousseau, why a veil is worn, the significance of the bridal escort and the maid-of-honor, and why initials are usually embroidered in the linens by the engaged girl herself.

Do you know why black is the color of mourning, why bright colors are worn to the dance, why the man raises his hat when he meets a woman, why the cloth of the billiard table is of green baize? Wouldn't you like to know the origin of all these customs, how they came to be, and their significance in present-day society? The Book of Etiquette reveals it all in so interesting a manner that you will find it as absorbing as reading a story.

### Do You Know—

- how to word a wedding invitation?
- what to serve at an afternoon tea?
- how a woman should sign her name in a hotel register?
- how to entertain guests after dinner?
- what to say on a call of condolence?
- how to announce an engagement?
- what the woman who marries for the second time should wear?
- why old shoes are thrown after the bride and groom?

*These are only a few of the interesting things the Book of Etiquette will tell you.*

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We want to send you the Book of Etiquette for 5 days' free examination. We want you to examine these two splendid books in your own home, at your leisure. They will prove to you more than anything we can say how necessary they are—how important it is that a set be in every home.

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# When are these coming? Use the phone!



When are these coming?  
Use the phone!

## BETTY COMPSON IN "The Green Temptation"

See beautiful Betty Compson as the dance-idol of Paris! This picture is the real thing in Parisian night life.

From "The Noose," by Constance Lindsay Skinner. Scenario by Monte M. Katterjohn and Julia Crawford Ivers. Directed by William D. Taylor.

## "The Woman Who Walked Alone"

with

Dorothy Dalton

A GEORGE MELFORD PRODUCTION

Dashing Dorothy Dalton as the madcap sportswoman of English social life! Lovers galore, and then—the terrible scandal, the trial, and "the woman who walked alone!"

From the story, "The Cat that Walked Alone," by John Colton. Scenario by Will M. Ritchey.

## THOMAS MEIGHAN

Tom Meighan playing Daddy to five children orphaned by a bandit's bullet!

From the novel by Edward Peple. Scenario by Olga Printzlaw. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

## in "The Bachelor Daddy"

GEORGE FITZMAURICE'S PRODUCTION

## "THE MAN FROM HOME"

An Italian Prince makes passionate love to a pretty American girl, in an attempt to win her millions. "The Man from Home" arrives, and then the lightning begins to fork and play.

From the play by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Scenario by Ouida Bergere.

## Take the little trouble to telephone the theatre

If you can get a good show simply by asking a question, ask—

"Is it a Paramount Picture today?"

Your theatre manager will appreciate your interest. He is always puzzling how to please most of the people most of the time.

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When are these coming?  
Use the phone!



## "Is Matrimony a Failure?"

with

T. Roy Barnes

Lila Lee

Lois Wilson

Walter Hiers

In a certain village a group of young couples suddenly find that their marriages are illegal. There they are, sweet-heating without regular license! Enough laughs in this tangle to make a mummy laugh!

From Leo Ditrichstein's adaptation of the play by Oscar Blumenthal and Gustav Kadelburg. Directed by James Cruze. Scenario by Walter Woods.

## William de Mille's PRODUCTION "Bought and Paid For"

with Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt

How do things work out when a young millionaire marries his pretty stenographer? This fascinating drama, which has thrilled thousands of audiences on the stage, shows you.

From the play by George Broadhurst. Scenario by Clara Beranger.

WALLACE REID

## IN "Across the Continent"

Wallace Reid in a cracker-jack automobile picture! Gasoline, perfume, pretty faces, a mile every minute—that's the mixture in this great show!

By Byron Morgan. Directed by Philip E. Rosch.

# Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town



THE JUNE  
SHADOWLAND

ASIDE from being the most beautiful magazine in America, SHADOWLAND is doing its best to be the most interesting. The unusual examples of striking art work and photography will grace its pages, reproduced in full colors, tints and rotogravure. And there will also be a number of distinguished contributors.

Frank Harris will present a remarkable first-hand study of Lloyd George, one that will set everyone talking.

Benjamin de Casseres will discuss George Bernard Shaw in his inimitable way.

Walter Prichard Eaton, Pitts Sanborn, Frederick James Smith, Louis Raymond Reid and other contributors, well known to SHADOWLAND readers, will be represented with unusual contributions.

The June number is particularly designed for the beginning of the summer. Lighter and more piquant than ever in tone, SHADOWLAND is the ideal magazine for the hot months. Yet you will find it something more than a magazine of gorgeous beauty.

SHADOWLAND

177 Duffield St. :-: Brooklyn, N. Y.

Motion Picture Magazine  
FOR JULY

HAVE you wondered about the children of the motion pictures? There is a charming story about them by Truman B. Handy called "The Toothless Age," together with attractive photographs—

Everyone is interested in Harold Lloyd. He has come forward with great strides. Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher have written an interview playlet with him. Dont miss "We Interview The Boy,"—

There are certain things which you find, sooner or later, in almost every motion picture you see. Laura Kent Mason has given this matter considerable thought—humorous thought and the result, "The Perfect Scenario," which G. Francis Kauffman has illustrated, is one of the most entertaining articles ever written.

To enumerate all the high points of interest in the JULY MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE would mean to practically quote the contents. There are, of course, interviews with those motion picture players now occupying the spotlight; there are short stories based on forthcoming photoplays and scores of new and beautiful pictures.

The July Motion  
Picture Magazine

(Five)

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STAFF FOR THE CLASSIC:

Susan Elizabeth Brady, Editor  
Frederick James Smith, Managing Editor  
Harry Carr, Pacific Representative

Dorothy Donnell .....	Associate Editor
A. M. Hopfmuller .....	Art Director
Guy L. Harrington .....	Business Manager
Duncan A. Dobie, Jr. ....	Director of Advertising
Rufus French, Inc. ....	Eastern Manager
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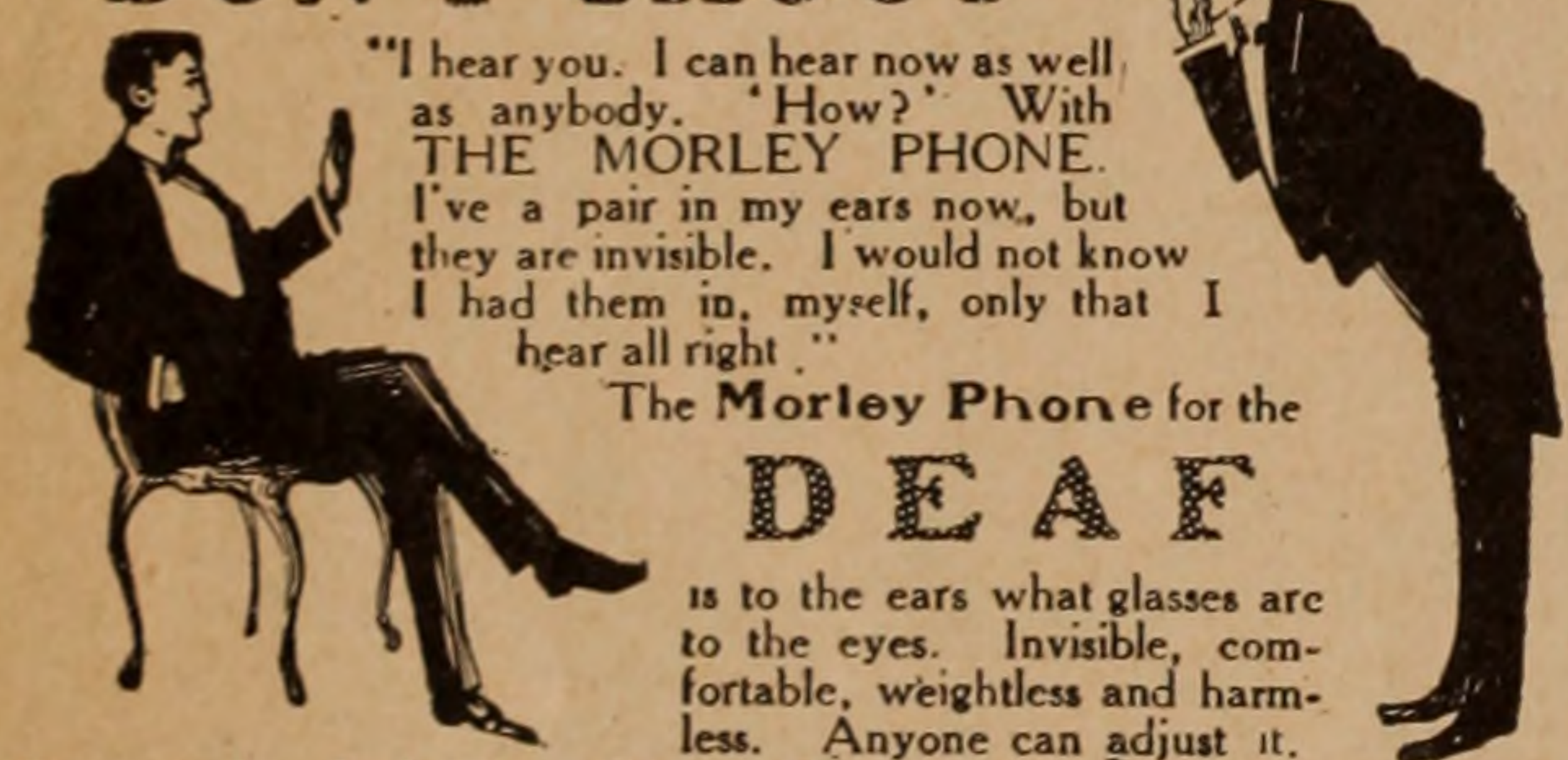
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# Stage Plays of Interest

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

**Belasco.**—Lenore Ulric in "Kiki." David Belasco's production of his own piquant adaptation of André Picard's French farce. Miss Ulric scores one of the big hits of the season with her brilliant playing of a little *gamin* of the Paris music halls. You will love Kiki as you loved Peg—but differently. A typically excellent Belasco cast.

**Belmont.**—"Montmartre," an elaborate production of an imported tale of the Paris Latin Quarter. Big and colorful.

**Booth.**—"The Truth About Blayds," Winthrop Ames' production of A. A. Milne's newest comedy. Better than the same author's "The Dover Road" and "Mr. Pim Passes By." A fine melodrama, built about a famous poet of the Victorian era, who turns out to have been a colossal faker, and the problem his death-bed confession puts up to his surviving relatives. O. P. Heggie, altho on the stage but a few moments in the first act, as the famous Oliver Blayds, fairly dominates the play, and excellent acting is contributed by Alexandra Carlisle, Ferdinand Gottschalk Leslie Howard, Frieda Inescort and Gilbert Emery. This is a play well worth seeing.

**Broadhurst.**—"Marjolaine," a musical adaptation of Louis N. Parker's romantic Georgian comedy, "Pomander Walk." An above-the-average intelligent offering, with able lyrics by Brian Hooker and a tuneful score by Hugo Felix. Little Mary Hay runs away with the hit of the piece, altho Lennox Pawle and Peggy Wood are more than adequate in the featured rôles.

**Earl Carroll.**—"Just Because," a rather tame musical comedy of an old bachelor and his nine marriageable daughters. Queenie Smith, a lively dancer, and the amusing Olin Howland stand out of the cast, which includes Frank Moulin and Jane Richardson.

**Casino.**—"Tangerine," with Julia Sanderson. A pleasant and entertaining musical comedy with scenes revolving between that alimony center, Ludlow Jail, and an isle in the South Seas, where the women do all the work. Color and tinkling music.

**Century.**—"The Rose of Stamboul." Another typical Century musical extravaganza, lavishly staged. James Barton, broad but comic, stands out of the show, and the dancing of the Lockfords is noteworthy.

**Cohan's.**—"The Perfect Fool," with Ed Wynn. A musical concoction in which Wynn is the whole show. He was never funnier. Out of the indifferent supporting cast stand the Meyako sisters, personable Japanese maids.

**Eltinge.**—"The Demi-Virgin." Avery Hopwood's latest "thin-ice farce." The locale is that modern tabloid Babylon, Hollywood, and the opus shows movies in the making. The big scene reveals a daring "strip poker" game in progress. Hazel Dawn heads the cast, but Constance Farber really runs away with the opus.

**Empire.**—"The Czarina," with Doris Keane. A glamorous and romantic comedy, built about the famous Catherine of Russia and her amorous adventures amid the intrigue and politics of a royal court. Miss Keane gives a highly interesting performance of the great Catherine as she nears the threshold of life's twilight years.

**Forty-ninth Street.**—"The Chauve-Souris" of Nikita Baliëff and his Russian entertainers from Moscow. Superb aesthetic vaudeville, done with a touch of genius. Be sure to see

this. Morris Gest deserves a laurel wreath for bringing Baliëff and his fellow-entertainers across the ocean. You will fall in love with the superbly perfect "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," the stirring music-box polka, "Kalinka," and the haunting melodies of the gypsies in "A Night at Yard's."

**Fulton.**—"He Who Gets Slapped." The Theatre Guild's interesting production of the Andreyev tragedy of a circus clown, told with all the haunting overtones of the Russians.

**Garrick.**—"Back to Methuselah," the newest George Bernard Shaw drama, presented in a cycle of three weekly instalments. A distinguished production of a highly talkative but many times exceedingly brilliant load of Shavian philosophy and humor. Here Shaw attempts to show the human race that it dies too soon to be really useful, and that it can evolve a new and lengthy existence if it so wills. The Theatre Guild has won the greatest artistic success of its career with "Back to Methuselah," and credit must be given to the finely imaginative

setting of Lee Simonson, the admirable stage direction of the entire cycle, and the altogether excellent acting of the huge cast. Particular histrionic credit goes to A. P. Kaye, Claude King, Albert Bruning, Ernita Lascelles, George Gaul and little Matha-Bryan Allen, a delectable discovery who gives a Ziegfeldian touch to the last episode of the long cycle.

**Harris.**—"Six-Cylinder Love," with Ernest Truex. The season's biggest sell-out and a real hit. Presenting the amusing problems of a young couple trying to live up to their car. Plenty of laughs.

**Lyric.**—"For Goodness Sake," Fred Jackson's newest musical entertainment. One of the pleasant musical shows of the year, and a really entertaining thing. The dancing Astaires run away with the hit of the production, little Adele Astaire revealing unexpected comic possibilities of an unusual subtlety. John E. Hazard is highly diverting as a puzzled husband, who feigns death by drowning to test his wife's love, and the rest of the attractive cast includes Majorie Gaton, Charles Judels and Helen Ford. There is a very pretty chorus.

**Maxine Elliott's.**—"The Mountain Man," with Sidney Blackmer. A charming Clare Kummer comedy of a rugged man of the Virginia hills and his love for a luxurious product of Paris. Superbly played by Sidney Blackmer. This is one of the pleasant things of the season.

**Music Hall.**—Irving Berlin's "Music Box Revue." The biggest musical hit of the year and a fast-moving entertainment, studded with clever comic hits. The fine cast includes Sam Bernard, Willie Collier, Florence Moore, Wilda Bennett, Mr. Berlin himself, Mlle. Marguerite, Emma Haig and Rose Rolanda. The staging is a credit to Hassard Short.

**National.**—"The Cat and the Canary." A tense and creepy melodrama that is a logical successor to "The Bat" as New York's favorite thriller. You'll hold the arms of your orchestra chair all thru this.

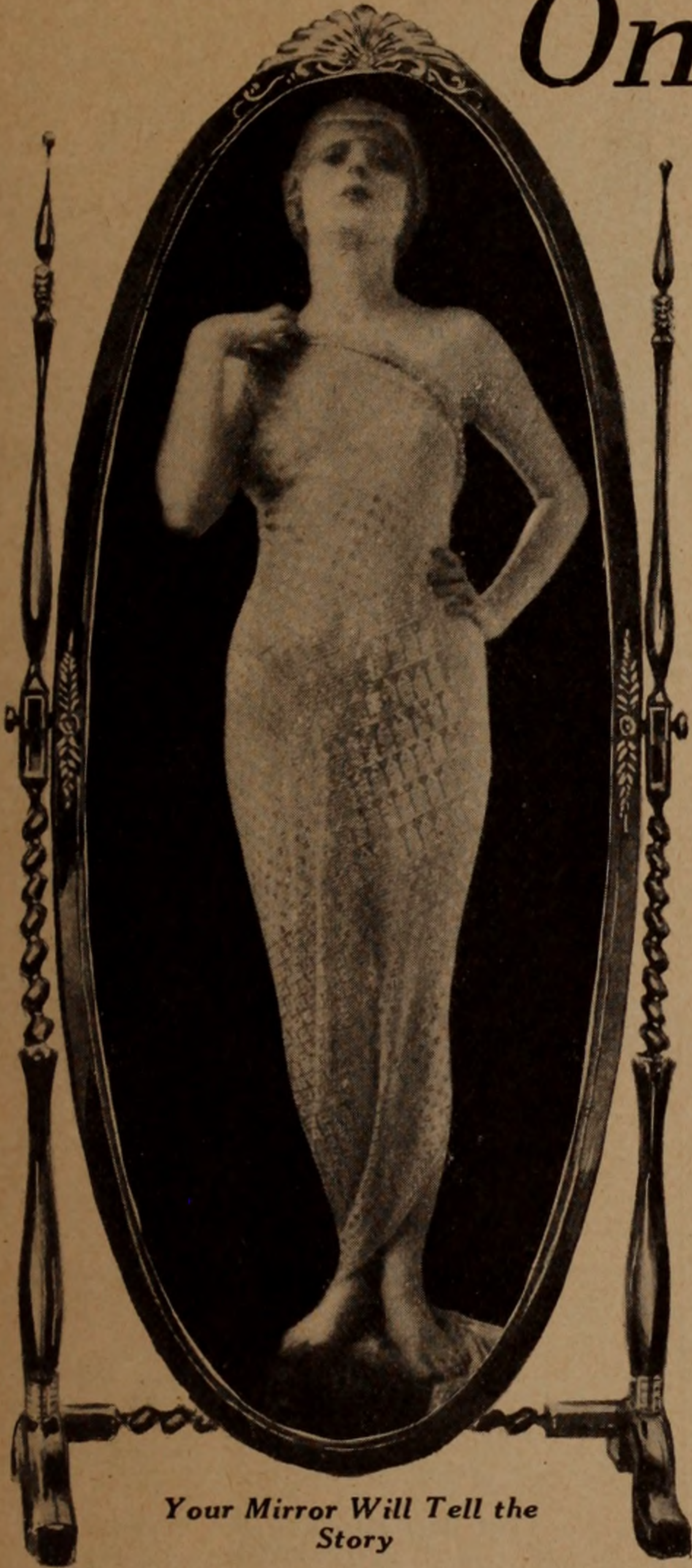
**Palace.**—Keith Vaudeville. The home of America's best variety bills and the foremost music hall in the world. Always an attractive vaudeville bill.

**Plymouth.**—"Voltaire," with Arnold Daly. This is Arthur Hopkins' production of a romantic comedy and the first work of two

(Continued on page 8)



# You Can Weigh Thirty Pounds Less One Month from Today



Your Mirror Will Tell the Story

Amazing new discovery makes it easy to take off a pound or more a day. One woman reduced 13 pounds in 8 days. Another lost 65 pounds in a few weeks and her health was improved a hundred per cent. Still another lost 22 pounds in two weeks. All without tiresome treatments, discomforts or bitter self-denials. Results in 48 hours. Free trial

A WONDERFUL new method of losing disfiguring, burdensome excess flesh has been discovered. A method that can give you the type of figure you admire so much—one month from today—or less. It is a simple, self-followed law of Nature. Any one can apply it at once, without any bitter self-denials, and results are often gained in only 48 hours. It requires no appliances, medicines, special baths or massage. There is no distasteful diet to follow; in fact, many say they enjoy their meals more than ever before.

But, in spite of the simplicity of this wonderful new method of reducing, the experience of thousands of stout men and women has shown that a pound a day is not too much to look for at the very start. Many women have taken off 10 pounds a week, and even more.

## Lose Flesh Quickly—and Improve Health

And the beauty of this safe, *natural* method of reducing is that it gives you renewed vitality and energy, in addition to restoring your normal youthful figure. Your general health will improve. You obtain a clearer complexion, a brighter eye, a more elastic step and greater zest in life. Your nerves are improved, your sleep is more refreshing. The years seem to drop away as the superfluous fat vanishes, and you may even find, as others have, that wrinkles which seemed permanent have also been effaced.

Hundreds of women have reduced 20, 30, 40, and more pounds in astonishingly short times. And they did all this without being harassed by rules of diet.

If you wish to avoid the necessity for making sudden changes in your clothing, you can easily control the operation of this natural law of reduction so that your loss of weight will be more gradual than a pound a day. While you are steadily regaining your slender, graceful, youthful figure, slight and inexpensive changes in your garments can be made from time to time. Then, when you have arrived at your ideal weight, the new discovery will enable you to maintain it steadily, without gaining or losing. Your weight is thus largely under your own control.

In reducing through this remarkable new discovery you make little change in your daily routine. You continue to do the things you like and to eat food you enjoy. In fact, far from giving up the pleasures of the table, you actually increase their variety. All you do is to follow an extremely simple and easily understood law of Nature.

## The Secret Explained

It was given to Eugene Christian, the well-known food specialist, to discover this one safe, certain and easily followed method of regaining normal, healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods, when eaten together, take off weight instead of adding to it. Certain

combinations cause fat, others consume fat. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your food properly, and this is easily done.

These CORRECT combinations, which reduce your weight, are regarded by users as so much more appetizing than WRONG combinations that it seems strange to them that their palates could have been so easily satisfied in the past. You will even be able to eat many delicious dishes which you have denied yourself in the past. For you will be shown how to arrange your meals in such a manner that these delicacies will no longer be fattening.

## Free Trial—Send No Money

Elated with his discovery and with the new hope and energy it offers to stout men and women. Eugene Christian incorporated this method in the form of simple, easy-to-follow little lessons under the title of "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." This is now offered to you on free trial.

Although you would probably be glad to pay many dollars for such a simple, safe and certain method of obtaining normal weight, we have made the price as low as we can, because we want every sufferer from excessive flesh to secure its benefits.

Send no money: Just put your name and address on the coupon, or send a letter if you prefer. The course will be mailed to you in PLAIN CONTAINER, and \$1.97 (plus postage) to the postman will make it yours. Then, if you are not fully satisfied in every particular, you may return it within five days after its receipt, and your money will be immediately refunded. If more convenient, you may remit with coupon, but this is not necessary.

As soon as the course arrives, weigh yourself. Decide how much weight you wish to lose the first week and each week thereafter. Then try the first lesson. Weigh yourself in two days or so and note the result. You'll be as happily surprised as the thousands of others who have quickly regained a normal, beautiful figure in this simple, scientific way.

Remember, send no money; just mail the coupon or a letter. You are thoroughly protected by our refund offer. Act today, however, to avoid delay, as it is hard for us to keep up with demand for these lessons. Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Dept. W-2106, 43 West 16th St., New York City.

If you prefer to write a letter, copy wording of coupon in a letter or on a postcard.

**CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Inc.**  
Dept. W-2106, 43 West 16th St., New York City

You may send me IN PLAIN CONTAINER, Eugene Christian's Course. "Weight Control—the Basis of Health," in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman only \$1.97 (plus postage) on arrival. If I am not satisfied with it, I have the privilege of returning it to you within five days after its receipt. It is, of course, understood that you are to return my money if I return the course with this time.

Name .....  
(Please write plainly)

Address .....

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

Price outside United States \$2.15 cash with order

## Read How Others Have Lost Weight

### Loses 13 Pounds in 8 Days

"Hurrah! I have lost 13 pounds since last Monday and I feel better than I have for months."  
MRS. GEO. GUTERMAN,  
420 E. 66th St., New York City.

### Loses 22 Pounds in 14 Days

"I reduced from 175 pounds to 153 pounds (a reduction of 22 pounds) in two weeks. Before I started I was flabby, heavy and sick. Stomach trouble bothered me all the time. I feel wonderful now."

BEN NADDLE,  
102 Fulton St., New York City.

### From 187 to 143 Pounds

"I will always be thankful that I wrote for the course. I weighed 187 pounds. After getting the course I secured results right away and am down to normal weight, having lost 44 pounds. It is grand to have a girlish figure again."  
MRS. ERIC CAPON,  
Manhasset, L. I.

### Lost 28 Pounds in 30 Days

"I found your instructions easy to follow and your method delightful. In 30 days I lost 28 pounds—8 pounds the very first week. My general health has been greatly benefited."  
(Signed) EARL A. KETTEL,  
225 W. 39th St., New York City.



## Stage Plays of Interest

(Continued from page 6)

Columbia students, Leila Taylor and Gertrude Purcell. Rather dull glimpse of the famous philosopher-dramatist when he was in exile in Switzerland. Mr. Daly is exceedingly bad as Voltaire, and the cast numbers Lionel Hogarth, Carlotta Monterey and Marguerite Forrest.

*Republic*.—"Lawful Larceny," an absorbing comedy-drama, in which Lowell Sherman, Gail Kane, Margaret Lawrence and a perfectly balanced cast prove entertainingly that the vamping of husbands is just as wicked as the larceny of dollars. Well worth while.

*Sekwyn*.—"The Blue Kitten." An exceedingly mild musical entertainment intended to please the tired business man. Joseph Cawthorne and Lillian Lorraine are featured. Miss Lorraine's costumes are the last word in dramatic suspense.

### ON TOUR

"*A Bill of Divorcement*," with Allan Pollock. An imported English play by Clemence Dane, dealing with the British divorce laws. The story of a husband who returns after sixteen years of shell-shocked insanity and the resultant effects upon his household. Mr. Pollock is excellent, and Katherine Cornell gives an admirable performance of his high-strung daughter.

"*Anna Christie*," with Pauline Lord. Arthur Hopkins' able production of Eugene O'Neill's newest drama—a powerful tale of the sea and the helpless human drifters in life. Miss Lord gives the best performance of the season as the old sailor's daughter, while George Marion and Frank Shannon give superb aid.

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

*Loew's Metropolitan, Brooklyn*.—Feature photoplays and vaudeville.

*Capitol*.—Photoplay features plus a *de luxe* program. Superb theater.

*Rivoli*.—*De luxe* photoplays with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

*Rialto*.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

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

### THE LAST LEGION

By GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

There is nothing here but darkness and the threat of hidden foes;  
Nought but ooze and marshes where the mist-hung river flows;  
Nought but fear and terror as the eerie swamp-lights creep  
Across the sullen lowlands where Rome's slow eagles sleep.

There is nought to salve or save us; neither moat nor wall,  
Only the brooding horror of this cursed land of Gaul!  
There's nought but fen and forest, cliff and crumbled ledge,  
And at the end a slinking death that stalks the windy sedge.

South there drowse the beaches, beyond the sun-swept foam,  
Along the road to Rimini—to Rimini and Rome,  
The way we may not follow, the road we may not mark;  
For us the rush of hairy hordes, the dying in the dark.

For us the chill green twilight, the frost of sunless skies,  
The sweep of bitter coastlands where stinging fulmar flies,  
Only the winds' shrill warning, the grey tides' rise and fall,  
Only the brooding horror of this cursed land of Gaul!



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Illustrators, Cartoonists, Commercial Artists, make big money. You can earn \$25 to \$100 a week and more. Learn at home in spare time under personal direction of one of America's most famous newspaper, magazine, advertising artists of 30 years' successful experience.

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Send me particulars of FREE ARTIST'S OUTFIT offer and free book, "How to Become an Artist." Write, or send coupon at once. Don't delay. Address

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City..... State..... WASHINGTON, D. C.



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By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course. Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 67 styles of Bass, 180 Syncopated Effects, Blue Harmony, Oriental, Chime, Movie and Cafe Jazz, Trick Endings, Clever Breaks, Space Fillers, Sax Slurs, Triple Bass, Wicked Harmony, Blue Obligato, and 247 other Subjects, including Ear Playing. 110 pages of REAL JAZZ, 25,000 words. A postal brings our FREE Special Offer.

WATERMAN PIANO SCHOOL  
250 Superba Theatre Building, Los Angeles, California

## \$500.00 "EMPTY ARMS" PRIZE CONTEST

The Lester Park-Edward Whiteside photoplay, "Empty Arms," inspired the song "Empty Arms." A third verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best one submitted a prize of \$500 cash will be paid.

This contest is open to everybody. You simply write the words for a third verse—it is not necessary that you see the photoplay before doing so. Send your name and address on a postal card or sheet of paper and we shall send you a copy of the words of the song, the rules of the contest and a short synopsis of this photoplay. It will cost you nothing to enter the contest.

Write postal or letter today to

"EMPTY ARMS" CONTEST EDITOR  
WORLD M. P. CORPORATION  
245 W. 47th Street, Dept. 694-B, New York, N. Y.

## CONQUER Your Weaknesses



STRONGFORT The Perfect Man

Master yourself—correct your physical defects—banish the ailments that make your life an existence of misery and regret—throw off the shackles of Catarrh, Constipation, indigestion, Dyspepsia, Bad Blood, Rupture, Rheumatism, Weak Heart, Vital Depletion, Weak Lungs, Anemia, Nervousness, Poor Memory, Fear, Bad Habits, etc., and the numerous other results of neglecting your body and violating natural law (see Consultation Coupon). Show them that you can and will be a healthy, vigorous man with a real man's ambition, spirit and endurance—the powerful man that Creation and Civilization demand you to become.

### Get Rid of Your Handicaps

Build up your body and brain and get the joy out of life. You can't be successful, popular or wanted in the home, in business, in society—anywhere, without the health and strength and vigor of real manhood. People you come in contact with instinctively analyze your physical and mental condition. If you are not virile and magnetic—if you lack power, endurance and vitality, everybody will know it. You know how these things effect you when you see them in other people. You know that nobody has the least bit of respect for a weakling. They can't have confidence in a man that may end up any moment on the scrap heap of worn out and useless humanity. You wouldn't have much respect for a business associate who was groggy with Constipation, yellow with Biliousness, weak, anemic and handicapped with Rupture, Flat Feet, Weak Back or some other physical defect—you wouldn't have confidence in a man whose bad living habits showed clearly in his face and bleary eyes—you wouldn't want to do business with or associate with an irritable, grouchy person with frazzled nerves and a wretched, unreasonable temper. Now look at yourself with the same eyes. Are you guilty of these physical and mental defects? Do you not recognize the many faults and weaknesses that have often robbed you of success in business, preference in society and cheated you out of the priceless benefits of real friendship and companionship? Judge yourself without favor—then get busy to root out the elements of failure and make yourself a real man.

### Win Back Your Vigor and Vitality

Let me help you as I have thousands of others. Accept my hand in friendship as you would a brother's and I will show you Nature's Way back to Health and Happiness. I'll teach you how to get rid of the ailments and physical defects that are ruining your body and brain. I'll build you up externally and internally, by the same scientific methods that won for me the World's award as the finest specimen of physical and health attainment. I have dedicated my life to the task of rescuing sick, ailing humanity from the bog of Weakness and Lost Power, and thousands of my pupils gladly testify to the wonderful effectiveness of my methods. You can apply these scientific principles with the same satisfactory and permanent results. I want to help you—I can rebuild and restore you with

## STRONGFORTISM

### The Modern Science of Health Promotion

Once you accept Strongfortism, you enter a new life. The results are immediate and positively thrilling. You feel the rich blood racing through your body—you feel new strength and power developing in every organ and structure—you acquire new poise and a magnetic personality. You can't fall with Strongfortism. I guarantee it.

### My Methods Restore Men

Do not confuse the Science of Strongfortism with gymnastic or ordinary Physical culture Courses. I am not merely a developer of bulging muscles—I am far more than that for I have devised a real science thru which weak, ailing men are restored to the Glory of Powerful Manhood—to the Summit of Health, Happiness and Success, without the use of dope and drugs, lifting and stretching machines, unnatural deep breathing, starvation diets, nerve-racking routines or other foolish fads and fancies. From start to finish Strongfortism is practical, sensible and scientific and planned to suit the pupil's individual needs.

### Get My Book—It's Free

The truth about the scientific application of Natural Law is contained in my wonderfully interesting book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy." It will tell you frankly and plainly how you can banish your ailments and build up 100% Health, Strength and Vitality. It's absolutely free. Mark the subjects on the free consultation coupon on which you want special confidential information and send with 10c. to help pay postage, etc. I'll do the rest. Send for my free book Right Now—TODAY.

## LIONEL STRONGFORT

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### FREE CONSULTATION COUPON

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Please send me your book, "PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY," for postage on which I enclose a 10c piece (one dime). I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested.

- |                         |                        |                         |
|-------------------------|------------------------|-------------------------|
| .. Colds                | .. Successful Marriage | .. Youthful Errors      |
| .. Catarrh              | .. Increased Height    | .. Vital Losses         |
| .. Asthma               | .. Pimples             | .. Impotency            |
| .. Hay Fever            | .. Blackheads          | .. Falling Hair         |
| .. Obesity              | .. Short Wind          | .. Weak Eyes            |
| .. Headache             | .. Flat Feet           | .. Gastritis            |
| .. Thinness             | .. Stomach Disorders   | .. Heart Weakness       |
| .. Rupture              | .. Constipation        | .. Poor Circulation     |
| .. Lumbago              | .. Biliousness         | .. Skin Disorders       |
| .. Neuritis             | .. Torpid Liver        | .. Dependancy           |
| .. Neuralgia            | .. Indigestion         | .. Round Shoulders      |
| .. Flat Chest           | .. Nervousness         | .. Lung Trouble         |
| .. Deformity (Describe) | .. Poor Memory         | .. Stoop Shoulders      |
| .. Insomnia             | .. Rheumatism          | .. Muscular Development |
| .. Manhood Restored     | .. Diabetes            | .. Great Strength       |
| .. Female Disorders     | .. Prostate Troubles   | .. Weaknesses           |
|                         |                        | .. Neurasthenia         |

Name.....

Age..... Occupation.....

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



# The American Beauty Contest

*"Queen Rose of the Rosebud Garden of Girls"*

Are you a beauty?

Consult your mirror. It will tell you.

Are you one of the many "flowers born to blush unseen and waste your sweetness on the desert air"?

Consult this page. It will tell you.

## Glorious News

The Brewster Publications: **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC, SHADOWLAND, and BEAUTY** are going to conduct a great contest. It will *not* be a moving picture contest. We are *not* looking for a movie heroine, or a stage star, or an intellectual wonder, or a personality crank. We are looking for Beauty—and we are going to find her—the most beautiful woman in America!

## Is It You?

Send us your picture, and our judges will tell you.

The most competent and comprehensive list of judges for a beauty contest that could be devised is now being selected. They represent every artistic enterprise, and are well known thruout the world. Their names and what they stand for will be announced later.

## The Grand Prize!

To the woman who these illustrious judges shall decide is the most beautiful girl in America, will be given:

1. A trip to New York, properly chaperoned, and a chance to take in the pleasures which only that great city affords: the opera; the theaters; our wonderful library; the famous "East Side"; great museums; the celebrated Greenwich Village; all the luxurious and beautiful shops on the most luxurious and beautiful street in the world, Fifth Avenue; and so on.

2. A well-known American artist will paint her portrait.

3. A representative American sculptor will model her head.

4. These works of art will be exhibited in one of the leading art galleries in New York City and elsewhere.

5. She will have her picture on the cover of **BEAUTY** magazine.

There will be a second prize and a third prize, and possibly more. These will be announced later.

In view of the fact that the American Beauty may be found in New York City, or its immediate vicinity, the prize in her case will be \$1,000, instead of the visit to New York. Just think of that—

## One Thousand Dollars! (\$1,000)

This is an unprecedented offer. Do not fail to take advantage of it. Send us your photograph. That is all that is required of you. Think what you may win—just because you happen to be born beautiful. Scrupulous care

will be taken of every picture received. ALL of them will be examined by the contest judges.

## THE RULES

1. No photographs will be returned.
2. No exceptions will be made to this rule.
3. Winners will be notified.
4. Snapshots, strip pictures, or colored photographs will not be considered. Outside of these, any kind of picture will be accepted; full length or bust, full face or profile, sepia or black. You may submit as many photographs as you wish.
5. Photographers, artists, friends and admirers may enter pictures of their favorites. Credit will be given photographers whenever possible.
6. Do not ask the contest manager to discuss your chances. He has nothing to do with that end of it.
7. *Do not write letters.* The close of the contest will be announced in **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC, SHADOWLAND,** and *Beauty* at least three months in advance. There will be a contest story every month in all four magazines, with all necessary news and information.
8. The most beautiful pictures received each month thruout the operation of the contest, will be published in a monthly Honor Roll in all four magazines. These girls will be notified when, and in which magazine their picture will appear. This does not mean that they have necessarily qualified for the final award, nor that those whose pictures are *not* published have failed. The winner will not be decided upon until the end of the contest.
9. Such a coupon as the one below, properly filled out, *must* be PASTED on the BACK of every photograph submitted.
10. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your photograph.
11. The contest is open to any girl or woman sixteen years or older, professional or non-professional, in America. That means the whole continent!

NOTE.—Any infraction of these rules will cause a contestant to be disbarred from the contest.

Address your photograph: Contest Manager, Brewster Publications, Inc., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## THE ENTRANCE COUPON

This is a portrait of:

Name.....

Address.....

Age..... Weight..... Height.....

Color of Eyes..... Hair..... Complexion.....

It is submitted to the American Beauty Contest, subject to the rules thereof, by:

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation (optional).....





## To free your skin from blemishes—*the right way*

**Y**OUR skin was so smooth and clear yesterday—today it is spoiled by unsightly little blemishes! How did they come there? And how discouraging it is—just when you were most anxious to appear at your best!

A skin specialist would tell you that blemishes are generally caused by infection from bacteria or parasites which are carried into the pores of your skin by dust in the air.

Don't let your skin lose the clearness that is its charm. To free your skin from blemishes, begin tonight to use this treatment:

**J**UST before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Supplement this treatment with the regular use of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your daily toilet. Within a week or ten days you will be surprised at the improvement in your complexion.

Special treatments for each type of

skin and its needs are given in the booklet of famous skin treatments which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter—find the treatment your skin needs, and begin using it tonight.

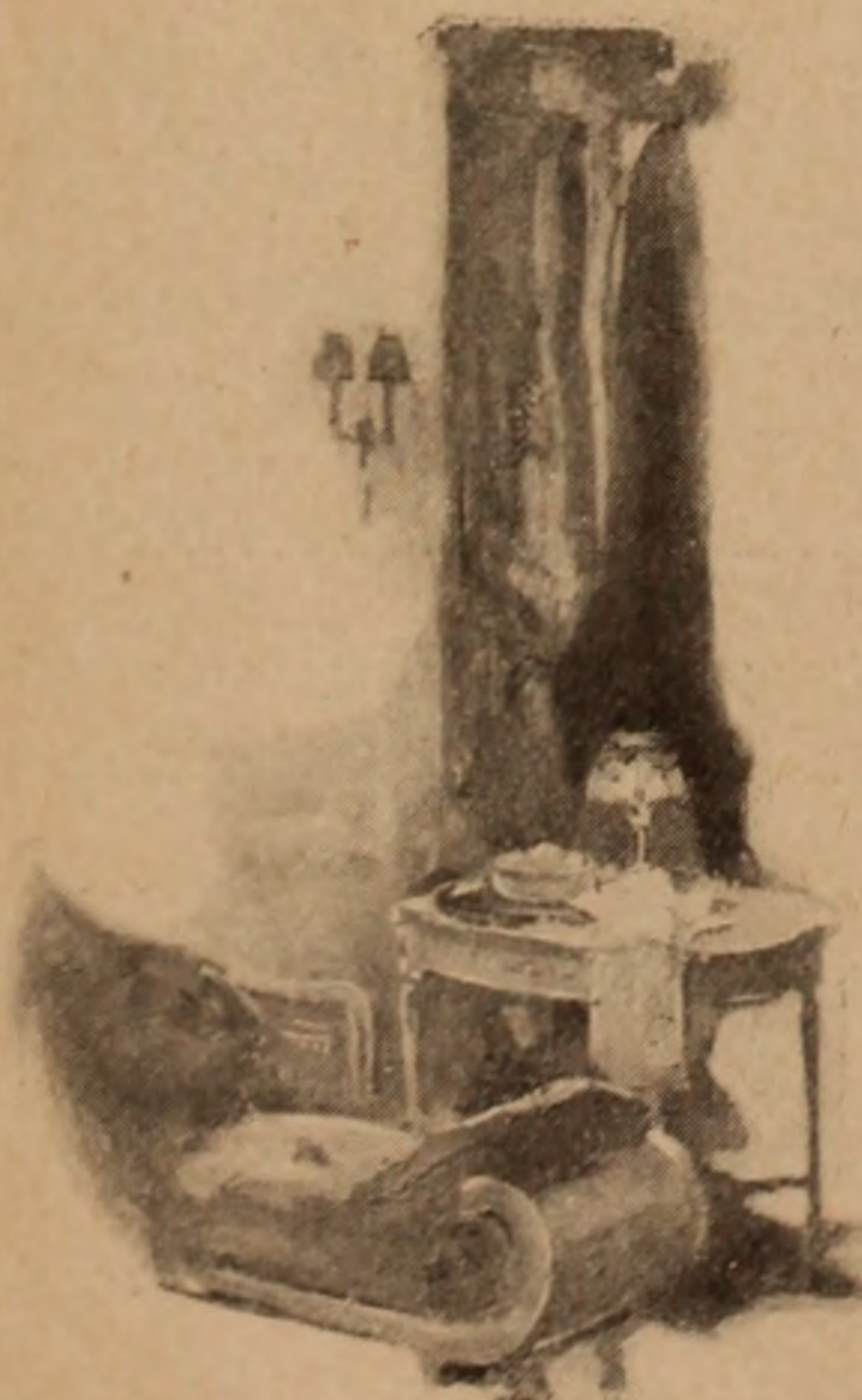
The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks if used for general cleansing of the skin and also for any of the special Woodbury treatments.

### *A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations*

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

- A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
  - A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
  - A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
  - A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
- Together with the treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch.*"

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 906 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 906 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English Agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

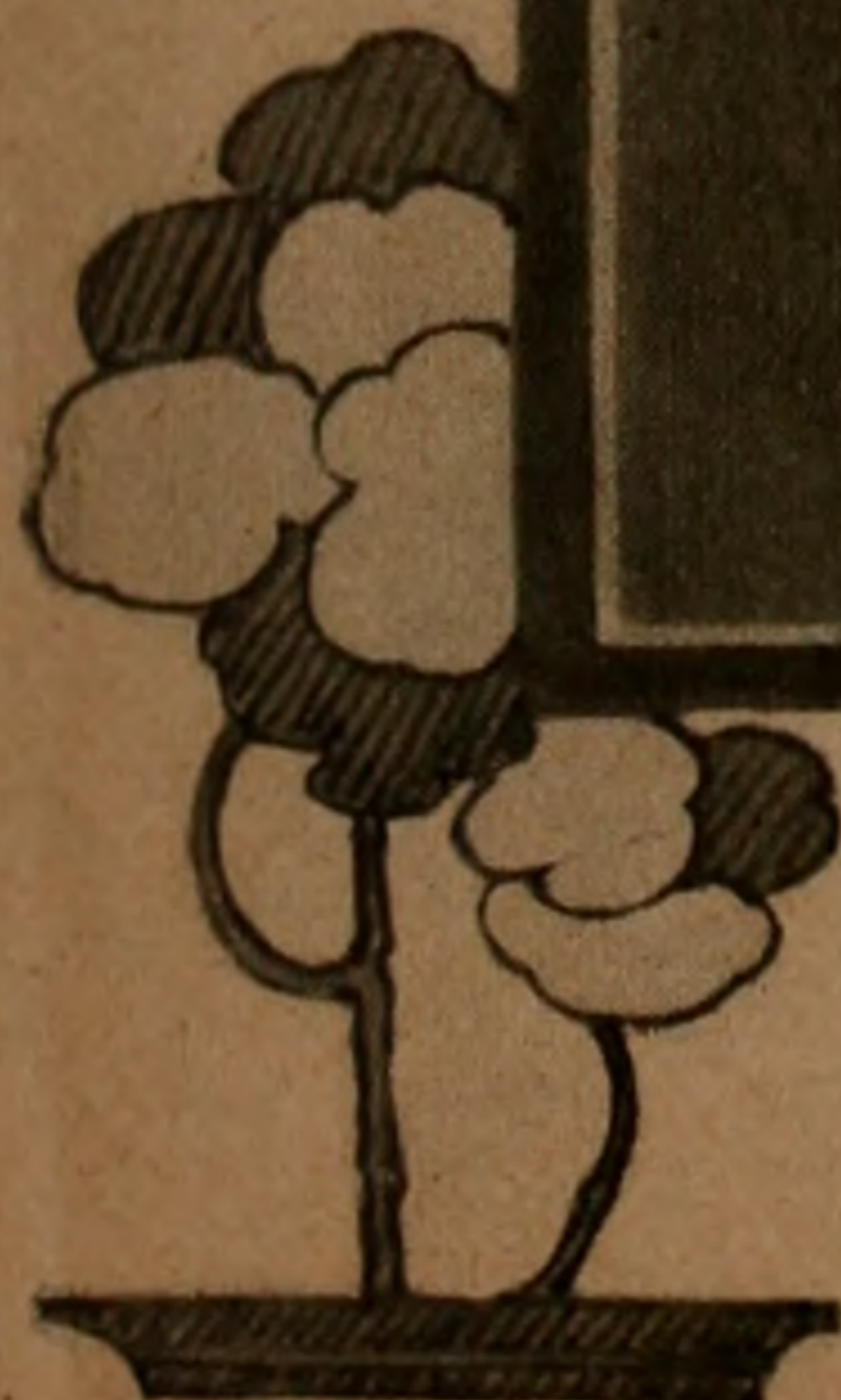






CLAIRE WINDSOR

Claire Windsor has been making a super-special feature for Marshall Neilan, titled "Fools First." Any picture with Claire in it is a super-special feature.







Photograph by Spurr, L. A.

MAE COLLINS

This promising little seventeen-year-old is under contract to do a series of pictures for Louis B. Mayer, the first of which is now practically completed. Something else to look forward to on the screen





Photograph © by Strauss-Peyton Studios

SHANNON DAY

Shannon Day is an intrepid free-lance. She tries first one company, then another, and makes good for all of them. She is at present supporting Agnes Ayres and Conrad Nagel in "The Ordeal" for Famous Players



# A Naive Devil

Special Photographs  
by Hoover, L. A.



Rex Ingram says: "Samanyagos is a born actor, inexperienced yet, but able for all that to go out on the set and express with his face things that would puzzle an old-timer to accomplish"

**R**AMON SAMANYAGOS! When read—how to pronounce it? When heard—how to spell it? Let me allay the pain at once. It is pronounced Sam-man-yea-goce, accent on the third syllable.

"The Prisoner of Zenda" brings this flashing new person-

ality to us, this gay cavalier, this naïve devil. Rex Ingram beheld him in the intricacies of the Royal Fandango, a dance of his own creation.

"By Gad! he looks like Hamlet," Ingram muttered. "I can use him."

That is why, how, Ramon Samanyagos, and the difficulty of enunciating him, has come to us. Ingram's uncanny knack at hitting upon unique character has flashed out again, struck upon this young Spaniard, who before has done but one notable rôle, that of the leading juvenile in *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*. But that picture, high on the reefs of litigation, has never been released. Ingram, then, picked him from among the comparative unknowns, as he had picked Rodolph Valentino and Alice Terry for the "Four Horsemen."

He picked him because he looked like Hamlet—and then

ity in love. And yet, he says:

"The only ideal love a man can have must come to him between the ages of fifteen and twenty, before disillusionment. The greatest, the only love of my life was at the age of sixteen. I was very much in love. Now, *les petites amours*, yes. But that is all. I do not believe in marriage for love. I would never marry my sweetheart. I would marry the woman who is to be the mother of my children. You see? Is that not right? It must be so."

He is only twenty-three!

He says again:

"Marriage is not for the artist. Rex Ingram has found the ideal wife in Alice Terry—because she is at once an aid to him in the realization and the expression of his art and because she is the object as well of his love; but I know of no other.

"And again, love. What is love? Love is a—a—how would you say it—an eternity of giving? Yes, it is that. It is unselfishness—so my sweetheart would like to go to the vaudeville; I wish to hear the symphony. We go to the vaudeville. That is love. I could not do it. No! Never!"

But if Ramon Samanyagos is of recent brilliance upon the screen, he has from the beginning of individuality been an actor. His parents—he comes of the pure-blooded Spanish stock—had left the old country to seek fortune in the rich



By  
WILLIS GOLDBECK

state of Durango in Mexico. There he himself, still a young boy, constructed a miniature theater with a stage sufficient to support the tread of himself and his two sisters, whom he inveigled into becoming members of his casts for the generous compensation of two cents. With his own hands he built the settings, hewed out period furniture and contrived the complete details of his little house. He himself devised the plays, created dances, rehearsed his sister cast. Later he came to the United States and this youthful fancy proved to be the foundation of his whole career. He joined Mae Murray's troupe in the dance creation "Attila and the Huns," for a tour of the Orpheum circuit. He remained then in Los Angeles, seeking and gaining the position of stage manager with the Majestic stock company.

"But my thoughts were always on pictures," he says. "To me they are the ideal medium of expression, greater even than the stage. They are for the one thing, universal. They speak no one language; they speak all languages. For emotion, action, splendor and accuracy—the screen. For wit—the stage. It is the one thing, this wit, which the screen should not attempt."

He speaks  
with a  
definite

Says the interviewer: "I have never seen more devilish finesse, more insidious, sparkling brutality in love-making, and yet he says, 'Woman is nearer to God than man'"



charm of accent. I have not attempted to reproduce it.

From the Majestic theater he went to the Morgan Dancers, and thus accomplished his first appearance upon the screen. In Holubar's "Man, Woman and Marriage," he earned fine, tho anonymous, distinction.

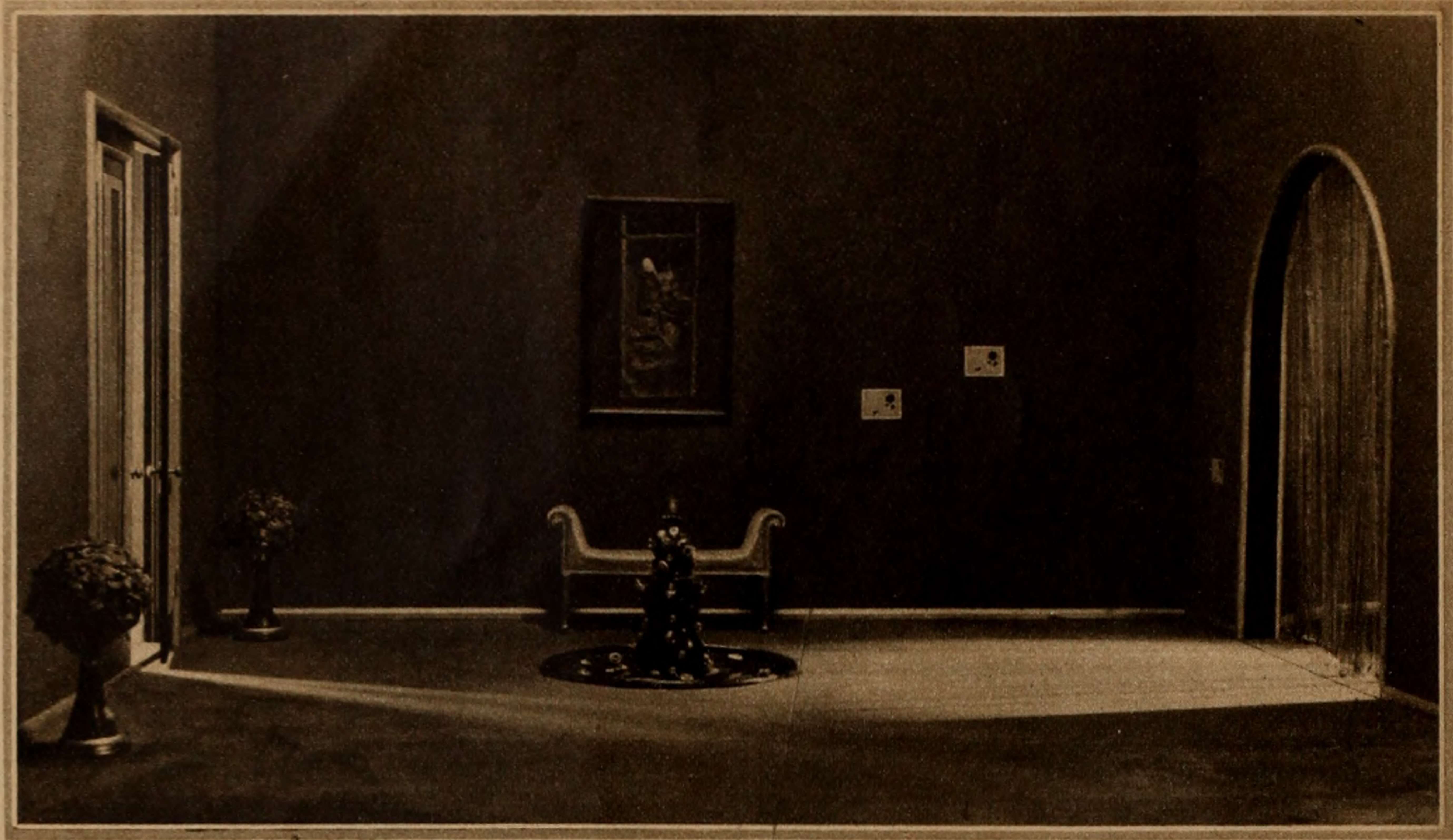
The Rubaiyat then, and finally the Royal Fandango, with Rex Ingram in the audience.

How to explain his characterization of Rupert of Hentzau? Suave villainy, supreme poise, swank and swagger such as years with the Blue Devils might possibly bring to the average man. What has done it? Imagination? It must be that; he admittedly has had little experience. But more amazing, the manner in which Ingram detected in the beardless boy Hamlet, the reckless, mustachioed Rupert.

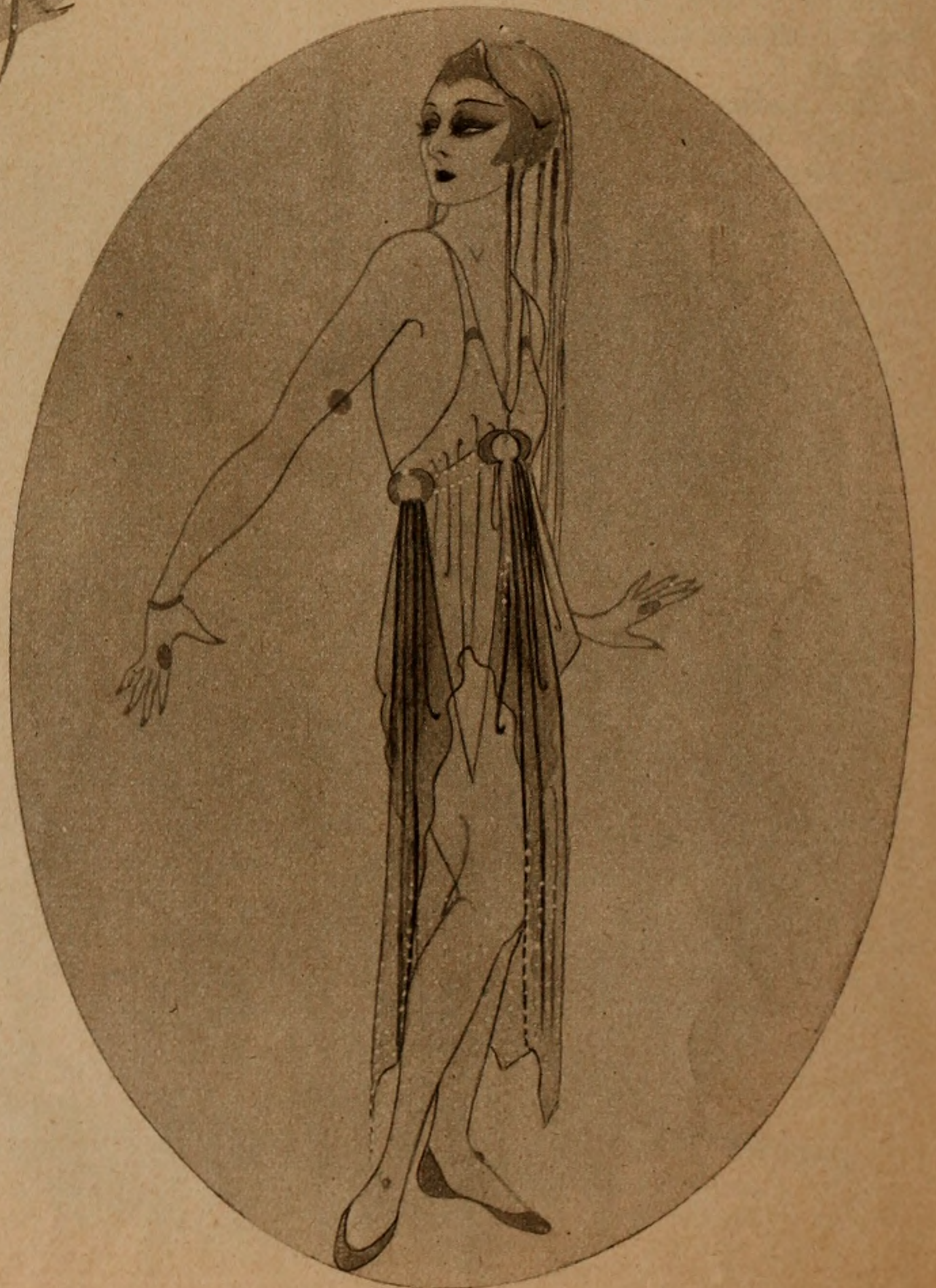
It leads one to think that there are patient hours of coaching and collaboration between the two, the working out of

(Continued on page 80)





Natascha Rambova, the designer of the pictures on these two pages, came to this country originally to dance, but her dancing was too unique for the public taste; so she decided to educate the public herself. Nazimova was one of her pupils and became so interested in her that she engaged her to design costumes and sets for her photoplays



Mlle. Rambova created the exotic and gorgeous sets for "Madame Peacock," the bizarre backgrounds for "Camille" and the more moderate settings for "The Doll's House." Above, is a sketch for the Chrysis of "Aphrodite." Right, is Aphrodite herself; and at the top of the page, is a set from "Camille"



# Exotic, Erotic, Neurotic!

(Take Your Choice)



Photograph by Rice



The lady at the top of the page, hiding her light behind something or other, is an Elephant Trunk-Courtezan in "The Gardens Of The Goddess." Directly above, is a train-bearer for the same place. Left, is the exotic, erotic, neurotic Nazimova herself, as Camille



# The Little Lady



upon her maiden trip to the Coast, and before she had scored her triumph in "Sentimental Tommy." Before the newspapers, fan magazines, *et al*, had hailed her as "a find." Before, too, almost all of the companies extant had rushed to her with fools-cap and quill pens, begging her to be theirs for varying terms of from five to fifty years.

I remember that first meeting distinctly. I thought I had never, in all my interviewing experience, seen so cameo-lovely a face. Never experienced so fresh an enthusiasm, so naïve a pleasure in the state to which it had seemed to please Jove

In a cinematic world of inflation and floridity, of egotism, egregious, and muddled morale, of bobbed hair and flapper fiddle-deedee, she stands delicate, deliberate, intelligent

to call her. She was May, in truth. Springtime . . . . She was standing then, with unreluctant but modest feet, on that delectable spot where meet obscurity and conspicuity. She and her mother were leaving for California that same afternoon. They were, she told me, going to

Photograph (below) by Donald Biddle Keyes

**M**AY McAVOY calls to my mind a clear little mirror upon whose even surface great images may be reflected.

In a cinematic world of inflation and floridity, of egotism egregious and muddled morale, of bobbed hair and flapper fiddle-deedee, she stands delicate, deliberate, intelligent.

The McAvoy family tree is a botanical blank to me, but I dare say there is one. May looks as tho she had a grandfather or two. She might be a young *débutante*. She might be a young miss from Miss Blank's exclusive finishing school on Park Avenue. She is tailored and simple and conservative.

Not that she hasn't her full share of self-valuation. She has. She probably knows that it is mere boobery not to have. She is fully aware of her own importance and equally determined to have what she considers her just due. "I would rather," she told me, "resign my contract than take a part I didn't consider worth while." But she is pursuing her stellar course in a plain-folksy, sane and orderly way. She still has her grip on realities. Silversheeted illusions have not yet befuddled what seems to be her sane, if youthful, common sense.

If she steers her trim little craft, as she has begun, thru the bilious waters of press-agentry, directorial brain-storms and salaams to the exhibitor, she may do something—something *more*, I should say, of merit for the maligned and malignant movies.

I talked with her first about a year ago, when she was about to embark





By  
FAITH SERVICE

be "very quiet." She was going to work—"so hard."

I talked with her for the second time the day before yesterday, in the lobby of the Hotel A . . . . It was about four-thirty in the afternoon. She had been in the hotel all day, talking over business matters, and receiving, simply while she sat there, otherwise engaged, three offers from three different companies. It had been, it seemed, a testimonial day to her success. Yet I found her calm, detached, perfectly able to direct, as yet, her own course. She has a good little business head.

I thought she had changed just a little. Not quite so young. More character. More thoughtfulness. May turned June. De-



If May McAvoy steers her trim little craft as she has begun, thru the bilious waters of press-agentry, directorial brain-storms and salaams to the exhibitor, she may do something—something more I should say

velopment. And I found her more charming, if less spring-tidish. More of a real person, more of a thinker, more of an artist than had been the charming little girl of a year before. I told her so.

"I think," she said, "that every girl on the screen should take into account the sure passing of youth. No girl should trade too much upon it. That is

why I so much prefer to do character work, the sort of work that stands by itself, and is quite independent of youth or of beauty.

Things that are of value in themselves.

I am afraid, with Grizelian wistfulness, "that I shall go a long way before I find another 'Sentimental Tommy.' To me, that was perfection in every way. Probably," she gave a whimsical laugh, "probably it was not quite so perfect to all the others. It was not financially successful. That is disheartening. And yet, too, every fine thing must be pioneered for, suffered for, losses endured for, if those fine things are to be made substantial."

"What next?" I asked.

Miss McAvoy shook her head. "I don't know," she said, "I am rather confused at present. I believe Ibañez's 'Blood and Sand' is the next picture scheduled for me, but I prefer not to do that. In the first place, the woman's part is practically negligible. She is scarcely ever on the screen, and when she is, in a very unimportant manner. It is an uninteresting rôle, entirely subservient to the man's part, and would mean nothing to or for me. I have asked to be released from my contract, rather than play it. Not," she said, with her diffident little smile, "not that I am over egotistic or wish to be pushing. Not that at all. But I do not believe," this very firmly, "in going back. In retrogression. That seems to me the most serious thing that can possibly happen to one or to one's career. It is better

(Continued on page 79)



# Summer in the New York Theater



Photograph by White Studios



Photograph by  
Floyd, N. Y.

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston



Top, a thrilling scene from that exciting and spooky thriller, "The Cat and the Canary," one of the hits of the stage year. Henry Hull and Blanche Frederici appear in the tense moment. Right, Marguerite Maxwell, demonstrating that she is a CLASSIC reader. Miss Maxwell has been appearing with William Courtenay in "The Law Breaker"

In oval, Marie Gamberelli, the charming première danseuse of the Capitol Theater ballet. Mlle. Gamberelli is a favorite with the patrons of this vast theater and an admirable dancer, as well



Right, a scene from Clare Kummer's delightful little play, "The Mountain Man," in which Sidney Blackmer reveals himself as the most promising young actor of our stage. In the pictured scene appear Marjorie Kummer and Mr. Blackmer



Photographs (left and above) by White Studios



Above, Adele Astaire, who, with her brother, Fred Astaire, has scored the dancing hit of the popular musical comedy, "For Goodness Sake," a pleasant entertainment in which may also be viewed John Hazzard, Marjorie Gateson, Charles Judels and cute Helen Ford



Left, Ruth Berse, who is versatility itself. By day she is a member of the A. H. Woods publicity department but, when night approaches, she becomes a member of the "Lawful Larceny" cast

Photograph by Campbell Studios



## From Titilliant Tahiti



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Ruth Renick strikes a high and delicate note of daintiness, a charm wholly feminine. Her eyes are a live hazel, her mouth oddly tempting

“WHICH shall I look for—blue eyes or brown?”

Over the phone Ruth Renick's voice was richly, romantically suggestive of Laura Jean Libby in her moods *appassionata*.

“Blue,” said I, idiotically, “or better”—and more idiotically—“I'll wear a red rose.”

“And I'll wear one.”

Thus it was arranged, my meeting with the first filumite to track the Tahitian *pareu* to its native lair. For those of ye who have not read Frederick O'Brien or the valiant traprock, I would say that the *pareu* is of the genus *nytie-nytie*, with a strain of the *camisole-tehdeebhaar*, which in its earliest manifestations is known as *diahpa-infanta* or *momma-pank!* It is worn according to discrimination and, we suspect, more not than often. Ruth is enthusiastic over the prospect of adorning herself and the Venice beach with it next summer. Who isn't?

Another specimen of the famed South Seas, which Ruth

eyes, blonde hair, and a lilting line. I call it a Hollywood interview. That infamous burg figured actually only in the beginning and the end. We started in Hollywood, glided over to Wilshire, skimmed thence to West Adams and afterwards slid back again. But that is putting the spare tire before the motor-meter, so to speak.

Ruth Renick probably reached the height of cinematic bliss in her rôle opposite Doug Fairbanks in “The Mollycoddle.” It was, you will recall, a tale of the West and the rolling plains; and that's Ruth inside and out. Not plain—no, indeed; but *of* the plains. It was upon her father's knee, no doubt, that she first heard that little ditty:

“I'm a little prairie flower,  
I grow wilder every hour—”

Anyway, it is a much better start, you will admit, than “This little pig went to market.” However, all this culminates in the fact that Ruth is from Phoenix, Arizona, rides her horse, Pippin, in between instead of to one side, and is partial to colloquialisms. For instance: “There's no more chance of that than of

numbers among her trophies, is the *tiare-o-tahiti*, the national hibiscus or passion flower. (The responsibility for the spelling I heap unashamedly upon Ruth's white shoulders.) Its fragrance is so sweet that it twitches the gadgets of a ship one-half mile out to sea. But we have said nothing yet—nothing. Worn over a maiden's left ear, this scented flower bears a come-hither significance of peculiar appeal to the hardy male; over the right ear it wafts the laconic message, “Line is busy.” All right, boys; let's have it in chorus. *Tee-airy-o-taytee, tee-airy-o-taytee, tee-airy-o-taytee-O!* Yodle it!

But Ruth slithered to the appointment in modish garb and glistening car, minus—ah, foolish heart hope—her red, red rose. But I bore mine, a single blood-red blossom, thirty-three cents, including thorns—two cents off because the early bird hadn't got the worm.

Kindly, she hung it upon her bosom's verge and graced me with a smile.

“I did think of picking you a red geranium,” she defended. “They grow in bushels out here.”

“Ah, sweet compliment,” I muttered, climbing in beside her. “But you did not. I am a broken man.”

“Dont worry,” she said cheerfully. “I am going to serve you tea.”

“I said broken, not broke,” I murmured. “I *think* my credit is yet good at *Child's*.”

Thus, you see, it started auspiciously, this Hollywood interview. Interviews are apt so to start when the heroine has blue



By  
WILLIS GOLDBECK

a cat wearing a side-saddle."

But withal she is not a horsey person. Her car is not, in the accepted manner of Western film folk, ornamented with conventionalized saddle-bags. She leaves her leather in the stables. In the car, at the tea-table, she strikes a high and delicate note of daintiness, a charm wholly feminine. She reached the zenith that afternoon when she breathed gentle music, a single plaintive note, from a nose-flute, a social accomplishment which I question the poise of Elinor Glyn herself to sustain! A nose-flute from titilliant Tahiti, where the moons grow ripe amidst the bread fruit trees and the liver birds lay cubical eggs.

"It is an art quite dead," sighed Ruth, running her fingers lightly over the wand-like instrument. "This was given to me by an old chieftain. None of the younger natives can play it. It is the most mournful music I have ever heard. It is beauty born of sadness."

"The Lagoon of Desire"—that is  
(*Con. on page 80*)



Photograph (above)  
by Edwin Bower Hesser



To the left, is a striking moment in "The Lagoon of Desire," the picture Miss Renick went to the South Seas to make



She was "so tired of civilization . . . the sea voyage . . . the long drowsy month . . . it was like a blessed, sleep"



# The Glory of Clementina

By

SUSAN ELIZABETH BRADY

that's a fine way to treat a commission that your worshipful young protégé brings you on his grateful knees——"

"Get up, you simpleton," laughed Clementina, to Tommy who had sunk to the floor on one knee and was gravely holding out a battered old silver card-tray toward her. "The truth is, Tommy, old dear, I've gone seedy. I'm beginning to get fed up with painting. But I'll do your amiable uncle—is he amiable—and then I'll clear out for a while, I guess."

"Huh!" retorted Tommy, "I could paint forever if I had a model like Etta Cannon. How did she ever get herself engaged to that bouncer who was with her this morning?"

"Father, I fancy," replied Clementina with an absent shrug. "I don't like him and she's afraid of him. Such a pretty little thing, too—and such hair! I'm desperate trying to paint it. Go out and buy me a tube of gilt. That's about the only thing I haven't tried. But don't get interested in her, my boy. It won't do you any good."

"We shall see," said Tommy with all the unbridled assurance of youth. "When is she coming again?"

"One more sitting, and then I'll tackle the estimable uncle. Hope he's intelligent, tho' how he can be when he keeps on paying you an allowance, I can't just see. If you had to stand on your own legs, Tommy, and had to daub landscapes for a living instead of for fun, probably you'd get somewhere. Ah, well . . . Tell Mr. Quixtus I'll see him next Thursday at eleven o'clock. Run along now, old thing. Blow in tomorrow if you like. I'll probably be painting the high lights in Etta's gold crown."

Tommy rose reluctantly and Clementina rummaged around on the table and produced a beautiful little carved image. "Here, good-for-nothing, is a present for you."

Tommy threw his arms around her and planted a resounding smack on her cheek, whereat she called him a young idiot and a silly ass, and other endearing terms; but after he had gone she sat down before the fire absently rubbing the spot, and her face

set into lines of bitter reflection. She thought of her youth—Tommy always brought it back to her—of her sheltered girlhood and her first love, and the heart-breaking period of readjustment she had lived thru when he had proved false. She was painting even then and her ardor and enthusiasm for that had tided her over. But they leave a mark, those things, and Clementina's was a distrust of all men and a life lived without them. She had risen steadily in her profession until now she was perhaps the best-known portrait painter in London. Her big studio with its fine north light, its litter of marvelous trifles, its artistic paraphernalia, its dusty chaos, knew many famous and wealthy patrons. She had no friends. People bored her inexpressibly and, being rather outspoken and absolutely honest, people were a little afraid of her—a con-



"WHO'S the fool?" asked Clementina, laying on a smudge of paint with her thumb, and wiping what remained of it down the side of an already generously spotted smock.

"It's not a fool. It's my uncle Quixtus," Tommy Burgrave replied dispassionately.

"Well, what in Heaven's name does he want his picture painted for?" queried Clementina, regarding approvingly thru a fringe of straggling locks, the nearly finished portrait of a young girl with spun gold hair.

"The Museum of Natural History wants his portrait, to hang on the wall of the Directors' room, with the others I suppose," Tommy explained patiently. "He's one of the officers, you know. I recommended you, Clem. And say,



summation for which she was devoutly thankful. Tommy Burgrave was her only intimate and him she affectionately tolerated. He painted in a small studio in the same building and had literally worn down her resistance to his advances, until she accepted him as her friend. A fine upstanding youngster he was with decided talent, too. All he needed was a little more concentration and a few more years, and he would show them.

Clementina got up and stirred the fire. She was not an attractive figure. A wrinkled and unbelievably daubed paint smock half concealed a hideous plaid skirt which likewise showed signs of unmistakable service. Her long slender hands, ill-kept and discolored from too much smoking and too frequent employment in lieu of a paint brush, brushed back the loose hair from her forehead. She parted her hair in the middle and drew it uncompromisingly tight down to the back of her head where she braided its great length in a long braid and wound that around her head. It was not becoming, altho the hair itself was soft and fine and a rich dark chestnut color. Clear intelligent grey eyes looked out a trifle belligerently from a sallow countenance. It would be kinder to say pale, but it was sallow. She didn't care how she looked, as a matter of fact. She often announced to Tommy that she was old enough to prefer being comfortable to being beautiful. She probably *was* comfortable.

Next Thursday, promptly on the hour, Tommy brought Quixtus, a gentle trusting soul, for his first sitting. Clementina welcomed him with non-committal politeness and scant courtesy. However, he looked interesting. Clementina painted souls, not faces, and this man's was fairly visible. Tommy left and the two were getting along rather well when he returned unexpectedly with a paper in his hands.

"I certainly a'm sorry to show you this, Uncle Sidney," he said, unfolding the paper

Clementina welcomed him with non-committal politeness and scant courtesy. However, he looked interesting. Clementina painted souls, not faces, and this man's was fairly visible

and walking past the frowning Clementina, held it out to his uncle. "But you had to find it out sooner or later."

"Vice-President of Quixtus and Marable Absconds With Funds," screamed the headline.

"Henry Marable, my lifelong friend and honored partner," Quixtus exclaimed in a hurt tone. He had his own private fortune intact, but this breach of faith in one whom he had implicitly trusted was a sad blow to the sensitive man. Clementina watched him grimly. She knew the fallacy of trusting anyone and he left her with small comfort from that source.

He found less comfort when he got home. It had been his custom to wine and dine one night a week three of his old time friends, Huckaby, Billiter and Vandemeer. These gentlemen constituted a fair proportion of the proletariat, being indigent scions of an effete aristocracy, to say nothing of a withered purse. These down-at-the-heel individuals practically lived on the bounty of their wealthy friend. But he was genuinely fond of them and enjoyed the spirited and spiritous reminiscing they all indulged in. This night Quixtus left them alone that he might try to unravel his business affairs.

Sounds of revelry, becoming more and more violent, floated upstairs thru the closed door of his study, but the man was oblivious. He just sat and stared at the paper in his hand. It







She threw up her arm suddenly and a queer little sound escaped from her throat . . . Tommy and the maid sprang to the rescue, frightened to death at the spectacle of a Clementina betraying any such feminine weakness as fainting

was a love-letter to his dead wife—but not from him. In fumbling over the papers in his desk he had come across it and got no further in his search. It was from another old and trusted friend whom he had not seen for several years, Will Hammersly.

Quixtus put his head in his hands. It was too much. His wife—his friend! Was no one true to friendship or duty? How horrible was this posthumous betrayal! He had never dreamed of such a thing. Will Hammersly had been as welcome at his house as an own brother. Ah, but Marable had been like a brother, too. What did it signify? At least, the wretched man decided, his old cronies down stairs had been faithful. But they were getting a bit noisy. Perhaps he'd better go down to them.

He opened his door quietly and started down stairs. Billiter was saying thickly:

"O! skate! Prob'ly in on the deal himself. If Marable has cleared out with two

against the world from now on—men and women—I'm going to blast and scourge and betray. I'll get even with the world and the contemptible fleas that infest it—I've had enough. Get out, and never come back, you rotters!"

The three extracted themselves with considerable difficulty from the chaos into which they had turned the dining-room and as each shambling, drunken form went by him, Quixtus clenched his hands and repeated in his heart his scorching anathema.

A few days later Clementina and Tommy were having their inevitable cup of tea in her studio, and discussing Quixtus.

"He said you'd be a handsome woman if you just fix your hair, Clem," said Tommy half seriously.

"I wonder?" replied Clem, too tired to argue or care very much.

She rose to her feet rather unsteadily, and walked over to the easel with the half finished portrait of Quixtus on it. "Lord, how tired I am," she cried, "I'm just about done in, Tommy, I'm sick of the sight of ultramarine and yellow-ocher makes me positively faint."

She threw up her arm suddenly and a queer little sound escaped from her throat. She

THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

Fictionized by permission from the R-C Pictures production of the photoplay by E. Richard Schayer, based on the story by W. J. Locke. Directed by Emile Chautard and starring Pauline Frederick. The cast:

- Clementina Wing.....Pauline Frederick
- Quixtus .....Edward Martindel
- Huckaby .....George Cowl
- Billiter .....Lincoln Plummer
- Tommy Burgrave.....Edward Hearn
- Etta Concannon.....Jean Calhoun
- Vandemeer .....Wilson Hummel
- Lena Fontaine.....Louise Dresser
- Little Sheila.....Helen Stone
- Sheila's maid.....Lydia Teamans Titus



swayed for a moment and dropped to the floor like a collapsed balloon. Tommy and her maid ran to the rescue, frightened to death at the spectacle of a Clementina betraying any such feminine weakness as fainting.

Several weeks later Clementina and Tommy were having another cup of tea in a spot far removed from her studio, at Nohant to be exact, a little town in the south of France. Clementina's doctors had ordered a long rest. They had been ordering that regularly for several years back without any particular success, for Clementina was as intractable as a wild western steer and accustomed to having her own way. It had taken considerable effort to persuade Tommy to go with her. That young man had burst in on her incipient convalescence with an unexpected note from his uncle, saying that Tommy could either give up painting and go into a bank and learn a little business or be cut off from his monthly allowance. Quixtus was beginning his avowed ruthlessness.

"Dont you care, Tommy," Clem had said, smiling faintly. "You can come to the seashore with me for a few months and when we get back we'll show that hard-hearted old curmudgeon what's what."

"My word, Clem!" Tommy exclaimed. "We couldn't do that. What would people say? It would look like the dev——"

"Oh, shut up," Clem interrupted rudely, "You make me sick, Tommy. I'm old enough to be your grandmother—or you think I am, which amounts to the same thing. Now if I were young and beautiful, you'd go in a minute, morals or no morals. But just because I'm an old bag of bones——"

"Dont talk like that, Clem old girl. I will go with you and keep you amused, by George! in my own inimitable way from the beginning to the end of the trip. What could be sweeter?"

"God knows?" replied Clem without guile.

But Tommy's talents had been expanded on another subject which Fate had thrown into the party, little Miss Concannon, who had broken her engagement with "the bounder" who used to accompany her to the studio for her sittings, and had come south with her father to recover. However, it amused Clementina to watch them. She took a highly vicarious pleasure in their youthful courtship, and as they seemed to like having her along, the time was passing pleasantly for the tired artist.

At a café one day they all ran into Quixtus and a miraculously rehabilitated Huckaby. This was not in itself remarkable, but they had two stunning women with them, a dashing widow, one Lena Fontaine, and a friend of hers. This was another phase of Quixtus' revolt against life. Clementina watched them with mingled pity and anger. She rather scorned the fancied weakness of Quixtus in throwing up the sponge just because his business partner had proved a scoundrel. She did not know of the other two blows his trusting spirit had sustained and which would more easily have

accounted for his reckless course. To the obvious annoyance of Lena Fontaine, the two groups joined hands and shared each other's luncheon party.

It was the beginning of a rather precarious intimacy and continued, calm enough on the surface but seething underneath, until one day a telegram was received.

Will Hammersly was dying and he begged Quixtus and Clementina to come to him at once. To her intense astonishment Quixtus refused flatly to go. But Clementina was never at loss for an argument and, fearing nothing, proceeded to browbeat the hapless Quixtus into a state of complete submission.

"But really, you know," interposed the flutey voice of Mrs. Fontaine, at this point, "Mr. Quixtus is a free agent. I cannot understand your insistence. Miss—ah—Wing. Permit me to remind you even at the risk of being vulgar that it is none of your business."

"It is my business," snapped Clem, "It's anybody's business to see that an act of common humanity takes precedence over a mere personal disinclination. The man is dying, what does it matter what he has done? He

She took the little body, trembling with great silent unchild-like tears in her arms. Its little hands struck the lost chord of her unfulfilled womanhood, and Clementina felt her heart grow warm and young again







Clementina clasped her hands suddenly: "What do you want?" she asked in a startled voice. "You," said Quixtus and took her in his arms, "just you, dear, only you, always you"

was your friend. He is begging you to come to him. You cannot refuse such a request under the circumstances. It would be inhuman, and I know you are not that. You will come Mr. Quixtus?"

"Well — er — yes," answered Quixtus avoiding the super-

cilious gaze of Lena Fontaine.

But they were too late. Will Hammersly was dead. There was only his little girl, Sheila, whom he was leaving to the care of Clementina and Quixtus. She did not dream what a shock the child was to Quixtus. She was concerned for the moment only with her own emotions. She took the little body trembling with great silent unchild-like tears in her arms. Its little hands struck the lost chord of her unfulfilled womanhood, and Clementina felt her heart grow warm and young again.

"She is like her mother," she said later to Quixtus. The man stiffened. "But she has her father's eyes," she went on

oblivious of the tenseness of his attitude. "Did you know that your wife was a great friend of Mrs. Hammersly, Mr. Quixtus? She was a good enough friend to receive Will's love-letters to Nora and hold them for safe keeping, so that the drunken brute Nora was married to at the time would never find them. She never told a soul—not even you, I think. That's pretty fine, you know, Mr. Quixtus. I should like to have known your wife."

A light shone suddenly thru the black clouds in Quixtus' brain. With a cry of relief and happiness, he lifted Sheila up in his arms and kissed her little face and stroked her little head with the awkward tenderness of a new emotion. Together Clementina and he planned to take care of her, and Sheila's well-being was assured.

Not so, Clementina's. When she got back to work, something still bothered her. It was doubly irritating because she could not find out what it was. Sheila was living with her and she had set up a tiny easel for her in the studio. Her little possessions added but little to the litter already around the place. Clementina adored her with all the strength of a newly awakened and hitherto unsuspected mother-

heart. But it was not enough. She wondered dully how that could be. Tommy still ran in to see her a dozen times a day—but he was not so amusing as he once was. She wished Quixtus would come oftener. Her maternal instinct took in him, too. She believed he was being misled by Lena Fontaine, whose somewhat doubtful friendship with him was still persistent.

She learned the real purpose of her friendship some weeks later in a round-about way, from the disgruntled Vandemeer. It was simply this, Lena and Huckaby had formed a plot to get the incurably trustful Quixtus involved in a breach of promise suit. But something stirred in Clementina's heart, some blind instinct of protection, an irresistible impulse to save the man, an uncontrollable desire to outwit the dashing widow, and with Clementina to want a thing was a *fait accompli*. She went about it in her usual business-like manner, altho she mentioned it to no one, not even Tommy, who was frankly curious about her many trips away from the studio.

Fate gave a dinner party to help her out, or rather Quixtus

(Continued on page 76)



# McKee From Keokuk

By JAMESON SEWELL

RAYMOND McKEE is one of the few players in the world who had a government devote itself to gathering his audiences—numbering five millions. During the World War, McKee was featured in a trio of propaganda pictures which were shown to every man in the United States' sea and land forces. Consequently, he can safely be called one of the best-known cinema actors in our land.

But McKee really saw more active service than that of a propaganda actor, altho that in itself was a noteworthy "bit." At the entrance of America into the World War, McKee tossed aside his make-up box and his movie aspirations. He



Elmer Clifton is making a super-film around the famous old industry of "the men who go down to the sea in ships" and he has cast Raymond McKee for the leading rôle, that of a young sea adventurer of the forties. To the left is an example of the picturesque type of old whaler to be used in this photoplay. Above and below, portraits of McKee by Abbe

enlisted as a private in 1917. Let it be added that he sought no soft billet, for he immediately saw active service. For two whole years he was in the Flanders trenches—until he was desperately wounded at Château-Thierry. Despite his protests, he was invalided home to the Rockefeller Institute War Hospital on Avenue A, in New York. There he remained for six months convalescing.

Not at all satisfied with this, McKee insisted upon getting back into the combat. But this time, the officials decided to utilize his motion picture experience and they officially delegated him to the government casts of three war propaganda pictures: "Fit to Fight," "The End of the Road" and "Cleared for Action." These productions, largely designed to strengthen the moral and hygienic stamina of our fighters, went into every camp in America on the other side. One of them, "Fit to Fight," was shown to every fighting man of our vast forces.

After completing work in these three propaganda pictures, McKee was delegated to sea duty, as lecturer with these

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# Vamp by Accident



Photograph by Royal Atelier

There is a naïve lilt to her mental processes that keeps one's interest on tiptoe, and she is always deliciously feminine

malities that might mar the early stages of an intimate chat quickly disappear, and by the time coffee is served we have glimpsed the high lights and mile posts by which careers are timed and a life history, so to speak, lies in our hands.

It was at luncheon in the soft lighted quiet of Marcell's that I learned to know Estelle Taylor. She is very, very lovely and as fascinating as the sweet fragrance of some exotic flower—and as elusive.

When I mentioned the fact that many eyes were turned toward her in admiration, she started and seemed actually sur-

PERHAPS it is a heritage of our childhood that a "party" began only when the ice cream was passed around; but all interviewers find that over a luncheon or tea table the formalities

and having finally earned her diploma from the Sargent Dramatic School in New York, she hastened to Atlanta to hang up her sign.

This was a little over two years ago. Suddenly, one day, she realized she could never be happy teaching; she wanted to go on the stage, so she trotted back to New York to begin all over again.

Now grandmother didn't approve of this new plan at all. She sent her a ticket telling her to return home at once, but the lure was there so strong in her heart that Estelle cashed in a Liberty Loan Bond that grandfather had given her, determined to fight it out.

Her chance came quickly. George Hobart was rehearsing "Come On Charlie," and gave her a small part. During the play's run of twelve weeks at the 48th Street Theatre, Miss Taylor tried her wings in pictures, working at the studio during

prised. She did it so prettily that I was quite convinced that here was a beautiful girl who had remained unspoiled.

"It must be my giddy clothes," she whispered. "I'm blossoming out," she continued. "Everyone I used to meet would look me over and say, 'Oh, Estelle, why so somber, why not pep up a bit,' so—" with a laugh of contagious merriment, "I'm *peppering!* See my wild shoes?" displaying tiny frivolous grey sandals, "and this gay dress?" meaning an adorable henna frock of accordion-pleated georgette. "I've worn black shoes and dark dresses all my life but I feel myself luxuriating under the influence of colors. I have the bug now, so there is no telling where it may lead me."

Before the interview with Miss Taylor, my acquaintance with her consisted of having watched her thru the Fox melodrama, "While New York Sleeps." The radiant girl beside me was so totally unlike the vampiric siren or the factory crook of the film that it took me some time to readjust my mental picture of her.

"I know what you expected," teased Estelle, "You thought I would wear a naughty curl on my forehead, wear a slithery frock and smoke cigarets. The joke of it is that I became a vamp by accident and never smoke, tho I learned to for that picture, still my vampish reputation seems established," and she shook her head, sadly.

Bit by bit I learned that Estelle Taylor was born in Wilmington, Delaware, and had lived there all her life with her grandparents. Tho they were staunch Methodists, she gained their consent to teach elocution



By  
MAUDE CHEATHAM

the day and at the theater at night. Her first film was "The Broadway Saint;" the second, "The Tower of Jewels," with dainty little Corinne Griffith. By the time the play closed, Estelle knew that it was in pictures that she found the greatest interest, so ever since then she has been busily shadowing her lovely self upon the screen.

After attracting Gordon Edwards' attention as leading woman with William Farnum in "The Conquerer," William Fox decided to give her a chance in "While New York Sleeps."

"I was frightened *stiff*," explained Estelle, "for I was sure the part was too big for me. When Director Brabin saw me, he threw up his hands and fairly wept, saying, 'This is my first special and here they give me an inexperienced actress.' Goodness me, I felt sorry for him and for myself too. The first thing we did was a bit of comedy, and I'm awful in comedy, but the next night we made one of those tense attic scenes in the last episode, one of the biggest in the whole picture. I was desperate, I knew I just had to make good, so I plunged into it with everything that was in me and when it was over Mr. Brabin said he guessed I'd do. I used to get so discouraged and I'll never forget how George Lane, the camera man, helped me thru that picture. Whenever he saw me losing my nerve, he would



Photograph by  
Edwin Bower Hesser

She is very, very lovely and as fascinating as the sweet fragrance of some exotic flower—and as elusive



Photograph by  
Ira L. Hill

start to whistle and it was as if he were saying, 'Cheer up go to it.'

"We made 'Blind Wives' next, with the same cast. Then Mr. Fox wanted me to play the leading rôle in a big spectacle, but when I saw the costume designs, I told him I could never wear them, grandmother would be shocked. He looked at me a moment, then exclaimed, 'My God, are we making pictures to suit grandmother?'"

Well anyway, she wouldn't play it, so after making "The Star Rover" with Courtney Foote and "Footfalls," soon to be released, Estelle Taylor was sent to Hollywood three months ago to play Mercedes in the latest Fox special, "The Count of Monte Cristo."

"It was a wonderful rôle," enthused Estelle, "I begin at twenty but linger around till I am forty. Gaston Glass was my son and each morning when he came on the set he would say, 'Good morning, Mam-ma,' and it made me *feel* forty."

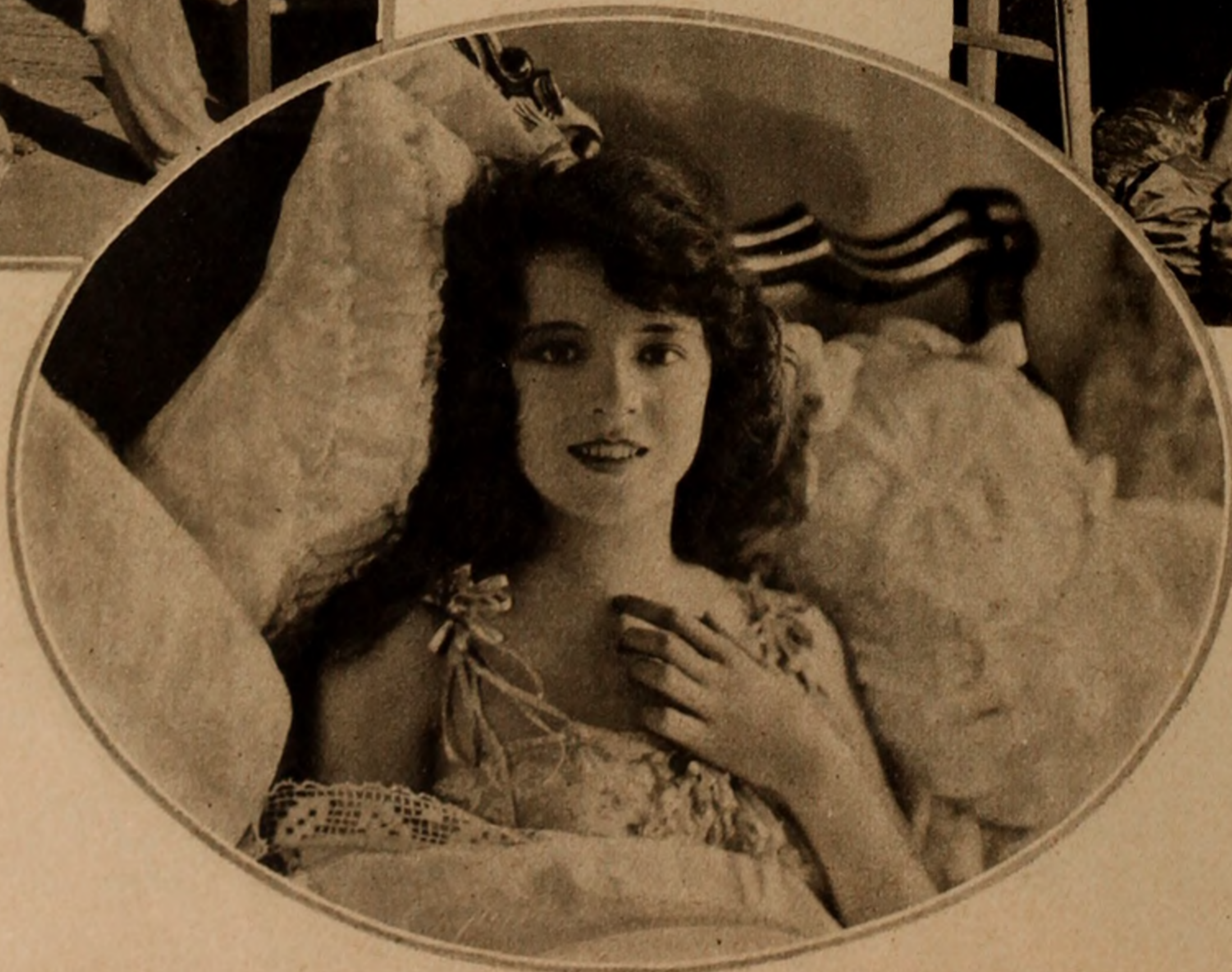
After completing "The Count of Monte Cristo," they cast Miss Taylor to play the mother of Tom Mix in one of his thrillers. She rebelled and straightway broke her Fox contract.

(Continued on page 72)





Good  
Night,  
Ladies!



In the bedroom farce on this page are: Dorothy Gish, Ruth Roland, Eleanor Field and Colleen Moore. Can you pick them out?





Good night, Ladies, we're going to leave you now—to the tender mercies of the State Censors. Every little nightie has a censor all its own, and the censors will get you if you dont watch out, and every cloud has a censor behind it, and so on *ad nauseam*. What's the use? This is probably the last of this sort of thing; so gather ye rosebuds while ye may, old time is full of censors



Photograph (above) by Campbell

These little things that pass in the night are: Betty Compson, Jacqueline Logan, Veta Searl and Alice Calhoun. Do you recognize them?





# Portrait of a Young Man

Altho a Picture Actor, He  
Ushers in the Church

the slightest blemish of ungodliness. My lady friend was of the opinion that we might as well ditch our jobs and enter the ministry where life is not so exacting. Then suddenly, just as the vision came to David—or was it Saul—so to me came the name of Conrad Nagel. My friend instantly concurred in my statement that a portrait of Conrad Nagel would be as free of vicious lineaments as was the original portrait of Dorian Grey.

There are doubtlessly many players who are as sinless as you or I, but none do I know so *sans reproche* as Conrad Nagel. He is often praised—sometimes reviled—in the film colony for a living record which offers not a stain for gossip. The most fluent dirt-digger becomes inarticulate when his name is mentioned.

I beg to repeat that I am not a press agent for Mr. Nagel. I am not even on his calling list, a fact which my friend says redounds to his credit as does nothing else I have said of him. Altho I have met him but a few times, I admire him. He is, so far as I know, without sin, yet he does not cast stones. An admirable restraint when you consider that many a one with a henna past can fling a rocky mountain.

He does not drink, smoke, flirt or gossip maliciously. Yet he has character. He causes me to think of Kipling's "If." Once before I knew a young man devoid of the common vices, and I admired him for keeping his character while those around him were losing theirs. But what I mistook for character was merely a look thereof. Altho possessing all the virtues of a well-bred young lady, the fellow had not a vestige of masculine honor. But Nagel has strength and integrity. He is not without honor, even in his own country. More and more in Hollywood do you hear him spoken of as "a fine fellow."

His appearance accords with his demeanor. He has the clear, fresh-colored skin of a boy, equally clear blue eyes and blond hair of a healthy luster. He suggests the spirit of Rupert Brooke's poems; indeed, he resembles the immortal Brooke in respect to that "harmony of soul and body" of which Wilde sings. True, there is a suggestion of austerity in the hard chiseled line of the mouth, a heritage perhaps from those orthodox pastors who were his forebears. It may be this severity of facial mold which caused my friend to count him among the doomed Puritans. There is nothing in his manner, however, to substantiate the aspect. While one senses a strain of adamant, it is not a superficial challenge: it is the cement of character.

The fact that Nagel passes the plate in church will serve as recommendation to those who believe that the way of the righteous is the church aisle. To me it signifies nothing, for the most distinguished reprobate of my acquaintance does service as an usher. Nor is Nagel the only one of the Cinemese who regularly frequents the church. If on a Wednesday night you chance to drop into the edifice where he officiates, you will find standing room only. This is not due to his pulling power as a star. Hollywood vies with Brooklyn in the number of churches per capita. In the temple which I mention you may, perchance, behold Nagel seating such famous personages as Elliott Dexter, Raymond Hatton, Betty Blythe, May Allison, William Russell, Robert Gordon, Bertram Grassby, Helen Ferguson. . . .

(Thirty-six)

Photograph by  
Evans, L. A.

His appearance accords with his demeanor. He has the clear, fresh-colored skin of a boy . . . He suggests the spirit of Rupert Brooke's poems

LAYING aside the stethoscope, the dictograph, and the X-ray apparatus of the clinical interviewer, I take up my brush to paint a portrait of a Young Man. An actor, true, yet every inch a Young Man.

I even forego the luncheon without which an examiner of movie stars can seldom function. Let me warn all other stars, however, who may be so unfortunate as to come under my diagnostic eye that this unethical procedure in waiving the menu consultation is the breach of my entire professional career. I am not a quack.

What moves me to this unprecedented act? Well may you ask.

It is this: certain motion picture producers have inserted a clause in the contracts of players specifying that any immoral or unseemly act on the part of the employee will render said employee's contract null and void.

While discussing this restrictive addenda with a *vivandière* of the cinema, I remarked that we of the press might also adopt the rule, refusing to depict any personality which had



By  
HERBERT HOWE

He is not only a conscientious seeker after truth but an adherent to the truth he finds. Whatever may be your opinion as to his science of living, you must admit its efficacy as applied by him. At the age of twenty-one he made a pronounced hit on the New York stage in "Forever After." When the actors' strike was declared, Nagel enlisted in the cause which he deemed right. The Shuberts threatened suit against every member of the Actors'



Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

Conrad Nagel is not only a seeker after truth, but an adherent to the truth he finds . . . Everything that he touches seems to turn to success. To the left, is Conrad Nagel in a regular human costume; and above, a late portrait

Equity Association who brought on the strike, and listed the names of the individuals in the newspaper. A devoted admirer of Nagel's upon beholding his name in the lists exclaimed:

"My God, they're suing the saints!"

Needless to say, *they* didn't win the suit.

Everything that Nagel touches seems to turn to success. After a few turns on the screen he was presented with a five-year contract by Jesse Lasky providing for an ascending wage that already has attained a dizzy height.

While in Chicago a couple of years ago, he met Miss Ruth Helms in an orphanage. She didn't belong there. She only happened to be interested in the very boy who had attracted Nagel's sympathy. It was a case of pity being akin to love, for the meeting led to the marriage of Miss Helms and Mr. Nagel.

I met them while they were on their honeymoon. They were the most embarrassing sort of newlyweds. Since that time Mr. Nagel has become unbearably conceited. It is the one flaw in his nature; he cannot overcome the habit of boasting about Ruth Helms Nagel, altho she is now a year old. But the pride is pardonable; the infant is the picture of the mother.

The Nagels are thoroly domesticated, if not plebeian. They seem to have taken on no stellar polish from contact with screen notables. Their interest in the price of roast beef, the purchase of a new phonograph

(Continued on page 72)



# The Talmadge Fox Trot



Here are three of the intricate and beautiful steps of the newest dance, The Talmadge Fox Trot, which Maurice, the well-known ball-room dancer, has originated for Constance Talmadge. Connie practises between pictures, and she surely seems to love her work! They have now started on a new one, The Constance Waltz. We are anxious to see it, but we hope the allure wont be so strong that Connie will desert pictures for this gracious and graceful field





## The Masquerader

By  
DOROTHY DONNELL

"BEING an Antony," Herbert Fraide thought, scowling out thru the window of his taxicab on the blurred lights of the Strand, "unfortunately seems to demand a Cleopatra. I suppose he's with her now, getting his self-love patched up after that fiasco in the House today, that the newspapers will refer to as a 'nervous collapse,' Bah!"

The cab drew to a stop before a handsome brick house on a side street, and the leader of the Conservative Party proved to its chauffeur that he was a gentleman by tossing him a note and moving up the steps without asking for change. The pretty young woman reading a newspaper in the drawing-room rose to meet the visitor with a bright smile that tried to contradict the visible evidences of tears. "Uncle Herbert! How jolly!"

"Very jolly!" said Fraide dryly. He looked down on the pale, gallantly gay, determinedly composed face under the soft waves of brown hair with the tribute of a brave man for bravery. "It's sporting of you, Eve, but you dont need disguises with me, you know! You were at the House this afternoon?"

She looked away, moving the objects on the table with restless fingers. "Yes." Suddenly she faced him, the pallor of her face swept with flame, "Tell me the truth. Is it the end for him? Or will you give him another chance?"

Looking at her, Fraide thought again what a marvelous thing the love of a woman was. Four years ago Eve had been a gorgeous creature, wearing her bridal wreath as tho it were a coronet, too tumultuously happy to disguise the adoration in her gaze whenever it rested on the face of John Chilcote. Now she was a woman with a secret behind her barricaded eyes, with patient lips and a grey hair or two, and her love had changed from bride-ecstasy, and wife-happiness to the

mother-instinct of protection and defense.

He scowled at the portrait of John Chilcote over the mantel, a handsome face with strong features and lines of thought like scars in the lean cheeks. "Where is

he?" He knew her answer even before it came, reluctantly.

"Out. I think—at the club—"

"You know damn well that John Chilcote isn't at any club tonight!" Fraide scoffed savagely, where everyone is talking about his flunking his speech this afternoon, the speech that was to have awakened England like a trumpet blast! And instead he gets up in his seat, swaying like a drunken man, mutters something and sprawls down across his desk—"

"Dont!" whispered Eve, covering her face, "it's too terrible when you think what he was—" she made a strong effort for control, fighting down the rising tide of hysteria within her, "—and will be again," she finished, head high. "Give John another chance to speak, Uncle Herbert! I will talk with him tomorrow, he will redeem himself! He's been terribly nervous lately—the war you know—"

"The war." Fraide nodded. Strange what hypocrites civilization made of people! It forced them to behave like actors in a farce, who must not see the man hiding behind a screen, nor hear the sides of two other characters a foot away. He knew, and Eve knew, where John Chilcote was tonight, but so long as they did not put the thing into ugly words, so long as they ignored the fact of Lady Lillian Astrupp and pretended it wasn't there, well and good. But to say bluntly, "your husband is with his mistress"—shocking!

And while they made plans for mending the ruin of Chilcote's political career, the man they spoke of sat on the edge of Lady Lillian's couch in her exotic garden in Regent's Park, and whimpered with self-pity over imagined wrongs. "I'm a sick man, and they expect me to run their war for them!"



You know I'm a sick man, Lillian!" he passed a shaking hand over his forehead where the dark hair hung in lank strings.

The woman on the couch patted his arm with a little soft hand, whose fingers were white, but thick and blunt in spite of artful manicuring. She was an indolent, over-blown beauty, so lazy that if she had not had a maid she would not have combed the snarls from her scented Titian hair, or kept her white soft skin clean. "The trouble with you, dear boy—your nerves are all off! What you need is a bracer—" her red lips so full that they looked almost swollen, and gave her the appearance of continually pouting, curved in a sleepy smile, "you haven't forgotten our 'bower of forgetfulness' have you, dear boy? Behind Buddha—the little white tablets that open the doors of happiness—"

A lantern, set with green panes, diffused a sickly light over the nook, giving their faces the corpse-like look of those who lie beneath the waves where the sun never reaches. Chilcote found the tablets behind the back of the disdainfully smiling bronze figure, and dissolved them in wine with fingers that shook with eagerness. Together they drank, and afterward he set the goblet down and bent above Lady Lillian, kissing her fragrant soft throat, her eyelids, her burnished hair. "How you understand me!" he cried, in a voice shaken with self-pity, "you dont try to play God Almighty and treat a man as tho he were a sinner because he happens to want a little human happiness. Women shouldn't be marble saints to pray to! They ought to be warm flesh and sweetness and fire—like you!"

It was four hours later before John Chilcote started home thru the choking yellow fog that had fallen over the city. The false buoyancy of the drug had left him, and his veins seemed filled with a cold acid that ate into the tortured flesh,

demanding relief. Half way home he stopped, clinging to the side of a building, unable to endure the prospect of the hours that must intervene before he could visit the "bower of forgetfulness" again. Should he return to Lady Astrupp? But no, the servants would talk if he awoke the house at that hour, and he could not afford open scandal. His position was precarious enough already, after today's horrible business in the House.

He shrank from the humiliating memory with a whimper, "sick!" he muttered, "very sick—"

In the fog directly ahead of him the red lights of a chemist made a bloody blur. A few minutes later he stepped out into the wet reek of the night again, walking jauntily. A bill slipped across a counter, a whispered word and a discreet little package in return, and lo! John Chilcote was a man again, master—until the cheerful reassuring fire died in his veins—of his fate.

The fog swirled and eddied. It was thick and clogged the nostrils, it was viscid, and clung to the flesh in shreds and tatters, it was odorous of all the evil taints of huddled humanity. Footsteps passed on all sides, but their owners were invisible. Groping cautiously along, Chilcote was suddenly bumped into by a solid body which proved itself human by swearing a bit good naturedly.

"Pedestrians ought to wear rear lights a night like this!" boomed a deep voice that had a vaguely familiar note, close to Chilcote's ear. "I wonder if you've got a match. My pipe's out—thanks!"

A tiny flare of light showed strong white hands that again gave Chilcote the odd sensation of familiarity, the haunting feeling of having seen them before, and then—even before the match flared up, revealing the stranger's face, he knew that he was going to see his own features looking back at him, as from a mirror.

The two men stared motionless, until the flame of the match stung the stranger's fingers and he flung it away, erasing the amazing similarity of the two faces. "By Jove!" said the voice that was so much like Chilcote's own, "that's amazing!" He laughed, the least bit grimly with something of the warm friendliness gone from his tone, "I knew in a general way that I resembled the great John Chilcote, but I never dreamed it was as close as this!"

"You know me?" the other cried, "in God's name, who are you?" He sounded actually frightened. It had occurred to him that this must be a figment of his fancy, a strange result

"You dont treat a man as tho he were a sinner because he happens to want a little human happiness. Women shouldn't be marble saints to pray to! They ought to be warm flesh and sweetness and fire—like you!"





of the tiny white tablets he had taken.

"My entirely unimportant name is John Loder," said the stranger, curtly. "I am a journalist, and have often heard you speak in the House—"

Chilcote clutched his arm. "But where do you live?" He wrote the address down in a notebook, driven by the spur of a queer distorted plan that he could not formulate distinctly. In some way this resemblance might be of use to him some time. "I was—I was ill today," he said, trying not to make the words sound like a plea, "but the speech was only postponed. In a day or so—"

Loder broke in abruptly. "I hope so. There are things that must be said. I put some of them into an editorial in the *Gazette* tonight, but what I or a million other unimportant men say and think counts for nothing compared to what the man who has been called the Spokesman of England, says. I trust you will be recovered enough to speak in a day or two, for Germany threatens and the world is in danger! And now, good-bye, Mr. Chilcote. I think we may congratulate ourselves on having achieved the impossible to-night, and seen ourselves as others see us!"

"Good-night, not good-bye," Chilcote said, already beginning to feel his thoughts slipping, and to think longingly of the tiny package in his pocket, "somehow I have a notion we'll meet again—"

How soon it was to be, neither guessed. John Loder had forgotten the encounter in the fog, when two days after it, he sat in his humble attic lodging in Soho proudly reading his editorial on the German situation aloud to his dog Huskie, dwelling with satisfaction on its clear logic, its brilliant argument and apt phrasing. It was good, damned good! His pleasure in it was not damped by the fact that the editorial was signed by the name of the editor himself; it was a purely impersonal pleasure that asked no reward save the approval of his own critical sense.

"That ought to do something, Huskie!" he exulted, "that ought to get thru their thick hides and start the red blood running in their sluggish veins!" The light died in his eyes, "—if they read it! But what chance is there an obscure editorial will get to the people



where it might count? And if it did, what chance is there it would be taken seriously? It takes the big lights to show people the way!"

On the stairs sounded the heavy steps of Robbins, the landlady. She filled the door frame to overflowing, trying to still the heaving of her ample bosom with one large red hand. "A gen'leman to see you, sir," she gasped almost, one would have thought, with terror, "he looks so much like you it took him three minutes to persuade me you wasn't tryin' to spoof me, sir! But he seems sick-like—"

The journalist rose, pulses pounding. It was impossible, of course! Great statesmen dont visit humble writers in the slums, and yet—he held out his hand to Chilcote, whom Robbins ushered in presently by the simple means of shouting down the stairs for him to come up. "This is awfully good of you to look me up! Sit down, wont you—" for suddenly he saw what Robbins had mentioned, his visitor's drawn, blue-white face and open, colorless lips that seemed to gape for air. "The stairs have tired you out. You see, the higher you live in this town, the lower the prices!"

He affected to laugh at his own humor to cover the shock

The swaying creature before him laughed wryly. "Dont talk like a damn fool—cant you see I'm unstrung? I'm a sick man I tell you, a sick man!"

THE MASQUERADER

Fictionized by permission from the Richard Watson Tully production of the film version by Mr. Tully of the dramatization by John Hunter Booth of the novel by Katherine Cecil Thurston. Directed by James Young and starring Guy Bates Post. The cast:

- John Chilcote, M. P. } ..... Guy Bates Post
- John Loder } .....
- Eve Chilcote, his wife..... Ruth Sinclair
- Brock, his valet..... Edward M. Kimball
- Herbert Fraide, his uncle-in-law... Herbert Standing
- Mr. Lakely..... Lawson Butt
- Lady Lillian Astrupp..... Marcia Manon
- Robbins ..... Barbara Tennant
- Bobby Blessington..... Kenneth Gibson
- Huskie ..... Rin-tin-tin



of his discovery. It was not the stairs that were responsible for Chilcote's condition, he knew that instantly. In his journalistic work he had often encountered the miserable creatures who had become entangled in the meshes of the morphine habit and he recognized the symptoms now. The great John Chilcote, the man whom all England was depending on to formulate a policy in the present crisis, was a drug slave!

Altho it was morning, Chilcote wore evening clothes, crushed and shameful things which had been slept in, if one may apply such a pure word as sleep to the evil unconsciousness of morphine. He did not heed the invitation to sit, but stood, clutching the edge of the desk to keep from swaying, not meeting John Loder's eyes. "You—you wrote that editorial in this morning's *Gazette*?" he asked, with terrific effort to get the words out carefully. The other nodded. "Then," said Chilcote, wetting his parched lips with a tongue that was purplish at the edges, "you're the man I want—the only man who can deliver my message—my message—"

The journalist saw that he was wandering and spoke sharply, tapping the newspaper, "you are to speak before the House this afternoon! Why have you come here? Dont you understand—you *mustn't fail England again!*"

The swaying creature before him laughed wryly. "Dont talk like a damn fool!—like my wife and her sanctimonious uncle—cant you see I'm unstrung? I'm a sick man, I tell you, a sick man!" He wept tears of self-pity and came about the desk, grasping Loder's hand with hot, shaking fingers, "I—cant

speak! I cant! I cant!" he screamed in a gust of terror, "I've got—lie down and rest. Yes, that's it—rest—"

"You want

me to speak for you?" John Loder looked away with eyes that seemed to be looking on the far horizons of dreams-come-true. Then, slowly, he shook his head, "but they wouldn't let me! God! If I only could!"

"That's—the joke," giggled the quivering man, "they wouldn't know! You look enough like me to deceive the devil himself—" he sprawled down in a chair, and his head went down on his outflung arms. There was dust in his hair Loder saw with a flash of disgust. He shook the loose heap but the only response was a feeble snarl. And in two hours all England, all the world would be waiting for this man to speak!

Agitated steps sounded on the squeaking stairs and a smallish, baldish man carrying a traveling bag burst into the attic room, uttering a pious ejaculation of relief when he saw the sprawling figure by the table. "E's 'ere! I near lost 'im in Piccadilly—" the words dropped from his loosely gaping lips as he saw for the first time the other man in the room, "Gord blimme!"

John Loder spoke rapidly. "You think that I look like your master? He came to ask me to take his place this afternoon in the House, but it seems impossible that people could be deceived."

Brock, the valet to John Chilcote for ten years, only shook his head dumbly, unable to speak. Then, feebly he took out a red-checked bandanna handkerchief and wiped his forehead. "I'd of took me Bible oath that that was the face I'd shaved a thousand times, sir! An' if you could fool me, you could fool anybody. Only the clothes—" he gave a start, pointing to the traveling bag, "and I've got them 'ere, sir! When 'ee went rushing out this morning, I grabbed up what 'e might need and followed in an 'ansom. Oh sir, if you h'only could do it, sir!"

Loder's face grew grim, his jaw set so sternly that it stood out in a ridge under the brown skin with its queer little thought-scars that every caricaturist inevitably made the most of in lampooning Chilcote, "It is insane—" but already he was fumbling at his tie, "I shall never be allowed past the first doorman. If by any miracle I should reach the rostrum, I have no speech prepared. And yet—what if it should be the chance I've been waiting for all my life, never dreamed would come?"

At three o'clock a figure familiar all over England, tall, suave, dressed in frock-coat and wearing a monocle, might have been seen entering a taxicab at the door of an obscure tenement house in Soho, followed by the tubby figure of a valet, who paused in the door to give agonized instructions to a large woman in a much soiled apron with which she occasionally

But the days lengthened into a week, and still Chilcote raved in delirium on his narrow cot in the attic





refreshed herself by wiping her face.

"Yes, I'll have the slavey set by him all the time," she was saying with a weariness that bespoke much repetition, "there's few as has had the experience in managing of drunks as I've had, if I do say it, that shouldn't!"

Just before the cab reached the House of Commons, Brock uttered an exclamation, "your ring, sir! Mr. Chilcote never wears jewelry."

In reply, Loder slid the heavy silver circlet up, disclosing a livid scar where something had bitten to the bone. "Wolves!" He said shortly, "in Alaska ten years ago. We'll have to chance it."

The speech of John Chilcote, arousing his countrymen to the need of action with words that flamed like torches and rang like the clash of steel, brought the staid Commons to its feet, filled the dull Hall with the unaccustomed clamor of cheers. But among all the faces turned toward him, Loder saw only one, a woman's, framed in soft waves of pale brown hair, which leaned to him from the balcony, with soft lips that quivered in a smile, and blue eyes that shone with the bright glint of tears. All thru his speech he had been aware of her, had spoken to her across the sea of up-turned faces. All thru the speech he had not thought of the Argus-eyed reporters scribbling frantically in their section, nor of the millions who would read his words tomorrow, nor of the small, pride-mad man with waxed up-turned mustache and withered arm who would take his defiance as England's answer. He had thought only of this one listener, whose face was swept by alternating light and shadow in sympathetic response to his eloquence.

As he stepped from the rostrum, the members of the House surged forward to greet him. Loder felt a sick panic, but

(Forty-three)



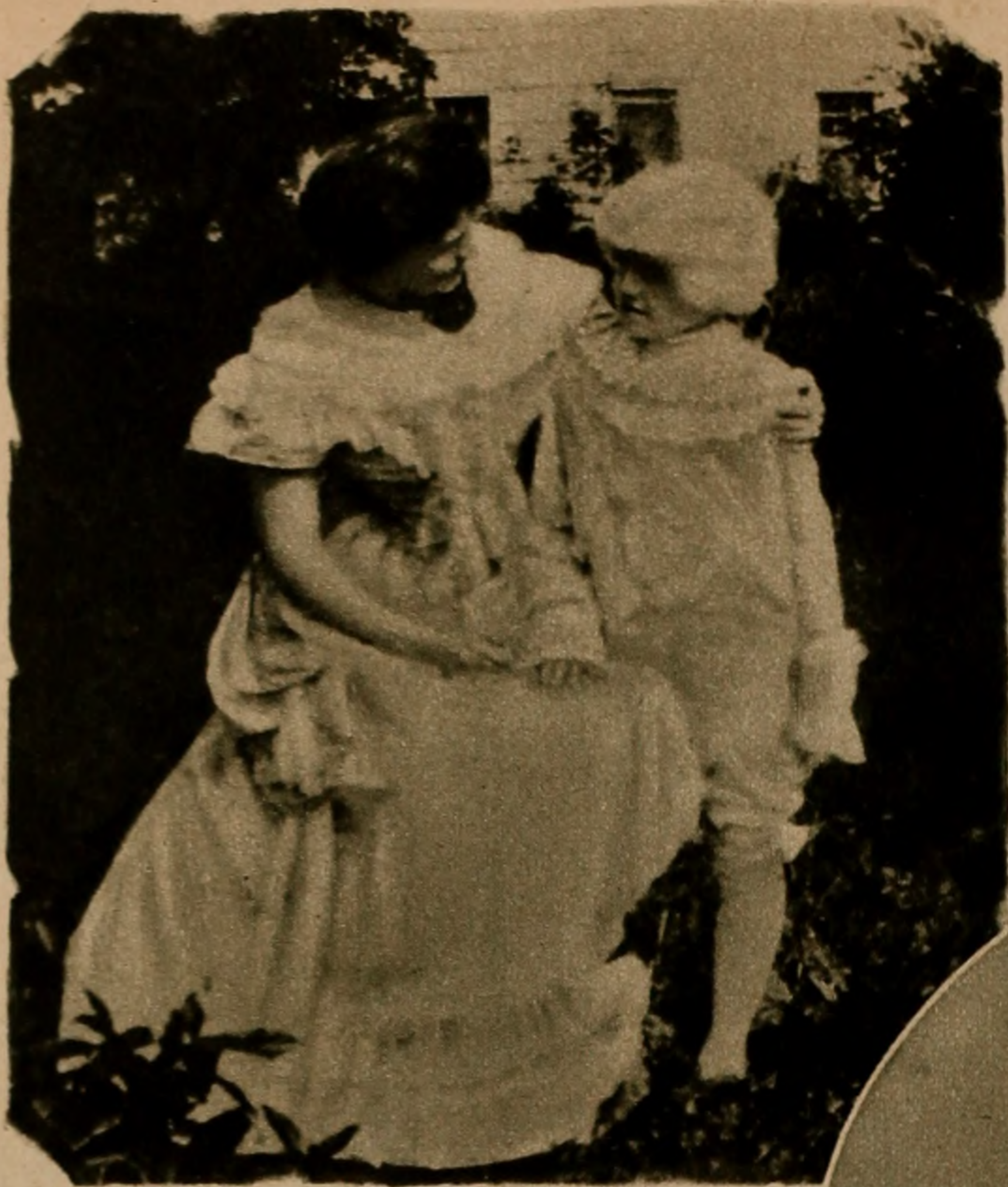
before he was overwhelmed by the surge, he saw Brock's beckoning hand summoning him from a rear doorway. "Gentlemen!" He made a gesture of appeal, "you will excuse me! I am very tired—" they drew back respectfully and the Hero of the Hour passed into the anteroom and closed the door.

"Oh, sir!" the valet was obviously shaken, "he's worse, sir! 'e couldn't be moved for the present, or it would ruin h'everything!"

It was to another England that John Loder returned with a German bullet in his leg. It was another John Loder who returned, and another Eve who walked beside his wheel chair

(Continued on page 77)





At the age of six, Richard Barthelmess wore a wig and co-starred with his mother in "The Little Princess"

A Gentleman of Leisure was Dick at Trinity College when he played the leading part in that college play, between times serving as extra in the movies

Photograph by Brunel



Nazimova first saw his possibilities, and persuaded the young actor to appear in "War Brides"



## A Star in the Making



In "The Idol Dancer" for Griffith, carrying wood was one of his light duties



"The Love Flower" gave him a wonderful nautical education



While in "Scarlet Days," Griffith decided Dick was just exactly the villain he needed





And to play a sea captain, guided by the compass of Love—



"Broken Blossoms" told the world that Richard Barthelmess was the coming motion picture star of the age

Pausing long enough to be featured as Youth in "Experience"—



His last picture to date is "Sonny," in which he is given a brand-new rôle as a returned doughboy



He became a star in his own right in "Tol'able David," with Inspiration Pictures.



And to share in one of the sensations of the times, "Way Down East"—





# The Celluloid Critic

The Newest Photoplays  
in Review



Top, Richard Barthelmess and Anne Cornwall in "The Seventh Day," which is decidedly inferior to Mr. Barthelmess' first starring vehicle, "Tol'able David." Right, Charlie Chaplin and Phyllis Allen in Mr. Chaplin's newest comedy, "Pay Day," which is both adroit and amusing. Miss Allen plays the Chaplin "better half." Below, Mme. Rose Rosanova and Helen Ferguson in Anzia Yeziarska's "Hungry Hearts," which is one of the best cinema dramas of the year. Mme. Rosanova's playing of the mother is notable



YOU film lovers who were touched by "Humoresque" will find an East Side drama of far greater power and consequence in "Hungry Hearts." For "Hungry Hearts" is not merely the tale of an immigrant boy's rise to success and his sacrifice to the country that gave him his golden reward. That, for all its human touches and shadings of realism, was the immigrant viewed thru the eyes of Pollyanna.

"Hungry Hearts" (Goldwyn) is based upon a story of Anzia Yeziarska and is literally torn from her own book of human experience. Not so long ago Miss Yeziarska was herself a newcomer from Russia. She is expressing—with half clumsy, wholly sincere directness actually hacked from her own feelings—how the voiceless hordes come to the Promised Land—and how the Promised Land receives them.

"Hungry Hearts" traces the coming of an old dreamer, his hard-working wife and their offspring from oppressed Russia. Into the city's maelstrom they are tossed. Two black tenement rooms receive them. They learn the hard language of money. The father is battered aside by the rush of the Promised Land and the breadwinning falls upon the mother and the eldest daughter. "Hungry Hearts" is the tale of these two women—and how love, in the guise of the tenement owner's collector, comes to the girl.

But it is largely the story of the older woman and her efforts to find herself in the new maze of New York. Not until she chances to see the spotlessly white kitchen of an uptown apartment dweller does she find a goal. Here is beauty in tangible form. So, bit by bit, she saves and paints her own dingy kitchen a glowing white. Whereat the landlord raises the rent.

Then a primitive rage seizes the old woman and she hacks the walls to bits with an axe. The police of the Promised Land burst in and arrest her. Believe it or not, as you will, but this scene of the woman's arraignment in court is the most compelling thing we have seen on the silversheet this year. Stark tragedy stalks in the old woman's halting tale of her "lost beautifulness" as the judge gently draws out the story. So he releases the woman and sends her back to her family.

That is the end of Miss Yeziarska's story, but Goldwyn saw fit to tack on an oozy sentimental finish, in which great success, personified by a more or less lavish country place, comes to the young collector and his wife along with the



By  
**FREDERICK JAMES SMITH**

whole family. Discarding this piffle, you will find "Hungry Hearts" to be vital and real. And if you can sit dry-eyed thru the court-room scene, you are either made of stone—or a landlord.

"Hungry Hearts" is directed with fine discretion and sympathy by E. Mason Hopper and the acting, particularly in two instances, is genuinely brilliant. You doubtless were won by Vera Gordon's mother in "Humoresque," but the toiling mother of Mme. Rose Rosanova in "Hungry Hearts" is infinitely more human. Here is a superb performance, for Mme. Rosanova makes the woman live thru every moment of the seven reels. And Helen Ferguson's playing of the daughter is a mighty fine thing, a characterization which stamps her as the ablest young character actress in all our films. Bryant Washburn is cast for the comparatively minor rôle of the collector-hero and does it with just the right touch. And E. A. Warren as the father is excellent.

Be sure to see "Hungry Hearts." It is one of the big things of the cinema year.

Second place this month we give to Charlie Chaplin's new two-reeler, "Pay Day" (First National). Now "Pay Day" is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the finer Chaplin comedies, such as "The Kid," but it is ingenious, carefully considered and highly amusing.

To be sure there is more of adroit comic device than of the soul in "Pay Day." There is more broadness than subtlety—and yet there is something vital. "Pay Day" is the tragedy of every down-trodden married male. In it Chaplin puts all the timid resistance of all the hapless husbands of history—and its inevitable failure. "Pay Day" is just a day in the life of the usual baggy-trousered and derby-hatted Chaplin hero, this time a bricklayer who shyly sighs for the daughter of the brutal boss. But they are only sighs, for there is no escape from the czarina of the home.

Into the two reels Chaplin puts a lot of rough comedy. There is an amusing trick moment with Charlie at the receiving end of a ton or so of bricks tossed to him by his co-workers. And another when he attempts to board a crowded street car. You will find "Pay Day" diverting but not noteworthy. Alas, we have come to expect so much of Chaplin!

"The Green Temptation" (Paramount) is a wandering sort of melo-dramatic piffle in which the attractive Betty Compson has some highly

(Continued on page 88)



Top, Betty Compson and Theodore Kosloff as the dancer-crooks of the melodrama, "The Green Temptation." This affords Miss Compson opportunities to look decidedly attractive. Left, Marion Davies in "Beauty's Worth." Below, Colleen Moore and Ralph Graves in Rupert Hughes' Irish opus, "Come On Over," an entertaining if inconsistent entertainment





## Marguerite and the Oriental Influence



Photograph © by Strauss-Peyton Studio

She is very young and not at all Oriental, or anything but youth incarnate, feeling the glory of a successful career at eighteen

THEY sat, just the two of them, in the living-room with the Oriental influence. The late afternoon sun glinted across the burnished gold of her hair. She dabbed at her nose with an elfin kerchief.

"Well?" she said, a trifle huskily.

"I have waited three weeks to see you, you know," he offered, squirming deeper into the cushions of the davenport. "And now that I have found you . . . you aren't at all like I expected to find you." He gazed at her frankly, almost appraisingly.

"Wasn't I worth waiting for?" she queried.

He looked at her again, more closely. He had the air of a professor examining a specimen—a butterfly, perhaps. He noted the delicate oval of her face, which was fairer than the juice of pomegranates mixed with cream; the fine lines of her straight eyebrows and wondered if they had been tampered with; the short upper lip drawn a little above small teeth as white as an Orient pearl and the full lower lip that pouted

a little. He decided that she was well worth waiting for.

"Tell me," he began, flushing a bit under the directness of her gaze which poured over him from a pair of clear hazel-blue eyes, "all about yourself."

"I spent my childhood in Duluth. Does that interest you?"

"Not much," he answered. "Anything more—or worse?"

"I have a cold. I know a funny story. Do you want to hear it?"

"Not much," he murmured.

The smell of incense permeated the room. It swept across the heavy velvet hangings of the window draperies and beat back from the smooth surface of the grand piano. He knew that it was drowning out the odor of the barber shop with which he was saturated. He was sorry, a little. That odor had cost him a twenty-five cent tip.

"You live in an Oriental atmosphere," he observed. "Is it chronic?"

"What do you mean—chronic?"

"I mean," he went on, a tinge of patience in his voice, "are you influenced by the—er—Oriental influence? By the 'Song of India' for example."

"Oh, I love it," she cried, clapping her hands together. He noted that the tips of her fingers were pink, and that her hands were small. He overcame a desire to press one of them, very gently. "Why did you say that I was not at all as you expected to find me?"

He paused, before replying, as tho undecided whether or not she could bear the truth. Then, with a fine resolve, he took the plunge.

"Because you are different. You are more beautiful, for one thing, and your hair is reddish instead of black, and you are very young. I thought you would be older, and someone told me once that you were up-stage. But you dont seem to be up-stage."

"One of my friends calls me 'Flip,'" she offered. "But I have two other nicknames. One is Midge and the other is Peggy. I never thought I was up-stage—except when people bore me. Once I was interviewed by a person who just said 'yes' and then 'no' and so I shut up."

He decided that she was very frank, if urged.

"But you dont fit in with an Oriental atmosphere," he objected, watching her movement, which were constant and very child-like. "You should be languorous like the smell of musk—or this incense—and instead you are of the heights. Methinks thou kidst me about the Orientation. Let's be personal. I like it."

"All right," she chimed, jumping to her feet. "I've com-



By  
GORDON GASSAWAY

posed a piece—on the piano. I'll be personal enough to play it for you if you'll listen and not shuffle your feet. I can't play for people who shuffle their feet."

"Please do," he begged. "I will not shuffle my feet."

The music rolled from under the pink tips of her fingers in a suppressed orgy of melody. It was some Oriental thing.

"I call it 'Shattered Idols,'" she said, across the top of the music rack. "Do you like it?"

"I'm crazy about it," he answered. She played it again.

"It has good rhythm, I think," she said. "I was once a dancer, you know. I might have been a very good dancer—if I hadn't gone into pictures when I was fourteen!"

The interviewer, for it was he—and he was I—untangled his feet whence they had been tangled, lest they shuffle, and assumed again the interviewesque pose. She—and "she" was Marguerite de la Motte—hopped from the piano

. . . the delicate oval of her face which was fairer than the juice of pomegranates mixed with cream . . . the fine line of her straight brows . . . the full lower lip that pouted a little . . .



Photograph © by Strauss-Peyton Studio



bench to the davenport. She moves in a series of hops, for you see, she is very young and not at all languorous or Oriental or anything but Youth incarnate, feeling the glory of a successful career at eighteen.

Whenever there is a benefit performance given by the movies in Los Angeles for a charity, Marguerite is called upon to dance. She dances on her tip-toes, like Pavlova, for she spent many long years since leaving Duluth in the company of Terpsichore. She even attempted the stage, once, in a stock company at San Diego. John Griffith Wray owned the company, and in later years this eminent producer became her director at the Ince studio. Such is life. Threads cross and recross, we know not whence or when.

This interview did not go as planned. The stage setting was all right, but the cues missed fire. After the door was opened by the maid, who promptly informed the interviewer that she did not think Miss de la Motte could see anyone, and the proper credentials had been presented, there was the formal and customary wait. The interviewer took stock of the living-room. The Oriental influence, the incense, the heavy drapes, the battered, but picturesque harp with a few strings missing

(Continued on page 91)



# The American Beauty

## Is It You?

**T**HE best news in the world is not any better than what we are about to tell you. We are going to have another contest!

Another great contest with four great magazines to back it!

Another great contest with the greatest array of prizes ever before offered in any enterprise of this nature!

Another great contest with the greatest list of judges ever assembled for any purpose whatsoever!

It is not a moving picture contest.

It is not a scenario contest.

It has nothing to do with stage or screen.

It is not looking for brains or temperament or personality, tho, of course, these attributes never come amiss.

It is a contest of beauty—just that, and nothing more—the American Beauty! We are going to find the most beautiful woman in America and lay our gifts on the altar of her loveliness. We shall look in every little rural hamlet, every big city, every manufacturing center, every artistic community, every field and walk in life will be represented in this search; and when our illustrious judges have made their decision, the winner will be, beyond any doubt, the most beautiful woman in America.

Since our first contest, many improvements have been made in the operating of contests. This new contest will embrace them all. Many minds have contributed their earnest thought to the success of this contest. And the awards are generous beyond all expectation. Altho they are expressed at length in the contest advertisement which will hereafter appear in every issue of every Brewster Publication thruout the operation of the contest, we cannot resist repeating them here.

First, the "most beautiful" will be given a trip to the most wonderful city, New York, properly chaperoned. New York has things to offer that can be got nowhere else in the world. They will all belong to the winner while she is here.

Then she will have her portrait painted by a representative American artist.

And a model of her made by a well-known American sculptor.

These *chefs-d'œuvre* will be exhibited in the leading art gallery of New York City and elsewhere.

And to cap this already imposing list, she will have her portrait on the cover of BEAUTY.

In view of the fact that the most beautiful woman in America may be found living in New York City or its immediate vicinity, in that case the winner will be given—

*One Thousand Dollars!*

Yes, it's true. Let us repeat, One Thousand Dollars!

All that is required of a contestant is the price of a photograph, but what she may win is beyond price.

A list of the American Beauty Contest judges so far selected is as follows:

Claire Sheridan, internationally known sculptress.

Heywood Broun, bright particular star of the "World."

Neysa McMein, who draws nearly all the pretty girl magazine covers in the United States.

Florenz Ziegfeld, the most famous picker of beauty in the world.

Ida Clyde Clarke, associate editor of "The Pictorial Review."

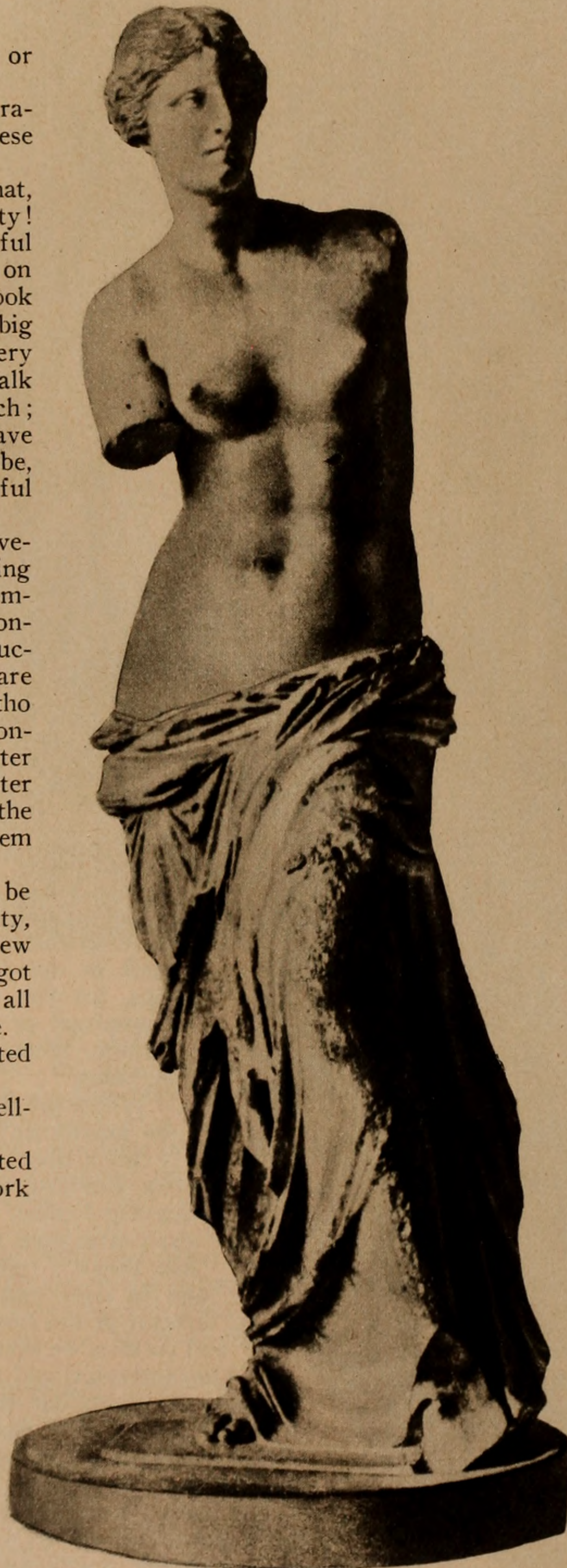
Rodolph Valentino, popular moving picture star.

Eugene V. Brewster, president and editor-in-chief of the Brewster Publications.

Others are in process of selection and will be announced later. But you can judge even from this partial list the caliber of the judges and determine thereby the character of the contest. Is it worth while? We rather think so!

There will be a contest story every month, with an Honor Roll of the prettiest pictures for that month in all four magazines. The winner, however, will not be decided upon until every picture has been received and examined by the judges. Being placed on the monthly Honor Roll does not necessarily qualify you for the final prize, and neither does the fact that your picture did not appear in any of the magazines mean that you are a loser. You can only wait and see. See the contest advertisement which will appear in every issue of all four magazines, for details and answers to questions.

Shall we establish another standard, set up another type, build another idol to worship for another two thousand years? Will the great American Beauty be like this celebrated Venus when she is found on the island (?) of America? Can she be more beautiful? We shall see!



The noble figure of the Venus of Milo has been the accepted standard of beauty ever since it was found on the island of Melos more than one hundred years ago. It was very probably the criterion some two thousand years ago when some unknown genius fashioned her faultless proportions



# O Suzanna!



Here at last is a Suzanna without the elders—if you know your Bible! Mabel Normand plays the name part, Suzanna, of an early California romance. *La Petite Normande* has a charm all her own, and after the rollicking "Molly-O," we are more anxious than ever to see this little star twinkle again



# Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.



A study in pedal extremities: Priscilla Dean's brogans and Marie Prevost's—er—trim ankles

THE motion picture business has been referred to as the fifth, the fourth and even the first industry of these United States for so long a time that it will come as quite a shock to movie fans to discover that it isn't. In fact, it may not even be among the first hundred industries.

The horrific discovery was made recently by the editor of a film trade paper. And among the businesses exceeding motion pictures in value of finished products were such industries as the construction of corsets, hardware, ice, pickles, shoes, soap and pianos. But when the same investigator discovers that the manufacture of glucose and cheese exceeds our dear photoplay, we are puzzled. Can it be that the motion picture is being mixed with these products.

Perish the thought! And yet, in 1919, the production of cheese exceeded twice the value of all motion pictures.

## WANTED: SOPHISTICATION

Speaking of glucose reminds us that motion picture audiences have grown in sophistication this last year, despite the fact that producers and exhibitors do not seem to grasp the fact.

Note the waning of the homely Charlie Ray type. Today the average fan demands Rodolph Valentino and his suggestion of Continental worldiness. Observe the success of von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives," with its erotic scoundrel for a central figure. And the tremendous popularity of Pola Negri, who is sophistication plus. Add to this the popularity of Gloria Swanson, who is the old-time vamp sent to boarding school and elevated to Paris frocks.

Censors or no censors, the film public will have no more large doses of Pollyanna. Let the paid smuthounds go on tilting their lances at sex. That motivating impulse of life must be in all things. Curiously, film audiences seem to be just discovering sex.

Speaking of censors reminds us that Mrs. Eli T. Hosmer, of the New York Censor Board, recently declared that ungrammatical and slangy subtitles are ruining our youth, and that movies are breeding disrespect of the police, prohibition, birth, love and marriage.

It remained for Mrs. Hosmer to discover what's wrong with us. Assuredly, something is radically wrong, or we wouldn't tolerate censors.

## THIS IS CENSORSHIP

While we're on the subject of censorship, let us reprint some of the laws—unappealable—laid down by the Ohio Board of Censors for the picture-going population of that august state: That there will be eliminated from all films:

Any drinking songs.

Any statement that beer is enjoyable.

Any suggestion that there are polite speakeasies.

Any suggestion that political appointments anywhere are not based on merit.

Any implied statement that politicians would support a candidate whom they did not think admirable.

Any reflection on the intelligence of an imaginary candidate for mayor.

Any criticism of modern manners and ideas.

*Yet our ancestors fought for liberty and free speech!*

You'll be interested in the selection of thirteen "stars of tomorrow," made by the organization of Western Motion Picture Advertisers at their recent Los Angeles ball. The list consists of Lila Lee, Lois Wilson, Helen Ferguson, Bessie Love,

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# A Practical Idealist

By  
MAUDE CHEATHAM

EVERYBODY calls him *Jimmy Morrison*!

This is significant, for even tho the name James seldom receives its full dignity in this jazzy age, to be universally hailed as *Jimmy*, speaks loudly of a compelling cheeriness and a friendly spirit.

For my own part, after being welcomed with his quiet smile and cordial good humor, I felt I had found a real pal. This friendliness, however, does not conceal the impression that here is a personality that could never be summed up within the limits of a short chat. There are depths and subtleties that would require many quiet hours to fathom. There is about him the detachment of the student, that air of elusiveness that clings to one who lives much in the silences within, and he seems to have evolved a protective philosophy which he draws about him as a mantle.

"Why plan? Why worry?" he asks, simply. "Our part is to make the best of each opportunity, feeling assured it is but preparatory to bigger things. There is no use getting excited over matters you cant help. "Which shows James Morrison to be a practical idealist.

The evening of our chat, Jimmy was in a contemplative mood. He had been very busy with long rehearsals for the stage production, "Enter Madam," which a selected company,



Photograph by  
C. Heighton  
Monroe, L. A.

There is about him the detachment of the student, that air of elusiveness that clings to one who lives much in the silences within. Above and below, Jimmie Morrison, the smiler and the student



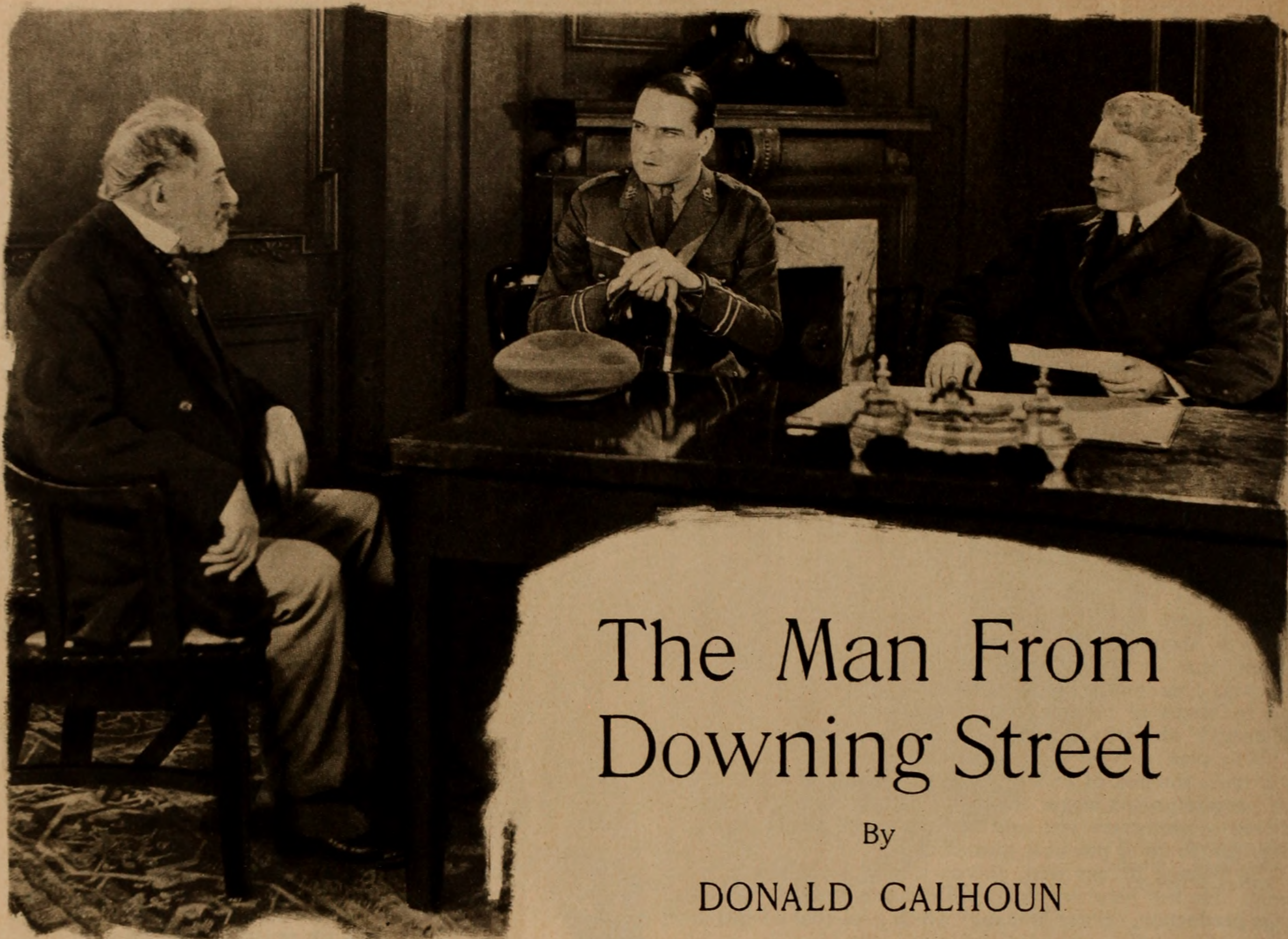
headed by the well-known actress, Henrietta Crossman, is to produce shortly at the Egan Theater in Los Angeles.

"It is mighty good to hear the spoken lines again," he said, warmly. "They are deliciously clever, and I'm getting a real kick out of the whole thing. It is very helpful to alternate with stage and screen; each brings out new powers of character building.

"Miss Crossman asked me the other day why so many really fine actors made flat failures in motion pictures. I told her I thought it was because they brought nothing to the screen but their voices. The camera teaches that it takes more than a well-trained voice and perfect diction to make an actor.

"I am interested in any rôle, if there is a touch of character," he continued. "I dislike a  
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# The Man From Downing Street

By

DONALD CALHOUN

"THE only thing you can trust a Hindu to do is to betray you!" said Sir Edward Craig, bringing his fist crashing down with a force that made the pens leap on the desk. "But," said Captain Kent with a faint smile, "because Hindus are traitorous does not necessarily mean that traitors are all Hindus. Your logic's at fault, Chief! Perhaps the code messages are given to the Maharaja by one of our own men."

The Cabinet Member shook his head worriedly, "Impossible! Wentworth, Commander of the Garrison, Major Burnham and Captain Graves are all above suspicion—yet there's a leak somewhere. The Maharaja gets the messages about proposed taxes and other measures an hour after they are sent, and the cunning brown fox is using his information to spread hatred of the English among the natives. If something isn't done quickly, we'll have a nasty little revolt on our hands."

"And the Maharaja can't be touched personally," Kent nodded, "that's the devil of it in India. The rajahs will give you anything they possess even to their favorite and fattest wife, and all the while they're smirking at you they're plotting against you behind their oily smiles. Oh, I know!"

"It's because you know," said Sir Edward, with the eagerness of Atlas asking someone else to shoulder the world a moment, "that I'm sending you down there. And the first thing you'd better do is to *cherchez* the *femme* in the case. Graves has a wife that's dangerously pretty, and Burnham has a daughter—and well, you're not the most repulsive man in the Service, you know! Hang it all, there's more trouble brewed over the tea-table, than there is tea I've found!"

Kent blushed furiously. Where women were concerned he was still a schoolboy. "I can speak the lingo, you know," he said thoughtfully, "and I know their ways, so far as a man with a white skin *can* know a man with a brown one." He

rose and stood before his chief, making a profound salaam with the supple ease of a native. Almost one could see the turban, the flowing robes and forehead jewel of the Indian rajah. "Excellency," he murmured, "fat be to thy bones and sons to thy wives! The Rajah Rhonda Singh is thy servant, and all that he possesses, elephants, servants, wives, are thine to command!"

Sir Edward stared, then elaborately rubbed his eyes. "Jove, Kent! That's one of the beggars to the life. I could almost smell the Delhi muck and the reek of the river and the spices in the bazaars—go to it, son. And for the sake of Saint George and Merrie England get at the bottom of this business as quickly as you can."

Which explains why, three weeks later the commander at Delhi was giving a dinner in honor of the Rajah Rhonda Singh, a visiting potentate of great splendor and an exceeding brownness of complexion, who sat beside the host, Colonel Wentworth, said little and saw a great deal. On the Colonel's other hand, the Maharaja Jehan talked in suave and excellent English of world affairs; the diamond set in his thumb nail flashing as he moved his slender, small hands.

Under cover of the conversation, Captain Robert Kent, of the English Secret Service, looked out from behind his disguise and tabulated those about the table, with the swift grasping for salient signs that had made him famous. Wentworth, dominant, over-bearing; Major Burnham, morose and glum; Captain Graves, meek and weak chinned; his wife Norma wearing a sophisticated Paris gown and an ingénue manner; Doris Burnham, in her modest little dress with its high neck, brown hair done simply, brown eyes meeting his gravely and straight, as wholesome and honest as an English breeze blown across violet nooks and primroses. The Maharaja was what he had expected: polished, charming, with hooded eyes and an inscrutable smile. The last member of the party, Lieu-



tenant George Wyndham, Wentworth's aide, had a feeble mustache and a distraught manner that attracted Kent's notice when—as they all rose to drink a toast to England—the wine glass fell from his nervous fingers and was smashed to fragments on the floor.

After the dinner, while the others busied themselves about bridge tables and the visiting rajah had withdrawn with his host to smoke in the adjoining room, Kent asked Wentworth about his aide. "That toast business didn't look to me like an accident," he said under the cover of the laughter of the bridge players, "could he have secured those code messages?"

Wentworth shook his head. "Impossible! What you noticed was simply nerves. I'm thinking of sending him home on sick leave. The climate gets the green ones sometimes—"

Kent listened absently. He was watching the bridge tables, especially the one where the Maharaja Jehan sat beside Norma Graves. The table cover was long, but in spite of that there was no doubt that the Hindu and the beautiful wife of the English officer were holding hands! Moreover, Captain Graves was losing heavily, and instead of displaying a wifely solicitude over his ill luck Norma seemed quite reconciled. Indeed, Kent fancied that glances of amusement and understanding passed between her shallow blue eyes and the rajah's dark heavy lidded ones. To be sure there was nothing particularly noteworthy in the fact that Graves's wife was flirting with the Indian prince—Kent knew his India too well to think that. But he knew too that an attaché's pay was not royal enough to include bridge losses. If he had not been so inexperienced in woman-lore, he would have known also that the gown Norma wore was not the made-over, renovated, bravely contrived, defiantly dyed dinner dress usually worn by an officer's wife.

The party about the card tables broke up. The Maharaja departed, showering flowery compliments and honeyed words. The two women followed; Doris turning in the doorway to look back at the new rajah and flushing as his gaze met hers. The pseudo-rajah salaamed gravely, but he stored the memory of that backward glance away in his heart to be brought out later and lingered over when he had this damned walnut juice off his face, and was a man again.

Meanwhile there was his duty. Moving cat-footed in his soft oriental slippers, Kent approached the door between the two rooms and stood in the shelter of the hangings watching Major Burnham and Captain Graves. "I'm telling you," the Major was saying sulkily, "the game is getting too dangerous. It's going to be found out sooner or later—"

Kent drew noiselessly back as the Major cast a suspicious glance about him. *Her father*—but it couldn't be. He simply would not believe it. In his own quarters he smoked two cigars to a stub over the problem. The words had been incriminating, and yet he had two reasons for not believing that they referred to the stolen code messages. The first was logical—a man who was clever enough to sell his country to a Hindu would be too clever to discuss the matter in a place where he might be overheard. The second reason was perhaps not so logical, but to his mind more conclusive. A girl with such hair and eyes simply could not have a father who would do a thing like that.

"But if it isn't either the Major or Graves, then who the devil is it?" he muttered, aloud. As if in answer, a knock sounded on his door,

Moving cat-footed in his soft oriental slippers, Kent approached the door between the two rooms and stood there watching Major Burnham and Captain Graves

and George Wyndham came in, twisting his hat in his restless hands. Kent was about to greet him in the Hindu fashion but his visitor laughed derisively.

"Dont try that hocus-pocus on me," Wyndham scoffed, "you're no more a native than I am. I've been watching you—you put the color on too thick! If you've ever looked closely, a Hindu isn't one color, he's a dozen different shades."

Kent bit his lip. "Very clever, my boy! You've probably formed some theory as to who I am then?" He laughed a trifle shortly, "a clear conscience is never suspicious. Perhaps you can give me some clue to the traitor who's been selling the Mahajara English code messages?"

With a snarl Wyndham thrust his face forward, and Kent read the expression that distorted it with a sense of shock. It was not guilt that lay behind that grey twitching skin, those distended eyeballs, those dry restless lips but fear, naked and unabashed. "Maybe I could—if I wanted to," Wyndham choked, "but you're on the wrong track. I haven't sold those code messages, the man who did was—"

With the name already taking shape on his lips, the boy stood still and then with horrible slowness pitched forward on his face at Kent's feet; at the same moment the shivered





pane of glass thru which the silencing bullet had come tinkled in the stark stillness to the floor. With an exclamation, Kent knelt by the crumpled figure but rose after a moment, very white. His throat felt dry, and there was the evil taste of powder in his mouth. He had been thru the war and seen many men die, but not in this way, murdered. "He expected it," Kent muttered, sickly, "and he died with the name of his slayer on his lips. Whoever shot him must have been hiding outside and watching him thru the window——"

He uttered an exclamation and rushed to the door, just as it was jerked open by Colonel Wentworth himself. "What's happened?" the Colonel gasped, "I heard something—sounded like a shot—oh, by Jove!" He stared down at the out-flung figure, and then at Kent with a question in his eyes.

The Secret Service man nodded, "Yes, dead! Shot thru that window there from the darkness."

Wentworth raised a bellow to which a native servant re-

sponded, gliding in from the service quarters. "Excellency wish?" he bowed.

The Colonel continued to roar out questions in the native tongue which the man answered readily. Yes, if the Sahib pleased, he had seen someone outside the bungalow, a woman with golden hair that glittered like the moon. She seemed to be watching someone inside, "gone now"—he finished cheerfully.

"Hair like the moon," the Colonel repeated thoughtfully, "sounds like Sarissa, the new dancing girl at the Café Jumna. Come to think of it, this poor fellow here seemed smitten with her; saw them on the parade walk several times together. Woman scorned, eh? If you listen, you can almost always hear the rustle of a petticoat whenever there's a shooting affair."

Robert Kent nodded. "Let's get someone to help with poor Wyndham here, and tomorrow evening we'll go to the Café Jumna and have a look at the girl."

The Café Jumna swarmed with the various and colorful life of the East. Tourists and rich merchants with gold collars round their fat suety necks, veiled women, soldiers and native princes wearing the sign of their purity of caste in the twisting of their turbans, European women in gowns that slipped from white polished shoulders, drinking spiced wine with swarthy Hindu officers, and everywhere beggars displaying their loathsome wares of twisted limb or hideous sore to the patrons of the place, whining out their pleas above the shrilling of stringed instruments.

At a table in the corner Kent, still in his rajah make-up, but more subtly colored in accord with Wyndham's suggestion, sat watching the cosmopolitan throngs while Colonel Wentworth busied himself with mixing an English cocktail and sputtering out orders and abuse at the waiter in abominable Hindustani. As he lifted his glass to test his workmanship, he uttered an exclamation and nudged his companion. "Graves! Alone, too—wonder who he's waiting for!"

In the lambent golden light she seemed to float as tho in some ethereal fluid, and Kent looked at Captain Graves curiously and saw in his face all her beauty reflected





Looks like the damned, doesn't he?"

A murmur went over the room as, with a crash of cymbals, a slim figure in gold gauze sprang into a cleared space in the center of the floor and began to sway and float to the whining of a reed, played by a squatting native at one side of the ring. Kent leaned forward. His face was inscrutable as he watched the dance, and afterward followed the golden figure with his eyes as she slipped among the patrons of the place and paused by a table where an empty chair seemed to have been waiting her.

"Our friend the Maharaja," Wentworth exclaimed. "Look at old Poker Face beam, will you! Wyndham—this girl—the Maharaja! It looks as tho all the links were here, eh, Kent?"

"Wait," said the secret service man breathlessly, "where is she going now? To Graves, by all that's wonderful."

"His Royal Nabob will probably make her his two hundred and twenty-seventh wife in return for getting the codes from Wyndham," Wentworth said bluffly, "but where does Graves come in? Is it possible that he too has been leaking? He's lost a damn lot of money at cards lately—more than an honorable man could lose——"

The dancer did not stop long at Captain Graves's table, but Kent, watching closely, saw the Englishman lean eagerly forward, the lassitude of his attitude disappearing and say something, almost pleadingly. Sarissa shook her head, laid one hand an instant upon the man's clenched one on the table, and was gone, obedient to the summons of the reed. Captain Graves did not glance after her, but Kent saw his thin shoulders lift with a great sigh. Then he rose, took up his white straw hat and went out of the café, staring before him with unseeing eyes.

Colonel Wentworth was quite evidently bored. "Beastly gin," he grumbled "better come to my quarters and have a peg before you turn in."

Kent left him before his bungalow, pleading a headache. But in his own quarters he seemed to forget his affliction. Swiftly removing his native garb and make-up, he put on the uniform of a British captain and set out again, retracing his steps to the Café Jumna. But instead of entering the restaurant again, he spoke a few magic words to the doorman, which proved an open sesame to a private room. Here he waited, pacing up and down until light foot-steps drew his eyes to the door, where the dancing girl stood. There was an odd difference in her manner now, the languor, the sensuous grace and deliberate coquetry of manner was gone. She spoke briskly.

"Well, Captain Kent?"

"Sit down, Ruth," he said, shaking hands, "you're a wonder. You almost deceived me and that's saying something. How long have you been in Delhi?"

She accepted a cigaret and lighted it at his. "Fifteen days,



Left alone once more with Captain Graves and the pale girl who held his hand, Kent took his other hand in a strong clasp. "You played the man just now, Graves," he told him

I got your code message from London, but I had to buy this get-up and arrange to appear as Sarissa. I came around to your quarters last night——" there were undertones in her voice, "I saw—pretty much everything!"

"Who did the shooting?" Kent asked, "was it Captain Graves?"

He was amazed to see her pretty painted face grow conscious at the name. Her eyes dropped; hands grew restless in her lap. "No—oh no!" she cried rather breathlessly, "I didn't see him. It was another officer—but I shall not tell you his name yet, perhaps he was an accidental observer, I didn't see the actual shooting, you know."

Captain Kent studied her keenly. Graves was just the sort of man to appeal to a girl like Ruth MacAllister, who had rather more than her woman-share of a capacity for comforting and mothering. He remembered the intimate little scene he had witnessed a few hours before and shook his head kindly. "It wont do, Ruth my dear," he said, "to let sentiment stand in the way of duty!"

"I know." Ruth MacAllister of the Secret Service of Eng-

land spoke listlessly, "I suppose a woman cant help being a fool sometimes and—well—I knew Arthur when we were kiddies. But you needn't worry. When I find him guilty of anything, I shall tell you of it." White, fierce little teeth worried a quivering crimson lip. "He went to the Maharaja the other night and borrowed money, but I know it was for *her*. That woman he married is a blood-sucker! It—it—makes me sick to watch him suffer——" she fumbled wildly for a handkerchief in the scanty folds of her exotic

#### THE MAN FROM DOWNING STREET

Fictionized by permission from the Vitagraph production of the scenario by Bradley J. Smollen from the story by Clyde Westover, Lottie Horner and Florine Williams. Directed by Edward Jose and starring Earle Williams. The cast:

Captain Robert Kent.....	Earle Williams
Colonel Wentworth.....	Charles Hill Mailes
Maharaja Jehan.....	Boris Karloff
Doris Burnham.....	Betty Ross Clarke
Major Burnham.....	Henry Burrows
Norma Graves.....	Kathryn Adams
Captain Graves.....	Herbert Prior
Sarissa .....	Eugenia Gilbert
Lieutenant Wyndham.....	James Butler
Sir Edward Craig.....	George Stanley





... went joyfully away to find a slip of a girl with straight smiling brown eyes and cheeks like the little wild roses that grow in quiet English lanes

costume and Kent proffered his, pretending not to see her tears.

He had always thought that it was a bad business having women in the Service. They were so likely to fall in love with a criminal before they could arrest him. But now, remembering the brown-haired girl with whom he had ridden on the Mall that afternoon, he felt the ancient foundations of his judgment shaken. If it were Major Burnham, after all, would he be anxious to arrest Doris's father? Would he be brave enough to do it?

"Tomorrow afternoon," Ruth said, determinedly business-like once more. "Sarissa dances at the palace of the Maharaja, Be there if you can! And one thing more. Tomorrow morning tell Colonel Wentworth that you either suspect Captain Graves or Major Burnham and propose this test. Two code messages shall be sent; the one to the Captain reading 'two per cent. tax imposed on hemp', the one to the Major reading 'two per cent. tax imposed on jute'—then whichever news leaks out among the natives will show you the guilty one."

Kent poured himself an imaginary glass of wine and drank a toast to her in pantomime. "If they X-rayed your head, Ruth," he said admiringly, "I suspect they'd find a brain there. Till tomorrow, then."

The following afternoon the guardian of the gate at the Maharaja, Jehan's palace was scandalized out of the few wits he possessed to be confronted by a white woman with shameless unveiled face and blazing eyes who demanded entrance to his master's presence. Her manner was that of one possessed of a hundred devils that foamed and writhed behind her star-

ing eyes. To his protests she refused to listen, and when he sought to bar the way she thrust him contemptuously aside and rushed into the palace, shrieking out the sacred name of the Maharaja, which should only be spoken reverently and with profound salaams!

In very truth it was a devil that possessed Norma Graves, the black devil of jealousy. A few moments ago she had heard from her native maid of the infatuation of the Hindu prince for the new dancing girl, Sarissa, who—so all the Bazaar whis-

pered, was to dance for him in private this afternoon, which, all Delhi knew, meant that she was to be chosen as the next recipient of the Eye of the East, that famous necklace which the Maharaja solemnly presented to those who held for the moment his fickle favor, and as solemnly took away when that favor was removed.

"Jehan," panted Norma, "does he suppose I'll stand for being made the rival of a naked dancing girl." She passed along the court, and up a stairway built against the side of the wall with the sure footsteps of one to whom the way is familiar, and swept aside the silken hangings before an archway at the top. Then her rage was chilled with the drench of cold fear. For the Maharaja was not alone with his new flame, as she had thought to find him. Instead, she saw the faces of Colonel Wentworth, Major Burnham and her husband turned toward her with surprise, disgust and sick shame. And a little at one side the visiting Rajah Rhonda watched her imperturbably with a suave, insinuating smile.

The Maharaja's eyes were venomous, but his voice was honey and milk as he greeted her. "Our poor palace is honored with the light of the Mem-sahib's presence."

Norma was thinking swiftly. She was not a clever woman but the instinct of self-preservation gave her inspiration. She managed a rather breathless smile. "You will think me so silly. But you see my husband had a terrible headache when he started out, and I couldn't be easy till I knew how he was."

She crossed to the side of the wretched man and clasped his arm affectionately while the other men considerably turned their eyes away from Graves's crimson misery. The Maharaja smiled softly. "The devotion of the English ladies to their husbands is well-known," he said without a trace of inflection to the words. "Now that Mem-sahib Graves is here, perhaps she will delight us with her presence while I show these gentle-

(Continued on page 84)



# Gossip of the Eastern Studios

**F**ROM all present appearances, motion picture studio activities will be at an exceedingly low ebb all summer in and about New York. The Famous Players seem to have reached a definite decision not to re-open their big Long Island studios. The Selznick forces moved to the Coast late in April. Apparently, the only big activity will be the next production of David Griffith, to be made at the Griffith Mamaroneck studios. At this writing, Mr. Griffith has not yet started his preliminary work and the subject is still a secret.

Will Hays was formally welcomed into the motion picture world at the dinner-dance of the Motion Picture Directors' Association, held at the Hotel Astor on March 16. At this event Mr. Hays made his first public appearance as an active member of the motion picture industry. John Emerson was toast-master, and Sidney Alcott, president of the M. P. D. A., made the opening address.

C. C. Burr has taken over the Glendale, Long Island, studios, where all Johnny Hines comedies will be made in future.

The Pyramid, Astoria, Long Island, studios have been busy these past few weeks with Pyramid Pictures' production of "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge," in which Martha Mansfield plays the name part. Ray Smallwood is directing, and Ben Carre, long with Maurice Tourneur, is art director.

Having completed "Fascination," Mae Murray is now at work on a story of a New York dancing girl, which will be released under the title of either "Broadway Rose" or "The Broadway Bubble." Bob Leonard, Mr. Mae Murray in real life, is directing.

Ann Forrest has returned from several months abroad, making pictures and visiting her birthplace in Denmark. She spent several weeks in New York.

Frank J. Godsol has succeeded Samuel Goldwyn as president of Goldwyn Pictures. Rumors of a combination between Goldwyn and First National have been in the air for some time, and the consolidation may have materialized by the time you read this page. Mr. Goldwyn continues as a member of the Goldwyn directorate.

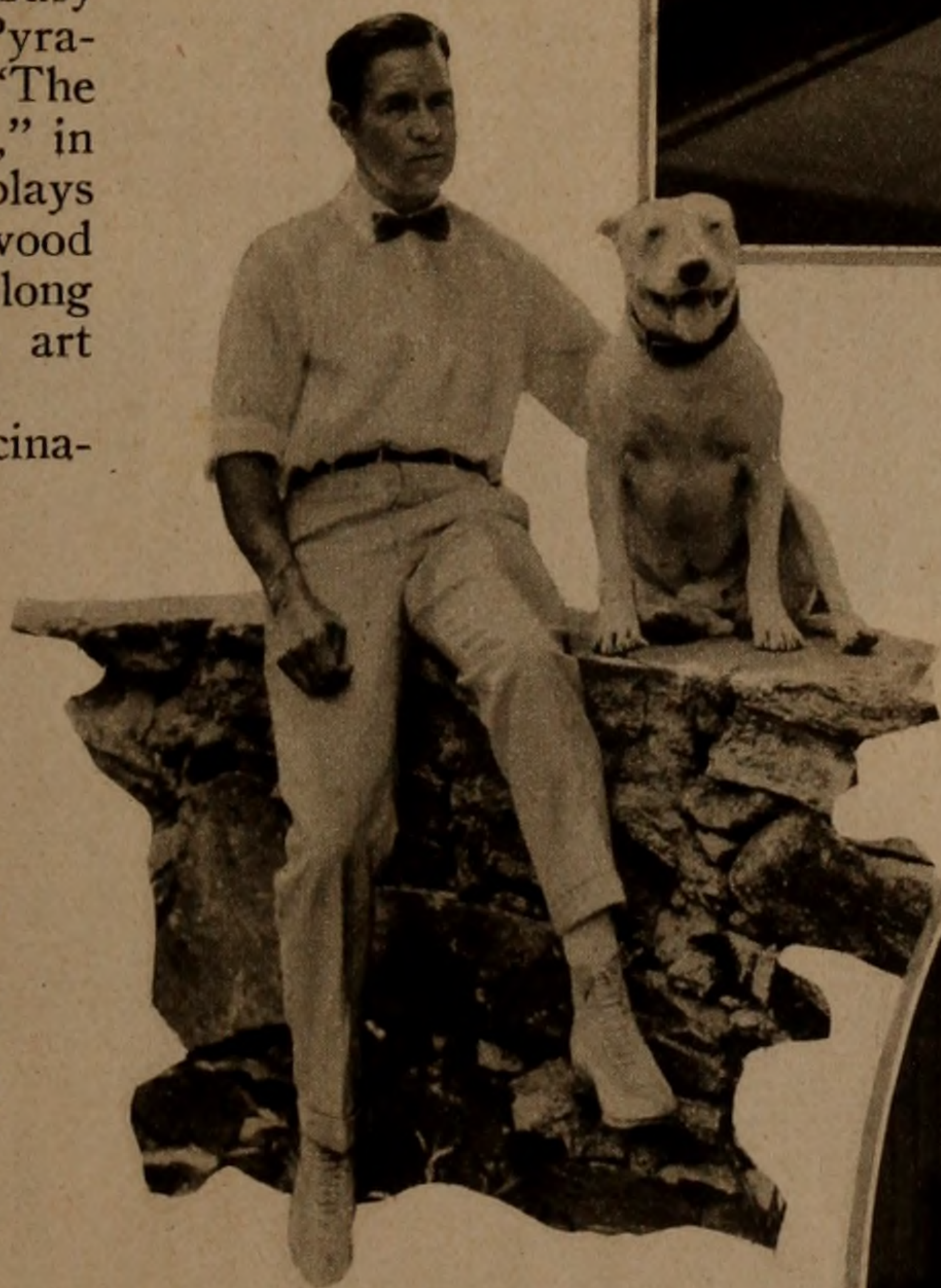
Maurice Tourneur is going abroad to film "The Christian," once screened by Vitagraph, for Goldwyn Pictures. The scenes will be shot in London, on the Isle of Man, and in Rome, in the locale of the actual action of the novel. The cast has not yet been named.

Zena Keefe has been vacationing in Cuba, after completing James Oliver Curwood's "Love and the Law," under the

(Continued on page 92)



Photo by Abbe



Above, Eugene O'Brien and Elaine Hammerstein take Myron Selznick into their confidence. Center: Conway Tearle rests a bit after his last picture. Below, is Mabel Ballin in "Other Women's Clothes"





# My Homecoming



tongue, half Danish, half English, to the utter bewilderment of my surroundings.

The days passed all too quickly, altho I seemed to cram years and years of memories into one short day. To me it was the most wonderful thing of all to come back to a place where time had passed and left so little change. The young people had grown up, the old ones were perhaps a little greyer, a little more bent. But these were only outward differences. To me they were the same boys and girls with whom I had played as a child, and to the old folks I was still the same "little Ann." I think that spirit caught me as nothing else could ever do. I was just "little Ann" again, and one night when we were walking along the sand-dunes, I forgot so much my grown-up dignity that I turned cart-wheels and ran races, just for the sake of old times. But I couldn't stay in Fano as long as I wished, for there were other relatives in other towns and villages to be visited.

By this time, it had become noised abroad that I was home again, and "little Ann" began to realize that she was something of a somebody. The news crept into the press. I was photographed and interviewed, and even ultra-conservative Danish newspapers devoted special columns to my career. At the little villages we passed on the way, the women and children would be there with flowers and a few halting words of welcome. It was all so simple, so sincere, I felt they were proud of me, and I was grateful for their affection and their pride.

One of the biggest thrills I got was on my visit to the town where I had been to school. Well I remembered one of

Anne says: "If I were to say how many times I wept on that wonderful trip, you would imagine I had a thoroly miserable time . . . and yet they were all tears of pure joy"

I HADN'T slept a wink, tho I went to bed very early, much as small children do on Christmas Eve—to make the day come faster. At about five in the morning, I threw on my clothes and went up on deck. Everything was still and quiet. The boat moved silently thru the grey twilight of the early dawn as tho piloted by phantom hands. I stood there shivering with cold, in spite of my warm wrap. But there was that wonderful glow in my heart which every wanderer feels who knows after years of absence, that at last he is nearing Home.

And I think one of the two most wonderful memories I shall always cherish of my trip was the first glimpse of the little island where I was born. Such a tiny, insignificant, flat little island it must have looked to others, as its vague outline gradually took a definite shape thru the curtain of morning mists. But to me Paradise itself could not have seemed more beautiful, for it held that Earthly Paradise, childhood's memories.

Of course, all my folks were there to welcome me, and my only recollections of that first meeting were tears and laughter, the warm embraces of the old people, and the thrills of "placing" cousins and friends who had outgrown all recognition. I was so mad with excitement that I found myself chattering in a strange new





By  
ANN FORREST

my old teachers, for whom we had always entertained a very hearty respect in our younger days. She had always seemed to me so aloof and severe, that I experienced almost the same sinking of the heart when I stood again in her presence. She had grown a little greyer, and, perhaps, age had somewhat softened that dignity which had struck such awe to my childish soul. She took my hand and kissed me, very much as tho I was still the little girl of the years gone by.

"Welcome home, Ann," she said. "We're all glad you've come back to us again, and we're very proud of you."

I just broke down and cried. It was so good to



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

Above and left, two recent portraits of Ann Forrest; and below, Anne stands in her own doorway for the first time in eleven years, when she returned home to Fano, a little island off the coast of Denmark



hear those words. I know I'm hopelessly emotional. If I were to say how often I wept on that wonderful trip, you would imagine I had had a thoroly miserable time. And yet they were all tears of pure joy.

And again, when I stole to an orchard I knew, where an old apple-tree used to stand with a swing. I remembered how I used to love the rush of the air as I swung high up in the green twilight, and the big disappointment of my homecoming was to find that the apple-tree had gone. They discovered me afterwards in the orchard mourning a bit of my childhood that was forever lost.

(Continued on page 80)





# In Old Madrid



How do you like the ash-blonde Mae in her black wig? It fascinates us. It seems to change the entire cast of her features and makes her pure Castilian. Miss Murray has legs like Herrick's "Julia." We wish we could tell you what kind they were—but look it up for yourself—in any unexpurgated edition of Herrick's poems



Six camera studies of Mae Murray  
in her next Metro release  
"Fascination"



Spain's eternal paradox, its women—with their hot Castilian flame and their Andalusian languor—marvelous creatures of firelight and dew—have fascinated the hapless male ever since Spain began. They have been hymned and hosannahed in legend, verse and story, and now with our ultra-modern spirit, we have put them in the movies. Speed the day of "Fascination's" release!





# The Hollywood Boulevardier Chats



Above, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery—so the very young person thinks, sitting next to Constance Binney. Center, the indefatigable George Walsh keeps himself fit—for anything! Below (In French lesson-book style), Bobby Vernon admires the little dog of Charlotte Stevens



**F**REAK lawsuits are in fashion in Hollywood. Constance Talmadge has been sued for \$100,000 by a dancer known as "Frisco," who says that the lovely Connie swiped her dance in her recently released picture, "Polly of the Follies."

Charlie Chaplin has contributed to the gaiety of nations by suing Charlie Aplin Amador for infringing upon his reputation by billing himself as "Charlie Aplin" and complicating the situation by using big shoes and a mousy mustache.

Elmo Lincoln has put in a unique claim against the Stern Film company, of which Julius Stern is president. In order to appear in "Tarzan," Lincoln claims that it was necessary to induce a profuse hirsute adornment over his manly chest. In order to encourage the crop, he was obliged to shave himself "all over." The process, he avers was not only painful but laborious. The Stern company paid him \$1,000 for his "make-up," but he claims he should have \$5,000; hence the suit.

Estelle Taylor and Seena Owen are engaged in a duel of lawsuits. In suing her husband, George Walsh, the former Fox star, now playing the lead in the Universal serial, "With Stanley in Africa," Miss Owen named Estelle Taylor as the "lady in the case." She asked for the custody of their five-year-old daughter and \$50 a week for her support. The outraged indignant Estelle promptly filed a counter suit for \$100,000 damages for defamation of character—and there you are. Appropriately enough, Miss Taylor is playing Theda Bara's old vamp part in "A Fool There Was."

As tho this were not enough, Mary Thurman and Mae Collin, (the latter being one of the many young ladies reported as being about to marry Charlie Chaplin), have been sued by their landlord for \$8,500, alleged damages to a flat that the two girls occupied.

\* \* \* \*

Pauline Frederick is going back to the stage. With the arrival of Pat Powers, there has been a grand shake-up at Robertson-Cole's studio. Miss Frederick's picture "The Glory of Clementina" will probably be her last screen appearance for some time.

\* \* \* \*

Powers has signed Harry Carey, the interpreter of cow-puncher rôles and several new directors. Norman Dawn whose forte seems to be scenic pictures like "South Sea Island Romance" in which Edith Roberts starred and "Wolves of the North" has finished an outdoor picture featuring Edith Roberts and Wheeler Oakman. Miss Roberts was last seen in Cecil de Mille's "Saturday Night."

\* \* \* \*

Jackie Coogan is making a big production of "Oliver Twist"



By  
HARRY CARR

with Lon Chaney as the master pickpocket Fagin; Noah Beery will play the rôle of Bill Sykes, with Gladys Brockwell as Nancy Sykes.

\* \* \* \*

Anna Q. Nilsson didn't prove to be the right shade for the part of Doña Sol in Ibañez's "Blood and Sand." She has been transferred to an important part in "Pink Gods and Blue Demons" which Penrhyn Stanlaws is directing with Constance Binney featured. The more Latin-looking Nita Naldi has taken her place to play opposite Rodolph Valentino in "Blood and Sand."

\* \* \* \*

Both Mabel Normand and Mary Miles Minter who came in for unpleasant and unjustifiable notoriety in connection with the death of William Desmond Taylor, the murdered director, are on their travels. Mabel, having finished "Suzanna," a story of early California, is on her way to Europe; Miss Minter is in Honolulu.

\* \* \* \*

Priscilla Dean has started at Universal on a big production of Ouida's "Under Two Flags." James Kirkwood has given up his plans for returning to the speaking drama to play opposite her. Stuart Holmes is cast for a polished villain, while John Davidson will play the Sheik.

\* \* \* \*

Mary Pickford has changed her mind—about a lot of things.

She has been for a long time deeply concerned over a suitable story for Brother Jack. Johnstone McCulley, of "The Mark of Zorro" fame, has come along with an original; so that problem is solved.

Mary, herself, who intended to superintend Jack's next picture, has started production on "Tess of the Storm Country," which was one of her first great successes.

The film fate of "The Tailor-Made Man," which she bought for Jack, has been decided by its sale to Charles Ray, who has started work already on the picture.

Ray has assembled a strong cast for the picture, including Thomas Ricketts, Victor Potel, Douglas Gerrard, Jacqueline Logan, Stanton Heck, Kate Lester, Eddie Gribbon and others.

\* \* \* \*

Elinor Glyn is writing another original story for Gloria Swanson and, if it proves to be as suitable to Gloria's personality as "Beyond the Rocks," the star will be featured in it upon the completion of her present picture, "The Gilded Cage."

\* \* \* \*

Cecil de Mille's protracted spell of rheumatism has delayed  
(Continued on page 85)

(Sixty-five)



Above, Snub Pollard and Marie Mosquini find life on a moving van just a bit tiresome. Center, Viora Daniels making a valiant effort at snow-shoeing. Below, Norma Talmadge and members of her company lunching on location—on a bluff—that is





# Plain Bill

By  
LILLIAN  
MONTANYE

"**B**UT the fellers call him Bill," I said to William Farnum. He had returned, only a day or two before, from a seven months' sojourn in Europe, and our progress from the crowded lobby of the hotel to the dining-room was like a triumphal procession with "hello

Bill," or "glad to see you, Bill," on every side.

"Sure," he said, "just plain Bill," and smiled the famous Farnum smile. The waiter, standing with poised pad and pencil, smiled too, as George Fawcett came by, and with a resounding slap on Mr. Farnum's broad back, said, "well, here's Bill."

And that's the outstanding thing about William Farnum's personality. The hail-fellow-well-met spirit he so generously gives forth. The democracy that is part of him—that makes him prefer the good-fellow title of just plain Bill. He looks exactly as he looks on the screen. He's big and broad and firm looking with twinkling blue-grey eyes, crisp black curls and a smile that has a way of turning up and then down, giving a little peculiar quirk to each corner of his mouth.

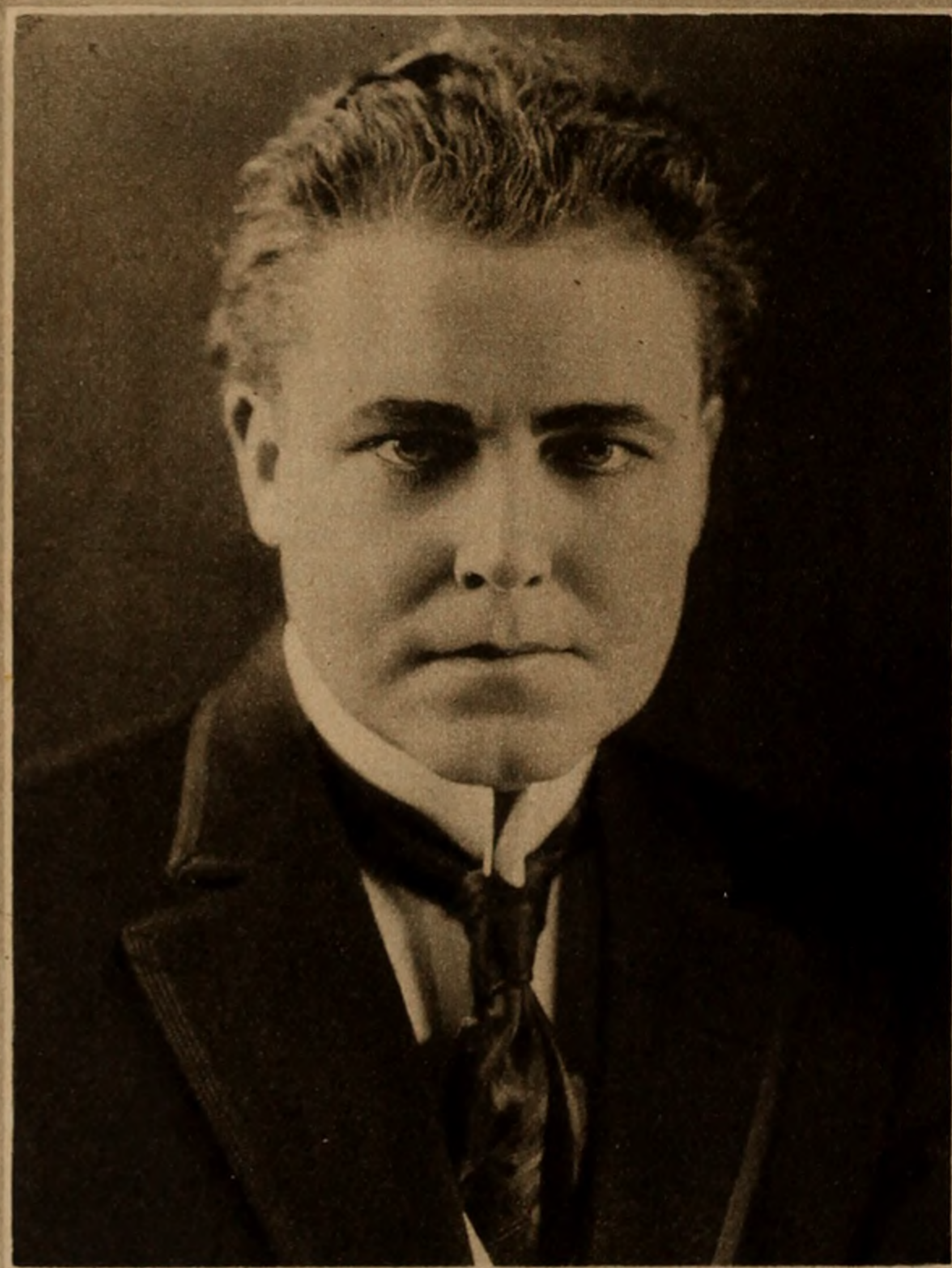
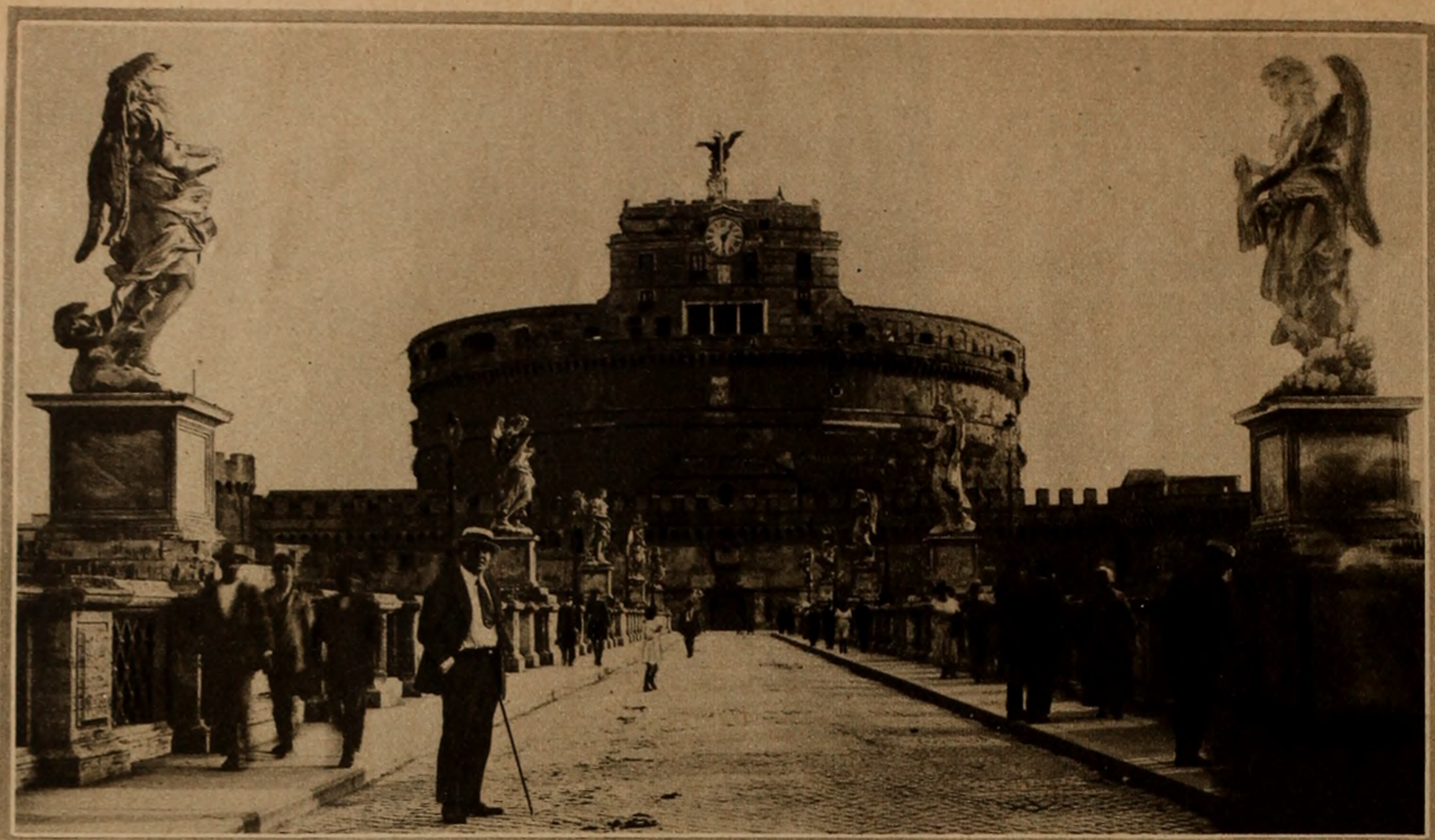
Mr. Farnum has played in cheap stock companies, and traveling companies—and he has been a Broadway star. He has played every Shakespearian rôle of importance—and he has been seven years in pictures. He is one of the famous Farnums. He stands at the top rung of the ladder. Yet the super-sophistication of the hotel where we were lunching, its ennuied atmosphere, the tailored, manicured, weary individuals

that haunt its lounges, did not suit him. He is like a man that has kept aloof from decadence. There is a homey atmosphere about him. I knew before he told me that he loved unlimited outdoors; the freedom of the mountains; the solitude of the woods; that he prefers, infinitely, his place at Sag Harbor, Maine, and his home in the California hills to crowded cities—to all the wonders and beauties of Europe—or the whole world.

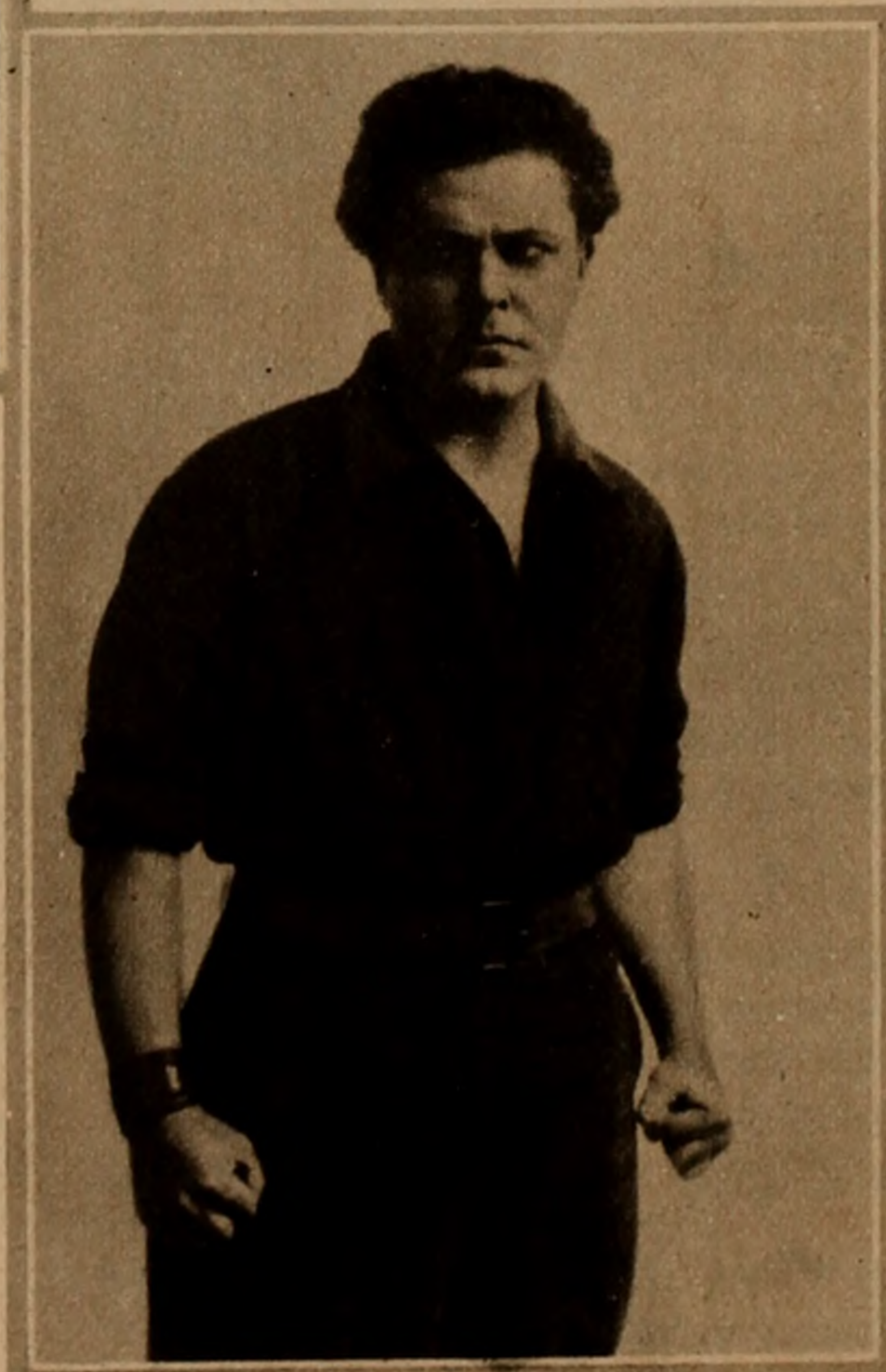
He spoke of his trip abroad. It was his first real vacation since the beginning of his picture career seven years ago, and he was badly in need of it. So, to get away from everything he went to Europe. They—Mrs.

(Cont'd. on page 83)

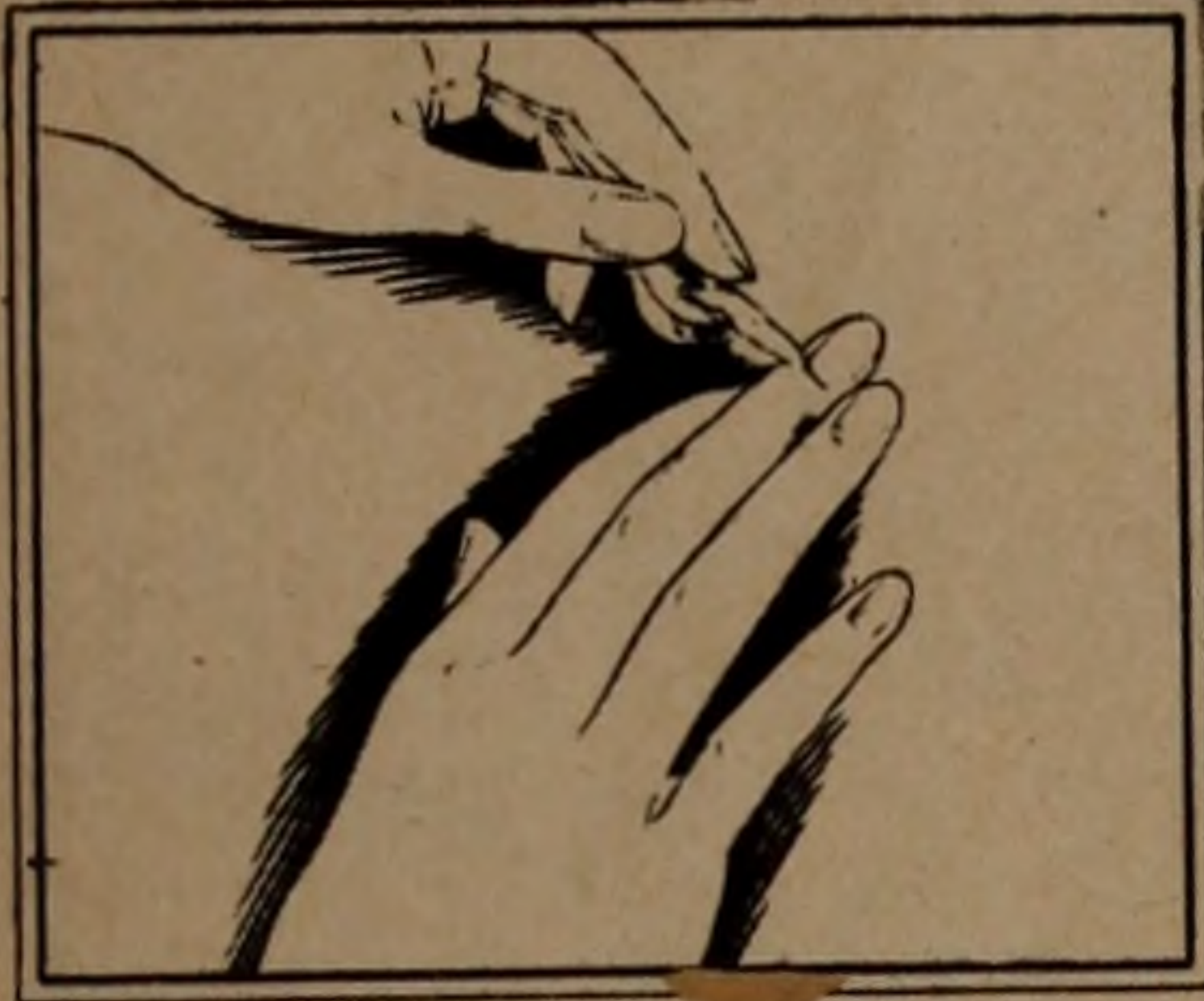
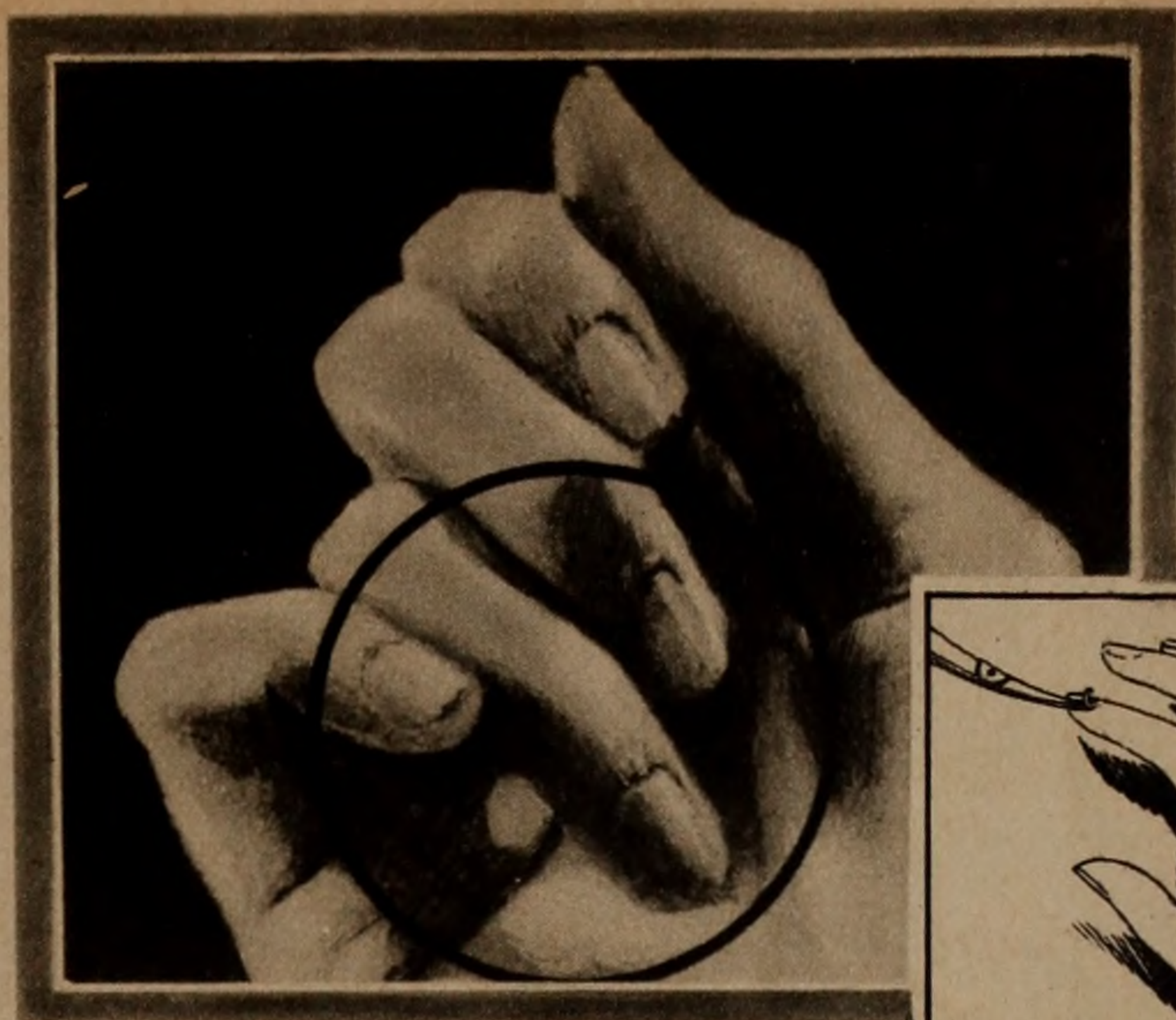
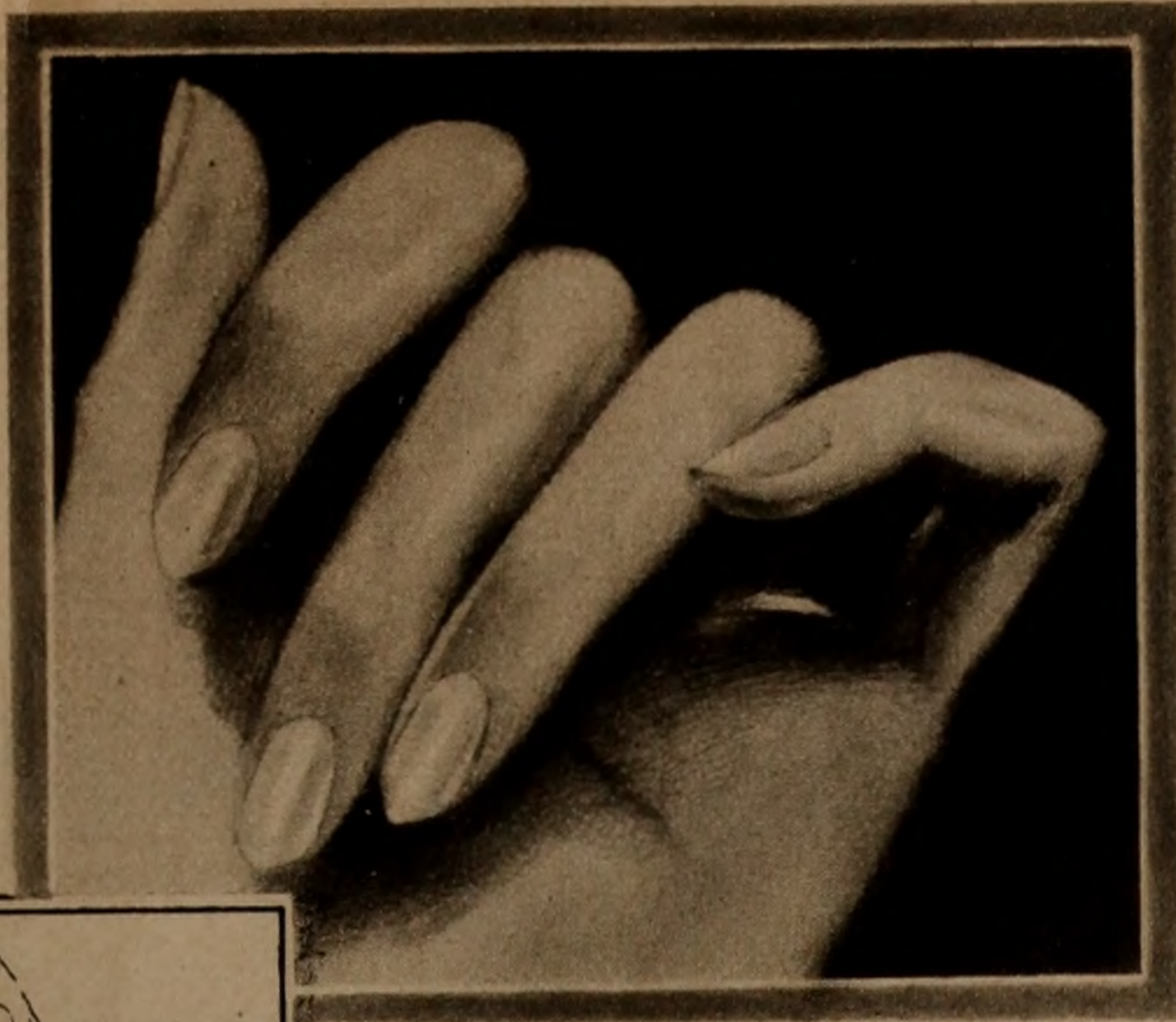
(Sixty-six)



"Europe is so wonderful. They have so much that we have not. Again and again, I was inspired with an unforgettable awe and wonder." At the top of the page William Farnum poses before the historic castle of St. Angelo in Rome. Center, "Plain Bill." Right, one of the red-blooded rôles he loves to play







# The right and the wrong way to manicure

**J**UST as many people spoil their nails by mistakes as by neglect. No matter how careful you are, you simply cannot cut the cuticle without causing it to look ragged and unsightly.

For this thin fold of skin at the base of the nails forms the only protection of the delicate nail root which lies less than 1-12 of an inch beneath. When you cut the cuticle, you can hardly avoid piercing through to this sensitive living part. Then Nature immediately begins to build up new tissue to protect it. This is tougher than the rest of the skin and thus gives the nail rim that ragged, uneven look that you are especially anxious to avoid.

Yet when the cuticle grows up over the nails, dries, splits and forms hang-nails, it must in some way be removed.

### *Never cut the cuticle*

You can remove it easily, quickly, harmlessly with Cutex Cuticle Remover. Apply it about the base of the nails with an orange stick, and then rinse the finger tips. When drying them, push back the cuticle with a towel. All the hard dry edges will simply wipe away.

There are two wonderful new Cutex polishes that come in the two most

popular forms of the moment—powder and liquid. The new Powder Polish gives a brilliant luster instantaneously—just a few strokes of the nails across the soft part of the hand is sufficient to bring out the shine—and it lasts better than any you have ever had before.

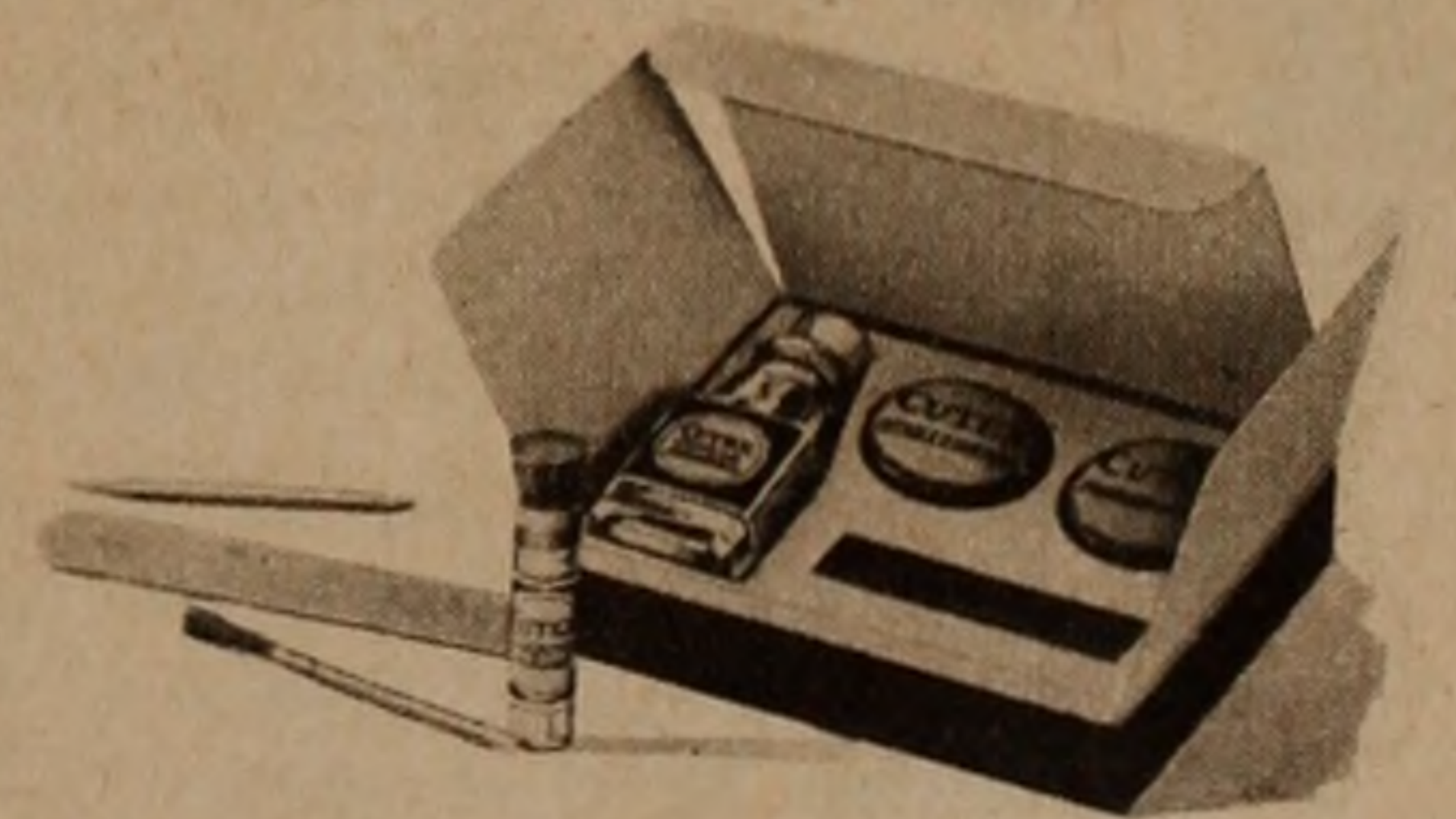
The new Liquid Polish is practically instantaneous. It flows over the nail from the brush with an absolutely uniform smoothness. It dries instantly and leaves the most brilliant, delicately tinted luster which will keep its even brilliance for at least a week. Used as a finishing touch it will make a manicure last just twice as long.

Cutex Sets come at 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$3.00. Or any Cutex article may be bought separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada. Begin today to see what this way of manicuring will do.

### *Introductory Set—now only 12c*

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. 906, 200 Mountain St. Montreal.

*The new Introductory Set*



*Mail this coupon with 12c today*

Northam Warren, Dept. 906  
114 West 17th St.,  
New York.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

*Try a Cutex Manicure today. A few minutes once or twice a week will keep the nail rims smooth and even and the nails polished and pink.*



# Summer Stuff



When a movie star takes a holiday, she makes a thoro job of it. Here is Irene Rich showing us "Ain't nature grand — and everything!" On the beach in sunny California, Irene and the birds and the sad sea waves. What could be sweeter?



It must be a very fresh lobster to have Irene admonish it that way. And it looks further as tho she were going to feed it to her dog. That's where lobsters should end anyway







*Powder will stay on for hours with the right vanishing cream as a base*

# A cream that really holds the powder

*It will not reappear in a shine*

**H**OW many times, especially in summer, you have wished your nose would not get shiny and that the powder would stay on.

You need never permit this shine. The way to make powder stay on is to provide a base for it to cling to. Powder put directly on the skin catches on little rough places and then flecks off, leaving your face as shiny as if it had never been powdered. These little rough places may not be apparent but they prevent the powder from going on smoothly.

The ideal powder base is absorbed instantly, giving your skin a velvety surface to which the powder will hold. Try Pond's *Vanishing Cream* for this. Smooth on a little. Now powder. The powder will go on smoothly and evenly, giving your skin a lovely transparent tone. You need not worry about your face getting shiny—the cream cannot reappear because it contains no oil. And the powder will stay on for hours.

More than that, Pond's *Vanishing Cream* is the best possible protection against exposure to sun and wind. Always smooth it on before you go out. It is made of ingredients famous for their soothing effect. You will notice the moment you apply it to your cheeks, what a freshened feeling it gives you.

### *A very different cream just as necessary*

No one cream can contain all the ingredients necessary to take perfect care of your skin. You cannot have in a vanishing cream the oils you need for cleansing and stimulating the skin.

**F**OR cleansing, a different cream—Pond's *Cold Cream*—must be used. It contains just enough oil to penetrate the pores and remove every particle of dirt, and to lubricate the skin.

Every night and whenever you come in from a dusty railroad or automobile trip, smooth this delicate oil cream into your face. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth.

Use both these creams every day. Both are too delicate to clog the pores. They cannot promote the growth of hair. You will find them in convenient sizes of jars and tubes at all drug and department stores. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

# POND'S

*Cold Cream* for cleansing

*Vanishing Cream* to hold the powder

### GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co., 161 Hudson St., New York

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

Name.....

Street.....

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





All photographs by Paramount Studios



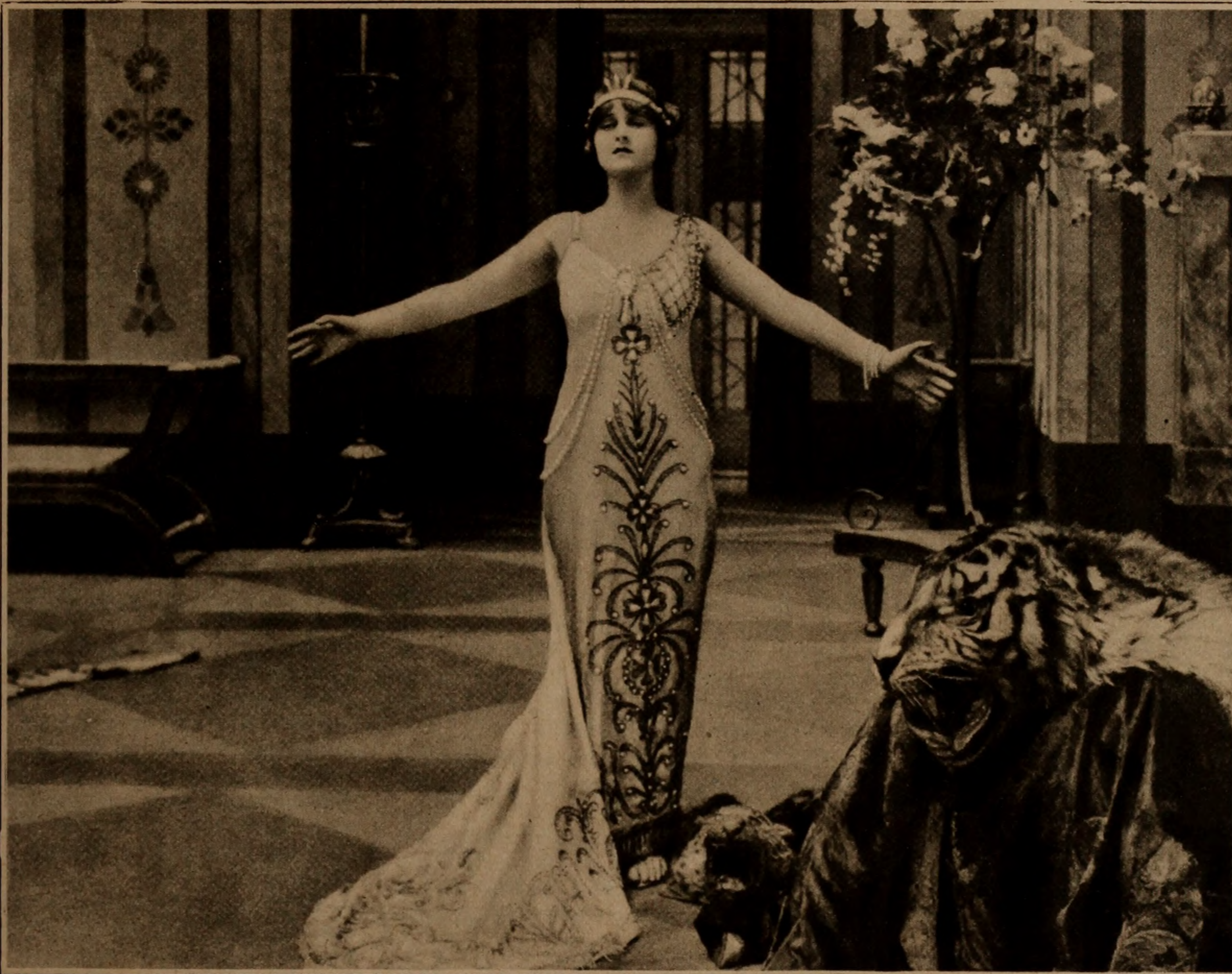
# The Many Faceted Gloria



Gloria Swanson has as many brilliant facets as a rose-cut diamond. Here are four of them on this page, all in the same picture—"Beyond the Rocks." She runs the gamut of emotions, characterizations and costumes in this photoplay

Rodolph Valentino, her co-star, is just about as versatile in sartorial and emotional ability as she is. Elinor Glyn, who wrote the play, Rodolph and Gloria, make a practically unbeatable combination





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## HOPE HAMPTON says: 'It's Easy to Get Thin to Music'

**W**HEN one meets the famous screen star Hope Hampton in person, the superbly beautiful figure her pictures reveal is seen to be indeed a reality. Those inclined to fleshiness will be interested to know how she achieved a trim, perfectly-proportioned figure—and how she keeps it so.

Miss Hampton used to be heavier. She took off her surplus flesh with Wallace reducing records. They played away the excess weight until her proportions became as you see them here. Even now, she uses them occasionally—just twelve or fifteen minutes—to avoid the return of unwelcome weight. "It's easy, and lots of fun" is the way Miss Hampton describes her own experience with Wallace's melody-method of reducing.

No woman—in the public eye or in private life—can afford to stay stout. Fat is a burden which no longer need be carried. Overweight is out of date—and already looked on as a sign of neglect. For Wallace reducing records remove superfluous flesh like magic.

Whether fifteen pounds too heavy, or fifty, this novel but natural means of reducing will bring your weight down to normal. Wallace's scientific movements will take off the last ounce of superfluous flesh, and in a most pleasurable way. There is something irresistible about it all — photographic poses of each position — the crisp commands of Wallace himself direct your every move on phonograph records—a full orchestra sweeps you through the entire lesson. Why say to yourself "I wonder if Wallace could reduce *me*?" Proof that he can is free. Mail your name now for trial record.

### INVITATION

WALLACE, 630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago: I accept your invitation to prove what your course can do for me. Please send record for first reducing lesson free and prepaid. I will either enroll, or mail back your record at the end of a five-day trial. (220)

Name .....

Address .....



## McKee From Keokuk

(Continued from page 31)



### How was she to know?

**F**INALLY he appeared one evening—the man who stirred her heart—the man, at last, who captured her instant interest.

All the rest had seemed only casual, arousing never a single, serious emotion.

But he seemed so different! The moment their eyes met there seemed to be an understanding. They felt drawn to one another.

Through a mutual friend an introduction was arranged. Then they danced.

But only one dance!

He thanked his partner and went his way. She saw no more of him. Why he lost interest was a mystery to her.

*How was she to know?*

\* \* \* \*

That so often is the insidious thing about halitosis (the scientific term for unpleasant breath). Rarely, indeed, can you detect halitosis yourself. And your most intimate friends will not speak of your trouble to you. The subject is too delicate.

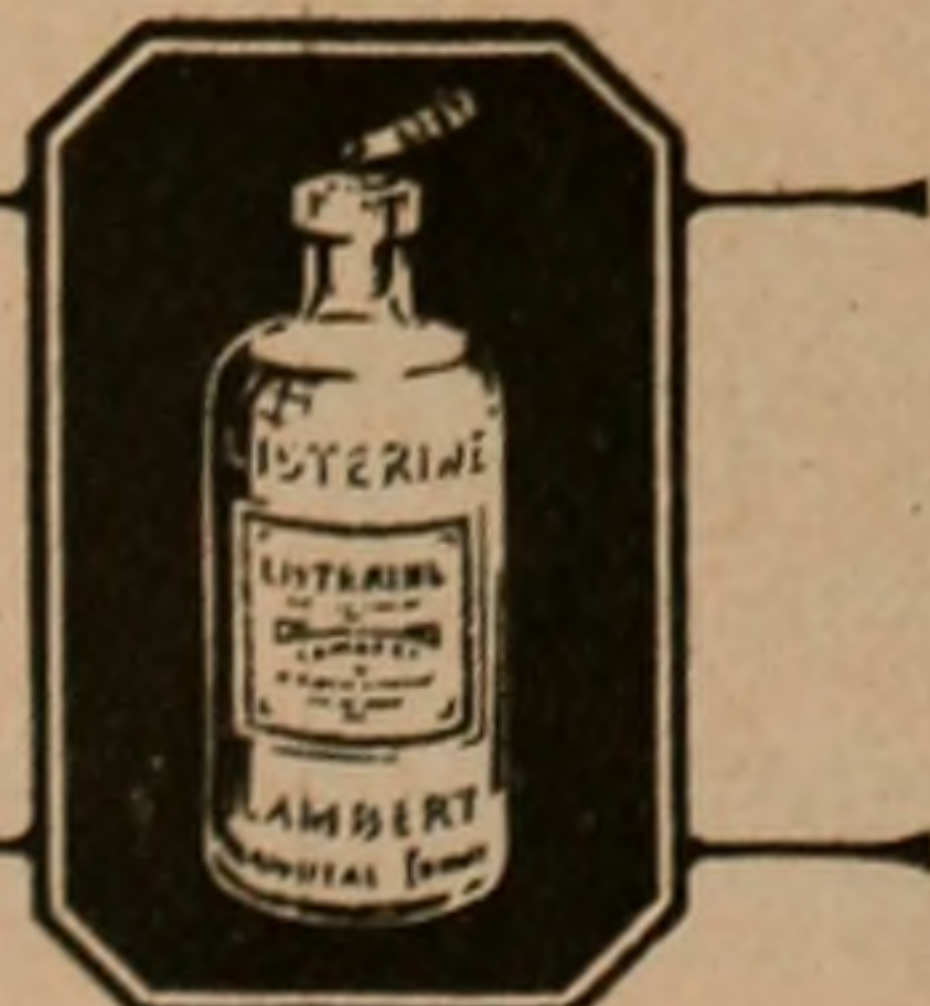
Maybe halitosis is chronic with you, due to some deep-seated organic disorder. Then a doctor or dentist should be consulted. Usually, though, halitosis is only local and temporary. Then it yields quickly to the wonderfully effective antiseptic and deodorizing properties of Listerine.

Fastidious people prefer to be on the safe and polite side. They make Listerine a systematic part of their daily toilet routine—as a gargle and mouth wash.

It is so much easier to be comfortably assured your breath is sweet, fresh and clean; to know you are not offending your friends or those about you.

Start using Listerine today. Be in doubt no longer about your breath—Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

For  
HALITOSIS  
use  
LISTERINE



pictures on sub-chasers and destroyers in the naval zone operating from Key West. On May 9, 1919, he was discharged.

Up to and since the war, McKee's career has been highly picturesque. "I don't know whether to mention it or not," he says, "but must I confess to Keokuk, Iowa, as my home town. Keokuk hardly remembers me, being more directly concerned with calling itself the birthplace of Conrad Nagel.

"From Keokuk I drifted to Chicago. So far back as I can remember, the stage interested me and I ran away from school to play in 'Grit the Newsboy,' a Horatio Alger type of melodrama. You can believe it or not, but I had the lead, despite my utter lack of experience. Next I tried musical comedy and I appeared in small rôles in 'The Golden Girl' and 'Louisiana Lou.' Robert Hilliard gave me a small part in 'A Fool There Was' and, after that came my first real experience, as juvenile of the Alhambra Theater stock company in Chicago for a whole year.

"It was immediately after the Alhambra engagement that I had my first chance in pictures. I played for a year or so with the old Edison company. The only thing I ever did out there that anyone remembers is 'The Unbeliever,' in which I appeared with Marguerite Courtot.

"That was just before the war. After my discharge I went back to pictures and played with Theda Bara in her last motion picture, 'Kathleen Mavoureen.' Next came two stage plays, 'The Fortune Teller,' with Marjorie Rambeau and Anthony Paul Kelly's drama, 'The Phantom Legion.' Then I did nine pictures for William Fox with Shirley Mason, and played in a number of Ince, Lasky and Goldwyn photoplays."

McKee's present engagement is as venturesome and colorful as the rest of his career. Just now he is leading member of a whaling-cinema expedition in the Caribbean Sea. Elmer Clifton is making a super-film around the famous old industry of "the men who go down to the sea in ships," and he has cast McKee for the leading rôle, that of a young sea adventurer of the '40's.

As the hero of the film, McKee is called upon to harpoon a whale in the good old way of the last century, that is, by hand from a small boat. The thrills provided by McKee—and the whale—will be the principal incident of the big production.

We asked McKee to describe his feeling upon the breath-taking task before him. This was just before Director Clifton and the expedition sailed from New Bedford, Mass., on the Schooner "Gaspe." "Haven't thought about it," said McKee casually. "I rather think it will be fun."

We hastily analyzed our idea of fun as something radically different.

At the moment McKee was far more interested and worried over a newspaper story which had traveled across country, announcing his engagement to Frances White, the musical comedy comédienne. McKee utterly forgot the whale in emphatically denying the rumor. After all, what is a whale compared to impending matrimony?

We suppose McKee will not easily forgive us, but the truth of the matter is that McKee is going to wed a certain cinema favorite when he returns from his whaling expedition. Who? You'll have to guess until he makes the announcement himself.

### Vamp by Accident

(Continued from page 33)

"It seemed a little queer at first to feel I didn't belong anywhere," said Estelle, "but before I had time to worry two wonderful plans came along, so everything turned out beautifully. I'll begin work soon on 'Does Marriage Pay,' a Ben Schulberg production in which I am to be featured. Then, I am to be starred by Goldwyn, making 'Fame,' as my first picture."

There is a naïve lilt to her mental processes that keeps one's interest on tiptoe, and she is always deliciously feminine. I welcomed a moment's silence while I watched the ever-changing moods reflected in her mobile features.

Estelle has leased a cunning little white colonial bungalow in Hollywood where she keeps house with a competent maid and her pet canary as the star boarder.

She says every time she sees the red roses climbing over her tiny front porch and the rows of stately pepper trees along the walk she knows she belongs to California. Still, the real charm, I suspect, is that she feels her Big Future is to be found here—just around the corner—at any moment.

### Portrait of a Young Man

(Continued from page 37)

record, the heralding of a new tooth on the part of Miss Nagel, or the chances of a week-end in the country seem just as potent as tho they lived in Conrad's birthplace, Keokuk, Ia., instead of in sophisticated Hollywood.

Altho as much a Galahad as any male human I know, Conrad does not affect the accoutrements. He doesn't talk religion or pose a Puritan, but is Cecil de Mille's best trouper. It does seem a bit paradoxical to think of Sir Galahad pilgaging around in De Mille boudoirs. But, then, we never saw Galahad out of his armor and free from his horse. He, too, might catch a censoring.



# Classic's Covers

Vote For Your Favorite Movie Star

PURSUANT to the policy recently adopted by CLASSIC's editorial staff to get and keep in closer touch with our readers, we are going to give you the opportunity to decide who shall be on CLASSIC's covers.

The editor receives letters every day asking for more of this star or that one, and now you are going to get your wish. CLASSIC's covers, after this, will be the direct result of popular demand. If you want to see a stunning colored picture of Rodolph Valentino, or Norma Talmadge, or Mary or Doug, or any one of your favorites on the cover, why all you have to do is write in and say so.

We will do it this way. This is the June number of CLASSIC, which will be in your hands around the fifteenth of May. Sit right down now and send your vote in for the one you'd like best to see on the cover. We are starting this pleasant little contest with the October issue. We have covers selected for the intervening months, and we are giving ourselves plenty of time to have the star photographed especially for this purpose. You can send your vote for October's cover between the time this number reaches you, and June fifteenth. That is, any day between May fifteenth and June fifteenth. *Votes for the October cover received after June fifteenth will be thrown out*, because by that time you will have July CLASSIC, which will give you the chance to vote on November's cover, and so on thruout the year. Do not vote for more than one person in the same month, or in the same letter. This will be confusing. Do not send first and second choice for one month. If your favorite doesn't win the first month, vote for him the second month.

Every month's votes will be carefully counted and the star who receives the greatest number of votes for one month will naturally be the one whose picture will appear on the cover. After a star is awarded his or her cover, then he or she will not be given another chance for a year. We will publish, as fast as the votes come in, the lists, so that you may know how the contest is going—so that you can see who is wanted most for the place of honor, and what chances *your* favorite has. If you think he or she is going to lose out, get your friends to send in votes. Remember *this month* you are voting for the *October cover*. Simply write on a post-card something like this: "I would like to see a portrait of . . . . . on CLASSIC's cover for October," and sign your name and address as an evidence of good faith. Address your vote:

CLASSIC COVERS,  
175 Duffield St.,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Come on. Let's go!

(Seventy-three)

The Hinds Cre-Maids have beauty rare  
Each one is a perfect dream  
For they always use each day with care  
HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM



Copyright 1922 A. S. HINDS CO.

These are the dainty maids who bring  
To you this useful, beautiful thing,  
To soften your skin in a healthful way  
Making it lovelier every day;

Dry, rough hands grow fresh and smooth,  
Windburn and Sunburn, Hinds will  
soothe.

"Catchy fingers" soon disappear,  
Muddy complexions change and clear;

Daily use on your hands and arms  
Gives you the skin that always charms.  
Health and Comfort are hidden there  
A smoothness fine and a perfume rare.

Truly a treat in life's daily scheme,  
You'll find Hinds Honey and Almond  
Cream.



All druggists and department stores sell Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. We will mail you a small sample for 2c or trial bottle for 6c. Booklet Free.

Ask your dealer for Hinds Cream Superior Toilet Requisites, but if not obtainable, order from us. We will send postpaid in the U. S.

A. S. HINDS CO.  
Dept. 22  
Portland Maine







Betty Blythe, radiant star of "The Queen of Sheba," keeps her underarms daintily smooth and her skin like living satin with Neet, velvety and fragrant cream hair-remover. She says she likes it "best of all" because it requires no mussing and is so swift and soothing to utterly banish every trace of annoying hair-growth. Neet is delightful too because, by freeing the underarm of hair, it thus healthily reduces the distressing armpit perspiration chiefly due to hair-growth there. Comes all ready to use; never fails; wonderful in its charm-giving effect. Regular size 50c, 60c in Canada, at all drug and department stores, or if you wish first to prove its wonderful results, send 20c for a liberal trial size to Hannibal Pharmacal Co., 627 Olive St., St. Louis.

# Neet

For hair removal



## The Movie Encyclopædia

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.

LEN. FORT KENT.—Glad to see you. I have no information on that picture at all. Sorry, old man! Bull Montana is playing in "The Ladies' Man," a two-reeler.

BUNNY.—No, not being married, nor in love, I'm not jealous. Jealousy lives upon doubts—it becomes madness, or ceases entirely, as soon as we pass from doubt to certainty. Thomas Meighan and Norma Talmadge played opposite each other in "The Forbidden City." "Male and Female" was taken from the book "The Admirable Crichton."

O. S. U. JUNIOR.—So you are a Co-ed, and you would much rather read my department than listen to some dull professor explain why people are poor, or why rocks are hard. And you think the Answer Man is young and good looking. Far be it from such, Junior. You say there is a woman in your town who tried to stop "The Law and the Woman" from being shown. I haven't seen it yet. You say "Betty Blythe so far surpassed my expectations of her that I was really amazed. She is just a beautiful sweet-voiced woman where I had expected rather a sophisticated person of the Sheba type." Your letter was indeed mighty clever. Write me again.

BEAUTY.—Well, I'm glad to see you. That's just what I am here for, getting paid \$10.50 per week, to answer your questions. Who knows, probably some day you will be in pictures. Vincent Coleman and Creighton Hale are playing in Mae Murray's "Fascination." Marion Davies in "Beauty's Worth." You're welcome, come again.

MARION LEE.—Horrors, no! Milton Sills isn't a woman hater. Why do you think that? Yes, he has been in the "speakies." He has been married about fifteen years, to Gladys Wynn. So you liked him in "The Faith Healer."

SALOME.—Tho you lock the door ever so securely, trouble will find a way in. You say you have just seen "Foolish Wives" and you are crazy about Eric von Stroheim. You're like many other women. Bad men seem to be more fascinating than good men. Rotten Row is the name of the fashionable ride in Hyde Park and is supposed to be a corruption of the French phrase "route du Roi," the King's road.

MARIE JEAN.—Well, I don't feel as old as I am. I manage to take three square meals and three square miles a day. Drink plenty of buttermilk, child, that's the secret to success. Bebe Daniels can be reached at Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Los Angeles, Cal. Fans writing to one another.

WOODTIX.—Spells it Rodolph. About 29. Buck Jones is about 26 and he is married. William Harrison was the oldest man elected to the presidency, being 68 years of age at the time of his inauguration. Yes, Clara Young is playing in "The Worldly Madonna." Charles Ray's next pictures will be "Alias Julius Cæsar" and "The Tailor-Made Man." You're welcome, keep the change.

MOVIE IDOL.—You say your greatest ambition

is to become a movie actress. Where have I heard that before? Yes, Madge Bellamy is playing in "Lorna Doone" with Frank Keenan.

MARY ELIZABETH K.—Agnes Ayres was Agnes Hinkle once. Well, if we had no faults ourselves, we should not take so much pleasure in remarking them in others. So you like little Richard Headrick. He is a clever child.

EDWIN Z.—Don't worry so, your letter wasn't sentimental. Yes, I've given up trying to solve life, so I take it as it comes. You say "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" touched the soft strings of your heart. I didn't see it. Write to me any-time, I'm always here, you know.

EVELYN M.—That is *comme il faut*. You say you want Bessie Barriscale, Enid Bennett and Ina Claire in the rotogravure section. My, how commercial we are getting. I'll do my best for you, Evelyn. Betty Blythe is playing in "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge." Lillian Hall in "The Forrest King" for the Pacific Films.

MANON MAXWELL.—I'm afraid there just isn't anything you can do. What's the use of going over the old track again? You must make tracks into the unknown. Mabel Normand is playing in "Suzanna" a Spanish costume play of 1833.

GEORGE E. K.—They say, "He who has no children does not understand love." You refer to Cleo Ridgely as Clara in "The Law and the Woman." Law is common sense codified, they say. Modified, they mean.

A. H. N. O.—You say you hope Valentino marries again, but this time for love. I'll tell him all about it. Gladys Hulette opposite Conway Tearle in "The Referee." Thomas Meighan in "The Bachelor Daddy."

WINKIE.—I hope this sets you right. I write only for the Brewster Publications, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC. I do not write for BEAUTY. Corliss Palmer is my only rival.

HELEN B.—The Chinese and Japanese in their fables regard the Milky Way as a stream containing silvery fishes. African Bushmen and American Indians associate it with lights guiding the paths of wandering spirits. Yes, Lucille Carlyle and Helen are sisters. You neglected to enclose the stamped addressed envelope.

BETSY B.—Hello Betsy? Just write to our Circulation Manager, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and send 25 cents for the back number. Alice Terry is twenty-six years old and she was born in Nashville, Texas.

SALLIE H. B.—Yes, Alice Terry. See above for the Lasky address.

DOROTHY L.—No, that's not his real name; it is Gugliemi. He was born in Italy, and he is about 30 years old.

DICK.—There's no way I can advise you as to how to get into the movies. It can't be done.

LOUISE C.—When a man says he is thru with women forever, and when a dentist says "it won't hurt," you can make up your mind that most men are prevaricators. You want to know why Rodolph Valentino didn't marry Alice Terry. I suppose because Rex Ingram did.





**\$1.00**  
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**6-Piece  
Library  
Set**

**New Set  
with  
Large Roomy Divan**

Only \$1.00 with the coupon below brings this sensational furniture bargain to your home on 30 days trial. Straus & Schram's newest offer—a complete 6 piece set of fumed solid oak living room furniture including a wonderfully comfortable and roomy divan—and at a positively sensational price reduction. Only \$29.85 for the complete set on this offer—on easy payments of only \$2.70 a month; \$40 was the former price for a set like this; a special factory sacrifice makes this slash in price possible now. Seize this opportunity on our special approval offer—we take the risk.

**30 Days Trial**

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Only \$2.70 a Month

If you decide to keep the set, start paying only \$2.70 a month until you have paid \$29.85—payments so low and so convenient that you will scarcely feel them. A full year to pay—at the rate of only a few cents a day, less than one fritters away every day for trifles. This wonderful value is not listed in our regular catalog. We have only a limited number of sets. We trust honest people anywhere in U. S. One price, cash or credit. No discount for cash, nothing extra for credit. No C. O. D.

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**New  
6-Piece  
Set—Fumed Solid Oak**

This superb 6 piece set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, dull waxed, brown fumed oak. All the four chairs are padded; seats upholstered with brown Delavan Spanish leather, the best imitation of genuine Spanish leather known. The upholstery is of a rich brown color, and will give you the best possible service.

**Large Divan** will give extra seating capacity to your library, living room or parlor. It is an unusually massive comfortable piece with beautifully designed back. Arms are broad and comfortable. Measures 46 inches wide outside and 36 inches long inside. Thickly padded seat is 19 inches deep. Height of back 22 inches. Posts are extra massive.

**Arm Chair** is a roomy, dignified piece of furniture, comfortable and big enough for a very large person while not seeming too large for the ordinary occupant. Seat, 19x17½ in., height 36 in.

**Arm Rocker** is a massive, stately, comfortable piece, with beautifully designed back, wide, shapely arms, and smooth operating runners. Seat, 19x17½ in., height 36 in.

**Sewing Rocker** is unusually attractive and useful. Seat, 17x17 in., height 35 in.

**Library Table**—a beautiful piece of library furniture. Has beautifully designed ends to match the chairs with roomy magazine shelf below. Legs cut of 2 in. stock; massive, dignified. Top measures 23¼x34 in.

**Jardiniere Stand** matches other pieces. A decoration to your living room or library. Carefully built throughout. Measures 17½ in. high; the top is 12x12 in. Entire set is shipped knocked down construction. Very easy to set up. Saves in freight charges. Weight about 175 pounds.

Order by No. B6944A. \$1.00 with coupon, \$2.70 a month, price \$29.85.

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Enclosed find \$1.00. Ship special advertised 6-Piece Fumed Oak Library Set. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the set, I will pay you \$2.70 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

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Street, R. F. D. \_\_\_\_\_  
or Box No. \_\_\_\_\_  
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If you only want catalog put X in box below:  
 Furniture, Stoves, Jewelry  Men's, Women's, Children's Clothing



## The Glory of Clementina

(Continued from page 30)

did, a big elaborate pretentious affair of twenty-four covers. Clementina arranged the table—she was an artist to her finger tips and Quixtus had given her *carte blanche*. The result was a dream of beauty. A bank of Maréchal Niel roses with their dusky rose-yellow pallor filled the center of the table. Sprays of southern smilax, tender and green, trailed across the rare old lace which covered the ancient refectory table. The soft dull glow of hand-rubbed oak under the old ivory-tinted lace outlined its gorgeous pattern. Delicate Bohemian glass of ruby and amber caught the subdued light from above and reflected it in many brilliant spots of color on the cloth, like jewels in an open palm. Quixtus eyed the result admiringly.

"It's a vision, Clem," he said, a little awed at the sight. "But I'm afraid it has tired you out. You look fagged. You won't be fit tonight."

"Oh, don't worry about me," she answered with a queer little catch in her voice. "Wait and see."

"Hmm," muttered Quixtus half to himself when she had gone. "I wish she had spent half the effort on herself. It would repay her. But I suppose the most I can expect will be that she doesn't appear in her paint smock tonight."

At eight o'clock every guest had arrived, Lena Fontaine on the arm of Huckaby, who was acting as Quixtus' private secretary; Etta Concannon, soon to be Mrs. Burgrave, on the arm of Tommy; the Countess Cortwright on the arm of Admiral Concannon; and so on, all but Clementina. Quixtus had just about decided that she had probably forgotten there was to be a dinner that night when the butler announced:

"Miss Clementina Wing."

Was there a quaver in his voice? Quixtus thought so, but he had no time to make sure.

A woman stepped thru the heavy portières, parted for her by apparently invisible hands. In the rich softness of her hair, waved artistically around the delicate oval of her face glimmered a wreath of silver leaves. A floating impalpable mist of shimmering yellow, pale as dawn, draped her slender body. A ruby band encircled one white arm above the elbow. Rubies and diamonds—yellow diamonds—glittered on her slim well-kept hands. She held an enormous fan of uncurled ostrich, a crimson flame against the pale gold background.

It was Clementina.

Quixtus' twenty centuries of good breeding quickly reasserted itself. He offered her his arm and the well-bred hum of conversation started again. Mrs. Fontaine put in a very bad evening. Even the more obtuse male conspirator felt a few misgivings. What did this sudden glory portend? As for the host, he was completely bowled over. He was

grateful that he had taken in the beauty of his table in the afternoon. It would have been lost otherwise. Clementina paled everything else into utter insignificance, including even the peacock blue of Lena Fontaine. That young woman was angry and nervous by turns, tho acute enough to pay tribute to Clementina's glory, and to be prepared for something when Clementina drew her aside after dinner and started to talk to her gently, an unwonted gentleness for Clementina.

"You see, my dear, I know all the details of your little game. You can hardly expect to get away with it now. Better just give up. In fact, my dear Mrs. Fontaine, you have no choice."

"I hardly know what to say," replied the dejected woman, "I —"

"Never mind saying anything," Clementina said hurriedly. "If you will just quietly drop out of the scene and take Mr. Huckaby with you, why nothing will be said. I—I wouldn't give you away. I know what a struggle life is to a woman battling alone. The world is hard for us. If you ever need a woman's help, come to me," she added generously. "Perhaps I may be able to help you. I am a good bit older than you are—I'm thirty-six."

"Oh God!" groaned Lena Fontaine, "I'm thirty-eight."

The result of that dinner party, or rather the result of Clementina's dazzling display, was a house party at Quixtus' country place which had not been opened since the death of his wife. Clementina, now fairly accustomed to taking pains with herself—even enjoying it—since she had seen its effect on other people and particularly on one dear subject, reveled in the luxurious surroundings and dreamed sweet forbidden dreams about doing the place over, and staying on forever, just herself and Quixtus, no other guests—and—and. In vain she called herself an old fool and a sentimental idiot. In vain she denied the interest in Quixtus eyes—she knew it was there. It was quite futile to make up her mind to go away. She knew she would stay. She kept out of his way like a timid high school girl. She could not understand that either.

But one day he came unbidden to the room he had given her for a studio. Sheila was doing her best to mother the impressionistic school of painting at a tiny easel across the room. Clementina clasped her hands suddenly.

"What do you want?" she asked in a startled voice.

"You," said Quixtus, and took her in his arms, "just you dear, only you, always you."

"I am yours," whispered Clementina. "I was only waiting for you to ask me."

Sheila looked up from her painting with an air of pained surprise, shrugged her five-year old shoulders philosophically, and went on with her work.

(Seventy-six)



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The Masquerader

(Continued from page 43)

Loder stared. *He—Chilcote, of course! Couldn't be moved—from the poor lodgings which belonged to John Loder. The exaltation of the past hour slid from him like a discarded garment. He had been masquerading, and the rôle had seemed for an instant more real than reality. But now he was John Loder, an obscure journalist, a nobody. The applause still resounding behind him in the Commons was not his to claim—the beautiful woman in the balcony had not been looking down on him but on Chilcote—*

"You mean—" he was stupid with the effort of readjustment, "that I must keep on being Chilcote? Go to his home? But—why, that's absurd! He is married—you don't suppose his wife wouldn't recognize me?"

"That was Mrs. Chilcote in the balcony directly in front of you, sir," Brock said woodenly, "I watched 'er very close, sir, and I think I may say she 'asn't recognized you, sir! You see," he bent discreetly to Loder, "'im and 'er ain't what you might say on more than polite terms, sir! 'hall that will be necessary for you is to be cold-like when you speak to 'er, and you won't see more than a passing glimpse of 'er most like."

But Eve was waiting in the hall when Loder opened the door and stepped, a bit uncertainly, into John Chilcote's home. She came to meet him, holding out both slender, lovely hands. "John! I am so proud of you—" her voice, he thought with a strange leaping of the pulses, was quite the most beautiful sound he had ever heard, "I told Uncle Herbert you would redeem yourself, but I hardly dared to hope that you would be so—splendid!"

Loder caught Brock's warning glance, and managed, in spite of an insane longing to touch his lips to those cool slim hands, to smile stiffly, and bow. "Thank you," he said, adjusting his monocle, "very good of you, I am sure."

Eve drew back, rebuffed. He saw that she suspected nothing. It was evident that she did not expect affection from Chilcote, and the thought somehow gave him a tingling sense of triumph. She did not love the man to whom she was married! Not, of course, that that was anything to him. A day or two at most and he would be back again in his garret, staring at the spot on the ceiling where the rain came thru and remembering his brief plunge into greatness as one remembers a glorious dream when one has awakened.

But the days lengthened into a week, and still Chilcote tossed in delirium on the narrow cot in the attic, while the little slavey confided to Mrs. Robbins that she s'posed, seeing he was a toff, it was delirium tremens that he had, *but if it was her old man she'd say it was a plain case of snakes.*

Under the guidance of the faithful Brock, John Loder managed to fulfil

(Seventy-seven)



# They Fight Film— They who have pretty teeth

Note how many pretty teeth are seen everywhere today. Millions are using a new method of teeth cleaning. They remove the dingy film. The same results will come to you if you make this ten-day test.

### Why teeth are cloudy

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Film absorbs stains, then it often forms the basis of thin, dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Old brushing methods do not effectively combat it. So most teeth are discolored more or less.

Thus film destroys tooth beauty. It also causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea, now so alarmingly common.

### Now a daily remover

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to combat film. Authorities have proved their efficiency. Now lead-

ing dentists, nearly all the world over, are urging their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created to comply with modern requirements. These two film combatants are embodied in it. The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

### Its unique effects

Pepsodent, with every use, attacks the film on teeth.

It also multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That to digest the starch deposits which may cling to teeth and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for the acids which cause decay.

In these three ways it fights the enemies of teeth as nothing else has done.

### One week will show

Watch these effects for a few days. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Enjoy the refreshing after-effects.

Do this to learn what millions know—the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. Cut out the coupon now.

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**S**WEET SPRING, which comes with violets in her hair and crowns her beauty with the rose, is Nature's symbol for the rebirth of trees, of flowers, of the thousand different living things.

To man, the Spring brings new life, too. But man must sometimes aid Nature in the work of rejuvenation.

You will find in Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) an ideal vegetable Spring Tonic and corrective, which will aid in relieving the tired out feeling, constipation, biliousness, headaches and other distressing symptoms which come after the inactivity and sluggishness of winter.

Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) does more than a laxative. It tones the stomach, increases the assimilation and elimination, helps to cleanse, purify and enrich the blood by aiding Nature to re-establish the vigorous and harmonious functioning which makes the body feel like new. NR Tablets are companions of the Spring.

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Chilcote's duties and keep his engagements without causing suspicion, altho the politician's acquaintances noticed that he seemed distraught at times, which was not to be wondered at since, after his amazing speech, he had assumed the control of the government's policies.

"God is very good," Loder told himself, with swelling heart, "to give me this chance." He was speaking of the chance to do the things he had wanted to do all his life, to meet big men, and handle big situations, and to match his wits against a worth-while emergency. But even as he spoke, he was thinking of Eve. And at last with characteristic honesty he faced the fact that he had fallen in love with John Chilcote's wife. "It must end," he told himself grimly, "tomorrow Chilcote must come back or I won't be able to obey Brock's directions and act 'cold-like' toward her!" he drew a long breath, "God knows how she feels toward *him*, but I could make her care for *me*. She is my woman, the one that was intended for me since the world was made. The moment I saw her I knew her, and she made a mistake and married Chilcote, who has my face! God, what a tangle! If I stay much longer here under the same roof with her, here where she thinks I am her husband—no, no! Tomorrow it's got to end!"

He would go with Eve to the charity bazaar that afternoon, and afterward he would slip away to Soho and send John Chilcote back to the life that belonged to him. So secure had he become in his deception that it was with no thought of possible discovery that he entered the fortune-telling booth at the bazaar, and amusedly obeyed the command of the invisible "seer" behind the curtains to lay his hands upon the table, thru the hole in the curtain. If Brock had told him of Lady Lillian Astrupp, the significant, almost tender pressure of his hands would have carried warning to him, but Brock had been more discreet than wise.

There was a curious little electric pause, and Loder was aware of a certain tenseness in the atmosphere before the soft drawl of Lady Lillian, said sweetly: "You will have to remove your ring. Any metal interferes with the thought currents—"

Beyond the tent Loder heard Eve's voice, low, vibrant. His heart beat thickly, and without thinking what he did he mechanically obeyed the request of the invisible fortune-teller. "So that explains it!" said the voice beyond the curtain. It no longer drawled but had an edge in it, "all this week I've been wondering, and now I know! You're not John Chilcote! He had no scar on his finger. You're an imposter—a spy perhaps!"

Loder heard a rustling of silk as the owner of the voice arose. She was leaving the tent! In another moment everyone would know him for a cheat and a liar—only he did not put it that way. He thought with sick dread, "Eve will know! She will look at me with distrust in those sea-blue eyes of hers and I will want to die."

But he did not move or stir until footsteps approached the tent and paused at his side. Then a well-known voice brought him to his feet to face John Chilcote, haggard, drawn, running his tongue continually along his parched lips. "It used to be here." Chilcote muttered feverishly, "the Bower of Forgetfulness, with plenty of the stuff behind Buddha—"

Loder seized his arm, forcing the uneasy eyes to meet his. "Look here! Pull yourself together, man, everybody'll be here in a moment. Do you remember who I am?"

The dry lips cracked in a ghastly smile. "Remember?" choked Chilcote, "yes, I remember! you're the Face in the Fog. You're the 'man who saved England'—you see I've been reading about the speech you made for me in the House! And I watched you and Eve just now from the shrubbery—" he laughed soundlessly, swaying so violently that Loder set him down in his chair. "Gad, man, I believe my wife's fallen in love with you! Listen, here's your chance—get me plenty of morphine and I'll promise not to spoil your fun! You lend me your obscurity and I'll lend you my name—" he fell forward on his face, muttering incoherently.

Before he turned to look at her, John Loder knew by the tightening of his throat, the swift leap of his heart, that Eve was standing beside him. When he did turn he saw from her face that she had heard her husband's words and understood. "You know?" he whispered, and then with a stab of joy so keen that it was like pain, "you know—and you do not care?"

"I think," said Eve, meeting his eyes bravely, "that I have known all along. You are not like him, you are not like anyone in all the world."

They stood, drowned in each other's gaze while the wreck of John Chilcote between them mowed and mumbled and the far-off silly strains of the hurdy-gurdy seemed to mock their unuttered longing and despair. Then, holding his arms sternly at his sides that they might not go out to her—John Loder spoke, "I am going away, Eve. I do not know whether I am doing a dishonorable thing or not in telling you that I love you before I go. Somehow honor and dishonor seem foolish words, toys for children to play with beside the fact that I love you—"

One of her beautiful hands went to her throat. Her smile was sadder than any tears. "He was right—" she nodded toward the sprawling figure between them, "—he saw it in my eyes, heard it in my voice! Whoever you are—whatever you are, I love you!"

Outside sounded excited voices, Lady Lillian's shrill above the rest. "—an imposter, I tell you! Call the police—"

John Loder bent and lifted a fold of her skirt to his lips. Strangely enough the act was not melodramatic. "Good-bye!" he whispered, "most beautiful of women! I shall think of you in the



trenches. That, at least, cannot be wrong!"

She caught her lip between her teeth a moment. "We shall never—see each other any more?"

"I think," said John Loder, "that God would have to destroy the old world and make a new one before we could hope for that!"

He lifted the side of the tent and was gone. When the curious crowd burst in a moment later they found Eve Chilcote standing quietly beside her husband. She lifted a white face with strangely shining eyes. "Will someone call my car?" she asked, "John has had another nervous collapse, I must take him home."

God would have to destroy the old world, John Loder had said in his bitterness, and make a new before life could bring them together. And that was what happened in the four years of bitter warfare that followed. It was to another England that John Loder returned with a German bullet in his leg. It was another John Loder who returned, another Eve who walked beside his wheel chair in her widow's weeds. Out of the agony, and the cruelty and the ruin of the old order they had come back to this sunny garden, this serene happiness that did not need words. There must be suffering before anything can be born, and from the world's travail had come a new strange beauty of life which they sensed, if they could not understand.

And yet, in the midst of all the cataclysmic changing, one thing had not changed, and that was Love.

"You will only be Mrs. John Loder—the wife of a poor dog of a writer with a limp!" he warned her.

But Eve looked away with shining eyes. "I shall be—'blessed among women'—" she said.

### The Little Lady

(Continued from page 21)

to do nothing at all than to do something that is less than one's precedent."

"What," I said, in the midst of all this hurly-burly about the screen and screen people, "what do you think is the remedy?"

"Oh," the little lady smiled, "that's easy," she said, "just *real people*, sensible people; people who work and play and do what they have to do without getting a wild sense of values. The 'just us' sort of people."

"Are you optimistic about it?"

"Absolutely. You see, I never believe in going back. I don't think things do go back."

I left, feeling saner than I had felt for some days, days of reading head-lines, Sensible people . . . that's it. Little Miss McAvoy . . . her kind . . .

### QUESTION

By N. BREWSTER MORSE

What difference, pray, if I am young,  
And you are slightly old and grey?  
I've lived my life and never sung  
A song of love until today!

(Seventy-nine)



"And I thought above all things, my skin was clean!"

## Occlusia—Banished now, in sixty minutes!

Discovery of a Skin Physic Gives Adults the Clear, Clean Complexion of a Child

**S**IXTY women in 100 have occlusia (occluded or clogged skin pores). People of scrupulous bodily cleanliness with facial pores swollen with waste matter. Not a pleasant condition to contemplate! Thanks to science it need no longer be tolerated. An element that purges every pore it touches has been found. An English scientist, M. J. McGowan, discovered it.

A magnified view of the human skin before and after a thorough movement of the pores would cause any dainty woman to write this specialist posthaste. If you saw just one of the fifty or more demonstrations I witnessed, you would realize the folly of any effort towards smooth skin texture and colorful complexion without first attending to this thorough cleansing underneath. It all happens in an hour. The newly-found skin laxative acts swiftly. The scientific term for it is Terradermalax. Its action is almost immediate; evacuation of every tiny opening in the skin structure is complete. Indescribable Impurities are expelled—all matters—soft or hard—is passed by the pores. Skin is left relieved, relaxed, and glowing pink. The resultant natural color lasts *for days*.

Any skin specialist will tell you why every youngster's skin is downy-soft and fair—the pores do not become irregular except with years. Occlusia rarely sets in until one is of age. In other words, complexion at 50 can be as perfect as it was at 16 or 18 now that an unfailing aid to evacuation of pores is known.

Another important result from Terradermalax; it makes powdering per-

fectly harmless. The fine particles which work down into delicate facial pores are carried away with the rest.

Terradermalax is compounded in a clay of exquisite smoothness. Spreading it starts laxation. Put it on face and neck—in a short hour wipe off—and behold a skin and complexion *transformed*. Clear and colorful to the eye; clean and wholesome beneath. Not a trace of occlusia remains not a black-head, pimple, or other unclean accumulation. I have seen positive proof of this at the laboratory where McGowan made his amazing discovery.

Stores cannot handle Terradermalax because the active ingredient is of limited life. The laboratory supplies enough for two months, shipped the day compounded, the label dated. The laboratory fee is only \$2.50, paid on delivery. Or, if you expect to be out when postman calls, you may send \$2.50 with order. Either way, you may have this small fee back if not delighted and astonished with results. Use the handy form printed here:

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For glorious eyelids, harmless—perfumed.

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510 Battery Street, San Francisco

## From Titillant Tahiti

(Continued from page 25)

the picture which she went to Tahiti to make. It is based upon the book of the same name, a story of curious beauty, thru which runs the compelling fierce love of the tropics, the singular depth and richness of which these copper giants of the South Seas, these splendid tragic women, are capable. It is a picture that can never be duplicated, a story that can never be re-told, because it goes for its theme and its characters to a people who are dying, a race which is perishing beneath the white shadows of our civilization and conquests, as tho beneath a plague.

It is, perhaps, strange that this daughter of the wild free plains should have chosen to steep herself in the languor of warm white beaches, to exchange for the gay winds of the prairie the sobbing of southern winds thru the cocoanut-palms. But listen to what she says. We were in her house now, sitting side by side on the divan, she with her lap loaded with pictures and curios, I examining them, fascinated by the little tale that went with each.

"I was so tired of civilization," she said. "I wanted to get away, to hide from the rush and hurry of everything, to forget. The offer of this trip came at a time when the quick order of America was smothering me. I had to go somewhere. The sea voyage, the long drowsy month—it was like a blessed sleep."

She picked up a small snap-shot. "This is me and the Princess," she said. (Maybe she said, "I and the Princess." Which is correct?) "You see, she is quite modern appearing. She alternates between Tahiti and San Francisco, living in each place a part of the year. So long as we were north of the equator, she dressed in American fashion. But on the day we crossed the equator, she appeared on deck in a *pareu*, one of the more generous type, of course. Around Tahiti, when the natives are not dressed in modern fashion, their *pareus* are very ample. It is in Moorea, a beautiful coral island surrounded by a reef and a lagoon, where you find the more primitive dress, the *pareus* there, for both men and women, amounting to little more than girdles."

Thus, over a dainty tea service and Swedish wafers, I was whisked on Ruth's crisp Western voice into the somnolent, heavy-lidded tropics—to "The Lagoon of Desire."

But for Ruth, I think, the tropics were only a mood. She wants to go back, of course. But essentially she is of the West, a girl bearing the freshness of clean prairie winds, the snap and zest of the plains, born in Texas and bred in Arizona. Her eyes are a live hazel, her mouth oddly tempting.

Her plans? To go on working, believing that in work lies, after all, the key to happiness. She had just returned from Phoenix, Arizona, where she had been renewing old friendships and starring in stock.

"Every actress, every actor, who has been on the stage, should go back now and then. You return to pictures with such a freshened viewpoint."

And then we lapsed to the tropics again.

"Now about this flower," I began. "You say that over the left ear it—"

## A Naive Devil

(Continued from page 17)

little gestures and nuances, which summed up, make Rupert. Ingram, smiling, told me something of the sort.

"Samanyagos is a born actor, inexperienced yet, but able for all that to go out on the set and express with his face things that would puzzle an old-timer to accomplish. I have occasionally given him bits of business, little things to accentuate the character of Rupert. We rehearsed them a couple of times and then put them out before the camera. Several times he stopped in the middle of a scene to burst out laughing. 'I love that!' he'd say, and laugh again. The pure joy of it runs thru him like wine. Eventually I shall do *Hamlet* with him and other big rôles. I believe that he will become one of our greatest actors."

And now to violate a confidence, for which I shall never be forgiven. But it is too delicious an insight in this fortunate youth to let slip. It was told me by another to whom Samanyagos had confessed it.

"I was in the midst of a very great sorrow, agony really," said Samanygos. "It was one of those moments when it seems that the soul has been torn bodily from you. I was racked with great sobs. And then—I ran to the mirror to catch the expression of it!"

I give you Ramon Samanyagos—the born actor, the naïve devil.

## My Homecoming

(Continued from page 61)

I found a little compensation, however, in the farm dairy, where the big milk cans stood in the same shining rows as I remembered them years ago. I'm sure the dear old folks thought me perfectly mad, when I stuck my head into one and made the funny noises in the hollow metal depths, which we children used to think such a glorious game.

The biggest surprise of all came one morning in an important looking envelope with a big red seal. It was nothing less than a command to present myself at the Royal Palace in Copenhagen to be received by His Majesty King Christian!

I had just two days to make my preparations, and they passed like a dream. It was on a Monday morning at half past eleven that a very small and

(Continued on page 82)

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

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

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

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

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

Wasn't there anything that would clear my complexion, that would make it soft and smooth and firm? Wasn't there anything I could do—without wasting more time and money? It was very discouraging, and I was tempted more than once to give it up—especially when I saw that after all my efforts my skin was more dull and coarse than ever before.

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

## Why I Changed My Mind

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

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

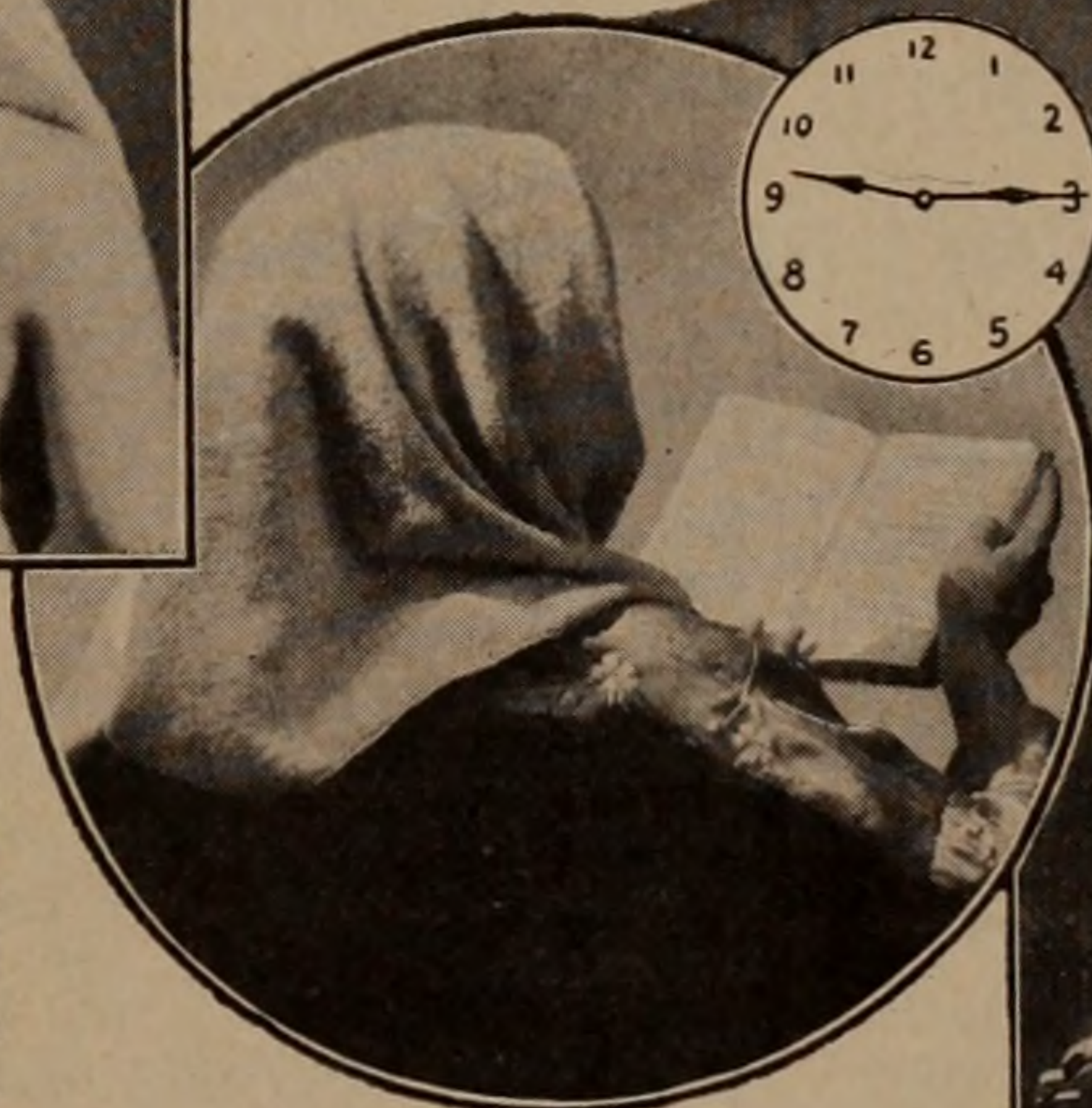
## My Extraordinary Experience with Complexion Clay

I won't bore you with details. Suffice to say that I applied the Complexion Clay I had read about to my face one evening at nine o'clock and settled myself comfortably for a half-hour of reading. Soon I was conscious of a cool, drawing sensation. In a few moments the clay on my face had dried into a fragrant mask.

(Eighty-one)

And as it dried and hardened there was a wonderful tingling feeling. I could actually feel the millions of tiny pores breathing, freeing themselves of the impurities that had stifled them, giving up bits of dust and the accumulations that had bored deeply beneath the surface. It was a feeling almost of physical relief; every inch of my face seemed stirred suddenly into new life and fervor.

At nine-thirty I removed the Complexion Clay and, to my utter astonishment, found that I had a brand-new complexion!



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

Hidden beauty had actually been revealed! Every blackhead had vanished; the whole texture of the skin had been transformed into smooth, clear, delicately colored beauty.

I shall never forget my extraordinary experience with Complexion Clay. It accomplished in a half-hour what other preparations had not accomplished in years. With gentle firmness it drew out every impurity from the stifled pores and revealed beneath a skin of exquisite texture and delicate coloring. I would never have believed it possible, and it is because it did it for me, because I actually had this wonderful experience, that I consented to write this story for publication.

## Domino House Made This Offer to Me

The formula from which the amazing Complexion Clay is made was discovered by the chemists of the Domino House. I have been asked to state here, at the end of my story, that Domino House will send without any money in advance a \$3.50 jar of Complexion Clay to any one who uses the special coupon at the bottom of the page. If I would write my story for publication the Domino House agreed to accept only \$1.95 for a \$3.50 jar from my readers.

You, as my reader, should not miss this opportunity. I am sure that the marvelous Complexion Clay will do for you what it has done for me. It is guaranteed to do so, and a special deposit of \$10,000 in the State Bank of Philadelphia backs this guarantee. Your money will be promptly refunded if you are not delighted with results and return what is left of Complexion Clay within 10 days.

Do not send any money with the coupon. Just pay the postman \$1.95 (plus few cents postage) when the jar of Complexion Clay is in your hands. You will have the same extraordinary experience that I had—and you will be grateful to me for agreeing to write

this story. But I advise you to act at once before the present supply is exhausted.

Complexion Clay will be sent to you freshly compounded, direct from the Domino House. The coupon is numbered with a special department, and the Domino House will know that you have read my story and are to receive a full size \$3.50 jar for only \$1.95, according to their offer to me.

Don't delay—I'm glad I didn't! Mail this coupon today. Domino House, Dept. 286, 269 South 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

**Domino House, Dept. 286,  
269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

You may send me a \$3.50 jar of Complexion Clay, sufficient for 3 months of beauty treatments. According to the special agreement, I will pay postman only \$1.95 (plus postage). Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I am purchasing this first jar with the guaranteed privilege of returning it within 10 days, and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name .....

Address .....

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

If apt to be out when postman calls, send remittance with this coupon.



## My Homecoming

(Continued from page 80)

awe-struck me arrived at the palace gates, feeling very much as Cinderella must have done in the fairy tale as she passed by the giant sentinels outside, who solemnly presented arms as she approached! But once inside, I found I was growing calmer. Everybody was so kind, so obviously anxious to reassure me by their very human friendliness that there was really nothing to be afraid of. One of the King's equerries chatted pleasantly with me, whilst I was announced, and I wasn't kept waiting either. I think the only thing that worried me when I was ushered into the royal presence was the thought that I might suddenly find I had forgotten all my Danish. Again it all seemed a wonderful dream. Mechanically, almost, I made my formal little courtesy to the tall man with the kind eyes who at once advanced to meet me and took me by the hand. There was no formality. The room in which the King received me was a kind of study, which gave an intimate homey atmosphere to the whole interview.

His Majesty put me at my ease at once, congratulated me on my work, and showed great interest in the film activities of California. He told me, too, how proud he was of all those Danes who had made good in the new world. He pointed out a silken flag on one of the walls which had been sent him by the Danish-Americans and said how much he prized it. Then he said something which I shall always remember, because I had experienced the truth of it myself every minute since my homecoming.

"Don't you think," he said, "that you have to get away from your own country to realize how much you really love it?"

I suppose subconsciously all the time I had been comparing my five feet odd with His Majesty's six feet three. I must have lost all my early sense of embarrassment, for I actually found myself daring to reply:

"I do, Your Majesty. And if I may be bold enough to say so, we Danes are proud of a King, who is a head above any other man in the country."

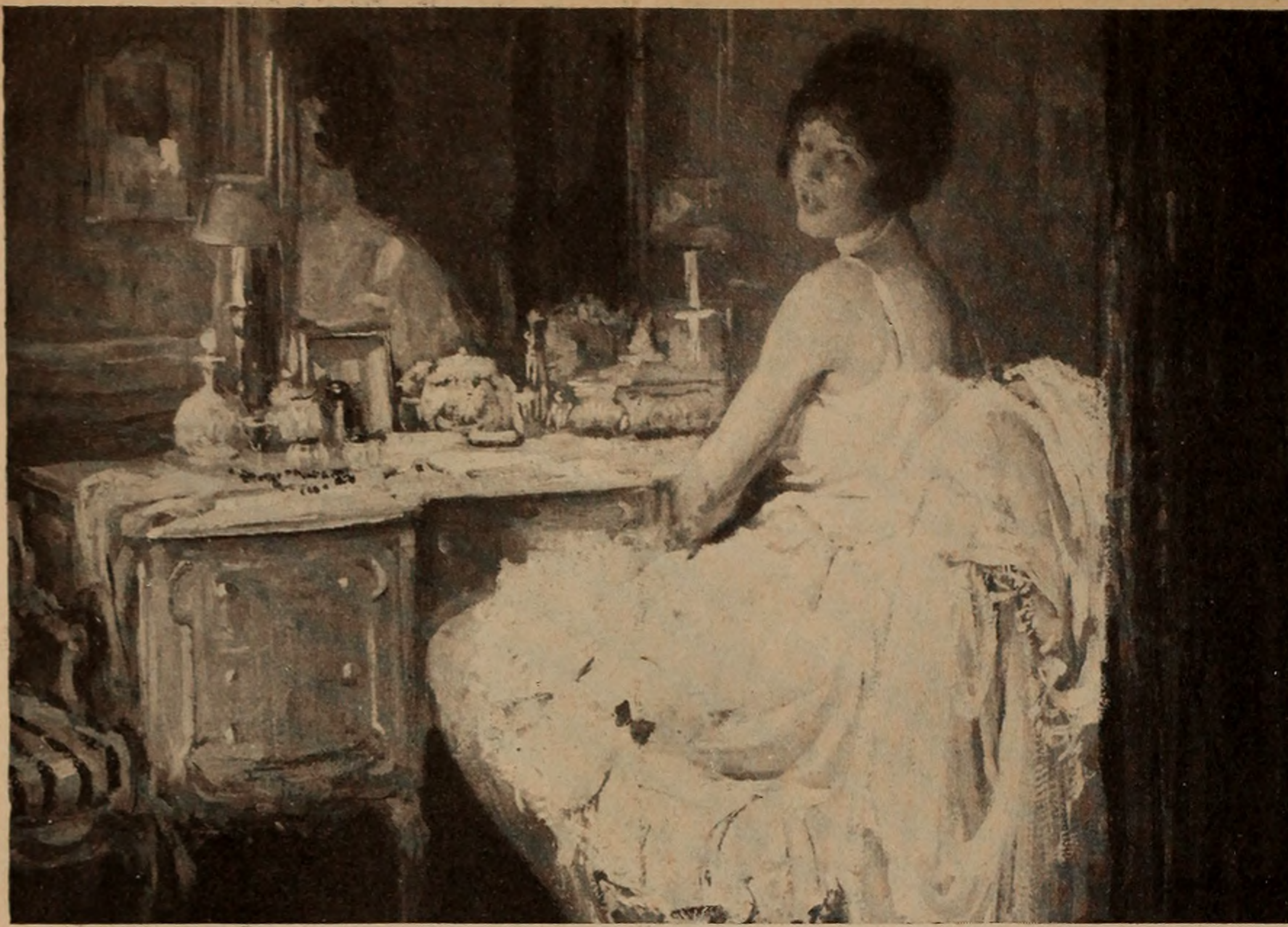
He laughed—in fact, we had several good laughs. Once I remember I was trying to describe to him our big trees "over there," trying to indicate their height and breadth with sweeping arm movements.

He responded by large gestures to illustrate mountains and plains. Suddenly at the same moment we became conscious that we were both *acting*, and our earnestness gave way to a jolly laugh.

I told him that I had received an offer from the Royal Theater of Copenhagen and that one day I hoped to speak my native tongue from that historic stage.

"Well, when you do," His Majesty was good enough to promise, "I shall make a point of coming to hear you."

(Eighty-Two)



## "Soap-and-water" clean—of course! —but still are you above reproach?

*One great toilet fact  
that two million women now recognize—that cleanliness  
does not always mean daintiness*

By RUTH MILLER

**A** BRILLIANT novelist who writes much about women was asked what he considered a woman's greatest attraction. He replied promptly: "It isn't beauty, it isn't brains, it isn't charm of manner. I believe it is a woman's instinct for daintiness as expressed in all the little niceties of her person and her dress."

Almost as strong as a woman's instinct for cleanliness is her love of personal daintiness. What many women do not yet understand is that while personal daintiness may *begin* with cleanliness, it does not *end* there.

*Soap and water alone cannot  
insure daintiness*

The great enemy of personal daintiness is underarm perspiration odor and moisture. The underarm perspiration glands are easily stimulated to unusual activity. Clothing and the hollow of the underarm make evaporation difficult.

Soap and water are powerless to counteract this condition. To be immaculately clean in clothing and in person is not enough.

This condition calls for special measures. The underarm must be given the same regular care that is given to the teeth and skin. You can't afford to compromise by hurried use of a preventive that may be effective for only a few hours.

*Two Million women and thousands of men  
accept the underarm toilette*

Through Odorono, a new standard of daintiness has been set up. It prevents moisture as

well as odor, performing both requirements perfectly.

A clear, clean, antiseptic liquid, Odorono is easy and delightful to use. Physicians and nurses recommend it as the safe and most effective means of relieving perspiration troubles.

Dr. Lewis B. Allyn of the famous Westfield Laboratories, Westfield, Mass., says: "Experimental and practical tests show that Odorono is harmless, economical, and effective when employed as directed and will injure neither the skin nor the health."

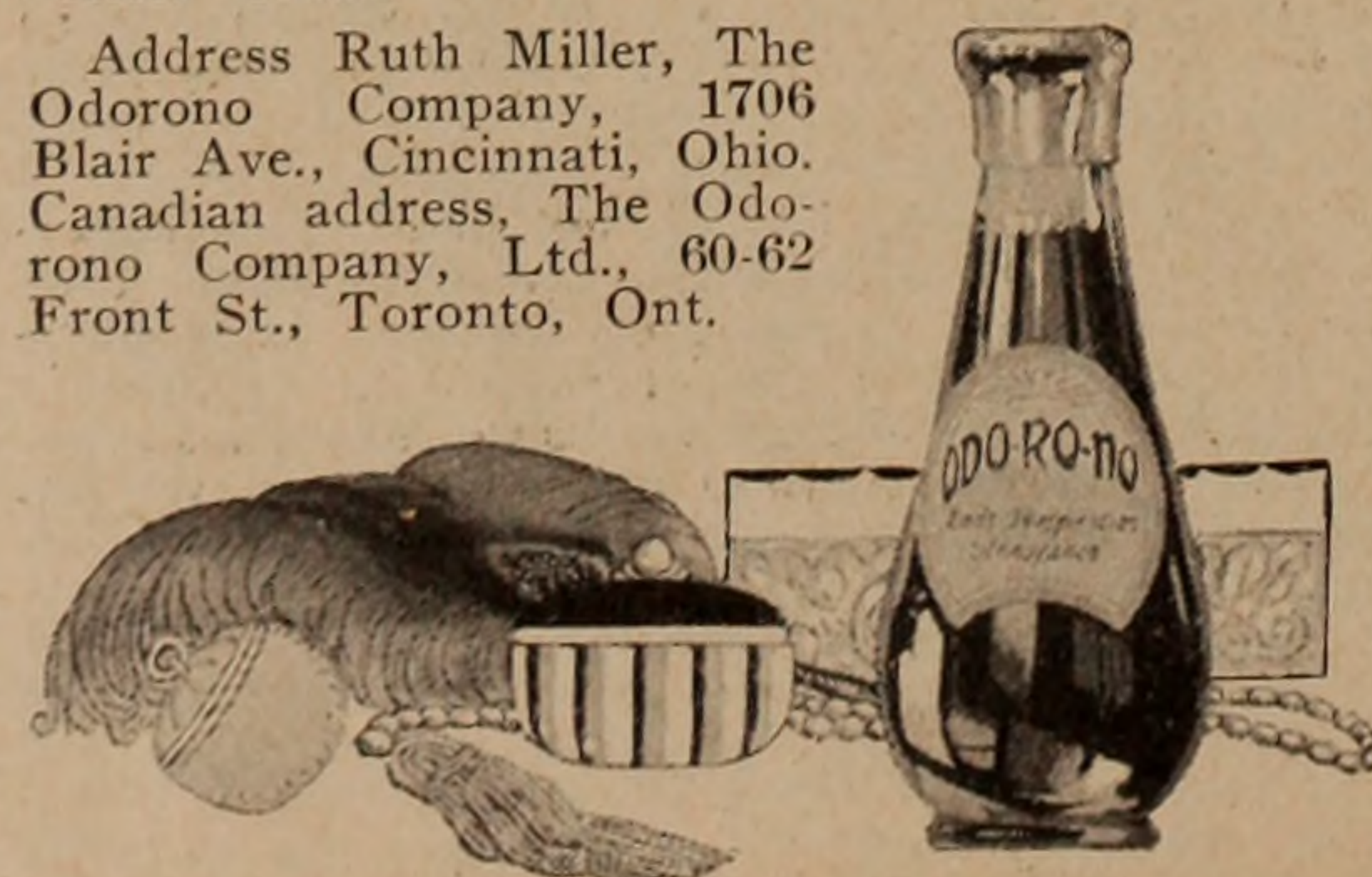
Twice a week is often enough to use Odorono. Each application *assures* your daintiness for at least three days. By correcting the cause of excessive underarm perspiration, Odorono eliminates unsightly moisture and repellant odor. It leaves a feeling of absolute cleanliness, of irreproachable daintiness that satisfies the most exacting.

No more perspiration-soaked clothing, no more stained or ruined gowns, no lingering taint of perspiration odor! Make sure you are above reproach—with Odorono, the underarm toilette.

Odorono may be obtained at all toilet counters, 35c, 60c and \$1.00, or by mail, postpaid.

Write for our new booklet of information on the toilette of the underarm, "The Double Meaning of Daintiness," together with a sample of the Odorono Company's new "After Cream."

Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Company, 1706 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. Canadian address, The Odorono Company, Ltd., 60-62 Front St., Toronto, Ont.



# ODO-RONO

THE UNDER-ARM TOILETTE



Plain Bill

(Continued from page 66)

Farnum and he—did all their traveling over there by motor. "We had no objective point in view," he said, "except to travel where fancy led. We didn't plan—we simply started. When we reached a place that appealed to us, we stopped a day, a week—then went on. We saw France, Spain, Italy, England, Scotland. We loafed, rested and saw everything but the battlefields of France. My wife saw them—but I could not even hear her talk about it. Of course it was my worn-out condition. Next time I go over, I shall see it all.

"They are a marvelous people—the French—" he continued. "The way they carry on—with a smile. The way they have begun life all over—forgetting, so far as one can see, what has gone before—is a thing to remember.

"Europe is wonderful. They have so much that we have not. Again and again I was inspired with an unforgettable awe and wonder. But when we sailed up the harbor and I saw the New York sky line, I thanked God that I was born an American."

William Farnum was born not far from the scene of the Boston Tea Party, and on the anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence—which further stamps him as a son of democracy—a one hundred per cent. American. He has, too, a New England habit of thrift—a shrewd business sense not always possessed by members of his profession, be they ever so successful. A faculty of investing wisely and accumulating a degree of worldly goods—not in stocks, bonds and hoarded wealth—but in things visible, to be shared and enjoyed by many.

And perhaps no other member of the profession furnishes employment to so many people as does Bill Farnum. It is characteristic of him—loyal New Englander and loyal son that he is—to keep up the old home at Sag Harbor, Maine. The land is tilled, the farm is stocked, the house and grounds are kept in perfect order by faithful employees, altho its owner has found time to pay it only two flying visits in five years.

Out in California, his beautiful home, surrounded by a forest of trees, choice shrubbery and gardens of flowers, was occupied during his long absence in Europe by caretakers—"so we will have them when we get back," said Bill.

Down south some place, Nashville as I remember it—are a dozen racing horses of a breed not to be despised—who do their bit toward replenishing the Farnum treasury—besides furnishing a job for half a dozen people.

And what do you think he was doing when I was announced at his hotel that morning? Paying off plumbers and painters!

"You see," he told me, his boyish smile crinkling the corners of his eyes, "I bought a house before I went to Europe—thought it would be sort of handy to

(Eighty-three)

**POSED** by Corinne Griffith in "The Climbers," a Vitagraph motion picture. Miss Griffith is one of many attractive women "in pictures" who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion.



*A complexion as fair as June roses can so easily be yours*

**DO** you know how truly beautiful your complexion can be? Do you appreciate what delicate freshness, what fineness of texture you can gain for your skin? And with how little effort?

You can attain a complexion as fresh and radiant as the roses in June. You can achieve the dainty bloom of a clear, wholesome skin, just as thousands of attractive women have, if you begin at once the daily use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, is more than a face cream. It has an exclusive therapeutic property that serves to "tone-up" — *revitalize* — the sluggish tissues of the skin. Applied regularly, it heals and nourishes the skin cells, soothes away redness and roughness, banishes slight imperfections. Used faithfully, it will help you to gain and retain a complexion that is genuinely beautiful.

For the most effective way in which to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream read Health Hints, the little booklet packed with

every jar. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or one-dollar size. Begin at once to gain a new charm of complexion. It will mean so much to you.

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

**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, Brunette—50 cents.

**FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY**  
Established 1885

83 Tenth Street Detroit, Michigan

Canadian residents address F. F. Ingram Company, Windsor, Ontario. Australian residents address T. W. Cotton Pty., Ltd., 383 Flinders Lane, Melbourne. New Zealand residents address Hart, Pennington, Ltd., 33 Ghuznee Street, Wellington. Cuban residents address Espino & Co., Zulueta 36½, Havana.



*Ingram's Milkweed Cream*

Send a dime for Ingram's Beauty Purse—an attractive, new souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram Toilet-Aids. Mail the coupon below with a silver dime and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

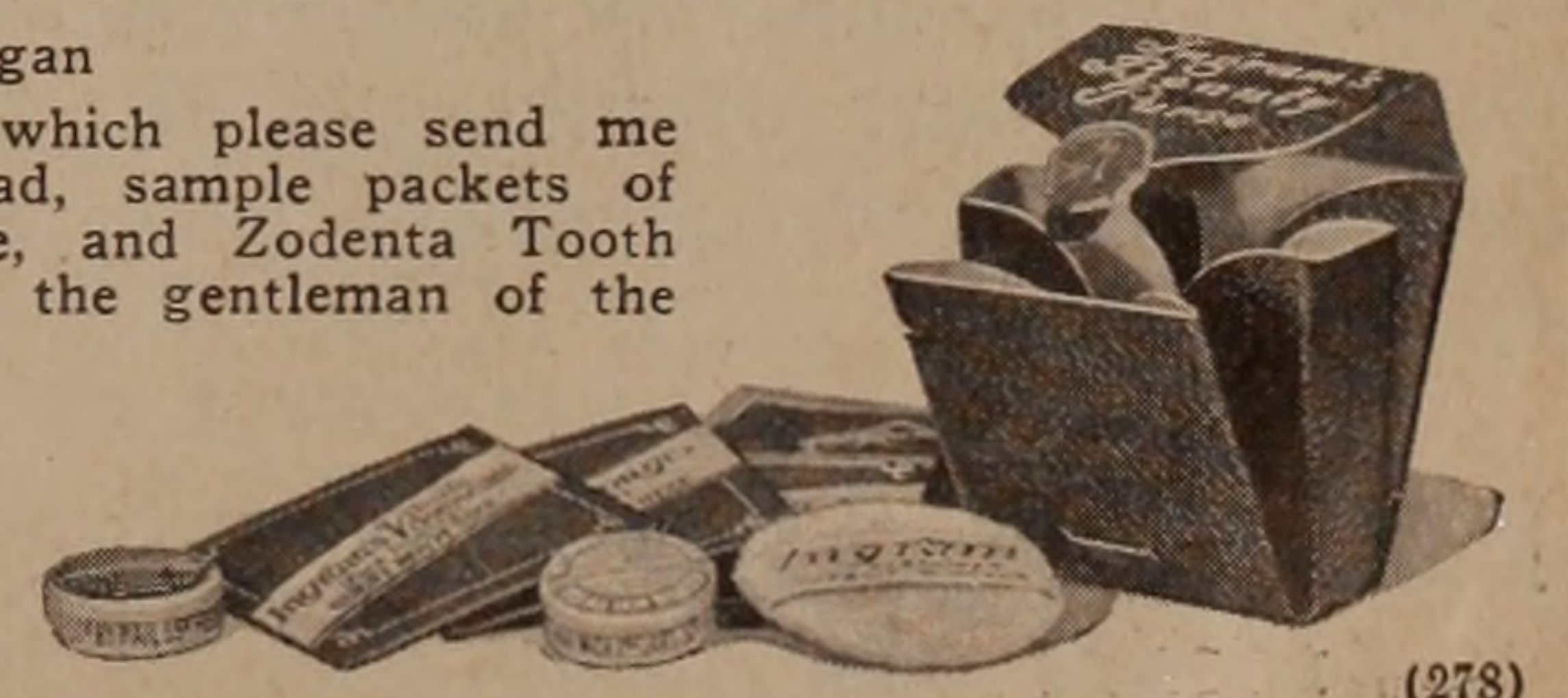
Frederick F. Ingram Company, 83 Tenth Street, Detroit, Michigan

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find one dime, in return for which please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an eider-down powder pad, sample packets of Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram's Rouge, and Zodenta Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

Name .....

Street .....

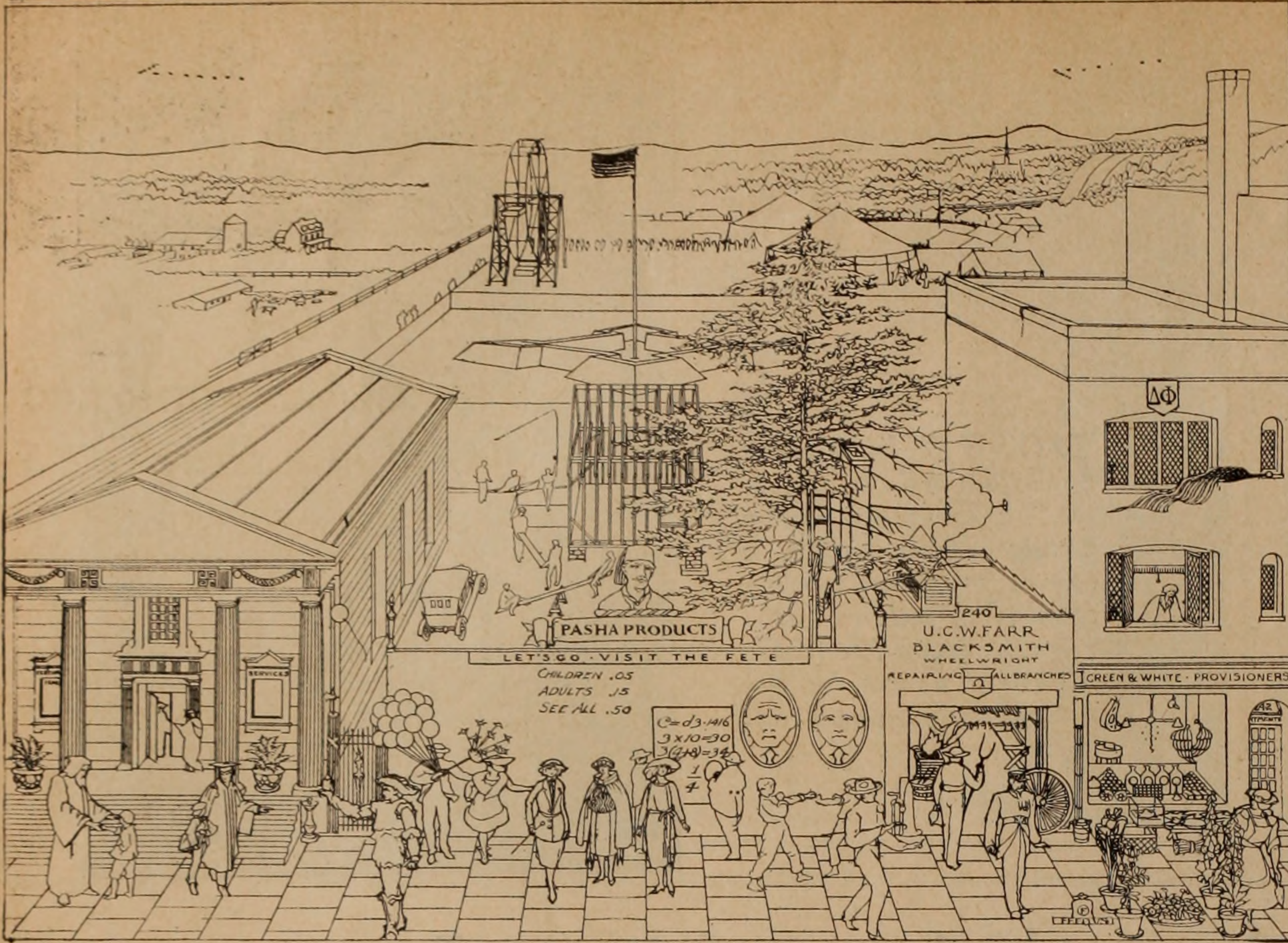
City ..... State.....





# YOU WIN THE \$1250.00 PRIZE

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC



"F" is the letter. How many objects in the picture start with it?

## Costs Nothing to Try

There is no entrance fee and the contest is open to everybody except employees or relatives of employees of the Parvin-Shaw Co. This contest is virtually a means of "sampling" Pasha silk hosiery, but your list is just as eligible for a 1st prize whether or not you place an order.

## Largest and Nearest Correct List Wins

The judges won't even know whether or not you placed an order. But why not go after the big prizes? You take absolutely no chance. You get a quality of hosiery you would have to pay 25% to 50% more for over the counter, and we feel sure you will be delighted with them, but if you are not, return them and we will give you your

## Money Back at Any Time (either during or after the contest)

If you need hosiery now, look over the price list, make your selection and we will fill your order immediately, giving you a receipt that qualifies you for purchasers' prizes. Then send your solution in later. Order any combination desired. State kind, quantity, sizes and colors.

## PARVIN-SHAW CO.

17-19-21 South 17th Street  
Philadelphia, Pa.

## List of Prizes

	If No Order is Placed	If \$2.00 Order is Placed	If \$5.00 Order is Placed	If \$6.00 Order is Placed
1st Prize	\$35.00	\$350.00	\$1,000.00	\$1,250.00
2nd "	20.00	225.00	600.00	750.00
3rd "	15.00	150.00	400.00	500.00
4th "	10.00	90.00	250.00	300.00
5th "	8.00	60.00	150.00	200.00
6th "	6.00	40.00	100.00	125.00
7th "	4.00	20.00	60.00	75.00
8th "	2.00	15.00	40.00	50.00
9th "	2.00	10.00	30.00	35.00
10th "	2.00	7.00	20.00	25.00
11th to 20th	1.00	5.00	10.00	15.00

## Rules

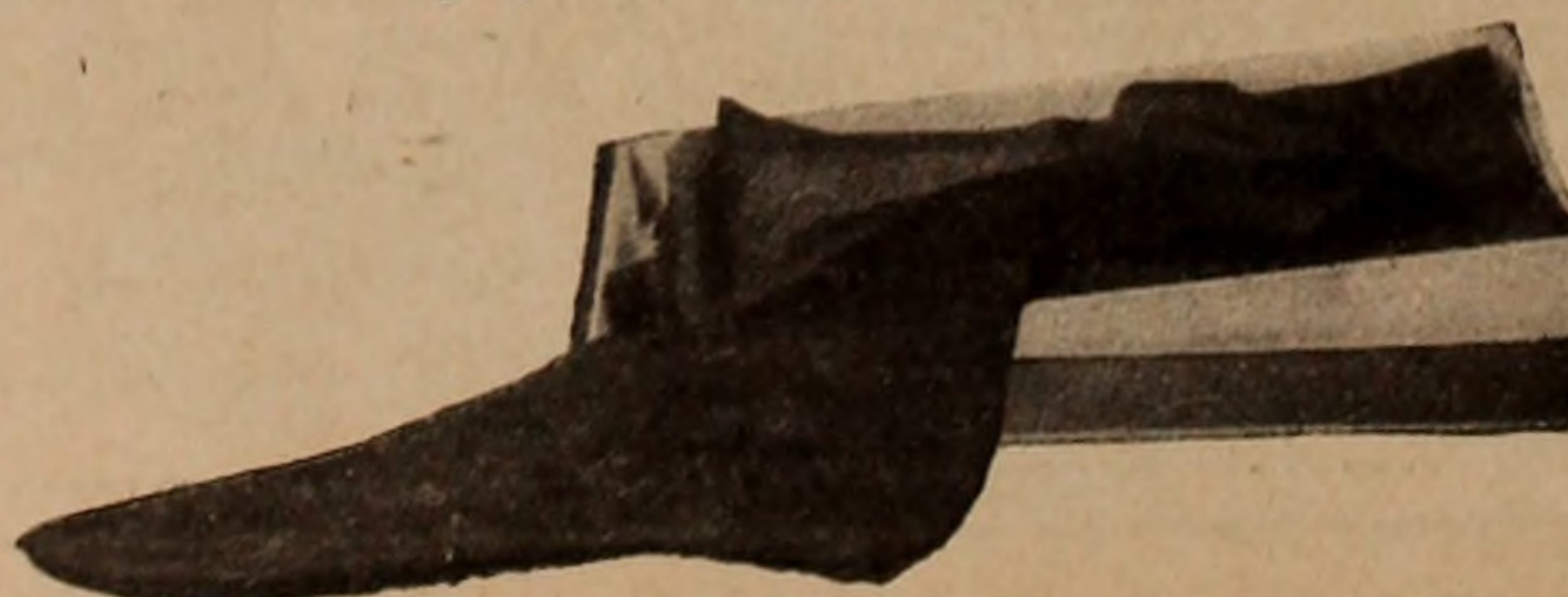
1. Use only one side of paper. The names of objects must be numbered 1, 2, 3, etc. Your full name and address must be written on each page in upper right hand corner. Write nothing else on sheets with list.
2. Obsolete, Hyphenated, Compound words, or words formed by the combination of two or more nouns, or words not given in Webster's International Dictionary will count against your list.
3. An object may only be named once but its parts may also be named.
4. Either the singular or the plural of a word may be used but not both. The same spelling of a word may only be used once.
5. Every F word correctly used will count for and every F word incorrectly used or misspelled will count against the list.
6. The full amount of any prize will be awarded to tying contestants.
7. Lists will be judged by three persons having no connection with Parvin-Shaw Company.
8. Contest closes June 20, 1922. Envelopes containing answers must be postmarked not later than this date.
9. At the close of the contest the list winning first prize and names of prize winners will be mailed to all purchasers, also to anyone else on request.
10. Only one prize to a family or to a group working together.
11. Address answers to Parvin-Shaw Company, 17-19-21 S. 17th St., Philadelphia.

Write for larger picture—it will help you.

## Price List

Women's full-fashioned silk stockings . . . . .	\$2.00 per pair
Colors—Black, White, Nude, Navy, Neutral Gray, Russian Calf.	
Men's full-fashioned silk socks . . . . .	\$1.00 per pair
Colors—Black, Navy, Cordovan, Smoke.	

We will fill orders not accompanied by puzzle solutions



have when I come East. Then I found that people are having such trouble finding places to live—and thought it a pity to keep a big house all to myself—so I decided to make an apartment house of it. It's out on the East Side in a neighborhood that's becoming very popular. So I'm a real landlord!"

Before leaving, Mr. Farnum took me to his suite of rooms and showed me numerous pictures of Europe, of his houses, of his small daughter, his dog, his horse at Sag Harbor that's "pensioned off," of his racing horses. He showed me two or three favorite first editions, and proudly, an old Shakespearian prompt book. He was pleased when I told him that I sincerely hoped to see him back on the speaking stage, and that I liked "The Tale of Two Cities," and "Les Misérables," best of all his pictures.

"So do I," he said. "And I liked playing Ben Hur on the stage immensely—even tho I played it five solid years. And Shakespeare! Yes, sometime I'm coming back to that."

Sydney Carton, Jean Valjean, Ben Hur, Shakespeare's best. Some day he will find a happy combination of the new days and the old. But always he will be just plain Bill—the Bill we all love.

## The Man From Downing Street

(Continued from page 58)

men a native dance in the Hall of the Golden Peacock."

Once more Sarissa wreathed her white limbs in weird, enticing measure before Kent's gaze. In the lambent golden light she seemed to float as tho in some ethereal fluid, and Kent looked at Captain Graves curiously and saw her beauty reflected in his face. They were all here again, the actors in the strange drama, but this time their emotions were nearer the surface, less carefully guarded. He saw the men cast suspicious glances at one another, saw Wentworth scowling at the Major, and the Major glowering at Graves. Norma Graves, with fixed mechanical smile, watched the dancer and the Maharaja alternately, with the yellow gleam of a tigress in her eyes, but the Hindu had no glance for her. Under his heavy lids his beady eyes were fixed upon the dancer sleepily. He almost seemed to purr. At the end of the dance he called Sarissa to him and placed about her neck a necklace that shot green fires as she moved. "You are a royal dancer and merit a royal gift," he said in a voice like warm suet.

Kent could almost find it in his heart to be sorry for the defeated English woman as she struggled to conceal her fury and chagrin, and yet she had woven with her own white, selfish, false little hands the cord of punishment that was even now closing on her lovely throat. His chosen profession had often brought him close to the drama in human lives before, but now he was a sharer in the

(Continued on page 95)



# Dorothy Dalton's Beauty Chat

Miss Dorothy Dalton, the actress, famous the world over for her beautiful complexion, says: "Any girl or woman can have a beautiful, rosy-white complexion and clear, smooth, unwrinkled skin like mine if they will follow my advice and use Derwillo in combination with Liska cold cream. Both are simple but very effective toilet preparations. I use Derwillo for the instant beauty it imparts and Liska cold cream to cleanse the skin, and make it soft and smooth.



Dorothy Dalton

It is easy to apply, absolutely harmless, and has a marvelous effect upon the skin. One application proves it. Try this combination to-day on your face, neck, hands and arms, and you will be delightfully surprised. Derwillo comes in three shades: flesh, white and brunette. At toilet counters everywhere.

## A New Perfume

from the

### Orange Groves of California

This new perfume is simply the concentrated essence of thousands of orange blossoms. The exquisite perfume of the orange groves—the favored odor of the bride from time immemorial, lasts and lasts and lasts.

Be different—have a perfume all your own! A drop of this wonderful perfume lasts a week, while others lose their fragrance in an hour or two.

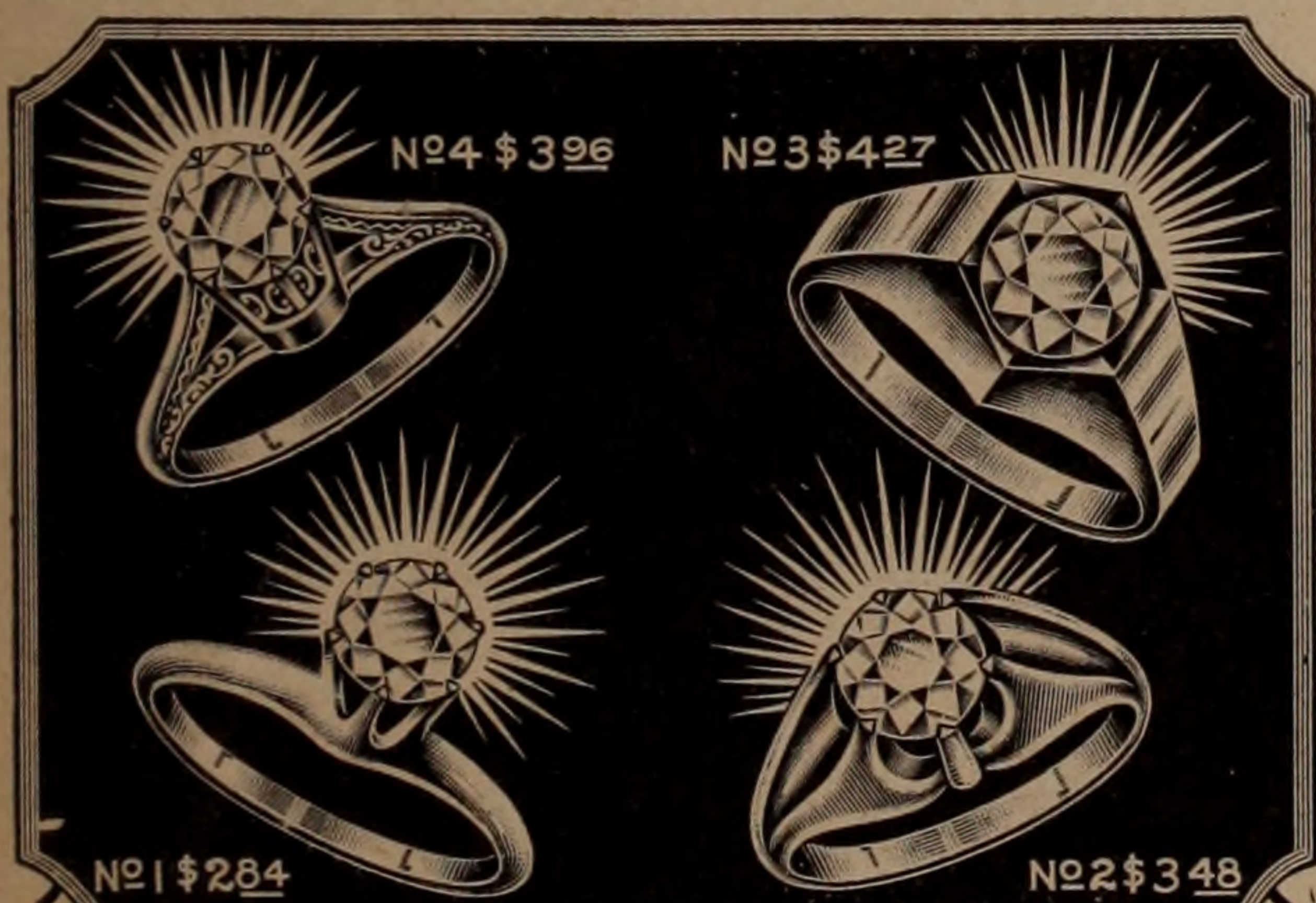
\$3.00 for a year's supply, or for 25c I will send you a generous bottle of the famed Orange Blossom Perfume, and send you free a copy of the handsome booklet, "The History of Perfume."

Five 25c bottles for \$1.00—Orange Blossom, Fragrance of Egypt, Lily of the Valley, Violet, Hyacinth. Lucilie Pruitie Perfumes are not for sale by dealers.

**LUCILIE PRUITIE**

*Francaise Perfumer*

501 Union Building SAN DIEGO, CALIF.



### Get This Wonderful Ring. If You Can Tell It From a Genuine Diamond Send It Back

These amazing, beautiful CORODITE diamonds positively match genuine diamonds in every way—same glitter, flash and dazzling play of living rainbow fire. They, alone, stand the diamond tests, including the terrific acid test. Even lifetime diamond experts need all their experience to see any difference. Prove this yourself.

#### Wear a Corodite Diamond 10 DAYS FREE

Make this test. You risk nothing. Wear a genuine Corodite and a diamond side by side on the same finger for 10 days. If you or your friends can tell the difference, return the Corodite. You won't be out a single penny. If you decide to keep the ring, the price printed here is all you pay. No installments. Remember, only Corodites have exactly the same cutting as genuine stones.

- No. 1—Ladies' Tiffany Style 14K Gold S. Ring . . . . . \$2.84
- No. 2—Gents' Heavy Belcher 14K Gold S. Ring . . . . . \$3.48
- No. 3—Gents' Massive Hexagon Platinum Finished . . . . . \$4.27
- No. 4—Ladies' Carved Platinum Finish . . . . . \$3.96

All stones 1 carat size and the mountings are beauties of the very latest design. Gold or the popular white platinum finish. Unqualified 20-year guarantee. Handsome art leather velvet lined case free with each ring.

**SEND NO MONEY** Keep your money right at home. Just send your name, address and number of ring wanted and size as shown by strip of paper fitting end to end around finger joint. Your ring will come by return mail. When ring arrives deposit amount shown with postman. If you decide not to keep ring after 10 days' wear, send it back and your money will be immediately returned. Send today.

**E. RICHWINE CO.**

333 South Dearborn Street, Dept. 128 Chicago, Ill.  
We are sole importers of Corodite Gems for the United States

(Eighty-five)

## The Hollywood Boulevardier Chats

(Continued from page 65)

him considerably in starting production on "Manslaughter." However the delay has had its advantages, especially from the public viewpoint. It brought Tom Meighan into the rôle of the criminal lawyer with whom Leatrice Joy, as the girl who went to jail for speeding, falls in love. Meighan has, for this picture, at least, stepped out of a starring rôle; but will be featured.

\* \* \* \*

Until "Manslaughter" was started, Leatrice Joy was lent out by Famous Players-Lasky to Marshall Neilan to appear in the leading rôle of "Her Man," in which Matt Moore plays opposite Miss Joy. "Her Man" is Neilan's final picture for his First National contract. His plans are not fully worked out, but it is probable that he will go abroad to make a picture: he may even remain in Europe permanently. His eye is upon Austria.

Hollywood was agitated recently by a report that Mr. Neilan was about to be married to Blanche Sweet. They both profess to know nothing about the report. Miss Sweet has been ill for a long time, but she will leave for a trip thru the Orient very soon. Upon her return she will appear in a feature production.

\* \* \* \*

Charles Chaplin will probably launch on his career with the United Artists in a big feature production playing the character comedy rôle of an old clown. By the time this is printed, he will have completed his last comedy for First National. Rumors are that both Chaplins—Charlie and Syd—will be very active in pictures in the near future. Syd will probably direct Edna Purviance when she is launched as a star. His only doubt about so doing relates to his other business ventures. He is interested in a number of business enterprises in Los Angeles, the most important of which is the manufacture of "Sassy Jane" clothes for girls. The probabilities are that he will arrange these affairs and return to pictures. He has two pictures to make for Paramount with himself as a star, but it is understood that he is allowed to make them at his own convenience.

\* \* \* \*

Tom Geraghty, formerly supervising director for Famous Players at the London studios, has returned to Los Angeles with George Fitzmaurice and Mrs. Maurice (Ouida Bergere). He will be attached to the editorial staff of the Famous Players studios here. Mr. Geraghty brought Doug. Fairbanks a barber chair as a birthday present.

\* \* \* \*

Bull Montana is working in rented space at the Universal on his first comedy which is to be called, quite appropriately, "A Lady's Man."

\* \* \* \*

Colleen Moore is struggling with a predicament. For the first time in a



## From "One of the Unemployed" to \$100 a Week

"Yes, it's tough to be out of a job." It was the employment manager speaking. "And there's a man who knows it, too," he added, pointing to the Chief Draftsman whose office door was open. "A year ago Mr. Macy lost his job as a clerk and he found new jobs scarce. He determined then to fit himself for a real job.

"Studying the Help Wanted ads opened his eyes to a field where there never seemed to be enough men for the jobs, bad times or good times. He found there was constant demand for skilled Draftsmen, at better salaries for beginners than he'd ever got in any job.

"A Chief Draftsman friend told him how he and thousands of other successful Draftsmen had trained themselves for their jobs. They had taken the Home Study Course of the COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF DRAFTING. Mr. Macy wrote for literature and enrolled for the course.

"The secret of a permanent job, with steady advancement, is *specialized training*. Mr. Macy as a clerk a year ago got \$22 a week; as our Chief Draftsman he gets \$100."

## COLUMBIA WILL DO AS MUCH FOR YOU

The answer to every ambitious man's desire to succeed is the COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF DRAFTING. Chief Draftsman Macy got out of the rut of a small-paid job. You can do it, too, the COLUMBIA way. If you have talent, taste, liking or interest in machinery, construction or electricity—you can fit yourself for the well-paid Drafting profession. It opens the way to still bigger-salaried positions as Chief Draftsman, Engineer, Production Manager and other executive ranks.

You need only ordinary intelligence and *ambition* to master the Course. We give practical drafting work *right from the first lesson*. We give you instruction as personal as if you were our only pupil. We furnish you with a complete professional Drafting outfit. We help you to get a job when you've completed the Course. You may be capable of accepting one *before* then. Mail the coupon and convince yourself. Every day's delay robs you of a day's bigger pay. Mail it now.

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Dept. 1741, 14th and T Streets, Washington, D. C.

COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF DRAFTING,  
Dept. 1741, 14th and T Sts.,  
Washington, D. C.

I want to know what sort of a future Drafting offers me. Please send me your free book, "Your Future in Drafting," which also describes your course and tells how you will help me get a position as Draftsman.

Name.....

Address.....

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





long while she has forsaken the Irish and is playing an Italian girl in Rupert Hughes' story "The Bitterness of Sweets." In the first part of the story she appears as a starving child of the streets; in the later part she is a well-fed young theater star in terror of becoming too fat for her dancing acrobatic dance. Colleen obediently starved herself to living-skeleton proportions at the behest of Rupert Hughes, the director; but when he behested her to get fat again, she had forgotten the combination. At last accounts Colleen was down to ninety-eight pounds and growing thinner every hour.

Tony Moreno plays opposite Colleen in the picture. Tony recently filed suit against Vitagraph for \$129,000, claiming that the company, after pledging itself to star him, discharged him for refusing to play an Irish part in another production.

\* \* \* \*

King Vidor has commenced work on "The Shuttle Soul," starring his beautiful wife, Florence Vidor. After this picture, she will be directed by someone else under her husband's management, and Mr. Vidor will make a series of special productions under his own name, like "The Jack-Knife Man," or "The Sky Pilot."

\* \* \* \*

Dale Fuller whose work as Marushka in von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives," was so good, will appear in the next von Stroheim picture. Miss Fuller has run the gamut of parts, starting with rough pie comedies on the Sennett lot and recently taking a whirl as Sarah in a series of religious films by the Bible Films Corporation. She had a streak of hard luck recently which kept her out of many pictures, beginning with the flu and ending by a narrow escape from burning to death when her bed caught fire from a hot iron.

\* \* \* \*

Mae Busch, seductive siren in "Foolish Wives," has been engaged for a disturbing rôle in "Brothers Under Their Skins," the Peter B. Kyne story which E. Mason Hopper will direct for Goldwyn. Norman Kerry, Helene Chadwick, Claire Windsor and Richard Dix will be in the same cast.

\* \* \* \*

Tom McNamara, the cartoonist, is superintending the filming of some of his kid comedies at the Hal Roach studios. The place fairly baas and squirms with goats, pups and alley cats, not to mention waddling ducks and other animals.

\* \* \* \*

Carey Wilson, who has recently joined the Goldwyn scenario staff, sold eleven stories in a year and a half—a record which is believed to be unrivaled.

\* \* \* \*

Robert B. McIntyre, Goldwyn's casting director, has returned from New York where he spent six weeks looking for new varieties of genius. He brought with him a twenty-year-old Philadelphian

## Be Kind To Your Skin

The summer sun in one day will scorch and dry the most beautiful skin if care is not taken. Every woman should use Frostilla regularly all through the Summer months, for it soothes away all smart of sunburn and keeps the skin soft, smooth and radiant.

When you powder use Frostilla—it keeps the powder on longer. Used after every bathing of the hands it will keep them in their best condition.

Frostilla has many uses—it is really delightful. You will like its delicate fragrance, its fresh, cooling touch. Founded 1873—its age speaks for its quality. Sold everywhere; 35 cents. The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N. Y.

## FRAGRANT Frostilla



## LABLACHE FACE POWDER

The charm of Lablache becomes more apparent by constant use.

For fifty years a favorite—making new friends—clinging to all.

So natural—it becomes, delights, and protects the complexion.

Fashion's favorite, because pure, safe, economical, elusively fragrant.

**Refuse Substitutes**  
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c. for a sample box.

**BEN LEVY CO.**  
French Perfumers, Dept. "C"  
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## Why Miss Half the Fun In Life?



No need to envy good dancers! By my remarkable new easy picture method, *anyone* can learn to be a good dancer in only a few hours, at home—in private—at very little cost! A whole family can learn by one set of instructions. You can learn the Fox Trot, One Step, Waltz, Two Step, Conversation Walk and all the newest steps direct from the Vanderbilts' Instructor. Thousands have successfully learned by my mail method. No music or partner needed. So easy even a child can learn readily. Many parents learn and teach their children.

### FREE DANCING LESSON

To prove I can make you—or any of your male friends—a confident, accomplished dancer and teach you to really enjoy dancing and be *more* popular, I will send you absolutely free, a sample Fox Trot lesson, including the Secret of Leading, the Secret of following, and the correct dancing positions. Sent in plain cover. *No obligation.* To help cover cost of mailing, send 10c. Will you write me today?

**ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 232, 100 Fifth Ave., N. Y.**



named Eleanor Boardman, who has had some small stage experience, and William Haines, twenty-two and a handsome six-footer, who has had no acting experience.

\*\*\*\*

The Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles has opened a theater where pre-views of newly made pictures will be on exhibition every Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday night. In order to make these pre-views of real value to producers, arrangements have been made to pass around printed blanks upon which the pre-viewers will state their opinion of the trembling infant picture.

\*\*\*\*

The reason for Miss Frederick's abrupt departure from the films is a new policy inaugurated by Robertson and Cole. Upon taking over the management, Pat Powers notified Miss Frederick, Sessue Hayakawa, and Doris May that, in lieu of their present large salaries, they would be allowed a reasonable drawing account and a percentage of the profits of their pictures. In other words, they must share the risks of the producer. Miss Frederick, who was receiving \$7,000 a week, declined to accept the changed conditions: Hayakawa, whose salary was \$4,000, has given no answer.

"Our money is hard cash," said Pat Powers, "and we don't intend to let any inflated valuation be put on brains or beauty. But no real star or director will suffer under our plan. All features which settled on the industry a burden of over-capitalization with all its waste and warping of real values will be eliminated in the reconstruction now under way."

The Movie Encyclopædia

(Continued from page 74)

MILDRED P.—No I'm not a henpecked husband. Praise be to Allah. A crab is not a fish among fishes, a bat is not a bird among birds, a henpecked husband is not a man among men. Viola Dana is 24 and she was born in Brooklyn. Bebe Daniels was born in Dallas, Texas, in 1901.

HOT DOG.—You've got some imagination, if you think I look like the drawing you enclosed. You want to know the length of my beard. You know Charlie Chaplin discovered Jackie Coogan. Henry B. Walthall is playing in "The Able Minded Lady."

LAURIE ANNE.—Thanks for the fee. So you like Hope Hampton. Address her 1145 Park Ave., New York City. So you like Doris May. You want Adele Fletcher to interview Alma Rubens and Doris Kenyon. I'll speak to her about it.

HONEST SCARF.—Well the highest range of mountains is the Himalayas, the mean elevation being from 16,000 to 18,000 feet. "Hail the Woman" and "Jim" are not the same. Helene Chadwick is married.

SWEET DREAMS.—Jack Mulhall is with Lasky, 1520 Vine Street.

KATE.—There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written or badly written, according to Oscar Wilde. You better stay at school. So you are in love with Rodolph Valentino, too. Poor child.

IOLA R.—The player you mention had a bad thirst and temper, which lost him his popularity. Somebody once said: "He who can not govern his passions should kill them, as we kill a horse

(Continued on page 92)

(Eighty-seven)

Trial Bottle Free

See Coupon Below



Nothing to Wash Off or Rub Off

You aren't compelled to keep your hair dry when you restore color with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. There is nothing to wash or rub off, because it isn't a crude dye, but a real restorer, clean and clear as water.

You can safely dry it in the sun, because the restored color is perfectly natural—no streaks or discoloration to betray you. Just the satisfaction and joy of beautiful, youthful hair which takes ten years off your age.

Very easily applied, with results safe, sure and certain. You do it yourself, in private with no one to guess your secret.

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Send for the free trial bottle and test as directed on a single lock. Watch the gray disappear and the natural color return. When the restoration is complete and you know how natural and beautiful you can make your hair, get a full-sized bottle, from your druggist or direct.

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Mary T. Goldman, 1265 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.  
Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is  
jet black... black or dark brown... medium brown... light brown, drab or auburn...  
Name.....  
Address.....  
Please print your name and address

BATHASWEET

TRADE MARK REG.

Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriousness to your bath—cools, refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth.

PERFUMES YOUR BATH SOFTENS HARD WATER INSTANTLY

Bathasweet imparts the softness of rain water and the fragrance of a thousand flowers. Three sizes, 25c, 50c and \$1. At drug and dept. stores. Send 10c for miniature can.

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You Can Play the Hawaiian Guitar

Just Like the Hawaiians!

Because Our Native Hawaiian Instructors Will Help You

OUR STUDENTS SAY

First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Chas. P. Holland, Dear Sir:—  
I received my Guitar in good condition and am now on my ninth lesson. I am having no trouble at all, and must say that I am more than pleased with the course and the simplicity of it. Any person who will just half try will sure succeed. I have never studied music of any kind. Consequently did not know one note from another and thus far I have committed all my lessons to memory. I am in a way handicapped by the loss of the index finger of the right hand but by little practise I find no great difficulty in playing or picking the different changes so I say any person who has all of their fingers with a little practise should experience little or no difficulty by your wonderful method. I will be pleased to recommend your course to my friends. Very respectfully, Class No. KI-12,053 B. R. South  
218 W. Elm St., E. Rochester N. Y. Jan. 20, '22  
First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, 903 Woolworth Building, City  
Dear Sirs:—  
Having completed your course on the Hawaiian Guitar I wish to thank you for your interest in my progress during the course and promptness in sending the lessons. I wish also to thank you for the Guitar duet and special instructions concerning duet playing. Although I was away during the summer, my lessons were forwarded to me so I never missed one. Since returning home, my friend and I have renewed our attempts at playing together and are well pleased with the result. I am quite satisfied with my course and Guitar. Everyone likes the tone of my Guitar; my friend likes it even better than the tone of her own. I shall be glad to write to any one who is in doubt about taking any of your courses. Sincerely,  
Winifred A. Hazen

Our improved method of teaching is so simple, plain and easy that you begin on a piece with your first lesson. In half an hour you can play it. Thousands of successful students prove this to be true.

ONLY 4 MOTIONS We have reduced the necessary motions you learn to only four, and you acquire these in a very few minutes. Then it is only a matter of a little practice to acquire the weird, fascinating, tremolos, staccatos, slurs and other effects that make this instrument so delightful. The Hawaiian Guitar plays any kind of music, both the melody and the accompaniment.

FREE Just think of it. 52 lessons on this wonderful guitar. You get a beautiful large sized genuine Hawaiian Guitar absolutely free as soon as you enroll for the lessons. All the necessary picks, the steel playing bar and 52 pieces of music are included without cost to you.

Special Arrangements for Lessons if You Have Your Own Guitar

Play Any Music

In half an hour after you get the free Hawaiian Guitar and the first lesson, you can play Hawaiian Melodies.

In a very short time after a little practice you can play any kind of music as well as Hawaiian, both the melody and accompaniment.

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Please send me full information about your 52 easy lessons and FREE GUITAR OFFER.  
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## The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 47)



## Beauty Yours! Secrets Centuries Old—Exposed! Bring Magic-Like Results Quickly.

**YOU CAN** be beautiful, alluring, charming! Once I was homely! The portrait above is living proof of what I can do for you, too. If your features are fairly regular you can be as temptingly beautiful as the women you have envied! My Secrets of Beauty tell you how—secrets based on mysteries of the French Courts, toilet rites which kept the flaming French beauties

**Banish**  
Coarse Pores  
Wrinkles  
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Freckles  
Superfluous  
Hair  
Oily Skin

young for many years longer than our modern women, mysteries which were hidden for centuries. These and many other beauty secrets prepared to give you a soft, velvety skin, flushed with the glow of youth, to make you the center of ardent admiration, to build your figure as Nature intended, are all exposed in my book: "Stepping Stones to Beauty."

Also with this Free handsomely illustrated book I send you Free complete information on my methods of *How to Remove Wrinkles; Refine Coarse Pores; Banish Blackheads, Pimples, Tan, Freckles and Oily Skin; Beautify the Figure, Hands, Arms; Remove*

*Superfluous Hair; Grow Beautiful Eyebrows and Lashes; Clear the Skin of Acne; Make Hair Soft, Lustrous, Fluffy.*

### FREE—Book of Beauty Secrets

Absolutely no obligation to you. Just clip this coupon, sign name and address and mail to me today. Don't pass this golden chance to win Real Beauty! Investigate!—it costs you nothing to write and you'll never regret it all your days, dear lady. Personal reply at once.

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**SEND NO MONEY**

**If You Can Tell it from a  
GENUINE DIAMOND Send it back**

To prove our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND cannot be told from a GENUINE DIAMOND and has same DAZZLING RAINBOW FIRE, we will send a selected 1 carat gem in Ladies Solitaire Ring, (Cat. price \$5.26) for Half Price to introduce, \$2.63, or in Gents Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring (Cat. Price \$6.50) for \$3.25. Our finest 12k Gold Filled mountings. GUARANTEED 20 YEARS. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail postcard or this ad, State Size. We will mail at once. When ring arrives deposit \$2.63 for Ladies ring or \$3.25 for Gents with postman. If not pleased return in 2 days for money back less handling charges. Write for Free catalog. Agents Wanted.

MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO., Dept. CA, Las Cruces, N. Mex.  
(Exclusive controllers Mexican Diamonds)

## EARN MONEY AT HOME

**YOU** can make \$15 to \$60 weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph system, pay you cash each week and guarantee you steady work. Write for full particulars and free booklet.  
WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE  
74 Colborne Building Toronto, Can.

attractive moments. But drama and anything like a compelling interest are utterly lacking.

"The Green Temptation," by the way, was the last production directed by the late William D. Taylor, who, after all, never touched any directorial heights during his lengthy screen career. "Huckleberry Finn" was his one rise above plain mediocrity.

The Green Temptation is the name applied to a certain gem. A gang of apaches, headed by two dancers who divide their time between thievery and dancing in the Paris slums, steals the jewel. Then the war comes and everyone becomes regenerated, except the despicable Gaspard, the dancing thief. He tries to wreak his vengeance upon his reformed partner—and, of course, fails. So the regenerate Genelle falls into the waiting arms of her admirer, who turns out to have been a Scotland Yard detective. Note the Scotland Yard! No hero could be a plain ordinary "flatfoot."

Miss Compson doesn't seem real anywhere but she is optically fetching at times. Principally when she is the apache maiden of the Paris underworld. Theodore Kosloff is the unreformed dancer-crook and he is very profuse. And once again he hurls a wicked knife. Mahlon Hamilton is the suave and polished Scotland Yarder.

After turning out a veritable cameo of a film melodrama in "Tol'able David," the combination of Richard Barthelmess and Director Henry King did a neat flop with "The Seventh Day" (First National).

Let's be fair with the blame. Joseph Hergesheimer contributed a real story with "Tol'able David" and he worked on the details and continuity. "Tol'able David" fairly reeked of the real Virginia hills.

There is neither story nor incident in "The Seventh Day." It is merely the meeting of a boy of the New England fishing schooners and a spoiled flapper of the idle rich. The law of the cinema—as inevitable as the laws of the Medes and Persians—calls for the flapper to fall in love and be regenerated by the honest, straightforward lad. In reality, she would never have given him a second glance. (Note: One of our lady editors says this ain't true.)

Curiously, "The Seventh Day" falls down hardest just where "Tol'able David" stood out strongest: in details and realism of the minor characters. Most of the folk of "The Seventh Day" are just cartoon manikins. Mr. Barthelmess does not sound a note of sincerity as the boy, and Louise Huff is merely adequate as the butterfly.

"Come On Over" (Goldwyn), an Irish opus by Rupert Hughes, is full of story-book and stage Irishmen and

lassies—the kind we fear never existed to any extent in reality—and, with all its inconsistencies, is entertaining. Mr. Hughes' sub-titles are a great help, indeed. They have humor as well as a distinct Irish brogue.

"Come On Over" is merely the story of a young Irishman who simply cannot hold a job in New York and his Irish colleen who gives up waiting and comes over on her own. Colleen Moore is pleasant as the girl; Ralph Graves is a bit better than usual as the Irish lover, and there are a number of minor characters carefully drawn and well played. One of these is done by Kate Price. Remember her in the old Vitagraph days? And there is an old Irish granny deliciously played by Florence Drew. Alfred Green has done all that is possible with the story.

Another Goldwyn effort, "The Glorious Fool," the story of a hospital nurse and a wealthy rounder patient, bored us very much. There is no redeeming item to present. Curiously, it was directed by the same Mr. Hopper who did so notably with "Hungry Hearts." Which all goes to show that the ablest director needs a story first of all.

Vitagraph purchased a Louis Mercanton production made in France, re-named it "Gypsy Love" and gave it an American release. While it is just another variation of the old theme of the master's son who falls in love below his station, this time to a gypsy girl, it is better, at least, than the Vitagraph average. This, too, despite the fact that it is fearfully padded. Apparently this is not exclusively an American cinema weakness.

Mr. Mercanton has told his story passably but it is dull, for all that. The best acting is that of Madame Rejane, who played the old gypsy mother with all her graphic artistry.

Last month we commented upon the first episode of the imported German serial, "The Mistress of the World" (Paramount), which has since concluded its disastrous New York showing. The serial was a big enough flop to satisfy the most rabid hun-hater. It fell down so seriously that it was further cut, this time from four to three installments of five reels each.

"The Mistress of the World" was really nothing but a typically lurid serial done with the histrionic skill of ten years ago. Oddly, in the face of the awful acting was a careful and even lavish attention to background. But the acting! Never will we forget the hefty and heavily Teutonic Mia May beset by frail and weak villains. The whole thing was downright funny and the New York audiences rolled with mirth. "The Mistress of the World" should have been released with burlesque sub-titles.



Do you know the girl we are looking for?



**Are you the girl?**

You will be the guest of the Metropolitan for one whole week in New York. All your expenses traveling and while in New York will be paid by the Metropolitan. You will stop at one of New York's famous hotels and visit the smartest shops in the world. You will walk in the brilliant fashion show of Fifth Avenue in a saunter up to—say, the Ritz—for tea; dinner, and then into the fairyland of Bagdad-on-the-subway, which is New York aglow with lights, at play.

**If you are—listen!**

Every evening of your New York stay you will be a Metropolitan guest at a Broadway theatre. From the Hippodrome to the Metropolitan Opera you will see all of the fascinating and colorful life of the greatest city—the people and places at the rainbow end of the wit and genius of two worlds.

If you know the sweetness of ambition, this may be the Cinderella opportunity of your life. All yours without effort, expense or obligation of any kind—if you are the Girl! Your photograph is the test.

SEE PAGE 6 OF THE JUNE

ALL  
NEWSSTANDS  
TODAY

**Metropolitan**

ALL  
NEWSSTANDS  
TODAY



## How I Earn

# \$15 to \$25

a week, writing show cards at home in my SPARE TIME

by W. S. Coulthard



To begin with, I had a good job—I have it yet. But I had a lot of time on my hands in the evenings, Saturday afternoons, etc.—for I had no hobby—and besides my expenses had been mounting fast—so you will see the receptive mood I was in when I saw your little ad, "MAKE MONEY AT HOME."

I sent for your free booklet. I read it.

Your plan looked good to me—your guarantee so liberal—and on investigation I found you were reliable, so I accepted your offer. If others could make money by your plan, I could. That was less than a year ago.

Now I am earning \$15.00 to \$25.00 a week, each week, writing show cards in my spare time. In addition to this, I still hold my regular job, and my salary has been increased there, too. I believe my spare time work has made me better satisfied with life, and so I'm doing my regular work better.

I have been offered positions writing show cards, but I am not interested, as my present position is perfectly satisfactory, but I certainly am glad I enrolled in your school—my spare time money is exceedingly attractive. Besides, I find show card writing an interesting occupation that fills in those evening hours that used to drag so. In fact, it is really a hobby now with me—and a profitable one, as you can well imagine. Only last week I received a check from your school for \$70.00 for work done over the last three weeks. Of course, you'd have paid me regularly each week if I'd bothered about it, but I was too busy to tell you the amount of work I'd finished.

There are times, however, that I feel show card writing by your simple method is almost too good a thing—that's when I have so many orders ahead that I cannot see my clear to finish them—and have to turn down work.

Your system of supplying work to your students has certainly helped me, but sometimes you send too much—I'm only working at it in my spare time, you know. Please note this, and don't try to overload me so much.

By the way, I think you'll be interested to know that previous to enrolling in your school I had never tried my hand at any work of this nature.

I'm glad to thank you for what you've done for me—and you can certainly use my name and tell prospective students, for I feel I'll be doing anyone a real good turn if I can help them get started in this profitable work.

Yours sincerely,

WM. S. COULTHARD.

NOTE:—The above is the story of Mr. Coulthard. It tells of facts, for Show Card Writing offers a marvellous opportunity to both men and women, either for spare time or full time work. What Mr. Coulthard has done and is doing, you can do. Colbran, Dusenberry, Wendt, Blade, Poulson, Charles, Wright, Babineau and many other men have proven it. Mrs. Litherdale, Mrs. Lush, Mrs. Le Moine and dozens of housewives have added to the family income in this way. Girls like Misses MacDonald, Clegg, Bordreau and Hoyle are but a few of those who have bettered their positions in this pleasant way. All these owe their success to the American Show Card School method of training—the old established school which has trained hundreds to make money in SHOW CARDS.

The American Show Card School will gladly send you full particulars if you but send your name and address to them. Use this Coupon.

TEAR OFF HERE AND MAIL TO-DAY.

American Show Card School,  
207 Ryrie Bldg.,  
Toronto, Ont.

Send me your Free Booklet on Show Card Writing, and show me how I can make money at home—without canvassing or soliciting. It is understood that this places me under no obligation of any kind.

Name .....  
(Print your name plainly)

Address .....  
(In full)

State .....

## Double Exposures

(Continued from page 52)

Pauline Starke, Katherine McGuire, Ruth Miller, Mary Philbin, Colleen Moore, Jacqueline Logan, Maryon Aye, Louise Lorraine and Claire Windsor. Not bad! Personally, we'd trim the list down to four and enumerate them thusly: Helen Ferguson, Lila Lee, Lois Wilson and Colleen Moore.

Now try to think of four—or even one—promising young male on the screen.

### OUR FAVORITE SCREEN MOMENTS OF THE MONTH

Betty Compson's shoulder as the apache maid of "The Green Temptation."

Corinne Griffith's tropical plunge in "Island Wives."

Speaking of "Island Wives" reminds us that cute little Edna Hibbard plays the population of the South Sea Island with a fine skill and tan. Miss Hibbard is our idea of a neat little population.

We haven't heard any one suspecting that that gigantic flop of a German serial, "The Mistress of the World," is subtle propaganda. Thus doth failure save the worries of our one hundred per cent. Americans.

"The Mistress of the World" boasts the funniest character we have ever glimpsed anywhere in celluloidom. We hand the prize to the reporter of the serial. He carried a huge book of notes and made notations in the midst of every tribulation. Even two earthquakes left him rocking—but still clutching his trusty book.

Our quarterly prize for the most consistently good work of the first three months of 1922 goes to Buster Keaton. This vacant-faced lad is sure coming along.

The most amusing event of the same period was Universal's right-about-face when Erich von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives," despite the fact that it had apparently been cut in a meat chopper, went right out and—instead of encountering the expected failure—began to smash records. So Erich is back at work at Universal City. Still, we'll bet they moved the safe away before they received Erich back from exile.

William Fox has decided that his news reels shall no longer present pictures of baseball, Bill having decided that this is a rival amusement nicely and subtly calculated to attract people away from movie theaters. It is going to be hard on folks not to know that the baseball season is on, but Mr. Fox isn't going to lose his audiences at any cost. Bill probably believes that if we must have censorship, we might as well all try our hand at it.

# THE BATHER



Acknowledged one of the best pictures on the art market today. It is REAL. It is true to LIFE. It is INNOCENT and very BEAUTIFUL. You cannot help admiring it because of the beauty of the figure, the woods, the water, the composition, the tones, the wonderful depths, the skylight, in fact all that goes to make this picture what it is. It is

## A PICTURE

Made for discriminating persons who desire to gain or retain individuality in their art collections. Persons who know, understand and appreciate the every beauty of fine art technic will find in this picture and our other studies treasures of loveliness. No collection soon will be complete without it, and one is only getting started well with it.

We are making the study in two sizes 6x10 or 10x20. The pictures are framed, or mounted on rich brown mounts, or unmounted to suit one's choice. Prices and sizes as given below.

Size	Plain Copies	Mtd Copies	Fr'md Pict's
6X10	.75	\$1.00	\$3.50
10X20	\$1.50	\$1.85	\$5.50

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(Ninety-one)

## Marguerite and the Oriental Influence

(Continued from page 49)

—all were there. Then came merry, tripping steps, a hop, skip and a jump, and Marguerite also was there. She fairly tumbled into the room. It was carefully planned.

But Marguerite didn't need to do that. Her personality is dynamic enough without an outward show of what is commonly called "pep." Her pep is within. She is young enough yet to pose a little before press people. It is part of her charm, the obviousness of it.

Underneath, I think Marguerite is rather quiet and introspective. She is a very real girl who has suddenly had much responsibility thrust upon her. Her mother and father were both killed in an automobile accident two years ago, and she has been left alone as guardian to her thirteen-year-old brother, which is responsibility enough for any eighteen-year-old girl, as tho she didn't have a career also to think about. She is a child in the situation of a woman of the world, and she is fighting to maintain her child's outlook on life. She has a horror of growing old, and she is afraid of what the responsibilities of life will do to her beauty and her effervescence.

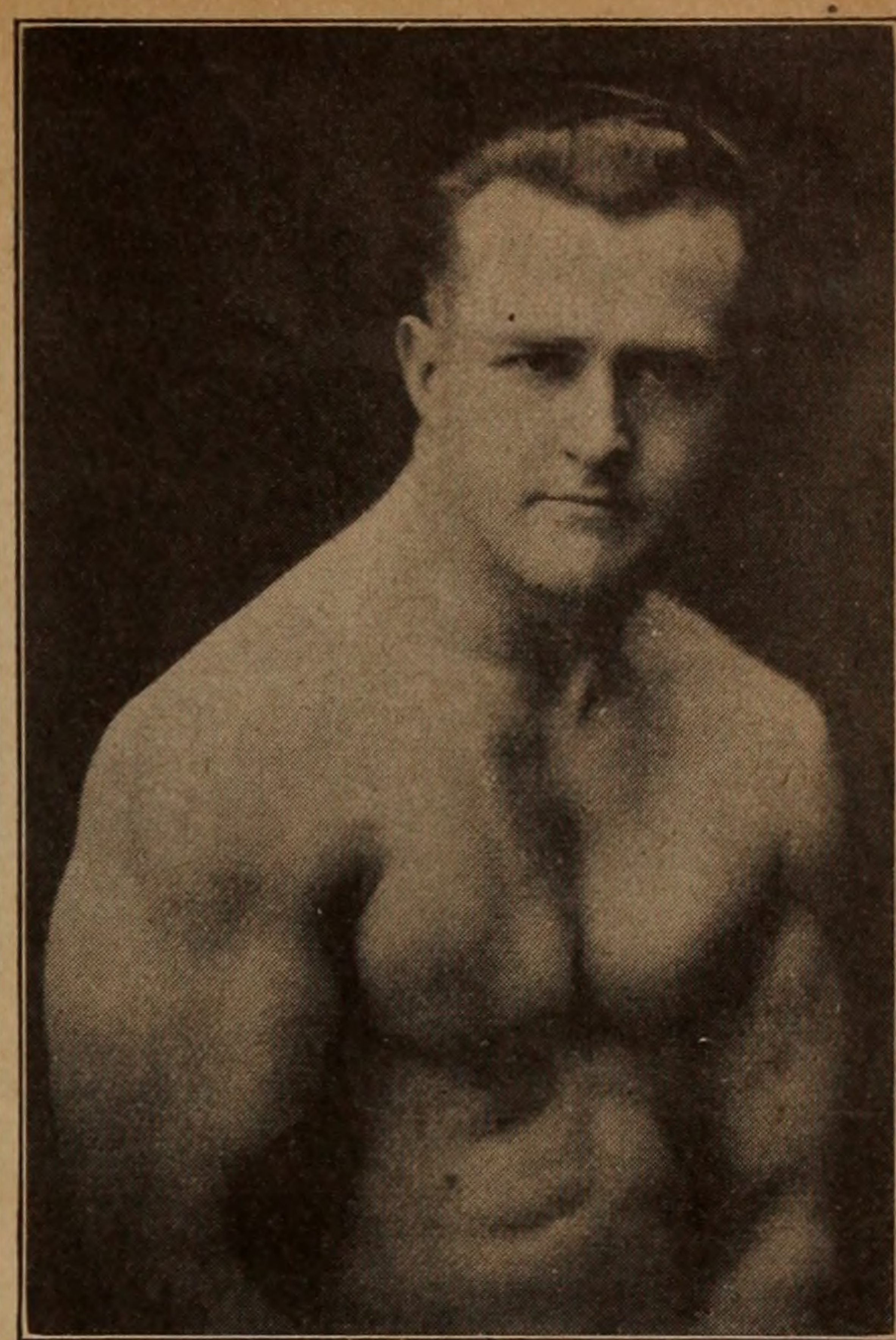
Marguerite and the Oriental influence, is like Marguerite and the essence of pep—both are underlying, rather than surface, motives of her existence. She has decided that Oriental surroundings, the heavy drapes, the tapestries, the black-bordered rug and all, are intriguing, just as she has decided that youth is best exemplified by hops, skips and jumps. But she has made the mistake of choosing these for outward show, when underneath both are really an innate part of her being. Marguerite is much more true to herself beneath the surface than she is outside. She is too young to have found herself yet, that is all.

"They are going to use my piece 'Shattered Idols' with the release of Frothingham's picture of the same name," she informed me, with a touch of pride. And I am here to say that if the picture is as good as the music, it will be some picture!

"If you marry, will you give up pictures, or what will you do?" I asked, rather abruptly, probing deeper.

"I'm not even thinking of marrying now, no matter what people are saying," she replied, almost indignantly. "I don't think that a girl should marry when she is so young. I almost did when I was sixteen and I've thanked my lucky stars ever since that I didn't. But I shall never, never give up pictures—or at least, the acting profession. I may go on the stage, but I could never retire to domestic life. My father was French and I have enough temperament to pave a street and some left over. I have to spill it before the camera or on the stage. No husband in the world could absorb it all! When I find some one who is congenial, in or out of the profession, I'll marry, tho not for a few years."

We shall see!



Latest photograph of Earle E. Liederman  
Taken Feb., 1922

## Are You Ashamed to Appear in a Bathing Suit? How Do You Look In a Bathing Suit?

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Those who now look at you and smile will envy you for your physical charms. They will look up to you and respect you. Get busy, then, for time flies. Summer will soon be here. What impression are you going to make. Decide right now that this dominant physique will be yours.

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Gossip of the Eastern Studios

(Continued from page 59)

direction of Dell Henderson, for Pine Tree Pictures, Inc. The cast includes Gypsy O'Brien and J. Barney Sherry.

As this page goes to press, news comes from the whale hunting cinema expedition of Elmer Clifton, aboard the schooner *Gaspe*. The *Gaspe* reached Hayti after a perilous three-week trip from New Bedford, Mass., badly battered by a severe storm and with many of her small boats smashed to bits. Clifton is filming a twelve-reel feature based on the old whaling industry, to be called "Down to the Sea in Ships." The cameramen sighted a number of whales during the trip to Hayti, but it was impossible to lower small boats in the high seas. The *Gaspe* is now searching the Caribbean for whales.

Bannister Merwin, remembered by old-time film fans as author of many motion picture stories produced by the Edison Company a number of years ago, died in London on February 22. Mr. Merwin, who was a brother to Samuel Merwin, the novelist, was the first scenario writer in America to receive one hundred dollars each for his one-reel scripts. Mr. Merwin removed to England about nine years ago.

Eugene O'Brien is reported to have left the Selznick forces, where he has been a star for some three years. It is understood Mr. O'Brien is going abroad.

Viola Dana has been a New York visitor, while making a personal appearance tour of the Marcus Loew circuit of theaters.

D. W. Griffith and the Misses Gish were recently the guests of President and Mrs. Warren G. Harding at the White House.

The Movie Encyclopædia

(Continued from page 87)

when we cannot master it." Pat O'Malley and Pauline Starke in "My Wild Irish Rose" for Vitagraph.

A FLAPPER.—What's all this about flappers and shifters? Richard Dix is 28. Address him in care of Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal. Constance Talmadge is playing in "The Primitive Lover." Its old title was "The Divorcee."

M. D. B.—Your question is a very sensible one: "Do you think that there is pending a revolution in the silent drama that will in time bring about the elimination of the all too numerous sensual-appeal stories and the addition or increase of the more worth-while productions? Do you think that the American public is beginning to demand just that?" I hope so. Time will tell. Perhaps there is room for all kinds, but they should be classified and labeled, so that we can know in advance just what a picture is going to be.

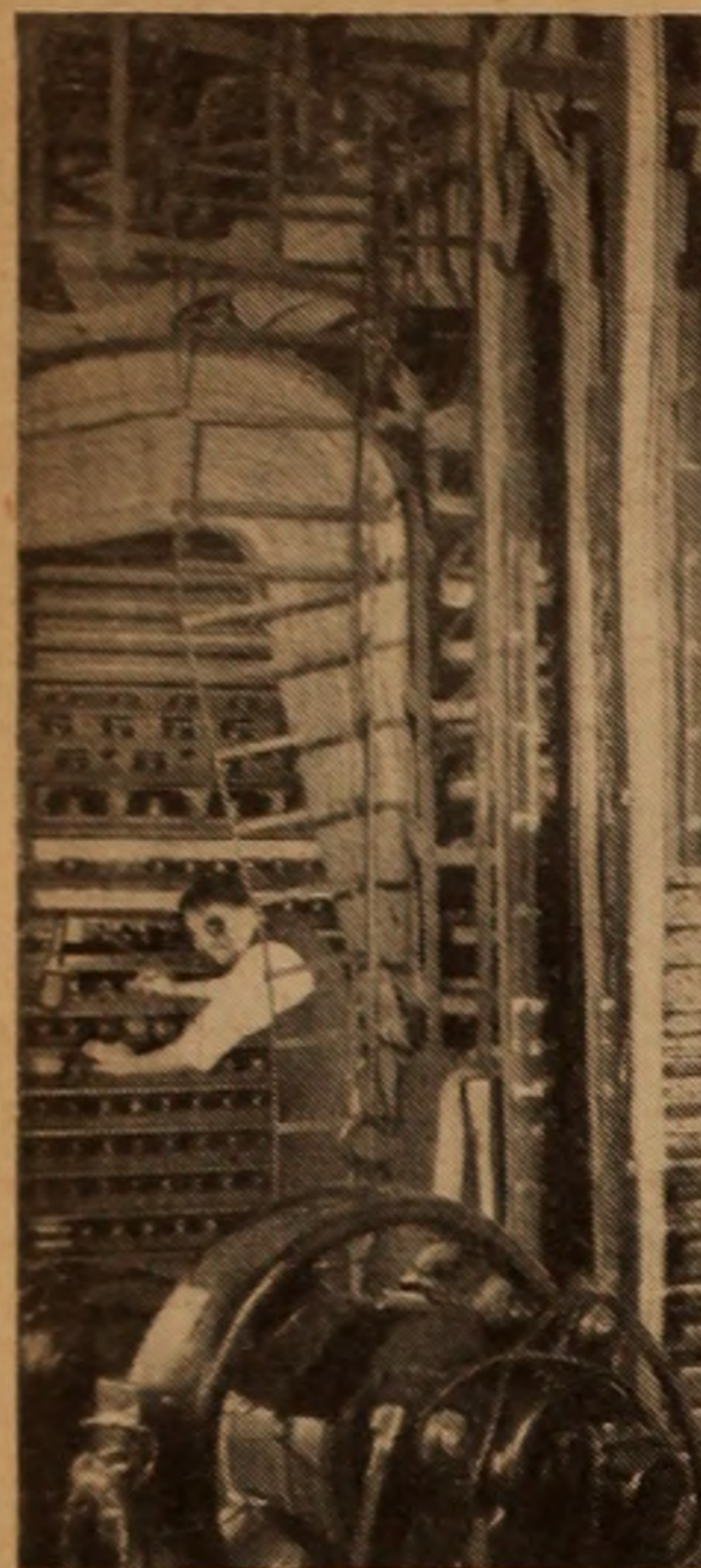
BOBBED HAIR.—Yes, indeed, Cullen Landis is married. *Vaurien* means worthless fellow—a good-for-nothing. David Powell has been playing in Europe. His next picture will be "The Gilded Cage," opposite Gloria Swanson.

D. AND C.—No, I haven't read "The Greater Joy." You think it will make a fine picture. You bet I read every line of yours and looked for more.

JEAN.—You say my picture looks as tho I had tried to swallow a horse, and I succeeded

(Continued on page 94)

(Ninety-two)



# Guardians of the Circuits

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ment, are the guardians of the circuits—the wire chief and his assistants—master electricians and experts in telephony. Their first duty is the prevention of "trouble." By day and by night they are constantly testing the central office equipment, the overhead and underground lines, the subscribers' individual wires. And when, from some cause beyond control, "trouble" does occur, nine times out of ten it is repaired before the telephone subscriber suffers the slightest inconvenience.

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A Practical Idealist

(Continued from page 53)

straight part, there is nothing on which to build. At present the actor is much like a soldier, we must play the rôles offered us. Of course, we all dream of favorite characters, those we feel we are qualified to play—"

"How about Gavin?" I asked; his marvelous work in the Vitagraph production of "The Little Minister" still very fresh in my mind.

"I loved it," he replied quickly and with much emphasis, "loved every minute of the work. Having many Scotch ancestors and a lot of blooming Scotch blood in my veins, I have always hoped to play 'The Little Minister.' I had read the book so often that when the chance came I was prepared to think and live Gavin. You know, we made our film direct from the Barrie book, bringing in the water scenes and outdoor life. The Famous-Lasky players followed the stage version, and it is surprising how unlike the two pictures are.

"I've great hopes, too, for 'Shattered Idols,' the Frothingham spectacle soon to be released. In this I play three rôles: father, son and, later, a strong part when the son masquerades as a Hindu native with a clubfoot. The story is very interesting with a new angle to the mother theme, and the entire picture was made under the most harmonious conditions, so I am sure it will be a great production."

James Morrison was born in Mattoon, Illinois, far from the lure of footlights, but the fatal stage germ seems to have found him even in his cradle. Perhaps—who knows?—it was wafted in from some of the ministerial forbears. 'Tis said, the successful minister is invariably a good actor. He recalls how, as a child, he used to shock his reverend grandfather by declaring he was going to be either a clown or a preacher when he grew up.

It was while attending the University of Chicago that Jimmy made his professional début. This was suping on a brilliant night at grand opera when Caruso was singing Aïda.

With a grin, he related with some relish the details of this experience. "We were togged out in funny Egyptian skirts and carrying long bedecked poles. I had been chosen to lead the parade, but in the excitement was pushed upon the stage a moment too soon, and the first thing I knew I was doing a solo act. I was too frightened to run back, and so was saved a terrible blunder, but I can tell you I was glad to see the others sweep on for the festive parade in Egypt"

Naturally, this glimpse of "behind the scenes," intensified his determination to be on his way, and the minute the University closed in the spring, Mr. Morrison secured a small part in "Brown from Harvard," then enjoying a run at a popular Chicago theater.

"After this," continued Jimmy, answering my questions, "I fooled around a little in stock then, went to New York and entered the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, centering on the study of

(Ninety-three)

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Pictured here are some of the artists appearing in Conn Radio Concerts. Above—Frank Westphal's Rainbow Garden Orchestra, Chicago.

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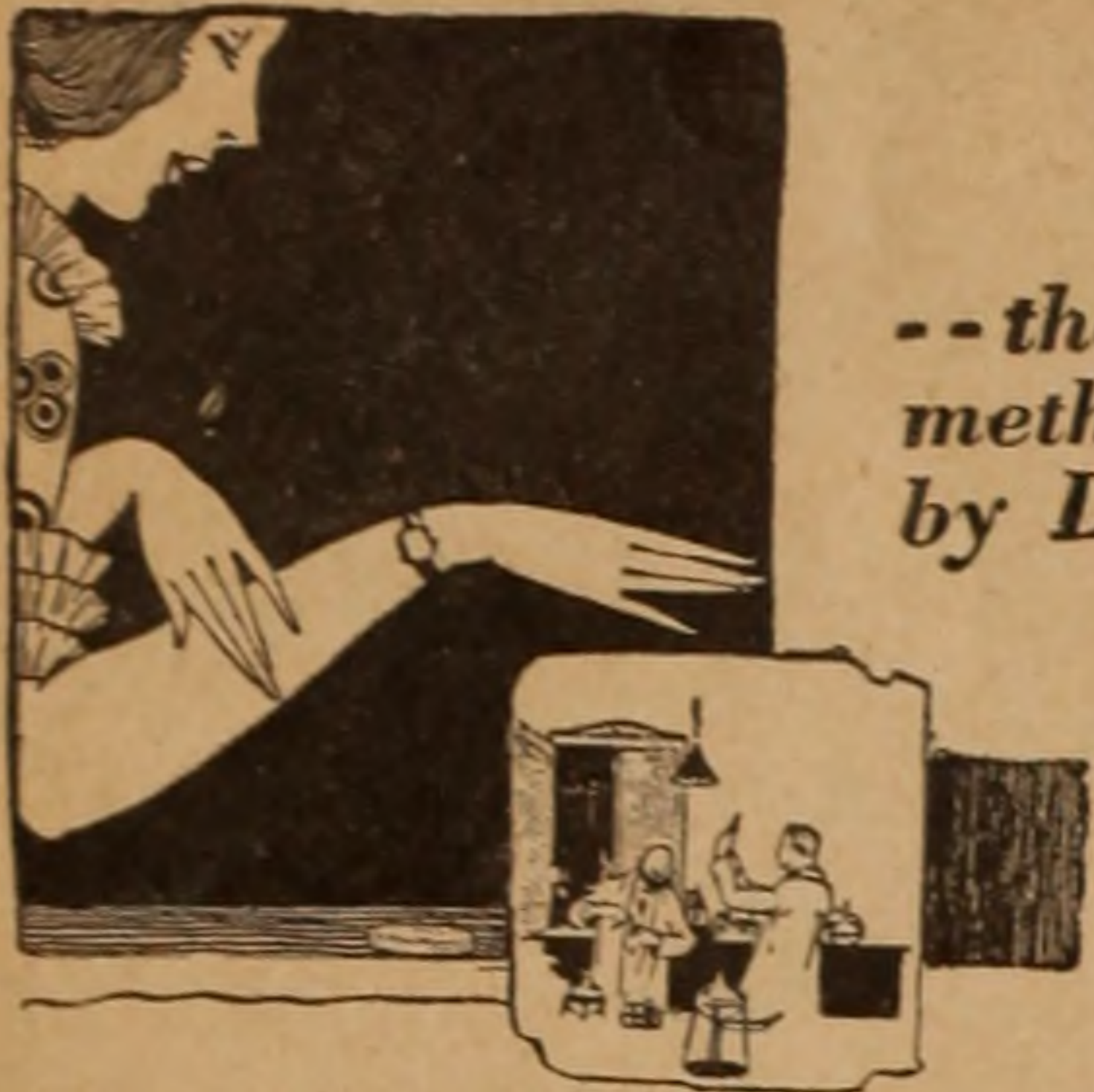
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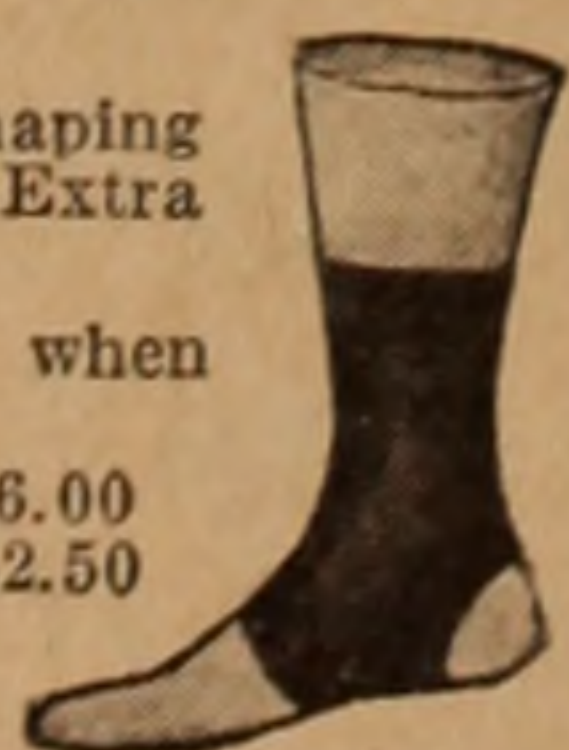
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pantomime under Madam Alberti. This was fascinating, for modern pantomime is the basis of acting as we know it today. I went on tour for a season with Madam Alberti, and feel I owe much to her training.

"Funny thing, when I went out to Vitagraph to see about getting into motion pictures, I gleefully piped up that I had been doing pantomime, thinking this would be in my favor. I was wrong. They said this was just what they didn't want and told me to go out and get some real experience. So I went home for the summer, had a beautiful time, and when I came back in the fall they took me in without a question."

His first picture was "The Tale of Two Cities," with Maurice Costello and Florence Turner. It was the first three-reeler, and everyone predicted the excessive length would ruin it.

"I was with Vitagraph for six years," said Jimmy. "Those were good old days and we were all happy. We did everything, obtaining the same varied experience in our screen work that the stock company offers the stage player. For two years Dorothy Kelly, George Cooper and I worked together, and each week saw us in a totally different characterization. The young motion picture actor hasn't this training any more. He is selected for the rôles according to type, and has little chance for real acting."

Some day, James Morrison hopes to write.

"No, not scenarios," and he gaily shook his head at the suggestion. "I'm one of the few who have never tried to break in. I want to do fiction. It seems to me that the life of the successful novelist must be very satisfactory. He finds a welcome and an opportunity everywhere. Actors are limited to studios and stages. Some time, too, I hope to direct. I want to try out some of my theories about handling people. I think that is where many directors fail."

Jimmy isn't married. I don't quite see how he has escaped. He confessed that he had the California bungalow fever for a time last year, but I couldn't tell whether there was a hint of romance in the remark or not. Anyway, he changed his mind and bought cars, three of them, instead. Perhaps he thought they would be more reliable in the long run than a wife. He lives in a pretty apartment close to the Hollywood hills, and seems very happy and contented with his cars and books, his friends and his work.

## The Movie Encyclopædia

(Continued from page 92)

in getting all but the tail. Not quite as badly as that, Jean. Edmund Lowe and Diana Allen are playing opposite each other.

ROSE O'DOWN.—Yes, I do know of someone I can recommend you to.

LILLY FLOWERS.—You say "love, for old men, is sun on the snow; it dazzles more than it warms them." Say not so, Lilly. You say that the Ohio Censors opposed the showing of "One Arabian Night" and "Bits of Life," but that the latter was shown. Something must be done soon.

RODOLPH VALENTINO FAN.—I don't know of his having any brothers or sisters. I suppose he has, most men have.



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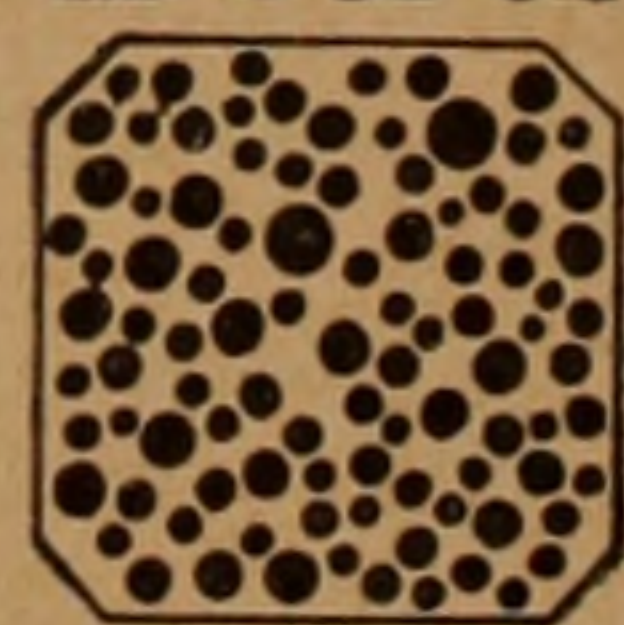
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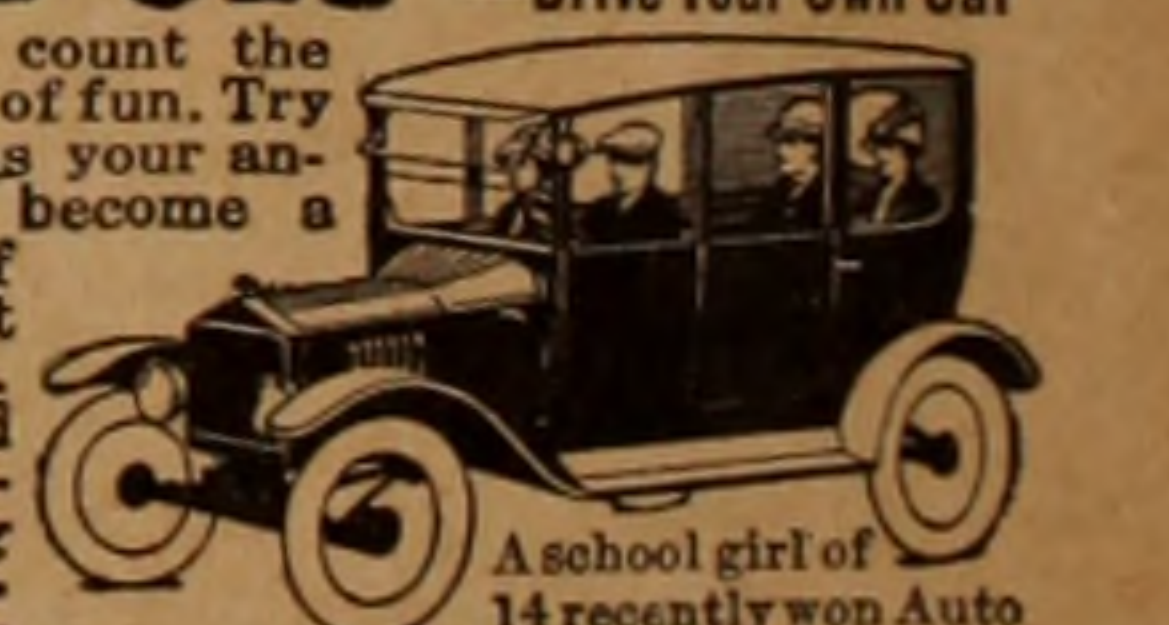
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(Ninety-four)





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—when they are so easily removed? Try the following treatment:

Apply a small portion of Stillman's Freckle Cream when retiring. Do not rub in, but apply lightly. Wash off in the morning with a good soap. Continue using the cream until the freckles entirely disappear.

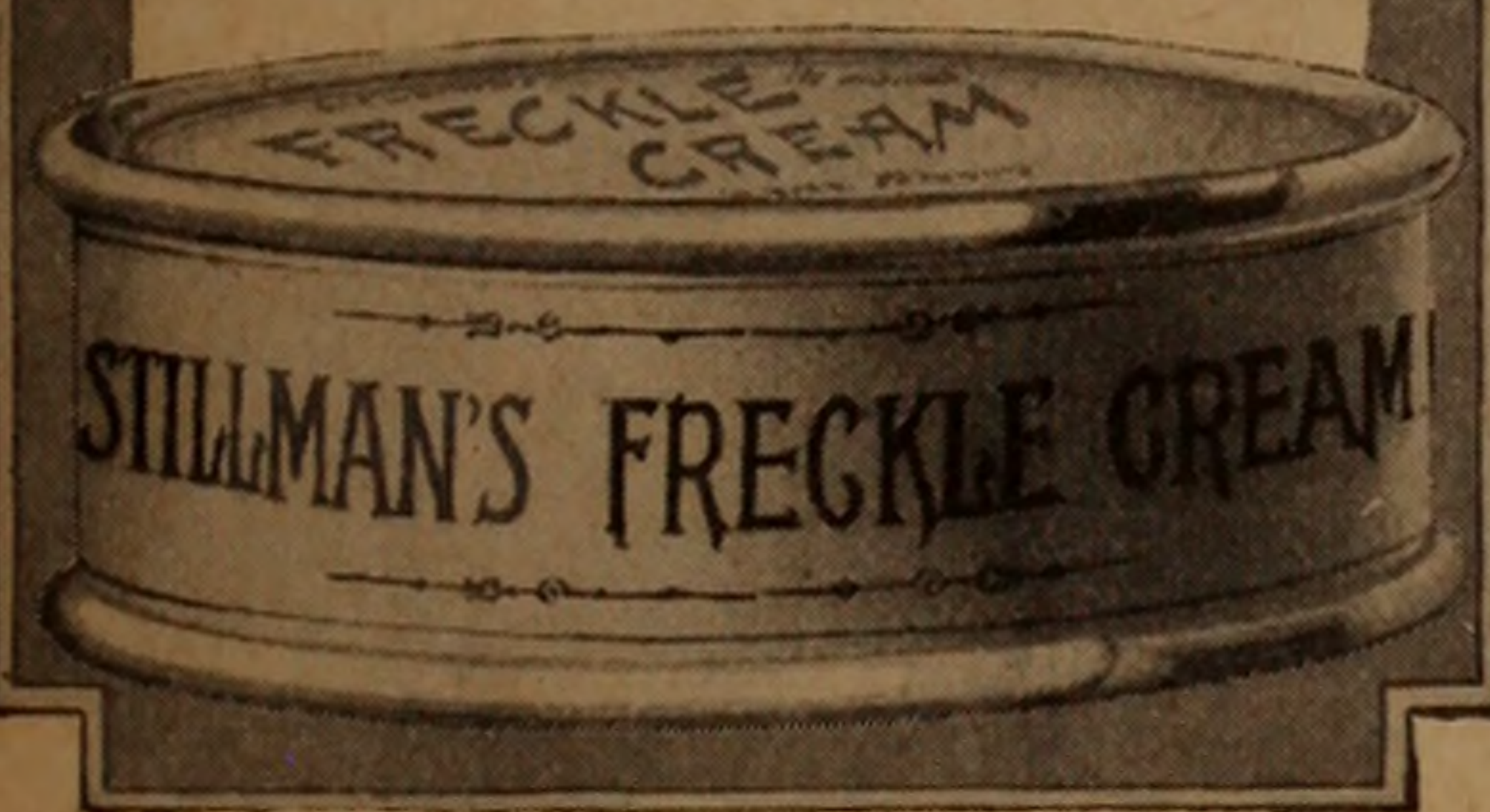
Start tonight — after two or three applications you will see results.

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 Dept. 1276, Newburgh, New York

**\$500 CONTEST** We want a third verse for our song "Empty Arms." \$500 will be paid to the writer of the best one submitted. Send us your name and we shall send you the words of the song and the rules of this contest. Address **CONTEST EDITOR, WORLD M. P. CORP., 245 W. 47th St., Dept. 694-B, New York, N. Y.**

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(Ninety-five)

### The Man From Downing Street

(Continued from page 84)

drama instead of a spectator. Last night when he sat with Doris Burnham in the sitting-room of her father's quarters, which she had made homelike with chintz and pictures cut from magazines, she had told him with her uncompromising honesty that she had been reading a book about the Rajahs of India and was surprised to find how many of them had married English girls.

A little smile touched his stern lips now at the memory, a tender little smile such as his lips had never had for any woman before. When the climax of the drama came, and he had a feeling it would come very soon now, he would go to Doris Burnham without his sham gewgaws and the romantic panoply of his disguise and he would woo her in his own name. He rather fancied that the ending of the drama was going to be a happy one for him, but for Ruth MacAllister there seemed no such probability. Her face blanched when he told her the next afternoon that at four o'clock he was going to Captain Graves quarters and arrest him as a traitor to the Crown.

"It's hard, Ruth," he said pitifully, "but Wentworth told me an hour ago that it was the news of the two per cent. tax on hemp that had reached the native quarters. You proposed the test yourself. What else can I do?"

"Nothing," said Ruth MacAllister sternly, "I hoped—but if Arthur is guilty he will have to pay, and those who love him will have to pay. But that does not mean his wife," her tone was bitter.

"I'm sorry, Ruthie," Kent said wistfully, "if there was anything I could do—"

"There is," she cried, "let me come too—at four o'clock. I promise I won't make a scene."

Kent had made sure that both Graves and his wife were at home when he and Ruth, both wearing English clothes, were admitted that afternoon by a scared-looking native who vanished immediately afterward. The reason for his confusion was explained by the sound of angry voices from the next room, separated from the visitors by a curtain. Graves was evidently remonstrating with his wife and she was answering hysterically. At the sound of Kent's warning cough, the Captain came out, looking haggard and worn.

His sick glance went to Ruth, then turned hurriedly away. It was Kent who broke the heavy silence, punctuated with the gasping sobs of the woman in the next room. "I am sorry, Captain Graves," he said clearly, "I must arrest you for treason. The code messages were carried to the Maharaja from this house."

The Captain stood immovable. He looked oddly small, crushed down by Life, abject. A muscle in one cheek twitched, and his eyes turned swiftly an instant to the curtains of the other room, then he held his head high and turned toward Kent as a gallant soldier, led out



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# Your Figure

Has Charm Only as You Are Fully Developed

## BEAUTY OF FORM

can be cultivated just the same as flowers are made to blossom with proper care. Woman, by nature refined and delicate, craves the natural beauty of her sex. How wonderful to be a perfect woman!

### Bust Pads and Ruffles

never look natural or feel right. They are really harmful and retard development. You should add to your physical beauty by enlarging your bust-form to its natural size. This is easy to accomplish with the NATIONAL, a new scientific appliance that brings delightful results.

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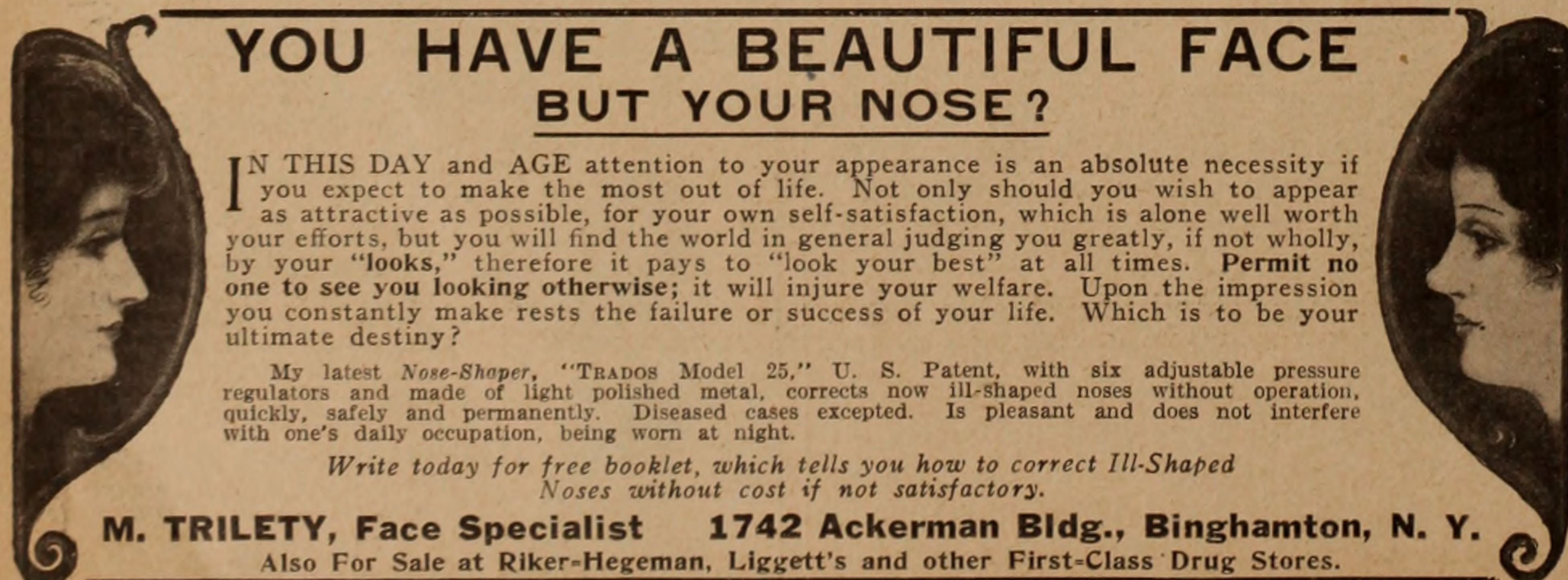
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Also For Sale at Riker-Hegeman, Liggett's and other First-Class Drug Stores.

to be shot at dawn, faces his executioners. "All right. There's no need of saying any more, is there? I confess. And now—let's go."

From behind the curtains came a gasp, then—tearing at their taut nerves, the shattering concatenation of a revolver shot. Springing to them, Robert Kent flung them aside and revealed the beautiful upturned face of Norma Graves. A faint smile touched her still lips as tho in the last instant of her life she had learned what Love really was, and with it Love's lesson of self-sacrifice.

As the three of them stood gazing down at the quiet body that had pulsed to such wild and lawless passion a little while ago, the outer door was flung noisily open and Colonel Wentworth seemed to fill the little room with his domineering presence. "Well?" he rasped, "have you arrested him?"

Kent gazed at the newcomer steadily, "No, Colonel Wentworth," he said, "I have not arrested Captain Graves, because Captain Graves is not guilty."

Ruth uttered a little cry and moved to the side of the man she loved. The Colonel stared from one to the other, and last of all at the dead face with its odd, wise little smile. "Then," he stammered, "it was she—that woman who sold the messages?"

Robert Kent's hand went to his pocket as he advanced toward the Colonel, "It was she who took them to her lover, the Maharaja, but she got them from—you!"

Wentworth's heavy features were convulsed with rage. He shook a sledge hammer fist in the Secret Service man's face, "you insolent hound. I'll have you court-martialled for this—I'm the commandant of this garrison—"

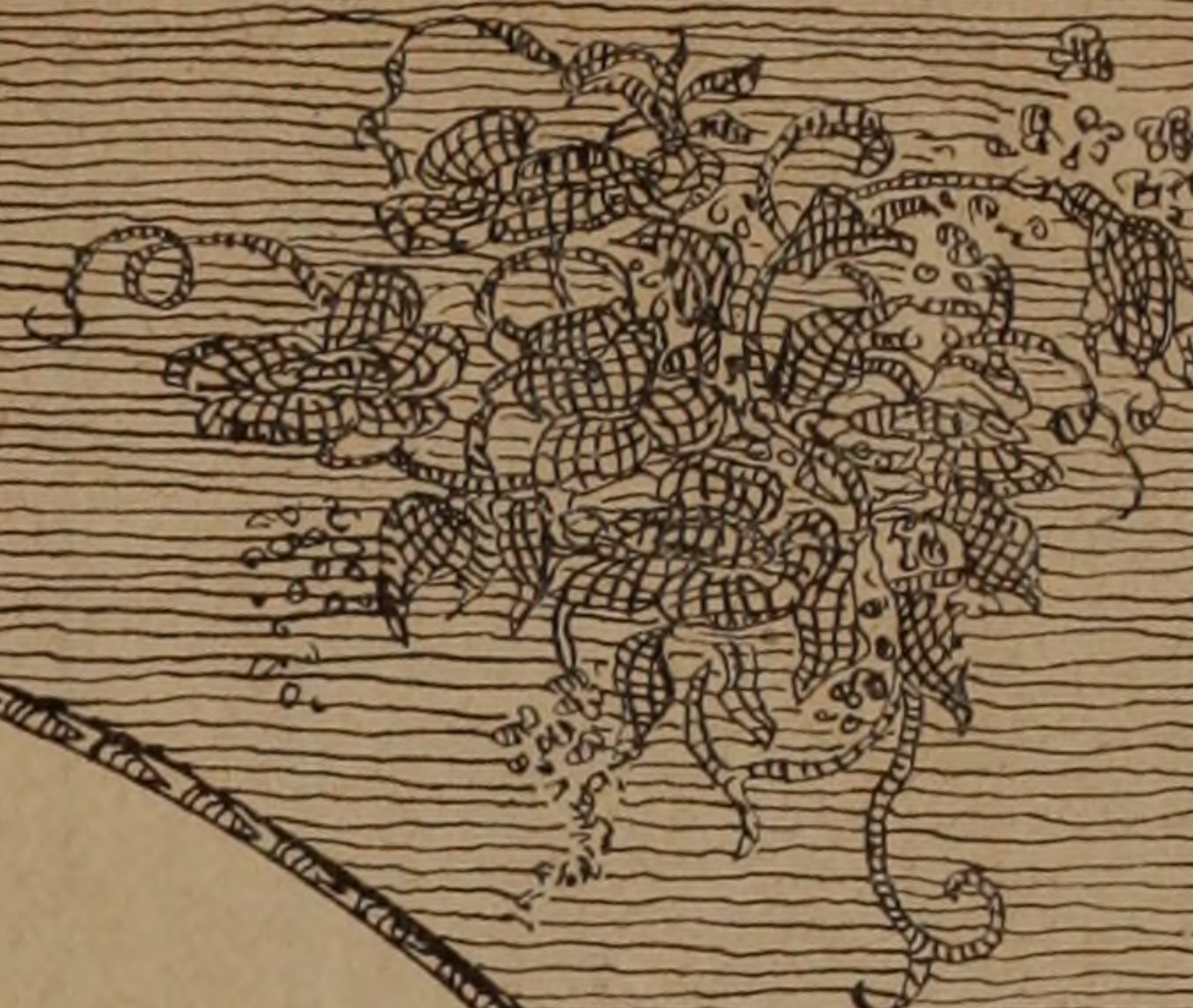
"You are wrong," another voice from the doorway broke across the hot flood of words. Major Burnham with an English soldier on either hand advanced into the room, "I have orders from headquarters to place you under arrest and in the charge of Captain Kent. And I assume the charge of the garrison."

As the two soldiers, at a signal snapped handcuffs on the Colonel's wrists—Kent spoke sternly. "You overplayed your hand, Wentworth. I never had either of those 'jute' or 'hemp' messages sent to Major Burnham or Captain Graves. I could have arrested you this morning when you told me that the 'hemp' tax was being talked about in the bazaars but I wanted to make sure of the woman's part as well."

Left alone once more with Captain Graves and the pale girl who held his hand, Kent took his other hand in a strong clasp. "You played the man just now, Graves!" he told him. "It was a cruel test—I wish I could be sure that I would have passed it so gallantly."

Then, closing the door softly, he left them alone with their future and went joyfully away to find a slip of a girl with straight smiling brown eyes and cheeks like the little wild roses that grow in quiet English lanes.





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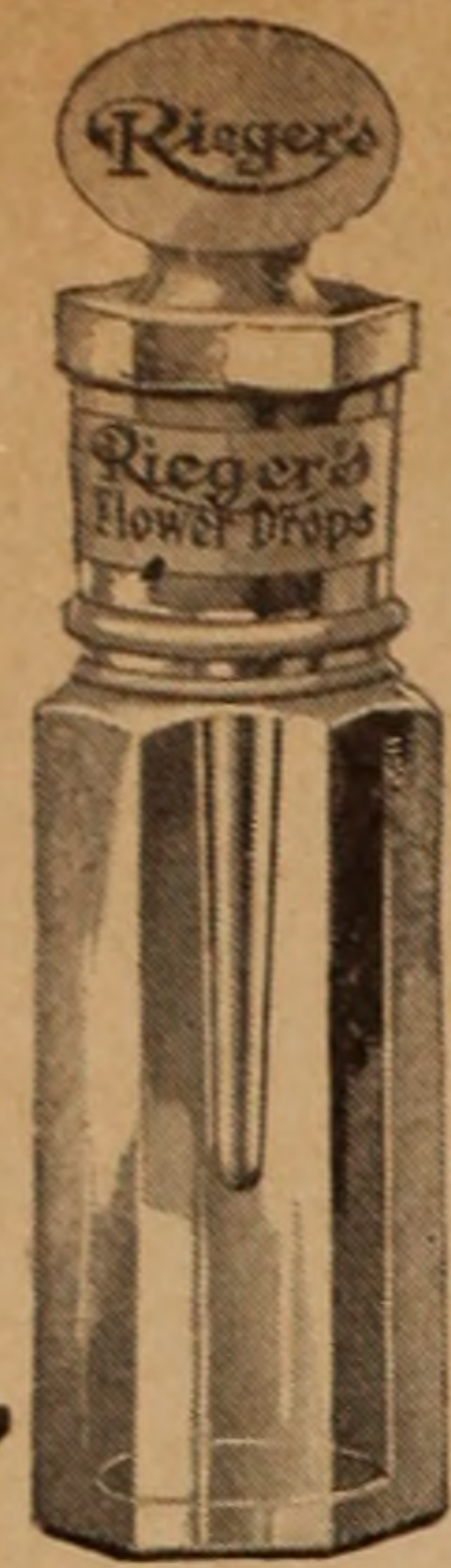
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## The World's Most Precious Perfume

The regular price is \$15.00 an ounce, but for 20c you can obtain a miniature bottle of this precious perfume. When the sample comes you will be delighted to find that you can use it without extravagance. It is so highly concentrated that the delicate odor from a single drop will last a week.

# Sample 20c

### Other Offers at Dealers or by Mail

Bottle of Flower Drops with long glass stopper, containing 30 drops—a supply for 30 weeks.

- Lilac, Crabapple, \$1.50
- Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, \$2.00
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- " " 1-2 oz. 8
- Mon Amour Perfume, sample offer, 1 oz. \$1.50
- Souvenir Box

Extra special box of five 2c bottles of five different perfumes.....\$1.00

If any perfume does not exactly suit your taste, do not hesitate to return, and money will be refunded cheerfully.

Send 20c (stamps or silver) with the coupon below and we will send you a sample vial of Rieger's Flower Drops, the most alluring and most costly perfume ever made. Your choice of odors. 20 cents for the world's most precious perfume!



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## Is It Coming To This?

By Cotton C. Doyle

LYNN, MASS., Feb. 14.—Local motion picture theaters have discontinued showing pictures featuring Mary Miles Minter and Mabel Normand, whose names have been mentioned in connection with the murder of William Desmond Taylor, motion picture director, at Los Angeles. The action was taken at the request of the city's board of censors.—Associated Press Dispatch.

“YOUNG gentlemen,” said the Professor of Journalism to his class of would-be news hounds, “we will now turn to Page One of the *Morning Journal* and see what is going on in the world. Ah, here is a ‘special’ that looks interesting. Let us read:”

“BOHONKUS, MASS., FEB. 15—(SPECIAL).—Motion picture theaters here today announced that in future they would exhibit no pictures featuring Martha Periwinkle, Mary Wheeler, James Walker or Jerome Knight. This action, it was stated, was taken at the request of the local board of censors.

“Charles Johnson, chairman of the Censorship Board, declared in a formal statement that the request was made in order that the youth of the city might not have the opportunity to see, and be influenced, by actresses and actors who have come into odious notoriety.

“Miss Periwinkle,” continued Mr. Johnson's statement, “has admitted that she was aboard the *Tiddledewink Limited* wrecked last week near Barlow Junction, and which had among its passengers Mrs. Laura Pethwick-Jones, the widely known young divorcee. It makes no difference that Mrs. Pethwick-Jones lost her life in the accident and that Miss Periwinkle at the coroner's inquest testified she did not know the woman. The mere fact that Miss Periwinkle was on the same train with Mrs. Pethwick-Jones warrants the removal of her films from the local programs.

“Miss Wheeler's name appeared in connection with a fashion note in the columns of the *Clarion*, of this city, last Thursday, and in the same issue of the newspaper was the story of the Thompson dinner party. The Board learned that Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wilson, the principals in the Wilson-Walters elopement two years ago, were guests at the Thompson dinner and an examination of the newspaper disclosed their names listed. The article referring to Miss Wheeler's gowns was on Page Eight of the newspaper, the account of the dinner party on Page Ten. The Board deems it immoral for the name of a motion picture star to be within fourteen pages of that of a person or persons who have gained notoriety, therefore it has held that no picture featuring Miss Wheeler may be exhibited.

“As to Mr. Walker, the Board has determined that actors and actresses who appear on the screen here must be persons of strong character, honesty, and with morals above reproach. The fail-

(Continued on page 100)

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\$15 TO \$30 PER WEEK. Steady income. Either sex. Exclusive territory. No competition. Send 25 cents at once, for sample and particulars. World Registry Bureau, Cohoes, N. Y.

### FILMS DEVELOPED

TRIAL OFFER—20 cents for developing any film or six negatives any size, including six prints. Other charges proportionate. 24 hour service. Splendid work. \$20,000 plant. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 207 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

### HELP WANTED

Ambitious Men and Women: \$40.00 to \$150.00 weekly. Become advertising writers. Students frequently earn \$20.00 to \$40.00 weekly while learning. Prepare quickly, home, spare time. We assist you to position. Write Applied Arts Institute, Dept. 322, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.

All Men, Women, Boys and Girls Over 17, willing to accept Government Positions, \$135. Write Mr. Ozment, 199, St. Louis.

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AT ONCE—Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers; \$40 to \$75 per week; railway fare paid. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 16, Omaha, Nebr.

If You Are Going into the beauty parlor business, get our wholesale catalogue. Everything from a hair pin to a permanent waving machine. Hair Specialty Co., 24 East 21st St., New York, Dept. B.

### MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

\$35.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY. Small capital starts you. Outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government Institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 426 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

### MOTION PICTURE MACHINES

Moving Picture Machines, Films and equipments for Homes, Schools, Churches and Theatres. Dept. C, Monarch Theatre Supply Co., Memphis, Tenn.

### NEWS CORRESPONDENCE

EARN \$25 WEEKLY, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560, St. Louis, Mo.

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PATENTS. Write for Free Illustrated Guide Book. Send model or sketch for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest references. Prompt Attention. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 621 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

### PHOTOPLAYS

Exchange Plots for \$. Photoplay ideas accepted any form; revised, typed, published, copyrighted, sold. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corporation, 263 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles.

Photoplays, Ideas, Wanted for California Producers. Also Magazine Stories, etc., for publication. MSS. criticised free, sold on Commission. Submit MSS., or, if a beginner, write for Free Plot Chart and details. Harvard Company, 220 San Francisco.

### PRIZE CONTEST

\$500.00 PRIZE CONTEST. If you write the best third verse for our song "Empty Arms" you will receive \$500.00. Send your name and we will send you free the contest rules and words of this song. World Corporation, 245 West 47th St., Dept. 667-A, New York.

### SHORT STORIES

STORIES AND PHOTOPLAY IDEAS WANTED by 48 companies; big pay. Details free to beginners. Producers' League, 441, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE TO WRITERS—A wonderful little book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas; the A B C of successful story and movie play writing. Absolutely Free. Just address Authors' Press, Dept. 14, Auburn, N. Y.

STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, ETC., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 134, Hannibal, Mo.

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### STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on Key Checks. Make \$19 per 100. Some make \$10 daily. Either Sex. Send 25c for sample and instructions. M. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

### VAUDEVILLE

GET ON THE STAGE. I tell you how! Send 6c postage for instructive illustrated Stage Book and particulars. C. LaDelle, Box 557, Los Angeles, Cal.

### WRITERS

WANT TO WRITE? Let writer of wide experience aid you. Advice, Criticism, etc. Correspondence Welcomed. Author, Box 186-B, Madison Sq. Sta., New York.



## This Soothing Clasmic Pack Brings Charming Beauty Without Massaging

Cover the face as illustrated and rest while this wonder pack brings your hidden beauty to light—making your skin soft and clear—freshening the complexion and giving it a radiant, natural color.

### Immediate Results

You don't have to wait to see results—the very first application shows amazing benefits—you can actually feel the wonder work going on—the gentle lifting sensation proves that blemishes are being banished and that all the facial muscles and tissues are being rejuvenated. Boncilla treatments are also given in beauty parlors for women and can be used in your own home.

# Boncilla

Beautifier

DOES THESE DEFINITE THINGS FOR THE FACE:

1. Clears the complexion and gives it color.
2. Closes enlarged pores.
3. Removes blackheads and pimples.
4. Lifts out the lines.
5. Rebuilds drooping facial tissues.
6. Makes the skin soft and velvety.

On a guarantee of money back if you are not satisfied

### Send for Generous Introductory Set

The Boncilla "Package-O-Beauty" consists of the complete Boncilla Method—Beautifier, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Face Powder enough for three or four facial packs. Obtain it from your dealer for 50c, or send the coupon to us with 50c and we will mail it postpaid. Regular sizes priced as follows:

Beautifier, No. 7 Tube..... \$1.00  
Creams and Powder, each..... .75  
These four in No. 37 set..... 3.25

BONCILLA LABORATORIES  
443 East South Street  
Indianapolis, Indiana

I enclose 50c. Kindly send your Package-O-Beauty to:

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State..... C

## "ZEE BEAUTIFUL GIRL PICTURES"

10 wonderful poses, \$1.00; 18 specials, \$2.00. Genuine "Taken from Life" Photographs. Money refunded if dissatisfied.

BAIRART CO., Dept. 115, ST. LOUIS, MO.

## DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

### Free Book of Diamond Bargains

Send for the most complete catalog of Diamonds and Jewelry ever published showing exquisite gifts of every description—every article a rare bargain.

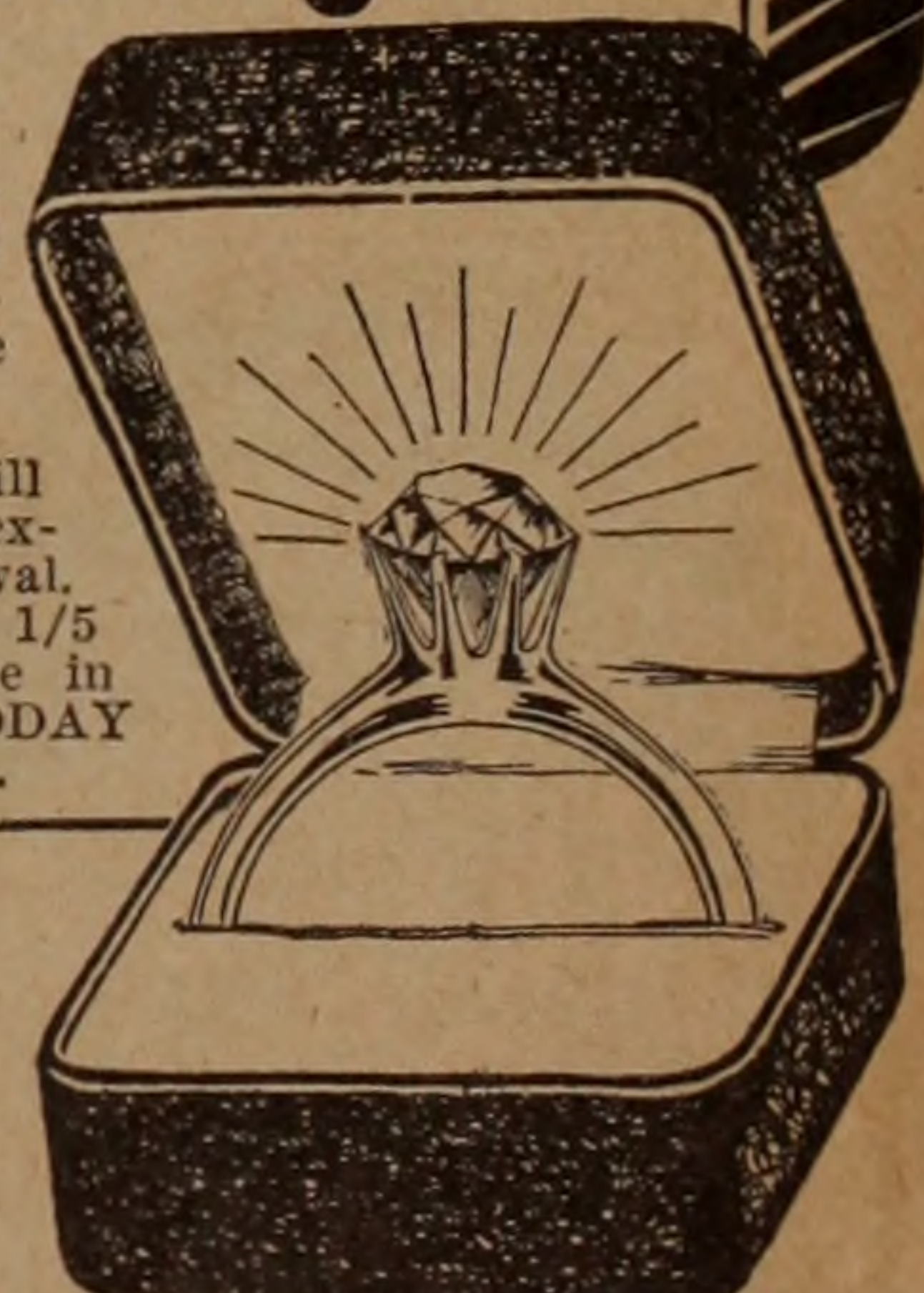
Anything you select will be sent for FREE examination and approval. If satisfied, pay only 1/5 purchase price—balance in 10 months. Send TODAY for catalog No. 492-L.

SWEET Engagement Ring set with perfectly cut, blue-white Diamond.

Price \$45

Terms: \$9 Down—\$3.60 a Month

Solitaires from \$25 to \$1000



"THE HOUSE OF QUALITY"  
**L.W. SWEET INC.**  
1650-1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



# CORLISS PALMER CREAMS

SOME LIKE A DRY CREAM—  
others a greasy cream  
SOME A CLEANSING LOTION

We have them all and also an EXQUISITE LEMON CREAM for general use.

Let Miss Corliss Palmer, who supervises the making of all her preparations tell you in her personal letter that is enclosed with these articles, just how she uses the creams and the lotion and the benefits that are derived.

**CORLISS PALMER VANISHING CREAM**—A light, dry cream of purity to be used in the morning or at any time to freshen the skin and make a foundation for the face powder. 75 cents.

**CORLISS PALMER CLEANSING OR NIGHT CREAM**—A heavier cream to cleanse the face at night and to soften and beautify the skin. 75 cents.

**CORLISS PALMER LEMON CREAM**—An exquisite cream of even texture, purity and loveliness. For general use on the face and body. 75 cents.

**CORLISS PALMER FOUNDATION CREAM**—A heavy, flesh-color cream that will hide all blemishes and make the powder stick on as will nothing else. To cover a pimple, or a red nose, or the whole face for an all day make-up, there is nothing like it. 50 cents.

**CORLISS PALMER BEAUTIFIER**—A lotion of the finest quality for those who do not care for creams as a cleanser. An absolute corrector of an oily complexion, a bleacher, an astringent, healer of blemishes, and a very great enemy of wrinkles. 60 cents.

YOU ARE GIVEN BEAUTY—  
IT WILL NOT LAST UNLESS YOU CARE FOR IT

We will mail, post paid, any of the above preparations on receipt of price in stamps, cash, or money order. (In mailing coins wrap them carefully to prevent them cutting a hole in your envelope.)

**RICHARD WALLACE, Distributor**  
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

## Is It Coming To This?

(Continued from page 98)

ure of the First National Bank of Ballyhack two weeks ago, followed by the confession of the cashier that he had misappropriated \$900,000 of the bank's funds, was heralded thruout the country. The Board has learned that Mr. Walker was a customer of the institution and that on several occasions he had been seen conversing with the cashier. No further comment as to Mr. Walker is necessary.

"The case against Mr. Knight is a clean-cut one. It has come to the attention of the Board that since the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States a brand of intoxicating liquor containing denatured alcohol and other deadly poisons is being sold under a label which proclaims it as 'Good Night.' It is self-evident that the exhibition of pictures featuring Mr. Knight, if permitted, might popularize this particular brand of intoxicant and result in deterioration of the morale of the good people of this community.

"The Board takes pleasure in announcing that it is determined to do everything within its power to protect the young and innocent, and the self-respecting citizens of Bohonkus."

### OUR ARMORY

By RENWICK TAYLOR

The green gold moon is rising  
Behind the turreted towers  
That loom against the turquoise sky—  
Like castle walls  
Where whispers creep in and out,  
And in and out,  
And weave themselves  
Weird tales  
Upon the silent night.

But cars pass here!  
And clang and clang, and tear  
The darkness with their lights,  
As do the stores that line the streets.  
And only youths in khaki  
Stroll in and out,  
And in and out,  
Or lounge within the doorway,  
Passing words with girls  
Who pass  
Along the street.

Old romance fades. No romance here!  
Then looms again  
Against the sky,  
For Life is Life, and here  
All Life is found.  
Why should I ask that whispers  
Creep along the walls,  
And weave weird tales  
In and out, and in and out?  
Is not the moon green gold, tonight,  
Where the turreted towers  
Loom against  
The turquoise sky?

### BETTER THE NIGHT

By VIVIAN YEISER LARAMORE

Better the night with a half heart  
Alive to cloud-choked stars,  
Better the night with a dumb heart  
That beats against its bars,  
Better the night with no heart  
Than a noon revealing scars.

(One hundred)

"Your lines and wrinkles shall disappear for a day or two"

### William J. Brandt's RINKEL-ADE Jelly

No long process of treatments. Just rub in RINKEL-ADE at night—the lines aren't there when you wake up. Apply RINKEL-ADE in the afternoon, you'll have no wrinkles when you go out for the evening.

YOU CAN BE THERE WITH THAT YOUTHFUL FACE UNWRINKLED BY CARE! Won't harm any skin, no matter how delicate. In convenient tubes, mailed, \$1.00.

HAIR SPECIALTY COMPANY  
Dept. B, 24 East 21st Street, New York

Wm. J. Brandt's DANDERCIDE is guaranteed to keep the scalp free from dandruff. Tube (mailed) \$1.00.

Both Men and Women can use these preparations to advantage.



"Your Face Is Your Fortune."

## LEARN TO FOX TROT

No need to be a wall flower! You can learn to dance at home and enjoy the popularity of a good dancer. My folio of simple instructions teaches fox trot in an easy way. Send 50c for this set of simple, fascinating instructions. R. S. Douglas, 206 Phelps Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

## MY TRIP ABROAD

By Charlie Chaplin

The most interesting and humorous  
book of the year . . . . . \$1.00

HARPER AND BROTHERS Est. 1817 New York

### Banish Excess Fat Without Exercise or Dieting!

TEST this safe, unfailing vacuo-vibration Fat Reducer for 11 days—money back on your say-so if it does not show actual reduction taking place. Reduce your waist-lines, hips, bust, ankles, as you will. Fat vanishes, and no wrinkles remain. Simply cannot fail to reduce you!

### Dr. LAWTON'S Fat Reducer Is Sure

Positive, self-controlled (not electric) self-massage subdues obesity, gently compels system to eliminate excess tissues. Enlivens circulation, revives muscles, tonics the skin, improves whole system! Ten minutes twice a day—and you'll be amazed.

Keep Your Figure Young, Your Vigor Keen!

ONLY \$5 Dr. Lawton's Fat Reducer mailed in plain wrapper for \$5.00 (add 20c for postage and insurance). Use it 11 days at our risk.

**DEFINITELY  
GUARANTEED!**

DR. THOMAS LAWTON, Dept. 6, 120 W. 70th St., New York City







Photograph of Miss Garden

© by Matsone, Chicago.

## MARY GARDEN

Has Written an Exclusive Article for

# Beauty

MAGAZINE

"The woman of character, strength of mind and the will and courage to mold her destiny has the kind of beauty that appeals to me," says this well-known prima donna and impresario who is a famous beauty herself. Her article in the June issue will appeal to every woman.

Other interesting features in the June number are:

**THE SCALP AND ITS CARE**, a particularly timely article on an important subject by Walter A. Loops, M. D.

The first instalment of Montanye Perry's latest serial, called **VIOLETS AND SPICE**, begins in this issue.

**YOU CAN BE BEAUTIFUL** is the interesting title of an article by Bebe Daniels, the well-known moving picture star.

A new feature, which will be appreciated by our women readers will be the Fashion Articles with illustrations in color, entitled **FEMININE FADS, FANCIES AND FRILLS**, by Harriet Hunt.

There will also be the usual special department and many short, profitable articles written especially for the woman who wishes to be beautiful.

### Beauty for June

On sale on all news-stands on and after May 6th—Price 25 cents





## The Gorgeous East— *Transplanted to the Rugged North*

**U**P in the frozen Northland, on the very fringe of the law, lay an Oriental "Inn," a bit of Eastern color, in an incongruous setting.

There Fu Chang kept open-house for soldiers of fortune, outlaws and the like.

Into this amazing trap came an American girl. Luckily for her, a corporal of the Royal Mounted followed on her trail. See this wonderful story, a stirring tale of adventure and love,

acted by an all-star cast—"I Am the Law."

By the Northland's greatest storyteller, James Oliver Curwood, directed by Edwin Carewe, the master of outdoor photodrama.

"I Am the Law" has received more time, patience and study than most presentations, even on the legitimate stage. It is Belasco-like in its perfection. Don't miss it.

*C. C. Burr presents*  
Edwin Carewe's Production

# I am the LAW!

A photoplay by Raymond L. Schrock adapted from "The Poetic Justice of Uko-San" by the author of "The River's End"

**JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD**

THE GREATEST GALAXY OF STARS EVER ASSEMBLED FOR ONE PICTURE  
ALICE LAKE KENNETH HARLAN GASTON GLASS ROSEMARY THEBY NOAH BEERY WALLACE BEERY

EDWIN CAREWE  
PICTURES CORP.  
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133 WEST 44TH ST., N. Y.



# Corliss Palmer Powder



CORLISS PALMER

is the result of scientific research and experiment. Miss Palmer, by winning first prize in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the Most Beautiful girl in America, and her Beauty articles in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and BEAUTY MAGAZINE have attracted wide attention.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to Miss Palmer's Powder. We put it up in pretty boxes, which will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, \$1.00 a box. It comes in only one shade and is equally desirable for blondes and brunettes.

*Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder!*

And it is equally desirable for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send a One Dollar bill or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder. Remember that we have the exclusive selling rights to

## CORLISS PALMER POWDER

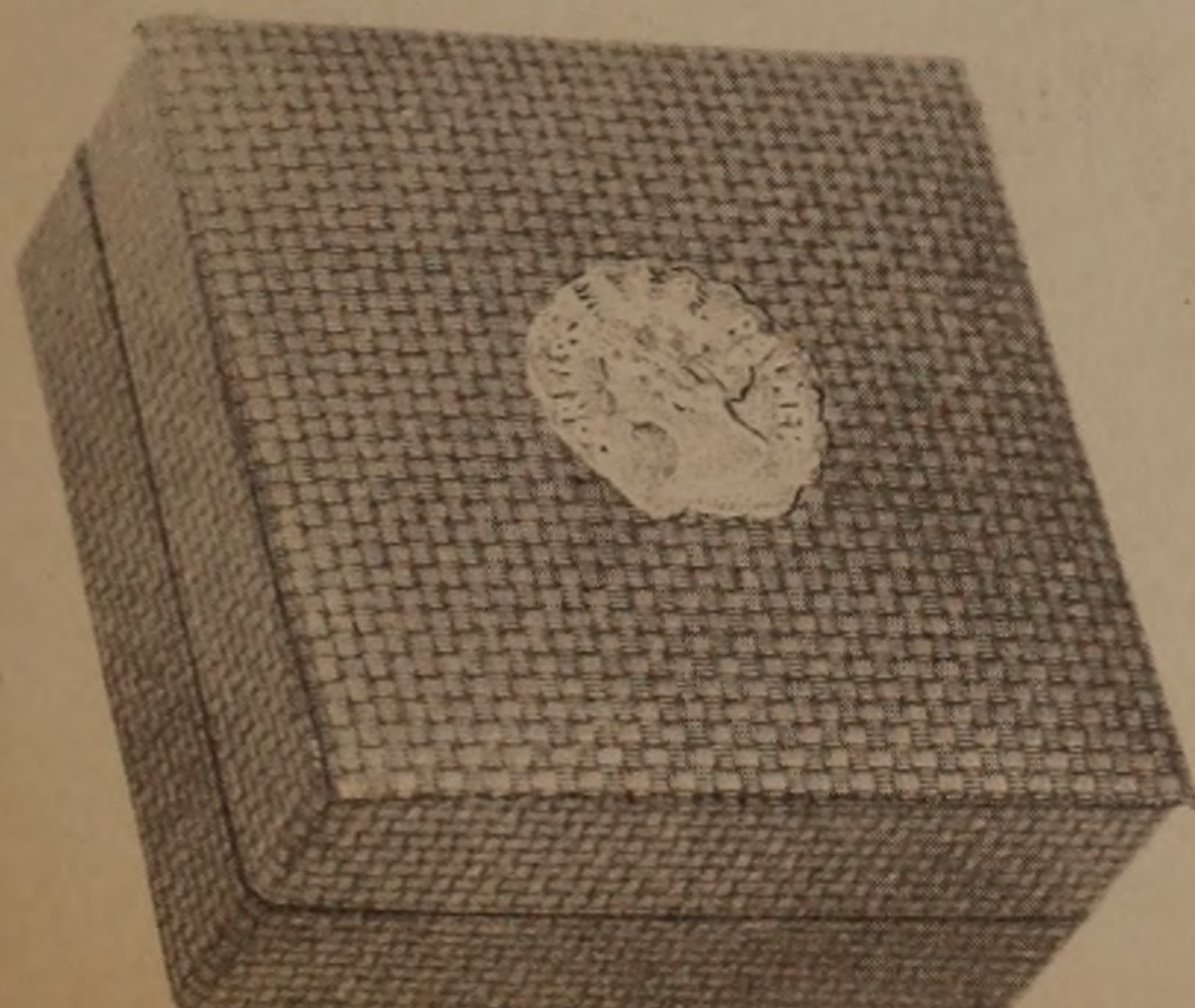
Beware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be "just as good." There is nothing else like it on the market.

## WILTON CHEMICAL CO.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

### *Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine April, 1921*

I am often asked what kind of face powder I use. I have received more letters asking this question than I could answer, so I had a little circular printed stating that I make my own powder. And now they are asking me to tell them how I make it. Well, I can't tell **how**, but I can tell **why**. I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, powdered orris root, bismuth subcarbonate, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach. I have made up a few boxes of it for my friends, and I feel justified in asking them to pay me what it costs me, which is about One Dollar a box. I am not in business and do not want to make a profit. If any of my readers want to try this powder, I will try to accommodate them, but I cannot undertake to put this powder on the market in a business way—that is something for a regular dealer to do if there is enough demand for it.



Cut out and mail today

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.  
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

For the enclosed One Dollar please send me a box of CORLISS PALMER POWDER.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State.....





# ZIP

IT'S OFF  
because  
IT'S OUT

## Destroys Superfluous Hair and Roots

### Famous Actresses Endorse ZIP

**WILDA BENNETT—Music Box Revue:**  
I am delighted with ZIP. It is wonderful; so much better than depilatories, electrolysis or shaving.

**MARIE PREVOST:**  
ZIP is marvelous for clearing the skin of superfluous hair and destroying the growth. I am truly grateful to you for it.

**CARMEL MYERS:**  
ZIP is certainly the best in its line, and nothing can take its place.

**MITZI—Of Lady Billy Fame:**  
ZIP is delightful—a method every woman has been waiting for. I am pleased to commend it.

**RUBY DE REMER:**  
After using ZIP, I am happy to say it is the only remedy that actually clears the skin and destroys both the hairs and the roots.

**DESIREE LUBOVSKA:**  
A skin free of hair is of paramount importance to an actress. ZIP destroys superfluous hair. I have found it most successful.

No longer need ladies suffer from the embarrassment of superfluous hair, nor are they obliged to resort to painful electricity for attacking the roots. The discovery of ZIP has solved—without question—the most serious and obstinate of problems with which ladies must contend. By simply applying ZIP and easily removing it, the roots are eliminated as if by magic, and in this way the growth is destroyed.

Ladies everywhere are recognizing how far superior to ordinary depilatories is this simple process, and they are rapidly discarding the old dangerous methods for ZIP.

Ordinary depilatories or shaving merely remove surface hair, leaving the roots to thrive and often cause the hair to grow faster and coarser—but ZIP removes hair in an entirely different way.

ZIP temporarily opens the hair ducts, gently lifting out the roots, and in this way destroys the growth.

Easily applied at home, pleasingly fragrant, painless, quick, effective, absolutely harmless, ZIP leaves the skin soft and smooth.

Avoid imitations, many of which simply pull the hairs out, just as tweezers do, and thus strengthen the growth. Be certain to get genuine and original ZIP.

### Which of the Three Types of Superfluous Hair Have You?

Write for FREE BOOK, "Beauty's Greatest Secret," which tells you; or call at my Salon to have free demonstration.

Prepared With the Same Care, Worthy of Similar Praise



## ABSCENT

The Ideal  
Liquid  
Deodorant  
Cannot stain  
Nor Irritate  
Harmless

Large  
Attractive Bottle  
50c

- MADAME BERTHE'S**
- Massage and Cleansing Cream. Guaranteed not to promote the growth of hair.....60¢
  - Antiseptic Talc. Delightfully fragrant.....25¢
  - Emollient Balm. For the Hands and Face—Softens the skin—an excellent base for powder. Ideal for sunburn.....50¢
  - Lash Life—Cleanses lashes and makes them long and lustrous.....50¢
  - Antiseptic Solution.....25¢

At Better Stores or  
By Mail

*Madame Berthe's*

Specialist

Dept. LB, 562 Fifth Avenue  
(46th St.), New York City



Not only removes hair—  
but checks its future growth

CREATIONS

JEAN JORDEAU INC.

NEW YORK