FIRST, FOREMOST AND FINEST

MOTION PICTURE.

APRIL MAGAZINE

20 CTS

ANITA STEWART

HELMAR

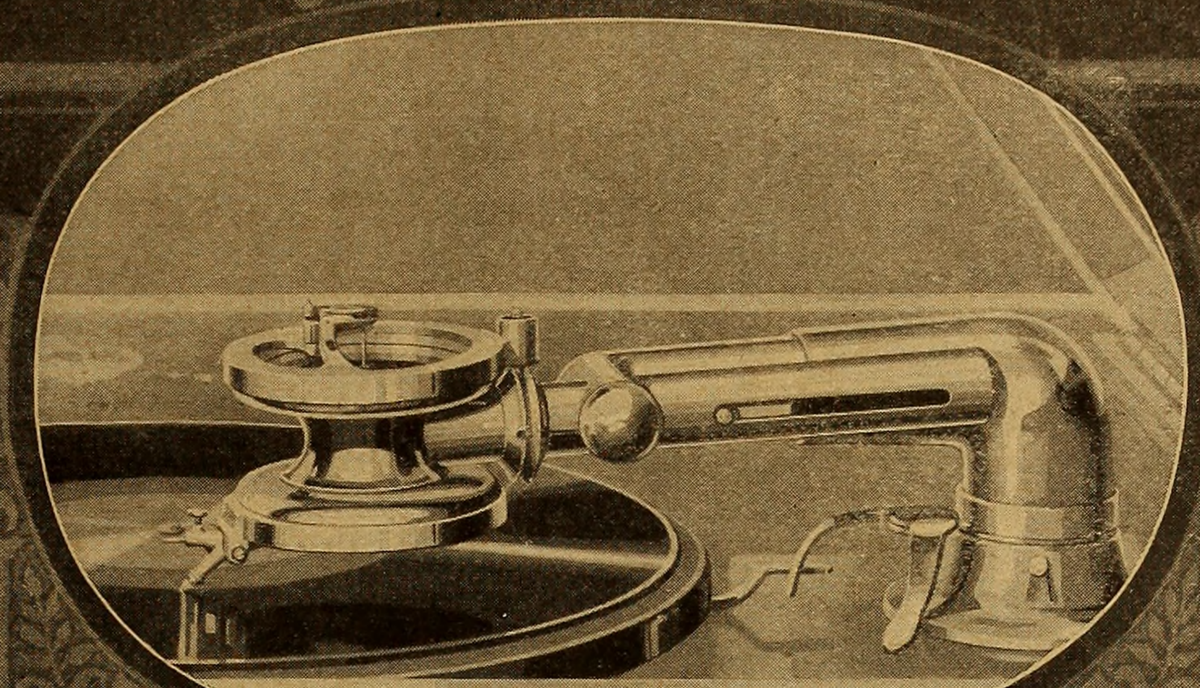
TURKISH CIGARETTES

Quality Superb

S. Anargyros

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

The BRUNSWICK
Method of Reproduction



Tones Hitherto Rare
Now Ever-Present

HERE are the secrets of The Brunswick Method of Reproduction. Learn how we gained that wonderfully pure tone which has given The Brunswick Phonograph such prestige.

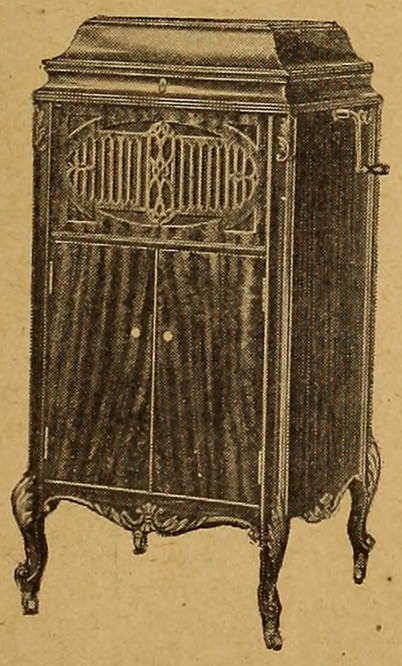
Experts in acoustics have long agreed that superior reproduction depends chiefly upon the reproducer and the way in which tone is amplified.

Until the coming of The Brunswick, many experts thought it impossible to overcome "spotty" reproduction, that is, alternate good and bad tones. Yet all were striving to increase the good tones and decrease the bad.

What We Found

The fault, we found, after hundreds of tests, was largely due to the use of metal in the amplifier or sound chamber. Metal, having no elasticity, prevented the sound waves from expanding properly. Strident noises resulted.

So we chose wood, developing the now famous Brunswick Amplifier, built *entirely* of wood. We tested dozens of different woods, arranging them in numerous shapes. Finally we attained the proper acoustic values.



Brunswick tone is infinitely better, for tones considered rare a few years ago are ever-present in this super-instrument. No one can remain unappreciative of its fullness, richness and clarity. And all appreciate the banishment of metallic sounds. Once you hear The Brunswick, your own ear will confirm these statements.

Plays All Records

Another great feature of The Brunswick Method of Reproduction is the Ultona, our all-record reproducer. At a turn of the hand, it presents to each type of record the proper needle and diaphragm. Each make of record can now be heard at its best, played exactly as it should be. Thus you are not limited in your selection of records to one make.

Before you buy, or even if you already have a phonograph, hear The Brunswick. Put it to any tone test you wish. Ask that the most difficult records be played. Make comparisons. Then let sheer merit decide.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
General Offices: CHICAGO and NEW YORK

Branch Houses in Principal Cities of United States, Mexico and Canada

Canadian Distributors: Musical Merchandise Sales Co. Excelsior Life Bldg., Toronto

(1405)

The Brunswick
ALL PHONOGRAPHS IN ONE

Norma Talmadge.

Clara Kimball Young.

Constance Talmadge.

DURING the last year and a half many hundred thousand persons received their greatest entertainment from the pictures presenting as stars the illustrious artists whose portraits appear on this page.

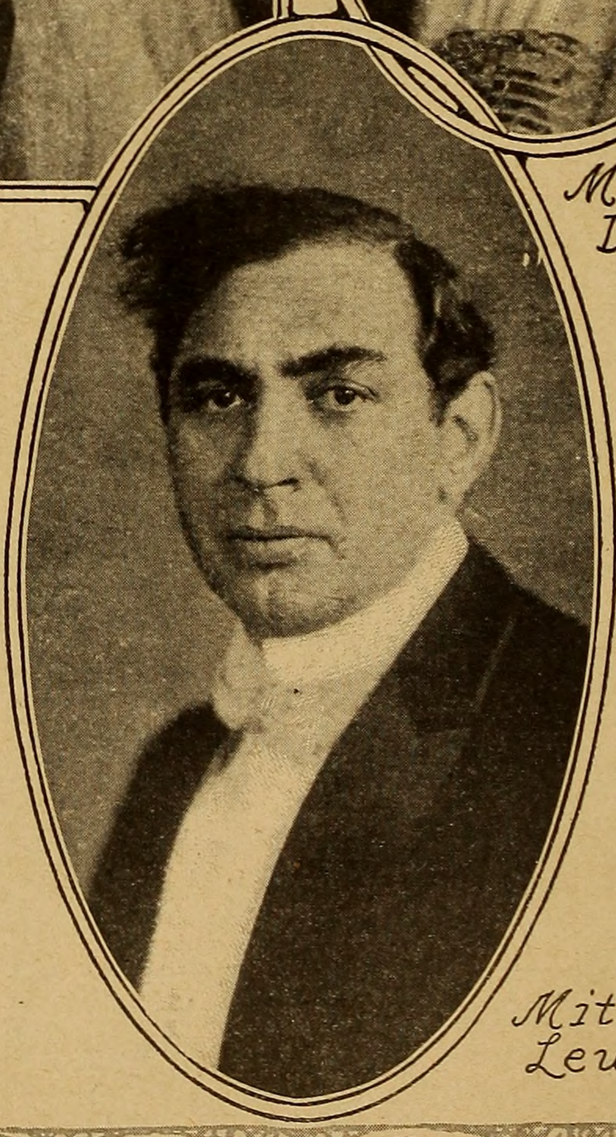
Do you see the latest pictures of Norma Talmadge, Clara Kimball Young, Alice Brady, Constance Talmadge and the others, at your favorite theatre?

Fill in the coupon below and let us know where you would like to have these Select Pictures shown to you.

SELECT SP PICTURES

Alice Brady.

Marion Davies.



Mitchell Lewis.

C O U P O N

SELECT PICTURES CORPORATION—Dept. B
729 Seventh Avenue, New York City

I would like to see Select stars in all their productions at

_____
(Name of Theatre)

_____
(Sign your name here)

_____
(Street or P.O. Address)

_____ (City) _____ (State)

SELECT SP PICTURES

Established December, 1910. "We lead, others follow," and it was ever so

Motion Picture Magazine

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton
(Trade-mark Registered)

Vol. XVII APRIL, 1919 No. 3

Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as second-class matter
Copyright, 1919, in United States and Great Britain by the M. P. Publishing Co

Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your Magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

On sale at all newsstands on and after the first of each month

Staff for the Magazine

EUGENE V. BREWSTER
Managing Editor

GLADYS HALL
HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS
MARTHA GROVES MCKELVIE
E. M. HEINEMANN
Associate Editors

LEO SIELKE
A. M. HOPFMULLER
Staff Artists

HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR
Literary Editor

GUY L. HARRINGTON
Sales Manager

DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR.
Advertising Manager

ARCHER A. KING
Western Manager

METZ B. HAYES
New England Manager

L. G. CONLON
Chief Accountant

SUBSCRIPTION—$2.00 a year in advance, including postage in the United States, Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, $2.30; in foreign countries and Newfoundland, $3.00. Single copies, 20 cents, postage prepaid. Stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address. Do not subscribe to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE thru agents unknown to you personally, or you may find yourself defrauded. We cannot be responsible for manuscripts lost in the mails, and it is therefore wise to keep a copy of all material submitted. We pay contributors on the fourth of the month following acceptance.

Published by The M. P. Publishing Company, a New York Corporation, at Bayshore, New York.

EUGENE V. BREWSTER, President **E. M. HEINEMANN, Secretary**
J. STUART BLACKTON, Vice-President **ELEANOR V. V. BREWSTER, Treasurer**

(Also Publishers of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, out on the fifteenth of each month)

Address all communications to

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE 175 DUFFIELD STREET BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Issued on the 1st of the month preceding its date and on sale by all newsdealers. In the event of failure to obtain copies, a notification to us will be appreciated.

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation

The Field of Dishonor

SHE had never seen a highwayman before. This one had on army officer's boots and the manners of a gentleman. She laughed and told him so. But it was serious business for him. He faced death, prison, disgrace.

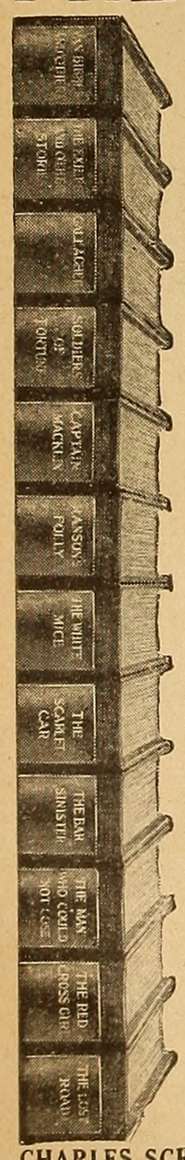
It is a story so startling and curious, with its tangle of romance and adventure—with its daring, thrilling climax—that it could only be told by that maker of romance—

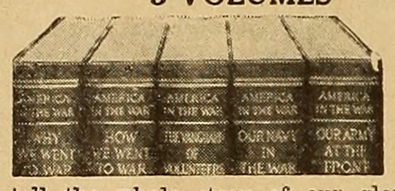
RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Whether it be the blinding heat of an African desert—a lonesome island in the Pacific—or the deep mystery of a London fog—Davis always had a breathless story to tell. He knew that Romance was not dead. No man ever knew so many different kinds of people. No man ever visited so many strange lands or saw so many wars in so many different places. He was at the Boer War—he was in Cuba—he saw the Russo-Japanese War—he was in Mexico—he was in the Great War. More than ever before Americans love him.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT said: "His heart flamed against cruelty and injustice. His writings form a textbook of Americanism which all our people would do well to read at the present time."

FREE *America in the War* 5 VOLUMES





that tell the whole story of our glorious part in the World War—of how America turned the tide and brought to the Allies a noble victory and the greatest peace the world has ever known.

WHY WE WENT TO WAR by Christian Ganss

HOW WE WENT TO WAR by Nelson Lloyd

THE VANGUARD of AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS by Edwin W. Morse

OUR ARMY AT THE FRONT by Heywood Broun

OUR NAVY IN THE WAR by Lawrence Perry

All the world has ever accomplished pales before the overwhelming achievements—the consummate victories that are America's today.

We had in France the finest army that ever fought under the Stars and Stripes. The ocean bears a fleet incomparably the greatest our country has ever had.

Why were these things done?

How were they done?

You can find out in these five splendid volumes—not vaguely and in a general way, but fully, completely, definitely.

They tell the whole story of our glorious achievements in the war—a story no patriotic American can afford to be without.

Send Coupon—Without Money

You must act quickly. How long you can have these books at the present low price we do not know—the cost of paper and cloth is going higher every day. When the present edition runs out we will have to add the extra cost of paper to the price. Make sure of your splendid set at the little price. Mail the coupon today. Forget the monotony—the dullness of every-day life. Go with him into the land of romance.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York

Chas. Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Ave., New York.

Send me, all charges prepaid, complete set of Richard Harding Davis, in 12 volumes. Also send absolutely FREE the set of "America in the War," in 5 volumes. If these books are not satisfactory I will return both sets within 10 days, at your expense. Otherwise I will send you 50c at once and $1 a month for 17 months.

me. ... .

Address. ..... M.P.M. 4-19

Occupation. .....

Earn $25 to $100 a Week

BECOME A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER

Big opportunities NOW. It takes only a short time to qualify for this fascinating profession. Three months' course covers all branches:

Motion Picture — Studio — Commercial

Day or evening classes. Easy terms. Special rate to Soldiers and Sailors leaving service. Call or write for free booklet.

N. Y. INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Dept. 29 141 W. 36th St., N. Y. City

Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture.

D. J. MAHLER, 884-X Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

Two Remington Typewriters $20 each

Splendid for school or office use.
Shipped anywhere. Cash with order.

National Typewriter Co., 633 Humboldt Blvd., Chicago

Train for Nursing—Now!

The war is responsible for a scarcity of nurses in hospitals—their regular nurses are going to the front. Demand for trained nurses now greater than the supply. This is **your** golden opportunity to become a trained nurse and easily secure a fine position at $20 to $30 per week. You can quickly master our special Training Course during your spare time at home and receive diploma approved by best doctors. Easy terms. Hospital experience given if desired. We help you find employment. Write at once for catalog. State age.

AMERICAN TRAINING SCHOOL, 1530 N. La Salle St., Chicago

To Our Readers

The Motion Picture Magazine guarantees the reliability and integrity of its advertisers. However, should there be any misrepresentation whatever, notify us promptly, and either the advertiser or ourselves will refund your money.

M. P. PUBLISHING COMPANY
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Well, Whatdoya Thinka This?

Here's a Find for the Aspiring Photoplaywright!

We have just the very books you've been wishing for! The very books you've been wondering why someone hasn't written! The editions are mighty limited, and the spryer you are, the more certain you will be of your copies.

"Here Lies" is a little book of infinite value for those who think they've an original idea. This little book tells all about the plots long abused and worn threadbare. We have only 400 of these on hand, and to the aspiring playwright this little book, for 25c, will bring a wealth of knowledge usually acquired only by years of study.

"The Photoplaywright's Primer" is a booklet that tells you in the very simplest of English how to construct your photoplay. This is 50c—and it will prove 50c well spent. We have only 800 of these, so be quick.

Because of the limited supply, we will sell both copies for 65c. This is an investment you cant afford to lose. Mail your money today.

M. P. PUBLISHING CO., 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had **Head Noises** for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and **my sworn statement** of how I recovered my hearing.

A. O. LEONARD
Suite 314, 70 5th Avenue New York City

Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath the soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon. Mercolized Wax gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexions of true naturalness. Have **you** tried it?

Mercolized Wax in one ounce package, with directions for use, sold by all druggists.

JAEGERITE GEMS

The World's Finest Imitation of Genuine Diamonds. These precious gems are the master products of science, with fine Blue White, dazzling brilliancy, that it requires an expert to tell them from genuine stones. The realization of the dreams of centuries. A 1-Ct Gem set in Solid Gold Tiffany mounting only **$12.45.** Order now.

JAEGERITE GEM CO., Waterloo, Iowa, Dept. A.

Print Your Own

cards, circulars, labels, tags, menus book, paper. Press $6. Larger $20. Job Press $85 up. CUTS EXPENSES IN HALF. SMALL OUTLAY. Pays for itself in short time. Will last for years. Easy to use, printed rules sent. Print for others, BIG PROFIT. Write factory TODAY for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, envelopes.

THE PRESS CO., D-44, Meriden, Conn.

If You Like to Draw

Write for Free Book "How to Become An Artist"

By our new method of teaching by mail you can learn illustrating, cartooning, commercial art in your own home. Hundreds of successful students and graduates are now making splendid incomes. Get into this fascinating work yourself and earn $50 to $100 or more a week! Our method makes it easy for **anyone** to learn. Instructions given by Will H. Chandlee, artist with over 30 years' experience. The study is fascinating. Only a few minutes a day! Have your own studio or secure high salaried position. Or work in spare time. Many students earn while they are learning!

$100 for One Drawing

Many artists receive $100 to $1000 for a single drawing. Magazines and newspapers are always seeking good drawings and cartoons. We furnish a complete Outfit **free** to all students. Includes everything required to produce hundreds of dollars' worth of pictures.

Write Today

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

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Inc.
1134 H Street, N. W. Washington, D. C.

FREE COUPON

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Inc.
1134 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

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

Name .....

Address. .....

Its excellence—tested by time—has made its reputation; increased its popularity; placed it on the well stocked medicine shelves of American homes. At all druggists—30c a bottle.

Contains No Opiate— Safe for Young and Old

PISO'S
for Coughs & Colds

What 25c Will Bring You!

Your name printed on three beautiful red, white and blue striped lead pencils, rubber tips, best grade. 75c for one dozen. Send coin. Pencils for clubs or lodges. **Name Pencil Co., 1008 Belmont Ave., Chicago.**

New Wonderful Way To Remove Wrinkles and Blemishes Look Years Younger

PRINCESS TOKIO presents to the women of America a new way to remove wrinkles and blemishes—THE ORIENTAL WAY! No masks, no plasters, no massage, no exercise, no rollers. This new, scientific treatment is simply marvelous. The lovely little women of the Orient have known these secrets for hundreds of years as they have been handed down from one generation to another. The Japanese women are famous for the beauty of their complexions and these same

Lovely, Soft, Velvety Skins

which nature has adorned with the tints of the rose are now within the reach of any woman who will follow the simple rules which are to be found in the Princess Tokio Beauty Book, which we will send FREE to any woman who will write for it. Princess Tokio does not ask you to wait a long time for results—only

A Few Days—and Lo! All Wrinkles and Blemishes are Gone

You use this treatment in the privacy of your room in your home. Just a few moments at a time. The results will amaze and delight you. We ask you to send right now for the

FREE PRINCESS TOKIO BEAUTY BOOK

It will prove to you how quickly all wrinkles and blemishes may be removed. Under my treatment they simply vanish. You will look years younger and more charming. Don't waste a single day. Write at once, and the book will go to you in a plain, sealed wrapper. Address,

PRINCESS TOKIO CO.
150 N. State St., Suite 433
CHICAGO, ILL.

Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer swears they will keep mum about this and they wish they may Drop down dead in their tracks if they ever 'tell and Rot.

Take Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer by the hand and go back to your own boyhood. Let

MARK TWAIN

show you the way.

Low-Price Sale Must Stop

Rising costs make it impossible to continue the sale of Mark Twain at the low price. New editions will have to cost very much more than this Author's National Edition. Now the price must go up. You must act at once. You must sign and mail the coupon now. If you want a set at the popular price, do not delay. This edition will soon be withdrawn, and then you will pay considerably more for your Mark Twain.

The last of the edition is in sight. There will never again be a set of Mark Twain at the present low price. Now is your opportunity to save money. Now—not tomorrow—is the time to send the coupon to get your Mark Twain.

HARPER & BROTHERS
Established 1817
NEW YORK

M.P.M.
4-19

HARPER & BROTHERS
7 Franklin Square, New York.

Send me, all charges prepaid, a set of Mark Twain's works, in 25 volumes, illustrated, bound in handsome green cloth, stamped in gold, with trimmed edges. If not satisfactory, I will return them at your expense. Otherwise I will send you $2 within 5 days and $2 a month for 15 months. For cash, deduct 8% from remittance.

Name.....

Address.....

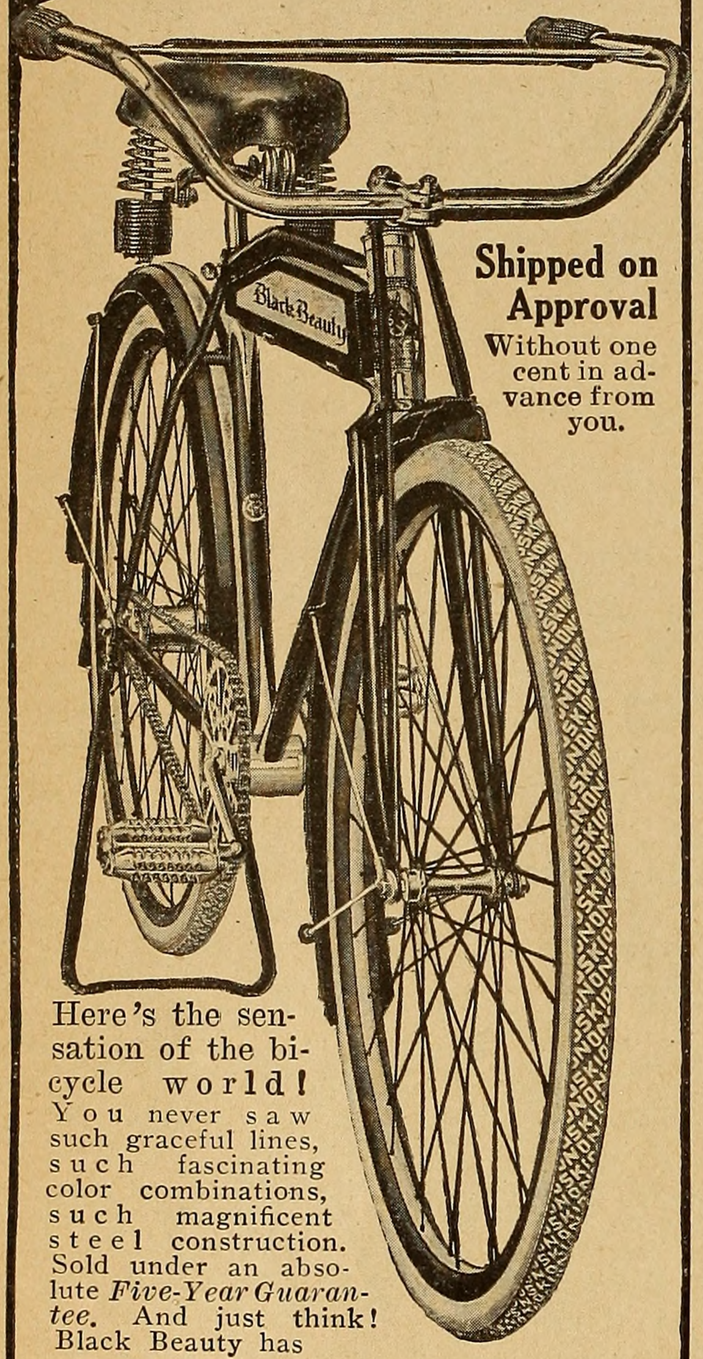
Occupation .....

To get the red, half leather binding, change terms to $1.50 within 5 days, and $4 a month for 12 months.

$1 a WEEK Pays for the Black Beauty

Send No Money

See the Wheel First



Shipped on Approval
Without one cent in advance from you.

Here's the sensation of the bicycle **world!** You never saw such graceful lines, such fascinating color combinations, such magnificent steel construction. Sold under an absolute *Five-Year Guarantee.* And just think! Black Beauty has

18 Exclusive Features

—well, just send TODAY for our bicycle Catalog—FREE—and read all about the marvelous Black Beauty. *20 different styles!* Choose any one.

Repair Kit, Tool Bag and Stand FREE

Don't buy an ordinary wheel, when you can get the Black Beauty. And for less money! **Wholesale price,** *factory direct*—no middlemen's profit. See the wheel before paying a cent. We ship at our own risk. **WE PAY ALL FREIGHT.** Keep, or return at our expense. *Months to pay*—small deposit on acceptance, then $1 a week (or $5 a mo.) *Six months' accident insurance free!*

Be Our AGENT WRITE

SUNDRIES Get our factory prices first. Positively the lowest in the country. Tires, lamps, horns, parts, supplies, etc. (Sample cross-section of tires free.) Write for Sundries Catalog.

HAVERFORD CYCLE CO.
Established 23 Years
Dept. M56 **Philadelphia, Pa.**

FREE Beautiful New 1919 Catalog in Colors
Mail this Coupon
Your Name.....
Address.....

WIGS AND TOUPEES
Scientific Patent Life Like Toupee, patented June 29, 1915, with nine superior claims. Sent on approval. Catalog FREE.
Lombard Bambina Co., 113 Munroe St., Lynn, Mass.

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SECURE A SATIN SKIN

APPLY SATIN SKIN CREAM, THEN SATIN SKIN POWDER.

Cultivate Your Beauty

Have a youthful appearance, clear complexion, magnetic eyes, pretty eyebrows and lashes, graceful neck and chin, luxuriant hair, attractive hands, comfortable feet. Remove wrinkles, lines, pimples, blackheads, strengthen sagging facial muscles—all through following our simple directions. Thousands have done so. No drugs, no big expense, and quick results. Send for latest catalog and many Beauty Hints—all **free.**

GRACE MILDRED CULTURE COURSE
Dept. 18, 624 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
(A Branch of Susanna Cocroft's Work)

All of Your Favorites

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

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

YOU CANT BUY THESE PICTURES

These pictures are not for sale. They can only be obtained in connection with a subscription to the MAGAZINE and CLASSIC. Shall we reserve a set for you?

Just fill in coupon and mail with remittance.

YOUR FAVORITES ARE HERE

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

M. P. PUBLISHING CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.
175 Duffield St.,

Enclosed please find $.....for which send me a year's subscription to the { Motion Picture Magazine / Motion Picture Classic } and the set of 80 portraits.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Subscription prices

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

M. P. Publishing Co.

175 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

NEXT MONTH'S MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

A Brief Prospectus of the May Issue of Your Favorite Magazine

In the May issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE there will appear the greatest round-up of feature articles dealing with the motion picture art and its people that have ever been collected in one volume. We cannot tell you of the very best things in store for you in the next issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for the simple reason that certain other publications dealing with Motion Pictures find it easier to copy our inside information and ideas rather than use their own brains. Our ideas have been stolen more than once; for this reason we can only whet your anticipatory desire for the next issue with a brief outline of some of the contents. One of the most romantic stories of success yet written is that of

MOLLIE KING

Undoubtedly you have read romances of musical comedy queens. But we are willing to wager you have thought them figments of the author's imagination. You are wrong. Just to prove that real life holds as interesting stories as fiction, Hazel Simpson Naylor has visited Mollie King, Queen of the Century Roof, in her home and behind the scenes of the theater. What Miss Naylor saw and learned about this great beauty's life constitutes a thrilling story of the theater world which you should not miss.

JULIA ARTHUR

A great actress and one of the last to enter the silent drama. Dont miss this article, which tells all about this famous woman of the stage and how she enjoyed her experience in pictures.

RICHARD A. ROWLAND

The president of Metro has made some startling disclosures of his future plans for productions. This, together with the announcement of the formation of the "Big Five," which practically constitutes a strike against releasing companies by Fairbanks, Hart, Pickford and Chaplin, makes one get a real glimpse into film conditions as they are.

Also there will be personality stories with Margarita Fisher, Fannie Ward, Doraldina, The Drews; three fiction stories and all our usual popular departments.

Motion Picture Magazine
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The Firebug"

THAT was the warning which came to the fire chief, unsigned—and then, the very next day, a woman was found nearly dead in a burning building.

It was a mystery that needed the master mind of Craig Kennedy, the scientific detective of this day—Craig Kennedy, who came to life in the mind of

ARTHUR B. REEVE

The American Conan Doyle

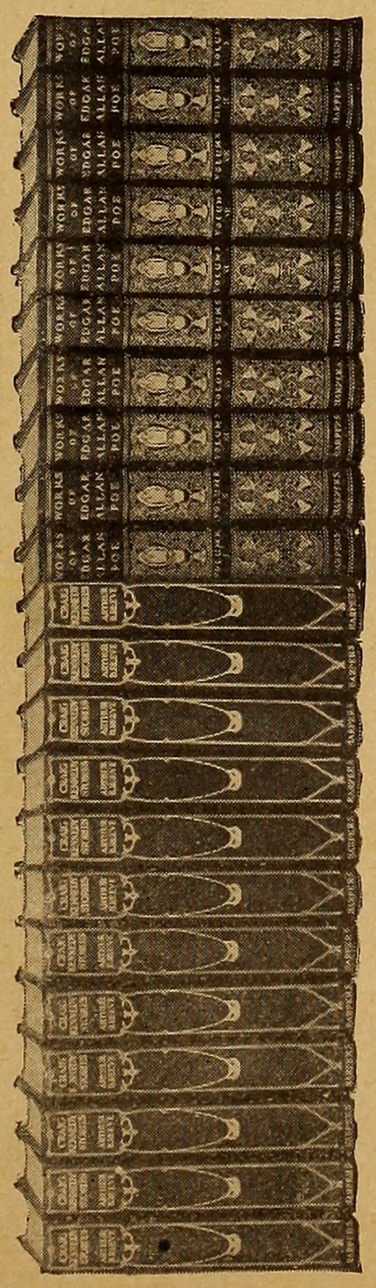
CRAIG KENNEDY

The American Sherlock Holmes

He is the genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically.

For nearly ten years America has been watching his Craig Kennedy—marvelling at the strange, new, startling things that detective-hero would unfold!

Col. Roosevelt said:—"I did a lot of reading. I particularly enjoyed half a dozen rattling good detective stories by **Arthur B. Reeve**—some of them were corkers."



Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. Russian ingeniuity has fashioned wild tales of mystery. But—all these seem old-fashioned—out-of-date—beside the infinite variety—the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve's tales.

FREE POE
10 VOLUMES

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

The story is in these volumes.

He was a detective by instinct—He was a story teller by divine inspiration. Before or since—no one has had his power to make your hair stand on end—to send chills up your back—to hold you in suspense—terror—horror! In England and France, Edgar Allan Poe is held to be the greatest writer that America has produced—to them he is the great American classic.

This is a wonderful combination. Here are two of the greatest writers of mystery and scientific detective stories. **You can get the Reeve in 12 volumes at a remarkably low price and the Poe 10 volumes, over 200 stories, FREE.**

Send Coupon at Once

HARPER & BROTHERS
Established 1817
NEW YORK CITY

M.P.M.
4-19
Harper & Brothers
7 Franklin Square, N. Y.

Send me, all charges prepaid, set of ARTHUR B. REEVE—in 12 volumes. Also send me absolutely FREE the set of Edgar Allan Poe, in 10 volumes. If both sets are not satisfactory I will return them within 10 days at your expense. Otherwise I will send you $1.50 a month for thirteen months.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

You Have a Beautiful Face—But Your Nose

IN this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your *"looks,"* therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise;** it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life—which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new Nose-Shaper "TRADOS" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

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

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

LEARN TO WRITE SHORT STORIES

YOU can learn to write Short Stories, Photoplays, Magazines and Newspaper articles in your own home. Those day dreams of yours may mean a future to you. If you have the ideas for stories—we can teach you how to write, for writing is not a "gift from Heaven." The ability to write is acquired—just like any other ability. *You* can acquire the ability through Hoosier Institute training, *right in your own home during spare time.* You are shown how the world's greatest story writers worked out their plots and developed fascinating stories out of incidents and happenings most people would consider commonplace. You receive personal instruction. Your stories are carefully edited. Under the terms of our special introductory offer now being made your success is assured. Send the coupon today for full information.

Short Story Writers in Great Demand

Right now 24,868 publications want short story writers. The demand for short stories and photoplays is tremendous. Editors and moving picture companies cannot get enough of them. They are spending thousands of dollars advertising for short stories. *Over $10,000,000 will be paid for short stories and photoplays this year.* Competition is keen, assuring the highest prices for good stories. You can earn some of this money in spare time.

$3000 a Year

is an ordinary income for a writer. $150 to $200 is a very ordinary price for scores of fiction magazines to pay unknown writers for single stories of two or three thousand words. The Saturday Evening Post rarely pays less than $300 for a short story and will pay any amount necessary to get stories it wants. Cash in on this opportunity.

Jack London's Opinion of Hoosier Institute Training

Here is Jack London's message to every ambitious writer: "I like **your simple direct, straight-from the shoulder method** of presenting the matter. As somewhat of a veteran in the short story game I feel justified in giving my judgment that your course in short story writing is excellently comprehensive and practical." And this course of training that Jack London endorsed is yours on a great special offer. Write for details.

Send The Coupon For Free Book

We have prepared a booklet entitled "How to Write," that contains vital information for the man or woman who is ambitious to become a short story writer. It will be sent to you FREE if you send the coupon. Your request for the FREE BOOK places you under no obligations. Just put your name and address in the coupon and mail it to us NOW.

Hoosier Institute
Short Story Dept.
Dept. 1544
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Gentlemen :—Without obligations to me, kindly send me your free book "How to Write," and full details of course and Special Introductory Offer.

Name_____

Address _____

_____

Special Introductory Offer

Your request for the FREE BOOK will also bring you full details of our great course and the Special Introductory Offer that is being made for a **limited time.** Do not overlook this opportunity. Send coupon today without fail.

HOOSIER INSTITUTE
Short Story Dept.
Dept. 1544 Fort Wayne, Indiana

SELECT your own subject—love, patriotism—write what the heart dictates, then submit your poem to us. **We write the music and guarantee publisher's acceptance.** Our leading composer is

Mr. Leo Friedman

one of America's well-known musicians, the author of many song successes, such as *"Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland," "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," "When I Dream of Old Erin,"* and others the sales of which ran into millions of copies. Send as many poems as you wish. **Don't Delay. Get Busy—Quick.**

CHESTER MUSIC CO. 538 So. Dearborn St. Suite 293 **Chicago, Ill.**

Beautiful, Soulful, Expressive Eyes

You, too, can have them. Bring out . . . that hidden Charm, Beauty and Expression

Be the proud possessor of beautiful EYEBROWS AND LASHES. They add wondrously to one's beauty and attractiveness.

LASHTONE

applied nightly, marvelously assists nature in promoting the growth of long, lustrous, silk-like eyebrows and lashes. LASHTONE is a popular preparation, unlike any other. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Price, 50c. Remit by coin, currency or money order. Satisfaction assured or money refunded. Be sure to get the name correct—LASHTONE.

DELORAS LABORATORY 432 East 42d Place CHICAGO

Why Have Gray or Faded Hair?

HENNA D'OREAL

New French Discovery

which is composed of pulverized Henna and Herbs, provides the only harmless coloring in the world. Not affected by previous dye. Will not stain scalp or rub off. All shades, easy to apply. Beware of inferior substitutes; a perfect preparation proven to be absolutely the best. Application and recertification in daylight parlors.

Price, $1.25. Postpaid, $1.35.
Blond Henna for lightening hair that has grown dark. Price $2.10.

B. PAUL, Hair Coloring Specialist, Dept. M,
34 W. 37th St. N. Y. Tel. Greeley 790

Faces Made Young

The secret of a youthful face will be sent to any woman who has any kind of a facial disfigurement caused by age. Every woman who has a single facial defect should know about these remarkable

Beauty Exercises

which remove wrinkles, crow's feet, fill up hollows, give roundness to scrawy necks, clear up sallow skins and restore the charm of girlhood beauty. No creams, massage, masks, plasters, straps, vibrators or other artificial means.

Results Guaranteed

Write for this Free Book which tells just what to do to make your complexion smooth and beautiful. Write today.

Kathryn Murray, Inc. 456 Garland Bldg., Chicago, Illinois

The OPPORTUNITY MARKET

Something of Interest — For Everybody

AGENTS WANTED

Agents: Big Returns, fast office sellers; particulars and samples free. One Dip Pen Company, 10 Daily Record, Baltimore, Md.

Salesmen, City or Traveling. Experience unnecessary. Send for list of openings and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn the big salaries—$2,500 to $10,000 a year. Employment service rendered members. Nat'l Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Dept. 140-D, Chicago, Ill.

Ambitious Men and Women! Make $4,000 to $6,000 and more annually in permanent business of your own. Easily conducted with small capital. I teach you at home in 10 days. Easy terms. Highest references. Write today. The Harrison Method, 103 Saylor Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

New 25c. Combination. Agents 6c. and 7c. Williams' famous Washing Tablets. 25 other useful household articles on equally special extra liberal terms. United Soap Works, Dept. 17, 98 Park Place, New York.

Agents: Waterproof Apron. Needs no laundering. Every housewife buys. Dainty, durable, economical. Big money. Sample free. Thomas Co., 2148 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Branch Manager Wanted for old-established Chicago concern. We furnish full stock of goods, advertising matter, and equip store completely in good location all at our expense and pay you $40.00 a week salary, in addition to liberal share of the profits your store earns. Work can be started in spare time. No investment or previous experience necessary to secure this position. If you are a hustler and want an opportunity to make $5,000 to $15,000 a year, we want you and will pay you well from the start. Send me your application today. S. Levy, Mgr., Department 661, Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

We Start You in Business, furnishing everything; men and women $30 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Ragsdale Co., Drawer 91, East Orange, N. J.

COINS, STAMPS, ETC.

Old Coins Wanted—$4.25 each paid for U. S. flying eagle cents dated 1856. $2 to $600 paid for hundreds of old coins dated before 1895. Send ten cents at once for new illustrated coin value book, 4x7. Get posted—it may mean your good fortune. C. F. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers. Box 99, Le Roy, N. Y.

Old Money of all Kinds Wanted. We buy and sell over $100,000.00 worth a year. We pay cash for thousands of coins and bills. Many valuable coins in circulation. Get posted. Send 4c. for our large illustrated coin circular. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 48, Fort Worth, Texas.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Wanted—5 bright, capable ladies for 1919, to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $25.00 to $50.00 per week. Railroad fare paid. Write at once. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 60, Omaha, Neb.

Ladies—Fascinating home business tinting postcards, pictures, photos, etc., spare time for profit. $5 on 100; no canvassing; samples 10c (stamped). Particulars free. Artint, 812, Station A, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ladies to Sew at home for a large Phila. firm; good pay; steady work; no canvassing; send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 45, Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Women, 18 or over, wanted. Permanent Government positions. $1,100-1,500 year. Thousands 1919 appointments. Common education sufficient. Experience unnecessary. List positions free. Write immediately, today. Franklin Institute, Dept. C-138, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR THE LAME

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. No more unsightly cork soles, irons, etc., needed. Worn with ready-made shoes. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet. Henry O. Lotz, 323 Fourth Ave., New York.

NEWS CORRESPONDENTS

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

New Patriotic Plays, recitations, entertainments for war-time benefits. Vaudeville sketches, monologues, drills, tableaux, make-up goods. Large catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 62, Chicago.

HELP WANTED

Government Positions Pay $900 to $1,800 a year. Write for free book giving list of positions and how to secure one. Just write postal to Patterson Civil Service School, Box 1408, Rochester, N. Y.

Get a Government Position through us. Position or money back guarantee. Thousands of men and women, 16 to 60, needed in Washington and elsewhere for the years of "reconstruction" ahead. We'll coach you quickly by mail for Civil Service examination and appointment. Permanent; easy hours; paid vacations; higher salaries. Our free book, "RG," gives list of positions. Write for it. Washington Civil Service School, 2019 Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Wanted—Men, 16 to 40. Railway Mail Clerks; $92-$150 month. List Government positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. C-116, Rochester, N. Y.

Hundreds U. S. Government Permanent Positions now open to men, 16 or over; women, 18 or over. $90 to $125 month. Many in your home section. Short hours. Common education sufficient. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. C-116, Rochester, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

Eyebrow and Lash Perfector—$1.10 per box. One application lasts 2 to 4 weeks. Unaffected by washing or creams. Treatment 50c. Spiro's, 26 West 38th St., New York.

HAIR ON FACE, BODY OR UNDER ARMS positively removed with root; no electricity nor poisonous drugs; absolutely harmless and painless; write for particulars, or call for free demonstration. Mme. Berthe, Specialist, 12 West 40th St., N. Y.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

$$$ Easy to make $$$ Direct from manufacturers—Complete moving Picture outfit—professional machine, film supplies, etc., furnished. Easy installments. Operating instructions furnished. No experience needed. Free Catalog. Dept. M4, Monarch Film Service, 228 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tennessee.

$35.00 Profit Nightly. Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 431 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

Mr. Harry Lyons, of 1 Hyde Park Street, London, England, wishes to get into direct communication with the principals of the rumored combine for purchase of cinema theaters, as he has a most important group for sale. Mr. Lyons is the negotiator of a large number of purchases of theaters, variety theaters and sites generally.

FILMS DEVELOPED

Mail Us 15c With Any Size Film for development and 6 velvet prints. Or send 6 negatives any size and 15c for 6 prints. 8x10 mounted enlargements 35c. Prompt, perfect service. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 206 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

PATENTS

Inventors—Write for our free illustrated guide book, "How to Obtain a Patent." Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our opinion of its patentable nature free. Highest references. Prompt attention. Reasonable terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 833 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors. Send sketch and description of your invention for advice regarding patent protection. Twenty years experience. Our hand-book on patents is sent free on request. All communications strictly confidential. Write us today. Talbert & Talbert, Patent Lawyers, 4100 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

SITUATION WANTED

Aviator—Lieutenant, licensed pilot U. S. Air Service, honorably discharged, desires position either as instructor or exhibition flyer. Instructor of flying in three army schools. Address Charles E. Hanst, Kingwood, W. Va.

WEDDING INVITATIONS

Wedding Invitations, Announcements, etc., 100 in Script lettering, including inside and outside envelopes, $2.75; 100 Visiting Cards, 75 cents. Write for samples. M. Ott Engraving Co., 1005 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

PHOTOPLAYS

Send Me Your Ideas, Plots, Etc., for photoplays! Submit in any form. I will arrange in photoplay form, typewrite and help you sell! Details free. H. L. Hursh, Dept. 2, 123 So. Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.

See Here! We want your ideas for photoplays and stories! Criticised free. Sold on commission. Send for guide. MS. Sales Co., Dept. 95, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

$1200 a Year Writing Photoplays. You can write them. Turn your ideas into dollars. We teach only sure method. Send for free book, valuable information and special prize offer. Rex Pubrs., Box 175-B 14, Chicago.

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 play writing. Absolutely free. Just address Authors' Press, Dept 8, Auburn, N. Y.

How to Write Photoplays. Our book tells how; also where to sell. Contains model scenario, list of 50 buyers, and all information necessary; price 25c. Photoplay Book Company, 4838 Champlain Ave., Chicago.

Wanted—Photoplays, Plots. Ideas Valuable. You can write them. Free "Photoplay Pointers and Model Scenario" shows how. Paramount Photoplays Co., Box 1402-MP, Los Angeles, Cal.

Ten Million Photoplay Plots.—You need the Dramatic Situations for successful photoplay writing. Information free. 721 Grant Bldg., Los Angeles.

Become a Music Publisher.—We will start you right. Send us the words for a song, we will compose the music, arrange same for all instruments, furnish effective title page designs and plates in one or more colors and print same on reasonable terms. No deception. The Lenox Co., 101 W. 42nd St., N. Y., Suite 404.

SONGWRITERS

Write the Words for a Song. We write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on patriotism, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 538 S. Dearborn St., Suite 110, Chicago, Ill.

Write us the Words for a Song. If available, we will write the music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Send poems on love, victory or any subject. Fairchild Music Co., 20-T, 203 Broadway, New York.

Song Writers: Submit your song-poems now for free examination and advice. Valuable booklet explaining our original methods of revising, composing, copyrighting and facilitating free publication or outright sale of songs, sent FREE, on postal request. Learn the truth from a reliable successful concern. Satisfaction guaranteed. Knickerbocker Studios, 126 Gaiety Bldg., N. Y. City.

Write a Song—Love, mother, home, childhood, patriotic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. Thomas Merlin, 231 Reaper Block, Chicago.

Write the Words for a Song. We revise poems, compose music for them and guarantee to secure publication on royalty basis by New York music publisher. Our chief composer is a song writer of national reputation and has written many big song hits. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 105-B Fitzgerald Bldg., New York.

You Write the Words for a Song. Submit poems on patriotism, love or any subject. We write music, guarantee copyright and assist in securing publisher. Metropolitan Studios, Room 103, Morton Bldg., Chicago.

Write the Words for a Song. We revise poems, compose music for them and guarantee to secure publication on royalty basis by New York music dealer. Our chief composer is a song writer of national reputation and has written many big song hits. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 105-A Fitzgerald Bldg., New York.

STORIES WANTED

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

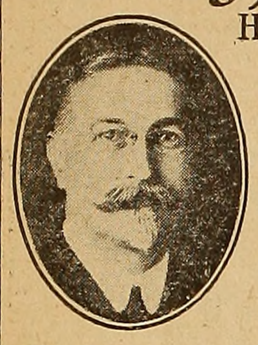
Stories, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 134, Hannibal, Mo.

Wanted—Stories, articles, poems for new magazine. We pay on acceptance. Handwritten MSS. acceptable. Send MSS. to Woman's National Magazine, Desk 591, Washington, D. C.

In what form is your Idea salable—play, photoplay, short story or magazine article? It is necessary that you know. Initial advice free. Rea Woodman, Literary Coach, 56 South Clinton Street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Training for Authorship

How to write, what to write, and where to sell.



Dr. Esenwein

Cultivate your mind. Develop your literary gifts. Master the art of self-expression. Make your spare time profitable. Turn your ideas into dollars.

Courses in Short-Story Writing, Versification, Journalism, Play-Writing, Photoplay Writing, etc., taught personally by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for many years editor of Lippincott's Magazine, and a staff of literary experts. Constructive criticism. Frank, honest, helpful advice. *Real teaching.*

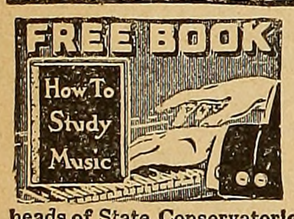
One pupil has received over $5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time—"play work," he calls it. Another pupil received over $1,000 before completing her first course. Another, a busy wife and mother, is averaging over $75 a week from photoplay writing alone.

There is no other institution or agency doing so much for writers, young or old. The universities recognize this, for over one hundred members of the English faculties of higher institutions are studying in our Literary Department. The editors recognize it, for they are constantly recommending our courses.

We publish *The Writer's Library.* We also publish *The Writer's Monthly,* especially valuable for its full reports of the literary market. Besides our teaching service, we offer a manuscript criticism service.

150-page illustrated catalogue free
Please address

The Home Correspondence School
Dep't. 115, Springfield, Mass.
ESTABLISHED 1897 INCORPORATED 1904

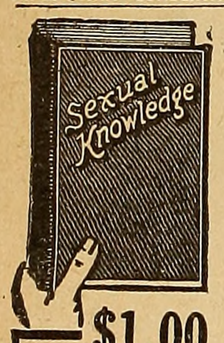


Learn Piano!

This Interesting Free Book

shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ in your own home, **at one quarter usual cost.** Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method is endorsed by leading musicians and **heads of State Conservatories.** Successful 25 years. Play chords **at once** and complete piece in every key, **within 4 lessons.** Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. For beginners or teachers, old or young, **All music free.** Diploma granted. Write **today** for 64-page free book, "How to Study Music."

M. L. QUINN CONSERVATORY, Studio M.D., Social Union Bldg., Boston, Mass.



SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE

ILLUSTRATED
By WINFIELD SCOTT HALL, M.D., Ph.D.
SEX FACTS MADE PLAIN

What every young man and
Every young woman should know
What every young husband and
Every young wife should know
What every parent should know

$1.00
Postpaid
Mailed in plain wrapper

Cloth binding—320 pages—many illustrations
Table of contents, & commendations, on request.

AMERICAN PUB. CO., 461 Winston Bldg., Philadelphia

Be a Moving Picture Star

Do you know that many Moving Picture actors and actresses get from $500 to $5,000 a week? Many young ladies and young men working for small wages could do just as well if they knew how.

This book will teach you everything from start to finish. Also tells how and where to apply for a position. Gives the addresses of all the studios and managers and tells everything in detail. It is a pleasant and profitable profession and the demand exceeds the supply all the time. We will mail the book to you for 10c and 2c for mailing.

YOUNGS PUB. CO.
Dept. A, East Norwalk, Conn.

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

SONG WRITERS' "MANUAL & GUIDE" SENT FREE

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

KNICKERBOCKER STUDIOS. 85 Gaiety Bldg., N. Y City.

Cuticura Stops Itching and Saves the Hair

All druggists; Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

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

By "JUNIUS"

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

Cohan & Harris.—"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this one by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplay-wrights. The principal charm of this play is in trying to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies.

Cohan's.—"A Prince There Was." George M. Cohan in an interesting rôle of a very entertaining comedy. He plays at a literary game in which hearts are trumps—and wins.

Comedy.—"The Climax." A comedy with incidental music. Excellent, entertaining story of a young opera singer who lost her voice—and heart. Eleanor Painter is convincing but, if she were a more finished singer, the play would have a stronger appeal.

48th St.—"The Big Chance." A comedy drama that starts in New York and ends in the trenches. It has its laughs and its thrills and is replete with clever characterizations, particularly that of Willard Mack, who outshines the star.

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

Hippodrome.—The newest production, "Everything," lives up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, ranging from dainty Belle Storey to scores of remarkable roller skaters, from De Wolf Hopper to a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

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

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well-sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge.

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

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

Republic.—Channing Pollock has devised an odd drama, "Roads of Destiny," from the O. Henry story. No matter what path one takes, the ultimate result is the same, is the philosophy of the drama. Florence Reed is admirable in three widely contrasted rôles.

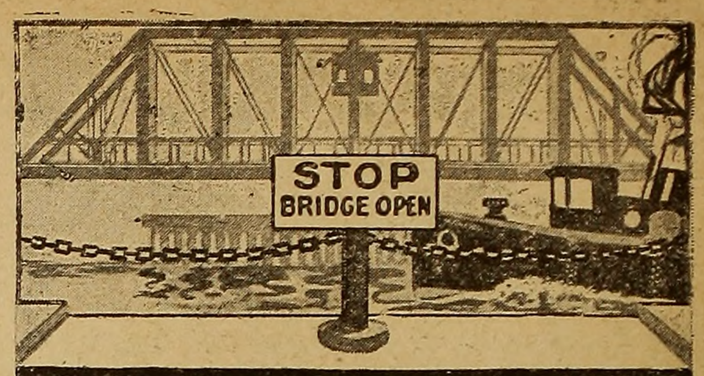
LEADING PICTURE THEATERS

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

Rivoli—De Luxe photoplays, with full symphony orchestra.

Rialto—Photoplays supreme.

Strand—Select first-run photoplays.



Heed That Danger Signal

The bridge signal stops careless people and prevents risking of lives.

DEANS COUGH MENTHOLATED DROPS

stop the harsh, rasping "hack" of stubborn coughs, relieve sore, tender throats and prevent little colds from growing into big ones. Taste good—are good for the whole family—from the baby up.

5¢ *Get the Drop on that Cough*

DEAN MEDICINE CO.
Milwaukee, Wis.

LEARN MOVIE ACTING!

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

FILM INFORMATION BUREAU,
Station W. Jackson, Michigan

Be an Artist

Comics, Cartoons, Commercial, Newspaper and Magazine illustrating. Pastel, Crayon portraits, Poster and Fashions. **Earn Big Money.** *Taught by Mail* or Local Classes.

Write for illustrated booklet, terms and list of successful pupils.

ASSOCIATED ART STUDIOS, 28A Flatiron Building, New York

2 Movie Pennants for 10c

To introduce our catalog of Movie Books, etc., we are selling these pennants at bargain prices. Just the thing for your Den, etc. Each pennant of a different Star. Made of Felt and come in assorted colors. Will send two for 10c., 12 for 50c. or 25 for one dollar. Order before they are all gone. : : : :

ROYAL PENNANT CO., Dept. A, South Norwalk, Conn.

WOMEN Wanted in Banks

Banks are employing hundreds of girls as bookkeepers, stenographers, tellers, and even cashiers. Clean, pleasant work with short hours and higher pay, learn by mail. Six months term. Diploma awarded. Send for free book, "How to Become a Banker," by Edgar G. Alcorn.

American School of Banking, Dept. 3, 185 State St., Columbus, O.

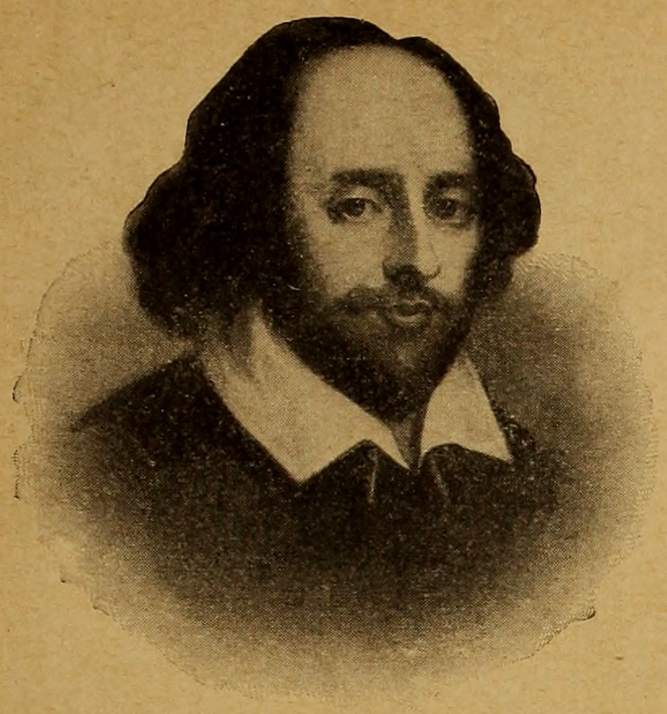
INVENTORS:

Send Sketch and Description of your Invention for Advice Regarding Patent Protection. Twenty Years Experience. Our Hand-book on Patents is sent Free on Request. All Communications Strictly Confidential. Write us today. TALBERT & TALBERT, Patent Lawyers, 4809 Talbert Building, Washington, D. C.

POPULARITY FOLLOWS THE UKULELE

If you play quaint, dreamy Hawaiian music or latest songs on the Ukulele you will be wanted everywhere. We teach by mail 20 simple lessons; give you free a genuine Hawaiian Ukulele, music, everything--no extras. Ask us to send the story of Hawaiian music. You will love it. No obligation--absolutely free.

The Hawaiian Institute of Music
1400 Broadway, Suite 604, New York



William Shakespeare

"The Play's the Thing" —*Shakespeare*

The Hand of Blackton

in

The World's Best Stories

The repertoire of J. Stuart Blackton Pictures brings before you a wonderful new world of good fiction.

Good fiction is the first thing in good Motion Pictures—the first thing in Blackton Productions.

Have you seen **"The Common Cause,"** the latest Blackton Production? It is a good story. A strong and sincere story. It was written by J. Hartley Manners and Ian Hay Beith and adapted by Anthony Paul Kelly. That story was the first factor that made the picture great.

And there is another reason why the picture is so great. The accurate interpretation of the Author's words and thoughts into *motion* and *material.* It was done by the "Hand of Blackton."

What *is* "The Common Cause"?

It is the motion picture masterpiece that every man who served his country *will want to see.*

That every father, mother, sister, brother, wife, sweetheart or friend of those men *will want to see.*

It will live for years as the Epic Drama of America's Victorious part in the Triumph of the Allied Nations.

"Pictures with the mark of Blackton are worth while"

BLACKTON PRODUCTIONS, Inc.

Studio, 423 Classon Avenue
Brooklyn, N. Y.

25 West 45th Street, New York

$500 for his first Photoplay —thanks to the Palmer Plan!

HERE'S a letter from one of our students—just as it came to our desk the other day. And it says more for the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing than anything *we* could say:

"Though I am sure my spoken expressions of gratitude convinced you of my appreciation of the splendid and satisfying service and assistance I have been so fortunate as to receive through the Palmer Plan, I *must* add a written word of thanks. Your cheque for my photoplay synopsis, 'Prince Toby', which you have just sold for me to Mr. Douglas Fairbanks for $500 was a most welcome present, I assure you.

"As 'Prince Toby' is my first photoplay to be accepted, I am more than happy to make the statement that, in my humble opinion, the Palmer Plan and its Manuscript Sales Department are superlatively efficient and quite invaluable to proven writers as well as to those who would be such."

Most appreciatively,

Rodney Hynson

RODNEY HYNSON,
Pasadena, California

You'll admit —won't you?—that there *must* be something practical and substantial about *any* method of photoplay instruction that shows you how to turn your "movie" ideas into money. And that's exactly what the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing does!

For, if you have any creative imagination at all, the Palmer Plan cannot help but show you the guide-posts that lead to success as a photoplay writer. Never was there a greater demand for good photoplay stories; never such an opportunity for *trained* photoplay writers.

Producers are paying $500 to $1000 for five-reel dramatic scripts—$50 to $250 for clever short comedies. The studios around Los Angeles *alone* require thousands of new stories each year. Don't you see how the Palmer Plan will help you earn some of this extra money? It is

—the ONLY Practical Plan of Photoplay Writing

And not alone because *we* say so; but because—it has been written "out of the day's work" by Frederick Palmer, a recognized master of photoplay construction—the man who in 9 months wrote 52 accepted scenarios for "Universal".

The Palmer Plan is NOT a mere book nor a "school" nor a tiresome correspondence course. It is exactly what it professes to be: a concise, clean-cut *plan* that places at your finger-tips the *fundamentals* of photoplay technique. It is the *first* plan of photoplay instruction that shows you *by direct example* how to prepare your stories in the action-language of the screen. It is the *first* plan of its kind to receive the enthusiastic, whole-hearted indorsement of the foremost producers, stars, directors and scenario editors in America.

More than this—it is the *only* method of photoplay training that carries you all the way through—from primary instruction on to Personal Advisory Service and then on to Marketing Service. So that—we not only show you how to *tell* your "movie" stories in proper, acceptable form—but we help you *sell* them!

Get our FREE Booklet Mail the coupon NOW

If you want to know about the famine in photoplays—the top prices producers are willing to pay for the right material—and how eager they are for Palmer-trained writers—send for our new illustrated booklet, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing". Explains the Palmer Plan in detail—tells about our iron-clad, money-back Guarantee—shows the benefits of our Personal Advisory Service and Manuscript Sales Department—shows how you, too, can learn to write *photoplays that win!* Send for your copy today—it's *free!* Mail the coupon NOW!

PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORP.
734 I. W. Hellman Bldg.
Los Angeles, California.

Please send me, without obligation, your new booklet, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." Also—Special Supplement containing autographed letters from the leading producers, stars, editors, etc.

Name_____

St. and No._____

City and State_____

De Miracle

Every Womans Depilatory

Remove Hair the Common-sense Way

FOR immediate results use De Miracle, the original sanitary liquid. It devitalizes hair, which is the only common-sense way to remove it from face, neck, arms, under-arms or limbs.

De Miracle requires no mixing. It is ready for instant use. Therefore, most cleanly, convenient and simple to apply. Wet the hair and it is gone.

To know the difference between De Miracle and other methods use it just once, and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover, return it to us with the De Miracle guarantee and we will refund your money.

Three sizes: 60c, $1.00, $2.00

At all toilet counters, or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price

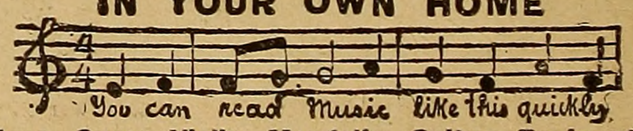
De Miracle

Dept. A-29, Park Ave. and 129th St.
New York City

$ Money in Writing Song Poems

A SUCCESSFUL music writer and composer has published a book giving his experiences. You need this book to guide you. Contents—Making money writing and publishing songs—Correcting your faults—Writing a Melody—Directing the ambitious composer—Placing your song before the public—Lists over 500 music buyers and orchestra leaders. The only complete book of its kind on the market. Price $1.00 postpaid. Money back if you say so.
Union Music Co., 432 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, Ohio

MUSIC TAUGHT FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME



Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc.
Beginners or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for Free booklet which explains everything in full.
AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 69 Lakeside Bldg., CHICAGO

America's Pioneer Dog Medicines

BOOK ON DOG DISEASES And How to Feed
Mailed free to any address by the Author
H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc., 118 West 31st Street, New York

Unusual Investment Opportunities

With the world again following peaceful pursuits, new financial, commercial and industrial developments should unfold unusual opportunities to foresighted investors.

It is the consensus of expert opinion that the United States, in the next few years, will enjoy unprecedented prosperity.

This certainly should be reflected by a vast improvement in security values.

Invite us to send you our fortnightly publication

Investment Opportunities

giving up-to-date information regarding the effect of current events on securities. Get the facts by consulting data contained in the Slattery Library. Write for catalogue 2MA, including booklet explaining

The Twenty Payment Plan

SLATTERY & CO.
(Inc.)
Investment Securities
40 Exchange Place, New York.

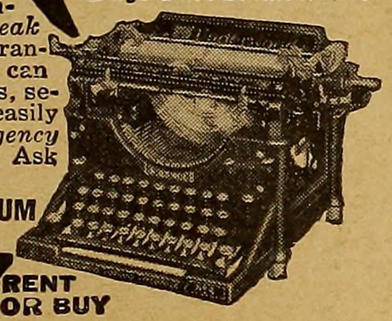
SAVE! Speak QUICK

'WAY UNDER MANUFACTURER'S PRICE!

Genuine, visible writing Underwoods—rebuilt in our factory, with Back Spacer, Tabulator, Lateral Guide, Stencil Attachment, 2-color Ribbon, Waterproof Cover and Special Touch Typewriting Guide Book sent on *10 Days' Free Trial.* Write.

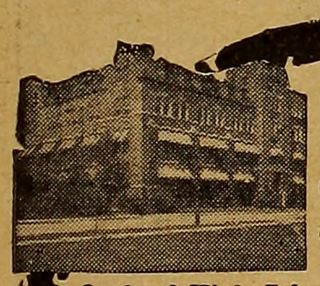
Over 100,000 Underwoods Sold to U. S. Govt.

That makes rebuilt Underwoods scarce. So—*speak quick* for yours. Guaranteed for 5 years. You can *rent*, buy on easy terms, secure cash discount or easily *earn* one through *agency* plan; no canvassing. Ask for Offer No. 50



TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM
34-36 Lake St.
CHICAGO, ILL.

RENT OR BUY



High School Course in Two Years

Lack of High School training bars you from a successful business career. This simplified and complete High School Course—specially prepared for home study by leading professors—meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions.

30 Other Courses

No matter what your business inclinations may be, you can't hope to succeed without specialized training. Let us give you the practical training you need. Satisfaction guaranteed. Check and mail Coupon for Free Bulletin.

AMERICAN SCHOOL of Correspondence
Dept. H-1544, Chicago

TRAINING THE KEY TO SUCCESS

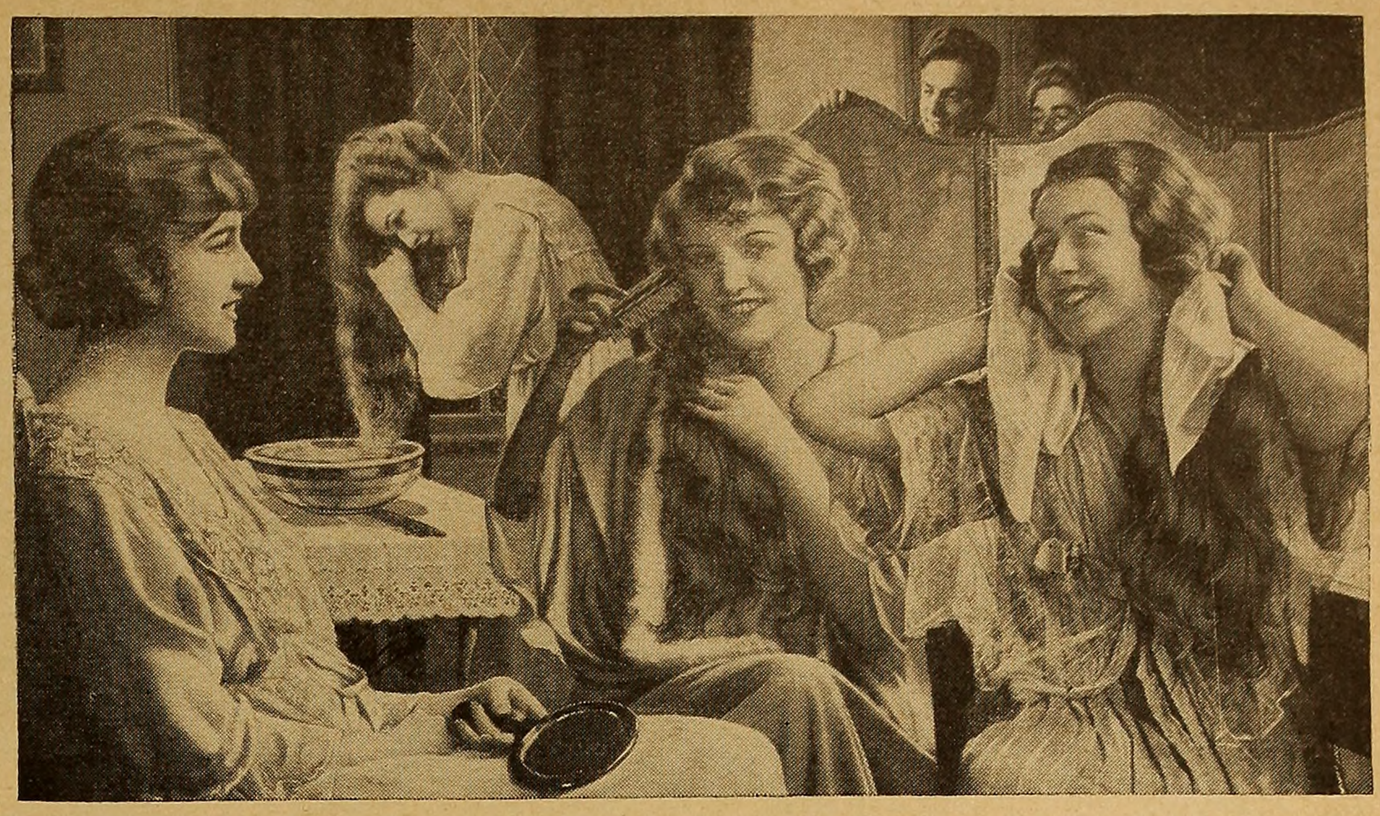
Please send me booklet and tell me how I can fit myself for the position marked X

ASC

.....High School Course	.....Shop Superintendent
.....Electrical Engineer	.....Lawyer
.....Telephone Engineer	.....Business Manager
.....Architect	.....Auditor
.....Draftsman	.....Certified Public Acc'nt
.....Building Contractor	.....Stenographer
.....Structural Engineer	.....Bookkeeper
.....Mechanical Engineer	.....Fire Ins. Adjuster
.....Civil Engineer	.....Sanitary Engineer
.....Steam Engineer	.....Automobile Engineer

Name .....

Address .....



WE can hardly blame uninvited guests for their interest in an array of attractive hair such as results from the use of

CANTHROX
SHAMPOO

Canthrox gives such a massy fluffiness to the hair that it appears much heavier than it really is, while each strand is left with a silky brightness and softness that makes doing up the hair a pleasure. It is so easy to use and so effective that it has been for years the favorite of all who want to bring out the natural beauty of their hair. Canthrox, the hair-beautifying shampoo, rapidly softens and entirely removes all dandruff, excess oil and dirt.

For Sale at All Drug Stores

Canthrox costs about three cents a shampoo. No good hair wash costs less; none is more easily used. A few minutes is all that is needed for your complete shampoo, as the hair dries very quickly.

Free Trial Offer—To show the merits of Canthrox and to prove that it is in all ways the most effective hair wash, we send one perfect shampoo free to any address upon receipt of three cents for postage.

H. S. PETERSON & CO., Dept. 275, 214 W. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

Scene: Divorce Court After July

Judge.—You wish a divorce, madame—and on what grounds?

The Mrs.—Intemperance and neglect, yeronner.

Judge.—Proceed with your testimony.

The Mrs.—Well yeronner, my husband absolutely ignores his family. He spends his wages on nut sundaes and I can't keep him away from those accursed ice cream parlors.

Judge.—Petition granted.

7 2/3 ¢ A DAY BUYS A GIBSON

Terms as low as $5.00 down—$2.30 per month. Mandolin, Guitar, Tenor Banjo or Guitar Banjo sent on approval. Liberal allowance on old instruments in exchange for the "Gibson." The wonderful new Gibson violin construction has set the whole Mandolin and Guitar world talking. Get our new FREE BOOK—112 pages—111 illustrations, a valuable fund of information for player and teacher. Also **FREE** treatise on **"How to Practice."**

Exclusive Features That Make Every Gibson Matchless:

Stradivarius arching—scientific graduation from thickness at center to thinness at rim, securing strength—sensitiveness—free vibration of entire sounding board. **Tilted neck, high bridge with extension string holder,** securing increased string pressure that vibrates a larger sounding board, producing a bigness of tone never before realized. **Reinforced, non warpable neck—elevated guard plate or finger rest—easy action—adjustable string-bearing** at bridge overcoming sharping of heavier strings in upper positions.

"Everyone A 'Gibson'-ite"
The Aeolian Mandolin Quartet — The Hazard Quartet

"Everyone a 'Gibson'-ite"
Thompson's Mandolin Orchestra

Make $1800 to $5000 or More a Year

TEACHING AND SELLING THE GIBSON

Become a teacher. Splendid opportunities for either sex in every locality for private and class instruction and the sale of Gibsons. Gibson instruments have "made" many a teacher professionally and financially. We have a permanent teaching and business opportunity now open for either sex. Other positions pending. WRITE PROMPTLY. A. C. Brockmeyer, St. Louis, Mo., Teacher and Director, writes: "Will do $10,000 business in 1917; did $7,000 in 1916." C. A. Templeman, teacher, Sioux City, Ia., writes: "$4.500 gross business for the year." **Wm. Place, Jr., America's Greatest Mandolin Virtuoso, Star Soloist for Victor Talking Machine Co., UNQUALIFIEDLY ENDORSES THE GIBSON.**

GIBSON TENOR BANJOS

Most popular member of banjo family. Powerful, sweet tone, lively, "banjoistic" but musical; obtained by exclusive Gibson features. Great for dance playing or home. Play from any piano score--melody or chords--"straight" or "jazz." Companion instrument: Gibson Guitar Banjo --- fingerboard, stringing and tuning same as guitar.

DO BUSINESS ON OUR CAPITAL.

Become our agent. We help sell. Territory protected. Stock furnished. **We pay the advertising. You make the profit.** You pay for goods when sold; return goods not sold. **Try our "Still Hunt."** **FREE** to those interested, our new $1.00 book "The Organization, Direction and Maintenance of the Mandolin Orchestra," by America's most successful director, Wm. Place, Jr. Write now for Catalog, treatise "How to Practice Psychologically Explained," all free. Don't wait: **ACT NOW. Fill in the coupon.**

GIBSON MANDOLIN-GUITAR CO., 424 Parsons St., Kalamazoo, Mich., U. S. A.

GIBSON MANDOLIN-GUITAR CO.,
424 Parsons St.,
Kalamazoo, Mich., U. S. A.

Gentlemen; Without obligation, send me **free book** complete Catalog, free treatise, also information about the Wm. Place, Jr., book and instrument **checked.** If teacher check here ☐

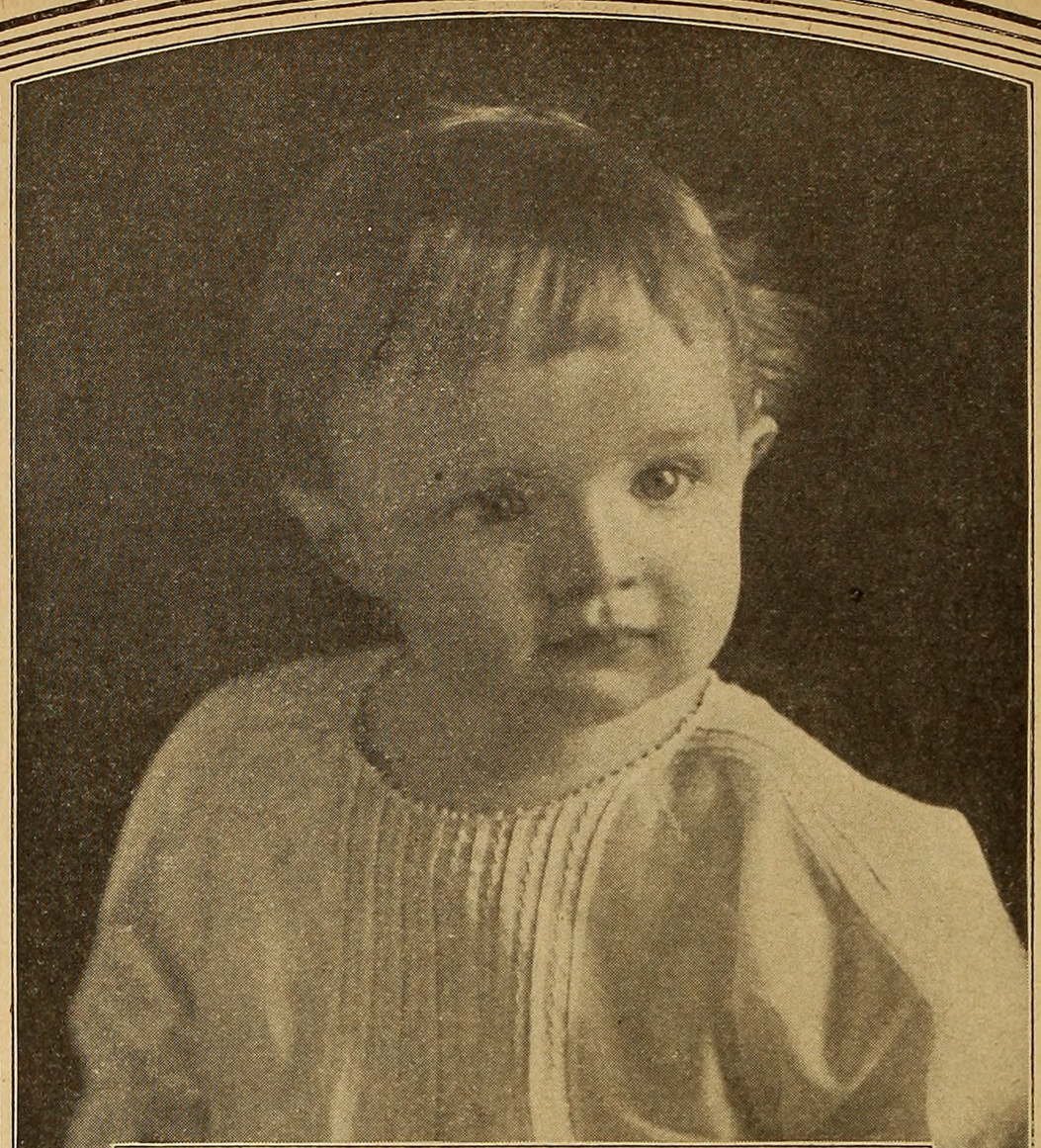
☐ Mandolin. ☐ Mando-bass.
☐ Mandola. ☐ Guitar.
☐ Mando-cello. ☐ Harp Guitar.
☐ Tenor Banjo. ☐ Guitar Banjo

Name _____

Address _____

Be sure you have checked instrument.

"We are advertised



Lloyd T. Bigelow—Needham, Mass.

by our loving friends

Mellin's Food

Mellin's Food adds to cow's milk important food materials that are necessary to make a complete and satisfying diet for the baby.

Write today for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and start your baby right.

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

CONTENTS

APRIL, 1919

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

Anita Stewart came to the public's attention in "The Wood Violet." Since then she has been first in everything. Anita played in Vitagraph's first serial, "The Goddess," her "Million Bid" was the first picture chosen to appear in Vitagraph's Broadway Theater, and Anita was chosen to star in Vitagraph's $1,000 prize scenario. Now she is head of the Anita Stewart Productions and will shortly give us "In Old Kentucky."

PAGE

Stage Plays That Are Worth While 12

Gallery of Players 19-26
Portraits in rotogravure of Shirley Mason, Carmel Myers, Vivian Martin, Edith Roberts, Mary Thurman, E. K. Lincoln, Dorothy Phillips and Conrad Nagel.

I Am the Magazine (Poem) 29

Making Mother Nature into an Ingénue ..... *Frederick James Smith* 30
Robert C. Bruce and his methods of photographing scenic pictures.

Lest We Forget (Pictures) 32
Scenes from the most popular plays in which the late Harold Lockwood appeared.

A Bennison Be Upon the Screen ..... *Russell E. Smith* 35
Interesting facts about a new star.

The Glad Girl ..... *Hazel Simpson Naylor* 36
The Interviewer visits sunny little Gladys Leslie on a wintry day.

That Unclouded Ray ..... *Eleanor Brewster* 38
Charles can make tomorrow cheerful as today.

The Sacrifice (Fiction) ..... *Gladys Hall* 40
The story of Kitty Gordon's new picture.

The Sad Business of Being Funny ..... *Emma Lindsay Squier* 45
Comedies are not all they're cooked up to be, as this story proves.

The Story-Book Girl ..... *Marguerite Sheridan* 47
Marjorie Daw see-sawed into fame.

As Ivy Is Twined, So Will She Grow (Pictures of Baby Ward) 49

Convalescing with Constance ..... *Kenneth McGaffey* 50
An interview with the younger Talmadge.

From the Inside Looking Out ..... *Sue Roberts* 52
Geraldine Farrar discloses some studio secrets.

You Never Saw Such a Girl (Fiction) ..... *Alexander Lowell* 55
Told from Vivian Martin's latest photoplay.

From Plain Bill Smith to Franklyn Farnum ..... *Doris Delvigne* 59
The story of an interesting career.

That's Out ..... *Tamar Lane* 61
Up-to-the-moment comment on happenings in film circles.

Film Flashes (Pictures) 63

A Potential Madame Butterfly ..... *Allison Rogers* 64
She is Viola Vale, who used to be Vola Smith.

He's Still When He's Asleep ..... *Ruth Kingston* 66
Referring to Jack, the masculine Pickford.

The Fame and Fortune Contest 68
More pictures of American beauties who long for screen honors.

The Rubaiyat of the Screen (Poem) ..... *Wanda Hawley* 70

Introducing E. Fish Ency to the Studio ..... *Ethel Rosemon* 71
Beginning a series of articles which expose the great studio waste.

Across the Silversheet ..... *Hazel Simpson Naylor* 73
Reviews of the new photoplays.

The Crimson Iris (Serial Fiction) ..... *H. H. Van Loan* 76
The story reaches a thrilling height in this installment.

The Answer Man ..... *By Himself* 82
Wit, wisdom and information for fans.

WATCH FOR

The startling disclosures concerning film producing told by R. A. Rowland in the next issue.

READ

Our fearless and analytical reviews of all the recent pictures.

HOW TO CHOOSE SUMMER FABRICS

The daintiest things are practical now they can be laundered

"WHAT has come over you! It's wicked to buy such delicate and filmy material. That bit of cobweb will go to pieces the moment you start to launder it."

"Nonsense. I *have* washed it. It was a remnant and so shopworn and grimy that I dipped it in delicate Lux suds the moment I got it home."

This year, in making your choice among summer fabrics, the important thing is to ask yourself, "Will it launder?" You can choose satins, taffetas, printed georgettes, printed cottons—even for sports skirts. Just make sure you select the kind that you can trust to water. Lux will cleanse it for you repeatedly.

Wash them again and again

Blouses! There is hardly a blouse material today that Lux has not made it possible for you to wash. Pastel colorings! Shimmering and sheer textures! The finer the better!

No matter how filmy the material, you can wash it over and over again in delicate Lux suds.

Economize this summer by buying dainty fabrics that are made to wash. Trust them to Lux. Keep them like *new* all summer long. Your grocer, druggist or department store will sell you a package. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

How to launder delicate fabrics

Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water to make the suds lukewarm. Dip the article up and down in the pure lather. Squeeze the suds through it—*Do not rub.* Rinse three times in clear lukewarm water. Roll in a towel to dry partially. While still damp, press with a warm iron—*never* a hot one.

Use Lux for all these

Chiffons	Silk Stockings
Crêpe de Chines	Baby's Flannels
Georgettes	Fine Linens
Mulls	Sweaters
Dimities	Blankets
Laces	Silk Underwear
Organdies	Negligees

THERE ARE NO SUBSTITUTES FOR LUX

LUX WON'T HURT ANYTHING
PURE WATER ALONE WON'T INJURE

LUX

Copyrighted, 1919 by Lever Bros. Co.

Gallery of Players

SHIRLEY MASON

Need we repeat that Shirley is the youngest of three sisters famous in screen land; Edna Flugrath, now in South Africa, and Viola Dana being just a bit older? Like her sister she played on the stage as a child and finally, along with the other Flugraths, joined the old Edison forces. Shirley was then known as Leonie Flugrath. Fame came and a change of name. Shirley is now a Paramount star.

CARMEL MYERS

Carmel is a D. W. Griffith discovery. D. W., when he was producing "Intolerance," went to Carmel's father, the Rabbi Isadore Myers, of Los Angeles, for Chaldean details. And he saw Carmel! That settled it. She quickly found herself doing small parts at the Fine Arts studios. Now she's a star of Universal.

VIVIAN MARTIN

Unusual significance is attached to the way Vivian decided to go upon the stage. At the age of six she gazed into a mirror, threw her dolls aside and dedicated herself to Art. She began by playing a kiddie with Richard Mansfield in "Cyrano de Bergerac." Other juvenile work finally led up to playing Maude Adams' rôle in "Peter Pan" on the road. Vivian soon became a favorite ingénue and, of course, the screen and Paramount finally won her.

EDITH ROBERTS

Four years ago Edith was playing extra parts at Universal City. In one play she was called upon to do a little dance. That dance won Miss Roberts a permanent position. Not so long after that Edith decided to desert the screen and join the Ziegfield Midnight Frolic. But the "U" forces made her a star and she stayed. Most of her work has been done in comedies.

MARY THURMAN

What's the use of writing a caption for a Mary Thurman picture? Nobody ever looks at it. Mary, you know, has just burst into the drama at the Paramount studios. Miss Thurman has decided that Art is everything and she's quit Mack Sennett's sea-going farces cold. Mary came to the screen from Salt Lake City. What on earth else do you want to know?

E. K. LINCOLN

E. K. comes pretty near being the richest actor in the fil-ems. He owns estates in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut and several other states and works just for the joy of it. He loves dogs and raises breeded ones very successfully. Lincoln has been a screen star since the good old days of Vitagraph. Somehow or other we remember him best there as the hero of Anita Stewart's very first picture, "The Wood Violet."

DOROTHY PHILLIPS

Dorothy was born in Baltimore and made her stage début there with the Fawcett Stock Company. Other rôles, including Modesty in "Everywoman," finally led to the screen and the Essanay Company. Next came a brief return to the stage and then a contract with Universal, which still continues. Miss Phillips has just scored in "The Heart of Humanity."

CONRAD NAGEL

Conrad came to the stage and screen quite naturally. His father is dean of the Aborn School of Opera. After graduating from the Highland Park College, Des Moines, Iowa, Conrad managed to get small parts on the stage. All of which finally led up to his remarkable hit this season opposite Alice Brady in the stage play, "Forever After." Now the screen has won Nagel, at least partially.

Try this famous treatment

Every girl can have a soft, clear skin—free from blackheads or blemishes

THINK how constantly your face is exposed to dust and dirt. Every day irritating dust carries bacteria and parasites into the skin, causing blackheads and other blemishes. Such blemishes are a confession that you are using the wrong method of cleansing for your type of skin.

This treatment has helped thousands

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with *a piece of ice*. Dry carefully.

Make this treatment a daily habit, and it will give you the clear, attractive skin that the regular use of Woodbury's brings.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

Treatments for all the commoner skin troubles are given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake today. You will find a 25c cake sufficient for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury treatment and for general cleansing use. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Send for sample cake of soap

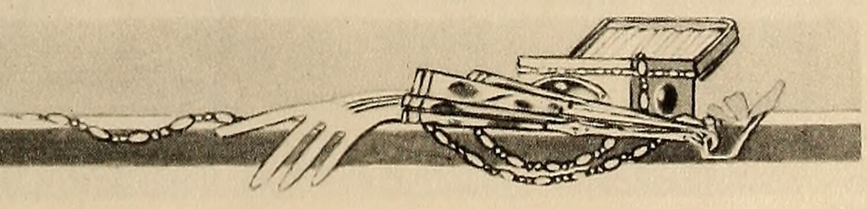
with booklet of famous treatments and sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder

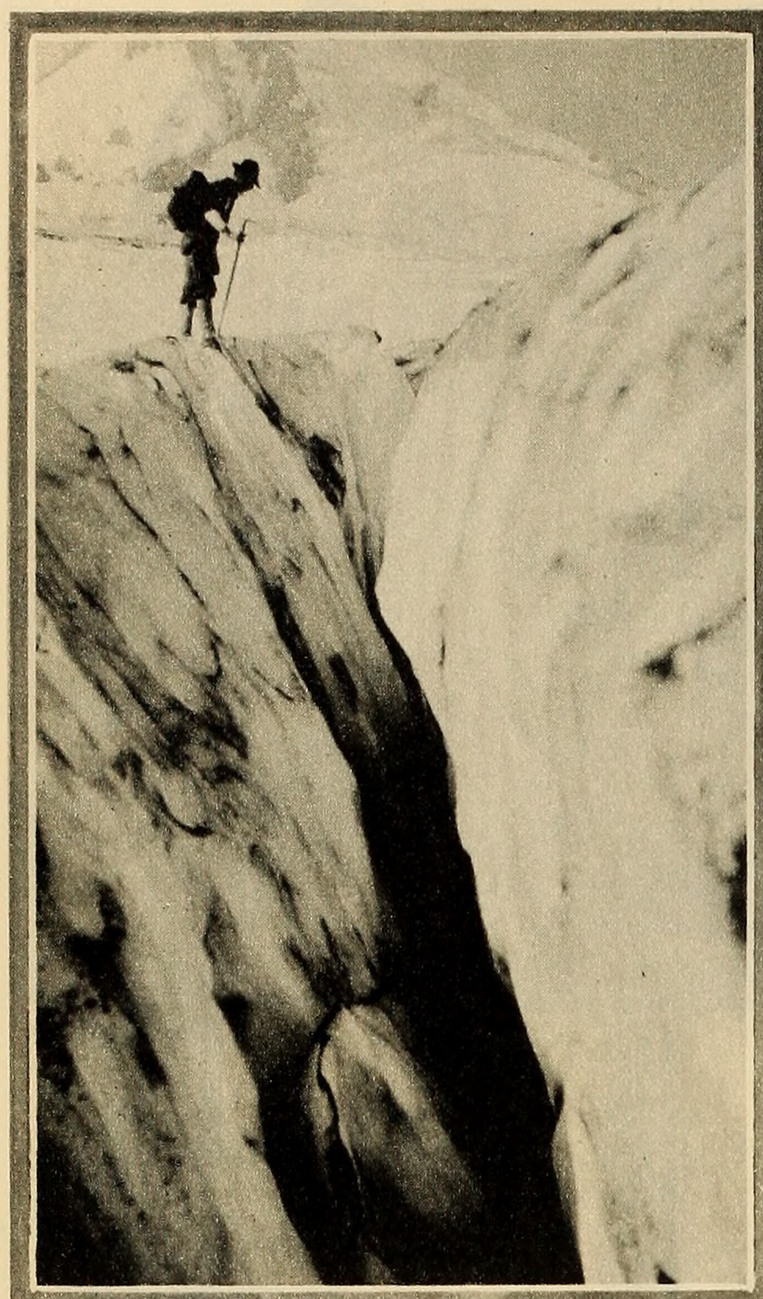
Send 6c for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1304 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1304 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

To make your skin fine in texture

If exposure to dust and dirt is coarsening your skin, a special Woodbury treatment will make it fine again. Full directions in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.





Scaling the North Side of Mt. Hood

Making Mother Nature

Robert C. Bruce

By FREDERICK

FIVE years ago his ranch in the State of Washington a failure, financial troubles pressing him, his health broken, Robert C. Bruce had just one thing—an idea. Beyond his ranch stretched the mighty Cascade Mountains, rearing their snow-capped heads into the clouds. And there lay Bruce's inspiration—to transfer the lure, the tang of adventure, the spirit of the outdoors to the screen.

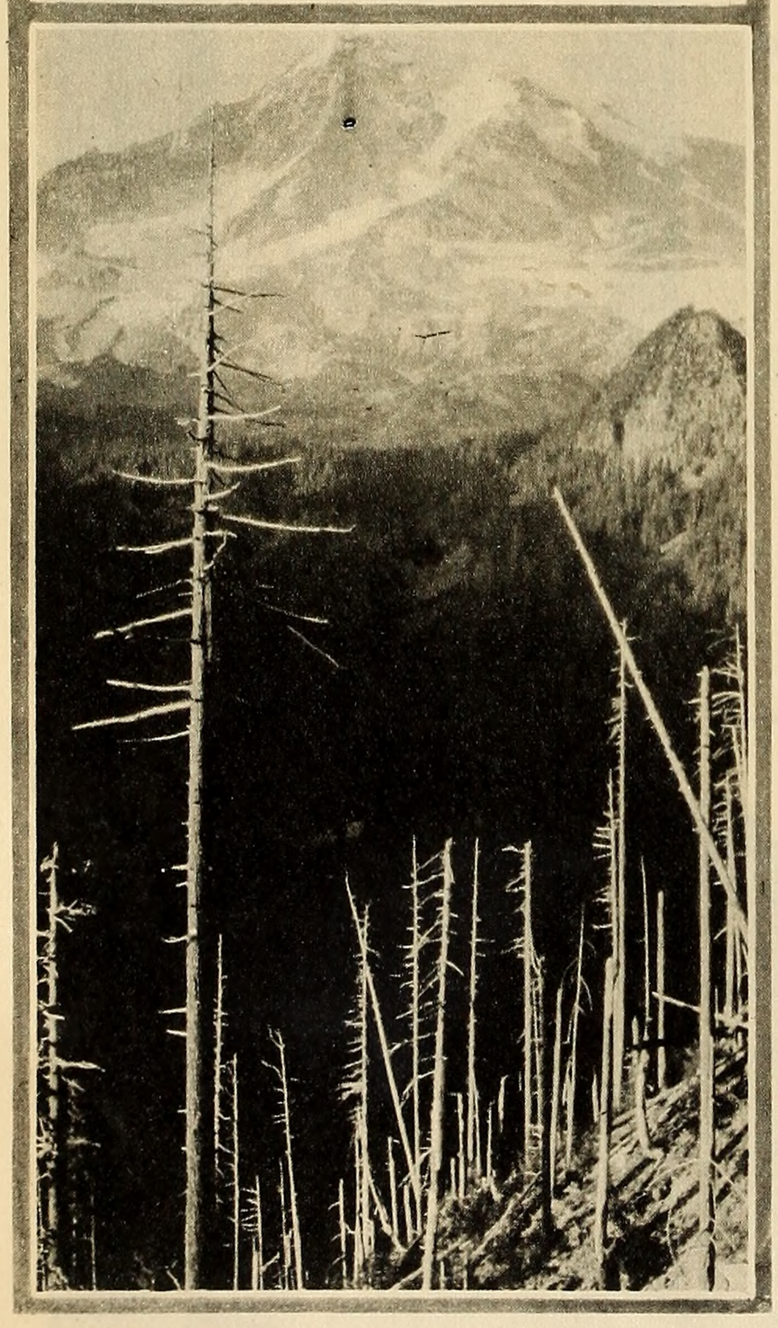
There, in the lonely spots far up beyond the snow-line, Bruce found his success. But it was a long and hard struggle. Today the Bruce scenics possess a distinct place of their own in the screen world.

"I had been in the lumber business and finally I bought a ranch in Washington. Like all green ranch-owners, I ultimately failed. It was just a question of time. Then it was that the idea of my present pictures came to me.

"Scenic pictures at that time were wholly of foreign making, filmed purely for their footage. The outdoor pictures were mere panoramas, with no effort to introduce physical action into them. I felt that these missed the adventure of the outdoors and I decided to try my hand.

"Every night for nearly a year I used to attend a little movie theater out in Washington, studying pictures. I would count the scenes in a reel, measuring the scenes by tapping the seconds with my foot. I often think how I must have annoyed the poor movie fans interested in the screen stories. But, at the end of the year, I had a fairly good idea of picture-making. So I hired a camera-man, a packer, a cook and some horses, and we went up Mount Adams, north of the Columbia River. Landing back in Portland, Oregon, some weeks later, I found myself with just fifty dollars and my picture. But I wired Pathé about my plans and started for New York.

"I have often laughed since when I think of that, for I didn't arrive in New

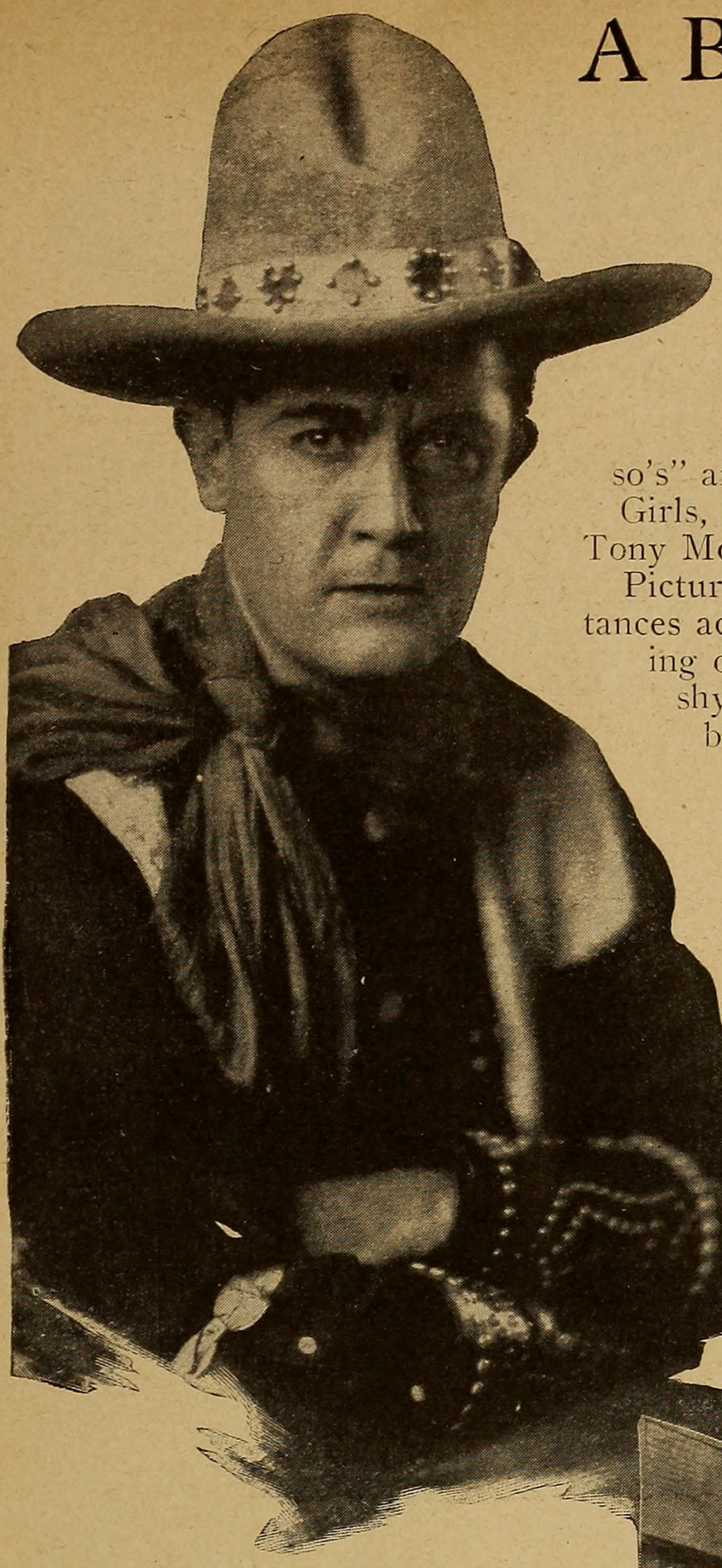


Mt. Ranier

Robert C. Bruce, his clever Dane, "Love II," and "Buddy," the "Whozitt"

A Bennison Be Upon the Screen

By RUSSELL E. SMITH



Louis Bennison is a new aspirant for screen honors in Western rôles

SCREEN astronomers who congratulate themselves at being the first to spot the ascending of a new star in the cinema constellation are reaping their reward for keeping their binoculars firmly fixed upon the film horizon. Their "I told you so's" are shattering the air, for Louis Bennison is among us!

Girls, clear a space on your mantle-shelves—even if Francis X. Bushman and Tony Moreno have to take second and third position of vantage!

Picture him—with eyes faintly blue from long gazing away off into dim distances across the purpling mesas. He walks with a slight limp, from long wearing of spurs, and his hair is long, to protect his neck from sunburn. He is shy, almost innocent, and quiet in manner, but oh, boy! when he's mad those blue eyes squint sparks of steely fire. Wild Bill's "steely eyes" are the ambient orbs of "Sweet William" compared with Bennison's, and Bill Hart's well-known glance is harmless in comparison.

He has had actual experience on the range also, which aids greatly in his film work, but so genuine an actor is he that he does not need the artificial aids of experience.

No actor in recent years has made more of a personal hit on the stage than Bennison has in "Johnny Get Your Gun," in which play he starred for two seasons past in New York and "en tour." His vivid performances as the doctor in "Damaged Goods" and the socialist in "The Unchastened Woman" are also widely recalled.

Distinctly a Western personality, Louis Bennison is predestined to become one of the leading exponents of Western comedy-drama on the silversheet.

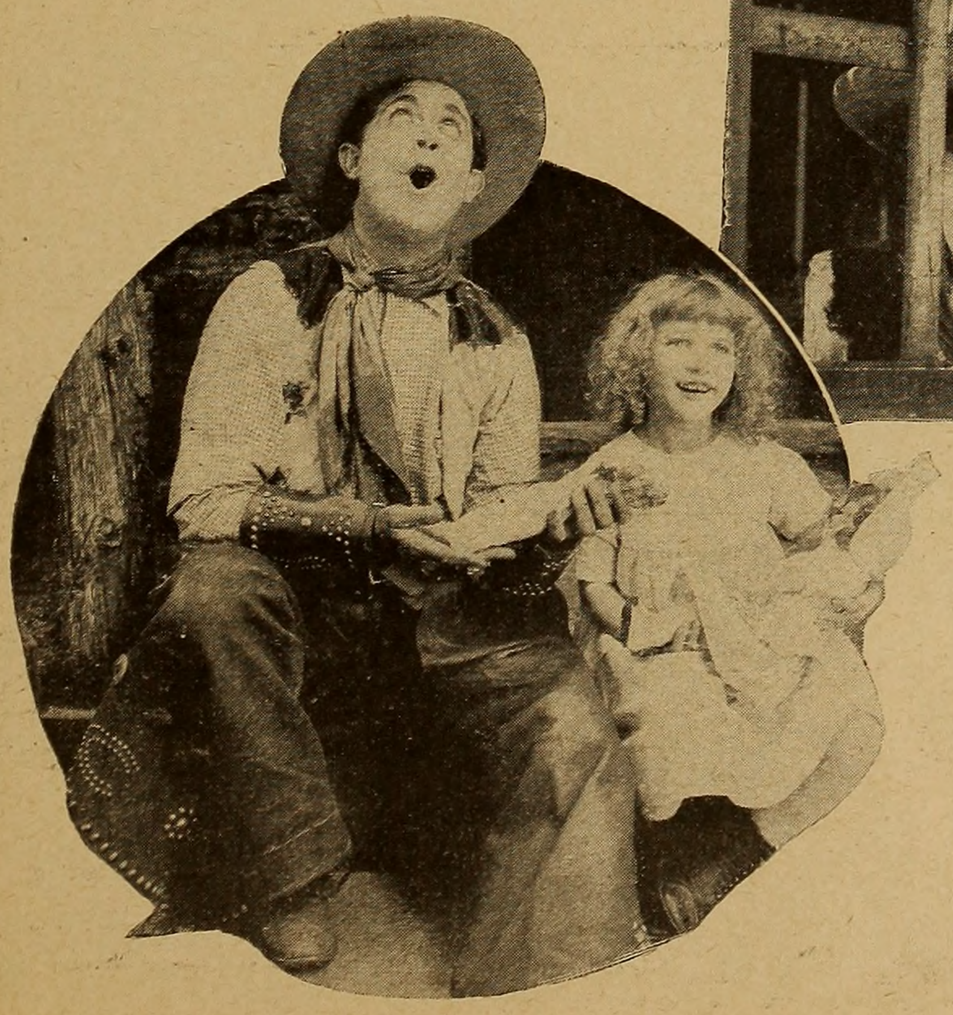
Bennison was born in California. People have often wondered why so many prominent Broadway stars of late years have been products of California stock companies. I asked Bennison about it the other day. He laughed at my question. "Why, the word California starts you," he said, emphatically. "All the managers know that players who have had experience at the Alcazar or Morosco's can play any part; that they are actors, not types. Do you know what Eastern actors call us now? 'The Yellow Peril.' And rightly, too. The West has given Broadway Fay Bainter, Jeanne Eagels, Marjorie Rambeau."

'And you." I couldn't resist the temptation.

Bennison fidgeted. "I know I'm going to like this movie game," he said, irrelevantly, "it's so *very* different from the stage—so much time is spent in the open."

This new type of cowboy seemed to think it strange that any one should care to know about his life before he became a star. Yet I gleaned he joined the Anchor-J outfit, a big Californian ranch, as a boy. This ranch was located where Modoc and Lassen counties and the State of Nevada meet. For five years he rode the range on that 55,000-acre ranch, and was so light in the saddle that he could outride any other man on the place. His largest salary was $25 a month. On this ranch he learnt the life of the cowboys and acquired their dialect—the peculiar, careless, slurring way in which they speak.

Bennison's venture into Filmland *will* be successful; he has built a firm foundation. Some players have risen overnight on the screen—and vanished with the spotlight. Bennison is not of this material. He will last. He has built for this time.



Louis Bennison's first picture to be released thru Goldwyn is "Oh Johnny." His second at which he is now working is "Sandy Burke, of the U-Bar-U"

The Glad Girl

BROOKLYN was all bound up in the icy embrace of King Winter. *I* was all balled up in Brooklyn. But with head bowed to the fates—and the winds—I blundered on, chanting "five blocks to the right, two to the left, to Twenty-second Street."

Somehow the counted five blocks down and two blocks over failed to bring me to Twenty-second Street, but after several attempts, my addition came out correctly, and the Leslie street, number and home loomed up out of the cold.

Now that I had found the place, *would* Miss Leslie keep me waiting? Would she be like the weather, frigid and hard to get along with? Fortunately, my mind had little opportunity to flounder in the pessimistic sea of what might be.

Before I had reached the porch the door was flung open wide. I caught a glimpse of a slender pink-and-lace clad figure. A warm little hand just jumped into mine and pulled me in, while a voice that sang with the joy of living said:

"Golly, you poor dear, you must be frozen."

And somehow, King Winter, with his grouchy troupe of physical discomforts, vanished as if by magic. Here were warmth, youth, joy and summer, daisy fields and new-mown hay.

Thus Gladys Leslie.

I almost expected her to slip a pink sunbonnet over her gold-kist locks and invite me out into the garden. Not that Gladys is pastoral. But her aura is.

Matter-of-factly, she appeared very much as any other young girl would in a silken negligée. Prettier than most, perhaps, but supremely unconscious of that fact.

"My, I'm *glad* you got here safely," she said.

Thus I discovered the keynote of the little Leslie's character.

Gladys Leslie reminds one of a sunkist buttercup, whom vagrant chance has blown into a hothouse bouquet of screen roses

By Hazel Simpson Naylor

"Some day," says Gladys Leslie, "I want to own a farm, a husband and babies of my very own"

"How," I asked, dutifully, "did you happen to go into the pictures?"

The Glad Girl smiled just as cordially as if I hadn't asked the most bromidic question in the interviewer's vocabulary.

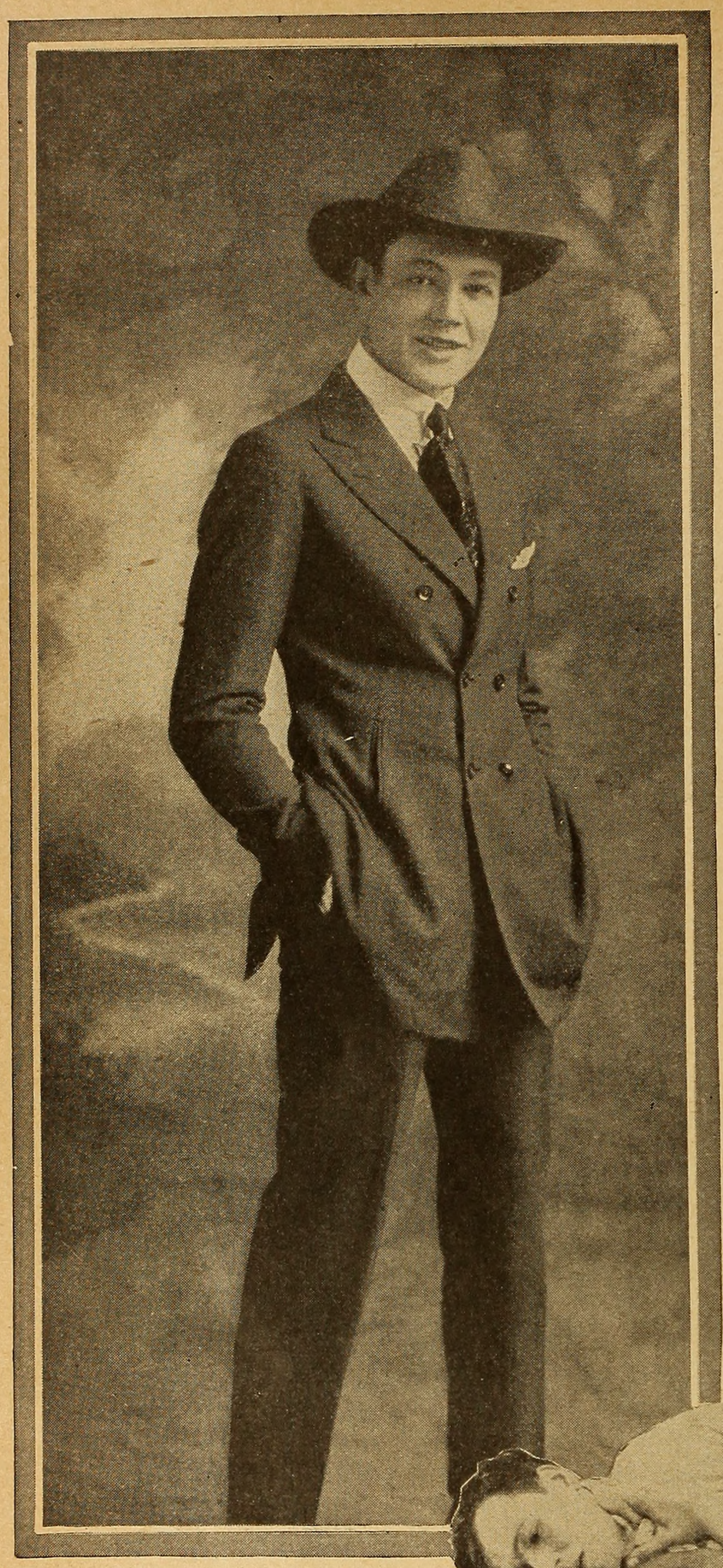
"Oh," she said, "I didn't *happen*. I went. I was just crazy about the movies. Made up my mind I was going to get into them when I was graduated from the Washington Irving High School. Where there's a will there's a way, you know, and I just had good, plain Irish nerve. I applied for a place as an extra at the Edison studio, and when they asked me if I had had any experience, I said, bold as brass, 'Yes, indeed; played in about eight pictures.' They believed me! I was given a small part and got away with it.

"Mother is one of those dear 'yesing' mothers. Everything has always been 'yes' with her. But when she heard about the pictures she said, 'Nothing doing.' You see, there never had been an actress in the family. But when I want anything badly enough I generally get it. I wanted to be in pictures. I was tired of not being self-supporting and I went ahead. And now the family is pleased as Punch.

"Gee, I'm *glad* I got into pictures when I did. They've been mighty good to me. Altho I only played small parts at Edison, I was soon playing leads at Thanhouser. From the time I played Sophia in 'The Vicar of Wakefield' the critics have been kind to me. When Thanhouser went out of business, Mr. Smith offered me this starring contract with Vitagraph.

"No success I might have could make me big-headed. I shall always remember how those leading ladies at Edison used

(*Continued on page* 101)



That Unclouded Ray

By ELEANOR BREWSTER

THE first time I saw Charles Ray in the flesh he was in the air. It's literally true. Just as I arrived on the set at the studio where Ray was working, he came hurtling headfirst down a stairway. Most of the journey was made in the air. Its terminus was an old-fashioned hair-cloth sofa that a kind providence or property man had placed there. Charlie landed on it. The next minute he was charging like a mad bull up the stairway again. I didn't know he could be so irascible.

Of course, it was all acting. But such acting! If you think those Ray-McKim fights are faked in the movies, you ought to visit the Ince studio some sunshiny day when they begin to put punch in a picture. They fight all over the place, fast and furious, with a total disregard of science, the Marquis of Queensbury rules and the surrounding bric-à-brac. It's a case of jab and tussle and tumble and wallop and jab and tussle again.

This one was full of pep. Charlie smashed three chairs, a statue of Psyche at the Fountain, a glass bowl full of gold-fish and two fingers of his left hand. Then he called it a day and came over to talk to me.

"I'm sorry you couldn't have seen some of the psychological bits," he said, while the blood ran from a scratch on his forehead. "This is all action. Any one can do this."

Any one, maybe. Not me!

"I'm in overalls again in this picture." Charlie's smile was apologetic. "You see, when an actor makes a success in a certain line of work, producer and public conspire to keep him in it. Weaklings and boobs have been my portion ever since the critics took kindly to me in 'The Coward,' when I supported Frank Keenan."

"And ran away with the picture," I interposed encouragingly. "That was a great piece of work. Almost as good as your 'Claws of the Hun.'"

"The part afforded opportunities," he put in, deprecatingly. "And then I worked so hard over that 'Coward' that he just couldn't help being real. I dreamed him and lived him and, for the time being, I was not Charles Ray—I was that boy."

"And he made you a star overnight, which must be highly gratifying."

"Yes, and I am happy and grateful over it. But I'm eager to prove that I can do other parts just as well. Of course, the cowards always turn out to be heroes in the end," Charlie smiled. "But I'd like a chance to do that fellow in 'Turn to the Right,' for instance, and a big comedy of some kind. Look at Wally Reid, for instance. They thought he was only a romantic hero, and now he's having the time of his life playing comedies, and playing them to perfection."

By this time it was nearly noon, the players' lunch-time, and Mr. Ray, still mussed up and in rube clothes, lunched unnoticed in a little restaurant near the studio. The players at the various studios never find time to take off make-up or change clothes when they go to lunch, but the people of Hollywood and Los Angeles are so used to seeing strange

If you think those Ray-McKim fights are faked, you ought to visit the studio some sunshiny day when they begin to put punch in a picture

Can Make Tomorrow Cheerful As Today

sights that even if President Wilson walked down the street they'd think it was an extra man made up for a photodrama.

Charlie didn't like to talk about himself at lunch. I learnt later that he doesn't like to talk about himself at any time. He is engagingly frank and unaffected and unsophisticated, young in years, young in the social graces.

I insisted on digging up the past and learnt that he came from Jacksonville, Illinois, as a schoolboy. There was a story that Charles' father gave him two years to make good on the stage or go into the bank. He makes more money than the bank holds nowadays—but I couldn't get Charlie to talk about it.

Before I went into pictures five years ago I played small-time on the coast here—the smallest of time—as many as six shows a day. I did everything to make myself appear older and to give me more dignity—I was very young then. But I guess I didn't succeed. They seem to look on me as a boy even now.

"Do you know," he confided, ingenuously, "I've never been east of Chicago. New York's a wonderland I'd like to explore some day."

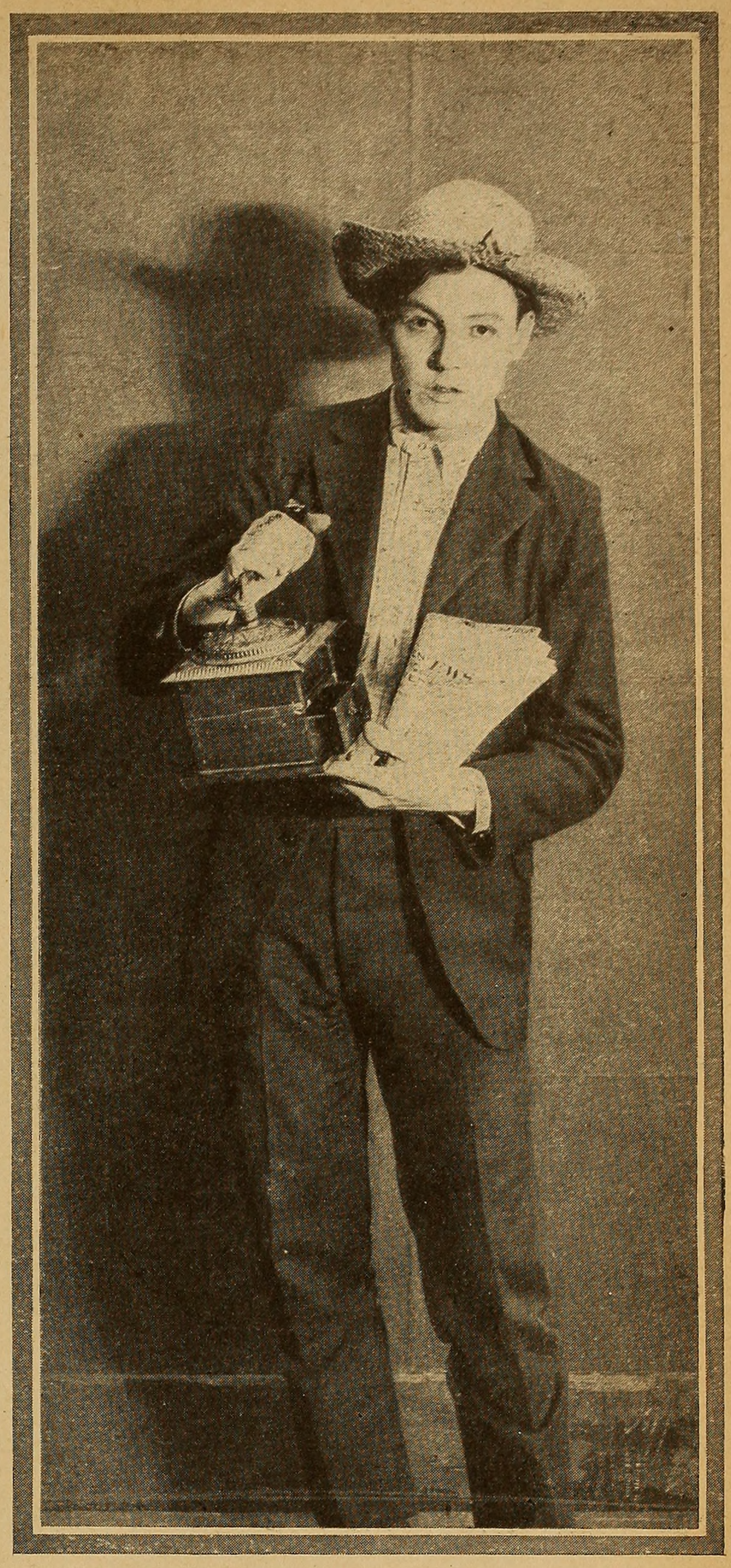
"And do you know," I rejoined, suggestively, "I've never been on location. There's a wonderland I'd like to explore."

"Say no more. Be at the studio in the morning at eight, and we'll shoot out small-town stuff in the streets of Artesia tomorrow."

And so it happened that eight o'clock the next morning found me waiting at the studio. There were others waiting, too—hordes of them, in the quaint garb of remote country places.

"There must have been an early train in," I thought, and then hastily revised my opinion, for it dawned upon me that these were not real country folk, but that they represented "atmosphere" for the "small-town stuff" to be shot that day. Later Mr. Ray's director confirmed this impression.

"The fake rube is much more natural than the real thing on the screen," he said; "he at least knows enough not to stare and grimace into the camera."



"Weaklings and boobs have been my portion ever since the critics took kindly to me in 'The Coward,'" says Charlie Ray

While we had been talking the "atmosphere" was disposing itself, with much noise and bustle, in the great sight-seeing buses lined up in front of the studio. The assistant director and the property men also packed stacks of "props" and luncheon into the buses.

The director and assistants had a car

(*Continued on page* 107)

The Sa

By GLADYS

"O Beauty, I have wandered far;
Peace, I have suffered seeking thee;
Life, I have sought to see thy star,
That other men might see.

And after wandering nights and days,
A gleam in a beloved soul
Shows how life's elemental blaze
Goes wandering thru the whole,

Bearing the discipline of earth,
That earth, controlled, may bring forth flowers
Oh, may our labors help the birth
Of nobler souls than ours."

"MY dear man, God's *good* man, you are the ever-recurring ascetic. In reality, you are a gambler."

"A gambler?" The minister shook his head. "A gambler. You are throwing all your little, sacerdotal dice on the great tomorrow. Perhaps . . . tomorrow may not dawn. Night may be all. Oblivion. Then where will you be?"

"At peace," said John Sterling, gently, "at rest—after strife——"

The beautiful Helen Rowland gave a light laugh. It flicked like a slender whip-cord. "Peace," she scoffed; "rest—corpses you use for your assuagement. Sops to your chill belief. Embalming. My friend, you *are* the incurable—or aren't you incurable?—ascetic. There are red roses growing around your feet. You strain your eyes that you may see the lilies in a stained glass window. There is life pulsing up to you. You stand away and yearn to some pale death. You discount beauty. You—are starving . . ."

She spoke the last words in a whisper. Her jeweled fingers moved ever so slightly. The man at her side sat unmoved. Outside the conservatory, where she had taken him after her husband's introduction, her guests were still dancing. Much wine had given them a bacchanalian tendency. Hawaiian music sobbed fitfully. Flowers breathed heavily, and a moon, like a monstrous lily, bludgeoned its way into the still place. Helen Rowland gave a nervous laugh. She gave a quick glance at the pale ascetic. She was not used to such a comrade of flower-scent and moon-pollen. He was infinitely the priest, slender, black, remote. She shuddered as with premonition.

John Sterling roused himself. "You are a hedonist, Mrs. Rowland," he said; "you deny your soul." He looked at her. "It might be," he said, with deliberation, "more beautiful than—the flesh."

"I have never thought of that," said Helen Rowland, then she laughed. "Did my husband introduce you to me for purposes of conversion?" she asked.

John Sterling looked down on her. Her face was a magnificent flower. Her hair was a maddening trap. Her eyes were jewels unnamable glowing in alabastine. She assailed him and he drew into his sacramental

"THE SACRIFICE"

Narrated by permission from the United Pictures production based upon the story by Wm. Anthony McGuire, scenario by Jack Cunningham, and staged with the following cast:

Helen Rowland.....Kitty Gordon
Henry Rowland.....Mahlon Hamilton
John Sterling.....W. Lawson Butt
Spiffy.....Dick Rosson

crifice

HALL

When he left her at the door that night she gave him her hand. "God's man," she said, "God's man . . ."

robes. "If I might help . . ." he said, very gently.

Helen Rowland straightened. "Let me tell you something of myself," she said. "When I was very tiny I was beautiful. My father saw it. He did not see much else. You must not blame him. 'According to his lights' —isn't that—*your* book——?"

"God's Book."

"*Bien* . . . then . . . my mother helped him, foolish-fond. Not wise. Few parents are. They inevitably lose perspective. A fundamental lack. Well, they made a fetich of my beauty. My father, poor dad, outdid himself. He got into a mess. A horrid mess. Trying to keep me like—like an unholy thing. What ideals we have! What rot we break our hearts for. What gods we kneel to. He took his life, dad did, and snapped it across its spine for me. Then this mess. Henry Rowland, millionaire, was the one man who could save him. I had been well trained—dad and my mirror. I went to Henry Rowland. 'If I *am* beautiful,' I thought. 'If I am . . .' I was. Dad was saved. He never knew. Dad had a moral sense. Perverted, but sincere. He cultivated my beauty. Gave it to me as my one weapon. My only weapon. Forbade me to use it. Thus our strange conception of duty. After a while I married Henry Rowland. In your house—church. There were lilies . . . that's about all I remember . . . masses and masses of lilies. And there was music. Some young boys sang. Their voices were like angels . . . angels newly dead. High and clear and piercing-sweet. Too sweet. Unutterable. They sang 'The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden.' Isn't there something horrible to you in that, God's man? Shouldn't they—have *jazzed* it?"

"But"—John Sterling was obviously in search of grasp —"you cared for him?"

Helen Rowland sat forward. The moonlight made living copper of her hair. Her mouth was a fragrant blur. John Sterling, sitting close beside her, thought of God's inimitable handiwork and gave reverent thanks. In this exquisite body must be lodged as exquisite a soul. If, thru the silly, futile wadding, he might find it . . . he drew a deep breath. "You cared for him?" he repeated. He added, "Of course."

Helen Rowland turned to him, and her jewelled eyes were dimmed. "Not 'of course,'" she said; "how come you to be so ingenuous? You, a man, with the heart of a little child. Of course—*not.* I had beauty, youth, charm. He had gold, gold, gold. It was an even buy. Give and take. Barter. Exchange."

John Sterling rose and stood, very black, very stern, in the samite of the moon. "I want you to come with me," he said, "down into the slums. Down beneath all the considerations of which you have spoken tonight. You are touching life—only on rouged lips. Back of the paint there is tissue and blood—and pain."

"Why dwell so on the pain?" asked Helen Rowland.

"That we may win thru it to pleasure," smiled John Sterling.

"What could you know of pleasure?" scoffed Helen.

"The Kingdom of Heaven within me," said John Sterling.

"Heaven is a very chill place," she said, and shrugged.

"Hell is a very hot one," he said, and they both laughed.

Ten minutes later they were spinning slumward in the Rowland limousine.

"Henry Rowland is a good man," said Sterling, in an interlude.

"A commercial man," corrected Helen, and the watching priest saw her delicate lips draw together like the shrinkage of flower petals.

"A big man, nevertheless," said the minister.

Then they stepped out into the narrow backwash of an alley, where John Sterling, hampered by want of funds, ran his "Club."

Helen Rowland had never in her hothouse life seen such a place. She had never gone "slumming" even in the most fastidious sense. Something within her which tempered the dross with gold, warned her to keep her skirts clear of earth's miserable refuse. Warned her, if she would keep her mode of living "icily regular, splendidly null." Was this man to break thru? To play the vandal to the delicate, shimmering structure?

The "Club" was in session. John Sterling's protégées were dancing.

"They are horrible," said Helen Rowland, and shuddered and drew nearer to the priestly broadcloth. The minister laid a reassuring hand on her cloaked arm. He sensed the shrinkage. He did not condemn it. His sad mouth smiled.

"They are souls," he minded her, gently.

"Souls . . . ?" she repeated after him.

"They suffer," the minister said, "suffer, feel pain, feel joy. They live, give birth and die. Common clay. You —and I—and them. Equal—in the sight of God."

"Equal . . ." Helen Rowland was groping, was puzzled. God had been an immense but a very inchoate figure. Tonight, this man, with the zealot's burning eyes, the reformist's burning tongue, tonight this man had become God. "Equal," she repeated after him, "to you?"

"Souls," he said, and smiled. She sensed his appeal to the soul in her under the fleshly swathings that had won her the prestige she had. But these fleshly swathings—these perfumed, red and white veilings of her spirit—these roses red and roses white—she had them to thank for all that life had given her. For money, liberator of the soul. For worship. For power. For triumph. Dead Sea fruit . . . then where was fruit that was luscious? Where was sustenance? How should she live? How?

He would often come upon her in her dressing-room, at her private 'phone, with that sense of listening, of waiting, upon her

Some nameless thing caught at her heart, there in that bleak, ill-lighted hall. Something tore at her as she watched them dance and giggle oafishly; lanky, undernourished, gaunt-eyed girls; loutish, sallow, desperately facetious youths. A pity too vast for her throat tore at her. Her heart swelled till it burst long bondages, long confines. Humanity batted down reserves. She felt the terrific waste of it, of the flame of life, so bitterly paid for, so carelessly sustained. She felt a greater thing than her beauty. She felt a deeper thing than herself. Pain . . . birth . . . common clay . . . that was it, the whole of it, *common clay. Humanity.* To suffer . . .

to grow . . . to die . . . together. To *help. Service*—there she had it. The greater thing than Beauty. The essence of all beauty. *Service* . . . oh, there was such need for it, such an aching, tremendous need. What if one made mistakes? What if one stumbled and fell down? What if one never succeeded? To try . . . to feel . . . to know . . . to give . . .

She turned to John Sterling, and he saw the pale flame of her stunted, flaccid spirit lifting its head. When she spoke her voice was lovely because its was choked. "I——" she said, then she spread forth her hands, "let me bring flowers," she said, "fresh fruits . . . books . . . games . . . let me . . ."

John Sterling smiled. It was on his mouth to say, "We do not need these things so much as we need the warming fire of your heart, your sympathy." But he was too wise. He knew not to disdain the gifts of the giver.

When he left her at her door that night, she gave him her hand. "God's man," she said, then with a catch in her deep, soft voice, "God's man . . ."

Henry Rowland had married Helen Burton because his phenomenal success, his staggering wealth had taught him to expect, to demand and to get, the last word in everything. Helen Burton seemed to him the last word in everything feminine. The most flawlessly beautiful. The most finished. The most exquisite. She had the poise of a calla-lily. The warmth of the rose. The distance of the orchid. He married her perfection. After he married her he found her perfection not enough. Her arms not enough. Nor her mouth. He wanted the spirit he didn't have to warm these things to vitality. Only her vitality could slake him. He was parched for her—not for her presence, not for her immediacy—for the inner spirit denied to him. He believed in that inner self. He knew that he would rather have the width of the continent between them, the spaces of the world, and know her his in truth, than hold her against his heart and be chilled by a sense of distance.

Henry Rowland had fought a gruelling bout for his ranking as one of the foremost millionaires. Fighting scars. The heat and fervor of his youth were still with him, but they were shut up. They were congealed. One dare not meet the world with youth and fervor. The world tramples such growths under mailed feet. He did not know how to show his heart to Helen. He had bought her. The bargain was not enough.

The night on which John Sterling came to ask funds for his charities Henry Rowland was alone in his study, and he was lonely. Bitterly lonely. He had won the fights he had vowed to win—but they had pinned him to a cross and not a cross to him. They had made a cross of his deep desire and nailed him to it. John Sterling seemed to hold forth an assuaging sponge. He felt like talking to some one, telling some one "all about it." He had not broken thru reserve in many a year. "It is not good for man to live alone." He thought, wretchedly, that there was no man so alone as he. He had got by the joy of all bought things. Purchase sickened him. Purchased love . . . the taint of it! . . . the stench!

The man groped for the whiskey bottle that stood, half emptied, before him

He told John Sterling of his belief in the beautiful woman he had married. He waved a deprecating hand to the ballroom, where Helen was making tragical the hearts of other wives and sweethearts. "All that," he said, "it doesn't suffice her. I know it. Her beauty . . . but there is more, Mr. Sterling. There is more. If you, with your vision, your burning beliefs in things beyond, if you might quicken her spirit in her . . ."

That had been two months ago. John Sterling had quickened her spirit. Henry Rowland admitted that. He had quickened her spirit till it glowed from her beautiful flesh like a beautiful flame and burned up the chaff of her frivolities like so much straw and grass. But in the quickening there was no place for him, for Henry Rowland. Less, even, than there had been when her ballroom had been throbbing with bacchanalia and her cheeks had been roses red. Far less. Then there had been the vague fear of many things, which allows of rest, permits hope. Now there was the fear of one thing, one person, one, to Henry Rowland, *terrible* person. The fear of John Sterling, priest, who was yet a man, man who was essentially priest. Flesh with the Voice of God made manifest.

There were times when Helen reminded him of some wondering, worldly novice standing, with half-hesitant feet, on the threshold of her holy novitiate. He would often come upon her in her dressing-room, at her private 'phone, with that sense of listening, of waiting, upon her. He grew desperate. Hope had been too long deferred. He had been a fool, an arrant fool, to trust the conversion of the seductive Helen to man, mere man, be his vestments ever so holy, his calling ever so high. He thought of little things—that time he had come upon them—alone—in his Westchester home. What had they been doing there—alone? Was such solitude, such remoteness, necessary for conversion? He had stopped to listen.

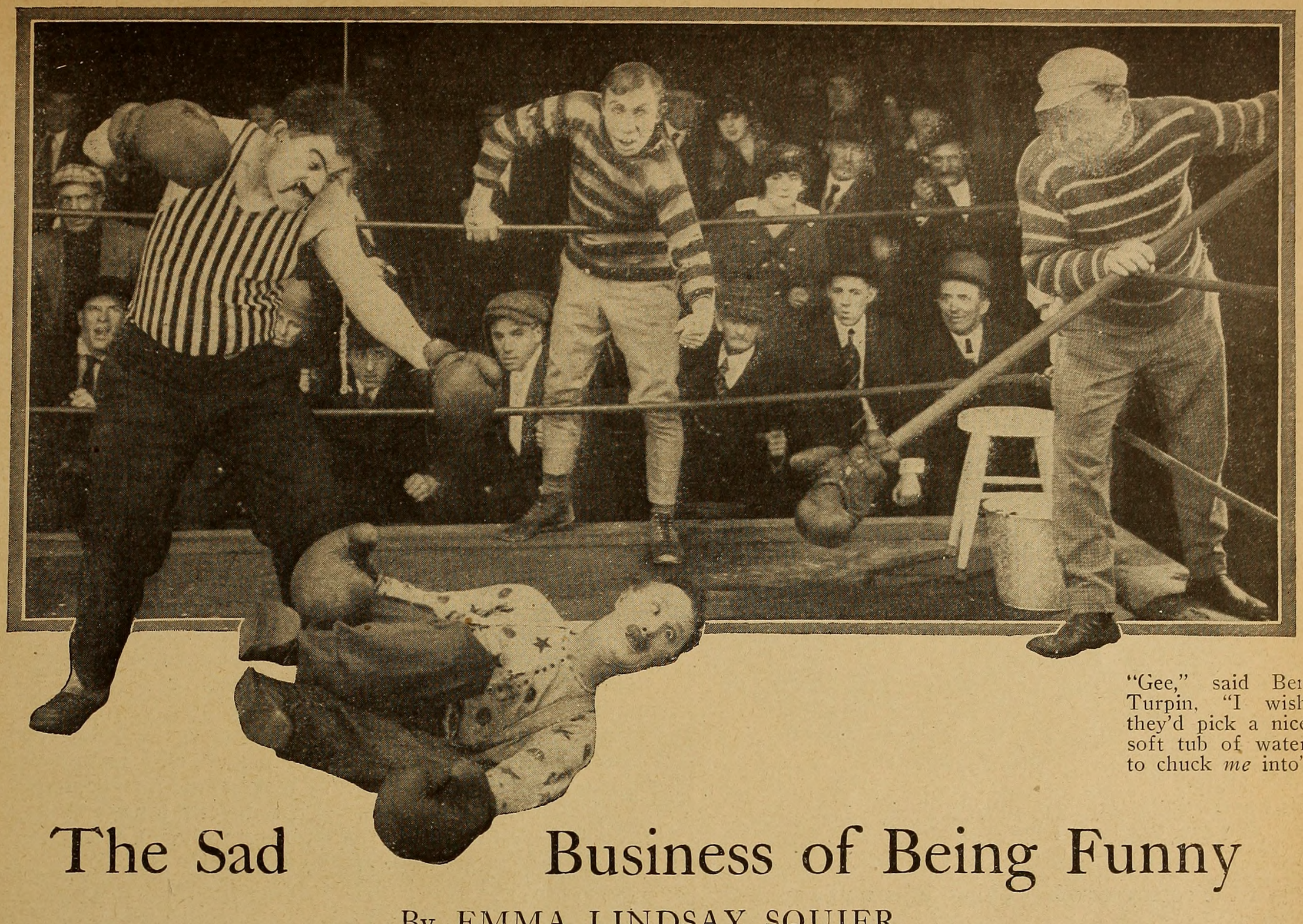
"The moon riding up into the heavens is enough for me," Helen's voice had come to him. "The moon is like a flower, soft, expansive . . ."

"Back of the moon," John Sterling's voice had said, "is the moon's Creator. If you must worship beauty, Mrs. Rowland, you must come at last to the Creator of all beauty—to God."

Helen had turned to him swiftly,

(*Continued on page* 104)

"It is from the Bishop," she said. "You are reinstated"



"Gee," said Ben Turpin, "I wish they'd pick a nice soft tub of water to chuck *me* into"

The Sad Business of Being Funny

By EMMA LINDSAY SQUIER

ALONG country road, filled with California dust and scorched by a California sun; a little man, toes turned out, bamboo cane swinging, walking with the jerky gait of a mechanical toy soldier, ambles down the stretch, while a camera grinds. A pig, set loose from a pen and shooed by energetic directors and assistants, takes a short cut to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness and dashes between the legs of the innocent pedestrian. There is a general mix-up of pork, hat, cane and turned-up-at-the-toes shoes, a series of startled squeals from the animal, a cloud of dust rising thickly and chokingly, and a camera-man calls, "We'll have to do that over, Mr. Chaplin; the film buckled."

"This makes the fourth time," the little man complains mildly, getting up and spitting out some of the ubiquitous dust. "First the pig gets outside the camera line, then I do, then we both do—and now the camera gets temperamental."

A valet comes up with a make-up box, the Chaplin countenance is wiped free of dust and perspiration, more grease-paint is applied, and a relay of camera-men capture the pig, who is brought back, protesting, to his narrow pen.

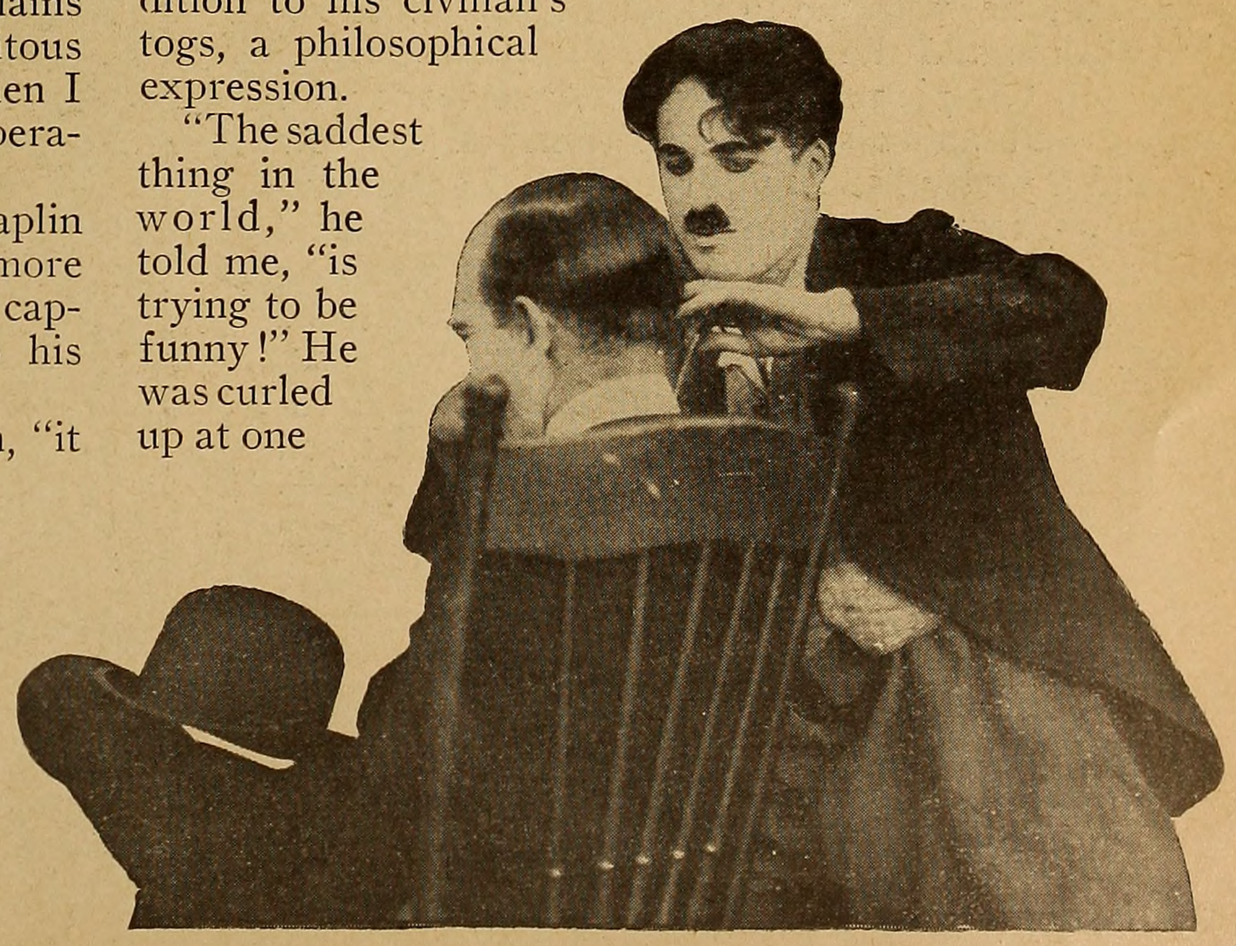
"Well, anyway," I console the perspiring comedian, "it looks awfully funny!"

"It does now," he replies, pessimistically, "but wait until you see it in the projection-room; it may look like a Bolshevik tragedy, and be too awful to use!"

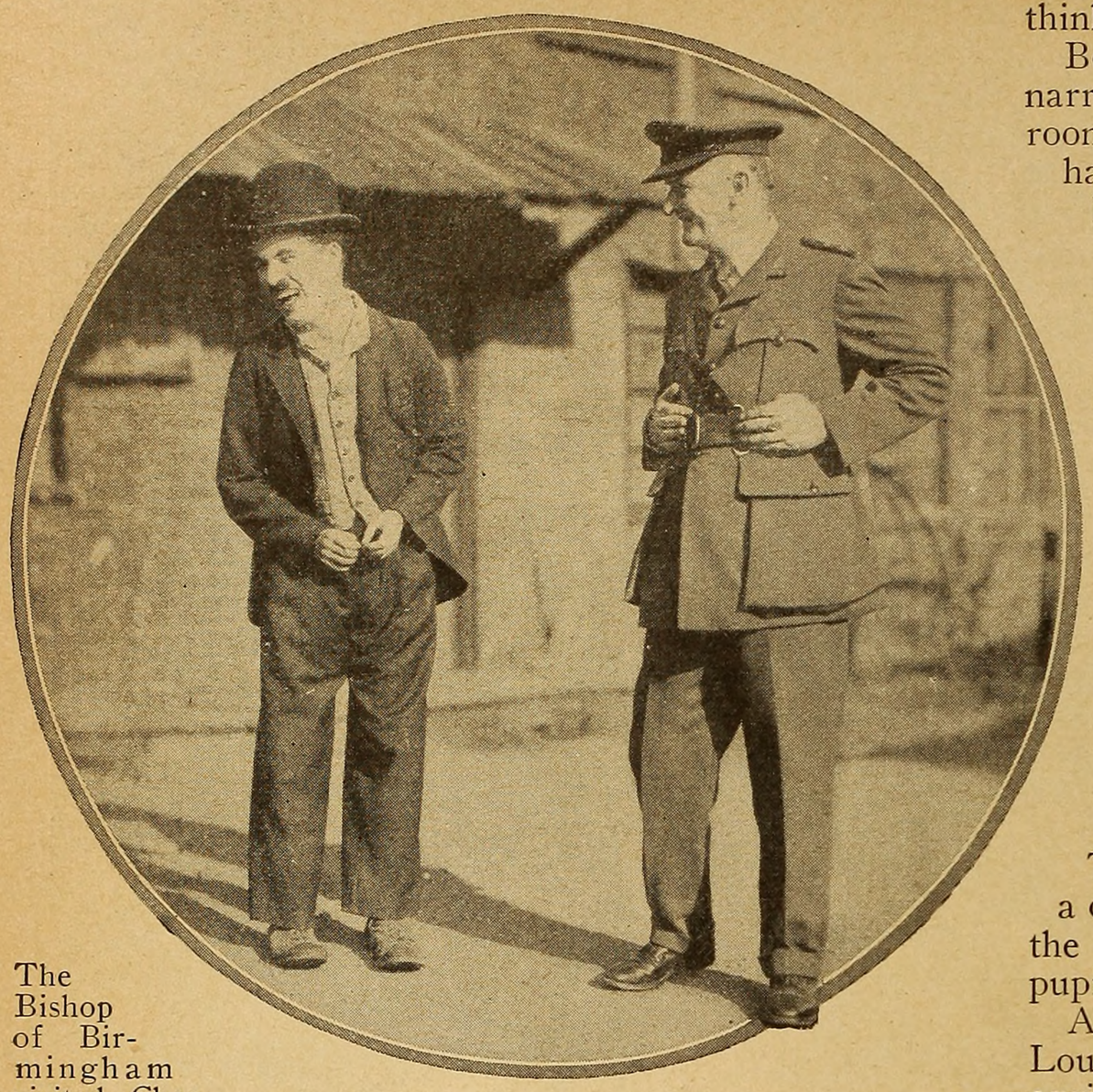
I tactfully say nothing, and very little of that, and the scene is done over some three times, the porker continuously protesting in a weird and unearthly squeal, the dust filling the mouths, ears and eyes of the comedian and his assistants, the sun gleefully searching out uncovered spots of flesh from which to peel the skin.

Following this scene from "Sunnyside," a rural comedy which is Chaplin's latest and as yet unreleased production, I talked with the master of mirth in his bungalow dressing-room, which is decorated in tones of mulberry and gray, and has, among other things, a victrola, a fireplace and a couch. He had changed from his dusty clothes, had removed the make-up and the little mustache, and was wearing, in addition to his civilian's togs, a philosophical expression.

"The saddest thing in the world," he told me, "is trying to be funny!" He was curled up at one



Charlie Chaplin liked this man who applied for work in "Sunnyside," but he didn't like his hair-cut. "I'll have it attended to," said the man. "No time," replied Charlie; "I'll do it myself." And he did



The Bishop of Birmingham visited Chaplin's studio

end of the roomy couch, looking quite un-Chaplinesque.

"Sad?" I echoed, blithely. "I should think that making people laugh would be a very joyful business."

He looked at me contemplatively, a trifle pityingly. "'If I could a tale unfold,'" he quoted lugubriously. "In 'A Dog's Life' I got stuck in a sewer-pipe and they had to cut it open to get me out; a dog that we trained died just when the picture was half thru and we had to get another one and begin all over; I had to eat a couple of dozen 'cream puffs' one after the other, and they were made of papier-mâché and not very nicely flavored. In 'Shoulder Arms' we worked for several days in a tank half filled with water to simulate a trench. I had to submerge about sixteen times before we got the right effect; a ruined house 'set' collapsed before its time, with me in it—and they had to repair both me and the set before the picture could go on. In this picture, 'Sunnyside,' we work with animals, and animals get temperamental; a cow even had a pretty little calf just as we'd gotten out on location, forty miles from town, with a dray-load of props. That spoiled work for the day, and then some of the scenes we thought funniest had to be cut out.

"After all," he went on, thoughtfully, "the hardest part of making comedies isn't in the falls you take or the knocks you get—it isn't in the annoyance of doing a scene over a dozen times to get the right effect. The worst tumble I take is when I've made a scene that's the pride of my heart, and I'm all puffed up thinking about it, and then I see it run thru in the projecting-room, in cold blood—'the morning after,' as it were—and it drags along like a crippled cow, and I think, 'Great heavens, is that supposed to be *funny!*"

Before I left the studio, Charlie took me over to the narrow walk between the projecting-room and the cutting-room, where the million-dollar feet in the turned-up shoes had made a permanent impression of the famous Chaplin gait when the concrete was new and in a soft and yielding mood. I would have called it "The Laughter Trail," but he has a different name for it.

"That's the 'Path of Sighs,'" he told me. "Sometimes I spend twelve hours a day trotting back and forth from projecting-room to cutting-room, trying to doctor up a strip of film. When a comedy is finally released, I'm afraid to go and see it. Something is *always* wrong, and the public always picks on just that thing. Take it from one who knows, making comedies is the hardest business in the world, and being a comedian is the next hardest. That's why I'm serious about my work—I have to be!"

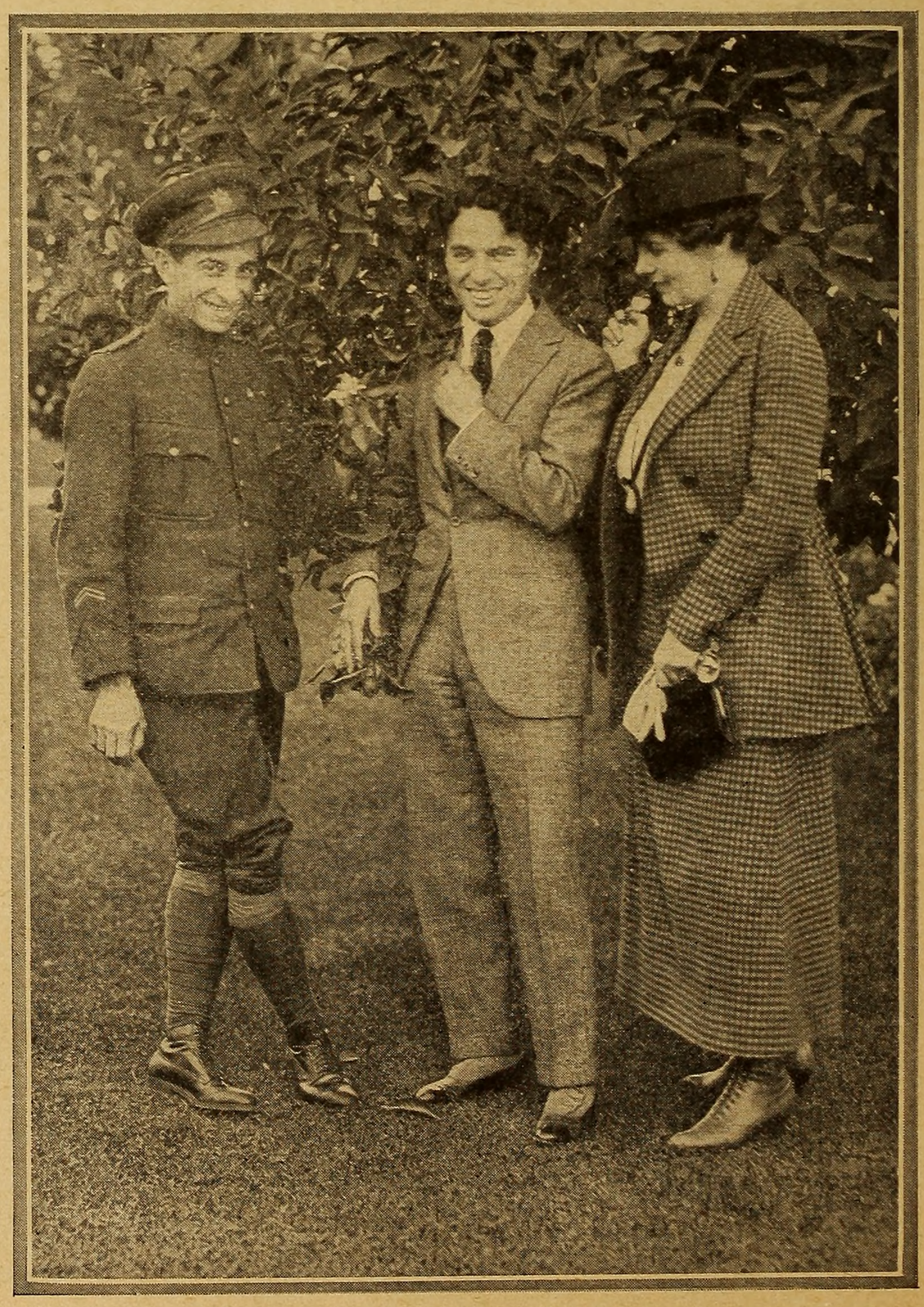
Personally, I thought he was more than serious—I was inclined to rate him as a misanthrope, but when I struck the Mack Sennett studio——

The master funmaker himself was on the lot directing a country school scene, in which Chester Conklin played the schoolmaster and Louise Fazenda the recalcitrant pupil.

As I approached the set, Chester was arguing with Louise in a helpless, tho heated, fashion, and Sennett was egging on the disagreement by megaphone instructions.

"Talk to her, Chester—stick out your tongue at him, Louise—try to get out the door—stop her, Chester—get

(*Continued on page* 110)

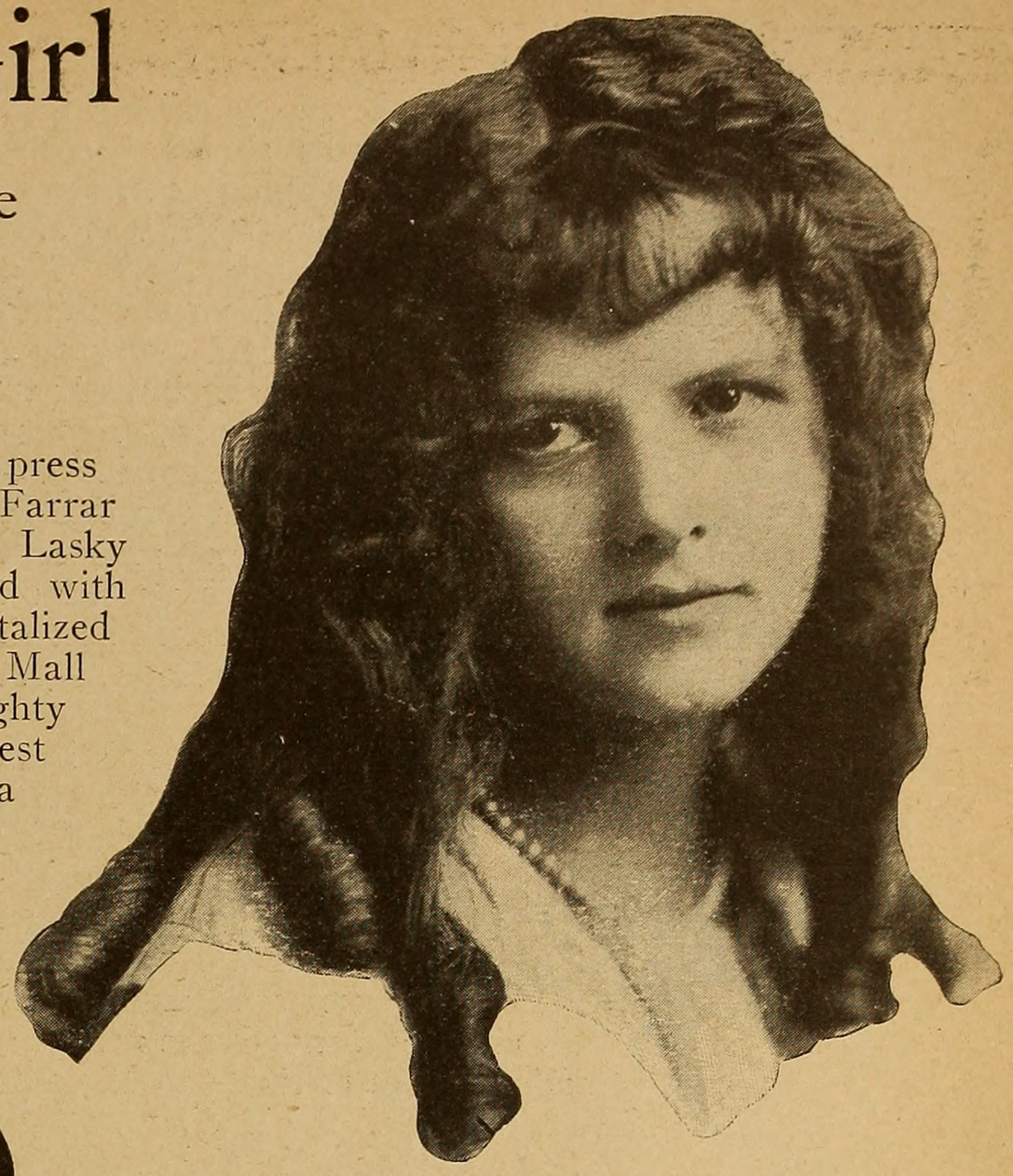


Private Peat was just that fond of Charlie he even permitted the little master of mirth to come between him and his wife

The Story-Book Girl

Marjorie Daw See-Sawed Into Fame

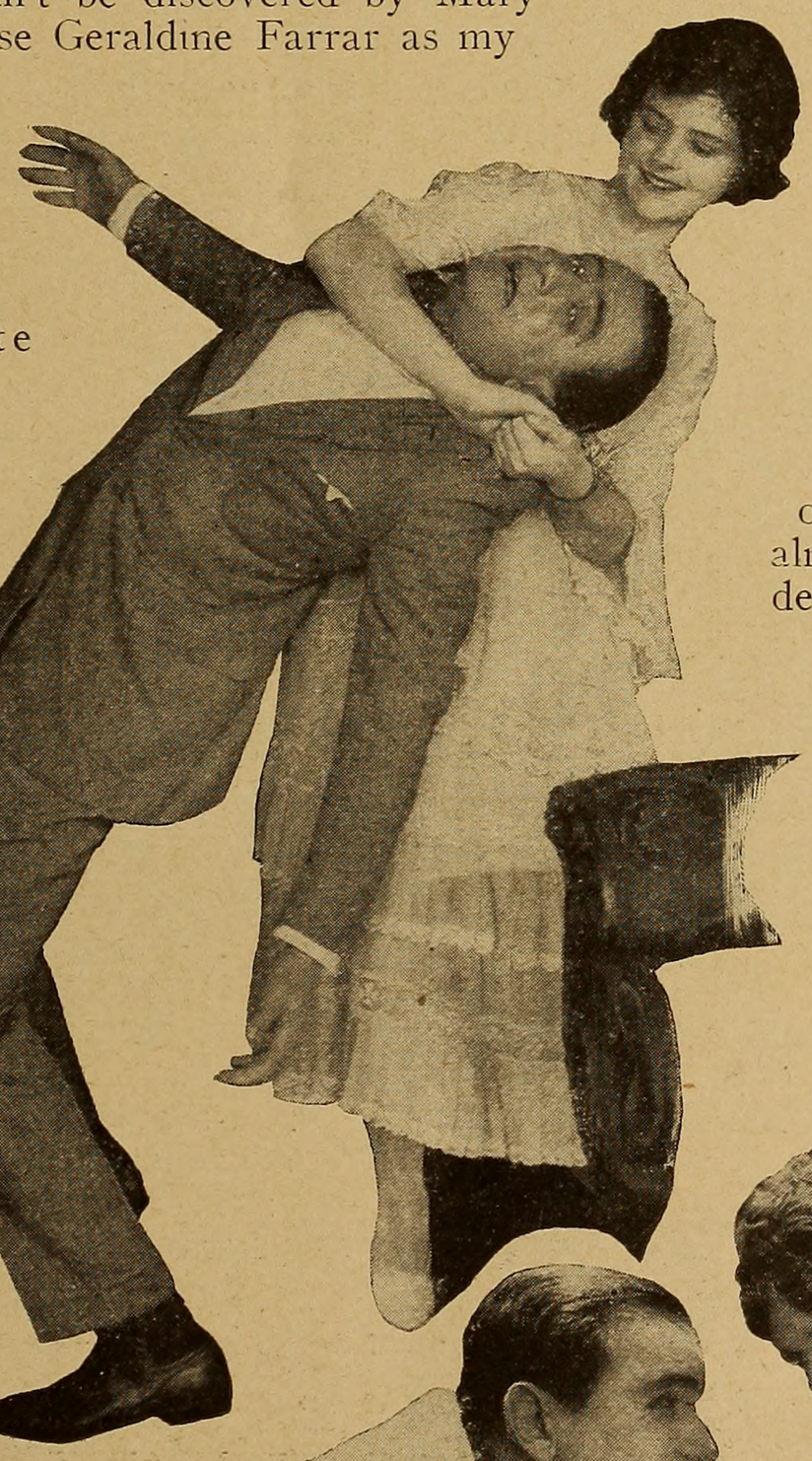
By MARGUERITE SHERIDAN



YOU all know how it happened. It was such good press stuff. Marjorie Daw's "great chance," I mean. Farrar was making her first picture, "Carmen," at the Lasky studio—the tiny, brown-eyed extra-girl who gazed with school-girl worship at the magnificent diva as she immortalized her art in the celluloid—Marjorie, a member of the Pall Mall chorus in the factory scene where Geraldine staged that mighty battle with Jeannie MacPherson—the great singer's interest in the little girl—her request that Cecil De Mille give her a contract—it all reads like a fairy tale, press-agenty in the extreme.

I can just see the cynical and world-weary as they shrugged their thin shoulders on reading this story and sniffed, "Pooh, more hot air!" But being neither cynical nor world-weary, I gloated over it. Personally, if I couldn't be discovered by Mary Pickford, I'd choose Geraldine Farrar as my fairy godmother. And it's ever so much more pleasant to rise to fame by the "discovery" route than to arrive there after a heartbreaking siege with hall bedrooms and the usual Café L'Enfant sustenance.

But be all this as it may, the little discovery drama between Geraldine Farrar and Marjorie Daw really happened.

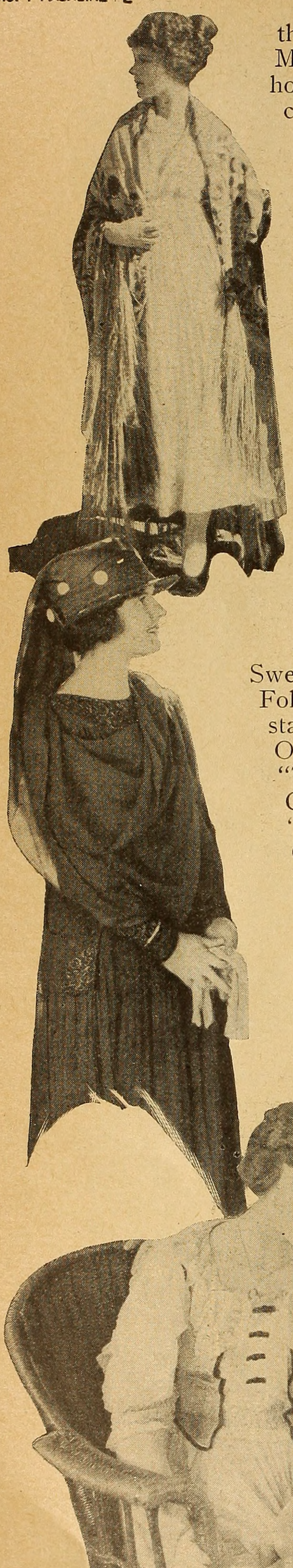


Marjorie Daw as she appeared in 1915, when Geraldine Farrar first saw her, and two glimpses of her with Douglas Fairbanks in 1918

The Marjorie of the summer of 1915 was a doll-like child of fourteen, with long brown curls and appealing dark eyes. During vacation, she had played extra parts in some Universal films, and the crowd drifted over to the Lasky studio for some picture or other. She photographed well and proved adaptable, so almost every morning found her waiting for a chance to depict a maid answering a telephone or darting in to hand Leading-Lady Blanche Sweet or Cleo Ridgely her evening coat.

"I was going thru a severe attack of 'admiration' in those days," admits Marjorie, "and it was a great privilege for me to be allowed to serve the feminine stars at the studio. One week I was certain Blanche Sweet was the most wonderful emotional star in the world, and the next I had succumbed to the charms of that lovely woman, Charlotte Walker. The fact that I was acting in motion pictures myself almost escaped my mind.

"While Miss Sweet reigned supreme in my heart, I draped my hair across my forehead and imagined myself beautifully pensive, and



the days when I worshipped at Mary Pickford's shrine I spent hours in developing corkscrew curls. Truly, imitation was sincere flattery in my case."

A few words from Geraldine Farrar, who had every one, from Mr. Lasky himself to the lowliest "extra," hypnotized by her magnetic personality, changed the tide in Marjorie's fortune, and from then on she was waited on by one of her French-heeled, white-capped, envious school chums.

Her first appearance in a real part was in the child rôle made famous by Mary Pickford in Belasco's original production of "The Warrens of Virginia." In dainty flowered ruffles, her curls in a snood, she made an adorable little sister to Blanche Sweet, who had the leading rôle.

Followed then "The Unafraid," starring Rita Jolivet; "The Secret Orchard," with Blanche Sweet; "The Puppet Crown," with Ina Claire and Carlyle Blackwell; "Out of the Darkness," with Charlotte Walker, and "The Chorus Lady," with Cleo Ridgely, in which Marjorie Daw played her first dramatic part as the silly younger sister. What a galaxy of stars! Marjorie Daw lacked nothing in the way of talent to imitate in her kindergarten days.

After this auspicious beginning, she retired and nothing more was heard from her for a year. During that time she absorbed the finishing touches to her education, and overcame a certain amount of awkwardness peculiar to all young ladies and gentlemen of fifteen and thereabout.

Lasky heralded her return in Sessue Hayakawa's "The Jaguar's Claw," presenting a young-lady-Marjorie with a poise and dignity worthy of a grande dame.

Her chestnut hair curls softly around her round, youthful face, no longer a tangled mass of curls, but pulled softly up on her head with a cloud of little ringlets escaping at the knot. Her laughing brown eyes assure you that she finds the world a wonderful place in which to work and play; her smile is particularly infectious.

"The very first thing I did after growing up was to revert back to my kid days in Mary Pickford's 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.' I was her chum, you will remember, and her obedient slave."

Shortly after "Rebecca," Marjorie had a great honor conferred upon her. She was given the much-desired position of Douglas Fairbanks' leading woman, following in the footsteps of Eileen Percy. With Mr. Fairbanks she has played in "The Modern Musketeer," "Mr. Fix-It," "Say, Young Fellow" and "He Comes Up Smiling."

During the filming of "The Modern Musketeer" in Arizona, Miss Daw fell off her horse, sustaining several broken bones and painful injuries that kept her in the Los Angeles Hospital for a number of weeks, causing him to hunt for another star for "Doug's girl" in "Bound in Morocco," but she "came up smiling" with Douglas in the play of that name, proving a very fitting "opposite" for this effervescent gentleman.

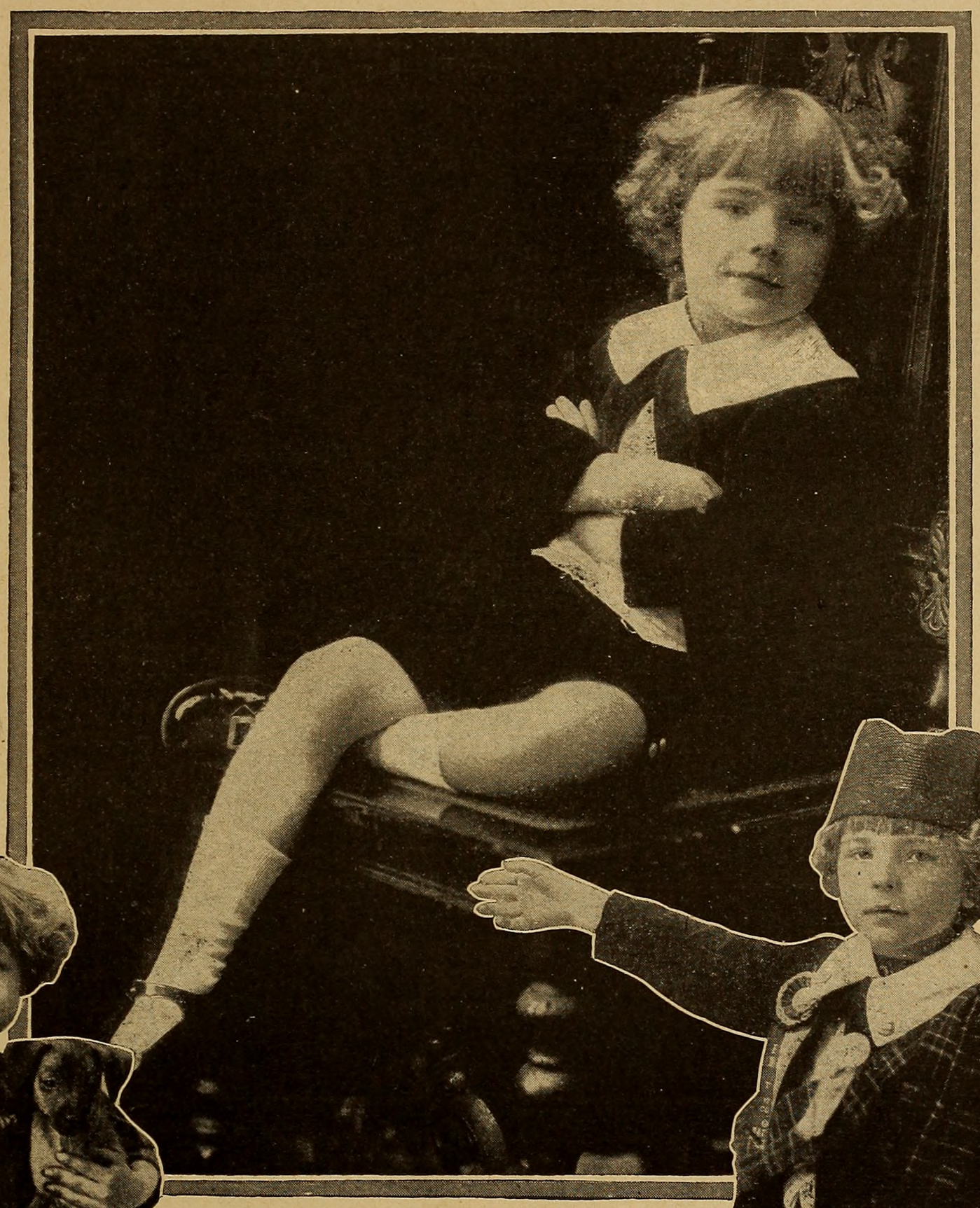
The whimsical nursery rhyme name, "Marjorie Daw," was bestowed upon her by friends at the Lasky studio, her real name being the more dignified one of Marguerite House. She has a little brother, Chandler House, an enterprising young person, who aspires to be a lawyer and scorns a motion picture career. They lost their mother a short time ago, and big sister is doing her best to take her place in the little fellow's life.

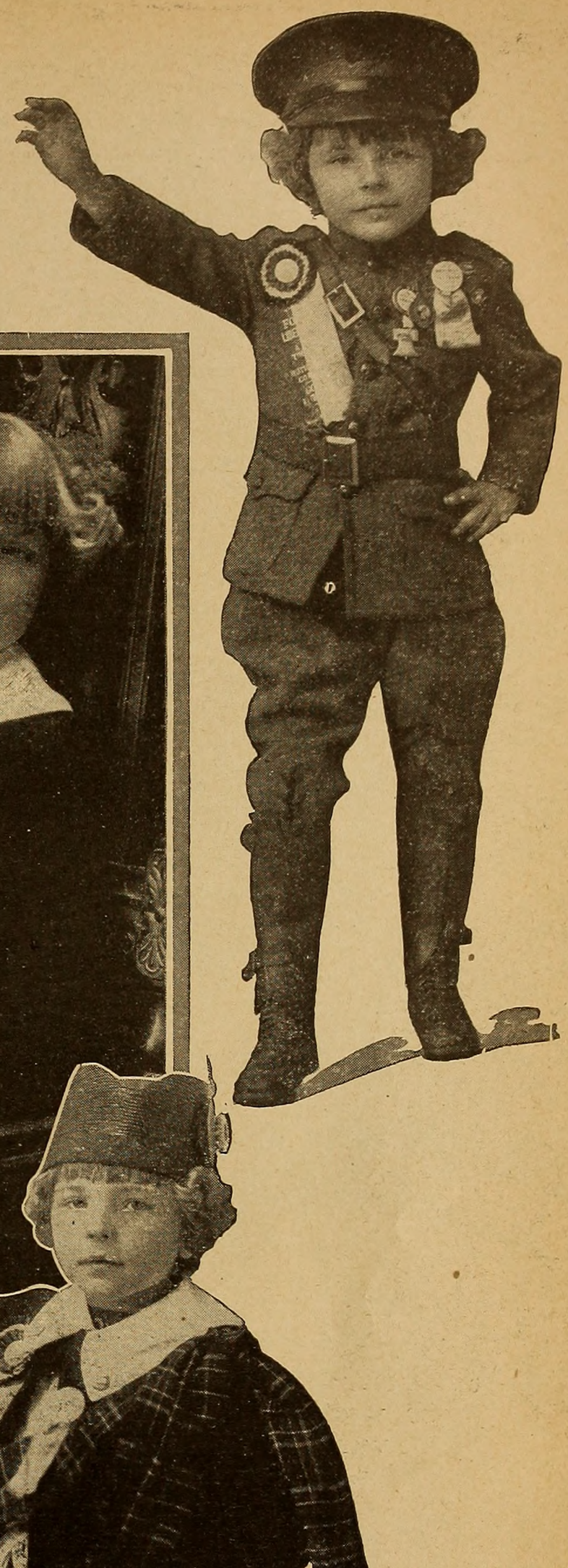
They have a charming apartment in Hollywood, in which the Gish girls and Mildred Harris love to congregate for real "girl parties." Notwithstanding the fact that she is leading woman to one of the most prominent male stars in the cinema world and the charming chatelaine of her own home, Marjorie forgets this occasionally and devotes herself to the business of having, in the vernacular of girlhood, "lots of fun."

She shares the inevitable feminine adoration for pretty clothes, but she admits that she neither designs her own nor spends all her leisure time bothering with things to wear. The things in the shops suit her usually, and she'd so much rather go to see "Hearts of the World" again than shop.

Marjorie Daw returned to the films a grown-up young lady

As Ivy Is Twined—
So Will She Grow





TWO years ago, Baby Ivy was just one of countless other little children who found herself an orphan because of the European struggle. Ivy's daddy was killed in one of the first big battles, and her mother died when Ivy came into the world. Ivy was a pretty, rollicking little baby, happy and mischievous, not particularly interested in her own pitiful plight. But a Miss Agnes Allen was. She adopted Ivy and brought her to New York.

Soon after their arrival, Ivy appeared as a doll in a Metro production. Her part stood out so vividly that she was used with Bushman and Bayne, in Metro's serial, "The Great Secret." She has played with many screen celebrities since then—Ethel Barrymore, Mabel Taliaferro, May Allison and Nat Goodwin.

This little girl has reached the place where people look for her. She is natural, unspoiled, promising. With a carefully continued training, she will undoubtedly develop into a great actress, for she has great possibilities.

Convalescing

By KENNETH

THE rotund Mr. Irving Cobb wrote vividly and humorously of his surgical afflictions in "Speaking on Operations," but this physiological chronicle pales into insignificance as compared with the battle of wits between Constance Talmadge and the Spanish influenza.

Much has been, and much will be, written about this scourge, and the folks of filmland have lost some of their best beloved companions, but this haughty and devastating don suffered defeat before this most brilliant of comédiennes and was literally laughed into submission, had to throw his seraph about him, fold his castanets and quietly steal out of the Talmadge hiagalo.

It all happened because Dorothy Gish packed up her nerves and hied herself to a sanitarium. This was a most unclubby thing to do to your bosom friend. Here all of the motion picture theaters in town were closed—neither she nor Constance working—Dorothy having just finished "The Hope Chest" and Constance just finishing "Romance and Arabella"—nothing to do but visit each other, drive around the countryside and otherwise relax their histrionic natures from their respective conflicts with the silent art—and Dorothy goes and finds she has nerves.

Of course, there are those who will say that these two beautiful and clever comédiennes had their respective maladies coming to them, and there are doubtless certain former residents of Iowa who will write long letters back home denouncing movie folk when, should they become abandoned enough to spend twenty cents for a magazine, they may read the revelation that is to be revealed in the following paragraphs.

Constance and Dorothy haven't any more sense of humor than the late Mark Twain, Bill Nye and the present Cobb, Wilson, etc., rolled into one. They would no more think of playing a practical joke than they would think of eating at mealtime. Consequently, with the arrival of the flu, their problem of getting choice seats in the crowded theaters was solved. The two innocents had merely to go into the theater and stand behind the occupants of the seats in the back row they desired, "ca-choo!" a few times, and the seats were theirs. Sometimes they had the whole row to themselves.

Constance Talmadge loves to tease. *Above,* she is trying to plague her director, Walter Edwards. *Below,* Constance as she appeared when she leaped into fame as the mountain girl in "Intolerance"

with Constance

McGAFFEY

Constance wanted to emote, but now loves comedy work

If the back seats weren't desirable, they would gradually sneeze themselves forward from row to row until they arrived at the desired location. Very simple.

Of course, the closing of the theaters stopped these sneezing debauches. Dorothy departed for the sanitarium and could only be seen twice a week, so there was really nothing else for Constance to do but try and catch the flu, and, lo and behold! one night the wily Spaniard snuck into the house, and Constance had to admit to her mother that she was far from being a well young lady.

Now Mother Talmadge had not raised Norma and Constance to be the wonderful persons they are, and was not bringing up little sister Natalie, who will probably be equally as clever as her sisters as soon as mother deems her old enough to start out, without learning a lot of what is written in the pharmacopœia, and the invalid was promptly dosed with certain nostrums that made both Constance and the flu yell for help. The doctor walked right in and walked right out again, muttering something about Mother Talmadge trying to take the bread from his mouth.

Barred from direct contact with the outside world and even denied the pleasure of going down and seeing Lillian Gish and Bobbie Harron make their hit in Griffith's "The Greatest Thing in Life," is pretty hard luck, but there was still the telephone, and, believe me, the operator at the other end of the Talmadge wire knew that she had done a day's work when the whistle blew. Constance organized film companies, hired actresses and directors at fabulous salaries and got old, dignified Charlie Fuhr into such a mess of trouble that he will never get himself square with his friends, and raised hob in general.

But you cant get mad at Constance. You may be going around trying to bite somebody one minute, and the next you are trying to echo her good, wholesome laugh. There is none of the prissy, diffident, languid, spoilt child in her hearty handshake, and in ten minutes you are as much at home as if you had known her

(*Continued on page* 105)

GERALDINE FARRAR IN AN ESPECIALLY POSED HOME PICTURE

From the Inside Looking Out

Geraldine Farrar Discloses Some Studio and Stage Secrets

By SUE ROBERTS

THE public likes to pry, and it being my duty to play servant to the public's fancy, I not only tell them all the news about finished picture projects, but at certain intervals turn the industry inside out in order to give them a glimpse of the whyfore of the why.

The question came up recently, "What is the secret of motion picture art? Why is it some people get across and others dont? What are some of the secrets behind real characterizations?"

Geraldine Farrar is one of the few stars who, in addition to being a popular prima donna and picture player, has also time to give a writer material for a story. When I called upon her she received me cordially in her apartment.

"Certainly," she said, in her brisk, businesslike manner, "I'll tell you some of my studio secrets and experiences and whatever I can of the art of characterization. I received a letter the other day, signed 'Ardent Admirer,' in which the writer wanted to know how I managed to look so different in each of my movie characterizations and yet remain so wholly myself. I must admit that it is a rather baffling question, since the 'difference' which I assume in the movies, (as well as in the opera), with each of my varying rôles is something which so far has evaded analysis; the essence of it is as intangible to me as it is to the 'ardent admirer.' It may be a form of unconscious self-hypnotism. I do not know. Of course, there is the conscious, intelligent conception of a part—the careful study of costuming, local expressions and pantomimic idiom. Having become imbued with all of these, the actress must trust to an unerring instinct. To be guided in acting only by one's intelligence, (by the mechanics of the art), is to sound the death-knell of real accomplishment in this field.

"The great actress is not a mimic. She is a thing of plastic fire and spirit that can truly suffer Marguerite's prison anguish and Carmen's mercurial passions, and run the entire gamut of human emotions.

"Make-up is always an important factor in any phase of the dramatic profession, not only in giving the desired illusion to the public, but in helping an actress in the metamorphosis from her own private self to the character she is to interpret to the public. It is true that clothes neither make the woman nor the actress, but I confess it would be rather hard, and perhaps impossible, to sing and act 'Butterfly' in an Occidental street dress. Nor could I have fought the villain with all the elemental fierceness of the Western prairie girl of Irish-Spanish descent in 'The Hell Cat,' one of my latest Goldwyn pictures, in a Broadway hobble-skirt.

"Aside from the costumes and head-dresses, which are essentially distinctive in every rôle, I never use the same set of pastes or cosmetics for any two rôles. In 'Butterfly' I use a facial make-up that is suggestive of the delicately yellow lotus-flower of Japan, and I have a lipstick, especially made for me in Paris, that is the color of ripe pomegranates. As Carmen, my skin takes on a smooth olive, with the radiant colorings that are associated in one's mind with the high spirits of the flirt of sunny Spain. To give my eyes, which are gray-blue, the intensity belonging to the portrait of the character, I rub a brilliant green over my eyes and underline them with as deep a blue as I can procure. This little trick in make-up I have acquired since my experiences in the films. From a seat in the immense Metropolitan Opera

House, under the strong lights of the stage, the green and blue blend as soft, dark shadows.

"As Marguerite in 'Faust,' on the other hand, my coloring is all in the tones of pink and white and gold. To make the natural blueness of my eyes carry away across the footlights, I apply a very light blue shading to my eyelids, and my lips, instead of a vivid carmine, are a soft, deep rose.

"As Tosca I am an auburn-haired beauty, and I am careful to make the most of the delicately brilliant tintings that are requisite to accompany that crowning glory.

"In the movies one is naturally restricted in accomplishing such a variety of color effects; one must work on the principle of black-and-white. I use very little color make-up. On the contrary, any natural roses that one may possess are obliterated by a heavy, creamish paste, uniformly applied. Since red, as a color, photographs black, rouge on one's cheek would give the appearance of deep hollows on the screen. The powdered rouge, instead of being applied to one's cheeks, is worked in very carefully under one's eyebrows, for that is where the shadows are desired.

"But what one loses in color vividness on the screen one makes up in a hundred intimate expressions of the eyes, the mouth, the hands, expressions that can only be transmitted thru the camera and the strong and sometimes merciless light of the projecting machine. And this is what the motion picture actress must clearly and everlastingly hold in mind—that she is acting for an audience that is quick to detect any insincerity of feeling or any exaggeration in make-up.

"The drooping mouth and the lifeless eyes which can be hidden under colorful make-up on the speaking stage, the faint lines that one gets around one's eyes from fatigue or dissipation—all these things are accentuated and magnified on the screen.

"It may be that when the invention for projecting colored photography is perfected we will have the same opportunity of enhancing motion picture impressions as we have in opera, or on the dramatic stage.

"Failing this colorful attribute, one must depend entirely on head-dress, costuming and facial expressiveness to look 'different' in movie rôles that require that distinction. The way of arranging one's hair makes a great deal of difference.

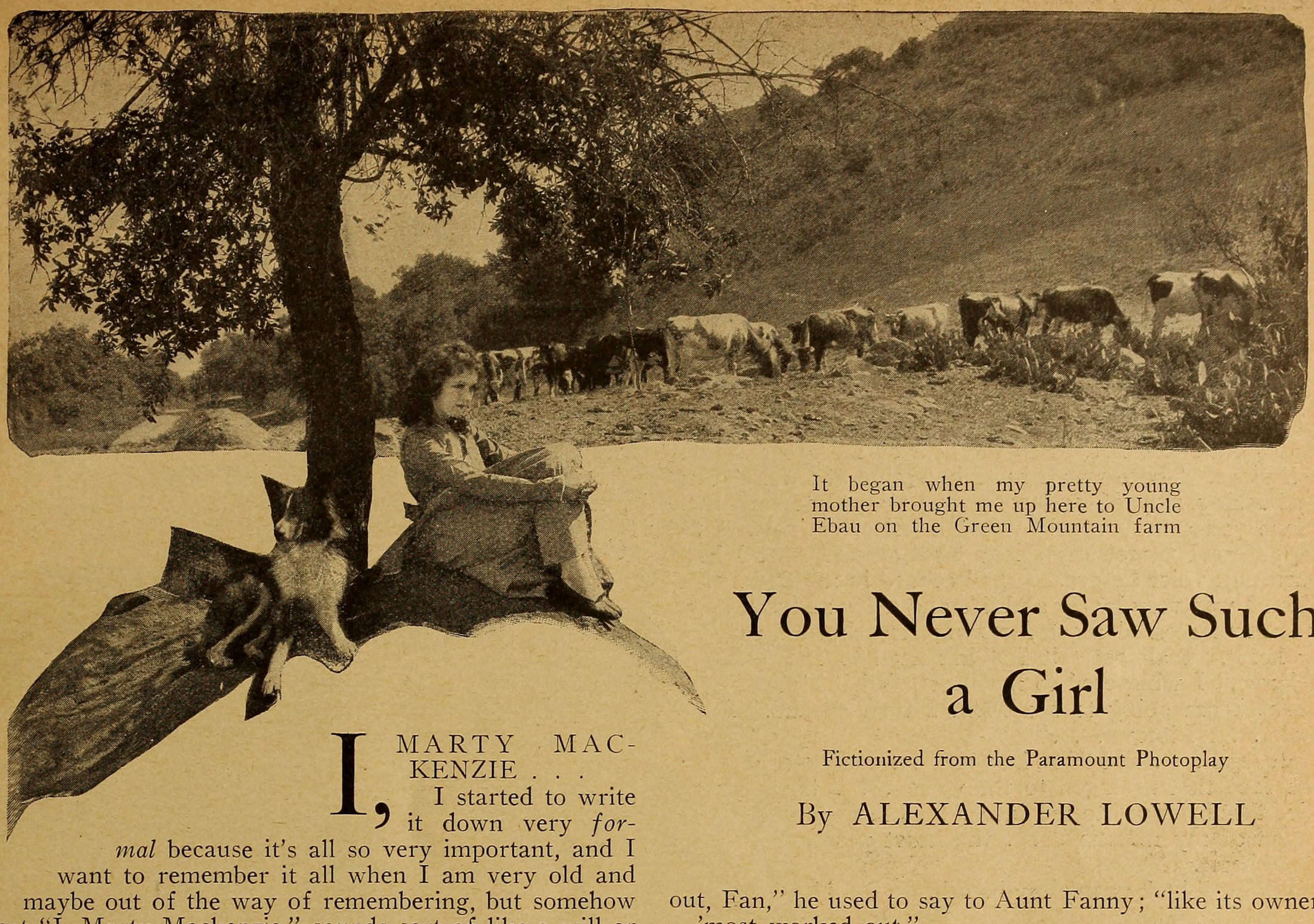
"The clever actress uses shoes, collars, combs, ear-rings and a hundred other little dress accessories to get the effect called for in the part.

"In 'The Hell Cat,' for instance, the low-heeled shoes essential to the free, easy walking movement of the prairie girl, deducted several inches from my height. (Actually, I am not more than five-feet-five, but I sometimes achieve the illusion of tallness by long-trained dresses.) To gain back the height lost by wearing low heels, I had the happy thought of wearing a tall, Spanish comb in my hair, which was perfectly in keeping with the character.

"I wear no collars of any description, ever. I confess I am rather proud of my throat, strong and supple, as every singer's should be, and I give thanks as well to nature for the straightness of my back and shoulders, having a horror of the

Geraldine Farrar in her famous picture version of "Carmen" and as "La Tosca" in the opera of that name

(*Continued on page* 94)



It began when my pretty young mother brought me up here to Uncle Ebau on the Green Mountain farm

You Never Saw Such a Girl

Fictionized from the Paramount Photoplay

By ALEXANDER LOWELL

I, MARTY MACKENZIE . . . I started to write it down very *formal* because it's all so very important, and I want to remember it all when I am very old and maybe out of the way of remembering, but somehow that "I, Marty Mackenzie," sounds sort of like a will or some other musty, fusty thing, and I am not writing anything at all like that—oh, not at *all*. I am writing a *beginning*. A beautiful beginning of . . . of . . . well, just *everything!*

It all happened ever so long ago, before I had *begun* remembering. That's why I want to write down what I *do* in between the not-having-begun time and the sort of out-of-the-way part. It began when my pretty, very young mother brought me up here to Uncle Ebau on the Green Mountain farm. Of course, she didn't know she was bringing me to *him*. She didn't know we'd *love* each other so. She just came because he had put it in the paper that he wanted some one to keep his house for him, and she read the paper and hoped that that some one was *her*. It was. It was her. Her and me. I may not always be grammatical in this, but hearts do talk so fast and skippy over themselves, not stopping at all for commas and tenses. Mine doesn't.

We hadn't been with Uncle Ebau very long before my mother caught a cold in her bronchial tubes and died. Aunt Fanny, who came right after to help take care of me, told me later on that she hadn't really died of the tubes at all, but of a lonely heart. "Your mother was the flower kind," she said, "that had to have love to live. She didn't have enough of love, she didn't."

I just grew up with the field-flowers and the sheep and cows and chickens. Somehow I've always been happy. I was glad every morning when the sun threw off his pink blankets and got up, and I was glad when the moon, like a very lovely lady, distant and cold, rode in her chains of stars. Of course, there were other things. I've read things and I knew, even before . . . there were other worlds, other ways of living, other sorts of peoples. I knew and I wanted to see them. I wanted to know all about them. I wanted to love them and I wanted them to love me. But of course we hadn't much money, Uncle Ebau, Aunt Fanny and I.

It worried Uncle Ebau. "The old farm's 'most worked out, Fan," he used to say to Aunt Fanny; "like its owner —'most worked out."

And Aunt Fanny would say, in her sort of fried voice, so crispy and pleasant, "Now, now, Ebau, I wouldn't say that if I were you!" And then I'd peek at her, and there'd be tears as big as eggs dropping on my old brown stockings.

I guess, tho, that all along Aunt Fanny suspected that Uncle Ebau was right, because the day . . . the d— . . . the . . . oh, I cant *say* it even now, when I am so heaven-happy . . . but anyway, when he was—was *going* she, Aunt Fanny, didn't seem the least surprised. After he had gone and after I had cried all over his darling hairy old hand, Aunt Fanny pulled me into the other room. "W-why d-didn't you t-tell me?" I was blubbering, forgetting, like a selfish little brute of a thing, that Uncle Ebau was her own brother and that she must have a heart even more full of sorrowfulness than mine.

"You were so young," Aunt Fanny said; "youth has a right to just a little bit of living . . . the other things crowd in so soon . . . death . . . and fear . . . and . . . love." I am *sure* she said "and love," altho *now* I cant imagine what she can have meant by hitching love up with fear and death. Dear me, I hope I never do!

After Uncle Ebau was laid to rest beside my mother we were very poor and very sad. The farm didn't seem to go at all without his hand at the plow, and we had very little money. "In the spring," I told Aunt Fanny, "we'll take in some boarders."

"Yes," said Aunt Fanny, but she sighed.

It was in the summer that the crammed-full day came. It seemed just like the stockings I used to find when I woke up before daybreak Xmas mornings in the days before Uncle Ebau and the farm were worked out . . . just bursting with goodies.

I felt happy when I went down to breakfast. The honey tasted good, and Aunt Fanny had squandered some of the last of the white flour on some flaky biscuit, and there was bacon. "It's awful good to be alive, Aunt Fanny," I said, and sang a little hymn.

"Until we learn a reason for *being,*" said Aunt Fanny, "then we generally dont like it."

"Well," I said, happily, "there's no reason at all that I can see for *my* being. My father died before I was born and my mother died as soon as she conveniently could afterward and . . . "

"Marty!" protested Aunt Fanny, worriedly.

"I'm just *I,* Marty Mackenzie," I finished up.

Youth is always heartless. I'm a whole year older now by the calendar than I was then, and so very much older than that by a deeper thing than a calendar, and so I know that youth is heartless until love comes along and says, "Look, behold your heart!" And youth looks at love, and love says "I am Life."

I was sitting on our fence, fanning myself with Uncle Ebau's old straw hat, when the first of the great events took place. There was a huge humming at first. Then the buzzing stopped and some one walked toward me. "Have you some water?" asked a voice. It seemed to me, before I turned my sleepy head around, that I had heard that voice before. It had echoed in my dreams. When I was very lonely and life and color and roses and music seemed most far away, it echoed thru my heart. I almost felt I didn't need to answer. "I know," I whispered to my heart, "what kind of a face I am going to see when I turn around. I know . . . I know . . . "

I turned . . . and there he was . . . complete. The face that belonged to the voice . . . the voice that belonged to the face . . . the dream person of my dreams . . . the heart person of my heart.

Still, it *did* take away my breath.

"Oh!" I said.

He seemed sort of—well, short of speech, too. He stared at me. "This . . . " he said, in sort of a gaspy way, "is . . . unexpected . . . "

"I've been sittin' here all along," I said, "and you're not the least bit unexpected. I thought you were a bee."

"A——"

"Bee. You—I mean your—your *flivver* buzzed so."

He laughed, very long and very loud. Down the road in his flivver, which I know now is his Rolls-nice, I saw a very grand lady indeed beckon him with a long arm. *He* didn't notice.

"I never saw such a girl!" he said.

"Didn't you," I asked, "not even in . . . dreams?"

"Well, I've seen girls . . . in dreams . . . but . . . ah . . . rather different . . . "

I felt sad. As tho I'd fallen short. "How . . . different?" I asked.

He waved his hand as tho in dismissal. "You were just born today," he said; "how *could* I have dreamed of you?"

"How could you?" I repeated, and somehow I did not want to tell him that I had dreamed of him—of his voice and his eyes and his restless-looking hands.

"What do you *do?*" I asked him.

"I fly."

"You . . . a birdman?"

"With such wings . . . "

"Shining in the sun . . . oh, beautiful . . . "

"'To right a wrong . . . '"

"'Else wherefore born . . . ?'" I quoted after him.

Some one called from the great big car. It was like a rude hand shattering a web, gossamer fine. He thanked me for the water.

"Passers-by," he said, and paused. I thought his eyes looked tired. "If I dont come back . . . " he said, and

Aunt Fanny was bending over me, waiting, so I opened the little trunk

he doffed his little cap, "the best o' luck!"

I couldn't look at him. I felt all choked up. Yet I felt, too, as tho I were having a very beautiful moment. "You . . ." I began bravely enough, and finished. "You . . ." I said again, then shook my head very hard and closed my eyes very tight. "I . . . cant . . ." I said.

When I opened my eyes he was gone.

"I've been dreaming this!" I decided, after a little moment, and got down from the fence. It was the first thing I didn't feel like telling to Aunt Fanny. I couldn't have told it *right*. It was a *feel* thing, not a *talk* thing.

I started to walk to the house, when I saw a big, white-looking thing where the flivver that wasn't really a flivver at all had been. I ran to it. "It's to-day's paper," I thought, but it wasn't. It was a copy of *Vogue*. That was the second goody thing. I knew Aunt Fanny would be tickled. She loves the styles. She's never had any of them, but she loves them just the same. Aunt Fanny's like the most of us. We've often wished we could have magazines. They're like little keys, or sort of little doors to the whole world. We want to see the world, Aunt Fanny and I. We like the little corner of it we have seen and we cant help wondering a whole lot about the other corners.

I keep thinking of wonder-places. Jade-green seas and little sudden islands like japonica-flowers and perfumes that are distilled from the living dreams of the living dead, and memories that burn like jewels against one's flesh where one's flesh is whitest. Lakes like lapis-lazuli . . .

Aunt Fanny says she knows I could write poetry if I could have gone to college. She says it all depends on that.

Aunt Fanny 'most had a fit over *Vogue*. She felt nicer about it than anything since Uncle Ebau's insurance was paid in. We pranced around in front of the mirror and tried to look like the "Voguish" ladies. Aunt Fanny wasn't very successful. It must be awful to be old.

I told her about the people who had dropped it. "They were very rich," I said. "They had an automobile like a hotel. And—they buy *Vogue*." I added, irrelevantly, "*He* flies."

All of a sudden I exclaimed, excitedly, "Why-ee! Here they *are*! In *Vogue*." And there they were. The self-same car. In the self-same car *he* sat, looking just the same except that his eyes were tireder than when he talked to me. And I could tell that it was *her* by the long white arms in their long white gloves. "Their names are Burgess," I read, "and they have a villa at Newport . . . imagine, Aunt Fanny—and a town-house and a mountain-lodge. How *do* you suppose, Aunt Fanny, they live in so many places at once?"

"They probably dont," said Aunt Fanny. That's one thing about Aunt Fanny. She is so practical.

The next day I came across the Idea. I was still reading *Vogue*. I kept reading it very slowly, just a little bit now and a little bit then, so it would *last* longer, you see.

About the middle of the book I came to a page all about "Antiques Found in Attics." It told about the loads and loads of money the antiques made for the people whose attics they were in. I told Aunt Fanny about it, all red in my face, as she afterward described to me. "We've a spinning-wheel older'n *this*," I categoried, "and a funny little old organ and mahogany things and candlesticks queer as—as Noah. Let's go and look!"

Aunt Fanny didn't take so much to the notion. That is, she thought it *was* a notion. Young folks get 'em, she told me. I was firm, tho, very firm and decided. "If we sell the attic," I said, "I mean the antiques, we're going to see the world with the money. We're going a-traveling, Miss Fanny Mehitabel Perkins!"

We rummaged about a lot. I got excited more and more. Seemed to me I never *had* seen such antiques. "Our fortunes are made!" I decided, and leaned up against the rafters to let the decision sink into Aunt Fanny. She was pulling absently at her front hair. "You've just reminded me," she said, "your dear young mother had a little trunk with her when she came. Uncle Ebau put it away almost as tho it had life after we laid her away. It must be about."

That night we went out and sat on the edge of the fountain and talked

I almost didn't want to see it when Aunt Fanny dragged it out from where Uncle Ebau had covered it up careful as careful with a wonderful Paisley shawl. I felt afraid to open it. My mother had never really lived to me. I didn't want her to. I felt afraid of the pain she might bring to me with her so long still hands. But Aunt Fanny was bending over me, waiting, so I opened the little trunk.

There wasn't so very much in it, but the things that were in it were beautiful things. The sort of things a beautiful person—a beautiful *young* person—would wear. Soft dresses and ruffly petticoats and tiny slippers that seemed to want to dance long after her feet had stopped wanting, and a few of my tiniest baby-things laid away so carefully in tissue-paper. She must have loved me *some,* my mother!

On top of everything there was a letter. It was addressed to "Mrs. Burgess, The Pillars, Newport." Aunt Fanny had a stitch in her side, and I felt as dizzy as a windmill. It was like an Aladdin lamp-thing, or a shivery fairy tale. "She's my grandmother," I got out first, while Aunt Fanny just looked sort of *greenly* at me and waved her arms that had got all limp and soft.

I made my plans that night. We would fix up the old "fliv" like a gypsy caravan, go to the next town, sell the antiques and go from there to Grandmother Burgess' at Newport. When we got to grandmother's we would decide, or we might let *her* decide, the next step. Either we might spend the rest of the summer at The Pillars or I might, being a Burgess, draw some more money and go right on seeing the world. Aunt Fanny inclines to the stoppage. *I* like change. Aunt Fanny says it's the difference in our ages.

It wont take us long to fix up the caravan. The word caravan has such an adventurous sound. Almost *any* thing might happen.

Somehow the caravan part wont make such pearl-perfect remembering. Still, years bring a sense of humor, as I, Marty Mackenzie, am finding out. So I might as well jot down details. Aunt Fanny says the very word caravan makes her ill and faint. Aunt Fanny *did* have sort of a bad time of it.

In the first place, when we got to the shop that buys antiques we found it fairly overflowing. All our neighbors had copied my idea. They had carted in their musty, fusty antiques and, as Eric says now, *"beat me to it."* Which I think low-down. *I* couldn't have. It must make God feel so sort of headachy to think He invented such people.

We were short of gasoline, short of 'most everything, and Newport seemed a long way off. Then, too, learning human nature the way Aunt Fanny and I did from the antique experience made us sort of wonder about Grandmother Burgess. I had sort of a memory of her long white-gloved arm beckoning. The memory didn't sit well on my heart. The worst of all was about *him.* It came to me that, if grandmother was my mother's mother, *he* must have been my mother's brother and—my uncle. People dont—dont *love* uncles—that is, not the way—I—well, I do! I love him! Now it's out!

We had a terrible time, but we got to Newport at last. When Aunt Fanny saw Newport she began having qualms . . . about style again. "I'm afraid," she said, "we're not just so-so, you and I, Marty."

We had taken my mother's dresses and, of course, they were out of date, but I didn't care so much. I didn't think *he* would, either, and nothing else seemed to matter.

(*Cont'd on page* 112)

"Marty," said the belovedest voice, "Marty Mackenzie!"

From Plain Bill Smith to Franklin Farnum

By DORIS DELVIGNE

ANYBODY want to put up a bet? There's just one safe bet in this wide world, and that is that you cant keep a straight face while visiting with Franklin Farnum.

He's done miles and miles of smiles on the celluloid. His creed of "Laugh and the world laughs with you" was the outcome of early disappointments and deprivations. He's a fatalist, if you will, but he says, grinfully, "It really doesn't *matter!*" Nothing has quenched the ardor, enthusiasm or faith of Franklin Farnum in the fatalistic doctrine that all things work together for good in the end.

But dont imagine for a tick o' th' clock that Franklin Farnum smiles because life has been a hand-out of posies to a successful actor! Why, no; he started off with a terrific handicap, for, being a posthumous infant, with a mother left penniless and a little sister just about big enough to pick up her own old rag doll, little William Smith wasn't even on speaking terms with the ordinary necessities of life.

His mother worked mighty hard to keep the boy in school until his twelfth year. Little Billy Smith had been doing a lot of thinking and, after studying bill-boards in Beantown—yes, he's a little Boston *bean*—he firmly decided to be "a actor." No matter what discouragements arose, he built his air castles on that frothy foundation. You see, it was in the good old days when bacon wasn't weighed by apothecaries' scales and folks believed in Santa Claus and good fairies.

The boy was singing one day as he shoveled snowy pavements, utilizing after-school hours to earn enough money for shoes and other things which were to make mother's life easier. The rector of a Protestant-Episcopal church heard him, asked his name, if he'd like to join a surpliced choir—and the upshot of it all was that Billy Smith began to take music lessons under a first-rate teacher and choir-master.

He sang at entertainments, at smokers, began to earn money at night to help out the meagre day-time salary which a clerkship afforded, and finally got his opportunity to enter the chorus of a musical-comedy. His rise was rapid, for producers were always on the *qui vive* to discover a promising male singer and, with Mr. Farnum's facility in dancing and his inborn histrionic talent, coupled with a voice that took a high C as easily as any other note in the tenor's register, he was soon "discovered" and made a leading man for the old Nixon-Zimmerman combination, which sent out road companies and had theaters in New York and Philadelphia.

Seventeen years ago William Smith hadn't thought about the earning capacity of a name. A small-town cub christened him Franklin Farnum, a name "easy to remember and with *some* style"

While traveling thru Pennsylvania with a well-paying road show, Mr. William Smith, whose name appeared in heavy type on the programs, was accosted by an interviewing reporter of a small-town paper. With more good will than tact, the cub said, "Say, your name is enough to leave anybody *cold*. Why doncha change it? Looks perfectly awful on the boards and posters!"

William Smith was quite young and hadn't thought anything about the earning capacity of a name. This was seventeen years ago, to be exact. Pondering a moment, he said, "What would you suggest, for instance?"

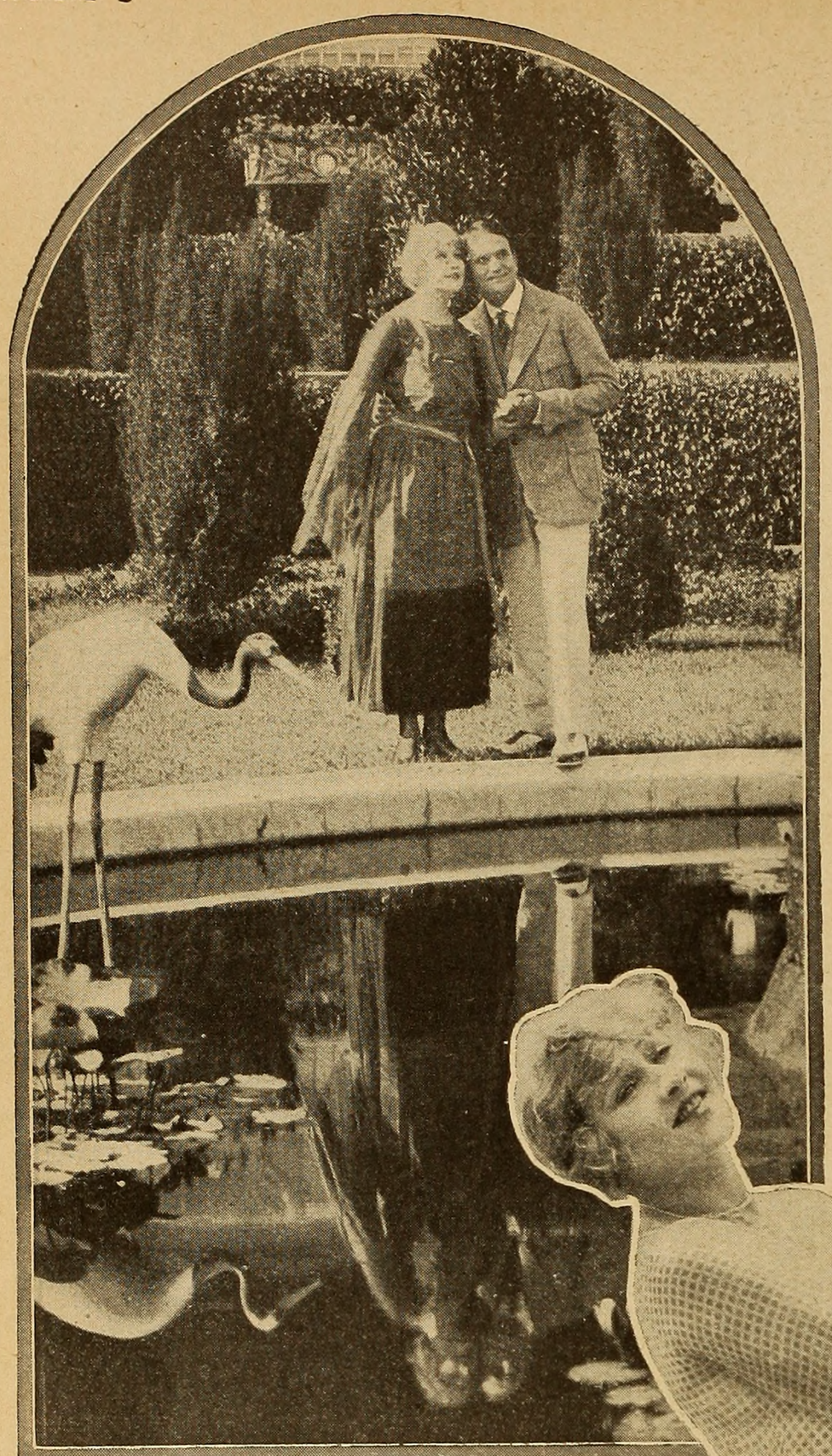
The reporter smiled pityingly. "Got a middle name?"

"Certainly I have. It's Franklin—what about it?"

The small-town cub said, with a wink, "I christen thee Franklin Farnum, easy to remember, euphonious, and has some style to it."

Since then, lots of folks have either believed Franklin Farnum to be a brother of the famous twain, Dustin and William, or that he had traded on their surname to gain fame for himself, once he entered pictures. But if you'll hunt up your old programs of the comic operas, you'll see that William Smith faded out of sight almost as soon as he'd gained a following on the stage.

After that, Franklin Farnum had a call to St. Louis for the summer. He'd been told that audiences there were very discriminating, that you either "made good or



were canned" on first-night impressions. Therefore it was with a fit of real stage fever that he essayed the lead in "The Belle of New York."

Having carefully studied the rôle of a misguided young gentleman from the country who imbibes too freely when left to his own devices in the Bowery, Mr. Farnum went on the stage nervously wondering whether chilly silence or feverish applause would be his portion. He leaned against a table as he sang and hiccoughed, when suddenly a huge moth flew in *from* the wings, no pun intended.

Quickwitted Franklin Farnum had always been. He saw his cue. Lurching forward tipsily, he snatched at the dusty miller, caught it and, smiling guilelessly, went on, "Hic—hic—didja—hic—shee what I shaw —hic—hic?"

That brought down the house, for audiences are always appreciative of presence of mind and impromptu lines.

There followed the much-coveted opportunity to work under Charles Frohman, and as every one banks on the Frohman patronage for future success, Mr. Farnum wasn't disappointed, but rose from one good part to the other, later switching over to Henry Savage and other big producers.

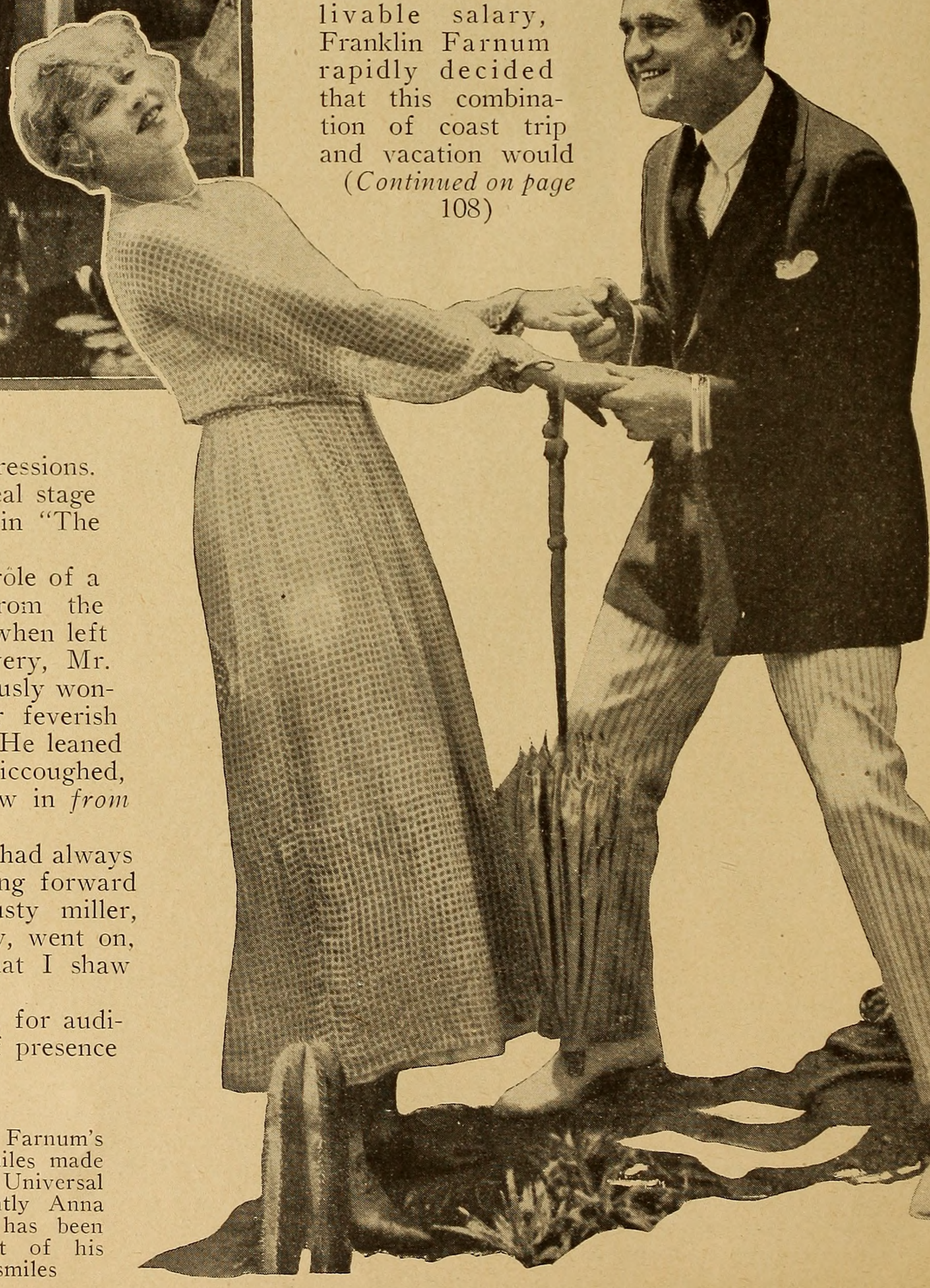
His last stage appearance was in that tuneful musical-comedy, "The Only Girl." When the season closed in New York, a call came from the local offices of Universal Film Company, inquiring Mr. Farnum's price for a film appearance. He mentioned a large sum, so corpulent, in fact, that the official laughed disdainfully and said, "Impossible! All we want to do is to give you a try-out. Would you like to go to Los Angeles this summer?"

"Will I play leads there?" queried Mr. Farnum, anxiously.

"Not on your life. Why, you've got to get camera-wise first of all. We dont plant people in the front rank who haven't had screen experience," retorted the unfeeling gentleman.

As there would be nothing but a good loaf ahead of him without salary, musical-comedy being at a standstill during the summer, and as expenses to the coast would be forthcoming in addition to a livable salary, Franklin Farnum rapidly decided that this combination of coast trip and vacation would

(*Continued on page 108*)



Franklin Farnum's brand of smiles made him a star at Universal City. Recently Anna Q. Nilsson has been the recipient of his picture smiles

By

TAMAR LANE

The war is over, the boys are home, and every one is happy. Happy because the awful carnage and slaughter has ceased. Happy for the sake of humanity, democracy and civilization. We're happy, too. But no one has considered the terrible trials and suffering the movie fans have been forced to go thru. Here's some of the reasons they're glad war is over:

The movie spy can now be laid on the shelf.

The producers will have to stop making "Kaiser" films.

Griffith will have to give us something new instead of palming off his old war stuff under new titles.

Frances Marion can now come back and write more scenarios for "Mary."

Press-agents will now cease bombarding us with wild tales of "million-dollar Liberty Bond sales," "adopted regiments," "letters from Over There," etc.

Robert Warwick will again grace the screen.

And Tom Forman.

Latest "goat" for caustic photoplay critics—Marion Davies, with Fred Stone running a close second.

"Did you know," asks the Universal publicity department, "that Violet Mersereau was a society girl, and Crane Wilbur a butcher?" That explains everything perfectly. It had been rumored that they were actors.

What Could Be Sweeter?

Than Dorothy Gish in "The Hope Chest"?

Than Bill Hart in a hard-boiled shirt and full dress suit?

Than the straw hat Charlie Ray wears in "String Beans"?

Than the way he ties Jane Novak's shoe-lace?

Than magazine "interviews" written by the star's press agent?

According to report, Earle Williams is being sued by a New York girl for $160,000 for breach of promise. If Earle's affections are worth that much, he must be some Lothario. Shows you never can judge a movie idol from his screen shadow.

Why is it that critics of the silent drama expect every photoplay to be a masterpiece, when out of the hundred stage productions presented every year there are only a handful of successes, and tho there are hundreds of novels written each year, only a few become "best sellers"?

The month's prize for extreme modesty and reserve in publicity goes to the exploiters of "The Tidal Wave," which is "the most stupendous screen drama in the annals of the motion picture." "The Tidal Wave" is "not a war story, yet gripping with international conflict! Not a love story, yet with romance quivering in every scene! Not a detective story, yet with mystery and suspense in every situation!" But wait. "Every reel detonates with substance for a superpicture!" Now we know what it's all about.

Wanted

By Fox, a scenario department.

By Doug, Anita Loos and John Emerson.

By W. S. Hart, badly, something new in the way of a Western story.

By Metro, a decent lighting system.

By Francis Ford, a barber.

Six Things We Would Like to Know

Why D. W. Griffith writes his scenarios under an assumed name.

Who will play opposite Charlie Chaplin in future.

Why "The Midnight Patrol" was presented by Select instead of Paramount.

Why Director R. A. Walsh sticks with Fox instead of doing bigger things.

How much interest Adolph Zukor will have in the new company to be formed by his ex-aides, Messrs. Abrams and Schulberg.

Who is the main factor behind the First National Co.

We're glad to hear that a man like Henry Ford has entered the movie game, but he'll find that there are more "flivvers" in the film business than the auto industry has ever seen.

Spare Us

These days of universal peace and happiness, from Jack Holt in goody-goody rôles, and Marin Sais in any other, Lillian Walker in "A Grain of Dust," Doug in adaptations like "Arizona" and "He Comes Up Smiling," Toto's comedy, Edith Storey knocking Theda Bara's acting, from magazine covers by Haskell Coffin, Mary Minter's pervading innocence, actresses with names like Tallulah Bankhead, from soaps indorsed by movie stars, photoplays done in natural colors and Elsie Ferguson in vehicles such as "Under the Greenwood Tree," and rich will be the blessing poured upon thee, O Monarchs of the Movies.

Best news of the month: Marshall Neilan is again directing Mary Pickford.

Best laugh of the month: Exhibitor up in Farmingdale, Vermont, says that he cant show big pictures like "Hearts of the World" because the screen isn't large enough.

Best joke of the month: Maxine Elliott sues Goldwyn for $50,000 salary she believes she earned as a movie actress.

A well-known director, a Frenchman, says that screen acting and pantomime are the same. Screen expression and pantomime are about as much alike as horseshoeing and hand-painting. The pantomimist exaggerates and overacts. Everything he does is unlifelike. The screen actor seeks to repress outward signs of emotion and subdue his gestures and facial expressions. The failure of foreign producers and actors to realize this radical difference is largely responsible for the great loss in prestige their films have suffered in the past few years. Screen expression is moving forward, while pantomime is standing still.

Now that we have been told by all the big men of the films "how the motion picture saved the world," it seems a pity that they didn't end the thing quicker by sending more films and less soldiers to the war zone.

LOST, S. OR S.

Jack Pickford's naval uniform.

Some of Clara Kimball Young's popularity.

Some of Marguerite Clark's girlishness.

Stuart Holmes' villainy.

Henry Walthall's prestige.

And a girl named June Caprice.

Do they ever come back? See Blanche Sweet in "The Unpardonable Sin" and Anita Stewart in "Virtuous Wives," and settle it for yourselves.

Motion Picture Director: You shouldn't have the principals kissing in the middle of the picture.

New Scenario Writer (who is trying to learn the game): Why not?

Director: An audience would think that was the end and would walk out.

Envious Edward

With loud complaints,
Little Edward had been dragged
From the Motion Picture theater,
(After having seen the show
Three times),
To make a call upon
His grandmother.
When he asked after her health,
She replied:
"I'm pretty well, dear,
Except my eyes,
There is a constant film
Before them."
At which Edward exclaimed:
"Gee, you're lucky!"

HARVEY PEAKE.

Now that Samuel Goldfish, president of the Goldwyn Company, has had his name lawfully changed to Samuel Goldwyn in order to derive personal benefit of the fame and publicity the company has gained thruout the world, we may expect a wholesale following of suit by other producers and presidents. Why not Adolph Paramount, Lewis J. Select, Carl Universal and Richard Metro?

The height of greatness: Organizing your own company and electing yourself president.

The height of art: Close-up of hero and shero in last-minute embrace, setting sun in background, fade slo-owly out.

For some reason or other many directors are always picking on the close-up. They believe it shouldn't be used, but advance no sensible argument. One director, last month, made the brilliant statement that the close-up bears the same relation in the photoplay that the opera-glass does in the theater. "The opera-glass," he says, "is used but rarely in the theater, and then only when the individual wishes to get a close glimpse of the players." We thought that theatergoers liked to get as close to the players as possible and that opera-glasses were used, as a rule, only by persons who were seated so far from the footlights that they were unable to get a real, intimate glimpse of the players.

If theatergoers dislike close-ups of the players, why do the seats nearest the footlights bring the most money? Why not do away with them?

"Gaby Deslys is a wonderful bird in her latest picture," chirps Pathé publicity. Why not be more explicit about the species? She's a high-flyer, all right, but no chicken. Perhaps she's a kingfisher.

MOVIE NON-ESSENTIALS

Most re-issues.

Most scenario departments.

The sheriff with the flowing mustache.

Advice by would-be stars.

Narrow-escape press stories.

If you see Mae Marsh in public with Arms about her, dont get excited. It's all right. She has just married a gentleman by that name.

Fade-out.

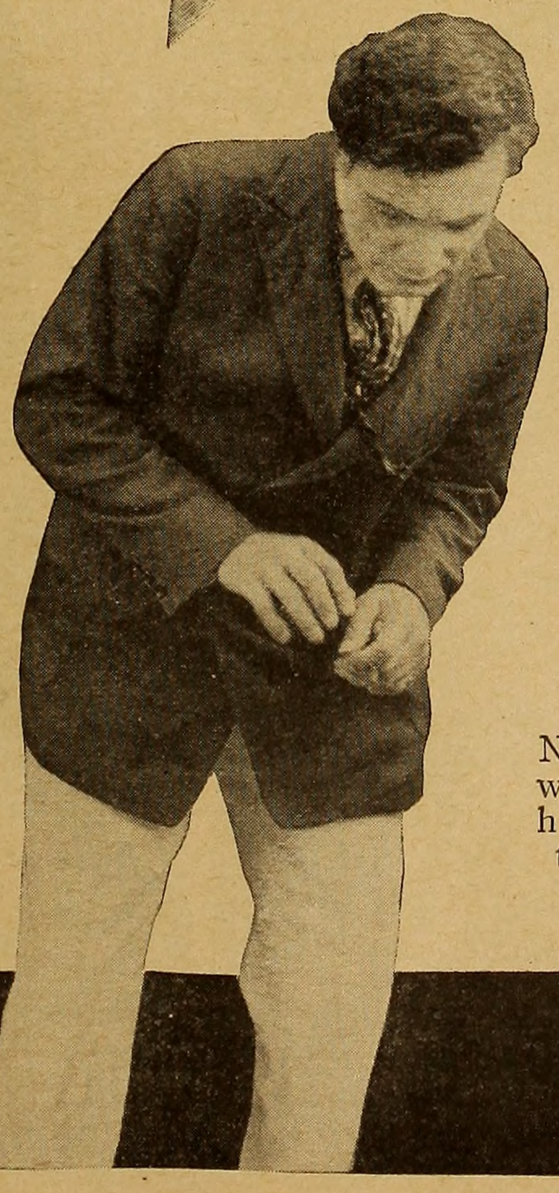
Miss Democracy Triumphant

Film Flashes As You See Them

The principals of every movie are always the beautiful heroine, the bounding hero and the slinking villain. Here you have the regulation story told by hero, Carlyle Blackwell; heroine, Evelyn Greeley; and villain, Escamillo Fernandez. No. 1. The hero meets the girl

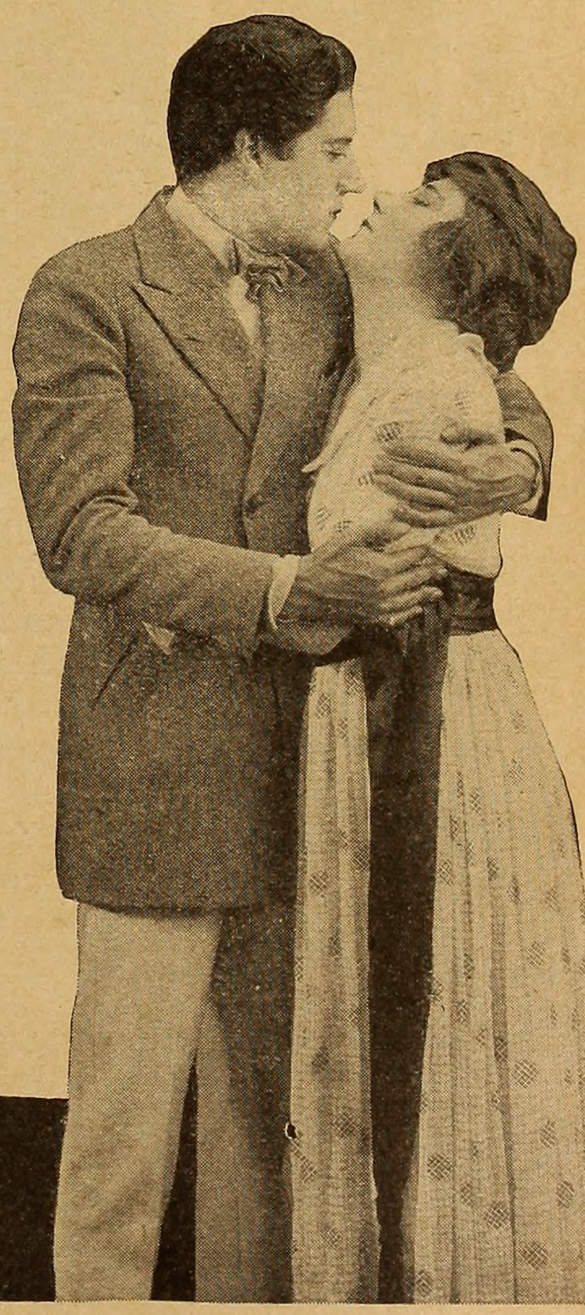
No. 2. In which the hero meets the villain

No. 3. You dont have to wait long before it is very apparent that the girl does love the hero



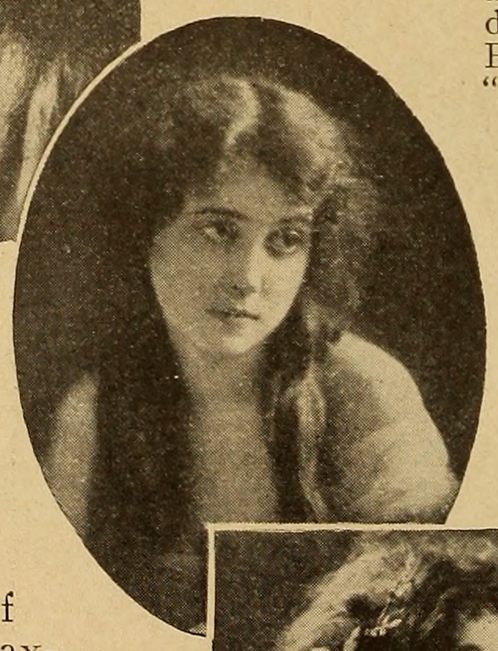
No. 4. In which the hero foils the villain

No. 5. He wins the girl and they are happy ever after, right up to the start of the next picture



A Potential Madame Butterfly

among our student who talk of you. I am also belongs to the party of sympathize with you as soon as I had seen your appearance in many film. Then I became at once one of your admirers. Now Madam, I was so oblighed as to desire a request to you because recently I am collecting many famous player photo in U. S. A, but it is sorry to think that I have none yours in my album until now, so that I have been longed to put your photograph in it as well as another actors one. Lastly, I am waiting in anticipation when your coming in hands of a unknown Japanese admirer of yours."



Vola Vale has played in photoplays with Hart and Hayakawa, but her ambition is to do "Madame Butterfly" and "Lorna Doone"

Vola Vale recently did a half-caste Japanese girl rôle, and the

"I SUPPOSE everybody has a film favorite," said Vola Vale, "and I must confess Mr. Hayakawa is mine. I want to learn how to act *inside* the way he does. When I'm allowed to do 'Madame Butterfly' with a real Japanese company, and the necessary Americans for the other principal rôles, I will have achieved one of my big ambitions.

Considering her love of the Oriental, it seems appropriate that Vola should always be getting Japanese magazines, newspapers and letters from fans. She has the greatest assortment of foreign "mash notes" and, after some coaxing, consented to part with a few of her secrets.

Skimming thru piles of letters in pink, lavender, blue, decorated rice-paper and imitation of wood-pulp, two especially quaint specimens attracted attention. One read:

"My dear Vola Vale, I have no doubt that you will permit me to take this liberty to write you a letter, but as I am understood English a letter, I am afraid if you can hardly read poor my letter, perhaps you would be greatly pained when you have received this which was sent from a really stranger to you.

"But please excuse me Madam. Hereafter I beg you my acknowledge me forever I have well known your glorious name, because I have often heard 'Vola Vale'

By ALLISON ROGERS

Vola Vale, who used to be known as Vola Smith in the good old Biograph days in such plays as "Captain Fracasse"

little Jap maid who always dresses Tsuru Aoki's hair was called in by Sessue Hayakawa to transform the very beautiful shiny brown curls of Miss Vale into the stiff and uncomfortable head-dress of Cherry-blossom Land.

Vola has become accustomed to doing character leads. Her first experience was in the old Biograph days, and without encountering any difficulty, Vola *Smith* was admitted to David W. Griffith's sanctum and immediately engaged for atmosphere parts. After a month of this, Mr. Griffith gave her a real rôle, and she appeared in "Celeste" and a swashbuckling drama called "Captain Fracasse," which gave her an opportunity to appear in a trained velvet gown and Rembrandt hat with feathers, and, incidentally, made the little girl feel very important, for, you see, she was in her very early 'teens and hadn't expected rapid advancement or dropped the *Smith* for the more euphonious "Vale."

Since then Vola played two- and three-reel features for Biograph, Universal, and, finally, began to interpret mountain maid rôles.

She's a pure Latin type, so she can easily make up for Spanish, Italian, French and Gypsy rôles.

George Beban gave Miss Vale a thrilling part, for she donned three different make-ups in playing a girl of the Secret Service. Bill Hart calls her "the Pest" as his special pet-name, and the countless pictures of Mr. Hart which adorn the Vale home are autographed to the *Pest,* too.

"In Mr. Hart's company," said Vola, "we were always cutting up. You see, Mr. Hart is so full of pranks himself. One day I was chained hand and foot with handcuffs, and they deliberately lost the keys, so I had to be sawed loose. I used to play lots of practical jokes on Mr. Hart; so did Jane Novak, and he sent us our Christmas gifts last year with the prettiest cards, one inscribed to the 'Nuisance'—Jane, and the other to the 'Pest'—myself."

"Have you done a part which you particularly fancied, Miss Vale?"

"Yes, I loved the last Hayakawa picture. There was an entire Japanese company—I was the only white person in it. They all conversed in Japanese and used to teach me short phrases.

"Henry, the Japanese school-boy who works for us, has taught me to read some Japanese. He is studying dentistry, but he does all our housework, finds time to make beautiful lampshades, can repair anything from the gas-range to the automobile, and always seems to have time left to study or to paint pictures. See, isn't this beautiful?"

This happened to be a glass tray for table service. The young Japanese had pressed milkweed, grasses and pink flowers into a lovely meadow scene between double glass, mounted it in a carved wood frame, and was planning it for a birthday gift for Vola Vale, whom he adores, not only as a motion picture beauty, but as a home-maker.

"Besides doing 'Madame Butterfly,' there's one other thing I want to do over. In my early experiences I played 'Lorna Doone,' which I think is one of the most beautiful stories ever given to the world. It was pitifully done, for in those early days they chopped things up and made two or three reels of them, with little

(*Continued on page* 108)

He's Still When

By RUTH

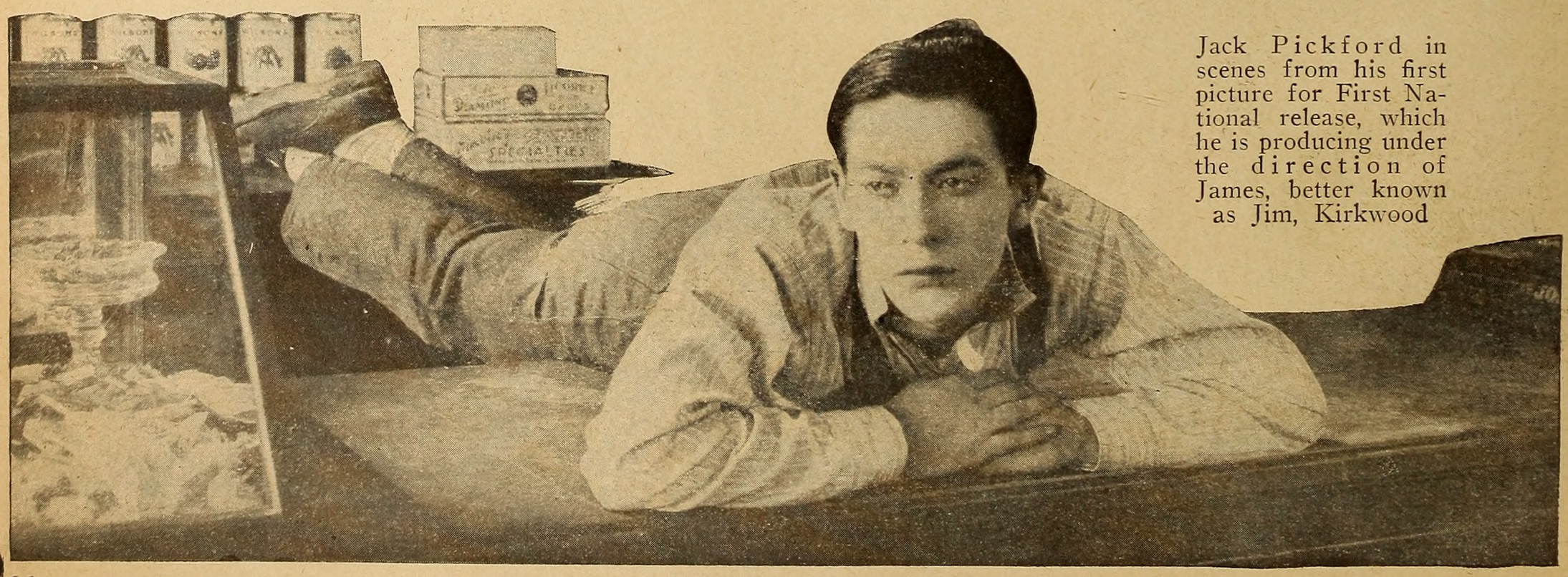
"WHEN does Jack Pickford sleep?" Ask the doorman and he'll shrug his shoulders, his manager is equally ignorant of his drowsy hours, and young Jack himself admits—but we're ahead of our story.

The vivacious male offshoot of the illustrious house of Pickford is the surest thing in the way of perpetual motion in the City of Auto-Dodging Pedestrians.

The information clerk wearily directs you to Mr. Pickford's suite in the big Brunton dressing-room building. Of course, you dont find Mr. Pickford there, and the doorman doesn't expect you to—he's merely making room for the next inquirer. A polite individual near the door labeled "Pickford" advises you to try the dark stage, as Jack *just* went there. Arriving there, you are promptly shipped to the glass stages, and when you've made the rounds, climbed over piles of building material—for the Brunton studios are still in the building process—and hunted for Mr. Pickford in bosky dells and Japanese tea-gardens, you pantfully beg everybody about the place to *please* hold the star of "A Mile-a-Minute Kendall" until you get there on the second round.

A "perfect thirty-six," purchased by the valet, was the cause of my finally catching up with him. Jack Pickford really had gone back to his dresser and was proudly eyeing a store-suit of the funniest ready-made fit, which was to be inspected by his director, Jim Kirkwood.

"Good-morning," cheerfully nodded the Pickford heir. "Sorry you couldn't find me, but I always have so *many* places to go. Do you know, mother was terribly shocked on our trip out West. Jim Kirkwood and I played bridge all night and slept in the day, missed the beautiful scenery and did everything that mother thinks ought *not* to be done at night. But there's something so fascinating about defying all conventions and turning one's duties as well as pleasures about.



Jack Pickford in scenes from his first picture for First National release, which he is producing under the direction of James, better known as Jim, Kirkwood

He's Asleep

KINGSTON

I love to take a little nap during a spare moment when it's daylight, but night makes me feel lively and ready to go anywhere."

"So you really *do* sleep at times?" We hated to be sarcastic, but our experience had taught us that Mr. Pickford seemed to be always awake and always away.

"Oh, mother needn't talk; she's the liveliest one of us all. Perhaps that doesn't answer your question, but I must tell you how Mary and I keep mother busy. You see, she signs all checks and attends to the business end of our productions, and as Mary and I are both heading our own companies and getting lots of new things, mother says she is sure to have writer's paralysis from check-signing. The minute she is over here with me, Mary 'phones frantically, 'Is mother over there? I *must* have her at once. Send her right over.'

"The other day I saw a little shaver acting on this lot, and I asked mother if I were as little as that when I first began to act. She told me a story about myself I didn't know before," chuckled Jack, reminiscently.

"It was back East, and mother says I was much smaller than the little boy I'd asked her about. Mary and Lottie were in a production, and as I had to be taken care of, I was lugged all around and finally given a very tiny part—just because I happened to be on the spot. It was that of a little chap who was supposed to be ill, and who had to stay quietly in bed on the stage, and at a certain cue, cough twice.

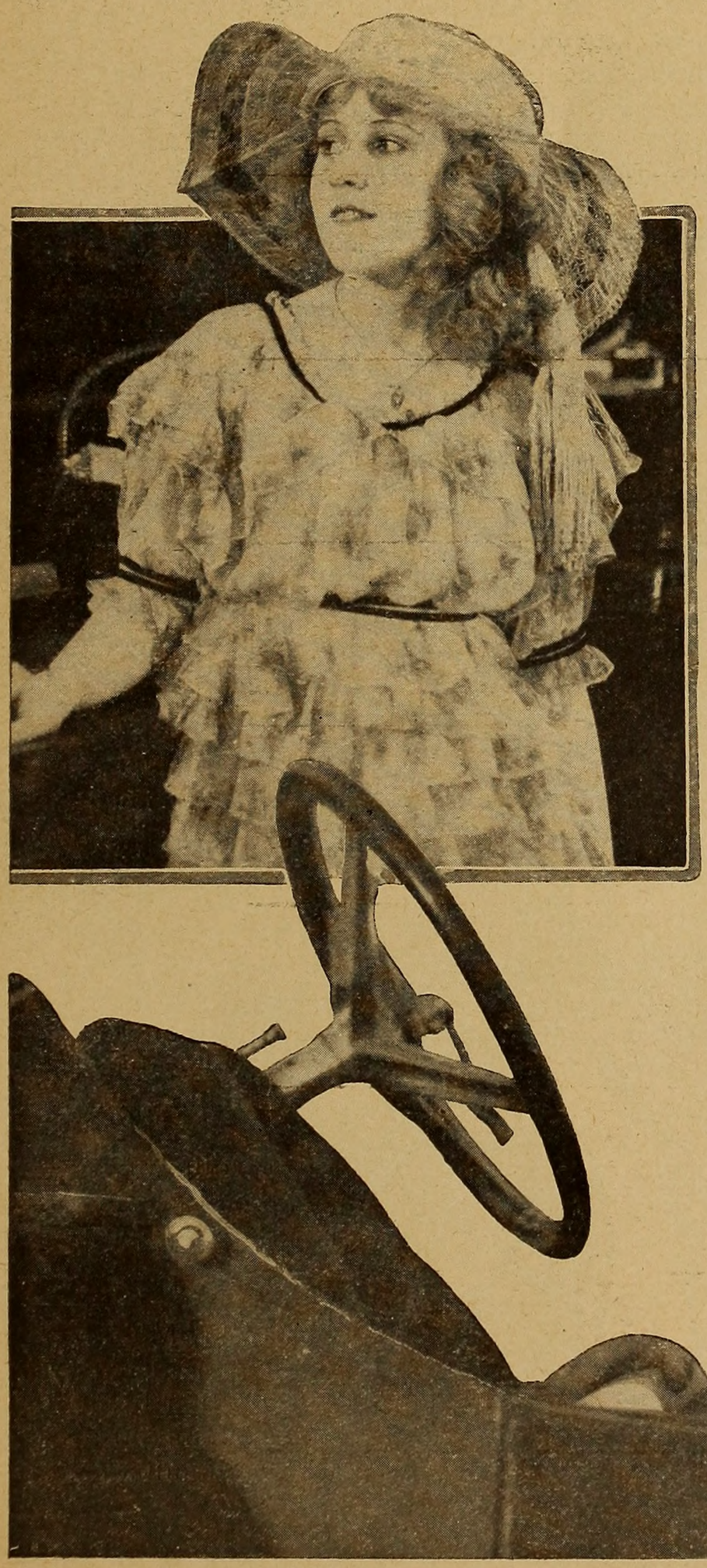
"One night, after the show—I was but four years old—I said to mother, 'Do I get paid for doing this?' She laughed and said, 'Why, no, of course not. We just want to know you're in a safe place, and you haven't anything to do, really.'

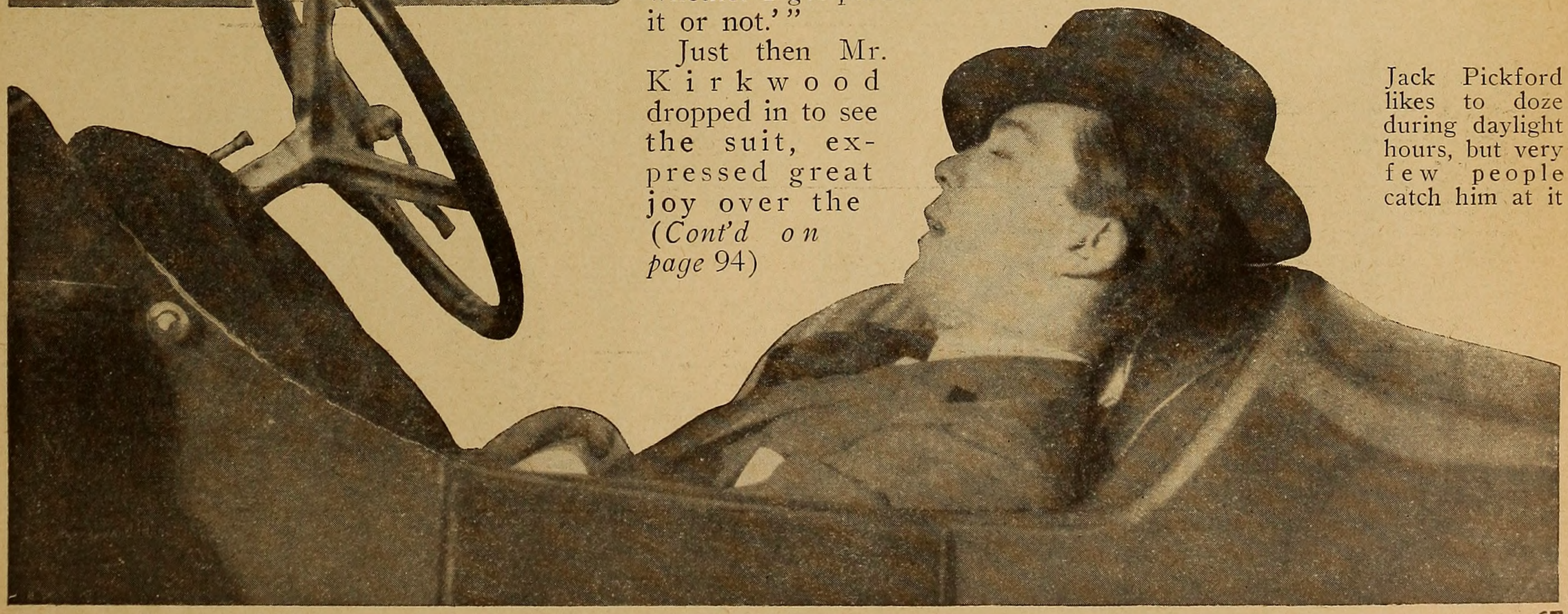
"I bristled right up, she says, and answered, 'Well, if I dont get paid, I am not going to *act* again. You can get somebody else.' They did need somebody in that bed, and the next night they got a little chap in from the street, and I stood in the wings and watched him.

"He lay very quietly, and at the cue he coughed so loud, such a fine, long, double cough, that it made me mad all thru. At least, that is the way mother tells it. I got jealous about it, for I never had coughed like that. You could hear it anywhere in the house. So I said, after the show, 'You can send that kid home. I'll do the coughing tomorrow night, whether I get paid for it or not.'"

Just then Mr. Kirkwood dropped in to see the suit, expressed great joy over the

(*Cont'd on page* 94)





Jack Pickford likes to doze during daylight hours, but very few people catch him at it

The Fame and

Some of the

THE daily mail of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC's Fame and Fortune Contest is reaching tremendous proportions, testifying vividly to the remarkable interest manifested in the contest from coast to coast. Not a State in the Union but has entered hundreds of pictures, Canada has contributed a great many, and portraits are now beginning to come in large quantities from other countries.

After considerable deliberation the third honor roll of The Fame and Fortune Contest was decided by the judges to include: Blanche McGarity, of 236 Blum Street, San Antonio, Texas; Ellen Best, of 2544 Fourteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.; Ruth Cort, 550 West 180th Street, New York City; Glenda Farrell, 2320 Broadway, San Diego, Cal.; Doris Anita Dibble, 66 West 69th Street, New York City; Bessie May McCook, of 1010 Kelly Street, the Bronx, New York; and Mayme Alice Brown, of 310 Clay Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

It is interesting to note that in the third honor roll three New York girls are represented. Miss McGarity, on the other hand, was born on a ranch near San Antonio. Her people have played a part in Texas history for seventy-five years, a great-uncle, Green McCoy, giving his life in the fall of the Alamo, when a handful of Texans stood off the hordes of Mexico for hours. Miss McGarity is a blonde type, with blue eyes, and she has had some slight motion picture experience in a photoplay called "Forfeit," made near San Antonio, but not yet released.

Miss Doris Anita Dibble was a member of the famous Morgan classic dancers for some time. Miss Glenda Farrell was born in Oklahoma, and has had some experience in the chorus, vaudeville and camp entertainments. She has light brown hair, dark-gray eyes and is five feet three inches in height.

BLANCHE McGARITY

ELLEN BEST

RUTH CORT

Fortune Contest

Beautiful Aspirants

Miss Mayme Alice Brown is a Louisiana girl, altho she resides in Los Angeles. She has never been on the screen, despite the many studios in her city. She, too, is a blonde type.

Miss Ruth Cort has studied dancing for three years, altho she has never appeared professionally. She has brown hair and brown eyes and, like Miss Farrell, is exactly five feet three.

The third honor roll was arrived at by the judges after going thru the thousands of pictures submitted between January 1st and 15th. The Motion Picture Classic for April will carry the fourth honor roll, presenting the seven best contestants entering their pictures between January 15th and February 1st. The Motion Picture Magazine will follow with the honor roll for February 1st to 15th. This will be continued until the close of the contest.

Here are some important things to note:

If you wish your portrait or portraits returned, enclose the right amount of postage to cover mailing. Attach stamps to pictures with a clip. These pictures will be returned upon the examination by the judges for the monthly honor rolls.

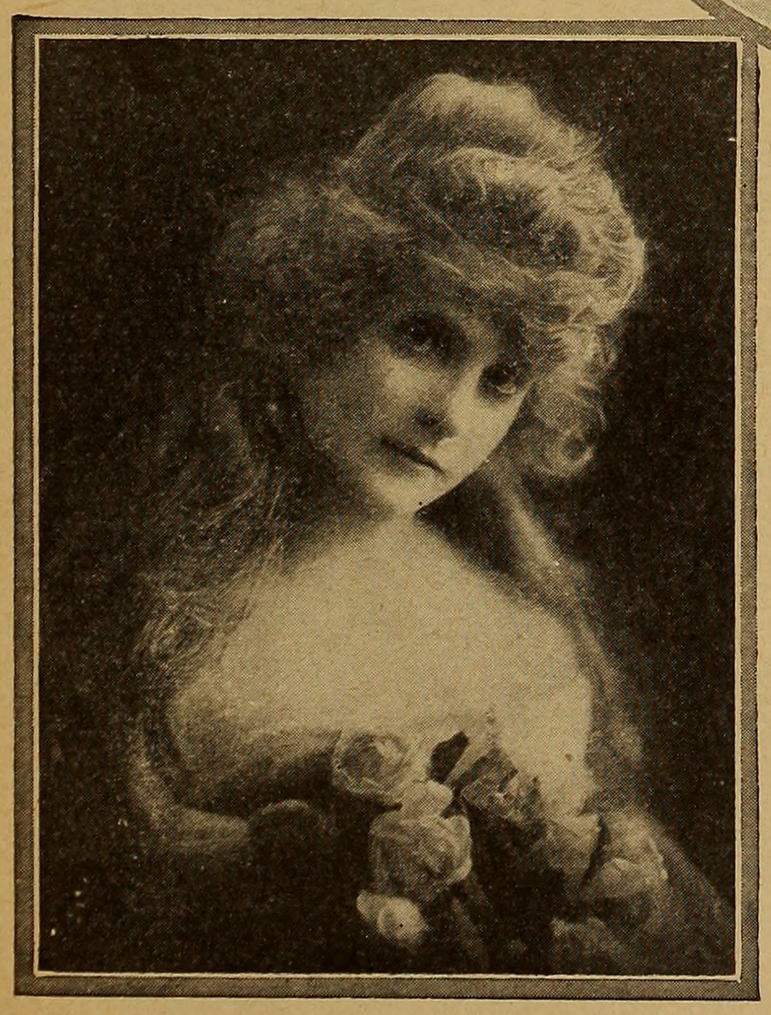
If your pictures were entered before January 15th and you have not won a place on any of the honor rolls, try again. Because you have submitted one or more pictures does not bar you from trying again. The quality of your portrait, weakness of photography, etc., may have had something to do with its failure to win a place.

Try not to send hand-colored portraits. In reality these injure your chances of consideration. The judges prefer to review all contestants equally. Besides, if a colored picture is selected for the honor roll, it will not reproduce

(*Continued on page* 96)

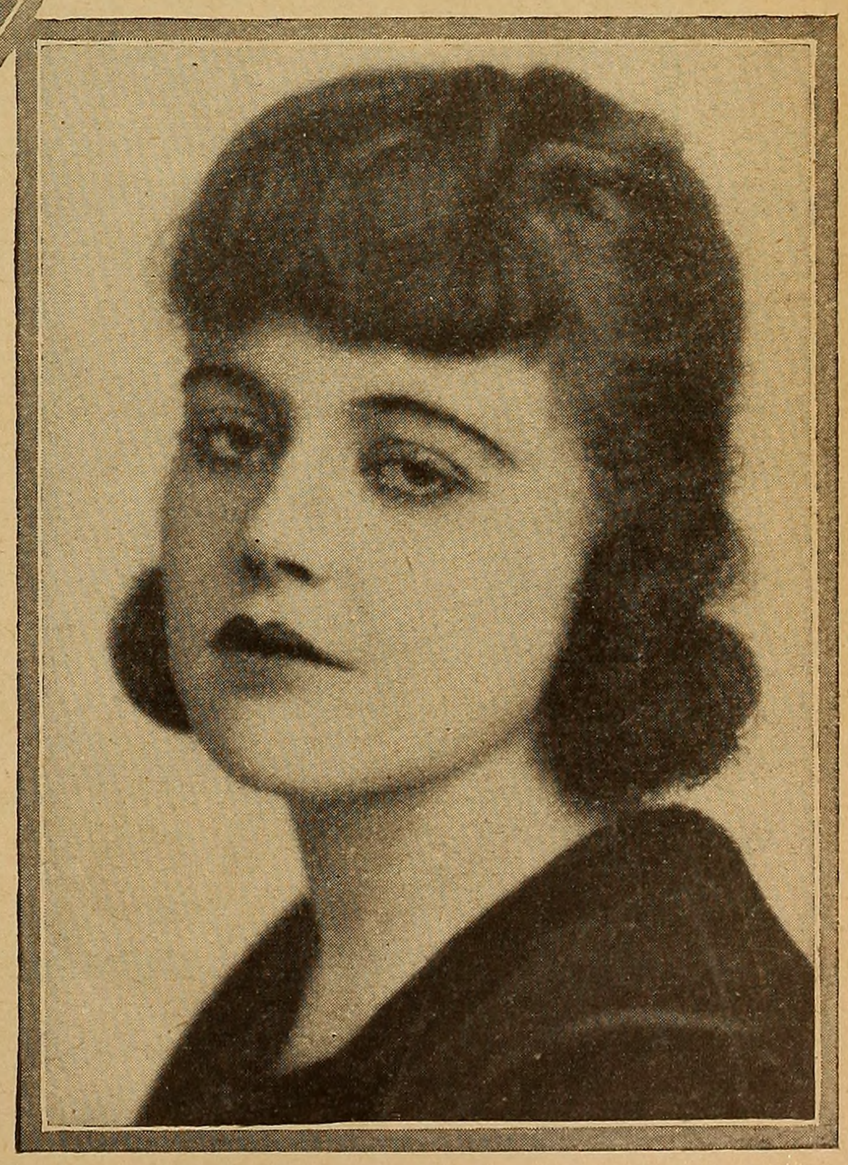
GLENDA FARRELL

DORIS ANITA DIBBLE



BESSIE MAY McCOOK

MAYME ALICE BROWN



The Rubaiyat of the Screen

By WANDA HAWLEY

EDITOR'S NOTE—Wanda Hawley, beautiful leading woman in Paramount pictures, is a disciple of Omar Khayyam of Naishapur. So delighted is she with the Fitzgerald rendering of the tentmaker's philosophic verses that she has sought to emulate him in a modest way with the following, written exclusively for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Wake! for the day with sun is shining bright;
Exterior scenes remain which must be shot by night.
Assemble at the studio by eight o'clock,
Made up and ready, and be sure your costume's right.

Whether at Hollywood or Edendale,
Whether the part you play be fresh or stale,
Be ready when the director's voice you hear;
This is the starting—and you must not fail.

There was a door to which I found no key,
My dressing-room tight locked I found—ah, me!
Then Props arrived and battered down the door;
With anxious eyes I watched the minutes flee.

But half made up, I hastened to the street
And in the waiting auto took my seat;
Soon we were rumbling down the boulevard,
Bound for some woodland's shadowy retreat.

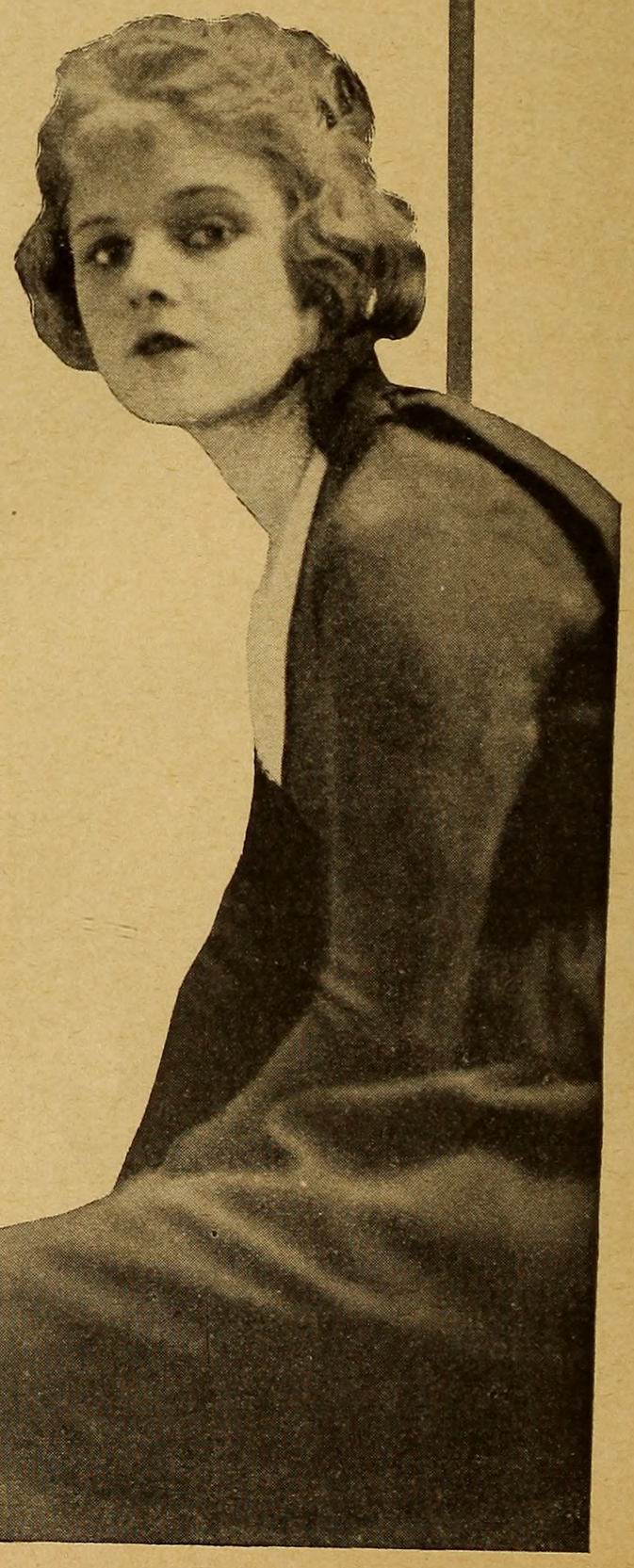
Arrived at last, the cameras set and all
The players waiting for the master's call,
I, trembling, took my place and acted till
I heard some one who whispered, "Go on, stall!"

Indeed, the idols I had loved so well
Sometimes were shattered; there, I shall not tell
All that I learnt; my voice is mute,
And o'er me still the movies cast their spell.

Some fame I've gained upon the shadow screen
That recompenses me for years between,
When long I labored and it seemed in vain
Some trace of harvest from the soil to glean.

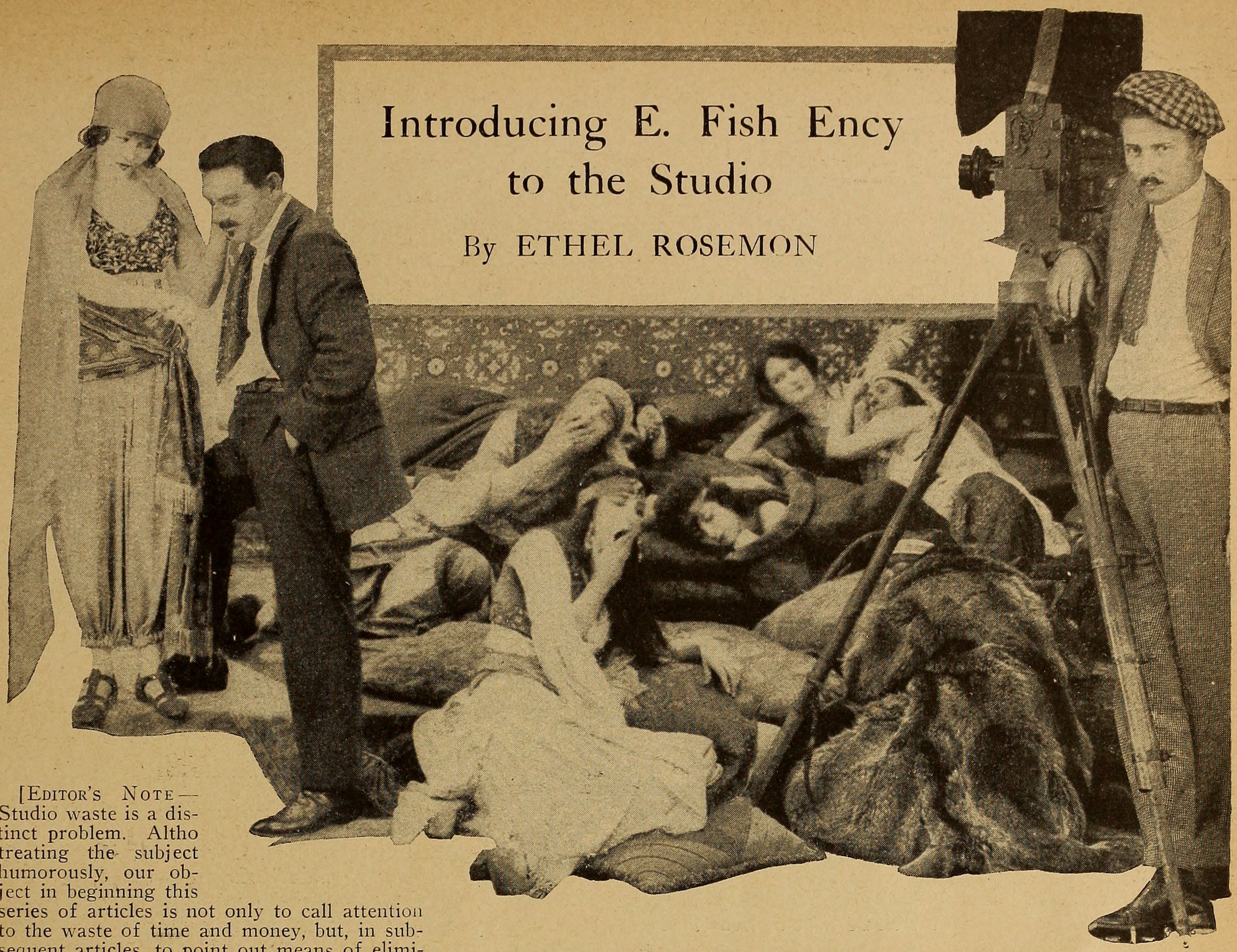
And when, like others, I one day shall pass
Out of the minds of those I pleased, alas!
I only pray that some one, just for old times' sake,
Shall speak my name—turn down an empty glass!

Miss Hawley apologizes to the shade of the Persian poet, if it be hovering near, as well as to the lovers of Omar who may be shocked at her thus lightly handling the revered quatrains that were born beneath the soft moon of Naishapur.



Introducing E. Fish Ency to the Studio

By ETHEL ROSEMON



[Editor's Note—Studio waste is a distinct problem. Altho treating the subject humorously, our object in beginning this series of articles is not only to call attention to the waste of time and money, but, in subsequent articles, to point out means of elimination. We have entrusted this task to Miss Rosemon, who, from daily studio activities, knows the film business better from the inside than many of the big financiers.]

16 Parkside Avenue,
Gotham (New York City), January 4, 1919.

Dear Count St. John-Arbutus-St. John:

If you will peruse the date line carefully, old top, you will glean the information that we have arrived safely in the States—meaning the United States of America, U. S. A. As I made known to you in confidence on the eve of sailing, the Governor had a chance to go into business here, and altho he kept the whole bally transaction a mystery, insisted upon my accompanying him without a question. Beastly bore, I call it, but it's a way the Governor has. However, as Shakespeare or one of those other Alsatian chaps aptly put it, "It's a wise child that reareth a faultless parent."

I have since discovered, to my great relief, that the business into which the Ency fortune has been lowered isn't a business at all, but motion pictures. Dont think by this that my life is one long vamp after another—and why, I ask you, in passing, are all vamps long? Is not a vampish soul ever encased in a roundish shell, if you can grasp my idea, dear Count?

I hadn't been here a week—in fact, I was still walking in rhythm to the roll of the ocean—when the Governor called me into the library one evening and said:

"E. Fish Ency, Jr." (I knew what was coming would be a poser, for when it's anything pleasant he calls me just E. Fish), "I've invested every dollar, dime and nickel in that picture plant, and it's going to be your job to find out where it goes down to the last nickel. Report with me at the studio at nine o'clock tomorrow morning, stay until every company has left the floor, and keep your eyes open for waste. Business methods, business methods—the industry is crying for 'em, and, by Jove! it's going to get 'em, if I have anything to do with it. If this war hasn't taught us to put the proper value on a cent, then, God help us, nothing can!"

By the time the director and star appeared upon the scene the extras were so tired they couldn't smile enough to get a full-grown Sultan to take them for a bus ride

Dont infer from this that the Governor's getting tight. He's the same generous old top who was so ripping to all us fellows at Oxford, but the picture business seems to have gotten his angora, as the better class Americans say, while the middle classes refer to the animal as "goat." He says, in his opinion, the money that's wasted in a studio in a week would keep the Home for Moth-Eaten Poodles in dog-biscuits for a year.

The morning after the aforementioned conversation I took my bath with the chickens, as the funny Yanks say. Modesty leads me to explain that this is merely a figure of speech for early rising, for there wasn't a sign of a fowl anywhere in the bally bathroom. The Governor and I drove up to the studio gates at nine o'clock. It took us ten minutes to awaken the watchman, but, by Jove! he was a bully old chap. He didn't seem to mind in the least that we had disturbed his sleep. While the Governor read his mail, I started to inspect the studio. In a short time a flock of girls came running upstairs. There must have been two hundred of them, and they all shouted at me, "Where do we dress?"

Now, by Jove, how did I know where they dressed, if you can grasp my idea, dear Count? Some of them were rippers, too.

"You jolly well have taken me," I answered. (That's what the Americans say when they haven't the required information and, of course, you can understand my desire to appear like a regular native.) "That's a poser to ask a chap without even being introduced—well, rather."

"Oh, come off!" an amazingly yellow blonde called, but, by Jove, I wasn't on anything, so how could I come off? "We're extras. In what shack do we smear the grease, darken the lamps and bow the cupid?"

"Beat it down to ten and twelve," called a young man with a green Fedora suspended from the last branch of his family tree.

When the two hundred girls and their two hundred suitcases had disappeared down a long passageway he came over and introduced himself.

"I'm Al Dixon, Mr. Black's assistant," he said. "I guess you're E. Fish Ency, Jr. Your old man put me wise that I'd find you on the floor and asked me to show you the plant."

By Jove, old chap, I resented the way he spoke of the Governor, but he had rescued me from that band of additionals and he might be useful when I started out in earnest to eliminate waste.

"Where is Mr. Black?" I inquired.

"Black? Why, he doesn't blow in until one-thirty. Henna Moore, his star, gives him a lift in her car, and she doesn't leave the city until one. Can't get up until twelve, you know. If she has to dig out of the hay before that she's apt to chew up a couple of Cooper-Hewitts before the day's over, she's that artistic. But then she's all made up when she gets here, so that saves time."

"But those additionals you just sent downstairs—aren't they for Mr. Black's picture? Why do they come at nine-thirty?"

"Oh, you mean that bunch of extras. Well, they might as well be here as home. It's the safest place for them."

Mr. Black's company was the only one working at the studio. The others were out on location. That's what they say when a company goes outdoors to take those ripping country scenes, with red barns and Colonial houses and here and there a cow—or is it an angora?—decorating the landscape.

At one-forty-five Henna Moore and Mr. Black drove up in Henna's new car. It was a striped black-and-orange affair, with Chinese lettering on the door. I heard the Governor say that the company had given it to her because Ora Bora, the company's other vamp, had driven into the yard the week before with a car the duplicate of Henna's old one and, by Jove, Henna's temperament was so sensitive she couldn't work for the rest of the week!

"Henna's temperament will get accustomed to such things," the Governor added, "for the company's going to supply no more cars—not while I have a controlling interest."

It was a quarter of three before Henna was ready to act. She must have had several layers to take off—well, rather—if you can grasp my idea, dear Count—and if the Governor was supplying the costume she had on, I jolly well couldn't see where he could save another nickel on it. It was a scene in Turkey, and the two hundred additionals—I mean extras—were dancing girls. They were ripping lookers, but I saw where I could cut down expenses right there. Only twenty-five of those girls were really seen in the picture. The rest were a blur in the background.

After they had fixed the lights and the girls, and then the girls and the lights, it was five-thirty, and Henna said she was tired.

"Grayson wants the studio tomorrow morning, so we'll have to finish with this set tonight," Black informed her. "Sorry, but you can take tomorrow off."

"Well, I really must lie down for a few hours and have Minerva treat my hair," she responded, as she trailed towards the dressing-room, with the languid grace often displayed by a salmon as it swims away to be canned.

A group of addi—I mean extras—surrounded Black.

"You know we dont work after six unless we get double check," they said.

"But you didn't start to work until almost three."

"But the call was for nine-thirty."

"All right; beat it. I'll make it O. K."

When they had gone away, singing, "Tell me, darling, tell me, when, oh, when do we eat?" to the tune of "My Rose of Romany," Black explained that "double check" means two days' pay.

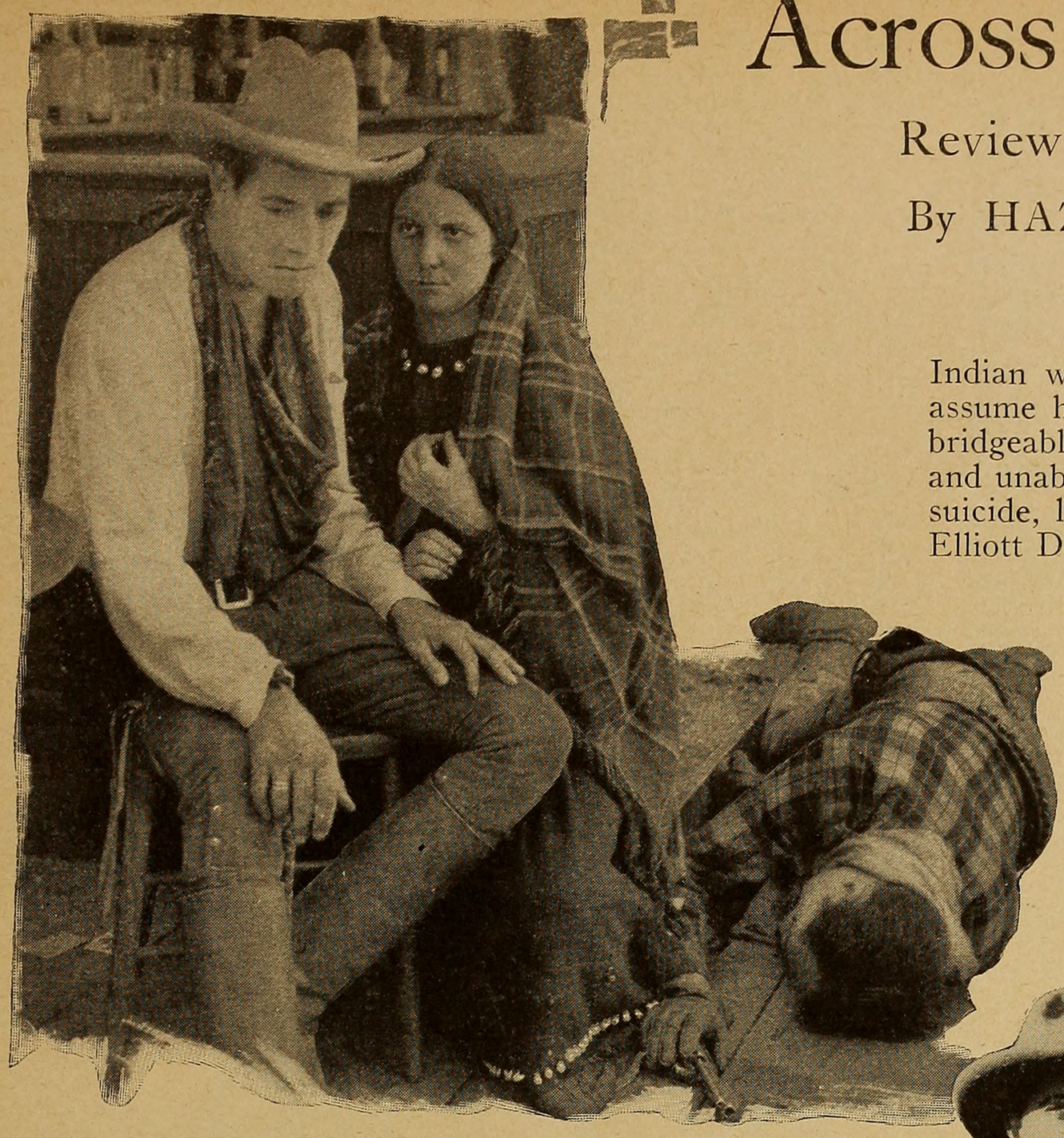
(*Cont. on page* 109)

At 6 o'clock they ate at the expense of the company

Across the Silversheet

Reviews of Current Photoplays

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR



What a soul is to a beautiful woman, "The Squaw Man" is to the silversheet

I REMEMBER thinking, not so many moons ago, that the silent drama had reached the dead-level stage of consistently well-manufactured product. Just as a cook, after repeated trials, finds a recipe for a well done and palatable cake, thereafter using the same formula, so had producers found a formula for feature pictures. One could, I felt, drop into a theater almost any old day and be very nearly sure to find an entertainment containing the three ingredients of pleasing photography, a fair story, an interesting star.

All pictures were being cooked up by the same recipe. There were no really atrocious productions, and, in direct ratio, there were no startlingly great ones. (There have been, as in all cases, exceptions such as "Shoulder Arms" and "Hearts of the World.")

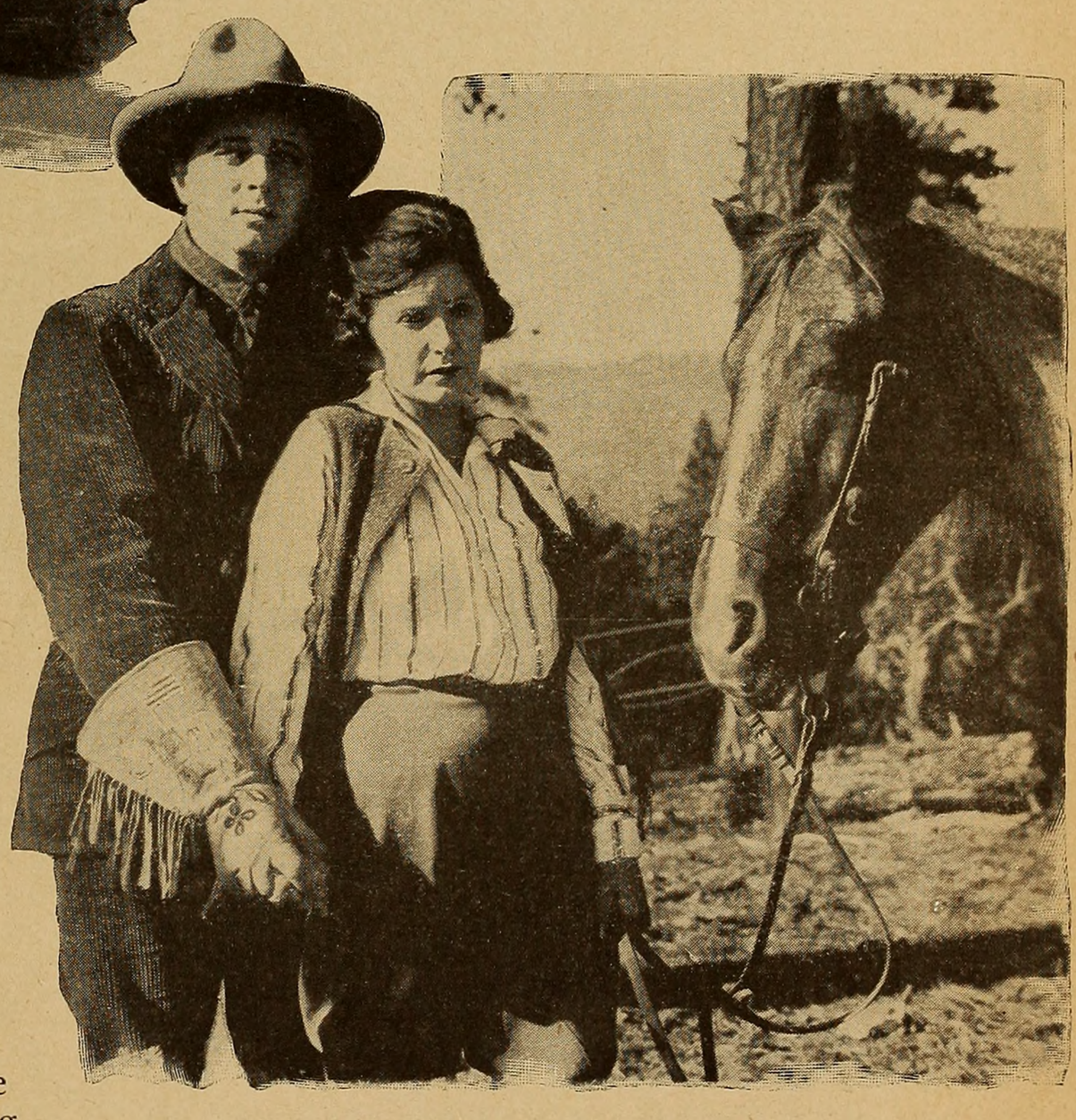
Pictures needed, I thought, the joy of the unexpected. Screen art should consist of something more than good photography, capable acting, interesting stories, careful direction and excellent scenery. That something I found in last month's release of

"THE SQUAW MAN" (ARTCRAFT)

What a soul is to a beautiful woman, "The Squaw Man" is to the silversheet. Here we have a story with which practically every one is familiar. It has been told not only in the noisy drama and in novel form, but once before in the movies. "The Squaw Man" is relentlessly true to life of a somewhat earlier era than ours. The second son of an English nobleman assumes the blame for his brother's thievery. On an American ranch, he creates a new life for himself. So new, in fact, that he marries a squaw who had nursed him. When their son is five years old, Jim Wynnegate's elder brother dies, clearing Jim. He decides to face the future with his Indian wife, but their son must be sent to England to assume his proper place. The squaw, realizing the unbridgeable gulf between her white husband and herself and unable to endure separation from her child, commits suicide, leaving Jim free to return to his proper sphere. Elliott Dexter, as Jim, emerges from the shell of a comfortably conscientious performer into an actor of sympathy and fine understanding. Ann Little as Naturich submerges her physical charms but reveals the soul of the little Indian wife. Her performance is one of the finest the screen has yet revealed. The rest of the cast deserves its advertising of all-star.

"HIS PARISIAN WIFE" (ARTCRAFT)

"Oh, you critics," a star said to me the other day; "I dont feel too badly when you knock



Norma Talmadge is a dynamo of human emotions in "The Heart of Wetona" (Select)

me, because I realize that undoubtedly you give a good notice when you have just eaten a good dinner and *vice versa.*" Which may contain an element of truth, but I am sure that even after consuming my favorite planked steak and grilled sweets, I could not conscientiously call "The Parisian Wife" an excellent picture, even when, in my mind, a Ferguson can do no wrong. The trouble with "The Parisian Wife" is in its artificial atmosphere. One is conscious of studio sets and studio ideas of prodigal authoresses. The law of motivation isn't brought out clearly enough to ring true—and Elsie Ferguson should not wear veils in pictures.

Dorothy Gish and Dick Barthelmess are the spirit of American boyhood and girlhood in "The Hope Chest" (Paramount)

We have seen many players we would like to veil from our gaze, but not Elsie Ferguson. Eve Unsell, who wrote the story, understood human nature. She imagined a young New England lawyer married to a pretty French wife. He takes his wife home, where she shocks his narrow-minded New England parents until they turn her husband against her. She leaves and becomes a successful authoress, he a drunkard, until her success shames him into a fresh endeavor and the usual reconciliation follows. Here is splendid material. But Director Chautard has failed to direct this according to real life. For instance, a New England family would never exhibit such a spasm of rudeness over Elsie Ferguson's wearing of an evening gown. Nor is it pleasing to see a present-day authoress permit her ex-husband to pay her bills. A woman who wants her freedom, but still needs some one to pay her expenses, does not possess the potentialities necessary for success. And Fauvette was supposed to be a success. David Powell and the remainder of the cast performed their rôles according to movie ideals.

"CHEATING CHEATERS" (SELECT)

Clara Kimball Young finds in this adaptation of the stage success by Max Marcin an opportunity to display a greater amount of her old-time charm than has been apparent in her last few releases. The story is farcical in nature, being concerned with the adventures of two bands of crooks. Each band dresses up and apes the manners of their society betters in order to steal from each other. Miss Young takes the part of Ruth, a member of one of the gangs, who falls in love with a young man of the other band, and eventually turns out to be a detective. Allan Dwan directed the picture with an admirable use of suspense and a keen sense of humor. The cast of characters includes such photographically pleasing and capable actors as Jack Holt, Anna Q. Nilsson, Frank Campeau, Tully Marshall and Edwin Stevens.

"THE HEART OF WETONA" (SELECT)

There are many reasons why Norma Talmadge is one of the bare half-dozen stars who can be depended upon to draw business for an exhibitor whatever the weather. All of these are in evidence in "The Heart of Wetona." Miss Talmadge is at her best when portraying stark, unreasoning love, with all its attendant emotions of loyalty, glorification, sadness and awakening. As Wetona she plays the part of an Indian girl who has prodigally loved a worthless white man. Anthony Wells is a scoundrel of the man type who takes all and gives nothing. But not so Hardin, his friend. When the Indians demand vengeance, Hardin marries the girl to protect her, while *her* only thought is to protect Wells, whom she thinks she loves. Her slow awakening to her lover's perfidy and Hardin's fineness is an expert study in feminine emotions. Norma Talmadge fairly vibrates across the silversheet. She is indeed a dynamo of human emotions. The exteriors are deserving of mention for their sheer beauty, while among the performers Gladden James cavorts pleasingly as the villain and Thomas Meighan as the hero.

"Day Dreams" (Goldwyn) is an example of poor photography

"THE LIGHTNING RAIDER" (PATHÉ)

Serials may come and go, but Pearl White's go on

forever. Not only do they go on, but they improve. Many of the self-styled high-brows sniff at the lowly serial. But we own up to the sensation of wanting more after tasting the first three episodes of this latest continued celluloid thriller. Pearl's beauty is not of the evanescent type; it is there, startlingly there. Warner Oland is the diabolical villain, as the Pathé press sheet puts it, while Henry Gsell is the potential hero.

"STRING BEANS" (PARAMOUNT)

The followers of Charlie Ray are numerous and noisy in their praise. I will admit that until the advent of "String Beans" I was a bit bored by his perpetual "overalled" screenic existence. But in "String Beans" Charlie Ray converted me into an admirer of his bucolic characterizations. He is so human. As Toby Watkins, a farmhand of all work, who rebels at being everybody's butt, he gives a finely graded interpretation of adolescent growth. Jane Novak, as the mayor's daughter, whom he eventually wins, is as refreshing as the first breath of spring.

"THE HOPE CHEST" (PARAMOUNT)

Any one who can watch the realistic adventures of Dorothy Gish and Richard Barthelmess in this story of youthful romance and not be able to sympathize with the poignant pains of their growing into womanhood and manhood during their enforced separation by materialistic parents have indeed closed their mental doors to all youthful memories. Both the young Gish and the equally young Barthelmess are the very spirit of American boyhood and girlhood. Both of their performances are natural and unaffected. Barthelmess is a star in the making. Bertram Grassby, as the lounge-lizard, who tries to make the little wife appear untrue, is the only member of the company who acts and overacts. The others you might meet any day.

Charlie Ray is very human in "String Beans" (Paramount)

Pearl White serials always improve. "The Lightning Raider" (Pathé) is a case in point

"HER INSPIRATION" (METRO)

Here's another May Allison comedy. At first you think it's just another Kentucky drama. Harold Montague, a playwright, is sent to the Kentucky mountains to get local color. There he meets all sorts of adventure and is saved from a cruel death by a beautiful Kentucky girl. But on his return to town he discovers that the girl is the star of his new play and that the whole troupe had been enacting his drama for him. There are many pleasing comedy touches. But of paramount importance, it seemed to us, was the optically pleasing May. She enters into the very spirit of the whole, and if she can do so much with such illogical material, what, we ask, could she not do with a real story? Her leading man in this picture was Herbert Heyes, who failed to contribute vitally to the picture's good impression.

"DRIFTERS" (HODKINSON)

J. Warren Kerrigan's latest, supported by Lois Wilson and William Conklin. There was a time, some six years ago, when J. W. K. was perhaps the most popular of stars. If the letters and notes in various contests received by this Magazine count for anything, he had few equals and no superiors in charm, handsomeness, physique and grace. And then came his "Samson," and this added greatly to his popularity. But a couple of years ago he abandoned the screen and made a personal tour of the country. From then until now his popularity has somewhat declined and there are now a dozen or so who are as well and favorably known, if not better. Lately his releases have been few and not widely circulated, apparently, which alone accounts for his decline in popularity. For he is just as charming as ever in "Drifters," which is a Far North picture, interesting and ably done. William Conklin, as the villain, has the best acting part, and he does it strongly and cleverly. Lois Wilson is also excellent as the heroine, particularly in her Ophelia moments. The scenes

(*Continued on page* 101)

$300.00 CASH PRIZES

A Great Mystery Story

TO BE SOLVED BY OUR READERS

The mystery that baffled the Scotland Yard Detectives to be solved by our readers, and half of the prize money to go to their friends who fought at the front.

A contest that will tax the ingenuity and imagination of our readers for months to come.

READ the wonderful story, *"The Crimson Iris,"* by H. H. Van Loan, and you will agree with us when we say that, not since the days of Sherlock Holmes, has a story been written that so holds the interest and excites the curiosity of the reader.

It is a detective story and you are to be the chief detective.

A great film magnate was producing a feature film in London, with his entire company there, when he was suddenly found dead, under the most peculiar and baffling circumstances. All of his employees, friends and players were closely questioned by the Scotland Yard authorities, but they could make no head nor tail of it. As you read, you think surely this person is the murderer, then you are just as sure that some other person is the guilty one, and so on. We are quite sure that the mystery will baffle you just as it baffled Scotland Yard. At one point in the story, you will say, "Oh, I see; this person did it—well, the cat is out of the bag—the mystery is solved." But in the next chapter you will find that you were wrong. And in the next chapter you will again change your mind, and not till the very end will you know for a certainty.

This mystery story will be read around the hearthstones of a million homes and it will help to pass away many a thrilling hour. When the soldier boys get home, some of them will have a little extra cash to start life with again because one half of the prize money is to go to them.

We shall award $300.00 in cash prizes to those who send in the best solutions, and we wish these solutions sent in monthly. Your first guess, and even your second, may be wrong, but that may not prevent you from wining first prize. All solutions must be sent in on postal cards, postmarked on or before the 20th of the month preceding the date of the magazine. For example, you will receive this April number about the first of March, and on or before the 20th of March you should mail your postal card addressed "Crimson Iris Editors, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y." Do this every month and write on the back of the card in as few words as possible, who you think committed the crime, or the motive, or anything which will guide us in determining whether you have grasped the situation and guessed how the story will unfold. You may write ten words, or any number. You can say anything you wish on the first one, two or three cards, but, after that, you must be very careful not to make a bad blunder, because it will count against you when all of your cards are finally collected, even if your last card should be correct. We shall award the prizes on *all* the cards, not on the final one only. Each card should be numbered, thus: your first card should read "The Crimson Iris, No. 1;" your second card should read "No. 2," and so on. If, after reading the first instalment, you see no clew to the murderer, your card might read something like this: "Motive not yet apparent. Guilty one has probably not yet appeared. Perhaps a rival film producer did it." Or, "A woman did it; motive jealousy." Or, "The murdered man was at heart a villain and was justly killed by a person as yet unknown." After reading the third instalment, you may change your mind, but that does not matter, so long as your third card states clearly what you then think. We expect you to be wrong in one or more of your guesses—perhaps in all but your last; but so long as your deductions were logical, or probable, or possible, you have a chance for first prize. Your last card must contain a solution. It must contain a very brief synopsis of what the last instalment will be. The last card will count for more than all the others put together, but it will help you greatly in getting a prize if you have mailed a card every month, even if some of them were poor guesses.

The prizes will be as follows:

1st prize	.....	$100.00
2nd "	.....	50.00
3rd "	.....	40.00
4th "	.....	35.00
5th "	.....	25.00
6th "	.....	20.00
7th "	.....	15.00
8th "	.....	10.00
9th "	.....	5.00

One half of this will go to the winners and one half to any soldier or sailor designated by the winners. For example, the winner of first prize will receive $50.00 cash and a certified check for $50.00 payable to any soldier or sailor he or she may name. The only conditions are that no person can win who has been previously informed of the solution. We add this because there are about twenty persons in this country who know this story and one or more of these might have inadvertently mentioned it to others, not knowing that it was to be a monthly contest. All such, of course, will be barred from the contest. Neatness will be considered in awarding prizes. The judges will take *everything* into consideration. If any two are considered equally meritorious the prize will be divided. No coupons are necessary—only postal cards. We may publish portraits of one or more of the winners, if they will permit it.

The Crimson Iris

By H H. VAN LOAN

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS OF "THE CRIMSON IRIS"

Arthur Gebhardt, president of the American Cinema Company, disappears weirdly from his London hotel. His only intimate in the city, Brenon Hodges, man of fashion, notifies the police. It transpires that Gebhardt was not an American as supposed, but a German, born in Laupheim, and that he had been traveling with a false passport.

Harry Letherdale, star man of the "Chronicle" and expert criminologist, becomes interested in the case. He goes to Scotland Yard and discloses the fact that he has found Gebhardt's opera hat and wallet containing his card on the parapet of Hungerford Bridge. Brenon Hodges is suspected of implication. At this juncture word is received by 'phone that Arthur Gebhardt has been found in the Victoria Studios—*murdered!*

Letherdale and Inspector Henry, of Scotland Yard, go immediately to the Victoria Studios and there find the body of Gebhardt, attired in conventional evening clothes, calm, with no sign of struggle or of suffering. They assemble together the people working in the studio and question them with little or no result. The coroner is summoned and is equally at loss. Inspector Henry vows that that he will send in the name of the murderer within twenty-four hours. As they are leaving they overhear Charles Dunn, the assistant laboratory man, questioning the camera-man about an "iris" he shot that morning. "You shot two, you know," he tells him. "I only made one iris," declares the camera-man. Pliny. "You made *two,*" reiterates Dunn, "and I colored them both crimson."

The scene the inspector had just seen enacted proved that Arthur Gebhardt had been murdered. This fact was grimly and silently established. In addition to this, it gave the first tangible clue as to how the victim had met his death, and revealed the fact that he had been killed by a shot from a revolver. Furthermore, the revolver had been held in the hand of a woman! That much had been disclosed to the small audience as they sat and viewed the tragic picture They had seen the look of terror on the face of the victim as he stepped back with fear, and the realization that he was face to face with death, stamped on his countenance. The grim reality that they were witnesses of this terrible scene, and were powerless to assist the man enacting this tragic rôle, made the little group of spectators shudder. The crime had been committed before their eyes, and the victim was now on the way to the London County Morgue at Vernon.

But, in the same merciless way with which it had revealed the crime, it refused to disclose the murderess. It had shown them the look of horror on the face of the doomed man. They had seen the pale, slender, outstretched arm, and the small automatic revolver clutched tightly with feminine fingers As they stared at the screen they had watched the delicate, white fingers press the trigger. Then they saw the flash of flame from the muzzle, followed by a small, thick cloud of smoke. They watched the body of Arthur Gebhardt as it fell to the floor, and saw the hand, still clenching the revolver, tremble, and then withdraw slowly from the scene. That was all. The scene was finished and the "iris" gradually faded out, taking with it the secret it had refused to divulge . . . Who killed Arthur Gebhardt? It was like the climax of a film feature.

"Where did this scene come from?" inquired Inspector Henry, as he arose and turned to the director.

"It was included in the roll of stuff we 'shot' today," replied Lloyd.

"When did you take this film from the camera?"

"The camera-man unloaded it after we 'shot' the scene I described to you."

"Then that film was in the camera when you went to lunch, wasn't it?"

"It was."

"Where is the camera-man?" continued the Inspector, as he left the room and stepped into the studio.

"There he is," said Lloyd, as he pointed to Shorn, who was standing on the stage glancing in their direction as he curiously awaited the outcome.

"Pliny!" called the director, as he beckoned to him.

"What was the last scene you took before going to lunch?" inquired Inspector Henry.

"It was a 'shot' of Chilito in her boudoir," replied Pliny.

"And the scene you took when you returned was - - -"

"Fifty feet of Chilito descending the staircase, and of her finding the body of Darge behind the screen"

"I didn't see that in the reel we just looked at," the Inspector remarked as he turned to Lloyd.

"That was the short scene which followed the 'iris,'" explained the director. "He ran out of film before we finished. We've got to take that scene over."

"You see, it was like this," began Pliny. "When I went to lunch, the dial registered three hundred and fifty feet. This would leave me fifty feet of negative, for the big scene we intended taking when we returned, which was quite enough, and would just finish my roll."

"Did you look at the dial when you returned from lunch?" asked the detective.

"Yes, sir."

"And it still registered three fifty?"

"No, sir, it showed three eighty."

"Didn't this arouse your curiosity?"

"I was puzzled, at the time, for I felt that it registered three fifty when I looked at it before," frankly confessed the camera-man. "Then I concluded that perhaps something was wrong with the dial, that it was not registering properly. But, I was certain I had enough film left to 'shoot' the big scene."

"What made you feel so certain?" And the Inspector eyed him seriously.

"Because the record I keep of every scene proved I still had fifty feet in my camera."

"Isn't it customary for you to investigate when you find something wrong?"

"Yes, sir, but in a case like this we have to depend on judgment, and rely on our calculations being correct."

"Then, you kept grinding on that last scene until it was finished, not realizing you had run out of film?" inquired the Inspector suspiciously.

"I didn't look at the dial again, until we had finished. Then I saw it registered four hundred feet, which was as it should be."

"Umm," mused the Scotland Yard official. He was silent for an instant, and then, as his cold grey eyes penetrated the camera-man, who was beginning to feel a bit uncomfortable as a result of this severe questioning, he added: "Where did you eat your lunch?"

"In the cutting-room."

"I see," nodded the other, growing more interested.

"Why didn't you join the others?"

"I brought my lunch with me today?"

"How did you happen to eat it in the cutting-room? Wasn't there room enough out here?"

Pliny smiled as he replied to this question. "I went in there because it's pleasanter. The cutting-room is in

the front of the building and looks out on Victoria Park."

"You're evidently temperamental, artistically inclined, and all that sort of thing, aren't you?" suggested the Inspector.

"Not particularly," corrected Pliny. "But, when a fellow has been shut up in here most of the day, with these deuced calciums glaring continuously in his eyes, he likes to get a glimpse of the outside when the opportunity is offered."

"Was anyone else in the cutting-room while you were there?"

"No, sir, the cutters had gone out to lunch."

"Did you hear any noise while you were in there?"

"Not that I remember."

"You could have heard a shot fired, in some other part of the building, couldn't you?"

"Not necessarily. The dark-room, washing-room, and drying-room are all located between the studio and the cutting-room, and it would have to be a pretty loud crash to be heard where I was. Then, too, some lumber was being unloaded in the yard, just outside the cutting-room, and this was sufficient to drown any other noise."

"You say you were looking out from the front of the building," mused the inspector. "Now then, you could have seen anyone entering the main gates, from where you were located, couldn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You saw no one enter, while you were in there?"

"I did not."

"And you heard no shot fired?"

"No, sir."

"When did you return to the studio?"

"When I saw Director Lloyd entering the gates?"

"How long were you in the cutting-room?"

"Oh, I should judge about an hour," said Pliny, thoughtfully.

"And during all that time you saw no one enter or leave the main gates? Think well now, and take your time before answering," the inspector cautioned him. "I am here to show you every consideration."

"Well, I did see a motor car leave the studio yard, just before Lloyd returned," said Pliny.

"What sort of a car was it?"

"It was a big limousine—dark blue."

"Who was in it?"

"I didn't see anyone, except the driver. I happened to be glancing out of the window, when I saw the car passing thru the gates. It was traveling rather rapidly and all I caught was a glimpse of it as it swung around to the right, after reaching the road."

"Why didn't you mention this before?"

"Because it made no particular impression on me." admitted Pliny. "Cars are very numerous about here, and there's nothing extraordinary about their passing in and out."

"Do you know Brenon Hodges?" blurted out the inspector as he stared at the camera-man.

"I have seen him here with Arthur Gebhardt," Pliny admitted, somewhat irritated at the brusque manner of his interrogator.

"He owns a big, blue limousine, doesn't he?" continued the inspector.

"I dont know."

"Are you certain that the car you saw going thru the gates wasn't Hodges'?"

"Frankly, I wouldn't care to offer a guess, for I only saw it an instant."

"Young man, I dont think you have told us all that you know about this affair," said the inspector as he scrutinized the camera-man, "and in the hopes of refreshing your memory I'm going to send you to the Yard!" Then, as he turned to Sergeant Claverly, who was standing near, he said: "Sergeant, call the wagon, and take this man down town!"

"Y—you dont mean to say that you suspect me——" stammered the other, as his countenance paled with the realization that he had aroused suspicion.

"I am not accusing anyone: I am simply taking precautionary measures," the inspector informed him. "There is little doubt but that you know more than you have seen fit to admit. It is possible that you were an accessory before the crime. Your presence in the cutting-room is not satisfactorily explained. From that position, it occurs to me, you might have held a vantage point, and served as a lookout. Had any of the members of the company returned, before the crime had been carried out, it would have been a simple matter for a person in that room to slip back to the studio and warn his confederates."

The camera-man turned an appealing face towards his friend, the director, as the police sergeant laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Dont worry, old man, everything will be all right," said Lloyd reassuringly, as he slapped him on the back. "It's unfortunate you happened to be in the cutting-room, but I know you'll be able to explain everything satisfactorily."

Moving like an individual who had been half-stunned, the youth, accompanied by the sergeant, left the studio and went to the office of President Gluckstein. The sergeant was about to phone for the patrol wagon, when the producer entered.

"We can go down town in my car, sergeant," suggested Gluckstein, desiring to save Pliny as much embarrassment as possible.

"I guess that'll be all right," agreed the sergeant.

"I'll go along with you," said Gluckstein.

Back in the studio, the inspector had dismissed the members of the company, and the majority of them had already returned to their dressing-rooms, where they were preparing for the street.

"Well, what do you make of it, inspector?" inquired Letherdale as they stood discussing the case with Director Lloyd.

"There is no doubt but that Arthur Gebhardt was killed by a woman," said the Inspector. "This much has been established by the crimson 'iris,' which plainly disclosed the shooting, and showed us the revolver held by a feminine hand. It is clear that this crime was not committed by anyone working at the studio today. He did not come to the studio on his own initiative, but accompanied this woman here. What prompted her visit is one of the things we have yet to solve. The crime was not deliberate nor premeditated. Neither is the motive evident. It wasn't robbery, for his valuables were intact. The act was probably the outcome of sudden rage, and yet, women dont usually shoot men in temporary fits of anger. Arthur Gebhardt, I am inclined to believe, had an affair, a liaison, with this woman; probably had tired of her and informed her of his decision to terminate the intrigue. This pained her, at first, then she grew bitter and her hatred was aroused, followed by a desire for revenge. It's dangerous to cast aside a woman who has played the rôle of a courtesan. He discovered this when it was too late. The look in his eyes disclosed this as he stepped back to escape her wrath. He was recoiling from a woman's scorn; from someone who had been more than a friend to him. When a stranger, or even a friend, thrusts a revolver in front of a man, he is surprised. There was no look of surprise on the face of Gebhardt. Under such conditions, an effort is made to gain control of the weapon. His was the look of a man filled with horror and despair, as he realizes he is about to pay the penalty for some great wrong. It was probably the last scene in a dramatic picture, the plot of which had contained such melodramatic elements as romance, intrigue and revenge. I am not certain Gebhardt wasn't playing the rôle of Darge in this production—the villain in your script.

"The revolver we saw in the 'iris' was held in the trembling, nervous hand of a woman, who was an amateur in the handling of weapons. She committed this crime in a moment of distraction. She reached her decision only when all other efforts had failed. Her act was the result of sudden impulse. Frenzied by conflicting emotions of love and hate, she decided, in a moment of madness, increased by jealousy and injured pride, that she would not be flung aside by this man who had grown tired of her and was probably forsaking her for another.

"Arthur Gebhardt was a man who had only one habit, and it was the most dangerous habit a man can have—women. When a man of his type doesn't smoke, drink or swear, there's something wrong with him, somewhere. He is worth avoiding."

"Wouldn't the fact that this woman had a revolver prove the crime was premeditated?" inquired Leatherdale.

"Not necessarily. She possibly feared this man. Then too, if she owned a car, it would be quite natural for

her to have some means of protection, especially when traveling in the East End, or thru a lonely section, such as South Hackney, at night."

"But, how do you explain the hat and wallet on Hungerford Bridge?" continued Letherdale.

"I think that was a deliberate 'plant,'" replied the detective.

"On whose part?" asked the reporter, apparently confused.

"By one of three persons, the woman, Gebhardt himself, or Hodges," said the other thoughtfully.

"Then you have not eliminated Hodges?"

"I haven't, but the superintendent has. It is safe to wager that the woman never had a hand in it, and Gebhardt wouldn't go to the trouble of placing his hat and wallet in such a conspicuous place. Everything points to his having used every means carefully to hide his whereabouts. Either Hodges put those things on Hungerford Bridge, or, he knows who did!"

A few minutes later the inspector and Letherdale left the studio and entered the taxi, which was still waiting for them.

"This is a great story!" said the reporter enthusiastically, as he threw himself into the rear seat beside the inspector.

"I suppose you're going to spill it all over the front page," remarked his companion, as he offered him a cigar.

"It's worth a spread head, isn't it?" reflected Letherdale as he glanced at Inspector Henry.

"But, dont mention we've made any arrests," cautioned the detective. "Go easy on that camera-man. He isn't a damn bit guilty. I only sent him to the Yard so we could get his story down on paper: he's an important witness."

"He's out of it," said the reporter, with an air of confidence. "I'll have the name of the party who killed Arthur Gebhardt, before our first edition goes to press," he added as he took a long puff on his cigar.

"I could give you her name now, I think," mused the Inspector, "but I want to be certain I'm right, first."

"If that's the way you talk, then I'm dead sure you're wrong," said Letherdale.

The car was now speeding down the Hackney Road, and the rays from the brilliantly lighted shops along the busy thorofare were reflected on the faces of the two men as the machine continued on its way. And, as the reporter looked at the inspector, he saw his words had aroused surprise on the part of the man beside him. It was visible on his countenance as he remarked: "What do you mean?"

"I mean just this," replied Letherdale. "If you think a woman killed Arthur Gebhardt, you're headed in the wrong direction!"

"I'll prove it to you before the night is over," vowed the inspector, with an air of satisfaction.

"I thought just as you do, at first," confessed the other. "But the more I ponder over this case, the more convinced I am of one thing. And that is this: granting this woman was not familiar with fire-arms, she would have to be an extraordinarily bad shot, to aim at a man's abdomen, on the left side, and hit him in the right temple!"

CHAPTER V

The door opened. A maid entered, and going quietly over to the window, she raised the curtain, threw open the shutters, and the light snatched the gray covers from the furniture and left the room cheerful and refreshing.

A bright, slender ray of sunshine fell across the pink enamelled bed and rested on the face of a young girl, who tossed about restlessly for a few moments as the sun aroused her from her sleep. Then she sat up and rubbed her eyes, after which she thrust her dainty pink toes out of bed, and throwing aside the soft, downy coverlet, slipped her tiny feet into a pair of satin slippers. She reached for the loose, flimsy negligée, which hung over the foot of the bed, and slipping it over her smooth, shapely shoulders, stretched out her graceful, slender arms, yawned once or twice and stepped over to the dressing-table. Dropping wearily into the chair, she leaned her elbows on the lace scarf and gazed into the mirror.

She looked beautiful, even tho her eyes were heavy and sore from unrestful sleep. For Rita di Garma was a wonderful creature. Nature, God or someone had been extremely kind and generous to her. She gazed long into the mirror as she proceeded to inventory herself. Her classic features looked as tho they had been modeled from Grecian marble, and the touch of color in her cheeks made her as refreshing as the French roses set in a vase near the window. Her large brown eyes, fringed with long lashes, were sorrowful and heavily underlined, as the result of an almost sleepless night. She looked tired and worn. Her arched brows were black. But her lips were tinted with a rosy pink and shaped in a Cupid's bow. She was slight, not very tall, with a delicately poised figure. At that moment she differed a great deal from the rouged, painted, professional siren of the screen, whose Du Barry, Carmen and Cleopatra had proved sensations, and crowned her the greatest vampire of her age.

Rita di Garma was pleased with the reflection she studied in the mirror, for she was like the rest of her sex—conscious of her own personal beauty. She knew her appeal rested solely in her physical charm, which had made her the idol of millions who went to the theaters to see her, to admire her, and to study her wonderful toilettes. They would continue to go as long as she retained her youth and beauty, and when these were gone she would cease to attract. Then her salary would diminish and finally she would go down to decrepit old age, alone, just as thousands had gone before.

She sighed as she shook off this momentary reverie, and glanced about the luxurious boudoir of pink and gold, whose walls were covered with innumerable photographs of herself in various rôles. Then a rush of sadness swept over her as she thought of the strange happenings of the day before.

The maid presently returned, carrying a little tray with a blue china coffee-pot and some graham wafers, which she set on a small table near the window. She was French, tall, and slimly built, and her eyes were those of a patient, devoted servant.

"Your coffee, Mademoiselle."

"Not this morning, Fifi," said the girl in soft tones.

"Mademoiselle is not feeling well?" inquired the maid, as she lingered.

"I spent a most miserable night," replied Rita, with a sigh.

"This will refresh you," suggested Fifi, who stood before the tray.

"Oh, very well, if you insist," said her mistress.

"I am sure you will feel much better after you have sipped a little coffee," said the servant. Then, as she moved the table in front of the window, she added: "There, I put it here so you can look out. It'll be much pleasanter for you, Mademoiselle."

"You're a dear soul, Fifi, aren't you? Always concerned about my comfort," said Rita with a faint smile, as she seated herself before the tray and began pouring the coffee into one of the little china cups.

"It's a long journey you took yesterday, Mademoiselle," ventured the maid. "I fear it was too much for you, and the road to Tunbridge Wells does need a bit of fixing, you know."

The hand holding the delicate coffee-pot trembled and hesitated, as a troubled frown stole over the countenance of Rita. Her eyelids closed for an instant, as she endeavored to screen from her vision the painful scene, recalled by the words of her servant.

"Y-yes, the road was rough," she said nervously. Then, as she turned and noticed Fifi was about to leave, she added: "Bring me the morning papers, please."

"Which one, Mademoiselle?" inquired the maid.

"Er, all of them," replied Rita, as she sipped her coffee. "I've got a picture at the Cinema Theater next week, and I want to see if there's anything in the papers about it."

When the girl had left the room, Rita pushed aside the tray. She gazed out of the window upon the sunlit lawn, spread like a green mantle before her bungalow, which was one of the most attractive in Golder's Green. The quaint little village, with its narrow, winding roads; its pleasant walks and lanes, with rows of high, green hedges, and its charming bungalows, with their pretty gardens, made this place one of the most picturesque of London's suburbs.

Springtime in Surrey is always an inspiration, and Rita was usually one of the first to forsake the sultry London atmosphere at this season of the year, for the rural district, with its soothing sunshine and beauty—she

found real peace and happiness, even in her apparent solitude. Altho it was a long ride from Golder's Green to the studio, it was shortened by Rita's appreciation of the beauties along the way. She made the journey each morning in her car, and found the chill, crisp air decidedly invigorating; so that she usually arrived at the studio in excellent spirits to begin the day's duties. When not engaged at the studio, she lived the life of a recluse and spent most of her leisure hours in her bungalow or about the grounds and garden, of which she was especially proud. She seldom went into town, unless it was to shop, or occasionally to take tea at the Ritz.

Rita acted strange and unnatural this morning. Her gaze rested on the long, straight road which lay in front of her bungalow, and stretched far beyond the village until it linked Golder's Green with Richmond. A pony and cart jaunted along, but Rita paid no heed to the occasional activities of the village. She seemed totally unconscious of everything about her; for her nerves were keyed high, and strained by the great tragedy she had witnessed the day before. She was brooding painfully, and was unmindful of the gentle breeze which fanned the loose strands of her hair into little ringlets, and tossed them against her cheeks. It also wafted the perfume of flowers thru the open window. She always enjoyed their fragrance, but this morning nothing was able to ease her troubled mind. The night had been one of terror, for Rita, and she had spent it in feverish restlessness as she struggled to erase the tragic scene from her memory. As conflicting emotions surged thru her brain she felt a yearning to cry out. She wished she might tell someone everything. If she did, she questioned whether she would be understood. In misery and deep despair she pictured the stern hand of the law reaching towards her, to demand justice.

When Fifi entered she found her mistress still seated before the window, where she had left her, gazing dreamily into the distance.

"The papers, Mademoiselle," said the maid as she handed them to Rita.

Then she removed the tray from the table and started to leave the room. As she reached the door, she hesitated.

"Is that all, Mademoiselle?" she inquired as she turned towards her mistress.

"That's all—for now," returned Rita, as she waited for her departure.

The girl stepped into the hall. She was just about to close the door when Rita added: "By the way, Fifi, if anyone calls, please say I am out. I do not feel well enough to see anyone, today."

"Very well, Mademoiselle." And Fifi closed the door.

When Rita heard the maid's footsteps descending the stairs, she heaved a sigh of relief. Then she arose and going to the door, quietly turned the key, and, assuring herself it was locked, returned to the table. She picked up one of the papers with trembling fingers and glanced over the first page. There seemed to be plenty of news, judging from the startling black headlines. Three more U-boats had been sunk by British destroyers in the English Channel, just off Calais; the Italians were preparing for a big offensive against the Austrians; Lloyd George had made a stirring speech the day before in the House of Commons and the American Secretary of War announced that there were now about 500,000 United States troops on the Western Front. These were some of the news items which occupied a considerable part of the first page, and Rita glanced over them hurriedly. Then she opened the paper and looked over the second page, and then the third, and so on, until she reached the last page. Convinced that it did not contain what she was looking for, she threw it aside.

Then she picked up the Telegraph and likewise studied it, with the same result, after which she looked thru the Times, Mail, News and Mirror. She was relieved to discover they contained not a single line of the story she had believed would not be overlooked by any of them.

Finally she spread the Chronicle out on the table. Almost instantly a glaring head-line, extending across the top of two columns, on the front page, attracted her attention. She dropped into a chair and bending over the newspaper read each line of the story, slowly and carefully. It was all there. In well-written words, it gave a lengthy description of the strange disappearance of Arthur Gebhardt; the visit of Brenon Hodges to Scotland Yard; the finding of the hat and wallet on Hungerford Bridge, followed by the dramatic discovery of his body in the Victoria Studios. Pliny Shorn, a camera-man, had been taken to Scotland Yard and questioned. But, his statement had disclosed nothing of any great importance, aside from his having seen a car—dark blue—leave the studio yard, shortly before the crime was discovered. No arrests had been made, the story admitted, but Inspector Henry of Scotland Yard was following up several important clues!

As Rita finished, the paper slipped from her trembling fingers to the floor. She stared straight before her as she repeated the words she had just read: "car—dark blue!" A sickening fear took complete possession of her as she recalled this portion of the camera-man's statement. Then she stooped over, picked up the paper and studied the words "disclosed nothing of any importance." There was grim mockery in each syllable. She had heard of those men of Scotland Yard and their ability to trace criminals—to solve mysteries, with the aid of the smallest clues. They never rested. They were experts in the business of man hunting. Until they found the owner of that "dark blue car," they would never give up the search!

Her entire being trembled with fear, for she knew of the danger which threatened her. Her soul seemed to cry out in despair. Tears came to her eyes as she realized her utter helplessness. They rolled down her soft cheeks, now colorless; for she made no effort to conceal her sorrow. For some time, she sat there, silently weeping. When she had finished, she felt better.

Then came the reaction, in the form of grim defiance, and her tear-stained countenance was overshadowed with resoluteness. Her eyes filled with the light of self-confidence, while her pretty, red lips were firmly set with determination. She had regained complete control of herself now, and she laughed hysterically as she recalled the fear which had filled her breast but a moment before.

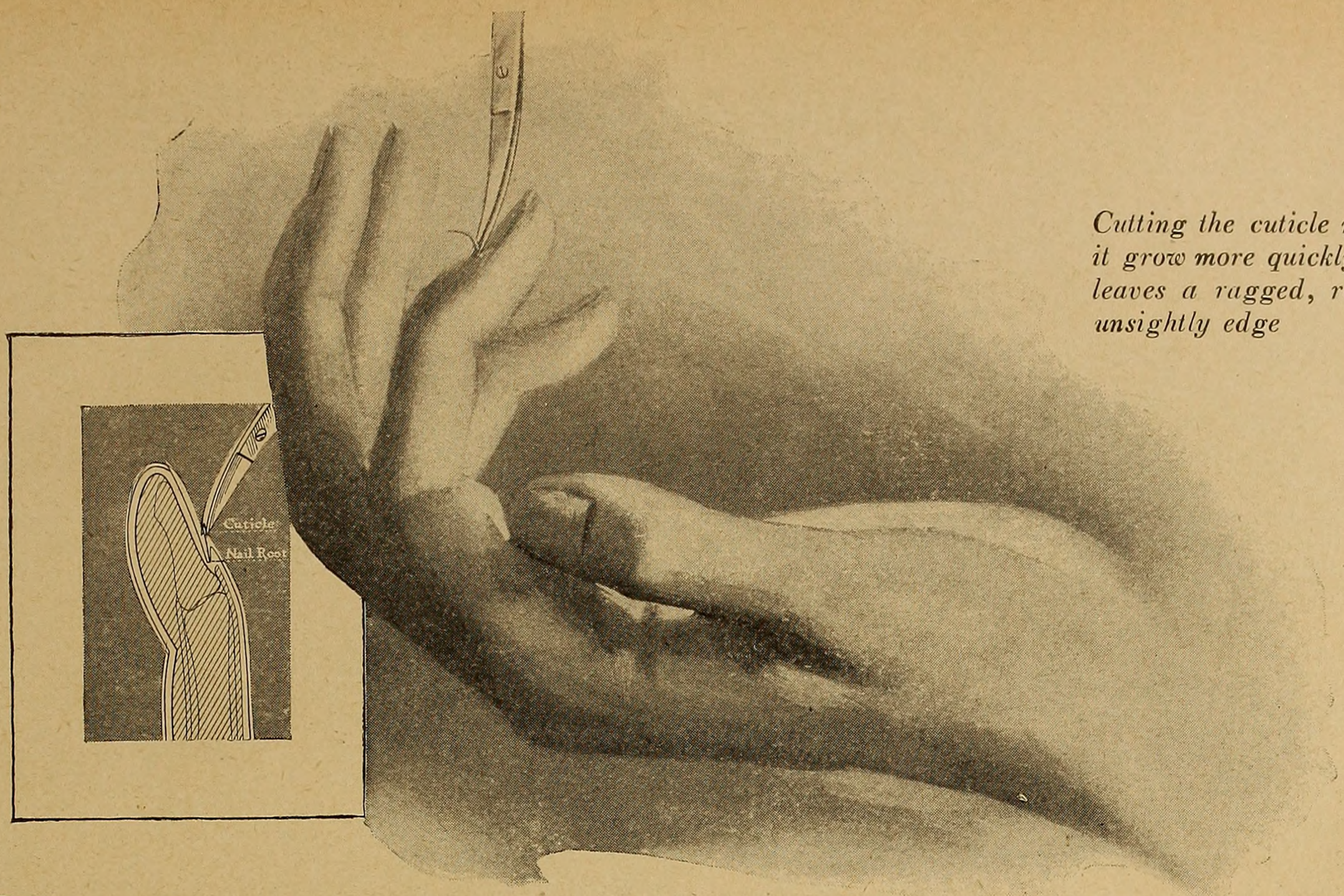
"What if the car was dark blue?" she mused. "There were plenty in London: several members of the Victoria Studio owned cars of that color. The camera-man had admitted he saw no one in the car. That was sufficient. Then too, hadn't she been in Tunbridge Wells yesterday? She could prove this, if necessary. Her chauffeur could swear he had driven her there, and she dined at the King's Hotel, opposite the Common. Why, her name on the register; for she had taken a room, in order to prepare before dinner. Then too, Harry Goodwins could bear out this testimony. For he was in the dining-room with some friends when she entered, and later came over to her table, and chatted with her for several minutes. Scotland Yard would have difficulty in refuting that evidence. Of course, it was not, perhaps, just the sort of a thing a thoroly nice girl would do, and there were many people who would strongly censure her for riding about the country, with her chauffeur, unchaperoned, especially at night. But, this might be explained: for others, in search of adventure, had been just as unscrupulous."

Then, suddenly her entire attitude changed. "Suppose it should be discovered that the dark blue car did belong to Rita di Garma, and that she had really been to the studio? Suppose the newspapers should learn the truth about Arthur Gebhardt and herself!" She pondered for some moments, before she attempted to answer this question. Then, with the same reassurance, she decided, even if the truth reached the public, her position would remain unimpaired. "True, she had been somewhat indiscreet. But, she had acted just as any girl would have acted, under the circumstances. Had she done otherwise, she would not have been loyal even to herself."

With these thoughts surging thru her mind she arose and, slipping off her negligée entered the bath-room for her morning shower. She looked considerably refreshed, when she emerged a few minutes later, and the color had returned to her cheeks. After arranging her hair, before her dressing-table, she selected a little grey, one-piece frock, from her wardrobe. It was most becoming to her and revealed her finely formed body. When she had finished she surveyed herself in the full-length mirror, and was pleased. There was an air of sweet freshness about her which was soothing and fragrant.

As she stood gazing at her reflection in the glass, a gentle tap sounded on the door.

(*Continued on page* 86)



Cutting the cuticle makes it grow more quickly and leaves a ragged, rough, unsightly edge

The more you cut the cuticle the faster it grows

Why cutting makes it rough, uneven

How to have lovely, shapely nails without cutting the cuticle

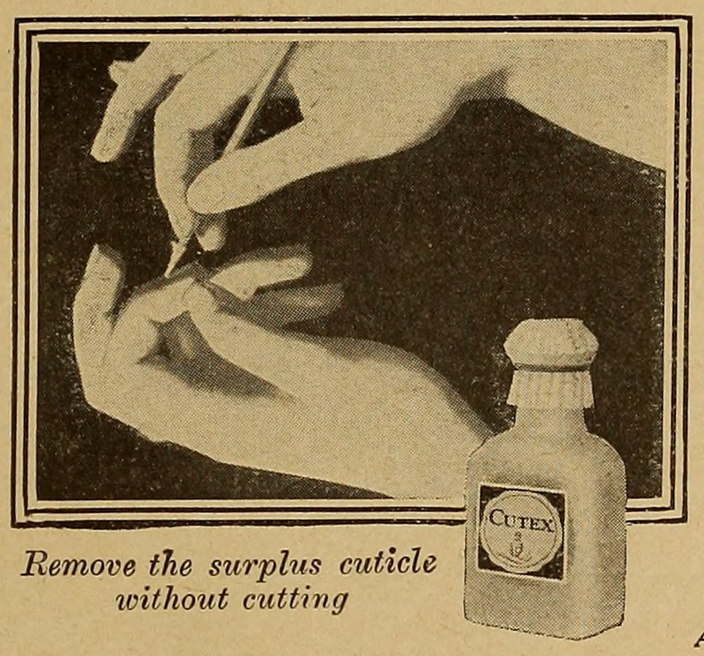
WHEN you trim the cuticle around your nails you cannot help cutting into the live part which protects the delicate nail root.

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

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

Nowadays, cutting the cuticle has given place to a *safe* way of removing it. One first softens it with Cutex, then wipes it off with a cloth, leaving a firm, smooth, *unbroken* edge.

Wrap a little absorbent cotton around the end of an orange stick (both of which come with Cutex) and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Work around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. In a moment the surplus cuticle is softened. Wash it off in warm, soapy water, pressing back the cuticle when drying your hands.



Remove the surplus cuticle without cutting

Perhaps at certain seasons, the cuticle at the base of your nails tends to become rough and dry. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is a soothing cream prepared especially to counteract such drying.

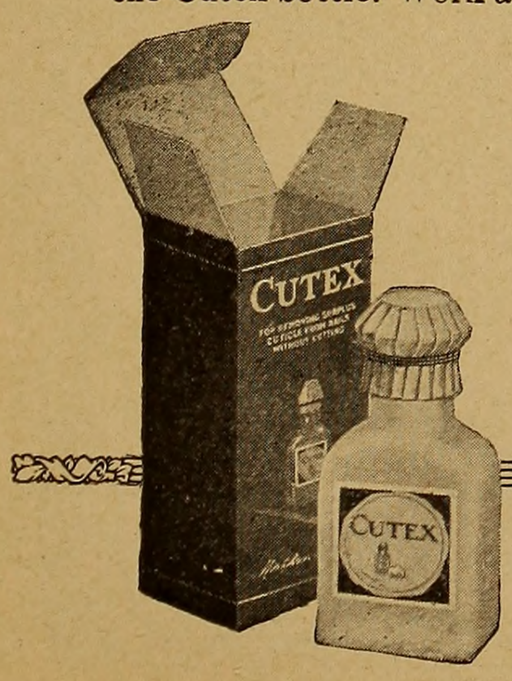
You will love the way your nails look, after you have given them a Cutex manicure. Don't expect, however, that with only spasmodic care you can keep them well-groomed. Make the care of your nails as much a matter of habit as brushing your teeth. Whenever you dry your hands push back the cuticle with the towel. Then once or twice a week give them a quick Cutex manicure.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cuticle Comfort are each 35c.

A complete manicure set for only 21c

Mail the coupon below with 21c and we will send you a *complete* Midget Manicure Set, which contains enough of each of the Cutex products to give you at least six manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 804, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada address Northam Warren, Dept. 804, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

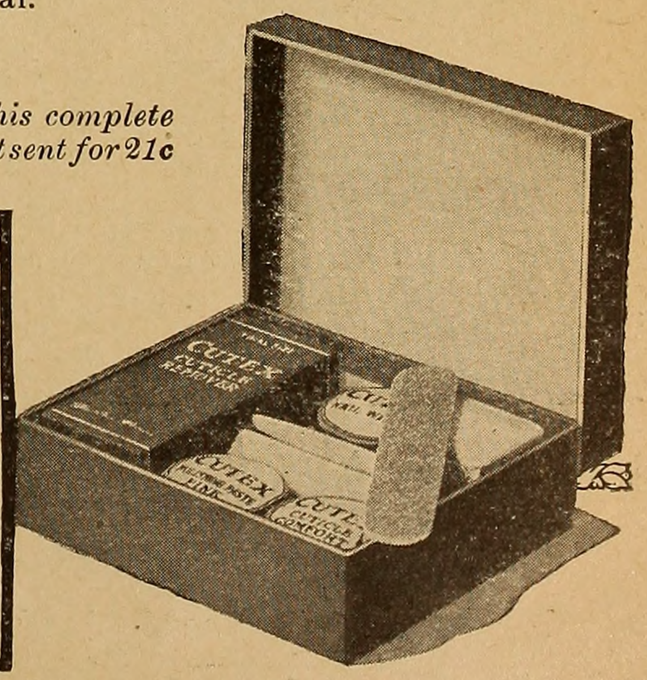
NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 804, 114 West 17th St.
New York City

Name .....

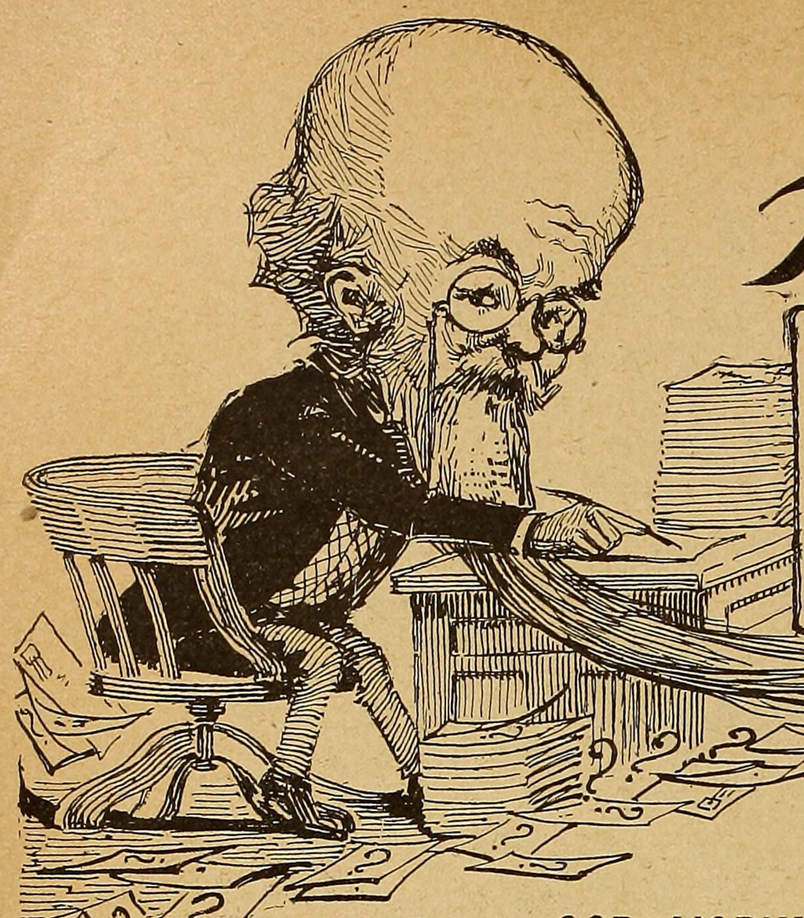
Street .....

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

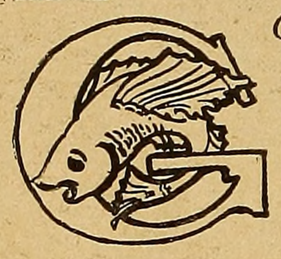
This complete set sent for 21c



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. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.



OOD MORNING! Here's something special. My work has become so engrossing that I cannot give everyone a personal answer. Heretofore I have tried to answer everybody, but now I am so swamped that it is almost impossible. However, I want to hear from you all anyway.

Edward F.—Answering your question as to whether the casino at Monte Carlo was open during the war, would say that it was open as a hospital and not as a gambling place. Monte Carlo is enthusiastically French. I think, in spite of all they say, the Ford is a rattling good car, and the Erie is a rattling good road.

Dixie.—Shirley Mason is with Paramount. Thomas Ince is now located in his new studio at Culver City, and they say it is the last word in motion picture producing.

Kittie B.—You certainly are devoted. Devotion is the last love of woman, Kittie B. Elmo Lincoln is not E. K. Lincoln. Mary Miles Minter is playing opposite Alan Forest in "Rosemary Climbs the Heights." You can reach Anita Stewart and Lois Weber, Los Angeles, California.

Marjorie M.—No, I am not an up-to-date dresser. Man is a sort of tree, which we are too apt to judge of, by the bark. Lila Lee has been in New York recently. Sylvia Breamer is about 24 years old, black eyes, black hair and hails from Australia.

Brown Eyes.—Yes, indeed, 77. Old age is a tyrant that forbids the pleasures of youth under pain of death, but I have not yet arrived at that age. Mabel Normand is not married. Julia Dean is on the stage now, and had the lead in "Ruling Passions."

Helen L.—The players you mention, excepting Mary Pickford, use their own names. Dolores Cassinelli has just finished playing opposite E. K. Lincoln in "Stars of Glory." I have no complaint, but many think that Life resembles a cup of clear water which becomes muddy as we drink it. Louise Huff was Nancy in "The Sea Waif." Let'er go!

Metta D. H.—No, I didn't know Queen Victoria, but I once saw her. Hers was the longest and most prosperous reign in the history of England. She ascended the throne in 1837, and reigned for over sixty years. You perhaps remember her wonderful funeral. Theda Bara was Lolette in "The She Devil." Charles Chaplin, of course. Olga Petrova is about 35 years old.

Smiles.—All right, but you must sign your name. I am always glad to see Smiles, but—obey your daddy. You say I am like a Waterman pen, a fountain of wit, etc., for which I thank you, unbelieving you. Faire Binney was Kitty in "Sporting Life."

Nelda F.—Cant very well answer you here.

???.—There is no time like the pleasant. The fact that you are reading this column now, proves it. You refer to Robert Gordon.

Toney and Gante.—One of you talks too much. Which one? Here's to your man who says nothing; he is an unknown quantity. But your man who says too much is a quantity not worth knowing. So you dont care for Annette Kellermann. Did you know that in China they were giving $3.00 a seat to see "A Daughter of the Gods." Wonder what those marvelous Chinks would pay to see Annette in real life. Perhaps half that only, for often a star is more pleasing in reel life. Stop in again.

Caroline McB.—Sweet Caroline! Sooth, child, sooth! Reserve is becoming as an ornament, but have you ever noticed that the man who professes to admire a "reserved woman" somehow always treats her as if she were being reserved for someone else. We had a cover of Wallace Reid in February, 1916. Yes, it's the best. I have not yet decided whether I shall run for President in 1920 or not. It's easy enough to be President. All you have to do is to be nominated and elected.

Kaxezo.—Jules Rancourt was Pierrot in "Prunella." It cant be, why oil was found 2,000 years ago and was quoted by Herodotus. Billie Rhodes, in "The Girl of My Dreams." Bert Lytell, Viola Dana, Ethel Barrymore and May Allison are playing in comedy now.

L. R. O.—Mary Pickford and David in "Less Than Dust." Henry Kolker and William Roselle in "Gloria." Flora Parker De Haven in "Madcap," Iva Shepard and John Sampolis in "Salamander." Marie Osborne is playing in "Dolly's Vacation."

Lonesome.—Well, write me often. Better join one of the correspondence clubs—list upon request. New lists of manufacturers are now out. Yes, indeed, Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, long ago, won a place in the sun.

E. A. C., Rochester.—Twins? Good for you. Congratulations. That's economy, study the multiplication table. Florence Short in "The Eagle's Eye. Willard Louis was the Baron in Kultur (Fox).

Rose F.—It was not Irving, but Swift who said, "Books are the children of the brain." "Ramona" was produced, oh, about four years ago. Charlotte Walker and Thomas Meighan in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Have you been napping?

Wyona S.—The hardest work in the world is to do nothing. Conway Tearle and Violet Heming in "The Judgment House," a dandy picture, but not very popular. No, but Niles Welch played in "The Secret of the Storm Country." You can just bet I drink plenty of buttermilk in the day. That's the thing when you're dry to keep you spry.

Julia B. H.—On page 99 of November—Carol Holloway. Conway Tearle was the prince in "The Fall of the Romanoffs." You refer to Milton, who, when asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages, replied, "No, one tongue is sufficient for a woman." This same quotation was referred to not so long ago.

Alice Mc.—Wasn't that Alfred Vosburg? Hail, Hale Hamilton, for he is soon to be seen in "Five Thousand an Hour." Not so bad for Hale.

Why envy the girl with the faultless complexion? Once possibly, you had the same charming, radiant skin, but failed to give it the attention it required. You allowed impurities to steal into the tiny pores of your skin,—

they set up irritation,—they caused disfiguring eruptions, both embarrassing and painful. Before you may know again the charm of a lovely skin these impurities must be removed,—stamped out.

The healing medication that Resinol Soap contains is prepared for just such treatment. Don't suffer embarrassment longer—commence tonight the proper cleansing and stimulating treatment this soap gives.

Sold by all druggists.

Resinol Soap

The Answer Man

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Those were the happy days. So you think it takes a lot of courage to write to me. Well, I'm going to be good—hell's no place for me. Always expected to go there, but it's too full of Germans. I'm convinced that it's no place for a gentleman. Which reminds me of a fellow, who on being asked by a pious parson, if he was prepared to meet his God, replied, "No, but what I'm most 'feared of is the fellow at the other end."

MARION C. W. F.—George MacDaniel was Nigel and Casson Ferguson was G. Seldon and Albert Roscoe was Lord Dustan in "The Shuttle." Julian Eltinge is not married. I suppose he never found a man to suit him. Yes, but avarice is criminal poverty. J. Francis Murphy is the dean of American art. One of his landscapes recently sold for $16,500.00.

WANDA D. C.—Some day you hope to become as famous as U-53 and Olga 17. Maybe you will, but you will have to go some to keep going. Thanks, about the complimentary remarks about my department. My hat wont fit me tomorrow.

100% CANADIAN.—Good for you. Every one for his own country. As the dark complected man says, the razor is my flag. Wouldn't want to be around when he waves it. No, to your first. Monroe Salisbury was born in New York. Frank Borzage is with Triangle. W. Thompson and Marjorie Wilson, in "The Eye of the Night." Certainly.

BLUE-EYED VIOLET.—'Course, I admire pretty hair. Yes, yes, but the toilette of a woman is an altar erected by self love of vanity. Enid Markey is playing in "Up in Mabel's Room." Benjamin Wilson in "Silas Marner," the old Edison. Gladys Hulette and Gertrude McCoy.

X. Y. Z.—Yes, Alice Brady. Casson Ferguson in "How Could You, Jean?" Rhea Mitchell in "Boston Blackie's Little Pal." Radcliffe Fellowes in "The Man Hunt."

CONSTANCE No. 2; DOTTY; M. P. A.; ANNA R. E.; DONNA MCI.; ELENORE O. C.; CORP. L. W.; ELIZABETH K.; RACHAEL V.; R. V.; JANETTE M.; STEWART K.; MARIETTE J.; MISS P. M.; GIRL SCOUT.—Your letters have been answered elsewhere. Call again, and welcome.

RAILROAD JACK.—Hello, Jack! You want to know the definition of currency. I should define it as something obsolete, formerly carried by people of means, and by others for purpose of display. Dont remember that other letter of yours.

T. J. Q.—Send along the cake. Every day is my birthday. Why wait until then? Just had one. You are mighty fortunate to have such a friend. It is easy to find a lover and to retain a friend. What is difficult is to find the friend to retain the lover. Radcliffe Fellowes in "The Wasp."

OLWIN K.—Thanks for the picture. I enjoyed your letter very much.

EDWARD G.—September 6 to 10, 1914, was the date of the first battle of the Marne. Isn't it wonderful to realize that the great war is over! Jack Sherrill was the leading man in "The Crucible of Lies." Helen Holmes is out West. Yes, I smoke, drink, but dont chew. Swear occasionally, curses not loud, but deep.

WOP.—Your joke reminds me of one on Homer. "That Homer should a bankrupt be, is not so very Odd-d'ye-see; if it be true as I am instructed, so Ill-he-had his books conducted." Marguerite Clayton in "Hit the Trail Holliday." I saw the stage play a couple of years ago and it was no better than the film.

MARN J. C.—Dont be superstitious, nor sceptical. Superstition renders a man a fool, and scepticism makes him mad. Florence Dagmar in "The Clown." John Bowers in "The Reward of Patience." Winifred Kingston "A Son of Erin."

VIRGINIA.—Next! William Fox has signed William Farnum for $780,000 a year. Just figure it out for 365 days. Anna Q. Nilsson and Bryant Washburn will play in "The Way of a Man With a Maid." It ought to be good. Elliott Dexter was formerly on the stage. He was not in the "Oliver Twist" picture.

LUCRETIA D.—Your letter was a gem. I should say, pure.

BLOSSOM RODE.—Never mind. Syracuse is on the map. And it's surrounded by New York State on all four sides. Jack Sherrill and Mabel Withee in "Once to Every Man." Well if we were all what we think ourselves to be, what a perfect world this would be.

C. U. H. S.—I dont blame you in the least. To discuss an opinion with a fool is like carrying a lantern before a blind man. Dont do it. No, Mary Pickford has no child. There's no flies on my head in that picture at the top of this department. You're seeing things.

TOPPY AND TOPSY.—Yours was clever. Yes, a dual rôle in "The Ordeal of Rosetta."

VIVIAN M.—Jas. Dowling in "Madam Who," Bluebird. Rhea Mitchell in "Boston Blackie's Little Pal." Carol Holloway in "The Fighting Trail." So you think that woman is the sweetest present that God has given man. Not having enjoyed such a gift I cant agree, nor disagree.

HELEN DE; DORA DICK; CLARRINNE M.; M. M. K.; SWEET SIXTEEN; WARDA D.; IRMA C.; BEATRICE P.; ANNA O.; D. E. S.; SCOTTIE; LENORE G.; GEORGIE L. S.; L. M. K.; ALEEN ELLIOTT; ELAINE; PATTY L.; RUTH H.; BOB HALL PALTATION; CHRISTINE G.; IVA W.; ROSE F.; VICKY VAN; GEO. WALSH ADMIRER; MRS. C. K.; MISS E. A. S.—Sorry I cant give you individual answers. But space does not permit, and your clever effusives did not give me the divine inflatus.

GERTRUDE S.—I believe in vaccination—that is, when the patient is inoculated with the pleasant medicine from this department. It prevents the blues, if not the small-pox. You think I ought to use rain water for my bald head. The profundity of your remark is past my comprehension. Is it jest a jest?

MARGARET F.—Bert Lytell is with Metro. Robert Harron is with Paramount, and Marguerite Fisher is with American. No, I'm not hiding behind my camouflage. You want to know, if I know the answer to the conundrum: "What are two things everybody wants and are ashamed to be seen in?" I thought everybody knew the answer to that. A Ford car and a bath-tub. Prithee, desist, Percival, lest this become a joke department, which would become it not. Let's be more serious and sensible, and less frivolous. In other words, kindly cheese it.

MOVIE ANNIE.—Frank Bennett was the lead in "Stage Struck." Vernon Steele in "Hearts Afire." Julies Rancourt in "At First Sight." Blanche Chapman was Mrs. Wiggs in "Mrs. Wiggs, of the Cabbage Patch."

L. G. S.—So you think I am rising in the world. Only when I enter a Fifth Avenue bus. You know the higher we rise, the harder will be the fall. But it is easier to slide down a ladder than to climb up. No, Florine Walz is not an actress. Alice Brady in "The Spurs of Sybil."

RACHEL E.—Thanks for yours, it was mighty interesting.

T. F. FITZPATRICK, 209 WINNEPAGO AVE., LA CROSSE, WIS., would like to have the September issue of THE CLASSIC. Upon receipt of same he will pay 20 cents. We are entirely sold out. Help!

DORIS KENYON ADMIRER.—All right, go ahead, and see who can ask the most foolish question. I enjoy reading them. Yes, the President stopped at Buckingham Palace. That's the cheapest palace in England, because it was bought for a crown and kept up by a sovereign. (Stand a little back, reader, these are apt to happen at any minute!)

JANE K.—So you think I'm a jolly old sport. You've got the right idea. No, I didn't see Ethel Clayton in "Women's Weapons." I always did like Ethel. Thought she was one woman who knew how to wear clothes.

FANNIE Z.; MAIL DRIVER; WELDE DARE; BETH; ELLEN S.; HELEN F.; JACK'S FRIEND; LAWRENCE D.; MARGARET R.; KATHERINE M.; LEROY P.; and JENNIE B.—Nothing doing. Better luck next time. You must ask something original or try to stir me up from my lethargy.

(*Continued on page 98*)

Instant Bunion Relief

Prove It FREE

Instant, soothing relief from pain just as though that swollen, throbbing, aching bunion were touched by a fairy's magic wand—that's the marvelous result of the first application of FAIRYFOOT no matter how old, large or painful your bunion may be.

It sounds incredible. Perhaps you have tried so many appliances, pads, shields, liquids, etc., that you honestly doubt the possibility of there being such quick relief. But a single trial will **prove** it—beyond the shadow of a doubt.

We want you to make the test free—at our expense—and without the slightest obligation upon you. Just mail the coupon—**not a cent of money**—and we will send you FAIRYFOOT treatment so that you can find out for yourself.

FAIRYFOOT

We have proved to more than 72,000 bunion suffers in the last six months that FAIRYFOOT instantly banishes bunion pain. It draws out the inflammation and literally melts away the unsightly enlargement. All this while you wear your regular shoes, tight as ever, and soon your foot is restored to its normal shape and condition.

Thousands upon thousands of grateful users praise this amazing remedy. You will do the same once you have tried it. For remember, it doesn't make a bit of difference how many so called cures you have used —you have not as yet tried FAIRYFOOT—and we have such absolute confidence in it that we are going to send it to you just for the asking.

Fairyfoot Accomplishes Wonders

I can't find words in the English dictionary that would fit to praise the wonderful work which FAIRYFOOT has done for me. I am very pleased with the remarkable results. — Mrs. E. Weeks, 326 W. 52nd St., New York City.

Conquered the Pain Instantly

I am an elderly lady and have been troubled with bunions nearly all my life and am glad to say that from the time I began using your FAIRYFOOT I have never had a pain.—Mrs. Scott, 6439 Wade Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

After All Others Failed

FAIRYFOOT is the very best thing I have found yet and I have tried everything. The soreness is all gone and the swelling nearly gone. I shall tell all my friends for I am so well pleased with it.—Mrs. Chas. T. Morse, Walloomsac, N. Y.

Eliminated All Imflammation

I am very much pleased with FAIRYFOOT. My feet feel fine. The foot that was all inflamed is entirely cured.—Agnes Siegler, 418 Reed St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Reduced Unsightly Enlargements

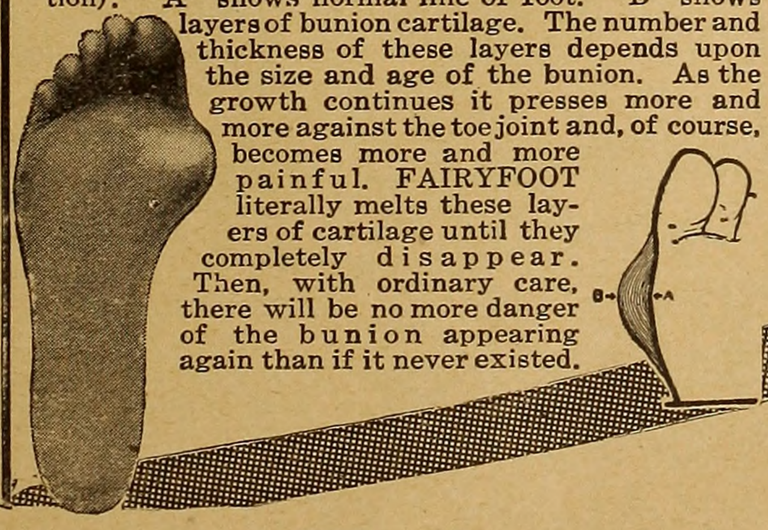
Every word you say in regard to FAIRYFOOT is truth. My bunions were very much inflammed and enlarged, could not wear shoes with comfort, used FAIRYOOT and now can walk with ease. — Gertrude A. Koser, 1630½ N. 5th St., Harrisburg, Pa.

Now Walks With Ease and Comfort

FAIRYFOOT is a wonder. My bunions were of more than fifteen years' standing and I suffered agony winter and summer until I started to use your FAIRYFOOT. My foot is now once more restored and I walk around with perfect ease and comfort. — C. W. Paulk, Sellers, Ala., R. F. D. No. 1.

How a Bunion Is Formed

If you could examine a transverse section of a bunion under a microscope you would see that it is composed of a series of layers of cartilage very much the same as the layers of an onion. (See small illustration). "A" shows normal line of foot. "B" shows layers of bunion cartilage. The number and thickness of these layers depends upon the size and age of the bunion. As the growth continues it presses more and more against the toe joint and, of course, becomes more and more painful. FAIRYFOOT literally melts these layers of cartilage until they completely disappear. Then, with ordinary care, there will be no more danger of the bunion appearing again than if it never existed.



Send Coupon for Free Treatment

Surely you will not let this opportunity pass to get rid of that painful distressing, ugly deformity. When we say "try FAIRYFOOT at our expense" we mean it. So right now sign and mail the coupon. This will bring the FAIRYFOOT treatment **FREE.** Don't suffer any longer. Take immediate advantage of this remarkable free offer. Remember, not a penny to send and no obligation or promise on your part except to use as directed. Just the coupon or your name and address on a postal.

FOOT REMEDY COMPANY
3661 Ogden Ave., Dept. 54 Chicago

I accept your offer to send FAIRYFOOT free so that I may learn without any cost or obligation what wonderful power it has to relieve me from bunions. I promise to use it as you direct.

Name.....

Address.....

Send Coupon Today—Sure—Don't Delay

(*Continued from page* 80)

"Mademoiselle!... It is Fifi, Mademoiselle!" cried the voice outside, somewhat impatiently.

Rita went over to the door and unlocked it. The maid entered and paused just inside the room.

She asked: "Did you want something?"

"There is a gentleman, downstairs, Mademoiselle," answered Fifi.

As she heard this, Rita swung around and faced her. "I said I could see no one today, Fifi," she said, slightly irritated. "I thought I was quite explicit."

"I remember, Mademoiselle," said the servant, as she emphasized each word with a bow. "I—I told him that. I said you were out, Mademoiselle, and then he said he would wait. And then I told him you were ill and could not see anybody today Then he said he must see you."

"Did he give you a card?"

"No, Mademoiselle."

"Did he tell you his name?"

"He didn't say he had one, Mademoiselle," said Fifi as she stared at her mistress "He said he is a friend, and must see you. It was very important, he said."

"What sort of a looking chap is he?" inquired Rita, who was growing nervous.

"He is not what you call a chap, Mademoiselle," explained the maid. "He is much old, and very big. I think he looks ugly. And very angry, too. I think he will stay until he sees Mademoiselle."

Rita was silent for a moment. She stood gazing at Fifi, but her thoughts were elsewhere. Finally she shook off the reflection. "Where is he, now?" she added.

"In the drawing-room, Mademoiselle."

"Tell him I will be down in a moment," she said.

"I will tell him, Mademoiselle," replied the girl as she backed out, closing the door as she went.

A little later, as Inspector Henry sat in the drawing-room, a young woman entered.

The inspector arose and advanced to meet her. "Miss di Garma?" he said, smiling.

"Yes," she replied pleasantly.

"I regret having disturbed you," he said half apologetically, "but my mission is rather important.

"I see," said Rita calmly as she seated herself beside a big mahogany table in the center of the room.

"For reasons, which you will appreciate, I did not announce myself to your maid," continued the Inspector, as he sat down opposite her. "I am Inspector Henry, of Scotland Yard."

His cold, calculating eyes studied her rather closely as he said this. But, if he counted on his words causing some surprise, he was mistaken; for Rita merely nodded.

"You have seen the morning Chronicle?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Then you undoubtedly read the story about the tragedy at the Victoria Studios?" he continued.

"It was dreadful, wasn't it?" added Rita as she met his gaze.

"Most unfortunate," emphasized the inspector. Then, as he half turned in his chair and faced her, he continued: "You are a member of the Victoria Company, aren't you?"

"I have been with them for the past three years," Rita informed him.

"In what capacity, may I ask?"

"My contract stipulates 'star'," replied the girl, rather modestly.

"I see. Who is your director?"

"Mr. Frank Lloyd."

"Are you appearing in this picture he's making now? I think he calls it 'The Screen Mystery,' doesn't he?"

"Yes, I'm playing the lead."

"Were you working yesterday?"

"No, I wasn't needed," replied Rita. "They took some scenes in which I dont appear," she explained. "These included one or two 'exteriors,' and an 'interior,' in the studio."

"Now then, were you at the studio yesterday?" He eyed her rather severely as he spoke.

"N-no," replied the girl, as her gaze shifted from him to the floor.

"You did not visit it, at any time, during the day?" pressed the inspector.

"I was in Tunbridge Wells yesterday," was her evasive reply.

"You knew Arthur Gebhardt, didn't you?" he asked.

"Yes."

"In fact, you knew him very well. That is so, isn't it?"

"We were quite friendly," she admitted, her countenance growing gradually serious.

"You went out with him, occasionally?"

"Frequently."

"How long had you known him?"

"About two years."

"He was an intimate friend of yours, wasn't he, Miss di Garma?"

"Our friendship was merely platonic," she informed him.

"He had been your guest here on numerous occasions, hadn't he?"

"I have entertained him here. But, never alone; there were always others present," she hastened to explain.

The Inspector was quite pleased with the progress he was making. "In fact, you were quite fond of him, weren't you?" he continued.

"I admired Arthur Gebhardt," she admitted. "He was very clever. Most women are susceptible to the influence of such men—men who have done things. I was impressed with the man and his work."

"Had you seen him recently?"

"The last time I saw him was the day before yesterday," she replied.

As she said this her gaze met the scrutiny of the man across the table, and the frankness he saw in her eyes puzzled him. He was almost inclined to believe her, even tho his better judgment told him she was acting.

"He came to this house Tuesday evening, didn't he?"

"No. I dined with him at the Ritz," replied Rita, with emphasis. For she was irritated over the inspector's presumption, and the frown which swept over her countenance as she spoke, showed that she made no effort to conceal her displeasure. Up until then she had been rather pleased with her caller, who had been most courteous. His tone had been calm and his manner extremely suave and affable, which made her feel entirely at ease.

"Upon his invitation?" he continued.

"At my request," she promptly replied.

"From that, I presume it was a special occasion," he mused.

"It was most important," Rita admitted.

"May I ask what prompted it?" inquired the inspector, with increasing curiosity.

Her features remained expressionless for a while, as her gaze rested on the Japanese rug at her feet. After a few seconds of silence she looked up somewhat startled. She shrugged her shoulders rather prettily, and as the inspector studied her face it seemed to alter subtly as she replied:

"I had learnt something on that day," she said, "and my purpose in meeting him that evening was to inform him that our friendship would have to cease."

"Which, of course, he did not treat seriously," suggested the inspector.

"Unfortunately, he did not," she agreed, as her voice saddened. "He was a man, you must remember. He was prepared to relinquish everything, but I was firm in my decision. I returned the presents he had given me, and told him I would never be at home to him in the future." Her voice faltered as she spoke the last sentence and her words were hardly audible.

"You had learnt he was a married man—that he had a wife in America," he said thoughtfully.

Rita was surprised at this conclusion, and, with her courage rising, she quickly took advantage of it.

"Y-yes," she faltered.

"What time did you leave him, Tuesday night?" he went on.

"I left him in the Locust Room of the Ritz, about eleven o'clock."

"Where did you go, from there?"

"My car was waiting, and my chauffeur drove me home —alone."

"At the very moment you were dining with Gebhardt at the Ritz, he was supposed to be missing," the Inspector remarked.

(*To be continued*)

Ann Little

leading woman for Wallace Reid

in "Alias Mike Moran"

Ann is a great favorite with the kids as well as their fathers. And why shouldn't she be with her looks and personality.

Paramount
Photoplay

Los Angeles

Dec. 7, 1918

F F. INGRAM CO.

I have found the use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream very beneficial. I should highly recommend it.

Ann Little

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Many a woman wonders at the charming complexion of stars of the stage and film. The secret of their attractiveness and the way they retain their dainty colorfulness is an open secret. They give their complexion the ***proper care.*** Never for a day do they neglect the needs of the skin. And Ingram's Milkweed Cream is their favorite beauty aid.

It has a distinctive therapeutic quality, in addition to its softening and cleansing properties. Its daily use will tone up the skin and keep it in a healthful condition. Begin today to guard and enhance your complexion with Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Buy it in either 50c or $1.00 Size

There is Beauty *in Every Jar*

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine

FACE POWDER

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

Ingram's Rouge

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

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY

Established 1885

Windsor, Canada — 21 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

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

(141)

Coupon

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

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

_____

_____

_____

87 PAG

Paddle Your Own Canoe

and be sure it's an "Old Town." American girls find the same benefit in outdoor life as did their soldier brothers. Sports such as canoeing made our men fit. "Old Towns" are shapely, buoyant canoes that obey the slightest turn of the paddle—staunch canoes that withstand rough going in rapids and shallows—absolutely *safe* canoes. Ask to see the unsinkable "Sponson Model." Dealers everywhere. Send for illustrated catalog. Prices $51 and up.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
804 Fourth St. Old Town, Maine

DERMA VIVA
WHITENS THE SKIN AT ONCE
OR MONEY BACK

Is used in place of powder. Has the same effect but does not show.

Red, Brown or Dark Face, Neck, Arms or Hands made a beautiful white at once or money cheerfully refunded.

Absolutely Harmless.

When entertaining or being entertained, you will find exquisite satisfaction in having your skin so beautiful. Accept no substitute.

Try Derma Viva Rouge also, purely vegetable. In mirrored box with puff.

Either article sold at every toilet counter or sent prepaid upon receipt of 50c.

Derma Viva Co. D.V. 817 Transportation Bldg. CHICAGO, ILL.

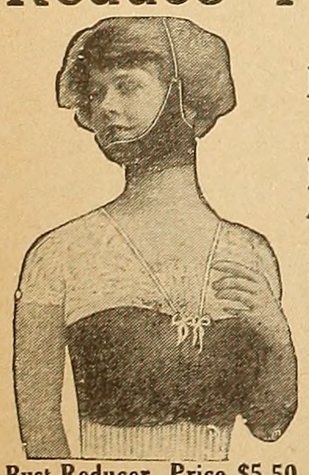
HAIR NETS 3 for 25c 12 for $1.00

Handmade of human hair, cap or fringe shape

To introduce to the consumer, manufacturer is offering these wholesale prices for hair nets, usually sold in retail stores at 25c each. Hair nets are essential for proper hair dressing, are used and recommended by leading hair dressers everywhere. All shades, black to blonde. Take advantage of this wonderful offer. Send stamps or money order today.

CAP IT ALL HAIR NET CO. Dept. MP Marbridge Building, New York

Reduce Your Flesh



Exactly where desired by wearing

Dr. Walter's
Famous Medicated Reducing
Rubber Garments
For Men and Women

Cover the entire body or any part. Endorsed by leading physicians. Send for illustrated Booklet.

Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter
353 Fifth Ave., New York
(Billings Building, 4th Floor Ent. on 34th St., 3d Door East)
Pacific Coast Representative: Adele Millar Co., 345 Stockton St., San Francisco, Cal.

Bust Reducer, Price $5.50
Chin Reducer, Price $2.00

Greenroom Jottings

Little Whisperings From Everywhere in Playerdom

The most important news of the month is that Charlie Chaplin, D. W. Griffith, Mary Pickford, William S. Hart and Douglas Fairbanks will pool their interests and form their own releasing plans. This is called the "Big Five" combination. The plan is to cut out the middleman distributor and release their products direct to the exhibitor.

There is also a hint prevalent that Norma Talmadge, Clara Kimball Young, Blanche Sweet and Jack Pickford will join the stellar club.

'Tis said that Ignace J. Paderewski, the pianist and Polish patriot who has been acclaimed the first President of Poland, has signed a motion picture contract to present to the world the traditions, ideas and aspirations of Poland.

D. W. Griffith has engaged Richard Barthelmess to play leading rôles under his direction for one year.

H. B. Warner has resigned from the leading rôle of the successful New York stage play "Sleeping Partners" in order to fulfill a two years' contract in pictures for the Robertson Cole Co.

Because of her capable work in "Dont Change Your Husband," Gloria Swanson has been placed under a two years' contract by Famous Players-Lasky.

Pearl White's next serial will be from the pen of Robert W. Chambers. It will be taken from a series of stories which ran in a popular magazine under the title, "In Secret."

Wallace MacDonald has been mustered out of the Canadian army and, upon his arrival in Los Angeles, California, was immediately engaged as Mae Marsh's leading man.

Mr. Lumière, the well-known photographer, is negotiating to form a $4,000,000 picture company to be known as the Lumière Film Company.

Snow blindness, contracted several years ago in Alaska and annoyingly recurrent at this season, kept Rex Beach from accompanying Director Reginald Barker and the members of the company appearing in the film version of his novel "The Brand," to the Sierra Nevadas for snow scenes.

It is reported that Chaplin is to close shop and globe-trot. The world having seen Chaplin, he will now see the world.

Lois Wilson and Kathleen Kirkman will support Frank Keenan in his new feature for Pathé. Barney Sherry and William V. Mong are also in the cast.

Pat O'Malley's home in Hollywood was robbed the day before Christmas of $250 in Liberty Bonds, $155 in cash and six pairs of silk stockings.

Madlaine Traverse recently won a silver cup as a prize in a dancing contest held on the "Ship" at Venice, California.

Doris Lee is again working opposite Charlie Ray in his new picture now in course of production.

THE APRIL CLASSIC

THE CLASSIC has been called **THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.** With its striking pictures, its artistic page arrangements, its splendid rotogravure printing, each issue is a thing of genuine charm. But **THE CLASSIC** is something more than a mere beautiful book. It is leading the way—in thought—for the photoplay. The foremost authorities are considering the most vital questions of the silverscreen on its pages.

Among the April features, for instance, are:

Sensational articles by **KENNETH MACGOWAN** and **FREDERICK JAMES SMITH.**

An interview with **CHARLIE CHAPLIN** that at last presents the real—and many-sided—comedian to the public. The chat reveals the able writer, **HARRY C. CARR,** at his best.

A novel talk with **HENRY GSELL** in the form of a one-act comedy. You'll laugh over this.

Intimate "personality" talks with **GRACE DARMOND, OLIVE THOMAS, CORINNE GRIFFITH** and other favorites you'll be delighted to meet.

The fictionized photoplays—ably told in story form—include the newest **ALICE BRADY, CHARLIE RAY** and **MAY ALLISON** pictures.

Then there's the latest honor roll of **FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST** beauties.

THE CELLULOID CRITIC considers all the newest photoplays in his crisp, critical style.

If the **APRIL CLASSIC** isn't the best all 'round motion picture magazine you've ever glimpsed, well—

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC,
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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

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

BLANCHE SWEET
"I am pleased to indorse WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL for shampooing."

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

MAE MURRAY
"Shampooing with WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL always keeps my hair looking its best."

How Famous Movie Stars Keep their Hair Beautiful

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

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

WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL FOR SHAMPOOING

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

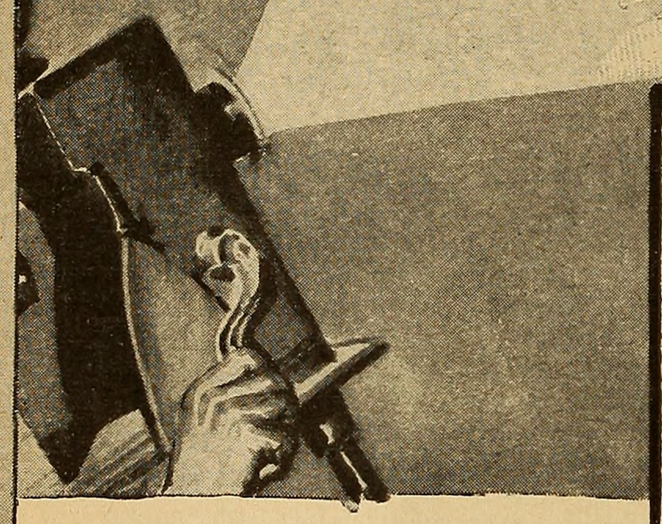
Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the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

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

Splendid for Children

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

No Fear Of a "Close-Up"



CARMEN
The Powder That Stays On

Even the wonderful eye of the camera cannot detect the difference between a delicate, petal-like skin and one protected by the magical touch of

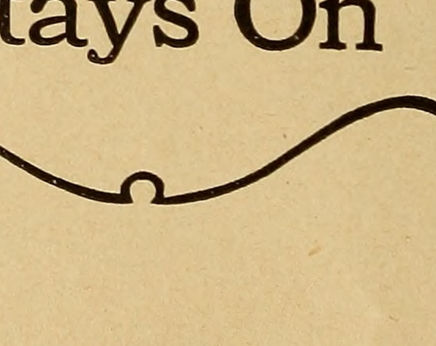
CARMEN
COMPLEXION
POWDER

The favorite of the "stars" because everywhere—under the glare of the electric light, in the broad sunshine, under the lamplight, in wind—everywhere—Carmen gives to the complexion an enhancing beauty.

Does not rub or blow off.

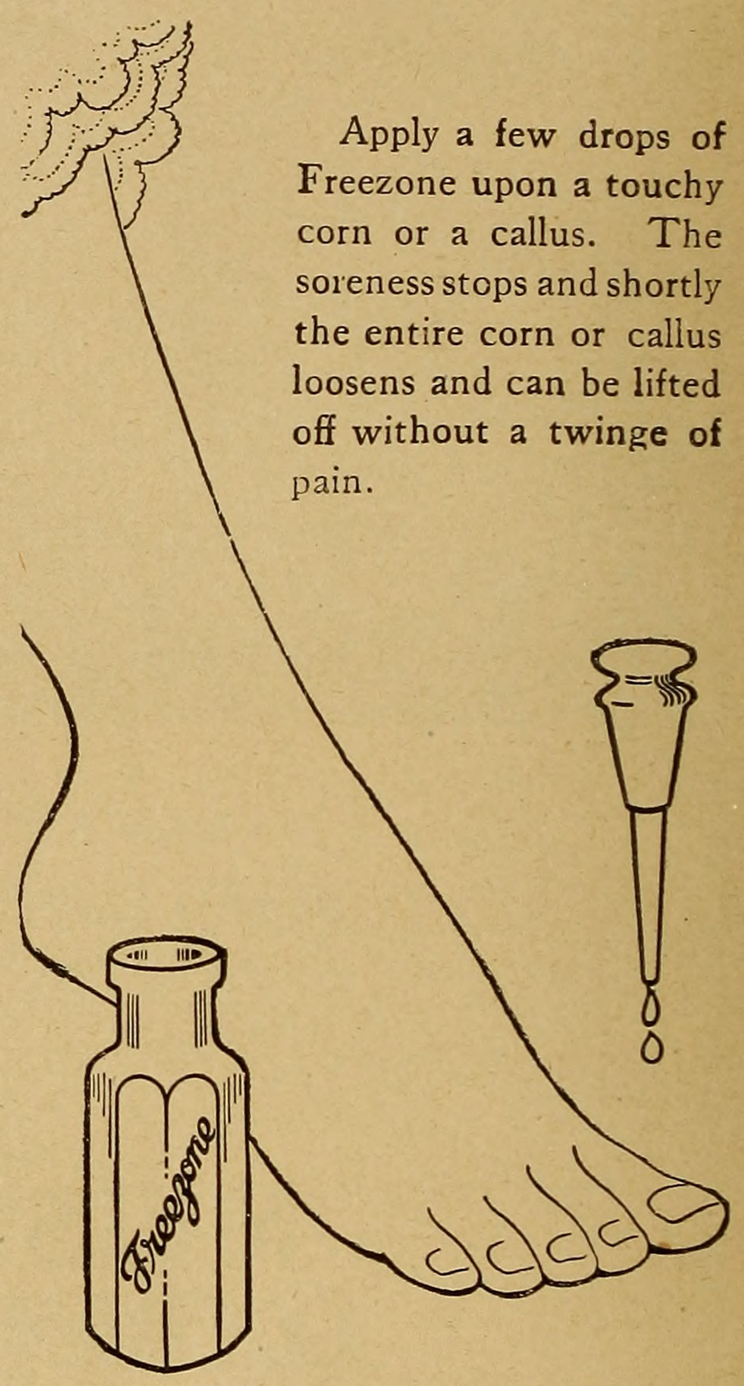
White, Pink, Flesh, Cream

50c Everywhere



Lift Corns Out With Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they lift off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a touchy corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Tiny bottle costs few cents at drug stores—anywhere

18% Oil stocks are booming. Dividends are getting bigger. Among all the investment opportunities of the age, none looks so good as the good oil stocks. We have a limited block of the stock of an Oklahoma Oil Corporation now paying 1½% per month, or at the rate of 18% per annum. This company is developing fast and should soon be paying much larger dividends. We will gladly give you particulars.

Write Today

Write for information about this great company. It is worth looking into if you want to put your money where it will pay big returns.

Address either office

SERLIS & COMPANY

1 Wall St., New York City 10 S. La Salle St., Chicago

How Seven Evenings' Study Qualified Me for a $10,000 Position

By F. H. Drummond

A Gripping Success Story That Will Make All Ambitious Men and Women Ask Themselves the Question: "Why Can't I Do the Same?"

I will never forget the words of Charles M. Schwab, the biggest steel manufacturer in the world, who began life as a poor boy at a dollar a day. He said: "Nothing is so plentiful in America as opportunity. There are more jobs for forceful people than there are forceful people to fill them. . . Captains of industry are not hunting money. America is heavy with it. They are seeking brains—specialized brains—and faithful, loyal service. No one has a corner on success. It is always up at auction; the one who pays the most for it gets it. Whatever you resolve to be you can be." Emerson tells us that our most important asset is not what we are, but what we are capable of being.

But to go on with my story. I was 18 years of age, living in Farmington, Ill., which at that time was a town of 1,800 inhabitants. I had no trade, no special training for anything, no idea of what I wanted to be in life—except that I wanted to be a success. I took stock of my surroundings. Here I was, in a town of limited opportunity. I had the choice of working in the mines, the mill, one of the general stores, or possibly the bank, as a life prospect. Frankly, it didn't appeal to me. I shrank at the thought of living a life that so many people go through in small towns. They get a half-way decent living wage and are content with it. Thousands of them die, never to know the great possibilities they had locked up in themselves.

I deplored the fact that I had no capital to start in business somewhere, not realizing that money is not the only real capital a man should have. I was not alive to the fact that a trained brain and conscience are the true success capital.

And so I asked myself what I could do to prepare myself for a successful business career. Shorthand appealed to me as being the logical study to embrace. This was impressed upon my mind from what I had seen others accomplish through it. Three of our former townsfolk—men who are today large figures in business in Detroit and Chicago—struck out for themselves in their youth, after learning shorthand, and through their knowledge of this art made a brilliant success in business.

As I reasoned it, shorthand would, first of all, assure me of a living wage no matter if I made further progress through it or not. On the other hand, I could use it for business no matter how far up the ladder I might go. It would be invaluable in taking down word-for-word conversations over the telephone; jotting down notes of meetings I might be called into; making quick memoranda of the hundred-and-one details that come up daily in business. In short, it would make me a more accurate and a more efficient business man.

As one of them explained it to me, you can be a clerk or bookkeeper all your life and never get anywhere to speak of. With a shorthand writer it is different. You come in direct personal contact with the executives of the business—the men who are conducting it. From them you take dictation of the innermost things in that business and gradually absorb everything in connection with it. In this way you fit yourself to take on more and more responsibility, relieving the heads of the business of details with which you are perfectly familiar. Naturally, you become more and more valuable as your capacity to take responsibility grows greater, and in this way work yourself up into the business.

I asked the advice of a number of older acquaintances whom I knew were shorthand writers, and was encouraged by them to take up its study. The principal drawback seemed to be the time it was necessary to devote to the study in order to become master of its intricacies and a proficient writer. It seemed, however, that this was a necessary evil, and although somewhat discouraged at the prospect, I decided to enroll in the local business college.

While waiting for the new term to open, I chanced upon an advertisement of a shorthand which claimed as its principal merits, simplicity—no shading or position, a limited number of characters and rules to learn—yet absolute adequateness for any purpose for which shorthand could be used. This shorthand had been so arranged in lessons as to make it possible to learn it at home in a comparatively short time—and, as it was clearly stated in the advertisement, that if I was not satisfied with the Course, I could return it without charge to myself. I sent for it.

This was my first step in the right direction. I studied it diligently and within a week had learned all of the characters by heart, and after practicing for a month, felt so thoroughly the master of my newly gained knowledge that I decided to go to Chicago and seek a position immediately.

I felt that placing myself on my own resources in a large city would broaden me and make me a bigger man in every sense. It would call out the biggest things in me—make me rely upon myself and not lean upon friends and acquaintances for assistance and encouragement in business.

I secured a position as stenographer in a publishing house. Six months later I was made head stenographer at $30 a week. This brought me in frequent contact with the General Manager, who delegated more and more responsibility to me as time wore on.

In a little over a year I was made Office Manager. That was just seven years ago. Today I am Vice-President and General Manager with a small but growing interest in the business. My salary, with my bonus, netted me slightly in excess of $10,000 for 1918. In all these years of work in the various departments of the business of which I am now the directing head, I found my knowledge of shorthand to be invaluable and I use it today in many time-saving short-cuts.

It may be of interest to mention here the splendid progress which a younger sister of mine made by learning the same Course which I took. She was a saleswoman in one of the local stores at the time and studied evenings. In three months she secured a position as stenographer in a large Plow factory in Galesburg, Ill. Today she is the secretary to the Vice-President of the Company at a salary of $125 a month.

And now, as I look back to those days in Farmington, when Father proposed that I take a job as weigher in the mines, I think of the black prospects I had at that time. And I thank my stars that I had the courage of my convictions to prepare myself for something bigger and better—and Paragon Shorthand was the means of helping me make myself.

* * * * *

The story that Mr. Drummond recounts is the story of many of America's greatest business men. If you have read the stories of the lives of the principal figures in business in this country today, you will have noted that almost invariably their start to fame and fortune was through their ability to write Shorthand. Take such men as Charles M. Schwab, Theodore Roosevelt, Frank C. Vanderlip, George B. Cortelyou, William Loeb, Jr., Edward Bok, and others too numerous to mention, and you will find that Shorthand was the instrument they used in carving out their marvelous careers.

Whether you are on the bottom or the top rung of the ladder, you will find Shorthand a wonderful aid to you in your climb to success. It will unlock the door to Opportunity more quickly than any other study you might undertake. It will prepare you for rapid advancement and groom you for the bigger job that is waiting for you.

The quickest, easiest and most inexpensive way to learn Shorthand is to learn the PARAGON System. You can learn it all in the evenings of a single week at home. It is the simplest, most easily mastered system of Shorthand in existence, totally different from the ponderously technical, involved and intricate old-time systems that require many months of study before they can be put to practical use.

Here, for instance, is a letter that is typical of the experience of thousands of Paragon Shorthand writers:

"Enclosed please find my check for $5 for the Paragon Shorthand Course. I don't see how you can afford to sell it at such a low figure. I thought it next to impossible (until I tried it) to believe that any system could be so concise, short, simple, easy to learn and remember and still authentic. I compared the knowledge I have attained after but ten evenings' study to that of a student of a commercial school who has been giving his **undivided time to it for three months,** and candidly, I can write and read much more than he can. The difference in time, expense and the amount to learn is all in favor of Paragon. A. L. S.
Savannah, Ga."
Name on request.

You can use Paragon Shorthand for any purpose for which Shorthand can be used—for dictation, taking down telephone messages, speeches, conferences, sermons, lectures, lessons, court testimony—anything and everything. Business men, professional men, students, clergymen and literary folk will find a knowledge of PARAGON Shorthand a great help to them. Fathers and mothers could give their sons and daughters nothing that would help them more quickly to be self-supporting than this simple Course of Paragon Shorthand. It is used in the largest corporations. Paragon is taught in Public and High Schools and Business Colleges in many of the largest cities.

For 25 years the Author has taught PARAGON Shorthand by mail, with examinations, at the regular fee of $25. He teaches it today in the classes of the Paragon Institute, one of the largest educational institutions of its kind in America, at a regular tuition fee of $50. In order that this valuable knowledge may be brought within the reach of everybody, the Author has arranged the Complete Course in two Volumes, with an ingenious self-examination method that enables everyone to learn PARAGON easily and quickly in the privacy of their own homes. **This Course is identical in every respect with the one always taught by the Author by correspondence for $25, and the one taught in the Paragon Institute for $50.**

To give everyone an opportunity to satisfy themselves of the amazing simplicity of PARAGON Shorthand and its adequacy for all purposes, the Paragon Institute Home Study Department will gladly send you the Complete Course of Seven Lessons on **seven days free trial,** to use just as if it were your own. You are not required to pay a penny in advance. You obligate yourself in no way whatever. If, after giving it careful study, you are not perfectly satisfied, simply re-mail the Course to the Institute and you will owe nothing. If you decide to keep it, send us a check or money order for $5.

Fill out the coupon and mail it NOW.

Use This Free Examination Coupon

PARAGON INSTITUTE
HOME STUDY DEPARTMENT
601 Broad St., Suite 346
Newark, N. J.

Motion Picture Magazine, 4-19

You may send me the Complete Course of **Paragon Shorthand** with the distinct understanding that I have 7 days after its receipt to either remail the Course to you or send you $5.00.

Name.....

Address.....

No Fear Of a "Close-Up"

CARMEN
The Powder That Stays On

Even the wonderful eye of the camera cannot detect the difference between a delicate, petal-like skin and one protected by the magical touch of

CARMEN
COMPLEXION
POWDER

The favorite of the "stars" because everywhere—under the glare of the electric light, in the broad sunshine, under the lamplight, in wind—everywhere—Carmen gives to the complexion **an** enhancing beauty.

Does not rub or blow off.

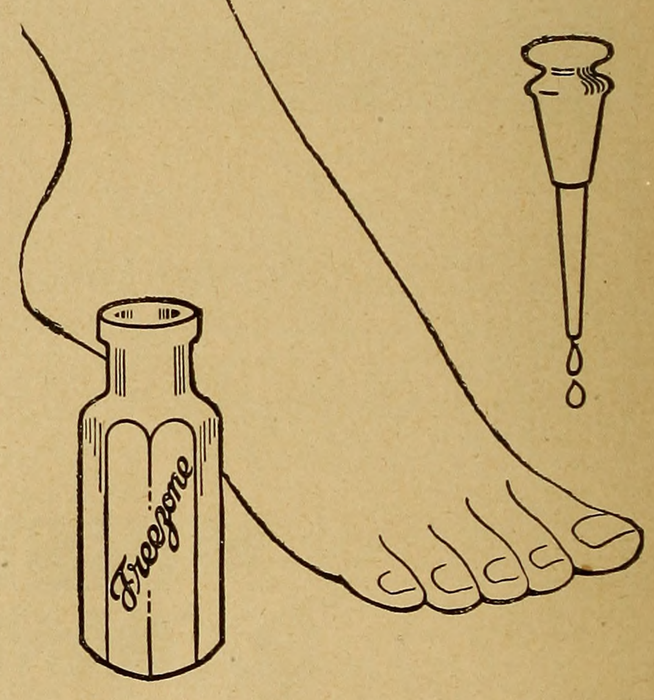
White, Pink, Flesh, Cream

50c Everywhere

Lift Corns Out With Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they lift off

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a touchy corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.



Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Tiny bottle costs few cents at drug stores—anywhere

18% Oil stocks are booming. Dividends are getting bigger. Among all the investment opportunities of the age, none looks so good as the good oil stocks. We have a limited block of the stock of an Oklahoma Oil Corporation now paying 1½% per month, or at the rate of 18% per annum. This company is developing fast and should soon be paying much larger dividends. We will gladly give you particulars.

Write Today

Write for information about this great company. It is worth looking into if you want to put your money where it will pay big returns.

Address either office

SERLIS & COMPANY

1 Wall St., New York City 10 S. La Salle St., Chicago

The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

How Seven Evenings' Study Qualified Me for a $10,000 Position

By F. H. Drummond

A Gripping Success Story That Will Make All Ambitious Men and Women Ask Themselves the Question: "Why Can't I Do the Same?"

I will never forget the words of Charles M. Schwab, the biggest steel manufacturer in the world, who began life as a poor boy at a dollar a day. He said: "Nothing is so plentiful in America as opportunity. There are more jobs for forceful people than there are forceful people to fill them. . . Captains of industry are not hunting money. America is heavy with it. They are seeking brains—specialized brains—and faithful, loyal service. No one has a corner on success. It is always up at auction; the one who pays the most for it gets it. Whatever you resolve to be you can be." Emerson tells us that our most important asset is not what we are, but what we are capable of being.

But to go on with my story. I was 18 years of age, living in Farmington, Ill., which at that time was a town of 1,800 inhabitants. I had no trade, no special training for anything, no idea of what I wanted to be in life—except that I wanted to be a success. I took stock of my surroundings. Here I was, in a town of limited opportunity. I had the choice of working in the mines, the mill, one of the general stores, or possibly the bank, as a life prospect. Frankly, it didn't appeal to me. I shrank at the thought of living a life that so many people go through in small towns. They get a half-way decent living wage and are content with it. Thousands of them die, never to know the great possibilities they had locked up in themselves.

I deplored the fact that I had no capital to start in business somewhere, not realizing that money is not the only real capital a man should have. I was not alive to the fact that a trained brain and conscience are the true success capital.

And so I asked myself what I could do to prepare myself for a successful business career. Shorthand appealed to me as being the logical study to embrace. This was impressed upon my mind from what I had seen others accomplish through it. Three of our former townsfolk—men who are today large figures in business in Detroit and Chicago—struck out for themselves in their youth, after learning shorthand, and through their knowledge of this art made a brilliant success in business.

As I reasoned it, shorthand would, first of all, assure me of a living wage no matter if I made further progress through it or not. On the other hand, I could use it for business no matter how far up the ladder I might go. It would be invaluable in taking down word-for-word conversations over the telephone; jotting down notes of meetings I might be called into; making quick memoranda of the hundred-and-one details that come up daily in business. In short, it would make me a more accurate and a more efficient business man.

As one of them explained it to me, you can be a clerk or bookkeeper all your life and never get anywhere to speak of. With a shorthand writer it is different. You come in direct personal contact with the executives of the business—the men who are conducting it. From them you take dictation of the innermost things in that business and gradually absorb everything in connection with it. In this way you fit yourself to take on more and more responsibility, relieving the heads of the business of details with which you are perfectly familiar. Naturally, you become more and more valuable as your capacity to take responsibility grows greater, and in this way work yourself up into the business.

I asked the advice of a number of older acquaintances whom I knew were shorthand writers, and was encouraged by them to take up its study. The principal drawback seemed to be the time it was necessary to devote to the study in order to become master of its intricacies and a proficient writer. It seemed, however, that this was a necessary evil, and although somewhat discouraged at the prospect, I decided to enroll in the local business college.

While waiting for the new term to open, I chanced upon an advertisement of a shorthand which claimed as its principal merits, simplicity—no shading or position, a limited number of characters and rules to learn—yet absolute adequateness for any purpose for which shorthand could be used. This shorthand had been so arranged in lessons as to make it possible to learn it at home in a comparatively short time—and, as it was clearly stated in the advertisement, that if I was not satisfied with the Course, I could return it without charge to myself. I sent for it.

This was my first step in the right direction. I studied it diligently and within a week had learned all of the characters by heart, and after practicing for a month, felt so thoroughly the master of my newly gained knowledge that I decided to go to Chicago and seek a position immediately.

I felt that placing myself on my own resources in a large city would broaden me and make me a bigger man in every sense. It would call out the biggest things in me—make me rely upon myself and not lean upon friends and acquaintances for assistance and encouragement in business.

I secured a position as stenographer in a publishing house. Six months later I was made head stenographer at $30 a week. This brought me in frequent contact with the General Manager, who delegated more and more responsibility to me as time wore on.

In a little over a year I was made Office Manager. That was just seven years ago. Today I am Vice-President and General Manager with a small but growing interest in the business. My salary, with my bonus, netted me slightly in excess of $10,000 for 1918. In all these years of work in the various departments of the business of which I am now the directing head, I found my knowledge of shorthand to be invaluable and I use it today in many time-saving short-cuts.

It may be of interest to mention here the splendid progress which a younger sister of mine made by learning the same Course which I took. She was a saleswoman in one of the local stores at the time and studied evenings. In three months she secured a position as stenographer in a large Plow factory in Galesburg, Ill. Today she is the secretary to the Vice-President of the Company at a salary of $125 a month.

And now, as I look back to those days in Farmington, when Father proposed that I take a job as weigher in the mines, I think of the black prospects I had at that time. And I thank my stars that I had the courage of my convictions to prepare myself for something bigger and better—and Paragon Shorthand was the means of helping me make myself.

* * * * *

The story that Mr. Drummond recounts is the story of many of America's greatest business men. If you have read the stories of the lives of the principal figures in business in this country today, you will have noted that almost invariably their start to fame and fortune was **through their ability to write Shorthand.** Take such men as Charles M. Schwab, Theodore Roosevelt, Frank C. Vanderlip, George B. Cortelyou, William Loeb, Jr., Edward Bok, and others too numerous to mention, and you will find that Shorthand was the instrument they used in carving out their marvelous careers.

Whether you are on the bottom or the top rung of the ladder, you will find Shorthand a wonderful aid to you in your climb to success. It will unlock the door to Opportunity more quickly than any other study you might undertake. It will prepare you for rapid advancement and groom you for the bigger job that is waiting for you.

The quickest, easiest and most inexpensive way to learn Shorthand is to learn the PARAGON System. You can learn it all in the evenings of a single week at home. It is the simplest, most easily mastered system of Shorthand in existence, totally different from the pondercusly technical, involved and intricate old-time systems that require many months of study before they can be put to practical use.

Here, for instance, is a letter that is typical of the experience of thousands of Paragon Shorthand writers:

"Enclosed please find my check for $5 for the Paragon Shorthand Course. I don't see how you can afford to sell it at such a low figure. I thought it next to impossible (until I tried it) to believe that any system could be so concise, short, simple, easy to learn and remember and still authentic. I compared the knowledge I have attained after but ten evenings' study to that of a student of a commercial school who has been giving his **undivided time to it for three months,** and candidly, I can write and read much more than he can. The difference in time, expense and the amount to learn is all in favor of Paragon. A. L. S.
Savannah, Ga."
Name on request.

You can use Paragon Shorthand for any purpose for which Shorthand can be used—for dictation, taking down telephone messages, speeches, conferences, sermons, lectures, lessons, court testimony—anything and everything. Business men, professional men, students, clergymen and literary folk will find a knowledge of PARAGON Shorthand a great help to them. Fathers and mothers could give their sons and daughters nothing that would help them more quickly to be self-supporting than this simple Course of Paragon Shorthand. It is used in the largest corporations. Paragon is taught in Public and High Schools and Business Colleges in many of the largest cities.

For 25 years the Author has taught PARAGON Shorthand by mail, with examinations, at the regular fee of $25. He teaches it today in the classes of the Paragon Institute, one of the largest educational institutions of its kind in America, at a regular tuition fee of $50. In order that this valuable knowledge may be brought within the reach of everybody, the Author has arranged the Complete Course in two Volumes, with an ingenious self-examination method that enables everyone to learn PARAGON easily and quickly in the privacy of their own homes. **This Course is identical in every respect with the one always taught by the Author by correspondence for $25, and the one taught in the Paragon Institute for $50.**

To give everyone an opportunity to satisfy themselves of the amazing simplicity of PARAGON Shorthand and its adequacy for all purposes, the Paragon Institute Home Study Department will gladly send you the Complete Course of Seven Lessons on **seven days free trial,** to use just as if it were your own. You are not required to pay a penny in advance. You obligate yourself in no way whatever. If, after giving it careful study, you are not perfectly satisfied, simply re-mail the Course to the Institute and you will owe nothing. If you decide to keep it, send us a check or money order for $5.

Fill out the coupon and mail it NOW.

Use This Free Examination Coupon

PARAGON INSTITUTE
HOME STUDY DEPARTMENT
601 Broad St., Suite 346
Newark, N. J.

You may send me the Complete Course of **Paragon Shorthand** with the distinct understanding that I have 7 days after its receipt to either remail the Course to you or send you $5.00.

Motion Picture Magazine, 4-19

Name.....

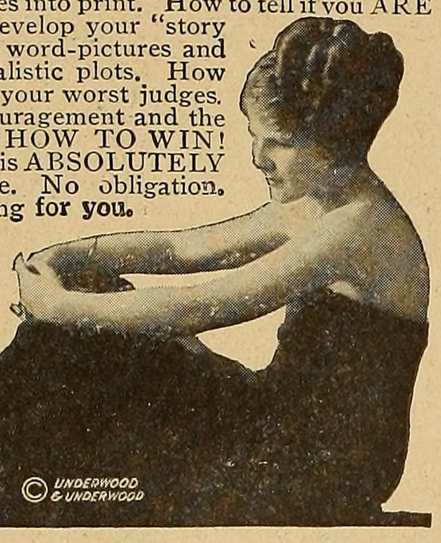
Address.....

91
PAG

WRITERS' FREE BOOK!

A wonderful book—read about it!

TELLS how easily Stories and Plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't DREAM they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special instruction, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How your own Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that will bring you Happy Success and handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. HOW TO WIN! This surprising book is ABSOLUTELY FREE. No charge. No obligation. YOUR copy is waiting for you. Write for it NOW. Just address



WRITERS' SERVICE
Dept. 41
Auburn N. Y.

Just to Get Acquainted, we will mail you 4 issues of

The Photo-Play World

The one by which all others are governed

FOR $1.00

The Photo-Play World contains only the best pictures —Stories and Articles. Has a Staff of America's Foremost Writers

Subscribe Now. **35c a Copy, $3.50 a Year**

THE PHOTO-PLAY WORLD
Bulletin Bldg. Dept. M. P. Philadelphia, Pa.

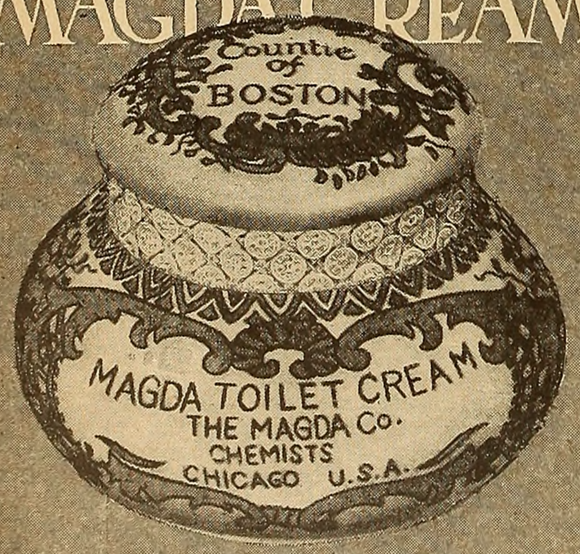
Play It 10 Days Free

We will send you any Columbia brass instrument on 10 days' free trial. If you don't find it the easiest blowing instrument in the world, send it back. If you decide to buy, pay a little each month.

Write Today! Send your name and address for our new book of instruments printed in full color. The booklet is FREE. Write today—RIGHT NOW.

Harry B. Jay Co., Dept 1544, 542 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

MAGDA CREAM



A MAGDA MASSAGE

Nightly—Refreshes, Softens and Beautifies the Skin and Eradicates the worry lines.

BUY A 50c JAR. TRY IT. IF NOT SATISFIED RETURN AND WE REFUND MONEY . . .

MAGDA CREAM COMES in 25c—50c—75c and $1.00 SIZES. DEPTS or DIRECT

FRED C. KEELING & CO., Rockford, Ill.

Graceful and Charming?

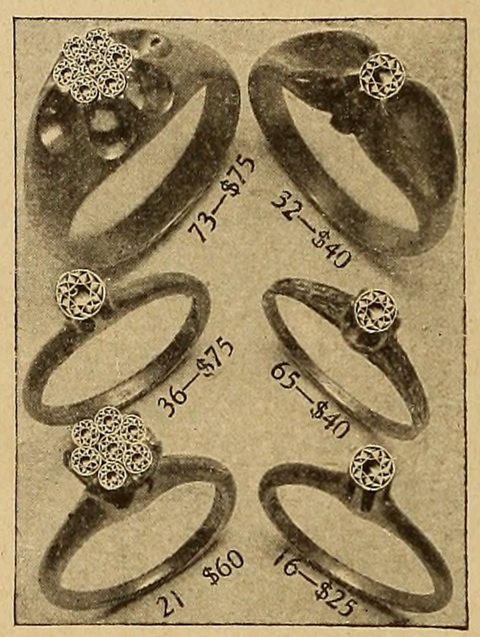
Yes, her assurance of perfect grooming gives her freedom from self-consciousness. She is not embarrassed by disfiguring hair on her arms. Modesty demands that every woman remove superflous hair, and X-Bazin provides the clean, comfortable, dainty, way.

The Famous French Depilatory Powder

X-Bazin

It dissolves the hair in five minutes. When it is washed off, the skin is smooth and white. Repeated applications reduce the vitality of the after-growth rather than stimulate it. *50c and $1.00 at drug and department stores—or will mail direct on receipt of price. 75c and $1.50 in Canada.*

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc. 219 Washington St., N.Y.



DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Select Any Diamond

or other article for free inspection. Send no money. Your credit is good. We trust you for anything you want.

Lyon Diamonds

are the BEST QUALITY—perfect cut and blue-white. Every Diamond in our stock is a GEM of GEMS.

8% Yearly Dividend Offer

Every Diamond is accompanied by a binding guarantee covering value and quality. MORE than that. We guarantee you 8% yearly increase in value on all exchanges. You get absolute protection.

Buy Now At Low Prices

Shipments made without expense to you. You incur no risk. You examine carefully—if satisfactory, pay only one-fifth of the purchase price and keep it. If unsatisfactory, return at our expense. Don't pay a cent until you are convinced Lyon Diamonds are Superior Value. Let us explain how to build a solid foundation for the future. **Send TODAY for Free Catalog 37K.**

J.M. LYON & CO. 1 Maiden Lane, New York

Do YOUR Eyes Express Charm and Beauty?

Are they framed with long, silky, luxuriant eyelashes and well-formed eyebrows? Or, are you suffering from the handicap of short, uneven eyelashes and straggling eyebrows? If Nature has been unkind and denied you the heritage of those "beauty assets"—beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows—you can easily and quickly overcome this handicap if you will use for a short time a little

Lash-Brow-Ine

Remember the Full Name--It's Imitated

It nourishes and stimulates them in a natural manner. Results will delight and amaze you. Stars of stage and screen and women prominent in society use and recommend this efficient preparation. Will YOU not try "LASH-BROW-INE?"

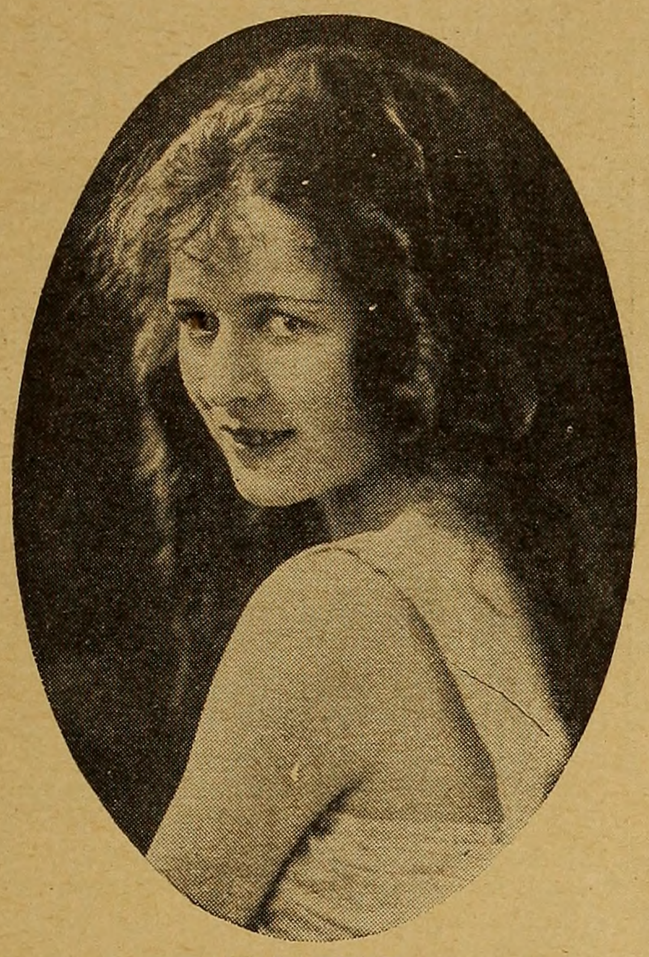
A pure, delicately scented cream, guaranteed absolutely harmless, tested and endorsed by the best chemists and beauty specialists of America. An invaluable aid to beauty. Thousands have used it successfully, why not you?

Two Sizes, 50c and $1 Send price and we will mail you "LASH-BROW-INE" and our Beauty Booklet, "The Woman Beautiful," prepaid under plain cover. Remit by coin, currency, U. S. stamps, or money order. **Satisfaction Assured or Price Refunded.**

The wonderful success attained by "LASH-BROW-INE" has caused the name to be closely imitated. There is only one genuine "LASH-BROW-INE." Avoid imitations. Remember the full name "LASH-BROW-INE."

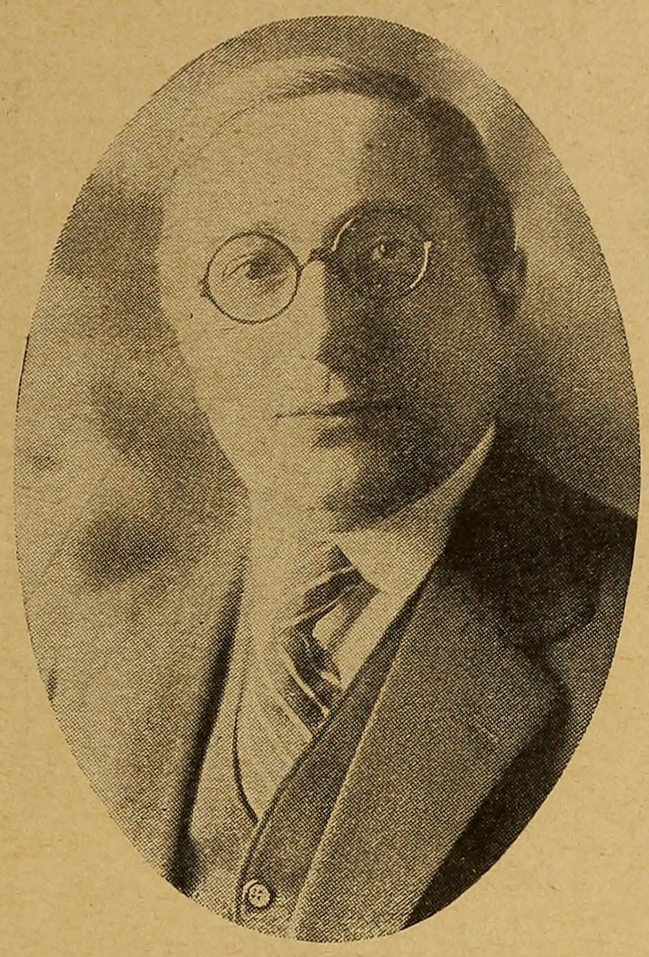
MAYBELL LABORATORIES, 4305-13 Grand Blvd., CHICAGO

ANITA STEWART



THE STAR

LOUIS B. MAYER



THE PRODUCER

LOIS WEBER

THE DIRECTOR

THE GREAT TRIUMVIRATE

Responsible for the making of the

First Anita Stewart--Lois Weber Production

"A MIDNIGHT ROMANCE"

(From the pen of gifted MARION ORTH, author of "Price of a Good Time" and "Borrowed Clothes")

A Tense and Thrilling portrayal of the Charming Romance of a Refugee Maid who turns out to be a Royal Princess, and a real red-blooded American Youth.

THE STAR—Miss ANITA STEWART, who after a long absence from the screen, startled the motion picture world by her sensationally successful return in "VIRTUOUS WIVES." Her delightful work in "A MIDNIGHT ROMANCE" will charm her legion of admirers, and win her countless new ones.

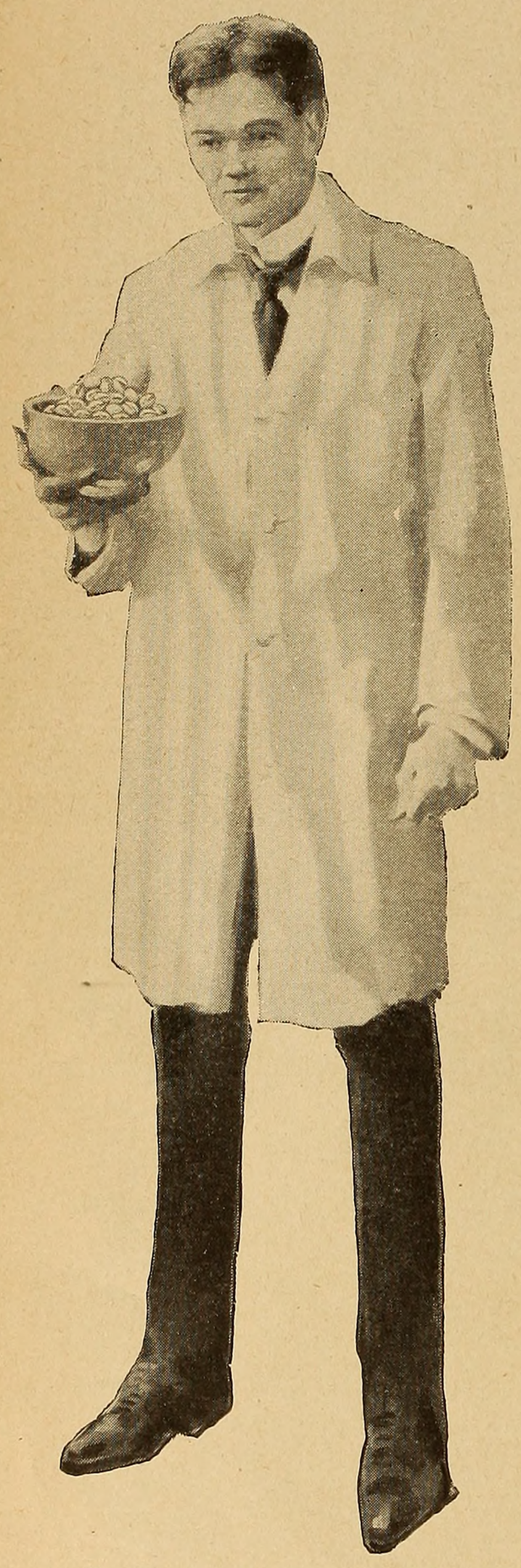
THE PRODUCER—LOUIS B. MAYER, who set new production standards in launching Miss Stewart in "Virtuous Wives." His plan of GREAT STAR, GREAT PLAY, GREAT DIRECTOR and GREAT CAST has left a trail of broken theatre records all over the country.

THE DIRECTOR—Miss LOIS WEBER, a maker of stars in such masterpieces as "For Husbands Only," "Borrowed Clothes" and "The Price of a Good Time." She will gain new triumphs with such a star as Miss Stewart and such a play as "A Midnight Romance."

ANITA STEWART in "A MIDNIGHT ROMANCE" will soon be shown in every city, town and hamlet in the country. The manager of your favorite theatre will tell you when he is going to play it.

He Shot the Gun

And Found that He Had the Greatest Wheat Food in Existence



Prof. A. P. Anderson knew that each wheat kernel contained some 125 million food cells.

He knew that each cell contained a trifle of moisture.

So he said, "I will turn that moisture to steam, then explode it. Thus I will burst every food cell so digestion can instantly act."

It Took Years But He Did It

He finally solved the problem by sealing the grains in huge guns. Then he revolved the guns for one hour in 550 degrees of heat.

When he shot the guns every food cell exploded. About 125 million steam explosions occurred in every kernel.

Airy, Flaky Bubbles

The grains came out shaped as they grew, but puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size.

The fearful heat created a toasted nut flavor.

The explosions created flimsy morsels, which melted away at a touch.

He had what is recognized everywhere now as the most delicious wheat food in the world.

But above all it was a whole grain made wholly digestible. Every food cell was broken, and that never before was done.

He applied the same method to rice. Then to pellets of hominy, and created Corn Puffs.

Now there are three Puffed Grains, each with its own delights. And happy children are now getting about two million dishes daily.

Don't let your children miss their share.

Keep all three kinds on hand.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice and Corn Puffs

Each 15c—Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers (3034)

From the Inside Looking Out

(*Continued from page* 54)

fashionable, sloppy, hollow chest and back one too often sees in all their meager ugliness.

"Someone once asked me whether I use a screen to keep out intruders when I am doing emotional scenes, and altho the idea presents picturesque possibilities, I can honestly say 'No,' for I never feel self-conscious to that extent. The few spectators that sometimes gather in the motion picture studio keep their respectful distance and act as an inspiration.

"The high pitch of enthusiasm and real emotion required of the movie actress for creative and effective screen acting sometimes communicates itself with amusing, and every now and then annoying results, to the small audience that is allowed to gather in a studio. The 'silent' drama is not silent in the making.

"Personally, I think the direction in which to look for the greatest improvement in the perfecting of the motion picture, is not so much on the mechanical side (that result is inevitable: every day some inventor finds something new to enhance photography and projection), but in the perfection of scenarios, and a more intelligent care in the continuity.

"For myself, I should like to see some standard dramas—to wit, costume dramas, well received by the motion picture public—but the exhibitors seem to feel that they are warranted in keeping to modern exteriors and embodying in their stories every-day subjects in our present-day surroundings. And as we, the players, have no other barometer of what the public wants than the exhibitor's opinion, we must be content to believe him."

He's Still When He's Asleep

(*Continued from page* 67)

miserable "fit" and said, "You know you've got to get wet three times in that suit. I wonder if it will stand it? Those pepper-and-salt affairs are not very reliable, I find."

"Three times? Gee, I do have a lot of *wet* plays. Didn't I just get thru swimming in ice-water at Big Bear? Well, bring on your rain—I'd rather get it all over in the beginning," said young Pickford, resignedly.

"You and Mr. Kirkwood must be quite old friends . . ." we began, when Jack interrupted vivaciously and with the same winning smile which gets tons of followers for wee Mary. "Yes, you see Jim directed Mary in nine of her very best pictures and if he and I can turn out anything approaching her successes, mother will be mighty pleased. After all, it's more for her sake—for she's done so much for us all."

If there's a secret to success, it is when a lad appreciates his mother's advice. When one stops to consider the thousands of rich young fellows who are averse to receiving any suggestion, who frequently feel ashamed of the little mother, and who insist on going the pace as they see fit, it's a mighty splendid inspiring thing to see a star of Jack Pickford's magnitude, with big earning power, deferring to his mother's better judgment, and relying absolutely on her management.

They're a united family, those Pickfords. They may have temporary disagreements among themselves, but let any one criticise or judge one of the famous five—and you'll find the rest rallying to the defense, for they've lived thru hard times and good, thru joys and sorrows together, and now they're sharing even the stellar honors.

Study your silhouette

The way you dress your hair

must be perfectly adapted to the shape of your face if you would make the most of your beauty possibilities. The soft light of lustrous hair is the greatest aid to beauty. It brings out your best features — conceals and softens your less attractive ones.

Every woman can have beautiful, healthy, luxuriant hair. It is entirely a matter of care. Wash it frequently. Keep the scalp exquisitely clean with a good shampoo. Give the hair the invigoration and nourishment it needs through the regular use of a pure tonic.

In the Q-ban preparations you will find the complete answer to all hair toilet needs. Each article is the result of careful study—scientifically compounded from the purest ingredients —designed to nourish and preserve the hair, make it more abundant, keep it soft, glossy, and help it retain its natural youthful color.

Study Your Silhouette!

There's an ideal way to dress the hair for every type of face. Your shadow picture will reveal the secret. Our booklet in every Q-ban package explains how to get the best results. Or we will gladly mail you a copy if you'll write.

The Five Q-bans

Q-ban Toilet and Shampoo Soap	$ 25
Q-ban Liquid Shampoo - -	50
Q-ban Hair Tonic - -	$ .50—1.00
Q-ban Hair Color Restorer -	75
Q-ban Depilatory - - -	,75

Q-ban preparations are for sale throughout the United States and Canada at drug stores, toilet goods counters or wherever toilet goods are sold.

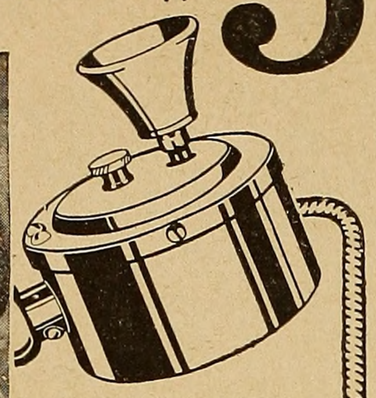
Hessig-Ellis, Chemists Memphis, Tenn.

Q-ban

TRADE MARK

for the hair

A ★ VIBRATOR for $5



The ever increasing host of admirers of this popular actress will be interested in her endorsement of the Star Vibrator. Do we need to say—her name is

Betty Blythe

A Beautiful Complexion

Just a few minutes' use each day of the Star Electrical Vibrator will promote a clear, healthy complexion, free from blackheads, eruptions and wrinkles. Results are permanent.

Worn-out Nerves

Can be wonderfully rested with just a few minutes' electrical massage. Far more effective than drugs in relieving headaches and overworked nerves.

Aches and Pains

No matter what the cause may be, electrical massage brings relief and relaxation. Sufferers from rheumatism and insomnia will find the Star Vibrator invaluable.

Guaranteed to do all that we claim. Sold on a ten-day trial basis. Your money refunded if you are not satisfied.
Note: The Star Vibrator fits any ordinary lamp socket and can be used on all **alternating currents.** It is not adapted to direct current used in the business section of some large cities.

Send $5.00 today—use the Vibrator 10 days and if not satisfied return it and we will refund your money.

THE FITZGERALD MFG. CO.
38 Railroad Square Torrington, Conn.

DIAMONDS WATCHES ON CREDIT

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

There are over 2,000 photographic illustrations of Diamond Rings, Diamond La Vallieres, Diamond Ear Screws, Diamond Scarf Pins, Diamond Studs, Watches, Wrist Watches; also our wonderful showy assembled Solitaire Diamond Clusters.

Diamonds Win Hearts

Cased in Handsome Ring Box

Loftis Perfection Diamond Rings

Each Diamond is specially selected by our diamond experts and is skilfully mounted in our famous Loftis "Perfection" 14-karat solid gold 6-prong ring, possessing every line of delicate grace and beauty.

$10 Down, $5 a Month. buys a $50 Ring.
$20 Down, $10 a Month, buys a $100 Ring,
$25 Down, $12.50 a Month, buys a $125 Ring.

Every Article in Our Large Jewelry Catalog is specially selected and priced **unusually low.** Whatever you select will be sent prepaid by us. **You see and examine the article right in your own hands.** If satisfied, pay one-fifth of purchase price and keep it; balance divided into eight equal amounts, payable monthly. Standard world-renowned watches on credit terms as low as $2.50 a month. Send for Catalog. **LIBERTY BONDS ACCEPTED.**

LOFTIS BROS & CO. EST'D 1858
The National Credit Jewelers
Dept. M. 615 108 N. State St.
CHICAGO, ILL.
STORES IN LEADING CITIES

Buy U. S. War Savings Stamps

The Fame and Fortune Contest

(*Continued from page 69*)

as well in an engraving as an ordinary portrait.

The contest is open to men. This should be repeated, perhaps. Many masculine contestants have appeared, but, we regret to report, their average hasn't nearly approached the so-called weaker sex. It is up to the men to make a better showing.

Upon the closing, the final winner will be selected. Undoubtedly he or she (as the contest is now open to men) will be selected from among the various semi-monthly honor rolls. It is possible that three or four leaders may be chosen and invited to come to New York for test motion pictures, after which the final winner will be decided upon.

It is also possible that a first prize may be awarded to both a man and a woman. This will, however, be decided later, an announcement being made in both The Motion Picture Magazine and The Motion Picture Classic.

Since the winner will be named from the various honor rolls, it is important that contestants submit their portrait, or portraits, at the earliest possible moment, thus getting, if possible, an early place on these rolls.

It is important, if you have already won a place on the honor roll, that you submit at least several more pictures to be used later by the judges. In this case, contestants should write the words "honor roll" across the face of the entrance coupon which is attached to the portrait. The words should be written in red ink, to be plainly distinguished.

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

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

The Fame and Fortune jury includes: Mary Pickford, Thomas Ince, Cecil de Mille, Maurice Tourneur, Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, James Montgomery Flagg, Howard Chandler Christy and Eugene V. Brewster.

The terms of the contest follow:

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

MAGAZINE ENTRANCE COUPON

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

Name.....

Address.....(street)

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

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

.....

When born.....Birthplace.....

Eyes (color).....Hair (color).....

Height.....Weight.....

Complexion.....

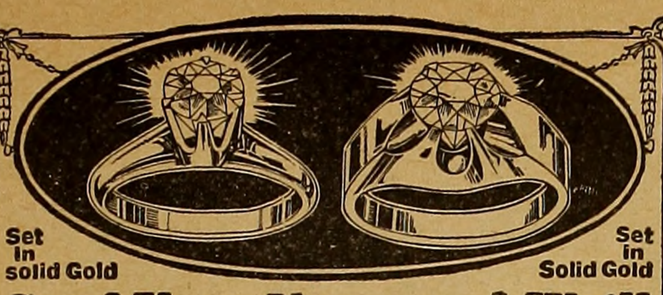
THE RHAPSODY.

The hours I've spent with thee, Bill Hart,
Have skinned a string of meals from me;
I pass up table d'hote and á la carte—
My noonday spree, my noonday spree!

Each hour a meal, each meal a swear,
To ease a throb in anguish wrung!
I quell each throb until the end,
And there I'm all unstrung!

Oh, movie sprees that stress and burn!
Oh, famished gain and dinner loss!
I sell each feed and starve, the price to earn
To come across Bill Hart, to come across!

—C. Wiles Hallock.



Send Your Name and We'll Send You a Lachnite

DON'T send a penny. Just send your name and say: "Send me a Lachnite mounted in a solid gold ring on 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit $4.75 with the postman and then wear the ring for 10 full days. **If you, or if any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back.** But if you decide to buy it—send us $2.50 a month until $18.75 has been paid.

Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which of the solid gold rings illustrated above you wish (ladies' or men's). Be sure to send finger size.

Harold Lachman Co., 12 N. Michigan Av., Dept. 1544 Chicago

Money in Photoplays!

Big demand and high prices paid for the right kind. Can you write them? Here is an easy and sure way to find out. Send 10c. for our **Test-Lesson and Talent-Detector** which will quickly show whether or not you are adapted to this work. Get this unique and instructive publication at once and learn if you have or have not the necessary imagination and ability to produce picture-play scenarios. Delay may mean lost opportunities. Send dime or stamps today.

PHOTOPLAY INSTITUTE, Dept. 1, Jackson, Mich.

HOTEL BINGHAM -- Philadelphia

IN THE CENTER OF EVERYTHING

Large well lighted and comfortable rooms. Hot and cold running water in every room. Only hotel having direct Subway and Elevated connection with all railroad stations, ferries and department stores. Roof Garden. Club Breakfast. Special Luncheons. Rooms without bath, $1.50; with bath, $2.00 up. **FRANK KIMBLE, Manager.**

10 PIECE MANICURING SET

Including the Famous

IVORY NAIL ENAMEL BLEACH and CUTICLE HEALER

This is one of the most complete sets on the market — contains every requisite for manicuring. If not satisfactory, money promptly refunded.

Entire set postpaid for $1.00—order yours today.

IVORY MANICURE SPECIALTY CO.
852 Broadway Brooklyn, New York

PEZZOS "Hair-Dress"

Makes stubborn hair easy to comb, neat and attractive

Miss Betty Parker — Jay Dinon

Featured in Jack Norworth's "Odds and Ends"

Adopted by—Screen—Stage—Society

Because Hair-Dress will make the most stubborn hair stay the way you comb it and retain a smooth, dressy appearance the entire evening. With Hair-Dress you can comb your hair any fashionable style—straight back—any way you want it. Hair-Dress will also give to your hair that beautiful lustre so much in vogue with men and women of the stage, the screen and society. Is harmless and acts as an excellent tonic.

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

Send $1.00 for Three Months' Supply.

HAIR-DRESS CO., Dept. 54, 4652 N. Campbell Ave., Chicago

Hermo "Hair-Lustr"

(Keeps the Hair Dressed)

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

The hair will **stay dressed** after Hermo "HAIR-LUSTR" has been applied. No more mussy, untidy looking hair. Adds a charming sheen and luster, insuring the **life** of the hair, as well as its **beauty.** Dress it in any of the **prevailing styles,** and it will stay that way. Gives the hair that soft, glossy, well groomed appearance so becoming to the stars of the stage and screen. Guaranteed harmless and **greaseless.**

Two Sizes—50c and $1

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

HERMO CO., 542 E. 63rd St., Dept. 14, CHICAGO

GOING TO LIVE IN CALIFORNIA?

If you ever intend to own a home, a lot, or acreage, in or near Los Angeles—Get Busy Now. Good residence lots $550 up. Pretty little homes, $1,500 up. Close in acres, some with fruit trees, $1,000 up. 5 and 10 and 20 acre ranches, $250 up per acre. Let me know which kind of property interests you. Free maps, pictures, and full particulars. Any of above properties can be bought on very easy monthly payments. Write at once. Now.

SCOTTI McKEE, "The Bargain King"
Suite 705 Ferguson B'ldg Los Angeles, Cal.

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im. diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold f. ring, set with a 1-2k Hawaiian im. diamond—in beautiful ring box postage paid. Pay postmaster $1.25 C. O. D. charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money Answer quick. Send size of finger.

KRAUTH & REED, Dept. 68
MASONIC TEMPLE CHICAGO

You TOO can have that Soft-Rosy Velvety Complexion

Your Complexion Mars or Makes Your Appearance

This great beauty marvel has instantly produced a sensation. Stubborn cases have been cured that baffled physicians for years. You have never in all your life used anything like it. Makes muddy complexions, red spots, pimples, blackheads, eruptions vanish almost like magic. No cream, lotion, enamel, salve, plaster, bandage, mask, massage, diet, or apparatus, nothing to swallow. It doesn't matter whether or not your complexion is "awful," whether your face is full of muddy spots, peppery blackheads, embarassing pimples and eruptions, or whether your skin is rough and "porey," and you've tried almost everything under the sun to get rid of the blemishes. This wonderful treatment in just 10 days, positively beautifies your skin in a marvelous way.

Blemishes Removed Quickly and Permanently

You look years younger. It gives the skin the bloom and tint of purity of a freshly-blown rose. In ten days you can be the subject of wild admiration by all your friends, no matter what your age or condition of health. **All methods now known are cast aside.** Your face, even arms, hands, shoulders, are beautified beyond your fondest dreams. All this I will absolutely prove to you before your own eyes in your mirror in 10 days. This treatment is very pleasant to use. A few minutes every day does it.

Let me tell you about this really astounding treatment. You take no risk—send no money—just your name and address and I will give you full particulars by next mail—Free.

PEARL LA SAGE, Inc.
Suite 672, 4325 Drexel Blvd., Chicago

Buy U.S. War Savings Stamps

Wrestling Book FREE

Be an expert wrestler. Learn at home by mail. Wonderful lessons prepared by world's champions **Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch. Free book** tells you how Secret holds, blocks and tricks revealed. Don't delay. Be strong, healthy. Handle big men with ease. Write for free book. State age.
Farmer Burns, 1544 Range Bldg., **Omaha, Neb.**

Trade Mark Reg.

WURLITZER

200 years of instrument making

Free Trial

PLAY IT A WEEK

You may have your choice of more than 2,000 instruments for a week's trial in your own home. Play it as if it were your own. Then, if you wish, you may send it back at our expense. Trial does not cost you a penny. Don't miss this big offer.

Convenient Monthly Payments

If you decide to buy you may pay the low manufacturer's price at the rate of a few cents a day. The name "Wurlitzer" has stood for the highest quality for nearly two centuries. Every known musical instrument sold to you at direct-from-the-manufacturer's price. We've supplied U. S. Gov't with trumpets for 55 years.

Send the Coupon

Just put your name and address on the coupon now. Please state what instrument you are interested in. There is no obligation. We will send you the big 160-page book free and prepaid. Send coupon now!

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
Dept. 1544
East Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
Dept. 1544
E. 4th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:--Please send me your 160-page catalog, absolutely free. Also tell about your special offer direct from the manufacturer.

Name.....

Address.....

I am interested in.....
(Name of instrument here)

The Charm of Beautiful Finger Nails

JUST as most women appreciate that good taste in shoes and millinery greatly enhances their appearance, so do they realize that carefully manicured finger nails adds to their charm and appearance.

Graf's **HYGLO** *Manicure Preparations*

will enable every woman to keep her finger nails in perfect condition, without an extravagance of time or money.

Fifty Perfect Manicures for One Dollar

The complete HYGLO Outfit (illustrated below) contains everything necessary for fifty perfect manicures. Included is a bottle of HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach, one jar each of HYGLO Nail Polish Paste (Pink) and HYGLO Nail White, and one cake of HYGLO Nail Polish, together with flexible nail file, emery board, orange stick and cotton.

The HYGLO Outfit at $1.00 or any of the individual HYGLO Preparations at 25 cents each, are sold by drug and department stores, or will be mailed by us direct, if your dealer is not supplied.

Trial **HYGLO** *Outfit 10 cents*

To enable you to try HYGLO Nail Polish (Powder) and HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach, we will mail you a small outfit including emery board, orange stick and cotton, upon receipt of 10 cents in coin or stamps.

GRAF BROS.
Incorporated
123 W. 24th St.
New York
Established 1873

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 84.)

MAID MAKE BELIEVE.—Your good wishes heartily accepted. Of course I save. Always lay something aside for a rainy day even if it is only an umbrella. Clara Horton will play with Shirley Mason.

CHICAGO.—You know that most extras are not cast, and I haven't the name of the cook in "The Cook." Are you sure that is the correct title? Edna Mayo, of Essanay fame, is back in "Hearts of Love." Alfred Whitman opposite Bessie Barriscale. Colleen Moore will play with Charles Ray when she finishes her present engagement.

LONESOME.—Aha, letter from a little French girl who wants to correspond with our soldier boys over here! Nice of you, lassie, but the boys are moving about so now that they are not in the same place very long.

BOBBIE; G. H.; MISS BOBBIE; MAE MURRAY ADMIRER; ROSE; BERNICE; EUNICE C.; DOROTHY D.; BILL W.; PAULINE E.; JOSEPH G.; VICTUM; BEATRICE R.; D. E. M.; SIOUX; ELIZABETH F.; AGNES M.; RUTH R.; CAPITAL FILM CO.; EMMA A.; WANDA M.; PEARLE H.; A. L. LAKE; ESTHER R. B.; MRS. J. D.; MRS. KNOWLES; RHODE MCG.; MARGARET S.; JESSUP; JOE FROST; METRO PIC. JO; A FRIEND; ELIZABETH B.; ARABELLA B.; RUTH G.; ANNA J.; CONICE O. B.; MISS U. S. A.; WM. HART FAN; JANNETT B.; BETTY B.; JOCELYN B. C.; RAYMOND B.; SHIRLEY F.; C. & I. B.; THEODORE F.; JOHN P.; THELMA R.; WM. DUNCAN FAN; MARY V. O.; LEE B.; MARIE W.; U. S. A. FOREVER; ELIZABETH H.; PEGGY; BLACKBIRD M. D., and LOIS A. W.—As you see, my space has been shortened, and since most of your questions have been answered to others above, I will have to beg to be excused.

VIDA G.—Please desist. Go away somewhere. Else stop asking foolish ?? about kissing. But I will quote eminent authority. Eugene O'Brien says that he is never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless he has it from her own lips. I always did say a player should cultivate individuality and not follow blindly in the paths of others. Gene has got the right idea. Billie Burke is Mrs. Flo Ziegfeld in private life. The Mersereaus are sisters. Sidney Drew has seen about 54 summers, and about the same number of winters.

FLORENCE.—Of course I go to church. I'm not too old to reform. But just now I'm more interested in this world than I am in the next. I cant change the next by worrying and pondering over it. Hoot mon! Kittens Reichert was with Vitagraph last. Lou-Tellegen is touring in "Blind Youth," which is not a fine play.

KATHERINE G.—A doughboy is an American soldier, and American soldiers, infantrymen, artillerymen, medical department, signal corps officers and men alike, all are called doughboys. No, no, Ruth St. Denis is not 70. No, Katie.

M. D. W.—I surely cant tell you the name of the picture you saw in 1915 with a woman fighting a leopard. We have a file of some 15 or 20,000 plays, but I cant identify a play by your meager description. Yes, I saw G. M. Anderson since he came back, but he has lost his girlish figure.

PRINCE DANTAN.—You want to know who wrote the hymn "Even Me." I do not know, unless it was Adam—"Eve and Me." Last I heard of Crane Wilbur he was in Los Angeles, playing in stock. Why yes, write him. Elizabeth Risdon was Kate. Thanks for all the kind things you say about me.

MADCAP M. G. B.—A thousand thanks for the basket of apples. Very charming of you. Hesperides, Adam, William Tell, and Isaac Newton each had little affairs with an apple, and now I'm having mine. Send 25 cents when sending for a picture. Dont just send a stamp—send a stamped addressed envelope. It takes some seconds for me to write out the address, lick the stamp, and slap it on, and seconds are scarce.

MISS F. C.—Harry Hilliard is with Metro. Conway Tearle—he's had a quartette of wives. None of the players you mentioned in the list are married.

FINGER IN THE PIE.—No, I do not use curling irons on my whiskers, dear one. I comb my beard before retiring and they curl by themselves during the night with the damp air. You say you run to meet the postman every day; believe me, I run from him when I see him coming. Thrift stamp, candy, old shoes, or anything like that will do. Mary Pickford is not going on the stage, but will remain in pictures.

LONELY STAR.—The Irish orator and dramatist, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was responsible for the famous saying, "It would be a jump from the frying pan into the fire," when it was proposed at one time to tax coal instead of iron. Address Warren Kerrigan, Los Angeles, Cal. I thank you.

MERLIN.—Ah, but when a king has lost his head, there is no further help for him. Not so with a country. You think the Fame and Fortune Contest should be for men too. It has been so decided.

ADELINE P.—Cant understand why Wallace Reid doesn't answer you—he is usually so prompt. Why not let your friend go out and meet the boys? If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances thru life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair.

DOROTHY.—Mighty fine letter, Dorothy, shake.

SONNY.—Altogether I find there are 900 lights that illuminate the headlands and harbors of Great Britain and Ireland. There is an electric lamp in one of the lighthouses so strong that it gives light equal to 30,000,000 candles. Despite this fact about 4,000 wrecks and collisions take place 'round these shores every year. Geraldine Farrar in "The Hell Cat." Pearl White in "The Lightning Raider."

TWO MARY ADMIRERS.—Illusions are the daily bread of the unfortunate. Stop your dreaming. Why not join one of the clubs?

F. H. W.—"Pan" means united. Pan-Slavism was an agitation for drawing closer together politically as they are in many of their social customs, all the various races of Slavs, or those speaking the Slavonian languages, such as Russian, Polish, Bulgarian, Servian, Bohemian, Slovaks, etc. Lillian Gish was the daughter of Stoneman in "The Birth of a Nation." Very glad to hear from you.

TEXAS COW GIRL.—The only player who tells the truth about his salary is the one who never mentions it. I think William Duncan has a home of his own. He certainly deserves one and can afford one if he wants it. So the crown prince is at Limburg. Quite fitting. He will not be noticed there. His fragrance of soul, however, might even put the famous limburger to shame.

MADELINE.—I'm not 100 years older than you are, not yet. That was Laurence Payton in "The Greater Law." I never groan, just sigh.

THE ELMS.—Glad you are contented. That's the result of a limited imagination. In Los Angeles. Yes, we always give our employees time to rest, including myself. But if you give some employees room to sit down they will take room to lie down. I have never yet been known to lay down on the job—I never let them know it.

ART ISTOOBEE.—Haven't that address. You know after I read all the letters I receive—into the waste basket for them. There's a truck comes for the waste papers every night. Yes, Leo Sielke made that drawing of me at the head of this department. He always gets good likenesses.

PEARL'S SISTER.—I warn you, once you begin with love, you'll have to see it thru. I may be a cynic, but I am not one of those who believes that morality is another name for caution. Emily Stevens is with Metro. How is Sister Pearl?

FISH; AUDREY; PEGGY; BILLY J.; THELMA Y.; GERTRUDE M.; EDWARD D. K.; DORA H.; DAVID M. H.; ELVA A.; BILLIE; So. O. S.; LILLIAN W.; HAROLD; L. C.; WILMA M.; NORMA AND CONSTANCE; GUY; ALBERT W.; CANADIAN GIRL; A. PHOOLE; EVELYN W.; CHRISTINE C.; N. F. A.; HELEN G.; FRANK C.; WALLACE R. and F. D. W.—Write me again. See elsewhere for yours. Sorry to put you in the alsorans.

SEVERAL INQUIRIES.—The origin of "alsoran" is found in the reports of horse racing. After naming the winner, and the runner-up, and the one who finished third, they add, "Salvadore, Tenney, Bucephalus, and Pancho alsoran."

WILLIAM CLIFFORD.—William Clifford has his own company. He used to play opposite Edith Storey in the old Méliès days. They were the happy days. Worth has been under-rated ever since wealth has been over-rated. But after this war nobody who does not work will count for anything.

GAL.—No, I dont wear Young hats—only old ones. Haven't lost out yet

MISS OREGON.—I think that actors are very patriotic as a rule, but I recall that last spring when Winthrop Ames delivered an eloquent appeal at the Palace Theater calling for volunteers, 2,000 players stood on their feet and cheered for a chance to go; yet of that noble 2,000 onlv 85 have gone. Perhaps they are more generous than brave. Why dont you take a course in shorthand only? It wont hurt you.

LUCILLE VAN A.—So you think our covers are great. They are. The editor and artists try to make them so, and they usually succeed.

HAZEL M.—Dion Titheradge, of course Sidney Mason in "The Forbidden Path." Ruby De Remer is indeed a beautiful girl. We dined together last week, and I just couldn't keep my eyes off her. Now if she were about fifty years older——!

RUTH B.—I dont know why Alice Brady spoils her pretty smiles with a grin every once in a while. She continues to do it So you thought "Good Night Paul" was too risqué. New York audiences require risqué plays. So you like my style. Well, I always was considered stylish.

WEEQUAHIC.—You must be related to Gloomy Gus. Doris Lee in "His Mother's Boy." The biggest troubles with some of us are those that never happen In 1429 Paris was a province of England, while Charles VII. was king of France. It was during this period that Jeanne d'Arc made her entrance into the history of France.

NENETTE DE C.—Elaine Hammerstein's last picture was "Her Man."

The Hinds Honey and Almond Cream

TOILET NECESSITIES

possess qualities of surpassing excellence. Each and every one will do its particular part, most agreeably and economically, in adding charm to your complexion—to neck, arms or hands. Not only personal gratification but comfort and improved skin-health will follow their *daily use*. You may have used the liquid cream for years, but you should try the others. Let Mr. Hinds send you a complete descriptive booklet free.

SAMPLES: Be sure to enclose stamps with your request. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 2c. Both Cold and Disappearing Cream 4c. Talcum 2c. Trial cake Soap 8c. Sample Face Powder 2c., Trial Size 15c. Attractive Week-end Box 50c.

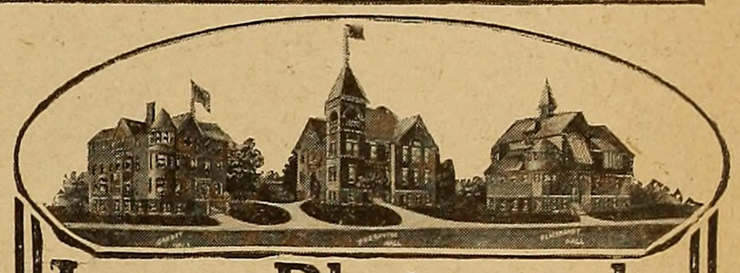
Hinds Cream Toilet Necessities are selling everywhere, or will be mailed, postpaid in U. S. A., from Laboratory.

A. S. HINDS 245 West Street Portland, Maine

½ PRICE $2.50
SEND NO MONEY
IF YOU CAN TELL IT FROM A GENUINE DIAMOND SEND IT BACK.

To prove to you that our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND closely resembles the finest genuine South African Diamond, with same DAZZLING RAINBOW-HUED BRILLIANCY (Guaranteed 20 yrs.), we will send above Ladies' Tiffany Style Ring with one carat gem (Catalogue price $4.98) for **Half Price to introduce**, $2.50; or same thing but Gent's Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring (Catalogue price $6.26) for $3.10 Mountings are our finest 12kt. gold filled quality. Mexican Diamonds are GUARANTEED 20 YEARS. **SEND NO MONEY.** Simply clip out this advertisement and we will ship by mail C O. D. If not entirely pleased return within TWO DAYS for money back less actual handling charges. Give size. Act quick. Offer limited. Only one to customer. Catalogue FREE. AGENTS WANTED.

MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO.
Dept. CA2. Las Cruces, N. Mex.
(Exclusive controllers Genuine Mexican Diamonds)

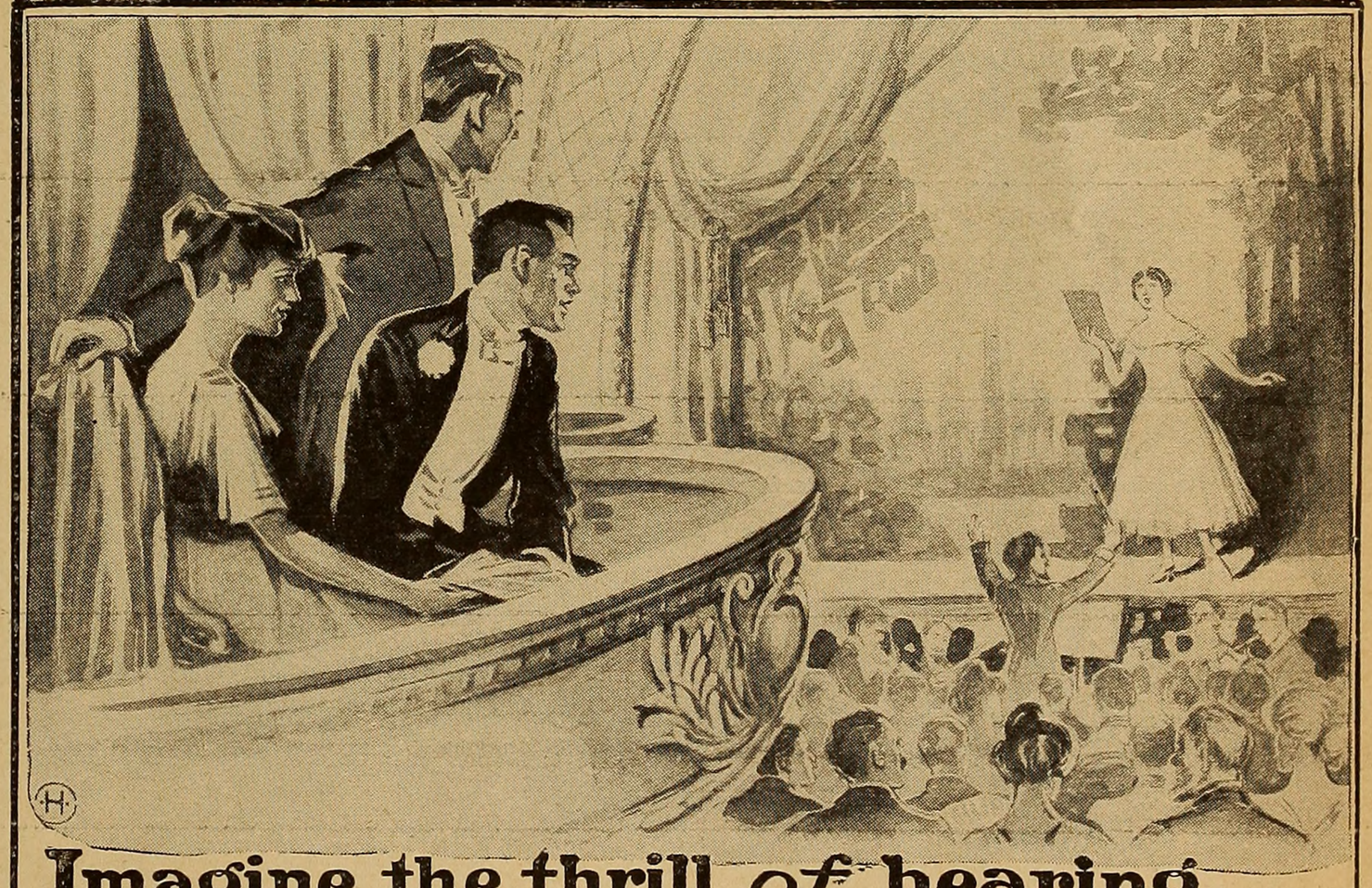


Learn Photography

Good-paying positions in the best studios of the country await men and women who prepare themselves now. For 25 years we have successfully taught Photography, Photo-Engraving and Three-Color Work.

Our graduates earn $25 to $75 a week. We assist them to secure these positions. Now is the time to fit yourself for an advanced position at better pay. Terms easy; living inexpensive. Largest and best school of its kind. Write for catalog *today*.

ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Box MP, 743 Wabash Ave., Effingham, Illinois



Imagine the thrill of hearing Your Song from the Stage!

Why don't *YOU write the Words for a Song,* and submit your poem to us? Write about Patriotism, Love or any other subject. We write the music and guarantee Publisher's acceptance. If you have a poem written now, send it to us TODAY. There will never be too many popular songs.

CHESTER MUSIC COMPANY
Suite 293, 538 S. Dearborn St., CHICAGO

CHESTER MUSIC CO., Suite 293, 538 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

Gentlemen—Enclosed find poem entitled..... .....

....for your inspection.

Name .....

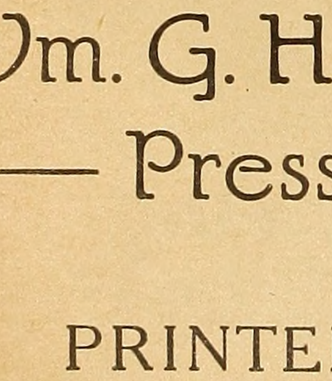
Street Address.....

City or Town ..... State. .....

Unhampered Grace

IT IS a question if Fashion's present mode could be so popular without Delatone. The sleeveless gown and sheer fabrics for sleeves cause it to be a very necessary toilette adjuvant for every woman, for Delatone makes possible freedom of movement, unhampered grace, modest elegance and correct style. That is why—

"they all use Delatone"



Delatone is an old and well-known scientific preparation, for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths, no matter how thick or stubborn.

Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for removal of objectionable hair from face, neck or arms. After application, the skin is clear, firm and hairless.

Druggists sell Delatone; or an original 1-oz. jar will be mailed to any address upon receipt of $1 by

THE SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL CO.
Dept. HW, 339 South Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

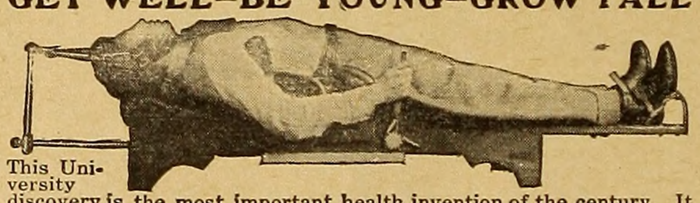
Telephone 5499 Main

The Wm. G. Hewitt Press

PRINTERS AND BINDERS

Sixty-one to Sixty-seven Navy St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

GET WELL—BE YOUNG—GROW TALL



This University discovery is the most important health invention of the century. It remakes and rejuvenates the Human Body. It produces normal spines, It frees impinged and irritated nerves. corrects contracted muscles. shortened ligaments, eliminates congestion, improves circulation and drainage of the body. **It will increase the body's length.**
THE PANDICULATOR CO., 1516 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, O.

Women-Learn to Draw

Earn $35 to $100 a week

We teach you Mechanical Drawing, quickly and thoroughly, at your home in spare time—furnish Complete Drawing Outfit FREE—and help you secure a position as soon as qualified. You can quickly qualify for a big position with our help. No previous training necessary. Write for Free Book. **COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF DRAFTING,**
Dept. 975, 14th and T St., Washington, D. C.

WANTED! BUYERS OF GENUINE PHOTOS OF MOVIE STARS, 35¢ ea. 7 for $2.

These are the real Photos

All original poses by the Stars. Beautiful and Artistic and they are sure to please you. If not, we refund your money. **35c each, 7 for $2.00.** Exceptional value. **Make your selection NOW from this list:**

Theda Bara	E. K. Lincoln	Norma Talmadge
Beverly Bayne	Mary Miles Minter	Lillian Walker
Carlyle Blackwell	Antonio Moreno	Fanny Ward
Francis X. Bushman	Mabel Normand	Pearl White
Marguerite Clark	Viginia Pearson	Earle Williams
Marie Doro	Olga Petrova	Ben F. Wilson
Alice Joyce	Mary Pickford	Clara K. Young
Jack Kerrigan	Anita Stewart	and 100 others.
Mollie King	Blanche Sweet	

Check the 7 you want, pin a $2 bill to this advertisement, with your name and address written plainly on margin, and mail to

S. BRAM — Dept. A-48
209 W. 48th. ST., NEW YORK

ALLISON LOVER.—You ask me if I believe in the nude in art. Certainly, why not? I am not one of those who believes in draping the legs of tables and chairs, who will not allow bearskins on the floor, and who refuses to wear undressed kids. I am a great admirer of the human form divine, but have never yet beheld an altogether entirely surrounded by nothing. May Allison is in the West. Always rim a little higher than the mark—if the mark is a dimple in her chin. You seem to be equipped with a self-starter, but no brakes.

DOUG FAN.—What makes you think I dont like Doug. I does. No, thank you, please dont send me a palm, for I have no place to put it. It requires about seven years to grow palms to the size necessary for good fan leaves, and after that they furnish an annual crop indefinitely, the Chinese stating that the trees live for hundreds of years, producing their annual crop. An old tree will produce leaves as large as five feet in length with a breadth just above the lower end of perhaps three feet. Can you tell me movie enthusiasts? No, of course you why fan leaves are so popular with cant.

RICHARD C. H.—R. A. Walsh in "The Quallan's Revenge."

TEXAS BLUE BONNET.—My heart has no wrinkles, but my face has. Very well, we'll be sedate if you like. Walter Miller to your first, Harrison Ford next. Double Exposure next. I'll treat you as you treat me—but there's no love lost between us, is there?

CHERRY BEE.—What is childhood but a series of happy illusions? No, no, dont you know Ruth Roland? She has been in pictures for years. The "S" in William Hart's name—suspense. The "V" in our editor's name—versatility.

HELEN H.—Oh, they'll never name a perfume after me. My favorite, well it's Ideal, I guess. Sorry I cant use your clever pome.

ISABEL V. O.—Take my advice and dont buy things on the instalment plan as a rule—a dollar down, and a dollar whenever the collector catches you in. So your love match has at last resulted in marriage. Well, the game of love usually results in a tie.

NIFTY.—No, I didn't go on a strike. The printers and waiters in New York did tho. Everyone must speak for himself these days, even a parrot does. Accent on the last syllable in Farrar. Nifty paper, Nifty. Every evil temptation adds a solid block to the foundation of character. Pile on the blocks, Nifty.

EUGENE O'BRIEN ADMIRER.—Get him a Paramount.

SOLID IVORY.—Speaking of heads, a vacuum is the top story of a snob. Well, I fear you will never see Theda Bara vamp William Hart on the screen. I dont vouch for William's private life, for I know nothing of it.

MAY.—Your verses for Mary Pickford are very clever. Charles Gunn in "Wedlock."

FLUFF.—Do me justice, that's all I ask. Viola Allen and Richard Travers in "The White Sister." Marian Swayne. John Cook in "The Shine Girl." Wheeler Oakman in "The Ne'er Do Well." David Powell in "Less Than Dust." Lowell Sherman in "Always in the Way."

THERESA F.—Come again with another such fine letter.

STEPHEN W.—You certainly are conserving with paper, but there is a kind of paper for every occasion, and you are quite out of place. Alfred Whitman was born in Chicago.

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 75*)

and settings are all fine and some of the photography is great. J.

"Camping Out" (Paramount)

Roscoe Arbuckle's latest is no better nor worse than his previous releases, and not much different in character. He is the same "Fatty" in whatever he plays. It will amuse and entertain many thousands and disgust many of them. Not many will go to sleep when "Camping Out" is on, for it is a continuous performance of funny incidents, mostly of the slap-stick order. Unfortunately, there is a sameness to all of his pictures, and he never misses a chance to get in a vulgar or suggestive touch. If it is not a surgeon who has just performed an operation, appearing with his white clothes smeared with blood, or a man trying to get into a woman's bedroom, or peeping into her bath-house, or too conspicuously displayed human forms divine, or mistaking rank cheese for his socks, and so on, it is an exhibition of vomiting from seasickness as in "Camping Out." It is quite possible and probable that many people enjoy these and other similar vulgarities, and I suppose the more refined patrons of the photodrama must endure them for the sake of the others. At any rate, nobody will accuse Mr. Arbuckle of elevating the film art. Again, there is no accounting for tastes. While I personally seldom get a laugh out of the Arbuckle comedies, and am always stirred hilariously by everything that Chaplin does, some people are affected quite the opposite, because I hear considerable laughter in every theater where Arbuckle is showing. While there are many clever and ingenious devices and incidents in all of the Arbuckle farces, I would say that, while Chaplin is a genius, Arbuckle is merely a clown. J.

"Day Dreams" (Goldwyn)

The very worst thing about this picture is the photography, which is wretchedly done, while the story, even to the most romantic souls, must fall short. Coming into the theater late, I failed to discover whether little Madge Kennedy was supposed to be completely insane or just a bit queer. After reading the press sheets I discovered that the little duck girl or goose girl was supposed to be a great dreamer. She imagines her Prince Charming is coming and when a flesh and blood suitor woos her she will have nothing of him. So he hires a friend to rig up as Prince Charming—and they live happily ever after—on the duck farm. Madge Kennedy's charm as a rule is natural and very pleasing, but neither the direction, the story, nor the other members of the cast are any help to her in this latest release.

"The Hidden Truth" (Select)

The much-announced Anna Case, "celebrated grand opera prima donna," at last has appeared upon the screen—from the Metropolitan Opera House to Loew's New York Picture Theater à la Geraldine Farrar. When Farrar was first announced in the film "Carmen," it set the country afire with wonder, hope and expectancy. Everybody had heard of her, few had seen her, and all wanted to get a glimpse of her. Her Carmen was not as good as Theda Bara's, but she scored. A good director might have corrected some of her screen stiffness and let her in on many of the screen secrets so as to make her appear more winsome, but for some reason he did not. However, they gave her a good scenario, for the story is an interesting one and holds the interest charmingly up to within a few feet of the end, when several bad blunders are made. In short, the story comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb. The support is mostly good—particularly a young woman (unnamed) who plays the part of Myrtle. She has a beautiful classic face and plays naturally and with great feeling—quite in contrast with the star at times. Charles Richman as the lead is fairly good. Anna Case may yet shine on the screen, but not until she finds a director who knows. Was not Marion Davies once beautiful and very promising until she struck a director who did not know? J.

The Glad Girl

(*Continued from page 37*)

to squelch us poor little ingénues. There is no excuse for anyone being up-stage. It is often only luck that makes one player a star and another an extra, and just because fate has been kind to me, it does not make me any better than anyone else. But, I would be silly not to be *glad* about it, and enjoy it while the going's good . . . wouldn't I?"

Miss Leslie's large gray eyes sparkled with a keen sense of Irish humor. A bond of fellowship seemed to bring us close together in that moment. Here was girlhood that was frank and natural.

For the first time in ages, I wanted to lapse into a matinée monolog of how perfectly sweet and adorable and——

But, Gladys Leslie wouldn't like that glucose verbiage, and so my eyes alone complimented her upon the fact that she possessed the unusual combination of being an ingénue with a sense of humor, and a star without a pose.

To most interviewers Gladys Leslie admits that her favorite book is her bank book, and her chief joy is watching the columns mount. To me she allowed her eyes to become dream-laden as we spoke of our ambitions.

"Some day," she said, "when the columns have mounted high enough, I want to own a farm, with chickens and flowers and ducks, and all that—and a husband: most of all I want to be able to afford to take time to have children. I *adore* babies."

So speaks Gladys Leslie, a sun-kist buttercup, whom vagrant chance caught in a hothouse bouquet of screen roses.

"I hate photoplays," she continued, "that have the slightest touch of suggestiveness. I never want to play in anything but sweet, clean comedy-dramas. Dont think me a good-goody," she added hastily, "but I believe that only that which is good and clean and beautiful can live."

"Do you like dancing and cabarets?" I asked, searchingly.

Miss Leslie's clear young eyes looked at me dubiously. "Do you know how many times I have been in a public restaurant in my life?"

I shook my head "no."

"Exactly five times and that was five times too many. I hate that sort of life, and besides," she said naively, "I *need* eight hours sleep every night or I cant do my work justice."

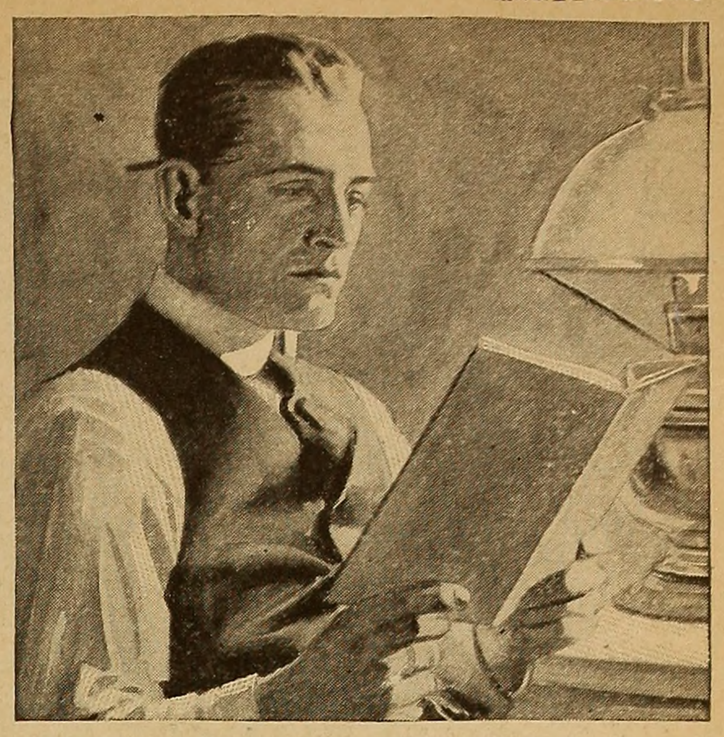
She is in love with life, and life could not fail but return the compliment.

Before I left the gladness of her presence, she herself got luncheon for us . . . a delicious one, daintily served.

When I departed, she stood in the doorway and allowed the icy breath of Brooklyn to penetrate her filmy garments.

"I sure am *glad* you came," she said.

And even in retrospect I am conscious of her pleasing optimism, her Glad Girl friendship.



$95 an Hour!

"Every hour I spent on my I. C. S. Course has been worth $95 to me! My position, my $5,000 a year income, my home, my family's happiness—I owe it all to my spare time training with the International Correspondence Schools!"

Every mail brings letters from some of the two million I. C. S. students telling of promotions or increases in salary as the rewards of spare time study.

What are *you* doing with the hours after supper? Can you afford to let them slip by unimproved when you can easily make them mean so much? One hour a day spent with the I. C. S. will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best. Yes, it will! Put it up to *us* to prove it. Mark and mail this coupon *now*!

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 6589, SCRANTON, PA.

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

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

Name_____

Present Occupation_____

Street and No._____

City_____ State_____

THE
EMPIRE STATE ENGRAVING CO.

PHOTO-ENGRAVERS
GOOD CUTS

Half-tone and Line Work for Printing in One or More Colors for Any Purpose
DESIGNING :: :: RETOUCHING

165-167 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK

"Colorite will make this hat look new"

Says Betty Blythe, The Vitagraph Star

AND thousands of women everywhere can make last year's faded hat look just like new by using the original, never-disappointing

Jet Black
Dull Black
Cardinal Red
Yellow
Navy Blue
Cadet Blue
Victory Blue
Sage Green

Colorite
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
COLORS OLD & NEW STRAW HATS

Cerise
Burnt Straw
Brown
Violet
Lavender
Old Rose
Gray
Natural

It is a liquid sold in a bottle with a brush for applying. It is waterproof and durable. Easily applied by anyone. Dries in thirty minutes. Also fine for coloring Satin, Silk and Canvas Slippers, Basketry, Leather Hand Bags and Belts.

Sold by Drug and Department Stores throughout the United States and Canada. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send a bottle of Colorite postpaid upon receipt of 30 cents. Be sure to name color you want.

CARPENTER-MORTON COMPANY

Established 1840

Makers of the Famous Economy Products

80 Sudbury Street Boston, Mass.

Canadian Distributors: A. Ramsay & Son Co., Montreal

Own Your Own Stocks in a Year

BEGIN TO-DAY

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

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

Francis & Co.

Investment Securities

Cor. Broadway and Wall St., New York City

Making Mother Nature Into an Ingénue

(*Continued from page* 31)

various locations according to local weather conditions. In this way he loses little time. Having studied his locations and written his scripts ahead, he can carry the story of one reel thru many States, filming a number of bits of various pictures in the same section. Thus "A Wee Bit Odd" had flashes from Idaho, Oregon, California and Wyoming. Changes are frequently made in scenarios, of course. Recently Bruce ran into several bears upon a river bank. He drove them across a river, filming their efforts to escape and introduced this into his story, rewriting the script.

"The note of adventure must be in every one of my pictures," continued Mr. Bruce. "I frequently appear, simply because I know just what I want and how I want it done. But I often use other people and I frequently employ dogs. I find them more natural than humans. I doubt if the screen has a better actor than my Dane II.

"I find it possible to easily take twenty pictures a year. Last year, however, I made twenty-eight. I feel certain that one reel will always remain the length of this type of picture. You know, I look upon the news weekly as the soup, my scenics as the fish, the photodramatic feature as the main course, and the farce as the dessert. And one just wants enough fish to whet the appetite.

"Future camera developments may help. If a real stereoscopic effect could be obtained, of course, the effect would be aided a hundred per cent I am in doubt whether or not natural colors would help, altho I am sure they would hurt photoplays. Colors would drown out dramatic action and dazzle the eye. In my case, too, they might destroy my story, which I purposely make slender, so that it may not detract from the eye's consideration of the picture."

Bruce has an interesting personality. He loves his work. "Is there anywhere in the world as interesting work as mine?" he asks. He is a lover of the out-doors. There is about him the natural gift of the camp-fire *raconteur*. He has had many thrilling experiences on his trips, but the stories he tells are nearly always about someone else. For instance, many miles from Glenwood, in the lonely Goat Rocks back of Mt. Adams, his cook, (a mere boy), was seized with appendicitis. The nearest 'phone was fifty miles away, the nearest doctor sixty. So they did the next best thing—packed the lad in snow and finally, when he improved, carried him back to civilization. Again, Bruce lost one of his favorite dogs into a crevasse of a glacier. The dog fell sixty feet and lodged in the slippery siding. Bruce lowered himself for forty feet, as far as his rope would carry, tied blankets on the end, but couldn't quite reach his pet. Finally he had to shoot the dog and climb back to safety. "The crevasse seemed bottomless, or I would have taken a chance," said Bruce hesitatingly. Recently Bruce and his party were snowed in the lonely Cascades for a week, finding their way back by a long unusual trail down an almost perpendicular mountain side. "We had cayuses, or we would never have made it," he explained. "A horse loses his head, but an Indian pony or a mule will stand still and wait for you to think of a way out. And they're as sure-footed as a goat.

"I've only lost one horse, however.

That one went into a crevasse and out of sight. We didn't even look for the pans with which he was loaded. The glacier will give them up fifty years from now, down at the snow line, after its fashion."

Up, atop Mt. Hood, Bruce found an interesting character in the person of the fire warden, who lives in a glass-topped observation post lashed to the peak. In the winter this is completely embanked in solid ice. Food is brought part way up the mountain. The warden meets the guides and "packs the grub" the rest of the distance on his own back. But this warden's post is extremely valuable. With his powerful glasses he can see for 125 miles in any direction, detect a forest fire and telephone to the nearest warden in a second.

"There is a loud telephone receiver fitted up and the warden spends his spare time listening to the telephone conversation of the whole country about Hood. I've often sat and listened to horses being swapped and gossip being exchanged. But, even with that recreation, the warden resigned a month ago. A new man has just gone up to try it out, at a hundred dollars a month and keep."

But to return to Bruce's plan for next year. He is going to do some twenty pictures abroad, ranging from the Scotch hills and the British lowlands to the Swiss Alps. "I am going to employ a foreign camera-man, probably a Frenchman," explains Bruce. "He will know atmospheric conditions better and I will also be aided by getting the foreign viewpoint, which ought to help my American one."

It interested us to know what part of America Bruce considered the one ideal section. And the producer answered with hesitation, "Washington is the most beautiful State. I dont believe Switzerland can touch it. There the great peaks rise right from the sea thousands of feet. Washington has all that is beautiful in nature, timber, water and snow. The whole stretch of the Cascade range thru Oregon and Washington is fascinating. California is, of course, the most beautiful place to live, and also the best atmospherically to film pictures, for forest fires are continually interfering with photography in the Cascades. You're continually praying for rain to stop the fires and then for it to stop raining so that you can grind. But, with all that, I love the Cascades."

HOLLYWOOD WENT TO HOLLYWOOD AND HOLLYWOOD LEFT HOLLYWOOD

"Yes, Hollywood is a great place, but not for mine!" So spoke Edwin L. Hollywood, director of "The Challenge Accepted," starring Zena Keefe, the first production of Arden Photoplays, Inc., released by the W. W. Hodkinson Corporation thru Pathé.

"Why, when I was out there associated with James Young in directing for Lasky, everywhere I turned it was Hollywood this and Hollywood that. There were hotels, grocery stores, butcher shops, dry-goods stores, theaters and banks named Hollywood. I got so confused I didn't know whether I was something to eat or wear, or a human being.

"One day in Los Angeles I purchased something and wanted it delivered. When asked my name, I said, 'Hollywood.'"

"'Yes,' replied the clerk, writing Hollywood on the line for the city. 'What's the name?'

"'Hollywood.'

"'I know, but——'"

!?*?!||?! etc.

GIVEN TO YOU AS A LARKIN FACTORY TO FAMILY SAVING

An Oak Rocker like this sells for $8 to $10 at stores. It is a remarkable value and we give it with a $10 purchase of Larkin Foods, Soaps, etc., as the saving you make by dealing direct with the great Larkin Factories.

SPRING CATALOG FREE

Send for this interesting book. See the New York Styles like this model or the hundreds of useful furnishings you can get as Larkin Premiums by dealing with us. Interest your friends in our great Club Plan. We make this a profitable service for you. For over forty years we have successfully served American homes.

Freight Service is again normal. Never were we in a better position to serve you.

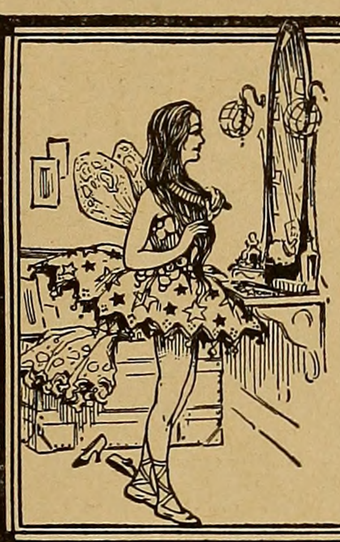
Larkin Co. Buffalo Chicago Peoria

Send me your new Spring Catalog 38

Name .....

Address .....

G. P. 395 .....



TITANIA, QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES

KEEPS HER TRESSES SHINING BY THE USE OF

WHITING-ADAMS HAIR BRUSHES

RECOGNIZED BY ALL DEALERS AS THE BEST

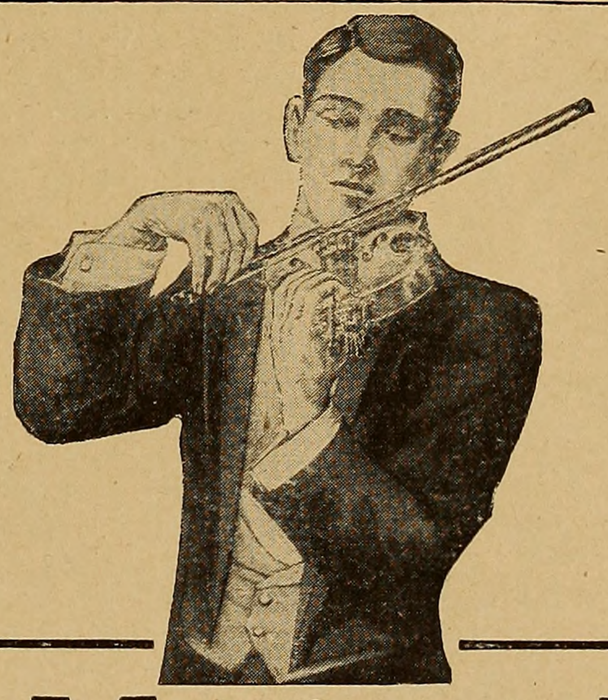
Made in many patterns of imported woods and highest grade of bristles. Nothing better made.

Send for Illustrated Literature

JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO., Boston, U. S. A.

Brush Manufacturers for Over 108 Years and the Largest in the World

Piano
Organ
Violin
Cornet
Guitar
Banjo
Mandolin
Harp
'Cello
Trombone



Flute
Clarinet
Piccolo
Ukelele
Sight Singing
Harmony and Composition
Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Tenor Banjo, Viola

Learn Music at Home

Music no longer difficult. New plan makes it easy to learn by home study. Positively easier than with private teacher. Faster progress. You will be able to play your favorite instrument in a few short months. Read the letters in our free book. More than 200,000 men, women and children have learned by our method. You, too, can learn. We give you all lessons free. Write for particulars.

Lessons Free

We want to have one pupil in each locality at once to help advertise our home study method. For a short time, therefore, we offer our marvellous lessons FREE. Only charge is for postage and sheet music—which is small. Beginners or advanced pupils.

Mail the Coupon NOW

Mail coupon or postal for free book, telling how we teach by mail. Act quick, while offer of free lessons is open. Write to-day—NOW. *Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.*

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
604 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Mail This NOW

U. S. School of Music,
604 Brunswick Building, N. Y.

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons by Mail," and particulars of your offer of free lessons on any instrument.

Name .....

Address .....

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

Easy to Write Stories & Plays

STARTLING New Easy Method of writing Stories, Photoplays, Articles; the wonderful New Irving System, just out! Simplest, easiest, surest known; many old obstacles of writing readily overcome; means new hope for thousands of eager, ambitious writers! Mr. James Irving, the Originator of this improved system of writing, is Editor-in-Chief of one of the largest and most successful literary institutions in America; over 100,000 writers helped by his newly-revealed, easy method, now made public; fascinating System is so simple it astonishes and delights everyone! Not only shows HOW TO WRITE stories and plays, but also HOW TO GET IDEAS for them and HOW TO SELL THEM. The New Irving System is easy to get, easy to learn; no experience needed; anybody can understand it. Why be a failure when through this easy method you might utilize thousands of daily incidents to weave thrilling photoplays and stories! Simply send your name and address. "THE WONDER BOOK FOR WRITERS" will be mailed to you absolutely free. Just address

AUTHORS' PRESS
Dept. 2
Auburn
N.Y.

25 YEARS THE STANDARD TRAINING SCHOOL FOR THEATRE ARTS

DRAMA ORATORY — MUSICAL COMEDY

ALVIENE SCHOOL OF DRAMATIC ARTS

FOUR SCHOOLS IN ONE. PRACTICAL STAGE TRAINING. THE SCHOOL'S STUDENT'S STOCK AND THEATRE AFFORD PUBLIC STAGE APPEARANCES

Write for catalog mentioning study desired to Secretary

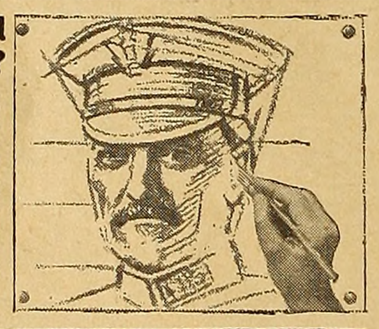
ALVIENE SCHOOLS, Suite 3
225 West 57th Street, New York City

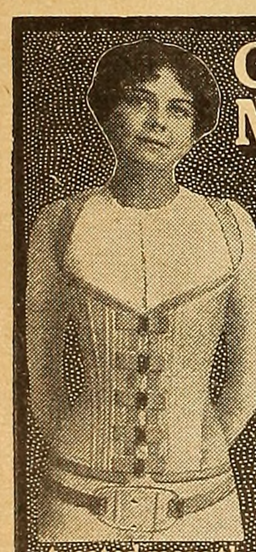
PHOTO PLAY — DANCE ARTS

Does Your Hand Itch for a Pencil?

YOU don't have to be a genius. If you have that **liking** for drawing, you may have in you the making of a successful cartoonist or illustrator. Write today for your free copy of "A Road to Bigger Things" telling how America's 32 greatest cartoonists will help you develop your talent profitably.

Federal School of Applied Cartooning
9420 Federal Schools Bldg.
Minneapolis





Crooked Spines Made Straight

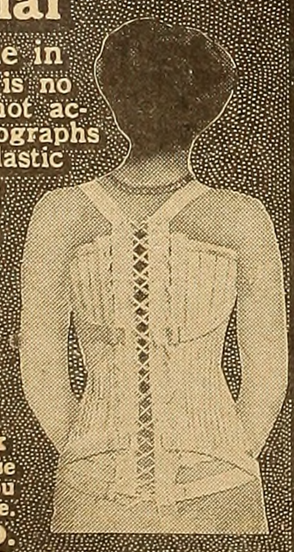
Thousands of Remarkable Cases

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance 3 weeks. We have successfully treated more than 30,000 cases the past 17 years.

30 Days' Trial

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.

Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.



Send For Our Free Book

If you will describe the case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
W2990dd Fellows Temple, Jamestown, N.Y.

The Sacrifice

(*Continued from page* 44)

and her eyes, in the pallid moon-flood, had been bright with unfallen tears. "To God's man, John Sterling," she said, "to God's good man."

And Henry Rowland had thought it all sacramental. Acolyte to priest. Devotee to living shrine. He thought differently now. It had been a woman, a woman profoundly stirred, to the man, to the *one* man, who had so moved her. It had been Helen's awakening heart, Helen's quickened soul, speaking with Helen's shaken voice. It had been love—*love*.

Henry Rowland was a man of action. A man of quick, decisive action. He went at once to John Sterling.

"Sterling," he said, "I asked you to help me with my wife—to point out to her that beauty is not all, the froth of life, the insubstantial——"

Sterling nodded his vigorous, close-cropped black head. His dreamer's burning eyes focussed, rather bewilderedly, on the man before him. He sensed the potential. "Yes," he said.

"I didn't stipulate that you make her fall in love with you," said Rowland.

There was a vibrant silence.

"You are terribly mistaken, Mr. Rowland," said the minister.

Henry Rowland laughed, harshly. "You may have your eyes on the stars, Sterling, or you may not," he said, "but my wife has fallen in love, not with your God nor your church nor your idealism, but with *you*."

John Sterling winced. Had he a quick? "How do you come by your knowledge, Mr. Rowland?" he asked.

"I had a talk with my wife. Women in love are women transparent. They give betrayals. My wife prated on about your mission in life. About your apostolicism. You and your reforms have colored her life till the rest of the world does not exist for her. She loves you. I, who love her, know this to be so."

There was another silence. John Sterling raised his face, grown suddenly haggard, and faced the man who was accusing him.

"What would you have me do?"

Henry Rowland brought his plutocratic fist down on the shabby desk. "Cure her," he said.

"How?"

"By acting a part, acting it as cleverly as a clever man like you could act it. Make love to her. Fall from the shrine on which she has placed you. Cease to be the remote priest to whom she whispers in the incense and the sanctuary of some dim confessional; become of the flesh fleshy, the earth earthy. Let her see you inebriated. Pay her compliments. Take off your cloth. Better, desecrate it. She worships you. Come down to the plane she knows. Be of the herd she has known."

John Sterling was white-lipped. "You ask the impossible," he said.

Henry Rowland leaned forward. "Be merciful," he said; "be merciful . . ."

His unnourished soul shone out of his eyes. His gaunt youth. His sear desire. John Sterling drew a deep breath.

"It shall be as you ask," he said.

"What are you doing?" There was no answer. Helen Rowland stood in the doorway, and her fingers, free of all jewels, clutched the chiffons against her heart, grown suddenly cold.

The man in the black cloth lurched over the table, and groped with long, singularly powerful fingers for the whiskey bottle that stood, half emptied, before him.

"Sho—you've—you've caught me——" he stuttered.

"Caught . . . oh, *God!*"

John Sterling came over to her. He put his hands upon her shoulders, ran them down her arms till his fingers gripped hers. He took her in his arms. He kist her—not on the mouth. All the while her terrorized eyes were not on his flaming face, but on the priestly cloth. She shuddered from him with strong breaths. "Oh-h-h!" she gasped; then again, "oh—oh—God!"

The man was speaking. "Away," he muttered, "you and I. You were right. Beauty—beauty—you and I—the moon and the flowers—the sea—and song—twilights and early dawnings—you were right—my beautiful, my beau——"

Helen Rowland struck him. "Stop this!" she cried. "You—you are breaking—oh, I have worshipped you—worshipped you so!"

She fled out of the room, rank with the whiskey fumes.

She ran down the insecure stairway, into the coming of dusk. "How dared he!" she gasped between bitten lips; "he who was sacred to God! Sacred—sacred—to—*me*——"

There were items in the newspapers about the return of the wealthy, beautiful Mrs. Rowland to society. She entertained again. Surpassed herself. Some few mentioned that her face had taken on a "sculptural look." Others said plain "frozen."

Then it became known that both Mr. and Mrs. Rowland had gone for an extended tour of Mexico. "Such an odd place," said her friends. "Helen was never the same after her slumming fever," said others.

Few knew that John Sterling was in Mexico. Sent there by his bishop in disgrace, to a little mission town, to expiate his supposed fall from grace in loneliness and exile.

He had been there three months when it came to Henry Rowland that, for the first time, he had paid too big a price for the thing he had hoped to achieve. He had broken a man's spirit, crushed his life work, and maimed a woman's heart. There was nothing big enough for such a purchase price. Certainly not his own personal happiness, which he had hoped to attain.

He begged Helen to make the trip with him, and not until they reached the town of expiation did he tell her of what he had done. Much was stripped from him. The hardness, too long tried, gave way. "You see," he ended, miserably, "I love you. I didn't know what to do—where to turn—I felt that I had tried everything That it was not enough. This man seemed to stand between us like a pillar of fire. I begged him to lower himself in your eyes. When even that failed to turn you to me—I—I knew."

Helen Rowland looked at him. "Knew what?" she asked.

"That you could never love me. I knew it. The great things have passed me by. All the great things . . ."

"Not all, Henry. Think."

"I have thought. Yes, all. You."

"You have had me."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Not really. Not essentially."

"You wanted——?"

"Just that."

Helen caught her breath between her lips. She rose swiftly. "Let us go see John Sterling," she said.

John Sterling greeted them quietly. He, too, had aged. Emotions shrivel. When Henry Rowland told him that they had wired his bishop the entire truth of the affair, of his martyrdom, and that an answer was imminent, only his eyes, immensely tired, glowed. "I am glad," he said, with his stern simplicity.

"I was damnably wrong," said John Rowland.

"You were suffering," said the minister; "it is not a normal state."

"Yes, I was suffering," admitted the millionaire broker, and his eyes, weary, too, sought the woman's.

Helen opened her lips to speak when the 'phone on the minister's desk rang. "Let me take the call," she pleaded, and when she looked up she smiled. "It is from the bishop," she said. "You are reinstated."

An hour later they sat at tea. They were three who had learnt each other's hearts. Helen Rowland bent over and laid her soft hand on her husband's. "Dear," she whispered, and that which he had longed for all his life made her voice as tender as a mother's; she laid her other hand on John Sterling's and gave her smile to both, *"thru God to love,"* she whispered, and added, "my husband."

Convalescing With Constance

(*Continued from page* 51)

'way before she leaped into fame as the mountain girl in "Intolerance."

It isn't so long ago that Constance was the object of admiration of all the other girls at the Erasmus High School in Brooklyn, because she had the distinction of being Norma Talmadge's own sister. Norma at that time was playing with Vitagraph. Constance liked this reflected glory very much, so she began to get the hunch that it wouldn't be a bad idea to get a little glory on her own hook, so when Norma came West to work at the Fine Arts studio, Constance came along with the rest of the family and declared herself in on the job, the first real rôle in a picture she had being the mountain girl.

Constance appeared in a number of pictures for the Fine Arts, and then when Norma went with Select, Constance soon followed as a star in her own right and turned out a number of clever plays, among them being "The Shuttle," "Up the Road with Sallie," "Sauce for the Goose," "Good-night, Paul," and "A Pair of Silk Stockings." After doing the silk stocking story, Constance insisted upon doing "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," because, she said, she was apt to get a nail in her foot unless she had something to protect it. Constance also did "A Lady's Name," "Who Cares?" and "Romance and Arabella."

According to Mrs. Talmadge, Constance first wanted to "emote," as every comédienne does, and really felt quite grieved when she was thrust into light comedy, but now she just loves the work, and she and Dorothy Gish are friendly rivals for the comedy queen palm.

Constance is one of those slim, clean-limbed girls who can ride a horse, drive a car, sail a boat, and do everything else a good, healthy, out-of-door girl can do. She is still in her teens and looks on the world with a mischievous eye and intends to get all the enjoyment out of life that there is in it—and she does.

Pay Her $3

For Each Empty Package

A Suggestion to Men

The 32-cent package of Quaker Oats contains 6,221 calories—the energy measure of food value.

In meat, eggs and fish the average cost of 6,221 calories would be at least $3.50.

So each 32-cent package served in place of meats saves around $3. And the housewife who saves it should have it.

Make each empty package worth $3 in some special household fund. Then watch the fund grow.

This is how some necessary foods compare in cost, at this writing, based on their calorie value:

Cost of 6221 Calories	
In Quaker Oats	$0.32
In Round Steak	2.54
In Veal Cutlets	3.53
In Average Fish	3.70
In Canned Peas	3.35
In Cod Fish	4.85

And Quaker Oats, which costs so little, is the greatest food in the list.

Analysis shows the oat to be almost the ideal food in balance and completeness.

Make Quaker Oats your standard breakfast. That's the best way to bring down food cost.

Quaker Oats

The Oat Dainty

Quaker Oats means extra flavor without extra cost. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

In millions of homes this exquisite flavor has made the oat dish popular.

Two Sizes: 12c to 13c—30c to 32c

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover (3031)

Get It Early

$100,000 Free Style Book

I do not care how many other fashion books you send for. All I ask is not to forget mine. It is absolutely free to you.

I am not going even to talk about buying now. I want you to have my book because it will give you so many ideas of the beautiful new styles. It will acquaint you with exactly the kind of clothes that will be most worn.

Remember, I consider my credit as an extra ***advantage.*** Don't ask for my book merely on account of that. Get it for its loveliness and price savings.

If I were in your place, and if I were thinking of buying new clothes, I would look everywhere *first.* It only takes a postage stamp to get my latest style book. Do as you please about ordering when you see it.

Sent Prepaid On Approval

$1.00 With Order
$1.00 a Month

Cut Steel Beads

$1.00 =

Send Only 1 = Silk Georgette Waist

The material is guaranteed pure silk georgette crepe of excellent quality. Genuine cut steel beads are worked into a handsome and attractive design, further beautified with stunning hand-worked embroidery—not machine made. Hem stitching at cuffs, down front, and around neck. Daintily rounded neck is exceptionally good style, and cool for summer wear. Starting from shoulder seams is an extra collar, coming down sailor fashion in back. Close fitting, new style cuffs.

Hand Embroidered

COLORS: White, flesh, navy blue, Belgian blue, or taupe gray. Sizes: 34 to 44, bust measure, no larger. Order from this paper.

No. U.4 P. 3470 Price Prepaid **$4.98**

1001 Economy Prize Styles

Pay About as You Please—Satisfaction Guaranteed

With my style book will come a credit certificate, opening your account. When you get ready to buy, simply tell me what to send. If satisfied, yon spread the cost over several months—paying me about as you please.

All Bargains—How I Get Them

I was virtually brought up in the ladies' wearing apparel business—first as a style expert; then as a buyer. I became acquainted with all the famous designers who create styles. I know them now as old friends. I got to know mills and makers everywhere. I deal in such enormous quantities, that when I go into the market I almost dictate prices. The proof of all this is in the prices my style book quotes.

I send things on approval, right into your home. If you are not perfectly pleased, you return your selections and I pay the postage back. My free trial can never cost you a penny.

Know the Styles

My new book tells whether skirts will be short or long, and what the widths will be. All about the season's colors and fabrics, the newest ideas in trimmings and the latest tendencies in blouses and other articles of dress. Every question about footwear will be settled. Send for it as a fashion guide, if nothing more. Think about buying later.

Suits, coats, dresses, waists, skirts, hats, shoes, lingerie, underwear, children's wear, and 300 kinds of piece goods.

Mail Post Card Request—NOW!

MARTHA LANE ADAMS, 3714 Mosprat St., CHICAGO

BE A BANKER

Prepare by mail in spare time for this attractive profession in which there are great opportunities for both men and women. Send at once for free book, "How to Become a Banker," by EDGAR G. ALCORN, President.

American School of Banking, 53 McLene Bldg., Columbus, O.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
The results of my system are shown on my own person and that is recommendation enough.

Are You SATISFIED WITH YOUR APPEARANCE?

A well developed body will give you a strong personality and bring you success.

My system has made thousands of men and women healthy and strong. Why not you?

My handsomely illustrated book **"Muscular Development"** will benefit and interest you greatly. Send for a copy **Now—Today**—while it is on your mind.

(Enclose 10c to cover postage, etc.)

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN,
Dept. 301, 203 Broadway, N. Y. CITY

Write the Words for a Song!

Write the words for a song. We revise song-poems, compose music for them, and guarantee to secure publication on a royalty basis by a New York music publisher. Our Lyric Editor and Chief Composer is a song-writer of national reputation and has written many big song-hits. Mail your song-poem on love, peace, victory or any other subject to us today. Poems submitted are examined free.

BROADWAY COMPOSING STUDIOS
105F Fitzgerald Building
Broadway at Times Sq. NEW YORK, N. Y.

WHO WOULD HAVE THUNK IT?

What's in a name? Sometimes it depends upon how the name is pronounced. If a name is pronounced wrongly it can lead to consequences of a most harrowing nature. Just for instance: Dustin Farnum, the screen star, and his promoter, Harry A. Sherman, were sitting recently in a private projection room on Olive Street in Los Angeles. They were having an ultra exclusive and final screen showing of their feature, "The Light of Western Stars."

While they were thus engrossed, an employee of the place, a foreigner, came in and told Mr. Sherman that a gentleman by the name of Mr. Zingaree wished to converse with him or Mr. Farnum. Mr. Sherman was rather annoyed at this and sent back word to the unwelcome visitor to hunt him up at his office at some other time.

"I suppose he is some fellow who wants to sell me a safety razor, or something of the kind," remarked Sherman. "His name sounds as tho he might be a barber."

"Oh, you cant tell," rejoined Farnum, "he may be one of those long-haired scenario writers who has picked you to be the purchaser of his first masterpiece, as a mark of special distinction."

Just then the employee returned with a card. On the card was the name of Zane Grey, author of the novel, "The Light of Western Stars," from which the film was adapted.

It goes without saying that Mr. Grey was escorted into the projection room with much joy and ostentation by Messrs. Farnum and Sherman, one on each side of him. They had every reason to suppose that Zane Grey was at home in New York until he reminded them that he was in Los Angeles for his annual fishing trip, whereupon the fishing party was enlarged to include Messrs. Farnum and Sherman, at the kind invitation of "Mr. Zingaree."

Pauline Frederick, in speaking to an artist recently, was endeavoring to persuade him not to bestow so much time upon his works. "You do not know then," said he, "that I have a master very difficult to please."—"Who?"—"Myself."

NE PLUS ULTRA—OR SOMETHING

(Kipling Camouflaged.)

When earth's last picture is planted and the films are blistered and dried,
When the boldest vampires have faded and the board of censors has died,
We shall rest, and faith! we shall need it; lie down for a flicker or two,
Till the makers of all good movies shall pull us a plot that's new.
And those that were fans shall be happy; they shall sit on the golden stair;
They shall gaze at a ten-reel drama 'mid torches of comet-flare;
And they'll find reel-stars *we* fall for—Ferguson, Pickford and Doug—
And they'll gaze for an age at a screen play with never a *vampire* or *thug!*
And only the makers shall praise them (the critics wont be there to blame),
And Chaplin wont work for money and no one will work for fame;
But each for the joy of the film fans, and each single separate star
Will play his part as he pleases, regardless of things as they are!

—WILES HALLOCK.

That Unclouded Ray

(*Continued from page* 39)

to themselves, and there were still others for property men, camera-men, and the various mechanics needed to complete the company. Just as the procession was ready to start, Charles dashed up in his big Mercer. Sending his chauffeur in for various boxes of make-up and other paraphernalia, he turned to me, explaining that altho he was to play a country boy, he had to use "an infernal lot of stuff."

It was not a long drive to the village of Artesia, which consisted mostly of Main Street. But it happened that the complete setting called for in the scenario was right there.

The tiny printing office had been requisitioned for the day, and a sign, previously painted by the studio artist, reading, "Sawbert Chronicle," was hung over the real sign. A little further up the street was a real real estate office, which must have been a negligible institution, for it had been secured for a dressing-room. There were stores on the opposite side of the street which needed no "touching up" at all, so picturesquely natural were they.

The "atmosphere" had climbed down from the buses and distributed itself about the town, on the benches in front of the store and on fences. They fitted admirably in with the picture.

Evidently the natives did not see it that way, however, for a group of ladies gathered on Main Street to watch the performance sneered audibly.

"My sakes, hope any one passing thru here dont think they are a part of our population," said one, vinegarily.

As the work of getting ready progressed, the little band of curious watchers drew nearer.

"There he is—that's Chollie," was heard on all sides as they recognized and pointed out Charles Ray, now coming down the street from the real estate office dressing-room, make-up quite adjusted.

I doubt whether Mr. Ray heard any of these comments, for he works with a singular intensity and while in make-up is metamorphosed into the small-town boob he looks. Even between scenes, when daubing the queer yellow make-up on his face, he wore an air of abstraction. He seemed impervious to the heat and the comments of the natives alike.

Charlie worked like a beaver for the whole afternoon, and it was not until five o'clock had passed that he relaxed at all.

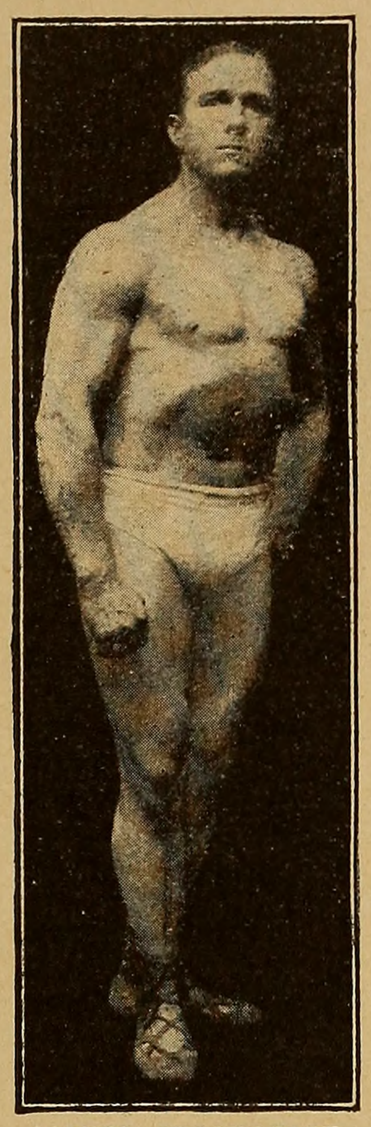
And now, for the benefit of those who are not contented with knowing how their idols work and look and talk, but wish also to know their private life as well, I may say that Mr. Ray is married, has been for two years, and that Mrs. Ray is as pretty as a picture.

The little family is very domestic in its tastes and prefer their country home and a few friends to the excitement of the cities' gaieties. Charlie has a delightful speaking voice and sings with taste and feeling as well. His success in pictures is derived partially from a career on the light operatic stage in former years.

There's a noted dramatic critic in New York who goes to the movies. Now and again he reviews the pictures that appear weekly at the three big Broadway movie palaces. Usually he ends up his criticisms with "For my part, I like Charles Ray."

I agree. For my part I like Charles Ray. There's a sincerity and honesty of purpose in his work and in his life that I fancy is his most effective asset in making all the parts he has played ring true.

Can YOU Honestly Ask Any Girl To Marry You?



LIONEL STRONGFORT

"Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, declared that Strongfort is unquestionably the finest specimen of physical development ever seen."

CAN you marry any girl, without making her the victim of the meanest kind of deceit a man is capable of? *Are you fit to be a husband,* fit to make the girl you love the mother of children who will inherit YOUR traits of body and mind? *Think,* and think hard, before you ask her to give her body and soul into your keeping, unless you are FIT. You know what the Law of Heredity is—there's no beating it: what YOU are when you become a father your children ARE bound to be.

Make Yourself Fit to Be a Father

If you are skinny, undeveloped, weak, watery-blooded, *build yourself up before you marry,* so your children will not be rickety imitations of yourself. If you are dyspeptic, bilious, constipated, or the victim of any other chronic ailment, such as youthful errors, vital losses and consequential impotency, get rid of these handicaps; don't take the risk of passing them on, in an exaggerated form, to the helpless little children you will bring into the world. You can't commit a worse CRIME than to make a sweet, pure, trusting girl the mother of weak, ailing, defective children who will be a sorrow to her and a reproach to you as long as you both live.

Have Healthy, Happy Children

You can do it: you can make yourself healthy, strong, vigorous, full of LIFE and the joy of living, and capable of transmitting that health and strength and happiness to children who will be full of rollicking fun, a comfort and a blessing to you and to the girl you marry. No matter how low down you have got in the human scale, and no matter how you got there, YOU CAN COME BACK, if you go about it the right way.

I don't care how much druggist's dope or patent piffle you may have tried without success; three hundred years ago the greatest brain in England wrote: "Throw Physic to the Dogs"—and Shakespeare knew, as every doctor knows today, that physic isn't the kind of food that makes men strong and vital, that fills them full of overflowing life and energy and spirit.

Get Strong in Nature's Way

Give old Mother Nature a chance to cure your ailments and build you up, by living in the way she meant you to live, and you'll be amazed in a few weeks' time at the improvement in yourself. There's no guesswork about it, there's no doubt about what she can do for you; and there isn't any other way: Nature's way is the ONLY way many men on the ragged edge of being thrown into the everlasting scrapheap of humanity can EVER get back the health and strength and vigor and vitality of a MAN.

I KNOW: I've tried it, not only on myself—and I am called the strongest man in the world today—but also on thousands of miserably ailing, weak, downcast, discouraged men, suffering from early indiscretions, vital losses and other troubles, that are the result of these ailments, who found their first ray of hope and comfort and quick improvement in the system of Strongfortism that I teach. *I will help YOU,* as I have helped them, and as I am helping other men in every quarter of the civilized world today. I will show you how to shuffle off your ailments, how to develop your muscles, reinvigorate your vital organs, steady your nerves, clear your brain; how to become, in a short time, a 100 per cent Man and take the place in the world you ought to hold.

Send for My Free Book

I have put the results of my life's study, research and experimentation on the subject of man's vitality and vigor into a book called **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy."** It will tell you all about Strongfortism, show you how thousands of men who had lost their grip were able to become red-blooded, vigorous citizens again, and point out the way—the simple, easy, natural, quick way in which YOU can gain and retain health and strength and the ability to enjoy life.

Send three 2c stamps to cover postage and packing and I will mail a copy to your address at once.

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Physical and Health Specialist

807 Park Building, Newark, N. J.

FREE CONSULTATION COUPON

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Newark, N. J.—Please send me your book, **"PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY,"** for postage of which I enclose three 2-cent stamps. I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested. (807)

..Colds	..Insomnia	..Vital Losses
..Catarrh	..Short Wind	..Impotency
..Asthma	..Flat Feet	..Gastritis
..Obesity	..Stomach Disorders	..Heartweakness
..Headache	..Constipation	..Poor Circulation
..Thinness	..Biliousness	..Skin Disorders
..Rupture	..Torpid Liver	..Despondency
..Lumbago	..Indigestion	..Round Shoulders
..Neuritis	..Nervousness	..Lung Troubles
..Neuralgia	..Poor Memory	..Increased Height
..Flat Chest	..Rheumatism	..Stoop Shoulders
..Deformity (describe)	..Youthful Errors	Muscular Development

Name.....

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

Street.....

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

Write Plainly

Freeman's
FACE POWDER

To emphasize good looks is an art well understood by the women of France. That charming quality of natural freshness is given the complexion by Freeman's Face Powder. At all toilet counters 50 cents (double quantity) or 4c for miniature box.

The Freeman Perfume Co.
Dept. 100 Cincinnati, O.

Become a Nurse

Our graduates earn $15 to $25 a week

IF YOU cannot spend three years in hospital or are past hospital age limit, send name and address on post card for yearbook explaining the C.S.N. Home-Practice Method of studying trained nursing. State age.

THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING,
584 Main St. Jamestown, N. Y.

El-Rado

The "Womanly" Way to Remove Hair

Youthifying the underarms with El-Rado is an agreeable way to remove the hair. While necessary for the proper wearing of evening gowns and transparent sleeves, hairfree underarms are just as desirable for everyday comfort and cleanliness.

El-Rado removes hair from the face, neck, underarms or limbs in the same simple way that water removes dirt. The sanitary lotion first dissolves the hair,—then it is washed off. Much more "womanly" than the use of a razor. El-Rado is absolutely harmless, and does not increase or coarsen later hair growth.

Users of powdered hair removers will find an occasional use of El-Rado liquid is good for the skin.

Ask for "El-Rado" hair remover at any toilet goods counter. Two sizes, 60c. and $1.00. Money-back guarantee.

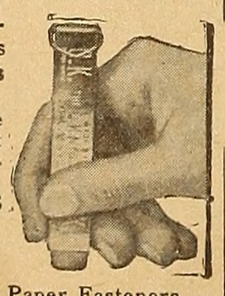
If you prefer, we will fill your order by mail, if you write enclosing stamps or coin.

PILGRIM MFG. CO., Dept. N, 112 E. 19th St., New York
Canadian Address: 29 Colborne Street, Toronto
THE ARTHUR SALES' CO.

THE SANITARY "O.K." ERASER includes an **Adjustable Metal Holder** which keeps **Rubber Clean, Firm and Keen-edged; works better and lasts longer.**

Two Rubbers, the length of the Holder, are made, one for Ink, one for Pencil. By slight pressure, clean Rubber is fed down until used. Price 15c. New Rubbers 5c each.
ALL STATIONERS

By mail 2c extra. Booklets free.
The most Practical Eraser for Everybody



THE O.K. MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y.
Makers of the famous Washburne "O.K." Paper Fasteners

From Plain Bill Smith to Franklin Farnum

(*Continued from page* 60)

prove beneficial as an advertisement, besides allowing him to leave his winter's savings untouched.

The day he presented himself at Universal City, California, a casting director needed a leading man, so, without giving Mr. Farnum a test, he engaged him for the rôle. The young man hadn't a bit of difficulty in making the first five reels which bore the Farnum brand of smiles and tears, and the directors rubbed noses and said, "That smile of his alone should be worth mazuma to us. If we can make people laugh *with* him, he'll be a valuable addition to this outfit."

So in the very next production, Franklin Farnum was starred as a smiling Western hero. He had never ridden a horse or attempted a stunt until he came West two years ago, but he is not afraid of trying out anything nowadays. He just dotes on Western stuff. He has created a new type of screen Westerner, and the world likes it. You all recall his "Stranger from Somewhere," "The Man Who Took a Chance" and "Bringing Father Home." Since then he has worked for Pathé and Metro, just completing a big feature at Universal City, surrounded by a fine cast, including Mary MacLaren, Anna Q. Nilsson and Marin Sais.

The ex-musical-comedy man is a tall, broad-shouldered and small-waisted man, who wears his clothes easily.

Franklin Farnum is far handsomer off screen than on, but that's so often the case. The camera cant register his magnetism and warmth.

You'd surely think that Franklin Farnum's dreams had all come true, but he says they never will until he gets back on the stage. He hopes a Victor Herbert will write another tuneful opera and that he can smile at us all across the footlights as he sings the male lead.

A Potential Madame Butterfly

(*Continued from page* 65)

expense, not many props, and no idea of the present-day presentation of a subject. Even so, it was considered a very wonderful screen-epic, and if it could be put into a five-reel drama now under the artistic direction of some of our big men of the screen and—well, I might as well confess it, with *Me* doing Lorna—I feel sure the public would like it."

But while she's waiting for the things to happen which she would *rather* do, Vola Vale is not dreaming. She is to do two pictures with William Russell, and will migrate with her mother, her car and her little dolls and dishes to sunny Santa Barbara, and—oh, yes, her big collie, "Princess."

Roscoe Arbuckle tells a story of the time in 'Frisco when everybody wore flu masks. According to the corpulent comedian he was walking towards his hotel one night and saw a man, somewhat under the influence of liquor, draped against a lamp-post. The man, whom Roscoe said he had never seen before, said: "Hello, Roscoe!" Roscoe replied, "Hello, how are you?" The man waved his hand and said, "I'm great—never more happy in my life! At last the world is running just exactly to suit me; the war is over, peace is declared, churches are closed, saloons are opened—and the women are all muzzled!"

BUY
Diamonds and Jewelry
ON
CREDIT

SWEET'S 7-Diamond Cluster Ring. Seven perfect-cut, fine quality Diamonds set in newest style Platinum hand-engraved mounting. Looks like a $350 solitaire.

Price $62.50

Buy Today—Ten Months to Pay
"SWEET" DIAMONDS

are highest quality, blue-white, perfect-cut gems, Every Diamond guaranteed for **Quality and Value.**

"SWEET'S" TEN PAYMENT PLAN

Goods sent on approval at **our expense**—Examine—if satisfied, pay only 1/5 the purchase price and the rest in 10 equal monthly payments. YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD WITH THE "HOUSE OF SWEET"—NO RED TAPE—NO DELAY—**Absolutely confidential.**

"SWEET'S" MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

protects you in every way. Any money you may have deposited will be promptly refunded if you are not entirely satisfied.

OUR 7½% PROFIT SHARING EXCHANGE PLAN

applies to all exchanges of SWEET DIAMONDS. We share our profits with our customers by allowing them a yearly increase of 7½% more than paid on all Diamonds exchanged for more expensive ones.

Our Free Catalog contains over 1500 gift suggestions in Diamonds, Jewelry, Watches, Rings, Pins, La Vallieres, Silverware, French Ivory Toilet Ware, Cut Glass, Cameras, and Phonographs. Send TODAY for SWEET DeLuxe Catalog. Write now to **Dept. 319J**

10% Discount on All Cash Transactions

L. W. SWEET & CO., INC.
2-4 Maiden Lane, Dept. 319J, New York City

THE TEN PAYMENT PLAN

Buy an Income Month by Month

Profitable and Practical

Application of the Fundamental

Principles of Thrift

as related to the purchase of sound dividend-paying securities under the easy and convenient terms of *"The Ten Payment Plan."*

We have just prepared a list of investment suggestions, returning from

7% to 10%

wherein we have given particular attention to those issues that are attractive in point of profit possibilities as well as income.

Only a limited number of copies are available for gratuitous distribution.

Write at once for letter P-4 together with booklet describing the working of *"The Ten Payment Plan"* in detail.

E. M. Fuller & Co.

50 Broad Street New York

Phones Broad 383-4-5-6-7

Introducing E. Fish Ency to the Studio

(*Continued from page 72*)

"It's a rule, you know," he added, "and then they get only a V a day."

On my cuff I figured—who was the fine old chap who became famous by writing poetry on his cuff, was it Remus or Romulus?—two hundred times five, one thousand, plus another thousand—I didn't blame the Governor for wishing to establish business methods.

At six o'clock they ate—at the expense of the company—meaning principally the Governor—and then they draped themselves around the studio until after nine. "Where's Black?" one of the stage hands inquired about nine-fifteen.

"He's in Miss Moore's dressing room telling her what a great director he is," another answered. "You know she's hooked an angel and is going to have her own company soon."

(In America this means that some one with a jolly big bank roll has promised to invest some of it in a company to star Henna as long as she continues to call him "Daddy.")

At nine-thirty director and star appeared upon the scene and began to work. By this time the Extras were so tired that they couldn't smile enough to get a fullgrown Sultan to take them for a bus ride to say nothing of supplying them with chiffon and beads for the remainder of their lives. Each scene had to be taken over four or five times, meaning so many feet of film at so much a foot, but Black should become mentally irritated, as the Americans say—he wasn't paying for an inch of it.

At 4:30 the next morning the Governor and I saw the two hundred girls falling asleep on the car to the ferry.

"Find any need of business methods, E. Fish Ency, Jr?" the Governor asked wearily.

I know he had visions of his little fortune melting about in thousands rather than in nickels—if you can grasp my idea, dear Count. By Jove, it was a beastly shame and I told the Governor so.

"Well, get down to work and see how much you can save in the next week."

I'm a bally poor saver myself, well, rather, but it's ripping the way I've figured out the money the Governor could pay himself if he shut up the studio, that is, the way it is run now.

Give my regards to the Cheverly-Chases. Carolyn Cheverly-Chase would be a corker on the screen.

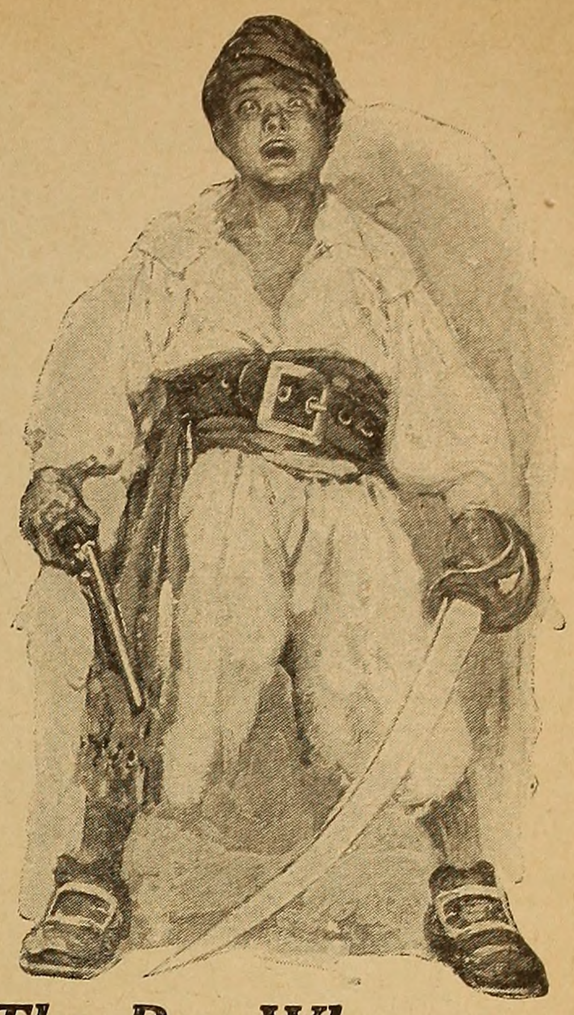
Yours with a "first run" regard,

E. Fish Ency, Jr.

P. S.—Saw the Turkish scene run off today, meaning projected on the screen. One girl yawned right up in the Sultan's face and the rest looked as if they had spent a week shooting leaping eyebrows on the wing. It has to be taken all over again—that is if we can find out what it has to do with the story. This time E. Fish Ency, Jr., will boss the job, if you can grasp my idea, dear Count.

William S. Hart was having a luncheon with another player in a Western café and the waiter brought him some grapes for dessert. "Thank you," said he, pushing back the plate, "I dont take my *wine in pills!*"

"I wish you would pay a little attention, madam," exclaimed a director to a star, as she carelessly moved about during the rehearsal for a scene. "Well," replied she, "I am paying *as little* as I can."



"The Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up!"

In a harsh and bleak Scot winter, a boy with a frail body and an eager soul, longed to be a pirate and a soldier and a buccaneer. But the frail body would not and could not. So the soul that looked forth from the great eyes wandered over the sea and cliff into dangers and terrors beyond belief.

You know that boy—the world called him

Robert Louis STEVENSON

he is the boy we love so in "Treasure Island," he is the youth in "Kidnapped," he is the gallant soldier in "St. Ives," he is the irresponsible king in "Prince Otto," he is the preposterous lawyer in "The Wrong Box," he is the daring wanderer in the South Seas, he is boyhood eternal, undying. But in "The Master of Ballantrae" he finds no place—and in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" we look for him in vain; for these were written when the boy's soul was overborne by the wisdom of the world.

There is treasure indeed in these twenty-five volumes—boundless joy for all the days of your life. You have thrilled over "Treasure Island." Do you know that there are twenty-five such volumes—every page a revelation?

At Last—the Thistle Stevenson For Less Than Half Price

25 Volumes

Adventure, Humor, Mystery, Historical Romance, Essays, Poems. Also Stevenson's Letters. 80 Illustrations.

For years the lovers of beautiful books have looked with longing eyes at the famous **Thistle Edition.**

But the Thistle Edition was so costly to launch that the price was beyond the reach of most people. But now, at last, we have welcome news for the big world of Stevenson lovers. You can have the Thistle Edition, containing all of Stevenson's Works in 25 volumes—at less than half price. The great original outlay for plates has largely been worked off in the earlier sale, and the Stevenson heirs have generously reduced their royalties.

Never Again at This Price

For months these books have been in preparation, so that the paper for them was bought when prices were lower than they are ever likely to be again.

This price is made for the present edition, and we cannot agree to continue it. Send the coupon now. This is the only edition that will be sold at this low price. Don't wait and pay more. Act now and save money. SEND THE COUPON TODAY.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York

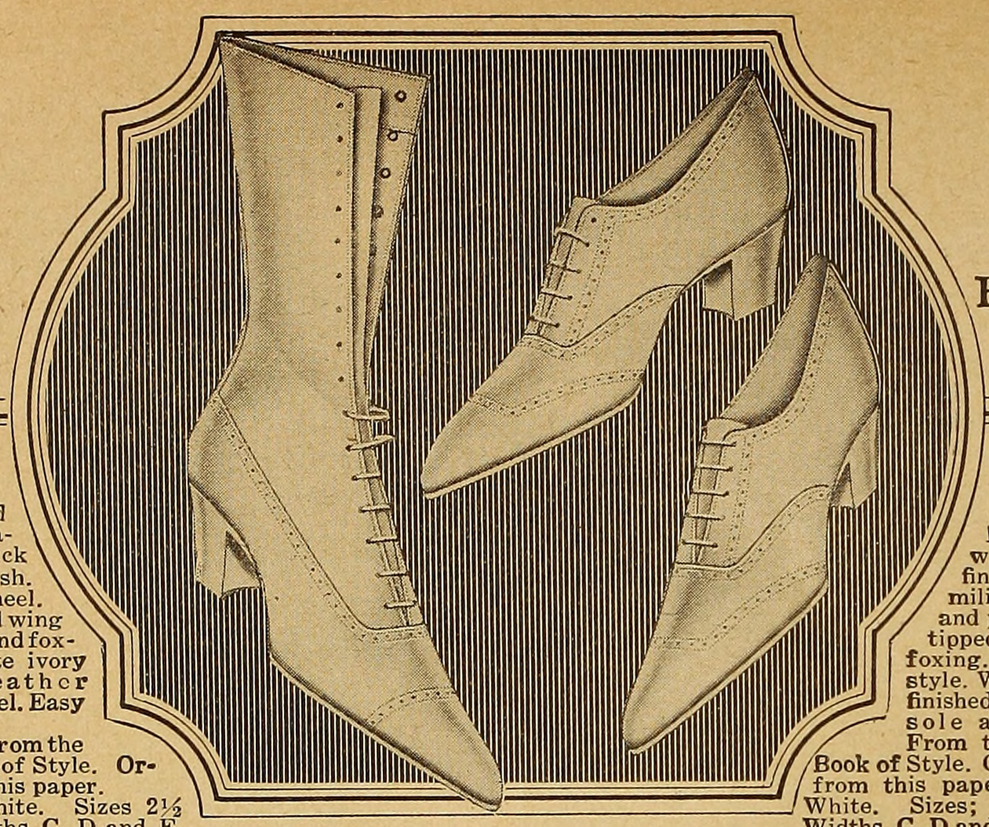
Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Ave., New York:

Send me, all charges prepaid, complete set of ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S Thistle Edition, in 25 Volumes, bound in attractive red cloth, with gilt lettering. If the books are not satisfactory, I will return them within 5 days at your expense. Otherwise I will send you $1 at once and $2 a month for 14 months.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....M.P.M. 4-19



Nubuck Oxford
$4.85

Nubuck High Boot
$5.95

Nubuck Oxford
Guaranteed genuine leather, Nubuck suede finish. Military heel. Perforated wing tip effect and foxing. White ivory finished leather sole and heel. Easy to clean.
One style from the Blue Book of Style. Order from this paper. Color; White. Sizes 2½ to 8. Widths C, D and E.
No. K4A2789. Price prepaid **$4.85**

Nubuck High Boot
Lovely white suede finish. New military heel and perforated tipped toe with foxing. 16 eyelet style. White ivory finished leather sole and heel. From the Blue Book of Style. Order right from this paper. Color; White. Sizes; 2½ to 8. Widths, C, D and E.
No. K4A2788. Price prepaid--**$5.95**

Free for the First Time

Barker's-Chicago — *The* Blue Book of Style

Ask for it quickly and receive a complimentary copy of this famous style authority. This is only a limited edition. A note from you on the back of a post card, before it's too late, is enough. Our edition is limited.

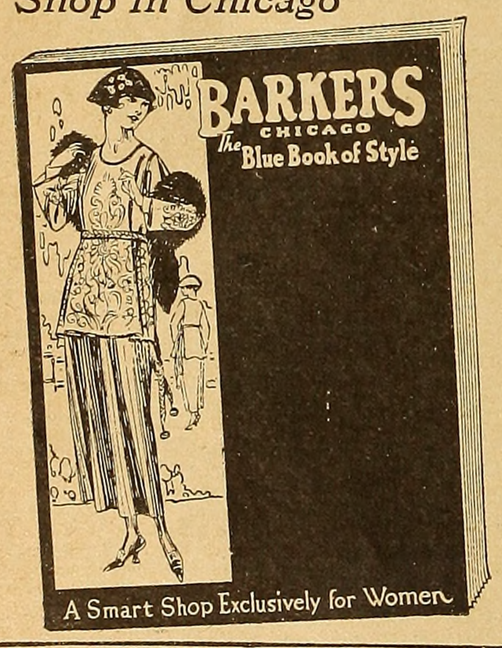
Opening its pages is like stepping into the smartest shop in America. But there is this difference; the prices are very moderate—no more than ordinary clothes cost.

The styles are truly enticing modes—the kind that really good dressers hunt high and low to find. Whether you ever buy from it or not, you'll gather from its pages many new and splendid ideas about the season's fashions.

You will delight in its completeness—for it is a big, thick book and shows exactly nine hundred and ninety-nine different articles of women's wearing apparel—footwear to millinery.

Free Delivery Anywhere

Shop in Chicago



Smart Wearing Apparel That Every Woman Loves

We spare no expense in searching out beautiful styles and creating our own new designs. We build sample garments of everything regardless of cost—even down to the tiniest bits of underwear. We employ the country's best designers and fashion artists for this purpose. That accounts for the smartness and unusual charm in all our clothes.

Then the most practical experts duplicate these superb samples for about one-fifth the original. That's the real secret of our business—the true art in clothes-making. In the end, none but an insider can tell garment from garment.

A Shop Only for Women

We sell nothing but women's wear—from footwear to millinery. Dealing with women exclusively, we have learned what they demand in clothes of *any* price. A beautiful style is often marred by unsightly finish—poor linings and shoddy buttons. So we make it a point to always put a little more care into such things, than is usual. We know from long experience that it pays. Good dressers examine such things first.

So don't think of the Blue Book of Style as just an ordinary catalog—of ordinary fashions. Don't think you will not find in it things that are good enough or styles above your means. It is for everyone.

All the Risk is Ours Free Delivery to Your Home

Rest assured on this point: We will never allow you to even be slightly displeased with anything you ever select from us. All purchases are delivered free, right into your home—no express or postage to pay. If you don't like them, that settles it absolutely. There will be no letter writing back and forth and you don't need to furnish us with any explanation. You simply return such articles at our expense—we refund immediately, every penny you have paid us. This is a positive guarantee.

We give as reference the Corn Exchange National Bank of Chicago—one of the greatest banks in America.

When you ask for the Blue Book of Style, Motion Picture Magazine requests that you mention it in writing to Barkers--Chicago

Mail Post Card Today **BARKERS** CHICAGO *No Other Address Needed*

The Sad Business of Being Funny

(*Continued from page* 46)

that slate, Louise—all right—hit him—*HARD!*"

It was done. Louise, with a swing of her husky young arms, brought a great, quarter-of-an-inch-thick slate crashing down over Chester's head, the frame decorating his neck collar fashion.

"Oompf!" said he, and reeled dizzily to a chair as the camera-man "cut."

"Fine!" applauded Sennett. "Wasn't that funny?" he asked, turning to me.

"*Terrible* funny!" I answered; and I meant the first word.

At lunch time I joined Chester Conklin and Ben Turpin, who were making their way to the little upstairs restaurant at the studio. Chester was feeling his head sympathetically, and Ben was examining the bump, tho his eyes were directed, as nearly as I could judge, towards the farther end of the studio.

"Dont worry," he said consolingly, "the woist is yet to come—Mack says there'll be a 're-take' of that scene after lunch."

Some comforter, is Ben.

"Tell me something about the funny side of making comedies," I suggested when we were seated at an oilcloth covered table in the restaurant.

"There ain't no such animal," said Ben, eyeing me sorrowfully—at least he may have been looking at me—it's hard to tell—"it's all hard woik—nothing funny about it except the laughs you get out of the screen!"

Chester was still coddling his bump.

"That schoolhouse scene looked sort of rough-house," he said, "but that was mild in comparison with what I generally go thru. This afternoon I am wiped all over the place by the mother of this pupil—and believe me, it's not going to be a pink tea affair either.

"But that's nothing—yesterday I was thrown in a tank of water exactly fifteen times before the director was suited; after that I was dipped in a flour barrel, then soot was blown over me. The whole thing took from eight in the morning until three in the afternoon without a stop of any kind, and as I was coming across the street to the studio, feeling like a German worm, a dame comes up to me and says: 'Oh, Mr. Conklin, I'd know you *any* place—you have such a funny expression.'"

Ben looked at Chester—or at me—or at both of us—and shook his head.

"That ain't the woist," he told us gloomily. "Tank stuff is easy money; gee, I wish they'd pick out a nice soft tub of water to chuck *me* into—I'd think I wasn't drawing me pay. Look at me now; I'm forty-nine years old, and been in the business fifteen years, and I've been in the hospital twenty-five times.

"I've been hit on the head with an iron horseshoe, knocked silly with a barber pole, stepped on by horses, and run over by machines. Once they were to hit me with a five-foot 'break-away' statue of light material, and the prop man got a real one by mistake—and say, when I come to, I didn't know whether my name was Ben Turpen or Mary Pickford! Another time they were slamming dummies against a wall, but the heads broke off all of them. They were short of time on the scene and didn't have any more dummies, so I told the directors to use me; they did, and my head wasn't broke—but it made an awful dent in the wall!"

"Oh, well, as to that," Chester chipped in, not to be left out of the recital of sor-

Learn to PAINT SIGNS and SHOW CARDS

I teach you personally, by mail, in a short time. Oldest and largest School. Big field, work interesting. You can

EARN $18 TO $45 A WEEK

Fritzner, Minn., wrote. "Did job after first lesson, got $10, profit $7.05." Crawford, B. C., says: "Earned $200.00 while taking course." Get literature, samples, guarantee; all FREE.

DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
Established 1899. 584 D. S. of L. Bldg., DETROIT, MICH.

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SECURE A SATIN SKIN

APPLY SATIN SKIN CREAM, THEN SATIN SKIN POWDER.

Write the Words for a Song!

We revise poems, compose music for them and guarantee to secure publication on royalty basis by New York music publisher. Our Chief Composer is a song-writer of national reputation and has written many big song-hits. Submit poems on any subject.

BROADWAY STUDIOS
105-E Fitzgerald Building New York

48 PHOTOS OF MOVIE STARS

reproduced in half-tone. On cardboard, suitable for framing. Arbuckle, Bara, Chaplin, Pickfords, Anita Stewart, Pearl White, etc. Both male and female STARS are **all** here in CLASSY POSES. By mail postpaid 15 cents. Stamps or Coin.

Ardee Publishing Co.
Dept. 149, Stamford, Conn.

rows, "I get my share of rough stuff too. I've been knocked cold by a real prize-fighter in a picture, and I've run off a high dock into the water by an automobile; besides that, I've jumped from one high building to another without a net underneath, and once when I was chasing around a ten-story building I fell off and was caught on the awning two stories below. Once I had to wear false whiskers dipped in a smudge pot to make them look as if they were on fire. They really caught on fire, and I had to go thru the scene with those things burning my face raw—then it had to be done over again. The fans laughed their heads off at that stunt, but maybe you think it was funny to make?—Nit!"

"Sure, it all *looks* funny," interpolated Ben, "but how many fans knows what we go thru to get the right effect? It gets my goat to sit behind a Percy-boy who tells Mabel—'Oh, no, they dont really hit him—they just pretend to; oh, no, that isn't a real fall—it just looks like it.'

"Say!" he broke off suddenly, "if you wants to know whether the falls is real or not, look at this!"

He rose from the table and moved over to a cleared space in the room. Without the slightest preparation, he leaped into the air, turned a backward somersault, and came down flat on his back with an awful smacking thud.

I gasped for breath, but he was on his feet before I could utter a word. The other actors went on eating, merely glancing up as he brushed himself off; it was evidently Ben's little way of keeping himself in trim for his work.

"That's an easy one." He said as he rejoined us. I can do eight different kinds of falls, and they're all real, believe me!"

I believed him.

That same afternoon, a grillingly hot afternoon too, by the way, I browsed over to the Fatty Arbuckle studio. The director was sitting under a big umbrella, and the camera-man was similarly protected. But the seven-passenger comedian instead of sipping ice-cold—well, let's say lemonade—was doing a marathon on a treadmill in front of a huge revolving canvas disk, on which was painted rural scenery. With the disk going one way, and Fatty the other, the finished scene would put chained lightning in the discard for speed. He was coatless and hatless, and his breath came in short explosions like an engine hitting on three cylinders.

"Hello—glad to see you—" he panted, never letting up on his treadmill stride. "Cant stop now—gotta keep on until this thing goes around six more times—gosh, its a long way 'round——"

"Speed up a little, Fatty," called the director coolly, and Fatty, carried away by indignation, almost looked into the camera.

"Say—what d'ya think I am—a Marmon Six?—" he puffed, while a painted fence slid slowly by. "If I went any faster they'd pinch me for speeding," and he plugged away grimly while a clump of trees ambled leisurely past.

"There's something funny about seeing a fat man run," the director explained to me," it will be a scream in the picture——"

Fatty heard the remark.

"Sure, it's funny—to *watch,* isn't it!" he jerked between strides. "Do you guys know it's ninety in the shade—and no shade——"

The required number of rounds were finished at last, and the exhausted comedian sank down into a convenient chair, which groaned ominously.

"Never again!" he panted, mopping his streaming brow," I swear I'll never put a running scene in another picture of mine——"

The director "ahemmed" discreetly.

"Sorry, Fatty," he said meekly, "but we've discovered that the film was light-struck—you'll have to do that little running stunt again——"

Fatty rose up and started to speak, then sat down suddenly, almost apoplectic with the effort to keep from using language objectionable to the ears of the non-swearing sex. I left with a hasty excuse. The least I could do was to let him say what he thought—out loud. Besides, I had gotten what I went for.

When I reached Smiling Bill Parson's studio, I encountered him minus the smile which is his trade-mark. Instead he took off his hat and mopped a shining expanse of cranium guiltess of hirsute adornment.

"Sorry you weren't here an hour sooner," he told me, "you'd have seen a 'wiz' of a picture—I take a double rôle in it, that of a rich man and a vagabond, and talk about trouble—it's double exposure work you know, and we ruined several hundred feet of film in one scene, and in another I changed costumes just twenty-seven times from evening clothes to tramp's rags, and I got so mixed up I didn't know whether I was going or coming!"

"These sob-dramas are hard to make—" I said consolingly, and he interrupted me by a gesture as if to tear his hair—which cant be done—for reasons.

"Sob-drama, my eye!" he said tragically. "It's a comedy—a riot—a knock-out—and it will be the death of me!"

* * * * *

I went back later to the Chaplin studio to apologize to Charlie for having thought him a misanthrope.

I glimpsed him at the end of the lot, walking back and forth with a face like a thundercloud, and muttering to himself.

"Who's dead?" I asked flippantly, and the Press Agent gave me a warning "Sh—h!"

"He's thinking up a comedy," he whispered, and I stole away, subdued and properly rebuked.

WHY THEY ALL HAILED HAMILTON

May Allison, the dainty screen star, tells a good story about Hale Hamilton, recent addition to the Metro galaxy of stars.

It seems that a few years ago Hamilton, who created the rôle of J. Rufus Wallingford in George M. Cohan's "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," appeared in an American production in London. The opening night was a memorable occasion, with a tumultuous house attending the success of the play.

"The next morning," said Hamilton to Miss Allison, recounting the experience to her when he was her leading-man in New York, "I was taking a constitutional along the Strand when I noticed that at every few steps an Englishman would raise his hat to me. I was flattered and, of course, tickled.

"I proceeded for three blocks, and to my right and left Britons were doffing their hats. I began to puff up with pride.

"I ran into a fellow-American. I told him about all the hat-lifting. I asked him if I was really so great in the part that the entire population of London should acclaim my genius.

"'Oh,' he exclaimed, with a laugh, 'you have been keeping pace with a funeral passing thru the Strand! And an Englishman always raises his hat when a funeral is passing.'"

Keep the complete outfit and use it for 30 days. Set it up and sleep in it. Treat it just the same as if you owned it. After a month, if you wish to return it, no explanations or apologies are necessary. That's the way with everything here. And this is only one out of 8000 bargains from our new free book.

Let Us Loan You This Bed-Spring-Mattress

Send Only One Dollar Enclose this small deposit in a plain letter. That is all that is necessary. If you finally decide that the outfit is not wanted, this trifling deposit will be returned to you immediately; also all freight charges and hauling expense.

Sturdy Steel Bed—New Colonial design in popular continuous post style. Standard full size, measuring 4 ft. 6 in. wide. The posts are 1⅛ in. thick. Five ⅞ in. filling rods are set into the top and lower rails with strong steel husks. Stands 53½ in. at head end and 37½ in. at foot.

Colors—Pure white or popular all gold Vernis Martin finish.

Guaranteed Spring—Splendidly made, unusually strong and will not sag. Angle link fabric secured to corners with steel bands. Fastened to angle steel frame with 27 coil springs. Fits bed.

Restwell Mattress—Filled with best combed excelsior, overlaid with clean, fine cotton on top and sides, closely tufted and firmly stitched. Best grade ticking. Order by

No. RB6179 All three pieces, bed, spring and mattress, **$19.95**

Free Dollar Book
of 8000 Furniture Bargains —Year to Pay—

Send for our newest and biggest book, and judge its display simply for value, quality and beauty. Think about the credit part only as an *extra advantage.* About 8000 articles are pictured and described. Everything is shown big. Many things like carpets, rugs, linoleums, etc., are printed in their real colors.

Nothing for the home is left out or forgotten. You can get a wringer or stew pan just the same as a beautiful davenport—or handsome silverware. It is twice the usual size, covering 11x15 inches. It costs us with the mailing, about $1.00 a copy. To you it is free. All you have to do is ask for it.

Pay Little By Little as You Get Your Money

A credit certificate will come with our Bargain Book, opening your account. You won't ever need to ask for credit. We have arranged all that in advance.

Just tell us to send anything at all the same way we have told you about the outfit on this page. There can never be any embarrassment. There is no red tape here. We never write your friends, employers or neighbors. We haven't any collectors.

Spiegel, May, Stern Co.

1244 West 35th St., Chicago

Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh —Youthful Looking

To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, illness or worry—to overcome flabbiness and improve facial contour—there is nothing quite so good as plain

Powdered SAXOLITE

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

Free Book
Containing complete story of the origin and history of that wonderful instrument—the

Easy to Play
Easy to Pay

[4]

SAXOPHONE

This book tells you when to use Saxophone—singly, in quartettes, in sextettes, or in regular band; how to transpose from orchestral parts and many other things you would like to know.

You can learn to play the scale in one hour's practice, and soon be playing popular airs. You can double your income, your pleasure, and your popularity. **Easy to pay** by our easy payment plan.

MAKES AN IDEAL PRESENT

Send for free Saxophone book and catalog of True-Tone Band Instruments.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
267 Jackson Street, Elkhart, Ind.

TYPEWRITER SENSATION **$3 or $4** monthly buys a Beautifully Reconstructed Latest Model Visible Typewriter with back-spacer, decimal tabulator, two-color ribbon, etc. Every late style feature and modern operating convenience. Perfect appearance, perfect action and absolute dependability. Sent anywhere on approval. Catalog and special price FREE.

Harry A. Smith [307], 218 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

75 PHOTOS of MOVIE STARS

reproduced in halftones. Your favorites are all here—Chaplin, Bushman, Pickford, Bara, Pearl White, Joyce, Clark, etc. All the STARS in real classy poses. Suitable for framing. Set mail for 15c with catalog of other MOVIE articles.

YOUNGS PHOTO CO., Dept. C, So. Norwalk, Conn.

Half Her Charm Is In Her Long Eye-Lashes

Here's the Secret

Many women once considered plain, are now called pretty and attractive--all because they have found how to have long eye-lashes and well-formed expressive eyebrows. They set off the eyes --make them look striking--add new charm to the whole face. Any woman anywhere can now bring out hidden beauty in the same way. The whole secret is in the daily use of Lashneen. Easily applied. Results are quick and sure. Lashneen stimulates growth of lashes and brows by supplying natural nourishment and by keeping them healthy and vigorous. An Oriental formula. Absolutely harmless. Over 100,000 women have used it with success, including many stars of stage and screen and women of social prominence. Try it. Mailed on receipt of 50 cents (coin or money order.) Send today--money back if not satisfied.

LASHNEEN CO.
Dept. 1-M
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sylvia Breamer
a favorite among all who have seen her on the screen, says: "Lashneen keeps my eye-lashes and brows looking so beautiful that my friends often ask me how I do it."

LASHNEEN TRADE MARK REG.

"I Would Not Part with it for $10,000"

So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it. Conserve your body and life *first.*

The Natural Body Brace

Overcomes **WEAKNESS** and **ORGANIC AILMENTS** of **WOMEN AND MEN.** Develops **erect,** graceful figure.

Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

For Children Also

Wear It 30 Days Free at Our Expense

Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures, constipation. Comfortable and easy to wear.

Keep Yourself Fit

Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our very liberal proposition.

HOWARD C. RASH, Pres. Natural Body Brace Co.
117 Rash Building **SALINA, KANSAS**

You Never Saw Such a Girl

(*Continued from page* 58)

I had made up my mind, tho, that if *he* should prove to be my uncle Aunt Fanny and I would go on voyaging. There wouldn't be any remote corner of the earth, I felt, far enough, still enough, deep enough, to hide me.

We found "The Pillars" easily. It was an easy thing to find. So big. So white. So—so sort o' stupendous.

He . . . Eric . . . came home the day after our arrival. I told Reagon, the nice caretaker, who I was, and he seemed to be pleased to see me, tho doubtful. Aunt Fanny and he got on famously. I never saw Aunt Fanny so red in her face before as when she talked with Reagon. And Reagon the same. He telegraphed grandmother and said he had never heard Mrs. Burgess speak of me, but that she was a very busy lady indeed, which no doubt accounted for it. I said "Yes." And Aunt Fanny said that was so.

The next day Eric came, unexpectedly. I heard him tell Reagon that he was "expecting orders." When he saw me he nearly fainted. He got even redder than Aunt Fanny. And whiter than me. Then he gripped my hands. "What are you doing here?" he gasped, and he added something under his breath. Something soft and thrilly. I told him. "And you are my uncle, "I finished up, and I wanted him to feel as sick, as hurt, as the thought had, somehow or other, made me. I'd like an uncle . . . but not Eric . . . not Eric . . .

Eric said that was impossible, nonsensical, farcical, absurd and several other immense names. Then he said that it was a funny business, but that he was going to give me a good time while I was at "The Pillars."

Eric *did* give me a good time. The second day after our arrival Judge Eustace, who has the adjoining estate, gave a garden fête. Eric took me. There were such lots of people . . . women like stately flowers . . . men with grim faces wearing uniforms . . . girls with tired eyes . . . boys looking callow. Eric looked only at me. I looked only at Eric.

Judge Eustace was kind to me. He said: "I knew a little girl once with the same eyes as yours . . . the same smile . . . it was a great many years ago . . . I am glad to see you, my dear."

Eric heard him and started, almost nervously. I felt that he was troubled.

Grandmother came the next morning. She came with a great bustle and clangor, and lots of dogs yelped and a parrot shrieked raucously "You're a fool, you're a *fool!*" to nobody in particular. She should have come, I felt, with peppermints, knitting and a soft old voice, soft because it had soothed two generations of babies.

Grandmother *evicted* us. Evicted Aunt Fanny and me, Marty Mackenzie. We had never been evicted in all our lives. I tried to see the silver lining. I tried to tell Aunt Fanny it was an *experience,* and that all experiences are something. But Aunt Fanny's mouth was a vertical line and would not move.

Grandmother called us "impostors," "bribers," "possible blackmailers"—all sorts of terrible names. Eric was white and sent me out of the room. There were scenes and scenes, and finally we got under way in the old caravan.

We went back home. Aunt Fanny said she was sick of seeing life if *that* was life. I felt the same. We felt that we had gone forth with laughter on our lips and love of life in our hearts, and that life had slapped our faces.

Then, one day, I was sitting on the fence again. I had just painted the "Boarders Wanted" sign over again, and I was hoping it would take. It didn't seem as if *anything* took for me. I began to know how my mother must have felt about resting . . . Then I heard his voice. "I am dreaming," I thought, "I have gone to sleep sitting on the fence. How silly! Presently I shall fall off and get an awful bump!"

"Marty," said the belovedest voice; "Marty . . . Mackenzie . . ."

I toppled and nearly fell, but his arms caught me. He was saying a lot of things in sort of a tumbled fashion, as tho he wanted to get thru them, so as to reach really important matters. "Mother 'fessed up," he said, "she was *your* mother's *stepmother.* They . . . they didn't get along. Mother is arbitrary. She—this hurts me to say—wanted the money for *me*—she didn't want to admit to you—you see, I was her son by an earlier marriage—her only child—mothers are sometimes selfish—do you see, Marty? Do you see?"

"You're not my uncle?" I said.

"Of course not . . . of course not . . . we both knew that.

"How—how did you come?"

"With such wings . . ."

I laughed and little sobs broke up my laughter. I was in his arms. Aunt Fanny was looking. The passersby were looking. The world was looking—and I did not care. For there was no world save in his eyes. No heaven save his arms.

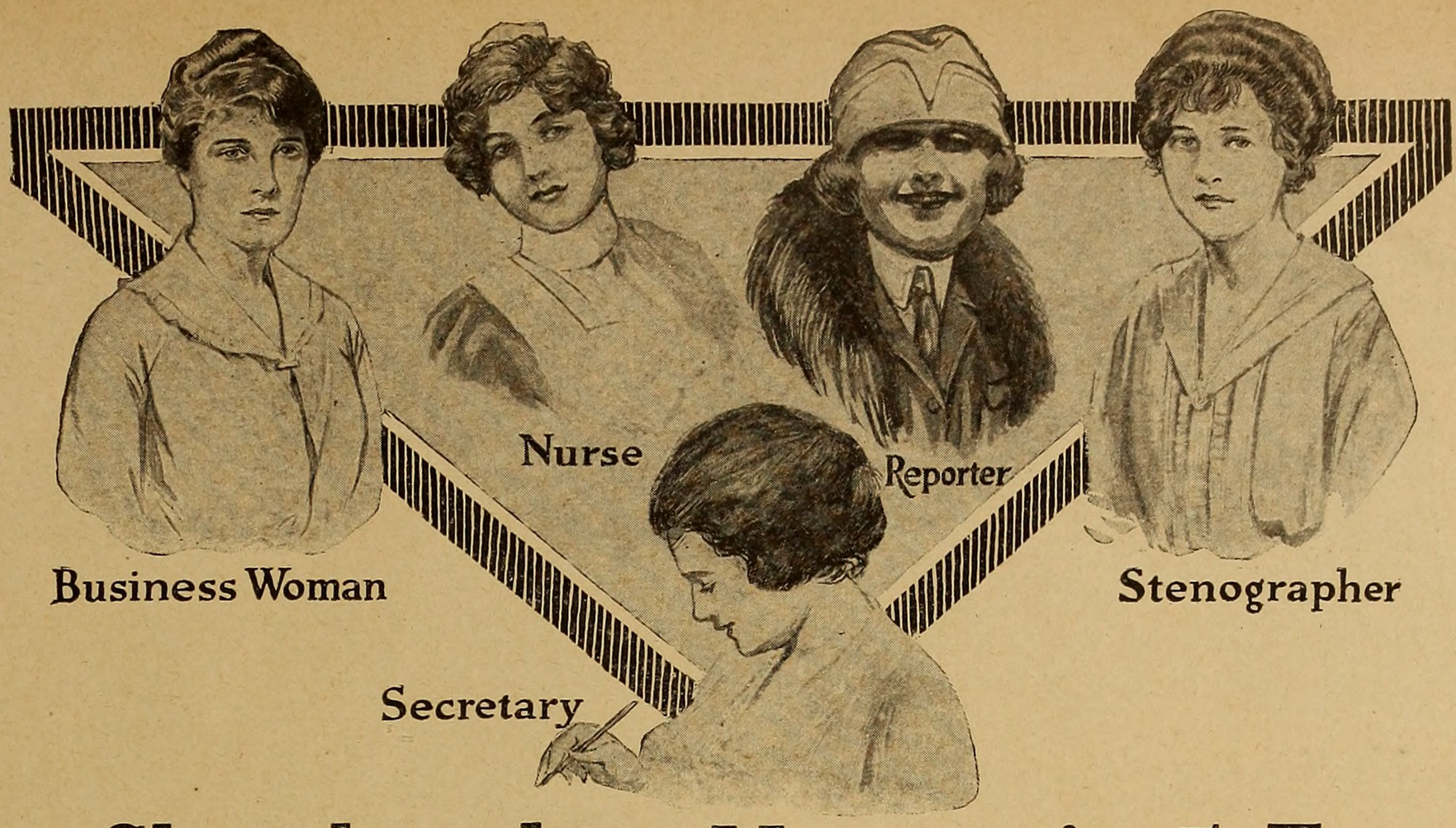
"Shining in the sun . . ." I repeated . . . "my beautiful . . ."

He kist me. "To right a wrong . . ." he said.

"YOU NEVER SAW SUCH A GIRL"

Narrated with permission from the photoplay of the same name, scenarioized by Marion Fairfax from the story by George Weston, directed by Robert Vignola for Paramount release with this cast:

Mary Mackenzie	Vivian Martin
Eric	Harrison Ford
Fanny Perkins	Mayme Kelso
Uncle Ebau	Willis Marks
Mrs. Mackenzie	Edna May Cooper
Mr. Burgess	John Burton
Mrs. Burgess	Edyth Chapman
Judge Eustace	Herbert Standing



Learn Shorthand at Home--in 5 Evenings

Five days hence you will be writing K. I. Shorthand—that is if you were to start learning today.

Think of it! You probably do not know the first principle in shorthand—perhaps you never dreamed of being able to write it—and yet before a week has passed you could be making all sorts of memoranda in K. I. Shorthand.

You can prepare yourself for a position in weeks as compared to months by other systems.

It is not too good to be true! K. I. Shorthand is the new, simplified stenography that anyone can learn in five evenings and gain ample speed in a fraction of the time required by any of the old, complicated systems.

K·I· Shorthand

Simplified Stenography

fits you for the pleasanter occupations

Why not learn K. I. Shorthand now and let it help you on your way to a more desirable vocation—to higher salary—to greater efficiency as a teacher, business person, lecturer, author, doctor, lawyer, press correspondent, or any one of a legion of other occupations?

In an unbelievably short time you will know K. I. Shorthand well enough to serve you as a public or private stenographer or secretary—with all the wealth of opportunity that such capability means.

Study at Home

K. I. Shorthand has taken the world by storm. Young and old, beginners and experts are writing it. It is destined to supersede the old complicated systems, for universal use, like the typewriter has replaced long-hand in business correspondence.

K. I. Shorthand is for MEN AND WOMEN of all ages and occupations. Constantly it is depended upon for making important memoranda, taking messages verbatim, jotting down business-getting ideas, etc.—by business executives, industrial engineers, salesmen, advertising men, writers, lawyers, teachers, farmers and numerous others.

Daily we hear of people who never thought they could spare the time to learn stenography, learning this new method in a few hours, or a few evenings and putting it at once to practical use.

Grace Miller White,

who wrote "Tess o' the Storm Country" and numerous books and screen plays, says:

"A truly wonderful thing is K. I. Shorthand. It surely is simplified stenography that anyone can learn in a few hours; and then it is a pleasure to speed up in writing one's own thoughts or taking down what others are saying. I am amazed at your beautifully easy method of acquiring such a valuable accomplishment."

So Easy to Learn

You can do it, too. Forget what you have heard of the hardship of learning any of the old systems. K. I. Shorthand is immeasurably unlike any of them. It is stenography pruned of its maze and mystery, clarified, simplified. It is shorthand made shorter, easier to learn, more natural to write, as easy to read as long-hand—and never forgetable.

Even experts in the old systems have abandoned them because they prefer the new and simpler K. I. Method.

K. I. Shorthand omits all the intricate, perplexing and brain-tiring special rules, positions and shadings which make other systems a nightmare for the student. It is so much easier to learn because there is infinitely less to study. No greater endorsement could be asked than the fact that it is used in U. S. Government Civil Service positions, by large corporations and in courts.

Experts Guide You

In no other way can you obtain a thorough stenographic education at such trifling cost. Includes complete correspondence instruction, the equal of which would cost many times as much elsewhere and take months of time as well.

CERTIFICATE OF PROFICIENCY is awarded students upon completion of the course, and is recognized as genuine proof of practical stenographic efficiency.

What Others Say

"**In two weeks** I learned all the lessons thoroughly. I am now doing stenographic work, having **accepted a position** the first of this month, and I am amazed at the speed with which I am able to take dictation."

GERTRUDE L. GIRARDEAU.

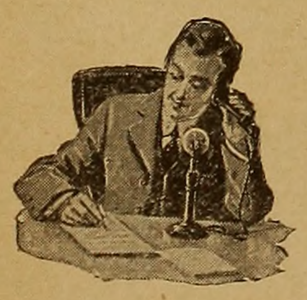
"I learned K. I. Shorthand **within five hours** and in one week afterwards I was able to write **90 words per minute.** I set down all my notes in K. I. Shorthand and can read them weeks later. K. I. Shorthand is worth ten times what is asked for it."

BYRON W. CREW.

"It was a pleasure to learn K. I. Shorthand. **Within three hours I could write any word.** I can now write over 100 words per minute and am positive that by a little more practice I could speed up to 150 words a minute. It is easy to read one's notes in K. I. Shorthand."

JOY WADSWORTH.

FREE Lessons



"Talk as fast as you like. I am taking it down in K. I. Shorthand."

The first lessons will be sent you free. After one evening's study you will be able to write thousands of words in K. I. Shorthand so accurately you could read your notes months or years later. Then, if you are interested and wish to continue the course, we will forward the remaining lessons on approval for 30 days. If not convinced, there is nothing to return—no bother—no expense. Why not try it? Remember, if you cannot learn you wont be out a penny.

KING INSTITUTE

154 East 32nd Street, New York, or 8 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Mail the coupon at once, or write, mentioning "Motion Picture Magazine"

KING INSTITUTE, Inc.

Station F, New York, N.Y., or 8 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me the first two lessons in K. I. Shorthand, FREE, also full information.

Name.....

Address.....EH-181

.....

Send Only $1.00 With Coupon

and we will ship you this

Pure Silk Satin Frock

This stunning style is made of a very fine grade of silk satin. The circular collar is of white satin, while the waist-part is cut in panel effect, having attractive multi-colored embroidery in the center. Under the white collar in back is a wide square collar of self material embroidered and edged with black silk fringe. The panels continue below the waist-line on either side in front and are beautifully embroidered and edged with black silk fringe. The belt of self material terminates in front in sash effect. The sleeves are of silk georgette crepe with cuffs of satin. Furnished in Navy blue, plum, grey or black. Sizes 34 to 44 and Misses 16 to 20. Give color wanted, also bust, belt, hip and skirt length. Order by Style No. D26. Only $1.00 with Coupon, $3 Monthly. Price $18.95.

6 Months to Pay

Order this bargain on our liberal credit terms. No need to pay all down to get the very latest styles and amazing values in anything you want to wear. We trust honest people no matter where they live. Buy the easy way! Send today for this offering and see for yourself what a big advantage it is to use your credit with us. Act right now.

Mail Coupon Now!

Thousands will be sending in for this bargain. It will be first come, first served. Mail coupon with $1.00 P. O. order. Order before prices go up! Prices on everything are going up! up! up! and we may be forced to advance the price on this wonderful bargain before long. So, order NOW! Also get our remarkable free bulletin of men's, women's and children's clothing on credit. Send the coupon TODAY.

Order Before Prices Go Up

Silk Georgette Sleeves

ORDER DIRECT FROM THIS AD

D' **ELMER RICHARDS CO.,** Dept.1894 **, W. 35th St., CHICAGO**

Please send the Ladies' Frock, No. D26. Color.....

Size Bust.....Belt.....Hip.....Length.....

If I am not satisfied with the Ladies' Frock, I can return it and get my payment back. Otherwise, I will pay the advertised price $18.95 on your terms of $1.00 with coupon, balance $3.00 monthly.

Name.....

Address.....

Post Office..... *State*.....

If you want the Bargain Bulletin, which is FREE, put X here ☐

"I've Discovered A Wonderful Hair Net"—

"Bonnie-B Hair Nets are simply fine—even on the windiest days, my hair stays lovely and smooth under the delicate Bonnie-B net. I like it especially because the mesh, though strong, is absolutely invisible. And it matches my hair perfectly. I gladly recommend the Bonnie-B to all my friends."

Enid Bennett

Get one of these strong, dainty Bonnie-B Hair Nets today. They are made of the finest human hair—delicately woven into an invisible mesh which cannot be distinguished from your own hair. It is fully guaranteed to wear three times as long as any other net.

Bonnie-B
IMPORTED
HUMAN HAIR NET

Be sure to look for "Artistic French Coiffures," the valuable booklet you will find tucked away in the little triangular envelope. It was written and illustrated especially for Bonnie-B Hair Nets by Cluzelle, the foremost hairdresser of New York society. Learn how to dress your hair in many new and fascinating styles.

The Bonnie-B Co., Inc., 222 Fourth Avenue, New York City

PALMOLIVE

Explanatory Note—At the right is a translation of the story of palm and olive oils written in the hieroglyphics of 3000 years ago. The characters and the translation are correctly shown according to the present day knowledge of the subject. Read hieroglyphics down, and to the right.

(1) *As for her who desires beauty.*
(2) *She is wont to anoint her limbs with oil of palm and oil of olives.*
(3) *There cause to flourish these ointments—the skin.*
(4) *As for oil of palm and oil of olives, there is not their like for reviving, making sound and purifying the skin.*

The History Back of Modern Beauty

WHEN the royal women of ancient Egypt learned the value of Palm and Olive oils they made a discovery to which modern users owe Palmolive.

For this famous soap contains the same rare oils, the luxury of famous queens 3000 years ago.

Its bland, fragrant lather is the final perfection of the blend which is old as history.

Palmolive Shampoo also contains the same Palm and Olive oils, keeping the hair soft and glossy with their mild yet thorough cleansing qualities.

Palmolive is sold everywhere by leading dealers—wartime price, two cakes for 25c. It is supplied in guest-cake size at those hotels most famous for de luxe service.

Send 25 cents in stamps for Travelette case, containing miniature packages of eight popular Palmolive specialties attractively packed.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited.
Toronto, Ontario

Brett Litho. Co., N. Y.