The Latest in Perfumery

Petites

TAKE one to the theater or dance, empty it and throw the tiny bottle away (or save it and refill it). The finest perfume in the world, when placed on a handkerchief or gown, lasts only a few minutes after it has dried. Only moisture or heat can bring out the aroma again. Hence, the perfume milady applies in her boudoir is usually lost by the time she arrives at her destination—the place it was intended for. Petites overcome this waste. They take up no room, are easily opened, and you can always have the dainty, delicate, bewitching aroma clinging and lingering about your presence. Ten Petites, filled with the most delicious perfume, accompany every two-ounce cut-glass bottle, together with a filler, all neatly packed in a beautiful box. The perfume is Corliss Palmer named after its inventor, who is known as the Most Beautiful Girl in America. It is her first choice of 100 accepted formulas. It is distinctive, subtle, illusive, charming. Its enchanting fragrance is exceedingly lasting, and you can often detect it on your handkerchief after it has been laundered. To introduce it to the American market, the price is at present only $6.00 a box, complete.

Jeanne Jacques
(Sole Distributor)
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
May She Invite Him Into the House?

They have just returned from a dance. It is rather late, but the folks are still up. Should she invite him into the house or say good-night to him at the door? Should he ask permission to go into the house with her? Should she ask him to call at some other time?

There are countless other problems, that arise every day. Should a woman allow a man she knows only slightly to pay her fare on a car or train? Should a man offer his hand to a woman when he is introduced to her? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them or on the outside?

Those who know how to act under all circumstances are always considered charming and cultured. But those who are always committing embarrassing mistakes, who do and say the wrong thing at the wrong time betray themselves as uncultured.

The Value of Social Knowledge

Everyone loves to attend dances and theaters, to mingle with cultured, brilliant people, to take part in social functions. Without the social knowledge which gives grace and poise, one cannot hope to be happy and at ease in these circles. Social knowledge, or etiquette, serves as a barrier to keep the crude and unpolished out of the circles where they themselves would be embarrassed and where they would cause mortification to others.

Through generations of observation in the best circles of Europe and America, these rules of etiquette have come down to us—rulings that have stood the test of time and been followed by those who wish to be well-bred, who wish to avoid embarrassment and humiliation when they come into contact with cultured people.

The man or woman who knows the rules of etiquette will be all the more brilliant, cultured people, and yet feel entirely at ease, always calm and well-poised. And if one knows how to conduct oneself with grace and confidence, one will win respect and admiration no matter where one chances to be. The charm of manner has a greater power than wealth or fame—a power which admits one to the finest circles of society.

What Do You Know About Etiquette?

Perhaps you have often wondered what to do on a certain puzzling occasion, what to wear to some unusual entertainment, what to say under certain circumstances. Do you know, for instance, how to word a wedding announcement in the newspapers? Do you know how to acknowledge a gift? Do you know the correct thing to wear to a formal dinner?

Do you know how to introduce a man to a woman, how to plan a tea-party, how to decorate the home for a wedding? Do you know how to overcome self-consciousness, how to have the charm of correct speech, how to be an ideal guest, an ideal host or hostess? Do you know all about such important details as setting a dinner table correctly, addressing invitations correctly, addressing servants correctly? Do you know the etiquette of weddings, of funerals, of dances?

The Famous "Book of Etiquette" in Two Volumes Sent To You Free for Examination

There are two methods of gaining the social polish, the social charm that every man and woman must have before he or she can be always at ease in cultured society. One method is to mingle with society for years, slowly acquiring the correct table manners, the correct way to conduct oneself at all times, in all places. One would learn by one's own humiliating mistakes.

The other method is to learn at once, from a dependable authority, the etiquette of society. By knowing exactly what to do, say, write, and wear on all occasions, one will be better prepared to associate with the most highly cultivated people and yet feel entirely at ease. At the theater, in the restaurant, at the dance or dinner, one will be graceful and charming—confident in the knowledge that one is doing or saying only what is correct.

The famous two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette has solved the problem in thousands of families. Into these two volumes have been gathered all the rules of etiquette. Here you will find the solutions to all your etiquette problems—how to word invitations, what to wear to the theater or dance, how much to tip the porter or waiter, how to arrange a church wedding. Nothing is omitted.

Would you like to know why rice is thrown after the bride, why a teacup is usually given to the engaged girl, why the woman who marries for the second time may not wear white? Even the origin of each rule of etiquette is traced, and, wherever possible, explained. You will learn why the bride usually has a maid-of-honor, why black was chosen as the color of mourning, why the man raises his hat. As interesting as a story—yet while you read you will be acquiring the knowledge that will protect you against embarrassment and humiliation.

Examine these two famous volumes at our expense. Let us send you the Book of Etiquette free for 5 days. Read the tables of contents in the books. Glance at the illustrations. Read one or two of the interesting chapters. And then decide whether or not you want to return the splendid set. You will wonder how you could have ever done so long without it!

Within the 5 days' free examination period, you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the books without obligation. If you decide to keep them, as we believe you will, simply send $3.50 in full payment—and they are yours. But be sure you take advantage of this free examination offer. Send the coupon at once! Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 85, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

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Dept. 85, Oyster Bay, New York

Check in this square if you want these books with the beautiful full-leather binding at five dollars, with 5 days' examination privilege.
Are you talking to the right man about your motion pictures?

Get acquainted with the manager of your theatre

You people who care more about better motion pictures than any other section of the community, must act.

There is one man in your midst who desires nothing better than to be guided by your wishes.

If your ideals of quality in photoplays are as high as Paramount's he wants to know about it, and he wants to show you and your friends all the Paramount Pictures he can get.

It's no good simply talking among yourselves when your indignation is aroused by some inferior picture.

Talk to the man who can change it, the manager of your theatre. If you like the show, tell him—if you don't like it, tell him.

His creed is the survival of the fittest pictures, which means Paramount Pictures—the photoplays that bring large and admiring audiences.

If you want the world's greatest entertainment all you have to do is act,—and remember that

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

PARAMOUNT PICTURES listed in order of release
March 1, 1922, to June 1, 1922
Ask your theatre manager when he will show them

"The Mistress of the World"
A series of Four Paramount Pictures with Mia May. Directed by Joe May From the novel by Carl Fidiger

Wallace Reid in "The World's Champion"
Based on the play, "The Champion" By A. E. Thomas and Thomas Louden

Gloria Swanson in "Her Husband's Trademark" By Clara Beranger

Cecil B. DeMille's Production "Poo's Paradise" Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story "The Laurels and the Lady"

Mary Miles Minter in "The Heart Specialist" By Mary Morton A Realart Production

Marion Davies in "Beauty's Worth" By Sophie Kerr A Cosmopolitan Production

Betty Compson in "The Green Temptation" From the story, "The Noose" By Constance Lindsay Skinner

May McAvoy in "Through a Glass Window" By Olga Printz A Realart Production

"Find the Woman" With Alma Rubens By Arthur Somers Roche A Cosmopolitan Production

Ethel Clayton in "The Cradle" Adapted from the play by Eugene Brieux

Constance Binney in "The Sleep Walker" By Aubrey Stauffer A Realart Production

Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt in "Bought and Paid For" A William DeMille Production Adapted from the play by George Broadhurst

Pola Negri in "The Devil's Pawn"

Dorothy Dalton in "The Crimson Challenge" By Vingie E. Roe

Wanda Hawley in "The Truthful Liar" By Will Payne A Realart Production

John S. Robertson's Production "The Spanish Jade," with David Powell From the novel by Maurice Hewlett

"Is Matrimony a Failure?" With T. Roy Barnes, Lila Lee, Lois Wilson and Walter Hiers

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's "Beyond the Rocks"

Mia May in "My Man" Marion Davies in "The Young Diana," by Marie Corelli A Cosmopolitan Production

Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels in "Val of Paradise," by Vingie E. Roe

Agnes Ayres in "The Oreal"

In Production: two great Paramount Pictures

Cecil B. DeMille's "Manslaughter" From the novel by Alice Duer Miller

George Melford's "Burning Sands" From the novel by Arthur Weigall A man's answer to Mrs. E. M. Hull's "The Sheik"
THE MAY SHADOWLAND

THERE will be many noteworthy literary features:

Frank Harris contributes a remarkable contemporary portrait of Thomas Hardy.

Kenneth Macgowan writes on Adolphe Appia, the Italian-Swiss stage pioneer, who has done such notable work in the newer stagecraft.

Sheldon Cheney writes interestingly of the recent International Theatrical Exhibition in Amsterdam, Holland.

Frederick James Smith presents an unusual interview with that genius of the cinema, D. W. Griffith.

Benjamin de Casseres presents one of his brilliant literary studies, this time of the immortal Balzac.

The month’s playlet is one of singular power, “Mary and Martha and the Magistrate,” by Edwin Bjorkman.

There will be many other remarkable contributions on the arts and current events.

And, of course, Shadowland will be beautiful in typography and color printing. Another remarkable issue of “the magazine beautiful.”

SHADOWLAND
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Stages of Plays of Interest

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

Apollon.—"Orphans of the Storm." D. W. Griffith’s latest epic of the screen, a re-telling of the old melodrama, "The Two Orphans," with an interest in its background. Lillian and Dorothy Gish have the leading roles. This is Griffith at his best and the play-place is not a bad one.

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

Belmont.—"The S. S. Tenacity." A pleasant production of a tender and appealing French drama by Charles Vildrac, brilliantly played and admirably staged by Robert Edmund Jones.

Beloit.—"Mar- jolaine," a musical adaptation of Louis N. Parker’s romantic Georgian comedy, "Famouls Walk." An above-the-average adaptation of a typically British theme; lyrics by Brian Hooker and a tuneful score by Hugo Felix. Little Mary Hay runs away with the acting of the piece, altho Lennox Pawle and Peggy Wood are more than adequate in the featured roles.

Casino.—"Tangerine," with Julia Sanders. A pleasant and entertaining musical comedy with a clever song-dance book by the best of the Al Jolson cast. The first revue, "Umboboo," is nearly all Al Jolson, although there are pretty girls aplenty.

Century.—"The Chocolate Soldier." An attractive revival of the delightful comic opera, with Donald Brian and Tessa Kosta featured.

Cohran’s.—"The Perfect Fool," with Ed Wynn. A musical concoction in which Wynn is the whole show. He was never funnier. Out of the supporting cast stands the Meyako sisters, personable Japanese maidens.

Eldorado.—"Dandridge," with Virginia Hopewood’s latest "thin-ice" farce. The locale is that modern tabloid Babylon, Hollywood, and the opus shows movies in the making. The big scene of the pleasant things of the season in progress. Hazel Dawn heads the cast, but Constantine Farber really runs away with the opera.

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

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

Klave.—"Lilies of the Field." With Marie Dorro starred and Norman Trevor featured. Another flip and slang "gold digger" play.

Maxine Elliott’s.—"The Mountain Man," with Sidney Blackmer. This is one of the outstanding plays of the season. Elliott and Blackmer with F. C. King and others dance attractively.

Music Hall.—Irv Berlin’s "Music Box Revue." The biggest musical hit of the year and a fast-moving entertainment, studded with clever comic hits. The fine cast includes Sam Bernard, Willie Collier, Florence Moore, Willi Bennett, Mr. Berlin himself, Mlle. Marguerite, Emma Haig and Rossolanda. The staging is quite excellent. "The Music Box Revue.""
No Need to Be Fat!

Take Off 5 to 10 Pounds a Week—In New, Easy Way

"The first week I lost 10 pounds," writes a grateful woman. One man removed 22 pounds in two weeks! Other women have taken off 30, 40, 60 and even as much as 70 pounds—ALL WITHOUT EXERCISES, MEDICINES, APPLIANCES, STARVING OR BITTER SELF-DENIALS—and with great improvements in health. Try this safe natural way on Free Trial.

Just follow one simple, easily-understood law of Nature, and you can quickly take off unsightly, burdensome surplus fat— as rapidly as you wish.

It sounds simple—and it is—but until you heard of this remarkable new discovery thousands of men and women had been heartbroken and were hopeless of ever getting rid of the dangerous, disfiguring excess flesh that was seriously impairing their health and vitality.

Here is part of an enthusiastic letter from a woman who was one of these "hopelessly fat" people until she applied this new discovery:

"I weighed 240 pounds. Could not go upstairs without feeling faint. Had indigestion so badly I had to see a doctor. Then I sent for your method. The very first week I lost 10 pounds. I got so I could RUN upstairs. My weight is now 166 pounds (74 pounds lost), and I am still reducing. I read method of reducing in the first lesson. There is no sign of indigestion. I feel wonderful. I am elated with my discovery. It is simple, safe and certain method of obtaining normal, healthy weight. Try this safe natural way on Free Trial.

Read These Results!

Loses 22 Pounds in 14 Days

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

Mrs. Bess Saddle
102, Fulton St., New York City.

From 157 to 145 Pounds

"I will always be thankful that I wrote for the course. I weighed 187 pounds. After getting the course I secured results right away and now am down to normal weight, having lost 40 pounds. It is grand to have a girlish figure again."

Mrs. Fred Capron
Manhasset, L. I.

Lost 28 Pounds in 30 Days

"I found your instructions easy to follow and your method delightful. In 10 days I lost 8 pounds—8 pounds the very first week. My general health has been greatly benefited."

(Signed) Earl A. Keefle
New York City.

Loses 17 Pounds

"When I started your method I weighed 135 pounds. In six weeks I reduced to 118."

Mrs. L. L. Cains
Utica, N. Y.

The Secret of These Astonishing Reductions

It was given to Eugene Christian, the well-known food specialist, to discover the secret of this certain and easily followed method of regaining normal, healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods, when eaten together, take off weight instead of adding to it. Certain combinations cause fat, others consume fat. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of following directions and learning how to combine your food so that fat is consumed instead of deposited in the body.

And the beauty of this safe, natural method of reducing is that it gives you renewed vitality and energy in addition to restoring your normal, youthful figure. Your general health and happiness will be immediately improved, your sleep will be more refreshing. The years seem to drop away as the superfluous fat vanishes, and you may even find, as others have, that wrinkles which seemed permanent have also been effaced. Blazed with his discovery and with the new hope and energy it offers to stout men and women, Eugene Christian incorporated this method in the form of simple, easy-to-follow little lessons under the title of "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." This is now offered to you on free trial.

Although you would probably be glad to pay many dollars for such a simple, safe and certain method of obtaining normal, healthy weight, it is offered to you as low as we can, because we want everyone to get rid of excessive flesh to secure its benefits.

Free Trial—Send No Money

Send no money; just put your name and address on the coupon, or send a letter if you prefer. The course will be mailed to you in PLAIN CONTAINER, and $1.97 (plus postage) to the postman will make it yours. Then, if you are not fully satisfied in every particular, you may return it within five days after its receipt, and your money will be absolutely refunded. If more convenient, you may return this coupon, or a letter. You are thoroughly protected by our refund offer. Act to-day, however, to avoid delay, as I have for you to keep up with the demand for those lessons. If you prefer to write a letter, copy wording of coupon in a letter or on a postcard.

Corrective Eating Society, Inc.
Dept. W-2105
43 West 16th Street, New York City

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AGENTS—Signs for Stores and Offices; entirely new; $50 weekly; make also signs at honest prices. Chicago Sign System, N. 140 W. Austin Ave, Chicago.

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PLAYS, MUSICAL COMEDIES AND REVUES, minstrel choruses, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologues, duologues, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage handbooks, make-up books. Big catalog free. T. S. Denting & Co., 225 So. Walsh, Dept. 64, Chicago.

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All Men, Women, Boys and Girls Over 17, willing to accept government Positions; $135. Write Mr. Omest, 199, St. Louis.

ELECTRICITY TAUGHT BY EXPERTS—earn while you learn at home, electrical engineering and trade books from your sure guarantee, position secured. Write Chief Engineer, 2446 Lawrence Ave., Dept. 1294, Chicago.

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AT ONCE—Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers; $49 to $75 per week; railroad fare paid. Goodeight Co., Dept. 16, Omaha, Neb.

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BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR. $110 to $150 monthly, expenses paid, after 3 months' spare-time training. No scholastic qualifications. Position guarantees man money refunded. Write for Free Booklet: CM-64, Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

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$500.00 PRIZE CONTEST. If you write the best third price story we shall ever publish, $500. Send your name and we will send you the contest rules and words of this song. World Corporation, 245 West 47th St., Dept. 667-A, New York City.

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THE MANGAN Co., Dept. M, Greystone, R. I.

STAGE PLAYS OF INTEREST

(Continued from page 6)

brilliant satire, tinged with the Old World cynicism of Moliere, between the hero and the hereafter, with a scene in the beyond. Eva Le Gallienne stands out of the cast, while Joseph Schildkraut plays the name part. Well worth seeing.

"The Return of Peter Grimm." with David Warfield. Another interesting David Belasco revival, marked by the usual perfect detail of the production. Mr. Warfield gives a compelling performance of a spirit.

"Getting Gertie's Garter." Another thin-ice farce by Wilson Collins and Avery Hopwood, the title act a disappointment. "Back Pay," by Helen MacKellar. A play by Fannie Hurst, with the highly promising Miss MacKellar in the leading role. Interesting.

"Nice People." Starts out to be a satire on the loose living younger smart set and proves to be an entertaining, if conventional, drama.

"The Merry Widow." A revival of the once world-popular Franz Lehár operetta. The present revival is not particularly distinguished, however. The old dash and color are lacking. The leading roles are in the hands of Lydia Lupokowski, Reginald Pasch, Jefferson de Angeles and Raymond Crane.

"Honors Are Even," with William Courtenay and Lola Fisher. A fair, if frail, little comedy by Boyce Meyringer, presenting the idea that two people who love each other but wont admit it. Mr. Courtenay and Miss Fisher are the lovers, while Paul Kelly makes a small role of a crook and lady detective.

"Welcome Stranger," Aaron Hoffman's story of a Sky &.lock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gentile in a barn that the Hebrew gets much of the best of, teaching a whole town kindliness and religious toleration. George Sidney is excellent as the twentieth century Shylock.

"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on Ladies' Night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru.

"The Broken Wing." A lively and well worked melodrama of adventure below the Rio Grande. The opus of an aviary who fails in Mexico, thereby losing his memory and his heart, the latter to a dusky señorita. Full of excitement.

Loeser, N. Y. and Loeser's American Roof—Photoplays; five runs. Daily program.
Loeser's Metropolitan, Brooklyn. — Feature photoplays and vaudeville.
Capitol. Photoplays features plus a de luxe program. Superb theater.
Rialto. Photoplays all with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.
Rialto. — Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.
Strand. — Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

WAIL OF A SUICIDED HEART

By Wright Field

I am sad, I am heartbroken.
I do not want to live.
All my past succeeds me, my sins and my sorrows overwhelm me. Remorse gnaweth at the sore that is my heart. Life holds forth no hope.
The future holdeth forth no hope, no chance for succor of sorrow, no alleviation of pain.
Nay, surely all nights to come will be as this night! My heart sinketh within me, and I, too, want to die!
Again my next-door neighbor playeth on his trombone—
And ceaseeth not.
Wonderful Clay Brings New Beauty to Every Skin!

Almost at once the complexion becomes clear and beautiful through this amazing scientific discovery.

SCIENCE is giving new complexions for old through a marvelous new discovery! Dull, coarse, blemished skins are being transformed into exquisite softness and smoothness—almost at once. Years of scientific research and experiment have finally revealed the elements which, when combined in certain exact proportions, remove the dead scales on the surface of the skin; open the pores of every impurity, and leave the complexion as clear and charming as a child’s.

The skin is provided by nature with millions of tiny pores with which to expel acids and impurities. When dust bores deeply into these pores and the use of harmful cosmetics clog them even more, the impurities remain in the skin. The result is not always noticeable at first. But soon the complexion becomes dull and harsh. Suddenly the face “breaks out” in pimples and blackheads. And if the impurities are not allowed to remain, the complexion becomes ruined entirely.

The use of harmful cosmetics will not correct this condition. Creams very often clog the pores only more. Many lotions and tonics cause enlarged pores and make the skin dry and coarse. Massage helps temporarily, but it stretches the skin and eventually causes it to droop and wrinkle. The natural, scientific way to remove both the blemishes and the impurities at once is explained by the remarkable discovery.

The New Discovery Explained

Certain elements, when correctly combined according to a chemist’s formula, have been found to possess a powerful potency. These elements, or ingredients, have been blended into a soft, plastic, delicately scented. It is applied to the face with the finger tips—just as a cream would be applied.

The name given to this wonderful discovery is Complexion Clay. The moment it is applied, every one of the millions of tiny pores in the skin awaken and hungrily absorb the nourishing skin-foods. In a few minutes the clay dries and hardens, and there is a cool, tingling, pleasant sensation as the powerful clay draws out every skin impurity. You will actually feel the tiny pores breathing, relaxing, freeing themselves with relief from the impurities that clogged and stifled them.

Allow Complexion Clay to remain for a little while. You may read, or sew, or go about your household duties. All the while you will feel the powerful beauty clay doing its work, gently drawing out impurities and absorbing blemishes. A warm towel will soften the clay and you will be able to roll it off easily with your fingers. And with it will roll off every scale of dead skin, every harmful impurity, every blemish. A hidden beauty will be unmasked—beneath the old complexion will be revealed a new one with all the soft, smooth texture and delicate coloring of youth!

Not a Cosmetic; Guaranteed Harmless

Complexion Clay is not a cosmetic. It is not a skin tonic or beauty lotion. It does not cover up blemishes and impurities—but removes them at once. It cannot harm the most sensitive skin. There is a feeling almost of physical relief as the facial pores are relieved, as the magic clay draws out the accumulated self-poisons and impurities. You will be amazed when you see the results of only one treatment—the whole face will appear rejuvenated. Not only will the beauty of your complexion become brought to the surface, but enlarged pores will be normal size, tired, blemished skin will be softened. Complexion Clay brings life and freedom to every skin cell and leaves the complexion clear, firm, smooth, fresh-looking.

Special Free Examination Offer

In order to enable everyone to test this wonderful new preparation, we are making a very special free-examination offer. If you send in your application now a jar of Complexion Clay will be sent to you at once. Complexion Clay is not on sale. It is sent to you direct, freshly made. Although it is a $3.50 product and will cost that much ordinarily, you may pay the postman only $1.95 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. And despite this special low introductory price you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the jar and having your money refunded at once if you are not delighted with results.

Our Guarantee Backed by Million-Dollar Bank

We guarantee Complexion Clay to be a preparation of marvelous potency—and a beautifier that is absolutely harmless to the most sensitive skin. This guarantee of satisfaction to every user is backed by a deposit of $10,000 in the State Bank of Philadelphia, which insures the return to any purchaser of the total amount paid for Complexion Clay if the results are unsatisfactory or if our statements in this announcement in any way misrepresent this wonderful, new discovery.

Mail the Coupon NOW!

Don’t fail to take advantage of this free-to-your-door introductory price offer. No matter what the condition of your complexion may be, Complexion Clay will give it a new radiant beauty—for it is a natural preparation and works always.

You won’t have to wait for results, either. They are immediately evident. Just mail the coupon—no money. Test for yourself this remarkable new discovery that actually lifts away blemishes and reveals a charming, beautiful new complexion. Don’t delay. Clip and mail the coupon now. While you are thinking of it, Domino House, Dept. 285, 267 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DOMINO HOUSE.

Without money in advance, you may send me a full-size $3.50 jar of Complexion Clay. When it is in my hands I will pay the postman only $1.95 (plus a few cents’ postage) in full payment. I retain the privilege of returning the jar within 30 days, and having my money refunded if I am not surprised and pleased with the wonderful results. I am to be sole judge.

Name

Address

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

If apt to be out when postman calls, send remittance right with this coupon.
Nothing quite effaces that momentary disappointment

INSTINCTIVELY—perhaps without even stating it to himself—a man expects to find daintiness, charm, refinement in the women he knows.

And when some unpleasant little detail mars this conception of what a woman should be—nothing quite effaces his involuntary disappointment.

Don’t let a neglected condition of your skin give an impression of untidiness in your toilet. Any girl can have a smooth, clear skin, free from little defects and blemishes. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies, and new takes its place. By giving this new skin the right care, you can keep it flawlessly smooth and clear.

If you have the type of skin that is continually breaking out with ugly little blemishes, use every night the following simple treatment to overcome this defect:

JUST before retiring, wash your face with warm water and Woodbury’s Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury’s until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment until the blemishes have disappeared. Then continue to give your face every night, a thorough bath with Woodbury’s Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold.

This treatment and other special preparations for all the different types of skin are given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap. Get a cake of Woodbury’s today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing samples of Woodbury’s Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Cold Cream, and Facial Powder, together with the treatment booklet, “A Skin You Love to Touch.”

Ralph Graves is a young star whose light is ever growing brighter. He is making a picture now for Goldwyn, with Colleen Moore, under the rollicking title of "Come On Over"
HELEN FERGUSON

This little lady has the best part of her career in “Hungry Hearts,” the Russian Jewess, Sara. Miss Ferguson is developing into a sensitive, finely attuned, intelligent actress.
DOROTHY DEVORE

This alliterative young person is at present lending her piquant personality and winsome charm to the Christie Comedies School. But wait until she graduates!
Another attractive newcomer is Laura La Plante, who is busy making two-reel "Westerns" for Universal. She served her apprenticeship with Christie Comedies. Laura's name is a bit flowery, but watch her blossom out.
RENEE ADOREE

Come back, little queen, and let us adore you again. What! Your husband, Tom Moore, wont let you! We liked "Maid In Heaven," your last picture. Have a heart, Tom!
Feet Winged Feet

If Wallace Reid had not become a film actor, he would have written his name in other colors equally brilliant, for he is a man of many talents himself, and several fine fur skins on the floor, pointed to a few of his sports.

We discussed the automobile races at the Beverly Hills Speedway the day before, and he told me how tickled he was when the small boys in the grandstand addressed him as Wally, and all about his new Duzenburg he is expecting any day. He told me about his recent duck hunt up at Big Bear, where he and his chum, Bert Hawley, husband of the lovely Wanda, bagged the limit. We talked of love, and he believes it is the maternal in a woman's love that wins and holds a man. He confided several of his pet theories he is following in the physical and mental development of his beloved four-year-old son, Bill, and while scattering driftwood blaze on the fire and watching the gorgeous colors envelop the logs, he told how he had analyzed this compound in his own laboratory and now mixes the chemicals himself.

If Wallace Reid hadn't become a film actor, he would have written his

I'T'S an open season in thrills, when interviewing Wallace Reid!

Perhaps one reason is the consciousness that most of the feminine world would envy you your opportunity of spending the afternoon, tête-à-tête, with this handsome hero of a hundred film romances.

It was high noon when I arrived at the Reids' beautiful new home in Hollywood; it was dusk when he bade me good-bye and put me safely into one of his high-powered cars, and during these hours we talked on many subjects.

Most of the time we sat in his den, an artistic building separate from the house and facing the swimming pool. The room is so typical of its owner, so thoroughly reflects his many interests, that one could almost write a summary of the man from a careful inspection of its contents.

The blazing fire sent its glow over the rows and rows of book shelves, for he is an omnivorous reader, his taste extending from the ancient philosophers thru the French classics—in the original too, down to the best seller of the moment. The piano, many stringed instruments and Victrola signified his intense love for music. A billiard table; a collection of fire arms; boxing-gloves; golf clubs; a string of pipes across the mantel that includes rare specimens from many far-away lands; a couple of oil paintings done by
name in other colors, equally as brilliant, for he is a man of many talents. No one can pick out the letters that spell his success; they are too deeply rooted in the infinite influences that lie behind him, but it seems as if Destiny has always smiled on Wally, for even in the selection of parents he was most fortunate; his father being the late Hal Reid, noted playwright and actor, his mother an F. F. V. and a highly intellectual woman.

Now, the father desired his son to become a writer; the son wanted to be a surgeon—the compromise developed an actor, for when Wallace struck out to stand on his own legs, not content to be known merely as Hal Reid's son, he came West and went into motion pictures, acting, directing and writing scenarios for many productions.

The actor has become the man intensified. Wallace Reid's art has taught him to quicken and deepen his own natural feelings, and his emotions are always in full tones. It is indeed a wonder that this débonair hero of high-powered romances can keep his winged feet close to common soil.

"After I had won a little success," mused Wally, "Dad came out on a visit and, believe me, it was a treat to see his grimaces when he was introduced around as the father of Wallace Reid!"

Why, this good-looking youth hasn't been hopelessly, irrevocably spoiled with all the fame and fortune, adulations and honors, that have come to him at so early an age is quite beyond me, but he isn't, not one little bit, and I don't know a more unaffected, more genuinely democratic chap than this idol of a million motion picture fans.

While appreciating all that is his, I think he sits apart and views his success in a detached manner, and his cool appraisement of his artistic possibilities keeps his head from even a slight turning.

He is an odd mixture of a little boy whose illusions have been trampled upon by hard facts and the analytical philosopher seeking an answer to it all.

(Continued on page 77)
A Rose-Cut Diamond

There is nothing elusive or vague about Pauline Frederick. She is as definite as a flaming poinsettia. If more than half of her personality could be put on the screen it would set the silver-sheet on fire!

I AM just discovering that to put an interview with Pauline Frederick on paper is one of the hardest things in the world to do. When this is finished, I am sure it will also be one of the eighth or ninth wonders of the universe. Mentally, she is as nimble as an Australian kangaroo—and as difficult to catch!

This amazing star, whose brilliance cannot be dimmed by such unpromising roles as the drab "Madame X," and who wins voting contests conducted by little children in England, has as many scintillating facets of character as the rose-cut diamond she wears on the third finger of her left hand.

A chat with her is not a Quaker meeting, I am here to assure you. We met by appointment in the parlor-like office of J. Allan Boone at the Robertson-Cole studio on an afternoon when Pauline was waiting for her next picture to go into production. The last time we had met she was wearing cowboy "chaps" and flourishing a lariat, so I was ready for anything. She is always surprising, and this time she was gorgeously gownned and hatted and wearing a grey fur coat. The hat proved to be too tight and she twitched at it all during the interview. She looked very tiny as she settled into a large, overstuffed chair.

There is nothing elusive or vague about Pauline Frederick. She is as definite as a pile-driver. If more than half of her personality could be put on the screen, it would set the silver-sheet on fire, and in all the ranks of filmdom she is like a flaming poinsettia in a bouquet of daisies.

"What's new?" I asked, by way of getting things started.

That's a mean question to hurl at any picture player, and the answer is usually stereotyped—"nothing." But Miss Frederick plays
right for the poor, down-trodden author," she went on, with a twitch at the big black hat.

"I can't see any sense in paying some well-known writer ten or twenty thousand dollars for a story and then cutting the heart out of it."

Shades of Shakespeare, here's a Daniel come to judgment at last! Hello it from the house-tops and page all the authors in captivity. Much conversation has been spilled in regard to the rights of the author, but nothing has been done about it.

"If all the picture fans, bless their hearts, who spend time writing letters to stars, would devote their pens to demands for better stories, and for stories as written, the screen would get out of its infancy, as the saying goes, and into knickers much faster than it is." she expounded, with a flash from her green-blue eyes and another from the huge diamond full in my face. I couldn't

She is Latin in tempera-

ment, altho she was born in

Boston. She vibrates with ani-
mation and emotion, and even her
tawny complexion, free of

poudre de

ris, her mobile lips and the cameo-like

oval of her face, give a Latin cast to her

features — an orchid woman in a field of

lily girls
tell which was the most binding. The fear of

the censor is abroad in the land, and it has settled

its shadow on Pauline Frederick. She hurdled

from authors to censors in a single conversational

leap.

"I'm not gunning for censors as human beings,

but for the terrible limitations they are placing

on the American screen by the fear of what

they may do. They pass foreign-born pictures

which raise the hair on your head and yet they

censor some of the most harmless situations in

our own pictures.

"I am the last person in the world to wish to include doubtful scenes in any picture, but life as it is lived should be put on the screen in its most pleasant phases, even if it doesn't measure up to some of the silly rules laid down by certain boards of censorship. The censors are stifling American motion picture art. Namby-pamby pictures are attributable to the fear of what the censors may do, rather than what they actually accomplish with their sharp little shears."

Interviews, according to Pauline Frederick, are just

questionnaires which she can verbally fill out in her

sleep. They all have to do with what she wears and

what she puts on her face to keep young. This gave

me a hint that I was overlooking something in my anxiety to hear her express some views on subjects which are very close to the heart of cinema-land.

"Well," I ventured, "what do you put on your face?"

"Soap and water!" she answered, with another tug at the crown of her hat.

"For a good many years I doped my face with all the creams that anyone recommended to me, until I felt like a pail of lard every

(Continued on page 85)
Miss Dalton has a very penetrating, I~een, down-right, matter-of-fact way of banging the topic under discussion right on the nose.

We picked out a grand day to burst gaily in upon Dorothy Dalton. She was making out her income tax returns.

There are two days in every woman's life when she craves solitude; one is when she discovers her first grey hair; the other is the day she figures out how much the tax collector is going to take away from her.

Looking back over the triumph of our personality, we feel that the thing that melted her was a question about the real ambition of her life.

"Well, now I am going to give you a real laugh (and, in the circumstances, we were oh so eager even to smile a tremulous little timid smile) I really have a life's ambition. Furthermore, I am going to achieve it if I have to blow up a bank in order to make a picture to do it in. I want to play a comedy part."

"What kind of a comedy part?"

"A real one; not polite comedy with ostrich feather fans and ball-rooms—slap-stick—rough stuff—Mack Sennettish..."

"Pies?"

She hesitated right on the brink of her life's ambition. "No; no pies. Pies are out. But honestly, I am absolutely determined that I am going to play a rough comedy part where I am a country girl with little tight curls that stand out like Sis Hopkins. No, I haven't any special play in mind, but I know it will be there for me when the time comes."

Diplomatic relations having been thus established, we are

out of the telephone booth. "She's awfully sorry," he said. "But she forgot. She will be awfully—that is, I think she will be at the hotel at five o'clock." And one feverish hand clawed at his nervous collar.

When we got there at five, at the hotel, the clerk waved us balefully over to the room phones; and the voice at the other end of the room phone could be heard arguing with a reluctant Dorothy. Dorothy must have lost the argument, for we were finally told we could come up.

But to show you, what a winning personality will do, she greeted us with a chilly "How do you do?" At parting, she gave us a grin, a hand-shake, and "Well, so long."

Also about the middle of the interview, she suddenly signaled to the maid and said, "Tell the chauffeur he need not come until six." Which gave us a nervous feeling that the period of time she had originally set apart for the interview was about as brief as the tenure of office of an anti-Bolshevik dictator in Russia.

Dorothy suddenly drew up a chair and handed us the cigarettes. "You are absolutely right," she said. "It takes more real tenderness and heart and sweetness to play slap-stick and make it human than all the society plays in the world."

Diplomatic relations having been thus established, we are

(Twenty)
By
HARRY CARR

prepared to admit right here that Miss Dalton, off the screen, looks younger and more beautiful than in her pictures. She has a very penetrating, keen down-right, matter-of-fact way of banging the topic under discussion suddenly right on the nose. If this interview is a matter of history, it might be added that she had a charming blue Russian gown and a diamond ring far too large to be worn by any young lady in the presence of an income tax return. She has a "now-let's-get-down-to-cases" manner that is a rather refreshing relief from the over-worked sweet innocence of most of the movie stars we have interviewed.

"Do you know," she said, "I always hated Canadian Northwest stories, yet I made all my reputation acting in them. Queer what makes the public like certain things."

"For instance . . . ."

"Happy endings," she said. "Now isn't it strange? Here we spend fortunes trying to make pictures true to life. If a girl has to die of heart trouble in a picture, we send for a specialist, to be sure she does it right. We lavish huge sums to make sets exactly accurate; and we actor people spend our lives trying to learn to be natural and true to life. Yet every picture we make seems to be based on one fundamental departure from real life: that is the happy ending. Most real life stories do not end 'right.' They end in tragedy and tears. Most of the great masterpieces of literature have unhappy endings. Well, my dear, just try it in a picture! Just try it—that is if you hate yourself!

"Sometimes I get a real thrill out of a picture, trying to imagine how the director is going to evolve the happy ending. When I saw Mr. de Mille's 'Saturday Night,' I sat on the edge of my chair wondering and worrying how he could possibly get them straightened out happily in the end. That is where the real suspense of a picture lies for me. I know the heroine will be saved; but I shudder for the director. It is the director who is locked in the room with all sorts of possible bad endings trying to break down the door to catch him, while the faithful 'happy ending' is riding with clattering hoofs to the rescue. The H. E. always gets there."

I reminded her that many of the foreign films do

Photographs by Edwin Bower Hesser

Dorothy Dalton says, "The great advantage of pictures is that you only have to work up once to a height of emotion . . . on the screen you can give your whole self to one great effort; and there it remains for all time"

(Continued on page 84)
Top, an interesting sentimental moment in Clare Kummer's quaint comedy, "The Mountain Man," in which Sidney Blackmer has scored a remarkable personal hit. Mr. Blackmer and Catherine Dale Owen appear above. Right, Louise Brunell, one of the prettiest attractions of the musical comedy, "Up In the Clouds"
One of the attractive Belasco productions of the stage year has been "The Grand Duke," in which Lionel Atwill, last season's Deburaus, has been starred. In the scene at the right appear John L. Shine, Mr. Atwill and Vivian Tobin.

Alice Brady has a pretty namesake in pulchritudinous Alice Brady of the musical hit, "The Blushing Bride." Miss Brady appears at the right.

Lenore Ulric scored probably the biggest personal hit of the stage year as the delightful gamin, Kiki, in the imported French comedy of that name.
As a matter of fact, it was December in California, but the weather, like the girl, was May-time.

Frankly, I was curious about Mae Collins, the young actress who is almost more widely known because of her friendship with Charlie Chaplin than because of her art. I couldn't help wondering what intriguing qualities she could have that the other queens of the cinema had not—for divergence there must be or King Charles of the funny feet would never have stamped her with the approval of his friendship. But when I arrived at the Collins chateau—an apple-dumpling sort of Hollywood bungalow—and was greeted by the customary colored maid and a frenzied Pekinese, I decided little Miss Collins couldn't be so very different from the hai poloi of filmdom.

"You the lady Miss Collins expected?" queried the dusky one suspiciously thru an inhospitable crack in the door, while Frou-Frou or Fan-Fan yapped an ecstatic welcome. "Well, come in and wait—Miss Mae she done gone out, but she be back—oh, most any time."

"Not so different, not so different, just like all queens—especially cinema queens," I croaked pessimistically to myself as I sank into the yellow damask upholstery.

Green painted furniture, apple green, ornamented the room with an unusual air of brightness, and on the green lacquered table rested a Dresden china bowl heaped full of pink sweetheart roses. There were China-blue silk curtains flapping in the faint breeze and Snooky or Fifi or whatever her mistress called the affectionate animal sniffed at my ankles.
“I always wanted to write seriously,” says Mae, “and some day I am going to. I may be a huge success in this series Mr. Mayer is producing with me—and I may not. I’m going to do my best, but I am also going to keep on writing.”

“I wonder what that horrid judge will do to me this time. It’s the third time I’ve been arrested—speeding” she cried, “I’m starving.” Then while she energetically poured my cup and urged numerous little pink cakes upon me—nothing loath—she chatted. “I haven’t been in the films very long, so I find them great fun. I was born and bred in New York City. I never did anything different from any other well brought up girl until one day I decided I wanted to go on the stage. In the first place I determined I might as well try at the top first, so I went to see Winthrop Ames. He immediately signed me up for one of the little girl sweethearts in Maeterlinck’s ‘Betrothal.’ At that time I was exactly fifteen years old, and I attended all the rehearsals before I told my mother. On the opening night I confessed to her and she couldn’t very well object to my going on at the last moment. Anyway, ‘The Betrothal’ was such a beautiful thing no one could object to their daughter’s being in it. Later on I met Anita Loos and John Emerson and they asked me to play in one of their pictures. That’s how I happened to come to California—but there you’re not interested in all this—it’s been told over and over in the papers.”

I assured her that I was interested, but her mind had leaped to other matters. “I wonder what that horrid judge will do to me this time. It’s the third time I’ve been arrested—speeding” (this with a mischievous

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr
Adolph Zukor's views of the motion picture of today are those of the conservative. You will search his comments in vain for radical opinions. He believes that all's right with the photoplay—or will be, as soon as good times come again.

Adolph Zukor, president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, can safely be considered to represent the business brains of our motion pictures. So, when he says that our photoplay is not passing thru a perilous period of adjustments and advance, but rather is merely in the same depression in which all things have been plunged, his words have a certain import. You can believe them or not, but, at least, they represent the opinions of "big business" in the world of the cinema.

Mr. Zukor's views of the motion picture of today are those of the conservative. You will search his comments in vain for radical opinions. He believes that all's right with the photoplay—or will be, as soon as good times come again.

We first asked Mr. Zukor for his opinion of the present situation, which is viewed so pessimistically by many of our film leaders.

"It is a reaction to the general depression which has followed the war thruout the world," responded Mr. Zukor. "Nothing more and nothing less."

DOLPH ZUKOR

Depression, Pessimism and the Photoplay

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

"How is business in the theaters thruout the country?" we asked.

"Affected by the depression in proportion to the way the community itself is affected," was Mr. Zukor's answer. "In the agricultural sections, say of the Middle West, business is very bad. Our reports, however, show an improvement here and there thruout the land. New York City is one of the centers of improvement and Manhattan may be considered something of a barometer of the country. We believe the depth of the depression has long since been passed."

"Do you think that the depression in theater attendance may be due to a reaction against pictures—an ebbing of interest?"

"No."

"Do you think that people are tiring of what is called the sameness of photoplays?"

"No, indeed."

"Do you think that the foreign films, principally the German, have caused people to want to break away from the standardized type of American film?"

"Certainly not. For there is no such thing as standardization over here. The few German films have merely created a ripple on our vast sea of film theatergoers."

"You do not think the foreign films have had any effect on our pictures or our audiences?"

"Not the slightest," was Mr. Zukor's reply. "The temporary vogue of costume pictures was due, some of the foreign film merely happened to satisfy it."

Out of respect to Mr. Zukor's extreme faith in the American photoplay, we passed over the fact that not one of our producers would have made a costume picture, being bound by the theory that "exhibitors don't want 'em," had not Ernest Lubitsch's "Passion" broken the way. So we turned to new questions.

"What do American audiences like best at this moment?" we inquired. Only recently D. W. Griffith had told us that Americans like most of all the close-to-the-soil rural drama. Mr. Zukor was equally emphatic in another direction.

"The society drama," he replied.

"You mean the Cecil de Mille type of play?" we asked.

"Exactly," was the answer.

Here is an interesting commentary upon America—if it is true. Gloria Swanson's gowns are then the goal of our Ameri-
The
Prisoner of
Zenda

By
DOROTHY DONNELL

It is without any idea of indiscreet implication that the chronicler states the simple fact that the red hair and cleft chin, which formed such a striking characteristic of the sons of the English House of Rassendyll, dated back to shortly after the visit of one of the Rudolfs of Ruritania to England to attend the coronation ceremonies of Queen Victoria. This Rudolf, it may be stated, had red hair and a cleft chin, and was seen to be extremely attentive to the beautiful Countess Amelia, wife of the Baron Rassendyll. Let us say no more, except to add—in the interests of strict historical accuracy—that the then Baron Rassendyll had black hair and a receding chin and his hobby was raising fancy goldfish with an incredible number of tails.

All this in explanation of the presence of Rudolf Rassendyll, the great-great grandson of the fair Amelia, in the first-class compartment of an extremely third-class railroad train picking its way across the recently altered map of Central Europe en route to attend the coronation ceremonies of the young king Rudolf; returning, as it were, the visit of the king's great-great grandfather so long ago. This English Rudolf was possessed of an ironic humor, a reckless insouciance of temperament, which had undoubtedly shortened the late war materially, an attitude of mixed indifference and gay gallantry toward the ladies and a passion for any chance or choice that would enliven the dull warp of living with the bright crimson thread of Romance.

Not that this trip to watch the pompous ceremonials of a small, out-of-the-world kingdom's coronation promised much in the way of romance. Yet, after comparing the portrait of the young king with his own reflection in the mirror, the freak had struck him of meeting the original of the portrait face to face, to see whether, indeed, two people could possibly look so much the same. He was beginning to be bored, however. Perhaps it would be better to go to the Riviera where he was certain to meet some interesting people of either one of the two classes of his acquaintances: class number one being ladies and gentlemen of title and comfortable purse, class number two being neither ladies nor gentlemen in the strict sense of the words, but light-hearted freebooters of life who showed small golden heels to the world in cafés and theaters of the boulevard and wore clothes in a way that no high-born ladies or countesses ever could hope to wear them.

And then, to bolster up his weakening resolution to attend the ceremonies of his royal double, the King appeared opportunely, a swelte, piquant young person, all ribbons and medals and charming ankles and undulant and glittering hair, who greeted him in a shower of French rapture and filled the compartment with a gay souvenir of the kind of violets that bloom in Parisian boudoirs.

"But it is a miracle, yes! To find you here, mon cher Rudolf! You have been a naughty man to leave me so long lonely, but
Princess Flavia caught the glance of her waiting-maid upon her, and flamed like any common happy girl caught dreaming over her lover's picture.

I will forgive you if you will entertain me the entire way to Streslau! You go to Streslau, yes?

Antoinette de Mauban belonged to the second class of Rudolf's expensive acquaintance, being a dancer in the Cafe Montmartre, the sort of place where the ladies who may be seen eating at the little tables are not the wives of the gentlemen who sit opposite them. As he conversed in the persiflage of the boulevards with this cordial young person, Rudolf sought a stray memory that seemed to connect her name with that of some prominent foreigner. Aha! He had it now—it was she whom rumor asserted Duke Michael, half-brother of the King of Ruritania, had visited several times incognito. His instinct for romance was aroused. For surely it was not the custom at a royal crowning for the members of the king's family to invite the Antoinette de Maubans unless—

Unless what? That was what, with his utmost suavity and diplomacy, Rudolf could not find out from his vivacious companion, although once it seemed as tho he were close to discovery. And that was when, with smoldering, gaseous flames in her pale eyes, Antoinette spoke of the Princess Flavia, she of the natural golden coronet of hair and the profile of a flying nymph in some Greek frieze.

"What men see in a cold woman!" shrugged Antoinette, lips scornful. "She has ice water in her veins and white cheeks. For all her royalty she is a raw schoolgirl, gauche! And yet everybody seems to be mad over her! Mon Dieu!" She took out a complete little repair kit for beauty and recarmined her lips, seeming to find solace in the result.

Duke Michael had then been tactless enough to fall in love with the Princess Flavia. That saw itself! But if he were no longer enamored of this enticing little Parisienne, why had he sent for her? To help him with some scheme—yes, possibly. It was a use to which the conscienceless often put their last year's loves, judging diabolically that they will do anything they are asked in the hope of rewinning their position.

Rudolf, relying on his instinct, left the train and the vivacious Antoinette at Zenda, a little town a few miles this side of the capital. Romance, as he had already discovered, couldn't be captured with a bold stroke, it must be stalked cunningly like wary game. In Zenda he might discover its trail and follow the scent at his leisure.

A cluster of houses with picturesque roofs and extremely naive notions of plumbing, a well in the square where the women in red and blue kerchiefs filled their pails with water and the air with the clatter of gossip, a small chapel with a wooden Christ crucified in realistic agony—this was Zenda. Rudolf found a thick venison steak and a talkative Mine Host at the Three Ears of Wheat and, while doing justice to the one, put a few casual queries to the other, eliciting a fact that caused him to shake hands with himself to the amazement of the innkeeper.

The king was at Zenda, spending the few days before his coronation in rest and retirement at his brother the Duke's hunting lodge! Tomorrow morning he would leave for Streslau, to assume his crown on the following day. If he had been keeping an appointment with Destiny, he could not have done better.

In the Zenda forest Rudolf made his way along the sun patterned pathway, singing lustily a certain lay relating to a second-hand rose, which the hand organs were playing all along the Strand when he left England. He was twenty-seven, healthy, and with enough money to assure a jingle when he slapped his pockets as long as he lived. What more can one ask of Fate? Except, perhaps, to pluck one single feather from Adventure's golden wing to wear in one's cap when grey days come.

And around the turning of the road it might have been heard now, beating the air with its pinions. Tho all that Rudolf saw were two men on horseback riding toward him. But when they came closer, he saw that they wore gorgeous uniforms and haughty mustaches, and were staring at him as tho they beheld something incredible and not to be believed. "Sire—" began one, faltering, but the other interrupted him with an oath.

"By the Lord, it is not he! And yet that hair—those features, 'tis as tho they had been made after one pattern—"

"Such as the hair and features are, they undoubtedly belong to me," Rudolf confessed with a droll smile, "but indeed it is not the first time that people have noticed the resemblance..."
to your august prince! However, I am an Englishman, Rudolf Rassendyll, at your service!" He bowed, while the two horsemen consulted hurriedly.

"Colonel Sapt," the one with the most gold braid on his uniform introduced himself, "Aide-de-camp of the King! Fritz von Tarlenheim who likewise serves his Majesty. And now, sir, it occurs to us that our royal master would be amused to meet his double face to face, for indeed a mirror would hardly give back truer lineaments of Rudolf of Ruritania! If you could change your plans and come with us—"

"I have no plans!" Rudolf said airily. "To make plans is to live by rote, which I detest. I take what comes, as I take now the opportunity to meet your king. I have always had a fancy that I would become the ermine myself," he smiled mockingly. "It runs in my family to have a taste for kings!"

When Rudolf of Hyde Park and Rudolf of Ruritania stood side by side a little later, it was possible to discover differences. The Englishman was ruddy; the king pale with shadows of dissipation under his eyes, out of which boredom peered wearily at a world that lacked savor. And yet they were amazingly alike, so much so that faint interest awoke in the king's listless eyes, out of which boredom peered wearily. "It was her heart she heard, as she looked rustled with her quickened breath, and she saw the vision of herself; princesses, she had been taught, had no choice in these things—their duty was to the People.

But what if she were learning to love this man whom she was to marry for the People's sake? The silken folds of her negligée rustled with her quickened breath, and she saw the rose windows above the altar the sunshine poured like golden wine upon the tall figure kneeling to receive the crown, giving him the look of some young knight of old fable, mystic, strange. Of those who watched the crowning of Rudolf the Tenth of Ruritania, two stood side by side, yet swept by emotions as various as the North wind is unlike the South.

"Dine with me, cousin Rudolf!" he insisted, in careful English. "For cousin you are, unless chins and noses lie! And tell me of the world looks thru eyes so like mine."

They made a delightful meal of it, abandoning English for French which both spoke fluently, speaking of the gay world which lay far beyond the borders of Ruritania, the Opera Comique, the latest music-hall hit, the season at St. Moritz. "A crony of Michael's," the king explained, "bad blood, I've a notion, but his wine is well enough. Will you drink with me, cousin?"

Rudolf barely touched his lips to the glass. Instinct again, for ordinarily he was no prude and looked upon the wine when it was red or white or any other color. But, cameo-clear upon the path of sunlight from the window, he had caught an instant's glimpse of a face shadow. It was not Sapt's or Fritz's. The nose was blunt, the lips seemed to smile exultantly, as tho at something going on within the room. When the king looked the other way, Rudolf emptied his glass into the tub of an oleander tree close by his chair.

"Promise me Flavia shall never be queen and I will make you king with a single sentence!" She looked at him with eyes that caressed. Rudolf had not the only red head and square chin in the world—and a crown does not always make a man a king!"
with a boyish and ingenuous embarrassment from a parchment scroll, in the sonorous Latin tongue. The Duke trembled with the necessity of choking back the murderous jealousy and chagrin that swept him as he advanced to kneel and swear allegiance. Then, rising, he made way for the Princess Flavia and, losing himself in the crowd, left the Cathedral.

A sentimental sigh, gusty with tears, rose from the throng as they watched the girl in her white and gold robes sink down before the king and touch the hem of the royal cloak with lips faintly pink and curving, as some frail petal of the spring. Rudolf raised her and they stood an instant lost in one another's eyes, alone in the presence of the watching thousands as tho a spell had transposed them to some secret and enchanted isle.

"How they love!" whispered the wife of a diplomat enviously; the diamonds on her bare, bitter white bosom sent forth cold flames. "What happiness—to be young and beautiful and loved by a king!"

"It is like a story," murmured a worldly dowager who had buried three husbands. Her two chins shook emotionally, "he looks like Lohengrin or that dear delightful what-you-may-call'em who slew the dragon."

"You will ride back to the palace beside me?" Rudolf asked in French. "You will ride with me all the way?" The passionate intensity of his tone seemed to be asking another thing of her. It was the other thing she answered, with eyes lit with the soft flames of the candles on the altar.

"All the way—with you—my lord!"

"There they go, smirking and ducking like puppets to the tune of the fools' bravas!" Duke Michael said bitterly. "I would have made a better king for them. It takes a man with guts to rule that rabble!"

"Say rather—you will make a better king!" Antoinette de Mauban spoke softly. "What would you give me if I told you a secret that would put the crown upon your head?"

The two stood at the window of her hotel room, looking down upon the tossing flags, the dense throngs between which was passing the gilded carriage of State. "What do you mean?" He seized her arm roughly so that she gave a cry of pain and loved him the more for the hurt. A primitive woman, she adored the brute in man. He might have whipped her and she would have crept to him and kissed his boots.

"Eat first," she said in a voice shaken with love, "and then I will tell you."

He sat down, a black, scowling hulk. "Eat! With failure sticking in my throat! Pshaw—why do I listen to you? Why did I let you come away from your boulevards? If I hadn't spent last evening with you, I could have gone to Zenda and seen the business thru with my own eyes instead of letting Rupert blunder it!"

Antoinette slipped to her knees before him, laying her fanatically waved head upon his breast. "Was not last night worth losing a kingdom for, my Man?" she murmured in a drugged voice. "But there! Nothing is lost if you will listen to me. But I would rather stick a knife into your heart than think of you sitting beside that simpering flaxen fool on the throne! Promise Flavia shall never be queen, and I will make you king with a single sentence!"

He looked at her dubiously. "Speak it, then! I have no patience for riddles!"

She gazed up with eyes that caressed. "Rudolf had not the only red head and square chin in the world," said Antoinette triumphantly, "and a crown does not always make a man a king! Were you blind that you did not see that it was not your spineless brother who wore his robes today?"

"Not—Rudolf?" His slower wits groped after her. "Nonsense! Who was it then?"

"An Englishman named Rassendyll. I tell you I rode with him on the train not three days since. I met him years ago at the races at Auteuil—does a woman forget the eyes that have gazed at her, the lips that have kissed her? No, there's no mistake—but go to Zenda and prove it! And then come back—her eyes glittering like mica between closed lids—'come back and thank me—'

"By the Eternal God!" swore Duke Michael, giving her a hasty kiss and putting her aside, "I will!"

At that moment, in an anteroom of the palace, three men faced each other palely. One, tall in the royal robes of the newly crowned king, broke what had been the silence of horror with an effort. "You say—the king is kidnapped? And his
"You came, no doubt, Princess, to satisfy your anxiety in regard to King Rudolf's safety?" said a suave voice in their ears, bringing them apart to find Colonel Sapt beside them.

"A short reign you're likely to have!"

Fritz croaked, making the gesture of slashing his throat. "You had better save your skin, my friend, while it still is whole enough to keep your blood from spilling!"

Rudolf Rassendyll flung back his head and laughed, a very gallant, joyous laugh, seeing before the eyes of his soul a woman's face, all pearl and rose, with eyes that drowned thought in their blue deeps.

"Run away? Not much!" he cried. "I'll stay and hold King Rudolf's job till he can take it himself, which God send will be soon! Have a dozen men you can trust sent to Zenda to find out what they can—oh yes, and look up a frizzle-headed bit of drygoods with the Rue de la Paix trade-mark on her, named Antoinette de Mauban. She's first cousin to Trouble, that girl, I'm willing to bet my brand-new crown!"

It took Fritz quite two days to follow the elusive Antoinette's violet scented trail, which led him finally to the chateau of Zenda, adjoining Duke Michael's hunting lodge. That the master of the place might be within was unlikely, Fritz reasoned, since for the sake of appearances he would be at the Coronation Ball, meanwhile—also for the sake of appearances, he would have left the lady at home. Which deductions proved to be correct in both cases, and he spent a pleasant but profitless evening of verbal fencing with the adroit, and slippery Antoinette that had no result until he happened to mention the name of Princess Flavia.

Instantly she grew rigid. "Tell me"—she leaned to him, panting, lips red and venomous—"tell me, does Duke Michael love that creature with her face of curd?"

Even Fritz's slow wits grasped his cue. "Oh yes!" He waved his hand carelessly, as tho relating a matter of common knowledge. "He will surely marry her unless Rudolf, the king, does so. Everyone knows that."

Antoinette laughed shrilly. Presently she grew quiet. "Then Rudolf, the king, shall marry her! Listen to me, fool! The red head prancing about at the ball tonight is not the king but one they have substituted, because the real king was drugged the night before his coronation."

Fritz pretended vast astonishment and incredulity. "Pooh! A pretty story—then where is the king?"

The angry demi-mondaine pointed a jeweled finger downward. "In the cellar of this chateau, a prisoner!" she cried. "Tonight, as soon as Michael receives word that his hireling the Lizard has stabbed the puppet in the palace, Rudolf will be strangled, and the Duke will fall heir to his throne and his betrothed!" Flecks of froth foamed at her mouth. She was a creature possessed of the devils of jealousy. "Go—quickly or you will be too late to find Colonel Sapt beside them!"

(Continued on page 74)
Mildred Yea and Nay

With Special Photographs
by Kenneth Alexander

LEDGE near a steaming radiator. "Let's have coffee sent up, mother, please. I'm cold and hungry and there's so much packing to do." Jumping up to turn over a pile of neatly folded clothing and hopelessly disarranging it.

"You have been shopping, of course," I said, and gazed longingly at the heap of lingerie of quality and quantity that only movie stars can ever hope to possess.

"Oh, yes," she responded disinterestedly, "but the theaters! The restaurants! The dancing! Such a two weeks!"

"But this is not your first visit to New York—you lived in Philadelphia."

"So I did," she said with roguish glint of blue eyes. "But you know we were Quakers. We said 'yea and nay' and 'thee and thou' and applied every Scriptural injunction literally. I went to a Friends school and we lived very quietly. Poor old William Penn and all my illustrious ancestors turned over in their graves, I suppose, when we left the home in Philadelphia that had been ours for fifty years and went to Seattle, Washington. And when I took dancing lessons and went later to Los Angeles and into the movies, they must have simply writhed in distress. But if they could have seen me in New York!

"Honestly, I never had been to any real theaters before. We went nearly every night and to every matinée. After the performance we would go some place and dance—sometimes to two or three places. Mr. Lloyd is in our party, you know, and Mr. and Mrs. Hal Roach, and we all have been wild together.

"No, I should not want to keep it up indefinitely. And I'm not sure that I would like being in New York all the time. Everything and everybody goes at such a terrific rate of speed. Whether it's business or pleasure, every moment counts and there's little ceremony about it.

"When I had been here a day or so, I went down one afternoon all dressed up and trying to be very dignified and stopped outside the hotel for a taxi. In a minute or two a dilapidated affair drew up and the driver stepped out and said, 'Taxi, lady.' Out home would never dream of getting into such a tacky looking thing, so I stepped back and said, 'I don't think I want that—isn't there a—a better one?'

"'What do you mean a better one,' he said scornfully, holding open the door. 'This is a taxi—what more does you want? Step lively, Miss,' and he gave me a shove that landed me head first on the seat and away we went."
the funny side of everything — even tho it may be directed against herself. That she is the joke makes it all the funnier. A humor as rare as it is wholesome.

Hers is a rare talent, too — and we are glad that she developed it. Glad that she broke away from the eternal severities of her illustrious ancestors and put on the cap and bells — that she is making it her job to serve the common good by practising and promoting the gospel of laughter.

Perhaps in the time of William Penn, she philosophizes, life was so simple that it needed no sedative of foolery. Even tho they were unfailingly serious they could be happy. But today with its problems and worries needs laughter as a relief from the strain and stress of modern life.

"I have enjoyed this holiday the more," she continued, "because it was so unexpected. We expected to come East, but not until a little later. But one of the men in the picture we were making met with an accident which held up the production and we took advantage of it to come East.

"It has all been perfect except that I had to pose for a lot of pictures. When I get on the train this afternoon, I shall just be quiet and relax, and when we get to the Coast I will be all rested. And I’m going to try to sort out all the things that are jumbled up in my mind, so that I can tell what plays I’ve seen and what I liked best.

"And my small brother, Jack," she said gleefully, gathering up an army of toys and a varied assortment of books, "maybe I won’t be glad to get back to him!"

We have a wholesome respect for Quaker blood. It produces good American stock — also beauty of high quality — the quality that takes generations of gentle

(Continued on page 75)
"In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." You know that old line—who doesn't? You know it's true—and here's the proof. Occidental and Oriental, old and new.

In the circle, Ralph Graves woos his leading lady, Colleen Moore. Below Jack Abbe looks wistfully at a coquettish Winter Blossom. Right, Sessue Haya­kawa vamps his own wife, and at the bottom of the page, Norma Talmadge listens to sweet nothings.
Spring—

Above Pharaoh in a moment of relaxation just after building a pyramid. Circle, even Will Rogers essays romance. Below, Jacqueline Logan responds to the spring as well as Raymond McKee, and at the bottom of the page, Joseph Schildkraut plays gallant to Lillian Gish.

You know this love business started in the Garden of Eden and has been going strong ever since. Right on this page are four different epochs—all the same thing. And if any doubt remains, consult your own manly chest about May first—B. C., A. D., C. O. D., it doesn't matter.

Photograph by Frank Diem
But I have met a prof. athlete who is a bit different; who combines a certain amount of \textit{elan} with a superabundance of muscle; who is both natural and brainy—a regular good fellow—George Walsh.

To me it has always seemed regrettable that Walsh has never been given his real chance to act. In other words, his chest has stood in his way. He has the most glorious physique a human could ever have. Furthermore he has a fine, sympathetic nature and a headful of real ideas. What better combination for an actor?

But, it's just as he says—the public seem to like to see him in celluloid athletics. Admittedly he is a matinée idol. He says that sometimes he wishes he weren't, yet he also declares that matinée-idolship is frequently a delectable state. Nor is he conceited.

"Being a matinée idol," he said, and laughed, "isn't all it's cracked up to be. You have to look your very best every minute you're out in public or else people are disappointed in you.

"Not long ago I had to make a personal appearance one evening at a theater. I'd had a hard day at the studio and in order to look and feel fresh for the stage I did a few turns in the swimming pool at the club. However I stayed in the water a bit longer than I expected.

"When I got to the theater, my hair was still wet. Ordinarily it is rather curly, but the water made it 'lay' straight back. When I was coming out of the theater, I heard some girls discussing the appearance, and one of them very disgustedly said:

"'I bet he wears a wig in pitchers. His hair ain't curly—an' I don't like it straight!'"

Of course we laughed at the ridiculousness of the whole thing. But the public's idea of an actor generally is ridiculous. We interviewers usually discover...
that they're human, interesting folk, very much engrossed in the business of making a success of themselves.

And, as Walsh said, being a professional hero has its many drawbacks. He told me a story—not for publication—and I can't resist the temptation. I've heard of the same thing happening to any number of other young men who make their living by starring in pictures. Hence:

Some time ago Walsh got a "fan" letter from an English girl. Film stars don't usually answer their own mail, but this particular note was so well written that he made an exception to the rule. The girl would write other letters—purely platonic—and Walsh, feeling that he had made a real friend, replied. But, however, came a letter one day telling that the girl loved him, asking him to come to England to marry her. He was horrified, and cabled that such a step was impossible.

"It frightened me to death!" he declared. "I didn't know what to do. I could already see headlines in the newspapers as to how a film star had enticed a harmless girl from her home across the seas."

But the girl ignored the cable. George didn't hear from her and thought the incident closed, until, some days later, a telephone call at his hotel informed him that the girl was in Montreal, ready to be brought into this country. Step by step, she pressed the matter until she finally moved into a New York apartment near Walsh's. It was only, with the greatest difficulty that he could induce her to return to England.

"I think I had to tell her I was already married to convince her," he laughed.

Walsh is very sensible. He realizes that every film star has his day; that, eventually, new faces will replace the older ones on the screen. When his day is over, he is not going to hang around studios looking for work, he says. Instead, he is going into business.

He has a trainer now who has trained most of the Olympian athletes. Already the two are making plans to sponsor a gymnasium in New York or Chicago. In fact, that (Continued on page 83)
Mystery, Adventure, Romance, Love — the editors say that's what the public wants, not this morbid Russian dope where everybody commits suicide before the end, including the reader; or this realism stuff where people go around with their souls undressed, and the highest point of the action comes when somebody kicks the cat. Mystery, Adventure — all right, here goes. If I don't put a story across pretty soon, I'll have to get out of the habit of eating.

Let's see. It wouldn't be a bad idea to start out with a murder. Everybody likes murders. There's the mystery—who killed him and why. Now for the adventure part—hidden treasure! Stevenson didn't have any copyright on the idea. For romance, how about a desert island and a fight between two rival companies of treasure hunters? As for the love, that only needs two people, a man and a girl. The mirror won't give me my hero, and here's my heroine in this silver frame, bless her heart! Now let's go!

A heavy mist, coupled with the autumn dusk, had sucked up the world like grey blotting-paper. Thru the fine film ordinary objects looked phantomlike, ghastly, like things seen under water. James Parrish, hurrying home to the little cottage on the edge of the glen where he had spent a fruitless summer writing fiction and growing cabbages (which were far more successful than the fiction) found himself thinking that it was a night for strange happenings, for the Unusual to stalk abroad.

And hardly had the thought been formulated than he heard a sound, half cry, half moan, somewhere in the mist close at hand. Dropping his package of books, he stood still, waiting for the sound to be repeated. Ah, there it was again—"For the love of Christ—someone—come—".

Breasting the murk, Parrish made his way down the sides of the glen, the trickling of water growing nearer with every plunge. He was almost upon the brook when the cry rose again at his feet, and he saw a dark huddle stirring feebly on the wet ground. A white face stared up at him like a clay mask of pain as he knelt beside it. "Get the wallet—under the spotted rock," came gasping from the blue lips, "they've killed me—for it—".
cut-outs and the clamor of voices. But Parrish was not fastidious about his company now. Panting up the steps, he rang the bell; a Filipino with slit-like eyes opened the door, ushering him in. His feet left wet, muddy tracks on the pale-colored carpet, but he was too excited, too full of the amazing story he had to tell them, to notice that. Which was unfortunate, for if he had had his wits about him he might have made an odd discovery. Not only did his shoes leave tracks behind him as he entered the crowded drawing-room, but curiously enough they made tracks before him as well!

Tom Carroll, the host, a florid stoutish man, was singing at the piano so earnestly that he was quite out of breath as he turned to greet the newcomer. "How's the hermit?" he asked jovially, and then seemed to notice Parrish's white face and wild aspect for the first time. "What in the sacred name of Volstead! Haven't seen a ghost have you?"

"No," said the visitor grimly, "I've seen a corpse!" The women screamed, except one, a tall sinuous girl who accepted her oriental type by an exotic manner of dress. She was smoking a cigaret. and lay back lazily on the chaise lounge, apparently occupied in forming perfect mole ring while Parrish told his tale and exhibited the wallet. The men gathered close reading the scrap of paper it contained aloud. "Inventory of articles of gold, silver and jewels, consigned by Pizarro from Peru to the King of Spain and sunk off the shore of this island at the latitude and longitude indicated on map.

Eight thousand ingots of gold.
Eight thousand ingots of silver.
Chest of golden ewers.
Small box of emeralds carved like roses.
A little tree of gold."

The men glanced at one another behind Parrish's back and one, with an affectation of casualness, reached out his hand for the paper but, swift as a snake uncoiling, the languid beauty with the shaven eyebrows was before him. Carmen—what her last name was, it is probable that her friends scarcely remembered—glanced at the map between heavy lid, touched with black paste, and then handed it back to Parrish with an impudent bold look at the faces of the men gathered around him.

"Very interesting, Mr. Parrish! But if I were you, I wouldn't trust it out of my hands. You mightn't always be among—such good friends!"

Concealing his discomfiture under a bluff laugh, Tom Carroll moved away. "Oh, well, it's probably a fake! Still, it would be good fun to make a cruise to that island—be outside the three-mile limit anyhow! I've got my yacht Calliope steamed up in the harbor up at 'Frisco."

(Motion Picture Classic)
Half way down the swaying ladder, Parrish paused to look back at the quaint little figure leaning over the rail that he had ever seen, and undoubtedly a woman's.

"Beg pardon," Parrish said laboriously, "making lots of trouble—"

And then the Face disappeared, together with everything else. And for uncounted eons there was nothing in the world but darkness, thru which he must grope endlessly on. It was with immense effort that a million years later or so he pushed the darkness aside and emerged into lamplight in which the same Face floated, gazing anxiously down upon him. "Thank goodness!" said lips that were soft and red and curled over at the edges like a flower petal, "I thought you'd never come to. You swallowed a great deal of ocean, you know!"

With clearing vision, he saw that he was in a cabin with polished wood ceiling and walls which seemed to sway from side to side. He sat giddily, staring at the quaint little figure in the Chinese clothes before him. "You can't be a Chink with that hair!" he said. "No Chinese girl has yellow hair."

The face curved into delicious laughter. "No," admitted the girl, "I'm only Bessie. You fell overboard from the yacht and your friends seemed to be afraid of getting their clothes wet, so I brought you aboard the Shantung. We're starting out in a little while, so perhaps you'd better let me tell Chang to take you to the yacht."

"If I ever got on the Calliope again, they'd try poisoning the next time!" Parrish said grimly, and then, hurriedly he told her of the finding of the wallet and the decision to seek the sunken treasure. "They frisked me for the wallet when they'd got me doped," he said ruefully, "and then pushed me overboard." His jaw set in a ridge under the young skin, "But I'll get there somehow—"

"What can we do if we haven't the map?" Bessie asked breathlessly, her eyes like stars. The "we" made her a partner in his enterprise. It warmed his heart singularly.

Grinning, he turned back the collar of his coat and ripped the lining, drawing out a sodden paper on which a map was still visible. "I kept the original," he admitted, "what they got was a copy, and I neglected to give the location of the treasure on the shore line of the island in the copy! I had a hunch everything wasn't exactly on the square—" his face clouded. He sunk his head dejectedly on his hands. "But what's the use? In the geography I studied an island, even a treasure island, was a body of land completely, surrounded by water. And I haven't any ship."

For reply, the golden-haired enigma went to the cabin door and called, "Chang! Chang!"

A Chinaman, yellow as jaundice, with bright restless eyes under lashless lids answered, and they spoke in a weird tongue. Then, glowing, she turned to Parrish. "Chang says we'll go catch 'em treasure! The Shantung is bound for Pekin, and we'll take in the Island on the way!"

(Forty)
At their first encounter, the Chinese on the cliffs came off victorious, leaving two of the Calliope's seamen dead on the rocks below.

Later, as the Chinese boat dipped down into the smooth valleys and climbed the crested mountains of the sea under the sun and moon, coming closer and closer to the island of their map, James Parrish learned that Bessie was the daughter of a missionary who had left her in the care of Chang, the Captain of the boat on which he died. But tho she had spent her girlhood on this boat, amid these alien beings with their yellow skins and slanting eyes, she was, as well read, as any girl he had ever known, for at every port Chang bought her books. She had touched the strange life of many lands, had seen Pekin and the mosques of the East, and tropic isles where palm trees cast their doubles on dazzling white beaches. She had thought long thoughts, sitting under the velvet night, or gazing at the conflagration of the Southern Cross overhead.

Some of these thoughts she confided to him, as they walked the decks or sat in the prow, watching their wake make a phosphorescent pathway far behind. And as he listened, with a queer sense of humbleness, to her white girl-dreams and in return confided to her the things that he had never told a living soul, his hopes and ambitions, his desire to take words and with them paint pictures to make life wonderful to those who read them, all the while Chang watched them with his inscrutable almond eyes and nodded over his carved ivory pipe like an amiable joss granting them his blessing.

Hum! Now, let's see. It's about time to jazz things up a bit. And the best way to do that is to bring on another lady. Enter the vamp!

It was when they were not more than a day's distance from the latitude and longitude of the pictured island, they sighted the Calliope ahead on the horizon. And then, thru the glasses, Bessie saw something else and called Parrish excitedly. "By the Sacred Godfish!" swore Jimmy, "you're right! There's a boat left her and it's coming this way! I suppose we'll have to lower a life-boat and go see what is wrong."

Chang, making chop-suey of consonants and vowels, issued orders and clambered down the rope-ladder, carrying a gun to be prepared for any eventuality. Half way down the swaying ladder after him, Parrish paused to look back at the quaint little figure waving over the rail. A lump rose to his throat. He was a writer remem-
Meanwhile on the hilltop where the skeleton of the whale ribbed the sun with its huge vertebra, Parrish and Bessie stood hand in hand before the rotting prow of a boat hulk, half buried in the white sea sand of the hill over yonder look like anything but the skeleton of a whale! Of course, a whale couldn’t have climbed up there to die, but it certainly looks like one. Here, you look Chang."

The Chinaman peered thru glasses, and nodded his head three times excitedly. "Him whale all light! Whale no fly—islant one time fire mountain—plenty earthquake liftum whale out of water. Treasure up there maybe?"

"Of course!" Parrish exclaimed with chagrin. "Why didn’t I think of that? That’s why the shore line is so changed.

Quick! Let’s get ashore and prove it!"

Carrying guns, the crew piled into the boats and with Chang, Parrish and the two women, in the first, swept the sunny shallows with their oars, disturbing schools of rainbow-colored fish with feathery fins, landing presently on a tiny beach, invisible from the open sea. Parrish would have run ahead to help Bessie who was climbing the steep hillside sturdily as a boy in her freedom from hampering skirts, but Carmen, panting and gasping piteously after the first few feet, was the logical heir to his arm.

Half way up the cliff, Chang divided his party, sending three coolies in each direction to warn them of possible interlopers. His quick ear had caught, what none of the rest had heard—the rattle of oar-locks from somewhere down below, and the grating of keels against the rocks that formed the shore on the farther side of the island.

Cant write an authentic adventure story without spilling blood in it, and you mustn’t kill off anybody the readers are fond of. Those are two commandments for authors. In real life, the wicked usually live to be millionaires and ride in their own Rolls-Arrow. But in books it’s an author’s duty to punish them. Here goes.

The party from the Calliope numbered thirty, while not more than half that number had come ashore from the Shantung, but the yellow men had the advantage of position, and moreover, being unconverted heathen, they had no future life to worry about. At their first encounter, the Chinese on the cliffs came off victorious, leaving two of the Calliope’s seamen dead on the sand below, while their fellow-sailors fled, yelping, to get reinforcements.

Meanwhile, on the hilltop where the skeleton of the whale ribbed the sun with its huge vertebra, Parrish and Bessie stood, hand in hand, before the rotting prow of a boat hulk, half buried in white sea sand. The others with uncouth animal noises of greed were exploring the interior of the wreck and dragging out blackened bars of metal. Carmen, tawny eyes flashing, had discovered a rusty iron casket filled with chains and bracelets that struck off

(Continued on page 78)
Lady Wisteria Productions, Inc., has brought another classic to the screen, Lady Godiva, a thrilling photoplay of a familiar episode, based on Tennyson's famous poem. Everyone knows the story of Lady Godiva's ride, naked, thru the streets of Coventry at the behest of a cruel tyrant, in order to save her people from further oppression.

Hedda Vernon, a young actress with hair like Melisande, has been chosen for the title part. John Dryer plays her persecuted lover. We are assured that this delicate subject is handled so artistically and aesthetically that not a single blighted censor could criticize it. Here's hoping they may be right!
Marguerite Courtot is a steady little integer in a somewhat dizzy constellation. To the left, is her most recent portrait; and below, is an emotional moment from her last picture, "Beyond the Rainbow.

Marguerite Courtot is a steady little integer in a somewhat dizzy constellation. I dare prophesy that when many stars have fallen from heights now more empyrean her star will still be shining, moderately perhaps, not with the aid of spectacular electrics, but steadily and worthily.

She is a very sane little person.

Sane in her appearance and manner of dressing. Sane in her home life. Sane in her perspective and cannily mature point of view. She has made characters in her own image and has remained—herself.

She impresses me as one who, tranquilly, has come upon a sound manner of living and has not permitted herself to be diverted from it.

Probably she has made more money than in her, well, it would have to be her childhood, she ever dreamed of having from her own personal efforts. And it is, me-thinks, the undreamed-of sums of money that have sent so many of the feminine filmists careening into space, so often tragically.

I said to Miss Courtot: "To speak pathologically, how have you kept your head, among the many who have not?"

She said, "Don't you think it's all in the way one is brought up—and in a sense of proportion?"

I said that I did.

"Background helps a lot," she said. "I have never changed my way of living, which has always been very nice. And I have a very sane mother and sister. If they have been impressed by my so-called 'career,' they have not been unduly so. They are very calm about it, interested and critical. I have never had my 'head turned,' because there has never been any occasion for it to be turned. I think I have got a sense of proportion. I realize the numbers of other doers. We all have a certain allotted space, but why shout about it?

"And then, too, I would strive not to get to the place where I could have everything I want. That would be certain boredom, and it seems to me that the thrill of life would go completely out the instant there was nothing left to strive for, nothing left to want. I would hate not to be thrilled over a new dress or a new hat or the prospect of a trip or a new part in a picture. It would rob me of so much. Not to want things—not to have to want them—would be to take about one-half out of the joy of living. Why can't girls realize that the fun of things is the wanting things. One can get used to anything in time, even a frock a day and motor.
By
JEAN CUMMINGS

cars and coteries of help. No, I like to want things and I know that I like to, and that is why I am satisfied, at least by the day.

"Of course I know that I have never done my 'big picture'—nothing outstanding, nothing memorable. But I feel that I have that before me, too. It is mostly a matter of stories and partly of circumstance.

"I think you can do so much more if you have no delusions."

Sane little person!

"I feel sorry," said this wise little young person, "for the little new-comers in the film field. They feel so terribly important. Their ideas are so inflated. They visualize themselves, almost instantaneously, as having their name in electrics and riding about in padded limousines. Limousines seem to be about their idea of what the screen represents. It is certainly the screen's deepest tragedy—lack of proportion."

I asked Miss Courtét a stock question: "Do you believe that marriage interferes with a career?"

"It would with mine," came the definite and succinct reply.

"Why with yours?"

"Because I wouldn't dream of marry ing a professional man. Not even if I loved him. And neither would I dream of expecting a man outside of the profession to understand the exigencies of it—and why should I? Why should any man be compelled or expected, to domesticate with a screen career, which is just about all one can do at one time? I think fair play is awfully essential in getting along—don't you?"

We asked Miss Courtét about her last picture, under the direction of W. Christy Cabanne.

"When they asked me to take the part," she said, "they told me that I wouldn't be on the screen most of the time, but that the characterization was good, and I told them that that was by far the most important thing. You are not remembered half so much for a multiple exhibition of your face, as for a bit of work that counts, a characterization that is good. This is by far the most important thing."

On my way to the Biltmore to meet Miss Courtét I had felt a little bit sorry for her. I had thought she might feel a little bit sorry for herself. There has been so much spectacular screen success. How would she gage her own? (Continued on page 95)
T. Roy Barnes is the embodiment of that neo-American product "the bright young man." Lotsa pepl. He has set up an altar to the Laugh not the Horse Laugh—the genuine All-Wool.

"Why, I know all about Jim Barnes! I told him so. Know his book. Know the way he takes his stance; the way he follows thru; the way he doesn't follow thru; what he says when he holes in two; what he says when he doesn't hole. I told him so. We shook hands."

He took off his cap, looked at it, put it back again.

"The difference between a champion and the other fellow is that the other fellow looks to see if he's going to hit the ball and the champion looks to see where he's going to place the ball. With me it's different from both. It isn't 'if I'm going to'; 'it's why I didn't.' But at that I won a cup the other day at Flintridge. And it's golf that's done all this for me."

He smoothed his smooth face, flexed his flexible biceps, thumped his sinewy thighs.

"I can't understand what a feller does when he doesn't play golf. How he lives. How he's happy."

"You played the game before you came to California, then?"

"Played all my life. Got a home in Long..."
Island right on the Soundview course. Wonderful place. At Great Neck, Y'know it? That's good. That's fine. Lemme see. I was saying——?

It is a peculiarity of T. Roy Barnes that he is always saying something, pertinent or impertinent, and saying it usually in a crisp crackling way that tickles your face into a smile, eventually into an explosion. He starts easily, keeps climbing toward the final peak, piling one story upon another until at the summit the explosion comes. He did it, among other places, at The Writer's Cramp, the revel staged by the screen writers and Imminents of Holly-

The captain of the yacht, an Englishman, came rushing to him excitedly, and panted:

"Hi, there, sir! You mustn't be throwin' gold over board! You'll be havin' the King divin' next!"

Mary and Doug and Charlie, among those present, applauded vigorously. Elinor Glyn hissed!

From the beginning—and T. Roy's beginning in pictures was the splendid one of "Scratch My Back"—he has shunned heroisms. He prefers to make us laugh. He's not a bad looking chap; neither is he Adonic in his physiognomy. Blue eyes, nose in and out, plenty of jaw, smooth face faintly tanned, nervous hands—and calves. Such calves! Maybe it was only the Velvet Grips, No Metal Can Touch You, bunched underneath the overlap of his stockings. Anyway—well calves. Maybe—if he'd worn—golf stockings—that night he wouldn't have—been—hissed. However——

T. Roy Barnes, having come from the legit—and the Broadway legit at that—where he played in "The Red Canary" and several other shows of more or less distinction, looks upon picture work as retirement and hands the palm to his wife.

"Long ago, when I was just beginning, doing one and two night stands all over the blooming country, my wife saved (Continued on page 94)
THE ETERNAL SALOME

The personification of Salome seems to be irresistible to most actresses. Sooner or later they all try it—even ethereal blondes. Marie Prevost is the latest one to try “to look that way”—you know—all the forbidden adjectives. We defy anyone to do it better than Marie does.
VERY possibly Ernest Lubitsch's newest production, "The Loves of Pharaoh" (Paramount), will take its place among the best motion pictures of the cinema year. Yet we do not look upon it as Lubitsch at his best. This, too, in spite of the manifest fact that the German director has obviously been acquiring an American dexterity with his lighting and photography. Unfortunately he has taken along manifest American weaknesses as well. Somehow, we have never been able to catch the spirit of the romantic costume play on the silversheet. (Except possibly D. W. Griffith in moments of his "Judith of Bethulia" and "Intolerance"). Place this to lack of tradition, historic surroundings, or what you will, the fact has always been obvious. This was the very thing that lifted Lubitsch's "Passion" and "Deception" into success. In one he humanized the foibles of Louis XV with uncanny understanding, in the other he caught the boisterous spirit of Henry VIII and his roistering days with a finely attuned sense.

In "The Loves of Pharaoh," Lubitsch has woven a tale around one of the monarchs of old Egypt when the pyramids were young—before the shifting sands of centuries had drifted across the dead civilization of a mighty nation. A very simple tale it is—the passion of a Pharaoh for a slave girl who loves another. Lubitsch has sustained his atmosphere very well. There is a very real suggestion of the throbbing ebb and flow of humanity along the Nile in those days when millions of slaves struggled to build the pyramids and kings dealt in human lives with pagan and bloody ruthlessness.

"The Loves of Pharaoh" originally ended tragically—with the death of Pharaoh, the slave girl and her lover. The American cutters and titlers have revised this so that the maid, Theonis, lives to become empress and to make her lover emperor. We suspect that much of the disjointed aspect of the last third of "The Loves of Pharaoh" is due to this Pollyanna rearrangement. The story surely grows chaotic at times. But this is not our chief complaint against "The Loves of Pharaoh." We have said that Lubitsch has vastly improved in his lighting and camera work. There are many scenes of superb imagery, as that of the imprisoned slave girl within the great pyramid of Amenem and of the awesome death judgment of Isis. Lubitsch has failed to humanize his characters. They seem mere puppets moving before a vast panorama. The acting, from our point of view, is history conscious. This is even true of Emil Jannings, the admirable king of "Passion" and "Deception," who somehow does not ring true as Pharaoh Amenem. Dagny Servaes, a newcomer to Lubitsch

(Continued on page 88)
A Young Lady in Earnest

Claire Adams has "that something." I shan't attempt to define it. It isn't a thing meant for definition. Breeding, poise, manner—all three hover close to it without being it. Perhaps it is the commingling of the three.

Claire Adams has "that something." I shan't attempt to define it. It isn't a thing meant for definition. Breeding, poise, manner—all three hover close to it without being it. Perhaps it is the commingling of the three.

in the dining-room every morning.

If you are a particular movie fan, you have seen "The Penalty." If you have seen "The Penalty," you have seen Claire Adams. She was the young sculptress. She added definitely to your list of personalities, without betraying exactly what the addition was.

"The Penalty" was by no means her first picture. I mention it merely because, by reason of its Goldwyn release, it has been the most prominently exhibited of any in which she has appeared.

Others, no less worthy one surmises, seem to have been somewhat obscured by a minor release. They have been principally the Zane Grey stories, "Riders of the Dawn," etc. There have been, too, "The Dwelling Place of Light," by Winston Churchill, and Upton Sinclair's "The Money Changers." But recently, the Hampton organization, under the banner of which she has done almost her every picture, obtained a Goldwyn release. It is certain, then, that you will see more of her. Look for "Wildfire."

Claire Adams is of Canadian origin, English descent; but the inroads that the California argot has made upon her manners, the salty touch of Americanism, is astounding; not unpleasant at all, but a little disconcerting. I had not realized that our national traits were so insidious.

She is neither too tall nor too short. Her nicely shaped head is set firmly on its white column of neck and the whole is supported by a pair of shoulders unusually straight. Crowning all is a mass of dark chestnut hair. Her features are distinct: dark brown eyes that contrast brilliantly with the creamy pallor of her complexion, a well-modeled, slightly aquiline nose, a pleasant mouth, a determined chin. There is the positiveness about her that is the stamp of quick intelligence and keen thought.

She lives with her mother and sister, who only recently have come from Canada to join her, in a comfortable bungalow somewhere in Hollywood. But only she and a black Cocker spaniel were there to greet me. We fell to talking somehow of the sudden vogue of costume pictures which, since the advent of the German productions and the success of "The Three Musketeers," have been regaling us with the sight of fashions prevalent centuries ago.

"They are very beautiful," she said, "and while I don't think that we shall ever go back to the torture of the hoop-skirt and the tight lacing, I think that in modified form a revival of the crinoline, for instance, would be lovely. I tried the old-fashioned crinoline, hoop-skirt, tight lacing and all, in one of my pictures. I managed to endure it for just one scene, and even in that I could not give my mind to my work. It was agony. And yet a modification could be effected that would give us the beauty of the style and still leave us our breath.
By J. MARION LAKE

Claire Adams has been remarkably loyal in a profession where loyalty, drawn to too great lengths, is often disastrous. To be successful in pictures, one must be a little Eva and leap to the next cake before the present one sinks beneath one, as it surely will if one lingers long enough. She is still, after almost two years, with the man who first discovered her, Benjamin Hampton.

He saw her in a little picture she had made during war-time for the benefit of the Red Cross. It was called "The Spirit of the Red Cross." She could not, she declares, act at all. She was an amateur. But not too much of an amateur, or so Benjamin Hampton seemed to think.

"He believed that he saw something in me, tho what it was I'm sure I cant say. Anyway, he believed in me, gave me my chance and still finds me worth keeping in his pictures. It was a big speculation. I surely can repay him now with a little loyalty. And I believe, quite frankly, that it is to my practical advantage to do so."

Her interest in pictures, her desire to take them up as a profession was balked by her conservative family, for a long time, that is. She had been interested since a child in things dramatic, but the opposition had overwhelmed her. It remained for war to break her fetters. What

... would not do as a profession would do as a benefit. "The Spirit of the Red Cross" made the rest easy. Success justifies anything. And the fact that an astute producer like Benjamin Hampton was interested sufficiently to sign her up is convincing evidence that her work was not so raw as she would lead one to believe; it convinced her family and turned their objections to applause.

One must take Claire earnestly, because it is in that way that she takes her work. She is unremitting in her merciless inspection of the "rushes," the hasty uncut prints of the day's shots, searching constantly for her faults, digging them out and sneering them to death in the approved manner of this introspective age. She is a refutation, if ever there was one, of the theory that life in the movies is one cinch after another.

"I love pictures more and more as I go on!" she exclaimed. "I have reached the point (Continued on page 95)
CANT something be done about the newsless "news" reels?

Time was when the animated news film-ems presented some actual news. Now the darn things are so highbrow and educational that they have no time to show what's doing in the world at large.

Here's a typical news reel we glimpsed the other night:
The art of raising flax.
Man 108 years old entertains in North Carolina.
The beautiful Loire Valley in colors.
Cartoon comedy, "What a little Hair will do."
Tanks used to wreck building in West.
Photographic presentation of the relative war strength of Japan and the United States.

And this is news!

That isn't our only complaint against the news reel. We're sick of the more or less subtle propaganda shadowing a possible war between this country and Japan. William Fox, for instance, has been exploiting this as a feature of his news reel under the title of "Face to Face With Japan." In fact, this Fox material created so many protests recently in New York that it was cut by the manager of the big theater where it was being shown.

This sort of thing—cropping up constantly—is a serious breeder of ill-feeling. We fear that even the movie makers do not realize what a powerful weapon lies in their hands. They had better be careful—for the thing is loaded.

Speaking of news reels, the New York Motion Picture Commission of censors has not only been cutting items from these releases but has also invaded the field of editorial comment in the Pathé film, "Topics of the Day." This feature is made up of extracts, humorous and otherwise, from current publications. The censors recently ordered that two jokes, both quoted from magazines, be eliminated forthwith.

For the benefit of our readers, we present the censored jokes:

JOHNNY, AT POULTRY SHOW: "Ma, let's wait until they let the animals loose."
MOTHER: "They don't let the animals loose."
JOHNNY: "Last night Pa said to Uncle Henry, 'Let's stick around awhile. We might get a chance to pick up a couple of chickens.'"—Judge.

SHE (Critically): "I never could see much in those crêpe de chine dresses."
HE (Also a critic): "Probably you never looked at 'them in the right light."—Colgate Banner.

Poor jokes, but by what right can the censors tell us what we shall or shall not read, be it in published or celluloid form?

How long is the absurdity of censorship to be tolerated? The New York board of censors was ostensibly created to lift photoplays to a higher plane. Yet observe the highly moral censors editing our news reels to suit their whims and now expurgating our newspaper and magazine jokes to fit their narrow vision.

How long? How long?

There's nothing like originality. Consequently we congratulate the new star of Mr. Phil Goldstone, yclept Richard Talmadge.

(Continued on page 82)
Channing of the Northwest

By E. B. GLEASON

"YOU are a graceless young whelp!" bawled the irascible Mortimer T. Prince, elderly London clubman, of uncertain temper, unreliable gout and unlimited wealth, to his impenitent nephew, standing in impudent ease before him. "You've gone too far this time. I'll——"

"But, Uncle——" interposed that young man, hopefully.

"Don't interrupt me, you young whipper-snapper. I want you to understand that you have forfeited——"

"Don't answer me back! Remember I am older than you are. What—er—where was I? Oh, yes; I wash my hands of you from now on. That indecent party last night is positively the last straw. I will not——"

"But, Uncle, I want——"

"Don't argue with me, you—you popinjay. All you think about is that fool dancer at the Gaiety Revue. She is——"

"That will do, sir. I cannot——"

"Be quiet!" roared the old man. "I know you think you are engaged to marry the creature; but go and tell her that I've disinherited you, and see if she still wants you."

"Miss Vardon is above such considerations," young Channing replied, with a magnificent assumption of dignity.

"Ha! Ha!" snorted his uncle in derision. "Just go and tell her."

Hugh Channing gathered up his things disgustedly and left. Let his old uncle disinherit him. He would still have Cicily. He'd earn a living for her somehow. He never had earned a living for anyone, but he had all the world-beating confidence of youth, whose peculiar province it is, to count itself infallible. They'd take a little cottage out in Surrey—perhaps. Cicily would love the vine-covered cottage effect, he knew. He was sure it could be managed. But, speeding across London on his way to her apartment, the little tug at his heat grew worse and worse. Was he only whistling to keep his courage up? He was. In his heart, he felt she would never fall for that line.

"Oh, I really couldn't, old thing, you know," said Cicily Vardon, in reply to Channing's incoherent recital of plans and promises and damaging admissions. "Live in the country with the pigs and chickens! Marry a poor man and give up this—and with a sweeping glance that took in the extravagant luxury of the place. "You flatter me, old top. I'm not that sort."

Channing looked hurt. At least, he meant to look that way.

"I'm awfully fond of you, Hugh," Cicily added hastily. And she was, too. "But I wouldn't be if I had to live out in the country, where there are no drains, or electric lights, or porcelain tubs, or any noise, or excitement, or anything. My word! I couldn't survive a week of it. We'd better part, old dear No second thoughts. Here's a kiss. Good-bye."

"Be quiet!" roared the old man. "I know you think you are engaged to marry the creature; but go and tell her that I have disinherited you, and see if she still wants you."

(Fifty-three)
But Channing refused the proffered kiss with wounded dignity. Was this thing that flooded up thru his heart grief—or relief? Was it his heart that was broken—or his pride that had had a knock? He hardly knew what to do next. He felt that something spectacular was expected of him, since “doing the proper thing” was almost a fetish with him; and really, you know, disinherited of a vast fortune and rejected by the only girl all in one day was a bit thick, and did call for some sort of a performance on his part. But what to do? Let us think. He must “get away from it all.” But where? The Colonies were a good place for rejected suitors and disinherited scions of wealthy aristocracy. They usually went there. How about Australia or South Africa or Canada? Canada would do. It wasn’t so beastly far away, nor so uncivilized; and besides, to this young-man-about-town had come rumors from time to time of the romance and adventure of “the great Northwest.” Yes, surely the thing to do was to go to Canada and lose himself and live to forget his bitter grief in the great Northwest. It had a pleasantly melancholy and hopeless sound, in key with his mood. Did his pulses quicken at the thought of possible adventure, or was he really dead to all earthly desires, as he fondly imagined? We shall see.

Jess Driscoll eyed her father with some misgiving as he made his extraordinary request. She did not speak, and he continued in a wheedling tone.

“Now, Jess, you know you’re the only one that can do anything with Jim. He’s a good boy and worth saving. Go and get him, Jess—that’s a good girl. McCool will let you in the side door. Nothing’s going to hurt you, Jessie, girl—and remember, you are promised to Jim.”

“All right, father,” Jess replied, but mutiny smoldered in her.

The lights from McCool’s dance hall shone fitfully thru the murky window panes, making little patchwork squares on the snow, as Jess Driscoll drew near and hesitated at the sound of unceaseless merriment within. She could hear Jim Franey’s rough voice arguing excitedly with another voice, and then both were drowned in a burst of rude laughter. Jess had never heard a man speak as the second voice was doing. It was suave, smooth, polished, of impeccable accent and faultless inflection. But she must go in. Jim was a good boy, but weak. It was that old beast, McCool, who had influenced him. She put a reluctant hand out toward the door, but before she could touch it, it swung open, and Hugh Channing stared at her in surprise.

“Were—you coming in here?” he asked, in a rising tide of interest.

“Yes,” said Jess, and hung her head. She wondered if this was the owner of the voice. “I—I have to get Jim Franey. I must take him home. Is—is he very bad?”

“Yes, I’m afraid he is. Wont you let me help you? I think he can stick on a horse if we can get him up there. I’ll go with you, if I may.”

“You are mighty good,” said Jess, thinking harder of the good-looking youngman before her, in his uniform of the famous Northwest Mounted Police, than of Jim Franey. He was already being noticed in Broken Bow, and was accustomed to attention from the only one that can do anything with Jim. He mended his broken heart with the salutary unguent of adventure. He forgot Cicily Vardon automatically at the first sight of Jess, framed in the glow of light from McCool’s open doorway. His old life of trivial pleasure, of hectic trifling, of the incessant and futile attempts at killing time, suddenly showed up in its true perspective. The brittle sophistication of the Cicily Vardons, which he once admired, grew ugly beside the wide-eyed innocence of Jess Driscoll. If Channing’s heartbeats had been charted as he stood there talking to her, it would have resembled the jagged seismographic recording of a prodigious earthquake. It had never pounded like that for Cicily, anyway.

After that, of course, our hero and heroine—for Jess is the heroine—saw a great deal of
each other. Channing was after McCool, and, for once, duty and pleasure combined. He was almost thankful for McCool and his criminal activities, for they kept him in Broken Bow, where Jess was. McCool's ostensible vocation was the running of his infamous dance hall, but his avocation was rum-running, that is, smuggling illicit whisky over the border into the United States. No particular effort was made to keep this nefarious business a secret. McCool believed that every man has his price, and that a glass of contraband whisky occasionally dealt out, came pretty close to being it. He was not unduly alarmed over Channing's presence. A little more caution—a little more "booch." That was all.

It would not have been so bad if he had not succeeded so completely in debauching poor Jim Franey. Jim was his tool, and thought, poor, deluded youth, that because he was piling up a little money he would get Jess the sooner. She was, and had always been, since she could remember, promised to Jim. A growing disinclination on her part had repeatedly postponed any final step in the crude arrangements Broken Bow considered necessary to the plighting of troth. Now, that the debonair Channing had come into her life, the disinclination had quickened into positive dislike. Jess was a little tired of Jim's weak, truckling to the degraded nature of McCool.

Altho Jim made his home with her and her father, she saw less and less of him. It was Channing she rode with over the snow-banked hills. It was Channing who sat with her at night's while she knitted and her father drowsed and Jim caroused at McCool's. In short, she was with him every day, and if such a place as Broken Bow could be said to gossip, why, it did. At any rate, there are always malicious tongues that go and tell, and things began to look bad for Jim. To his brain, muddled with alcohol, they looked worse than they were. To his pseudo-employer McCool, they presented an opportunity for trouble-making that some people seem perpetually unable to resist. It would be extremely convenient having Channing out of the way, anyway; and far better that Jim should be responsible for it than McCool—far better for McCool, that is. He taunted the miserable boy and filled him up with his poisonous whisky until his mind was so inflamed that only the death of his successful rival could cool it. He made up his mind to get Channing at the first opportunity. McCool played his cards well—but not so well as he thought.

As for Channing, that young man was in a state of complete infatuation. If his choleric old uncle could have seen him spending his nights holding yarn for Jess and spinning yarns for the same young lady in a condition of innocuous, not to say unconscious bliss, he would doubtless have forgiven him all his former wild parties and—the hardest blow of all—his taking him at his word literally, and staying out of his uncle's sight.

Out of sight, out of mind, was the lonely old millionaire for Channing. He scarcely thought of anything but Jess—nothing more weighty or important, anyway, than the way her hair curled at the nape of her neck, or the way the winter wind whipped color into her cheeks as they rode cross-country, or the way her little hand felt when—at any rate, he never thought of his far-away uncle.

It would never have occurred to him, either, that Jim
He saw him open the door and stagger inside. He saw Jess's frightened stare melt into compassion as Jim told her what he had done.

Fr'aney was a menace, so that the night when Jim's opportunity finally came, to shoot him in cold-blood, he was not prepared to defend himself. Jim and McCool sat in McCool's private office, with the door open. Out in the big room Channing sat at the piano and entertained the room. He had proved that he was a regular fellow and a real he-man to the admiring eyes of the denizens of Broken Bow, and the somewhat feminine indulgence of playing a piano was permitted him without the usual caustic comment that invariably accompanied any manifestation of that nature.

"Get him, kid; now's your chance. I'll take care of you," whispered the malignant voice of McCool in Jim's ear. Jim stood up with difficulty. He was pretty well tanked, but he could see Channing quite distinctly, his head thrown back, singing "Mandalay," to the appreciative audience. He fingered his gun shakily. He raised it and pointed it unsteadily in Channing's direction. One finger pulled at the trigger.

"Let 'er go, you fool! Don't waste any more time," said McCool. But Jim lowered his arm and sank back onto his chair. His legs had simply deserted him.

"It's no use," he whined weakly. "I can't do it. He's been too good to me. I can't shoot a man when his back is turned. He plays fair. anyway."

"Plays fair, does he?" snarled McCool. "Ask Jess about that. She's got to marry him, if she doesn't marry you, you poor damned fool. The girl's bad, I tell you. He's dragged her into it. He has been her lover pretty nearly since the first night they ever met. Everybody knows that, but you, you—"

Jim jumped to his feet and stared at McCool like a mad man.

"You dirty liar!" he screamed. "You—you—and became inarticulate."

A shot rang thru the room with a sharp report, clear above the noise of the tinkling piano and rich baritone of Channing. His voice ceased immediately, as tho the need for him had suddenly lifted from a phonograph record. McCool's big frame sprawled limply thru the doorway and a little circle of blood oozed out on the floor from under his body. Jim smashed the window pane behind him with his bare fist and, leaping thru, made a dash for home. He must tell Jess good-bye. That foul lie about her would die with McCool, and if they got him—it didn't matter much. He was no good, anyway. Jess would be better off with a man like Channing—.

Channing jumped to his feet and broke into the room just as Jim broke thru the window. "Look after McCool," was his sharp command. "I'll get this fellow," and he was off after him.

Jess Driscoll had reached that classic state of mind, commonly known as "for Heaven's sake, let's do something." Life had suddenly assumed a tremendous import for her. It was not smooth and uneventful, as it had always been. She was face to face with a decision she knew she must make. It had crept upon her, slowly, insidiously surely, but it was here—and a nice ethical problem it was, for her untutored mind. Greater minds than Jess's had grappled with it in vain. It is still to be settled. It was quite simply, this: should she sacrifice herself for the somewhat doubtful reclamation of the soul of Jim Franey? Must she give up her happiness for the sake of a man scarcely worth saving? Did she not have a right to live her own life—the old, old question? Was she bound by a promise she did not make? She shrugged her shoulders wearily. On the table before her was spread their evening meal. Jess had reached that classic state of mind, commonly known as "for Heaven's sake, let's do something." Life had suddenly assumed a tremendous import for her. It was not smooth and uneventful, as it had always been. She was face to face with a decision she knew she must make. It had crept upon her, slowly, insidiously surely, but it was here—and a nice ethical problem it was, for her untutored mind. Greater minds than Jess's had grappled with it in vain. It is still to be settled.

It was quite simply, this: should she sacrifice herself for the somewhat doubtful reclamation of the soul of Jim Franey? Must she give up her happiness for the sake of a man scarcely worth saving? Did she not have a right to live her own life—the old, old question? Was she bound by a promise she did not make? She shrugged her shoulders wearily. On the table before her was spread their evening meal. Her father had left immediately after supper to help a distant neighbor with a sick calf. He always helped. They all did. Their life was like that. Had Jess any right to break those unwritten rules?

She stared dully at the unappetizing remains of their supper and suddenly without any warning its aspect changed. Channing crept into her thoughts, as he always did the moment her guard was lowered. She saw him sitting opposite her in his khaki-colored flannel shirt open at the throat, his face flushed and shining from hurried "washing-up," a huge knife in one hand ready to carve the steak for their first honeymoon meal. The cloth was no longer red and white checked—it was white, and there was silver and a little bunch of flowers and two tall candles sending their little beams (Fifty-six)
down on two young heads, hopelessly dimmed by the glow in two pairs of shining eyes.

Jess sighed ecstatically. She could no more have visualized Channing as he really appeared in his former surroundings than she could have pictured her father at the Court of St. James. She could not imagine him in the correct evening clothes he habitually wore. As he was when she knew him, he appeared to her—her man! She blushed and sighed again. He had not asked her yet, but he would—he would. With a sharp stab of pain the other side of the question obtruded itself again. She must marry Jim or tell him she never meant to. She must do one thing or the other. She dropped her head on her arms stretched out in front of her on the table. The clock ticked noisily, but everything else was still.

The sudden sound of the door opening stealthily brought her to her feet. Jim Franey's haggard face and haunted eyes met her startled glance.

"What have you done, Jim?" she cried, recognizing instantly that something horrible had happened.

"I've shot McCool," replied Jim in a lifeless tone. "He—he lied about you, Jess. I saw red for a minute. I'm rotten drunk I guess—I didn't mean to kill him—but too much of a coward to kill anyone. But he lied about you, Jess—said you weren't a good girl—but you are. Jess. I know. I don't look that way. I can't bear it. I shot him because he lied—"

"Oh, Jim, poor Jim," said Jess interrupting. "What's to be done now?"

"I've got to get away—quick. But I had to tell you goodbye, Jess. I'm leaving you to a better man than I am, Channing. He loves you, Jess. You—you could steer him off my trail. He'd do it for you, Jess. Will you try? You love him too—don't you?"

"Yes, I will, and I do," said Jess answering both questions at once. "but we must get you started, Jim. I'll pack a bag for you and get you something to eat."

She hurried about the unwelcome task with her thoughts far away—not so far away—but as far as McCools, where she knew Channing was. Her problem had been taken out of her hands. For that, she was grateful to Providence. In spite of her sincere agitation and concern over Jim's crime and the still doubtful outcome, she was seeing visions, visions of peace and love and placid contentment under an English heaven. At last he was gone, and Jess waited for Channing, already there, and had been there almost as long as Jim had. For once her heart had misled her. She had not sensed the presence of a loved one, which usually makes itself felt. But no matter, he was there.

He had known, of course, where Jim would go, and had followed the zig-zag tracks of his horse straight to Jess's house. He saw him open the door and stagger inside. He saw Jess's frightened stare melt into compassion as he told her what he had done. He watched her hastily pack a bag and put up a lunch for him. He saw the man kneel at her feet and kiss her hand in a frenzy of abasement. He could hear everything that they said: Jim's whole miserable story. He could not blame Jim for shooting McCool. By G—! If he had spoken of Jess that way to him, he'd have shot him, too.

The world was better off without the McCools. He heard Jess promise she would beg Channing off, that she wouldn't let them get him. Then he was suddenly aware that Jim was telling her how he had balked at shooting Channing, and that Jess would better take him, and that he (Channing) was pretty nearly good enough for Jess—if she loved him. Did she? He heard her answer that she did love "Hugh," hesitating sweetly over his name, and Jim was safe right then, if he had only known it. He watched him sink out thru the door again, remount his horse and gallop away. He waited a little while—as long as he could—and then went in to Jess.

She clasped her hands over her breast in sudden fright, but he looked down at her and smiled, a most disarming and all-enveloping smile.

"It's all right, dear," he hastened to reassure her. "I know all about it. I wont go after poor old Jim. McCool's dead. The rest of his gang are under arrest now. My job's done—and I'm going home—back to England. Will you come with me, sweetheart?"

Mortimer T. Prince leaned back in his big arm-chair and placed his gouty foot carefully on its accustomed cushion. In his hand he held a yellow cablegram.


(Continued on page 93)
Alice Calhoun is at the beginning of her career. She promises much. Already she has wrested great praise from the critics. Already she has acquired a devoted following. Watch this young girl. Doesn't this picture make you think, somehow or other, of Lorna Doone?
Gossip of the Eastern Studios

As The Classic goes to press, David Wark Griffith is starting preliminary work upon his next film production. The subject is still a secret but, judging from Mr. Griffith's comments, it will be a modern story. Mr. Griffith believes that the vogue of the costume picture will have exhausted itself by the end of the year. Mr. Griffith has not announced his cast for his production, but the probabilities are that Lillian Gish will not be in it. Miss Gish is shortly to start an independent production, which is to be filmed in the Griffith Mamaroneck studios. Probably the leading rôle will go to Carol Dempster or Mae Marsh. Miss Marsh has been rumored as the star of the next Griffith film since last summer.

Mary and Doug have been in town, attending the Wilkenning suit against Miss Pickford. Each day throngs ebbed about the Federal Court building where the trial was held. The Fairbankses found time to attend a number of New York theaters and they were the guests at one or two social events, including a party given by Jack Barrymore and his wife. Having returned to the Coast, Doug rushed headlong into his film version of the Robin Hood story he is now producing. Mary is shortly to begin work on her revival of "Tess of the Storm Country." Jack Pickford was in town with his sister. Incidentally, rumors of his impending marriage to Marilyn Miller, the musical comedy star, were revived.

Norma and Constance Talmadge are back in town again. The Classic observer saw Norma the other day and she looked more beautiful than ever as the result of her vacation-work visit to the Coast.

George Fitzmaurice and John Robertson have returned from England, where they have been producing for Famous Players-Lasky. The Long Island Famous Players studios are about to re-open as this is written and Mr. Fitzmaurice will probably be directorial chief.

Zena Keefe has left Selznick Pictures and is now doing a snow story by James Oliver Curwood in Northern Maine, directed by Dell (Continued on page 75).

Above, Albert E. Smith, president of Vitagraph, looks admiringly at the smiling Jean Paige, during the making of "The Prodigal Judge." She's his wife, you know. Center, grandstand seats for Raymond McKee and May McAvoy and the dinner-jacketed canine. All three have been visiting in New York. Below, William Christy Cabanne goes into transports (involuntary) of joy upon completion of his picture, "Beyond the Rainbow"—an all-star cast with a three-star director.
He has not grown temperamental nor acquired an English accent from his five months abroad. "Skinner's Dress Suit" remains his favorite picture. Below, is Bryant Washburn and his wife and "Sonny" and "Buddy".

Bryant Washburn came to Venice to get me. At first he suggested that we might have the interview in Venice on one of the picturesque spots overlooking the Pacific on the Kinney Pier, for instance. I hadn't seen him since he starred at Lasky's, and then I had talked with him at the studio; and then there were Mrs. Washburn and "Sonny" and "Buddy," whom I knew about only by hearsay, and wanted to see. All of this that if he doesn't shave it off, she is going to leave him. It would be too bad if this small, dark, dapper little foreign influence should ruin his life; but he refuses to part with it, even tho his wife regards it with horror, and Jeannie MacPherson recently exclaimed, "Why, Bryant Washburn! What have you done to your face?" He has grown infatuated with it, and so, he says, it shall remain.

At any rate, this budding mustache that crops out every once in a while, appears to be the only point of difference the Washburns have. Theirs is a positive and not a negative philosophy of happiness. They do not go in for the namby-pamby kind of "glad" stuff, but they do believe in clinging to the genuine things of life, and their house is a home redolent of comfort and sincerity.

Mrs. Bryant Washburn says that lately she has been a golf widow, and Bryant Washburn says that golf and pinoke are his most absorbing diversions; but the thing you notice most of all is that even tho he wept real tears in a close-up of a new Goldwyn picture, "Hungry Hearts," "Skinners's Dress Suit" remains his favorite picture, and he is still the same seeker after light comedy and apostle of the human touch that he used to be.

He has not grown temperamental, nor acquired an English accent from his five months abroad, but at this writing something has been trembling on his lips for days and Mrs. Washburn says...
he discerned beneath my reluctant consent to his suggestion over the telephone. So, when we met at the head of the stairs that lead to the Venice Lagoon, he said cheerfully, "We're going back to Hollywood," and as his big green car glided out of Venice, I wasted precious moments wondering whether or not I liked that little mustache, and what had happened to Bryant Washburn. It took me fully five minutes to discover that nothing had happened to him at all. The little mustache, and some to-be-expected development, that was all. Otherwise, he was the same Bryant Washburn.

"In all the twelve years I've been in pictures, I've never seen conditions as they are at present," he said. "Of course, this is not alone in moving pictures; you see it everywhere. Men were making money fast and spending it faster than they made it. A salesman in one of the big music houses in Los Angeles told me about a working man who came in and bought a very expensive piano. After being assured that he had purchased the best piano made, he said to the salesman, 'That's fine! Have you got another one just like it?' 'Yes, we have,' said the salesman.

"'All right,' said the customer, 'I'll take that, too!'

"The salesman didn't know what to make of this. 'What on earth do you want with two pianos?' he asked. 'Well,' said the working man, 'I'll tell you. I have two little girls, and I want both of them to take piano lessons!'

"'You see,' said Washburn, "that man's idea of luxury was having a piano for each of his children. I know of dozens of people who were spending money just as foolishly.

(Continued on page 90)
An Immoderate Ambition

Which leads us to a consideration of Doris herself. This is a sort of anniversary story about Doris. She had just completed her third starring picture, "Boy Crazy," and she had just completed her seventh month of married life, so we decided that it should be an anniversary tale, and that I should tell of Doris just as I found her upon this momentous occasion.

Everything which happens to Doris, and everything which has happened to her since she came out of Seattle and descended upon Hollywood, has been momentous. She is that kind of girl. Her rosebud mouth and wide-open grey eyes, with their fringe of curling lashes, should create a momentous impression on the world. I imagine that she impressed the great "C. B." that way when her mother led her by the hand into "C. B.'s" sanctum and announced that "little Doris" wanted a job! Of course, Mrs. May was a friend of Mrs. de Mille, and so everything was all right—even up and thru the point where Doris was selected by the great director to be Mary Pickford's double in "The Little American," largely, perhaps, because Doris replied, in answer to sundry questions, that she wasn't afraid to dive or

Doris May wants to be a Douglas Fairbanks-in-skirts. She tried to act as she thought he would have done it, in "Boy Crazy," her latest picture. We shall see . . .

"I MAY be black and blue from trying to be a female Fairbanks—but 'ain't we got fun?" quoth Doris May to me in merry mood.

Hollywood shadows were falling fast about the little reception-room—the room of a thousand secrets—at the vast studios.

Doris, very modish in a new silver-grey fur and poke-bonnet effect, sat curled up on one of those chaise longues which I do not like to try to spell. She had been furniture-buying with hubby.

"At last!" she exclaimed, when we had been duly introduced, and the remark which opens this story, and to which we arrive again later, had been made. "At last I am to have my own home, and it's going to be furnished the way I want it. But isn't it terrible the way things cost now? I don't pretend to be Scotch, but I'm holding on to all the pennies I can, because some day—well, even Mary Pickford can't last forever!"
Her career has been meteoric. Ince saw her as an attractive little girl who had just been peeping thru a knot-hole in the fence of his studio, and he gave her the leading part with Charles Ray. Doris didn’t know she had the leading part until she discovered that Mr. Ray was about to kiss her! Then she turned and fled across the street to the apartment where she lived with her mother!

Oh, girls! She red, weeping, from Charlie Ray! Would you? But, with cookies and things, Mr. Ince enticed her back to the studio, and she finished the picture. She was a success in the second picture she had ever worked in. (Continued on page 87)
Above: Tommy Meighan surrounded by ardent admirers during a lull in the making of "A Proxy Daddy." Center, Charlie Chaplin and Anna Pavlova. Although their art is silent, they both have the most eloquent feet in the world. Below, Buster Keaton entertains his sister-in-law at billiards. Will Norma make it?

The Hollywood Boulevardier Chats

In the wake of every disaster come the jackals and hyenas, sniffing at the corpse. The mystery of the murder of William Desmond Taylor, the director, is no exception. As is always the case in every big news sensation, irresponsible news writers, for their own profit, have flown to the wires and flooded them with wild yarns about Hollywood that were libelous, cruel, malicious, ignorant and yellow to the point of putridity.

A great deal of the rotten junk sent to the newspapers about the Hollywood film colony must be laid to fortuitous circumstance. It so happened that Los Angeles was flooded with newspaper writers sent from Chicago and other Eastern cities to report the O'Brien murder trial. The case had been postponed and the writers were hanging around Los Angeles waiting for entertainment. Having no knowledge of the film colony or of motion picture people, but with an avid thirst for a good story, they kept the wires hot with strange, wild and fantastic dreams about nude swimming parties, etc. The famous El Paso faker who used to fill the newspapers with pipe dreams must be hanging his head with shame; he is in the piker class. Los Angeles newspapers, as well as the Chamber of Commerce and city council and other commercial organizations, have hotly defended the movie colony. At the same time, a great deal of harm has been done.

Two girls especially have suffered bitterly—Mabel Normand and Mary Miles Minter. By the strange police doctrine that every letter found in the house of a murdered man belongs to the public to be pawed over, both these girls have been subjected to mortification and shame which will probably have a lasting effect.

Mary Miles Minter got a particularly tough deal. At an age when most girls are thinking of nothing but ice cream sodas and have no responsibilities except to keep their noses powdered, Mary has to walk in a pitiless scrutiny that is the lot of heroes and kings. Like many another young girl, she wrote breathlessly indiscreet letters to a man old enough to be her father. There seems to be nothing particularly sinful in her writing, "I love you; I love you; I love you," to Taylor. Yet these letters have been printed with a vileness of insinuation and
innuendo that must have been a heart-breaking experience for a young girl—or an old girl either. The entire motion picture industry has without doubt suffered severely, tho unjustly, by reason of the Taylor case.

* * *

The Universal Zoo has been attacked by a case of temperament. "Charley," the big elephant, has become so bad tempered it is no longer possible to use him in pictures. He has been chained by both front feet to the cement floor of the elephant barns and stands there swaying to and fro—looking tough and dissipated.

Joe Martin, the big monk, has also lost his sweet disposition. They thought maybe Joe was lonely, so they put a very tiny monkey in the cage with him the other day. Joe took him up like a watch charm. He swung him around by one arm for a few turns, just as a naughty girl misbehaves with a doll; then suddenly he heaved his small companion across the cage with a motion like Walter Johnson throwing his speed ball and the little monk was gathered to the glory of his fathers.

Over at Christie's comedy lot, the tame bear also kicked up one day recently and Harry Edwards went to a hospital for repairs.

* * *

Every one is doing serials again. Ruth Roland is just finishing one for Hal Roach. The lovely Ruth did some of the last scenes at Truckee. When the train which bore her to the location stopped, she saw a crowd on the platform and got out to "take the bow," only to find herself acting as an extra girl in the middle of a mob, making a Christie Comedy.

* * *

Louis Burston, for whom Gareth Hughes and Bessie Love are working in a picture, has decided to do something revolutionary; he is going to wind up the picture without a "clinch" or a kiss. Presumably, the two lovers will indicate in some manner there is no bad feeling between them, but no kissing allowed!

* * *

Talk about the lion lying down with the lamb! H u h! J a m e s Young, accounted he most sensitive, high-strung dire-

(Continued on page 80)

(Sixt-Five)
“My Peggy is a wee thing—a bonny winsome wee thing,” is Baby Peggy of Century Comedies, who was selected from three hundred applicants to play opposite the star “Brownie.” She is not quite three o’clock. Below, a portrait of Miss Peggy and her leading man. Right, the star counts her salary at the end of a perfect (little girl) day. Above, she makes up for an important scene. Center, her own ducky little self.

Photograph by Frenlich
What causes hangnails?

You need never again have a raw, ragged cuticle

Authorities agree that hangnails are caused either by neglect or by wrong methods of care. If neglected, the cuticle will grow fast to the nail. As the nail pushes forward, the cuticle stretches until it can stretch no more. Then it splits—and you have a hangnail. Or, if you cut the cuticle with knife or scissors, you are likely to pierce through to the nail root and then you get the same result.

To prevent hangnails, therefore, you must constantly detach the cuticle from the nail—but you must do this without cutting or breaking it or you will have hangnails just as surely as if you neglected it.

This thin fold of scarf-skin is like the selvage edge of a piece of cloth. When it is cut or torn, the whole nail rim gradually ravel:s out. This is why you can never have smooth nail rims when you make a practice of cutting the cuticle.

Cutex Cuticle Remover will soften the cuticle, gently loosen it from the nail, and take off all hard, dry edges. If you will throw away your manicure scissors and begin to use Cutex regularly, you will never again have hangnails. Your very first trial will leave your nail rims smooth and even—however rough you may have made them by cutting.

Two new polishes to complete your manicure

Then for the gleaming luster that you want for your nails, try the two new polishes that Cutex now offers you. Cutex Powder Polish is practically instantaneous. With just a few light strokes, it gives you the highest, most lasting luster obtainable. Cutex Liquid Polish goes on with an absolutely uniform smoothness, dries instantly, and leaves a delightful luster that keeps its even brilliance for at least a week.

Cutex Sets in four sizes

To many thousands of people, a Cutex Set is now an absolute toilet necessity. You can buy them in four sizes, the Compact Set at 60c, the Traveling Set at $1.50, the Five-Minute Set at $1.00, and the Boudoir Set at $3.00. Or each preparation can be had separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Introductory Set—only 12c

Send 12c today in coin or stamps for the new Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), the new Liquid Polish and the new Powder Polish, with orange stick and emery box. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. 905, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12 CENTS TODAY

Northam Warren,
Dept. 905, 114 West 17th Street,
New York City.

Name ____________________________

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The Prodigal Judge

Vitagraph has given Maclyn Arbuckle to the screen in the character of the lovable old ne'er-do-well of Vaughan Kester's novel, Judge Slocum Price, who found his way back to the respect of his fellow men because he held the key to their hearts.

He has an extraordinary range of expression, as you will see in studying the six heads on this page. Pick them out for yourselves: Benignity, irascibility, quizzicalness, unadulterated mirth, pomposity and fury.
One cream to protect against wind and sun

A different cream to cleanse the skin thoroughly

Wind and dust whip the natural moisture out of the skin. Sun burns and tans it and coarsens its texture. To keep your skin from becoming permanently rough and coarse, you must protect it yourself before you go out.

**The cream to use before going out**

Pond's Vanishing Cream gives the skin just the protection it needs. It is a softening cream based on an ingredient famous for its soothing effect on the skin. This cream acts as an invisible shield against the drying effect of wind and sun. It keeps the natural moisture in the skin and prevents dust and dirt from clogging the pores.

The moment you smooth Pond's Vanishing Cream on the face it disappears, leaving the skin delightfully soft and velvety. Moreover it cannot reappear to make the face shiny for it is entirely free from oil.

The smooth surface which it gives the skin forms a perfect base for powder. In warm weather when the face has a greater tendency to shine, use Pond's Vanishing Cream to hold the powder and see how much longer you can go without powdering.

**Start today to use these two creams**

Both these creams are too delicate in texture to clog the pores and neither cream will encourage the growth of hair. Get them in jars or tubes in convenient sizes. Drug and department stores can supply you. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.
"The Dust Flower"

Three of the many striking costumes worn in Goldwyn's "The Dust Flower." Top: Blue net over gold metal-cloth trimmed with iridescent beads. Bodice of blue velvet and gold ribbon. Right, a black velvet drapery with pastel flowers of metal-cloth and long silk fringe. Left, frock of black velvet with girdle of jade and jet. The cape is black velvet, lined with silver and trimmed with black taffeta hand-made flowers.
Making the MOST of Your Hair
How to Make Your Hair Make You More Attractive

EVERYWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically.
People judge you by its appearance.
It tells the world what you are.

If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

Study your hair, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair, or in the way you care for it, brings out the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

This is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.
This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film-making unions, with addresses, must enclose 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.

MILLY B.—You say you want more mention of Milton Sills. Cela est bon. I will do my best. At this writing, he is playing in "The Car That Walked Alone." Yes, he has played on the stage. The English say that love and a cough cannot be hid, but love and smoke are two things which cannot be concealed. Write me again. Your letter was very interesting.

AMBIDENT.—Don't think of trying to break into the movies. Nearly everybody is broke and nobody is making money except Mary Pickford—and at this minute the lawyers are trying to get her. Twist the censors and Arbuckle and the Taylor case, and hard times, and bad actors, and bad directors, and bad pictures, the movies have been hit pretty hard. But it will all come out in the wash, and some day the sun will again smile on us.

HEARN ADMIRER.—Rave on, but eighty-two years old have taught me not to trust fine speeches. You refer to "Mother O'Mine." I liked that play, too. If your dictionary says, "Do not doubt what's right. I am glad you like Elliott Talmage is West right now. That's all; just smile on us.

CLIFTONITE.—The only thing I can advise you to do is to write direct to the magazine for the Taylor case, and hard times, and bad actors, and bad directors, and bad pictures, the movies have been hit pretty hard. But it will all come out in the wash, and some day the sun will again smile on us.

LILY FLOWERS.—Cheer up, it could be worse. Remember that Napoleon said, "Man is very hard to understand, and, not to deceive ourselves, we must judge him only by his actions of the moment." I am glad you like Elliott Dexter. Yes, he is in his forties, but which end, I don't know. Perhaps they are angels. I'd do anything for you—Rudolph Valentino can't be making up" like a woman. Wallie, Wallie, have a care! Your letter was chef d'asacre.

WHIT PAIN.—Yes, I've been there. Rupert Julian of Rhode Island is our model by his actions of the moment." I am glad you like Elliott Dexter. Yes, he is in his forties, but which end, I don't know. Perhaps they are angels. I'd do anything for you—Rudolph Valentino can't be making up" like a woman. Wallie, Wallie, have a care! Your letter was chef d'asacre.

GINGER.—Feeling a little peppy, are you? Do I approve of the present-day flappers? Well, I'd first like to know what they are. What are they, anyhow? My dictionary says, "one who flaps." Perhaps they are angels. I'd do anything for you—Rudolph Valentino can't be making up" like a woman. Wallie, Wallie, have a care! Your letter was chef d'asacre.

BELLE.—What you say proves that man is spiritually a long-sighted creature; he sees a great deal at a glance. I don't care how true it is; he must get away from that which he would judge; one describes summer best on a winter's day. You refer to "Moran of the Lady Letty." Charles Ray, in "The Barnstormer." Yes, Leah Beard is playing in "Don't Doubt Your Wife." I don't doubt but what she's married. You see, I would insist on wearing his pants. There is no greater misfortune for a man than to allow himself to be governed by nobody is making money except Mary Pickford—and at this minute the lawyers are trying to get her. Twist the censors and Arbuckle and the Taylor case, and hard times, and bad actors, and bad directors, and bad pictures, the movies have been hit pretty hard. But it will all come out in the wash, and some day the sun will again smile on us.

LILY FLOWERS.—Cheer up, it could be worse. Remember that Napoleon said, "Man is very hard to understand, and, not to deceive ourselves, we must judge him only by his actions of the moment." I am glad you like Elliott Dexter. Yes, he is in his forties, but which end, I don't know. Perhaps they are angels. I'd do anything for you—Rudolph Valentino can't be making up" like a woman. Wallie, Wallie, have a care! Your letter was chef d'asacre.

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ANTONIO MORENO ADMIRER.—Old friendship does not rust. If it rusts, it was not friendship. Glad you came. I didn't see that Eddie Polo serial. Sorry, old man. Antonio Moreno has been playing for the last eight years. You know, he started with Biograph, then went with Vitagraph, where he is yet. William Duncan is with Vitagraph, Hollywood, Calif.

BUNNY.—Men are singular beings; they must always have something to amuse themselves with. Why, Raymond Poincaré is the present Premier of France. Jackie Coogan, in "Trouble." But not for long. Ann Little is playing in Ben Wilson's "Chained Lightning."

MORRO.—All inquiries to The Answer Man, using correspondence clubs. Just send a stamped
dress envelope for a list of the club ad-

his wi fe. In such case, he is neither himself nor kind?...;--Old
again. Your letter was mighty interesting.

CLIFTONITE.—The only thing I can advise you to do is to write direct to the magazine for the Taylor case, and hard times, and bad actors, and bad directors, and bad pictures, the movies have been hit pretty hard. But it will all come out in the wash, and some day the sun will again smile on us.

MILLY B.—You say you want more mention of Milton Sills. Cela est bon. I will do my best. At this writing, he is playing in "The Car That Walked Alone." Yes, he has played on the stage. The English say that love and a cough cannot be hid, but love and smoke are two things which cannot be concealed. Write me again. Your letter was very interesting.

AMBIDENT.—Don't think of trying to break into the movies. Nearly everybody is broke and nobody is making money except Mary Pickford—and at this minute the lawyers are trying to get her. Twist the censors and Arbuckle and the Taylor case, and hard times, and bad actors, and bad directors, and bad pictures, the movies have been hit pretty hard. But it will all come out in the wash, and some day the sun will again smile on us.

HEARN ADMIRER.—Rave on, but eighty-two years old have taught me not to trust fine speeches. You refer to "Mother O'Mine." I liked that play, too. Perhaps they are angels. I'd do anything for you—Rudolph Valentino can't be making up" like a woman. Wallie, Wallie, have a care! Your letter was chef d'asacre.

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Your Figure

Has Charm Only as You Are Fully Developed

BEAUTY OF FORM

can be cultivated just as the same as flowers are made to blossom with proper care. Woman, by nature refined and delicate, craves the natural beauty of her sex. How wonderful to be a perfect woman!

Bust Pads and Ruffles

never look natural or feel right. They are really harmful and retard development. You should add to your physical beauty by enlarging your bust-form to its natural size. This is easy to accomplish with the NATIONAL, a new scientific appliance that brings delightful results.

FREE BEAUTY BOOK

If you wish a beautiful, womanly figure, write for a copy of the treatise by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, entitled: "The Bust—How It May Be Developed." Of this method Dr. Carr states:

"Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing"

This valuable information, explaining the causes of non-development, together with photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method, will be sent FREE to every woman who writes quickly. Those desiring book sent sealed, enclose 4¢ postage.

THE OLIVE COMPANY

Dept. 210 CLARINDA, IOWA

Nothing to Wash Off or Rub Off

You aren't compelled to keep your hair dry when you restore color with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. There is nothing to wash or rub off, because it isn't a crude dye, but a real restorer, clean and clear as water.

You can safely dry it in the sun, because the restored color is perfectly natural—no streaks or discoloration to betray you. Just the satisfaction and joy of beautiful, youthful hair which takes ten years off your age.

Very easily applied, with results safe, sure and certain. You do it yourself, in private with no one to guess your secret.

MARY T. GOLDMAN

1264 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Mail the Coupon

Send for the free trial bottle and test as directed on a single lock. Watch the gray disappear and the natural color return. When the restoration is complete and you know how natural and beautiful you can make your hair, get a full-sized bottle, from your druggist or direct.

MARY T. GOLDMAN

1264 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me the free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is...

black...jet black...dark brown

medium brown...light brown, light auburn, or blond.

Name...

Address...

Please print your name and address. If name and address are not legible you will not receive your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer.
The Prisoner of Zenda

(Continued from page 31)

"My friend, you should have been the king and not I!" Rudolf of Rutirania said, grasping his unwounded hand. The royal prisoner was pale and haggard, but there was a new purpose in his bearing, a new light in his eyes, "you are a better thing than a king, you are a man!"

"Quite all right!" Rudolf protested, then his gaze wandered past them and he understood. Following his eyes, the others drew away as if by common consent and left him to move forward and meet the Princess Flavia alone. "You—" he said wonderingly, "how did you come?"

She gestured to the dimness behind them. "By a car. The roads are so bad they seldom use motors on them, but I could not wait—" By the light of the lantern she saw his bloodstained arm, rudely bandaged, and her face went deathly white. "They have hurt you! Oh, my dear—you are suffering—"

Somehow they were in each others' arms. "Suffering! I am in Heaven!" Rudolf cried in a shaken tone. "But I must not let you love me, heart of pity, without telling you that I am no king, but only a very ordinary man!"

"Oh—oh—oh—" she murmured, blushing gloriously. "I think I guessed it from the first! But ordinary—no! There is no one like you in all the world. I think that God must be proud to think that He could make you."

Their voices sank to murmurs, and still they stood in the circle of each others' arms, forgetting time and space and all else save themselves.

"You came, no doubt, Princess, to satisfy your anxiety in regard to King Rudolf's safety?" said a suave voice in their ears, bringing them apart to find Colonel Sapt beside them. "It is gratifying to His Majesty to learn of your solicitude. He will thank you in person if you will give me the honor of allowing me to conduct you to your betrothed."

The merest trifle he stressed the last word. A silence fell upon them, in which the light went out of Flavia like a candle that is blown. She swayed, then stood proudly straight, looking at the man she loved with hopeless eyes. "He is right. My life was settled before I was born."

"I'm lucky I didn't come straight from the Coronation Ball!" cried Rudolf, as he parried the fierce lunge of Michael's blade skilfully. "For if you gentlemen were armed with anything except these cheese slicers it would be a short shift for me!"

Laughing, conversing whimsically, his blade always flashing in sly thrust and clever parry, the man who had once that night been Michael's dagger seemed to bear a charmed life. Michael's fury blinded him, an unwary step and a tear down these granite walls with his bare hands to reach her. 'Tradition! Duty!' These are only words—but our love is real, the world is wide, Heart's Dearest! It belongs to us, and as sure as I am man and you are woman, you shall have me!"

And suddenly it was over and Rudolf still smiling, toppled backward into the arms of his friends. "—it's nothing—" he said thickly, "a scratch. Glad to do any little job of rescuing, your Majesty may happen to need!"
CLASSIC

will bear his children! What of mine?" Her hands went to her breast with a
sharp cry, and he touched them remorsefully. "Forgive me! I am selfish—you are
right—an angel. I can fight men, but Destiny I cannot fight. Only tell
me that you forgive me before I go."

"Forgive you!" Flavia cried piteously. "I love you... I shall love you always,
and if that is wrong I cannot help it——"

Once more they clung desperately, but now they did not speak, for words are
useless things at best. The most elo­quent of them cannot staunch the bleed­
ing of a wound or hold time back a
single instant. Then Rudolf was gone,
hurrying across the drawbridge and
down the steep streets of the little town
toward the station.

The Princess Flavia stood quite still.
Every sense seemed to be merged into
the effort of listening. At length, shrill
and mocking in the grey dawnlight came
the whistle of the early train, bearing a
solitary passenger away from Zenda
into the distant world.

The golden head went up gallantly.
Slim and grave and proud, she turned
at the waiting Sapt. "And now," said
the Princess Flavia, steadily, "now you
shall take me to his Majesty, the King!"

Gossip of the Eastern Studios
(Continued from page 39)

Henderson. The production will have
independent release.

Rumors have it that Theda Bara will
soon return to the screen, directed by her
husband, Charles Brabin, who recently
left the directorial staff of William Fox.

Mary Astor, one of the winners of
last year's Fame and Fortune Contest
conducted by the Brewster Publications,
has advanced to the post of leading wom­
an, and is now playing opposite Eugene
O'Brien in Selznick Pictures.

Richard Barthelmess' next produc­tion
has been held up for four weeks by the
illness of Mr. Barthelmess' director,
Henry King.

Bert Lytell has been a New York vis­
itor. So, too, has been Viola Dana.
James Kirkwood is back from his trip
abroad. William de Mille is visiting in
Manhattan.

Cecil de Mille passed thru New York,
en route from abroad to Los Angeles.
Mr. de Mille was very ill on the other
side and had to be carried to his private
car upon his arrival here. He is now
reported to be slowly convalescing.

Mildred Yea and Nay
(Continued from page 33)

breeding to develop. Mildred Davis' beauty is of that degree. She has the
delicate colors of pale gold, clear blonde,
and dainty pink. She has the fragrance
of youthful enthusiasm, of faith and
trust, of girlish illusions and ideals—and her film characters are a composite of
all of these.

(Seventy-five)

The Price You Pay
For dingy film on teeth

Let us show you by a ten-day test how
combating film in this new way beautifies
the teeth.

Now your teeth are coated with a viscous
film. You can feel it with your tongue. It
clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.
It forms the basis of fixed cloudy coats.

That film resists the tooth brush. No
ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat
it. That is why so many well-brushed teeth
discolor and decay.

Keeps teeth dingy

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth
look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It
holds food substance which ferments and
forms acids. It holds the acids in contact
with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with
tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.
Thus most tooth troubles are now traced
to film. And, despite the tooth brush, they
have constantly increased.

Attack it daily

Careful people have this film removed
twice yearly by their dentists. But the
need is for a daily film combatant.

Now dental science, after long re­search,

has found two ways to fight film. Able au­thorities have proved their efficiency. A
new-type tooth paste has been perfected to
comply with modern requirements. The
name is Pepsodent. These two film com­batants are embodied in it, to fight the film

Two other effects

Pepsodent also multiplies the starch
digestant in saliva. That is there to digest
starch deposits which otherwise may cling
and form acids.

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

Thus every use gives multiplied effect to
Nature's tooth-protecting agents in the
mouth. Modern authorities consider that
essential.

Millions employ it

Millions of people now use Pepsodent,
largely by dental advice. The results are
seen everywhere—in glistening teeth.

Once see its effects and you will adopt it
too. You will always want the whiter,
cleaner, safer teeth you see. Make this
test and watch the changes that it brings.
Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent The New-Day Dentifrice

REG. U.S.

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

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY.
Dept. 876, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family
Removes Hair Immediately—safely

By actual test genuine De Miracle is the safest and surest. When you use it you are not experimenting with a new and untried depilatory, because it has been in use for over 20 years, and is the only depilatory that has ever been endorsed by Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists, Medical Journals and Prominent Magazines.

De Miracle is the most cleanly, because there is no messy mixture to apply or wash off. You simply wet the hair with this nice De Miracle sanitary liquid and it is gone. De Miracle devitalizes hair, which is the only common-sense way to remove it from face, neck, arms, underarms, or limbs.

Three sizes 60c, $1.00, $2.00.

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

De Miracle
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FRECKLES

Don’t Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Ohime—Double Strength

There’s no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as “Ohime—double strength” is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of Ohime—double strength—from any druggist and apply a little of it at night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and give a beautiful complexion. Be sure to ask for the double strength Ohime, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

$500 CONTEST

We want a third verse for our song “Oh! We’re Away.” $500 will be paid to the writer of the best one submitted. Send us your name and we shall send you the words of the first two verses. Send us your entry at once.

De Miracle

LINES

By Le Baron Cooke

I put myself to the task
Of writing a poem
For an editor who sought me,
And tho I labored
Far into the night
To put the strength of my ability
Into it,
When it was finished
I had created nothing
But an order,
Which I tore into bits.

The editor has since told my friends
That I do not deserve recognition,
For I am too lazy to work.
And yet here in my desk
I have written a good book—an absorbing book, an amusing and enduring and edifying book; a story of quaint and individual charm which loses nothing by being splendidly true to the time of errant bits of philosophy, of searching psychology, of poignant introspection and mordant humor; a diverting account of his return to his native heath, enlivened by keen satire, enriched by passages of rare poetic beauty.

I wish everybody who has even a remote interest in the movies might read this book. It will most surely help rehabilitate the poor maligned “Cinemese,” as Herbert Howe calls them, in the eyes of a thoughtless and condemingly public.

They will discover that the conservative Old World has accepted one of the calumniated, and accorded him honor and acclaim that no American has drawn since Mark Twain. The movies and their protagonists belong to the vast following they have developed. Being one of the vast following, I cannot but feel a personal pride in the homage done Charlie Chaplin; a corresponding warmth of heart over his triumph; an intense gratification in the recognition accorded this representative of the field of which I am a humble unit. So much for that.

As a literary performance, “My Trip Abroad” leaves much to be desired. Its style is jerky, unpolished, crude, and not always coherent. It is written almost entirely in short, choppy sentences. It is abominably diffuse. It wanders all over the map. It makes the change from subtle to slap-stick in one sentence. But who cares for that? It never once strains after effect and, therefore, achieves it easily. Chaplin’s description of his emotions on beholding again his old haunts after so many years, and under such different circumstances, is told with a touching simplicity that lifts it far above the bathos it might easily have become.

His terrified anticipation—one moment fearing there would be a crowd, and the next, fearing there would not; his reaction to the clamping throng that actually did meet him; his imperative impulse to “put on airs” before his cousin Aubrey; his unique impressions of this and all these things he tells with the golden tongue of a gifted amateur. His walk thru the Limehouse district with its literary father, Burke, is as interesting as one of the famous “Nights” itself. His experiences with reporters; the curious and amusing letters he received; his frank discussions of his friends are as naive and spontaneous as a child’s.

His sensations on meeting Barrie and Wells and other English notables are not characterized by any mock humility, but by the respectful deference all great souls feel in the presence of their own kind.

If you should begin to think that the high-brows have acclaimed Charlie Chaplin for their own, thereby rendering him inaccessible to the rest of us, set your mind at rest. Charlie’s youngest admirer could read his book with understanding and enjoyment. By the same token, the great of mind and the near-great may still profit by what this man has to offer.

Harper & Brothers, who are publishing the book, have had the acumen to charge only one dollar for it. They will probably sell a million copies.

LOVERS’ LANE

By Gordon Malheere Hillman

A little way, a leaping way,
Never a road of common clay,
A-dreaming,
A-streaming
All across the moor!

A lifting lane, a laughing lane,
Made alone for lovers twain,
A-swinging,
A-singing
All across the moor!

An olden way, a golden way,
Where lad and lass go light and gay,
A-dancing,
Romancing
All across the moor!

(Seventy-six)
Boncilla Beautifier

The World's Famous Clasmic Facial Pack

is so easy to use. Only two minutes required to cover the face with this fragrant clasmic balm. While it is drying, you can feel its gentle, invigorating action on your tired skin. Then remove Boncilla with warm water.

Look into your mirror and see what Boncilla has done for your complexion.

Then you will know that you cannot get along without Boncilla.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

Boncilla Beautifier removes them and eliminates their cause by clearing clogged pores and removing excess oiliness of the skin.

LINES

About the forehead, eyes or mouth are lifted out. Instead of stretching the skin as in massage, Boncilla Beautifier gathers up the loose folds and builds the tissues to plump out the depressions.

DROPPING MUSCLES AND TISSUES.

Such as drooping tissues beneath the eyes, below the ears, hanging cheeks or a double chin, will respond wonderfully to this rebuilding remodeling process of the Boncilla Beautifier Classic pack.

HOW TO APPLY

Spread over the face with finger tips, covering face thoroughly. Allow to remain on until dry. Remove by washing off with warm water.

DOES THESE DEFINITE THINGS FOR THE FACE:

1. CLEARS THE COMPLEXION AND GIVES IT COLOR.
2. CLOSES ENLARGED PORES.
3. REMOVS BLACKHEADS AND PIMPLES.
4. LIFTS OUT THE LINES.
5. REBUILDS DROPPING FACIAL TISSUES.
6. MAKES THE SKIN SOFT AND VELVETY.

Boncilla Beautifier, The World's Famous Clasmic Facial Pack

We have prepared a booklet entitled

Record Book and Criticisms of Picture Plays

Which we want you to have. It tells how to criticise and enjoy the movies. If followed carefully, it will add to your powers of discernment and make you a first-class critic. It also contains a code, and many pages on which you can mark down every play you see and tell just why you liked it or didn't like it. When you have filled the book you will prize it very highly and you will send for another. We want every reader to have one, so we have made the price just what it costs us to produce, 10 cents. Think of it, only 10 cents! It will be worth many dollars to you!

You Must Have This Booklet

It will help you to remember who the great players and directors are, and then you will look for them again, and want to read about them.

Send us a 10 cent piece (stamps will do) and we will mail this valuable booklet to you at once. Don't wait, do it now. We assure you you won't be sorry.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS - 175 Duffield St. - Brooklyn, N. Y.
green and crimson fires at the sun, as she covered her breasts and arms with them; but the man and the girl stood silent, motionless, swept from the triumph of their success by the overwhelming tide of awe at the thought of the mighty cataclysm of nature that had splashed this drowned ship from the ocean shroud of ooze to the mountain top.

They were so far from their surroundings that they did not even hear the first spatter of shots in the distance, until Carmen ran to them, livid with terror, and clutched Parrish's arm. "The Calliope!" she gasped. "Tom Carroll has come! He'll half kill me for running away from him."

Jimmy Parrish's face grew grave as he listened. Summoning Jill, he joined Ching-chaman, from the crowd of cooies laden with their golden spoil, he told him curtly to stay with the women. "The rest of you make for the boats and carry that stuff back to the Shantung!" he directed. "Then row back in one damn muchee hurry, sabe? And bring plenty gun!"

Then drawing his own pistol, with a reassuring wave of his hand to the others, he ran over the brush on the hill and disappeared in the direction of the firing. Jill, as pale as a yellow man can get, sank down on the chest of golden ewers they had just unearthed. It rattled with his tremors, making a suitable accompaniment for Carmen's hysterical moans.

"What then? What is there worth fighting over in a few rusty bars of gold?"

Carmen wrung her hands, until the foolish ornaments she had adorned herself with clanked like so many brass kettle lids. "You don't know those men! I tell you they are bad—bad—they will kill me, and as for you"—she laughed horridly—"you will kill yourself if you are wise, before you let them lay hands on you!

"And now to hurry the action to the climax. Got to get in a bit of love-making before the end, too. First a few paragraphs disposing of the villains.

An hour later Parrish, rowing out from under the lee of the Calliope from whose port-holes already a few lazy smoke threads of the fire he had set were unraveling on the still sunny air, heard a little cry above him and looked up to see Bessie's face peering down from the window of her cabin. "What have you been doing?" she asked. "Have you landed the money in SHOW CARDS?"

The American School will gladly send you full particulars if you but send your name and address to them. Use this Coupon.

TEAR OFF HERE AND MAIL TO-DAY.

American Show Card School, 270 Kyrefix, Toronto, Ont.

Send me your booklet on Show Card Writing, and show me how I can make money at spare time.

Name

Address (in full)

State

OFFERED TO READERS.

They were in the little boat, bobbing miserly toward the shore where Parrish remembered to ask after Carmen. "I think she got away from them," Bessie said, a trifle frostily. And then she gave a little cry, pointing toward the boat that was pulling away from the shore, laden to the gunwale with Carroll's men and gold they had taken, after a fierce fight, from the Chinamen. Even as they stared, horrified, the men began to quarrel over their spoils, and at the impetus of their gestures and movements the over-laden boat sank beneath them, overturning as it went and dragging its contents of men and gold down to the bottom of the sea. A few ripples widened over the spot where they had disappeared, then the sea grew placid.

"It took an earthquake to carry it to the mountain top," Parrish said in an awed whisper, "and now the greed of men has returned it to where it lay."

They could not guess that even as they spoke, and while the ill-omened Calliope redeniled the waters with the flames of her pyre, the last two of the lawless company who had set sail on her lay dead in their beds. For Tom Carroll had followed Carmen and ended her futile, gorgeous life, and his own.

Guess that disposes of everybody. Now for a little love-making to end with. That oughtn't to be so very hard for us, eh dear?"

"And all for a few pieces of ugly blackish metal!" Bessie mourned, and looking up at the bleached bones prickling the soft blue sky on the hilltop, she shuddered a little and turned her face away. "I should hate to have that gold to spend on myself—it's brought so much cruelty and hate and wickedness and death into the world! But if one spent it for other people—if it bought rest for tired people, and health for sick people and books that everyone could read—"

Watching the small wistful face in its frame of gold that made an aureole such as the masters painted about their young saints' heads, Parrish gave a great sigh of gladness. "How much depends on how little!" he cried with a note of awe. "If I hadn't stumbled over that spotted rock, I would never have found the treasure!"

"The—treasure!" said Bessie in rather a flat little voice. "Of course—that's what you came for, isn't it? The treasure!"

He let the oars drift and leaned toward her. "The only treasure that I care about in all the world is you! But if I should come any closer—the boat is so darned shallow—I'm afraid it would be sunken treasure!"

He cast a tragic look backward toward the shore. "I can tell you that I love you now, but it will be ten minutes before I can kiss you for real."

Bessie looked at him shyly. Then she too leaned forward, until her fluff of hair almost brushed his cheek. Her words were mischievous, but her eyes were altars lighted holy.
May in California
(Continued from page 25)

"...the cop said I was making thirty-two on Vermont Avenue. He was a mean old thing. I smiled at him the best I knew how but it didn't make any impression," she waggled her bobbed head dolefully, then more brightly: "were you ever arrests?"

I nodded yes and we became pals from that time on. We agreed that we both preferred the Coconant Grove to dance in, that it must be fun to wear trains on one's gowns, that it was fascinating to write, I was surprised to hear Mae Collins ride my pet hobby.

I write every spare moment I can find, she told me, "I have had one scenario accepted and I have numerous ideas ready to work out. Always I have wanted to write seriously and some day I'm going to. I don't believe in putting all my eggs in one basket, you know. I may be a huge success in this series Mr. Mayer is producing with me, and I may not—(wise seventeen)—"I am going to do my best but I am also going to keep on writing."

"Have you been reading any of that new writing, Knut Hamsun's? He is wonderful. I'll read you one of my favorite passages." She drew a volume from a secret recess and read me some beautifully descriptive lines in a clear contralto voice. As she finished, the door flew open and Mary Thurman, as colorful as a ripe pomegranate, and Mae Bush, the personification of an Egyptian cigarette, blew in.

Mary Thurman with her warm graciousness made me feel even more at home than before. She is a sincere soul with the purposeful light of an achieved philosophy in her eyes. The green furniture and her ruddy hair—it belonged, like blossoms on an apple tree.

But Miss Collin's hour of confidences was at an end. She became suddenly formal, the hostess bidding good-bye to a pleasant guest. It was the dinner hour and I departed to the accompaniment of a fanfare of farewells by Bifi—the Pekingese.

"HE GETS $100 A WEEK"

"Two years ago Evans was out in the shop earning $18 a week. Now he is my Chief Draftsman.

"One day he came to me and asked for a job in the Drafting Room. When I asked him how he could fit in, he explained that he had taken a Home Study Course in Drafting through the COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF DRAFTING, and after showing me some of his work, I put him on.

"I soon realized that he was the best Draftsman I had, and on the first of the year I promoted him to Chief Draftsman at $100 a week."

One evening two years ago when Evans was working for $18 a week he read an ad which told him to get out of the "rut" and earn BIG MONEY. He filled out a coupon like the one below and became a COLUMBIA student. His progress is similar to that of thousands of COLUMBIA graduates.

Evans was not an unusual chap. He had just a common school education and no particular mechanical ability. Yet, though he had no previous training or experience in Drafting, he easily mastered the COLUMBIA course. As a matter of fact, Evans is only one of thousands who have been helped to BIG PAY positions through COLUMBIA training. To-day they are expert professional Draftsmen.

The rapid advancement made by this man can be explained by the fact that he got the RIGHT training. Nor did he have to leave home to get it. Through the Home Study Course of the COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF DRAFTING he secured practical training by mail in his spare time. To-day he can tackle any Drafting problem because he knows.

Remember, Evans had only a limited education and average ability, but he succeeded because he grasped his opportunity—the same opportunity you have to win success. You need not be satisfied with a small pay job if you want to earn BIG MONEY.

Will you decide now to win success through COLUMBIA training just as Evans and thousands like him have done? If so, mail this coupon to-day.

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**CARL LAEMMLE, President of Universal, arrived in Los Angeles for the opening of "Foolish Wives" and will be at Universal City for the next two months.**

Eric von Stroheim, author, director and star of the $1,000,000 picture, did not come West with Mr. Laemmle, but was reported to be greatly upset over the manner in which his widely publicized film was received by the public and how the "very life" of its scenes was cut to avoid censorship and to bring the film down to something less than the time required to witness an operatic performance of "Parsifal." The opera requires a sitting time of about five hours, with an hour or two intermission. "Foolish Wives," before it was cut, would have required about an eight-hour sitting and it would hardly have been advisable to allow an intermission. The opening presentation in Los Angeles was witnessed by one of the greatest assemblages of professional talent that ever gathered for a premiere.

**Some signs of lifting of clouds of depression, which have hung over film production the past six months, have appeared during the past few weeks.**

Goldwyn studios re-opened about March 1, gradually getting new suits into action. They have several new stories by prominent authors in the making. Metro has been plugging along on one large cylinder, the Rex Ingram activities. Rex has started shooting "Black Orchids," which he made once before for Universal, but which is to have a much more elaborate revival. Ramon de Samañegos and Barbara Le Mar draw the leading roles in this new production.

Signs are that some of the Metro stars will soon be seen in new pictures. Bert Lytell and Vicki Dana, as will be recalled, have been making personal appearance tours, filling in time until their services would be required for the spring sowing.

**Harold Lloyd is going to spring a new one on his public by playing a grandfather. Naturally, in such a rôle, he's bound to retain his specs. They're to be square-cut instead of oval, however, as befits Civil War days. The title of Lloyd's picture is "Grandma's Boy." And, of course, Mildred Davis is leading lady.**

**Victor Herbert has been unlifting the movies out in the West with his somewhat elegant melodies. It was quite a feat with Herbert, and seemed to meet with considerable approval from the fans. He was engaged to appear in the**

(Continued on page 86)

(Eighty)
Haven't You Often Said to Yourself

"My, don't I wish I had the money to do as other folks can do. There is Mary Smith with a new fur coat—Dolly Brown has no end of pretty dresses—even Mrs. Peoples, with all her children to do for, and her husband only a salaried man, never seems to worry over having money for extra nice things. I wish I knew how they do it."

Many a time, Miss Dorothy Crane looked with longing eyes at the pretty things possessed by her friends, and which she couldn't then afford to have. But her heart's desires are being realized now all right. Thru a method easily acquired, she earns more than $40 a week.

"And what I like most about your plan," she writes, "is that my time is my own. Some days I work only an hour or two, while on other days, when I'm feeling particularly ambitious, I put in the whole day. I never felt so independent and I am more satisfied with the money I make."

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Are you a sensitive person?

 Naturally, you are. Every person of culture and refinement possesses those finer sensibilities that mark the gentleman and gentlewoman.

And particularly are such people sensitive about the little personal things that so quickly identify you as a desirable associate—socially or in business.

Attention to the condition of your breath ought to be as systematic a part of your daily toilet routine as the washing of your face and hands. Yet how many, many men and women neglect this most important item!

The reason is a perfectly natural one. Halitosis (or unpleasant breath, as the scientific term has it) is an insidious affliction that you may have and still be entirely ignorant of.

Your mirror can’t tell you. Usually you can’t tell it yourself. And the subject is too delicate for your friends—maybe even your wife or husband—to care to mention to you.

So you may unconsciously offend your friends and those you come in intimate contact with day by day.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is usually temporary, due to some local condition. Again it may be chronic, due to some organic disorder which a doctor or dentist should diagnose and correct.

When halitosis is temporary it may easily be overcome by the use of Listerine, the well-known liquid antiseptic, used regularly as a gargle and mouth-wash.

Listerine possesses unusually effective properties as an antiseptic. It quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth and dispels the unpleasant halitosis incident to such a condition.

Provide yourself with a bottle today, and relieve yourself of that uncomfortable uncertainty as to whether your breath is sweet, fresh and clean—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, Missouri.

HALITOSIS

THE

LISTERINE

Double Exposures

(Continued from page 52)

And we likewise congratulate Mr. Fred J. Balshofer for presenting his new star, Bill Fairbanks.

We’re thinking of presenting Norma Chaplin ourselves shortly!

A Southern letter writer wants to know if we ever feel awed while interviewing a star. Never. Clarissa—well, nearly never. The one exception is Mr. Jackie Coogan. Mr. Coogan can certainly make us feel lowly and unnecessary. We always have a lurking fear that he is laughing at us.

But the rest, Clarissa, the rest leave us quite satisfied with ourselves.

Charlie Chaplin’s newly published book, “My Trip Abroad,” has just come before us and entertains us hugely. Curiously, the book has caught something of the thrill that must have been felt by the comedian when he went back—an idol of all nations—to the teeming end of London, where he had once struggled and starved.

As you read, you feel somewhat as he felt when he revisited the old haunts and found the same old photograph of the same old music-hall favorite lying dusty in the same old grimy window.

We do not know whether or not Mr. Chaplin actually wrote all of the book, but the thing is certainly well done.

One of the interesting incidents is the comedian’s account of his meeting with Pola Negrí.

It was at the exclusive restaurant, the Palais Heinroth, in Berlin. Charlie was brought to Pola’s table. She offered him a bubbling glass of something or other, they clinked goblets and Pola utilized three of her few available English words, “Jazz boy Charlie!”

Charlie was so pleased with Pola that he asked his friends how to say, “I think you are divine” in German. But when Charlie repeated the lines, Pola laughed, slapped his hand and exclaimed “Naughty boy!”

It seems that Charlie hadn’t been given exactly the right phrase in German.

CREASES

By Mark G. Sabel

Mary spent the whole afternoon smoothing creases out of her dresses.

Have you ever seen a picture of the human brain?

That’s why I laughed.

Knowing Mary so well.

It was too funny.

Mary . . . dresses . . . creases . . . brains!

CURIOSITY

By Mark G. Sabel

Marianna, come with me.

I know where there is a splendid pool of muck.

To push you into.

I want to see if you will look as dainty there.

As you do here.

In the sun-parlor.

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

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

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

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

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Send for Free Catalogue
If You Don't Weaken
(Continued from page 37)

is probably what Walsh's "business" will be after he has quit the screen.

And what makes me like Walsh is the fact that he looks at issues squarely. He doesn't try to avoid them. He's happy now that he is sufficiently popular to be a star, yet he doesn't expect to remain a star until he's ninety.

I asked him if he uses a double for his stunts. Naturally I am skeptical, having seen many number of stars' "doubles" around the different studios.

"A double doesn't work in my case," he remarked. "I wish one would, because I could save myself innumerable accidents. But I can't seem to find a double I can work with. Hence I have to do my own stunts."

Many accidents have punctuated his career. Both his arms have been broken. A broken rib punctured his liver once. Not long ago, in New York, when he was running in a scene, he slipped on the ice and fell, hurting himself terribly and putting himself in the hospital for several weeks. It's a great life—if you don't weaken.

"Success doesn't come to anybody without a score of hard knocks," he summarized. "I'm perfectly willing to take my full share of the bumps and bangs, because I am trying to do the best I can in my own way."

"But don't you think that this athletic stuff hinders your possibility of real acting?" I inquired blandly.

"Perhaps," he replied, "but if they'll give me a chance to act, I think I can do it. In fact, I'm just conceited enough to think I know how to act. It's much easier to act than to do athletics. At any rate, you don't have to keep in training all the time merely to be an actor."

And train he does, he says. No night parties on the gleaming rialto of Hollywood; no loss of sleep. He can do almost anything better, he says, than lose sleep. His one dissipation is dancing on Saturday nights in the Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel.

At present Walsh is being starred in a serialization of the famous Stanley Expedition in Africa. When I saw him he was in his make-up on the "set," at Universal City—a replica of an African village, replete with moke pots and per­

serations. When I saw him he was in his make-up on the "set," at Universal City—a replica of an African village, replete with smoke pots and peri­

negrinos, guns and ammunition.

By the amount of atmosphere rampant on the "set," I conclude that "With Stanley in Africa" will be something different in photodramatics.

It was because he wanted a between-season rest from baseball that he came West to see his brother, R. A. Walsh, the director, who was making pictures with the old-time Reliance company. He was offered a part in a production then, and has remained on the screen. Fox presented him as a star in such plays as "The Beast," "From Now On," "Help, Help, Police," "The Winning Stroke" and others, and he was recently co-starred with Miriam Cooper in "Ser­

enade."

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Does Spring bring a fresh, healthy glow to your cheeks?

AFTER a winter spent inside, after a season of indoor activities—what of your complexion? Do spring sunshine and balmy air restore freshness to a sallowed skin?

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gram's Milkweed Cream.

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(In eighty-three)

(Fordwich)
not have happy endings. "That's a fact," she said, "I never have been able to understand it. They are received over here with open arms and a warm embrace; but if we try to make pictures with the same kind of endings, they will not have it."

Miss Dalton was so candid about pictures that I asked her bluntly if she did not like the stage better. Last year I saw her in "Aphrodite," wearing a blond wig and a few other widely scattered articles of attire.

She considered the design on the rug for a while. "Well," she said, looking up to give the verdict. "In some ways I do and in others I don't. There are some ways that I like the speaking stage better. It carries the story right thru from one end to the other. It is awfully confusing in pictures. You get divorced first, then you get married. You are proposed to a couple of days after your wedding. Your beloved child sickens and dies before he is born. Your husband is killed and leaves you a widow yourself before you are married to him. Do you get the idea? For mechanical reasons, they take everything, all higgledy-piggledy; the first part last and the middle first. On the stage, you can drive right into the story from the beginning and feel it build in your hands. There is one other advantage to the stage; it is not so mechanical. In pictures when you are kneeling at the feet of the cruel tyrant, begging for the life of your husband, the focus is on the face. And oh... She threw up her hands in despair. There is one advantage of being an outcast to protect her sister's name. She sacrifices herself and makes her own in order to protect another. She may be a sacrifice, but she is not a sacrifice."

"That's a fact," she said, "I never have been able to understand it. They are received over here with open arms and a warm embrace; but if we try to make pictures with the same kind of endings, they will not have it."

"Do you think it will ever come to the point that the public will not demand that the fair heroine have all the 'sympathy' of the piece?"

"I know what you mean, but you're all wrong," said Dorothy with a laugh. "It is certainly a fact. For instance, I am making a picture now called 'The Cat Who Walked Alone,' where a woman sacrifices herself and makes herself an outcast to protect her sister's name. Now all she would have had to do at any stage of the game to have told the whole story frankly to her husband: which is just what she would have done in real life—and there wouldn't have been any story.

"But you never can change it; and furthermore it ought not to be changed. You are hitting on a big fundamental fact, my dear man. It is this: when she goes to a picture, every girl sees herself on the screen. When she sees me in the arms of my screen lover she does not really see me at all; she sees herself. To the extent that we help them to see themselves on the screen, we succeed and really do good in the world. Don't forget that. No young girl of seventeen wants to see life as it is; she wants to see it as she wishes it were. And every girl of seventy is the same way. None of us want to look on life in its literal duality and hopelessness..."

"And its income taxes," I suggested.

"Yes," said Dorothy suddenly changing the subject. "It's an awful outrage. The income tax is a crime. It is absolutely unjust. It is robbery in so far as it concerns the woman trying to make a career in this profession."

"Suppose I can turn my ability to earn five million dollars. Take the case of a man who can sell groceries; we will say he can also earn during his life time just five million dollars. His earning time is spread over the period of his whole life and the Government takes only a small part of his money. On the other hand, my earning time is short. I must crowd it into a very few years. It must come in such large lumps that the Government will probably tax more than half of it. The result is that the grocer loses only a fraction of what I have lost to the Government."

Her face suddenly saddened. "You don't know how pitifully short the life of a professional woman is or how slender the foundation upon which her career depends—a little accident to the face. How many years are left to me—perhaps three; perhaps five. It is just a flash and it is gone. We have only one sun-shiny day for our hay-making, and we find the tax collector taking half the hay away from us as we rush frantically to the task. It is disheartening.

And we took our leave, she sighed and walked back to the little desk where the income tax blank lay..."
time I stepped out on Broadway. Now, if anyone cares to know it, I have found that a good dose of soap mixed with water is all I need.

I think this is part of the metamorphosis thru which Pauline has passed since she has taken up her residence in the very far West. In her New York stage days, she was a flower of the Ritz, a Broadway maid of silks and satins, face lotions and limousines. Now she is a prairie chicken, if I may be so bold as to say it. She rides astathe to the studio of a morning, with a tri-corner patent leather hat atop her chestnut hair and large gauntlets covering her tapering fingers, which by the way, are as expressive as those of Bernhardt’s.

Speaking of Bernhardt, reminds me that at this time Miss Frederick is absorbed with thoughts of Duse, Rejane and the great French woman already mentioned, chiefly because she has engaged Madame de Gresac to write a story for her.

And here is a secret—this same Madame de Gresac, who wrote “The Marriage of Kitty” and dozens of other successes, is fashioning a stage play for Pauline which will very likely bring the Frederick back to the spoken drama!

Pauline Frederick feels the foreign influence very keenly, despite the fact that she herself was born in Boston. You’d never think it to meet her, tho. She is Latin in temperament, which means that she vibrates with animation and emotion, and even her tawny complexion, free of poudre de riz, her mobile lips, and the cameo-like oval of her face, give a Latin cast to her features which make her an exotic of America, an orchid woman in a field of lily girls. She admires Duse and Rejane with a passion which is almost overwhelming, and this admiration has been intensified by her friendship with Madame de Gresac. I think it will show in her pictures of the future. She feels emotions as a Latin feels them.

In picturizing Locke’s “Glory of Clementina,” Miss Frederick has refused to doll up for the introductory shots, regardless of the wishes of her scenario department.

“Clementina was written into a story by a man who knew what he was about, and I am not going to change her,” she said.

“If Mr. Locke made Clementina a frowzy woman, until her great awakening came, then I am going to play her as a frowzy woman. If she rolled her own cigarettes, then I am going to roll cigarettes.”

“But what about the Public?” I asked, in a hushed tone, for it is well known that every woman hates to have her dear, deadly Public think she even knows what a cigarette looks like.

“This cigarette aversion belongs to an age long, long past,” responded the Frederick, watching a thin column of smoke curling from a dying but in the ash tray on the mahogany desk. “It is no longer a secret that women smoke, and if Clementina, or any other character I am playing, happens to smoke, then I am not going to wipe this vital characteristic out of her life in one full swoop.”

Miss Frederick, perhaps more than almost any American actress with the exception of Minnie Maddern Fiske, has to feel a part before she can play it. In “The Lure of Jade” she felt the character she was playing so keenly that her portrayal of the “farewell” scenes in the South Sea dive set the camera-men, light boys and general gangers-on at the studio to crying like little boys.

“If you live every part you play, even when you are away from the studio?” I probed, recalling that several of our screen luminaries have confessed that they simply must “live” their roles all the time or they slip up on their characterization when they come back for a day’s work.

“I should say not!” she exclaimed, tugging madly at her hat. “I would be worn out in a week if I took the troubles of my characters home with me. Imagine living the role of ‘Madame X,’ for ten weeks! I would be dropping around the house all the time like a fading morning-glory, or continually smashing furniture if I lived some of my characters at home.”

“Can you imagine ‘Madame X’ wearing cow-puncher chaps? I cant, and yet that is what she would have been doing if I had ‘lived’ her all the time. I was making that picture. Nor can I live the role of Clementina all the time, now that I am starting her characterization. I would think I was a pretty poor actress if I had to live a character in order to portray it.”

As the heart of Pauline Frederick! It must be as big as a rooming house—not because of her rather conspicuous marriages—but because of the space in it for the poor and needy.

There was a little rain-bedraggled circus—a Mexican circus—trying to lure crowds under its near-big “top” down at the corner near the studio, in a vacant lot. The manager had offered its performances to the Children’s Home Society for a benefit. Miss Frederick heard of it, and sent a messenger to say that she would round up some of her cow-puncher friends and come over to stage some roping stunts! Can you tie that for thoughtfulness and simple generosity? Of course the success of the circus was assured, and the homeless waifs of the West will get their homes.

Now, glancing back over what I have written of our chat that day, in the dim lighted studio office, I realize that it is all very disconnected, but that is the way of a chat with this master feminine mind of the screen—it is as volatile as the scent of a sweet perfume, played with by a summer breeze. And therein lies a part of the secret of her charm!

(A Rose-Cut Diamond (Continued from page 19))
leading First National theater in Los Angeles. Considerable temptation was held out to him to become interested in setting music to the films and to open a comic opera theater in California, but at last reports the affable Victor hadn’t succumbed. * * *

Buster Keaton breaks loose occasionally. He recently did so at the Ambassador hotel, with the aid of Maurice the dancer, and Will Morrisey. Buster, you know, is quite a cut-up, and does it all impromptu as a rule. In the army he had a reputation for keeping the boys entertained all the time, and was a regular performer in overseas show. At the Ambassador, Maurice called on Keaton for a show quite unexpectedly. Buster edged Morrisey into the game, and together they kept the guests amused for all of half an hour. There aren’t many comedians on the screen who are such good sports as the Keaton. He might hate the personal appearance stuff, and probably does, but he wouldn’t let anybody know it. * * *

Somebody started a wild rumor about an engagement between George Walsh and Estelle Taylor a short time ago. Dates and everything were announced. But apparently the news was somewhat premature, as to all intents and purposes Mr. Walsh is not released from the bonds of matrimony which hold him to Seena Owen. Mr. Walsh and Miss Owen have been separated for several years, but their domestic difficulties have never been decided one way or the other in the divorce courts. * * *

A family reunion has taken place in the Vidors’ lives. This is to say that Florence is once more appearing under the direction of her husband, King Vidor. An arrangement has been effected by Mr. Vidor for the release of his pictures thru Associated Exhibitors, this being one of the reasons for the new alliance. Her first film with her husband directing is “The Real Adventure,” in working title, and Clyde Fillmore is to play opposite. * * *

All Chaplin activities have lately been centered in features, with Charlie functioning chiefly as supervisor. The Edna Purviance starring picture, an unusual but long-promised departure from routine, has been filming for some little time. The capitalistic Syd Chaplin may also have a screen in the near future in a feature play. Charlie Chaplin is by this time finishing his last two-reel comedy on First National contract. Which means, according to previous announcements, that he will be working for United Artists now. * * *

Gloria Swanson’s leading man, Mr. Powell has heretofore played almost exclusively in the eastern film studios. He was over in Europe for a while, working under the direction of John S. Robertson, and his arrival on the Coast was something of an event. The first picture in which he is scheduled to act opposite Gloria is “The Gilded Cage,” adapted from the stage play known to the East as “The Lovely Dream.” * * *

Priscilla Dean, Universal star, is vacationing, and Frank Mayo, Gladys Walton and Marie Prevost, other Universalites, are making personal appearances with their pictures thruout the States. * * *

William Russell, Fox star, is hard at work after his New York trip, but manages to be seen many an evening with Helen Ferguson. * * *

Tom Mix, swinger of the wickedest lasso and probably the best horseback rider in the films, is the very proud father of a daughter named, of course, Thomasina Mix. It’s a proud father who so highly anticipates the event of an arrival in the family that he has announcement cards engraved with the prospective name of both a girl and a boy, ready to be mailed right on the dot. That’s what Tom did anyway. Several hundred cards were engraved announcing the arrival of a “daughter—named Thomasina,” and a like number announcing a son—named “Thomas, Jr.” Think of all the money gone to waste just because the Mixes didn’t have twins! * * *

Now another famous “star” has left for a personal appearance tour. It’s “Teddy,” Mack Sennett’s famous dog. Louise Fazenda made Teddy famous. Remember how he would always save her from drowning by pulling her out of the water by the seat of the funny pink “snookie” costume? (Maybe that’s how the name of a certain piece of milady’s lingerie originated.) At any rate, Teddy has gone on tour and his act is ten minutes long, he works alone and undirected. **

SAILOR’S SONG
By Power Dalton

Oh, I must take to sea again,
And I must go today—
For there are lips that crave a kiss,
And eyes that say me nay. 

I would not play the pirate’s part,
And seize the love I may
From lips that offer Heaven,
And eyes that say me nay.

So, I will take to sea again,
But tho I go away,
My heart will stay with lips that beg—
And eyes that say me nay!

(Eighty-six)
An Immoderate Ambition
(Continued from page 63)

Of course, she was too young to sign a contract, and so her mother signed it for her. That was five years ago, and if she is nineteen now, as they claim at Robinson-Cole, then she certainly was an infant in those days.

Seven months of married life have made a philosopher of Doris. "Men are messy—I've found that out," she said, pulling the grey poke-bonnet, with its jazzy pom-pom, a little lower over her sparkling eyes, which sparkled despite the deepening shadows and the shaded lights. "So I've decided to give Wallace a den for his very own in the new house. He is furnishing it himself, and I'm just shutting my eyes and pretending I don't care how it looks. And it's going to look all "dutiful" and "homely," which is my very own, so we are even, only I'm not so messy as he is. He loves to have things all scattered about, so I'm going to let him do it."

Her philosophic strain extends also to finances, and this is unusual in a screen star so young at starring. Usually I have found them with holes in their shoes at the end of the first year. Not for Doris! She did not come from a family which was overburdened with filthy lucre, and she knows the value of the money in advance.

"Put a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride it to death!" she exclaimed, as she bewailed the fact that she couldn't find an over-stuffed davenport that she would "even look at" for less than three hundred and fifty dollars!

"Almost a day's salary!" I muttered, biting my reporatory pencil, which I carry to scare picture players with.

If the Wallace MacDonald-Doris May ark of matrimony should go on the rocks, they would both sink together. Never in all Hollywood was there a couple so devoted as this. He couldn't stay out of the room whilst wife was being interviewed. We held sort of a reception going on chat. First they would pop in to see that all was going well, and then Wallace would saunter in, like Little Nemo, puffing on a long stoige, which made wife's eyes water and procured hulby banishment. They will be clinging to the ark, hand-in-hand, for, in all their seven months of wedded bliss, they have been separated scarcely thirty minutes! As we exited into the dusk of the late afternoon, I was drawn aside by this pair of love-birds, my hands in both theirs—and told I be long-suppressed secret of their courtship. Listen, and you, too, shall hear:

They met at eight-twenty o'clock of a windy evening—March eleventh, to be exact, as they are. They became engaged on a rainy Christmas Eve, at nine o'clock—or a minute and a half after. They were married at five o'clock of a May morning—the fifth of May—which was Wallace's birthday. They tell it all with bated breath, for it is, to them, the last and greatest wonder of the universe.
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The Celluloid Critic
(Continued from page 49)

pictures, makes a mild and placid slave girl. Paul Wegener seems almost comical as the rival king of the Ethiopians and Harry Liedtke plays the lover after the manner of the lately eminent Francis X. Bushman. Lyda Salmonova is insinuatingly interesting in her brief appearances as the Ethiopian princess.

"The Loves of Pharaoh" reveals that Lubitsch has acquired dexterity but lost spontaneity. However, all the critics who roared all the early—and highly worthy—Lubitsch productions have been greatly enthusiastic over the Egyptian opus, partly now that they feel it is fairly safe to praise a German film. So you never can tell. At least it is hundreds of miles in advance of history as done over here à la Fox's "The Queen of Sheba."

Here right we want to beg you to see Will Rogers in that delightful celluloid oddity, "One Glorious Day" (Paramount), revolving around a disconsolate wandering spirit, one EK, who slips from the celestial regions aeons before his temporal body has been prepared for him and wanders the earth.

That is, he wanders until Ezra Botts, a drab little professor who dabbles in spirituality, tried to migrate his spirit from his body. Whereupon EK slips into the body of Professor Botts and immediately there is the devil to pay.

Botts is a meek, shy man who has never sensed the love of his housekeeper's pretty daughter, languishing outside his study. And he has been the tool of politicians who have run him for mayor, knowing they can work their will upon him. Botts—with EK inside—solves all these problems with crushing speed. Before EK departs back to the celestial realms, the professor has acquired a Doug Fairbanks reputation which wins him the girl, the mayoralty, and crushes the astonished political gang.

All this is admirably directed by James Cruze and related with such high spirits—no pun intended—that it is one of those rare and far between cinema delights. Will Rogers gives a finely drawn and screamingly differentiated performance of Botts both with and without the mischievous spirit of EK. And EK is himself realized wherever necessary by clever double exposure camera work plus John Fox, who does the wandering spirit deliciously. Lila Lee is excellent in her melting moods as the loverless lass who longs for the professor.

We guarantee that you will find "One Glorious Day" to be decidedly different.

While "Smilin' Through" (First National), Norma Talmadge's newest vehicle, does not interest us particularly, we can easily see where the effort will probably meet popular favor. It is full of sobs and sentiment, or rather the sort of thing that masquerades as sentiment in the average mind.

"Smilin' Through" was played by Jane Cowl on the stage, which it was rated as a sagacious effort to interpret spiritualism in terms of box-office success.

(Continued on page 92)
Alice's Adventures in Beautyland

is the title of a remarkably interesting series of articles, written exclusively for BEAUTY. These articles will record the actual experiences of Alice Lowell, a young and rather plain-looking Western girl, who, by placing herself in the hands of various beauty and health specialists was able to transform herself into a very attractive woman. The first article of the series, which begins in the MAY issue, tells how Miss Lowell began to develop her figure thru the aid of a famous health culturist.

Other Features of Especial Note Will Be:

A beautifully illustrated article on wigs, entitled "’Tis Fair But False," by Harriet Works Corely.

"The Use and Abuse of Cold Creams," being a very scientific and illuminating article, by Corliss Palmer.

The first instalment of a series from the pen of Frank Waller Allen, distinguished author and lecturer, entitled "What Beauty Does."

"More Than Skin Deep," one of Montanye Perry's delightful stories.

An interview intime with Camille. Another one of the imaginary conversations by Gladys Hall and Dorothy Donnell Calhoun.

In addition there will be the usual special departments: The Beauty Box; the Fashion Review; and many short, profitable articles for the benefit of the woman who is seeking Beauty.

Beauty for May
On All News-stands

(Eighty-nine)
An Apostle of the Human Touch
(Continued from page 61)
Hearts." I made a personal appearance tour last year, meeting exhibitors and talking in theaters, churches and clubs; really, enjoying every minute of the trip.
"We had a wonderful time in Europe. Mrs. Washburn and I flew across the Channel in an aeroplane to London, and, while I've done some flying, and so has Mrs. Washburn, that was our most thrilling trip. The scenes for 'The Road to London' were all made against old historical backgrounds, and we really had some very lovely photography."
Mrs. Washburn is a non-professional, tho so many people have asked her why she didn't work with her husband, that she and Bryant are seriously considering a series of domestic comedy-dramas, something after the fashion of those formerly made by the Sydney Drews. Mrs. Washburn is very beautiful. Her thick, curly hair is a rich auburn. She is small—about five feet two or three—and her eyes are deep enough in shade to photograph perfectly. There is about her appearance a sweet wholesomeness which, tests have shown, reproduces perfectly on screen.

Their home is one of the loveliest in Hollywood. It has been said that people always put something of themselves into the houses they inhabit. If this is so, the Washburns are revealed as, first of all, real, with no bluff nor affectations about them. From the broad front porch of brick, with its big, substantial chairs, to the big bedrooms upstairs, every piece of furniture seems to have been designed for comfort as well as ornament. In the living room, two very large and a period photograph give evidence of a love for beauty and music, while the books on the library table tell their own story.

Bryant Washburn believes that the finest stories and the best pictures are those dealing in a wholesome way with the simple, everyday things of life, interpreting them so that people may laugh at the little troubles that sometimes seem so serious, and remembering that happiness is as great an emotion as sorrow.

"I've played a little bit of everything," he said, speaking of his experience on the stage and screen. "I was a character actor before I was a leading man, and I've played Chinese, Negro, 'boob,' English and Swede stuff, with anything else that happened to come along. Now, I believe that the public has grown tired of spec-taculars and wants the simple stories of everyday life. My best story—the best picture I ever made—was 'Skinner's Dress Suit,' and, while I was touring the country, I found that the public had not forgotten it. 'Skinner's Dress Suit' was popular because there is a little bit of Skinner in all of us; we've all been thru something of the same experience.

"I've said right along that I didn't expect to succeed in life until I was thirty-five, and I'm thirty-two now, so I have three years to go. Success is not real until it has a solid foundation, and I believe that thirty-five is the earliest age at which a man can lay claim to real experience in life."
Depression, Pessimism and the Photoplay
(Continued from page 26)
can girls and Wallie Reid's tuxedo the ultimate aim of our American youth. Success in life means an ornate boudoir, a huge bathing pool and a retinue of decorative servants at one's beck and call in a house of lavish marble and tapestry. But we digress.

"How do you see the future of our pictures?" we next asked Mr. Zukor.

"We have passed the experimental stage," responded the magnate. "We no longer need to venture in film making. We need now to stabilize our business—and that is taking place already."

"You mean by the selection of Will Hays as the leader of the industry?"

"The selection of Mr. Hays is a fine thing. He will head our chamber of commerce and vastly aid us in organizing."

"What will Mr. Hays's exact duties be? Will he cut down the number of distribution systems, the biggest item of overhead expenses?"

"We cannot cut down distribution systems. It stands to reason that one big releasing system would not give our products so satisfactory a handling as our own individual system. So it would be with all the companies. We must sell our own products ourselves."

"You see no general cutting of expenses then?"

"No radical cuts are possible. It is not feasible to produce good pictures cheaper than we do. Of course, we will see to it that they do not cost more. But the handling overhead cannot be reduced."

"Then there will be no reduction in admission prices?"

"No reduction is possible," replied Mr. Zukor. "Do you think that people can afford to pay the present prices?" we asked, pressing the point.

"Yes, as fast as general business conditions readjust themselves. In other words, as fast as the conditions of the country permit them to spend money."

"Please sum up the general state of the photoplay, we went on. "There is no cause for pessimism," said Mr. Zukor. "We are passing thru the same thing that all phases of business are passing thru, Our photoplay is healthy. There is no public reaction against pictures—not the slightest indication of it. Pictures are as popular in every way as they ever were. We merely need to sit tight, readjust our business methods to sanity—and await the coming of national prosperity, or at least the coming of a normal state of business. Above all, we must have enough faith not to fall into the slough of pessimism."

Things are never masterpiece when they first appear; they become masterpieces afterwards.

Progress is slow. Like the sun, we cannot see it move, but after a moment we see that it has moved, nay, that it has moved onward.

(Continued on page 28)
The Celluloid Critic
(Continued from page 88)

Written by Miss Cowl herself and by Jane Murfin, it achieved a good measure of popularity. The screen version, however, is not quite so successful.

It is another variation of the beautiful ward and the elderly guardian tale: this time the ward falling in love with the son of the very man who robbed the old man of his sweetheart a generation before. As the stage play developed the theme, the spirit of the sweetheart of olden days brought the old fellow to a kindly view of the match.

The screen adapters, apparently afraid of the fill-up public's reaction, have soft-pedalled the spirit appearance of the olden sweetheart with the result that much of the force of the original play, such as it was, is lost. The screen version wanders slowly along with confusing flashbacks until something of an appealing climax is reached when the ward meets her soldier lover for the first time after four years of war. Most of Miss Talmadge's work is highly artificial, but in this scene with Harrison Ford she offers several moving moments. As for the rest of the picture, we view her acting as merely of the surface type and lacking sincerity. Mr. Ford is better in "Smilin' Through" than we have ever glimpsed him before. The direction of Sidney Franklin is not aided by the confusing script, but the camera work of Charles Rosser is both beautiful and striking.

We note a decided cheapening of production average at Famous Players-Lasky. "Her Husband's Trademark," starring Gloria Swanson, is a case in point. This melodramatic effusion, written by Clara Beranger, is given a very shoddy background.

The tale itself is merely the story of an unscrupulous fellow who uses his attractive wife to further his questionable business activities. Eventually, they realize this, and hubby is conveniently killed in a raid by Mexican bandits. The lady escapes with a rugged Westerner, the man of her heart, and, after the usual squall of United States Cavalry appears on the scene in the good-old-fashioned way affected by the simple screen of 1900, she collapses into the hero's arms as the sun goes down behind the desert edge.

Gloria wears some highly attractive and some highly intractable costumes during the progress of this mighty theme. Still, we always find Miss Swanson interesting. Director Sam Wood seems to have done the best he could with the material at hand, but the acting isn't anything to shout hosannas about.

Alia Nazimova's version of Ibsen's "A Doll's House" (United), seems both lacking in the real force of the Norse playwright and in screen interest. In attempting to interpret Ibsen's drama of the butterfly wife who suddenly grows up to find that she has been a mere thinking plaything, Mme. Nazimova has lost the vital spirit of the Scandinavian dramatist. Where "A Doll's House" is a blow at the false

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is Miss Palmer's motto—hence she strives to imitate nature, and believes that a lady should not appear painted or made up, but natural.

Richard Wallace
Brooklyn, N.Y.
ideals of the whole fabric of marriage, the screen version becomes merely the
story of a misunderstood and disillusioned wife who feels she can no longer live
with her husband. Moreover, it seems pretty clear by this time that Ibsen cannot
yet be adequately presented in terms of the cinema.

Mme. Nazimova’s Nora is interesting at times, as one might expect of this
actress whose performance of this character was always interesting behind the
footlights. Yet we cannot force ourselves to omit requesting her to avoid
being kittenish. We do not think much of the surrounding cast in the present
Ibsen’s “women.”

Everyone has been predicting big things for Constance Talmadge’s newest
vehicle, “Poly of the Follies” (First National). Advance heralding had pro-
claimed it the best contribution of that
scenario-directorial combination, John
Emerson and Anita Loos. Well—we were
disappointed.

“Poly of the Follies” is just the hap-
py-go-lucky romance of a stage-struck
country girl who comes to New York,
makes a hit overnight in the Ziegfeld
Frolic, wins a wealthy young man and
thereupon invades society, where she dis-
plays marvelous acumen and generally
readjusts various smart folks’ difficulties.
All of which leads to her marriage to
the aforementioned young man. The
whole thing is merely slapstick farce told
to the tempo of a five-reel comedy.
Every farce ingredient is utilized, even
to a lengthy burlesque of Cleopatra.

“Poly of the Follies” has a momentary
flash of comic interest in the early reels,
when Polly does a silent turn for her
friends in the village grocery store, with
advertising signs used as “sub-titles.”
The piece is all Constance Talmadge.
If you like her, you may find it as good
or perhaps slightly better than her recent
run of vehicles.

A. E. Thomas and Thomas Louden’s
“The Champion” was a passable stage
farce as presented a year or so ago by
Grant Mitchell. The present version,
released as “The World’s Champion”
(Paramount), is not too good.

“The Champion” had something of an amusing
idea, that of an English prodigal
who returns to his society-ambitious
British parents only to horrify them
when he reveals that fact that he has
been a pugilistic champion in the States.
However, their horror turns to joy when
the ex-champion brings them the very
real recognition of which they had dreamed.

The film version tells this drably and
clumsily. Nor is Wallace Reid convincing
as the hero of the ring, altho he gives a
pleasant performance. Furthermore, the
production shows indications of hurry
and carelessness. W. J. Ferguson really
stands out by one of his usual perform-
ances of a comic butler.

The German Ufa serial, “The Mistress
of the World” (Paramount), of which we
have been hearing so much in ad-

(Continued on page 96)
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He Plays Golf

(Continued from page 47)

our money. Just a little at a time, but each sum a little bigger than the one before, until today—"

He threw out his hands in a gesture that bespoke millions.

"Today I'm satisfied to play golf. You know; the gentleman of leisure. Do a picture now and then, belong to a couple of clubs, drive my car, kid the kids. I have two little girls, Women? No—"

He tilted back his chair again, shaking his head.

"No, not women. Woman. My wife is ninety-nine per cent. of my life. And by the way, she's the same wife. She was with me in the beginning and she'll be with me at the end."

An interesting evolution marked Barnes's progress on the stage. He started out as a magician, making ducks out of canaries, pulling rabbits out of silk hats, etc., ad infinitum. That explains his nervous hands. Not only nervous, but agile. He uses them with startling effect during the delivery of his monologs. And his feet. His constant movement, the accentuation lent to his words by his actions on the stage, probably account for the ease with which he took up pictures. But anyway, he started as a magician. Then he found that he was getting his applause not for his tricks, but for the remarks he passed with them. It was while he was playing Topkea, Kansas, at thirty-five dollars a week (now he's getting thirty-five hundred—maybe) that the manager said to him, "Drop the magic stuff. Talk to 'em."

So, one by one, he dropped his slight-of-hand tricks until he was delivering monolog only. But that was way back; oh, not too far, but considerably, before his success on Broadway.

T. Roy is the embodiment of that neo-American product "the bright young man." Lotsa pep. He has set up an altar to the Laugh. Not the Horse Laugh. The genuine all-wool. And he has become a fanatic. Listen, isn't this fanaticism? When he misses the ball, even when he breaks his pet driver—he laughs! He explained it.

"Like this. Ha! ha! Ha, HA, HARRRRRRRR! I don't want to laugh, see. But I laugh anyway. Ha, ha! Just to show 'em. It was hard at first. Took me years to perfect it. Now I almost enjoy it. Ha, ha! Just like that."

He parts his hair on the side and his life in the middle. That is to say, when he's acting he's an actor; when he plays golf he's a golfer. When he leaves the studio he forgets it. Just a little at a time, but each sum a little bigger than the one before, until today.

A man of enthusiasms obviously. A clever talker, too clever really to accept the mute medium of movies; too clever not too. An astonishing faculty for youth, an astonishing energy for Cali-
been a broad path left where she has trod.

A Young Lady In Earnest

(Continued from page 51)

where the fundamentals have become ingrained in me; I can forget them now and give my attention to the subtleties."

It is as though, having blocked out her career, she is now preparing to fill it in, bringing to it the vitalizing color of the finished canvas.

APRIL MORNING

By Colin Campbell Clements

Pan! I follow . . . follow
Up the sun-washed hill,
Down the shady hollow.

Over April lawns,
Wistful, green and still;
Thru woodlands
All apple-petal strewn,
Under dew, and moon,
And amber dawns;
Past the misty green of birches,
Past the blushing red of maples,
All soft and pink with buds.

Pan! Pan! Pan!

While all the world is sound asleep,
Thru thickets deep with you I creep,
Mad with the beauty of spring
And these delicious things.

Which stirs and moves in me!
Pan! I follow after
Your half-mad, pagan laughter . . .
Pan, I offer up my lonely heart.
Among the haunted hills:
For now, now, now has it become a part
Of you! No longer is it mine:

Laughing, it goes with you
Among the spring-born daffodils!

Pan! Pan! Pan!

(Continued from page 45)

And I found that, after all, she has the real success; the kind that is sound and very hard to lose, because it is, of all sorts, the most independent of the fickle emotions of the public; the most sturdy, the most self-sufficient. It rests upon simple standards and hard and honest work and a sanity both clear and optimistic.

How One Girl Brought Joy and Happiness Into the Lives of Others

The True Story of How Helen Overcame Natural Shyness and Soon Became the Most Popular Girl in Her Town

I would not have been popular, but, on the principle that they would not like me; consequently, in-convient terms, only four dollars down and two dollars a month thereafter until paid.

I sent my first payment at once and could hardly wait for my Ukulele to arrive. Soon it came, and what a beauty it was. And the lessons! How perfectly simple and easy to learn. Just think of it. By the time I had received my third lesson I was able to play tunes, chords and accom-paniment. Then I quickly learned all the new popular airs, the old heart songs, and how to "rag" dance music.

Almost Immediately I became more popular

My friends began to invite me out more and more. I was kept busy attending dinner and card parties, church socials, dances, canoe trips, jolly picnics and outings, and always came the request, "Be sure and bring your Hawaiian Ukulele, and I always did.

Going around so much, I constantly met new and interesting people, and was often the honored guest at exclu-sive parties to which formerly I would not have been invited.

Also, where before I had been an embarrassed "wallflower" and forced to spend lonely evenings at home, all my time is now greatly in demand.

And the remarkable fact to me is that previously I hardly knew one tune from another, did not have an "ear" for music, while now in only a few short weeks I have a new accomplishment and, unbelivable as it seems to me, I am called the most popular girl in our town.

Hawaiian Institute of Music
Dept. 13-Y 300 West 34th St., New York, N.Y.

Please send me at once, without obligation to me, your booklet telling all about the charm of Hawaiian Music, also full particulars about your course and how I can obtain a genuine Hawaiian Ukulele, FREE.
The Celluloid Critic
(Continued from page 93)
vance, got off to a bad start during the past month. Possibly it is unfair to review the Joe May serial after viewing only one of the four five-reel episodes, "The Dragon's Claw," but we feel that "The Mistress of the World" is not likely to win any admirers over here.

The opus tells the usual wild and unreasonable serial tale, this time of a Danish girl alone in China in quest of a hidden treasure. Unfortunately, the heroine, Mia May, is so Teutonic and heavy of general architecture that Americans will find it difficult to arouse any particular sympathetic interest. You feel all thru the gel's trying experiences that, at any time, she could wipe out the whole gang of villainous annoysers with one swing of her lusty right arm. In fact, the serial, altho presented seriously, aroused the frequent laughter of the New York audiences at its New York premiere. "The Mistress of the World" only needs humorous burlesque subtitles to go over—with a comic bang.

Just a word about the steadily sustained merit of Buster Keaton comedies. The last few, including "The Boat," have been keenly laughable things. We defy anyone to study on that picture and not laugh thru the screen than the moment where Buster mounts the sculptor's plaster horse in "The Goat," or his comic experiences with his trick yacht in "The Boat."

Channing of the Northwest
(Continued from page 57)
you like—and bushels of flowers, and a sewing basket, and—and——" Doolin permitted an expression of surprise to flirt across his impassible face.

"Eh, what?" exclaimed Mortimer T. Prince. "The sewing basket is not for you, Hugh, you ass! He's bringing a wife home with him!"

LOOKING AT YOU!

By WALTER EDMOND MAIR

Here's to all gypsy-footed lovers
Who tread the tangled wood where twilight
Seeking the moonrise and a strange wind
From where the world is big beyond their knowing.
Here's to all gypsy-footed lovers!

Here's to the youth who casually squanders
Stars, time and space, never ever dourly ponders
Just where the new leaves off, or old begins;
Flicking, as froth from wine, his might-have-beens.

Here's to the youth who gaily squanders

Here's to the maid not always dimly dreaming
Who, by the restless sea, bids meteor-gleaming
Star-shine fling out her longing o'er the tide
And signal back her lover to her side.

Here's to the maid not always dreaming!

Here's to us few who fail to blink at thunder;
Who mind dull boredom rather than a blunder:
Man, maid, bright gadget-eyed vagrants all,
Life is roulette—our hearts are with the ball!
Here's to us few who laugh at thunder!

Acknowledged one of the best pictures at the art market today. It is REAL. It is true to LIFE. It is the ACIENT and very BEAUTIFUL. You cannot help admiring it because of the beauty of the figure, the woods, the water, the composition, the tones, the wonder ful depths, the skyline, in fact all that goes to make this picture what it is. It is

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

JUNE

Is Mary Pickford happy? Everyone is interested in knowing about the golden-crowned girl who has achieved international fame! Adele Whitely Fletcher has interviewed her—the result is a colorful word picture which treats of Mary and her search for happiness.

Mack Sennett discovered the pulchritude of the bathing girl. His views on life—and bathing girls—are interesting. Harry Carr has written a humorous article around this keen Irishman who has created scores of slapstick comedies.

Brides! Brides!! Brides!!! June is the wedding month. Most of the cinema stars have been brides in one or more of their roles—the bridal pictures in the June number are beautiful and intriguing.

Miriam Cooper knows about the girls of Hollywood—she has been one of them. Perhaps that's why Herbert Howe's story with Miss Cooper, which is called "Hollywood Girls," is such an interesting and intimate affair.

Of course there are short stories of forthcoming photo-plays—there are pages upon pages of new and attractive photographs—and there is the latest news of cinemaland.

Don't miss The June Motion Picture Magazine

(Ninety-sevens)
Here is an easy guess for you

Y \text{OUR} motion picture favorite shown here is lathered for a comfortable shave.

Do you recognize him?

Probably your first guess will be the right one, but we will give you three. Write your guesses on the attached coupon, and mail it to us.

If any one of your guesses is correct, we will send you, free, a Colgate"Handy Grip," with a trial size

Shaving Stick. When the trial stick is used up, buy Colgate "Refills" for the price of the soap alone. Thus you save 10c on each "Refill" you buy.

There is no guess about Colgate's. In hot water or cold, in soft water or hard, there is nothing like it for the moist, softening lather that means an easy shave.

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BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine
April, 1921

I am often asked what kind of face powder I use. I have received more letters asking this question than I could answer, so I had a little circular printed stating that I make my own powder. And now they are asking me to tell them how I make it. Well, I can't tell how, but I can tell why. I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities; and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes from the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, powdered orris root, bloomin' subcarbonate, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for even the dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use to real life. To many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid flat colors in nature. Look carefully at any skin and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of skin, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every combination. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses many every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach. I have made up a few boxes of it for my friends, and I feel justified in asking them to pay me what it costs me, which is about One Dollar a box. I am not in business and do not want to make a profit. If any of my readers want to try this powder, I will try to accommodate them, but I cannot undertake to put this powder on the market in a business way—there is something for a regular dealer to do if there is enough demand for it.
Nothing So Beautiful
As a wealth of well-groomed hair

Nothing so beautiful and nothing more easily attained—if you know how. Satiny, silky, glossy hair is the reward of intelligent care. Follow the suggestions we give you here and prove it.

Begin by learning how to shampoo; for this is all-important. The first step is a bottle of Palmolive Shampoo, the blend of palm and olive oils. Use as directed and watch results.

First is the wonderful softness you have never before experienced after washing. There is none of the usual harsh dryness and flyaway brittleness. Your hair is wonderfully silky in texture, with a beautiful satiny gloss. Most important, your scalp is healthfully cleansed from every trace of scurf and dandruff. Ordinary shampooing doesn’t get these results. They come from the action of palm and olive oils, the softening, soothing cleansers discovered 3,000 years ago in ancient Egypt.

Olive oil for gloss—palm oil for richness

Olive oil possesses softening qualities which neutralize the drying effects of washing. Palm oil contributes body, richness and lasting qualities.

In combination they produce a thick, mild, profuse, penetrating lather which softens the scalp and reaches every root and hair cell.

This lather loosens the dandruff scales, dislodges and dissolves them, leaving the scalp and hair free to function healthfully.

The greatest benefit

This thorough removal of dandruff, which doctors call seborrhea, is most necessary, as even the accumulation on healthy scalps injures the hair.

The dry, oily scales clog the roots of the hair, preventing proper nutrition. Soon the hair begins to fall out. The blend of palm and olive oils you get in Palmolive softens and penetrates the scales, loosening the cap-like accumulation.

Gentle massage forces it into the tissue of the scalp, leaving it healthfully purged and clean. Hair shampooed with Palmolive is never dry, harsh and brittle. The blending of these soothing oils leaves it soft, glossy and silky.

Trial bottle free

We will gladly send you a 15-cent trial bottle of Palmolive Shampoo, free, if you will write a postal card request. Just say “Send me the free trial bottle of Palmolive Shampoo” and sign your name and address. It will come to you by return mail, accompanied by a valuable book of directions for simple home treatments which beautify your hair and help it grow. Address Dept. B-272

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