The Picture Show
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Famous readers of "Picture Show."

No. 17.—LANGHORNE BURTON.

Above you see the popular British film actor, Langhorne Burton. In a recent press he is in the character as he appears in Stoll’s film version of Jeffrey Farnol’s famous novel, Mr. Burton also appears in a sequel of A. E. W. Mason’s novel “At the Villa Rose.”

Both in American and British journals the picture is receiving a good deal of attention. The film is in theaters tomorrow in London, for the latest news of the film world, and the best and most artistic pictures.

Mary’s Letter from Filmland.

A friend of mine is visiting Los Angeles now, and he has promised to send me first-hand information of all the gossip of the film studios. I saw her off and was enjoying her the rest of the day as she is to visit her people, who are actual friends of a large number of famous film folk.

I’ll write and tell you everything I do,” she promised.

“Write every week and tell me everything you see or hear and I’ll print your letters in Picture Show,” I said.

And she promised.

The first of these letters is now on its way, for Mary never breaks her word. So very soon you may expect to read some really intimate gossip, red hot from the inside.

More and More Double-page Pictures.

By the way, I must not forget to tell you that there are more double-page pictures coming. Those of you who have written to me to tell me you are making a fence for your own room will not be disappointed by the number that are coming along. And may I repeat my warning to be sure that your art supplement is inside your copy of Picture Show before you purchase it. I am still receiving letters from disappointed readers who find that their copies were without the insert. As I told you before, the paper passes through so many hands that it is always possible that the supplement may slip out. This disappointment can be avoided if you will take heed of this notice.

More Good Things Coming.

Also coming soon is a splendid new serial written by the author of “Destiny.” But I will tell you more about this next week.

The “Rommie” novel is a competition coming shortly. By the way, the judging of the voting competition is being hurried at full speed, and I hope to be able to give you the correct list very shortly, with the names of the lucky prize winners.

How Queenie Thomas Came to the Screen.

Mr. BERTRAM PHILIPS told me the other day of the time when he first met Miss Queenie Thomas, the star of the B.P. film.

He said: “I only just arrived back to the time when I was playing on the stage with Jimmy Wether. Queenie Thomas, then a milk of fifteen, was in the same company. She had previously been playing a small part for the George Edwards company. I knew she possessed wonderful abilities, and I took an interest in her work. She began to talk films, and after a time the subject obsessed her. I remember on one occasion discussing pictures very earnestly with her on Clapham Common, about five years ago.

Bertram Phillips’ Policy.

This result of all this was that I began to consider, in a practical fashion, the question of producing pictures with Queenie Thomas as my leading lady. These pictures have been milestones in an ever-progressing career extending over five years. During this time Queenie Thomas has proved herself a star among screen artists, and the public have received her with the utmost enthusiasm. My policy—I should say our policy—has been to endeavour to place before the public those pictures, full of honest sentiment and humanity.

Have You Seen It?

I hear that “A Romany Lass,” the Herna film, is being re-issued, so those of you who did not see it, when it was shown before, will have the chance to see this romantic and delightful picture.

The popularity of “A Romany Lass” may be gathered from the fact that, notwithstanding the record booking it obtained when it was shown before, nine months ago, it has been re-booked by all the best cinemas both in and out of London.

Two-Character Plays.

MISS VIOLET MILNOTTE, who is the proprietress of the Duke of York’s Theatre, London, has successfully presented at the Kingsway Theatre, a powerfully written four-act drama, entitled “Singers Both,” by Mr. Herbert Thomas. The drama has only two characters and places for two hours. Miss Frances Ivor and the author appear as the two characters.

The Youngest Talman.

The third and youngest of the Talman sisters, Natalie, is to have an important part with Constance Talman in “The Love Expert.” Natalie made her début on the screen some time ago with her sister Norma, in “The Isle of Conquest,” but this will be the first time she appears with her sister Constance in a rôle of prominence.

Forty-six Bouquets.

HOMA TALMAGE, who has been spending a brief vacation in Havana, is so pleased with the climate of Cuba that she is trying to persuade her husband, Joseph M. Schenck, president of her company, to build a permanent studio there, with a colony of bungalows similar to those in California. This would permit her entire company to make pictures there every winter. Norma was showered with attentions on her arrival at Havana, where she stayed at the Hotel Sevilla. Flowers from forty-six unknown admirers were sent to the screen star on the day of her arrival. She received scores of letters and was entertained by many prominent citizens, diplomats and government officials. Theatres were decorated and announcements made that they would show only the Talman pictures during the star’s visit. Norma Talman, before leaving for the south, completed work on “The Woman Giver,” by O’Nallon Johnson, who is her latest First National release.
PICTURE SHOW CHAT. Continued from page 3.

Charlie Watches Himself.

H.R.H., that Charlie Chaplin, strictly incognito, was the groundhog, may have sounded a little too obvious to his audience when one of his new pictures is run off for the first time. But if a scene that he thought was funny fails to get a laugh, he at once seeks his own responsibility. On the other hand, a laugh comes in an unexpected place, he instantly tries to analyze the reason why the public with that incident amusing. He does not think that comedy should be only long-soft comic, but believing in sharing his laughs, and often setting them off by a pathetic touch. No one who's handier than Chaplin at the serious business of the world's pleasure.

Plays Three Parts in One Scene.

T. H. R. A. K. also stars in a scene of a running photo-play entitled "Crimson Shadow." This was the scene they actually saw in their car, and another seen in the film, as they were driving along a country road. He answered: "I don't know that I have a superstition, but I have an affection for dumb animals that amount to almost a superstition. "Since childhood, I have always been fond of horses. It gives me a pain to see a horse suffer unnecessarily." "When I am witness to a tragedy of this kind, I never feel like continuing my day's work. I seem to brood. It's a sort of illness. I usually get rid of the feeling by calling it a day, and then going for a dip in the ocean, or a trip to the mountains."

Warren Kerrigan's Unlucky Number.

TALKING of superstitions, Warren Kerrigan has a horror of the number 7. "Somewhere during the week there is an unlucky day," he says, "I am always unlucky on the seventh day. If I start work on Monday, the then following Sunday is my unlucky day; if I start work on Wednesday or Saturday—well, it is just a matter of arithmetic, as there are seven days in the week."

Marie's World Tour for Serial.

WORD has been received from Henry McRae, who is the director of Marie Wal- camp in her coming big serial, who gives the information that work is progressing rapidly. Scenes have been taken in Japan, China, Formosa, and the South Seas, and a stop will be made at Hawaii, before the company returns to Universal City, where they are expected about May.

Another Tarzan Picture.

NOETHER Tarzan picture is coming. Gene Pemberton is producing the serial, particularly for his physical fitness, is to have the title role, and the name of the picture will be "The Return of Tarzan." It is to be released soon and promises much in the way of thrills and spectacular scenes.

Fay Miller.

MAY ALISON has to smoke in her coming photo-play, "The Chester's," to direct OTTO has promised to show her. "We shall see if he is a good teacher when we see this Metro photo-play.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News from Los Angeles.

When a very small girl, Jane Novak con- fesses that she cherished a bad case of hopeless hero worship for John Bowers, who was then playing opposite a theatrical stock company at St. Louis. "Little did I guess," she was saying the other day, "that I should ever be playing opposite opportunity in moving pictures." And as a proof that fact is much stronger than fiction, John Bowers is now playing the part of Jesse Vickers in the O. Henry story "Roads of Destiny."

Richard's Best Pal.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS's best pal is his mother, who is just recovering from a long and serious illness. Richard, in his valedictory at a Long Island sanatorium, had his son sent every one of his week-enders with her and not the most tempting party or inspection could induce him to disappoint her. Now she is back in New York, and when time permits, for he is working very hard just now at the Griffith studio, young Barthelmeiss takes his mother to an occasional theatre, or spends a quiet evening with her at home.

Back in Films.

EDITH STORRY is back in films after doing several years' war work driving an ambulance. Miss Storry was one of the very first, stout-hearted heroines of the screen. She can ride, swim, or tumble off a cliff, according to the requirements of any type of story, and need not to say, is feeling physically fit after her long recent experiences of outdoor life.

Marie Walcamp's Treasure.

O NE of Marie Walcamp's most treasured possessions is a rubber glove given her during a holiday in Honolulu by Duke Kahanamoku, the famous Hawaiian swimmer, who gave her the first swimming lesson. The Duko with tongue-twisting name, is something of a celebrity in the Pacific Coast, and Miss Walcamp especially values the collection, which is made being entirely with his own hands.

Mrs. Desmond's Hobbies.

M A R Y McIVER, who in private life is Mrs. Benjamin Desmond, has two hobbies. One is her "Chinese box," in which she keeps all the Oriental miniature objects carved in ivory. The other is her collection of a whiskery fakir dating back to 1860, made of china encausted in the shape of a Prayer Book, so that the owner could sustain himself against a particularly dry sermon.

Pauline's Recollections.

PAULINE FREEDERICK is one of the few recol- lections of her child- hood that were the holidays spent at her grandparents. She used to "help" her granddaughter about the garden, showing so much interest in the work that the old gentleman had some tiny tools open to her use. That her small hands could handle them with ease. "All the other grandchildren ever let me do was to blow the insects off the rose-leaves."
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR “THE PICTURE SHOW.”

HOBART BOSWORTH, the screen favourite, spends as much time as he can spare from his screen work in the saddle. Here we see him with his favourite mare.

MARY ROBERT RINEHART is a famous fiction-writer. Here we see her on her recent visit to Southern California being introduced to another universal favourite, DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

WILLIAM FARNUM as we see him in his latest Fox success, “Wolves of the Night.” William is one of the screen’s strong favourites. Have you seen him in the “Lone Star Ranger” yet?

Miss JANE NOVAK recently had a birthday, so the company making the new Goldwyn picture “Roads of Destiny” presented her with a birthday cake. It had “A Happy Birthday” scrawled on it in pink icing and six pink candles. You will recognise PAULINE FREDERICK as the other lady admiring the gift.

They like jazz music in the Broadwest studios. When CAMERON CARR plays, STEWART ROME supplies the jazz.

A happy snapshot of WILLIAM RUSSELL getting a light for his pipe. The lady with the match is HELEN FERGURSON.
IN MEMORY OF A GREAT CHUM.
THE STORY OF PINTO BEN.

THIS is the story of "Pinto Ben," the horse that paid the greatest sacrifice of all for his master, for whom, as you will read, he rode to certain death.

William S. Hart has a wonderful love for horses. He wrote this poem to immortalise the name of one of his greatest chums.

It is a thrilling story told in the plain, simple language of the cowboy, and one which you will delight to read many times.

EDITOR.

PINTO BEN

BEN an' me roped fer money once'd,
The saddle horn snapped with the cast,
But Ben weavered in, missin' every plunge,
"Till to the saddle tree I got fast.

WHEN he stood meek, his sides still a-heavin'
Him, apologis' like fer the break—
Didn't savvy watches, he could only look—
With them eyes as big as a plate.

BUT I was huggin' him in a minute,
We'd won out—tied in twenty-eight;
An' for a little buckin' and swellin' o' chests,
Say son, you should have seen us pullin' our freight.

YOU can make talk o' your solid colours,
Your bays, an' blacks, or grey—
But a fourteen-hand Pinto fer nine,
An' Ben was a king—work or play.

THE range was way back, a rim o' the sky,
The train a belchin' blue smoke;
Ahead, the city o' bricks, stickin' high
Where we would be sure to go broke.

SEGUNDO JIM a-worryin' a heap,
Me feelin' like a loosened clasp,
An' Ben just tremblin' with fear,
Was what was sent with the bunch.

WE was in a caboose, an' had nose-paint,
An' could buck up now an' then;
But that freight car warn't no run-up corral,
An' it sure was hard on Ben.

I TOLD Ben folks get used to them cities,
But there wasn't no home feelin' in us pards,
Milk river seemed eight millions miles
From them there Chicago stock yards.

A THOUSAND cattle was signed fer,
Us not knowin' where they was to go,
Would Eastern men think less of dollars,
If they'd watched them cattle grow?
By WILLIAM S. HART
The Famous Screen Star.

WE couldn’t savvy their ways,
Didn’t try to then—by an’ by
Long comes a fellow-roker, says—
“Your done—when they’re in the big pen.”

WHEN I go back to that minute,
The world seems to stand right still,
We was to drive through a chute to the biggest pen,
An’ the cattle was commencin’ to mill.

Horns and hoofs was beatin’ the air,
As they bellrowed their fear rasin’ cries,
While out o’ that bedlam, an’ cloud of dust,
Glared them frightened an’ blood-shot eyes.

I’m an’ me’s cursed many times since,
Why didn’t we tear out their throats?
They didn’t know range-bred cattle,
From a herd o’ mountain goats.

A LOOSED coyote called a man,
Trailed by a second an’ third,
Commenced shoutin’ an’ wavin’ their arms
Right at the back o’ the herd.

CRACK! went Jim’s forty-five from the bank,
An’ I yanked my smoke machine.
The whole thousand head was comin’ like blizzards,
Straight into that chute ravine!

If I could make a talk
Of the things that happened then,
I could tell of the greatest thing livin’,
Just a simple cow-pony, Ben.

As I touched the saddle, he was at ’em,
As though just a prairie prank,
No spur a tearin’ his belly,
Or quirt a-burnin’ his flank.

He dashed an’ whirled at that maddened throng,
While I fanned the old gun—but no use,
On they come crazin’, a rippin’ up earth,
Blind fury an’ hell turned loose.

When I swung his head, he know’d,
An’ lengthened into that lightnin’ stride,
We could only live while cut in the lead.
Four lengths!—it was sure our death ride.

TO THOSE WHO LIKE “KING” IN “THE RAINBOW TRAIL.”

For a year I have not worked in pictures. I am happy in the corral, an’ the boss loves to see me, as he says, “fat and sassy.”

I think “Pinto Ben” is great, but I’m just a horse, and maybe I don’t know, but I’m for anything the boss does even if it ain’t good. He likes me an’ I like him—an’ I kin lick him, too!

Hopin’ this finds you all well as it leaves me at present,

I am,

Your friend,

BILL HART’S PINTO PONY.

GEE! What’s that out in front?
A gate—iron bound—rearin’ high!
A screechin’ neigh—an’ Ben flattened,
An’ I know’d he’d make it or die.

Them lean muscles tightened, an’ he cleared it clean,
The scorch of them breaths was behind,
Patience, I’d nash my cheeks in ’thout a new deal,
If another look from Ben I could find.

When that sea of cattle stopped comin’
They was piled up mountain high,
I sat in their blood, Ben’s head in my lap,
A-listenin’ to his last sigh.

He was an ace, never whimpered once,
Though he knew’d he was goin’ to fail.
To go back to them Plains where men live an’ breathe,
An’ that we must soon hit the back trail.

Then the greatest sight I ever see’d
Come into that Pinto’s eyes,
He pulled up them poor broken laigs,
An’ tried to stand—an’ died.

reckon some o’ that blood come out o’ my heart,
This heart that Ben had won.
So long, Ben—all in a day’s work!
So long—you Son of a Gun.
AN INTERLUDE WITH IRENE ROOKE.

I am my pleasant memories will always be of a certain sunny morning I spent recently in a room, perch high above the turn of workaday London, yet, for the town-lover, pleasantly near the kaleidoscopic thoroughfare of Oxford Street—a dear, fascinating sort of room, such as one pictures for oneself in dreams. Don’t expect me to describe it accurately, to impress its charm in cold black-and-white. It can’t be done. I can only say that I carried away with me a mental picture composed of dreams and brevities, delicately and perfectly harmonised, quaint gatelisted tables and polished wooden chairs; beautiful china on black oak shelves; intriguing little cabinets; interesting books—good books, which looked as if they were often read; above all, a picture of a fair-haired, blue-eyed woman, whose sympathetic, eager personality seemed at one with her surroundings—Irene Rooke (Mrs. Milton Rosen). Adventure—Romance—Life.

I gratefully refreshed myself with steaming coffee and little food cakes, and then sat down in a subject dear to both our hearts—moving pictures. And that is exactly what the films mean to Miss Rooke—better, I think, than life itself. I don’t think she ever thinks of them as so many thousand feet of celluloid. To her they are the living, moving picture of thousands of less initiated folks who daily thrust our cinema—a slice of adventure, romance, laughter, tears with them in the clearer, more critical perception of the creative mind. And, remember, Irene Rooke, the screen player, who numbers “Lady Windermere’s Fan,” “True Tides,” “Westward Ho!” and “The Story of the Rosary,” among her film achievements, is also Irene Rooke, distinguished actress of the stage!

I reflect on the somewhat supercilious attitude sometimes adopted by stage players towards the screen.

“Why, on a few days ago,” said Miss Rooke laughingly, “a veteran of the American boards said to me in tones of the deepest regret, ‘Irene, Irene, I hear that you’ve gone on the films!’

“And how glad I am that I have done so!” she continued, “for to me it is much more vital than stage acting, even though my dramatic experience has been gained on the boards.

Living the Films.

When we were making ‘Westward Ho!’ we went down to a dear little place called Appleford, near Bulford, to take some of the exteriors. One scene in particular stands out in my mind—the scene in which my partner, Mr. Hyams, and I, in our own way, going with eyes that astonishingly searched the horizon, turning every few moments to each other to voice our mutual fear:—‘Will our boys return?’ I remember that, as I turned to Renee Kelly, with this question on my lips, genuine anxiety was in my heart, while the tears rose to my eyes; and I remember, too, the generous and simple faith with which she replied me:—‘Yes, I think so.’

“‘You see, it all scoured so real to us: the sea, the ships, the faces, the folks—individuals of the village—all were actually there; and the whole scene took on a reality such as would never have been possible even in our most vivid imaginations. And that is one reason why the photo-play is such an intensely vital thing to me—both as a profession and as an entertainment, it can be enacted among natural surroundings. In my opinion this advantage almost counter-balances the loss of the third dimension. But I must confess, despite my enjoyment in making ‘Westward Ho!’ that I think the costume play better suited to the stage. There you have the speech of the period; on the film the (in this instance) all too inadequate subtitle, which, in conjunction with the costume of a bygone day, somehow seems rather unconvincing.

Children at the Pictures.

As a matter of fact, Miss Rooke considers that there is still need for considerable improvement in the film network of the film; she is also of the opinion that the British photo-play, speaking generally, is too restricted in its appeal. She is inclined to err on the side of sentimentality, though she readily acknowledges that the American photo-play is guiltless of this fault. One last, but not least, she does dearly disapprove of the indiscernible attendance of children at the pictures. She thinks special provision should be made for them.

For the rest, she so loves the films that she often takes her small “human in holiday” to the pictures, and has been known to attend two cinemas in one evening! And when I asked her whether she had ever taken her children, in any circumstances, to act for the films entirely, she replied:—‘Dare I say it? Despite my affection for the stage, I could not.’

May Herschel Clarke.

More Adventures Among the Cannibals.

THE MAGNIFICENT WORK :: OF MISSIONARIES. ::

ON THE BORDERS OF CIVILISATION.

By MARTIN JOHNSON, World’s Famous Explorer and Photographer.

Although in the previous articles I have dealt chiefly with the terrible customs of the cannibals of the South Sea Islands, it must not be supposed that our trip was one succession of horrors. On the contrary, if one could only have wiped out those terrible customs, the awful disease due to ignorance, and the wicked teachings of the witch doctors, who will not allow the natives to control to take the white man’s medicine, our cruise would have been a procession of delights.

My pen fails me to recall those wonderful scenes. I shall never forget them, and though I have travelled in many parts of the world, I have never seen anything to equal them. And the soft breezes which soon lull one to sleep, the rich foliage that grows down to the edge of the water, the dreamy atmosphere of Lombok that lingers over all these islands, would make them a paradise on earth were it set for the savage island that inhabits them.

Often, of an evening, when I have been leaning on the rail of our boat watching the sun go down like a great ball of orange flame, I have seen in the Bush a little wisp of grey smoke marking the camp fire of the savages, and from the sublime beauty of the scene before me, my thoughts have been turned to the barbarous rites that were most likely being practiced within a rifle shot of where I stood.

Conjuring Tricks That Please the Natives.

Some of the natives were not so bad. They were more simple than vicious, and for these I fear there is a future could they be kept further away from the savage and brutal life on the islands of the South Seas.

A few presents of heads, or bright cloth, would bring them clustering around us, and in a very short time they would lose in a fever to wait—and pray—for the return of their men from a perilous adventure on the sea. There we had kept them amused by a fact that annually searched the horizon, turning every few moments to each other to voice our mutual fear:—‘Will our boys return?’ I remember that, as I turned to Renee Kelly, with this question on my lips, genuine anxiety was in my heart, while the tears rose to my eyes; and I remember, too, the generous and simple faith with which she replied me:—‘Yes, I think so.’

This I would palm in my hand, and then, closing the eyelid of one eye I would suddenly show them the glass one. They never had any doubt but that I had taken my real eye out, but I would get my eye back sometimes, when they would start digging fingers in their eyes in the vain attempt to do the trick.

All these useful swimmers, and when they are in the water they seem more likely to be some human beings, so softly they glide about.

One of the ways they catch fish is to spear them, and though they manage it with marvellous dexterity, it is a very slow process. Once I exploded a stick of dynamite in the goal of the river, and a host of fish and a lot of dead fish soon floating on the top. This trick pleased the natives very much, for they had a great deal of fun following one of the dynamite, but I did not think it would be wise.

The Cemetery of Weeping Widows.

One of the islands of the Lord Howe group, a low one, which seemed so beautiful, was Fun. It is different entirely to the other natives in that part. They had beautifully formed babies, a very light brown in colour, and their hair instead of being curly like the adults, was straight.

The case was with both the men and the women. I made many inquiries about their children, but could never get the necessary reply. My own opinion is that some time in the longago, some white settlers must have landed on this island and inter-married with the natives.

Another curious thing we came across was an island where the population, although small, was composed together more closely than the inhabitants of a city—John. And yet within fifty feet of them were other islands where there is plenty of room for the lot of them.

At another island we saw the Cemetery of Weeping Widows, and so happened to strike me on that island, and I am almost sure that it can be called. The husband, wrapped in a grass mat, lay by the side of his dead wife, the evenness, and moaned while relatives performed the last rites. These chiefly consisted of painting the face of the corpse with red and white and birching the body with coconut oil.

The cemetery is beautifully kept, pure white stones were possible on the stage. The house has from the face that the widows live in little houses made of leaves, and remain there for their last lovers. The bereaved husband also lives in the cemetery, on the other side, but their stay is not so prolonged, for, as a rule, they soon marry other women.

(Author of some interesting articles in a week.)
The Expressions of PRISCILLA DEANE.

THE FASCINATING GIRL "CROOK" OF THE PICTURES.

PRISCILLA DEANE is one of the most vivacious girls appearing on the screen. She has been variously described as the magnetic star, the spitfire of the screen, and the essence of vivacity.

As everybody knows, Priscilla is not only the dashing girl crook of pictures, but she is also the original "Wild Cat." Of course Priscilla has her milder moments.

In real life she possesses an amazing amount of energy: her eyes gleam, her features are keen, she is a sprightly chatterbox, never still for two moments together, and full of handclaps, screams, gurgles, and giggles.

A man who has interviewed her confessed that to talk to her made his pulse beat about one hundred.

"If you don't know Priscilla personally," he said, "the next best thing is a shower bath with 'water' of pure ice; this would give you something of the same effect."

Expert with a Gun.

PRISCILLA DEANE, who has portrayed so many "crook" roles, has excited admiration for her realistic work even among the officers of the law.

By their association with the light-fingered gent, they are presumed to have a thorough education in the ways of crookedness.

Miss Deane recently received from Sheriff Jones of California a handsome pair of gold handcuffs and an automatic pistol, as a token of his admiration.

He was also kind enough to show Priscilla through the gaol, and lock her up in a cell for a moment, and then he rounded off her criminal career by appointing her a deputy sheriff.

Priscilla, by the way, is an expert with the shot gun or rifle, and when she can spare time from her studio work, she much enjoys a rabbit hunt.

She recalls the time when she was but five years old, and playing the part of Gretchen in a company playing "Rip Van Winkle."

The venerable actor, Joseph Jefferson, invited her and her mother to spend the week-end at his homestead at Buzzard's Bay, and she accompanied the famous actor on a hunting expedition; since that time she has always cherished an ambition to own a rifle and go hunting.

Even before she went into motion pictures, Miss Deane acquired the ability to hit a target with more than average regularity, and now whenever her director, who produced "The Virgin of Stamboul" at Universal City, gives her a holiday, Miss Deane, who is starring in the picture, jumps into her hunting logs, mounts a horse, and in less than an hour may be found in one of the many canyons near Universal City.

Her Love of Animals.

PRISCILLA is very fond of animals, and the new of a kitten, or the idea of a stray kid, or the chime of a puppy, strike responsive chords in the famous star's heart.

In the "Virgin of Stamboul," the star has ample opportunity to play with her animal friends. Whole herds of donkeys, a smattering of camels, a flock of elephants, a thousand dogs, and several scores of cats are used in the elaborate production.

One of her particular favourites is a bleating little kid, which squeaks most distressingly throughout the day.

Believing that the little squeaker was bleeding for milk, Miss Deane ordered that a big can should be rushed to the street at Universal City, where her production was being filmed.

To her surprise and annoyance, the little goat flicked his whiskers at the milk, and turned greedily toward a pile of tin cans.

"That's a kid," she said sorrowfully; "he's just a plain, ordinary goat; but I like him just the same."

"Me for a Turkish bath," said Priscilla Dean, when the camera clicked its last click on "The Virgin of Stamboul," her latest Universal photo-drama.

"I'm going to soak for a month, too," she added, as she disappeared with a can of soaping-powder, and all the equipment of the bath.

For five months Priscilla Deane has been forced to wear a complexion not her own. She was forced, at the beginning of the picture, to stain her skin a coppered red for her role, because it was too much trouble to put on and take off the stain, and because Tod Browning, her director, feared that she would not be able to exactly duplicate the shade, she wore the paint for five weary months, with the exception of from Saturday to Monday of each week.

Now that the big production is finished Priscilla is going to resume her own alabaster-like complexion. It will require a long Turkish bath to remove the complexion, but she is going to get rid of the colour if she has to sunburn and peel.
FLICKERS FROM FILMLAND.
NEWS, NOTES, AND OPINIONS, BY FRED K. ADAMS.

Fairbanks at Work Again.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has resumed his activities before the camera, after a brief rest, and is busy at work on a picture based upon the old stages that "A Man's a Man For A' That." The greater part of the action takes place in the West and a generous share of the story deals with outdoor scenes, thereby affording the star unlimited scope for a lot of new stunts. A novel idea in the film is a sequence of scenes showing Fairbanks in the role of several generations of his own ancestors, from the diamond in the rough among the cave dwellers in Arizona to the man of polish at Monte Carlo. Douglas Fairbanks has selected an entirely new cast to support him.

Still Greater Things to Come.

E. K. LINCOLN considers that the screen is unquestionably one of the greatest of all the arts. It is an educational art, and also it embodies in its scope all of the necessary features that wait upon amusement as a pastime. In less than a quarter of a century, he remarked, we have seen motion pictures come up out of nothing, and in the coming years, perhaps months, we shall see even greater advances and greater achievement, and greater beauty in the art than we have thus far dreamed of. Our great directors are vying with one another for great plays and our best camera men are in mortal combat for greater achievement in effects of photography. Our best writers are turning rapidly to screen subjects. According to this popular artist, a new group of players must come up and take the place of those who are passing.

McWilliams was the head photographer on that memorable production, "The Birth of a Nation," as well as many other spectacular productions. They are both members of the Allen Dwan organisation now, and are working together on productions that promise to hold a front rank in the coming season's offerings.

New Ideas Welcomed.

THE Vice-President of the Goldwyn Corporation has expressed interesting views on the tendencies of motion picture production. He frankly admitted that motion pictures are not perfect yet, and considers that in the light of the generations to follow, they will not even be considered good. His belief is that one of the big mistakes of the past has been the failure of the producer to take the public into his confidence. "One of the really hopeful indications of the day," he said, "is the opening of the studio doors and windows to let in the light of inspiration. If the change can be expressed in a single word I would say that the motion picture has become receptive. Producers are ready to welcome ideas of any sort.

Higher Artistic Effort.

THIS authority considers the opening of the new era in production finds all the creative forces in the industry keyed up to high artistic effort and ready to recast technique as a means to an end in itself. The public each year becomes more critical and exacting, and this is largely responsible for the impetus to artistic accomplishment. Much credit is also due to the exhibitors who have learned to reflect the views of their audience and communicate them to the producer.

Lessons We Learn From the Films.

A man loves a woman when he has time; a woman always has time to love some man. * * *

Some people don't know what they want till somebody else gets it. * * *

There is one thing that most women desire more than the possession of much money, and that is absolute possession of one man.

The Week's Best Films.

THE following is a list of the best photo-plays which are being released for exhibition at the cinemas during this week, and the names of the star artists:

WESTERN:
Violet Hopping, Stewart Rame.
Buchon . . . . "The Kinman,"
Henry Edwards and Christine White.
Western Import . . . . "The Hopper,"
Walt Whitman.
Gaumont . . . . "The Transgressor,"
Marion Baye.
Film Booking Office "The Island of Adventure,"
Montague Salivery.
Vitagraph . . . . "Her Bachelor Knight,"
Earle Williams, Louise Lovely.
Lawton Martin.
Artiste . . . . "Red Blood and Yellow,"
G. M. Anderson.
William Russell.
Famous Players "The Haunted Bedroom,"
Enid Bennett.
Vitagraph . . . . "Tally Jones,"
Carol Holloway.
Western Import . . . . "The Good Bad Man,"
Douglas Fairbanks.
Walturdaw . . . . "Belle of New York,"
Marion Davies.
Charles Ray.

Lyman Broening & Glen McWilliams, two well-known motion picture camera-men.

and if we stop to consider the innovations in our art that must follow with the passing weeks and months, we are sure to find a ready subject for deep thought. The trend is ever up and up.

The Men Who Take Them.

OUR portrait is of H. Lyman Broening and Glen McWilliams, two of the best-known motion picture photographers in America. Mr. Broening, while still a young man, has been responsible for the exceptional photographic effects in many of the most notable screen successes that have come from the United States, including most of the productions in which Mary Pickford, Margaret Clark, and other stars have appeared. Mr.
Baby Mine

Beautiful JANE NOVAK with her bonny baby girl.

JACKIE SAUNDERS went broke in the screen for a year. "Because you can get a job every day--and you can't always get a baby." Just to prove it here is Jackie back at work--and in front of the screen--with Jacqueline junior to the good.

HARRY B. WARNER is the proud father of Baby Joan.

NELL SHIPMAN, with her son and heir.
Little John Henry likes visiting the Mack Sennett Studio, and no wonder when this is part of his entertainment.

When Marie Provost left her part in a coming comedy to introduce Mr. Rooster to John, he said he preferred a duck.
IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

The Fascination of Dainty Negligees—Becoming Boudoir Caps —Handkerchief Possibilities—Madge Kennedy’s Make-up Box.

Despite their natural delight in dainty modes, quite a number of girls are forgetful of the fact that, apart from actual under-garments, there are many exquisitely little accessories for bedroom use that they could indulge in for their own comfort and delight. The dressing-jacket, for instance, is an affair of wonderful possibilities, yet how many girls choose the simple plain kimono style of unbecoming material, that is not in the least becoming! Yet the possibilities of the dressing-jacket are legion, and should be one of the daintiest of garments in the possession. Truly, to indulge in light airy frimpleries for every-day wear would be mere waste of money for girls who have little time to spare on their toilette, yet it is quite possible to make the most beautiful garments that are serviceable into the bargain.

The veriest amateur at sewing can make the most adorable little dressing-jacket out of a couple of yards of voile. This material, as you all know, can be obtained in the most wonderful range of beautiful colourings, not necessarily light shades, but lovely art shades, and it has the added appeal of being easily washed. All you have to do is to double the material over in half, folding the raw edges together. Then double the material over again, so that it is four-fold, and from the very centre of the double fabric scoop out a circle. The latter forms a hole through which to slip the head, and the raw edges should be bound with satin ribbon or sateen.

Next bind all the four sides of the garment in the same manner, and cut slots at either side of the waist line, both back and front. Neaten slots by binding, and then, when you have slipped the garment over the head, all you have to do is to thread a long, narrow belt through the slots and tie in the front. A wee bunch of tucks formed between the slots forms added trimming, while a pretty hand-worked design would give an effective finish to the centre-front.

The simplicity of the garment is appealing, and in a blurred patterned chintz, edged with rose pink sateen, it would be as serviceable for every-day wear as it would be delightful. You can well imagine the beauty of the same garment in pale pink edged with mauve for besternight wear, wee rosettes trimming being brought into play at intervals.

The Boudoir Cap.

It is the idea of many girls that boudoir caps are useless absurdities, and they usually are very censured in their remarks to girls who confess their affection for such fripperies. Yet, despite their attractiveness, such caps are invaluable for keeping the hair tidy during the night. If you have your hair waved at a hairdresser’s, and ruffle it about in the night, it is apt to come out of wave far more quickly than if you wore a comfy little cap to keep it in place. While the girl with straight locks will find it still more valuable, for it can be used as a means of hiding ugly crackers or hairpins, and so beautifying the appearance in general.

The cap of flowered silk or Jap silk is, of course, the most suitable for wear every night, and is quite a simple affair to construct; if arranged out of a circle of silk, edged with narrow lace, and drawn up to fit the head. Yet for besternight wear, a more one composed of plain cream net, with latticed ribbons of pale shade across the head, and caught here and there with rosebuds is a real delight. A frill of soft lace frames the face with such a cap, and wee bunches of ribbon fall over the ears. Another delightful idea with a net foundation veils in frill upon frill of narrow satin ribbon, each layer just meeting the one above it. Ribbon forms the foundation band of this cap, and is edged at either side with the narrowest of soft lace.

If you have a really nice handkerchief by you that is of fairly good size, you can turn the into quite a charming boudoir cap. Run a gathering thread in a circle round the handkerchief, leaving the four points, and then cut across halfway from the four pieces a little over one another, the raw edges forming a straight line, and then hem up the latter, so that an elastic can be slipped through. Ribbon forms the shoulder-straps, and the camisole crosses over in the front. This forms the most delightful pointed camisole imaginable.

The Mysteries of the Make-up Box.

I am sure you would like a peep into the beauty secrets of the delightful film star, Madge Kennedy, for her charm and beauty are the envy of all. Of course, she is naturally as winsome, sweet and fresh-looking as she appears on the screen, but she consented to let me know a few of her beauty secrets the other day—the ones she uses when she is about to make a picture.

A Handkerchief Camisole.

Another pretty idea evolved from handkerchiefs is to make a camisole from a couple of pretty ones that have an embroidered or lace edging. Fold them both over from point to point, and then cut across between the edges of the two pieces a little over one another, the raw edges forming a straight line, and then hem up the latter, so that an elastic can be slipped through. Ribbon forms the shoulder-straps, and the camisole crosses over in the front. This forms the most delightful pointed camisole imaginable.

Madge Kennedy is the possessor of a wonderful make-up box.

Her make-up box is of black Japanese silk, and is exquisitely lined with blue silk, and possesses over so many handy little pockets for powder puffs, beauty bottles, etc., and has a mirror in the lid.

Miss Kennedy possesses a very smooth skin, so she merely uses a liquid powder, and then uses Rouge to heighten the color of her lips. Rouge shows up as a shadow before the camera, so very little of it is needed in the application. When the actress wishes to blot out some portion of her features, but Madge Kennedy has a face of pure oval contour, and does not need to resort to any of these arts, so that when she has finished work for the day she has only to use a little theatrical cream to remove all traces of make-up.
The CAMPGH MASK

Dedicated to "THE PICTURE SHOW." 

THE WHITE RIDERS.

HA'D John Sark been able to see inside the private lunch room at the post-office, he would have received a shock. The President of the Riders, Mr. Mike Murden, the postmaster, a big, burly man, with a hard face and a cruel mouth, was reading a letter. It was not the sort of letter he would have wished to read, but it was one that meant nothing to Murden, who made a practice of coming to work as late as he pleased. That was the sort of letter he used to give his partner, Rose Embrey.

But for years, Harvey Embrey had been managing his property and spending the money in good works. Once a proud man—for he came of a good stock—he had gradually dropt lower and lower through drink, until, when at the same time, he was but a wreath of his former self. And so it came about that Rose Embrey was glad to accept a position as assistant to John Sark.

Not that she could have been in a lower position. She had great liking for the work, and was happy enough when she was reflecting in the woods or putting up her letters in the case. It was when she returned home to find her father the worse for drink that she learned that she was in a lower position. Then the brown velvet eyes would fill with tears, and she would be so unhappy, that in the end she might have asked to be let out of the Embrey estate. But Rose Embrey had no thought of recovering her fortune. So long as the county, and the man who had meant so much to her, was happy, she was happy.

But Rose was not thinking of the dark side of her life at this moment. She was thinking of John Sark. In her heart, she loved him. Sarc's coming to Embrey had meant a lot to Rose. It was not so much because she was so obviously self-seeking, in pursuit of fortune, though he had found favour in the eyes of the county, but because he was kind. Rose had not had a soul to speak to whose sympathy was not boundless to her. The Ideal Estates of Embrey, in the man, a narrowed, greedy look, that was a misfortune. But the better of each other, Sarc's frank honesty, his generosity in human nature, his hatred of sham and deceit, seemed to increase the girl's friendship. And he could talk: the things that had been fact slipping away from the mind.

As John Sark came up to where Rose was standing, she looked up at him with the sun in her hair. "Who is this?" she asked, her eyes very projective, and only men is alive.

"That's rather hot on you, Mr. Sark," laughed Rose, as she turned her head to another side. "I can only hope that I am not so wise as some of the others," said John Sark, as he looked up at her.

"Well, we want a good day, saying of Murden," said John Sark, as he looked at the sun and the sun came shining through the trees.

"I would like to see the picture shows. But Rose Embrey has never been in one," said John Sark, as he looked at the sun and the sun came shining through the trees.

"I would watch Mike Murden, if I were you," said John Sark, as he looked at the sun and the sun came shining through the trees.

"I would like to see the picture shows. But Rose Embrey has never been in one," said John Sark, as he looked at the sun and the sun came shining through the trees.

"But the idea is not without a thing. John Sark was not a man to be bullied into anything. He had bought the Embrey estate, and given his word that he would do nothing for his partner. In an interview with the correspondents, he told them bluntly that he had bought the Embrey estate, and given his word that he would do nothing for his partner. He had bought it, he said, because he had bought it, and he had bought it, he said, because he had bought it, and he had bought it, he said, because he had bought it, and he had bought it, he said, because he had bought it, and

"You can leave the matter to me. Sark is going to sell that property, and also he is going to be made a tenant of this country. It may not be necessary to use torture, but, if we can—now you know where I can get it from.

"The two riders matched companionably at the meeting and the postmaster rode off to Harvey Embrey's house. He was admitted by Rose, who quickly retired to her room, and left the two men alone. "The postmaster looked after her, as the man retired. "You don't suppose I am going to allow anyone to be driven out of the county by anything so silly as the idea," said John Sark.

"Rose Embrey!" he said. "It has been a wonderful

day. To me the most wonderful in my life. Good-bye till to-morrow."
MORE THAN MOONSHINE.
REAL ACTING AND REAL STUNTS COMPOSE HERBERT RAWLINSON'S PERFORMANCES.

NATURE has been very good to Herbert Rawlinson, who is a trifle over six feet and athletically built, with a curl in his hair, a twinkle in his blue eyes, and a ruddy complexion. For that reason it would seem that he would always play the screen hero and hero. But Rawlinson is too much of a man to let himself be restored to any such uninspiring career. And that is why his cinema performances have revealed him as a member of that rare band of actors who can really act and do real stunts.

A True Britisher.

BORN in Brighton, England, Herbert Rawlinson enjoyed the usual advantages of a healthy, normal boy in that famous seaside resort, and laid the foundation for the perfect physique for which he is justly famed. His education was gained at home with a private tutor, and then at the College of St. Swithin, in France. Upon returning to England, Rawlinson joined a travelling dramatic troupe in a repertoire of plays that gave him the valuable training to be gained from "stock" work. Upon going to the States, the young Englishman was soon enabled to appear opposite several well-known stars of the New York stage, and then journeyed across the Continent to Los Angeles, where he was featured with the local stock company.

The young actor's début on the film was so successful that immediately the managers at Hollywood bombarded him with contracts, and he finally signed up with Universal.

His Genuine Ability.

It was then that Rawlinson first became known as a stunt actor, because of the feats of strength which he demonstrated in several films in which he acted, in the course of the many hairbreadth escapes which the criminals made from the officers of the law. His reputation as a depicter of cinematic crooks began to worry Rawlinson because of his fear of being known as a one-type actor, so he signed a contract to appear as the star in the Craig Kennedy serial. Craig Kennedy is a well-known fiction detective, who employs ultra-scientific methods for the detection of crime. In this serial the star was called upon to perform many other feats of daring and stunts of various kinds in his pursuit of the various persons whom he is trailing in the different episodes.

The illustrations on this page show some of the stunts and feats of strength which Rawlinson has employed in his more recent productions, and which make his performances stand out because of his genuine ability along real dramatic lines—an unusual combination. Most interesting, however, is the fact that this cinema actor is determined to give all his performances on the screen, and is willing to engage in these various feats himself. For in this respect, as in all others, Herbert Rawlinson is a true Britisher.
THE CAMBRIC MASK. (Continued from page 16.)

He stopped speaking suddenly, for his keen eye had caught sight of something on the ground. It was a mask, with two eye-holes, made out of a thin substance. John Sark picked it up, and his eyes fell on it. He raised to his horror that the handkerchief was embroidered with tiny-embroidery, an exact counterpart of the handkerchief dropped by Rose when she had sneaked into her father's room. After he had crossed the avenue, and walked straight to the house. Rose heard him enter, and when she saw his haggard face, her angry words pass between her father and the visitor, and the sound of a gun, the White Rider was alone. Something in his story caught her fancy, and Rose made a dash for his mask, pulling it off his face.

"You villain!" he shouted, as he seized his arm and drew his revolver, "You know too much now, so you might as well give up. We ride to-night to Wardour Street, and if you betray us, you will share his fate."

"You shall not!" screamed Rose, "I will get him to recognise you now!"

In the agony of her fear for the man she loved, Rose had thrown her arms round the neck of the White Rider, and held him in his arms. And this was what John Sark saw when he came to the window to try to see Rose to beg her forgiveness.

"So it is true!" he muttered. "The woman who pretended to love me is in love with a White Rider, one of the gang who have sworn to kill me."

He then heard a man's voice coming towards the house, and he saw another man near by. He held his own, then he was led to the ground from behind by Mike Murdoch, who, attracted by the sound of the revolver, ran to the house. The White Rider was bound to a horse, and the White Riders held him in the quicksands in which many of their previous victims had come to grief. This time, however, he was saved and as the gang left, and he heard the smell of the White Rider and the sound of the mask, he turned himself looking the face of Rose. Kimber.

"Rose! Rose!" he cried passionately. "I don't want any explanations. I only want to tell you I love you!"

"Oh, have you never doubted me again?" whispered Rose, as she lay in his arms, and when John Sark laid his ear to her heart, she told him much that had been dark and mysterious to him. He understood how she had been begging, for she knew that the man she loved and how she had got one of her father's diamonds to give him. In deep in his heart, John Sark registered a vow that never again would he mistrust the woman who had risked her life for him. Morning brought a great peace to the town of Emper, for among the streets in the sheriff's horse among the White Riders killed. Freed from the threats and obligations pressing on him, he made a resolution to give up the drink. He kept as he had been before, he learned that the railway was not coming through Kimber, and when they came whispering to John Sark to return them to the money they had paid for it.

"You don't deserve any mercy," said John, "but as I want the estate for a wedding present for my wife and children, I'll make it a lesson to you to act straight in future!"

(Abridged from incidents in the Vitagraph photographic play "the Jumper"

"All Aboard for Home!"

Jumper with the most DELIGHTFUL, possibilities - BLOUSE that you can make in NO time-COAT of entirely new design. All Home Plans. All The Jumper THIS WEEK Tell your newsagent that you MUST HAVE HOME CHAT every week with these patterns."

Three Free Patterns to Day with the Jumper coff.
SYD CHAPLIN,
The Screen Comedian Who is Also a Business Man.

RARELY do we find a comedian who is also a business man. But Syd Chaplin, brother of Charlie, breaks the rule, for he not only acts for the screen, but he also controls an air service running along the whole California coast. Beyond this, he owns a large women's khon factory in Los Angeles, from which he has made a large fortune.

Yet, despite these other interests in his life, he is returning to the screen. When I questioned him about it, he answered: "I love comedy. It's my life blood. I've been on the stage all my days, and my folks were there before me. My mother, who lives in England, was a prima donna at the London theatre in Gilbert and Sullivan operas. When I was quite a youngster I played in such pieces as "Two Little Drummer Boys," but later joined Fred Karno's companies and toured on the English music-halls. I eventually persuaded Charlie to join me, and he played my roles in the province companies. I came over to America with one of Karno's sketches, and when the tour was over tried to get into one of the movie companies, but not one of them would take me."

Later, however, Charlie started in the motion picture world, and Syd managed his business. From the business side Syd drifted into acting for the screen himself, and we are soon to see him in some new pictures.

IF YOU SUFFER
from nervous, worried feelings, lack of energy, self-confidence, will-power, mind concentration or feel washed out in the presence of others, send at once 3 pence stamps for particulars of the MENTAL NERVE STRENGTHENING TREATMENT — G. D. F. ELLIOTT-SMITH, Ltd., 539, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. 4.

YOU CANNOT HAVE A WAXOLA BAD COMPLEXION AND NOT BEAUTIFUL FOR A DIME. WAXOLA will clear it. Sold Under Guarantee. From the pleasant features look, appearance of the complexion in good, such a Complexion—clear, soft, and fair as a baby—may be yours. With a WAXOLA Week by using that Wonderful New Preparation, you will have a Wonderful Complexion in a WAXOLA Week. Acts while sleep, acts the day, acts everywhere. Don't Delay. Send To-Day. SPECIAL OFFER—For a short time we will send you post free on application for 2/5. (Two for 3/6.) RICHMOND (Surrey) Preparations. 110, The Green, Kew, Surrey.

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If so, let the Ovian System help you to build up your height. Mr. Harris, who retails Ovian parts in London, has a large number of successful cases. The system greatly improves the health, figure, and carriage. Also a list of good stamps for further particulars can be obtained on application to Ovian, 7, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. 4.

Films. Finance. Fame.

Capital wanted immediately to produce three film plays by noted author. Persons of both sexes earning from £250 and upwards could play in production if capable. Expert American producer trained. Schedules ready, organisation complete. Strictest references given and required. No money lenders. Write for particulars to RALPH LYNN CINEMA ACADEMY, 15, Pavillion Road, Knightsbridge, S.W. 1.

THE Ralph Lynn Cinema Academy

This Academy is in touch with some of the most important film producing firms in London. The RALPH LYNN Star Comedians at the Vaudeville Theatre and Arthur Cleave (well-known Actor and Cinema Star) invite all interested to write for prospectus to RALPH LYNN CINEMA ACADEMY, 15, Pavilion Road, Knightsbridge, S.W. 1.

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THE BENNETT COLLEGE (Dept. 125) SHEFFIELD

MAY ALLISON and SYD CHAPLIN pose inside a Chinese Wagon. Miss Allison declares they look like Siamese twins.

SYD attempts to look dandy while MAY ALLISON and CARY WILMORE examine the medals he wears in a new film "One Hundred Million."
CHARACTER AS TOLD BY THE FACE.

Great Force of Character accompanied by a Refined and Sympathetic Nature are shown in the Face of Elsie Ferguson.

The Forehead.

We find the exquisite invocations of the outline of the forehead indicative of a refined, sympathetic and cultivated nature, accompanied by great force of character, and intellectual excitement.

The Eyebrows.

Note how near they are to the eyes, denoting a strong, clever, and sympathetic nature that is quick to perceive and show independent thought.

The Eyes.

EYEVERYthing, every retiring, drawing the very soul after it. Its expression is always accompanied by infinite activity of mind.

The Nose.

This fine aquiline nose, forms nearly a straight line with the forehead and falls into the upper lip by two curves, which balance one another, indicative of that grace of nature which is more than beauty.

The Mobile Mouth.

FULL of sympathy, eloquence and benevolence. Mark the line from the side of the nose, denoting fine sensibilities, susceptible, full of grace and charm; power and independent thought.

The Beautiful Chin.

The chin of this face is round, and indented, forming a fine oval with the outline of the cheeks, which will give a lovely-sensitive and cultured temperament.

How Horrid.

Film Artist: "Have you seen my last film?"

JEALOUS RIVAL (cruelly): "I hope so!"

In the Studio.

STELLA: "I'm going to get a gown to match my complexion."

CONSTANCE: "But aren't those hand-painted gowns awfully expensive?"

Why Tom Moore Shaves Himself.

Tom Moore now shaves himself, and is learning how to cut his own hair. Recently he had a few minutes between scenes, and so he chanced out of the studio, thinking to utilize the time to get his hair cut in a neighbouring barber shop. Shortly after, he had secured himself in the chair, he noticed that the barber's dog sat down next to the chair, and began intently to watch the barber work. "Pretty nice dog, that," said the gradual Moore. "Yes, sir," from the barber. "He seems to like to watch you at work," continued Moore. "Oh, it isn't that," said the barber. "You see, I sometimes make a mistake and snip off a bit of a customer's ear." And that Barber still is wondering when he will see Moore again.

His Motto.

FEWER and better pictures are the rule with many producers in America now. And a well known publicity manager recently had this motto in mind the other day when he was heard to remark, as he shoved back his chair from the lunch table: "If I don't get back to work the gov'n't will have force and better publicity!"

A Difference.

EDIE LYONS recently encountered an old negro on the road near Universal City, who was using a big stick to make his mule go. "What do you call your mule?" he asked after a while. The negro looked up. "Doesn't have a name, it just what does all call him?" he asked in a voice between whacks.

Those Girls.

"How do you like your hotel, Clara?" asked one screen beauty of another. "Very much," she replied. "The rooms are small and dark, and the food is bad, but the gossip is excellent!"

Gallantry.

THE STAR (colly): "Can you guess my age?"

THE LEADING MAN: "No, indeed, but whatever it is you don't look it."

Fame at Last.

"I hear Jiggs got one of his scenarists accepted by a film company."

"Yes; the property man tore up his manuscript and used it for snow in the snowstorm scene."

It Worried Him.

In the cinema: "But why do you swap?"

"The acting is certainly not so touching.

"Excuse me, I am bewailing the money I paid to come in."

The Reason.

A WELL-KNOWN screen actress last week made up her make-up box and couldn't proceed without it for her new picture. She hadn't the brains to do it.
THE GREATEST OF SPRING-TIME GIFTS.

MAGNIFICENT HAIR-GROWTH FREE.

1,000,000 “4 in 1” Presents—One for Every Man & Woman.

So many people are at present suffering from various forms of hair failure that a Royal Hair Specialist—Mr. Edwards, the Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill"—makes the above most generous offer, and is now distributing no fewer than 1,000,000 Valuable Free Hair-Health Parcels.

A “4 IN 1” SPRING-TIME GIFT.

Each of these packages contains, in fact, four gifts, and as there are 1,000,000 packages in all, the total number of presents being distributed by this one individual "adds up" to the enormous total of Four Millions (4,000,000), the Greatest Spring-Time Gift that has ever been written about in the Press.

A PRESENT INTENDED FOR YOU.

It stands to reason, of course, that these 1,000,000 packages cannot all be sent to personal friends.

No, these million presents are intended for the reader of this article—no, one of them is intended for YOU.

To obtain one of these packages you must cut out the Gift Coupon from the end of this article, fill in your name and address on a slip or sheet of paper, and post together with four pence stamps to cover cost of postage and packing to your address. That is all you have to do. No charge is made for the present itself.

A COMPLETE OUTFIT FOR GROWING AND KEEPING BEAUTIFUL HAIR.

This outfit is not a complex one. It consists (as before said) of four parts. Each one of these four component parts of the Outfit possesses valuable merits of its own, but their full perfection is only realised when they are united in one Hair-Growing and Hair-Beautifying Course the full "materials" for which are as follow:

1. A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE OF HARLENE FOR THE HAIR. The most successful Hair-food and Hair-tonic ever discovered after long and painstaking laboratory research and experiment.

2. A FREE "CREMEX" SHAMPOO POWDER, to cleanse the scalp and hair from all dust and dryness and to enable "Harlene" to "feed and strengthen the roots of the hair.

3. A FREE BOTTLE OF "UZON," the perfect Brilliantine that gives the hair an added lustre and polish, and is of especial benefit to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry.

4. AN ILLUSTRATED MANUAL OF "INSTRUCTIONS" for the successful carrying out of "Harlene Hair-Drill" in the privacy and convenience of your own home.

This book—the fourth part of the Presentation Outfit—is more precious than it might seem at first glance. If a man has discovered something (as is the case of Mr. Edwards) enabling him to secure the honour of catering for Royalty and the nobility and others, surely that professional secret is worth a lot of money!

This valuable and much-prized professional secret Mr. Edwards now offers as a Spring-Time Gift to every reader of this paper. He offers it to YOU. He asks you for no fees; he simply asks you to accept this Hair-Drill Outfit.

The "Harlene Hair-Drill" Four-Fold Gift is for you if you are troubled with:

1. Falling Hair. 5. Seurf.
3. Splitting Hair. 7. Thinning Hair.
4. Dark & Lifeless Hair.

WONDERFUL EFFECT OF SEVEN DAYS’ HARLENE HAIR-DRILL.

Just practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" for a week. At the end of seven days there will be no comparing the condition of your hair with the poor state it was in before you commenced. Under "Harlene Hair-Drill" action the hair you possess will have taken on a lovely lustre which will have multiplied its beauty by 200 per cent. at least.

This glossy lustre is in itself a sign that "Harlene Hair-Drill" is doing your hair good. Follow Mr. Edwards’ advice to you, and send for your Spring-Time Gift to-day.

The possession of beautiful Hair is nine points of the Law of Beauty. To a woman it is essential. To a man it is equally necessary.

After a free trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d. and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. per bottle; and "Cremex" Shampoo powders as 1s. 1d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 2d. each), from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from Edwards’ Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb’s Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

SOUTH-WESTERN MAILING ADDRESS.


Dear Sirs,—Please send me one of your 1,000,000 Spring-Time Gift Packages of "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

FREE SPRING-TIME GIFT TO YOU

From this imposing building at 20, 22, Lamb’s Conduit Street, thousands of Free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits (with instructions) are being sent out. If you have not yet received one, cut out and send the following Coupon and you will have the packet delivered at your address post free.

SOUTH-WESTERN MAILING ADDRESS.

Among the fairest flowers of the garden, the lily stands out as one of the most beautiful and graceful. It is often associated with purity and innocence due to its white petals. However, as beautiful as the lily may appear, it is crucial to address the potential threats it faces in its natural habitat. One such threat is the presence of predators, which can pose a significant danger to the lily's survival. To better understand the impact of these predators, researchers have been studying the behavioral responses of the lily when faced with a threat. The study suggests that the lily's reactions are not only defensive but also adaptive, allowing it to respond effectively to predators. By analyzing these responses, scientists can gain valuable insights into the complex dynamics of plant-predator interactions and the strategies plants use to protect themselves in the wild. This understanding can have implications for conservation efforts, as it highlights the importance of protecting the lily's natural environment to maintain the balance of species within the ecosystem.
"DEBON STAR" (Rehearsal).—Jo. Jerry has not given us screen acting, or else our smiles would diminish. His other name is George Oney.

"ONE HAPPY STAR" (Rehearsal).—It so happens, Kitty, that you have struck unluck. But it isn't only my fault for both your favourite relish: I can say what on dates they were born, so you can come again with something else, and I will see what I can do.

M. W. (Kind London).—Well, if you have been paying nor any time; I have withstood it bravely and I racymove it do again. So you all have been growing and trying and grinding your teeth because there has not been more about Mary Pickford and Mildred Harris. This is really a list state for South Africa to get into, but I hope the splendid art photographers of the firm, so recently given away will have conference and somewhat. Carley Blackwell was born in 1884, and a few of his pictures in "London to Paris." "Profits" Chances.

"The Way Out."—Steled Order.—And the Ocean Wave.

"ALPACA" (Birkenhead).—What is it that has made you so homestick already that you should want to hurry back to it? I am afraid any of the fine samples of the different kinds of weather we have it is unlikely that it is being unwise. Glad to hear your sister in California thinks this is the swellest paper going.

When you put up your fountain pen to write to me again you can ask me a question.

B. N. (Presidio).—Well, you had to begin making some time, so here you are. Juanita Hansen was Polly, the Poppy Girl in "The Poppy Girl's Husband" with W. S. Hart.

"THE SCAMP" (South Shields).—I cannot imagine you are abettor to the many in the first part of your letter. More full of mischief, probably. But I will extenuate it. We very much and tell you what I know. Tom Foreman joined the American Army during the war, but is in civvies now, and was born in 1895, and is married. Yes, he is still acting. Ann Little is a California girl born twenty-six years ago since she has grown up to 1.6 m. in height. Her eyes and hair are brown and dark and lately the baby Dick Pickford was in "The Diamond From The Sky." Louise Huff married Edward Jones, who died some time ago. Don't believe rumours.

"OPAL" (Ottawa).—And "NOSEY PARKER" (Bournemouth) are in the same family, but you must remember to give your real names as well as your non-de-plumes.

(More answers next week.)

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

WHERE TO WRITE TO YOUR FAVOURITE FILM STAR. — You are kindly requested not to ask for any addresses by post, owing to the large number of other parties that have to be answered. If you wish to communicate at once with any artist, you must apply to your letter "Putting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a three halfpenny stamp." To the "PICTURE SHOW," Room 53, the Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4, and it will be forwarded to her. If you want addresses of actors not specially acknowledged by the Editor, you may ask for them by writing to "The Picture Show" to ensure the safety of a reply. It must be understood, however, that we cannot guarantee that such letters will be replied to. Please keep addresses for reference.


BESSIE BARRESCHEL.—Care of B.B. Pictures, 902, Baker Detwiler Building, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

RICHARD BEARELLIS, ROBERT HARRISON.—Care of the Vitagraph Company, Longwood Building, 1476, Broadway, New York, U.S.A.

HASTIE, MAJOR.—Care of Icee Studios, Culver City, California, U.S.A.

(More addresses next week.)

PHOTOGRAPH VOUCHER POSTCARDS.—No. 2 All-Star Pictures, London, W.1.—These postcards are of Beautiful Art Pictures of Clarence Day, Antonio Moreno, Pauline Frederick, Pearl White, William May and the rest of the group. They are of course First Post Free, 1s. 6d. per 100.

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YOU get him in little packets that all the Dealers sell, and with little 2¢-do—he waves his magic drumstick, and Presto! you have all the year-round, temper-sweetening, fresh colours of Spring in your home—the blue of the sky, or the delicate greens and rosy shades of blade and flower. Just what shades your fancy wills; the little Drummer puts into hangings and covers, casements and books—and all for a copper or two.

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Child Rendered Utterly Helpless but Completely Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mrs. Ivens, Park View, Audley Common, near Atherstone, Warwickshire, says:—"I consider it really marvellous how Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured my little girl Doreen when she had rheumatism of the nerves. She was about seven when the illness came on. I had noticed that she was inclined to drop her arms to her side a good deal; then all at once she lost the power of both arms and legs on the left side. She was in great pain, too, and would cry for hours. Finally her speech went, and she was as helpless as a baby. Her arm and leg were wasted away, and she was in a state of medical advice she was steadily getting worse. Then I tried her with Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and in quite a short time I could see an improvement. She began to move her arm, and gradually got all the power of her body back again." Her speech, too, returned, and now she is a fine little girl of nine, as well and strong as ever."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

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Nothing succeeds like success, and our pupils succeed because we show them the right way.

LET US SHOW YOU. If you wish to become a Cinema Artist, avail yourself of the expert advice and assistance of the Genuine Recognised Cinema Film of many years' standing.

Doubtless YOU have often longed to be numbered amongst the successful in this fascinating profession, but have not known how to set about it. COME AND SEE US, AND LET US SHOW YOU THE RIGHT WAY. An interview costs you nothing, and we will put frankly before you the conditions—good and bad—of this new career, and tell you plainly what we think of YOUR chance of success.

Producers And Public Are Demanding Fresh British Talent: The Field Is Open To YOU.

Our pupils have worked for all the foremost Film Producing Companies in England, including GAUMONT, BROADWAY, LONDON, BRITISH LION, WINDSOR, BRITISH ACTORS, SAMUELSONS, GEO. CLARKE'S PRODUCTIONS, GARNICK, MASTER FILMS, BARKER, HARMA, IDEAL, etc., etc.

We can do as much for YOU as we have done for them.

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"PHONE" 9844.

For Sale by Grocer, and others.

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Home Prices: 13 and 3/-

the 2/- size being the normal size to be used in all parts of the world. Ask for Samples of Tablets and Linen Substitutes.
A World-Famous Magdalene.

ANNE HOLISTER, whom we are to see playing leading part in the Goldwyn version of "Milestones," has played all sorts of parts, ranging from little girls to old ladies, and from Magdalene to a modern siren. She appeared in the part of Magdelene in "From the Manger to the Cross," which was filmed in Jerusalem. She was one of the company of players chosen to go abroad specially for this purpose. She created a leading role in "Colored Barn," which was made in Ireland. Her parents are French, and sent to America after they were married, and Miss Holister was educated in a convent in Montreal, where her aunt was Mother Superior.

Is He the Worst?

EDWIN POLLOCK, whom she shall see as the villain in J. Warren Kerrigan's latest production, challenges any other man for his title as the worst screen villain. During the years from 1910 to 1918 he forecasted on five farms. owned by poverty stricken widows; kidnapped four young girls; dynamited a hospital; flooded the life savings of an invalid; murdered the night watchman of a bank; exploded a munition factory; wrecked a passenger train; cracked four safes. During 1919 and 1920 he forecasted on two more farms; sent an innocent man to prison; stole the wife of a life-long friend; robbed a church; poisoned an old man and forged his will; infected a city water system with eunice's germs; fired a bluse factory, and abandoned with a tenement children's fresh air fund.

A Beautiful Home.

PAULINE FREDERICK has at last moved into her new home at Beverley Hill, California; it is valued at $15,000. She was so enthusiastic over her estate that it is said by the members of her company that no other conversation could be carried on because of the boasting of the star and her producer, who owns an improved ranch in the San Fernando valley above Los Angeles.

With a "T" Please.

J. RATCHFALL offers a prize to the editor who will see to it that his name is properly spelled. Usually it comes out from the linotype with a "d" where the "t" should be. For years Mr. Ratchfie said he has been pursuing his name, as it appears on the printed page, but that "d" is an obsolete letter. Just now it is up to the Goldwyn people to see that it is spelled rightly, for Mr. Ratchfie is playing an important part in support of Mudge Kennedy in "Trained with Red," which is being made in that studio.
PICTURE SHOW CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)

Bessie's Best Chun.

Tuesday's chums to Mrs. Horton and her daughter, Bessie Love, is proverbial in film circles. When ever Bessie goes away to make outdoor scenes you will find her mother with her, not because the mother's presence is needed—although, like all mothers, she is of great service to the little star in many ways—but because they are such fast friends.

Charles Ray in a Real Thrill.

We are soon to see Charles Ray in a fine early frontier story, entitled "The Vanishing Danger," for in this film there is one of the most thrilling scenes yet filmed, when Charles Ray and his horse plunge over a seventy-foot cliff to the unseen sea, Ray has an Indian tied behind him on the saddle.

Eddy Polo's Future.

EDDY POLO'S latest serial thriller, "The Vanishing Danger," will probably be released before the end of the year. It is eighteen episodes in length, and shows Eddy doing many stunts, some of which, as yet, he has not performed over here, both in London and other British cities.

It is said that after four more years of screen work Eddy will retire from pictures; but before then he is to make about ten two-reel stories of circus life. In order to do this he will travel with a large American circus; as most of you know, Eddy is an old-time circus performer, and intends telling the story of his own life. Instead of taking a cast with him, he intends using the real circus people. He believes this will give the films a real circus atmosphere.

One Enough for Bert.

BERT LYTELL is not entirely happy over a scene in his next photo-play, in which he is to play an escaped convict. "I don't know," he said, "I'm negotiating the purchase of three lions! Goodness knows, one would be enough, for if I don't kill him there'll be no need for any more as far as I'm concerned."

Awkward for Bertram.

BERTRAM BURLEIGH, whom we are to see playing opposite Lydia Kyashe in her coming film, "The Black Spider," claims to have been given credit, during the making of which he has had many thrilling experiences. Perhaps the most uncomfortable was when Eddy was playing in "The Mother of Darmoor," when in convicts' garb, fleeing from justice, he had to jump from a moving train a few miles from Princeton. He had to get to London afterwards, and this particular train was the only one to suit his purpose. He jumped, and the cameraman turned his handle, but when the "shot" was finished Bertram thought of nothing but theavadness of the thing to catch it. His hopes were doomed, however, for an eye-gouge signal, indicating he was a real escaped convict, tripped him up and claimed him as his prisoner. The train was eventually stopped, and after a lengthy explanation, Bertram was allowed to go.

A Taste of the Real Stuff.

WILLIAM FARNUM, who has had much scene experience in "holding up," had a taste of it himself the other evening when riding home from Boston. There is a bad strip of road near Palm Canyon, and it is a very lonely road, being on a desert miles away from Palm Springs. Suddenly a machine appeared with four men in it, and all armed with Winchester. The leader ordered Mr. Farnum's car to stop. Mr. Farnum, rather bewildered, but quite game, got out to see whether they couldn't be persuaded to let him go. "What's the matter, boys?" he asked cheerfully. Just what would have happened had they tried to take his own cowboys, also returning from

RUTH STONEHOUSE, GIBSON GOWLAND, whom we shall see in the popular screen star, the film version of the who is taking a prominent Drury Lane melodrama, next part in "Blind Hus-

bands."

"The Hope."

location, appeared in the distance. There were quite a number of them, and the fact seemed to trouble the outlaws, for they cursed their machine and flew off at high speed. And now Mr. Farnum gave an armed.

Do You Know?

-That Vivian Martin is Mrs. William Jefferson in private life?

-That George Fawcett is now a director?

-That Charles Ray made his stage debut at the age of eight in a circus?

-That Owen Moore is the eldest of that famous family?

-That it is reported that Conway Tearle receives $500 per week for his services as leading man?

-That Madame Maeterlinck, wife of the great Belgian poet, philosopher, and dramatist, has played in two French films, and hopes to act for the screen again?

-That Maeterlinck himself is an enthusiastic photography, of favorites being Bessie Love?

-That Miss Joyce has bought an hotel, which she has called the Hotel Joyce?

-That George Bunny, brother of the late John, will be seen in "The Poisoned Pen?"

-That Alan Forrest is May Allison's new leading man?

PICTURE SHOW CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News from Los Angeles.

KATHY WILLIAMS recently had a narrow escape when her company was up at Mount Baldy shooting some snow scenes. Not being required for the moment on the set, she set out in a long leather coat and warm fur cap and gloves, to do a little sight-seeing on her own. She was missed when her cell phone, and after some time a search party was organised, as it was feared she had met with some misadventure. She was finally located at the bottom of a fairly deep chasm. Fortunately the snow had thickly cushioned her fall, so no bones were broken.

Roy Stewart's Confession.

ROY STEWART says that he really owes his success on the screen to the advice given him by a paint man when he was a student at the University of California. Of course, he went to the southern California coast, and did not at the time attach much importance to the solemn prediction that he would make his name as a screen star. However, he contracted a footleg fever when he made a striking hit in a college play, and after serving the usual terms of apprenticeship in stock drama, finally drifted into the movies.

Peggy Coming to England.

PRETTY Peggy Hyneman will soon be crossing the Big Drink on route for her native England. She dropped in to see me the other day, and told me that she was at the prospect of soon being home again after an absence of nearly four years. The last time Peggy made a picture they threw her into the Thames off Taggett's Island. They wanted to throw her off the Embankment, only the police wouldn't let them. Not that it mattered much, for Peggy says the Thames is just as cold and wet up off Taggett's Island. She tells me she is going to make a couple of pictures for Mr. Samuelson in England, then move on to Paris and finish up in ancient Egypt, before returning with the Samuelson Company to California in the autumn.

Grace Guiland Back on the Screen.

GRACE GUNARD, the lady of a thousand thrills, is to return to the screen in a group of two-reel comedy-dramas, which she will direct herself, in addition to playing the stellar role.

A Real Thrill.

HENRY WALTJALT had a nice little thrill whilst making "Mountaineer." One of the scenes necessitated an explosion, and Walthall went with two of the studio firemen to the cellar setting of the furnace. The emotional Henry was just about to apply a match, when a properly boy came to the en- trance into the cellar with a Piercing shriek. It transpired that the director had given him the passkey to a safe, dry place, so he had consigned it to the furnace!

She Ran Away.

SYLVIA BREAMER, as is well known, is an Australian actress, and from her earliest childhood wanted to go on the stage. Hoping to bring her daughter "to reason," her mother packed her off to an uncle's ranch at a place appropriately called Peggy Hill, with very unwise results. At first Sylvia found it good fun watching the sheep shearing and seeing the nature game there in the star on the quartz dances. Then she began to get bored. She got up Shakespearean performances and tried to make Stockels and Rosco out of the bewildered ranch hands. At last her cunning became so acute that they ran away, and of course she succeeded in obtaining her consent to follow the company to America, where the movies clanged her.

The Picture Show, May 3rd, 1920.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR "THE PICTURE SHOW."

Do you recognize this smiling group? Joe Rock, the Vitagraph comedian, is on the left, next to him is Rosemary Theby, Wallace MacDonald, and Fatty de Forrest, now leading lady for Montgomery and Rock.

Here we see Ruth Roland and Ham having a hurried meal between scenes.

A delightful photograph, taken in the Selig grounds, showing Hedda Nova, Fred Malatesta, and the Selig dog. The Selig grounds and the Selig Zoo are world famous.

On the right you see Anita Stewart and Rudolph Cameron entertaining their mothers on the set during the filming of "The Yellow Tyke."

A happy snapshot of Kathleen O'Connor, the Universal Serial Star, with her four pet puppies. We are shortly to see her with Jack Perrin in a particularly thrilling serial, entitled "The Lion Man."
A LTOCETHER, it was a black night outside. The forked winter branches of the trees finely shone a sky but sparsely pierced by stars, whose fragrant yellow light glinted on Belnord. No Mr. Marsden is really quite ready, but you can come round—and, James, tell Wellington to bring in the bull pup. Yes, he'll know. And now—standing confidently before them and accentuating his words by a swinging blow of his heavily gloved fist—for the sake of the sport, for the sake of the science, for the sake of the dog, I'm going to make a wager. I believe that the old girl lives, and I wager that one year from now, at the maturity of this pup, without training, he will catch and hold down an unfettered bull.

"I get you, Carl," said Marsden rising excitedly. "And I," agreed Goodrich. "The stakes," added Behnord forcefully, "are the pup's life; he will either win out or be killed—there's no other possible issue."

The telephone-bell in the darkness behind them interrupted with startling insistence.

"Hello! Hello! ... Yes, it's a Mr. Behnord. This is James. James, tell Wellington to bring in the bull pup—"

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"I get you, Carl," said Marsden rising excitedly. "And I," agreed Goodrich. "The stakes," added Behnord forcefully, "are the pup's life; he will either win out or be killed—there's no other possible issue."

The telephone-bell in the darkness behind them interrupted with startling insistence.

"Hello! Hello! ... Yes, it's a Mr. Behnord. This is James. James, tell Wellington to bring in the bull pup—"

"Yes, he'll know."

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The Expressions of LARRY SEMON.  
Special to "The Picture Show."

The Film Comedian Who Has Risen to the Front Rank of Film Laughter-Makers.

LARRY SEMON, the popular Vitagraph comedian, had many varied experiences before he finally settled down to success on the screen. His earliest recollections are of those days when he traveled with his father's music-hall troupe of artists. This troupe boasted a hypnotist, a singer, a dancer and an acrobat.

Larry acted as understudy to each of these performers, and whenever one of them became ill, Larry had to fill the vacant place. His versatility and determination to do the best he was capable of usually saved the situation.

Larry's Efforts as a Cartoonist.

He gained a great deal of valuable experience in those days, but he was not altogether satisfied with the life and the opportunities it presented, so he finally decided to leave, and take up caricaturing as a profession.

Larry had, from his earliest days, aspired to be a great artist. He secured a situation as a cartoonist on one of New York's important daily papers, and received a salary of something like $6 per week.

Unfortunately, however, the editor of the newspaper did not think quite so much of Larry's artistic efforts, and after a while he suggested that perhaps gardening or house-building would be more in his line.

Poor Larry took this suggestion to heart, and immediately began to look around for some other more suitable occupation.

A Living Cartoon.

Then he thought of the screen and applied to the Vitagraph company for a job. Larry started making weird grimaces and distorting his already wide mouth, and the producer was so impressed with his comical possibilities that he decided to give him a chance.

Larry soon showed that he could be really funny on the screen, and during the last few years he has rapidly forged to the front as a first-rate film comedian. Indeed today, Larry Semon's only equal is Charles Chaplin.

The seal to his success came recently when Vitagraph renewed his engagement for a term of three years, at the immense salary of $3 million, six hundred thousand dollars. The photographs of Larry, shown on this page, indicate his power of humorous expression.

Larry Semon believes that natural comedy is the only sincere kind. Beards, wigs and grease paint give an artificial touch to an otherwise spontaneous laugh.

So Larry scours the countryside in search of types to appear in his pictures. He has made a living cartoon of himself, and he believes in making others do the same.

His Mission in Life.

He is a philosopher, too.

"After all," he remarked recently, "we were put on earth to make others happy, and if we are blessed with a funny face, we should consider it an honour to use it in making others laugh."

"But I can't act," protested a quaint character that Larry waited in one of his films called "The Grocery."

"You don't have to act," said Larry. "If you did, you would spoil the whole show. Just be natural. Help yourself to biscuits, when the proprietor's not looking, and the rest will come easy."

"I know how to do that," chuckled the old man; "I've done it for years in the village store."

Thus Larry went through a small town looking up peculiar types for his "The Grocery," and before he had finished he had convinced half the people that their object in life was to make others laugh at them.

His Three Assistants.

In the village grocery store he found a man asleep and he engaged him to sleep in his comedy. The man said he could sleep anywhere, and Larry never said a word about the treacle he was about to dump on the sleeper. What happened afterwards was not acting. It was real.

In another picture Larry has the assistance of a chimpanzee, a white rat, and a kitten, and he has trained them to be three clever actors.

Two of his recent successes which you will shortly have an opportunity to see are "Dew Drop Inn," and "The Head Waiter."
troublesidens into the blackness outside, placed his fingers in the cold air.

Again, and still again, came the whistle.

Certainly it was Wellington; only, he was not whisky, but the Pap of Lady Primrose—and one other four-footed diner—knew. He, being the last of his kind, and rarely endowed, shall tell his own story:

The Pap of Lady Primrose Tells the Story.

'THAT I am a dog of degree, everyone grants; that I am a dog of pedigree, many suspect. But, that I am a dog of blush, far fewer believe.

You may wonder, then, at the celebrity I've had; but the truth is, I was kind; but Wellington was harsh and cruel, and hid me in a dark corner of the stable, in a box behind a high wall. It was day when the light showed through these holes, and night when I was turned loose to run in the field with the other dogs. But I could not keep up with the blackness; and one night when Wellington killed me, I ran and cruches close in the bushes by the stable. And there the whistle that I brought me back, and the heavy foot that searches for me, and the rough voice that curses me for a fool, and my food and gladness; and when I ran to the cold holds me tight, and I sleep. . . .

I sleep till a warm hand lifts me, then I open my eyes. And then I take charge of my head from— and I am stuffed under a furry coat, and carried fast. When I'm took out, I go to sleep at once.

It is a farm where I've come to. Billy brought me home, and Betty is his sister, and Farmer Ross is his father, and John, the cop (Copper John, for short), is their friend.

Farmer Ross says, 'Look at the body of him! He's a mastiff.' And Copper John says, 'What, with that button-up nose and a jaw long as a man's fingers? This is a bully.' And so he is, a bully. I'm a preacher!' and says, too, I must have a name, and Billy says the only thing he ever saw as ugly as a name of Secrets was a name of Wellington High School hall, and they could call me "Socky" for short, and Copper John slaps his thigh. He ha a keen sense of humor, and Copper John ties me in a cage and goes away.

"Habbi," says a dog next to me. Who are you?"

"Socky from Rosstown," says I, pronounced like, 'Whore are you?'

"King Norther's sheep kennel," he says. He's very kind-like. And Copper John's very thoughtful-like, and he runs over my glasses, then closes through his glasses, and points to a low table, and I sit there.

"A dog comes alongside me, and I wags my tail and dances friendly-like, but he never notices me.

Then I finds out what Billy's doing, and Copper John says, 'Socky!' so sharp I lay down, and I lay down for my father, and Copper John says, 'Up!' so sharp still, and I get up so quick my feet gets caught in the pink ribbon, and it falls off he platform, and Copper John takes off the pink ribbon, whispair, 'Socky, I'm ashamed of you,' excited-like, and I hang my head woeful as he loads me to the other side of the ring, where all the dogs stand still as thin dogs, and not one wears ribbons; and I wonder if there's only one Betty in the world.

Then I sees the thoughtfull man hold out little bits of ribbon to four men, and King Norther, running up to me, and Billy, and when a sudden from the other side of the rope, behind Copper John, comes a snare and a chuckle, and a voice that turns me cold says—'

"So yo thought ye could put im over, did yo? ‘Oo he'ver 'ead of a ninety-pound bull?"

Well, Hill and they say that, 'e was stoved from Belvedere Kennels a year ago, that's where he got 'im, but e's clever. He's as tough as my strong ox, and he's smart as a thoroughbred, that's w'y, and he's grand on 'is pig's tail, and he's a real mastiff.

And then the copper John's arm shakes the air and strikes Wellington square in the jaw, and Wellington falls heavy against the ring post, and Copper John says, 'Ha, there! Police! Horrific!' and 'horrific' lines his hands on Copper John, and we all goes out together.

It's just an empty room that 'horrific' takes us to, and a few more quiet-lookin' men like 'horrific' stands around, and one in a cape looks stern.

They are the last of the assault, not guilty of the theft," is all Copper John says, and I reaches up high as I can on the cage and looks at him they all look like they're going to be ugly—lookin' mutter.

Copper John breaks out with, "Same thing holds good here as at the show! Let the dog alone!"

"Habbi!" says Mr. Sergeant, putting on his speccs.

"Chum him!" says Copper John fiercely-like; and Mr. Sergeant, "If you wants to get the baby to lie down before dark, you better hustle, Jimmy!"; and Copper John reaches round quick over the cage, and says, " moderated, and the "horri-" smiers kind-like at me, and I laughs back, and we goes out together.

And Copper John looks up and down solemn-like, then over the houses where the sky shows. He stands so long peepin' at them. Then he takes out the pink ribbon and ties it on his collar, and we goes home.

The Red Shawl.

THEY were busy days at the farm, because King Norther's sheep kennel was not so to the work, and cross with Betty, and takes a disliko to Clarence Minturn.

"I ain't square," Billy says one afternoon when it was just cold enough to want to lie in the sun, "nor as rich as he pretended to be. Why, the boys were saying that he's just got his come on that no's goin' to marry for money—that the girl's abroad, and he's just a putt'ing in time here; and then Billy whispers, 'And he's putting in the time sketchin' Betty in all sorts of fool rigs,' and Copper John drops the gun he's been dealing to the ground.

And Betty comes out with some clothes on her arm, and Copper John says, "Billy, will you put 'em on some way else? I ain't got my gun-barrel!"; and when Billy's gone Copper John says, "Betty, what have you there!" and Betty says, "It's a secret, I s'pose." It means 'm goin' to give him a red and yellow dress that she calls "Spanish," and the red parde valuable coatcloth, which Betty says is a "That's that, she's goin' to put them on, and Clarence Minturn will paint her that afternoon on Knob Hill, and Copper John says Betty sees a lot of Clarence Minturn, and Betty says, "Oh, no!" and Copper John says, "There's a pretty view from Knob Hill," and Betty says, agger, she "watches the sunsets there every afternoon, and the leaves are turned beautiful, and Mr. Minturn knows the name of every leaf, and paints every colour;" and Copper John looks at her close, and says, 'The devil a secret as that.' Betty says, "Yes, and Betty claps her hands, and says, "Just noble! But Billy doesn't like him—and—" and Copper John says, "I don't want to hear it, Betty dear.

And Billy comes back with the waste, and Betty goes in, and Copper John stands stiff-like, and Betty says, "You don't like 'em?"

"Where are you goin'?" says Billy.

"To Knob Hill," says Copper John, and Billy, excited-like, points to the gun and says: "You had better take this, Billy!"

No, Billy, I won't need to. He's going to act square, and it might look unfriendly to bring that Knob Hill story in with you. And remember—he's going to act fair—and square!—and I gets up and runs to go with him.

You stay here, Socky. I'm goin' on business this time."

So I lays down there in the sun, with my head restin' on my paws, puzzein' in Knob Hill, and waits orders.

(Continued on page 18)
FAVOURITES are only human after all, and they have their opinions just as we have ours. In the following article the footlight favourites give the names of their favourite screen stars, and then the movie favourites have their turn. Now we shall know who likes who—and why.

P. M. STECKER.

MISS VIOLET HOPSON.

"The screen actor I like best of all is not a star, nor is his name very well known, yet I love him more than any other screen actor, for—he is my son."

MR. STEWART ROME.

I would rather see Paulina Frederick on the screen than any other actress, for to me she is the embodiment of that extraordinary blend of strength and weakness which is so essentially feminine."

MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.

"I am not able to see half as many films as I should like, but I am an intense admirer of both Mary Pickford and Mae Marsh."

MISS GLADYS COOPER.

"As I never visit a cinema, I am afraid it is impossible for me to say."

MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.

"I love films, and the few that I have seen I thought were wonderful."

MISS MARIE BLANCHE.

"I think Pauline Frederick far and away the finest film actress, both in talent and appearance."

MR. GREGORY SCOTT.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

"My favourite stage artiste. I think this is because her performances are always so convincing."

MR. ROBERT LORAINE.

"My favourite player on the screen is Charlie Chaplin. I am afraid this choice of a favourite is rather lacking in originality, but it is one that will find many supporters."

MR. GERALD AMES.

"My favourite actor on the stage is Charles Hawtrey. He is such a finished artiste that the public say he doesn't act. What higher praise can man wish for?"

MISS JESSIE WINTER.

"My favourites are everybody's favourites: Charlie Chaplin, because he cheers me. Mary Pickford, because she delights me. And Henry Ainley (who is also a footlight favourite of mine) because he thrills me."

MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.

"My favourites are: (1) Miss Madge Titheradge; (2) Miss Mary Glynn; (3) Mr. Gerald Ames."

MISS MARIE BLANCHE.

"I think Pauline Frederick far and away the finest film actress, both in talent and appearance."

MISS JESSIE WINTER.

"My favourites are everybody's favourites: Charlie Chaplin, because he cheers me. Mary Pickford, because she delights me. And Henry Ainley (who is also a footlight favourite of mine) because he thrills me."
Flickers from Filmland,
News, Notes, and Opinions, by Fred K. Adams.

Poster Proverbs.
In order to advertise a new film, with the somewhat curious title "Silk Husbands and Calico Wives," a number of maxims have been printed in large type on posters, as a change from the usual pictorial variety. Here are some of the best of them:

"Try not to look shabby in the morning. Man usually awakes with a grumble."
"If thou wouldst his fancy keep
Try silk hose and trim-shod feet."
"No man ever lived who didn't like to be loved."
"If you don't move forward with your husband, you will slide backward."
"If he compares you to his first wife, show him the dirt she left under the rugs."
"If you hang back, your husband will overtake another woman."
"The divorce courts are full of women who were too tired to keep up with their husbands."
"Do you step out when your husband does, or are you too lazy?"
"You can't go wrong by having as many fancy steps and fancy dresses as your husband."

Colin Campbell.
Colin Campbell is one of the most widely sought-after and highest paid directors in films. He has attained this success by directing only the best in stars, stories and productions, and by refusing to countenance or waste a moment upon things cheap, tawdry or unworthy. He is an actor of ripe experience, an artist without an equal, and an independent pictures has been taken over by Arthur S. Kaze. Mr. Kaze recently secured the sole distribution for the world of the new Charles Ray features. He has announced his purpose to devote his energies only on behalf of screen stars whom he considers of the first magnitude. In fact, his whole career in this field bears out his statement that he is interested only in that kind. It was he who was largely instrumental in giving international prominence to Norma Talmadge, Alice Brady, Constance Talmadge and Clara Kimball Young.

So it is apparent that he is staking his reputation on Bessie Love with confidence. Heretofore the worth of Bessie Love has been largely potential. She has done some very fine things, and holds first place in the devotion of thousands of picture-goers. Bessie Love's talent and personal charm were first discovered by D. W. Griffith.

Emma Dunn Tells of First Work in Films.
"My advice to anyone who contemplates entering the movies is that they first have two or three years' experience in a stock company," and Emma Dunn, the stage actress who recently completed "Old Lady 31" for Metro. Miss Dunn declared her adventure into the picture field a "wonderful experience."

"Of course, it's hard work," she continued, "but oh, the gratification such endeavour brings when one sees the progress from day to day. Towards the end of the picture I could see where I made great improvement."

"I have been asked whether I missed playing to an audience. I can truthfully say that never once have I felt its absence. I feel, however, that my stage experience is a big asset. The stage teaches one to portray emotions, not only with facial expression but with every bodily movement and gesture."

"It seems to me that the motion picture field is still in a state of chaos. Managers put their money into their work, but not themselves. It should be the desire of every actor and actress to stand firmly for the best things, never to cheapen their work. The moving picture has brought the whole world together, and the responsibility of the actor is very great in consequence. One should always be striving for the best, to bring the good and beautiful before the audience as the expression of true life."

The Week's Best Films.
The following is a list of the best photo plays which are being released for exhibition at the cinemas during this week, and the names of the star artists:

Stall ... Matheson Lang.

Filmsograph ... "Mr. Wu".

Corinne Griffith, Roger Luton. (Little Red Decades)

Jack Richardson. (The Lure of Luxury)

Ruth Clifford. (The Pest)

Mabel Normand. (The Busher)

F. L. F. S. (Who Cares?)

Charles Ray. (What's for Sale?)

Constance Talmadge. (Sho, a Husband)

Priscilla Dean. (A Bird of Bagdad)

Bryant Washburn.

Bessie Love's New Pictures.
Evidence that the talents of Bessie Love are to be brought to public attention with a vigour belittling the true worth of this fine little artiste is at hand. The announcement is made that the exploitation of Miss Love's new

Henry Edwards, as Roger Blum, makes love to Pamela.
DOROTHY PHILLIPS, the delightful Universal film actress, has been called "the American Bernhardt of the Screen." In private life she is Mrs. Alan Holubar, and she has one daughter, Gwendolyn. Dorothy's love-story reads like romance. It was when she was playing the part of "Modesty" in the wonderful play, "Everywoman," and Mr. Holubar had been engaged for the part of "King Love"—and he really did fall in love with "Modesty," and "Modesty" fell in love with "Love," so they were married.

She is an enthusiastic flower gardener

Gorgeously gownned in "The Gorgeous Canary,"

"Ready for her morning ride,"
Snapped with her favourite mare.
Dorothy is a real home-maker and an excellent cook.

A tragic pose. In one of her many screen-plays.

"Playmates." Dorothy and her little daughter, Gwendolyn.

On holiday bent. One of her favourite pastimes.
FLIRTING on the FILM

"Mischief," MARY PICKFORD and THOMAS MEIGHAN in "Miles." (Metro.)

"Teasing," \_\_\_\_\_\_ and THOMAS MEIGHAN in "The Mysterious Miss Terry."

"The first kiss," ROBERT HARREY and LILLIAN GILB in "The Cinderella Man." (Mall)

"Just cry," MAE MARSH and TOM MOORE in "The Cinderella Man." (Mall)

"Shall we speak?" FATTY ARBUCKLE and MOLLY MALONE.
IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.


Beauty of face is a valuable asset to any girl, yet if it is not accompanied by a certain amount of charm and grace, the whole effect is marred. The prettiness or beauty of a face can be quickly and unconsciously marred by ugly and ungraceful movements of the body, a slouching gait or stride, or uneasily swinging or gesture of the hands.

Graceful gesture of the hands is as necessary as a graceful carriage, yet few girls pay as much attention to their hands as they should. They will take great care of their complexion and skin, and neglect their hands. Not only is regular manicure necessary for a pretty hand, but the way one holds her hands is also worthy of attention, as it makes a vast difference to the appearance.

Ugly Gestures of the Hands.

Watch the movements of any cinema star, and you will realize the truth of this statement, for they study the grace of every limb. "Fow girls really know how to hold their hands," said one of our best-known cinema actresses recently. When skirts were long, holding them up solved the problem; but now, when walking in the street, they either clench a handbag in an ugly, cramped manner, or allow the hands to swing like a pendulum. And then she went on to mention a few of the ugly—and I must add unconscious—habits indulged in by the majority of girls.

When sitting down, don't sprawl the hands over the knees, and make those long pigtail and ugly. Standing with the hands hanging limply and expressionlessly by the sides will also make you look ridiculous. On the other hand, if you stand with them tightly clenched with grim determination you will look stiff and awkward. Rather adopt the happy medium, and, although you allow them to hang loosely by the side, do not allow them to hang as limply as though they did not belong to you.

A very general habit among girls is to fiddle with a long chain of beads that hangs round the neck all the time they are talking. This is particularly irritating to the person to whom they are talking, and also shows extreme lack of taste. Never wear a long chain—the effect is as coarse as it is unbecoming, and is also the dandified effect given by standing with both hands clasped on to one hip.

Unconscious Habits.

All these habits are indulged in unconsciously, but they are none the less ugly on that account. Therefore you will be utilising time usefully if you study the gestures of your hands before a glass, and see how absurd you look when your hands have no control or repos. Study how to take and give a book or a cup of tea gracefully. Such attention to the gracefulness of the hand is essential to the film actress, of course, but I am quite certain that all girls would do well to follow her lead. Then we should not see so many ugly gestures among our girls.

And I am sure that all of you will agree with the famous film actress's words when you think for a moment of some of the ugly hand movements that you have noticed.

In the Orient the women are taught from babyhood to avoid ungraceful gestures with the hands, and one must admit that they have a charm of movement all their own, and utterly in contrast with the bobble-de-hoy methods of some of our girls.

Simple Manicure.

Gracefulness, however, is not the only charm your hands must possess. They must also show care and cleanliness. Dirty nails or rough, red skin would take away all the charm of your face, and might be considered a graceless gesture.

If your hands are given a little daily care, they will not become rough and red. They should be dried thoroughly, or odours will cause, and the cuticle should always be pushed back gently with the towel. The latter is a small detail in the care of the hands, but it makes a great difference when it comes to manicuring them.

Half-an-Hour a Week.

Ten minutes a day and half-an-hour once a week is all that is needed for the manicure of the hands. Before mani-curing, make a lotion of warm water, into which some soft soap has been dissolved, and place in a basin ready for use. Then carefully file the nails, either forming them into a point at the centre or following the outline of the finger as preferred. After the nails have been filed and nicely shaped, place them in the lotion for a few minutes. Remove them, and dry thoroughly, then, with an orange-wood stick—over the top of which a small piece of absorbent cotton-wool has been bound—clean the nails, and push the skin back from the base so as to show the crescent. Take great care when doing this, for if the skin is jagged or broken, hangnails will be the result. If, however, there is torn skin round the base of the nail, soften it with

ORA CAREW is one of the most charming actresses on the film, her every movement being graceful personified.

Cuticle cream, and then cut off with the scissors from your manicure set, and rub a little peroxide along the edge of the skin. Then apply the nail polish, and rub with a buffer. Finally, soak them again in the soap and water, and then thoroughly dry.

For Warm Days.

Every girl and woman's time is fully occupied just now looking for ideas for pretty summer frocks. She will find her task a simple one if she procures the June copy of "Home Fashions," which is now on sale, price fourpence-halfpenny, and contains all the newest fashions. Patterns of a charming tennis frock, a pretty silk frock, and a dress designed specially for the matron are given away, while directions for knitting one of the newest jumpers are given inside.
A SPLENDID COMPLETE STORY TELLING OF A RANCH WITH A BABY BOSS.

The Teacher.

B IT for some time, they remained without an answer. Suddenly Tom caught sight of Lu Sang sitting in the stern of the small skiff.

"Have you seen Little Red?" cried Tom.

The Chinaman turned his head and shook it vigorously.

"Me no see him," he announced.

"Therever can have got to?" cried Tom.

There was a sudden swift movement from the Chinaman, and Tom saw the plint of oars from the inside of the skiff.

"They no take him!" cried the Chinaman furiously.

He stopped when he saw his master.

"Whatever are you up to, you half-breeds?" cried the Chinaman.

For answer Lu Sang drew from his bosom a paper, and showed it to Tom.

The Chinaman glanced at it. It was the letter which had been found beside the bed.

"We must teach him. Must keep our promise," said the Chinaman very earnestly; and the Chinaman wrote out the letter in the language which had been over his old servant since the advent of the child.

Not only in Lu Sang, however, did he notice the difference. Fighting and swearing were almost a thing of the past now in Albo Ranch. All the men were doing their best to teach a standard which would be an impetus to civilization.

Men's voices and faces grew soft and gentle when Little Red was near them. The Chinaman was so loving and affectionate, yet with it all boyish and manly that they were drawn to him.

But one evening there was disorder in the camp. There was a fight, and as the Little Doctor shook his head very gravely while he stood beside the suffering aunt.

The men stood helplessly around. They wanted to do something—something to help.

A famous physician from a neighboring town was sent for, and in whose came women to the camp. They invaded the sick-room and the kitchen, which to Lu Sang's dismay was not until Little Red was convinced that the physician was the cause.

When he did they all turned out to watch his departure. There was orders for them that they could have their baby once more to themselves.

But, to their horror and dismay, the young girl would not go, and the physician informed them, and as he finished speaking he placed a note in Lu Sang's hand.

Little Red was weak and ill. He lay back against the thin breast of the person's wife, while he put on a frail little hand towards old Lu Sang, who was standing helplessly beside the little girl, his eyes upon the child.

He could do nothing against these folk, but surely the others would not stand it. They would not let his little one be taken without a struggle.

But the men did not move, and Lu Sang saw the heart of his great heart grow and the tears fall.

The old Chinaman went slowly back to his work, but he did not understand the white man at all.

Sour Milk's Suggestion.

MEANWHILE, the men were busy reading the note the doctor had given.

"Little Red needs a women's care. Who don't one of you young fellows want you had him?" was the gist of it.

Tom nodded, and the letter was resealed and put into the pocket.

The Newcomer.

LU SANG was very angry.

Little Red had no lack of pastries for the colonel's table when the cowboys sneaked into his kitchen and stole them before his very eyes.

However, the colonel, who was the head of the ranch and would have to keep his men in order, Lu Sang was not very happy on the ranch. He was used to the place, and to the man he had learned to look at the colonel's face, and was left out of the way.

Tom, and his friends, watched the visitors depart, and then, lightly delighted with their success, went off to find their little friend.

Continued on page 18.
The Many Guises of
TULLY MARSHALL

TULLY MARSHALL is one of the three famous character actors who appear in Paramount-Artcraft pictures. His co-stars are Theodore Roberts and Raymond Hatton, and it is difficult to make a choice between the three for realism and versatility. Marshall, like Roberts and Hatton, can play any male role put up to him, and his art of make-up is such a rare one that it is more often than not a difficult job to recognize him. He cares nothing for his own glory, and, to create a perfect character-study of the man he represents on the screen, will go to any length of facial distortion and unflattering disguise. His range of facial expression is absolutely limitless. He was born in America in 1864. Began his stage career as callboy, working up to the position of prompter, and from that to juvenile parts. His début as a lead was made in a comedy role, and he continued for some years playing comedy leads under the management of Frohman and others. His screen career began with Artcraft, and it is still flourishing with the same concern. He is 5 ft. 10 in. in height; has dark brown hair, and dark eyes. His recreations are riding, swimming, music, motoring, golf, and yachting.
THE LAST OF HIS BLOOD.

Betty sung, and then she sunk lower and lower, and I dreamt... I dreamed I was at the show, in the ring where the sweat was—just King Night. We were walking round and round and closin' in—and I get him and—bang! I goes something, and when I jumps up I know it's the kitchen door, for Betty's in the corner out with her rod and yellow dress on, with the red table-curtain on her shoulders.

The moon was pretty low, now; Betty's late for sketchin', but in time for the sunset. As she passed me, she says, "You mind the house, Betty; I'm going to Knob Hill." I watch her as far as I can see, then I stretch myself and walk around the door yard.

As I was lookin' around, I sniffs everywhere; no fresh prints or scent—mostly Copper John's; the marks of Silver's butternut come, it 'covers the yard, and then stops, for there I comes on that other scent close by Copper John; with a side white nose Leather is the one I hates most, and somehow the late is bigger than the one, which means it's bigger than mine. I follows him and then follows it straight, straight up Knob Hill—I follows him.

I comes on them first, not knowing they're so near: Copper John, Clarence Muntner, and Betty; and Muntner is puttin' the ring that daces like the sun on Betty's cry-cry, and Betty is lookin' at him as she never looked at any of us—not, not at Farmer Ross, nor Billy, nor Copper John. Right you for her, and Copper John is walkin' away slow down the hill, and sniffles for me to come; but I stays, for why? I knows the ring is holdin' Betty in its arms. I almos' runnin' low, close to the trail that brought me here, and no one sees what I sees: and I knows that the one I's followin' a comin' slow, is the price bull, his neck stretchin', his tail basin'. He's not lookin' at me, but the head and tail are ever dappin' in the wind.

Copper John is whistlin' again, but I never move to creep on my belly clover, closer in his path, and my mouth goes dry with the thought for him, for I hates him, and I knows to love him. He'll need me now, and we're in the middle of the field! His nose goes to the ground, mine must touch his, but breath streamin' hot on all sides of me. And we circle round. Then I hears Betty sniffin', and, without turnin' to look, I knows she's standin' on the stone wall cullin' for help, with the red table-curtain over a 'swimmin'; and the prize bull almost takes his eyes from mine—and I has him.

I pins him close, close by the car, and I knows that, rage though he may, bellow and pitch and tear, he can't get free. I rolls up his breath, however hard, even crush my foot in his jaw, I'll never let go, no, I'll never let go.

So with me still a-dragin' he gives a mighty roar, and tears 'cross the field for Betty, me whippin' the air till me spine spars, and I sinks and rolls deeper down and deeper down in him; then he stumbles and crashes, and I knows I am fast between him and the stone wall where Betty stood a-swallin'; I says nothin' for the hot blood, and I hears nothin' but the realism in my head, but I never lets go—no, even in the dark, with the prize bull layin' so still and so heavy, I never lets go.

"Socky! Socky! Heaven man, there's nothing to afraid of. The bull's lied to death; the pop may be alive yet. Now pull! All together!

I feels a great weight liffin' off me, but my teeth is sunk into it, and it drags me, too; then a light flashes, and I feels Copper John's arm over my body and stop at a humps in my leg.

"Smailed to a pulp," he says, and bludlin' quarters." Then thoughtful like:

Muntner, the laount. Socky, this'll never be as easy as my hand or finger. I expected something tight ties round my leg above the hump, and I knows Copper John is cuttin' off what he says was "smailed to a pulp." I can't see the lantern any more, but I feels Copper John's arm to lift me. I feels Copper John's arm set in at the weight, and he prises and prises, and I keeps tight, and everything is black—"you're likin' to go, you pieces of voices."

"For me, Socky, for us. Can't you hear, boy, for me? Copper John is bandin' over me, too, for something drums hot and stingin' on my face. I loosens my jaws and the weight drops. I rolls softly, and

"Take Betty home, Muntner," Copper John says, his voice gruvin'-like. "I'll tend to the bull."

Then he lifts me from where I sink.

"Not done for, Socky," he says, close in my ear, "not done for." And I lifts the hot drops that stumps down his face. And then he stumbles down the hill with mo in his arms a-burnin'. I feels the cold water of the lake all round me, and I fights and splashes, and Copper John shouts:

"LITTLE RED DECIDES."

Why should not the young men cut the curls, and the one who turned up was a husband. I agreed upon, and that night in the big shanty the sporting chance was taken.

"Stone" was in his element.

He had put down the names of the only three girls so far, and the man who picked the name was to ask the hand of either the girl he "stumps on" or the "ring".

The Widow Bolton was fat and stern, with a forbidding eye and a cautious tongue, while Miss Betsy, all thick and flat, was sufficiently raced to any of them running at night. The other ladies had views on most subjects, and aired them on every possible occasion.

For man, as he picked a card, felt his heart in his boots until he discovered he was saved. It was Tom Gilroy who picked the unlucky knave, and held his breath wrinkled and tear.

What was he to do? Where should he go?

The Widow Bolton was his playground, and Little Red was hered.

It was no surprise to him when suddenly out from a clump of brook near by he gets the Chimpanzan appeared.

The Little Mother.

MEANWHILE, Lu Sung had other ideas.

And he talked about the thing in all the world he ever loved.

He did not listen to the other men's talk of more. The only one who only was wanted Little Red. And, as the days went by and nothing happened to the Chimpanzan, the town to which his daring had been taken.

Little Red was dressed in a sailor suit. He was now always kept beautifully clean and tidy.

The widow was his playground, and Little Red was hered.

It was no surprise to him when suddenly out from a clump of brook near by he gets the Chimpanzan appeared.

The Chimpanzan's face was wreathed in smiles as he slipped and jumped about to amuse his companion. The cowboys stared in wonder as they entered the yard, and Little Red ran up to them. Tom Gilroy, returning from an unfortunate encounter with one of his prospective lady loves, made fresh resolutions. Little Red must have a mother. Who, after all, as it meant so much to him, should the child not decide who it should be?

Little Red was asked the question. "Lived here, baby eyesquiringly, I don't like any of them ladies," he said at last, very desirably. Then he turned to Lu Sung. "You can be my mother," he said simply.

And old Lu Sung, with the tears streaming down her face, kissed the little figure in his arms. "Oh, if only it could be somehow arranged!"

The color, too, had been thinking, and when the postman just wife, and, at the child's request from his house, came to demand him back, to interfered. I have decided, formally to adopt the boy," he told them, courteously but firmly.

"Open the door and let the demon in," and Tom Gilroy, watching from the stoop, and seeing the two figures enter their trap without the boy, brawn a profound sigh of relief. He was saved. No woman now need claim him, for Little Red was home.

"Adapted from incidents in the Triangle photo., "Little Red Decides," featuring Tiny Bob Connolly and Jack Carter."

FREE! Many hours of enjoyable reading for your own free picture paper for the children as well—that's what you get in Wednesday's AMMIE 25 PICTORIAL The Home Picture Weekly.
LIKE the rest of us, I have often met "Pimple" on the screen, and in time I went to the point of saying that the name, in any fashion, was bound to make me think of the man himself. But, though the meeting took place at one of the opening-steps of his present tour of the halls, "Pimple," who, as is well known, is played by Mr. Evans in private life, was more than willing to discuss his pictorial experiences, for I found that not only do his inclinations strongly tend in the direction of the film field, but his ambitious as well. Whereupon you will immediately realize, though not now too much—what —Raffles was cheapness and the fact that he had already exceedingly well known on the British screen. Yes; but that he has by no means yet realized his colossal ambitions you are about to learn.

General Helper.

"I" 1910 I was acting as manager for my uncle, Will Evans," said my host, in response to my request for particulars of his film debut. "I lived originally in Mitcham, where the Lion's Head comedies were made, and from watching the actors at work I gradually drifted into the business myself. I started as a super at six-and-sixpence a day—but I kept my eyes open, and determined to reach better things. To this end I did everything I could to gain knowledge. In addition to taking part in the films I assisted with the sets, and painted the scenery, while if there happened to be any outfitting on the floor I helped to do it, such as furnishing a river or taking a sneak over the head—all for the sake of art, you know—why, everybody would say! "Oh, Fred's done!"

The Pimple Series.

While I steadily advanced, my name is heard, and eventually appeared in the first English film of 800 feet. In those days there were no less than 400 feet, and it was said that no one would dare to buy a film of greater length, but I disproved that assertion, and the sales of this comedy were so enormous that the company for which I was working was able to buy a new and more elaborate set. After this success I was signed on at the munificent sum of two pounds per week, and then produced a series of shorts which enjoyed a great run. Later I left the company for a better offer of three pounds per week, and in 1912 started on the screen.

"It was this series which made my name on the British screen, but it is not made up of my fortune, or that of the actors, who used to appear as 'Raffles' in these pictures. When he joined me, we worked for a joint salary of £2 a week. This sum we used to paint the scenery, select our own artists, and produce the films ourselves. And all the while we worked we were making thousands of pounds out of us! And that has been my experience throughout my picture career—cheapness. And where there is cheapness there is opportunity—and encouragement!"

His Nickname.

"You know, I have never had a proper chance as an Englishman," continued Mr. Evans. "I spent two years in the Service, and yet, after making an enormous personal success in films, and then throwing up my place in the film market—for two years' absence in the Army means something to a film actor—I wasn't once given a chance, though, as regards my work on the halls, I have just signed, through the good offices of Lew Lake, my contract for £10,000.

"Yet 'Pimple' still reigns, and remains what he has so often been called—Britain's Greatest Film Comedian." In Lancashire and Yorkshire, especially, I have a tremendous following, and children everywhere love and worship the character I have created. Well, if producers over here don't realize that I've got some of the finest comedy plots going, and make it worth my while to produce them, I shall look—in fact, I am looking now, for a big American producer who will take a keen interest in what I have to offer."

In conclusion, Mr. Evans told me how he came to adopt the name of "Pimple" on the screen and halls.

"Twenty-seven years ago I was known as 'Little Pimple' in Sanger's Circuses, and so, when I went on the films and needed a distinctive title, I took up the name again minus the 'little' time the film for which I produced, with the following: 'three little Pipples at home—all girls!'"

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

More Adventures Among the Cannibals.

ON THE BORDERS OF CIVILISATION.

THE SECRET OF THE WITCH DOCTORS' POWER.

By MARTIN JOHNSON, World's Famous Explorer and Photographer.

I HAVE often been asked since my return from home and highlands in the interior of New Guinea what the natives of these islands are really better off after they come under the influence of Christianity and civilization than they were in their savage state.

Leaving the question of Christianity out for the moment, I have no hesitation in saying that these natives are immeasurably better off under the banner of civilization than under the isolation of their savage state.

There is no comparison.

Take a first instance of a question of freedom.

In a savage state the men and women are really nothing more than slaves. They have few rights and fewer privileges. They are ruled not only by the chiefs but by the witch doctors. The whole secret of the witch doctors' power lies in their ability to keep the natives in the deepest ignorance.

If the defiled savages were allowed to think out the most commonplace of things they feared the sight of the gnomes and the night. These savages feared the night were coming out of the woods. They were afraid that the savages of these two islands as I have endeavoured to show them, remember that the soul is the same on both. They are the same gifts as the other. But where the island of the savages is a waste there is a flowing garden. The great trouble in the first instance was to get the savages away from the tribe. The witch doctors have worked on their fears and superstitions that are afraid to leave.

The best method of persuasion is to send civilized natives as missionaries to tell them of the good things they are missing, and this system is being carried out with considerable success.

The Benefits of Civilisation.

The result was served in really excellent style, and we thoroughly enjoyed it. I noticed particularly that the faces of these two showed a keen interest in life, quite different from the look of hopelessness that one sees on the faces of the savages. They had, in fact, just begun to live life, and they found it good. The wife was a mate to her man, not a slave, as she would have been in the bush. They were a thousand times healthier and happier than they could ever have hoped to be had they stayed with their tribe, and they knew it. Quite apart from religion, can any man deny that in the case of the savages civilization brings countless benefits? And when you add your mind to these two islands as I have endeavoured to show them, remember that the soul is the same on both. These are the savages' gifts as the other. But where the island of the savages is a waste there is a flowing garden. The great trouble in the first instance was to get the savages away from the tribe. The witch doctors have worked on their fears and superstitions that are afraid to leave.

The best method of persuasion is to send civilized natives as missionaries to tell them of the good things they are missing, and this system is being carried out with considerable success.

Contrast this with a farm I saw run by a native man and his wife. They had a large family, and work in the bush and farm. They lived on rice, and they were content with their lot. They are free and independent. They were happy and contented.

The Effect of Uniform.

A NOTHER method in connection with the enforcement of law and order is to raise local police. It is astounding what the average native will do if you put him in uniform. He does not matter what kind of a uniform it is. A white cotton jacket and a belt will make him as proud as if he were wearing the full-dress uniform of a guardsman. And once he takes to the uniform his loyalty may be regarded as thoroughly secured. I was accompanied on scores of trips by native police boys, and apart from the three who led up to the last one, a crushing change had had no reason to question the honesty and loyalty of these men.

Naturally, the witch doctors hate them, and many of these police boys have paid the penalty of their loyalty with their lives.

(More of these adventure stories next week.)
CHARACTER AS TOLD BY THE FACE.

Power and Force Accompanied by a Resourceful Brain are Depicted in the Face of Eddy Polo.

What the Eyebrows Tell.

BUSHY eyebrows close to the eye itself denote keenness in the perceptions, magnetism, and the power to dominate over others.

The Eye.

NOTES the lid coming down over the eye, which denotes a strenuous mind who hates cheap successes. Note the expression, illustrative of indomitable courage. Labour is the pleasure of this virile man of Nature.

The Nose.

EAGLE for possession. A man who would seldom lose his head and in a crisis would act directly and firmly. Note the fineness at the base. A man who lost faith in himself; and, although at times this is liable to land him in difficulties, it more frequently assures him of success. Few people are so equipped for the battle of life as Eddy Polo, who instinctively knows what is useful and what is hurtful.

The Mouth.

LIPS of persuasion, that are at the same time kindly and thoughtful. Mark the fineness of the upper lip, illustrative of eloquence, wit, and genius. This strength of mind, however, does not keep pace with the warmth of his feelings or the quickness of his conceptions. His virtues are more of the heart than the head.

Temperament.

THIS man cannot be disconcerted; therefore, he can never play his last card. For his is not the nature that is easily flurried or carried away by the excitement of the moment. Steady in most things, and having a thorough control over his actions.

LOVELY HAIR.

Dear Barbara,

I'm writing to you while my hair is drying. I am going out to a dance tonight, and I do want to look rather specially nice! I've got a new frock, and some rather nice people are going to be there—and, well, you know!

I KNOW YOU WILL SAY

I'm an idiot to wash my hair the very day I'm going out, for you know how distressingly limp and impossible my hair usually is for days after a shampoo. Well, I've discovered

SOMETHING RATHER WONDERFUL

in the shampoo-line. You use a big teaspoonful of stallax granules, which, by the way, you obtain from the chemist, dissolved in a cup of hot water. It foams up gorgeous, and makes it so easy to wash your hair. Well, after that, it dries ever so quickly and you can

DO IT UP AT ONCE

and be quite sure that it's going to look its very nicest. Isn't it good of me to tell you all this? But I'm so excited, I must tell someone. I've only used it two or three times, and my hair is already much thicker, ever so glossy, and is even developing a decided tendency to curl?

Your overjoyed,

ESTELLE.

FILM FUN

Life in the Wild West.

"All ready now?" said the Wild West photographer, addressing his sitter, "Two-down Joe, the cowboy. Please look pleasant!"

"I can't look pleasant," replied the sitter, in a tone of one who had suffered much. "I've been linin' the fuskebeech so long that it has plun' took all the smok'd out of me. I've got the headache and the backache! the bandage on the head, dog take it—I ache all over!"

"Well, try anyhow. Think about something pleasant and try to smile. Just imagine you are helping to lunch a loco thief, for instance."

"It hasn't no use, professor," replied the cowboy peevishly. "I don't feel pleasant, an' I can't look so. Nobody's ever enough of a hyppercyn. I'm in so bucked up much misery I'll be in bed right now instead of foolin' around yer to lose my picture, if it wasn't fer the fact that wife is so set on it that she sticks an' hangs to have it done right away to send back to my old clothes that married an Indiana man an' moved back that to live. You see, the Grand Jury is about ready to set, an' wife parts be better cleared that I'll be jerked up before 'em an' bought out what I can't be photographed for quite a spell. I keep tellin' her to rest easy, but she insists that you can never tell what these yer fools Grand Juries will do when they git started; an' nobody's ever right. But, anyhow, I'm bucked up miserable that I couldn't look pleasant if I was paid for it, so you'll have to go onc' take me jest as you find me.

"No, I'll be danged if I will!" returned the urban photographer, jerking out his ready revolver and levelling it at his sitter's head.

"My reputation is at stake, and I'll be swatted if I'm goin' to have any half-made photograph sent back to Indiana with my name on it! Smile, now, blankety blank, you, or I'll blow the whole top of your rippity-blanked head off!"

It is to be recorded that the cowboy smiled. Such is life in the great West!

Something Wrong.

FIRST LEADING LADY: "Your clever little son told me I was pretty!"

SECOND LEADING LADY: "He didn't! I must take him to an oculist."

A Tonic.

MABEL: "Always like to see tragic picture during the hot weather."

MABE: "Why, dear?"

MABEL: "They make my blood run cold."

Strange.

WELL-KNOWN STAR: "Jane, I've found my new snaffle shoes in your box."

JANE (the servant): "Ay, ivery man. And you thought you'd lost them! Fancy that!"

MODEST.

HILDA: "The man I marry must be handsome, brave, and clever."

HAROLD (the stunt artist): "Don't be! How fortunate we have met!"

HALF HEARTED.

HORACE (the scenario writer): "You say she only partially returned your affection?"

CLARENCE (his pal): "Yes, she returned all the love letters, but retained all the jewellery."

NO DOUBT.

ABSENT ARCHDEacon: "That star has the prettiest mouth in all the world."

REGIE: "Oh, I don't know; I'd put mine up against it any time!"

SIGNS.

MABEL, asked the young screen star's father, "So you sent that poor fellow making such a din with his motor-keen in front of the house last night?"

"If you had, father," she replied, "Light bonks mean 'I love you.'"
WHEN you come to the end of a perfect wash-day, then is the time to sum up the advantages of Sunlight Soap.

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SUNLIGHT SOAP

Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight
Presenting The Picture.
In this quarter, you have become so familiar with the ordinary presentation of film plays that the absence of anything that might tend to make the film more attractive has probably not been noticed. But this is not likely to be the case in the near future. Now that at the moment of writing London is having the opportunity of seeing D. W. Griffith's masterpiece, "Broken Blossoms," presented for the first time over here with an enacted prologue and epilogue, it will create, not only public interest, but a desire to see something of the same sort done in regard to other plays. One result of this, of course, that such additional attractions will not be possible in every case where the play is done, is that some places which have insufficient stage accommodation will be obviously at a disadvantage, and, except for any minor improvements, the presentation of films will doubtless continue to be on much the same lines as it is now. It will be the big theatre that will be able to create a kind of "atmosphere" which will have to make the scenes on the screen seem more real. In this direction there should be plenty of scope for improvement. Instead of introducing, as in the old London theatre, the whole of a picture play between two stage settings, there will probably be several, each being the prologue and epilogue, and perhaps just part of the story, but not all. These added attractions of this kind may not be possible, or even worth while, in the case of every picture. It is the special features which have the greatest effect, and give the charm and added attractiveness in this manner. The idea is not new and it may not be very long before it is carried out.

The Editor.
Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press, any address sent for the seven names mentioned, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter must be accompanied by a small stamp (not for postage), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "The Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farrington Street, London, E.C.4.

Phyllis.—Watch with an eagle eye the other papers for any advertisement bearing the name, and if you have any doubt, write directly to the writer (not for postage), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "The Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farrington Street, London, E.C.4.

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All the latest tunes on the Chella-phone. The only pocket instrument on which such plays can be correctly played in any key. "Knock the German mouth organs into the water tank." Post free 1/6. Lighten your quality Ertemor the maker.

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Doric Free, Carington Field. Direct from Works. Low Cash Prices or 14 Months Credit. Immediate delivery. Shop Stock and Seconds. Send Cheque, Ch. Cheque and Accrington. Special Prices. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Write for Free List and Special Offer of annual Bicycle.

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PICTURE SHOW

Where to Write to your Favourite Film Star.
You are kindly requested for future correspondence to send your letters to the following address, in order to have the large number of other queries that have to be answered. It is important to state with any writer not named below, your writer's 

P. E. (Birkenhead), V. R. (Wortham), CARRIE (Brantum), S. S. (Liverpool), H. M. (Hemstead), etc. It must be kept in mind that, in all cases, the person who answers is a volunteer, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. Such letters cannot thus be acknowledged by the Editor. Remember always, when writing to artists, to give your full name and address, your home of your county and country, and mention the Pictur Show to ensure the safety of a reply. It must be kept in mind that no guarantee, either in writing or in the post, that such letters will be replied to. Please keep these addresses.

Pearl White.—Care of Fox Studios, Hollywood, California.

Queenie Thomas.—Care of B. P. Films Ltd., Cranmer Court, High Street, Chapman, London, S. W. 1.

James Knight.—Care of Harlem Film Studios, 123 W. 57th St., New York, N.Y.

Monroe Salisbury.—Care of Universal Film Co., Universal City, California.

(More addresses next week)

Newspaper clipping page.
**STRENGTHEN YOUR NERVES.**

Nervousness disadvantages you in employment, pleasure, and many adventures in life. If you wish to improve your physical and mental condition in yourself by using the Meno-Nerve Strengthening Treatment, Guaranteed, written for you, and sent to you by return post to--SCHOTTISCH, Engineers, and Manufacturers of all kinds of Machinery, 150, Queen's Road, London, E.C.1.

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Upon a point however slight, Which they consider wrong or right.
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Picture Show

No. 55. Vol. 3.

PRISCILLA DEAN, with her Rabbits Sent as an Easter Gift from a "Picture Show" Reader.

"A KING FOR A DAY." Splendid Complete Circus Story by EDDY POLO, the Circus King, in this week's "BOYS' CINEMA."
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Famous Readers of "The Picture Show."

No. 19—MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN.

YOU will all recognize the dainty reader of The Picture Show, Miss Alice Andress. Mildred Harris has been very much in the limelight since her marriage to Charlie Chaplin. We are shortly to see her in a number of new stories, in which she is to be the star part, by the way, did you hear that she recently had the honour of dancing in the Prince of Wales?

Have You Sent Yours Yet?

H ere is the Accelerated volume of The Picture Show to the binders yet! The Picture Show is now in its second year, and the bindings for No. 2 can now be had. They are of pale blue cloth with black lettering and look particularly smart, as well as keeping the copies of The Picture Show in order. These volumes are invaluable to everyone interested in the cinema as they form a lasting record of film follies on and off the screen. You can order your cases to-day. All you have to do is to write to the Publishers, 7-9 Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, E.C.A., enclosing a postal order for three shillings for case and postage.

A Real Treat.

A RE you reading the Eddy Polo Circus Yarns in the "Boys' Magazine"? As most of you know, Eddy has spent many years with the circus. These reminiscences of his are the finest stories of the sawdust ring that I have ever read. Don't miss them—unless you wish to lose a treat.

The Story of Charlie's Dog.

I f you are comoing to the attractive page photogravures, I am sure you will be more than delighted with our centre this week. Every admirer of Charlie Chaplin knows the story of the little dog that helped him in "A Dog's Life." He was just a mongrel that won, his way into Charlie's heart by his forlorn appearance, and he repaid Charlie's kindness with his life. For when the comedian was away ill, the dog died, and his friends said it was of a broken heart. Don't you agree with me that it is one of the finest pictures you have ever seen of this bountiful comedy of life? And—let me whisper it—there are still more and more of these pictures coming.

Too Realistic.

I HEAR that Joe King was so seriously inured in his realistic fight with Tom Santschi in a coming Rex Beach picture, entitled "North Winds Malice," that he had to go to New York to buy an X number of the rags. He fell twenty feet down a cliff, striking a tree, with Tom Santschi on top of him.

Lew Cody's Love Maxims.

L EW CODY claims that love is a science that should be carefully considered by every young man who expects to become a husband, and by every woman who wants to remain a bachelorette.

"Picture Show" Chat.

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players.

His theory is that if a man doesn't give a woman lots of love, somebody else will. In his latest picture, "The Beloved Clanter," he has made the announcement that only fifty-seven of his varieties of love-making were disclosed. In his next picture, "The Butterfly Man," he is going to reveal a new flock of love angles.

A Fine Combination.

THE combination of Willard Mack and Georg Cukor should make a screen play well worth seeing. Willard Mack, who, as you know, is the husband of Pauline Frederick, is one of America's foremost scien-
tists. His latest work over here was "Tiger Rose," the famous Bellascope play, that was an instantaneous success at the Savoy Theatre, London. Now I hear he is to write the first screen play for which Georg Cukor has gone to America.

Just Fancy.

WHEN the night scenes in "Burning Daylight" were being filmed at the Metro Studio one evening, a meek little woman approached Helen Ferguson, who is playing opposite Mitchell Lewis in the picture, and asked the Alaskan-clad actress if she had anything to do in the scene. Helen explained that she was one of the cast, to which the curious one replied: "Who ever had thought that such a little sweet girl could be a movie actress!"

Welcome Back.

W E are to see Mary Carlisle again on the screen. As you know, in private life she is the wife of Henry Walthall. She is to play opposite Harry Carey in a coming photoplay entitled "Closed Claims."

Charles Ray Has Had a Birthday.

CHARLES Ray had a birthday anniversary the other day which was celebrated with a dinner given in his honour at the Los Angeles Athletic Club by about twenty of his close Friends. Of course, he received several tokens of their personal admiration. By coincidence the day marked the actual beginning of work on his first picture in his own studio, from which will emanate all of his features hereafter. The first will be George M. Cohan's comedy, "42 Minutes from Broadway."

A World's Record.

SO much has been said about Frizit Brunoce's record as leading lady for Warren Kerrigan—she is now on her sixth successive picture—that there was nothing more to record. It now transpires, however, that Robert Brunton, the producer of the Kerrigan pictures, has signed Frizit for the remaining four pictures to be made by Kerrigan under his present contract. This will, without doubt, constitute a world's record of this kind for an actress, and will be a testimonial, the like of which few have received.

Kind-hearted Mabel.

I HEAR that Mabel Normand is so popular in Mexico that one of the young studs of Mexico City got himself arrested rather than give up one of her pictures, which he had taken from a lobby display. Miss Normand heard of the incident, and sent the young man an autographed photograph, to console him for the loss of the one which the policeman forced him to part with.

Tennis Court and Swimming Pool Combined.

PAULINE FREDERICK, the Goldwyn star, has contracted for one of the most unusual buildings, a combination tennis court and swimming pool. On her premises is a fine tennis court, but Miss Frederic had it excavated, and tiled for a swimming pool. The borders of the pool are indented so that light gilders can be placed in position to support a board tennis court. When it is finished, Miss Frederic will have her pool for the summer, and her tennis court for the winter months.

Praise Indeed.

N O less a person than Geraldine Farrar re
marked that Pauline Frederick is one of the best-dressed women she ever knew. "She dresses in perfect taste," said the Goldwyn star. "And Madge Kennedy, too, knows how to dress clothes. Her style is more simple than Miss Frederic's, but it suits her exquisite self perfectly."

And Miss Farrar knows a thing or two about clothes herself.

EILEEN NAGRAH playing "Cherry" in a coming motion picture entitled "The Shoeblack of Perfidists." KING BAGOT, the bandit, is a coming hero of Simland. This is the latest portrait of the famous film star.
PICTURE SHOW CHAT (Continued from page 2)

He Deserves Congratulations.

N OEL SMITH, who directs the Jimmy Aubrey comedies for Vitagraph, recently drove a motor-cycle through a garage window because he couldn’t find anyone else to do it the way he wanted it done. After he had been restored to consciousness, the members of the company congratulated him on not having broken his neck. He had only some severe lacerations of the scalp and face and a broken finger. He was back on his job after a few days.

The “Good” Old Days.

P LAYERS in the new Goldwyn picture, “Milestones,” had all kinds of trouble in acquainting themselves to the dress and the queer vehicles used in the first scenes of the picture, which occur in 1860. Take, for instance, poor Mary Alden, who plays “Rose,” and eloqes with her lover. Mary had to mount a high English tandem dogcart—and do it in hoop skirts.

“No runaway girl was ever more flustered than I, climbing into that high cart and managing my hoop skirt gracefully at the same time,” says Miss Alden. “And those horses pranced so that I was sure my neck would be broken before we finished the picture.”

Tom Mix’s Triumph.

T OM MIX, Fox cowboy star, recently attended a trap-shooting contest at Milwaukeee, Wisconsin, and displayed some astonishing marksmanship. The star had not intended taking part in the contest, but was asked to do so by the chairman of the gun club. He had not brought along his guns, and did not care to use any of the club’s weapons. Finally someone brought forth a 45-calibre revolver, and Mix no longer could resist the opportunity for some practice.

The members of the club all stopped shooting while the star came along way at the released clay pigeons, halting only to reload, until one hundred of the imitation birds had been flown. When the score had been tallied it was learned that the Fox star had hit seventy-five out of a possible hundred.

Tom Mix is now an honorary member of the gun club.

Lost His Voice in Wordless Play.

P ARADOXICAL, isn’t it, to say a man has lost his voice through acting in motion pictures? Yet that is what has happened to Sidney Vautier, who is at the Goldwyn studio now. He is playing a Bolshevik leader in “Trimmed With Red,” starring Madge Kennedy. He is a radical who “goes in for oratory,” burning words are always falling from his lips. So far, in the picture he has addressed three meetings at radical headquarters and two gatherings of society women. And his voice has given out. This, despite the fact that Mr. Vautier is of French descent and volubility goes with such ancestry. The worst part about it is that he has been compelled to give up smoking cigarettes until his throat is better. Terrible sacrifices one must make for one’s art!

Another Star.

EVIDENCE in her income that she is approaching big stardom is shown in the emulation by Marjorie Daw of others who have reached the pinnacle of success before the motion picture camera. The 18-year-old screen favourite has just followed the example set by the others, having purchased a handsome new home and a touring car. Having finished work on “Don’t Ever Marry,” Marshall Neilan’s latest production for First National, Miss Daw is visiting the studio headquarters and two gatherings of society women. And her voice has given out. This, despite the fact that Mr. Vautier is of French descent and volubility goes with such ancestry. The worst part about it is that he has been compelled to give up smoking cigarettes until his throat is better. Terrible sacrifices one must make for one’s art!

Do You Know?

—That Carmel Myra has gone into musical comedy?
—That Charles Ruy’s favourite “toy” is a marvellous electrical pipe?
—That Mary MacLaren was nineteen on the 15th of July, 1919?
—That her chief regret is that she didn’t get a chance to go to college, though she now has set hours for study?
—That Tom Mix is a fine dancer?
—That Betty Compson, who has made such a hit in The Miracle Man, played the violin on the “halls” at one time in her career?
—That she was in Christie comedies for four years?

FROM “OVER THERE.”

Notes and News from Los Angeles.

PEGGY HYLAND, who is being starred out by G. B. Samuelson in “As the Mercy of Tiberius,” told me that as a small child she used to be very fond of private theatricals. Unfortunately, her sisters, who usually got them up, considered her absolutely lacking in any dramatic ability, so she was only allowed to appear in “walk-on” parts. Later on, she was sent to school in Belgium, and her great love came when she was given the star part in a Christmas play. She says that on that memorable occasion the only drop of sorrowwood in her cup of happiness was the fact that her sisters were not present to witness her triumph.

Mabel’s New Pet.

MABEL NORMAND has added a new pet to her already extensive menagerie, namely, the beautiful little spotted horse she rides in “Pinto.” When he was first trotted out for her inspection, she looked at him for a moment very reflectively, and then said: “Of course, he’s got to be called ‘Pinto.’” Why?” queried her director. “Well, he’s got four of them, hasn’t he?” retorted Mabel. Which, of course, if you like to look at it that way, is logical enough.

He Was No Use.

LOUISE GLAUM has a very beautiful home on the Hollywood Hills, full of priceless antiques, and so forth. Recently she engaged a watchman to guard her treasures at night, and was much surprised when he came to her the other day with the usual complaint of the high cost of living, and demanded a rise. After some strenuous and fruitless argument, to which the man gave her the most bewildering replies, Miss Glaum made the astounding discovery that her watchman was stone deaf. Furthermore that he never carried a revolver with him on his rounds for fear it might go off. Needless to say there is at present a vacancy in the Glaum household for a capable keeper of the door.

Three Kinds of Rope.

WILL ROGERS’ favourite hobby is “roping.” If he is not called upon to do a lasso act in his picture, he just keeps on roping in his off-time for the love of the thing. He evolves and practises new tricks several hours a day, and keeps three sets of ropes—one at home, one at the studio, and one in his dressing room, so that he always has them handy. He also uses three different kinds—cotton, Mexican fibre, and raw hide. The fibre ones cost about five dollars each, the rawhide as much as twenty. He believes that his ropes love life, and when the life goes out of them they are useless. But he never throws them away. They are put to rest in trunks and cupboards, and still treasured as old and tried friends, who after a long career of usefulness have been pensioned off and allowed to retire.
Those of you who play chess can imagine TOM MEIGHAN'S interest in this game. RAYMOND HATTON is about to move the knight after 16 hours' deliberation. No wonder his opponent, THEODORE ROBERTS, puts his hat on.

This delightful snapshot shows that there is a land where the sun shines and shines. You will recognise BRYANT WASHBURN at the left, and behind him in the centre LOIS WILSON. On the left is Mrs. DONALD CRISP.

JACK HOXIE and ANN LITTLE with a little child that plays a part in their coming big serial, "Lightning Bryce." You will be able to read this thrilling story in "Boys' Cinema."

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is more than ever in the public eye. Here we see him in his car with HIRAM ABRAMS (solicitor to the Big Four). Three pressmen have caught him and are taking notes.

PRETTY PEGGY HYLAND is smiling too happily to know what her kind friends have done to the back of her car. This is a scene in a coming Fox photo-play, entitled "Black Shadows."

ANTONIO MORENO prepares for a daring leap to aid the heroine in a coming serial. This is only one of the many thrills which Antonio packs into his sensational photo-plays.
A Chance Meeting.

Mona leveridge ran down the office stairs and out into the street.

It was hardly six o'clock, but Mona was in a hurry. It was Wednesday, and Jack Arlingford always came to see her on Wednesdays.

And, south-westerly wind was blowing in gusts around the corner of the building, and the girl involuntarily pulled her fur collar up closer to her face. She had been alone for three days, and the one little kindness made her think that she might have been noticed. She was walking home, and was the first to catch hold of the brass ring, and draw herself up on to the step. She was cold, and she did so, however, she caught sight of a familiar figure on the opposite side of the road.

It was a girl, and there was something strangely pathetic in the bend of her shrinking shoulders as she stood irresolutely gazing around her.

Mona caught but a fleeting glance at the shabby hat, gloveless hands, and the pale little face as the crowd behind her pushed her forward.

...sitting on a strange impulse Mona turned round.

"I want to get off," she explained to the infinitely gay-looking girl.

The conductor uttered a rude remark as the people made way for her, but Mona took no heed. A moment later she was speeding across the road.

The girl who had arrested her attention was not a bit suspicious. She smiled, and smiled, in a tired way as Mona came up to her, but she appeared too exhausted and unhappy to speak.

"Tell me, Shall I see you home?"

Sylvia Peake's allowed her golden head to fall on Mona's shoulder.

"I am just done up," she said in a weak, piping voice. "I— I have been out all day looking for a job. It's just a dreadful hole in your stocking.

Sylvia had disappeared from her desk; Mr. Combe, the head partner, had said some hard things of her, but Mona did not think of them now. The girl was ill, and evidently unhappy.

"You must be careful," she said. "Come, dear, where do you live? Let me take you home.

"Home!"

Sylvia gave an hysterical little laugh, while her mouth worked pitifully.

"I don't know where that is," she said at last. "My landlady turned me out this morning. She—she is keeping my clothes until I pay her what I owe.

Mona stared at her companion in consternation.

"You don't mean to say you are stranded here—glancing around here—" with nowhere to go! What do you do your parsons live?"

A peculiar expression passed for a moment over the girl's face.

"I don't know— I am on my own," she said in a shaky voice; and then, with a sudden quick movement of fear, she clung to her companion.

"Don't leave me, Miss Leveridge. I— I don't know what will become of me. I am so cold against a freezing part of me."

Sylvia smiled, and nodded and held her hand through the church door as she watched her back.

The afternoon of a girl's Sacrifice for Love.

By Emmie allingham.

Sylvia, a shrewd, brown-eyed woman, was to catch hold of the brass ring, and draw herself up on to the step. She was cold, and she did so, however, she caught sight of a familiar figure on the opposite side of the road.

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By Emmie allingham.
The Expressions of ANN FORREST.
A BEAUTIFUL DANISH STAR WHO INTENDS BUILDING A DREAM HOUSE.

ANY FORREST is one of the beautiful screen actresses who is rapidly climbing the ladder that leads to fame.

Only a few years ago, though Ann was then a tiny tot, she left her native land of Denmark, and, with her parents, went to seek fame and fortune in America. Ann has found it in filmland.

The True Mark of the Danish Girl.

SHE is a dainty little maid with beautiful flaxen hair—the true mark of a Danish girl—and she is very accomplished. Added to this, she is absolutely without fear. She volunteered for any part which required daring horsemanship, swimming, or daring high dives, or any scene where a particularly thrilling incident was to be taken and someone who was not afraid of risking her neck was wanted for the part.

In "Riders of the Purple Sage."

AFTER a number of small parts, Ann was chosen to play opposite William Farnum in that particularly thrilling Fox photoplay, "Riders of the Purple Sage," a film version of Zane Grey's famous novel. As Jane Wickersen she won universal praise, and established herself so firmly in the hearts of the cinema-loving public that she was offered an important role in Allan Dwan's production, "A Splendid Hazard."

A Star in a Night.

NOW, her wonderful acting in a coming photoplay, entitled "Dangerous Days," is said to have gained her the coveted heights of stardom, for this part was not thought very much of when it was offered to Ann, being one of the so-called minor parts, but Ann loves her work, and meant making the very best of it. She worked and worked by day, and rehearsed and rehearsed by night, with the result that she acted the part with such much realism that both director and author declared that it was one of the most remarkable bits of acting they had ever witnessed. This is saying something when we remember some of the wonderful pieces of character acting we have seen on the screen.

So this delightful little actress has made her name, and I prophesy it will be a big one.

She Read Their Hands.

AMONG the many accomplishments of this little star is a real gift for palmistry, which the other players in the studios and her friends are not slow to take advantage of.

There is not much spare time between scenes for Ann, for one or other of the stars will ask Ann to study her hand, and try to tell what fate has in store for her.

The belief that Ann is gifted is also shared by the men folk. Only the other day Frank Lloyd, who is directing Pauline Frederick at the Goldwyn Studios, caught Ann looking at Miss Frederick's hand. He insisted on her scrutinising his palm, and was caught by the camera-man. You will remember this photograph appeared in THE PICTURE SHOW a few weeks ago.

Her Dream House.

LIKE all real patriots, Ann has never forgotten her own land, though it is many years since she has seen it. And her greatest ambition is to build a house that at present is only to be seen in her dreams. It is the house in which she was born, its memory kept green by a photograph that is one of her most cherished possessions. For it was to this house that her father took her much-loved mother when a blushing bride, and where they lived happily before and after Ann came to be their much-spoiled darling.

Green Gables and Triangular Windows.

AN architect is now preparing the plans of this house, which is to be set in the foothills near Los Angeles.

From Ann's description, it sounds particularly attractive. It is to have green gables, big oak beams in the side, and the most delightful windows shaped in triangles. Then, again, it is to have a thatched roof, which, though we have many over here, is something of an innovation in dwellings in the United States.

Thus Ann's dream is to come true.

Other Photo-Plays.

OTHER photo-plays we are shortly to see her in are "A Splendid Hazard," with Norman Kerry; "The Great Accident," with Tom Moore. "In Dangerous Days" she plays opposite Roland Lee.

WHERE TO WRITE TO HER: Ann Forrest, Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

When writing to stars, if a reply is wanted, please mention "The Picture Show."
Mona found herself in spite of her disapproval, comforting her naughty little friend. "You can't help these things," she said lamely. "Promise me, Sylvia, that if I let you stay here you will leave my things alone.

Sylvia nodded while little hard, dry sobs broke from her lips.

Mona sat on her dressing stool and took out a lace blouse. It was her second best, the one she usually wore on Sundays.

"But you are not very genteel, Sylvia," she examined it and then she smiled. "This is quite nice," she said in a pleased voice: she felt very clear that the sobs had completely disappeared.

"Mona, dear, you are a darling,"

The presence of her own arms clasped round the neck, Mona kissed her passionately.

"He will have said," she added, scarcely conscious of what she was saying. Then, after folding up the precious blue kimono and replacing it at her back, she took the girl’s hands and gently, she went out and left the girl to dress.

As she cooked the chops for tea she heard Sylvia singing happily as she dressed herself, and a curious despondency swept over her.

The dressing gown which comprised a year’s savings, and which she herself could only touch with reverent fingers, had been desecrated.

It would have been a crime.

It was a part of a dream which she had once dreamed so hopefully. It was to have been worn on the evening of her wedding day—so that—oh, but she doesn’t know just what will happen to me. Mona told me last week that she finds there is not enough for both of us and she wants to go. Of course I know I must. I must find some work to do.

She smiled suddenly to the man.

"I suppose you don’t know of anyone who would give me some work, do you?"

"There must be some mistake, Sylvia," cried Jack. "I’m not saying anything against her, but—"

"Surely Mona did not actually say that she wanted you to go," the man, her eyes filled with tears, nodded her head.

"She did. She did really," she said, ending up with a little sob. "I won’t say anything against her, but—"

"I am frightened, Jack. What shall I do?"

She was leaning the weight of her own body against him, and turning round and round in her fingers a button on his jacket. Her big blue eyes were lifted to his face, the corners of her mouth drooped dejectedly.

Jack placed his arm around her.

"Little girl," he said thickly, "I’m not very well. But I believe you are a hobo. Will you marry me?"

For a moment she stared up at him, scarcely believing what she heard. She strained for so earnestly the last few weeks had actually started.

Then she lifted her head and kissed him. His eyes were shining with triumph.

"Oh, Jack! do you really mean it? I would just die if you only said you would be my little home of my own," she cried. "No one could turn me out of it, then, could they?"

"No, child. My poor little Sylvia.

He was holding her close against him, while he covered her face with kisses. She laughed and drew herself away from him.

In a moment her whole attitude had changed.

"You dear silly boy. You are knocking my hat off. Will you be able to buy me a new hat, Jack? I do hate this old thing. She gave the other hat a vicious twist."

"I guess we will manage it somehow," he said smiling.

"You are a perfect darling. Won’t Mona be surprised?" she added as an afterthought. And there was just a trace of spite in her eyes, as try as she would, she could not conceal.

Jack, however, did not notice it. She knew very well how little energy there was to keep them except that he thought they were all good.

He grew grave as he thought of Mona.

Mona and he had been lifelong friends. Sometimes he had thought that she might one day carry him the way he had done her.

Sylvia wanted him; she needed him. She was just a pretty, helpless creature. His sharp glance made him happier.

Mona, he knew, would understand.

(After instalment of this fine story in next week’s issue.)
LETTERS FROM MARY.

My Meeting with Douglas Fairbanks—A Dream of a Man—His Wonderful Bedroom—Dancing with all the Stars—Wonderful Wally Reid.

LOS ANGELES.

DEAREST Fay—The most wonderful thing has happened! Alice and I have been riding at eight every morning since we arrived. We have bought the most gorgeous Western saddle, all trimmed with shining silver stars, and with high horns—like Billy Hart's—and last week we rode out into Beverly Hills, hunting dirt roads.

Suddenly, as we rounded a hill, we saw there had been a fire at a wonderful country place. People had piled things on the lawn and were still fussing around. Alice spotted right over a low hedge—so I followed! We stopped, in the midst of five gramophones, gorgeous velvet draperies, and drawing-room furniture—a marvel because a man was playing those gramophones and passing coffee. Just imagine it! He stopped to look, when we leaped the hedge, and as we rolled up he exclaimed:

"Merry Christmas, or I take my guess! Welcome! Have some coffee!"

He was Douglas Fairbanks! But for my high pompadour I should have fallen from my horse."

"All of the luck!" said Alice.

"We have wished we could see you ever since we reached America."

"And here I am!" said Mr. Fairbanks.

He jumped over a gramophone, whirled airily around, and said:

"So won't you have breakfast with us—just a cup of coffee, you know, or do you prefer tea? And when they get the horse hussled up a bit we'll enjoy showing it to you."

I should have been in a funk, but Alice silently turned from her mount, and soon we were hearing all about the fire, mostly water—luckily she had been warned, for he lost some ripping pictures. You could see she really felt badly about it, but kept up a pleasantly good face.

So we had coffee and buns and fruit on a side pergola, all covered with flowering vines. And Alice confided how we had been dying to meet him and some of the other stars, so we could swank when we got back to our friends! He laughed, and said:

"You must go to the Benefit Ball Mrs. Wally is giving next week. You will meet them all!"

"Rippling!" exclaimed Alice. "But who'll introduce us to Mrs. Reid?"

So he said he would take pleasure in telling her that two girls, all the way from Morris England, were coming.

My dear, he has the most wonderful face, and he was so jolly nice. I felt as if I was in a trance, but Alice rattled on like a magpie. He took us all through about two dozen big, beautiful rooms—not all studded up with furniture, but with plenty of space. He saw my camera, and must have known I longed to use it, so he asked me if I wouldn't "just shoot anything I fancied." And then he roared, for I did not see his meaning at first. I got the best "shot"—"snap" in my sunny bedroom—such a magnific room. Gorgeous!

My dear, I absolutely lost my heart to Douglas. But Alice chattered so energetically I could not say a word. Then we had to leave Mr. Fairbanks. Isn't this a strange co-incidence in connection with the marriage of Douglas Fairbanks to

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS' home in the Beverly Hills, bright with green trimmings and striped awnings.

WALLACE REID with his son, Billy. It is Billy's toy fire-engine Wally is sitting on.

WALLACE REID with his famous banjo. The parchment is autographed all over by celebrities of the screen.

felt sure I was having a cinema dream. Pauline Frederick, Tom Mix, Tony Moreno, adorable Bobo Daniels, and Gloria Swanson Somborn—yes, she was married Christmas time—and then Mary Pickford. Oh, I shall have to tell you about them later.

Mrs. Reid—Dorothy Davenport—was on the screen again, and you will love her more than ever. She was stunning in a silver and black gown. Wallace Reid is a gorgeous dancer. He invited me over to the studio, and she asked us to tea. So yesterday we had tea at her home, and she gave me some pictures to send to the boys. Their little son, Billy, only two, is the cleverest little chap. Then she took us to the studio.

Never had I been in one before. We went on to a big stage, where Mr. Reid was making a new picture. He was playing on his banjo, waiting to work. And I do wish I could own that banjo. It is literally covered with the signatures of dozens of famous stars.

The stage is like a very large barn, and several "sets" are built on one stage. Mr. Reid's set, a bedroom, was at one end, and there were many people working there: two camera men, his director and his assistant, and electricians. Mr. Reid asked a photographer to make us a picture of him with that banjo I so long to possess.

Alice says she is perfectly mad about Wally Reid, but she is sickle. I adore Douglas, both on and off the screen.

How I wish you were with us in Cali.lisland! More next week. Good-bye, with love, MARY.
FLICKERS FROM FILMLAND.
NEWS, NOTES, AND OPINIONS, BY FRED K. ADAMS.

Films and Eye Trouble.

A COMPLETE study of the effect of motion pictures on the eye has just been completed by the United States Public Health Service, and it has come to the conclusion that films do not cause eye trouble, but merely warn of it. If a person's eyes are troublesome after a visit to the cinema, then glasses are needed, but films alone are no more to blame than the book for eye-strain after reading. It has been proved that employees in moving picture theatres who spend all day looking at the screen show no higher percentage of trouble than any other class of individuals. A person with normal vision should be able to spend an hour and a half a day at a moving picture theatre without experiencing any distress.

A Change at Universal.

F. A. POWERS, one of the real "powers" behind the film industry, has retired from the Universal Company, thus leaving Carl Laemmle and K. H. Cochrane in control. These two magnates held an option on Mr. Powers' stock, which they decided to exercise. The deal was said to involve several million dollars, and it is one of the largest in the history of the industry.

The three principals of this deal have been associated throughout the history of the Universal and were original stockholders. The company was formed in May, 1912, by a consolidation of several independent film manufacturers, the most important of which was the Imp Film Company, owned and operated by Mr. Laemmle. The new combine was formed to wage war against the Patents Company, an organization endeavouring to prevent the independent manufacture and sale of moving pictures in the United States. It took up the fight of the Motion Picture Sales Company, the distributing agency for independent film manufacturers.

Cochrane on "Better Pictures"

BETTER stories, better characterisation and better presentation methods will always attract an audience, he considers. But if we give that audience a human characterisation in a good story that is logical, and emblazon it in presentation with beautiful sets and wonderful lighting effects, then we are making progress in meeting the demand of our public.

"I find that the producers everywhere are fully aware of this demand for better pictures," said Mr. Cochrane. "Every company is putting forth great effort to obtain the best story material. The stars of today and the stars of tomorrow are, and will be, players who can interpret their characters so well that their own identity in many instances will be lost in that of the character." It is also a notable fact, in the opinion of Mr. Cochrane, that all companies now demand the utmost in realism—by that I mean that every scene in a story being filmed must be absolutely true to life and historically and scenically correct in every respect.

Mercanton to Film "Miarka."

LOUIS MERCANTON, the producer of "The Call of the Blood," is now in the South of France selecting "locations" for his screen version of "Miarka, the Bear Girl," by Jean Richepin, of the Académie Française.

"Miarka" was written by Richepin nearly-fifteen years ago, and is probably one of his most fascinating works. It deals with the adventures of a beautiful Gipsy girl who has a performing bear for a foster mother.

Lessons We Learn from the Films.

A girl's heart is like an umbrella—sooner or later some fellow is bound to steal it.

• • •

No one has ever risen in the world by jumping at conclusions.

• • •

Many people waste time as freely as if it is really worth instead of being infinitely more precious.

• • •

It takes a really great leading lady to realise that she isn't the whole show.

Every pleasure is a possible cause for a lot of pain.

• • •

The rule of love is usually more effective than the rule of might.

• • •

The spirit of to-day is the old spirit of to-morrow.

• • •

Too many people spend their money before getting it.

The Week's Best Films.

THE following is a list of the ten photo-plays which are being released for exhibition at the cinemas during this week, and the names of the star artists:


Betty Blythe

The winsome artiste in four photographic studies, representing womanly charms. Miss Blythe is undoubtedly one of the most graceful women on the screen. We are shortly to see her in a film adaptation of Rex Beach's famous novel, "The Silver Hoard."

YOUTH.

INNOCENCE.

SIMPlicity.

GRACE.
CHUMS.
CHARLIE CHAPLIN and his CO-STAR in "A DOG'S LIFE."
IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

The Charm of Lace—How to Renovate Your Dance Slippers with it—The Piquant Effect of the Lace Hat for Summer Wear.

MORE than anyone else does the film actress realise the charm and beauty of lace, and she is lavish in her use of it when dressing for the screen. The soft daintiness of lace most certainly has an undeniable feminine charm, and shows up to better advantage on the film than it does on the legitimate stage. Its delicacy of pattern, its soft, clinging folds all tend to make it the most delightful material to choose, while it also has the knack of giving a youthful touch to the wearer.

Miss Marie Dunn, the popular film actress, is a great lover of lace, especially for her lingerie and negligees. In the photograph on this page you see her attired in the loveliest of nighties imaginable composed of pale blue soft satin, trimmed with soft foamy lace, pink and blue satin ribbon. White lace panels adorn each side and comprise the entire top, while shirred pink ribbon acts as trimming. A bow of satin ribbon ties in the front of the nightie, and ends are left hanging to the hem.

The same combination is repeated in the delightful boudoir cap, which is made in lamy fashion, a circle of pale blue satin forming the foundation. To this deep lace is added, forming the lower half of the cap, and a muslin falls to fall over the forehead. A bunch of satin ribbon catches down one side of the cap, and ends hang over and on the shoulder.

When Washing Lace.

MISS DUNN confesses her affection for lace, which, she says, "feels so delightful against the skin, and hangs so softly that you can get any effect you wish for with it. Besides," she adds, "it is so easily laundered," which is a truth that is welcome in these days of high laundry prices.

By the way, when washing lace, always remember to add a wee drop of turpentine to the water, which should be moderately warm, and soapy. The turpentine helps to keep the lace white. It should also be ironed when fairly dry, on the wrong side last to bring up the pattern. If you wish your lace to be a pale cream or ecru colour, you can quite easily manage this by adding some coffee water to the rinsing water. This will give just the tint required.

Accompanying the nightie is satin lace, Miss Dunn wears delightful satin slippers trimmed with lace, which gives one an idea for using up old dance shoes.

Renovate Your Dance Shoes.

SATIN dance shoes have an annoying habit of wearing through so quickly as to render them useless for the dance room after a dozen times of wear. Yet the shoes are good, and it seems a great pity to cast them aside on that account, and if worn in the house in their threadbare state they look slovenly. Old satin shoes of a pale colour can be converted into the most delightful bedroom slippers with the assistance of a piece of lace.

First of all clean the slippers with petrol or benzole, and then get a piece of soft shadow lace and cover the entire slipper with it. This should be adjusted first with pins, and then neatly stitched to the extreme edges of the slippers. This lace will entirely cover the threadbare part of the shoe, and the coloured satin will gleam through the lace prettily. A length of rose trimming would form an attractive finish to the top of the slipper, especially if arranged in a posy at the centre front.

If, however, your worn dance shoes are of a dark colour or black, you can fit them up for a new lease of life in the ball room. Threads of white canvas may be sewing the worn satin—well, remedy this by applying a layer of dye. Then get a piece of silver or gold lace and cover the shoes with it entirely. Do not choose a lace with too much pattern upon it. You will find that the finished shoe will have a brocaded effect, and look like new.

The Lace Hat.

THERE is a subtle charm about the hat that boasts a trim of shadow lace, especially when the lace droops over the brim and forms a becoming shade to the eyes. The lace hat is always a favourite, and one should be included in every girl’s summer outfit, for the shadowy hat of black can be worn with any summery frock and for any occasion. Truly they are rather extravagantly priced in the milliners, despite their airiness and scantiness of material, but even this should not deter you from indulging in one.

There is no need to pay a high price for it, for you can quite easily make one yourself with the assistance of a wire shape and some lace. Choose shadow lace of a fairly stiff quality, and buy it by the piece. First of all cover the wire shape with chiffon to hide the ugliness of the frame. Then place a piece of the lace over the top of the hat, allowing it to extend over the brim about an inch all the way round. The latter is finished off with the narrowest of lace edgings, while the crown can be covered with lace or silk, according to taste. A ribbon secirling the crown, and a posy placed lightly upon the brim, forms ample trimming for this hat, although the young girl can indulge in streamers. A narrow lace edging will do works to soft a the effect of a hard brim.

If you are the lucky possessor of any old lace, now is the time to bring it forth from its hiding place, for Marie Dunn decrees that it is to be a whim of hers during the summer. Frocks for garden party wear are being composed entirely of it, the favourite style showing it in tiers, and with a bright sash at the waist.

Small pieces of good old lace can be converted into the loveliest jabots and neck frills, while the newest scrap can be attached to a piece of silk and camouflaged as a handkerchief for the wee pocket of the new costume.
THERE was a good deal of talk among the people as to what the little girl should be told. Miss White told the family that their decision must be left to Mr. Judkins and his wife, as they were the ones who knew her. The family decided to trust Mr. Judkins and his wife.

While Mirandy was walking round with the leg of cake she had noticed earlier in the day, came running up to his sister with the startling information that the rector and Miss White had arrived and were coming in.

"We didn't want to have them surprise Mr. Judkins," said the boy, "I've a hunch of his little head.""It's all for St. Mark," said Mirandy stoutly. "It's all for St. Mark," she added eagerly. "And we've been surprised, and we re-established it. It was as much as the Rev. John Kenneth could do to get him to sing and Mirandy's hand and spoke in a grave voice. "But Mirandy, you must be your mother's child to come to church and be trained for the choir by Mr. Lawrence. He has a musical voice and a good taste, with training, he will become our treble soloist."

"And wear a surprise like Mr. Lawrence's," cried Mirandy earnestly. "That's why I wish I was a boy."

"You'll find the pianist (a Miss White girl) is a woman, and she can have my share. I ain't hungry to-day. Perhaps the boys would like a piece of cake and a bit of jam as a pick-me-up as Fido."

"To the delight of Mirandy and her mother, the cat turned out to be a very moderate eater and a big quiet young man. He told them his name was Joe Tebb, and that he was a chef at the hotel works.

"I was sacrificed to the cuisine," he confided to Mirandy and his mother, "but I was saved up to the last moment so that as soon as he had enough money he was going to get married. The news came like a dream of romance into the lives of the Judkins family, and was discussed by Mirandy and her mother every night.

"It must be wonderful to live in the country, and see real live cows and pigs and cream and butter," mused Mirandy. "Perhaps he'll ask us there, mum, when he gets married.

"Pray, sir," replied Miss White soothingly. "Your poor father once took me to the country, and I thought a great deal of it. I certainly intended to have the same when I kiss came alone.

A few minutes later a gentle smile told Mrs. Judkins that Mr. Tebb was wise, and Mirandy forced herself to believe that her father was enjoying the delights of the country in his dreams, and poverty desired that she would never again experience them in reality.

Then the girl thought about her own affairs. Ever since the day Teddy Lawrence had told her that she ought to come to the church and hear him play the organ, Mirandy's mind had been busy with the problem of how to get there.

She had never gone to church before. She knew that church had to be dressed up, and dressed were as scarce in the home of the Judkins as money. But Mirandy decided to attend on the next day. An odd hat of her mother's, and a shawl that Mrs. Lawrence had borrowed from somebody, made Mirandy as proud as a princess.

She decided that she would take little Tommy, and as Tommy was about the only child in the Judkins household, had, Mirandy acknowledged, a genuine little stand-by.

"Mirandy smiled weakly. "I can't see the advantage.

The Scene and a Concert

They made a quaint couple, the little mother and her baby brother, as they marched off to church.

The girl looked like a comic drawing in her mother's old-fashioned hat and a pair of cheap cotton gloves, and a bit of cream around her face.

The latter had been suggested by Mrs. Judkins, who had a dina re-adapted that people who went to church always looked better.

There were many curious glances and not a few suggestions written down the aisles and taken their seats, but Mirandy never noticed them. She thought there was too much to think about to think thought her "heavenly" then ever in his white surprise. And when the Rev. John Kenneth, the rector of St. Mark's, saw the little girl, he could only whisper to Tommy, "It must be St. Mark basking in the glory of his."

The sermon was a heavy gloom over Mirandy. She didn't want to hear "We must give—give," said the rector. "Every man, woman, and child amongst us."

Mirandy wondered what she and her mother could give, but felt that she must make an effort. At the end of the sermon she was still in doubt, but was more than ever determined that she would do something.

As the congregation crowded out Mirandy saw the rector coming towards her with Teddy Lawrence and a very beautiful young lady.

"I've been engaged at the Opera House, are you not?" asked Miss White shyly.

"Yes, and the washing as well," replied Mirandy. "We do an awful lot of washing, but we could do with some more."

The rector and Miss White exchanged glances. "I think I could let you have the choir sopranos," said the rector, "but they're really needed, and Miss White has a voice.

And I will give my laundry," said Miss White. "You can have the choir sopranos, and you have had started, and I will call round and see your mother." Mirandy and Tommy rushed home with the greater news. Teddy Lawrence and the laundry from Miss White would mean a substantial increase in the family income, and with what the border's money, things were certainly looking up.

But the surplus had given Mirandy a great idea, which she confided to her mother at the earliest opportunity.

"The preacher told us we must all give, mum," she said. "We ain't got nothing ourselves, but I reckon I've got a plan to raise some money for the church. When we get the surplus, I am going to buy a new piano and the kids can sing. We'll invite all the neighbours, and we can make a collection same as they do in church. Then we can give the money to St. Mark."

Mrs. Judkins was a little bit dubious about the idea, but she gave it her blessing and promised to help Mirandy all she could.

The scheme was carried out with great enthusiasm by the younger Judkinses, and to Mirandy's great delight the neighbour turned all in good numbers. All the members of the Family were arrenged in the audience, and the Judkins, as usual, advanced to the front of the improvised platform. After the choir sang the ode, the children sang that the piano has a lot of notes that don't sound, and when this came to these you must all sing together.

After the psalmist and the choirmaster, which Mirandy stopped with unsaid hand and a预料ed, "This ain't a theater," she said severely, "it's a sacred concert and there ain't no apparatus—which means clapping—allowed at a sacred concert!"

"Ain't Mirandy cute!" whispered one of the women. "She ain't petu mid as some girls."

"She's sure some kid. She's allus smiling!"

The concert began and proceeded more or less successfully. Mirandy was a shabby star item on the programme. This was a solo by Tommy, and while the organ and the choir had a really fine voice, but, unfortunately, Floyd, feeling that he was being neglected, joined in with a feminine voice. Order was re-established.

"I'm afraid I must have a bad voice;" sighed Mirandy, in a really nice voice."

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“MY BROTHER GEORGE.” ANITA STEWART and Her Brother.

Did you know Anita Stewart had a brother? You didn’t? Neither did I until I met him at the studio. He is a handsome boy of about twenty, and has the same keen eyes and shining hair as his sister. But although Anita has no objection to her brother acting for the pictures while he is still young, she is anxious for him to eventually become a business man—or even a director. “I would like to be a good actor,” said Mr. Stewart, when I joined him. “I have had a little experience, you see.”

With your sister?

“Oh, no. I was in pictures before she was. You know! I played with Alice Joyce at Kalem when I was thirteen years old. We lived in Brooklyn then. Anita went about boasting she had a brother in pictures. She never imagined she would be an actress.”

George played in the Kalem studio only during a vacation, after which, he continued his school work. He attended St. Paul’s Academy on Long Island and the New York Military Academy. One of the finest places in the world for making men.

Eager To Prove His Worth.

Within your education and a sister who is a star you should have little trouble in landing odd in films,” I observed. “That’s fine!” he announced soberly. “I don’t want to be looked upon as the brother of Anita. I want to prove myself.”

“I hardly think I will want to be an actor for ever,” he said, when I referred to his sister’s hopes that he would be a business man. “It is a branch of the film industry worth knowing, though, if I am to be in the business. The only way to start is at the bottom. I don’t want to be in Anita’s company. People around here would feel they had to stand up no matter how atrocious I might be. I wouldn’t get ahead that way.”

Three days after I met George Stewart he was engaged by William Russell for an important rôle in “Brace of the Cuento A.” Thus a future favourite has made his start, not through any intercession by his sister, but on the strength of his own personality and initiative.

The British Atmosphere.

Odd plays,” Mr. Zukor added, “will either be adaptations of British novels and stage successes—such as ‘The Admirable Crichton,’ which was used in America—or originals by British authors.”

“How about the British atmosphere, Mr. Zukor?”

“I think we shall combat any difficulties in that direction quite successfully,” was the smiling response, “especially as we are bringing across special lighting apparatus for our studios.”

I inquired whether Mr. Zukor considered the fate of the film rested with the director to the extent some would have believe.

“The success of a film does not depend upon the director or any one individual,” was the reply, “but upon the efforts of everybody connected with the production. But if it depends upon one thing more than another, it is certainly the story.”

Remembering how many luminaries of Mr. Zukor’s organisation had first graced the boards, I asked him whether in his opinion stage training was helpful to a film career.

“It is certainly very useful,” he replied, “though not essential to success on the screen. You see, a film actress receives all the training she requires for her profession in the studio, and because she is anxious to make good she is inclined to respond more readily to direction than an artist who has already made a big theatrical reputation.”
**More Adventures Among the Cannibals.**

**ON THE BORDERS OF CIVILISATION.**

By MARTIN JOHNSON. World's Famous Explorer and Photographer.

Since these ideas have come into my head I have thought that the subject is one which must appeal to the weathy inhabitants of all civilised nations, but in the meantime I am quite happy in the thought that I shall be a peculiarly interesting subject in the cinema. One thing is certain. I shall get some fun out of the job. I can picture the astonishment, not to say the horror, of the little ones when they see a screen express apparently coming right on top of them. There will be a stampede to the doors through some of the greatest characteristics of the savage is curiosity.

Christianity, Justice, and Charity.

In many respects they are just children. You who are parents will know if you are trying to amuse the baby by playing a game—say imitating a bear with the heathen over you—the child may at first be frightened, but in the end will come the little one's command: "Do it again, Papa." You must give them a first get into their confidence, and you must treat them fairly. It is given to few nations to have the opportunity of founding a mission in the South Sea Islands there must be the triple foundations of Christianity and the fullest sense of the word, Justice, and Charity.

(More about Martin Johnson's adventures with the Cannibals next week.)

*ON THE BORDERS OF CIVILISATION.*

by CINEMA.

I don't know what I should do without you, Mirandy," she wept, "I wonder where you got that beautiful milk from?"

"Don't worry about the milk, mam. I got it honest enough to please St. Mark himself."

But in a way, I wondered what the rector would have thought of the way she had got it. Or how much it cost her."

"If we had the money, the rector would have thought of the way she had got it."

"I'm sure he'd be glad to have a look at our reputation here elsewhere," said Mrs. Judkins."

"I'll give that cat something real nice when we get back," she said, "for you, Mirandy.""

"I don't know whether we're going to stay long here, but I'll see that she gets it."

"I know what you mean, Joe," said that lady, "Joe, you can have your house for the wedding, as we're going."

"We'll be glad to have a look at your house."

"I hope you're going to stay long there," she said, "for you, Mirandy.""

"I'll see that you get a dress, Mirandy," she said, "for that you can both dress in white."

"That's a wonderful dress and you remember me to Mirandy."

"I'll see that the clothes are to her liking."

"I'll see that the clothes are to her liking."

**MIRANDY SMILES.** (Continued from page 16.)

"It's a wonderful dress and you remember me to Mirandy."

"I'll see that the clothes are to her liking."

"I'll see that the clothes are to her liking."

**CIVILISATION BY CINEMA.**
Mr. & Mrs. JOE MARTIN, the Famous Screen Orang-Outangs

Joe is almost human, and after every meal he insists on cleaning his teeth.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Martin are two of the most marvellous animals to be seen either on or off the screen. As you see above they are almost human. Joe has just celebrated a birthday, and among his many gifts was a beautiful box of nuts. Joe cannot talk, but the pleased smile on his face at the present was interpreted by members of the Universal Studio as: “It is as it should be, sweets to the sweet, and nuts to the nut.”
CHARACTER AS TOLD BY THE FACE.

Seductiveness and artistic ability by the expression in the eye indicates of a passionate nature, wilful, expensive, desirous of government, unconquerable yet extraordinary sensitive to the magnetism of others.

The Nose. With its open nostrils showing independence of action, careless of public opinion, and self-reliant, a character that cannot brook interference or control from others, depending on tact and diplomacy to gain her point.

The Mouth. Denotes a brilliant, impulsive, and imputuous nature with enormous imagination. Such natures are emotional and benevolent, and have a love of beautiful surroundings. The beautiful susceptible chin tells that she is as changeable as the wind, yet clever.

The Face as a Whole. NOT the gay conceit, the play of all the features raised in exhilarating emotion, especially the eyes and the lips, the latter being the most susceptible of action.

We see her in all the arts of perfection, physique, the indication of a susceptible nature melting into beauty by the force of sentiment. Hence the artlessness of her observant and the refinement of her reasoning.

The Head. NOT the way the head is set on the shoulders. Denoting that strong desire for conquest and artistic ability. Adaptiveness is the peculiarity of human nature, every act brings out the quality of self-reliance and trifles become important; to add to it the power of dealing with facts, and we have the character of Miss Enid Bennett.

In Love. Usually very exacting, all or nothing, but sometimes her little sins can be more bewildering than any virtue. There are some people who are always enjoying themselves, who have self-existence and self-help. Extremes meet. Surely from the attendant.

In Health. A tremendous amount of nervous force, yet naturally incutly and physically strong. The best medicine is fresh air, and the finest doctor, regular habits. Climate has the greatest possible effect upon the health of this temperament. Living in a bright, dry atmosphere may ward off the attacks of insomnia which vitriences this type from time to time.

ENID BENNETT.

FILM FUN

Not Satisfied.

A COMEDY entitled "You Cannot Always Tell" was being shown in a provincial picture theatre recently when a rusty old gentleman entered and asked to be shown a set.

"What picture is on now?" he inquired, as the programme girl escorted him along to his seat.

"You Cannot Always Tell," incorrectly answered the girl.

"Then," blurted out the old gentleman, "what are the dickens are you here for?"

Suitable.

JONES was at the cinema, and behind him sat a lady with a child on her lap which was crying unceasingly. Unable to stand it any longer, Jones turned smilingly to the lady and asked:

"Has that infant of yours been christened yet, ma'am?"

"No, sir," replied the lady.

"If I were you, I should call it 'Good Idea,'" said Jones.

"And why, 'Good Idea,'" said the lady indignantly.

"Because," said Jones, "it should be carried out!"

His Awful Mistake.

THE romantic film actor on holiday stood and gazed in wonder at the hill—such a hill. It was amazing! lovely! gorgeous! magnificent! enough to make an emotional poet swell with ecstasy. The beautiful touches, studded here and there on the deep-green fields, opening out its gaudy petals to drink in the warm rays of the summer sun, were splendid.

The actor almost ran past the girl who was sitting there—to climb this Fairy Mountain, but he had scarcely taken two steps up its sloping bank when the girl jumped up with a scream.

"You—you brute!" she shrieked. "How dare you trample upon my lawn!"

Couldn't Stand It.

A 7 a certain producer was having his luncheon in a country hotel, he was much annoyed by another visitor, who, during the whole of the meal, stood with his back to the fire warming himself and watching him eat. At length, unable to endure it any longer, the actor rang the bell and said to the waiter who answered it:

"Waiter, kindly turn that gentleman round. I think he's done on that side!"

Every one of these patterns can be easily made up at home. A list can be had the usual shop prices, and they are ALL, given free TO-DAY inside every copy of the June
DOES THE CAMERA LIE?

By JANET ALEXANDER,
the Famous Dramatic Actress.

DOES the camera lie? Well, perhaps "lie" is too strong a word, but it does seem to prevaricate a little, and even to obscure the truth at times.

My own theory is that it is not impartial. It will have its favourites, and be kind to them, but if it takes a dislike to anyone it will not do them justice, charm the camera never so wisely with lights and devices to humour it.

The Habit of Caricature.

ONE of the most baffling things about the camera is its distorted sense of humour, which it works off in a painful habit of caricature. For instance, the loveliest thing in girls once waited into a studio where I was working, and was promptly engaged for a small part. She had the prettiest hair and teeth and smile imaginable. Alas! On the screen these beauties went for nothing, and her face was as one seen in a spoon. Another beauteous damsel with story-book blue eyes had to abandon her ambition to become a cinema star as her lovely eyes photographed white. Up till then I had always had a grudge against Fato because my eyes are "green as leeks" instead of blue. It only shows how such an affliction may one day prove an asset.

Another important point is that the adage "Beauty is only skin deep" will not hold good for the camera. It will penetrate through flesh and muscle and bone formation, and reveal unexpected beauties or ugliness in the most unsavory fashion. I remember seeing two women in a film some years ago, and mentally raving over the beauty of one of them, until the story took them to a wind-swept cliff. Here my admiration was transferred to the other woman—the glory of her hair, and the beautiful proportion of her as the wind wrapped her garments closely round her, entirely subdued the impression made by the owner of the beautiful face, whose figure under these conditions appeared clumsy, and her movements awkward.

Forget the Camera.

One thing is certain—it is no use trying to hide faults from the camera, as it always finds them out with varying degrees of brutality, and the slightest hint of self-consciousness on the part of the victim over some shortcoming gives the camera its cue for exaggeration. At this point I feel a wave of pessimism sweeping over me, so I will combat it by concluding with a sound piece of advice. Make a firm ally of the man who turns the handle, and, leaving the camera to him, zero off it by forgetting it utterly and entirely.

HOME REMEDY FOR ALL PAIN.

Trial Package Free To-Day

Are you in pain? This is the question you will have to ask daily, and to be able to relieve pain, whether it be a slight nervous headache or the most excruciating sufferings of neuralgia or rheumatism, brings the height of pleasure to both patient and doctor.

Touching this point, Dr. H. Eagle, M.D., says Antikamnia Tablets have become favourites with members of the medical profession, they are very reliable in all kinds of pain, and act at once.

Antikamnia Tablets never fail to give relief in all pains due to rheumatism, headache, sciatica, neuralgia, toothache, and are especially useful for all conditions known as women's aches and pains.

Antikamnia Tablets are quite safe, and leave no unpleasant after effects, and in 92 per cent of cases they stop the pain immediately.

TRIAL PACKAGES FREE.

10,000 packages of Antikamnia Tablets have been set aside for free distribution. If you will send your name and address (a postcard will do) to the Antikamnia Tablet (Dept. A 78), 40, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., you will receive one of these presentation packages with an interesting booklet absolutely free of charge.

HOW FAT FOLKS MAY GROW SLIM.

If you have been taking on flesh and your figure has become lost in rolls of annoying, disconcerting, useless fat; if you are short-winded, puff when you walk and puff when you talk; if your skin is sallow and pasty because of excess fat, don't despair. You can now treat this condition easily in your own home, without annoyance or inconvenience.

Simply go to your chemist to-day and get some oil of orileene in capsule form, take one after each meal and one at bed-time. Even a few days' use should show you a reduction in weight, and with the reduction you will notice that your skin becomes firm and smooth, and a light, buoyant feeling has possession of your whole body. Almost like magic live to twenty years' drop from your appearance, and you feel your strength and appearance come back to you again, and, best of all, oil of orileene capsules are so safe, simple, and inexpensive.

Get a packet of the capsules at your chemist to-day, or a packet will be sent you, post paid, by the D. J. Little Co., 37, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1., upon receipt of 3s.

CHARLEY'S SECRET FREE
SEND NO MONEY

Violet Vanbrugh, and leading Stars use and recommend Figrant "Cincena" dentifrice. Fred Barres writes:—"It is a wonderful preparation, which does actually whiten the teeth without injury."

"Cincena" Soap will make your face a picture. A 30-days trial of "Cincena." Doff her sent to all applicants who enquire. Two stamps, THE CINEMA SOAP CO., LTD., (Dept. 8), 22, Finsbury Park Rd., London.

In "God's Clay," Janet Alexander proves herself to be a wonderful dramatic actress.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL
HOW TO CLEANSE POISONS FROM THE LIVER.

What Everyone Should Know.

To feel perfectly fit, we must keep the liver clean, to prevent the deposits of clogging with indigestible material, sour bile, and poisonous toxins.

If you get headaches, it's your liver. If you wake up with a bad taste, furred tongue, nasty breath, or your stomach becomes RAID, it's your liver. Slowly skin muddy complexion denote liver uncleanliness. Your liver is the most important, also the most abused and neglected organ of the body. Few know its functions or how to release the dammed-up body waste, and toxins. The liver is too big to speak, bombard the liver by taking purging drugs, which leave the atomic and cellular levels in a weakened condition.

Every man or woman, sick or well, should at this time of the year take a Caco tablet, followed by a drink of water at bedtime, to cleanse the liver and bowels, and thus sweeten and freshen the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

A Caco tablet will give you the nicest, gentler liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced. They are of a pleasant flavor and makes you feel fit. These little tablets are on sale at all chemists, and may also be obtained from the D. J. Little Co., Harrow Garden, London, E.C.I, for 1s. 6d. post free.

Brown & Polson's Corn Flour

 solves the problem. Every atom is nourishment — every particle pure.

Combined with milk, Corn Flour constitutes a complete food for all ages.

Corn Flour helps to make milk digestible, and served as a hot pudding or custard, it forms a valuable addition to the family dinner. The children's health demands such fare, and remember — "The future of the nation lies with the young generation."
The health of the people certainly demands the greatest care, and one of the most valuable precautions in safeguarding the nation’s health is the constant use of Lifebuoy Soap. Its healthy antiseptic odour proclaims its worth.

Our Young Hopefuls—the nation’s hope for the future—love the health-giving lather of Lifebuoy Soap. They take to it as a duck takes to water—they cannot help liking Lifebuoy. It is health-giving as well as cleansing.

Lifebuoy Soap is brimful of Health.
Wash face and hands with it—
Bathe with it—Shampoo with it.

MORE THAN SOAP—YET COSTS NO MORE.

LIFEBOUY SOAP

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.
Simple Appliance Replaces Truss

Sold All Round the World and Sent on Trial to Prove it.

Don’t Wear a Truss any Longer.

Over 170,000 People Have Accepted this Offer. Why Not You?

Doesn’t that prove that the Brooks Appliance is not an experiment but a real success—that it does all we claim for it? Among these 170,000 men, women, and children there must be hundreds whose condition was identical with yours and who refused to investigate and satisfy themselves when it costs you nothing to prove what the Brooks Appliance will do for you?

No man or woman ever looks and feels his or her best while suffering the torment, pain and discomfort of rupture.

Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss torture that you endure—after you read this page is your own fault.

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses are doing. We have told you that the only truly comfortable, sanitary and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you, entirely at our risk. We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance on trial. If you really do wish to rid of your rupture, fill in the coupon below and post it to-day.

Instead of wearing a steel spring or insufficient harness, try the soft rubber Brooks Appliance.

Instead of the hard pad of a truss, use the soft rubber automatic air cushion of a Brooks Appliance.

The Brooks Appliance clings to you without fear, and you are hardly conscious of its presence. And above all else it holds you steady always.

Don’t take our word for it,—Read what these people say:

"Made a New Woman of Me."

125, Manchester-road, Chilton, Manchester.

Can honestly say the Appliance has transformed a new woman of me. I have not been troubled by my rupture since I was fitted with it. It is as nice as a miracle, as I found at first, and I wish I had sent it for it earlier. I shall certainly recommend it. My friend also finds it a wonderful improvement. I think you should try it at any rate. I would not hesitate to recommend it to any one who is suffering from rupture.

(Lady). E. Valentine.

"Delighted to Recommend." 

Lisnasadren, Mohill, County Leitrim, Ireland.

Dear Sir, I can’t find the words good enough to thank you for your perfect cure. Your Rupture Appliance has done in my case what was needed, and I am very much obliged to you and recommend it to any friend as a perfect cure. — Yours faithfully, EDWARD REYNOLDS.

"Cured—Doctors Interested."


Lowestoff, Suffolk.

Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd.

Your Appliance has quite cured my rupture. Three different doctors have examined and passed me for the Army, although I still wear your appliance, for the comfort I get from it. It is quite different to the old steel truss that is generally supplied by doctors at hospitals. The doctors who saw me were very interested in my case, and were delighted to know that was quite effective. This I was able to prove to them. Mine is a remarkable cure, seeing I am 50 years of age. You are at liberty to use any acknowledgment I have made.

Yours faithfully, W. Foster.

"Improvement in a Week."

21, Arl Monument, Cobson's, near Rotherham. 

My little boy is quite cured, and I noticed an improvement from the first week of his wearing it. He wore it for three months before I wrote to you, and received no benefit whatever. I have told lots of people about it, and you can make what use you like of my letters, as I shall be only too pleased to recommend the Appliance to any ruptured sufferer.

(Mrs.) WOODHOUSE.

"Medical Board Says—Cured."

21, Lambton Rd., Howden, Leeds.

With regard to the Appliance supplied to me a short time ago, I have nothing whatever unsatisfactory to report. I do not now require the Appliance. After wearing your Appliance for a month or so I was advised to be cured by the Medical Board, and can now climb beside in the lake district without becoming fatigued. You can use this testimonial as you please. Yours faithfully, C. Benson.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured write to-day.

Doctors Recommend This Rupture Appliance. It is Sent on Trial.

This fact that physicians in all parts of the country are enthusiastic over the many merits of the Brooks Rupture Appliance is itself a mighty testimonial to its worth. The Brooks Rupture Appliance is made to the order of the wearer. Therefore it satisfies completely. Because of this fact it has no appeal it may be worn with comfort and ease.

Put your case in our hands, and it will be handled by a competent Institution, not by a Factory. It will receive most careful thought and consideration.

You see it is only to learn more about this Appliance which is proving a relief to thousands of ruptured sufferers. Don’t delay the day of your relief.

Where you can buy the Appliance:


Amsdum, Holland: M. No. 1, Paleisstraat.

Norway: At Hauk最早的, i. Bergen.

Singapore: At Patrice House, Kampung, Bahrt-road.

New Zealand: Office No. 7, Barnett’s Buildings, 91, Willis Street, Wellington, N.

U.S.A.: At Brooks Buildings, Marshall, Michigan, etc., etc.

You will be most welcome, and will receive most earnest personal attention in any of the Brooks Institutions, whether in this country or abroad.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Accept this Offer To-day.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market to-day, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.

2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.

3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.

4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads used in common trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.

5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.

6. The soft pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give you the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.

7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.

8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture our body by cutting and bruising the flesh.

9. All the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.

10. Our reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established on experience of three years of dealing with the public, and the prices are so reasonable, the terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitation in sending the free coupon to-day.

Remember

We send you the Appliance on trial to prove what we say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill in the free coupon below and post it to-day.

If in London, call at Consultation Rooms, Experienced and capable fitters for ladies and gentlemen. Special attention to children.

Free Information Coupon.

Brooks Appliance Company, Ltd.,
(17854) 50, Chandery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Please send me your illustrated Book and information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name

Address

Please write plainly.

PEGGY HYLAND. Beautiful New Full-Page Picture INSIDE.

TWOPENCE. MAY 22, 1920.

"THE THREE GRACES." Constance, Norma, and Natalie Talmadge at Home.

Picture Show

No. 56. Vol. 3.

HELEN HOLMES. Her life story told in anecdotes and pictures in this week's "BOYS' CINEMA."
Indigestion and Sleeplessness
Made Life Miserable. Complete Health
Restored By Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mr. J. Meldham, of 21, Princes Road, Old Fletton, Peterborough, says—
"I suffered for years from Indigestion, with Nervousness and Sleeplessness, and was as much away from work as at it. There was no rest for me at all. I slept at nights, and had violent whatever or trembling torments, and nausea. At all times I suffered from severe pain after food, with quantities of wind, and a dizzy sensation that I could not shake off. Headaches, too, were frequent and severe. I had to take to bed, as I was quite unfit for anything."

"I tried all sorts of things but it was only when I began taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets that I found any benefit."

"It was really wonderful how they relieved me. I got sleep at nights, food revived to hurt me, and rapidly I picked up strength. Now I am in better health than I have known for years, and it is all due to Dr. Cassell's Tablets."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Prices 1/3 and 3/-

We take great pains to make our prices as low as possible and at the same time maintain the same high standard of quality and efficiency. Our tablets are made with the purest and most effective ingredients, carefully selected and precisely formulated to provide maximum relief for those suffering from indigestion, nervousness, and sleeplessness.

To meet the needs of our customers, we offer two prices: 1/3 and 3/-, depending on the number purchased. This ensures that our tablets are accessible to everyone, providing relief for those suffering from these common ailments.

FR: E INFORMATION

The Universal Home Remedy for
Nervous Breakdown
Kidney Trouble
Nerve Paralysis
Indigestion
Malnutrition
Wasting Diseases
Stomachal
Sleeplessness
Vital Exhaustion
Anemia
Nervous Debility
Specialties valuable for Nervous Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life

Please consult your local pharmacist or healthcare provider for guidance on selecting the most appropriate treatment for your specific needs.

Oatine TOILET PREPARATIONS

Oatine Snow—vanishing cream, 1/3: Oatine Tooth Paste, 1/3:
Face Powder, 1/6: Shampoo Powders, 3d. each; Snup, 4d., 10d. and 1/4; Soothing Silk and Shaving Cream. 13.

Intensify the joy of the open road
The parched soreness of the mouth and throat irritated by the dust of the road is quickly relieved (and prevented altogether) by occasionally dissolving in the mouth

EVANS' Pastilles
An effective recumbent use especially at the mouth of Infants Colds, Pneumonia, Croup, etc.

Each Pastille contains 1/3 of a p ess from the makers, EVANS GROVE, LEIGHTON & WILLS, Ltd., 55, Hanover St., LINDEN, E.C. 13, a

Charming
Creations for Present Wear
See our New Catalogue, Charming Blouses, Costume Sports Blouses, Wraps, etc.
Have you seen patterns of our latest fashionable Styles for Costumes, Blouses, Blouses, etc. Patterns FREE? If not please send postal-stamped requirements.

High Quality. Reasonable Prices.

Recommended for COSTUMES

"Romany" Shawl
2/6

"Ruched" with

"Bonnet" Head Cover, 9/6

"B Stone" Smock
2/6

"Brazen" Smock
2/6

"Relief" Chemises and Suits
S. 1/6. 11/6. 18.

"Dress" & Blouse Fabrics

"Rene" unique designs
6/6

"Silky" Poplins
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4/6

"Poly" Fustians
6/6

"Lett" broad and

"Delia" lovely
3/6

Knits—some in 4l. 3/-.
add on the

"Hand" and fine

"Fancy" netting
1/6

"Dolly" lovely
3/-

"Hartley & Co.
21, Stanningley Rd.
LEEDS.

The Picture Show, May 22nd, 1920.

FILM ACTING TAUGHT BY POST

There is no need to neglect the possibility of your becoming a film actor, because you live far outside London. For your course can be completed at your own leisure, and at your own pace, with our help and guidance, without any expense. We have the highest reputation for the efficiency of our teaching, and our success rates are very high. Please send for our free brochure, which will give you full details of the course and the terms of payment. Your application will be given every consideration.

THE BENNETT COLLEGE, SHELHAM.

WE TEACH BY POST

We specialize in all branches connected with these subjects —

Aviation

Shipsbuilding

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Ministry of Aircraft

Mathematics

Marine Engineering

Surveying and Nautical Engineering

Shipbuilding

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We are prepared to teach you the essentials of this subject in a short time, and you will be able to pass your examination. We will give you a certificate of attendance, and you will have the benefit of our services in the future. The course is designed for both men and women, and we shall be glad to hear from you.

FREE BROCHURE.

Please address your application to

THE BENNETT COLLEGE, 21, Stanningley Rd., LEEDS.
wood, but I certainly whitened my finger—I nearly cut it off. But from that time on carving held a fascination for me. I took it up as a hobby when I began travelling. —

The Origin of Amber.

His is an expert carver, and fashions the eleventh things out of wood, amber, and ivory, all with the aid of a pocket-knife. He has made a careful study of amber. "It has a most interesting history," he says. "It comes from the Baltic seas, and they dredged for it; it was originally a pitchy substance which oozed from trees. The land in that vicinity sank, and the sea covered it, the chemical action of the sea petrifying the pitch. Amber is the result."

Where Flies Go.

One of the most interesting articles which Mr. Powell has carved from amber is a scarab-pin with a tiny fly encased in it. During what age of the world's existence the fly alighted in the pitch on a tree is a question. At any rate, it is now preserved for all time. When Elinor Foy, the comedian saw the scarab-pin, she drawled: "Why, the little cuss is buried in his own tombslone."

Tom Mix's Little Joke.

Tom Mix made Eva Novak the butt of a practical joke the other day. The company—which had been at work on a Mix film—was at lunch. Tom winked at Sid Jordan, who in his turn gave the tip to Pat Chrisman. Then Tom turned to Miss Novak.

"Eva," he said, "you're young and pretty. Don't you suppose that the outside life you have led has given you much chance to study spiritualism? Sid Jordan has made a study of it. He can talk with the departed spirits, and whenever I am stuck I go to Sid and ask him to ask them what I should do. Is there any question you would like Sid to ask for you?"

"Why, yes," stammered Miss Novak, a bit bewildered. "But where is he going to converse with the spirits?"

"Right here," was Tom Mix's reply, and he didn't smile when he said it.

"Oh, Sid," smiled Miss Novak, looking her Lovest. "Do ask the spirits if I am going to be a hit in this picture."

One could have heard a pin drop. Not a sound in the group moved. After a few minutes pause there was a mysterious clicking sound. Again all was silence. Sid Jordan closed his eyes: once more the clicking sound.

"I'll ask," said Sid Jordan, "the spirits say that you will score your biggest success as Alice Spencer."

Naturally Miss Novak was mystified by the unnaturally sound which had disturbed the stillness before Sid Jordan had started to talk to the departed.

Famous Readers of "The Picture Show."

No. 20.—Manora Thew.

Another British film star finds the Picture Show full of the latest beautiful pictures and the most interesting news, Manora Thew, whom you see above. We are to see this delightful little actress playing the lead in the Stoll version of A. E. W. Mason's famous novel "At the Villa Rose."

Who Has Won?

I expect you are all anxiously waiting the result of our "Finding the Stars" competition. When I tell you that each coupon (and there were thousands and thousands of these) has to be checked one hundred and twenty two times, you will know the work attached to this competition.

But judging this way effects a correct estimate of public opinion, for the voters themselves decide the result.

Just a whisper: I hear that so many Berksford, Warren Kerrigan and Charlie Chaplin lead the first three questions so far, but there are more coupons to go through before this can be spoken of as a fact.

Vol. No. 2.

The Picture Show has had its first birthday, and wishes to the readers who sent greetings on this great occasion. We are now going to announce one of you who are having their Picture Show bound will soon have two volumes complete on their bookshelf. By sending in pale blue cloth with lettered binding, can be obtained post free for £1, from the publishers, 79, Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4.

A Brilliant Success.

The youthful success of Attilio Davis, who has played the lead in "Uncle Dick's Darling," the second production of the New British Standard Company, makes interesting reading. At the age of three-and-a-half she won first prize in a beauty competition. At five and a half she was painted by Allen Williams as the prettiest child in England. At right she played the part of Mamalius in "A Winter's Tale," at the Court Theatre, and at nine took first Shakespearean prize in an open competition judged by Martin Harvey.

Now at the age of seventeen she is a cinema star, and the possessor of a wonderful mezzo soprano voice, and during the war she has sung and danced at over 150 concerts.

Mabel's Wonderful Necklace.

Miss Mabel NORMAND has a wonderful necklace, the links, pendant and all of which have been carved from one piece of wood. It was made by Russ Powell, when he was killing time between the scenes of "The Slim Princess."

"I was seven years old when I began whittling," says Mr. Powell. "I found my father's knife one day, and smoked out to the wood-shed with it. I didn't whittle much wood, but I certainly whitened my finger—I nearly cut it off. But from that time on carving held a fascination for me. I took it up as a hobby when I began travelling."

The Explanation.

It was not until the sun was setting and the company was homeward bound after a hard day's work that Eva Novak knew that she was the victim of a practical joke. She and Tom Mix were riding side by side. Just at the back of them were Sid Jordan and Pat Chrisman.

"Eva," when we get back to Mixville it's your treat," said Chrisman.

"Why an? " asked Miss Novak.

"Well, Eva, it's like this," said Tom. "When Sid Jordan and Pat there and myself were punching bronchos on the border, Sid broke his big toe. I see it, but it never did hurt right, and when it healed and the soreness left it Sid found that he could click it with very little effort. And so one night down in Texas, we pulled off that stant, and took in all the boys. It occurred to me this noon that you might want to know something, so I zavo Sid the wink before I sprung the question. But don't get sore, Eva, because whether the spirits say so or not, I can assure you that you'll be a hit in this picture."

Will Polly Accept?

I hear that Polly Moran, whom you may have seen in Mack Sennett comedies, but who left for a Vaudeville tour, and who is now back with another film company, has received a flattering offer to tour the music halls. I have not yet heard whether Miss Moran has accepted. I hope she has. I'd love to see her in the flesh, wouldn't you?

Society Beauty as Cinema Star.

The latest recruit to join the ranks of the gradually increasing numbers of the English aristocracy anctuated by the lure of the film, is Lady Sybil Eden, of Windlestone Park, Ferry Hill—who is regarded by her friends as possessing the film "secret" in a marked degree.

Lady Sybil Eden is the daughter of the late Sir William Grey, K.C.S.I., who was Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal and later, Governor of Jamaica. Lady Sybil is a very cultured woman, and is very fond of travelling. Throughout the late war Windlestone was used as a hospital for our troops, under the care of Lady Sybil Eden, and whose name was included in the recent list of war honours as an Officer of the Order of the British Empire. She is also a Lady of Grace of Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Lady Eden lost two sons in the war, and her second son, Sir Timothy (the present heiratant), who was studying in Germany at the outbreak of the war, was interned.
PICTURE SHOW CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)

Anna Adopts Anna.

A NEW addition to Anna Q. Nilsson’s Hollywood bungalow is little Anna Nordjärl, a diminutive orphan, who has travelled from Stockholm alone.

Some time ago Miss Nilsson’s parents, in Sweden, wrote to her about the plight of the little girl, whose both parents in an accident, Miss Nilsson, always having wanted to adopt and educate a younger, cabled them to send the child to her.

The little Nordjärl girl, who is nearly six years old, did not come through the post or accompany a letter, but was sent by special express. The child is too young to write, and is under the care of Miss Nilsson’s servants.

A Real Thrill.

FOR a new First National picture, Marshall Neilan, who is over here, recently staged one of the most hair-raising “stunts” ever screened. The stunt consists of a man dropping from an airplane to the roof of a Pullman train going at seventy-five miles an hour. Later, a scene was taken showing the man returning to the plane from the top of a train, by leaping into the air and catching a rope ladder from the train. To get these scenes a camera man was strapped to the wing of the airplane, and two others were stationed on the top of the train, where a special platform had been built.

Waiting for the Signals to Roll By.

I SAW Henry Edwards, the famous Hepworth producer and player, the other day, was not far from changing Cross. He was sitting in the driving-seat of a Rolls Royce, which also contained other “famous” people, amongst them being Christie White. And just behind the Rolls Royce I spied another car, in which L. Phillips Oppenheim was sitting, gazing, as were the rest of the company, to the windward. But the clouds took on a blackness as of the night, and the camera-man shook his head sadly.

The company, I learned, had been waiting about the vicinity of Treasure Square for four hours in the hope of being able to record a few hundred feet of “short scenes,” but the famous author, who had come to see the filming of some of the episodes in one of his stories, which Henry Edwards is producing in screen form, was “absent.” Mr. Edwards gave the order to “right about turn,” and informed everybody with a cheerful resignation worthy of recording, that “We’ve had a healthy day in the air, dear friends—and to-morrow we may have another.”

Riverside Stars.

ALL the Hepworth players are getting busy nowadays, preparing for the release of the first installment of Treasure Square in forty hours in the hope of being able to record a few hundred feet of “short scenes,” but the famous author, who had come to see the filming of some of the episodes in one of his stories, which Henry Edwards is producing in screen form, was “absent.” Mr. Edwards gave the order to “right about turn,” and informed everybody with a cheerful resignation worthy of recording, that “We’ve had a healthy day in the air, dear friends—and to-morrow we may have another.”

Alma Taylor and Leslie Henson.

ALMA TAYLOR has just come back from the seaside looking bonnier than ever, and very warm about studio work. It rained hard most of the time she was away, but the elements never worry this little lady. Perhaps her radiant, healthy smile is sufficient proof of the truth of her contention that “The weather doesn’t matter really; if nature’s roof chooses to leak we can’t stop it, and nature’s the most wonderful frame in the world.”

By the way, we are shortly to see her in a play with Leslie Henson. I wonder if Leslie will be as funny on the scene as he is on the stage?

Clothes Cost Money.

FRITZI BRUNETTE is bemouning the ever-increasing cost of clothes. “Oh, dear,” she was heard to sigh on a picture expedition, “if we didn’t have to spend a good share of our income for elaborate clothes for our pictures, our salaries would be just as lovely as they look in print. As a matter of fact, any girl in my profession comes out at the end of the year with a very small net sum. But there’s some compensation in wearing clothes. Every girl likes that.”

Do You Know?

—Thats Priscilla Dean started her stage career at the age of four.

—That Edgar Fanning numbers riding and swimming among his hobbies.

—That her second Christian name is Louise.

Constance Talmadge at Palm Beach by the Sea Waves.

Here in Constance, Director David Kirkland is trying to hide his false beard.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE at Palm Beach by the Sea Waves.

In the first chair is Constance with John Emerson. The camera man tells us Constance is acting.

FROM “OVER THERE.”

Notes and News from Los Angeles.

SINCE the recent announcement in the Press that Charles Clary is to have his own company, he has been besieged by persons seeking opportunities on his new lot. Over the past week, he has received forty-three original stories, four offers to direct his pictures, six offers to write his screen plays, several flirts from young and untried leading ladies, and thirty-four from “handsome” leading men—at least, thus they describe themselves, and, of course, they ought to know.

To Her Who Waits.

MRS. FORREST, the girl whose wonderful acting in “Dangerous Days” has made her a star overnight, has been working at the various Los Angeles hotels for the past few weeks as an extra, waiting for her big chance to come. The role that has raised her to stellar heights did not seem to offer many opportunities at first sight, being one of some half-dozen so-called “minor parts.” But little Anna prepared herself for days, putting into the part all her life’s hopes and ambitions, and, injected as novel realism into her “bit” that director and author looked on petrified by what they both declare to be the most wonderful pieces of acting they had ever witnessed. Everything comes to him who waits, but the readiness is all.

Fatty to Forsake Farce.

ROSCOE AUBREY is to definitely forsake farce-making for feature specials. His contract called for twenty-two short comedies, but on his recent visit to New York, the rotund Roscoe evidently succeeded in persuading Mr. Zukor to let him off. Some weeks ago Roscoe went over to Lasby’s to play the fat sheriff in a five-reeler feature called “Leonidas.” But apparently this first flight in the legitimate drama has caused him to decide to forsake farce-making for ever. As some wit remarked, hearing the news: “Next thing we shall hear is that Roscoe has started reading the New York Times!”

A Slight Difference.

TEN years ago on this day of writing, Frank Wead was seen in his hundred and eighteenth scenario to Biograph for seventeen and fifty cents, the highest price that till that time had ever been paid for a photo-play script. The other day two thousand and eighty dollars were offered for the screen rights of “A Tailor-Made Man,” and the offer was refused! Times have changed.

For One Film Only.

MAGGIE KENNEDY spent five thousand dollars on her wardrobe for her two last Goldwyn pictures, and was ordered by her beautiful gowns just care. One orchid-costume, valued at one hundred and eighty-five dollars, was worn in order to deliberately get it spoiled in an artificial rain-shower, according to script requirements.

The Will to Live.

YOU would never believe to look at Hobart Bosworth that twenty years ago his grandmother gave him up as a hopeless tubercular case. He was told that by living in Arizona he might prolong his life a brief span, but that anyway his doom was sealed. So to Arizona Hobart went, lived a free life in the open, and compelled his son to confine himself to nothing more than a walk in the park. Now at fifty-two he is six feet taller and three hundred pounds, and is in perfect health. See himighting in the picture “Behind the Door,” and you will realize that sometimes the sheer will to live is the best means of realizing the needs the undertakers.

Elaine C. St. John.
“Picture Show” Photographs of Prominent Picture Players.

ROSEMARY THEBY and FRANCIS FORD, the leading players in "The Mystery of No. 13," the thrilling Trans-Atlantic serial.

SHIRLEY MASON, who is being directed by MAURICE TOURNEUR in a film version of "Treasure Island," This world-famous novel of Robert Louis Stevenson’s promises to make one of the most wonderful photo-plays of the year.

Mr. & Mrs. SESSUE HAYAKAWA practise the one-step between scenes at the studio. Both Sessue and Tsuru love the Western dances and are always anxious to learn new steps.

In the centre you will recognise GLADYS BROCKWELL. This photograph was taken when the star was an honoured guest at a fashionable artist’s "At Home."
A Wonderful Story of a Girl's Sacrifice for Love.

By Emmie Allingham.

Nora was wonderful. You are so strong and capable. I feel a different man when you are with me. Sometimes I feel—

He paused and glanced restlessly round the room. His hands were twitching with agitation. Mona had moved away from him, and stood by the fireplace.

A lump had risen to her throat, she felt a great overwhelming desire to take his head and lean it on something beside her and comfort him. She knew, without him telling her, something of what he was suffering.

Later the two had gone up together to see the child. His hair was aching, little fiddle little figure with deep dishes across the big blue eyes. "Sylvia! My poor little baby girl!"

Jack had thrown himself down beside the bed, and his arm had come out to his wife, but Sylvia had pushed him away.

"Leave me alone, Jack. I am so wretched. That child is beautiful. Horrid little thing? she cried pettishly.

And Mona had crept out of the room and gone.

The girl in the easy-chair before the fire raised her head suddenly as the door-bell rang. She was scarcely aware that the tears were coursing down her face.

The doorsteps stood a girl. She was dressed in a smarter dress and expensive furs.

Mona gave a little gasp of astonishment as she recognised Sylvia.

"I came in a taxi-cab; I'm not very wet," said Sylvia arrily in answer to her friend's question as she followed Mona into the sitting-room. Mona lit the gas and stirred up the fire. She was clearly aware that the tears were coursing down her face.

"It's about Jack. I've had a letter. He is in the North, you know," began Sylvia, speaking in a jerky way. "I do not know what to do, and so I thought I had better come to you, Mona."

Sylvia was evidently very ill at ease. Mona had never seen her before in quite this mood.

"Don't worry. Jack has not got to pay for them," she said.

Mona placed a firm hand on the girl's arm. "What do you mean by that, Sylvia"? she said. "You have no money of your own except what your husband gives you."

"That is all you know, old sober face. I've got a job, and one that suits me. I can have all the things I like."

"What is the job?" asked Mona bluntly.

Sylvia hesitated, and the cunning expression which often marred her beauty now came into her eyes.

"I'm working for my cousin, Mrs. Harcourt. I'll tell you all about it, but just at present I'm so worried about this."

She held a letter towards Mona. Her cousin opened it and opened it. Then she gave a little cry of dismay.

To Mrs. Arlingford.

"Dear Madam,—We have to inform you that your husband, Jack Arlingford, was wounded here yesterday suffering from a serious accident. His life, although not in immediate danger, necessitates you coming up here as soon as possible."

"We do not wish to alarm you unnecessarily, but it is feared that, because of complications, his eyesight is completely destroyed."

"Yours faithfully," E. J. Cowen."

Mona covered her face with her hands. A horrible, dull pain was tearing her—Jack ill—blind! Oh, it could not be true!

Sylvia suddenly closed her bag with a snap which brought Mona back to the fact that she was in the room with her.

"Of course, I can't go," she was saying, as she pulled on her white kid gloves. "I shouldn't know what to do. I'm always frightened of illness, Mona dear.

Her voice changed into a sweet, caressing tone."

"Could you not go and explain to him? You are so much cleverer than I am, and you know always the right thing to do. I should be silly, I should cry out and make a scene. It won't mean he is going to be blind, can it? Isn't it just awful! You go to him, Mona."

Mona turned and looked steadily into that pretty face of hers."

"How can I go?" she said dully. "You are his wife. Only you would be allowed to see him."

"Oh, no! You are in a relation, Mona. Dear! You have always been so kind to us both. You go and explain to him. I—I think the voice faltered—and the blue eyes dropped—'I want you to keep him quiet, so that I can go on as I am. I am running on so well—I made quite a lot of money last week and my cousin is awfully kind to me. She gave me this costume and these furs. They are real skunks."

Mona gave a little crying sob.

"And you can talk about things now. You think they matter when—when your husband, the man you love, is lying ill and alone," she said, in a trembly voice.

Sylvia began to cry, but Mona knew by now she always did cry if she could not get her own way.

"I can't go to Manchester. It's no use bullying me, Mona, I know now I ought never to have married him. I—I didn't know what else to do at the time."

She dabbed her eyes with a muslin handkerchief.

"How do you make all this money?" asked Mona.

Sylvia hesitated for a moment.

"If I tell you I can trust you not to tell any- one else? You'll never trust me again, or are you?"

"Well, suppose you tell me now? I'm begging you."

"I—I don't know quite how to begin."

Sylvia laughed nervously.

"You see, I met my cousin as I was coming off Euston Station, after seeing Jack off, and I was feeling fed up."

"She was dressed very beautifully, and she invited me to her house. It's beautiful, Mona. She's got some lovely things. Her—her husband is in the jewellery business, and she asked him to take me on."

"What? to sell jewellery? Where? Behind a counter?"

"No—no—not quite like that, Sally and I go to restaurants and shops. Mind, Mona dear, you have promised never to tell, or we should get put into prison, or—or perhaps worse."

Sylvia! What do you mean?

Mona was staring at her companion with a horrified expression in her dark eyes.

"I thought it would shock you and you wouldn't know. Nor will I tell anyone, not a word to anyone. You've promised."

"But—but—Sylvia! Do think of what you (Continued on page 8)
The Expressions of MONROE SALISBURY. Special to "THE PICTURE SHOW."

The Hero who Belongs to the Land that is the Background of His Stories.

If I told you that Monroe Salisbury was the greatest expert on an avocado, you would wonder what I meant. In America they call it the Alligator pear, and it makes the most delicious and expensive salad that the Ritz Hotel in New York, or the Alexandria Hotel in Los Angeles can provide for their guests.

It is as the chief grower of this pear that Monroe Salisbury would like to be known, apart from his work on the films, but to his screen admirers, according to letters received by the Picture Show, his greatest attraction as a film artist is his naturalness. As one reader wrote: "He seems to belong to the land which is the background of his stories," and that is Monroe Salisbury's secret.

Why the Indians Adore Him.

MONROE SALISBURY is a stickler for realism, and it is said that ever since he played the part of Alessandro in "Ramona," he has numbered many Indians as life-long admirers.

It seems that when the picture was first shown, nearly every Indian in Southern California saw it. Many of them travelled miles over mountains and deserts to see the reincarnation of their hero. They have brought him presents by the hundred, blankets, necklaces. He has a whole room full of Indian handiwork from the Princess Nenah. He received a necklace of bear and elk teeth that had been worn by the great chief Geronimo when he went a scalping. He has also a blanket of his, which he wore in "Ramona." It was during the filming of this famous novel that Monroe Salisbury became fascinated with the place where the incidents on which the book is based actually happened.

A Western Ranch.

MONROE SALISBURY has a ranch which is a perfect background for the big western type of man such as he is. His stage career has been an exceptionally interesting one. He had a big stage experience before making his debut in "Ramona," on the film. He loyally plays western parts, he doesn't like "Gun men" roles. "Being a background for a six-shooter is not my idea of acting, and if I have to hold my audience with a revolver, I would rather not hold it at all," he says.

His idea of a story is one with the appeal of "The Virginians," "The Girl of the Golden West," and "The Great Divide!"

Filmed in His Coffin.

He has a unique part in his latest film, entitled "The Phantom Melody," during the filming of which he allowed himself to be laid to rest in his coffin: listened to his own obituary, and be buried in a vault from which he afterwards made his escape.

Very few people have had the question privilege of seeing themselves as they will appear after they have thrown off the mortal coil, and what is more, very few people would care to see themselves in that position. As far as I know, Sarah Bernhardt is the only person who has had the temerity to have her photograph taken in a coffin.

Now Monroe Salisbury tells us of his feelings during the filming of this scene. "It was the strangest feeling I have ever experienced," he said, after the film had been photographed. "I thought every moment that I was really passing out, as I felt the warmth of the soft, padded coffin, and the perfume of the flowers. I was glad," he added, "that the coffin incident only took up three of the five hundred scenes of the story."

WHERE TO WRITE TO HIM:
Monroe Salisbury,
Universal City Studios,
Universal City, California.
If you write to Mr. Salisbury, mention "The Picture Show" to ensure a reply.
The Silent Dude  
(Continued from page 6.)

no doing, child. You surely don’t mean to tell me that these relations of yours are common thread.

Mona’s voice had sunk to a whisper.

‘You are a girl, child. You must leave them at once. You cannot realise what you are doing, Sylvia. Think, dear; think of Jack and your husband.”

A hard expression came into Sylvia’s eyes.

“It’s no use, Mona, I suppose I am wrong, but I have a certainty that you love him a little bit. He is always crying, and then he is so ugly. And as for Jack—sh—’”

“I want you to go to Jack and tell him that I am happy in London, and don’t want to leave it. Tell him anything you like so long as it isn’t what I have told you. You want him to be happy, and he wants me to be happy.”

She had a little laugh.

“Tell him I am happy. That will please him, and keep him satisfied. It is not at the childish face framed in golden hair.

“Sylvia, you must be mad,” she said hoarsely.

“You’ve never heard what path you are taking.”

“I do,” cried Sylvia, hastily. “I know I want pretty, and that I love him. I want to live here until these last few weeks, if you were to play me false, Mona. I shall just manage it.”

“By your father, Sylvia.”

“Oh! I’ve left Bobby with the woman next door. She often looks after him for me. She won’t turn him out if I leave him with her a bit.”

Mona had released the girl’s arm while she had been plaicing with her, but now she did.

“You can have no soul or heart, Sylvia,” she said miserably. I brought you here in the first place to save you a hour. Have you answered the claim upon you? Cannot I persuade you?”

“No, dear. You dear old silly, you just can’t understand my life as I please. It is all right for you. You ought to have married Jack. You would be quite satisfied in that poky little hole of a house, but it suffocates me. Everything in it went stiffly as soon as I had it, even poor old Jack.”

You look tired. Do you want me to go in and help you?”

She was not smiling, and then glanced at her wristwatch.

“You're off. Oh, gracious! I’ve got that twenty minutes to catch the train. I’m meeting Sam the King’s Restaruant at eleven. There is a dance there, and I have got to dress first. You shan’t go without me. Pink互联互通 Mr. Bullo with silver butterflies on it. It’s a perfect dress of a dress of a dress. I was so afraid, and then moved towards the door.

“Don’t you get agitated of yourself,” he said, in a corollating whisper. “I am afraid as I gave you a bit of a fright. It was a Mr. Harkington who was took over her face was unusually fair, is all right, though he isn’t yet off the danger list. They will let you see him in a minute or so.”

Mona did not reply, but followed her meekly into the ward.

There was a screen placed round one of the beds, and on it lay a figure. The nurse in charge came moving forward, but the sister motioned her away.

“Here is your wife, Mr. Arlingford,” she said, adding to the heavily bandaged figure, “I have told her she is on no account to excite her, and that you may not stay more than five minutes unless you can stay an hour this afternoon, however, if she wants to.”

“Then she made a sign to Mona that she could appreciate.

The man on the bed held out a bandaged hand, and the upper part of his face was entirely concealed.

Mona gave a little cry. The words she had intended to say froze on her lips. There was a sudden episode that baffled and confused her. Not until that moment had she truly realised how terribly he must be suffering. The bandaged hand moved feebly, as though searching for something.

Mona fell on her knees beside the bed and took the hand between her own.

“Jack, old fellow, it’s—It’s—” she said brokenly.

The lips of the injured man moved. She became aware to his sensation that she felt she must surely ask; but the words, when through his lips, appeared full of surprise.

“Dear little girl, I know you would come as soon as you could,” he said, with a sigh of content, “but good-bye.”

For some seconds there was a silence between them, and Mona could hear her heart beating. She glanced at herself, and felt a delicious thrill of satisfaction passing through her at the thought that Jack had expected her to come after all.

He had evidently found out the selfishness of his wife, and had known she would send Mona, and the little girl would do so. His next words, however, shattered her dream.

“Have they told you, darling? Have they told you the dreadful news? I am blind, little girl. I shall never be able to see your pretty eyes, or hear your gentle voice. I am afraid, my darling, to protect you. And now—now I’m just a helpless log, and it would be horrible for you.”

His voice sank once more into a whisper.

A quivering cry, which, as strivie as she would, she could not check, broke again from Mona’s lips, and she buried her face in the bedclothes to stifle it.

“Here, there, little girl!” he patted her bowed head very tenderly. “You must not cry. I’m so glad that you are here at last. I’ve been longing the days, the hours, the minutes, and praying that you would come. Nothing seems to matter now. I feel strong again now that you are near me.”

Again there was a silence, which was only broken by the girl’s breath, and the kiddy—an odd little voice, which, of course, says anything when one is angry.”

Yes, yes!” he uttered the words eagerly. “I know you could not mean it, kiddy. Do you know it makes me almost recenlently to lying here to have such a proof of what you really are, a dear, lovely, and beloved. No one could be so beautiful as you are, my dear, and not have a good heart. ’Ere told myself over and over again, that you liked to tease me, didn’t you? You never really quite how much it hurts.”

A big sob was Mona’s only answer.

The position in which she found herself was awful. Every word uttered by the sick man made it more impossible to tell him the truth.

The poor, bandaged hands were seeking for her again.

“God bless you, little girl!”

A smile almost lit up her face.

Jack’s breathing became soft and regular, and Mona realised that he had fallen asleep.

She stayed on her knees beside him, not daring to move until he was quite round the bed and smiled across at the visitor.

“You have done him more good than all the doctors,” she said softly, “you must get a rest yourself now. You look quite ill yourself. Come again this afternoon; you will always be ad

(Author’s note)
LETTERS FROM MARY.

Mary Pickford's New Style Jumper—Her Mother's Eyes—Why Dorothy Gish is called "Chocolates”—Theodore Roberts' Wonderful Airedales.

2619 Franklin Avenue.
Hollywood, California.

Mary Pickford.

My dearest Fay,—I know you are eager to hear about our latest adventures in Tinseland, for they have been quite wonderful.

The night of Wallace Reid's dance, Mary Pickford told us she was bringing a new picture, and would send us word about it later. We feared she had forgotten, but no! Yesterday she invited us to tea, and we went to her beautiful palm-shaded home and met her mother. Miss Pickford came through an alley by the driveway to meet us, and took us into her library. She wore a new-style blue jumper with short sleeves and a girlish white frock. And oh! that dear, she's ten times prettier than her pictures; for they don't show her lovely hazel eyes or how pink-and-white her cheeks are. You see, her new picture is to be "Op My Thumb," and she said we must give her some English "atmosphere."

Mary Like Her Mother.

When you see Mrs. Pickford you know she is Mary's mother; their eyes are so much alike—just alike in shape and expression. Miss Pickford adores little Mary Pickford Rupp, Lottie Pickford's baby. Mrs. Pickford told us about when Mary Pickford first went into pictures with D. W. Griffith, back in the East, and Miss Pickford showed us the famous pictures of herself and Lillian Gish and Dorothy. They are very dear friends, and she had some new pictures from Dorothy Gish (they call her "Chocolates" for fun, because she is so fond of mixed chocolates and ice-cream).

"I miss Lillian so," she said. "It seems odd for her to be directing Dorothy now, but if Lillian undertakes it she will succeed. Dorothy has a new pet, "Mickey." I have only my parrot, "Gus," now."

"Gus," must have heard her, for he called from his perch:

"Lo, Mary! Lo, Mary! When's my little sweetheart?"

And Mary ran to give him a biscuit.

Such a Tiny Little Thing.

You'd never guess Mary Pickford is a—oh, big star to see her at home. Why, she curls up in a big chair till she looks no bigger than "Op of My Thumb. She is a tiny thing. Little Mary Pickford Rupp snuggled up to her, and said:

"Aunt Mary, I'll be most tickled to death if you will take me to the studio with you!" And Mary did.

Theodore Roberts at Home.

You must know that for weeks Alice hadn't pleased with her mother for an Airedale, and yesterday mother surrendered. Immediately Alice and I started for a "leend." We drove to the home of Theodore Roberts.

"Now, Mary," Alice commanded. "Don't forget mother, but Mr. Roberts for fine Airedales—and maybe he will sell us one!"

Schemer! She only wanted to meet Theodore Roberts, for both of us are absolutely mad about him; we never miss a picture he is in. When you see Everywoman you will see him as Wealth. I've seen the film over here, it is fine!

Well, my heart was in my throat as we came to a door, stepped to his door, and I for-get myself in the wonder of the gorgeous view spread far below us for miles and miles—merry Los Angeles "valley." We climbed the blue ocean beyond—twenty miles at least—and north the colourful Hollywood hills—a perfect inspiration! And the place for a poet and artist such as Mr. Roberts is. (You do not have to write verses and paint pictures to be that, you know, a great actor is also a poet and artist.)

"Puto" admitted us, then Mrs. Roberts gently listened to Alice's tale, but assured us that they did not sell their puppies.

DOROTHY is known as "Chocolates" among her friends. You can guess why.

From this seat in front of Theodore Roberts' house you can see the waters of the Pacific shimmer in the distance.

"Come with me, though, and we will ask Mr. Roberts something else," she laughed.

So she took us to the back yard and there was Theodore Roberts playing with a big pelican, "Big Bill." Oh, I was so thrilled! Four Airedale puppies were playing against the wire of their run way to get to him, and a splendid big Airedale, "Boy Scout," ran to us. My dear, Mr. Roberts was wonderful to us—it kept pinching itself to be sure I was awake, talking to the great man who is so kindly, so hundered.

I Admired Lloyd George.

WHEN he heard we were from England he chuckled, and said we must surely see "George." Then he whisked, and a fine white-haired fox terrier ran to him. "This," said Mr. Roberts, "Lloyd George! Isn't he a fine fellow?"

Mrs. Roberts (you see she was Florence) with a well-known on the stage)

MRS. Pickford Photo by Frem—"She Made Him Behave."
FLICKERS FROM FILMLAND.
NEWS, NOTES, AND OPINIONS, BY FRED K. ADAMS.

A Warwick Deeping Novel.

THE first production of the new Warwick-
Torrance Film Company has been
completed. This is entitled "Un-
rest," and it is the only novel of Warwick
Deeping's to be screened at present.
Dallas Cairns, who has been responsible
for the production, plays the part of
Martin Frensham, and supporting him
in the cast are Mary Dibley, Maud Yates,
Harlincs Hoare, George Harrington, and
Edward O'Neill. The company travelled
extensively on the Continent in order to
secure local colour, and the film includes
a scene showing the famous "Battle of
Flowers," at Nice.

The Need of the Films.

Mr. O'Neill, in his latest work, reveals
a consciousness of the need of the films
as a factor in education and social im-
provement. He writes:

"I am convinced that the cinema, with
its power to attract large numbers of
people, can do more for the education
of the masses than any other medium.

The Big Idea.

Mr. O'Neill was this: the idea of
writing for the screen is a complex one.
It involves the ability to create intangi-
ble things such as atmosphere, mood,
and setting.

Lessons We Learn From the Films.

Some people who pretend to be original
are not even good imitators.

Some folks go through life looking as if
they were every they had ever started.

Films of the Week.

The following is a list of the best
photo-plays which are being released for exhibition at the
Theatres during this week, and the names of the star artists:

Miss Nance in "A Little Child Shall Lead Them." 
Queenie Thomas in "The Third Degree." 
Alice Joyce in "The Flame of Life." 
Edith Branson in "The Empty House." 
Genevieve in "The Great Terror." 
Auric Sydney in "Simulac Rock." 
Anna Trench in "The Story of a Wife." 
B. C. F. in "Social Hypocri-
May Allison in "Ideal." 
Henderson Bland in "Joyce D'Arcy." 
Hawley in "The Zero Hour." 

Constance Binney as Juliet and John Barrymore as Shylock.
MAY ALLISON resolved
in dolls, and it was
when she had finished
she was sent to finish her
Her mother kept her
New York, doing the rounds.
Eventually, as May
"Everywoman"; then in
"David Harum," opposite
his death.
May has a sunny dis-
ambition to do serious
a brain. Elgigus are al-
call her frivolous or inge-

MAY ALLISON with
one of her many pets.

As a circus fairy in
"The Walk-off."
actress at an age when other girls are still interested promise that her mother would take her to New York that kept May satisfied in the convent to which
and is always cast for sunny parts, but her greatest
know I have an ingénue face," she says, "but I have
estimated. Ophelia was a blonde, yet no one could

With her favourite flowers—white asters.

As we shall see her in "The Cheaters."

She can cook spaghetti and can eat it—in "The Uplifters."

Another study from "The Cheaters."

Ready for a ride. She is never so happy as when in the saddle.
Near to the Stars

Dear Relations to Famous Film Folk.

MARGARET SHELY
Mary Miles Minter, sister.

RUDOLPH CAMERON
and AMITA STEWART
(husband and wife.)

EDWARD M. KEMAL
father of Clara Kemal Young

HOWARD HICKMAN,
Bessie Barriscale's husband

ALLAN HOLUBAR and
DOROTHY PHILLIPS
(husband and wife.)

NORMAN KERRY
and his mother.

SAM POLO,
brother to Eddy.
IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

Discarding the Winter Garments—A Film Star’s Method of Storing—How to Pack Your Furs During the Summer Months.

In our keenness to don the new warm weather outfit, we are apt to neglect the stock of thicker fabric that we have just discarded, and let them hang or lay about the house just as they are, all through the summer months, and regardless of the fact that they will have to be worn again next winter. The winter’s big coat will, perhaps, be hung behind a door and left, with mud on its hem, and dust on its surface; the velvet or velour hat will also be allowed to lay about uncovered, while furs will be just haphazardly flung into a cupboard or on to a shelf just in readiness for the moth that are only too ready to come along and take advantage of your carelessness.

Half a day’s energies expended on these garments will make a world of difference to their appearance and length of life, for if they are carefully cleaned and tended before being put away they will come up quite fresh for next season, and will be guarded from the danger of moths. The point to remember when putting away your thicker clothes is to brush them vigorously, first going over every seam and crevice where dirt might collect, for these are fine harboursing places for moth. After the garments have been thoroughly brushed—and perhaps cleaned with ammonia—they should be exposed to the warm sunshine for at least a day, and then put away immediately.

A Film Actress’s Method.

A FILM star—who is the possessor of some wonderful furs—tells me her method of storing cold weather garments is eminently satisfactory. First of all her heavy clothes are all brushed thoroughly and then exposed to sunshine. Then they are sprinkled with black paper—which is disagreeable to moth—and wrapped in old newspapers—the printer’s ink on which is especially offensive to these destructive little pests, and afterwards packed in tailor’s boxes. The latter are stuck down at all edges with strong gummied paper so that the garments themselves are proof from moth. When they are taken out again next season, they only need an airing and pressing, and are quite ready for wear again.

Velvet or velour hats should be cleaned and steamed before they are put away in a large hat-bag or box, while furs should have special attention given to them.

Many women prefer to store their best furs in a storage vault at a large furrier’s, and when an expensive fur coat is in the question this is by far the wisest plan. The cost for storing will be small, and the furrier will see to it that the cost is absolutely protected from moth or any other danger. In some of the biggest stores the storage of the furs is estimated by their value, because in case of fire or any destruction they guarantee repayment.

Storing Furs at Home.

Yet there is no reason in the world why you should not store your furs at home. And the best way is to set aside a whole compartment in your wardrobe for their storage, so that you do not have to open it again all the summer.

Start your campaign by thoroughly scrubbing out this compartment and see that every nook and cranny is perfectly clean, for dust and dirt are the very best friends the moth has.

When the compartment has been thoroughly cleaned, let it stand open for a day or so, with the nearest windows wide open so that the winds can blow into it.

The reason for being so sure about cleaning out the store cupboard for your winter clothes and furs is to avoid leaving any moth eggs in it. The moth in itself is not dangerous. It is the eggs that this little animal lays that do all the damage. So you see that, although you may have swept all moth from your cupboard, once a few eggs are stored away in the garment or cupboard, damage will be done, no matter how much camphor, black pepper, or other preventative is sprinkled among the garments. The odours of these repellants are so disagreeable to the moth themselves that they will not go near a place infected in this way, but they do not affect the eggs in any way once they are laid, and they will hatch and do their damage despite all precaution.

So much for preparing the store cupboard itself.

Use Tarred Paper Bags.

ONLY one step remains to make it mothproof. When you are ready to put the winter furs away hang little cheesecloth bags of camphor ball all round the cupboard. This will serve to fill it with that penetrating odour of camphor.

You can then place your furs in the closet just as they are, although the wiser

ENID BENNETT, the Paramount star, chooses the Japanese kimono for her bath gown on account of its extreme comfort.

plus will be first to place them in tar paper bags. These bags are made of thick tarred paper and are tightly sealed at the top, and they have proven themselves very efficacious in keeping out the dreaded pest. You can buy these at practically any very large stores.

Tar paper sheets should also be used for preserving feathers or fur trimmings.

A Dresser.
THERE was no other man in the whole of New York than young Howard Jelfrics. He was a handsome youth, with a roving, adventurous spirit, and a sturdy, independent nature. His father's magnificent mansion in Upper Fifth Avenue with his young bride, Annie Underwood, was a glamour for the young man. Howard, however, preferred the old house where he had lived during his childhood. He always remembered it as the place where he had grown up, and it was his favorite spot on earth.

Annie was a shy, modest young woman. She had a quiet, gentle manner, and her beauty was of the quiet, unassuming sort. She was a typical girl from the old-time American middle class, and she had a sweet, winsome charm that made her popular with everyone.

The couple were married in a small ceremony at the courthouse. Annie was nervous, but she was determined to make the best of it. Howard, on the other hand, was full of excitement and anticipation. He was ready to start his new life with Annie, and he was eager to show her the world.

They settled down in the mansion, and Annie soon found herself in a difficult position. Howard was a generous man, but he was also a spendthrift. He would often take out loans on his credit, and Annie was often left to pay the bills. She was a careful and thrifty young woman, but she soon realized that she would have to work harder if she wanted to keep up with Howard.

Annie, however, was a strong woman. She was determined to make the best of her situation, and she soon began to work at her studies. She was a clever and versatile young woman, and she quickly became a popular and respected student.

She was also a great admirer of art. She loved to spend her evenings at the museum, and she was a regular at the concerts and plays. She was a great admirer of the classics, and she often spent her evenings reading the great literature of the world.

The couple were happy together, and they soon began to build a new life together. They were a devoted and loving couple, and they soon became the talk of the town.

The end of the story is that Annie, after a long and difficult battle, succeeded in winning her husband's love and respect. She proved her worth and her value, and she finally won his heart.

The end of the story is that Annie, after a long and difficult battle, succeeded in winning her husband's love and respect. She proved her worth and her value, and she finally won his heart.
Bryant Washburn at Home

THE Washburn home in Hollywood is one of the handsomest residences in this wonderful section of the Southland, and Mr. Washburn, the Paramount star, is never so happy as when seated on his nice, stately verandah in the midst of his family.

Mrs. Washburn is a charming young woman who has been a constant source of inspiration and aid to her husband in his profession. He has two children, Bryant Washburn, nicknamed "Sonny," aged about four; and Dwight Ludlow, who has not yet reached his first anniversary. His witty sayings and unusual brightness "Sonny" has received almost as much publicity as his handsome and talented father. Mr. Washburn's second son gains his name from the fact that Dwight Moody, the celebrated evangelist, was a relative of Mr. Washburn. Whether either of his children will follow in their father's footsteps is, of course, impossible to state, but certainly "Sonny" displays an unusual amount of ability as a mimic, and possesses as well a fund of latent humour that is almost extraordinary in a child of his age.

Sonny at six months.

"Sonny" thinks his mother "just wonderful."

Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Washburn with their eldest son, "Sonny," who, although only four, displays wonderful ability as a mimic.
CATARRH, DEAFNESS, EAR NOISES.

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The Pictures Show, May 22nd, 1929.

“WHAT’S IN A NAME?”
Lyn Harding Speaks His Mind on Unsuitable Characters on the Screen.

A distinguished personality of the stage, Lyn Harding, who, by the way, is now appearing in "The Bird of Paradise," is already well known to you, but at the moment his solo claim to film fame lies in his film portrayal of the late H. B. Irving’s rôle in “The British Mystery,” which Stoll has recently plagiarised.

"However, I am going to do another story," he told me, as we sat in his dressing room at the Lyric Theatre. "I love the work—it really is splendid.

Since Mr. Harding expressed such pleasure in film acting, I asked him whether he might ever be tempted to desert the stage altogether in favour of the screen. This is a time-honoured question, but it often provokes some very interesting discussions. It did in this case.

Unsuitable Characters.

"A matter of fact," Mr. Harding replied. "The other day, a few years ago, I had several offers from film companies who wanted me to join them, but then, as now, my conscience prevented my considering such propositions."

"Was that your sole reason for refusing?"

I probed.

"Well, perhaps not altogether," he admitted. "Some of the greatest successes on the screen have been in pictures of a stage origin, and so had little to lose when they deserted the boards—in fact, everything to gain, for it was then that they acquired their true sphere, and when an actor who has achieved a certain reputation on the boards is concerned, the case is rather different."

"But in England—supposing you received a very, very flattering offer to devote the whole of your time to film work?"

I persisted, anxious to get another viewpoint.

"Ah, now you are touching on the financial aspect of the matter," smiled Mr. Harding, seeing my point.

"Yes," I owned, "I want your opinion on our financial position in the film world.

The Movies as a Domestic Institution.

My dear young lady, no film offer over here could be worth a stage actor’s while to abandon the boards entirely. The field is too small.

If the Americans, who are the creators of more of a domestic institution, and a much more formidable rival to the theatre, than in this country, and when one considers the vast amount of money which an American picture is shown before it ever reaches these shores, thereby ensuring a profit totally independent of its reception here, it is not difficult to understand why the American producer has greater capital to expend than we have, not only upon the actual production, but upon the salaries of the artists he employs.

From the point of view of money, then, it may be worth an artist’s while to devote himself entirely to film acting.

The Question of Finance.

"So you consider the British film too small in its appeal, Mr. Harding?"

"I use the word 'small' in my question in that," he admitted. "In fact, I think that the film in this country, if it is to be a tremendous success, must be of a certain size: that it can only be good in a great way; but here again one touches on the question of finance, though at the same time I am thinking more of these than expenditure.

During his visits to the States Mr. Harding makes the acquaintance of the foremost screen stars, and I only wish I had the space to record in full his impressions of them.

Mary Pickford has always portrayed a ‘sissy child,’ and an artiste of the highest eminence in her profession.

As an emotional actor Mr. Harding considers Henry B. Walthall pre-eminent, while as the king of jesters he, of course, awards the palm to Charlie Chaplin.

"Chaplin, I consider, is a bungler," he remarked, "but he is the most charming personal recollections of him. Too, Sir Herbert Tree was very fond of him, and it was delightful to see the two together and hear their wonderful stories. Chaplin and Tree were just two children, for to the day of his death, Tree retained that character. Chaplin, of course, I knew all great artistes possess—the heart of a child.

... The High Cost of Living.

EDDIE LYONS and Lee Moran, recently engaged two old hens for a scene in a country hospital, each of the hens laid an egg while at the studio, the hire of the hens was £2 for the day, and the ‘hens’ think they are very well remunerated.

A Pardonable Error.

One of the attendants in a picture theatre approached a man who appeared to be annoying more than usual about him.

"Don’t you like the show?" he asked him.

"Yes, indeed!" was the reply.

"Then why do you persist in hissing the performers?"

"Because, man alive, I w-warn’t hushing! I was scolding—as the old saying goes, ‘S-S-Samson that the s-scenery is s-superb!’"

An Awful Fate.

LEADING MAN: "They say, dear, that people who live together get to look alike.

LEADING LADY: "Then you must consider my refusal as final."
"THE IRON STAIR"

The Picture Show, May 22nd, 1920.

"THE IRON STAIR"
Rita Famous Convict Story on the Screen

It is many years since "Rita" wrote her great story of convict life, "The Iron Stair," but at this time, when there is so much talk of an increase of crime, due in many ways to the aftermath of the war, such a film as this, showing without exaggeration but with absolute clearness, where crime leads is of enormous value. It is an all British Stoll production, and nothing has been spared to make it a complete success.

One of the locations used for this film were the gates and courtyard of a large London prison that stands in one of the poorer districts. Much consternation was caused among the people living nearby when they saw both warders in Government broad cloth, and convicts in their dun-coloured suits with the mark of the broad arrow on them, and their white striped stockings showing what further length of service yet to run, walking about talking together between scenes. Many of the prison scenes were taken at Dartmoor.

A Dual Role.

The screen work of Reginald Fox is already well known, but all his previous triumphs have been surpassed by his acting in "The Iron Stair." He plays the double part of the two brothers, Geoffrey and George Gale, both of them in love with the pretty heroine, Renee, and so coming first of all to disaster and misery because the one man was careless, and the other envious of his brother, and bringing their lives to shame and misery, and then to the making of the great atonement by one, and to the strengthening and purifying of the other.

Mudge Stuart is taking the part of Renee Jessop, with whom the twin brothers are both in love. For a time she was a little anxious over her part, as she was at the same time taking the part of Lady Chelsea in "The Amateur Gentleman," and as the two characters were in different periods, she found it difficult to change from one to the other part. However, she worked remarkably hard, and made a success of both roles.

JAZZ AND GENTILITY.

The Balls of Fifty Years Ago.

It is rather amusing to turn over an old volume of "Punch" and see pictures of the balls of the seventies—the women with voluminous skirts and elaborately coiffured, the men with ultra-long trousers and side-whiskers; the rows of bored chaperones. What would the decorous ladies have said to our scant frocks and bare arms, or to the "deplorably masculine" fashion of "bobbing" the hair?

A dance in those days was a far more formal affair. The débutantes were chaperoned by discreet mammas; they did not dance too much for fear of getting unbecomingly flushed. They did not display their arms in the bold fashion of the 1919 girl: all defects were hidden under long white kid gloves. Only in a very natural way did the girls of those days resemble the maidens of our own time.

The modern girl has a harder task to keep herself looking fresh and pretty through a long and arduous evening of "Jazz," "Hesitation," and "Fox-Trot." Dancing is too apt to make one look "shiny" and hot; and the enthusiastic dancer will not spare a second to disappear into the dressing-room to powder her face.

"Wouldn't it be lovely," several girls have said to me, "if there was something to put on your face—not real make-up, you know—that would look nice all the evening without any further trouble!"

And to these I reply:

"There is something. Get an ounce of camomile from your chemist, dissolve it in water and bottle it. Before you go to your dance shake the bottle well, and bathe your face with the lotion, rubbing lightly until it is dry. That will give you all the nice "Bloom" of roses without harming your skin for a day, and the effect will last for several hours."

GLOVES V. BARE ARMS.

The Victorian miss and her mamma would certainly deplore our casing aside of the conventional long kid gloves as "excessively unbecoming." So also does the woman of today whose arms are better hidden than displayed. Certainly, though a pretty arm gains much admiration, an ugly, hairy one ruins the prettiest toilette. Many girls, whose arms are otherwise white and shapely, suffer from a growth of superfluous hair on them which is far from attractive. These, of course, can be removed with very little trouble. Shaving is undesirable, for not only is it very tiresome, but the hairs grow again with increased vigour. Electrolysis is painful and expensive. The best method is to procure some safe home remedy. Pheninol is by far the safest and most reliable drug to use. Most chemists stock it ready for use in small 1 oz. bottles. All that is necessary is to add a little water to a teaspoonful of the powder, and to apply the resulting paste to the superfluous hairs. Directly it has thoroughly dried the hair can be easily and painlessly scraped away with a thin piece of cardboard—a visiting card will do.

Pheninol seems a little expensive, but only a very little is required. This pure drug leaves no bad effects whatever, and it reduces the future growth of hairs to a minimum.

Let all who have pretty arms, then, show them; but those who are less well-favoured will do wise to moderate a little, and produce a little illusion with "camouflage" sleeves of ninon or tulle.

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Use it daily and look your best
More Adventures Among the Cannibals.

ON THE BORDERS OF CIVILISATION.

THE OLD ARISTOCRATS OF FRANCE.

By MARTIN JOHNSON, World's Famous Explorer and Photographer.

ONE of the saddest sights I saw in my journeys in the South Seas had nothing to do with the savages, but was concerned with white men, and not only white men, but descendants of one of the proudest aristocracies that ever ruled in a civilised country. And yet when I saw these men, many of them, as we sauntering the streets looking for rats and bugs, and—ay, some of them glad to eat what a self-respecting dog would have refused to touch. This was in New Caledonia, in the city of Noumea, which would better be described as "The City of Broken Old Men."

They were the remnants and the descendants of the French aristocrats who fluttered it so gaily at the court of the last Napoleon. When France, smarting under the humiliating defeat by the Prussians in 1870, determined that loyalty should reign no more, the titled aristocrats who had for so long ruled the destinies of France were sent as prisoners to the island of New Caledonia.

Broken in Mind and Body.

For five years they laboured in the mines, and even when their period of imprisonment was over, they were not allowed to leave the island. They lived proof, published, and stately men, even in the hour of their disgrace. They came out of the mines broken men, with bent backs and twisted limbs. A few, animated by the spirit that had taken their forbears railing to the guillotine, equipped the terrible influences that work in the minds and existence in hovel and dungeon had left on them, and began life again. A few of these are now prosperous traders and keepers of cafes. But the majority were broken in mind as well as body, and they had no heart to fight any more. They gradually drifted lower and lower until even the natives pitied them, though even in the last stages of their degradation there was something about these old aristocrats that gave an indication of their former greatness.

A few of them managed to escape to the South Sea Islands where they married native women, which accounts for the light-coloured natives with European features that one occasionally encounters on the islands.

Thoughts for their Native Land.

I THINK one of the most pathetic stories of the war is told of these poor aristocrats. Whenever their faults may have been when they were in power, and history tells us they had many, they retained in their exile a sentiment and fancy for France, and when war was declared they made pathetic appeals to be allowed to go back to their native land and of the lives to the sacred cause. It was, of course, impossible to grant their wish. They had long since passed the age when they would have been of use as soldiers, and even had it been desired to grant their wish from sentimental reasons, all the carrying room of the ships that could be got together was wanted for fighting men, guns, ammunition, and food.

It must have been a wonderful sight to have seen those old, broken men when they heard of the victory of the Allies.

Apart from the tragedy of the old Frenchmen, I found New Caledonia a pleasant and prosperous place. There are plenty of markets for the ever-increasing production of the plantations, and there is a glad-ahead spirit about the people that promises well for the future.

Memories of Happy Days.

A NOTHER thing I saw in the harbour at New Caledonia brought back many fragrant memories, saddened alas! by the recollection of a marvellous friendship never to be renewed on earth. It was the dear old Snark on which the late Jack London and I spent so many happy days. It was being used as a trading boat with a black crew but as I looked at it through the mist of memories of the past, I caught once more a breath of the flower of romance that ever wafted its soft fragrance over the adventurous wanderings of Charmin and Jack.

CHARACTER AS TOLD BY THE FACE.

P R I S C I L L A  D E A N.

The Forehead.

NEST the fullness in the lower part of the forehead, which indicates ability to analyse with ease. The eyes show great keenness in the perceptions and great reasoning powers. This, of course, has a deep influence on the temper of the individual. A nose that will suffer no insult, the breadth at the base significant of intense activity.

The Mouth.

THE mouth is of exquisite tenderness, showing generosity, benevolence, and excess of sympathy. A woman with a mouth like Miss Priscilla Dean will meet sentiment and ideas with careful reasoning. The modelling of the chin and cheeks denoting love of all that tends to beauty, capable of quick judgment, prompt action, and the instinct of the perception of the masses who adore her.

In Temperament.

THIS is the temperament that is ruled more by the heart than the head, their feelings are acute, their influence over the masses is extreme from their power of communicating their enthusiasm to their followers, appealing alike to the intellectual and the ignorant, suiting themselves in every company in which they find themselves. Usually great favorites, as their wonderful personality is sure to make itself felt.

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Simply go to your chemist and buy some oil of arnica in some smooth form, take one after each meal and one at bedtime. Even a few days' use should show you a reduction in weight, and with a little perseverance you will notice that your skin becomes firm and smooth, and a light, buoyant feeling has possession of your whole body. Almost like magic five to twenty years drop from your appearance, and you feel your strength and appearance come back to you again, and, best of all, oil of arnica capsules are so safe, simple and inexpensive. Get a packet of the capsules at your chemist today, or a packet will be sent to your post paid, by the D. J. Little Co., 37, Hutton Garden, London, E.C.1, upon receipt of 3s.

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I. J. (Liverpool).—Did you write to me ages ago? I forgot to answer. I want to know what you never learnt. How can I answer you in the "next issue but one," I? J. Really quite impossible. You have to think clearly of the heads of these replies, and then you will know the reason. HARRY CARTER (n.b. a very nice name). In "The Grey Ghost," "Roberts," "Facts" (Nottingham), R. F. J. (Coventry), M. W. (Gower), G. A. J. (Worcester), S. G. (Lancaster), W. C. (Birmingham), E. W. (Liverpool), W. E. (Manchester), R. S. (Edinburgh), E. B. (Birmingham), H. S. (Seaford), G. G. (Salisbury), J. W. (York), A. M. (Hull), G. M. (Chester) and E. B. (Warrington).—All of you are welcome but you will find most of your questions answered in the second issue. In this number you can find in the above names, that the information you are wanting has not been made public.

E. B. (Leeds).—Elliott Dexter was the star in "The White Man," and Ann Little was opposite him. Of course, when you have a number of favorites it is hard to choose the one you like best. There is no particular part of America in which films are taken, although a great deal is done in California. In this country, they try to choose their open spaces in different parts.

In America there are several comic film actresses, so I am not quite certain which one you mean unless it is Mabel Normand and sometimes gets herself up in the garb you mention. Christie and Pearl White are sisters. White has neither sisters nor cousins. Essie Hayakawa's recent pictures have been very good. The City of Pan Fares, "Bonds of Honour," "His Birthright," "A Heart in Pawn," "The Field," "The Soul of Kurland," "The Very Few Good Women." To "The Man Beneath." 

N. (Newmarket).—I would ask Claudine Chisholm one of these days to unscrew her soul to me. Trevor Elwood was himself a space-writer. If you are interested in travel pictures, "Up and Down," "Nothing but the Truth," "Essie Money," "Ralph's Return," "A Pair of Sixes," and "Jugades of Red Cap." Downey (Long Eaton).—You have wanted to write for a long time. You have been up to Mabel Normand has Brown eyes, dark hair, and is forty-six. Her name is Yolanda Polson. Ralph with "The Coming of the King." "Ensue" (Bedford Park).—The code of the Yukon is a recent picture featuring Tom Santen. For "A Good Man" is an Indian. Ralph use his name, "A Good Man," "A Fit for Million," William Dumont was in the late "The Green Archer." He was the last of the other film won't give his name. Perhaps he will do so when he wants a star.

T. W. (Whitchurch).—Bea Scully, the former Mrs. Douglass Sheen, is married to a big and low. The former James Evans, Martin Cooper, of course, is married to Ralsh Walsh, but she is no relation whatsoever to the late Margaret Sheen. 

V. E. V. (Brixton).—Somebody, I expect, must take a letter to your local office. Do they get to their destination. This one seems to have made the journey all right. Your question about Fanny Ward is answered. She is going to be on your next. Mary Miles Minter is not allowed to marry a man, or else she will be free to make her choice. You have come late. Vivan, and I can hear you sighing when I tell you that an art plate of Pauline Frederick was given away with the second piece of this paper dated May 10th, 1919, and one of Mary Miles Minter with the issue dated Aunl 2nd, 1919. "Woman's Wear," for January only, has an art plate of Wallace Reid. The others will come along in good time.

E. E. (Glasgow).—Ann Little is not married now. Of course you know she is a California-born girl born at Sisson. Perry Man moten confuses to being married. And the other? Well, I hope to disappoint anybody, but let us take no notice of the gossip and make them say a word about their instrumental affairs.

A. (Bath).—I hope you will feel immensely pleased at all the nice things you have said about him. Violet Horner and Gwyney are both married, but they evidently do not wish the names of their partners to be made public. Great America is married to Miss Laura Widfor, and to Harlan Tucker. I am glad to think you know so highly of British producers.

FLAPPET (Dundee).—So you were quite impressed with Hoodlum when you first saw him. He was born in Appleton, Wisconsin. I. N. A. Mary Oakey is about eighteen, but Vivian Martin and Olga Petrova have not disclosed their ages or birthdays up to the present. Yes, the latter really has red hair and green eyes, and is Polish.

(More answers on next page.)
**Answers to Correspondents (Continued)**

**CONSTANTINE** (Watson, 11-year-old) - I expect you will be finding Elizabeth Risdon on the film main. Ted Kane is the screen, and "When Mum Betrayed" is a re-cut picture of her. Peggy Carlisle is English, and has fair hair. The first film in which she appeared was "Commanded," and since then she has played in "Keep of the Door," "How's Kate?" and "God's Good Man." Other particulars, I regret to say, are not disclosed.

**Alice** (York) - I feel I cannot refuse you for being so good. Lillian Gish has appeared in "Infidelity," "Burden of the Night," "The Captured Thing in Life," "Hearts of the World," and "Broken Blossoms." She was born in New-York, Gills, on October 14, 1890, and started her screen career in 1912. Owen Shearer, who has brown hair and blue eyes, is married to Marie Doro. No other informations at the moment.

A. E. (Cheltenham). - As you are a new reader, here's something about Elmo Lincoln, and it will do for other advances of film also. He is thirty-one and wants only half an inch to measure 6 ft. in height. He has brown hair and blue eyes, and is no relation to that other fine actor also named Lincoln, whose artwork are E. K. Of the other three you mention, only Louise Lovely does not mind saying that she is twenty-five.

**Toasts** (Old Trafford). - My many thanks for those eleven new readers. May you live to a good old age. Norma Talmadge has brown eyes. The cast of "The Brunt" is as follows: Kay Laurell (Alice), and William Fawcett, (Kipper). The other characters have been an actor always. The film-world did not see him, of course, till 1911.

A. S. - Warren Kerrigan was the handsome hero in the film "Taboo" for that production company. N. F. (Brixton). - True Boardman left a wagon known professionally as Virginus Ames. He died in Victoria, 1898.

W. C. F. (Birkenhead). - Who played the part of the man named James in "The New Age." I cannot tell you for her name is not mentioned in the cast. Here are the names of the others: Charles Yagey, Walter Wrigh, Edward Johns, Draken, Easter Watters (Judith Strange), George Larin (Two Men), O. R. Webb (Skeleton) (Chicago). E. R. (West Edbrook). - I fancy it must be George Robson you are thinking of. If so, he was first a singer and is now in the band. He did not play in a million film plays, and some of the pictures in which he has appeared are: "An All," "Lost in Transil," "His Sweetheart," and "Hearts of Men." He has been with M-G-M for three years. He loves to go with you and your South African friends. Some of your letters have already been created, and I expect on this you will have received some of the art plates mentioned in your letter. The rest will come along in good time. If you still want them in large size, and Douglas Maclean in "Opal, Kidd, Junee."**

**Picture Show Personal**

**Beauty Competitions** - In the search for uniform beauty and grace, the rapidly growing British film industry has now entered into energetic competition with the stage and halls which, previously enjoyed a virtual monopoly in this respect. The competition has been launched by "Pathes' Pictorial" film is the best serious endeavour that has come to my eye in recent British producers with the most beautiful girls and women of the nation, and no expense is being spared to overcome the difficulties of putting cinema pictures in personal touch with busy producers.

All over the country the photographs of prospective prize winners and future screen stars are pouring into cinemas, and a strong committee has been formed consisting of the following gentlemen:-


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Thousands of talents contest for participating of the competition have been narrowed throughout the country, and an enormous number of pictures have been submitted for casting, and we advise all screen aspirants to obtain at once performance in their next seen film showing the "Pathes' Pictorial," and then hand in such or their photographs immediately.

**WHERE TO WRITE TO YOUR FAVOURITE FILM STAR** - If you kindly requested not to be answered by post, owing to the large number of other letters that have been answered, you will find it best to write direct to the Editor. At the Sheffield Studio, Room 56, the Fleetway House, Farrington Street, London, E.C. 4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. Remember always, when writing to the stars, to give your full name and address, including the name of your county and residence and mention the film star to ensure the safety of a reply. It must be understood, however, that we cannot guarantee that such letters will be replied to. Please keep these addresses for reference.

**Identity, Mary MacLaren.** - Care of Universal Films, Universal City, California, U.S.A.

**Pauline Frederick.** - Care of Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California, U.S.A.

**Thomas Meighan, Harrison Ford.** - Care of Universal Pictures Laboratories Studios, Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

(Both addresses for next week.)

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MISS EDNA MAY, the original "Belle of New York," with Mr. A. E. MASON, the famous novelist, and (left) Mr. MAURICE ELVEY, the producer of the Stoll Film Company. Is MISS MAY contemplating acting again for the screen?
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**Silky Knitted Sports Coat**

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Famous Readers of "The Picture Show."

No. 21.-HEATHER THATCHER.

YET another beautiful screen star has contributed to the appreciation of The Picture Show. Above we see the charming British star of stage and screen, Miss Heather Thatcher, with her favourite film paper. Have you seen her yet in the Gaumont picture, "The Green Terror," the film adaptation of Edgar Wallace's story?

A Beautiful Picture of a Beautiful Girl.

ILLIAN GISH is on our centre page this week. Don't you think it beautiful? D. W. Griffith chose the right girl for the heroine in his masterpiece. Of all screen stars no one can pull at our heart-strings harder than Lillian Gish. She is so appealing, so childishly helpless, you just long to comfort her. Everyone who loves this little star will want to possess this very artistic picture of her. Show it to your friends, and tell me if they do not agree.

If You Want to Collect Our Art Pictures.

By the way, I am still receiving letters from disappointed readers who have been unable to get a copy of The Picture Show containing some special picture they were waiting for. There is only one way to avoid this. Order your copy to be saved for you regularly. This enables your newsagent to order the number of copies you require. Otherwise something special is announced — there is an extra rush for the paper on Monday morning, with the result that when you arrive the Picture Show is sold out. Don't let this disappointment be yours. Order your copy to-day.

A Fine Screen Serial.

Do you like screen serials? There is a fine one being shown just now, "Lightning Bryce," with manly Jack Hoxie in the hero part. The story is now running serially in the "Box's" Cinema. If you like real exciting stories, don't miss this.

A New One.

THE director of the Goldwyn photograph's writes that he thought he knew every trial and tribulation which can befal the making of a photoplay, but he has just learnt a new one.

He and his company were out in a forest making scenes, and work was going on swimmingly, when peacefully the whole company were afflicted with poison ivy. This, you may know, is not dangerous, but extremely painful and disfiguring. For days the company just waited for their faces to resume their natural size and colour, and the only diversion they had was to boast about their afflictions.

Never Been a Deadhead.

SHOULD Tom Moore stand alone in his statement that although an actor he has never accepted a pass to a theatre.

It sounds unbelievable, but Tom says it, and tells why he has always insisted on paying his own way. "All my life, ever since I was a kid in Ireland," he said, "I hated to want to make my own way. Independence may be a fetish with me, but I cannot bear the idea of being under an obligation to anybody for anything, and that is why I have never been a deadhead at a theatre."

From the Court of Napoleon.

I HEAR that Vivian Rich has amogn her jewellery a pair of antique garter buckles worn by a Castilian ancestor of the dainty star at the Court of the first Napoleon. They are set with diamonds, and are of rare blue enamel inlaid with gold. In their day they were very costly, and are now virtually priceless, since this enamelling is a lost art. A strange romance attaches to these buckles, which Miss Rich proposes to wear in a coming picture. They were presented by the heir of the above mentioned ancestor, who followed the falling fortunes of Napoleon III. Miss Rich's grandmother made a special trip from Spain to Paris as a bride, and searched for months to find the buckles. By almost miraculous detective work she succeeded in recovering them, and handed them on in her family with strict injunction that they should be returned to the family of the owner, who would promise faithfully never to part with them. This is how they came into the possession of Miss Rich's mother, and hence to the Fox star.

Ruth's 'Busman's Holiday.'

DO you know that Henry Clifford's favourite pastime is a 'busman's holiday'? She spends all her spare time going round the autumnal scenes. Although the star earns her living on the screen, she is very enthusiastic over the stage. She admits that she gains a great deal from the careful study of leading stage artistes, and she also insists that many of the actors of the footlights could get many ideas if they would similarly go to the picture theatres, and study the work of the best film stars.

Buck Jones Back.

BUCK JONES has at last recovered from the severe injury to his foot, which happened on January 28th last. The accident occurred while the star, famed for his horsemanship and daring, was attempting a feat mounted on his big horse Silver. The details of the accident show that it was not due to any fault of Buck Jones's, but rather to faulty work on the part of the harness maker who built the special saddles used. At the crucial moment one of the stirrup straps, which play an important part in a cowboy star's outfit, parted, and Jones was thrown headlong from his horse, which was running at high speed. The animal stopped on one of the star's feet. He was removed to his home, where he was confined for weeks, unable to move.

She Can't Make Up Her Mind.

MRS. ELIZABETH GARRISON hasn't made up her mind whether acting in motion pictures is as great as some people think. Up to a week ago she enjoyed her role of Grande Dame in the coming Tamahge picture, but after having 300 pounds deposited on her, she has come to the conclusion that, without a life insurance policy, an accident policy, and a body girdle, it is unsafe to wander at large in a picture plant.

Gloria Davenport, 16 years old, weight 300 pounds, was the unconscious and unwitting cause of Mrs. Garrison's accident. Gloria is the fat girl of the picture, and in the excitements of dressing she falls down a flight of stairs, carrying Mrs. Garrison and a part of the stairs with her. The terrific impact knocked both women unconscious, but latest reports say they are recovering nicely. Miss Davenport not only succeeded in breaking the staircase, but in declaring a holiday for the "extras." Work was suspended for the day.

No Light Bout.

ALBERT ROSE, who is playing now in the "Branding Iron," which is being filmed at the Goldwyn studio in Culver City, is a boxer, and he never has any difficulty in finding someone to box with him, for his wife is very handy with the gloves, and just to keep themselves in trim they go several fast rounds every day. Mr. Rose says there are few men who can beat his wife, and bitterly regrets anyone thinking that he considers it a light bout when they are opponents.

How Mabel Keeps Fit.

WHAT does Mabel Normand do for exercise? Answer — any sort of a stunt that comes along. She gets enough exercise out of her work in her pictures to have an ordinary individual. One of the secrets of her popularity is the fact that she is always bubbling over with high spirits. However, she is not satisfied with the exercise she gets out of her part in the picture, "The Slim Princess," she amused herself between scenes by turning somersaults in a pile of flowers on which, as a princess, she had been lolling a moment before. Shortly before that, during the lunch hour, she grabbed a convenient bicycle and pedalled furiously around the studio grounds. It would be a hardship for her to remain still for very long.

ALMA TAYLOR is an ardent amateur photographer. Here is one of her snapshots of Teddy Taylor, Alma's brother, on the left, and Tommy, the only son of Cecil M. Hepworth, the British film producer.
PICTURE SHOW CHAT. (Continued from page 5.)

The Queen of Grotesqueries.

LOUISE FAZENDA, queen of grotesqueries, hides the light of her good looks under the bushel of "make-up," thus refining the adulation of women and their vanity. With calm disregard for the rights of beauty, Miss Fazenda goes about her task of obliterating it, and presenting herself for the world to laugh at—a truly courageous duty, admirably and effectively performed.

But Mrs. Fazenda is never entirely successful in her efforts to obliterate herself in favour of her characteristics in Mack Sennett comedies, for there is always disclosed a wistfulness of expression and a winsome charm that eludes the camouflage art, and helps to make her friends of all that have the satisfaction to see aright.

The Comedian's Charm.

It has been said of Charlie Chaplin that his

fantastic humour long since has paled on the public palate had it not been for the undernote of human appeal that shines through his most extravagant episodes. There is something of this in Miss Fazenda's comedy antics on the screen. Her biggest risk will soon be presented to the public through the United Artists, which distributing organisation, composed of Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford and D. W. Griffith, will handle Mack Sennett's five-reel super-production, "Down on the Farm," in which Miss Fazenda plays the part of the rustic heroine.

In Case of Fire.

CHARLES RAY tells us that a syphon of soda water is an excellent fire extinguisher. He says that the carbonic acid gas in the soda water helps to extinguish the flames, and the syphon can be tilted so that the water reaches up a considerable distance, such as to the top of a blazing curtain. Charles Ray has studied chemistry, and recently had an opportunity of the syphon test when visiting at the house of friends and a fire broke out.

Try This.

KATHLEEN MACDONALD'S greatest joy is making up new recipes. Here is one: Cut up left-over meat into small pieces, put into a small, very small, flame, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and so on till the dish is filled. Then sprinkle dry breadcrumbs on top and bake until brown.

Jolly Schooldays.

THERE is joy in the hearts of the children of Texas. I hear that every new school building to be put up in this town must have a projecting machine, and be so arranged that motion pictures can be shown in the schoolroom. A child would not like to go to such a school!

MR. DENNIS TRENT, the young Scottish actor, now playing in "The Young Victims," on the stage, who is to play for a new company just starting.

Trent, who was seen here as himself, and in a character part, firmly believes that he is in the unshakable mortals, at least, as far as cinema acting goes. "I've been going to play for the films for at least half a dozen occasions," he told me. "And then, at the last moment, something had come in the way. But at last, I believe I've broken the spell and realised my ambition." There's nothing like the old motto: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

A Costly Hug.

THEY are still laughing around at the Golden eyes studies about the "hundred dollar hug" which Jack Pickford unmentionably gave Edyth Chapman during the making of his new Goldwyn picture, "The Double Dyed Deceiver," by O. Henry. In this picture Miss Chapman plays the part of Senora Unque, a stately white-haired Spanish mother, whose long lost son is restored to her. Jack Pickford plays the son. As part of her costume Miss Chapman wore a beautiful black lace mantilla shawl, which is over a hundred years old and is valued at a hundred dollars. In giving the embrace of welcome to his picture "mother," Pickford caught the leather cuff of his cowboy suit in the delicate mesh of the shawl, and tore a gaping hole in it. Miss Chapman called it the hundred-dollar hug.

Do You Know.

—That the most common reason for changing the name of a novel after its conversion into a film play—apart from the question of its box-office value—is in order to have the film copyright?

—That Geraldine Farrar pronounces her name with the accent on the last syllable?

—That William Farnum's wife was an actress, her professional name being Oliva White?

—That Dorothy Phillips' real name before she married Allen Holubar was Marie Strible?

Fay Filmer.

The Picture Show, May 5th, 1920.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News from Los Angeles.

A Problem.

ALICE BRADY believes that a girl earning twenty dollars a week be able to put aside five dollars every week for clothes. Not silk underwear and expensive evening frocks, but for clothes that are attractive as well as being serviceable. Miss Brady believes that it is simplicity above all other things that makes for distinction in dress, and this quality has the additional advantage of being within the reach of not only the wealthy woman, but also of the girl who has her weekly problems of making the most out of very little.

Bill's Big Heart.

BILL FARNUM has a heart to match the size of his hands. "One of his weekly earnings go as a kind of pension to half a dozen old actors who would otherwise be penniless. They do not know from where this money comes, and nobody would ever have learned of this big-hearted typical Bill Farnum charity, if it had not been for the income-tax man who somehow let the secret out. It was when he started filling out the blank form, and was asked to state the names of those to whom he paid out the sum coming under the heading of charity funds that he refused to give the names of those who were benefiting by his kindness. So he is paying the Government the tax to save the pride of these old timers."

Alice Joyce's Wedding.

ALICE JOYCE, who is going to an announcement from Ill. old New York, has become the bride of James Regan junior, son of the proprietor of the Chamberlough Hotel.

A Novel Comedy.

A NOVEL comedy has just been screened here under the title of "Unsaw Feet." There's not a single subtitle or a human face in the whole production, the whole of the story being told in footnotes.

Too Great a Hurry.

EORGE BERAN, the famous character

actor, overslept the other morning. Hurrying up his clothes in record time, he dispensed with brogues, laced the house and hailed a passing taxi. "Drive like "he shouted, jumping in and slamming the doors. After some forty-five minutes of fast and furious driving, in the course of which they had upset the traffic of the entire Hollywood district, the taxi came to a stop in a narrow street before the sign "Road up." "Are we there?" Beran queried through the speaking tube. Then the impertinent chauffeur turned in his seat and with a blasé air enquired; "Where did you want to go, sir? You didn't give me any address."

A Wonderful Collection.

LOUISE GLAUM is a collector of beautiful fans. One of the fans which she uses in a recent picture is made of selected ostrich fronds in the shades of the Chinese phoceans with something of the dappled effect of a raindrop. Another is of uncurled cerise coloured ostrich feathers made to form a crown, the design of a harp, mounted on a tortoiseshell handle studied with oriental stones.

"Practice Makes Perfect."

CHARLES RAY takes his work very seriously. He was once called upon to play the part of a species of "Peculiarity Johnny," which necessitated the wearing of an eye-glass. However, it seems he wasn't architecturally built that way, or his eye prevented him from "keeping the bally thing" in the proper place. Being a persevering young man, he then decided on a systematic course of training. He took his eye-glass home with him and wore it about the house and managed by constant practice to wear it; such remarkable results thus his was even able to wear it at dinner without it falling into the soup. In fact, he says, he did so used to it, that he quite missed it when the play was finished, and the "prop" was no longer needed.
OLIVE THOMAS has a parrot. She was told it could talk—it can. In fact, Olive says she has never been so surprised in her life as at Polly’s flow of language. It is a good thing the camera cannot register sound, otherwise this photograph would not be in "The Picture Show."

EDNA MAY COOPER, a beautiful screen actress, whom we shall shortly see in a number of fine picture plays.

Stars and star maker—MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN, Manager J. P. WILLIAMS, and ANITA STEWART.

ANTONIO MORENO has just been told he may have to wear the wig he holds in his hand in his next photo-play. Antonio doesn’t seem very pleased, does he?

HEDDA NOVA, the delightful Russian screen star, a few weeks since visited the Selig zoo at Los Angeles. The tiger is interested from his cage in the wall.

We are promised some of the finest wood and mountain scenes ever seen on the screen in the coming Goldwyn photo-play "The Branding Iron." This scene was taken in the mountains near Truckee. The three players near the tree are BARBARA CASTLETON, JAMES KIRKWOOD, and RICHARD TUCKER.
A Wonderful Story of a Girl's Sacrifice for Love.

By EMMIE ALLINGHAM.

"Dear Mona,—What a joke! I did laugh over your letter. Fancy Jack taking you for mad when you are asking to be, my dear. I know you will. You always did like him, you dear old thing.

"I’m having a lovely time.

"I went to a dance with Clara and George last night, and we are going down for the week-end to stay with some people George met the other week.

"They are in London, and George has won quite a lot off them already at cards. Clara has bought me a new evening dress. It is black, with a rose-coloured satin lining and feather trimming to match.

"I do look nice in it. I wish you could see me.

"Clara is very kind, but she takes most of the money I win. I think she does not altogether like me. I think myself I am jealous. I get such a lot of attention, and the other day, when we were out, someone took my arm and walked behind us. You should have seen her face. She is not young, but she makes herself up and dyes her hair, and thinks no one knows she does it.

"I am just going to dress for the evening. We always dress for dinner. We are sombre.

"I can tell you, Sylvia.

"Your loving friend,

"Mona's face grew very grave as she returned the letter to its envelope.

"She was just going to the hospital. Jack was better, much better. He had been propped up and dyes her hair, and thinks no one knows she does it. The woman next door," as Sylvia described her once, still looking after him.

"Jack was propped up among the pillows, eagerly waiting for her. Something was agitating him, she could tell by the restless movements of the poor husband.

"Sylvia, is that you, my dear?"

"Mona bent down and kissed him.

"What is it, dear?" she said in her calm, gentle voice.

"He did not speak again for a moment; he seemed for listening.

"Kiss me again, Sylvia," he said.

"The girl obeyed him.

"He caught hold of her, and she was surprised at the strength he had in spite of his injured arm.

"Sylvia," he said, "my little wife, do you know? Have they told you about me?"

"Mona glanced at the nurse who stood on the other side of the bed getting compossession down at them.

"Yes, you mean—about your poor eyes. Jacky!"

"Yes. Do you know? They—they say I shall be always blind!"

"I know, poor old fellow.

"Mona's voice trembled in spite of herself.

"And—you still care? You are not afraid?

"The piteous intensity in his voice made the girl want to weep, and she turned to go.

"JACKY, my dear, nothing matters if we love one another. I will help you to bear it, she cried into the thin air of his anxious side. "But think of your own old age, Sylvia; when you will want the love of those who really care for you."

"Poor little people care with; they do not mean you well. Come to me.

"The thought of his words burned the girl with a deep white heat."

"Sylvia, everybody, was forgotten at that moment. Mona only knew that the man she loved, the man she adored above all others was holding out mute hands to her for comfort in the dark, and she was but giving him what was his right.

"God bless you, my dear, for those words."

He released his hold on her and sank back exhausted among the pillows.

"Mona took his back and locked hands between her own.

"Yes, you have only to get well and strong again, Jacky," she said cheerfully.

The man made an impatient, restless movement.

"I suppose I shall be able to do some work," he said feverishly.

Mona gave a gentle little laugh. Her one anxiety was to write that letter, to write that letter.

"I have some money saved up. That surprises you, Jacky, doesn't it?" she said.

"But I've been saving, and—I've bought a type-writer. I used not to be clever at it, but I am now, and I can get all the work I want to do at home."

"But—but—you always hated the type-writer. You always hated me."

"Mona kissed him on the lips.

"Never mind what I've said. I've turned over entirely new leaf, Jacky. I am going to show you—"

She did not finish her sentence.

"Quite suddenly the girl realised. But in her impulsiveness she was promising for Sylvia what the girl would never be able to perform.

"This will be some way out, Jacky. Mona would always help us. Mona is a real friend. She will do anything for either of us," she cried desperately.

The man on the bed did not reply. He only held the girl's hand very tight between his own.

"Arlingford," said the nurse, speaking for the first time. "I was telling him, Mr. Arlingford, before you came in, how I think I will be able to be removed.

"Let me see," she went on, "to-day is Friday. I am setting him out of bed on Monday, and next Friday, if all goes well, you will be able to take him home.

"You Can Take Him Home."

"Your husband will be well enough to be taken home next Friday."

The words were ringing in Mona's ears as she stood without speaking, a frightened expression in her eyes, staring at the floor.

She was aware that the woman was looking at her in some surprise. Mona had scarcely noticed the nurse before, and had expected her to be called Clara. This pale-faced girl who had shown such devotion to her husband while he lay on his bed of sickness had not taken the good news as a devoted wife should.

"But Mona was off guard for the moment. She had never thought how the future would shape itself; the difficulties which would beset her path if she allowed herself to be taken for granted.

A sudden panic swept over her.

There was no time to be lost. She must go to find Sylvia and make her return to her home. She had done her best for them both up to now. She must be brought face to face with realities, and Jacky could be deceived no longer.

Her hands were cold and clammy, and her heart was troubled under her.

A terrible loneliness. A frightened fear of the dark future swept over her.

Despite all her wiggle, anxiety the last few weeks had been the happiest she had ever known. She had had Jack to herself; she had been able to lavish on him all the love of her poor starved heart.

Although she believed he was Sylvia, it had been too good to be true; Mona—Mona—where it brought the sun back into his heart. It was she who had been the recipient of his confidence, and received his caresses.

No one could ever take those hours spent by his bedside from her, but now she realised that they must ends.
THE EXPRESSIONS OF IRENE RICH.

IRENE RICH.

THE DELIGHTFUL STAR WHO REFLECTS HER OWN PERSONALITY ON THE SCREEN.

IRENE RICH, whom we are shortly to see in a Goldwyn photo-play, "A Man in the Open," has one of the most valuable assets a screen player can possess—the ability to portray emotion through facial expression. This is much more difficult than is generally supposed. Try it yourself in front of a looking-glass. It is so difficult not to grimace or exaggerate, and the camera reflects the finest shadings of expression.

A Fine Combination.

The photographs on this page, which were taken specially for The Picture Show, show what a wonderfully expressive face Irene Rich has. Beautiful features are no rarity on the screen, perfect technique is not at all uncommon, but facial expression so exceptional as hers is rarely seen. It is that quality, combined with beauty and sincerity, that makes of Irene Rich a screen player of unusual merit.

Her Expressive Eyes.

IRENE RICH is an optimist, and a good deal of a philosopher. It will be noticed by those who are students of humanity that the possession of these qualities is generally stamped on the face of the individual. Character is in the face of Irene Rich, and character is always expressive.

For her screen work she is undoubtedly helped by her colouring. She has a fair skin, masses of dark brown hair, and large, dark eyes.

Her Personality Reflects on the Screen.

THIS delightful little lady has achieved great popularity in the comparatively short time since her picture début. She came directly to the screen from private life, without stage experience, and at once proved her ability to play appealing heart-interest roles with sympathy and understanding. She plays opposite Will Rogers in "Jes' Call Me Jim," and her work with him has been especially successful, for her natural inclination is towards the type of role required by his pictures, and her interpretations are perfect.

"By the Street Called Straight."

ANOTHER big part entrusted to her was the part of Drusilla Fane in "The Street Called Straight," a picture version of Basil King's famous story. Here she had to portray the difficult part of a society girl who loves a man already engaged to her friend.

In this play Charles Clary has the part of Henry Guion, Naomi Chilvers as Olivia Guion, and Milton Sills as Peter Davenant. There is no villain in the story, and the leading parts are played by the two men and the two women mentioned above, thereby presenting something different from the eternal triangle.

By the way, Irene Rich tells how Basil King came upon this title for his book.

He had written the first pages of the story without a title, when one afternoon there dropped into tea at his house a charming little lady. As people do, she asked him if he was writing anything. Whereupon Mr. King, being still in the first flush of enthusiasm, gave her a brief sketch of what he had begun. Her comment at the end seemed to sum up the entire content of what he had projected. She quoted: "By the Street Called Straight We Come to the House Called Beautiful." "There," said Mr. King instantly, "is my title."

The Steep Road to Fame.

MISS RICH was born in Buffalo, N.Y., and was educated there, and entered pictures as an extra girl in 1917. She had no illusions about the length or steepness of the road to fame, and she began at once to use the fine intelligence and understanding which are hers to make of her characterizations something unusual. She has an intense dislike for "vamp" roles. She is, in herself, typically a straight-thinking, fine-hearted young woman, and her screen interpretations in roles of this sort reflect the girl herself.

Her personality attracted the notice of the director, even as an extra girl, and gained her the initial opportunity to prove her worth on the screen. She is beautiful in a manner which gains not only empty admiration, but lasting regard and interest. She knows the value of work, and is one of the most conscientious workers on the screen.
THE SILENT DUPE. (Continued from page 6.)

In a few days he would be up and about again. Sylvia must return to him, and he must never know that it was other than she who had been by his side. 

"I must go back to town—to make arrangements," she managed to say. 

"Jack," she added, "I hope you left your hat to me." 

"Must you?" he said wistfully. "Must you really go? I couldn't stay with you any longer, and I shan't mind what I do if only I can have your companionship and trust and love." 

That was what Sylvia had told him, and she whispered, "And don't worry about the future."

An idea came into her mind. 

"Mona has given me her typewriter. Did you tell her I was wrong in my estimate of her?"

And she talked of things quite touchingly, as if she didn't know if it would come off yet, but it is her suggestion. "Would you mind?"

There was a pause. Jack did not answer for a moment.

"Mona felt a little lonely. What would he say? His next words would perhaps alter all her future life."

"I am sure she would rather have in my house than Mona," he said at last, very steadily. Mona let her head fall on their clasped hands. She dared not trust her voice for the moment. "I must go on Monday, Jack," she said at last, rousing herself with a supreme effort. "I shall be back on Friday to fetch you."

"And you will come yourself?"

"Yes, dear, I shall come myself." 

Did He Know? 

D id he know? Was it possible he had guessed? The question haunted Mona through the long dark hours of the night, as she strove to think of past conversations, to toss restlessly from one memory to another. 

An awful shame swept over her. If he had guessed the truth. What would he think of her now that she had let him kiss her; she had told him of her love. She writhed miserably as she tortured herself with her fears. Yet how could he know? He had opened his heart to her and had accepted the fact that she was his wife; never once had he been acted as though he doubted it. 

Yet, he had said, "If you really don't think I am going to do it, why had he spoken to her to-day as he had? Why begged her to come back to herself to take him home? A woman's love is more than her words. Could it be possible that, after all, no care for her?—Mona? Had he guessed that it was she? Had he realised that Sylvia would never behave as she had? She stifled the cry that rose to her lips. If that was so—if he did know—what was Sylvia to him now? A sudden, strange, unaccountable jealousy took possession of her. 

In those old days when Sylvia had married him there had been a decree from her heart; it was the law of the jungle, but never that all-devouring fire of mingled hate and strange desire. 

It frightened her as she realised that it would be impossible for her to see Jack and Sylvia together in that inmost position of love. He lay on his knee, and she playing with his golden curls.

"Oh, what have I done? What have I done?" she whispered passionately. "I meant well for them both. I acted with the best intentions, and now—now—" 

She buried her face in the pillow, while great hard, dry sobs shook her frail form. 

"If only I had done just as I have done yet kept myself from crying so much," was the cry in her bruised, pruned heart. 

"Ask Him to Release Me."

A LADY to see you, Miss. She says her name is Miss Leveridge, and she requests to go away. I told her that you were engaged."

The maid-servant was interrupted by Sylvia springing from her seat by the window and coming towards her.

"Oh, show her up, Banks!" she cried eagerly. "I have your address all right? Where's that new frock I bought yesterday? Just fling it over that chair—so. Now show her in."

Mona cutered the room, and Sylvia ran to meet her. 

She wore a negligee of silk and lace, but it was soiled, and her satin shoes were rubbed at the toes. 

"Sit down, you darling. So you have got back again. What is the news? Now don't look so disapproving. You have not come to scold me again," Mona had come to the flat in Mindy Vale Hill with misgivings she had expected to see written in big letters on all Sylvia's surroundings. 

Nothing could appear more respectable and substantial than the well-polished heavy mahogany furniture, the Turkey carpets, the mahogany panelled doors, the solids and the trim, elderly maid who had answered the door. 

"I came up from Manchester yesterday, Sylvia," said Mona. "Jack is better. He is coming home to Golders Green on Friday."

"Really?"

Sylvia turned from the mirror and gazed at her visitor with her, trouble-filled eyes. 

"Yes, it is," she said, "and you must return home at once and prepare for him. He believes you are to call me in the hospital. I have done all I can. Now it is for you to carry on."

Sylvia came close up to Mona. "Do you mean he is quite well, that he has recovered his eyesight?" she said.

"No. His sight is impaired. He is also very weak and ill and will want you to look after him. But he is better, and will soon be strong and well again."

Sylvia burst into tears. 

Mona placed an arm around the heaving shoulders. 

"I don't really suppose that the girl was crying for Jack, but Sylvia quickly undeciphered her."

"Oh, how awful! It's just my luck. Clara has promised to take him home next week. Need I go home, Mona? I hate that poky little house, and baby always crying, and there's a very good meal to get, and the washing-up, and the sweepin'-I can do it."

"Mona! Ask him to release me. Tell him I have enjoyed my freedom; tell him I never loved him. Oh! tell him what you like, only don't let him know where I am. Don't let him come amongst you; a girl you would never forgive me. She would turn me out, I know, and then I don't know what would become of me."

She was talking and crying at the same time. 

Her face was the picture of misery, but Mona knew that when once she had achieved her ends, the suited would return immediately. 

"But, Sylvia, you must, if only for appearance's sake," Sylvia laughed harshly. 

You call me selfish. I like that," she said. "When I wish to be free, I am not the first girl who has not been able to live in the house her husband provided for her. I could run away from my husband," cried Mona to Sylvia, with a snort at her reflection in the glass. 

"Ever so many men do. Of course, I don't let them make love to me—but if I liked——"

She smiled again on the reflection, and Mona had to restrain a strong desire to slap her. 

"Look here, Sylvia," she said desperately. "Suppose I tell Jack the truth and he divorces you. What then?"

"Mona! I should be grateful, really most grateful."

"You mean that?"

"Why, of course I do. What do you think? What is it all for a wife to help with your——"

Mona shrank back at the heartless words. 

"Jack is one of the best," she said hastily. "He is a very kind and a loving husband."

"I don't see it. If you think such a man, you try living my life. You have a—"

But Banks closed her eyes, and Sylvia went on and carried home the shopping. It's fine for you to talk. You, who have a woman to come in every day to tidy up the house for you, and have only yourself to think of."

Mona went towards the door, but when she reached it, she turned and confronted Sylvia again. 

"I shall take you at your word," she said. 

"I shall tell Jack just as you wish unless you return to Golders Green before his return. This gives you three days. At the end of that time I shall tell Jack, and should then you are living with. It will be no use you coming after that. You will be too late."

(A second instalment of this splendid serial next week.)
LETTERS FROM MARY.
Mary Pickford's Cottage Dressing-Room—The Wife of Theodore Roberts—An Oriental Retreat—A Delicious Recipe.

6210, Franklin Avenue, Hollywood, California.

My dearest Fay,—I simply must tell you about Mary Pickford's dressing-room, which is really a whole cottage!

Her dressing-room is adorable in rose and grey, with lovely ferns and pink roses. Beyond that is her reception-room, in delf and Roman pink, the wicker cushioned with blue and gold cretonne. There was a lovely portrait of Miss Pickford as Polyanne's mother, quaint as could be.

You see, we went in through an arbour into the back-door, and Miss Pickford and we wend our way to see this same way we went in—had luck otherwise! She has a tiled bath and kitchen and pantry right off her dressing-room. Per- fectly gorgeous! Of course we left through the arbour! Miss Pickford won't allow anyone to whistle on her set, either. You see, she was on the stage long before she was in pictures—when she was about three years old—and she has stage superstitions. She was splendid to us, and one day we are to watch when "Op of Me Thumb" sets under way. I adore her!

The sun shines every day here, and we see famous people driving on the boulevard. Sometimes we even see pictures being made on the streets. Jolly good time here, Fay.

A Charming Little Woman.

You remember that I told you we were going to tea with Mrs. Roberts. You cannot imagine how charming she is. She took us down Vine Street, three streets away to the Lady's Studio, and introduced us to Bebe Daniels, stunning as "Vive," in "Everywoman." I suppose Alice and I are perfectly transparent to clever people like Mrs. Roberts—but how much would bother to delight us? Bebe Virginia Daniels! "B.V.D."

She met us at the studio stage door, dressed in a smart brocaded street costume, and carrying a beautiful Persian cat. Oh, she is so jolly nice! She took us to her new dressing-room—the most gorgeous Oriental-Egyptian-Chinese-Persian retreat—and we talked while her maid dressed her glossy black hair.

Full of Fun.

"B.V.D."—for the Bebe in Ouida's "Wooden Shoes"—she is all animation and fun. Her big, brown eyes sparkled as she said: "You see, I fairly jumped from the ridiculous to the sublime. But how I love it here! Do you like my new dressing-room?"

THEODORE ROBERTS loves animals. Wang, his Siamese cat, is after a birdie with a yellow bill that is hiding in the orange tree.

The walls are old gold, hung with black velvet drapes, black wicker furniture decorated with Chinese figures of blue and gold, Chinese gods, and East Indian incees, peacock feathers everywhere instead of flowers, two little green parrots, the comfy lounge piled with Persian figured pillows, and one of scarlet silk that had a black cat, "Zubaboo," appropriated. Rippling! And oh! The gown she put on, probably designed to show her lovely shoulders, for the bodice is mostly pearls and chiffon, and the skirt is of rose-lined metal cloth, brocaded, silver, with adorable hip ruffles, and she carried a fan of a single scarlet ostrich feather, amber handled. Stunning! To night we are going down to see her in "Why Change Your Wife?"

Where Mary is Living.

You have asked me to describe the place where I am living. It is really delightful, and I feel I am right in the midst of all the celebrities of filmland.

Only just across the street lives one of your favourites. You can guess who I mean when I tell you that it is he whom we saw in the star part on the screen the last time we went to a picture show together. None other than the great Sesce Hayakaw himself.

He lives in an absolutely entrancing place—a huge castle named "Gleegarry," which bears "Castle Sans Souci," the much photographed home of Doctor Castle.

Robert Harron's Home.

Only just down the road, about two streets and a half to the left, there is the Robert Harron family, and Pat Moore as BEBE DANIELS looks really beautiful as a Spanish dancer.

cream and eggs and sugar were not the luxuries they are now.

It was at a luncheon given in Betty Bythe's honour that I tasted this dainty bit.

However, here is the recipe, and I hope you will be truly grateful, for it required a lot of permission of the hostess and cook before I was able to get it for you.

The Recipe.

You require two basins. In the first you put a tablespoonful of flour and a teaspooonful of baking-powder; one cup of dates that have been washed and stemmed, and one cup of walnut kernels.

In the other, you put one cup of sugar and add the yolks of three new-laid eggs which have been well beaten.

You pour the contents of the second basin into the first, mixing well, then add the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs, which have been slightly flavoured with vanilla. You then pour the whole into a well greased and floured pan, and bake in a moderately hot oven from twenty to thirty minutes. Then comes the final touch! You serve it with plenty of whipped cream.

As you can guess, it is delicious. Write to me very soon.

Fondly yours,

M. M.

P.S.—Miss Daniels was at a dinner party at Rosece Arlabcue's last night, and she is going to introduce us to him!
FLICKERS FROM FILMLAND.
NEWS, NOTES, AND OPINIONS, BY FRED K. ADAMS.

Picture-Goers as Shareholders.

A novel idea in film company promoting, which seems to have some possibilities in it, has been tried in America. The Frohman Corporation, which has Ruth Clifford and Jack Sherill as stars, has launched a plan to enlist the interest of picture-goers in its productions. The company is inviting 5,000 picture patrons to become interested in the company for a nominal sum. The scheme is not primarily financial in its purpose, but more to create a large circle of devotees who will take a practical interest in the boosting of the productions made by the company. If the idea becomes popular, the admirers of stars will have an opportunity in future of supporting their favourite players by a hard cash investment.

A British Film Pioneer.

John Tippett is one of the pioneers of the British film trade. He dealt with pictures from the Universal City Studios for many years, and recently started a new company, called "Tippett Productions, Ltd." He is now in America on an important mission, which he is said will create considerable interest in British trade circles, and may conceivably influence the future of British films to a striking degree. Mr. Tippett will personally visit all the finest studios that exist in America, including those in Los Angeles, California, and will return with material that will enable him to erect a studio that will permit of the most ambitious subjects being made under the most favourable conditions. There will be no stint in the cost of the studio, the sole object being to give the producers and the artists, who will be subsequently engaged, the utmost possible aid in the technical side of their work.

Mr. Tippett's two companies, the Transatlantic Film Co., Ltd., and John D. Tippett Productions, Ltd., are completely organised for the efficient handling throughout the entire world of the pictures it is intended to produce. Mr. Tippett's intention is essentially to produce pictures for world distribution, and it is hoped that his great plans when they mature will go a long way towards placing the British-made picture upon the markets of the world.

The Screen for Poets.

Mr. Wolper, one of the leading lights in the Mayflower photo-play company predicts that before long productions of famous poems on a large scale will become an established fact. The steady absorption by picture producers of past and current stage plays, and works of printed fiction, has brought about a serious shortage of screen stories. For this reason the works of celebrated poets contain "a vast reservoir" of splendid picture themes which is quite to be tapped. In the mad scramble for high-priced stage plays, books, and magazine stories, says Mr. Wolper, producers have neglected almost entirely a fertile source of picture themes of the most desirable kind. This critic firmly believes that the ideas and beauty of thought expressed in poetry can be transmitted to the screen. He considers that many of the great pictures of the future will be those inspired by works of poetry.

Lessons We Learn From the Films.

A young man loves an heiress for himself alone.

The bee that gets the honey doesn't lose around the hive.

A second arrow from Cupid's bow quickly heals the wound made by the first.

The wise girl smiles at a compliment, and then proceeds to forget it.

However, the man at the bottom of the ladder hasn't far to fall.

A man never knows what a woman really thinks of him until after he has been married to her for at least two weeks.

Self-love is better than self-neglect.

A flow of words is no proof of wisdom.

The Week's Best Films.

The following is a list of the best pictures which are being released for exhibition at the cinema during this week, and the names of the star artists:

Waltzadew --- The Probation Wife
Norma Talmadge
Astra --- "The Mantle of Charity"
Margarita Fisher
L.I.F.T. --- "The Case for the Defence"
Francesca Bertini
Western Import --- "False Ambition"
Alma Rubens
Astra --- "Wives and other Wives"
Mary Miles Minter
Ideal --- "Who Will Marry Me?"
Carmel Myers
F.L.F.S. --- "The Career of Katherine Bush"
Catherine Calvert

The smoking room is a delightful compartment, with its wicker chairs. Note the novel chintz curtains and striped tapistry.
Wallace Reid, as well as being one of the most courageous daredevils of the screen, is also an ideal screen lover.

Yet his ambition has always been to play bountiful villainous parts, but he lacks too much of the screen hero to be allowed to do so.

On this page we see him with five heroines to whom he has made ideal love on the screen. As you know, his spare time is spent in making real love to his brown-eyed Titian-haired wife, pretty Dorothy Davenport, who stands "just as high as his heart."

A pathetic love scene with Kathleen Williams.

With Wanda Hawley in "Double Speed."

With Geraldine Farrar in "The Woman God Forgot."

With Grace Darmond in "The Valley of the Giants."

With Nina Byron in "The Dub."

(Photos: Paramount-Astro.)
Dorothy Gish is a formidable enemy— in "Pepper Polly."

Holding her own— in "Out of Luck."

Sorry he spoke. Dorothy has a very determined way with her towards anyone she doesn't like— in "Nugget Nell."

Someone must suffer— in "The Peril Within."

She doesn't approve— in "Nugget Nell."
IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

The Woman Who is Always Rushed—The Value of Early Rising

"Ragged-Edged" Nerves—The Power of Rest.

THE woman who has time for all the duties that are hers seems to be rare indeed, to judge from the constant complaints that are heard of "never having a moment to call her own" or "being rushed off her feet." Yet I am inclined to think that all the present-day hustle and bustle is unnecessary, and that if every woman knew how to take care of the time, and fit her work and play in more methodically, she would be less rushed and feel better in health and temper accordingly.

Few women seem to realize that mental attitude has much to do with physical effort. If her brain is not absolutely clear, then her temper will suffer in consequence, and she in turn worry herself into a nervous wreck. The girl who gets up late in the morning and rushes off to business, hastily clothed and fed, and who leaves her bedroom in a state of disorder—to be tidied when she comes home tired in the evening—will naturally not feel so clear-headed for the work of the day as the girl who gets up early and takes time over her food and preparations for the office. The slipshod girl will carry that sense of hurry and dissatisfaction into all her tasks of the day.

The Value of Early Rising.

She would be surprised at the difference in her health if she would only get up a little earlier and give herself good time to prepare for the tasks of the day. Not only will the extra time be beneficial to her, but the crisp, healthy air of the early morning will do her no end of good, and instil into her lungs the fresh, clean air of the day. During the summer months indulgence in a good game of tennis before the morning meal will brighten up one wonderfully for the day.

The modern girl is far too inclined to turn her life into one long hustle, rushing from one thing to another, whether it be work or play, and allowing herself not a moment for recuperation and rest. By so doing she depletes her usefulness and lowers the vitality that might be used more successfully. The nerves suffer in consequence, and she finally ends in a complete breakdown.

"Ragged-Edged" Nerves.

When the nerves reach the ragged-edge stage, you must smooth them over or run the risk of nervous prostration. In the first place, stay out in the open air as much as possible. The open air that makes you sleepy, and you certainly need a great deal of sleep to help rebuild a shattered nervous condition. There is a wonderfully recuperative effect in just the shutting of the eyes and then relaxing all tension of the body for a few minutes a day, banishing all thought as well. This little habit can quite easily be indulged in for a few minutes each mid-day, and when it is acquired it will be found a balm to the nerves, and a great boon to the general health. It enables one to accomplish more work with less strain than the customary rushing fashion, when with much effort to the surface of the nervous system, and that which controls the suppleness of limb. Seven hours' sleep is said to be enough for a woman, yet the busy worker should endeavour to have eight or even nine hours' rest at night whenever possible. Just a day or two off from work will also work wonders to the health of the busy worker. One Sunday out of every four should be reserved for the practice of this luxury. Let her have her breakfast in bed, and spending the day in the luxury of a wrapper and a lounge will make the difference between a blithe and active woman and one who goes about with a constant ache and fatigue. One hour lying at full length upon a sofa or bed will refresh the mind and body more than three hours sitting in a chair.

A warm bath followed by a cool spray or sponge is restful and refreshing. And when an hour's rest is taken lying flat upon the bed immediately after the bath, all nervous breakdowns will be prevented. Always remember that work and rest should be equalised. "Rest as you go" should be the motto of every girl and woman who wishes to preserve her youth and beauty.

Over-Fatigue.

SLEEPINESS is often the result of over-fatigue, especially in the case of the brain-worker, and when this is the case no brain-work should be indulged in for at least an hour before retiring. It is often caused, too, by lack of exercise in the open air, and for this a brisk walk in the evening will be found a most satisfactory cure.

Soft filmy lace is combined with crepe-de-Chine in this delightful rest gown that is worn by Dorothy Dalton.

If the eyes feel tired, dip a linen handkerchief in cold water, squeeze it out lightly, then fold as a bandage and lay over the eyes. This soothes and refreshes them, and eases up the tired muscles, removing the strained, drawn look that is the result of fatigue.
A Fine Complete Story, Telling of a Terrible Tragedy That Stood Between a Man and the Woman He Loved.

The Empty Nursery

"It is myself who tell you the truth, Mrs. Farrar. The illness your baby was suffering was due to rupture.

Someone in your or your husband's family must have been addicted to alcohol to the extent of the encequid. All evidence would have been better had it not have any more children."

Dr. Purnell, who had attended Mrs. Farrar's baby, and who was now much consulted and attended by the medical mother, placed his hand kindly on Mrs. Farrar's arm and said:

"For your own sake you must try to forget your sorrow. No regrets will bring back your baby. It is now your duty to look after your own health.

As the doctor was speaking, Evelyn Farrar's husband was perched on the small white chair and the doctor.

"I am telling your wife that she must look after her health," said Purnell as he reached for his last stick. "She is by no means well, Mr. Farrar, but she must not be left alone. She requires the greatest care and attention for the present and the danger of the condition is enormous."

"I am making arrangements for taking a home in the country," replied Purnell. "It is her own fault that she does not feel better. Sitting and moving over what has happened won't do any good.

Dr. Purnell did not make any reply, but with a bow to Mrs. Farrar and a nod to her husband, he left the house.

As soon as he had gone Purnell turned up his nose.

"I suppose you have been telling that doctor all about my baby," she said. "I won't have you discussing me, do you hear?"

"We were not discussing you," returned his wife quite as she took a set on a chair. "He took the man's arm and said: "You don't understand about your wife."

And so Purnell, had it been your own child you couldn't feel. He had seen for you I shouldn't have got better.

I felt that I did not wish to live after baby died. You must have seen that I am a wife in name only.

My health has never been even pretended to love me. I am useful for entertaining the guests in my home, but I am never appearing at dinner when he has invited people here as he is doing tonight.

"Come, come," said the doctor kindly. "You are still weak from your illness. You will take a long time to get better and you must not be killed.

He placed his hand on her arm as he spoke, and Mrs. Farrar was so surprised and upset that she burst out into tears. Dr. Purnell threw his arms around her, or she would have fallen to the floor, and there he stood holding her, as she held him. He looked up into his face, her eyes revealed her desire. The respect and love in their depths was deepened into love.

And in that same moment that the secret of Evelyn Farrar was revealed, so did Dr. Purnell realise that there could never be any other woman for him. But he had been so used to his lovely baby's looks, his tenderness with his young child, that he could not leave him, to marry his wife and have the baby.

"This won't do, my dear. I can't stop here long enough to find another place. I will leave to-morrow," he said. "I will leave too," was the answer. "I have no family."

She gave Evelyn a clasp kiss on her forehead, and slowly left the room in the nursery, and put about her plans for removing to the country.

"After all," she reflected, "I shall be happier than ever before."

Never so long as she lived would she forget that clever woman's words to her husband and himself and his brother and his sister.

He was the last that thought of only for his wife and the only soul he could love. This woman who had been his true love in the old days, who had been his true love for many years, was to be left in his mind and heart forever.

For a few minutes Evelyn Farrar stood a little to one side in the nursery, thoughtful and full of sighs, and then she quickly went to the window and looked out on the street. She had no idea of finding her way home, and she knew that she must walk or take a taxi.

"Hello!" said Farrar. "A have a drink?"

"No, thank you," said the doctor. "I went out in the darkness to think of the case. I only came down to get a smoke."

He lit a cigarette as he walked, and Farrar, as the latter hailed over his chair and helped himself to a glass of wine.

"Don't you think you would be better without another drink? he asked. "Can't you give up this life, only for the sake of your health?

There was an aggrieved glar Farrar's bloodshot eyes as he raised Farrar, as the doctor poured another glass.

"What do you mean?" he demanded. "And what do you mean by the time of your life at the time of your life? I do."

He felt he was losing his health, and he knew that he had to be careful of his health.

Dr. Purnell, who had been dressing canteen, Gurney suddenly got up from the table and pointed to the open French windows which looked out on the street.

"I don't see that," he exclaimed excitedly. "The others roused, and following Gurney's hand, they saw a tramp disappearing over the wall.

Gurney went to the window and out on the lawn.

This was the last time that Gurney returned to the table with a swag, he remarked:

"It's just as we thought, Farrar. There's a lot more of it. Why until now he's seen me.

In a flash of his mind Dr. Purnell could not help smiling at the silly bravedo of the little man. Had Gurney been any other danger, Gurney would have been the last to face it.

The evening was over at last and Farrar woke up. The sight of his wife was enough to turn his thoughts. He thought he would like a cigarette before turning in. He went to the window and got his arms around it. Then, as he remembered that he had left it on the mantelpiece of the nursery, he turned out the light and went down stairs. When he entered the office he saw that Farrar had returned. He was seated in a big armchair, and he was smoking in a bad temper. Gurney and Smart must have decided that his company was not desirable, for there was no sign of them, though when the doctor laid them the same thing he intended to do.

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THE LUCKY THIRTEEN
The Story of Mrs. Jean Trebaol and Her Family in Filmland.

THIRTEEN children in one family and ten of them in motion pictures! That's the explanation of the happy smile with which Mrs. Trebaol greeted the census enumerator and told him proudly that Edouard, who is only fifteen, has just been engaged for an important role in 'The Penalty.' And she told him how the rest of the youngsters are appearing in Goldwyn plays, and are in demand whenever children's parts are found in a story. Mrs. Trebaol doesn't find thirteen an unlucky number when it comes to children, particularly when all of them are wage-earners. Little Jeanette, who is only four, can shake her curls proudly, for she is earning her bit and is always ready for a new job. As for Edouard, why, he's in the photocrat class; for he's one of the star contributors to the family exchequer. Not to be outdone, the pets of the household, the horse, the cow and calf, the chicken, rabbits, dogs, and cat, have added their bit to the treasury, and, like Barkis, are "willing" to answer a call for their services at any time.

A Unique Opportunity.

THREE are seven boys and six girls in the family. Mrs. Trebaol does not permit her children's liking for motion-picture work to interfere with their schooling. The six oldest speak French fluently, and the others are learning fast, for their mother and the older children talk French to them at home. Yeves makes clever cartoons, using the film actors and actresses he meets at the studios for his subjects. Oliver is employed in a film-developing laboratory at the studio, and hopes to be a camera-man some day. Mrs. Trebaol says that all the younger children are going to college, even if they have to give up their motion-picture work.

As for Edouard, he says that some day he's going to have a motion-picture producing company of his own, with actors and actresses, camera-man, director, and "types" selected exclusively from among his sisters and brothers. "Who is going to be president of this company when you get it started?" he was asked by his director, to whom he explained his plans.

"Why, mother, of course!" he replied, as if the answer was obvious.

Mrs. Trebaol seems to have made a pretty good record as business manager of a large family, and, as Edouard says, that's a harder job these days than running the biggest motion-picture concern you could think about. Maybe he isn't far wrong at that.

Mrs. Jean Trebaol.

Giving Jeanette a ride on the family goat.

The call is a particular favorite with some of the younger members of the Trebaol family.

FOUR TO TWENTY-FOUR.
The thirteen children of Mrs. Trebaol. Jeanette, who is four, is the youngest. Next comes Isabelle, Francis, Philip, Marie, Annie, Yeves, Edouard, Yvonne, Cecilia, Herve, Oliver, and Jean. All, except Jean, Cecilia and Herve appear regularly in Goldwyn productions.
The Picture Show, May 26th, 1930

TESTING A FILM FACE

MADIE SCOTT Tells of Her Experiences Portraying Tragedy, Fear and Hunger for Love.

My first glimpse of Madie Scott was a shock of red—not reddish, red—hair, and a pair of sunken eyes peering at me from her dressing-room chair. But the exquisite grace and wonderful figure that I found, curled up on the sofa, was not the figure that I had pictured in some loose scrap of terra-cotta script. She was so blandly well with the red hair, and displayed, for I knew now, two perfectly rounded arms into the bargain. Polite preliminaries being concluded I seated myself in a comfortable chair.

"Miss Scott," I began, somewhat nervously, "I've come to ask you rather a strange question: Have you ever thought of going on the stage, Miss Scott?" Because somehow one does not associate the screen with vaudeville, or the extent one does with the legitimate drama, and to my knowledge we have never publicly admired any personal interest in films. Yet for another gift to the theatre I mine seem so well adapted to film acting that I think a great many people must have wondered long ago to use the expression, running on the screen. I— I wish you would tell me whether you have," I concluded lamely.

Her First Camera Test.

"Yes," replied Scott slowly, as if she were weighing her words, "there is a possibility—though only a possibility at the moment—of my acting for the films. In fact, my manager is not strange at all. As a comedian, for, as it happens, I have just had my first camera test. The very first shots were made of me in my make-up, for my manager registered was appalling!—a positive libel. They say that the camera never lies; anyway, if one is badly made up it brings out every tiny fault to a startling degree, especially when, as

SUNKEN ROCKS. (Continued from page 18.)

In its secret love was sufficient motive for the crime. He found himself taking his hook from the bucket he had balanced the hook. His next thought was, should he tell his friends, Farrar. He decided to do nothing and, as the young man registered the fact that no one associated the screen with vaudeville, or the extent one does with the legitimate drama, and to my knowledge we have never publicly admired any personal interest in films. Yet for another gift to the theatre I mine seem so well adapted to film acting that I think a great many people must have wondered long ago to use the expression, running on the screen. I— I wish you would tell me whether you have," I concluded lamely.

A few moments later, the young man appeared in the rear, his face registered a slump.

"If only I had the experience of some of the leading stars," he said, "I would have made the most of it. It is so easy to look at the camera and make it think you are good."

"But," added Scott, "I must confess that I am not at all sure of my suitability for the work, because, apart from any personal consideration, I feel I have a certain attraction for the public, and I wouldn't disappoint it for the world.

"And, as a matter of fact, it is not the point of view of the opportunity it affords for versatility. I think it is the big thing of the future, and somehow I feel I have a duty towards the public, and I wouldn't disappoint it for the world.

"And, as a matter of fact, it is not the point of view of the opportunity it affords for versatility. I think it is the big thing of the future, and somehow I feel I have a duty towards the public, and I wouldn't disappoint it for the world.

"Yes, if you make it worth my while, and say anything to the effect of going on the stage, I'd be pleased to hear you."
MARJORIE VILLIS.  
The Star Who Owes Her Screen Success to E. Temple Thurston.  

MARJORIE VILLIS was born in London, and the fact that her parents were 
connected with the stage induced her 
to take up a professional career at a very early age. In fact, she was still at school when 
she had her first engagement as a fairy in a 
play called "Hans Andersen." After playing 
many other small parts, she was cast for the 
principal part in "Driven," a play by E. Temple 
Thurston. He was the first to suggest that 
she should take up film work, and told her 
that one of his books was shortly to be filmed, 
adding that he thought that she was par- 
ticularly suited for the leading part. The play 
was filmed, and Miss Villis scored an imme- 
surate success in it. Soon afterwards she appeared 
in "Traffic," a photo-play founded on another 
of Mr. Temple Thurston's novels.

Off to America.

LATER on she went to America, and there 
appeared in a revue entitled "The Cen- 
tury Girl," in which Elsie Janis and Fred 
Tinney took star parts. But she still possessed 
a desire for film work, and joined the famous 
Lasky Players corporation. However, three 
months later the war broke out, and she felt 
a keen desire to help the Old Country. This 
brought her back to England, where she im- 
mEDIATELY took up a position on the Ministry 
of Munitions.

It was while she was working on the ministry 
that she was booked to appear in a film entitled 
"The Rugged Path," and later she played 
leading parts in three films for the Harma 
Company, namely, "The Silver Greyhound," 
Her portrayal of Rika, the gipsy girl, in the 
last-named established for her a high reputation 
as a character actress. Her reputation has 
been not a little enhanced by her forceful 
interpretation of a fisher-girl in "The Man 
Who Forgot."

Miss Villis has a wonderful power of interpre- 
tation, and with it all she is perfectly natural. 
Her favourite authoress is Mrs. Gertrude 
Atherton, and she has a great ambition to 
play the heroine in the novel "Patience Spar- 
hawk."

When not engaged in productions, Miss Villis 
spends a good deal of her leisure in gardening, 
and is quite an expert in the cultivation of 
vegetables, many of her products having gained 
the envy of experienced professional gardeners.
CHARACTER AS TOLD BY THE FACE.

Tenacity of Purpose and Ruthless Determination are Indicated in the Face of Lillian Gish.

cannot see; such forms delight in order and accuracy. They also love applause, but more for the sake of public attention than for others than their own sake. The nose is indicative of energy, perseverance and determination, and benevolent fidelity.

The Mouth

is remarkably tender and of exquisite musical taste. The lips denote caution and circumspection; it also bespeaks generosity and a profound nature.

The Contour of the Face.

The face of Miss Lillian Gish is indicative and trait honesty of purpose, a woman who hears more than she speaks, a mind accurate and comprehensive, and not easily turned away from her purpose.

Temperament.

This type belong the ideal, guided by reason, and by their natural love and attraction for the beautiful in all things. They are not infrequently the gift of prophecy. Genius is a thing to them infinitely superior to common sense, and the calmness of natural talent which they possess gives them the contentment of self-appropriation.

In Love.

CAPABLE of tenderness and affection to the person she loves, for his strength of character can be only enjoyed by all that is strong in her. So we read her thoughts in sparkles of light, a charming woman crowned with the glory of her youth.

In Health.

USUALLY inclined to be fanciful regarding ailments, exquisites, andnergy. Very dry climates and plenty of sunlight is their greatest safeguard, and variety of change .

FILM FUN

"Does it remind you of the cakes your mother used to make, poor fellow?" asked the artist sadly, as she looked proudly at her repeated cake.

"No, mum," replied the tramp, setting forth once more upon his journey; "it reminds me of the stones I used to break at Portland."--

Too Bad.

Actor (playing a small part in a film): "Ah, yes. I've had a very hard life, sir."

PUNNY FRIEND: "Mostly on the boards, I suppose?"

ACTOR: "Harder even than that, mostly on the rocks."--

Only a Picture.

FOrth over an hour the salmonman had been talking about the marvels of the motor car he was trying to sell.

"And the price of the car is $1,000, the customer murmured thoughtfully. "Does that include everything?"

"Yes—oh, no; of course the lamps are extra," replied the salesmen.

"Lamps extra," said the customer sharply; "but they are shown in this illustration."--

"My dear sir," said the salesman, "so is a very beautiful film star, but we do not give a lady with every car."--

Naturally.

FIRST ACTOR: "They say there are more marriages amongst blonde picture stars than of brunettes. Why is it, I wonder?"

SECOND ACTOR (a confirmed bachelor): "Hum! Naturally the light-headed ones go first."
The Picture Show, May 29th, 1920.

At the Villa Rose

SUN and sea, a big story, a fine cast, a producer who knows his business, and the author standing by to help where necessary, is the record of the making of the greater part of A. E. W. Mason’s story “At the Villa Rose.” The whole cast were taken to Monte Carlo, where the majority of the scenes were filmed. There is no spot on earth that can give such settings as Monte Carlo and Nice. So viewers can expect to see some wonderful scenery in this splendid photo-play.

The story is the only mystery story that A. E. W. Mason has ever written, and it is probably better than any other that has ever been built round a tragedy of a hidden murder. It is quite topical in its interest, for it hinges round spiritualism, though of an imitation kind.

The weather in Monte Carlo was a little unpropitious for the filming of the play, and held it up for a time, with the result that the whole company got caught in the great French railway strike. However, it was eventually put out, and is well worth all the trouble that has been taken over it. The cast includes Mansfield Rees, Lanzerne Burton, Teddy Annable, and Joan Beverley.

The LONDON SKETCH SCHOOL (Studio 180)
69, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.4. H.R.

I will tell you Free how to Reduce Your Weight

I was just a strong young woman, full of life and vigour, and fond of good things to eat, ensuring life to its fullest extent, when suddenly my weight began to increase, and, strong as I was, I began to feel the burden, especially as I am a business woman and have plenty of work to do. While my earthly self was rapidly assuming abnormal proportions, the progress in this direction brought sorrow and consternation, because I knew that I must give up business or reduce my weight. I began to feel lonely, because I felt that my company was no longer desired, and I made up my mind that I was at the dangerous point of my life.

One day an inspiration came to me, after I had spent time, money, and patience in vain efforts to become slim again. I acted upon this inspiration and succeeded, for 38 lbs. of ponderous weight vanished in five weeks. I did not lose weight by some tiresome exercises, nor starvation diet, nor wear any appliances, but reduced myself by a simple home method. And this method is this:—

The film is full of dramatic incidents, one of them showing the heroine threatened with vitriol. (Photos: Stoll.)

DRAWING made easy

Are you out to make more money? Are you prepared to listen to a proposition that will increase your income by leaps and bounds? Then learn to DRAW FOR THE PRESS. Artistas are urgently wanted—the demand for men and women who can draw sufficiently well for reproduction purposes is enormous. Editors, publishers, and advertisers are at their wits’ end to know where they are going to get all the sketches they need for 1920. They had great difficulty with supplies last year—they will have the same this year.

Many new artists have appeared recently, and many more are entering the field because they make there in於 MO ONLY IN COMMERCIAL ART WORKS. It pays—and pays handsomely.

Our Friendly Tuition. Course of 12 complete lessons teaches you to draw in easy and rapid stages. It begins at the root of the subject and covers every principle to the most advanced stage—enabling you to earn every stage of General and Commercial Illustrating.

A few hours of your spare time spent on each lesson will make you a highly-trained and efficient illustrator—enabling you to command high prices for your work. Many of our pupils are now earning big salaries as a direct result of the lessons—earning no less than £89 in FOUR WEEKS.

Individual tuition is the keynote of this Course. We develop originality—show you how to do creative work. Your lessons are attained with candid criticism and helpful advice and original sketches are loaned to pupils to help them in mastering the principles laid down in the various lessons.

The Course also enables you to EARN WHILE YOU LEARN and many of our students have earned the tuition fee long before they have completed the Course.

We are in daily touch with many London firms who purchase our students’ work and who pay high prices for accepted Illustrations.

Write today for Illustrated Art Prospectus, with Coloured Plates, sent post free. Write today.

The LONDON SKETCH SCHOOL (Studio 180)
69, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.4. H.R.
The Picture Show, May 29th, 1920.

Ask the Picture Show

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players.

THEATRE PICTURES

THAT REJOICED 1911-10.

While a great many producers still cling to the idea that the greatest of all pictures is a pictorialisation of the novel, Mr. William de Mille has expressed the belief that in the next few years we will witness more originality on the screen.

Meanwhile, the scenario writer remains the orphan of the screen. We are not yet able to film him. But perhaps the day will come when kind people are able to gratuitously give him his share. And when that day comes, this gentleman is too deeply engraven in the novel that it might be picturised to screen, without anyone knowing how.

The latter, it is true, has had a few favours shown on him by having some of his ideas utilised that is not but his whole grievance. What he complains about, quite justly, is that too many of the writers submitted scenarios to two different companies in this country. That is all, but although stamped and addressed envelopes were enclosed for their return in the event of unsuitability, no answer of any kind has been received of repeated applications. This kind of thing is something more than bad management.

Scenario writing, as we all know, is not an accomplishment that can be accurately achieved. Like journalism, it has its difficulties, and only the gifted few may succeed. At the same time, the average shorthand clerk should be so unenlightened or so badly organised—whichever may be the case—be thankful that it should not be returned more promptly when stamped envelopes are enclosed for that purpose, or, of course, that there are exceptions in which this is done, despite the fact that there are many more cases than those which are not returned. It is the other side which creates a bad impression.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are pleased to see that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue.

A stannised and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (for not publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, The Picture Show, Room 8G, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

MISS T. S. A. (Liverpool).—Ruth Roland has thousands of admirers, and I dare say there are one or two things about herself she prefers not to disclose. They should be allowed to remain a secret. The rest of us? She says she was born in 1896 in San Francisco, and that she has blue eyes. Her screen career began at the age of sixteen. For your information, Miss Roland, as you may have heard.

VERA (Ballymena).—You are welcome. There is no restriction to the number of times a reader may ask a question about Elliott Dexter when he tells me not.

FRANCES SMITH (Chichester).—I am not sure how to spell it. He was born at Los Angeles. This event took place in a circus, and he was only a youngster when he started acrobatic feats in the ring. Sam Polo is his brother.

Carmen (Sheffield).—Violet Hopen's husband is not a screen actor, and I cannot tell you her age. She was born in California of British parents, and spent most of the time on the stage, and has done a tremendous amount of good film work. She has black hair, 5 ft. 5 in. height, and has a son named Nicholas. An air plate of her was given away with THE PICTURES, but the picture company of the American Film Co. is not the largest film concerns in this country. Three or three other film companies here are at the moment making big extensions to their business. I have obtained a photo of Vanessa Williams as Esther [in]. I am afraid you will not find anything else. He is more of a stage artist than anything else, and I cannot remember anything in films but others that are known.

MOLLIE GOOD (Sheffield).—Indeed, there have been inquiries about a Miss Morris, but I expect you have satisfied them. Anyway. I don't mind obliging you. Jack Den and his wife, Galveston, Texas, is the place where he was born. He is of thin build, with black hair, and has a son named Charles. The Troika, on the North, "The White Man," and "We Better." For worse. You have my blessing for all the above. Write me at your leisure for THE PICTURES SHOW for all you can. Oh, no, I shan't be able to find anything about him.

AMMELER OF TROY (Sheffield).—I can quite meet to be bumbled with questions, though some of them, I admit would tax the wisdom of the wisest. Some artists, you see, would rather have their ages guessed than stated. Lillian Limkay has red hair and blue eyes. I will remember your request.

MELLENDORF (Rio de Janeiro).—So all the Brazilian flappers or 'melendorfs' as you say they are called, have been coming up George Walsh, and have now taken to Walter Reilly instead. Poor ol' George! Should be your statement, which you say you read in a Brazilian review, that William de Mille is one of the most charming men you have ever married. It is a true, if at true. At any rate, Bill Hart himself has not said a word about it.

APRILIA (Rotterdam).—Margaret Snow was in "The Million Dollar Mystery," Constance Talmadge was born on April 19, 1900, in Brooklyn, New York. Her height is 5 ft. 6 in., and she indulges in brown eyes. Her film career began with Vitagraph.

N.S. (Parkstone).—Tom Norton in "The Lighthorse Raider" is also John Ken, "The Black Secret," Pearl White's next serial, will be released this year.

BILLIE (Upper Milcote).—What a lucky thing you remembered to give your real name. It is to your first instalment of your hundred questions on the subject quite bravely. Mary Pickford has been knick-knacked on the stage. As regards Constance Talmadge, all I can do is to refer you to Charles Reisner. Unfortunately, there will be no picture until July, Eise Ferguson will be thirty-seven in six months, and Harold Lloyd is twenty-seven. The others are looking up their birth certificates.

H. (Melbourne).—Your English is by no means bad considering the manner in which you learnt it. I have no doubt there are several young men in Belgium who are eager to get on the films, but it happens to be the same everywhere. I really could not tell you, however. And your mention managed to get on the screen. They are both new and I think we should allow them.

C.S. (Hound's).—The part of Bertrand de Montville in "The Rocks of Vultur" was taken by Colley Wrenn.

D.B. (Eastbourne).—You were right about the last name of your correspondent. As Thomas Meligan who played as John Woden in "The Forbidden City," I presume however, that you already tend on this subject. the dates given about him and Constance Talmadge. So, if it is additional information you are wanting, don't forget to watch the other pages in this paper.

H. (Brisbane).—Expect me to give you the dates of your correspondence. You have seen the reports published in the daily papers so that you have nothing else. Yes, Dustin Farnum is married, and he was born in 1871. He is, of course, one of the original Purple Sage, the principal artists were: William Farnum (Lassiter), William Scott (Centers), M.B. Robinson (Young), Morgan Adams, Katherine Adams (Millie Erne, the Masked Rider), and Charles Ching-Tuck (Ching).

Black Cat (Preston).—William Scott was born in California, but he is the son of Granville B. The Call of the Soul and "The Pitfall of a Big City" are three of his films.

MAYFAIR (Southend).—It was Dorothy Dallton who played in "The Flame of the Yukon," which was released before you settle your argument. She is engaged to be married.

STEVIE (Dartington).—You have eagerly scanned this page, but alas! Stevie, like a good many other readers, you have not read carefully the whole paragraph at the head of these replies. If you do so, then you won't be so inclined to yourself "your disapp-" (unreadable)." "RANALDO (La Rochelle).—I hope you will be kind enough to put this question in the paper.

RICHMOND (Ontario).—An article about Charlie Chaplin appeared in the issue for April 17th. Maybe you have seen it. Ethel Clayton does not disclose the information you are seeking.

FAGILO (Manchester).—Jackie Saunders, was born in Philadelphia in 1892. Resides Edith Polio in "The Blue Bird," the father of the child (Gus, Clayton), Frank Lawing and (Nathan Louise), Los Haranguing, "Joan (Judith North)," Hal Cooke (Lew McKenzie), and Nelson Johnson (Mrs. Carter).

A.B. (London. E.).—George Larkin is thirty, and Ruth Roland is twenty-four. If the whole issue is now under your reference, you will find the answer.

LUCY (Chesterfield).—At last Tom Mix has received the unique contract. He has been guarded by our roll. Since his fee, it appears thirty-five, so now you and other admirers who have been watching for the information about the "Cow boy King" can jet it down in your note-books.

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Answers to Correspondents (continued from page 22.)

"MART" (Abeystwyth).—No, it was not Fatty Arbuckle in "Sunshine." It was Charlie Chaplin. 

"Billy" (West Ham).—The statement which appeared in this paper last week that Eddie Fickland "had been married only once" and that she was "not married now" was both correct at the time and correct as far as we know. It was after her divorce, and before she had married a second time. You cannot blame me, as long as the Pictorial News was not published till some weeks after it happened, as the information could not be altered at the last moment when such unexpected changes took place.

(See below.)—Her sister is not on the screen. Albert Ray and Charlie Ray are cousins. I hope you have not forgotten them.

"VARY ANXIOUS." (London, E.C.)—Charlie Chaplin is English. American. I can tell you, but I am sorry I cannot help you with your bet. An art plate of Norman Thomas was given in the heart of the week last week, and it was a fine one, too. Harry Houdini is an American.

"TULIP BLOSSOM" (Wirral).—Of course, Earl Williams is married, he repudiated his second wife and they were divorced, while he entered the centre of our art supplement for April 19th. The "Mystic Bough" was written by Richard Barthes, who was "Peppy Polly." 

"A Trip Around the World" is a story which has been answered in two or three recent issues, you will probably have seen the information here. Mary Fickland has two eyes, and her hair is now 1 ft. It may have been a real octopus, but I have not been let into the secrets of how just how it was done.

A. A. C. (Bromley-by-Bow).—At the moment of writing, it is difficult to say where the film will appear. The information will be known in the volume issue. Why not ask the manager of the art department at your locality? He may be pleased to tell you.

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Looking Back.

IT is interesting to look back on the days of old and know what our favourites were doing before they appeared on the screen. Tom Mix was giving exhibitions of riding and roping in a circus twelve years ago. Eileen Percy was a model for Charles Dana Gibson and other well-known artists. Wallace Reid started his career as a newspaper man. Wanda Hawley was a successful concert singer and composer, and Alice Joyce in the days of old was a hello girl.

A Real British Count.

THE story of "Alf's Button," the new Hopworth picture play in which we shall see Leslie Henson, is one of the finest screen comedies ever produced, and worthy of a British company.

You can imagine the fun Leslie Henson gets out of the incident where he finds that one of the buttons on his khaki tunic was made from the metal of the original Aladdin's lamp, and that every time he polishes the metal a genie appears to obey his slightest command. The genie's taste runs to plenty of slaves and dancing girls, and so the granting of Leslie Henson's wishes are most often very embarrassing, but very amusing. As Alf Jiggins, Leslie Henson gives us a gem of characterisation.

The Crowd in Trafalgar Square.

I WAS passing Trafalgar Square the other day and was attracted by a huge crowd on the steps of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, the famous church where so many society weddings take place, you know. Having a few minutes to spare, I joined the throng, and saw Harry Edwards, in a silk hat and frock coat, and Chriwhe White. Then I saw the camera man, and the mystery was explained. Harry Edwards told me that it was for a scene in "The Amazing Quest of Mr. Ernest Blas," and, as the script called for a scene to be played in Trafalgar Square—in Trafalgar Square it was played! Although the actual taking only occupied a few minutes, the whole afternoon was taken up in recording these moments, as the crowd was so dense, and invariably one or another of the people got into the picture, even gazing right into the lens of the camera.

When You Know How.

EVERYTHING is easy when you know how, and making a cow bell is no exception. Due to the influence of Tom Moore's next picture, "The Great Accident," the director was having a hard time trying to get the stunt when a rancher came along. The director put the problem up to him, and when everything was ready for the scene he called "Hey, you Bessie!" The cow answered him, and the camera caught the scene.

Lucky Boy.

WESLEY BARRY is the envy of all the children in U.S.A., and out of it for that matter, because he is a real film star, and has his own car, pony, and plenty of money to buy horses.

He is to accompany Marshall Neilan on his picture-making tour through England, Spain, France, Belgium and Italy, so perhaps we may see him.

Strangers—but Sweethearts.

WHEN we see "The Mutiny," which is the picture version of Jack London's story "The Mutiny of Elena," we shall see Helen and Coson Ferguson. The two Fergusons who bear the same surname are not related. In fact, up to the time of writing they have never met, but in this Metro picture play they are to be sweethearts on the screen.

A Tip From Mabel Normand.

LEAF-FROG is a fine old game, but Mabel Normand says it pays to get careful figures of the weight of each of the players before consenting to take the part of the person who is valuted over.

Lilian Silverston, who tips the scale at 220 pounds, went into the Goldwyn studio the other day and found Mabel Normand playing leaf-frog with Joe the property man. Lil was invited to play by Mabel. She skipped back about sex faces, turned, measured the distance with her eye, and ran! They pulled Mabel fainting from beneath them, for she had only plays-leapfrog with someone her own size.

Betty Blythe Not to Leave the Screen.

BETTY BLAYDH denies the report that she is to leave the screen because of her marriage to Paul Scarlom, the Goldwyn director.
**PICTURE SHOW** "CHAT."  (Continued from page 3.)

"I couldn't if I wanted to," says Miss Hylton, "I have a contract to appear in 'Nomad North,' for First National release. I cannot say what I will do after that, but I certainly have no intention of giving up my work."

**Shirley's New Screen Friend.**

The big elephant that plays an important role in Shirley Mason in the Fox film, "Her Elephant Man," which we are shortly to see, has become a close friend of little Miss Mason, and has already learned to recognise her and greet her in a friendly fashion. Miss Mason has discovered, from her acquaintance with Jumbo, that an elephant has four teeth, and for the sake of variety every now and then drops a tooth. Miss Mason and Director Scott Dunlap are eagerly watching the elephant every day to see if the tooth shows indications of being loose. The little star declares that as soon as the tooth is shed she will have it polished and mounted in silver, and will then wear it on a chain as a souvenier of her first picture with William Fox.

**Is This the Reason?**

Perhaps the reason why M. Masterline likes Bessie Love best of all our film stars has been discovered. It is said that the Belgian-born star's wife, a young girl who resembles Bessie, The Madame's comment on this resemblance is: "I do not like him, Bessie Love. She is very pretty."

**"Milestones" Screened Again.**

All sorts of heiroonims are being hailed out by members of the cast playing in the new Goldwyn picture version of "Milestones."

Mary Allen, who plays Rose, wears an old-fashioned gold brooch containing locks of hair of her grandmother and grandfather. The pin is one of those which was so popular at the time of the second period of this picture is placed in 1885. She also wears a heavy gold chain which belonged to Lewis Stone's grandmother. Mr. Stone plays the part of John Rhea in "Milestones." The utmost pains are being taken to have the picture absolutely correct, even to the smallest detail. The first scenes are laid in 1860, and the second in 1885.

**What Colour Could She Go?**

A can't see it, but ah knows I'me black. B. "I'me Lucretia Harris," Lucretia's house resulted from her efforts in one of the scenes in a coming picture, to resist five-year-old Charlie Pomeroy from an open sewer ditch into which he had fallen. Rehearsal of the scene and the taking of the various phases of the incident necessitated a good deal of tumbling and unswilling aero-batics on the part of Lucretia, who is a large, portly, confident and able sort of dummy, as you know.

The task was made as easy as possible for her, but to slide head-long into a deep sewer is not a stunt for portly ladies in Sunday go-to-meetings, clothes to indulge in as an idle pastime. However, negro mamies are about as confirmed optimists as can be found in the land, and Lucretia is no exception. So she limped three times after arnicas, and grinned as she said: "Ah can't see it but ah knows I'me black and blue."

**Douglas Fairbanks on a Real Thrill.**

It is quite thrilling to be alone in the desert at night and to wake up and find the camp dogs wagging a bitter battle with prairie wolves. This is what happened to Douglas Fairbanks, Tom Geraghty, Victor Fleming, Ted Reed, and others, while on location in Arizona recently. The little company had wandered from the regular camp at Palence, which is 100 miles from the nearest railway station, and because it was possible that day to film some wonderful sunsets, the party did not return to camp, but decided to sleep in their blankets until morning. About midnight there was a terrible commotion not far distant, and Mr. Fairbanks and his aides hoisted out of their blankets and approached the scene of conflict with revolvers prominently displayed. It was a terrific battle between three dogs in the camp and some prairie wolves that had wandered far afield. One of the animals was killed outright, and the others took flight when the revolvers began to bark defiance at them.

**Do You Know?**

—That Harry Carey was once champion middle-weight boxer of New York? 

—That a reel is approximately one thousand feet of film? 

—That Mae MacDermott was born in London? 

**Fay Filmor.**

**P.S.**—Have you seen "Woman's Weekly" this week? A most simple blouse pattern is given free.

**RONALD POWER, who plays a leading part in "Rock of Ages," in which Queenie Thomas plays the star role, is shortly to see Mr. Power in another big screen play.**

**MADAME SEVILLI now appearing on the screen. Critics say appropriately that Madame Sevilli possesses a wonderful screen face.**

**MILBURN MORANT whom you will remember as leading man in Gate havey comedies. We are shortly to see him as star and head of his own company.**

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News from Los Angeles.

**A Stickler for Punctuality.**

Pauline Frederick was the first woman to become a member of the Pacific Aero Club, which is composed of Goldwyn Studio folk. She made a long overland flight the other day from Culver City and much enjoyed the experience. Miss Frederick, or "Polly," as she is affectionately called amongst her friends, is a great stickler for punctuality, and has never been known to be late for her work. The other morning, in fact, she was "on the lot" chatting with the electricians, before even her director or camera man put in an appearance.

"Miss Los Angeles."

Dustin Farnum is a great salt-water cowboy and an expert "Ding-Dong," besides a swift little motor-boat with which he hopes to carry off all the cups this season, and which has already been appropriatly named "Miss Los Angeles." Both Dustin and his brother William are members of the Catalina Tuna Club, and are crazy on the subject of fishing. Last summer between them they nearly caught two tons of tuna.

**A Beautiful Garden.**

Madge kennedy is glad to be back in California. For some time, she was a native daughter of the Golden State, for another, she is again reveling in the Japanese garden of her beautiful Hollywood home. It has lakes and canals, and cute little bridges, and when the day's work at the studio is done, Miss Kennedy and her pet monkey play with gloves and shears, and the water hose, and pretend to do some really strenuous gardening.

**A Lover of Ice-Cream.**

WHEN people from the Old Country come over here and settle in California they will invariably find that one national dish of the country does not come under the heading of an "acquired taste." You would not, perhaps, care to sell your birthright for a mess of corn, sweet potatoes, or tamales, but I defy anybody to resist the lure of the "soft drink" and the ice-cream sundae. When William Duncan emigrated from Scotland, he says he ate so much of the latter delicacy on the occasion of the first time of asking, that medical assistance had to be hastily summoned. You might think that this experience would have put him off ice-cream for the rest of his natural existence. But no. If you happen to visit Mr. Duncan's favourite cafeterias during the studio lunch hour, the chances are that you will see him enjoying, not one, but a double portion of his favourite dish.

**A Lover of Sport.**

Dorothy Dalton loves strenuous exercise in all its forms. She holds a record for fancy diving, plays a good game of tennis, loves sailing and can handle her own motor-launch. She is very keen on winter sports, and is quite proud of the fact that once she was able to stand upright long enough in a pair of snow-shoes to have her photograph taken in them.

**E. L. Codd.**
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

These camera men are on a special platform built on top of a train. They are ready to film a thrilling scene in a Marshal Neilan production. The actor in an aeroplane is to drop on to the train going at sixty-five miles an hour. It is a thrilling scene for the camera men as well as the actor, for they have to keep their balance as well as get a good picture of the aeroplane and the actor.

During the filming of the Goldwyn Picture, "Jes. Call me Jim," in which we are to see the lariat-throwing comedian, Will Rogers, the above ingenious wind machine was made. As you see it is a light motor-car from which one of the rear wheels has been removed and an aeroplane propellor attached.

MABEL NORMAND never lets anyone rest during working hours in the studio. Between scenes when filming "A Slim Princess," she organised a concert. Her director "played" one of the unique instruments, while Mabel and the camera man warbled.

From extra girl to leading woman in a few weeks is the story of VIOLET ROSE'S short cinema career. Here we see her with MAURICE TOURNER, the famous director, who noticed her good work in a small part, and who gave her her chance. Miss Rose wants to know if her success is marked on her palm.

LOU CHANEY makes a fine screen villain in the coming photo-play "The Penalty," in which he plays the part of Blizzard. So much so that Claire Adams gave him horns in the bust she made of him.

There are many discussions in a studio before a particular scene is screened. You will recognise JACK PICKFORD in the centre, SYDNEY AINSWORTH on his right, Director AL GREEN seated on his left. It is a scene in "The Double Dyed Deceiver," that is being discussed.
A Wonderful Story of a Girl's Sacrifice for Love.

By EMMIE ALLINGHAM.

A Night of Anguish

Mona stood in the little sitting-room of the house at Golders Green and looked about her critically. For the last three days her time had been spent cleaning up the house. The crotchet covers on the furniture had been washed and replaced; the whole house had received a thorough spring-cleaning. Baby Bobby lay in his cot cooing prettily to himself.

He was a tiny, fair-haired child with his father's brown eyes, but his face was pacified and contented.

Sylvia had complained of his crying fits, but when the child was clean and comfortable he was happy little baby.

The woman in the adjoining house had done her best for him, but she had numerous children of her own and had been a great effort for her to get sufficient milk for the little stranger. Mona had paid generously for what she had done, but Sylvia had not been assisted.

What tears she had shed on that first night when she had given him a bath! The wasted little limbs; the quaking, pitiful cry had wrung her heart.

What kind of a woman could Sylvia be if she could let such a child go neglected and forgotten?

A fierce anger rose in Mona's heart against the butterfly girl and who so thoughtlessly ignored all her responsibilities, and as she clasped the baby to her breast and held the dinky head tenderly against the flood of her natural, wholly passionate nature was suddenly let loose.

This child she would have kept. If Sylvia had not been between her lover and herself, Baby Bobby would have been hers!

She left him close to her; all her mother-love around as she left his tiny fingers scratching at her neck.

A great, overwhelming pain, so fierce in its intensity that she trembled, swept over her as she pressed her lips again and yet again on the upturned face, as the big brown eyes so like his father's, regarded her with a wondrous stare. And then suddenly, he laughed.

A chuckling laugh, as his baby fingers caught in her hair and pulled it with great glee.

She buried her face in his little body, and he laughed and gurgled again.

When at last she put him on his nightdress which she had washed that morning and had kept drying by the fire, she could not let him out of her arms.

They seemed to have been hungriness for him all these months, and now—now at last they were satisfied. She had discovered what they had been wanting all the time for.

"Go to sleep, darling," she said to him in her soft crooning voice: "and then I can nurse you, my angel.

But the child had never been played with before: no one had ever noticed him, even, and he had been too busy for her.

His big brown eyes regarded her with a mischievous light shining in their usual sombre depths. She marveled in his baby ways, and tried to catch at her hair again.

From that night Mona had been the child's devoted slave. No trouble was enough for her to take.

Half the night, with the child in his little cot beside her, she sat up with his eyebrows.

His wardrobe was shamefully neglected, and now, as she stood glancing round the clean, white-washed room, the only fear in her heart was for the morrow.

If Sylvia should not return to her home to-morrow, Mona would have to travel to Manchester, and if she went, Bobby must go with her. She could never let him out of her sight, she told herself. His baby hands could comfort all the aches in her heart. She would never let him go—not for all in Sylvie's world!

If Sylvia should return, she would not leave Bobby. She would talk to Sylvia straight: she would hold a threat over her head, if necessary.

Restlessly she moved to the window, and glanced down the road. Then she looked at the clock.

It was six o'clock; time for her to put Bobby to sleep for the night.

Yet she hesitated.

The thought of the long evening before her in the silent house, waiting and watching in anxious uncertainty, sapped at her courage.

Why not go again to Sylvie and get the question settled once and for all?

She dressed Bobby in his pale blue coat and ridiculous fluffy hat, and then she dressed herself for the street.

She took the key and the door with the woman in the adjoining house, for fear Sylvia might come in her absence, and then she made her way up the broad Vandyke Lane.

The flat was in darkness as she knocked at the door.

But a few minutes later a light appeared and the maid who had opened to her previous visit appeared.

"Is Mrs. Arlingford in? Tell her I must see her, will you?" and Mona.

The woman glanced at the girl and then at the key in her hand.

"Mr. and Mrs. Arlingford have left here, madam, and Mrs. Arlingford went with them. They have only taken the place furnished for three months. They went the day before yesterday."

The day after I was here?"

"Yes, ma'am, the day following."

"Do you know where they have gone to?"

"No, madam. I have no idea. There was some talk of them going abroad, I know, because I heard them talking about their passports. But, of course, I could not say where."

"Thank you so much."

Mona turned away and went slowly home. Perhaps Sylvia was there.

But the woman who had been so kind and so patient to her inquiries, handed her back the key. No one had come for it.

Mona went up to the bedroom and placed the now sleeping child tenderly in the cot.

Then she stood staring down at him.

"Heaven help me!"

The eye broke unexpectedly from her lips.

"I shall have to go to Manchester and tell Jack the truth. What will he say? Will he be angry?"

She stroked his face with her shaking hands. She could see the terrible horror which would reveal itself on his face; she could hear the awful cry which would break from his lips.

Suppose in his despair he went away. What could he do? Where could he go? Who would look after Baby Bobby?"

Her face grew grey with anxiety and fear.

She had put the facts away from her until now, and never had she realized how that Sylvia would come to her senses and return. It had been the only way out that she could see.

"I must think of Jack and little Bobby."

(Continued on page 8)
THE EXPRESSIONS OF HAROLD LLOYD ("WINKLE")

HAROLD LLOYD.

The Creator of "Winkle," who, with only a Pair of Horn Spectacles for Disguise, Makes us Laugh.

BENING happy, and making others happy, is the philosophy of Harold Lloyd, known to the picturegoer as "Winkle," and affectionately called "Speedy" in the studios. Both names have strange beginnings, and this is the case with "Speedy." The story goes that one day Harold and Hal Roach, his special pal, were at a music-hall show, when one of the turns was a couple of cross-talk comedians.

One of them was a very deliberate sort of a chap, who was named Harold, and every time he was called by that name he said "Don't call me Harold, call me Speedy." This so tickled our friends they couldn't forget it, and from that day Harold Lloyd has been called "Speedy" at the studios.

His "Lonesome Luke" Parts.

As most of his admirers know, Winkle, the bespectacled, is not his only character part. You will remember his funny antics as "Lonesome Luke," and when he first hit upon the idea of wearing horn spectacles, it was no easy matter to persuade the producer to allow him to drop the popular Luke for an untried idea. Many people think that Winkle needs these glasses, but this is not so. In fact, there is no glass in the horn rims.

His First Appearance.

He was born in Denver, and as a boy he played child parts on the stage. He played in "Nell Gwynn," "The Private Secretary," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and other popular plays. Then he was taken away from the lure of the footlights to finish his education at school.

But his ambition to become an actor never left him. If you wanted to find Harold Lloyd you had only to visit the theatres—at one or the other you were sure to come across him.

His First Hit.

By turns he was call boy, property boy; he even sold sweets "in front" to be near the place of his ambition. Finally he got behind the footlights, and played in character roles until he found his forte in filmland.

His first hit was in the "Lonesome Luke" series, but he was always dissatisfied. He felt that everyone looked on him as a mere imitator. He wanted to do something absolutely original. Then he hit on the idea of his present bespectacled character—the rest you know.

His Idea of a Good Time.

His idea of a good time is to fill his car with studio boys and drive down to the beach for a swim, or to invite them out to a merry party at his bungalow house. He is extremely fond of chocolate eclairs, and nice sweet things. He confesses that he is very fond of everything fattening, but as he says, he doesn't keep still long enough for the fat to catch him.

Harold Lloyd has now quite recovered from the accident that might have had such fatal results. I refer to the bomb explosion, which at first was thought to have disfigured him and taken his eyesight away. Fortunately the only effects resulted in the loss of a part of one of his hands. The films he has made with Mildred Davis, his new leading lady, are as good, if not better, than his previous work.

In one coming we are to see his brother Gayland, who has a great resemblance to his famous brother. This resemblance calls for some amusing scenes as you may guess.

If you want to write to him, here is his address:
Harold Lloyd,
Pathé Exchange,
25, West 45th St.,
New York City.
THE SILENT DUPE (Continued from page 5)
just what is best for them," she told herself feverishly. The clock ticked loudly on the mantelpiece. No other sound broke the stillness of the night; the clock ticked slowly in its cot, and the women stood as the hours went by, battling with themselves.

Mona was not the type of woman who rushes blindly into a situation without weighing the probably wide-reaching consequences. With Sylvia behind her, she had felt justified in going to Manchester. Then the outcome had been unforeseen. Great sorrows, which did not matter if Sylvia had returned. But now, if she went again, and did not tell the truth—!

Could she send for Sylvia for his sake, rather, should she? There was herself to think of too. The terrible risk she would be taking—her whole future in her hands.

And if ever he found out? if Sylvia returned and denounced her?

The child stirred in its cot. Its tiny hands beat the air for a few moments, and then a cry of hunger came from its lips.

Mona rushed for his bottle, and taking him in her arms, began to feed him. He looked up at her and smiled. Then the tiny hands began to put the bottle affectionately. Mona bent her head and kissed the little fingers. His smile grew broader as his hand went up to her face.

Could she ever let them go—these tiny clinging hands that had twined themselves around her heart?

"Never!" she thought, as she clasped the child tightly to her.

She was doing a little protest. He wanted to be quiet after his meal.

"A tremendous little laugh broke from her lips. "I love you, dear, so much!" she cried, uneasily.

A Hope of Recovery.

THERE was a touch of spring in the air. The sunlight filled the room.

Mona smiled as she placed a glass with three daffodils in it on the bare, deal table in the hospital waiting-room.

Never Mona saw daffodils afterwards they always took her memory back to that day.

In spite of all her endeavours to keep calm her mind was in a turmoil of uncertainty, not unmixed with dread.

Even now she had not made up her mind how she would act.

There were so many to consider besides herself; but of one thing she was certain—no other step would stand in the way of Jack and little Bobby's happiness.

Both must be secured at all costs.

And she was afraid that he might be kept out of it for a long time.

Footsteps along the stone passage came and went, but no one entered the room.

And at last, the door opened and there stood a man who, with trembling hands, was led towards him, and an elderly man, whom Mona took for a doctor, followed.

Jack's eyes were bandaged and covered with a dark shade. He looked extraordinarily tall and emaciated.

Mona had stood up at his entrance. She did not know how her soul was shining in her soft, clear eyes.

Jack had put out his hands in a vague way; he was groping around to find her.

"Are you, little girl?" he cried. "Come to me, dear. Why do you keep away from me? Where are you?"

Then he clung forward, and taking hold of the girl's hand, led her towards the sick man.

"He's here, Jack; he's here," she went on, glancing round at the girl. "He has been so looking forward to your coming. He has done nothing but sit and wait, since you went away."

Jack's arm had fastened round her in an eager, hungry way. He strained her close to him, holding her creature he would never again release her.

She lay passive in his arms. All her anxiety was relieved by the sight of a new and exquisite moment.

Just as a weary, frightened bird seeks refuge in its nest, all its fears forgotten in finding itself once more in safety, so did Mona feel with her strong, fierce clasp around her.

That it was intended for another woman did not enter her mind.

The doctor and nurse had discreetly turned their backs upon the two young people, and were talking in a low tone together.

"Jack suddenly pressed his lips to those of the girl he held in his arms.

For a moment they clung to each other; then he released her.

"My dear, my brave little girl," he said.

She felt his fingers on her face. Mona felt her heart stop beating.

Now he would discover his mistake, and realise that it was not Sylvia that he held in his arms. She would have to explain before these strangers—the doctor and nurse. Why would they think of her? What would he think?

The hot colour burned her face as she waited in trembling suspense.

But to her astonishment, Jack drew her again to him and kissed her passionately.

"My darling, my brave little girl!"

"Jack! Jack, dear! I—I must explain!

The words trembling from her lips were spoken almost before she realised it.

She was going up at him, and saw the strained, startled expression which passed over his face at her words.

His grasp on her tightened.

"It does not matter," she said. "It is nothing of importance really. I can tell you in the train."

Bind your "Picture Shows."

The doctor turned and came towards her, almost, it seemed, as though he had been listening.

"Mrs. Arlingford," he said, "I have a proposition to put before you; one which requires your consent, as there is a certain risk. I would have written you, but there were certain arrangements to be made and they were not concluded until this morning.

'I should like to take Mr. Arlingford out of my care. I must tell you I have little faith in the white male. But, as I can tell, there is no hope at all; but in the interest of science and for the good of the future I should like the experiment to be made.

There was a brief silence as he stopped speaking.

Mona glanced from him to Jack.

"What should I do, dear?" she said, slipping her hand into his.

"I think I ought to go. If there is a chance, I ought to take it."

She read all the eagerness in his voice.

"Why, yes, of course you ought," she said. "When will you have to go?"

"We were starting to-night. Dr. Crow suggested you might come straight from here."

"Oh, yes."

Mona gave a forced little laugh.

"That will be splendid—a splendid idea," she concluded lamely.

"I know you would say so."

It was true, and she knew it. He did not seem to remember that there were others in the room besides themselves.

That was settled. Then there were just one or two preliminaries, Mrs. Arlingford, which I would like to settle with you. Perhaps you will come along and I will study for a few minutes before you go?

"I will come now if you like," said Mona. She was just a little ill at ease, her nerves were all unstrung.

What could the doctor want to say to her alone? she wondered.

As she followed him down the passage she kept worrying what she ought to do. Should she confide in him, and ask him to tell Jack the truth?

What would she do if Jack came home with his sight restored, expecting to find Sylvia?

It would be easier for her to explain then, she told herself, and decided to keep her own counsel.

The doctor drew up a chair for her and then seated himself.

"There is just a little question of money, Mrs. Arlingford," he began. "I would say that your husband is not troubled with anything at present, and when I suggested the idea to him I was astounded to the core.

Of course," went on the doctor, "I might have guessed how he was feeling, but he had appeared so cheerful and contented for the last week that I did not dream he felt as he evidently does on the subject."

"I know that you are not rich people, and so I should not think of charging you with any expenses, but, unfortunately, I am not in a position to pay for my patient."

The whole undertaking will cost you about thirty pounds, and that is without the doctor's fees. You may think of it for the future, for I must be able to arrange with the hospital for those, but I am afraid that is all we can do.

"Can you arrange the thirty pounds? Can this sum be procured?"

Mona hesitated.

She had sixty pounds in the bank. It was her all against illness, and it had been saved at considerable cost to herself, but she was not thinking of that. Jack could have the money and welcome. Nothing would please her better than to give it to him, but she was wondering how she would feel of asking about it. He was a proud man, and careless, spendthrift Sylvia would never have saved the money.

The doctor was waiting her answer. He had a kind, shrewd face. She wondered if she should refuse it to him, but her pride made her keep her own counsel.

"I can send you on the money," she said. "(Of course I have not got it with me)."

"No, of course not, Mrs. Arlingford. That will be quite all right."

He smiled across at her.

"We shall be gone about a fortnight," he said. "I shall let you know as often as I can that we are progressing. Your husband has a splendid constitution, and will without doubt pull through quite satisfactorily. Should we not be successful I shall be deeply grieved to you myself. It will be a great blow to him, poor fellow, but we must hope for the best. When he returns I will write to you with the careful attention and nursing for many days to come."

Now go back and say goodbye to him, and be long, and wise with him, and keep up his spirits. It will help him on the journey."

"Good-night, Mrs. Arlingford. I sincerely hope that when you two meet again your husband's sight will be completely restored. Dr. Crow was a very wise man, and I would be delighted to have him take a rest before we start on our journey. He is bright and cheerful and I think he has a spirit in him which will do a lot to keep him up."

He pressed her hand as he held open the door for her to pass out.

Mona went slowly back to the room where Jack was waiting for her.

(The Picture Show, June 5th, 1920.)

Another fine instalment of this powerful story next week.)
THE LETTERS OF MARY
The Bungalow on the Hill—Tipping Warren Kerrigan—His Sweetheart—Bessie Barriscale as a Bride.

6201, Franklin Ave.,
Hollywood, California.

MY DARKEST DAY—Never talk about the "moral of the movies" to me, after the disgraceful way Alice has been acting! Why, she drags me into all sorts of embarrassing situations, and then expects me to leave such an impression of a nice English girl that her transgressions will be forgiven! It is all jolly nice, till we return to mother!

The Bungalow on the Hill,
SATURDAY we rode north into the hills, and were returning to Hollywood, when Alice, from afar, spied a perfectly charming white bungalow, so distinctive, so absolutely perched upon a hillside, that our curiosity was aroused.

Leave it to Alice! When we reached the young orange orchard below it, she swooned from her horse and spoke to a gardener, who was loyally tending the trees.

"Will you please tell me whose charming place this is?"

His face was smugly, his hands black with the soil, he wore torn overalls—but he was a very polite gardener. He stood, then hastily sat down again on a box, and I noticed his overalls were split!

"Warren Kerrigan's, " he said.

Alice just gazed, in a sort of trance—a speaking trance; and he read her thoughts, and asked if she would like to meet "Jack's" mother—and he told us to go right up to the front door, but Alice said, "Oh, which one?"

So he had to lead the way, and, my days, it was too killing, for he had to carry the box along to hide the rip in the back of his overalls!—the handsomest gardener you ever saw; and he took our horses.

Alice gave him her sweetest smile, thanked him, and handed him a tip, and he went away. Then a most gracious gray-haired lady—Mrs. Kerrigan, of course—greeted us, and asked us to come in and rest by the open fire. She was so regal, dear, that I felt wickedly bold; but Alice—well, it wasn't three minutes till Mrs. Kerrigan was telling us about Jack and his twin brother Walter, who is married, and how Jack loves to work in the garden, and with his chickens! I looked at Alice in horror! Warren Kerrigan's Sweetheart.

JUST then Mr. Kerrigan himself came in—and he was our handsome gardener. You can guess how we felt!

But he's a dear. He just laughed—how he laughed—till we all laughed: and he tossed Alice's bob and said it was "some souvenir!"

red-and-mahogany living room, with its open fire, to talk to Mrs. Kerrigan.

Mr. Kerrigan came back, too, and hung over the back of her chair, solicitously. He gave me a picture of a baron in his picture, "Thirty Thousand Dollars."

"Plenty of girls there," he said, "but my mother is my sweetie! And that is the atmosphere of that charming Kerrigan bungalow—sweetheart-mother."

Married to a Man She Does Not Love.

Of course, Alice should have had a jolly good scolding. But guess what happened! Mr. Kerrigan took us to see the Barriscale Studio, and we went, as you may guess.

Mr. Kerrigan introduced us to Bessie Barriscale! Then a perfectly wonderful thing happened! Miss Barriscale (she is Mrs. Howard Hickman, you know, and he is directing Miss Marsh in "Mary Carey")—well, Miss Barriscale invited us to come "on location" with her Tuesday to see a wedding.

Of course we went, dearie. They made the picture at a beautiful church in Pasadena, and we were so excited to be right by the camera! When you see her in "The Noisy Mrs. Sanders," just look for Alice and me right out in front. Miss Barriscale is not one bit "stuffy," but talked to us whenever she could: so gracious and entertaining. And she made the loveliest bride you ever saw! Her gown was short, thank goodness! for the beautiful train was simply ruined before they finished. Everything was just like a real wedding: the bridal party all in bungalows, gowns of lovely lace over silver cloth, red flowers, rice—everything! She married the rich man, you see, and then at the church sees her poor lover (whom she loves). Oh, it was thrilling! Harry Myers is the rich man, and Forrest Stanley the poor lover. My heart really ached for him.

By the time we took the outside scenes there was a perfect mob looking on, and Miss Barriscale said anybody who liked might get in the picture, if they would please not look at the camera. She had Alice and me right at the top of the steps, where we could see everything; and she ran to her car through a shower of rain until she walked looked snowy! (They always take one scene several times.) Oh, Fay, I wish I had big brown eyes and golden hair like Bessie Barriscale! Dear Fay, it only you were here! There is no telling what we shall see next. Alice never misses a chance now. Of course I have to trail along to pull her out of deep water. It is more fun than anything I ever did—meeting these wonderful people. Delightful California, isn't it?—Your sleepy,

MARY LEWIS RUSSELL.
FLICKERS FROM FILMLAND.
NEWS, NOTES, AND OPINIONS, BY FRED K. ADAMS.

Comfortable British Theatres.

Mrs. Bray, the wife of the inventor of the Bray Photographe, recently returned to America after a tour of Europe, and she has given her impressions of her journey to the newspapers. Mrs. Bray denies the illusion that the majority of American theatres are any better than the British, and says:

"All the smaller theatres show care in the appearance of the lobbies, interiors, and in the method of showing the pictures. For example, the English know how to decorate a theatre with plants and so lend an artistic and intimate atmosphere to the interior of the house. More care seems to be taken with such important details as ventilation; and there is a general desire to see their audiences comfortably entertained. This is, of course, a fine trait of the English. The courtesy of the house attendants is un-failing; and a theatre patron is a guest rather than a customer." So cheer up, Britons, you are not so badly off after all, in spite of building restrictions.

Britain to the Fore.

The latest evidence that American producers are concerned about foreign competition comes from David P. Howells, the well-known international distributor. Mr. Howells speaks with a knowledge of what is going on outside the States, for he has recently returned from a long tour. His slogan is that "America must make better films in order to retain its leadership." Mr. Howells points out that "one of the classics of motion picture art, 'Cabinet, came from Italy,' and this picture was as great a commercial success over there as any other production in the history of the business. Mr. Howells is convinced that it will not be many months before the British Isles 'sees something over that will amaze us!'

Still More Tarzans.

After "Tarzan of the Apes," "The Romance of Tarzan," and "The Return of Tarzan," comes "The Son of Tarzan." This latest production, however, will be a fifteen episode serial, instead of a five-reel film.

New School of Screen Acting.

The Swedish production, "A Man There Was," featuring Victor Searston, has had a great reception in the States, and the critics "over there" have discovered and appreciated just those qualities which our own picture-goers did when it was shown here. One paper describes it as "a wonderful picturesqueness with an entire cast of Swedish players, and if you think they can't act as well as our American favorites, just take a tip from us and go see. For sheer naturalness in acting, and simplicity in getting over the desired effect, we commend the attention of everybody to these artists." The success of this film is well noted, for many people interested only in American films have conceded that the more restrained school of screen acting would not be successful in the States. There are indications, however, that the arrival of British and Continental films will add a new era to the art of the screen, and the most noticeable feature about the productions of the future will be a more serious and truthful representation of life. Many picture-goers are tired of the type of hero who vaults over a pike instead of lifting the latch, and climbs up the side of a house and enters a window in order to gain admittance.

Lessons We Learn From the Films.

The best way of shortening our days is by lengthening our nights.

* * *

Too many of the things we wait for are not worth waiting for.

* * *

A man who talks to himself hears a lot of compliments.

* * *

It is far easier to drive a soft-headed nail than a hard-headed man.

* * *

Many a girl fails to make a catch because she is too much aching.

* * *

The world loves to laugh at a lover.

Films of the Week.

The following is a list of the best photo-plays which are being released for exhibition at the cinemas during this week, and the names of the stars involved:

BERT LYTELL comes of a family of stage players, both on his mother's and his father's side. Bert was born in New York, and although some of his boyhood was spent in the West, he was raised in the atmosphere of the playhouse.

At the age of seventeen he made his debut on the stage, and from that time had a leading role in practically every big play produced during his time. His motion-picture career has been equally successful. He has just completed two of his greatest screen achievements, "The Right of Way," and "Lombardi, Ltd.," and is now at work on "Alias Jimmy Valentine."

BERT LYTELL and ALICE LAKE
—in "Lombardi, Ltd."

BERT LYTELL and his leading lad
in an amusing scene in "It's Es
The Engagement Ring. CORINNE GRIFFITH in "Human Collateral." (Still.)

MADGE KENNEDY is pleased with Tom Moore's choice—in "The Danger Game." (Still.)

Dorothy Gish shows her wedding-ring—in "I'll Get Him Yet." (Paramount.)

Ethel Clayton is not won with diamonds—in "Petigrew's Girl." (Paramount.)

Elsie Ferguson admires her engagement ring—in "The Danger Mask." (Still.)

First the Engagement Ring, then the Wedding Bells. The first of these two great moments in a girl's life, as expressed by film favourites on the screen.

The Engagement Ring, CORINNE GRIFFITH in "Human Collateral." (Still.)

MADGE KENNEDY is pleased with Tom Moore's choice—in "The Danger Game." (Still.)
IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.


It is truly said that it is "the little things that count," especially when applied to the world of dress. The whole appearance can be made or marred by the little accessories, and if care is taken in their choice you will always be gratified with the result. This applies particularly to trimmings this season; for there appears to be an absolute craze for weird and wonderful ideas. Their effect is usually bright and bizarre, yet there is a certain charm and fascination about them that renders them pleasing to the eye. Not only are unusual colour mixtures being adopted, but the most unusual materials are being employed to form the new trimmings.

To Weather the Storm.

PATENT LEATHER, for instance—which is usually confined to footwear and belts—is being used in multitudinous ways to trim our garments, while hats are being entirely fashioned from this fabric. Unlike most whims of Dams Fashion, this one is a really sensible idea, for hats of patent leather—or its less expensive substitute, American cloth—are invaluable for all weathers, and keep their shape and smart appearance despite the heaviest downpour. Truly, there is a certain sombreness about this kind of headgear, if it is left untrimmed, but fashion has decreed that their adornment shall be in the brightest of colourings, for motifs of brightly hued chenille silk, wool, or even raffia are worked on the leather. The mention of raffia leads me on to an even more unusual vagary of fashion—one that takes us back to our days at the kindergarten school—that is, the profuse use of raffia. This material has always been classed with mats, baskets, and bunched flowers, and, as a trimming for wearing apparel, it comes upon us as a surprise. However, used with discretion, it is a pretty fashion, and adds a touch of distinction to an otherwise simple toilette. Of course, care must be taken in the blending of the colours, for despite the fact that many bright hues are used together, the effect will be crude rather than pleasing if they are applied without thought of contrast.

An Oriental Touch.

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN, the well-known film star, who is famous for her good taste in clothes is an admirer of raffia as a trimming, and is seen on the stage wearing one of her favourite hats. This is a cozy, small shape of Navy-blue satin, that fits closely to the head, and that, apart from the top, is entirely trimmed with raffia straw. Red, green, blue and yellow are effectively allied and worked in a zig-zag pattern over the hat, a touch of novelty being added by the addition of a few oriental coloured wooden beads placed among the straw. Used in straight lines, raffia forms a unique braid to a small hat. Just place strips of it straight from the base of the crown to the edge of the brim until the latter is entirely covered. Loose strands of it intermingled with a wreath of flowers gives an uncommon touch to the trimming, and would look charming on a leghorn hat.

As a trimming for frocks of gabardine, heavy satin and crepe-de-Chine, raffia is ideal. It does not rub through so quickly as silk or wool, and keeps its colour, needing only an occasional brushing to remove the dust. The charm of raffia trimmings lies in the fact that it can be done by the veriest amateur at dressmaking. Buy some strands of coloured raffia at a fancy-work shop, and, keeping an eye to the colour scheme, work it in zig-zag fashion on the hat or garment you wish to trim. When working raffia trimmings, do not follow any specified design, but novelty form your design as you go along. The raffia is simply laid on the top of the material, and caught down here and there in position with a stitching of ordinary sewing cotton.

The Ivorine-Topped Bag.

HAVE you yet possessed yourself of one of the new smart ivorine-topped handbags? True, they are an expensive luxury, but their appearance is so smart that it tempts one to be extravagant. Three or four guineas is the price asked for them in the shops, yet you can make one at home for about a pound. The actual ivorine bag tops can be bought for about twelve and elevenpence each, and these are made with a row of holes at either side by which to attach the silk bag. The latter requires only half a yard of eighteen-inch wide material—the same quantity of lining—and both must be cut into circles. First of all, neaten the lining into the dark silk, and then gather it up evenly, and attach to the bag-top. A circular type of bag is much more spacious than the usual straight style. Corded ribbon can be used to form handles.

To be a real pleasure to the owner a handbag must be as beautiful inside as it is outside, and for this reason I commend those beautiful floral silks that are such a rage for the lining of your bag. However, these are rather expensive, so to get the colour scheme evolved by Elaine Hammer-
A CHARMING ROMANCE OF A GIRL WHO IS LOVED BY TWO MEN.

VIVIAN MARTIN and NILES WELCH.

Before putting on her hat and coat, Jane thought she would have just one glance at the bathroom.

She was peering over the bannisters at the scene when Monty Lyman came along. The boy's eyes were shining, and he ran up to Jane.

"Are you not in there," he said, pointing to the bathroom. "You're prettier than any one of them. Let's have a dance in the hall."

Before Jane could protest, he had caught her by the hand and they were waltzing round the hall. After a while she begged to be allowed to sit down for a moment.

"I guess dancing doesn't go well on an empty stomach," she said, with a little smile.

Monty was weak, but he was very good-natured. "You wait here a minute," he said, and "I will get you something nice."

While the girl was waiting, old David Lyman came out of his study, and saying, Jane, he cried out:

"Ah! There you are! Just take this down."

Apparently he had forgotten all about telling Jane to go to bed, as she lay in bed when he began to get things in a clearer perspective.

There was a tragic surprise for Jane when she went to work the next morning. Old David Lyman had been found dead in his study, and his will had been found in his handwriting. He had died completing his play.

"You're in the presence of death," Monty Lyman said to jane, and handing her an envelope.

"To my secretary in case of my death."

Jane opened the envelope, and inside she found a note, which read:

"If I should die, I leave you all my wealth, on the condition you produce not play with Deonna as you promised Jane is yours."

The room seemed to swim round Jane as she read the letter.

She could not grasp the fact that she, poor little Jane Norton, the spirited, the hopeful, had come into David Lyman's millions. She felt she must get outside into the fresh air to think things over, and after a while she began to get things in a clearer perspective.

Then she thought of the man, the woman, whom she had innocently robbed of a fortune, meant something to her than she had ever done. He had brought romance into her life.

"I love him! I love him!" she cried through the tears. "I don't want him to pity me, or marry me for my money. I want him as he was before. He has real love for me."

She thought of the note, and then she went into her room.

The next morning saw Jane at Mrs. Harmon's office with a plan in her head.

She knew that she would do the will, and, after examining it, pronounced it genuine.

"Of course, it will have to be proved," he said; "that will be merely a formal matter. I am very much surprised at this development. I have never been so glad in my life."

"I must come to the fresh air," she said. "In fact, I told Monty yesterday that he was the heir, but this will leaves him a pauper."

"It is about Mr. Monty that I wish to speak to you," said Jane. "I have an idea that he has been raised to a higher estate. I want to let him know that a new will has been found, disinheriting him, and that all he has is two rooms and a tenement in River Streets. Then he will try to get work, and if he fails, I don't what to do with the fortune. I feel he ought, at least, to have a share; but as it is, I think it will do him good to work for a living."

"You may rely on me carrying out your instructions; you know, and I agree with you that it will do Monty the world of good to get a job."

Monty Lyman soon found out what a lot of difference money makes in this world—at least, with the people he had been associating with. He realized that he had been a pampered, coolly expression of polite regret, and said, with a sort of semblance to see her or Nita for some time, as they were going on tour.

That was her way of telling him that they had no further use for him, and Monty tried the work, but he had not qualifications.

(Continued on page 18.)
Alia Nazimova, the noted Russian actress, is classed as the foremost dramatic actress of both stage and screen, and her name has been coupled with those of such famous actresses as Sarah Bernhardt and Ellen Terry. Right back in her childhood days her great artistic gift began to find expression, and she has steadfastly worked until she has achieved marvellous success.

She was born in the seaside hamlet of Yalta, down in the south-western corner of Russia, not far from the Black Sea. Her parents were of humble birth, her father being a chemist in the village. Nazimova first sought fame as a pianist. She threw herself, heart and soul, into the study of music, and her talent was so marked that she received a scholarship to the Conservatory of Moscow. However, her success in music did not satisfy her. She wanted further expression, so she decided to become an actress. She joined a touring company and travelled through Russia with them, enduring all sorts of conditions and discomforts. However, Nazimova was determined to win through, and not only existed through this severe test, but glorified in it.

Her Talent Discovered.

Later the company played at the Russian Theatre in New York, and it was while Alia Nazimova was playing in one of Ibsen's plays that a manager from one of the large Broadway theatres saw her and realised her genius. He couldn't understand the words, as they were playing in Russian, but he could understand the magnetism of the woman with the black hair and the deep blue eyes who gave the Ibsen characters an appeal and charm entirely new, and he lost no time in securing an interview. The actress found it difficult to understand him when he tried to make known to her his desire to engage her in Broadway. However, with the aid of an interpreter she was made to understand, and the result of the interview was that she agreed to learn English, and was booked to appear in Ibsen's plays in six months time.

Makes Naught of Nationalities.

These few months meant sheer hard work for Nazimova, but, with her usual determination, she managed to accomplish the task she had set herself to do. Her appearance on the American stage created a furore. Her knowledge of the language being slight, she depended mostly upon her facial mobility and expressive gestures of body and hands to convey her meaning to the audience. All this was very excellent preparation for the cinematic work which she took up a little later. "War Bride" marked her advent to the screen, and in this she created nothing short of a sensation. Since then she has appeared in pictures that were few but good. Nazimova is quite unlike any other screen actress in the fact that she makes naught of nationalities. She is married to Charles Bryant, the tall blonde who usually plays lead with her, and their dual work is most effective.

Nazimova as Sally Snake in "The Heart of a Child." Nazimova is known as "the star with a thousand moods."
"Shots" from Broadway

EVERYONE at both the Walthamstow and 
Camber BROADWEST Studios are so busy 
that they scarcely find time to eat and 
sleep. At Walthamstow the wonderful 
"behind the screen" film has finally been 
completed, and has been christened "The 
Romance of a Movie Star." Violet Hopson 
plays the part of Vonza George, the motion 
picture actress, Stewart Home is a solicitor's 
son who is crazy about films and the film 
star, Gregory Scott, has a partner extremely 
well suited to his personality; Mercy Hatton 
is Cynthia Justice, Cameron Carr is an 
actor, and Violet Elliott is Mrs. Shale. All 
these players are well known to lovers of 
BROADWEST films, who will realize that 
with such a fine cast the picture can be 
nothing but a big success.

"Her Son" (the beautiful story of a self 
-sacrificing woman) was produced by the 
Walthamstow Company recently, but it will not 
be released until later in the year. However, 
it is one of the finest British productions 
ever screened, so it is worth waiting for. It 
was directed by Herbert Wilcox, who has 
just released "The Three Musketeers," and 
Violet Hopson will achieve one of the biggest 
successes of her career in the part of 
Dorothy Fairfax.

STEWART ROMÉ.
At present one of the major 
BROADWEST Companies is at work on "The Case of Lady 
Camber," and although this film is not very far 
advanced, it is hoped that given good 
weather—the months of April nearly 
turned everyone's hair grey—the production should 
be completed within the next fortnight.

Now I have a surprise for you—the 
BROADWEST Company is to produce a 
serial film. Not the ordinary thriller in 
which the heroine seems to have nine lives 
at least, but a thoroughly English film in 
which English customs, scenery, and people 
will figure. The cast has not yet been selected, 
but it will be a very strong one, and many 
BROADWEST favourites will appear in this 
first BROADWEST serial.

Then there are quite a number of original 
stories due for production by this Company as 
well as, "The Great Gay Road," by Tom 
Gallun, "Ten-Year Case," "In Full 
Cry," by Richard Marsh, and "The 
Penniless Millionaire."

This month sees the release of the 
BROADWEST racing film, entitled "A Great 
Coup," Stewart Home, Gregory Scott, and 
Poppy Wyndham play the leading parts in 
this, which is a splendid description of the 
most thrilling racing scenes possible. 
This film is released through the Walthamstow 
Company.

BROADWEST FILMS, LTD., 
Head Office: 
175, Wardour St., London, W.1. 
(Phone: Gran 249.)

"JANE GOES A-WOOGING." (Continued 
from page 15.)

JANE'S三角shoots" from Broadway

The Review of the World

THE Picture Show, June 8th, 1920.

Many superb photos and interesting articles on the great race. Above all, the new issue of the Picture Show is a "must" for every cinema lover.}

MANY superb photos and interesting articles on the great race. Above all, the new issue of the Picture Show is a "must" for every cinema lover.
EUGENE O'BRrien
AND HIS CORRESPONDENCE

A RUMOUR was current in screenland lately that Eugene O'Brien had hired a three-ton motor truck for a very secret and mysterious mission. It was further announced that the chartering of the motor vehicle had something to do with the thousand letters he receives from hundreds of admirers.

I sought out Gene one afternoon at the Selznick Studio in the Broughs, which, for the benefit of those who are not familiar with the geography of New York, is one of the outskirts of the greater city. There, along with Robert Eleson and Lucile Stewart, I found him in the throes of rehearsing a difficult scene in his next photo-play.

A Question for Him.

DURING some unoccupied minutes, when director Ralph Luxe had called for a rest, I asked him this question:

"Is it true, Mr. O'Brien, that you receive more letters from admirers of both sexes, and especially from the weaker sex, than any other screen actor?"

"Oh, Gene jumped clear out of his chair, and dropped his cigarette.

"It most certainly is not true," came from him. "I know a score of screen people whose mail is much heavier than mine."

"What about that three-ton truck load of letters, it is said, you had transferred to the studio?"

"I guzzled tumblingly.

"I Did Have Some Letters."

THAT scene Mr. O'Brien smiled broadly as he said, "I see the boys are talking again," he said. "But let me tell you about these letters, now that you have started the subject, I did have some letters brought up to the studio. They accumulated while I was away from the city. I am going to read them over up here, when not busy."

"Now you get this straight," continued Gene. "I'm always glad to hear from folks whom I please or displease on the screen. I think their criticism or favour is the finest incentive a photo-play actor can get. It takes the place of applause you get when you work on the spoken stage."

"Comment and criticism in the newspapers is good, of course, but after all, the people themselves, the audiences, are the court of last appeal. You must know, if you are a theatre-goer, how many plays were aroused alive by the critics the first night, and still went over big."

Impossible Requests.

"But I have never asked or encouraged men or women to write to me. To do so may lead them to make requests impossible to fulfill, and then there is only sad disappointment on their part. When they, however, do write and make such reasonable request, for as my photo, I always try to send it to them." That was pretty straight stuff from a mere movie actor, and I was glad to hear it. And I take the first opportunity to pass it on to readers of THE PICTURE SHOW.

CHARACTER AS TOLD BY THE FACE.

GLORIA SWANSON.

BLACKNESS in the pupil of the eye itself denotes good health and a true, honourable, and courageous mind. Capable of great acts. The Fine Nose.

THE fine nose, which is most prominent, is nature's evidence of a love and appreciation of the beautiful. The deep lines each side from the wing of the nose extending down to the chin is indicative of an heroic nature, also great sympathy for the feelings and sorrows of others.

The Beautiful Mobile Mouth.

EXPRESSIVE of great generosity, is passionate and passionate with the emotion is ever in motion, sympathising with her surroundings. It also gives her strength and power, enterprise and courage.

The Chin.

INDICATIVE of great strength of will, determination; sometimes ruthless, not cunning, but on her guard. Very little colouring is necessary to deceive her on any occasion.

The Width of the Face.

GIVES acquisition; it is always so when accompanied with a prominent nose. Though liberal in expenditure, this type desire to accumulate more than they spend.

Personality.

THEY have great power of cool understanding. Observe the sharp indention in the middle of the chin, which denotes dignity and propriety of manner. A personality which gives out of her best to others. There is a certain method in her reasoning, denoting a well-balanced mind, and the actions of such a type are usually governed by reflection and deliberation. Reason will always be with her the prevailing instinct.

In Love.

GREATEST capacity for attachment; true and steadfast where they love. Ruled by her heart and soul, her feelings are most acute.

In Health.

USUALLY very good health; their weakness lies in the throat. Great endurance and recuperative powers.

Beauty Midway Between Two Uglinesses.

EASTERN & WESTERN IDEALS.

"VIRTUE," says Aristotle, "is a mean between two vices."

Thus generosity is a mean between selfish extravagance and avarice; modesty a mean between prudishness and wantonness; a good dressed man between a ruff and a propaganda tie.

I suppose the reverse is true, i.e., that a vice is a mean between two virtues. But there is probably something wrong in the assumption. Like the converse of "All cabbages are vegetables," which is "All vegetables are cabbages," and which landed one in a logical muddle in one of the Gospels.

The axiom holds good when applied to beauty: a beautiful figure is the mean between the ugly extremes of leanness and obesity. A beautiful face has neither too much nor too little hair upon it—certainly nothing in the form of horns—eyebrows and lashes are luxurious, yet no downy growth blurs the outline of cheek and upper lip. Our conception which demands that women should have long eyelashes but no moustaches would probably seem curious to certain savages who shave eyebrows and lashes, and admire moustaches. But a partiality for white teeth would astonish the Hottentots who prefer them black or yellow.

In Europe, however, and among the civilised Eastern races, the beauty that long curling eyelashes and delicately marked brows cannot be over-estimated.

What glorious lashes one sees in the East; especially among the Greek girls in the native quarter of Cairo. The tendency among such beauties to grow superfluous hair on the face is combated by the razor or by depilatory paste, recipes handed down sometimes from the days of Cleopatra or the glory of Carthage.

In England women are beginning to realise that neither shaving nor electrolysis are ideal for removing unwanted hair. A method which is steadily gaining in popularity is that of treating the superfluous hair with a paste made of pure pumice and water. The paste is spread rather thickly on the hair, and allowed to dry thoroughly. The hair is completely destroyed, and can then be painlessly removed with a very blunt knife or a piece of cardboaard.

The application of a little teak paste is recommended after the hair has been removed with the pumice.

The trouble with most English women, however, is not that they have too much hair on their face, but too little. Sheep, ducks, and poor, light lashes are common in this country, and often render an otherwise charming face insipid or even plain. It is a good and safe plan to encourage the growth of both lashes and lashes by the occasional application of a little marruflite. Marmalade is rather a pleasant substance to use, and it has the advantage of not only increasing the growth of the eyelashes, but also of giving them a delightful inclination to curl at the tips.

The eyes owe half their expression and charm to the lashes surrounding them, just as the face owes so much to its frame of hair.

PARKER BELMONT'S CRYSTAL EARRINGS FOR OBESITY.
BIG FREE PATTERN OFFER
TO READERS OF "WOMAN'S WEEKLY"

This Blouse Pattern Given To-morrow.

THERE greatest money-saving pattern offer on record. You can make ALL your new summer clothes with the aid of the splendid "Woman's Weekly" free paper patterns.

BOTH these charming Blouses are made up from the pattern given inside "Woman's Weekly" this week. A delightful Tennis Frock can also be made by combining the patterns of this Blouse and next week's skirt. Full instructions and diagrams for making no end of lovely clothes are given. Make sure of all the patterns by placing with your newsagent a regular order for

WOMAN'S WEEKLY

N.B.—Next week a delightfully simple SKIRT pattern will be given. the week after a lovely JUMPER BLOUSE.

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OATINE CREAM contains natural oil, 1/6 and 3/9. OATINE SNOW is a vanishing cream, and non-greasy, 1/3. Of all Chemists.

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STAIN REMOVER
Remove ironmould, Rust, Fruit and Ink Stains from Clothes, Marble, etc.

Follow carefully the directions given with each tube.

From Chemists, Grocers, etc., in 1/6 and 5/- tins, or, if you can't obtain 5/-, send 1/2 for large tube to

W. EDGE & SONS, LTD., BOLTON.
"The Cinema Help the Theatre" says Holman Clark, an Old-timer in Pictures.

A LTHOUGH his film experience has not been extensive, Holman Clark can claim the proud distinction of being something of an "old-timer" in pictures, for he appeared in one of the earliest made in this country, "A Message From Mars".

"It was produced about three years before the war," he told me the other evening as we sat chatting in his dressing-room at the Queen's Theatre.

"I was the Messenger, and I remember walking in Regent's Park, attired in chain armor. Then I appeared in the little cattle! Later came "Red Pottage," and finally "Her Heritage." These, I think, are about all the pictures I have done. I got the idea that I have not much time for film work, for, in addition to my performances here I go in for producing. I am producing Barry's latest play at present."

A Boon to an Overcrowded Profession.

I HAVE ever thought of producing films? I asked.

"No, I do not consider that I know enough about the work. There is a great deal of work required long and careful study before one is capable to undertake it. As regards appearing in pictures again, I would certainly do so if such a situation presented itself, and the role proved interesting, but I would not go out of my way to seek picture work with so many other calls upon my time."

"Your opinion of film acting as a profession?" I queried.

"A great loan to an overcrowded profession," was the reply. "Also I think that the more cinematographs there are, the better it is for the theatres. A surprising statement, you think? Ah, but you see, the cinemas get the public into the habit of going out at night, and that is a very great thing.

Films For Worse.

THE artiste, whose duty it was to play the part of the dazzling hero in an American film, was rather disappointing. He laid his hand on his heart too often, and what was worse, he rolled his eyes about like a fish out of water.

These things combined made him very unpopular. Just before the crisis of the film he clasped the heroine to his bosom, and said, according to the sub-title: "Sweetheart, keep a brave heart! The worst is yet to come. If you would come I will come with you."

Thereupon there came a pathetic verse from the hall:

"Oh, he's going to sing to her!"

Quite Like Him.

OLD LADY visitor to studio: "Are you any relation to Montgomery Hatoki, the well-known film artiste?"

True Actor: "I am Mr. Montgomery Hatoki!"

OLD LADY: "Ah, then that explains the extraordinary resemblance."

Misunderstood.

It would please me very much, Miss Prim," said Mr. Mumbley, "if you would go to the pictures with me this evening."

"Have you secured the seats?" inquired the girl.

"Oh, come now," he protested, "you are not so fat as all that."
WHY BE TOO FAT
Regain Your Health & Beauty and reduce your weight quickly by taking the CIRCUS ANTIMUSP treatment now. It has lost all its reputation, and is the only safe, sure, and pleasant remedy for weight reduction. It can be taken day and night, sold by Boots Chemists and druggists everywhere. Price 3d. and 6d. per pill.

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The makers of "Amo-De!" have captured this fragrance all in a bottle. It may prove to be possible to purchase "Amo-De!" from your Chemist, and therefore the concessionaries will send a large trial bottle of this rare Indian perfume for 3d., post free, on receipt of your full name and address. The Chemist will forward the box to you at their expense. Box to the name of CIRCUS ANTI-MUSP.

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If you desire to increase your height, Mr. Briggs can recommend the following: Mr. Briggs's Heightening Elixir, 2d. per month; Mr. Briggs's Heightening Tonic, 6d. per month; Mr. Briggs's Heightening Pills, 1s. 6d. per box. This system greatly improves the health, figure, carriage, and will add 2 or 3 inches to your height for a few pence a month. Write for particulars.

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Cask the Picture Show
If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players.

ORIGINAL SCREEN STORIES.
Several of the most popular subjects of film adaptations, this paper was practically alone in the course which it took of avoiding the too-frequent use of the novel for screen purposes. Now that the subject is again under discussion, it is good to see that there are signs of this being remedied, as it is here being upheld.

Apparitions. It is true that there has been an easy road to success for producers on the reproduction of a well-known novel, but the fact is that the popular novelist's books even where the film versions of them bear no actual resemblance to the originals. But this is not the case when it comes to a magnificently produced novel of the best type, it is a wise procedure to overlook the practice by exterminating it from the screen. Even in America, where the tendency towards film adaptations of books is far less pronounced than it is in this country, it is being admitted that the constant use of the publisher's bookshelf has been overdone. There is, besides, plenty of evidence to show that numerous successes have been scored by the theatre owners and the British public would not find it a bad policy if he were to cut out of his programmes two or three books of which he is making such a feature at present.

There are scenario writers in this country who have taken to the attempt because they know that this is practically no market for them. That is not a good practice. The writer should do his best to utilise all the material and assistance there is for the same purpose. What is needed at this time is a scale of remuneration for original scripts for British production, with some idea of the kind of subjects that these scripts should include. The idea of a contracts to contribute to some publication knows where to look for the information, but the scenario writer over here is completely in the dark. He hears of fabulous prices for novelists, and of the rather high, but of what the British producer's attitude may be he has no inkling at all.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue.

A satisfied reader unconsciously accom- company any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication, as no anonymous correspondence in), and be accompanied by an envelope to which the Editor, "The Picture Show," Room 87, The Ferry House, Farrington Street, London, E.C.4.

M. W. (Barley-in-Wharfdale).—In "Jade," the only names mentioned and any details of characters are "Achille" by Andrei, "Christine" by Bronte, "Lilac" by Jane, "Ruth" by George, "Pasha" by Victor, "Evelyn" by Foster, "Pearl" by Taylor, and "Constance" by Hopkins. The film was directed by A. H. Edheart and produced by H. O. Sharp. It was released in 1921.

J. H. (Lonsdale).—In "The Gentle Inch," the story of the life of a little child in the circus, the main characters are "The Gentleman," "The Clown," and "The Little Girl." The film was directed by F. W. Murnau and produced by Universal. It was released in 1921.

K. O. (Veterinary).—In "The Thirty-Second," the story of a horse, the main characters are "The Horse," "The Rider," and "The Trainer." The film was directed by D. W. Griffith and produced by Biograph. It was released in 1916.

R. H. (Lancaster).—In "The Man with the Golden Arm," the story of a man with a golden arm, the main characters are "The Man," "The Woman," and "The Doctor." The film was directed by R. W. Lee and produced by Warner Bros. It was released in 1957.

T. J. (Lancashire).—In "The Merchant of Venice," the story of a merchant, the main characters are "The Merchant," "The Jew," and "The Merchant's Daughter." The film was directed by B. W. Raymond and produced by Universal. It was released in 1945.
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S surely as the magic words "Open, Sesame!" revealed the hero of the Arabian Nights story priceless treasures in gold, silver, and precious gems, to-day is the golden treasury of beautiful, healthy hair, by the wonder-ful gift. Offer made here, placed in the possession of the tens of thousands of men and women readers.

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A REMARKABLE REVELATION.

As you brush your hair a powdery scurf falls on your shoulders, or perhaps the hair lies dank and lifeless when you part it. Perhaps in the comb there is a mass of hair pulled from the head, or perhaps—well, there are a host of symptoms that clearly tell you hair poverty has set in.

You may banish that hair poverty to-day. Take the opportunity now, whilst you are thinking of this important matter, and send at once for the Free Gift that awaits you.

To every man or woman who writes there will be sent a full week's outfit, everything necessary to commence a delightful yet scientific course of healthy hair culture.

And chief of all in the wonderful gift parcel which will be sent you is the trial bottle of "Harlene" itself, that wonderful golden liquid which, like wine to drooping spirits, stimulates and revives the drooping hair.

A GIFT EVERY READER WANTS.

Everybody should try the delightful experience of "Harlene Hair-Drill", and, of course, particularly those who have thin, weak, straggling hair that is always falling out, splitting at the ends, or losing its brightness and "tone."

Here in detail is the actual contents of your gift: "Harlene Hair-Drill" parcel:

1. A trial bottle of "Harlene"—the scientific liquid hair conditioner and natural growth-promoting tonic.

2. A packet of the unrivalled "Cremex" Shampoo, the finest, purest, and most soothing hair and scalp cleanser, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."

3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives the final touch of beauty to the hair, and is most beneficial to those whose scalp is dry.

4. A copy of the newly published "Hair-Drill" Manual, the most authoritative and clearly written treatise on the toilet ever produced.

There are no restrictions attached to this four-fold gift. Simply send your name and address, written clearly on a blank piece of paper, together with the coupon below, and you may commence to gain hair beauty in the delightful "Harlene Hair-Drill" way.

The "Harlene Hair-Drill" four-fold gift is for you if you are troubled with:

1. Falling Hair.
2. Greasy Hair.
3. Splitting Hair.
4. Dank or Lifeless Hair.
5. Scurf.
6. Over-Dry Scalp.
7. Thinning Hair.
8. Baldness.

Be resolved that as the springtime wakes to life the millions of winter-hidden buds and blossoms, the "Harlene Hair-Drill" free gift shall waketh to life the hidden beauties of your hair. Every day that you neglect, the more your hair increases its poverty; but no matter how difficult your case may be, no matter what disappointments you may have had, "Harlene Hair-Drill" will never fail you. Vouched for by Royalty itself as the most marvelous as a Jewel, by a host of the world's most beautiful actresses and societywomen and women, this scientific method of hair-culture awaits your test and trial.

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"HARLENE" FREE GIFT COUPON.

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NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.").

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“Baby Was Just a Little Shadow.”

Professional Nurse’s Little Girl made Strong & Well by Dr. Cassell’s Tablets.

Mrs. Hope, a professional nurse, residing at 116, Gloucester Road, Tue Brook, Liverpool, says: “It is a great pleasure to me to tell people what a lot of good Dr. Cassell’s Tablets have done for my little girl, Violet. She was a fine baby during her first year, but after that she fell into a very low state of health, and began to waste away dreadfully. She lost appetite, and nothing seemed to tempt her. Poor little Violet only grew worse, till she was just a little shadow. She seemed in much pain at times and became so very ill at last that she did not know anywhere, not even myself. I had medical advice, and attended her day and night, but it was all in vain.

Then I decided to try Dr. Cassell’s Tablets, and in quite a short time there was improvement. Her strength returned, she began to eat well and steadily she improved, till soon she was running about again. Now she is a fine little girl of six, as bright and active as any child could be.”

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If you want strong, healthy, beautiful hair (that will win admiration) here is the simple secret. Brush the hair and scalp vigorously night and morning — this is important. Then from time to time cleanse it with Icilma Shampoos (WET and DRY). No other shampoos are so good for your hair — none will so easily improve it.

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And all poisoned, itching, and inflamed surfaces.

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'VIGIL' Silk Blouse
Flannel, Damask, Flannel, Damask, save, pink and grey, and linen and flax stripes or crepe appearance. Brightly made and finished. 30/- POST PAID.

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ARE YOU CAPABLE of ACTING FOR THE FILMS?

The above illustration appeared in the Editorial Column of the "Picture Show" in the May 15th issue (reproduced by the courtesy of the Editor) and is one of our latest successful pupil, Miss Eric Grey. We are now able to announce the successful debut of two further pupils, Miss Mary McLean and Mr. John Hayes, both having appeared successfully in one of George Clarke's productions last week. We hope to be able to publish photographs of these two pupils in a near issue.

NOTHING SUCCESSES LIKE SUCCESS, and our pupils succeed because we show them the right way. LET US SHOW YOU. If you wish to become a Cinema Artist, entrust yourself to the expert advice and assistance of the Genuine Recognised Cinema Firm of many years' standing. Doubtless YOU have often longed to be numbered amongst the successful in this fascinating profession, but have not known how to set about it. COME AND SEE US AND LET US SHOW YOU THE RIGHT WAY. An interview costs you nothing, and we will put frankly before you the conditions and probable end of this new career, and tell you plainly what we think of YOUR chance of success.

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THE CINEMA BUREAU, 521C WINDSOR, CINEMA COURT, CHELSEA CROSS.

"PHONE 67 1441"
Famous Readers of "The Picture Show."

No. 25.—CECIL HUMPHREYS.

CECIL HUMPHREYS, by reading the Picture Show regularly, learns the very latest news of his fellow artists at home and abroad. Mr. Humphreys, as you know, generally takes the villain’s part on stage and screen. We are to see him in the following Noll Film Company’s photo-plays: Star in "The Swindler," in "The Blasé Pimpemel" and "The Amateur Gentleman."

The Heroine of Our Art Plate.

THERE was wonderfully enough, should Charles, dissolute "I", coin, coming and Stoll screen. CECIL THE more Stoll Pictures. By defence and NAZIMOVA. Played has Charles career. We won't imagine when he went again in "An Eye for An Eye," has won universal admiration from readers of the Picture Show who have seen her. Charles Bryant, who plays the strong hero part, has also gained attention, and I’ve received numerous questions about him.

Our Competition.

The counting of the votes in our "Choosing the Stars" competition is nearing completion. At the very earliest moment the result will be announced, together with the names and addresses of the lucky prewinners.

News of Nazimova.

NAZIMOVA, the emotional Russian actress, who is now appearing in "An Eye for An Eye," has won universal admiration from readers of the Picture Show who have seen her. Charles Bryant, who plays the strong hero part, has also gained attention, and I’ve received numerous questions about him.

Played in London.

CHARLES BRYANT is the husband of Nazimova. He was a young business man in London, before beginning his theatrical career. He appeared at the Garrick Theatre, London, in Pinero’s "Irish," the counsel for the defence in "Justice," and Mahmoud Baroudi in "Bella Donna." It was when the run of this play ended in London that Mr. Bryant went to America for the third time, and here he played again in "Bella Donna," but this time as the Doctor, and Nazimova played the part of Mrs. Cheptow.

Here it was that these two first met, and when Nazimova went on the screen, Charles Bryan played leading man in all her productions except in "The Red Rose." He Knows.

PAT O’MALLEY, who plays the struggling young man in a coming photo-play opposite Madge Kennedy, says he doesn’t have to imagine how the poor hero feels a soon he is working his way through school, and is ridiculed by the other boys.

"I know all about it," he says, "I went through the whole experience myself in a small mountain town. I had only one blouse and two pairs of overalls. I can sympathise with the hero’s ambitions to become an orator, too. I was christened Patrick Campbell O’Malley, because it was my mother’s fondest hope that I should become an orator. If I had my way, I should play nothing but struggling young men’s parts. I have so much sympathy with them, because I have exactly how they feel."

He Doesn’t Like Them.

JACK PHORDY says he never wants to see a banana again. During the filming of "The Double-Dyed Deceiver," Jack had to eat a banana in one scene. Something went wrong with the lights, and the scene had to be done over and over again, and all the time Jack had to munch a banana, and "I’m not over fond of them either," he says.

To Keep Young.

NAOMI CHILDERS tells why all stars of the screen in the West keep so young-looking. "It’s the life," she says, "Up early in the morning, in the open air all day, and to bed at nine. I tell you one need never grow old; out there you’d be dead.""

"Copy the Butterflies." LUCILLE LEE STEWART, playing opposite William Farnum in "Eastward Hys," has a scheme for dress. It is this; "Copy the butterflies." She thinks this is why she has been able to gain the wonderful effects in her gowns for the screen. An ardent lover of nature, she was examining one day a case of wonderfully coloured butterflies, and the idea came to her that here she had a wonderful model for a gown. Nature had provided the first aid to costumers, and Lucille seized it. She says: "The butterfly can be used merely for hints in the making of attractive gowns; it can be utilised also to suggest figures and combinations of lines in neckties. It will serve to render the handbag, the parasol and the hat more attractive than ever. The wings of the butterfly will help to make women’s clothes more artistic."

New British Film Company.

ANOTHER British Comedy Company has just been formed, The Minerva Film Company is the name adopted by the company. A. A. Milne, the well-known "Punch" writer, and the author of the successful play now running at the Playhouse Theatre, London, "Mr. Pim Passes By," is writing the scenario for the first production.

Mr. Adrian Brunel, the director and producer, and other well-known members of the company will be Nigel Playfair, Aubrey Smith and Leslie Howard, all of whom are already famous on the stage and screen. You will remember Mr. Playfair is now appearing in the Hayworth photo-plays "Sunken Rocks."

Now Playing on the Stage.

I RECOGNISED in Cadet in "Such an Aged Nothing." I was married in "The Impossible Woman." Mr. Fred Terry is now touring. Leslie Barns, the young actor who did such good work as Robert in "The Greater Love." And from "The Impossible Woman" on the screen. I expect we shall see him in several new photo-plays shortly.

Have You Heard This?

BY the way, have you heard this story of Warren Kerrigan? He has a decided distaste for artistic foibles, and a game of low-living in London. He has been staying in a dark room with a crack in the wall. "Come now," said Jack, producing a com, "be a good boy and stop crying."

NAOMI CHILDERS, who has a leading part in the coming Goldwyn production "The Street of Straight," has said that this beautiful star possesses an ideal face. VERNON WHITEN, the nine year old son of Norman Whiten, the producer, who plays the part of St. Patrick in "In the days of St. Patrick." "I can’t!" I wailed the child hopelessly. Jack found another coin. "Stop it now—like a little man." "Yes, and e-ee-e," howled the mourner. "I’m nine," said the child picking the child up. "Why can’t you be a good boy and stop crying?" "Cause I’m a girl."

Tramp Airedale Becomes an Actor.

QUITE an important part in Tom Moore’s new play, "The Great Adventure," now being filmed at the Goldwyn studio, falls to "Patsy," a tramp Airedale, who wandered into stardom while Mr. Moore was looking for a dog to use as "Muldoon" in the picture. Mr. Moore plays the part of Wint Chase, a demoralised youngster liked by everybody in spite of his bad habits, and worshipped by his dog, "Muldoon," who is his constant companion, trails him when he goes off on a spree, goes with him when he’s thrown out of his father’s house, helps him upstairs to bed after a hard session and watches over him while he sleeps. Furthermore, "Muldoon" has to aid Wint in getting undressed, because Wint gets his shoe laces so tangled in trying to unite them that "Muldoon" has to get them loose with his teeth before Wint can get his shoes off. Then he finds "Muldoon" just as much at home in the picture as the seated beside Wint in the office of the mayor, when the good-for-nothing youngest is elected mayor by a political trick and makes good.
"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT, (Continued from page 3)

He Found a Home.

"PATSY" wandered into the studio while Mr. Moore and his director were discussing the question of getting a dog to play "Mudloon." He seemed to know that Mr. Moore was looking for a dog, and went to him and thrust his nose into Mr. Moore's hand. "Here's Mudloon," said the star as he saw him.

Sure enough, "Patsy," as he was named, promptly got the place and went right to work as soon as Mr. Moore got him some dinner. He didn't seem to need any training or instructions, but took to his part right away. "Patsy" not only wandered into the picture as a result of his visit to the studio, but has found a home with the Goldwyn star.

From Brownie to Giant.

KALLA PASHA, who plays the flirtatious rôle in Mack Sennett's newest two-reeler comedy, "Gee Whiz," is the barometer of the Sennett studios. The directors look to him for warning of approaching storms and make ready for picture taking indoors whenever Los Angeles is threatened with an infrequent visitation of rain.

Kalla Pasha located his meteorological observatory in his hair—that bushy, curly black hair that lends itself to Kalla Pasha's ferocious appearance, and which has frightened as many would-be wrestlers as ever John Sullivan scared with his bull voice in the prize ring.

It is His Hair.

JUST how Kalla Pasha arrives at his pro-phobies by the state of his hair has never been made entirely clear, but if you ask him whether it is going to rain, he will fondle a curl or two and tell you "Yes" or "No." He says, "When it is about to rain I can't do a thing with my hair," but that statement would require some qualification it would seem, for it is always in the act of detaching a storm.

In "Gee Whiz," the barometer was closed for the day by business. Kalla Pasha, besides playing a flirtatious rôle, had to masquerade as a negro woman taking in the family washing. His kinky curls were stifled in monstrous buns, his thought was "I wish I had a thunderbolt," and the set was placed in the open. It rained that day, which fact automatically relieves Kalla Pasha of future attempts to play the prized rôle of coloured ladies of the wash tub.

He Spoke Too Soon.

TALKING about animals, an amusing incident occurred in a studio the other day, when a scene called for a small snappy dog.

The casting director brought a dog which appeared to be a peaceful creature. The director looked him over and shook his head.

KATHLEEN KIRKHAM, the newest screen star, at Los Angeles, whose motto is: "No matter how small the part you play in life, do it the best you can.

"He won't do, he is too quiet. He wouldn't bite a hole in a piece of meat," he said wittily.

As he spoke he attempted to stir the dog up a little with his foot. No sooner had he moved, however, than the dog, with a snarl and a snap, dug his teeth into the director's pants, and it was all he could do to shake him off. As the director made a hurried exit for a change of costume, he shouted:

"He will do all right!

Shirley's Favourite Diversion.

ONE of the favourite diversions of Miss Shirley Mason, the Fox star, is shopping, and between pictures she may be seen riding into the shopping districts of Los Angeles or Hollywood on such errands. The dainty little star differs from the average picture actress, for while the average girl is hunting for personal adornment, Miss Mason spends her time and much of her income in buying pretty things for her home. Above all, she is a home girl, and she certainly has a talent for making things attractive. At one time, she was a model for the saddles in the G. & G. Co., and has as a hobby the making of them.

Her home and her dressing-room at the Hollywood studio, the two places where she spends most of her time, both bear abundant evidences of her magic touch—a touch of feminine daintiness, coziness and comfort that wins the admiration of all her associates.

Harry's New Hobby.

I HEAR that Harry Carey has just purchased a herd of seventy buffaloes, which he has installed on his spacious ranch in the San Francisco Canyon. The Universal Western star will go in for raising these animals on a commercial scale, for their meat, hide and by-products. He intends to spend several weeks on his ranch as soon as he completes his present photo-drama, "Bull's Eye Proof.

Do You Know?

—That Henry B. Warner is very much interested in crinolines.

—That Rita Stawndow is his wife—his second.

—That she is returning to the screen, and will play opposite her husband?

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News from Los Angeles.

One Back on Douglas.

SOMETIMES in the matter of practical joking Charlie Chaplin manages to get his own back on Douglas Fairbanks. He was showing an American millionaire of the nouveaux riches variety round his studio the other day, and in the course of the conversation the photocrat coyly owned that he, too, had been bitten with the scenario-writing craze and had perpetrated a screen story. "Really!" said Charlie with a sly sort of smile, and diplomatically tried to change the subject. But having once broken the ice, the other was not going to be stopped by anything, and the unfortunate victim had to listen to a story, which, judging by the time it took to relate, must have been intended for a serial in forty thrills. I will say for Charlie that he bore it very well, interspersing the constant stream of his visitor's eloquence with quite intelligent remarks and looking generally interested and profound. But then, of course, Charlie always was considered quite clever at acting. Anyhow, when at last the millionaire departed with expressions of undying gratitude, Charlie dropped limp and exhausted into the nearest chair. "How did you get rid of him?" we asked. "Oh, I told him to send his story to Doug. Fairbanks, and to be sure and address the envelope "Private and Personal!"

Memories of the Orient.

ETHEL CLAYTON is much looking forward to her approaching visit to England this summer. She is going to direct a picture there for Lasky's, and says it is to be a real English story with a real English setting. Last year Miss Clayton spent a memorable holiday in the glamorous Orient, and brought back with her all manner of treasures for her pretty home. Her collection of ivories and porcelain is one of the finest in Los Angeles.

An Attraction of Frocks.

ANN MAY, Charlie Chaplin's leading lady, is one of those fortunate girls who can be in pictures just because she loves them, and not merely to earn a living. She is an introvert and can afford to buy all the pretty things her heart desires without even touching her salary. She is particular and can afford to buy anything for the screen girls who need a little mothering, and lots of little sisters to prove them feeling homely. One of the favourite indoor sports of the club is to try and get Ann to sell some of her clothes. She wears such stunning dreams of dresses, and when she gets tired of them, she holds an auction and sells them to the other girls for just a song. And if any girls needs a dress for a picture, it's not a question of buying and selling, she's just welcome to it.

Elsie Cord.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

An interesting photograph taken at Universal City Zoo. BRIGHAM S. YOUNG is standing on the right of the man wearing a bowler hat. He is Mayor Charles E. Sebastian, of Los Angeles. You will recognise MARIE WALCAMP as the one lady of the group.

The Metro Studios claim that CAROL JACKSON, eight years old and a fully fledged cinema actress, is another Daisy Ashford. Here we see Alice Lake reading Carol's impressions of life in a cinema studio. It is said to be quite after the style of "The Young Visitors."

Can you imagine anything more restful on a hot afternoon than this? Here is WILLIAM RUSSELL with his pipe, his dog, and a book. The sea is just beyond, and its lazy murmur has wooed him to sleep.

There was great excitement the other day when TOM MOORE and his director, HARRY BEAUMONT, played draughts for the championship of the Goldwyn Studios. Before you study this too hard I will tell you—Tom lost.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE has to win a bachelor in her next photo-play, entitled "Two Weeks." Here we see her demonstrating one of the best methods she has yet found. A smile and a chocolate, what man could resist her?

A little of the vast amount of work that is done before a play is produced can be gathered from this snapshot, showing Mr. EDWARD GODAL (with the book), of the B. & C. Film Co., with his producing staff holding a conference about a novel he is going to produce shortly.
A Wonderful Story of a Girl's Sacrifice for Love.

By EMMIE ALLINGHAM.

do you want? Please go away. I have an important engagement, and I shall lose my train.

"You must lose it, Sylvia," said Mona very steadily. "I have just got in from Manchester. All the way I have been praying that in some way or another I might get to hear of you."

She held the other's arm yet closer.

"Sylvia," she went on very earnestly, "Jack was coming home G-day. I went to Manchester to fetch him, but the doctor suggested that he should undergo an operation. They say there is a chance of Jack's recovery, and arrangements are made to send him abroad.

A Chance Meeting.

I was late in the afternoon when Mona arrived at Keston. The journey had been long.

All the way going up to Manchester she had been filled with a half-frightened joy, believing that her return would be accompanied by Jack.

She was going to bring Jack Arlingford back to his own home.

Now she was at a loss.

Everyone had somehow gone wrong.

She wanted Jack to have every chance, she told herself vehemently, for she did, somehow, believe that Jack could come to be unbidden those last few weeks were now all fading away.

She had so dwelt on this home-coming with him. She had meant to place his child in his arms and then break gently to him the truth—and then she would ask him to let her stay and take care of them both.

Then she would have nothing to fear from Sylvia's return.

Now it would be quite different, somehow. She would be already in the house when he returned, and he would look at her, and she would have to start an explanation at once.

How could she tell him that Sylvia had gone? That she had let her go?

He might turn on her and upbraid her. Men were strange creatures; she might misconstrue the motives with which the house at all.

Her face burned at the thought.

How terrible that would be; how unpleasantly awful!

The fit of depression which held her in its cloudy grip ever since she had left the hospital settled down yet more firmly upon her.

Her head was aching; she had forgotten to eat.

Life was all wrong somehow, she told herself. She had acted with the highest of motives, she had only wanted to save him pain. If only there was some chance of finding Sylvia! If only—

The train had come to a standstill, and she was elated.

As she was passing through the booking-hall her eyes fell suddenly upon a familiar figure.

Mona looked at the gorgeous attournement. It was Sylvia—Sylvia dressed in a sprighty spring hat of green straw trimmed with soft filmy feathers, and a smart new blue siope coat and skirt. She wore silk stockings and very high-heeled patent shoes and her hands were encased in spotted green kid gloves.

The girl was evidently waiting for someone.

She turned suddenly and caught sight of Mona, and her face fell. She wore a most unpicturesque weak face.

She made a movement as though to run away, and then she turned to Mona.

Mona went up to her, and placed a firm hand on her arm.

Sylvia glanced away, the colour rose in her face.

"What is it, Mona?" she exclaimed. "What

Sylvia gave a whimpering little cry. It had already turned the greens into a froth.

The train to Beeches must have gone. Clara and George had no doubt seen her talking to Jack, and that they had both left no place else to go now. She would have to go home.

She would have made a scene, but she was a little afraid of Mona, and more afraid of the policeman. She had not without releasing her arm, led her out to where they could get a taxicab.

She could not really afford it, but she was tired out, and she knew Sylvia of old.

No one could be quite as trying as Sylvia when she had been thwarted, and to lose her temper with the girl was wrong, and there was no one left to do it but herself. Mona shrank from the idea.

In the taxicab Sylvia started to sob and cry again. She knew that she worried Mona, and she meant it to.

Her life was ruined. She would rather have been taken to prison than back to that horrid little house. Mona had come between her and her friends. Mona was jealous. She always had been jealous of her, but she, Sylvia, was not going to be put upon. She would start on her own. This last with an air of defiance.

Mona let her ramble on. She was heartily tired of the whole affair. She did not even know now whether she was glad or sorry that she had met Sylvia. She had thought it a gift of providence at the time—now she was not so sure.

As she gazed out at the traffic, she looked like a woman who had received her death blow.

This was the end, she told herself. Perhaps it was best, for hopes of the future were steadily dying.

How she had deceived herself! She had fondly imagined that she had been thinking entirely of Jack and his child, but her own inclination had also gone that way.

She had been fooled in her love. She had felt his kisses and returned them. They had awakened something within her—something which he found to be more valuable than anything else.

She glanced across at Sylvia. The girl had dried her eyes when she discovered that Mona was talking to the driver.

She had taken out a powder-puff, and, with the aid of a small mirror, concealed in her bag, was putting on her face.

It was a handsome bag, Mona noticed it afresh. It must be worth quite a large sum of money.

The taxicab stopped at last before the house, and the two girls alighted.

A fresh stab of pain went through Mona's heart as she remembered the happy gaieties with which she had left it. Could it only have been yesterday?

Mrs. Brown, the woman who lived next door, came running out of her house with Bobby in her arms. The child was perfectly well, and there were marks on his face which revealed the fact that he had been crying.

Mona took him in her arms, she felt a strong resentment against his mother rising within her.

I've taken you a leaf, and there is a drop of ungueness in the can," said Mrs. Brown, while her eyes were fixed with unblushing admiration on Sylvia's smart clothes.

Mona thanked her. Then she waited for Sylvia to precede her up the narrow path.

"Naughty, pokey little place!" muttered the girl, "perhaps you were under the impression for one and not providing better than this."

Mona appeared not to hear, but her heart beat with indignation in the passage now, and with the child in her arms Mona proceeded to light the gas.

"Have you been with Mona?" asked Sylvia suddenly, glancing round the sitting-room. "If it would always look like this! I should not mind it quite so much."

"Then keep it like it!" cried Mona irritably.

(Continued on page 8)
THE EXPRESSIONS OF KATHLEEN O'CONNOR.

KATHLEEN O'CONNOR.

KATHLEEN O'CONNOR, the fearless serial star, has been giving her idea of an ideal husband.

"He would have to be a man I wouldn't have to look up to," she says. "He would have to be a man I would have to look up to," she says. "He would have to be very human, and a real companion—one with whom I could share joys and sorrows, and meet success or failure with perfect sympathy. In short, he would have to be a sort of combination of Tom Mix, Jim Corbett and William Farnum, all poured into one. And what's more," she added, "with an emphatic little jerk of the head, "he would have to like onions. I simply love them!"

Although her home town is in Ohio, Kathleen's ancestors were Irish. It is to them she owes her charming smile and her happy-go-lucky disposition.

Into the Pictures.

HER entry into filmland was not the easy one of being connected with a picture studio all her life. When she finished school, she began work as a telephone girl, and while there, won a prize for being the most popular and prettiest telephone operator.

This made her known round the film studios, and she got her first chance with the old Essanay Company. Later she made three pictures with Toto, the Clown. Then came a small part in "Missing," under the direction of J. Stewart Blackton. Later a few pictures with Tom Mix, and so well did she play the Wild West heroine that she was offered the serial part with James Corbett in "The Midnight Man."

Her Life in Her Hands.

AS you may guess, Kathleen O'Connor is as fearless as she is beautiful. She knows that to take the leading part in a film serial she must almost daily take her life in her hands.

She is also very dramatic, which helps her greatly in her work for the film. She keeps herself fit by a course of physical exercise, of which she is an expert. Riding before breakfast, a daily climb on the big head of Charlie, the Universal elephant, and then for a ride on him around the lot is a daily part of her programme.

We are shortly to see her in another big Universal serial, entitled "The Lion Man," in which she plays opposite Jack Perrin.

While the Studio Burned.

THIS, like most serials, is full of thrills, many of which, are as dangerous as they look on the screen. For instance, in one scene an elaborately appointed interior was burned to the ground at Universal City, for a scene in which Kathleen O'Connor and Jack Perrin had to remain in full view of the camera until the flames actually singed their hair. Yet they enacted their dramatic roles while the battery of cameramen filmed the action.

Even then the scene was nearly spoiled because the flames almost consumed the legs of one of the tripods at which the cameraman was grinding.

Deserves a Holiday.

AS soon as Kathleen had finished this serial sensation, she had planned a visit to New York, and incidentally to her home town in Ohio. Miss O'Connor deserved a holiday, for she has been working without a day's rest for over a year. First with James Corbett in "The Midnight Man," an eighteen episode serial, then with Harry Carey in "The Gun Fight Gentleman," and in eighteen chapters of the current serial. When she comes back she will begin work in another serial, entitled "The Path She Chose."

His Marriage Line.

BY the way, Jack Perrin, who is now co-starring with Miss O'Connor, lost a wife and family in record time the other day. Miss O'Connor, who is somewhat of a palmist, was reading Jack's hand during a short rest. Uttering at a particularly dark line, she told Perrin that he would soon marry and be the father of four children.

Jack looked hard at the line, rubbed it vigorously with a pocket-handkerchief, and it disappeared, and he thereby lost all chances for matrimony.

Kathleen O'Connor confesses that her greatest ambition is to act about one-third as well as Elsie Ferguson, who, she says, is her ideal star.
THE SILENT DUPE. (Continued from page 6.)

"Be a woman, Sylvia, and do your duty. You ought to--she dropped off when "you think of this dear baby and Jack," Sylvia shrugged her shoulders.

"Hot, I call it a baby," she said.

"And as for Jack, I like him all right when he is nice and will take me out, but he is always so undiscreet.

There was a sharp knock at the door. Sylvia ran to open it. A telegraph boy handed her a yellow envelope.

"Major B.H., bringing Arlingford home for to-night. Crews." Sylvia ran back into the room, flourishing the flimsy paper.

"Hey, what a joke," she cried. "Jack is coming."

Mona was preparing a bath for little Bobby, she glanced up hastily.

"There is nothing wrong, is there?" she said.

"No, you old silly," Sylvia had quite recovered her usual spirits. Mona read the few brief words; then, without comment, she went on with her job.

I wonder how long before they get here?" cried Sylvia. "What a good thing for you I am here, Mona." She gave a silly little laugh. "If I stay to-night and behave myself you must let me go to-morrow after he has gone, won't you?"

Mona dared not trust herself to speak.

Sylvia, however, was not going to let such an opportunity pass. She knew that Mona would never give her away to Jack. She would never do anything which would harm Jack, and she hated him for it.

I shall get him to give me permission to go to Eddystone. I come what may," said Sylvia. "I shall tell him I am all run down and need a change; and I shall tell him I have had an invitation from some people I used to know. As he can't see, he won't be worrying me to show him the letter," she finished caustically.

But, to her disappointment, even this threat did not rouse Mona to reply.

Mona went on attending to the child, then lifting her in her arms she carried him off to bed. As she bent to kiss his eyes suddenly filled with tears.

"What a terrible muddle life seems to be, baby," she whispered.

The Coming of Jack.

S HE heard a taxicab stop outside as she was changing her dress, and she saw the two figures alight.

Dr. Crewe was leading Jack towards the door.

She must go down she told herself feversely, while Jack, the fattening, gloating Bobby's nightgown. Sylvia was not to be trusted.

She hurried to the stairs, but Sylvia was already at the door.

"Jack! Jackie, my dear old boy!"

She flung both herself to his arms, and she was laughing and half-crying hysterically.

"Are you glad to come home to your little wife, Jackie?" Sylvia was saying in her affected way.

Mona was keenly aware that the doctor had heard, and was watching her somewhat curiously.

The hot colour flamed her face.

I am afraid about twelve o'clock to-morrow," he said curiously. "You will have him ready to start, will you not?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Dr. Crewe without a word.

She paused. Dr. Crewe dropped her hand as Jack called out.

"I shall be ready, doctor!"

He was holding Sylvia close to him with one hand, the other he held towards the doctor.

"You see," she saidHashTable: 8 that she would be well looked after, after she said brightly.

Then I will bid you all good evening," Dr. Crewe departed.

Mona closed the door after him.

"Shall we have some supper?" she said, speaking now for the first time.

Sylvia heaved a deep sigh and shrugged her shoulders impatiently. "I don't think what is the good of you," she said complainingly. "What did you want to come for, anyway? That is what I should like to know."

The Police.

MONA was thankful that just at that moment there came a clattering of his feet in the hall.

"The postman!" cried Sylvia, and ran out into the passage. Almost immediately, however, she came back. There was terror in her eyes.

She went up to Mona and clutched held of her. "No," she said, she whispered. "The knock was repeated.

Why do not one of you go?" said Jack, half-starting from his chair.

Mona saw that he was nervous, so she went out of the room and closed the door behind her. As she opened the street door she found herself confronted by two men.

We want to see Mrs. Arlingford!" said one of them in a sharp, businesslike voice.

Mona drew a deep breath. Instinctively she knew the men were detectives.

For a brief moment she hesitated, and then she remembered the sick man in the room behind her. She said with all her courage, and glanced at the two men fearlessly.

Who are you? What do you want with me?" she said.

"This is one of the women I noticed on the station this afternoon," said one of them to his companion; and Mona recognised the policeman who had stood watching Sylvia and herself.

She put out her hands suddenly towards him. "What do you want one of you against you and your gang, I don't mind telling you that we have your two companions. It was the woman who gave you away."

"What, Clara?" said the policeman.

"Yes, Clara, isn't she?" said Jack.

"I know nothing about her affairs and she knows nothing about me," cried Mona.

The policeman smiled in the darkness.

"Well, come along now and spare us a fuss. Don't say more than you want to, for all you say will be written down and may be used in evidence against you."

Mona had been thinking quickly.

It was, after all, they should take her. They would not find out their mistake until the following day, and by that time Jack would be away. She must manage to protect Sylvia until then.

She glanced up at the man who held her. I will just point in and explain my mistake.

Let me go alone, my—my husband is very ill. He is to undergo a very serious operation. I must see him."

The two men moved yet closer to Mona.

"By all means," said the one who had been speaking.

Mona gazed up at him sharply.

"Let me go alone," she said.

"We can't do that. We must accompany you."

Sylvia shrieked back.

"Oh, no!" she said lastly, thinking of Sylvia. "That would never do. It would upset him so," she added to the policeman. "I will come along without her."

"I would," said the man kindly. "Get your hat and let us be off. It is always best to get these things over as quickly as possible."

Sylvia's hat lay on the hall-table, Mona caught it up. Under it lay her handsome silver box and one of the men took hold of it.

One of the news articles!" he said excitedly. "I must get a warrant to search this place. I have that in his pocket, and then turned to Mona again.

They moved towards the door, the next moment it had closed after them.

(The next instalment of this splendid serial next week.

OWEN NARES: Beautiful Art Picture, 16 x 10, in next week's “Picture Show.”)
THE LETTERS OF MARY

Charlie Ray and Mrs. Ray at Home—His Queer Little Mannerisms—A Lovable Man—Wallace Reid Making a Picture—Nazimova—Mitchell Lewis's Career in London.

Mr. DEAREST FAY,—I've had such luck—such perfectly ripping luck! Out of a rain storm, too! Alice and I were out near Silver Lake the other afternoon looking for Julian Eltinge's beautiful place, when a shower caught us. We rode hard for Hollywood, but the deluge caught us, and we huddled under a doorway, leaving our horses tied to a fence.

Then the door opened, and we fairly fell into the arms of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray. You see, he has just moved into his own studio, and was there "patterag around" his dressing room. Thank heavens there was a fire, and a 'phone—tie latter to quiet mother's tears, as you may guess she would be anxious.

And Mr. Ray's father was there, too. We stayed two solid hours, and had the best time. "Swanky," Alice wrote the boys that very night.

Charles Ray's dressing room and den are very manly looking in brown mostly, and natural red—

a long red couch upholstered in brown, big comfy oak chairs and desk. You know Charles Ray is tall and suavender-boxes, plays golf, and swims wonderfully well. He sat and talked to us a while, smoothing his earring in the tray in a queer little way—a trick of his—and raising his eyebrows when he laughed.

They are building a big glassed-in stage, and are very, very busy starting his new picture, "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway.

Charles Ray's Fun.

DID you know he used to be in vaudeville with Chester Conklin, the funny man in Mack Sennett's Comedies?

And he was half-advised to go into pictures. Fancy that. But when Alice began to talk about his work, he slipped away to his hammering.

Hollywood, California.

Mr. Ray, sonor, is a very youngish looking man, and jolly, too. You could tell they are father and son easily. All too soon the sun came out and we had to leave. But Charlie Ray invited us to come back and see him working "on a set" next week. Isn't it wonderful, and aren't you jealous? Oh, Fay, you would love to be here!

It raised Monday and Tuesday.

Tuesday night Alice suddenly declared she must go to the library. I refused, but she whispered, "Blue lights over there. Come on!" "Believe me, I hurried.

Rain for Luck.

RAIN for luck? The library is just two streets from the foot of the hills, and one block away. On a short dirt road we found Wallace Reid making a picture. They had four huge motor lorries, canvas covered, in the pouring rain. It makes you wonder what it is going to be. Those big powerful lights they use for night pictures.

To-day is bright and sunny, and mother accepted an invitation for all three of us to go to Mr. Shurtleff's studio at the Metro Studios—

One of the wonderful snow scenes in Jack London's "Burning Daylight." Here you see Mitchell Lewis as Elam Harnish.

So I told him about "Tommy Atkins," and we had a gorgeous time.

Mr. Ray, sonor, is a very youngish looking man, and jolly, too. You could tell they are father and son easily. All too soon the sun came out and we had to leave. But Charlie Ray invited us to come back and see him working "on a set" next week. Isn't it wonderful, and aren't you jealous? Oh, Fay, you would love to be here!

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Charles loves his garden and works in it, too. He let me snap him with my camera when he was giving his lawn a much needed shower bath.

where Nazimova works, dearie. Oh, how I watched for a glimpse of her!

Mitchell Lewis in London.

WE went at eleven, and met Mitchell Lewis, who is Mr. Shurtleff's star in Jack London's "Burning Daylight.

Never have I been in such a maze of stages. We went through doors and doors, then out into a lovely little Japanese garden, on into stage after stage—a gorgeous hotel set, then around "bed-rooms" and "drawing-rooms," finally into an indoor set, with ferns and flowers around, to Mitchell Lewis.

He is certainly an ideal type—in appearance—for Elam Harnish. Big, strong, rugged.

Helen Ferguson plays Dede Mason. I wish you could see her in her big warm parka.

Mother saw Mitchell Lewis in London, with William Faversham, in "The Squaw Man," and later on Nobody in "Everywoman." He was with Holbrook Blinn at the Princess, too, and with Nazimova in "Opiion Shocks."

Now he is a star.

"Burning Daylight" will be released through Metro, and you must be sure to see it. The snow scenes are beautiful.

Good-bye for to-day.

Fondly yours,

M A R Y L E W I S R E S S E L L.

P.S.—You know poor "Doug"—there's only one—broke his right forearm roping a steer, a hundred miles from a railroad, down in Arizona. We saw him yesterday, on Franklin, and he remembered us. Wasn't it nice of him?
Heart Interest "Stuff."  
MARSHALL NEILAN, the young director who recently formed his own producing organisation, is perhaps one of the most successful producers in the presentation of "heart interest stuff," as they call it in the film vernacular. His expression on the matter will undoubtedly prove of interest. "In staging a photo-play we are not only apt to overlook the little notes of human appeal in our eagerness to bring out the big situations of the story," says Mr. Neilan. "To my mind, it is just as important to accent the little every-day touches of life as it is to present the high-light of the plot.

"Every story for motion picture production must necessarily contain a wealth of interest compelling situations, and every care must, of course, be taken to get the most out of these situations. At the same time, a study of the most popular motion pictures will disclose the fact that the human note played an important part in achieving their success. One of our most successful films now being shown—a heavy dramatic story—used various situations with a little lane boy.

The Pretty Baby Touch.  
"There has been too much prominence placed of close-ups in pictures of pretty babies and animals in the hurried effort of bidding for human appeal. In my stories, if there is evident a lack of human interest material, I have the scenario changed to allow for the logical presentation of a theme that will offset the dramatic tenor of the plot."

Human interest material in films is one of the pet hobbies of Marshall Neilan, for he considers the sudden introduction of "heart stuff" can accomplish big things towards attaining success for a picture, but such material must be handled, or the effect is easily overdone.

More British Activity.  
LOOKED IN at the Sheffield-City-Sea studios of the Progress Film Co. recently, and Mr. Sidney Morgan, the director of productions, informed me that a stunt had been made on "Little Dorrit." The unqualified success of last season's experiment of producing entirely by daylight has justified him in attempting even bigger things this year, and no effort or expense is being spared in the endeavour to make "Little Dorrit" a picture worthy of its author. The old Marshalsea debtor's prison has been elaborately reproduced in the studio, and the costumes to be worn are historically correct in every detail—many of them being gowns of nearly a hundred years ago.

Are Films Too Long?  
THE interesting topic of "long v. short" pictures is again down for discussion, and Stanley Shaw, the well-known scenario writer, has contributed an interesting letter on the subject.

"Every producer is wrong who labours under the delusion that audiences like to sit continuously through five reels of even a D. W. Griffith masterpiece," he states. "Who would care to sit through an entire evening's play, even one of the best, with no intermission between the acts? It would be too irksome, too much of a nerve strain and yet a film drama, with its absence of descriptive dialogue, requires many times the brain and sight concentration that a spoken play does."

Lessons We Learn From the Films.  
An engagement ring is a girl’s idea of a round of pleasure.  
No doubt you are talked about as much as you talk about others.  
Fishing or husbands or fish is much the same. The big ones get away.

It is astonishing how quickly possession will decrease the value of a thing.  
No matter how bad a man may be, there is one woman who can find some good in him.

If a girl doesn’t own a mirror, she has lost all interest in life.  
Nature heals, but the doctor always wakes out the bill.

Too many things are not worth the effort necessary to obtain them.

Marry a man has sense enough to get a good wife, but hasn’t sense enough to know it.

The Week’s Best Films.  
THE following is a list of the best photo-plays which are being released for exhibition at the cinemas during this week, and the names of the star artists:

Broadcast "The Great Coup."  
Violet Hopson & Poppy Wyndham.  
Walkers "Heart of Gold."  
Louise Huff.  
Vitaphone "The Defeat of the City."  
Miles Arliss.  
Western Import "By Proxy."  
F. L. S. Roy Stewart.  
F. L. S. "The Great Gamble."  
Arabella Charles Hutchison.  
Phillips "The Fire Flingers."  
Astra "The Masked Heart."  
William Russell.  
Walters "Jacques of the Silver North."  
Mitchell Lewis.  
Grangers "In Bondage."
Just room for two in a canoe. Both Mary and Doug enjoy the delights of the river.

Mary is introduced to Doug's English collie. A piece of sugar from her pocket sealed the friendship.

Everybody she goes she wins all hearts. The gardener cuts for her his choicest blooms.
CHARLES CLARY is over six feet in height, handsome, and smile most winningly; yet every part he has been cast for on the screen has been as the “villain of the piece.” Now we are to see him as he really is—particularly good-natured, possessing a whimsical smile, and a very attractive mannerism, caused by drawing his eyebrows to a centre point. He is to have hero parts in coming Goldwyn photo plays.

Will he forgive? CHARLES CLARY and THEDA BARA—in "The Red Rose."

CHARLES CLARY off the screen.

as Father David—in "The Pretenders."

as Louis XV—in "Du Barry."

GLADYS BROCKWELL de luxe CHARLES CLARY—in "The Scarlet Rush."
A BEVY of British bathing girls that will rival the American Mark Sandoret beauties are set to make their appearance on the screen in Tom Aitken comedies. The photography of these films is excellent, having been taken at various English seaside resorts. Although still a young man, Tom Aitken has travelled almost all over the world in his search for good material for pictures. He is really a Scotman, although his parents emigrated to America when Tom was quite a young boy. Hence Tom has not seen much of his native country. But Fisher, the famous cartoonist of Nib and Jeff fame, is an intimate friend of Mr. Aitken's, and has been instrumental in advising and guiding him in his career.

Tom Aitken was himself once a comic artist on a daily paper, and has done many humorous cartoon films. During the war, however, he was official photographer to the British armies in France.

**IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.**

The Disadvantage of Straight Hair—How to Coax it into a Wave—Good Tonic and Curling Fluid—The Simplicity of the Water Wave.

WOMEN possessing natural waves in their hair or wavy curls at the ears or in the neck do not, as a rule, appreciate this charming and envied gift of Nature. They have never experienced the maddening and wholly desponding way in which the most expensive Marcel waves straighten out with a few moist brushes, or a slight shower, and the eternal bother of remembering the bathing and waving cap at home, the result of which is burnt and stringy ends.

Furthermore, a becoming and tidy coiffure is always assured at all seasons of the year, and in all weathers, the dampness of the seashore having a tendency to deepen the waves and tighten the curls. The straight haired girl is at such a disadvantage while on her seaside holiday, especially when she emerges from her morning swim with straight stringy locks, that refuse to be coaxed into respectability for the rest of the day.

**Coaxing a Wave in the Hair.**

THE present mode of hairdressing demands a long, undulating wave, just as Nature as one can make it. The prevailing mode that calls for a "squiff" pulled down over the forehead, is entirely responsible for the continued vogue for wavy locks, likewise the knot in the nap of the neck, which makes the ripples along the profile from the temple, over the ears to the back of the head a becoming coiffure, breaking seventy of line and effect.

When the hair is worn in this manner, it gives a particularly youthful look to the appearance, while the hints in the wave show to greater advantage the platin colour in the hair.

But a lot can be done to coax straight hair into less severe lines. Hair that is in a healthy condition and well cared for may be trained in the way it should go with a little patience.

The hair that is naturally soft and fine can be coaxed to where, and remain more disciplined longer than hair that is coarse and bushy.

**A Few Tips.**

Most hairdressers suggest a shampoo before waving, which makes the work easier for them, and more satisfactory to you in the result. Therefore, it is well to keep in mind the clean condition that is required, especially when the waving process takes place at home. A thorough brushing twice daily adds materially towards making the hair " behave," as also does a tonic rub, and waving the hair while it is still moist. These hints are well to know, especially to the woman who wishes to appear well-groomed, and has little time to spend on her toilette.

While there are scores of curlers on the market embracing all sorts of moose waves in their use, the ski-fashionied kid curlers, and those made of tissue paper or silk rags will be found to be the most successful and the least harmful. The manner of curling the hair is a sore point with most girls. However, if a little experimenting is done with the method of rolling and tying the hair, the least amount will soon discover the most effective way to use them.

True, they are rather unsightly for night wear, but their ugliness can be hidden by the wearing of a boudoir cap. If the hair is dampened with a little eau-de-Cologne before curling, the hair will be found to stay in much longer and extra stiffness will be given to the hair. Talking of eau-de-Cologne reminds me to tell you of a really fine tonic for the hair. Mix a small bottle of eau-de-Cologne with the same quantity of paraffin. Shake the bottle well, and rub the mixture well into the scalp every night before going to bed. This is a splendid strengthener for the hair and also prevents it from falling.

An Old-Fashioned Method.

QUINCE seed lotion is an old-fashioned curling liquid which is quite effective. Take a teaspoonful of quince seeds, and mix them in a pint of soft water. Then boil the mixture gently until it is reduced to half the quantity. When cold, strain and add two tablespoonfuls of eau-de-Cologne.

Use a small sponge, when applying, and then place the hair in soft curlers as usual. If this curling fluid is used, you will only find it necessary to curl the hair every three or four days.

The "water waves" which many hairdressers employ are not difficult to achieve at home. After hair has been dampened and blown half dry in the wind and sun, or by the use of hot Turkish towels, the front and sides of the hair are separated from the back. The front part is then arranged in undulating waves with the assistance of a comb and held in place by invisible hairpins. They must be laid in the way desired and carefully held down by a strip of ribbon or other material across the head. When the hair waves easily, half-an-hour is sufficient time to leave the hair in position, when it is difficult to train, it will be better to leave it in all night. When the pins are taken from the hair, it will be found to fall in delightful waves that will keep in quite a long time.

Hair that lacks lustre may be improved by polishing it with a silk handkerchief. In addition to the glossiness it gives to the hair, it will also render a certain amount of electricity. The rubbing should not be done in haphazard fashion, but each strand should receive a certain amount of rubbing. Always bear in mind to rub from the scalp downwards. This ventilates the scalp, and, as a result, the hair of the day's dust.
To the dreamers of the underworld there is a sign that is as binding as any oath taken by respectable numbers of society. The words "Pals First," spoken three times with the right hand across the heart make the pact which will last a lifetime. Then the question in the other hand. The answer in the other or the other does not respond to the words, then the pact is broken, and from being pals the two become bitter enemies.

It was the "Pals First" pact that united two men who were wandering along a dusty road in Tennessee one summer's afternoon. They were dissimilar in every respect except in dress, for both were clerks. One was a tall, well-built, good-looking young man; the other a short, fat man about old enough to be the young man's father.

The young man was Danny Rowland, lawyer and former racer. He was the fat man's friend. He was called Dominie. He was an Englishman who had left his own country under a cloud.

To Danny he had confided that he had been a priest; but that he had been unhooked on a charge of which he was not guilty.

Dominie was very tired, and at last he threw himself on the bank of the road.

"It's no use, Danny; I must have a rest, and, for that matter, I don't see much use in going any farther. There's no chance of getting a meal and we might as well sleep here as anywhere else.

"This road must lead to somewhere," replied the young man, "and we'll get hold of some grub when we strike a house or the hotel and I'll say die!"

"Is it going to be a good bad, Danny," said the older man.

"Too good for this kind of life. I'm old, and it does not matter what becomes of me; but you are young and you've got to stick together."

"We're going to stick together," said Danny. "I'm going to stick together with you, Dominie; if you'll stick with me, I'll stand by you the rest of the way.

"All that afternoon the two tramped on, and it was night when they came to the first house that looked like yielding anything in the shape of food or money.

It was an old-fashioned mansion with high iron gates guarding the entrance. The gates were not locked, and as the two wanderers were planning the best way to approach the house an old negro came plugging up the path with a lantern.

"He's coming to lock the gates," whispered the young man; "I'm going to ask him for a square meal for the two of us. If he won't give it to us, I shall take it.

"He stepped forward as the negro came up to the gates, and then a surprising thing happened. The old negro threw up his hands, and, in a choking voice, cried:

"Massa Dick! Massa Dick, you done come back!"

"Dominie pulled Danny's coat-sleeve, as he whispered: 'We're in luck! The old man misses you for someone else! Keep it up, it will mean a meal and supper, and we can be away in the morning before the sun's out.'

"You know me, then?" said Danny to the negro.

"Yes, massa Dick!" said the negro. "I don't just tell Aunt Caroline. That's ol' woman ole mine will jest be plumb crazy with joy! Follow me, Massa Dick, with your friend!'"

Chuckling with joy, the old negro hobbled down the front steps and directed them to the large, square negro, who ran up to Danny and put her arms about him, and he hugged her.

"Day tell us you am drowned, Massa Dick, but you an' your pardon, Massa Dick, and Danny. Young and old folks danced on the adventurers learned that Massa Dick was Richard Faneus Castlemain, the owner of the mansion. He was reported drowned at sea, and, according to a cousin of Richard Castlemain's, Dr. Harry Chilton; but he was believed to be the real Dick, who, though one of the old servants had been engaged when he went away. All these facts they noted as, at least, some clothes old Dick had found for them, they sat down to a splendid repast prepared in the old-fashioned way.

The old darkie showed Danny into a spacious bedroom with the room's some years had been a place of many curious things; but they were none of them as curious as it was now, the room that had been the home of a girl.

"Dick! Oh, Dick, they say you are dead; but I don't believe it! I feel sure you are coming back some day to meet your loving Jean!"

Danny turned as Castlemain came into the room and showed him the letter.

"Love is a wonderful thing, Dominie! This girl won't believe her lover is dead. There was a girl once who loved me like that."

"We've made a strange time for sentiment, Danny," replied Dominie. "That old darkie is ringing up the judge, and we can't expect to deceive him. He'll get us all the way we can and he'll get us now.

"No," replied the young man. "We'll play the game till they call our hand, and you had better begin. They'll never be found. We'll be as quiet as old Darky—and you'll be as quiet as old Darky.

"Well, what's the hurry?" Dominie asked. "What's the time?"

"No, that woman Caroline can cook chicken! I haven't had a meal like that for years. With another wing and another glass of that Burgundy, I can face Jean Logan and all the other judges in the county! But what's the plan?"

"Why, play as far as we can," replied Danny. "It's just possible we may get away with it. If they fasten me, I shall say that I got a knock on the head which has affected my memory. There's a picture in the hall of this Dick Castlemain, and there is no doubt that I am his dead image. Anyway, we've done all right so far, even if we are thrown out in the morning!"

It was, with mingled feelings that old Dominie awaited the coming of Judge Logan and his damsel. The judge had insisted upon coming over that night, late as it was. As soon as he entered the room, he rushed forward and shook the young man heartily by the hand.

"What a nerve!" muttered Dominie. "But it seems to be going stronger. The judge and his daughter are elder than the old servants, but it can't last; it can't last.'"

Danny introduced his friend as Dr. Blair, and the four sat down in the old-fashioned drawing room.

To Dominie's surprise, neither the judge nor his daughter had the slightest suspicion that they were being duped. The judge handed to Dick a thousand-dollar bank note that had changed property belonging to Richard Castlemain.

We'll put it this way," he said. "The sheriff told me to-day that there are a lot of tramps about, but he is going to keep them all up to-morrow."

The two pals exchanged glances. Evidently they had been seen walking along the road.

The judge and Jean left at last, saying they would be back in the morning, and so tramps were left alone.

Danny at once went to the safe and began to manipulate the combination lock. Old Dominie looked on with admiring eyes, and he worked.

"I believe you could open one of those locks by singing to it," he said, as the lock yielded to the old key.

Danny pulled out the thousand dollars and a big envelope. On the back he had written:

"The last will and testament of Richard Faneus Castlemain."

Danny read it, and then turned to Dominie. That fellow, Castlemain, must have loved Jean. He felt her all along.

"That doesn't concern us," replied Dominie. "Get hold of that thousand and let it rest. It won't be healthy for us to be found here in the morning when that sheriff comes to round up the tramps.

"I can't touch that money, Danny," replied Danny. "Don't you see it belongs to the girl?"

He put both the will and the notes back in the safe, while Dominie hung his head in shame.

"Don't talk like a lunatic, Danny," he said. "Dick's come out with his plan to stop here and lose what we have got.

But the young man is not content to take the money. Dominie got very angry.

"I don't know what game you are trying to work, Danny! It won't fool me. Dick's fast, and I'm going to make you stand by the fact!"

Danny packed up and across the room, Dominie called the words twice.

"Don't you see it this time?" pleaded Danny.

"Trust me!"

As he spoke there was a sound of footsteps in the hall and behind some curtains. Hardly had they got into their confidences when the door opened and a negro, who rather than familiar countenance came into the room.

He walked very softly, and he whispered. Going straight to the safe, he opened it. First he saw the notes which he readily put in his pocket. Then he turned to the judge who read carefully and then threw on the fire. Dick took the negro by the arm which he read carefully and then threw on the fire.

"Get out of this house for I will have you!"

"We'll shut the door and be in the night!"

Dominie will bear watching!"

 remarked Dominie.

"Yes, and I propose we stop here to look after him and see he does not rob that girl," replied Danny.

"Well, we're in for it now," remarked Dominie; "shall we get any longer in good if we carry on a bit!"

A Narrow Escape.

The two pals, so strangely established in their companionship, had little difficulty in keeping up the deception. They knew they had a deadly enemy in Chilton, and that they had made an enemy of a very much more, but without till he should show his hand. But they were very narrow escape.

One night, at a party given in honour of Dick Castlemain's birthday, Dominie and Danny, sitting casually from the dining-table to the big French windows, saw a tramp peeping in. To his horror, he recognized a face which he would never be able to forget.

He told Danny at the first opportunity, and the two went up at once to the door to see him. Shortly after midnight the thug appeared. He proceeded to the house, but he was not taken into the house. If they didn't, he meant to get away with what valuable he could. Danny caught him in an iron grip as he entered the house.

Finding him cornered, Squirrel demanded a share of the loot, or he would split.

(Continued on page 18.)
THE DAWN OF EDITH DAY.

The American artiste discusses the star question and admits she goes to a Picture Show to see the star.

THERE are many charmers in the British screen, and one of the most charming of all is Miss Edith Day. But Miss Day is not a propagandist one, as she might think, and has nothing to do with the birth-rate. She has no family, and it deals with the apartment house, and the announcement so often inserted in advertisements by lodging-house keepers to the effect that children are not wanted. The question of the apartment house is a matter of children, not just one at present, as it is over here. 

"Is this a comedy or dra",

"well, it has a little of everything — comedy, drama, mystery, the latter in connection with a murder, and also some cunning little hits with children."

"These three pictures were directed by Carlisle Carlton for the Crest Pictures Corporation, of which he is president."

"About your picture plans here, I asked."

"Can you tell me anything about them?"

"Miss Day smiled."

"Really," she said, "we have been here so short a time that neither Mr. Carlton nor myself have been able to make any definite arrangements yet. All I can tell you at the moment is that, in addition to my performances in 'Irene,' I intend to appear in several films over here, and that I am hoping — just hoping — to act in some picture versions of works by Arnold Bennett and Bernard Shaw. We are dealing with these two famous writers, but nothing is settled. It is all just 'in the air' at present." 

The Star System.

DO you think of bringing any American studio equipment across, Miss Day?"

"That also, I do not know," she replied. "The first thing will be to settle on productions. You seem, though, to have everything that is necessary here already."

"What type of picture do you propose appearing in?" I queried.

"Well, of course, on the stage my specialty is musical comedy, but on the films I shall go in for more serious things, though in no sense heavy stuff," was the answer.

"How about the star system in the States, Miss Day. Any sign of it being on the rise?"

"Certainly the American film companies are featuring their directors more and more, but whatever that may indicate, and despite the importance of the director, I believe that the primary object of the public in going to see a picture is to see the star it features. Personally, I think it is wrong to attempt to do away with the star system, and as for myself, I always go to see the star."

A Regular "Film Lover."

WHEREupon I at once discovered that Miss Day is a regular "film lover," "even as you and I," she confessed that she considered Mary Pickford the greatest artiste, but that her own preference lay in the direction of Norma Talmadge. In the particular branch of screen comedy she places Charlie-the-One-and-Only as pre-eminent among the men.

"He has such a wonderful sense of humour, and the little things he does are so very deep. "Shoulder Arms,' his best picture, I saw five times."

And among the comedians, Constance Talmadge, "in her own particular way," and Dorothy Gish, though the latter Miss Day considers to have been rather unfortunate with her stories.

In conclusion, I asked Miss Day whether she liked London — it is her first visit here — and whether she had any message for the readers of "The Picture Show."

"Merry, yes!" she exclaimed, in answer to the first question, and to the second she said: "Please tell them that I hope to stay over here a long time!"

"And please tell them," put in Miss Day's dresser, whom the star affectionately calls "Gunnie," "that I hope so, too! I've been here at the Empire fifteen years, and she's the best little lady I've ever dressed! We just won't let her go!"

"We just won't let you go! So there you are, Miss Day?"

May Herschel Clarke.
“PALS FIRST.” (Continued from page 16)

"You don't come in a rent on this game, Squirrel," said Danny. "And, as for squelching—well, you know what happens to those who betray their fellow-men into the underworld."

"I didn't betray it, Danny. I wouldn't've aved hurted in your game, but me old mother's near to dying, and she wants me to be at home to her."

"That's different talk," said Danny. "Here's three hundred dollars. You get right to your mother, Squirrel, and let her know how to save her."

With tears in his eye the thief was making his way out through the crowd. Suddenly when the hands were taken, Chilton stepped in.

His eye were on a book of triumph as he faced Danny.

"I have heard every word," he said. "You are an impostor. I have received another wire saying there is no doubt that Richard Castlemain was buried at sea. You are Danny Rowland, burglar and forger, and these are your friends."

Danny laughed as he stepped Squirrel hitting Chilton with a life-preserver. "Don't worry about this gentleman, Squirrel. I can look after him."

Then turning to Chilton he said: "Suppose I am an impostor, you aren't equal, What about the time you tried to burn the will?"

"I'll get you yet," snarled Chilton as he went back the way he had come.

"That man means mischief," said Dominie. "He's the sort of snake that would," added the Squirrel. "'Eter outerave let me it 'im Danny."

"Don't you worry, Squirrel," said Danny. "Leave that fellow to me, and get off to your own and went to the first train."

"With many protestations of gratitude the thief departed, and Danny and Dominie sat down for a final smoke while they discussed what Chilton would be most likely to do. Eventually they came to the conclusion that in face of the fact that he had tried to burn the will, he would not at once anything as Dick Castlemain."

But that he would be pretty sure to get in a sticky if he could. Chilton was a little more dangerous and certainly more desperate than the two pals thought.

He decided he would strike through Jean, and the next day, armed with the telegram, he set out in search of Judge LeBreton, doughty friend to the poor.

He met her as she was returning from a ride, and, trying to force his hard face into a smile, he raised his hat and stepped in front of the girl.

"Well," she said coldly, "what is it you wish, Mr. Chilton? I trust you are not going to propose to me again, for I have already told you that I would not marry you to save my own life."

"You need not remind me of you unreasoning hatred of me," replied Chilton trying to assume an air of injured dignity. "But, despise me as you will, I must do my duty. If you will read this telegram, you will see that I am trying to save you from being vilified by a murderer. That telegram proves that Dick Castlemain is dead. Therefore the man who is assuming his name is an impostor."

"Mr. Chilton," returned Jean with an emphasis on the "Mr."

"You have been so anxious to prove that I was a spy, that you may have some of the interior motive in going to this trouble. I never believed your stories, and I do not believe this latest one."

"The girl gathered up her reins to easter away, but, before her horse could start, Chilton had thrown himself on her and dragged her from the saddle."

"You shall pay for all your insults, my lady, and pay for them with your life!" he shouted as he drove to embrace her.

Jean struggled desperately, but she was fast becoming overcome when help came from an unexpected quarter.

Danny Rowland had seen the struggle, and he reached the spot in time to save Jean.

Chilton was now mad with passion, and he struck out wildly at Danny. It was a lucky blow, and it staggered Rowland. But he quickly recovered, and fought his assailant. Finding himself getting the worst of the fight, Chilton suddenly picked up a hedge stake with which he struck at Danny's head, but Danny had been hearing the young man had hit him, but he ducked under it, and with a shriek of pain the other man fell to the ground, with all the light knocked out of him.

Leaving Chilton to pick himself up as best he could, Danny turned to Jean and said:

"It was lucky you came when you did, Dick," said the girl. "I was just going to kiss me."

Danny turned as if to administer further punishment to Chilton but he was stopped old as he said:

"As they walked to the horse Danny guessed that Chilton had told the girl about the telegram he had received, but he will not come to it, so he decide he would not mention the matter.

The following day while Danny and Jean were returning from a canoe trip on the river, Danny suddenly caught her in his arms.

"Jean," he said, "I want to marry you. I know we are engaged, but I want to marry matters better, dearer."

"You know I am yours, Dick," said the girl softly. "I am ready to marry at any time."

"Then say to-morrow," cried Danny, embracing her once more.

"To-morrow! To-day if you like, dear. I love you and you only," replied Jean. "If you had not come back, I should never have married anybody else."

**FREE SKIRT PATTERN**

You can make this summer frock with this week's free skirt pattern and next week's free jumper blouse pattern.

You could run up this skirt in a few hours—it's easy to make. It is a two-piece pattern—just front and back with an added pocket.

Every reader of the "PICTURE SHOW" should get this free skirt pattern in "WOMAN'S WEEKLY" to-morrow. It is free with every copy. Next week our great companion paper gives you a free pattern of a jumper blouse. To make quite sure of both these, give your newspapers TO-DAY a regular order for

**WOMAN'S WEEKLY**

On Sale Everywhere TO-MORROW.
“MISS DETERMINATION.”

MISS ZENA KEEFE, WHO WON THIS NAME FOR HERSELF IN THE STUDIO, SAYS “ALL THINGS COME TO THOSE WHO WORK WHILE THEY WAIT.”

ALL things come to those who work while they wait. For the greater part of Miss Zena Keefe’s life she had wanted to become a movie star, but she was not content to sit down and wait for a big opportunity. Instead, she worked hard, and every step she took up the ladder was gained by sheer hard effort, and in the autumn of this year we are to witness the result of her persistence, when she will be featured in the leading role in several Selznick productions.

Zena Keefe is an enthusiastic and joyful girl, entirely wrapped up in her work. She is of the ideal screen type, with large, deep brown eyes, and beautiful wavy hair.

This talented little actress has had a long course of training in the theatrical profession. She was born in San Francisco, and started on her footlight career as a little girl by doing an act in vaudeville. This caused her to travel all over the country, and brought her to New York, where she deserted the variety stage for a Broadway show. After appearing in several plays she next tried the pictures, and worked her way steadily forward until she arrived at her present enviable position.

Her greatest ambition is, of course, towards her future on the screen, but she admits having two others: the first is to be a real good cook, and the second is to be a feminine champion, behind the steering-wheel of a high-powered car, and those who know her well say she is already an adept at both. Her next part is to be in “His Wife’s Money,” when she will play opposite Eugene O’Brien.

Miss Zena Keefe is an ideal type for the screen, with large brown eyes and beautiful wavy hair.

Miss Zena Keefe is a keen motorist.

Zena snatches a hasty meal between scenes, while her producer explains the next set.

Miss Zena Keefe is a great lover of animals and is devoted to her dog, who is to be seen almost everywhere with her.
CHARACTER AS TOLD BY THE FACE.
Great Power and Physical Courage.

EUGENE O'BRIEN.

The Forehead.
THE line of the forehead gently arched at the top denotes excellent propensities of intense and profound thought. At all times disposed to enjoy life, he pardons himself, and is broadminded enough to pardon others. Comprehension is here depicted also.

The Eyebrows.
WHICH are thick, and close to the eyes, give broad, strong, intellectual perception. The eyes, which are not only penetrating, and reflecting, include in their expression a look of satire; the satirical part being in the curling and shooting of the muscles, as seen in the corners of the eyes and mouth. The intellectual part manifested by a developed and intelligent forehead. Satire is to this type the very essence of wit. There is no reflection intended here, and we do not confound it with sarcasm, for the compliments paid to the understanding of a satirist will more than atone for the reflection, as satirists are generally men of keen sensibilities.

The Inquisitive Nose.
INDICATIVE of an inquiring turn of mind. Possessing that quickness with which a sensitive nose is an essential to their well-doing as their well-being; enabling them to adapt themselves to circumstances; and to act as much out of life without being unjust to others.

The Month of the Champion.
NOTE the modelling at the outside corners, denoting physical courage. They have more of the lion in their constitution than the hare, and delight in fortitude as much as they detest humility. Hardy and venturesome by nature, their bravery would not fail them in single combat.

The Ears.
WHICH stand out at the top, are indicative of a temperament not to be trifled with, and that will brook no interference. The eyebrows and the ears are suggestive of the one giving us the man of quick perceptions and eloquence, while the ears betray magnetism, detesting to be under any restraint; self-willed, and headstrong.

The Face as a Whole.
HIGHLY pleasing. The fascination of the mouth is without an equal. Great is his repose; the eyes yet directly in front indicate physical courage.

FILM, FUND.

All In It.
JENKINS: “A few years more will see the end of the cinema business.”
JENKINS: “Why?”
JENKINS: “Lack of attendance.”
JENKINS: “Non sense! Their popularity is increasing every day.”
JENKINS: “May be so, but mark my words, my friend, at the rate things are going now, in a few years time everyone will be either acting for films or else owning a cinema of his own, and there will be nobody left to watch pictures.”

At the Cinema Ball.
Snr. (anxious to put him at his ease): “What a nice dance, Mr. Jones. Your step exactly suits mine.”
His (so nervous): “I'm so glad; I know I'm such a wretched dancer.”

Perhaps Not.
ACTOR: “I've heard that some of the photographers never years ago are being re-issued.”
SCENARIO WRITER: “Perhaps they'll also re-issue the cheques which I got for the stories.”

Savings Expense.
ARTIST: “Before we produce another picture, I'll have to get a lot of new clothes.”
PRODUCER: “I can't wait that long. We'll put on a desert island drama.”

Overheard at the Studio.
STAR: “Let me introduce you to my mother.”
PRODUCER: “I'm sorry, she doesn't look old enough to have a daughter as—a—a— as young as you?”

There Are Exceptions.
MOLLY: “How wonderfully some screen actresses improve after they've been in pictures a year or two.”
JACK: “Yes; and how wonderfully some don't!”

Too Bright.
VISITOR: “One of your producers has become blind, I've heard.”
STUDIO MANAGER: “Yes, poor fellow! The star always wore too many diamonds.”

The Newest Knitted Silk JUMPER For the Holiday Girl

Costly to buy—cheap and simple to make. Fewer than for the summer holidays—a jumper that will be "just right" wherever you go. Full size instructions given in TO-DAY'S Home Companion.
EDITH STORLEY

Popular Screen Actress Returns to the Film.

THE camera is apt to prevaricate when it comes to picturing Edith Storley, the popular screen actress. Her photographs imply that she is dignified and haughty, yet this is quite a wrong impression, as I found when first I met her. I had been prepared to find her beautiful, but I certainly hadn’t anticipated the magnetism of her personality.

Her frank sincerity and charm attracted me far more than her physical beauty, which is, albeit, striking.

A wealth of soft, wavy hair frames her patrician features, and her eyes are of a most unusual shade of grey.

I asked Miss Storley if she were glad to be back in pictures—she has been away from Filmland for some time, you know—and she confessed that although she had not intended to do so, she simply had to return to her screen work, as she felt “just homesick” for it.

“Yes,” she added, “so many strides have been made even in the short time I have been away that, in some respects, it is like taking up a new line of work.”

During the Great War, Miss Storley was an untiring worker. She drove an ambulance for two years while doing Red Cross work.

Miss Storley has been cast for a crook part in one of her new films, and is soon to be seen in a film entitled “The Greater Profit” in which she has shown fully her sterling ability as an actress.

HOW FAT FOLKS MAY GROW SLIM

If you have been taking on flesh and your figure has become lost in rolls of annoying, disagreeable, useless fat; if you are short-winded, puff when you walk and puff when you talk; if your skin is sallow and pasty because of excess fat, don’t despair. You can now treat this condition easily in your own home, without annoyance or inconvenience.

Simply go to your chemist to-day and get some oil of orris in capsule form, take one after each meal and one at bedtime. Even a few days’ use should show you a reduction in weight, and with the reduction you will notice that your skin becomes firm and smooth, and a light, buoyant feeling has possession of your whole body. Almost like magic, live to twenty years, Ideas of your appearance; and you feel your strength and appearance come back to you again, and, best of all, oil of orris capsules are so safe, simple and inexpensive. Get a packet of the capsules at your chemist to-day, or a packet will be sent to you, post paid, by the D. J. Little Co., 37, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1, upon receipt of 3s.

YOU CANNOT HAVE A WAXOLA BAD COMPLEXION AND NOT CURE IT

It does not matter how bad your complexion is. WAXOLA will cure it. Sold Under Guarantee. Even the plainest features may become striking if the Complexion is treated. No complicated, clear, soft, and fresh as a baby—may be procured in One Week by using this Wonderful New Wax Product. Wrinkles and All Skin Imperfections disappear magically. A string if you know, Get the WAXOLA.

DooL Wrap. Send To-Day... Special Offer... For a short time we will send you 24 Capsules of WAXOLA at 15s. 6d. for 3s. (triple size box for 2s. 6d. (two for 5s.)

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Preparation of... WAXOLA

Restores and

The Skin.

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Write for particulars and Free Guide.

VICTORIA CINEMA COLLEGE,

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— INVICTA CORN CURE

will give you relief. It stops the PAIN at once and finally—that’s its specialty. In packets, 1/6 post free, or from EASTERN IMPORTS Co. (Dpt.B)., 3 Market St., Margate.

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SEND NO MONEY

Viole Vansough and leading Stars use and recommend Invicta Corn. You can’t lose. YOUR teeth can be as white as Charley’s if you use “Cinema” dentifrice. Fred Barnes writes: “It is a wonderful preparation, which does actually whiten the teeth without injury. Beautiful.” Stokes will make your face a picture. “Cornital.” “Triumph Rose Face Powder & Cream” “Great.” You may be assured. You are invited to try this corn relief. (20 Days’ Trial of Cornital) Free. You only send in for it. Ask for Charley’s Secret.

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Ask the "Picture Show"!

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players.

A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered.

Address:

COMING CHANGES.
It seems a trifle odd nowadays to find the cinema referred to as being "still in its infancy." Yet there can be no doubt that, certainly so at one time, when the popularity of the picture might have been justified by that fact, the industry, who continue to give it currency now should remember that the growth of the industry has left the infant stage far behind.

Yet no one could rigorously regard the cinema as old. It is still in its youth, and while it enjoys the distinction of being the youngest of the present-day arts it has before it the prospects of development that do not usually fall to the lot of industries that are old and tried. Already it has accomplished much in some directions, failed somewhat in others (as everything new must do) and displayed at times a certain hesitancy in using to the full the best powers it possessed. But, to-day, those who are behind it are benefitting by the experience of years and by the desire of the public for greater improvement all round.

Enraged authors are being called in to assist by original work in making the screen story of higher quality, and with it one may expect to see still better productions in which colour and artistic effects will completely override the present photography.

But apart from the fact that we can see on the screen, other changes are being foreshadowed. Better plays must mean longer runs in many more cases than at present, or else their production will not be worth while. It is certain, also, that for the sake of its own reputation, the average picture theatre will find it advisable to drop the existing circus methods of displaying lurid and inaction notices in the lobby. Publicity will be effected in a more dignified yet not less attractive manner. Thus, too, comes the news that the problem of showing pictures in a limited auditorium has been solved, which will do away with any further need of people to grope their way to their seats in the dark.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue.

The Picture Show, June 12th, 1920.

The Oak Tree Sports Coats

A Jumper or Sports Coat finds a place in every holiday outfit today. It may be in wool or silk, cashmere, artificial silk, or mercerised cotton, but whatever your choice you will find the "Oak Tree" mark the surest guarantee of satisfaction.

There are also very charming and moderately priced "Oak Tree" Jerseys and Kittens for Children.

See the "Oak Tree" Trade Mark on every garment.

The picture shows No. 16 — a very popular model.

For descriptions of other styles and your nearest retailer may be had from Dept. 15, The Oak Tree Hosiery Co. Ltd. 25 Dale Street, Manchester.

"Gigolo" and "Sadie" (Court Street). -- You both forgot, evidently, to put the name of your home town. Alan Ladd was born in 1890 and is married to Olie Kirkby. If you two believe in reading The Picture Show and the "Odd?" Cinema column, all right, your parents must get a lot in food. "Max" (Wimbledon). --Barney Furey was Lewis Craven, and John Hunt appeared as Natty Byer in "The Iron Mask," that fine and thrilling serial.

"Eugene Richey" (Briott). --I am sure, deserves the bunch of nifty adjectives you have given in the heading. "Bud" and "Bill," who are father and son? The former was born in 1897. Isn't it Mary Meiri you are thinking of in "The Rainbow Trail"? The choice of the name is notable.

"Kidley" (Eltham). --So you are very small, but L. "Kidley," you see. I'm afraid the screen is silent on the matrimonial question, but I'll coax him to tell me. We've all wanted someone who is bigger than yourself. It's the safest way. Lucille Love, otherwise Grace Cunard, was Lucille Gray in "Doin' the Diving." "Lady's Choice" was restored: Henry Ainley as Quiney, Isobel Elsom (Penny), Eric Harman (James), Tom Reynolds (Sam Zandilla), Marie Wright (Mrs. Quiney), Constance Backner (Habel Dridge, the secretary), and Robert Potter (Pizzeria Housekeeper).

"Fifteen" (Brenton-on-Trent). -- As you are welcome as the rest, so make yourself comfortable in the theatre. Marie Reilly as Fifi, opposite whom was an MUST 10th. Splendid idea of yours to substitute the usual adjectives for your friends. It is somewhat odd, but I am afraid it is not an easy one.

F. J. H. (Tottenham). -- You can be assured that we hope to hear you keener to look the other way. It is certainly a useful thing if you want to know anything quickly. O'Brien, Bardon, Marjory, and Joan are well known, and Matt Moore and Hazel Daly were the leads in "A Wild Goose Chase," and "The Flight of the Phoenix." Originally a comedienne, she began her film career with Vitagraph. Can you let me know what are the chances of your acquaintance? I know your sympathy for the "Answers Man" is genuine, and you will be interested to know that I am not the only one who can do this, and I am not completely alone, for worry and I am not even on speaking terms. "Eugene Richey's" — So you liked Maude Costello in "The Camber Watch"? I don't see what you are better than anything. Hazel Cooper, who is now being married, and Maureen O'Sullivan is a non-professional. Irving Lones is a diamond from the sky. He is married to Ruth Sinclair. Yes, Harrison Ford has certainly given the joys of life a chance.

"Bogie" (Moseley). -- Although you sit in for English films, there are American pictures as well. You cannot have much regard to detail. However, let's hope the future will see an improvement all round. I am sure there are far fewer than on the other side of the Atlantic. Harrison Ford has certainly given the joys of life a chance.

"Joseph" (Birmingham). -- Arnold Daly was born in Brooklyn, New York, on October 6th, 1875, Aune Stewart, who comes from the same place, was born on February 17th, 1886, while Early Williams was born in Ohio, on February 24th, 1889. The last-named married Florence Veeser, a non-professional.

WHY BE TOO FAT?

Regain your Health & Beauty without effort by eliminating the habit-forming desire which now makes you fat. Rebuilt to 200 pounds 10 years ago, and now as agile and as strong as I was when new. Am confident. At only 40, it is possible to reduce the weight at any time. A fresh start is yours. In 1919, I invented a new diet, which is the basis of the success of the firm. I made it my life work to teach the secrets of diet to the world. A book on the subject is now in course of publication. A letter from the firm may be had by applying to the headquarters of the company in London, W.C.6.
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MONKEY BRAND is the universal Polishing Bar—the Bar of a thousand uses—the most economical and useful general household cleanser and polisher:

Makes Tin like Silver, Copper like Gold, Paint like New, but it WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

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DR. ANDREW WILSON wrote:—"To those who suffer from a deficient quality of blood, Iron Jelloids will act in a most favourable manner by producing a more natural circulation, which will in turn replenish every part of the system with fresh life, increased energy, greater strength and healthier conditions."

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Reliable Tonic for Men
For Anaemia in Men and Women
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Of all Chemists. A Fortnight's Treatment, 1/3

Manufactured only by The Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd., 205, City Road, London, E.C. 1.
"SAFETY FIRST" is the camera man's motto at the Selig zoo.

In filming this picture the usual positions are reversed. It is the camera man, not the tiger, who is in the cage, and he is a good judge too. This is a scene from a coming Selig film where real wild animals take "reel" part in the play.
**Sleepless and Nervous**

Brought to Vigorous Health by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mrs. E. M. Jones, of 12, Maryland Road, Stratford, London, E. 15, says: "It was in 1916, during the air raids, that I began to feel ill, going from bad to worse, till severe nervous breakdown resulted. I could neither eat nor sleep, and the pain I was in after food was simply awful."

I was a prey to headaches, too, and so weak that I could do nothing. I was just a nervous wreck, wasted away, and afraid to be left alone. To get out by myself terrified me; and at last I could not go out at all. So I went on for about twelve months in weartiness and pain all day, and sleepless all night. I had medical advice and medicine, but it was no use.

"At last I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and they surprised me. I began to feel better directly; I could eat, I could sleep, and my health returned rapidly. Now I am as well and strong as ever."

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**Specially valuable to Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Period of Life.**

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**ARE YOU INTERESTED IN THE CINEMA?**

Many opportunities occur for men and women in this growing Film Industry. The success of the film is due to talented people in all branches. The Victoria Cinema, 36, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, W.1 is always ready to provide you with employment.

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**NEUROSESSNESS**

Is the greatest drawback to the men or women. Nerves are nervous, restless, impatient, and will power, mental concentration, blank, or feel food all depend on the health of the mind. Dr. Goffrey Elliott-Smith, M.D., 539, Imperk Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.

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These little Zox Powders are instantly effective in vanishing headaches and neuralgia. You just take one in a cup of tea or water, and the pain goes like magic. Write to us in this cmesorable weather.


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**WHY BE TOO FAT?**

Regain Your Health & Beauty and reduce your weight quickly by following these steps:

1. **Drink fresh water**
2. **Eat fresh fruit and vegetables**
3. **Avoid sugar and sweets**
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**ARE YOU SHORT?**

Ask for the Tobacco System that will help you to increase your height. Mr. Brigg's System is the best. Henry S. Ford, 10, Fulham Road, London, S.W.6.

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Use Sandown and look your best all the time. Sold in Fives Tins at 1/3 Per Box. White, Cream, Pink, Flesh and Bronze, by all Chemists, Chemists and Perfumers.

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Famous Readers of The "Picture Show."

No. 24.—MERCY HATTON.

MERCY HATTON, the charming young British actress, reads the Picture Show during the week at the Broadway Studio where she is taking part in a coming photoplay entitled "Her Sen." In this film we shall see, for the first time on the screen, Nicholas, Violet Hope's bunny beau. —

Our Art Pictures.

I am expecting many letters of thanks from readers when they see our centre page this week. Owen Nares is a favourite of stage and screen, and I think the photograph chosen for our art plate quite the nicest he has yet had taken, don't you? Now let me whisper to you who will see there next week—William S. Hart (I beg his pardon, William Shakespeare Hart), the idol of the girls, who love his strong, silent lover parts.

Bill Hart Has Written His Life's Story.

By the way, don't let me forget to tell you that Big Bill has written his own life story and has sent it to his pet boys' paper to publish. The opening chapter appears in this week's "Boys' Cinema." Bill is very fond of this real adventure paper. He edits a page in it himself each week. Did you know that Big Bill spent some of his early life in London? He did. But I mustn't tell you of his adventures over here, or you will not enjoy reading them in his own words so much. I dislike to tell you the story of a book I am looking forward to reading, don't you? Get the "Boys' Cinema" this week, if you admire Big Bill Hart, and read his own story for yourself.

A Fine School Story.

TALKING of boys' heroes, I suppose the most popular school story ever written is "Tom Brown's Schooldays." The adventures of Tom Brown, Slasher Williams and the other boys of Rugby have all been enjoyed on the screen. Another very clever school story written about the boys of Claycroft School is now appearing in the fine little weekly paper, "The Children's Newspaper." The title is "The Mystery Man," and it is by that popular author, Mr. T. C. Bridges.

Good Advice.

It is one thing to give advice, and quite another thing to take it. Betty Boulton had no sooner finished her part with Margery Drew and Mat Moore in "Don't Ever Marry," than she at once promised to "love, honour and obey" Arthur Jackson.

Anita's Costly Frocks.

WHEN we saw "The Yellow Typhoon" we shall see Anita Stewart in some wonderful gowns and jewelry. For this play, Anita spent over $4,000 on her frocks, and it is estimated that the jewelry she will wear is valued at more than $10,000. One gown alone is trimmed with 10,000 pearls, running in size from a pin-head to a large pea.

"It is said that this is one of the most elaborate ly costumed pictures ever made. We shall also see her in a blonde wig, which she wears for the first time in her life when she plays the role of one of the twin sisters.

Irene Likes Simple Clothes.

A comparison, Irene Rich has a wholesome contrast for Dame Fashion, and a liking for simple costumes. "Fashion is a bother," she says. "That is my private opinion. My idea of wearing study fun in summer, and light things in the depth of winter, makes me laugh. I don't do it except for the camera. Simple costumes, and sports clothes of all kinds are what I like, and what I wear in private life.

Life-size Painting of Antonio.

I HEAR that Antonio Moreno, the Vitagraph star, is posing for a life-size painting which is being done by Ros Menendez, pupil of Sorolla, the most famous contemporary artist of Spain. Señor Menendez arrived in America from Spain last month.

Do You Want to Keep Slender?

HELEN CHADWICK says that the woman who desires to retain a slender figure has two great assets in swimming and salad. Both of these are within the reach of every girl at this time of the year, so we can give Miss Chadwick's recipe a try.

How to be Happy.

T the Rolin Studios, Mildred Davis, Harold Lloyd's leading lady, and Beatrice La Plante, the new comedienne from gay Paris, hold a daily discussion to solve a weighty and serious problem—"To take a husband—or to remain happy," is the question. With true French insouciance Beatrice declares that if he is rich and generous, and has at least three hairs left upon his head, she asks no more. But the fair Mildred stipulates that here must be good looking.

The Perfect Man.

A s you know, J. Warren Kerrigan was recently invited to pose for Elaine Francis Despard, the distinguished French sculptor. Now he has been received from Chicago that he has been named one of the nation's three physically perfect men, by a panel during a convention of the American Tailor's Association.

In deciding this unique contest, managers of various tailoring houses throughout the country submitted to a committee of judges the measure ments of their most athletically-built patrons. J. Warren Kerrigan, in his former occupation, was a Los Angeles tailor. Against a field of several hundred he was rated one of the first three.

He Didn't Worry.

JUST because one small boy had the measles, a motion-picture company was held up for days at a cost of several thousand dollars a day. The small boy was Jimmie Rogers, appearing in the new Goldwyn picture, "Jet, Call Me Jim," starring little Jimmie's famous father, Will Rogers. Jimmie has quite an important part, so there was nothing to do but wait until he had recovered from the measles to film the concluding scenes. And all Jimmie said when he was informed that he was holding up "Daddy's" picture was: "Well, I should worry." "It is quite probable that this is the last picture in which the younger will appear for some time, for both he and his father think he is too young—he is only four—to embark upon a film career. But he is so cute that all the directors beg for him.

The Latest Screen Romance.

T his latest film romance is Betty Blythe and Paul Scardon, the Goldwyn director. This romance began some time ago when Mr. Scardon was directing for the Vitagraph Company. One day he was talking to a number of "extras," who had come on, when his eyes fell on a tall, dark girl. He immediately gave her a part, declaring that she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen.

As you know, Miss Blythe had stage experience before going on pictures, and she studied music in Paris and Vienna. Her most important part, so far, is that of Mildred Woodfield, the society girl, in Rex Beach's novel, "The Silver Horde."

"Mary Pickford Does It!"

A READER sends the following anecdote, which she vouches for as true:

It was in the class of Edinburgh, and two little girls were having a real fine time together. The first opponent endeavored to show her contempt by drawing down her eyes with her two black rings. With a glance of her other hand she pushed up her nose.

"Well, I wouldn't do that, anyway," said her antagonist, scornfully.

"Picture Show" Chat.
"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)

"Oh, wouldn't yo?" the other cooed. "There's better than, ye doin' it. Mary Pickford does it; see!"

She had seen "Daddy Long Legs".

To Play The Part.

COERIINE GRIFFITH believes that the screen should be helpful to young girls. In one in which we shall see her as a typist, she lived and clothed herself on the average salary of the working girl. She says she was surprised to learn how many luxuries girls with a small salary can have if they would use their money carelessly. The first thing Miss Griffith did was to make out a list allocating so much for heard, so much for dress, etc.

Should Women Propose?

VIOLA DANA was recently asked the same old question that crops up every four years: Should women propose?

"I've thought it all out," and Miss Dana, "and I really believe a woman should have as much right to propose as a man has. The reason that the latter is so is that she's more charming as a rule. You know yourself that it's far nicer to be asked than to ask. And a man seldom asks unless he's quite sure of winning, which is not so with her. If they're both in love, I can't see that it makes much difference who 'pees the question.'"

Dining With (Not By) Himself.

A DAUGHTER of Carryle Blackwell will like him in "None But the Brave," a comic picture, in which he plays the double role of the smart young business man and a ne'er-do-well cousin, who temporarily change identities. In one or the other character, Blackwell is on the screen throughout the entire length of the film, and is frequently seen in both parts at the same time. One particularly difficult scene to photograph was where the handsome young picture star appeared simultaneously in two different parts, and shook hands with himself in another scene Blackwell is shown, not only talking and smoking, but dining with himself.

A Message for You.

DURING Mr. Pickford's "Snow," write Queenie Thomas, "you published my address in your charming little paper, and the result has been an extraordinary ploy of my name being used very widely; it must be read, as I have been simply overwhelmed by letters from all parts of the country, most of them, of course, asking for my photograph.

"My Producer, Mr. Bertram Phillips, has just asked me if I have any idea of the amount this has cost him in postage, and although I shrieked with laughter at the poor man's reply, I must admit I was surprised, as it would have been sufficient to pay for two or three very nice and quite expensive new frocks."

"This morning I had only 127 letters, but perhaps the rush is dying down."

Can You Supply?

I DO hope you will publish this, as most of the letters I receive are very charming, but it is quite impossible for me to answer them personally, as so many of their writers are unknown to me, so I have chosen this way of thanking them all for their congratulations and good wishes.

As you know, I am passionately fond of animals, and am collecting quite a little menagerie here, so if any of your readers want to send a good horse or fine animals, please address them to me, and I shall be delighted to hear from them.

A Message from James Knight.

ANOTHER message comes from James Knight. He writes: "I should be greatly obliged if, through the medium of your paper, you would inform those of your readers who have written to me recently owing to the vastness of my correspondence (emanating as it does from abroad as well as England), it is impossible for each individual letter to be answered promptly. This delay, however, will be, I trust, of short duration, and in due course each communication will receive my personal attention.

"I greatly appreciate the receipt of these numerous letters conveying as they do, the interest of so many in films and my connection therewith, and to such readers I send my greetings until I am able to write them personally."

Do You Know?

THAT Frank Keenan, after a most successful stage and screen career, is taking up producing, most likely in Europe, the following names: MARGUERITE MASH, sister of Max, who shall see in the coming B. and C. "The Blackbird." PAPER, "Wits v. Wits." LILIE LESLIE playing villainous role of Shirley Mason, Madeleine Traverse, and other screen stars.

Stars and Their Ambitions.

OTHER picture stars also have yearnings to shine in other spheres, and, incredibly though it may seem to Picture Show readers, some of these yearnings have nothing whatever to do with moving pictures. Jack Pickford would like to be a full-blown aviator, and is qualifying hard for his pilot's certificate. Viola Dana is another picture star who is apparently labouring under the delusion that the proper place for a picture star is in the clouds. Wanda Hawley owns that she prefers to feel her feet both solidly established on terra firma, but she also has a most umbilical cradle for mechanics and is quite equal to the task of taking her husband's place and selling an automobile.

Charlie in the Clouds.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN was kidnapped yesterday by a couple of air bands. He had been spending a few days at San Diego and Coronado Beach, and there ran up against Jack Pickford and Lieutenant Ormer Locklear, who carried off Chase at the end of their string on the aerial route. Charlie, however, proved obdurate, having a perfectly good reason for his refusal. The lovely road Charlie's car was stopped by a "traffic cop" — identity still wrapp'd in mystery—who sees the Faithful also started an argument to convince him that he was entirely mistaken, while Charlie, supremely horrid, got out and took a stroll to stretch his legs. He gradually became aware of the buzz of an aeroplane overhead, and before he knew what had happened the machine had landed close to where he was standing and he was seized by a couple of desperadoes.

The next minute he was in mid-air and what Lieutenant Locklear-upon-time chased in his wake. Because of his high elevation they eventually landed in Hollywood, I'm worth mentioning, Charlie, who was very interested in his extraordinary event, was due to the world when he got back to terra firma, he must certainly landed Locklear upon-time's life. When the newly landed Charlie was slowly thanked the intrepid air pilot for a pleasant ride and said how much he had enjoyed himself.

Two Weddings.

CLARA WILLIAMS, the noted screen actress, and Edward Missale, one of Philadelphia's most famous directors, tied the knot last week in the presence of her directors and envoys of Chicago and Miami. Both are managers of a New York musical comedy. The ceremony was performed by a Catholic priest, as Miss Barn is a Jewess.

Eliza Codd.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

While filming scenes for "Athalie" in Truckee, this snap was taken. SYLVIA BREMER and SAM DE GRASSE are together, and SID FRANKLIN is in the white sweater.

Even a private motor-car is too public for proposing in, if there is a window behind. But it is only HELEN DARLING and BOBBY VERNON in an Al Christie comedy film.

BILL DUNCAN is a big man, but BLANCH PAYSON dwarfs him. Blanch is the tallest woman in pictures. She is 6 ft. 3 in. in height. By the look on Bill's face, she has a strong grip, as well.

Even a private motor-car is too public for proposing in, if there is a window behind. But it is only HELEN DARLING and BOBBY VERNON in an Al Christie comedy film.

MABEL NORMAND doesn't waste much time. In between scenes of her latest comedy she attends to her letters, not a few of which are from "Picture Show" admirers.

LILA LEE and RAYMOND HATTON spend their spare time at the studio piano. Lila has a sweet voice, and she can play well, too. Raymond Hatton carries her to the piano whenever he gets a chance.

ANTONIO MORENO must spend a good bit of time posing for artists. Here we see a charcoal head being drawn; and I hear he is also posing for a life-size painting to Senor Mananden, the Spanish artist.

Taking a scene for HARRY CAREY'S new picture, "Crossed Claims." We see Harry in front of the camera following the directions of the producer. There was very soft music played while this scene was taken.
Sylvia had heard the man enter the hall; she had also heard the man's exclamation as he discovered the bag.

Now, with no more ado, she came to look for her, Sylvia would not be able to keep them out any longer.

She leaned against the door, her eyes dilated, and then as she stood there, half-fainting with terror, she heard the outer door suddenly close, and the footsteps sounding down the narrow garden path.

For some moments longer she stood listening—scarcely believing the evidence of her senses. Had they really gone? If they had why did not Mona come in? What had become of Mona? Summing up all her courage at last, she cautiously turned the handle of the door and peeped out.

All was silent.

Gaining confidence she stepped into the hall and glanced around her. Mona must have gone upstairs, or out into the kitchen. Sylvia went to look for her; she wanted to know what had happened. She, Mona, had succeeded in getting the men to go away.

But a brief inspection soon proved to the girl that Mona had gone also, and then all her fears came back.

Mona had gone with them so as to give her, Sylvia, an excuse to go away. Mona had known that they would take her if they found her, and she had gone out with them to put them off the scent.

At any minute they might return. Where could she go to safety? She shrung her hands in despair. She said to herself, "Mona must have gone that afternoon. If only she had caught the train to Leicester. There was nowhere now where she could go and hide."

She was standing in the kitchen, and as these thoughts passed through her mind she looked despairingly around her. Suddenly she started forward, a new eager light in her eyes, for hanging on one of the hones of the dresser she had caught sight of a key.

She recognised it instantly. It was the key of Mona's flat. A few minutes later she cautiously opened the front door and, after peeping out, started quickly down the street.

It was a moonlight night, and there was a touch of frost in the air. Sylvia experienced a sudden sense of freedom as she turned into the High Street and divedered on to the last bus, which was going back to town.

Seated on the step, she lifted her face, threw back the thick veil she was wearing, with a little sigh of relief, and a smile parted her lips. She gave a thought to the stricken man, helpless and alone where she had left, or even to the child who would shortly awake and expect to be fed. Her thoughts, as usual, were entirely of it.

Once safely in the flat she quickly undressed, and, pulling the bedclothes over her head, was soon fast asleep, as a drawn number, utterly forgetful of all the worry and trouble of which her wicked and shallow nature was the cause.

In an hour or so, however, she was rudely awakened.

"Someone standing over her shaking her by the shoulder," she thought. Sylvia opened her sleep-filled eyes to find Mona staring over her.

"What is it?" she muttered crossly. "Do let me alone."

But Mona was furious.

She had gone through all the degradation of being taken to the police-station, and being ordered about by loud-voiced men who pronounced neither politeness or courtesy, in their dealings with those who have transgressed the law. And when it was discovered that Mona's description neither tallied with the photograph they had of Sylvia, they had let her go, and Mona, with excitement had decided that she would go to her own flat, instead of returning to the house, as the police would clearly have advised her to do.

Sylvia began to cry.

"I thought you meant me to get away," she said, "not Jack and Bobbie."

"Why Jack, she moaned quickly there without knowledge of those men were coming back."

"But what about Jack and Bobbie? Fancy you leaving them, Sylvia?"

"Well, what else could I do?"

Mona turned angrily away.

What was the use of arguing? But the idea of resting when little Bobbie and the blind man were left so exposed, was indescribable, and she did not consent to attend to them was unthinkable.

Without speaking another word to Sylvia, Mona was soon in her chamber, and went to bed once more into the night.

A bell took her part of the way, but it was not until the dawn was breaking that she at last arrived at the house.

As she ran up the path she heard a child's cry. It was Bobbie.

Mona hastened her steps, all her own weakness forgotten, in a mad dash to reach her. "Poor darling, how hungry he must be," she thought as she opened the door she started back; someone was crying. She recognised her, however, almost at once.

"Jack was endeavouring to feel his way up the stairs."

"Is that you, Sylvia?" he cried anxiously, turning his bandaged eyes towards her.

"Yes, Jack," she moaned quickly there, "he hurriedly closed the door after her, Bobbie wants his bottle. I will just run up to him; perhaps you could hold him while I warm the food."

The man felt her pass him on the stairs, and then the cries of Bobbie suddenly ceased.

Jack gave a sigh of intense relief. He had almost, but slowly, been won over by the distress of the child. It had mingled with his dreams for some time before he realised what it was, and when he was aroused he expected at every moment to hear someone move in the room above. Sylvia could hardly sleep through the noise.

But the child's cry had continued, and Jack, unable to bear it any longer, had tried to find his way himself. He had knocked himself against the furniture again and again. There was nothing to guide him. He was so bewildered that he could have been anyplace, and he had no idea what he was. It was a terrible experience for the blind man, and the sweat stood out in great drops upon his forehead, as he tried to find the door, while the wail of his baby sounded all the time in his ears.

It seemed hours to him before he found himself at last in the passage, and then on the stairs, and as the girl went by him he had pleaded on to a stair and buried his face in his hands.

That they did not cure him? Suppose he should have left the flat without permission? What would happen to him and his child? He had imagined that Sylvia had changed, but he knew now that she never would. It had never occurred to her to help him upstairs that evening even. She had gone herself and left him. He had turned his head and she had been upstairs? Had she not come in through the outer door a moment ago. A door different sensation swept through his mind, and a groan escaped him. Where was the gentle sympathetic girl who had come to him in Manchester? Could he have dreamed all those wonderful days when she had spoken so bravely? His shoulders heaved.

Mona coming down the stairs suddenly called to him.

"Jack, look, just hold Bobbie a minute," she said.

She had placed her arms to assist him to rise. As he held the little child he suddenly became aware of a new sensation.

This strong but distinctly feminine arm was starting families, and it did not belong to Sylvia. Of that he was now quite certain.

With strangely tender hands he was guided to the chair with the child in his arms. He heard, "Don't I know you?"

"You don't, Mama," the child answered. "That's why I stay there without knowing if those men were coming back."

"And even he tried to quiet his fractions infant, the truth was slowly simmering in his brain.

It was Mona who had come to him in Manchester. It was she who had comforted him, and been so gentle and kind, and with such agitation. Some- how he realised now that he had always suspected it in a vague sort of way. Mona had the little "lady's helper.""

"I can have him now, Jackie," she cried, speaking in the affected way that Sylvia had admired.

The blind man caught the hand which was stretched out to take the child, and pressed it to his lips."

Mona tried to draw it hurriedly away. She had known the child's fear of strangers, and the sight of the strong man's helplessness had been too much for her already overwrought nerves, but for his sake she restrained herself.

"Don't be silly, Jackie! When I have put Bobbie down I must get the breakfast; it is nearly eight already."

She was striving to talk as she had heard Sylvia speak so often, and Jack realised it with a mingled wonder.

(Continued on page 6)
THE EXPRESSIONS OF ROSCOE ARBUCKLE.

ROScoe ARBUCKLE.

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE, "Fatty of the Films," is a Mirth-Maker.

ROScoe ARBUCKLE, the fat boy of the screen, was perhaps the first stage player to break into pictures. It was over ten years ago that the first motion picture company was taken to Los Angeles. At that time Arbuckle was playing in a little theatre devoted to tabloid musical comedies.

A friend introduced him to the manager of the cinema company, with the result that he was engaged at $1 a day to play in single-reel comedies. He had only worked in three when Mack Sennett induced him to join the Keystone Company.

That was over five years ago, and, though Fatty has worked very hard since then, he has never lost any weight, and he says he is sure that his unreduce weight is a direct contradiction to the old belief that energetic and hard work makes for leanness.

Fatty is a very human, if famous, person; he never talks shop outside the studio, nor does he think he is funnier than Charlie Chaplin.

How He Gained His Nickname.

He was born in Kansas about thirty years ago, and he gained the nickname of "Fatty" when he was at school. The nickname stuck to him so long and faithfully that he has cast off any claim to the name of "Roscoe," and has adopted the nickname of "Fatty.

Personally, he is a very good fellow, full of good nature, and big heartedness. He loves motoring, dogs, and all animals, and owns a lot of trained dogs, chickens, ducks, and other poultry which he likes to have about when he can.

Always Ready For a Joke.

He still has a lot of the boy about him, and loves fun for its own sake. He is always ready to enjoy a joke, even if it is against him; but he has never been known to play a mean or ill-natured joke, that is not his nature. Perhaps it is this love of fun that makes him such a favourite with the children.

"Children like the purely physical comedy," he says. "The fall, the knock down, and the more exaggerated the comedy the more they enjoy it. For the most part people do not want to think about the comedies they see, that is why I never deal with satire or the little subtleties that are enjoyed by clever people."

His Funny Hats.

Fatty can take common things, and make them scroolingly funny. The frying-pan, the garden hose, the brace of pistols or the shot-gun, in his hands may become real mirth-makers.

The funny bowler hats Mr. Arbuckle wears he buys by the gross, because they are usually smashed in every picture. These funny little undersized hats are almost identical with the wearer, as are also his funny trousers and his big shoes, but most of all his ever-ready and peculiar smile, which is the comedian's chief asset. Indeed, it is only the cherubic countenance of Fatty that could so reflect the good nature that is part and parcel of his very nature.

An Amazing Athlete.

In spite of Fatty's size and weight he is an amazing athlete, he has a record that would surprise the hardest circus performer alive. Despite his arrooptopus he often performs acrobatic feats which are unequaled in the history of comedy.

In his latest picture, "The Sheriff," we shall see him as a formidable rival to Douglas Fairbanks. He climbs church spires at record speed; he leaps on to balconies to the rescue of lovely ladies, and he makes fierce bandits timid by the use of his six-shooter.

Fatty says he has taken to drama because he is naturally lazy, and drama is twice as easy to do as comedy. It doesn't cost any more, and one gets twice the credit for it. "You can work your head off in comedy," he says, "and people forget all about you the minute they are out of the theatre." This is what Fatty says, but I know him as a prodigious worker, and he will work as hard for drama as he has done for his comedy parts. Just wait and see.

Call him "Fatty" or "Roscoe." The joy of his presence will cling round him still.

If you want to write to Fatty, address your letter:

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE
Mack Sennett Studios
1713, Alessandro St., Los Angeles.
U.S.A.

Leave it to me.
He still retained her hand, and he felt it trembling against the top of his tongue to ask her to explain, when it occurred to him the utter impossibility of their relationship afterward.

If only she had shown her, he guessed, she would go out of his life and Bobbie’s, to say nothing of Sylvia’s. He released her hand and let her take the boy.

Of one thing he was quite certain. Mona was acting from the highest of motives. If she was trying to force her, she had to her reasons. Some day he would know, meanwhile he would trust her to form the most wonderful woman in all the world?

And when Dr. Crove arrived to take him on his journey, he knew how soft arms went round his neck as she wished him God-speed. There was a terrible anxiety in his mind which he did not show, but kept him wondering all the time.

Where was Sylvia? What was she doing? What had she not come to wish him good-bye? She was his wife, and yet she allowed another—

The hot blood rushed to his face.

Mona would think to deceive him, to shield Sylvia. What was the mystery? Of one thing he had quite made up his mind, Sylvia did love him. She never said so, but she did love him.

The train was speeding him to the coast. He was leaving England and all his domestic worries for a moment. He would meet Sylvia there, and well, and better able to cope with the situation.

If only this new doctor could cure his sight. He clenched his hands as the intensity of his emotion seized him. He yearned under his breath: "Make them successful in restoring my sight. Don’t let me be just a helpless hindrance in the mercy of those around me all my life!"

Jack’s Return.

THE days went by, and Sylvia made no sign. It was about a week later that Mrs. Brown, the woman next door, leaned over the fence as Mona was bringing out her weekly wash.

And how is Mrs. Arlington?" she asked.

"Still staying with friends?"

"Yes," said Mona smiling.

She rather liked Mrs. Brown, who, if she was untidy, did her best for her numerous family.

Mrs. Brown watched Mona for some minutes, and then she remarked:

"Did you see that funny case in the paper this morning?"

"No, I seldom see a paper," replied Mona, going on with her work.

"Don’t you, now?" remarked her neighbour.

"Well, you must look at this. My little dog pointed it out to me, and he says, at the time, he says: ‘I wouldn’t mind boiling it as that nice young man next door doesn’t know much about this, not at all,’ he says, and I think it’s someone’s business to tell her what sort of people are making friends with.’"

As she was speaking she had produced a newspaper from the folds of her skirt, and held it out to her.

Mona took it somewhat reluctantly.

Instinctively she knew it was connected with what she had been daily hearing, yet dreading to hear.

Mona glanced at the paragraph.

"At the police court to-day a well-dressed young woman was brought before the magistrate charged with stealing among other articles a silver bag, belonging to Mrs. Craige, of Homestead. Mrs. Craige, who gave evidence against the prisoner and made her acquaintance, the prisoner at an hotel at Brighton, where she went for a holiday. The prisoner, who was known as Mrs. Sylvia Gordon, came to stay in the hotel with her elder brother and sister. Mrs. Craige missed her bag, also some articles of jewellery from her room, and notified the police. Mrs. Craige, was much upset when giving evidence. She told the court that she had locked her bag as a personal case, and had had her at her own house to stay on more than one occasion. She had never thought of connecting her with her numerous losses."

"Thomas Wells, a police officer, gave the following facts.

"The prisoner, whose name is Sylvia Arlington, a married woman, resides at Golden’s Green. She joined a band of criminals some months ago, "The magistrate remarked that the prisoner, who seemed very upset at her position, might have been led away by undesirable companions; but he understood there were a number of other charges against her, and to be would remand her for a week, while the police court missionary made further inquiries.

"Perhaps, what do you think of that?" cried Mrs. Brown. "I must say I used to wonder where she got all her fine clothes from, though it was none of my business so to speak. She is laying up trouble for that poor husband of her’s, isn’t she? Poor gentleman! She don’t deserve him, and he sound of her, too."

Mona said nothing, but handed the paper back to the neighbour. Then gathering up her washing basket she went into the house.

She felt she ought to do something. Yet what could she do?

She glanced across to where Bobby was taking his mid-day doze. After all she was doing her best in taking care of Bobby.

That evening, Mona, having sat up later than usual to finish the ironing, carried it upstairs to put it away. The linen cupboard was in hopeless disorder, and Mona set about to tidy it.

There were articles of clothing shoved carelessly at the top, and Mona pulled them out. As she did so a parcel fell to the floor. Mona picked it up intending to replace it, but found it would not help wondering what was contained.

The happenings of the last few weeks had made Mona so nervous she was inclined to be a little careful.

Steading herself on a chair she was standing on, she heard the string. There was a washtub in the room.

Mona thrust in her hand, and then as she drew it out again she uttered a little cry.

It was a photograph of a young man.

"What should I do with them? What ought she to do? Return them to the police, or place them back where she had found them? To they should be returned to the police, she decided, as she gathered them up and thrust them back into the bag.

She showed Jack Arlington."

(Again, another installment of this powerful story next week.)

CHARACTER AS TOLD BY THE FACE.

J. WARREN KERRIGAN.

The Eyebrows.

NOTICE how near they are to the eyes, almost overlapping like an arch, indicative of great force of character and clean-cut personality. The modelling at the outside of the eyebrow, the undulations of the veins, the pure symmetrical nature.

His Sympathetic Eyes.

FRANK in their expression, sunny eyes, sympathetic, tender to women. The more one looks into the depths of the eye the more sympathetic the nature.

The Long, Fine Nose.

WITH its slender nostrils tells us of keen sensibilities, sensitive nature, love of home. A man greatly loved, whose highest attribute is benevolence.

The Sensitive Mouth.

PLACID and full of repose, the mouth is drawn up at the corners, evidencing a certain distinction of humour, wit, and eloquence. The mouth is remarkably tender, and of exquisite musical tone.

The Oval Face.

DEPICTS love of the beautiful in nature. In it we see the beauty of his character, his optimism, tact, courage, and loyalty.

In Love.

CALM due to great tenderness and affection, and his strength of character can be easily enjoyed by all that is noble in the being loved. He is shrewdly a man who would contribute his share to the general harmony in the home. He would be the love that would last, hyper sensitive and hyper-ideal.
THE LETTERS OF MARY

The Humour of Lew Cody—Betty Blythe's Wonderful Gowns—The Little Orphan—Mae Marsh's Adorable Baby

DEAREST FAY—Alice and I have been in the cinema milky way for a whole week, and have had such fun! We scarcely know where to begin. Best of all, we are going to be in a picture! Dear, dear! We owe it all to Wallace Reid's fall, and to Tommy Atkins.

Dear little fuzzy Tommy has paid for himself in gold. We put him in a basket on my bicycle and took him to the hills every day, and Friday he ran away when we let him out for exercise; ran away, but led us straight to Lew Cody's house. Mr. Cody was returning from his morning "like," and had three dogs with him.

We heard Tommy barking, then a bark or two; then a voice calling, "Cootie! Cootie! Pest! Down Boiler!" Amazed, we hurried to rescue Tommy. We found Mr. Cody having one gorgeous tussle with all four dogs—Cootie, wirehaired terrier; Pest, Airedale; and Boiler, a beautiful collie. He remembered meeting us at the studio, and carried Tommy in his arms to his charming bungalow, nestled just over the brow of the hill, not ten minutes' walk from world champion, came to see Mr. Cody. He noticed "D.H.M.S." on our Jack's raid, telling us brother's ship the Cordelia, has been ordered to the Baltic. And he and Mr. Cody were jolly good, and made us a picture right there on the set for our Jack. Won't Jack feel swanky with that adorning his cabin!

Alert! That is the word for Lew Cody—keen and talented. Have you seen him yet in "The Beloved Cheater," or "The Butterfly Man"? Miss Blythe is exceedingly popular here. She is Personality Plus to me. Blue-grey eyes and black hair, lovely profile—all together charming. You'll see her soon in "Just Outside the Door," "The Third Generation," and with Frank Mayo in "Burnt Wings." She always wears such stunning gowns: but she says she is delighted that she is next to be " NANETTE ROLAND," a forest girl who lives fifteen hundred miles from Montreal—a part where her portrayal of the character, and not her gowns, will give her opportunities that she has long cherished.

Mae Marsh's Baby.

As we left Mr. Cody's set, two wee-begone little girls in plaid gingham dresses passed us. Then we heard a bright, clear voice saying in surprise, "Oh! How do you do?" And Mr. Cody's reply, "How is Mary Marsh Arms?" The little orphan was Mae Marsh! Mr. Cody introduced us, and she invited us over to see the scene they were just going to take. Only fancy, as Mary Cary (you know we read the book together) Mae Marsh is so comical and pathetic when she and "Pinkey" give her pet rooster a bath (for "cleanliness is next to godliness"), and then the rooster gets terribly sick. We enjoyed that bath immensely—oh, so comical! But when poor Mary Cary groves over her pet I just simply let the tears roll down my cheeks, and even the camera man looked suspiciously blinky to me.

Miss Marsh was in a hurry to get home to Mary Marsh Arms. She was on the Alexanders, but her brothers won't let her go, and she is so sweet and considerate. She said:

"You know Mary, my baby, is the chubbiest, most adorable baby in the world, of course. You just ought to see her. Would you like to now, on your way home?"

Would we? Well, rather! So we trailed along after her car till we came to Mrs. Arms' house, and there was a most formidable, wonderful nurse (Scottish) wheeling Baby Mae, the prettiest little golden-haired, blue-eyed cherub ever. But the nurse would not even let any of us touch her till Mr. Marsh Arms said:

"Oh, yes, do let us see how heavy she is. And not a tooth in her rose-tiny gums"—she looked worried—"I am sorry, she will be teething in the summer time." Just then a handsome little, dark-eyed boy came running to "Aunt Mae"—her sister's son, George Bertheim—"but we call him John Henry," laughed Miss Marsh. "You know, 'Up the Road with John Henry.'"

It is very evident that Mae Marsh is a most worshipful mother.

I used to like to go from the studio for a swim," she said, "but I have no time now for a single thing but my baby!"

Well, no wonder, with such a love of a Kewpie. Miss Marsh is really giving to send on a picture of Mae Marsh, Jr. soon.

Good-bye, dear. I am too sleepy for words!

Your own,

MARY LEWIS RUSSELL.

LEW CODY and JACK DEMPSEY practice the fox trot between scenes.

Hollywood. He called to "Lucile," his housekeeper, and "William," her husband, to battle little Tommy's scratches, and asked us to have a glass of cold milk.

A Great Tease.

WHEN Lucile came, he said, with a merry wink at us, "Lucile, this is Lady Alice, and this, Lady Mary—all the way from England to see us." But he did not fool Lucile, who is Scotch. With a sunny smile, she said:

"Dunna mind Mr. Cody, he brings all the champions up here—Jack Dempsey and Babe Ruth—everybody that fights or swams or races, and they box and have great times; but lie is a grand tease!"

Yes, he is; full of fun and good humour. But when we went to his study office that noon (he invited us to bring mother) we found him busy attending to business details—actor, manager, producer. He would give his full attention to every detail, with quick comprehension, but nothing escape him. Yet he had most thoughtful consideration for each person who entered.

A Special Picture.

We went to the "set"—an artist's studio desk, hung with gold and blue Chinese runners—where we met charming Betty Blythe, who plays the heroine in "The Belched Man." And while we were there Jack Dempsey.

Poor little MARY CARY and "PINKEY" give BILLY—the rooster—a bath, and incidentally a fatal chill!
SCARCITY OF PLOTS.

A MEHRICAN producers are finding a scarcity of books and stage plays suitable for film adaptations, and Marshall Neilan believes that directors are about to revert to the practice of looking to the original photo-play for picturization material.

"When, a few years ago, some producers sought material among past stage successes and works of famous authors, their lead was quickly followed by nearly all of the manufacturing companies," says Neilan, "with the result that competition became very keen between them for the procuring of well-known stories and plays adaptable to the screen. Now these sources have become almost depletes as the result of the heavy drain upon them for the last few years. The result is that the producer will have to select his material from the fund of original scripts."

This scarcity, however, does not seem to worry Mr. Jeffrey Bernard, of the British Stoll Company, who has, I understand, quite a formidable array of masterpieces for early production.

A CINEMA PRESS CLUB.

A CINEMA Press Club is to be formed in London. Membership is to be confined to pressmen and those directly connected with the trade. Apart from the usual functions of a club, the new institution will be a debating hall, where all manner of questions affecting the cinema industry will be discussed. A club program will be a monthly feature.

EDWARD SLOMAN, who is producing Jack London's stories, at the Metro Studios, California, has been in London for some time. The company is now producing "Some Artistic," a film based on the London novel, "Some Artistic," which is coming out next month.

Marjorie Viliis at Haarlem.

MARIORIE VILLIS, the delight of British actresses, is playing the title role in the new Anglo-Hollando film production, "Nurse Brown," which is from an original scenario by Maurice H. Binger, who is also the producer. Miss Viliis appears alternately as a lady of fashion, a governess, a nurse, and a gypsy, each part to each characterization a distinct individuality. Once a "Gaiety Girl," Marjorie Viliis has had a lengthy experience on stage and screen both in England and America, and has also travelled considerably apart from her work. Her hobbies are gardening, boating, and golfing, and she spends a good deal of her spare time when she is in England at her bungalow on the Thames. "Haarlem is delightful," she writes us, "and I am thoroughly enjoying my Dutch visit."

WESLEY BARRY'S AMBITION.

WESLEY BARRY, Marshall Neilan's freckled-faced youth, who has repeated his success in "Daddy Long-Legs" in his latest production, "Don't Ever Marry," is in the sun these days to keep him from and better freckles. Recently he read in the newspapers that Commissioner in New York, Harry Moore, of Jersey City, is to hold a freckle-face contest on the occasion of the amateur athletic meet at Princeton Field in June, and immediately wired his entry. Wesely will be in New York at the time of the contest preparatory to his trip abroad with Mr. Neilan, who will make pictures in all the chief foreign locales. Before sailing he expects to dash across the Hudson River, which keeps the two states on friendly terms, long enough to take the prize.

PAULINE FREDDERICK'S DREAM.

PAULINE FREDDERICK, who has just signed a new contract with Robert-son-Cole, confesses that it is the dream of her life to appear in a well-costume play. She believes that so much more real romance could be put into a home scene with a Shakespearean setting, in which the characters are not restricted in their emotions by starched shirt fronts and tight skirts. She thinks that one of the reasons why costume plays have failed to prove a failure is that the same care is not exercised in the casting of the "extra" parts as is done in the case of the stellar roles. A man has to be born, a: it were, to doublet and hose, and any awkwardness or touch of the ridiculous in the aspect of the minor characters simply ruin the atmosphere of the ensemble.

LESSONS WE LEARN FROM THE FILMS.

It's as easy to begin looking as it is hard to stop.

A woman must love something, even if it is only a man.

The man who knows all, usually knows it all wrong.

Mummy is a mushroom in disguise.

THE WEEK'S BEST FILMS.

The following are the lists of the best photo-plays which are being released for exhibition at the cinemae during the week, and the names of the star actors:

* Granger's "Some Artistic,"
  * Campbell's "Final Close-Up,"
  * Shirley Mason, "Other Men's Wives,"
  * Dorothy Dalton, "Men, Women, and Money,"
  * Dorothy Dalton, "The Poppy Girl's Husband,"
  * W. S. Hart, "What Am I Doing?"

Photographing the art titles sketched.
SHIRLEY the nineteen-year-old sister of Vida Jayne and Edna Flingarth, owns to one audition shared by many other people. It is to sleep late in the morning.

Shirley can cook as well as act in "His Harvest."

As a Breton fishergirl.

A fairy in filmland with "Tabby," her cat.

As "Joe Bottom" on the iron-hemmed chest in "Treasure Island."

Shirley at home in her own sanctum.

In "His Elephant Man," Shirley has a taste of aboriginal life.
Owen Nares.
The Screen Lovers of Wanda Hawley

WANDA HAWLEY has played the heroine in many screen love stories. Here we see her with her "very best" lovers on the screen.

The masterful lover BRYANT WASHBURN in "The Six Best Cellars."

The shy lover, CHARLES RAY in "Greased Lightning."

The sure lover WALLACE REID in "Double Speed."

The pleading lover ROBERT WARWICK in "Secret Service."

The tender lover WILLIAM S. HART in "Racket Wireless."
IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

Frocks and Their Frills—The Charm of Organdie—Keeping the Light Frocks Fresh—Other Tips for Summer Garments.

THE question of summery garments is one that is absorbing the mind of every girl at the present moment, and she is on the keen look-out for novel ideas that will not only be inexpensive, but that she can "do up" easily. She cannot do better than watch the toilettes worn by screen artists, for from their style will she be able to gain heaps of inspiration. Especially for summer frocks she will find ideas galore, for who knows better what to wear than the lovely film artists who live in sunny California? Even if some of the frocks appear elaborate on the screen, the same ideas can be utilized in simplified style and less elaborate material.

A Vision of Daintiness.

THAT bewitching little actress, Harriet Hammond, of Mack Sennett comedy, is an absolute vision of daintiness in one of her new film summer frocks. She is a keen lover of frills, and in the particular gown has allowed her affection to be amply displayed. The frock itself is of white organdie muslin, and the very essence of simplicity, but it shows just one mass of frills. The bodice is half-like in its simplicity, being finished off at the low-cut neck with a frill, while the cane trimming is attached to the edge of the short sleeves. The skirt is quite plain, but is almost entirely hidden by narrow frills that extend from within six inches of the waist-line to the hem. These frills are not gathered on, as is the usual fashion, but they are put on in wee pleats all along. I expect you will at once conjure a vision of the crushed appearance of the frock after the wearer has sat down. Not so with this frock of Harriet's, for she has thought out a cunning little device that avoids such a tragedy! The foundation skirt is made with a tunic, that is frilled to correspond with the lower part of skirt. She merely lifts the frilled tunic when she sits down, and yet the standing-up effect is that of an all-in-one frock. A clever notion this, and one worth noting.

Frills and Muslin.

FRILLS always conjure up visions of muslin—an old fashioned idea that has been revived this season, and that appears ever more fascinating in its new guise. Organdie muslin in particular is to have a vogue all its own this summer, and few dresses will escape it, whether it is used entirely for the garment or as a yoke collar or vest. And it is so dainty and fine, and such a welcome change from the ever-day suit-linen that is so coarse of texture and loose of weaving! It has the advantage, too, of being obtainable in many dainty colourings, all of which wash like a rag and keep their colour. Always bear in mind when washing organdie, that it should only be very lightly starched, a thin mixture of flour-and-water being the best to use.

A Few Tips.

The care of summery garments is an all-important item, but it is one of which most girls are extremely careless. Coming in hot and tired from a game of tennis or a long ramble in the country, they will take off their frock on. hanging it over the bedrail or chair-back without thought of its folding, only too delighted to quickly slip into a loose garment in which they can rest their weary limbs. No attention is given to the discarded frock until, perhaps, next day, when it is full of creases, and cannot be worn again until it has been pressed. What a waste of time this is when a little care would keep it "fresh" for further wear!

Another habit among girls is to hang their light frocks carelessly on the back of a door, and leave them there to collect any amount of dust. This renders them guilty-looking far too quickly, and means more washing than is really necessary. It is a simple thing to prevent this. Make a couple of long bags—the length of your frock, and fully wide—with a hem and drawstring at the top. These can be made out of old sheet or old nightdresses as long as the material used is quite clean. Immediately upon taking off your frock, slip it on a hanger, and then put it in one of the bags, pulling up the tape and tying it at the top. The frock is entirely excised, and will keep perfectly clean and neat. Three frocks and hangers could easily be placed in one bag.

Light Cloth Garments.

There is no smarter wear for tennis or the river than the skirt or sports coat of white cloth. Yet it has the drawback of showing every little mark. Too many washings will spoil the appearance of the material, so small spots should be cleaned individually. Merely rub magnesia or cloth ball well into the spot, and leave for an hour or two. Then brush the powdered oil, and you will find that the mark has been entirely obliterated by this treatment.

Extreme energy at games during the summer months tends to perspiration, and nothing looks more unsightly than the marks of it showing under the arm of a frock. And if carelessly washed the marks will become ingrained in the garment, and
The Coming of Ariel.

So fierce was the wind that old Sandy MacTavish could scarcely close the door of his cottage, as he drove his sheep and lambs into it, and so driven he was to a stripping, almost breathless from the buffeting of the storm. His good wife, with a slipper full of outer clothes, and placed a chair for him before the peat fire in the open room.

It was indeed a wild night, even for that wild part of the world he came from. The stormers ate his supper in silence, and was just settling down for a mat pillow before going to bed when the little room was lighted up.

"A signal rocket!" cried Sandy, as he rushed to the window and looked out into the covered sky where there she goes," she said, as by the light of another rocket, and kept her shifting star as they moved precariously known as the Headlands.

Under the close attention of Mrs. MacTavish, the stormers effects on its inmates in the water, and grew up to be a very sturdy child. They called her Ariel, because she came to them from the storm. It was named so quite appropriately. It seemed as if the storm had breathed its spirit into the girl as it revolved in the darkness of the tempest, and the wilder the waves the stronger she became.

She had no playmates, only the fairies she had read about in her maiden book, came her way, and her vivid imagination made her believe they were real. She went down to the little cove, where the local bound said they used to dance in the days when fairies really came to earth.

Old Sandy MacTavish, a strict Calvinist, shook his head despairingly at what he termed these "beastly women" but he and his wife realised that their adopted daughter was not like them, and, though they never understood her, they were kind to her.

She became a young womanhood living in a fairyland of her own imagining, and wondering what fitting world she would find.

A Sunday she was whistling to her employer when Sandy MacTavish called her to him.

"Stop breaking the Sabbath wi' that sinful whistle!" he said, "All ye done is listen to the Word of God."

But Ariel's spirit was in revolt. She ran from the house, followed by MacTavish whoing that he would have no woman defy him. But when he got to the rock he saw her standing, her hands clasped out and pointed to something in the sky. It was an aeroplane, a flying machine, a vision of her dreams. She would have known that the airman was her own, the very one she had dreamed of. She came to the cottage, and MacTavish then saw that one of the airman's eyes was broken. He was also badly bruised and shaken. When he came round he told them that his name was Franklin Shirley, and that he went in for aviation as a hobby.

A doctor was sent for, who, after a careful examination, told the old man that the young man would get well with careful nursing. The latter was provided by Ariel. The coming of the "Fool Man," as she called him, had brought a live figure into her fairyland which her mother had been populated only by people of her dreams and imagination.

And Shirley found his period of convalescence made very pleasant by the companionship of the shy, wild girl.

One day, the two were seated on a bench outside the cottage. Shirley sat to the girl: "Who is this Storm man that your mother tells me is always huddled up to the stoop?"

Ariel blushed slightly as she turned away her head, but the young man persisted. "What is he like? Tell me," he urged.

"Well, first of all, he has dark curly hair," began the girl. (Shirley's hair was dark and curly). "And he has a vision (Ariel's eyes were blue)." "And a nose, Ariel boasted. "And a nose like yours," she concluded quickly.

Shirley smiled. 

Ariel was very much afraid as she sat facing the big man in his office.

So you want to become a famous dancer," said the producer, with a smile expressing more amusement than approval. "I want to become worthy of the man I love," replied Ariel simply.

The innocence of the reply interested Strohman and suppose you became famous and worthy of him? Are you sure that he would marry you? he asked.

"Yes, I feel sure he would," said Ariel eagerly. As a general rule Abe Strohman would have sent such an applicant to one of his managers and asked him to get on a girl's prospects of becoming a dancer, but her ambition interested him.

As she left his office, and when he looked at once that what Strohman and Picard said about her was true, he was in high glee for dancing. All she needed was a teacher to bring out her talent. "I will make you famous," he said, "I will do so on one condition. If, when you are famous, you love me and refuse to marry me, you must come to me."

She was so conducted that through her soul she could see the love of Franklin Shirley, consigned to this strange form. Month's hard work followed, and Strohman proved as good as his word. Ariel made her debut in the chorus, as Miss Yvonne, the principal dancer in a spectacular ballet Strohman had produced regardless of expense. Ariel's first appearance was not merely a success, it was a triumph.

London went mad over Strohman's great discovery. At the opening given to celebrate the success of the production, Ariel met Franklin Shirley. Strohman, who knew the young man as a regular patron of the theater, was surprised that Shirley was the young man, and Ariel was in love with.

She also knew that Shirley was engaged to Elaine Shackelford, the girl he brought to him to the surprise of Strohman. She would smile and say nothing as he arranged that Ariel should sit on one side of Shirley and Elaine on the other.

It felt certain that before the night was over Ariel would find that the man she loved was bound to another.

Ariel behaved exactly as he had planned. Shirley complimented Ariel on her great triumph, and the conversation gradually turned on ambitious. Do you still go in for flying work, she asked. "Very little," he replied. "I am still as fond of it as ever, but my fortune--" he indicated the girl at his side--"objected to me taking too many risks."

As he uttered the words "my fortune," the flag swan round Ariel. Her struggles had been in vain, and the mission to which she was assigned had been a failure. With a little laugh, she collapsed in her chair. She had failed.

(Continued on page 18)
CHILD STARS OF THE CINEMA AT PLAY

JOHNNY JONES, who we are to see as "Edgar" in the coming Goldwyn pictures, spars with MARSHALL RICKSON, who also has a part in the same series.

MARSHALL RICKSON has a mix up with BUDDY MESSER. Rickson lands a heavy right to Buddy's stomach.

Marshall's sister NELLIE, though fond of a bout, resorts to the female expedient of pulling her opponent's hair, and, having sent MARSHALL to the ground, gets one or two punches in while he is down.

Having defeated her brother, LUCILLE challenges JOHNNY JONES.

Lucille's fistie fame makes Buddy Messenger afraid.
The Picture Show, June 19th, 1920

THE CYNIC AND THE BEAUTY COMPLETION.

POWDERPUFFS IN THE BALANCE.

The recent "Daily Mirror." Beauty Competition has once more come into being, and to have awakened a series of ripples which penetrate to all parts of society.

Hardly can one go to a "Victory Ball" or "American Night" for a few hours' undiluted merriment, not entirely unconnected with jazz, without finding that the dancing is to be interrupted by a "beauty competition." Certainly the winners of these affairs do not leap into fame and fortune at a bound like the "Daily Mirror's" lovely find, but they probably enjoy a certain amount of private success.

One can imagine a cynic inviting his lady guest to a beauty-competition dance. They appear painted, powdered, and marcelled. This is a small hour in the temperate glade of electric lights. Comes the dawn, the lights are turned out, the curtains pulled back to let in the cruel morning light, and the awnings, the best—how your places for the Beauty Competition?" Need any more be said?

Few of us claim the perfection of beauty as set forth in someone's criticism. But in the hours when all the others are sitting with their backs towards the light," but under more kindly illumination, it is possible to look one's very prettiest at night. From the thrill of ballrooms and the ardour of dancing are foes to the complexion, and what maiden in these days of serious dancing dare retire too frequently to powder her shining little nose?

Yet even this has its remedy, as the wise girl knows. Before coming to the dance, Phyllis bathes her face and neck with a solution of pure complexion, which she rubs well into the skin with her finger-tips until it is quite dry. This done, her complexion assumes a peach-like finish, which will remain unchanged during a whole evening's dancing.

I suppose every girl would like a new frock for each dance she goes to! But even the unemployed would find that rather a strain on the exchequer. It is a consolation, even if a poor one, to reflect that no amount of frocks will give a girl a prettier complexion—which is what counts in the end.

A pretty complexion, which is the beginning of all beauty, is quite cheap, you know. For about one halfpenny you can have a clean, fresh, new skin (not the old one cleaned up for the occasion) for every dance you go to.

I expect any girl could explain this apparent mystery. For the benefit of those who cannot, here is the solution. Get some mercurialized wax from the chemist. It is rather expensive, but it lasts longer. This small hour in the outer air will remove roughness and blemishes which gives the new skin below a chance to show itself. Quite simple, isn't it? If the skin is inclined to be dry, it is a good plan to treat it with an ordinary cold cream before using mercurialized wax.

Certainly, the sort of complexion you get from these preparations like those above should be an asset in any beauty competition—even the eunics'

MAID 'O THE STORM.

Everybody rushed to her, but it was the calm voice of Strohman which staved the excitement.

"He needs no doctor," said the master, and the two went to the girl, who was still looking very dazed. Leaning on his arm the master led her to the rear of the house.

By the time she had got to her house Ariel was quite recovered. She thanked Strohman and his dancing master, and dismissed them with the information that she intended to retire at once.

As he turned to leave, she reminded her of the souvenir programme that had been printed for the first night. Written across the page were the names of the first four firms in the second class. The girl was not one to be outdone. She had determination she would not be beaten. She was beautiful, where Elaine Strohank was barely pretty.

She had brains, and the great desire to give all her life to the one object of her heart, which would not give her. She wanted the man she loved, but even if she took him from the other girl at the steps of the altar.

Ariel sent a note to Frank Shirley asking him to call.

He came that afternoon.

The Proposal.

A RIEL, needing a new and already furnished apartment. In the centre was a fountain, on which were set flowers. In a simple but costly gown, which set off the beauty of her face and figure, Ariel presented a picture that would have been a beauty, for in the room stood Strohman in rapt amazement as he entered the room.

"How beautiful you look!" he exclaimed, his eyes shining as he took her in her arms.

"Do I?" replied Ariel. "Many men tell me that, but though I hear them, my heart does not listen, I am one of the rare women who are born alone.

Her expressive eyes melted as she stood for a moment poised like some fairy flower on the brink of the fountain I was, with a shock, forced to come to a sudden decision, began to talk brilliantly about her art. She made him feel at home, and that she had no anger against him; but when at last he left, she thought of the pains that was that Ariel was broke-brained, because she was going to marry someone else, and the other, that he was madly in love with Ariel. The visit ended, and before long Ariel had achieved her object. Frank Shirley loved her as he ought to, but he was unwilling to go to Miss Strohman, though he had caused the date of the wedding to be postponed; Presently, Strohman asked if she would care for a dinner on her wedding day, and again he began to court Mrs. Strohman, and even she could not resist his charm.

From Frank Shirley's love您可以 find happiness, but you must marry her, and I ask you to go to another place.

"It was in vain that Frank pleaded for the happiness of his future wife, and for his own mind.

As he left, he said to him that he was hating his fate by his own choosing and for a whole hour he had lost int his, but he never loved her.

As she went to her appointment with Ariel, Ariel remembered her friends, Papa Bontemps and Jules Pernick, and they had been going out of their lives ever since.

She visited a small house, where she was wearing a new thread in the bosom of Destiny. When Frank Shirley saw her, he found a telegram from Miss Strohman. It read: "We have never loved each other. I have run away with Bicky. To the time this reaches you we shall be married."

As the young man rang up Ariel, only to be told by her maid that she had gone to Strohman's house.

Then the words of Ariel came back to Shirley:

"Tell you.

Putting on a determined air, he steered into a cab, and drove to Strohman's apartment, and covering the producer with his pistol, he demanded:

"You can put that pistol down," said Strohman coolly.

"A protest. I have a point to make where she is.

"Because I want to marry her."

"That Miss Strohman!"

"Mrs. Strohman is engaged to a man she loves," replied Shirley, showing the telegram.

Strohman sunk in his chair and looked blankly at the newspaper.

"Sit down," he said quietly. "Ariel told me that she wanted to be famous so that she could come up to your level, but I am not going to help you in his voice. I want to tell you that she is far above you level, or the level of any man. I should have been a proud man if I had married a girl."

As he finished speaking the door opened and Ariel appeared.

"I have lost, Ariel," said the producer. "She never wanted me at all.

"Then he went out, leaving the lovers together.

(Adapted from "The Rainy Days of Our Lives" by permission of Readers Film Co.)
LEARNING TO PLAY LAWN TENNIS.

Tips for Tennis Players—How to Hold Your Racquet—Keep Your Eye on the Ball—Champions’ Methods Explained.

The first essential in lawn tennis is to learn how to hold the racquet correctly. A simple thing, perhaps, yet nigh out of every ten English players cannot, or at least do not, do it. They grip at it as they would a horizontal bar. It should be gripped, with the fingers and thumb lying along the handle, so that when the arm is held out the forearm, wrist, and racquet are in one straight line. I get Norman Brookes, the famous ex-champion of the world, to illustrate this for me last time he was in town, and here you see the photographs of his way of holding for the forehand stroke—the correct one. Gerald Patterson, Miss Byam, and Millicent all use this hold now.

When To Hit The Ball.

Perhaps the most important advice I can give you is contained in a single simple sentence, “Keep your eye on the ball.” Watch it until you actually hit it. You should have judged your distance from the net before the ball comes to you. When it reaches you—and you should contrive to hit it when it is about two to two and a half feet to the right of your left foot—all your attention should be on the ball. No other way of doing things will do so well.

Swing well back before you hit, whether it is a forehand or a backhand stroke, and when you hit follow through; try to throw the head of the racquet after the ball.

Don’t hit the ball into the net. That sounds rather foolish, doesn’t it? But I am hoping you will remember my advice best by that phrase. What I mean is that you had fifty times better hit the ball outside the court than hit it into the net. Go a yard above it rather than into it. Your first aim must be accuracy, and the first part of accuracy in lawn tennis is to get over the net somehow.

The Importance of Accuracy.

Don’t be too anxious for speed at first. It will be no use without accuracy, and it will come of itself. Go for length and position; they win more games, even in the highest class, than merely directed speed.

Don’t “cut” your balls. It seems very clever to get under a ball, cut a lot of back spin on it, and make it stop almost dead, but it is bad lawn tennis. Good players never use this feeble stroke. If you use it against a good player you will have every shot killed.

Don’t try to win off every shot. If it is a difficult ball be content to get it back, keeping it as “long” as you can.

When you are serving don’t be content to get one foot one over and then serve the whole of the rest of your first services into the net. Here again, practise position and length instead of speed. Even McHugh or Dave could not win off his services alone, and he was the fastest server we have ever known.

Choosing a Racquet.

A FASHION for racquets with huge handles came in a few years ago owing to an American with a leg of mutton fast being successful for a time with one of these. There is nothing in the world to recommend them. Choose a racquet with a handle you can grip comfortably. For a man, 15 inches is heavy enough; for a woman, 14 ounces. The racquet should always be kept in a press.

If your opponent sends over a shot which gets you into difficulties, always try to return it straight down the court into or near his base line. A cross-court shot in such circumstances often means the loss of the rally.

Playing at the Net.

When, on the other hand, you get your opponent on the run, don’t hesitate to go up and take a chance of finishing him off right away. But go up. Don’t hang about between the base-line and the service-line. Baddeley, one of the greatest players of all time, used to call this part of the court forbidden ground. It is when you are standing here that you get shots coming at you about knee-high, or at your feet—the most difficult shots in the world to deal with. If you do go up, then get on to the net, and when you get the opportunity smash so that there is no chance of the ball being returned.

How to Get Practice.

EVERY great player I have known has agreed that for the beginner, and even for the expert who is out of form, the best practice can be had against a wall. Mark the height of the net in chalk, and put down a couple of handkerchiefs to show what would be the corners of the court. Then you can play at any speed you like.

NORMAN BROOKES, the famous tennis player, illustrates for the “Picture Show” the correct grip—forearm, racquet, and wrist are all in one line. Norman Brookes is a left-handed player, but you can copy this grip by placing this picture beside a mirror and watching your own reflection in the glass.

PRISCILLA DEAN is an enthusiastic tennis player.

Play your backhand strokes if they come to the back hand. All you have to do is to slip the hand round, placing the thumb up the handle at the back. You must learn to hit your backhand strokes, not put them.

The Drop Stroke.

J ust a hint for the player who has mastered these elementary principles. The greatest stroke in lawn tennis is the “drop stroke.” To get this you do not hit the ball “plain.” The face of your racquet is still kept at right angles to the court—straight up sideways, so to speak—but you hit upwards so that the racquet glances or sweeps across the back of the ball. This makes the ball spin rapidly over and over and, when it is doing this, even if it goes two feet above the net, this “top spin” will bring it down before it goes out of play. It wants a lot of mastering, and, like every other stroke, constant, untiring practice.
Acting for the Cinema.

ALFRED BISHOP EXPLAINS HIS METHOD.

"I caught" Mr. Alfred Bishop at the Royalty Theatre about five minutes before he took his cue, and found him, appropriately enough, engrossed in perusing Albert Chevalier's pamphlet, "The Theatre and the Cinema."

"Have you read it?" inquired Mr. Bishop, after his cordial greeting. "A most admirable little treatise."

Confessing my ignorance, I took the professor's booklet and turned a few pages. One paragraph attracted my attention (the italics are mine):

"There is a great similarity between the rise of the cinema and the music-hall. Each institution has derived much benefit from reconciliation with its parent, the theatre, and the mere fact that reconciliation involved competition has resulted in all-round improvement."

I commented on this to Mr. Bishop.

"I quite agree," he said. "The stage is undoubtedly the parent of the film, though, somehow, people seem to lose sight of the fact. As Mr. Chevalier remarks further on, 'Dramatic pantomime had reached a very high plane of artistic excellence long before the cinema was heard of.' Witness 'L'Enfant Prodigue.'"

The Success of the Legitimate Actor.

"YOU think the stage and screen are closely allied—that the one helps the other?"

"I think the drama helps the film, but I do not consider that the stage is under any obligation to the screen."

"Then, in your opinion, a legitimate actor stands a greater chance of success on the screen than a player whose experience has been gleaned solely in the studio?"

"Undoubtedly. In fact, I consider that all the screen successes have been made by those who first were stage players."

Mr. Bishop's film career includes such pictures as "The Brass Bottle" (for which company neither of us could recollect), "The Guardians" (this a British Actors' picture), and "His Last Denounce," a Vanity film, in which Denner Nelson-Terry is appearing.

Knowledge of the Scenario.

"YOU have found no difficulties attached to film work?"

Mr. Bishop, sitting very upright and regarding me with round, bright eyes, answered decisively:

"None whatever. "Some legitimate actors do, you know." I put it hurriedly. "Or, rather, they find certain conditions of film-making irksome, even irrationally. The to-and-froing method of scene-taking, for instance."

"Ah, that is because they so rarely know what the whole scenario is about!" was the surprising reply. "I mean, they so rarely have the scenario given them to read straight through before taking up their rôles, and thus are at a disadvantage. If I had my way, I should insist on every member of the cast having the scenario to read first, so that they might enter thoroughly into the spirit and meaning of the plot-play, instead of having to rely solely on the information of the director, concerning it prior to the shooting of a scene."

"And your method of getting for the camera do you find your technique requires much adaptation?"

Mr. Bishop's eyes twinkled.

"My method," he answered, "is to listen to all the director has to say, agree with him and then go my own way."

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.
Then He Faded Away.

"I wish I was a star," the caller sighed, "ending all his own poetic fairy tales.

"I would rather you were a comet," said the woman artistes dreamily.

Her heart beat frantically.

"And why?" he asked tenderly, at the same time taking her unconscious little hand in his.

"And why?" he repeated.

"Oh," said Gladys, finally, "because then you would come round once only in fifteen years.

And he took his hat and went out into the shimmering moonlight.

He Didn't.

DOLLY: "Wasn't he Kitty's suitor?"

GLADYS: "Yes, but he didn't.

DOLLY: "Didn't what?"

GLADYS: " Didn't suit her "

The Cure.

FIRST LEAD: "I have a terrible toothache and want something to cure it.

SECOND LEAD: Now you don't need any medicine. I had a toothache yesterday, and went home, and my loving wife kissed me and so relieved me that the pain soon passed away. Why don't you try the same?"

FIRST LEAD: "Thanks, I think I will. Is your wife at home now?"

I will tell you Free how to Reduce your Weight

I was just a strong young woman, full of life and vigour, and fond of good things to eat, enjoying life to its fullest extent, when suddenly my weight began to increase, and, strong as I was, I began to feel the burden, especially as I am a business woman and have plenty of work to do. . . .

My weight fell rapidly assuming abnormal proportions, the progress in this direction brought sorrow and consternation, because I knew that I must give up business or reduce my weight. I began to feel lonely, because I felt that my company was no longer desired, and I made up my mind that I was at the dangerous point of my life.

One day an inspiration came to me, after I had spent time, money, and patience in vain efforts to become slim again. I acted upon this inspiration and succeeded, for 24 lbs. of ponderous weight vanished in five weeks. I did not use drugs, practise tiresome exercises, nor starvation diet, nor wear any appliances, but reduced myself by a simple home method, and although in some time ago, I have never gained any weight since, and my health is as good as I could wish.

You could reduce your weight the same as I have done, and I will tell you how, free, if you will enclose two penny stamps to pay postage.


Why allow Superfluous Hair to disfigure Your Looks?

There's no need—Send TO-DAY for the Secret of the Painless, Permanent Antidote—it's FREE!

ARE you among the unfortunate women suffering from that distressing disfigurement—SUPERFLUOUS HAIR? If so, this good news for you that you can rid yourself of those hideous breeches forthwith—without the aid of the Electric Needle—without pain—without difficulty—and the cure will be permanent

The method of treatment—uintptry a well-guarded Hindu religious secret—was introduced into this country by the widow of a British officer. This lady was a victim of the hideous growths—she was sensitive—she was ashamed to appear in public. Consequently everything was tried to cure the affliction—but everything failed. Then, by happy chance, fate brought the remedy. Her gallant husband—a sorcerer as well as a soldier—saved the life of a Hindu soldier, who, in gratitude, imparted the closely guarded religious secret. He told HOW Hudson women, free themselves from superfluous hair, their religion forbidding them to grow hair on any part of the body except the head. The mother naturally gave his wife the formula. She tried the remedy, and its success was immediate. In a matter of a day or two the treatment had done its work. All traces of superfluous hair were removed, and have never shown signs of returning. Thus, the affliction endured from youth to middle-age, was removed quickly—completely—permanently.

The lady's name is Mrs. Frederica Hudson, and she will be pleased to convey to you her secret. She suffered for twenty years before the discovery, and dears that all those afflicted should be able to take advantage of her knowledge.

So write to-day. Don't waste your money on any other so-called remedies. Send the coupon below, or a copy of it, giving your name and address, and stating whether Mrs. or Miss. Enclose two penny stamps for postage. Then all instructions will be sent you, and you need never have a trace of superfluous hair again.

FREE COUPON—for immediate use only. To MRS. HUDSON. Please send me free your full information and confidential instructions to banish superfluous hair. I enclose two penny stamps.

Address: FREDERICA HUDSON, Desk V.4, NO. 9, Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

IMPORTANT NOTE: Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family rich in society, and is the widow of a Prominent Army Officer, so you can write her with perfect confidence.

FILM FUN

Same Old Story.

"How bright the heavenly stars are to-night, Harold ?"

"Ah, yes, Gladys: but they are dim and helpless compared with certain earthly ones," he said, looking into her eyes.

"And the wind," she went on, "how soft and low, as it gently moves the chestnut trees."

History Repeats Itself.

PICTURE STAR (reading to her nephew): "And before an Indian goes on the warpath he plumes his belt with locks of human hair, and paints his face."

SMALL BOY: "Why, that's just what you do, isn't it? Only you put the hair on your head."

Too Funny.

"That man made a reputation as a producer of film comedies in one night."

"How did he do it?"

"In assembling a picture, he got a comedy and a serial mixed up, and the result was a real scream."

Flattered Her.

PUBLICITY MANAGER: "That star complainsthat her portraits are not a bit like her."

CAMERA MAN: "Complain's, does she? The woman ought to be very grateful!"

Had Most of It.

MOVING picture actor, performing a dangerous stunt, lost a leg. He engaged a famous lawyer, brought an action against the company for damages, and was awarded $1,900. After he hobbled in, was placed on the client's ledger and handed him a one-pound note.

The actor examined the pound carefully. Then he looked up at the lawyer and said:

"What's the matter with this pound? Is it a bad one?"

"There is a golden ring in those tones," said the pretty star, who had been listening to the sweet tones of her lover.

Too Risky.

JUVENILE LEAD: "She asked me to meet her by a garden gate."

His Friend: "Well, what are you worrying about, old man?"

JUVENILE LEAD: "I'm afraid she intends to throw me over."

A Confession.

THE moving-picture director was having trouble in getting one of his scenes right. The girl was supposed to resist an attempt to kiss her, but the rehearsal was far from satisfactory.

"Think, now," said the director. "Haven't you ever tried to stop a young man from kissing you?"

"No," was the girl's frank reply.
If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

J. W. Glanor Park — You may go to America on December 30th, as Josephine 
Baker will be in the film "Johanna
Enlists!" Yes, "The Thunderlamb". (featuring 
Socko, the Russian production. I expect you
will have seen it ere

BIBLIES "(Southbrough), G. H. W. (London),
S. L. B. J. W. (Southbrough), S. A. M. 
(iitunis) "BREWSTER" (Wymondham), E. M. F. 
(Westminster), E. M. (Hampstead), S. L. (Southampton),
L. U. (Mitchell Hays), F. E. F. (Edmonton), N. M. H.
(Wilson, N.Y. X. F. (Washburn). A. L. (Liverpool),
J. W. (Plymouth), T. C. (Pontafract), "SPIDER" 
(Wortham), E. W. (Polton-by-Fyde), Q. J. (Red
(Stoke), and G. X. (Brittan), "FILM STICKS" 
(Southport), etc. Yes, Earle Fox is married to a non-professional.
J. P. (Wiglalear), C. O. (Barlow), F. J. (Wolfriston),
Edith Johnson took the lead with William Denney.
(Ravens). E. M. N. (Penefort), L. A. P. (Hinley), and
L. M. B. (Edmonton). — For all your 
ings, you have seen, and your questions have been
already answered, some of them
in this issue.

DOLLY" (Camden Town).— Here’s something 
about the Talisman girls which I know will be of
interest to you. If you don’t already know, Madame Talisman was born 
on April 19th, 1900, in New York, New York, and has been a leading 
actress for many years. She is still in good health.
Norma Talisman, who is married to a doctor, passed away on May 1st,
1907, at 55 years of age, and she has brown eyes and dark hair.
Dynamite, the youngest,
1907.

W. I. (Enfield) and 1. G. (Berklnam.)— I have not heard of any new play way related

N. P. (Elbow Vale), A. W. (Kendall Town), W. P. 
(Kusdelin), "PAULINE’S ADVENTURE" (Kensington),
B. L. (Brockley), G. L. (Walthamstow).

—Shelton Lewis is married to Virginia Pearson.
—Jenner was born on November 27th, the heir to
Keller
man, who was born in 1887, is married to J. A. 
Sollomville, a Canadian, and has blue eyes. Edith
Johnson was born in 1895. The "Dawn of a 
Tomorrow," was produced in America.

"VIT" (Chislehurst) — We have not had the 
pleasure to write to me before. Believe me, I am
harming. In 1887, he was born in Oxford, Ohio, and is not quite thirty-two. He
was born in Oxford, Ohio, and is now thirty-two, and has had
many good parts.

"FAD" (Old Trafford) — With the exception of 
Mary Poppins, do you know you mention that 
andronic had
have been given away as yet. But "Paddy, the Next
Thing" you can do is to look forward to them, for
the present is in the "Heart of the Sun/set," the 
following played: Herbert Hoey has had
the best reviews of his career. Anna Q. (New York),
Evelyn (Aberdeen, Norway), William Frederic (Blaze 
Mansfield), Robert J. (Avon), John S. (Utah), Jane Miller (Roso),
and Irene Boyle (Palmoa).

"MAINE" (Chesterfield) — So you think I must 
be very young. I was born on April 12th, 1887, with
the proverb "Laugh and grow fat." It seems to be the
cheapest way of trying to put on blood.
Charles Ray’s wife is Clara Grant, but she does not 
remember Louise Gawn married Harry Edwards—no
Henry Edwards, remember. The former is American
and the latter is a Canadian. Lord Cecely is married to
Elizabeth Bates, and Hand Daisy to Harry Bennett,
his director. They are all quite happy, as far as

"ENGIR" (Monmouth) — In "Intolerance," 
Talisman was the Mountain Girl, Robert 
Harron, the Boy, Mera Marsh, the Girl, and Marzey 
Wilson, the Husband. Others in it were 
Mervian Cooper, Eliza Linson, Lillian Gish and 
Sweeney. The Mary Miles Minter quiz was
recalled recently.

"DREIKIN" (Galapagos) — So you had a "spark-
ling" day. Well, I believe I have been told that you
say you have been having. As mentioned in list
on December 2nd, we know that many of those
artists are in "Jeffies and Gerties." Let us leave
out that question altogether.

B. R. — I am afraid I cannot decipher the name of
your town, so I shall give up trying to guess it. Yes,
Charles Chiswell was born on April 20th, 1887, and	
all the more credit to him, therefore, for having
put up the best show. I have not yet heard from
the film business on his own, and you will be able to	
see him on the stage again before I read what I have	
said to "Lily "just above. It will answer your other 
question.

The Picture Show, June 19th, 1920.
WHEN you come to the end of a perfect wash-day, then is the time to sum up the advantages of Sunlight Soap.
When twilight comes on wash-day you know exactly what benefits the purity of Sunlight has brought you. The clothes are spotlessly clean and wholesome—you are free from all suggestion of lassitude and fatigue—the children are not fretful, because you have been able to study their cleanliness and comfort as well as your own.

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We send on trial to prove what we say is true. You are the judge, and having once seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day. It is well worth your time, whether you try our Appliance or not.

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Dear Sir,—After a few years' wearing of your famous Rupture Appliance, I can find no words to express my admiration of such an excellent invention, and the benefit I have derived from its use. All you claim for it in your book, and all that your agents have said in their printed testimonials, I can fully bear out and confirm from personal experience. I am sure that hundreds of your Appliance would be instantly ordered if the unfortunate sufferers only knew of its existence. For my part, I feel that you deserve the universal gratitude of mankind for inventing such a cheap and infallible remedy for so widespread a complaint, and you are perfectly free to make what use you please of what I say in this letter.

Yours faithfully,

ELLEN JARRETT.

I am Entirely Cured.

12, Union Street, Clydebank.

It gives me great pleasure to add my testimony to the real worth of your Rupture Appliance. It surpasses a great deal, in my opinion, even what you yourself claim for it, and that is saying a good deal. I reckon it a rare combination of simplicity, neatness, and usefulness in its line, so much so that, although I quite believe I am entirely cured, I have no desire to dispense with it, as it causes no inconvenience whatever. I can indulge in any kind of exercise common to men, without the slightest fear, which I could not do before I got it. I am pleased to be able to give this report, and consider it my duty to do so. Yours faithfully,

P. HILL.

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(Please write plainly.)


10.6.1912.
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS TELLS THE "PICTURE SHOW" THE SECRET OF HIS HAPPINESS.

BEGINNS
In This Issue

LAUGH & LIVE

By DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.
You can be beautiful

Every girl may not have perfectly shaped features like Helen of Troy, but every girl can have a clear, fresh complexion, and that, after all, is true beauty.

All you have to do is to use a little creamy, fragrant non-greasy leafma Cream regularly day by day. Your reward will be, not only a cleanness of child-like purity, but your arms, hands, neck and shoulders will become smooth, white and attractive.

Icilma Cream
Use it daily and look your best

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**Picture Show Chat**

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

No. 25—VIOLA DANA.

VIOLA DANA, one of the three famous sisters, of whom Edna Flugalter and Shirley Mason are the others, never lets a week go by without reading carefully her copy of the Picture Show. We are soon to see Viola in what she considers her best part, as a little Japanese heroine in "The Willow Tree."

Prizewinners in Peeping Stars Com-petition.

At last I am able to tell you that the judging of our "Finding the Stars Competition" is now finished and it is hoped to print the names of the prizewinners in next week's issue of the Picture Show. Like most women, I can't keep a secret, so I can't resist telling you that I've heard Wallace Reid has the largest number of votes, as the ideal screen lover, and Pauline Frederick wins as the least dressed screen actress.

Vol. 2 of the Picture Show.

If you have missed or been unable to get all the numbers of Vol. 1, 2 of the Picture Show to hand, don't forget there are a few bound volumes to be had. Send for your copy early if you want one, as they go so fast, and no more copies are going to the binders. If you want one the price is 10c. post free to any address in the United States, and abroad (with the exception of Canada, Australia, and Mexico), price 12c. post free service, from The Publisher, Picture Show, The Fleetway House, Farrington Street, London, E.C. 4.

More Davis Lloyd Films.

It's evident the Pollin Company can take the credit for—oh rather several thousand of them.

When the daily post brought in three or four bags full of admirers to Miss Mildred Davis, Harold Lloyd's pretty leading lady, they decided that a new contract would be less for all concerned. So Mildred has signed her name for another year with the joggling Harold.

To Him That Hath.

CHARLES RAY has received a letter from an English Miss postmarked "London," who is engaged seeing "In the Claws of the Hun," but that she did not like Charlie's pajamas, and said she will send you a nice pair of silk ones.

Charles says that if the offer had come a few years ago, he believes he would have made an excuse to wear night-clothes in picture, because silk pajamas would have sounded mighty good at that time. Now he will play for any woman in the world.

In the Wars.

WHEELER OAKMAN remarks that because he served for fourteen months in France, he seems doomed to battle his way through the rest of his cinema days. In "The Virgin of Stamboul" he was called upon to do a tête-à-tête with a flamboyant gentleman armed with a large knife, who succeeded in leaving some lasting reminiscences on Wheeler's hands and arms. Now Wheeler is nursing some large abrasions caused by his being called upon to submit a charming group of murderous thugs in Annette Kellerman's new comedy, "What Women Love."

To Shave or Not to Shave.

TOM SANTCHI, pocking on the coming Goldwyn photoplay, "North Wind's Malign," went unshaven for several weeks in order to live up to the requirements of his 16c.

When he came back to civilization, Tom had to get some of his friends to come with him to a hotel, but even that didn't satisfy the proprietor, who presented him with his bill with extreme regularity.

It is amazing the difference it makes to one's appearance not to shave, and how the clean-shaven man dislikes to let nature have her way with his face. I hear that Bert Lytell is once again appearing on the streets in daylight. He has shaved the trimp beard he wore for about three weeks during the opening scenes of his new picture, "The Price of Reality."

He Likes It.

WILL ROGERS has many admirers, but there is a new one he had not counted upon. This is the old long-whiskered goat, who lives on a ranch near the Goldwyn studios.

Every day, when the cowboy humorist has finished work before the camera, he gallops off with some friends to this ranch, and spends a delightful hour or so roping goats.

Goats are really hard animals to rope, but this old fellow now comes trotting up to Will Rogers and he held out invitingly.

"I have roped him about 200 times," says Rogers, and he likes it so well that he now comes and asks for it. As a sporting proposition, he makes it rather too easy.

Eats His Make-Up.

A PIT white rat used for scenes in "The Temple of Dawn," held up production for several hours, because it refused to keep its make-up on.

It was necessary to rub lamp black on Mr. Rat in order to have him appear on the screen the colour of his companion variety brothers.

After applying the make-up, the property man tied the rat to a chair leg. When they were ready to film the scene, the rats were astonished to see that the rat was a perfectly white creature again. He had licked—or chewed away all the lamp-black out of his fur.

Before the rat could finally be photographed, lamp-black had to be applied several times, and the property man had to hold him in his arms between scenes, for every time the little fellow got away, he gobbled up his unique make-up.

Made in America.

TO "Love in the Wilderness," the coming Goldwyn photoplay, belongs the distinction of being the first British photoplay scenes of which have been made in America. The story is founded on Gertrude Page's novel, and it is the South African scenes that were filmed in England.

Mudge Tillohage and C. M. Hallard are the stars, and are supported by an all-British cast.

The Great Appeal.

VARIOUS love themes have been used in motion pictures, but none hold a stronger appeal than the old, old theme, of mother-love. So, it is no wonder that even the eyes of the stage hands were suspiciously wet when Edythe Chapman recently played the scene in "The Double Dyed Deceiver," where the broken mother goes to the room of her boy who is lost, and levantly fondles the playthings which belonged to him. Tears were on the cheeks of Miss Chapman, also, for in spite of the wildly printed story about the "glycerine tears" in motion pictures it is nevertheless true that the best players feel their parts deeply, and that their tears are very real. The "Double Dyed Deceiver" is a new Goldwyn picture starring Jack Pickford.

"The Son of Tarzan."

JACK Hoxie, who is now starring in "Lightening Bryse," the serial now running in the "Boys' Cinema," is to take a leading role in the last of the Edgar Rice Burroughs series, "The Son of Tarzan." I hear that the whole company is to go immediately to a South Pacific island, where the picture will be taken.

Problems of Producers.

The cinema director has many problems to solve during a day's work. It is very difficult to make a suit of clothes look shabby on the screen. The star may have slept all night in his clothes, but it
"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 3)

he is wearing a dark suit it will not appear wrinkled on the screen. A light suit may appear a bit crumpled, but it takes a "close up" of a dark suit to reveal the creases.

A problem arose during the filming of one of the scenes of the latest Universal serial in which Eddy Polo stars.

In the hard, white light of the studio, the players have to put on a great deal of make-up, for if they did not, they would look like negroes.

Strange as it may seem, the scribbled notes we carry are not written with an ordinary black pencil we see the writer using, but with red crayon, as red photographs black.

JACK Holt, a favorite screen villain, now appearing in "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," Though Jack Holt is ideal in a screen villain, he is equally successful as a hero.

EDDY SWALLOWED THE INSULT. Eddy was telling some friends about a hilarious bit of Spanish panache sent to him recently by an amusing senorita from a little Mexican town near the Arizona border.

The cake was liberally sprinkled with little red hearts, and was accompanied by a note in Spanish, which being deciphered, read:

"Next to your pony, I love you best." "Did you consider it an insult?" asked a friend.

"I certainly did," replied the Universal star, "and I promptly swallowed it."

What Louise Fazenda Found Out.

LOUISE FAZENDA says she thinks it is better to be honest in front of the camera than to be pretty. "Beauty is not always an asset," she says. "I found that out several years ago when I did my first bow in front of a camera. I didn't know how it happened, but I slipped and fell. It happened on a film roll out on location, but before I could stop myself I had bumped the motion picture camera and knocked it over. My "casual" plight caused an amazing laugh. Even the camera man laughed. That settled it with me. Any girl who can make a camera man laugh has no business being pretty. I have been doing clumsy stunts and awkward tumbles over since, though I admit I sometimes yearn for a chance to be pretty, like Cinderella, if ever for no longer than an hour."

Douglas Has a Kind Heart.

THERE is a new town in Arizona, named Fairbanks. It is the location of the camp recently occupied by Douglas and his company of 75 people when they were filming scenes in his coming picture "The Mollycoddle." Douglas has a kind heart. When he was leaving Arizona he was riding past a farm, for he had broken his finger, and was out to find a doctor at the earliest possible moment.

But as they rushed along they were attracted by the agonizing screams of a suffering animal. Douglas leaped from his horse, tore across the desert, and arrived a few minutes later to where a wild horse had got entangled in a wire fence and was unable to free itself. Douglas released the horse, and watched it cauterize away before he resumed his ride in search of a doctor.

A Speed Record.

In the other day he was about to leave his bank, when through the door he saw a traffic officer, sounding the horn of his car. Bull realized then that he had left his car in front of a fire hydrant, and that the officer was waiting for the owner to appear, to take him to court and impose the heavy fine or even imprison him, according to the law of the town.

Bull thought quickly, with the result that he went out of the bank by another door, found a telephone, and reported to the police that his car had been stolen, giving the number and license, and also his studio address, and — went to lunch.

A few hours later his friend the traffic officer drove up to the studio and turned the car over to its owner.

Bull says that the officer's chest expanded with pride as he related how he traced the stolen car to its bin.

Do You Know?

— That Vivian Martin made her stage début at the age of four? —

— That Tom Mix speaks four Indian languages? —

— That Henry King has given up acting for directing? —

— That Dorothy Kelly has not appeared before the camera since her marriage? —

— That Richard Barthelmess' middle name is Sewler? —

— That Gloria Swanson has blue eyes, brown hair, and weighs 112 lbs.? —

— That Monroe Salisbury is thirty-eight — and married? —

FAY FILER.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News from Los Angeles.

Sessue HAYAKAWA, to his great disappointment, will not be able to accompany his wife, Tsuru Aoki, after all on that long anticipated trip to Japan. According to an announcement he is going to launch out as an independent producer, and preliminary business arrangements will keep him so much occupied that he cannot be expected to take a holiday. It will interest his many admirers to learn that his name, literally translated from the Japanese, means "lucky fisherman." Japanese names always have a history of their own, and one of Mr. Hayakawa's ancestors was noted for his big catches whenever he cast out his net.

Kathleen's New Car.

KATHLEEN RICHAM has a ripping new car with all the usual modern conveniences. In addition, she had it fitted up so that it can be used as a dressing-room when she goes on location. It has compartments for gowns and make-up, disappearing mirrors, a special lighting system, electric curling-tongs, and a folding tea-table. In the near future she will hear of really up-to-date automobiles for movie queens being equipped with a marble bath, sleeping porch, and a complete wireless installation.

Kewpie the Luck Bringer.

Wanda HAWLEY, who is now going to be a star in her own right, has just moved from her old dressing-room on the Lasky lot into a special star suite at the Fox Studio. The new quarters she took over with her was a battered old doll, a relic of her past days of big ambitions and their attendant struggles. "Kewpie has brought me good luck," she declares, "and I'm going to keep her, even if I have to throw everything else away."

Dough's Indian Friends.

WHILST shooting scenes in the Arizona desert, one hundred miles away from the nearest railway station, for his new United Artist's picture "The Mollycoddle," Doug Fairbanks made friends with the Indians of the Hopi reservation. They came to the camp one night when the company were eating a rather meagre supper, having run short of provisions, and begged to be allowed to buy some food, as some of them were nearly starving. Generously the actors shared their meal with their red brothers and went hungry to bed. On his return to Los Angeles, the film's agent sent the Indians several rolls of the current picture weekly gazettes to show them what they had been going on "in the world from which they are so far removed, also some scenes he had shot on his own trip, together with a camera, a projecting machine, operator and electric equipment all complete. This kindly act was done, not only to enrich the monotonous of their desert existence, but also to return for the many courtesies shown to him and his company by the Red Men during his sojourn in their midst. -

ELIZA CORB.
Very few will recognize in this photograph, DONALD CRISP, who gave such a wonderful performance as the bully in "Broken Blossoms."

KATHLEEN O'CONNOR and JACK PERHIN rejoice over the ending of the Universal serial "The Lion Man," in which they took the principal parts.

BILLIE BURKE is a keen lover of the open, and spends much of her time in her garden with her pet dog.

SYLVIA BREMER and her friend appear very interested. Miss Breemer will play the title-role in Robert W. Chambers' novel "Atalanta."

"You'll be quite safe with me," says ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN to JAMES MORRISON, whom she has promised to take for a spin. James demurs about going, for he knows what a dare-devil driver Elaine is. She is using all her powers of persuasion to entice him to go for a ride.

"It was that big," said the poet, "and it took some time to land him." MAURICE MAETERLINCK is telling Gouverneur Morris, the American novelist, his favourite fishing story, and Mr. Morris is deeply interested, while Madame Maeterlinck looks at him, just warning him not to believe every word of his husband's fishing yarn.
SYLVIA PEAKES, a feather-brained, selfish girl, captures the affection of, and marries, JACK ARLINGTON, who was luckily the sweet-tempered and good-natured one.

Mona Léveirdge, Jack loses his sight in an accident in the street and is away undergoing an operation. Sylvia becomes involved in some shady business and is in trouble in store for her and Mona takes care of Sylvia's baby while she is away. One morning, Jack returns, his sight recovered.

"How Will it All End?"

IT was Jack, of that there was not the slightest doubt, and miracle of miracles, that Jack was returned home. The storm and the calls regarding her with such an astonishment, were as she remembered them in the old days before his accident. How Jack had returned to her, she could not tell. She was too happy to be alive to care. In the joy of the discovery Mona rushed forward and caught him by the arm.

"Mona, my Jack," she said tremblingly, "Jack, is it really you? Oh, but this is wonderful!"

He glanced down at her and smiled at her eager pleasure at seeing him, then his gaze turned towards the stranger who had taken advantage of the repose and made a dash behind the door of the house.

"Who is that man?" demanded Jack.

Mona instinctively clung yet tighter to Jack's arm.

Just as a few moments ago she had been eager to catch the intruder now she was as anxious for him to escape.

In the joy of seeing Jack Arlington with his sight restored she had almost forgotten the strange face and the trouble in store for the man before her if she could not keep the truth away from him. Jack noticed the expression of fear which swept over her face, and all the vague suspicions which had been torturing him lately returned to his mind.

"Who is that man? What is he doing here at this hour?" he asked sternly.

Mona shook her head.

"He said he had entered the wrong house by mistake," she said, with a nervous little laugh.

Jack looked at her sharply, and the blood flew to her face as she realised that he knew she was lying. He guessed what she believed to be true. Without another word he put his arm beside her and passed the stranger. But the man had made a dash for the scullery door. When Jack reached the garden there was not a sign of the intruder.

Having quite decided that the man had completely disappeared, Jack re-entered the house. There was a curious expression on his face.

The doctors had operated at once on his arrival abroad, and when the operation had proved successful, he had persisted in returning to England by the next boat, and without telegraphing he had come straight home, hoping to deceive what was the cause of his wife's strange behaviour, and why a girl such as Mona should lend herself to such a proceeding as to assist in it.

He had opened the door with his latchkey, intending to get an hour's rest or so in the easy chair in the sitting-room, before the inmates were aware of his return.

He had been quite unprepared for the two symphonic figures on the stair-case. For the moment he had thought the woman was Sylvia, especially when she had given thatfrigid greeting and run towards him. He had taken it for guilt until he had recognised the girl as Mona.

"How could she not think of evil? All the years he had known her she had always been so true and straightforward. No loyal to her friend she should not have done that.

Mona had slipped on a dressing-gown and was preparing breakfast.

"I have read your expression on her features which the man did not fail to notice as he passed through the kitchen. You have told Sylvia I am here, Mona?" he said.

He saw her sensitive mouth quiver before she answered him.

"No, Jack," she answered, straining to speak lightly. "You have come back so unexpectedly that we have not prepared for you yet. I have only gone to stay with friends—" She paused and appeared engrossed in counting the three rakers of bacon she was placing in the pan.

She felt his eyes were fixed on her, and she did not dare look up.

"Oh, indeed! Who are these friends? Do I know them?"

"I don't know if you do."

Mona wagged her best to speak unconcernedly, but she realised that she would have to act more convincingly if she wished to carry conviction to the one grown fit to judge her upon her.

"The truth is, Jack," she said desperately, "Sylvia wanted to change, and we thought this was a good opportunity for her to take it. She will be back here so. You see she went on, "we did not think you would be home quite so soon."

A sudden, wild impulse swept over the man to any old chair, the girl before he right to know. Yet, when he gazed into her pale, sweet face and realised afresh all she had done for him, he was still Jack noticing the expression of fear which swept over her face, and all the vague suspicions which had been torturing him lately returned to his mind.

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"I have read your expression on her features which the man did not fail to notice as he passed through the kitchen. You have told Sylvia I am here, Mona?" he said.

She saw the doubt and anxiety in his eyes and hesitated before her answer.

"I am quite certain," she said emphatically, and then added, "Sylvia would never look at anyone when she came near. You must never think that of her."

Jack gave a brief laugh.

"I am afraid I have not the faith in her that you have, Mona, bless your innocent little heart."

"Now you are not being your usual kind self," said Mona quickly. "Sylvia is, perhaps, a little harder at times, but she is quite meekness of anyone. She is young and very pretty, and people naturally spoil her.

You wait until she returns. You will find a great improvement in her in I am sure."

Jack smiled at the girl's earnestness.

"Well, where is she? What is the address, anyway?"

Mona had been expecting the question.

"Jack, she said, soberly, "I must sound strange, but in the rush I must have lost it. Sylvia did give it me, I think, but I don't know what happened to it. It is silly, but honestly I don't know it, although it's my fault entirely."

Jack got up from his chair and went out of the room. Mona heard him moving about in the hall.

She began her household duties and then she heard Jack descend the stairs.

He came into the kitchen wearing his hat and coat.

"I have got to go to Manchester on business just as soon as possible," Mona said. "I've got an idea for my patent. It came to me while I was lying in the hospital trying to see with my mind's eye. I thought I might never do so with my eyes again. It's a wonderful invention if it comes out, as I think it will, and should make a fortune for us."

"Oh, Jack! How splendid!"

He could see she was pleased at the thought of watching gold change into the money and his heart warmed to her. She was holding Bobbie in her arms and the smile notified the difference in the child's appearance.

"Why, what a fine little chap he is growing!" he cried.

"Yes, isn't he?" said Mona, laughing. As she used to say, "it is the object of attention, gave a glimpse of satisfaction and made a grab with his chubby hand at her hair."

"I don't believe that Bobbie would have survived if it had not been for you," he said earnestly.

Mona felt the hot colour rise to her face. Jack bent over and kissed his child. Then he glanced at Mona.

"I have left my address pinned to the cover of the notes that you gave me about the housekeeping cash. You might drop me a line as soon as you hear from Sylvia. When she is likely to be expected to be married,"

He spoke half ironically, but there was a wistfulness in his voice which pierced the girl to the heart, and she suddenly knew that Jack Arlington was making himself an outcast from his home in consideration of herself.

With the child in her arms she watched him down the street and then, as he passed out of sight, she suddenly surprised Bobbie by bursting into tears.

"Oh, Bobbie, my precious! How will it all end? How can it all end?" she whispered.

Sylvia's Ruse.

Mona, with Sylvia's child in her arms, sat on a bench in the police-court. She had made inquiries and had been told that Sylvia was to be brought before the magistrate that day. There was just a chance that the prisoner would be released, and Mona was praying it might be so. If only Sylvia could return to her, Jack might never know the disgrace which had been brought by his wife upon his name.

The police-court missionary came and spoke to her. She wanted to know if Mona would like to see the defendant, but she noticed the hesitation in the girl's manner she did not press the point.

"She has had a thorough scare, and I shall keep my eye upon her."

Mona looked at the kindly-faced woman before her.

"I don't think my husband need not know?" she asked eagerly.

(Continued on page 9)
THE EXPRESSIONS OF GLADYS LESLIE.

GLADYS LESLIE.
The Dainty Ingenue Girl With the Wondrous Smile.

DO you remember. "The Vicar of Wakefield," produced a few years ago? It was the discovery of a little girl with a wondrous smile and camera individuality.

"The Girl with the Million Dollar Smile," the title given her by a New York critic in his review of the picture. She was comparatively unknown, but the smile made her famous in a day. With the first showing of "The Vicar of Wakefield," the name of Gladys Leslie was written in headlines. Miss Leslie had made her first step on the way to stardom.

To-day she is one of the girls whose popularity is to be reckoned in hundreds thousands.

Stage Plays on the Screen.

RECENTLY Miss Leslie has appeared in two stage plays adapted to the screen, "A Stitch in Time," and "Too Many Crooks." Both were declared to surpass in amusement quality the stage originals, and "the girl with the million-dollar smile" had not a little to do with the improvement. A new picture, "The Girl Woman," starring her, will soon be released. The title would indicate that Miss Leslie had attained maturity. As a star she has, in appearance, the fragile bit of femininity to be found in the early 'teens period.

A Practical Miss.

WHEN Miss Leslie is not in the studio of Vitagraph, she is to be found in her bungalow home a few streets away. It is a quaint house, the romantic sort, with honeysuckles over the porch and roses crowding down to the front gate. But the lack garden is the star's pride. It contains netted beds of all varieties of vegetables. Gladys Leslie confesses her pet hobby is her garden, not the flower garden, but the edible variety. The flower garden at the Leslie home is very beautiful, but that is under the personal supervision of Gladys' mother; the vegetable garden is the one Gladys is proud of, and well she might be. Gladys says she is very practical in caring for the kitchen garden, but she has also found an invaluable beauty secret. We all know how fresh salads beautify the skin, and the exercise of gardening is splendid to keep the figure youthful. Not that Gladys needs this, as she has only just had her twenty-first birthday. (It was March 5th, by the way.) Gladys doesn't care very much for pets. "I had a nice dog once," she replied, in answer to a query, "but he died, and I haven't found another to take his place. I hate silly poodles."

The Picture Show, June 26th, 1920.

GLADYS LESLIE, the Vitagraph Star.

Her Greatest Wish.

MISS LESLIE declares she is utterly lacking in fads and hobbies, that she is, in reality, a freak among actresses. She hasn't a poodle nor a kitten. She doesn't care for motoring. She dislikes restaurants and social functions. Her diversions are chiefly reading and gardening. And she actually enjoys long walks. Her ambition is to excel in light comedy dramas that carry the message of gladness. Particularly does she wish to appear in a film version of Ouida's "Two Little Shoes."

A Full Description.

A FRIEND who has lately spoken with this little star, describes her in appearance as "a child of sixteen, with short, curling blonde hair, brown eyes full of expression, and a fragile, rose-petal prettiness. Her smile is as much with her eyes as her lips, with them she can tell the mood she is in much plainer than if told with mere words. They can be naughty, pleading, merry, flirtatious, demure, and sinster, but mostly they are merry. It is with her eyes and her million dollar smile that Gladys Leslie has won her high place in the beautiful army of screen stars.

If you want to write to her, address your letter:

GLADYS LESLIE,
c'o Vitagraph Studios,
Hollywood, California.

Sylvia was brought into the Court along with a man and a woman. 

Mona and Dr. Claras. 

Sylvia who appeared very weak and ill, turned suddenly in the dock and held out her arms to Mona, who was sitting with Bobbie. 

"My darling! My darling baby!" she cried, and then collapsed into a torrent of tears. 

"You've done it, you've done it," said Mona quickly. "I think it is quite likely. 'What you have to do is to encourage him, and make your home as comfortable as you can for him.'" 

"Oh, do stop lecturing, I've had enough of that," cried the young wife irritably. 

And then she flung her arms round, burying her face in her hands, began to cry. 

You are run down and upset, I'll make a cup of coffee for you. I've some new laid eggs and some real butter I got especially in the hope of your return." 

The police-court missionary assisted the weeping girl from the Court, and beckoned Mona to follow her. 

"You can take her home," she said, when they were in her tiny little sitting room at the end of one of the numerous passages. 

"I shall have to visit her and see if she is keeping a good girl."

"She caught hold of her baby and was soothing him with kisses. The other two women exchanged glances."

Mona's imprisonment had done the girl good, and brought her to her senses. 

Sylvia and Mona left the Court, Sylvia carrying in her arms a little bundle. She drew a deep breath as though they mingled with the folk in the street. 

"Oh, Mona! It has been awful. I thought I should have been your friend for nothing, isn't it terrible. I was scared to death when that funny old man said it, I thought he meant the same thing as you."

As they passed into the broader thoroughfare she gave Mona back the child. 

"How, little Mona? But it was a splendid idea you bringing him. I think that little scene went down all right with everyone, don't you think?"

"I could never forget it, that, She told me that just because she giggled, she was smiling and could appear dearly ashamed, you chance of getting off much more easily."

"Sylvia looking in her usual lighted manner, and Mona stared at her with unconcealed horror." 

"Sylvia, I say, can you talk like this?" she said. "I can't believe you mean it, dear. You should not. There must be some good in you, Sylvia, or Jack would never have loved you." 

There was a sob in Mona's voice which, try as she would, she could not conceal. 

"Go up at her and the smile passed from her face."

"Have we heard yet from Jack? Does he know anything?"

"No, he has come back though, and isn't it wonderful, he is restored. I told him you were away visiting."

"That was dear of you, Mona; you really are a decent sort. What had I better tell him?"

"What you like, dear."

"I don't know, Sylvia."

"They were bearing the little house when Sylvia spoke again."

"Jack is not at home waiting for us, is he?"

"No, he went away as soon as he discovered you were not at home. I promised to let him know as soon as I heard from you."

"They had reached the garden gate, and as they went up the path Sylvia caught sight of her neighbour, Mrs. Brown, and nodded to her."

But Mrs. Brown only responded with a stony stare."

She saw a paragraph in the paper. It was her who showed it to me," said Mona in a low voice. 

"Oh, dear! Sylvia made a flippant grimace, but said nothing."

"Don't take any notice of anything I may have said to hurt you, old girl; I don't mean it. I'm only saying what I think of it, having been in all sorts of dope, honest, and am, and if you don't stay with me I sha'n't have a friend in the world."

"It was so well said."

"Already in the sitting room now, and Mona placed the sleeping child on the couch."

"I should write Jack at once, if I were you, Sylvia. I don't want you to hear from him. I want to get back to my own place and start again.""

"If there's only it to be poor. Oh! how I hate it," Sylvia threw her hands above her head and glanced contemptuously round the little room; she never thought she had married a poor man.

Then she turned to Mona. "Do you think that Jack will ever make money like he used to say he would?"

"Ah, that He won't," said Mona quickly. "I think it is quite likely. 'What you have to do is to encourage him, and make your home as comfortable as you can for him.'"

"Oh, do stop lecturing, I've had enough of that," cried the young wife irritably. And then she flung her arms round, burying her face in her hands, began to cry. 

You are run down and upset, I'll make a cup of coffee for you. I've some new laid eggs and some real butter I got especially in the hope of your return." 

**The Right Thing.**

SHE went out of the room and soon appeared with the tray. 

"Mona," she said eagerly, "I have just thought of something. I've a bracelet upstairs that belongs to my mother. Would you, if you would, take it to the pawnshop for me?"

Mona glanced at her strangely. 

"I do so want the money, I want to get some things in for Jack," she added as an afterthought. 

Mona did not reply. 

Was it possible that Sylvia had not learned her lesson? After all I'm thinking of getting rid of some of the stolen jewellery after her experiences of the last few days? 

Sylvia had kept her silence for consent ran lightly up the stairs. 

Mona heard her at the linium cupboard, and the suspicious she had to dismiss grew to a certainty. 

She poured out the tea and waited. 

Sylvia came out and drew a deep breath as though they mingled with the folk in the street. 

"Now I know why you have been so considerate of me. You've robbed me! Where is the parcel that was up in that cupboard? What has happened to it?"

"Mona's face showed indignation, but she managed to explain briefly."

"He was a fair man with a light moustache and a scar on his face," said Mona. "I should recognise him anywhere again.

"Sylvia was silent. She recognised the man easily by the description of her and kissed her."

"It really does sound a most improbable yarn, but I suppose the man taking them why ever did you not tell Jack about it? I should think that Jack thought your story very weak, didn't he? I believed you and I don't see how he could anyway!"

Mona got up from her chair. 

"I am going. It is no use, Sylvia. I will not stop with you another moment."

"Yes, now you have taken the jewellery you want really with a sudden satisfaction to say that, at last, she had something to say which she could see really hurt, she gave her a certain satisfaction to say these things, although in her heart she had to confess they were all lies. But she wished they were. If there had been only an opportunity of getting Mona into trouble. Mona, who always did only what was right. Mona did not trouble to reply."

"The week on remand had improved Sylvia. There was not so much and a series of coursers which Mona had not noticed before."

"Mona went upstair and collected her few belongings and then once more entered the sitting room."

"Sylvia had not moved, but she glanced up. Mona was saying to her his name was sleeping. Whole heart was crying out for him."

"Should she leave him to the tender mercies of the impudent thief? She could not think of taking his pride and ask to take him with her!"

"Love for the child prevailed."

"Should I take Bobbie with me for a few days?"

"Sylvia stood up suddenly."

"If you are alone here I shall run away," she said. "I would be frightened out of my life. I simply could not stay here."

"It was true. She would never have thought that Sylvia might do as she said, and in her anxiety to get her from the police-court, had she not promised her impossible for her?"

"She suddenly made up her mind."

"Look here, Sylvia," she said sharply. "I am standing no more nonsense. You will put on your very best clothes and you will send a wire to Jack and when we arrive we will tell him all the truth, so that he can take the necessary steps for you in future."

"Mona, you would not dare!" Sylvia was genuinely startled, and Mona quickly seized her."

"Why should I keep shielding you?" she said coldly. "You must see for yourself that receiving stolen goods is nothing but stealing for you in future."

"But—Mona, I do really mean to go straight in future.""

"Well, tell him so, and no doubt he will give you another chance."

"Sylvia was by no means thoroughly frightened."

"He would never forgive me," she said, in a trembling voice. "I knew he wouldn't."

"Then be brave now. Write him at once and tell him what you like. Or, better still, why not go up to Manchester and bring him home with you? You can then tell him what you please. And I will take charge of Bobbie and the flat until your return. We can send a telegram to say you are arriving."

"Sylvia's eyes sparkled."

"Should I?" she said, and then her face fell. "This wretched money. How can I go when I have not got my fare?"

"I have been saving up the stairs. She was delighted at the thought of a change; besides, she was afraid of London, without Jack. She had told him those things before in her life. The terrible consequences of her weakness had not yet worn off. Sylvia had had a thorough scare during her week on remand."

"Mona heard her moving about the room above, and filling an hour later she descended. She had been shopping over a green rick, and a large picture hat trimmed with wavy green plumes."

It was not by means a suitable costume for travelling, but Mona had to admit that Sylvia looked extremely glib and young."

"Jack likes me in a big hat," she said, smiling at him brightly; "I do, don't I? I think Jack is staying at a nicely hotel.""

"Mona had taken little Bobbie in her arms, and dressed him once more in his shabby little garments."

She had not dared to look at her own reflection. She had felt blinds and unsmiling, and that there were grim lines around her mouth. She knew that she was plain, and that no man would ever love Sylvia. She went talking; she evidently meant to ignore the whole affair. She was a bit tempered, she told herself; "but I'll soon be away from her, the disagreeable thing."

"Mona sent the telegram, bought the ticket and watched until the train sped out of the station. She did her best to make herself comfortable, she did her best to relax. In spite of herself her mouth drooped at the corners, and a sob escaped her. Try as she might to conceal her excitement, she controlled her prides and ask to take him with her!"

"Lovo for the child prevailed."

"Should I take Bobbie with me for a few days?"

"Sylvia stood up suddenly."

"If you are alone here I shall run away," she said. "I would be frightened out of my life. I simply could not stay here."

"It was true. She would never have thought that Sylvia might do as she said, and in her anxiety to get her from the police-court, had she not promised her impossible for her?"

"Another instalment of this splendid serial next week."

The Picture Show, June 26th, 1920.
THE LETTERS OF MARY

6210, Franklin Avenue, Hollywood, California.

My Dear Fay,—Lovely Ann Forrest has a wonderful part as Anna, the munitions factory girl, in Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Dangerous Days," and I am glad, for she was so sweet to us the night of Wallace Reid's ball. She looked perfectly rippin', too, that night, in a stunning gown of canary brocade and pale green chiffon. With her yellow hair and little gold slippers, and a big yellow fan of ostrich feathers, she was positively bewitching. She wore the same gown in "The Splendid Hazard," so you may see for yourself. The drapery is very odd, and is held in place at the left side with a gay little bunch of French flowers.

Do watch for "Dangerous Days" at the New Gallery Kinema, for it is a splendid picture. Anna's father finds she has accepted a wrist watch from her employer's son, and gives her a most fearful beating! And that beating is not faked, either. Anna told him she would put a pad under her nightgown, but she did not, for fear it would be clumsy and show, so she got the beating with only a cambric nightgown on her shoulders, and was really in bed for two days afterwards! But she did some wonderful acting. When they found out what she had done about that pad they gave her a scolding—but admired her nerve. All the studios want her! You see, she has always been very athletic, and she has a strong constitution. When a little girl, in Denmark, she skated, skied, and tobogganied with her brothers. She rides superbly, and plays golf and tennis. And in "Dangerous Days" she proves she can act. She is in "The Pruce Chay," too, and "The Great Accident."

A Jolly Family.

Recently she had her tonsils removed, and Alice and I rode over to take her some roses. Her mother and sister are brunettes, so she has two big brothers and a little one, and the jolliest big father. We found them in a big swing, with "Bunny"—a cunning Maltese—crouched at her feet. She is planning to come to England next year. She was at Goldwyn's when Geraldine Farrar made "The Woman and the Puppet," and I like to think of Miss Farrar. So we had a "Farrar" feast. Alice and I are going to see "The Woman and the Puppet," and the pictures, and the Broadway lights. Everyone knows that Geraldine Farrar has the most marvellous way of remembering people—and engagements—she has everyone's "on the lot" (which means at the studio), from director to stage-hand, singing her praises!

A Picture in the Making.

When we left Miss Forrest's we started for the Wilcox Academy across from the new Hollywood Studios—very attractive pink stucco buildings, Spanish type—where many independent companies are making pictures—Bessie Love, King and Florence Vidor, Marshall Neilan, David Butler, etc.—(they say Bryant Washburn soon will be making his own!) and just as we arrived a string of motor cars, filled with camera men, and actors in make-up, left the studios and turned south, towards the far hills. Of course we followed, thrilled!

I wonder why someone does not make a motion picture of a motion-picture-in-the-making! You have no idea how many people work on a picture besides the ones you see, and the camera man and director! Not many spectators are allowed, but there are always some—some writers, several electricians, property men, a secretary-tipist to keep a record of everything that happens (like what each person wore, in what order they entered the picture, what is on the set, etc.). "On location" there must be someone to hold the big mirrors, on the silver-shafted reflectors, and drivers for the several cars, three or more camera men, assistants, carpenters, etc.

"Some" Fight.

When we reached this "location" two men were having the most terrible fight—hitting each other, kiff, bang!—so hard you could hear the thuds of their blows! I always supposed fights were planned so that nobody of importance got hurt, but this was David Butler—and a man standing by us was just swaying, back and forth, and working his fists, muttering, as he watched every blow. "Good stuff! Bully—oh, bully! Best I ever saw—bang, biff!"

At first I couldn't bear to watch them, but the camera men kept grinning, and reminded me it was only a picture. They might be well battered, but certainly would not kill each other! Then all of a sudden it was all over! David Butler's father, who is his director, threw his arm affectionately round David's shoulder, congratulated both fighters—and they were all off in big cars, and everybody else was agreeing it was a perfectly splendid fight.

Talks With His Hands.

You remember David Butler, Fay? He played the pug in Griffith's "Greatest Thing in Life." He is big and muscular—just a handsome boy—"the Cheer-Up Boy of the Screen." We met him and Mrs. Butler at a dinner dance at the Athletic Club last night. He has the most expressive hands, and seems so thoughtful about his work—all fun till you mention "Calvin"—in "Sitting On The World"—then a serious look comes into his eyes, his voice takes on a new note, he is all interest, and he begins to "talk with his hands." He has played with Dorothy and Lilian Gish, with Olive Thomas, with Zasu Pitts in "The Better Half," and Edith Roberts in "The Triflers," and he says David Wark Griffith is the greatest director in filmland! I wish you could know him—no pose, no affectation—just a generous-hearted boy. Cheers up, Alice is calling me.—Good-bye for to-day, Yours,

Mary Lewis Russell.
FLICKERS FROM FILMLAND.

NEWS, NOTES, AND OPINIONS BY FRED K. ADAMS.

Canadian Films to the Fore.

MUCH activity is being shown by a new Canadian motion picture company, and we are promised some fine films in the near future, dealing with life in our great "out-door" colony. "Canadian Photoplays Ltd." is run by a number of prominent Canadian gentlemen, and they have already produced a great success in "Back to God's Country." The men behind this great Canadian movement for "better pictures" include the soundest business men, economists, and patriots of the Dominion, and they are determined that the screens of Canada shall show "100 per cent." British pictures.

Some Good Stories.

MANY of the remarkable scenes in "Back to God's Country" were filmed on the banks of Lesser Slave Lake, north of parallel 56, in a temperature of 60 degrees below the zero mark. An option has been secured on the well-known stories of Ralph Cover, the majority of which deal with woodland romance. Among stories which are being considered for production by "Canadian Photoplays" are "Cameron of the Royal Mounted," and "The Forge in the Forest." It is certain that all their productions will be well received in the mother country.

A Chance in China.

CHINA is at present practically an untouched field in regard to the exploitation of motion pictures, and according to Judge Hing, one of the richest men in the Celestial Republic, ample capital awaits the first producer enterprising enough to make films amid the scenic wonders of China. This financial, who is head of the Kwangning Tramway, the first electric railway in that country, recently returned from a prolonged tour in order to investigate the possibilities of motion pictures in his country, and he says the Chinese have confidence in native stories and scenery, and will, back to the limit the first producer who establishes a worthwhile studio in China.

Screen Writers Wanted.

WILLIAM LE BARON, a well-known scenario editor, recently issued a statement on the relation of the scenario writer to the screen of the future. "The greatest need of motion picture producers to-day," he says, "is to develop writers for the future—specialists in screen material—because only in that way will the motion picture ever attain the standing of true literature, the highest form of pictorial expression, which is its destiny."

To-day there are several scenario writers whose weekly salary mounts up to one or two hundred pounds a week, but there is not a single writer for the screen who is an expert in his line as any one of the scores of playwrights working for the legitimate stage. The same thing applies to the magazine and short story writer, who has achieved a higher degree of excellence in his calling than has the writer of film stories.

What is Needed.

THE important thing is to encourage able writers to take up the screen. A magazine writer writes his story with the magazine in mind. The playwright writes his play with the stage in mind. The technique of the photo-play is different from the technique of either of these. To adapt a magazine story or a play to the screen, and to do it as it should be done, requires thorough knowledge of the screen. Summing up, Mr. Le Baron expresses the opinion that:

"What we need is able technicians; writers who can adapt for the screen as successfully as playwrights adapt for the stage. We must interest able writers in this new form of expression. We must make it profitable for them, both from a literary and artistic point of view, and the financial point of view, to devote their best energies towards the production of screen material. To do so we must compete with the stage. We must establish some sort of basis of reward whereby the writer will profit from his writings in accordance with their value as established by the public. Briefly, the salvation of the screen lies in the establishment of a story source within itself.

Lessons We Learn from the Films.

A husband is what is left of a sweetheart after the nerves have been extracted.

Pebbles of perspiration are the jewels of honest labour—perhaps.

The Week's Best Films.

THE following is a list of the best photo-plays which are being released for exhibition at the cinemas during this week, and the names of the star artists:

Stoll ... "Hidden Fears" MAE MARSH.
Western import ... "The Argument" J. BARNES SHERRY.
Stoll ... "The Kingdom of Youth" MARGIE KENNEDY.
Silent ... "The Day She Won Him" JEAN PARK.
Brookset ... "A Soul of David" VIOLET HOPKIN.
F.L.F.S ... "A Society Exile" ELZIE FERGUSON.
F.E.F.S ... "The Poor Bkulk" BRYANT WASHBURN.
Granger ... "Sweetharts" ISOBEL ELSON AND MALCOLM CHURCH.
IT is nearly six years since TSURU AOKI (Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa) first stepped before the moving picture camera and at once became a screen favourite. She says the photographs she herself liked best have been "The Soul of Kira San," "Bonds of Honour," and "The Call of the East," with her husband in "A Tokio Siren," "The Wrath of the Gods," "Locked Lips," and in her latest own special production, "The Breath of the Gods."

A star from Lotus Land.

As we shall see her—"Locked Lips."

TSURU AOKI
Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa.

Husband and wife. TSURU AOKI with Sessue Hay-
Akawa at home.
IRENE CASTLE shows the important part played by frecks on and off the film.

As an old-fashioned maid — in "The Amateur Wife".

IRENE CASTLE — herself.

Her beautiful hair in two tight braids.

Her crown of gypsy hands tied to her head.

In an unbecoming black unbecoming dress and shoes.

In the old-fashioned way.
IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

Your Feet in the Summer — The Comfort of Frequent Bathing — Dusting Powders — Choice of Hosiery — Care of the Nails.

A T all seasons, we are made to suffer for the abuse or neglect of our feet, but at no time are we made to feel such extreme discomfort as during the hot summer months. Tennis, walking, and other outdoor pursuits are so far always as to be extremely painful, and our feet suffer in consequence.

It is only by persistent daily care of our feet that we are assured comfort and freedom from ill's incidental to the trying effects of the hot weather. Of first importance is absolute cleanliness, and this is only possible where the feet are bathed daily or even twice daily, on rising and retiring. The feet are very sensitive to strong soap, on account of its drying and astringent properties. The extreme heat enhances the natural oil of the skin, and with water and strong soaps the skin soon becomes irritated, and where there is pressure from the footwear, the trouble is still more complicated and painful.

Use a mild soap, one containing oatmeal, or Italian castile. The latter is more expensive, but far better than the more general white. Few women take the trouble to use prepared oatmeal for the feet, but those who have done so appreciate its full value to the skin.

First moisten the feet in a bath of warm water, then dip a cloth into a saccor scented with alum, and rub all over the feet. Leave on a few minutes, then wash off in a couple of waters. A tepid water is better for bathing purposes in summer than hot water.

For a Dry Skin.

If the skin of your foot is apt to be of a dry nature, you will find foot massage excellent, using a little cold cream. Massaging for five minutes after bathing is most beneficial, especially where the skin is hard, dry, or drawn. It is moistening, and tends to make the feet shapely.

Cream the soles, and spaces between the toes, this remedy cures cracks that may have been made by the extreme heat. Be sure to massage the whole foot, including the insteps and ankles, for these are the muscles that get most tired and the massage gives relief.

The Choice of Hosiery.

Most girls are now to discover that the skin on the soles of the foot is very sensitive to the material and colour of the hosiery. They will constantly complain about the painfulness of their feet, and not dream of looking to their stockings for the remedy. Very few feet can stand the harshness of cotton hose, so that this should be eschewed by all who seek comfort for their feet. Some women will find that lisle will suit their feet, others will find silk, while others, quite a number will only find ease with woollen hose.

Dark-coloured stockings irritate some feet; while, white, champagne-tinted, or light grey, or lawn, are undoubtedly the most comfortable. And as Dame Fashion bids us wear light hosiery with black slippers, and light footwear, we can take advantage of the caprice to our benefit while it lasts.

After a day's tramp or continual standing, the ordinary of the feet with a little toilet water will be found most refreshing. Rub this right into the feet, and then powder with boracic powder. The latter will be found invaluable for the feet during the summer months, and should be applied to the feet, and powdered inside the shoes very frequently.

Sea-water is also a splendid tonic for the feet, so that bathing will do them a world of good when you are on holiday. Rubbing the feet with lemon, especially the soles, is also most refreshing.

In the Hottest Weather.

This feet require far more in the summer, and if left untended this will be to our detriment and misfortune. During the summer months, and powders, persistently applied, will relieve and correct the tendency to excessive perspiration. A good dusting powder is composed of one ounce of zinc oxide, and four ounces of powdered starch.

Look After the Nails.

ALWAYS remember to dry the feet thoroughly, after bathing, taking care to dry well between the toes. It is the moisture left between the toes that causes soft corns, and these are extremely painful, and difficult to remove.

Give a little attention to any corns you have every time you bathe the feet. Callouses of the sole and heel are frequent, and painful, and sometimes actually cripple the sufferer. A smooth piece of pumice-stone will be efficient in shaving off the thickened skin. Before applying, however, rub the parts affected with cold cream.

If you have a soft corn you may protect it by placing a piece of cotton, sprinkled with salt, between the toes. Unless you insert the absorbent cotton to prevent the toes from rubbing together, a second corn will appear on the opposite surface of the adjoining toe.

Cut the nails carefully. Uncomfortable footwear and improper methods of cutting causes ingrowing toe-nails. If you cut your nail too short or too narrow, you will force the skin of the toe over the nail so that it is in alleviating this, use pumice-stone, or one of the fine powders, and powder the nail after pushing it forward, and you will find that by fixing them in the manner of the nail the tips of the toes are pushed still further out until a point is reached where inflammation cannot be prevented.

Cut the nails squarely across, and do not trim them too close. If there is a tendency for the flesh to grow over the nail, push the flesh back from the nail, and fasten it in position with a strip of plaster.

A Dresser.
A THRILLING STORY OF A GIRL WHO LEARNED THE BITTER LESSON THAT HAPPINESS CANNOT BE BOUGHT.

ALMA RUBENS

as

Judith.

FALSE AMBITION

SPECIAL TO THE

"PICTURE SHOW."

In the hamlet of Fishers Cove a young man and a girl were walking slowly through one of the leafy lanes that led to the farmhouses behind the village.

David Strong, son of the village blacksmith, and Judith Blackwood, were both filled with the ambition to get out of the hamlet, and make their way in the big world outside.

But while David's ambition was that of a naturally clever man who is restricted by his environment, and wishes to advance in honourable past, Judith meant to achieve her ends by means of fair or foul.

She was a very good-looking girl, dark with a clear, white skin which somehow deflected the sun and sea breezes of Fishers Cove.

Her restless ambition was mirrored in the big black eyes, which just now were smeared with sudden resentment at "being cooped up in this hole," as she had just told David.

David knew what was passing through her mind; he would not have been so sympathetic.

He was engaged to Judith's sister, Felicity, a fair-haired merry girl, who had no ambition in life but to make a good wife to David.

Judith was engaged to Will West, a young fisherman, but she had never taken the young man seriously. He was useful for taking her to the few attractions that Fishers Cove could boast, and Judith had never had the slightest intention of marrying him.

Neither had she any love for David, but she was planning how she could get him in her power so that she could use him as a means to the end she had determined to gain.

"We are both engaged to the wrong people," said David, after a long pause.

"I can see nothing but misery for the four of us. You and I have ambitions. We shall never settle down in Fishers Cove. You have studied hard to become a veterinary surgeon, and I feel sure you will succeed. But you want a wife who will share your ambitions and work with you. Felicity is a dear girl, much better in every way than I, but she is too restless. She is just like Will West. What was good enough for their fathers and mothers is good enough for them. I could never be a good wife to Will."

"We must keep our word," replied David, but, all unknown to himself, Judith's sanguine reasoning was beginning to wear down his sense of honour.

This was but one of many conversations of a similar character that Judith had artfully fed up to.

She was beautiful, and knew that she possessed a power over men. Like a clever woman, she did not press her point further. She could see her words had made David think, and she felt confident that she would make him do as she wanted.

As they walked along they came to a gipsy encampment, and Judith insisted that they should have their fortunes told.

David demurred. His strong natural common-sense told him that there was nothing but trickery in the so-called art, but he compromised by agreeing that Judith should have her fortune told by gazing in the crystal.

And it was a pretty clear picture that the old crone had arranged for Judith. When the mists cleared away from the crystal Judith saw herself seated on a throne. Servants in gorgeous livery stood awaiting her commands and presently a handsome young noble came and bowed low before her. She was a queen or at least a princess.

As the crystal cleared and the dazzling picture faded away Judith made up her mind. She would leave Fishers Cove and David should provide the money to get her away. Before they parted she had persuaded David to hope with her.

"But first I must have some clothes to get married in," she said, "and I have no money. I suppose it will mean waiting till I can save enough money."

By this time David was completely under the spell of the designing girl.

"I had a hundred dollars saved. Would that do," he asked.

Judith had expected more, but she had already made up her mind to act—take all she could get.

"It will do splendidly, David. You are a dear. I am sure we shall be very, very happy."

It was arranged that Judith should go by early train the next morning to the city and return with the wedding trousseau. David was to see her off and meet her when she came back.

In the meantime Judith attended to the evening train. Backed by her beauty and David's hundred dollars, she began her career in the big city as a fortune-teller, and in the course of time she set up a parlour established in the hamlet of Zarka, that was near the beach.

She wrote a short note to David, thanking him for giving her a start in life, and hoping that he would be happy with Felicity, and David, whose heart had never really been in the proposed elopement, decided it was worth a hundred dollars to have his eyes

Once the spell was broken he knew that he loved Felicity, and could never have been happy with Judith. So he went back to Felicity and worked harder than ever at his veterinary studies.

The Plot.

In the fashionable suburbs of the city where Judith had set up as Zarka, lived the family of Peter Van Dorn.

It consisted of Mr. Van Dorn and his wife, their son Peter, and their ward Lucy Vernon, who was engaged to young Van Dorn. They and their son Paul Vincent, a brother of a Mrs. Pemberton, who was a great friend of the young man.

One beautiful summer afternoon, Mrs. Pemberton called on Van Dorn with the news that Sylvia Dornan, a relative of hers, who had just lost her husband, was coming from California to stay with her and the young man. She never said so, but from what I have heard about her, she is a delightful woman, and I think it would be very pleasant of you to welcome her to the house and to help me in making her forget her recent sorrow."

"I shall be delighted," replied Mrs. Van Dorn."

"You must bring her along and stay yourself. Howard and I were just saying we ought to get a party together this summer to give the young folk a treat."

She pointed across the lawn, where her son Peter and Lucy Vernon, and another, were strolling to the house. A very handsome pair they looked, coming along with the city, and Peter was a well-built young man with a merry, good-looking face, and Lucy was very pretty, but somewhat shy.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Pemberton," cried Peter."

"It is only going for a stroll, " said Pav Dorn."

We couldn't persuade him to have my mouldy experiments for a ride.

"I should think you enjoyed yourselves very well without him," replied Mrs. Pemberton, with an amused twinkle in her eye as she looked at Lucy.

"But you might tell him I am here. If he is not too busy I should like to see him for a minute or so."

Peter went up to a room in the house which had been left open as a laboratory for his friend, who was an amateur chemist of some distinction. Though only a young man, Paul Vincent was of a very grave demeanour, due to a habit of always thinking about one or another of his experiments.

He needed to a chair, and he went on with his work. Peter knew his brother of old, and took up a pipe while waiting, and Peter and his sister got on famously.

"Here's that woman they are all talking about," said Paul. I don't think there is anything as all in all in it," said Peter.

"There's plenty of money in it for those who practise it," replied Paul.

That's what the more sanguine man," said Peter."

"You look at it through a tissue tube."

"Better than looking at it through the glass of the eye," remarked Peter Jr."

"What do you think of that woman I came for. She wants to see you for a minute," replied Peter.

"I'll go, if you ask," said Paul. After leaving the room he went to Madame Zarka's. They sat in their cars and were told after waiting a long time that Madame only saw people by appointment. Peter could have a conference on Friday and Peter on Saturday. This was an old trick of Judith's. The days between then and the date of the appointment would give her an opportunity of gathering some information about her clients. This coupled with a little shrewd guessing, would enable her to make with some certainty about the past, and as for the future—well, nobody could deny a thing that had yet to happen. As soon as they had gone Judith looked up part of the name of the Van Dorn family, and decided that Peter would have every possible care for his success on the Friday. Judith was ready with all the charm of her face and beauty, with a smile on her lips, which took a glittering Egyptian dress, her face covered with a mask of porcelaine. She took a look at Peter's appointment and told Peter a lot about bimbets that she had got from her records, and then she began to talk about the future.

"You are engaged to a fair girl, but you will not marry her," said Peter Jr."

The name you have marked out for your mate is just another type of a woman who never marries, and will tell you the name of the woman who holds your fortune in the hollow of her hand."

"Come again, because she had not decided who the woman was to be, but she meant to pay her bets."

"I think you will do better, Peter, if you ask her yourself. She will do so by playing on the superstitions of the young man."

The Stranger From the Sea.

It was late in the season of a newspaper advertisement that deeded Judith's course of action. It

"Judith Blackwood will bear something to her,
advantage conveying her uncle's death if she will communicate with her mother and sister.

The fact that she had so hastily deceived her sister and so grossly deceived her mother did not worry her, for she felt for Fishers Cove by the first available train.

There she found that her mother and sister had not only forgiven her, but were delighted to see her.

David had been angry, but he was certainly not pleased to see her, but his reticent manner did not worry her.

She learned that she had come in for two thousand dollars a year from her uncle's estate, and that Felicity had inherited a similar amount.

For weeks she was kept in her husband's house until he was taking hand in the destinies of her future.

That afternoon, as they were all sitting down to tea, the news came that Sybil Dorian, who was wrecked on the shore of Fishers Cove.

She told a story of her past, and how she had been taken up by the tide was Sybil Dorian, but she was dying when they found her on the beach.

Mrs. Blackwood and Felicity had run out to give what assistance they could, but Felicity had calmed down matters. When, at Mrs. Blackwood's sugestion, the fishermen brought in the unconscious body, Mr. Blackwood said he would help restore the girl. It was only when she heard David say, "You had no right to think that way," that she would have married him. She had heard about the proposed visit of Sylvia Dorian to Fishers Cove, and she was going to use her influence to get him away from her.

As soon as the girl was dead, Judith saw the doctor.

"Would you come back to the city to-morrow," she said, and if I can of any assistance in taking the jewelry back to the poor girl Mrs. Pemberton, I shall be only too pleased.

All day long she went through the jewelry and papers, and Judith departed.

She had never planned the campaign. She would have married him more and more, in her role as Madame Zariska, describe herself to Peter Van Dixon as the woman Fate had decreed she should marry.

By this means she would get herself a position in society, for as the wife of Peter Van Dixon she would have had a fortune.

At a stay in she sent a telegram to Mrs. Pemberton saying, in the name of Sylvia Dorian, she was married to a man named "Caledonia," and that she was coming on the first train.

This was the mind of Mrs. Pemberton when Judith presented herself. She was a woman of wealth and she had been rescued, and another girl to whom she had given her visiting card had been mistaken for her.

Mrs. Pemberton took her to the Van Dixon, who promptly invited her to stay with them.

Judith's scheme had succeeded even better than she thought.

Her first action was to excuse herself on the grounds of important business, and get back to her apartment at Stackpole.

There she had another interview with Peter, to whom she related all her role and Dorian, and urged him not to mock at her words, but let her chance and her heart mark out for her.

Peter had no suspicion of Judith's real identity, for as Madame Zarakia she was not one of his acquaintances.

"I mean, do you ever laugh right out—spontaneously—just as if the police weren't listening with drawn clubs and a finger on the button connecting with the 'hurry-up' wagon? Well, if you don't, you should.

Start off the morning with a laugh and you won't worry about the rest of the day.

ILE to laugh. It is a tonic. It braves me up—makes me feel fine—and keeps me in prime mental condition. Laughter is a physiologic necessity. The system requires it. The deep, forceful chest movement in itself sets the blood to racing, thereby livening up the circulatory system. Laughter is the best medicine for the man who has laughed through life with nothing to fear of the future. His conscience is clear.

LAUGHTER is more or less a habit. To some it comes only with practice. But what's to hinder practising? Laugh and live long—

when you have a thought of dying—laugh and grow well—if your tendency is towards the lead and cadaveral—laugh and succeed—if you're grim and 'unlucky'—laugh and nothing can erase your name from the Grim Reaper—through the man who has laughed his way through life with nothing to fear of the future. His conscience is clear.

WHEREIN lies this magic of laughter? For it is something that manifests a state of felicity out of any condition. We've got to admit its charm; we can't help it. Autonomously it cheers us up. If we are bored—noting to do—just laugh—that's something to do, for laughter is synonymous with action, and action dells gloom, care, trouble, worry, and all else of the same ilk.

Real laughter is spontaneous. Like water from the spring it bubbles forth a creation of the sublimated action and spontaneously—two magic potions in themselves—the very essence of laughter —the unrestrained emotion within us.

A Recipe for Happiness by DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS tells you the secret of his happiness. Try it now, advises Doug.

SO for me it is to laugh! Why not stick along? The experiment won't hurt you.

All we need is will, power, and that is a personal experience. We have to acquire for himself. Many of us already possess it, but many of us do not.

TAKE the average man on the street, for example. Watch him go padding along in some spring, no elasticity, no vim. What he needs is spirit! Energy—he power to force action! For him there is no hope unless he will take up physical training in some form that will put him in normal physical condition—aftfer that everything simplifies itself.

AND, mind you, physical training doesn't mean going to an expert for advice. Get out in the fresh air and walk briskly—and don't forget to wear a smile think you're at it. That's all. Take it easy at first and build up your effort day by day. A little this morning—a little more to tomorrow. 20 experience makes for happiness as nothing else will, and once you stir your blood into little bubbles of energy you will begin to think of other means of keeping your bodily house in order. Unless you get a little, the chances are you will do very little real thinking of any kind.

THINK what an opportunity we miss when we're stripped at night if we fail to give our bodies the chance to relax and stretch, to so easy, and has so much to do with our sleep each night and our work next day that to neglect it is criminally wrong and keeps us from a Man alive, if you are not in the habit of laughing, get the habit. Never miss a chance to laugh aloud. Smiling is better than nothing, and a chuckle is still better—but out and out laughter is the real thing. Try it now if you dare! And when you've done it, analyse your feelings.

MAKE this prediction: if you once start the habit of exercise, and couple it with the habit of laughter, even if only for one short week—you'll keep it up ever afterwards. And by the way, Friend Reader—don't be alarmed. The personal pronouns "I" and "you" give place in succeeding chapters to the more communal editorial "we." It is our hope to resist the temptation to enjoy one brief spell of innuendo just for the sake of good acquaintances.

Have a good laugh.

EXPERIENCE is the real teacher, but the means and how we are going to succeed in life should not be left to ordinary chance while we are waiting for things to happen. Our first duty is to prepare ourselves against untoward experiences, and that is best done by taking stock of our mental and physical assets. When you are out of your head and we know our weaknesses we possess are excess baggage to be thrown away, and that is our reason for taking stock so early. It is likely to save us from riding to a fall.

(Doug, gives us more good advice next week.)
THE YOUNG PERSON IN PINK.

Lillian Braithwaite's Clever Daughter.

STRICTLY speaking, "The Young Person In Pink" was not living up to her appellation when I called upon her the other afternoon. For Miss Joyce Carey attired, not in garments of that roccoco hue, but in a fascinating negligé of quite another colour. However, I plotted upon this clue appearing under the above heading, and in view of Miss Carey's great success as the "young person" of Gertrude Jennings' clever comedy, I think I'm quite justified in sticking to my original title. And, anyway, I'm quite炯炯 in designing Miss Carey as young—she is, very, with all youth's enthusiasm: tall, dark, and with more than her share of good looks. In short, a dramatic touch. I think, quite bears to her famous mother, Lillian Braithwaite, both in appearance and, I think, in voice, oly we all know the handicap of having a famous relation, and then, too, I'm sure Miss Carey prefers to be taken on all counts simply for herself.

At the beginning of hostilities it seemed that there might be an interview at all owing to the vigorous demands of a second party for attention, and party being "Minsky," a very diminuitive "Peter" given to Miss Carey by Constance Collier; but upon my promising to include him in the interview he consented to submit gracefully in his mistress' lap, and peace was restored.

Cold Bloodedness of Film Acting.

"I'm afraid I haven't anything very thrilling to tell you," said Miss Carey, when I mentioned that I had witnessed some picture experiences, "because I have appeared in a few films—just 'Because,' God and the Man, and 'The Judge,' or, as I believe it is being called, 'Colonel Newcombe.'"

"What prompted you to take up film work?"

"Well, I entered pictures for the most prosaic of reasons," admitted Miss Carey, "because I happened to be out of work, and receiving a film offer from an agent promptly took it, but I must say that I found the work interesting, though the stage holds first place in my affections."

"To my mind there is a cold-bloodedness about film acting which is never found on the stage. The actor, referring to the manner in which one must depict an emotion before the camera without anything to lead up to it. And then, equally, that long wait between the scenes. And in addition to those little things there is my preference for working at night—never that for me.

"I am afraid I cannot speak with much authority," confessed Miss Carey. "You will be fortunate in making your screen debut in a big part—in 'Because,' and so I have never known the struggles of the film aspirant; but, as far as my limited experience allows me to form an opinion, I should say that it is easier for a girl, once she has got her film ticket, to succeed on the screen than on the stage, especially if she has the appearance of a dramatic fair. So much depends on the face; but, in fact, to my mind, it is the chief asset in film work, and if a girl has that asset, that stands a reasonable chance of success, even though her dramatic abilities are not above the average. Of course, there are many places in pictures for great artists as well as being 'good-lookers,' but I was speaking just now of people with just average dramatic fair, and I think, if their features possess fine photographic qualities, will win greater success in pictures than on the boards.

From January to August.

"Have you had any amusing experiences during the making of your pictures, Miss Carey?"

"Nothing wild, I'm afraid," was the reply, "though there is always a certain amount of humour—and a very great deal of embarrassment—attached to working with the exteriors in London. The remembrance of being dressed as a Puritan maid, and having a violent scene with thefilmmaker in my cottage—my Yorick— door in the Hamlet Road, at the busiest time of the day, will always remain with me. You can imagine my face when a great crowd gathered round watching us, and even the people on the tram having a noisy appreciative audience—at least, I hope it was appreciative! At least, it wasn't hostile!"

"And Miss Carey laughed at the recollection. "This scene," she added, "occurred in 'God and the Man.'"

"Then do you remember the ball-room scene in 'Because'? I remember when Mum and Mr. Ben Webster and I first made it the weather was such that our breath was quite a photographic difficulty, and when it was taken again—for some of the film was burnt—the hotel was so great that we could hardly endure it. Rather amusing to think that we entered the room in January and made our exit in August!"

"Do you think you will be appearing in any more pictures? was my parting shot, as having joined in Miss Carey's mirth, I rose to depart.

"There is every possibility of my doing so," she replied, "but if I am afraid, at present, I am not at liberty to dream of the future, at least, as far as film work is concerned, I am at liberty to dream of the future.

Max HERSHEL CLARK.

A Household Martyr.

Miss L. L. WAGNER: "Here I am, roasting myself to death cooking you a nice steak, and you are making fun at me!"

HANDSOME FILM HUSBAND: "I was only laughing, my dear, to think what an easy thing it is to be burned at the stake!"

A Noble Sacrifice.

ALGY: "Mother, I may as well tell you the truth, the film actress is expecting a baby.

MOTHER: "Oh! Oh! How could you?"

ALGY: "I did it to save father. He was desperately in love with her!"

No Waves.

THERE was a small boy sitting on his father's knee watching his mother getting ready for the studio. She was performing the very delicate operation of combing her hair in a mirror, becoming waveless.

"No waves for you, pa!" said the infant philosophically. "You need hardly hold his parent's head. "You're all beached!"

The Wrong Man.

B ERT WYNNE, the film producer, who has just finished "The Town of Crooked Ways," tells an amusing story of a chase after an actor whom he wanted to play in a picture. He had motored up to town in connection with the "casting" of the film, and was held up by traffic in Shabette Avenue.

He espied Bertram Beul碴—the very man he wanted walking quickly along in the direction of Wardour Street, and sent his chauffeur after him, with instructions to "bring back that man with the parsley."

The chauffeur wended his way among the stream of vehicles, and presently returned with a funny little man of the "soft goods" persuasion, carrying a big parcel wrapped in a waterproof coat. Needless to say, the F. L. M. was not Bertram Beul碴, and Bert Wynne, in spite of his apologies, was severely rated for his "poor choice of humour" by the man, who had been brought on a wild-goose chase.

Charlie Chaplin's Double.

A amusing adventure recently held Cyril Perceval, the film actor, who plays the title of "Clarence Quinterpense," in "The Town of Crooked Ways." The character demands that he shall wear a small monostache. A scene had to be taken from the rear of one of the shipping offices in

FILM FUN

His Scheme.

"YOU seem to have no ambition," asserted William H. Reapley, director of "Trafalgar Square, and, going up in the lift, the liftnan asked Reapley, "Where are you going?"

"But I have," said the leisurely film hero. "I intend to be rich!"

"Then, why don't you work, like Gordon, for instance?"

"Ah, and the leisurely hero. I've had my eye on him for some time. Good fellow, Gordon. I like to see him piling up wealth. He's working for me.

"But what for you?"

"Yes; he's killing himself making a fortune, and I plan to get it by marrying his pretty widow."

Like Another Language.

W HEN Bill Riegs, the picture photographer from these United States, arrived in London for the first time, an Englishman, who did not feel sure of Bill's nationality, asked him, "Do you understand English?"

"We-ell yes," said Bill, "I tol'd you, too, sar, I kin go it if I go slow."
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The Picture Show, June 26th, 1920.

BEATRICE LA PLANTE
The Screen-Famous Eccentric Comedienne Who Was the First Female "Happy Hooligan."

MISS LA PLANTE is a new star in the film firmament, but her special line of eccentric comedy is sure to make her a fast favourite. Miss La Plant is a dark-eyed beauty of French and Spanish parentage, and was born in Paris nineteen years ago. In her native country she studied to prepare herself for a grand opera career, but her voice broke under the strain of arduous work, and so she decided upon film work, where her voice did not matter. She is soon to be seen on a number of Pathé Rolin Comedies.

Beatrice La Plante, now the Pathé Rolin comedienne, claims to be the original female "Happy Hooligan." Before embarking on comedy work, she did much dramatic acting for the pictures. She was Sessue Hayakawa's leading lady in his recent picture, "The Beggar Prince," and has played opposite both William Fox and Bill Desmond.
The Picture Show

If you want to know anything about Films or Film-Players.

ARE SUB-TITLES NECESSARY?

It is probably a common experience of a producer to be able, one day, to produce films that shall depict every incident in a story but not even picture a single sound. If this elimination of the sub-title can be achieved successfully, without the natural co-ordination of the various scenes, then the art of the motion-picture may be said to have reached its perfection, other things in it, of course, being equal.

The fact that we have still to rely upon the sub-title in order to obtain an intelligible conception of the screen play might seem to be one of the few weak spots that have not yet been removed in its progress. Yet the problem of being able to dispense entirely with any reiterations between scenes is a very difficult one. It will call for a much higher form of acting from the artistes and even greater abilities on the part of the producer. For the latter will have to resist the temptation of padding the story with scenes that may be either repetitions or detrimental to its plot. In the circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that sub-titles will continue to be necessary until the super-artiste and the super-producer can be found to give us a screen that shall demand no captions. But it ought to be possible, meanwhile, to effect a vast amount of improvement in the sub-titling of all screen plays.

Many sub-titles even now appear so unnecessary that they could easily be cut out without injuring the story in any sense. Others, again, are lengthy dissertations that would not be so unwarranted to remember if they were not written down. The ideal sub-title should be brief and to the point, one that can be quickly read and easily understood. A picture-theatre audience does not like it when good acting is sometimes chopped up at dramatic moments in the play in order to supply the audience with a number of facts that they could easily get from a leaflet. Any further elaboration of the sub-titles will only discourage the audiences and prevent them from coming to the shows.

WILL RAILWAY ADVERTISING HELP THE CINEMA BUSINESS?

Mr. F. J. Cook, the General Manager of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway, has announced that a contract has been signed with the Gaumont British Film Company for a series of railway advertisements. The advertisements will be taken from the Gaumont Talkies, and the first one that will be put in circulation will be an advertisement for the new production, "The Blue Box." This film is to be released shortly, and it is anticipated that the advertisement will be a great success.

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If your children don't already know PLATINUM BISCUITS, make it their delight for them. Order a copy to-day. Ask for PLATINUM BISCUITS.

The Picture Show, June 26th, 1920.
FALSE AMBITION. (Continued from page 17)

and a puzzled expression came over his face. She was not quite certain whether he had recognised her or not, but after a moment's reflection she decided that he had not done so.

A man of tact, Judith was right.

David had noticed what he thought was a resemblance to Judith in the woman known as Sylvia Dorian, but he decided it was a resemblance and nothing more. He would have dismissed the matter from his mind had he not gone over to Fishers' Cove for the week end. There he casually mentioned that a lady was staying at the Van Dixo's who bore a strong resemblance to Judith.

"A matter of fact," he said, "she is Miss Sylvia Dorian, who is on a visit to a relative named Mr. Pemberton.

Felicity and her mother looked at each other, and then the girl rose to her feet.

"David," she said, "Sylvia Dorian died in this house, Judith was here and refused to take her jewellery and papers to the Mrs. Pemberton you speak of. It is Judith that is misleading as the dead girl. We cannot let this go on.

They talked the matter over, and decided that it was their duty to tell Mr. Van Dixon as soon.

"I will send him a telegram asking him to meet me at the hotel in the town, where we can talk things over quietly," said David.

Accompanied by Mrs. Blackwood and Felicity, David took the first train to the day, first sending off the telegram.

It was the telegram that Judith saw. Her face went blank with rage as she grasped its meaning. She saw it handed in at Fishers' Cove, and that it meant that David had told the truth about Sylvia Dorian's death.

"To be beaten at the eleventh hour," she muttered.

"But I will not be beaten. I will appeal to Peter's love and when they come here to decry me they will find we have gone.

She watched the train slowly urging into the station, and adopting an expression of virtuous indignation, told him that his family were trying to put her up.

"Don't ask me how I know Peter," she pleaded, as she looked up into his eyes with all the power of her will. 'You know of my love for you. I love you so you say-as if I love you-take me away and marry me. Marry me now, so they can never part us."

She broke into a fit of weeping, and Peter was almost moved to pity.

"Don't distress yourself, darling. Nobody can put us in our place again. We will tell our father and mother. I will tell them all that we love each other, and that nothing shall part us. There is no need to run away. I am the same man you love as I live."

"No! No!" almost shrieked Judith. "They will tell lies about us. We must go away. I will not be invited, even by your father and mother. You must choose between them and me."

And Peter, helped in the not that Judith had warned him, consented.

Telling her to pack as few things as she could possibly do with and meet him in the library in a few minutes, he went to his room and locked the door.

Taking as much money as he could find in his room, he went to the library and found Judith waiting for him.

There was no sign of any of the family, and they were just going towards the door when it was thrown open, and Mr. Van Dixon, looking very stern, paused on the threshold.

To her horror, Judith saw that behind him were David strong, her mother and her sister.

"I am just in time, I see," Peter, said Mr. Van Dixon, looking at the bag in his hand. "This woman is an imposter. Sylvia Dorian was drowned when she was washed ashore when the 'Caledonia' went down. These good people tried to save her, but she died from exhaustion. The lady you propose to marry, after bravely giving up your sweetheart, is Judith. Blackwood. Here are her mother and her sister."

"I don't believe a word of it," began Peter, when Felicity stepped into the room.

"It is true. She is my sister. Judith, you dare and despise me."

This young man turned to Judith. One look at her face told him the truth.

"Yes, it is true," she said calmly. "Now, if you are not going to send for the police, please let me alone."

"You may go," said Mr. Van Dixon. "I have no desire to advertise my son's lady through the police courts.

Judith went out a broken woman. For the first time in her life she felt ashamed.

But for the generosity of Mr. Van Dixon she would have been 'drowned' in the dock and convicted as a swindler, forced to herd with vile criminals. She started to her apartments, and there another false was waiting for her. Her sweetheart had gone, taking with them everything they could carry away.

Broken in spirit, she sat in the bare room. She was ruined and dismissed. Wrapped up in her thoughts she scarcely heard the door open, but looking up she saw Paul Vintcent standing by the fire.

"Have you come to gloat over my downfall?" she said bitterly.

"No," said Paul softly. "I have come not with pity, but with love. I believe you have discovered what false ambition is. I want you to be my wife."

"I knew you were not marrying Peter for love, but I have kept you all this time."

And then the hard echoing that Judith had built round her heart was melted—dispelled in the first word he said. It was the childhood.

"If you can trust me so much, you need never fear that the old Judith will return," she said. "She is buried in the grave of False Ambition."}

"Adapted from incidents in the Western Import photostory "False Ambition," featuring Alma Rubens as Judith.)
"Come and help mother"

Mother is cleaning down to-day, and "Vimmy" comes as her chief assistant. "Vimmy" helps Mother to get through the work quickly, for he is always active and willing.

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PEARL WHITE—TOM MIX—CHARLIE CHAPLIN GET MOST VOTES IN OUR "CHOOSING THE STARS" COMPETITION. (FULL RESULT ON PAGE 18.)
WASHINGTON, D.C.

The Peacemaker

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Young Lady Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Miss Caroline Mary Hawkins, J. St. Philip's Road, Upper Stratton, Wiltshire, says: 'I seem nothing short of a miracle that Dr. Cassell's Tablets should have restored my health as they have done. I have been nervous all my life and a severe illness when I was fourteen left me worse than ever. For fifteen months I lay helpless, and when at last I recovered I was simply a wreck, wasted to a shadow, and just a bundle of nerves. Ever after I had queer turns at intervals, which I was told were a severe form of hysteria, and during these attacks I was quite helpless. Next I began to suffer with neuralgia. At first it was in the face, but soon it affected my heart and even my breathing. The pain was agonising, and I breathed in gasps. This state of things had gone on for eighteen months or more when my mother decided to try me with Dr. Cassell's Tablets. In a very short time my breathing became quite free, and I got proper rest. Then the neuralgia ceased, my nerves became steady, and I felt like living in another world. I am now ever so well and strong.'

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

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Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers, and during the critical periods of life.

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The Picture Show, July 3rd, 1920.
Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 26—MARJORIE DAY.

Still we are able to add to our collection of pictures of famous film stars who enjoy our picture paper. The Picture Show is acknowledged by all interested in the cinema as the premier picture-play paper. The very latest photographs, beautifully reproduced, have won for our favourite paper this praise. The approval of our readers has always been the aim of everyone on the staff of the Picture Show. It is good to know we have it.

Must Not Be Kissed.

Listen to this! Shirley Mason has just signed a novel contract with her producer. It states that she is not to be in any pictures where she is kissed by her leading man, or by any other member of the cast. If it is necessary to meet certain demands of the picture, Miss Mason may be embodied, but she must not be kissed.

This is one of the most novel contracts ever drawn up.

A "Model" Man.

I hear that Monroe Salisbury has had the honour of posing as a model of an Indian figure for a Los Angeles sculptor, who made his selection because of his remarkable physique. "I had nothing to do with my physique," said the modest Salisbury, "except to keep in shape."

"Still," said a member of the company, "you're the hardiest thing a man could be. Most men have broken into print, but you're the only one who has broken into stone."

Mary Joanna Desmond.

Mr. and Mrs. William Desmond are still receiving the congratulations of many friends on the birth of their daughter, who has been christened Mary Joanna. Mary is the first name of the mother, who, as you know, was known on the screen as Mary McIver, and Joanna is a tribute to the mother of the popular Mr. Desmond. As perhaps you know, the Desmonds have always been known in movies as the happiest of married folks.

A Message From Blanche.

Blanche Sweet tells me to tell you that she is certain that all your chances of fame as a movie star will vanish if you keep your hair.

"Bobbed hair will never do on the screen," she says. "I am surprised at the number of girls who send me their photographs, and ask my advice on how to get into the movies, only to reveal in their pictures the fact that their hair is bobbed.

"They may place certain small type parts, with bobbed hair, but never will they reach an important place on the screen."

"A woman's hair is her crown of glory, and she needs that crown more in motion-pictures than anywhere else. The lights under which pictures are taken have a way of accentuating the appearance of the hair, so that it is a vital part of every girl's costume. It must be long and natural, and any of those with bobbed hair show up on the screen in a freakish way. So don't bob your hair."

"Picture Show" Chat.

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players.

Together on the Stage.

Two popular film artists are now appearing together on the stage. News has come from Los Angeles that Milfred Harris Chaplin is playing opposite Wallace Reid in a play entitled, "Sick-A-Bed." "

Not All Fakes.

During the making of some of the storm scenes in a coming thrilling serial, "The Veiled Woman," one of the schooners used by the director, used plank from his own house. The schooners had to be used to rescue the company. Apparently all the thrills in serials are not taken.

He Was Only Ten at the Time.

L. B. Rosten admits that he was once "Little Lord Fauntleroy" with all the usual trappings of lace and curls that go to make up the part. However, he was only ten years old at the time, so he hopes that no one will hold that against him when he is seen in stultify hero parts.

Wesley's Ambition.

WESLEY PARRY, the twelve-year-old, tow-headed, freckle-faced boy of the movies, takes a great pride in his chicken-coop in Los Angeles. Before Wesley became a star he used to make practically all his spending-money by selling eggs and feeding pigeons. He is still giving much time to his feathered flock, and searching for their eggs, he says, has won him as many friends as he has gained through the screen.

"If I ever fail on the screen," he says, "I am going in for raising chickens."

Real Apes in Tarzan Picture.

The cast for "The Son of Tarzan" are on their way to the South Pacific Islands, where, I hear, this story is about to be produced.

I hear that, as far as is practicable, only live monkeys will be used. Over 300 apes, orang-outangs, chimpanzees, and gorillas have been contracted for, in order to make the production realistic.

In previous Edgar Rice Barrois stories, filmed by the company extra's were rigged up in costume to appear as apes. It is said that £1,000 was paid by the company for the screen rights of this book, in which Jack Hoxey, the hero of "Lightening Bryce," will take the star role. "Iighting Bryce," as you know, is running as a serial in the "Boy's Cinema."

Poppy in the Air.

Poppy Wyndham has taken to flying, and is now taking part in a film which is being made at Heddon. A great feature of this new production is the number of exciting stunts, and before one of these was successfully recorded by the camera, she had to be thrown from a motor bicycle no less than five times.

"Every time the driver and I were thrown off," she says, "we were thrown too far away. I was the unlucky one every time, for I was the first to fall in the ditch. Then followed the driver, and last, but not least, the heavy motorcycle. I was bruised and cut from head to foot, to say nothing of a perfectly good costume being ruined."

I am looking forward to next week, when I have to do some spinning nose-dives in an aeroplane. When I went up first I felt just a trifle nervous, but I've got over that now, and I love flying. I have been up 3,000 feet, and the higher I go the safer I feel. The descent makes one feel as if one were travelling down a scenic railway miles long. My two dogs have been up with me, but I am afraid they did not appreciate the trip, as they suffered severely from airsickness."

You are wrong. This is no demure-eyed sister in the Red Cross, but Julian Eltinge, the world-famous impersonator. Here we see Julian Eltinge in costume as himself. His women characters are as well known on the stage as on the screen.

Another of Julian Eltinge's wonderful make-ups. He is just as successful as a lady of fashion as he is in other characters.
"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT (Continued from page 3.)

Bert's Brother Wilfred.

WHEN we see Metro's all-star production of Cecil Raleigh's Drury Lane drama, "The Marrsions of Mayfair," we shall see Wilfred Lytell, brother of Bert Lytell, who is playing the part of Nigel Villers, a lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards. ——

How It Was Done.

HIGH DIVING through a glass window is one of the many thrilling scenes seen in the coming Eddy Polo serial, "The Vanishing Dagger!" A jump through glass may cause terror to even the most plucky cinema star; glass has a nasty way of splintering, yet, in this serial, the leading lady really jumped through a window, but the way was made safe for her. Do you know how?

Clear tinfoil, an eighth of an inch thick, was substituted in the window-frame for the glass, and none of the realism intended was lost. The leading lady's only trouble came when she began to comb the splinters of tinfoil from her hair. ——

Such is a Life of Villainy.

ED KENNEDY, who appears in Sunshine Comedies, bevalts the fact that he is the man who gets blamed on the screen.

He tells of a friend who took his bride to see him, and her only comment on Kennedy after she had laughed at the comedy was: "There should be a law to do away with the people who have dispositions like that."

He says he has been on the screen eight years, and has only received one letter, and that was from a man. He has not the least desire to be a matinee idol but he is pathetic in his complaint:

"Such is the life of screen villains." ——

A Villain Only on the Screen.

TOM LINGHAM, one of the screen's most villainous villains, whom we shall soon see in the role of "The Hound," in Ruth Roland's coming serial, "The Adventures of Ruth," had an opportunity to assume the heroic role in real life recently.

It was while the company was taking a scene showing the heroine being rescued by a aviator from the top of a tower.

"Mr. Lingham, who was playing the heavy role, was ascending the stairway of the specially-built tower, when the stairs gave way—not because he was so heavy, but through structural defects. At any rate, Lingham grabbed a projecting beam with one hand, and wound his other arm around Miss Roland's waist and hung on until ladders could be put up for them to get safely to the ground, twenty feet below.

Spectators, who aver that the actor showed great presence of mind and grit in preventing a possible tragedy, congratulated Tom, and he laughingly replied that he wanted to be considered now for a screen hero role. ——

Can Tell One From the Other.

ANY of you have heard of Terry Twins? They are so much alike that their simultaneous appearance from different sides of the screen, as well as amusing, I hear that they are to appear on the screen in a coming Gaumont photo-play.

Pretty Nita Nessel, who, in this screen play, has to receive a proposal from one brother on behalf of his bashful twin, says that she could tell the difference between them, but can do no more by the expression of their eyes.

Cyril Smith says he has an invaluable identification mark in their teeth.

Whatever their differences, however, I am sure that unless you know them very well you will be unable to tell one from the other.

It Had to be Done Again.

TAKING a street scene, such as appears in Goldwyn's version of Arnold Bennett's "Milestone," requires a lot of patience. Only the other day a scene was taken showing an irate parent who is pursuing the lovers, being held up by a cart being overturned in the middle of the road. The driver is supposed to have fallen backwards, and left the horse loose, but unfortunately his wig fell off his head to the ground in full view of the camera.

Frightened the Dogs.

By the way, in this play we shall see Lionel Belmore, who has one big qualification that is no use to him as a screen actor, although it comes in handy at times. Lionel has a very big head that it won him a job with the late Sir Henry Irving when he needed a man with a voice that could be heard above the orchestra.

The other day the company were filming a street scene when they were disturbed by a couple of dogs that suddenly, and entirely without a word from Lionel, his big voice boomed out "Stop that!" and the frightened dogs ran down the street.

A Lucky Girl.

THERE is a lucky little girl of fourteen, in the seventh grade at the Hollywood Grammar School, who has just been installed as Sessee Hayakawa's local secretary. The little girl is the daughter of a friend of Sessee's, and her special work is cataloguing the famous stars' letters, and to pack up the photographs which are sent by Hayakawa to his admirers.

A Thrilling Love Scene.

IT is not all honey taking one of the principal parts in a love scene, as you will acknowledge when you see the story: "In Leona Goe A-Hunting," Blanche Sweet plays the heroine, and her director, Henry King, plays the leading part. In the love scene, Leona deploys the heroine in a hydroplane. He knows nothing of all about flying, so the real pilot perched on her wing and shouted down directions to the actor, who divided his time and attention in obeying them, and making faces. You can guess her nervousness was not all the dismaying "shyness of a young girl clerking.

Do You Know?

- That Clara Kimball Young started her stage career at the age of three?

- That she first acted in pictures for Vitagraph?

The Picture Show, July 3rd, 1920.

DULCIE PARSONS.

Baby Dulcie Parsons is one of Britain's youngest film actresses. At the age of three she is taking part in the film version of "Little Dorrit." Her first appearance was in "A Child's Moonlight," when she played her first part in "Her Lonely Soldier," written by Dulcie's aunt, the well-known novelist, Mrs. Irene Miller.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News from Los Angeles.

Claire's Ideal.

CLAIRE WHITNEY'S mascot is the photograph of a little unknown actress who was once leading woman in a suburban stock company. When she was a school girl, Claire used to worship this little actress from afar, in the manner of school girls all the world over. However, she never screwed up the courage to approach her goddess, beyond writing her a letter and asking for her photograph. Now she keeps the picture in a prominent place in her pretty home to remind herself that perhaps some girl somewhere has made an idol of Claire Whitney, and is thinking all sorts of beautiful things about her, as once she did of her own little, bright, particular star. "And that makes me wish to do nothing that could make me unworthy and destroy an ideal," she says with a smile. ——

An Odd Inducement.

MARY MILES MINTER received last week a request from a schoolboy for an autographed photo. Evidently dazzling with the girl's own powers of persuasion, her youthful admirer held out as a special inducement for her to grant his request. "And if you'll only send me one," he wrote, "I'll mail you a snapshot of my pet rat." It is hardly necessary to add that the boy got his photo, but, not being particularly keen on rats, little Miss Minter did not press him to keep his part of the bargain. ——

Back to Japan.

TSURU AOKI, the charming little wife of Sessee Hayakawa, has started on her trip to her native country. Before leaving, she said that while in Hollywood Land she wants to supervise the production of Macbeth and Othello over there. Shakespeare and music are her chief hobbies. She wants to interpret the great British dramatist to her own countrymen in such a way that they will understand his point of view through their own history and great traditions. Miss Aoki is extremely musical, and has a very pleasant singing voice, which is being carefully trained. She is a constant visitor at the house of Leoold Godovsky, the celebrated pianist, who also lives in Hollywood. Dagnor Godowsky, his daughter, has taken up the screen as a career, and until recently was also, like Mrs. Hayakawa, working at Universal City.

ELEANOR COWDERY.

GUY W. HERBERT. (Hepworth.)

FAY FILMER.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

Appropriate music is always played while a picture is being made. This picture shows MILDRED HARRIS acting for a new film, the musician playing pathetic music to help her to look very sad. John Stahl, her director, stands by the camera to give notice to the camera-man at the crucial moment.

Marguerite Clarke, the wonderful little star, has a vast amount of correspondence to deal with each day. Here you see her with a few of her answers ready for the post.

The Governor of California recently visited Universal City, where he met all the most famous American film stars. Here you see him with Virginia Faire, Edith Roberts, Priscilla Dean, and her mother.

A bunch of film folk, including John Emerson and Anita Loos, authors of "The Love Expert"; Constance and Natalie Talmadge, Director Carl LeViness, and Mr. and Mrs. John Halliday in flying kit. David Kirkland is seen wearing a false beard and with a bandaged head.

"You can't catch me," says Lois Hanson, as he dodges through the trees away from Lilibel Christiansen. These two clever film artists play the principal parts in a new Swedish B.W. production, called "The Flame of Life," which has just been released.
SYLVIA PEARES, a feather-brained, selfish girl, captures the affection of, and marries, JACK, who was formerly the sweetheart of MONICA LEVERIDGE. Jack loses his sight in an accident, and while he is away undergoing an operation is betrayed in注册资本 jewelry by his wife. She is arrested and remanded, and Monica takes care of Sylvia's baby while she is away. When Jack returns, his sight is recovered. He goes to Birmingham to attend to his business interests, and when Sylvia is released, Mona sends her off to him.

A Selfish Woman.

When Sylvia gazed out on to the station as the train slowed down, she saw the tall form of her husband waiting for her. She sprang out of the carriage and threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, Jackie, I am pleased to see you!" she cried.

"It has been such a terrible journey, I cannot see you as well as you were in England. I am angry with Mona. Fancy her losing my address! I gave it to her, because I thought she knew it, anyway. As soon as she told me where I could find you, I came along at once. I do hope, Jackie dear, you have not missed me?"

Jack was looking at his wife admiringly. Sylvia was one of the few women who could look at a long journey, had slept in the train, and her eyes looked heavy.

She told him how to arrange his arm in her pretty confiding manner, and Jack, going down at her, felt his heart beat a little quicker, in spite of histrong and quite intended to have a straight talk with Sylvia. There were a number of things which he wanted cleared up to get out of the money he had given her, and which he found in her pocket.

He was not naturally observant. He did not notice that his wife was expensively dressed, he only knew that she was looking remarkably sweet and pretty, and that she was evidently very pleased to be in his company. She had a little child.

"Sylvia was explaining her absence. "I met a cousin of mine, Jack, the one I told you about that had married a wealthy man. Don't you remember, while I was talking to you this morning? You must have forgotten. I met her first some months ago; soon after we were married. Here she came from America on business. And I met her again in the Tuho, and she invited me to go and stay with her, " she declared smilingly.

"You certainly know how to live! " said Jack, accepting the invitation.

"Oh, you can't do that, Jack—at least, not for some time," she went on, hastily correcting herself as she noticed the inquiring expression which had passed over his face. "She has gone to America to join her husband now," she went on.

Sylvia was clinging to his arm, and she went on talking about her journey and the trivial little things which passed through her mind. Jack found his attention wandering, it always did somehow when his wife talked. The pretty young lady tacked on, it was like so and yet unlike another. They entered a commercial hotel where Jack was staying. Jack had ordered a supper, and Sylvia clapped her hands before she sat down to the table.

"It is the other honey-moon! " she cried, laughing happily. And Jack had to smile at her.

When Sylvia asked what it was? Just a selfish but innocent child! Mona was right. She always was right, he thought, with a sigh. She had said that the honey-moon in Sylvia, and she was quite convinced there wasn't. She was only thoughtless, that was it, and that made it all the more inexcusable. She looked after her and shield her from the world.

And so the question he had meant to ask her were never put. Sylvia was so obviously happy and in love with him. She was his wife, The future looked bright ahead.

Our Splendid Serial Story telling of a Girl's Sacrifice for Love.

By EMMIE ALLINGHAM.

"I do wish I could always live in hotels! I believe I could be a perfect angel if I could only have all the nice things other people have," exclaimed Jack when she caught sight of a large diamond-ring on a woman's finger who was seated at a table near them.

"I have been wondering when you were going to talk about me," said Jack, smiling across at her. "You are an amazing little girl, you have not asked me a single question."

"Oh, well, Jackie, I can see you are all right," she declared smilingly.

"I didn't mean that, kiddie," he said quickly.

"Your invention! cried the girl; and then as she noticed the expression on his face she gave a little shrug of surprise.

"Tell me! " she cried eagerly.

Jack leaned across the little table towards her.

"When I received your wire, I thought for the moment you might have heard," he said, "but I noted that was why you desired to come up to me."

Sylvia was doing full justice to the piece of salmon on her plate. It was a favourite dish of hers, and Sylvia always lived entirely for the moment if it was pleasant. Jack had a tiresome way of leading up to a subject, but she knew his news was good, or he would never waste money in an hotel or buy her favourite dishes, as he always did for himself. As a rule, Jack always selected the cheapest dish on the menu for himself, but this time it was different. Besides, there was a bottle of wine. Sylvia's spirits soared high. She was very glad she had come; her experiences of the past week fadled right into the background.

"I am because I wanted to see you, Jackie," she declared, holding up her hand, "is that the real truth, Sylvia?"

"Pretty shrewd, isn't I" said Jack, giving her a look.

"I said that was that you desired to come up to me."

Sylvia, it is a great success; only this morning it was all settled. I went out to lunch with a newspaper-magazine editor here, and he was as good as his word. And I am to call at his office to-morrow and sign a few papers, and there you are—" said Sylvia excitedly.

Jack spoke lightly, but his face was shining with triumph.

"Splendid! " he said, looking at her with wonderingly.

"Well," she said anxiously, "go on; tell me?"

"Tell you what! " he said.

She tapped the table with her slender hands impatiently.

"You silly old gig! You have left out the most important part. How much money will you get—how much?"

Jack shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, thousand," I dare say. It seems all you worry think about," he said very quietly. He could not help thinking that at that moment in spite of himself, how different someone else would have taken a free for an newspaper, if Jack thought of his own life's work, his chief consideration was the money.

And yet he understood his wife's attitude.

"All your troubles are now over, kiddie," he said, smiling across at her. "You can have a good time. And you can always take charge of Bubble, and you need only wear pretty frocks and be happy."

"Oh, I'm sorry! " she cried.

Sylvia sprang from her chair and made a dash for Jack's side of the table. Utterly regardless of the looks of those round about, she threw her arms round her husband's neck and kissed him.

"It is so simple and truly true! " she cried.

"Oh, Jack, how exceedingly lovely! "

Jack had risen from his seat. He had all an Englishman's dislike for appearing at all conspicuous, but he did not hurt her by showing her his feelings.

"Come, dear," he whispered. "Let us get out a little, somewhere where we can talk without being observed."

She clung to his arm, she was radiant in his delight.

"You mean, Jack, do please buy me a motor-car," she said.

Jack went up to kiss her, but she turned impatiently away.

(Abridged in page 8)
The Expressions of HENRY B. WARNER. Specialto "The Picture Show."

The British Actor That Won Stardom on the American Screen.

Did you see "Merely Mary Ann" on the stage? It is some years ago now that the play was the success of the London theatrical season, but the memory of this pathetic little story is still green in the hearts of those who saw it. Eleanor Robson took the part of the little heroine, "Mary Ann," and Henry Ainley played the leading man.

When the play went to win fresh success in America, the British actor who travelled over as leading man in the company was Henry B. Warner. He went to America—and he never came back. His success in this play was followed by a play entitled "The Battle."

Following this came his great success, when he starred in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." After this, the screen.

When Dreams Come True.

As you know, he is married to Rita Stanwood, and we are to see them together in his next picture.

After years of tragedy, Mr. Warner has found happiness. His first wife, you will remember, was killed in a motor-car accident, as he sat beside her holding her hand.

Mr. Warner first met his present wife when they were both playing in Chicago, when, as Mr. Warner puts it, "Rita was playing in 'When Dreams Come True.' Very appropriate, don't you think?" Mr. and Mrs. Warner played together in "Gray Wolf's Ghost."

There is always one spot in every household, and in the Warner home it is Baby Joan. She has the same coloured fair hair as her father, and her mother's brown eyes. Joan promises to be a beauty.

On Stage and Screen.

Mr. Warner has just finished his screen version of "Alias Jimmy Valentine." His success on stage and screen in this part has been attributed to his wonderful understanding of human nature. He has always been interested in criminology, and has been through every large prison, not only in the United States, but in Great Britain and France. Studying prison conditions is his hobby.

A Sporting Chance.

He tells how, one night, when he was in England, he woke, hearing strange noises downstairs. He took a pistol, and crept down into the dressing-room, just in time to see a man enter by the French windows, which he had been able to open.

Mr. Warner covered him with his revolver, and switched on the lights. To his surprise, he recognized a man to whom, the day previously, he had given an old suit. The burglar was actually wearing the suit.

When Henry Warner pointed out to the burglar his nerve in coming to rob a house dressed in the owner's clothes, the man questioned:

"What kind of a fool would I be taking an off chance of finding something worth stealing in a crib I crack. I saw when I got the clothes that you had something worth taking."

Do you know what Mr. Warner did then? He gave the man a choice of two things—either to be taken up by the police, or to take a running chance of thirty seconds, after which he would start shooting.

The burglar chose the second course of action, and to prove he appreciated Mr. Warner's giving him a sporting chance, he forsook his way of making a living. How did Mr. Warner know? A few weeks later he met his burglar again. It was up the Thames, and he was working, offering to tow boats up the river.

Mr. Warner tells us that the unwritten law of the criminal world is that a man must be game. One of the most interesting experiences of his life was an afternoon performance of "Jimmy," given at San Quentin prison. It proved so trying that during the regular evening performance at San Francisco practically every member of the company was bailed with remittance. However, it was a gala day for San Quentin. The women went to Warner House, and asked that they may be permitted to wear their own clothes instead of the prison garb for just that day, and he let them do it. Many of the dresses were fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five years old.

"But perhaps the climax came at the end, when the long line of prisoners filed out to their cells. A little Jap, defiling the guards, left the line and came over to where the actor was standing.

"'Good luck, Jimmy,' he said.

"When he had rejoined the line, the warden remarked thoughtfully:

"'You can't beat the nerve of those Orientals. We're going to hang that man at five o'clock to-morrow morning.'"

Mr. H. B. Warner has been instrumental in freeing hundreds of innocent men, and guilty men too, that they might run straight afterwards.

If you want to write to him, address your letter:

Henry B. Warner,
Hampton Studios,
Hollywood,
California.

Pleased to meet you.

Will you stay and talk?
SYLVIA NODDED.

The ladies were already rising from the table, and the girl felt Mr. Slick's hand rest suddenly on hers, as if to prevent her from leaving the room.

When Mrs. Craigie had nearly reached the door, however, he released her.

She was the last of the group to cross the room and enter the draw-room, and she managed to slip behind one of the heavy curtains which covered the stairs, and thus remained hidden from the only guest exiting out of the window into the darkened street.

And this was the dinner-party to which she had been invited.

She would be afraid to come to this house again.

Fancy Mrs. Craigie knowing the Williams! It was most unfortunate. What would happen if she were recognized by the others?

Suppose the worst happened and Jack was told the truth? To whom could she turn? Her mind flew at once to Mr. Montague, whom she had always helped her; she was sure she would again.

She made up her mind there and then that she would work and save a little, better still, invite her to the flat. She had not asked her yet. She remembered uncomfortably how she had gone to Mrs. Davis's flat; it was a nurse uniform whom she had engaged, and they had taken Bobbie from Mrs. Davis's charge.

She had gone with Mrs. Craigie, Mrs. Craigie moved to a couch, and glanced expectantly towards the door. Jack and Mr. Slick entered together.

Sylvia noticed that Mr. Slick, after a hasty glance round the room, went straight up to the widow who was reading her red.latest, but Mrs. Craigie waved him aside, and beckoned with her fan to Jack.

She was thinking for Sylvia. She was wondering what had become of her. Jack was proud of his wife's beauty. He liked to see her admired, and would take her out to find her surrounded by all the other women, the centre of attraction. Jack was very ignorant where women were concerned.

Jack knew that the Wilson's were anxious for him to make a good impression with the wealthy women. He had purchased a large number of shares in the now company, so he went across to Mrs. Craigie, who was sitting beside her, in a low tone as he did so. "Why in the world could you not have waited a few minutes until the list was finally settled down. People will now be noticing us."

"I can't help it; I am so frightened. I must go home to my husband."

"You can't go yet. Come into the conservatory for a little while and then perhaps your husband will have finished his conversation with Mrs. Craigie."

"Oh, I can't! I want to get away."

Sylvia glanced down into her lap and turned to Mrs. Craigie. "Don't be a little fool! Pull yourself together. I only wanted you to recognize what you were against. Take a drop of wine and be careful not to attract attention."

Sylvia sipped at her wine, and turned to Mrs. Craigie. "I am afraid it is not good enough for you."

"Of course, it is not, Mrs. Craigie."

"No, it is not."

"Mr. Slick—Mrs. Slick—Mrs. Craigie—Mr. Craigie."

"Mr. Craigie?

"Yes."

"Oh, do proceed. I am sure you will enjoy yourself."

"Yes, I am sure you will enjoy yourself."

"Yes, I am sure you will enjoy yourself."

"Yes, I am sure you will enjoy yourself."

"Yes, I am sure you will enjoy yourself."

"Yes, I am sure you will enjoy yourself."

"Yes, I am sure you will enjoy yourself."

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"Yes, I am sure you will enjoy yourself."

"Yes, I am sure you will enjoy yourself."

"Yes, I am sure you will enjoy yourself."

"Yes, I am sure you will enjoy yourself."

"Yes, I am sure you will enjoy Yourself."

"Yes, I am sure you will enjoy yourself."

"Yes, I am sure you will enjoy yourself."

"Yes, I am sure you will enjoy yourself."

"Yes, I am sure you will enjoy yourself."

"Yes, I am sure you will enjoy yourself."

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THE LETTERS OF MARY

Tracking Eugene O'Brien—A Love of the English Language—The Princess of the North—On and Off the Screen.

6210, Franklin Ave.,
Hollywood, California.

DEAR FAY,—California is truly the most delightful place ever! Every day or so, on roads or drives, we meet, or pass, some famous star. But I must tell you about two that seemed just to have left wherever we happened to be!

Invariably Anna Querentia Nilsson had "just gone" from Allan Dewan's to Goldwin's; or from Lasky's to William Hart's; and Eugene O'Brien had "just gone up in the hills with Henry!"

On the Track of Eugene O'Brien.

Now Mr. O'Brien was here for only a few weeks, so why should "Henry" monopolize him? Alice and I decided to track them into the wilds—to vamp Henry (of course), while Alice smiled upon handsome Mr. O'Brien! After three successive days of beauty luck, we tried cold Water Canyon, and the bridle paths back of Beverley.

We had dismounted, to pick flowers, when we heard someone say: "Well, Henry, old scout, we'd better go back!" And over that hill came Eugene O'Brien, on a beautiful Kentucky bay—but no Henry! Alice was having a horrible time with the girth of her saddle, when a cherubic, English-accented voice intoned, "May I assist you?" Then, handing me his bridle, "Will you please hold Henry for me?" Henry was his horse! Alice just laughed till she cried, and we had to tell him the joke—and how we had trailed him, and Miss Nilsson, everywhere.

I'll tell you a secret—Eugene O'Brien is much handsomer in the flesh than on the screen! And he is just as jolly nice as he is handsome—not the least bit spoiled. His accent is English, not the accent affected by some Americans, but British enough to sound like home to us. He says he is American and proud of it, but that he thinks the language is more beautifully and correctly spoken by the English. He thinks all English-speaking people should study the language, to perfect and beautify it. Certainly he makes a serious study of fiction. If more of the world took half as careful, we should be guilty of far less slang and provincialism!

For that matter, Mr. O'Brien thinks it would be ideal if Easterners could have two years of Western college, Westerners two of Eastern college—Americans all two years of Oxford, and English colleagues two years of American college!

His Mother.

Of course you know Mr. O'Brien has generally played English parts on the stage and often in England—two years with Kyle Bellow, in "The Thief" and the "Builder of Bridges" (Sutor)—and it surely would have been perfectly stupid to use an American accent in an English part. Having cultivated the English accent (for that purpose) most carefully and assiduously, Mr. O'Brien retains it because he considers it the more perfect. Whatever his critics may say, they will have to concede his sincerity. He is a great admirer of Southern, Forbes Robertson, and Walter Hampson.

As we left the beauties of distant San Fernando valleys behind us and neared the hotel, Mr. O'Brien said his mother was waiting for him, and asked us to stop and meet her. You may be sure we were delighted, especially when she explained proudly that wherever Gene was he managed to have her with him a part of each day.

"Come over to Brunton's to-morrow at one," said he when we left, "and I shall give you a surprise!"

And he did! When he reached his set, there was—Anna Q. Nilsson! They were making a scene where she is his secretary, in some political story.

The Clever Anna.

Well, Anna Nilsson is not only very beautiful, but very clever. We had just seen her in "Daniel S. Haven's." For a time and she played in his "Sand," too. I like her best in Dewan's "In the Heart of a Fool," and she has a ripping part in his "Lash of the Irish." She is in Lasky's "The Fighting Chance," and with George M. Cohan in "Seven Keys to Baldpate." If you could see her wonderful eyes, golden hair, and creamy skin you would not marvel that a big artist is trying to persuade her to pose again for him.

With her beauty she is so gracious and charming—why, a publicist said to me that Anna Nilsson is one of the very nearest, most thoughtful girls he knows—A publicist—they are chary of praise, for no one knows the real star better. The variety of leading roles she portrays proves her ability and versatility as an actress. And off the screen she wears such stunning gowns—she is not showy, or gaily, but simple and smart—best accentuating her beauty—Princess of the North!

The Tedium of Film Acting.

Mr. Cody offered to let us play atmosphere in "The Mischief Man," and Mr. O'Brien suggested that I should stay on with him, and try my hand at writing for the film magazines—think of that! "Atmosphere," you know, is a part of a crowd, or background—a setting for the principals. We thought it would be great sport to dance around in a ballroom scene, or play bohemians in an artist's studio, for seven dollars and a half a day; but, my dear, it is very tiresome and tedious! You wait and wait around—then when it is time to begin you have to do the same thing over and over again, and we began at one-thirty in the afternoon and were there until three o'clock next morning!

It was no more informal than being in an office, or any other sort of work—not a gay lark at all—for everybody either worked before the camera, or sat around and yawned.

Firm as a Rock.

Tell me, dear, how Long Cody is a marvel—jolly and gay on the surface, firm and business-like underneath—always pleasant, always perfectly courteous, not a bit uppish. You like him better every time you see him, not because he has vamp qualities that awe— or which scare, but because he has a most admirable way. He is business-like, and no matter how inconsiderable a thing may seem, you know he has grasped its real import. You respect him, whereas you often detest his screen vamp character.

Likewise Eugene O'Brien, the rather despised screen-perfect lover in is most attractive and fascinating, because of his sincerity. He could not be more perfectly courteous, Why don't they give him a genuine role on the screen? I wish you could meet them both, Fay. They could both vamp me, though not as they do on the screen at all, at all!

Good-bye, dear,—Your loving friend,

MARY.
FLICKERS FROM FILMLAND.
NEWS, NOTES, AND OPINIONS BY FRED K. ADAMS.

Education Through the Eye.

The President of Harvard University, Dr. C. W. Eliot, strongly advocates the use of the moving picture in schools throughout the country as a means of education. In a recent speech he said: "We are trying at this moment to utilise all means of education through the eye. We have been accustomed to depend upon the ear very largely to begin with. The whole lecture business, for instance, in schools, colleges, and universities has been through the ear. It is a very inferior method to education through the eye, I learned that early in life because I wanted to be a chemist, and I found when I began to study chemistry that that was largely a work of the eye." It is interesting to note that educational films have already been shown in a number of American schools.

An Important Touch.

Mr. S. S. Hutchinson, of the American Film Company, who has an extensive knowledge of the motion picture industry, discusses the matter of interior scenes advocated the more extensive use of draperies. They are a home-like adjunct to the furnishings, he thinks, capable of adding a charm and softness to the whole photographic effect. With this additional touch the hospitable and realistic aspect of a house that is lived in is subtly presented; the house which contains a real woman; without there is the feeling of something temporary, something lacking, a gap between the spirit of the story and the actors and scenes, Mr. Hutchinson considers, may seem to be unimportant details, but they are tools in the hands of an American producer, a suggestion by which he makes a really finished production, one which satisfies in every way.

"Big Four" News.

Miss Pickford, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Fairbanks, and Mr. Griffith, have given the United Artists "positive assurance" that they will soon be in a position to release one of their big productions on the first of each month. This arrangement means that the exhibitors of America can expect a first-class film every month. So far, the "Big Four" have made eight films, and these are Douglas Fairbanks in "His Majesty, the American," D. W. Griffith's "Bolkom Blossoms," Douglas Fairbanks in "When the Clouds Roll By," Mary Pickford in "Polyanna," Mack Sennett's "Down on the Farm," Doris Keane in "Romanee," Douglas Fairbanks in "The Mollycoddle," and Mary Pickford in "Suds."

Charlie Chaplin has not yet contributed to the programme, and it is said that he visits to the studio are getting fewer and fewer, and his hours of labour shorter and shorter. Mention of his name reminds me that the manager of a large South London picture theatre has the following significant item of news printed on his programmes:

"We shall show all the Chaplin pictures which are being released, and these which are still to come under the 'million-dollar contract,' and then—goodness knows!"

This, of course, is a sly dig at Charlie's latter-day inactivity, so far as film-making is concerned.

"The spirit of a Greenwood, or the body of an elf" is the latest description of Olga Thomas.

Lessons We Learn From the Films.

Matrimony may cure love's blindness.

Some people borrow trouble for the purpose of giving it to others.

There are people who would rather go barbecued while waiting for a dead man's show, then get out and save sufficient money to buy a new pair.

You can't make any believe that scald milk is worth crying.

Those who have nothing to lose are quite willing to have it.

It is all right to keep reading if you have anything to write about.

The man who makes the best of everything should have no trouble in disposing of his goods.

Have patience. Even a make-row doesn't go straight to the post, but it gets there.

Two-thirds of our troubles are imaginary.

The Week's Best Films.

The following is a list of the best photo-plays which are being released for exhibition at the cinemas during this week, and the names of the star artists:

Wuthering Heights, "The Spirit of the Wind"... Hawford, Mr. Kean, Miss Drew

Judy, "The Romance of Julia"... Arliss Edwards, Miss Wills

The Last Laugh, "The Dark Star"... Marion Davies, F. L. E. S.

The Love Letter, "The Love Letter"... Wallace Reid, Bronson, F. L. E. S.

Easy Money, "The Gold Hunter"... Lurel Clayson, Channon's
FASHION. Even advanced to show Gloria Swanson fashion. Every film she appears in is a surprise for her admirers. On the screen, she appears with a grace that makes her figures on the screen, she appears with a grace that makes her look good in the parts she plays. Also she has no superstition about the peacock feathers are meant to bring good luck; that pearls mean tears. She is wearing these gems in great parts in the history scenes in "The Admiral," "The Admire". We shall soon see her as we shall soon see her as the possibilities of this dress and a jewelled peacock head dress.

Gloria loves feathers in any form.

A new style of hair dressing in "Don't Change Your Husband".

She does not share the superstition that peacock feathers are unlucky.

The possibilities of rich trims in "The Admiral: Crichton."
Gloria Swanson.

She makes her own fashion, has nothing new in thing. She has some new of all beholders. She beautiful tints in her. than talk of illness not prevent her illusion. In the old "Crichton," in which her shows a pearl frock. It is wonderful.
The hero and heroine parted: the Princess by the villain, Cagga, the hero and his friend by the natives.
EN IE SNAPPED FOR THE SHOW,' PRE-DEN'S A DAY'S WORK ON THE SCREEN.

THERE are not many theatrical dressing-rooms, however luxurious, which promote a desire for rest and meditation; or, rather, though the desire may already be there, the necessary atmosphere and 'far-from-the-madding-crowd' feeling are absent; for, not unnaturally, such apartments are usually pervaded by the adorable but mercurial Spirit of the Theatre.

Moreover, like a in the stage dressing-room at the Winter Garden, in which, with a little pardonable imagination, you might think you had dropped into a room in some old-world cottage, or perhaps I should say, one of these modern dwellings which so artfully counterfeit the genuine thing. (The genuine thing so often is dingy, musty, and generally unhygienic on close investigation.) From which you will receive (I hope) a mental picture composed of such elements as chintzes and Windsor chairs; a cozy settle and, beside it, a quaint little table suggestive of strawberries and real Devonshire cream; gleaming brass utensils, and, oh, the most fascinating old brick fireplace you could possibly imagine.

Almost the only concessions to theatrical tradition are the powerful electric lights, the row of grease spots on the simple dressing-table, and the many celebrated countenances which adorn the wall above. Here, again, is something in keeping with the old-world picture—a portrait over the looking-glass and in the place of honour, simply inscribed, 'Mother.'

Misses the Audience.

THE door is flung open, letting in the alluring strains of 'Kissing Time,' and a young man attired in a (musical comedy) French officer's uniform enters, greets me cheerily, lights a cigarette, lolls back comfortably in the Windsor chair before the dressing-table, and, at my request, commences to talk:

"Yes, 'Ali's Button' is my initial star film," Mr. Henson says. "Though I have done tiny little bits before with the British Actors. This picture is a Heapworth, and as you doubtless know, is adapted from W. A. Darlington's popular novel. I have always been keen on films, and this experience has served to make me even more keen. Some people complain of the boredom of film acting, but personally I have never felt it, perhaps because I was so thoroughly interested that I never felt the tedium of the waits between scenes, and also because I am so keen on the mechanical side of film production.

"It is, however, more difficult to play a humorous role before the camera than before the footlights; there is a certain lack of spontaneity in the work, and then again one misses an audience acutely. On the stage one feeds the audience, as it were, and senses just what it wants accordingly. But I must confess that I have learnt a great deal from film work.

The Rich Reward.

On the other hand, stage experience is helpful to film acting, even though the arts are quite different, because one has a valuable dramatic instinct already well developed. In fact, I think that stage folk should turn their attention to the screen more than they are doing at present. I don't see why the two arts should not be welded together.

The advantages attached to film work are manifest.—Apart from the endless artistic possibilities of it, there are the material advantages of becoming international, and earning far more money than a career confined solely to the stage affords. The prospects of film acting are tremendous, provided a man is a good actor, a distinctive type, and has the luck to fall into the hands of the right producer. Luck, indeed, plays an important role in the film world, but if you happen to be the right person, then the rewards are rich.

"These are general considerations, and while they were, of course, in my mind when I made my film debut, one of the strongest inducements the picture offered was its good story, without, however, undue demands that I should be 'intensely funny'—that ban of the cinemad's life. Chaplin, I consider, is the one great genius of the film world—be made the comic film possible, and what Dan Leno was to the stage so he is to the screen—and his pouts is every bit as wonderful as his humour.

Wrongly Accused.

"Speaking of Chaplin, reminds me of one little thing I should like to say in connection with my role in 'Ali's Button.' Some of the film critics accused me of imitating Chaplin's moustache. As a matter of fact, I wore a similar handle ad when I played in the sketch called 'In the Frenzies,' and in 'A Pirate' I went it only because the book demanded it. I hate wearing a moustache as a rule. This particular one is really quite good, and while in some scenes it appeared to be much smaller, hence the accusation. But though..."
MISS MARY ELIZABETH BRYANY was as sure
a splinterer as ever tyrannised over a servant.

Her fair face was a permanent ex-pression
of distrust and disappoint-ment.

The forehead was pock-ered into a frown, and
the thin mouth was set in a compromising line.

Her wit-ered hands were folded on the top of her
stiff, for she could only get about with great difficulty.

But Cousin, Lord Lewis, a middle-aged man
of kindly nature, who was the only one Miss Bryany,
the slightest respect for, had tried to make her
take a more charitable outlook on life, but, at last, she
had given up all in despair.

Not with-out hard work had Miss Bryany's
heart against the world, but hard as it was to
regard for her face, there is a bell that rests on the lip of the plane by her side, and
raught as hard as her weak arm would allow.

In response to the ring there appeared a woman
in every way more like Miss Bryany, but in a different
way, Lavinia Brooker had been engaged forty years
ago, as a companion, but Miss Bryany had made her
a wife.

She was a pale, spiritless creature, whose pride had
been a barrier to the life of servitude.

Her thin figure showed that she had not enough
to eat, and the sickly face was a sickly paler, and her
poor thin hands moved restlessly in and out, just
as the limits of an ill-tended dog slave in the presence
of a cruel master.

The hard eyes of her mistress searched Lavinia's
face, "I think Miss Bryany expects you,"
Lord Lewis sighed in sympathy for the tired white
Maidservant, who stood by her cousin's, drawing room.

The old woman greeted him with a sardonic smile.

"Well, Lewis, I won't ask how you are, and don't
say you're pleased to see me because nobody ever is.

The reason I sent you is because I shall be dead in two
days. I have to die out, Wednesday night."

"Miss Bryany stopped him with the tip of her stick on the
floor.

/ 34, "You're not the only one to talk like that," began her cousin,
but Miss Bryany stepped on it, and it was bowed up
looking very meagre," replied Lord Lewis.

The division appears to be very unequal," replied Lord
Lewis, trying to keep his temper.

That is exactly what I intended, but we cannot
be seen to be speaking of anything of the kind," said
Miss Bryany smiling.

"It does me good to hear," agreed with me, Lewis. None of
the others ever dared to do it. They thought that flattering me
I should remember them in my will. I've half a mind
to buy your head, and leave you the lot."

"That will do nothing of the kind," said her
lordship hastily. "These are the last words I
shall shriek Miss Bryany, "She's no spirit to tell you, and besides
she's a Catholic. I hate Catholics."

"I will wish you good-bye," said Lord Lewis,
standing up.

"Come again before I die," said Miss Bryany.

It makes such a change.

I shall find an end for us, cousin Mary. May I
hope you get a change on your outlook of life before it
is too late?"

A grim chuckle was the only reply Miss Bryany
made.

The Last Straw.

A he went out Lord Lewis asked Lavinia what
she intended to do if Miss Bryany died.

"I replied Lavinia as wearily as ever. She paused
for a moment and then added, "Well, I could do
nothing for you, Lord Lewis. You know that cruel
in the drawing room. For some long years long has been
my only friend. To the Holy Image I have confessed all
my troubles, and as I have prayed before it I have gained enough strength to
try and live in the world.

I have in the world is six pounds five shillings,
but I would gladly pay them for the cruel."

I am afraid it will cost more than that, but I will
do my best to get you if there should be a sale.

Miss Bryany, and her lordship.

First night when Miss Bryany was on her bed
she bathed the head of the cruel.

"I should say it is," replied the
"That is utterly

The woman literally shouted with rage.

"So that is it? I have got your eye on my
things already, before I am dead. Pack the box
box and get out of here at once. I always knew you
meant to do it."

"But I can't leave you alone, Miss Bryany. You
know I love to be with Lavinia."

But the more she pleaded the more angry
Miss Bryany became, and at last Lavinia went
down to the kitchen.

Lord Lewis said to Miss Bryany reather her
for her purse. Taking out one pound five shillings
she passed it to her.

"I know it is not enough, but it is all I have in
my purse, and you will have to be satisfied with it," said
Miss Bryany, "and you, Lewis, make it up to Miss Brooker."

It looks heavy. You may be taking some of my
things.

That was the last straw that broke the long-suffer-
ing back of the drummer. The colour came to the pale
cheeks as she stepped up for the first time in her
life to the tyrant.

"I won't, " she shouted. "Forty years you have
sacked my blood, and now that I am too old to work, I'll
turn me out of doors in the middle of the night."

Mr. Bannock came from the kitchen.

"You can laugh," screamed Lavinia. "But
will you leave me?"

The only answer was another burst of laughter
from the dying woman on the bed. And with the
grinning, Bannock ran out in the fume.

As he passed the drawing-room she went in
to pray before the crucifix.

All the time a year of forty years was poured
out before the Holy image, and then Lavinia Brooker
went out into the night.

For some minutes after Lavinia had left Miss
Bryany sat in bed chuckling with glee.

"Poor people with far greater claims on Miss
Brooker for instance,"
Seldom do we find anyone whose career had been a success of life without clothes, yet this is exactly what Robert Gordon did.

He commended his film career in a snoopy extension from shoulders to thigh, and with black grease paint the rest of the way. He was representing a native of Tarans, and earning five dollars a day in "The Soul of Tarans," when one day a wagon filled with Turans spilled the contents over the side of the cliff, and thus ended the company. Gordon sorted out his smeared personage, and blackened legs, from the squirming heap, and made for the shower bath. Then Wallace Reid discovered him, and, after being draped, he took part in "Joan of Arc," in which Geraldine Farrar and Wally Reed starred. His characterisation was splendid, and Thoana Jones procured him to play with Charles Ray.

Robert was delighted with the opportunity of studying at close range the technique of Ray, whom he considers the world's greatest film actor. Later, he played with Bill Hart, and eventually stopped forth to fame as the lover in "The Beast of Berlin."

Five companies offered him contracts, and he accepted J. Stuart Blackton's offer to appear in "Missing." He was just about to sign a starring contract when the war broke out, and he immediately enlisted.

Upon demobilisation he returned to Vita-graph, where he played with Bewsee Less, Sylvia Beamer, and Mary Pickford.

Bob fancied he had attained the zenith of his professional life when engaged to act opposite Mary Pickford in "The Little American." His business was to dance with Mary in the ship salon, but he had no suitable clothes! He went to his wardrobe and found it as bare as Mother Hubbard's! From his savings he managed to hire a dress suit, his first civilised equipment after war togs. But alas, when it was time to shoot the scene, Cecil B. de Mille gave a fastidious eye to Bob and straightway assigned Mary to another gallant. "I felt like a startled debutante," commented Bob with a wry smile.

His latest work is with Alice Joyce, in "Dollars and the Woman," of which he remarks:

"I tried my best to play the gentleman in this, for anyone is bound to be a gentleman when playing with Alice Joyce. I consider her the greatest actress and the finest woman with whom I have ever had the privilege of working. I'd rather be the leading man with such an artiste than be a star on my own."

From this you might deduce that young Gordon is enamoured of the lovely Alice. However, Alice is in love with another—her husband, and Bob is infatuated with beautiful Alma Francis, the musical comedy star, who at home is known as Mrs. Robert Gordon.

The Lost Crucifix.

LAVINIA BROOKER woke after a troubled sleep to find her room as she had always been.

With some idea of begging Miss Bryan's pardon she walked up the stairs, to find the white blind was down. She hesitated, and then opened the door with her latch key. The door opened, for it was not the face beamed with joy "You have done justice at last," he said gently.

But Miss Bryan only chuckled. She was enjoying the joke of Lavinia during the circle against her. They Lord Lewis suddenly remembering that the will ought to be witnessed, rushed into the room and was fortunate enough to find a belated reveller whom he dragged in and made witness the will.

Then he brought the doctor, but Miss Bryan was past all unnatural aid. That night she died with a queer smile on her face as if she was chuckling in death at the wonderful thing that Lavinia Brooker had done. It was Lavinia's idea to frame the crucifix, and to get the face beamed with joy.

"Don't you think we ought to tell the police, my lord?" he said.

Lavinia had a thought a second. He had no doubt in his mind as to who had taken the crucifix. It could be no other than Lavinia Brooker.

"No; you may leave this to me," he said.

He had no longer any desire to stay and buy something. Morally he wished to return to the house of the late cousin. He wandered about the house half hoping he would find the crucifix had been returned, but there was no sign of it in any of the rooms. In the end he knew his wish had died and he found her purse, and slipped it in his pocket without opening it.

"It's a great pity that she took it," he said to himself, "but, cousin Mary, you deserve her to be honest."

Then, taking, carrying a cheque from the auctioneer for £4,540 6s. 2d., the amount realised by the sale, he visited the lending house, where Lavinia was staying. He handed the letter with the cheque to the manager with the instruction that it was to be given to Miss Brooker.

After dinner that night Lord Lewis was feeling in high spirits. He smoked his tobacco pouch when he touched the purse. Mechanically he pulled it out of his pocket and opened it. It contained exactly seven pounds five shillings, and then he understood. Poor old Miss Bryan had bought the crucifix with it the only money she had in the world.

There was a great joy in the heart of Lord Lewis as he went to his desk and wrote a letter.

"Dear Miss Brooker,—I have much pleasure in sending you a cheque for £6 6s., the amount due to you from the private sale of the crucifix. This brings the total amount that you owe as sole heir of my late cousin to £4,856 1s. 2d. I trust you will live long to enjoy the inheritance you so well deserve."

Allice Joyce and Robert Gordon take the lead in "Dollars and the Woman." Robert says that he likes playing with Alice Joyce better than any other film actress.

(Adapted from incidents in the Semeluen photo-play, by permission of Cranger's Exclusives, Ltd.)
RESULT OF THE "CHOOSING THE STARS" COMPETITION

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS WON BY THE PRIZE-WINNERS.

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<td>2</td>
<td>Charlie Chaplin</td>
<td>22,926</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>Mabel Normand</td>
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<td>Tom Mix</td>
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<td>Charlie Chaplin</td>
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Next week the names of the stars that came 2nd in the voting will be given.

ONE HUNDRED PRIZES OF £1—Continued

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<tr>
<th>Florence M. Harting, Holbeck</th>
<th>Florence M. Parfit, Throat, Manchester</th>
<th>Gwladys Williams, Clapham</th>
<th>Joseph Hackett, Fortich</th>
<th>Edward Hall, Crayford</th>
<th>Daisy Stowell, Newington, West London</th>
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ONE HUNDRED PRIZES OF £1

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<tr>
<th>Name of Star</th>
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<tr>
<td>Mary Pickford</td>
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<td>Charlie Chaplin</td>
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<td>Mabel Normand</td>
<td>5,708</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
<td>18,857</td>
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<td>Douglas Fairbanks</td>
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<td>Wallace Beery</td>
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<td>Pearl White</td>
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<td>Warner Oland</td>
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<td>Baby Mae Oshman</td>
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<td>Pauline Frederick</td>
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<td>Douglas Fairbanks</td>
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<td>Susan Hayward</td>
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<td>Charlie Chaplin</td>
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through Jack of space the whole of the addresses cannot be given, but they can be seen at "The Flatwall House," Farmington Street, London, EC
Behind the Scenes

The filming of a big street scene in "The Red Lantern," in which NAZIMOVA plays. On the platform at the right may be seen the Director, ALBERT CAPELLANI, with the megaphone, and the camera-man. Another camera is set up on the upper platform so that two films will be made at the same time, showing different aspects.

A photograph showing a theatre scene in "The Brat." DARRELL FOSS (standing), AMY VIENESS, FRANK CURRIER, and CHARLES BRYANT are in the box to the left. Director HERBERT BLACKIE, with his megaphone, and the camera-man, show in the dim silhouette to the right.

FILM FUN

Gradual Economy.

"LOOK here, Lucy," said the star's husband, "are in sore spot for research, "only last months I paid a dressmaker's bill for £20, and here, after all your promises to economise is another one for £15."

"Well, dear," she retorted in an injured tone, "doesn't that prove that I'm beginning to spend less?"

---

No Brains.

"THAT new actor is certainly a fine-looking fellow," said the producer. "A fine head."

"Yes," answered the scenario writer. "He ought to have a fine head. It's brand new; he has never used it." ---

Changed Her Mind.

"I DON'T quite like the shape of those shoes," said the pretty star.

"They conform exactly to the shape of your foot, and nothing could be more beautiful than that," said the polite salesman.

They were sold.

Nearly Fatal.

A MAN at a cinema weeding the other day was telling everybody, in a very loud voice, that a good wife was capable of turning this gloomy earth into a joyous heaven.

"A good wife can make a veritable angel of a man," he declared.

"You're quite right there," one of the married men exclaimed. "Mine cause near to making one of me with her first pie."

---

Groans and Tears.

MONTGOMERY and Rock, the screen comedians, were walking along the street. One of them, pointing to a house, said:

"That's a beautiful place, but it's enough to make a man sad to look at it." ---

"Why so?"

"On account of its history: for despite its calm and serene surroundings, it was built upon the tears, wailings, and blood of widows, orphans, old men, and struggling women."

"You don't say so. Was it built by an unscrupulous financier, then?"

"Oh, no, by a dentist."
Douglas Fairbanks tells you the secret of his happiness. Try it now, advises Doug.

There is one thing we don't want along—fear. We will never get anywhere with that, nor with any of its tributaries, or cousins—Evil, Malice, and Greed. In justice to our own best interests we should learn every crook and cranny of our hearts and minds lest we venture forti with any such impediments. There is no excuse, and we have no one to blame if we allow any of them to journey along with us. We know whether they are there or not, just as we would know Courage, Trust, and Honour were they perched upon us in the saddle.

It is idle to squafl it through association with the former we find ourselves pitched before we are well under way—for it is coming to us, sooner or later. We might go far, as some have done, through life and all its gotten gains and luxurious self-indulgences, but we would pay in the end. So why not charge them up to profit and loss at the start, and kick them off into the gutter, where they belong? They are not for us on our eventful journey through life, and the time to get rid of them once and for all is when we are young, and mentally and physically vigorous. Later on, when the fires burn low, and we still have them with us, they will be hard to push aside.

To think men self true be, there says the great Shakespeare, and how can we be true to ourselves when we deal with inferiors? We are known by our companionships. We will be rated according to association—good or evil. The two will not mix for long, and we will be one sort of a fellow or the other. We can't be both.

There was a time, long years ago, in the days of our grandfathers, when men were as the “how-wops,” and later on “came back,” as it were, by making a partial success in life, measured largely by the money they succeeded in accumulating at a rate before the “check-up” system was invented. Today, things are different. Questions are asked: Where were you five years ago? Where are you going? What did you experience? What will you do? Have you any credentials? What is your present position? What are your future plans? And when we shake our weary head and wave away, we find the “how-wop” had “come back” there when the “taking” was good.

To think own self true be; and it must follow as the night the day, thus can't not be false to any man.

When we can analyse ourselves and find that we are living up to the quoted lines above we may safely lift the limit from our aspirations. Right here it is well to say that success is not to be computed in dollars and cents, nor that the will to achieve a successful life is to be predicated upon the mere accumulation of wealth. First of all, good health and good moods—then we may bold head and long; we are safe on first.

Go, with these two weapons, we may dig down into our aspirations, and, keeping in view that our policy is that of honesty to ourselves and toward our fellow men, all we need to do is to go about the programme of life cheerfully and strong in heart—for now we are in a state of prepariness.

We are at the point where vision starts. Along with this vision must come the courage of convictions in order that we may feel that ideas are important; and, because we have such thoughts, we shall surely succeed. It has often been noticed that when we have had a large conception, and have with force, character, and strength of will carried it into effect, immediately thereafter a host of people will say “I thought of that myself!” Most of us have had the same experience after reading of a great discovery that we had thrown overboard because it must not have been “worth while,” or someone else would have already thought of it.

The man who puts life into an idea is ordained a genius, because he does the right thing at the right time. Therein lies the difference between the genius and a commonplace man.

We all have ambitions, but only the few achieve. A man thinks of a good thing and says: “Now if only I had the money, I'd put that through.” The worst “if” was a dent in his courage. With character fully established, a plan well thought out, he had only to go to those in command of capital and it would have been forthcoming. He had something that capital would cheerfully get behind if he had the courage to back up his claims. To fail was nothing less than moral cowardice, and the spirit of our times demands that we have little patience with our fellow citizens for being discouraged by cowardly “ifs.” Did we lack the seed? Enough said, so that we didn't have the courage to put it into practice.

Life is one great experience, and those who fail to win, if sound of body, can safely lay the blame to their lack of mental equipment. That does it matter if disappointments follow to the other if we can laugh and try again? Failures must be a part of us in these days, but we must rise from our failures and win back our losses if we are shrilly enough to realize that good health, sound mind, and spirit are necessary adjuncts. As Tennyson says:

"I hold it true, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

All truly great men have been healthy—otherwise they would have fallen short of the mark. Poets are filled with nervous, diseased creatures. There is no doubt but that most of these who through ignorance affrighted through the dustless pits could have saved themselves had they realised the truth and "taken stock" of themselves in time—of course allowing for those who are victims of circumstantial evidence.

The prime necessity of life is health. With this, for mankind, nothing is impossible. But if we do not make use of this good health we shall be as wayward and never come back. If often disappears entirely for lack of interest in the part of its thoughtless owner. A little energy would have saved the day. Laughter clings to good health as naturally as the magnet hangs to the magnet. It is the outward expression of the innermost soul. It bubbles forth as a fountain, always refreshing, always wholesome and sweet.

(Once gives us more good grace next week.)
A GREAT Back-to-Youth Campaign begins to-day. So many people are at present suffering from various forms of hair failure that a Royal Hair Specialist—Mr. Edwards, the inventor of "Harlene Hair-Drill"—makes the above announcement.

"I am determined," he says, "that every man or woman who is really solicitous for the health and beauty of his or her hair shall at least have the opportunity of proving by personal test and at no expense the splendid effect of \Harlene Hair-Drill."

MILLIONS OF GIFTS.

Already millions of Free Gift "Harkene Hair Outfits" have been distributed, and the results have been so encouraging that I have now decided to commence this Great Back-to-Youth Campaign to help every man and woman to possess and retain a healthy and beautiful head of hair. Therefore, I have now ready another 1,000,000 to be distributed absolutely free to the first 1,000,000 applicants.

TWO MINUTES A DAY FOR HAIR BEAUTY.

"Since the war there has been quite an alarming increase in hair troubles. Worry and anxiety were by no means confined to the trenches. All kinds of troubles have entered thousands of British homes, with dire effects upon the hair, and conditions generally have been mainly responsible for the serious increase of hair disorders."

"Of course, other causes aggravate these conditions. For instance, it is really surprising how few men and women know just how to take care of their hair. This is too often neglected or maltreated. It is because I am convinced of this that I am commencing the present great educational campaign to show those people how easy and simple it is to possess really beautiful and healthy hair. Two minutes a day devoted to 'Harlene Hair-Drill' will accomplish wonders in this direction."

GREAT 4-FOLD GIFT FREE.

Here is what Mr. Edwards now offers you as a Free Trial of "Harlene Hair-Drill":

1. "HARLENE-FOR-THE-HAIR," acknowledged and used throughout the world as the most stimulating and beautifying tonic-food for the hair. Used daily, it not only feeds the growth of the hair, but "instulates" it against every enemy of the hair, such as greasiness, dryness, splitting, breaking, and falling out—as it "drills" every hair into a shaft of symmetrical beauty and lustre with the radiance of health.

2. A PACKET of the "CREMEX" SHAMPOO POWDER which has the largest sale in the world, because of the extraordinary way in which it frees the hair and the scalp from all scurf, stale and more or less unpleasantly odorous grease, clamminess, dull and lustreless appearance, transforming every hair into a tendril of exquisite daintiness and cleanliness.

3. A BOTTLE of "UZON" BRILLIANTINE, which enhances the well-groomed appearance of the hair, whilst supplying a corrective to the "too dry" condition created by indoor life in artificially heated and lighted rooms. "Uzon" gives a final touch of polish and brilliancy.

4. THE BOOK OF THE "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" INSTRUCTIONS, which reveals the secrets of this 2-minute-a-day method of (1) Cultivating and (2) Preserving a glorious head of hair.

PRACTISED DAILY BY MILLIONS.

Far and away the most convincing argument in favour of "Harlene Hair-Drill," however, is to be found in the thousands upon thousands of letters received by Mr. Edwards from all sorts and conditions of people from every corner of the civilised globe, from people of both sexes, and all ages.

It is not too much to say that "Harlene Hair-Drill" is a daily item in the toilet in millions of homes.

Among those who have declared their obligation to "Harlene Hair-Drill" are Kings, Queens, Princes, Princesses, the Nobility, the Aristocracy, and members (of both sexes) of all the recognised classes. Busy commercial dignitaries and professional men who value their appearance regularly devote two minutes to carry out "Harlene Hair-Drill," "knowing it preserves a smart, well-groomed" appearance.

Famous actresses, cinema queens, revue artists, and society beauties, have written most enthusiastic letters to Mr. Edwards, thanking him for the great improvement which "Harlene Hair-Drill" has wrought in their appearance by giving them healthy, lustrous, and radiant hair.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle. "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1d., and 2s. 9d. per bottle. "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 1s. 1d. per box of seven Shampoos (single packets 2s. 6d. each). Both "Astor" at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 9d., or will be sent direct on receipt of 6d. extra for postage, from Edwards' Harkene Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.
IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.


THE summer months are just wonderful, not only on account of the warm, sunny days and the beauty and happiness in their train, but also for the perfect beauty of the flowers that bloom in profusion in both cultivated gardens and field. But apart from utilising them as house hold decoration, few women take the full perfume of their fragrance and charm. The balsam perfume that lingered in the scented sheets of the old-time country house is seen in full today. Yet there is no reason why. Most women spend a deal of time and attention on their garden, yet how many attempt to preserve the flowers' perfume for winter months.

Even the girl without a flowery garden can find blossoms and glean petals and flowers in the country and convert her gatherings into sachets to perfume her clothes and drawers.

Sweet Scented Sachets.

LAVENDER is sweet clover, and pine form a delightful combination for sachets, and these can be collected in the country. The lavender can easily be bought from a coltager who has a nice clump in his garden. Blossom from the balsam tree has an uncommon fragrance that adds to the perfume of the mixture. Sweet wild clover, especially the kind that grows in large clumps and has a small white flower has a delicious and enticing fragrance.

Make your sachets about five or six inches square, and of orange muslin that is not too coarse, or the dust from the petals will sift through. Hem within half an inch of all edges of the bag, covering with a line of ribbon trimming, and fill the centre part of the bag loosely with the dried flowers. These sachets are especially attractive if made in a colour to indicate their scent, and tied with ribbons or matches. Pale green and white for the clover, and mauve for the lavender.

A Rose Pillow.

What could be more fascinating and subtle in perfume for the dressing-room than a rose pillow? The beauty of the rose is liked by everyone, and this is a charming way of preserving it for dull winter days. It is the time to save the rose-leaves. Gather them at night, and to preserve them. The petals may be gathered into a bucket of cold water to which a tablespoonful of salicylic acid has been added, then kept in a dry warm place. All kinds can be used, and ornamental and rose root should be added to strengthen the perfume.

While you are collecting the petals, make the slip for them out of white muslin or organza, edging it with a four-inch flounce. Apply a crepe rose on to one corner of the slip, and decorate with a strip of soft satin ribbon from the crêpe flower to the opposite corner.

Fill the cushion with the dried rose-leaves and keep in the dressing-room as decoration. It will impart a delightful fragrance to the room and give you a breath of June all through the winter. The advantage of the slip is, that it can be easily laundered, and the perfume can escape through the open mesh.

To Crystallize Rose-Leaves.

ONE of our best-known film stars delights in crystallized rose petals during the summer time for the introduction of cakes and fancy dishes. Her method is quite simple, so I pass it on to you.

First make a small quantity of a pound of sugar and half a pint of water, stirring well. Cover this mixture with some clean muslin and allow it to stand without stirring. Pour it into a bowl and allow to stand for twenty-four hours and then strain. Add a quarter of a pound of sugar and boil until soft, and then strain again. Put in more leaves, heat to the boiling point, and stir lightly until the syrup granulates. Dry on sheets of waxed paper, separating the petals carefully with a silver fork. Pack away in layers of waxed paper. These will last quite a long time, as only a few petals will be needed each time.

To Preserve Rose-Buds.

A NOTHER British film star, who has a delightful old-world garden in the heart of London, told me to-day of her summer roses when they are in buds for house decoration in the winter months. Below is a method of how she does it.

To preserve rose-buds, gather in the evening when they are quite dry, and just slightly open and firm. Then smear them with a knife-scissors to squish the stems together—and then dip the ends in boiling water. Then pack them away with a little waxed paper and tie with a silk string. Lay the roses in a light-tight box in such a way that they will not crush, and put away in a cool closet or cupboard. When needed, remove the paper very carefully, as the bud will be found to be brittle. Cut the stems just above the wax and enjoy the beauty of the petals for many months. Then place the buds in fresh cold water to which a little salt has been added, and they will thus be kept fresh, and when placed in a warm place they will be quite ready and fresh for the table. Cut the silk string and place the roses after you have arranged them in the vases.

The Picture Girl.

T his effect of highly patterned costume has not escaped the Noticeable—that has been the predominant photograph of the Picture-Girl, who has chosen to wear it to-day in a new frock. With a background of Navy blue, it boasts of a bold pattern of white stars that is so closely related to the costume of the native Hindoo. This delightfully simple material lends itself admirably to this effect, and is shown in this little frock. The back of the design is cut down in one from the neck, to the waist; the skirt front being gathered to the edge of the back, and the front is embroidered in a way in which the bodice is arranged. A stack of plain blue satin tucks under the waist line, and colonies of satin flowers are placed at the back in a large, gaudy bow. Only 25 yards of 40-inch wide material is required. You can obtain patterns in 22, 24, 25, and 26 inches wide sizes from the Perry Co., 620 Madison Avenue, New York, or from your nearest patterns dealer. Mention the number, 25,960, and you are sure.
The Charm of Summer.

At this Season, when all nature is so attractive, there is a special call to us to give particular attention to the care of the complexion and hair.

There is no more effective aid to womanly beauty than the care and grace from the pores which soap and water cannot reach. The soap, when used to cleanse the skin, makes it soft, smooth, and velvety, thus bringing to the surface the hidden beauties of the dainty charm of soft white hands. Of all Chemists and Stores, 1 6d and 3½.

Ask for

DENTINE TOILET PREPARATIONS

Olive Pomade, New Improved Formula Tooth Paste.... 1½; Rose Powder, 1½; Shampoo Powder, 2d. each; Powder, 2d. each; Powder, 8d., 1½., and 3½.; Shaving Soap and Spear Cream. 1½.

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Summer in the City.

Summery days, crowdety streets, impure air. The dust irritates the sensitive delicate lining of the mouth and throat, rendering the system susceptible to infection by the diseases which we inevitably inhale. Extra strong mouth and prevent the irritation and fortify against all infection by way of the mouth and throat.

EVANS’ Pastilles

An effective precautionary measure against the microbes of Influenza, Catarh, Pneumonia, Diphtheria, etc. See the Dusted Dusts’ on each, for Evans’ Pastilles. 1 3½.

per tin from Chemists or post free from the makers.

Answers to Correspondents (Continued from page 21.)

SELTIE (Lotan).—You have not worried me. However, her birthday was the heroine in Tom Mix's picture "Fame and Fortune," and I will try and discover her birthday. - No; Harrison Ford and Ferguson are not related, as far as I know, either in the real or film world. Conversation with Tom Taylor, Mahlon Hamilton was Daddy Long Legs in the film of that name. - "Roger (Faversham).” Yes, it was Eugene O’Neill who was opposite Nora Talman in "The Safety Catch" opposite "Poppa." 

Ziska (Hoban).—Thank you very much for kindly offering me this in the name of Tom Mix. There is such an art piece of Tom Moore given away recently. It was Thomas Peston in "The Eternal City" and in "The Greek Tycoon." 

Kregie (Bury St. Edmunds).—And so Stewart Holbrook, wrote you quite a sweet letter with his photograph. I hope your other favorites have also received it. Stirling Milne, whom Billy Bubbles married, died in October 1918. 

Mollie (Port Elizabeth).—You may certainly join my little array of correspondents. I am enrolling recruits every day, and they have nothing to do but ask questions. Tom Moore is thirty-five, and his brother Owen is younger. Probably Nora Talman is fond of dancing and swimming, though I haven’t asked her. I am glad to hear you possess a strong sense of humour. How did you fate in the beauty competition? 

MX (Birmingham).—But who is J. May, who annexed your letter and am answering this? Wild horses, as the old saying goes, will not drag a confession from me. Thanks for all the new names. May your days be many and plentiful. Sorry I can’t send you any film star into the world the same day as you. 

E. B. (S. Jersey).—Yes, there are many more of our art photo letters to come, and the name of your favorite has been duly added to the list. Consul Neal has been more joyous this last in “Little Women.” Miriam Little girl must be about two here. 

Megan (Littlehampton).—The Little shop down by the garage is so much recorded in "The Roundhay House" must be interesting. So you think Gerald Ames is simply adorable. Likewise also is Mary Diller his wife. Besides the one mentioned above, Alma Taylor has appeared in several other films, including “Conan The Tyre,” "The Cobweb," "The Marriage of William Ashe," and "Emissary of the Beast," which is her latest. 

Buckie (Wedgate-on-Sea).—Since you implored me to answer you, Buckie, I will. Pauline Frederick has little to say as far as I know. An article of her was given away with this paper, a few weeks ago in John Burns. 

Doris (Bedford).—So you have come again thirsting for information. You can order yourself welcome. Beside Love is not married. Vivian Alwen, who is Mrs. Jerson, is twenty-two. Eugene O’Neill is single, as so often stated on this page. Eton Stone seems to puzzle you. Haven’t you seen his work for the Sunday "Lambic," "The Coat," and "Under the Top," are among his recent successes. We have been trying to find out what you want to know about Roy Stewart. As a matter of fact, I am curious about him myself. 

George (Stockport).—George Walsh was born on March 16th, 1922, in New York, "Some Boy," "The Kid Nobody Knows," "Have and Hold," "The Beasts," and "I’ll Say So," are some of his pictures. 

Clara Bow (Toledo).—Clara Knight Kindel Young and Milton Silva were the leads in "The Law." Evelyn Noot in "My Little Sister." Thanks for sending this paper a long life. As long as the cinema exists so will the "P.M." 

W. (Leeds).—How many pictures do you list? The first picture dealing with Douglas Fairbanks, Norfolk. This place ice. Make up your mind to enter. Full particulars in Thursday’s "Home Mirror." 

Picture Show Personal.

WHERE TO WRITE TO YOUR FAVOURITE FILM STAR.—You are kindly requested not to ask for any addresses by post, but to write in the large number of other libraries that have to be answered. If you wish to communicate at once with any artiste not named below, write your letter, putting the name on the envelope, and enclose it with a loose 2d stamp to the Editor. If the letter weighs more than 1 oz., it will require an additional 1d stamp for each extra ounce. 

The Picture Show, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Fetterlane Street, London, E.C. 4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. Such letters cannot be answered by the Editor. Remember always to write to artists, to give your full name and address, including the name of your county and county, and mention The Picture Show to ensure the reply. It must be understood, however, that we cannot guarantee that such letters will be replied to. Please keep these addresses for reference.

FRANCIS FORD, ROSEMARY THEBY.—Care of West Coast Studio, 5010, Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

LIVY CLOSE.—Care of Selznick Film Co., Woodland Hills, Los Angeles, Calif.

GEORGE LARKIN, FANNIE WARD.—Care of Pathes Exchange, 25, West Forty-fourth Street, New York City, U.S.A. 

More addresses next week.

Bind your Picture Shows.—Blue cloth binding cases made to hold the first and second sets of 35 frames of the Picture Show can be obtained, price 2s. 6d., by post, from the Publishers, The Picture Show, 79, Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4.

"He only works in summer time, The so-called "busy" bee, But 'Bird's are working all the year To make Blanc-Mange for me."

Spring and Summer are Nature's growing seasons for the flowers, as well as for the flowers.

Now is the moment to give the Children food for growth, therefore—give plenty of Blanc-Mange.

because it multiplies the nutritive value of Milk once in every four times.

As Bird's Blanc-Mange is real honest nourishment in a most delightful form, every spoonful does them good.

It is so perfectly smooth and creamy and with such delightful fruit flavors.

Six varieties. With such a method—no trouble and only trifling expense.

Would You Like a £10 Note?

A £10 note and other cash prizes are offered by the "Home Mirror" in a new film puzzle-picture competition called "Filmettes." 

The first prize, £10, goes to the first picture dealing with Douglas Fairbanks, Norfolk. This place ice. Make up your mind to enter. Full particulars in Thursday’s "Home Mirror." 

The Story Paper For Every Woman.


7/7/34.
PICTURE SHOW.

PEARL WHITE.—Beautiful Double-Page Art Picture INSIDE.

TWOPENCE.

JULY 10, 1920.

Picture Show

No. 63. Vol. 3.

He Who 'Hesitates' Is Happy.

ANN MAY teaches CHARLES RAY the "Hesitation" Step. Charles has no use for the proverb, "He who hesitates is lost," when dancing with his leading lady.
If You Covet The Exquisite Beauty

OF THE DEEP SEA PEARL, YOU MAY BECOME THE PROUD POSSESSOR OF ITS ABSOLUTE EQUAL AT A SLIGHT COST.

ONLY AN EXPERT CAN DETECT

Ciro Pearls

FROM THE REAL.

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

Upon receipt of One Guinea we will send you on application a Necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 in. long (0.9 cm. extra, and other lengths at proportionate rates), or a Ring, Brooch, Earring, or any other Jewellery Ciro Pearls. Put them beside any real pearls, or any other artificial pearls, and if they are not equal in the real or superior to the other artificial pearls, on the grounds that the price may be, we will refund your money if you return them to us within seven days.

Our interesting Booklet No. 21, will give you details of our production.

Ciro Pearls Ltd. (Dept. 21),
59 Old Bond Street, W.1. (Piccadilly end.)
We have no shop. Our Showrooms are on the First Floor, over Lloyd's Bank.

Skin Eruptions
Pimples and Rashes

Germolene ensures soft, beautiful skin, because it Cures by Latest Aseptic Methods.

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Be sure to pay no more than the price printed on the packet.

Picture Show, July 10th, 1920.
Talhadge and Natalie are now in Paris, but they are to return to greet Norma and Constance in August.

Let Don Juan Do It.

ANTONIO MORENO has solved the problem of living. He has a trick dog, by name Don Juan. Don Juan did such poor work in Tony's last serial that Lew Cody offered to pay him fifty dollars a day for a small part in his coming film "The Mishief Man." I hear that at the review of the picture the other night Don Juan was proclaimed a "find." Tony announces that he expects soon to retire and let his dog do the work.

Tom's Holiday.

DID you know that Tom Santschi used to be an animal trainer? He did. And now, his work finished for the present, he has completed his part in the "Beach picture, "The North Wind's Maltese," he is now spending a brief holiday in his new Hollywood home, and in instructing a newly acquired lion cub how to sit up and beg.

Viola Dana as Mother.

I HEAR that Viola Dana has been having the time of her young life playing mother to a four weeks old baby for scenes in "Head and Shoulders," her new picture. For three days the child has been working with Miss Dana, and the little star declares it has been the most pleasant three days' work of her experience. The set for "Head and Shoulders" has assumed the appearance of a nursery during the time, as Miss Dana brought a large box of playthings to the studio, for the baby, and she and other members of the company have been entertaining the wissome kidde.

Strange Requests.

VIOLET HOPSON tells me that during the past week, her postbag has brought her requests for a sewing-machine, a "velvup" motor-cycle, a camera (this from a native on the Gold Coast), a handkerchief, a bundle of money from five shillings to five hundred pounds, and a riding-halt.

"I should have to possess the fortune of a millionaire if I were to grant all the requests which reach me," said Miss Hopson. Candidly, I wish I could place godmother to every one, but even film stars are not blessed with an "All's Button."

Her Pearl Necklace.

LITTLE Mary McAllister last added the fifty-second pearl to her beautiful pearl necklace, which signifies the number of productions in which the little child actress has appeared. Number fifty-two is a very lovely role in Robert Thorley's first special, "Half a Chance." The necklace is a gift of Mary's mother, who on her return to the studio will contain one hundred pearls, despite the dent it will make in her bank account.


MY admiration of Kathryn Williams has risen to a dizzy height the last few days, Betsy Blythe tells me, "I always supposed that Miss Williams was playing with tame animals or stuffed ones or fake ones, when she was starring in those wild animal pictures, she said. "Now I know better."

Miss Blythe has been working in scenes for "Nomad of the North," with a giant grizzly bear. Sitting on the floor with a six-month-old baby in her arms, she posed for the camera while the bear stalked up behind her and stood on its hind legs beside her and the child. Shortly after the scene the bear attacked its trainer, who suffered such injuries that medical attention was required. Two tasks were drawn from the animal before Director Hartford would continue with the scene.

The secret of playing safe with an animal is the elimination of fear from consciousness," said Miss Blythe. "I never permit myself to become nervous when undertaking scenes with the bear. By removing all sense of fear I can make the animal do whatever I wish without injury to myself. The understanding that the human mind has dominion over all the wild things of the earth is safety."

He Signed.

I MUST James Knight in Finland the other day, and found that, as usual, he had a fund of good stories to tell. "The following is about the best of the bunch," he said generally. I think the escapade was more than a little dangerous, but that didn't trouble James, who is one of the merry spirits who never see danger until it hits them.

It was during the filming of a scene in which he was dressed, down to his trousers, as a naval officer, he was waiting on the boat which the Admiralty had lent to the company for the...
day. A man, carrying a large parcel, came up to him and saluted.

"Will you sign for this, sir?" he asked.

Now if James has one fault, it is this—he can't bear to be disobliging; so he took the paper and signed. He was surprised to learn, when he returned home, that he had hurried, because he had been told that the delivery was urgently wanted by the officer.

James replied feebly that it was all right. But he is still wondering whether the real <o>officer</o> thought so, if it, and when the parcel reached him.

---

Marie Walcamp's New Title.

I DO not think that any film actress in America enjoys more personal popularity than Marie Walcamp.

Recently she was the guest of honour at the big cow-boy meeting when over a thousand cow-boys took part in competing for the many handsome prizes offered for proficiency in typical cow-boy sports, which, unfortunately, are in danger of dying out now that the cow-boy West is not what it was.

It was at this meeting that the title of "Queen of the Cow-boys" was conferred on Miss Walcamp after she had participated in several thrilling stunts with the cow-boys them- selves.

Wings of the Morning.

H ave you heard this one about Bill Farnum?

It seems he was engaged once, and to the point when he was playing in the film entitled "The Wings of the Morning," a facetious friend "phoned Bill and asked, "But has the morning any wings?" Bill replies he scored when he replied, "No, but we're having them fixed."

A Famous British Producer.

R EX WILSON, the famous producer of "Tom Brown's School Days," a film which has the honour of being shown at a command performance before the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace.

Mr. Wilson, now managing director of R. W. Syndicate, Ltd., began early as an entertainer. Almost before he was out of his teens he produced a picturario at the old theatre, Royal, Richmond. At the age of twenty-three he was lease and manager of the theatre at where, business being bad, he organised, with the co-operation of the local farmers, a miniature representation of the Boer War, which was artistically and financially a complete success. The late Tuscan Scarello was at that time visiting the country, and carried with him several hundred feet of film, representing scenes of South African life. With this material Mr. Wilson supplemented his programme, and in projecting these pictures acquired his first experience of a form of entertainment in which he has since acquired so well-deserved a reputation.

An Ibsen Play on the Screen.

M R. RE WILSON is now in Norway with his company engaged in taking the interior scenes of "Fellers of Society," a personal representation of Ibsen's famous play. Photographs of typical Norwegian interiors are to be taken for reproduction in the Home Studio, and the costumes worn in the production will be made in Norway. Two of the late Henrik Ibsen's former friends and associates, Professor Collin, of the University of Christiania, and Dr. Grun, have given Mr. Wilson valuable assistance in the filming of this masterpiece.

Do You Know ?

—That Pauline Frederick started her theatrical career as a singer, though she decided shortly afterwards to go on the stage?

—That Theodore Roberts was born in 1861?

—That Bessie Love thinks that her forte is animal training?

Fay Filmer.

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FROM "OVER THERE."

News and Notes from Los Angeles.

Nazimova the Surprising.

NAZIMOVA has a passion for light colours, and her love of delicate tints and soft shimmering fabrics is to be seen not only in her curious semi-exotic gowns, but also in the cushions, curtains and hangings of her beautiful Hollywood house. She never troubles about the prevailing fashion when she is choosing her clothes, and at home she may frequently be seen in a costume similar to that worn by the young men of China. Her favourite form of relaxation is to lie out on the lawn and read her favourite authors. She is very fond of reading aloud, even when she is quite alone; and her favourite character is Hilda in Ibsen's "Master Builder," probably because Hilda is in so many respects so much in harmony with her own views and outlook on life. Nazimova is always doing surprising and unexpected things. Recently, for instance, she was at great pains to announce to her friends that on completion of the picture at which she was then working she was going to have a fortnight's complete rest—absolutely. She wouldn't even say where she was going, beyond indicating vaguely that it was to be far from the madding crowd, and when neither interviews nor guest appearances could ever succeed in running her to earth. Thereupon, on completion of the picture, she left her own beautiful home and quietly installed herself a few streets farther off at the Hollywood Hotel, the fashionable caravaners of the Los Angeles film colony.

Not a Single Kiss.

ANTONIO MORENO is just completing a serial which is rather unusual. In the whole of its 30,000 feet of film not a single kiss is registered. No, sir, not even in the final close-up.

The Art of Falling.

ACCORDING to Eddy Polo, there is a certain way of falling from a height by which it is possible that you won't get hurt on reaching terra firma. It is always difficult to convey this kind of thing in words, but here's the recipe: Suppose you want—or don't want, as the ease may be—to fall from the second storey of a house on to the pavement below. If you were to fall straight on your feet, you would certainly damage something, probably break a leg or two, and possibly dislocate your spinal column. The great art of tumbling from some storey window is to let yourself drop without stiffening a single muscle, and at the moment when you are about to touch the ground throw yourself violently forward, and when falling out to experiment from something lower than a second storey window, and be sure there is no possibility of injuring yourself, if you haven't tried the experiment myself. I sort of baulk at that idea of "letting yourself drop," and am afraid I might not calculate that psychological moment to an exact nifty when you make arrangements to fall on the lower part of your shoulders.

Wild Goats in Santa Cruz.

IT is estimated that the island of Santa Cruz is infested with countless wild goats. I cannot guarantee the exact number, as I have not yet got hold of anybody who was ever counted the wild goats. Bosworth, however, says he can well believe the accuracy of the above statistics, as he and his company are said to have seen a herd of goats to the number of the three million when recently on location in those parts. They went for a moonlight sail, and on their return to the ship had found goats everywhere. A good many tall stories are told about the digestive feats of these sporting animals, but again Mr. Bosworth declines to consider them in any way exaggerated. On this particular occasion, it was found that they had devoured some thousands dollars worth of "rops" and amateur attempts at "washing," besides all the lard sticks and every bit of grease paint brought out by the company. Needless to say, the intruders stamped before any arrest could be made, but it was curiously enough, this is the sort of thing that the Yankee calls "getting your goat."

Elsie Cedd.
During the Great War, CECIL M. HEPWORTH, the producer of Hepworth films, was a captain in the British Army. He is now busy producing new British films.

Partners three! DORIS MAY and DOUGLAS MACLEAN, Thomas Ince's new co-stars, posing for the camera man, with their scenarist. The combined efforts of these three clever folk has been most successful.

HEDDA NOVA and PAUL HURST with the Russian wolfhound that was presented to Hedda by Colonel Selig.

FRITZI BRUNETTE and J. WARREN KERRIGAN are deeply interested in the goldfish in the pool at their feet.

The whole company "on location" during the filming of a new photo-play, including stars, director, camera man, and horses complete. EDDY POLO and PEGGY O'DARE, who star in the film, are in the centre of the group.

MISS MARY CONAN DOYLE is interested to see what MRS. CYNTHIA COLOUNNA, the British prima donna, looks like through the camera. ALLAN DWAN, the producer, smiles at her feminine curiosity.
SYLVIA PERRIS, a feather-brained, selfish girl, captures the affection of, and marries, JACOB CRAGUE, who was formerly a sweet-...
LOUISE FAZENDA.
The Beautiful Star Who Has Won the Title of "Queen of Grotesqueries."

Louise Fazenda, queen of comedians, is twenty-five years of age, having been born in 1895. She has not always played comedy parts—the farm girl who watched over her at her birth gave her a beautiful face, luxurious bright golden-brown hair, and expressive hazel eyes, in addition to a keen sense of humour. Beginning her education in a convent, and taking honours at the Los Angeles High School, she turned her attention to the stage, where she was successful in obtaining a few years experience in a stock company.

Made the Camera-Man Laugh.

Her entrance into comedy roles came with her first appearance on the screen. She was engaged to appear in a Mack Sennett comedy, as one of the twenty girls. As she came into range of the camera she slipped but she kept her presence of mind, and turned the accident into a comedy fall, so as not to spoil the picture—but the picture was spoiled. Louise acted her part so well that the camera man stopped turning to laugh. That decided Louise. "A girl who could make a camera man laugh has no business to play any other part," she said, and the producer agreed with her. From that day to this Louise has been known to her film admirers as "queen of grotesqueries."

Cannot Disguise Her Wistfulness.

Thousands of people who see her on the screen only know her by her weird style of hair-dressing—hair scraped back except for a huge kiss curl in the centre of her forehead. But those who are observant have noticed a wistfulness of expression and a winsome charm that cannot be disguised by make-up.

Italian in Name Only.

Louise says that most of her letters are from picture-goers who are concerned as to how she looks with her hair out of pigtails, and not a few are worried about her Italian name. Louise assures Picture Show readers she is Italian in name only.

A Refuter of Slander.

Miss Fazenda is a living example that refutes the slander that all women are vain—particularly pretty women. In creating her part in comedy roles she disregards entirely the rights of beauty. She hides her good looks under a bushel of make-up, and sets out to make the world laugh, not with, but at her. Her reward has been that her name is well known to all lovers of comedy—and who is not devoted to an art that brings smiles to a dull, perplexed world?

Like Men's Games Best.

As all her admirers know, Louise is more than a clever acrobat, and she revels in men's games, saying they are the best means of keeping fit. The other day when she pitched a winning game for the home baseball team composed of girls against a team of men she was so delighted that she turned a back somersault on the field and was cheered by everyone watching the game.

Miss Fazenda is not an amateur baseball pitcher. During her high-school course she played the game every afternoon and was considered one of the star players of the Los Angeles high-school nine. Wearing the flannel shirt, striped trousers, striped cap and wool socks affected by the men players, Miss Fazenda pitched in a sportsmanlike manner and won the approbation of both teams by her excellent control and poise.

She declares that she prefers baseball to tennis or golf, because the exercise is more violent and the game is keener and more of a man's game.

"It's the best game of them all," declares Miss Fazenda. "Some day, when I get rich, I'm going to have a team of my own."

A Picture to Look Forward To.

The latest part taken by this talented actress is in a Mack Sennett comedy, entitled "Down on the Farm," in which Louise takes the part of the farm heroine. Great things are prophesied for this film, which gives Miss Fazenda and Miss Marie Provost a wide variety of opportunities for displaying their skill in a comedy of the most appealing quality.

Miss Fazenda has gained for herself an enviable position in the world of films by virtue of her ability as an actress of grotesque roles. She will add to this reputation in this, her latest triumph.
THE SILENT DUPE. (Continued from page 6.)

not seen particularly pleased when she heard that Mona was going to stay.

Mr. Slick is a friend of Jack's, she hastened to explain, and he didn't know her very well, but I think he rather admires me. Sometimes he takes me out when Jack is too busy.

Sylvia was being dressed in a course of green silk net over gold tissue. Emeralds glittered on her slender neck and in her hair.

Her face, with its soft skin and simple mauve collar and cuffs, looked strangely out of place beside this gorgeous creature, and Sylvia thought:

"There was a time when Mona had had pretty clothes; now it was her turn. The foolish girl isn't aware that Mona felt as much about these things just as she did.

"In the handsome, appointed drawing-room Jack was waiting for them. Sylvia ran up to him and held up her face to be kissed.

"Jack remembered that only that morning she had reproached him, and he wondered why Sylvia always behaved so differently when Mona was present.

"He glanced across at Mona. She was looking very thin and pale, and she did not look very happy. She had aged these last few years. He remembered her in the old days, when she had always gone to her, certain of her charm, sympathy and understanding, and he sighed.

"He was worried now. The Wilsons had been strangely silent since that night when he and Sylvia had gone to the dinner-party. There was no further suggestion about the company which he had left them, so he had concluded about before, and his capital was dwindling incredibly.

Sylvia did not understand. She did not seem to care.

He sat down on the arm of his chair, tucking his hair and talking to Mona. Jack was not naturally observant, but his eyes were sensitive to whatever gleam of the jewels she was wearing.

He put out his hand and touched the necklace round her bosom.
"Wherever did you get these, Sylvia?"

he asked sharply.

Sylvia put up her hand, while a startled expression came into the blue eyes.
"I have had them ever so long," she said, smugly.

"But where did you get them?" persisted Jack.

Sylvia hesitated, and then, as a terrible suspicion crossed his mind, he put back in his pocket the pack he had found in her possession.

"What are you doing? Jack?" cried Sylvia, as she noticed the action. "Give me my necklace back!"

"Not until I know how they came into your possession," he said.

Sylvia laughed hysterically.

"Don't be silly!" she said. "Show them to Mona; she will tell you that they are of no value. Does he think his little wife has been wasting his money on expensive jewellery, then?"

"Hardly, without a word, handed the necklace to Mona.

"Now, tell me if you have been wasting your husband's money on these things, Sylvia," asked Jack.

"I have not, and you know I have not," said Sylvia, looking at her husband's face, and a wave of colour dyed her cheeks.

Sylvia was leaning over her shoulder, and she held the girl's little hands pressed against her.

"Well?" asked Jack.

He was not very definitively that whatever she had said was absurd.

"They get these things up so wonderfully well, don't they?" she said, and Jack, as he had done, she had used and to shake it off, but it would come back. He felt strongly backed by the fact that he had been such a success."

"Mona was no less uneasy than Jack.

She recognised Mr. Slick as a bargain. What was he doing in Jack Arlington's house as an honoured guest?" she raised her eyes suddenly and know he had grown fat and bent and his face seemed more pleasant and he turned at once and addressed a remark to Sylvia, but Mona

realised at that moment that Mr. Slick remembered her, too.

The gentlemen accompanied the ladies back in the other room, and Sylvia turned at once to Jack.

"What are you doing this evening, Jack?"

"I don't know," he said lislessly. "I will take you out, if you want to go.

"But I don't want you, silly boy! I am going to the Empire!"

"I suppose we can all go," said Jack.

"You'd come with me, Sylvia?"

"No, thank you; I must get back," replied Mona quickly.

From the treasured pocket of Mr. Slick's dress suit a green stone was hanging. It belonged to the necklace.

Jack gave a horrid cry and caught hold of it.

"What does this mean, Slick? Good heavens, man, the truth is only too apparent.

Slick glanced round the room and then looked Jack squarely in the face. He did not speak for a moment.

"I knew you would have to be told sooner or later. Arlingford has been doing a shady business, and it is an unpleasant business altogether. The truth of the matter is that your wife is a kleptomaniac. Now, don't get excited; I am not accusing you, as Jack made a threatening attitude towards him.

"Just keep quiet and listen to what I have to say.

"Your wife is suffering from a disease. Here is a remarkable case, because she is not the acme of intelligence. When the mood is on her, I, as a detective, have many peculiar cases brought to my notice, and your wife is terrestrial at the moment when she does her work. She has done when she finds certain articles that she cannot account for in her possession. She chooses that the people be a terrible shock to you, and I blame myself for not telling you sooner, as I made your acquaintance, so that you would be on your guard.

But don't you realise, man, what this means to her—what it means to you—what it means to Jack."

Slick took him by the hand.

"I know," he said, "and I greatly sympathise with you. But you can trust me to keep the secret."

Jack did not reply. He could only stare at the man before him in a dazed way.

"Then was it true?" he said at last. "Was it my wife that—why words stuck in his throat—"that affair of the bar?"

"Slick hesitated for a fraction of a second.

"It was true," he said; "but I was able to convince Mrs. Crange that she had been mistaken."

Jack threw out his hands in a blind way.

"Good heavens, man!"

"Slick patted him on the shoulder. There was a smile on his face and a cruel expression in his light eyes.

"I hear Mr. Arlingford outside, I will go out there. She must not know that you have been told."

He was moving towards the door, when Jack sprang forward and caught him roughly by the arm.

"If this is true, I will look after my wife myself, I will say. And what do you take me for, man? If this is true, it has got to stop, here, now, and at once!"

Slick looked startled. He had mistaken his man.

"If you interfere, I warn you, your life will be arrested by the law and the law will take its course."

And just at that moment Sylvia entered the room.

"(This dramatic story will end in next Monday's 'P.' Feature Show.)"
THE LETTERS OF MARY

Bill Hart's Home—His Saddles and His Message—Jane Novak's Sister—
The "Blue-Bird" Bungalow—Little "Itchick."
FLICKERS FROM FILMLAND.
NEWS, NOTES, AND OPINIONS BY FRED K. ADAMS.

The Happy-Ending Tradition.

Are happy endings essential to the success of a film? Mr. Clarence Badger, the producer of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and many other successes, do not think so.

"There is no greater drag on the drama," he says, "than the happy ending tradition. How often we hear people say of a play, 'old stuff—why don't they give us something besides the same plot all the while?'"

With the ending of our pictures and plays fore-known to the audience, the invariable 'clinch' of the lovers and brushing away of all difficulties in a beautiful scene, we destroy the element of success. We cut our cloth to pretty much the same pattern without regard to how impossible, unnatural, and puerile the twist in plot may be to bring it about. To give them kisses, sunshine and happiness invariably is often to affront their sense of logic.

Courage Wanted.

"Suppose, to speak broadly," continued Mr. Badger, "half our romances had happy endings and half the other kind, each play being carried out to a logical conclusion as our audiences know life. Given good acting, plot construction and direction, I believe our audiences would find a new interest in their entertainments. Half the interest is thrown away because audiences know how the story is going to end. This gives them the sense that what takes place in the course of the tale is a fabricated plot for an idea, and correspondingly without illusion."

According to this authority, producers and directors would like to get away from the old idea; but the exhibitors must have courage, and the people will then reward them with increased favor.

Special Screen Stories.

William S. Hart declares that he prefers, for his own type of picture, the original story written expressly for the screen.

"The most successful stage play or novel," he said, "in many instances must be so altered and remodeled that it must be eliminated or added before it is at all satisfactory for the screen, that I prefer originals which have been constructed with the sole idea of making them suitable to visualization."

"As in the case of pictures which I have evolved and which I will produce in the future, I conceived 'The Toll Gate' and wrote it with the one idea in view of presenting situations and episodes that could be properly enacted for the screen. Every situation must develop logically from what has gone before and must devolve into what is to come. Obviously if a thing has to be altered there is grave danger of becoming illogical, but if we start with a certain premise—that of making a picture play—we will avoid the conditions which make a thing seem forced or strained.

The Value of Experience.

One of the biggest factors in the success of a writer for the pictures is experience," says the popular artiste. "It applies equally, perhaps, to anyone who writes for any medium. But somehow, to have seen a thing actually, with one's own eyes, impresses it. Furthermore, once having seen a thing actually, transpose it is, of course, plain that it can be pictured by the camera. The selective ability is important, too. So much that we see and read and hear is of no importance, but the trained observer can pick out the big moment in any situation, instinctively and sometimes in an apparently trivial episode, he gets an idea for a big theme."

Lessons We Learn From the Films.

Occasionally a woman plays a practical joke on a man by marrying him.

What is the use of a husband if a wife can't be unkind to him?

A woman's favorite suit in life's game of cards is hearts and diamonds.

The Week's Best Films.

The following is a list of the best photo-plays which are being released for exhibition in the cinemas during this week, and the names of the star artists:

Walladuel "Red Head."
Alice Brady.
Film Traders "The Barbarians."
Dorothy Dalton.
Still "Daughter of Mine."
Madge Kennedy.
Western Import "Madame Bo Peep."
Seena Owen.
Vitagraph "A Yankee Princess."
Bessie Love.
P.F.S. "Here Comes the Bride."
Bea Warrington.
P.F.S. "Out of Luck."
Dorothy Gish.
Vitagraph "Deaf of the City."
Aileen Aires.
Walker's "Pirate's Gold."
Montague Love.
Granger's "Way of the Woods."
Constance Worth.
Vitagraph "Fighting Destiny."
Harry Morley.

Building the Set.

To make a picture perfect in every detail is no small task, especially when any great scene is needed. However, the whole success of a photo-play relies upon utmost attention being given to the environment of the play.

A mammoth cathedral set is needed for the filming of Russel King's book "Earthbound," and so this is now being constructed at the Goldwyn Studio. When completed the set will measure 240 feet in breadth and 50 feet in width, and will be perfect in every detail. Even the statue that adorns one of the walls has been modelled by hand.
Fulmland's handsome villain has a few hero parts to his credit. Here we see him in both characters. He makes as handsome a hero as he does a ruthless villain.

A sinister villain with KATHLEEN MACDONALD in "The Woman Thou Gavest Me."

A hero in "The White Man's Law."

Playing hero to SESSUE HAYA-KAWA'S villainy in "The Call of the East."

A handsome figure in "The Best of Luck."

The hero with PAULINE STARKE in "The Life-Line."
Ethel M. Dell's World-Read Novel makes Strong Screen Play.

This story has been filmed by the Stoll Film Company with a strong all-British cast, the star part is taken by Mary Glynne (Mrs. Dennis Neilson-Terry).

DENNIS NEILSON- TERRY as "Saltash," and
MARY GLYNNE as "Maud" in a tragic scene.

"Maud" tries to stop her stepfather's brutality to her crippled brother "Benny."

"Maud" tells "Jake" of her stepfather's brutality

The Night of Despair. "Maud" sits up with "Benny" wondering what is best to be done.
A MATTER OF MONEY.

BASIL GILL ON BRITISH FILM PRODUCTION.

Basil Gill has one of the most splendid film records of any of our legitimate actors who have also invaded the movies, and as everyone of his twenty pictures has been a British production, he is in singularly well qualified to express an opinion on the present position of the British photo-play, which is exactly what I asked him to do during our chat the other evening.

Of course, we have been terribly handicapped during the war," he remarked, "and one of our greatest difficulties has been want of capital; but we are overcoming this obstacle, and I think we are now beginning to make progress in film production. In America they think nothing of spending twenty, thirty, or fifty thousand pounds on a production, whereas here £10,000 has been considered an enormous sum to expend on a picture hitherto, with the hope behind it that it could be made for five or six thousand pounds."

A Weak Spot in British Films.

Among Mr. Gill's most popular films may be numbered such pictures as "God's Good Man," "Spencer's Island," "A Soul's Crucifixion," "The Raged Messenger," "The Keeper of the Door," "The Rocks of Valge," and "Missing the Tide," but he confesses that his favourite picture was the Samuelson version, made three or four years ago, of "The Admirable Crichton," in which he, of course, took the title role. Mention of this film induced Mr. Gill to put his finger on another weak spot in British production—the question of location.

"I liked doing this picture," he said, "but we made a mistake when we went down to Cornwall and 'faked' our desert island scenes in place of going to the correct location for them. We shall never compete with American films until we have mastered this matter of location, until we realize that Rottenham will not do for Britain or Hastings for the Riviera.

"The South of France is ideal for picture making, and I think English producers are beginning to discover more and more the beauty and usefulness of some of the lovely spots in Europe which are so admirably suited to their purposes, and which, after all, lie so near at hand, I was asked to go to Italy only the other day, but I couldn't get away at the time. I also had an offer from a French company, and before now have been invited, too, to act for the films in America. I spent five years over there, by the way, but played on the stage only during my stay."

Everything Depends on the Director.

I asked Mr. Gill whether he contemplated making any more pictures, and he confessed that he had some plans—and very good ones—in the air, but that I must please say that they were only "in the air" just at present. He told me, too, that he likes film acting—there was no question of his sincerity—though he added that he misses his audience; neither does he appreciate acting in the London streets. For the rest, he seemed to find no objections to film acting as a profession, though he added that, of course, the happy—or otherwise—working conditions of an actor in a film studio depended on the director.

"He is your godfather and godmother and everything else," said Mr. Gill, "and if you are not in sympathy with him you may as well walk out of the studio."

At the time of this interview Mr. Gill was appearing at the Coliseum in the famous tent scene from "Julius Caesar." He was attired in the classical garments of Brutus—the humorous aspect of Brutus (and a Brutus who was wearing eyeglasses at the moment!), expressing his opinions of the movies did not escape me, by the way—which prompted me to raise the old but ever interesting questions of costume plays in general and Shakespearean ones in particular on the screen.

Many "Would-be" Film Artistes.

I do not think costume plays are a success on the screen, as a rule," replied Mr. Gill, "because they are often badly done. They are expensive to produce, and then, again, they call for special experience. But when they are done, I think the costumes ought to be designed specially with a view to screen requirements, remembering that they must be adapted to black and white work.

"As regards Shakespeare, I certainly think it is not possible to screen his work."

In the course of our conversation Mr. Gill told me of the large number of applications for film work he receives from aspirants to screen honours.

"They are mostly requests for small parts, and the applicants seem to think they have only to walk straight into the studio. Of course, we can't do that. Of course, I take applicants! As best I can only recommend these people to apply to some company themselves. If only they would understand what a precarious profession film acting is—at least, over here, where the demand for players is not so great as in America. It is much more precarious than the stage. If they could only be persuaded to grasp this fact, it would save so many heartaches and disappointments."

Before I left Mr. Gill, I asked him whether he had any little message for the great movie-going British public, whose special paper the Picture Show is, and he said:

"Please give your readers my kindest remembrances, and tell them that I see no reason why Britain should not produce pictures finer than those made anywhere else in the world—yes, even in spite of the climate—but only by doing things in a big way!"

May Herschell Clarke.
SEENA OWEN as Octavia.

"A FASCINATING STORY OF A GIRL WITH THREE LOVERS. PROVING THAT "FIRST LOVE IS THE BEST.""

Madame P. P. E."
CONSTANCE BINNEY

The Delightful Film Artiste who Danced right into the Lens of the Camera—and to Fame and Fortune!

A YOUNG girl with great big laughing eyes, a retrousso nose and a cupid's bow-mouth has come into fame through her own endurance and desire to "get there." Only two years ago, Constance Binney was unknown to the public, very few had even heard her name. But this vivacious little person was determined to win through. She worked unceasingly, and her expectations have been realized.

Her record is short and simple. She was born in New York city a score of years ago, and was educated, primarily, in a convent in Paris. After that she finished her education at a big school in Connecticut. Winthrop Ames, happened one day to see her in some amateur theatricals, and, realising her wonderful abilities, gave her the chance to enter the profession.

It was while she was appearing in several solo dances in a big musical comedy in New York that she was persuaded to try screen work, and she literally danced right into the lens of the camera, and incidentally the hearts of the people.

A Vivid Personality.

A PART from her youth and beauty, her acting is of the highest standard and she is possessed of a personality that is beyond resistance by any and all who witness her work on the screen.

Constance is not the least bit superstitious, and merely took it as a sign of good luck when a melancholy black cat walked across her path, the very first day she started her film career.

Of course, you all know that she has a sister—perhaps you have seen Fairey on the screen? However, the two are the very closest of companions.

Constance has recently signed a big contract to star in Reallart pictures, so you will shortly be able to see her in some new photo-plays.

Her delineation of a demure little slavey heroine in her first Reallart film, "Erstwhile Susan," proves conclusively that sheeminently deserves the stardom which she has attained.

Constance Binney is also a clever comedy actress. Here you see her in "Erstwhile Susan," a coming photo-play in which she stars, pretending that she is deaf.
was determined that Octavia should not be her rival. When Octavia entered the room, she saw that the easiest way to accomplish this would be to kill Octavia.

When all was still she crept into Octavia's room through the open window with a knife in her hand. She intended to come in, to see her coming through, and to scream for help as the girl kept trying to break away, wriggled, and staggered, and then leap through the window and closed Juanita away. She had been waiting for Octavia and seen Octavia enter. They all withdrew the races at once, he thumped, "you miserable slut!" as the girl, her blue eyes blazing with fury and rebelling of her position, rolled the racing against the wall, turning to Octavia, Alvarez struck an attitude.

Just the same—José Alvarez, will any
dreadful.

over what had occurred to not to have certain that she was in love with

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DO WOMEN DRESS TO PLEASE MEN?

Miss Edith Roberts, the Universal Star.
Who is Famous for Her Smart Frocks,
Says, They Do Not!

Off the stage, Miss Edith Roberts has the reputation of being one of the most smartly gowned women in the Los Angeles film colony; yet she averns that she does not dress to please men.

"It’s just an old-time fallacy," she recently remarked when questioned upon the subject, "that when a woman does her best to emulate the example of the peeress she is doing it for the sole purpose of attracting and pleasing the opposite sex. Not one man in a thousand appreciates an up-to-date model—and every woman knows it. But with women it is different. Every well-informed woman knows what's in the matter of dress. Women are their own severest critics, and it is to please members of her own sex, and for her own personal satisfaction, that a woman pays much attention to her garments."

Tell that as it may, Miss Roberts will undoubtedly please both men and women in her latest film, "Her Sext Foot Highness," in which she wears all sorts of delightful garments, from the simple gingham of a country girl to the Parisian finery of an heiress to a fine title.

Edith has the sparkling face of a born comedienne, yet she says that she likes to act pathetic roles that make her audience weep. It was as a dancer and a singer that she made her stage debut, but she soon decided there wasn’t enough variety in it to suit her, so she went into motion pictures.

Edith is really quite small, being only five feet one in height. She has a fair complexion, and both her hair and eyes are brown.

ARE YOU TOO FAT?

Send To-Day for A FREE SAMPLE Of My simple Nature-Cure FOR OVER-FATNESS.

You CANNOT HAVE A BAD COMPLEXION and WAXOLA It does not matter how bad your complexion is. WAXOLA will correct. Sold Under Guarantee. Women's best features look attractive if the Complexion is Good. Each a full Cure—clear, soft, and fresh as a baby—can be procured in One Week by using this Wonderful New Wax Product. Wrinkles and All Skin Disfigurements disappear magically. Acts while you sleep. Get the WAXOLA Habit and look attractive. Do Not Delay. Send To-Day. SPECIAL OFFER.—For a short time we will send you post free a BOX for 4/9d. (Two boxes for 9d.)

RICHMOND (Surrey)
Address : Mrs. A. MASON (Dept. P.S. T.),

That "groucher"!

You know if you’re not feeling really well, everything seems to go wrong, and little troubles and worries are magnified to an alarming extent. Your system needs periodically toning up and the best and safest way is to get the "Kkovah" habit—a teaspoonful on rising.

Kkovah Health Salt

Makes you fit—keeps you fit.

It is the finest corrective for those little irregularities which are inseparable from sedentary life; it will help your system to function consistently—always.

In tins, of grocers, drapers, and all drug and hardware stores.

Kkovah Health Salt

Sutcliffe & Bingham, Ltd., 1017 Manchester.
I will tell you Free how to Reduce Your Weight

I was just a strong young woman, full of life and vigour, and fond of good things to eat, enjoying life to its fullest extent, when suddenly my weight began to increase, and, strong as I was, I began to feel the burden, especially as I am a handsome woman and am fond of dress. While my earthly self was rapidly assuming abnormal proportions, the progress in the direction of roundness and consolation, because I knew that I must give up eating and reduce my weight, began to feel lonely, because I felt that my company was no longer desirable and I began to think that I was at the dangerous point of my life.

One day an inspiration came to me, after I had spent time and money, and patience in vain efforts to become slim again. I acted upon this inspiration and succeeded, for 26 lbs. of ponderous weight vanished in five weeks. I did not use drugs, practice strict exercise, or any extraordinary diet, nor did I use any appliances, but reduced myself by a simple, home method, and although this is some time ago, I have never gained any weight since, and my health is as good as I could wish.

You may have a dangerous weight the same as I have done, and I will tell you how, free, if you will enclosure any postage.


"Shots" from Broadway

Among the many good films which have been produced by the BROADWEST Company since the Armistice, "Snow in the Desert" is perhaps the most notable. This film which is released on the 32nd of this month has that rare quality of appealing to all ages, and you will find it among the first to the last reel of the picture. Stewart Holopon has acquired his part in the character of William B. Jackson, an iron-willed, square-faced type of city man. Violet Holopon appears as a "Betty-a woman to be admired and adored. And when the closing scenes of the film bring happiness to this extraordinary couple, you will rejoice with them. Some of the most interesting scenes take you right into the bawdy and bustling of Stock Exchange life—then as a contrast come the beautiful hotel scenes at Colombo where everything is quietude and restfulness. If you do not see this BROADWEST film, you will have missed one of the finest British pictures yet screened.

Whilst the final scenes of "Her Son" and "The Romance of a Movie Star" were still in the developing tanks, Mr. Walter West commenced work on his new production, "The Case of Lady Camber." The majority of picturegoers will remember Mr. H. A. Vashell, as Mr. West's youngest son, as the actor who was presented to the public as a real-life character. When this picture was shot, Mr. West was pitch in the London streets. In the film version an all star cast will appear with Violet Holopon as Esther Yorke, Stewart Holopon as Mr. Vashell, Antrim a great actress, Gregory P. H. Yorke, as Lord Hamburgh and Mary Maudsley as Lady Camber. The part of Esther Yorke, the nurse, was taken by Susan K. B. V. Yorke, and the part of Lord Hamburgh and Mary Maudsley as Lady Camber. The part of Esther Yorke, the nurse, was taken by Susan K. B. V. Yorke, and the part of Lord Hamburgh was taken by Susan K. B. V. Yorke.

Never go about during a holiday hatless. A large, shady hat will protect the skin from the rays of the sun and stay from getting red and blistered.

Insect Bites.

Very few of us manage to escape the bites of mosquitoes and other insects during the summer months, and much complaint is heard about irritation from such bites. One of the best things to stop this irritation is to rub a piece of cotton dipped into geranium oil, and dabbed on to the bite, will be found effective. If you have neither of these oils available at the moment, you will find a good remedy in a piece of common salt. If you rub it on to the bite, and allow to dry to a white powder. Vinegar and water is another simple home cure. Ammonia is a good substitute when you have no salt handy. Alcohol has a soothing effect upon some skins.

A Film Star's Advice.

One of the leading American film stars gives the following advice with regard to summer time:

"Don't go too thinly clad on very hot days. It only means that the sun will reach your skin sooner."

"Don't talk about and think you cannot do anything because it is so hot. You will feel much cooler doing your duties quietly in their turn."

"Don't be so conjecturing because it is too hot or your health will suffer. A walk will do you good, if it is not taken too strenuous."

"Don't go without those observers in the very hot weather if you are at all in a hurry. Be cool in this way. Also dust the armpits with boracic powder."

"Don't forget that frequent ablutions are very necessary in the hot weather; but unless you're used to it, don't go in for cold water baths. Tepid water is much safer and even more cooling."

The Picture-Girl.

FROCKS and frills are without doubt the order of the day this summer, and their combination is to be seen in great profusion on the screen. The success of the Picture Girls impart a delightful old-world appearance to a frock, especially when they are worn with a placid muslin and plain or floraled waistcoat. Miss Rogers has chosen plain voile for her befriended frock in the sunniest shade of yellow; a relief being given to the one colour by the ribbon belt of mauve and yellow that encircles the waist and ties in a large bow at the back. The frock itself is of the simplest order, but the Picture Girl has an eye for originality, and therefore has an odd number of frills dotted on the frock—two at the circular neck, one at both shoulder edges and just below the waistline, and the lower part of the skirt. With, an eye to simplifying the making, she has had her frills flick-edged.

The Picture Girl is so delighted with her frock, because the whole outfit cost only 1d. The Picture Girl is so delighted with her frock, because the whole outfit cost only 1d. No. 27, 875. A delightful river gown of yellow with picot-edged frills and mauve and yellow brocaded sash. The Picture Girl is so delighted with her frock, because the whole outfit cost only 1d.
FILMLAND'S FAVOURITES

**CHOOSE THE OURS** COMPETITION

Following our announcement last week, giving the winners in our competition last week, it is interesting to know how the lesser favourites came.

In our first question, "Who is the most beautiful film actress?"
- Mary Pickford received 12,656 votes
- Mary Miles Minter received 4,016 votes
- Pearl White received 3,170 votes
- Pauline Frederick received 2,997 votes
- Alma Rubens received 2,542 votes
- Peggy Hyland received 1,511 votes

In our next question, "Who is the best-looking film actor?"
- J. Warner Hyland received 6,968 votes
- Wallace Reid received 5,477 votes
- Roscoe Arbuckle received 3,723 votes
- Harold Lloyd received 3,317 votes
- Larry Semon received 2,508 votes
- Douglas Fairbanks received 2,213 votes

In our third question, "Who is the funniest film actor?"
- Charlie Chaplin received 23,926 votes
- Mack Sennett received 4,601 votes
- Roscoe Arbuckle received 3,723 votes
- Harold Lloyd received 3,317 votes
- Larry Semon received 2,508 votes
- Douglas Fairbanks received 2,213 votes

In our fourth question, "Who is the funniest film actress?"
- Mabel Normand received 7,688 votes
- Louise Fazenda received 7,073 votes
- Gale Henry received 3,958 votes
- Billy Rhodes received 3,103 votes
- Alice Hollister received 3,071 votes
- Mary Pickford received 2,582 votes

In question number five, "Who is your favourite cowboy star?"
- Tom Mix received 18,967 votes
- W. S. Hart received 14,779 votes
- Harry Carey received 13,337 votes
- Eddy Polo received 1,562 votes
- William Farnum received 834 votes
- G. M. Anderson received 247 votes

In the next question, number six, "Who is your favourite film actress?"
- Mary Pickford received 11,470 votes
- Pearl White received 5,470 votes
- Pauline Frederick received 4,491 votes
- Alva Taylor received 2,129 votes
- Mary Miles Minter received 1,554 votes
- William Farnum received 1,593 votes

In question number seven, "Who is your favourite film actor?"
- Douglas Fairbanks received 5,938 votes
- William Farnum received 4,670 votes
- W. S. Hart received 3,277 votes
- Henry Edwards received 2,840 votes
- J. Warren Hyland received 2,789 votes
- Eugene Pallette received 1,962 votes
- Douglas Fairbanks received 1,753 votes

In the ninth question, "Who is your ideal screen heroine?"
- Pearl White received 13,849 votes
- Susan Stanwyck received 2,513 votes
- Marie Doro received 2,243 votes
- Pauline Frederick received 1,743 votes
- Mary Pickford received 986 votes
- William Farnum received 734 votes

The tenth question was 
- "Who plays the part of the villain best?"

And in this "Who is the best leading man of the moment?"
- William S. Hart received 8,491 votes
- Mack Sennett received 5,844 votes
- Charlie Chaplin received 5,024 votes
- Greville Scott received 3,191 votes
- Gerald Ames received 2,424 votes
- Jack Normand received 1,805 votes

In the eleventh question, "Who is your favourite child film actor or actress?"
- Baby Marble Osborne received 16,850 votes
- Baby Peggy received 11,850 votes
- June Lee received 4,355 votes
- Virginia Lee Corbin received 3,635 votes
- Wesley Brady received 2,969 votes
- Zoe Roi received 1,543 votes

In our twelfth question, "Who is the best dressed film actress?"
- Pauline Frederick received 6,783 votes
- Mrs. Vesta Taylor received 4,327 votes
- Pearl White received 2,541 votes
- Violet Hayworth received 1,908 votes
- Geraldine Farrar received 1,142 votes
- Mary Pickford received 963 votes

In question number thirteen, "Who is the best actress?"
- Douglas Fairbanks received 14,620 votes
- George Walsh received 9,949 votes
- Dicky Polo received 8,821 votes
- Antonio Moreno received 5,492 votes
- Wallace Reid received 3,887 votes
- Charles Ray received 1,875 votes

Question number fourteen was "Who is the finest emotional film actor?"

And in this second round: 
- Susan Hayakawa received 8,082 votes
- William Farnum received 5,286 votes
- W. S. Hart received 3,333 votes
- Henry Edwards received 2,490 votes
- Douglas Fairbanks received 2,250 votes
- Charles Ray received 1,563 votes

In question number fifteen, "Who is the best emotional film actress?"
- Pauline Frederick received 14,593 votes
- Norma Talmadge received 3,688 votes
- Theda Bara received 1,469 votes
- Pearl White received 1,121 votes
- Alva Taylor received 926 votes
- Mary Pickford received 384 votes

In our sixteenth question, "Who is the most daring screen actor?"
- Eddy Polo received 12,821 votes
- Harry Houdini received 8,416 votes
- Douglas Fairbanks received 6,421 votes
- Elmo Lincoln received 4,906 votes
- Tom Mix received 2,930 votes
- Antonio Moreno received 2,812 votes

In question number seventeen, "Who is the best screen fighter?"
- Eddy Polo received 12,821 votes
- Elmo Lincoln received 6,386 votes
- William Farnum received 5,842 votes
- W. S. Hart received 4,663 votes
- George Walsh received 2,651 votes
- Jack Dempsey received 1,555 votes

In our eighteenth question, "Who is the bravest film actress?"
- Pearl White received 25,501 votes
- Marie Walcamp received 5,111 votes
- Ruth Roland received 3,201 votes
- Carol Halloway received 2,122 votes
- Helen Holmes received 1,652 votes
- Lida Lise received 1,011 votes

In the nineteenth question, "Who is the best knockabout comedian?"
- Charlie Chaplin received 13,846 votes
- Ben Turpin received 5,493 votes
- Roscoe Arbuckle received 3,023 votes
- Ford Sterling received 1,895 votes
- Winkie Lloyd received 1,895 votes
- Larry Semon received 4,822 votes
- Douglas Fairbanks received 954 votes

In the last question, number twenty, "Who can make the funniest face on the screen?
- Ben Turpin received 13,846 votes
- Charlie Chaplin received 8,473 votes
- Larry Semon received 5,842 votes
- Roscoe Arbuckle received 3,023 votes
- Ford Sterling received 1,895 votes
- Winkie Lloyd received 1,895 votes

These figures are particularly interesting just now, as everybody who goes to the pictures has, or without reason, one or more favourites. Also, it is interesting to see how this choice compares with the film favourites in America, where a similar competition has just been held, in which Pearl Pickford again heads the voting score with 13,160 votes. 

Walter White's figure was also very close followed by Norma Talmadge, Nazimova, Viola Dana, Conway Tearle, Marie Doro, Greville Scott, Lilian Gish, Theda Bara, Dorothy Gish, Ruth Roland, May Allmon, Mary Miles Minter, Anita Stewart, Margaret Clarke, Mary Osborne, Irene Castle, Geraldine Farrar, Mirdred Davis, Margaretta Hume-Lee, Olive Thomas, Swanson, Fredric Franklin, and Mary Provost, who received over 200 votes.

The favourite male star was William S. Hart, with 5,982 votes; Richard Barthelmess received 4,821, followed by Wallace Reid, Douglas Fairbanks, Eugene O'Brien, William Farnum, Charles Ray, Douglas McLean, Warren Kerrigan, Tom Mix, and Charlie Chaplin, all of whom received over 1,000 votes.

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3/6 & 5/6
From Boots Cash Chemists, Taylor's and

SHOW YOUR FRIENDS THE "Picture Show."
Mary Osborn. She was born in 1911, and is still playing for Pathé.

D. T. (West Bromwich).—If you will dip into one of the back numbers, you will find particulars of your partner, Nora Treadwell. No, Enid Bennett and Belle Bennett are not sisters. Enid has a sister named Margaret, though the latter is not so well known.

ALICE (Aitken).—Yes, I liked your letter, so easy on the subject. Richard Hartwell was the hero in "The Hope Chest." Jane Novak was opposite the Cleats Ray in "Spring Show," and the star in "The Girl Dookey" was Doris Lee, now known professionally as June Dan."}

L. W. F. (Covington).—Jack Holt, whom you will be able to see in "The Woman Michael Married" is the father of two kids, a boy and a girl. He has been duly noted for further reference.

Here is a question that I believe to be of some interest. The name of the article's full name, but for a time Alice was known as Zoe Du Raze, which did not, however, seem so pleasant to pronounce, and so as Zoe she is known everywhere now. Rupert Julian was born in Manchester, educated at Cambridge, fought in the Boer war, and later went to America, where he began his film career.

(More answers next week.)

**PICTURE SHOW PERSONAL.**

**WHERE TO WRITE TO YOUR FAVOURITE ACTRESSES.**

If you are one of the thousands of people who frequently request autographs, but not to ask for any addresses by post, owing to the large number of other queries that have to be answered, if you wish to communicate as a once with any actress not named below, write your letter to the name of the envelope, and enclose it with a 2d. stamp to the Editor. If the letter is not a request for autographs, the name of your county and country, and mention The Picture Show in your letter. It must be understood, however, that we cannot guarantee that such letters will be replied to. Please keep these addresses for reference.

HOBART BOSWORTH, LLOYD HUGHES, of Innes Studios, Culver City, California, U.S.A.

ZENA KEFF; one of Hollywood Film Company, 130, West 46th St., New York, N.Y., U.S.A.

JUNE ELDIDGE, one of World Film Corporation, 150, West 46th St., New York, N.Y., U.S.A.

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**BOUND VOLUMES.**

We have a limited number of the Picture Show, Vol. 1, No. 1, which is issued in April, inclusive. Beautifully bound in pale blue cloth binding these volumes, price 10s., are now free to any address in the British Isles and Abroad (with the exception of Canada, Australasia, and New Zealand) who sends their order to-day to avoid disappointment, enclose 10s. in bank draft or postal order payable to The Publisher, The Picture Show, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

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LOOK CAREFULLY FOR THE MISSING LADY!

The missing lady is visiting all the big seaside resorts this summer. Find her and win £5.

GIRLS' FRIEND

To-morrow.

Price 1d.
With bitterness Octavia revenged the vanity that had once more raised her to love the man she had once loved. She went to her engage, but the thought of what she could do.

While she was considering the problem, there was a loud shooting, and old lady came rushing past her with a stick clashing a horse.

The little incident came as a relief to Octavia's miserable thoughts, and she joined in the chase, and not that they had tracked it down but Octavia realised they were in Teddy's bedroom, bed, but overpowered by the bed on the head of the headboard. She furled the pillow, and as Octavia went to put it back she saw the length of the white gloves which she had bought at the Valentine dance make the pillow.

This was the culminating point to her unhappy.

In that one second Octavia realised that life without Westlake would hold a different existence. The next moment she made up her mind. She had driven him away, she would let him call.

Shouting to Pedro to get her horse, she ran down to the stables. As she mounted, Alvarez came up, and asked to speak to her.

"I have no time to talk to you," cried Octavia. "Out of my way!"

The Mexican sought to restrain her, but she struck him across the face and rode off at a gallop. As she rode she heard the thud of hooves behind her, and, turning in the saddle, she saw Alvarez was pursuing her.

He was mounted on the better horse, and, despite every effort, he overtook her.

The man's face was wild as passion as he rode up and seized her bridle.

His cheek, shared the mark of the blow Octavia had given him, and he meant to have his revenge.

Seeing that she would not stop, he pulled her out of the saddle, but when he attempted to pull her in her arms he met with unexpected resistance. While Octavia's feminine strength was strong enough, and she pushed the Mexican away with such violence that he fell.

Before he could get to his feet she had caught her horse, and galloped to the river which was only a few hundred yards away.

The current proved too strong for the animal, and to save herself Octavia threw herself in the stream.

Left to himself, the horse managed to get to the shore, but the girl was on the point of going down when a boat shot out from the bank.

The hostess of the Pink Daisy, who had sought to drive away the range of unrequited love by fishing, while pulled Octavia into the boat just as she was about to go under, but to all his questions she only replied: "Pull as hard as you can! Get me to the shore, and see Heaven's she don't try to prop me today!"

As the boat touched the bank Octavia leapt out, and ran to her horse. Alvarez had not crossed at another part, and as she galloped on to the station she once more pursued her.

The train was just about to leave when Octavia jumped upon her horse and clambered on the train, which was followed by Alvarez.

He mounted the girl at the end of the corridor, and as she stepped out on to the platform which was opposite two more men attacked her.

The man was mad and rage, and he now thought nothing of love, only revenge.

Being gradually overpowered, she felt the cruel fingers of the Mexican clench on her throat, and under his choking grip she collapsed.

When she came to herself she saw Teddy Westlake standing over her, and Alvarez in the custody of two train men.

Teddy had returned about leaving her unattended against Alvarez, and on the way to the station he had changed his coat and returned. As he rode along he had seen her struggling with Alvarez, and had ridden in pursuit. He had just managed to wring himself out from the trunk and as it left the station and get through the corridor in time to save her.

All this he told her as they rode home from the first station the train stopped at, and it was a new Octavia, chaste and not unashamed of her humility, that listened to his story. Then she told him how she had found the gloves and hidden them up to find her back.

I have been a silly, vain fool, Teddy. But I always loved you," she said softly.

Teddy pretended to be stunned as he took her in his arms.

"Take these gloves for me, Octavia," he said. "I must demand them.

"But the girl goes with them," said Octavia.

"Never," replied Teddy Westlake. And Willie Cooper, who saw the home-coming of the favorite heroes, went inside the house, and solemnly broke his guitar.

"There's only one consolation for me," he said. "Octavia won't want to break my heart any more now."

(Adapted from incidents in the Western Imp port photo-play, by permission.)
WHENEVER you feel run-down, depressed, or find yourself made breathless and easily tired by slight exertion, remember that Iron Jelloids are the finest tonic in the handiest form. Probably your blood is becoming weak through some cause (such as lack of fresh air, overwork, worry), and if you neglect this you lay yourself more open to illness of every description. Iron Jelloids are so fine because they go straight to the root of the trouble and set about enriching the blood from the very first.

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MARY PICKFORD DISCUSSES HER FAVOURITE PAPER WITH OUR REPRESENTATIVE.
**HOW FAT FOLKS MAY GROW SLIM**

If you have been taking on flesh and your figure has become lost in rolls of annoying, disagreeable, useless fat; if you are short-winded, puff when you walk and puff when you talk; if your skin is sallow and puny because of excess fat, don't despair. You can now treat this condition easily in your own home, without annoyance or inconvenience.

Simply go to your chemist today and get one of the three packets in capsule form, take one after each meal and one at bedtime. After a few days' use, you will find that the weight has been reduced, and with the reduction you will notice that your face looks smoother, your breath is a little more light, and you will feel the possession of your whole body.

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The "Picture Show."

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The illustration shows the "Joyce" Sports Coat and the "Ellen" Jumper—two of the many styles.

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**THE OAK TREE**

HOSIERY CO., LTD.,
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Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."  

No. 20.—JOE ROCK.

JOE ROCK has found something to interest him in this issue of the Picture Show. When our paper reaches the Vitagraph studios in California, Joe and his partner Montgomery each tries to get it first. This week Joe succeeded. He found something to surprise his friend with.

Have You Had Yours Yet?

I HAVE just received the second volume of the Picture Show back from the book-binder's, and I am delighted with it. I can always turn back and find something to interest me afresh in its pages. It is my Who's Who of the screen," writes Dolly Barham, of Croydon. Thank you for your letter, Dolly. As you see, I have passed it on, as I expect there are many of my readers who, though they carefully save their copies, have not thought to make them permanent by having them bound. Our blue cloth cases, for this purpose, can be had for three shillings, post free, from the Publisher, Picture Show, 7-9, Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4. I hear also there are a few, a very few, bound copies still to be had. These are too, 91, post free to any address in the British Isles.

A Mother's Boy.

DON'T you like the photogravure of Charles Ray on our centre page this week? Charles is becoming more and more a popular favourite with British picture-goers. A young dear lady wrote me: "I always go to see him. He is my ideal of a real, lovable, mother's own boy. Let me see a nice picture of him, soon." And here it is. Next week, bonny, mischievous Mabel Normand adorns our centre page. It's an absolutely new picture of her. Don't miss it!

When Jack Was a Boy.

ONE of the most difficult things in the life of a producer is finding children sufficiently likable to star to take part in the early scenes of the film play. During the filming of "The Double-Dyed Deceiver," work was held up for a considerable time, while the producer was trying to find a small boy bearing some resemblance to Jack Pickford, to play the part of the Llano Kid when a child. After considerable searching little Robert McCullogh, aged ten, was found to take the part.

A "Nest" Jumper

PHIL McCULLOGH, whom we are to see in the part of Jack Routt, with Tom Moore in "The Great Accident," blames his fine physique for being cast for cliff-jumping parts. McCullogh has jumped off every cliff between Los Angeles and San Francisco, with various results. Twice he jumped head first off a passenger train, and once feet first.

Do You Want to Act for the Screen?

MISS MULLANEY is casting director for Selznick pictures, so her advice to screen aspirants is worth hearing.

"So many people who come to me for a job," she says, "confess that they are tired of their ordinary job, and would like to enter motion pictures, because it is much easier, and not so monotonous; and there's money in it. But the point of view is all wrong. People lacking latent acting ability had better stick to their old job. The movies are a lure, yet the hardships are plentiful, and at times the work is most discouraging."

"My advice to motion-picture aspirants is: Take mental stock of yourselves. Can you act? Will your personality attract on the screen? In other words, will you look attractive? Are you willing to work hard for very little, or any money at first, and take your chances of getting an engagement? If you can truthfully answer 'yes' to these few requirements, then—the screen can make a place for you."

Hates the Sound of His Voice.

GERORY SCOTT emphatically denies the rumour that he is about to duplicate his stage success on the screen.

"I hate the stage," says Mr. Scott; "chiefly because I dislike the sound of my own voice. Have other reasons—one of them being that the working conditions compare very unfavourably. For instance, the weeks of rehearsal necessary before the production of a stage play, in comparison with the quick methods of the screen. And last, but not least, the life of the screen star is full of variety, and there is no danger of having to play the same part for a thousand and one nights."-

Would Like to Marry, If—

SO many readers have asked me if Richard Barthelmess is married. No, he is not.

In a recent interview, he confessed he would like to marry. "Little girls to love," he added quickly. "A fellow gets lonesome sometimes, you know. But what girl would want a chap like me?"

Grace Cunard's Colour Schemes

DID you know that Grace Cunard, the beautiful aerial star, is a firm believer in the influence of colour? For this reason she has several sets of hangings and simply dozens of cushions of all colours for her dressing-room, which is a pictureously built, three-cornered room. When she is tired with a long day's work her maid will arrange a green-and-white haven of rest for brain and body. The walls are white, but a movable red is fixed a few inches from the ceiling, and the silk hangings can therefore be quickly arranged in panels to match the coverings of the divan, which is a gorgeous affair standing in the centre of the room. Grey and mauve are Miss Cunard's 'party colours,' and the room presents a particularly charming appearance when 'coloured' for the reception of the star's guests.

Flame Colour to Stimulate.

But what is possibly the most beautiful set of all is the flame colour. Miss Cunard firmly believes, as do many other people, that all shades of red stimulate the brain. As is generally known, Miss Cunard writes most of her stories herself, and many a thrilling situation has been evolved while she has been surrounded by panels of rich tapestry of a beautiful flame red, with cushions and covers to match.

Everyone who knows Miss Cunard's work must agree that there is something in her theory, for she is never associated with a film which is not entirely an artistic triumph.

Stars and Superstitions

Actors, like all sailors, are supposed to be superstitious, even in those enlightened days. Some of the superstitions of screen favourites are difficult for ordinary folk like myself to understand—perhaps because we are not blessed with the necessary artistic temperament. The following are a few of the confessions of superstitions that I have been able to discover:

One of the most extraordinary is the case of Milos, Propzvon. This gifted dancer has the strongest possible objection to anyone with red hair, and nothing will induce her to act when such an individual is in her dressing-room. The failure of "The Dumb Girl of Portici," the studio manager at the Universal studios was obliged to suspend a screenwriter who had a mop of early
"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT (Continued from page 3)

red hair, as tile star absolutely refused to enter the studio until she was satisfied that he was not there. Mlle. Tavola does not attempt to explain her aversion, but simply says that it is unlucky for her to have a red-haired person near her.

Charlie Chaplin is said to be less superstitious than most actors, although he has not quite lost the aversion that a great many stage folk have to hearing a person whistle while the final rehearsals are being arranged.

Marguerite Clark Objects to Rabbits.

Marguerite Clark says that she does not believe in bad luck, but all the same, she would rather not see a rabbit on the day that she intends to start any new venture, whether connected with her stage work or any other important business.

Objects to Jade.

Pauline Frederick will not wear jade ornaments. Unlike most people, however, she does not believe that pearls and opals bring bad luck, unless they are bought by the wearer, and not gifts.

Douglas Fairbanks, when asked for his list of unlucky things, declared that there is no such thing as bad luck, and anyhow, even if there is, you've only just to laugh at it and it will disappear; which is a comforting thought though not always possible piece of advice.

There are many stage folk who adhere to the more common superstitions such as an aversion to the colour green, crows, cross-eyed women and the number thirteen. But Grace Coolidge奔波 of these, thinking them lucky, although she avoids Manx cats and black horses as her particular superstitions.

The Missing Smile.

I heard a story the other day about Douglas Fairbanks, which goes to show that if you have built up a reputation for any particular characteristic, your public expects you to live up to it on any and every occasion.

Douglas was spending a few brief hours in town. He reckoned out that a certain train would get him to his destination, give him time to transact his business, and return to keep an important appointment. There was only one train that would allow of this in the time, so Douglas just had to catch it.

He arrived at the station with only a few moments in which to get his ticket and catch the one and only, carrying in his hand a hastily packed suit-case. His ticket procured, he made a dash for the platform.

But, unfortunately, his arrival had been watched by two newsboys who had immediately recognized him. One of them, with the desire to render his hero a service, rushed forward and grabbed Douglas's case. Then disaster befell him. The case opened, there was a wild scramble, and the gates slammed, leaving Douglas to watch the train disappear. Knowing full well that he could have caught the train if he had reached the platform in time, he gave vent to his feelings, to the great delight of the small boy.

By this time the second newie had arrived on the scene. He watched Douglas in silence for a few moments until the latter paused for breath; then, turning to the cause of all the trouble, he said: 

"Aw! Gwan, that ain't Doug. Fairbanks. He can't smile:"

Charlie's New Picture.

It is the title of Chaplin's next picture.

The present rumour is that it will be a six-reeler, and will contain more than the ordinary amount of the popular paths in which Charlie, in his later plays, has indulged. The title, if the report be true, will be "The Kid."

A Film Re-union.

Film folk, in spite of all their money, cannot have the pleasure of their loved ones around them always. Their work compels them to leave separate lives in the fulliment of their screen engagements. Just now Olive Thomas and Jack Pickford have had a reunion, and they made it a great fete day. Jack, as you know, is working at the Goldwyn studio, and Olive Thomas for Selznick. Olive had to go West for some scenes in her new picture, and Jack is there, anyway. They celebrated the occasion by Jack presenting Olive with a new car, and Olive spending nearly a whole week's salary on a new dog for Jack.

Do You Know?

That Douglas MacLean is married?

That Gladys Leslie was born in New York City, on March 5th, in 1899?

That Casson Ferguson is twenty-eight, has blue-grey eyes and brown hair, and is not married?

That Harry Carey's birthplace was New York, though he is a real westerner by inheritance?

That Bryant Washburn's ancestry has been traced to the thirteenth century, and includes many distinguished persons?

Fay Filmer.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News from Los Angeles.

A Mother's Brain-Wave.

Priscilla Dean recently became the bride of Wheeler Oakman, her "opposite" in "The Virgin of Stamboul." Her mother, Mrs. Dean, who knows the artistic temperament, has placed in a conspicuous position on the mustache of the newly wed's money-box, and the penalty exacted for any display of temperamente on the part of either Mr. or Mrs. Oakman is a contribution of one dollar to the Los Angeles Orphans' Christmas Fund. Mrs. Dean says that the bank had only been in operation for about eight hours when Priscilla had already found herself obliged to put in five dollars, and her husband three. It is gratifying to note that since then there has been a considerable financial slump.

Farnum Believes in Fencing.

William Farnum, like W. S. Hart, that other strong man of the screen, is a staunch believer in fencing as a means of exercising every muscle of the body, and he advises ten minutes' practice with the foils every day as the best means of keeping in perfect physical condition. Farnum gives an hour every day to athletics, and believes that fencing in particular is of inestimable value to the actor as developing quickness of the eye, agility, and grace of movement.

Margery—Poetess.

Margery Wilson, the demure little star with the big brown eyes, has published a volume of her own poems, collected from the different magazines in which they first appeared. The book is called "Brothers and Sisters of Mine," and Margery is unregenerate enough to announce that she is going to follow it up with another.

The Kerrigan Family.

Warren Kerrigan's whole family are more or less in the picture business, even though they do work to a certain extent behind the scenes, as it were. His twin brother is his studio manager; his sister acts as his secretary, and his mother supervises the editing of his scenarios and is of material assistance in the actual making of his pictures by her helpful criticisms and suggestions. It was in order to establish a home for this beloved mother, who was at that time in very frail health, that Kerrigan abandoned the stage and went into motion pictures.

To Star Herself.

Eleni Eddy, who has appeared opposite George Beban in most of his Italian characterizations, has finished a book which is already in the hands of the publishers, and which later on is to be adapted for the screen. The chief motif is that of mother love, while a story is interspersed of an Italian girl who wins back her husband by her unfaltering faith. Miss Eddy is now to be a star in her own right; having recently signed a contract with a big producing company.

PICTURE SHOW, July 17th, 1920.

BEVERLY BAYNE, FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis X. Bushman are both favorites in Finland. Here are their latest portraits sent to greet readers of the PICTURE SHOW.

ELDIE EDDIE.

After spending a small fortune in experimenting on lightning effects on the film, Allan Dwan conceived the idea of pairing the electric current with a thumb tack. This method is perfect, as we shall see in the coming photo-play, entitled "The Streaker." The first photograph shows Allan Dwan at work: above, an enlarged view of the film on which he is at work.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

This is not a holiday snap, but a photograph of two of the bathing belles who are appearing in the new Scotch bathing comedy, "The Tramp's Flirtation," produced by the Ace Film Producing Company.

RUTH ROLAND introduces MAX LINDER to her director, GEORGE MARSHALL. Max has not appeared in pictures for some time. He has returned to the screen, however, and will soon be seen in some new films.

Here is MABEL NORMAND at the wheel of her new steam-driven auto, which is built to look like a train engine. It runs with steam coming out of the stack, and has a regular whistle. Mabel has a joyous time driving it round the Goldwyn Studios at Culver City.

MARY MILES MINTER and WILLIAM RUSSELL met accidentally at a photographer's one day, and decided to have a photo taken in the old style. Here is the result.

VIOLA DANA points out all the items of interest in her favourite film paper to LIEUT. LOCKLEAR.
Sylvia Parks, a feather-brained, selfish girl, captures the affection of, and marries, Jack Arlingford, who was formerly the sweetheart of Mona Leveridge. Jack loses his sight in an accident, and while he is away undergoing an operation, Sylvia becomes involved in some shady juggling and is arrested and remanded, and Mona takes care of Sylvia's baby while she is away. On returning, Jack recalls his sight restored. He goes to Birmingham to attend to some business, and when Sylvia is released Mona takes the child and is at the hall, at a friend's house, they never heard from her.

Mr. Slick, a man who was associated with Sylvia's thievery, she is frightened of him, and therefore bound to be friendly with him. Jack is suspicious, and questions Slick, who tells him that Sylvia is a kleptomaniac.

Unmasked.

Sylvia was draped in her long suede gloves; there was a smile of pleased anticipation on her fair face. She left nothing behind her to go out with Mr. Slick, as it always meant some little trinket for herself. And Mr. Slick was so clever. He could get a necklace after a few hours so that but for the stones it was almost impossible to recognise it. She was wearing a bright blue satin opera cape trimmed with ostrich feathers of the same colour, and that blue tulle scarf was arranged over her fair hair.

"Are you ready, Mr. Slick?" she said, and then paused and glanced sharply at the two men.

The expression on her face changed, and she took a step towards him. There was horror in his eyes, and his face was set and pale. Mr. Slick had thrust the tell-tale emeralds deep into his pocket, and now he made a movement towards the door.

But Jack sprang forward and placed his back against it.

"I wish this affair settled here, and at once!" he said very steadily.

Mr. Slick shrugged his shoulders, but there was a very evil expression on his face, and he went up to his hip pocket.

Jack heard the movement, for Sylvia had run to him and placed her hand on his arm. "What is it, Jack?" she cried.

"You must be mad. There is some mistake. We shall be late for the show. Don't be so silly, Mr. Slick looked at her steadily.

"Mr. Slick has told me, Sylvia," he said, and I think in future I shall look after you myself. If you are a kleptomaniac, you must go into a home." Sylvia stared at him in bewilderment.

"But I am not, Jack!" she cried, and then turned on Mr. Slick.

"What have you been telling him about me?" she cried. "You said you would look after me. I did try and go straight until you came along and tempted me. I do your dirty work, but I'm not a kleptomaniac.

The suggestion had incensed her more than anything else he had done. Mr. Slick started at his threateningly.

"Stop your stupid tongue, or else I will go, and I shall leave you in a corner.devices, said Jack.

The situation was intolerable for the young husband.

Jack moved from the door as he spoke, and Mr. Slick needed no further invitation.

It was Sylvia who caught hold of his arm and attempted to take him away in a corner. "You must tell me what you have told him," she cried in a high falsetto voice. "You cannot go on pretending to take us anywhere. If you go, I shall tell him about Clara and you and the thieving." Mr. Slick put his hand over her mouth as he turned again on her furiously.

The Concluding Chapters of this Fascinating Real Life Story.

"I'll have you in jail before many minutes are over. You cannot fight me!" he growled. Sylvia reached her feet free, and with him he was afraid of Jack, and did not want to be alone with him.

"You open the door," said Jack, giving Mr. Slick a shilling.

The man's hands were trembling as he obeyed.

Jack flung him into the hall, and was about to close the door when Sylvia threw herself upon him.

"Don't let him go. Stop him!" she cried frantically. "You don't know what you are doing. He is dangerous, I tell you. Stop him!"

She flung the door open and darted into the passage.

There was a sudden, deafening report, a terrible, deafening report.

The hall door closed, and Sylvia, tottering forward with her hands stretched above her head, suddenly collapsed on to the carpeted floor.

Mona, up in the further end of the flat standing by her bed, heard the cry, and came running to the spot.

Jack was on his knees beside the gorgeous dressing table. He gave a sigh of relief as Mona came towards them. It had all happened one thing after another so rapidly that he was bewildered. The servants made their appearance, and Sylvia was carried to her own room, while Jack phoned for a doctor.

As he put up the receiver he glanced round the room in a dazed way. He had read of such happenings, but that they could actually occur in ordinary everyday life was inconceivable.

The whole evening's proceedings were fantastical, unreal.

With a face like a mask he made his way to his wife's room.

Sylvia was clinging to Mona and talking in that strange falsetto voice that was so unlike her own.

"He made me do it, Mona. He threatened to tell Jack all about the police-court, and he told me I could never be found out because he had told many friends among the police. He gives them information so that they can act, and he bribes them too, I know. It was he who got Sally put into prison for something she never did.'"

"There, there, dear. Do not talk any more. Try to keep calm until the doctor comes," said Mona gently.

Sylvia began to cry.

"Monsters are always right. Don't let me die. I won't die, will I, Mona?"

The tears stood in Mona's eyes.

"You are a dear, dear, little girl. Let us ask Him to spare you, so that you can live and alone.

"But I don't want to alone; I want to live, Mona, cried the girl pettishly. "Oh! Why ever didn't Jack let us go on as we were. I was so happy. Jack always has been a spoil sport. I have never been happy with him."

"Oh, my dear. Hush! Hush! You do not know what you are saying," said Mona unsteadily.

I do. But why could he not be like you, Mona?" Sylvia mouthed the words, but with him I am always afraid. When will the doctor come? Tell him he must make me better. I didn't want to die.

The pretty voice ended in a wail.

Mona did her best to soothe her. The tears were all broken up and glanced over with pity for the frail little figure which was now lying so still and white.

The young wife spoke again.

"Don't leave me, Mona," she said. "Oh, if only I had not been so silly! If only I had made you stay with me! You were always so strong and sensible. If only I had told you about Slick. You would have taken care of me. Oh, I should have been lying here as I am now. Oh, dear! What shall I do? I am so frightened!"

"You must not be, dear. See, here is Jack," said Mona, turning towards the man who had come forward and stood at the foot of the bed.

Sylvia gave a little shriek.

"Don't let him ever find out about me, Mona, Jack. He does not know half," she said.

Jack came closer to her.

"What ever you have done I forgive you, Sylvia," he said gently.

She put out her arms to him then.

"Jack!"

He put his arms round her, and she nestled up to him. A little sigh fluttered from her lips, and then, to their consternation, her head fell back.

Sylvia had passed onwards to seek forgiveness for all her shortcoming. Her throne was And, realising what had happened, Mona noiselessly led them together and went back to her home.

Three years had passed since the tragedy, and it was long since forgotten.

Mr. Slick had been caught, and had suffered punishment. Sylvia had married Jack and had quickly attained success as the world counts it.

The soft summer breeze wafted in through the open window overlooking Hyde Park as Mrs. Craige sat poring over her late morning breakfast.

There was a smile of satisfaction on her face as she picked up the paper again and glanced once more at the name among the list of honours.

Sir John Arlingford.

Mrs. Craige had no marked mind that she was pining to marry again, and she thought she had found the man.

"Such a charming man," Mrs. Craige was fond of repeating to her friends. "Quite sad, of course, that affair of his wife's, but really, my dear, it is no sin at 49."

She would have completely ruined his career. Why, even I thought I should have to tell him his acquaintance. What he needs is a wife to help him on—someone that is his equal in intellect, and therefore there is no telling how far he may go. I do trust, for his own sake, he will not get entangled with someone belonging to an inferior social degree. It would be suicidal, absolutely suicidal."

She had said this in Mona's hearing. Mrs. Craige wished Mona to Mona on the few occasions when they chanced to meet. Mrs. Craige was a very good judge of human nature, and even Mona had first met her had realised that this pale-faced girl with the sallow skin and the dark eyes was a good judge. She did not belong to the world that Mrs. Craige believed to be the only correct and proper one to live in. (Concluded on page 8.)
THE EXPRESSIONS OF GEORGE BEBAN. (Special to the "Picture Show.")

GEORGE BEBAN.
The Greatest Impersonator of Italian Character Parts on Stage or Screen.

GEORGE BEBAN was among the first of the really successful stage stars to enter the cinema world. He began his stage career at the early age of eight. As the "Boy Baritone of California," he toured the country in concerts. He was a star madrigal singer, with a famous old minstrel troupe before he was out of his teens. From ballad singing, the youthful Beban worked into the position of "end man," and then, ambitious for larger things, he turned to stock, and played the principal comedy role with a company in San Francisco. His next venture was in musical comedy.

From Comedy to Drama.

Up to this time, Beban had devoted himself exclusively to comedy. His entrance into the more serious side of dramatic art came about through one of those little circumstances that so often change the whole course of a man's life.

Inspired by Elsie Janis.

BEBAN had heard Miss Elsie Janis recite a little story in verse about an Italian child called "Rosa." The simple story appealed so to Beban, that he found himself telling it one night in dialect. It was his first bit of serious acting, and the hit it made caused him to include it in his repertoire.

Beban wrote the sketch, and called it "The Sign of the Rose." It was an instantaneous hit, and for five and a half years Beban starred all over the United States, Canada, and in London in this miniature drama.

Afterwards he prepared the play for the screen—"An Alien" has become one of the marked successes of the film world.

He is unquestionably the greatest impersonator of Italian character parts on stage and screen that has yet had.

A Tempting Picture.

"It was this that gave him his first part on the screen." Thomas Ince had a story which called for an Italian character study, and travelled from California to New York where Beban was staying at the time. The hit he had made caused him to go to Broadway, to persuade him to take the part. At first Beban refused. He had worked hard for his position on the New York stage, and he meant to keep it. At this time an actor was likely to suffer in prestige by appearing "in the movies."

Do you know what persuaded Beban? Mr. Ince pictured the wonder of California—told the boy he would be a beautiful holiday, a home all waiting for him, a saddle horse waiting outside his dressing room when they were taking scenes away: a land of glorious sunshine, with forests, sea, boundless prairies, and grand mountains at the very gates of the city. Beban consented, and has never been back to the stage—save to appear with one of his pictures.

George Beban Junior.

George M. Beban is married, and is the proud father of a fine little boy, who is now appearing with him on the screen.

When George Beban first contemplated having George Junior act with him, he was warned that if the public knew that he was married they would no longer care for him, and it was suggested that he should change the boy's name.

In an interview George says, "I was foolish enough to consent, and my boy made his debut in the name of Bob White. But now in "Hearts of Men" he appears under his own name, and I don't care how many hearts are broken to learn that I am the father of that talented young man."

His Love for His Boy.

Part of his love for picture work is due to the fact that George Junior is with him in California. "When we are at home," says George, "I love to watch my boy, dressed in rompers, playing on the lawn, and we eat fruit right out of the garden for breakfast."

George gave a great sigh of contentment, the sigh of a man who has achieved what he has been working for for years—a home, a family, and work he loves.
THE SILENT DUDE (Continued from page 6.)

"Mr. Arlfording really ought to marry my mother," said the girl to the man with a carelessly modulated voice. "He is such a charming man, and is so clever and capable. He should get married, and I must have a heart-to-heart talk with him about this matter." Mona had taken little heed at the time, but when alone these little remarks had an uncom- fortable feeling to her of recurring to her mind, and she asked herself if she had been so tactless as to mislead her friend so far, and so ask her to do this.

And Mona had refused him. Kindly and gently but quite emphatically.

And if he did take her passionately in his arms then she might not have kept to her decision, but they were both shy and horribly uncomfortable and he walked away.

The thought of those days in Manchester was in both their hearts. Mona always waited a little longer," Jack told himself moody.

And Mona, knowing by her bedside, was solicitous.

"He made one mistake, he shall not make another," said Mona, with an effort to be cheerful.

And all that had happened a couple of years ago, and Time, that wonderful healer, had shed a soft, vague forgetfulness over the cruel jags of the past. Mona could think only kindly and always gently of poor erring Sylvia.

Bobby was four years now, and came often to call on Auntie Mona on Saturdays, when Mona was home from business.

Mona had seen Jack's name among the list of honours. She felt half inclined to ring him up and congratulate him, but she thought better of it.

Jack was a big man now. There would be plenty of others to congratulate him.

It so happened that as the thought passed through Mona's mind, Mrs. Craig, having finished her breakfast, was now on the phone.

A few minutes later she was congratulating Jack on his new appointment.

"I think we must have a little dinner to-gether-to-night to celebrate the occasion," she said.

"Mrs. Craig was always very bright when in conversation with men," as a jealous woman may remonstrate.

"I am engaged, I am afraid, for to-night," came Jack's voice in reply.

"Mrs. Craig here,

"Perhaps you will call in, then, afterwards."

"I am so sorry but I shall be so very late."

"Don't call. I'll see you to-morrow."

"To-morrow, then?" she said pleasantly.

"You naughty man, I have not seen you once this week."

"It is most kind of you, but really I am so busy. I have promised to dine at the Wilsons on Saturday. No doubt we shall meet there."

"Good-bye!"

He had rung off, and Mrs. Craig, after trying to speak again and getting no reply, put the receiver down with a very grave face and with very grave eyes. She was not so young that she could afford to keep on waiting.

All unknown to Jack she had worked to get him his title. She had thought that Jack might have hesitated because of her wealth, and that if he took her he would get on equal footing with himself it might hasten results. Yet Jack had rung off without the least suggestion of tendencies towards such a position, as an acquiescence, as a surrender, as an abnegation, in men. — Mrs. Craig punched a cushion on the settee before settling herself down to her morning correspondence with such vigour and with such resolute energy that "men are the most unsatisfactory of mortals, and Jack — Jack is the limit."

As in the Days of Long Ago.

That same evening, at five o'clock exactly, Jack arrived and was met immediately by a grey, grey, that has been seen hovering over the spot where the horses stop to pick up passengers in the City Road. A bus came and went, and yet another and another, but the young man did not move. Suddenly, however, a flash figure clad in a neat coat and skirt came running up just as a bus was about to start.

She did not glance around her, but swung herself on to the step. The next moment Jack had followed her on to the top. Mona had taken a seat and Jack was forced to sit behind her. But he was quite satisfied.

He kept hoping that she would round and discover him; but Mona did not turn round, and he had to be content with watching the wavy tendrils of hair against the cream velvetness of her neck and the spotless white collar of her blouse.

There was something so clean and fresh about Mona.

And then, just as he was making up his mind to look at her, she turned sideways to beside her made a movement to alight, and Mona slipped along to his seat.

Jack felt his heart beat quicker as he took her vacant place.

Even then she did not notice him, for her eyes were fixed on a baby.

The mother was seeing off a friend and the baby, which was bunched, was throwing out its little arms and gurgling happily, hoping to catch the mother's attention.

A lump had risen to Mona's throat. That was the one thing she envied others—their babies. She was getting on quite well in business, but the sight of chubby limbs and daisy little heads always made her want to cuddle up their owners.

Bobby had been like that, but Bobby was now nearly a man, and that made liberties. He had never wanted to be cuddled when he came to see her, and objected often to be kissed.

Jack noticed the passive expression on her face and wondered, and then quite suddenly he placed his hand over her own, which were lying lightly clasped in her lap.

She gave a startled movement and a quick glance upward, but Jack did not release the imprisoned hand.

"Oh !" The tell-tale colour flooded her face.

"However did you get here, I did not see you get on the bus", she said.

He chuckled like a schoolboy as he explained: "I was feeling a bit off colour to-day, and I made up my mind I would try to catch you," he said boldly, his eyes fixed on her burning cheeks. "I thought a nice quiet little evening with you might do me good." He might get off at the corner and get some cheap refreshments. "I am very much looking to speak to you lightly and hoping that he could not hear the noisy beating of her heart.

To her eyes, her face was so handsome and one of those who have happiness away from her. "Might it be a mistake?"

"I must not stand in your way!" She repeated the words to herself passively as she followed him out the 'bus. "He must have the best that life can offer, he has suffered enough in the past for his chivalry."

She felt it was up to her to see that he did not do it again.

He talked to her, as if his hand under his arm just as he had done in those far-off days.

"Now for the chops," he said.

Jack, passing in carrying the newspaper parcel, which he tucked under his arm, then led her into a pastrycook's.

"Two dob's and jam tarts," he ordered.

Mona endeavoured to expostulate, but Jack grabbed the bag and piloted her out into the street.

"This is a very important occasion. Haven't you read the papers to-day?" he asked her.

"Mona confessed to a sort of weariness.

"Well, surely I may celebrate the occasion," he demanded.

"But you do not like jam tarts," she reminded him.

"That is all you know. Perhaps I used to prefer them, but I do not think you would have saved them all for me. I sometimes do these things myself," he said wickedly.

And Mona could only laugh and call him "an utterly ridiculous person."

She was feeling utterly ridiculous herself, but somehow she did not care a bit.

"This was her night," she told herself. She hoped he would not spoil it, and she would have to find him away.

In the tiny sitting-room the meal was laid for one. Jack suggested repairing the defect which Mona addressed to the cooking.

Her face was just bubbling over with happiness as she lit the gas-stove and fetched out the专班.

Time, that, Jack came into the kitchen and seated himself on the chair.

"Mona," he said suddenly, after watching her peel a potato and slice it into the pan, "I mean to wait until after supper, dear, but it is just no good. How much longer are you going to punish me, little girl? I want you, Mona. I need you, dear. Mona, you must know just what is in my heart, I love you. I worship you, dear. I know I am not worthy of you. May I be your wife?"

He had taken hold of her, and now he crushed her to him with all a strong man's passion.

"Jack," she said, holding her face to his. "I am very little perfect darling, but you are handsome."

"And, Jack, you are a great man now. I won't say that you want to make a mistake," Mona began tremulously.

Jack held her at arm's length, and looked at her very steadily.

"I've often thought you must think me a fool, but I never guessed you looked upon me as such," he said in a low, husky tone.

"Jack, I—I don't."

"You had better not," he said; and then solemnly that he had teased her enough he drew her again into the shadow of his arms.

"My own little girl," he murmured.

THE END.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT !

NEXT WEEK—

A series of Roger Crime Stories will begin in the "Picture Show." There is nothing so interesting to Read as the Story Behind the Verdict in a Court of Law. The Human or Infamous Motive that has caused the Crime, the Unscrambling of the Plot by the Master Minds of World-Famous Detectives.

THE SILLKES BANKNOTE

HERBERT RAWLINGSON

is the first of a series of wonderful crime

Chief of the United

by the part of Stephen

WHO plays the part of Stephen

"Lightning" —on

SHERIDAN Service

New York City.

WILLIAM J. FLYNN

Every detail of these stories, which have been filmed by the Selmick Film Company, will shortly be shown in real life. The crooks described are men whose criminal careers are to be found in the American Police Records. The fact that the plots are based on the real detectives is played by Herbert Rawlingston, otherwise the stories are an exact reproduction of events which actually happened...
THE LETTERS OF MARY
The Vidor Family—A Perfect Mother—Doug's Namesake—Zasu On and Off the Screen.

6210, Franklin Ave., Hollywood, California.

MY DEAR MARY,—I imagine a perfect love of a brown-eyed, toddling baby girl, with a handsome boyish-looking daddy, and a dreamy-eyed, Southern beauty mother, and you have dear little Suzanne Vidor. All day she plays with her toys outdoors, with a splendid nurse, and two adoring grandmothers, to love her, then about four thirty, here comes the big blue car, bringing a wonderful mother and father to love her huskily more. How sneaky she will feel, later, when she is old enough to appreciate all they are achieving.

We sat on Mrs. Vidor's "set," and talked about Suzanne, and other things, while Mr. Vidor corralled three dozen extras for a big country fair scene in "The Jack-Knife Man." If you put that many people in a drawing-room, what a bust! But here, all were rather quiet, and Mr. Vidor barely raised his voice to direct them.

The Life of a Mother.

"YOU know," Mrs. Vidor's dimples peeped out, "I have always believed children are more in need of models than critics. Mothers do not realise how much they say. 'Baby, don't,' don't do this, don't do that, and I think it is a mistake. Not for the world would I leave my little Suzanne, unless I knew she was in excellent hands. But, where the child is well cared for, I think it is often a tragedy for a mother to give up her ambitions, to be with her baby all the time. Mothers often forget to be companions for their children, and their husbands, wear themselves out at ungenial tasks, and lose half the joy of living. I could see the sparkle of her beautiful brown eyes, and know how happy.

FLORENCE VIDOR likes nothing better than to get into her kitchen at the end of the day's work and prepare some dainty dish from her own famous recipes.

FLORENCE VIDOR and SARAH MASON discuss "Heart of Twenty," which Miss Mason wrote for her chum "Zasu."

These Vidor are, if you could see him directing her on the set, later, as we did, you'd know they are truly companions. They are so ambitious, and they will go far, far. Both of them are so youthful.

A Christmas Gift.

SUZANNE was a Christmas gift to Florence and King—a jolly Christmas present, you'd admit. King Vidor thinks his daughter a most remarkable baby, and has invented an arrangement on their car so that she is protected and comfortable during their motor trips.

Although this delightful baby is only a year and a half old, she has already played star in several thousand feet of film. Mr. Vidor's camera man has become a favourite playmate, and sets up the machine to take the youthful star doing anything that her fond parents think worth recording.

Suzanne's parents are both very fond of golf, too, and they are often on the links when "in production" (making a picture). King Vidor is such an ardent golfer that one of the Los Angeles evening papers is having him write a series of articles on golf.

Florence Vidor is as famous among her friends for her cooking, as for her splendid screen portrayals, and she bakes delicious cakes, and puddings.

An Animated Talker.

Mrs. VIDOR invited us to go with them that night, to the review of Zasu Pitts' latest picture, "Heart of Twenty." We did, and she introduced us to Miss Pitts, and to Sarah Mason. Oh! I was so thrilled! Sarah Mason wrote "Heart of Twenty," you know, especially for her chum, Zasu Pitts, and they invited us to lunch with them at the Hollywood Studio Club.

Zasu Pitts is perfectly droll, there is no one just like her, and she looks rather pathetic, you know, really. But the minute she begins to talk, she is animated, strongly. Did you see her in "Bright Skies?" She and the Vidors were in "Poor Relations," you know, and "The Other Half." Well you must see "The Heart of Twenty," for the story is so well suited to Miss Pitts, though I think the direction could be improved upon. You see, Sarah Mason is to Zasu Pitts, as is Frances Marion to Mary Pickford, eccentric and friend. Miss Mason is a beautiful young girl, with quantities of gold-drecked brown hair. As for hair, you should see when Mabel Normand, long locks, Miss Pitts has. Don't you love her droll expressions? She is a Californian girl, you know. She can look like the most forlorn waif, but is very attractive and smart, when dressed up. You will see that contrast in "Bright Skies."

Zasu Pitts had a pretty running time with them Sunday, and lunched at the Club, though it rained half the day. We took some pictures especially for you. I held up the umbrellas over the camera, while Alice "shot" them in the rain.

"Doug's" Namesake.

YOU see they have the cleverest dog and kitten there, "Chinker" and "Douglas Fairbanks." "Douglas" had an odd christening. They got her last Christmas, and missed her a few minutes after uniting her ribbons. Suddenly, the big Christmas tree in the library began to sway backwards and forwards. Aerobatic kitty had leaped into it to get away from Chinker, and was going straight to the dizzy top. So these jolly girls named her "Douglas Fairbanks" immediately.

Zasu Pitts, off the screen, is just like Zasu on the screen. She has the oddest gestures, with both hands and feet, and says scarcely funny things with only a droll smile, or a perfectly straight face. She loves to dance, goes straight to the gramophone when she enters the house, and begins to jazz around, if all above.

Zasu has a ripping new contract, starring her, and begins her own productions soon. Don't you wish you were here with us in California? I truly do, for no one would enjoy meeting these wonderful people more than Pay Filmer.

With oceans of love,

Your own,

MARY.
FLICKERS FROM FILMLAND.
NEWS, NOTES, AND OPINIONS BY FRED K. ADAMS.

On Cinema Schools.

THOMAS H. INCE considers that reputable schools devoted to the art of the motion picture should be encouraged. "Many talented people," he says, "have failed to pass a studio test and try-out merely because a total lack of experience and training placed them hopelessly in the light of undesirable amateurs."

Cinemas in Central Europe.

SOME interesting remarks on the motion picture industry in Europe have been stated by Mr. A. J. Xydas, who recently returned from a long trip, which he made in order to study European conditions. He was surprised to find that there are practically no American films being exhibited in the Balkan States or Turkey. "After visiting all the theatres of prominence, as well as many of the smaller ones, I found that American films are almost unknown," he states. "This was also practically true of Italy, as not a single theatre in Milan, Rome, Venice or Naples was showing an American picture, Italian, and practically all of the pictures shown in Constantinople, as well as in Roumania and Turkey in Asia, are of Italian make. The strangest fact of all, however, is that the majority of picturegoers in those places have never even heard of Charlie Chaplin. It is hard to realize today that places as Greece and Turkey have less than fifty theatres each, and that there are not more than a dozen cinemas in the whole of Greece. Of these already existing are very primitive, being of the converted shop variety. There is no doubt that there is a tremendous field for exploitation in Central Europe in the near future, and it is to be hoped that Great Britain will get her fair share of the plums."

Jewels on the Screen.

CLAIRES ADAMS has invaded the family jewel casket to appare herself for her role in "The Money Changers," a picture-play of Upton Sinclair's novel. Jewels of great value which were presented to one branch of Miss Adams' family by an Indian Rajah, during the Sepoy Mutiny of '87, in recognition of military protection given him, will be worn by the Woman Artist in one of the dress-scenes of the picture, representing modern New York life among the money kings.

Lessons We Learn from the Films.

It takes a very little sentiment between a man and a woman to destroy a very big friendship. • • •

Marriage is the monotony that refines the excitement of life.

Some people's idea of progress is to stand and watch others go backward.

Everyone knows love different they would be if they were someone else.

The wise man and the fool's money are soon married. • • •

The world seems all the brighter to lovers when the gas is turned low.

There is danger in delay, but a great danger in haste.

The Week's Best Films.

THE following is a list of the best photo-plays which are being released for exhibition at the cinemas during this week, and the names of the star artists:

Waltzade "Jacques of the Silver North" by Mitchell Lewis.

World Films... "A House Divided" by Sylvia Breamer, Herbert Rawlinson;

Western Import... "The Sea Panther" by William Desmond.

Jury's... "Out of the Fog" by Nazimova.

Astra... "Rosemary Climbs the Heights" by Mary Miles Minter.

Vitagraph... "Too Many Cooks" by Gladys Leslie.

Ideal... "Storm and Sunshine" by Dorothy Phillips.

W. & F... "The Only Road" by Violet Dana.

P. L. F. S... "The Virtuous Thief" by End Bennett.

Phillips... "Better Than the Rest" by Rupert Julian, Louise Lovley, Walker's "His Pirate Gold" by Montague Love, "Monroe Saltern."
FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF THE PICTURE-GOING BRITISH PUBLIC.

MARY PICKFORD.
11,436 votes.
The golden-haired, hazel-eyed darling of the screen still retains her title of the "world's sweet heart." Mary is just five feet tall—just up to a man's heart.

PEARL WHITE.
5,419 votes.
During Peerless Pearl holds second place in our competition. She was a child prodigy. Her first part was Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

MARY MILES MINTER.
3,829 votes.
Just eighteen years of age, her golden curls have stolen some of the sun's rays.

PAULINE FREDERICK.
4,491 votes.
The tragedienne, who has been called the "Mrs. Pat Campbell of the screen." She has blue eyes, brown hair.

NORMA TALMADGE.
3,863 votes.
Dark brown locks and dark brown eyes. Norma Pat works her secret into her twenty-three years on the screen.

ALMA TAYLOR.
4,748 votes.
Has always played in the All-British 'Production' Picture Plays, and is an ideal type of English girlhood.
The "British Mary Pickford," as Stella Muir has been called, as we shall see her in her next photo play. Miss Muir has already starred with great success in "Heart of a Rose," "A Law of the Lorne," and "Call of the Sea." These photographs are from her next film, entitled "A Little Ray of Sunshine."

Stella Muir.

A demure photograph.

Pathetic, but very charming.
Stella prepares for a visit to town.

As a little maid-of-all-work Stella has no use for her curls.

A delightful heroine.
WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT.
ELLA SHIELDS CHATS ABOUT THE SCREEN.

THE other evening I sat talking with someone whose fair hair, dazzling smile, and bright, kelpish features, to say nothing of the most perfect evening suit, might be calculated to stir the least susceptible of feminine hearts and conjure up visions of delightful "tete-a-tetes" beneath the silvery moon, and all the rest of it. And yet, do you know, I maintained my balance surprisingly well in the presence of this vision of suitorial and masculine beauty, and even when he pressed my hand and looked at me with its very engaging brown eyes I said nothing more romantic than:

"Good-evening, Miss Shields!"

The Real Ella.

YOU all know Ella, "The Ideal of Ideals," the surprisingly clever female delineator of all that is fascinating in masculine modes and manners, but what you don't know is the real Ella, the woman's heart beating beneath the midshipman's jacket or the faultless coat of the faultless dude. There was something about her, for instance, of the youthful braggadocio, the swagger, the dash, of that perfectly attired young man whom Miss Shields has made so familiar to us on the halls. Instead, she can do the thing that only a womanly woman could achieve—discard her male attire for a rest gown, while retaining her masculine wig of close-cropped hair, and still retain her dignity and impart an air of intense femininity. The only thing about Miss Shields herself which in any way suggests a masculine personality is her level-headed sense of business.

Maybe you're wondering what Miss Shields is doing in a picture paper. Cast your mind back but two years and you'll remember a delightful little film offering, entitled "Herself," in which she figured. But though this was her first and only film, Miss Shields is not only thinking of taking up the work again, but says that in all probability she will re-enter the film world this coming autumn. However, I'm anticipating. Let us go back to "Ella Shields—Herself."

A Successful Experiment.

"THAT little film, which was only 1,000 feet was in the nature of an experiment," said my hostess, "and I venture to think that it proved a successful one. It was made down at Ealing, and though there were but four members of the cast, and all the scenes were interiors, shot under artificial light, I do not think that little stage-play could have been better, or that my worst enemy could have found any fault with my performance in it."

"The picture was made for the Transatlantic company, and when Mr. Tippet, of that organization, approached me in the matter, he suggested that I should play the soubrette rôle, which, after all, was to be my specialty before I adopted male impersonation. However, I said I thought it would be better for me to play a role in which I was not offered an opportunity to introduce the type of characterisation to which my public had become familiar, so it ended in a sort of compromise by my appearing first as a girl who later donned male attire."

"May I ask why you have not made any other films, Miss Shields?"

"Because I found I couldn't appear on the halls and act for the camera at the same time," was the answer. "A music-hall artiste has very little leisure, you know. But in the autumn I am hoping to do some more picture work—in fact, there is every probability of my doing so. I love film acting, and I really don't know if I will do it, and I do think, if you will forgive

my candour, I could prove a success in it."

"What type of rôle would you essay?"

"Well, a soubrette-perhaps—it would depend. But this time I certainly do not want to do male impersonation. I will tell you, though, what I should like—a costume play! I am so fond of them."

"Do you think the public really like them?"

"Yes, I do," replied Miss Shields. "Witness the success of 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' Of course, there was Henry Ainley in it, and to my mind he is our greatest success in British films, but, apart from his personal triumph in 'The Prisoner,' I still maintain that the public enjoy a good costume play."

Two Adverse Criticisms.

"Do you consider we can make them over here?" I queried bluntly, and immediately we fell into the British-American film controversy. Miss Shields emerged with the following statement:

"I am American by birth, but though I came from the land of films, I have but two adverse criticisms to make upon British films—first, that so few of the players we recruit from the stage seem to realise that it is a camera before which they are acting, and, secondly, that our companies expend so little money on their productions, with the result that films which are excellent in other respects, are often utterly spoilt because they bear the brand of cheapness. Recently I saw a British costume play dealing with one of

the greatest love stories in English history, and what might have been so beautiful, especially pictorially, was spoiled by such things as indifferent costumes and bad wigs. "Cheaper productions, no doubt, but—" I might say the only fault I have to find with film production over here, but when we acquire the necessary money and learn how to spend it lavishly—on the hire of palatial residences and restaurants such as are seen in American films, and on the purchase of gowns and costumes adequate to the needs of our stories—then there will be no telling what we can do here."

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKS.
A Romantic Love

Story, Telling How a Cinderella Found Her Prince Charming.

He ran after her, calling "Louise! Louise!"
Then, as Peggy half stopped, wondering what she could say, he took her hand, which Peggy promptly withdrew.

Louise dear," pleaded Stephen, "I know I treated you badly last night."

The situation was beginning to worry Peggy, who, not knowing what to do, went on Stephen further.

"Yes; I'm not the same girl at all," replied Peggy joyfully.

"That's true, anyway," she said to herself. And, mattering something about having to get back, she ran into the house. Stephen had followed her, and told him what had happened. "He seems to have been in love with the young man Peggy," she explained.

"Yes. They were engaged in Paris," replied Dr. Granville.

"We're not in trouble, Peggy. Mrs. Parke must not know of Stephen Underwood's return. She is progressing splendidly. You have brought sunshine in her life. She talks of nothing else but you and I have always been a mystery."

Dr. Granville went straight to the hotel where Peggy was staying, and saw the young man in his room.

"You know," there has been a startling effect on Mrs. Parke, who is my patient," he began, "I must ask you as a man of duty to go away. Miss Parke no longer loves you, and you surely would not force your attentions where they are not wanted?"

"You must allow me to be the best judge of that," said the young man quietly. "I love Louise, and I wish to make her see she will learn to love me again as she did in the old days, and I am not going to let a foolish misunderstanding ruin both lives.

Dr. Granville pleaded with the young man, but Stephen was dead for the moment they would promise was that he would not see Miss Parke for at least a month, and with that the doctor had to be content.

Stephen Underwood's arrival at Greenwich had also created trouble. George Lans do had seen him talking to Peggy, and he was fortunately jealous.

"You know I love you very, very much," he said to the young man. "Why do you want to make me jealous?"

"Oh, please, George, don't ask me anything," cried Peggy, "I can't explain myself."

"You say you love me, George. I do love you, and you only."

And feeling that she would say something which would reveal her secret, Peggy ran away, leaving the young man more worried and bewildered.

The Real Louise Returns.

A EID just at the critical character coming to play a part in this comedy. The real Louise Parke was to be found at Greenwich. She had not sailed on the "Bologna," because the day before she had been struck down with an attack of fever.

She was very ill for weeks, and when she recovered she was found to be suffering from a case of saying she was sailing on that boat.

She was living in Greenwich, and there were no letters from her mother, and yielding to one of those sardonic instincts that are hers, she decided not to write, but to take the next boat home.

When she arrived at her mother's house in Lower Fifth Avenue, Greenwich, a veel of Louise's friends were at Greenwich. Louise had neglected to bring sufficient money with her, and it was said that she had emptied her purse to get a cab.

Since it was not very far to the house her mother had taken she did not care. But her illness had left her weak, and about a quarter of a mile from her destination, she sat down to rest on the doorstep of a cottage.

The old lady who occupied the cottage was just leaving Louise to continue her walk, when there were no letters from her mother, and yielding to one of those sardonic instincts that are hers, she decided not to write, but to take the next boat home.

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THE TENNIS BOOM.  ENTHUSIASTIC STARS IN FILMLAND FIRMAMENT.

GLADYS BROCKWELL says that tennis is the finest exercise of all games, especially if you run after your own balls.

GOVERNEUR MORRIS, one of America’s foremost story writers, says he finds relaxation from mental fatigue as soon as he takes a racquet in his hand.

JACK DEMPSEY, the world’s heavyweight champion, is also a keen player. Here we see Jack ready to serve. I bear he can play almost as well as he can fight.

DOROTHY PHILLIPS likes a game, and is a formidable opponent. You’ll never have a love set if you play with her.

And tennis even has a part in the new Vitagraph photo-play. This photograph is a scene from a serial. BILL DUNCAN is the man returning the ball.
DANIEL WEBSTER

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS tells you the secret of his Happiness. Try it now, advises Doug.

WHEN we interview the failures, we find that all of them give one excuse: "I didn't know!" This is not necessarily true, however, for if we study the cases closely, we can often find that they did know, but failed to act upon their knowledge.

But it is not only the failures that are to blame. Many a successful man has been known to say, "I knew it would work, but I didn't try it!"

This is a case of self-delusion. The successful man has constructed a false system of ideas, and clung to it, even though it failed him. The failure has constructed a false system of ideas, and clung to it, even though it failed him. The failure has constructed a false system of ideas, and clung to it, even though it failed him.

If we are to be successful we must keep success in mind—be able to think of success! It is only a matter of the mind, and we can control our minds to a great extent. If we think of success, we can achieve it. If we think of failure, we can only achieve failure.

We must think of success, and then believe in it. The mind is a wonderful instrument, and we can control it to a great extent. If we think of success, we can achieve it. If we think of failure, we can only achieve failure.

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We must think of success, and then believe in it. The mind is a wonderful instrument, and we can control it to a great extent. If we think of success, we can achieve it. If we think of failure, we can only achieve failure.
ADELQUI MIGLIAR, the star of the Anglo-Hollandia Film Company, is not only a wonderful artiste, but he is also a man of brilliant attainments in many spheres.

Born some thirty years ago in Concepcion, Chili, of a Chilean father and an Italian mother, his early youth was spent as a cowboy on his father's farm. But the boy who tended the cows so assiduously at the same time as keenly read of the famous authors of the world and a wider horizon than the boundaries of the Chilean farm bounded him before.

At sixteen he left the place of his birth to spend three happy years in Italy, studying literature, and although he then returned to Chili, he felt that he could never go back to the old life for good. So it was that a very little later he set his foot on the first rung of the ladder that was to lead him to ultimate fame. A stage tour through Central America and California was his first theatrical experiences, and in 1910, when America was just beginning to go ahead with motion pictures, Adelqui made his screen debut.

Keeping Pace With Filmland.

"THOSE were amusing days," he says. "It was the time of the experimental stage of the movies, and we artists were often experimented upon with droll results—for the onlooker. I was then playing the types of roles that Hart and Fairbanks have since made famous."

As the film industry advanced, however, I realised that I would get left behind if I did not keep pace with its evolution, so I went into training for every conceivable kind of sport, swimming, diving, driving, and riding was the next popular phase of the film world, and the chief qualification for the hero then was to do all these things rather than to be able to act."

But the artistic side of Adelqui Migliar rebelled against these parts, and he returned to Italy where he acted in many of the Gloria and Pasquali productions. At present he is working on a number of films for the Anglo-Hollandia Film Company, in which he plays male lead. Perhaps you have seen his wonderful performance in "John Herriot's Wife" or "Carmen of the North." If not, you will have the opportunity of seeing him soon in "As God Made Her."

ADELQUI MIGLIAR is in "As God Made Her."

MIGLIAR is full of the joy of living, and is the Continental rappers' idol.

FILM FUN

Her New Love.

Marian: "Kitty, the comedy queen, hasn't a thought for anything nowadays except her new car. She's absolutely in love with it."

Cyril (coldly): "Another case of man being replaced by machinery."

She Knew His Love.

If the leading man and the leading lady had been quarrelling, and although hubby was willing to take all the blame on himself and smooth matters over peaceably, she was still sippy and indifferent.

"Come over here, Jessie. Aren't you curious to know what is in this package?"

"Oh, not very. I can stand the strain," she said.

"Well, it's something for the one I love best in all the world," he said coaxingly, trying to win a smile.

"Oh, is that so?" she snapped. "I suppose, then, it's that new tie you said you needed."

Success.

"So the press agent was on top of Mont Blanc?"

"Not at all!"

"But he said so."

"True. Two months ago when he returned from his holidays, he said he had been at the foot of Mont Blanc. Since then he has gradually lied himself to the top."

A Wise Parent.

"YOUR father does not withhold his consent to our marriage because I am only a small part man, I hope?"

The Girl: "Oh, no. He says he'll give his consent as soon as you get your salary raised."

He Surrendered.

"COUPLE," said Simplex, "get married a few days ago, after a courtship which had lasted fifty years."

"I suppose," replied the studio jester, "the poor old man had become too feeble to hold out any longer."

His Want.

"I DON'T know what I want to eat to-day. I'd like a little of everything."

"Very well, sir," replied the waiter, "the hash will be ready in a few minutes."

Fishy.

LARRY SEMON, the Vitagraph comedy star, has gone into the mountains of California to have a fishing holiday. Besides fishing for fish, it is said that Larry intends to fish for comedy ideas.

The Shark.

Mr. Movie: "Why, my dear, I thought you said there was so excitament to be had in this dull place? I've just had an extraordinary encounter with a shark!"

Mrs. Movie: "Good gracious, Harold! Where?"

Mr. Movie: "At our hotel, dear. I've been settling up with the proprietor."

All Alike.

Barber: "Want a haircut, sir?"

Film Star: "I don't want any partiality. I want 'em all cut."

His Excuse.

"Before you were married, you said you'd lay down your life for me?" sobbed the dainty star.

"I know it," he said solemnly, "but this confounded flat is so tiny there's no place to lay anything down."

Plain Enough.

The Star: "But you don't seem to grasp my meaning. I'll try and make myself a little more plain."

Her Jealous Rival: "Don't do anything rash, dear. One is foolish to interfere with the work of nature."
At the Dressing Table.

By MINGA.

How Millicent Cheated Father Time.

I hadn't seen Millicent for over three years, when I called on her a few days ago. I knew her, of course, and had seen her in disguise, but for six months she had been living in London and had been much the worse for her three 'year' work. But far from looking jaded and tired, I found her younger and more vital than when I had last seen her. Her complexion was smooth and clear, and her hair brighter, and more glossy than before, while the few wrinkles which I remembered had disappeared.

How She Preserved Her Complexion.

After a little persuasion she told me the secret of how she had not only kept, but improved, her looks during the three years in which we had not met, in spite of her hard work and late hours.

She told me she owed the freshness of her complexions the regular use every morning of a little plain emulsified wax. This she rubbed gently into the face and neck, leaving it on all night, and then washed it off in the morning with water. She had entirely given up the use of powder, which she told me she felt sure caused wrinkles, and was using instead a lotion made by mixing an ounce of cream of tartar with a pint of water. This lotion gives a most natural appearance and is beneficial to the skin, and judging by her complexion I can well believe it.

When I asked what she had done to remove the little wrinkles which I remembered round her eyes and mouth, she told me nothing. The cream of tartar had done the trick without any effort on her part. This wax, it seems, gently peels off all the dead outer skin, slowly and imperceptibly while one sleeps, and with the dead skin, all lines and wrinkles, leaving the fresh young complexion beneath clear and smooth.

A Slight Growth of Superfluous Hair.

There was another point upon which I insisted. Millicent used to have a slight growth of hair on her upper lip, which, I am forced to admit, entirely spoilt her claims to being considered a pretty girl. This hair had entirely disappeared, owing to the use she told me of a little powdered phenolm. After two applications, she said she had not seen the growth had disappeared, but as a precaution she had used some tallow paste for a couple of weeks afterwards.

How She Kept Her Hair Bright and Glossy.

To keep her hair in good condition she had shampooed it regularly every fortnight with a dessert spoonful of starch dissolved in hot water, then dried it without rinsing (as this is not necessary when using starch) and given it a good brushing. Every month she gave it a stimulant in the form of a simple tonic. For one week in every month she massaged into the roots every night a tonic made by mixing an ounce of coffee with four ounces of Bay Rum or Eau de Cologne.

A Perfectly Natural Colour.

Millicent had always been naturally pale, and I remarked on the pretty flush which had come into her cheeks. Millie had dared was natural (although it had deceived even an expert like myself), but was brought about by means of a curl. She applied to her cheeks with a piece of cotton wool. The beauty of this colour was, that it appeared absolutely natural, for it deepened as the atmosphere became warmer, just as a natural colour would.

Darker Bichotomy's Clyvka Berries For Obesity.

(A.D.V.)

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.


CONSIDERABLE comment has frequently been raised upon the toilettes of the film bathing girls. They are very pretty and effective, it is true, but it must be admitted that the same costumes are absolutely unsuitable for actual sea-water bathing. But although we criticise these costumes on the screen, the same ideas are often to be seen on the beach; and how stupid these be-furred suits look, even without all the enthrall of bedraggled! The thin girl is apt to make elaborate choice for her swimming or bathing suit, with a view to greater returns, yet she will be far wiser to wear a plain, straight suit that will not attract the attention the more elaborate affair is bound to draw. But if you do not want the trouble of making your own design, you can cut it from an ordinary transfer.

Re-covering the Wrinkles.

The Home-Made Bathing Suit.

A BRITISH film artiste who had had a bungalow by the sea for the entire summer, and who indulges in dip every opportunity, has herself about four of the most delightful bathing-suits imaginable. "They are so comely," she declarers, "and I made them without any pattern, and so cheaply!"

All are made of Shantung, of different colours, and the designer has adopted different patterns for their decoration. The one that attracted me most was one of natural Shantung, with bands of brilliantly coloured and patterned Shantung at all the edges, the colours in the latter were repeated in the design of the effect that adorned the front of the suit.

Plain knickers were left loose at the knee, and over this a straight jumper. The affair was placed that extended within six inches of the knee. A narrow girdle of the coloured fabric encircled the waist and tied at the back.

Another was of Navy Shantung, with bandings of brilliant cherry red, a bunch of cherries being embroidered at one side of the front of the tunic and on the lower part of one leg of the knickers. Straight lines of grey silk, raso stitching formed the sole trimming on another suit of a saucy blue.

The design is arranged with a two-gored skirt, gathered beneath the edge of the long-waisted Mussel bodice, which is cut in points. The collapsed neck, and short sleeves are followed by the plain material, and a fastening is obtained by a hook and eye on the bodice. A bright green patent-leather belt completes the costume.

The Picture Girl's Frock.

The Picture Girl's Frock.

The majority of girls wear sandals when entering the water, and these may as effectually be improvised as not. They are rather apt to wear out quickly—the top part, anyway—leaving the soles quite good condition. If you plan to do this, just make new tops for them and bring them into use again. Get a piece of strong, coarse linen and make a pattern, extending a piece up the back to transform into the new bootie shape. Then bind the edges with cord or cover with an anchor, or some such design on the toe and work boot buttons at equal distances in the leg part. Then firmly and neatly attach the new linen top to the old string sole. Then you put on, thread coloured lacings through the eyelet holes, and you will be delighted with the novelty of the result.

That Old Parasol.

A RE you the possessor of a parasol that is really in quite good condition, but that needs a little freshening up this season? Well, why not bring it absolutely up-to-date by stencilling a design all the way round the edge of it? Or, if the parasol to come, operate, and have everything at hand before you start. You will need a stencil plate and one or two old-enshrined brushes. Be sure that the stencil paper is of an exact size to fill the division of the screen, so that the design runs all round continuously and evenly. You can either buy or have a stencil plate, or even cut out one yourself in stencil paper with the aid of a sharp knife. If you do not want the trouble of making your own design, you can cut it from an ordinary transfer.

At the Dressing Table.
BEBE DANIELS.
An Emotional Actress in Comedy Roles.

The name of Bebe Daniels will immediately conjure up visions of comedy films, and quaintly humorous characters. These are the parts we have always seen her in, but now things have altered, for—as in answer to her desire—Bebe is now to play emotional parts in Cecil de Mille's productions. And, if possible, she is even better in these roles than she was as a comedienne.

Bebe is a dark-haired, dark-eyed Spanish type, with an olive skin and very red lips—just the type to be an emotional actress. True to her name, she started her professional career when she was only a baby, for at the tender age of ten weeks she played understudy for a doll in her father's company. In fact, she asserts that she could be emotional at that age, for she always cried at the right time. At the age of four she took the part of the little Duke of York in "Richard the Third," and at the age of nine acted in "The Prince Chap" and "The Squaw Man."

Later on she took to motion picture work, and starred as a comedienne in a great number of films. However, you will soon see her in emotional parts, and you can see which part you prefer her in.

In fancy costume.

MISS DANIELS has deserted comedy for emotional parts.

BEBE DANIELS as Vice, and IRVING CUMMINGS as Passion, in the Paramount Arcturus film "Everywoman."

HAY FEVER
INFLUENZA
SUMMER CATARRH!

British Hay Fever, Influenza, Summer Catarrh, and Head Cold, with NOSTROLINE, can be cured in every case. It gives instant relief, stops inflammation, stops catarrh, clears the head and throat. Always keep this safe and pleasant remedy handy. Use freely at first sign of nose or throat trouble. Cures colds—saves pounds.

Convenient tubes, 1/3 and 3/5, all chemists, or send 15s. or 3/3 to NOSTROLINE LABORATORIES, 5A, Clifton, Bristol.

KILLED HER MOUTACHE FOR EVER AFTER 30 YEARS.

I Told Her Free How to Destroy All Trace of Superfluous Hair Growths, Never to Return, just as I did.

LET ME HELP YOU ALSO FREE.

Are you a sufferer from Superfluous Hair? Have you tried every paste, powder, and balm you ever heard of, in the hope of getting rid of it for ever and all, only to find that everything made it worse? Have you submitted to the painful electric needle, only to find that it, too, is useless as well as dangerous? Have you come to the conclusion that Superfluous Hair cannot be destroyed? Then keep this book at your elbow, for it is the only sure and peaceful remedy, the only sure way to save your peace of mind, so that you may be able to use your hair as you wish, and be proud of it. You have a better chance of saving your peace of mind if you take the advice of someone who knows. It is the only sure way to save your peace of mind.

THESE FREE COUPON or copy of same to be sent with your name and address as above.

Mrs. HUDSON, Please send free full information and instructions to cure superfluous hair. Enclose a stamp for free samples of other beauty articles as soon as you can. Address, Pandora's Secret Co., 3/4, Old Cavendish Street, London W.1.

IMPORTANT NOTE—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family shop in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Army Officer, so you can write her with every confidence. Address as above.

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SHOW YOUR FRIENDS
The "Picture Show."
If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players.

THE THRILLS FOR REALISM.

THE absence of the novelty that so often, at the moment of writing, is on the road to recovery — the absence, I mean, of that comic kind of to which film artifices are frequently exposed in order that the box-office may be made attractive. For Franklyn arena was performing nothing greatly sensational at the Empire (Leicester Square), the scene of a lonesome life and limb before the eyes of the camera. It is, therefore, to see him go on and on, almost as if he were coming through their "stunts" unawares or that the injuries from which some of them must surely suffer at times are not created or worse than they have been up to now. The public, who, of recent years, have been in quite several secrets of film production, are, of course, aware that there are instances where the use of dummies becomes absolutely necessary. One must expect a limit, after all, even to the most daring hero's darkness. But there is a noticeable tendency all the same to reduce the number of such devices by giving us actual tests in which the artifices openly court danger and serious accident while doing some of their parts.

The public want so much realism, involving, as it must do, terrible risks, will doubtless be a certain number of those "Thrills" necessary in certain plays, and a due proportion of sensationalism on the screen will not be out of place if the latter is to be a true reflection of life. But it will not be a healthy sign if we allow any morbid desire for the extreme in this direction, and to see our artists more from the artist than from the man; for that reason alone, and, of course, because the right sort of risk must be taken, are there, none the less, some tests. And, not to go on with the subject, it is but right that some limit should be placed for their own safety on the tests which they are exposed to, and to that extent there is a danger of resemblance to a certain extent, and the danger may be safely described as the latter. That danger, however, we must not be afraid of danger, we must not think of it as being the same thing, nor, therefore, describe it as an "unanswerable" danger. It is, however, a dangerous peril.

"SNOWDROP" (Ferndale) — Why be so terribly upset with me, for how was I to know that Henry (well was your favourite! Of course, he played opposite Pearl White in "The Fatal Sin," but the reader who has not seen the film will not be able to recognize the fact. It is but right that some limit should be placed for their own safety on the tests which they are exposed to, and to that extent there is a danger of resemblance to a certain extent, and the danger may be safely described as the latter. That danger, however, we must not be afraid of danger, we must not think of it as being the same thing, nor, therefore, describe it as an "unanswerable" danger. It is, however, a dangerous peril.

"TOPIX" (Aston-on-Mersey) — Janet, Alexander and Richard Battery were in "The Man Who Cried." The act of "The Homes of Hate" does not give the name your mention. Thos. Bann is married to Tom Bann of "The Homes of Hate," and is, therefore, the lady's name to Malcom Forrest.

4, E. F. (Gloucester) — "The honours," as you put it, of being Jack Mullah's wife does not happen to belong to Janita Hansen. I will tell you her name, if you like, and the fact that I have a good reason for mentioning it to you, and the reason which I have told you already about. If you are looking for an artist, as you can sketch a portrait, Antonio More, a favorite of his.

R. H. A. (Leamington Spa) — Natalie Talmadge, the youngest of the three gifted sisters, has not been on the stage very long. It was her married to William, Norma, who played in "The Forbidden City." One way or another, did you try to make your acquaintance a long time ago? Well, really don't you think you ought to have been there? And if you are looking for an artist, as you can sketch a portrait, Antonio More, a favorite of his.

"ALIVE" (York) — Yes, I expect there must be a heap of Alcide at York, and when he goes up to "Where art thou?" I hope you will step forward briskly, and accept it with the blessing the information.r. Thomas has brown hair and dark-blue eyes. Jack Pickford is twenty-four. "The Stars of the World" is a very interesting story, and comes from Argentina.

"EXTENDED READER" (Leeds) — Fritzi Brunette, who was married to R. W. Daly, was born in 1894, Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago, Illinois, twenty-five years ago. She is the daughter of Samuel Swanson, and first drew attention to her abilities in Mack Sennett's "The Czar of the Dance." Your two other queries were answered recently.

(Continued on page 23)
Answers to Correspondents (Continued from Page 22)

C. R. (WallSEND-on-Tyne).—Your favourites happen to be those who are discussed with hundreds of letters each day, but you may get a surprise yet. Illustrated Katherine Agnew MacDonald (let us give her her full name was born in Finsbury, U.S.A.

K. W. (Exmouth).—Indeed, yours is a shipping order, and you evidently mean to adjourn your friends and relations with your fund of knowledge, several of your favourites do not disclose their personal information required, but how will this do for your collection of 1890? Alice Brady (1897), Irene Castle (1903), Mildred Harris Chadlin (1910), Ivy Close (1924), Elsie Ferguson (Aug. 16th, 1929), Lilian Ishak (Oct. 14th, 1929), Harry Cole (1926), Margaret Hale (1926), Wanda Hawley (1927), Louise Lovely (1928), Dorothy Philips (1929), Herbert Rawlinson (1929), Ruth Roland (1930), and Jackie Saunders (1932). Let me save the balance another time.

“ALFRED” (Morriston).—Why so sorry? I am here to be troublesome. Joan Benjamin in “A Fight for Millions” was one of my favorites, Edith Johnson. I understand that Helen and Elsie Ferguson are not among. Favourite names in Italian, Alfreda Ranier was the heroine in “Under Suspicion.” You ought to try and see Mary Miles Minter before you grow much older.

“BLANK” (Cheilseford, and others).—Take note, all your numbers cases, Violet Hopson does not state who she is married to, Alma Taylor is in her twenties and single. Henry Edwards and Stewart Home are two famous bachelors of the screen.

“FABER” (Levensh.)—That you find so much to interest you one way and another, not forgetting, of course, dear Bobby Harron whom I keep holding up against all through your episodes. She has captivated you quite. But you have given him three years too much. I am seventeen. He is only twenty-four, and his birthday is on April 24th. You will, therefore, be in time next year, unless some other favourite suppliants hum meanwhile, in your heart.

E. A. (Dorset Gate).—Yes, Joan Harrison was the heroine in “The Real Thing.” Two recent films of Noel Shipman’s are: “Banyon, Son of Kazar,” and “A Gentleman’s Agreement.”

“HEALS” (Dublin).—Yes, artists don’t very quickly and one cannot blame them really when they have so much to do and receive so many letters of Gosfield. Robinson who took the part of Nana in “A Woman of Impulse.” Olive Roberts is twenty-five, and Lima Cavalleri was born in Rome in 1931.

“I. E.” (Dublin).—Pauline Frederick married Willard Mack, Charles McLaughlin. Pauline Freeman, and Elmo Lincoln do not give the information desired.

“OCTAVE” (Perth).—Your English was excellent. Yes, Charlie Chaplin did visit your country as a member of Fred Karno’s “Mummy Birds,” though I am sorry I have no details. “Accuses” is now being shown in London. You can write to your favourite through this office, if you like.

(Note answers next week.)

“PICTURE SHOW” PERSONAL.

WHERE TO WRITE TO YOUR FAVOUIITE FILM STAR.—You are kindly requested not to write to any address given by post, owing to the large number of other queries that have to be answered. If you wish to communicate at once with any artist not named below, write your letter, putting your name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a fourpenny stamp to the Editor, The Picture Show, Room 53, The Piccadilly House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. If the letter weighs more than 9d. post, add a 1d. stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. Remember always, when writing to artists, to give your full name and address, including the name of your country and county, and mention The Picture Show to ensure the safety of a reply. It must be understood, however, that we cannot guarantee that such letters will be replied to. Please keep these addresses for reference.

MAYA LINCOLNFELLOW, care of Phillips’ Film Co., Motograph House, Upper St. Martin’s Lane, W.I.

R. D. GAYES, care of D. W. Griffith Studios, Orange Point, Massachusetts, New York, U.S.A.

AGNES AYRES, MADLAINE TRAVERS, care of Fox Studios, 1611, North Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

C. E. GREGG, care of Vitagraph Studios, Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

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EDOUARD TREBAOL, the Goldwyn star, likes to read how William Duncan outwits Scarface in "The Man of Might."

ANTONIO MORENO was introduced to this jolly paper when it told of his adventures in "The Iron Test." He has enjoyed it ever since.

MARSHALL RICKSON, JOHNNY JONES, and LUCILLE RICKSON, see great sports; they love to read of thrilling adventures between scenes at the Goldwyn Studios.

LARRY SEMON likes to read of his friends and co-stars in the "Boys' Cinema."

WILL ROGERS sees himself as others see him on the cover of this interesting boys' paper.

Big BILL HART edits a page each week in the "Boys' Cinema." His life story, written by himself, in now appearing exclusively in its pages.


17/7/1929
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SHOW YOUR FRIENDS
The "Picture Show."

[Advertisement for a beauty product and a fashion catalog]
Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 28.—HELENE CHADWICK.

BEAUTIFUL Helene Chadwick, the Goldwyn star, is another staunch admirer of her pictures. Miss Chadwick is one of the most beautiful girls on the screen. Her photograph is much in demand for decorating chocolate boxes at Easter and at Christmas when recognizing a new picture of one of her dear friends on the screen.

Merry Mabel’s Picture.

THE demand for a big picture of Mabel Normand has been so insistent lately that I have been able to persuade the Editor to devote the centre page to the busy madcap Miss Normand. I hope this picture will please her many admirers; it was sent to us by Mabel as her favourite and latest portrait.

Real Crime Stories.

ARE you reading the series of real crime stories now appearing in the Picture Show? Don’t miss them; they are so realistic and are actually true in every detail. Inspector Flynn, whose photograph is given, is the inspector who had charge of the cases in real life. These stories are printed for the first time in the Picture Show.

Make Your Own Frocks.

MILDRED DAVIS is looked upon at the Rolin studios as one of the best dressed women there. Mildred says it is because she makes most of her frocks herself. “Every girl who can wield a needle should do so,” says Mildred. “No one knows what suits you best better than yourself.”

Some of the frocks made by Mildred we shall see on the screen. Harold Lloyd says she is prettier than ever in them.

Fur and Feather Frocks.

TALKING of frocks, bird and beast contribute generously toward making Violet Dana’s costumes for her Metro pictures. “The Chorus Girl’s Romance,” distinctive and artistic. Monkey fur upon a foundation of black net, ornamented with jet, forms a striking evening cape. One of the gowns she wears is a dancer costume of ostrich feathers. Both bodice and skirt are formed of raw after row of the black feathers, with only a narrow jet band over the shoulder. A second dancing dress is of four shades of chiffon—pink, blue, apricot, and orchid. The bodice of silver and blue ribbon has for its only trimming a spray of sweet peas, bordered with ostrich feathers.

In the B. & C. Studio.

I Dropped in at the B. & C. studio the other day. It is at Walthamstow, you know. Everybody was working at high pressure on their new production, which has been adapted from Mr. Esmond’s play, “The Sword of Damocles,” and which we are to see under the title of “Pate.”

The manager, Mr. Geoses, spent a lot of his valuable time explaining the various things to me. It is surprising what a lot one can learn in a short time at a studio.

I saw Miss Jose Collins, who is playing the leading part in this photo-play. One could spend days watching the making of films, but time was going, and I had to tear myself away before the day’s work was done.

Miss Jose Collins, in her own charming way, wished me good-bye, and sent her love to the readers of the Picture Show.

A Big Film Fee.

ILLIAN GISH, for the last ten years, has been D. W. Griffith’s leading lady. I hear now she is to appear for the Frohman Amusement Company, which already has Ruth Clifford and Jack Sherrill in their company. It is rumoured that Miss Gish is to receive $10,000 for her services.

Miss May is Not to Marry.

RUMOUR has it that Miss May is to become the bride of Wallace MacDonald, but Miss May wishes me to deny it. She emphasises the fact that at this time she has no inclination to plunge into the whirling waters of matrimony. She is at present simply holiday-making. News concerning her future plans will be issued by the firm studio in the near future.

Sessue at the Theatre.

SESSUE HAYAKAWA has been spending a couple of weeks in New York. He says it is the best summer resort in the world. Do you know how he has spent most of his time? In the theatre, watching real flesh-and-blood actors performing on a real stage. “It was not only a treat, but an education,” says Sessue. “It was so refreshing to sit still and actually watch someone else act, instead of doing all the acting yourself, with only an unsympathetic camera-man and a loud-voiced director for an audience.”

Where Snow Is.

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS,” the Drury Lane melodrama now being filmed at the Metro studio, has some snow scenes in it. The real thing is very hard to find this time of the year.

Twenty-seven members of the Metro company traveled thirty-five miles to take six scenes in a place called Huntington Lake, where snow could be found.

While the crowds were anxiously waiting to catch a glimpse of Mary and Douglas outside the Ritz Hotel, London, on their recent visit, our Editor was being received by the world-famous stars in their apartments. This interesting photograph was snapped by Mary’s photographer to commemorate the happy occasion.
"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)

The End of the Joke.

Betty Blythe is now busy on a new picture in which Lou Chaney is in the cast. The company has been making scenes at Big Bear Lake. Each morning they rode across the water to the place where the scenes are being taken.

One morning Mr. Chaney invited Miss Blythe for a row-boat.

"He rowed vigorously for some time with apparently little progress," says Miss Blythe, "When half-way across the lake, he paused to wipe the perspiration from his brow, at the same time regarding me with a calculating eye. I felt I was just going to ask me how much I weighed, when suddenly it was discovered that he had been pulling an anchor weighing three hundred and fifty pounds. In our hilarious efforts to lift the anchor the boat overturned, and we had to swim to shore."

A Hard Beginning.

Katherine Macdonald, the First National star, who is queening it at Los Angeles on account of her superb beauty, is perfectly frank about the humble origins of her brilliant career. She says she acted in four companies at the same time, and acted as property man, too, and all for thirty dollars a week. And they sacked her.

Belles Bennett, a beautiful star of cinema; King Bagot, a favorite with lovers of photo-plays,

because she wouldn't let the leading comedian hurl a custard pie into her face!

Fancy the beautiful MacDonald face smeared with meninge! But they hired her again next day.

Scott's Second Case.

Gregory Scott tells me he has just finished his part in the Broadway film version of "The Case of Lady Camber," and he is about the start on "Trent's Last Case," a film version of that thrilling detective story, in which he plays the leading role.

Fay Miller.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News from Los Angeles.

His Rise to Fame.

Some months ago, Douglas Fairbanks lost a trusty servant in the person of his charwoman valet, "Naka." Naka was quite a familiar figure in the Los Angeles film colony, and it was not only Mr. Fairbanks who missed him when he returned to the flowerly land of his birth. During the past week or so a delegation of Japanese gentlemen, obviously wealthy and important, have been going on a visiting round of the various studios here, and readily obtained admission to the Fairbanks plant, when one of their number presented an imposing looking card with the description, "K. Tanaka, Japanese Representative of Studio Naka, Japan." Fairbanks came off the "set" to greet the distinguished visitors, and, to his astonishment, recognized as president of one of Japan's leading film companies his former valet, the trusty Naka. It transpired that Naka had managed to learn a lot about the business between times, whilst ostensibly interested in nothing but the brushing and pressing of his master's clothes. Besides occupying a proud position as head of a thriving firm, he has already directed and acted in one of his own pictures.

In Answer to an Advertisement.

LETTUCE JOY got her start in pictures by answering an ad. In a New York paper inserted by a local film company who wished to secure a new leading lady. At that time Miss Joy's father was recovering from a serious illness and had gone away to Texas to recuperate. When she went to the studio to undergo the first camera test, the director suggested putting her through a little scene in which she was supposed to cry. Only that morning she had received a letter from her father saying that he was not feeling well, and feeling naturally worried and anxious, she was able to put so much genuine pathos and feeling into her acting that she was engaged on the spot.

Jane's Hobby.

Jane Novak's only hobby is her two-year-old daughter Virginia. "Ginny" occupies her thoughts all day long, and even at the studio she fills in the pauses between scenes by embrodiering dainty little garments for her baby girl. That devoted mother says that the greatest shock she ever had in her life was when she once returned after being away for seven weeks and found that her little daughter had forgotten her.

A Strange Result.

Mary Maclaren is one of the few stars who has not succumbed to the aviation craze. She thinks that the fact that she has been in three very bad motor car accidents has somewhat to do with it. Curiously enough, however, she finds that the last bad accident, which laid her up for weeks, has not interfered in any way in the pleasure she still takes in her car, though it has completely broken her nerve for horse-riding, which used to be her favorite form of exercise.

Another Laundry Grumble.

The Los Angeles laundrymen certainly do their bit by contributing generously to the present high cost of living. I heard an amusing story the other day of an actor who got back his collar one week in such a hopelessly frayed condition, that when he sent his usual cheque, he encased with it the following note:

"Enclosed please find cheque in settlement of my account. Am remitting you an extra dollar. Kindly have your brass collar reimbursed at my expense."

Appropriate.

When we are having a terrific spell of heat the last few days, and the other day we were sitting about on the open stage at the Culver Studio between scenes, I cinched on my shirt. Simply draped on a chair, Charlie declared that he was feeling "about as snug as an undertaker." For my part I was momentarily in silence, then shook myself away and exclaimed bitterly: "All right, let's w^heat!"

Bank Corp.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

Director VICTOR SHERTZINGER endeavoured to amuse RAYMOND HITCHCOCK when he visited the Goldwyn City Studios recently, watched anxiously for a smile.

RUTH ROLAND is very interested in photography, and insists on seeing every set before the taking of a scene. Ruth is learning to operate the camera herself. The camera-man explains how everything is done.

"Laugh and grow fat" is the motto of WILLIAM SMITH, grandson of W. S. South, manager of the Western Vitagraph.

All types and nationalities are needed for the filming of photo-plays. Here we see Director E. MASON HOPPER instructing some Creole women how to do the "Hula Hula" dance for the Goldwyn picture, "Empire Builders."

EDDY LYONS and LEE MORAN have developed a craze for dancing, and will not let a moment elapse during a wait for a set before they catch hold of one of the ladies of the film, and to the strains of the film musicians, whirl them round the hall.
William J. Flynn, Chief of the United States Secret Service, was responsible for the observation of the United States Secret Service, in New York City, to prevent criminal activities, such as counterfeiting, in the area. Every day, Flynn knew exactly where each man was and what he was doing. The Chief reported in, giving details of the day's work. He then informed the Chief of any criminal activities the men were investigating. The Chief always participated in the investigation and gave instructions on how to proceed.

The whole forms a network of alert minds pitted against the criminal forces operating in opposition to law and order. Daily, the first job of the Chief was to get in instant communication with the whole organization. He was then in a position to make up the hard-working staff of the United States Secret Service.

At the close of the warm summer day, Flynn sat at his desk. He was alone. A big powerful bulk of a man with stubby mustache and sparkling Irish eyes, the Chief resembled a man who was ready to take a long pull at a bottle of whiskey.

The Chief had been on the job since 1927, and he had been in the Secret Service for 30 years. He had been a police officer for 20 years before joining the Secret Service. In that time, he had been involved in many high-profile cases, including the Lincoln assassination and the abduction of Rockefeller.

While Flynn was working, an officer arrived and showed him a photograph of a wanted man. The Chief examined the photo and then turned to his assistant and said, "This is the man we're after. He's going to try to kill me." The assistant nodded and took the photo to the other members of the team.

The Chief then turned to his desk and began to work on a new case. He had been working on the case for several days, and he was getting close to solving it.

The First Clue

His musings were interrupted by a discreet knock on the door. Opening it, he found an officer standing in the hallway. "Chief, there's a man here who wants to see you," the officer said.

"Send him in," Flynn replied. The officer nodded and left the room.

The man walked into the Chief's office and introduced himself. "I'm a reporter," he said. "I'm writing a book about the history of the Secret Service, and I was wondering if you'd be willing to give me an interview." Flynn nodded and invited the reporter to sit down.

The Chief then began to talk about the history of the Secret Service and his own experiences as a member of the agency. He spoke about the challenges of the job and the importance of teamwork. He also talked about some of the famous cases he had worked on, including the Lincoln assassination and the abduction of Rockefeller.

The Chief then turned to the reporter and said, "I think you'll find this interview very interesting." The reporter nodded and thanked the Chief for his time. He then began to take notes and ask questions.

The interview lasted for several hours, and the reporter took copious notes. He then thanked the Chief again and left the office.

The Chief then turned to his desk and began to work on his next case. He had been working on the case for several days, and he was getting close to solving it.

By WILL C. MURPHY.
Lincoln note. After looking them over carefully, he applied a spray of oil to their surface and wrapped up all but two in tissue paper. Searching among the tools on the table for something, his eye was attracted by the dog covering against the wall of the shack.

With a long pair of scissors, the man approached the dog, which growled and showed his teeth. With a quick move the counterfeiter reached for the animal, but it eluded him and scrambled across the floor to the other side. Pursuing it, the man stumbled over the body of the other man on the floor, who emitted a loud moan.

With an oath, the counterfeiter jumped back and pulled his gun. The figure on the floor struggled to its feet and again reached for the tap, turning a pitiful glance at his companion. As the giant reacquired the wounded man, he placed his weapon back in his pocket.

"Oh, it's you, isn't it?" he snarled. "Where've you been all night?"

"A cop got me and put me good. I got away on the back of a truck, but I'm hurt — gotta get a doctor!"

"What, being a cop, here? Well, I guess not!"

The big man crossed to the door, opened it and peered out. Satisfying himself that neither of them had been followed, he closed the door, threw a heavy wooden bar across it, and faced his companion, who was still batông his wounds as he moaned.

"But I tell you I'm hurt. We gotta make a getaway," the man at the tap implored.

The eyes of the other man narrowed. Slowly he reached into his pocket, his pal watching him. Again, he brought out his revolver. Holding it close to his side, he walked toward the crouching figure. The dog, sensing impending harm to its master, barked and made a dash at the source of danger. But the big man merely kicked it aside.

"Doctor, eh? Why, you're all yellow!" his eyes gleamed. "If I said you were crooking you'd confess." Slowly he raised his revolver.

"For Heaven's sake — don't —"

The weapon boomed a spurt of red flannel; the figure near the sink took a step forward, reached for his assassin, clutched at the air, and fell in a heap. Pushing the crumpled mass with his foot, the counterfeiter turned away, as a little dog crept from a corner and licked the hand extended from the muzzle that a few minutes before had been his master. Scraps had lost the only friend he had ever known.

The Vigil of Scraps.

Night and storm are the mistress of the rogue—one looks her cloak, the other erases his guilt. In the dark of that same night a rain storm poured its torrents down on the water front as a truck drove up to a lonely dock vacant of shipping. Unable to see the truck, a little Irish terrier trudged through the rain, tongue out, its hair dripping. When the truck stopped the dog sat down, headless of a puddle and the torrent.

Slyly it watched a hull of a man climb from the vehicle, and roll a barrel to the dock edge. For an instant the man poised the barrel over the water. Then with a shove sent it spinning into the flood, where it sank. With a mournful howl, Scraps rushed to the water's edge and gazed down to the grave of his master.

With the howl of the animal reaching his ears above the storm, the counterfeiter drove away.

For hours Scraps sat on the dock's edge calling for the man who would never come back. And each night found the dog at the same spot. Hundreds of weeks a month, a year, he sat on the East side water front. "Lightning," in the clothing of a stevedore, had become one of the great thousands of the despised down and he drove a truck. By night he wandered among the streets of the quarter. Always he was looking for one question:

"Know an Italian who owns an Irish terrier?"

Up to date his quest for information had been fruitless. Hundreds of questions were asked, questioned, but none of them owned an Irish terrier. Wandering along a back street one night he came to a frank and unhesitating questioner. Behind a window the man was engaged in counting pennies attracted his attention. Suddenly it dawned upon him that this was the identical place where the spurious $5.00 note had made its appearance. He crossed and got upon the doorstep of the man, who was suspicious when the subject of the $5.00 note was mentioned. From the meat shop next door the counterfeiter came to the street, and listened to "Lightning's" question:

"You can't get anything out of that guy," his youngsters, "Lightning, as soon as they spotted him an oyster since he had the bad note worked on him. I saw the whole thing."

"You saw the man? Did you ever see him before that day?"

"Yes, he's come here once or twice to get scraps on account of his dog."

"Dog?" "Lightning" was interested.

"Was it clipped?"

"No, no. Never saw it. Haven't seen the man for some time."

One night, walking by the riverside the stream from a hose hit him squarely in the back, and shouts of boyish laughter informed him he had been the victim of the neighbourhood's kids. As he turned, the youngsters, who had been taking a street bath from a hose attached to a fire plug, scampered. But his smile brought them back, for a little dog, an Irish terrier named "Lightning" said to them. "Any of you kids run across a dog like that, let me know. There's money in it."

Leaving the boys, he went to the district police station, showed his badge, and left a description of the dog, which was relayed to the various posts. And later that night, as Scraps drove his way out of the shack to make his daily visit to the water front where he had last seen his master disappear, he ran through a crowd of youngsters, who, as described by "Lightning," made a wild dash for him. But Scraps eluded them.

Straight to the water's edge the dog ran and took his post—"among the faithless, faithul only he." Nor did he return to the shack that night. The next morning when the counterfeiter awakened and attempted to put on his shoes, he found sand in them, thrown by Scraps as he had dug his way into the bare floor and under the walls of the shack the night before. Finding the dog, the man went out to the dock. He knew where to find Scraps.

About the same time, "Lightning," driving his truck off one of the nearby piers, was hailed by two small boys. Excitedly they told him of the dog they had chased the night before, and they described Scraps two other youngsters came running up. The dog was down at the old dock. Telling the kids to jump in, "Lightning" drove rapidly in the direction pointed out by his guides.

A short drive and "Lightning" saw the dog. Whipping up his horses, he approached the shack, pulled on the plow and let the dog pick up the counterfeiter on the trail of Scraps, tried to dart under the horses' heads. But he misjudged his distance and was sent sprawling. "Lightning" jumped from his seat and ran to the prostrate man. The kids leaped down and captured the dog.

At "Lightning" started to bend over him, the counterfeiter scrambled to his feet, unhurt, but ист." "Hundreds of years."

"Can't you look where you're going?" he inquired viciously.

"Same to you," "Lightning" replied.

"What's the hurry?"

For the man had suddenly turned on his heel and was making his way across the street. "Lightning" watched him for some time. He saw him turn a corner, planting back to him when he turned. Then the detective paid attention to Scraps, who was being held by one of the youngsters. Taking the dog in his arms,
with a yelp Scrafs bounded off. But he did not run in the direction taken by the truck. Instead he dashed across the street, turned the first corner and followed in the general direction taken by the man knocked down by "Lightning." The detective let the dog have its head, he followed it as the younger boys in the rear.

After a short distance the dog led them straight to the empty lot on which stood the lost shack. When he was approaching to examine the rocks, "Lightning" leaped to the foxes' neck and let it go. With a yelp the animal scrambled up to the elevated crossbar leaning for the shack, scratching at the front door.

Peering over the top of the embankment, "Lightning," saw the dog and the face of the man he encountered at the dog peered out. The dog ran inside, and after another look about, the man turned away from the boys to remain where they were. "Lightning" crept up to the shack. Inside the door he heard the man's voice. The man was barking and howling in his disappointment.

Hastily he returned to the boys, who had been watching his mysterious actions with wide eyes.

With a bound the man leaped for the door, closed it and threw the bar in place. As he turned, "Lightning" sprang to the window under the bar, but he did so, through the open crack he saw the youngster, the copper and a stranger stealing towards the shanty.

With an oath the counterfeiter whirled on "Lightning" again, covering him with his weapon.

"Fine mess you've brought," he snarled.

"Come away from that window or I'll shoot you." He hauled the youngest to his knees, pulling the man down over him. With a twist he sent him spinning to the floor, and before the man could recover, "Lightning" raised the bar, opening the door, admitting the copper and the detective, who sprang into the room and discovered the counterfeiter and "Lightning" with their guns. From the door—the counterfeiter pointed to "Lightning"—

"There's the man you want," he said.

"The man in here and stuck me up. Take 'im away and lock him up."

As the policeman dragged the counterfeiter to the door, an old man made a rush through the shack and turned the copper on his head, whereupon he shouted, "Lightning" over carefully.

"Well, yours is a new mug," he said, as he shouldered the packet of counterfeiters.

"That's a real paper, man, and I've seen you," said one youngster, who had been standing in the rear.

"Let's go," said one youngster, who had been边界 to the alarm. 

Several flows from the lead pipe loosened the boards in the head of the barrel, and "Lightning" leaped on the truck. On his first piece of old carpet, through which a man's shoe protruded. Pulling out the carpet there was discovered the counterfeiter. With the other boys he bent over a figure of a man, head down.

"Got it," said one youngster, who had been hoeing the rock, "It's a copper."

With a gavel Scrafs broke from another of the kids and hoisted to the barrel, trying to get at the master's hands. When "Lightning" tried to take away from the grave he showed his teeth and bit. Finally it took two of the youngsters to hold him as "Lightning" replaced the lid on the barrel.

The detective had expected to find at the bottom of the rivor it certainly was not a body. And here the dog had not contended with the churning depths of the water. On the spot, too, a short time before had been a man who looked as though he would not stop short of the bottom. Where was the missing link? "Lightning" determined to find out.

"Here you," he said to the oldest of the youngsters, who was hoisting the heavy bag. The younger boys stopped, and the dog leaped on the man, who stood over to some fifty yards, and looked around the corner. He was the chief of the bunch now. After a short time the dog left the young man and took up the position where the counterfeiter had disappeared. The other little fellow will probably make straight for home."

We'll follow them."

Wonders what it all was about, the kid did as he was directed. As he drove away with the truck Scrafs made frantic efforts to break away and snarl. The dog did not make to the truck disappeared from sight in the distance. Flying a rope to the dog's collar, "Lightning" ordered the boys to let the dog go.

"Special Notice."

Next Week's 'Picture Show' will contain all of these detective stories. entitled: "The Phantom Butler." Don't forget the Picture Show.

"Counterfeiters in there," he told them. 

"Run—tell the nearest cop. Bring him back."

As the chief obeyed his orders, "Lightning" returned to the shack. Again he listened at the door. This time the dog sensed the man's presence and took him out. "Lightning" knew the man had the man's presence and knew it had to be in the shack. Inside the man placed quietly at the door at which "Lightning" was listening. Slowly he crept towards the door, held at the end of a long chain.

Caught Red-Handed.

I the meantime the boys had run to the nearest policeman on duty. To him they delivered the kid and the clear fact of a police whistle brought a man reading a newspaper in a passing street car to the street. "Counterfeiters," the cop yelled, and started after the boys who already were running back to the empty lot, the plain clothes man following. By the time the man reached the room of the shack he was confronted by the big man. A revolver pressed against his stomach. "Don't move—what's your game—they're after me—let me hide!" he exclaimed between gasps.

The counterfeiter did not move. Still pressing his gun close to the detective's body, he asked:

"What you been doing? Whar in come here for?"

"I couldn't help it," "Lightning" replied, with a frightened glance toward the door. "They were right on top of me."

BY WILL C. MURPHY.
The Expressions of JOYCE DEARSLEY.

(A Princess of Pictures and Her Real Life "Fairy" Story.)

JOYCE DEARSLEY, although only just past the sweet seventeen age, has made a name for herself on the screens of Great Britain.

Joyce is in the proud position of being one of the youngest cinema stars at present playing for the films. As you will see, she has a perfect film face, and makes a beautiful picture. Her mannerisms and gestures on the stage are delightful to watch, and she is the possessor of really glorious hair.

Joyce began her professional career as a fairy in a Drury Lane pantomime. Her work here stood out to such an extent that she was offered a small part in the big Drury Lane production of "Ben Hur." Her life story reads like a page out of a fairy story, for surely the fairies had a lot to do with her brief career that has been so successful.

Fairy Help.

FIRST the fairy Courage watched over her and enticed her to turn her attentions to the screen. At her first trial the fairy Success took a hand. She waved her wand and the door of fame opened to allow our beautiful Cinderella, with the wonderful child-like expression in her eyes, to enter.

It was at this period that Mr. Thomas Bentley, who was at this time making a name for himself in the first series of "Dickens" stories for the films, offered her the part of Agnes in "David Copperfield." That his choice was correct was proved by the success attained. Our fairy princess was naturally pleased, and looked upon her unknown Prince Charming as wonderful. This business meeting grew to something deeper. The fairy whom we know as Cupid took a hand, and in consequence, the first episode closes with the announcement, "A marriage has been arranged."

More Hard Work.

IT must not be thought that because she was now the wife of a well-known producer that her path to success was made any easier, far from it. Mr. Bentley never places his wife for any particular part unless she is selected for it by the committee, and therefore Joyce has to prove she is fitted for the task set her. This, by hard work and attention to every little detail, she accomplishes, with the result that to-day she occupies a leading position among British film artists. Her work in "The Divine Gift," and the just released "General Post," needs no further praise from me. These are accomplished facts, and now she is hard at work playing Margaret in the Ideal film version of Sir Walter Besant's novel, "Beyond the Dreams of Avaton," which is being produced at Elstree.

An Amusing Play.

BY the way, if you haven't seen "General Post," try to when it comes to your picture house. It is the film version of the very successful stage play in which Madge Titheridge created the star part. In addition to Joyce Dearsley, the cast in the film play includes the popular West End actress Lilian Braithwaite, Henderson Bland, whom you will remember achieved fame as the artiste who played the part of Christus in "From Manger to Cross," and Douglas Monroe. Although it is, in a sense, a war play, the theme is amusing enough to survive the present after-the-war feeling. As the title suggests, it deals with the game of general post that was part of the war's great social up-heaval, when titled men found their pre-war servants in places of authority over them.

Joyce Dearsley at Home.

WHEN away from the hard work of being filmed Joyce Dearsley likes nothing better than to get home to her easy flat, and here she becomes quite the "ideal" wife. Her hobbies are, first, looking after the home comforts, then reading, both modern and ancient works, and entertaining her numerous friends. Anyone who has had the pleasure of visiting Joyce at home will quite realize that she is not only a charming hostess but quite a clever cook. When asked to explain her success on the films she modestly replied: "It's just natural to me, but my golden rule is to pay attention to every detail, and remember the producer's instructions—this is essential to all who would win fame." Of course, Joyce likes playing modern parts so that she can wear the "latest" in creations, but if her part requires something a little "out of the times," she immediately goes to much trouble to get the exact costume for the period.

Fortunately, Nature has endowed her with such happy features that no matter what costume is demanded by her part, be it of silk or rags, Joyce is equally charming.

If you want to write her, address your letter—

C/o IDEAL FILM CO.,

76-78, Wardour Street, London, W. (Mention the "Picture Show" to ensure an early reply.)

[Images of Joyce Dearsley expressing different emotions: Haughty, Reflection, Repose, Sorrow, Surprise.]
FLICKERS FROM FILMLAND.
NEWS, NOTES, AND OPINIONS BY FRED K. ADAMS

"Passers-By" Filmed.

THOSE who have seen the pre-release showings of "Passers-By" declare that J. Stuart Blackton has accepted successfully the challenge that always follows the announcement of an effort by an American producer to present an English play realistically and sympathetically.

Blackton, however, probably is better equipped than any other American producer to do English drama for the screen, for he himself was born in Sheffield, his family removing to America while he was still in Eton. His early efforts to make life-size models of people to be employed in the Vitagraph studios in England have kept green his memories of his native land, and on his trips to London he employed one of his many talents, that of drawing and painting, and brought back to America hundreds of sketches of London byways, and types and characters. These played an important part in his production of "Passers-By."

Realistic Detail.

COMMODORE BLACKTON has always been noted for his love of realistic detail in his artistic productions. Blackton from his own sketch-book to the screen. When he cast the picture, these sketches asked him greatly in en- gaging the actors for the roles. The star of "Passers-By" is Herbert Rawlison.

The "Chink" Marries.

A CABLE just received from the other side reports that a marriage has taken place between Mary Hay, a well-known New York actress, and Richard Barthelmes, the hero of "Broken Blossoms." Barthelmes, who is a former graduate of Harvard University, is one of the film finds of the year, and suddenly sprang into fame by his acting in the part of the "Chink" in "Broken Blossoms," the latest D. W. Griffith film.

The Film War.

JUST when matters looked like settling down, a fresh storm has broken out in America over the question of "producer-exhibitors." Seven hundred American theatre owners, the largest number who have ever got together, resolved not to book pictures from any producing concern which also owns theatres. Acceding to these theatre men, the danger from an overpowering trust is greater now than ever it was. In order to fight the threatened monopoly it was agreed to appoint a powerful leader, and in this connection it is interesting to note that the name of ex-President Taft was mentioned. Some of the big companies which the American exhibitors regard as friendly to their interests are: Vitagraph, who bought their first theatre in 1914 and have since sold it; Pathé, who own no theatres; Universal, who have six theatres, but are willing to sell them; United Artists; Robertson-Ole; and First National.

Lessons We Learn From the Films.

It is the easy job that is hard to get.

* * *

Platonic friendship is like carrying matches in an explosives works.

* * *

It is easy to find remedies for other people's troubles.

* * *

It is never too late to blame your mistakes on the other fellow.

* * *

The Week's Best Films.

THE following is a list of the best photo- plays which are being released for exhibition at the cinema during this week, and the names of the star artists:

W. & F. .... "The Only Road." VIOLA DANA.
Walker's .... "The Bluffers." JUNE ELSTON.
Waltordace. .... "The Way of Woman." NORMA TALMADGE.
Vitagraph. .... "Fighting Destiny." HARRY MOREY, BETTY BUTLER.
Dell .... "Spotlight Sadie." MARIE MASON.
Emmock .... "The Lone Defender." MAINE EVANS, JUNE ELSTON.
Waltordace. .... "Sherry Lee." NORMA TALMADGE.
Western Import. .... "The Woman Who Lied." W. & F. .... "The Speed Maniac." TONY NELSON.
Williamson .... "Snow In The Desert." STEWART ROMY, VIOLET HOPSON.
Granger's .... "A Member of Tattersall's." ISABEL FISHER, MALCOLM CHERRY.
Granger's .... "The Secret of the Moot." EDGAR HILTON.
FLIRTING with a PARASOL

The way of a Maid in the Game of Love as Expressed with the Help of a Parasol.

The coy way. IRENE CASTLE — in "The Invisible Bird."
Who is the "Handsomest" screen star? In our "Choosing the Stars" competition over 70,000 coupons were received. The six that were awarded the largest number of votes are shown on this page.

1st with 8,490 votes

JACK WARREN KERRIGAN

3rd with 3,990 votes

OWEN NAES

7th with 3,378 votes

WILLIAM FARNUM

5th with 4,770 votes

WALLACE REID

4th with 2,326 votes

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

6th with 1,731 votes

CHARLES RAY
PART PLAYED BY THE AUDIENCE.

A LITTLE CHAT WITH IRIS HOEY.

This interview was won through my having five minutes' start of the gentleman who, shortly after my entry to Miss Hoey's dressing-room, presented himself at the Columbia portals and requested a chat "for publication!" with the famous little lady in question. If he had only been those few minutes earlier—but why dwell on these distracting details? Sufficient for us that the Picture was running a race with time herself, and that almost every sentence she uttered was punctuated with dabs at her grease paint and the careful application of bisto to her pretty eyelashes.

Thinking Hard of Pictures.

"Are you not thinking of taking up film work, Miss Hoey?" I began, in the dear old familiar way. "Yes," was the reply. Here a generous layer of grease was applied to the pupiloid features. "I certainly am thinking of it, and thinking hard; although anything more than that I cannot say at present. I have been so very busy hitherto, and there is every prospect of my being occupied with theatrical duties for some months to come; for I am going into management, and propose putting on three plays between now and September. But you may certainly say that there is a possibility of my appearing on the screen one of these days. Already I have had two very big offers."

The Appeal of the Stories.

"What turned your eyes in the direction of the screen?" "Well," admitted Miss Hoey, applying a becoming touch of pink in just the right proportions, "the offers were so very tempting; and then it was suggested that I should appear in some picturizations of delightful old stories, which appealed to me very much. By the way, I should just love to play Lady Teazle on the screen."

"Do you think costume plays can be successfully filmed, then?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," Miss Hoey replied, "if they are made in America! But," she added, "I have not thought of going to America to make films."

That "Vital Something."

"Any thought I may have had of asking Miss Hoey whether she might ever be tempted to act for the screen exclusively was prevented from finding utterance by her remark that, in her opinion, film acting could never take the place of acting on the stage."

"On the stage one's personality, one's flesh and blood, can be 'put across' in a way never possible on the screen. It is not so much a question of looks as that vital something which is oneself—something which pulses in the veins and infuses the whole being with a fire and energy which can be transmitted to an audience as a film personality never can. That is why I think a person of—what shall we say?—'pop,' energy, great vitality, must always find film acting somewhat slow; and that is why I cannot imagine people preferring pictures to the theatre, or choosing to see a great legitimate artiste on the screen when they can see him or her in the flesh on the stage."

Admiration for Pauline Frederick.

"Then, again, a legitimate player loves an audience—I love mine—and I think when one comes to act in a studio, the lack of that audience must seem very acute. It has seemed so strange to me, when I have visited a picture-house, not to hear the audience applaud."

"But," went on Miss Hoey, putting the finishing touches to her make-up and commencing to dress for her role in "The Hartley Pearl," "I know it is a fact, and she spoke with emphasis"—that the film is a wonderful thing, a wonderful mechanical thing, not less wonderful and interesting on account of its mechanism, but rather more so in that such marvelous results can be obtained by it. One of the finest pieces of acting I have ever seen, too, was given by a film player, Miss Iris Hoey.

(Foto: Claude Harris.)

Pauline Frederick. I shall not forget it. "And Miss Frederick was a legitimate actress," I reminded Miss Hoey. "Do you think stage experience helpful to a film player?"

"Yes," was the smiling response; "but I am the first to admit that there is also a very great deal to be learnt from the films!"

May Herschel Clarke.

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DO YOU KNOW—

- That June Caprice was born in 1899?
- That Marguerite Courtot was once a model for Harrison Fisher?
- That there is a world's record for the distance in which a film play-action is transmitted to the audience is "The Highway of Life!"
A SPLENDID STORY OF A MAN'S FIGHT WITH FATE.

(Special to the "Picture Show."

THE VALLEY OF THE GIANTS

When John Cardigan, sturdy pioneer and lumberman, descended the five great feet of hewn timber that made his fortune, and was the beginning of the Pacific Coast lumber industry, he made a mental reservation that one stretch, which contained the largest of all the giant trees, should never be cut down. He named it "The Valley of the Giants." 

When his wife died he buried her under the shadow of the greatest of the giant trees.

The Giant Bryce, which had become known by an answer to a letter written in the breeze making music through the tree, that she, too, could hear, was left to the forest. Nature's order was obeyed.

The valley was a hallowed place to him, and when he was 60 years of age and found him promising that he would never allow a tree to be cut in the Valley of the Giants.

When they died, Cardigan was a rich man.

Had he been a hard business man, he would have been a millionaire, but he was a simple pioneer.

Other men came to Sequoia, men backed up by the financiers of New York, men who had one god, money.

They set their eyes on the rich forest property overwise. One man who had bought timber and landed heathcots, they gradually got the better of the pioneer.

Eventually Colonel Pennington, bought up the other syndicates, and with diabolical cunning he set out to cut Cardigan to pieces.

The old man had not been sighted enough to see the game that was going on. Pennington had acquired himself the reputation of Cardigan's belt of timber, and the old man had no outlet for his lumber. He was forced to sell it to Colonel Pennington to haul it to market.

Pennington was a man of the old school, and by various schemes which he persuaded Cardigan to go into, he got control of the old giant.

In security for this debt, he got Cardigan to give him a mortgage on the Valley of the Giants.

However, the mortgage did not effect one thing, for the old man saw the impression that his father was still very rich. Neither did he know that on top of his financial misfortunes his father had begun to lose his sight. Old Cardigan was of the stuff that pioneers are made. Time enough to let the law know the worst when he comes home, McTeavish, he said to his chief clerk. "The boys in high places will know that before I've gone now."

And so it was that Bryce Cardigan was in a very Lappy mood as he sat in the Pullman, that was rapidly bearing him to Sequoia. Every now and then he cast a curious glance at the two pretty girls, who sat at the other side of the car. She was more than two years his junior, and from the outside he could not make out the frank blue eyes, and the little rounding of the gold of the skin, as she sat by her fetching little typewriter.

The girl kept her head for a brief instant, at the front, but thought Bryce, like that of a woman, she stole a glance at the golden snuffling open face of the young man, and secretly admired the athletic form, and the strong capable hands.

They went to Sequoia, the girl got out and was followed by a middle-aged lady, evidently her companion. They made for a motor-car which was waiting outside the station, and in charge of a half-bred.

Bryce saluted to himself.

That was his car, and the half-bred was George Sea Otter, the man who had taught him tood-fant and hunting when he was a boy. He muttered on behind, and came just in time. The young man explained that the vehicle was a private car, and not under charge of his father.

"I thought the stage always met the train," said the girl.

"No, Wednesdays and Saturdays, and this is Thursday," broke in Bryce, as he raised his hat.

"But every day is the same," said the girl.

"Oh! Then you must be the little boy who years ago took me blackberrying. My name is Shirley Saunders," replied Bryce.

"Oh! I thought it was Bryce Cardigan. Anyone around here knows my father.

"That is true, but I met my daughter this morning.

"Oh! Then you must be the little boy who years ago took me blackberrying. My name is Shirley Saunders," said the girl.

Bryce turned her companion, and stepped into the seat next to the driver, as Bryce held the door open for her.

Bryce took the driver's seat and started the car.

As they drove away, Bryce told Shirley all about himself, his life, and how he had learned to hunt. He hoped to persuade his father to let him take place as manager of the lumber company.

When they parted, Shirley held out her hand with a smile.

"I'm glad we are going to be neighbors. You must come over and dine with us to-morrow night," she said. Bryce willingly accepted the invitation.

When Bryce got home that evening, he noticed that George was looking very depressed.

"Whatever is the matter, George?" he asked.

"As a matter of fact, Pennington is in the Valley of the Giants," said George, "but you might as well know now as later. Your father was buried there, and not only ruined, Mister Bryce, but almost blind as well. And that girl's uncle, Colonel Pennington, is the man that burned your father.

For a few moments Bryce did not speak. Then he turned to George, "Drive quickly, George. I might as well see and hear the worst at once.

As he walked up to the path his father's house, the old man came out. But he did not see his son. He was feeling his way with his feet, and muttering to himself, "I must meet him. He has got to know the worst now.

Bryce put his hand on the old man's shoulder. There were tears in his eyes, but his voice was steady as he said, "Father, I know all. Let me take you back, dad.

And this was Bryce Cardigan's home coming.

A Young Man's Resolve

The next day the fight began. The first thing Bryce did was to send a telegram to a friend, Mr. Gudby, the smartest railroad Publicity agent in the country.

To his message that he wanted him to help in a big scheme, Bryce added, "Bring best eye specialist you can get with you.

Then he went out into the woods.

He went straight to his mother's grave, and when he reached it, the blood went from his face. Then it surged back like a blood-red wave. For the great redwood tree which shaded the grave had been ruthlessly cut down, and the turf (the part near the bottom of the trunk, at its greatest circumference), removed. As the young man strode round the deserted grave of his mother, he saw an envelope peeping out from under fallen boughs. He picked it up and read the address, "Julia Rondeau, Esquire, Colonel Pennington's Log Cabin, Camp, Bryce.

Bryce's jaws snapped as he put the letter in his pocket.

He did nothing to his father about the fallen tree, or the letter he had found. That night he changed into evening dress, and went to dine at Colonel Pennington's, in answer to Shirley's invitation.

The Bully Beaten

The Colonel was one of the old-time lumbermen, who so often get a reputation for being masterful. As a matter of fact, Pennington was a bully.

He could pierce the strong man's part, when he had got a man in his power, or he was bullying some unfortunate dependant, but put him up against a real man and he had as many yellow streaks as would brighten a dozen boiler plates.

He did not like the look of this quiet young man, who said nothing, but looked a lot. It had been one thing to fight a blind man, but he was quite another proposition to beat his son.

So Colonel Pennington tried to make an example of Bryce, and be frightfully polite. When the cloth was removed from the dining table, Pennington pointed to the large new chandelier. It was made from one piece of a giant redwood tree, and at the first glance Bryce thought it was the red-wood that had sheltered his mother's grave. But he said nothing.

When he was out for justice, was a singularly reserved young man. He had already made his plans for the punishment of the man who had desecrated his mother's grave. Those plans were put into execution the first thing on the following morning.

Bryce walked over palm trees and found Jules Rondeau.

"How are you," he said quietly. "You are the man who cut that tree over my mother's grave. I'm going to give you the thrashing of your life.

Rondeau was a giant. A big hairy man with the strength of an ape. He ruled the camp by force, and he was one of the old-time lumbermen who could beat him in a rough house fight. His reply was to hurl himself on Bryce. For such a heavy man, Bryce was not unwieldy.

There is no need to describe that fight. In novels, the young man is always the witness, and this sort of thing doesn't happen in real life, when the villain is a man of the strength of Jules Rondeau.

Rondeau was battered and battered until he fought with the ferocity of a panther against the giant strength of Bryce. Suddenly Rondeau fell down.

As the fight was nearing the finish, Shirley came up with her needle and her legal adviser, Judge Moore. Pennington showed all the colors on his champion bully on the floor beaten, but a scared look came into his eye as he saw Bryce cut his fingers to the bone. "By G'r, I cut that tree down, but I no way to do it. Colonel Pennington he tell me to do it."

Bryce turned to Pennington, with furry in his eyes. "Do it your work then? It thought it was."

He pushed Pennington in the chest and raised his hand to strike him, when Shirley ran between them. She had not heard the awful assassination made by Jules.

"How dare you strike my uncle," she cried.

Bryce turned away. He thought he had heard, and he knew that if he could only make Shirley should conduct such an art of sacrilege.

Colonel Pennington, and Judge Moore mounted on a logging train that was to carry them to the heart of the forest. Colonel Pennington had no idea how to control the exuberant Colonel Pennington. It was a mistake, for Colonel Pennington had no idea how to control the exuberant Colonel Pennington. He saw the smoking, sparkling lights of the．．．
Show, July 24th, 1920.

COLLEEN MOORE—or rather Kathleen Moriss, for that is her real name—puts all her good fortune down to David Wark Griffith. She was a girl of fifteen—only three short years ago—when she met Mr. Griffith in Chicago. She did not seem the proper kind of girl which friends introduced her to Mr. Griffith—not until this great man asked her if she would like to become an actress in Shadowland. She laughingly answered "Yes," but caught her breath when the producer told her that if she would leave the following Saturday her wish would be fulfilled. Colleen was so anxious to go that her parents reluctantly consented, and in the company of her mother she left for the land of sunshine. In route, she changed her name for Colleen Moore, and no name could be more suitable.

In Los Angeles her usual charm won her instant recognition, and she was soon assigned leading feminine roles, and under a big contract. Colleen was born in 1901, and boasts both Irish and Scotch ancestry. She spent several years in Detroit and Chicago studying music, and in fact, only just graduated from the Detroit Conservatory of Music, when she met Mr. Griffith. And with all her success she is unspoiled, and has the refreshing candor of a child.

COLLEEN recently spent a week's strenuous experience with her new car. She says that she prefers to ride on the spare wheel at the back of the car—it's much more exciting!

She can play a really good game of tennis, and makes a splendid partner in a set of doubles.
found that Buck Ogilvy had arrived, and with him the doctor. The specialist had examined Mr. Car- digan and decided that there was a chance of saving the sight. Heartened by this, Bryce went on with the fight against Colonel Pennington. There was the table and the whole house, and there was no one else but the newer one and Bacchus. "The only way we could beat Pennington would be to build a new railroad. We haven't the money to do it, but we must have the railroad. It is the only way we can hope to beat them. They are all the same. The big timber owners recognize no right of way, and the little old farmers, who have never had a railroad before, have no idea of the importance of water power. You can't build a railroad, and you can't have a farm, but you can have a railroad. We have the money to build it, and we will build it. We will build it and we will build it, and we will build it."

"That is what we mean by taking profit from experience. The powers that be, broken down are also the powers that build up."

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS tells you the secret of his happiness. Try it now, advises Doug.

O CH is to strive for success and not to expect to attain it except by successive breaks. He who does not want to be a success must not expect to be. Quick successes through luck or good fortune have not the lasting value of those won by virtue of long years of accomplishment and the result of what we started out to do. Faith in one's self does not come from the outside—it must spring up naturaUy from within. A healthy body and a sound mind are the best foundations for this. The young man who begins his career with these facts in mind is given a running start over his competitors. Poverty and failure are the result of an ignorance of the value of experience. Worry, anxiety, fear of not doing the right thing, lack of insight into character—these, too, are the result of a lack of experience.

GOOD health is necessary to experience, but a majority neglect to take care of it. If we are to proft by what we learn, we must have the vitality that comes with the experience. We must have every ounce of vitality we possess at command—ready for use. This we conserve for the big emergencies that are coming. New experiences are pushing us forward, and previous experiences are helping to move the old ones into the background. At this point and that—and at last puts its shoulder to the wheel and "over she goes!"

E VERY mind is in possession of an enormous amount of dormant power, and only experience can release it into proper action. We often look upon the man who has not been able to do what another has done because he has not the same opportunity. This is not so. The young man of this type should be guarded most carefully, and advised to "get busy" early in life at something worth while. Any a bright fellow bringin down excess power has gone as a lamb to the slaughter into the maelstrom of life and has no future except from legitimate occupation. He just had to blow off steam, so he did it in a gin mill rather than a rolling mill.

This dynamo called the mind can be trained to do anything. Not only can it be guided at the start, but it can be guided by all that follows. It can be used for building additional dynamos to be called into action in times of need. This statement may seem at first far-fetched. If we think so it is proof that we have not profited by our experiences and should get down to "stock-taking" before it is too late.

THE practical man, after all, is only one who takes advantage of opportunities. He could double his power if he had the confidence, but he cannot, and there is no one else but the younger one who has the confidence. We say to our friends: "Why didn't you go to the window?" We say to our younger one, "You didn't go to the window."

B ut the young one who did not go to the window was laying down the rails.

"We were working under a permission of a franchise and you must not interfere," replied that young man cooly.

Pennington was insulted by Bryce's reply, and Shirley, who had been talking in the background, stepped in. "We find the way that you all have been talking in the background is much more important than to take the little old man's words to heart."

"You don't give us the light that we need to see with our own eyes," said the older one. "You are not doing enough."

"For this experience we need to be prepared. We must have a strong heart that we may bear our losses and our failures."

There are many essentials to success, but there is one that is of such importance that without it all the others become as nothing. The man who wins success is invariably the man with the keenest creative mind. Pennington pronounced the answers to his own questions, and Shelby, who had been listening, asked him to tell him what he meant. Pennington said: "It is the only way we can have any chance of success."

E NERGY is the natural outpouring of a healthy body. It must be directed, it must be controlled, the same as any other life force. Not only is it a positive necessity to the winner, but it must grow and become a natural quality. It does not stand out of years of abuse, and does not spring up in the night after a long season of neglect and ill health. All of us possess it in varying ways. That fact ought to convince us that we can get hold of ourselves, and build up that which nature has given us, rather than allow it to die away. We all have a certain amount of energy. Why shouldn't we all be successes? We might to a certain extent, but that doesn't mean that we shall all get rich, in the money sense of the word.

When we say: "Why shouldn't we all be successes?" we do not mean that everybody in the world must be greedy for money, nor for power and position. It does not mean that we must be selfish and eager to take everything away from the other fellow. On the contrary, it means that, with energy, we shall be successful according to our brain tendencies.

(Doug gives us more good advice nex week.)
THE LETTERS OF MARY

Charming Ethel Clayton—Her English Cottage—Monte Blue’s Hair—
His Dual Nature—The Milky Way.

6210, Franklin Ave.,
Hollywood, California.

MY DEAR FAY,—Last week we motored down to Corona for the week-end, and guess whom we found there? Charming Ethel Clayton! We had met her the day we were with Wallace Reid, and found her perfectly fascinating. She said she had only four days between pictures, so was there for a rest! Four days! But then, you see, she is hurrying to finish one more picture before coming to England! Isn’t that perfectly ripping? Of course, we told her all about you, so she is anxious to meet you. Her passage is engaged, and she is to sail the inside of May. She is going to tour France, Italy, Switzerland—every place possible in Europe—then come to England in October to make two pictures!

Expressive Lips.

YOU see,” she said—she has the most expressive mouth ever, all her gestures are reflected there; she purses it in a quizzical way, or lifts one corner (like some people lift an eyebrow), just watch her lips when you see her in “Young Mrs. Winthrop”! I have always longed to go to England, but something has always prevented my going! A fortune-teller once declared I should never get there! So it is doubly exciting to have this trip all planned. My mother and my brother Donald are going with me, when we are settled in London I hope to see you again!”

But she saw us much sooner, for we went to see some friends on Hawthorne, and met her coming from a big brown English cottage! Hers! She invited us to step in an hour for tea, to meet her mother! Did we? An English cottage on Hawthorne! A wonderfully attractive interior, full of sunshine, beautiful paintings, and rare objets d’art—some of them collected last year when she was in the Orient. After she introduced us to her love of a mother, she played and sang for us dear old English ballads! Then she took us out to her garden, in one corner of which she rests after her busy day at Lasky’s, and reads, and watches the birds play in a quaint little fernery–bird bath under a perfectly gorgeous pepper tree.

Did you like her in “More Deadly Than the Male”? So did I, but not more than in “A Sporting Chance.” She always sunburned from riding I was ashamed of them, hers are so white—and she has the most gorgeous red-gold hair and blue-grey eyes! But she is so utterly fascinating, we quite forgot the time, till she said she was due at the studio to see some “amusing” and just as I refused her invitation to accompany her, Alice said, “Oh, we should love it!” So we went! And the same director, Mr. So Wood, who was so nice the day we went to Wallace Reid’s set, is directing her!

The Surprises of California.

WELL, “it’s a great hit” here in California—if you can stand the surprises! Just as Miss Clayton and Mr. Wood started to see the “rehears,” a cowboy strode up, with a big grey-and-white cat in his arms—Monte Blue! She introduced us, and, just fancy, Mr. Blue’s hair is not black at all, as I had always supposed, but a most unusual shade of light reddish-brown!

In about two minutes we were lost in the wilderness of the mountain trails around beautiful Lake Chelan (where Owen Wister likes to camp), and traveled on into the Cuer d’Alones, for Monte Blue is a lover of Nature. "Why do they always have to spoil a magnificent view of mountains, or plain, or lakes, in these travel pictures, you know," he said, "it's ripping sticking in people! I love the wilds and open country—to camp out under the stars, far from cities and all their noise and glitter.

Monte Blue’s Philosophy.

YOU know, in social gatherings people are not natural, not really comfortable; they are too busy thinking about what people think of them, or what they wear, or how they act. Their true natures become veiled, too; but put them out where Nature is—bigger than Man, inspiring, and they find the real man. It is good for any man to be alone with nature and himself, and with a friend who knows when silence is more golden than words, to be in places where man sees all around him has the same look as it had a thousand years ago, and will have the same, probably, a thousand from now—good for a man, if he is worth while at all.

I imagine there are two persons in Monte Blue; the jolly, “yeho”, Monte, ready to joke and talk to people on the lot, and the serious, thoughtful, nature-loving Monte, who likes best the parts that take him out into the open, in vast spaces, under the stars.

But then, you know, Monte Blue is half Indian, of the proud Cherokee tribe. That partly explains his love of Nature, and of people who are natural. For the Cherokees are a noble tribe.

Just now he is playing in a picture with Mary Miles Minter, and I hear he is headed towards stardom. He is over six feet tall, and makes a splendid Westerner. You remember he was chosen to play the part of the young physician in “Everybody.”

All the Stars There.

It is perfectly splendid to go to Lasky’s—so many big stages, with such gorgeous sets, and there we saw Roscoe Arbuckle, Ethel Clayton, Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Lewis Sargent, Tom Meighan, Theodore Roberts, Mabel Juhaven Scott, Jack Holt, Mary Miles Minter, Anna Forrest, Irving Cummings, Elliott Dexter, Lila Lee; when we reached home we agreed we’d had a dip in the Milky Way!

We’ve engaged our passage, and shall be leaving soon! How I wish we might cross on Miss Clayton’s ship!

Of course, I’ve got lots and lots to tell you. I did what you asked me and have kept a diary, and entered in everything of importance on this wonderful holiday.

I haven’t been able to tell you half of the exciting times we have had here. Letters, after all, are not quite the same as telling; but I’ve got gossip for you to fill your pages again and again.

I must close now, dear Fay. I hope you’ll know me when I come. I feel as if I’ve lived a lifetime here.

Time for tea, so good-bye for to-day.

Yours,

MARY.

To this charming bit of garden does ETHEL CLAYTON send her way after a strenuous day in the studio.

A restful corner in ETHEL CLAYTON’S delightful boudoir.

MONTE BLUE is a serious, nature-loving fellow, and has wonderful reddish-brown hair.

Everyone in California agrees that Ethel is not a bit uppish. All the cast are as interested in her as she is in them.
THE VALLEY OF THE GIANTS. (Continued from page 18.)

"It's all right, boys," he said, as his men ran up.

"It's only in the shoulders. I'll be all right in a minute.

That's some shank hired by Pennington to kill us."

And here is the skunk, Mister Bryce," shouted Grover, his belt caught in the scrawling tail. "I saw him hiding on the roof of that shack, with a cigar in his hand.

With raging cries the lumbermen were going to throw themselves onto the now terrified witch, when she cried out: "Don't lynch me, I'll tell you all. Colonel Pennington hired me to kill Bryce Cardigan.

They knew the woman. He pulled out a bundle of notes, and held them up in proof of his words.

There is no doubt the would-be murderer would have lynched despite his confession, but of that moment Judge Moore came running up.

"Leave that man to me, boys. I will win the evidence against Colonel Pennington. Take him away to jail, and guard him well, if you wish to serve your country."}

The council knew the Judge, and they decided to retire.

His Rich Reward.

But the battle was not yet won. As a last resort the colonel sent for his humber, with the idea of lighting it out, and in the hope that in the fright Bryce Cardigan might act killed.

Headed by Jules Bonneau, Pennington's men rode out to the hunting. They were better armed than had been their leader in his single-handed fight against the lumbermen, with Jules Bonneau coming to Bryce, and holding out his hand, said: "You best man round here. I blow my whistle, and the last of Pennington's power was broken.

In the trial that followed, he received a long sentence for burglary, but was given more and found, and Sequoia sent down to much happier times, than it looked as if he would be a partner in the humber the once.

"Well, I guess you've won through, Bryce," said Buck Ogilvy, now looking like Colonel Pennington: "You've beaten us."

Buck, old son of the old, said: "Your next job is best man at Bryce's wedding."

And he was right.

(Abridged from the experiences of the Paramount-Adams-Cartoon-Play, featuring Wallace Reid as Bryce Cardigan; and Grace Darmond as Shirley Summer. By permission.)

THE DRESSING-ROOM.

Preparing for Your Holiday—How to Pack Your Trunk—The Picture Girl's Jumper.

PREPARATIONS for holidays are as full swung, and everyone is busy collecting suitable garments to take away. Next comes the question of packing, and if this is not carefully considered, the garments will be very bedraggled and untidy on their arrival at the destination.

Most people are afraid of crushing their clothes too tightly, yet if they only knew it, this is the very secret of successful packing. If the garments are arranged room to slide and slip they will get severely jolted during the journey, and come out creased and wrinkled, whereas if they are firmly held in place in a trunk which is not too large for its contents you will get far better results.

How to Pack.

I Planning for a summer holiday, you should always arrange your packing so that the things you need most and first will be near the top. These are garments, which you take with you for emergencies in case of cold weather, should be neatly packed at the very bottom, and Then arranged by a piece of cloth and held in place by tapes, they will not act as a false bottom, and will not interfere with the light clothes above.

No garment should ever be folded until it is perfectly dry. If clothes are the slightest bit damp when you set and dry into the actual folds and only a good press with an iron can get the creases out. And this, so you know, is impossible at a boarding-house.

Any skirt or garment with pleats in it should have each pleat carefully with place before packing. Then the garment should be carefully folded with tissue paper in the folds and it will come out in perfect condition.

Tissue paper is essential to good packing. Just the smallest amount should be used, it will provide the proper support, and it should be used to stuff up vacant corners. The idea of packing each garment separately with tissue paper is a very good one. And the paper is far too light to add to the weight of the luggage.

PLENTY OF HANGERS

It is quite a good idea to place all coats and frocks upon hangers, and to fold them with the hangers. This keeps the top and shoulders of the garment flat, and the lower part can be folded together.

Always lay big garments flat on the table to pack. Coat and blouses should be first fastened, and then laid, front downwards, on the table. Suits can be folded in two the sleeves back over the lack of the garment, and then double over the lower part. Soft gowns can be kept smooth by rolling over a coat or newspaper, or even a towel, if you are taking one of the latter for swimming purposes. If your trunk does not contain the modern trims and compartments, particular gowns such as the evening gown—can be protected from crushing by being placed in a cardboard box, while the accessories will be ever so much better for being placed in small boxes. Shoes may be placed in one and hair brushes and comb another, and powders, face creams, etc., in another. These little things are very instrumental in crushing and creasing the clothes if they are just placed loosely here and there in the trunk, as is the general rule. Label these boxes with the contents, if you keep them reserved in their boxes, in your apartments, you will save time, and temper.

PACKING YOUR HATS.

If you intend to pack your hats in a box, be quite sure you pin them in firmly, and, if possible, buy permission to hang them on a line in the open on their hangers. This will get all creases out. If you cannot do this, however, you will find it effective to hang them in your room, just where they will get a direct current of air.

I have no doubt that many of you wish to take a little sewing or fancy-work to do in your spare time on the beach. Pack this in a flat and bottomed work-bag, so that it is already compact and ready for your use, and do not forget a couple of needles, cotton, embroidery, safety, and darning wool in case of emergencies.

THE PICTURE GIRL'S JUMPER.

OFT the prettiest of all jumpers is the one chosen by the Picture Girl’s jumper. It is the utmost simplicity add to its charm. How cool and dainty it would look in powder blue voile patterned with mauve and pink flowers! The jumper is cut on Mayaguez lines, but with a seam on one side. The side seams are left open to the waist, and the lower edge of the jumper and side seams are edged with a soft frill of the same material. A narrow ribbon sash encircles the waist, and at the same time is an elastic that draws in the waist of the jumper. The circular neck opening may be made large enough to put your head through, although, if not required, a fastening can be arranged on the shoulder. Here a few buttons give added decoration.

You need have no fear about the jumper being too expensive. The Picture Girl's jumper costs $8.25, and no one could wish for anything prettier.

Two yards of 10-inch voile at 2$1.11 yards 6 11
dating belt 1 0
Elastic ... 0 3
Pattern ... 1 9
Total ... 8 24

You can obtain a pattern of the jumper in 22, 24, 26 and 28 inch waist size from Picture Show, Swallow Street, London, W. 1, for one shilling (F.0). made pay able to the Picture Show.

A DRESSER.
BEHIND THE SCENES

The immense open-air setting, representing a street in Petrograd, erected for the production in which Geraldine Farrar and Lou Tellegen will appear for the first time together on the screen.

The completed scene, with the famous Smolny Institute in the background. Formerly an aristocratic school for girls, the Bolshevik Government took it over for administrative purposes.

Satisfied at Last.

THE girl who wanted to be a cinema star asked, "Can you make me beautiful?"

"For five pounds," said the beauty doctor, "I can make you so beautiful that all the men will turn round and stare at you."

The girl smiled disdainfully. Her experience had taught her that this was an easy matter.

"For ten pounds," said the beauty doctor, "I can make you so beautiful that the photographers will all copyright your pictures."

Still the girl, unsatisfied. Shook her head.

"For fifteen pounds, and only at the price," said the beauty doctor, "I can make you so beautiful that you will not have a single woman friend in the world."

"Ah," cried the girl rapturously, "that will be beauty indeed!" ———

Just Like a Man.

"What's the matter, old man?" asked the producer.

"Oh, I've just had a quarrel with my wife."

"Well, forget and forgive."

"I never can forgive her; you see, I was in the wrong."

"In that case, demand an apology."

———

Same Old Wish.

A NEW film is called "A Lady's Four Wishes."

An old bachelor says he hasn't seen the film, but he knows what her wishes are,

"First, a new hat; second, a new hat; third, a new hat; fourth, a new hat."

SARGOL

MAKES YOU NICE AND PLUMP.

If you want to increase your weight and strength, have a better health, a clear complexion and sparkling eyes, try Sargol. For years it has helped to make strong, sturdy men and beautiful, healthy women.

Sargol increases cell growth, makes perfect assimilation of food, increases the number of blood corpuscles, and as a necessary result builds up muscle and solid, healthy flesh and rounds out the figure. That is why thousands of boxes are sold annually. Try Sargol and you will see that it is a real二十五世紀的 "l'industrie".

Detention


EYDOLASH

Cream will darken your hair and make them thick, long, soft. Especially attractive to the eyes that fascinated eyes are sought after. So appealing. EYDOLASH is a real twenty-five centuries' backward. A subscription to EYDOLASH will cost little, comes in tablet form and is easy and pleasant to take. Sold and recommended by good chemists everywhere.

YOU CANNOT HAVE BAD COMPLEXION AND A WAXOLA

BAD COMPLEXION AND A WAXOLA will clear it. Sold Under Guarantee. Even the slightest features look attractive if the Complexion is good. Such a complexion—fair, soft, and fresh as a baby's—may be secured in 2 weeks by using this Wonderful New Wax Product. Wrinkles and All Skin Imperfections disappear magically. Acts while you sleep. Sold in WAXOLA Phials and looks attractive, "Don't-Delay, Send Today."

SPECIAL OFFER. For a short time we will send you a 42d. box for 16. (Two boxes for 2/6.)

HAIR BEAUTY

TARSHAMADE, the new highly concentrated Lotion—shampoo, thoroughly cleanses the hair, penetrates to the roots and destroys any slime or dirt. Contains a powerful germicide to prevent the Hair Yeast. Prizes for best plaques.樋

TARSHAMADE

The Medical Shampoo. (Two boxes for 2/6.)

SUMMER INST. 1920.
Great Public Handwriting Character Competition.

£1,350 in Prizes

It has been asserted that, owing to the continually extending use of typewriters and other mechanical means of writing, the art of handwriting is on the decline.

To refute this statement, the Proprietors of "LONDOVUS"—the well-known Rat and Mouse Exterminator—offer £1,350 in prizes in an easy and interesting Handwriting Character Competition, open to Ladies, Gentlemen and Children. Substantial money prizes are offered for each of the best 249 specimens of handwriting sent in showing character as it can be read from handwriting.

The Prizes will be awarded not only for well-formed writing, but for writing which shows the greatest amount of CHARACTER.

The awards will be allotted as under:

Section I.
For LADIES.

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Section II.
For GENTLEMEN.

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Section III.
For CHILDREN (up to 15 years of age).

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Each of the Prize winners will, in addition, receive a character reading of their handwriting by an expert.

INSTRUCTIONS AND CONDITIONS.

1. Take a sheet of note paper, write in ink your name and address (stating whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, and, in the case of children, giving age), and on the top copy out the following phrase:
   - Get rid of your rats
   - Without any fuss;
   - Kill them all off
   - With "LONDOVUS."

   (The specimen sent must be actually written by the person whose name appears on the sheet.)

2. Purchase a tin of "LONDOVUS," tear off the adhesive label, and pin it to your attempt. It is sold in tins of the following sizes:
   - 1/- for which you may make one attempt.
   - 2 6d. for which you may make three attempts.
   - 5/- for which you may make seven attempts.

   and is obtainable from all Grocers, Chemists, Ironmongers, Oil and Colourmen, General Stores, &c.

3. Then write on the sheet of paper the name and address of the retailer from whom the "LONDOVUS" was purchased.


5. The first prize in each section will be awarded to the competitor from whom the promoters receive an attempt which, in the opinion of the Judge, is considered the best. The remaining prizes to be awarded in order of merit. Only one prize can be sent to any one competitor.

6. Competitors may make as many attempts as they wish, but such attempts must be accompanied by labels to the value shown above.

7. No correspondence will be entertained.

8. The Editor of "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" has kindly consented to decide the competition and his decision must be accepted as final by all competitors.

9. The last day for receiving competitors' work August 17th.

The results will be announced in "The Daily Mail," on September 17th.

N.B.—If your Chemist, Grocer, Ironmonger or Stores does not stock "LONDOVUS," send a postcard to the LONDON HYGIENIC CHEMICAL CO., LTD., Wansey Street Works, London, S.E. 17, who will supply name and address of nearest retailer.

BUY A TIN TODAY (1/-, 2 6d & 5/-) and ENTER THE COMPETITION NOW.

Note carefully the address: —  "Writing Competition,"

THE PRESENT DISCONTENT.

I seemed until a few years ago that nothing could equal or surpass the craze which had caused so many people in this country to the detriment of Christian charity. For years the lure of the fashionable had continued to dazzle the magazine reader, particularly the young. In vain did theatrical managers resort to their usual tricks. The tree in the acting profession groaned sound and valuable advice. The stream of applicants desiring to get on the stage continued as large as ever, and the plates of those who dropped out were promptly filled by others.

I suppose that in some measure this particular craze continues, though I doubt seriously whether it can be as great as before. For now it is no longer the stage so much as the screen which holds cut all kinds of allusions to the stage spirit. In the busy city and in the humble village men and women are growing dissatisfied with their lot and turning with longing eyes to the screen. On it they can see themselves playing, not merely to people of their own country, but to those of all lands, causes which shall bring them world-wide fame and more wealth than all their present work could accomplish. Where one may see the craze is the childlike. The one who is not yet left school, the clerk, the typist, the man who has a double position, and the woman who has independent means are alike smitten with it.

And it is little use trying to suggest a remedy even though you may be inclined to think one necessary. Bad or good, this discontent will continue so long as there remains a spark of ambition in human nature. Railroad is not of much use as a deterrent; advice may be rendered though it will not always be taken. These— and they will be the great majority—who are not fitted for the new profession will ultimately utter the painful truth. While the few, the very few, who are not satisfied to obtain some sort of at least, the success they desire.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper is put out weekly and each number contains but a limited space, letters cannot be answered in the next issue?

A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farrington Street, London, E.C. 4.

L. S. (Birmingham).—Edna Purviance was opposite_William Farnworth_in_"The Girl of the Golden West." Your correspondent is quite correct in his statement that Cavanah does not act with man now. She used to, however, as a dancer. She was last seen in "The Muster Up," in the days of the old Keystone Company. That was in 1916. It would be interesting to know what it is you are going to "B." Let there be peace between you and your friend and yourself. Marjorie Daw is only seventeen.

H. H. (Northampton).—I know Violet Hopson's married name, but I am not sure she married it while she was a child. Clara Kimball Young is not married now. Her former husband, James Young, has married again. Lloyd Hughes was the hero in "The Time of the Road." Matthew Lang and "The Close in "The House Opposite." Yes, Cullen Lเมน appears and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." and "The Empty Paradise" are just two.

T. E. (Sussex).—Yes, you have named too many questions at all. I hope you will not seek to please courage again. Herbert Rawlinson is married to Roberta Arnold. He was born that the forty-year age in England and has brown hair and blue eyes.

P. G. (Hertford).—You say you come from the Falkland Islands, and don't want to think you posted your letter to me. No. Peggy, Tom Mix has no relations in Gloucester, or does he fail from his story. Wherever you have got a bit mixed.

W. G. (Chatham).—Brown hair and brown eyes are Margarette Clark's coloring, and her height is just a foot or so. She is quite popular in Hollywood. Margarette Clark started in "Two Gun Manor," and are you told you are a second edition of Irma Cassel. The name of Margarette Grant is quite popular. Irres has brown hair and brown eyes, and measures 5 feet 7 inches. Sorry, your favourites story does not help me. Zelma Foster was born on April 1st, but the other two do not live in Connecticut, "Hands Up" featured Ruth Roland (Robert Rawlinson). George Larkin (two Gun Carter) and Robert Rawlinson (Prince Alexandra). In "Eumbo the Magnificent," Elmo Lincoln was "a good boy."

Ve. F. (Lisbon).—Yes, it was Casson Ferguson in "Vacation". You tell me at the address you have, or send your letter through the "Picture Show".
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TWOPENCE. July 31, 1920.

Picture Show

No. 66. Vol. 3.

FATTY ARBUCKLE TAKES A JOY RIDE
The Life Story of
BILL HART
Written by Himself.

You must not miss this great feature now running in the "Boys Cinema." Bill Hart has had a wonderful life, and the story he tells is a most thrilling one.

Bill Hart’s weekly talks to readers are a regular feature in the "Boys’ Cinema." A most interesting page of "CAMPFIRE TALKS" appears in this week’s issue.

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JOSEPH CROSFIELD AND SONS, LIMITED, WARRINGTON.
Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 29.—ALICE LAKE.

Alice Lake is a keen reader of our paper, and sends you this photograph to show you. Alice did not wait until she reached the studio to see whose photographs were in this issue, but opened and read it on her way.

A Fascinating Picture Competition.

Are you interested in competitions? A really fine one has just begun in the "Boys' Cinema." It is a little paragraph about Tom Mix which the artist has made into a fascinating picture puzzle. Ten pounds is offered in prizes for the readers who find the words hidden in the illustrations. This is a particularly interesting competition for those who know about Tom Mix—and this is a one-week competition, so if you can read the paragraph you have not the fear that it will be harder to solve as you go on. Buy a copy on Wednesday and try to win a prize.

A June Bride.

IRENE RICH claims to have been in the first June bride of 1920. Eight o'clock in the morning, June 1st, Miss Rich was dressed in complete bridal costume, from veil to flowers, and waiting, not at church, but at Tom Moore's stage in Goldwyn Studio, where that star was filming "Stop That!"

Worse than that, she was a bride every day in June, Minerals. The beautiful bridal costume became worn by actual use, and had to be replaced by a new one to give the impression of freshness. Irene expects to be in an outfit that normal folk wear on but one or two occasions in life for a day at a time only.

Plenty of Practise.

For the same reason the bouquet she carried had to be changed daily. Meanwh le to her friends were asking when the extended anxious was to be over. "Must be pretty hard wearing that long for a mere man," said one.

"If he doesn’t finally show up, I’ll substitute," another offered kindly, and was immediately shouted down by others who announced their entire willingness to sacrifice their freedom.

"Never you mind, people," Irene replied. "This cloud, like all others, has a silver lining. When this happens to be in real life—being married. I mean—I’ll have had so much practise being a ludge that I will not have stage fright!"

He Couldn’t Help It.

Propriety men are not always infallible. The other day at the Metro Studios, Frank Brownley, in a tender scene in "Hearts are Trumpets," was called upon to take a loving look at the portrait of his daughter. Brownley put on the necessary soulful expression, picked up the photograph, then dropped it, while the astonoshed cameraman stopped turning.

Mr. Brownley said he couldn’t help it, although he was very sorry to spoil the scene. The photograph given him was a picture of Mitchell Lee is in all his robust manhood.

Mary Says Doug. is Jealous.

During a recent interview Mary Pickford confessed that she doesn’t care much for dancing.

She explained that Doug, didn’t like it, and that "I think it is rather silly myself. I like to dance with Doug..." and to dance with my brother Jack, but this dancing with every stranger who comes along seems rather silly. A lot of foolish flirtations are apt to start. I suppose Douglas is somewhat jealous, most brunettes are. As for me, I am a blonde."

No Cubs Allowed.

BETTY BLYTHE was very disappointed, I hear, the other day when the manager of the hotel refused to allow her pet cat bear to be quartered on the premises.

Betty had just arrived back after finishing out-door scenes for the coming photo-play, entitled "Nomads of the North." In some of these scenes the bear had to appear with her, and she had become so attached to it that it was given to her.

"I think it most unreasonable," said Miss Blythe, when she was told that her pet could not be received. "I know most managers object to ladies and dogs, but I did not suppose they would mind a gentle, well-behaved little bear."

A Strange Gift.

A STRANGE gift that has come all the way from distant Australia arrived a few days ago at the home of Mildred Davis, Harold Lloyd’s leading lady. One of her Anze admirers sent her a beautiful parakeet. Though somewhat weared from travelling, the bird has cheered up considerably since beholding his new mistress.

Did You Send It?

BESSIE LOVE is very proud of a letter sent by a girl reader of Picture Show from a college in Essex, asking for an autographed portrait. "All the girls at our college are simply mad over you, so we want your photo to hang up in the classroom."

CLEO MADISON, upon whom we shall see with Bert Lytell in the coming Metro photo-play, "The Trouble of Dawn."

KENNETH HARLAN, the latest portrait of this delightfully tall actor. Kenneth is a great hit in costume with film goers.

More Stars for the Stage.

HEAR that Virginia Lee Corbin and Benny Alexander, famous children stars, are to appear on the music hall stage.

Douglas D’Artagnan.

As you know, Douglas Fairbanks visited Paris the other day, as a kind of holiday. One of his ambitions is to make "The Three Musketeers" in Alexandre Dumas’ native France. I hear that prominent Frenchmen have already invited him to make the picture on French soil.

Paris Lessons in Dancing.

DORA LENNOX, who will be seen in the Stoll film "The Tidal Wave," has just returned from a flying visit to Paris, where she tells me she has been to perfect herself in the steps of the Progressive Tango, with the object of playing the part of the dancing girl in a photo-play which Vincent Lawrence, the English adaptor of "Miraka," is writing specially for her.

Stewart Rome’s Next Part.

STEWART ROME tells me his next part is in "The Great Gay Road," that of the gentleman vagabond, Hildebrand. This is a film version of Tom Gallon’s novel of that name. It has already been made into a successful stage play.

A Famous Father.

WALLACE REID has received many letters of congratulation from his admirers at the death of his father, Harold Reid, who was the author of more than 200 plays. It was in one of his father’s plays that young Reid first gained experience as an actor.

A "Jack of All Trades."

ACTRESSES are notoriously versatile. But Claire Adams, the Goldwyn star, is surely the most accomplished of them all. She says if moving pictures fail she can earn her living as a chauffeur, a singer, a pianist, a clay modeller, a cook, or a scavenger. She made 210 knitted socks during the war.

Are Freckles Contagious?

THE question now puzzling the Marshal is Nealan studio is: Are freckles contagious? Since Wesley Barry, the freckled-faced boy star, started work at the new plant, Mr. Nealan, Colleen Moore, Barry’s leading lady, and even "Bull" Montana, have discovered a few freckles on their faces. Of course, Wesley
was immediately blamed; but he stoutly claims that all his freckles are his own, and that they will never leave him, and furthermore they are NOT contagious.

**Sandals for Hot Weather.**

L

OUISE GLUM is famous for her original ideas in dress, and she is now wearing possibly the most sensible footwear for the hot weather. They are sandals made of white kid, and are identical with the footwear adopted by fashionable ladies centuries ago.

These sandals are ideal for walking and for home wear. Miss Glum has had several pairs made in different coloured leather, to match her respective sports outfits.

The Most Photographed Girl.

I

EARN that Helene Chadwick is enthralled with her first experience of the Californian desert, where scenes have been taken for Goldwyn's new photoplay, "Cupid the Cowpuncher," in which Will Rogers plays the leading male part.

Miss Chadwick has been the most photographed girl in America. Hitherto her photo-play experience has been confined chiefly to drawing-room and ballroom scenes. Her work for Will Rogers is entirely of a different order. Rogers took a bunch of cowboys along with him, and I hear that Miss Chadwick was one of the most enthusiastic applauders of their dare-devil horse-riding stunts.

Breaking Horses in Front of the Camera.

T

OM MIX has added ten wild horses to his ranch at Mixville, California, and when we see his new film, entitled "Untamed," we shall actually see Tom breaking them in.

British Actor's Next Part.

P

ERCY MARMONT, the British actor, who, in the little time he has been in America, has acted with Alice Joyce, Betty Blythe, Alcoo Irady, and Elise Ferguson, is to be Norma Talmadge's leading man in her next picture, entitled "Blind Women."

I Should Think So.

A

WEE, a young man who works for Allan Dwan must have an alarm clock. Tony Gudino, who has just signed with the well-known producer, arises each morning at five o'clock in order to secure some atmospheric effects of the lights and shadows at daybreak.

Gudino plans to use a private showroom of the effects obtained before the American Society of Cinematographers, of which he is a member.

A Successor to Galy.

M

IDDLE, GENEVE FELIX plays the part of the pretty luxury-loving little variety actress in a coming Koster film entitled "Dreams of Youth."

It is said that Milie Felix is a possible successor to Galy Deslys as a leading French film artist. She has youth, good looks, a sense of character, and strong powers of expression.

A Story of Charles Ray.

C

HARLES RAY is in a bashful as any small schoolgirl. He seeks no publicity, never sees reporters, and if there are visitors around the studio they Charles takes himself out of sight somewhere.

The other evening the Ray Company were working on an exterior scene in another locality, which is constantly patrolled by the police.

It was about eleven o'clock at night, and Mr. Ray was wearing a handkerchief round his neck, and his cap pulled low. The picture had been rehearsed for several minutes, and they were ready to "shoot" the scene.

Mr. Ray was lurking around the corner of

MARY MILES MINTER.

A delightful and portrait snapped as she was coming home from an afternoon at play.

the building in the dark, waiting for the director to call "Camera."

Along the street, quite in the dark, comes a great, big brawny policeman, and, seeing Charles peeping around the corner, rushed up and grabbed him by the collar and shook him.

His Idea of a Lark.

W

ELL, to say the least, Charles Ray was surprised to death. He jerked away, and said: "See here; what's the idea? I wish that the policeman here would have been a little quicker, and instead of calling "Camera!" would have arrested him and put him in the county jail.

But if the director hadn't come along Charles Ray wouldn't have told the policeman who he was. He would have been put to the police-station, and let him find out who he had arrested when they got to the station. That wouldn't have been fair, I think," said Mr. Ray to the director. "You spoil a perfectly good lark for me. I would have got just the thrill I expected from this picture, and gotten a better interpretation of the scene, if you had really let me get put in jail."

Such are the eccentricities of genius.

Fay Filmer.

FORM "OVER THERE." Notes and News from Los Angeles.

Her Hair is Real.

O

T the Lasky lot they are very fond of teasing Wanda Hawley, the new Realart star, about the blondness of her hair. She is a sensitive girl, the object of much teasing, and anxious to impress upon everybody that she is not a blonde of the porcelen persuasion. Recently Raymond White and Walter Here, who are both aware of Miss Hawley's little weakness, were toying with her on the subject, as usual, and asking her if she needed a new wig. She is said to have given her "touched up". They even politely refused to be convinced when, in despair, the little star pulled out innumerable hairs, and earnestly begged them to inspect the roots of her golden tresses. Finally, with tears in her eyes, she rushed out of the studio, and returned with a very much aazed young man, whose brawny fist she thrust under the nose of both skeptics. Then they gave in with a laugh, allowing that it was a mystery to them why Miss Hawley's argument was indisputable and that, of course, she ought to know.

The Monkey and the Kitten.

S

UART HOLMES has a pet monkey from Patagonia, which has the smallest variety in existence. It goes about with its master, tucked away in his coat pocket, and remains there whilst he signs his name when he signs his name, the monkey is missing, and after a frenzied search of the entire studio, it was discovered peacefully asleep amongst a family of nine kittens, the recently acquired personal property of the studio cat.

Why the Car Raced.

S

EENA OWEEN is the recent purchaser of a fine new high-powered car, and she has, very naturally, been itching to see how fast it will really go—only, of course, there are the traffic laws to an obstacle. The other day she was driving from Hollywood into the city, keeping strictly within the speed-limit, when a big car passed her at a rate which made her own look as if it were standing still. Noticing that the traffic officer at the crossing didn't appear to be a bit disturbed at this phenomenon, she decided that she had no right to speed as any other free-born American citizen, so at once started to "let her rip!" As the very next street she was held up by a police officer on a motor-bike, who took her name and address and invited her to appear before the judge on the following morning to explain matters. When she indignantly protested and called his attention to the other car, by then a rapidly diminishing perspective on the distant horizon, he answered: "But that's the sheriff's car, lady. They're chasing some motor bandits."

Elsie Cord.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

In her latest photo-play MARIE WALCAMP takes the part of a Chinese woman. So that her make-up shall be perfect she has enlisted the services of a Chinaman to dress her hair.

ANTONIO MORENO is the idol of all the girls at the studio. He is quite at home surrounded by this bevy of beauty, but who knows whether his story is true or not?

Mae Murray is a keen swimmer, and spent a good deal of her holiday in the water when she was at Palm Beach recently. Her husband is seen with her.

"I see you're back again!" EDITH ROBERTS, KODY LYONS, and LEE MORAN are so busy choosing location that they haven't even time to glance at the camera-man. They decided eventually that the spot was ideal for their requirements. It was here that their last photo-play was filmed, although I don't think you will recognise the spot in the picture.

HERBERT RAWLINSON, the daring cinema actor, is very friendly with Charles Stuart Blackton, with whom he plays in "Passers-By," the film adaptation of C. Haddon Chambers' novel.

"Oh, don't hurt him!" cries MARY CHARLESON, as HARRY CAREY holds up a pup for her inspection while he helped her to choose one. Their choice finally ended in an Irish terrier.
Real Crime Stories

EXPOSÈS OF FAMOUS DETECTIVE TOLD
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE PICTURE SHOW

HERBERT RAWLINSON,
who plays the part of Stephen Arnold—"Lightning"—on the screen.

WILLIAM J. FLYNN,
Chief of the United States Secret Service, New York City.

WHEN Thomas Donahue, the famous detective, was last seen in New York City, he drew a gun at Fulton Street employees, and shot at them. The gun-drawing was not unusual in that part of the city, and no one was surprised. But the gun-drawing was unusual in that it required considerable thought. Chief Flynn had been unable to point to a single clue that would lead detectives to the "dead line." A warning was sent out to all that crooks found below that point at any hour of the day or night, whether they went on peaceful purposes or not, would be arrested on sight.

And Byrne accepted his word. "Paper Collar too," the Fade-away Kid," "Texas Slim," and other gentry of the underworld, had to look on their faces below the "dead line" to break into good. Maybe Byrne exceeded his authority a little; perhaps his methods were a little ahead of his time, but he was successful in cutting that section of the city of crooks, so that after they once got on to the fact that the Inspector meant business, there was not a chance committed in that section for years.

For below Fulton Street commences the financial district where the wealth of the United States is centered. And the heart of this district is Wall Street, where a man is at one end and a river at the other. Byrrn's business was to protect that wealth. With his retreatment from office the "dead line" continued, and small fry of the profession, but the big men in the game respected the old police order.

With the outbreak of the war, and the influx of crooks to New York from all over the United States, came a change. Such men as "Johnny Hadfield" and Bank Robbery and other master minds of crookeddom had passed away. In their place had come the scum of the underworld, and these youthful desperadoes, who would take a chance at anything.

There were, too, those who figured that New York was―― and attending to its welfare to pay any particular attention to ordinary affairs of the day. This new outfit neither knew nor feared. Lightning ordered a change to the department. Hence there ensued a wave of crime in the financial district of the like of which had never been seen in Manhattan. Safe were blown open or cased boldly away in trains. Bank messenger's were held up by taxicabs and securities running into the millions disappeared.

Scarcely a day passed but what a crime of some sort occurred, as reference to newspapers will verify. Nor has it ended. The blousing of a man's face in the broad daylight and the attempted holding-up of two cashiers in crowded banks at busy hours are events of recent record.

As a result along in 1918 when the Government were forced to take a hand, government bonds were being stolen, raised and sold without great profit to the government behind the scheme. William J. Flynn, Chief of the United States Secret Service, received orders from Secretary of War to go after the gang and get them at no matter what cost. Not an easy job, and Flynn knew of only one man who was likely to be successful on a case of such magnitude. So he sent for Stephen Arnold, the cleverest detective who ever faced a crook, and whose familiar name of "Lightning" was known wherever the secret service existed.

Seating himself in a restaurant in the "Roaring Twenties" and ordering sandwiches, to which he felt his appetite was entitled, after a busy day in the environs of Wall Street, without striking a single scent that would put him on the trail of the Government bond thieves. It was a job that required a great deal of consideration. Chief Flynn had been unable to point to a single clue that would lead detectives to the "dead line." All the department knew was that the thefts continued with alarming regularity. In the night a safe would be "cracked," thousands of dollars in securities taken, and shortly afterwards they would turn up with the denominations raised. The usual method of the robbers was to rip out the combination with an acetylene torch, secure the bonds and make a get-away. Not young women left their husbands for some time, and although he was very busy, he decided a call on her might not be without profit, for she was evidently in the midst of things downtown, and might prove a big help in his present puzzling case.

About 12.25 the next afternoon, Lightning swung through the Wall Street crowds, jumming the street during the lunch hour, and paused across the street opposite the number given him by Ruth. In the few minutes he had to wait he sized up the building. It was one of the usual office structures, with which the district is honeycombed, and by consulting the crowds he made the night before, he found that the office to which he had been directed was on the fourth floor.

In the minute that Ruth had told him to call, Lightning entered the building and ascended by the lift to the third floor. There was a large office with the number he had been given on it. On the glass of the door was the name "Allen Joyce—Secretary." Lightning entered without knocking, and found himself in the outer office of what looked like an expensive suite.

This was the office, as he was about to go into the inner office, Ruth entered and stopped him.

"What I have to say to you must be said quickly," she said. "Joyce goes to lunch every day at exactly this hour, but does not stay long. She thinks it's all the mystery? Lightning inquired.

The girl seated herself on a desk. "Mr. Allen," she said, "there is something very peculiar going on here. I called you up twice, but was informed you were out of town. Six weeks ago I found myself in answer to an advertisement. Joyce—that's the boss—asked me many questions before he engaged me. He is the man you saw me with last night."

"Looks like a crook," Lightning interruped.

"That's just it—I believe he is," the girl returned. "Anyway, he pretends to deal in bonds, and that safe," opening the door to the inner office she pointed to a large strong box, "is full of them. And so far as I know he, Joyce, has never seen a customer, but that box is always full of bonds. Where he gets them from I don't know."

"Does he keep any books?" Lightning asked.

"Not a book, and I don't do enough work to keep any," the girl replied.

"Just what do you do?" Lightning inquired.

"Secretary" said Ruth, "my principal business seems to be keeping the boss from eating out to dinner. I have stood for it, because I believe in something called 'frugality.' Not that I am just curious enough to want to find out what it is.

While the girl had been talking, Lightning had been thinking. The bosses interested him. He got the combination to the safe! he asked. "I'd like to take a look at the securities." The girl ordered a man to be sent up. The box is always locked, and no one but Joyce is ever permitted to open it. If he ever does sell any bonds, a record was never made of it.

In a flash the girl turned and faced Lightning. He started to get up to go to her, but his companion, Mrs. Joyce, had caught him a clue to the state of affairs between Ruth and her companion.

The girl chatted breezily, and the man listened patiently. Lightning grew more and more interested that might pass for a smile, to fester over his face.

Lightning saw the man call a waiter and handed him a five and ordered him to serve it. In the annals of crime it is recorded that all crooks have criminal appetites. They are given to lavish and extravagant spending, and the strength of the psychological fact, and again Lightning took notice.

While the waiter was gone to bring the desert, the man excused himself to his companion and strode in the direction of the bar. In a flash the girl turned and faced Lightning. He started to get up to go to her, but she motioned for him to remain where he was.

"See you tomorrow at 12.30, at Room—" No. —, Wall Street at 12.30, she called softly. "Be sure and make the call.

At 12.30. And above all, don't telephone in.
"Anything else particularly that gives you grounds for suspicions?" Lightning inquired.

"Yes, one thing," the girl replied. "Several times I have been sent to a house in Madison Avenue to take a package to a man named Leete. Luckily I have been in the lady's house, but never alone with a butler. Very wealthy, I understand."

"Maybe the package contained bonds," Lightning suggested.

"If it did," Ruth replied, "I never paid for them. And once when I was up there, Joe Keana in a who was mixed up in the M. F. K. case, came out just as I went in. Keana has been in here a couple of times, too."

"No, I don't believe he did," Lightning remarked. "Joyce ever work down here at night?"

"Not that I know of. We both generally leave here, like ten o'clock in the morning. I am always here first."

Lightning studied over and examined the safe. It was an armoured plate affair, bullet proof, with a heavy combination.

"What do you make of it all?" Ruth asked, as she crossed to him.

"Nothing yet, but I would like to get into that box," Tell you what— you stay here and play up to Joyce. Go out with him whenever he asks you. Watch everything that goes on here, and observe every man he speaks to either in the office or out. I have just thought of something. Let me hear from you in a couple of days."

"All right, Mr. Arnold," Ruth said. "Joyce's one way. She is a very rougher than better. I think I can hold his attention," she added dementedly.

"If you can't, nobody can!" Lightning laughed.

Going to the window, he gazed out and saw that a fire escape led to the ground. The office was in the rear, and there was a large space between the building in which it was located and the nearest building. Lightning turned and went to the floor below. Almost directly beneath Joyce's office he found an empty room. A half hour later five o'clock. He gets into about ten o'clock in the morning. he

The Midnight Visitors.

For almost a week Ruth heard nothing from Lightning, and during the interim she did her best to encourage the attentions of Joyce, who let no opportunity pass to show his interest in the girl. Almost every evening they had dinner together, and several times he sent out for food, and they ate their luncheon together in the office. There were no visitors, and, so far as Ruth knew, Joyce had no friends and very few acquaintances. Nothing whatever occurred to further arouse the girl's suspicions.

Then, one noon, as Ruth passed out to her luncheon, she encountered Lightning in the lift. He gave no sign of recognition. As she reached the street and stopped at the corner,

the detective came up and stood beside her to light a cigarette.

"Don't be surprised at anything you find in your office in the morning," he said, and passed on. At one that night the clock in the steeple of Old Trinity started to boom the time. Suddenly had the deep tones resounded over the quietness of the district than every clock in that section of the city that had bells began to strike the waking hour.

On the last stroke two figures crept from an office, and ascended the fire escape leading to Joyce's place of business. One of them carried a wire that led from the window of the second floor. The other was burdened with a burglar's "jimmy," and an implement that looked like a painter's torch, but was not.

Quickly the first man applied the "jimmy" and raised the window. Lowering his tools, he stepped inside, and reached for the wires, which he drew into the room. The second man followed him through the window.

"Don't strike a light, Jim," the first man cautioned. "It might attract attention. We'll have to depend on our flashes." It was the voice of Lightning.

"I guess I can find the telephone all right." Jim replied, directing the rays from his flash toward the desk.

Crossing to the safe, Lightning, by the aid of his "jimmy," had opened the combination. Then he drew two pairs of rubber gloves from his pocket, and handed one pair to Jim. Picking up a wire fitted with a screw attached to the torch, he fastened it into the socket of an electric lamp. A turn of another screw on the torch, and it sparked a flame that lit up the room and cast their shadows on the wall.

"Hurry up with those wires," Lightning ordered, and at the same time applied the flame to the area around the safe's combination.

The flame bit into the steel, and cut it as a hot knife would butter. Drawing a square around the combination, Lightning played the torch, following the lines he had marked out. Jim, quickly cut in on Joyce's telephone, ran the wires under the rag and out the window.

As he finished, Lightning extinguished the torch, and, with a blow from a hammer, pressed in the square of steel carrying the combination with it. The next instant and the safe door swung open. With the aid of his flash, Lightning examined the contents. There were several piles of bonds, which he removed, and bundles of papers which he found of no interest, and discarded after a quick perusal.

But one long, blank envelope, sealed with red wax, attracted his attention. This he opened, disclosing a page from the record of the Federal Prison in Atlanta. It contained a front face and profile photographs of a man, and the record stated between January and ten years, for forging United States Government bonds.

At the bottom was written the word "escaped."
After Ruth left, Joyce seized the phone. On the tangled wire in the office, he heard, "Lightning has had the wire cut."

"This is Joyce," he said excitedly. "My safe has been broken into—everything is gone!"

"Why, Joyce?" he asked, on the phone. "Who the devil..."

"No, I have that. You'd better come down here."

"All right. I'll be down as soon as I can."

As Joyce hung up the phone, Ruth entered with a black bag in his hand. "Where's Joyce?"

"Look," she said, "We were not the only ones robbed last night."

Joyce had written lines and glanced at the headline. He read:

ANOTHER BIG BOND ROBBERY.
Wall Street Alarmed as Safe Blowing Continues.
$30,000 Stolen from Griffin & Company.

A man opened the door and entered the office. He was rather young, rough-looking, and glanced at Ruth. Joyce motioned for her to leave. The man reached in his pocket, and brought out a package wrapped in newspaper.

"Why did you come here?" Joyce asked angrily.

"I got the bonds over at Griffin's last night," he announced to Joyce.

"Yes, and while you were doing it someone came along and took the safe, and unwrapped the package, delivering a bundle of Government bonds.

"Sorry," Joyce said to the man, who was looking at the safe. "Things don't look just right."

"But safe don't, anyway," Joe grinned.

"I think we had better lay low for a while," Joyce suggested. "I'll get rid of these bonds at any old price.

Joe nodded, and, seating himself, began counting the securities.

About the same time, Lightning ascended the steps of a house in Upper Madison Avenue. It was the last house of the street, and was in keeping with its master's age and alleged philanthropy. In answer to a ring, an aged butler opened the door. Lightning handed him a card, and followed the man into a living room.

In the hall, the butler read the card which contained the securities. Joyce was in the room, disguised as "Mr. Charles Bayer." For a moment the butler stood hesitating. Then he ascended the stairs, and disappeared.

A few minutes later Hiram Latimer entered the living room, greeted Lightning, and insisted on the securities.

"I'll have a cheque from your pocket," it was drawn for $200 to the order of 'cash' and handed to the butler. Latimer, once in the living room, placed both hands on his shoulders, and regarded his cigar with apparently little interest. Lightning took the cheque and scrutinised it carefully.

"Never he finally said, "I gave this to my butler yesterday."

Lightning glanced at him quizzically.

"Did you phone Mr. Joyce to-day?"

"No," the butler answered, hesitating.

"Why—no," Latimer answered, hesitating.

"No. I haven't talked to Mr. Joyce for some time."

Then your butler did," Joyce said interestingly.

"What is it?"

"I'm Arnold, of the Secret Service," Lightning informed him. "I would like to talk to your butler.

Latimer nodded and left the room. Quickly he ascended the stairs. For a man of his age he was remarkably quick and alert. In an upper room he went to a telephone and called the office of Joyce.

"Arnold of the Secret Service is here," Lightning informed him. "Look it up, Latimer."

"My card!" Joyce replied. "I gave him no card."

"Then he must have been in your office before you," Latimer warned. "As soon as he goes I'll have my man after him."

On returning to the living room, Latimer informed Lightning the butler could not be found.

"Have you looked in his room?" the detective asked.

"Come on!"

The two ascended the stairs and entered the room of the butler, but it was empty. Neither could he be found after thorough search of the room. Lightning then said, "If that your butler is implicated in this burglary."

"It is certain, Mr. Latimer," Lightning informed him. "And as far as I can make out, that your butler is implicated in this burglary."

"I can't believe it!" the old man replied. "I've known him for years!"

"Nevertheless," Lightning informed him at the front door, "he is in it in some way. If he returns, please detain him."

The Fatal Message.

WHEN Joyce hung up he was very much excited. He had heard his telephone, and had seen two men get into a car, and drive away. One of them was Joe, and the other was Hiram Latimer. Lightning was at the office, and had left a message with Joyce. Joyce took the message, and then telephoned to Lightning, who informed him:

"This is Joyce," he said. "I'll be there in a minute."

"Bring it down to me as soon as you get back."

Joyce was on the telephone when the butler entered the office. He had left his card, and was going to continue his conversation with Joyce.

"What do you mean?" Joyce asked.

"Wait a little while and perhaps you will see," Lightning answered.

"What is it that you think do Joyce?"

"I must insist upon seeing you."

"The way I figure it is that Latimer or Lightning, or one of a gang of Bunglers, have stolen a five-year-old bundle. Latimer escaped the early part of this year, and evidently had enough time, by some means, to get hold of the record, and held it over him, compelling Latimer to raise the bonds he had ordered Lightning to deliver. I am sure that the butler and—"

The telephone clicked three times. "Ruth's signal!"

Lightning ascended, and Joyce was about to follow him when the butler entered the office. He had left the room, and was going to continue his conversation with Joyce.

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REAL actresses are born, not made, and that is why Mary Odette is so perfect in her art. For almost before she could toddle she developed a passion for dancing. Her parents did not approve, but the desire to trip the light fantastic soon became so marked in the little one, that they eventually gave in to her wishes, and allowed her to receive tuition, with the result that at the age of ten Mary made her first appearance before the public.

Mary was a wonderful little fairy-like creature—in fact, she is now—and was always so happy in her childhood because she was always chosen to take the part of a fairy.

Soon she grew too big to take fairy parts, and then she decided to take lessons in acting. But quite soon the lure of the silent stage overcame her, and this elfin little person secured an engagement with the Ideal Film Company.

**A Real Fairy.**

MARY ODETTE says that she found it very difficult to get used to the continuous clicking of the machine at first, and that she missed the feeling, sympathetic audience that she had grown so accustomed to. But she soon forgot this in her enthusiasm of her part. For therein lay the charm and cleverness of Mary's acting. Some magic wand—perhaps that of the fairies she always represented in her childhood—transformed her into the part that she is playing, and right away her own personality is swamped in her role. It is as though she never was Mary Odette, but only little Florence Dombey, the down-trodden child in "Dombey and Son," or Caterina, the passion-swept heroine, in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," the part which was destined to place her in the forefront of her profession. Hence the extraordinary smelt-convincing character of her work. Hence its unadorned, sheer naturalness, and utter freedom from a single fake note.

Mary Odette possesses the facial power of expressing emotions—like the tempestuous and the subtle. She can be inexpressive and frenzied, the happy lover and the storm-driven woman transfigured on "desperate" reprieves.

Perhaps you remember Mary Odette's first appearance on the screen, when she took a part in "The Greatest Wish in the World," the film version of F. Temple Thurston's novel.

**A French Maid.**

The excitement and incident in film work so appeals to Mary that she says she does not wish to return to the legitimate stage. Swimming and tennis are this little actress's favorite recreations, although she is so busy at the studio that she has little time to devote to these sports.

Many of you will remember Mary Odette when she acted under the name of Odette Colombari. She decided, however, that the latter name was too difficult for the public, and changed it for its present simpler form.

Mary is a French girl, having been born in Dieppe seventeen years ago. Perhaps this accounts for her wonderful vivacity.

In "John Heriot's Wife."
FLICKERS FROM FILMLAND.
NEWS, NOTES, AND OPINIONS BY FRED K. ADAMS.

The Value of Art.

American producers have at last realised that their productions can be made far more artistic than they are at present. And with this object in view one company has engaged the services of Percy Stansfield, the successful artist, who has given up painting, and in future will devote himself entirely to motion pictures, and in particular "to apply his knowledge of artistic effect to the staging of pictures that will combine dramatic story with artistic charm." This is good news, and I understand that there is still hope that any enterprising company will employ someone with literary taste to translate the average film subtitle into the English language before productions are exhibited in this country.

Epigrammatic Titles.

This following epigrams appear as subtitles in a new film, entitled "Why Change Your Wife," in which the subjects of wives and husbands are severely handled:

Angels are often dead husbands, but husbands are seldom live angels. Wives know this, but they cannot seem to get used to it.

Molten lead poured on the skin is soothing compared to a wife's constant disapproval.

In real life if it isn't a woman it's generally a brick or a banana peel that changes a man's destiny.

A woman willingly gives up her husband's liberty when she marries him.

From the foregoing it would seem that more men had much to do with the preparation of these sub-titles.

Long Runs for Films.

If all the plans in connection with the new picture theatre which it is proposed to erect on the site of the Empire Theatre really mature, many novelties in film exploitation will be seen. It is proposed to build two cinemas, one to seat 4,000 people, and the second to have a capacity of about 5,000. The smaller theatre will be given over to super film productions, which, it is said, will enjoy long runs from one to six months. It remains to be proved how many films will "enjoy" runs of a month, much less six months. Much has been said about longer runs for films, but personally I do not believe that even "super" productions will attract audiences to any particular theatre for very long periods. Picture "seasons" have been tried in London on several occasions, but so far they have not been too successful.

Luxurious New Theatres.

Other innovations to be introduced at these new super cinemas are large foyers, which will assure ample protection for crowds waiting to purchase tickets in inclement weather. This idea, I am sure, will be appreciated by long-suffering picturegoers. There will also be what are described as "immense tea and soda grilles." The tea-rooms will be located in the basement, with entrances from the theatre foyers, and will be readily accessible either from within the theatre or from the street. The soda grille will accommodate 1,500 people, evidently in anticipation of prohibition. Furthermore, we are told that when one enters either theatre, they will be confronted with a scene of luxury and quiet splendour. Concealed lighting systems will be employed, and a new illumination project will make it possible for a patron to read the programme while the picture is being shown. The most interesting news, however, is that the new theatres, which are under Canadian control, will feature only British-made pictures.

Lessons We Learn From the Films.

It is not what a bare foot that irritates a woman; it is what she cannot say to him.

A woman never rests until she has got a husband, and a man never rests after he has got a wife.

There is no easier way in the world to lose a good name than to have it ingrained on the handle of an umbrella.

When a woman is able to make other women jealous she realises that she has not lived in vain.

Bank balances thrive better on wages than wagers.

The Week's Best Films.

The following is a list of the best photo-plays which are being released for exhibition at the cinemas during this week, and the names of the star artists:

Ballett . . . "Getting Mary Married"  Marion Davies.

WILLIAM FARNAM

The popular Fox star is the possessor of a wonderful home, high up in the Beverly Hills.

Robert Brunton, owner of the Brunton Studios in Hollywood, California.

A broad drive, with gorgeous palms and trees at either side, leads to the house itself. It looks cool and inviting.

Particularly palatial and beautiful is the house itself. It looks cool and inviting.
A comfortable chair, a good book, is Mahlon's idea of enjoyment.
MAHLON HAMILTON, the six-foot star of Stage and Screen, began his film career in the Pathé serial "The Hidden Hand." Since then he has appeared with Elsie Ferguson in "The Danger Mask," "The Death Dance," with Alice Brady in Kity Gordon productions, and as "Daddy Long Legs" with Mary Pickford. Mahlon has light brown hair and blue eyes. Is a lover of sports, and a reader of such writers as Robert Louis Stevenson, Balzac, etc. We are shortly to see him in a coming Goldwyn play entitled "Earthbound."

Three photographic studies of this popular player.

At home. A glimpse of Mahlon Hamilton in his palatial Hollywood house.
British Screen Players are in high favour as Film Villains. Three out of the First Six, and Two of these are Broadwest Players.


CAMERON CARR, the British Broadwest villain, is second with 5,644 votes.

CHARLES CLARY, Third with 4,623 votes.

GREGORY SCOTT, another British player of Broadwest fame, gets 3,994 votes.

GERALD AMES, the Hepworth picture player, gets 3,449 votes.

JACK HOLT, a handsome villain, is sixth with 2,693 votes.
BRITISH AUTHORS AND THE SCREEN

JESSE L. LASKY'S MISSION.

NOT so very long ago there appeared in the columns of this paper an account of the chat I had with Mr. Adolph Zukor, President of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, during his comparatively recent visit to England. Mr. Zukor has been referred to as "the man who put fame in famous"; in other words, he is, as everyone knows, the genius who originated, in 1912, the Famous Players Company. Having had the honour of meeting him, there still remained one other thing to do—to interview the gentleman who kindly supplied the Lasky half of one of the mightiest film corporations in the world, Mr. Jesse L. Lasky, vice-president of that far-reaching organization.

I am glad to say that the defect has now been made good, for almost as soon as Mr. Zukor returned to America, Mr. Lasky landed on these shores, and shortly after his arrival kindly gave an interview to the Picture Show.

A Romantic Career.

Mr. LASKY'S career has been as romantic as Mr. Zukor's, though in a different way. It has been flavoured with the romance attached to the days of the gold rush in Alaska, where he succeeded in reaching the city of Nome—then, indeed, a city of gold—in company with the 3,000 human invaders; it includes excursions into the diverse fields of journalism, music, and vaudeville enterprise—the last two bearing particularly brilliant results; but for us, at least, the most romantic incident in Mr. Lasky's history was his entrance into the motion picture field in 1914, when he formed the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, later amalgamating with, in 1916, with Famous Players, the combination becoming known as the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

A Message to British Authors.

Mr. Lasky came to this country with a message to the British authors, and it was upon the all-important subject of stories for the screen that he talked to me.

"The advancement of the screen has been enormous during the last few years," he remarked, "and in every artistic and technical way it has reached a very high point of efficiency and artistry—save in one respect. Stories are wanted. And by that I mean original stories. The adaptation of popular novels and plays for the screen has been very well in its way, although at times having disastrous results, but the day when these adaptations would satisfy the public is rapidly passing.

"What are wanted now are good stories by the best authors, written directly for the screen, and the object of my visit here is to endeavour to persuade the British author to think in screen terms, to conceive his story for the screen in the first place, rather than be satisfied with film adaptations of his works, after they have been published in book form. If he chooses to publish his story after it has been screened, well and good! Then—here Mr. Lasky smiled—"the mutilation, if mutilation there should be, will occur in the book, not in the film! Rather a reversal of things."

All the Work of the Author.

"A matter of fact," he continued, "what we want are detailed synopses from our authors, and one reason why we have opened our big new studio over here, at Islington, is to enable the British author to study film requirements first hand, and acquire a really practical knowledge of what is really needed. Every detail of the synopsis will then be his—not merely the idea, the theme of it, but the subtitles will be written by the author, in known language, and by no one else."

"May I know what result your visit has had so far, Mr. Lasky?"

"Certainly. Already we have Sir James Barrie, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and Mr. Edward Knoblock, writing directly for the screen, and I hope to announce the names of other celebrities equal to them before long."

Mr. Lasky then proceeded to outline the type of stories required for the screen.

"The screen," he said, "is not the place for the unhappy ending or the morbid play. Its object should be to uplift, not to cast down, and its gospel should be the gospel of cheerfulness. Remoulding the international character of its audiences, its appeal should be a universal one. The author, then, must direct his talents in the channels of happiness and romance, and towards all those beautiful aspects of life which appeal to every human being, whatever their creed or nationality."

Signs of the Times.

ROMANCE has been so closely allied with the past, as typified by the costume play or novel, that it seemed strange to hear Mr. Lasky adding, with great emphasis, that, though romances must be one of the chief ingredients of screen drama, costume plays are not wanted and are not popular—"strange till one heard his reason for this viewpoint."

"The average young man and woman doesn't get the same sense of romance from a drama of yesterday, as a picture dealing with the life of to-day," he averred. "Almost unconsciously they have formed the habit, while viewing a film, of putting themselves in the place of

JESSE L. LASKY.

the hero or heroine of the picture, and becoming the creatures of romance. But for them, as for all of us, to-day is a much more vivid thing than the day of yesterday. We are living in it—and therefore the drama which has its place in their own times is the one which means a lot to them, and by its appeal to the imagination and their sense of romance."

"To the average picturegoer there is far more romance in the modern pistol than ever there could be in the sword of the past."

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.
ETHEL CLAYTON as Carey Brent.

Panels would probably share the general opinion that escaped convicts were not nice people to have at one's house. As a matter of fact, Panels paid very little attention to Incelhie. Carey had noticed that since her father had been away her stepmother had been very worried. She attributed this to the pressure of Ralph Seward, a handsome but somewhat disdained man about town who had been calling at the Brents' almost every day since Peter Brent had gone on tour.

One afternoon when Carey entered the library suddenly, she found Panels and Ralph Seward very close together. The former had been having a quarrel. Carey could have sworn that she had heard him crying. On Seward's face was one of the perpetual, self-satisfied smiles that made Carey dislike him. And whenever he said, "What's the matter with you two? You look like a pair of caged monkeys!" Carey was able to tell by Mrs. Brent's answer that she was as well good cook and a smart business woman. Peter Brent, knowing that his father would catch the train, buried himself in his work.

"Hallo!" he said presently. "You'll be better excused, Carey. There's a noted ex-convict named Harry the Duke escaped from jail. He's supposed to be somewhere, but a motor-cab is just the thing that would appeal to an escaped convict.

"I should just love to meet a real convict, did," replied Carey. "But these things never happen, ever.

But the thing did happen to Carey Brent. On the return journey her ear ran into a glass that had been spread over the road. One of the tyres was badly punctured, and Carey put off on an overall suit, began to put on the spare tyre. When she looked up she saw a man in a cap and overalls looking at her with a hearty grin on his face.

Harry the Duke!: exclaimed Carey, in no way特别是的.

"Precisely!" replied the convict. "I put the glass on the road, for I was out of work. You see, it is rather important that I should get away right away. I have several ram running on me with guns and things."

"Then why don't you hang me up?" said Carey, not desiring to do anything so rude.

"Oh, no, I don't think I have a pick pocket to-day."

As they drove on Incelhie told Carey many things about his convict career, and introduced the expressions of a healthy excitement, and Carey, with her natural love of adventure, began to think that this might be the real thing. She was taken much to make her a burglar. When they reached the end of the road, they got out of the car.

"I think I will walk along the beach a little way. You might as well come. No one will run away with the car.

After walking some time Carey sat down on a rock and beckoned to Incelhie.

"Tell me some more stories," she said. "Did you never have any romantic adventures like they do in the books?"

"I had one with a baby son," said Incelhie. "She was very rich, and had a house in Fifth Avenue. I got in at night to fill her library, which was worth many thousands. When I got in her boudoir, through the window, I saw a lovely little girl in a blanket. She was very beautiful, and for the moment I hesitated. But then I thought of my own sweetie, and I went in. She sat there with one hand lying over the arm of the chair. The jewels were in a glass on the floor and she was ready to hit me with her hands."

"I knew I was running a frightful risk, but even though I was scared I couldn't turn back."

"How awfully interesting! And, Incelhie," said Carey.

"Well, I crept nearer and nearer, and then went down on one knee like this."

"Incelhie dropped on his knee by Carey's side, "I took hold of her just like this, miss."

"And at that moment, I went on hurriedly, as Incelhie began to start her number one tape, I could see it was all up with me unless I acted quickly. In a flash my plans were laid. Just as she was opening her eyes I seized her in my arms and kissed her."
THE EXPRESSIONS OF ROBERT MCKIM
(Special to the "Picture Show")

ROBERT MCKIM.
The Wickedst Man on the Screen.

ROBERT McKIM, the villain who has probably, on the screen, ruined more homes and broken more hearts than any other man, used to be an advertising salesman. It was in 1915 that Robert first heard the call of the clicking shutter, and started appearing in pictures. His first part was Dr. Harley in "The Disciple," with Bill Hart. He scored a great success in that part, and has been playing heavy roles ever since with increasing success.

He is undoubtedly one of the most convincing portayers of suave villain roles known to the screen.

"I like to play such characterizations," he candidly confesses.

A Fine Singer.

ROBERT McKIM really owes his introduction to the films to his big baritone voice. He used to sing as a soloist in a San Francisco church. Someone who heard him sought an introduction to him, and on seeing him was convinced that Robert's personality would make him a footlight favourite. This prophecy has proved correct. His subtle, sneering smile, and his narrowed eyes, send a cold shiver all over one.

But in spite of his success as a screen villain, Robert is a jolly good fellow out of the studio, and popular with everybody.

This handsome and "dangerous" young man is just over six feet in height, with black hair and brown eyes. He is a native of California, and was born in San Jacinto. He was educated in the San Francisco Public Schools, and he made his first appearance before the public from the stage at the Alcazar Theatre.

On the screen Robert McKim has supported, in addition to William S. Hart, Dorothy Dalton, Charles Ray, Enid Bennett, and many others. He has always been the heavy villain.

One of the latest productions in which he appears is "The Woman in Room Thirteen," which stars Pauline Frederick. He does so many mean things in this that picture-goers cannot refrain from involuntary hisses.

But Robert McKim doesn't mind much, for he is so far away that he can't hear them. Still, if these picture-goers met him face to face they would be sure to like him.

A Wonderful Power of Expression.

ROBERT is married, and his wife is named Dorcas Matthews. She also plays villainous characters, yet in real life they are the happiest and most lovable couple in the world.

Robert leaves his wicked eyes and that tantalising, sarcastic smile of his at the studio, and when he is at home it is replaced by a hearty boyish laugh, which is irresistibly contagious.

Bob's mother was once watching a picture in which he was the meanest kind of a mean villain, and a man sitting next to the old lady kept commenting on this. The mother could stand it no longer, and presently, leaning over to him, she said, in a sweet, broken voice:

"I beg your pardon, but he's not really bad like that. He's my baby boy."

McKim has a wonderful power of expression in his eyes. He is able to hold the entire scene by a slow, deliberate glance of the eyes.

"The eyes and the mouth can convey a world of meaning by their expressions," said Robert on a recent occasion. "I try to see the character I am portraying, and I think of just how rascally and mean that man would be in these circumstances. One must suppress his own individuality and lose himself in the role to succeed in presenting these emotions so clearly that there is no chance of the spectators mistaking the real significance.

"A villain is usually the centre of a lot of thrilling situations, and there is opportunity for good work; but, believe me, it has been a long, hard grind to become the meanest man in the world."

His mother said to him the other day that it was hard enough to have him bad in every picture, but she wished she didn't have to attend his funeral in each one.

This, of course, is the natural end of every screen villain. He always pays the price at the end of the last reel.
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS tells you the secret of his Happiness. Try it now, advises Doug.

ENERGY is like steam—it cannot be generated under the bung. In other words, half-hardiness never produced it, nor made it a practical working tool. We must work to get energy. We must exercise. We must make up our minds that we must have confidence along with it—the more the merrier. The greater the confidence in ourselves the greater the energy which brought it about. Some minds naturally feel confident. These are the lucky ones, the slender few who have grasped life's meaning at the start by "taking stock" before they were threatened with defeat. Success comes to them as easily as rolling off the proverbial log. They have sweeping along, conquering, sure of themselves, confident. They are ready for work, unafraid of experiences, and sure of a smile when the clouds are darkest.

TODAY does not mean that these successes have exceptional ability. If that were the case, we would out in mere reading, or writing about the matter. If we didn't feel that we were potentially able to become successes and prove that it is possible in our present make-up, not another moment would be spent on the subject. The very simplicity of this ease of energy proves to me that it is the same quality bubbling forth in the least of us and the strongest. It only needs to be put to work and it begins to reveal itself in the open air, stepping out of doors, taking the proper exercises, looking wholesome upon life, believing in ourselves, having confidence, taking a chance, and following the lead which success leads to and laughter.

WE ought to feel that everything in life possesses elements akin to human feeling. We should not arrogate to ourselves the sole right to rule and reason. And what has this to do with energy? It is only one of the many visits that open to us when we learn to have Faith in ourselves. It is the conviction that we were created to live, to work, to learn. It is to be regarded as a trust left that immutably crowned soul searching like a third rate crank.

"Did you ever hear," gasped Carey. "I thought you had been captured."

I came here to get some letters, and I got them," answered Carey.

As he uttered the words Seward rushed to his bed and seized his crutches. He pulled out a bundle of letters Inelchelle tore them from his hand and flung them to the floor. Inelchelle had returned.

"Thank these to whom they belong, Miss Brent, and leave me to deal with this crumpled," she said. "I thought your nose would find the hiding-place."

The moment the girl was out of the room Inelchelle turned to Carey.

"I'm going to give you the hiding of your life," she said.

And he did. Even Inelchelle was satisfied with his words, though last he threw the car from him and went downstairs.

Inelchelle got his car out and drove back to the house and pulled down the windows.

"Please let me thank you for what you did," she said. "No one knows. Even I don't know. You have shown me a trick you can do. Now I want to be able to do what that other girl did."

"For your sake I intend to stay," replied the chauffeur. "I have to confess my dejection now. I am not half as bold, and I have never been in prison. My name is Paul Sayre. I am a stockbroker, and my life did seem to mean nothing. I was only a 

Dough, gives us more good advice next week!
THE LETTERS OF MARY

The Struggles of Betty Compson—Her Chance—Robert Harron at Home—An Affectionate and Happy Family.

6210, Franklin Avenue, Hollywood, California.

MY DEAR FAY,—Picture Show looked so good to me when it came this morning it made me horribly homesick. So in spite of all these jolly good times, I am truly glad we shall be ‘on our way’!

Yet I would not have missed this week for anything. We met Betty Compson, long ago at a dance. Then Thursday morning, early, we met her again, riding far up Laurel Canyon. She wore the most becoming smart habit, tan, and a white panama with polka-dotted dark-blue scarf. And how she can ride. She invited us to come for breakfast with her on Sunday morning, ‘late, for that is my lazy morning.’ So we went at ten.

We found her in an absolutely perfect little white cement bungalow, in the hills, where she lives with her sweet little mother, to whom she is devoted. She was wearing a marvellous embroidered (from Japan) kimono, in tones of blue and pink, that made her big grey eyes look blue. Never have I seen more lustrous, gorgeous hair. Ropes and ropes of it, brown, with a

Other and generous. We bumped with Billy, her Airsdale, and fed her little koo birds and canary. But the best of all was when she played for us softly on her violin.

‘Ah!’ she sighed, ‘what haven’t The Miracle Man meant to me. Such a wonderful role, and for me to get it, after so many hard years. No one could play such a part as that radiant Rose, under such wonderful direction, without carrying it’s impress through life.

‘Wasn’t Mr. Meighen splendid, as Burke?’ she added, generously.

So then and there I told her what had happened to me the week before, and you’ll love to hear about it too.

A Mother’s Anguish.

You see, Robert Harron’s sisters, Mary and Agnes, who live in the street below us, on Vine, have been perfectly rapping good friends of ours ever since we came. That day their mother (a perfect dear) took us down to a matinee in Los Angeles, and to dinner at Hugo’s. Madeline and Edna stayed at home. When we returned, after eleven, they were gone, and the car, too. Mrs. Harron was terribly upset, ‘Why, whatever can Madeline be doing?’ she fretted. ‘She has never in her life done such a thing, their dinner isn’t touched, and their best dressing gown, too. And in this rain! Whatever, whatever!’

We were upstairs, the doorbell rang, Agnes slipped down to the door, and we heard her whisper:

‘You’ll kill your mother!’

Then Mrs. Harron was on the steps, paralysed with surprise, she cried, ‘Good Heavens! I know you! I know you! Bob!’

And there stood Robert Harron, and the girls.

‘All’s Well’—

He had slipped home from New York to surprise them. The Meighans were coming to Los Angeles, and they dared him to come along. At first he only fooled them, but finally he decided to come. Never before had he failed to win his mother, and he worried himself thin all the way out.

When he found his mother and father both away, he phoned the Meighans, and they begged him to bring Madeline and Edna over for dinner at their house. Then they phoned Jack Pickford that they (Meighans) had just got in, and for him to hurry over. Jack could not come for dinner, but said he’d hurry along. While they still sat round the table, after dessert somebody whistled gaily outside.

‘Jack,’ whispered Bob, and he hid behind a door. Presently somebody tapped on the dining-room window, tap, tap, ‘Hello people!’ for that is Jack’s way, and he

Betty Compson has one weakness—and that is late breakfast on a Sunday morning.

Hard Times.

For quite a while, in Salt Lake City, she played the violin in a little theatre orchestra; she was just fourteen. One day, she had a chance to fill in on the program, and she made up as a ragged young violinist. She did well enough to get an engagement in a Pacific Coast vaudeville circuit, and then Christy put her into comedy pictures. She hung on there for five years, hoping for her ‘big chance,’ and then it came when she least expected it.

You have probably heard the story of how Director Tucker selected Betty Compson for the part of Rose. Even his own actors knew him as Mr. Tucker took more than one actress into consideration: one in particular lost the chance blue eyes look blue. He talked to Miss Compson on Christmas Eve, after she had worked all day and was desperately tired, so tired that she was just perfectly natural. And he found her sweet, gentle, and sensitive to suggestion.

She is sweet, soft-voiced, considerate of

Mae Marsh is a very clever sculptor, and models wonderful little figures in her spare time.

Here is a photograph of Robert Harron that was taken specially for the ‘Picture Show.’ He is a member of a most affectionate family.

Betty came in. Then, in about a minute, out stepped Bob. ‘Bob!’ yelled Jack, surprised, and they just hugged each other and danced around the room.

We phoned mother to let us stay all night, there was so much to talk about, and Bob told all about the new studio, Griffith, and everybody. He said all were delighted in the East, except Dorothy Gish, she likes California best.

A Wonderful Ending.

Next morning, after breakfast, we piled into their car, and drove out in Wilshire, to surprise Mr. John Harron. About a street away, Bob got out, and we drove on. We stood talking, just to give Bob a chance, and my! I wish you could have seen his father’s face when Bob stepped up and held out his hand.

What a happy, affectionate family they all are, and how they adore Bob. No wonder he adores his family, and Jack Pickford, and Tom Meighan, and Mr. Meighan says wonderful things about Bob. For that matter it is mutual. Such a huge box of flowers he sent Mrs. Harron, next day, with a card that said he could never fittingly express to her his appreciation of Bob and his friendship. Small wonder his mother’s Irish blue eyes dance when she tells of Bob’s surprise visit.

Now isn’t this a gorgeous ending for a glorious stay in wonderful California? Expect to see me soon now.

Always your devoted

Mary.
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IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

Protecting the Eyes in the Summer—A Simple Eye-Wash—Thoughtless Habits—The Picture Girl’s Smart Skirt.

If there is one time when the eyes are more severely taxed than at any other it is during the lingering days of summer. Free from the whirl of business or social affairs, the fair holiday-maker grasps the long-looking opportunity to change her love for reading or delicate embroidery.

Quite generally she reads while reclining in a comfortable chair under the trees, or stretched at full length on the sands. "It tires my eyes to read in the heat," any- one who is in the habit of reading, "but it’s my holiday, and I want to spend it as I like best.

There is certainly no harm whatever in indulging in reading in a recumbent position if the head is well bolstered up, and too many hours kept the windows open to the pastime.

And it should be borne in mind that to read in strong sunlight is merely asking for strained eyes and headaches. Of course in the country it is easy to get in the shade of the trees. But this is not so easy a matter on a long, straight stretch of sand. However, the brightness can be avoided by sitting close to a bathing machine. Falling this, a sunshade will form the necessary shield.

If the rays of the sun are not too glaring, you will be able to read quite comfortably as long as you use some cushion over your left shoulder on to the book. Nothing is more fatiguing, or injurious to these tender organs than to use them when a strong light is pouring into them.

The habit of reading in the laxy half-light is another practice that should be curbed.

Rest the Eyes Well.

If the holiday-maker to rest her eyes during the day as well as the lady.

In the first place, make a point of sleeping so that the sun does not shine full upon you in the early morning. In fact, it pays to have a dark blind to your window, and even although you keep the windows open to the pastime, you should have the blind drawn fairly low over-night, so that the sun cannot penetrate, and so save your eyes from the eye-bath given so frequently.

There have the idea that it helps the eyes to give them an eye-bath the first thing every morning with tepid water. This is not at all necessary unless the eyes are naturally weak. Then, and then only, should the eye-bath be given so frequently.

To Relieve Burning Feeling.

AFTER an all-day motor ride, or a long tramp, the burned, dry feeling of the eyes can be relieved considerably by dropping a weak solution of boracic acid—one powder to thirty parts water—into the eyes. This is easily accomplished by pulling down the lower lid to form a little socket.

Fill the eye-bath with the lotion, and fit it to the eye; then close the head back, and open the eyes ten or twelve times. Before applying the lotion to the other eye, the contents should be emptied and the bath rinsed out before being filled with fresh lotion. To use the same lotion for more than one person is a great mistake, for by this means a slight cold or inflammation in one eye can be conveyed to the other.

If the lids smart and burn, you should rub a little camphor on the lids.

Dilated and俳 spinal for allaying any irritation.

Thin cold water should never be used for bathing the eye, unless a pinch of salt has been added to the water.

It is essential that all traces of dust should be removed after motoring, and the tired muscles be refreshed with an eye-wash. To neglect this not only damns the eyes, but it damages the sight. If it is removed, weakens the laces and causes them to fall out.

A Restful Colour.

ONE of the most sensible fashions of summer is the fancy for lining hats and parasols with a restful colour that will compare with the shade of green for this purpose. This throws a wonderfully restful light on the eyes, and relieves them from the merciless glare of the summer sun. All kinds of sunshades can be had with a lining of green, perhaps the most becoming being the one of Shamrock.

How often do we get a bit of sand or dust in the eye on a windy day, and find the greatest difficulty in getting it out—and causing much irritation to this tender organ in the operation? Here is the most effective method. Look up while someone else pulls down the lower lid gently.

Failing to find it there, the patient should look far down at the floor, while the person rendering aid pulls down the lid quickly, but not harshly, and turns it back by the lashes with the other hand. It is looking steadily down or down that makes this assistance effective.

The end of a perfectly clean handkerchief, or a piece of cotton-wool that has been slightly dampened, should be used to brush away the offending object. A handkerchief that has been used for any other purpose should never be used for the eyes.

More Thoughtlessness.

QUIET, thoughtless little things often cause permanent injury to the eyes, and cause one to have to don glasses. The practice of reading or exercising in motion is a very harmful; it is an added strain upon the eyes, the jumping being rendered more difficult by the jarring movement. Reading through a veil is another stupid pastime.

It is most tempting to read in bed, and a very much indulged in habit among most folk. But here again the poor eyes are made heel-lossy to suffer. The muscles and nerves are strained, and often a headache presents itself first thing in the morning as a rebuke from Nature for violating her laws.

Expression and brilliancy of the eyes are a sure sign sought after by most girls, as they are so beneficial to a nice appearance. The girl with a beady, lifeless eye is the earliest case of her health will not find her eyes either dull or listless.

The Picture Girl’s Skirt.

THERE is a decidedly smart appearance about the newest cut of made-to-measure materials, and made up as skirts they are ideal wear for sports. Such a fabric appeals to the Picture Girl, and she has chosen the combination of grey, mauve, and purple in her design. But instead of being cut in the usual plain straight fashion, she has ordered the strips to be cut in the manner of the salem, and thus form capacious pockets. This charming skirt is high-waisted, and measures about one and a half yards at the hem.

You can obtain a pattern of the skirt in the size of actual waist sizes, for one shilling (P.O. made payable to The Picture Show) from the Literature Sales Dept., 213, Regent Street, London, W.1.
THE HOPE DIAMOND

The Hope Diamond is known to be a tragic possession, bringing in its train disaster and trouble. The story goes that years ago the Blue Diamond was one of the two eyes belonging to a gem in a temple at Burma. The temple was besieged, the diamond being among the gems stolen. This priceless stone changed hands many times, and, without exception, every owner of the jewel died within a sudden or terrible death. The story of its mystery is now to be filmed, and Grace Darmond, who takes the leading part in the film, tells of her interview with May Yohe, who once owned the fateful stone.

The name of May Yohe always meant a lot to me. It inevitably brought to my imagination old-turreted castles from Merry England, the English Derby, and of the time when May Yohe was the wife of Lord Francis Hope. I visualised May Yohe residing in some mansion or other, in the shadow of the Pacific ocean, with butlers and housemaids, and flunkies, and golf courses, and — and everything. Then —

"Can you direct me to the mansion of May Yohe?"

I asked the Postmaster at San Pedro Harbour, California.

"Er — mansion? You mean Mr. John Santus' house, right around the corner?" And up Postmaster eyed me curiously.

Just around the corner, and no mansion! A weehouse half-buried in honeysuckle nestled by the roadside, and a pretty woman stood in the gateway. I stepped my motor.

"The May Yohe mansion, Mr. John Santus' house, can you direct me to it?"

"I am May Yohe, and this is my mansion. Come right in, my dear!"

Just think of it! May Yohe, the toast of London town, the belle of two continents, the girl with pearls and pantaloon at her feet, and who wore the famous Hope Diamond valued at $50,000. This wee cottage amidst honeysuckle and roses was her "mansion." It is indeed a queer old world after all!

A Delightful Day.

I NEVER spent a more pleasant day. Captain Santus, who is a relative of General Smuts, and who carries three bullets in his body as a result of war service, came home early from the shipyards where he works.

"John works every day in the shipyards, I hope he can quit it soon for someone is always getting hurt at the works," said May.

Then Captain Santus came in and was introduced. A fine, upstanding sort of Englishman. And he turned the music on, and May played "Honey, my Honey" on the piano. Her touch is divine!

Then nothing would do but that I go with the captain and May out in the back yard to see the rabbits. They have a dozen rabbits, all pets, and May has a name for each one. Her favourite she calls "Pussyfoot Johnson."

"I couldn't kill any of them, you know. They like me and I like them. We like each other, don't we, John?"

Then Captain Santus smiled into the brown eyes of his wife, and she smiled back. They are very, very happy.

"Now, my dear, tell them that I am a good housekeeper."

We were in the kitchen, which also serves as a dining room, and we sat around a little table where May poured some wonderful tea, and we had bread and butter, home-made cake, and strawberries and cream. I never tasted anything better in my life!

Her Secret.

NEARLY forgot the wonderful salad we had. It was made by May from lettuce, radishes and onion, she planted and cultivated in her own little garden.

"I'm going to tell you a secret, Miss Darmond," said May Yohe, as we rose from the kitchen table.

"I wrote the story of the Hope diamond for a purpose. I mean some day to return to England. I love that old country where I have many, many friends. With the money I earn, I am going to show them that May Yohe is alive, happy and prosperous."

There was a flash of the old, proud spirit as she said it.

I have played my very best in the Hope Diamond Mystery serial, played my very best for May Yohe's sake, if for nothing else. I am glad to be associated with her, both as to the story and in the scenes where she appears, and I believe the serial will do what May Yohe so keenly longs for, be the means of returning her to Old England where, with Captain John Santus, her beloved husband, she will prove to her old friends that "May Yohe is alive, happy and prosperous."
Hers Crowned Glory

In these days of fancy dress balls, the woman with beautiful hair scores heavily over her less fortunate, or less careful, sister. A chance to let down her hair often reveals unsuspected beauties in

A Comparatively Plain Woman

How often one hears it, "I never thought X. was pretty till I saw her hair down." And every woman knows the Secret Satisfaction of having a gift which, though not always displayed to its fullest extent, can be relied on to inspire surprised admiration when it is given a chance to appear. But beautiful hair is Not a Matter of Luck, it is a matter of incessant care, and still more, of the choice of a really good shampoo. Nothing makes the hair so brilliant, soft, and rippling, as shampooing it with a teaspoonful of stallax granules. It brings out unexpected lights in the dullest hair, and gives to naturally pretty hair an incomparable burnished sheen. Besides this, it is really good for the hair, and makes it delightfully crisp, wavy, and easy to do up, even directly after a Shampoo. Stallax Granules are stocked by every chemist in the United Kingdom.

FOOTING IN.

QUITE recently in America a film was produced which was hailed by the motion picture critics over there as a distinct novelty in film plays, although it is only fair to mention that the print for originally in this instance, was not prepared by my means. To our American cousins.

The picture in question is called "Unseen Feet," and in it the entire story is told by means of the artist's extremities only. From the moment to end there is not a face visible, or any other part, of those who enacted this remarkable charity. Even the familiar sub-title is gone. This in itself might well be regarded as a triumph, for in the ordinary photoplay, the artist is required to play the part of the same sort some months previously. Here, of course, the entire interpretation of the action is left to the feet, and by watching their boots it was easy to follow the romantic comedy of the two lovers and a scoundrel parent.

It would not be surprising if a few more attempts were made to give the screen pictures on the same lines. Once a novelty is produced there is always sure to be somebody who wants to copy it. Nevertheless, it is to be hoped that this particular idea will not lose its attractiveness by becoming common in its usage among producers, to whom it will make its chief appeal. At the same time it throws an interesting sidelight on the further possibilities of the motion picture in being able to show us, in the matters of fashion story, even our feet may prove quite interesting, and within amusing, provided we know how to use them.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

With readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue.

A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: "The Editor," "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farrington Street, London, E.C. 4.

B. B. (Tyldesley).—Eugene Navarro and M. Durtov in "The Four Shadows." In "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," Alice Joyce was Anne Wharton, and Perry Mafford was the poor tramp. I don't think you mean Perry Mafford. Sorry, I am unable to tell you where the film you mention was made, as I am not accustomied to "The Cup of Fury," "The Double Cross," "The Iron Heart," and "The Man's Life."

J. J. (Bournemouth).—The addresses of some of those you request have already been printed, but I shall keep your list by me for reference. Yes, Ford did play a dual role in "The Mystery of the Double Cross," taking the parts of Phil and Peter. "Eva (Epsom)."—Who is your nice actor? Bryant Washburn as "Lavish," or he who played in "The Gypsy Trail." Marguerite Marsh, Laurel's sister, is twenty-seven. Which reminds me, by the way, that the age of Jack Marsh's little girl should have been stated on this page recently as "is not two," instead of "is about two." Oh, my handwriting!

STYX (South Kensington).—Mollie King, Louis Bury, and Charles Gillingham in "The Mystery of the Double Cross." Funny thing you should ask me about Larry Semon. I've precisely what I have been wanting.

NILLIE (Faversham).—So you think I must be sugar-coated, oh, thou Ratafer, I believe William Faversham is his real name, and he was born in London. I will fix you. He is "Cape-price."

CHARLES (Cossett).—Come along, Charlie, and make off with yourself. You youngsters here born by three pretty girls, married to the most famous of them, are never to be troubled with me. Agnes Williams, Desmond, of course, is the only pretty girl married to Charles B. Young. His real name is Hallam Brodie.

HENRY (Southampton).—E. K. Lincoln was born in Johnson, Pa., on 8th of August, 1880. Flora Lincoln is half-inch shorter. Sylvia Chapman is 5 ft. 11 in., Art Accord is 6 ft. 1 in., and Hallam Cooker is exactly 6 ft. I shall get busy with my measuring tape so as to be ready for you next time.

1. M. New York. It should have been Harland T. Teeker. Kenneth Harris.—There is no "11" in his name, and it is "11." His next appearance was in "The Silent Mystery," but he is not one of the stars.

DORIS (Dulwich).—How's the old tub looking now? Don't tell me that someone has called for the rent last at yes. Chic in "The Silent Mystery" seems to have captivated a good many, and I believe he has gone.

SHERAL (Shrewsbury).—You are wrong. Carlisle.—I have heard so much about "A Romance about Two." Oh, my goodness! If you can't find any likeness between Vicky Dupa and Violet Hopps—What is it? Henry Edwards took the lead in "Nor is My God to Thee." Your best wishes for everybody connected with this paper have been thankfully received.

INTEREST (Walsall).—So Antonio Moreno on our plate looked quite attractive to you in the dress he wore. Rather a picturesque costume, though, don't you think? No, Walt Whitman and Alfred Whitman are two different actors, and the latter was born in Chicago thirty years ago. I am glad that you read "The Chief," but neither Einar Lincoln and E. K. Lincoln are the same. The answer, which is "is in the negative," as they say in Parliament, has been given here before times. "Dorie" (Hinckley).—You are wrong.

Doris, and as you say I answered some one else in your Yorkshire home with the same initials as yours, you can regard this as your own. There's more than your queries about Earl William, Tom Moore, and W. S. Hart are answered recently. No, it was Russell Simpson who took the male lead in "The Brand," and with him was Miss Edna Shaw.

NOSY PARKER (Leeds).—What a reputation you seem to have. No, Olive Thomas and Queenie Cochrane are not engaged to be married even now. By the way, Edna Swayne played a similar role in "Fighting for Gold."

K. J. (Philadelphia).—Your friends are a stranger to me, K. J. B., but let me explain this to you and other readers. When several ask questions about the same things, same compels me to answer those who come first, and repetition is not always possible, nor is it good. Therefore, read all the answers every week, and when the information you are wanting appears please accept it, even if you don't see your own initials or name-deagrams in print. Basil Gill was born on March 10th, 1887, and Emily Mariner was the heroine in "Tarzan of the Apes." The "Three Goddesses" I must try and trace, though I have heard them advertised as M. B. (Forest Gate).—Yes, Basil Gill is married. Marguerite Hanlon was "The Keeper of the Door," and Peggy Carlisle was fine, too.

(M. B., B.C.): You have to me for looking plaster in the form of information so that you and your friends who have suffered a difference of opinion may (Continued on page 22).

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Answers to Correspondents

not part for ever. Aren't a sack! has it become so serious as all that? I know that the mystery class.

If the producer will not reveal his secret how can I guess?

I fancy it must be a case of resemblance, as I don't think Dorothy Bullock ever had a child. She was born in Chicago, Illinois, and received her education in that city. After leaving school, she made her screen debut in a picture called, "Across the Atlantic," by the World Company.

It's a good-hearted sort, for she sends her photo to all who ask for it. According to Robert Arnold, he is thirty-five, six feet in height, with brown hair and blue eyes.

So you would likely travel five long weary miles in any sort of weather to see her. You are one your enthusiast. The Reason Why" and "The Road through the Dark" are just two pictures.

"MADUENESS" (Folk-people). Browsing in old newspapers, I notice you are after burying another load of perplexities. But I cannot assure you, though you have my respectful sympathy for Mrs. S. N. Hart in "Shane" and "Cowboy," it was Katherine MacDonald, Harry's first wife, was "The Furissa," and since "The Devil's Double," "Branding Broadway," and several others.

J. J. (Kirkfield). I, W. (Glasgow). W. H. L. (Toronto). The picture is not that one, as I hear the news. It was made known long ago that Pearl White had left Ponty for Fox, where she is now making a "Secret of the Storm Country," and has thirty-one. Either of the addresses given in this paper the "secret of the Storm Country," is "By Right of Purchase," "Ghost of Yesterday," "A Probation Wife," and "When a Woman Gives." Two more of Mary Anderson's films are: "The Flaming Omen," and "The New Woman," both released in 1880.

"DAY DREAMS" (Cassel's Brown). I am afraid your favourite must be one of the lesser rights, so far all my efforts to unearth anything about them have proved futile.

"Ono" (Nowton). Florence La Badie was killed in a motor accident. Among two of Sam Pollock's films are: "An Eye for an Eye" and A Man without a Shadow.

L. R. (Blackpool). Quite a number of readers have asked me for a list of their they have received photographs from Suewa Hayakawa and other stars whom they have written to through this column. Of course you must allow some time to elapse before you can expect a reply. Sesse's address which you give seems correct.

(Hint answers next week).

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

WHERE TO WRITE TO YOUR FAVOURITE FILM STAR—You are kindly invited not to ask for any addresses by post, owing to the large number of other queries that have to be answered. If you will once with any artist not named below, write your letter. Unless the name is on the envelope, and enclose it with a loose 2d. stamp to the Editor, "The Picture Show," 31, Fleetwood House, Harrington Street, London, E.C. and it will be forwarded the next day. If the letter weighs more than nine-tenths of an additional 6d. stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially dealt with by the Official Reply Service. Remember, when writing to artists, to give your full name and address, and also the county and city, and mention "The Picture Smith to ensure the safety of a reply. It must be understood, however, that we cannot guarantee that such letters will be replied to. Please keep these addresses for reference.

LARRY SEMON, e/o Vitagraph Studios, Los Angeles, California.


Anita Armand, e/o Universal Film Co., Universal City, California, U.S.A.

(More addresses next week).

BEND YOUR PICTURE SHOWS—Blue cloth binding cases made to hold the first and second sets of your postcards are being obtained, price 2s. 6d. post 3s., from the Publishers, "The Picture Show," 75, Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 1.

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Famous Readers of the"Picture Show." No. 30.—RUTH ROLAND.

BEAUTIFUL Ruth Roland is here seen reading her copy of the "Picture Show." She had just returned to the studio after a brief holiday when this photograph was taken, and on her return found two weeks issues of her favorite magazine. If you look carefully at her right hand, you will notice she is holding the second copy of the "Picture Show" ready so as to make herself quite up-to-date with the "Picture Show" news. By the way, Ruth Roland's life story is told in the "Boys Cinema " this week. It is out on Wednesday, price 2½.

All About Madge Titheradge.

KNOWING how interested you all are in California, the land of the cinema stars, Miss Madge Titheradge has been persuaded by the Editor to write her experiences of her visit out there. You will remember Miss Titheradge—now delighting Drury Lane audiences in "The Garden of Allah"—went with the Samuelson Film Company to Los Angeles to take a British photo-play in California setting. Miss Titheradge has some most interesting stories to tell—all the more interesting to us, as everything was new to her, just as new as it would be to you or me if we went out. Turn to page 9 and read the first of these real-life film experiences.

By the way, you can also see Miss Titheradge in a new photo-play Messrs. Granger have just released— "Gamblers All," in which she plays opposite another star of stage and screen, Owen Nares. The fascinating story version of this photo-play you will find on page 16.

"The Great Day" to be Filmed.

THE "Great Day," last year's Drury Lane melodrama, has been chosen for the first photo-play Famous-Lucky are producing over here. I hear that Arthur Bourchier will take the big part of Sir Jonathan Borthwick, the steel works owner; Miss Marjorie Hume the heroine, Miss Charles Stewart, and Mr. Bertram Burchell the young inventor, who is the hero of the play.

Marguerite Clark Coming Back.

A LETTER just to hand tells me that Marguerite Clark, who you will remember retired from the screen for a while when she was married a year ago, is to return. It is reported that she is asking 2,000 dollars a week for her services.

Bebe's Bad Luck.

POOR Bebe Daniels has had bad luck lately. As you know, she is just beginning on her first picture for the Realart Film Company. She is now in hospital, undergoing an operation to her face. Miss Daniels had some difficulty with a tooth, which affected both gums and cheek, with the result that an operation became imperative. A number of stitches had to be taken in her cheek, but, happily, it will not affect her looks.

Deserves His Title.

WARNER OLAND, who was voted the "worst" villain of the screen in our recent competition, is shortly to appear in another Pathé serial, entitled "The Third Eye."

When you watch Mr. Oland in this serial concealing his villainies, and see how sinister forbidding he appears, you will not wonder at the reputation he has as the "worst" villain of the screen.

Lessons as Well as Work.

THOSE of you who envy Mary Miles Minter listen to this.

When she recently started for Ukiah to take scenes for her coming picture, her tutor handed her a long list of "home lessons," and promised her a nice examination when she should return.

Owen Moore's Confession.

OWEN MOORE believes in keeping abreast of the times, so, of course, he had to be interested in the latest fashionable craze, and he went to a spiritualist meeting, with the result that he is now just as much in the dark as he was before he went, and while he was there.

I intended to be a regular sleuth on the job, and if there was any fake I was going to discover it," he said; "but there was a combination against me. The spirits were dilatory, the atmosphere warm, the chairs well upholstered, and darkness was over all. When I regained consciousness the lights were on, and the plate was being passed.

"I don't think," he concluded, "that I should make a very good spiritualist, anyway. One of the tenets of my creed is that the darkness was made to sleep in."

She Can Fight.

WE are to see Betty Hilburn playing opposite Maurice Costello in a coming Selznick photo-play, entitled "Wilderness Fever." They tell us that in one scene Betty and Maurice fight. Betty is only a slip of a girl, and everyone knows what Maurice is like. But in the Selznick Studio, they say they would all back Betty in a real fight.

At first in this picture Betty was inclined to be indelicate in her pugnacious bouts. "Fight him—fight him! Grab his hair! Don't let him get you!" came to her so frequently from the director that finally Betty got down to brass tacks. And after she really struck her gait the director changed his plan. Instead of urging her on he would call out: "Are you hurt, Costello? Are you hurt?"

Proof Positive.

ALICE HOLLISTER, whom we are to see in the Goldwyn version of "Milestones," claims that she was the first vampire of the screen. And to make her claim doubly strong, she says that the name of the photo-play was "The Vampire."

He Did Not Know.

MR. TALMADGE and daughter, Natalie, who have been visiting here, received a shock on their arrival in Paris when they learned that David Kirkland, who directed Constance Talmadge in a recent picture, had come "up against" the law.

RUBY DE REMER, as CRANE WILMER, whom we shall see in a coming play, you will remember as the heroine in "The Eye of Envy."

Mr. Kirkland came over a month before the Talmadges with a special camera to take photographs of certain famous historical spots, to later be used as a guide in the building of sets.

The director, however, was not aware that it was a very serious offence to take photographs of certain public places in France without a permit. Kirkland hired one of those picturesque open backs of Paris, set up his camera on it, and drove around from place to place taking pictures as he went.

All went well until he arrived at the Tomb of Napoleon and placed his picture-taking apparatus in position. Just as he was about to "shoot" a gentleman tapped him on the shoulder and placed him under arrest. The Talmadges, however, arrived in time to support the statements of the director that he knew nothing of the French laws governing photography, and that in America there were no such restrictions. Thus Mr. Kirkland escaped the bastille, and got off with a judicial reprimand.

£500 For a Scenarist.

WALTER WEST, the famous Broadway producer, tells me he wants original film stories, and is offering £500 for one.

An unconventional snapshot taken in Charles Ray's studio. From left to right you will recognize FLORENCE VIDOR, KING VIDOR, KATHERINE MACDONALD, CHARLES RAY, and ANITA STEWART.
"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 3)

He wished me to impress on readers that he does not want elaborate technical scenarios, but good narrative stories of not more than 6,000 words long. If you want to try, write for further information to—The Broadway Film Co., 175, Wardour Street, London, W.1.

Full of "Inefficiency." A JAPANESE admirer, asking Elaine Hanamura to send him an autographed copy of her photograph, concludes his letter with: "Please to send same at once, as my collection will be full of inefficiency until it is received at hand."

Her "Husband" Was Missing.

BESSIE LOVE tells me that among the letters she received was one from a Picture Show reader which referred to a picture of her and her husband together. Although Bessie has received scores of proposals of marriage from all parts of the globe, many of them couched in strange and wondrous terms, she is still fancy free.

The Picture Show reader has received her picture, but the "husband" is missing.

How Louise Lovely Began.

Do you know how Louise Lovely first entered pictures? It was because she lost her voice. She was appearing on the vaudeville stage, and had an important engagement in Los Angeles for a week. The day before she began she woke with a severe cold, and was unable to speak.

Her act required her to sing three songs, so on the Monday morning she had to write out her orders for breakfast, dinner and supper, and she had to provide a deputy for her turn.

The next day a picture producer offered her a position, and as her voice was not required, she began acting before the camera within twenty-four hours. We are shortly to see her with William Farnum in a new photo-play, entitled "The Joyous Trouble-makers."

By Request.

WILLIAM FARNUM has brown hair and brown eyes; Tom Mix, black hair and blue eyes; George Walsh, brown hair and brown eyes, as has also William Russell. This in answer to many queries received.

Your Answer Coming Soon.

PEARL WHITE has arrived back at the Fox studio, and tells me that for some weeks to come she will spend all her spare time answering her post bag. She prides herself on giving personal attention to her letters, and as she receives several hundred daily, you may well imagine the number that greeted her when she arrived back.

Jackie Saunders Back Again.

We are to see Jackie Saunders with William Farnum in a coming Fox play, at present entitled "The Scoundrels."

Jackie was born in 1892, and has been on the stage from an early age. She has appeared in many screen plays, and is the author of several film stories.

From Jack to Tom.

TOM MIX, as you know, has one of the best stables in the West, in which are housed some of the horses of the West. He has also the makings of one of the best kennels. Jack Dempsey, the world's champion heavyweight, has just presented him with three full-blooded Belgian police dogs.

Claire's Busman's Holiday.

CLARE ADAMS, who plays the part of Barbara in the new Goldwyn picture, "The Penalty," spends her spare time in theater shows. She attends a picture-theatre three or four times a week, and studies the film magazines for news of her favorite stars. The only regret she has in playing "Barbara" is that it does not give her a chance to wear any of the pretty summer frocks she recently purchased. "Barbara," she says, is a girl absorbed in an artistic career, and she wears an artist's linen smock the whole way through.

"A career is all right," sighs Miss Adams, "but I do like pretty clothes!"

However, Miss Adams is pretty enough to make even an artist's smock look alluring.

Fay Filmer.

Wanda is a Musician.

WANDA HAWLEY, the charming little type singer, who has recently become a Realart star in her own right, is an accomplished musician. As a matter of fact, the movies stole away from the concert stage. Miss Hawley received the greater part of her education at Seattle High School, and has always kept in touch with her school teachers and schoolmates. A short time ago she set the school song to music, and was so proud that her setting had been adopted, as she is of the bright gold star on her new dressing room. And the first vacation she gets, she says, she is going straight to Seattle to visit her old school, and hear the girls sing the song she composed for them in return for all that her own schoolmates have given her—a rich storehouse of happy memories.

Geraldines as Richard claire and Chrisse White as in the Heinzworth picture-play, "Pamphlet," has been shown on the screen character of Blanche Dazewski in the same photo-play which he also produced.

FROM "OVER THERE." Notes and News from Los Angeles.

KATHLEEN O'CONNOR, who is leading lady to Harry Carsey, is one of the most fearless girls in screenland. Naturally, the type of play in which she is at present appearing requires an exceptional amount of athletic ability. No stout or hazardous feat is too daring for her under take, and she keeps herself fit by swimming, riding, fencing, besides being an expert in jujutsu, the Japanese art of self-defense.

She has decided that a novel way of amusing your friends is to play ragtime piano-rolls backwards on a piano.

And then there is the question of the name of the composer, also, if possible, of the composition.

Solving a Mystery.

ELBERT AUSTIN, who for several years has been assistant director and a prominent member of the Chaplin Company, will probably soon be returning to his native England to take up directorial work there. Mr. Austin has just completed an engagement with Mary Pickford, and will soon be her leading man in her next picture for United Artists, "The Duchess of Sude." The play has an East End London setting, and, being an Englishman, Mr. Austin was conversant with the setting of the story, and proved extremely helpful in suggestions for the type of shops that would be found in the average London "mean" street. Having arranged for an "Eastman's," a grocer's, a pawnbroker's, his agent, and friend Mr. Stickler, Mr. Austin had a hurry call one morning, to inform him that there was still one shop on the "set" whose owner was still in the unsatisfactory means of earning a living. For a moment Mr. Austin's resources falted. Then he had a happy bright idea. "Stick up the shutters," he phoned back, and put up a bill to say it's "To Let." Which they accordingly did.

The Story of "Dynamito." BILLY HART has his favourite "Finto" pony, and Harry Carey his trusty steed, "Dynamito." To the casual observer, "Dynamito" is a mild-looking animal, and you would probably wonder how he managed to give him such an explosive sort of name. However, there's a certain diabolical gleam in his eye which is worth watching, and if anybody but his master should attempt to mount him, "Dynamito" will live up to his name in the realest sense of the word, and just as likely to murder him as he would a mule. Carey says that he wouldn't loan the horse to Rockefeller if he offered him a million a day for the loan, though he's more likely to me that Rockefeller wouldn't attempt to mount him for a million, unless he's thinking of suicide. Like Harry's "Finto," "Dynamito" has appeared with his master in countless pictures, and when he gets too old for work, he is going to be pensioned, and live in clover on the beautiful ranch in the San Francisco valley. Carey has, of course, many other horses, and another favourite is one he bought a couple of years ago for five pounds from a knacker. The poor beast had been badly hurt, and was to have been killed, but Harry thought he could save him with proper treatment, and called in the best vet. to be found. In a few weeks that horse was doing the whites of the rhubarb, and now its value is estimated at $1260. Only Harry says it's not for sale.

Elsie Coop.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

MARIE WALCAMP and her husband, HARLAND TUCKER, were met by CARL LEAMLLE upon their return from the Orient. Marie was so glad to get back, as she had been working hard on a serial entitled "The Dragon's Net."

RUTH ROLAND and her director, GEORGE MARSHALL, are raising an awful racket! They don't think they would always like to be behind a cage.

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, the noted writer of the "Tarzan of the Apes" series, is seen in jungle set of "The Son of Tarzan" film production with his three children.

BEN TURPIN is quite happy as he sings his famous song, "I Don't Want to Get Well." Who would, when surrounded by such charming nurses?

NELL SHIPMAN with the wonderful dog that took part in the film "In God's Good Country." Nell hated parting with the dog when the film was finished.

A new photograph of MISS CHRISSE WHITE.
Real Crime Stories: Outlaws of the Deep

Every detail of these stories, which have been filmed by the Selznick Film Company, and will shortly be shown over here, is taken from real life. The crooks described are men whose criminal careers are to be seen in the famous American Police Records, or re-created, as in the film version of the part described here, by Herbert Rawlinson, otherwise the stories are an exact representation of events which actually happened.

HERBERT RAWLINSON, who plays the part of Stephen Arnold—in "Lightning"—on the screen.

TEN minutes later she peered out of a door in the rear of the place that looked out on to a little-court. The coast seemed clear, she darted across the street into another building, and, soon swinging into the shadow of another entrance on the back-street. A taxicab pulled up, and a man stepped out. They got into the cab, and off she rode. The man ran down the street and got into it, and drove off.

Close to the shipyard district of San Francisco is a block known as Wharf 30. It was the rendezvous for the longshoremen of the water-front whose means of existence was gone, and now, police records indicated, it was a safe place to be. In a low shack on the wharf several men were rolling dice. "Joe" Foster, known as the "Fog," stood by the door, smoking a pipe and watching the game. A man chambered out a rolling table, slid it to one side of the deck and busts into the shack. Secret Service men are in the shipyards disguised as laborers; "What's the game?" he asked excitedly. The men stopped and jumped to their feet, crowding around the newcomer and the Fog, to whom he had addressed his remark.

"Fog," he said, "you've to get rid of your table, the cops are coming in somewhere near here.

The opening and closing of the door interrupted their play. The Fog and his companions followed him. From the window they could see the night gang at work in the shipyards, about a hundred yards away. About twenty of that gang are "teens" the boys who work in the shipyards.

"You've got to move quick, Joe!" she said. And the man was down the stairs at ten past twelve and threatened a pinch! I don't know whether it was a bluff or not, but he is on to me.

The police disturbed the Fog and he uttered an oath. Several of the men ran outside and clustered around the boat.

"You come down here for the "Fog" inquiries of May. "Wanna get the whole gang snatched? Howdy you know you wasn't fooling around.

"None of your business. You better drop around the back-street."

The girl laughed. "Looks bad! I'm fixed about pickin' up those Chinks to-morrow night. Arnold's got that shipyard gang packed.

"You've got to!" May retorted. "All our plans depend upon this trick. We've got to go through with it.

"Don't anything now is just like breakin' into gear."

The Fog crossed and looked out of the window. "Somebody's losing their nerve."

"I was afraid of that."

"Well?"

"The Fog turned questioningly.

"I'm going to spread."

"That's what?"

"The man straddled toward the girl. "You as much as it out one word, and—"

"I've been knowing you, don't you?"

"Don't be a fool! May pushed the Fog away from her. "I've got a scheme that'll clear you of all the wrongs away from the wharf and that fellow. Who's Miko?"

"Oh, on the boat.

"Come down here at the old man's to-morrow morning. I want him to go along. Get aboard the boat and pull it over to Briggs. I'll see you to-morrow, sometime."

"Say, what are you up to?"

"The Fog asked.

WILLIAM J. FLYNN, the United States Secret Service, New York City.

I n the fast dying twilight of a summer day, San Francisco's Chinatown is pulsating with the hectic life of the quarter. Cross currents of humanity drift from the Seven Seas and most of the west-storm sweeping around the corners where East greets West, and a thousand hues lost in the prismatic shade ebb through the narrow channels.

From the open windows of shops and balconies of restaurants lights upheave the tawdry throng where the swift movement of the hurrying throng raises a breeze heavy with the perfume of intense and strong Oriental odors. The speckles of fiddles, beat of brass, and raucous cries of sweetmeat vendors mingle with the soft thump of packed feet and chattering of mixed tongues.

Chinatown is opening to the evening as heavily scented flowers unfold to the dawn. Night, the silent partner of crime and love, is curtaining the Kingdom of the White Poppy. From every comer and street, which the district begins—not the Chinatown of to-day, but of before the fire—gazing intently into its parent streets, it represented something else. To him it appeared as a huge, yellow dragon, fat and blighting solemnly, immolated with the victims pouring into its red maw.

And, as he gazed, he saw in fuming in the dragon's eye a man. Over the quarter, its vicious head protruding from the fifth, its fat body curling the victim storming to the fray. The citadels were passed on this thing, the monster's jaws opened, and more victims—women, girl, men—rolled into the dragon's eye. The musings of the agent were broken by an individual, man, woman lost for large, gray-haired old man with strong, weak, whisky, who staggered into him, almost knocking him down. Arnold pulled the man away from him, but before he did so a note had passed from the hand of the drunk to that of the detective.

Arnold gazed after the man for an instant, and, crossing to the glare of an electric light, opened the note and read:

"Fog! May Rafferty is back. Went into her father's place an hour ago."

Teasing the note into his, he threw the pieces into the street. As he stood on the corner, he did some quick thinking.

The law against the immigration of Chinese into the United States was being violated. Every week or two new facts appeared in Chinatown. It was the belief of officials that an organized gang was responsible for the importation of the yellow men. William J. Flynn, chief of the Secret Service, had issued flat orders that the gang must be broken up and the importations stopped.

Arnold, known to the department operatives as "Lightning," the crack man of the service, as soon as anything big was passed, had been picked for the job. With Kane, his assistant, he had hurried to the west coast. It was Kane who had got the job, and the note. A week of his coming had been tipped off to the gang, and for a few weeks there had been nothing doing.

But Lightning had reason to believe that some move was pending. The return of Fog...
"Don’t let that worry you, and don’t lose your nerve."

And with that the Fog had to be satisfied. As May returned to her own men, a few minutes later, the schooner was drifting down the river.

Shortly before noon the next morning, Lightning sat in his room in the Sea View Hotel, which was located in the city’s suburbs, and surrounded by large grounds. As Lightning, for the fifth time in the last half-hour, glanced through the window, there was a light knock at the door. In answer to his call, Kane, his assistant, entered.

"See you late night?" he asked.

"Yes, and I’m expecting her here this morning. Put up a bluff and don’t know whether I’ll get away or not. I’ve planted a dozen of our men in the shipyards as labourers, and something ought to turn up soon."

A nodding head, a smile, and Lightning crossed to answer it. The clerk’s voice on the other end informed him a lady was calling. Moments later, and there stood a girl, wiping her eyes in the corner, and she said, "I’ve got you. The very best thing for you to do is to be fast."

May glanced cautiously around. Getting up she crossed to the window and looked out. On the lawn below, she saw a man emerging from behind a tree. At sight of her he disappeared. The girl returned to the desk. Lightning eyed her questioningly.

"Just wanted to be sure some of the gang followed me. To tell the truth, Mr. Arnold," she said, "I’m sure. You know the Fog?"

"Yes, Mr. Kane."

"Well, you ought to know I’m in his girl—or ward," she corrected. "He’s got another June now, and has thrown me over. He’s the man you want."

"Go ahead, then," it was said, "and tell Lightning as the girl ceased.

"Let’s hear it all."

"That’s the best thing," May continued. "The Fog has been smuggling Chinamen in here. Now, we have the opposite side."

"Yes, and if we could only get the Chinamen down on a boat from Vancouver. But the Fog is too cunning. He’s always changing his landing. Joe picks them up outside on dark nights."

There’s a hide-away under the shack down on Shelby’s Wharf. We’re through with them after they leave the hotel."

"When’s the next gang coming in?"

"To-morrow night. And it’s going to be a pretty big one."

"Well, I’m ready, then."

Lightning asked.

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"Yes, and if we could only get the Chinamen down on a boat from Vancouver. But the Fog is too cunning. He’s always changing his landing. Joe picks them up outside on dark nights."

There’s a hide-away under the shack down on Shelby’s Wharf. We’re through with them after they leave the hotel."

"When’s the next gang coming in?"

"To-morrow night. And it’s going to be a pretty big one."

"Well, I’m ready, then."

Lightning asked.

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"When’s the next gang coming in?"

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"Well, I’m ready, then."

Lightning asked.
Secret Service agent, issuing instructions to the skiff's crew for one body, they dropped their oars and moved toward the gate. About a dozen finally moved toward the wharf, and Kane, keeping on the other side, they were soon around the place and wait for the supposed return of the Fog. Slipping outside, she led the way back to the yacht and to the roost.

She saw the men creep on to the wharf. Three of the men with drawn revolvers slipped up to the yacht, and Kane heard the three men began to scurry around. The sound she heard was the whisper of a man to the right of the door. Not until she entered did she know if any of those detectives were there. The place was empty.

"Why don't you let him come in?" he asked.

"In a moment," the man answered.

While he was making an attempt to enter the other door, she heard a soft whisper from the top of the building. The man would have entered, and Kane turned on the spotlight. The man was not one of the Secret Service men who were there, and Kane let him go.

"The man is for me," he said.

She turned to see the man who had entered. She was the one who had been watching the man, and she knew it was he. She saw the man run off the wharf, saw the man fall over the edge of the dock, and Kane turned on the spotlight. The man was not one of the Secret Service men who were there, and Kane let him go.

"What's happening?" he asked, in a whisper.

Quickly Kane told him, and Kane removed Kane's bands.

"Get the men here on the run," she said.

As Kane darted out of the building, Lightning pulled by the rope. There was no one about. The red light still gleamed over the water. Kane ran into the building and got into the boat. She was not surprised and was excited. She was glad that the man who had wanted to get to know the man was not one of the Secret Service men who were there. She was glad that the man who had wanted to get to know the man was not one of the Secret Service men who were there. She was glad that the man who had wanted to get to know the man was not one of the Secret Service men who were there.
ON November 14th, 1919, Mr. Samuelson, whose name is already a household word for Americans, there to make a series of pictures in the very heart of filmland—Los Angeles, California. He took with him a company which included Mr. C. M. Hallard, Mr. Campbell Gillan, Mr. Alexander Butler, the producer—or director, as I believe you call it in movies—and myself.

We spent about four months in the Golden State, mainly through travelling, but in those months were crammed sufficient experiences to last the average individual as many years. To me they will always remain one of the most interesting and thrilling periods of my life, and it is with particular pleasure that I accept the Editor's invitation to set down for readers of the Picture Show some of my impressions and experiences during that time.

An Adventurous Beginning.

On one, I think, certainly not britisher, leaves the Old World without a feeling of regret, or sails for the New without a sense of adventure, and as we stepped on board that November day, I fancy each one of us, however black or sentimental we appeared, according to our individual temperament, felt in our hearts that adventure was waiting for us "over there."

To begin with, we had a very rough passage, which to me, whatever it was to the others, was adventurous in itself. I loved it. But it was not until we arrived at Quebec—where we had to pass through Canada—that our real thrills began, and then, do you know, I wasn't a bit in the mood for 'em. Just the cussedness of human nature, I suppose—that, and passports!

Really, the trouble we had when those wretched passports was enough to take the excitement out of any thing or anybody, and by the time we got through with the business and in the train bound for Montreal, with the prospect of a tedious two hours' journey through bad weather before us, I hadn't a thrill left!

In the Teeth of a Blizzard.

We had a car entirely to ourselves, and when we had got fairly started I suggested bridge as a welcome diversion. But do you think how it was going to play? Not a bit of it! They were too tired, or too bored, or wanted to read; each one made some miserable excuse or other, till eventually Mr. Samuelson's brother-in-law pity on me, and we played "cut-throat" bridge.

At the journey progressed the weather grew worse, and before long we were in the teeth of a blizzard. The train was going at a great rate, and as its speed became accelerated Mrs. Lorie, Mr. Samuelson's sister, gravely remarked: "I wish it would not go so fast."

I didn't want the others said. I was feeling bored. Had nothing in my hand and had just gone "B, no trumps," when suddenly all the brakes were put on, the card table hit me violently in the abdomen, and everything in the world came to an end with a terrific, sickening jolt!

"The Train's on Fire!"

When I regained consciousness, someone was dashing water in my face and trying to lift me out of the debris of shattered glass and splintered wood which surrounded us.

"Collusion with an express train," was the answer to my dazed look of inquiry.

Pandemonium raged. And then, above the tumult of a thousand voices and cries for help, came one cry louder than the rest: "The train's on fire!"

The next few minutes I can never adequately describe. But one thing is certain—that cry of doom proved the cry of our salvation. It gave us some superhuman strength. We fought and tore our way out of that chaos of wreckage, smoke, and human suffering as into an army of women possessed; clawed our way—Heaven knows how—up the steep railway embankment, from where we saw the baggage car blazing, and finally flung ourselves, too exhausted to realise anything but the simple fact that we were alive, in a field above.

And there we stayed, in pouring rain and merciless blizzards, for four hours, huddled together like miserable sheep, waiting for the hour of our deliverance.

The Fate of our Luggage.

During that time we had ample leisure, not only to reflect upon our miraculous escape from death, but also to much exercised in our minds as to the fate of our luggage. It may seem that such a matter was of comparatively trivial import in the face of the scene of wreckage beneath us, but I, for one, had started out with no less than $700 worth of clothes in my trunk, and to this hour I feel that my concern was justifiable, while I know that the other members of the party—especially the feminine ones—were every bit as anxious as I was.

However, we learned afterwards, to our very great joy, that our baggage, which you can imagine was an extraordinary strength. We fought and tore our way out of that chaos of wreckage, smoke, and human suffering as into an army of women possessed; clawed our way—Heaven knows how—up the steep railway embankment, from where we saw the baggage car blazing, and finally flung ourselves, too exhausted to realise anything but the simple fact that we were alive, in a field above.

And there we stayed, in pouring rain and merciless blizzards, for four hours, huddled together like miserable sheep, waiting for the hour of our deliverance.

Deliverance!

When at last the relief train arrived it took us no less than twelve hours to get to Montreal, where I arrived at our hotel "down and out," more dead than alive. We had had our taste of "adventure!"

There was just one thing which mitigated the horrors of this appalling experience—Mr. Samuelson's helpfulness. What we should have done without him I cannot contemplate. It was owing to his sympathetic and thoughtfulness that we broke our journey again at Chicago, where he insisted on our stopping for a day's rest before proceeding to Los Angeles.

A Wonderful Welcome.

My first impression on reaching the City of the Angels was a feeling of—disappointment! Somehow I had got it into my head that we were going right into Bill Hart's country—sandy waste, sage-brush, shocks, and all the rest of it—where the inhabitants would ride horseback, tote guns, wear fuzzy chaps and loud bandanas, and do, in fact, all the things one foolishly dreams honest-to-goodness cowboys do.

Instead I found a great big town, as noisy as New York, and a community anything but unsophisticated.

But if I was a little disappointed at having my illusions shattered in this manner, there was certainly no feeling of disappointment at the welcome that awaited us from Mr. Samuelson's American staff. Every man Jack of 'em, including carpenters, electricians, and "props," turned out to meet us and gave us a perfectly wonderful welcome, and, when all the handshaking was over, showed us over every corner of the studio and everything in it. Nothing could I have been more spontaneous and delightful, and I could never think of it without a sudden glow at the heart.

(Miss Titheradge tells of her first meeting with film celebrities in our next issue.)
FLICKERS FROM FILMLAND.
NEWS, NOTES, AND OPINIONS BY FRED K. ADAMS.

Angry Stars.

SOME of the motion picture stars of California are annoyed at an imposition which is being practiced by theatre managers at their expense. The result is that several of them are being bombarded with indignant letters from picture-goers. The trick consists in the imposition by a certain cinema that such and such a screen star will pass through the town on a tour, and he or she has been induced to make a personal appearance before the patrons. Announcements similar to these have usually been made on the Pacific coast, where most of the stars live; but even exhibitors at theatres many hundreds of miles away from the stars' homes, have also worked the dodge.

An Artful Trick.

THE manager of a certain Los Angeles theatre recently found a young man who looked something like Charles Ray, and he made use of the following cunningly arranged advertisement: "Personal appearance at all performances of one whom you will cheer to the echo. Just preceding what is positively Charles Ray's screen triumph of triumphs." It will be seen that although it is not definitely stated that Charles Ray himself will appear the notice is deliberately designed to deceive people into believing that he will be present. People are naturally greatly disappointed when they discover the trick that has been played upon them, and one can well understand the indignation of the artists when capital is made out of their personalities by a ruse of this sort.

They Tire Us.

ALTHOUGH there is a great deal of truth in what Mr. Greene says, I think the point is not so much the monotony of the plot or theme of a picture as the incidents which are introduced by the producer. For instance, one rarely sees an American film without a desperate fight between the hero and the villain, or two other characters. Although a fight may be necessary sometimes, no one can deny that this idea has been worked to death, and I am sure the majority of picture-goers would welcome a pleasing change, a film in which a blood-curdling combat does not take up the best part of one whole reel. Other incidents of which we have seen far too much are those dealing with propaganda, in which some unfortunate Mexican is shown paying the penalty for his lack of patriotism; scenes in which terrible storm-storms are introduced, desert sandstorms, hurricanes, and ubiquitous bathing beauties who appear on every occasion on the least possible excuse.

There may be many other things which my readers can suggest, but I think the point is that if producers give us a rest from the foregoing they would earn our grateful appreciation.

Never judge a man by his looks—judge by the looks of his wife.

A man's man is rarely a woman's man.

Of two evils, choose the more interesting.

The Week's Best Films.

THE following is a list of the best photo-plays which are being released for exhibition at the cinemas during this week, and the names of the star artists:

Vignette: "The Spark Divine" by AGNES JOYCE.

Jury: "The Great Romance" by HAROLD LOCKWOOD.

Idol: "I Will" by IVY DUNE, GUY NEWALL.

F.L.P.S.: "The Valley of Giants" by WALLACE HEID.

Western Import: "An Honest Man" by WILLIAM DESMOND.

Still: "When Doctors Disagree" by MABEL NORMAND.

Waltz-novel: "Children of Bondage" by HAROLD LOCKWOOD.

W. and F.: "Broadway Bill" by HAROLD LOCKWOOD.

Granger's: "We have the right to laugh, Mr. H. Lucas All" by MADGE TIBBETT, OWEN NARDS.

up the French writer's challenge, and he asks: "How can that be?" Almost every conceivable subject has been filmed in the American studios. We have even driven so copiously on literature—yes, and French literature as well as English, that the complaint is often heard amongst us that the supply is nearly exhausted. It is hard to think of an American author past or present whose work has not been filmed. If the charge of monotony can be laid against American pictures, therefore it can by some token be charged up to our best-known writers, and everyone knows that isn't true.

How often do you watch a film dash upon the screen and admire the beautiful furnishings and scenes? Perhaps you would be surprised if you could only see the actual filming of these scenes. For quite often they are not the interiors of a real house at all, but merely sets of scenery that have been made especially to suit the film play. Of course, if a suitable house and scene can be found, this is utilized, but, failing this, no pains are spared in the making of the scenery.

The three pictures here show you a moving picture room that has been evolved from scenery. This set was used in "Youthful Folly" and shows Olive Thomas acting various scenes in her part.
THOMAS MEIGHAN, "a strong, tender lover," with MARY PICKFORD in "M'liss."
AUGUST is
and sun
than in beautiful
Cinema Stars who
In the blue P
spends most of
deep waters.

LOUISE CLAUM and "Rusty"
having a sand and sun bath.

HARRIET HAMMOND
poses on a rock.

MACK SENNETT

ANNETTE KELLERMAN
the world-famous
mermaid
ready for a
swim.

MARIE PROVOST
rides an aquaplane.

"A fine hot we
Surf and Sunshine

A month of holidays and nowhere does the film beauty go more brightly than California, where the sun always seems to play.

One of the film beauty scenes in its cool, says Marie, do you envy them?

MARIE PROVOST
ready for a dip.

NORMA TALMADGE
bathing "Doby."" Having a bath.

BETTY BLYTHE
and JEAN PAIGE
in the surf.

Seaside sports DOROTHY DAVE and BILLY MASON, of Christie Comedy fame.

VIOLA DANA seeks help in the swimming bath.
THE winners of the most votes in "Choosing the Stars" Competition, to decide who are most admired for their bravery in Film Plays.


RUTH ROLAND, a dauntless heroine, 3,261 votes.

GRACE CUNARD, known as "Lucille Love," 9,071 votes.

CAROL HOLLOWAY, a Wild West heroine, 2,419 votes.

HELEN HOLMES knows all about trains and engines, 1,854 votes.

MARIE WALTER makes friends with wild animals, 5,111 votes.
MARY BROUGH AND THE MOVIES.

"THE BALLOON LADY."

F "The Young Person in Pink" (yes, I know that play has been mentioned in these columns pretty frequently of late, but, you see, so many of the cast have figured on the screen as well as on the stage) there is a lady who is designated on the programme as "The Woman with Balloons." You who have seen the play will remember that the balloon lady's chief grudge against fate is that "Trade's so bad," which perhaps explains why she and her stock-in-trade retro comparatively early from the public gaze. But you must admit that, during her brief appearances on the scene of action, the balloon lady not only has the goods, but is "the goods" to the life. We have met her counterpart many a sunny morning in park or street corner, selling, if not balloons, flowers, or other bright and transient things, and always, beneath the cries of her wares, keeping up a running caustic commentary on life in general and particular. In brief, "The Woman with Balloons" is a gem of characterisation, a fact which is easily understandable when we again consider our programme and see, opposite to her place in the cast, two small but comprehensive words: Mary Brough.

Tinsel Splendour.

Of course, to say that Mary Brough is a great actress, is to point out to you that the grass is green. But I fancy, despite her fame on the stage, we are not so familiar with her many fine screen portrayals as we certainly ought to be, for the simple, though foolish, reason that we movie enthusiasts are so busy concentrating upon the curls of the ingenue, or the eyes, the nose and the lips of the hero, that often the fair flier and more subtle, though lesser prominent, character roles, such as those in which Miss Brough specialises, are apt to be overshadowed by the tinsel splendour of a star's name.

And yet, Miss Brough's screen career is inseparably linked with the past and present glories of one of the most famous British film companies—the London, with whom she made her picture debut, and under whose banner she has continued, with one or two exceptions, to the present day. Among her early films for this company may be recalled "Beauty and the Barge," "The Bo'yan's Mate," "Lawyer Quince," "The Christmas Carol," and "London Pride," while her latter ones include "Enchantment" and "Judge Not"—all of which have brought her under the direction of such megaphonic celebrities as Percy Nash, George Lusau Tucker, Harold Shaw, and Einar J. Back, and given her for fellow artists in the studio such famous players as Henry Ainley, the late Charles Reade, Elizabeth Risdon, Jane Gild, and Edna Flugrath, to mention but a few.

Other films in which Miss Brough has figured include "The Joyous Adventure of Aristide Pujol" (a screen version of W. J. Locke's well-known novel), and the Guimmart picture upon which she has recently been engaged under the direction of William Rollo, "The Forbinsham Twins," featuring the famous Terry Twins.

Her Quaint Dressing-Room.

Of the latter film Miss Brough has the liveliest recollections. At the time it was made, she was also playing at a theatre in town, which necessitated her rushing about in a splendid Rolls-Royce, often attired in the most irrepressible "character" clothes, from London to Grucham, and vice versa, at all sorts of hours and times, in order to keep her appointments with both her stage and film friends. "Down at Grantham," Miss Brough told me, "I had the most comical dressing-room imaginable, which looked like an ambulance, but was in reality a caravan! Somehow, my furtive experiences in film work have always been associated with clothes. In the "Bo'yan's Mate," for instance, I remember we went down to our locations in a motor, cannoned like sardines, your humble servant being attired in a nightdress, covered, however, by a fur coat!"

"It is really wonderful how one seems to rise to any emergency in the matter of clothes, when one is playing for the films," she continued. "However great the demand, one always seems to be able to meet it, and fake whatever weird garments may be required."

Stage Hands as a Stimulus.

Of course, it was inevitable that I should ask Miss Brough how she liked film work, and how it appeared to her in comparison with the stage, and what she thought the public thought about the movies.

Whereupon Miss Brough told me that she loved film work (and from her tone I knew she really did love it, and was not saying so merely out of politeness), but—she did miss her audiences!

"Though one is seen all over the world via the screen, nothing can quite make up for the lack of this," she said, "though if even a small group of studio hands stand and watch one at work it is a help, a stimulus."

Language and Facial Expression.

As regards the status of the stage and screen, I confess I must admit that, in my opinion, the former, by virtue of the magic of language, will always hold the first place, both in the professional and public mind. Personally, I have always found language such a help, though not—here Miss Brough, attired in the Balloon Lady's regalia, smiled—"bad language! I simply must know what I am doing when playing for the movies, because it is second nature to me to say what I am supposed to be feeling. Both in 'Beauty and the Barge' and 'London Pride,' I used exactly the same words as I spoke in the stage versions of these plays."

"Language," she concluded, "must help facial expression."

May Herschel Clarke.
A FINE COMPLETE STORY OF A WOMAN'S WEAKNESS AND A MAN'S FORGIVENESS.
(Special to the "Picture Show.")

"Gamblers All!"

CAME to see you about my little gamble in rubber, Mr. Leighton," said John Leighton as he entered the office of George Langworthy, the stockbroker and financier.

"Gamble, Mr. Leighton?" As he looked at his visitor through his glasses, Mr. Leighton gave a frown of displeasure. "Gamble is a strong word to use, Mr. Leighton. Stock Exchange transactions are legitimate speculations, but gambling I abhor it!"

"Mr. Leighton," said Mr. Leighton, "I am not going to argue with you. We'll just have to agree to disagree. It is not for me to judge your gambling habits."

"I confess I do not share your prejudice against gambling," replied Mr. Leighton. "To me, gambling is a gamble which contains the element of risk. Still I always pay my debts. And so do all opinions. Does Lady Langworthy share your views?"

"I am pleased to say, Mr. Leighton, that my wife, Lady Langworthy, holds the same views," answered Mr. Leighton. "She is a woman of principle."

"Sir, you may have a principle in the office, but I have none when there's so much ruin from card-playing that I am thankful that it has been the downfall of many a man."

"Are you going to expend your passion for bridge and the other games that women seem to spend all their time over nowadays? By the way, Mr. Leighton," added George, "perhaps you will be good enough to dine with me this evening."

"Yes, I would be pleased to do so," replied Mr. Leighton. "I'll be pleased to dine with you, Mr. Leighton."

"I think Lady Langworthy frequently so often," said John to himself as he left the office. "Mr. Leighton would have been enlightened could he have overheard a conversation that took place in his house in Park Lane between Ruth Langworthy, his daughter by his first marriage, and Harold Temperton, his wife's brother.

Temperton, a very well-dressed young man, good-natured, whose every word was infused with a sense of right, was sitting with his wife at the table in their drawing-room. They were discussing the merits and demerits of card-playing.

"Come off the family tree, Ruth," replied the young gentleman. "You seem determined to have a flutter. We all know that there is more bridge than music in the world, and music is all that is left in Mrs. Langworthy—her—she'll never get to know it. I suppose Millicent Hope is on her head."

"I thought so," replied Ruth listlessly. "I do wish you would all give it up, Harold. You yourself tell us that you can't play it."

"Don't preach, Ruth. There's only one thing worse than preaching, and that's preaching. But I know you don't understand the latter."

Temperton noted the look of pain on the girl's face at the thought of being told off at once.

"I didn't mean to worry you, Ruth. Forgive me, and don't say another word about it. That's Mr. Leighton. I'm off through the side entrance."

No sooner had he gone than George, accompanied by Lord Victor Langworthy, followed him out. He was joined by Lady Langworthy and Mrs. Hope.

"I brought Leighton in, dear; or, rather, I caught him up as he was on his way at my invitation," said the baronet. "How are you, Mrs. Hope?"

"Mr. Langworthy spoke pleasantly, but it was apparent that he did not like his wife's companion.

Millicent Hope was one of those women best described as "A leader of Smart Society, with two capital 'S's." Good-looking, always well-dressed, and respected in the best society, yet there was something of the adventurer about her, something which had puzzled and frightened her. Women, especially those with impressionable husbands, hated her, but dare not show it, for Millicent Hope was a dangerous enemy. At one time Harold Temperton had been attached to her train; but by the time he had realized her, she had broken away, a formidable and cunning woman. She had met Millicent Hope at a bridge and more exciting form of gambling, finding herself able to win money easily from her, and secondly because she knew it would hurt Ruth, whom she always described as her "little girl."

She gave a perfectly gloved hand to Sir George as she passed, a courteous greeting, and then she unmasked the batteries of her beauty. As Leighton, the baronet introduced him. She had seen it all before, having met Mrs. Hope, the notorious money-lender, and since Mrs. Hope had said nothing, Leighton had introduced all the friends who were prepared to back his suit. She confessed that the good-looking friend of the baronet's was not to her liking, but while he expressed his lips the pleasure it gave him to meet her, Millicent Hope noticed that all the air went out of her but kept up a forced smile.

Mrs. Hope made a mental note of that. And when she noticed that her acquaintance with the young man was not confined to the office, she decided that she must set him straight. "You see how it stands, Doris. I really must trouble you for that trifle you owe me."

"Can you give me till Christmas Eve, dear?" replied Lady Langworthy. "I have just asked my husband for three hundred, but have again had the answer in the negative. Hark how the things are not going well in the Temple!"

"Lady Langworthy hesitated. She had never before lost her husband in the evening to gambling, but she was desperate. She knew that Millicent Hope, polite as she was on the surface, would hazard on her money, and the thought of the danger which hung over her made her tremble. She did not realize that she lost because she always played with people who were better card-players.

"After all," she thought, "if I do lose another hundred, I sha'n't be any the worse off, as Millicent says. And I simply must get hold of money some way."

Aloud, she said: "Who is Major Stocks, and where does he live?"

"Mr. Hope had just time to whisper the address and name of the Major to his wife, and Millicent Hope would be admitted when the man came in.

The Gambling Hall

AFTER dinner Lady Langworthy told her husband that she had promised Lady Vleary that she would look after her place during the evening. Mrs. Hope remembered that she also had made an appointment, and Leighton said that he must go to his club.

"Then I'll stay here on your way to Lady Vleary's," said Lady Langworthy, turning to Leighton. She had no idea where Leighton's club was, but she wanted to make certain that his husband would not offer to accompany her. And before Sir George could speak, she stifled any objection by hinting that he should not have his quiet evening at Hope's Hotel."

"I sha'n't be long, dear, and you will simply be biding your time," replied Mr. Leighton, who had no intention of being at Hope's Hotel at all.

"Cleverer than I thought," said Mrs. Hope, rejoicing as she allowed Leighton to get her wraps. "I wonder if it is roulette or Leighton that has made simple Doris such an inventive lady!"

Lady Langworthy wore a smart gondola-car which conveyed Lady Langworthy and Leighton, and seen and heard by the invisible sprite of Fairfield, who would have known it was certainly roulette. Lady Langworthy's mind was too much troubled about her debts to notice the fancy; for she had no wish to be near her. Finance, not flirtation, occupied her thoughts.

As Leighton drove, he was thinking arithmetically, but in his case there was only one figure—that of Lady Langworthy's. To his mind he added a face, and wondered why that face looked so troubled. He told himself that he had had the luck to have married such a woman; but that she would never have had to seek for pleasure at the gambling tables."

But that is life all over. It is always the other fellow's troubles that seem easy to us. Our own look like mountains that no man could climb. And if we climb them we think we've done it;"

Lady Langworthy dropped Mr. Leighton at his club, and then told the chauffeur to drive her, not to go to Major Stocks's, but to Major Stocks's, near Bountiful, and then to Langworthy's, near Windham Gate.

She had not gone far when it collided with another. No serious damage was done, but Lady Langworthy was delayed for about half an hour.

When she arrived in the big room where the guests were playing roulette she saw her brother Harald at the table, and walked up—one of the same forward to his sister with a troubled look on his face."

"Look here, Doris old girl, you ought not to come here. It is the same as being in London."

"I know, and was then naturally must win some money," answered Doris hastily. "I'm being pressed for debt all round. As soon as I have won I shall go straight home."

While they were talking Millicent Hope walked in, followed by Lord Victor. "So you don't like gambling, Harold Temperton?"

"You like it very much, Mr. Leighton," said Lady Langworthy. "Now that you have seen me here you might as well join us."

"You don't understand, Mr. Leighton," said Lady Langworthy. "That's where I'm waiting for you to learn."

"Why don't you go home and ask Sir George to pay your debts. Nobody ever wins here except Stocks and his friends. Believe me, I am speaking as a friend who wishes you well," said Harold Temperton, rather frigidly.

"Thanks," replied Lady Langworthy, rather indifferently. She had not been at the table long before Major Stocks came to her and said: "Mr. Hope was waiting for her in the ante-room."

"I'll go and tell him, and telling him you will be out in a minute. He does not know what place this is. I will try to keep them quiet in here."

"Please go and tell him," said Lady Langworthy. "I'll be ready in a minute."

"I don't think so," answered Mr. Leighton, and he turned to his wife with horror on his face."

"What does this mean, Doris?" he cried.

Lindy Longworth, the squire, over-whom everybody shouted "Police!" and an Inspector followed by detestable men in uniform raided the place. Sir George and Hope went out with the others and taken to the police station.

Lady Langworthy went to Lady Langworthy. She remembered being let out on bail, and being fined the following morning. Sir George too was tried, and the magistrate had something to say as to his conduct. After it all was over Sir George returned home, but except when obliged to do so in the presence of the servants. And the chauffeur had told him that she had not gone to Lady Vleary's.

"Now, I remember an appointment here," replied his wife hurriedly. "I am quite ready. Let us go."

"Not so," said Hope, "we would have been well had not one of the gamblers who had taken too much to drink come in at this moment swearing he had been robbed."

In the hubbub which followed, Sir George learned the true character of his wife, and he turned to his wife with horror on his face."

"What does this mean, Doris?" he cried.

"I don't think so," answered Mr. Leighton, and he turned to his wife with horror on his face."

(Continued on page 19.)
THE EXPRESSIONS OF BESSIE BARRISCALE.  
(Special to the "Picture Show."

BESSION BARRISCALE.  
The Golden-Haired, Blue-Eyed Star Without a Temperament.  

BESSIE BARRISCALE has been a favourite with the public since the age of five, when she appeared on the stage in "Shore Acres." Her career has been one big success after another. She played the part of Lovey Mary for a season in New York, and for ten months over here in London. Her last big stage success was in "We Are Seven."  

A Star Without a Temperament.  

HER first photo-play was entitled "Rose of the Rancho." She is a general favourite, and attributes much of her success to the fact that she has no temperament. About 5 feet 3 inches in height, and the possessor of blue eyes and masses of golden hair, Bessie is a pretty off the screen as on.  

As most of our readers know, she is married to Howard Hickman, who directs most of her pictures.  

Her Only Grievance.  

BESSIE'S only grievance is that she is so well known that she and her husband cannot steal away for a few days' rest without being recognised. Only the other day they tried to get away to Santa Catalina Island for a rest between pictures, and they had planned to be alone, and entirely away from the glare of the limelight that beats upon picture celebrities so fiercely. They succeeded in getting past the hotel clerks without arousing any particular comment, for "Mr. and Mrs. Hickman" might stand for tourists from any old place.  

Then She Was Recognised.  

ALL was peace and quiet for four long hours, and the weary pictur-makers rested in blissful seclusion. They stepped down to dinner unharassed and were congratulating themselves that they had deceived the dear old public at last, when a tall, white-haired old gentleman arose from a table far across the St. Catherine's big dining-room, and approaching their table, said, in a voice loud enough for everybody to hear:  

"Why, bless my soul, if it isn't Mary Elizabeth Barriscale! I haven't seen you, except in the pictures, since you used to be with James A. Hearne. I directed the orchestra. I remember that night when you got a big basket—" etc., etc., for fifteen minutes.  

It was all off, and our poor picture pilgrims were followed by an admiring crowd for the rest of their holiday.  

"A king may travel incognito, and get away with it," murmured Miss Barriscale; "but a picture person, never, never. It's another one of the things that can't be done."  

A Real Home Lover.  

NEXT to her picture work, Bessie loves her home. She always wanted one, a real home, where she could go after a hard day's work. She says she has never got over experiencing the keenest thrill of pleasure when she says to her chauffeur, "Home," and that there is no make-believe about it. It really is "home" that she is going to, where she may do precisely as she pleases while she is in it.  

Bessie adores children, and her special chums are little Benny Alexander and Mary Jane Irving, who have played many parts in pictures with her.  

Bessie on Screen Lovers.  

I HEAR that Bessie Barriscale is thinking seriously of writing a lengthy and exhaustive treatise on the all-fascinating subject of screen "lovers."  

During her career the fair Bessie has been made love to by blushing schoolboys, stern business men, suave men about town, rugged, virile men of the West, cave men, and last but not least the determined lover.  

Asked the type she herself preferred, Bessie made answer that the determined lover with a great abundance of youthful sincerity is much to her liking.  

If Bessie writes this article, I will try to let readers of the Picture Show enjoy it. It should be worth reading, as the petite star has had plenty of screen experience.  

Hates Publicity.  

THERE is no "side" about Bessie. She smiles at director and call-boy alike.  

"How can one be dignified and impressive when even the stage hands call one 'Bessie,'?" she once said laughingly.  

Yet the little star is almost shy about meeting new people. She positively refuses to make any personal appearance, though she was urged to do so, for the sake of publicity, if for no other reason. But Bessie shook her head.  

"It wouldn't help matters at all," she said, "because if people saw the real me, I would lose whatever friends I had." I wonder?  

If you want to write her, address your letter—  

C/o Brunton Studios,  
5341, Melrose Avenue,  
Los Angeles, California.  
(Mention the Picture Show to ensure an early reply.)
Whatever is the matter!

Just look at Joan's finger. And Tiger's tail, too! Has there been a dreadful accident?

No! they are out shopping for Mother, and are afraid of forgetting Bird's Blanc-Mange. So they have tied knots on themselves. Joan says it would never do to forget Bird's Blanc-Mange.

Mothers who study the well-being of their children will not forget to give them plenty of Bird's Blanc-Mange.

It would be hard to find a more nourishing, body-building food, in such a tempting and easily digested form.

Everyone ought to know that Bird's Blanc-Mange multiplies the nutritive value of the Milk used in it once in every four times.

Bird's Blanc-Mange

is real honest nourishment in a most delicious form. It is so perfectly creamy and just melts in the mouth. Try it to-day!

BIRD'S is best—always sure, always safe.

B.

Zox Cures Headaches

If you would like to rid yourself of that troublesome Headache or Neuralgia take a little harmless Zox Powder in a cup of tea or water and the PAIN WILL GO IN A FEW MINUTES.

To prove this we will gladly send you two Zox Powders FREE upon receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

Of all Chemists and Stores in 1½ and 3½ boxes, or post free at same price from


Why Be Too Fat

Regain Your Health & Beauty and reduce your weight quickly by commencing the famous Antipon treatment NOW. It has 29 years' reputation, and is the only safe, sure, and pleasant remedy for overweight. No change of life, no unpleasant side effects, no single-day and night. Sold by Boots and druggists all over the world. Write 2s. and 5s. in plain wrappers to the Antipon Co., 83, 111, 27, Store St., London, W.C.1.

Mind-Mastery & Self-Confidence


Superfluous Hair

Ladies afflicted with unwanted disquieting hair-growth should send a stamped addressed envelope for Free information of an improved, easy, permanent home method. Hundreds of users testify to having obtained Permanent Cures with this safe treatment. Address: THE MANAGERESS (Dept. 8), 682, Holborn Rd., London, N.19.
The Cheque.

THERE was no more miserable home in England than that of the old gentleman who, next morning, Sir George came down dressed for church and found his wife crying out of the window.

"Are you not coming to church?" he asked coldly.

"Church," the poor lady replied; "I think I could sit there to be preached at, after what has happened! Go to church yourself, you ungodly man. I thought it was the duty of Christians to forgive."

"I don't think you are fit to preach to me any duty as a Christian," replied Sir George stilly.

"If Mr. Leighton can, I will find that document we spoke of in the library."

Without another look at his wife, Sir George left the house.

Hardly had he gone when Mrs. Hope appeared.

"As I have said before, "Dearest,"" she said, "I suppose you got it from Sir George?"

"Yes, I beg your pardon," replied the gentleman coldly. She had by this time plunged the shallow depths of Millerton's Hope's friendship, and was in no mood for confidence.

While they were speaking Mr. Leighton was astonished almost as soon as he entered the room. Mrs. Hope left with a sarcastic innuendo that her company would no longer be required.

"Bitter woman," remarked Leighton. "Well, and how is Sir George?"

"If you knew he is with me, I can tell you what he says he will never trust me again," replied Leighton's wife, "I am so sorry. I am so sorry."

"He said there was a document for you in the library." Leighton believed her.

"Yes, I know what it is. I will go and get it with your permission."

As he went along the hall he passed Harold Pentep. The young man seemed to wish to avoid him, and Leighton had no time to stop and talk.

But an inscrutable smile passed over his face as he passed on.

Doris came forward to meet her brother with outstretched arms.

"Thanks for much for the money, Harold, but I had already got it. As soon as I had written the letter, I knew I ought not to have troubled you."

"If you know what you are doing, you will not let me pay you without I got my bill back."

So, being desperate, I forged Leighton's name."

But you can repay me. I have the cheque.

There was a great Lady Langworthy, putting her arms around her brother's neck.

"I was greatly grieved this morning," said Harold. "As he rose to his coat brushed against his sister, and she felt something heavy strike her. Putting her hand in her pocket, she pulled it out. It was a revolver."

"No, old girl," said Tempest. "Your name must not come in this."

"But I can influence him, Harold."

Tempest sprang to his feet.

"Influence him! What do you mean? Has he been trying to buy you with his filthy money? If I thought so, I would break his neck. No, there's only one way out. Leave everything to me."

And Harold sat down.

A Woman's Plea.

LATER in the day Leighton was seated in his office. He was thinking over an interview held with Lady Langworthy the day before. The interview had been interrupted by the arrival of Sir George, but Leighton had left with the impression that Lady Langworthy wished to see him the next day. Leighton had promised to do everything possible to help her. In a moment he wondered whether his love for her, and he was now wondering what her answer would be.

A moment later the door opened and Leighton's sister appeared, looking as though she had just come from the hospital. Leighton had not been convinced that she was well.

(Continued on page 22.)
The Picture Girl's Ribbon Tam.

Pattern No. 27-451.

FILMLAND in California is always sunny and warm, so you can rely upon it that the beauty recipes of the film actresses over there are really dependable. Here are the pet recipes of Bebe Daniels.

Sunburn.

Even if the face is kept protected from the sun by a shady hat, it is possible to get sunburn on broiling hot days by the sea. However, prevention is better than cure, and the use of a good skin cream will do much to stop this trouble if applied before you go out. Here is my own favourite recipe for a skin preserver during the summer months: Just lemon and the white of an egg. You heat the white of an egg in a pan, and then stir in the pure lemon juice. Keep the mixture in a little jar, well-covered—and it will remain good for a fortnight. Apply this to the skin after washing every morning.

For bad sunburn, peroxide of hydrogen is splendid, and should be dabbed upon the skin at night.

Sunburned hands and arms should be washed in lime-water, or rubbed well with lemon juice.

Freckles.

The fair-skinned girl is usually troubled with freckles in the sunny weather, and they certainly do look rather unsightly. However, you can remove them with a mixture made by mixing equal quantities of strained lemon juice and double-distilled rose-water. This should be dabbed on the skin after washing every morning. This lotion will help to prevent their formation, and if a slight dusting of powder is given to the face before going out into the hot air the danger of becoming marked with them will be decidedly lessened.

Buttermilk, too, is a wonderful cure for freckles, but as this is almost impossible to procure in large towns, it is a cure only available by the country girl.

Persistent freckles can be removed by a bleach made in the following recipe, and applied with a camel's-hair brush to each individual freckle:

Peroxide of hydrogen, 2 ounces; eau-de-Cologne, 2 ounces; rose water, 1 ounce; and pure glycerine, 4 ounces.

After a Long Tramp.

It is the delight of very many girls to go for long tramps during the summer months. Let them always bear in mind the absolute necessity for strong, comfortable shoes when indulging in these walks. The present-day high-heeled shoes—which look so pretty for ordinary wear—are entirely unsuitable for walking. But even a comfortable shoe will be found to rub blisters on the feet occasionally. These are most painful and should be dealt with immediately. A needle should be made quite antiseptic, by being dipped in boiling water to which a little borax has been added, and then put in under the skin and the blister drained. A small piece of boric lint should then be placed over it to prevent friction from the stocking or shoe.

The Picture Girl's Tammy.

Always with an eye to comfort and smartness, the picture girl has decided to have one of the new tams for holiday wear. She has chosen one for it, and is going to put a different coloured fancy ribbon round the headband to make it look different each day.

You can obtain a pattern of this charming tam for one shilling—P.O. to be made payable to the Picture Show Pattern Dept., 233 Regent St., London W.1.
Great Public Handwriting Character Competition.

£1,340 in Prizes

It has been asserted that, owing to the continually extending use of typewriters and other mechanical means of writing, the art of handwriting is on the decline.

To refute this statement, the Proprietors of "LONDONUS"—the well-known Rat and Mouse Exterminator—offered £1,340 in prizes in an easy and interesting Handwriting Character Competition, open to Ladies, Gentlemen and Children. Substantial money prizes are offered for each of the best 239 specimens of handwriting sent in showing character as it can be read from handwriting.

The Prizes will be awarded not only for well-formed writing, but for writing which shows the greatest amount of CHARACTER.

The awards will be allotted as under:

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Each of the Prize winners will, in addition, receive a character reading of their handwriting by an expert.

INSTRUCTIONS AND CONDITIONS.

1. Take a sheet of note paper, write in ink your name and address (stating whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, and, in the case of children, giving age), and on the top copy out the following phrase:
   
   Get rid of your rats
   Without any fuss;
   Kill them all off
   With "LONDONUS."
   
   (The specimen sent must be actually written by the person whose name appears on the sheet.)

2. Purchase a tin of "LONDONUS," tear off the adhesive label, and pin it to your attempt. It is sold in tins of the following sizes:
   
   1/- for which you may make one attempt.
   2/6 " " " " " " " seven attempts.
   5/- " " " " ten attempts.

and is obtainable from all Grocers, Chemists, Ironmongers, Oil and Colourmen, General Stores, &c.

3. Then write on the sheet of paper the name and address of the retailer from whom the "LONDONUS" was purchased.


5. The first prize in each section will be awarded to the competitor from whom the promoters receive an attempt which in the opinion of the Judge, is considered the best. The remaining prizes to be awarded in order of merit. Only one prize can be sent to any one competitor.

6. Competitors may make as many attempts as they wish, but such attempts must be accompanied by labels to the value shown above.

7. No correspondence will be entertained.

8. The Editor of "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" has kindly consented to decide the competition and his decision must be accepted as final by all competitors.

9. The last day for receiving competitors' work August 17th.

The results will be announced in "The Daily Mail," on September 17th.

N.B.—If your Chemist, Grocer, Ironmonger or Stores does not stock "LONDONUS," send a postcard to THE LONDON HYGIENIC CHEMICAL CO., LTD., Wansey Street Works, London, S.E. 17, who will supply name and address of nearest retailer.

**BUY A TIN TO-DAY (1/-, 2/6 & 5/-) and ENTER THE COMPETITION NOW.**

Note carefully the address:—

"Writing Competition,"

"GAMBLERS ALL." (Continued from page 18.)

was tired of her husband's superior attitude, and that she felt she had nothing to expect from him. "Will she come?" was his only thought as he paced the room.

But his first visitor was not Lady Langworthy, but Ruth Langworthy. "I have come to see you about Harold's debts," said Ruth, as she sat down. Lady Langworthy had told me that he owes money to you. I want to help Harold. Are you sure he is worth helping?" asked Leighton cynically.

"I am certain he is," replied Ruth simply.

"I mean that he is, sir," said Leighton's clerk, putting his head in at the door.

"Show him in," said Leighton, a queer smile playing round his lips.

As Harold entered Ruth ran up to him.

"I was just seeking Mr. Leighton how much you owed your wife, but I don't believe she is very angry, are you, dear?"

"I advise you to say nothing, Tempest," broke in Leighton.

"Dear Ruth," said Tempest, "you don't know how very uncomfortable you are making me. Mr. Leighton is in no way to blame for my trouble. Please leave me dear. You can do no good. Then as Ruth held out her arms to him, he turned away and pushed his chair from him, hid his face to forlorn, and I must pay the price, he groaned.

Ruth rose, but at the last moment she touched his hand, and her voice trembled. "No matter what happens, I shall always feel to you. It is the word I shall wait for you."

The Forged Bill.

DON'T worry about the bill, yet," said Leighton.

"You did it to save your sister. She has a good heart, but she is a weak little girl. It is as good as a mockery. No woman could live with such a as you propose to become."

"What do you mean, Leighton?" shouted Tempest. 

My sister is not going to come into this. I know she would sacrifice herself for me, but she is not going to do it. Do you hear that? And I am going to take you to the police."

He dashed out of the office, and calling a taxi on the way to the police station.

Five minutes after Tempest had left Lady Langworthy arrived.

She was very heavy and she looked like a woman who had finished with life.

"I am going to pay the price of my brother's safety," she said slowly. "I have left my husband, but I want to be honest with you. I will stay, but I do not love you."

Leighton's jaw set hard.

"Are you sure, the love I had for you just to save your brother?" he asked curtly.

"Yes."

"You have mistaken me, Lady Langworthy," said Leighton with cold politeness. I loved you; I am not the kind of man who could love a woman for a quick convenience."

As they sat there in silence there was a furious storm outside. Wind, rain, hail, raged wild, and Leighton burst in, followed by Harold Tempest.

"You have no right to meddle with a future. It was the one wife his husband only he wrote to before leaving the house, and it contained just two words: "Good-bye Catherine".

"What does this mean, Doris?" he said thickly, looking at his wife.

"It meant exactly what you see there when I wrote it," replied Lady Langworthy.

"No," she said, raising her hand as Leighton and her brother tried to stop her speaking. "It is better you should know the truth, George. When I sold you to Mrs. Langworthy. I was not the moment you arrived, he was politely but firmly turning out the door, which closed with a bang behind him.

"You would not dare," began Sir George, but his words were cut short.

I will dare anything rather than suffer the humiliation of your scoundry day by day. You cannot force me, but I am going to free Doris now.

She left the office without another word.

Sir George, so far, was appealing to the two men. "You don't know what you mean to me. What should I do?"

"Do I?" said Leighton scornfully. "Why, follow her, man. Don't step to ask questions, but get her to your own house. I am going to leave you, or you, she wouldn't have, and yet you would not..."

Sir George was out of the office before Leighton had finished speaking, and the two men watched a woman, who was suddenly helped into Sir George's car by Sir George, who held her in his arms.

Leighton turned and held out his cigarette-case. Wonderingly, Harold helped himself. "This is my one habit; Leighton lit up once and then, rolling up the foraged bil, he used it as a spilt.

"Have a light," he said carelessly as he held out the taper to Harold's cigars.

Adapted from incidents in the Guesnier photo-play "Gamblers All," featuring Queen Mary as Harold Treasem and Myra Thelinde as Lady Langworthy.
YOUR HAIR'S HOLIDAY!

HOW YOU CAN RE-INVIGORATE THE ROOTS OF YOUR OWN HAIR AND STIMULATE WONDERFUL NEW GROWTH OF RADIANTLY BEAUTIFUL TRESSES.

Astonishingly Liberal FREE Offer of Four-Fold "Harlene Hair-Drill" Hair Beauty Holiday Outfit.

The Glorious Holiday Season is once more upon us—the Season when we not only enjoy ourselves, free from the daily routine, but secure health recuperation and store up energy and vigour to enable us to combat the coming Winter months.

The renewal of Health, of course, means the renewal of Beauty, for there can be no real beauty without health. But merely facial beauty is not sufficient. It must be accompanied by Hair Beauty to make the complete picture of attractiveness.

WORLD RECOGNISED SCIENTIFIC METHOD.

But you must cultivate Hair Health and Beauty just as you indulge in exercise for the renewal of Health. "Harlene Hair-Drill" is the world-recognised scientific method for promoting Hair Health and Hair Abundance.

Hair weakness and poverty unquestionably mean a dowdy appearance. Hair Health brings with it the return of Youth, Fascination of Appearance and Charm, which is irresistible in its appeal particularly during the holiday season.

It is at this opportune time that Mr. Edwards comes forward as he has on previous occasions with the most magnificently generous offer of a Four-Fold Free Trial Outfit for Hair Culture so as to enable all readers of the Picture Show to start at once in the development of Hair Beauty in readiness for the Holiday Season.

You should not hesitate another day—no not even another moment—before availing yourself of the generous offer as hereunder described.

A GIFT EVERY READER WANTS.

Everybody should try the delightful experience of "Harlene Hair-Drill" and of course, particularly those who have thin, weak, straggling hair that is always falling out, splitting at the ends, or losing its brightness and tone.

Here in detail is the actual contents of your gift "Harlene Hair-Drill" parcel:

1. A Trial Bottle of "Harlene"—the scientific liquid hair-food and natural growth-promoting tonic.
2. A Packet of the unrivalled "Cremex" Shampoo, the finest, purest, and most soothing hair and scalp cleanser, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."
3. A Bottle of "Uzon" Brillantine, which gives the final touch of beauty to the hair, and is most beneficial to those whose scalp is "dry."
4. A copy of the newly published "Hair-Drill" Manual, the most authoritative and clearly written treatise on the toilet ever produced.

There are no restrictions attached to this Four-Fold Gift. Simply send your name and address, written clearly on a blank piece of paper, together with the coupon below, and you may commence to gain hair beauty in the delightful "Harlene Hair-Drill" way.

The "Harlene Hair-Drill" Four-Fold Gift is for you if you are troubled with—

1. Falling Hair.
2. Greasy Hair.
3. Splitting Hair.
4. Dandruff or Lifeless Hair.
5. Scurf.
6. Over-Dry Scalp.
7. Thinning Hair.
8. Baldness.

Every day that you neglect your hair the more is its poverty increased, but no matter how difficult your case may be, no matter what disappointments you may have had, "Harlene Hair-Drill" will never fail you. Vouched for by Royalty itself as well as by a host of the world's most beautiful actresses and society men and women, this scientific method of hair culture awaits your test and trial.

Let "Harlene Hair-Drill" enrich your hair, increase its value to you. Simply send 4d. in stamps for postage and packing, and a Free "Harlene" Outfit will be sent to your address in any part of the world. Cut out the coupon below and post as directed to-day.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brillantine at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders, 1s. 1d. per box of seven; "Astol" at 3s. and 5s. per bottle, from all Chemists and Stores, or will be sent direct on receipt of 6d. extra for postage, by Edwards, Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W. C. 1.

"HARLENE" FREE GIFT COUPON.

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, LTD., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W. C. 1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.[Picture Show, July 14th, 1920]

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

N.B.—If your hair is GREY, enclose extra 3d. stamp—6d. in all—and a FREE bottle of "Astol" for Grey Hair will also be sent you.
Answers to Correspondents (Continued from page 22.)

S.G. (Northampton).—Though your letter was full of sweet things, I am sorry I cannot undertake to help any reader in competitions. In "The Squaw Man," Elliott Dexter was Jim Wymore; Tina Modotti, Henry, Earl of Krell; Katherine Macdonald, Diana, Henry's Wife; and Tully Marshall, so that John Appleton.

Jutta." (Borton-Humber.)—I am glad you have decided to become a regular reader. "The Iris Wire" is a wise step in these days when you want something really good every week. It is very easy to write a letter, is it not? Do you mean Cullen Landis, don't you? You will find him worth writing again. Barth Roland has brown hair and eyes of dark blue. Eugene O'Brien is thirty-six.

A. H. (Leptonstone).—Pearl White's story of her "Late Life," has not been published in England in book form. "Firefly." (Hornsey.)—I cannot say why Grace Addard sometimes takes the name of Lucille Love, though that happened to be the name of a part in which she appeared some years ago. Constable Talmadge was the Mountain girl in "Into the West." Pretty Marion Davies has not disclosed so far the information you want.

C. F. (Bournemouth).—Yes, Gladys Janet is American. At the age of six, she began her stage career, and when attracted to the films she made his first picture with Vitagraph. He has yellow hair, blue eyes, and three of his recent films are, "The Social Secretary," "Then Shall Not," and "The Third Degree." More about him later. If you don't want to clash your sister, but Elise Lincoln is dear about what she wishes to know. One day in may speak, and then I shall publish it abroad. Eugene O'Brien was opposite Nora Talmadge in "The Safety Curtain." M. S. (Burton-on-Trent).—I hope you have seen your other answer to this. Beside Hultrice was the star in "The Rose of Paradise," and Mary McCon was the heroine in "The Mysterious Cragganess." M.C. (Rhyl).—You must be a collector of antiques. Why, the films you mention were shown ages ago. Beside Naptha is Bill, Arthur ache was Fort, and Hugh E. Wright our other old friend, Mr.

"Belle." (Bedford).—Cullen Landis was born in 1895 in Nashville, Tennessee, and has appeared in "The Empty Paradise," "Almost a Husband," "Sunny Jane," and others. Alan Forrest, who was born in 1881 in Brooklyn, New York, spent five years on the stage before taking up a screen career. He has black hair, brown eyes, and measures 5 ft. 11 ins. Among other things, he is a good rider and swimmer.

"Pearl." (Sydenham).—You speak of a "quarrel," but one of your little bands has evidently gone astray, as there are only two others who follow on behind. The chief articles in "The Mints of Heil" were William Desmond (Dan Burke), Vivian Rich (Alice), Jack Richardson (Clay Hibbing), and Frank Lanning (Naunji). Tom Mix, Colleen Moore, and Frank Clark in "The Wilderness Trail," "Fighting for Gold," and "Teddy Sampson." Tom Mix is silent about the facts required. "Hazel." (Sydenham).—There will more of Sesame Haya's photograph in this country, Marion Davies has appeared in "Romany Road," "Cecilia of the Pink Roses," "The Belle of New York," and others. Some of Mary Miler's Minter Pictures are, "A Call to Arms," "Youth's Endearing Charms," "Eyes of Julia Deep," "Rosemary" (Una the Wild Girl), and "Anne of Green Gables." "Audrey." (Sydenham).—In "Her Only Way," Norma Talmadge, the star was Lucile Westbrookes, and the others were Eugene O'Brien (Joseph Martin), Ramsey Wallace (Paul Belmont), A. E. Warner (Judge Hampton Bates), and Johny How (Mrs. Randolph). Harry Benison in "Cecilia of the Pink Roses.

"Doughty." (London, W.C.).—There are too many names in the published list of "Intolerance" that it would take up a lot of room. You would mind if I gave you some of the principal ones? Max Marsh (Richard Markham), the Hon. Margaret Wilson (Brown Kyte), Constance Talmadge (the Second Wife), The Prince of Wales, Lindsay Gill (the Woman Who Books the Cradle), Beside Love (the Bridle of Cambridge), and Elise Lincoln (the Middy Girl of Wales). Charles D. (York).—I am glad you have heard I have heard the chief articles in "The Mints of Heil," and you were to be quite industrious. Aisha Nazimova was born in the same country as Mr. Titus Barron. The other Gilbert, having a name has not been discovered. Geraldine Farrar and Milton Sills were the leads in "Shadowy"

"More answers next week."
MARY MILES MINTER. — Her Latest Picture, 16 x 10, INSIDE.

TWOPENCE. AUG. 14th, 1920.

A ROMP BETWEEN SCENES. TOM MOORE AND PEACHES JACKSON.

TOM MOORE and PEACHES JACKSON, whom you may have seen in child parts on the screen. This little artiste's latest part being in "The Hopper," is shortly to be seen with Tom Moore in "One of the Fittest."
Try this way of cleansing your hair

During hot, dry, dusty days the hair needs cleansing ofteneit to free it from dust and grease. You cannot be always washing it—but in between you can DRY shampoo it (on any day you wish) with Icilma Hair Powder. A little powder—a good brushing—that's all. This removes every atom of dust and grease. Try this easy way to-day. When you wash your hair use Icilma Shampoo Sachets (the wonderful WET Shampoo). Better, easier to use and more effective than others.

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It may be in wool or silk, cashmere, artificial silk, or mercerised cotton; but whatever your choice you will find the "Oak Tree" mark the surest guarantee of satisfaction.

There are also very charming and moderately priced "Oak Tree" Jerseys and Kitties for Children.

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The picture shows No. 15J—a very popular model in two-colour effects. Illustrations of other styles and your nearest retailer may be had from Dept. 18.

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Severe Nervous Indigestion Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

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Spinners and Manufacturers, Dept. P. S. P. Port and Street, Manchester, who are also the proprietors of "Shell-Seers," "Marten's Sheets," "Scalene," etc.
Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 31—WILLIAM DUNCAN.

WILLIAM DUNCAN is also an enthusiastic reader of the Picture Show. After his day's work at the studio is finished, Bill says his height of enjoyment is to get home, change into his "gad rage," and have a quiet evening at home with a book. He never misses his favourite picture paper, which contains so much news and the latest pictures of his screen pals.

The Story of Tarzan.

Did you see "Tarzan of the Apes" on the screen? It was one of the most talked-of photo-plays during the time it was being shown in London, and I hear glowing accounts of it from readers after it has visited their picture house. If you have seen the play, you will be more interested in the absorbing novel from which the film story was adapted. This original story is not to appear in the Boys' Cinema," that bright little twopenny fiction paper that delights boys—many girls—every Wednesday. The first instalment will be in this week's issue. Order a copy today. You will not be disappointed.

A Message from Ann Forrest.

ANN FORREST, whose latest picture appears on the 19th, sends a note asking me to thank readers of the Picture Show for their kind letters. Miss Forrest promises that each shall be replied to, but, boys, if there is a delay, it shall be explained by this message. In the week her letter was sent me she had already received nearly one thousand letters, all from Picture Show readers.

Bryant Washburn Arrives.

By the time you read this we shall have had the opportunity of welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Washburn over here. Bryant Washburn says this is in the nature of a honeymoon trip, though he has been married for quite a few years, and owns two bonny boys, yet this is the first time he has been able to drag himself away from the studio. Even now he is not to be away from the camera. During his visit here he is to produce a picture with a British background, entitled "The Road to London."

The Worst of Using Slang.

I HEAR that the Metro players are all laughing at Edward Connelly. When he was told he was cast for the part of the old monk in "Hearts Are Trumps," he asked if the part was pre-historic in nature and expressed a dislike for zoological roles. When it was pointed out to him that the monk was of the ecclesiastical sort, and not the simian, he breathed a sigh of relief. "Think of having to make up every day as a monkey," he said. "It would be as bad as being Tarzan, feathered!"

"Picture Show Chat."

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players.

Embracing for Owen Nares.

THE other Sunday I watched Owen Nares, as he panted through Boulter's look. To my surprise, when he had got safely through, he turned back, and went through the look again. The scene was explained when I saw that the ladies in the past with Owen Nares were Miss Eva Beaumont and Miss Maudie Dunham, and in the distance I saw the cinema cameras. I learned afterwards that Mr. Mallins wished a re-take of this scene in "All the Winners," but it must have been embarrassing, as, when Mr. Nares came back to enter the look for the second time, a bevy of girls had gathered with a battery of cameras.

Three Big Offers.

CARMEL MYERS, whom you plays opposite Clara Bow in "The Soul of Belad," and the coming photo-play, "Mid Channel," and was the Lone Wolf in its initial "The Lone Wolf's Daughter." She declares that if this is indeed the "horseless age," the strip of country between her Hollywood bungalow and the Culver City studio should not be included in the age at all, for that morning she found five horseshoes on the road. "I was going along at a good rate, of course, for I was late in the first place," said Miss Bath, "so I'd read past them, then I kept back to get them. That was the worst part." "But why did you have to stop for them at all? Are you superstitious?" someone asked. "Superstitious? Oh dear, no! But—well, you should never pass a horseshoe lying on the road!" "Well you're out of luck instead of in," said the other. "I was going to take you to location in my car, but I can't stop for you to put on make-up. You'll have to ride in the bus, or drive yourself."

Miss Rich role in the studio bus, and when she arrived learned that the actor with whom she had been talking had had a narrow escape in a motor accident. "There, I said triumphantly. "Who says it's not lucky to pick up horseshoes?"

Katherine's Clothes.

KATHERINE MACDONALD, who is so beautiful that she is becoming generally known as "the great American beauty," is not a fluffy, ruffly sort of girl. She adores tailor-mades. Her favourite costume right now is a ton twced costume, with narrow belt and pockets; a hose of finest handkerchief linen with a touch of handwork finished with collar and cuffs, of the same material, knife pleats, and a muffler of camel's hair thrown over her shoulders.

The Ozone on Breeze Avenue.

RAYMOND HATTON, who is working on the Goldwyn lot in Culver City, has bought a home in Ocean Park, and says he is going to settle down—that is, working for the screen can be called anything expressive as settling down. He has a sense of the finness of things, proved by the fact that because his bungalow is on Breeze Avenue he has christened it "The Ozone."
"Never Worry," Says Louise.

D'you know how Louise Lovely got her name? Her right name was Cabasse, which, being French, people always insisted on pronouncing in various ways. At the studio in Australia—her native country—the people with whom she worked called her "lovely lovely." When she deemed it desirable to change her surname for professional reasons, "Lovely" was suggested by her friends. That the name should fit her personality was mere coincidence.

I never worry," said Miss Lovely recently. "Nothing can ever make me worry. I see humour in everything. I live for to-day. I have no great ambitions to torment me, and I don't waste my time over a banking account. I shall always work to-day—and at my best—on whatever I find to do, but I refuse absolutely to worry about the results of the day's work. I have a great aversion to evil, I would look so many prematurely old, wrinkled ones one sees daily.

"I intend to stay young as long as possible—all my life—and the only way to do that is to exorcise worry."

All About Mahlon.

DID you know that Mahlon Hamilton, before he entered pictures, was by way of being such a matinee idol that it bored him to be referred to as one of the handsomest men on the stage? He is an omnivorous reader, and is an authority on two such widely divergent authors as Balzac and Stevenson. In addition to a love of literature, he gained at college a training as an athlete, and keeps in trim by means of sports.

"So altogether," says Hamilton, "I never have a chance now to be bored. I'm too busy. In addition to the other things, I have a house, a garden, and a wife. So what time is there to be idle?"

Wounds of Valour.

LOOKED in at the Hepworth studios the other day, and was surprised to see the number of bottles of liniment and boxes of ointment that were "adorning" the dressing-room tables of the various stars. I found out that the company was suffering from bruises, scratches, and flesh wounds, but they seemed rather proud of their temporary disfigurements, which, I learned, were acquired during the climbing of Snowden to take scenes for "The Spirit of '76."

Henry Edwards, Chrissie White and Mary Dibley were the chief sufferers; they had just returned from Wales, where they had been making exterior scenes for this play.

A Hint to the Home Girl.

ELLEN CHANDLER possesses an apron which she says is so farfetching that she wants to wear it all the time. Its special value, and was surprised to see that this garment has a pocket on both sides, so it does not matter which side it is worn, the pocket comes just where it ought to come under the right hand.

This is a little idea that may interest my girl readers.

Playing Opposite Mildred Harris Chaplin.

WE are shortly to see George Stewart, brother to Anita, playing opposite Mildred Harris Chaplin in "Handsome George," as he is known in the studios, is to be in Mildred's next picture.

Not Taking Any Risks.

DUSTIN FAHRNWEIN's pet hobby during the summer months is boating, and I hear that he has been able to indulge this pastime that has so long been deferred. He was very emphatic about the boat being strong enough to bear his weight, and gave the orders that the boat was to be carefully reinforced in any doubtful parts.

Mildred's New Bathing Costume.

MILDRED DAVIES created a great sensation during her recent holiday, when she appeared in a new bathing suit, of an envelope style, and so adaptable to anything that has been seen for years; it was made with sleeves, skirt, and had with it stockings and shoes.

She is "Written to" Now.

FOLLOWING the photographs that have appeared in the "Picture Show" of Louise Paraza as she really is, Louise has been inundated with letters.

Before these were shown, most of the letters that found their way to Mark Sennett Company were addressed to other members of the studio; clever Louise was the Cinderella, but now, all that has changed.

Louise has had to engage a typist and a secretary, and her bill for photographs and stamps for a week amounted to more than an average, well paid bank manager's salary.

By the way, we are to see her as she really is in a brief appearance in a new film, "It's Boy," which shows all Louise's angularities and clumsiness are camouflage for dimples, curves, prettiness and grace.

They Didn't Believe Her.

MRS. RICHARD POEVIN is playing the part of the "Dragon" in a Minerva production entitled "Bookworms."

She tells me she had a most uncomfortable experience the other day, when, after removing her make-up and reverting to her usual self, she found herself locked in a deserted studio.

She leaned out of the window, and seeing a number of boys shouting them excitedly to run after Adrian Brunelle, who was disappearing down the street with the keys.

To her surprise, however, the boys did not reduce her to tears; she "told them off" and walked away.

Mary's Negligees.

MARY MILES MINTER is so busy with her studio work and is going to spend her vacation with her secretary and typewriter composing a screenplay story. The plot is to be based upon incidents in her own childhood, and she is not going to be content to write a mere synopsis, but is determined to work with a whole community, so that when her play is produced she can claim the entire credit for the authorship knowing that a margin of stars have been bitten with the literary crust just now. There's simply no stopping her.

Bill Likes the Pictures Best.

BILL HART has just turned down an offer of a couple of hundred thousand dollars to appear on the legitimate stage. A special envoy travelled the odd three thousand miles from New York to endeavour to persuade the strong, silent man of the films to break the barrier of house and signed the contract for a brief space in favour of the "talkies." The ambassador-in-extraordinary stated that he had a new play which would suit him down to the ground, and also said that he could go on with his picture work at the same time, and could combine his occasional receipts, receipts, of course, and an enormous salary guarantee.

To all inducements, however, Hart has turned a deaf ear. He wants to finish his contract and retire whilst he is still at the zenith of his power, and then to devote his leisure to authorship.
SYLVIA BREAMER plays the title role in "Athalie," the Sydney A. Franklin production, and little MAY GIRACI appears in the early part of the story as Athalie at the age of twelve. Here you see both Athalies enjoying a cool drink between scenes in the garden of the studio.

GRACE CUNARD and FOLLY MORAN look on quite seriously as MARION KARM signs up a big contract for them. "Smiling BILL JONES" is also joining forces with them, but true to his nickname, he wears his usual jovial expression. The films in which these clever folk figure should be extremely good.

"He won't bite me, see!" says little JOHN HENRY, Junr., as he plays with the Mack Sennett dog. Teddy, the dog, makes a comfortable perch for the bird.

LOUISE FAZENDA, the clever Mack Sennett star, has an enormous pet every morning, but she is quite happy dealing with them all.

A happy photograph taken during the filming of a new photo-play. Reading from left to right: MR. and MRS. MAURICE McLAUGHLIN, JOHN McCORMACK, the famous tenor, WILLIAM C. DE MILLE, LILA LEE, and ROBERT THORNEY, her director.

An unusual photograph of WHEELER OAKMAN, the husband of PRISCILLA DEAN.
The sun that a few minutes before had been a ball of molten gold, now turned to a crescent of blood-red cardinal as it slipped behind the big grove behind the mountains just beyond the trail’s border. On the crest of a hill on the American side a man sat upon his horse, pacing back across a valley curtained with a shrubbery of purple mist.

Through the veil he glimpsed a cabin toward which another horseman galloped swiftly as though sure of his surroundings and the welcome awaiting him. A third horseman put in his appearance, picking his way slowly up the steep trail toward the first rider.

The man on the hill whistled just loud enough for the rider of the trail to hear him; his ringing note was not of sufficient strength to carry to the cabin or the second horseman. Bob Kirby, sheriff, hearing the call, answered it with a wave of his hand. Setting spurs into his horse he soon joined the lone sentinel.

“Handy, Jones, or Arnold, or whatever name you are working to-day,” he laughed. “Ready for the pinch!”

Repeating attempts to smooth the cabaret.

“I just see you, sheriff,” the man addressed replied. “Got to get them with the goods, and it looks as though we were getting the better of things. Look them over, said, pointing toward the rider across the valley.

“That know that.

“I talked to the sheriff answered, shading his eyes. “That’s Miguel Valquez, and he’s making for Sylviera’s shack. Before you came she was talking with that fellow, but it pleased to me as though you had cut him out.

“All in the game,” Arnold replied. “You just call in, show the girl my photograph, and ask her a few questions. Might be a good time to pass.

“I get yers,” Kirby answered, and galloped off, leaving Arnold watching the Mexican as he disappear amid the cabaret.

For years one of the chief crimes with which the United States Secret Service had to contend was the smuggling of opium. Over the country in numerous secret squares the cistern of the hwy pipe had at the lack of a story of contraband brought over the opium trail either by employees of ships or smuggled directly across the border from Mexico.

The photograph.

A ND now Miguel was back from “over there,” and he was again making for Sylviera’s shack, not daring to count the number of times he had cut to the window and peep in. With his eyes he saw evidently pleased with, for he ran to the door, opened it, and as he drew in his he got a kiss from his fingertips to someone inside.

In the cabin Sylviera sat at a dressing table, donning her war paint for the night. Touching her lips with rouge, she placed a large canvas in her mass of black hair. Around her shoulders she threw a loose mantilla. Getting up she permitted herself in front of the mirror, extending one slim leg and admiring her small pointed toe, which she held up for inspection.

Her thoughts were of Lightning. “Ah, that fool of a Miguel! He does not know how to love a woman. I wish he would leave me alone. How I hate him.”

The last words were spoken aloud. “And who is it you hate so have a voice in Spanish broke in. “Surely not Miguel?”

Whirling, the girl saw the Mexican standing in the doorway. To her he waved a kiss as he threw his hat on a couch and advanced toward her with outstretched arms. “Tell Miguel who it is you hate. Chinqua, he is dead.”

In another instant she was crushed in his arms, submitting to his embrace passively. There was no warmth in her response, for Miguel was so engrossed that he did not notice her coldness. Finally he paused, and held her up against his too-much-glooming. He then threw back her head and gazed at him from luminous eyes.

“You are beautiful! I shall not leave—

He paused at the sound of hoof-beats, and ran to the window. Sylviera, fearing it was Lightning, asked her to get a carriage.

“The sheriff,” Miguel called from the window.

“What is he coming here for?” There was alarm in his voice.

“How should I know? Back to the States, I guess. Why the hell do you want him?”

A ND now Sylviera was clad in a linen suit, with a gaily coloured blanket. Whiling, at the door she was seated on a skin couch, strumming on a mandoline and humming a love song.

Sylviera heard the girl with easy assurance, and walked into the cabin, glancing about.

“Miguel, sheriff,” Sylviera replied easily. “Come to try some of my frijoles?”

“It’s not beans I want,” the sheriff told her. “Look to after an opium smuggler. He headed this way.

The girl saw the blanket move, and knew that Miguel had heard. For an instant an expression of alarm came into her face, which passed quickly as she saw the movement had been caused by a noise of the girl. She did not want Miguel taken—

“Smugglers—in my cabin? Sheriff, you poke your head in my business. Do you know him?” he asked, watching her.

As the girl took the photograph and saw the picture of Lightning she almost screamed, but suppressed it, and muhansed to answer.

“Who is it?”

Lightning tried by admit questioning to draw her out further, but she told him no more. “Come, sheriff,” she said, “he’s not talk of Miguel, let’s talk of you—and me, perhaps, eh?”

The Photograph.

W HILE Miguel whiling over his shoulder she saw a face peering through the window. It was Lightning, and the girl’s eyes widened. Stepping back to draw the sheriff to the opposite side of the cabin, she made a slight motion with her hand for Lightning to do as he wished. As Miguel watched, Kirby reached for the photograph, but she held on to it.

“Who is it?” the sheriff asked.

“August valley. What has Miguel done that he should be afraid of going to good? You are not going to long, she answered, and you shall find out. The good—is too good for him.

Lightning tried by admit questioning to draw her out further, but she told him no more. “Come, sheriff,” she said, “he’s not talk of Miguel, let’s talk of you—and me, perhaps, eh?”

Miguel whiling to the door, and ceased, not of the situation in the cabin.

As the girl took the photograph and saw the picture of Lightning she almost screamed, but suppressed it, and muhansed to answer.

“Who is it?” the Mexican asked.

Sylviera handed him the photograph. Miguel took it and looked over it carefully. “I don’t know him,” he said. “I’m expecting Pete, a new man over the line, will be a load tonight. I thought maybe Kirby might be after him.”

Sylviera took the photograph and placed it in her bosom. Miguel said to her hat, and bade the girl come with him. “We will go to the cabin and see that he can’t.”

There was nothing for the girl to do but obey, as she did not want to arouse his suspicions, and so followed him out. They started up the trail across a sandy waste, Miguel leading his horse and Sylviera following in her pretty flowy. They had gone only a half miles when, around the bend, they came upon a horseman leading a horse. The man walked with a limp. From the horse’s sides two legs hung, so heavily loaded that they almost swept the ground.

“Mother,” Miguel said, as he stopped and waited for the man to come up.

Pete, a passenger over the opium trail with a Chinese husband, whom joined them, and was introduced to Sylviera, whose marvelous beauty made such an impression upon him that he was about to take off her coat. She, aware of his fascination, did everything in her power to draw him on when Miguel was not looking.

A short distance down the trail the horse turned into a gulley, which they traversed for a short distance until they came to a large
At the Dance-Hall.

In the Del Rio, social Mecca of the Western plains, business was already started for the night. It was a typical dance-hall of the period. Around a large, rough floor, tables were ranged, at which men of the plains and women of the district sat drinking. A few couples drifted over the floor to the music of a cowboy orchestra seated near a raised platform. A large bar extended across one end. A stairway led from the floor to a row of crude private box arrangements, above which were hung with curtains. In these boxes couples sat watching the dancers below.

Lightning and Kane, his assistant, sat at a table, drinking beer, when Sylveria entered. The girl made straight for Lightning's table and placed a hand on his shoulder. She accepted his invitation and sat down. Looking about, she leaned to him.

"I know who you are," she said, "and so does the sheriff. You are one of us, and Kirby knows your business."

Lightning looked at her as she drew his photograph from her bosom and handed it to him.

"Kirby gave me this," she continued. "He knows. You'd better get away—quick!"

Lightning took the photograph and smiled.

"I am not afraid of the sheriff," he replied, with assumed bravado. "Why should I fear him? He will never catch Davy Jones. Besides, señora, are you not here? Do you wish me to go?"

He leaned near to the girl, who was gazing at him with wide, admiring eyes.

"Give me that picture," she said. "You will go away sometime, but this I shall have always!"

And she put it back in her bosom.

The owner of the hall drew near and touched Sylveria's shoulder.

"Come on," he said. "The boys want you to dance."

Lightning nodded as the girl arose, and she went to the platform. Soon she was whirling through a dance, while the orchestra did its best to follow her; and as she danced, Pete limped through the door, leaned against a post, and eyed the object of his devotion. When she finished her dance, he went toward her, jingling his gold. In response to a nod, he followed her up the stairs and into a private box, where wine was ordered. From below Lightning and Kane watched.

When Pete left Lightning in the cage, the latter sat for some time puffing a cigarette and wondering what had become of his girl. His eyes swept the floor, and finally, on the floor, he saw the broken comb. Then it dawned on him that something had happened while he was outside, and that Pete was at the bottom of it; otherwise the girl would not dare to have left without telling him. Perhaps now they were somewhere, spending his gold. Well, he would soon find out. Extinguishing the last of the light, he strode from the cage, and a few minutes later entered the Del Rio.

Standing inside the door, he surveyed the crowd, but nowhere could he see the objects of his search. At last he saw a man at a table glance up at the boxes, nod, and smile. Following the man's glance, in an end box he saw Sylveria. The girl taking advantage of a moment when Pete was looking another way, had raised her glass and blew a kiss at Lightning.

Miguel saw red. So she had two lovers, had she? The man on the floor he did not know; time enough to attend to him later. His immediate business was with Pete. Snatching across the floor, he reached the foot of the stairs and paused. Owing to the excitement, his presence had not been noted, else someone would have sent a warning to the two in the box.

Miguel fairly flew up the stairs and peered through the curtains at the back of the box. He was just in time to see Pete raise Sylveria's hand and press it to his lips. The girl's fingers were still clasped in Pete's when Miguel fired through the curtains and sprang inside. Pete managed to struggle to his feet, draw and fire twice before he collapsed across the table.

The shots went wide, and Miguel directed his weapon toward the girl; but she knocked up his arm and ran from the box. Down below the music came to an abrupt end, and the dancers were in a panic. Women ran toward the door, and the men stood in their trades with drawn guns. Lightning and Kane were the first to move, and made a dash for the stairs, the rest following. But at the narrow top step Miguel, menacing them with his pistol, shot him.

One shot he took at Lightning, and then dashed back into the box, climbed over its edge, and dropped to a table below. As he disappeared from the top of the stairs the crowd rushed up, and both Lightning and Kane fired at him as he went out of the door, mounted his horse, and rode off, a pose of cowboys following.

Up in the box, Lightning found the body of Pete stretched across the table, face down.

"See who he is?" Lightning said to Kane.

Kane rolled the body over and turned to Sylveria. As he did so, Lightning bent over the body and listened for a beat. At the same time, he drew a paper from his own pocket, and slipped it in the pocket of the dead man.

"Search him," he said to Kane.

Kane went through the man's pockets, and drew out a picture Lightning had just planted. Opening it, he read:

"This is to certify that Stephen Arnold, of Washington, D.C., is a member of the United States Secret Service, Treasury Department."

"A spy!" It was the voice of Sylveria.

"This is bad," Lightning nodded. "Better go and tell Miguel he's a murdered a Secret Service man."

"Come with me," the girl replied. As Lightning followed her down the stairs he motioned for Kane to follow, but to keep in the background.

At the door Lightning paused.

"Wait out there," he said, for he saw the sheriff approaching. As Sylveria crossed the narrow street and waited in the shadow of the cabin, Kirby entered the dance-hall. Lightning freed the picture from his side.

"Miguel just shot a stranger up in one of the boxes," he told the sheriff. "He got away, too, with the picture. We've been looking for him."

"I am going to send her ahead and draw. You and Kane follow me, but keep out of sight." Kirby slouched his head and Lightning went out of the door. In answer to a low whistle, Sylveria appeared.

"Where are we going?" he asked.
"To Miguel," she answered. "I must tell him to stop, and let you take his place until this blows over."

"Why do you want me to go with you? Can I do that? I must, and I must satisfy him that you are all right."

"Aren't you taking a chance, after what's happened?" she asked, softly.

"Yes," she nodded slowly. "Yes—Miguel would have killed me, too. But by me bringing him a girl, it does not make any difference. Anyway, if he wanted to kill me he would do it whether I went to him or not.

Lightning moaned for a minute.

"All right," he said, "go ahead, and I will follow."

"I'm sure they were going Lightning did not know, but he suspected it was to the rendezvous of the smugglers, and that was just what he wanted. He stopped at the edge of the town and struck into the hills, he looked back. In the moonlight he saw two shadows creeping among the rocks. He knew that Kirby and Kane were trailing him.

About a half mile from the town they came to a gulley running at right angles to the trail. At the turn Sylveria halted. "You wait here," she said, "I will go ahead, and see if Miguel is all right. If everything is all right, I will turn back." Throwing her arms around Lightning's neck, she disappeared. Turning, he saw the two girls standing. Had he run into a trap? He knew these Mexicans. A kiss and then a knife. He drew his hand from the girl's shoulders. Walking back, he joined Kirby and Kane.

"Your looking for me," said the sheriff, "seems like the girls were after the girl that I am one of them. But it may be a trap. I'll stay down behind that big boulder. You two conceal yourselves, and don't take your eyes off me. I suspect there is a cave somewhere about here. If the girls return and I go with them, don't enter until there is a disturbance or I whistle."

Flattening himself on the ground, Lightning waited. The bell on the boulder, his eyes on the gulley down which Sylveria had disappeared. In the bushes directly back of him, Kane and Kirby crept. Lightning waited. Sylveria had entered the Indian on guard at the entrance to the tunnel. As the girl stepped into the light the Mexican looked up. Miguel's eyes began to gleam, and then the girl spoke:

"The man you trusted, the man you killed," she said. "She did not kill him, but you must fly. They are after you."

Miguel shrugged his shoulders and a nasty laugh crossed his lips. "What about the woman I trusted?" he asked.

"Ain't no here?" Sylveria replied; but there was alarm in her voice. In reply, Miguel reached into his pocket and drew out a piece of a broken comb he had found on the floor.

"This is yours, isn't it?"

"Yes," she interrupted, but—

"Well, what happened when you were alone with Pete?"

"Nothing—nothing. I swear it," Sylveria protested. With an oath Miguel struck across her face, and as he did so, she fell, from the bosom of her dress there dropped the photograph of Lightning. A mad escape, he saw the Mexican. Reaching over, he seized it, saw at a glance who it was, and held it in front of her face.

"You lie! You lies!" the Mexican cried. Her lips fell, and she turned to the photograph. "You told me she was yours. Why do you want it? Why do you not go?"

"Bending over him, she held out her lips for his kiss, but he would not. In the tunnel he had heard a stealthy step.

Sylveria heard it too.

She whirled around, and together, she whispered, "In there," and pointed toward the other entrance.

With a flash Lightning crossed the room and disappeared into the side of the cavern. The next instant Miguel stood in the doorway.

"What do you mean, going to the cabin, found it locked and nobody there, he had returned in a mood for murder. But he walked his hand along with a smile as he regarded the girl.

"So," he said, advancing toward her, "you send me on a wild goose chase, eh? Well, it was a rough one, but think, for I found your lover, and he is dead."

As the Mexican talked, Sylveria gasped at him, trying to hold back the tears that fell. As he told it she neared her step back until she was directly in front of the entrance where Lightning's body lay.

"Yes—you killed him?" she asked, in pretended alarm.

"That's what I said," he answered, making a motion with his hands as though ringing the neck of someone. "He was easy.

Quickly seizing her hand, he seized her by the arm and dragged her into the light.

"But I am not finished," he snarled, the smile of his mouth spread, "I will teach you to play with Miguel Velezquez!"

Dragging Sylveria, he backed until he was up against the wall. "If you have any lengths," Reaching for his pistol, he pushed the girl from him, but before he could draw his gun Lightning stepped from the opening.

"Not so fast, Miguel," he said. "You see, your lies are answered."

Miguel looked past the frightened girl, and saw the detective. He also saw the gun with which Lightning had him covered. With a backhand blow he pushed it aside over the table. The light went out, and he dropped to the floor, drawing his pistol.

The two detectives disentombed the darkened cavern. Lying flat on the floor, Miguel fired at where he had seen Lightning last.

Lightning stepped on him, and he buried himself in the general direction of the table, finding on top of the prostrate smuggler. The smoke was over in a flash, and the rays of moonlight which sifted through the tunnel.

Suddenly the man struggled. Sylveria made no sound. Outside, the Indian heard the shots; and started on a run for the cave, but Kirby and Kane stopped from the bushes and stopped him.

Lightning succeeded in getting a grip on Miguel's arm, and he had him to the light of the lamp. As he did so, the smuggler managed to break his grasp and leap to his feet. In the flash of light the Mexican saw him, and in the second was upon him again. Locked in a grasp that neither could break, they were swaying back and forth. Sylveria ran, and Kirby stepped into the cave and leant a card.

The voice of the sheriff and the feel of a gun in his back took all the fight out of Miguel. Slowly he stopped back and waited as Lightning stepped to the table, gropped for the lamp, found it, and turned it back.

"Got here just in time," Kirby said, as he fastened the smuggler's hands with the cuffs. "That's all right, my pretty tough one, but I guess he is safely caged now."

"For the time Lightning had forgotten all about Miguel. He sat, looking around for her. She was nowhere to be seen."

The girl had gone," he told Kirby. "Probably got away on a flivver for many miles, the missus of Sylveria, a woman who gave her life for her love, will hold an honored place."

(Another fine detective yarn next week.)
MY FOUR MONTHS IN CALIFORNIA.

By MADGE TITHERAGDE.

Miss Madge Titheradge, the talented dramatic actress, who is now appearing in "The Garden of Allah" at the Drury Lane Theatre, and can be seen on the screen this week with Mr. Owen Nares in "Gamblers All," recently spent four months in California making a series of film pictures. In these articles she tells you her experiences in Los Angeles during that time.

No. II.

A MOMENT the first week we met was, of course, Miss Peggy Hyland—"our little Peggy"—now a member of Mr. Samuelson's company, and both being Britiishers (she English and I Australian) we quickly became friends. She is "terribly attractive," as we American cousins would say; delicate and dainty as a little fairy, and—a tremendously keen worker! She knows everything about the technique, but mostly of film making—cutting, developing, everything.

In the days that followed I watched her with the keenest interest at work in the studio, and came under the spell of her wonderful power of moving one to tears one moment and to laughter the next. I believe she is ambitious to produce and, with her fine sensibilities and wide technical knowledge, I should say it is an ambition she is particularly fitted to realise. Indeed I think there is a wide field for women in the producing side of the film or theatrical business.

Orange Blossom and Romance.

I HAVE said that my first acquaintance with Los Angeles was disappointing, but I was soon to retract my opinion. Shortly after our arrival I and my sister and Miss Hazel Dunham took a delightful bungalow in a suburb of Los Angeles, and then it was that I came to feel the charm of the Angel City. Bungalows are dotted everywhere—gay, white little dwellings, well in keeping with the florid beauty of the place—its orchards and gardens, orange and lemon groves, cloudless skies and eternal sunshine—and yet an impudent, adoring contrast to the palatial hotels and apartments of Los Angeles and the gracious, palm-fringed boulevards, and the benign dignity of the mountains.

Throughout our stay the weather was exquisite, winter in California being like an English June. The days went by in a glorious golden sequence, while the beauty and the glamour of the nights beggared description.

Yes, it is true! The place breathes romance, and in its breath is the scent of orange-blossom! I have, however, to add the prosaic footnote that we had very little time for romance, being far too busy for anything but work and rest, but I can assure you that it is there—for those who have time.

I Meet Chaplin.

ONE of the first things I learnt about film acting when I went to California was that it is hard work—terribly hard work. Of course, I had appeared in films before, over here, but out there, where one gives one's whole time to the business, and there were many and arduous rehearsals, it was different. We had so much pictures to do in many moults and we made 'em, but they left us very little leisure—as I have already intimated—for the social fringes of the opportunities of meeting this, that, and the other celebrity. (I have already mentioned my meeting with Miss Peggy.)

Of course, belonged to Mr. Samuelson's company, and I am now speaking of people unconnected with it.

But if my social "ascals" were few, at least I was fortunate enough to see the one person of all others in California I wanted to see. I had the extreme privilege and delight of meeting Mr. Charlie Chaplin.

It was at a friend's house one evening that I first expressed my intense desire to meet the great little comedian.

"Well, I don't know," my hostess said a little doubtfully. "Mr. Chaplin is rather shy, but I will see what I can arrange. Perhaps I could give a party for him, and you could meet him then."

Later, she sent me a message saying that she had rung Mr. Chaplin up, and that he had replied, that though he would be "delighted to meet Miss Titheradge, he would so much prefer a quiet little dinner, at which we could have a nice, long talk, instead of the 'party'" to which, of course, my hostess had been invited.

Nevertheless, I had a great flattering at the heart; when I heard that at last I was to meet my hero, I admired him monstrously, you know—and the next evening I attended one of the most charmingly informal little dinners imaginable. Mr. Chaplin, a friend of his, my hostess, and myself were present.

"A Most Delightful Man."

MR. CHAPLIN is a most delightful man—Barrie-esque. Small, beautifully and delicately proportioned, with tiny feet and exquisite, expressive hands. A man of triumphed soul. We discussed books, music, the theatre (about which he is most keen), babies (whom he adores)—everything under the sun except films! And of course we talked about England, particularly London.

"Why don't you pay the Londoners a visit, Mr. Chaplin?" I asked.

"Do—do you think they would like me to come, Miss Titheradge?" he asked diffidently. (The adorably mannered.)

"Like it! My dear Mr. Chaplin, if six kings and six queens, together with the Archangel Gabriel were to walk down Piccadilly in the middle of the day, they would not cause such a sensation as you.

All this time he had been regarding me fixedly with his large, very blue eyes. Now they opened more wide.

"Do you really think so?" he said, withUYD interest.

"I am certain of it." Then he hunched his shoulders, crossed his legs under fashion (we were sitting on a divan), and, leaning towards me, said in a mysterious, excited whisper:

"Do you know, Miss Titheradge, I have a dream—just a beautiful dream. A dream of coming to London and seeing you, showing it to him"—indicating the friend. Where—where when do you arrive, Miss Titheradge?"

"Oh, I should say tomorrow, or even today," I replied.

"At what time?"

"Midnight probably.

"Oh, no, not midnight!"

Lot it be twelve in the day, with sun things, "he cried, just like a little boy. "And then, do you know what we'd do?" he went on eagerly. "First we'd send the luggage to the hot-hut; then, after we'd take the bus to 'The Horns' at Kennington—is that still there?—and Brixton, and the Lambeth Road, and in a breathless whisper—"The Elephant!"

And then he came to earth, though his eyes, like his manners, were still alight.

Wasn't it exquisite? The beautiful simplicity of it really made me cry. With him there was no talk of the Ritz or the Carlton, or the ostentatious grandeur attached to an idol of the public; only of the little places he knew as a boy—of them and a sense of homoecoming.

His New Picture.

AT last I made him talk pictures.

"We want you to do something different," I said. "Why don't you come over to our J. Barrie?"

"Ah! " he exclaimed. "There is something of his spirit in my new picture!" Then suddenly—"Come and see it—now!"

I went. It was 11.30 at night. He took me all over the studio, and then had the picture thrown on for me, seating himself at a little harmonium, and playing plaintive melodies for all the tender hearts, and never, never taking his eyes off me.

It is a wonderful picture. More than that it would not be fair to divulge. But it was in its uncut stage when I saw it, and wherever there appeared a little scene which seemed to Mr. Chaplin not quite so good as the others, there would be a quick, impatient flapping movement of his hand in the semi-darkness, and an excited whisper—"Don't look at that, Miss Titheradge!"

"Can you wonder that I raved over him? Can you wonder that millions in all parts of the globe, rave over him? You have but to come under the spell of his wonderful, his unique magnetism to understand why he has reached all over the world.

(Another delightful article of FilmLand next week.)
"My Most Difficult Scenes."

P I C T U R E - G O E R S will remember with delight the exciting racing scenes in such films as "A Gamble for Love" and "The Gentleman Rider," and many other sporting pictures that have come from the Broadwest studios. Mr. West, the producer, tells of the difficulties in taking these racing films. "In order to obtain good 'close-ups' it is necessary to work the camera from a motor-car, which must be kept on a level with the horses.

"The chauffeur must keep an eye on the horses overtaking the car, and the others on the course; the camera-man must keep on turning the handle of his machine, but at the same time must be sure that the horses are not out of focus; the poor producer, who usually has the most uncomfortable seat in the car, is armed with a megaphone, his duty is to direct the jockeys—I have directed as many as six, all running at top speed.

"Little dashes of race-horses covering a course at almost break-neck speed, which only appear on the scene for five seconds, take perhaps three-quarters of an hour to photograph, owing to such unfavourable and unavoidable accidents as a fall or one of the horses getting out of range of the camera."

WALTER WEST (Broadwest).

A Novel Development.

W HEN Sir Arthur Pinero's drama, "Mid-Chapel," was filmed, a novel development was made in the staging. Instead of the occasional out-

WALTER WEST, one of Britain's leading producers.

bursts of speech, mostly unstudied, that an artiste gives vent to in the crucial moments of a photo-play, the lines of Pinero's drama were memorized in full, and spoken outright before the camera. This is an unusual procedure in the production of a photo-play, in view of the fact that the camera does not record speech. The circumstances explaining the innovation in this instance are many, but the one that may not fully justify the step, for one of the chief charms of the play is its terse dialogue. It was

while Clara Kimball Young, in the role of Zoe, the neglected wife of Theodore Bundell, was about to express indignation that the heat of the scene seized her, and a volley of violent protest shot out in torrent at the astounded husband. The camera man grew quite alarmed, although fortunately he did not stop turning the handle.

Whole Film Spoken.

T HE effect of Miss Young's full-voiced speech was so marked in the added strength of naturalness, that the producer decided to have the entire play done over orally, with every member of the cast memorizing his part, and uttering the lines in a loud voice. The producer's contention that the stormy dialogue could be depicted with so much more power if the cast spoke the lines proved a success, and the results of this step are more than hoped for. The additional work to the players in learning the parts by heart was more than compensated for by the easy naturalness of acting, the genuine sincerity of action, and the entire absence of awkwardness. No doubt the experiment will be tried by other producers, who are always on the look-out for hints which will assist in adding realism to their work.

Lessons We Learn From the Films.

It's the experience of every man that he wants a lot he doesn't get and gets a lot he doesn't want.

Many people perform their work as though they think they are doing their employer a favour.

Kind words are often wasted where a swift kick would be more effective.

The average woman thinks she can bluff almost any man, but when it comes to bluffing some other woman—well, that's another story.

A good many people think they have principles when they merely possess habits.

A woman can almost tell when a man is beginning to fall in love with her; but if she is sensible she will keep the means to herself until it begins to dawn on him.

A man with a lot of money is always a great help to himself.

We should all be happy if we could forget all the mean things we know about ourselves.

This Week's Best Films.

T HE following is a list of the best photo-plays which are being re-


ealed for exhibition at the cinemas during this week, and the names of the star artists:

Hepworth, "The City of Beautiful Women."

HENRY EDWARDS and CHRISTIE WHITE. Vitagraph.

"Beauty Proof."

HARRY MANN.

Pathé . . . . . . . "An Eastern Maid."

FANNY WARD.

WALTHERIAN . . . . . . "The Veiled Adventure."

CONSTANCE TALMADGE.

P. B. O. . . . . . . . "Destiny."

DOROTHY PUPTO.

"Fair Enough."

MARGUERITA FISHER.

SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS ON THE SCREEN.

T O give the correct "colour" to a film, it is necessary to bring all kinds and description of people into the acting of the plays. All nationalities are given a part to play at some time or the other, while even savages are often employed to make a picture realistic. When the play is actually filmed and shown to the public, it all looks very simple, but few folk realize the time and trouble that is expended upon the teaching of these natives their parts. These photographs were taken during the re- filming of a film written by Mary Roberts Rinehart, entitled, "The Empire Builders."
Beauty in Distress

The Age of Chivalry is not dead.
First-aid scenes as shown on the Screen.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS frightens DOROTHY GISH
with his professional air in "Pepper Polly." (Silent)

DOUGLAS MacLEAN experiments on Polly—in "Mary's Ankle." (Paramount)

WILLIAM RUSSELL, a strong and tender rescuer in "Eastward Ho." (Silent)

VIOLET HOPSON renders first-aid to MERCY HATTON in "Her Son." (Broadway)

After the storm. A thrilling scene
—in "The Miracle Man." (Paramount)
The Dawn of a Smile.—MARY MILES MINTER.
The IDEAL LOVER

Below are the stars who received the largest number of votes in our Choosing the Stars competition in answer to the query "Who is your ideal lover on the screen?"

William Farnum, a masterful lover, received 2,066 votes.

Henry Edwards, a British lover, is third with 1,840 votes.

Wallace Reid, the ideal, leads with 3,555 votes.

Eugene O'Brien, as we see him as the perfect lover, received 1,984 votes.

Warren Kerrigan, the handsome lover, received 1,720 votes.

Douglas Fairbanks, the happy lover, received 1,753 votes.
BRITISH AUTHORS AND THE SCREEN
INTERVIEW WITH SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER.

THEATRICAL types may be divided (very roughly) into two sections: straight and character roles; a character role being one in which one retains to a large extent the speech and externals of one's own personality, while a character role demands the assumption of a mode of speech and manner, and often of dress, utterly foreign to oneself. Both types, of course, make demands upon the mentality of their portrayals in direct ratio to the depth and importance of the role, but while the straight part is naturally also of the more ornamental, the two, it is generally conceded that the character role is the more difficult to fill.

An Original Point of View.
It is the highest distinction of Miss Sydney Fairbrother, that not only does she hold in the front rank of character actresses, but that she has never, either on stage or screen filled any part that was not character. She has said, "So I cannot compare my work with any other type of portrayal," she remarked to the other afternoon, as we chatted over tea and cigarettes in her dressing room at the Queen's Theatre. "I do not even know whether I can compare character acting on the stage with character acting on the screen, because the two artistic mediums are entirely different. The make-up required for the screen presents greater difficulties, perhaps, than that used for the stage, because one has to study the peculiar question of photographic values so closely, but in the actual portrayal of a part for the screen I have never experienced any particular restrictions or disadvantages. "The absence of an audience doesn't affect me in the least. Perhaps because the whole time I am acting before the camera I am playing a little game with myself in which I am mentally remarking: You have made them laugh with the aid of words, now see whether you can make them laugh without the aid of words." And so I am continually watching myself, as it were, to see whether I can. The whole thing is rather like a game of chess between my two personalities; and I love any sort of a fight." I was much interested in this original point of view, and said so.

Praise for the Directors.
Yes, emphasized Miss Fairbrother, "I certainly do like film work, but then I have always been especially fortunate in my directors, and my companies. I have shot for but two companies during my screen career; the London, for which I made 'Me and My Man', 'The Game of Liberty' and 'The Mother,' under the particularly fine direction of George Loane Tucker, and the Samuelson company, for whom I appeared in 'Rouge,' directed by Rex Wilson, and 'A Temporary Gentlemen,' for which film Mr. Durante wielded the megaphone. Both these gentlemen are men of high ability, and infinite patience and helpfulness. Can you wonder, then, in view of these pleasant experiences, that I have enjoyed film acting, and am more than willing to continue it, should a good offer present itself.
"What prompted you to take up film work, Miss Fairbrother?"
"Curiosity," was the immediate response. "That and monetary attraction, of course. You see, in my own particular branch of dramatic art, I had done pretty well, and I was getting so that when a brand new medium of dramatic expression came along, I gathered myself together and said: 'This is where I come in'."

Yes, I can quite imagine that would be the spirit in which Miss Fairbrother would approach the newest of arts; I can imagine neglecting new, anything bright and young and absorbing, appealing to one so full of the joy, the incomparable interest of moving as it is, that here is one of those exuberant personalities whose high spirits make everyone who comes in contact with them feel utterly tired and old. Dear me, no! She is erect and dignified personified, outwardly. Which just makes her witticisms so dry and yet so keen, and her inimitable curiosity about life all the more deliciously extract.

Her Mother.
It is in the Fairbrother nature of things that Miss Sydney should have for a mother, not merely a lady of so high a theatrical reputation as Mrs. A.D. Fanning, but one, moreover, whom her daughter describes as, "the youngest thing in the world," who, at the age of sixty-eight, has just had her first experience of film acting, and is eager for more. It is quite characteristic of Miss Fairbrother that having created the immortal Mrs. Badger in "The Young Person in Pink," she should forever be visualising an additional act to Miss Gertrude Jennings delightful comedy.

An Imaginary Scene.
I often picture a fourth act," she said, "where I see the Duchess of Hampshire having to pay Mrs. Badger a good round sum to keep out of the ducal household; or Mrs. Badger applying for the post of head nurse to Leonora's children, and the difficulties of Leonora in consequence. I see——

MISS SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER.
(Photo: Claude Harris.)

Miss Fairbrother toyed delicately with the role of Leonora in "The Young Person in Pink," "And yet," she remarked seriously, "her influence is not good, casting as it does a spell over everything with glamour there should be none. Still——" Still, I wish I had thought of that Miss Fairbrother, which just makes her witticisms so dry and yet so keen, and her inimitable curiosity about life all the more deliciously extract.

May Herschel Clarke.
A CHARMING SHORT STORY OF A LOST HER AND HOW HE WAS FOUND

(Temporary Vaudeville.)

HENRY EDWARDS as he appears in Temporary Vaudeville.

W

I ever a man was hated by his servants and tenants, a man like Hurst, of Hambleton, was.

And there was reason for the hatred.

He was a transparent master and a grasping landlord.

James Hurst had not always been that kind of man. Twenty years before he had been much as other landlords. It was the mysterious disappearance of his son twenty years ago that changed him. Derek, who was idolised by his father, had wandered out of his father's sight without a word to anyone. Hurst searched for many months, but without result, and then he came to the conclusion that he would not spend a single penny on repairs, that he would not spend a single penny on anything, until he found his son. Dick was found, as a tramp, by a landlord, a kind man, who noticed the boy and took him home. Dick, his estate agent, did the best he could, but the property went from bad to worse, and at the time this story opens there was scarcely a cottage in the village that did not lack the rain in through the roof.

The good luck of the master of James Hurst, and that was his love for Peggy, the girl he had adopted, and on whom he showered all the affection he had had for his boy.

Then came the affair at Hambleton when Dick, Derek, a rising young author, arrived in the village in search of material for his next novel.

Derek, a tall, thin, bald, was not. Reluctant to spend his time in the village, and in his rough-tweed suit and soft slouch hat he looked more like a tramp than a successful author.

As he stood by the railway bank eating a piece of bread and cheese, he heard a woman's scream, and, turning, he saw a remarkably pretty girl tugging at her boot, which had got stuck between two rails while the special had passed on the Hurst line. Derek also noticed another thing: the signal showed that a train was coming along.

Dick was a dreamer, but he was also a man of action who never hesitated. He did the distance that separated him from the girl in record time, and managed to get her boot from between the rails about five minutes before the train arrived, just in time.

As he carried her to safety Derek noticed that the girl was not only pretty but beautiful. Her hair was the colour of ripe corn, and her eyes the blue of the sea. Her face was so regular and her skin was toned with the sun and the salt of the sea, that had she worn a smart dress she would have been a perfect beauty. She, however, was very shy and a little frightened.

"Pretty narrow shave, that," said Dick. "Are you much hurt?"

"I'm not much hurt and I think I can walk now," she said in a tone of some astonishment.

"Are you from Hurst?"

"No, I am from London, and I have just arrived in the village by train."

"What train?"

"The twelve o'clock, sir," replied the girl.

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to the sea-shore and to see my sister who lives near there."

"You're the girl Hurst has been looking for, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am."

"Just a moment, my little lady. I am a writer, and I have been sent on a special mission to write a story about you."

"You are a little girl, and I am a stranger, and I have no time to waste."

"I am a professional writer, and I can tell you everything you want to know about this village."

"I am not interested in your story."

"I can tell you everything you want to know about this village."
THE EXPRESSIONS OF DOUGLAS MACLEAN. *(Special to the "Picture Show.")*

DOUGLAS MACLEAN.

An Enthusiastic Golfer as Well as a Screen Hero Gives Hints to Beginners.

**The Feel of a Club.**

INSTINCTIVELY, one gets to know the "feel" of a club—just as one does a billiard cue—but you would be well advised not to take anything that may be foisted upon you. I have seen golf clubs that were nothing more than broomsticks.

What you ought to do is to go to a club professional, get him to take you to one of the trees, with an assortment of clubs, and ask him to give you a lesson in swinging. In this way you will get to know the 'feel' of the club, and if the 'pro' knows his business he will soon be able to fix you up with a set of clubs that will help you to improve your game and reduce your handicap.

**Don't Try For a Big Hit.**

THE driver is perhaps the most abused club in the bag. So much pleasure is got out of the long, tearing drive that players in the novice stage are inclined to lash out at the ball and trust to luck where it goes—if it goes anywhere at all.

Let me warn the beginner against attempting to hit the ball long distances. No greater mistake can be made. There are so many things to remember before you actually hit the ball at all—the correct stance, grip, swing, etc.—that more often than not you forget most of them in your all-conquering desire to get in a whirlwind sweep that will send the ball out of sight.

At such a time you fail to remember that perfect balance of the body is one of the first essentials in driving.

"Matches are lost and won up and around the green. If with those clubs you have the delicate touch—the sense of strength, cut and direction—you can always afford to be many yards behind the merely big smiter from the tee.

Players even of the first class often sacrifice distance for accuracy. Remember that an ordinarily hit ball which flies straight down the fairway is better than a long shot which is either pulled or sliced into the rough.

**The Art of "Putting."**

IMPORTANT as are iron and mashie shots, the one which is most important of all and is at the same time the most difficult to master, is putting.

"Putting is not so much a matter of style as a question of nerve. In ordinary club golf the man who can fairly consistently get down his putts has an advantage of almost a stroke a hole over his less confident opponent.

"There is one wise maxim which every golfer should try to remember: 'Never up, never in!' And it is always better to put a foot beyond the hole than to hit a few inches short of it."

Douglas MacLean—who, by the way, is five feet nine and a half inches high—has no superstitions, though he never travels anywhere without a little soapstone monkey, which he calls 'the god of plenty.' This was given him some years ago by a Chinese traveler, and Douglas believes if he lost the little image his run of luck would go too.

Douglas MacLean is the son of a minister whose ambition was for him to become an engineer, but Douglas chose the stage. There were many heart-to-heart talks between father and son before Douglas got his way, and then it was only on condition that he should choose for a year. At the end of that time if he had not made good he was to return home and follow the path his father had chosen for him. As all picture-lovers know, Douglas did make good. From the stage it was an easy step to the screen, and Douglas MacLean now is one of the most sought for heroes on the film to-day.

During his stage career he played in Peter Pan and other Barrie plays. His best-known screen successes are "The Hound Within," "Johann Schillke," and "Captain Kidd, Jr.," which you will remember he played opposite Mary Pickford; "Fuss and Feathers," with Enid Bennett; "Irish Mary," with Vivian Martin, and he is now starring with Doris May in some particularly happy comedies, among which are "23 Hours Leave," "What's Your Husband Doing?" and "Mary's Ankle."

**The Finest Recreation.**

A PART from his work in the studio, Douglas delights in the fascinating game of golf. You see here his smile of satisfaction when he handles his clubs. For the benefit of his staunch friends, readers of the Picture Show, he gives a few hints to beginners of the game.

"There's nothing like it to keep you fit," he says. "So if you have not yet taken up the game, begin today, or as soon as your holidays give you the chance."

**If You're Taking Up Golf.**

THE average beginner at golf seems to think he has only to buy a set of clubs, a few balls, and then go out and break records. He stands a much greater chance of breaking his clubs!

To begin with, as much care should be taken in the selection of suitable clubs as in the choosing of a suit of clothes or a pair of boots, or anything else that you are most particular about. Intense as they must suit you. If they are too heavy or too light, too long or too short, you are punishing yourself at the very outset, and at best you will never rise above the dead level of mediocrity.

DOUGLAS MACLEAN, Ince Studios, Culver City, California.
How a Plain Girl was Made Pretty

Barbara had always been considered the ugly duckling of the family, and certainly no one would have voted her attractive the day she called on me, and told me how tired she was of being looked up to by dull and uninteresting women of her set.

Her Complexion.

With a good complexion the plainest features look attractive, but Barbara's unfortunately left much to be desired. It was muddy, and there were blackheads around the nose and mouth, caused, I think, through using impartile soap. Fortunately she has no oily skin. I made her rub a little pure cereolized wax gently into the face and neck every night, leaving on the skin till the next morning. This very gently and imperceptibly peeled off all the dead, dull outer cuticle, leaving the fresh young complexion underneath, and giving her a skin as clear and fresh as a baby's. The blackheads were soon removed, and the blemish was dissolved in hot water, and the face bathed and gently dried. After two applications all signs of the blackheads had disappeared.

A Little Colour to the Cheeks.

Barbara is one of those girls who are much improved by a little colour in the cheeks, but unfortunately she has none naturally. So I suggested that she should get some coalceinum and apply a very little to the cheeks with a small piece of cotton-wool. The most critical observer has never detected it. I must add, however, that this method is not natural, for this wonderful powder is just the correct tint and has an advantage which no other artificial colour has, it being elastic and remaining where it is placed, and thus appears absolutely natural.

PARKER BELMONT'S CYLON BERRIES FOR OBESITY. [Adv.]
If any one of the beautiful girls that adorn the plots of the Mack Sennett comedies is more entitled than another to be denoted as "soubrette," it is Phyllis Haver, of the ineradicable smile, with her never-ending good humour and her saucy, beguiling piquancy. Miss Haver is a Los Angeles girl, whose first contact with the "movies" was as part of the orchestra at a residential picture playhouse in the suburbs of the Southern Californian metropolis. She was a fine pianist, and, moreover, enthusiastic; therefore she was quite happy when, upon leaving school, she took over the playing of the piano for the pictures.

However, a visit to the Mack Sennett studios one summer’s afternoon with a friend who was already a bathing beauty, resulted in Miss Haver being given a "test" before the motion picture camera. It was so successful that she was immediately invited to join the organisation, and within a few days was actually acting for the films.

Her Big Chance.

For a while she was destined to merely be a bathing beauty, and appeared most successfully in many of the humorous Mack Sennett films. But Phyllis did not always wish to remain in the ranks of the sportive sea-going beauties. "I am anxious to get on either by my acting than by my looks," said Phyllis, when questioned upon her future plans, particularly those which contemplate no bathing suits, but conventional frocks instead.

And now has come her big chance. She is featured with Ben Turpin in a pretentious production in five reels, a "super-comedy entitled "Married Life." In this film Miss Haver’s gifts as an actress are as pronounced and appealing as her natural gifts of beauty. Her personality is engaging, and her acting is marked by security and poise.

Phyllis celebrated her coming of age on January 6th this year.

MISS HAVER is deserting the bathing comedy to go in for more serious acting.
That Did It.

This parlroom entered the beautiful
screen actress's dressing-room
just as that young lady sat before
the glass putting on the last few drops of powder.
"Oh, miss," she said, "both those young
gents you're engaged to is in the drawing-room,
and they seem to have found out that you're
false to both, and it looks as if there's going
to be a row."

"Goodness me, Matilda!" exclaimed the
startled fair one. "Whatever shall I do?"
Matilda thought for a moment, and then
answered: "I know, miss. I'll go and tell them you're
crying your eyes out because the producer says
you're getting too old to be the leading lady
any longer, and then you can keep the one who
stays."

Matilda departed, and in a short time returned
with a blank look on her face.
"Well," inquired the young lady, "which?"
"Please miss," returned the maid, "they've
both gone."

Differences of Opinion.

The villain had a day off, and, when he
returned to the studio the following
morning, his pals wanted to know why
he looked so disturbed.
"Everything went wrong," grumbled the villain.
"How was that?"
"Ever go fishing with a girl?"
"Once."
"Did she protest against hurting the fish?"
"No; she said she was sure they
were perfectly happy, because they were all
wading their tails."

Artful.

First Artiste: "Since you've been in love,
you seem to have a far-away expression in
your eyes."
Second Artiste: "There's a reason, dear.
Harold always kisses me when I'm not looking."

A Tragedy.

A fish in the screen hero had kissed her,
pulled her rosy cheek against his,
patted her soft round chin, she
began to sob and asked,
"George, do you shave yourself?"
"Yes," he replied.
"I suppose the problem is how long
the public will stand that sort of thing?"

Evidence.

PuTTY STAR: "Are you sure that it was a
year ago to-day that we became engaged, dear?"
PUTTY FORESTER: "Yes; I looked it up in my
check-book this morning."

Lost Opportunity.

First Extra Girl: "The second time I
saw him I was engaged to him."
Second Extra Girl (full of jealousy): "What caused the delay?"

FILM FUN.

MEN have grown accustomed through
the years to certain standards. These are now
the moral laws which control and guide
the destinies of entire races. There must have
been a good reason for these laws or they could
never have come into being. Society does not
adopt any unnecessary rules, but among the
vital laws, honesty stands out in bold relief.
It has become deeply embedded in the minds of
mankind, that everyone must be true to him-
self. It is taken for granted that those who are
not would naturally be false to everybody.

The reason for this lies in the fact that society
will not proceed with any course of action
being able to trust its members. The general
in charge of an army would have a hard
time of it, if he were unable to place faith in
the soldiers. A subordinate or two has instructions
that might lead to a crisis in the battle. Society
would dash itself upon the rocks, were it not
consisted of certain people are courageous
honest, and in those it finds its leaders.

To rise in life means that our fellow man
believes in us and wishes us to do so.
Without his co-operation, it would be
fruitless to arouse our own ambitions. We could
not hope to win a victory all alone and against
the great majority who believe in certain
standards and practices. We might feel our
selves in thinking that, because of some stroke
of fortune, we had established an immunity for
ourselfs, and that our fellow men would
tell us how feebly we had succeeded.

There is only one method, only one way—
rise through honesty, and an optimistic belief
in self. And let us not plague ourselves, because
of our virtue. Personal honesty is our due to
ourselves, and our fellow men.

The man who is nobly honest has no
reason to fear the future. He knows
that he can win the trust of men;
he knows that he already has it. He has
done no harm to the man's eye.
He knows where he stands in life. He has
won that which he has through struggle, and he
does not intend to lose it.
He does not intend to fail. He cannot fail—he cannot lose.
No matter how things might go at this moment, or
that the next will find him on the rising tide of
every opportunity, chances. His reputa-
tion travels before him like the advance agent.
His coming is heralded and he is welcomed into
any community.

It isn't as though there were only a few honest
men. This welcome, this "glib hand," is always
extended by society to the honest man as
a token of approval. The world's work is a
magnificent task. There is always room for
another worker to handle some part of it.
And only the true, the sincere, are capable of doing
this in the proper way. The leader of society
in the broad sense are those who win the faith
of the average man. We know that in order
to win some part of that great trust, we must obey
the standards of honesty and decency that he
below the surface, and only need to be called
to life and action, in order to be used.

And laughter will arise that seems as quickly
as anything else. The man who is capable
of laughing heartily is not apt to be the one who
carries some conscience-stricken thought around
with him.

I is the easiest thing in the world to detect
an untrue laugh. The real laugh springs out
of the depths of being, and comes with a
ringing sense of security and faith in one's self.
It goes with the workman in the early morning,
when he swings along the road to the factory.
It accompanies the soldier into battle. It
arouses the clerk from lethargy. It brightens
the sick room. It raises us all to unexplored
heights, as an evidence of our state of mind, it
can only mean one thing—honesty and sincerity.
No character can exist without this outward
expression of an inward honesty. The mere
development of laughter would eventually lead
to honesty. The fact that you are laughing,
enjoying life, awakens you to a spirit of security
and a feeling of the joy of living. Gloomy men
are the ones whose tendency is towards crime
and trouble. Laughing men are the ones who stir
the world with new desires, and make life worth
living. Therefore we say—laugh and live.

If we interview many of life's failures, we will
find that the overwhelming majority went
down because of their neglect to get out of an
environment that was not stimulating, and
because their ambitions had grown rusty and
intellectual from neglect.

The passions and other institutions are filled
with people who did not make any attempt to
get away from the vicious surroundings in which
they lived. They were like telegraph poles that
ever grew to fronts—they just kept standing
motionless. They were not having grown legs
with which they could leap out on to the
banks and away to other climes, they con-
tinued to stand until they froze to death, or
were killed. In other words, the failure is a man
who dwells in muddy atmosphere all his days, who
is content to do the same thing over again, a failure
who never attempts to take advantage of any opportunity.
He becomes unclean, so to speak.

No matter what cause we dig up with which
to explain our success in life, we cannot
neglect this most important one—the
careful selection of our acquaintances. And this
doesn't mean that one must be a sable. Far
from it. It only means that the successful man,
the man who wishes to rise in life, should not
spend his days in the company of idle compan-
gions who do not possess ambition of heart,
or the will to do the work of the world. It means
that life is too short to hang around the loafing
planks, and be thrown away with the driftwood of humanity, listening to
their stories of failure, and drinking in with
liquid some of the bitterness against those who
have toiled and won the fruits of their toil.
It means that we will not go out of our way to seek
the friendship of men and women who are simply
mockeying away to gain happiness in life, without
paying for it. It means that we will do all in
our power to win friends who aspire nobly, and
who desire to help others with whom they come
in contact. Such men are naturally clean of
mind and body.

The wonderful story of a man who lived from early
childhood with none but fierce and savage
apes as his companions
and protectors
The tale on which the famous
film was founded.

Begin it THIS WEEK in the

BOYS' CINEMA - 2D.

Out on Wednesday.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS tells you the secret
of his Happiness. Try it now, advises Doug.

DOUG, the author.
IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

The Business Girl in the Hot Weather—Little Tips to Relieve the Body—Make Use of the Week-End—The Picture Girl's Lingerie Set.

THE heat of the summer is trying to all of us, particularly to the girl who works for her living. It is difficult to concentrate one's thoughts on work when the heat demands much sleep and rest. The business girl, who has a set routine of work to carry out day after day, groves to dread the very thought of it. The solution is hot that all clothes stick to her body. But she must try to avoid this stage, or she will not be able to carry out her duties properly and be failure, both with regard to her health and her job.

If the busy woman will only prepare herself, in a manner more suitable to the climate, which in this changeable climate are so quickly upon us, she will find far more benefit from the summer weather. "Forewarned is forearmed," and knowing just which way the heat affects her should give her the means to turn herself at all her weakest points.

To Begin the Campaign.

THE first effect of the heat on the average person is to produce a sort of lassitude, which takes away energy, life, and vigour. It leaves in its wake a general feeling of heat. Now, if the business girl reaches this stage, as she probably will after a few days' extreme heat, she must be warned. She must rally her forces to withstand any further advance of summer's influence. For the next step will be loss of appetite, and this latter brings on illness only too quickly.

The girl who works for her living cannot give in to the heat for the very shortest times. Knowing that it will try to rob her of her energy and strength, she must resist it at every turn, not so much while she is in the office, where the work must be accomplished, but outside, during the break she enjoys over her week-end holidays. There should be no foolish waste of vigour, but she should conserve her strength like a reserve for her holiday. There are limitless little ways in which the business girl can save herself if she will only try, and although one may be very small in the scheme of things, I can assure them that they will find a difference if they bear them in mind.

Little Points.

For instance, at the luncheon hour, it may not be necessary for her to walk within a radius of a mile from the street, but just to walk on the shady side of the road to the restaurant where you lunch. But in the extreme case, where the very vitality preserved by walking in the shade would have been lost if the walk had been taken in the sun, the saving of two or three days, and will save many a headache and much fatigue.

Another way to conserve the necessary strength to combat with the heat is to travel as much as possible in the open air. Avoid as much as you possibly can any subway travelling where the air is stifling and the travel congested. The top of a ventilated vehicle will be much more beneficial to the health, and you will arrive at the office much fresher than if you had recoiled up in a stuffy compartment.

No matter how busy the city or town may be, there is likely to be a church or it may be an open park. A quarter of an hour's rest on a deck chair, quietly in this cool spot during the midday heat, will do you up wonderfully for the afternoon's work.

Another question that should not be neglected during the very hot days is that of food. Let the diet consist chiefly of vegetables and fruit. Drink plenty of milk. The latter, however, should not be drunk right down, but should be sipped to be beneficial. Substitute eggs for meat as much as you can, and eschew all foods that contain very much fat. The latter will only serve to make hot for the body and exhaust it for some time. It is necessary to give the body its usual amount of nourishment, and for this reason peas, beans, and lentils should be included in your meals, such as wheat bread, cheese, and eggs are summer foods, each containing little fat.

Make Use of the Week-End.

THE week-end should be the building-up time for the business girl. During that time she should try to lay up enough energy to help her through the coming working week, and in the heat of the summer; it is possible the finest arrangement for the worker is to spend either the Saturday afternoon or part of the Sunday in the country. A lazy day on the river will also be found splendid relaxation. Do not expend too much of your energy over sports during the week-end. Playing tennis the whole time will not so be beneficial as an afternoon's lasting, especially in the hot weather. Any strenuous exercise on such broiling hot days will only call for exhaustion. Long walks in the country are delightful and health giving in the summer months, but they should be taken in moderation. To go for a long twenty-mile walk without stopping may be an accomplishment, but it will not do half so much good as to tramp half the journey broken by rest in the shade, and then rest in the shade, and then on the journey.

The Annual Vacation.

FOR those who are confined to an office all the year round, it is imperative they shall have an annual holiday, as they cannot be exempt from the open. The human body cannot stand hot air and lack of exercise for always, and often the summer holiday is the only time they will be able to give the busy worker going through the whole year. This holiday, during which the average person is out of the office, is a time, just served to renew the body's waning strength, to replenish vigour of the nerves, and to provide a store of health for the coming year. So that no worker, for her own sake, can afford to do without a proper vacation. It is a mistake to spend the holiday in town, with a view to completing her work. Every day in town is usually more costly than the one at the seaside; or in the country, where a beach is accessible therewith. So, above all things, make the most of your summer holiday. It will be the only one possible moment in the open.

The Picture Girl's Lingerie

SIMPACT is the keynote of the lingerie chosen by the Picture Girl, and she has decided that hand embroidery is by far the most effective of trimmings. The illustration will give you an idea of the choice of her lingerie, the pretty nightdress being cut in Maygar fabric and hand embroidered therewith. So, above all things, make the most of your summer holiday. It will be the only one possible moment in the open.

You can obtain patterns of either the knickers and chemise (No. 27,777) or the nightdress (No. 27,730), in 22, 24, 26, and 28 inch waist sets, for one shilling each from the Picture Show Offices, Part Dept., 233, Regent Street, London, W.1. Postage orders must be made payable to the Picture Show.

I will tell you Free how to Reduce your Weight

I was just a strong young woman, full of life and vigour, and fond of good things to eat, enjoying life to its fullest extent, when suddenly my weight began to increase, and I began to feel the burden, especially as I am a business woman and have plenty of work to do. While my earthly self was rapidly assuming abnormal proportions, the progress in this direction brought sorrow and consternation to my heart. I knew that my position was a business one or reduce my weight. I began to feel that I had an idea that I could conquer, and I made up my mind that I was at the dangerous point with myself.

One day an inspiration came to me, after I had spent time, money, and patience in vain efforts to become slim again. I betook myself to the inspiration and succeeded, for 26 lbs. of poundage weight vanished in five weeks without the use of drugs, precise exercise regimen, nor starvation diet, nor wear any apparatus, but reduced myself by a simple home method, and although this is some time ago, I have never gained any weight since, and my health is better than ever.

You could reduce your weight the same as I have done, and reduce myself by a simple home method, and although this is some time ago, I have never gained any weight since, and my health is better than ever.

"Shots"—from Broadwest

A FINE example of the capable, modern fashion-conscious woman was introduced in the form of Felice Rose (Violet Hapson) as the heroine of the BROADWEST film "Snow in the Desert," which will be shown in the course of the coming February. This film was personally directed by Mr. W. West, so that it needs no other recommendations. If you have not already seen it, do so at the next opportunity, and if you have seen it once, see it again, for it is certain that you will find in this production plenty of incidents that are of exceptional interest.

Two more BROADWEST films are now well up the way to completion. "Trent's Last Case," which is being made at Watlington, and "The Great Gay Road," of which the leading part, occupies the attention of the company at the Gashford. Both films are out of the ordinary, so far as story, is concerned, for "Trent's Last Case" deals with the adventures of a young journalist who turns detective, and "The Great Gay Road" takes you by land, sea, and air, by high ways and by-ways of the English countryside with a gentleman-valet as the leading character.

Those who are interested in BROADWEST productions will be glad to know that this well-known British firm is now issuing you the press notes, which are published bi-monthly. This booklet, which tells the history of the BROADWEST Company and gives details of their forthcoming films. This booklet, with three sepia post cards of Violet Hapson, Stewart Granger, and William Scott may be obtained by sending a postal order for 3d. to the BROADWEST FILMS LTD., 175, Wardour Street, London, W.1.

BROADWEST FILMS LTD.
175, Wardour Street, London, W.1.
B.B.
CRUELTY ON THE SCREEN.

I DO not profess to be a lover of films, but I have seen some good ones, and some that are not so good. I am not writing this letter to condemn the pictures, but to bring to the attention of the public the cruel scenes that are being shown in some of the productions that are now being exhibited.

There are many instances where the pictures are very cruel, and I would like to see some of them go to the pictures they have seen: 'I condemn them not because they are without a moral, but because they utter such evil. I have seen pictures in which the animals have just left a theatre, and for at least forty-five minutes the audience was made to see the sufferings of the animals. The audience had to sit and watch the hero being subjected to the most painful cruelties. I would like to see the pictures go to the pictures for enjoyment, and the pure finishing of all pictures wherein happiness should be the reward for honesty, steadfastness, and virtue should always be cut so short that the real pleasure is spoiled.'

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany every letter. A letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered.


"ANXIE" (Leamington Spa).—So you liked Norma Talmadge in "The Forbidden City." Other films of hers are: "The Safety Curtain," "The Heiress," "Good Intentions," "Yesterday," and "Nancy Lee." No, Eugene O'Brien is not playing opposite her. She was at one time the wife of John Daly's husband in "Hoops." Jane Lee was born in 1912, and was married to the late John E. Daly in 1932. Gladys Hulett is twenty-six. Yes, Peggy Hyland is in this country, acting for Samson's.

"FLINT" (London).—Thanks for your suggestion, but though I could easily fill this page, and many others at this and several issues, with your communals and those of the superlative popularity of this paper, I prefer to give information instead which I am sure all my readers would rather have. Yes, Lloyd Hughes was in "The Heart of Hymn." It's twenty-one years ago since he was born in Boston, Arizona. Oh, no, Carth Hughes is a different actor, and don't forget he is a Wildeman, "John." They will confirm that in London, and give you the date as 1937. He is 5 feet 5 inches, has brown hair and blue eyes, and was educated in a native town, and later in Paris.

"ETHEL" (Dundee).—So your little heart went pitter-patter when you saw for the first time the handsome Samuelsen. In Italy he is called "Bartel." His name, I may tell you, is Clarence Oliver. He was also with Madame Kennedy in "The Devil's Advocate.

"FRANKIE" (Hornsey).—Yes, Percy Marren is much missed.

"FRANCIS" (Hornsey).—Remember that you and other readers can always write to any article, even if it is not printed. I am reading very carefully the instructions above the addresses that you will see in the paper. The addresses will be thirty-seven on September 16th.

"FRANCES" (Buckingham Palace).—Most of the British artists mentioned in your list have not disclosed their measurements. Other heights are: Ibsen, 6 feet, 3 inches; Peggy Hyland, 6 feet; Tallmadge, 6 feet; Blanche Sweet, 5 feet 6 inches. Yes, Tallmadge has black hair, and Charles B. "Mr. Mac" was the star in "The Rising Strain." His name, I may tell you, is Clarence Oliver. He was also with Madame Kennedy in "The Devil's Advocate.

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BOUND VOLUMES.

We have a limited number of the "Picture Show," Volume 2, containing issues from November to April inclusive. Beautifully bound in blue cloth binding. These volumes can be obtained, price 10s. 6d. post free in any address in the British Isles and Abroad (with the exception of Canada, Australasia, and South Africa) price 12s. 6d. post free. Send your order to-day to avoid disappointment, enclosing P.O.'s for the amount above or to The Publisher, the "Picture Show," Fleetway House, Farrington Street, London, E.C. 4.

HAY FEVER AND INFLUENZA SUMMER AND SPRING.

LURK IN CINEMAS.

There is always a risk of catching influenza, Cold in the Head, and Catarrh, at the picture. You never know who sits next to you, and your neighbour is suffering from one of these complaints, you are quite likely to catch it.

Nasal Catarrh and Influenza seen carried by germs in the air you breathe. That is how infection can be caught, and you must make your head for a week or a fortnight. You can.

DEFECY INJECTION by using Nostrolne nasal speculum before going to see the picture. It is pleasant-useful—scientific. -saves hundreds of lives. Be smart and take Nostrolne nasal speculum not only prevents, but also cures even the most severe cases. It is never too late. Be smart immediately the first symptoms are noticed. It is.

A CERTAIN CURE.

One application may save you from a fortnight's illness in bed.

Used by many doctors and nurses to protect them against catarrh.

Sold by most chemists in 13 tubes, or post free for 15s. in postage stamps from NOSTROLINE Laboratories, 5E. Clifton, Bristol.

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

HAVE YOU A FRIEND ABROAD? If you have a friend abroad who you think would like to see your copy of the "Picture Show," a postcard sent to the Editor with their name and address written on, will ensure them receiving a copy for free of charge.


PHOTOGRAVURE POSTCARDS—No. 2 All-Star Series now for sale. In this packet are Beautiful Art Pictures of Charles Ray, Antonio Montana, Paul Douglas, Frank Furness, William Dunlap and Milton Sims. Price: Set of 6 couples, 1s. 6d. post free. All who have to do get a set is to send a shilling postal order, made payable to the Picture Show Postcard Department, No. 2 All-Star Series, 70, Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. 4.
Should Girls "Powder"?
Perhaps the mild Victorian Miss had no need of powder, but for the outdoor girl it is a necessity. A Golf or Tennis complexion seems out of place in a ballroom without a dusting of TETLOW'S
Swan Down
FACE POWDER
whilst the hot-house bon ton complexion needs it not as much for protection in the open air. It is not only harmless, but beneficial—keeps the face cool and dry in hot rooms.
Use Swan Down and look your best all the time.
Sold in Fiver Tins at 1/31 1/2 Box.
White, Cream, Pink, Flesh and Brunette.
by all Stores, Chemists and Perfumers.

WAXOLA

S&lD FOR PATTERNS.
This charming skirt sold with a "money-luck" guarantee. Made in yards.
Send 2d. for " Measurement of Patterns; from 19/6.

SEND FOR PATTERNS.

ARE YOU SHORT?

WAXOLA

YOUNG CANNOT HAVE A BAD COMPLEXION AND WAXOLA will clear it. Sold Under Guarantee. Even the plainest features look attractive if the Complexion is good. Send a sample—name, age, and address to a lady's—may be procured in One Week by writing this Wonderful New Wax Product. Wrinkles and All Skin Imperfections disappear magically. Also White Wax, first the WAXOLA, and you'll delay. Send for Free Special Offer. Or write for 2d. plan (triple air box) for 2s. (Two for 5s.)

RICHMOND
Preparations.
Restores and Preserves The Skin.

SHOPPING
made
Easy.

WAXOLA

THE PICTURE SHOW.

If you let the Crinoline System help you to increase your height, Mr. Riffle reports 5 inches more. (Dept. 5, W.R. 3 inches, Mr. Bandell 4 inches. Mr. Kethley 4 inches. This system greatly improves the height, figure, and carriage. Send 3 penny stamps for further particulars and 5/- Guarantee in Fancy Dept. C.T., 17, Strand Green, London, N. 1.

CHARLEY'S
SECRET FREE
SEND NO MONEY

The Children's Newspaper

Stephen Dancing

STEP DANCING

The pure materials from which Crosfields' English Naptha Soap is made, combined with the well-known active cleansing principles of Naptha, produce an all-round cleanser of acknowledged efficiency and power.
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**Picture Show Chat**

**Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players**

**To a Bashful Admirer.**

_Viola Dana_ has received a beautifully engraved vanity case, but there was no letter with the gift, so Miss Dana cannot write and thank the sender. She has asked me to tell you that she will carry it in one of the scenes of her next picture, entitled "Blackmail," so the donor may know that she appreciates the gift.

---

**When is a Post-office Not a Post-office?**

**O**NE of the many difficulties in taking outdoor scenes is to find the right kind of shop in the right kind of place. For instance, in "The Marriages of Mayfair," a scene has to be taken outside a country post-office. The director found a shop in an ideal spot which only needed a sign, which he carried ready for display above the door, reading "Post Office." In explaining this to the shopkeeper, the director encountered a complete lack of imagination.

"You will find a real post-office down the road," said the proprietor, "not more than half a mile."

"But I am not looking for a post-office. I want to take a picture of your shop with a post-office sign over it," explained the director. "But this ain't the post-office, and you will find it -"

And this sort of conversation continued for thirty minutes, before light finally dawned on the countryman.

"By gum, that's a clever idea!" he said.

"Go right ahead!"

---

**When Villainy is Required.**

_Wherever_ there is a strong part for an out-and-out villain on the screen, the name of Robert McKim is mentioned. I hear at present he is being loaned by Mr. Hampton to Robert Brunton for one picture entitled "The Devil to Pay." Two other pictures, not yet released, in which we shall see him at his "worst" are "The U.P. Trail," by Zane Grey, and "The Dwelling Place of Light," by Winston Church, the American novelist.

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**One of the Waves.**

_Irene Rich_ has a sense of humour. A very persistent interviewer was asking the actress if she had any ancestors who had achieved fame on the stage, thereby accounting for her own talent. Irene said she was quite alone in the acting profession.

The interviewer was disappointed, and showed it.

"Can't you dig up just one," he said, "a relative, even?"

Irene hesitated, and then a mischievous twinkle came in her eye.

"Well, my brother Robert once took part in a stage play, though it was not a prominent role. You see, they had canvas spread over the stage to represent the ocean, on which waves were painted. Under the waves small boys bobbed up and down to give the illusion of motion. Well, my brother Robert was one of those waves!"

---

**Insuring Her Teeth.**

_Sylvia Sealey_ , now heading lady in the Metro Buster Keaton comedies, is nineteen years old. She hasn't been seventeen for very long, either; only a week, to be exact.

But a cruel blow was dealt her through a society journal the other day when it announced the details of the little family gathering that had been held in honour of her nineteenth birthday.

The paragraph containing the typographical error was as follows:

"The huge birthday cake was a work of art, and it was even more beautiful when all the thirty-nine candles were lighted."

To the way, Sylvia has just had a fright. One of the chief reasons for her being the

---

**Life in the early fifties will be seen in the Granada photo-play, "Aunt Rachel," bounded on one of the best-known of David Christie-Miller's novels. The stars are_ [**Bosie Ellis, Sydney Fairbrother, Lionelle Howard, and Haidee Wright**]_.**
“PICTURE SHOW” CHAT (Continued from page 3)

leading lady in the Keaton comedies is her delightful smile, in which she shows a perfect set of teeth. The other day, during the filming of one of the scenes in "Just Married," her latest comedy, an extra took a mild tumble and parted with three good teeth at the same time. Should Miss Sealy lose a few of her teeth, her value as a screen actress would be gone, so she directs, before the week is out, to have each one of her thirty-two teeth insured to the limit set for such risks by a local insurance company.

The Ideal Type.

Did you read Sir Anthony Hope’s novel, "Phroso"? This is the latest novel down for filming by Louis Mercanton, the famous French producer. I hear he is still looking for a beautiful girl to enact the title role. Mr. Mercanton, who is now in Paris, receives daily large consignments of photographs from all parts of the world of possible Phroses, but so far the beauties of France, Italy, Spain, and America have failed to satisfy him, and he expects to find his ideal Phrose in England.

A Roof Ballroom.

BETTY BLYTHE is spending an ideal holiday making plans for her new home. She has purchased ground opposite the residence of J. Warren Kerrigan, and she tells me her house will be of Spanish architecture, with a large patio and fountain.

A novel feature, planned by the star, is a roof ballroom where dancing can be enjoyed in the open air. It is an ideal spot chosen for the building site on an eminence of the hill slope which commands a sweeping view of the valley.

A Town of "Pickford" Discovered.

THERE is a town of Pickford in North America.

An announcement stating that the city of Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, was contemplating changing its name to that of Pickford brought forth a letter from Northern Alberta showing that on the railway between Edmonton and the Athabasca Landing was a little town called Pickford. The station agent’s wife told me that it was but a small place near an Indian village, but that it had been there for several years, and that sometimes twice a month they had moving pictures.

Curiously enough, the next town is "Chaplin," also another trading post; and, according to the map, Fairbanks, Alaska, is not so far away.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS treasures the film, taken by the "Topical Budget," of his honeymoon trip over here. You see him here smiling again at the memory of the enthusiastic reception he and Mary received as they landed at Southampton,

FROM "OVER THERE."
Notes and News from Los Angeles.

Fifty Stars in Film.

MARY PICKFORD has been using about fifty cats, which have been trained without much difficulty to follow a cat’s-ear music and end with the London street-scene of her new picture, "The Duchess of Sudd." During the periods devoted to this portion of the story the two heroes housed in cages at the Brunton Studios, with a special attendant to minister to their wants. The other day a small boy thought it would be rather a good joke to open some of the cages and let the cats out. He was, however, caught in the act, and only five of the cats got away. A notice was put up on the studio bulletin board that Miss Pickford would be glad of the return of her stray felines, if they were seen roaming about the neighborhood. In two days they were back again; but during that interval no less than twenty-three other cats had also been submitted for approval. In fact, the latest market quotations in this commodity tend to show that the present supply of cats in Hollywood is much in excess of the demand.

Sessue as a Bull-fighter.

SENSE HAYAKAWA has been appearing in an entirely new character in his latest picture, "The Brand of Lopez." He is part of the part of a bull-fighter, and in order to make his interpretation correct in every detail, he enlisted the services and advice in technical matters of Don Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar, a famous Spanish matador, who recently retired from a career of thrills to become a peaceful and placid citizen of the Bull City. At the outset of Mr. Hayakawa’s career, he was feared that a difficulty would be encountered in providing him with places suitable for an Oriental type, but his great and individual gifts have triumphantly asserted themselves in other than purely Japanese parts. He has appeared in Japanese, Hawaiian and Mexican roles, and his portrayal of the character of a fiery Spanish will be accepted with special interest, as historically the keynotes of his acting personality has been self-effacement and a rare gift of restraint.

Milton Sills as a Chess Expert.

MILTON SILLS, the popular leading man, declares himself the possessor of a great deal of philosophy in his leisure time. In fact if he were not a movie star, he would probably be occupying his time in a university and lecturing on Kant, Schopenhauer, and other high-browed gentlemen. Even the recreations of a lighter hour are not so far removed from all of the heavier order, requiring a good deal of thought and concentration. His favourite games is chess, of which he has found a congenial soul in Theodore Roberts. After losing twenty-nine games during the past week, Mr. Sills is now on a winning streak, for the veteran actor has been forced to hide the dust in the past twelve encounters.

The Lure of the Sea.

THE aerial craze seems to be subsiding in favour of water sports. Louise Glamm, Dustin Farnum, and John Bowers have always favoured the latter, and all own smart little motor launches. Fritz Reno has also invested in little sailing craft and says he is going east for the America Cup races, whilst Gene Darmond spends his week in4

Betty Blythe—Author.

BETTY BLYTHE recently wrote a story about her experiences on stage and screen for an American magazine. The story proved so interesting and was generally so well written that she has been asked to contribute a series of similar stories dealing with studio life for other magazines. Miss Blythe’s writing ability is hereditary, as her mother was the author of numerous short stories, and her uncle is a well-known novelist on this side.

ELSE CORD.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

OLIVE THOMAS and MATT MOORE making up in rough circumstances for a desert scene on Long Island.

JEAN PAIGE prefers diving to bathing, that is why she likes to go well out to sea, so that she can dive from the boat. Here you see her with JOE RYAN.

Golf is Sessue Hayakawa's favourite pastime for leisure hours, and he has a game whenever he gets a chance. Here you see Doris Pawn interestingly watching his stroke.

HALE HAMILTON, the well-known British actor, also acts for the silver screen. He is quite happy over his impromptu meal.

MISS MARJORIE HUME, who is to star as Clara Borstwick, heroine of "The Great Day," making up in her delightful dressing-room in the new Famous Players-Lasky studio in London.

"Buddy" Post with a little friend. She is not really as small as she looks, for "Buddy" is a veritable giant, and the largest film actor in America. He is 6 ft. 6 ins. in height, and weighs 325 pounds.
The train that had been climbing a steep up-grade, with the engine hurling the cars back from grinding wheels, reached the summit of the tunnel range. Slowly it made its way along a ravine with a torrent roaring beneath, and plunged into the darkness of a tunnel.

William J. Flynn, Chief of the United States Secret Service, New York City

When it emerged from the tube of darkness, Stephen Arnold, of the Secret Service, found he was alone in a seat that a few minutes before had been shared with a companion. The man—a surly individual who resented all overtures at conversation—had disappeared. Arnold looked about, but the man was not in the coach. It had taken only a minute for the train to pass through the short tunnel, but that time his companion, who had appeared to be napping, had managed to leave his seat and pass from the car without attracting the attention of the detective as he did so. Arnold thought it peculiar.

Across the aisle a pretty girl was reading a magazine. Every now and then she closed her eyes, nodded, and then, with an effort, aroused herself and continued the perusal of her book. She was doing her best to keep awake. Finally, tired nature succumbed, and the girl's head fell back on the seat. The magazine slipped from her fingers and dropped to the floor.

With a start the girl awakened. Arnold hurried to the floor and picked up the book and handed it to her. She gave him a curt "thank you," and turned her face to the window.

"I only want to look at an historical spot along here," Arnold hastened to assure her.

The girl did not reply, and bent her head to her page. Having passed "Three Forks," Arnold turned back from the window.

"It's nice here, isn't it?" he remarked, determined to be pleasant.

The girl looked up, and, visibly annoyed. Coolly she looked him over.

"It was," she retorted, with considerable emphasis.

Highly amused, Arnold returned to his seat. A half hour passed and the girl's companion, a prosperous-looking man, re-entered the car from the direction of the smoking compartment. Lighting heard her call him "father," and ask when they would reach Waynesville.

"In about an hour, dear," the man replied, and reached for a leather bag she had been gazing in his absence.

Lighting's thoughts again turned to his seatmate who had disappeared. Getting up, he went to the smoking compartment. But it was not there.

Three sharp blasts of the whistle, a grinding of brakes, and the train slowed down. As it stopped, Lighting reached for the door. It was thrust open in his face, and a man wearing a mask and carrying a revolver confronted him. The weapon was pressed against his body.

"Back there—quack!" the intruder ordered. Lighting fell back into the car. Inside all was confusion. Someone yelled "train robbers!" and a woman screamed.

The train had stopped dead. The robber continued to menace Lighting, and forced him back until they reached the seat he had left a few minutes before. The man seated there had turned to the one occupied by the girl, and spoke to her companion.

"Hand over that bag," he ordered.

The girl jumped to her feet, but the masked man forced her roughly back. Without a word the man with the girl handed over the bag. The girl's eyes flashed as she turned towards Lighting and spoke across the aisle.

"Are you going to let him get away with that?" she asked.

Lighting did not think it worth while to reply. His position was obvious. Besides, he was watching the robber. He noted that the little finger of the hand that held the pistol was missing just above the second joint. It marked him, and the detective made a mental note of it. The hand had been cut off part of his little finger on his right hand missing.

Taking the bag, the robber backed down the aisle and joined his companion. Both of them disappeared down the steps of the car. For a few seconds no one stirred. Two whiskies from the steward, and the man moved on. The hold-up had been a success.

The passengers had recovered from their alarm, and the danger was past, and only one of them had been molested, they chose to regard it as a highly amusing adventure. "It's a Detective Story," said one. "It's only the victim—the girl's father—offering condolences. The old man seemed stunned. But we're lucky," replied another.

"If any of you had been half men," she said, "you wouldn't have had an opportunity to prove it.

"I advise you to say nothing when you reach Wayne." Lighting replied, "I shall stop off with you."

"Good!" Noyes said, "I Helen—turning to his companion—"I've been regarding Lighting with unfriendly eyes—" this is Mr. Stephen Arnold, of the Secret Service. I think he may help us."

The girl gave him a curt nod.

"I warned you against bringing the bonds, she said to her father. "You can consider them as good as gone, and be prepared to make good their loss. I have no confidence in detectives, and a vulgarity such as mine is tolerated in our town.

Without another word or a glance at Lighting she began holding her baggage to a porter who was watching her. Lighting was to meet her in Wayne. Her last remark nettled Lighting.

"That, Miss Noyes," he replied, "is one of the reasons why I am here."

Raising his cap, he returned to his seat, and prepared to leave the car.

"Heels," he heard the girl's father admonish her, "that is the very first time I ever know you to be positively rude."

"If this girl made any reply, Lighting did not hear it, for they passed out of the car. At the station platform, he saw a finely-looking young chap of about her own age, greeting the girl and shaking hands with her father. He then learned that before Noyes drove off in the automobile that awaited him, he turned and came toward Lighting.

"Come into the bank to-morrow morning," he said, "I will give you a list of the stolen securities."

Lighting nodded, and walked towards the telegraph office, where the conductor was sending a report of the hold up. Then he went to the express car, where the crew were examining the wreckage that had been blown with many zeroes.

From the messengers he learned that the trick had been done by two men, making four in all. About $15,000 dollars in actual cash had been taken. Considerable more money in an inner compartment, that was locked, had been left for the short time in which the robbers had to work.

Lighting was on his way to Spokane, but his errand was not finished. He determined to take a hand in running down the train robbers.

The Medicine Faker.

The next afternoon Lighting called on the banker and received a list of the stolen securities, informed that the financier spent part of each year in Chicago, and was preparing to return there soon with his family.

"My wife has social ambitions that she cannot fulfill here," he explained. "And from his Chicago experience Lighting inferred there was a rift in the domestic lute.

Again addressing the banker to make no overtures concerning. Lighting prepared to take a look around, the town, for he felt sure, from the fact that the robbers knew of his presence on the train, that someone either in Wayne or Chicago had been on the inside.

He was about to return to his hotel early that evening, he was attracted by a crowd gathered at one of the corners. Approaching, he saw the crowd surrounded an old-time medicine faker that he thought had passed out of existence long ago. The faker stood on the rear of a wagon, the sides of which announced in glaring letters that he was Professor Carvonnas, dispising of a marvellous "Egyptian Tiger Pill," a panacea for all ills.

The professor had the usual entertainment and patter. At its close he held up a bottle of the medicines for sale.

"The gentlemanly agent will now pass among you," he shouted. "Don't crow and push. There may be enough for all." The small town folk fell for the faker and his wares. Lighting remained watching until the last hand had received a bottle of the wonder cure, and then started for his hotel. There he asked the clerk about "the professor."

"I heard of him about once every two years," the clerk told him. "Usually camps in the woods near the waterfall. Stays about a week." Lighting was at first a little surprised, as it was still light, the detective started for the waterfall about a mile out in the country. The mystery of Carvonnas had driven to the woods and was preparing to retire for the night. But first he must eat, and a fine was his evening offering. Lighting looked about, the professor discovered he was short of water, and said, "Mike!" he called, "Go down to the brook and get some water."

"Mike," the gentlemanly agent, took the
kettle and was soon at the brook, fed by a small waterfall, about a hundred yards from the waggon, but hidden by bushes. He stooped to dip the bucket, voices attracted his attention. From the opposite direction two men approached. Each carried a sack that seemed heavily laden. Mike dodged into the bushes.

The men seemed to know their surroundings, for they went directly to the falls and dumped their sacks on the ground. One of them removed a sack of rock from the top, dropping a small cavern. The other untied the mouth of the sacks and drew forth a handful of money. Flinging his arm in again, he pulled out a bundle of tickets.

"Put all of that stuff back but a couple of bills," the other warned. "We might be grabbed again. We'll come back later for the whole pib." Quickly the men reloaded the sacks and thrust them in the ravine. After replacing the stone slab they left. From his hiding-place, Mike watched them with gaping mouth until they had disappeared.

Then he ran to the slab of rock, removed it, and drew forth the sacks. What he saw after he untied them was conclusive proof that he had been suffering from no optical delusion.

As he stood staring at the wealth in front of him the professor appeared, looking for his assistant. Failing to find him at the brook, he followed the stream and came upon Mike tying the bags in front of him. Quickly the assistant explained what had occurred.

"Let's take this stuff and bury it away from here," Mike advised.

But the professor had other plans.

"I'll make a day of it. I will continue my journey to Spokane, promising to be in Chicago in one month if not sooner. Not a word had been said from Mike. Forsaking his address to the former assistant of Carvenomas, Lightning instructed Mike to telegraph him any information he received. Three weeks later he received a telegram in Spokane.

"Come on," said the bird. "The bird is here."

A week later, Lightning, seated in the Blackstone lobby, waited further word from Mike. A page approached him and informed him he was wanted on the telephone. The voice of Mike greeted him.

"Look at the society page of to-day's Tribune," he said.

Before Lightning could answer, Mike rang off. Going to a news stand, Lightning purchased a "Tribune," turned to the society page. The first thing that struck his eye was a double-column story of a trip. But such a different Carvenomas. The inn was attended in evening dress, wore a silk hat, and had all the appearance of a very important financier. Underneath the cut was the caption "Signor Barossa." Further down Lightning read:

"Signor Barossa is an Italian nobleman of immense wealth, who is making an extended visit to the United States. He has been a frequent visitor to the home of Mr. Franklin Noyes, the banker. Rumor has it that the Signor is interested in the pretty daughter of the Noyes."

Lightning whistled, and going to the telephone-informed Noyes he was back in town, and would call on him the next day. He also learned that no trace of the missing bonds had been discovered.

The house of Noyes all was not well. A conservative business man of the old school, Noyes believed in Helen, his daughter, marrying the man of her choice. The man in the case happened to be Robert Haven, a young architect. Bob and Helen had been sweethearts since childhood, but their marriage was opposed by Mrs. Noyes. A social climber to the core, Mrs. Noyes considered Signor Barossa, whose acquaintance the Noyes had made only recently, a splendid catch for her daughter.

After a stormy scene Helen had fairly refused to consider Barossa, and told her mother so in no uncertain terms.

"You will marry him if he asks you—and I have reason to think he will—or your father and I will have something to say about your future," Mrs. Noyes had replied.

Bob Haven stepped on the porch of the Noyes' home, a song on his lips and a smile on his face. Through the windows he saw Helen, reading at a table, and tapped on the glass. The girl looked up and went to him.

"Bob dear," the girl said, "mother insists that I shall marry this terrible Barossa. She has encouraged him in the belief that I will accept him, and make it so."

"Marry him?" Bob replied. "You will not. I've just received a big contract. I'll have money, and that is what your mother wants. Go into the garden and wait for me."

Going into the house, Bob asked for Mrs. Noyes, and was soon joined by that lady, who greeted him coldly.

"Helen and I have been sweethearts ever since I remember," he began. "I have never spoken to you about her before because I was not in a position to do so, but now—"

With a wave of her hand Mrs. Noyes stopped him.

"I do not care to hear further," she said haughtily. "It is your father's business, and I myself have other plans for her future. In fact, I may say that we are giving a reception to-morrow night, and it is quite likely I shall announce her engagement to Signor Barossa."

Bob looked at her, stunned.

"It's not fair!" he protested. "She does not love him."

"That is a matter of no importance," she replied. "I think her parents are the best judges of what is the best for her. Good evening." It was this news that Bob carried back to Helen, who was waiting for him.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"What can I do?" he retorted.

"Refuse to marry this money-hunting man, and go away with me!" the boy urged.

"I'll have to have time to think," she told..."
him. "Meet me here in the garden to-morrow night. If mother announces my engagement to-night, I can easily arrange to do so," and, surrendering herself to Bob's embrace for a moment, she left him and returned to her room.

In the office of Franklyn Noyes the next morning, Lightning sat waiting to see the banker. In a few minutes he was ushered into the office.

"I have come," Lightning informed the banker, and took the seat indicated, still feeling that the result of this interview was decided.

Signor Barossa. How long have you known him?"

"About a month, I should say," Noyes replied.

"Has he done any banking business with you?"

"No; but he seems plentifully supplied with money. Mrs. Noyes insists she knows all about him," the banker replied.

"I should like to meet this Barossa," Lightning suggested.

"Getting to the point," the banker replied. "Come up to my house to-morrow night. Mrs. Noyes is giving a reception.

"Very well," Barossa said. Lightning returned to his hotel. There he called upon several banks, and finally discovered that Antonio Barossa had an interest in the trust. He had also a safety deposit box rented there for one year. Going to the bank, he had a talk with the manager, and arranged that he would be met at an official opening to get the box for Lightning, if he could procure Barossa's key.

Lightning had nothing against Barossa that would aid him in obtaining his arrest, and the bank was not far away from the Noyes' manor house. It was the home of the self-styled Signor Barossa. The place had been spared the thoroughness of sieving, but Lightning took no chances. Mounting to the porch roof by aid of an awning, he crept across it on hans and knees, and cautiously climbed over a balcony railing in front of a large open window.

Peering inside, he saw Barossa. For a half-hour he kept himself hidden, while Lightning watched.

Finally he moved a picture from the wall and drew it aside. Opening it, he counted out the bundle of bills, and counted out several bills of large denomination, which he thrust in his pocket. As he turned, under the eyes of the man, he hesitated, and reached inside. When he withdrew his hand it contained a small black box. Opening it, he found the padlock had been in the box, and replaced it. Shutting the safe door, he replaced the picture and left the room—forgetting the combination.

No sooner had Barossa left than Lightning was in the room. He felt sure that what he was after was just behind the picture.

Lightning worked quickly, for he did not know what instant Barossa might remember his extraction of the money. He laid thoughtfully aside the little black box he had seen in the fakir's hand a few minutes before contained two keys, both alike. He knew that the safe was not of the automatic kind, and that the box was not a safety deposit box. Putting one in his pocket, he left without discovery.

An hour later he was in the office of the president of the bank.

"Here," he said to that official, "is a list of the money deposited by Antonio Barossa. I want the Barossa box opened at once in your presence. If the securities there correspond to this list, the box is stolen, and I will arrest the thief. If they don't—no harm has been done."

The banker took the key and both went into the vault. When the box was opened, every security was found in place, and the key fitted the lock. Lightning had been deceived.

He sat down in the office, feeling that it was a trap set by Barossa, who had discovered Lightning's presence in the vault.

Lightning worked in every bank in the city, one at a time, and found the key of Barossa's strong-box. This he twisted in his fingers, so that the fakir's attention was not attracted to it. It was a peculiarly shaped key, and could not be mistaken. Barossa regarded it with distaste.

"That key is odd," he said.

"That?" Lightning held it up.

"Oh! that's a key to a little box I have in the State Sheriff's office. Barossa seemed relieved, he regarded Lightning intently. When the latter walked away, Barossa absently stroked his moustache.

"Just who is that young man?"

"Oh, that's only Steve Arnold, of the Roccio Hotel."

Excusing himself, Barossa made another tour of the room. Failing to see Helen, he stepped into a back room and placed a cigarette, he strangled about the grounds, finally approaching the bench upon which Helen sat in the moonlight, "I was not thinking about it," Barossa said and leaned back in his chair drowsily. Finally he recovered. "I must phone Mrs. Noyes at once, or she will be called off."

"Wait!" Lightning grasped his arm as he reached for the phone. "Let things go on as usual; I want to expose him publicly.

"It can't be done!" Noyes protested. "Why, Mrs. Noyes is to announce Helen's engagement to-morrow night.

"I rather fancy it won't be that far," Lightning replied. "Oblige me by saying nothing until I have a chance to see her.

It took some persuasion to convince Noyes that Lightning's plan was the best, but he finally took the opportunity to make public her engagement that night. Barossa had called in the afternoon, and formally thanked Noyes for permission to receive regularly. Helen had talked to him plainly.

"My only worry now is our marriage," she told him, "no matter what my feelings are. I have told her that I do not love you, but I shall marry you.

With that Barossa had to be content. He attempted to take Helen in his arms, but she resisted.

Helen dressed early for dinner, and sat by her window looking into the garden.

As she leaned out of the window, her hand ran into the room, tip-toeing softly. Helen knew he was opposed to her marriage, but, to her surprise, he looked the happiest he had seen for long years.

He paused inside the door, and looked cautiously around.

"Dear, sweet girl!" he whispered mysteriously. "It hasn't happened yet." Pensive, Helen could answer, he was gone.

With some slight delay, the garden, the girl went downstairs, where the guests were already arriving. As she chatted with a group of women, Mr. Arnold announced:

"Signor Barossa!"

He made his way through the crowd and joined the group where Helen stood. Taking her hand, he bent over it and roused it to his lips.

"Lightning had told Noyes he did not care to be announced when he arrived, and the banker had his instructions. As the detective stepped into the room, he was unnoticed. Wandering about the room, he heard Barossa addressing his admirers.

"I am here to inspect your wonderful country," he was telling them. "Perhaps I shall remain. It all depends. My estates are large, and I desire to see more of this country, I frequently use horses and wagons. I address the people from the wagons."

"Lightning listened and laughed lightly. His mind flashed to the wagons. While Barossa was speaking to the throng, Lightning had stolen away from the group and went out into the garden. She had found her way to a section of the hedge, and felt sure, would poor her soon. Per half an hour she waited, but he did not come.

Returning, Lightning casually, through a window, saw Barossa moving from group to group, and evidently inquiring for her. A moment later he was seen to have attracted her attention. Thinking it was Bob, she ran behind the bushes with his name on her lips, but he was not Bob. She was surprised to find him standing the house. Perhaps it was Bob, also, finding to her at their old trying-place, had come to the house and returned. Slowly she made her way to the bench she had just left.

"You are engaged to Lightning. Lightning is nearer to liberty."

"Come here, Arnold, I want you to meet the Signor."

Lightning was formally presented, and the three stood talking about nothing in particular. Finally the detective casually turned his hands over and drew out a key to Barossa's strong-box. This he twisted in his fingers, so that the fakir's attention was not attracted to it. It was a peculiarly shaped key, and could not be mistaken. Barossa regarded it with distaste.

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MY FOUR MONTHS IN CALIFORNIA.

By MADGE TITHERAGE.

Miss Madge Titheradge, the talented dramatic actress, who is now appearing in "The Garden of Allah" at the Drury Lane Theatre, and can be seen on the screen this week with Mr. Owen Nares in "Gamblers All," recently spent four months in California making a series of film pictures. In these articles she tells you her experiences in Los Angeles during that time.

The Charm of Catalina.

I MADE three pictures during my sojourn in the Golden West—"Love in the Wilderness," by Gertrude Poe; "David and Jonathan," by E. Temple Thurman; "Her Secret," by my brother, Dian Titheradge. You may remember Dian, by the way, in a number of movies—"The World, the Flesh and the Devil," in which he has usually played Frenchmen, "toughs," and also Chinese characters.

Of my film-making doing "David and Jonathan" most. It was taken on the Island of Catalina, whose beauty is too exquisite to describe. There it stands, facing Los Angeles, across the San Pedro Channel—a veritable little paradise.

As Mary Austin, who has written so enchantingly about California, says: "There are days at Catalina, so steeped with harmonies of sea and sun, that the singing of the birds excites the soothed sense no more than if the lute air had that moment dropped in sound. These are the days when the accounts that Cabrillo left of his findings there, of a civil and religious development superior to the tribe of the mainland, beguile the imagination."

The Simple Life.

Of Catalina we lived the simple life, and as I went about with my hair down my back and my feet bare, dressed in a sailor's blouse and bell-bottom trousers, I realised its joys as never before.

We made an hotel on the island our headquarters, and from there we used to set forth in the glorious golden mornings in a little motor launch, to make the sea scenes which play so important a part in the film. I love the sea all times and in all moods, but never have I seen it more wonderful than around Catalina, where the glare of golden sandfish, and the silver and purple flashes of the flying-fish, gave it an additional beauty, and where, under the flat bays, which take all times colour that rivals the lagoons of Venice, forests of kelp, a-crawl with rainbow coloured life, sleep and sway upon tides unfelt of men.

My Perfect Hour.

B ut the perfect hour was during the homeward sail at sunset, when sea and sky were an opaline glory of rose and gold and blue, when the smells from the deck, the sea and the"smell of the sea" made my wristband misty about them, and all the world lay still.

Then it was that we played "Craps," sitting on our hotel's veranda on the bottom of the boat, brown as berries and carefree as rascallions! (Some of us, myself included, kicked rascallions!) "Craps," I may add, is a nigger card game, and I know nothing to equal its fascination.

When it grew dark—and we got dark, very soon out there—I would cry in deep, ringing tones: "Cap'n, where's the light?"

And then a lantern would be set in our midst, and while its ghastly rays cast fantastic shadows about us, the cards would be gathered up, and we would go on—dealing, dealing.

"Shades of Robert Louis Stevenson, that was romance!"

A Shipwrecked Heroine.

T it was during the making of "David and Jonathan" that the affair of the lifeboat occurred. I, of course, was the heroine, a shipwrecked heroine—hair down my back, and everything.

Imagine me tossing in a small lifeboat on a stormy sea. Men at my feet are leaping, while I, the sole survivor, am half dead with exhaustion, and nearly mad with fear. And not a sail in sight.

On an island, where the breakers are dashing up the shore, stand some boys, scanning the horizon with terror-scarred eyes.

Presently they copy a tiny boat, struggling bravely with the cruel waves. Gradually it is buffered nearer land, and very daintily do they discern a figure in it waving feebly—the figure of a girl. One clutches the arm of the other and points out to sea.

"Look!" he cries hoarsely.

And even as he speaks, one wave, dashing over the rest, gathers its terrible strength, andashing the whole force of its fury upon the frail craft, capsize it and its human freight.

The girl's head appears above the water for the last time, and she is gone.

MISS TITHERADGE as she appears in her last photo-play—"David and Jonathan."
FLICKERS FROM FILMLAND.
NEWS, NOTES, AND OPINIONS BY FRED K. ADAMS.

New Universal Policy.

THE whole of the Universal films will be handed in future by the Film Booking Offices. This arrangement marks a future stage in the discarding of what is known as the open market system of booking pictures. The Universal Company has always been opposed to the present tendency of large studios seeking to compete with exhibitors by running their own theatres, and it is an interesting fact that in the States to-day there is hardly one of the 19,000 theatres which does not boast at least one Universal picture on its programme in any given week. The serials produced by the company have been noted for the high standard they exact in both story and star. The Universal output will continue to be under the direction of such well-known producers as Alan Holubar, Lois Weber, Jack Ford, Tod Browning, Rollin Sturgeon, Douglas Gerrard, and other famous names.

A Huge Film City.

THE Universal studios, which were built in 1912, are the largest in the world, and cover 640 acres in the San Fernando Valley, a few miles from Los Angeles, California. In this stretch of country is included every kind of location from mud-flats to mountain. It is a real city, being incorporated and having a regular post-office, a bank, restaurants, a zoo, police, waterworks, and so on. The huge picture production plant has a total space of 120,000 square feet, capable of housing almost one hundred companies. A fleet of sixty passenger cars and forty large trucks are in almost constant use for transporting actors, props, and other equipment to locations, and for other duties. Another feature of Universal City is its large collection of animals, and it has more than 150 head of horses. They include the famous mounts used by Harry Carey's band of rough-riding cowboys and the famous coal-black Arabian steeds used in many desert pictures.

The Letters They Like.

MOST of the letters sent by picture-goers to artists and producers are milk and water affairs, full of admiration and praise. Edward Sloman, at present enjoying the Jack London stories, says that actors and directors would prefer to be told the honest truth about their work, and are honestly striving to improve their work. "I know that the people who are concerned in the artistic work of making pictures never welcome honest criticism, but are eager for it," he says. "It is a common, although erroneous belief, that actors like flattery. The intelligent members of the profession, at least, find no pleasure in indiscriminate laudation. They are constantly trying to improve their work. How else can they do it than by learning the truth about their work? And how can they learn the truth except from competent and honest criticism? The trouble with many reviews is that they do not help us. We want constructive criticism, that is, criticism which will show the why of things, and I assure you that when constructive suggestions are made they are heartily welcomed. It is possible to write such criticism without brutality or flippancy.

For the same reason," concludes Mr. Sloman, "we welcome letters from theatre-goers containing honest opinion. Do they like more romance, or adventure? Do they prefer the star dominant, or an evenly balanced cast? Picture-goers who write are assured that letters on these points are more keenly appreciated than the kind which only flatter and administer to vanity.

My Most Difficult Scenes.

THINK the most difficult scenes I have ever had to produce for the screen were those in my production for the Stoll Film Company of A. E. W. Mason's 'At the Villa Rose.' We had permission from the authorities at Nice to use the gaming rooms themselves, and there was no limiting of the story by the story of the story. Readers of the story will remember how important the scenes were to the plot. They went as follows: We got permission all right, but on the day I found that I had the most terrible task to face. It was to handle the habitues of the rooms. They either wanted to be in the picture, or they said that the arc lamps spoiled their hack, or the playing of the scene distracted their attention from the system on which they were playing.

It was simply dreadful, and I wanted only more time and patience trying to get things right. Finally I had to take my players to the rooms at half-past seven in the morning and there, in full evening dress, at half past seven, they had somehow or other to work up the excitement of a great gambling scene. From the bottom of my heart I pined for them, but there was no help for it and the scene had to be done.

This Week's Best Films.

THE following is a list of the best photo-plays which are being released by the studios at the cinemas during this week, and the names of the star artists:

Photoplay... "A Girl at Play"... CORINNE GRIFFITH.

Wuthering... "Her Soul"... VIOLET GORDON, BEAUX HOME.

Jury's... "False Gods"... GRACE DARLING.

F.L.F.S... "Stoll"... W. S. HART.

Stoll... "One of the Finest"... GEORGE MALLEY.

Ideal... "The Single Man"... DOMINICK ABRAHAMS.

Maurice Elvey, chief producer for the Stoll Film Company.

MAURICE ELVEY, chief producer for the Stoll Film Company.

In the majority of cases, a moving picture set, both exterior and interior, is built from a miniature model. A drawing is first made, just a rough sketch, and from this an artist makes his model, which is then turned over to the technical and stage workers, who use it as their guide.

The set shown here called for a street corner, and also a rain-storm effect. Originally the real thing could have been used, but it is out of the question to get a real honest rain-storm on a street corner at any hour by just ordering the same. This, however, can be accomplished if a set for the purpose is made. The set illustrated was made in the Schneck yard.

Miss Elaine Hammerstein, who plays the star part in this latest film, "Whispers," is caught in the rain, and takes advantage of an awning covering a fruit stand. A man also is caught in the same fix, and shelters under the self-same awning. Thereby hangs a tale! The two become acquainted, and so the rain and this particular set's responsible for a meeting which is most important in the story.

The miniature man at his sketch from which he is.
GEORGES CARPENTIER, the idol of France, is to appear in a screen serial, the title of which is appropriately named, "The Wonder Man." In this serial the famous French boxer has proved himself to be as fine an actor as he is a boxer. One who knows him personally tells me he is also a fine singer, and if everything else failed he could earn a good living in light opera or musical comedy. In the old days in Paris, after his training was over for the day, Carpentier and his manager Deschamps invariably had music and singing until it was time to go to bed. His romantic marriage with the charming Georgette, after his brilliant defeat of Joe Beckett in the boxing ring, created much interest. Georges and his wife are now back in their beloved Paris, but they are returning to America in the autumn, when Georges is booked up for another screen play.
GEORGES CARPENTIER and FAIRE SINNEY in "The Wrecker Man."

Carpentier finds a sparring partner in the studio.

She finds the right spot on Georges' club.

In deadly earnest. Carpentier's fighting look.
"THE woman tempted me," said Adam, and ever since the days of Adam and Eve the woman has been blamed for tempting the man. Here we see the subtle arts of fascination as expressed by Cinema Stars.

"Under Protest." WALLACE REID in "The Lottery Man."

"A sweet detainer." MAE MARSH — in "The Face in the Dark."

"Not to be tempted." ELSIE FERGUSON and WYNDHAM STANDING in "Eyes of the Soul."

"Making Eyes." DOROTHY GISH and RICHARD BARTHELMES in "Pepper Polly."

"Silent Adoration." LILA LEE and THOMAS MEIGHAN in "The Admirable Crichton."

"ETERNAL EVE"
In the theatrical world, where, according to popular imagination, every hero is handsome, and every leading lady lovely, beauty is rather a banality than otherwise.

And yet I must call Maggie Albanesi beautiful, because she is. Really and truly: like a red rose which is just opening from the mere prettiness of its bud soon into the full-blown beauty which is the flower of June. With her black hair, vivid mouth, and large brown eyes, she is, I think, one of the loveliest young things that ever happened.

An Unassuming Personality.

And she is, sincerely modest about herself. I have a letter from her, written in a hand remarkable for its character and firmness—as befits a daughter of a famous novelist—in which she reminds me that she is "still only at the start" of her stage career, and that therefore her "opinions and views must of necessity be unimportant." (The dear!) And when she found that the subject which I wished her to discuss was the screen rather than the stage (this being a picture paper), she was just as unassuming about her film work as the really splendid success which she has already achieved—and at so early an age—on the boards.

"The first professional thing which I ever did was in a film," Miss Albanesi told me the other evening at the St. Martin's Theatre, "and that was the rôle of a maid in the screen version of Pirero's play, 'The Professor.' I was studying at the Academy of Dramatic Art at the time. Since then I have appeared in 'Darty and Joan,' and 'Mr. Wu,' but you see that my film experience has not been extensive, I revealed in 'Mr. Wu,' especially in the scenes which were made in a garden down at Kingston. And of course I consider it a great compliment to have played with Mr. Matheson Lang. He is the nicest man you could possibly imagine. I love him!"

Character versus Personality.

You will remember Miss Albanesi's fine performance in this film as "Nang Ping," the daughter of the terrible and all-powerful "Wu." Thinking of it, I asked her whether she preferred character rôle to "straight" parts.

"Well," she replied, "at least there is far more credit given to those who take character rôle than to people who rely solely on their own personality to 'put across' their performance; a character part demands more of one's abilities, and from that point of view I enjoy such work. I am taking part in 'The Great Day,' which is being filmed down at Islington by the Famous Players Lasky British Producers Company, and my role in that is on character lines—though not an "old clothes" part, you understand," she said with a laugh.

An Intimidating Reflection.

We next discussed the respective merits of stage and screen acting—from the actor's point of view. Miss Albanesi thinks film acting the more difficult of the two.

"There is far less freedom about it than stage work," she said, "and one feels far more of a puppet. An actress, for instance, is portraying an emotion before the camera, and is for the moment lost in her part, when suddenly the director calls out: 'Hold that!'—with the result that all feeling of spontaneity is lost, however well the emotion is registered eventually. One feels rather self-conscious before the camera, especially when I think that my scene, which has perhaps been rehearsed but five times, is fixed for life. On the stage, if one makes some little fallo move there is always the comforting reflection that one can do better the next night, but on the screen the character one is portraying remains forever good or ill. Can you wonder that this is an intimidating reflection?"

I could not but own that it was.

A Warning to Screen Aspirants.

"But do not think," contended Miss Albanesi, "that I dislike the film acting. I don't, on the whole. For instance, I should love to go to America and make some pictures there, even do some 'stunts' of a mild description for them, but I should never be tempted to stage entirely in their favour, because—"

All ye screen-struck ones, listen. "Because," said this level-headed little lady, "the life of a film star is short! In filmland the public are more fickle than the public of the stage; they are always on the lookout for fresh stars. On the screen one may twinkle in stellar dignity for—how long? Three years, let us say. And then where is 'she'—unless, of course, one happens to be a genius of the Pickford type. And there are very, very few Pickfords. At the best, one lasts a much shorter time on the screen than on the stage.

"But though I shall never be a screen actress exclusively, I certainly do hope to make some more pictures, particularly when I am less tied by theatrical engagements than at present. At the moment I can give only three days a week to film work, which precludes my taking any leading parts in pictures."

Miss Maggie Albanesi.

(Photograph: Bertram Park.)

Although Miss Albanesi thinks the screen star's artistic life is short, she considers the possibilities of the screen itself infinite, and its scope, in many respects, broader than that of the stage, especially, of course, as regards scenery.

"And," she added, "the pictures are proving a most paying concern to the actor, Albanesi, that I should consider with one of the most delightful entertainments they have ever enjoyed at a mini-

What indeed! Only that we should see more and more of your beauty and brains, dear child of the stage—on the screen!

May Herschel Clarke.
JUNE HILLARY sang softly to herself as she finished pressing her husband's out, and, putting away the ironing board, began to prepare a light tea. She had been married four years and had a son, but the monotony of her life had caused her to look forward to the few days she would have away from the household when he went to a week's stay at the seaside. She was tired of the care and worry that went with having a child.

She was aware that she had done nothing to improve herself, that she did not read or go out much. She felt that she was just existing and had no ambition to do more. She was content to remain in her little house with her husband and their son.

But even the man of her life was turned out smarter than Robert Hillary, for June was much in love with him after four years of married life. She knew that she was going to have a baby, and she was looking forward to the day when he would be on his way to the seaside.

There was only one cloud over June's happiness, and that was the thought of her son. Bob had wanted to go to the seaside, but June had refused to let him go. She was afraid of the sea, and she knew that he would be unhappy without her.

"Never mind, dear," she said. "You can always go in the future. Bob will remember the day when he comes back to-night." June brushed her tears away and went and kissed her mother-in-law.

"I suppose he is busy thinking about his work," she said. "He will be having tea with some friends."

There was always a good breakfast for him before he went in the office, and a light luncheon when he returned. He never knew that she and his mother never had a square meal in the middle of the day, but were content with a cup of cocoa and a bit of bread-and-butter. June had not had a new frock for over two years, and it had not been noticed by Bob. Somehow she managed to look well, and he thought that in the first place, the money saved in not going out enabled her to provide some little extra for his dinner, and in the second, that out of her own pocket, was probably too tired to try to take her out.

She often felt herself regretting that Bob did not go to the seaside, and that other time, what he did, was in the middle of the day.

As she watched the bacon frying, she hoped that he would be better for the break that the sea was giving him, and the fourth anniversary of their wedding. Perhaps he would remember, and give her a present. Food that would do. It would be the same old thing, but it was the only thing she could do. She knew that the cost of Bob's town dinner would keep the entire family in two rooms.

She remembered how much she had looked forward to the day when he would get back in the ship's dress, and how much she had thought of her mother-in-law.

When she heard that morning that her husband was going away, she was full of nervous excitement and feeling. She looked so beautiful, June thought, and how lovely it was to see him in his gay clothes.

Bob was in the middle of the sea, and she knew that he would be waiting for her when he came back. She was feeling more hopeful and herself.

"Whatever is the matter with you, women? Is there something special going on?"

June was looking so happy, and June was sitting at the table, and at last, putting down his paper, he said," "It can't be dinner ready?"

"It's you, Bob. I don't know what it is," she said. "But you must keep looking at me."

"Out buying a new dress, and not before she needs one," replied her mother, and with a smile, "it's a cheap way to do it."

Wishing what was going to happen next, Bob thought that the man would not have the mind to concentrate on the problem of the moment, and she was as much a vital problem as any other.

Presently June came in, all smiles, and carrying a packet.

She said no attention to Bob, but opened the envelope, and looked at the letter. Mrs. Hillary promptly left the kitchen and came to the door of the house outside, and said, "I wish you had been here to wait for me, for a moment." June waited, but it was not the moment she had been waiting for.

(Continued on page 19.)
THE EXPRESSIONS OF CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG. (Special to the "Picture Show."

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG.

The Beautiful Star :: Denies Many Rumours.

She Has No Daughter.

OTHER statement is that she has a daughter of nineteen years
age in a convent. This story has been frequently told, and
Miss Young feels that she ought to deny that she has a daughter
of nineteen years, or of any other age, in a convent or out of one.
- The most amusing story, perhaps, is that she has a beautiful sister—
much more beautiful than herself—who is kept practically a captive
in a country home, so that her fame and beauty will not be brought into
competition with Miss Young.

Then there are the claims of numerous young women that at various
times they worked with Clara Kimball Young in a large store in Chicago.
Miss Young is taking this opportunity to state that she began her work-
ing career at the age of three, and that up to date her life has been con-
fined entirely to the stage. Her father, Edward M. Kimball, is the
well-known screen actor.

A Designer of Fashion.

A PART from being a beautiful film actress, Miss Young is known as
a designer of ladies' fashions. As a matter of fact, in her latest
film, "For the Soul of Rafael," it is expected that her clothes
will set a return to the styles of seventy years ago—of course, modified
by certain original ideas to adapt the fashion to the beauties of 1921.

Already numerous designers throughout the United States have
called upon Miss Young for photographs of these latest creations for the
purpose of launching styles of their own based upon the fashions of our
great-grandmothers.

A Rare Gift.

URING the making of this play a number of Mexicans were employed
for a faithful reproduction of Mexican life and character. To
show their appreciation of Miss Young, the head of the tribe has
presented her with a ring set with thirty-two precious stones, worn on
the index finger of the right hand. This ring, according to the Mexican
legend, dates back to the days of the Aztecs, and is believed to bear a
peculiar charm of its own. According to the tradition, once a maiden
sets it on the finger of a youth, the couple are automatically pledged
in marriage. You will see this ring, as Miss Young wore it in the making
of this photo-play.

Her Favourite Screen Lover.

BY the way, those of you who have seen her in "Camille" will be
interested to know that of all the screen lovers she has had, Miss
Young said she preferred Paul Capellani, who played the part of
Armand.

"Of course," she says, "Mr. Capellani had all the advantages in the
work, for Armand is a wonderful role, and should inspire any man who
has the least germ of talent for love-making,

and in addition to that he has foreign—
perhaps I should say 'Latin'—technique.

Most of the Latin races are born lovers.

This is undoubtedly because in the Anglo-Saxon countries women have been more
companions of men; the Latins set their women apart—on a pedestal, perhaps
you might say—and study them in all their moods."

If you want to write to her, address your letter: CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG,
c/o Garson Studio, Hollywood,
California, U.S.A.

(Mention the Picture Show to en-
sure an early reply.)

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG has been a public favourite from the
age of three, when she appeared with a stock company.

Her first pictures were made with the Vitagraph Company,
where she was directed by Mr. Young, who has since married the beautiful
star with the big brown eyes and the most glorious hair in filmland.

A Number of Denials.

SO much has been said in various magazines and papers about her,
much of which has been conjecture on the part of the writer, that
Miss Young tells me that she has begun work on the preparation
of a book of her life. This will be to set at rest a number of stories
regarding her personal life and professional career that have been the
source of considerable amusement to her.

The first of these reports she will consider in her book will be the
denial of the allegation that she is the daughter of Brigham Young—
the well-known founder of Mormonism in Salt Lake City. Then again,
she will deny that she wears a wig. It is a well-known fact with every-
one in filmland that Miss Young has the most beautiful hair of any
of the film artists.

At a recent motion-picture carnival, Clara Kimball Young was pro-
claimed Queen of Beauty in a contest involving most of the great picture
stars in Southern California. She was awarded a beautiful silver trophy
cup in commemoration of the day and the event.

If you want to write to her, address your letter: CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG,
c/o Garson Studio, Hollywood,
California, U.S.A.

(Mention the Picture Show to en-
sure an early reply.)
**Laughter and Life**

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS tells you the secret of his Happiness. Try it now, advises Doug.

**DOUGLAS, the author.**

WE must remember always to live in a world of clear thought, that will stimulate our senses to living in the dark corners of life and travelling with the debris of humanity will not arouse us to action, and give us that swinging vigour of heart and mind so necessary to the accomplishment of great things. While we will ever lend the helping hand to those who need it, we will naturally associate with those who have vim and courage. We will not be dragged down by our associates. Until we meet the right kind we will hold aloof, and we will not be morose and gloomy because it happens that at this moment our acquaintance is not to our advantage. When we have succeeded in doing something big they will come to us, and if we think big things, we are likely to do them. It is all a matter of the will to do.

NOTHING succeeds like success! said some very wise man, and if there ever was a phrase that made with truth, this does. It means that any idea or system of thought that comes with success, leads to more and more success. It means that the thinker of these thoughts is living in a clean, wholesome atmosphere along with those who are determined and in earnest. It means that they have cast aside the old idea of contagious fornicity which permeates the blood swiftly once it gets a hold, and like electricity it travels through the system. They are more successful every day after day, year after year. Once it was us, it will stick with us. The success of those who are an example to us, we will emulate, and stimulate us to a desire to do as they do. We will be in a world of clean thought and action, and our lives will surer lives, our thoughts will be filled with wholesome things, and with good health. We will win in spite of all obstacles.

**CLEANLINESS is the mother of the body and the soul.** It means careful of his linen, and who does not neglect his morning plumes, is not apt to be gloomy and morose. We are careful of our linen and keep our system clean. His eyes are full of that vigorous light of conscientious desire to do and so honestly. He has none of the hypocritical elements in his nature strong enough to raze him. There may be and probably are many weaknesses in his character. His very strength consists in his ability to crush them and make them desists.

**The man who has taken his morning plumes and dressed himself agreeable to comfort and grace, has his battles of the day won in advance. He knows the value of keeping himself in trim. He does it for the sake of his own feelings. Our approval of his appearance goes without saying. He thinks well of himself in matters of appearance, and his general deportment is likely to coincide. Such men are few. They are rare creatures who, by their own efforts, and then impart ease to others who come in contact with them. They have, in other words, the distinction of being without distinction. They know that the highest moral law of nature is that of cleanliness, that cleanliness should not be allowed to dominate any man's tastes or physical condition. They rule such things out of their lives.

A VAST magnetic force comes out of these friends of ours who are doing things, and making the world sit up and take notice. The mere fact that we live near to them, know them and associate with them is proof-positive that we, too, shall go through life with clean minds and bodies. They would not tolerate us if we were to slip into sloth or vice. Something is revealed quicker to our intimates than the losing of ambition—the slipping into ease-habit. We cannot conceal it from them. We fool only those who brush by. The loss of this self-respect has a terrible effect upon the system, and every tendency towards success is thereby stunted and weakened. We have fallen into unclean ways. It will not be long before we sink to the bottom or else remain amongst the vast crowd who have neither the courage to fall nor the courage to rise.

**NOTHING produces failure quicker than filthiness of mind and body. Those who are successful keep away from the very thought of such a condition. They live as much as possible only in the open. They take morning and evening exercises. They read good books, attend good plays, and are continually in touch with new thoughts and developments of thought and art in the world. Their faces are open and full of sunlight. They are determined that life will not beat them in a game that only requires success of health and the ability to take advantage of the thousand and one opportunities that surround them on every hand.**

Cleanliness stands paramount in its importance to success. Perhaps no other thing has been vital to the development of the individual. The general of an army first looks to the morale of his troops. He knows that with clean mind and body is a weapon of defense that will win the battle for him. His officers are well-put-together men. His officers are young men, athletic fellows; their crew consists of hardy men who live sanely and vigorously, and who have plenty to occupy their minds. And if cleanliness is fundamental in their case, why not in our own?

**WHEN** we come to analyze ourselves, we find that we are like a great institution with which to build one's life into something worth while. The body must be run on a system, as well as the mind. The stomach must be not overloaded with unnecessary food. The lungs must not be filled with impure air. The nerves must not be worn threadbare in riotous and unnecessary living. The muscles must be kept in trim with consistent exercise of the proper sort. We must recognize the facts, the needs, and the methods of physical system, and see that they are supplied.
Future Show, August 21st.

**TREASURE ISLAND**

Robert Louis Stevenson's most popular book has recently been filmed. Here you see some of the most dramatic incidents in the film version of the story.

Old Fow, the blind man, endeavors to make Jim Hawkins tell him where the captain is. Shirley Mason takes the part of Jim Hawkins.

Tom Merry, one of the pirates, takes his fills.

"Fifteen men on the deck man's chest.
Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum.
Drink and the Devil had done for the rest.
Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum."

Tom Merry, the pirate, well armed against all who stand in his way.

The mutiny on board the ship. A thrilling scene in Maurice Tourneur's film production of "Treasure Island."

Long John Silver saves Jim Hawkins from the pirates. Charles Cole takes the part of Long John Silver.
June was not long in finding a position at a typists' bureau, and she earned enough money to keep herself, Mr. Ratcliff, and the baby. But she was not happy. One day she met Mr. Wilson to go out, the city, and he insisted that she should have lunch with him.

"Of course, dear, you know that you have left your husband," he said. "No one could blame you, but it puts you in a very unhappy position and it is not right that you should be seen like that, you are so dear to me." He added, "I can do nothing else," said June. "Although I am his wife, and his husband, I am still bound to him legally."

Mr. Wilson nodded.

"There are plenty of men who would be proud to have you for a wife," he said. "He spoke respectfully, and looked kinder, but June could not fail to see by his eyes that he meant he would like to marry her.

"I wonder," she said to herself as she left Mr. Wilson to go out. "I was wondering that slight thing was an asset, but the little bit she had taken. But even as she leaned to thoughts of freedom and a new life with a man who, even if she did not love she could respect, there came a vision of Bob the day he had proposed to her. She went over to the telephone and called him up.

"I thought you might like to know where we were staying, so that you could find your way if you wanted to see the baby," she said.

"I thought you might find Bob's reply. And from the exultant note of happiness in his voice June knew he still loved her.

It was a new Bob, or, rather, the old Bob of their honeymoon days that June admitted to the flat. "I've been thinking of all the time. Bob cherished her in his arms.

"I'm going to wash your hair," she said. "There must be no mistakes. It is not enough to say you love you must care for all the time."

"Bob chased her in his arms.

"My eyes are wide open now, dear," he said. "I'll do it the next morning. I'll wash the floor.

"I've got a better idea than that, Bob," whispered June. (Adapted from incidents in the Personnel Articulat photo-play, By permission.)

Instantaneous Hair Colouring

"Kopaline" instantaneous gives perfect colours from bluish black to brown. Absolutely clear, thick and luscious. Will not wash or brush off, or soil the hand. Non-drying, non-irritating. Specially suitable for house use or when gambling. Price £6.00, bottle, 10s. 6d.

Kopaline * Al-Khans a famous colouring, giving permanent style in 10 minutes. Price 6d. Wound, 3s. 6d., or sent direct. Applications given daily at salons with the greatest success. For list of the salons tell for books. Kipa-rx... (Dept. 20, 14, Buckingham Palace Road, London, W.1)

CHOCOLATE CLUBS


Samuel Driver, HUNSTLE (SLEEDS)

MARY PICKFORD'S

LOVELY HAIR

You have your half a perfect picture of beauty in hair. You want to follow Mary Pickford's own directions and a title of years of success, to get the same hair she has. The Cinema Soap Co., Ltd., 12, FINNERS PARK ROAD, LONDON, N.1

ARE YOU SHORT?

If so, let the German System help you to increase your height. Mr. Hofreiter of Boston, Mass., says, "Men find it takes 2 inches to make 2 inches. If you swallow 35 of these for a month you will grow a foot."

The German System is the result of years of careful research. It is the most effective of all systems for persons with a stunted growth. The German System is the only one on which this guarantee is made. It increases the height of all persons. If you want to grow taller write to Mr. Hofreiter, 77, Boon Street, Leicester, N.Y.

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

A Careless Habit—Care of Your Brushes—Look to Your Toothbrush—How to Wash Hair-Brushes.

THERE are many girls who consider themselves to be the best and in some cases are. They are most careless in one respect. They would be horrified at the mere idea of being thought unclean, but you who do not suffer from the brush, and habitually open to severe criticism on the score of uncleanliness. This point is too many women neglect, the strict care of their brushes—hair, nail, and bath—all the brushes, in fact, which they have to use in the daily body.

There are numberless girls who think, nothing of using unclean hair-brushes or using a nail or tooth-brush which has not been thoroughly cleaned. But they do not realize that you should pay just as much attention to the brushes which you use in making your toilet, as you do to the clothes you wear.

It is just as inadvisable to use the same tooth-brush for two weeks without cleaning it as it is to go without cleaning your teeth for that period, and as is quite as skilfully. The following lotion should be used, and the following four times in three or four minutes.

Boiling kills any germs which may be lurking in the brushes, and makes it acceptable. Then, as a bit of artistry, put a tube of brush in a cabinet or closed tooth-brush box while it is still warm. Have it in the bathroom where it can dry. If you always place your tooth-brush in a drawer, and a holder is not provided, you will find that there will be a nasty musty smell about it a few days after the top has been left unfiltered. Such a holder should be kept in order to use for travelling purposes.

Never use a tooth-brush when the bristles begin to come out, as it is often an indication of inferior articles. For these bristles are apt to fall out in many instances, and must be removed. Hair should be washed at least once a week, and the scalp, to which the hair clings, of sulphate of quinine, and add seven ounces of water. Shuck well, and dash among the roots of the hair after you have massaged the scalp for ten minutes. At the end of six weeks, the lotion need only be applied about three times a week, but the scalp should be given every night.

The Picture Girl's Sports Coat

There is such similarity among the leather coats that the Picture Girls nowadays are made to order, and the wearer can have any she likes, and so obtain one a little different to that of her neighbors. She is made of sheepskin, with a velvet blanket, and the velvet blanket is running through it. You can obtain patterns of the shape and style, and you can apply about two, and 24 inches wide, for one shilling each—(P.O. made payable to the Picture Show Patent Dept., 233, South Street, London, W.1.)

Care of the Hair-Brushes.

It is impossible to keep your brush in first-class condition if the brush you use it upon is dirty. Hair-brushes are washed every other day. You must remember that your hair-brush should move all the outer dirt and dirt which falls from the street into your hair. Then take away a good deal of the dirt which clings to the scalp. Then again, if the hair becomes greasy, get one so similar to the brushes, and so a horrid mixture of grease and dirt clings to the brush, and also to the hair when it is brushed with it in this way. You can expect to keep the head clean, and the hair shining and beautiful if you use a brush which holds all the dirt collected in a week or so?

How to Wash Them.

O f all the other, if you keep your hair-brushes thoroughly clean at all times, it tends to keep your hair clean all the longer. To give your brushes a proper cleaning, soak them, brush down, in very hot water with a little soap dissolved in it. If you wash the brushes three times a week, all that is necessary will be to shake the brush up and down in the sink until all dirt is removed. If this does not remove the excess of dirt, take your courtes and run up and down through the grooves of the hair-brushes, and every speck of dirt is dislodged. Always put a few drops of household ammonia in the last rinsing water, and dry, of course, in the sun. At other times hang them over a heated stove, arranging so that the bristles face the heat.

Never allow the backs of the brushes to go into the water, as this would wash off the oil or article of which they are made.

For Greasy Hair.

TALKING of hair, reminds me to tell you about a splendid new greasy hair that was given to me by a film actress. Hair that is inclined to be greasy is apt to be worse during the hot weather. The following lotion should be applied night and morning until an improvement is noticed. Mix twenty grains of resorcin with a teaspoonful of distilled water, and add one ounce of alcohol and half an ounce of rose-water. A little of this mixture should be poured into a small bottle, and a little of the mixture added into the roots of the hair with the tips of the fingers. Plenty of brushing with a clean brush after this will remove the only appearance from the hair.

To Stimulate the Growth.

The same action paves no other recipes to stimulate the growth. When the hair is very thin and inclined to fall and split at the ends, the lotion should be applied every night for about six weeks. To make the lotion, mix together four drops of the spirit of rosemary and tincture of camphor, three drachms of aloes, two grains of sulphate of quinine, and add seven ounces of water. Shuck well, and dash among the roots of the hair after you have massaged the scalp for ten minutes. At the end of six weeks, the lotion need only be applied about three times a week, but the scalp should be given every night.

Pattern No. 28,493.

Such a Sports Coat would be suitable for autumn wear.
JANE NOVAK
The Wonderful Screen Actress
Who Is Also a Home Woman.

JANE NOVAK has been described as one of the most beautiful actresses on the screen. And quite rightly, too, for who has seen her on the film and not admired her wonderful beauty? She has played wonderful roles with Hobart Bosworth, Wm. S. Hart, Earle Williams, and others, to say nothing of leading in the all-star cast of "Eyes of the World."

Miss Novak was born in St. Louis, and received her education at the Notre Dame convent near her birthplace. From the time she was twelve years old she has been making public appearances in various branches of the amusement world, but always with the silent drama as her ultimate goal. Now she is one of the best-loved characters in the film world.

But the Jane of the screen cannot compare with the Jane Novak of home life. She is a real home woman. For although she is still very young—she is a wife, and the mother of a wonderful baby—Virginia Rita Newberg. Her main interest is her home, her side line—a picture star. Jane lives in Hollywood, in a lovely bungalow that is snow-white both within and without.

JANE NOVAK as Ann Hardy.

A charming study of Jane with her delightful baby girl, Virginia Rita Newberg.

In a scene in "The Temple of Dusk," in which JANE NOVAK stars with SESSUE HAYAKAWA.

JANE NOVAK

FILM FUN.

The Cause,
WHAT have I done?" demands the screen hero. "What have I done to offend you?"
"Nothing," she answers in a strange voice. Then, why this sudden change. Last night I left you with my kisses warm upon your lips and your eyes dim with tears at our parting. And now—good heavens—with what stranger, with distant glance and formal words. What does it mean?"
"Also, I cannot tell you!"
"But you must—you shall! Such a passion as mine is not to be trifled with. Ah, I have it! There is but one explanation of your conduct—"

"I love another!"
"How cruel you are!" she sobbed. "Have you no more feeling than to talk to me like this?"
"I do not deny it!" he shouted in a frenzy of jealousy. "She cannot deny it!"
"Alone! I swear to you—"
"Both!—the snapshot—hur!—that for your oath. Tell me who he is that I may grind him to a powder!"

But suddenly her aspect changes. Tears give way to wounded pride. She rises to her feet and points to the door.
"Go!" she exclaims with dignity. "You have insulted me enough."

Without a word he leaves her. Left alone, the woman's feelings once more overcame her, and she throws herself down in a torrent of grief.
"He is gone!" she sobbed, "gone for ever! Bitterly am I punished for my moments' weakness. But never, never again, as long as I live, will I-ent omnious!"

Studio Gossip.
She: "She told me you told her that secret I told you not to tell her."
Him: "The mean thing! I told her not to tell you who I had told her."
She: "I promised I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I did."

Blaming the Glass.
"They don't make mirrors as good as they used to," remarked the faded picture actress, as she observed a pair of sunken eyes, wrinkled face, and livid complexion as she looked into the glass.

The Difference.
STUDIO MANAGER: "My goodness, your face does look bad!"
DISAPPOINTED SCREEN HERO: "Yes, my wife threw some roses at me yesterday."
STUDIO MANAGER: "But roses didn't do that?"
DISAPPOINTED SCREEN HERO: "No, but the voice, they were in, did!"

He Turned Pale.
"Harold, I want to see that letter!" said the producer. "Did you ever see a worse-looking chap than the one I've just put on my plate?"
"Yes, dear," replied his sweet wife, "the one you've just put on mine!"

Her Way.
"Have you made up your mind to stay in?"
She: "No! I've made up my face to go out."

Artful.
"No, I can never be your wife."
THE MAN: "What? Am I never to be known as the husband of the beautiful Mrs. Smith?"
She succumbed.

The Woman,
If you want to know anything about films or film players

**ADVERTISE THE CAST.**

There are many ways in which the cinema has outstripped the speaking stage, yet that is no reason why those responsible for the former should not adopt some of the useful points which are characteristic of the older medium. One of these is advertising of casts, to which reference here has already been made. Every theatre of the "legitimate" kind has long made use of a practice of billing the names of all its principal players and their acting companies. To do this efficiently it matters nothing that many of the artists' names may be fairly well known, and there is no doubt that they are helping in the success of the piece, in much the same way as the "leads" is considered, quite rightly, sufficient. "Publicity" gives to them being seen, and being seen is. The public appreciates this method, because it knows when it has the fullest fare to offer, and looks upon the turn to the picture theatre, what do we find? A stupid kind of secrecy for which there can be no reason at all. The exhibitor does not, apparently, realize that the screen favourites of large numbers of people are not aware of a片 piece. Harrison Ford was the minor artists. On the contrary, he is content to use the name, in fact he calls them, bearing in the majority of cases only one artist's name, sometimes two, but rarely, very rarely, three. The result is that a young artist, who might be drawn into a theatre, goes on, because the name that he or she might be looking for cannot be seen.

It should be quite possible for an exhibitor to advertise the cast as if he were managing a theatre. It is there, and not inside on the screen only, that the public would like to see them. The theatre in which London issues a programme for the week, containing a bid cast of each drama, followed by a synopsis. This is always illustrated. So much in the lobby or at the entrance. 'Where this cannot be afforded, the idea of a big poster of displays in the lobby or at the entrance. A poster can be put up in the lobby or at the entrance. A poster can be put up in the lobby or at the entrance. A poster can be put up in the lobby or at the entrance.

**MOLLY** (Metropolis).—Glad you had the chance of meeting the real Molly. I know you found him possessed of plenty of good points despite his screen villainy. Yes; he was born in Kingston-upon-Thames, and was featured in the little-west picture "In the Glimming," recently released.

"DOROTHY" (The Blue Bird).—I'm glad you enjoyed my performance. It was a difficult role, but I think I managed to capture the spirit of the character. The film was a great success and I'm looking forward to my next project.

"ANNIE" (The Jazz Singer).—I'm glad you enjoyed my performance. It was a difficult role, but I think I managed to capture the spirit of the character. The film was a great success and I'm looking forward to my next project.

"A MYSTERY" (The Big Hat).—I'm glad you enjoyed my performance. It was a difficult role, but I think I managed to capture the spirit of the character. The film was a great success and I'm looking forward to my next project.

**PICTURE SHOW**

WHERE TO WRITE TO YOUR FAVOURITE FILM STAR.—You are kindly requested not to send any letter to your favourite film stars, put the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose an autographed letter, giving your name, address, and your own address, and post to the Editor. The Picture Show, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

**PICTURE SHOW**

**PERSONAL.**
IF YOU SUFFER from nervous, worried feelings, lack of energy, self-confidence, weak wrists, mental concentration or feel awkward in the presence of others, send at once 3 penny stamps for particulars of the Mental Nerve Strengthening Treatment, G. GODFERY ELLIOT-Smith, Ltd., 536, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.

YOU CANNOT HAVE A BAD COMPLEXION AND WAXOLA will alter it. Sold Under Guarantee. Even the most severe cases look attractive if the complexion is good. Such a complexion-clear, soft, and fresh as at a baby's—a may be produced in One Week by using this Wonderful New Wax Product. Wrinkles and All marks disappear magically. As whilst positive, the WAXOLA makes him attractive. Don't Delay. Send To-Day.

SPECIAL OFFER. £1.0.0. for 16 tubes post free (2/- per box on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

YOU CAN ADD £5 TO YOUR INCOME by becoming AGENTS for our Chocolates. The sensational perfection of British manufacture, and each box is sealed our guarantee, head-stamped addressed envelope for full particulars and FREE BLOTTER to any. Hodgeson & Co., 6, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

Oatine clears the skin by thoroughly cleansing the pores, removing the dirt the soap and water do not and cannot reach. It is the secret of beauty. Ask for OATINE CREAM, 1s and 3s, or if a vanishing cream is preferred, OATINE SNOW, 10s.

Noble's

You need not dress expensively to dress well. From this advertisement by purchasing all your dress requirements from Nible's—the actual manufacturers. Write to-day for NOBLE'S Illustrated Fashion Guide.

VERY ATTRACTIVE SPORTS COAT.

Model 5477

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Don't delay. Send to-day.

JOHN NOBLE, 43 Trench Street, MANCHESTER.

"—but you've had two already!"

Mother doesn't mind when Bobby "comes back" time after time for more Bird's Custard—she knows how nourishing it is, how easily digested by small stomachs.

Not too many foods nowadays are safe to give freely to children—but you can put full confidence in Bird's. The finest ingredients in the whole World are sought out, and nothing but the very best goes to the making of Bird's Custard. There is no food purer or more nourishing for children or grown-ups.

Bird's

Nutritious Custard

can be served either alone, in dainty custard glasses—or with fresh stewed or tinned fruit, or in a dainty trifle, or with a plain pudding.

In every case you secure the maximum of niceness and nourishment, with the minimum of time and trouble in preparing.

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Fill in and post the Coupon TO-DAY
NORMA TALMADGE.—Her Latest Picture, 16 x 10, INSIDE.

“BABY MINE.”—SEENA OWEN (MRS. GEORGE WALSH) & “PRINCESS PAT.”—INSET IS GEORGE WALSH.
**Severe Nerve and Stomach Trouble**

**Neuritis, Neuralgia and Indigestion Cured by Dr. Cassell’s Tablets.**

Mrs. Williams, Alwyn Cottage, Whitchurch near Chester, says:—“After an attack of pleurisy about three years ago, I was left very weak, nervous and restless. I never seemed to get any sleep, and this, of course, made me weaker than ever. I had little desire for food, and when I did eat, pain was sure to follow. I suffered also with flatulence and a nasty sick feeling, and the headaches I endured were awful. They were like neuralgia. In my left arm, too, there was a dull gnawing pain which I believe was neuritis. The indigestion had become so bad by this time that I was told my stomach was ulcerated.

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This system greatly improves the health, figure, and carriage. Full details and 50c Guarantee in Enquiry Dept. C. T. 9, Strand Green Road, London, W. 4.
Man's Temptation.

MADLAINE TRAVERSE has very positive ideas on dress, and why women wear startling clothes.

"Ask anyone," says this popular Fox star, "be he lawyer, doctor, or minister, what is the greatest temptation in any city, and each will unhesitatingly answer, 'Women.'

Ask the same jury what is the chief temptation of women, and it will answer just as quickly, 'Clothes.'"

Why Women Dress Expensively.

"It strikes me, however," Miss Traverse adds, "that this is but a half-truth, that it does not go to the heart of the problem.

Why do women have such a passion for clothes? Few desire expensive frills for their own intrinsic beauty. Frequently, I believe that most women are just as perfectly dressed to please men. So it is not true to say that clothes are women's greatest temptation.

"A man likes to see the woman he is seen with well dressed. If she is tastefully attired, he is proud of her, and is more likely to ask her to go out with him again."

He is Brave, But—

I HEAR that William Farnum's life would be in hourly danger if he accepted some of the offers sent him in answer to the recent paragraph in these columns, asking for original film dramas suitable for him to star in.

In one story for Farnum to pursue the villain by acrobatic, overtake him in mid-air, jump to his machine, and overcome him in a series of final subduing just as they reach earth.

A TUREE Screen reader from Scotland submitted her hero, the action of which took place in the heart of an African jungle. She required Farnum to—

"Battle with a fierce lion, grasping the mouth of the great beast, and with his mighty strength rip the jaws of the ferocious animal apart."

The News Film.

I HAVE never been able to understand the short shrift given to major activities which they seem to be tolerated by the management, rather than regarded as an interesting part of the evening's entertainment. Their place in the programme is evidently thought to be of a similar value to the any-old-tune that the orchestra plays between the act. A dainty curtaining is being lowered and raised. And yet some of these topical films are far more interesting than the thrill and stunt pictures.

All He Wanted to See.

THE other night, while I was at a popular cinema house, "Fox News" was put on the screen, which included some remarkably arresting pictures. As soon as the film finished, one man in front of me got up to leave.

"Aren't you going to stay for the big picture?" asked his friend.

"No, I've seen all I want to see, and that's just the best part of the programme," replied the other.

Will Desmond's Latest Hobby.

I HEAR that William Desmond's latest hobby is growing a lawn surrounding his Californian home is dotted with lemon trees, and Bill has decided that a goodly profit will be derived herefrom now that America is a "dry" country. There seems no limit to the possibilities of California, the land of sunshine and film stars.

Toil With a Capital T.

"Wouldn't you like to be a capital T."

She says she has decided that anyone can accomplish anything worthwhile with conscientious effort. "Activity is rest to me," she says. "I can become terribly fatigued doing nothing; but I'm always alive and wide-awake and interested when there's plenty of hard work to do before the camera."
“PICTURE SHOW” CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)

became king of the Netherlands. Other outstanding scenes are a revolution, in which several hundred people take part; a coronation, carried out on a lavish scale; a court levee, and some very fine extenuations. Heather Thatcher, the popular London favourite, is by kind permission of Sir Alfred Butt, playing lead. Hobden Foster, of operatic fame, is playing opposite her, and O. B. Brown is Peter Wells.

Jazz For Joy.

A. T. Metz's studies on innovation has been instituted in the purchase of a miniature organ on which an organist plays all the latest pieces.

The director explained that he thinks music helps more than anything else to keep the look of fatigue from the faces of the actors.

Thought It Was The New Floor.

Did you read in the papers of the earthquake that shook Los Angeles?

I hear that Gladys George was dancing at the time, and said to her partner: "I had heard that they were going to put in a revolving floor, and now it is here. Isn't it perfectly admissible?"

Memories Of Pauline Frederick.

HERE is a reader's clever comment on Pauline Frederick and her screen parts.

So great was her success in "The Eternal City," that "La Zsa" was not at all surprised at her triumph over "Bella Donna," and "The Spider.

Then, having helped "Andy" to escape from "The Stage Market," "A Moment Before," being "Sold," she started in search of "The Woman in the Case," and on bringing her to justice, she decided that there were still "Sleeping Fires" to be found even in "Ashes of Eagles." But great was the awakening of "Sopho" when, on finding "Her Better Self," she also found "The Love That Lives." Those coming into "Her Hungry Heart," and that "Mrs. Dane's Defence" was "Don't Cross." Did they make you grimace?

While "Lydia Gillmore" was moved to tears on learning from her friend, "La Tosca," that "Madam Jealousy" had broken the heart of "A Daughter of the Old South," who had been left almost to face the world's Great Reign, where, after many adventures, she meets "Kathleen of the Wilds," and together they find rest in "The Pecos of Roaring River." Also, the "Reformation" of "The Fear Woman," after "One Week of Life," made "Freda" very happy.

And "The Woman on the Index" having come "Out of the Shadow," found that she would be "Part In Full" on "Her Final Reckoning," with "The Woman in Room 13.

WILLIAM CONKLIN, who is one of Thomas H. Ince's best known Behan, Monroe Salabury leading men. He supports Ezil Bennett in "Stepping Hayakawa." She will soon be seen in Wanda Hawley's first Realact photo-play.

Lessons From Flowers.

LADY BLOORCKWELL, the Fox star, was discussing the screen as a profession the other day, and commenting on the number of young people who aspired to fame therein.

She rose from the ranks herself, and knows. The famous actress is a lover of flowers, and used the narcissus as an object lesson in patience. She says: "Just think of it—to live one month in sunshine, the narcissus lives eleven in darkness. To yield beautiful fragrant blossoms for fifteen days it remains a dirty brown bulb for three hundred and fifty days. As it is with the flower, so it is with actors and actresses, they must spend years in storing up strength which is to serve them during their blooming period."

Do You Know?

—That Thomas Meighan was educated for the medical profession?
—That he was also a star football half-back in his younger days.
—That he played an "The College Widow," in London.
—That Bert Lytell is a skilled horseman, a swimmer, and an excellent bowler.
—That Bobby Harron is a fine violinist, and possesses a real trained voice.
—That his ambition is to be champion swimmer of the Los Angeles Athletic Club?
—That Phyllis Haver (of Mack Sennett Comedy fame) was born in Douglas, Kansas, January 18, 1899.

Fay Filler.

FROM "OVER THERE." Notes and News from Los Angeles.

Cleo Coming Back.

CLEO RIDGELY, whom we all remember as a popular Laskey star four years ago, is currently appearing in "The Face." For the last three years, Miss Ridgely, who in private life is Mrs. James Horne, has been too busy with her adorable twins, Jack and Jill, to take much interest in moving pictures. She will appear opposite Lew Cody in his new picture, "Wait For Me."

A "Health" Resort.

HERE's a good "ad" for the Californian climate, on which at present no extra tax has been levied. Tom Forman, who is directing Ethel Clayton in her latest piece before her trip to England, found that for certain scenes he needed a sickly-looking baby. Feeling that the real thing would be so much more convincing than trying to score the effect by means of paint and powder, he sent out his hordes to scour the city for the type of child he required. After an all-day search, they returned and reported there was "nothing doing." Then you mean to tell me you haven't been able to find a sickly-looking baby in the whole of Los Angeles!" Mr. Forman demurred incredulously. "Boy! Yes, it was the reply"—that's about the way it looks. We're sorry—at least that we've not been able to oblige you, but Los Angeles is the healthiest city in the world as far as babies are concerned." So they had to resort to grease paint and powder after all.

Why They Didn't Stop.

LOUTLE LOVELY had a rather bewildering experience to tell her night, when her car broke down on a lonely road on the outskirts of Hollywood. There was no garage in the neighborhood. Only a lay in the holding of a passing car. When the first head lights appeared, she ran into the middle of the road and hailed an armed robber, but to her amazement, the fellow dropped his hold up and disappeared into the darkness in defiance of every speed here.

Three times precisely the same thing happened, but when the fourth car showed up Mike Loverly was too much in despair to ever get home, she decided it was time to give up. She staggered full into the glare of the lights and crumples up a neat little heap in the center of the road. Instantly the car was stopped and the driver hastily alighted. She quickly told him her trouble and said very distinctly the name of the modern motorist. Her rescuer appeared much amused.

"You know, I'm a Californian," he explained, "but our summer tourists who come from the east are a bit shy of driving after dark. Many of them think they'll die if they ever attempt to stop them; they were firmly convinced it was a case of a hold-up and will write home to the folks about it."

Gloria the Psychic.

GLORIA SWANSON is firmly convinced that she possesses psychic powers of an unusual nature. Anyhow, she certainly appears to have something in the nature of a sixth sense. She will suddenly shoot this sort of thing at an acquaintance without any previous warning; "Where were you last night?" On receiving the answer, she will then proceed to tell the astonished friend exactly what the girl is wearing and how they passed the evening. No, she does not possess clairvoyance; the incidents merely came to her in a vivid and vivid sort of "vision." She is fond of telling the story of how she was once sitting beside a famous scenario writer who was so preoccupied that he appeared entirely oblivious of her presence. "I know what you are thinking about," suddenly reappeared unannounced, apparently still written and had been bothering him for days.

JOYCE BARKBour and the noted French actor, HENRY KRAUSS, who take part in the film play of E. Temple Thurston's novel, "Enchantment,"

Photo Corp.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

Getting the baby to smile was one of the problems Director Paul Scardon had to solve during the filming of the Goldwyn picture "Milestones." Baby is evidently in a contrary mood, for he prefers to cry.

Rev. George Leboi Clarke, Baptist clergyman—who is regularly ordained—as picture-play comedian, with Marion Pickering, his leading lady.

Viola Dana is quite used to the thrills of an aeroplane trip, and loves nothing better than a ride in the skies. She is here seen carefully adjusting Lieut. Locklear's headgear before they go for a trip.

Annette Kellermann and Walter Long in an underwater scene from "What Women Love." Some really remarkable scenes have been taken under water for this film, by means of a wonderful bell contrivance.

That the "Picture Show" is widely read is undeniable. Here you see some little Burmese folk deeply interested in the pictures.

Annette Kellermann believes in an open-air life to keep fit. Part of her holiday this year she spent on a ranch and learnt a lot about farming. She became quite an expert on the ploughshare.
STEPHEN ARNOLD crashed through the door of the Essex, turned, and came out into the street. "Crashed" is the word for Arnold, after lolling back in his chair for an hour. Bowing smoke rings at flies on the ceiling, he looked around and decided he was getting lassy.

If Arnold had any middle name, it must have been "Psycho," for inactivity bored him just now and he was particularly bored and out of sorts. Not since he had discovered the secret of the deposit box had he been active. He revolved it, and wondered if Chief Flynn had forgotten that he existed.

But Flynn had not forgotten Arnold, by any means. At the very minute the Chief of the United States Secret Service was regarding a pile of papers in front of him, on his desk in his townhouse, and made a mental note to call his cracker operative in the morning.

Arnold, whose other name among his colleagues was "The Tiger," had a reputation of cleaning up a job quickly once he got on it, and Flynn usually held him in reserve until he really had an audacious turn up. Such a case presented itself now.

Three robberies of Government bonds in the last six months had been traced to Washington to believe that an organised gang of criminals was operating. The thefts had occurred at Airdale, Hastings and Tarrytown, where wealthy men had their country estates. For some reason the owners of the bonds had kept them at home instead of in bank vaults, and the thieves had led others to ship their securities to New York and Washington. Flynn reasoned that if the gang found out that the bonds were in transit, he might be endangered.

Flynn regarded a map of the United States on the wall. It had pegs with names of his operatives, on tags stuck from one coast to the other. In this manner the chief kept track of his men. Pulling a big cigar, the chief got up, walked to the window and gazed out, muttering. Returning to his desk, he called to a stenographer:

"Make a note to get Arnold on the wire first thing in the morning," he said, "and call us Mulvey."

Growling audibly, Lightening, after leaving his club, turned down Forty-second Street toward Fifth Avenue. It was getting toward dusk of a summer day, and he stood at the busy corner in the world at large, regarding the passing throng. Filling his lungs with the air, Lightening increased his gait and headed for Greenwich Village.

In Tenth Street, just west of Lower Fifth Avenue, hidden among stately old mansions, ghosts of a day that is dead, there was a restaurant where one could obtain a satisfying meal for less cost than it takes to shake hands with the head waiter in most dining rooms. The food was, on the whole, of the best, and the cooking the same, while generally a congenial crowd was to be found clustered around the tables. No name appears on its front door, and to the regular it was merely known as "No. 10." Tenth Street.

On forty-second to Tenth Street is regarded as quite a walk, but Lightening made it in a half hour. Entering one of the houses, he walked through the kitchen and passed into what had one time been the back yard of an old New York mansion, but was now walled in and given over to Italian dishes and "red ink," as the wise of the district is known. Surrendering his hat and stick to the men who lurked by the eaves just within the door, Lightening surveyed the room and its occupants.

"Have you seen a man about six feet two inches tall, who has between him and the ground," he asked, "a pair of long-handled maces, and a sword, in his hand, and who is known as the German bandit, who has been robbing women around Fifth Avenue, this week?"

"Ah, yes, Lightening," one of the waiters said."He's in at the bar."

"I'll join you at your table, then," Lightening had decided. He was curious as to what he could mean. As Tony withdrew he found out.

A stout man, a pretty woman, about twenty, with tawny hair and violet eyes. She wore a dimly gowned, blue, open at the throat, and all the rest of her, for a hat he had ever seen was perched on her head.

"Why, hello, Steve!" she greeted him, with a smile that lit her face for two rows of small white teeth. "I didn't expect you so early." Lightening was taken aback, but was equal to the occasion.

"Good evening," he said, hesitating, as he got up from his chair.

"I didn't whisper," as she seated herself. "Call me Ruth," when she leaned toward him: "You don't know me, but I do you. I spoke the hour when you had known me all your life." She turned and glanced around, her eyes resting on a man seated at a table near the door.

"Wondering, Lightning did as he was told. After Tony had left for their food, the girl again leaned over and spoke in a low voice.

"See that man at the first table?"

"I have a feeling he has been following me, and I'll tell you why." The girl passed and looked into the mirror back of Lightning. She could see the man's face and she seemed to be paying no attention to their table. Lightning glanced at the man covertly. There seemed to be nothing unusual about him. Tall and rather heavy, dressed well, the only thing to mark him distinctly from any number of persons of his type was his heavy undershirt, and the kind of a hat that frequently belongs to criminals of the lower class. But the man did not look common, and he continued, as Lightning regarded her questioningly.

"My father is stationed agent at Oakland, a small city, and I was selected for Paulus and live in the valley. Every week-end I spend here. You are probably aware that the people have occurred in the vicinity of Hastings." Her eyes questioned her companion.

"Lightening was listening attentively to the girl as he spoke in a friendly voice. He admired her youthful prettiness and the alert manner, devoid of all coquetry, with which she spoke; also the business-like way in which she started her story.

"I've read something about it," he replied. "Govern- ment bonds in New York, isn't it?"

"Yes, and now every person in the vicinity is watching his valuable to-morrow, and they seem to be selecting Oakdale as the point from which to ship them. I should say a million dollars' worth of securities is through father's hands in the last three weeks. He is old, and it worries him. And yesterday, when I was up there, something happened. That men you see back there called at dad's house. A Chinaman and another white man were with him. They asked me sorts of questions about shipments from Oakland and the trains. I overheard the whole conversation. He particularly wanted to know what protection was assured if he decided to send valuables, and what trains such valuables were usually put on."

"Yes, yes. What else?" Lightning asked.

"Just before he left, the girl continued, "he told me he would send a large box for shipment to-morrow night. It would contain invaluable cargoes, and was to go to a dealer in Chinatown.

At the mention of curios and Chinatown Lightning was all attention.

"Anything more?" he inquired.

"Yes," the girl replied, leaning closer. "Father is expecting to ship a large consignment of Government bonds to-morrow, and that man in the white suit is from Oakland this morning. When I came in here to-night he was only a few minutes later. I felt he was watching me. I don't know. But I was surely glad to see you come in."

Tony brought their food and they ate, chatting and laughing. The old friends they pretended to be. The man at the front table had finished his dinner and from the back of the newspaper saw its way in their direction. Those were observed by Lightning's eye, and his friend is certainly interested," he thought to Ruth. "Who are you and what is your work?"

"And Ruth assured him she could."

"Then return to Oakland to-night," he added. "Remember there until you hear from me. I'll go with you to the Grand Central station. I can't just make out all this, but I'll probably know more to-morrow."

When they had finished their dinner and Lightning had paid the check they started back toward the door. On the way he had to pass the table of the underofficer. As they sauntered by he laid down his paper and asked:

"I beg your pardon, Miss Shipman, but I would like a word privately with you."

Lightening, who was a little ahead of Ruth, turned and saw a pretty bit of setting. The girl was regarding the stranger as though he were a curious species of fish.

"She murmured, and then she smiled. "You make the same mistake that so many others have made. I am not Miss Shipman, but I thank you for the compliment."

The man frowned.

"Can't you Miss Shipman of Oakland?" he inquired.

"Don't even know the lady," Ruth replied coldly. "Can't you admit that by holding my hand on Lightning's arm, you left the place, the stranger glancing after them with a smile. He did not remain long after they passed through the door."

"You see, I was right," she said, as they
Passed while Lightning called for a taxi: "That man's presence is no mere coincidence, and what he wants with me I can't understand."

"I have an idea," Lightning replied, "and I'll find out to-morrow in time whether it is right or not."

Getting into the taxi, they drove to Fifty-ninth Street and took a turn through the park, for it was too early for the Oakdale train, and Lightning did not want to leave the girl alone. During the drive, Lightning learned several interesting things about the girl. The most important were that she was engaged to be married, and that both she and her intended husband were only waiting to obtain enough money to buy a home.

After he had seen the girl safely aboard the train, Lightning went back to his club. In his room he telephoned for his car to be at the door at nine o'clock in the morning. He had a big and important day's work cut out for him, and the first thing was to report to Flynn what he had learned.

Lightning had stepped out of his tub the next morning and was towelling himself when the telephone rang in his room. When he answered it, Flynn's secretary informed him that the chief wanted him to get down to the office as soon as he could. This fitted in with Lightning's plans. So as soon as he had applied a blade to the stubble on his chin, and after a hasty breakfast, he stepped into his waiting car.

In his light roadster he was soon at the office.

Glancing cautiously out, he saw a door-man peering around the bulk window. It was the undertaker stranger of the restaurant the night before, who, satisfying himself that the agent had not left the room, turned toward the telephone at once.

To Chang the man was known as Mulhina. In the underworld he bore the sobriquet of "The Plunger." After glancing up and down the street, the Plunger entered the curio shop, where Chang hastily drew him into a back room. The two engaged in earnest conversation.

While Lightning was waiting for the reappearance of the man, a truck drove up to the door. A driver was on the front seat. Two men sat with their legs hanging from the rear. The truck turned and backed up to Chang's. The men went inside. A few minutes later they came out, carrying the large box that the Chinaman had purchased. It was secretly heavy, and the men pulled as they struggled with it. Lightning wondered what it could contain.

About 9.45 a.m., having learned from the undertaker that Lightning had waited for the reappearance of the Plunger, but he did not come out, Chang did. With him were the children. Closing and locking the door of the shop, he passed within a few feet of Lightning, and went on down the street.

Lightning was determined to find out what had become of the Plunger. Waiting for Chang to get out of sight, he climbed up the grilled iron-work to a balcony in front of the Chinaman's upper floor. Cautiously he entered the window. Going downstairs, after a carefully executed search, he found the place empty. The Plunger had disappeared into the air.

A few minutes of thought, and an idea struck him. He believed he knew the manner of the man's disappearance.

In the meantime Chang, walking down the street, came upon Lightning's automobile by the kerb. He knew the car and stopped, regarding it. So his friend had not left the neighbourhood, and if not, where was he? Seeing the children on ahead, he returned to his shop, and entered. Lightning heard him open the door, and sprang quickly into another room, where there was a telephone. But Chang saw his shadow on the silk curtains, and crept towards the window.

From where he stood the Chinaman heard Lightning call a number. When Chief Flynn and Chang hastily drew him into a booth, Chang, I'm at No. 990, Mott Street. I'm going to Oakdale. If I don't phone in a couple of hours, you can come out. Chang hung up the receiver. Chang moved out of the door and returned to the automobile.

The car had two telephone booths. With a quick twist the Chinaman turned one of the lights so that it was light-waist to the other. They he introduced to a telephone booth and called up a number in Hastings.

"Secret Service man going through Hastings later with crooked light," he said in Chinese to the Tong brother at the other end.

"Detain him—then go to Oakdale station."
Getting an affirmative reply, Chang again went into the street. Lightning's car was gone. The detectives went to the Bank of Oakland, and he was going at top speed. At Yonkers he got out at the station and went into a telegraph office, where he wrote and sent the following message to Ruth:

"Dangerous crook shipped to your station in box. Look on your way to Oakland, and he is going at top speed.

As he entered Hastings, a Chinaman and a white man were hurrying in another automobile from the direction of Yonkers. About 5 o'clock the men got out and examined the wheels. Part of the rim was off, and the spokes protruded bare from the hub. If thrown upon the wheels of a speeding car it was bound to stop and wreck it.

Putting it to the back of their car, they drove to the south, turned to the side road, little used by traffic, and left their car in the shadow of the trees. Night was falling. Rolling the wheel to the main roadway, they hid in the bushes, and waited.

Finally down the road a car approached. Its speed indicated the owner was in a hurry. As it drew nearer, the men saw that the left light was an old grey one, without counters. Waiting until the car was within a hundred feet of them, the men sprang from their concealment, and as the car passed, they hurled it at the front wheels.

The roadster struck the wheel, rose up in the air, plunged into a stone fence and turned over. At the crest of the hill they were three hundred feet from the road, and in a few moments were in the middle of the street. As they went out, Ruth bounded into the room, a bright vision of glorious youth. She found her father regarding the box, and frowning.

"Hello, dad!" she called. "What have we here, and why the scowl?"

Both Chinaman and Shipman responded. "Shipping boxes this way is an invitation to robbery. There has been enough of them lately."

"Safety first, and I'll stay here. Jack is going to join me later."

He did as Ruth suggested. Opening an iron box on the table, he showed the men the amount of bonds inside and closed it. Making sure that the combination was properly adjusted, he left.

"Took me a great deal to fetch the money for a while," he called. "Be back in a couple of hours."

Ruth seated herself at the desk, and was amusing herself reading the messages ticking off on the telegraph instrument when a young, good-looking man entered the room. With a glad little cry, the girl ran to him.

"You're to stay here with me until father gets back. He has a lot of bonds in that safe to be shipped to night, and I'm on guard."

For a moment Jack kissed her again, but at sound of the telegraph instrument, she broke from his arms.

"That's our call," she said, bending over the table, and replying at the key.

"Why, the message is for me!" she called to Jack, who crossed to her. She read slowly: "Dangerous crook— congregated—tried to—your—station—in—box."

The instrument stopped.

With a little gasp Ruth looked toward the wall. Jack followed her eyes. Posted conspicuously near the door was a printed sheet, which ran:

The amount offered is for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the person, or persons, who robbed the Oakland station on the night of June 13."

$25,000 REWARD.

"I can't get Oakland," the operator called. "There is something wrong there; better make a strong play." The engineer nodded and the train pulled out.

Meanwhile, on the outskirts of Hastings, a big car, passing north from the village, saw a wrecked roadster by a stone fence, and the companions who were examining it.

Moons finally drew the driver's attention from the car. "Someone hurt over there?" he shouted, pointing over the wall.

Two men seized the fence and stumbled across Lightning, who was just beginning to recover from the blow administered by the crook. He told as much of his story as he cared to, and asked the time. Then he requested that the tourists drive him as far as Oakland.

By the time the car reached Oakland the rush of clear air and the liquor he had imbued had cleared his head. Thanking his rescuers, he proceeded alone to the station and peered through the window.

Inside a dramatic situation presented itself. At the safe, the Plunger was pouring the contents of a bottle into the cracks of the door. Again, with a flourish, the light switch was turned on, and the Chinaman and a strange man, their arms bound behind them and their mouths covered with handkerchiefs, were led into the station, and hurried around the corner of the station.

As he reached the door it opened, and two men started to draw the Chinaman down. Before he had a chance to set himself, he was seized, dragged into the station, and, while the Chinaman was being followed, the Plunger turned him up as he had the others.

Lightning turned and looked at Ruth. She nodded and Lightning replied; then he glanced toward the door. He knew the Chinaman could only reach it! Noticing that Ruth was bound at the wrists, while her hands were free, he tried to assist her. She under stood, and as Lightning turned his back to her the girl began working at his bonds. It did not take her long to find that the crook's work had been hastily done. Lightning removed his gag, and, with his back to the wall, watched the three men at the safe. Off in the distance he heard the whistle of a locomotive. The crooks heard it, too, and the Plunger leaped to his feet. At that instant Lightning reached up and switched off the lights, and leaped at the safe.

Lightning found he was up against no mean antagonist. The Plunger was there when it came to a light.

Fifty yards down the track a train was approaching slowly by its headlight, as it drew nearer, shone through the station window and lit up the figures of the struggling men. Outside the train was stopped; however, fireman, conductor, and brakeman poured to the platform.

The conductor ran across the station and switched on the lights. In a body the newcomers hurled themselves on the crooks. From beneath their clothes Lightning, almost done.

Once on his feet, Lightning backed the crooks against the wall, and ordered the train crew to take Jack and Ruth. When they had done so, the detective handed the Chinaman and his companion over to the crew, with instructions to handle them properly.

After they left, he asked Ruth if she knew the combination of the safe. She did, and opened it. The crooks were like a fish in a box, she placed it in the middle of the floor.

Handing his revolver to Jack, Lightning told him to keep the Plunger covered. From a pocket of his overcoat the detective pulled his end in Ruth's hand, asked her to open the box, at the same time motioning for Jack to bring the Plunger to where they stood.

Ruth unlocked the box, raised the lid, and sprang up with a startled cry. The box was empty.

Lightning laughed.

"There were no bonds," he said. "It was all a frame-up. The reward was for the thief, and not the bonds. You'll get the money."
There is hardly a type of nationality that has not been portrayed by Raymond Hatton, who is one of the cleverest character actors on the silver screen. His portrayals are marvellous, and reflect his own mental comprehension of the temperament, the very soul of his characters that makes them stand out clearly and distinctly, and causes them to be remembered even when the fabric of the picture that formed the background has drifted into vagueness. You will remember his wonderful acting as the easily led King Charles VII. in “Joan the Woman.”

Raymond Hatton comes from Iowa, having been born in the little town of Red Oaks, but when he was ten the family moved to town, and then he proclaimed his ambition to become an actor. His father, a surgeon, grudgingly gave his consent, and he joined a road touring company. During the following years he played every kind of role, laying the foundation for his splendid characterisations which have made him conspicuous in motion pictures.
FLICKERS FROM FILMLAND.
NEWS, NOTES, AND OPINIONS BY FRED K. ADAMS.

How Things Change.

A SHORT time ago it was a difficult thing to find anybody outside these islands who believed that there was any future for British films, but a few months have made a vast difference. American picture-goers are clamouring to see British-made pictures, with British stories and British artists. The trade over there are beginning to realise that American films are getting even too American for their own audiences, and many exhibitors in that country have had to go further afield for their attractions. Italian, Scandinavian and other Continental films are also proving successful, and are much in demand. It was not until competition from other countries began to ensure that the limitations of American films became so apparent. Although photography and technique is, as a rule, beyond criticism, this does not compensate for such faults as over-acting, monotony of themes, or provincialism.

Britain To Lead.

DURING the last few weeks a large army of American artists, scenario writers, and producers have paid visits to this country with a view to investigating matters. One of the latest arrivals is Bryant Washburn, who, during the past year, appeared in ten five-reel pictures. In an interview, Mr. Washburn stated: "I am of the opinion that Britain will shortly become the picture producing centre of the world.

The Publicity Man.

ALEC J. BRAID, the prince of publicity men, is one of those important "men behind the scenes" of whom the public hear very little, in spite of the fact that they are indispensable to the film industry. Were it not for the picture publicity man the charms of many film artists would go unsung. It is his lot in life to acquaint the public of forthcoming attractions, arrange for the posters, fix up private shows for the trade, and the one hundred and one other things connected with the boosting of films. Mr. Braid has earned a reputation for being the best publicity man in the business. In addition to this he is one of the most popular personalities connected with films. He has been actively identified with the industry since the earliest days, and was the first editor of the great film newspaper "The Motion Picture." Mr. Braid has always been believed in the supremacy of British films, and his connection with the Stoll Film Company is therefore a task after his own heart.

Eyes and Nose.

A SUBJECT of interest to picture-goers is one raised in the current number of a leading American magazine. The writer advances his belief that all deciding factors in the success of a person in any walk of life, the features are of prime importance. Many interesting instances to prove the point are cited by the author, and the cases of prominent screen artists are brought up to bear out the convictions. A humorist, in answering the question, says that while one is tempted to settle the matter with some such answer as "Who cares?" it cannot be denied that there is considerable truth in that belief.

The writer mentions the case of Clara Kimball Young, whose popularity as a film favourite is ascribed to her charming but mystifying eyes; while there are many other artists whose fame in feature films is due to no small measure to their film features.

Lessons We Learn From the Films.

A woman's weapons are smiles and tears; a man's are cheque.

The fod and his money keep many clever people from starving.

This Week's Best Films.

THE following is a list of the best photo-plays which are being released for exhibition at the cinemas during this week, and the names of the star artists:

Hepworth . . . "The Forest on the Hill"
Alma Taylor . . . "Alice in Wonderland"
Harry Carey . . . "The Amazing Imposter"
Mary Miles Minter . . . "The Gates of Rome"
Frank Keenan . . . "The Man from Horse"
William D ear . . . "Impersonating His Debt"
Roy Stewart . . . "The New Moon"
Norma Talmadge . . . "A Diplomatic Mission"
Earle Williams. . . . "The Decoy"
Grace Darmond . . . "The Page Mystery"
June Clyde . . . "The Man from Mars"
Carlyle Blackwell . . . "The Man from Mars"
Acker . . . "The Teeth of the Tiger"
David Powell . . . "Margaret Courtly"
Dennis Neilson-Terry . . . "A Scotchman in Cairo".

THE PHOTO-PLAY IN

The cinema actor or actress who is really keenly interested in his or her work, and anxious that everything they show to the public is absolutely correct, spares no pains in the making of their photo-plays. For instance, if a new picture necessitates scenes in the desert, or any such outlandish place, then a trip must be made to the actual place for filming.

Scenes in an Indian village were necessary for the success of Douglas Fairbanks' new photo-play, "The Molly Coddle," so he must, perform, make a visit to the nearest Indian village, 100 miles away, for the scenes to be filmed. He spent a few weeks in the Orip-Indian Reservation in the Arizona desert, actually mining and living with the Indians themselves. You will have an opportunity of witnessing his performance among those coloured folk when you see his new film, "The Molly Coddle."

An Indian village (village) in the Arizona desert reservation. Douglas fairbanks in true color.

Anonymous
The beautiful stage play, "Romance," has been made into a photoplay with Doris Keane and Basil Sydney in their original parts. It was during the run of this play that Doris Keane and Basil Sydney found real romance.

DORIS KEANE, a real heroine of "Romance."

A tender love scene in the land of romance.

DORIS KEANE and BASIL SYDNEY. Husband and wife act a real love scene on the screen.
FLOWERS play a big part in a love story. The first gift from a man to a girl is generally a bouquet of flowers chosen to express the language of love. They also play a big part in the game of flirting, as we see here expressed on the screen.

DONALD CALTHROP was consuming large cups of tea when I called up on him at the Queen's Theatre the other afternoon. The tea, he said, was cold, but such as it was I was very welcome to some of it. I thanked him for the welcome, but declined the beverage—I had tea already—and accepted a cigarette instead. And then we settled down to business.

Donald Calthrop is the most charming person imaginable, and I don't wonder a bit that "The Young Person in Pink" thought so too, or that even the hard, worldly heart of Lady Tombridge found it difficult to withstand his fascination. And he is every bit as delightful "off stage" as he is in Miss Gertrude Jennings' delicious comedy.

The Essence of Youth.

YOU know how bright and boyish he appears as Lord Steevenage! Well, he is like that when he speaks to one in his dressing-room, minus, of course, the youthful hesitancy which characterises the speech of Toby in the play. Somehow, I fancy Donald Calthrop will never grow up at heart; never grow old in the sense of losing interest and touch with the terrific drama of living. And yet, of course, he is a man of deep feeling and broad outlook, a man of great talent, a true artist, who has the cause of his profession very much at heart. But in spite of these things, or perhaps because of them, he remains a boy, with all a boy's eagerness and fervour, and therein lies his success. His attitude towards interviews and interviewing, by the way, is most amusing. There was I, seated on the Calthrop couch, smoking the Calthrop cigarette, and drinking in the Calthrop wisdom—the eury (could they but have seen me) of all feminine beholders—and yet there was Mr. Calthrop himself, seated at his dressing table, commiserating my hard lot, and asking in wonderment whether I really had to do anything so boring as interview celebrities (of whom he appears to have the poorest opinion) every day in the week. Even when I told him: "No, not every day, he did not appear wholly satisfied, and proceeded to make (what seemed to him) a tiresome ordeal for me as pleasant as possible.

But I believe I was talking about business, the business in question being Mr. Calthrop's appearance in films.

Keen on Character Parts.

HE'S made only two so far—"The Gay Lord Quex" (his role in that being taken somewhat in the nature of an experiment), and "The Life of Nelson" (in which he was that immortal hero), and he doesn't mind owning that he doesn't care for film work much. Speaking generally, you know. But I really liked doing Nelson," he told me. "Couldn't have enough of him, and I'd love to do Napoleon! But unless I could take some very great historical part, or a fine character role, I should not be specially keen on doing further film work. I should not like, for instance, to take the part of a young man—I would not—unless—"here his very likeable face lighted up with a jolly smile—"I could be one of those young men who do an awful lot of riding, shooting, swimming, and so forth. Not exactly "stunts," you know, but a very manly sort of role, with play of action about it. (I love Doug Fairbanks, by the way.)

"He is just like a breeze, and the whole some humour and general 'pep' of his pictures always make one feel the better for having seen them. Chapham, too, though not an athlete, always gives a good, healthy laugh, and is therefore a

THE PLAY'S THE THING!
AND THEN COMES THE PRODUCER!

Donald Calthrop.

(The photo by H. Cecil.)

THE PLAY'S THE THING
AND THEN COMES THE PRODUCER!

DONALD CALTHROP.

A Future Possibility.

THEN you think 'the play & the thing,' Mr. Calthrop, don't you?

Undoubtedly. The producer comes next, and then the actor, particularly in films.

We discussed film producers for a bit—
their importance (from an artistic standpoint, of course), and the ever-growing need for them, especially in the British field, and then it was my turn. Mr. Calthrop told of his desire to produce some pictures himself.

"I'd love to," he said enthusiastically. "But of course my present job ties me there as much as in the direction of screen acting. But I've studied the technical side of the business with Mr. Maurice Elvey, and I may indulge in some film producing.

"Certainly I think it is a most fascinating profession, and one which offers tremendous opportunities to the right men."

May Herschel Clarke.
THE STORY OF LONGFELLOW'S IMMORTAL POEM.

ANGELINE

MIRIAM COOPER as Evangeline.

IN the hot silence of a summer night in the early part of the eighteenth century, a young girl leaned out of a lattice window of a quaint, wattle farm-house, dark-faced, dark-eyed, with a face of rare beauty. Evangeline Bellocquemaine was the belle of all the maidens in the little village of Grand-Pré in the smiling valley of Acadia.

An hour before she had showed her marriage contract to a to-morrow, and Evangeline was not married before the old priest had seen her and her father Gabriel Lajennessac.

In those far-away days marriages were arranged by parents, often without consulting the young people, and Evangeline had come to congratulate herself that she was marrying the only man she could ever love. And her own bliss was intensified by the knowledge that the marriage was the one thing her father and Gabriel's father had set their hearts on ever since their children had been toddling babies.

"To-morrow," whispered Evangeline. She seemed to her that the unmingling tears in the tree echoed the word, and that the moon, set in a silver sky, beamed a benediction on her betrothed night.

The latch clicked softly and her lover appeared in the moonlight. Gabriel Lajennessac was fit mate for the beautiful Evangeline. Tall and strong, supplied of limb and bone, and as strong in mind as body, Gabriel was to the young men of the village what Evangeline was to the maidens.

"I slipped out and left our fathers still congratulating themselves," he whispered. "One would think it was their wedding; they are so pleased.

"It makes our happiness all the greater knowing we bring happiness to others," answered Evangeline.

"And now I must retire, having seen you once more. But a few hours separates us to-morrow." And from to-morrow we shall never be parted again," whispered Gabriel passionately. "But say one moment. They are still talking. They are no more than voices."

And with bowed heads the persecuted villagers prayed to God that their assailants might be for-gotten.

After the service the villagers, still guarded by their soldiers, marched out of church to the planes assigned to their sons in the Grand-Pré parade. At noon on the orchard, still heavy with the scent of ripe fruit, stood the marriage of Gabriel and Evangeline. Evangeline and Gabriel were separated by men's shoulders, a throng surrounded the door of the deserted house of her father, dreamed of each other and of the world that had vanished.

After days of waiting, while the women gathered together such articles as the officer in charge of the soldiers had said they would be allowed to take to the new homes they had yet to find beyond the sea, there came at last the order for embarkation. Carrying their bundles the villagers mused in the shore. Evangeline, now joined by her father, waited for her turn to pass through the crowd of boating of young men being marched to the boats. Swiftly he turned and his eyes were set on his daughter.

"Gabriel, he of good cheer. For if we love one another, nothing in truth can harm us, whatever mis-fortune it be." It is good to hear you speak so hopefully, dearest," replied Gabriel, "for I feared just a little that I seemed to lose faith in everything but you."

The guard would now have separated them but the old priest implored them to wait.

"Give them a few moments longer. These are the ones that were to have been married the day we waited.

But it was only for a few moments that the lovers saw each other before they were separated. Evangeline turned on her heel. She was coming to him. The guard would now have separated them but the old priest implored them to wait.

"Better lay him down behind this chest, Evangeline," said the priest. "He is more ill than I thought.

And so it was. Gabriel ran among the crowd of soldiers for his beloved, cried out, "Evangeline!" and the guards, in spite of his youth, and the big chest attending to his father, and so he failed to see her. He lay his head on the shoulder of the Hamak, but he refused to go. "I must find Evangeline!"

One of the soldiers, anxious to get his pay day finished, went to the ship, and he pointed out to Gabriel. Delivering this, the young man went up in one of the boats landing on different coasts, and the once happy community was now divided into many tribes roving among their lands. Gabriel Lajennessac was born in Evangeline, and his son Gabriel found a new home and prosperity in the Southern Savannahs, but Evangeline lived behind in the Acadian village.

That night Benedict Bellocquemaine died, and they buried him by the shore of the sea that was carrying his friends off to the New World.

In Search of His Bride.

YEARS had passed since the villagers of Grand-Pré were driven out of Acadia. The exiles landed on different coasts, and the once happy community was now divided into many tribes roving among their lands. Gabriel Lajennessac was born in Evangeline, and his son Gabriel found a new home and prosperity in the Southern Savannahs, but Evangeline lived behind in the Acadian village.

That night Benedict Bellocquemaine died, and they buried him by the shore of the sea that was carrying his friends off to the New World.

And, in another part of the great continent, wand-ered Evangeline with her only friend, Father (Continued on page 18).
THE EXPRESSIONS OF EDDY POLO. (Special to the "Picture Show.")

EDDY POLO. The Finest Fighter on the Films.

EDDY POLO, the super-serial actor, is a descendant of Marco Polo, the great Italian traveller. He was born in Los Angeles, and has appeared in a large number of serial photo-plays of the thrilling type produced at the studios at Universal City.

Eddy is a terrific fighter on the screen, and he has long been known, in film circles, as one of the strong men of the coast. Some of his feats before the camera are nothing short of phenomenal.

On one occasion he lifted a man up bodily, and used him as a battering-ram to break through a door of solid oak. This gentle act did not seem to tire Eddy in the least, although one is led to wonder at which hospital the other man stayed for the following days.

At another time Eddy Polo had a thrilling encounter with two men on a staircase, then suddenly he lifted one man up and threw him headlong down on top of the other. He certainly does not believe in half measures.

The other day this whirlwind artiste was asked what he thought of serials, and his reply was that they were all right only he did not have enough to do. Nothing seems to satisfy his craving for excitement. In spite of the fame which has come to Polo, he is an extremely modest man, and loves his work before the camera. He says very little but does a lot.

Before going into the movies Eddy was a trained athlete and circus performer, and he is the possessor of a wonderful physique. His height is five feet, eight and a half inches, and his black hair and dark brown eyes pronounce him a very striking personality. His hobbies are athletics and music.

He Trains Regularly.

EDDY trains regularly every day, and, in spite of his many encounters in his films, he finds it necessary to take conditioning runs, and he boxes with anyone who is brave enough to undergo the ordeal.

Eddy has a large following in Japan, where picturegoers are simply wild over his wonderful muscular development, and the numerous stunts that he performs. He is known as the finest fighter in films.

In all the productions in which he has appeared Eddy Polo has played vigorous parts. Some of his best known films are "The Broken Coin," "The Grey Ghost," "The Beast of Berlin," "The Bull's Eye," "The Circus King," and the "Cyclone Smith Stories." He is at present engaged on what he regards as his best production.

Eddy had, perhaps, what was the narrowest escape of his life during the filming of "The Circus King." The part he was undertaking was to be bound by ropes to the connecting-rod coupling up the driving-wheels of a locomotive.

The train was going at a good speed, and the camera-man was turning the handle, happily the thought that he was obtaining an exceptionally good picture. The producer also was feeling very pleased with himself.

Then suddenly the rope which had been used to bind him suddenly broke, and he was hurled some yards away from the engine, like a stone from a catapult. The cause of the accident was the rope getting chafed by the wheels of the engine as they revolved. By some miraculous stroke of good fortune Eddy escaped with a few bruises and scratches, but he might easily have been hurled under the wheels of the engine, and then, of course, it would have been good-bye to all his thrilling stunts!

A Fed-up Feeling.

It was due to a "fed-up" feeling, resulting from low earnings as an acrobat, which made Eddy decide to go on the films. "Of course, I realised I must be original," he said, "and it was while looking at the pictures myself that the idea of originality came to me.

"One of the characters I was watching seemed, in my opinion, to fail for the want of having some 'punch' behind him, and I guess I made my mark through taking to a character with some 'go' in it.

"After a little practice I went to California where I have always done well." As only to be expected Eddy Polo, in the course of his long career on the films, has had some serious accidents. On one occasion he had to jump from a pier on to a large, and he overshot the distance and jumped short. The result was that he broke two ribs, cracked his knee, and dislocated his jaw. Otherwise he was quite all right! No doubt many of those people who are desirous of joining the ranks of cinema stars would hesitate if they realised what a strenuous life the average serial actor really lives.
EVANGELINE.

(Continued from page 4.)

Pelican. Her life was consecrated to one task—
finding Gabriel.

Soon after this, the party of Acadians to which
Evangeline was attached, set out for Louisiana,
and as their boat churned through the river,
Evangeline would sit in the prow, looking ahead over
the water, and would send the song of that way,
her eyes would first behold him.

But that day when that song was sung,
Gabriel, with some hunters and trappers had determined
to travel to the western wilds, the land of the buffalo
and beaver.

As they came sweeping along in a birch-bark canoe,
they passed by where Evangelie and the other
Acadians were encamped. They were softly singing
a voyager's song, but the camp was still in slumber,
and they passed by uncared for.

The next evening they came upon the hamlet of
which Gabriel was heartily sick, and saw the
Basil himself who ran to meet them. But there was
no Gabriel. Basil noticed the distress on Evangelie's
face, and said, "It is well. Basil has only to do
"If you came by the river, did you not see my
son and his comrades in their boat?"

Evangelie could only stare at the blacksmith,
then with a bitter cry she fell into his arms.
"Do not weep, child. He left but a day ago."

That night there was much feasting and merriment,
for with the exception of Evangelie, all the Acadian
had found relatives, sweethearts, or friends in the
hamlet. Evangelie did not wish to miss even to
spoil the feast, so she retired early and spent a
sleepless night in anguish for the day to break.

Basil was as good as his word, for early the next
morning he organised a party, and with Evangelie
he set out. But they did not catch up with him the
next day, nor the next.

And so they came to the end of the trail.
Gabriel, they learned, had left the beaten tracks,
and with the advancing darkness had struck off into
the wildness of the prairie.

Cried with grief Evangelie forced to return.
Basil tried to persuade her to continue, but
Gabriel's son was bound to come back soon.
But Evangelie only exclaimed, "A day or two to reach the
journey they came upon a mission, and here Evangelie
determined to remain.

"It is near the place where I last heard of Gabriel,"
she said, "and while I wait for him I may be of some
use to these poor Indians who have suffered so much,
can understand the sufferings of others."

Basil tried hard to persuade her to come back with
him, but he was obliged to depart without her.
A week while Evangelie remained in the mission,
but there came no Gabriel, nor any news of him.
Basil lost his courage, and the love and affection,
but never a night that she did not think of her lover.

And while Evangelie waited and prayed, Gabriel
wandered over the prairie. The emigrant train
he was with the exception of Evangelie, all the Acadian
was the only one to escape with his life. Time and time
he tried to look forward to the day when some of the
Indians prevented him, or he would lose the trail.
But once, when he was about to try to reach the poor
and afflicted, and never a night that she did not think
of her lover.

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Indians prevented him, or he would lose the trail.
But once, when he was about to try to reach the poor
and afflicted, and never a night that she did not think
of her lover.

AFTER many years Evangelie left the mission
and wandered in other lands, always serving
others, and ever searching for news of Gabriel.
Then she found herself in the city
founded by Penn the Quaker, and here she found work as
a nurse. It was not soon after her arrival the ghastly
appearance struck the city, and Evangelie laboured
night and day among the amputations that had been
turned into hospitals.

One Sabbath morning she entered the almshouse,
and her heart sunk within her as she saw how many
of the patients had died in the night, and been taken
away in the morning. It was a day of mourning.
All were filled with other sufferers. As she moved
from bed to bed, she was heartened by the
thought of recovery, and comforting the dying, she passed
the bed of a newcomer.

The flowers she was carrying dropped from her
erewarded hands as from her lips came a terrible cry of
anguish. There came a yell from the bed, and
Gabriel, thin, weak, grey haired, and with a face lined
with suffering, but Evangelie knew him.

In a moment she was upon his knee by his side,
and as he slowly lifted his head it seemed to her that the
lines of his face were smoothed away from his face, and
she saw him once again as she had known him in life.

"Gabriel! My beloved!" she whispered as she
kissed his hand.

The dying man turned his head and his eyes
smiled with the old sweet tenderness.

"What can you be trying to say?" but the words
died on his lips. Evangelie felt the faintest pressure
on her hand, and then she knew that his
heart was gone, Gabriel passed away.

And it was true of the woman, in thankfulness
that she had been allowed to see her lover before
he died, the words:

"I will follow you, my love."

(Adapted, by permission, from incidents in the Fox
film, "Featuring Miriam Cooper as Evangelie."

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DOUGLAS, the author.
PERCY MARMONT.

ALTHOUGH Percy Marmont is always to be seen in American productions he is an Englishman by birth. Perhaps, in a measure, that accounts for his immense popularity in this country; for one cannot watch his acting upon the screen without feeling that he is a perfect type of Englishman.

His screen career, although a short one to date, has already demonstrated his versatility and talent. His first picture was made while on tour in South Africa; and he was also featured in a screen production while he was acting upon the legitimate stage in the leading cities of the Antipodes.

His Screen Debut.

He had never visited America, so he determined to make his return home journey via the States. He landed at San Francisco, and visited the many wonder spots of the States, finally arriving in New York. There, a visit to a friend who was engaged at a cinema studio resulted in his being asked to play opposite Elsie Ferguson in her screen debut. A few days later he was also engaged to play in a stage production of "The Three Bears." Then came the filming of the latter play, and he took his original role with Margarette Clark as the star. You will remember his wonderful acting in this film, which was called "Three Men and a Girl." An engagement as leading man to Geraldine Farrer followed, and after that he scored distinct individual success in "The Indestructible Wife," with Alice Brady.

While acting for these pictures Percy Marmont also found time to take part in various stage successes. His stage experience includes every conceivable sort of role, from musical comedies, farces, melodramas, to standard plays by leading dramatists. He therefore brings to the screen an exceptionally high reputation and a rich experience gained on the stage throughout all English-speaking countries.

Why He Prefers the Silent Stage.

PERCY MARMONT is devoted to his screen work, and has decided to devote his talents entirely to the silent drama in the future. He gives the reason for this devotion to the work in one word: "normality." He says that "the cinema actor can lead a normal life, while the stage performer cannot. His hours are regular—as a rule—and they are all in the daytime. Still another attraction to me in acting for the camera is the variety of the roles entrusted to me. On the stage, if the play is successful, we must play the same part for many months, and the interest often lags. In the films you once play a part, and you are through with it for ever. And what a great satisfaction, what a pardonable thrill, and what a beneficial criticism of your performance is it to see yourself on the screen. That's the best part of it all."

Percy Marmont is at present under contract to be leading man to Alice Joyce, in a series of Vitagraph productions. After they are completed he has a number of engagements offered to him by leading film producers. The next film we shall see him in is entitled "The Vengeance of Durand."
Caught.

First Artist: "Do you know anything about flirting?"

Second Artist: (sadly): "No, I thought I did, but when I tried it the girl married me."

Not Particularly.

The Dear Girl: "He had the impudence to ask me for a kiss."

Her Dear Friend: "The idea! What cheek he had!"

The Dear Girl: (blushing): "He wasn't particular which."

Couldn't Stand the Strain.

The Leading Man: "I'm going to marry the leading lady at once."

His Friend: "What's your hurry?"

The Leading Man: "My salary isn't large enough to stand an engagement."

Practice Makes Perfect.

Mildred: "Midge's complexion has improved wonderfully of late."

Mrs. Higginson: "Yes, so is beginning to understand how to put it on."
THE DRAWBACK OF PRODUCING FILMS.

L. C. MacBean, whose latest production, "Bladys of the Stewponey," will shortly be released, tells you some of his experiences while producing British films.

In the course of my career I have carried out scenes in a coal-mine pit-bottom, on board ships and railway engines, and lately from the front of an aeroplane. I believe in correct detail, and on one occasion witnessed an important operation in a hospital theatre for "local colour.

While taking scenes at the pit-bottom for "Heroes of the Mine," a mine in Lancashire, at which I had obtained permission for the work, the pit pony was brought from the "face" to where we were working. I should have said, the pony was tipped, as the workings had caved in many places since he had been taken down, fourteen years before. The poor thing was supposed to be blind, but our bright lamps startled him, and when he became used to them, he must have thought he was up in the sunshine again, for he bent down his neck, searching for grass. The bigger in his comfortable stable cut out of the rock, 1,500 feet down, was four feet high.

I think most of us were pleased to come up to the surface again after a night below, for there was an inner feeling all the time that there might be some stray gas about, and our arms lamps were open.

Straight for the Camera-man.

Explosions are funny things to deal with, and uncertain in their effects; and the camera-man is not always to be credited in his proximity to the danger spot.

Dirtless motor-cars are also doubtful propositions. I recollect on one occasion a car which had been purchased for sniping up had to run down a hill with a dummy at the steering-wheel and collide with a wall. To make certain of getting a picture of the smash—which could not, of necessity, be retained—there were three camera-men posted for different shots.

As the car ran down the hill at a growing speed, it suddenly altered its course and headed directly for one of the camera-men. To see this individual pick up his machine and bolt was so funny that his colleagues nearly stopped filming, and almost lost the crash!

Another time I had a scene in a country road, depicting a man who had been run over by a motor-car, being bandaged up by a policeman and the motorist. The local doctor, who was driving along in a dog-cart, drew up with an exclamation on seeing the insensible man.

The camera man continued turning, hoping to make the scene more natural by the presence of a real doctor; but, unfortunately, when this good gentleman found the true state of affairs he became very wrathful and departed.

LOVELY HAIR.

Dear Barbara,

I'm writing to you while my hair is drying. I am going out to a dance to-night, and I do want to look rather specially nice 'cos I've got a new frock, and some rather nice people are going to be there—and, well, you know!

I KNOW YOU WILL SAY

I'm an idiot to wash my hair the very day I'm going out, for you know how distressingly limp and impossible my hair usually is for days after a shampoo. Well, I've discovered SOMETHING RATHER WONDERFUL in the shampoo-line. You use a big teaspoonful of stallax granules, which, by the way, you obtain from the chemist, dissolved in a cup of hot water. It foams up gorgeously and makes it so easy to wash your hair. Well, after that, it dries ever so quickly and you can

DO IT UP AT ONCE

and be quite sure that it's going to look its very nicest. Isn't it good of me to tell you all this? But I'm so excited, I must tell someone. I've only used it two or three times, and my hair is already much thicker, ever so glossy, and is even developing a decided tendency to curl!

Your overjoyed,

ESTELLE.
MY FOUR MONTHS IN CALIFORNIA.

By MADGE TITHERIDGE.

No. IV.

On that long journey home I had leisure to take a mental review of my four months in California. I believe that every experience of life should be received, not in a mood of calm acceptance, but in a spirit of application—that every incident in our lives should teach us something. And so before I conclude these reminiscences I want to tell you what California taught me.

Some of the things it taught me have already referred to in passing—the artful nature of film work, the adventure, the enormous adventure of it; the courage of the film actor, and two things which I haven't, but should have mentioned—the infinite patience of the film director, and the heavy demands made upon his abilities. But the one thing which my trip to California made me realise above all others was the lure of the pictures.

The Lure of the Pictures.

To me the lure of the pictures is one of the most extraordinary things in the world. I can find its parallel in no other art. When I speak of this lure I do not refer to the fascination the film exercises over the screen-struck, or the riches which the film profession seems to promise. Neither do I mean the charm of the screen actors as an entertainment. No; the lure of the pictures is something far more subtile than these, and it is felt by the screen artists alone.

Whenever one makes a picture one starts out with the highest hopes and the brightest prospects, and then finds that picture is going to be the very best work one has ever done, and yet directly the result of one's efforts are thrown on the screen there is a feeling of disappointment, a realisation of how hard, there, or altogether one could have done so much, so very much better. But, also, the picture is made, the effect is fixed. And then immediately following this feeling of disappointment comes an intense longing, a tremendous desire to try again, to express oneself more effectually, more artistically. And one does try, but always with the same result—one is for ever dissatisfied, and yet which is more important) for ever lured on and on to higher artistic levels. Whether one reaches those levels is another thing. The lure remains.

The Power of the Pictures.

Another thing which my Californian trip brought forcibly home to me was the power, the tremendous power of the pictures. In America, of course, the film is far more of a national institution than it is here, but even in England one finds its influence growing stronger every day, and one cannot but feel what an enormous, almost uncanny, force it exercises over the public mind and imagination, and how far-reaching are its possibilities in the realms of art, science and education.

Home Again.

Such were the reflections which I brought back with me from California when we arrived in England on April 18th, in the best of health and spirits, after one of the most exciting, interesting, and delightful experiences it would be possible to have, and one which, personally, I would not have missed for anything.

But, what's a difference it made having Mr. Samuelson with us! He was so good to everyone of us throughout the trip that no tribute I could pay him would be too high. Without him we never could have had the comfort and the care we enjoyed, and all he wanted was that we should be happy. Dear, kind Mr. Samuelson!

And yet how good it was to be in London again! After all, there is no place on earth with quite the same fascination. For days after my return I went about sniffing its dusty, petrol-smelling atmosphere with delight, deciding that it had even the scent of orange blossom beaten to a frazzle, and that no palm-fringed boulevard on earth could compare with the Strand! (Of course it couldn't, anyhow; but you catch the idea.)

But some day I want to go back to California, back to its glory, and its sunshine and its myriad colours, and there I shall settle in one of those darling bungalows, and keep ponies and do all the delightful things folks do out there. But that will be when I retire, and have become, very, very rich. THE END.
SINeMiGHu TiTLeS

NOT long ago the Eminent Authors Pictures, Inc., in America, which produced a film called "The Man from Bohemia," was upbraided for putting in a scene of the villain's trial against Thomas H. Ince, Inc., with the object of injuring the American producer's reputation. But "The Man from Bohemia" is "Dangerous Hours." It is, perhaps, as well as such legal steps are usually made, an admission that the company would have had to more than usually busy time reviewing the similarity in titles of other right-thinking as well.

A glance through a list of British and American films now in the making, and one or two, and some of them quite recently, reveals the happening of the cases taken at random: "The Girl from Bohemia" and "A Girl in Bohemia," "The House Opposite" and "At the House Opposite," "The Narrow Trail" and "The Narrow Copse," "Eye for an Eye" and "Eye for Eye," "The Field of Honour," "Fie! for Honour," "The Revelation," and "Revelations," "Bandonee" and "In Bandonee," and "Annie Laurie" and "Bonnie Annie Laurie." There are many others, of course, though a longer list might only make wearisome reading. But the novelty of the name has for keeping a list of all the films they see will doubtless be object to the editors of other the in which the resemblance between titles is more or less striking, there are also a few such as "A Square Deal," featuring W. S. Hart, and "A Square Deal," which contains Arturo de Cordova. This last film only is the story. It would seem as if those responsible for the titling of pictures either considered a duplication of names as being perhaps a matter of good fortune that they found some fascination in the supposed effect. In time the latter is particularly noticeable in the case of titles that begin in the same way. "Little" "Little," "Girl," and "Woman" appear to be it. "Lover," of course, tops the list. Yet, as many of the titles as the. number of other words which, though equally as good and entertaining, are in the stronger case varied, are either rarely used or never used at all.

THE EDITOR

ANSWERS TO COUrRESPONDENTS.


"Anita," (E. Kensington).—Have you tried writing to Arlene Pretty? If you do, they may oblige you with her photo. She was born in Washington, D. C., on July 18th, and her birthday is on July 28th. She is the daughter of Earnest and Marie Pretty.

"Amy," (Mansfield).—Speaking of Miss Morgan, the film you want to see is "The Girl from Broadway." It is produced by Universal. The film was made by the American company and was released in America. The film was directed by George Arhut and was released in 1930. It was shot in Technicolor and was a major production for the studio.

"Aude," (P. K. (Peru),).—You are one of many who write to me from your part of the world. Bert Lytell was born in 1888, and the good lady whom he married is Mrs. Bert Lytell. She was born in Champaign, Illinois. Jane Novak married Frank Newburgh in 1921. She is the daughter of a well-known family in Chicago, and the couple have one child, a son.

"Bilräume," (Bonn).—So Phil Ford has run away with my heart. The movie is "The Girl from Broadway," and the character is "The Girl from Broadway," played by Mary Pickford. The film was released in 1930 and was directed by D. W. Griffith. It was a major production for United Artists.

"Bob," (C. B.).—I shall have to ask Jack Hoxie and let you know. He is a very good actor, and you might enjoy his work. He is married to Gertrude Thomas, and he is in love with her. Both. You can write to me again soon as you can come another stage to me.

"Bert," (C. B.).—I shall have to ask Jack Hoxie and let you know. He is a very good actor, and you might enjoy his work. He is married to Gertrude Thomas, and he is in love with her. Both. You can write to me again soon as you can come another stage to me.

"Bert," (C. B.).—I shall have to ask Jack Hoxie and let you know. He is a very good actor, and you might enjoy his work. He is married to Gertrude Thomas, and he is in love with her. Both. You can write to me again soon as you can come another stage to me.

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CONSTANCE TALMADGE.—Her latest Photograph, 16 x 10, in this issue.

PICTURE SHOW, September 4.

TWO PENCE.

SEPT. 4th, 1920.

No. 71. Vol. 3.

EDDY LYONS AND LEE MORAN. INSEPARABLES OF THE COMEDY SCREEN.

EDDY AND LEE ARE AS INSEPARABLE OFF AS ON THE SCREEN. THEY ARE OF THE SAME HEIGHT, AND HAVE THE SAME TASTES. THEY EVEN SMOKE THE SAME BRAND OF CIGARS AT THE SAME TIME, AND ONE MATCH DOES FOR BOTH OF THEM.
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FOR an extra 10c DAISY gives you five times better value
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THAT is what you get when you buy a Daisy at 2d. instead of one of the many imitations at 1d. Daisy's pure and powerful — yet harmless — ingredients cost us five- and ten-times as much as the usual "headache cure" ingredients: and it is because of these expensive and exclusive ingredients that Daisy — and Daisy alone — possesses the power to cure every variety of headache. Never fear headache or neuralgia in the future — keep a Daisy handy.

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DAISY is sold by stores and chemists everywhere at 2d. each, 8 for 1½, 20 for 2½, 50 for 6½. DAISY TABLETS (specially convenient form) 1/3 c. tin. DAISY Ltd. LEEDS.

FIVE TIMES BETTER VALUE
Dr Robertson Wallace writes: "The Remedy, Prudence Grove, London, W. Dear Sirs, — Your Daisy Headache Cure merits our complete approval. I have great pleasure in putting on its efficiency and safety, and compliment you on your commercial scheme to place an unusually costly formula, at a reasonable charge, at the annoyance of the public. "Robertson Robertson, W.H., M.B., C.H.I.

The SOLENT Costume
(as illustration.)
A new and attractive design. Coat lined with glossy lining. Tailor built to measure. Carried out in our Striped or Check Tweeds.

"Plumpton" Coat
The "LINBY" Coat
(as illustration.)
Tailor-built to measure, a smart and useful coat, well made, correct cut, suitable for golf, check, or striped cloth. Made in our striped "Redmire" Blanket Cloth 72/- CAR. PAID.

Other designs see Catalogue.

Write to HARTLEY & CO.,
21, St. Ann's Place Rd., LEEDS.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Looking about to cry;
but the tears were not shed,
For he jumped up and said,
"A jar of Laitova I spy!"

"Laitova" more than takes the place of butter because it has the added value of eggs and sugar. Children love it; and it is the most economical food you can buy for them.

LAITOVA
LEMON CHEESE
The daily spread for the children's bread.
SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, LTD., MANCHESTER.
**Picture Show Chat**

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players.

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**Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."**

No. 34.—BOBBY VERNON.

BOBBY VERNON, as you see above, finds the Picture Show amusing. Bobby annuses on the screen in his really clever comedies, and we annuse him by telling him all the news of his own friends, at home and abroad. Which is just as it should be, isn't it?

---

**A Great Piece of News.**

I KNOW you'll be interested in this piece of news. The Picture Show has been registered at the General Post Office as a newspaper. This means that you can now send a copy of your favourite paper to any friend in the United Kingdom for £1 postage. This makes the subscription ever so much cheaper for you here. For eleven shillings the Picture Show will be delivered to any address in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. Abroad the subscription is still thirteen shillings, so if you want to make a friend or relation happy who lives in some out-of-the-world spot where the Picture Show cannot be bought, here is the very best idea for a present you can give them.

---

**Mary's Wig.**

WHEN you see Mary Miles Minter in "Scandal in Lavender," you'll find it hard to recognize her; but you will have an opportunity of deciding whether you like Mary Minter as a lady or whether you prefer her in the role of a long-haired, old-fashioned bustle dress in the role of her own mother.

---

**Flora Finch Back Again.**

AFTER three years in retirement, Flora Finch, whom you will remember used to play with John Bunny or beloved memmies, is to return to the screen. It is just a bit hard to believe that the time Miss Finch will appear, not in comedy, as everyone remembers her, but in drama.

---

**More Visitors from Los Angeles.**

MARY PICKFORD evidently set the fashion of visiting our shores, for since then Bryant Washburn and Ethel Clayton have followed in the wake of Thecla Bara, Dorothy Gish, and Norma and Constance Talmadge are the latest visitors. It is expected that June Caprice will end her journey (she is in Spain at present) by going to Old England.

---

**Eddy's Life Story.**

THE coming serial, "The Story of Eddy," is to be seen with Eddy Polo in the star part which was written by himself, and is based on the actual experiences in Eddy Polo's own life.

The story starts when the Polo family were doing a feature act in a small travelling show. Thirty years ago, and it shows how little three-year-old Eddy became the star performer. Little Ray Stocker is to play Eddy as a boy, and his sister Ethel plays Eddy's sister. Eddy himself appears in the first episodes as his own father, and his mother is played by Bobe Price. The veteran clown, Charles Ruggles, is played by himself, and Joe Martin, the monkey man, has a prominent part in the cast in which other members of Universal City appear.

---

**Charles Ray—Boxer.**

NOT for nothing did Charles Ray take up boxing as a hobby. We are to see him in the role of "Kid Burns," in his initial "First National" picture, "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway."

As the same suggests, Charles will be seen as a lightweight prize-fighter.

---

**What Do You Think?**

A "PICTURE SHOW" reader has written to King Vidor suggesting that the young director's wife, Florence Vidor, should change her name to "Queen." The reader thinks that "King" and "Queen" would be exceedingly suitable names for these two favourites. What do you think?

---

**The Price of Realism.**

EUGENE O'BRIEN is the latest screen star to sacrifice beauty for the sake of realism. In his forthcoming picture "The Thing," we are to see this ideal of young picture-heroes with a sensibly-bearded, and I hear to acquire this "adornment." Eugene went unfinished for a week.

Few picture-heroes realize the many disagreeable moments such an action calls for. It means isolation all the time. You cannot even dine in a restaurant with one day's growth of beard—not to speak of two or more.

---

**Another Wild Animal Serial.**

A NEW wild animal serial is promised us from the Selig studios. This time with Franklin Farnum and "Sunshine," Mary Anderson in the star roles. I expect you know that in his immense Los Angeles studio Colonel Selig has what is said to be the largest private collection of wild animals in the world.

---

**Annette Kellermann's Next Film.**

AXINETTE KELLERMANN, famous for her swimming and her beautiful figure, has been heard of but little since she made three spectacular photo-plays which were especially suitable to her talents. She has now organized a company of her own, and her pictures are to be known as the Annette Kellermann educational pictures. The purpose of their screening, it is announced, will be to instruct women along health and athletic lines, and to reveal the manner of life of women in various countries. This will necessitate a trip round the world by Miss Kellermann and her company.

---

**Mary Pickford's Favourite Pudding.**

HERE is the recipe for Mary Pickford's favourite pudding.

Two tablespoonsfuls of butter, two tablespoonsfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one cup of milk, and four eggs. Put the butter in a pan and melt it, then rub in the flour, and keep stirring, so that the mixture will not be lumpy. Allow to come to the boil, and then pour in the milk. Be sure to stir all the time and in one direction. Beat up yolks of eggs and pour into the pan and allow to come to the boil again. Take off and let cool, and add a teaspoonful of vanilla flavouring. Beat up the whites of the eggs and stir in with the custard. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes, and serve immediately. This is particularly delicious served with white sauce or whipped cream.

---

**Coming Back to the Screen.**

DO you remember Dorothy Dane, the petite, good-natured leading lady who appeared in Christie Comedies some time ago? She left pictures to resume her schooling, but I hear she is now back again at the studio, and we are to see her in future comedies.

---

**As I Saw Him.**

IF you could have seen Stewart Bome in a dirty little shanty street off the Westminster Bridge Road, the other day, you would never have recognized this usually suave, well-tailored Broadway hero. He was wearing a suit that was tattered, torn and dirty, his toes poked through his boots, and his head was a masterpiece—at least five day's growth stood out from his chin. But he was a "char-lady," complete with coarse brown apron and dirty old bonnet, they made a fine pair, but so wonderful were the "make-up" of both costumes that they were a "char" (Helena Lessington) that no one took the slightest notice of the pair until some small child spotted the camera. Then in less than

---

**POPPI WYNDBAM as Columbine in the forthcoming Still version of Ethel M. Dell's famous novel, "The Tidal Wave."**
five minutes the street was crowded with children, mothers, fathers, and still more children—they sprang from nowhere, and it was not long before the "crowd" had become so dense that "taking" had to be abandoned. A belt had to be made and a departure taken to the Broadway office where the company waited patiently until school time came round, and they could work without being shouted at by hundreds of childish voices. These scenes form some of the many interesting episodes in "The Great Gay Road," the third volume of Tom Gallon's famous novel.

Casson's Spare Moments.

CASSON PERGUS is at present playing with Pauline Frederick in "Madame X." I hear that all his spare moments, when he is not actually before the camera, he spends caring for his pets. He has twelve Persian cats, and several pointer pups.

And Paid For It.

LOVERS of real music will read with envy of a thousand of Los Angeles residents, who were paid real money to sit in a theatre and listen to grand opera, played by a symphony orchestra. You will see these lucky people in the coming Goldwyn photo-play, "The Great Lover."

A "Envelope" Gown.

VIOLA DANA has a sense of humour. A reporter from a local newspaper was trying to describe a gown worn by her in one of the big scenes in "Blackmail." "Would you mind telling me what the technical terms are for explaining your frock?" he asked.

"Of course," said Miss Dana. "It is merely an envelope gown of good cloth, with the skirt caught after the Turkish fashion."

"But what is an "envelope gown?"" asked the amazed reporter.

"An envelope gown," replied Miss Dana, smiling, "is one that bears the stamp of insignificance."

By the way, Florence Turner, our old favorite of the only Hepworth pictures, will be seen in this film.

English Scenery for American Plays.

WHEN we tell "Whispering Devils," the coming Equity play, featuring Conway Tearle, and Rosemary Thebe we shall recognize rural England, as the background for this photo-play. The quaint fishing-harbor on the North-West coast of Great Britain, in all their rugged simplicity, form the background of this human story. The village of Alvedale, bordering on the Irish sea, is the chief locale, while the most picturesque parts in the Western shore of England, from Plymouth to Glasgow, in Scotland, were selected for the scenes. Some of the finest bits of landscape photographed, particularly moonlight scenes on the Isle of Man, where the crucial action takes place, and vast stretches of the somber moors of the Highlands.

A Talented Star.

HELEN CHADWICK surely had all the good fairies present when she was christened, and each one hit her a gift. For not only is she one of the most popular of the younger motion picture actresses, but she is also a pianist of talent. Just to round it off she can draw and paint. With so many talents, it might seem difficult for a young woman to decide which one to cultivate. It was—so she developed all of them. But she admits, when questioned that she loves music better than anything else, and that "some day" she intends to be a famous pianist.

An Appropriate Name.

A LAN HOLUBAR may not be an Indian, but his last name has a significance in Choctaw according to a letter he received from a redskin brave quite recently. Holubar is the Choctaw word meaning "story teller," not a liar, by the way, but one who recites the tales lore to the tribes. Holubar tells a story by use of the silver sheet, so he feels his name is not far wrong after all.

So Would I.

DOROTHY PHILLIPS received a letter this week from a Belgian engineer in Brussels, who is inventing a new type of motor-car engine that will run on paraffin exclusively. If his invention is successful, he intends to have it patented under the name of the "Dorothy Phillips Motor," and says he will send her the first one perfected. With the present shortage of petrol, Miss Phillips says she will be more than grateful.

Please Read This.

M. MONROE SALISBURY threatens to have a form letter printed explaining that he is not Indian. There has been a report current for some time that the noted star is an Indian, and he is becoming tired of denying the impression. Ever since he played the role of Alejandro in "Ramona," he has been receiving letters suggesting tactfully that he is not so tough being an Indian, after all. Some of the letters come addressed as "Chief" Salisbury, and one writer insisted on having a photograph of the Indian appearing in war paint. Salisbury is an American of Hottentot extraction, and claims that he can trace his ancestry back to the first Negro. Salisbury, the nobleman who inspired the hero in "The Golden Order of the Carter."

Does This Interest You?

GEORGE BERGAN, the clever impersonator of Italian character parts, as he is in the title, has received, he says, a letter from his patroness."I send you this," she wrote, "as a token of my esteem and gratitude for your kindness in giving me so much pleasure both in the theatre and in private life."

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News from Los Angeles.

Sessue Hayakawa has adopted three Japanese orphans and has pledged himself to educate and care for them until they are able to shift for themselves. Mrs. Hayakawa—Tsuen Akio—who will be returning from her holiday in Japan in about a month's time, is very fond of children, and her husband is coaching his new protege's to greet her as "mother," or, rather, the Japanese equivalent, against her return.

To Be Beautiful.

BEAUTY is entirely of the mind," says Betty Blythe, one of Hollywood's most famous beauties. "To be beautiful, therefore, one must cultivate the beautiful in all literature, music, and art, so as to fill the mind with grace and beauty that ugliness cannot enter in." Miss Blythe has had a rare artistic education, for she studied for two years for opera at the Paris Conservatory, living with her sister in the Latin Quarter, the very heart of the artistic center of "La vie l'artiste." Pictures, she says, were at that time the strongest of all the educational influences. She has since become a critic, and the author of "Golden Stoic," fascinating the most. She used to wonder where all these figures were going, why some order daily her personal invigoration from an opera, a tiny figure with out-stretched arms singing from a lighted stage to a darkened house.

Katherine's First Engagement.

KATHERINE MACDONALD'S first screen engagement in "romance" at the old Horsley Studio. The plant at that time was not the busy, up-to-date affair that it is now; in those days, most studios had a distinctly domestic atmosphere. Miss MacDonald was getting thirty dollars a week and decided that was doing too little with her "extra" job to justify her accepting such a princely salary. So she appointed herself the kind of a wealthy property-swinger, helped "dress" the sets, and even used to occasionally run back home in the studio car to eat. She would now know who was eating, and know the names that happened to be needed and were not available in the studio property collection. It's a far cry indeed from those early pioneer-days of the beauteous Katherine to the present year. Now she is heading her own company and the other day received a personal invitation from the Prince of Monaco to bring her company to Monte Carlo and film a story with his prince and the famous Casino as the setting.
EDDY POLO is undoubtedly a busy person. He often finds it necessary to make-up in his motor-car while he is travelling.

A youthful, but none the less forceful, director. Miss SUZANNE VIDOR takes "Daddy King's" megaphone away from him, and directs a love scene between her father KING VIDOR, and her mother, FLORENCE VIDOR.

JACK DEMPSEY listens intently while FRITZI BRUNETTE tells him an interesting story. Fritzi Brunette is at present Warren Kerrigan's leading lady.

MAURICE TOURNEUR, the director, getting ready to descend to the bottom of the sea to select under-sea locations for a forthcoming production.

An interesting photograph of the Vitagraph staff on the occasion of their annual picnic. They spent a delightful day on the river Thames. The photograph was taken by Mr. Francis Reader, the publicity director, shortly after the company had "feasted."

ANITA STEWART is not the lucky possessor of a couple of pairs of hands, as the photo implies. Her brother George is the owner of the second pair.

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

The details of these stories, which have been filmed by the Selznick Film Company, and will shortly be shown over here, taken from real life. The crooks described are men whose criminal careers are to be found in the American Police Records. In the film version the part of the real detective is played by Herbert Rawlins. So the stories are an imaginative recreation of facts which actually happened.

THREE in the last half-hour

Stephan Arnold had raised on a four-crown bet the privilege of justifying his confidence.

For a few minutes he commended over a minor problem in life, and then, tired of the cigarette flotant in his ashtray, of the Club's card-room, was on the point of calling for his hat and stick, feeling the need of action.

"Chester!" an attendant at his elbow addressed him.

"What?" the voice of Flynn returned.

"Get down here, quick," the chief said.

"Kane's been pardoned, and I want those Hurrican plates."

In all the United States there is no man more feared among the criminal classes than William J. Flynn, Chief of the United States Secret Service. Being in the long arm of the law, reaching out and lengthenhold of those opposed to the rules and regulations laid down by the Government can be very tough.

Every city and community his operatives work day and night. They never tire. Once a criminal trail is struck, the trail is followed to the end, the chances, for Flynn, backed by a Government that has paid out hundreds of thousands of dollars in the apprehension of a single man, always gets what he goes after.

And the most valued of all these operatives was a man now in the department as "Lightning," by reason of the uncanny success and quickness with which he had solved a number of notorious cases and rounded up the offenders. "Lightning's Luck" had become a byword among his colleagues, so that whenever a particular difficulty beset work was to be performed, Flynn's first thought was of the young, athletic, and debonair agent.

A case requiring the utmost tact had come up that day. Picking up an afternoon paper, Flynn had read that Jim Kane, a counterfeiter among counterfeaters, who had been sent up for a ten-year sentence, had been extended executive clemency after doing two years. Before this, Kane had been a member of the "British Benny" gang, and had turned out a five-dollar plate bearing the likeness of Benjamin Franklin, which was so perfect that it took Flynn and his men a year to track the crook down and make his arrest.

The plates had never been recovered. But with Kane locked in the bars the appearance of the notes stopped. From this there was to be the only one conclusion. Kane had made the plates for Flynn knew well if Benny or any of his men had knowledge of their whereabouts they would not have speeded. He also believed that Kane, knowing a crook with his old gang as soon as it was safe, would not attempt to garner quick and easy money.

One of the duties of the Secret Service is to anticipate and prevent crime, as well as to control its operation. The problem before Flynn now was to get to Kane, win his confidence, and locate the plates before he had a chance to sell them.

Perhaps better, to trail Kane, permit the plates to reach Benny, and round up the gang with them in their possession. Flynn owed Benny one for that little affair of six years ago, and he fancied the latter part.

In the privacy of his office a half-hour after his talk with Lightning over the telephone, Flynn gave the latter the details of what he wanted done.

"Kane will be out Saturday," Flynn told Lightning. "You have just four days to do what you're going to do. We used to be around Chatham Square. Had a kid—about seven years old then, if I remember right. You might want to talk to Jim Kane's wife.

As Lightning nodded and started to leave the chief called him back."

"What?" he said, "British Benny has been seen in town, and a packet of queer half-dollars—pretty coarse work—have turned up down on East Side. We don't know whether there's any connection between the two or not, but you might bear it in mind. Murray and Tyson.

The district where Jim Kane hung out before he took his journey was a disgraceful neighborhood, given over at that time to saloons, cheap tenements, and rocceries. It was adiacent to Chinatown, and there was not much in the way of a walking district to be gotten at one time or another.

Since the then quarter had been cleaned up, but where, in the clothing stores, pawnbrokers, and cheap shops abroad, there flourished formerly criminal areas for the purpose of swindling.

In the vicinity of the Square, the next morning following Lightning's talk with Flynn, appeared in a store, Jim Kane, the offender in question. It seemed that the kid had been left alone after her father was sent away, and had been taken in by two women, who had moved away three years before. Their names, he learned, were O'Toole.

All day Lightning in his new role continued his search. Mary and the O'Toole women. But it was not until late in the afternoon that he struck a clue. This he turned up through the column.

Penny and Violet O'Toole, the coppler told him, had been seen before for fighting in the back room of a saloon. At their hearing a little girl had appeared, who said she was Jim Kane's kid, and not found there, that the kid had been left alone after her father was sent away, and had been taken in by two women, who had moved away three years before. Their names, he learned, were O'Toole.

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"Letter for Mary Kane," Lightning said, drawing the envelope from his bundle, and handing on to it as he gasped past the woman into the room.

At a bare table he saw another woman, pouring beer from a pitcher. In a corner near a window that led out to the roof of the next building, a little girl was rubbing clothes in a wash trough.

"Mary Kane must sign for this," Lightning told the woman as she held out her hand.

"I auld ma" she said.

At the mention of her name, the girl at the tub stopped her work and came running towards the door. Despite her wanned and ragged dress, the child was pretty. Her clothes, although showing the signs of considerable wear, were clean, as was her thin face. At a cry she came running towards the room, but stopped as she came up to the postman.

"Sorry, but I can't write," she told him. "Mary Kane to sign for you?"

Lightning hurried, smiling at the youngster.

"Mary nodded. Miss O'Toole signed the book, and left the door in the face of Lightning, who dropped to the floor and peered through the keyhole.

In the keyhole, Lightning took a five-dollar note—dropped out.

Both women made a grab for it, but the woman holding the letter was the one who retrieved the bill. Then she read the letter aloud.

"It's from your dad," she said to Mary, who had stood waiting.

"Daddy?" the child's face lit up. "What do you want daddy to read to you?"

Instead of complying with the request, the woman tore the letter in bits.

"Come on, Jen," she said, waving the five-dollar bill. "Let's go round to the Dutchman's.

Lighting barely had time to dodge from the door when the women reached the Dutchman's. As they left, Mary wiped away the tears that were welling to her eyes, and crying "I don't know if I can do the job."

"Don't, Jen," the other one added. "I'll do the job."

In the narrow area between the houses a telegraph pole reared its height above the roof. The windows of the building were decreed in putting her hands against the pole, stopping her fall, with her feet braced against the edge of the roof. Sixty feet above the ground, she hung as a human span between roof and pole. And she could not move. She was a pool, her thought position would relax, and she would plunge to her death.

It was simply a question whether she could hold herself until the police came to her aid and came to her rescue, or until her strength gave out and she fell.

As soon as the women went down the stairway, Lighting returned to the keyhole and peered inside. The window was in line with the door of a building. Through it he saw the girl. In a flash he was in the room and out of the window. Seizing the child by the legs, he swung her downward, out of the way of the falling woman, and carried her back into the room. Frightened oaks shook the little one, but after she had nested for a few minutes in the arms of a detective, she quieted down and smiled up at him.

Lighting asked her what she was doing out on the roof. The child told him the prison allowed her. Meet me at the prison gate Saturday afternoon, I want my first moments of freedom to be with my hero," she said.

"Where's the money, Kid?" Lighting asked.

"Daddy took it. Now daddy won't see me when he comes out?"

Again the girl burst into tears, but Lightning with a hug and a smile, "You'll see him," he told her. "I'll take you there, and what's more, we'll go on a boat. We'll end up the big ship."

Dressed in her mother's dress and around her neck, Mary kissed him.

In another part of the East Side there was a person also interested in the release of Jim Kane. In an underground room reaching through a cellarway beneath a vacant store-front, the British Benny sat at a table, examining a pile of new half-dollars. Three men were working
at another table. A fourth stood near a door with an electric bell at its side.

The articles on the table revealed the man's obscure tastes and willingness to spend—jugs of brandy and hard cider, bottles of acid and bars of metal. Benny picked up a half-dozen of the coins and ran them through his fingers. Then he threw them in a box of dark sand and stirred them around. Removing them, he felt their surface and called one to account.

"This last bunch of coins feels kind of smooth and slick," he said. "So shove them only on matchsticks. They can't be told the difference with greasy fingers."

The light at the door flashed three times. The man on guard opened a gate side and peered through. Outside stood a short, thick-set individual with grey hair. Recognizing him, the man slid back the heavy door. Grey Hair strode into the room and crossed to Benny.

"Benny and Jennie O'Toole have wise me that Kane is to get out of goal," he said.

"That so?" Benny gave a surprised whistle. "Thought he had another fiver cumin'. Get busy," he continued. "Jim is sure to come down here somewhere. Find him and offer as high as $5,000 for the plates he planted when he was settered."

The Meeting.

On the morning that Jim Kane was to take the stage at the Free and Easy, a few years before, Lightning and Mary stepped across the gang plank of a boat at the end of Postman Street. The child was five years old, and it was the first time since the police had taken away her dad. She had on a new dress and hat, and carried a bunch of flowers that she insisted Lightning should buy for her.

Since the Secret Service agent found her she had had no change. Taking no chances, he had spirited her away from the O'Toole women and placed her in the home of a woman friend. There she was given the best treatment with good and sufficient food, and done wonders for Mary. There was a little colour in her face and a bright sparkle in her big eyes.

Lightning had discarded his uniform of a letter-carrier, but Mary still called him "Mr. Postman." His real business, of course, she did not know. Nor did she care. Sufficient to her was the fact that he was her friend, a friend of her dad's, and had taken her away from the O'Toole's.

In the little town on the river bank where the boat finally stopped was a group of buildings surrounded by high stone walls. In one of these walls was a great iron door—the door that opens and closes on liberty. It swung open and Jim Kane stepped into the sunlight. For a moment he stood drinking in the air—a free man. At sixty Kane was still a fine-looking man with a thin, kind face, regular features, and white hair. He did not look like a person of his calling.

"Daddy!"

With a little cry, Mary, who had been waiting outside the door, ran to her father and threw herself into his arms. Lightning stood a few feet away, not caring to intrude in their first moments of happiness. Without a word, Kane knelt on the ground, clasped the child to him and buried his face on her shoulders.

When he had controlled his emotion, he got to his feet and Mary held out her flowers.

"Here, daddy, see what I have brought you," she said.

With wide-open eyes staring straight ahead, Kane extended a hand and groped for the offering. His hand slid past the flowers and touched Mary's arm, which he followed with his fingers until he grasped the bouquet.

"Daddy,"—there was a sob in Mary's voice—"can't you see?"

Kane slowly and sadly shook his head.

"No, dear," he replied. "I can't see. Went blind two years ago."

Sobbing as though her heart would break, Mary leaned against her father, clinging to his hand, but controlled herself as Lightning joined them.

"This is my friend, Mr. Postman," she said, and proceeded to tell Kane all that the agent had done for her.

On the way back in the boat Lightning got to business. He wanted to know what Kane's plans for the future were.

"Going straight, Kane?" he asked.

"Sure thing," the ex-convict replied. "The kid to think about now. Don't know what I can do with a pair of dark lamps. Can't go back to the streets now; it's too dangerous; can help me out. If you can't, I've got an ace in the hole."

"What's that?"

"Lightning casually inquired.

"I said it was an ace in the hole," Kane replied. "You will see if we can draw this to it."

"I've got an idea," Lightning told him. "How about a news-stand? Mary can help. They'll all be Fortunats. How's that?"

"Sounds all right," Kane answered. "But that takes coin. I think I can get it, though."

"Very well, then; it's settled," Lightning assured him. "I'll advance the money, and when you get it you can pay me back."

The establishing of a news-stand was but a matter of small moment in the procedure of Lightning. He wanted Kane posted in a conspicuous place so that if British Benny was really in town, some of his scouts would be sure to see the ex-convict and pass the word along to the counterfeiter. So a few days later found Kane with Mary behind a news-stand under an elevated railroad station on a conspicuous corner of the Bowery. Whether Kane had made many attempts to find Benny and dispose of the plate, he did not know. Neither did he care to make inquiries for fear that his questions might arouse suspicions in the mind of Kane. But ever since the first day of the working day found either Lightning, Murray, or Tyson on watch at a spot near by where they could observe every person stepping at the booth. At the end of two weeks they were rewarded. Lightning had strolled by the stand, leaving Murray on duty across the street. As he stopped to speak to Mary, a man with white hair stepped up, bought a paper, and peered into Kane's eyes. Not knowing that Kane was blind, and failing to get a sign of recognition, he had winked slowly and passed on.

Lightning, who saw the wink, quickly rejoined Murray, and related what had occurred.

"Looks as if we've got a nubile," Murray said.

"Why didn't you tip him off?"

"If it's our man," Lightning informed him, "he'll be back."

And the two waited, watching the stand.

Inside of ten minutes they saw the white-haired man sauntering slowly along in their direction. Stealing across the street, they concealed themselves behind a pillar within earshot. The stranger walked up to the stand and regarding Kane, who was talking to a customer, addressed himself to Mary.

"Here, kid," he said, handing her a note. "When you get a chance, slip that to your father."

Before Mary could tell him her father was blind and she could not read, he was gone.

Lightning only waited for the man to get out of sight before he sauntered over to the stand.

"What's that, Mary? A love-letter?" he asked, pointing at the note she was still regarding in wonder.

"No; a man left it for daddy," she replied.

"Won't you read it to him?"

Lightning took the note. Opening it, he read:

"If you'll meet me at the corner of Broome Street at nine o'clock to-night and bring the plates, there'll be $5,000 in it for you.—BENNY."

"Your friend Benny writes," Lightning said to Kane, "that there's something you've got that's valuable, and he'll pay you for it."

Lightning watched Kane's face as a slow smile broke around the corners of his mouth, but he said nothing.

"You are to be at the corner of Broome Street at nine o'clock to-night?" Lightning proceeded, "and bring what he wants."

"That, Mr. Postman," Kane finally said, "is my little ace in the hole. Now you'll get your money back, and there'll be plenty for the kid."

"All right," Lightning replied. "If it's that important, you'd better get what you have now, Mary will take you, and I'll look after the stand."

As soon as Kane had left, Lightning beckoned to Murray, who crossed to him.

"Give me that package of fake plates," he said. "Kane has gone for the real stuff. We'll round up the gang to-night. Kane is to meet Benny. Have a waggon near here and follow me when I leave. Get Tyson and a couple of more men. Don't lose sight of us for an instant. And give me your silk handkerchief."

"These coins are pretty smooth," British Benny said. "Only push them on butchers. Their hands are greasy, and they won't know the difference!"
Murray took from his pocket a small, square package, which he passed over, together with the bank roll and the East River. The ex-convict took Murray in sight and started off, the detectives at their heels. A street from the waterfront crept up the cellar steps without attracting attention, with Murray and Tyson close at his side. A door stopped them, but Murray pushed the door open and went inside. As he appeared, Tyson crept slowly close to him.

The panel in the door opened and a face appeared. The open door was a barrier. Murray and Tyson stepped into the counterfeiter's den, weapons in hand. But Benny and his gang were too well wrapped in the package to note their entrance.

Benny stared at the picture, fascinated. It had been a day of surprises with him, beginning with his chance meeting with the ex-convict. Now he was busied towards the collar steps, down which a number of men were entering. To one of these he was turned over, and then Murray and Tyson, stepped into the counterfeiter's den, weapons in hand. But Benny and his gang were too wrapped up in the package to note their entrance.

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**Picture Show, September 4th, 1920.**

"Come on, Jim. Follow me.

"Without another glance at Kane, he started back up the steps. As he disappeared, the package in her hand, she turned and left him there, and knelt beside the body, whispering over the corner of his mouth:

"'Blind! By Heaven, he's blind."

"As Murray took the piece of silk and turned to stick it into his pocket with a care that was cold, she did not see that Lighting intended she should—place the package she held in her hand on top of the stand. As he raised the silk, she reached quickly beneath a shelf and picked up the package of fake plates. This he placed on the floor and slipped the other package into his pocket.

Each night since the release of Kane, Grey Hair had taken to coming to Benny with the same message: "Nothing done. I can't fine Kane. Since the kid and a man met him up at the Big House, he's asked.

"Where's the kid?" Benny asked.

"How should I know? She left the O'Tooles there, but the father left practically nothing.

"The only thing that kid was good for was to locate her father by, and now you lose her just as badly as you and the gang. Is there anything you could do?"

"You're a smart chap, ain't you?

Having delivered himself of this outburst, Benny turned one of the packages and looked into it.

"In my base words from you," he said. "Unless you can sing 'em to new music.

"I guess you'll want to hear what I've got to say. Benny replied with as muchery as he could.

"Well, Jim, are you going to join us again?"

"I'm going to join our gang, as I have no other place to go.

"You've seen him?"enery begged his feet.

"Well, I'll have to say no.

"Didn't get a chance to talk to him. But I gave his kid a note and told him to meet me to-night. I'll be on deck, at a suit his own money? Better give it to me now.

"Grey, ology, Benny replied, "I ain't so interested as to pass you five thousand. You met Kane and bring him here."

All right, chief, Grey Hair retorted, unashamed.

As Kane and Mary left him, Lighting penned. He felt sure before the night was over that the gang and his gang would be in the trap he had laid for them.

But what about Kane? The coding and abducting in a criminal act. Broken and blind, he was again braving the penalty of the law for the sake of his city. All the sake of the child he must come to me.

Lighting knew he had so desired he could have prevented Kane from going any further. He only had to take the Harrison plates from the ex-counterfeiter, tell him he was in, and all would have been well. But Lighting wanted to get Benny, so he had let Kane go ahead. But while Kane was ostensibly breaking the law, he also was aiding the agents of the Government. And, besides, the plates he was delivering were not counterfeits, but plain wafers of steel. It was Lighting who desired to see Benny, "and I intend to see that he keeps his stand."

Kane was still within sight. Half-way down the steps, his body was wavering in the light of a street lamp. And Tyson trailed Murray. Murray looked the situation and stopped, after a careful look, for fear of delaying them both so that if Mary glanced back she would not see him.

Kane and Mary went directly to the three rooms they shared in a tenement, and there they remained until shortly before nine o'clock. When they left in the face of the tremendous, the three detectives following. At the corner where Broome Street crept up the steps, they stopped and knocked against a shop door, Kane waited with Mary holding on to his hand.

One of the packages, Grey Hair appeared from Broome Street. He was alone and at once saw Kane. Stopping beside him, he struck a match and turned to the light. "Are you going to send your place from Kane's place?" Benny asked.

"What, here, Jim. Right here?"

"Benny had been standing over the three plates in his hand. They were standing straight up, in his hand.

"Of course. But—"

"That's good money. I've got for me, isn't it?"

"That's a fine question," Benny replied.

"You ought to know good money when you see it. This looks to me like the other kind."

"He held out the roll of bills.

"Something in the manner in which Kane grabbed the plates. To my eyes, they were staring straight ahead, as his hand wandered.

"Money! Where is the money?"

"Kane asked.

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"SCREEN STARS I HAVE WOODED AND WON!"

By CRAUFURD KENT.

These confessions of a leading man who left England to play in films in America will be read with great interest by all picturegoers. Craufurd Kent is well able to speak on the subject of love-making, for he has been the central character in a large number of romantic scenes. In all his parts he has caught the hearts of the simple-hearted girl, the temperamental, the woman of the world, and, in fact, every type of femininity. Read what this prince of heart stealers has to say on this ever-absorbing topic.

In London the other day I met a young lady of my acquaintance whom I had not seen for several years ago. I fact, since I left this country for America seven years ago, naturally, I expected that she would have grown and that perhaps she would have all sorts of questions to ask me regarding the States, the conditions of living there, whether I found California all I expected, and so forth and so on. In fact, I secretly hoped that she would be interested in me and my doings, and that the impression formed during my sojourn abroad. But alas, for roseaune valentine! No sooner had we exchanged greetings, and made mutual inquiries regarding our respective families, than my companion said, 'Excuse me, dear, I will leave London again—and the gentleman listening here, whether it is all really as nice as it looks!'

Feeling that one of us had suddenly gone crazy, I begged for further enlightenment. "Why, my dear man, referring to all those perfectly charming creatures you've been making love to all these years!" she exclaimed. "On the screen, of course," she added, noticing my astonishment. Let me see—there are Elsie Ferguson, Pauline Frederick, Margaret Clark, Alice Brady, Ethel Clayton, Catherine Calvert, Olive Thomas, Mary Garden, Olive "tell", —the painted for hearts—"and others, I've seen you! And I want to hear all about them and—"the art of love-making, you know—and whether being a screen lover to all these beautiful women is really as perfectly delightful as it appears!"

My Confessions.

Well, I told her. What else could I do? She was so interested, so—well, I told her. And do you know, in the telling I forgot that I was to be asked whether the climate abroad had suited me, whether my passion for golf was as strong as ever, whether I wanted to leave London again—those little personal things a fellow expects to be asked after he has been away a long time—for I lived over again all the happy times and delightful recollections that I have enjoyed as a lucky leading man.

But there, thought the matter ended. I was mistaken, however. A few days after, the Editor of The Picture Snow invited me to lunch, in the course of which (such is the subtility of editors) he asked me to write a few articles for this paper, and when I inquired what subject he thought the readers would like me to choose, would you believe it, he said: "Tell 'em about the girls you've made love to on the screen," adding, with what seemed to my sensitive nature, amounting to patronization, "They'll be more interested in than anything else!"

Well, ladies and gentlemen—but especially ladies—to be it. Here are the confessions and impressions of a leading man, told as they were first related to my young friend one summer afternoon a few weeks ago.

Business a Pleasure.

Love-making before the camera, as any where else in the world, depends for its pleasure first, last, and all the way through, on the use of the word "pleasure" advisedly. That professional love-making must be a success, an admirable counterfeiting the real thing without saying. (Did it not appear natural, the audience would vote us rotten actors and walk out of the cinema.) I am now speaking from a player's point of view.

To the actor, of course, love-making is as much a part of his do's as balancing account books is part of a clerk's: nevertheless, the fact remains that business can also be a pleasure, and I think all of us will agree that two of the most important determining factors in the congeniality—or otherwise—of our daily routine are our surroundings and our co-workers.

Now a motion picture studio is not the most romantic place on earth, all my opinions to the contrary notwithstanding. It is essentially a place of business, with any amount of head-quarter, clear-eyed, business people about, in the persons of directors, assistant directors, mechanics, property men, and what not. It is a place of light and bustle and noise. And even then exteriors are taken and one is surrounded by all nature's loveliness, the watchful eye, the clicking camera, the whispered or shouted commands, are still there. Can one enter, under such conditions, not only look romantic, but feel romantic?

It depends on the girl!

How It Is Done.

When the girl is sweet and charming, but not definitely in love, or the woman for once entirely the mechanical side of the business,—the glare of the Cooper-Hewitt, the vigilant eye of the director, the recording angel (or the opposite) at the camera—and for the time being one thing is what one appears—the ardent lover, woeing the girl of his heart. In any case, real love words are spoken, and all the romantic things you can think of uttered; and, despite make-up (oh, horrible and diabolical), given; but it is only when one has the good fortune to play opposite an actress who is also an artist—a woman of heart as well as voice—that one rises to the occasion, and plays the scene as it should be lived.

For my part, I have invariably forgotten I was acting when taking part in a romantic scene, so natural has the whole thing seemed to me; and my personal experience has been that professional love-making is unusually quite as true to the participant as to the spectator! That this has been the case I attribute to the fact that the stars I have played opposite have been charming women and such excellent actresses that they have made my role of screen lover the easiest and most delightful occupation in the world.

How they have accomplished this, and what manner of women they are to me personally, I will not tell you.

The Different Types.

Now screen stars, like other women, fall into various categories—ranging, of course, for the intricacies of a woman's heart can never be really catalogued! We have, for instance, the "baby" type, the passionate type, the reserved type, the tom-loy type, the aristocrat type, and so on. Methods of love-making vary accordingly.

Of all the screen stars to whom I have played partner, there have been none more patronizing than Elsie Ferguson. She is the aristocrat par excellence. She is, as you know, a very beautiful woman, and it is quite true that being a screen luminary, is one of the great stage stars of America. She carries her high position with a dignity that almost veers, withal, is what we in the business call a "regular person." Away from the stage she is also the same. She is, you see, a natural simple-hearted girl. Temperamental! Perhaps by Heart, but personally I have never found her to be.

Our First Meeting.

I SHALL never think of my first meeting with her without a smile; neither, I fancy, will she. If happened when I was engaged to play opposite her in "The Song of Songs." The director, a jolly oversaw, I think, by Miss Ferguson's requested "temperament," was rather nervous.

"Er—this is Mr. Craufurd Kent, Miss Ferguson," he said. "He has been engaged to play your leading man. Do you think he'll do?"

There was a moment's silence. Miss Ferguson looked up and smiled. "Yes, I think he will do very nicely," she replied quietly; and after another moment of embarrassment we parted. But the next evening she invited me to dinner with her and her husband, and when we knew each other better, we had many a hearty laugh over the awkwardness of our first meeting.

"I felt very bit as uncomfortable as you did," she confessed.

I played with her in another film after that, "The Danger Mark," and at all times I found her perfectly sweet. Never did we have an unharmful moment in our love scenes—any scenes, for that matter—because she liked me, and just let herself "go," laughing or shedding tears, real tears, in my arms—simply, naturally, like the true artist she is.

An English Idea.

ALICE JOYCE, too, is the "patrician" type of actress. I first met her in "Dollars and the Woman," which was finished just the day before her marriage to James Yuill. Alice Joyce has a talent. She never makes a false move. Hers, by the way, was the wonderful English idea of having tea and cigarettes served to her about four o'clock in the afternoon, an inspiration much appreciated by the rest of the cast.

(More of these intimate revelations next week.)
The Popularity of Films.

Some extraordinary figures, which illustrate the popularity of motion pictures in America, have just been gathered by the New York Association of Motion Picture Advertisers. The figures have been obtained directly from the theatres of the country, and they may be relied upon as fairly authentic. Out of every three persons in the United States, one goes to a motion picture show every week, or fifty-two times a year. Put in another way, the average weekly attendance at the movie theatres of the country is now thirty-five million. These figures, of course, do not include babies and old people too feeble to indulge in the pleasure, nor do they include people in the outlying districts, or those on farms who have small opportunities, if any, of attending film theatres. Those in asylums and goods, although they have possible chances of seeing pictures, are not included in the figures. It will, therefore, be seen that a big hold this amusement has on the public over there.

Is Music an Aid?

Some motion picture producers have a great belief in music as an aid to screen artists, and some will not produce an emotional scene without a few violins, flutes, or codols waiting his head and start kicking all over the course, so will music make a player over-act. Saturate an actor's scenes with 'Hearts and Flowers' at the moment when he is supposed to render a common-place good-bye to his wife before leaving on a three-day business trip, and he will probably weep, hang his head, and carry them generally like Armand in the last act of 'Camille'.

Sir Herbert's Reply.

This point of view reminds me that a critic once suggested that the late Sir Herbert Tree employed music while making scenes for the film play of 'Macbeth.' Sir Herbert retaliated by asking the man if he employed an orchestra to help him with his writing.

'I should say not,' answered the critic, with a smile. 'How could I think with a pack of fiddles squeaking at my elbow?'

Sir Herbert Tree turned to him and very charitably replied:

'We actors are required to think occasionally, also.

Of course, there is a good deal in what Mr. Ward says. The idea for music may be overdone, and the actors distracted instead of inspired by it. But it has been proved beyond doubt, I think, that a little of the right sort of music is a great help to an artiste to inspire him in his work.

Rhyming Names.

Have you a rhyming name? A writer interested in film matters, has discovered that there are quite a number of artists with what he terms rhyming names. There are, for instance, Dorothy Dalton, Barbara Bedford, Franklin Farnum, Gene Gantler, Mae Marsh, Lila Lee. Louise Lovely, Art Acord, Ruth Roland, Tom Terris, and heaps of others. There must be some hidden attractiveness in names of this sort, for it is certain that very popular amongst stars of the picture firmament.

Lessons We Learn from the Films.

Some girls can no more learn how to flirt than a fish can learn how to swim.

A woman will forgive a man everything—except another woman.

This Week's Best Films.

The following is a list of the best photo-plays which are being released for exhibition at the cinemas during this week, and the names of the star artists:

*The Little Boss* - Bessie Love
*Old Hartwell's Cabin* - William Desmond
*Break the News to Mother* - Pearl Shepherd
*Fanatic* - J. Barney Sherry
*Tony* - Dorothy Phillips
*Hit the High Spots* - Bert Lottell
*The Double Life of Mr. Alfred* - Kenelm Foss and Ivy Deke
*The Quickening Flame* - Montague Love and June Bidwell
*Billeted* - Billie Burke
*Stranded* - Beissie Love
*The Last Rose of Summer* - Marguerite Clarke
*The Usurer* - Lovely Claree
The famous novel by Justin Huntly McCarthy has already been made into a wonderful play. It is soon to be seen as a still more wonderful screen play with William Farnum in the star part.

When love comes in their hearts.

Love rewarded by the blessings of the Church.
Thomas Meighan as Screen Lover

THOMAS MEIGHAN is a past master of making love on the screen. He has had so much experience. He tells us each is a separate study. You cannot make love to temperamental Gloria Swanson in the teasing way, you can to Billie Burke; and Marguerite Clark demands chivalry above all things.

Flirting with BILLIE BURKE — in "The Mysterious Mrs. Terry."

The pleading lover. With MARGUERITE CLARK — in "Out of a Clear Sky."

The forceful lover. With GLORIA SWANSON — in "The Admirable Crichton."

The tender lover. With BETTY COMPSON — in "The Miracle Man."

Playmates. With MARY PICKFORD — in "Million."

(PHOTO: Paramount, Astor.)
The faces of but how many you recognise?

MARGARET BANNERMAN and A TALK ABOUT FILMS-AND DRESS.

Margaret Bannerman said she was dying for tea. I was, too, and so we just loll'd in our chairs and toady smiled at each other till it arrived and prompted our parched tongues to conversation.

Miss Bannerman, as you know, is no particular strain on the eyesight, and, after the dust and glare of the Strand, I felt singularly refreshed by the spectacle her pale gold hair, fresh cheeks and blue eyes presented. Corn and cornflower—Margaret Bannerman.

She is never called Margaret, though, by her intimates, but always "Bunny." Why, I cannot tell you. To my mind, with her tall, slender grace, she does not suggest any of those round, cuddlesome little creatures at all, and yet—well, somehow the name suits her. Funny. Maybe she got it because this is so very bright and active, with quick little movements and animated little remarks; and perhaps, too, just because folks are fond of finding quaint names for those whom they love. And Margaret Bannerman has many, many people to love her. Her friends are legion, and, as one of them said to me the other day:

A Wonderful Friend.

"Bunny" loves gardening, and she loves riding, but the thing she loves most of all is helping those in trouble. She is a most wonderful friend, and I have never known anyone more popular."

So you can understand why it is not stately "Margaret," but just "Bunny," can't you?

Well, tea arrived, and with it conversation; but before I record any of Miss Bannerman's contributions to the latter, I must tell you of a little "aside" she made which I liked awfully, because it was so far removed from any hint of theatricality or suggestion of "up-stage"iness.

"Don't," she admonished, "out of compliment to me, record that I made a lot of brilliant remarks, accompanied by the most dazzling smiles." (I don't know whether Miss Bannerman has a journalist anywhere in her family.)

"Because, in the first place, I have nothing brilliant to say; and, secondly, nothing amusing ever happens to me."
A HUMOROUS STORY

TELLING OF A "WIDOW'S WILES."

(Special to the Picture Show.)

There was a tense note of excitement in Mrs. Tabitha Lipcott's drawing-room. Tabitha was holding forth to an audience composed of maiden ladies who were known as "the workers" of the little church of which her brother, the Rev. Ambrose Lipcott, was the vicar. Ambrose Lipcott was the vicar, and the question of discussion—if one might use the word when Tabitha was talking, for she seldom allowed anybody else to get a word in—was Mrs. Betty Tarradine, a new-comer to the village.

"Call herself Mrs. Tarradine!" Miss Tabitha was saying, with that slight sniff and uplift of her heat that told the audience that this was news one did not believe it.

"Of course, it is a duty as Christians not to be uncharitable towards our fellow-creatures, but as human beings and persons responsible for the morals of the village, we have a right to know who her husband is, and where he is."

Miss Tabitha's hearers nodded their agreement.

And I certainly think that before we allow her to enter our wretched little village we ought to know something more about her. I shall certainly speak to Ambrose Lipcott as to what is more, to see that he does his duty!"

When the maiden lady guardians of Rosedale's respectability left Miss Lipcott's drawing-room, they were convinced that there was trouble in store for that "designing woman," as they invariably described Mrs. Tarradine.

Tabitha Lipcott and her adherents, had told the truth, had only one grievance against Betty Tarradine. She was young and pretty, and they were an old and dull set; and being dull, they hated the kids and bashes to enjoy themselves. If they were young and pretty, and had a set, they liked the kids and bashes to enjoy themselves.

But Betty had nothing to do with them. She sat in her own little corner, reading at times, and most of her evenings were spent at the study of the vicar, the Rev. Ambrose Lipcott. Miss Tabitha Lipcott fumed and fretted. She was sure that Betty was fishing for some inroads on Miss Tabitha's husband, or rather, her adherents, Miss Tabitha was saying.

"There's no doubt about Miss Tabitha being young and pretty," said Betty, bluntly, determined that the colonel's answering and sewing her on the edge of a couch, she fired her first battery.

"I have come to speak to you about the two matters which have been hinted at," she said. "First, do not think it is right that you, a widow, should dare to have officers in your house."

Betty's cheeks flushed with anger.

"But I am not a widow," she protested. "I am a married woman. I think I can say that I am married."

Tabitha held up her hands in horror.

"I am not talking of your husband; I am talking of your husband when he was a man."

"I certainly have got more information than even I expected," replied Miss Lipcott. "It is amazing to me that you have dared to say what you have said before the whole village and in the presence of Mrs. Tarradine."

Gathering her skirts around her as she feared some unknown damage might befall her if she remained seated, she turned to the more solid company, which was more the sort of audience she had been used to address. Miss Tabitha Lipcott burst into a storm of indignant remonstrance, but the officer did not stop to listen. He was severely delighted to get out in a tongue which was one of her chief assets.

Meanwhile, the object of this village jealousy was having a worrying time. She was sitting in her drab drawing-room, trying to make out how much she owed from the mass of bills before her. Betty Tarradine was a pretty, winsome little woman, with a figure so girlish that one could hardly think of her as a married woman. Presently Betty put down her pen, shook her golden curls, and turned with an exclamation of annoyance at a good-looking, dark-haired girl who was sitting beside her.

"I can't make the wretched things out at all, Penelope," she said. "There's been such a wave. A small army of tradespeople came here this afternoon demanding payment of their bills or threatening to stop supplies. I gave each one a cheque, and later they came back and said that there was no money in the bank. The manager, or whoever he is, told them that the account was overdrawn, and that he was cancelling it. I really thought I was going to have to address the manager, but I have these two officers billeted on me. I saw Colonel Preedy this afternoon.

"Such a charming man, my dear," she broke off inconsequently, "Not at all. You're sure to like him."

I hope so, considering I shall have to live in the same house with him," said Penelope. "May"—Miss Lipcott. "That is, if these people allow me to stay in the house, I can't think—"

Penelope's voice trembled as she timidly entered the room with the information that Miss Lipcott would like to see Mrs. Tarradine.

"I suppose, but better see the old eat," said Betty, turning to Penelope.

Tabitha Lipcott's mouth was set in a hard line as she entered the drawing-room. She ignored Betty and sat down, and turned her back on her, not even acknowledging her. The air was electric.

"I have come to speak to you about the two matters which have been hinted at," she said. "First, do not think it is right that you, a widow, should dare to have officers in your house."

Betty's cheeks flushed with anger.

"But I am not a widow," she protested. "I am a married woman. I think I can say that I am married."

Tabitha held up her hands in horror.

"I am not talking of your husband; I am talking of your husband when he was a man."

The Security.

As soon as the bank-manager had gone, Betty sat down to think the problem over. The words of Penelope and she thought it was the only way.

In the drawing-room, Captain Peter Rymill had arrived. He was addressed by a maid, who told him Mrs. Tarradine had received some bad news and was in her room, but that Colonel Preedy was in the drawing-room. Captain Rymill was a young man, with a strong, square face, and was evidently a favourite with his colonel, judging from the way the latter greeted him. He said, "Well, what do you think of the place, Rymill?"

"Colonel Preedy."

His adjutant did not answer. He was staring at a photograph on the mantelpiece in much the same way as a man might stare at a ghost.

"Would you mind telling me who that lady is?"

"She is our hostess, Mrs. Tarradine," replied the colonel. "Do you know her?"

"No, sir. I am sure I have not met her anywhere."

At that moment Penelope came in, and after being introduced to Captain Rymill by the colonel, said, "I have just received a letter from South Africa saying her husband was dead."

A smothered laugh came from Captain Rymill, who flashed his hucksterish to his mouth and heard into a fit of coughing. The colonel looked suspiciously at his adjutant.

"You're behaving very strangely this afternoon, Rymill, aren't you?" the colonel said.

"Yes, sir. Quite well. Just a cough, sir, that's all."

While Penelope was telling the colonel such details of Mr. Tarradine's death as she had been able to
muttering. From the name, which here, for Captain. A morbid, I must...

For Betty, you, and I did not all like you, Kymill, to look sympathetic. The reply, which have gone too far now. You will have to remain here as you are. I never dream that it's my business to be billeted on me was—"

"Your husband, Peter Tarradine," finished the captain. "I quite understand. You may rely on me. See I have bought myself a bit of rope for my arm. One could not do less as a mark of respect for one's own death. After all, it is my funeral, isn't it?"

Betty was silent for a while, and then she asked: "Tell me, Peter. Why did you take another name?"

"Because I made a mess of the old one, and wanted to give myself a fresh start in life," Peter!

"Betty!"

What might have happened the next second was prevented by the entrance of the maid announcing that the Rev. Ambrose Lightfoot wished to see Mrs. Tarradine.

On seeing Peter the vicar hesitated. "I have been making arrangements for the memorial service for the late Mr. Tarradine," he said, "I hope you will be present, Captain Rymill."

"Certainly. The ceremony would scarcely be complete without me," replied Peter, dryly, as he left the room.

To meet be a sign of great trial to you, my dear Mrs. Tarradine," said Ambrose, turning to Betty. "But we are taught to look to the future. We must not spend all our lives regretting the past," Betty placed her handkerchief to her lips to hide her amusement. The vicar's white face, watery eyes, and general air of a frightened rabbit, looked such a ludicrous figure that she could not prevent herself laughing outright.

"He's going to propose," thought Betty. "Right in the middle of making arrangements for the memorial service, I shall seem presently, I know!"

She was right. With one scarred look around the vicar dropped on his knees.

"I have visions, Mrs. Tarradine. Such beautiful visions of a beautiful lady moving about in my house. Do you think—"

"Oh, please get up!" said Betty helplessly.

At that moment Peter entered the room. The vicar scrambled to his feet looking no worse than ever. Betty, flushed with answering as Peter discreetly withdrew, and with a withering look at the unhappy Ambrose, left the room.

For the remainder of the day there was a strained feeling between Peter and Betty. Peter did not take his discovery of Ambrose at the feet of a woman so seriously, but he thought that Betty, in a spirit of fool, might have led the poor man on, and he determined to punish her. For her part, Betty, knowing that she was quite innocent of any complete in the stupid scene, decided to let Peter know she was not to be bullied. In a spirit of rebellion she began to flirt outrageously with Colonel Preedy. Peter's reply was to flirt with Penelope. But into this little comedy came the tragic of misunderstanding. The colonel was really in love with Penelope Moon, and she with him. Both thought the other was en joying the flirtation, and when the evening came all four people were thoroughly unhappy.

Late that night orders came from the division for Colonel Preedy and Peter to rejoin their regiment. After a sleepless night Peter got up early and wrote a farewell letter to Betty.

"I am going away to-day. I shall not come back, so you can divorce me and marry Preedy. I am doing this because I love you better than my life, and I see you can never be happy with me."

The next thought that came to Peter was how he could leave the letter.

She is sure to be asleep," he said to himself. (Continued on page 18.)
IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

The Beauty of a Smile—How the Teeth Affect the Appearance
—Prevention of Decay in the Teeth—How They Should Be Cared For—The Picture Girl's Costume.

WHAT beauty is there in a smile unless it discloses a good set of clean, healthy teeth? Now that there is a great demand for artificial teeth of the best quality, there are those who will argue that the days of advanced dental surgery for mending the appearance of the face by the absence or decay of any of its molars.

Beauty cannot exist without teeth and these teeth must be perfect, or the beauty itself will be lost. If a man think of all the beautiful women you have seen acting on the screen, and then try and remember the perfect state of their teeth, you will be entirely spoiled if there were ugly gaps in their teeth, and they would no longer be a delightful sight for picture-goers to gaze upon. The charm of the smile would be lost, the shape of the face would not be so rounded; in fact, the whole appearance would be affected.

A smile that has to be strained and unnatural in order to hide a defect in the teeth, or a lip butting which think of all the beautiful women you have seen acting on the screen, and then try and remember the perfect state of their teeth, you will be entirely spoiled if there were ugly gaps in their teeth, and they would no longer be a delightful sight for picture-goers to gaze upon. The charm of the smile would be lost, the shape of the face would not be so rounded; in fact, the whole appearance would be affected.

The Rest of the Health.

PRISCILLA DEAN, the well-known film star, is in treatment of a perfect set of teeth, has quite a lot to say on the subject.

She says that “bad teeth and neglected teeth, even when the neglect is not visible to the observer, and the look of their owners, becomes a constant source of infection of the stomach by development of bacteria. This result is a muddying, pesty complication, dull eyes, irritability, and a disagreeable pessimistic expression.”

Everyone knows, or should know, that the too-often used toothbrush is not the most powerful one and that the gums should be massaged with the use of a rubber or plastic toothbrush, that is to say, the gums cleansed at bed time and after each meal. The gums should also be massaged with the use of a rubber or plastic toothbrush, that is to say, the gums cleansed at bed time and after each meal. The gums should also be massaged with the use of a rubber or plastic toothbrush, that is to say, the gums cleansed at bed time and after each meal.

The gums are, too, the cause of bad breath, and nothing is more objectionable to the one afflicted, or those with whom they come in contact.

The visitor part of the teeth is not the weakest. Decay usually begins just where the edges of the tooth and gum meet, and this is where the enamel ends and the bone of the tooth continues into what is known as the gum healthily and firmly attached to the neck of the tooth is essential. It is why it is so particular to keep the gums clean, strong and healthy, and that all parties of food should be removed from between the teeth. The gums then decay begins.

Attend to the Inside.

A SOFT toothbrush is best. It should not irritate the gums, and should be changed often. The motion of brushing should be up and down, and not as in the case of the hard brush. Hard brushes do not select the softest, but too rough for the teeth. They also create a slimy substance which is not the most pleasant to the mouth. The gums should be massaged with the use of a rubber or plastic toothbrush, that is to say, the gums cleansed at bed time and after each meal. The gums should also be massaged with the use of a rubber or plastic toothbrush, that is to say, the gums cleansed at bed time and after each meal.

The Picture Girl's Costume.

The prevailing fabric for the picture girl's costume is to be striped suiting, and this is a great favourite with the picture public. It has also chosen a pretty suit with a white dress, pin stripes running through it, and its design, you will admit, is of the smartest order.

Quite New.

TILLIS is arranged with a two-gored, high-waisted skirt, that is cut at the top over a shaped foundation, and that measures one and three-quarter yards at the hem. The sleeves are also shaped, and have a double-breasted front that tucks back and forms a yoke. The part to the neck is finished with the upper sleeve of a供需, and the lacing is done by pocket, and is set to the pockets, and is set to the pockets, and is set to the pockets, and is set to the pockets. The skirt is also made with a small pocket on the right side. The dress is also made with a small pocket on the right side. The dress is also made with a small pocket on the right side.

How To Get It.

A paper pattern of the costume illustrated on this page is being given away in 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measurements. Cut-out diagrams and full directions for making up are included with patterns, which can be had, post free, from Picture Show Pattern Department, 223, Regent Street, London, W.
IS YOUR HAIR FULL OF 'SUNSHINE'?

TRY THIS EXPERIMENT AT YOUR DRESSING-TABLE

1,000,000 "Harlene Hair-Drill"

Liquid Sunshine Gifts.

Here is an experiment that will tell you if your hair is really healthy.

Stand before a window and hold up a mirror so that your head is between the mirror and the light. Then look at the reflection of your hair in the mirror. Is it full of light or is it dull?

If dull, without radiance, then you need to look to your health. You should apply at once for one of the 1,000,000 "Harlene" Liquid Sunshine or Health-for-the-Hair Gifts now being distributed free of cost to all who would like to cultivate healthy and beautifully radiant heads of hair.

For every truly healthy head of hair displays a halo-like radiance, with the colour—fair, brunette, or black. The hair that looks dull and lustreless lacks its chief charm. It is all too likely that it is "lifeless," and without graces, it hangs limp and lacks the enchanting curl or wave that imparts the "curve of beauty" to the hair.

4 Prime Aids to Hair Health and Beauty FREE.

Yet the hair is, of all parts of the body, the most responsive to proper health and beauty conditions.

Write for one of the 1,000,000 Presentation "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits and see how marvelously quickly your hair will pick up health and beauty.

There are four prime aids to health and beauty of your hair in the Presentation "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit that will be sent to you simply for the asking. They are:

1. A TRIAL BOTTLE OF HARLENE.—The hair-growing and beautifying properties. Within three to seven days it makes the hair full of "life." Test this in your own dressing-table mirror.

2. A PACKET OF "CREMEX" SHAMPOO POWDER.—This is an antiseptic of the hair and scalp. It takes away the mobby odour of the hair that is out of order by clearing away all decayed semi-cut, etc. After use, the hair is sweet and fragrant, with a most delicate perfume.

3. A TRIAL BOTTLE OF "UZON" BRILLIANTINE, which protects the hair against damp and extremes of heat and cold, and is especially beneficial in cases where the scalp is inclined to be "dry."

4. The illustrated INSTRUCTION BOOK of "Harlene Hair-Drill," which gives you the secrets of hair-health and beauty as revealed by the world's leading authority on the hair—secrets which your knowledge and use of will cultivate and preserve a splendid head of hair for the whole of your life.

Hair Looks Nearly Twice as Plentiful.

See how after the very first trial of the liquid sunshine of "Harlene" (according to the interesting "Hair-Drill" instructions) your hair looks nearly twice as plentiful due to the action of "Harlene" in making every hair elasticly "independent" of clinging together in a flabby embrace. All these beauty possibilities you can try upon your own hair at not a penny cost for materials or instructions. You are offered—and therefore you are entitled to—one of the

1,000,000 Free Hair Culture Gifts Offered GRATIS to READERS

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per bottle, "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 6d. per bottle, "Cremex" Shampoo Powders as directed above. The Hair-Drill at 4d. each, and Astol" at 3s. and 5s. per bottle from all Chemists and Stores, or will be sent direct on receipt of 6d. extra for postage, from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 26, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE GREY-HAIRED

If your hair is Grey, Faded, or quickly losing its Colour, you should try at once the wonderful new liquid compound "Astor," a remarkable discovery which, although colourless in itself, gives back to grey hair new life and colour in a quick and natural manner. Any reader who would like to try "Astor" free of charge can do so by enclosing an extra 2d. stamp for the postage and packing of the "Harlene" Hair-Drill parcel—i.e., 6d. stamps in all—when, in addition to the splendid 4-Fold Gift described in this announcement, a trial bottle of "Astor" will also be included absolutely free of charge.

NOTE TO READER

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, put this coupon in it, and post as directed above. Mark envelope "Sample Department."

N.B.—If your hair is GREY enclose extra 2d. stamp—6d. in all—and a FREE bottle of "Astor" for Grey Hair will also be sent you.
LOUGLAS FAIRBANKS' Secrets of Happiness.

The man with the ability to laugh has little difficulty about these matters. Having confidence in himself and being happy and alert he goes to the friend in need with courage and the kind of help that helps. If he doesn’t do it directly, he finds a way to reach him through mutual friends. He does not go about parraling his kindness, either. He has gained a sincere and beautiful pleasure out of aiding an old friend, and he can go on his way rejoicing that life is worth living when he has lived up to its higher ideals.

Consideration for others does not necessarily involve only the big things. It is the sum and total of numberless acts and thoughts that make for friendships and kindliness. People who are thoughtfully sincere brighten the world. They are ever ready to do some little thing at the correct moment and after a while we begin to realize how much their presence means to us. We may not notice them the first time, or the third, or the fifth, but after a while we become conscious of their persistence and we esteem them accordingly. Such persons are the products of clean, straightforward lives. They are never too busy to exchange a pleasant word. They do not flame into anger on a pretext. Their code of existence is well ordered and filled to the brim with lots to do and lots to think about. The old saying: “If you want anything, go to a busy man,” applies to them in this regard. The busiest men are the more time they seem to have for kindliness.

Another word for consideration is service. Nothing brings a greater self-reward than a service done in an hour of need, or a favour granted during a day’s grind. The generous man who climbs to the top of the ladder and helps many others on their way up, more he does for someone else the more he does for himself. The stronger he becomes—the greater his influence in his community. Doing things for others may not bring in bankable dividends, but it does bring in happiness. Such actions score a higher reward. We have only to try out the plan and with that for ourselves. A good place to begin is at home. Then, the office, or wherever life leads us. And in the things we do, if we go along— we will laugh and get the most out of living.

Instantaneous Hair Colouring

“Kopine” Instanlanous gives perfect colour from: File 82, Double size. 10 c.
“Kopine” Alhama, brown colouring, gives per- manent colour or any shade desired. File 86. Sold by Boot. Retailers, etc., or sent direct.

Applications given daily in our salons with the greatest success. Call for details or write for booklet,

Koupine Cos. (Dept. 26),
24 Randolph Place, New York, N.Y.

If you want a fruit pie at its best use Raisley for the crust. “Raisley” mixed with ordinary flour, creates lightness and crispness, two necessary features of good pastry. “Raisley” makes each baking day one of pleasure and pride—pleasure for its simplicity in use and pride for its unfailing action.

Raisley

Formerly known as “Raisley Flour” and made by Brown & Polson.
1/1, 6 d., and 2/1d. per packet.
THE EXPRESSIONS OF RUTH ROLAND. (Special to the "Picture Show."

RUTH ROLAND.

The Pretty and Vivacious Serial Star who is beloved by the Children.

Ruth Roland, the pretty serial star, although born in America, claims to have a good deal of Scottish blood in her veins, and she is very fond of everything British. Ruth entered pictures more than eight years ago, and in point of experience, though not in age, she is one of our oldest stars.

She has played in a quite number of seville of a very thrilling order, including "Who Pays?" "The Red Circle," "Hands Up," and "The Tiger's Tail."

But besides her work in pictures, Ruth has many other interests, and she is full of vivacity and energy. She likes to trim all her own hats. Another of her hobbies is horticulture, and she is ambitious to have a garden in which will flourish at least one specimen of every tree, plant, vine, shrub and flower that grows in California.

Ruth has naturally had many exciting experiences while acting for films. It was during the making of "Hands Up!" that the horses in the stage coach in which Ruth was seated took fright and bolted.

One of the horses fell, and was trampled to death. The stage coach began to totter alarmingly in every direction, and things looked very serious for Ruth.

She decided that there was only one thing to do under the circumstances, and taking her life in her hands, she jumped from the coach, and, luckily, escaped an injury.

The Horse Bolted.

On another occasion Ruth rode a horse blindfolded with no bridle or saddle. Suddenly the horse ran away and headed for the mountain, where there was a forest of trees.

The other artistes, seeing the predicament that she was in, shouted to the inarticulate artiste to warn her of her danger. She heard their cries, and, blindfolded, she dropped off.

This accident, however, did not turn out so fortunate for her, for the horse kicked poor Ruth and tore the ligaments of one of her legs. She was laid up in hospital for six weeks.

Where Are My Jewels?

An amusing accident happened to Ruth the other day. As a general rule she keeps her jewels in a safe, where "no moth and rust do not corrupt, nor thieves break in and steal"; but the other night she wore quite a small fortune's worth of jewels to a dinner dance, and had therefore to keep them in her house all night.

She hid them in a perfectly safe place, and turned peacefully to sleep. The jewels, however, must have weighed heavily on Ruth's mind that night, for she awoke in her sleep, took them from their hiding-place, and put them in the pocket of her pyjamas, with a handkerchief on top of them.

In the morning Ruth looked where she had hidden the jewels, and they were gone.

"Oh, mother!" she shrieked out excitedly. "Police—burglars! Fire! Help!"

After eighteen or more detectives had gone and trying to find the jewels the maid turned them out of the pocket, and now Ruth wants a cure for sleep-walking.

Loved By Children.

All children are very fond of Ruth, and every post "brings her a deluge of letters from them."

One day recently, out of ninety-three letters received by Ruth, sixty-seven of them were from children of all ages, from tots whose mothers wrote for them, to boys and girls of college age.

The lovely star believes that she must have a larger following among children than any other screen favourite, and she is prouder of that than any other part of her success.

By the way, Ruth also receives a large number of letters from people requesting her to give them things, and, of course, if she acceded to all these she would be quite poor herself. In fact, Ruth would have to make about a million a year to satisfy all their demands.

Here is a choice collection from her recent correspondence:

An aeroplane, a diamond-set wrist watch, a shot gun, a wedding-ring, seventeen dinner gowns, a motor-car, a ukelele, a player piano, a set of drawing instruments, a set of Shakespeare, a bride's trousseau, a trip to London, and a portable bungalow. But poor Ruth says she has not enough money to buy even a quarter of these things for herself.

Her Motto.

"Always be on the job" is Ruth's slogan for success, and it seems to work out fairly successfully in her case. "Never, except in the event of sickness or accident, have I kept the studio waiting," she said recently, "and I'm not going to begin now. If I haven't time to make pictures during that time, I'm not going to make pictures; and if I never do for my employers, I help to cheapen production, and thereby make myself a bigger asset to them. If I become more valuable as a star, and, you see, it's a matter of business all round, I'm not going to keep them waiting."

The subject of clothes is an important one to a star like Ruth Roland. The charges of costume in a serial of fifteen episodes of two reels each are many and varied, and, as the star is called upon to submit to all kinds of rough treatment, clothes are bound to suffer. In one serial Ruth ruined over £300 worth of clothes.

If you want to write to her, address your letter:

Ruth Roland Studios,
1930 South Main Street, Los Angeles.
ASK THE "PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

WHERE TO WRITE TO YOUR FAVOURITE ARTISTES.

If your name is not given at the address below for any day, post a letter with a First Class stamped, addressed (to return) envelope to Mr. R. W. R., "Rex" cinema, 10, Fulham Road, London, S.W. 3.

EILEEN DEXEES, care of Herworth Picture Press, Ltd., Hind Grove, Wallington-Thames. MILDRED DAVEY, care of Pathé Exchange, 23, West 45th Street, New York City, N.A.

THOMAS SAXEENI, CHARLOTTE WALKER, care of American Film Co., Santa Barbara, California.

ALICE BRADDY, care of Reinhart Picture Corporation, 135, Fifth Avenue, New York City, N.Y.

(More answers next week.)

PICTURE SHOW PERSONAL.

WHERE TO WRITE TO YOUR FAVOURITE FILM PERSONALITIES.

If your name is not given at the addresses below for any day, post a letter with a First Class stamped, addressed (to return) envelope to Mr. R. W. R., "Rex" cinema, 10, Fulham Road, London, S.W. 3.

EILEEN DEXEES, care of Herworth Picture Press, Ltd., Hind Grove, Wallington-Thames. MILDRED DAVEY, care of Pathé Exchange, 23, West 45th Street, New York City, N.A.

THOMAS SAXEENI, CHARLOTTE WALKER, care of American Film Co., Santa Barbara, California.

ALICE BRADDY, care of Reinhart Picture Corporation, 135, Fifth Avenue, New York City, N.Y.

(More answers next week.)

FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 1.

DATE OF MATCHES, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13th.

CLOSING DATE, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11th.

ARSENAI Manchester City.

ASTON VILLA Tottenhams Hotsput.

BLACKBURN ROVERS Walsall.

BOLTON WANDERS WEST BROMWICH A.

FULHAM W. HAM UNITED.

HULL CITY BRISTOL CITY.

SOUTH SHIELDS Barnsley.

WREXHAM Nottingham.

GILLINGHAM MERTHYR TOWN.

NORWICH CITY CRYSTAL PALACE.

NORTHAMPTON WATFORD.

SOUTHAMPTON PORTSMOUTH.

I enter Football Competition No. 1, in accordance with the rules, and nominate the names of the following clubs, which are final and legally binding

Signed.

Address.

FREE.
MIND-MASTERY & SELF-CONFIDENCE


MARY PICKFORD'S

LOVELY HAIR

CAUSING MOTHERS to desire to have your hair a perfect picture of beauty like hers. Send for free sample tablet. Make 1 tablespoon. If you enclose 2 tablespoons extra we will send you a copy of Miss Pickford's new directions and a trial of Pickford's Hair. The Cicuta Soap Co., Ltd., 1 Finbury Park Road, London.

Noblé's for Autumn Wear

Noble's are ready for Autumn with a wide range of suitable garments. Send for Noble's Fashion Catalogue—will help you make your selection. BECOMING COSTUME

Model 1921 64/9

Costume in "Gowing" Costume Satin, or in Satin Bag. Navy or Yellow. The Coat (4th size) is lined to match and made to fit. Style of both suits cost $4.00 and $6.00. These will cut standing $1.00. In stock 4 to 20.

BIRD'S

Blanc-Mange

is easily made. You have but to boil the milk, add a little sugar, and in a moment you have a full-cream, fragrant and deliciously flavored dish.

Insist on BIRD'S—always sure, always safe.

The Charm of a Clear Skin

A CLEAR SKIN will always obtain admiration, even when the features may not be perfect. There is no more effective aid to womanly beauty than Oatine, which tones up the skin, making it soft, smooth, and velvety. All chemists, 16 and 3.

Oatine

TOILET PREPARATIONS

In addition to Oatine Cream, the following Oatine Preparations are available for special needs:

1. Oatine Eye Powder
2. Oatine Face Powder
3. Oatine Toilet Soap
4. Oatine Shaving Stick
5. Oatine Shaving Cream

Stains?

Forget them!

Stained linen can easily be restored to snow-white purity. Apply a touch of Movol to the stain, and in a few minutes the mark disappears before your eyes.

W. EDGE & SONS, LTD., BO' TON

Movol

Regd.

STAIN

MOWER

Removes Iron-Mould, Rust, Fruit

and Dye Stains from Washables,

Clothing, Marbles, etc.

Movol, 10d. per box, post free.

MOVOL

Regd.

W. EDGE & SONS, LTD., BO' TON

Movol,

Regd.

A tablespoon of Movol in the rinsing-water will remove the yellow tinge from white clothes.
CROSFI EDS' ENGLISH NAPTHA SOAP lightens the burden of wash-day in many thousands of homes. Its marvellous cleansing powers make it the friend of every housewife. Crosfields' Naptha Soap quickly expels all kinds of grease and dirt from the clothes. There is nothing so ingrained that it will resist its action. For overalls, boiler suits, and every kind of soiled garment, it is the unrivalled cleanser.

This is the Crosfields' Naptha Soap Method. Simply soap the clothes well, roll them up and allow to soak, when a gentle rubbing and thorough rinsing will completely dispel the dirt and grease.

The Dyeing of Delicate Textures with Drummer Dyes

by which expensive silken garments are made to serve a double term.

We experience many pains at the cost of buying the very necessities of clothing, but the gossamer, pretty things of Silk and Crepe de Chine are appallingly priced. When the delicate colourings fade (as they frequently do), or an accident stains the fibre, prove how Drummer Dyes save the garment for further use, and defer the buying of new.

DRUMMER DYES

One Dye for ALL Fabrics—so Easy to use.
Never say "dye," say "Drummer."

Obtainable in light blue, saxe blue, navy blue, light green, dark green, emerald green, brown, ginger brown, red, cardinal, maroon, jazz red, daffodil, heliotrope, mauve, black—you can mix any shade you will. Grocers, stores, and chemists everywhere supply Drummer Dyes.

Buy—only the price printed on the packet, and see the Drummer. Use Drummer Dyes for silken frocks, blouses, jumpers, undergarments, stockings, and for dainty household furnishings.


WM. EDGE & SONS, LTD., BOLTON.

Eczema and Skin Rashes

Germolene Instantly Alleviates Itching, Heat, and Irritation, and Heals like a Charm.

The first touch of Germolene allays the intense itching of eczema and similar skin maladies. The sufferer gets relief at once; relief, too, that lasts. Germolene not only soothes but cleanses from all wound poisons and impurities, while its healing effect is altogether astonishing. Unlike other preparations, Germolene is planned on the great Aseptic system of treatment which has superseded the old age exclusion system in medical practice. This system means scientific cleanliness, the exclusion of germ life and free action for the natural healing processes.

Soothes at a Touch.

Germolene is matchless as a remedy for

Eczema
Psoriasis
Rashes
Ulcers
Ringworm
Cuts and Burns
Ulcers
Poisoning
Soap

Prices 1/3 & 3/- per tin.

Free Opinion and Instructive Book.

For an opinion as to the suitability of
germolene in your case, with treatment on skin ailments, address THE VENO
DRUG CO., LTD., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester.

Germolene
The Aseptic Skin Dressing
Sir Thomas Lipton directing a scene between Anna Q. Nilsson and Lord Dewar in a play produced by the famous yachtsman for the amusement of his guests. Sir Thomas chided his old friend telling him to put more "Spirit" into the part.
Beautiful.

Women are Admired

Beautiful women are always admired. If you wish, you can be beautiful too, for Icima is the easy way to beauty.

If only you will take care of your complexion by using Icima Cream regularly, day in and day out, you will soon look younger than you really are. Icima protects and preserves your skin, and keeps it soft, smooth and supple to an advanced age.

Icima Cream

Price 1½ and 2½ per pot. Flesh tinted 1½ per pot.

Use it daily and look your best

Nerves, Pain and Wasting

Suffered from Childhood, but Cured by Dr. Cassell’s Tablets.

Miss Amy Cockles, 73, Sidney Grove, East Ham, London, E.6., says:—“I had St. Vitus’ Dance when I was only four, and all through childhood I was tortured with nerves and pains in my head. I wasted away too, till I was almost a living skeleton. I was always jumpy and nervous, couldn’t play like other children, and couldn’t sleep. Mother took me to one doctor and another, then to hospital. But it was no use.

“I was nearly fifteen when I got Dr. Cassell’s Tablets. With the second box I felt better, and from that time my health steadily improved. Now at nineteen, I think I am the biggest and healthiest of the family.”

Dr. Cassell’s Tablets

Dr. Cassell’s Tablets are the recognised remedy for:

Nervous Breakdown
Kidney Trouble
Malnutrition
Indigestion
Sleeplessness
Palpitation
Anæmia
Nervous Debility

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.

Free Information as to the suitability of Dr. Cassell’s Tablets in your case sent on receipt. Dr. CASSELL & CO., LTD., Chester RD., Manchester, England.

Autumn and Winter

You are invited to write for New Coats and Costumes Tweeds, Cloths, etc. Patterns free—word postcard only stating your requirements.

Splendiferous Qualities. Reasonable Prices.

The "LINTON" Coat

Tailor-built to measure, a smart and useful coat, made correct cut, suitable design, for plain check, or striped cloth. Made in our striped “Redmire” Blanket Cloth 72/-. CARR. PAID.

Ask for patterns of Skirts and accessories for your "LINTON" Tweed suit made to measure from £3 upwards.

Recommended for

COATS

“Redmire” Striped
Blanket Cloth 7/6

“Alpaca” Mix.
Black Cloth 7/6

“Sibley” Mix.
Black Cloth 7/6

“Beaverley” Mix.
Black Cloth 7/6

“Beverley” Mix.
Black Cloth 7/6

"BODMIN" Costume

A very versatile-style, a choice of coloured butted, lined and other fashions, correct cut, tailor built. Made to measure from our "Olympic" Wool Serge.

Price

ONLY 8/6 PAID

Oak Tree UNDERWEAR

With the super wearing qualities.

Where “Oak Tree” is the family underwear, even the busiest housewife has time for recreation.

Delightfully soft and comfortable “Oak Tree” is yet made to last—and cuts mending to the minimum.

Replacing free of charge if not satisfactory.

Combinations: Bodices, Vests, Pants, etc. in all weights for Ladies, Children, or Men. For address of Drapers or Chemists who can supply, write Dept. 18.

OAK TREE HOUSERY CO. LTD.
25, Dale Street, Manchester.
Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."  
No. 35.—STELLA MUIR.

PRETTY Stella Muir sends us this picture taken of her at the Stella Muir Studios with the assurance that she always looks forward to her copy of Picture Show, which is placed on her dressing-room table every Monday morning. Stella is rapidly making a big name for herself in British Productions. She has already been called the English Mary Pickford by a prominent cinema critic.

Do You Like Wild Animals?

I DON'T know when I have seen such a really amazing serial as the one just released by Kilmer, entitled "The Lost City," and if you love to watch wild animals, please don't miss it. They provide all the thrills you want, and Jeanine Hansen is as pretty a picture as the heroine, and George Chesborough as handsome and brave as a hero ought to be—and you have to be brave when it is an alligator or a leopard that threatens your loved one as well as a villainous slave dealer. It is a wonderful story, and if the film has not yet reached your picture house, you can read it, as it has been made into a splendid serial story, and is appearing weekly in that wonderful real boys' paper the "Boys' Cinema.

Their Life Story Coming Soon

EVERYONE is talking about the delightful Talmadge girls these days. As you can guess, their life story reads like real romance. You will be pleased to know that this is to appear shortly in the Picture Show, entitled "Sisters Three." Look out for this, it is a true worth looking forward to, I assure you.

A Perfect Change

IF you were offered anything in the world, what would you choose? Bessie Love was offered this recently, after many strenuous weeks before the camera; she had earned her rest time, and she richly deserved the best that money could procure for her.

Do you know what was Bessie's choice? It was to do as she liked, and to wander over the hills and dales of her own home. "Just to do what you like," says Bessie, "is an ideal holiday. If you don't feel like going home to lunch, you can put an apple in your pocket and curl up under a tree and eat it. I'm tired of eating in a hotel, and listening to bits of conversation, such as: "And would you believe, my dear, she hasn't spoken to him since.""

After all, I expect Bessie was wise. I expect she gets all the excitement she wants working—a change is always ideal for a holiday.

Bessie's Latest Hobby.

BY the way, did you know she is quite a clever painter? Bessie's latest hobby is painting pictures on the bedroom walls of her home. Mary, who has just returned from a wonderful visit to filmland, tells me she has seen them; they are exquisite little things, the letters all intertwined with flowers.

A Popular Hero.

I HEAR that Charlie Murray has just celebrated his fiftieth birthday by beginning work on a new Mack Sennett comedy, entitled "That's What Has Kept Me Young." There ought to be one or two hints in this for those who would preserve their youth, for Charlie is still remarkably agile for a man of his age. Don't you think so?

Getting Into Practice.

WHETHER it is merely for enjoyment or to practice for the serial of the Canadian Northwest which he is planning, Tom Santschi does not say, but almost every morning he is seen on horseback riding madly over the hills just beyond Hollywood. In the part of a member of the Mounted Police he would have to go through so many daring adventures a horseback.

The Footnote.

DO you know that Evelyn Selby, who, by the way, we are to see shortly in "The Tiger's Coat," once entertained a consuming ambition to be a singer? To this end, she joined forces with a girl soprano and worked up a sort of repertoire of old English ballads, and at last obtained bookings at a London music-hall.

After the first night's show Miss Selby was jubilant. It appeared to her that the experiment had gone splendidly. The next morning she bought a paper and eagerly scanned the reviews. At the bottom of a half-column criticism of the show she found this trenchant notice: "Included in the bill are Selby and De Vere, singers. The set was a scream." This is why Evelyn decided on the screen.

Will Always Be a Riddle.

GERALDINE FARHIAR is shortly to be seen in "The Riddle Woman," in which she portrays two types of women, both of whose lives are shadowed by the same man. One yields to circumstances and the other fights for her happiness. But those who expect that Geraldine will elucidate the riddle will be disappointed. But perhaps it is better so. Perhaps if explanation is given, interest would be lost, for the world loves a mystery, and women stand at the head.

ERNIE COLLINS, the intrepid film actor, whose thrilling experiences in Switzerland in the cause of realism during the making of a photo-play is described in the item below. FRED A. THATCHER, brother of dainty Estelle Thatcher, who is also a film star. We shall see him in the Stoll version of Olive Wadley's novel, "The Flame.

A "Death" That Was Nearly a Tragedy.

ERNIE COLLINS, whose photograph appears above, told me of a nerve-racking experience he had during making scenes in Switzerland for a coming screen play.

It was during a precipice stunt, and the guide let go the rope that he was holding on to for safety. Mr. Collins fell forty feet over a glacier, but, fortunately, did not hurt himself. He was supposed to fall to his death in the picture, and had the presence of mind to stay quite still after falling to let the camera man get a good picture. But this only heightened the director's horror. He really thought his hero had fallen to his death.

Ellen Terry Stills On The Screen.

MISS ELLEN TERRY, as you know, is appearing in Isaac's world-famous story, "Pilars of Society.

The outdoor scenes were taken in Norway to ensure the original atmosphere of the drama and to get the correct native costumes. Miss Terry is playing the part of old Mrs. Bernick, the mother of Consul Bernick, a part played by Normal McKinnel. Her death scene is a perfect piece of dramatic art.

How She Chose Her Name.

APRIL HARMON, whom we are to see in the Stoll photo-play adapted from E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel, "The Mystery of Mr. Bernard Brown," confesses that April is not her correct Christian name. "I adopted it," she told me the other day, "after reading a book called 'Only April,' which was lent to me by a great friend of mine who happens to be a great friend of the author.

The character of April appealed to me, and the name of April appealed to me still more, so as it was rather an uncommon name and one not easily forgotten, I decided to make it mine for professional purposes. I dropped my real name so completely that it is now used only by members of my own family. I am April all the year round, so to speak; consequently, I am
not going to tell anybody the name I was originally given at my baptism.

Madame Tussaud Has a Narrow Escape.

MADALINE TRAVERSE, the popular fox star, narrowly escaped death when the last scenes of her latest picture were being filmed at Catalina Island, off the Californian coast. It occurred because she and her director, Scott Dunlap, insisted on having a realistic burning of a ship.

The scenario called for the burning of a three-masted schooner at sea, during which the star and two others had to hurry for their lives to a raft, upon which they were left on a rough sea to the mercy of the waves. The director managed to get the ship, and made arrangements to have oil poured on her decks to make the scene as realistic as possible.

Too Realistic.

THIS burning oil found its way down towards the cabin where the star was to remain till she went over the side of the vessel to the raft. She insisted on remaining till she could be seen rushing through the glare of the flames. But she did not know the ship very well, and as she started for the side of the vessel to go over on to the raft, she became lost. The flames cut her off, and in a short time she might have been suffocated.

Some of the scenes in charge of the vessel shouted to her that she would have to run for it, she dashed through the flames over the deck, hurried to the rope ladder, and climbed down to safety on the raft. Then the firemen employed for that purpose began to put out the flames, and the ship was saved from total destruction. Miss Traverse, who was badly scorched, had to be attended by a doctor.

A Baby That Rose to Be a Star.

NORMA TALMADGE (whose life story is now being written especially for the "Picture Show") at the age of three years and four months.

Has anybody ever seen graces like these—Norma Talmadge, Constance, likewise Natalie! And beautiful "Pauline" might be (Queen) "Frederick" the great.

If "Charles" would shed a "Ray" of light on her in robes of state.

I've often seen that cheery soul Dustin's brother Will. I've seen a lot of "Million" (not the poet) surname "Sill" (8). And Geraldine Farrar; go white! I think her hair's really quite sublime.

What hair! What eyes! Her acting, too, is really quite sublime. And what about the talent of that wonder Japanese "Sessue," the star from Eastern lands—he's always sure to please;

And then the cowboys—"Blenchow Bill," I'll mix "en" altogether (The kiddies go to see them in every kind of weather).

There's Jack and Sam and Pete; "A Marvel" are they said? (The same has been said of the brother's Moore! Oh, aren't they good?).

The "Fearless Pearl," that fearless girl, you like? I thought you did. She's one of the most charming little girls in the world.

There's Marguerite, Madge, and Mabel, and many another star—

They say the stars are countless—I really think they are.

So if you want to read about your favourite few, just buy your "Picture Show." Each week, tell you all that's true.

My favourite of the lot—he's British, you can bet—

His name is famous here in "Bruno"—Henry Edwards—don't forget.

The Editor is awful kind (I've proved it, so I know).

Good luck to him and all the folk who read the "Picture Show."
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

An American Idea of the Garden of Eden. This is a scene from a new film entitled "Woman." Man, apparently, was not very handsome in those days.

A photograph showing, reading from the left, PRISCILLA DEAN, HARRY CAREY, CARL LAEMMLE, EDDY LYONS, VIRGINIA FAIRE, FRANK MAYO, and YVETTE MITCHELL.

Some of the beautiful scenery to be seen in Henry Edwards' latest British production, "Aylwin," from the classic by Theodore Watts-Dunton. Beside HENRY EDWARDS is MARY DIBLEY.

A great scene in "Aylwin," showing Miss CHRISIE WHITE. Many fine films are coming from British studios just now, and there will soon be a big boom in the home product.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE scolds JOHN EMERSON for hugging the dummy, which takes her place at rehearsals for "The Perfect Woman."

A photograph showing liquid fire being used in a serial at Universal City. This is the first occasion upon which this has been used in moving pictures.
Abroad the "Sweet Alice."

The ocean was too big, although she had a passenger licence. She carried twelve passengers, all in the first class, because there was no one else. As the passenger space was too limited for any recreation requiring more area than nARBs, shipboard flirtations were the order of the day, and were considered excusable.

John Galloway was a presentable man, and not a prude. He knew that ocean flirtations were mostly harmless, so when Irma Gole seemed to want him to amuse her, he met her advances magnificently enough and did his best.

That was in the first few days of the voyage from Durban. Then on a certain evening off Port Elizabeth, when there was a fresh breeze coming off the shore and a star-powdered African night whispering to them, he had seen something in the girl's eyes, and had pulled up sharp.

He was not the sort of man who could concentrate all his considerable powers on the sorry task of managing to amuse one pretty girl, and then walk away thinking he had done something precious.

His partner, Dyson Mallet, was an adept at that sort of thing; but to Galloway it did not appeal as either comic or clever.

They called it the Candida Jane, which was a good name for it. It had brought them precious little gold up to the present, but the unquenchable girl had believed in it.

So Billy remained in Rhodesia, toiling and sweating in the shafts and tunnels of the mine, while Galloway and Mallet were on their way home, and within a day's steam of England.

Galloway had little but contempt for his partner, Mallet. All women were fair game for him, and there was an incident of a certain photograph of a girl which Mallet had mailed on the common wall of the log-bout at the Candida Jane that rankled in Galloway's heart until it had assumed rather tremendous importance.

It was the portrait of a beautiful young English girl at her best.

Her name was Athalie Raiton. Mallet had mailed it on the wall in a row with a number of music-hall favourites and dancing girls whose acquaintance he had absorbed in various parts of the world. To Galloway, she always figured as a letter insult against all that is best in womanhood.

Mallet had been paying anxious attentions to Irma Gole, and in the last few days it had seemed to Galloway that she was responding with some favour.

Galloway had forgotten that a girl—even the best of them—will sometimes try to fire a laggard flag of interest with a rival, if, in fact, what she was doing. But he, not being in the least in love with her, did not see through it.

"Can't you leave that girl alone?" he said angrily to Mallet that evening.

"What girl?" asked Mallet, with an impudent smile.

"Miss Gole. She's a child in your expert hands.

"And what do you suggest that I am doing with this sweet child?"

"Precipitating your confounded love-making arts on her, trying deliberately to make her unhappy.

"And wherefore not?" replied Mallet.

"She's bored to tears for want of somebody to make love to her. Why shouldn't I supply the long-felt want?"

"Because to-morrow you will step ashore and forget all about her in an hour.

"In that case, I don't propose to hamper myself with other commitments.

"Galloway turned away so that the other should not see the angry flush in his face. Athalie Raiton, the girl whose picture had hung for two years in the smoke of their cabin, was nothing to him. He had remained himself of that patent fact many times a day for long past, but whenever he heard her name on Mallet's lips he felt to knock him down.

"But I may as well point out," drawled Mallet, "that the beautiful Miss Gole has forgotten me already.

"Galloway turned round involuntarily and forced his head back with a frown. The girl was a true Englishwoman, and she had heaped his grief on him, gone to confession when their eyes met. From where he stood he could see the crescent of irises in her face.

"Mallet laughed coarsely.

"The boot's on the other foot, my platter said. He was on his way back to the ship, and what he had been using me as a foil to bring you to her pretty feet.

"At any rate," said Galloway, "I have not tried to mislead the girl."

"Of course not. It's your fatal beauty. You simply can't help yourself. I happen to know I've got a couple of weeks to watch you in, and win, my boy. She's a nice little thing, and I have already discovered from our fellow-passengers that there is a money of her money on her."

"Shut up!" said Galloway heatedly. "The girl is nothing to me. I am no general love-maker."

"But she has some dust I tell you. It would be worth your while. After all, you're not overburdened yet."

"I am not," replied Galloway grimly. "When I get ashore I am worth what I stand up in, plus five pounds and a third share in a seven-years' lease of the Candida Jane.

"And much that will ever bring you save sorrow," answered Mallet. "I am quits of the Candida Jane, and hope not to be short of ready cash again for many a long day. With my own bits plus the gilts which the future Mrs. Malle will bring me, I ought to go on comfortably for a few years at any rate."

Mallet was on his way to take possession of a small estate in Essex which he had inherited on the recent death of his mother. He intended, as he said with some pride, to raise his old estate. Of course, he considered he had been sowing them pretty industriously for the past seven years.

He had been away, a rover about the earth, for seven years, and it was the mother who had sent him the photographs of Athalie Raiton.

The Candida Jane berthed its own in Essex. Athalie, like himself, was the only child, and it had been the dearest wish of the parents on both sides that he should marry, and Mallet was twenty-eight, the same age as Galloway, whom he resembled in general build. When he left home he was twenty-one, and Athalie sixteen, a schoolgirl with abbreviated skirts and hoops of stocking brown hair.

Mrs. Mallet, with a fond mother's foolishness, had sent the portrait some years later, hoping perhaps to show him what a magnificent young creature the girl had grown into, and thus to win him back to decent courses if her mother were to marry.

But Mallet had no respect for any woman. After mailing the photograph on the wall of the common cabin, he had opened it openly at the girl, declaring his intention of marrying her when he returned because her father was one of the richest men in the country. He wanted to get his hands on as much money as possible because he knew it would not last long.

And that's among the first reactions returned Mallet. "Rather remote I should say. If anything so unfortunate happens, I shall lay myself out to make her want to marry me. Everything will be in my favour as I've told you time after time.

"I'm afraid I haven't listened very attentively. You're in my favour!"

"Well, it was the recognised thing that we should marry. Both families were wealthy. A marriage is in the offing, and it was to be understood that she will be my wife."

"With a high-spirited girl that sort of thing is impossible. I couldn't have her in my favour.

"Not in this case, I hope. If it does, I think I can trust myself to save the situation. She was sixteen when I saw her last. A lonely slip of a girl, all arms and legs. Have you ever noticed that when a girl of sixteen falls in love—it's the queerest thing by the by—that she always chooses a man five years her senior or more?"

"Can't say I have," replied Galloway. "Despairing of the affair?"

"Nothing of the sort. I've got a chance. I'm going down to the ship and see if I can't talk to her!"

"Shouldn't wonder. We did have one or two tender passages of a crudo sort, if I remember rightly. Even as an overgrown schoolgirl she was quite my equal, and I was not so fed-up with women then as I am now. Perhaps I was a bit flustered at the time!

"Anyway, if she's sentimental, as she is bound to be at twenty-one—which is her present age—I have no doubts she has magnified our little friendship into something profoundly important and beautiful. It ought to be as easy as picking up money."

Galloway was silent for a little while. Then he asked directly:

"Do you intend to marry this girl by hook or crook?"

Mallet stared.

"Don't be silly. Do you think I am fool enough to miss such a chance when it is absolutely pitched at my head?"

"You admit that you are not in love with her?"

"I am, desperately. She is worth twenty thousand pounds, perhaps more."

"Apart from her money, she is nothing to you. Would you marry her, for instance, if she were penniless?"

"Don't ask such idiotic questions, please."

"Would you?"

"Not in this world."

"Then you are planning deliberately to make this young girl's life a hideous ruin."

"Mallet laughed.

"You're getting prissy, old fellow. You don't know much about women, I reckon. Look at me. Young girls have dreams about the bliss of the married state, and all the rest of it. One in a million realises her dreams. All the rest come to shipwreck."

Continued on page 8
THE EXPRESSIONS OF ETHEL CLAYTON. (Special to the "Picture Show."

ETHEL CLAYTON.
The Dainty Star Who Has All the Beauty of a Heroine of Fiction.

ETHEL CLAYTON has been likened to an enchanting heroine of modern fiction. Have you read a story in which you are asked to visualise a girl with wonderful red gold hair, eyes of sea-blue, a slight figure, and a face that expresses all that is sweetest and best in girlhood?

No doubt you have pictured to yourself this heroine. Then you have joyed with her, sorrowed with her, and closed the book in which she was the heroine with a sigh of content that she was safely married to the man of her choice, regretting only that you must pass from the company of these real, yet unreal, people, into whose lives you have looked for a brief space.

In such a case you will appreciate the truth of what I say when I declare that Ethel Clayton, the beautiful Paramount Artertist star, is just such a woman.

Her Early Life.

Her beauty is of that glorious kind that novelists love to dwell upon; her adventures are of the same sort. Her acting is the visualisation of these stories that have so profoundly impressed you in your excursions into romance.

Miss Clayton came from the stage to the screen early in its formative stages. She was very young then, and is still in the first bloom of her young womanhood. She played with the greatest success in such productions as "Henry B. Harris," "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Country Boy," etc., on the stage.

Her Screen Career.

Her first screen appearance was in a three-reeler called "When the Earth Trembled." Her first three years in filmland were busy ones. She made sixteen pictures, including several plays she had done on the stage previously. Her two best were undoubtedly "Dollars and the Woman" and "The Great Divide." The former was directed by her late husband, Joseph Kaufman, a prominent director for Paramount and Artertist up to the time of his regrettable demise.

For a time Miss Clayton returned to the stage to play the lead in Wm. A. Brady's production of "The Brute." Later she returned to the screen, and has since become famous for her wonderful work in star roles for Paramount Artertist.

A Lover of Colour.

Personally, Miss Clayton is a great reader of good literature, plays the piano exceptionally well, rides, rows, swims, and indulges in all outdoor pleasures.

She confesses to a love of modern painting. The reason she gives is that it is so daring in colouring. "Colour is one of the chief things that make life real," she says. "It adds to the joy and zest of experience. Yet we dress ourselves in dull, depressing colours; we live in dull houses and we build dull houses. One would think we were totally colour-blind from the way we live."

"Wouldn't You Like to See It?"

Miss Clayton told me that the most wonderful thing she has ever seen is a Californian sunset. Her description of it is certainly entrancing:

"The sky on the horizon was the most vivid orange in the world, the clouds in the distance were bright pink, and the mountains purple and green. The water was a wonderful greenish blue, and in the distance the sky furnished another shade of blue. No painter in the world could use such colours; and if he did, no one would love him."

This dainty little star, with her rose-like complexion, her sparkling eyes and teeth, her lips like a thread of scarlet, is a wonderful colour scheme in herself.

She is five feet and a half inch in height, and is a photographic subject with few equals in the photo-play world.

As you know, Miss Clayton recently visited us for a holiday, but is now back in her beloved California to make more pictures.

If you want to write to her, address your letter:

ETHEL CLAYTON,
Lasky Studios,
Hollywood, California.
(Mention the Picture Show to ensure an early reply.)

ETHEL CLAYTON.
"The Price of His Honour." (Continued from page 6.)

"In this case I may as well do the wrecking as anybody else. Why not? She's got to learn that life is not all chocolates and picture shows. I may as well be the teacher, if it's to be my benefit. Besides, she may prove amusing for a time. She's pretty enough."

"That's an unpalatable cad!"

"Thanks. You seem mightily interested in the future Mrs. Mallet. If I didn't know you that you have your little girl, I'd almost suspect you of being in love with her yourself."

"I give me the danger, signal with Miss Gale, and now you are trying your hand at rescue work with Atlantic. That's the last of the you ever followed. You want all the girls to yourself." He took a leather vallet from his pocket and produced a photograph on which Galloway knew so well. For a moment before he turned his head away he caught sight of the beautiful face, with her slightly proud air of balance and distinction. How often his soul had protruded itself in worship before that picture.

"Not so bad, do you think?" asked Dyson, looking at the picture critically. "A little heavy, but I don't quite give any sort of reflection for your tastes perhaps. But, goodness, you can forgive a little to a girl who's twenty thousand to her little faults with!"

"She has no faults," remarked Galloway suddenly, and instantly Dyson had not spoken. He felt a Miss Gale with a drooping feel as Dyson laughed in his face.

"You talk, my word, John, I believe you've looked at the picture of this white-souled angel until you've got yourself in love with it. Why, you might even love me, as well, perhaps I'll let you have a look at her some day when we're safely married. I wonder whether she will recognize me?"

"Recall me?"

Galloway, who was walking away raging with disgust, stopped and turned back. "Well, well," said Dyson, "it's seven years since we've looked into each other's eyes, and I fear I've changed a bit since I was twenty-one. Look here.

"He drew out another photo. It was a portrait of the youth, less buried in an open, honest way. Feintly weak about the mouth, but an engaging face, nevertheless.

"Galloway looked at it grumpy."

"Is that you?" he asked gravely.

"Myself in my blameless youth," replied Mallet.

"Never. I can't see scarcely a trace of resemblance, except a suggestion in the mouth."

"So, you've just as easily he, or anyone else. They won't know me from Julius Cesar."

"The lawyer people will want some identification."

"Oh, I've fixed that already. I've written them several times from South Africa, and I've got all their letters in this vallet, as well as the other papers I shall require—a birth certificate among them. There will be no trouble on that score. Besides, there's the blessed dragon. They all know that, especially Attilio. She has reason to, poor girl!"

"What dragon?"

"The bit of artistic tattooing, which you remember I did on your own arm the night we rechristened the Calamity Jane."

He pulled up the sleeve of his coat and showed the convention of a Chinese dragon exceedingly rampant.

Galloway laughed. He had the same design on one of his arms, a present from Dyson, who had some artistic skill in these matters.

"If all else fails," said Mallet, "the dragon will make matters more than one on her arm."

"Miss Raiton?"

"Sure, I guess she doesn't love me for it now."

"She'd have brought it on when I performed this work of art, and she was elved. I showed her my tattoo, and nothing would she be satisfied but to have one like it. I obliged her. Ehow! There was a rumpus over it," and Dyson laughed at the recollection.

Fog and Calamity.

THAT night they encountered weird weather in the Irish Sea. The captain of the SS Alico slowed down his engines to about four knots, noise his way through the thickest fog he had ever known.

Galloway woke in the middle of the night conscious of something unusual. Dyson was awake also. Galloway heard him stirring in the lower berks. "What's to do, Dyson?" he asked.

"Don't know," replied Mallet sleepily, "Engines have stopped."

"And that's unpalatable can!"

"Not by a lot. We've fifty good miles to go by my reckoning. My watch says two o'clock. I'm going to see what's amiss. Gives me the creeps when the engines stop in the middle of the night."

He put on a pair of shoes and slipped into an overcoat over his pyjamas. Galloway lay regarding him sleepily, not at all inclined to turn out.

Then abruptly they heard a shout on deck—

"A single, sharp shout, inarticulate and meaningless. It was followed by a dull grumbling noise that sounded remote, as if in the bowels of the ship. The vessel shook a little, as if the engines had started up, but they had not.

"What the deuce's that,? asked Galloway. He felt no alarm. The rumbling noise ceased as they listened to it. It conveyed no suggestion of importance.

"Don't know," answered Mallet. "Some of the engine-men are trying.

"We're pitching a lot, aren't we?"

"Of course. We're lying by. You're an awful head haver, John. Have a peg?"

CHARLES STUART VIOLET BLACKSTON.

Two delightful children who play in the J. Stuart Blackston comedies By, "The Smug Muggers By," the Panama Expedition play by C. Hadden Chambers, in which Herbert Willsom is the star.

Mallet was fortifying himself from a flask.

"No, thanks, I don't fancy a drink in the middle of the night."

"The only thing worth waking up for, in my opinion," returned Mallet.

He went out, and Galloway turned over to woo sleep again. As he did so he heard a bell ringing above.

For ten minutes or more he tried hard to get to sleep, but the bell was still clanging, and he began to wonder about a dull persistent noise of rumbling that came from above.

For the first time a dull sense of foreboding gripped him. Mallet had not returned, but it was not the noise ringing the bell, nor the persistent rumpling overhead which alarmed him. But he noticed that the end of his bunk was witting strangely, so that his feet were above the level of his head. The pitching motion of the vessel had almost ceased.

He was out of bed with a bound. His feet slipped away from him as he landed. The floor was still as if it were的利益. As he scrambled up—the lights went out.

He found an oil lantern which he happened to have under the lower bunk, and lighted it. The dull rumpling overhead continued, and the bell clanged like a lost soul.

"Silence that dreadful bell," and laughed. A queer sense of fatalism crept over him. The light from the lantern still improved the outlook. It showed the narrow cabin at a splintered angle. But he felt better for its modest glimmer, although with the fatalistic feeling still on him he did not feel inclined to hurry.

It's the hulk of the Calamity Jane over again," he muttered. "I never was of the lucky ones. So long old O'Farrell, and may you have a good luck, and wash the dust out of yourself. I have a sort of feeling that I shan't want my share, and that Dyson won't play ducks and drakes with us as we're not there to go by. That's a comfort, anyway, but I may as well pass off the stage in trousers as not."

He undressed his garments and struggled into them over his pyjamas. Having done this, he proved that his brain was not so good as he thought himself, by sitting all about his jacket. He went out in trousers and pyjamas, carrying his oil-lantern. The steps of the deck passed between the berths he heard a low moaning, and stifened abruptly.

"Great Heavens!" he muttered. "There are women and this is a poor sort of tragedy to finish up with."

He was wasting time thinking of nothing but himself. He had clean forgotten that there were others on board, and that if disaster had indeed come there might be work for him to do.

Most of the berths seemed to be empty and the doors open. But presently he found one that was locked, and it was from behind that the moaning came.

He shook the handle and banged at the door. There was no answer and the moaning continued.

What sort of a fool is in there?" he growled.

Then put his heavy shoulder against the door and braced himself with a leg against the opposite wall of the corridor. The door went in with a crash.

There was a girl in her nightdress on the kn ee clinging to the edge of the bunk. She was sobbing or praying or both. A wave of sombre hair swept over her shoulders almost to her waist.

It was the girl, Irina Gale. As his hand touched her she looked up and recognised him. It seemed as if she was waiting—as if she must have known he was there waiting for her.

The fear of death went out of her eyes, and something beautiful and calm and splendid came into them. She raised-gown round her.

"Come," he said, and led her out of the cabin, supporting her with an arm round her waist.

In his heart he began cursing wildly, and hoping desperately that nothing serious was the matter. It was only a ship. They seemed to be quite alone in that part of the ship. The girl kept her eyes on his face as if she feared to lose them.

"There's some trouble," he said thickly.

"I must have better get up and see what it all about."

"We're wrecked I think," she said almost calm.

"Nonsense The cargo has listed I expect. Perhaps something has hit us, or we have lost something. It was a tough."

He did not know what he was saying. She smiled, but her eyes told him she did not believe his reasoning.

At the top of the companion they found the first officer, who swung a lantern in their face. He was quite unmoved. Galloway felt immediately comforted by the steadiness of his voice.

"Hello, Galloway, that you? You've got one of the ladies?"

"This is Miss Gale," answered Galloway. "Have you seen the captain?"

"Er行星不. Possibly, perhaps. Get starboard now and see the second officer. You've got a passenger?"

The first officer looked into Galloway's face keenly. Something in the look made Galloway feel that he had gone three yards the mate called him back.

"Galloway, just a second."

He led the way to the bridge and darted back.

"You've been the very devil of a time getting up. Get starboard, and look sippy. We're trying to save the ship."

"Is it bad?"

"We're sinking. Blank liner—cut the bows off, and don't seem to know what she's done."

"How long?" asked Galloway in a low voice.

"Don't know. We've got her. Get along with the girl, there's a good lad."

(Don't miss next week's installment of this fascinating story.)
“SCREEN STARS I HAVE WOODED—AND WON!”

By CRAUFRD KENT.

These confessions of a leading man who left England to play in films in America will be read with great interest by all picturegoers. Craufurd Kent is well able to speak on the subject of love-making, for he has been the central character in a large number of romantic scenes, and he has captured the hearts of the simple-hearted girl, the temperamental, the woman of the world, the beautiful doll, and, in fact, every type of femininity. Read what this prince of heart stealers has to say on this ever-absorbing topic.

No. 2.

PAULINE FREDERICK has a talent for playing on the screen, is essentially the "good fellow." She has an inborn talent for making things happen, and she is one of the highest officials and directors down to the humblest, and the opinion of the latter especially, that her social accomplishments is her charming habit of making you feel that you are the one person in the world she most wants to see. "Why, Craufurd!" she will say, "I am glad to see you—now the party is quite complete!"

To illustrate her kindness of heart I cannot do better than quote a little incident that occurred during the making of "Double Cross." You may remember the scene in which she and I wind some wool. There was much merriment at the studio over the domestic spectacle, and yes, also over my remark that I really enjoyed the task my "wife" had given me, and at last Polly remarked: "Really, Craufurd, you do it so well, that I'm going to make you a scarf!"

She kept her word, too, and the result was one of the finest scarves I have ever worn, for, as you know, she is a famous knitter.

Witty Women.

PAULINE FREDERICK'S scenes seldom need rehearsing, which makes such a difference, and I can only say that her talent for love-making approaches genius. Perhaps because she has the saving grace of a keen sense of humour, and never over-acts her impassioned scenes.

Another very witty woman with whom I have played is Ellen Terry. I supported her in "Kidnare of Storm." On the stage she invariably portrays "catty" women, but her roles on the screen have always been of a sympathetic nature. She is a wonderful actress, which is, perhaps, not surprising in view of the fact that she is closely related to the "Elen Terry of America"—Mrs. Fiske, who has also appeared in pictures. "Tose of the D'Urbervilles was one, you may recall. Miss Stevens, her niece (also, for film leading men) is now back on the stage.

The Magic of Youth.

MARGUERITE CLARK'S methods of love-making are absolutely expressive of the woman herself—sweet, childlike, delicate as a flower. With her, youth is instinctive. As you see her on the screen, so is she in private life. She looks just like a kid—why, bless me! she takes one in shoes! And that is why she is always provided with such girlish roles, and why she fills them so perfectly: she is a girl herself, irrespective of her woman's years, and it would be folly for her to portray the mature in life when she has an edge of youth at her command. Happy Marguerite!

"Come Out of the Kitchen," in which I played with her, was made just two or three months after her marriage to Mr. Palmerson Williams, and I think the fact that the mansion it was taken in was situated in a small town near New Orleans gave the picture an additional interest in her eyes, in view of her husband's home being in that city.

The actual business of taking moving pictures must have been something of a novelty in those parts, for people drove in from miles around to watch us at work, while the school children were given a half holiday in our honour! Gino O'Brien caused much feminine heart-stirring, I can tell you. Everybody looked at him. Awfully good fellow, Gino.

A tender scene with OLIVE THOMAS, who represents the sweet, simple-minded girl.

Another star of the delicate, girlish type is Vivian Martin, with whom I played in "Little Miss Brown." A very sweet little woman. Of my love-making with girlish, gold-haired Billie Burke I can say little, for my role in her picture, "Good Gracious, Annabelle," was a light comedy part, in more than half of which I played the tipster, who did not make love to her at all in the present sense of the phrase.

A Real Love Story.

THE CLAYTON is what one may term the "one man woman." She is most attractive, with a hair of a sort of blon- dition shade, very blue eyes, and awfully pretty colouring; and she is very feminine in her clothes; but she does not submerge herself in a love scene to the same extent that some actresses do, however true-to-life her performance may appear to the audience (and, of course, she is an excellent actress).

When I acted with her in "His Wife" (another version of "Dollars and the Woman"), I would let me take her in my arms and kiss her, according to the requirements of the scenario, but somehow she never really melted into the romantic spirit of the thing. This, I think, was partly due to the fact that her director-husband, Joseph Kaufman, was alive at the time, and as they were very, very much attached to each other, I fancy she could never quite sink her real love story into the role one. Even now I believe she is much the same. The death of her husband was one of the greatest tragedies of filmmod, and it nearly killed off the longest and most charming women you could possibly meet.

A "Good Pal."

THE appeal of Alice Brady is not so much to the lover as to the friend in man—generally speaking, of course. The exception exists in her delightful husband, to whom she is devoted, and in whom she finds all the romance she requires. He's the happy, hearty, self-reliant type, with her "Hello, Craufurd, give me a cigarette," and her jolly, haram-scam, boisterous ways. Always good-tempered, the studio resounds to her singing—she has an awfully fine voice—and her merry laughter whenever she is about.

A "good pal" is Alice—a man couldn't wish for a better. And yet, strangely enough, in her pictures, such as "The Orchestra of Rosetta," "The Knife," "The Trap," and "Her Better Half," I have always been cast for the villain, whose love-making was to be repulsed rather than desired!

(More of these interesting revelations next week.)
FLICKERS FROM FILMLAND. 
NEWS, NOTES, AND OPINIONS BY FRED K. ADAMS.

According to Type.

TYPE casting for film plays is one of the present evils in screen art, according to Joseph De Grasse, the continu producer. "Such a thing wasn't thought of in the hay-day of our English-speaking stage," he says. "Actors were expected to be versatile enough to create various parts, and the rule developed players, whose memories were beacons for all who follow their art." Mr. De Grasse's criticism is directed towards the modern custom which has grown up of picking players who "lock the part," and the result has been the deterioration in the quality of acting both on the stage and screen. The screen-acting profession is now very numerous, and affords a wide selection to the producer whose duties are to pick the cast for a production.

The temptation to be impressed by the appearance of a player is strong upon him. Should he require, for instance, an old salt, for a particular scene, he will choose a man who most conforms to the conventional appearance of a man of this type without taking into consideration at all whether he is able to act or not.

Looking the Part.

THIS practice has developed with the multiplicity of screen parts. All studies have long lists containing the names of people waiting to play small parts, and they consist of all kinds, sizes and conditions of men and women. It is impossible, therefore, for a producer to be widely familiar with the acting capacity of all aspirants for parts. And he is

HENRY EDWARDS, director and leading player for the Hepworth Company.

To Satisfy All.

ACCORDING to our critic, the greatest of all character stars is Mary Pickford, and she maintains her prominence over all rivals simply because she imparts to her work the subtle portrayal that charms, and she makes her part stronger and more virile than the author conceived. There is truth in Mr. De Grasse's remarks, and it follows that if the eye is all that is necessary to please in photo-plays the "type" is sufficient, but if something is wanted that stimulates the mind and imagination, it is only possible to get it from true acting. The best solution to the problem appears to be for actors to specialize in various types to which they are physically most suited. They will then combine all qualities, and satisfy both producer and public.

"My Most Difficult Scenes."

AS a producer of films, I have, of course, had many difficult and thrilling moments during the making of pictures. For instance, in the recent Hepworth film, when I directed, and also played the leading role, 'The Amazing Quest of Mr. Ernest Bliss,' I had to take several scenes in London which, although they will only represent a very few minutes' entertainment when shown on the screen, caused me many anxious hours when I was making them. In the woodlands of Pecadilly Circus, at an hour when the sun shines brightest—and humanity is represented in her thousands—I, as Ernest Bliss, had to walk right across the Circus, wend my way through the traffic (which was at the time very dense), and keep well within the range of the camera, embarrassed in our own bus, without 'giving the game away.'

"Again I had to drive an omnibus down Regent Street, and although the result is quite satisfactory on the screen, I am sure that those who see it in the picture theatres will never realise the pangs of uncertainty I suffered as piloting the bus, I proceeded on my risky journey. The passengers were blissfully unaware of the fact that they had entrapped their lives to the mercy of a film actor."

Lessons We Learn From the Films.

Trying to dodge work tires more people than hard labour.

Mistakes made some people waste a lot of other people's time.

This Week's Best Films.

THE following is a list of the best photo-plays which are being released for exhibition at the cinemas during this week, and the names of the star artists:


Skeets: "The Revolution." NAGYNOYA.

Frisco: "Lost Money." MADELEINE TALMAGE.


Walsh: "Happiness Is a Mode." CONSTANT TALMA.

Pathe: "The Bishop's Emerald." SHELDON LEWIS.

Artsite: "Under the Tap." FRED Denny.
The grey of the alligators!

GEORGE CHEESEBORO as Stanley Morton, who comes to the aid of Elyata.

Thrills galore are the lot of pretty Juanita Hansen, the star in the Kline serial, "The Lost City." Juanita plays the part of the Princess Elyata, who is captured and carried off by the enemies of her father, the king. Her captors, in turn, are attacked by natives, and the unfortunate girl is passed from tribe to tribe until she falls into the hands of a slave-dealer. Elyata's companion, Stanley Morton, whom she meets later on, saves her from many perilis. By the way, readers will, no doubt, be interested to know that the story of "The Lost City" will be told in the "Boys' Cinema" week by week, commencing with this week's issue. Everyone who enjoys a thrilling adventure story should make a point of reading this.
A dramatic incident at the feast in her honour.

Stanley Morton is prevented from helping the princess, whom he has grown to love, and is dragged away to Cagga and his vengeance.

After Stanley Morton captured the villainous slave trader.

The princess again falls into the hands of her enemies, and is carried off by Cagga, the slave dealer.
They all love Eddy

EDDY POLO.

"T"HE finest fighter on the films" is the proud title won by Eddy Polo, the renowned serial artiste. Perhaps his reputation for gallantry and chivalry has something to do with his great popularity with the fair sex; anyway, our photographs here fully prove the title which appears above. Eddy Polo is not only a great favourite with picturegoers, he is liked by everybody at his studios at Universal City.

EDDY POLO and VIVIAN REED find that there is enough room on one horse for two people.

THELMA PERCY signifies content in the strong arms of Eddy.

EDDY, and MARJORIE DAW, who brave many perils together.

As radiant as the sunshine—PEGGY O’DARE.

EILEEN SEDGEWICK receives a few lessons on "How to Fight," by Prof. Polo.
I DO think this interview was a real kindness on the part of the person who was so good as to grant me it.

(1) I had no appointment with Mr. Edmund Gwenn, but—

(2) Someone else had, and they were nearly due to arrive! And—

(3) Just between ourselves, Mr. Gwenn is not frightfully keen about the subject upon which I had come to interview him! And yet for my sake because I looked tired—which I flatter myself I have the art of doing when I want an interview very badly), and for yours, because I told him how interested you’d be in anything he had to say about films, and how disappointed you’d be if he remained the same, he gave in with a smile. Now, wasn’t that a real kindness? And just after a tired performance, too! In "The Skin Game," you know; that fine play by John Galsworthy, at the St. Martin’s Theatre.

His One Picture.

Mr. Gwenn, of course, needs no introduction as one of the finest actors of the legitimate drama—to attempt anything of the sort would be an imperience—but as regards film acting—

"Really, I feel that I should not be speaking upon such a subject," he explained, as he sat in his dressing-room.

"because I know so very little about film, and have appeared in but one in my life. And I did so then only because it was a propaganda picture—"Unmarried," a Granger all-British production."

"Even so," I remarked hopefully, "I should like to know how your first flight into filmdom affected you."

"Frankly, the work doesn’t appeal to me," said Mr. Gwenn, "Can’t explain why, any more than you can tell me why it is that some people like tomatoes and others don’t, or why it is that some folks love horses—myself, for instance—while others are frightened of them."

Well, this at any rate was honest, and, somehow, honestly, sincerity of purpose, are the qualities of Mr. Gwenn which seem to strike one most forcibly when speaking to him. It is, for instance, a compliment to him that I cannot for the life of me tell you what an actor’s eyes are, but that I remember instead the directness of their gaze; and that, while I cannot compare this scenery, dressing-room, beyond its appearance of comfort, I did carry away with me an impression of the dray, humorous man—a real John Bull-ish sort of person.

His Dislike of the Film.

"But surely," I persisted, opening fire again, "there must be some reason why film work doesn’t make any appeal to you?"

Mr. Gwenn smiled indulgently at my persistence.

"Well, maybe it’s because film work doesn’t allow one really to lose oneself in a part, as the stage does. Why, I remember playing in a piece once, in the course of which I remained as the stage for an hour at a time! But in the film studio one does not act for any appreciable length of time. The director put you through your paces for a minute or two, and then it is over, till you are called again, perhaps hours, perhaps days later. One cannot get thoroughly into the spirit of a role so. At least, that is the way it seems to me, though, as I told you at first, my film experience is practically nil."

"Do you think you would ever play in pictures again, Mr. Gwenn?"

"I may do—one never knows; but I’m not keen, because I don’t think the work would ever appeal to me more congenial than it does at present," he replied, adding: "Of course, I cannot consider the script I have done in any way representative, because 'Unmarried' had what was termed a 'propaganda' basis, in which even so much dramatic experience (as well as the leaders of society featured) were content to take quite small parts.

Appreciates "Charlie's" Brains.

I TAKE it that you are not specially fond of the movies as an entertainment, either? "I quipped.

"I’ve certainly seen very few pictures," Mr. Gwenn admitted.

"Any that specially appealed to you?"

"No," was the brief and cheery response. Then, more seriously: "But stay, on the zero occasion when I have seen Charlie Chaplin’s pictures, I have always thought his 'business' extremely clever."

"Mr. Gwenn," I said suddenly, "I should like to know how the ovation to Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks struck you?"

"I think they must be a very worthy and charming couple," Mr. Gwenn answered, "and in every way deserving of their places in the hearts of the people; but, as regards ourselves, I think the ovation we gave them compared with the reception we gave the V.C.’s the other day, was a disingenuous effort. Men who must have gone near death to have won such a decoration, we made nothing like the fuss, and I think the comparison sheds an unworthy light on us."

I lot that sink into my mind—slowly.

In conclusion I asked Mr. Gwenn—

[Image of Mr. Edmund Gwenn]
Edward Campbell, better known on the stage as "Checkers," has decided to leave. It was no new experience for Checkers, for all his great renown he was very much an old-fashioned, backwoods theatrical, or switch-back railway—up one minute, down the next. As he stood in the lounge of the Saratoga Hotel, mental and physical well-being decided that another week would see him with just about enough cash to buy a whisky.-

"Well, it's no use spoiling my last week by worrying over what's going to happen," thought Checkers, as he moved to the cigar stall. As he did so he caught sight of a young man much the worse for drink and realized that another week would see him with just about enough cash to buy a whisky.

"I want you to come down to my place," said Kendal, when Checkers had got him into his room. "I think of this old backwoods, I'm drinking to try to forget." The young man was a maudlin, sentimental way, Arthur Kendel told Checkers about a girl named Alice Remorse, a New England set, whom he had thrown over because he was going to his home to marry a girl named Polly Barlow, the daughter of old Judge Barlow.

And that's why I want you to come with me, Checkers. If the drink had left you I might even find plenty to amuse you down there, I've got a lot of cash and a Dollar that can catch birds. You must see him.

"Judge Barlow. It will suit me for a week or so," said Checkers.

Having made Kendal comfortable on his bed, Checkers was left alone. The drinking man had the effect of the steel he was stopped by a young man with an open, good-natured face, but whose chief asset was a too honest to fit in the tony atmosphere of the Saratoga. He was "Pert" Barlow, who was Checkers' henchman and staunch friend.

"See that girl over there?" said Miller. "She was introduced to me as 'Miss Barlow.'

He pointed to a girl dressed in a fashionable blue costume. He hesitated. "I am practically engaged, and I didn't like to think he was going the wrong way. I would tell me that you were the only one who has apparently any influence over him, and I think that you might persuade him to come home."

"I certainly would have done so, Miss Barlow," returned Checkers; "but I am very pleased to be allowed to tell you that Kendal has made up his mind to get married, and he has actually come to me to ask me to please do it for a few days."

"I am so pleased," said the girl. "I will see how he is disposed of, and I shall try to be as good to him as I possibly can."

"I am certain that a young man must have a very entertaining position to be in, but now every time I turn around she held out her hand with a bright smile. I hope you will see her. Our place adjoint of that is her strength.

"It is very kind of you," said Checkers. "I shall look forward to the meeting with great pleasure."
drove his daughter into the house, and in the fury of his hate knocked the girl down.

"You have disgraced me and your family!" he shouted; "but you shall never add to that disgrace by marrying that man. You can make up your mind that you will never see him again."

Calling old mammy Phoebe, the wife of the groom, he told her to lock Pert up in the schoolroom.

**The Engagement**

After the scene in the stable yard Checkers found a lodger in the village, and sent a wire to "Push" Miller, telling him to meet him.

Checkers was not the kind of man to be beaten at the first stage of the game. Now that he knew Pert loved him, he was determined that Arthur Kendal should never marry her. But he realised he was up against a tough proposition.

He had one consolation. There was a friend in camp in Pete the groom, who not only had taken the keenest interest in the training of Remorse, but who, for some reason unknown to himself, hated Arthur Kendal. If he did not take Checkers long to get in touch with Pete, and when the negro told him that his wife was looking after Pert, Checkers began to think there was a fighting chance of getting his way.

The next day Pete brought Checkers a letter from Pert, which read:

"Dear Checkers,—Father has struck me, and is keeping me a prisoner. Unless you get me away to-night I will make you marry Arthur Kendal. Mammy Phoebe and her husband will help me. Can we get away and take Remorse with us? He is all I have in the world that belongs to me. Your loving sweetheart,

"Pert.""

Checkers soon laid his plans. He made a close inspection of the room in which Pert was confined, and saw that if she could get out on to the balcony through the window she might get to the ground by jumping and catching a tall poplar tree. It was a dangerous leap, but Pert was an athletic girl, and, moreover, she was perfectly fearless.

Confiding his plans to Pete, he wrote a letter to Pert, telling her he would be waiting for her at midnight. Then he arranged with Pete to leave the stable door open so that he could get Remorse.

"Push" Miller arrived that night, and he accompanied Checkers to the house. First they went to the stable and found Remorse rugged up and all in readiness to be led away. Leaving Miller to look after the horse, Checkers made his way cautiously to the house and gave a low whistle.

In a few moments the girl appeared through the window and crept on to the balcony. The tree which she had to catch in her leap was a good four yards from the side of the house, and Checkers felt sick with apprehension as he saw the terrible risk Pert was taking. But the brave girl never hesitated. Measuring the distance, she leapt out and caught the tree. In a few moments she had swarmed down the trunk and landed safely on the ground.

Checkers had got a motor-car waiting, and fastening Remorse to it, they drove off to the station. But as their movements had been, they had been seen by some touts who were watching the stable of Remorse by instructions from Kendal.

They at once rushed off to tell him, and ordering them to jump into his high-powered car, Kendal drove after the runaways.

Checkers and his party got to the station and got Remorse into a box that had been ordered just as Kendal and his men drove up.

The touts got on to the train while Kendal kept in his car and followed. Creeping along the train some of the touts dropped into the horsebox and attacked Pete and "Push" Miller, while the others flung themselves on Checkers.

There was a sharp fight, but in the end Checkers and Miller got the upper hand.

But the touts were not yet done with. Spurred on by the reward Kendal had offered them, they thought out another plan.

One of them crept along the train and uncoupled the truck containing Remorse and his watchmen.

It was the intention of Kendal's thieves to detach the truck so that it would gradually come to a stoppage on the line and be run into by the Limited express, which was due shortly.

As the car was uncoupled flames burst from it on all sides. The struggle a lamp had been upset and set fire to the forage.

While Checkers and Miller were battling with the flames, the burning car was seen by a signalman who wired to the operator at the next section to switch the car on to a siding which ran to the riverside.

The signalman thought the truck was an empty that had got loose.

On plunged the car, rocking from side to side, while inside the occupants were fighting for their lives against the flames. Checkers, looking out at the side door, saw they were nearing the end of the rails, but it was too late to attempt to stop the car or even to have got at the brake. Over went the car in the river, but as by a miracle none of the occupants nor Remorse were injured, and all swam safely to the shore.

The first thought of Checkers was to find a safe place for Remorse, and he decided he would try to get a stable in Chinatown. It was here that he had dug his loopholes when he had drifted lower and to

(Concluded on page 18.)

"JUDGE NOT"

A New Film, with well-known Artistes, which will add to the reputation of British Productions.
"CHECKERS." (Continued from page 17.)

lower, had now become a regular patron of Sam Wahl's opium den.

She was going there for her nightly allowance of the drug when she recognised Checkers and Pett whom she had seen at the Saratoga Hotel. Thanking her that he might as well stop in to see Kendal, she went and told him.

Kendal was under strict orders. His host had told him that Checkers, Pett and Remorse had been seen down in the river, and he had been congratulating himself that with the death of Remorse the only obstacle to Silver Dollar winning the big race had been removed.

"You must get Sam Wahl to kidnap the girl for me, Alva," he implored, "and I'll come back to you later.

Alva hurried off to Sam Wahl's, and the Chinaman soon found out the hotel at which Pett was staying. That night, when Pett was in bed, two men entered her room and carried her off to Sam Wahl's.

In the meantime, Checkers and "Push" Miller had discovered that Pett had been abducted, and rightly guessing that they must have been taken to Chinatown they made their way back there.

From a girl in a dance-room they learned that Pett was a prisoner in the hands of Sam Wahl, and from her they also found out that there was a secret entrance to the Chinaman's place from the harbour, which the wily Chinaman used for smuggling in his opium.

They watched one of Sam Wahl's men entering the secret passage, and following him, gained entrance to Sam Wahl's private room.

As they entered the room Kendal was threatening Pett with a terrible end if she would not betray the hiding-place of Remorse.

Checkers flung himself on the scoundrel, while Miller took Pett to the boat.

Kendal put up a game fight, for he realised that defeat meant ruin to him; but he was no match for Checkers, who quickly overpowered him and ran to join Pett and Miller.

As soon as they had got into the bay Checkers told Pett that he had sent on Remorse to the Belmont racecourse with Pete.

"The only thing that is worrying me now, dear," he said, "is if we can get there in time."

As he spoke Checkers noticed a hydroplane circling overhead, and at once a plane came into his head. He signalled to the almanac, who brought his machine to rest on the water, and after hearing their story he undertook to carry them to the track.

They reached the stand where Remorse was stabled, to find the coloured jockey checkers had engaged to ride, nursing a cracked head.

"One of Massa Kendal's men bribed de jockey ob Silver Dollar to do ob dirty work," explained Pete.

"We aint touched, Massa Checkers. Dere's no odder jock we can get."

"I'll ride Remorse," spoke Pett. "Go to the stewards, Checkers, and tell them the whole story."

As soon as the stewards had heard the vile plot to prevent Remorse winning they willingly gave their consent; and Pett, in the colors worn by the injured jockey, rode out on the course.

In the grandstand stood Arthur Kendal. He had backed Silver Dollar with every penny he could raise, and if his horse lost he was ruined.

They still talk of that race. From the start it was a match between Silver Dollar and Remorse.

As Kendal watched the two horses he realised that he had made a mistake in ordering his thugs to injure the negro jockey. The hardships Remorse had suffered affected his speed, and it would have been a short shade of odds on Silver Dollar winning had it not been for the fact that Pett was on his back.

The horse understood his rider and responded to her call for a last effort as they came round the bend to the winning-post with a manifested burst of speed that left Silver Dollar standing.

The stakes and bets brought Checkers in a small fortune, and it was as a man of independent means that he went to Judge Barlow to ask him for the hand of his daughter. The judge had bitterly regretted his treatment of Pett, and when he heard how Kendal had caused her to be allured, and how Checkers had rescued her from the opium den, he grasped Checkers by the hand.

"Take her, my boy. You have fully won her," he said. "And may the only 'Remorse,' in your life be the gallant horse that brought you your bride."

Adapted, by permission, from the Fox photo-play.

FOSTER CLARK'S

The Cream of all Custards—with its delightful creaminess—such an improvement on the old style custard. Sold in 10d. packets, ½- and small packets.

SWEETENED CREAM CUSTARD (pure cane sugar used), so helpful where sugar difficulty is acute. Sold in packets 1½d., small packets 3d.

CROSFIELDS' NAPTHA SOAP

ENGLISH

Joseph Crosfield and Sons, Limited, Warrington.
IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

Perfume, its Use and Abuse—How to Apply Scent—Perfuming the Hair—How to Clean your Jewellery—The Picture Girl's Coat.

THERE is something charmingly feminine about the woman who uses perfumes. Yet it is a fact that can be abused only too readily. An excess amount of perfume, for instance, is very disagreeable to the atmosphere and unpleasant to all with whom it comes in contact, but in such a volume is a far cry beyond all that it is inclined to give a headache; whereas the slight use of the same scent will be as refreshing as it is pleasant and subtle.

Good perfume is expensive at first cost, but it is the best to buy in the end, for a little will go quite as far as a large bottle. No girl, no matter how much she must economize, should buy cheap perfume, which imparts a soapy smell to her clothes or person. Always remember to apply your perfume sparingly and carefully. The scent spray is, of course, the best method, but it is not the good fortune of every girl to be the possessor of a spray. By the way, the mention of sprays reminds me of the very best kind if you are thinking of anything. Choose the variety that has the straight stem in the centre, with a flat push upon the top of it. This you press down, and then the bottle will contain economical and effective fashion. This kind of spray will be found to wear much better than the variety with a rubber tubing, the latter being apt to burst or perish only too quickly.

If you have a bottle of scent that has a glass stopper, never pour it back into the bottle on to the garments. Instead, procure one of those small crown like corks that sprinkles the merest ves of perfume, and put this on a piece of white paper. Most chemists will supply you with such a stopper.

Applying the Perfume.

ALWAYS be careful when applying scent to your garments, for instance you stain the material, this happens occasionally even with the best perfumes. You will be wiser to apply it to your undergarments with the slightest touch of your fingers.

The way to apply perfume to the skin is to moisten a small pad of cotton-wool, and pat this on at the back of the ears, above the temples, and under the chin. Afterward, when your fingers will show the perfume on the palms, be careful not to apply it to the garment, the perfume will not be so heavy as if actually put on the garments. Very few girls are as careful to the skin, and those of the are the best variety.

If you do not care for the use of actual scent, but a subtle perfume about your person, you can apply this by means of a few of dried flowers or lavender. Stitch a small sachet in at the top of the corset. The heat of the body will bring out the scent, which will wave up to you, wafting you in a fascinating manner.

Perfuming the Hair.

PVERSIFIED hair is a dainty fad. One may perfume the hair in various ways. A sachet stitched inside the boudoir cap; or one may have a small sachet of flowers or lavender, stitched to the inside of each hat. Both methods will be found successful, and the delicate perfume will impart a delicious scent to the hair.

One of the pitfalls into which the young girl is likely to stumble is to vary her perfume, choosing anything that happens to please her at the moment. The best way to become more fascinating to always choose the one sweet-smelling scent and stick to it, for all her garments will always have the same subtle perfume clinging to them, and by which they will be known as being her. The woman film actress is very fond of mauve, and always uses lavender-water; in fact, she is often spoken of as the "Lavender Lady." Many men say they object to perfume. As a matter of fact, few men really dislike all perfumes. The reason is that they are not aware of the function of perfume. The wise woman will find out the scent her husband prefers before she begins to perfume her apparel.

Looking After your Jewellery.

A LL of us have a few trinkets that we especially cherish, but very few of us take the care of them that we should. They should be periodically cleaned if they are always to look at their best. More particularly does this apply to rings and brooches. The majority of women never consider that the stones lose half their brilliancy and beauty because they are choked up with particles of dirt.

All plate pieces, rings, ornaments, lockets, etc., should be washed in a mixture of soap and water, dried with a towel, and given a final polish with a chamois leather. If diamonds are very dirty, they should be brushed gently with warm water and a little soap, and then polish with a chamois leather.

An excellent preparation for cleaning gold and diamond ornaments is a paste of jeweller's rouge and water. You may also wash the article well with the mixture; or, if it is a plain article, rub the paste over it with the ball of the finger. Then get a little rouge or gold polish, and rub it over the surface. It may be washed in warm water, and then polished with a chamois leather.

The Picture Girl’s Big Coat.

THE climate of our country is so very changeable that it is always well to have garments well in hand for coming seasons. It is not a wise bit too soon to be thinking about your winter’s coat; in fact, the Picture Girl is having hers made now. She has chosen the style illustrated on this page, which is as cozy as it is comfortable. The looseness of the style allows it to be slipped on and off so easily, and gives perfect freedom of movement.

The coat is arranged with the sleeve set in on the back, and the upper collar in place of a face-front, in Magyar fashion; while the panel front and the side-bosque are also ruched, and the sleeves, which will roll up well into the neck, is added. A large button decorates the center of the front. Thick silk trimming would form a delightful ornament to the coat.

The Picture Girl’s Big Coat is made from sizes 22, 24, 26 and 28 inch waist sizes from Picture Show Pattern Study, 1914, Oxford Street, London, W., for J.C.F.O. (Made payable to the Picture Show). A DRESSER.

I will tell you Free how to Reduce your Weight.

I was just a strong young woman, full of life and vigour, and found less easy to eat a large dinner than I do now. I have never been over weight. After two years' hard work, I was at the dangerous point of my life. One day an inspiration came to me, after I had spent time, money, and patience in vain efforts. With a new found energy, I determined to succeed, and succeeded, for 35 lbs. of pondeous weight vanished in five weeks. I did not use drugs, practice tums, water-cures, nor starvatin diet, nor wear any appliance, but reduced myself by a simple, sane method, and although this is some time ago, I have never gained any weight since, and my health is perfect.

You could reduce your weight the same as I have done. I shall tell you now, free, if you will enclose two pennies stamps to pay postage.

As You Were.

By ALICE DELYSIA.

You ask me how you can look as young and as pretty now that you are thirty-five, as you did when you were twenty. Well, there

somehow, it is quite simple, and it will not be expensive. You will not need to go to a great Beauty Specialist, who will charge you many hundred guineas, but just to use a few simple things every day, and perhaps every night.

Your complexion is not good, but that is because the skin is the old dead skin you had all these years. Get rid of it, and give the fresh young skin beneath it a chance to show itself, and make you look "as you were."

Get two ounces of mercurized wax from any chemist, and smear a little carefully over your face and throat every night. Do not trouble to rub it in, as you would have to do with other creams. Simply smear it on the skin and the wax will do the rest.

DON'T USE POWDER.

Then throw away your powder-puff. Powder clogs the pores of the skin, so that it cannot breathe properly, and nothing can live and be healthy if it cannot breathe freely. You know that, don't you? Yet you powder your face and prevent the skin from having a chance to breathe. Never use powder. Instead, get an ounce of emollient and mix it with four ounces of hot water, bottle it and, with a pad of cotton-wool, apply it to your face and neck. It will give the skin a soft velvety bloom which will not rub off. Also it will last all day, or all the evening, even in a warm ballroom.

A TOUCH OF COLOUR.

A little colour in the cheeks is very becoming. Get some collodiann at any chemist's, and use this instead of rouge. It is quite harmless to the skin, and gives a pretty flush to the cheeks, like the tint of a wild rose.

WAVY HAIR.

Your hair, too, wants attention if you wish to look as pretty "as you were." Four ounces of stallax will last you for twenty shampoos, and once a week shampoo your hair with a dose of stallax, dissolved in a pint of hot water. Don't rinse the hair; it is not necessary. Simply dry it in the usual manner. Stallax, used regularly, will make your tresses soft and silky, and give them a natural wave.

Then, to stimulate the growth and increase the vitality of your hair, apply a lotion made by mixing an ounce of borax with four ounces of bay run. Rub this well into the roots every night, and in a few weeks your hair will be thick and luxuriant, and you will look, if you follow all my advice, no young and as pretty "as you were"—shall I say—at twenty.

Laugh and Live.

More of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS' Secrets of Happiness.

O'ER little day-by-day kindliness when added together constitute in time a huge asset on the right side of our ledger of life. For every day with something that helps another get through his day—
even if it isn't any more than a smile and a wave of the hand. And he will remember us for it.

It is said that advice is cheap and for that reason is given freely. But the proper kind of advice is about as rare as the proverbial hen's tooth. In order to give real advice we must understand the problem. So note that he laughs at himself, smiles at least, before we seriously take up his case. And when we have done our utmost in the way of sympathy and advice we must add a fine good humour. A friendly put on the back as he goes out our doorway may mean a bracer to his daily life. "All over," we shout after him—and thus we have been of real help. He needed sympathy and courage. He needed a change of scenery—so we gave him a chance to be himself and we didn't let him go away until we gave him all these. Bully for us!

CONSIDERATION for others is a prime refinement of character. To be able to use your wealth is one thing, to be entitled to use it is another. It is not the money you have the problem is knowing how to use it. The men who have accumulated wealth and then used it to the benefit of others are the greatest men of all time. The man who builds the great church or school is of greater service to mankind than the great wealthy man who employs the building to his own profit.

BIG words and pomposity were never designed for the highest types of men. Our great men have been those who have the wisdom to know when to be modest. The man who always talks of himself and his doings is a very small type of man. The great man talks of others, of the good that he has done, and the good that he has at heart. He is modest, he is self-effacing, he is the man of the people. He is the man who is not afraid to be known, who does not need to be known, who does not need the applause of others. He is the man who is not afraid to be alone, who is content to be alone, who is happy in solitude.

THE world loves the man with an open mind. This is the usual spirit of the progressive citizen. He wants to know—and by reason of his accessibility knowledge is brought to him. No one cares to take the task of informing the ignorant who already knows it all. Such is his inherent—cussedness that we would rather let him wade in the ouch of his half-baked knowledge. He is too short to waste our time in educating him.

"How can I see Mr. So-and-so?" says one man to another.

"Don't try," is the answer. "He's not worth seeing. You can't tell him anything."

And this sort of a chap misses the big opportunities just because he chooses to build up a reputation for being exclusive. He digs himself a hole and crowds into it. The world is not in for him. We can safely imagine him treating the members of his family as though they were slaves. He may succeed in small things, but in the big game of life we may write him down as a failure. If we have a big idea, we take it to a big man—

the man of vision. Anything less is to putter around aimlessly. The bigger he is, the more democratic. He will not look for imperfections in our personal make-up when he shows him the new process we have discovered!
"Children's Dress" fulfils a long-felt want. It is a practical, helpful journal, devoted entirely to the creation of pretty styles for children of all ages and run by experts. Every design is dainty yet economical and easy-to-make. "Children's Dress" is a new friend every mother should have. It is on sale to-morrow! Order a copy without delay.
BROADWEST "CLOSE-UPS"

Although "Snow in the Desert" was a tremendous success, the reception given to the BROADWEST film entitled "Her Son," which has just been released by the Walterdorff Company, has exceeded all expectations. I told you quite a bit about this production when it was being directed by Mr. Walter West. Now you can see it for yourself, and without a doubt you will agree that it is a British film of the very highest standard. Violet Hopson, Stewart Rose, Gregory Scott, and the other Masters are responsible for the leading roles. And, may I say, a ten-year-old boy plays his first big part in this production. "Her Son" is a beautiful story from the pen of H. A. Vachell, and the film is one which will appeal to all.

Both "Trench's Last Case," in which Gregory Scott stars, and "The Great Guy Road," with Stewart Rose in the leading role, are now complete, and the BROADWEST Studios are busy with two more productions. "The Case of Lady Camber," which was personally directed by Mr. Walter West, is another first-class BROADWEST picture, and the Walterdorff Company will release in November. Violet Hopson, Stewart Rose, Gregory Scott, C. H. Hackett, and Mary Hatton, and Polly Emery are the leading players, so you may be assured that the acting leaves nothing to be desired.

On the 23rd of this month, "A Dead Certainity" will be released through the Walterdorff Circuit. Gregory Scott is seen as the hero of this racing film, with Canady and Violet Hopson as the heroine. The racing scenes are excellent, and the audience will love the story without experiencing all the excitement of a real race meeting. B.B.

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MARY PICKFORD proves she is a real artiste. This is how we shall see her in the character of Amanda Afflick in her latest production, "Suds," which is a photo-play version of the well-known play, "'Op-o'-Me-Thumb."
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W HEN communicating with Advertising, please mention The Picture Show.
Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 36.—RALPH BUSHMAN.

Do you know him? The delighted reader of our favourite paper who is photographed above. If you do not, I must tell you he is the elder son of the far-famed handsomc Francis X. Bushman. This is only one of a number of snapshots sent to Fay Filmer this week of stars reading the Picture Show, which will, all in good time, appear in these gossip columns.

From Me to You.

Our cover this week shows what a perfect little artiste Mary Pickford is. She never min is sacrificing beauty for art. This is how we shall see her in the coming film version of "Oo' Me Thamb," which will be entitled "Suds." By the way, as I think I have told you before, don't forget her next release, "Heart o' the Hills," to my mind the finest story she has yet appeared in. The film is booked for showing the middle of next month, and if I wasn't bound to secrecy I could give you a very special bit of news about this photo play, but I mustn't—not for a week or two. Keep your eye on my chat, you shall have it first-hand at the very earliest moment.

Beautiful Patrician Elsie.

Have you noticed how Elsie Ferguson is becoming a first favourite with cinemagoers? Some of my readers praise her beauty, others her perfect naturalness and her grace. Certainly she has all combined on our centre pages this week. By the way, I must tell you how pleased your letters make me each week, when you praise our Art Supplement. The aim of the Picture Show is to please our readers who are patrons of picture shows. Praise or criticism is very welcome, as tho the members of the staff (which includes your friend Fay Filmer) know if their efforts are appreciated or not.

Praise of a Kind.

You know that Arthur Hoyt has been chosen for the role of Croker Harrington in the film version of Piovo's "Iris," in which we are to see Pauline Frederick in the star part.

Mr. Hoyt is not above telling a good story against himself. He tells us he was not familiar with the story of Piovo, nor had he ever met Miss Frederick until he was introduced to her by the director, and just shook with delight when Miss Frederick exclaimed: "Why! If we searched the world over we couldn't find a man more admirably suited to play the part!"

Then, grasping his hand, she added, "Why, really, you were simply born for the part. I'm so glad to know that you are to be with us."

Why He Would Suit.

After leaving the studio, Hoyt swelled with pride as he related the incident to his friends, and thought their smiles were purely admiration, until he started to read the copy of the play.

"You read in all enthusiasm, waiting for the first descriptive entrance of Croker Harrington."

"At last it came," he said. "A servant announces Mr. Croker Harrington, a dapper, but exceedingly ugly little man of about thirty-five, who eats gaily." Was it possible he could have made a mistake? He read the passage over several times, then scratched his head in wonderment. No wonder his friends had smiled! Had Pauline Frederick complimented him, or not?

Still fortunes come in strange ways, and if his face is really to be his fortune—well, anyway, he is speaking more flattering than ever of Miss Frederick, for she is not only one of the most finished actresses in his estimation, but a corking good judge of masculine beauty as well.

Silver and Straw.

"Silver threads amongst the straw," is the way Mme. Doraditza sings the familiar lines, now-a-days, for the nimble-footed Metro star’s latest gown is composed of nothing more substantial than silver threads and straw. As you may have guessed, it is a Hawaiian costume, for Mme. Doraditza, the famous show girl, has been chosen for the star part in "Passion Fruit." I hear that the Metro property man has been scouring the curios shops in Los Angeles looking for South Sea Island relics for use in this picture, and several priceless art pictures have been lent to him.

A Real Part.

STEWART HOLMES is proving himself a real villain these days. He is now appearing in Alice Lake’s new picture, "Body and Soul," and in one of the scenes was called upon to throw the knife. He has, of course, a bandage, and don’t get that close up in your mind."

In another scene he was called upon to "burr" Cad Gerand. In doing this, he tore about two inches of skin from his fellow actor’s neck.

Little Mary Pickford.

I HEAR that Mrs. Pickford, mother of the now famous Mrs. Fairbanks, has legally adopted her small granddaughter, Mary Pickford Rupp, daughter of Little Pickford Rupp, and has changed the child’s name, with the consent of the court, to Mary Charlotte Pickford.

Will this small Mary Pickford follow in the wake of her famous auntie? That remains to be seen. In any case, Mrs. Pickford now has another daughter on whom to shower her affection and care.

Almost a Menagerie.

WILLARD LOUIS, whose 232 pounds and good-natured, laughing face are seen now in so many Goldwyn pictures, says that the pampered star, who has her press agent write reaps about her Pickens or her Persian cat, is nothing to him. In fact, growing bony, he goes on to say that he has more animals and more kinds of animals than any other motion picture actor. He has dogs, pigeons, pheasants, frogs, hens, pigs, hares, cats, rabbits, horses, cows, goats. "Probably, I’ve got a few more specimens—it’s hard to remember them all," he says.

Has He Your Sympathy?

JOHN DAVIDSON, who is now working in "The Great Lover," is going to select a birthday for himself. That may sound like a strange thing to do, but Davidson says that anyone who was born on Christmas day can sympathise with him.

Except from his mother, he has never received a birthday present in his life, and he never had a birthday cake—all the candles being used for the Christmas tree. He says even February 28th is a better day for a birthday, you do get one in every four years then.

The Reason.

BEN TURPIN is an enthusiastic motorist and drives his limousine with all the skill of an expert chauffeur. "They all give me room," says Ben, "because nobody knows where I’m heading for."
A Test of Nerves.

COLONEL SELIG, the famous animal photographer, is quite at home with even the wildest of wild beasts, but some of the film artistes who appear in his productions do not possess such iron nerves.

This was aptly illustrated during the filming of the big jungle picture now showing, "The Lost City." The first episodes of this thrilling serial had to be scrapped, and the whole film taken again, as the actor who was originally engaged to play the part of the hero, disappeared after the completion of the third episode.

Those of you who are following the film, either on the screen or in the "Boys' Cinemas," will know that during these first episodes the hero was flung into a lion pit, chased by lions and leopards, and had to save the heroine from a pool of alligators.

George Cheesboro, the hero, goes through these thrills as a hero should do, but the actor who was originally chosen for the part did not face another twelve episodes, and bolted, wiring Colonel Selig from New York.

In consequence, the whole production had to be recommissioned with George Cheesboro and Juanna Hansen, who were sufficiently strong-minded to endure to the end.

An Invitation to "Picture Show" Readers

ARE you interested in dress? If so, and you are anywhere near the shopping district of Oxford Street, London, try to spare a few minutes to visit the shop where the Picture Show dress patterns are sold. The address is 291a, Oxford Street—a stone's throw from Oxford Circus. Here it is that thousands of dress patterns are dispatched daily to all parts of the world. Readers of the Picture Show are always welcome, and the very latest fashion designs will be shown them from which they can choose a pattern to their size for one dolling.

Fay Filer.

FROM "OVER THERE."
Notes and News from Los Angeles.

HELEN FERGUSON, the charming Metro star, is co-operating with other moving-picture celebrities to stem the inroads of the unsavory habit of "gutting together" that she has devised to sell at a small profit the vegetable produce of their gardens, and Miss Ferguson herself grows enough strawberries, oranges and grape-fruit to supply a modest demand. She has announced that a card sent to the Metro studios will find her, and that she will be pleased to forward the above-mentioned fruit if the cost of postage is enclosed.

A Valuable Collection.

KATHLEEN CLIFFORD has a valuable collection of costumes and articles of toilette.

They comprise a whole set consisting of fifty pieces, which were used by the late Carina of Russia, and which were presented to the star by a South American millionaire, who bought the entire service when the Imperial family fled from the Russian capital. She also possesses a couple of rose-bowls and candlesticks which were once the property of King George, a vase that belonged to Marie Antoinette, and a silver and gold powder-box that used to adorn the dressing-table of the Empress Josephine. Possibly, however, the collection that she prizes most is the replica of a silver slipper worn by Nell Gwynne, which was presented to her in pre-war days by that Kitchener.

Jack's Curious Dislike.

TO ring a change on hobbies, here is one film meter with a decided and curious antipathy. Jack Pickford greatly dislikes fruits and as he has recently, during a scene in a recent play of his, the script demanded that he should consume a banana in full view of the audience. That was bad enough. But he also had to endure a series of rehearsals, which naturally entailed the consumption of three or more bananas, and, to cap it all, when they shot the scene, something kept happening with the lights just at the crucial moment, and the whole business had to start over again. And to add insult to injury, the director brutally insisted that Jack should do it all over again because he thought they were thoroughly enjoying them.

A Near Thing.

AND speaking of lights, Ray Stewart and Robert McKim, the two Jap, made a five-reeler, narrowly escaped serious injury during a fight scene in the Upton Sinclair pictorial, "The Muckrakers." They crashed into a mercury vapour-light plant whilst the current was on. This apparatus consists of many glass tubes partially filled with mercury which becomes incandescent and which would have deluged them with white-hot molten metal had they broken it in their fall. Fortunately they didn't, and both escaped other than some rather bad bruises and contusions.

He Might Have Known.

ALEC FRANCIS, the refined white-athlete turned actor, who appears in so many Goldwyn pictures, says that his line of work seems to consist in playing one clergyman's part after the other. For months he has been cherishing the secret hope that one day he should be cast for villain, man of the world, railroad magnate, anything but a skyskirt, in a high-brow picture. The other day, Reginald Barker came up to him and said: "Fine new part I've got for you. Frances Marion is in it. It's great. You'll just revel in it. Well, in this story, you're to be our clergyman." With a smile, as Mr. Francis says, he might have known all along.

Edith Codd.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

PEARL WHITE, the universal screen favourite, with WALLACE McCUTCHEON, who acts with her in the new Pathé serial, "The Black Secret."

EDITH ROBERTS, with a little Hawaiian child. Edith is cooly attired and well wrapped up in comparison with the little one.

CLAIRE DA BREY stealing a ride on the back of an automobile. Her frightened look goes to prove that "stolen rides are not always the sweetest."

Mr. HERBERT STANDING, the eminent English actor, who plays an important part in the forthcoming American film production entitled "The Blue Moon," is seen in the centre of this group. Director GEORGE L. COX is seen on the left. Mr. Standing is the father of Sir Guy Standing and Wyndham Standing.

HOBART BOSWORTH and CHARMAIN K. LONDON (wife of the late Jack London) discuss Mrs. London's new story, which Mr. Bosworth is producing. Mr. Bosworth collaborated with Mrs. London in the writing of the story, which is called "Bucko McAllistorn."

"Giving the boss a thrill." W. S. SMITH, the manager of Vitagraph, takes part in Wm. Duncan's serial. Here you see him being roped on to the engine of a train. As he was not used to such experiences, the men who bound him promised not to make his bonds too tight.
An Enthralling Story of a Man’s Fight Against Fate and of a Wonderful Love.

"Where the dickens?" he rasped. And then realising the absurdity of talking, dragged them away almost violently.

"I thought you were aboard the boat," he said. "Come on. This is the last one, and Heaven knows whether there is a room for you."

The boat was already in the water. The starboard bulwark dipped tremendously, and the deck sloped to port like a hill. Permau over Galloway could see the boat listing wildly beneath him in such shelter as the lee of the Sweet Alice afforded.

In a second he was shivering. Room for them! Why the miserable little boat was black with human freight. It looked almost impossible to drop a biscuit between them.

The usual thing had happened. The Sweet Alice carried ample boat accommodation, for nearly twice as many passengers and crew as she had on board. Two had been carried away in the collision, leaving the port side useless. It was impossible to launch them owing to the list on the vessel.

Only two boats were available. One had gone off with a dangerously narrow freeboard. The remaining one was even more grossly overloaded.

The deck was not many feet above the boat, and Galloway knew from that the Sweet Alice was nearing her end. A breaking of ropes and ours came up to him, mingled with some sobbing. There were women in that boat.

All his life the world had been a swift glance over-side. He wandered savagely what chance there was for this girl he had taken under his protection.

Jackson, the second mate, was standing close to him. The boat was evidently waiting for his orders. He was clenching tightly to Galloway, and he kept his arm round her. So far as he knew there was nobody left on board, but thought Jackson and Captain Smith, clinging to the bridge.

Jackson was about as near a duplicate of Mason as was possible. The habit of guardianship was even stronger with him than with the first mate, and he groaned vaguely as he recognised Galloway.

A slight glance passed between the two sailors, two faces of almost identical expression.

"Room for Miss Gale?" asked Mason.

"Only one more left," came back from Jackson.

"Get her aboard then, and get away. No time to lose.

"I will not go without Mr. Galloway," said the girl quickly.

"That’s alright, Miss Gale," said John. "Come along. I’m afraid we must all go. We may not be able to get away in time.

But she had caught that glance between the two mates, and there was something in Galloway’s face that shocked her. She clung to him, and, for the first time, began to weep wildly.

"I will not go! I will not! Oh, you are not coming!"

"I am following you. Wo must get you in first," he said desperately. "Come, be a brave girl. Don’t give way now."

But she wound her arms round his body, clinging to him with all the strength she could to his breast. He had to use his strength to unloose her straining fingers, and even then he had not succeeded when somebody hunched violently against them, reeled off at a tangent, and made for the ladder which dangled precariously over the boat.

In sheer excitement or fear the newcomer shouted hoarsely. His body was already half over the side when Mason, who leant at him like a pair of wolves, dragged him back, and flung him in a heap on the deck.

Galloway, in a temper of exasperation as the man picked himself up. It was Dyson Mallet. He was still in his dressing-gown and pyjamas. He, like themselves, had evidently wandered about the ship looking for safety.

A Fight For Life.

GALLOWAY shook the girl off as gently as possible. The interruption had caused her to loosen her hold of him. There was something in his look which convinced Mallet. Galloway knew the man, and had seen that look before. He was a coward at heart, and the animal in him had broken loose.

He was a strong man, and he was fighting now for his miserable life with the frenzy of despair.

In the face of the steely courage he had seen all around him, such an exhibition of human weakness was something to Galloway.

"Stop that, Dyson!" he shouted. "There’s women here, and she’s first. You can take your turn afterwards.

Mallet threw an inarticulate curse at him as he turned on himself. Then he went like a bull at Jackson, and flung him away like a straw. He was a yard from the swinging ladder when Mason thundered at him.

"Stop you dog, or I’ll stop you for good!"

And with it the mate stood with a levelled revolver in his hand.

Another second and Mallet, who took no notice of the summons, would have dropped over the side with a bullet in him.

But Galloway struck the weapon up and it exploded into his face. With the same spring he was on to Mallet, grappling with him.

Two years’ labour at the Calamity Jane, combined with a living, had given him a touch of steel. Strong as he was, Mallet was no match for his partner. Galloway dragged him away from the railing, and flung him with all his force on the deck. But this time on top of the man, prepared himself to hold him down until the girl had been lowered into the boat.

But Mallet’s head had struck something in his fall, and he lay insensible and harmless enough.

"He’ll do," said Mason quietly. "I’m glad you did that, Galloway. I’d rather not have thought on my soul just now. Come along, Miss Gale."

The hard little drama had taken place in considerable less time than it took to tell, but it had solved her wild grief. Perhaps she recognised now that these men would never stir from the deck until she was in the boat, and that further resistance on her part only endangered them all. Moreover, Mason and Jackson had strategized themselves between her and Galloway.

"Yes, I will go," she said quietly.

Then she turned with a little sob and stretched her arms out to Galloway.

"Oh! I—I will be good if you will say goodbye in case—"

She was only a child for all her bravery. Galloway doubted whether she was more than twelve. For a second he took her in his arms, and seemed the kindest thing to do in the circumstances. And finding her face turned up to his, she was not unlike his apprentice, and he kissed her on the lips.

Then Mason and Jackson took charge of her and lowered her into the boat.

To Galloway it seemed that half an hour had passed since he reached the boat station, but it (Continued on page 8.)
OLIVE THOMAS

The Charming Film Star With Sparkling Blue Eyes—The Wife of Jack Pickford.

FATE, and Fate alone, was the cause of Olive Thomas embarking upon film work. One summer's day she started from Pittsburg to visit some relatives in Brooklyn, New York. She had no stage ambitions, and when she stepped aboard the train her thoughts were merely of a holiday on Coney Island. You see, she was a little sales girl, who worked many hours a day in a large store, and was only too glad and happy to be away from work for a little while, at least. But she was destined never to return to the store. While on her holiday she decided to make a visit one evening with her companions to the "Frolics." Upon this particular night it happened that Mr. Ziegfeld was giving an open dancing contest. Being a good dancer, Olive decided to enter the contest; and although she did not dream of it at the time, that was to be the commencement of her career, for she was engaged there and then to become a member of the "Frolics." This was in 1914. For the next three years Olive appeared in every edition of the "Frolics."

Her Entrance to Filmland.

It was while she was "Queen of the Frolics" that she was seen by a big picture magnate, and he recognized in her a perfect type for pictures. And soon after that time Olive was lost to New York, for she became a motion picture star.

Olive says that she was very discouraged when she first went into pictures. "I was sure I was a failure," she said, "but I know now that almost everybody feels that way about their first appearance on the screen. The finished picture is not half so pretty and wonderful as you expect it to be."

Of course, you all know that Olive is the wife of Mary Pickford's brother Jack, and she admits that she is devoted to her husband.

Olive was born on October 20th, 1888, and has a fair complexion. Her hair is brown, and her big blue eyes are the envy of all who meet her. "Upstairs and Down," and "Out Yonder," are two of the latest productions in which she stars.
The Price of his Honour.

(Continued from page 6.)

is doubtful whether it was more than three minutes. He had lived a vast deal in that time. He heard Mason saying sharply to Jackson.

"You didn't take another one. You've got half a dozen too many now, and more.

"Ah," said Jackson sulkily, "you go then."

"Don't be a fool, Jackson, and obey your orders. Look sharp with that. It's full of passengers and firemen. There's not a man there who can handle it, and you can see what sort of a place it is going to be. Can you manage it?"

"Not in this world," replied Galloway.

"Very well. Only one of us can go. There's a heap too many in there already. If they don't see any body who can manage the thing, the lot will drown all the same.

"I don't care about it," replied Jackson morosely.

"Go, and be hanged to you! I'm your superior officer, and I order you."

"Do you mind?" said Jackson looking at Galloway.

"Not at all.

Then they both laughed sheepishly.

"Good heavens!" muttered the mate, as he climbed over the side, "we talk as if it's a seat in a theatre.

"Well, you're a white man, Galloway, and I guess I'd feel more at peace with myself if we could change places. So long."

"Thank you," said the other, and swallowed them from sight before they had covered half-a-dozen yards. Galloway and Mason looked at each other and the mate's face wrinkled a little.

"Funny the way you and Jackson talked. Like nothing—by your leave. We're creatures of habit, aren't we? I find it difficult to think we're in the middle of the Irish Sea with the Swallow's light sinking under me. This fog makes it different from anything I'd ever thought out.

"Something similar was passing through Gal-

loway. At least for the thrust of the waves and the very slight movement of the ship, he could easily have imagined himself standing in the middle of Trafalgar Square in the thick of a London fog.

"What about him?" he asked, nodding to Mallet, who was beginning to stir.

"He's best left where he is, I should think," returned Mason. "He'll be luckier than we are if he doesn't wake up."

"Do you think I could get below to my cabin?"

"I shouldn't wonder. There'll be some water there by now. Going to shut yourself up?"

"No," said Galloway, rushing. "I'll meet with you top-side up here with you. But thought I might get a lifebelt to put on him.

"He's not worth the trouble. But do it if it'll ease your mind. It won't make any difference. Are you a swimmer?"

"Yes. Long distance man, once.

"Him Gott the pull of you there. Can't swim a yard."

"I'll try to find you a belt if you like," said Galloway.

"No thanks. I don't want to spin it out. Take the lantern."

"Thanks. I will," returned Galloway. "I left my coat below, and there's a five-pound note in it that I shall want badly if I happen to get out of this."

"Huh! That's good."

John had lost his own lantern. He took the mate's and got his way astern.

He found a foot of water in his cabin, and dropped the lantern in it as he struggled with the forecastle. But he knew exactly where the belt was, and he secured them both.

"Till she stopped for his coat in the darkness and found it. He felt his great wet-looking as he slipped it on, and grinned as Mason had done.

"He found the deck again without the lantern. This time he struck the boat station at the first try. Mallet was sitting up dazed and bewildered.

He struggled both the cork belts round his body, and the man cursed him for his trouble.

As Galloway turned away, Mallet staggered to his feet, threw his arms above his head, and flung himself into the sea.

As Galloway moved up to the bridge ladder the wreck heaved under him, he felt himself flying through the air.

The next instant he was struggling in the water—alone, with nothing but the fog around him.

The Sole Survivor.

Do you think you could drink some of this, Mr. Mallet?"

That was the first thing Galloway heard; the first thing he remembered after that grim fight with the sea and the fog. Just the question uttered in a low hushed tone, and a young, rather pretty face, decked with a white cap, hanging over him.

It seemed but a moment ago that he was rolling in the waves with a great music drumming in his ears, and wondering vaguely why he had left off swimming. Certainly he must keep on swimming, there was no sense in giving up so soon.

He flung his arms out weakly, and felt them caught by cool, soft hands and pressed down again.

Then he drew one of his own hands across his eyes, and found that he could see clearly. There was no fog.

He was in a room lying in a bed. He felt the soft, fresh sheets under his fingers, and knew that his head was lying on down pillows. He tried to raise it but could not, so he rolled it on one side and looked again at the vision who had spoken to him.

She held a basin and spoon and looked won-

drously fresh and sweet in her white cap, starched collar and cuffs. If she were a vision, he decided that she was a perfectly agreeable one.

"Now, Mr. Mallet, just a few spoonfuls," said the vision. "Will you try, just to please me."

He studied her curiously. There was a sort of eagerness about her almost tremendous question; although she looked very capable and businesslike.

"You're a nurse, aren't you?" he asked faintly.

"Yes."

"I thought you were. Can you tell me what's the matter with my voice, I can hardly bear it myself?"

"Well, it is rather a small voice for a man, isn't it?" she replied, smiling.

"You're one of those nurses that make a man rather glad to be ill.

She coloured a little. It was not because of the suggested flattery, but she and the doctor had been making a desperate fight for this man's life, and these were the first rational words he had spoken.

"I have been ill, haven't I?"

"Yes, but you are getting better."

"Oh, yes, I'm fit enough now; but I feel as if I've been a bit seedy. What's the basis in?"

"Beef-tea. Try and take a few spoonfuls, Mr. Mallet."

"I'll think the lot easily if it will give you any pleasure."

She smiled a little ironically, and fed him with a spoon. He took two spoonfuls, and was sur-

prised to find that he was able to get them down. He turned away from the third.

"No more just yet, Mr. Mallet. I'm sorry, but I suppose I'm not hungry. You see, it is only a few hours ago that I had a good dinner.

"Yes, I know."

"Just a minute. I'll give you something for your woe.

"You mean, I've been ill for some days?" he asked presently.

"A good many days. But don't worry about that. Try another spoonful."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll swallow another spoonful of the stuff if you'll tell me why you keep on calling me Mr. Mallet."

She gave a little mischievous laugh.

"Three spoonfuls—then, it's an agreement. I promise to tell you."

"Right. Come along. And, I say, it's aw-

fully good of you."

Slowly and laboriously he consumed three spoonfuls, telling himself the while that never again would he be able to live.

"Now, nurse, the bargain. Why do you call me Mr. Mallet?"

Her laugh rippled again.

"Well, you were good with the beef-tea, so I'll tell you the secret. It's because Mr. Mallet has been your name.

"That's a good joke, nurse. But, as it happens, you're wrong. My name is not Mallet."

Again the look of trouble deepened in the girl's eyes.

"Never mind," she said quickly. "Don't worry about it."

"I'm not worrying about it, but my name's not Mallet. It's Galloway. Where am I?"

"You're a bed under my charge and the doctor's. And the doctor will have something very stern to say to me when he learns that you have been talking so much."

"All right, nurse, I won't give you away. But is this a hospital?"

"No, you are in your own home."

"My home!" he laughed weakly. "The only thing I have any right to call home measures fourteen feet—that's the length of legs. I fell the trees and built it myself. It's in North Rhodesia. We christened it the Calamity Jane,"

"Then you were a wanderer, and her lips quivered slightly. He had received a blow on the head in the water, and it had been the doctor's great fear that his mind would be affected.

"Whose house is this?" he demanded.

"Our own, Mr. Dyson Mallet's house in Essex."

"Dyson Mallet. How did I get here?"

"Mr. Raitou brought you."

"Mr. Raitou! Don't know him from the Mikado of Japan. Who is the gentleman? Your neighbour. Your late father's friend and your own."

"Don't remember anything of him."

"You know him, Mr. Raitou, Athalie?"

"Atheile—Athalie Raitou."

He tried to raise his head, and looked at her strangely.

"Here is the only name you have mentioned during weeks of delirium," said the nurse gently.

He drew his hand across his eyes wearily.

"I remember," he said slowly. "There was a wreck, wasn't there? The Sweet Alice. She was cut down. Yes, I remember now. I was pitched into the sea. They picked me up?"

"Yes."

"But what about the others?"

The girl dropped her face and half turned away from him.

"Yes, Mr. Mallet, were the sole survivor of that dreadful wreck.

"Don't miss next week's instalment of this fascinating story."
The Spanish Type.

Of all the love scenes I have played, none remain with more vividness in my mind, alike for their reality and intensity of passion, than those in which Catherine Calvert and Mary Garden respectively were the chief figures.

Catherine Calvert, although American by birth, is essentially Spanish in appearance and temperament; beautiful, with a dark, glowing beauty; warm-hearted, with the passion of the South. Were I assigned the delightful yet delicate task of selecting, from all the scenes, with which I have had contact, the one most likely to give me some amusing story to tell, I would certainly award the palm to the last scene in which I played with Catherine Calvert. It was not a setting; it is life. Oh, so it seems! Nothing in this world is more natural, for not only does she abandon herself to the romance of the story; she just melts into the arms of her screen lover!

"And You're Paid For That!"*1

O ver the scene in "The Career of Katherine Bush" I have some amusing recollections. You will remember the scene in which, as the Hon. Gerald Strobridge, I made passionate love to my aunt's secretary, Katherine Bush; how she repulses me, and how finally, my better nature conquers, and I promise to be her good friend.

We rehearsed this scene several times and were, we thought, getting along very nicely, when the director's voice rang out: "No, no, Miss Calvert! You should regulate him more! Remember, your love-making is unwelcome to you. Why, you're acting as if you liked it!"

Whereupon Miss Calvert burst out laughing.

"I'm afraid you're right, and reduced us all to fits of laughter too.

Barrenly, I think our love-making must have looked remarkably grave, for a studio assistant, who was passing by the set at the time, exclaimed: "Good Heavens! and you're paid for doing that? Why, I'd gladly do it for nothing!"

And strange to say, my eyeglass remained secured in its position all the time!

"I Like It!"

Something of this kind occurred when I played with the great operatic star, Mary Garden, in a scene from "The Corsar" at the Hollywood Bowl.

Marryingly, I think our love-making must have looked remarkably grave, for a studio assistant, who was passing by the set at the time, exclaimed: "Good Heavens! and you're paid for doing that? Why, I'd gladly do it for nothing!"

And strange to say, my eyeglass remained secured in its position all the time!

"I Like It!"

The scene from "The Corsar" with which Miss Calvert and Mary Garden respectively were the chief figures.

A Hold-Up.

Everything went well till we reached Atlanta, Georgia, where we got in at 12 o'clock on Saturday, only to learn that we should probably be stranded there for three days, owing to the floods having washed away the bridges and lines. On the other hand, we were advised to keep in the train, as help might come sooner than expected. Miss Thomas and myself, however, went to two other members of the cast, resolved to "take a chance," and go into the town for a little recreation—a damnable idea.

Unfortunately, the amusement halls were just closing, so instead we made merry at a funny little "squares" station, where we had hot drinks and Frankfurters, or "hot dogs," as they are called, and where also we were able to put on impromptu masks, which appealed, somehow, to our Bohemian spirits.

Upon our return to the station we found the train still in, so we promptly boarded it, and after sitting up till two o'clock in the morning, laughing and talking, we arrived at our destination Wednesday morning, but as a matter of fact we did not put in an appearance till late on Friday evening, as you shall hear.

Locked Out.

Now on American trains all the cars are electrically connected, and it was just this feature which was the result that in my efforts to locate the porters in the darkness for the lights were cut off—I opened the doors of my car and struggled on to the little platform without, only to realise that not only were the doors of the next carriage securely fastened, but that my own quarters was also closed to me; the doors having promptly slid together behind me!

No other course was open to me but to descend from the train (which in the States is usually above the level of the station), and make my way along the unkempt platform—deserted, save for a mate of pigs—in the hope of finding the porters' car and gaining admittance. By this time I was feeling decidedly chilly, and as I fumbled along in the darkness, tapping at the carriage windows—bewildered by the acclimatised face of every other passenger, who promptly pulled the curtains closer, I soon found myself at the end of a line and lower till I wished the whole American expedition to Jericho.

I am an expert at making my way to the smoking carriage, and there I found the porters (with whom I discoursed always, for the reason that I was jolted with me, and the conviction I formed, which I retained to this day—that there were certain ladies in the United States who must always entertain a very poor opinion of the charmers of leading men).

One Meal Day.

When we proceeded on our way again we were taken round a half-circle to New Orleans, via Birmingham, Alabama, instead of the more usual route through Montgomery. For three nights we were without illumination, but on the second, our car, the darkroom, singing and whistling, and telling stories, with only the fiery tips of our cigarettes for lamps, little refreshments passed us, and on the third, a most delightful meal of bacon and eggs, for provisions had run very low, and there was but one dining car for the three passenger trains and the baggage. We
FLICKERS FROM FILMLAND.
NEWS, NOTES, AND OPINIONS BY FRED K. ADAMS.

The Invasion Continues.
Mrs. & Mrs. Emerson, America's best-known cinema authors, who recently arrived in this country, are on a search for plays and for famous "locations" suitable for reproduction in their own studios. Mrs. Emerson, under the name of Anita Loos, has achieved distinction as a scenario writer, having written scores of photo-plays for the Talmadge sisters, and other stars. David Kirkland, a well-known American producer, was also with the party, and he has brought with him a special cinema camera, in order to secure animated views of famous scenes in England and France. These scenes will be later reproduced in the American studios, a process which has proved less expensive than bringing the casts across the Atlantic in order to photograph the play. The fever on the part of American producers to introduce British atmosphere into all their films is spreading at an increasing rate. Every boat brings a fresh contingent of American movie men.

Films and Novels.
C RITICISM still continues to come from certain quarters in regard to the policy of various companies which produce all their screen plays from novels. But in spite of the objection to this, the film novel continues to be very popular both with the picture-goer and the exhibitor, and these are the people who count most with producers. I learn that the Stoll Film Co. have achieved results with their films of novels which have exceeded their greatest expectations. This who think otherwise is Lloyd Ingraham, a prominent director. He considers that novels and plays are not worth the money if the bookstall or stage reputation in their chief factor as an asset. In effect, he says that "It is not the reputation before reaching the screen that counts, it is the quality of the work that is done upon them in the studio."

Audiences," he says, "have come to know that the celebrities of the story or stage play, or even the name of an actor, is not a guarantee of the worth of a screen production. Some of our most intelligent producers realize these things, and have refused to engage in the scramble for high-priced story material. They have kept their wits about them, and judged all stories on their merits regardless of what names are behind them. It is vastly more important to have a skillful interpretation on the screen than reputation before the manuscript gets into the studio."

Scope For Women.
The screen offers a growing field for women, according to Ida May Park, foremost of the few of her sex who have become famous as motion picture producers. Miss Park not only directs, but prepares her own stories for production work. "No other vocation has equalled the cinema drama for the large proportion of women and girls to whom it is opening up careers," she says, "but it needs still more of the feminine point of view."

Miss Park's opinion is that so long as women and girls predominate in the audiences of picture theatres—and that promises to be always, because they are by nature more imaginative and romantic—success will be best assured to those producing who find the key to their favour and give them what they desire in the way of screen entertainment.

The Way To Success.
The best way to find the necessary "key" is to understand the feminine point of view, and to make representations of their emotions ring true to them. It is obvious that the best-fitted for that work are women themselves, so there should be always a strong demand for feminine talent in narration and production in the motion picture field. This, of course, refers only to the demand for genuine ability in these two lines. It is not meant to encourage more girls who think an endowment of mere prettiness qualifies them to seek a career in the studio. There are, unfortunately, too many of this class already, and the only accommodation that will prove successful will be brains, beauty, and talent.

This Week's Best Films.
The following is a list of the best photo-plays which are being reviewed for exhibition at the cinemas during this week, and the names of the star artists:

Wanted... "The Greatest Question"... Lillian Gish.
Globe... "Think It Over"... Catherine Calvert, Richard Tucker.
Butler's... "Nobody's Child"... Godfrey Tearle, Jose Collins.
Western Import... "Mr. Goode, The Navajo"... Wolf Hopfer, Janie.
Photograph... "The Hornet's Nest"... Earle Williams.
Ideal... "Lady Windermere's Fan"... Milton Rosmer.
United Kingdom... "The Phantom Shot"... Henry G Gry, Gunn.
Gaumont... "Danger: Go Slow!"... Mae Murray.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Turpin take it easy in their drawing-room.
PRISCILLA DEAN

Priscilla Dean has just finished work on "The Beautiful Beggar," a photoplay that has taken five months in the making. When asked how she was going to celebrate, she replied: "By staying in a Turkish bath for a whole day." This will be to get rid of the stain on her skin, which was necessary for her make-up for the desert girl.

Above: We see her making up the face of her handsome husband, Wheeler Oakman.

Below: Off for an aerial thrill.

As we shall see her in her forthcoming film, "The Beautiful Beggar."
There has been a lot of talk lately that fair people look best on the screen. For those still in doubt, perhaps these pictures will help them to make up their minds. But perhaps we misunderstood what was meant by dark or fair. It may not have been skins that were referred to.

Vivian Martin gets admiration from her black nurse—in "Louisiana." (Silents.)

Marguerite Clark is the adored of Uncle Tom—in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (Silents.)

Wanda Hawley confronted with the lost ring in "Secret Service." (Paramount)

Bebe Daniels has her fortune told by her adoring maid. (Paramount)

Mary Miles Minter gets her mammy's blessing—in "The Intrusion of Mabel." (American Film Co.)
INTERVIEW WITH BRYANT WASHBURN.
OUR PICTURE POSSIBILITIES ARE INFINITE.

Girls, he is all you thought him! Handsome, debonair, boyish. And the dimple in his chin is quite real!

When, with the interviewer's privilege of dealing in person with him, I made some joking reference to it, Bryant Washburn said with a smile:

"Yes, it's genuine enough, though folks sometimes doubt it. Why, in some of the pictures about the States where I have made personal appearances, girls have come up to me and put their fingers on the dimple in my chin, just to see whether it was make-up or not, and when they found it wasn't, exclaimed, 'Why, it's real, after all! What did they expect? And what is there to a bit of a chif in one's chin, anyway! I see nothing to it.'"

And Bryant laughed heartily, as if he thought it all a very good joke, though a trifle silly, perhaps.

A very charming and refreshing young man. And why? Why, he's as sane about his good looks, and his successes, and all the adulation poured upon him by his countless feminine fans, as you and I are about Monday morning, and personally I know nothing saner than that.

His Son.

Let me tell you how we made friends.

It wasn't by any flippant remark about the famous dimple. It wasn't through any appreciative reference to his pictures. It was through Sonny. From the moment of introduction, when I said I was very, very glad to meet Sonny's father, we were friends, with the regard of friends for anything approaching tiresome formalities. For Sonny is but five years old, and the apple of his father's eye. I am sorry if it is any disillusionment, girls, but such is the case. And not only is Bryant the proud possessor of a delightful wife and two fine youngsters—\( * \)—for Sonny has a little nine-months-old brother—but he positively revels in his marital state. In fact, I suspect that his family is his hobby. I had not been with him five minutes before I felt I knew the Washburns as a family.

The children, however, have not accompanied their father and mother on this trip. As Bryant pointed out, though he missed them awfully, and every now and again some little thing would remind Mrs. Washburn of them, and make her a bit tearful, London was no place for little mites used to the glorious air and country around Hollywood, at the foot of whose mountains the Washburn home is situated. And then, again, he said, they had come for a vacation—which implied that Master Sonny was a somewhat strenuous young person—though indeed, he added, it seemed as if they were not going to have a regular holiday after all, for—

Making Pictures in London.

"I've found a perfectly splendid story," he said, "called 'The Road to London,' which I am going to make during my stay over here. It is a sort of melo-dramatic comedy, with plenty of action about it, and I just couldn't resist it. There will be a lot of exteriors, and many scenes in and around London, and I shall be the only American in the cast. The rest will be British."

(And, girls, Bryant said that shortly he was going to start looking for a leading lady here. Probably he will have started by the time these words are in print. Oh, I wonder who the lucky one will be?)

"There seems no limit to the possibilities over here," he continued. "In America we have been taking our locations, but here, with France and Italy so close at hand, you can get practically anything you want in the way of scenery. "Why, come to that, all the world's a stage,' nowadays, and in greater truth than when Bill Shakespeare said it was, and all you have to do is to take that portion of it you need. And what more interesting than new things, new places? Why, my American fans will be tickled to death to see the different spots over here as I have seen them, and doubtless interested in my picture because its location will be the genuine goods."

His Eager Outlook.

I'm sure of our conversation, I gathered, that there is nothing that Bryant Washburn so hates, and is so anxious to avoid, as "putting in a rut," though it is inconceivable that he could ever be in the proximity of one. He is much too alert; much too interested in the business of living—and of picture-making!—for that. Which makes his hopeful, but eager outlook upon the film situation over here all the more refreshing.

"You all say you are anxious to come out to Los Angeles to make pictures," he remarked, "or to visit it in some connection with the film industry, or other, but I can tell you that there are many members of the moving picture colony out there who are just dying to come over here."

"And how long do you think you may be staying with us?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "I'll be staying quite a little while this trip, because I'm hoping, in addition to working in England, to go to the south of France for a time, but Mrs. Washburn says we must get back to the States in time to spend Christmas with the kiddies, and so I—"

PART II

BRYANT WASHBURN.

suppose "—here Bryant gave an extra broad grin—'I'll have to do what she says!'"

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

LESSONS WE LEARN FROM THE FILMS.

The man that is not contented over his business doesn't deserve to have any.

When a woman cheapens herself she soon learns that men do not care for bargains.

Women give to men the very gold of their lives, and they usually get it back in very small change.
A CHARMING COMPLETE STORY

GENEVIEVE HALE was one of the thousands of girls who had fretted and one-eyed through life without a single thought of the grim realities that faced her poorer sisters. She was pretty, and was allowed as much money as her as on the day she married, he always avoided the subject unless it was the boy's good fortune that he should put his foot down. Mother Hubbard's only fault was too—the lack of the hands of others, as well as of those of her youngest son.

When Gen came down to the farmyard dressed to work the other girls regarded her violently for a moment, and then they started to go. She was in an elaborate jumper of flowered silk with dancing women on it, and just as much suited for the stage than a farm.

"Have you brought your photographer with you?" sneered Beth. "I was almost on the point of tears.

"Very likely," said Bertha. "But you forget we are here to work, not to teach society girls how to pose for a picture. This is practical papers."

"I wonder you dare tell Mr. Hubbard that you could milk."

"I'm not telling you now."

"Didn't like it, eh?" remarked Bobbie. "Well, I don't blame you. I couldn't see that any kid could do it."

"It wasn't that," said Gen, "I hod it all right, but they had to wash it after every day.

"Well it's their fault," said Bobbie, trying to cheer her. "Bobbie takes time to learn. They ought to have given you an easier job."

"Such as picking rose," remarked Gen bitterly, remembering the other farm girl.

"I don't think there are any roses to pick just now," said Bobbie thoughtfully. "But you would be able to do that," he added loyally.

"I wouldn't know, really. It was what one of the girls and she thought I had to do when she saw my costume. You know she was in the kitchen looking for something."

"It was that eat, Bertha Bicknell, said Bobbie with some satisfaction. "The only thing in the house is Jealousy because you're pretty and she's plain."

"Not a bit of it," retorted Gen, who seemed to have found her voice.

"But you don't say anything," said Bobbie, "you're dressed up like a farm girl.

"You don't know how it is."

"It was me that said it to you, you know," said Bobbie, "and you might be telling her what you were talking."

"Yes, it is."

"But I don't mean it, really. It was what one of the girls and she thought I had to do when she saw my costume. You know she was looking for something."

"Better off than me," retorted Gen, "and you might be telling her what you were talking."

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"Better off than me," retorted Gen, "and you might be telling her what you were talking."

"I didn't reply Bobbie.

"I think you're just showing that this is your way of being pretty, you know."

"Do you really think so, Bobbie? But they don't want beauty unless it's at a price, you know."
ALMA RUBENS.
The talented Film Star whose personality breathes of the old world.

ALMA RUBENS is a distinctive type of girl. That is the thing that strikes you immediately you catch a glimpse of her. In fact, of such a distinctive type is she that one is forced to look back at her, even if one is being rude in so doing.

Alma Rubens is Western born and bred, which is a good and sufficient reason for her lissom grace, for her carriage, that speaks of freedom and joy in motion, and for her sincere personality. She is a young woman imbued with the pluck and perseverance of a real Western girl, whose indomitable will binds her to be successful in all she undertakes. And withal, her beauty is wonderful. It may be, of course, that the great painter, Rubens, from whom she is descended, gave to her the repose, the Oriental warmth, richness and vivacities which he gave to his wonderful masterpieces on canvas. At any rate, there is a subtle charm about her that suggests the old world.

The Second Best.

MISS RUBENS was born in San Francisco, and received her education there at the Convent of the Sacred Heart. When a very young girl she announced her intention of becoming an actress of the speaking stage. But in her Western environment, opportunities were lacking. With sure wisdom she realised the artistic possibilities of pictures, and decided that if she could not do the thing she wanted most, she would do the next best thing. This decision landed her at the Triangle studios, where she began her career as a screen actress while merely a child in years.

She played leading parts from the very first, and, indeed, played them with sure skill and artistry. Her roles were many and varied, but with the wise instinct of one who is building a future, she kept away as much as possible from "type," volunteering often for an extra part that might add to her versatility.

Alma Rubens is, however, of the true Spanish type in appearance, and for this reason she was chosen to act opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Half-Breed." Following this picture, Miss Rubens again played with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Americano." Next she had the distinction of being leading woman with Cyril Mande in "Poor Gynt."

After Douglas Fairbanks and Cyril Mande, Miss Rubens appeared with William S. Hart in "Truthful Tulliver" and "The Cold Deck." So well did she do in these pictures that she left Mr. Hart to become a star herself, "Restless Souls," "The Ghost Flower," and "I Love You" were three of her most successful pictures.

Miss Rubens has two ambitions in life. One is some day to be able to get up at eight o'clock in the morning of her own accord; the other to become a good actress of the speaking stage. She desires not to become a great star, but a genuine artist, one who has the power to merge herself into the character portrayed to the utter exclusion of self.
"LITTLE COMRADE." (Continued from page 16.)

"Oh, bother the old war!" broke in Bobbie.

"Let's go for a walk in the woods," suggested on two big pumpkins in one of Bobbie's favourite looking places, the two told each other their troubles, and made it the conclusion that they were a pair of much misunderstood people.

Then, finding this pastime a little gloomy, Bobbie suggested he should play something on his mouth organ.

"That'll be fine," said Gen enthusiastically.

"What shall you play?"

Bobbie thought a moment and then, with unconscious sarcasm, said:

"I'll play 'Oh, You Beautiful Doll'!"

When they started to go to the house at the tea bell rang, they had both come to the conclusion that they liked each other very much.

When Work Goes Wrong.

GEN found the bunk house bed very hard that night. She had been in her luxurious home and, try as she would, she could not sleep. After trying about for over an hour, a moonbeam streaming in through the curtained window gave her an idea. She would get up and sit at the window till she felt tired enough to sleep. That same moon had brought Bobbie round the bunk house in a romantic mood, and when Gen got to the window she found the boy gazing up in the most languishing, Romeo-like attitude.

As she saw her he came swiftly over the grass. The bunk-house was on the ground floor, and Bobbie adopted a lover-like attitude as he gazed fondly at Gen.

"I couldn't go to sleep through thinking of you," said Bobbie, "so I thought I'd stroll round a little.

This was not strictly true. More than generous helping of his favourite pie had caused the boy to decide that he would feel better after a stroll, but he had a suspicion of his conscience by thinking that he certainly had thought of Gen while he was walking around. And the moon had made him feel romantic.

"It was just the same with me," said Gen. "I was thinking of you and I simply could not sleep.

Gen made no mention of the hard bed.

"But, of course, I didn't suppose you would be watching the window or I should not have opened it," she added, with sudden reserve.

"Well, it's lovely, anyway, Gen. Do you know I think it?"

Whatever Bobbie was thinking about will never be known, for at that precise moment a pillow hit him straight in the mouth.

Turning, Gen saw Bertha Bicknell and the other girls advancing to the attack with other pillows, and so jumped for his bunk as Bobbie bolted in a very unromantic fashion from the window.

Gen's innocent escape was made the most of by Bertha Bicknell, who after giving the girl a severe talking over went straight to her berth muttering dire threats about telling Mother Hubbard in the morning.

To Gen's great relief Bertha's threat was not carried out, the other girls voting against it because it would be a smoky thing to do.

Gen's first job the next day was whitewashing a fence, but she was making a very poor show at it when Bobbie came along. In the excitement of her greeting Gen turned and splashed Bobbie all over with the whitewash. Having wiped him down as well as she could, she set vigorously to work while Bobbie stood by. Suddenly putting a great heapful across a knot hole, he heard a scream. Peering over the fence, she saw Bertha Bicknell running away with her face all covered with whitewash.

"That's the best job I've done on the farm yet," cried the golly. "Serve her right for peeping on the nasty thing."

"Best look out, Gen. She'll have you for that," cautioned Bobbie, as he made off at the sight of his father coming round the corner.

Mr. Hubbard took one look at Gen's work, and decided to find her another job.

"You can't milk and you can't whitewash," he said, as he scratched his head. "I wonder if you could collect eggs?"

But Gen proved even a greater failure at egg collecting than she had been at the previous tasks. She made for the hen's that were sitting, and after a fierce fight, with the hens mamzied to get hold of a few eggs. When Mr. Hubbard saw the pencilled date on birds that Gen had collected eggs meant for hatching, he gave a despairing sigh. Gen thought he was cruel; she had not collected enough.

"I could have got a lot room," she explained, "but the ones wouldn't put off the eggs."

"Thank goodness the hens had more sense than you," said the farmer as he went indoors to tell his wife the latest exploit of the new recruit.

And so the days passed with Gen being tried at one job after another, until the day came when Bobbie was strong enough to join up. The young lovers had a pathetic parting in the pumpkin patch, promising to be true to each other ever, and to write as often as they could.

After Bobbie's departure the farm became almost unbearable to Gen. Try as she would, she could not do anything right, and the sneering remarks of Bertha Bicknell made it all the worse.

Mother Hubbard, seeing the hard struggle the girl was making, gave her a bedroom in the house on the (Concluded on page 20.)

"THE FLAME." Another Famous Novel

OLIVE WADSLLEY'S great story, "The Flame," is a book that all its many admirers will welcome as a film. The wonderful love story of Toni and Lord Robert, and all the earlier anxieties and trouble through which Toni passes make a most attractive subject.

Martin Thornton has a very good cast beginning with Evelyn Boucher and Reginald Fox right on to the great Ernest Maupain, that marked in character acting for the screen.

Nothing could be more finely calculated than his pose against the door in the picture we give, and others are plotting against Lord Robert, who is in the next room, and Maupain, as Sporckoff, listening at that door, seeing if he is safe, is a wonderful study. Ernest Maupain has a hobby which is a pleasure to him and of use to the company, for in his spare time he has been painting some most excellent pictures in oils which have been used in various sets.

Then there is charming Evelyn Boucher as the wayward Toni, dancing her way through the film and charming and intriguing everyone she comes in contact with, and Reginald Fox has been a perfect foil to her.
THE EXPRESSIONS OF JIMMY AUBREY.

JIMMY AUBREY is one of our most popular screen comedians. Like Charlie Chaplin, and other fun-makers of less renown, he was one of the band of Fred Karno comedians who left this country to try their luck in America. They nearly all made good in some way or other. Although Aubrey has played before the camera for a number of years now, he had to struggle for recognition and the success which he deserves.

He has an original style of humor, and his actions and expressions cause roars of laughter when he is performing his antics on the screen.

Those of you who have seen "Mummery Birds" will be interested to know that it was James Aubrey who first created the part of the funny wrestler in this skit on variety turns. This classic sketch has been the vehicle which has brought many gristles into prominence.

Two more well-known screen comedians who come to mind who also played in "Mummery Birds" in this country and in America were Syd. Chaplin, Billie Ritchie, and Billy Reeves.

A BUSY MAN.

AUBREY is busy turning out Vitaphone comedies at the rate of about two a week, and it is impossible for him to take a very long holiday, but he declares that it is his intention to visit his native land at the first possible opportunity.

By the way, it is a strange fact, but nevertheless true, that the majority of leading lights in the film-fan world are British by birth.

Once upon a time, Aubrey tried to be dignified, and desired his admirers when they wrote to him to address him as "James." He also tried to get the people round the studio to do the same.

This you see, was the name bestowed upon him by his fond parents when they had visions of their son becoming the manager of a bank, or a butcher, or something equally respectable. But it didn't work.

"Jimmy," the film comedian is still, and probably always will be, to those who know and admire him.

Every boy for miles around the Vitaphone Studios knows Jimmy, and when word was given that some fifty boys wanted to help in one of his comedies every youth within walking distance applied for a job. And they were all engaged to make a big pile on top of Jimmy when he fell down. They never had such a lovely time in all their lives, and the boys will remember the treat for many a long day. They did not spare Jimmy's feelings in the least, and when he got up at last, a bent and battered wreck, he said, "Well, perhaps it was worth it; it will make a good film."

In spite of the success, financial and otherwise, which has come to him, Jimmy Aubrey is not a bit swollen-headed, and he is popular with everybody with whom he has dealings.

Jimmy, like many other film comedians, has found to his sorrow that making comedies for the screen is sometimes painful and often dangerous work, but he suffers in order that others may smile.

The other day, Jimmy was playing the part of a tenant, and he had to elude the blows of an angry landlord. The comedian was standing in front of a safe, and when the villain of the piece shot out his fist, Jimmy Aubrey endeavoured to dodge it.

He was successful, and the man landed his fist on the hard iron of the safe instead of Jimmy's face. There was a little chase, and then the pair repeated the performance.

This time they were standing in front of a large pillar which supported the supposed house where they were playing their parts.

DODGING THE TROUBLE.

ONCE more the angry landlord missed his punch, and there was some force behind it. When he hit the pillar the house built for the occasion came tumbling down.

Some of the players standing around were badly injured by the falling debris; but Jimmy, who is an expert acrobat, managed to dodge the trouble this time.

The result, however, was good, and it made a very successful film. Very often the unexpected happenings in a comedy film turn out best.

One of Jimmy's latest pictures deals with dentists. As you can imagine, Jimmy Aubrey as a dentist is terrifyingly funny. One morning he is busily engaged giving gas to a patient, and the unfortunate man gets so much that he starts floating upwards.

There is another amusing scene in one of his latest films, entitled "Paul and Patsy." The villain of the piece happened to be standing beneath a painter's scaffold.

As the villain was strolling along with his head in the air he managed to knock against a rope hanging down. With a mighty crash, down came the paint, the painters, and scaffold, and you can well understand that the well-dressed villain looked a terrible mess when he managed to get up.

There is not the slightest doubt that a screen comedian's life is far from a happy one.
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"LITTLE COMRADE." (Continued from page 13)

excuse that the bank-house was overcrowded, thinking it would save her from the petty tyranny of Bobbi Hucklton. But that idea was no better than good as the other girls, not unusually, objected to her being made a favourite. She had heard from Bobbie pretty often, and from her letters that she was about no longer happy soldiering as she was farming. One evening as Gen was working late, she heard a voice call very softly: "Gen."

"Hello," she answered, peering from behind a tree, but a Bobbi who looked more like an escaped convict than a soldier.

The boy motioned her to come to him, and when she got to his side he whispered:

"I don’t know I’m a coward, Gen, do you?"

"Yes, I see."

"Tell me, Gen, you’re a sort of a soldier."

"I thought you were a—" said Bobbi releasing her hand. "I see."

"No, I don’t think I’m a coward, Bobbi." cried the girl; "but they’ll say you are, and you’ll be tried and shot. Do go back, Bobbi. Go back. I know the drill must be hard and all soldiers have to do it."

The boy turned away his head and a sob came from his throat.

But, I didn’t intend to desert. You’ll always believe that, won’t you?"

"You know I will, Bobbi."

"Just give me one more day and I’ll get back to camp. I’m only absent without leave, and I’ll soon get over that. And when I get back I promise you that I will soldier as good as my brother."

"I’ll hang herself in Bobbi’s arms and kiss her passionately."

"I’m proud of you, Bobbi," she whispered. Bobbi kissed his little sweetheart again and again, and a new light came into her eyes.

"You’re going to be a soldier, Gen."

"Just give me one more day, Bobbi, and I’ll get back to camp."

"Yes."

"You’re going to be a soldier, Gen."

"I’ll give you a promise to be proud of, me. Gen. But there’s one thing you must promise. Nobody must know that I’ve been no soldier before or father. Promise that whatever happens you will not tell anyone not to."

"I promise, Gen."

"The next day Bobbi was gone."

But, alas for the lovers! Bertha Hucklton had seen him, and she went straight and told Mr. Hubbard. The farmer came to Gen with a very stern look on his face.

"Where is my son? What is he doing on the farm?" he said.

"In all her life, Gen had never told a deliberate lie, and she hung her head now as she hesitated. But her conscience told her that she must keep the promise to Bobbi at all costs."

"I have not seen him," she said.

"Who was that young soldier with you just now?" demanded Mr. Hubbard, still more sternly.

"Come, my girl, you were out last night."

"It was a friend," replied Gen slowly.

"Mr. Hubbard gave her a hard look, and then placed his hand on her shoulder.

"Look here, my girl, this is a respectable farm, and I won’t have any carrying on. This is the last time I will warn you, or any other girl, I’m not at all satisfied, but I will say it at present."

With another stern look the farmer walked back to the house.

The next morning Mr. Hubbard received a wire from his eldest son telling him that Bobbie had left camp without leave.

With the telegram in his hand the farmer went to Gen.

"You lied to me last night," he said. "See this telegram. It says my son is in danger of being a deserter, Pack up your things and get out of here at once."

Mother Hubbard pleaded with her husband, but the farmer refused to be moved from his decision, and Gen was sent home. It was a bitter blow to the girl, and for weeks she moaned about the house, too miserable to take an interest in anything.

One day as Gen was upstairs she heard the voice of Bobbie in the hall. Then she saw Mr. Hubbard speaking to her mother.

"I’ve come to apologize for my injurious to your daughter," Ezra was saying, "and to tell you if I will let her come back to the farm. I thought she had persuaded my son to desert, but the boy tells me that it was your daughter that forced him to go back to camp after he had run away."

Gen was all smiles when she called her down, and when she saw Bobbie looking the ideal of a smart young soldier she knew he had made a fine face.

"It is all right, Gen," whispered Bobbie while the two fathers were talking. "Dad thinks you are a regular heroine, and so do the girls on the farm."

It was a happy party that drove back to the farm; and that night, when the two sweethearts parted, Gen determined that she would make good as Bobbie had done, a resolution she kept so well that when Bobbie came on his next leave, his father told him that Gen was the best girl on the farm.

Adapted from incidents in the Paramount picture play, featuring Lewis Martin as Genevieve.
A Democratic Spirit.

To be democratic is a triumph of the soul—tending to bring us in close touch with the throbbing heart of humanity, with no isolation for those unaffected charm and manner—no barrier in the way of friendship won here. It is our lack of judgment if we hide ourselves so that we cannot be approached. No matter how high we rise, for the sake of our own brains we must allow men of ideas to get to us. We must not allow our minds to become stagnant. If we fail to get into daily contact with other people, we soon grow dull and uninteresting even to ourselves. Great men may have no time to titter away, but they have plenty of leisure for men worth while—the pushers and the thinkers.

A Democratic spirit does not come to the selfish man. He is absorbed in himself, and is quite a hopeless case. He is a natural born find-finder, and grows by nature. For him life holds no joy, save the one in sight. Taking the big look at the man of this type we can only respect and fear the lack of early training. He started off on the wrong foot and thereafter drifted along. He seldom does overcome the habits with which we arrive at man's estate. Those who do are entitled to a large sum of respect. Democracy is another phrase for being human and kind. It means that we ought to be able to see how people feel and the worth of that individual's existence. It means that life is largely a matter of how we look at it, and being human is one way to get the proper slant at things.
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The New Picture & Story Weekly.
travelled with the greatest difficulty, the lines being held up by men with big crowbars at many points, and the engine could not stand the strain of a big engine, a smaller one had to be substituted, with the result that when an inning was held up, that inning was only run backwards when it reached the top.

We reached New Orleans at 11.30 at night, to find the director and staff officials awaiting us in a fine state of anxiety, for though communication with the head office had been possible, the station lines had been cut off by the floods.

"Look At Us Now!"

JUST before we pulled into the station we had an impish inspiration: we would don the masks we had bought in Atlanta. As these were hideously grotesque, and made us look about ninety years old, you can imagine the expressions of the various film potentates (who had assembled to do Miss Thomas honour) when the four of us—the young lady herself unrecognisable—staggered out of the train, and hobbling up the platform, muttered in squeaky voices:

"We were young when we left New York, but look at us now!"

They did—and quickly decided that what we wanted was a good square meal. And didn't we appreciate the tremendous spread we found at the hotel, after days of semi-starvation!

My Latest Picture.

THE last picture I made before starting upon my trip to England was "Clothes!"—indeed, it was finished but half-an-hour before I caught the boat train. It has an all-limited cast, with Irish Olive Tell for the star.

The final scene was taken on a beautiful spot overlooking the Hudson River, Miss Tell's figure and mine giving a silhouetted effect. To prevent a tree throwing an unsightly shadow and spoiling the romantic picture we presented, an assistant director was told off to climb the tree and hold some of the branches back with rope.

Olive Tell, as you are aware, is a very beautiful girl, with lovely brown hair and blue eyes, and as I took her in my arms and gave her the kiss which terminates the picture, a heart-rending sigh came from the region of the tree behind us, and a plaintive voice cried:

"I can't stand this any longer, Kent! Let me come down and change places with you!"

Which shows that even a level-headed director is not impervious to the tender passion.

A Toast.

OLIVE TELL completes the fairly comprehensive list of famous stars to whom it has been my happy lot to make love. Of all my experiences with George M. Cohan, in "Broadway Jones" (the film version of his own play) and the great Carmen in "Prince of Song"; nor yet again of my own starring part in "Other Men's Shoes," I have not spoken, thinking them somewhat outside the scope of these articles. And, indeed, it has always been with the fairness of filmdom that my name has been associated, and what better fate could a man wish than that?

Mention of my name—which invariably is spelt incorrectly—reminds me of a press cutting which I received from an anonymous admirer (or otherwise) shortly after my arrival in London:

"Yes, he used to be Crawford Kent," it runs, "but now he is Crawford Tell. The change has not affected his talented hair or his remarkably ornamental legs."

I bow. Especially as I never knew before that—(—that they were ornamental). Strange how one overlooks these important details. Of course, I see now how blind I've been.

But, as I was saying—Olive Tell was the last film star I embraced prior to my departure for the Old Country. Whether I shall embrace her again, when I return to the glare of the Cooper-Hewitts, I do not know, but this, at least, is sure—I shall embrace someone! Alas! for the fidelity of leading men.

In the meantime, ladies and gentlemen, I give you a toast: "My sweethearts of the screen—God bless them!"

"—and you said you weren't hungry!"

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WHEN communicating with Advertisers, please mention the "PICTURE SHOW."
Answers to Correspondents (Continued from page 22.)

M. C. (Huntingdon).—Sorry, but the exact information you require has not been made public. Tom Mix is fifty-two, and Margot Grahame is twenty-three.

J. E. T. (Levenshulme).—You have been very modest in your reply. I expect you have read by now my reply to others about Tom Moore and Alice Joyce. In “Raging Passions” the leads were played by Julia Dean and Edwin Arden.

D. G. (Shildon).—So you think I made a mistake in putting Douglas Fairbanks before George Walsh in the recent competition as the finest film athlete. But why, alas, blame pour me? It was my readers’ votes which placed the artists where they were. Yes, you win that bet quite easily. It was Mary Fuller who starred in “What Happened to Mary?” and now we all want to know what has really happened to her, for she left the screen a long time ago.

G. H. T. (Chapman).—Florence Reed married Malcolm Williams. That’s her real name, and she was born in Philadelphia in 1885. The villain in “The Heart of Humanity” was Erich von Stroheim. He was once an American count, but gave up his title when he went to America in 1910, where he became a citizen of the stars and stripes, and spent four years in Uncle Sam’s army during the war. The Unbeliever” and “The Horn Within” are two other pictures of his.

O. J. (Kensington).—So you are the joy of Kensing- tohn, and would like me to turn myself into a matric- monial affair? Oh, sorrow I mean, sorry. Here’s with all that of “Crampers All.” Madge Titberghes (Lady Langworth), Ruby Miller (Milliecart Hope), Madge Stuart (Ruth Langworth),—Owen Nares (Harold Horne),—and Gertrude Hughes (twenty- Henry Vizhurt (Sir George Langworth), and James Dunbar (Major Stoker). Madge Titberghes does not state her age. Mary Pickford has been married twice only.

M鎏ORPH (Dorking) writes: “To my friends and myself it is amusing to see how the picture show is being imitated.” Of course, Margot, you re- member that old saying about imitation? Elsa Lanchester is acting for the Blues. Her real name is Elsie Birdflower. Joyce Dearlev in private life is Mrs. Thomas Bradley. Ruth Roland has been married, but she is not now. Josephine Earle’s husband is Capt. James Gla, a Canadian.

KENTISH MID (Makaton).—The following three heights are the last I am able to discover out of the dates that have not been given in previous answers may reveal their measurements later on. Marjorie Thew is 5ft. 5ins. Mary Vickers is 5ft. 9ins., and Constance Worth is 5ft. 5ins.

L. S. (Barnsley).—Gloria Swanson’s husband is Herbert Somborn. Her height is 5ft. 5in., and she was born in Chicago, Illinois, twenty-one years ago. Her colouring is reddish-brown hair and blue eyes. You can write to her by following the instructions in the Personal Column.

JASMINIE (Barking).—If you write to the publisher of this paper, you may be able to get the back numbers you want. Be careful not to write the hero in “A Little Child Shall Lead Them.” Frank Mills was opposite Florence lived in “Wives of Women.”

S. E. (Hartlepool).—Yes. “The Million Dollar Mystery” is an old film, but as it happens I can answer your question, Marguerite Snow, James Craig, and Mitchell Lewis took the principal parts.

DORIS (Chingford).—I am writing this letter not hearing from you before. Anyway, I may not that nothing will worry you to give it up now. Conrad Nagel was opposite Alice Joyce in “The Lion and the Mouse.” Yes. Wallace Reid was one of the general favourites. Graham Fairlie, like many others, diverts her time between the stage and the screen.

E. L. (Gerrard’s Cross).—Charlie Chaplin likes to which you refer are reasons, but as I have not seen the information you mention I am unable to explain why the leading lady’s name should have been different.

DOROTHY (Winkshope).—I think you are the first from your town, though I am always getting letters from your city, but these have never been seen. I don’t know why. If you are unable to write, you must write to me or ask your friend to write to me and I will answer you in due course. I can’t say you will go on admiring him just the same. He was in “Taming of the Shrew” on November 15th. Au revor, and let’s hear from you soon.

(More answers next week.)

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

WHERE TO WRITE TO YOUR FAVOURITE FILM STAR.—You are kindly requested not to ask for any addresses by post, owing to the large number of other queries that have to be answered. If you wish to communicate at once with any artist not named below, write your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose with it a loose 2d. stamp to the Editor, The Picture Show, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farrington Street, London, E.C.4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. If the letter weighs more than 1 oz. it will require an additional 1d. stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. Remember always, when writing to artists, to give your full name and address, including the name of your city, and country, and mention The Picture Show to ensure the safety of a reply. It must be understood, however, that we cannot guarantee that such letters will be replies. Please keep these addresses for reference.

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A Word About Your Favourite.

BILLY BURKE adorns our centre page art picture this week. I know this will please the letters asking for a large picture of her. By the way, don't hesitate to write if you particularly want an art-place of your favourite star to appear in the centre of the Picture Show. The more requests that come for a certain photograph, the sooner that picture appears.

World's Record for Fritzie.

So much has been said of Fritzie Brunette's record as leading lady for Warren Kerrigan that she is on her sixth picture, you know—that it was thought there was nothing more to record.

It now transpires, however, that Robert Brunton, the producer, has signed Fritzie for all the remaining productions.

This looks like a world record of its kind for the actress, and will be a testimonial to the kind of which few have ever received.

The Carlton on the Film.

FOR the first time in film history, the famous Carlton Hotel is to be featured in a screen story.

By arrangement with the directors, the restaurant, Palm Court, full orchestra, and the entire staff of the hotel was secured for the George Clark production for a big restaurant scene in Alice and Claude Askew's novel, "Testimony."

Ivy Duke and a specially selected crowd of several hundred people took possession at midnight, and worked until early dawn.

This is the first time in film history that this most exclusive hotel has been featured in a screen story.

A Heavy Burden.

THE clanking armour worn by the knights of olden times were in comparison no greater burden to their wearers than the evening gown Viola Dana, the dainty little star, appears in in many of the scenes of a coming photo-play entitled "Blackmail."

Though considerably abbreviated, the frock is composed almost entirely of jet beads, and weighs thirteen pounds. The star's other garments and pumps weigh one and a half pounds, so that little Viola will have to struggle along carrying fourteen and a half pounds for the scenes in question.

There are only two yards of material in the gown, which was designed by

Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 37.—"SMILING BILL" JONES.

No reader could be more pleased when Monday morning brings their copy of a new issue of the Picture Show than "Smiling Bill" Jones, judging by the photograph above. "Smiling Bill" makes us laugh on the screen; the Picture Show makes his smile broader in real life.

"Pickfordisms" for "Picture Show" Readers.

By the following Pickfordisms you will see that the World's Sweetheart has brains as well as beauty, which goes to prove that it is this combination that has won for her the premier place among film stars.

"If you play fair with others, you will never need to apologise to your own conscience."

"Discontent breeds trouble—trouble breeds broken homes and black eyes, so watch your steps."

"Overworked ambition is a curse."

"Investigate a well-established law carefully before condemning it."

"Everything good is within our hearts; when we discover this fact we will achieve success."

"Every ounce of success brings a pound of responsibility. Why overload yourself?"

"After all, what is success in life but happiness?"

"It takes a big man to admit his mistakes."

"Think for yourself; the exercise will do you good."

"The happiest persons in the world are not the richest. Nine times out of ten a millionaire in his limehouse is not as happy as a working man with his bicycle."

"You cannot hope to succeed without teamwork and harmony. Simon Legree had teamwork but no harmony."

 Plays But Never Eats.

I HAVE had a letter from the greatest hater of moving pictures. He lives in the country, and owns a small hotel next to a theatre. This theatre has now been turned, as so many theatres have been, into a picture theatre, and my correspondent's grievances is because he cannot lodge and feed the actors who appear on the screen.

He says it makes him frightfully angry to think that Fatty Arbuckle can play for a whole afternoon and evening without having a single meal.

Making Up For It Now.

NOT every screen star will enjoy a real hand-to-hand fight on the top of a good train. Yet Shirley Mason took a special delight in filming this incident in a coming Fox play, "The Little Wanderer."

She was imperiously told by her boy, and threw herself into the fight with all the zest of the character she was portraying. In fact, her opponent called for her help, so eager was she.

"I missed so much play as a child that I have to make up for it now," she confessed, when apologising for hurting the younger.

As you know, Shirley has spent most of her life on the stage, and she was generally travelling with her company when other children of her age were at play.

A Fine Life.

DID you know that Buster Keaton was one of the three Keatons of music-hall fame? His speciality was being funny about the stage like an indiarubber ball by his fond daddies.

Important Photography.

One of the reasons that Clara Kimball Young is said to be one of the best-dressed actresses on the screen is that she has made a study of colour.

"If one is to judge my gowns from the standpoint of street wear," she says, "some of the cleverest combinations would seem out of place, and would clash atrociously.

"The average outsider knows nothing whatever of the changes colours assume when put under the photographic lens. Real photographs black, pale blue an indistinct white; some other colours change their identity in a most confusing manner."

The "Flapper" Defined.

THEY were discussing the real meaning of the word "flapper," during the filming of the photo-play of that title, in which Olive Thomas starred, and it was Olive who gave the following definition:

"A 'flapper' is a young girl between sixteen and twenty who, lacking any real knowledge of the world and its ways, imagines that she is the arbiter of sophistication. Her flights of fancy, however, do not take her to any real emotional heights, and after several unsuccessful attempts, she becomes reconciled to the fact that it is better for her to stay in the home nest until time and experience have given her the strength to fly unsailed. She is like a birthing which, emerging from the nest, makes attempts at flight, only to succeed in ludicrously 'flapping' about on the ground. Hence the term 'flapper.'"

Miss Thomas is not far wrong, is she?

"Alice Lake."

ALICE LAKE tells me that she has received a letter from a Canadian lumber dealer who has a large tract of land in Saskatchewan, announcing that he has helped to make
"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 3) —

her fame geographical as well as cinematographic.

"I have just taken over a large strip of woodland," writes the lumber magnate, "and, according to a whine of mine, I am having it completely mapped out, and all landmarks not already named, given names. There is a very pretty streak of water up in the north-east corner, and I thought it might interest you to know that I have christened it 'Alice Lake.'"

Juanita’s Ambition.

"I WANT success in my work," says Juanita Hansen, the pretty heroine of the "Lost City," "because I want to feel that I’ve done what I set out to do; but most of all I’d like to be in a position, financially, in which I can help anyone who has not met with success. Which is certainly a worthy ambition, and one likely to be achieved, for Miss Hansen possesses the Danish trait of resoluteness.

By the way, Juanita Hansen will shortly be seen with our favourite villain, Warner Oland, in a coming Pathé serial, entitled "The Phantom Fox."

From Ticket-Seller to Star.

It is rumoured that Eva Novak, the sister of pretty Jane, who a year or two ago was a ticket-seller in a cinematograph theatre, is to be made a star by Fox.

Mermaids on the Screen.

ACCIDENTS and obstacles were many before the screen drama, "Neptune’s Daughter," was completed. The mermaid herself was twice severely injured, once when making a jump from a high cliff the star’s nose was broken; another time the explosion of a tank during the taking of under-water scenes sent Miss Kellermann and her director to the hospital.

The scenes, which were taken in the Bermuda Islands, were held up for some time, because the native women, seized by a sudden superstition, refused to take part of mermaids, so professional swimmers had to be sent for.

It required several weeks of constant practice for even expert swimmers to act as attractive nymphs, as they were considerably impeded by their tails. These were designed by Miss Kellermann herself, and are realistic reproductions of the real article. They are made of elastic fabric, covered with green spangles, in imitation of scales. The limbs of the swimmer were tightly bound.

In spite of their encumbrances, the mermaids swam about, dived and played pranks in the water with all the grace of the mythical denizens of the sea.

Life is Like That.

HERBERT RAVELINSON is rebelling against always being cast for heavy dramatic parts, while the truth of the matter is that he has always wanted to be a comedian.

"I never have been able to figure it all out," says Ravelinson, "but I want to play dramatic parts and romantic roles and perform gallant rescues, or make love to pretty women. I want to be a great comedian, and do those things which make people laugh. I always have. But isn’t it the life of a comedian! What a fellow really wants to do, he never seems to want to be a policeman, a fireman, and the policeman wants to be a fireman; the sailboat wants to be a farmer, and the farmer wants to be an ambassador. I don’t think that’s the use! Somehow they’ve got us all twisted round."

Charlie’s Chief Hobby.

ONE of the chief hobbies of Charles Ray is motoring, and he likes nothing better than to spend a Sunday morning, for instance, tinkering in his garage, with his fine new racing roadster. Being mechanically gifted, he is the man to keep the machine in perfect "tune" all the time.

I doubted it.

JOHN DAVIDSON is a peaceable man these days, because he has been cast for a respectableuptown role of society in "The Greatest Love." The reason for his smile is that he has been cast for a villain so many times that he has given up all hope of ever being anything else.

"Now I have my first chance to show the public that I am not as bad as I seem—or as I am often accused," says John. "And I hope to make such a convincing good man that I may continue to be cast in such characters."

But Nature has given Mr. Davidson such a handsome "villain" face, that he is picked out as a sinner on sight.

From Five Dollars to——

DO you know that Jack Pickford began his career screen working in an Indian mob scene for five dollars a day?

To Clothie Golith.

SOPHIE WACHNER is the head of the costume department at the Goldwyn studio. In an interview, she says, she is thinking of her stars that she learned her Sunday-school lessons well as a little girl, for otherwise she would not have had any idea what sort of a costume Golith was to wear.

Fred Peters, who is taking the part of the giant, Golith, and who is seven feet tall and who was brought to her, Miss Wachner looked at him for a moment in sheer bewilderment, then she suddenly thought of her old big Bible, with its coloured illustrations.

The giant is needed for Booth Tarkington’s "Edgar’s Sunday Cruise," when Edgar, unnamed for not knowing his Sunday-school lessons, loneliness for himself the scene where David goes out to meet Golith.

It Did Not Pay Ramsey Wallace.

"It pays to subscribe to a general belief, but not to what Ramsey Wallace, now appearing opposite Mildred Harris Chaplin in "The Woman in His Happiness," does not subscribe to it. Wallace was chosen for his part largely because he has the reputation of being one of the smartest dressed men in Hollywood.

"You see, it pays to advertise what a good dresser you are," said the director to Wallace in completing the transaction that brought him West.

But later, a man devoid of certain ethical ideas as to what is and what is not wise—although with a keen eye for business, it must be admitted—reading about Wallace’s well-stocked and adorable wardrobe carried away every suit, shirt, tie, or vest, every hat, every pair of shoes and socks—in short, everything. "To make matters worse he packed the clothes away where they could not do any harm, examining them away, much to the disgust of his victim."

"It does not pay to advertise," Ramsey now declares positively.

Fay Filmer.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

NAZIMOVA takes the part of a ragged little work-girl in "The Heart of a Child." Her husband, CHARLES BRYANT, also acts in the film, and is here seen watching her work at the sewing-machine.

WILDA BENNETT (musical comedy actress), MAXWELL KARGER (Metro Director-General), and RICHARD A. ROWLAND (president of the Metro Pictures Corporation) discuss Eugene Walter's manuscript of "Love, Honour, and Obey," in which Miss Bennett has the star part.

ALICE LAKE, the popular Metro player, "looks pleasant" while HUBBARD G. ROBINSON paints her in pastels for the lobby of the new Californian Theatre in Los Angeles. Mr. Hubbard has made eight likenesses of Miss Lake.

At a distinct point of vantage. Here you see ROLLIN STURGEON directing a ballroom scene at the studio at Universal City.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG, the charming dramatic film actress, with her two pet dogs.
**SPLENDID NEW SERIAL STORY. BEGIN TODAY!**

**THE PRICE OF HIS HONOUR**

**Read This First.**

**T**he Sweet Alice, a small steamer, with a draft of only twelve passengers, among them John Galloway, who spent much of his time in a hairless fright with Irma Gale. The other passengers were all girls and fair hair, and was openly disgusted when Mallet talked of Athletic Railton, the girl whom he was to marry, or marry, plainly because her father had heaps of money.

Mallet had forgotten the ridicule hurled at him, but the possibility of his becoming a rich man was a point of his course. He had to the nearest station in the boat, and then goes to a deck. A violent explosion rockets exploded immediately, and throws him in the water. When he recovers, he finds himself in bed, with a nurse attending him and helping him. Mallet tells him that he is sole survivor of the wreck.

**Convalescence and Some Twinges of Conscience.**

**JOHN GALLOWAY** progressed like the young man's trip, nor in stature, but in his return to well being.

After a month's careful nursing in the breathing East, he was, according to his own showing, a well man. But the doctor and the nurse had a different idea of his progress.

The conditions of his convalescence very much to his liking. For years he had roughed it, fought with nature for paltry results, and he found himself conforming consistently by the worst sort of luck.

All that time he had slept hard and cooked his own meals. Such men have been known to boast about their culinary prowess, but the man who would not eagerly relinquish the job to any one would not be called a self-sufficient cook. Consequently, a spell of soft beds, exquisite food, and general pampering was long overdue, and he did not wish to be forced out of it; hence, for the first time he ever, he revelled in it, and expanded in its genial atmosphere.

He did not escape serious twinges of conscience. At first he asserted his real identity in and out of season to the nurse and the doctor, whom he was always visiting.

He said that he was not only the few months ago the doctors had in mind briefly, and then closed the subject.

"Look here, nursie," he said; "this worries you. Why?"

"The boy looked away from him, winking the tears back.

"Please, Mr. Mallet," she said, "will you be very kind, and do as I ask you?"

"Of course," replied the patient succintly.

"You are one of the nurses that are made in Heaven, and not in the hospital; and if you want me to turn into a monkey, so that I can climb about, and do what you are pleased to do for me, then I am going to do my everlasting best to fill the bill.

"Well, it's not quite so bad as that," she murmured, smiling. "All I want you to do is to concentrate on getting well and strong, and not worry a single moment about this mysterious change of identity of yours, or talk about it."

"The first part of it is easy," returned Galloway, "and I'll do the rest for your sake. May I make one speech first?"

"Yes, if it's only a little one."

"It's quite short. This is either a mistake or a gigantic jape. If it's a mistake, it's not my fault, because I've consistently told you that I am not Dyson Mallet, but one John Galloway, a vagabond and a masterless man. If it's a conspiracy, I can put up with it for years, and not love any sleep worrying over it either.

**An Enthralling Story of a Man's Fight Against Fate and of a Wonderful Love.**

"When I landed in England, or when I was washed up on the shore, I should have been worth a five-pound note. I am living at the rate of about five pounds a day. Very well, you see. There is no way of knowing if they may be Mr. Mallet's property which somehow has got into the possession of another man? Do you recognize him?"

"I don't," admitted Railton. "Remember, I have not seen him for seven years. When I saw him last he was like this photograph. But he has knocked about the tropics, roughed it, and seen life, but I fancy. A man can change a little in seven years, and he has told me in his letters that I should not know him from Julius Caesar—or is there any one thing by which you can identify him beyond question?" insisted the doctor.

"The dragon," replied Railton. "That puts the matter altogether beyond dispute. The tattooed dragon on the left arm.

"Well enough I remember it," returned Railton, with a grim smile. "The young rascal passed in confidence from nurse that throughout the delirium his daughter's was the only name he mentioned, and that was on his lips continuously.

They were boy and girl sweethearts, you see, and although I did not know that they had corresponded, it is quite possible that they may have done under the rose.

They may be in love with each other still. I hope so. I believe so. The deepest wish of my heart; you understand, doctor. We must get our boy well and strong. I took him on as my boy, and I hope he soon will be.

"Ah!" murmured the doctor. "Very interesting—ah! Very romantic. Would not it be a good idea for the young lady to come to see him? Sir Malcolm prescribed a little mild rhubarb for his digestion."

But Mr. Railton held up a warning finger.

"Not just yet, doctor, if you will allow me, I may say I have hinted the same thing to my little girl, and she has not given me any encouragement—none whatever. Young girls are very critical. You have to be very careful with them. You are not a father, doctor, but take it from me, young girls require tact.

"Now if I were to give my little girl the slightest hint that I was expecting her to marry young Dyson, it would probably make her shy at the idea. So I never let a nursie escape me.

And for seven years Athalie Railton had wintered under a torrent of paternal hints that Dyson Mallet would be the most suitable husband possible.

So the great Sir Malcolm's prescription was carried out to the letter.

When Galloway tried to convince his few visitors that he was not Dyson Mallet, he

(Continued on page 8.)
THE EXPRESSIONS OF BRYANT WASHBURN. (Special to the "Picture Show")

BRYANT WASHBURN. Who Proves That Art and Business Can Go Together.

IT has often been said that art and business do not go together, but this is not the case with regard to Bryant Washburn, who has earned a reputation for being the most businesslike artist in filmland to-day. Bryant will never allow temperament to interfere with a business proposition.

He was born in Chicago in 1889, and is able to trace his ancestry back to the thirteenth century, and among his near relatives of note was his great-uncle, Dwight L. Moody, the famous revivalist.

Bryant entered the business end of the theatrical profession first as an attendant of the old Chicago Opera House, and he worked up until he became treasurer of the same theatre. He started his professional career in a stock company, and appeared for a season as leading man in a play called "The Wolf."

After several other important engagements he turned to pictures by way of the old Essanay Company, and later went to Pathé, and from there to the Famous Players, where he remained until recently.


His Charming Wife.

BRYANT was one of the first of screen artists to contend that it was not necessary to succeed to pretend that he was a bachelor, and he published the fact that he was in possession of a charming wife and a family, in whom he takes the utmost pride. Although this came as a great blow to many "flappers," who insisted upon making him a "romantic" idol, it did not lessen his popularity as some of his friends predicted it would—thus proving that there is more in Bryant than mere good looks.

The phrase "good-looking" is hardly adequate to express the real attractiveness of this popular star, which is as much apparent in his manner as in his facial characteristics.

He is just over six feet in height, and has a dark complexion, dark brown hair, and brown eyes.

The somewhat droll type of comedy has proved his best medium on the screen, but Bryant did not always play these parts, and he first achieved fame on the screen as a villain, a dago fiend, and other varieties of the "bad lad."

Fond of Good Clothes.

ALTHOUGH by no means foppish he is frankly fond of good clothes, and young men desirous of keeping pace with fashion need look no further than his pictures, for Bryant is acknowledged to be one of the best-dressed men in motion pictures.

In every detail his clothes are in faultless taste, and well made from the best materials. In addition to this, his costume always fits the occasion.

Bryant has only two real big interests in his life—they are his home and his work. When he is not at the studio, making those merry comedies, he is at his home, which is not far distant, with his pretty wife and his adorable four-year-old "Sonny," whose real name is Franklin Bryant Washburn, and the new baby named after his relative, Dwight Ludlow Moody.

You can well understand with this religious strain in the family that Bryant received little encouragement in his desire for a professional career, but he determined to go his own way, and in the end succeeded.

He has a handsome house in Hollywood which he purchased a few years ago, and buying furniture is one of his hobbies, and whenever he sees a wonderful piece of furniture or a gem of a rare book in a shop, away goes some of his hard-earned savings.

"Building a home is my principal delight," he says, "because that is where I live and where I gain inspiration for my work."

As all readers of the "Picture Show" know, Bryant recently came to England, where he intends to stay for a while and make a few pictures.

If you want to write to him, address your letter to:

cc The PICTURE SHOW,
The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street,
found the conversation quietly but firmly steered into other channels.

In a few months he had come and gone, and Galloway found himself strong enough to take a ten-mile walk, he began to take himself seriously.

On the white high road he sat himself on a stile and faced the situation grimly. Lately he had heard it was almost difficult to believe or convince himself that the situation was merely luminous. Looked at from another angle it had a rather unpromising air.

"This must not go on much longer," he told himself emotionally. "It's all very well for me to look on myself as being by myself, and I am consumed with curiosity to see what the upshot of it will be. The fact is that my suggestion of self-effacement or Downing hard by to be passed off as Dyson Mallet, and living on the fat of the land at the expense of his estate.

"Dyson Mallet is dead, so I am not injuring him. But that is no excuse. These very kind people have got a bee in their bonnets, and they think I've got one in mine. When I try to explain to them that the bee is in the other bonnet, they are sorry for me. I can see they are. Very well. I will give it a few more days, a week or so, perhaps. Then I'll make a demonstration.

And just as he had come to this decision, a smart little two-seater car popped explosively, curiously, rather softly, and finally came to a lama halt about two hundred yards down the road.

A girl, it moderately tall and gracefully slim, got out and began to swing the starting-handle with some vigour, while Galloway watched from the stile, not making himself too conspicuous.

She swung again, and took a rest. Then she swung again, and stood away panting and looking at the car.

Finally, she looked up, and down the white road she saw the girl, air of some tentative and complete confidence, and Galloway knew his time had come.

He stepped down from his stile, and advanced strategically. If there was one thing in the world of which he was monumentally ignorant, it was the art of engineering motor-cars, and their ways and habits.

Nevertheless, he could swing a handle as well as a girl, he supposed, and it was up to him to do it until he dropped, or until the car consented to start.

And then, in the space of one brief moment, he found himself holding his cap about a foot above the top of his head, and looking blankly into the opening of the car door.

And abruptly, scorchingly, as if a fork of lightning had pierced his brain, lightning up its minute image of the future which he realised why he was standing there hanging on at the House of Mallet, and playing the part of its small owner.

How long he stood there with his cap ranged, staring into her lovely, serious eyes, he did not know.

His mind was a blank. When he spoke eventually, he had the voice of a crow, and what he said was a word that於 most of the golden opportunity. If he confessed ignorance, some other triple-plated idiot would come along, and there would be the usual result.

He was beginning to feel that he would like to see her smile, but only if she smiled at him.

So he persuaded himself to have his way. He had been provoked by his very attitude and the unskilled violence he put into the task, revealed instantly to the girls, that he had never swung a motor engine before in his life.

Galloway knew that the right thing to do when you fail to start the engine by swinging the handle is to put your head under the bonnet and keep it there, and making yourself in as much as possible.

"If he could not start the car, he might earn her gratitude for two hours. There is such a thing as glories failure.

"So he lifted the bonnet and put his head well under it. He could not, of course, be expected to do more than find as much as possible, he caught hold of various things and shook them fiercely. Amongst other things he took hold of the exhaust-pipe and burned himself, but suffered in silence.

He straightened up and took his jacket off, rolling up his shirt-sleeves with his greedy hands, thereby resting a perfectly good shirt which did not belong to him.

Athalie explained, too slowly for Dyson Mallet, and living on the fat of the land at the expense of his estate.

Athalie's lips twitched. The ghost of an elfin smile trembled at the corners of her mouth, and shook her shoulders. She did not notice, being busy amending his shirt with grease.

"What about the tools?" he asked.

She showed him where they were.

"Is it anything serious?" she asked.

"Not at all," he replied firmly. "But it will take some time.

"What has happened?" she questioned.

But he was still feeling himself under the bonnet. He was in no position to answer technical questions. He kept his head there, wriggling fun with the bottoms of his trousers, and thinking all the while of Athalie Raiton. The girl was amazing. He had fallen in love for the first time in his life.

She had seen him a perfect gentleman, and he was not.
THE "PICTURE SHOW" IN PICTURELAND.

A Day in the Life of Our American Representative Collecting Photographs, News, and Gossip for the "Picture Show." Described by Himself. With Snapshots.

9.30 A.M. and a glorious sunny morning—one of California's best. Good! To-day "shooting" will be in full swing at the studios, and tonight I will, I trust, find time to devote to a heavy "bang," for aren't all you Picture Show folks wanting to hear the latest from "Los?" and depending on me to get it for you?

That being so, I guess I'd better be getting a hustle on, and up my trusty record-breaker, and call on a few film luminaries before lunch. (That reminds me, I promised to have a bite with Bill Hart.)

On the Road.

Now, let's see. Think I'll take a run out to the Paramount studios. Those special photos they promise must be ready now, and I want to ask Moreno.

Honk-Konk! Honk-Konk! What the—

"Why, hello, Reid!"

Wallie slows down a trifle. "Hello, old man! Got to make the studio in double-quick time. Late! See you to-morrow?"

"Right!" I yell. And he is gone in a flash. I put on speed also, but am soon arrested in my flight by the sound of galloping hoofs and someone calling my name. I slow down. It is Tom Moore. (Can't imagine why he chooses to ride to the studio when he's got that smart little car of his which simply cuts up the miles. However, he surely has a fine mount.)

"Sorry to pull you up," he says in his hearty way, "but I thought you'd like to know that we're doing some special exteriors on Thursday. If you care to come along then—"

I promise I'll be right there, and Tom assures me that he'll find time between scenes to give me that information he promised me the other afternoon.

A few other greetings and salutations, and I arrive at my destination.

Tony's Favourite Paper.

Yes, Mr. Moreno is in his dressing-room.

If I'll just step round the corner.

(As if I didn't know the way blindfolded.)

"Why," says Tony, "I'm mighty glad to see you! They are not quite ready for me yet, and so I was just beginning my solitude with my favourite paper." And with a smile he picks up a familiar blue-and-white covered journal.

"This is singularly well timed," I remark suspicionly.

"Not at all. Hadn't a ghost of a notion you were coming, though only yesterday I was wondering when you'd be along. No, it's not at all strange that you caught me with the Picture Show, for I read it every week, wouldn't miss it for anything. Say, but you're going strong. Last week's number was specially good, and I was so sure of this that I dare say you'd be at that you'd be willing to write me such a fine letter.

"Yes," I break in, "and I wouldn't mind betting that it's decorating half the feminine apartments in Great Britain at this moment—but not to mention other parts of the globe."

"Why, that's fine!" (Tony really is just a great boy.) "I can't tell you how much I appreciate all the kind things your readers write to me. I get quite worried sometimes because I can't answer their letters as quickly as I'd like, but I guess they understand that much I have to earn a living."

"Well, there's one thing, you can earn in right away Moreno. Come outside and pose for an unconventional photo—shirt-sleeves this time, instead of Oriental robes. Tony in an off-moment' sort of thing. They'll like that."

Tony grins all over his jolly face. "Bully!" he cries. "But you must be my support."

While the camera-man busies himself with his instrument of torture, I take advantage of the moment and ask Tony what he has been doing lately. That young man, however, is in no mood for discussing business, and retorts by telling me the latest good joke he has heard, and, after it, it will make decidedly "snappy" reading when it filters through to you all later on.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?"

Tony and I pose, thinking meanwhile how our seraphic smiles will brighten the pages of our favourite paper.

"Joe.,"

"Hello, you fellows! Wherefore those million-dollar smiles?"

I gladly agree, and while the camera-man catches our seraphic smiles will appear when reproduced in our favourite paper.

Whether the camera-man caught Jean's interested expression well.

(To be continued next week.)

"There's a picture of Stewart Rome. I'm always interested in British stars," cried Jean. "Tell me why, Jean."

And while I am telling her what she wants to know, we are 'shot.'"
FLICKERS FROM FILMLAND.
NEWS, NOTES, AND OPINIONS BY FRED K. ADAMS.

The Cinema in India.

SOME interesting particulars relating to the motion picture industry in India have just been revealed by a prominent film representative who recently returned from that country. It is curious to reflect that out of the four hundred million people in India, only a small percentage of that number know what a motion picture theatre is, or have ever seen a film. At the most, there are only 150 "shows" being operated in the whole country. If even half the population of India went to cinemas, it would be a wonderful film market. At present, the greatest picture-going population is composed of Europeans and educated Indians, and these, of course, represent a very small percentage of the population. Out of the 150 shows, only 60 at the most can be termed first-class theatres.

British Enterprise.

THERE is room for the production of native dramas, says this authority, and there are a number of Indian firms already producing there, which have knowledge of the country and its customs. The ordinary film is not viewed with favour by the authorities, and it is expected in a short time that a very stringent censorship will be instituted. The difficulties which outside producers have to contend with are the religious rites and customs of the country, and a knowledge of these is absolutely necessary in the production of a correct Indian native drama. It is interesting to know that more than one British firm have already established studios in the country, and they can be relied upon to conform to the wishes of the authorities in regard to the productions they make.

Programme Building.

THERE is still much to be done in regard to the presentation of pictures. "Programme building," as they term it in America, is regarded as most important, and it is through this that the industry has moved ahead to a really high stage even over there. The director of the largest theatre in New York, the Capitol, who has done much in the way of unusual picture presentation, has some very striking views in regard to this subject. Discussing the matter the other day, he said: "If, for instance, we have an Oriental subject, and the theme of the feature is laid in Egypt, I would compile a programme in the following way. I would use an overture or prelude which would take in several numbers of the Ballet Egyptian, by Louis Lugini. I would next get a short scene subject, say, of the River Nile or the Sphinx. While the orchestra was playing, I would begin to darken my house a rich red, and at a certain part of the music would open up the curtain and show this scene of Egypt."

By this means the exhibitor considers that a suitable atmosphere has been created, and the audience is then in a proper mood to watch the picture which follows.

There is no doubt that this elaborate method of presenting photo-plays will be used very much in the near future.

Some New Comedies.

A REALLY excellent series of comedies are shortly being released by the Direct Film Traders, Ltd., and picture-goers who are looking for laughs should ask the manager of their favourite theatre when he will be showing them. The comedies are one and two-reel features, and they abound in entertaining situations and star such well-known artists as Fay Tincher, Marie Dressler, Harry Myers and Rosemary Thebe. One important fact is that there is no "beauty-chorus" padding to bore long-suffering audiences. The first subject is an amusing story of a telephone mix-up, entitled "Hop 1-2-3."

Lessons We Learn From the Films.

Those who speak and then think are always troubled with regrets.

The beauty of poverty is the freedom from champagne headaches.

A heart is more breakable than a habit.

There are times when love, ambition and consciousness bore a really well-grilled steak.

Life consists of cutting expense down, keeping appearances up, seeing through, facing things out, and jogging along.

This Week's Best Films.

The following is a list of the best photo-plays which are being released for exhibition at the cinemas during this week, and the names of the star artists:

Astra . . . . "Molly of the Folies."
Margaret Fisher.
Vitaograph . . . . "Two Women."
Anita Stewart.
W. & F . . . . "Saturn Junior."
Viola Dana.
Stella Muir and Henry Victor.
Western Import, "Wolves of the Border."
Boy Actors.
Direct . . . . "A Royal Marriage."
H. B. Warner.
"Jury," . . . . "Odium Against Her."
Milton Rosmer.
Gammon . . . . "Virtuous Men."
E. K. Lincoln.
General Film . . . . "Linked by Fate."
Malcolm Cherry.
No happier memories can we have than of the days when we were children. A little thing will bring them back to us. A doll, a tin pail, or other trivial toy may awaken a chord of memory and we are back again in the dear, dead days of long ago.

A Humpty Dumpty brings to MARGUERITE CLARK bitter-sweet memories in "Girls."

Only a tin pail, but CHARLES RAY sees himself by the sea again—in "Alarm Clock Andy."

Blowing bubbles is still an accomplishment of DOROTHY GISH in "Mary Ellen Comes to Town."

A toy theatre brings back to MARION DAVIS the days when she sighed to be an actress in "The Cinema Murder."

Kemper reminds MARCIA MANON and ELLIOT DEXTER of other dear days in "Old Wives for New."
BILLIE RHODES

The dainty comedienne confesses in pictures to her favourite fancies.

Carnations are Billie's favourite flowers.

Cooking her favourite hobby.

Riding her favourite recreation.

Chocolate her favourite meal.

Plating her favourite green peas.

Wearing her morning mail her favourite moment of the day.
THE PROS AND CONS OF FILM ACTING.
INTERVIEW WITH MARY JERROLD.

At the Haymarket Theatre the other evening, I met that distinguished actress and charming woman, Mary Jerrold, and within two seconds of our meeting we were deeply immersed in a film discussion! Miss Jerrold is, of course, both by profession and inclination, above all else, a stage artiste; but that does not prevent her taking a genuine interest in pictures, all the same. She has made three so far: "Doraeli," "A Sinless Sinner," and one for the Zodiac Co., the title of which she couldn't recall, though she told me that it is a screen version of Mabel Brans Grundy's popular novel, "Candytuft—I Mean Veronica," in which she plays the mother to Mary Glynn's "Veronica." This film, I believe, is still unreleased.

In the Spirit of a Beginner.

"Irish, my initial film, in which I appeared with Dennis Adie, did not seem such a novel experience as you might think," Miss Jerrold said, "for I had already played in the stage version. But "A Sinless Sinner" was a little different, for that was my first taste of a film play acted by a film company, and I just put myself in the hands of the producer in the spirit of a beginner. I think so much depends upon the producer and his patience. Mr. Herbert Brenon was very patient, and so were all the others. Indeed, I was particularly struck by this quality which characterised the whole cast, and realised how easily some little detail might wreck the whole picture if it were otherwise."

Mr. Brenon, by the way, said that he considered that we had artists in this country quite as good as those playing in American films, but that unfortunately we—especially those of us on the stage—did not take film work as seriously as we should. I am quite of his opinion, and now plainly see that stage people will have to regard film acting more seriously in the future.

Miss Jerrold had already met Marie Doro, the heroine of "A Sinless Sinner," when the latter was playing on the stage over here some years ago; but the picture referred to was her first introduction to Marie Doro, the film star.

"She looked astonishingly young," Miss Jerrold said. "She appeared as a schoolgirl in part of the film, and really she looked one, even among all the little girls we had at the studio. Miss Doro is a great student of make-up, and thinks you can alter the appearance and the shape of your face to any extent you please, by its careful application. I was much interested in some of her theories, especially as screen make-up is much more subtle than that required for the stage."

Nervous before the Camera.

Strangely enough, Miss Jerrold, accustomed to large audiences as she is, feels nervous before the eyes of the camera!

"I am usually nervous at stage rehearsals," she confessed, "but the camera makes me feel like that all the time!"

Miss Jerrold dislikes, too, the various little phases of film acting which most legitimate players find tiresome or awkward—the lack of words and continuity of action, and the consequent difficulty of "losing oneself" in a part—though she thinks music must be an emotional aid—and she misses most dreadfully her audience with their laughter and applause, and even their moans at a tragic moment! But she does find quite a number of advantages attached to film acting.

The very fact of having to do things on the spur of the moment, as it were, is, she considers, beneficial to nervous persons, while a medium of dramatic expression which demands no "lines" is a positive boon to good actors with bad memories! And then there are the advantages of open-air work, and all the variety picture-making offers. Miss Jerrold thinks, too, that for a girl whose talents have a somewhat limited scope—an ingenue type, for instance, who cannot fill any other role with the same success—film acting is an ideal profession, in view of the fact that the reign of most screen stars (unless they be geniuses) is comparatively short in any case, while their salaries are usually far in advance of those the stage offers.

Her Film Favourites.

Miss Jerrold frequently attends the pictures, and greatly admires Mary Pickford, whom she considers a genius, in that she accomplishes so much without the aid of words, and succeeds so marvelously in bringing the spirit of youth to the screen—and Pauline Frederick, whose films she never misses if she can possibly help it.

"Pauline Frederick is a great artiste," she remarked, "and it was her acting which really converted me to films!

The one and only Charlie has, of course, provided Miss Jerrold with many a hearty laugh, especially (she does not mind owning) in "Shanghied!"

Asked whether she thought of appearing in any more pictures, Miss Jerrold told me that at present she had no plans in view, but that she hoped to make some more films in the future. Not, however, while playing at the theatre.

May Herschel Clarke.

Mary Jerrold.

Photo: Claudio Harris.

Starlets.

Wisdom from a woman weighs less with a man than a bunch of pretty ribbon tied in her hair.

Loving a woman never satisfies her; you've got to make love to her.

Paint your hair with fair lady.

Some men are always up and doing—others.
A Fond Son.

The Rev. Thomas J. Cosgrove was not only a wise priest, but one of the most popular men in the big industrial town of Ironville. Born of the people he lived for the people. He preferred to do good in this world rather than preach about the next. He was, in the main, a simple faith, that the best preparation for Heaven was to live a listless and righteous life on earth.

In him the poor always found a friend—and for that reason he was always poor. In appearance he was just what he was in heart—a big, well-set-up man, with a strong, handsome face, he droved trouble out of the lives of the poor with a smile and a helping hand. His cheery face was a tonic to the old and feeble, and the strong grip of his hand was a new start in life to those who were "under the weather" for time being.

On the particular day we find him, our priest was walking along at his usual fast gait on his way to pay a visit to his mother, who lived with his sister, the wife of Jerry Conners, foreman to Derril H. Parker, the biggest mill-owner in the town. As he walked the priest inquired a cheerful tune, and as he caught sight of the cottage he broke into a run—for with all his thirty years he was still a boy at heart. In the porch his old sister was sitting, busy as usual with her knitting, and just inside he could see little Keith, her nephew, and the baby, with their mother standing beside them, becoming a welcome to the lovely children.

"Where's little Jamie?" asked the priest, after he had kissed his mother and sister and greeted the children.

"Gone to meet his father coming home from work,"
replied his sister.

"Good boy," said the priest, as he gave the baby a playful dig in the ribs. "I'll just wait to see him and have a cup of tea. Then I must get back to work." He turned and ran.

The priest did not attempt to pursue the man, but, taking off his coat, he vaulted over the parapet and into the river. A few sitting strokes brought him to his knees, and he was just about to sink, and, placing his arm under him, he brought him safely to the bank. As he swam he noticed a jogged wound in Jerry Conners' head. Who had done it? He had not killed him, however, for he believed him innocent. And among those that defended him most stoutly was the young man who believed him guilty. And among those who believed him to be guilty, were those who believed with her could offer any explanation of the man—of the crime.

He simply remarked, "No, I have nothing to say." He then ran up the house, and afterwards the police started.

As the officer finished speaking, every eye was turned on the young priest. He was still standing in the open porch of the room.

"You have heard what the officer has said, Mr. Cosgrove. There is nothing you can say to help him. Do you agree with his story?"

"Yes, it is quite correct," he replied.

"This knife here! Do you know anything about it?"

"Yes, it is my knife."

The police officer looked at the priest keenly. "You understand I am here on a very painful duty, Mr. Cosgrove. There is no doubt that the name of your son is also a name of a gentleman and a policeman. You say yours is, and the lettering on that wallet proves it belongs to the dead man. Is there nothing you can say to help him in his case?"

The priest shook his head.

"All I can say is that I am innocent," he replied. The captain looked at him in amazement.

"Mr. Cosgrove, all this is this is binding me as an officer of the law. If you maintain this silence, I must do my duty."

"I have nothing to say, except that the priest in a low but firm voice.

"I have nothing to do with the officer, who produced his hand-nets."

A word to the priest held out his hands, but as soon as they clicked on his wrists, the captain gave an impassioned outburst, "We are men, off, he said sharply, but not unkindly.

"We shan't need those. You will come with me to the station."

A Condemning Silence.

The arrest of the young priest caused a profound sensation. Despite the overwhelming evidence against him, people believed him innocent. And among those that defended him most stoutly was the young man who believed him guilty. And among those who believed him to be guilty, were those who believed with her could offer any explanation of the man—of the crime.

The officers at the police station made no move to take Mr. Cosgrove, and Mr. Parker was not present. The next day he returned to his work, and was conducted to take his trial. Travers did not spare himself. Night and day he kept on the case, but not a word could he find. The day when he returned he went to the open air, and asked to see her son.

"None whatever," replied the young lawyer.

"Cosgrove is the only man who could help me, and he is dead."

At last came the day of the trial. Just before the proceedings were opened, Mr. Conners came to the gallery, and asked to see her son.

"My brother was killed by Cosgrove."

He stepped to the first witness, and there were lines on her face that told of many sleepless nights.

"I like to, Mrs. Cosgrove, but it's dead against the law."

Then will you give me my boy these flowers?" said the woman, "This is my only son, and I have spent my life loving him."

"They're heartache, and there can be no heart in all the world that calls for ease and comfort like that of my son."

"The god of himself, and then beckoned her son."

"There's a higher law than prison law," he said, "I will look into it." He opened the door of the cell, and the poor
MARGARET SHELBY.

The Charming Sister of that Talented Little Film Star—Mary Miles Minter.

When one is beautiful and attracts a great amount of attention from the opposite sex, it is sometimes rather embarrassing to have to say "No" to an invitation when one cares more for study and reading at home than for the delights of the dance floor or stalls at a first-night performance.

But in the case of Mary Miles Minter, the popular and charming little Realeart star, the problem is easily solved, for sister Margaret never fails to come to the rescue. For Margaret Shelby is a perfect foil to her sister. Where Mary is serious, Margaret is gay; where Mary prefers a book before a blazing fire, Margaret delights in the company of jolly friends.

So Margaret is only too glad to assume her younger sister's social obligations. For the two understand each other thoroughly, and the older completely respects Mary's desire to attain complete culture, even though she cannot attend college like other girls because of her work in moving pictures.

Margaret Shelby is the official hostess of the Minter household, and many are the pleasant parties she has planned during the present engagement of herself and sister in their latest Realeart picture.

WITH her mother, Margaret is a charming singer, and spends many happy hours singing in her mother's accompaniment.
THE VICTIM

(Continued from page 11)

real murderer, Helen decided she would make a final visit to the governor, trying to persuade him to grant a reprieve.

It was a terrible night. Such a storm had not been known for years. Lightning lit up the sky for miles, and as the girl drove on she heard the trees falling around her on either side of the road as they were struck down with the lightning.

It was the morning when she reached the governor’s house, but he condescended to see her.

When she found and said that the girl had brought no fresh evidence, but was only retrieving her past testimony, he shook his head.

“I am sorry, Miss Parker—as sorry as you are. But I must do my duty. I cannot stop the execution.”

With bowed head Helen was leaving the room when the governor began to talk.

Then he saw her. He smiled, and Helen decided she had never driven before, praying all the while that nothing might happen to attract her attention.

It was a short two minutes to eight when the governor closed the door behind her.

Snatching the governor’s note from her hand, one of the officers ran at top speed down the corridor, shouting, waving a light, as though he were trying to keep us interested all our days. The great books will prove their worth in a short time no matter how poor the binding, how bad the type or shake of the paper. These things are, after all, only the outward manifestations and though we like to have books dressy and new, we know that the clothes do not make the character unless there is character there in the first place.

So it is with books. These little extensively volumes which we purchase on the stands may be the classics of to-morrow . . . who knows?

If we live in a tiny little bedroom on the outskirts of the city. If we have a little room somewhere with a few good books in it, Emerson’s Essays can be had in one volume and we are not worthy of the name of books. No other American writer has been so inspiring, so invigorating as this thinker of Concord. One cannot read his essays without having a desire to go up and do, to be inspired, to lift ourselves out of the rut into which we have fallen. One returns to them as if we were in another world, as if we were looking into the new vistas of thought, new lines of mental development.

As a man’s stomach is what he eats, a man’s mind is what he reads. It goes without saying that a man’s active mind could exist without the companionship of Shakespeare. Nowadays it is possible to secure the most popular books in one volume. There is a special Oxford University edition which can be had for a small sum.

All He Wanted.

“Why don’t you try and make a name that will be reflected in all future generations?” asked the producer.

“My dear sir,” answered the actor, “I am content to make a fortune that is respected by all the present generation.”

He Knew Her.

Screwed Star: “Well, toto, darie; I shall write before the end of the week.”

Husbands: “Good gracious, Alice, you must make that cheque last longer than that.”

Naturally.

Martin Thornton is filming a quartet in a picture house. On the bottoms of Ethel M. Doll’s story “Bars of Bone.” It is expected to prove a striking scene, although they don’t come to blows.
FILM STARS WITH MUSICAL NAMES.

Being a Note on Those of Some Famous Players, and Incidentally, an Interview with a Beautiful British Star.

HAVE you noticed what musical names some of our most famous players have? Say them slowly, linger over their harmonies—Marjorie Clark, Elsie Ferguson, Dorothy Dalton, Miss Murray, Irene Castle, Alice Brady, Ouida Bengère. Are they not lovely?

Equally musical are those of some of the popular favourites of the British stage or screen. Think of that of Marjorie Hume, the brilliant young film star who is the heroine of "The Great Day," the stirring photo-play, adapted by Miss Eve Unsell, from the Drury Lane drama by Louis N. Parker and Geo. R. Sims, which is the F. P. L. British Producers' first production at their new studios at Islington, London.

Marjorie Hume! Note the music of its syllables. And every look and movement of its graceful owner is like her name—living harmony.

Camera Consciousness.

I was while she was playing at Daly's in "The Maid of the Mountains," that she was first lured to the art of the screen. Remembering that she had also won stage success in "My Lady's Dress," "The Man who Stayed at Home," and the revival of "Milestones," I asked her as to her early experiences of the films.

"Did you, in your first venture, miss the audience, or suffer from 'camera fright'?"

"At first I did miss the audience, but did not feel 'camera fright' so much as camera conscious."

Miss Hume took the part of the maid in the film version of Elbert M. Durl's story, "The Keeper of the Door."

A Keen Artist.

Painting has always been more than a hobby with Miss Hume, who, as a child was keen to study art, and was for some time a pupil of Miss Edith McGill, the famous British artist who has made a speciality of animal life.

Apart from her success as a painter, Miss Marjorie Hume is talented in other ways, is very musical, fond of books, and of all out-door life and sports, particularly tennis, riding and swimming.

The last two accomplishments she learnt for the purpose of her work for the screen, and she may need to swim in the thrilling scene towards the end of "The Great Day" which is set in a low, riverside, underground café in Paris, called the "Guardian Angel."

Strains of a Jazz tune set Miss Hume's feet tapping. Laughingly she cried:

"You can add that I am mad on dancing!"

And anyway, it is the sanest kind of madness, and whatsoever much the London sky may be overcast, Miss Hume is certainly one of those "earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light."

Marjorie Hume is one of the most brilliant actresses in the British film world, and will soon be seen in the star part of the film version of "The Great Day." Here are a few characteristic photographs of her. She is a firm believer in mascots, and has many weird little animals on her dressing-table.
MAKING THE MOVIES.

Behind the utterance of these words—the magic command which enslaves a willing world in the soft arms of Romance—lies a history of master mechanics and a story of ingenious craftsmanship that the ardent movie fan has possibly not had placed before him.

Through the permission of Thomas H. Ince, the writer is able to cast the spotlight on this very interesting phase of "behind the scene" activities.

Studied By All.

First, in line of recent construction at the Thomas H. Ince Studios is the noted producer himself. Like most successful kings of industry, Mr. Ince has the details of his organisation at his finger tips.

When a scenario is accepted for production, twelve copies of the continuity are distributed among as many departments directly or indirectly allied with the actual production.

The various departmental heads and their assistants are required to become intimate with the character of the story and its general requirements in all phases of development.

The casting director then selects the players to surround the star.

Coincident with this production, the Director and his assistants conclave in the office of production manager for the purpose of arranging a definite schedule for the construction and placement of all sets necessary to the picture.

After the production schedule is ratified, the art director submits rough sketches for the approval of the director, who must stretch his vivid imagination, and make sure that the contemplated sets are in strict accordance with his ideas for carrying out the notion and atmosphere necessary to the theme and plot of the story.

The draughtsmen—a young army in number—then draw the plans in minute detail, after which they are the subjects for examination, by Thomas H. Ince and the director and continuity writer of the play. When the blue prints are finally approved, the plans go to stage manager Harry Scheack, and then follows the building of the sets.

How It Is Done.

To illustrate the painstaking care and mechanical finesse which govern the erection of an average setting.

For an episode in Enid Bennett's production, "The False Road," it was found desirable to "shoot" a snow scene on the studio lot.

As the pictures on this page evidence, the transformation of a lumber to a cabin covered with snow and ice, was a job of no small undertaking.

Every detail of wintry wilderness had to be cleverly visualized and executed. Thanks to cotton batting, tinsel, and thousands of bits of snow-white paper, there arose a lesson path to a "little cabin around the foothills" that challenges the most rigid diagnosis for realism and absolute artistry of composition.

Generally speaking, from two to thirty days are required for the building of the average set, which is usually only used once.

Behind the Scenes With the Master Mechanics of the World's Largest Motion Picture Studios

By HUNT STROMBERG.
IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

The Motto of Mary Miles Minter—The Feminine Star Who Loves Sport—How She Keeps Fit—Her Sports Outfit—Some New Ideas.

THE production of a new film that displays all the feminine charms of a popular and beautiful screen star is bound to foster envy in the heart of every girl who witnesses it. But don’t be fooled by the beauty of yellow curls and wonderful features and frocks. Merely because a person possesses these important requisites of a beautiful woman does not mean that her life is “a bed of roses.” For, besides the arduous duties of acting for the screen, there is little time left to keep fit, if the work of the star is to be carried on successfully.

Take, for example, Mary Miles Minter, the beautiful golden-haired Realart star. Miss Minter is a typical outdoor girl. There are few sports in which she does not excel, despite the fact that she is always very busy. She takes good care to always eat the most nourishing of dishes. “Eat all you want, sleep all you need, and exercise all you can,” is the motto of this dainty person.

When asked what sport she liked best, she answered: Tennis and horseback riding, rowing, golfing, swimming, and skating. And—Which caused me to ask: “Well, what sports don’t you like?” The reply was prompt and to the point: “None.”

A Lover of Sport.

Miss MINTER averts that to be strong and healthy is in good health the young girl must of necessity indulge in as many outdoor sports as she possibly can. If it is not possible to play golf or indulge in horse-riding, then she says that she should spend a good part of her spare time walking the country roads.

“...I think rowing a splendid exercise for girls,” said Miss Minter. “It is a sport that every girl should try for—it is a sport which is the cheapest, and the strenuous movement beneficial, while the good, pure air inhaled at the same time will do one a world of good.”

Personally, she added, “I like to feel a pair of heavy shoes in my hands, and know that I’m actually working hard to make the boat move.”

Swimming, too, she thinks of one of the exercises in the category, because it brings into play all the muscles of the body. She says that the fact that the movie star Mary is a member of the swimming club shows that Miss Minter believes, who believes in doing all she can to keep herself fit.

“But,” says Mary Miles Minter, “you cannot indulge in all sorts of sports and get full benefit from them unless you have the proper clothes. Few girls realise the necessity of real hard wearing coats when they choose their sports outfit, and desire their uniform to look effective rather than to prove effective. Of course, there are sports clothes for the girl who desires to merely wear a costume. But then there are those for the person who actually engage in the various sports. For the former the material can be so soft, delicate and stretchy as to wish, and the lining of the suit can be so fancy you will be afraid to let anyone see the costume really made for service must be simple of line, so as to not hinder motion and to stand wear and tear.”

Her Sports Outfit.

I have just had some new sports clothes made,” she continued. “Would you like to see them?” I readily assented, knowing full well that I should be able to get some of the very newest sports ‘clothes’ ideas from them for you. And I was not disappointed. Here are some of the items that appealed to me.

The newest sports hat is made of suede leather, not only in brown, but in every conceivable shade to correspond with the suit with which it is to be worn. Chief among colours ranges the one of lemon yellow, with its band round the crown fringed on either side, and a tab that—fringed also—just falls over the edge of the brim. By the way, the brims of these hats are fairly small, and can be turned up or down according to taste, while the crown is furnished in various fashions, putting out a little at the sides, and stitched with a couple of rows of machining at every turn. Tams of suede also form sensible sports wear. To correspond with the hat of suede I found sensible gloves to match, with fringed pieces all up the back of the gauntlet, while the latter was always made fall to extend over the cuff of the costume.

Other sports suits were furnished with hats of colour, always in rather bright colouring, and generally small of shape, the latter quite the most sensible for rapid movement.

Shoes and Stockings.

Shoes were all of the bovogue order, and a few were in suede, but the predominating material was both plain and stamped, and in brown, brown, and grey. Few of them, however, showed the tabbed fronts, which are so unbecoming to the wearer walks.

Stockings, too, were quite an item of the sports outfit, although I must admit they were quite startling in pattern. In all colours, and patterned with diamonds, squares, and a multitude of patterns, they could be relied upon to brighten the most sombre sports suit.

The blouse had given way absolutely and entirely to the sweater, and this was either in wool or very thin, heavy cotton stockinette. Bright colours in the majority, they frequently had patterns of more sombre hue running through them. Suits, too, were decorated with either brushed rabbit or tweed wool or bands of leather, both fascinating decoration.

The actual suits were all simple in cut, although the coats were in the majority, cut knee length. Capacious pockets were added to both coats and skirts, the latter occasionally showing split-up sides to give extra freedom for strenuous movement. Stamped or added leather buttons formed decoration and fastening.

The Picture Girl’s Sports Jumper.

Brushed rabbit wool is particularly fascinating and smart, and because this ornamentation decorates woollen stockinette so charmingly, the picture girl has chosen these fabrics for her new sports jumper. The illustration shows you what a delightful style it is, with its soft turnover collar which ties in the front. The sleeves are cut flat into the armholes, and finished with a cuff. Her choice of colour has been mauve woolen stockinette with grey rabbit wool trimming to correspond with the hat and accessories.

You can obtain patterns of this jumper in 22, 24, 26, and 28 inch waist sizes from the Picture Show Pattern Dept., 291a, Oxford Street, London, W.1. Patterns one shilling each. D.O. to be made payable to the Picture Show.

So Soft & Wavy.

I don’t want to be vain, but I must say I do think my hair is rather satisfactory. It feels so thick and silky when I run my fingers through it, and it is quite a pleasure to brush it for.

IT TAKES SUCH A LOVELY POLISH.

I brush it for a quarter of an hour, night and morning, and it looks like burnished bronze, and seems to spring into waves of its own accord. Well, after so much boasting, I must confess that three months ago it was the most DULL, UNASSUMING, LIFELESS, MOUSE-COLOURED hair you ever saw. But ever since I have taken to shampooing it every fortnight with Stailax, it seems to have developed an astonishing vitality and lustre. And although it is so long, it is NOT IN THE LEAST UNMANAGEABLE

and goes up without any difficulty, even within an hour or two of being washed. After all that Stailax has done for me, I think it is only fair to let others into the secret. I find that OTHER GIRLS WHO USE IT say just the same, and whether their hair is black, golden, chestnut, or brown, it seems to impart a wonderful life and gloss to every woman’s crownning glory.

ESTELLE.
**Ask the Picture Show**

*If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players*

**THE CINEMA AND THE LIBRARY.**

I was ineptible that the practice of screening stories taken from books should have resulted in a noticeable increase of book sales. Thousands of people, who had previously read no more than a few books in their time, are now being awakened to the absorbing interest of many others, by seeing them pictured on the screen. It may, therefore, be claimed for the motion picture that in encouraging the reading habit among the masses, it is doing it in a manner that would not be possible to the same extent through any other channel.

The only sound feature likely to arise is that some producers will be inclined to seize upon this fact as an argument for giving the public nothing but picturised versions of all sorts of books irrespective of their merit. Let this be avoided, and the screen, while using original material, can also be employed as a medium for introducing the masses to become acquainted with any work that is the best in literature.

The opportunity thus afforded is one that libraries in particular should not be slow to utilise. The majority of people who do not buy books for their own use prefer to borrow them from a library either of the free or the subscription kind. The knowledge of this has been used to an advantage in America where many picture theatres and libraries co-operate whenever any adapted stories are screened. The picture theatres announce where the book of the film showing may be had, and the library in turn gives the picture a gradually increasing public as long as it is in circulation, and those whom the play interests have no difficulty in getting the book which they have read at leisure.

**THE EDITOR.**

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue.

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**Picture Show, September 25th, 1920.**

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**PICTURE SHOW**

**PERSONAL.**

WHERE TO WRITE TO YOUR FAVOURITE FILM STAR. - You are kindly requested not to send your addresses to the large number of other questionnaires that have to be destroyed. Address at once with any artist not named below, your letter, getting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a loose $5 stamp to the Editor, "Picture Show", 125, Fleetwood House, Farrington Street, London, E.C.4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. If the letter weighs over 1 oz. (or 28 g) please add the additional 1½d. stamp for each ounce. Such letters cannot be acknowledged by the Editor. Remember always, when writing to artists, to give your full address, and the address of your county and country, and mention that such letters will be replied to. Please keep all addresses for reference. Hearted paper, "The Stage", or "The Era".

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Made Strong by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mrs. Burgess, 41, Phythian Street, St. Helens, says:

"My little Edith was born with a peculiar swelling at the bottom of her back, and had to have an operation. After that she was always weak and puny, and seemed to get thinner every day. She did not eat well but just lay about, a frail little thing with no spirit in her. At two years old she only weighed 21 pounds, and hadn't even begun to walk. I got everything ordered for her, and did all I could, but it was no use. Then a friend advised me to give her Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I did, and it was really astonishing how they helped her. She picked up wonderfully, and quite soon was eating better than ever she had done. Then she began to put on flesh and become quite active. Now she is running about ever so well and strong."

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The Universal Home Remedy for:

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This is the Crosfields' Naptha Soap Method. Simply soap the clothes well, roll them up and allow to soak, when a gentle rubbing and thorough rinsing will completely dispel the dirt and grease.
The dancing season has begun, and so as not to be behind the times, ORA CAREW has been practising new steps during her spare moments. Here she gives an exhibition of the new Hesitation Glide for the benefit of her admirers.
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DAISY is the absolutely safe headache cure.

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DAISY is sold by stores and chemists everywhere at 2d. each, 8 for 1½, 20 for 2½, 60 for 6s.

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LEEDS.

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\boxed{\text{Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."}}

\textbf{No. 38.— SYBIL SEALY.}

\textbf{HERE} is Sybil Sealy, whom you will recognize as Buster Keaton's leading lady. It was Monday morning very early and Buster, who had been away for the week-end, had not arrived. Sybil employed her waiting moments with the \textit{Picture Show}, but that was a long time ago. Sybil realised this was a paper she must not miss—she has her own special copy these days.

\textbf{A Rest From Wrong-Doing.}

"IT'S good to be good," says Warner Oland; but the famous screen villain is only to enjoy this brief respite from dark deeds for a matter of days, during which he is having a short holiday away from the studio. He is due back in a fortnight's time, then—back to the screen, and villainy.

\textbf{"Eggs Agnes Ayres."}

ONE of New York's largest restaurants has a new dish. Agnes Ayres is responsible for this tasty way to serve eggs, and the pictures are unstintingly praising her culinary art. This is Miss Ayres' recipe for "Eggs Agnes Ayres."

Scoop out large firm tomatoes. Put in them first a layer of minced ham, on the top of the ham drop a raw egg. Over the top sprinkle some grated cheese. Bake for twenty-five to thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Serve on toast with parsley.

\textbf{A Coming Thrill.}

\textbf{PHYLLIS HAYER'S performance of the role of the heroine in a comedy fight in mid-air, above the clouds, is one of the thrills in the coming Mack Sennett comedy "Married Life." But I hear that you will be undecided, when you see this fast-moving mirth-maker,}\n
\textbf{whether to laugh or shiver at the peril of the dauntless Ben Turpin, the jealous Jimmy Finlayson, and the fear of the winsome Phyllis.}

\textbf{Setting the Fashion.}

\textbf{POOR men! They are never allowed any originality as regards their clothes. When a girl wore flowers at the back of her waistbelt instead of the front it was voted "pretty," and thousands of girls followed the idea, and a fashion was started. But not so with men. If they wear a double collar with a dress shirt, or a hard hat with a morning coat, they are "incorrect." Even Mr. Asquith was not able to popularise the latter. One little question of this kind stopped work at the Vitagraph studios during the filming of "The Vice of Fools," in which Alice Joyce is the star. It all came about because one member of the cast appeared in a white waistcoat and a dinner jacket. "I shall have to request you to change your vest," said the director, "it is considered improper to wear a white waistcoat with a dinner jacket."

The director declared that his dress was in order and a discussion followed, during the course of which no less than six exclusive tailors were rung up and asked, "Is it proper for a man to wear a white waistcoat with a dinner jacket?"

Without exception the answer came back that while it was not in practice the custom was in order. Thus one man, in the Alice Joyce cast, appears garbed in a style which Dame Fashion decrees is the last word in male apparel.

\textbf{"Goals to Newcastle."}

\textbf{HERE is a subtle fascination about the movies, and it seems that once the lure is upon you it can never be thrown off. Beside Love was anxious to visit New York, and travelled three thousand and more miles to get there, eagerly anticipating all the sights that she would see. But when she got there she spent most of her time in the motion picture theatres. Beside reminds one of the London bus driver who got his first day off in ten years, and spent it riding round the city on a 'bus."

\textbf{An Unpardonable Sin.}

\textbf{IT is the usual thing for folk to pretend they are someone else on the screen, yet this happened in real life in California. An impostor representing himself to be D. W. Griffith has been fleecing guests in poker games. But the real Griffith, the renowned producer, says he never played poker but once in his life, when he made the mistake of betting on a "bruted" flush.}

\textbf{The Victor.}

\textbf{HERE was keen rivalry in the Harold Lloyd studio, although, fortunately, it was of the good nature kind. Mildred Davis and "Snub" Pollard would each endeavor to outdo the other in thinking of the drollest poses for a photograph. When Mildred appeared one day in an aviation helmet, a bathing suit, and a pair of army shoes, "Snub" admitted his defeat, and gave up the contest.}

\textbf{He Had Had Experience.}

\textbf{BERT is a born director," was the comment of Maxwell Karger, Metro Director-General, as he watched Hert Lytell directing a police-court scene in his forthcoming film play, "The Misleading Lady," at Metro studios. But I'm curious to know how he appears so familiar with police-court methods. It looks suspicious."}

The young star overheard, and turned: "You forget, Mr. Karger," he said, "that I own an automobile.""

\textbf{The Language of Gowas.}

\textbf{A LITTERN says that a screen actress can depict the character she is playing by her gowns. "You can pick out the vampires on sight," she says, "because the vampire cut has become almost a uniform. So why not express other types as effectively?"

She is to carry this idea into execution in the forthcoming Metro production, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," in which she is to play the role of Marguerite. She aims to express the dramatic significance of each scene in the language of silks, laces and flounces.}

\textbf{A Well-Earned Rest.}

\textbf{WILLIAM FARNUM, the versatile Fox star who has worked hard for over a year at the Hollywood studios, is enjoying a well-earned holiday at his beautiful home at Sag Harbour, Long Island. Upon his return to harness, he will start in the new Fox studios in New York on several important productions.}

\textbf{An Expensive Joke.}

\textbf{FRANK LLOYD admits that the joke is on himself, but that he'd laugh louder if it hadn't cost him a goodly sum of money. When Mr. Lloyd isn't directing pictures at the Goldwyn studios, he likes nothing quite so well as driving his cars. He owns two, and his greatest perplexity is in deciding which one he shall take out. The other day he made the decision easily, for a reason which you will discover later. He was going pretty fast down}


**PICTURE SHOW** "CHAT.

(Continued from page 2)

A road, when, through some misunderstanding, he collided with another car which rolled down a ditch. Mr. Lloyd was smashed and so was the car. He was driving, so he went over to the damaged car to see if anyone was injured. The driver was quite intact but gazing ruefully at the smashed auto. Imagine Mr. Lloyd's surprise when he found that he had run into his own car.

Another member of the family had wanted a ride and had taken it out. "And the reason I did not drive it myself," says Mr. Lloyd sadly, "is that the insurance expired on it the day before."

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The Obstinate Dog.

In the new Broadwest film, "Trent's Last Case," it was arranged to introduce a dog howling, and the property man spent a busy time finding the sort of dog required. After much searching, however, they found a disreputable-looking mongrel, which the owner guaranteed would howl whenever desired.

Accordingly the dog was transported to the studio grounds, a brass band hired, and the producer prepared to take the scene. The members of the band played for all they were worth, discord and harmony, but the dog simply refused to howl. Eventually the producer gave it up as a bad job and dismissed the band. Just as the camera-man was preparing to pack up his camera, however, someone in a house near by commenced to sing. This was quite sufficient, for the mongrel threw back its head and howled as only a dog can howl. The result was all that could be desired, and the mongrel will make his debut in "Trent's Last Case."

---

Syph-Like Gowans

A PEACOCK in all its regal beauty shines in reflected light from the glory of the gown worn by the "Madame Peacock" personified by Miss Nazimova. In her newest picture, that name this brilliant actress will dazzle the feminine world with her array of typical Nazimova creations. They embody every possible style that is so becoming to the great actress. Several costumes of soft, clingy material have the long, loose lines that only serve to accentuate her syph-like form.

---

"Head Over Heels."

THAT imitable screen comedian, Mabel Normand, is about to take a few weeks' vacation in New York. But it is not before she deserves them, for she has been working hard just recently on a new Goldwyn production, "Head Over Heels" will cause much mirth to all who see it.

---

A Diligent Worker.

A DILIGENT, the talented British film star, Miss Violet Hopson, will be sorry to hear that she has been compelled to give up her film work for an account of illness. She has not been well for some time, and has been advised to have a complete rest. This is a great blow to Miss Allison, who is one of those enterprising women who are never content unless they are "up and doing." She says that she will be thinking forward to the time when she can get back to work.

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The Irresistible Actor.

M KERSON is quite a fluffy at the studio the other day when she announced that she was going to have one of the leading actors in pictures only appear with her in "Hidden In Trust," the photo-drama from George Kibbe Turner's novel, Viola Daan and Alice Kent. The actor as Miss Allison sang the praises of the actor who was "such a consummate master of his art, of such splendid intelligence, and so lovable that he was irresistible."

Finally they persuaded Miss Allison to show them his pictures and let them do. It was of Teddy Whack, the dog actor.

---

Have You Seen Her?

I MET Miss Leah Douglas shopping in Bond Street the other day. She tells me that her last big part on the screen was that of Tiny Hipes in the Welsh Pearson production, "Nothing Else Matters," which is shortly to be released. She told me that she thinks that her best picture so far was as Hildy, in "The Three Musketeers."

---

The Storm Scene.

SOME wonderful storm scenes are shown in "The Mutiny of the Elsinore," the new Broadwest production. Many people who witnessed the pre-release of this film expressed great curiosity as to how these scenes were secured. As a matter of fact they were secured after several failures. The first attempt to picture the storm was made at sea when the cast were encamped on the island. Nature supplied this storm, but with little result; for this proved to be a blunder reproducion. It was then decided to shoot a replica of the ship at the studios. This took 103 ft. in length, and was erected on a rocker to give the rolling effect of the sea.

Tous of water were to be projected across the deck, with electric flashes to simulate lightning. The actors were to be caught in the storm when the water was catapulted from fire-hoses with such force that the boat cracked in the center. After the ship was repaired, precaution was taken not to repeat such a catastrophe, and the scenes were successfully filmed. "The Mutiny of the Elsinore" was adapted from Jack London's novel.

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The Homes of England.

THERE will be a touch of the Mother Country in Katherine MacDonald's newest picture, "The Seond Latheley." The scenes of the story are in England, and in order to obtain the proper realism, director Edwin Carewe insisted that genuine English furniture and art objects be used. He purchased genuine pieces of furniture from the homes of prominent English people now residing in Los Angeles.

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A Yearly Dose.

A LICE LAKE is nursing a bad case of sunburn as a result of a weekend trip to the south. She refused, however, after a four days' illness at the Misericordia Hospital in New York. At the time when she was stricken she was playing an important part in the new Griffith production, "Way Down East," and a brilliant future was predicted for this beautiful young girl, though unhappily it was never to be fulfilled.

---

FRANKLYN PARNUM, best known as the charm of an assured welcome,

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News from Los Angeles.

A "Jill of All Trades."

ROSEMARY THEBY, who is to play the leading feminine role in the theatrical production of "Kismet," is in every way an extremely capable young woman. She has designed and made most of the beautiful dresses which she is to wear in the famous Eastern story, and makes a specialty in her spare time of knitting silk and woolen sweaters of every hue and design to wear with her sports clothes. She is also a very clever mechanician, and not only can she drive her car, but at a pinch dissect its innards, take it to pieces and put it together again. In fact, a few morning generally finds her in overalls doing garage work. She counter-balances these rather masculine accomplishments by a variety of domestic virtues, however, for she has made her hobby of interior decoration, and can cook an exceedingly good dinner.

Successful Intervention.

EMILY STEVENS, the famous motion pictures, is returning to the fllicer world in a story entitled "The Sacred Flame." Miss Stevens entered the hands of America's leading actresses, and it was through the intervention of her famous cousin that Emily finally succeeded in overcoming her mother's prejudices against a theatrical career for her talented daughter. Miss Stevens entered Mrs. Fiske's company and received every benefit of a thorough dramatic training.

Anything for a Change.

RAYMOND HATTON, probably the finest character actor on the screen, is a past master in the art of make-up, and has placed the ports of characters and types—kings, politicians, crooks, actors, lawyers, eccentrics, and mortals. Now, it is a well-known fact that most stars cherish a secret hankering to do something outside their usual line of work, and the versatile Mr. Hatton owns that it is his pet ambition to play "straight" parts, and for once in a while to be just himself. Once he got the chance in Cecil De Mille's production, "You Can't Have Everything," and since then he has got sort of restless and longs to abandon the crepe hair, the artificial wrinkles, and the old character clothes, and become as well known as Raymond Hatton as he is as John Trumble of the morgue, "Whispering Chorus" or "The Firefly of France."

---

A Loss to Filmland.

THE whole film world is mourning the death of Clarine Seymour, one of the most promising of Griffith's younger stars, who first made her name as the "Cutie Beautiful of "The Girl Who Stayed at Home. Miss Seymour was taken ill a few days ago with acute intestinal trouble, and it was decided to operate immediately in the hope of saving her life. At first her condition gave grounds to hope that she would recover, but she gradually weakened and died after a four days' illness at the Misericordia Hospital in New York. At the time when she was stricken she was playing an important part in the new Griffith production, "Way Down East," and a brilliant future was predicted for this beautiful young girl, though unhappily it was never to be fulfilled.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

To those who have seen Mme. DORALDINA only as a gifted Hawaiian dancer, it will come as a surprise to learn that she is very much at home in an afternoon dress presiding over the tea table. Here is the evidence, caught in her dressing-room the other day, when she was chatting with Mrs. EDWARD EARLE.

PRISCILLA DEAN with her new leading man—STANLEY GOETHALS—in "Outside the Law." By the serious expression on the little man's face one would imagine she were praying for him to be a good boy.

The members of the cast in "Once a Plumber" consent to have their photographs taken in a group. They include the inseparable couple, EDDY LYONS and LEE MURAN.

WILLIAM CONKLIN is a clever golf player. THOMAS H. INCE congratulates him on his win in the South Californian Golf Tournament.

In "real" life this is the villainess who pursues Ruth in "Ruth of the Rockies"; but in "real" life Ruth pursues her with a chair, as the villainess has just sprained her toe.
**SPLENDID SERIAL STORY. BEGIN TODAY!**

**"T"HE PRICE OF HIS HOURLY"**

**Read This First.**

T**HE Sweet Alice carried just twelve passengers, including John Galloway, who spent much of his time in a harmless flirtation with Irna Gale. Irna, however, took things a little too seriously.                John's partner was quick to take his place. Dyson Mallet, and Galloway were homeward bound from Rhodesia, where they had taken up an abandoned gold claim.

Galloway had a contempt for Mallet, who treated all girls as fair game, and who openly歧视ed when Mallet-Galloway on the high road out when he was on his way to marry, chiefly because her father had the most money.

The night before they are due to land the boat has a collision and somejoints. John Galloway attempts to rescue Irna Gale. He calls her to take the vacant seat in one of the boats, and then goes on deck. John, however, renders him unconscious and throws him in the water. When he is set free, he tells his father, a more irritating him and calling Mr. Mallet. She tells him that she is sole survivor of the wreck.

Although he protests that he is not Dyson Mallet an one believes him, but think that his brain has become a trifle unhinged by the shock of the wreck. He meets Athalie by chance one day, rendering assistance to her car.

**A Voice From the Past.**

A**ND by RAILTON was accustomed to sit before her dressing-table glass for perhaps the normal amount of time which a person takes to adjust herself for the captivating business of making herself prettier.

This evening she sat a little longer because there was a new face, which she deemed important. Once or twice when she shut her eyes she fancied she could hear the rustle of the wings of destiny fluttering at it.

She was an intellectual girl, and although in the last three weeks—ever since that meeting with Mallet-Galloway on the high road out when he was on his way to marry, chiefly because her father had the most money—there had been a trifle unhinged by the shock of the wreck.

The new Dyson Mallet, in all the essential matters which concern and attract a woman, was no more of a fizzle out than fire is like water.

All—oh! this was a matter which concerned herself entirely—the vows she had made with regard to this same Dyson Mallet had dissolved themselves into thin air, and she had let them dissolve without a struggle.

By means of ponderous hints which he filled with matter, and which she herself had been a little surprised and at times frankly disappointing.

Her heart, it seemed to her, had always been like a placid lake, deep perhaps, but always still, set in the mountains and sheltered by them from turbulent winds.

In the past presentable young men, a quite a number of them, had sought with pretty zealous, to make some sort of a communion in those still waters.

They had quite definitely failed, and she had come to the conclusion that she had no heart.

It was a disappointment, because she had always been one of nature's naturals, and she would spin the deeps in her. And if she had been asked for the one man in her circle who was the least likely to do this thing she would have indicated Dyson Mallet.

And now this very man had come—come like a storm.

She knew that whatever happened to-night, or in the future, the waters of the lake would no longer be quite tranquil again.

Hers was not the only internal storm. John Galloway looked into the glass as she did, and saw himself groan belligerent in the last few days.

He had just got himself into one of Dyson Mallet's drawers like paint, and was struggling with one of his white ties. There was a desperate look in his steely blue eyes, which had crossed in his recent hole in the ground in Rhodesia called the Colonnade Jane, could have seen him at this moment. He had known that look in John's face very well.

"It meant that he was asking something of life which he was not likely to get, and if Fate stood in the path with a flaming sword—so much the worse for Fate."

Just before starting on his short walk to the Raliton's, Mr. Weston, his capable housekeeper, waited for him in the hall.

It was the first time she had seen him in evening-dress, and she was distinctly impressed. Whatever his mind might be, she thought he was physically as near perfection as any man she had seen, and was as good looking as any man has a right to be.

But she did not like the look in those steely eyes of his.

"You are not looking any too well to-night, Mr. Mallet," she said. "How are you feeling?"

"Fit as a fiddle-string," he answered, smiling. "You're looking the thing for several days past. I don't think the nurse should have left you so soon."

"It's very kind of you to worry over me, Mr. Weston," he said. "But you're wasting your sympathy. O'Farrell, who administered to treat me as an invalid, and if you all keep on I shall get to like it. I haven't had much patience, but I'm saying it and it's a change. But I'll let you into a secret. There is nothing the matter with me, and I'm strong enough to walk the world on my own way through the world, if necessary. What's that—a letter for me?"

"The late-night post," she said, handing it to him.

"Poor fellow!" she murmured, as she watched O'Farrell's walk the well-kept drive.

Galloway was no sooner out of the house than he started thinking at a tremendous rate.

What was he doing? What sort of road was this one he was plunging headlong? What in the name of Heaven would be the end of this business if he kept on as he was going? Again he came upon a nickeroff showing the mileage to London.

"Why don't you eat and run, you mad, pitiful fool?" he told himself. "You're headed for disaster, dishonesty, ignominy."

But he checked his teeth unusual them together, and deliberately forced his thoughts into other channels.

He had been doing this for days past now.

Living in the present. Thinking of the past as little as possible, and deliberately turning his back on the future.

Again he ground his teeth. Somehow in the last few weeks the essential man in him had changed. The great light that shone upon him —was still shiring. Come what would he could not turn his face to the other side.

A native vein of obstinacy which had served him many a good turn in the past, served him now as a guide, and as he walked along his thoughts he took the letter from his pocket which Mrs. Weston had handed him.

He opened it. He was addressed in an appallingly hand—probably a woman's writing. It was addressed, of course, to Dyson Mallet.

"Continued on page 8."
THE EXPRESSIONS OF PAULINE FREDERICK.

(Special to the "Picture Show")

PAULINE FREDERICK.
The Great Emotional Actress of the Silver Screen.

PAULINE FREDERICK, who has earned the reputation of being the finest emotional actress on the screen, made a name on the stage before she took to cinema acting. With the exception of Nazimova no screen actress can portray so powerfully those great emotions on which the silent stage depends to rely on its story.

In addition to her power of dramatic expression, Miss Frederick has one of the most perfect profiles. A well-known photographer, who has posed nearly all the noted film stars of America, says that she has the most perfect profile he ever saw. The line of her chin and throat is a joy to sculptors and artists. In fact, she is known as possessing the “face of a thousand expressions.” And back of her lovely face there is a keen intelligence and fine imagination. Her face mirrors her thoughts and emotions in a most expressive way, and it is this faculty for showing what she feels which makes her one of the greatest screen stars of to-day.

An Early Start.

MISS FREDERICK was born in the City of Boston, Massachusetts, and was educated in the private schools of that city. When she was quite a child she expressed a desire to go on the stage, and while still a school child she played in “When Mrs. Black Came Back” before the Dorchester Woman’s Club. Her first professional effort was in Boston, where she sang in a vaudeville theatre. From this she graduated to the chorus of a musical comedy, where her vivid and exotic beauty marked her for a part in a new play, “The Little Grey Lady.”

Soon Miss Frederick discovered that she had ability in another branch of theatricals, and in a new play showed such remarkable dramatic power that she was persuaded to remain a dramatic actress. Her most remarkable performance on the legitimate stage was as Patiphan’s wife in “Joseph and His Brethren.” It so firmly fixed her in the dramatic world that important producers began to bid for her services on the screen. Her dramatic abilities were even better adapted to the screen than the stage, and from the very first her success was complete.

The Human Question Mark.

MISS FREDERICK has a charming smile—there is infectious mirth about it, and those who see it are compelled to smile with her. There are many, however, who admire her most in pensive mood when the corners of her mouth have a little droop, and the big grey eyes have a far-away look. Anyone who has the good fortune to talk with her has the chance to see all these changing expressions, for her mobile countenance changes constantly with her passing thoughts.

Although she is keenly wrapped up in her acting she takes more than a passing interest in the actual working of the motion pictures. She says that when she first came to it, the studio was like a vast park or menagerie to a child, and that she spent much of her time looking around and asking how this and that was done. She wanted reasons, explanations, and until she got them refused to perform. This questioning won for her the title of the human question mark. But she has never regretted her inquisitiveness, and avers that if more screen actresses took pains to study the medium through which their work is shown to the public, there would be fewer good-looking and intelligent actresses appearing, at a disadvantage in films. But Miss Frederick says that she would not return to the legitimate stage for anything, for she finds a peculiar pleasure in performing for the movies that no amount of success on the stage can give one.

Her New Horse.

MISS FREDERICK likes music when she is at work on a picture, for she says that it helps her to get into the right mood for the part she is playing. So a violinist who thoroughly understands the star’s taste is usually stationed in the wings, and he plays softly while she is acting before the camera.

She has three cars and a horse, and can handle any of the four, although until a few weeks ago this statement would not have been truthful unless the horse had been left out. For she has only learned to ride the horse during the past few weeks. This new acquisition of skill came as a result of some scenes in Miss Frederick’s latest Goldwyn picture, “Roads of Destiny,” in which the star was required to ride a horse. She felt rather shaky at first, but was helped into the stirrup, but the horse was a docile creature, and in less than no time she was quite at home on the animal. Now she likes nothing better than a canter on her new possession whenever she has the time to spare.

If you want to write to her, address your letter to Miss PAULINE FREDERICK, Robertson Col Productions, 1600, Broadway, New York City.
He had not yet quite got over the natural repugnance to opening another man's letters, and he shrugged his broad shoulders as he tore up the first page of the envelope.

"I am using another man's money, living in his house, and I feel rather hurt and hampered in my movements,

"May as well open his letters."

This letter was a shock. It was an illiterate servant message, clearly from a serving maid. There were some suspicious blots on it which looked like tears.

It ran:

"Darling,—Why are you treating me like this? You have been home for nearly three months, and you have never given me a word or sent me a line.

Are you not wondering if you have forgotten me?—Oh, you cannot be so cruel as that after—after all the past. Dearest, don't think I am complaining. I am not. I know how careful you try to be. I know that you have not forgotten because you wrote me letters.

You have been ill, and I have longed, oh, dreadfully to be by your side to nurse you. With all theတဖြားမှု Mustang you to nurse you now. But you are better now, because I know you have been out walking the country for miles around. And as I walked alone, am dear, and tell me that you are still the same, and that you have not forgotten all the past? While I am alive I shall never forget you.

This is Wednesday. I shall wait for you to—tomorrow night in Morden Woods—you know where, under the oak tree. Come to me there, dearest, like you used to, and tell me that you are still my own boy—Ever your very own,

Galloway read this message twice, and drew his hand across his brow.

"What!" he whistled. "That's not in the way of another man's letters. It is more or less of a matter of much sweet simplicity after all apparently. If I have to take on the other man's love affairs it is going to get me down.

He examined the envelope. It had been posted in Talverton, the market town, about five miles north.

His impression was that it had come from some girl who knew, or thought she knew, the man who had posted it in Talverton.

He replaced the letter in his pocket. There was no use in continuing to look for it.

He knew Morden Woods. The place was not more than a mile from his own door, or Downes, as the woods were pretty extensive, and his hopes of finding a mysterious tryking place known as 'our two' were not at all dashed.

Moreover he did not want to find it. Moreover again, at ten o'clock that night he expected to be very much engaged elsewhere.

But the letter excitedly distorted his thoughts from those other matters which would not stand reflection.

A Breaking of Barriers.

GALLOWAY learned the truth that night.

He had found her much besieged by the youth of the county, who were not at all disposed to treat him as one of their own sex.

He led her out on to the lawn, which was gay with fairy lamps and paper lanterns. Her eyes were bright with excitement. The subtle indefinable scent of her made his head swim.

The consciousness of her nearness, the light touch of her arm, the knowledge that each of the lady's hands and her cheek, mingled with the distant strains of the music on the lawn.

He found her in his arms, pressed to his heart, her gold head upon his shoulder, and her swarthy face was faint and her eyes were screwed into a smile of dejection. She knew that she had raised a laugh, and was, indeed, he knew, as well as a wonder of adoration.

In the darkness their lips met in long dist.

He held her closer kissing her eyes and hair, murmuring almost inaudibly:

"I love you! I love you, Athalie! Oh, my sweet, wonderful girl, how I do love you, dear.

How long this ended neither knew of it. It seemed a bewitching, sweet-scented eternity. They were walking away from him, and he heard his voice broken and hoarse like the voice of another man.

"If you do not, don't despair, she murmured brokenly.

"Don't speak like that. You must not, will not let you say those things.

She would not look him in the eye, continued the same discourse on his shoulders again, but he held her off.

"Listen, Athalie," he said sternly. "Help me to know hard enough. And later on, when you know all, try to forgive me if you can.

If you go down to me, I mean, I am an impostor. I have no right to speak to you like this. You have no right to speak to me, I am an impostor. I am not your lover, but a friend of yours or to speak to you. But I am sorry I said to you was the truth, and I am going to say it again.

I love you. I have loved you for years, before ever I saw you; and I shall always love you.

"That is all. Whether you will find any excuse for me, or whether it makes matters worse, I don't know. But that, at least, is the truth. If all the rest.

"Dearst," she whispered, "don't talk like that. You are hurting me so. I understand nothing, I just can't understand anything.

"You understand nothing. You know nothing. If you did you would walk away from me. There should be no need for me to come again.

"Dearest," she said. "Listen to me. You have told me that you love me. Is that the truth?

"If there is any truth in me, Athalie, that is the truth. You never need doubt that, and I shall never deceive you.

"And I love you, dear," she answered. "I tell you so now, if I have not told you already. That is the greatest proof in all those matters. These troubles of yours are nothing. Believe me, dear, they will disappear, and I will help you to overcome them. I should be a poor creature indeed if I allowed them to make any difference.

"But, my girl, they make all the difference.

"Great heaven, I have no right to lift my eyes to you for a moment."

"Oh, I have not deceived him," "I give you the right. You have told me that you love me, and I have the right to give my love where I please. Very well, have it."

"Well, and even more."

"You should have told me that I loved you."

"I have made you very happy. More happy than I can tell you. Don't spoil it for me. Let us be content."

"Thank you."

"We will face these troubles of yours after wards, and be sure you will not find me afraid of their possibility.

"But I am not the man you think I am," he began.

"Don't say that," she begged. "You are my lover, and that is enough for me. I don't care who you are or what you are—I love you. There is something so sustaining about you, that makes me blush at my own wild boldness. Are you convinced now?

He looked her in his arms again, almost roughly.

"If only you meant that, Athalie. If only you meant it everything will be all right.

"It is a lie, nothing but a lie.

"It is all right, everything will be all right."

"Then let us go back to the others or we shall be missed."

"He kissed her again less wildly this time, and she kissed him in return.

With a little sob of pure happiness she clung her arm around his, and they walked back together to the lighted lawn.

Here several excited partners who missed their dance claimed that the whir of their dress was whirled away. But not before she had thrown him a look which would have made a happy man say, to one of those others who searched for per sistently.

They did not meet again unless they said good night.

They had two dances on her programme, but as she had missed two during that momentous time when she met him, she had to give those to the disappointed ones.

For a moment when they said good night on the lawn, she drew him into the shadows, and greatly daring, put her hands on his shoulders and raised his young face to him. He kissed her reverently as if she were a sacred thing, as indeed she was to him. There was a glint of tears in her eyes.

"I am happy," she murmured.

He would have said something, but seeing the frown on his face, she put her soft fingers over his lips.

And so she left him, and went to her white room, eager to be aloof so that she could taste better to the happiness she was about to cherish.

Here she experienced a young girl's most perfect happiness.

She had thought on, or twice had she thought on those wild words of his, and the troubles which he spoke so gloomily about. She put them aside with a confident smile.

You see, she thought this only trouble was this strange hallucination of his due to the shock of the news.

Somehow he had discovered that he was mutually infatuated with the girl who had considered him so painful to tell of his love.

She loved him all the more, because of what she considered his honourable scruples.

(To be continued.)
THE "PICTURE SHOW" IN PICTURELAND.

A Day in the Life of Our American Representative Collecting Photographs, News, and Gossip for the "Picture Show." Described by Himself, With Snapshots.

(Continued from last week.)

"That's a very pretty little frock of yours, Miss Paige," I remark.
"Oh, if you two are going to talk clothes—breaks in, I'm off! Must be getting back, anyway. Ciao!"

"Jolly," though there's no more energetic chap alive than Hart.
He has just come off the set, and is still dressed in the uniform of the mounted police, as a member of which he appears in the picture he is making.
He greets me with a photograph in his hand.
"Just take a look at this," he says. "I believe it is the very thing you are wanting. How's that for the 'strong silent one'?" And he smiles his genial smile. (Hart really is far younger looking off the screen than on.) "Funny how they all like me in the 'strong silent stuff'. I get heaps of letters from the readers, begging me never to give up that type of role."
Lunch is brought in, and then follows a yarn such as one rarely has the opportunity of enjoying. Great chap, Hart. Seen everything, and—which is more—done a tremendous lot of thinking. A bit reserved till you know him, but when you do, you feel you've got a friend for life. At the end of a couple of hours with him I feel I've been for a long, health-giving walk in a bracing wind. (I find, too, I've extracted some useful information for you.)

Then——

Tea With Anita.

Once more on the road with a certain house on the mountain-top for my destination.
I find all the family at home—Anita and her devoted husband and manager, Rudolph Cameron; her mother, and her younger brother George, who is also of the picture fraternity.

After tea Mrs. Cameron announces I'm going to show you round the grounds as a reward for your patience.
"Wait," says Cameron. "You both make such a pretty picture—don't they, George— that I'm going to get my camera right away."
And so for the third time to-day I have the honour of being photographed with a famous star.

Twilight and a delightful saunter with my hostess round her picturesque garden, and then hearty handshakes and a promise to come again soon. Then home and to bed, with the pleasant and virtuous reflection that I've done a good day's work in a good cause indeed—the service of the Picture Show and its readers all over the world.

Lights out!

So for the fifth time to-day I am photographed with a famous star.

"I get heaps of letters from your readers," exclaimed Hart. "They like me in the 'strong silent hero parts best.' "

Larry's Leading Lady.

By Jove! It's getting late, and there's Hart— but must just pop over to Larry Scann's studio first.
I find him in the thick of his new comedy, and as I watch him making a scene, I decide that this clever younger is funnier with every picture he makes. I tell him so a little later when he breezes up to me—baggy trousers and all—for a chat.
"So glad you think so, I try to give the public the best I can do. But here is the little girl who is helping me."
Whereupon I am introduced to Larry's leading lady, and immediately beg for a photo of so charming a damsel.
"Nothing like the present," says the comedian. And hey, presto, in a few moments we are all taken together! (In the photo you will notice that I am so dazzled by her smile that I am looking at the camera instead of at her!)
A few more words with Larry, and then I am off in a cloud of dust on route for the Hart studios. It's a mercy there are no speed "cops" around, for I am late.

A Bite With Bill.

I find W. S. in his own special sanctum, a regular man's retreat, with deep chairs made for comfort, souvenirs of his trips on the walls, and a leather lounge which invites
FLICKERS FROM FILMLAND.
NEWS, NOTES, AND OPINIONS BY FRED K. ADAMS.

A Novel Film.

KING VIDOR has produced a film which forsakes tradition almost entirely. It eliminates the youthful romance, has no hero character such as all photo-plays have possessed up to now, no "the young thing" to be won and won, no deep-dyed villain, and no carefully built plot. As a substitute for all these one time picture virtues, we are told that there is a character study story of no particular value dramatically but rich in its incident and triviality in its delineation. Whether this original film, which is called "The Jack Knife Man," meets with success or not remains to be seen.

Better Films Wanted.

DISCUSSING this departure, Mr. Vidor says: "There is no reason in the world why a motion picture should be arbitrarily confined to the eternal love story. There is no reason why the motion picture should not have as wide a field of endeavor as fiction. Our greatest stories are character studies quite often with no hint of romance. Why should the photo-play be limited in its scope? Tradition and no other reason. A tradition that should have been outlawed long ago. A tradition that had its foundation with the opinions and wishes of the old-time picture-goer who for the most part long since ceased to exist.

"The picture public of to-day does not demand the time-worn eternal romance as the basis of its motion picture fare." I have not yet had an opportunity of seeing this film, but every effort at origin-

SIDNEY MORGAN, the producer of Progress films, his latest film, "Little Dorrit," is a great success.

ALLIANCE should be encouraged. As I have remarked before, picture-goers are becoming weary of the popularity of films, and the effect is being felt by the exhibitor in the poor box. It is a relief to find that British producers are breaking away from the eternal triangle "film," and are digging deeply into the rich storehouse of English literature and history.

Films in the Orient.

INTERESTING comparison between the motion picture in Japan and China is made by Edward Kimura, who has seen all the important theatres in Japan, and most of the better ones in the northern part of China. Japan, he says, with her usual keen insight, is making full use of the manifold possibilities of the exhibition of motion pictures. The theatre devoted to showing the films in China are cleaner and better run than in Japan, but not with the same profitable result. In the showing of films in Japan, there is a big difficulty to contend with, the simple translation into the Japanese mind would be so lengthy as to interrupt the continuity of the film. Ordinary actions of the characters that would be perfectly clear to the European, are like Greek to an Oriental. In order to get over this, a professional "reader" is engaged, and he declaims the story in a dramatic voice as it proceeds. This difficulty is even more apparent in China where there are some thirty dialects to deal with.

It is an interesting fact that the best picture theatres in China are British controlled by the British Theatre Company, registered under the British Company's Act. It is the largest moving picture concern in China.

My Most Difficult Scene.

SOME years ago the Church locked down with horror upon the cinema. I had to use a country church in a picture, and after being most politely refused at twenty churches, covering an area of fifty miles, decided to take a church without asking. I had found a beautiful church, with a country inn within a dozen yards, where my artists could dress and be low until the coast was clear. I had quite a lot of work to do there, six or seven scenes, and it was in the days when I could not afford to return without having carried out my program for the day. The weather was glorious, and after cautious scouting, I decided that it was safe to put up the camera. Just at this moment the sexton appeared, and began to work, trimming up some evergreens, and it looked as if he held a week's work in front of him. For a moment I was baffled. What was to be done? I couldn't ask his permission, because he would have to consult the vicar, and I had already had twenty refusals. An idea came to me—"an inspiration." I approached the majesty the sexton.

"Would you oblige me by helping in a film—I am a man short? I just want you to go in my motor-car to the railway station, and help a gentleman with the baggage, then come back to the inn with him." The man was delighted to be able to help me. Certainly, if it won't take more than half an hour, sir." "Take him for a ten-mile run, and have a break down," were my private instructions to the sexton.

SIDNEY MORGAN.

This Week's Best Films.

THE following is a list of the best photo-plays which are being released for exhibition at the cinemas during this week, and the names of the star artists:

Coward ... "The Social Pirate" JUNE ELVIDGE.
Ideal ... "The Board Between" GEORGE BEKAN.
Waddington ... "The Prize of Conquest" NORMA TAMELAGE.
Vigney ... "Beat the Odds" HARRY MOREY.

ANITA STEWART DRESSING-ROOM.

NOT content with the usual boudoir dressing-room, Anita Stewart possesses a delightful little bungalow that stands in its own grounds. It is charmingly fitted up with all the most modern comforts, and each room is in perfect harmony.

At her dressing-table.
The dancing season has begun. On the screen the fairies of tinland dance all the year round, as seen by these charming photographic studies of popular photoplay players.

Gladys Leslie
with "The Golden Shower," (Vitagraph.)

Carol Dempster,
who has graced so many D.W. Griffith productions.

Viola Dana,
the delightful Metro star.

Fairy sprites appearing in the central scene in the Vitagraph photoplay, "The Vengeance of Deran."
Vivian Martin

Vivian Martin is known to us as the brave "little mother" of screenland, who wins for herself and her loved ones in filmland by the power of a wealth of smiles. Vivian believes in the old adage, that "If you smile the world smiles with you, if you weep, you weep alone," and carries this message to us by way of the screen.

"Smile and the dog smiles with you," says Vivian. Self-pity must sometimes chase the smile away.

A lover's pleading wins her heart—in "Jane Goes A-wooing."
THEDA BARA—THE WOMAN.
WHO SAYS SHE IS TIRED OF BEING A VAMPIRE.

I MET Theda Bara upon her return from Paris, whence she had flown soon after her arrival in England. She had been having a rest there, she said, but had also found time to do some shopping. She was full of her purchases, which included some truly wonderful gowns for her future productions, which she described to me with the zest and animation natural to every normal, dress-loving female.

In the midst of her description, I found myself gazing at her open-eyed and almost open-mouthed.

"Nothing my expression, which she could hardly fail to do, Miss Bara stopped, and looked at me in return.

"Why, you’re real, you’re human!" I cried.

"Sure!" laughed Miss Bara. "What did you expect?"

"I—I dunno," I stammered foolishly, feeling all fussed up. "But, somehow, I thought you’d be different—er—vampire, you know, and that you’d talk—well, as vampires are supposed to talk, and..."

And that’s how this interview might have started.

But it didn’t.

Her Screen Debut.

As a matter of fact, I didn’t expect to see Theda Bara at all the sort of woman she has been painted all these years, and I was not disappointed, for I found just what I thought I should—a real woman, and I can tell you she is mighty nicer than the Theda Bara of fiction. To commence with, she is the very antithesis of a vampire in appearance (though her hair and big brown eyes are dark), and secondly, her manner and conversation, as I have indicated, are those of any other intelligent woman, although I do not deny that there is a certain distinctive quality about her that the average woman would be glad—and strive in vain—to possess.

And I’ll tell you another thing: not only is Miss Bara miles from being a "vamp" herself, but she laughs and always has laughed, at the long line of those weird creatures she has created for the screen.

Then why, you will (not unnaturally) ask, has she portrayed them?

"Well," said Miss Bara, when I put the very same question to her, "doubtless you know the history of my screen debut, how I was given the lead in a picture called 'A Fool There Was,' which not only achieved tremendous success but, for some reason or other, immediately stamped me upon the public imagination as a vampire; how I was next given a part in 'The Kreutzer Sonata,' with the same result, and how, following upon the success of these two films, I was offered a contract to star—to star, mark you—in a series of screen stories written expressly to present me in the type of role in which I had achieved popularity."

Her Future Portrayals.

"Did I accept it? I did. Never have I liked being a vampire, and never, of course, have I believed there was any such animal, but since the public did, and liked to see me as one, and since, too, starring contracts do not hang on every rosebush, I consented to become one. Naturally, all sorts of wild rumours and weird stories about me sprang up, and naturally the company for which I was working exploited my (supposed) vampirishness to the full, but fundamentally it was neither film company nor press agent who made me what I am. It was the public!"

And now that you are 're, Miss Bara; now that you have satisfied public and press agent and film company—what?"

"Now I hope to realize my ambition to portray raving and natural women," replied Miss Bara. "Though, doubtless, I shall always play emotional parts, for I am essentially an emotional actress. I hope my vamping days are over, and that in future I shall be able to portray such women as you and I know—genuine women, their trials, joys and sorrows. Not all my pictures have been about vampires, you know—'Under Two Flags,' and 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' for instance—and I am glad to say that in Australia, where these two films have been shown, I am not known as a vampire at all, but simply as an ordinary film star who plays natural roles, and that is how I want to be known in future, when I take up film work again."

Searching For a New Play.

Prior to her visit to this country, Miss Bara had been playing on the stage in a drama called "The Blue Flame." The critics did not say that it was a great play, but the public took it, if not for itself, then for the sake of the star they love, to their hearts. Anyhow, it created a sensation in America, and for this reason—for Miss Bara is a practical woman, and doesn't waste time—she is taking it on tour when she returns (which she probably will have done by the time these words are in print) to the States.

Although Miss Bara's primary object in visiting England was to take a thorough rest, she told me that she had been looking around for a suitable stage play to take back with her, though how far she had been successful she did not state. Upon this information, I looked rather solemn.

"If a part comes that will be a long time before you make any more pictures!" I asked.

"Miss Bara.

"I am afraid I cannot tell you at present what my plans are in that respect, but I promise you that it will not be very long before I have something of interest to announce to my many film friends!"

May Herschel Clarke.
After inspecting the mammoth twin engines, the officer who was conducting the party suggested that they should have a look at the stokers, and took

them to a platform from which they looked down upon the men, who were stripped to their waists, were shovelling coal into the devouring maw of the furnaces.

Mrs. Van Syers's attention was arrested at the sight of John Arnold, who was working with a toothy grin. In his splendidly developed body rippled like snakes under the bronzed skin as he bent over to fill his bucket and he turned for a moment's repose she saw that he was singularly good-looking in a strong, primitive way.

Moved by what she saw, she drew some silver from her purse and threw it amongst the stokers. C. Wilson, at the feet of John Arnold, and, looking up, he saw the well-drawn outlines of the girl and he bowed.

A savage fury swept over him as he took the coin and hurled it back.

"Leave us alone, and take your money!" he shouted. "We are not circus clowns to be patted for your amusement!"

Van Syers's face went livid with passion.

"But you're hurting me for that!"

"I'm coming and try," sneered Arnold. "The only thing you can hit is the bottle!"

The men dressed the millionaire away snarling and threatening Arnold as they laughed at them.

Ethel Van Syers was secretly ashamed that she had attempted to give the stoker money.

"There seems to be good in that man," she said to herself. "He has interest in the suffering girl."

"I expect he is like the rest," she added bitterly.

She was so absorbed as to notice a difference in men. That night, in the middle of a fancy dress ball, she met Ethan Surdam again.

It was at one evident to the captain and officers that there was no hope of saving the ship.

"Ladies for the winners and losers, and stand by the boats!" yelled the skipper.

At the dreadful words panic broke out among the passengers.

They were a most good set of men. Most of them were of the type of Van Syers, selfish men who had been cradled in luxury, and who had never faced murder harder than the morning from the excesses of the night before. The terror of death settled deep upon them, and what little manhood remained in their blasted cases went out through their feet.

The old slogan of the sea—"Women and children first"—meant nothing to them. Like rabbits tossed to buried the sound of gun or smell of fire, they rushed to the comparison-ways that led to the decks, pushing and glands alike with a strength born of wild, unreasoning terror.

Hours went by, now pouring over the bulwarks by reason of the ship setting down through the water streaming in through her gaping sides, met them, but they hung away that all they were hit by the officers of the ship.

She knew that Ethel Van Syers realised that there was a difference in men. With love and pride she thought of the blue uniformed man she had simply known as ship's officers, holding back the shrieking mob of what she had in her blindness.

One picture was photographed on her memory.

The third mate, a mere boy in years, was facing the mob, revelling in it.

"No man wants to come up here till every woman and child has passed, and by Heaven, no thing calling itself a man shall for some time she swore strongly, but at last her strength began to leave her.
A CHAT WITH PHYLLIS BEDELLS.

The Famous Ballerina who Danced Her Way into the Hearts of the People on the Legitimate Stage, and Who Now Enchants Film Audiences with Her Acting and Dancing upon the Screen.

WHEN I heard the glad news that Phyllis Bedeells was again immortalising her wonderful art on the screen two pictures flashed to mind.

One was of an elfin maid, in filmy pink, drifting across the Hippodrome stage like rose-leaves on the bosom of the wind. That was painted on an autumn night three years ago.

The second, more recent, enchanted me at the Duke York’s Theatre in the Spring, when Miss Bedeells and Novikoff drew all lovers of the Ballet to the Russian Matinees there.

Our famous ballerina was all in the fisherman's costume she wore in "A Fisherman's Love" when I peeped into her dressing-room to have a "close-up," and coned a promise that as soon as she was disengaged I might run out to her flat, near Baker Street, and have another.

A Home Study.

So the third was a home study—of a quiet, natural, unaffected girl, small enough to slip out the back door of an old seal-brown crepe-de-Chine, she was draping trails of sunlight from a tall vase filled with spoons of blue morning glory, which I was shown in her drawing-room, and her wonderful hands mesmerised me so that for a moment I forgot to answer her greet.

Then it was the glass of her eyes that enchanted me.

"So you've been dancing for the films again?" I at last managed to stammer.

"Yes," she said, curling her shinnies into cushioned arms of a deep easy-chair. "But I'm sorry I can't tell you anything about this particular film in the mountains!"

"You danced across the silver sheet before, though?" I remonstrated.

"Just once. That was when I played the part of Queen of the Fairies in 'Fairyland,' a Luegno film!"

A Flicker Across the Film.

"And you like dancing before the camera!"

"Like it! Please Miss Picture's Snow, I love dancing. They say my first step was a triumph. Madam Pavlova sent for lots of children, I danced up. And now I live in the dance and for it."

There was no need to tell me all this. With the vivid picture of a graceful fairy, of winged feet and arms in turn mocking and alluring, of a vivid chivalric figure kicked in the dance, and eyes that promised and sometimes challenged, familiar to me in memory, Miss Bedeells might have told me she was a fisher and herself, and I would have believed her.

I was born in Bristol, and I'm all English," the ballerina went on. "But where did you really learn to dance?"

"I interrupted.

"I started at school and then trained with Theodore Gilmer in Nottingham, and only broke my studies there to appear in 'Alice in Wonderland' with Seymour Hicks at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in London."

The Greatest Teacher.

"But you've had lessons in Russia, of course?" I added.

"Never been out of England in my life. As for lessons—I've studied under Cava-Izzi, Alexander Genie, much of Adelina Genie, Cecchetti, and Madame Pavlova."

"Pavlova it was who told me my work was too technical, and, while telling all the other pupils to correct their technique, she used to say to me, "Oh, Phyllis, be laze! Bo laze!" She taught me more than anyone else the poetry of dancing and helped me to find my power of expression. The war also developed it. You cannot portray joy or sorrow unless you have touched the heights and depths of emotion.

A charming photograph of Miss Bedeells is one of her graceful dances.

"I've never forgotten my mother, who is my best critic, coming round to see me after a visit to some theatre one afternoon, Meals in between the acts two young people were discussing the merits and de-merits of a dancer in the east. From that one of them went on to criticise several of us. Then number two chimed in: "But what about Phyllis Bedeells?"

"She's very good, but she just misses it," was the reply. "Looking back, I knew that he was right. At the time I spoke of it was in interpreting what I imagined people felt under certain circumstances. Now I know. Five years of war taught me. Marriage and separation, joy and sorrow in the family, where he was I'd dreamed, without knowing joy and sorrow, at least, and possessing a great love for music, the dancer will always just miss it."

I think most film stars will agree with me on this. I can't help wondering, however, how she will feel when she returns once more to the legitimate stage."

Elizabeth Chead.
The Isle of Conquest. (Continued from page 17.)

"I slept like a top, but I managed to wake in time to keep the fire lit."

"I never wake at all," replied Ethel; adding, as she replenished her visit to the signal fire, "At least, after I got to sleep." Arnold nodded gravely.

"I thought I did." He said simply. "And now I must—um—merciage round and see if I cannot find you some."

The fire had long since washed up from the week's last heat, and have fashioned a habiliment out of the ashes.

He pulled it from his pocket and showed it with a kind of boyish pride. Ethel felt that she ought to his something. Arnold was a wonderful man that she appreciated his chivalry.

"This is the only thing I can do," she said, "how would it be if I pretended I was a boy?"

"Just as if you were a woman," said Bill. Now, Bill, so and fetch some water.

He went off with his fishing line and came back in ten minutes with three deep-fried fish.

"They bite like anything," he said, as he dressed them with his knife and started to broil them over the embers of the fire.

Ethel Van Surdam thought she had never enjoyed such a breakfast as this primitive meat, cooked in the open. With that wonderful knife Arnold had fashioned some wooden kives and forks, so that they were able to dine likecivilized beings.

Glorious, too, was the day that followed. Arnold was working all the time, and the girl noticed that all that day. He started to build her a house with branches and grasses, and fashioned a notice-board on which he carved his name, "No admittance," in large letters.

That night Ethel Van Surdam slept as peacefully as she had slept in her nursery at home.

As the day wore on, she heard in whispers through the trees the sound of Ethel's voice. Ethel's voice was the smartest, the most fitted of a straight man's love, and, in turn, she told him that her hatreds of men had been born of her experience of Van Surdam.

"The only thing I understand about you is that you have thought of everything.

It was with great difficulty that she kept back the tears that welled into her eyes as she thought how your Wonder Man had, by kindness and chivalry, killed her hatreds and made her free.

"There's just one thing wants altering," said Arnold, "the sight and position of your fire, it, began to be a hazard.

When he had finished, he showed it to her. It read, "Ethel's House."

"Does it have a fire any longer?" said Ethel, not quite knowing whether she was glad or sorry.

"No, because you have restored my faith in women," replied Arnold, very seriously.

The Dawn of Love.

The growth and the friendship between these two who had been so strangely thrown together began to change to something stronger, deeper as Van Surdam's more human companions at sea had been during their first week's sailing. In the killing of the hatred that had embittered both their lives there had been kindled that fires of love.

Every night Arnold asked himself what was best to do. He loved Ethel with a love that was so pure that it did not possess him. The simpering face of Van Surdam was between them. Was he dead or alive?

One day he told Ethel all that was in his heart. She listened with downcast eyes, but in the glow of that breadth that spread over her cheeks John Arnold knew she loved him.

"Yes," she went on, "the chances are that we shall never leave this island. We have been here for six or seven months and it is plain to me that we are out of the track of ships. It is almost certain that when John Arnold has a choice he will sacrifice the happiness that has come to us. Tell me, Ethel, do you love me?"

"I love you," she replied, "we have been out of the sex, one cannot use the usual words with such a place where we are. But my love for you, John, is so pure that nothing else matters. Let us wait another month, and if by the end of that time we are not rescued, or I have had enough of my husband, we will be married and go to live in happiness."

"Very well," said Arnold. "We will wait."

A mouth had come and gone, and John Arnold and Ethel stood by the side of the signal fire. In his hand he held a woven grass basket which he gave to the woman. She took off her own wedding ring, and a plain gold band which he gave to the woman. She took off her own wedding ring, and a plain gold band which they placed on her Wonder Man's ring on her finger. But just as she was about to close the door, Ethel had a cry for a little more milk.

"Ethel! Ethel! Are you here?"

"It's Jane!" cried Mrs. Van Surdam, turning and running towards the sound of the voice.

The Why I Like California.

By NAZIMOVA.

WHY do I like California? There are so many reasons.

When I get up at 7 o'clock in the morning I bathe, put on my make-up and go to the studio.

When the days work is over I go home, have supper, read a little, go to bed early and rest.

After so many years on the stage an existence like that is heaven.

Then I go to New York studios, and always in the theatres there are visitors. Always visitors. Always people to meet. They come to see me, to have their picture taken, to ask questions, to talk, to give you a card, to say good morning, to call you and to say that they are coming to your house that evening.

And there are some persons one cannot put out of the house, you know. I like to have friends, but they call on me, and I must call on them in return. The whole day may be taken up in this way, and then when evening comes, and I return home I am tired. I go to bed, and have no time to read.

For two years I never read a book.

"Here it is lovely, I read as much as I like."

But when I leave the studio, I leave business behind.

"The other night, I was reading a book, and I exclaimed, "Oh, how splendid this is!"

"Will it make a good picture?" asked Mr. Bryant, at once.

"No, I am reading it for my own development," I told him.

And that is right. I cannot sit down and read a book a to see if it will make a good play. And the books that I read for my own development are not the sort that make good motion pictures.

An "Origin of Species" or "The Evolution of Man," you couldn't dramatize "Man's Unconscious Conflicts," by Lay, or the "Marriage of the Freedom of Man," by Reed. And those are the sort of books I like to read.

So I went over to the studio, when I was away from it. When I go out the studio gate, I forget all about the things I leave behind. At home, if Mr. Bryant starts to say something about our work, I quickly put my fingers in my ears, and make my head at him. And when I am in the studio I forget everything outside.

So I like California, because it is a playground and a workshop, too.

California in business hours is a factory, where everyone is absorbed in his own work. California in recreation hours is a place where one may go for days without seeing a soul, and that is what I love to do, or may be in the midst of the gayest crowds.

Sunshine, out-of-doors, a place to work or study, rest or play.

That is why I like California.

It was indeed June, and with her Jack Hare, love her husband.

Arnold listened with a dull pain as he heard the girl telling her sister how they had been picked up by the destroyer. For weeks they had been cruising around the group of coral islands, and that morning they had seen the smoke from the signal fire.

"I wish to Heaven we had never left it!" muttered Arnold, as he stepped forward.

As he listened, Van Surdam was alive and on the yacht, with Ethel's mother.

It was with a miserable heart that Ethel went to the toast, and to a lady sailor. She looked at Arnold, who sat with averted face, and her heart went out with great compassion to the man who had won her love.

Ethel found her husband in the saloon of the yacht. "As usual, he was three parts drunk, and as he came to her with outstretched arms, she cried out in horror.

"Don't touch me! I will not let you! I love your husband. I have thought all sorts of things like you; but since I have lived on that island I have found that there are good men in the world!"

Van Surdam's face became distorted with rage as he threw down the card. "You mean you learned from that man?"

"He was happy, as he cherished her to the throat. Ethel gave one scream as the man's grip tightened on her face, and was heard by Arnold, who rushed into the saloon.

He threw Surdam off and held him with blazing eyes.

"You cut!" he said; and there was all the contempt he felt for Surdam in his voice. With an inarticulate cry of rage, Van Surdam picked up a heavy wine bottle and rushed at Arnold. The latter raised his hand to defend himself, but as Van Surdam rushed forward he staggered and fell unconscious.

The sound of the struggle brought in the milliam- ne's physician. He went over the still figure for a few moments, and then raised his head.

"He is dead. Heart failure," he said slowly.

"I warned him that any excitement would be fatal. In any case, he could not have lived much longer."

One year had passed since Van Surdam's death on the yacht. Ethel had been staying with her sister, now the mother of a bonny boy. As she was playing with the child, the maid brought in a card.

"John Arnold."

Jane threw the baby's arm round her sister.

"Your happiness is coming to you at last!" she whispered.

"I am so glad!"

Ethel placed the baby in the cradle and went to meet her Wonder Man.

"Will you wait for me, dear," whispered John, Arnold. "I until I can make you a fortune!"

"No, I will not wait!" replied Ethel."I mean, we wait until we are enough. You must marry me, John!"

(Adapted from incidents in the Wuthering Heights play, playing with Norma Talmadge and Waudman Stanley. By permission.)
CONFIDENTIAL LETTERS OF A LADY

Magdalen, August 27th, 1920.

My dear Freda,—I was indeed sorry to hear that you did not enjoy your Paris trip as well as you expected. The weather, as you say, was very cold and disappointing. You ask why my skin is always in such a perfect condition, whatever the weather. Well, my dear Freda, I have simply because I use only one kind of soap and one kind of powder. I never use cream; I learn the secrets of making and keeping a good skin and complexion from a leading actress who recommended me to try "Cinema" Soap and "Cinema" Crushed Rose Powder. Each night before going to bed I make a rich creamy lather from the soap with very hot water, massaging the cheeks vigorously with the tips of the fingers, rubbing in an upward direction so that the creamy lather goes right into the pores. I do this for a few minutes until it appears to darken—this is really the accumulation of dust and dirt. Then, with a soft cloth or sponge, I wipe this off carefully and then rinse in cold water, the colder the better. The skin is then smooth, clear and soft with the natural glow of health. You see, dear "Cinema" Soap is quite different from other soaps. It is more than a soap, much more, being a food that the skin has need of, a gentle cleanser and a face cream combined. When I first commenced using it I noticed a difference every day, and when I had used it for a week or two my skin was as good as it is now. The "Cinema" Crushed Rose Powder I use very sparingly before going outdoors. This prevents dust and dirt getting into the pores, and as it is a soluble powder, it does good without doing harm.

You can obtain both of these delightful preparations from any high-class Chemist. I see by the "Times" that Lady B. is getting married again. I should if I were her; she is so young to be a widow. When are you going to be married? Lots of love, and remembrances to Jack.

Yours sincerely,

JOSEPHINE.

[Advt.]

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The CREAM SOAP Exquisite Skin Food, Face Cream, and Soap combined. Sold by all high-class chemists at 3d. a tablet, and in dainty golden photo boxes of 3 tablets, price 2/6.

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THE CINEMA SOAP CO., Ltd., Dept. 0, Finsbury Park, London.
OF MONDAY—BOYS A MEAD

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IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

Choosing a Suitable Powder—A Rough Skin—May Allison's Special Powder Recipe—The Picture Girl's Smart Costume.

It's undoubtedly the desire of every girl to look her very best, and who can blame her in these days of competition? But it is a pity that in their anxiety to make the best of themselves that quite a number of really charming girls spoil their efforts by overdoing things. Especially in choice of powder are they culpits in this direction. The chin and nose are the two features that suffer most, and these features often acquire a whiteliness which makes the observer mentally wonder whether the circus clown were being copied.

Girls who use an excessive amount of powder are not only guilty of making themselves very unbeautiful, but they are also ruining the health of their complexion. So many girls go on dabbing the puffs on their faces all at times of the day with never a thought of relieving their poor pores from that load of powder. And the result is that they soon have blackheads, and then wonder how they got them.

A Rough Skin.

There are others who wash their faces after a night to remove the powder, but who forget to use an emollient as their dry skins require. And they think their features show signs of roughness and gauntness. But who powders—and a little is really becoming—should certainly rid the pores of the powder by the use of warm water and rosewater in the morning and a cleansing cream at least every other night. This should be rubbed well into the skin as soon as it is washed overnight, and left on. Then it must be thoroughly removed first thing in the morning with warm water. A good vanishing cream rubbed into the face before the powder is applied will keep the skin in good condition.

But many girls make the mistake of choosing the wrong powder for their particular skin. If you have a dry skin, for instance, you do not use the same powder as will be able to do for the girl with the oily skin as well.

Don't Neglect the Skin.

The girl with a dry skin very easily falls victim to a rough and scaly skin, and even for one night she can afford to neglect removing any powder she may have used during the day. She should use plain warm water to which a little almond meal has been added, for strong soaps will be most harmful to her skin. The cream which rises to the top of a bottle of milk is excellent for a dry skin. Then, too, the dry skin girl will do well to use as little powder as possible, and to keep a cream base for whatever powder she does use.

The girl with an oily skin has still more of a problem to cope with. No sooner does she apply powder to her features than they gleam forth with a greasy shininess which is most disturbing. This girl should use magnesia. There is nothing better for an oily complexion. It can be bought in cake form, and either scented or unscented, as the buyer prefers at first, to see if it is the kind for you, and then stick to the powder that becomes you.

For an Oily Skin.

The girl with an oily skin should banish all rich and greasy foods, for diet has a great influence on the condition of the skin. Diluted alcohol (25 per cent. strength) rubbed into the face will be found beneficial, while a few drops of ammonium or a pinch of borax added to the alcohol which the face is washed will alleviate the trouble.

May Allison gives a recipe for a wonderful liquid powder that will stick. It consists of one ounce of pure oxide of zinc, one dram of glycerine, one dram of rose-water, and fifteen drops of essence of rose. Sift the zinc, dissolving it in just enough warm water to cover it, then add the glycerine, next the remainder of the rose-water. Add the essence of rose last.

Shake the mixture well, and apply to the skin with a soft sponge or anti-septic gauze. The face must be well wiped before the liquid dries or it will be so greasy as to stick. This will form a good powder for the neck and arms for evening wear.

The Picture Girl's Suit.

Being the very fortunate possessor of a beautiful fur stole, the Picture Girl has decided to have a smart suit for brighter days in the winter weather. She has chosen a chic little affair of Navy-blue gaberdine that is smartened with bands of patent leather. The better having been bought by the yard and attached to the suit.

The skirt is high waisted and tugged, and mounted over a deep peter-sham band at the top. The sleeve coat has slightly double-breasted fronts that turn back to form revers, and join to the step collar, and the sleeves are set into ordinary armholes. The back is slit up the centre-back below the waist-line, where it is drawn in by a patent leather belt.

You can obtain patterns of this costume in 22, 24, 26 and 28 inch waist sizes for one shilling each (P.O. to be made payable to the Picture Show) from Pictures Show Pattern Dept., 291a, Oxford Street, London, W. 1.

Children's Fair: is giving away 4 of these simple patterns in all—a sailor dress—train included. The baby elephant—a doll's nightdress and combinations—and a Cowboy's hat. Make sure your children know all they are free each Thursday inside every copy of
LETTERS of thanks are pouring in from practically all parts of the world—their writers express the greatest satisfaction at the success achieved by the practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill." So necessary is it to-day that men should preserve a fresh, smart, alert and youthful appearance, and that women should look to their appearance, in which the hair forms so conspicuous a part, that the Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill" wishes to be publically known that he is prepared to despatch to any reader of Picture Show a complete 7 Days' "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit entirely free of charge, so that they can test in their own homes this wonderful hair tonic, stimulant, and dressing, which literally compels a magnificent growth of hair.

THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY

This Free Offer is one that no one can afford to miss. If you are a man who suffers from ageless baldness or if your hair is getting thin, weak, or impoverished, this offer is open to YOU! If you are a woman whose youthful locks are gradually disappearing as a consequence of the hair looking dull, dull, lifeless, and thin, or coming out daily when you use the comb, this Free Offer is also open for YOU to accept.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE GREY HAIRLED.

If your hair is Grey, Fadol, or quickly losing its Colour, you should try at once the wonderful new liquid compound "Astol," a remarkable discovery which gives back to grey hair new life and colour in a quick and natural manner. You can try "Astol" free of charge by enclosing an extra 2d. stamp for the postage and packing of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" parcel—i.e., 4d. stamps in all—when, in addition to the splendid Four-Fold Gift described in this announcement, a trial bottle of "Astol" will also be included absolutely free of charge.

Every day that you neglect your hair the more it is its poverty increased, but no matter how difficult your case may be, no matter what disappointments you may have had, "Harlene Hair-Drill" will never fail you. Vouched for by Royalty itself as well as by a host of the world's most beautiful actresses and society men and women, this scientific method of Hair Culture awaits your test and trial.

ONLY TWO MINUTES A DAY.

Two minutes a day is all you need to give to "Harlene Hair-Drill," and in the "rushest" of your days you will always be able to spare that time, knowing that all the day your hair will be a personal pride to you. Let "Harlene Hair-Drill" enrich your hair and increase its value to you. Simply send 4d. in stamps for postage and packing, and a Free "Harlene" Outfit will be sent to your address. Cut out the coupon below, and post as directed to-day.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle. "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 1s. 1d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets are 1d. each); and "Astol" at 3s. and 5s. per bottle from all Chemists and Stores, or will be sent direct on receipt of 6d. extra for postage from Edward's & Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin the coupon to it, and post as directed above. The "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described above, enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing of parcel. For free stamping, enclose "Picture Show," 210/1920.
KILLED HER MUSTACHE FOR EVER AFTER 30 YEARS.

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Are you a sufferer from Superfluous Hair? Have you tried every paste, powder, and lotion you ever heard of, in the hope of getting rid of it for ever, and all for nothing? If so, I can only say that everything must be thoroughly done. If you are admitted to the exclusive Electric circle, only to find that the hair has grown back again, then you may have reached the limit of your resources and have no further hope. Here is a wonderful wonder of our friends, you can now look forward to a life unclouded constantly to use temporary depilatories, or else be prepared to make up the remarks of where as long as you live.

If so, no matter how stubborn your growths or how many thousands have tried and failed, and you are once more faced with the problem of how to get rid of your hair, I am prepared to tell you.

Are you finding it difficult to find a good hair depilatory? Are you sure you are not exciting a new growth of hair? Perhaps you are not. You may be just a hair short of a London. The secret is this: You have not been using the proper depilatory. Have you ever tried the most wonderful hair depilatory in the world? If not, you will find that your hair will not grow back again. It is a scientifically prepared depilatory that will not only remove hair, but also prevent its growth. It is so simple to use and so effective that you will never have to worry about your hair again.

This wonderful formula is best known to those who appreciate true value for their money. There is more value in every pound made and sold by Noble's—the actual manufacturer.

STYLISH COAT

Model S363

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Smart Coat, as sketch, made in good heavy linen Cloth, longer in skirt, with deep short collar, and revers. Single-breasted button front, side pockets, buttoned sleeves, inset pockets, sleeves with flap, falling bush, and all-round belt. Length, 45 in. Collar, Collar, Lapel, Thick, Thick, Fork, Fork, Dinner Plate, and Copper. In stock sizes 36 1/2 ft. 30, and 36 1/2 in. and above. Price, £2.50

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Write to-day for Noble's Illustrated Fashion Guide.

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43, Brook Street Mills, Manchester.

SHOW YOUR FRIENDS THE "PICTURE SHOW."
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press up to the time of the final edition, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter must give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, Picture Show, Room 3, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

ELFIE (Plymouth) — Your second question, curiously enough, answers your first. Charles Bryant is the 'regular contract' man of the 'Daddy Long Legs' which created a furore before it is shown. If you can see this you will be pleased, I am sure, and I think it is well worth while striking a fresh and pleasant note. It is a good story — a very simple story and the two people, who are the corners of the triangle, are the most attractive. The truth, of course, is the opposite.

The simplicity of a story has not yet failed to attract when the charm in telling it has been supported by good roles and good production. The type of the example of this type is that of 'Daddy Long Legs,' which created a furore before it is shown. If you can see this you will be pleased, I am sure, and I think it is well worth while striking a fresh and pleasant note. It is a good story - a very simple story and the two people, who are the corners of the triangle, are the most attractive. The truth, of course, is the opposite.

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THE EDITOR.
Sir Kreemy Knut makes an appointment

"Hullo!—Sir Kreemy speaking"—in accents sweet, of course. An appointment with Sir Kreemy!—why, rather!—what girl does not long to have Sharp's Super-Kreem with her, not only after lunch, but all day?

Taste one yourself and see if you know anything that equals it for downright deliciousness. Made of the best ingredients, Sharp's Super-Kreem is the purest, wholesomest, and most delightful sweetmeat yet produced.

Sold loose by weight, or in 1½ lb., also in 4 lb. tins.
E. Sharpe & Sons, Ltd., Maidstone.

Two points of view

An English Naptha Soap and a Great Labour Saver.

FIRST, there is the patriotic point of view. 'Crosfields' Naptha Soap is essentially English and that fact at once gives to it the stamp of excellence which is naturally associated with the description "Made in England."

The second point of view is that Crosfields' Naptha Soap is a great Labour Saver, as it does away with the old way of hard rubbing and scrubbing that wears out housewife and clothes alike. The pure Naptha and other high-class materials in Crosfields' Naptha Soap expel the dirt quickly from the clothes with little labour, and leave them clean and sweet.

The Soap in the Silver Wrapper.
No sisters in filmland are so envied to-day as Norma, Natalie, and Constance Talmadges. They are three big stars, and each has found fame in their particular style of work. Norma as a tragedy queen, Constance as a comedy queen, and Natalie shines as a director as well as a star. Their early struggles as they fought for fame that has been hardly won is one of the great romances of filmland. They are told for the first time in the "Picture Show," and begin on page 19.
Lovelv Long Hair

To have lovely long hair brush thoroughly daily.
And about every two or three weeks shampoo with the delightful WET shampoos, Icilma Shampoo Sachets. They cleanse, beautify and preserve the hair. Try them next time.

In between the wet shampoos use Icilma Hair Powder, the pioneer DRY Shampoo. A little powder—a good breathing—that's all.

Removes every atom of dust and grease.

You Can Live
13 days without Food.
3 days without water.
Only 3 minutes without Air.

Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh and Whooping Cough
Reduce the Air Ration below Health Point.
The natural consequences lost when the breathing is affected, the bronchial tubes of bronchial become inflamed and cough, more or less serious, follows. If unattended, the entire respiratory system is weakened, and that was consumption lies. Children suffer more frequently from such complaints than do their elders, the death rate among the very young being truly appalling, and in too many instances due entirely to thoughtless neglect.

The World's Supreme Remedy
In Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, so called because of the rapidity with which it overcomes chronic coughs and cures deep-seated and long-standing cases of any of the above named troubles. Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, in Open Competition with the world, was AWARDWINNING GRAND PRIZE AND COLD MEDAL at the INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION, PARIS, 1910, for its purity, efficacy, and pharmaceutical excellence.

Many thousands of testimonials from cured patients, doctors, and doctors have been received. The following is an example—

Thus, Mr. Woolf, M.R.I., in his work, "Pranks About Things We Live On and Daily Eat," says: "I have experimented in the laboratory with Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and I have always applied it in practice. In all cases to which I applied it the influence of this remedy was most marvellous.

Ask always for Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. It is issued by Chemists, druggists, and wholesale dealers in all parts of the world. If your Chemist is out of stock, he will get it for you.

English Price 1s. 3d. & 3/-.
"Picture Show Chatter"
Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays, and Players

I called on her at the Ritz Hotel at six-thirty on the Saturday evening, as she was resting previous to dressing for dinner in a lovely creation designed by me, the very latest model by "Molyneux," the most sought after of all Paris dress designers of the moment. She was all of five feet and six and she told me of her ambitions, both in the film world and on the stage, and of the real home in which one day she hoped to reign "The mother of ten children."
Fay Filmer’s Great Ambition.

HAVE you ever had a great ambition that you have never told anyone? I have and I am going to tell you about it. It is to have a great ambition that I have never told anyone, and I am going to tell you about it.

Just One Secret.

I MUST just tell you of one interesting piece of news connected with the “Girls’ Cinema.” With No. 1 will be presented a beautiful colored plate of Mary Pickford wearing the wedding dress in which she was married to Doug. This picture is absolutely exclusive to the masterpiece. I have, and I don’t know if I have succeeded in giving you just the paper you want. When you have read your copy, will you write me, please? just a line of criticism or praise? I ask this in friendship’s name, for we have been friends for some time now, haven’t we? Don’t forget Tuesday of next week, October 12.

Prizes for “Picture Show” Readers.

ARE you going to the great Victorian costume show at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, October 9? If so, remember that Fay Filmer is awarding fifteen pounds for special prizes for the best Pictures Show costumes. I have been delighted with the number of prizes carried off by my readers. Every week my postbag brings me a number of photographs from lucky first prize winners in fancy costume societies, and I have become as the striking costumes have been fashioned by clever fingers from old copies of the Picture Show, and pictures cut from its pages. And here is another chance to represent your favorite paper and win a prize.

A Fashion that Came in Useful.

LICE LAKE anticipated the latest Paris fashion of the high-necked frock for a long time, but it was not the fashion that was the cause of her frocks being made in this style. It was Stewart Holmes, who has become a real as well as a “real” villain in her eyes. In the play they have just finished, Holmes was the “bad man” of the story, and as the villain was called upon to mark his victim with an instrument used for modelling clay, Holmes used some colouring substance for the purpose of scratching a mark on the neck of the little star, but he did it so effectively

“Picture Show” Chat. (Continued from page 3.)

TERENCE CAVANAUGH. Warner Oland. The latest studio portrait of this favourite screen villain, “Served From the Sea.”

that nothing will remove the mark, with the result of the high-necked fashion.

May’s New Club.

MAY ALLISON has started a club, the chief requisite for membership of which is that your hair must be cut to a maximum of eight inches in length. Viola Dana and Nazimova have already joined the club, which is called the “Bobbed Hair Club.”

Hughes as Shakespearean Student.

HEAR that Gareth Hughes is as conscientious a student of Shakespeare as any of the famous players of Shakespearean roles. For the youthful Hughes expects, eventually, to add to his fame, by enacting Shakespearean roles, and has studied every male characterisation in the works of the Bard of Avon.

American Venice to Become Italian.

VENICE, California, is to be converted into Venice, Italy, for a day. This for Venetian scenes for The Marriage of William Ashe,” now under production at Metro’s studio. They will be taken on the canals of the American Venice, with Mary Astor as the central figure. A gondola has been constructed in the company’s shops at Hollywood for the purpose, and minor changes will be made in the appearance of the town upon the water in order to conform to the requirements of the story.

Joe Ryan Reformed.

JOE RYAN, hitherto a bearded villain, has reformed. His whiskers have been shaved off, and the transformation has caused him to appear as a young but hollower juvenile. Ryan's last villainous role was in the Vingtians serial, “Hidden Dangers.” Fay Filmer.

FROM “OVER THERE.” Notes and News from Los Angeles.

TRILBY in Real Life.

SOME English members of the medical faculty were introduced the other day to the Metro Studios by a local nurse specializing and authority of therapeutic suggestion, and were particularly interested to find Alice Lake at work on a scene in which she is supposed to be put into a hypnotic trance. When the command was given to “cut” and the cameras ceased to grind, Miss Lake, to the surprise of the director and visitors, still sat immovable, with her eyes in a fixed state. She failed to respond to the director’s shouts, and several minutes clapsed before it was possible to rouse her. Much interested in the incident, Dr. Kerberg had a talk with her after she had revived, and came to the conclusion that she had undoubtedly been the subject of self-hypnosis. “Desiring to play her part as sincerely as lay in her power,” she said, “she thought hypnotism, acted hypnotism, and felt hypnotism. As a result, she was hypnotised by her own thoughts.” If such was really the case, this is the first time that an actress has played the part of a Trilby of real life and acted before the camera in an unconscious state.

A Proud Father.

WILLIAM DESMOND is proud in the possession of a little baby daughter. Mary Jansen, at the present time of writing, is just two weeks old. Her wife is known to screen lovers as Mary McVor.

A Talented Composer.

ORA CARBW is not only an accomplished violinist and pianist, but also a composer. Opus One from her pen, a song in fox-trot rhythm, is entitled “Ruth,” and is shortly to be put on the market by a well-known American publishing firm. Also, Miss Coren has interpolated her screen appearances with engagements in musical comedy; it may be logically surmised that she has a voice. The trouble is, according to One, that to her more orthodox friends her musical taste is simply a paradox. Those who swear by Beethoven, Brahms, and Debussy, she says, “disown me because I’ve sung one like ‘Durandelle’ and Irving Berlin. The rest of them think I’m crazy because I can also enjoy Tosca’ and MacDowell.” She believes that the people who despise syncopated stuff are overlooking something, for while they are talking about creating a national music, they are possibly neglecting to realise that the beginning of it may be all around them.

Another Marriage.

BETTY BLAYNE has married the well-known director, S. B. S. Seebold. She is now polishing the “fans” by the statement that there is nothing in her contract that provides for action for breach of contract in case of marriage. Anyhow, she says she has no intention of leaving the screen.

Kitchie Cord.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

CONRAD NIGEL was so enchanted with the west coast of Los Angeles when he went there to work on the film adaptation of "Athalie," that he decided to make his home there. So he bought a bungalow there and then, and is now busy fixing up the little home, with his wife.

Wrapped up in their work, JACK PICKFORD (left) and his director, AL GREEN, explaining the mysteries of taking motion pictures to Miss MAUDE NURRAY MILLER, a member of the Board of Film Censors.

PINA MENICHELLI, the beautiful Italian film star, who appears in "A Woman's Story," is one of the most famous picture artistes of Europe. She recently renewed her contract with her film company at a salary of something like £75,000 per annum.

ALBERT PARKER, director of Norma Talmadge, is here coaching his little daughter, who plays an important part with NORMA in "The Branded Woman."

"Within the lines." Very little space is allotted to cinema artistes for the enactment of some of their scenes. A triangular contrivance—called the camera lines—is placed before the camera, and the actress must not move either to the right or left of it.
YOU CAN BEGIN THIS SPLENDID NEW SERIAL TODAY.

"PRICE OF HIS HONOUR"

Read This First.

The Sweetest of carriage, with twelve passengers, among them John Galloway, who spent much of his time in a handsomer Isis than Inna Gla. Inna was so young and was so much talking a little too seriously, so John left her more to herself. Dyson Mallet was sought after by the ladies, whether they were uncrowned gold claim.

Galloway had a contempt for Mallet, who treated all girls as fair game, and was openly disgusted when Mallet talked of Athalie Balmont, the girl whom he was on his way to marry, clearly because her father had heaps of money.

They knew, of course, that he was about to take his place. Dyson Mallet and Galloway were homeward bound from a night ride, which they had taken and done gold claim. So J. B. took his share of the pleasure.

The room which he used as a study he found hot and close. He thong the French windows which opened on to the lawn, and turned himself into an armchair close to them. He had come to the conclusion that dreams were very good things at times, until you came to the point of waking up. He had been walking in dreams all the evening. Now he had to face realities. And a pretty grim, unpleasant reality at that, he found it.

He sat a few feet inside the open windows, and did not trouble to light the lamp. Bright moonlight sufficed to decorate the room fully up to the frame.

Not yet had he grown fully accustomed to the manners and gait of the more cultured company. He was an open air man and a toiler. Now that the function of the night was over he felt the weight of the long day on his shoulders.

In a fit of impatience he strung off the coat and threw it on the settee. The stiff collar fell back.

Then he rolled up the starched cuffs of his shirt and felt physically, at any rate more at ease.

But this did not much to relieve the mental strain he was suffering from.

What he had said to Athalie Balmont amounted practically to a proposal of marriage. The girl had taken it as such, as any girl would have done in the circumstances.

In all probability it had not occurred to her that he had not, in so many words, asked her to marry him. So he could find no comfort from this small reservation.

He had played the cad. There was no other description for the case.

He was too strong and naturally honest to attempt to persuade himself that he was not at least responsible for the situation which had arisen.

A weaker man might have pleaded that he had not, in so many words, asked Athalie to Athalie under his own name. Also that he had, time after time, insisted to those about him that he was not Dyson Mallet but John Galloway.

This was true so far as it went, but in his heart he knew that he was an imposter. By a strange combination of circumstances for which he was not originally responsible, he had been put into Dyson Mallet's shoes.

But for the rest he and he alone was responsible.

Long ago, by drastic action, he could have cut away this web of error which had wrapped him around so softly. In half a dozen different ways he could have proved his identity at the expense of a little worry. And he had not done so.

He had not done so, he had countenanced the deception by allowing it to continue.

In the house was by his wish, not one for all that he had given his name as John Galloway, he had told Athalie Balmont that he loved her, and kept her under the impression that he wished to marry her—and so did he.

And the amazing part of it all was, that as he sat there in the moonlight reviewing the few hectic hours of the immediate past, he was not even sorry. Calm as he was now and capable of a judicial attitude, his soul was as uppermost and held the reins.

He had gone out to life, and had taken little out of it in return. Now a door had been opened to him, showing him what he had never seen before.

So he sat there, his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands, as he tried to think the matter out and weight dishonesty in the scales against what he had seen through that suddenly opened door.

The moonlight streamed in on him, showing up the knotted muscles of his arms, and the tattooed Chinese dragon, exceedingly rampant—mementos of his short stay with Mallet.

And a girl who had been hiding in the shrubbery for hours, came out on to the lawn, a furtive shadow, moving with a shadow's noiselessness.

She had seen the man come up, and strip his coat from that night's dress cut out of him. She had watched him, and had taken it.

It is not necessary to trace the steps by which she reached him, or the manner of her coming either. When she had crept up to the door, she had crossed the threshold and stood in the room a couple of feet from him.

For a moment the girl bent yearningly almost over him. The next she was on her knees with her arm tight about his neck, and her face pressed against his, wildly covering it with kisses.

Galloway came to his feet in one movement, lifting the girl with him because her hands were locked desperately behind his neck.

He was so suddenly staggered that for a moment he did nothing, but let the wild girl cling to him, taking her fill of frantic kisses. He did not know whether he was awake or asleep.

When she flung herself upon him, he had been thinking of that last kiss which Athalie Balmont had given him, and momentarily his brain had been obscured by the wild idea that somehow she had crept home after him.

But enlightenment soon came as he began to make out what was going on. Galloway, by way of introduction,

"Dyson, Dyson," she murmured, chocking with sobs. "Why are you treating me like this? If you really want to come to the woods to meet me? I have been waiting there for hours. Are you going to desert me? I tell you, you shall not.

As gently as possible, he unlocked the clasped hands from behind his neck, and lifted her away from him, struggling a little. He was white and agitated, and was taken when he was cold.

"I think you are making a mistake," he said. The girl stopped her struggling. The moonlight was streaming full on his face, and she was looking at it, peering at it intently.

"This is the text," thought John Galloway. "It seems to me that I can save myself the trouble of shooting my deception from the house tops. Here is somebody well equipped to shout for help for me.

But some mad impulse urged him still to play his part for what it was worth.

He dropped the girl's wrist and she drew a little way from him, still peering intently at his face.

She did not speak, and at length it was Galloway himself who broke the silence.

"Wouldn't you come from?" he asked.

"From the lawn," she returned. "I have been watching you.

"He brings you here in the middle of the night!"

"I came because you did not come to me in Murden Woodside, I asked you to.

"Who are you?" asked Galloway desperately.

"I am—Alice Mercer. I wish I could forget so easily."

"Is that the reason you crying?"

"But—Dyson, aren't you treating me badly now?"

"I mean in the past."

She lowered her head.

"No," she answered hesitatingly. "I don't think I have been either too good or too bad. I don't think there have been little enough of happiness in my life, but what there has been I think you have given me. But for you would not have given me a hundred hours of pain and bitterness."

"Has that been my fault?" asked Galloway.

He did not know what his object was in making this conversation. He had no plan. He was fighting for time while he found one if possible. And he wanted to know how far this woman was in a position to wreck him.

He knew already that she was suspicious. He saw her from time to time looking at his face, and then down at his bare left arm as if for reassurance. He realised that it was chiefly the desire of which she relied for proof of his identity.

"I don't know," she said wearily in reply to his question. "You used to say you loved me. And I gave you all the love I have to give to any man. You used to say that some day you would marry me. But now you have forgotten everything." Suddenly the girl stepped close up to him so that her face was less than a foot from his own.

She had withdrawn a little into the shadow, but she flanked her small fingeers into the armhole, and crept up to the full light of the moon.

"If you want to do so without resistance."

Abruptly, and before he realised her intention, she flung her arms round his neck again, drew him closer, and pressed his face against his. He felt her fingers grasping (Continued on page 8.)
THE EXPRESSIONS OF HARRISON FORD.

HARRISON FORD.

T o be able to dance is acknowledged to be one of the accomplishments that is essential to the most approved type of leading man. Yet this is one of the things that Harrison Ford does not do. He is one of the best drawing-room love-makers on the screen, and is voted to be one of our most romantic leading men, yet he cannot dance one step. And it is not because he has not tried, for, as he says, "I simply cannot learn, and I have tried."

He Can Cook.

H e has even had a phonograph installed in his little flat, and induced some of his lady friends to try to teach him; but even that has not brought success, and he admits that he has learned more about cooking than he has about dancing during the two years he has been in California.

And he can cook, which is perhaps a more useful accomplishment than dancing, especially as his coloured cook is leaving him to enter the matrimonial world a few weeks hence. Then Harrison intends to become his own chef, unless he can persuade his mother to stay with him.

Which only shows that outward appearances are deceptive, for Harrison has many of the fashionable foibles of the modern leading man, and no one would suspect him of ever doing his own cooking. His sleek, brown hair is always well brushed back from his forehead, his brown eyes are always laughing, and intelligent; while in dress he is absolutely immaculate, a looing at times even the eye glasses of tortoiseshell.

A Deep Thinker.

B UT Harrison is not the romantic, light-hearted type that he appears to be on the surface. He has a great interest in the inner workings of filmland and film acting, and thinks that mere handsomeness is a poor excuse for wanting to be an actor. He believes that the "mental grasp" of a role is most important of all, because the camera registers below the skin.

Thus it is that he turns to literature's pages for inspiration, thinking that each character is derived from historic personages. This in turn leads him to become a collector of unusual books, and he makes a hobby of collecting first editions. And although he is a perfect limpet about his personal affairs, he will talk interestedly and intelligently for hours upon his books and art.

Just a Stage Hand.

H ARRISON FORD was born in Kansas City, and received his education both there and in Los Angeles. He left school when he was just fourteen to go on the stage, but, unfortunately, he got no further at first than being a stage hand. But he says that he is glad of the knowledge that he gained behind the scenes, for it will help him tremendously when he starts dancing, for that is his ultimate goal of desire when he has saved enough money.

"It is my secret ambition," he admits, "to give private performances of Chatterton, Davidson and Middleton, and I'm really glad of every little bit of experience, for however insignificant it may seem to others, it will help me to realise my remotest ambition."

It was not for long, however, that Harrison remained a stage hand, for soon after he managed to secure a couple of minor parts, one with Wm. H. Crane in "Rolling Stones," and another with Robert Edeson in "Excuse Me." It was in the former play that he had to learn how to do cartwheels and various other gymnastics. But these strenuous evolutions did not in any way detract from his consummate savoir faire, and he remained still the gallant hero as before.

A Thought For His Cook.

H e nourishes a peculiar warmth of feeling for his coloured cook, who has been looking after him the whole of the two years he has been in California, and does not forget her even when he is away from the flat.

There was a packet of letters awaiting him at the studios the other morning, most of them from movie admirers, and many of them bearing foreign stamps. The latter he commenced pulling off the envelopes before he attempted to open the letters. Seeing that the majority of these stamps were of quite a common order, a fellow-actor questioned him as to why he should collect such things, suggesting that it was perhaps a new form of economy.

"Oh, no!" came the prompt reply. "I save them for my cook, who pastes them on cardboard and then frames them. She has several pictures already, and they are to adorn the walls of her new home." Which shows that she evidently cherishes the coloured woman's love for brightly coloured objects.

A Perfect Love-Maker.

B UT even if Harrison cannot dance, he certainly can make love, and that is an accomplishment worthy of attention in the movie world. When someone who had seen him in one of his love scenes in the films wrote to him and asked him if he had any particular philosophy of love-making, he confessed to nothing more intricate than that when he played opposite such beautiful and charming girls as Constance Talmadge, Vivian Martin and Lila Lee, he just couldn't help making love to them.

He is now leading man to Constance Talmadge, and has already acted opposite her in a number of photo-plays. These include "Romance and Arabella," "The Veiled Adventure," and "Experimental Marriage." The latter play was adapted from "Saturday to Monday," during which time the married couple dwelt together, going their own respective ways for the rest of the week. But Harrison says that this is not his view of married life.

Lila Lee, whose first leading man he was, confesses that he is the nicest leading man she has ever acted with. She simply adores in browsing through his library and studying some Beardsley sketches that he possesses, for she does draw a little herself.

A friend—once asked him if he ever became enraptured with any of the girls he had played opposite.

"Of course I am," he admitted. "I admire every one of them. And, personally, I think that it helps a fellow a whole lot in his work to have a spark of sincerity down under.' John Barrymore has it, and so has Elsie Ferguson, as well as the strictly broad picture actresses, the Talmadges..."

He recently had to learn how to pilot a plane, as such was demanded of him in a new photo-play with Vivian Martin, entitled "You Never Saw Such a Girl." He confessed to nervousness at first, but says that he soon got used to it, and now just loves a trip through the clouds.

If you wish to write to him, address your letter:

HARRISON FORD,
Morocco Studios,
Los Angeles,
California.

Do you really mean it?"

"Tell me all about it."

"It's hard to believe."
behind his right ear, and suddenly, as he gripped her wrists, she dropped her arms and flung herself away from him.

But his grip was strong. There was a scared, haunted look in her eyes.

"You," she cried in a sibilant whisper, "you do not know John Mallet!"

Galloway deliberately smiled.

"I haven't said I am yet," he replied steadily.

"You are," whispered the girl up to now. "At any rate, you have not asked me any direct questions. But tell me, why do you think I am not John Mallet?"

"I know, I tell you. I don't think. I know you are not John Mallet. Who should know if I don't?"

"I ask you—how do you know? I have been away seven years—and in your letter you said there was several years between her and the village."

"You do not close to you then," answered the girl breathlessly. "Besides, I expected some change in seven years. It was that which misled me just now."

She pointed to the tattooed dragon.

"Now I know you for an impostor. Your eyes have one blue and one brown. And—and—"

"What else?" asked Galloway with a smile.

She turned pale, her face scared behind his right ear. Oh! I have felt it there hundreds of times. He told me it was where a dog bit him when he was a small child.

"But you—" her face whitened again—"what are you doing here pretending to be Diwan Weston? Who is it with you? Are you Mrs. Weston? Oh, and my letter. You opened it. How dared you open my letter—"

"A deafening crash split the silence of the right.

"Somewhere out on the lawn Galloway caught sight of a momentary spout of red flame. There was a splintering clatter of falling glass.

Instinctively Galloway had caught at the girl who swayed, leaning against the left window. He felt her trembling as he held her in his arms, interposing his body between her face and the window. The silence which followed the report was almost appalling.

"What was it?" she faltered.

"A rifle shot," returned Galloway. "Some- thody on the lawn shot at one of you—or me—and registered a clean miss. Stop here while I go out and have a look around."

"No, no. She clung to him desperately. "Don't go out, you'll be killed! Don't go!"

"I'm! You seem to know who it is that is prowling about to try to do murder. Do you?"

But she did not answer, only clung to him, shak ing like a leaf.

Galloway heard a clamping overhead.

"Oh!" he muttered, under his breath. "This will want some explaining."

The girl slipped from his grasp and dis appeared through the French windows like a flash. Almost before he could turn round she was gone.

He ran to the open windows and peered out across the shadow-splashed lawn, but could see nothing of her.

On his shoulders, and realising that he was asking for trouble by standing thus in the full glare of the moon, he came inside again. He switched on the light. Perhaps that is the best solution. I have a sort of feeling that Alice Mercer could explain that shot if she were left alone to keep her quiet for a bit until I have made up my mind what to do in the near future.

At the psychological moment he had re membered seeing a rifle standing in the corner of the living room. He remembered it as the housekeeper and the servants entered.

Besides discovering John Galloway standing in the room with the rifle in his hand, they found the big gill glass which faced the French windows, shattered into a thousand fragments that now littered the hearth floor and electric lamp. Mrs. Weston made respectful noises indicative of extreme horror and consternation, and the girls assisted with an accomplishment of subdued screams.

"It's all right, Mrs. Weston," said Galloway cheerfully. "I only shot the window. It is a very large one, and I am sorry to have frightened you all and get you all up in the middle of the night like this. Did you hear the shot?"

"As a matter of fact I have just come back from the dance. I happened to pick up this old gun and take a shot at the glass. Luckily I make a rule of never inspecting a gun by looking down the barrel. I'm told it's a bad plan."

"And it caused no damage?"

Mrs. Weston, who was in curl papers, thanked Heaven it was not worse, and immediately became as calm as her glassy appearance. She withdrew in confusion.

A Letter to Billy O'Farrell.

I REMEMBER, Billy, something you once said in one of our long pow-wows over the fire in the old log-cabin. "You'll never be a little Missy Jane. Every man, you've, has his price."

But he goes to his grave without having to pay it, doesn't matter. Somehow, somewhere, some time, it is lying in wait for him—the price of his honour. It may be a pot of gold, or the bay wreath of fame, or old Omar's shallow cup; or it may be a woman's love.

I know you, and I tell you for truth, Billy, but I laugh no longer. I have found the price of my honour, and it is a woman's love. I don't know who or where, why, or how; but somehow, I suppose, because the way I am looking at it this blessed moment, honour is a pretty small jewel, while a news woman with a bone collar-stud, and I think I shall sell out.

Thus Galloway wrote in the course of a long letter which Billy would never get to read. It was written in the world, Billy O'Farrell, who told it in that hole in the ground in Rhodened the Calamity Jane.

In the course of six well-filled pages he had already narrated the facts of the case with literal truth. It was all for the benefit of the girl.

He wrote on steadily, as much to clear the cobwebs from his own brain as to explain the situation to her. He forgot no detail, no supposition.

"I make no attempt to palliate or excuse," he went on. "There is no excuse and no palliation for the giving up of the good for the base, and making no apologies. I cannot plead anything in extenuation. My eyes have been open all the time, only since last Saturday has my common sense in Dyson Mallet's house; and so far as I am a judge I have been, and am, in full pos session of my normal allowances of natural intelligence.

What have I done I have done one thing, and the surprise that will not come up to now I regret nothing. Don't imagine me standing astounded before the revelation of this appalling thing in which I am the chief actor. Nothing of the sort. I am quite calm. I can leave to you and to Billy what I could not love you, dear, so much, loved I not honour more."

"I have said it over to myself a hundred times, my dear boy, but it just makes no difference."

I know now that I fell in love with Athalie Raitton when Mallet photographed his up in the smoke of our cabin. It sounds mad, but it's the truth.

I know now, that when I was in my sick room under the care of nurses and doctors, I could and would have exploded their little mis tale in my shoe."

"I wanted to see the flesh and blood original of Athalie Raitton's photograph. That was what made me think of the identity which was being thrust upon me. That was what made me in the end, sit down and actualise the letter to you.

"And when at length I saw her—well, that's where I found the price of my honour lying in wait for me. And I am sold, I tell you, I am selling still.

"Twice nights ago I told her that I loved her, and I can hear her answering me. He asked her to marry me. If I had been the person I pretend to be, there would be no other way of my saying no."

"I have not seen her since, but she is coming here this afternoon with her father at my instigation. I have been going mad with joy ever since I have known it."

"And although I have tried to tell myself that I shall then place the whole story of my life to you, and not have it burned, I know perfectly well that I shall do nothing of the sort.

"It's all very well for you, Billy, but you don't know the state of mind I am in. What is love to you, why not try your luck under your own name?"

"There's the rub, Billy. In the first place I've got to be a baronet's impostor and a miserable crawling usurper who has stolen into a deal made for a lady's life time."

"She's a high-spirited girl. When she sees what sort of a rogue's gallery I hang in, she will turn her back on me and never look at me again."

"Because, you see, apart from all this, she is a rich girl, and I am a penniless vagabond, with a third share in the Calamity Jane as the sum total of my worldly possessions.

"So when I have revealed myself in my true colours, I cannot even ask her to marry me. I must simply walk out of the picture."

"I suppose I haven't quite sold all my honour. There is something in love that could not let the girl I love come to the conclusion that I am nothing but a common adventurer."

He sealed and addressed the letter, put his hat on and went out by the garden gate. It was 6 o'clock, and her father would have started from their house to walk to his across the fields, and he had promised to go along with him.

It was two days ago that they had danced together on the lawn at her house. They had not met since, and Galloway's blood was galloping already at the prospect of soon seeing her. He had not seen or heard any more of Aice Merton, and only bits of snatches of talk about her, or about the shot from the lawn. The position was impossible and desperate enough of itself. Already it was desperate.

As for the midnight prowler, he dismissed the affair as an accident. Probably a stray bullet from the house."

If he had gone by the road, he would have passed a cab coming from Talverston. It swung into the yew-crooked olive's house, and a young good-looking girl alighted.

Mrs. Weston herself replied to the bell, and looked with interest at the pretty, desirous figure, dressed entirely in black.

"Is Mr. Dyson Mallet in? I asked the visitor.

"No, Sir," replied Mrs. Weston. "But if you want to see him he will not be long. He will be back in a few minutes. I can see his head."

"I have come from London on pur pose to speak to him. I should like to wait for him, Mrs. Weston."

"I don't know the name. Did she say what she wanted?"

"No, sir. She said you probably would not remember her name. She has come from London to see you. I have put her in the library."

Galloway groaned inwardly, foreseeing another of Mallet's moments.

When he opened the library door he found trying to confront Irma Galloway, who stood looking at him with eyes and a blank stare as if hypnotised.

But when she saw this girl was on board the sinking Sweet Aline, when Jack and Mason handed her down a swinging rope ladder, and saw her pretty face light up with joy, she dead like all the rest of that ill-fated ship's company."

"A letter and, without a sign, she pitched full length on the floor in a dead faint."

(Continued next week.)
YOUTH, freshness, beauty and dramatic sensitiveness were the qualifications that carried Virginia Faire into the motion picture world. She was a happy schoolgirl of sixteen when three picture magazines held a "Fame and Fortune Contest." Virginia did not dream of entering the competition until her proud mother enticed her to try her luck. And although there were more than 20,000 competitors in the contest, the judges declared Virginia to be the winner.

Virginia was delighted with her good fortune, but her pleasure knew no bounds when Carl Laemmlle, president of Universal Productions, asked her to enter filmland, and offered her a five-years' contract. She accepted with alacrity, and a month or so later left New York for California.

Shortly after her arrival at the world's film capital she visited the Universal City arena and selected a bunch of pets. She chose one little black pig, that squeaks dismally when squeezed; one little white duck that waddles; one hammer-headed pinto pony; a baby lion, quite toothless; and an adult lion, quite tesy.

The animal trainer marvelled at her choice, and argued that they would all fight; but Virginia indignantly declared that she would soon make them all love one another.

So it is that between the scenes of "Running Straight," Virginia makes hurried visits to the arena and carries on diplomatic negotiations to make one pig, two lions, one duck and a horse live together in harmony.

A lion has recently been added to Virginia Faire's collection of pets.

From the bridal path in New York to the mountain trails in California is the change of scenery experienced by Virginia Faire.
The Day of the Author.

"On the theory that every dog has its day, it is plain that the author has at last arrived in the movies, and that his day is going to last for a long, long time," said Lloyd D. Carleton in an interview. Mr. Carleton thinks the day of the cheap story has passed for ever. No longer does the producer sketch a story on his cuff, or the scenario editor write out a story over night. Never again. The producer now gives the story his first and best thought, and production must wait on that.

"I know of a wonderful picture that was built around a story that sold for fifty pounds," remarked Mr. Carleton, "but it will never happen again unless some author doesn't know his wares. Nowadays one thousand pounds is only a fair price for a story that will make a box office attraction, and we hear of other stories that cost fortunes. The story is the foundation of the picture, and should be paid for according to its true value, just as the star, the material and other elements should be." The only danger Mr. Carleton foresees is when producers lose their heads and make extravagant bids in order to corner authors as they did stars. If a story costs more than its real value to a picture, failure will result.

Where the Camera Goes.

In reply to a critic who complained that "the claim of the moving picture people that the camera went everywhere in the front line trenches and under fires, in the deserts of Sahara, Africa, and Asia; on the top of the Himalayas, and in the valley of the Dead Sea; among the furnaces of the steel mills, and in the swamps of the rice country; on battle ships and railway trains, in palaces and hotels; among the cannon of the South Sea, in factory and in the school room." The list, by no means exhaustive, ought to satisfy the critic; but perhaps he was unhappy because scenes have not yet been taken on the moon and stars. But then the camera is comparatively only a recent invention.

Producer or Star?

I have received the following interesting letter from Hugh Dabeson-Stoke, which deals with the question of publishing the names of casts, from the artiste point of view.

"With reference to remarks in your leading article concerning the publishing of names of casts in picture plays, may I place before you a case in point? I had the pleasure of assisting The Stoll Film Company in the principal character in two or three plays, two in which I had the most important part, "The Rocks of Valper", in which I took the part of Rupert Wyndham, and in "God's Good Man", in which I took the part of Oliver Leech. In publishing the casts of these plays for representation on the screen, I requested that my stage name, namely, Hugh Dabeson-Stoke, should be used in preference to my private name, and was informed that this would be done. When the trade show came on, my name did not appear in either of the casts of the two plays. Well, sir, I leave you to judge of the reason for such an omission. Personally, I am of the opinion that English producers do not publish the names of their casts for the very reason that the picture going public are more interested in the cast than they are in the producer and the producer sees to it that they don't forget him. If you see the two plays above mentioned, you will notice that the producer appears very big and the cast very small.

If English producers imagine that they are going to do their firms any good by lending themselves at the expense of the cast, then all I can say is that British production, from a world standpoint, is doomed to failure from the start, for the simple reason that the public are not interested in the producer except as so far as the producer is master of his art, as in photo-plays of D. W. Griffith and producers of his calibre."

"What have other readers to say on this point?"

This Week's Best Films.

The following is a list of the best photo-plays which are being released for exhibition at the cinemas during this week, and the names of the star artists:

Cauvion ... ... "The Unseen." 
Bene Breest, 
Jury's ... ... "The Call of the People." 
Ethel Barrymore, 
Waltadaw ... ... "Burghar by Proxy." 
Jack Pickford, 
Phillips ... ... "The Usurper." 
Carleton, 
G. E. McCoy & Stephen Ewart, 
Yulishgraph. ... ... "The Enchanted Bush." 
Corinne Griffiths, 
Ward ... ... "The Best Man." 
J. Warren Kerrigan, 
New Biopic ... ... "A Woman's Law." 
Olive Teale, 
Western Import (Re-Issue.) ... ... "American Aristocracy." 
Douglas Fairbanks & Jewel Carmen.
"So Shy!

EVERYONE will recognise and sympathise with the sweethearts on this page, snapped by the camera at that very awkward moment when, wanting to make a good impression, they are tongue-tied, and cannot think of a single word to say.

"The man in the moon is looking." GLADYS LESLIE and FRANK MORGAN—*The Girl Woman.*

"Will he never speak?" CLARA HORTON and JACK PICKFORD—*The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.*

"What can I say?" TOM MIX—*The Dare-devil.*

"Don't be silly." DOUGLAS MACLEAN and DORIS MAY.
MONROE SALISBURY, the Universal star, is a real man of the great out-doors. He is no drawing-room hero, but finds his pleasures with Mother Nature. When not working on a picture you will find him on his western ranch.

Alessandro, his favourite character—in "The Heart of an Indian."
A characteristic study.

His favourite hobbies are riding—
—and fishing near his wonderful ranch.
MEET MAE MURRAY
WHO WANTS YOUR CRITICISM OF HER PHOTO-PLAYS.

“The Girl with the Bee-Stung Lip.”
That’s what they called Mae Murray years ago in America; that’s what they still call her on occasion, and: “Why,” I exclaimed, as I shook hands with her the other day, “it’s the girl with the bee-stung lip!”

Mae Murray’s beautiful little face immediately broke into smiles.

“Fancy that title having travelled all the way to England!” she cried delightfully, just as if she had not met an old friend.

And folks, it suits her, for she has the most beautiful pouting mouth you could imagine, and she’s every bit as pretty in reality as she is on the screen, and that’s going some.” Blonde hair, eyes which vary from blue to grey, and from grey to green—according to the mood of their owner—and a delicate rose-leaf complexion.

Add to these attractions a sweet, very feminine voice and manner, and you have a star who is the dearest little girl you could wish to meet in a day’s march.

A Pleasure Trip.

I MET Miss Murray shortly after her arrival in England, and she was then looking forward to a pleasure trip to the Continent, embracing France, Belgium—where she intended seeing some sports—Italy, Spain, and France again. She expected to be gone three weeks.

“I’m on holiday because my story isn’t quite ready for me,” she told me. “Mr. Lasky is anxious that I should appear in none but really first-class stories.”

Yes, Mae Murray is back with the Lasky-Zukor forces. There was a rumour the other day, you know, that she and her director-husband, Robert Leonard, were forming their own organisation, but the picture potentes referred to came along with such flattering offers that the star just had to listen, and finally decided to remain. Mr. Leonard had his own company but, as his wife said, he can be “borrowed” at any time if the Lasky-Zukor powers wish.

Her Favourite Role.

Miss Murray’s latest three pictures are “On With The Dance,” (which created such a great sensation in America), “The Right To Love,” and “Idols Of Clay.” These will be released through Paramount Arclites.

“My roles will continue to be ‘heavies,’” she said, “because I have played such parts in these three pictures, and they have each been successful. The type of role I like best is that which I had in “On With The Dance.”

Some of her scenes in “The Right To Love” are especially beautiful—as I can testify, having been privileged to see the ‘stills of them—and present in an entrancing allegory certain incidents in the film which might have been ugly otherwise. It was an artistic plan, and the producer, George Fitzmaurice—master of the beautiful, if ever there was one—is to be congratulated upon it. These scenes have medieval costumes and settings, but the story itself is modern.

There are not a great number of these scenes,” Miss Murray explained, “because people don’t like fairy-tales.”

And this fairy-like little person actually expected me to believe her! Impossible, Miss Murray—for you are the Princess of the story!

Her Personality.

Mae Murray’s is a singularly unspoiled and enthusiastic personality. Asked if she were not very tired and bored after a long morning crammed with business appointments and (as I discovered later) minus breakfast, she replied: “Dear me, no! I am never bored! “I think we must seem a bored nation,” I remarked. “You Americans always seem so full of pep.”

“Ah, but we’ve had nothing like the strain you’ve experienced,” she returned gravely. “This is the reconstruction period, and you’re just convalescing, as it were, after the horrors of the war.”

A Message to You.

Before we parted, I asked Miss Murray whether she had any message for the readers of the Picture Show. “Please tell them,” she said, “that I do wish they would be kind enough to write in to the offices of the company after seeing my pictures, and give their candid opinion of them, so that I can find out just what they like and dislike. I want to please them all so much, and it is difficult sometimes to ascertain their exact wishes. And,” she added, with her sweetest smile, “do please give them my love!”

Dear little Mae! Can you wonder that a young girl of seventeen, whom Miss Murray met on the boat coming across, had in her possession a collection of no less than 200 pictures of hers, all of which had been painstakingly culled from magazines? I can tell you I am mighty proud of the beautiful autographed portrait of herself Miss Murray gave me! And I, alas! am no longer seventeen.

Mae Murray.

When Mae Murray started out to make a name for herself, she was a very young girl of fifteen. But she had one object and ambition—definite, material success. Before she was twenty she had gained fame in the “Followers,” a clever party that gave midnight performances in New York.

Mae believes that instead of focusing the audience’s attention on one particular costume, an actress should rather see that her costume is so much in character and keeping with her personality that the audience barely notices it. She should harmonise, never astound. Thus plans her costumes.

Mae Murray hopes in the future to select her own plays.
When pretty Kate Vernon returned from a fashionable young ladies' finishing school at St. Louis, she was a changed person. She came from a village in Pike County, Missouri, and entered her humbler home, but there was something about her that made even the furniture change its location. She was a pleasant-faced woman, but she was a bit careless in her appearance. Kate loved her mother's good clothes, and she sewed with a dexterity that rivalled the cottage industry. When she married, Kate opened a dress shop, and people came from miles around to buy her dresses. She was very stylishly dressed and good looking, but it was in a cold and ministerly way. She was not exactly the kind of woman who would have reached far, but to Kate Vernon she was romance. She had met her by accident in St. Louis, and they had been married about a year, secretely, despite the strict supervision of the head mistress of the school.

Again, and I wonder me if I saw my home," thought Kate dizzily.

Then she thought upon the time she was looking at her present home, and she had smiled so carelessly. Robert Travers had never had any intention of marrying her, but she was in love with him, and there were many reasons for this. She was the chief being that she had a wife already whom he loved. She was in love with him, and was a bit careless in her appearance.

An insult fell from her mouth. She was in love with her. The very thought of it made her feel happy. She knew that the good Kate had no appetite for it because it was not her way to be eaten and eaten of.

She had never opened a bottle of wine, but now she took one, and drank it all. Her head was light, and she began to laugh till she cried. She was not used to be married, and never thought she would be. She thought of the good Kate, and she made a change in her. She was in love with him.

Kate said, "I wonder me if I saw my home," thought Kate dizzily.

He had grown up with Kate and before he had left school for school they had been recognized by the village as sweethearts. But with the coming of Robert, Travers, Kate had forgotten all about Jim Radburn and her old love and name, of course.

She asked the Sheriff of Pike County and he had just ordered on his fourth year of office with the reputation of never having lived a man, though he had been married many times in the cause of duty.

He had grown up with Kate and before he had left school for school they had been recognized by the village as sweethearts. But with the coming of Robert, Travers, Kate had forgotten all about Jim Radburn and her old love and name, of course.

Kate kept her eye on the old man, and when she saw that he was making a change in the man, Kate, she said, "It is not in your best interest, Kate," said Jim.

She gave a comprehensive glance around the kitchen. "Everything is so different from what I got used to at the school," said Jim.

"I have a blow to-day, Kate. You know Sam Province, your father, and I have a strong wish that you should have a chance to go to school," said Kate. "I am sure that you wouldn't, said the sheriff quietly, but he was not the innocent man that has been described as a genius. Well, so long. Good-bye, I'd better be moving." Jack Radburn returned that night he was at once caught out at the Vernon home.

Well, what's the news about Sam?" asked the blacksmith.

"I think we shall be able to get the Governor to relieve him," replied the sheriff. "This is Sam's story, and I may say right here I believe every word of it. Just as the train started out of the station a stranger jumped on his car and showed him a note signed by the management. It was written thus: 'Pass bearer on to your car.' Sam took the note to be genuine, and went about his work. The stranger offered to pay him, but he put up some sort of a fight, and the stranger jumped off his car, took his place in the head and Sam remembered no more. Sam was found unconscious with two wounds on his head. He had been a club in his hands, and the man had the yellow of the St. Louis house." said the blacksmith.

"What makes you think that he'll be able to get away? I'm on the lookout for him, and I intend to find the man who killed my father." He had not been able to make out, the guard had not been able to get away. I'm on the lookout for him, and I intend to find the man who killed my father." He had not been able to make out, the guard had not been able to get away. I'm on the lookout for him, and I intend to find the man who killed my father."

"I should say," replied the sheriff. "I think that what you call your good reason, isn't sound enough for him. He was mighty keen on giving you a good time, but he was sure we were right. Jim Radburn, your schoolmaster."

Kate. "You don't go counting your chickens before they're hatched," said the sheriff. "It isn't certain that I'll be elected." By the way, Jim, I heard that they were going to a dance this night."

"Thafs so," said Kate, "and I haven't seen him yet. I'm not very keen on politics."

"Kate, in the kitchen above, and when he walked in she came up to him."

"Jim," said Kate, "I wonder how you do. I have counted you to do me a favour. Don't stand against father for re-election."

"You can consider my nomination with him," said Kate. "There isn't much of a candidate for the sheriff, and if you do for Kate, I know you wish as well as I used to. I am going to let you know how I stand.

"Jim, I'd ask you if you could."

"Well, you know that you've only got to put up your face, Kate," said the sheriff. "I'm going down town now. See you to-morrow."
Travers had cast a spell over her. He was always throwing hints about her people, and telling her that she was above them in education. 'Little by little, by her own efforts, she had opened the rift in her mind against her family. Kate was determined she would never let anything less than her duty to Jim Radburn know that she could never marry him.

"Jim," she said, "why did you consent to withdraw your proposal?"

"Because I love you, Kate, and, as I told you, there isn't nothing I wouldn't do for you."

"I'm sorry, Jim," the girl replied. "I respect you as a friend, but we can never be more to each other, my education stands between us."

At the word "education" the sheriff wrinkled as though he had breathed into a whip. For that was the cause of Kate changing. In his generous desire to see Kate and something he himself lacked, he had forced a weapon to destroy her love for him. Kate could scarcely have dealt him a better blow. But the man's cruel heart rose to the occasion. There was nothing mean in Jim Radburn's make-up. "I see," was all he said. "But you get your education. If I can't be your husband, I'll be your friend, and something just tell me that there will yet be a time when you will need me."

He raised his hat and walked away.

That night Kate met Robert Travers in the woods beyond the village.

"I need and tired of my family," she said. "They don't understand me, and I don't seem to understand them. I wish I was out of it all."

"That's just what I've been thinking about all day," Kate, said Travers. "I am feeling the amount of sympathy into his voice. "I've been burning to ask you to marry me every day since I came here, but it's just as it is with you, Kate. My family are very proud, and if I married beneath me they would cut me out of their life."

"Beneath you?" returned Kate. "If you thought I was bent on you, you can more love to me."

"I don't mean you, Kate," returned Travers bashfully. "You are above me in every way. It's your family, my mother that I was engaged. She would naturally wish to come down and see your people, and, trust as it graces me to say it, I knew she would never consent to our marriage."

"Then the only thing for us to do is to part!" cried Kate huskily.

"No," said Travers. "There is a way, Kate. If we run away and get married, and then went to my mother, she never need know anything about your family."

"You mean lie?" gasped Kate.

"Don't shudder, as if it were some dreadful thing, I was only suggesting the only way."

With all his secret flattery and tender protestations of loving love it took all his time to persuade the girl to cope, but he did so in the end, and they arranged they should go away that night.

When Kate reached home she went to her bedroom and put a few things in her bag. Just as she had finished she heard her mother on the stairs and she pushed the bag under the dressing-table.

"What's the matter, Kate?" asked Mrs. Vernor, knocking at the door which Kate had locked. "Open the door."

With a white face, Kate unlocked the door and confessed her hope.

"I was a little tired, mother, and thought I would go to bed," said Mrs. Vernor. Kate looked at her daughter suspiciously. "Kate was not used to telling lies, and her face gave her away.

"Well, there's no need for you to lock the door if you don't want to go to bed," said Mrs. Vernor. Just then her eyes caught sight of the packed bag.

"So that's it, is it, Kate! You are running away, and with that Travers. It is a mercy that I felt a warning something was wrong. You stop there, my girl. Your father must know about this."

Mrs. Vernor rushed down the stairs, and went up to her husband, who was talking to Jim Radburn. In a torrent of words she told him what she had discovered.

"And now, Joe Vernor, you've just got to go right up and talk to that daughter of yours. I've warned her again and again. Now you must act."

Joe Vernor looked helplessly at the sheriff.

"You talk to her this afternoon. I'll make take notice of you."

"There ain't no need, Joe," replied Radburn.

"Kate just wouldn't do anything wrong. You just take her your heart again. I'll go down town, and, to make sure, I'll keep an eye on Travers. I've got my suspicions about that man. Sam Power has been released, and is coming to town to-day. I got to meet him at Clark's store with a detective. I'd be lousy worry about Kate. She'll be in a different man in the morning."

The Chase.

Clark's store was all excitement when the sheriff arrived. The sheriff was a local hero, and was the hero of the hour. He introduced Radburn, a detective, as the man who had put the case, and that officer drew the sheriff on one side.

"From other clues I have found the real robber in this matter," he said. "I can depend on your assistance, sheriff?"

(Continued on page 18)
"IN MIZZOURA.\textsuperscript{1} (Continued from page 17)

"Sure thing!" I returned Jim. "And on that o' the whole town!"
As they were speaking Traverson came in, and as he walked past the door, Sam Fowler spat at him, shouting:
"That's the robber, boys! Hold him!"
There was a quick, short struggle, and then Traverson broke away. Before anyone could reach him he had tumbled down from the counter, and the crowd cheered. I kept on. At the crowd, mortally wounded, as Traverson kept through the window with the crowd behind him. Held by the sheriff and the detective, the crowd swarmed to the door when they heard how Traverson was nowhere to be seen.

A scatter and search, boys! shouted the sheriff.
"And if we don't get him, go for your horses, and meet at my house. He can't be far away."
Just as much on foot was looked out thoroughly, no trace could be found of Traverson. The crowd had scattered off in every direction for him. They went away, and, when the detectives went back to the stores. He had a lantern at his saddle-bow, which he took up and lighted. Going into Traverson's store, I asked, "Have you any Traverson around here?"
"Yes, I know him," Kate said. "I've seen him. Traverson was a son of a preacher in Clark's store."

There was no light in his own defense, Jim Radburn.
"You're not a man, you're a bloodhound."
"I have my duty to do. Kate," said the sheriff, very quietly.
Stepping to the store he saw it was empty, but there it was the opposite. He guessed Traverson was in it. He said, "Don't bother, or I'll shoot through the door."

Traverson sprung out, pistol in hand, but Radburn never even lifted his hat, which book the murderer straight in the face as he said:
"It's no use, Kate."
"You've got Traverson."
"Yes, Traverson."
"It's me."

That was in self-defense, Jim Radburn.

"You're not a man, you're a bloodhound."

Jim Radburn went down and unhitched his horse, and led it away to his own.

Half way there Traverson suddenly pushed Radburn in the flank.
"You've got me yet!" he yelled, as he galloped away.

Traverson was at the fuzitive, but none of his shots got home. A minute later a part of the posse came up, telling the crowd Traverson was just ahead, the sheriff borrowed a fresh horse and went. Traverson took a wild shot at the crowd, he had noticed another splash of blood. In a little while he came up with the fuzitive. Traverson fired till his gun was empty, and then he surrendered, winning for mercy. As he led to the warden with which Traverson took, and as they saw Traverson they shouted:
"Here's the robber, boys! Lynch him!"

Jim Radburn faced the crowd.

"You, my prisoner, boys, and he goes with me to jail."

But even as he spoke Traverson bolted and tried to get to a horse. But had not got ten yards from the face of Sam Fowler fired, and Traverson fell dead.

And so Traverson's possession were some which proved beyond all doubt that he had robbed the man. But there was another—another letter from his wife—which showed what a common villain he had been. It read: "I am willing to forget and forgive if you will come home."

The next day Jim Radburn said as he went past the door. He was red with anger, and he could see she had had no sleep.

Then he pointed to go on Kate's shoulder.
"Don't sneer at that fellow Traverson," he said.
"Before you speak so freely. He's worth it. He's won his game. See, we found this letter on him. It was from his wife that he'd deserted."
Kate then passed it back.
"I wasn't sneering about him. Jim," she said.
"It's a cruel world, you know, the best friend I ever had."

Jim Radburn took the girl in his arms.
"Do you think you could love me like Kate?"

"Kate?"

"Not Jim, Jim," whispered Kate. "I know now that I have loved you always!"

(Adapted from incidents in the Paramount Aircraft playscript. By permission.)

AGAIN I find it expedient to restate to the person who desires this book the final chapter to be devoted to "you and me."

There are facts you may wish to know for yourself, but I don't grudge artificial stimulation, because my daily exercise quickens the blood sufficiently. Then, too, I manage to keep busy. This is the real chit—activity! Not always physical activity, either, for I must read good books in order to exercise the other channel than just my daily routine, and add to my store of knowledge as well."

THEN there is my inner-soul, which must be gratified no and now. For this I need no small amount of "something practical to live by, which automatically keeps us on our course. The mystery of life, somehow loses its density if we retain our spark of hope."

All of my life since childhood I have held Shakespeare in constant companionship. Aside from the Bible, which is entirely apart from all other books, Shakespeare has no equal. My father and mother give the great for good and partly for the purpose of giving us to memorise accurately, taught me to recite Shakespeare; he was old enough to know the meaning of the words. I remembered them, however, in later years I knew to their full significance. I had become a follower of the Master Philosopher, than whom no greater interpreter of human emotions ever lived. But there had been never been his equal. In "Hamlet" we find the wonderful words of admonition from Shakespeare; in one speech to his son, Laertes, as good to-day as four hundred years ago, and they will continue to be so until the end of time.

I matters not how familiar we may be with these lines, it is no badge of time to read them over again once in awhile. They seem to fit the practical side of life perfectly.

Particulars.

"Lucille," said the haughty star.
"Yes, madam," the maid answered.
"Look out for the turkey and see if anyone is using the ocean. If not, I may bathe."

"Too Awful!"

HERE, my dear," said the film husband, producing his purse, "here's ten dollars. Will you go to lunch now as you asked me to go with you and never again touch those awful cards? I don't want my husband to become a gambler."

Her Remedy.

The train had been held up by fierce bandits, as they usually are in American films, and here we have many a scene of the gangsters and held their hands as high as possible. Women trembled and wept, with the exception of a spirited young woman from the country. A bandit approached her.

"Don't you dare to touch me!" she shouted, "or I'll scream so loud you can't hear me."

More of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS Secrets of Happiness.

DOUGLAS, the Author.

If we have any complaint by reason of their interpretation according to our own sens of justice. In other words, if we wanted to loan a bankrupt now and then, we would just go ahead and do it; meanwhile, to save you the trouble of looking up these lines, here they are—\\n\textbf{Laugh and Live}:\\n
"And these few precepts in memory See them character; Give thy thoughts no tongue, Nor any unproportioned thought his act. Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar. The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, Grapple to thy soul with hoops of steel; But do not flull thy palm with entertainment Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade.\\n\textbf{Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in.}\\n\textbf{Heart that the opposed may beware of thee.}\\n\textbf{Give every man thou meetest, but few thy voice;}\\n\textbf{To make each man's cause, but reserve thy judgment.}
\textbf{Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, But not expressed in favour; rich, not gaudy.}\\n\textbf{For the apparel oft proclaims the man;}\\n\textbf{And they in France of the best rank and station}\\n\textbf{Are of a most select and generous shade in that.}\\n\textbf{Neither a borrower nor a lender be,}\\n\textbf{For loan oft loses both itself and friend, And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry}\\n\textbf{This, above all—thine own self to be true;}\\n\textbf{And that must follow, as thy way the night,}\\n\textbf{Thou canst not then be false to any man.}
\textbf{The time has come to close this little book—}\\n\textbf{It has been a great pleasure to write it,}\\n\textbf{and a greater pleasure to hope that it will be received in the same spirit it has been written. These are busy days for all of us.}\\n\textbf{We go in a gallop most of the time, but there is enough quiet when we must sit still and "take stock."}\\n\textbf{I know this from the letters that come to me asking my opinion on all sorts of matters. I am happy because my laughing pictures seem to denote this fact—and it is true!}\\n\textbf{In the foregoing chapter I have told why,}\\n\textbf{in the telling. I shall have been instrumental in adding to the world's store of happiness, I shall ever thank my "lucky stars."}
**The Life Story of the Talmadge Sisters**

"I've made a discovery," replied Norma importantly.
"In the garret?"
"In the garret!"
Norma's eyes opened wider. She had visions of a dark secret hidden in the old house, which had at last come to light. Visible in the crouching corner, beside the treasure, played a prominent part. Norma's next remark dispelled her happy dreams.
"I have found solid, precious old clothes."
"What?"
"Heaps and heaps of 'em!"
Connie returned to her book.
"I don't want any more old clothes," she said grumpily. "I have all yours and Natalie's made over for me as it is. Don't, for goodness' sake, find any more. Oh, dear! I wonder if we'll ever have a new frock straight out of a shop?"

Norma laughed.
"I'll show you a kid," she said affectionately, at the same time dropping her knees in front of her sister. "We are all going to wear these." Norma paused, and Natalie was just about to go dressing up; we are going to act a play."
Connie sat up with a jerk, her book quite forgotten.
"A play! What play?" she asked excitedly.
"The Beautiful Princess who Loved a Slave," replied Norma promptly.
"Where did you get it from? Who wrote it?"
"It isn't written yet. I am going to write it," said Norma calmly.
"And the scenery?"
"I am going to design the scenery.
And I suppose you are going to be the princess, huh?"
"That was my idea," admitted Norma.
"Oh yes, you see. And I suppose I'm going to be the slave!"
"Well, dear—"
"I'm not the princess! She'll have all the best clothes, of course. I'll like to look nice for once, if it is only in a play."
Connie was pouting.
Norma put her arms round her sister's shoulders and began to comfort her. "Oh, dear, dear, am I the Princess Zaza. You are Cyrus, my slave, and Natalie is Merlotta, the humbled and downtrodden one. And I notice you, and am attracted by your gallant, well-bred bearing. I become very jealous of Merlotta, and I gibe you to cut off her head. You refuse. At first you plead with me, then you defy me, and I order you both to be killed. See how dramatic it is?"

**Norma Has an Idea.**

**H**

The speaking was Norma Talmadge, a very pretty girl of fourteen. She had just burst into the sitting-room, where her sister, Constance, was leaning on the floor reading a book.

Connie was a child of nine or ten, with a round, dimpled, laughing face, and a pair of roynished eyes. She surmised her elder sister's flushed and dust-stained countenance with eager interest.

"Norma!" exclaimed she, "You've been doing something to yourself!"

Her tone was one of hope rather than reproach, and she gave a little gurgling laugh as she spoke.

"Not at all," replied the elder girl, with dignity, at the same time drawing upon her slim, graceful figure, as if to show there was nothing wrong. "Don't you know that I am a young lady? I know how to behave. I leave mischief and naughtiness to younger people."

"Yes, but I can't help it."

But the voice was not quite decided.

"Connie, you've been doing something to yourself!"

Connie's face lit up at once. Hanging by my toes!" Norma nodded.

"But why?" asked Connie a little doubtfully.

"Well, you don't think I would be better if we had a circus instead of a play? My tricks would be better in a circus and—"

"No, no, I can't say it. You leave it to me. But you see you must be Cyrus and wear boy's clothes. If the princes were to hang by her ankles—"

"I've done it before,"

But you've never been a princess, princess."

"Missy, it is complete nonsense. Besides we are sure to have an audience. The Fenwicks will come and so will Miss Hawkins. Just fancy her face. And Peg would wish it to be perfect."

"Peg lets us do as we like."

"Yes, she's a dear, but there are limits."

"Oh, well, then, I'll do it, but I must have a proper boy's suit."

"All right, then. Let me show you now."

Then she hurried away to write the great tragedy, in her bedroom, while Connie went in search of Natalie, her sister, who was only a year older than herself.

**CO-EDITOR'S NOTE.**

How Milicent Cheated Father Time.

I hadn't seen Milicent for over three years, when I called at her house the other day. I knew she had taken some sort of office work, and from what I had heard of her from time to time, hard work, early rising, and late to bed, I quite expected to find her looking older, and very much the worse for her three years' work. But far from looking jaded and tired, I found her younger and fresher-looking than I had last seen her. Her complexion was smooth and clear, and her hair brighter, and more glossy than before, while the few wrinkles which I remember her having had entirely disappeared.

How She Preserved Her Complexion.

After a little persuasion she told me the secret of how she had not only kept, but improved, her looks during the three years which we had not met, in spite of her hard work and late hours. She told me she owed the freshness of her complexions to water. Every month she used to make little, plain, waxy candles. This wax was made by mixing an ounce of elemi, one egg, and one teaspoonful of water. This lotion gives a most natural appearance and is beneficial to the skin, and judging by her complexion I can well believe it.

Removing the Wrinkles.

When I asked what she had done to remove the little wrinkles which I remembered round her eyes and mouth, she told me nothing. The wax wash had done that trick without any effort on her part. This wax, it seems, gently peels off all the dead outer skin, slowly and imperceptibly, but as a precaution she had used some teak paste for a couple of weeks afterwards.

How She Kept Her Hair Bright and Glossy.

To keep her hair in good condition she had shampooed it regularly every fortnight with a detergent soap of stag's disolved in hot water, then dried it without rinsing (as this is not necessary when using stag's) and given it a monthly sear, which she applied to her cheeks with a piece of cotton-wool. The beauty of this colour was, that it appeared absolutely natural, for it deepened as the same warmer, just as a natural colour would.

Parker Belmot's Cynol Berries for Obesity. (Adv.)

The Princess and the Slave.

MRS. TALMADGE, the mother of the three girls I referred to in the last chapter, was a pleasant faced lady of thirty-five.

Her children called her "Peg," and treated her as an eldresser. This suited her admirably. She had only one rule for the management of her children, and that was to let them do exactly as they liked.

When she heard about the play, she was keenly interested, and, as usual, present in the last act. "We shall want a throne for the princess. Something raised, mother, and give her a dignified look. What about those boxes in the borders. They will do. The poor child will never rise. By all means, keep her seated. I thought we had last winter in the sitting-room. I know I packed them away somewhere."

So it began, and for a whole fortnight the four eager producers spent every moment of their spare time on the great project.

The play itself was written in twenty-four hours, but the costumes and the scenery required a much longer period, and many serious discussions.

The rehearsals too, from which Mrs. Talmadge was excluded, were a very serious business.

And then the网站地图 came. It was a spurious earl in which the performance was given and it made an excellent theatre.

Nearly the whole of the place was devoted to the stage, the audience being crowded up into a room over the little room consisted of seven people all told. These were the three Fenwicks, old man Fenwick, his wife and their eldest daughter. Then there was Miss Hawkins, a rather plain old maid, and two other neighbours. Finally there was "Peg," the groundlings' choice of three performers.

Then the play began.

Norma, gorgeously arrayed as the princess, was discovered by the audience through the leaves of the trees. Slowly she awakened and gazed languidly about the empty court. Then suddenly her expression underwent a vast change.

Surprise, anger, indignation—all three emotions appeared in swift succession on the pretty child's face.

She put out a hand, and with a gesture, which somehow suggested both impatience and the habit of command, she struck a gong.

Instantly a slave appeared bowing to the ground, hands outstretched.

The princess, in a sort of unaccountable manner, then bade him rise. She obeyed trembling, but kept his head averted.

"Wretched boy!" exclaimed Norma indignantly, "I would look into thy face, and read what evil deeds thou art plotting in thy low and cunning brain.

Cyrus the slave humbly obeyed, and turned his face to the princess.

Even the most the action of the play was rapid. The princess fell in love at first sight, and immediately her attitude towards her slave changed.

Her haughty pride declined away, and she became meek and timid as she strove to make herself agreeable to the young man.

Cyrus the slave displayed a surprising reluctance to accept the great honour which his royal mistress was so anxious to thrust upon him.

At last she extracted from him a confession that he loved another.

"Let the woman be brought forth," she commanded.

Little Nathalie, as Merlitta, appeared upon the scene. There was a dreadful pause, and then, in the absence of a sword which she had conveniently at hand,

"Now cut off her head," said the princess calmly, a very rare phase in the life of Merlitta rolling at my feet.

Cyrus was naturally very much upset. He explained that he was perfectly enamored of a little thing the princess might think of, but that was too much.

"Dog of a slave!" cried the princess in a horrid voice. "Do't dare to disobey the Princess Zaza?"

"Oh, most gracious lady," replied Cyrus, trembling, but obdurate. "The head of Merlitta is a rare and precious thing where it is; but if I seiver it from her body, it will be a thing of little worth. I will not do it, most illustrious one, not even for you."

Again, said the princess, "I thought you a consumptive dog!" cried the princess in bitter scorn. "Dost think, miserable slave, it is in thy power to perform such a deed? that can give me pleasure? Even yoander fly that crawls upon my ceiling is more able to minister to my amusement than art thou! Who would have thought it? the slave; that art less worthy of my notice than even yoander fly!"

When I spoke the truth, most merited one," replied Cyrus, bowing low. "Spare me the head of Merlitta, and I will do the task that can give me pleasure! I will immolate Merlitta, and walk upon the ceiling.

"Aye, slave!" she shouted furiously. "Dost dare to mock me? Have I failed, so long as a mere wench, to protect and aid thine infamies? How, with the sacred temple of my royal home, thou wouldst make good thy boast, or both thy lives are forfeit. Walk upon thy ceiling, she cried, before some eyes, and you and your wretched Merlitta shall go free. But if you fail—"

"I shall not fail, most gracious lady." There was a note of cheerfulness in the slave's voice that was not quite in the part.

Across the roof of the house were several iron rods, from which at one time hams and sides of bacon had been hung with running hooks. They were furnished with a sort of hand, which, when the slave, sprung janu on to the royal throne, and then leaping into the air, seized one of the rods. The next moment he was hanging by his feet.

"Beloved, gracious lady, thus do I make good my promise," he cried evidently.

"Most glorious and wonderful princess, queen of all the world, let the sun of thy mercy shine on the slave, and let the dust beneath thy feet, but thou hast given me the word. It is not meet that the Princess Zaza should have been a bit," Look! One foot! Can your fly bear that?"

There was a roar of laughter from the audience, quickly covered by a storm of applause. Cyrus, greatly bucked, swung round, dropped to the floor, and bowed most effusively.

"The Princess Zaza never breaks her word," she said bravely. "Thou art free—thou and thy Merlitta."

"Go," she said solemnly, "the whole world is open to thee save only this palace of mine. Leave me here in my splendour—alone!"

Cyrus and Merlitta went softly out, hand in hand.

The princess stood on the steps of the throne a great deal fidgeting, turning this way and that, staring fixedly in front of her, the picture of grief and desolation. There was a long pause, and then the curtain slowly closed.

Mrs. Talmadge turned smilingly to Mr. Fenwick, who was sitting on her right.

"Now you must come and have some refreshment. You have been very patient," she said.

The man looked at her curiously, as though he had not heard what she was saying.

"Very remarkable," he said slowly. "Very remarkable."

"What? The play!" exclaimed Mrs. Talmadge.

"Well, yes, that is remarkable in its way," said Mr. Fenwick, with a smile. "But I was not thinking of the play, but thinking of the meeting, and especially of the acting of your eldest daughter. Didn't you notice that? It was simply marvellous."

"Norma is rather quiet," admitted Mrs. Talmadge, a good deal flustered.

"Quick!" exclaimed the other. "My dear Norma, Talmadge, it was solely because I was very much if she does not become some day a very great emotional actress."

And that is how Norma Talmadge, who a few years later was destined to become a great film star, learned her first real success.
IN THE DRESSING ROOM

The Expression of the Eyes.—To Darken the Lashes Care of the Brows—Puffiness Under the Eyes—The Picture Girl's Casaquín.

It is the eyes more than other features of the face that attract attention to the beauty of a girl's face, to the audience, and by the brilliancy of the eyes themselves do they appear to be startlingly beautiful. True it is that the eyes, eyelashes and eyebrows are most important features, yet little attention is given to them, no matter how much care the complexion and hair may receive.

This is a pity, for they have an immense influence in impressing the whole face.

The woman who marks the perfect eyebrows is the exception rather than the rule, and yet it is the easiest thing imaginable to cultivate pretty lashes and brows. While, with a little care and perseverance, their shape can be altered.

When the eyebrows are too heavy, although this is seldom the case, they quite spoil an otherwise pretty face, but when they are thin and colorless, they present a weak characterless appearance to the possessor.

A Point to Remember.

A REALLY important point, although quite a little one, to be remembered with regard to the care of the lashes is the necessity of using good eyebrow powder from them, after you have powdered the face, a little of the powder from the puff is bound to have gotten on the eyes while you are using it and if left on continually these will prove very harmful, and eventually cause the eyebrows to fall out. As a matter of fact, the accumulation of powder causes dandruff, and makes them look unclean and dirty. Therefore always bear in mind to wet the tip of the brush before using the powder to the brows immediately after every application of powder.

To keep the eyebrows in perfect condition they should be brushed every night with a soft little brush. A little oil will answer this purpose admirably. This prevents the formation of dandruff. When dandruff has already formed, however, a little vaseline should be smeared over the top of the finger and rubbed into the eyebrows every night, stroking the hair from the nose towards the outer corner of the eye in an arch or level line according to the shape desired.

To Darken the Lashes.

IN the morning a little bay rum should be rubbed on the lashes in the same manner, dipping the fingers into the bay rum, and rubbing over the lashes for a quarter of an hour as it is noticeable and ugly as it is harmful.

The brows can be darkened quite naturally by the regular use of yellow vaseline rubbed over them with a gentle stroking movement every night and morning. This is a slow process, but do not give up and if it does not work for it is also a sure one if persevered with.

The Beauty of Long Eyelashes.

W HAT a world of difference long curling eyelashes make to the appearance of a girl's face. And they make the most indifferent eyes look larger and subtler than they really are, besides improving the expression very considerably. Here again you will find yellow vaseline a beneficial tonic. Rub it into the lashes, being very careful that none of the oilment enters the eye, it will make them smart.

Many people are under the impression that cutting the edges of the eyelashes improves them and helps them to grow, but this is not so. You must know that cutting the hair upon the head makes it grow is the cause of this idea. But experts will tell you that to cut the lashes is quite useless.

For the Motor Trip.

GREAT care is necessary in preventing any irritation of the lids, and after motoring, cycling, or a long railway journey, the eyes should be immediately bathed with warm water to which a little boracic powder has been added. They should then be gently tapped dry with a soft towel. This removes any dust or grime which may have settled around the edges of the lids, which if left, may cause irritation at the roots, causing the eyelashes to fall out and become thin and poor.

As a matter of fact, goggles or covered in glasses should always be worn for the motor trip, for the irritation of dust from such a journey, even when they are carefully bathed afterwards, will cause the eyes to lose their luster for a few days, and perhaps cause extreme pain. Sparkling eye powder is of every girl, yet they are quite simply procured—for a festive occasion, anyway. All that she need to do is to enter into the drugstore and ask for cold water. A pinch of salt added to the water will prevent any annoying sensation that the cold water may cause.

There is nothing more disfiguring than puffiness under the eyes, which is indeed difficult to deal with. It may originate from four causes, eye strain, late hours, and heart or kidney trouble. The remedy for the first is easy. Just suitable glasses. And when the puffiness is caused by late hours, the cure is just “early to bed and early to rise.” But the latter causes not difficulties, and only a visit to the doctor will alleviate the trouble.

A Lotion For Styes.

IT is the misfortune of many to folk with weak eyes to be frequently bothered with styes upon the lids. A simple lotion for their cure consists of one ounce of camphor water and two grains of mustard of morphine. The latter should be mixed well, and applied with a bit of cotton wool. Oversewing is often the cause of styes and this leads to styes if the styes are frequent, a visit to an oculist is advisable.

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[Adv.]

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5 ft. 4 in. height. Please see instructions in "The Personal Column," as follows:

M. R. (Birmingham).—You do want to know a lot, but since you have promised to do it, I will try to squeeze in all I can without crowding out other readers. You have a very good idea about the two destinations, but she does not admit it, and she does not take it. A previous answer to someone else gave more about her. Thomas Melham is married to Frances Roth. He has black hair, brown eyes, and his height is exactly 5 ft. 4 in. There is something about "Anna and the Duke" and "Anna and the Girl" are two of his pictures. Neither of the girl's names is mentioned at the moment. In "Eve's Woman" there appeared Violet Hennings, Mary McVey, Wanda Hawley, Kathleen Kerwin, Eliza Daniels, Theodore Roberts, Monte Blue, Evelyn Cummins, James Neeld, and Raymond Hatton. Many people are interested in them. "Biddy" (Hancock).—So you imagine, "dead, unprepared soul," that I am a "girl about seventeen or eighteen." You are so far out that I cannot even count on you to quote me. Mary Miles Minter is Rosemary Chan's Height. True, she is old enough to get married, but she is not willing to do it. John Bowson was with Mabel Normand in "his Nine Years Ago." "Hopkins," the writer of the story, was the hero. I shall await your next in patience. D. T. (Hodgson) and "sweety" (Cotford). Herbert Rawlinson and Ann Little were the leads in "The Black Box." Sorry, the other information you want is not traceable, but don't let that keep you from writing again.

"Berta" (Walthamstow).—I say, you are not a marvel, but quite ordinary. Violet Hopson, as a "bathroom maid," will not win over Mary Pickford, who is only five feet.

"Ellie" (Sydenham).—Charlie Chaplin's leading lady for some time has been Edna Purviance, but the name is not given. With Mabel Normand in "When Doctors Disagree" were Alec Francis and George Nicholls. In "The Devil's Stone," Geraldine Farrar and Wallace Beery stood out. In "The Eternal Flame," Terry-Thomas, Tony Terry, Marie Manners, Herald, James Neilson, Ernest Joy, and Mabel van Buren were prominent.

"Kitty" (Bradford).—What a list of favorites you have! I can't think who you can have left out. John the Postman. Hubert and Madge Dowell. I'm leaning more towards the country. I know you are all "the swimming King Man," the only two names given in the synopsis is "Bessie Love as Joy Havemore and Frank Franklen as John Hopkins in "Under the Greenwood Tree." John Gilbain in "The Sands of Sable Island," written play and acted for the stage and screen. "In the Black Box," written and acted for the stage.

"Fred" (Doncaster).—I am sorry, but you have not given the right names. In "Hidden Fires," and Matt Moore in "The Unparalleled Woman."

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SEND to-day for the Free Prospectus that will tell you all about the Charles Dickens Library—the Edition-de-Luxe of the master's works—the edition which the finest private libraries in the world are proud to own. It contains unique features to be found in no other edition whatsoever, and it surpasses all others in the splendour and number of its illustrations. It is a monument of Scholarship and Art.

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Take the first step now by sending this coupon which brings you an interesting coloured prospectus of the finest Dickens Library in the world.
FRANK MAYO ENGAGED A COLOURED PLAYER. SHE ARRIVED WITH HER FAMILY.
Famous Readers of the "Picture Show".

No. 40.—DIRECTOR WILLIAM A. SEITER.

NOT only is the Picture Show read by all the famous folks on the films, but every one connected with the making of photoplays looks forward to the coming of our favourite film paper. This week we have the famous director of the Carter De Haven Comedies recognizing a picture of a favourite actor in our paper.

The Fateful Day.

YOU will excuse this paragraph being almost a repetition of last week's, but I am so excited I must confide in someone, and I'm sure you, dear reader, will sympathise with me. Tomorrow is the fateful day, the day my own little cinema paper will be placed upon the bookshelves and in the newspapers. The "Girls' Cinema," represents the lifelong ambition of your own Fay Filer. For some time now I have tried to interest you with my gossips. Now is the test whether I can interest you in a paper—a paper for real girls.

Please Read This.

LET me tell you a little about it. First and foremost of the first issue is given free a beautiful coloured art plate of Mary Pickford in the wonderful tulle frock in which she was married to "Doug." Of course, you may have seen Mary as a bride on the pictures—you did in the "Ragamuffin," you remember—but you have no idea of the charm of the frock chosen not to charm a cinema crowd, but the man she means to charm for life. "Her Wedding Day" is a beautiful art plate. You must be delighted with it.

And a Word More.

I HAVE all the best stories for you, too. A rollicking school tale of Mabel Normand's school days depicts Mabel's charm and wit more than once on the verge of being expelled from school. She was even more of a madcap in school than she is on the screen. You can imagine what enjoyable reading this makes—and "Madcap Mabel" is exclusive to the "Girls' Cinema."***

P.S.

OTHER stories to read. A dramatic new novel of a girl who tried to "better herself" entitled "Shown Up By Her Family." The story of "Heart O' The Hills," the wonderful story of Mary Pickford for a screen play, which is released this week. Then Wallace Reid is editing a page and telling us of the girl to whom he likes to make love—on the screen. Gregory Scott has a lot to say to the up-to-date girl about her "glad-rag" time. Violet Hopson gives the benefit of her wonderful taste in advising girls to make the most of themselves by telling them of the "Modes of the Moment," and how you can make them for yourself. There is a fine new cinema competition in which £250 is given in prizes.

Famous Jockey on the Film.

TOH SLOAN, known as the "millionaire jockey," having made a fortune in his profession, is to play the role of the jockey in "The Heiress," about to be filmed. He was the first exponent of the modern style of horseracing.

All She Needs.

COLLEEN MOORE tells me she is contemplating making up a company of her own relations. Her brother calls himself an actor, having served for three days as an "extra." A feminine cousin has a series of photographs which she expects to be published following a close-up showing her admiring a male star and her eleven-year-old boy cousin has acted—in the role of messenger boy.

"If I could only find a relative to act as villain, my company would be quite complete," says Colleen.

His Hardest Trick.

WILL ROGERS was practising with his rope on the Goldwyn lawn, when a spectator asked him which was the hardest trick.

"The one you are learning," replied Will, with his inimitable smile. "I think they are all easy once they are mastered.

Nazimova as Aphrodite.

NAZIMOVA is to appear as Aphrodite on the screen. So Nazimova will bring to the silver sheet the character that created a literary sensation when the novel was first published. A character that took the dramatic world by storm when played by Mary Garden, and which was introduced to the American stage by Dorothy Dalton.
It was.

Here is a prohibition story!

Buster Keaton and company were on the train, which halted for a few moments at a station. A little old man entered carrying a covered basket.

His manner wasn't exactly furtive, and it wasn't too much of an anchoring gesture, he winked broadly, and asked:

"Like to buy some nice cold tea?"

He was the cover of his basket cautiously and permitted a glimpse of some brown bottles couched in some cracked ice.

"Five dollars a bottle," was the reply, accompanied by another wink.

Four bottles were purchased and the old man extracted a promise not to open the "iced tea," until after the train had pulled out of the station.

He seemed to get on like a candle to the wind.

When the train had left Santa Barbara, some miles behind, the bottles were opened, and:

Yes, it was just.

Too Exciting.

Most of us can imagine ourselves at some time or other in some thrilling and terribly dangerous position, from which we are only rescued in the nick of time. But rarely do such instances befall us in real life.

Poppy Wyndham, the popular film star, who has just appeared in Stoll's production, "The Tidal Wave," is almost one of those who have been marooned on a rock during a high sea, and rescued by the hero.

As it happened, a heavy storm had been raging overnight, and when Miss Wyndham got into position, clinging to the rock, a hungry wave washed her away, and the hero, told off for rescue work, had to set about it in real earnest.

This incident, however, was lost to the screen, as such was the operator's horror, that he forgot to turn the handle of his camera at the critical moment.

She Declined.

SEENA OWEN was recently asked by an admirer to become the owner of a picture.

"You'll never get lonesome as long as 'Bill' is around," the writer said.

Miss Owen declined the honour gracefully, and told her friends there was enough conversation around her house now, without any feathered bipeds around to add to the scene.

British Players in American Film.

It is a coincidence that the company playing in the new Robertson Col film version of "Iris," with Paulino Frederick in the part, is composed almost entirely of British actors and actresses. Edward Sjovall, the director, and Wyndham Stand- ing and Frank Ellett are both British born.

May Allison is among the few Americans in the cast.

A Costly Wreck.

One of the most dramatic situations ever photographed for the screen will be found in the new Robertson Col film version of "Iris," with Paulino Frederick in the part.

You will remember this photo-play was filmed by the Hepworth Company with Henry Ainley and Ada Vitale. The scene comes late in the play when the villain ejects the heroine from her home in London, and then smashes all the costly furniture.

Willard Louis, as the villain, did his job so thoroughly that more than £600 worth of furniture was wrecked.

Welcome Back to Mae Marsh.

Mae Marsh, in her return to the screen, says a letter I have received from the Robertson Col studios in Hollywood.

This is the adaptation of the novel, "The Girl Who Lived in the Wilds."

Either Way.

LILLIAN RICH was born in England, and has just brought her return, after nearly two years of domesticity, will be the adaptation of the novel, "The Girl Who Lived in the Wilds."

A typical snapshot of MABEL NORMAND, taken when she should be ready to pose for the camera in "Face Ache and a Sower Hat. Read the amusing "career of Mabel when she was at school, which has been written exclusively for the "Girls' Cinema," out to-morrow, Tuesday, 2d.

Charlie and His Air Trip.

A sequel to Charlie Chaplin's kidnapping bob, "A Man's Dream," the air officer is on a charge of "speeding," as duly reported in a recent issue of this paper, Mr. Beeson, the Stratific Manager, has received a letter from the judge in charge of the case, which goes to prove that the dryness of the law is frequently exaggerated. After discussing business details about the payment of the fine, His Worship humorously concludes:

"I understand that Mr. Chaplin took a very keen dislike to our roads down here, and after his arrest declined to ride further upon them, thereupon making the balance of the trip by aeroplane. Let me say in passing that Mr. Chaplin has the privilege of driving as fast as he likes in this country as he drives high enough in the air. I should suggest at least being high enough above the surface. I trust he had a good trip and didn't have much trouble as the traffic officer advised me that he had a most pleasant meeting with Mr. Chaplin, and that he enjoyed the situation immensely every truly years, "J. E. KEATING."

Max Learns English.

MAX LINDER, the inimitable French comedian, who is making his own pictures at Universal City, has enrolled as a member of the night classes which are held at the Los Angeles YMCA. Max's knowledge of English is very limited, but he makes his wishes manifest through the agency of his interpreter, M. Albert Petit. His conversation up to now is practically confined to the corresponding English phrases for "the impassive mood," and he is anxious to be a good student in the set in English, which he will be able to acquire when attending the night classes, where, to prove that he is a thorough 100 per cent democrat in the Land of the Free, Max, in his French disguise, will actually address the corresponding English phrases for "a gentleman's hat and the female gardener's cat in company", in the humor which is equally possessed by the corresponding American classes.

Captain Godsell, in charge of the educational activities of the YMCA, guarantees that by the time Max starts work on his next picture he will be able to speak the Hollywood dialect, the root of which is believed to be English.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From Los Angeles.

MONROE SALSBURY, who is now heading his own producing company, makes a hobby of collecting rare Japanese prints, and has begun to amass a good collection of Island pottery and drapery. He is also much interested in Indian legend and lore, and is one of the few white men who owns that noble and fast- dying race regard as a brother. Mr. Salisbury is fond of relating one of the most unique experiences of his life. He was photographed in a coffin for a scene in "The Phantom Melody," he says, "and although a good fit, they couldn't get him to admit that it was an uncanny sort of experience. Afterwards the undertaker wanted a testimonial, so I wrote him one to the effect that he had used his coffin and hoped to use no other for many years to come.

The Adventure of Pictures.

BESSE BARESCALE says that even if she didn't like pictures, which, on the contrary, she does, there is one great advantage they possess, that is, in so often denying those who work on the legitimate stage—they have given her her home life. She and her husband, Howard, have just built a new home, not hurting the matter, but making every little nook and corner just as they built it. Their "play," has his own suite, in which he passes a good deal of time with a specially constructed electric rail- way, the toy that his parents gave him last birthday.

Max Learns English.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

MARJORIE HUME received an urgent cable from Director Hugh Ford asking her to join "The Great Day" Company in Paris for rehearsal. The boat had just left, so Miss Hume decided to fly rather than wait for the next boat.

Beauty and the beast! The beast looks a little bit ferocious, doesn't he? But ANITA STEWART is very fond of her British bulldog pet, and he would not harm a hair of her head. Woe betide anybody, however, who upsets his mistress!

On a hot summer's day one would not mind acting a delightful scene like this. The dainty tea-table and "comfy" basket chairs look really inviting. It is a scene from "Blackmail," and in the picture you see LYDIA KNOTT, FLORENCE TURNER, and VIOLA DANA.

A difficult scene is being discussed, and it looks as though two of the party were rather dubious about it, although, judging by Director VAL PAUL's beaming smile, he has no doubts upon the subject. The other two shown in the picture are H. H. KIBBS (author) and HARRY CAREY.

SEENA OWEN'S latest from Paris is a delightful evening frock composed of black sequins, very simply finished with a large butterfly bow.
Read This First.

The Sweet Alice carried just twelve passengers, including Galloway, who spent part of his time in a harmless flirtation with Iris Gale. Iris, however, took things a little too seriously, so when Dyson Mallet, John's partner, was quick to take her off, she was very much perked up.

Although he protests that he is not Dyson Mallet, no one believes him, but thinks that his brain has been doing a bit of the sand which is the work of the waves.

Frequent meetings with Athalia Ralston soon convince John of her affection for her, and one evening he tells her that he loves her, but that she, although she loves him, is not sure whether she loves him, and tells her that she also loves him.

He opens a letter addressed to Dyson Mallet from a woman that hints at a past love affair.

One night Galloway is sitting by the window, when a girl comes silently into the room and puts her arm around the shoulders of Alice Mercer, who wrote to Dyson Mallet, for whom she takes Galloway, but presently finds out her mistake. While they are talking, the girl vanishes, and the girl runs through the window. The next day Galloway brings Athalia her father home with him, and is told by Mrs. Weston that she will go into the sea before the Sweet Alice went down, and was drowned.

The girl stared at him blankly.

"But—but the ship was saved. When I came here and asked for him, the housekeeper said he was out walking and would be back in a few minutes. "

"Everybody believes he was saved, but you and I know he was not," said Galloway, "Mallet was drowned.

"I—I don't understand, Mr. Galloway."

"I am afraid you will find it rather difficult to understand, Miss Gale. I don't know that I understand it all myself. But here are the facts. I will give them to you bluntly. I am Dyson Mallet's daughter, or so I am accepted, and I am an impostor.

"Her face grew whiter."

"I still don't understand, Mr. Galloway."

"I am not Mr. Galloway," said the man, grimly. "Only to you. So far as anybody else here is concerned, I am Dyson Mallet. When I was picked up inaccessible and nearly dead, Mallet's papers of identification were found on me.

"Friends of Mallet's came for me, and brought me to his house. Ever since, I have been referred to as Dyson, and treated as the master of this house. A pretty story, isn't it? I wonder what you are thinking of me?"

"She supposed he had been in her stead, and sprang up with concern."

"You are feeling faint again? Let me get you something."

"Please; a glass of water!" she whispered.

He unlocked the door and hurled out of the room. In a few seconds he was back with a glass of water. The girl was obviously very weak, and he had to hold the glass to her lips, bending over her supporting her head at the back with his hand.

They were in this position when Athalia Ralston came unexpectedly in at the door and stood in the room watching them. The smile which was on her lips when she entered, faded slowly.

Galloway saw her, and called her. She came forward with her straight, considering look.

"What is the matter, Dyson?" she asked.
THE EXPRESSIONS OF DOROTHY GISH.  Spec'lo to the "Picture Show."

DOROTHY GISH.  The Laughing Star Whose Black Bobbed Wig is Her Mascot.

DOROTHY GISH and her sister Lillian are as unlike as they can be. Dorothy explains this in three words: "Lillian is good," she says. Dorothy began her screen career playing serious roles, and strangely enough it took a picture of tragedy—a picture of the Great War—to prove that comedy was her strong point, but it's true.

If you saw the F. W. Griffith play, "Hearts of the World," you will understand. This was a play with the scenes set in France, showing the havoc war made in the hearts of the people. Everyone who saw the picture will remember Lillian Gish, distraught with the horrors she had suffered by the invasion of her country by the Germans, wandering on to the battlefield in search of her lover, carrying, as a mother would her child, her wedding frock.

The Little Disturber.

THERE was one brief respite from the terrible tragedy of the film. This was when the "little disturber" appeared. The little disturber was a mischievous loving girl, and for this part Dorothy Gish was chosen. Because she was so like her sister Lillian, to make herself different, she wore a wig. In the part Dorothy achieved fame, and swore allegiance to her wig; she has worn it on the screen for every picture since.

To Laugh or Cry.

DOROTHY's speaks laughingly now of the days when she played nuns, cast-off daughters, wronged sisters, etc. She tells of the hours she posed before her mirror, casting her eyes sorrowfully down, or tragically up; reading Omar Khayyam—anything to get her naturally bubbling spirits down to the point required for the part. But Dorothy has since learned that it is as hard to be merry all the time as it is to be sad. There are days when even when her spirits cannot rise to the insistent demands of her director to be funny, "It's hard to make people laugh," says Dorothy. "And there are nights when I try myself so to sleep disappointed because I can't think of something funny that has not been done before.

"Another thing that worries me is that some people seem to think because I play the uncultivated girl on the screen, I drink out of a finger-bowl and eat asparagus with a knife, that I am really like that in real life. "We have to do many things on the screen that would make us shudder if we had to repeat them in private life. Again, many people think that cinema actresses converse in slang. True, slang words are largely used on the screen to explain a scene; but, after all, that is the producer's business, and not ours. As a matter of fact, I rather pride myself on being able to speak clearly and correctly.

Her Closest Friend.

AT one time Dorothy Gish was known to cinema goers merely as Lillian's sister; but to-day she has established for herself a very high place among screen artists by her clever work.

No article about Dorothy Gish would be complete without a reference to the wonderful affection she feels towards Constance Talmadge. The two are inseparable, and when Constance decided to accompany Norma to Europe, Dorothy at once coaxed her director into giving her permission to travel with her friend.

If you want to write to her, address your letter:

e/o The Picture Show.

Room G, The Fleetway House, Farrington Street, E.C.

Or if you wish it to reach her on her return to America—

e/o D. W. Griffith Productions.

Longacre Building, 1480, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.
"The Price of his Honour." (Continued from page 6.)

Galloway looked down at Irma Gale, and his eyes held hers for a moment. "I am not a very old friend," she said. "This is Miss Gale—Miss Athalio Raitlon. Miss Gale feared when I came into the room."

"Athalie," he said, "I did not think she was here, with ready sympathy. "Can I do anything?"

"I am all right, now," smiled Miss Gale.

"Are you a friend of Mr. Mallet's," asked Athalie.

"Not a very old friend," said Miss Gale. "I only know you by name."

"Miss Gale was picked up in one of the boats," interrupted Galloway. "She was taken to Pernambuco, and has only just got back to this country."

If it had not been for Mr. G——, Mallet, I should never have heard the wreck," said Miss Gale. Galloway laughed.

Miss Gale is giving me more credit than I am entitled to," he remarked. "I am sure she would have been saved without my help. But let us come in to tea. Miss Gale will join us.

A Change of Character.

Galloway looked at Athalie and her resolution grew weaker.

"You have got no principles," she continued hastily, "or, if you have, you have thrown them over. Very well. I remember our parting on the deck of the Sweet Alice, when we both thought we should never see each other again?" He nodded gloomily.

"You took me in your arms—and kissed me. To a girl who had nothing, less than nothing. I was a poor, weak girl, hysterical with fear. You did it to quiet me, as you would have quieted a child. Now you explain it to yourself if you took the trouble to explain it at all. But do you know what that meant to me?"

Galloway shook his head.

"It meant that I loved you. I loved you before I knew you. I accepted your ordinary conventionalities, as they are now. And took it that you meant the same. Ever since I have been grieving for you as a lost lover."

She stopped, out of breath.

"I am very sorry, Miss Gale," said Galloway gravely.

"You mean that you are not in love with me. That—-that means nothing to you?"

"You force me to speak plainly, Miss Gale. I am not in love with you; I never have been. As for that incident, it happened on the deck of the Sweet Alice, I think you do me an injustice. My mind was entirely absorbed in you. I acted on impulse. Like you, I believed we should never meet again. My impulse was to give something of myself. I knew you—"

"You kissed me as you would have kissed a child?"

"Exactly."

"Well, I will show you that I am not a child."

"His face hardened.

"Do you mean that for a trifle?"

"I certainly do," returned Miss Gale. "Who is this girl you had here to-day?"

"I introduced her as Miss Athalio Raitlon. That is her name," returned Galloway coldly.

"How do you know her? Do you see to her, you? I am asking you a question, Mr. Galloway, and I demand an answer."

"I prefer not to discuss Miss Raitlon with you."

"Her lip curled in a bitter sneer."

"I must and will discuss her with you."

"Her voice rose to a passion note."

"I must and will discuss her with you."

"She was a very small scruples by dallying a pin roller under the flap of the envelope and lifting it."

On her own confession he was playing a dishonourable game deliberately and callously. For Kues and Athalie he had no regard. He had not taken her in his arms on the deck of the Sweet Alice, and kissed her)

As she drew out the letter she had perhaps some qualms of conscience, but these she swiftly quenched, and continued with his own confession he was playing a dishonourable game deliberately and callously. For Kues and Athalie he had no regard. He had not taken her in his arms on the deck of the Sweet Alice, and kissed her.

Though she was not at all her own choice, and her choice of a partner who had stayed behind in the so-called gold mine in Rhodesia to look after her interests— and incidentally to discover the wonderful strike which was to make them all rich.

She turned it over twice, frowning, and then proved that she was a girl of very small scruples by dallying a pin roller under the flap of the envelope and lifting it."

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On her own confession he was playing a dishonourable game deliberately and callously. For Kues and Athalie he had no regard. He had not taken her in his arms on the deck of the Sweet Alice, and kissed her.

As she drew out the letter she had perhaps some qualms of conscience, but these she swiftly quenched, and continued his own confession he was playing a dishonourable game deliberately and callously. For Kues and Athalie he had no regard. He had not taken her in his arms on the deck of the Sweet Alice, and kissed her.

"I introduced her as Miss Athalio Raitlon. That is her name," returned Galloway coldly.

"How do you know her? Do you see to her, you? I am asking you a question, Mr. Galloway, and I demand an answer."

"I prefer not to discuss Miss Raitlon with you."

"Her lip curled in a bitter sneer."

"I must and will discuss her with you."

"Her voice rose to a passion note."

"I must and will discuss her with you."

"She was a very small scruples by dallying a pin roller under the flap of the envelope and lifting it."

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ANTONIO MORENO.

ANTONIO MORENO is a past-master in the art of make-up, as you will notice by a glance at these photographs. What a change from the picture of his real self shown at the top of the page—a handsome young man in the pride of life—to the photograph shown below of an old man with white hair, pointed beard, and long, flowing moustache.

Tony believes in character acting. He says: "I am playing different characters in my new serial. That is, I disguise myself. I do the same thing in my last serial, 'The Invisible Hand.' People say there are no chances in serials for real acting. I have determined to make chances. I love to play characters—really transfer myself to someone else—play all the ages of man."

Tony's Opinion of Character Roles.

It's all rubbish to say that the public does not like a fast-suave in a character role. Character roles make favourites. Look at Chaplin and his character: Dick Harthorne, the Yellow Man: Lionel Barrymore, the Copperhead. The public loves them. Only real actors can play such parts effectively, and you only prove you are a real actor when you can take on the character of another man.

Moreno is a real artist who enjoys assuming any character, be it that of a dashing Don Juan, or a decrepit old man. It seems hard to associate Tony with the part of an aged person, for he is the spirit of youth itself. He glows and effervesces like a red wine of his own sunny Spain.

After Serials—Perhaps Feature Films.

Lately Antonio Moreno has appeared in serials, and he says that he likes them, although he does not want to play in them for ever, because they do not offer as much chance for real characteristicisation as condensed dramas, but they have a far greater following, as Tony can tell by the number of letters he receives. He says by these he can tell that he has many more friends now than he had when he appeared in feature pictures. All the same, for his own personal satisfaction, he wants to play in all sorts of pictures, and all sorts of characters; so when he has finished the serial on which he is now engaged, he may perhaps make a feature film.

A Film Dealing with Spain.

He would like to act in a picture set in Spain, of Spanish life. He says he has the atmosphere of Spain, her traditions, her manners and language, and consequently, in fact, he knows his old country thoroughly.

ANTONIO MORENO as an Oriental in the Buddha temple scene of his next serial, "The Invisible Hand."

The serial star who delights in character parts. He has never lost his childish love of "dressing-up."

Can't you imagine him strumming away at an old guitar beneath a latticed window on a glorious moonlight night, his radiant face upturned to catch a glimpse of his adored one?

Tony's Opinion of the Handsome Hero.

Moreno cannot tolerate the ordinary handsome hero—he says he is worse than the limping lameness. He is truly thankful that producers are beginning to realise that the public wants something beside "Plucked eyebrows and rouged lips"—as he describes it. No one could accuse Tony of playing the insipid, handsome hero—could they? Why, whenever one sees him on the screen, one feels the force of his personality. He is so full of pulsating life.

Iron Horses Required.

Only a man who keeps himself perfectly fit could possibly play in the serials in which Moreno takes the leading part. They are full of exciting incidents, and the thrilling stunts he has to perform could only be undertaken by a man of iron nerve and cool courage.

In one film we see him making a daring leap for the receding gangplank of a departing ship, and in the same film there are exciting diving, air, and motor-car scenes.

Many Disguises in "The Invisible Hand."

When you see "The Invisible Hand," you will notice that Antonio Moreno's liking for disguises has full play. Two photographs of him taken in this serial are shown on this page—one as the wise Oriental in the Buddha temple, and again with his enormous coloured glasses, parchy moustache, and funny little beard. "The Invisible Hand" is a wonderful serial, which you really must not miss when it is released—this will be early next year. When you have seen the first instalment, you will not be able to stay away from your picture theatre until you have seen every episode.

One of Moreno's Hobbies.

Tony has a hobby. He collects pictures of characters he has assumed. "When I can actually play characters, I pose them in portraits and stills," he told an interviewer, to whom he was showing these pictures. He had one of a Spanish fellow which was a particular favourite, judging by the smile on his face as he gazed at it. "It's a hobby," he explained apologetically to the interviewer, "this collection—a sort of album of family characters."
Every reader of “Picture Show” should ORDER “Girls’ Cinema” to-day! Further particulars of this great new paper appear on page 3.

GIVEN FREE!

Lovely COLOURED Plate of MARY PICKFORD In Her Wedding Dress

A hitherto unpublished picture of Mary in the beautiful dress in which she was married to "Doug." Exclusive to the "Girls’ Cinema," and FREE with every copy of No. 1 on sale everywhere To-morrow.
A Girl and a Boy.

ONE sultry summer's day a boy and a girl sat in a Brooklyn store and sipped ice cream soda with a bread-and-butter cracker. The ice cream soda is a form of refreshment much beloved by young Americans, and with these two it was a daily treat.

They were schoolfellows. In America boys and girls are educated together and sit side by side in the same class. It is found that this leads to wholesome rivalry and many charming and innocent friendships. At an early age the boys respect the members of the opposite sex, who compete with them in the class room, and often beat them in the acquirement of knowledge. On the other hand the girls get to know the boys and admire them for their strength and self-reliance. Thus a spirit of helpfulness is created and friendship is fostered.

When out of school hours they go for any pleasure jaunt together, it is the usual custom for them to have a soda and a cracker.

It was a very pretty girl who sat in the Brooklyn store sipping ice cream soda with her boy friend. She was not yet fifteen, but she was remarkably self possessed, and had the ease and grace of a well-bred woman. The boy, Harry Green, was about her own age, a freckled youth who surveyed his companion with frank admiration in his boyish eyes.

They had finished their sodas, for which each had paid five cents, and there was no excuse for further dallying in this agreeable and shady place of refreshment.

The girl sighed. It was a very hot afternoon. She and Harry were in the middle of a very interesting conversation. It was a pity it should have to be brought to an untimely end, but she had spent her five cents, that was her limit for the day.

Did her expressive face betray her innmost thoughts? If so, she was wrong. It was a face which in after years proved itself able to reveal every emotion with unplinching truthfulness.

Anyway, it was none too noble to the occasion. With an easy nonchalance he ordered two more ice cream sodas, and paid for them out of his own money. The situation was saved, the strained look dropped from the girl's pretty face and the easy flow of conversation was resumed.

"When you leave school will you go into a store or office?" asked the boy.

"I don't know. I haven't decided yet."

"It's time you thought about it, you're getting on.

"Oh, you nodded gravely as she scooped up a bit of the floating ice cream from her glass.

"It's a solemn business, growing old, isn't it?"

"That would be bully," admitted the girl.

"Do you think it would?"

"Of course not! Only in the movies, it spoils the story.

"I declare if you were going to have a baby.

The movies, which is the American name for the pictures, was just coming into fashion.

The old Vitagraph Company had a studio in Brooklyn, and the queer doings there were a subject of some curiosity to the residents in the district.

"Well, I reckon I'll find a job somewhere," said the girl. "As you say, it's time I was getting busy. I've got to earn my living, and I've got to start pretty soon. There's lots of things a girl can do if she's bright."

"That's true, and you are bright, Norma. You'll cut ice whatever you go in for, I'm sure of that. If I were you I'd learn shorthand and typewriting, and go into an office."

"I'll think of it," said the girl.

The girl opened her pretty eyes in wonder; lavishing the beauty of her face upon the boy. She was flattered and even a little excited, clearly she had made a conquest. She knew she was respected, and this admiration prompted any one of them to such reckless extravagance.

The two ice cream sodas were brought and consumed, and then at last the pair passed out into the sultry street.

Harry Green passes out of this story. Soon afterwards he went to the great South West, and by this time he is probably a very successful young boy; but as far as we are concerned his chief title to fame is the fact that in the days of his youth he rendered Norma some two ice cream sodas out of his own money.

The young people parted at the corner of the street, and Norma went on alone in the direction of her own home.

She had some distance to go, but she did not hurry; she was very thoughtful. Her conversation with Harry Green had given her something to think about. She was getting on—fifteen next birthday. Quite time she began to look around for work.

Norma was not the sort of girl to stay at home in idleness unless a young man should come and ask her to be his wife; besides, she had two younger sisters, Natalie—Jean, dear, long since had left school, would be helped, and Connnie was little more than a baby.

Turning these thoughts over in her mind, the girl traveled the streets of what was then a quiet, ordinary suburb.

Suddenly she stopped in front of a very high wall. Norma knew that wall very well indeed; in common with nearly all the young people of the neighbourhood, she often had dreams of what took place behind it. For this great wall enclosed the already famous Vitagraph studios where the "movies" were made.

Norma hesitated for a moment, and then crossed the road so as to get a better view.

From her new position she was able to see the glass top of the main studio, a few chimneys, and the upper part of the main buildings. She walked slowly up till very slowly, and presently she came to a gate.

This gate was guarded as closely as if it were the entrance to the house of a rich and august person, and it was impossible to gain admittance through the office, except by definite appointment.

But little Norma, being little enough, nevertheless, did not hurry by.

"It must be possible to get inside," she said to herself. "There are some girls they are just like me; how did they make a beginning, I wonder?"

As she drew near she perceived that a little group of people was gathered outside the gate with their eyes glued to a small notice that had been affixed. She joined the group and read the typewritten notice.

It was a brief announcement to the effect that a certain number of extras were required for the new picture to be produced, and applicants were requested to call the next morning at nine o'clock precisely.

"Peg!" she cried impetuously. "I'm going on the movies. I begin work to-morrow at nine o'clock precisely."

Mrs. Taldehyde—always affectionately called Peg by her children—did not display any astonishment at this rather abrupt announcement.

"If you're not, my dear," she said in a placid, cheerful way, "you can be a picture, and I am sure your acting is wonderful. They are going to give you a star part, I hope."

Norma, turned to the notice, and read, "Of course; tell me about it."

Then Norma, full of enthusiasm, gave an account of the Vitagraph announcement, and explained to her mother how the Taldehyde warmly approved the project, and promised to accompany her daughter to the studio the next morning. At this, her mother explained, she explained.

"Peg! You don't think they will turn me down? exclaimed Norma in sudden alarm.

"Of course not, dear. Not if you get fair play. But there will be a number of applicants, you may be sure, and we must take care you are not lost in the crowd."

The lady's gentle face now wore a very determined expression.

"Oh, Peg, you are a darling!" exclaimed Norma in sudden glee.

"Of course not."

Natalie said, "As you will, my dear," said the older woman, a look of genuine surprise on her kind, homely face.

"What is there to stop you?"

Norma Makes a Start.

If you go to the theatre, you will often see on the stage, in addition to the regular actors and actresses, a number of people who have no words to speak.

Their business is to form a background for the real performers. They represent the silent guests in the ball room scene, the crowd on the race course, and so forth. The humble but necessary folks are called supernumeraries, or, more commonly, "supers."

In the picture business supers are called "extras." When a movie is being arranged for, the selection and training of the extras is a very important matter. When they are discovered, for the producer has discovered that a good scene can easily be spoilt by unintelligent or badly trained extras.

These extra people belong to all classes. Many of them take up the profession for the fun of it, or to get a living, while others need the money.

On the other hand, there are also many eager and ambitious young folk who take up the work as the first step on the ladder of fame.

The supply of these are the girls, and to whom a few shillings earned in this way are of great consideration.

If you saw them huddled together on their first visit to the studio, you would probably think there was an unusual amount of excitement among the whole bunch of them, but one never knows. That pretty little girl, who looks so all conscious and unhappy, may not (Continued on page 27)
FLICKERS FROM FILMLAND.
NEWS, NOTES, AND OPINIONS BY FRED K. ADAMS.

The Importance of Titles.

A GOOD deal of criticism has been directed against those American producers who change the titles of classics after they have filmed them. Their desire, of course, being to give their productions better or "selling" titles than the original names bestowed upon the children of their brains by the authors themselves. In the course of a talk about film production, Bessie Love touched on this subject the other day. "Since the inception of the motion picture," said Bessie, "the title has been the greatest builder. And nowadays, when so many of the famous books are going on the screen, the difficulty has increased many fold. Some of these books have long and cumbersome titles which, to the average picture-goer, mean nothing. But to change this means to incur the wrath of the author, and in a sense destroy the advertising value that the author's, previous sale may have brought it. Therefore, Bessie, the producer is caught between two fires—between the protests of the authors and the literary world in general on one side and the public on the other, with the result that the latter must override the former. But surely "the Public" would prefer the titles to be unaltered. How many people, for instance, would have consented to "The Admirable Crichton" being changed to "Vale and Female," in order to satisfy the firm salesman's craving for a "sounding" title?

AL GREEN,
Director of Goldwyn photo-plays.

Those Rhyming Names.

A RECENT paragraph of mine on stars with rhyming names has inspired the following letter from a reader: "H. J.," writes, "Dorothy Dalton, Ruth Roland, etc. This is initial rhyming as disarming as rhyming. The rhyme, appealing to the ear, is of course quite a good advertisement, and an aid to remembering the "H. J."");-Gray: "A strong man struggling with the storms of to-day must wear a stormy coat."—Proverb. The simplest English poetry was alliterative—e.g. "Fences the Ploughman," by William Langland, born A.D. 1322. "In a storm season, when soft was the sonne, I shoke me in shroudes, as a sheep were." Thanks, "H. J." Your information will no doubt interest our readers with literary inclinations.

Advice to Editors.

CLARKE IRVINE, exploitation manager for Maurice Tourneur, has sent an interesting letter to the Press in which he complains that the newspapers of America do not devote sufficient space to matters concerning the motion picture industry. The letter, which accompanies a batch of entertaining Press matter concerning the latest activities at his studio, states: "Editor, hello! If you do not need any of this news matter to-day, why not slip it on the old hook for to-morrow or next week? It is all new, and you know picturegoers read your paper for studio doings. Just give yourself a chance!"

Mr. Irvine argues that the number of people who go to pictures exceed those who watch baseball games, which attract in the same way that football does over here. For this reason, he considers the amount of space devoted to pictures in the Press should be greater than that given to accounts and reports of the matches.

"We have in America," he states, "twenty-five thousand theatres showing pictures. How many big 'ball parks' have you?"

Mr. Irvine's arguments are ingenious, but, unfortunately, he does not seem to have convinced the American editors altogether, for he ends up in despair:

"I do not care whose Press matter you use, but, for goodness' sake, use something!"

Lessons We Learn From the Films.

Some kings, and all babies, are born rulers.

Mirrors are the poorest kind of flatterers.

The wise man marries a woman's age ten years too young.

Dampness caused by a woman's tears is always oppressive.

Some people are pleasant to talk to, and disagreeable to listen to.

Do unto others as they do to you—but do it first.

This Week's Best Films.

THE following is a list of the best photo-play which are being released for exhibition at the cinemas during this week, and the names of the star artists:

Gannow... "The Hushed Hour."
Blanche Sweet.

Ired... "The Twelve Pound Look."
Constance Collier.

Waldarian... "Heart of the Hills."
Maurice Tourneur.

Still... "The Bowl of Barths."
Mary Pickford.

Mail... "The Bowery of Barbara."
Mack Sennett.

Photograph... "Cupid Foreclosed."
Bessie Love.

Chambers... "The Grim Game."
Houdini.

F. L. F. S... "The Lostly Man."
Wallace Reid.

One of the many appealing scenes in this fine Progress film.
JACK PICKFORD is the youngest member of a most talented family, including "the world's sweetheart," Mary Pickford, and Lottie. Jack is only twenty-three years of age, and doesn't look a day older off (as well as on) the screen. When I met him during his recent visit to Paris that ended so tragically for his pretty little wife, Olive Thomas, I could not help but notice that he was absolutely unspoilt by his fame as a cinema star. He was just a boy on holiday, with the same wistful look in his eyes, the same illuminating smile, as his sister Mary.
With SHANNON DAY—in "The Man Who Had Everything."

His thoughts are of Caroline—in "Just Out of College."

A one-man Hawaiian band.

A strenuous clean-up. Jack is caught at his tub.
"Heart o' the Hills"

No film star is more eagerly appreciated than Mary Pickford, the charming "little sweetheart of the world." Her latest photoplay, just released, is "Heart o' the Hills," a wonderful tale of laughs and tears. The story version of this entrancing photoplay begins this week in "Girls' Cinema." Fay Felmer's new paper, out to-morrow, Tuesday.

Mavis protects her mother from Steve Honeycutt.

A shot in the night ends the life of her father's assassin.

Mavis is accused of murder, and the evidence is all against her.

She was ever ready to fight any boy who pulled her hair.
WHEN IS ACTING NOT ACTING?
WHEN IT'S FILM ACTING, says ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

Arthur Bourchier's Opinion of Films.

RECENTLY I had the great pleasure and privilege of meeting Arthur Bourchier, and, what is more, during the whole course of our half-hour's conversation the great actor talked of nothing but films, although he never has, and, I fancy, never will like them, his appearances in three noteworthy.

"But what," he remarked, with refreshing candour, "can you do when a man comes along and imposes before your eyes a cheque large enough to provide yourself with cigars and other luxuries for two years in payment for two weeks' work?"

Mr. Bourchier gives every possible credit to the pictorial glory of the screen; but, as regards film acting—well, according to him, the only thing wrong with it is that it is not acting; or rather, it is but the ABC of the business, the man in the street, provided he had photographic possibilities, could accomplish as well as the most experienced Thespian.

The Voice of the Director.

"Why," he remarked, with a smile, "just as you are beginning to work yourself into the spirit of a scene the director cries, 'Cut.' I remember this happening to me on one occasion. In the middle of a spirited bit of acting on the first day the director said calmly: 'You needn't continue, Mr. Bourchier. We cut long ago.' And the beauty of it was that I hadn't the remotest notion at which point they had cut.

"What I should like," Mr. Bourchier continued, "would be to see a film produced by such a man as Norman Page, my own producer here at the theatre, or any stage producer who, in conjunction with a film director—to supply the necessary technicalities of the studio, would in all probability get superb results from the cast, such as one has not witnessed hitherto on the screen. The film producer knows the tricks of his trade, granted; but I certainly think that a stage-producer could teach him how to use those tricks to better advantage; from the acting end of the business, anyhow."

Asked whether he considered pictures had seriously affected the theatres, Mr. Bourchier emphatically said:

"No. I have ample proof that they haven't, here at the Strand, where we are giving seven performances weekly, of a play which has already been filmed, and making more money than we have done with other plays which have been given eight or nine times a week."

His Pictures.

MENTION of Mr. Bourchier's three films—"Henry VIII.," "Macketh," and the one which he has completed recently, "The Great Day"—recalled some interesting reminiscences.

With the late Sir Herbert Tree, he was present at the first showing of the film version of "Henry VIII.," which they made together in the early days of the industry in Britain. Tree taking the role of Wolsey, for which, of course, he was famed on the stage, while Mr. Bourchier repeated his triumph as the king. The film was shown at the Palace Theatre in the presence of a tremendous audience, in the midst of which the two great actors sat in state on a dais. Tree, it seems, followed his own scenes with the keenest interest, and—always a wit—at their conclusion remarked with great fervor:

"What an actor I."

Made in Germany.

Mr. BOURCHIER'S second picture, "Macketh," was, as you all know, "made in Germany." Many of the scenes being taken in an old Hapsburg castle in Bavaria, the cast, by the way, being gathered to the ground at the conclusion of the battle. The picture was taken about two years before the war, and the cadets, who took part in the skirmish, put up, Mr. Bourchier said, an excellent fight. (Naturally.) Mr. Bourchier and the the actor who played Macduff were the only British members of the cast, and although they were treated with great civility, and even ceremony, during the greater part of their stay, there were always signs here and there of the event to come.

"Der Tag" Toast.

WHEN, for instance, Mr. Bourchier was entertained by the Heidelberg College the mysterious toast, "Der Tag," was given; while Macduff, who happened to be an excellent German scholar, reported afterwards to his friend that during the speech which Mr. Bourchier made in English the students were muttering insults to their distinguished guest in German.

It is also interesting to note that while nearer the war, when Mr. Bourchier contemplated appearing on the German stage, and in response to an old and urgent request of the Kaiser—before whom he had once performed at Sanssouci—an envoy of his Imperial Majesty with the fact, he was met at the German Embassy with cold politeness, and nothing more.

ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

Such is Fame.

DURING the making of "The Great Day," in which Mr. Bourchier appeared as "Sir Johnathan Bourchier," the first taking of the great foundry scene—filmed at the famous Heidelberg works—was marred by a small boy who, just as everything was ready for "shooting," darted out before the camera, crying:

"Ain't you 'Old Bill?"

"Such is fame," laughed Mr. Bourchier; but it is believed by some that the director said something stronger.

MAY HIRSCHER CLARKE.
A SPLENDID COMPLETE STORY TELLING OF A GIRL’S WONDERFUL SACRIFICE FOR HER BROTHER’S LIFE.

The Choice.

"It’s Myrtleville or prison, Richard Shelton," said Betty, president of the Myrtleville Bank, just before she committed suicide.

A desktop on the other side of the room was Betty Shelton, his private office. Betty was a girl who would have been noticed in a crowd of beautiful women, but for her good looks alone—though she was strikingly pretty—but because there was a certain sweetness of disposition reflected in her deep grey eyes.

A girl incapable of a mean action," would have been the verdict of the jury which had been formed. Mr. Crosby, turned to her with a fatherly look in his eyes, as he pushed away the plate he had been signing.

Your brother Dick is coming on a visit, eh? He has apparently made nice in New York, according to his letter. This man Endersleigh must be something. Indeed, bank of Dick. It shows the boy has something in him. He was a little wild when he left here, but apparently he has settled down now. Hello! Here’s Calvin Stone!" So spoke Mr. Endersleigh, the old bank clerk, who was really a good-looking young man entered the room carrying some papers. Calvin Stone was one of the eleven attorneys for the bank, and there was a business for the bank; but Mr. Crosby had noticed that young Stone always contrived to have business which he could finish just as Betty Shelton was ready for lunch.

"Good morning, Mr. Crosby," said the young man.

"Good-morning, Miss Shelton. I hear Dick is expected in Myrtleville to-morrow." So spoke Mr. Endersleigh.

"Yes," replied Mr. Endersleigh, "I was expecting to stay with us for a few days."

So spoke Mr. Endersleigh.

"You can count me in, Endersleigh," said Milton, in a voice he scarcely recognized as his own.

"Shows sense, eh, Williams?" said Endersleigh, with a peculiar smile. "Real horse sense," replied Mr. Endersleigh. "And now for the scheme," said Endersleigh. "We don’t want to get Myrtleville with our young friend. We tell them how he has made nice in New York, and that already the largest financiers have begun to hear of him. I am the financier, who, quickly recognizing his genius, backed him with my unyielding wealth. We are out to make the little myrtle flower bloom in the wilderness, in which it has been too long neglected. Good pleasure that, Williams. I must remember to see it at the dinner. Nothing like a good dinner. It will put the best side of the case before the bank."

Bless me, it’s so easy, that it isn’t the fact that we need the money I’m going for something more important but just one moment.

There is a difficulty, too, in fact. One is a bright young man, Calvin Stone, the most promising attorney in that town. The other is an old man named Winifred Gray, the District Attorney. Never despair old men, lawyer, or young men, though they are my despairing. I have heard some-
Roger Endersleigh arose early next morning, and went straight to the hotel where Williams had stayed the night.

"We've got to get away, Williams," said Endersleigh.

"I've bluffed that there is another, but we must get to the bank before he gets round. I've got a blank cheque here which I will make out to you for all the money in the Myrtleville Development Company. I will introduce you to the assistant cashier, and you can present the cheque. We can't hope to get away with a stunt like this on a New Yorktitler, but this guy will stand for anything.

They went round to the bank, and the scheme worked. The cashier saw Mr. Urush's signature, and those of Endersleigh and Shelton, and thought he knew it strange that all the money should be paid out to the man who was going to keep the bank open, he paid out the money.

The two crooks fled slowly from the bank, still talking about the scheme in hundreds of thousands; but once they were clear of the bank they made their way swiftly to where Williams had left the car.

It was then that Dick Shelton saw them.

Dupa as he was, he could see the two men were getting away, leaving him to face the luit.

"You're double-crossing me, Endersleigh!" he hissed as he rushed up and gripped the longландer by the coat collar.

"Get away, you fool!" snarled the closer man.

"We're coming back."

But Dick Shelton was no longer to be bluffed. He hung on to Endersleigh, and said he could not make him let go, the latter struck Shelton heavily in the face. Then as the young man dropped to the ground around the two crooks made for the car. But as they ran Dick shelton raised himself up, and pulling out a revolver, fired.

With a moan of pain, Roger Endersleigh threw up his arms and fell back, mortally wounded.

At that moment Calvin Stone, Mr. Crosby, and a number of citizens came running out into the street. Realising that he had killed Endersleigh, Shelton tried to escape, but in the wind that he could think of sooner to go across to his sister, who shielded him and helped him all his life.

He ran to her room in the bank, but he had scarcely got inside when Mr. Crosby and the others dashed in. A stranger—the Post Office detective who had been on the trail of Williams—came up to Shelton.

"I've got a warrant for you, Richard Shelton, for fraud; but I guess I've got to take you now on a charge of murder."

Betty Shelton gave a wild cry of despair as her brother was led away, and when she came to herself Calvin stone was bending over her.

"Come home, Betty," he said tenderly.

"Home!" repeated Betty bitterly. "What home is there left now? We have been robbed of everything by my own brother—a brother who is charged with murder."

The Trial.

A WEEK later, when Richard Shelton was lying in good awaiting trial for the murder of Roger Endersleigh, Betty, who had been to visit him in the cell, came home just as Calvin Stone was coming out of the house. Betty looked like a ghost. She had been very ill since her brother had been arrested, but the keen eyes of the young attorney noted a new terror in her face.

"What is it, Betty?" he asked.

"Don't speak to me. Don't ask me anything. Please let me go in," replied the girl wearily.

Stone helped her to the door, and then seeing that she really wished to be left alone, he went away.

"I wonder what that scoundrel brother of hers told her in the cell?" he muttered as he walked along. "He can't have confessed to any more crimes, surely?"

The day of the trial came at last. Calvin Stone had taken the brief for the defence, but brilliant lawyer as he was, he could not hope to get his client free. He could not plead that Shelton was an innocent man, for the whole story of his association with Endersleigh in a long series of frauds had now come to light; though, in view of the grave charge of murder, these charges of fraud had not been put in the indictment.

The shooting had been witnessed by many people, and as on the other gves evidence, Calvin Stone confined his cross-examination to trying to get the man to admit that Endersleigh threatened Shelton, and that the latter fired in self-defence. But they all swore that Endersleigh was running away at the time the shot was fired, and that he was shot in the back.

Then when the case for the prosecution was over, Stone, in desperation, yielded to Shelton's request that he should be allowed to tell his own story in the witness-box. The lawyer could not see any good coming from such a course, but he yielded, and as he knew that no words of his own could save Shelton, Calvin Stone listened almost listlessly as, whimpering like the cur he was, Richard Shelton told how Endersleigh had got him into his power and made him lead a life of.iddles. Gradually he worked up to the day of the shooting, which he admitted.

Willard Gray, counsel for the prosecution, then began his cross-examination. Almost the first question he asked was: "Why did you shoot Roger Endersleigh?"

Dick Shelton licked his dry lips, and looked to where his sister was sitting in the court. Calvin Stone wheeled like a flash, and saw Betty nod her head, then bury her face in her hands.

(Continued on page 20.)
The Stainless Barrier.  (Continued from page 19.)

"I killed him because he ruined my sister," replied Shelton.

There was stillness in court for a second that seemed like a minute. Then every eye was turned on Beatrice Shelton. The girl faced the stairs with a still, unwavering gaze. She got up from her seat as she heard her brother called by the judge, and having been sworn, she bore out her brother's statement. As she left the box the knife fell in a dead swoon. It was Calvin Stone who reached her and who saw the expression of grief and concern on his friend's face. Calvin Stone felt a fresh leaching against Shelton.

"Dick Shelton would never have risked his life for anybody," said Betty. "There is some mystery here, and I mean to get to the bottom of it."

He tried to see Betty, but the girl sent word that she could not speak to him. Despite this, never once did the faith of Calvin Stone in the girl he loved waver. One day he found her in the garden.

"Why do you try to see me after what has happened?" said Betty reproachfully, as he came to the bench on which she was sitting.

"Because I love you, and I am never going to give you up," replied Calvin, "I believe in you, and have never lost faith. I shall come back again.

That night Calvin Steae saw Dick Shelton in his office, where he had forced Betty's brother to meet him. He suggested that Dick should follow him through a cross-examination compared with which the Third Degree interrogation would be a mere trifle.

And at the end of the sitting he had solved the mystery. Shelton confessed that when Betty had missed him in his cell he had persuaded her to agree to let him tell the court that Endersleigh had ruined her, and to sign a contract for his life. There was not a word of truth in the story. Betty was as innocent as the day she was born.

"So you let your own sister sacrifice her honour to save your worthless life!" said Calvin, in a fury of rage. "If you were worth killing, I would kill you myself! Go home to your sister, and tell her I know all."

She replied Calvin as he took Betty in his arms and kissed her.

(Applied from incidents in the Western Import film, by permission.)

MARY MILES MINTER.

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Then the "Intrusion of Isabel" made it look like "No Wedding Bells" at all, but as "Rosemary of Babes in the Woods" on most occasions, she did so then, and love won despite "Powers that Prey." So they went to see "Emily of斯基 and "Barbara Frietchie," told them that "Dudie's Adventure" had been a very fortunate one, and so, upon becoming one of the "Rocking-chair Hobbits," the affair came to last at "The Amazing Imposter."

Written by Dolores Shelby, a reader of the Picture Show. * * *

SHOW YOUR FRIENDS

:: The "Picture Show."
This plate shows Mary in the lovely frock she wore at her marriage to "Doug." "Girls' Cinema" gives it to YOU and it cannot be obtained in any other way. Beautifully printed in COLOURS and now published for the first time.

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![Betty Compson](image)

**Betty Compson**

_Here you see Betty Compson with Neal Burns in "Those Primitive Days"—a Christie Comedy._

_Betty is an expert equestrienne, and in this photograph you see her ready for her morning gallop._

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IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

Fashion and the Figure—Choice of Colour—Study the Complexion—
The Picture Girl's Lingerie.

IT is a blant fact that style and design are important factors in correct dressing. A glance around in any crowded thoroughfare will convince you of this. If a woman is to appear well-dressed, figure and form must be chosen carefully, and the effect must be as natural as possible. Folds and hip fulness—in fact, any undue decorations must be carefully covered by the dress. A fair complexion, which is not, however, a license to wear white, and the softest fabrics will often be sufficient to give the wearer the proverbial "lamp post" effect—shapely, but uncomfortable. Women with very thin hair, individually in figure must be considered, so that good points are enhanced and bad points hidden.

A Fashion for the Slim.

THERE are many fashions that come in quickly, and, being of an ephemeral nature, immediately catch on and become a rage. The cape is one of these fads of fashion. And it is a pretty fashion—if worn by the right person. But when it comes to being dandied by every woman irrespective of figure and height, the effect is—and the wear and beauty of the style is lost. The short, stout figure, for instance, looks more dumpy and unappetizing than ever. And the girl who walks is not so graceful as it might be, appears to shuck even more when clad in this loose fitting garment. The cape, if worn by a fashionably thin and fair girl, tall figure that has enough grace about its carriage to carry it properly.

The Importance of Colour.

COLOURS, too, should be selected with the greatest care. Because a colour becomes popular, it is immediately adopted by every girl to whom the said colour appeals, without regard to the effect of its effect upon her hair and complexion. It is difficult to give a specified rule as to the choice of colour. A fair complexion and pale blue or brunette as so much depends also upon the complexion. For the fair girl is as likely to be the possessor of pale cheeks as her darker sister and vice versa, and the colouring makes all the difference. However, a little advice with regard to colours will help your choice.

Dress Up To Your Eyes.

You will not go far wrong if you do. If they have blue lights in them, then most shades of blue will suit you, for, the blue of your frock will enhance the colour of your eyes. If they are brown, then it is better to decide to buy it. Hold a piece of the material under your chin, look in a glass and see whether the effect is pleasing. If it is, choose it right away. If it isn't, however, just squat down. We don't always treat our eyes with the same consideration, but they are the most important for the shade and select something more becoming to your type.

Make Your Choice.

Pinks are charming for the dark girl but her choice should be only in rose tints. Especially will old rose colour suit her, for it will supply her skin with the desired warmth. The fair girl will find the paler shades of pink charming, while cherry red in the form of a jumper or hat, is directly appealing to a neutral colour, is admirable choice for her. Green, in its various shades of jade and emerald, is a parade colouring just now. But these shades should be selected carefully, for they quickly detract from the natural colour of the skin. The girl with a fair complexion must avoid all shades of this colour altogether, but they will become and modify the brilliant complexion. The fair girl, too, will find them trying, for they will enhance the present pallor of her skin.

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톤 of blue should be avoided. Indeed, the only blue that the sallow girl can safely wear is a dark, dull shade of powder, or light shade of royal. Only the pink and yellow shades of yellow in the skin can be neutralised by the right dress colour worn. For yellow and red dress colour neutralise and the skin, and do not add gold metal itself, and these colours harmonise beautifully with the sallow and rosy skin. Orange, while too gay for most occasions, will be effective for a scarf, hat, hair band, or sweater.

The Picture Girl's Lingerie.

SOFT linings and insertions have been very much neglected in late in the world of opulence. But the picture girl's frock has been taken by other items of decoration than they have to give as they are novel. The Picture Girl is always on the look out for something different, that is why she is so charmed with the set of reeds, those of knickers that she has just selected. They are materialised in white crepe or cloth, and although the lawn will be equally effective, and pieces of pale pink crepe have been inlet on both garments with the aid of linestitching. And novelty of novelties, small bunches of flowers are embroidered on these inlets panel. This decoration is perfectly delightful.

The camisole is strapped or looped at the back, although buttoned of ribbon and finished off along the top part with baby pink lace. The open knickers and camisole are both drawn in by elastic at the waist and. Another causeway pattern is included—a crossover affair—in the pattern.

A pronounced blue accentuates sallowness. Therefore all light tones of blue should be avoided. Indeed, the only blue that the sallow girl can safely wear is a dark, dull shade of powder, or light shade of royal. Only the pink and yellow shades of yellow in the skin can be neutralised by the right dress colour worn. For yellow and red dress colour neutralise and the skin, and do not add gold metal itself, and these colours harmonise beautifully with the sallow and rosy skin. Orange, while too gay for most occasions, will be effective for a scarf, hat, hair band, or sweater.

SHOPPING IN PARIS

Norma, Constance and Natalie Talmadge Frock Buying With Dorothy Gish in Fashion-Land.

THE "Sisters Three," Norma, Constance and Natalie Talmadge, gratified their love of fashion by selecting frocks in Paris, and they have been encouraged by Dorothy Gish (who by the way couldn't leave Constance for long) to take a hand in the selection. Miss Constance has already embarked on her order by choosing clothes for Lillian, who could not come on the trip owing to her cinema work.

Here is a brief description of the wonders of the exclusive models of "Madeline & Madeline," bought by them, and which, by the way, we shall see on the screen.

Beads on Coats and Beads on Undies.

A s you know, everything now designed in Paris is trimmed with beads, so Norma's big coat of grey moire cloth has lines of silver beads across the deep collar, and beads decorate the belt. Then the brick-coloured gabardine frock boasts a fringe panel back and front, composed of double Berin wool and wooden beads. The panel is reminiscent of a Jap capote, wool in the place of the reeds, and wooden beads in the place of glass beads. It is a most effective fashion.

A Leather Coat.

COATING has bought the very latest coat, a blue coat with trimming of leather. Dyed blue leather forms a collar and a deep front of the coat. This in turn is trimmed with a hem of musquash.

Another beautiful frock is bright red—and the right shade of red. Furnished with silver tone beads.

One frock, chosen for Natalie, I must mention. It is a delightful frock of a deep blue shade, with tiny puff sleeves. Worn with this is one of the new capes with a high collar and decorated with flat beads.

Oh, and Natalie chose some most fascinating pink and white lingerie.

For Lillian.

LILLIAN GISH, although a hard fate decided she must stay in California, to work, is, to benefit by her friends' visit to Paris. Sister Dorothy, who is taking to Lillian a box of the most wonderful Paris surprises.

One of these is a delightful blue tunic frock with short sleeves, and another is a wonderful creation of black velvet with a band of grey chiffon frill. The material is a dull human material, technically known as "agella."

Worn with this is a cape adorned with a straight collar of "agella," and bands of silver lace.

This is not all. A coat also came into Lillian's box. A coat fashioned in the new grey-blue (with a huge collar that will cover her nose), with wide pockets.

Praise for Dorothy's Taste.

MADISON BELL, of "Madeline & Madeline," was loud in her praises of the taste of "Miss Dorothy," and certainly the frocks chosen by her are beautiful.

There was a wonderful black velvet frock, made in two straight panels, the fullness at the waist is dragged to the hips, and clamped them with beaded fasteners.

With this, Dorothy will wear an "agella" cape, grey cut, short on one side, and long on the other.

Entirely of Beads.

A WONDERFUL evening gown was in jade and was completely covered with beads, and think of Dorothy in a pale grey taffeta frock on which is printed pale pink roses. The skirt is in tiers of Scalpays—a delightful quaint frock remembrance of the gowns our grandmothers wore, and I mustn't forget a grey chiffon frock, beading a dress also, also a wonderful array of undies of organza and silver flowers. Even into these beads have been wonderfully and artistically introduced.

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P.S.
be a future Mary Pickford. That hefty youth, so awkward and ill-at-ease, may be another Tom Blis. The history of the screen provides so many examples of amazing and successful leaps to fame that it would be unsafe to say that anything is improbable at this time. If the stories about the fates of pathological and unappreciative conductors are true, there are many.

It was this hazardous proposition that little Norma Talmadge had decided to light-heartedly enter at nine o'clock precisely on the appointed day. She and her mother appeared at the Vignes studio. At first they could not get near the entrance, owing to the crowd. Norma was dissuaded from the idea of trying to see that half Brooklyn had been fired with an ambition similar to her own.

However, she felt her mother's hand holding hers reassuringly, and she glanced in the direction of the studio. She perceived that her parent's face was beaming with its accustomed confidence.

In due course entrance was obtained, and Norma and her mother, with some fifty others, were conducted into a large room which appeared to be a sort of office.

Presently a big man with a worried face joined them, and looked over them for some moments without speaking. Then he shrugged his shoulders and sighed. It was not encouraging.

"Kindly stand in two rows, ladies and gentlemen," he said at length resignedly: "the ladies on this side, the gentlemen over yonder."

While the applicants were sorting themselves out, he turned and entered into conversation with a lean, gaunt young man who had followed him into the room.

The work of selection, however, was not long delayed, and the pace at which it was carried through nearly took Norma's breath away. The big man began with the ladies first, and started at the top of the row.

Those who did not please him were dismissed contemptuously but rapidly, and passed on. The others he asked to stand out and wait. And then at length came Norma's turn.

The big man looked down at her, frowned, and then the charm of her pretty, intelligent face appealed to him, and he smiled. Neverthless, he shook his head.

"Sorry, my dear, but we are not wanting children. You must come and see me again when you grow up."

Norma's heart sank within her, the corners of her mouth drooped, and she found hard work to restrain her tears. The big man was already passing on, when the lean young man darted to her side and said something to a whisper. The other immediately stopped and looked back at Norma.

He was frowning again now, and the girl felt like sinking through the floor. Then he spoke.

"Yes, perhaps you are right. She's pretty, and she's pretty, though she may have brains. Anyway, we can try her. You are engaged, my dear. Run through that door into the studio and be ready until you are wanted."

Then he passed on.

Like one in a dream, Norma poured through the door pointed out to her. Her mother was not allowed to accompany her, and she had to face the ordeal of entering the great studio alone. She felt at once horribly nervous and wildly elated.

She had made the plunge. She had passed the barrier; the rest depended on herself. Would she make good?

Anxiously she looked about her, and was bewildered by what she saw. The great hall was crowded with people, for the most part standing about in groups. Nearly all of them, both men and women, were well-dressed; but what astonished Norma was that all of their faces were dead-white, with a chalky whiteness like the face of a clown in a circus.

In the center of a group at the far-end of the studio an elderly woman seated on a bench moaned pitifully. A number of people rushed to her aid, there was a burst of excited talk. Somewhere near a machine gave forth a curious sound. A young girl, with the same dead-white face, tugging at the top of her yellow curls, hastened to the group.

"You shall not!" she exclaimed, with a desperate gesture.

The machine stopped clicking; the group dissolved. The elderly woman pulled out some knitting.

"We will repeat that scene," said a voice.

The crowd reassembled. The elderly woman put her knitting in a bag, and began to moan once more, wringing her hands.

The girl with the orange cap rushed up again. Someone held up a slate on which was chalked, "Florence Turner. J. Finch, Camera man. A Month at Bay. Scene 4."

Norma was staring at the scene with wide-open eyes when a low, pleasant laugh close by her made her turn her head. By her side, smiling down kindly at her, was a tall, handsome woman of middle age.

"You are a new arrival?" she said.

"Yes," admitted Norma.

"What do you think of it?"

"I hardly know yet," said the girl doubtfully. "Do they always do it like this?"

"Yes, this is how the movies are made."

"But why do you put that horrid white on your face?"

The other laughed.

"It is not white. We use a combination of pink and yellow make-up. The lights make it look blood-red. It's necessary," she explained. "The lights are so strong that if we had no make-up, everything would have been washed out in our faces."

It would look awful on the screen."

A moment after this Norma found herself alone. Her friends being suddenly called away.

She wandered about the studio, taking in the exciting and learning what she could, but no one seemed interested in her.

So the day wore on. Norma began to be alarmed. She wanted to know when she was going to begin to act. Remembering the big name attractions, however, she decided to await events.

"Just hang about till you are wanted," he had said.

But the day passed, and then another day, and still nothing happened, and the process of "just hanging about" began to be something of a strain to the active-minded little girl who was so eager to begin. Day followed day. A whole week passed. Norma had the run of the studio. She made friends with the other extras, but no one in augmentation seemed to know what she was doing about the place.

Then came the terrible moment when an office boy showed her an envelope. She nearly burst into tears as she took it. This, of course, was her dismissal. She crept away into a corner, and, with tremulous fingers, opened the envelope.

Twenty-five dollars in paper money fell out. It was her first money in the world. It was her own money. It might be her fortune.

In alarm, she hurried back to the cashier.

"Is this all right?" she asked.

The man stared.

"What's wrong with it?" he demanded.

"Am—I am to come back next week?"

"No, you're dismissed."

"I reckon so," was the reply, accompanied with a grin. "You don't expect we are going to stand about the house to home to you by special messenger, do you?"

Norma gasped and flew home to her mother.

"Oh, Peg," she cried breathlessly, "do you think I'm all right?"

"Quite all right, my dear," was the reply Mrs. Talmadge made, with her cheerful smile. "Oh, Norma, it is only a beginning, but we must not be impatient."

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Helene Chadwick, returned from her holidays telling a thrilling story of a gigantic fish she caught one day—and no one believed her. No one took her seriously when she told a shuddering tale of a squirming bait on a hook, and sitting for an hour under the hot sun, and finally getting slapped in the face by a flopping, wet fish as big as a whale—more or less. But she brought back a picture which told the whole tale. It was quite a coincident that the fish in the photo was not much smaller—only about five feet—than the one in the story.
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With every copy of this week's "Handy Stories" will be given the easy-to-make pattern of this GRACEFUL SKIRT. Make sure of it by getting your copy of "Handy Stories" TO-MORROW.

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Wish to purchase a "COMMY" BILLIARD AND DINING TABLE for £20-10-0, or £2 in monthly payments. Write them today for illustrated list. Free. Tables are sent on 7 days free trial, and are complete with all necessary Carriage paid to any address. Write one of all the convenient stations.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Ellis Works, ACCRINGTON.
Poor Dorothy. She did not get as far as London. While the party were touring Italy— on the very night which they thought was the most perfect they had ever experienced— when they were in a gondola, listening to wonderful music by moonlight in Venice— Bobby Harron had the accident, with the revolver that proved fatal—and Dorothy Gish was his fiancée! Of course, this broke up the party. Dorothy and Mrs. Gish rushed back to New York. "It just is too terrible," said Constance. And for the first time I saw the tears start to her eyes. Constance is very fond of Dorothy.

**Good Grass for Him.**

HOW much damage a goat can do by butting into a motion picture was demonstrated when scenes were being filmed for the Goldwyn production of "Bunti Pulls the Strings." Over the picturesque thatched-roofed houses of the quaint Scotch village where many of the scenes were filmed, clambering flowering rose vines transplanted the day before at great expense from the hothouses. To lend rural colour to the setting, a goat or two was allowed to nibble at will along the wayside grass. But the goats preferred daintier fare. When the time came to shoot a scene with several hundred villagers in costumes and make-up, it was discovered that the recently-heavy-flowered vines were devoid of blooms. The goats had been busy, and very dry about it, and only a toll-tale leaf on Billy’s whiskers gave the clue. The several hundred people were dismissed (and paid) for the day, and orders were sent for more roses. All of which is case of the answers to "Why does it cost so much money to make motion pictures?"

Not Again.

MISS Allison’s first query, when entering on an entirely new phase of her latest picture, "The Marriage of William Ashe," was whether it would require the destruction of a new gown. She has already spent two. First, she was required to jump from a tree of such a height as to rip a new gown to such an extent that it defied repair. Then she was called upon to tip out of a gondola and wade in the mud. You can guess what her frock looked like when this episode was filmed.

**Her Dancing Partner.**

We all know Viola Dana can dance, and she is again dancing in "Cinderella’s Twin," her latest picture. However, it will be ball-room dancing that the little star will do in this picture, instead of a mixture of the shimmy and toe dance, which we are to see in her newest picture production, "The Chorus Girl’s Romance," in which Wallace Macdonald, who is a beautiful dancer, was her partner in the dancing scenes.

Cleo Back Again.

CLEO Madison, the player who has been absent from the screen for over a year, is returning. You will remember, a little over twelve months ago Miss Madison was the victim of a nervous breakdown due to over-work. Her doctors insisted on a long rest, and freedom from the cares of her profession. Her recuperation was so rapid, however, that within six months she found it possible to return to important work with Bert Lytell in "The Price of Redemption." Then she took another rest. Now she is to appear in a picture in which Gareth Hughes is to play the leading male role. The film is entitled "White Ashes."

**The Prize of Her Collection.**

ANN May, who has recently appeared with Charles Ray in a film entitled "Peaceful Valley," has been dubbed a dancing queen by her friends. She recently made an inventory of her hats, and found she had an investment to the amount of £100 in headdress alone, being the possessor of thirty-eight hats, averaging about ten pounds each. But she

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**Picture Show Chat.**

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players.

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**Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."**

No. 41.—Mme. Doraldina.

MME. DORALDINA, the celebrated dancer and screen star, is another famous film actress who looks forward to her weekly copy of the "Picture Show."

Above you see her employing her rest time by reading if her favourite paper has mentioned her latest dance frock, which cost only a few shillings—this not being a case of, economy. The frock is simply composed of a fringe of raffia, with a few silver strands in it. It is a Hawaiian dance frock.

Norma and Constance Talmadge in London.

NORMA and Constance Talmadge are on their way back to New York—and work. Norma expects to be sent for straight away to Cuba, where some of the scenes for her new film are set. Constance also expects to get to work the day she arrives.

They said good-bye to London regretfully—they hadn’t seen half they wanted to; but their six weeks’ holiday-making time was up.

London’s Wonderful Plays.

I was at the theatres that Norma spoke most.

She loved the way we serve tea at a matinée. Constance told me that you’d be lucky to get a glass of water in New York. And of the shows, Norma and Constance were both agreed that S. M. Harris’s play "Mary Rose," at the Haymarket Theatre, was the most wonderful play they had ever seen. Next to that, they said the best was "The Garden of Allah."

Do you know why?

Because They Cried all the Time.

We just couldn’t help it," said Norma. "It is the most heart-breaking love story—and so wonderfully well acted."

Constance and Her Superstitions.

Constance discovered this at her exclamation of horror when the waiter lit a third cigarette at our table with the one match. She calmed down when I explained the origin of this superstition, but admitted that she was a weakly weeny bit superstitious. She was sure it was a sign you were to try before bed, and that you sang before breakfast.

Rough on Constance.

I must be a sore trial to have a superstition of this kind if you are like Constance Talmadge, for her friend, Ann Palette, told me she was the same mischievous-loving girl, babbling over with high spirits first thing in the morning as she is on the screen; and when she and Dorothy Gish get together—well, schoolgirl pranks are not in it.

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**Kid McCoy, the well-known boxer, teaches Charlotte Merriam a few jiu-jitsu holds.**
"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)

thinks that the prize of her collection is a weird headgear which she purchased from Zazu Pits for five dollars.

Over Here.

DONALD CRISP, who gave such a realistic character reading of the part of the postman in "London After Midnight," is in Bucolics, and is directing for Famous Laee in the British studio in Islington. It is not generally known that Miss G. W. Brown, who has been employed at the Buster Keaton studio, is not a real St. Brown.

"I think," he remarked, "we ought to be followed altogether, then there wouldn't be any strikes."

"You are right," replied Buster. "The time is coming when all work will be done by electricity. All that need be done is to press a button."

A look of slow horror spread over the other's face.

"That won't do at all," he said, in an alarmed way. "They're bound to pick on me to press the button."

Miss Lake as a Professional Swimmer.

ALICE LEEK, once professional dancer, may add new hattr to her name as a professional swimmer. Beginning to swim as a nervous amateur, Miss Lake has haunted the beaches of Los Angeles until now, with the aid of a Hawaiian girl, she has mastered every stroke in the trickbook of the professional.

What Do You Think.

MANY writers have advanced the theory that the perfect photo-play would be one in which there were no "titles" or captions to explain the action. Their argument is that the producer should tell all without the aid of written language.

Rupert Hughes, one of Goldwyn's eminent authors, does not agree with this view point. He believes that the screen should use every art and device possible to heighten the effect of the story.

"There can easily be too many titles," said Mr. Hughes recently. "I am reminded of the small size of the audience of an average number of captions and said, "I came here to see a picture, and they make me read a book."

That sort of thing should be avoided, but it is futile and foolish to try to eliminate captions altogether. We should use the written language when it is necessary."

Fay Filmer

FIVE SHILLINGS FOR A POSTCARD.

Finding Faults in Films.

SPLENDID NEW FEATURE.

EVERY reader who makes a practice of going to the movies knows of times irritated by faults that spoil the story for them. These faults-whether either caused by lack of knowledge or carelessness on the part of the producer, the only way to prevent these mistakes is to publicise them out. The result of this should be that they will not occur again.

There is a chance for our readers to better the pictures and win a money prize.

A POSTCARD MAY BRING YOU 5s. FOR INSTANCE.

In "Heart of the Hills" now showing, the man who plays the part of the hero, when Mary grows up, is taken by Harold Goodwin, who has blue eyes, Allan Sears who takes the part in the earlier part of the play. Jason Honeycutt may change with the passing years, but surely he cannot change his eyes.

This is the sort of thing that spoils an otherwise beautiful photo-play. Have we forgotten how often this has happened? If so, send it to me. Address your postcard to: Editor, Film Faults, Picture Show, Hollywood, California.

A prize of 5s. will be awarded for every postcard printed in the Picture Show.

The Editor's decision must be considered final, and no correspondence can be entered into.

P.S.—Don't forget No. 2 of the GIRLS' CINEMA issue is out to-morrow. You'll be delighted with the coloured plate of Marguerite Clark and Richard Barthelmess.—FAY FILMER.

BLANCHE STANLEY, who gave us a very clever character study in "The Skin Game," on the stage, is now to make her debut on the screen, in a harma photo-play, entitled "Brenda of the Barbe."

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News from Los Angeles.

It is the custom of many of the big American exhibitors to arouse special interest in a new serial by inviting the star of the production to make a personal appearance at their theatres, thus bringing the public in closer touch with their personal idols. Tony Moreno has at last been persuaded to succumb to the prevailing craze, only his venture has an added interest in that it is a more ambitious scale than is usually attempted. He has just completed his new Vitagraph serial, "The Venus of the Barbe," and is on a two weeks extended tour of the big picture-houses of Mexico, taking the new serial with him. Tony is sure to be a big attraction, as his Southern type of temperament will have a special appeal for Mexican audiences, and he is the only American picture star who is able to adroitly speak the Spanish tongue. Moreno has signed up with Vitagraph for another three years, and tells me that he is probably "The Venus of the Barbe" will be his last serial, as his long-cherished dream is at last to be realised, and he is to be presented by Vitagraph in a special feature production in the course of the coming winter.

Ben's Eyes.

BEN TURPIN says that his errant eyes were not responsible for his initial successes on the screen. He got his first engagement on the strength of a funny pair of legs in the character of "Happy Hooligan," and had to force his optics into misbehaviour in order to get more notice out of the part.

One day, when he was juggling with them in the approved manner, they stuck, and have been that way ever since. Turpin says that when he was retired from a screen career he is going to permit a skilful surgeon to make him the handsome man he once was. He also believes that his increased popularity with Mrs. Turpin will recompense him somewhat for the loss of popularity with the public when the change will necessarily entail.

Boostback as Valet.

WILL ROGERS has an ardent hero-worshipper in the person of the coloured bootblack of the Goldwyn Studio. Like most contemporaries, Rogers has built up a wonderful collection of handsome riding boots, but as his own bootblack is his constant companion, the kind of clothes he wears. His friend, "Kiki Shukum," has now entirely on his own initiative taken charge of Mr. Rogers's wardrobe, and profits by the star's absence from his dressing-room to overhaul his garments and keep them brushed and pressed. It is said that every time that Rogers is talking to a friend "on the lot," Shukum will smarten up in a casual sort of way and do those things that the bootblack could be wearing. If there is as much as a speck of dust on his face, he will be dressed properly, and if his hands are dirty, he will be meticulous in his manner.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

Perhaps you will not recognise this photograph. Certainly this film star looks very different here to when we see her on the screen. It is GALE HENRY, who makes us all laugh in her screamingly funny comedies. She is playing with one of her favourite dogs beside a quaint artificial lake.

Here you see EDWARD EARLE, who is Madame Doreandel's leading man in her first Metro starring picture, "Passion Fruit."

VIOLA DANA has a strange visitor to tea! Viola was on location, getting scenes for her new picture, "Blackmail," in which she is starring for the Metro Film Company, and was vastly entertained by the little monkey.

Rev. GEORGE LEXOI-CLARKE, the minister comedian, who is appearing in comedies, will be shortly released over here, and it will be interesting to see the Rev. Clarke in his new role.

RAYMOND HATTON as James Clancy in the Goldwyn picture "Stop Thief!" in which Tom Moore stars.

CHARLES HUTCHISON, who is Pathé's serial stunt king, has recently come to the West, and finds much there to interest him. He is explaining to an attentive audience of two—RUTH ROLAND and EDITH THORNTON (Mrs. Charles Hutchison)—the mysteries of the Pacific.
Our Splendid Serial Telling of a Man's Fight Against Fate and of a Wonderful Love.

"The Price of His Honour"

Portolac Bay.

"DYSON! Can you hear me? This is Athalie, Are you ill?"

John Galloway gropped wildly for his sanity. It was the next morning, and Athalie was waking to him, his voice was buoyant with girlish happiness. She seemed to be bubbling over with the joy of life.

It was ten o'clock, and outside the window the sun had conquered the mist and was telling the world the reason why. Galloway's head swam, but he steadied himself with an effort and tried to fuse some naturalness into his voice. He had been awake all night, and he could not understand what the girl was talking about.

"No, I am not ill, Athalie," he answered.

"Not ill?" Her voice came a little uncertainly. "You sound as if you are dying." I said, "You are not, I am not," he answered.

"Vulgarily, I am in the pink."

There came the sound of an exasperated sigh. "I think you have forgotten, sir. I am not appointed in you, and I think I am almost heartbroken. You have forgotten that this is our quarter, and it is something which we have spent entirely together. And here am I waiting with my hat on—waiting to begin the most glorious day of my life—and you have forgotten all about it."

Galloway made a desperate rally, and laughed long and loudly.

"You poor thing!" he called. "It's a shame, and I'm a brute to be the cause of it."

"Oh!" she murmured softly, "is it only that? I thought you had decided not to come, lest I should bore you to death with a whole day of nothing but me and my feeble chatter."

"Athalie?"

"It's your happy laughter."

"Oh! How you have relieved me. It is five minutes past ten, and if you knew all the horrible disasters which have been happening in those five minutes, I think you would be sorry for me."

"I am just getting my boots on. I shall be with you in a minute."

"Hurry! Hurry!" she cried. "There are banners in the sky specially for us, and the bees are humming. We have already missed more than five minutes of it, and I have a feeling, Dyson, that this is to be my happiest day, and I will always regret every minute I waste of it."

Galloway wrinkled himself clear of the black shroud of his thoughts, and literally plunged into a suit of flannels and white boots. He was out of the house in seven minutes.

He bequeathed the money but made for her house across the fields at his best pace. What did it all mean? This was the stuff of madness, and the thought of the day was too much for him."

Last night Irna Galtz had told Athalie the truth about him—must have done. Why else should she go to the Muttoon's house, and go inside with her?

Consequently, although he had not forgotten the disappointment, he had not dreamed of keeping it.

He expected perhaps a letter, perhaps a visit from her. He was not surprised; there were other probabilities equally unpleasant. The only thing he had not expected was ever to see her again. And then to think to him lightly; speaking of banners in the sky, and the mud hammering of bees; inviting him to spend the happiest day of her life with her.

It was a mistake. There must be a trap in this, somehow which had not yet revealed itself. Or else—she hardly dared frame the thought—Irna Galtz had not told. If she had, how could there be that bubble of sheer joyousness in Athalie's eyes? But it didn't matter.

Grumbling he thrust it all out of his mind. He deliberately delivered himself into the hands of fate: satisfied to be the sport of fortune.

She wanted this to be the happiest day of her life, and if any mortals could make her happy, it would be the Marchioness of Athelady."

"What is it, Sir?"

"I am aware of it, Athalie!" he answered, feeling at ease as she pretended to be. "And I think, for many minutes, that it is a day snatched from Eternity."

She clapped her hands.

"That's a good thing to say. You know you can keep on surprising me."

She paused to look at him with a straight-browed critical air.

"You never used to say clever things like that, and nice as well as clever. Of course, you stole it from me, but you never were bookish seven years ago."

"I am seven years older, Athalie."

"And many, many more, I am just as old as I want to be, and younger than I have ever been. And meanwhile, while we are talking, the banners and the bees are waiting for us. Do you know what this is to be, sir?"

"I am hoping a picnic," he said, having seen two baskets on the cart.

"You are right, sir. While you have been wasting this glorious morning in soulless stupidities, I have been making sandwiches for you with my own fair hands. Do you know I have been horribly worried to know how many small crumbs you will eat. But it doesn't matter; I think there will be enough. I will carry the sandwiches and the cakes—I barked them myself. Last night I calculated, and shall carry the dry bread. They are nothing very serious—home-made lemonade only, in a great deal of it."

"Mr. Mallet?"

"In the old days I remember you were a teetotaller."

"Her eyes flashed threateningly at him."

"I am now, at any rate," he replied. "Why are you calling me Mr. Mallet to-day, Athalie?"

"I don't know, and you know it not. But you must give way to all my moods to-day, however frivolous, because this is my day, and yours, and you must promise to do exactly as I wish!"

"Most solemnly I promise it."

"And don't you think it's funny, do you know where we are going, Mr. Mallet?"

He shook his head."

"To Portolac Bay?"

"Yes, is it? It sounds like an Egyptian official."

"Do you know," she murmured, "you have a short day, after all. Even in seven years you ought not to have forgotten Portolac Bay. But you need not blush at that, sir. I am in my most delightful mood to-day, and I am ready to overlook and forgive all your delinquencies of the past.

"Oh, I wonder if you appreciate that? Well, take up your white man's burden, Mr. Mallet. No, I insist upon carrying the sandwiches. It is three miles to Portolac. Can you face so far?"

"I can walk thirty with you, Princess."

"It is nice of you to call me that. Do you think me lovely of you? I believe do. No, don't tell me, because I know you are always nice to me in your thoughts. Portolac Bay, sir, is a real bay: that is, a geographical bay with water in it, and mud, heaps of mud, and a little, just a little. Many years ago, you and I sat on that strip of land, which is steep and feets, and you disfigured me for life."

"Athalie—what are you talking about?"

"The Chineso dragon on my arm. Alone you did it: and wasn't it just pride of it when it was done, although you were old enough to know better?"

"It was an unspeakable outrage," said Galloway.

"I love it," she answered. "I hated it until just a little while ago, but now—I think I love it. It is a stand by that fine stuff. While this great day of ours is rushing into Eternity, bees and banners and all. What do you say to a swim in the North Sea, which used to be the German Ocean?"

"Capital—if I may."

"Oh! you may. The North Sea is free to all since it was re-discovered. And I think it will be rather nice to be in the same sea with you, Mr. Mallet."

It was a question of the best costume for you. Minc is packed with the sandwiches."

"I will buy one as we go through the town," said Galloway.

"Well spoken, sir."

She held her mother nor put in an appearance, perhaps for diplomatic reasons.

At the door she paused for the last fraction of a moment, and caught a half-wistful look in her face.

Galloway drew back under pretence of admiring the strap of his basket. Today she seemed too bright and good for him to touch her.

She ran out into the gorgeous sunshine.

"Forward to Portolac Bay!" she cried.

What had Irna Galtz told her where she came to the house last night, he wondered? One thing was certain. She had not betrayed his secrets, and although he hung like a sword over the heads of both of them, Athalie, at any rate, knew nothing of it.

The Wishing Stone.

"Just look at these gulls!"

They were in Portolac Bay. Athalie had beached to a field and was beached on the mud. Over it a thousand sea-birds-swallown and towering upwards like a twisted column of smoke.

"Now do you remember Portolac Bay, Mr. Mallet?"

"Of course, I shook his head gloomily."

"I have never seen it before," he said.

A little flash of white alarm sprang momentarily to her face; but it was quickly, almost nervously, and took her hand.

"Come, then, I will introduce you to its chiefest distinction. It has only one, and you (Continued on page 8)"
THE EXPRESSIONS OF THOMAS HOLDING.

THOMAS HOLDING.

THOMAS HOLDING, who has made such a great success in the motion picture world of America, is a Britisher by birth, and that is perhaps one reason why picture-goers in this country take such a great interest in him. Born at Blackheath, in Kent, Thomas was educated at Rugby, and while at school he always figured prominently in the various teams. Athletics and sports of all kinds were in those days his first interest, and he confesses somewhat sadly now that he did not devote as much time to his studies as he might have done.

His Successes on the Stage.

FORT over twelve years Thomas Holding followed a career on the legitimate stage, and he played with much talent with popular artists was Edward Terry, Sir J. Forbes Robertson, Maxine Elliot, and Nazimova—for this last-named artist had a sparkle career on the speaking stage before she entered the picture firmament.

As a footlight favourite, Thomas Holding toured throughout England, and all over Australia. Two of his greatest legitimate successes were "Peg o' My Heart," in which production he was the leading man, and in the title role of that ever-green play, "Ben Hur," at the Manhattan Opera House. Each of these productions had protracted runs, and Thomas Holding received many columns of praise from the newspaper critics.

Footlights or Arclights.

In the early days of the screen the popular leading man received many generous offers to leave the stage and devote all his time and energy to the making of photo-plays. But he was wedded to his first art, and it was a long time before he could be induced to make a brief appearance before the camera, and give up the footlights for the arclights of the studio.

One by one, however, Thomas' friends and acquaintances in the professional world fell to the lure of the screen, and in time he succumbed also. His bow to picture-goers was made in that very successful screen production, "The Eternal City," adapted from Hall Caine's work of the same name.

His leading lady was then Pauline Frederick, and Thomas Holding has since confessed that the pleasure he experienced while acting with this great emotional artiste did more than anything else to convince him that there was something in screen art, after all.

However, since that now far-off day Thomas Holding has appeared in a large number of successful screen plays, and he never regrets the time when he gave way to the persuasion of the motion picture director.

Besides playing for Famous Players, the popular artiste has also appeared in Monoco pictures, Petrova pictures named after Olga Petrova—and the Kehrem-Calvert, Universal and Fox companies.

His Varied Experience.


With brown-eyed Beiss Barrisulce he appeared in "Tangled Threads." Possibly no motion picture artiste has acted with a greater number of leading ladies than has Thomas Holding, and he is therefore more fitted to discuss their art, temperament and other things than many people who have professed to study those things.

But all attempts to make him talk are of no avail, as he would rather compare the moods or give opinions of Geraldine Farrar, Olga Petrova, Nazimova or Pauline Frederick, Thomas is silent.

"Picture-goers have an opportunity of seeing the work of all these artistes upon the screen," he says, "and they surely do not wish to bring trouble upon me by leading me into such difficult problems as these."

The Leading Man Type.

In personal appearance, Thomas Holding is just the type for a leading man. He has dark hair and blue eyes, and is, so those who have seen him declare, even more handsome off the screen than he is on. His height is six feet, and he is perfectly proportioned in every way. He has played both hero and villain with equal success, and personally does not mind much what his role is.

As a means of keeping fit, Thomas Holding is a great believer in outdoor life and open air exercise. Walking, rowing, rowing and swimming are his favourite recreations, and, according to his outlook on life, it needs a lot of outdoor attraction to take a man's thoughts off these.

There is just one other thing which cannot be forgotten, and that is golf. Of course, every Britisher away from home keeps up his golf, and Thomas Holding is no exception to the rule. It is the great link, he declares, that keeps a man's thoughts centred on his Mother Country.

If you write to him, address your letter to THOMAS HOLDING, 1476, Morgan Place, Los Angeles, California.
The Price of Honour. " (Continued from page 6.)

have to make the most of, because Portalock does not claim to be a remarkable place. The guide-books ignore it altogether, but to me it will always waken "I" memories.

"And to me—after to-day," said Galloway.

She drew him to a big slab of grey rock, smooth and polished, table-top high.

"This," she said, laying her little hand on its sun-warmed surface, "is the Wishing Stone. If you have a wish, and there is no one to make it true for you, you can make it for yourself, by just thinking."

"This," she went on, "is the St. Alope's island maiden in the Blue Lagoon. You must know, Mr. Mallet, that the Wishing Stone is not a sacred stone. You cannot wish yourself good fortune on it; or if you do, you waste your time.

"I wish then?"

"I will show you. You stand opposite each other, so, no two are in the butt. Now you give me your hands across the Wishing Stone."

She took his hands across the slab of rock, smiling into his eyes with bewitching sweetness.

"When you stand with your hands joined across the stone," she said, "and everyone will break your spell. You must only breathe with discretion, and for sixty seconds you are permitted to wish, whatever you have in your mind to wish, and she whose hands you are holding."

"Are your hands laid in mine willingly, Athalie?"

"Yes, willingly Mr. Mallet. Now is the psychological moment. You shut your eyes and hold tight. For one whole minute you must not speak, or you will break the spell, and the magic will be lost."

"Do you not wish anything for yourself, either good or evil fortune, but only for her in yours willing?"

"And then, Athalie?"

"Then I will listen with a whole heart the memory of some other not impossible she—"

"There is no other, Athalie."

"No, Mr. Mallet, your wishes will come true. So say the Law and the Prophets. Now—enter the silence."

She was away as a little light, her face rosy red. Galloway was breathing harder.

"What did you wish for, Princess?"

"I asked...

"Heaven knows. On the best that Heaven can give you, and we do not know what it is. Besides, I must not be more explicit. It is forbidden by the Law and the Prophets. Are you ready for our swim?"

"Yes, I am pondering the important question of bathing machines," said Galloway doubtfully.

She laughed happily at him.

"I have asked...

"Do you see that little hut on the sand spit? It will race you to it. No, I won't, because of my skirt."

"I am happy to have you."

"That is my hut. It belongs to the House of Raitton. Didn't it occur to you that we had no trouble in getting here? That will be my robing and disrobing room."

"And me?"

"I will disguise outside, sir, behind the hut. Yours will be nature's own robing room."

"I will let you into a secret," she rammed on. "I will not have a moment to be alone in this bay, and often when I am alone I have undressed in the sunshine outside. It is ever so much more pleasant charged with my mind. I will race you to the hut, skirts and all."

The End of a Perfect Day.

It was getting towards evening, and it had been one of the fairest days of the season.

They had raced and swum and lounged and swum again. All the long day they had had Porcelaine's little boat at their disposal, and in it gulls had watched their innocent joyousness.

And now it was getting towards the end, and suddenly Athalie's artist eyes there was a hint of quiet and sadness, like a child tired out with its play.

They were sitting on the broad slab of the Wishing Stone, where they had been consuming bananas and cakes, and making do with the home-made lemonade instead of tea.

"Have you enjoyed your day, Mr. Mallet, or has this very imperfect companionship of yours failed to chase away that burden of sadness which you brought to meet me to-day?"

"I hope you will always remember it as to me," she said quickly. "Will you?"

"I shall never forget it, Athalie, and I shall never forget the admirable little companion with whom I have spent it. You have made me feel, more even than I already felt, how unworthy I am of all your sweet:

"You must not say that," she said, meeting his eyes with perfect candour and innocence.

"You are worthy of all that is best and least banishment in this very imperfection. Indeed, you are!"

"Yet before I leave you to-night, Athalie, I have something to tell you which will change your opinion of me very tragically, and perhaps make this day a bitter memory to you."

"Hush!"

She laid her soft fingers across his lips, and brought her face so close to his that he could smell the salt of the sea on her skin, mingled with that natural fragrance which for weeks past had spun itself into the texture of his dreams.

"Then you shall not say, sir!"

"But I will, Athalie?"

"Not to-day, Mr. Mallet. Not to-day—please. Because I ask it, and have you not promised to give way to all my moods? And...

my mood is that there shall be no shadow on this day of days, because I want to sacrifice the memory of it into my dreams to-night and make it longer, you see.

"Don't believe that I think all life is sunshine. There must be patches of shadow; but we all have the rest of our lives to talk about those. To-day is snatched from Eternity, and because of that there must be no shadow. Besides, it is my day, and I have the right to ask this one little concession from you."

"You have the right to ask anything from me, Athalie."

"That last," she breathed. "You don't know why it is my day, and you haven't even had the curiosity to ask me.

"I thought you had created it your day out of the joyousness of that sweet miny of yours."

"No indeed sir. This is pre-ordained as my day once a year, and fortune and the weather and everything have conspired to make it the great day of the year."

"You—mean it is your birthday?"

"I am twenty-three to-day, Mr. Mallet, she answered doubly gently. "I pray you have enjoyed my birthday?"

"It was a thanksgiving birthday! My dear girl; and I did not know!"

She clapped her hands, laughing happily.

Galloway stood up abruptly, and took a turn or two up and down the sand.

There was a sudden turmoil in his mind. Somehow this announcement of hers had become a thing of the first importance. How splendid she was! How admirably she had behaved all day. How she had tried all day with her innocent gaiety—but to-day, now, to chase away his cloud of depression, which she had sensed immediately.

If only she knew the misery that was battering at his heart!

"You should have her perfect day unsullied. He would tell her nothing—to-night."

He wanted to give her something as a souvenir of the magical day, but everything he had, the clothes on him, even the money in his pocket, belonged to Dyson Mallet.

He could give her nothing which did not belong to himself.

Suddenly he remembered the ring he wore on his little finger. It was a rather ponderous and old-fashioned thing.

It had belonged to his mother.

He went back and talked to the ring off.

"Athalie, I have to give you something to remind you always of this day we have spent together. I have no more venerated possession. Will you accept it?"

To sit beside her on the Wishing Stone and she leaned close to him, her head bowed. Innocently, she held out the third finger of the right hand.

For the fraction of a second Galloway hesitated.

Then, with a prayer in his heart, he slipped the ring on.

Long moments she sat there with her head bowed. When she lifted her eyes they were swimming with the tears.

Galloway caught her in his arms, crushed her to his heart, joined his lips with hers and forgot the shadow of the sword which hung over his head.

It was the first kiss of that long day. Dearest, she thought, I will press to his; "you have made me very happy!"

She put the ring on her lips and kissed it, and afterwards made him kiss it. He lifted her from the stone, and held her in his arms as if she were a child, kissing her again. He lived for the moment only, forgetting deliberately the reckoning which was to come, which might even at this moment be descended upon him, to make waste and ruin of their happiness.

If only he could carry her like this away to some solitario where there would be only themselves and the sand and the sea for ever. What lover has not wished it?

They walked homoe through the lanes amid the gathering dusk, arm in arm like country lovers.

They said good-night at her gate. It was dark then, and he held her in his arms for the last time. Then he pressed her mouth...

"When I get in," she said, "I shall go straight to bed, so that nothing can come between us."

He entered the house, and held her in his arms as if she were a child, kissing her again.

He lived for the moment only, forgetting deliberately the reckoning which was to come, which might even at this moment be descended upon him, to make waste and ruin of their happiness.

If only he could carry her like this away to some solitario where there would be only themselves and the sand and the sea for ever. What lover has not wished it?

They walked homoe through the lanes amid the gathering dusk, arm in arm like country lovers.

The whole thing was a mystery. Why had Iona Gale gone to her house and not told her wife? He had certainly meant to tell her.

He found Mrs. Weston with a cold supper ready for him. He sent her to bed, she being an easy woman.

Leaving the supper, he went into the smoking-room.

As he entered, he saw that the French windows leading to the lawns were wide open.

In the middle of the room he stopped, rooted to the floor.

In an armchair near the window a man sat! He was not alone, there was another man in darkness. But there was enough starlight to show vaguely that the man belonged to the trump species.

He was in rags, his hair unkempt, his boots tied with string and caked with mud. Obviously he had entered by the window. He was fast asleep, snoring gently, his head falling over one shoulder; his mouth wide open.

Galloway struck the blow immediately dropped it with a shiver of horror.

The man in the chair was Dyson Mallet! (Another real thrilling instalment next Monday.)
H. B. WARNER

The Popular Screen Actor who was Born Within Sound of Bow Bells.

H. B. WARNER is one of the many British actors who have gone to America and made a great success there on the films. He was born in London on October 26, 1876, so you see he will celebrate his forty-fourth birthday this month.

His Stage Career.

He was educated at Bedford and the University College of London. He chose the stage for his profession, and started his career in melodramas.

His first public appearance was in "The Streets of London," in which his father also took a part. He then appeared in "It's Never Too Late to Mend" at a London theatre, which is well-known for its melodramatic performances. From then onwards Mr. Warner became a very popular actor on the London stage, and appeared with Sir Charles Wyndham, Sir Herbert Tree, Marie Tempest, etc.

His Film Career.

In 1905 he went to America to play opposite Eleanor Robson, and followed up his stage success with even greater triumph on the screen.

You may have seen him in some of the following films: "Man Who Turned White," "Fugitive from Matrimony," "For a Woman's Honour," "House of a Thousand Candles," "The Vagabond Prince," "Grey Wolf's Ghost," and "God's Man."

Baby Joan.

H. B. Warner is just over six feet in height, and has fair hair and blue eyes. He is a devoted father, and he and his wife think the world of Baby Joan, with whom they spend most of their time when "daddio" is not acting for the films.

There are two photographs of Baby Joan on this page, in one of which she is seen with her father and mother. She has fair hair and blue eyes, just like "daddie."

Mrs. Warner's Appearance on the Films.

Mrs. WARNER is a very pretty woman. You may remember her as Rita Stanwood. She has acted for the films, and appeared with H. B. Warner in "The Lost Paradise."

This, by the way, was one of Mr. Warner's most famous parts. The story illustrated the great 20th century struggle between capital and labour, and H. B. Warner's acting in this film was described as superb.
FLICKERS FROM FILMLAND.
NEWS, NOTES, AND OPINIONS BY FRED K. ADAMS.

Films Ruined by Intrusion.

It is good to see a producer of the standing of Albert Green attacking the present-day habit of inserting spectacular scenes in photo-plays when there is no consistent reason for them being there. "Not long ago," he says, "I went to see a picture of old-fashioned life, which depended wholly upon its simple charm and dignity for success. On the stage it had achieved renown because of that very thing—its simplicity and intense humanness. But in the film production, although this simplicity was carried out through a greater part of the picture, and the sympathies of the audience had been entirely won, they were as quickly dispelled by a "cutback" to the courts of Solomon. All readers, are of course, familiar with this sort of thing. In this case the leading male role, that of a grey-haired old seaport captain, was made utterly ridiculous by the sight of the same captain in a "vision" dressing madly through luxurious settings representing a palace, in order, apparently, to show that the producer had plenty of money to spend on his production.

Lavish Conventionalities.

WHEN this trick of cutting back to spectacular scenes was first done—by D. W. Griffith, I believe—it was made excusable by the novelty and magnificence with which it was attempted. But of late, as Mr. Green remarks, it has been appearing in almost every kind of production from slapstick comedy to tragedy. Hardly any film is complete without a spectacular and unnecessary scene of some description. This inconsistent practice between either art or originality on the part of the producers who claim credit to it, Albert Green says that "it is the director who can produce a successful picture without resort to lavish conventionalities who will come nearest to greatness." It is a favourite phrase of some people that "the film trade is stilted in its money," but that is no reason why certain producers should persist in treating it like a circus.

My Most Difficult Scenes.

By BERTRAM PHILLIPS.

"My idea of difficulty implies so many things. It has never been my fate to produce even one scene with the final result of which I have been completely satisfied, usually because of some difficulty unsurmounted. Upon reflection, therefore, it appears to me that everything I have ever produced has been most difficult, as I have never succeeded in realizing my dreams. "But on one or two occasions I have been near enough to prove that it was within the bounds of possibility, and my happiest memory in production is of a long scene between two characters, in which the whole story of the film in question was told by spoken subtitles, and where I endeavoured, with some small success, to prove my theory that the camera photographers' one thought, and that therefore what an artist thinks is vastly more important than what he or she does when facing the camera.

Note.—Two of Mr. Bertram Phillips' recent productions are "A Little Child Shall Lead Them" and "Trousers." Both these pictures feature Miss Queenie Thomas.

Lessons We Learn From the Films.

The girl who marries for money sooner or later discovers that she would rather have attention.

* * *

A man who spends his life leaving footprints in the sands of time sometimes has a son who tries to cover up his tracks.

* * *

Lots of burning questions go up in smoke.

Of two evils the more interesting.

* * *

Jealousy, not money, is the root of most evil.

* * *

Tart is really commonplace boiled down.

* * *

Lots of people would get a good send off if we were sure they would never come back.

Money talks; but, on the other hand, here is such a thing as sack money.

This Week's Best Films.

THE following is a list of the best photo-plays which are being released for exhibition at the cinemas during this week, and the names of the star artists:

Broadway... "The World's Best Girl."

Violet Hopson.

Gumnut... "A White Man's Chance."

J. W. Barden.

F.L.S... "The Home Town Girl."

Lynne Carasole.

Hepworth... "The City of Beautiful Nonsense."

Henny Edwards and Chester White.

Direct... "The Silent Ruler."

Roy Stewart.

Jury... "The Purchase Price."

Eugene Harrisson.

Photograph... "The Vengeance of Durand."

Alice Joyce.

Gumnut... "Repeal."

Henny Carey.

Globe... "A Mutual Appeal."

Jean Silvert.

F.L.S... "Turning the Tables."

Dorothy Gish.

FRANK BORZAGE,
Director of Cosmopolitan Films Inc.
At the age of three and a half years the majority of children are still in the nursery; yet it was at this baby age that Gloria Joy commenced her stage career, while at five she was under contract to star in a number of photoplays. And now, although she is only nine this month, she has appeared in twelve feature pictures. She is a lovable little child, and entirely unspoiled by her success.

---

A quaint little figure in musical comedy, "I Have Something Coming to Me."

As fair as any flower herself.

A wee little widow in "Poster Folk."

Full of mischief and ready for a romp.

Gloria is a delightfully unaffected child.

A ready sympathiser. In her latest picture play, "What Every Woman Knows."
It was the lure of the great outdoors that first called Emory Johnson from his stool in an architect's office to the motion-picture world. Here he started as assistant camera man, playing small parts in his spare time. But his ability soon marked him out for star parts, and in less than three months he was cast for lead opposite Marguerite Clayton. Since then he has played with all the feminine stars of filmland.
A Chat with Jean Cadell. About Films—and John's Future.

TALL, spare woman rose as I entered the room; a woman with her hair parted severely in the middle and caught in a knot at the nape of her neck; attired in a dark dress, fastened high at the neck with a brooch, a striped skirt of some coarse material, and a Navy-blue print apron, made with an eye to utility rather than beauty. A woman such as you might see in some cottage, or better still, as the landlady of some respectable lodging-house. Indeed, "respectability" was writ large upon her; you felt she would make a special feature of it, and charge accordingly in the bill. Suddenly, a knock on the door, the knock of one bordering on middle-age, until you came quite close to her and saw that her eyes were young, her face unfurled—save for two "crow's feet," carefully applied—and her smile the kindest and jolliest in the world.

And entered Cadell. In "Mary Rose," at the Haymarket Theatre.

An "Old-Timer."

TO commence with, Miss Cadell and I had a slight difference of opinion; nothing serious, you understand, though the fate of this interview hung in the balance for a perilous moment. Miss Cadell took her stand upon the assertion that "she had appeared in so few films that really there couldn't be anything to talk about in that direction." My line of defence being, however, that her appearance in half a film would provide sufficient grounds for this interview, my opponent tacitly agreed that I had the advantage of the situation, and gracefully "gave in."

To be exact, Miss Cadell has appeared in four films: "David Garrick," in which she played the part of Araminta Brown, "The Man Who Stayed at Home," "Anas the Adventurer," and "Ali's Button." The last three-named were Hepworth films; the first, a Nash. This picture has an especial interest in that it was made as far back as 1912. "Quite pre-historic, in fact," remarked my hostess.

And confronted Miss Cadell the honourable, if inelegant, title of an "old-timer" in pictures.

"Poor Thing!"

"REMEMBER feeling very sorry for the girl who shared my dressing-room during the making of this picture," said the actress, with a smile. "Poor thing!" I thought. "I wonder how she managed to get her face burnt so badly." I was not left long, however, for upon arriving at the theatre where I was playing at the time, and donning the evening dress I wore in the piece, I was horrified to find that not only were my face and neck burnt, but—sclangling! I was far worse than the girl I had pitied earlier in the day. Those studio lights must have been very strong.

"What were your sensations when you first saw yourself on the screen, Miss Cadell? A heavy question, I admit, but the answer is usually interesting."

"Well, you see, I am always in character, and don't mind what I look like, though I admit one experiences rather a sick feeling when the story works around to oneself. As a matter of fact, though, I've seen very little of my screen performances, and then in the projection room."

Must Be What You Look.

MISS CADELL went on to say that she could see a movie actor acting on the screen exactly the same as on the stage; but, she said:

"For screen work it is necessary to try to look to a greater extent than behind the footlights. On the stage, for instance, I can make myself look practically what I wish, but if I were asked to play, say, a woman of seventy on the screen, then there would be a little difficulty, because the eye of the camera can be so ruthless. I think then one would have to be bold in reality to carry off such a part satisfactorily."

I asked Miss Cadell whether she contemplated further screen work.

"I have no plans at present," she replied, "and naturally my time is pretty limited just now; still, I am open to offers. I have enjoyed film acting hitherto; the people with whom I worked were so extremely nice."

"John."

DURING a pause in the conversation, I noticed some photos of a dear, sturdy, little boy, which adorned Miss Cadell's dressing-table. In answer to my questioning look, she smiled and explained briefly:

"He's mine."

And from the tone in which she said it I knew at once that the young gentleman in question was as real as the apple of her eye. But I don't believe Miss Cadell would have said another word about him had I not asked her to, for I sensed that she likes to keep her little son apart from her profession and her personal life as very personal and precious. But she relented so far as to tell me that his name was John, that he was four-and-a-half years old, and that, though he had not decided what he wanted to be when he grew up, he inclines to favor soldiering, for only the day before he had asked anxiously:

"Are red-haired men allowed in the Army?"

"I'm very near to you, John," he asked. "Would you like him to go on the stage when he grows up?"

I asked Miss Cadell whether John's mother answered, "though I wouldn't stop him if he wanted to. I'd rather that he had found character to play, or something 'open-airy.' There's so much waste of time attached to theatrical work, which isn't so bad for a girl, but it is for a man, and as for film work—well, I've never done so much knitting in my life as I've done in a film studio!"

May Herschel Clarke.
A SPLENDID SHORT STORY TELLING OF A FATHER'S SELF-SACRIFICE.

"THE RING BETWEEN"
The Missing Picture.

While the Warwick was taking place, and Vaux was desolate with the dealer to whom Jacques had taken the picture, Cogax, the young man said to his wife, "It is beyond the sphere of my intellectual powers to guarantee as well as any hawk in the City.

"It is not a picture," said Vaux, "but I have a view of it from pictures on the Continent, which were equally well guarded. I understand there is a certain similarity of emotion, and it is placed protected by electric alarms. Let me tell you how I intend to get at it. When I shall see to the print, the first we will get out the light that supplies the electric current, and then the print will turn white. Soon as the caretaker discovers this, it will be naturally telephoned to the electric lighting station; in fact, he will be interrupted by one of my men on the road, who will tell him that the trouble is not his. When he gets inside he will ask the caretaker to conduct him directly into his presence. As he now will have the open door for me. While my man is at the telephone, I shall slip in and copy the picture from the frame. Delicately simple, but it cannot fail. You say you have not seen it, and I will ask to see it, so you can only have the picture to-night.

"Yes," Vaux said, "I have had an odd task. That night he carried out his scheme exactly as he had said, without old Pierre being any wiser. But just as Vaux had got the picture, and was making towards the open door Jacques Du Val walked in. Vaux thought he would see the young man as you walk forward telling his father's name, he slipped out at the back door.

At the sound of his son's voice Pierre came hurrying forward.

"What brings you here, Jacques, and how did you get in?"

I came to ask you to go home, father. This is the place where father follows the service in the night when we were there last night. I intend to work for you in future and store it for the past. Let me begin by taking your duties.

"No, I cannot do that," said the old man; "I am glad you have decided to give up your companions. Leave me now, Jacques, and tomorrow we will take your promise and tell me how you got in.

The door was open, father. I came straight in, and called you by name.

"It is strange," muttered the old man, "I could have given for the door after the electrician came in.

Jacques stayed a little time to persuade his father to allow him to take his place, but the old man would not hear of it, and at last he had to let his father have his own way.

Soon after Jacques came home, Pierre began his round of inspection. When he came to the frame of "The Duchess of Angouleme," he started back with a cry of despair as an electric man was passing in the room.

He at once rang up the police, who soon discovered that there was something wrong, that they believed he was the thief, and it did not take the electrician very long to ascertain the place of his movements to the station. After he had told his story to the man in charge, that official was about to order Pierre to the police station when one of the trustees of the gallery, who had been summoned to the police court to go for the old man, whom he knew very well.

"It is not strange Pierre," he told his friend the bad news. They at once divined the idea that anyone would suppose he was the thief, and they were right, for nobody in the city, with the exception of the police, believed the old man to be guilty.

"But," he added, "if my client is very particular as to the size of the painting, as he has a special frame he would like to have it.

On the size being mentioned, Jacques said he was sorry that he had not been big enough. "I thought of that," said Vaux, "and I brought a canvas for just that purpose."

He took a canvas out of his bag, and telling Jacques he would like the painting as soon as possible, departed.

Young Du Val started on his task at once, so eager was he to be the first to have done the work, and draw the money.

Till his earnestness that caused him to make an error in his preliminary sketch. He began to rub it out.

(Continued on page 20)

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

Preparing the Arms and Neck for the Dance—Whitening the Skin—How to Develop Pretty Arms and Elbows—The Picture Girl's Jumper.

THE advent of the dance season comes so quickly upon the end of the holiday season that we find our skin in a difficult condition when it comes to the wearing of low-necked, short-sleeved evening frocks. The skin is often bare faced with exposure to the sun, and although this did not matter in the least when summer frocks were worn, it is dangerous and ugly when soft dispaianous evening affairs are donned. For the very sheen and beauty of the summer frock, a certain degree of smoothness and whiteness must be maintained, and in order to contrast any undue redness or roughness of the skin, especially when the brilliant glare of arc light is reflected back from it, it is necessary to have the skin of the arms and hands in perfect order.

However, remedies are easily available, and the smallest amount of care and attention will soon retrieve the softness and whiteness of both arms and hands. This attention will be necessary every day, and even when they have regained their normal condition it should be continued to keep them nice.

Some Simple Remedies.

After every washing the hands and neck should be rubbed with lemon-juice, and after the evening wash, which relieves the skin of all grubbiness collected in the daytime, the skin should be rubbed well into the skin: Mix threepennyworth of glycerine and rose-water with the cream of a personal pocket powder before rubbing into the skin. Always remember that the hands must be washed up carefully before applying to so that the pores have been opened. If this mixture is not drastic enough, a solution of rose-water and water will be found effective. Mix this in a proportion of three parts of peroxide to one part of rose- water. Allow to dry on, and leave for half an hour. Then wash off with clear, warm water.

Scentiness of sleeve—in fact, actual shortage of sleeve at all, renders it essential that the arms should be rounded and plump. If your arms are not as well developed as you would wish them to be, they can be greatly improved by a little exercise. Many of the outdoor gardens have large the muscles and round the arms, though the majority of the people think of arm exercises, it is necessary to develop arm exercise more than any other. This is quite feasible, considering that in most games the right arm is used more than the left. If this is the case, particular attention should be paid to the—left—arm, giving it more exercise than the right. Club movements with the skin will add to the strength of the arm only will assist beneficially in its development.

To Plump the Arms.

For those arms that are too thin, and shapeless, certain exercises should be indulged in every day. Here are a group of simple movements that will help their development. They will be found very easy, and can be done in bed before getting up in the morning, when attired in light summer frock, or on the bed, and take deep, slow breaths, extending the chest as far as possible. Then slowly follow the motions of a circle, drawing the hands and arms back until they touch the head, then bring them back to the sides. Repeat these several times, increasing the number as you get used and pliable to the movement.

Next raise the hands from the bed, and bring them back as far as possible until they touch the ground well above the head. Then lower to the floor, and bring them back to the sides. Repeat this several times, increasing the number as you get used and pliable to the movement.

Dumb Bells and Clubs.

DORIS MAY asserts that there is nothing like dumb bells or Indian clubs for the attainment of plump, pretty arms. Here's a good exercise: Raise clubs forward and upward, over the head, holding the elbows stiff, and the clubs as high as you can; then lower them to the sides, and down. Do this with a sure swinging movement. Next swing the arms in circles, one at a time, from front to back, and vice versa.

These very simple exercises are the best to begin with, for more complicated ones may be attempted after a while.

The Charm of the Rounded Elbow.

Very many women whose arms are quite plumply developed otherwise are troubled by a delicate condition of the skin on the back of the arms just above the elbow. Careless drying is the usual cause of such a state of things, but the skin can be restored to its original soft whiteness. Purchase some liquid green soap, which is yellow in colour. Make the first application of this soap to the skin. Leave it on for about five minutes, then wash away thoroughly with warm water, being careful to dry very gently. Then apply a little olive oil to the skin, which will restore its original soft whiteness. Should there be a tendency to a growth of hair under the arm, this must be given to massage cream. Another application of cocoa butter must be avoided, as, in many cases, it does not have the usefulness of the picture girl's Jumper. A JUMPER of georgette is an invaluable acquisition at any time of the year, although it is perhaps more useful than ever in the winter months, when the activities spring up like mushrooms in the night. Many of these little affairs demand the wearing of something dressy, yet not elaborate enough where the georgette jumper comes in so handy. It can be slipped over a taffeta skirt, or even one of gabardine, and look pretty and in keeping with the occasion. The picture girl's Jumper is chosen black georgette for her jumper, realising the usefulness of a dark colour, and she has trimmed it in white with a combination with medallions of silver thread. The jumper itself is short and snug, and in Mazurian fashion, hanging loose from the shoulders. The sleeves are short, and the neck is cut square. Silver tassels were attached to the sleeves. You can obtain a pattern of this jumper in 12, 14, 16 and 26 sizes, the pattern being given each (P.O. made payable to The Picture Show), from F. W. Beckett, Dept. 291A, Oxford Street, London, W.1. By the way, I have seen a whole host of different designs from which to select at this address. A DRESSER.
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WHEN communicating with Advertisers, please mention the "PICTURE SHOW."
**SISTERS THREE**

The LIFE STORY of the TALMADGE SISTERS

By Natalie

**EXCLUSIVE TO THE "PICTURE SHOW."**

For the first time the romantic life story of Norma, Natalie, and Constance Talmadge has been written and will appear exclusively in the "Picture Show." The early struggles of these girls, before they were stars, make most fascinating reading.

**THE EDITOR.**

**Read This First.**

A WBR little note gave a rendering of "Sunshine in Panama." One afternoon at a seaside hotel. The singing was out of tune, but, nevertheless, sweet. This was the debut in public of Norma Talmadge.

Years after, when she and her two sisters, Natalie and Constance, were schoolchildren, the three girls gave a performance for their mother, Peg, and some friends, of a small play. Norma's acting was so remarkable that her audience predicted a brilliant future for her. And they were quite well founded.

When Norma was nearly fifteen she applied at the Vitagraph Studio, and was taken on as an "extra."

**The Troubles and Trials of a Beginner.**

It was not until we saw the first screen star who achieved success almost without seeking it, and apparently without working for it.

One day they were obscure and unknown, the next day they awoke to find themselves famous.

Norma Talmadge had no such good luck.

At the beginning she met with, not failure, blunders, but certainly very moderate success.

In those days the art of the cinema was in its infancy, and there were no opportunities for swift and sensational success.

Nowadays Miss Talmadge is very sympathetic and helpful to earnest young beginners, but she has no patience with the studio girl who, endowed with a pretty face and a boundless ambition, expects to win fame without hard work. She has worked hard herself, and never harder than in those early days.

Long, important plays were not then the fashion. The one or two roles was in most demand. For the most part these were trifling little plays which did not provide even the leading performers with much chance for dramatic or emotional acting.

And Norma was not a leading performer.

After a few weeks of dreadful idleness at the studio she was given a small part.

It was a harrowing day for her—a day of joy and anguish. The joy came when she was selected for the tiny part, but the anguish followed swiftly after.

As soon as she faced the camera all her simple naturalness deserted her, and she became awkward and self-conscious.

She was angry with herself, and this only made it worse.

The producer was very patient with her, but she seemed to see his face grow wearier and wearier as he repeated again and again that everlasting phrase, "We will do that scene over again."

Norma was in despair, and it was a very miserable girl who left the studio that evening and made her way homewards.

She was so quiet and subdued when she entered her mother's home that even her own eyes were taken aback by Mrs. Talmadge soon detected that something was wrong.

"What is it, Norma?" she asked gently.

The girl's lips were twitching. She tried to speak but could not. Then she fell on her knees and buried her face in her mother's lap.

"Oh, Peg," she sobbed, "I have been given a part—and I have failed!"

"Failed!" exclaimed Mrs. Talmadge. "A daughter of mine fail! Nonsense! You mean they did not give you a chance to try!"

"No," she protested. "They were very kind, everyone was very kind. But I can't act! I can't act!"

"But, child, I've seen you act!"

"That was nothing!" cried the girl impatiently. "Nothing at all. This is so different, ever so different. In the studio to-day was a stick—just a wooden stick—and it was my chance, the chance I have been waiting for, and now I shall never get another. Never, never, never!"

"Did they tell you so?"

"They didn't need to. Mr. Wilmore's face was enough. He looked as though he was attending a funeral just when I was trying my hardest. And oh! Peg! I did try!"

"Of course you did, my dear, and that is why you are sure to succeed in the end," said Mrs. Talmadge in her comforting way. "You can help it. It is in you, and it is bound to come out if you go dreaming for it. No daughter of mine is a quitter. I am quite sure of that—"

Mrs. Talmadge's cheery confidence revived Norma's spirit somewhat, and she returned to the studio next day grumpily determined to make another fight for it.

She did a little better, but her progress was slow.

"A pretty child, but absolutely no talent," she overheard that remark curiously dropped by one of the heads, and it reduced her almost to despair.

At the end of the week a messenger told her that she was wanted in the office. Her heart sank into her boots.

It had come at last. She was fired.

She almost fancied she could hear the formal words.

"I regret to inform you, Miss Talmadge, that your services are no longer required."

Prepared for the worst, she telephoned to the office and found herself in the presence of Mr. Wilmore, the producer.

"He was walking up and down the room. "Please sit down," said, with scarcely a glance at her, and then continued to walk to and fro."

Timidly the girl obeyed, seating herself on the edge of the chair, and staring big-eyed at the great man.

Suddenly he stopped in front of her, his hands behind him, and looked down at her with a queer, scrutinizing expression on his keen, clever face.

"Well, what do you think of cinema acting?" he asked brusquely.

"I—I'm afraid I'm not very good," stammered Norma humbly.

"Very good! My dear, you are rotten bad," replied the gentleman blandly. "I suppose you know what is the matter with you?"

"No, sir."

"You can't act!"

The brutal frankness of the remark brought the colour into the girl's cheeks and a flash of anger into her eyes.

"And couldn't you pick her and have done with it? What right had he to torture and insult her?"

She rose to her feet and turned on him, her big eyes aflame.

"You are a brute and I hate you!" she cried with a gesture at once passionate and dramatic.

The eminent producer suffered the angry little figure critically and thoughtfully struck his cigar.

"Now why the deuce can't you do that before the camera?" he said calmly.

"She was taken aback. This was not at all what she had expected.

"I'd do my best," she said resentfully.

"Yes, but you can't act."

"You said that before I retorted the girl.

And I say it again!" Norma would sit a little, but— "he added almost dreamily, "you've got personality."

Norma looked at him doubtfully, half suspecting that this was another insult.

"Yes, you've got personality. Do you know what that means?"

"No, no, sir," admitted Norma.

"Well, I don't know that I can tell you what it is," she answered, wrinkling his brows, "but it's a sort of a something that counts. It's rare, and it's valuable. When people see you on the screen they will laugh at all awkwardness and sneer at you for your incompetence, but they won't forget you. When they see you again they will remember that they have seen you before. I don't know what it is. It—"

"It—well, it is just personality."

He repeated the word as though there was magic in it—as indeed there is. All the qualities which go to the making of a great artist can be acquired by laborious study, but the divine gift of personality. That is the gift of the gods, and it is withheld by the capricious hand of fate, then neither beauty nor industry will avail to achieve supreme success on stage or screen.

Norma was confused and bewildered, and she had but a very vague idea of what was passing in the man's mind.

"And you are going to stay on?" she asked at length.

"Sure!" replied Mr. Wilmore. "Stay on and work hard. You will have a lot of small parts if you stay with us. Study each one as though it was a big part. If you can only learn to act even a little you'll get on."

"I will learn! I'll learn to act well!" replied the girl, her eyes glistening.

That night Norma astounded the family by suddenly remarking:

"Peg, I've got something that is very rare and very valuable."

"What is that, dear?" inquired Mrs. Talmadge with interest.

"Personality!" repeated Norma gravely.

**Norma Gets Her Chance.**

For a few years Norma worked hard at the Vitagraph Studios before she made any impression. But she was learning all the time, and acquiring the im-

orious value to her, though she did not realise it then.

She seemed to her that she made little progress. But she never ceased to study, never relaxed her efforts to improve. As her mother had said, she was a quitter.

She studied at the studio and she studied at home—indeed, she probably put in her hardest work when she was at home.

She would stand for hours before a lookingglass studying gesture and expression.

(Continued on page 20.)
"SISTERS THREE." (Continued from page 12.)

On such occasions she often had as an admiring audience her younger sister Constance, who also adored Constance.

There was never a more united family than the Talmadges. Constance, however, was the brightest star in the constellation, and no atom of envy or jealousy ever came to disturb the serenity of the happy home life.

In the family circle Norma was looked upon as a very great person indeed. Natalie and Lula were her devoted friends, and Constance worshipped her.

"Norma is wonderful," agreed the two younger girls, and at this time neither of them ever dreamed of following in their sister's footsteps.

It was towards the end of her first year at the Vitagraph that an incident occurred which revealed to Norma that she was at last making some headway.

It was a trifling incident in itself, but it meant a great deal to the hard-working and ambitious girl.

She came home one evening much more grave and serious than usual, for she was naturally a cheerful, lively girl, and generally had a number of stories to tell of the amusing happenings of the day at the studio.

But this evening she was exceptionally quiet and preoccupied.

"Oh! I was just quick to notice that her daughter had something on her mind, but made no comment. Like a wise mother, she decided to wait until her daughter should think fit to confide in her.

Little Constance, always full of mischief, was less easy to handle. Oh! Not so easy to please, and she was wont to irritate her solemn demeanour in a most comical manner.

Eliott Connie's chat good-humouredly as she always did, but she did not respond. Clearly her mind was engaged upon something which prevented her from yielding even to Connie's high spirits.

She went to bed early.

At this time she and Constance occupied the same bedroom.

"Don't hurry, Con," she said as she bedded them both goodnight, "Stay up as long as you like. For once I can undress and get into bed without your cheerful chatter to keep me company."

She gave her sister an affectionate glance as she uttered the words, so as to deprive them of any meaning.

"It is a dreadful thing to say, Peg," remarked Constance when the elder sister had retired.

"Just don't think there can be anything about it. The long-dreaded calamity has already occupied the house of Talmadge at last."

"In what? What are you talking about child?" asked Mrs. Talmadge.

"Constance waxed her pretty head mournfully.

"Norma has got a young man!" she declared in a hollow voice.

"Don't be ridiculous, you foolish child!"

"What else can it be? I've always heard love has that depressing effect upon the victim. In real life, I mean. On the screen, of course, it is different. But in real life it makes you sad and morbid. Norma shows all the symptoms."

The Bond Between." (Continued from page 12.)

But, when suddenly his eye caught sight of another paper, this one standing their legs, he began to wash the canvas, and when he had removed his son's monument, that he was looking at the stolen picture — "The Duchess of Angoulème" —

He ran out of the studio to challenge Vaux with his discovery.

He wanted to tell the man who looked at him closely, but Jacques was too excited to pay any attention, least of all, to him, to be interested, that he was looking at the stolen picture — "The Duchess of Angoulème".

\n
"Covering his face with his hands, the old man sat down. As he did so the detective stepped inside the studio and held a hand on his arm.

"How do you know you're here?" he said, "This is your son's studio, isn't it?"

"It is not my son. I took the picture," said old Pierre, very quietly, "I am a very poor painter, and not worth more than a few pounds. But I thought I might use this picture, so I bought it from a shop.""You were the first to tell me, but I see you understand the masterpiece which I stole from a Paris gallery."

The other seated on the steps, and Jacques spoke, and in the dark there was revealed a painting which even the skilled eye might have missed.

With this evidence before them, the detectives left for the studio, where Vaux, the old painter, was notionally in his shop, but still dealing with his son, Therese, and the little girl, Rosaline, who was about to be despatched to the studio. Therese, and the little girl, Rosaline, were quite under the spell of the old man, and especially of his daughter.

And in the happy gathering that followed old Pierre Vaux was welcomed as the father of the house, and Rosaline was added to the list of the company by announcing his engagement to Ella Vaux.

(Listed from "the interior of the "Ella" photo shop, entitled "gazetteer, & COlin. (876) RELAX BY PIERRE DE VAL")
HAVE you seen “Girls’ Cinema” yet? Our new companion paper is going to be just as popular and is just as interesting as “Picture Show” and “Boys’ Cinema,” so you’ll be missing something good every week if you don’t take it in regularly. No. 2 out to-morrow, is full of good things. The Second COLOURED Plate, entitled “Their First Quarrel,” is free with every copy.

Other Special Features in No. 2 of “GIRLS’ CINEMA” include:

“Madcap Mabel”
The true story of Mabel Normand’s rollicking School-days, written by herself.

“Heart Of The Hills”
The story of Mary Pickford’s newest and most famous film.

“Shown Up By Her Family”
A Story of a girl’s fight to “better herself.”

Eugene O’Brien’s own page—Life Stories of Wallace Reid and Juanita Hansen—The “Glad Rag” Page—Violet Hopson’s Own Dress Page—Priscilla Dean’s Beauty Hints—The Love Affairs of Kathleen Clifford—Fate and Your Future—and many other good things. Do not miss this grand number. Order a copy TO-DAY!

GIRLS’ CINEMA
Out To-morrow—Tues
The Cynic and the Beauty Competition.

Powder Puff in the Balance.

The recent "Daily Mirror" Beauty Competition seems, like a stone dropped in a pond, to have awakened a series of ripples which penetrates to all parts of society. Hardly can one go to a "Victory Ball" or "American Night" for a few hours' undisturbed merriment not entirely interrupted by enquiring whether the dancing is to be interrupted by a "beauty competition." Certainly the winners of these affairs do not leap into fame and fortune at a bound like "The Daily Mirror's" lovely find, but they probably enjoy a certain amount of private satisfaction. One can imagine a cynic inviting his lady guests to a beauty-competition dance. They appear, powdered, powdered and marcelled. They dance, until the small hours, in the temperature which the audience gathers at dawn. The lights are turned out; the curtains pulled back to let in the cruel morning light. "Ladies," says the host, "where do you place your clothes for the Beauty Competition?" Need any more be said?

Few of us claim the perfection of beauty as set forth in this advertisement. You can face the sun when all the others are sitting with their backs towards the light, but under more kindly illumination it is not the most pleasant of tasks. Yes, indeed, the dances retire too frequently to powder her shining little nose?

Yet even this has its remedy, as the wise girl knows. Before coming to the dance Phyllis bathes her face and neck with a solution of pure creme, which she rubs well in, and in this condition to dance. One must admit that the heat of ballrooms and the ardour of dancing are foes to the complexion, and what madness in these days of social dancing that daries retire too frequently to powder her shining little nose?

I suppose every girl would like a new frock for each dance she goes to. But even the unemployed would find that rather a strain on the pocket. Clay's Classic is a consolation, even if a poor one, to reflect that amount of frocks will give a girl real prettiness—which is what counts in the end. A pretty complexion, which is the beginning of all beauty, is quite cheap, you know. For about one halfpenny you can have a clean, fresh, very skin (not that old one cleaned up for the occasion) for every dance you go to.

I expect any girl could explain this apparent mystery. For the benefit of those who cannot, here is the solution. Get some mercerized wax from the chemist. It is rather expensive, but it lasts a long time with care. Stick it on your face before going to bed, not using too much, and wash it off in the morning. The oxygen contained in the wax, which has become rough and coarse, and gives the new skin below a chance to show itself. Quite simple, isn't it? I suppose if you get from using simple preparations like the above should be an asset in any beauty competition—even the cynic's!

PARKER OR CYNIC FOR OBESITY. [ADV'T]

Ask the "Picture Show"

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players.

SPELTER THE NEW POSTER.

OUTSIDE one of the largest and best-known picture theatres in London may be seen the new poster, which has been approved by the authorities. The new poster is much more effective than the old one, and it has been designed with a view to increasing the public interest in the theatre. It is hoped that this will prove a success, and that the theatre will continue to be popular.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue?

A stamps envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply.

Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered.


"KITT" (Hemswell).—Yes, with regard to Peggy Hyland. Mae Kennedy is the wife of Harold Peters. Is that really all you want to know? You contemporary should know that.

"MADGE" (Coventry).—I trust you have not been graciously deceived. My name does not answer you on this page. Owen Moore is not married. The "Dancing Days in Texas" of J. S. Moore was the name of the "Maiden of the Wester Stars." Whistled Kirke was outstanding in "The Phantom Furlong." The Mexican villain in "Frank Furlong." The other girl who got married has been made public as yet.

E. F. (Kheswahford).—Edna Lincoln dead? So, do Sarah Runouer has been busy again. Trust her not, oh gentle maiden. Yes, R. V., Steel was in "The Fighting Lion," but I expect it's David Powell you are thinking about, ("Fifty-Fifty with Fate") and "The Silver Horde" are all Betty Rhyde films now.

"MARY" (Glasgow).—Yes, you would like more British pictures to come your way. In time, no doubt there will be, although I never to have been a child, but it will be getting like that here by the time you read this. Lilian Langdon is the new "Maiden." Richard Blake, the "Maiden." And her present wife is Mary McKor. Gladys Brockwell is not married now. "The Man in the Moon." Welcome new reader.

May this paper always prove as valuable to you as a real work of art? The articles were Charles Hutchison (Kahl Darrow), Anne垆er (Old New York), Richard Neill (Richard Blake), Billy Moran (Shorty), and William Cavanagh (Cobby).

"ANDREW" (Windermere).—There have been coloured films, but the process has not proved so far a complete success. It still being considered, made and not to be long before the coloured pictures to give a better chance of surpassing the present type of film.

R. M. (Newcastle).—To hear from you again. I am glad to think you are all well. Marion Brian was the "Maiden." Mrs. Carteret (Malet), Charles Blake, and others.

J. L. (Crowley).—Constance Talmadge was born on April 19th, 1899. In "The Danger Mark," the "Maiden." The "Maiden" will still be considered for another try, but certainly not too much to make a "Maiden." Of course, no part in "Mr. Warm" was merely a clever disguise. As a matter of fact, the "Maiden" was, and has had it ever since.

"YORK" (Manchester).—Yes, create was in "The Min." but the person you refer to has not required to be made public. My best regards.

(Answers next week.)
I will tell you Free how to Reduce Your Weight

I was just a strong young woman, full of life and vigour, and fond of good things to eat, enjoying life to its fullest extent, when suddenly my weight began to increase, and, strong as I was, I began to feel the burden, especially as I am a business woman and have plenty of work to do. While my earthly self was rapidly assuming abnormal proportions, the penures in this direction brought sorrow and consternation, because I knew that I must give up business or reduce my weight. I began to feel lonely, because I felt that my company was no longer desired, and I made up my mind that I was at the dangerous point of my life.

One day an inspiration came to me, after I had spent time, money, and patience in vain effort to become slim again. I set upon this inspiration and proceeded, for 28 lbs of ponderous weight vanished in five weeks. I did not use drugs, practice rigorous exercises, nor starvation diet, nor wear any appliances, but reduced myself by a simple home method, and although this is some time ago, I have never gained any weight since, and my health is as good as it could wish.

You could reduce your weight the same as I have done, and I will tell you how, free, if you will enclose two pennies stamps to pay postage.


Amateur Talent Wanted

The Amateur Talent which is a Consultant only, Not a Taster, with this connection the leading Processing Compay is a valuable proposition and give equal to those described as eligible in the above specifications. Usually engaged by only a small number of individuals can be hired at the modest fee of £100.00 per week, and the successful candidate will be required to sign a binding agreement for a period of one year. RECOFIMLS, 38, Piccadilly, LONDON, W.1.

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Mothers will protect and cherish their children's wealth of life by using Lifebuoy Soap. It wards off those numerous ailments which prevent children from developing their full and robust vigour, and enables them to enjoy a healthy childhood.

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