Letting yourself in for a good time!

Four from this family.
And four's all, or the line would be longer, because this little thing is unanimous:

Entertainment for the whole family, *undivided*, is Paramount Pictures' long suit.

A family more than five million strong every day.

Watch the happy groups at any good quality theatre tonight, any night, matinees, too; there you have the folks who know the secret!

Paramount is *there* with the good time—there at ten thousand and more theatres—are you keeping the date? And picking your pictures by name?

Continued from first column

Maurice Tourner's Production
"The Bait"
Starring Hope Hampton
Wallace Reid in
"The Charm School"
George Melford's Production
"The Fighting School-Master" A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Inside of the Cup"
Billie Burke in
"The Education of Elizabeth"
Douglas MacLean in
"The Rookie's Return"
William DeMille's Production
"Midsummer Madness"
George Fitzmaurice's Production
"Money Worship"
Thomas Meighan in
"The Frontier of the Stars"
A Charles Maigne Production
Roscoe ('Patty') Arbuckle in
"Brewster's Millions"
Dorothy Gish in
"The Ghost in the Garret"
Cecil B. DeMille's Production
Forbidden Fruit
Douglas MacLean in
"Chickens"
A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Passionate Pilgrim"
Charles Maigne's Production
"The Kentuckians"
Ethel Clayton in
"The Price of Possession"
A Lois Weber Production
"What Do Men Want"

Paramount Pictures
YOUR SUCCESS GUARANTEED
The Shortest, Easiest and Surest Road to Prosperity and Success
A Subtle Principle of Success

T HIS SUBTLE PRINCIPLE in my hands, without education, without capital, without training, without experience, and without study or waste of time and without health, vitality or will power has given me the power to earn money without selling merchandise, stocks, books, drugs, appliances or any material thing of any character.

This subtle and basic principle of success requires no will power, no exercise, no strength, no energy, no study, no writing, no dieting, no concentration and no conscious deep breathing. There is nothing to practice, nothing to study, and nothing to sell.

This subtle and basic principle of success does not require that you practice economy or keep records, or memorize, or learn to do anything, or force yourself into any action or invest in any stocks, bonds, books or merchandise.

This Subtle Principle must not be confused with systems "will power" systems, Christian Science, psychology, magnetism, thrift or economy, nor should it be confused with health systems, self-suggestion, concentration, "personality," self-control or opportunity, nor should this Subtle Principle be confused with initiative, mental endurance, luck, chance, self-analysis or self-control. Neither should this principle be confused with enthusiasm, persuasion, force or persistence, nor with the art or science of talking or salesmanship, or advertising.

No one has yet succeeded in gaining success without it.

No one has ever succeeded in failing with it.

It is absolutely the master key to success, prosperity and supremacy.

When I was eighteen years of age, it looked to me as though I had absolutely no chance of ever succeeding. Fifteen months altogether in common public school was the extent of my education. I had no money. When my father died, he left me twenty dollars and fifty cents, and I was earning hardly enough to keep myself alive. I had no friends for I was a negative and of no advantage to any one. I had no plan of life to help me solve any problem. In fact, I could not digest enough knowledge to keep life and was in real trouble, even though I had an "acute problem of life" on my hands. I was blue and despondent and thoughts of eternal misery arose in my mind constantly. I was a living, breathing, walking worry machine.

I was tired, nervous, restless. I could not sleep enough to keep up tension. I had no power of application. Nothing appealed to me. Nothing appeared worth doing from the fear that I could not do anything because of my poor equipment of mind and body. I felt that I was shut out of the world of success and I lived in a world of failure.

I was such a pauper in spirit that I blindly depended on drugs and doctors for my health, as my father before me, I was a "flatterer" and depended on luck for success. The result of this attitude on my part was greatest weakness, sickness, failure and misery as is always the case under similar conditions.

Gradually my condition became worse. I reached a critical stage of my life. I was at a crisis. I reached a crisis in my realization of my failure and adverse condition.

Out of this misery and failure and pauperism of spirit—or out of this distress—arose within me a desperate effort to find an answer. I was driven through this reaction, arose within me, the discovery of the laws and principles of life, evolution, personality, mind, health, success and supremacy. Also out of this misery arose within me, the discovery of the subtle principles of failure and sickness and inferiority.

When I discovered that I had unconsciously been employing a principle of failure and sickness, I immediately began to use the principles of success and supremacy instead of these. I immediately made an immediate change. I overcame illness through health, weakness through power, inferior evolution by superior evolution, failure by success, and converted pauperism into supremacy.

I discovered a principle which I observed that all successful personalities employ, either consciously or unconsciously. This principle is the subtle principle of failure, and evolution and believed that if I used it, that my results would be different. I had but one disease—failure, and therefore there was but one cure—success and I began to use this principle and out of this arose my own story, my health, my success and my supremacy, etc., etc. This Subtle Principle must not be confused with initiative, mental endurance, luck, chance, self-analysis or self-control. Neither should this principle be confused with enthusiasm, persuasion, force or persistence, nor with the art or science of talking or salesmanship, or advertising.

You want success of some kind. This is your opportunity to get it—to get what you want.

Write your address on the form below, or send me money to cover a letter and I will send you a book, The Subtle Principle of Success without any obligation on your part. You may receive by return mail, the Subtle Principle of Success—a Principle of supremacy—the key to your success and the secret of what you have never seen.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA
824 Berkeley Building
West 44th Street, New York City
HOW TO KEEP CHEERFUL

THERE are many ways of keeping in a good humor, but one of the surest reminders of the gospel of cheerfulness is the noted covers of JUDGE.

The greatest artists of the country have made JUDGE justly famed for its delightfully humorous covers.

JUDGE offers reproductions of its appealing covers for sale, in full colors, mounted on heavy double mats, size 11 x 14 inches all ready for framing.

You could hardly get a more pleasing wall decoration for your home, bungalow, den, clubroom, cabin or camp.

These JUDGE covers are a constant delight. To look at them is to smile. Keep cheerful with a set of JUDGE covers.

Fill in your name and address on the coupon, mark a check or cross next to the names of the pictures you select, pin a bill, money order or stamps to it, and upon receipt of same we will send the pictures to you, postage prepaid.

JUDGE ART PRINT DEPARTMENT
225 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

The price of these art prints is Twenty-five Cents a copy
Without this picture, it would be cruelly unjust to Mildred Davis to say that she weighs more than her piano. But the picture sets everything right.
Like the motorman who took a trolley ride on his day off, Priscilla Dean, after facing a grinding camera six days a week, seeks variety on the seventh day in grinding an ice-cream freezer. If the cream doesn't stiffen, she orders a "retake."
If you heard someone whistling—and you faced about to see who it was—and it turned out to be Daisy Robinson whistling—adorably, like this—would you go on, or would you turn back? You would? Well, that makes it unanimous.
Think of it! A movie star standing before an open fire, yet not in a diaphanous gown! Really, it’s sensational. Mary Miles Minter deserves a very nice Christmas stocking for being so daringly original.
A New Contest; This Time for Scenario Writers

If you a little synopsis for a scenario in your head? If so, Film Fun will help you develop your talent.

Stories for comedies are in constant demand by motion picture producers, who are scouring the literary field for new talent.

While the contest continues, Film Fun will pay to the writer of the best synopsis for a comedy, or comedy-drama, received each month, the sum of $15. Our preference is for comedies.

A page of these, with the name of the writer of each, will be printed in Film Fun each month, beginning with the February issue. Manuscript must not exceed 400 words in length. They must be typed on one side of the paper only, with the name and address of the writer in the upper left-hand corner of the first page of manuscript. No manuscripts will be returned unless requested. Return postage must be sent.

This contest is open to everybody. All material published will be copyrighted, but should there be a demand for any of the published scenarios, copyright will be released to the author. The prize-winner each month will be chosen by a committee of judges, selected from the editorial staff of the Leslie-Judge Co.

For your assistance, we are printing on this page two sample synopses, one of a well-known war drama, the other of a recent comedy. We cannot enter into any correspondence with contestants, so please omit letters. Let your synopsis speak for itself.

"The Suitor"

The suitor is in love with a millionaire's daughter, but papa does not approve him. His antagonism is based on the grounds that the suitor is a bit of an ass. For example, he brings the girl a bunch of roses and neglects to remove a large lizard that was secreted in its depths, and said lizard creates no end of din before it is retrieved. It popped onto the beautiful one's nose and ended its mad career by running down the decollete back of a week-end guest. At another time the suitor mistakes his loved one's image in the mirror for the real girl and meets with an accident. But his day of luck came. Villains plotted to blow up the millionaire and kidnap his daughter. The suitor discovers the plot, and biscuits full of dynamite and a loaded cigar never accomplished their ends. He disguises himself as a lackey and turns the loaded biscuits against the gang with explosive results. In the meantime, the head villain kidnaps the girl and makes off with her in an airplane. The suitor follows at sixty miles an hour on a motor cycle, until he jumps on a ladder hanging from the airplane (then flying low), ascends the ladder and throws the scoundrel out after a fight. Then he and the girl make their escape after a thrilling parachute leap. The finale sees the suitor in his loved one's arms and papa very grateful with a "God bless you, my children!"

"Held by the Enemy"

Rachel Hayne, young widow, is among those "Held by the Enemy" when the old family home is within the lines occupied by Northern troops. She is protected by Colonel Prescott from looters and from the unwelcome attentions of Surgeon Fielding and falls in love with the gallant Yankee officer. She is on the point of accepting Prescott when she is shocked to find her husband, long reported dead, is alive and has come to the house as a spy. Loyalty impels her to save him when he is captured and condemned to death, for it is through his own confession on seeing that she loves Prescott that the spy's true character is revealed. She is with wounded Prescott, pleading for her husband's life, when a shell strikes the building, the same where her husband is incarcerated, and he escapes. He is shot down and desperately wounded before he can go very far. Rachel persists in her efforts to save him, trying to carry him out of her home as a dead man. She is foiled by Surgeon Fielding. Major General Stanton appears on the scene. Fielding accuses Prescott of attempting to aid Rachel in passing her husband through the guard as a dead man. General Stanton lifts the cover from the body and finds that death has really come, clearing both Rachel and Prescott of complicity in the spy's escape. He places Fielding under arrest, degrading him before all present. The lovers are free to marry. Rachel is assured of being for life "Held by the Enemy."
The catch lines one reads on movie posters and in advertisements are an education in themselves. Take the picture which announces Alma Reubens, in "Thoughtless Women." It claims to move the heart through the eye." Some operation!

Ben Turpin is the only man living who can glance into the past and simultaneously peek into the future, while shaving the back of his neck and tying his tie at one operation, without the aid of a mirror.

Nature, as somebody was saying only the other day, is certainly wonderful, but we would like to concede something to science, too. For without the aid of monkey glands and an understanding of the Einstein theory, how would it be possible for Roscoe Arbuckle to take the role of Monte Brewester, in "Brewster's Millions," a forthcoming production, at the age of two?

The trade papers reported that seats for the opening night of "Way Down East," the Griffith film now playing at the Forty-fourth Street Theater, New York, sold as high as ten dollars. With the war tax that meant eleven dollars net. Our own idea is that it was "Eleven dollars? Nit!"

Mildred Harris, we learn, has just purchased a new Pierce-Arrow car, an ermine coat and accessories for each. Ain't Charlie stingy?

We hear of "The Poor Simp," with Owen Moore. We are not positive that this refers in any way to Jack Pickford.

"East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," purred Kipling. Ruddy should have seen if we had seen "The Spirit of Good" early in the morning, we'd have needed no mush-and-milk for a month.

Sometimes a picture is as good as grub to us. Frinstance, a sign on a New York dock read: "Pacific Steamboat Company."

A coast rumor has it that Charlie Chaplin's hair is turning gray. Well, let's see. How many years is it since he made a picture?

"Mary Miles Minter has announced her intention of buying an aeroplane, and also plans to obtain a pilot's license and fly the machine herself." (News item.) All of which is seeethingly thrilling, if you grab it while you run. But if you sit down and read it over again, you will note the paragraph does not state that Mary is going to do all this.

It would seem to us the colorful personality of Wes Barry, assisted by his famous golden freckles, would impart sufficient radiance to anything he undertook. But in his first starring vehicle, "Dinty," he is supported by a pickaninny and a kid Chink. This conglomeration of hue sorta makes a rainbow outa the proceedings.

Constance Binney is announced in "Something Different." We're glad to hear it!

Sometimes a picture is as good as grub to us. Frominstance, Teddi, the famous dog star of a score of Mack Sennett comedy successes, has contracted with the Special Pictures Corporation to begin work with them January 15th. Being experienced in pictures, he reads the new contract carefully to see if its terms protect him fully in the fat salary agreed upon. We can't tell you the figure, but Teddi expects to put money in the bank.

"They used to say a boy was a perfect image of his father."

"And now?"

"Now they say he's a perfect moving picture of his father."
Stars and Their Homes

This is the house in Los Angeles where Bessie Love made her first appearance. Though featured in it, she doesn't remember it. She was born here.

The "Log Cabin" in Laurel Canyon, Which Is Home, Sweet Home, to Her Now.
Attorney Algernon Leary (Fatty Arbuckle), "pure milk" candidate for mayor, attends a children's party for grown-ups. Going home, he is robbed of his fur coat, leaving him barelegged and in rompers, with a blizzard raging. He takes refuge in the first building he can reach, creating havoc in various apartments by his appearance. He blunders into the rival candidate in compromising company and compels him to withdraw, thus insuring Mayor Leary's election, after a whirlwind campaign.
As Others See—

Aspiring Young Actress—How should one register emotion?

Movie Fan—To show the formation of any heroic resolution, a man shuts his eyes and swallows hard, while a woman opens her eyes wide, parts her lips and breathes rapidly.

Aspiring Young Actress—And the other emotions—love, hate, fear?

Movie Fan—Simply do the same thing!

Heroic

Maid—But, madame, those pumps are much too small for you.

Movie Actress—That’s the reason I want to wear them. I’ve got to register a lot of pain to-day.

History in the Making

Teacher (class of 1949)—Francis Xavier Cushman Jones, arise and name two distinguished men who blazed a trail to California in those early pioneer days when manhood was put to the supreme test, in that mad rush for gold, which began—

Francis X. C. Jones—Fatty Arbuckle and Charlie Chaplin.

Eyes Open

“How did you like California’s climate?”

“Never noticed it. But, man, you should have seen those bathing beauties!”

Studio Manager—What’s the trouble with the new leading lady? Temperamental?

Harassed Director—Leave out the mental.
TRANSPLANTING, it would seem, has an effect on men not unlike that which gardeners advocate for bringing plants to perfection. The uprooting and the pruning which are necessary, no less than the new environment, stimulate new and healthy growth.

This may be, at least in part, the reason why James D. Williams, general manager of Associated First National and the principal in this interview, has developed into such a power in the picture world. In the days of his youth he transplanted himself to Australia from his birthplace, Parkersburg, W. Va., and had attained success there which would have anchored an ordinary man for life, when the lure of pictures took possession of him, and he returned to America.

But his quality of genial gentleman is a contributory factor in his success, and he is likely to win what he sets out to because he is “so sort o’ human” and brotherly.

He is a conservationist in words, never using two when one will serve, but the right one is usually chosen. He is carefully careless in his apparel and has acquired the “habit of the smiling countenance.”

And everybody throughout the great establishment calls him “J. D.,” which indicates they all consider him a “regular guy.”

He transplanted himself from Australia to America in 1905. Along about that time it was that feature films were gaining recognition in his vicinity, the very first feature shown having been a three-reel thriller called “The Kelly Gang.” It was an Australian picture, and it was followed some months later by a Norwegian production, “The Temptations of a Great City.”

“You can guess pretty nearly from their names what the pictures were like,” says Mr. Williams. “There was plenty of action, I can tell you. But everybody liked them, and I saw, even at that time, that the longer feature pictures were the thing, because they created so much more of a sensation and held the attention of the audience much longer than the ordinary one-reeler. People would talk about them when they came out of the theater and would tell their friends, and the feature would thus get the benefit of personal advertising, which is always of the greatest value.

“Australia had this very distinct advantage over America in the early days of the industry, that people believed in pictures. Admissions from the beginning there were about fifty cents, and we escaped the hardships that attended development here in nickelodeon days. It was a great advantage to have the backing and respect of financiers, and having this enabled Australia to keep the pace, if she did not set it for the rest of the world, up to 1914 or 1915. Since then they haven’t made much progress, due in part to the war, but also because America woke up fully to the possibilities and has outstripped all competitors, establishing a lead she will hold.

“I came to America in 1906, with my head full of the idea of opening up a feature distributing company to handle these multiple-reel pictures I was convinced would control the market. I became associated with W. W. Hodgkin on, and our faith joined to our works resulted not long after that in the formation of the Paramount Distributing Corporation.

“A man to succeed in this business has got to see a couple of years ahead. The entire outlook will change in one year more than the usual commercial enterprise will change in ten years. The time will come, and soon, when
Griffith, Dwan, Neilan and other leading directors will be producing each his annual offering, just as Ziegfeld is producing his 'Follies' of the year. These picture plays will always be leaders, but, of course, there will be room and need for ordinary program pictures to supply the eighteen thousand picture theaters of the country—which number will increase steadily, I think.

"These big pictures will pull the people in and keep admission prices up. They will demolish the prejudice against pictures which still prevails to some extent, and they will educate and maintain a discriminating public all their own.

"They will be star pictures. The star system may have its faults, but in my judgment it will prevail for a long time yet, although a new technique, which is even now manifesting itself, is likely to modify the stars' domination to some extent. No, it isn't pantomime I mean, but screen acting. The player must become for the time being the character he portrays. When everyone in the cast does just that, we have a success that runs into seven figures.

"Stars are stars because they have endeared themselves to a great number of people. People like Norma and Constance Talmadge can get away with a bad scenario now and then, just as Al Jolson can come out on the stage and say anything and it gets over. And you can tell it to anyone who is interested that the popularity of these and other stars is built on a foundation of hard work, quite like that of stage favorites who are convinced there is no other way of attaining their heart's desire.

"Box-office receipts are what show the popularity of a star in any locality, and careful study of these and kindred subjects will enable producers to insure commercial success to one out of every two productions. We couldn't hope for better than that. Audiences are too capricious. Failures of productions in the 'speakies,' if you like to call them so, are more than that, especially of late, when it has been 'thumbs down' by the public on three or even four out of five offerings.

"Trust busting?" He laughed. I'd been getting in a question now and then, but this particular one was dear to my heart, because a good many people believe the motion picture industry has escaped domination by a trust by a very narrow margin, and I wanted his assurance the danger was passed.

"Well, you can call it that if you like. There came a time when there was danger that dollars would dominate the industry. Wall Street was willing to come in with money in almost unlimited quantities, but it didn't know the picture game; it takes highly specialized training, in addition to being born with the picture instinct, to succeed in the undertaking. Wall Street saw the figures in a few successful pictures and was willing to finance the taking over of the entire industry—production, distribution and

(Continued on page 50)
As we often have occasion to remark, there is no privacy in the movies. Florence Gilbert can't even take a bath without having a director to tell her how, and a camera man to snap her taking it.

Put Yourself In the Poor Girl's Place

An Up-to-the-Minute Thriller By Beech Hilton

CHAPTER I

Would She Do It?

As Peachetta McMunn raised herself on one dimpled elbow, her robe-den-we of priceless lace fell from her ivory neck and shoulders. So marvelously seductive was the sight revealed that her maid, Joli, murmured "Mon Der!" and nearly swooned. Her mistress's flute-like voice restored her:

"Have you hermetically sealed all the windows?"

"We, mam'zelle."

"Then bar both doors on the outside and bid James loose the bloodhounds. I shall not need you again."

Touching a button that plunged the room into darkness, Peachetta slid luxuriously into the silken folks of her bed.

"If only," she whispered, "if only I may rest to-night! To-morrow, something tells me, I must wed Lord Noodlehed, although I detest him so. Why must I do it? Ah, why?"

CHAPTER II

She Had To Do It

JUST as the hall clock boomed out the hour of 2:22 a.m., Peachetta awoke with a start that nearly proved her finish. Her heart beat like a jazz drum. Stifling a cry, she switched on the lights. She was still alone in her sealed chamber, but something was insistently calling her. That Voice! Would nothing she could do shut it out? It seemed to call her, just as of yore, and even before yore, to steal from the house and do a wanton dance on the sward. Through cemented windows and barred doors to steal? What irony! And to fling both modesty and laces to the breeze? And she not wanton to! She wouldn't and she couldn't—but she must!

The room grew supernaturally dark. In another moment Peachetta found herself upon the front porch of the mansion. The night wind stirred her filmy abbreviations. Below her the bloodhounds noiselessly circled the house,
like a living merry-go-round. How could she pass them? Yet the Voice kept urging her on! Without knowing how it happened, she suddenly found herself whirling away in an elfin dance, where the moonlight flooded a bare spot in the quiet woodland.

"Dance!" something seemed to cry within her. "Dance till you're aflame with the autumn night and youth and beauty! Dance till the very trees bend feverishly toward you!"

How she hated it all! But she had to do it!

CHAPTER III
Who Saw Her Do It?

SUDDENLY, from the blackness of the trees and into the bright moonlight, crept a sinister figure—a man whose staring eyes were red with unholy passion, who licked his lips feverishly, and who stopped to rub his arm nervously. It was none other than Larry Coker, the rakish dope fiend! And Peachetta, in her wild abandon, saw him not. Her doom, as well as her room, seemed to be sealed. With a snarl like a hungry watchercallit he sprang upon her, and his breath burned her cheek like the hot air from a car. With a scream reminding that of a motor boat calling its mate, Peachetta tore herself from his clutches, and slipping instantly into third speed, made for the trees. After her the enraged villain dashed. Around the tree trunks they flew, stumbling over frightened rabbits and skiddingly threading their way over the pine needles. Just as her limbs were bending under her—the only way she could bend them, poor girl, unless she stood on her head—down through the treetops crashed an airplane, driving her pursuer into a close-fitting grave. From the wreck sprang a handsome, leather-clad figure, who caught Peachetta at the moment she got ready to faint. And in the moment, her father and Lord Noodlehed appeared.

"What does this mean?" demanded McMunn inquisitively.

CHAPTER IV
What Made Her Do It?

"I'll satisfy your childish curiosity," said the aviator, in tones so deep that Peachetta loved him instantly. She could not barytone like tenor. "I am G. Lookit, cowboy of the planes. People cry out my name wherever airships fly. I rope the comets in their flight and throw old Taurus every night. Poetry."

Peachetta gazed adoringly into his eyes.

"Oh, G., aren't you just wonderful!" she sighed.

"Yes," he modestly admitted; "I'm all of that."

"And you know just everything, don't you?"

"Well, very nearly, very nearly."

"Then tell me," she begged, "what power has made me come out here and dance against my will and rough trees and everything?"

"Same thing that made me risk a nose dive to save you. Got my orders."

"Then you, too, hear the Voice?"

"Sure, we all do."

"But suppose—suppose we dared to disobey. What would happen?"

"Happen?" said G. Lookit, as the spot of moonlight they were in grew smaller and smaller. "We'd lose our jobs. You can't get funny with a movie director."

"'High life' parties, as depicted in the movies, do not seem to be affected by prohibition.
The Long and the Short of Harold Lloyd

Motion pictures are the eighth wonder of the world, some of them show an actress leaving a room clad in a simple frock, but when she steps over the threshold into the next room, she is wearing an evening gown, for the two of you, you always get into a dreadfully embarrassing position because you forget all about the extra war tax?

Whenever you decide to pass up your favorite theater some week, you always hear the next week that the show was the best of the season?

Whenever you manage to get up enough courage to slyly reach over and hold the hand of the pretty girl you have taken to the theater, the lights always flash on?

Whenever you bawl out some persons near you for reading titles aloud, there is always some friend of yours near by who starts a high-toned conversation with you to which you simply must reply?

Whenever you give someone an awful jolt in the ribs while trying to edge your way through the crowd to a seat, there is always someone who steps on your feet while he is getting out?—F. H. W.

Motion pictures are the eighth wonder of the world. Some of them show an actress leaving a room clad in a simple frock, but when she steps over the threshold into the next room, she is wearing an evening gown.

Little Ironies

WHY is it that, whenever you go to a movie with a male friend and begin telling that friend how you’d leave your happy home for the pretty star on the screen and so forth, you feel an instinctive desire to look around and do so, and always find your best girl taking in everything you are saying and looking at you with an “I’ll never forgive you” expression?

Whenever you start telling the friend you are attending the theater with how you once knew the star appearing on the screen, some exciting event in the film always happens and secures your friend’s undivided attention and entirely spoils your story?

Whenever you take your very best girl to the theater, and a sweetly sentimental scene is flashed on the screen, and you lean close to the lady fair to whisper sweet nothings in her shell-like ear, there is always some big boob who makes you break up the seance, arise and let him out?

Whenever you induce some pretty stenographer to run away for the afternoon to a movie with you, and you figure that you have just enough coin in your jeans to buy seats and hold the hand of the pretty girl you have taken to the theater, the lights always flash on?

Whenever you bawl out some persons near you for reading titles aloud, there is always some friend of yours near by who starts a high-toned conversation with you to which you simply must reply?

Whenever you give someone an awful jolt in the ribs while trying to edge your way through the crowd to a seat, there is always someone who steps on your feet while he is getting out?—F. H. W.
Alice Calhoun, new Vitagraph star, in "The Dress of Destiny."

Carmel Myers hopes you will note that these flower petals just breeze along and stick.

Carmel Myers came back to the screen prepared for a cold reception.

Lois Wilson in "Midsummer Madness."

Martha Mansfield's new contract with Selznick justified this overcoat — of seal skin with opal trim.

A simple, unsophisticated maiden, "Ruth of the Rockies" wears gowns Ruth Roland pays for — for it pays.

Claire MacDowell, model mother-in-law.
Lois Wilson's Smile Has Broadened Since Her Baby Days, And She Dresses Her Hair Differently.

The Big Question

The studio visitor, a heavy, underslung, overdressed, inquisitive lady from somewhere in the middle West, had insisted upon meeting Madame Mazuma.

That temperamental little thing was finally prevailed upon to come from cover, on the grounds that an important guest had a vital message to deliver.

"Oh, I'm so delighted at this opportunity!" the visitor bubbled. "For years I've been waiting to speak just a few words with you."

Madame smiled indulgently and murmured, "Yes?"

"Tell me," the visitor went on, "tell me, madame, do you really use Hopkins Shampoo or are the advertisements all lies?"

Food Note—The "extra man" believes a small role is better than a long loaf.

Fatty Arbuckle, as posed by a swell photographer at one hundred dollars a dozen, autographed.

Economy

"That film company must be going on the rocks."

"What makes you think so?"

"Ninety per cent. of the scenes in their recent productions were exteriors."

Some Crush

"I hear young Reginald is in love with your leading lady."

"Yes; he's so hard hit, he sees stars in his sleep!"

Converted

"I thought that college professor didn't like the movies."

"Oh, that was before he saw one film whose subtitles didn't murder the king's English."

No, Isabelle. Film exchanges are not places where movie stars dispose of their wives or husbands to get new ones.
When the Camera Catches Them "Off-Guard"

This is what "off-guard" means. When a scene has been taken, an assistant holds up a slate bearing the name of the director and other studio data. While this is being photographed, the cast is caught in many an "off-guard" attitude.

Later, when flashed on the screen in the projecting room, along with the rest of the "shots," these relaxations get many a genuine laugh. At the left, for example, Zeena Kresz is snapped in a regular seventh-inning stretch. Above, Conway Tearle is doing his own slate-holding, and doing it very well.

That "off-guard" moment gives Elaine Hammerstein opportunity to take the shine from her nose. Girl stars are like other girls when it comes to this.

As for Owen Moore, he uses the "off-guard" interval to catch up a trifle on the sleep he has lost.
Sad

The visitor to the insane asylum was attracted by the pathetic figure of a youth.

"What brought him here?" he asked.

"He was a scenario writer," replied the attendant, "and by mistake his chief gave him a cook book to scenarioize. The poor, conscientious chap tried his best to do it."

Too Bad

Eve—But I say I wasn’t to blame. I didn’t give you the apple.

Adam—Aw, shucks! If we had had a movie camera man here, you wouldn’t be able to get out of it.

Foolish Dad

"Now, if you marry that movie actress, I will leave you no part of my million dollars."

"Don’t make me laugh, dad. She earns that much in a week."

Always a Way

"This film is too bad to show."

"Nonsense! Label it as educational."

The Martyr

Elderly Lady (with compassion)—Why, I and sakes, my good man, what are you trying to do? Destroy yourself? With your straw hat on and your shirt sleeves rolled up! Don’t you realize this is mid-December and that it’s almost zero?

Mas—Lady, where I am it is July. Will you kindly step on the other side of that chalk line? You have already destroyed about five hundred feet of film. That man across the street is trying to take my picture.

Dry

Director—The star refuses to play in that desert picture.

Studio Manager—Why?

Director—He says that the sight of the camels arouses bitter memories.

An Unusual Case

"Am I the first woman you have ever kissed?" she demanded.

And when he admitted she was, the woman was angry.

"I thought you said you were an experienced movie actor," hissed the beautiful star. "Camera, give us a retake there."

Retort Courteous

Star—I want a lot of close-ups in this picture.

Director—You are not that pretty.

Touchy

Don’t ever rave about the beauty of sunsets to any motion picture directors. They hate to see the sun go down.

Uncommon Fear

Cholly—Oh, I say, ol’ chap, do you like her in her newest picture, “The Manglers of the Jungle”?

Pholly—“Pon m’ soul, I do, but I must say she registers fear in the most ridiculous fashion imaginable.

Cholly—Ah, but you must remember, ol’ fellow, that it’s the most ridiculous sort of fear imaginable that she’s attempting to register.

Censored

Assistant—This script doesn’t call for a single kiss.

Director—that’s not strange. Don’t you know that the scenario editor has married the star?
All Trouble Records Are Beaten in "One Week"

1. You might think good luck on a lasting basis is assured, if there's luck in old shoes.

2. Buster Keaton and his bride prepare to unpack this wedding gift of a happy home.

3. It would seem she can cook, but he looks downhearted; maybe it is the price of eggs.

4. But the decorations of the place, not to mention the decorator, restore his good humor.

5. So many things happen that getting the piano in place proves to be child's play.

6. Hours of toil are followed by these few moments of satisfaction—and then the cyclone.

The ceremony over, Buster Keaton and his blushing Mrs. start for the new home, his uncle's wedding gift—one of those knockdown affairs delivered all packed in a box. Buster follows the printed directions, with the result that the finished abode is all out of joint. Then they discover it is on lot No. 66, instead of 99, for Buster read the sign upside down. Transfer of the structure is interrupted as a locomotive crashes into it when they are crossing the track. Buster sets up a "House for Rent" placard on the ruins, and he and his wife start house-hunting, like old married folks.
Some Unsung Movie Pioneers

By Frank H. Williams

FILBERT J. FISH—Mr. Fish was the first movie extra to wear in a film a dress suit which was not in need of pressing and which was not of the style of thirty years previous. For this great innovation in pictures Mr. Fish, though entirely unknown to fame, has been presented with a solid leather loving cup by the American Association for the Improvement of Movie Art.

HORTENSE BLIBBERT—This charming little lady was a pioneer in giving punch to the pictures, being one of the very first screen actresses to say "My Gawd!" in a close-up so plainly that every one of the audience knew what she was talking about.

M. MONUMENTAL DUBB—Mr. Dubb claims to have been the first writer about pictures to state that "the industry is still in its infancy." This was twenty-two years ago, and Mr. Dubb has been saying the same thing every year since then.

O. WATTA PHAYCE—Holds the hand-embroidered looking-glass for having thrown the first custard pie in a comedy picture.

J. MUCHLY MUGG—Claims to be the first screen villain to appear in a feature production.

Camilla Jane Ludovicka—This pioneer is an author. Miss Ludovicka claims to have written the first movie story in which there were no murders, suicides or triangles. Miss Ludovicka is still hoping that her story will some day be produced.

THE WAY IT SEEMS

Casting Director—In what way are you qualified to become a movie actress?

Applicant—Well, I've got a husband I can divorce.
A New Year's Resolve That Went Astray

By Zim

*Resolved. That I indulge in an annual bath—this day.

*WANT A SHAMROCK?*  *HASN'T HE LOVELY LOCKS!*

*A New Year's Resolve—That Went Astray.

*I'LL BET YOUR WIFE WONT KNOW YOU!*  *YOU BET SHE WONT!-Huh! I AIN'T GOT SUCH A THING IN MY REPERTORY.*

*Oh! Tha Rascal!*

*Fetch on the toilet water & Talcum please.*

*The very best you've got sunny, this is my clean-up anniversary.*

*A spartan.*

*Kindly render the bill to my private secretary!*

*Isn't that Chawlie we just passed?*

*No indeed! Chawlie never looked so immaculate.*

*Not so long as I live will I again indulge in baths, shaves or shaves! So help me!*

*Aw! What's tha use!—back to nature for yours!*  *State road closed. Repairs.*

*Well—ill—be—*

*There now! It wasn't you we met, was it?*

*I told mama it couldn't have been. He didn't resemble you one bit!*
The Movie Fans' Romance

For three months they occupied adjacent seats at the Little Gem Theater, but neither could contrive an introduction. Then, one evening, during a particularly exciting episode of "The Struggles of Stella," she involuntarily grasped his hand. Their courtship really began the evening he took her to see the great romantic film, "For Heart and Crown." He proposed and she accepted while both were under the spell of "The Barge-man's Bride." Her engagement ring was a replica of the cameo worn by Teddy Beara. They deferred their wedding until the final "chapter" of "The Dangers of Dasheen," so she could model her wedding gown after the one worn by the star, Sheila Pink. The attendants and ushers at the ceremony were friends with mutual tastes in movie stars, and they were married by a clergyman who frequently praised the pictures from his pulpit. After the ceremony "close-ups" were taken of the wedding party. And for a honeymoon trip they went to a movie and saw a scenic of Niagara Falls.
Like Macbeth "Twin Beds" Do Murder Sleep

1. An operatic triumph is entirely to his liking, but when Monti must face the music like this—

"Twin Beds," a matrimonial melange, argues animatedly against the double standard of bedroom furniture: Signor Monti (Carter de Haven) returns from a brilliant operatic success to his apartment house, and to avoid the criticism of his wife, climbs up the fire escape. Three floors of doting couples have twin beds. He miscalculates and enters the boudoir of the Hawkins! Morning discloses the error, and he flees up the fire escape to the Larkins' where he finds a refuge in a clothes hamper, from which he is dragged by his jealous spouse (Mrs. Carter de Haven).

2. With further complications, such as being manhandled by a jealous husband—

3. And on entering his own home to find this—

4. Isn't it natural he should doubt his own sanity—

5. And follow joyfully the whirlwind of destruction his neighbor starts?

6. For after all, you know, a temperamental person must have tranquility, and nourishment!
There is a new star on the Sennett lot—a star that smokes, swears occasionally and plays poker for real money. But do not be shocked, readers gentle and otherwise, for this new addition to the "Bathies" does not wear skirts; he is a him instead of a her, and bears the unique distinction of being the only masculine juvenile who has ever worked on the Sennett lot.

George O'Hara is the name of this new trouper in the comedy ranks, and he commenced his career in the dark room of the Sennett studio a year and a half ago. He wanted to be a director, but having at that time only eighteen and a half years to his credit, was willing to begin at the bottom and work up. He worked up as far as the cutting room and was still imbued with the idea of wearing puttees and a megaphone, when Mack Sennett came into the office one day and glimpsed the young fellow, who was very intent on his job, very earnest and—very handsome.

"Come over to the light stage for a test," commanded Mack, and young George, wondering what it was all about, went through a short scene with Charlie Murray and Marie Prevost. Then he went back to the cutting room, still wondering, and at the end of the following day Mr. Sennett called him into his private office and offered him a position as juvenile lead on a five-year contract at a princely sum.

It is distinctly an innovation in the Sennett idea of

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Margaret Shelby, who has deserted reels for real estate, explains the mysteries of a concrete mixer to her famous sister, Mary Miles Minter. A concrete mixer might be of use in some studios, lightening the burden of directors whose casts are slow to comprehend.
comedies to have a young man to play straight parts, and George is to make his screen debut opposite Marie Prevost in "Love, Honor and Behave."

Speaking of useful giving, Colleen Moore recently celebrated her nineteenth birthday, and when the festive natal day was over, the front room of her Hollywood bungalow looked like the day after Christmas. Of course, there were numberless beautiful and practical gifts, but among those that one might count as—well, superfluous were: one season pass to a movie "palace" in Silver City, N. Mex.; two home-brew recipes—and she doesn’t drink; one dog collar—she hasn’t any; one baseball; one autographed photo from a girl in Kansas City who is willing to become a star, and two ukuleles—making six with the four she already possess. . . .

From the Lasky lot the other day came the syncopated strains of "Under the Bamboo Tree." A dark cloud had settled over the place, the darkness composed of some hundred or more belles and beaux of colored persuasion, and the alluring music was to inspire the dusky actors to put on a genuine, old-fashioned cake-walk.

William D. Taylor, who was directing the picture, "The Witching Hour," supervised the dance scene, which went over with gusto. The oldest performers were sixty years of age—a gray-haired couple who bragged about the number of cakes they had won in their youth—and the youngest cake-walkers were eight years old. Needless to say, a pleasant time was had by all.

Can it be that the screen is less remunerative than common soil? Many of the stars have ranches near Los Angeles, from which they derive a goodly income, and now Margaret Shelby, the elder sister of Mary Miles Minter, has forsaken the silver sheet to become a real-estate prompter.

Miss Shelby has opened up a large tract of land near the City of the Angels, and may be seen daily showing prospective buyers over the place and explaining to them the reasons why they should part from their hard-earned cash for an acre or so of the beautiful land.

Sister Mary is a frequent and interested visitor to the scene of the Shelby real-estate venture, and Sister Margaret proudly makes clear the mysterious workings of concrete mixers, tractors and ditch diggers. Mary Miles Minter says it’s wonderful to have a brainy person in the family, but that for herself, she thinks she will stick to the screen.

What will the Follies do when the movies have lured all the beauties of the chorus to the silent drama? Betty Francisco is the latest deserter from the footlight army and is now hard at work on a Lasky picture, and it is rumored that in a forthcoming production she will play opposite Bryant Washburn.

Miss Francisco was born in Little Rock, Ark., and despite her Eastern sophistication, she still speaks of her birthplace as "Arkansaw." She and her sister ran away from home to go on the stage when they were mere children, and having by this drastic means obtained parental consent to pursue their histrionic ambitions, went for a tour through Panama. Betty later entered the Follies, and when Samuel Goldwyn saw her, he engaged her to play in one of his pictures.

Her name is not a steal from "San Francisco," but is legitimately her own—for it is her middle name, and her mother was born with it.

Allan Dwan leased a house at Long Beach for the summer and fall, ostensibly to write, but he maintains that his friends give him little time for literary endeavors.

When he first made known his intention of retreating to Long Beach, all his acquaintances of film-land, from Kathleen Clifford to Lew Cody, wanted to know what he saw attractive about such a jump.
Sometimes the Camera is a Regular Cut-Up

WALTER LONG, prince of screen villains, is in real life a prince of good fellows. His villainous career as caught by the camera commenced years ago with the making of "The Birth of a Nation," in which he played the role of Gus, the nigger. From that time he has gone from bad to worse; he has killed helpless women and children, sent innocent men to the gallows, and outpirated Captain Kidd as a high-handed fiend. And yet they like him tremendously out in Hollywood. They say he has an attentive ear, a sympathetic heart and a ready pocketbook with which to respond to any call for help, and in the army, where he won the rank of captain, he was an extremely popular officer. When not engaged in high-powered screen villaining, Mr. Long's time is occupied with a ranch. And sometime, he says, he means to reform for keeps and retire to his ranch, there to raise carrots instead of Cain.

A Canine Critic

"Why has she brought her dog to see a movie comedy?"
"She says the pup understands."
"What nonsense!"
"Aw, I don't know. He must understand. He's growling."

Looking into the Future

Studio Manager—In this Washington-crossing-the-Delaware scene you have the general standing in the boat, gazing at a railway train, a motor car and an airplane.

Camera Man—Oh, that's all right. It proves that George was a man of wonderful vision.

ing-off place. But when he gave a beach party and showed off his house, with its billiard room, private tennis court and bowling alley, its stretch of sandy beach and a plentiful supply of surfboards—well, the friends who came down to remonstrate remained to enjoy, and now that Mr. Dwan has won his point, he rather wishes he hadn't.

Because, you see, he uses the billiard table to write on—when Lew Cody and Jack Pickford aren't using it; he sits on the beach and dictates to his secretary—when Betty Blythe isn't distracting his attention; and as for trying to get inspiration in the tennis court and bowling alley, only slapstick comedies could be evolved there, he maintains, and the one place left to him is the ocean, well out beyond the farthest buoy. Even there, if Annette Kellermann ever comes down for a visit—well, you never can tell.
Much Pleasant Twittering in "A City Sparrow"

Milly West (Ethel Clayton), a dancer, is seriously injured during her act. Although not disabled, she is warned by the surgeon that she will never become a mother and determines to put love out of her life. Tim Ennis (Walter Hiers) is in love with Milly, and when she rejects him, writes his mother that for love of her he has committed suicide. David Muir (Clyde Fillmore), a bachelor farmer friend of Tim's mother, goes to the city in search of Tim, meets Milly at the boarding house, and when Milly faints from fatigue, he persuades her to come to the country to recuperate. He grows to love Milly, who frowns on his suit because he loves children. When he follows her as she leaves for the city, she tells him the truth. Love wins.

1. Milly, a cabaret dancer, offers Tim her pie at the theatrical boarding house.

2. In her dressing room Milly muses over the seriousness of the surgeon's decree.

3. Too weak to continue her dancing act, Milly is compelled to leave the stage.

4. During a sojourn in the country she meets David Muir, who learns to love her.

5. Resisting the plea of her former dancing partner, Milly refuses to return to the cafe.

6. David persuades Milly; she promises to marry him and mother the waif who brought them together.
GoverNment experts have decided that while it is again the staterooms to drink booze, you may eat it and still remain inside the law—with the profiteers and the rent hogs, if you care for that sort of company. Wash., D. C., has handed us some rather idiomatic decisions during the past few years, but this one easily wins the grand Capitol prize—a ticket to Matteawan. However, we can readily see where a grand little opportunity is hereby opened up for the scenario writer athirst for a new twist to his plot. It must be admitted that the only way one can eat booze is to freeze it. Therefore, we’re betting that soon you’ll see a film villain stride to the celluloid bar, chew three chunks of congealed hootch and stagger forth to dynamite a seminary or something. Yessir! And in the fifth reel you’ll see this same rascal, thwarted in his base designs by the hero, the director and the scenario writer, slink to the aforesaid filmy bar, masticate seven or eight alcoholic icicles and die a horrible death from delirium chilblains!

WE do not wonder over the heroine’s hysterical protest at Tom Meighan’s civilian apparel in “Civilian Clothes.” ‘Twas the most uncivil and revolting suit we’ve ever listened to.

SOME years back it was the custom in the pictures to exhibit Cresseness in the form of bankers, mine owners and Wall Street brokers. Of late, however, they are slipping us the real thing in lucre lads. The plumber has come into his own and figures as the hero in several recent plays. Formerly we read with awe of the poor plumber who drifted into the films as an extra and rose to stardom. But that’s old stuff now. Why, we know an extra who was chased out of the films and rose to be a plumber in St. Paul. Now he has a Mary Pickford income, and when he wants to see a picture, he buys the theater.

Of course we can easily guess that “A Light Woman” has for her abode “The Dwelling Place of Light,” but we are c to k if “The Slim Princess” referred to arrived at this state of anti-avoidropois from partaking of a diet of “Fine Feathers,” or is her heftless condition a result of being weighed in “My Lady’s Dress”? 

The volume of Mary Pickford’s daily mail is amazing, but listen to us! Yesterday we received pictures of 1,500 motion picture actors. Yessir! It was of the battle scene in Metro’s “Four Horsemen.”

The most astounding unreality of the year is revealed in “Help Wanted—Male.” Blanche Sweet, as the heroine, seeks a husband with money! Who ever heard of such a thing?

You wouldn’t think, looking at Doug’s merry grin, that the owner could possibly be guilty of being a mean cuss—would you? Well, until the cost of funerals comes down, we’re not going to tell Doug that he’s a m—— but—do you know what that feller did? When he was making “The Mollycoddle,” he took Mary Pickford’s pet wood.
A Slightly Different Hero is "Sundown Slim"

1. Out of a filthy box car, into the clean open range, comes "Sundown Slim" Hicks.

2. Before getting a job as ranch cook, Sundown had been a tramp-poet.

Sundown Slim Hicks (Harry Carey) leaves his life of hobo-poet and starts in as ranch cook at the Concho cattle ranch owned by Jack Corliss. The adjoining sheep ranch is owned by David Loring. Fadeaway, a bad cowboy, insults Anita, daughter of the chief shepherd, and Sundown exacts reprisal. Billy, Sundown's pal, is induced by Fadeaway to rob a bank. Sundown takes the blame and goes to jail. In the feud between sheepmen and cattlemen, Billy is nursed by Anita. The two learn to care for each other, and when Sundown, released from jail, goes to Anita, he sees the situation and surrenders her to his pal, again taking up the lone trail.

3. Fadeaway, a bad cowboy, starts an unprofitable argument with Sundown.

4. The argument culminates in the shooting of Fadeaway by Sundown.

5. Then Sundown accepts the blame for a crime committed by a pal, and goes to jail.

6. And after it is all over, Sundown surrenders the girl to his pal, and starts on his lone journey.
The Why and Wherefore of the Giggle

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

The only difference between interviewing John D. Rockefeller and Mack Sennett is that Rockefeller is easier to get at. Mack Sennett, although constantly in the public eye, is camera-shy, publicity-shy and interview-shy. Add to these facts that he is entirely surrounded by secretaries, assistant secretaries and secretaries to the assistant secretaries, all trained to the nth degree of efficiency in clearing Mr. Sennett's path of annoyances, and you will have an adequate idea of what it means to try to interview the king of the slapstick comedies.

But God loves the Irish, and I am half pure Killarney. And so it was by special dispensation of Providence I found myself face to face with Sennett at the door of his office on the Sennett lot just as the noon whistle was sounding the mess call for the hungry filmians.

He has iron-gray hair, humorous gray eyes shaded by heavy black brows, excellent teeth and a smile that flashes every other minute like the revolving beacon in a lighthouse tower.

Perhaps it was because I was a woman, or perhaps Mack Sennett recognized the kindred Irish spirit, or it may have been because I merely looked harmless; at any rate, he invited me into his office to talk to him while he had lunch—the lunch consisting of two huge dishes of ice cream, of which he partook with great zest, gesticulating with the spoon. He is intensely dramatic and pictures for you a situation by acting it out himself. He related some of the incidents in Louise Fazenda's new comedy, "Home Brew," and laughed quite as heartily as if he had been a spectator watching the finished production.

The office is paneled with oak—or maybe it's walnut; anyhow, it's some kind of wood that has huge, round knots in it, and the narrow panels have been matched so that the knots look like solemn owl eyes. At first glance, one would say that tragedies, rather than comedies, were evolved in such a room.

"I want to know, Mr. Sennett, why is a slapstick comedy? A lot of folks are interested in that."

"Well," he replied, looking at me quizzically, "there are two reasons for slapstick comedies. The first one is, the public want 'em; second is, they pay. People go to a movie to be amused. They want their entertainment handled to them so they can take it like a capsule—without thinking about it. The variety of comedies we put out here is what you might call concentrated. Of course, it's exaggerated; it has to be to get over.

"And as for how a comedy is made, its evolution is exactly opposite from that of the drama. Comedies are necessarily short, and we have to pack action into one scene that would take hundreds of feet in a drama. For in—"
The old song, "Come with thy Lute to the Fountain," is much improved by Alan Crosland, Elaine Hammerstein's resourceful director.

"Come for thy Hootch to the Fountain," is Mr. Crosland's version of it. The fountain, you will note, is done in bar relief.
HAVE you ever wondered, while you were watching the tears course down the heroine's cheeks, how come—the tears, I mean? Glycerin, you'll say wisely. As for a faint—well, it's an ill-bred woman who can't do a snappy faint. And you'll be right—mostly. But glycerin, while it may bring tears to the eyes, could never awaken that expression of pained suffering on her face, could never bring that heave to her fair bosom, that pathetic quiver to her lips. O; it is melody—plain, unresigned melody—that does it, scratched out in great gobs of misery from a violin held not two feet away from her ear. Or maybe it's a saxophone or an accordion; perhaps a lowly mouth organ. Anyway, it's there, just beyond the edge of that close-up, where you can't see it.

**Hysteric With Piano Accompaniment**

The movie folk are music-mad. They've discovered the *open sesame* to a lot of gorgeous emotions they'd never even suspected they had, and they're playing it to the limit. Nowadays you can't go on one of the big studio stages without running the whole gamut, from tears to hysterics, musically accompanied.

And it's not so unreasonable, after all. Isn't there some plaintive little ditty, some sob song of your bygone youth, that has the darndest way of getting into your throat and twisting it all up, of wringing the tears out of your eyes until you make a dive in the general direction of your handkerchief and let loose a barrage of sneezes? That's how they figure it at the studios. Every star has a sorrow. Every sorrow is in a certain key. Put your violin in tune with it, and, Q. E. D., you've opened up emotional possibilities that the beautiful stars in all their dizzy twinklings have never registered before.

**Did Her Faint To a Saxophone**

Of course, someone always has to spoil things. Out at Goldwyn they had an awful time with an actress who decided she couldn't faint without incidental music. Cuss as he might, the director couldn't move her. The only artist in reach was a solitary saxophonist. They grabbed him, and while he blew "The Hall of the Mountain King" to a complete demolition, the maiden did her faint!

But they're not all like that. Mildred Harris Chaplin, for instance, has music wherever she goes, though she refuses to confess to bells on her toe. Be that as it may, she has a violinist who knows every string in her heart and plays accordingly. He declares the possibilities are wonderful!

But Universal boasts the most numerous collection of itinerant musicians and portable orchestras. They have one for every company. A good many times the musicians play extra parts as well as their instruments. I recall a scene that Harry Carey was making. He was supposedly burying his dead father. Clad in robes of a Jesuit priest,
he stood above the open grave with upraised hands, pronounced the benediction and swore vengeance upon the murderer. Off to one side, on a collapsible organ, a violin and an accordion, a trio of country rubes were dishing out the strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee." From the outside it all looked quite ridiculous. But for all that, the good old hymn has a power that is difficult to credit. To one who is actually in the scene, if he be an actor who is striving to throw himself into the spirit of the part, it can bring an astonishing amount of help.

Frank Mayo makes a point of carrying a musician with him, no matter how far "location" may take him. His purpose, however, is not to help him emote—tears are not his long suit—but rather to keep his company in a cheerful mood. A group of forty or fifty people—the company often totals that—are inclined to become very restless under the baleful sun of a California day. The psychological effect of ragtime is wonderful. Smiles break out and the hours fly by on wings of the wind.

Music Soothes the Oriental

They were doing a Chinese picture not so long ago with Tsaru Aoki in the leading role. It was all right as long as the little Jap star was working, but when they rang in the real thing from Chinatown, their difficulties began. The Chinks couldn't seem to get the spirit of the thing. The efforts of the interpreter were fruitless. Finally, someone suggested music. If it soothes the wild beast, they argued, why not the poor heathen? So they called up an accordion and started in on "So Long Oolong." And it worked!

The music germ has crept into the Lasky studio, too. The great Cecil B. himself keeps a well-known violinist, one Max Fisher, for his own personal inspiration. They say he did the bath scene in "Male and Female" in the key of "G." At least, everybody's been saying "Gee!" ever since. And George Melford, another Lasky director, has a tuneful satellite who doesn't read music, never heard a counterpoint and is guaranteed to play anything on everything.

Carpenters Spoil Solitude

But behind the many amusing, sometimes ridiculous aspects of studio music there is a sound theory. The effect of music on the emotions is admittedly great. The art of the movie actor, though it is also admittedly great (ask him and see), can generally be improved. The ultimate in grief or happiness is rarely registered by an actor who has adverse "atmosphere" around him. One can't expect him to portray yearning solitude—just for instance—with a mob of carpenters banging away on an adjoining set. But music is an effective shield. It shrouds him in a curtain of sound attuned to the mood desired. The fact that the curtain is sometimes tapestried with jazz cadences or rent by sounds not catalogued as music does not seem to detract from the emotional effects obtained. I once saw a veteran actor sobbing out his heart to the strains of "'There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."' It was reminiscent of a boat excursion with a band playing that tune, an explosion and the death of his son.

(Continued on page 54)
"Honor Bound" is Mostly Cave-Man Stuff

1. Thorpe warns his sweetheart's father to lay off 'n him. He's just beat up the villain and doesn't relish interference.

2. Everything seemed cleared up and they were celebrating on the yacht when a wild woman drops through the skylight.

Billy Thorpe (Frank Mayo) disgraces himself with his fiancée, and in an attempt to save him, her father ships Billy off to his plantation. Reports indicate all's well. Father and daughter yacht it to the tropics to welcome the restored Billy, but find him all mixed up with Koree a wild woman of the jungle. Billy convinces her that the wild woman has no hold over him. Fade-out shows him demonstrating the bear hug to Claire.

3. The wild woman's visit starts something—fights, fainted and heartbreaks.

4. The wild woman is wilder than we realized—making faces like that.

5. And now, what's the trouble? Is that nasty look for the villain's curls, or Billy's faultless raiment?

6. One of the ways to tame a wild woman is to put her lord and master out of the way. Billy does so.
I am a Flivver and my name is Azusa. I am transcribing this confession in the hope that it will save some other innocent car from going to the moral scrap heap as I did. I was once a respectable auto. My top was neat and trim, my polish was natural and unaffected, and my horn was of sweet and refined quality. I used to go to Epworth League in the evening and stand chatting decorously with the minister’s car, and on Sundays I went to church propelled by the deacon, the deaconess and the six little deaconlets. Ah, me, in those days I did not dream of the degradation into which I was to skid! Why, if I went back to my home town now, every car in the burg would turn up its tonneau at me and give me the cold carburetor in scorn! Yet it was not altogether my fault. Read on and you shall see.

The deacon sold me, but failed to put in the contract that I should be purchased only by a God-fearing person of good moral standing, and the first thing I knew, I was being driven away from the shop by a female who spoke loudly and slangily, who said I was a bear-cat for climbing hills, but a lame fish for speed, and who, I discovered, earned a living by interviewing persons connected with the motion picture industry.

I was shocked, you may be sure, but the worst was yet to come. She named me “Azusa,” because she said I looked like that kind of a car, and the coarse male person with her said that with a custard-comedy name like that, I ought to break in at the Sennett studio.

Then, one fatal day, she drove me out to the Brunton studio and parked me with a lot of flashy cars, who were plainly amused at my naivete and air of innocence.

“Look who’s in our midst!” said a blue Packard that belonged to Betty Compson. “These persons of the press...
It is this sort of thing—the undignified, the humiliating—that so wears on the nerves of a respectable auto, and so soon reduces even a car of class to flivverhood.

don't care what they drive, do they? How very quaint!"

"Kindly refrain from criticism," admonished the gray limousine which was owned by Carmel Myers. "This person got my picture in a magazine, and according to my way of thinking that entitles her to drive anything."

I was about to cramp my wheels over toward the gray limousine for protection, when I was conscious of a rakish blue roadster with gleaming nickel-plated trimmings that was ogling me. I give you my word of honor, I blushed up to the top of my hood. No car had ever looked at me like that before. I felt my radiator growing warm, and my spark plugs fluttered madly.

"Ah, there, little one!" said the wonderful car, and I could not reply. I merely gurgled softly and lowered my headlights.

"That vamp car of Lew Cody's is on the job again," whispered the blue Packard, and the other machines nudged each other's fenders, as if to say, "I told you so!"

But I, poor, blind Flivver, did not heed. I could not know that thoughts of infamy filled his engine. I thought his cylinders good and noble; I never believed his wheel capable of a wrong steer.

And then he spoke to me in honeyed honks; he spoke of week-end trips to Tia Juana, of excursions to hidden mountain fastnesses. He spoke of the life that should be mine. He told me I was too pretty a car to spend my life in a public garage. He hinted that, at a word from me, a steam-heated, private garage should be mine, with a chauffeur dressed in livery to wait on my engine's every cough. He pictured a life of high gear, without tire trouble or axle worry.

Need I go into the details of what followed? Suffice it to say that I skidded from the path of rectitude. I became known in the fast set of motordom as, the peppiest four-cylinder engine on Hollywood Boulevard. Fatty Arbuckle's twenty-five-thousand-dollar Pierce-Arrow always winked at me in passing, and I took to imbibing gasoline at a fearful rate.

I became an habitue of night-life revels. Often I parked outside the "Ship" cafe, exchanging saucy stories with Lottie Pickford's runabout and drinking gasoline high balls with Allan Dwan's roadster.

After such a night I would zigzag homeward, sometimes with my headlights too dim to find the garage door, and in the morning—oh, Lord, what a hangover! I had to be primed with ice water before I could start.

Then Wally Reid's McFarland taught me to shimmy. My owner thought there was too much play in the steering wheel, but I knew better, and I would shimmy shamelessly on Broadway, shaking a wicked chassis, while passing cars gazed at me with astonishment and no little envy.

I became a moral and mechanical wreck. I was pinched

(Continued on page 62)
MOVING PICTURES ARE NOT AS EXCITING AS THEY USED TO BE

No Escape

Box-office Man—I forgot to collect your amusement tax when you bought your ticket.

Patron—Well, I’m not amused; I’m bored.

Box-office Man—Oh, I beg pardon! Dissatisfaction tax is three cents, sir.

Faux Pas

Director—I told you I wanted a story with lots of action, didn’t I?

Scenario Writer—Yes, sir.

Director—And in this script you’ve got two characters playing a game of chess.
No picture is complete without a fight scene. Time was when just a fight between men was sufficient, but to-day a fight between men lacks thrill. The thing to do is to somehow manage a fight between a man and a woman. It is never difficult to manage this except in moving pictures, where situations must be clumsy and obvious, so that people won't think that anything like them ever happened in real life. Extra work is not to be considered if it leads to a fight. Once you have the heroine in the room with the villain, things will work themselves to a fight with practically no trouble if you put a table in the center of the room. This is so the heroine can hit the villain over the head with it during those last two minutes when the hero is beating at the door. Before using the table as a weapon of defense, the heroine must run around it, knock off the lamp which is its main decoration, and tip it over on the villain's toes. It is seldom the table is allowed to stand on its own legs, unless the villain makes a jackknife of the girl, bends her over the paper weight and makes frantic attempts to bite her jugular vein. This is used only if the heroine intends to stab the villain with the paper cutter she finds under her fingers. For the most part any old kind of a fight will do if the heroine's hair falls down and you can see how long it is, and her dress is torn sufficiently to make the shopgirls squeal at another Lucille creation gone to the ragbag. The surprise at finding that the heroine's hair is only ankle length, that she wears Mermaid dress shields, and that her dressmaker sponsors Open-Quick snappers are such thrills as movies are made of.

Never Judge a Man by His Screen Face

Take one genial face—Joe Ryan's, for example—mix with the plot of a Vitagraph Serial—

Add a wig, and the result is the leader of the Black Circle in "Hidden Dangers."
The Plot of the Picture

As Some Film Fans Re-tell It

"You see, there's a guy in love with a girl, and he goes to Texas to make his fortune in oil, and then the other gink comes in, and the guy's girl—the first guy's girl—falls for a fellow—not the second fellow, you understand, but a fellow she's known all her life, who has come home after making his money in oil. It isn't the first fellow who's come home, you understand, but this other fellow who had a girl of his own out there in the oil fields who cared a lot for him, but whom he deserted before he met up with the girl—the first girl who was the best girl of the first fellow who went to Texas, you understand. Then the girl—not this last girl I've been talking about, but the second girl who fell for the guy who got rich in oil—follows him up North and gets a job as hired girl in the home of the first girl whose fellow went to Texas to make his money in oil. You understand, this second girl isn't the girl who loves the guy who's gone to Texas; it's the other girl, and she's the one who afterward followed him down to Texas and got a job herself as hired girl. But that comes later on in the picture. You understand, there's two girls up North, but they don't stay there, and the guy that's in love with the girl—you understand, the one guy is in love with the girl that loves him; this is the guy that has gone to Texas. You get the point, don't you? Well, this other girl has a girl friend who has spent most of her life in Texas, and this girl—not the girl friend, but the girl who has the last girl for her friend—introduces this other girl to the girl whose gentleman friend is the oil man—not the guy who has gotten rich in oil, but the guy whose girl hopes he will get rich. Well, this girl—the one who came up from Texas, not the last one, but the one who followed the other guy—falls in love with the picture of the guy—the fellow who has gone to Texas. And then—oh well, there's a peach of a fight between the fellows, and the girl who came from Texas—not the—Well, anyhow, see the picture. You'll enjoy it!"

—Frank H. Williams.

"What's in a Name?"

"What are we filming next?"
"Shakespeare's 'Comedy of Errors.'"
"Any place in it for our 'Bathing Belles'?"
"No."
"Too bad! We'll have to make it 'The Tragedy of Errors,' instead!"

Priscilla Dean has been made a member—an honorary member—of the Los Angeles police force, with authority to arrest speeders, or any other offenders against the law. Here she is in her uniform. The beauty of it all is that in case Priscilla is ever stopped for going forty miles on a thirty-mile road, she can show her badge to the cap and tell him she was merely in pursuit of her duty.
Movie of a Man Teaching His Wife To Skate
Was $100
Before the War
Now $64

In these days when the cost of many things is higher than before the war, it is a distinct contribution to business economy to offer through more direct selling methods such a great and decided saving on so popular a typewriter as the Oliver.

Over 800,000 Sold
SEND NO MONEY!

No money in advance. Not a cent! Simply make your request via the coupon below if you want this brand new Oliver Typewriter for five days' free trial in your own home or office. Use this Oliver for five days as if it were your own. Type all your letters or any other work with it. Put it to every conceivable test. Compare it with any $100 typewriter on the market. Compare it for simplicity of construction. For beauty of finish. For ease of operation. For speed. For neatness of work.

Then if after 5 days' free trial you do not wish to keep the typewriter for any reason whatsoever, simply send it back to us and you won't be out one cent for the free trial. If, on the other hand, you decide that it is the finest typewriter, and you wish to keep it, then pay us at the easy rate of only $4 a month. This is the open, free trial offer we make to you on the Oliver to let you see for yourself that if any typewriter is worth $100 it is this splendid, speedy Oliver No. 9, our latest model and the finest we ever built.

Mail the Coupon Now

The OLIVER
Typewriter Company
261 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Save $36
For $64 you can now obtain the identical Oliver Typewriter formerly priced at $100. We are able to save you nearly half because of our radically new and economical method of distribution. During the war we learned many lessons. We found that it was unnecessary to have such a vast number of traveling salesmen and so many expensive branch houses throughout the country. We were able to discontinue many other superfluous sales methods. Result—we can afford to sell at $64 the very same Oliver formerly priced at $100.

Mail the Coupon Now

Check the coupon to get the Oliver for five days' free trial in your own home. If you decide to keep the typewriter you can pay for it on terms so easy that you won't miss the money—only $4 a month. If you prefer to have further information before ordering, fill in the coupon for our free catalog. Clip the coupon now and mail at once.

Canadian Price $82

The OLIVER
Typewriter Company
261 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

A Finer Typewriter at a Fair Price

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Columbia Graphophone Co.
Otis Elevator Company
National City Bank of N. Y.
Boston Elevated Railway
Hart, Schaffner & Marx
U. S. Steel Corporation
New York Edison Company
American Bridge Company
National Cloak & Suit Co.

THE OLIVER TYPETRITER COMPANY
261 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☑ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it I will pay $44 at the rate of $4 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your deluxe catalog and further information.

Name............................................
Street Address............................................
City............................................ State............................................
Occupation or Business............................................

This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

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This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.
The scene is the information office of the Super-Famous Pictures Corporation. At the switchboard is Helen Menn, who, like St. Peter, controls the gate. Enter a stranger from without.

Helen—Whom did you wish to see?
Stranger—Mr. Banx.
Helen—What name?
Stranger—BANX!
Helen—YOUR name is—
Stranger—Waite.
Helen—You'll have to wait, Mr. Waite. Have you an appointment?
Waite—Of course. For two o'clock. It's two-thirty now. He ought to be here.
Helen—What did you wish to see him about?
Waite—About some business.
Helen—Does he expect you now?
Waite—Certainly! I had an appointment. It's very important!
Helen (convinced)—He's probably in the cutting room. I'll ring. (She rings the cutting room.)
Helen (after a pause)—Not there! They said to try the property room. (She rings the property room.)
Waite—Glances at his watch and begins to trim his nails.
Helen—Not in the property room. May be on one of the sets. I'll send a boy. (She sends a boy, who returns eventually.)
Boy—Nuthin' doin'. Have you tried the projection room?
Helen—Projection room's busy. I'll ring 'em later. (She rings the property room.)
Helen—Not there! (She rings the cutting room.)
Helen (after a pause)—It's four now! He ought to be here.
Helen—What do you wish to see him about?
Waite—I told you all about it over an hour ago!
Helen—Oh, I'm sorry! Well, he's probably in the cutting room.
Waite—You tried the cutting room, and you tried the property room, and you sent a boy—
Helen (brightening up)—I remember! I was trying the projection room. Hello! Hello! Projection? Is Mr. Banx there? Not there? What's that? Try his office? Never thought of it! Hello! Mr. Banx's office? Gentleman here to see Mr. Banx. A Mister—a Mister—What was that name? Oh, Waite! Waite! Don't get fresh, Jack! I know you've waited two years. I mean his name is Waite, and he wants Mr. Banx. Oh, Lordy, I didn't know!
Waite (exhibiting first symptoms of impatience)—I'll go right in. It'll be all right.
Helen (quite mechanically)—Awfully sorry, Mr. Tate, but Mr. Banx isn't with us any more. Left the company three days ago. Have you an appointment?
—Herbert S. Marshutz.

—Discouraged Teacher—Willie, what will you do when you grow up if you don't learn to spell?
Willie—Write titles for movin' pictures.
Music—the Secret of Popularity

With This New Easy Method You Can Quickly Learn Your Favorite Musical Instrument At Home—Without a Teacher

"NO, I'M SORRY, BUT REALLY, I CAN'T PLAY.
No longer need this admission spoil your whole evening's fun. No longer must you remain helplessly in the background—a wallflower—while others take part in singing and playing. No longer need you envy the popularity of those of your friends who know how to entertain.

For now, through this wonderful new method you can, in a few short months, and in your own home, learn to sing, or to play your favorite musical instrument without a teacher. The cost is low, only a few cents a lesson—and you may take the course on approval. You either learn to play—or you don't pay.

New Easy Way

This remarkable system has revolutionized the study of music. No agonizing scales, no torturous finger exercises, no reprimands from teachers—all these are eliminated for once and for all.

No need to join a class or pin yourself down to certain specified hours for lessons or practice. No need to pay a dollar or more a lesson to a private teacher. Every one of the former obstacles to musical accomplishment has been removed.

With this new method studying becomes an actual pleasure. Your own rapid progress will, amaze not only your friends, but you, yourself.

Where before you were invited merely for the purpose of "filling in" you will now be sought after eagerly at parties, social gatherings or entertainments.

You don't need to know the first thing about music to begin with. Or if you have previously studied music and finally gave it up, discouraged, you can start right in where you left off.

The lessons we send you clearly and thoroughly explain every step in Print and Picture form. You can't possibly go wrong with them. Every step is made as simple as A B C.

Besides being easy and inexpensive our course has many other advantages over the old method. If some point has slipped your mind you can instantly refer back to the lesson which contains it. If you go out of town you can take the lessons with you—no need of suspending your practice when traveling. Then again, other members of your family can study the lessons as well as you.

All may have the same opportunity of becoming accomplished musicians.

Over 250,000 Successful Students

Just think, over a quarter of a million people have learned how to play or sing through the U. S. School of Music. We have in our files thousands of grateful letters from our students all testifying to the worth of our courses. Space forbids showing more than only a few of them here.

It is largely through the recommendation of satisfied pupils that we have built up the largest school of music in the world. And just as these thousands of pupils have learned how to play or sing—just as they have put more happiness into their own lives and the lives of others—just as they have gained greater popularity than they ever thought possible, so can you.

Lessons on Approval

You need not risk a single penny. We want you to take our course on trial—singing or any instrument you prefer—and judge entirely by your own progress. If the course or your progress does not come up to your expectations you need not pay a cent. We guarantee your satisfaction—absolutely. If, on the other hand you are pleased with the course the total cost amounts to only a few cents a lesson, with your music and everything else included.

Special Short Time Offer

For a limited time we are making an exceptional offer which cuts the cost per lesson in two. Your name on the attached coupon or on a post card brings you full particulars of this offer, also our interesting free book "Music Lessons In Your Own Home." This explains our method in detail and shows you how easy it is to turn your wish to play or sing into an actual fact.

Simply send us your name and address and this wonderful book, together with full details of our special half-price offer, will be sent to you at once. But act at once before this offer is withdrawn. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

YOUR FAVORITE INSTRUMENT NOW EASY

 Piano    Harmony
 Organ    Violin
 Violin    Composition
 Viola    Sight Singing
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 Banjo    Hawaiian
 Mandolin    Steel Guitar
 Clarinet    Harp
 Flute    Cornet
 Saxophone    Piccolo
 'Cello    Trombone

Amazing Results

Since I've been taking your lessons I've made over $200 with my violin. Your lessons surely are fine. Melvin Freeland, Maconop, N. J.

My friends all think it wonderful how I learned to play in such a short time. I regret that I didn't hear of your school long ago. Mrs. W. Carter, 2208 Cass Ave., St. Louis.

I am more than satisfied with the lessons. They are much better than a private teacher. I certainly admire the way you take pains to explain everything in them. I wouldn't go back to my private teacher if I were paid to. Julius L. Picard, Stepmo, Conn.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
321 Brunswick Bldg.
New York

MR. DAVID F. KEMP, President
U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
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Please send me your Free Book, "Music Lessons In Your Own Home," and particulars of your Special Offer.

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Be a Magician Give Shows!

Mystify Your Friends

Earn money. We make tricks for home and stage use. Big new illustrated catalogue of one thousand tricks, puzzles, jokes, novelties and big stage illusions for stumps.

OAKS MAGICAL CO., Dept. 562, Oshkosh, Wis.

Everyone Admires A Slim Figure

FLO-RA-ZO-NA BATH CARTONS

Why fast to reduce your weight when you can "take off" flesh externally through your daily bath? FLO-RA-ZO-NA is a wonderful scientific discovery that effectively and harmlessly reduces weight. Nutritious and healing to the skin — a great relief to rheumatism. A preparation absolutely free from Epsom salts, Alum or any harmful ingredients. A pleasing and comfortable way to reduce. Fourteen Treatments — $3.00.

If your druggist cannot supply you, write to the
Royal Pharmaceutical & Perfumery Co., Inc.
Dept. J, 49 E. 108th St., New York City.

It Was Time To Go

A moment before the leading man was to be hurled from the cliff into the sea, two hundred feet below, he began rearranging his tie. He then further delayed proceedings by smoothing his hair and brushing imaginary specks of dust from his clothing. The director threw up his hands in disgust, and the gentleman, noting his displeasure, suavely asked:

"Have you any objection to my improving my appearance?"

"My dear sir," replied the director, "I know of no objection — but your appearance is nothing to do with the case. It is your disappearance we are waiting for."

Broke the Record

The motion picture magazine magnificently reading his daughter's manuscript and handed it back to her. "There is one correct way and about ten million wrong ways to write a scenario," he remarked.

"And I suppose I have selected one of the ten million wrong ways," she mourned.

"I am sorry to have to discourage you, my dear, but it seems to me you have succeeded in selecting all of them."

Wise and Otherwise

Business Man — I know a lawyer who makes $50,000 a year by simply sitting in a swivel chair and looking wise.

Movie Fan — That's nothing. I know a movie actor who makes four times that much by falling over a chair and looking foolish.

His Duty

Studio Visitor — You say that fierce-looking man is the cutter. What are his duties?

Movie Actor (bitterly) — When I do a piece of work I am particularly pleased with, it is his duty to cut it out of the film.
WHEN you see this trademark on the screen at your theatre it means that the picture was made by an independent star or producer in his or her own studio.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc., is a nation-wide organization of exhibitors, banded together to foster more artistic pictures and for the betterment of screen entertainment. It believes that the best pictures are to be obtained through independent artists, who are unhampered by any thought other than to give you, their public, the best that is in them.

You know these stars, whose productions appear under the First National banner, and what they stand for in pictures.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc.
James D. Williams
(Continued from page 15)

exhibition. Whatever danger there was is over.

"You see, once a picture is completed, there's no limit to the number of duplicates that may be made from the negative at very little more than the cost of the raw stock. With control of picture theaters in which to show these duplicates, the favored few could have throttled competition. That would have been bad.

"So I and my associates set about seeing if we couldn't devise a plan that would be fair to all interests concerned. It was our belief that by eliminating the middlemen, producer and consumer (the audience) could get closer together, to the great gain of both. We began something over two years ago, that is, in December, 1917, as the First National Exhibitors' Circuit, a service on a co-operative plan. We have grown into an association—Associated First National—with a membership of about thirty-five hundred exhibitors. We act as purchasing agents for them; that is all.

"And this is how we do it. Rentals for cities of the first, second and third class, down to the smallest town or hamlet, are reckoned on the paying power of each. The population of the town, the seating capacity of the house, are considered, and the rental is thus arrived at. It took two years of the hardest kind of work by fifteen capable people to collect and tabulate the data necessary for this, but it was worth while. In each case the exhibitor is able, with publicity aids we supply, to work out his own plans for getting his people in, and so make every picture he shows a paying proposition. And on his own account he is at perfect liberty to rent elsewhere pictures he thinks his audiences demand. If we offer a Chaplin comedy or a Charles Ray feature or any others, he will book them on dates open to him, but that will not prevent his booking a Pickford picture when he can get it. The plan insures independence and a fair field. Bad pictures will suffer the fate of barnacles when the ship they're attached to gets into a fresh-water harbor—they just naturally fall off and go down to Davy Jones.

"And don't you think getting everyone working with all the rest for the best is as likely as any other plan to solve all our problems—trusts, censors and all?"
Out of Nowhere, on the screen, Smiled a face
Which for years I had not seen
Any place,
Save in mind’s-eye memories
Of my past.
Now I had her, oh, the tease!
Caught at last!

Hers the same half-mocking lips,
Downcast gaze
Resting upon finger tips
Which would craze
Any man they chanced to touch.
They did me;
For I kissed them, got in Dutch,
Was “too free!”

Now—what matter does it make
Whose she is?
Is it really her mistake
Being his?
Had I acted still more free,
Who can say
She might not now smile at me
Every day?

Feared the Worst
Camera Man—The director tells me
we’re going to film the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.
What part do you suppose he’ll give you?
Curly the Cowboy (gloomily)—I dunno.
But judging from the fool parts
I’ve had to play lately, I wouldn’t be too surprised if I’d have to be the gangplank.

A Mere Trifle
Physician—You have a broken leg,
three fractured ribs, a dislocated arm
and bruises and abrasions too numerous
to mention. Your injuries will keep
you in bed at least two months.

Mr. Flopper (the movie hero)—Two months nothing!
I can sleep ’em off in twenty-four hours.

No Doubt of It
Interviewer—I met your leading man,
Mr. Knowitall, as I came into the studio.
Don’t you think he is a very
finished artist?

Director—I don’t think anything
about it. I know it. I just discharged him.

Poor Work
The movie director’s last words were characteristic of him.
What were they?
“Rotten!” he yelled to the automobilist who fatally injured him.
“Rotten! Now, try that over again and see
if you can’t kill me instantly.”
Why People Go to the Movies

By Russell E. Smith

I HAVE discovered why people go to the movies.

Oh, yes—I know! I, too, used to think that they went to see the latest in flimsy flickers, but I was wrong. They don't.

Those two ladies just behind you—take them, for instance. (Take 'em for nothing, and take 'em far, say I) They didn't come to the movies to see them; not they! They came to tell each other how Mamie—you know, she used to live near door to us, the one with the wart. No, not the house—Mamie! Well, she ran away with a drummer, and do you know, her mother went to New York to look for her and found her—

I defy those two ladies to tell whether she got he or not in the last ten feet. Incidentally, those two ladies always sit right behind you, no matter where you sit. There may be space in all directions vacant, but they always sit right behind you. Someone tell me!

And that large lady with the little boy over two or three seats to the left. She came not to see them, but to ex-pand them for the equal benefit of the little boy and the surrounding multitude. Every title that is flashed on the screen has "What did that say?" as a concomitant, being supplied, of course, by the little boy. You wouldn't have minded it if the company had supplied it. You could stand it repeated in white letters, but not in whining ones. Mother—one always supposes it is a mother—would always suppose it is a mother with the young one; no one but a mother could stand for it—mother repeats the titles almost correctly, allowing for the deficiency in her pronunciation. Poor woman, we can't all go through high school, can we? One almost—I say, almost—feels sorry for her when the picture is one of those—well, a trifler—"you know—and the titles in some of the more torrid moments are a speck—or—well, when small son wants to know what they said, mother is put to it to translate for the benefit of the boy its true meaning abridged for youthful morals!

Then the gentleman with the aged and shortsighted relative—he is a treat! We know, unless we are deaf, what it to translate for the benefit of the boy its true meaning abridged for youthful morals!

Then the gentleman with the aged and shortsighted relative—he is a treat! We know, unless we are deaf, what it to translate for the benefit of the boy its true meaning abridged for youthful morals!

Regardless of Expense

"We spare no expense in filming our pictures." "Everything fresh and new, I see." "Yes; we even use a non-refillable custard pie."
Right Off the Reel
(Continued from page 22)
pecker with him for a visit on location
in the petrified forest of Arizona. And
that misled woodpecker tried for three
days to peck a purely imaginary worm
from a tree of so absolutely solid rock
that TNT couldn't scratch it!

THE punch in the plot of "The
Golden Shower," starring Gladys
Leslie, consists of the villain arranging
an X-ray light behind the stage in such
a manner that its beams shine through
her costume and blast her reputation.
Cheer up, Gladys! It never blasted it
with us! In fact, we applauded so earn-
estly for an encore, we were ejected
from the theater!

YOU may have thought cruelty on the
part of directors not so prevalent
or severe as "extras" and press agents
have intimated. Well, what do you
think of this? A certain director, after
stopping the camera and gazing at the
hero and heroine in disgust, said bit-
ingly: "You two make love as if you
were married."

The Why and Wherefore
of the Giggle
(Continued from page 3)
stance, a drama shows the meeting of
the hero and the heroine, close-ups of
both of them approaching park, inci-
dental stuff of children playing with
goldish, scenic effects of pedestrians
passing to and fro, long shot of the
park bench, hero and heroine coming
together, close-up of them together—
and look at your screen footage! If we
have a jealous husband and a flirtatious
wife, we don't show the psychology
leading up to it or any long-winded
cut-backs; we just say in the sub-title
that he's jealous and she's flirtatious,
and start right in with the action.
For that reason, it's twice as hard to make
comedy as drama."

He paused for breath, but I was ready
with another question.
"What is the psychology of a laugh?
What do you have to do to get one?"
Mack Sennett threw up his hands in
mock despair. "Oh, lady, lady!" he
jibed. "You're asking me to put in a
paragraph what would take ten volumes
to tell. However, briefly, children,
animals, pretty girls and grotesque
characterizations are the big giggle-
getters for slapstick stuff. No, not

I Teach Piano
a Funny Way

So People Told Me When I First
Started in 1981. But now, after
over twenty-five years of steady
growth, I have far more students
than were ever before taught by
one man. I make them skilled
players of the piano or organ in
quarter the usual time at quar-
ter the usual cost.

To persons who have not previously heard
of my method, this may seem a pretty bold
statement. But I will gladly convince you
of its accuracy by referring you to any num-
ber of my graduates in any part of the world.
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contain a score or more skilled players of the
piano or organ who obtained their entire
training from me by mail.

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tirely different from all others. Out of
every four hours of study, one hour is spent entirely
away from the keyboard—learning some-
thing about Harmony and The Laws of Music.
This is an awful shock to most teachers of the
"old school," who still think that learning
piano is solely a prob-
lem of "finger gymnas-
tics." When you do go
to the keyboard, you
accomplish twice as
much because you un-
derstand what you are
doing. Within four
lessons I enable you to play an interest-
ing piece not only in
the original key, but in
all other keys as well.

I make use of every
possible scientific help
—many of which are en-
tirely unknown to the
average teacher. My patented invention,
the COLOROTONE, sweeps away playing
difficulties that have plagued students for
generations. By its use,
Transposition—usually
a "nightmare" to stu-
dents—becomes easy and
fascinating. With my
fifth lesson I intro-
duce another impor-
tant and exclusive
innovation, QUINN-
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vice which enables you to see, right before
your eyes, every movement of my hands at
the keyboard. You actually see the fin-
gers move.

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ORY—which cannot be always accurate
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when studying with me. In all essential ways you
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pies," he replied, in answer to a murmured question. "There was a time when one pie was good for one laugh, and ten pies were good for ten laughs; but not now. If they can be used intelligently and cap the climax of the situation, well and good; but constant pie throwing for its own sake is passe. That's out. I work animals a great deal, and the more unusual the animals, the better the laughs. Cute babies who can be directed to do simple little things always arouse interest; and for the rest, I rely on the comedy char-

Santa Claus is a congenial role for Patty Arnevale. The only note of unhappiness is supplied by the automobile, which shows signs of cracking under the strain.

Starting the Weeps With a Music Cue

Then it appears that the music of the movies, like the cinema itself, is not regulated by rule. As yet it is not even systematized. Perhaps in some future day we will have the casting director making a chart of the actor's psychological reactions to various pieces of music, inquiring solicitously for his favorite sob song, just as he now says, "Juvenile or heavy?" Perhaps, I say. The probability is still a possibility.

Naming the Baby

'My babe may be a movie queen When she arrives at sweet sixteen. In preparation for the same, I'll pick her out a movie name.

A Puzzle

Little Willie (at picture show) — Mother, isn't that the same man we saw here on the screen last week? Mother — Yes, dear. Little Willie — And the week before at the Rivoli? Mother — Yes, Willie. Little Willie — Gee, and he has a different wife every time! I don't see how he stands the H. C. L., do you?
A Railroad Movie

THE girl—she is usually a telegraph operator—is seen at her job. She wears a short skirt, because girl operators in the movies must wear short skirts—they have so much work to do with their limbs and feet before they can be "passed by the Board of Censors."

A couple of trains go by, just to prove that it is a railroad drama.

The conductor of No. 7 comes in to have a chat with Gladys, the operator.

No. 7 pulls out, leaving Gladys alone. Gladys "registers" horror as the telegraph ticks the news that thieves have captured a car of waste paper attached to a local freight. The car is coming downgrade, thieves and all, and it is too late to warn No. 7.

Gladys runs out and looks up the track. Gladys runs twice around the platform, proving beyond doubt that they are silk.

View of No. 7 on its unsuspecting way. It whistles realistically, the man at the piano pausing long enough to blow on a little tin trumpet, like Willie will get for Christmas.

View of runaway freight car, thieves hanging on desperately.

No more hesitation for Gladys. She lifts a five-hundred-pound handcar onto the track and starts it off in the teeth of the wind. Gladys is rather shapely, although it is terrible to notice such things when No. 7 is in peril.

Gladys discards handcar and jumps on bronco. For a girl comparatively plump, she has rather prominent knee-caps, don't you think? However—A perfectly thrilling ride across country, the railroad fortunately having more curves than a watchspring. It is—pray heaven—impossible to ride four miles in a straight line while the train is going forty around double reverses.

On bronco!

View of No. 7, still unsuspecting.

View of flying freight car, laden with waste paper. Thieves, one by one, leave their booties and jump for their lives. Car goes on.

Gladys leaps from bronco and jumps in automobile.

Gladys leaps from automobile into motor boat.

Gladys docks motor boat and starts to run toward drawbridge. If you have noticed anything unconventional, please have the courtesy not to mention it. When bent on saving a trainful of lives, a girl has to move.

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YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE

BUT YOUR NOSE?

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times.

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Just as you have learned to read and write, you can teach you how to draw. Everybody has the ability. True, some have more than others, but that is because that ability has been developed. You start with straight lines—then curves. Then you learn to put them together. Now you begin making pictures. Shading, action, perspective, and all the rest follow in their right order, until you are making pictures that bring you from $50 to $500 or more. Many artists receive as high as $1000 for a single drawing!

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UNIVERSAL NOVELTY CO. Dept. 105 STAMFORD, CONN.

Gladys climbs to dizzy height on drawbridge structure. Well, since you ask me, I prefer plain black myself. But it is wholly a matter of taste, and, besides, this is no time to—

Gladys swings in midair and drops from drawbridge squarely into the tender of Train No. 7, which is just passing. She lands on soft coal, uninjured. She crawls down to the footboard and tells the engineer of No. 7 for godsake to back up. He does so.

View of runaway freight car.
Gladys leaps from No. 7, now backing nicely, and starts to open the drawbridge. There is nobody around but the audience.

Runaway freight car arrives just in time for an Annette Kellermann dive; it dives and disappears. No. 7 is safe!
Gladys boards No. 7, to be taken back to her station, ninety miles away.
Really, the conductor of No. 7 should be more careful. That car step is frightfully high and—I think the left one had a darned spot on it.
Back on her station platform, Gladys waves good-by to No. 7 and its grateful crew. What a windy day it is! Gladys is waving all over.

Wouldn't the railroad movie be perfectly grand if they'd only cut out the locomotives and the cars?

He Knew Them
Director—I don't see why you objected to the part, Bill. Of course, it's not in your line, but you look great in even a calico dress and a silk hat. Why, the Bar X boys would be proud of you!
Bill the Cowboy (gloomily)—Do you know what the boys would say if they could see me in this rig?

Director—What?
Bill the Cowboy—They'd say, after it was all over—get that, boss—after it was all over: ‘Bill was a good cowpuncher, but then movies done ruined him. Where shall we bury the old boy?'

Incongruous Costume
Director—What's the matter there? Is somebody hurt?
Leading Man—Nobody hurt. The leading lady fainted at the sight of Bronco Bill wearing a silk shirt and riding a calico pony.

Heroic
It denotes real histrionic talent when a movie actor can successfully register anger while facing a pretty actress.
A GOOD story is everything in motion pictures, according to that eminent authority and motion picture magnet, J. Augustus Applemuss, owner and director-general of Buffalo films—not counting the stockholders, naturally.

We can’t give Applemuss too much praise for this courageous stand. For two reasons. The first is that it’s the truth, and anyone supplying even a modicum, a mustard seed, of that rare and inestimable element these days is entitled to all the praise he can get. And the second is that everybody else interested in motion pictures says the same thing, and has been saying it ever since Moviedom became what the lawyers call a life in ease—so it wouldn’t be fair to the others to give too much praise to this Applemuss.

Agreed, then, that a photoplay is no photoplay at all unless it has a good story.

Applemuss says the story’s so important that he’ll go to any length to get one, even to the half of his kingdom—say, fifty thousand dollars.

Armed with this interesting and illuminating fact, we step around the corner into the Apollo, H. Lentz, prop.

What luck! A Buffalo film! Now we’re going to have a good story!

Do we? Ayes “yes,” Noes “no.” The nose gets it, unanimously.

But Applemuss paid—living up to his principles—fifteen thousand good iron men for the movie rights to that story, said story having already been done into a book by the esteemed author, Anthony Whoops.

What’s the answer? Wasn’t Whoops’s book a good story, after all? Doesn’t Applemuss know a good story when he sees one? Or is the fact about a good story’s being all-important not a fact at all, like a door when it’s ajar?

A little, probably, of all three. But more important still, the generally overlooked fallacy that no matter how good a story may be, it’s no story at all for photoplay purposes unless it’s a good story on the screen.

That doesn’t mean merely that a story must be of a nature suitable for picture production; a surprising proportion of stories can be transferrable acceptably to the screen. It means, primarily, that a good story is made a good story in the telling, and since for photoplay purposes a story has to be completely retold, it will be good on the screen only if it is retold into a good screen story.

Let’s pick that apart a little further, for it’s at the bottom of all our troubles with mediocre motion pictures.

“My confidential letter will tell you all about the Method you are especially interested in—also contains exact quotations from the Directions; besides Suggestions and Hints—the outgrowth of years of study, all free. The coupon brings this prepaid and free, no matter where you live, in country, town or city. My heart goes out in sympathy to you in your ambition to be beautiful, and you owe it to yourself to be attractive, admired and courted. Write your name and address plainly on the coupon. Remember, check only the one Method that you want described—but send no money. This offer is positively guaranteed.”

—Lucille Young.

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The above is the statement of Lucille Young herself in announcing the completion of her own booklet "Stepping Stones to Beauty," now being mailed free on request. We quote Lucille Young’s own words as follows:

"Beauty is Woman’s Birthright. In gratitude for my own restoration and to help others to the happiness which is mine today in possessing a Lovely Complexion and the charms of personal Beauty, I am now prepared to send you complete and without cost my own edition of "Stepping Stones to Beauty," also my own personal letter describing whichever one of the Methods you select and mark on the coupon below.

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—Lucille Young.

SPOILING THE MOTION PICTURE

Movie Queen (to assistant manager; who dropped glycerin bottle)—Now see what you’ve done! You’ve shed all my tears!
Read Judge

The wittiest short stories by authors of National Reputation as Fun Makers.

Look over James S. Metcalfe’s theatrical page each week.

Get the “Digest of the World’s Humor;” “Bad Breaks;” “With the College Wits;” and the best in the humorous field.

Judge is for sale at your nearest newsdealer.

Few people, no matter how much money they control, can walk down the street and hire a Shakespeare or a Kipling or a Barrie. There aren’t enough of those birds to go around.

But Applemuss has drifted into the pleasing delusion that by hiring an expensive director, and then buying the rights to a famous novel, he can put a masterpiece on the screen.

If it were only as simple as that!

Suppose Applemuss gives his director this plot: A man falls in love with a girl, who marries another man, unworthy of her. The husband is killed, and the girl, after mistakenly worshipping his memory for years, finds out her mistake and marries the hero.

Obviously, whether or not that story makes a good photoplay depends on the skill with which Mr. Director, aided by his continuity writer and all the rest, pictures it. He must know life and get some of that knowledge into the actions and motives of his characters, in order to make the story human and compelling. Otherwise, his story will be the trite thing you might presuppose from that old and worn plot. Applemuss, likely, would hesitate a long while before he set his director at work making bricks from such poor straw. He’d want a better story than that to start with.

That is, he’d want a better plot, if you told him this one in all its nudity as a mere skeleton, in those few words. He’d feel, and quite rightly, that unless his director were supplied with more material, he’d fizzle on the picture.

But suppose our director were himself one of the great story-tellers of the century. He’d be able to make a great photoplay out of that plot. Griffith took it—with the male and female parts reversed, so that the girl is the hero, while the man marries twice—and made a picture called “True Heart Susie,” which in spite of a carelessly handled ending is one of the finest films he ever turned out. Dickens used the plot, just as it stands. Thackeray took it and turned out “Vanity Fair.”

Applemuss can screen “Vanity Fair”—but he can’t screen Thackeray. And whether or not his screen version of the great novel contains a “good story” will depend almost altogether on the acumen and insight with which he picks his director and collaborators, and the skill and human knowledge of those people themselves.
**Trying It On the Dog**

**CERTAIN** leading motion picture producers have adopted an old stunt and invented a new indoor sport—watching people watch movies. The game is called technically a “try-out.”

You start with a couple of hundred thousand dollars, if you can borrow that much. Or less; even fifty or a hundred thousand would do in a pinch.

There is not even any rule, if you’re fixed the way some of us are and find it hard to stretch your credit beyond a certain point—say, thirty or forty cents—against using your own money instead of borrowing. But this is not usually done.

You spend your roll with speed and nonchalance upon your leading lady, your director, assistant director, cameraman, assistant camera man, studio manager, assistant studio manager, office boy, assistant office boy, film, more film, still more film, etc., etc.

Finally your picture is written and taken and assembled and cut and titled and praised and tried out. Then you watch the audience.

If the audience shows a tendency to wiggle about in his or her seat, and yawns and coughs and looks up when any more of itself comes in, you lose.

If the audience fails to laugh over the funny spots you’ve cooked up so confidently, but seems on the whole interested when the Evil Whiskey Smuggler gets Ethel alone in the cave and begins tearing her blouse during the wrestling match before Lionel arrives, it’s probably a tie.

But if the audience sits quite still as the picture begins, and laughs at the first jokes and doesn’t cough during the climax, and leans forward and gets particularly irritated when newcomers have to squeeze past to get into the vacant seats, and applauds frantically when...
Lionel kicks the spurs into his horse and starts for the cave in a cloud of dust, why, you win in a walk!

A good many photoplay producers have not as yet recognized the obvious advantages of this game. They seem to fear the judgment of those who will eventually judge the picture in any case, and merely invite a few selected friends and critics to a “special showing.” Then they can bask complacently in the sunshine of the favorable comment that inevitably results.

But the outside audience has no axe to grind, no manners to remember. It doesn’t know what it wants, but it knows when it comes. Also when it doesn’t.

Individually, you and Mike McGinnity and Wesley Brown and I give little indication of what we think or feel when we watch a photoplay; collectively, we shout our applause or disapproval aloud, for those who have eyes to see or ears to hear—and it’s a brave producer who dares come to us at the earliest possible moment and abide by our verdict.

One soon learns to read an audience.

Take that interesting but appreciative phenomenon known to science as the cough, for instance. You and I know that we cough only when we have just naturally have to, and not to express our lack of interest in a photoplay. But watch the audience at the next movie you go to. Each person there coughs just as we do (only louder), when he can’t keep from coughing one second more. Yet—marvelous! As the interesting spots in ‘the picture’ come along, all the coughing dies away; then, as the story sags again, an intermittent chorus of utterly unconscious coughing breaks out all over the house—here and there, like the firecrackers in a small town the night before the Fourth.

Utter absorption in the picture—leaning forward in the seat—these are great signs of a gripping film. Laughter and applause are, of course, more obvious. Unconscious comments, when they can be caught, are most revealing.

One soon learns to read an audience. One soon learns to read an audience. One soon learns to read an audience.
Just watch the audience and listen for comments and revealing sounds. Last night I played it myself, watching "Nomads of the North." I learned the picture would be a box-office success, pleasing all classes moderately, and some classes immoderately, but leaving the "highbrow element" only very mildly impressed.

Screen Scrapple

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

THE producer of L-Ko Films was recently enraged because someone criticised his comedies.

"I won't have it!" he roared. "I'll have you understand I make fine pictures. My comedies are not to be laughed at."

And he was surprised because everybody agreed.

J. SEARLE DAWLEY, out on location, was looking for an old-fashioned horse and buggy to use in a picture. At each farmhouse where he stopped, the farmer would inform him with pride that he could use his new flivver, but that horses were out of date.

Then Dawley saw a decrepit-looking horse in front of a little house, and he approached to the back door to see if he could borrow it. A woman demanded to know with some suspicion why he wanted it, and on being told, she snapped: "No, sir! I never did approve of these here movin' pickers, and I'll not have a horse o' mine appearin' in one on 'em!"

THE optimist claims that moving pictures are in their infancy; the pessimist that they're in their senility.

THE interviews with screen actresses reveal to us the fact that few of them have ever been away from the coast. Which is the only way we can account for the atrocious way most of them dress. Garden frocks for the boudoir, boudoir dresses for the drawing room, evening gowns for the after-party.

No More Wrinkles

BEAUTIFUL BUST

Superfluous Hair Vanishes Like Magic. Eyelashes Beautified

Pimples and Blackheads Removed Forever

This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has perfected a marvellous, single method which brought a wonderful change in her face in a single night. For removing wrinkles and developing the face, her method is truly wonderfully swift. She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the information which our readers: our women tell hundreds of, thousands, thousands of women is necessary. That is the only way we can account for the atrocious way most of them dress. Garden frocks for the boudoir, boudoir dresses for the drawing room, evening gowns for the after-party.

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WEAK WOMEN

cannot hope ever to become strong and well again unless they have plenty of good, rich, red blood of the kind that organic iron—

Nuxated Iron—helps make. Nuxated Iron is like the iron in your blood and like the iron in spinach, lec-
tins and apples, while metallic iron is iron just as it comes from the action of strong acids on iron filings. Nuxated Iron does not injure the teeth nor upset the stomach; it is an entirely different thing from ordi-

nary metallic iron. It quickly helps make rich, red blood, revitalize wornout, exhausted nerves and gives you new strength and energy. Over 4,000,000 pots annually are using it. For sale by all druggists. Be-

ware of substitutes. The genuine has N.I. stamped on every tablet. Always insist on having the genuine.

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For Red Blood. Strength and Endurance

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Typewriter prices

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dres.s and we will send you our most startling offer at our own expense. Most startling offer.

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abet; 12 Chemical Experiments; Magic Age Table; Great North Pole Game; 100 Conundrums; 8 Puzzles; 12 Games; 30 Verses for Autograph Albums. All the above by mail for 10 cts. and 2 cts. postage.

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The most fascinating girls on the screen. Actual photographs in artistic pose. Size 8 x 10. 3 for $1.00; $3.50 per dozen. Over one hundred subjects.

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cure publication. Submit poems on any subject:

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noon tea and opera capes for the office is the coasterner's idea of blue blood and wealth and class. The only time the coast actress has the right idea is when she selects a bathing suit.

OF all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest of these is: "The star will be seen in a dual role."

MARGARET NAMARA appears in "A Moment's Madness." Evidently the producers are cutting the length of productions.

The Confessions of a Flivver

(Continued from page 50)

three times in two months. My license number became known everywhere, and once I bent my fender in a street brawl with a Ford. I was fast going to the junk heap.

Once I made a trip through my home town, and the cars who had gone to Sunday school with me said I was too much of a self-starter, and picked up their wheels to avoid brushing against me, like the cranks they were.

How far gone I was in degradation must be left to the imagination. My pristine coat of paint was tarnished; I leaked tears of penitence and joy from my radiator.

I am now a changed Flivver. I can once more look a respectable car in the eye. My redemption and repairs date from that blessed night. Even my license number has a different tone. I was stolen that night and sold. I now belong to an undertaker.

Movie directors are thoughtful for the welfare of even the humblest help. Here, "on location," a dummy is receiving nourishment before going over a cliff.
The Woman Behind a Post

"WHY, James Clatterby, whatever made you let them sell you two seats both of which are partly behind a post? And they are away over on one side, where you can’t see one side of the stage! When we go to the theater so seldom, it does seem to me that I would, if I were you, have a little forethought in regard to where we are to sit.

"Why didn’t you think to ask if the seats were behind a post or see to it just where they were? You have only to ask for a diagram of the theater to see one. They are glad to show it to you and—Well, here we are for the whole evening, sitting right behind a post, so that both of us will have to crane our necks away around in order—We won’t have to do anything of the sort? Well, I’d like to know why not! The post isn’t transparent, and here it is right in front of us! I don’t see—What? We have only to sit well over in our seats to see without the post interfering any?

"Well, will you tell me why there was any need of getting seats that make it necessary for us to sit differently from the way other people sit? They don’t have to sit away over to one side in their seats and lean out to see the stage, and we paid as much for seats in this row as they did and are entitled to just as good seats! I think there should be a law forbidding them putting posts in front of seats in a theater. One person has as much right to a good seat as another when both have paid for it. I wish to goodness I had told you not to get seats anywhere near a post. If I were you, I would go out to the box office and enter a complaint or—What? You can go out and have the seats changed? Yes, and pay fifty cents more on each seat, for there are no empty seats in this three-dollar section; and I’m not going to have you pay more
MOVING PICTURE MACHINE

FREE

This genuine New Model American-made Moving Picture Machine with film... ALL GIVEN for selling: $4.00, insane at $5.00. Write for them. We send them post-paid. When sold return $5.00 and we will make and extra premium of set of admission tickets. Brome Mfg. Co., 671 Bill St., Chicago, Illinois, N.Y.

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A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send $1.00 for our Twelve-Hour Talent Tester or Key to Moving Acting Aptitude and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. Instructive and valuable. Send dime or stamps today. Interesting, illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting Included FRE.

Film Information Bureau, Sta. H, Jackson, Mich.
The Pulp Paper Pictures

A NY firm, gent or corporation that sets out to be all things to all men at all times is tackling a job that would make even the late Hercules pause and take thought.

For men, like Caesar's famous tribes of Gaul, differ among themselves. And women—for whom, they say, photoplays are as yet particularly intended—even more so. Consider their plumage.

We look at things differently. With some, the fur grows close above the eyes; with others, the solid ivory dome towers high through the foliage. Hence the Metropolitan Museum and Coney Island, and Republicans and Democrats, and the Atlantic Monthly and the New York Journal.

But to the young all things are possible, and the movies are still in their sophomore year. So, instead of resigning themselves to the inevitable with a sigh and catering only to a class, as the now venerable periodicals of the country have consented to do, the movies are still, for the most part, shooting into the brown, confidently hoping to bring down the entire flock.

Which makes the more conservative exceptions all the more exceptional and deserving of credit.

Among the magazines there has long been recognized the existence of a class of readers that wants what is known as "popular fiction." Not "highbrow stuff." The numerous all-fiction magazines, generically classed as the "pulp-paper" magazines, have grown into success and prominence through catering to this "popular fiction" class. Each month, each week, they publish the vast advantage of home reading, the "entertainment only" order that is on the whole amazingly good.

They have the vast advantage of honesty. They are exactly what they pretend to be. One finds in their stories surprisingly few such paragraphs as may be gleaned from the columns of their supposed superiors, where the reaching toward ultra-refinement leads sometimes almost to humor:

"She opened her lips to flay him alive, but he closed them with his own in such a kiss that the twilight world swayed with her—a perfect kiss, soft, slow, gentle, yet prideful withal and commanding. A kiss firm enough to be ardent, yet delicate enough to be modest."

Well, let's think of something else.

Learn To Write Short Stories

YOU can now learn to write Short Stories, Photoplays, Magazine and Newspaper articles in your own home. Those day dreams of yours may mean a future to you because you can now learn how to put them in marketable form through a new efficient training. Writing is not a "gift from Heaven." The ability to write is acquired—just any other ability, and YOU can acquire the ability through Hoosier Institute training, right in your own home during your spare time. You receive personal instruction. You will find the work fascinating and it will be surprising how your writing improves.

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When the ring comes make the first small deposit ($4.75) with the postman. Wear it 10 full days. If you can tell it from a diamond send it back. If you decide to keep it, merely pay the balance at $2.50 a month. The total price of either ring is only $12.00.

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Send us your name and address today. Use the coupon or a letter or a post card. Be sure to send your money size. To do this put a strip of paper just long enough to meet over the second joint of the finger on which you wish to wear the ring. Send the coupon now—send it back!
Leslie's Weekly

Always contains the most interesting articles on business conditions throughout the country.

If you want to invest, “Jasper’s Hints to Investors,” will help you.

Read Dr. Charles Aubrey Eaton’s editorialis. They will interest you.

Leslie’s is the best weekly for the head of the family.

Obtainable from your nearest newsdealer.

Among the picture producers Universal has been one of the first to come out avowedly as a purveyor of purely popular photoplays, and has been, thereby, decidedly the gainer. Not a little of the strength that has come to the pulp-paper magazines with honesty of purpose has come also to the great Universal Film Manufacturing Company.

Last winter I had an interesting talk with one of the Universal higher-ups.

“You can go into a swell restaurant,” he said, “and order a three-dollar dish, that’s prepared by a big chef getting so many hundred dollars a month. And with it you have a salad made of fruits that are out of season, and so on. And when it’s over, you can puff at a dollar cigar. But still, when you’ve finished, you may not feel particularly well satisfied.

“Or you can go to a cheaper place, where workingmen eat, and find good, solid food, and plenty of it. Everything well cooked, but nothing fancy. Good meat and potatoes and gravy and vegetables and homemade bread; and you eat until you’re—just—full. And when you’re done, you’re so satisfied, you wouldn’t take the world for a gift if they offered it to you on a platter.

“Well, that’s what we’re trying to do here at Universal—serve good, square meals for those who want ‘em. Nothing fancy, but all you want of good, healthy stuff at a reasonable price.”

Are the Universal people accomplishing that purpose? I’m inclined to think they are, and mighty creditably, too. They’ve chosen the “popular fiction” field as their own and turned out a long and steady ribbon of film calculated to give good, clean, healthy entertainment, cheap. Sure, the villains villain and all the heroes are beautiful! And in moments of great emotion the lovely ladies’ beautiful bosoms heave and fall like the ground swell of the great South Sea doing a double-quick. But why shouldn’t they? The pure-food laws have never attempted to stop the making of cheap relishes; they merely insist on the proper label. And are the evil “heavies,” after all, a bit less real or convincing than, for instance, the British nobleman in “The Right To Love,” who openly sides with his mistress against his wife in his own home and coldly plots said wife’s disgrace?

Laugh at “cheap films” all you want to, you who worship the great A in art; but remember the final lines of Kipling’s “Three-Decker”:

“Go tinker up your engines—you know your business best;
She’s taking tired people to the Islands of the Blest.”

Willing To Help

Studio Manager—The leading lady wears $20,000 worth of gowns in this picture.

Curley the Cow-puncher—Well, if that doesn’t get her past the censor, tell her I’ll lend her my saddle blanket.
Won't You Join Our Happy Family?

The Judge Family now has 800,000 members—but there's room for a million.

Will you be one of the lucky 200,000?

You do not need to sign a long lease in the House of Happiness. Just send a couple of dollars and be one of us for four months. Then, if you like it, you can arrange to stay by the year.

Judge is the champion gloom chaser of to-day. It publishes more clean, wholesome, health-giving laughs than any other publication in the land. To list those who contribute original humorous text and pictures is to call the roll of the laugh-producers of America. To this unequalled array it adds the only complete review of the world's best laughs—the best from the foreign and home funny papers, carefully selected each week for Judge readers. The "Digest of the World's Humor" is, say many members of the Great Judge Family, worth all it costs to join. Then there are the "Bad Breaks," and the "College Wits," both mirth-compelling features found nowhere else. But we won't stop to enumerate all the good things and there are a lot of 'em.

Here's the proposition for new subscribers only:

Fill out the coupon below and send it to us with $2.00 and we will mail you Judge for four months [17 issues]. This is the only way you can make sure of getting regularly the best antidote for the blues—and you save money. This offer is to introduce you and Judge. It is open to new subscribers only.

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Here is the most amazingly liberal offer ever made on wonderful gems. To quickly introduce our beautiful TIFNITE GEMS—which in appearance and by every test are so much like a diamond that even an expert can hardly tell the difference—we will absolutely and positively send them out FREE and on trial for ten days' wear. But only 10,000 will be shipped on this plan. To take advantage of it, you must act quickly.

Send the coupon NOW! Send no money. Tell us which item you prefer—Ring, Pin or LaValliere. We'll send your selection at once. After you see the beautiful, diamond-like gem and the handsome solid gold mounting—and after you have carefully made an examination and decided that you like it—if you believe you have a wonderful bargain and want to keep it, you may pay for same in small, easy payments as described in this advertisement. If, however, you can tell a TIFNITE GEM from a genuine diamond, or for any reason you do not wish it, return at our expense.

Just send coupon. You do not obligate yourself in any way in describing the jewels here. If you want ring, state whether ladies' or gentlemen's, be sure to enclose strip of paper showing exact finger measurement as described above, and get a TIFNITE GEM on this liberal offer. Wear it for 10 days on trial. All set in latest style solid gold mountings. Then decide whether you want to keep it or not. Send for yours now today.

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