AMATEUR ASTRONOMICAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

F. J. HARGREAVES, F.R.A.S.

MR. HARGREAVES began his lecture at The Royal Photographic Society on May 3rd, when the Chair was occupied by the President, Mr. F. F. Renwick, A.C.G.I., F.I.E., Hon. F.R.P.S., by quoting from a book published in 1843, entitled Practical Astronomy, in which the author, after explaining the principles of the camera obscura, referred to "an important and somewhat surprising discovery" by Daguerre, which at that time was called the art of photogenic drawing. The author said that it was not improbable that this art, still in its infancy, might enable pictures to be taken of the sublime objects in the heavens, but that "it might, perhaps, be considered as beyond the bounds of probability to expect that even distant nebulae might thus be fixed. But we ought to consider that the art is yet only in its infancy—that plates of a more delicate nature may yet be prepared, and that other properties of light may yet be discovered, which shall facilitate such designs. For we ought not now to set any boundaries to the discoveries of science." Mr. Hargreaves said that it was a matter of common knowledge how completely that prophecy had been fulfilled.

The whole sky had been charted by photography. The proper motions of the stars had been measured by photography with an accuracy far beyond that attainable by visual observations, and the photography of nebulae had been achieved with such success that not only had the astonishing spiral structure of certain of these objects been revealed, but nebulae had been studied which had never even been seen by the eye. The sky was being photographed continually and systematically at many large observatories, and in view of the work done by them it might be asked whether there was anything left for the amateur astronomer to do. But the field was exceedingly vast, and there was a great number of lines of inquiry to be pursued. The great reflectors at Mount Wilson and elsewhere, ranging in aperture from 100 inches downwards, were able to cope with certain classes of objects—for example, the very small spiral nebulae and the unnumbered hosts of very faint stars—and these instruments were naturally reserved for work which they alone can do. Instruments of rather smaller aperture but of longer focal length were employed on every clear night on other lines of inquiry, such as the measurement of stellar distances. But there were not enough instruments in use to cover the whole field, and the comets and minor planets were largely neglected.

The angular distance between two stars could be discovered more accurately by taking a photograph of them and measuring the distance than by measuring in the telescope. A comet or minor planet could be determined from a good plate with a lens of only 20 inches focal length to within plus or minus 2 seconds of arc. He might bring this home to them by saying that the enclosed part of Russell Square was about 150 yards across and subtends an angle of about 2-2 seconds of arc at a distance of 4,000 miles. If one went to the centre of the earth with a 20-inch lens, assuming the earth to be transparent, and took a photograph, one could determine whether an object were inside the enclosed part of Russell Square or not. He showed a photo-micrograph of a double-star image, and pointed out how very easily a clumping of the grains in the plate might upset the measurements. If one of these images happened to fall upon the edge of a lump of grains, its centre would be displaced towards the centre of the lump. It was an obvious precaution that whenever a photograph was taken it ought to be taken in duplicate. There ought to be two separate lenses, and two plates should always be exposed. The degree of accuracy he had just mentioned, that of 2 or 3 seconds of arc, plus or minus, was quite adequate to enable the orbits of comets and minor planets to be determined. Another slide which he showed was enlarged from a plate, in the exposure of which a 16-inch Ross portrait lens had been used by Mr. G. Merton, and it represented the comet which was discovered by Comas Soli, a Spanish astronomer, last year. Here there were two exposures made on the same plate, with a slight shift of the camera in between, and in the case of the comet the two minute images would be seen lying at an angle in relation to one another different from the angle of the pairs of images of all the stars in the picture. This illustrated the way in which a moving object could be distinguished from a stationary one. The camera having been moved slightly in the interval between the two exposures, by examining the plate, the images of the moving object could very readily be picked out. Several amateur astronomers like himself, by taking photographs of this comet, had been able to compute from the plates alone a very satisfactory orbit. Suppose they were looking for a comet that was due to return after a period of absence, and
Mr. F. G. Tutton’s Colour Prints.

In the smaller gallery a one-man show of colour prints by F. G. Tutton (Fellow) evoked much interest. These were, of course, three-colour carbon work of which Mr. Tutton is the leading exponent. As examples of technical skill they were quite amazing, and the tasteful presentation of the collection of forty prints did much to ensure the success of the show. From the point of view of truth of colour, the results were somewhat uneven. In the reproductions of two paintings and of glass and china in “still life” grouping, it was eminently successful; in certain flower studies, especially those that included strong red blooms, it was at its worst, the reds becoming opaque and lacking in all modelling and transparency. In some portraits the flesh tones were rather unconvincing, and the same must be said of such examples of landscape as were included. The fault for these failings must be laid upon the colours employed in the manufacture of the tissues, which are still a long way from perfect, and no reflection upon either the skill or taste of Mr. Tutton, who is still compelled to work with materials that nullify to some extent his best efforts.

J. Dudley Johnston.
MARCH 31, 1890.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

ARTICLES

Of a given quantity of liquid air approximately 50 per cent will be pure nitrogen, 50 per cent mixture, and the carbon dioxide being present in less than 0.5 per cent. Thus the carbon dioxide in liquid air is negligible.

In the industrial application of Profft's method of liquefying the air by means of the Dupont apparatus, the gas is released at a temperature of 80° F. and pressure of 2.2 atmospheres. The gas is then passed through a series of pipes and tubes, the temperature of the pipes being gradually lowered, until finally a temperature of 80° F. is reached. The gas is then allowed to expand, and the carbon dioxide is discharged.

The carbon dioxide is then absorbed in water, and the resulting solution is allowed to stand for a few hours. The carbon dioxide is then removed, and the solution is collected and stored in a reservoir. The carbon dioxide is then dried and compressed, and the resulting gas is stored in tanks, ready for use.

The gas is used in the manufacture of carbonated beverages and in the production of carbon dioxide for medical purposes.

In conclusion, it may be said that the method of liquefying the air by means of the Dupont apparatus is a simple and effective one, and is likely to find widespread application in the future.

The material is provided for reference purposes only. Original now in the George Eastman Legacy Collection.

George Eastman Museum.

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Articles

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this liquid oxygen and nitrogen. The carbon dioxide
emitted from the liquid air feed will be added to the feedwater and
reheating system. It is estimated that the output of the plant
will be approximately 1,200,000 lb. of liquid air per hour, or
400,000 lb. of oxygen per hour. Oxygen is produced in large quan-
tities at the present time, but it is usually obtained by the distillation
of liquid air. Liquid oxygen is a very reactive gas, and care must
be taken to avoid contamination by other gases.

Fig. 5.—SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

The Scientific American

March 31, 1900.

Scientific American.

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THE

AMERICAN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.

VOL. XIV. MARCH, 1902. NO. 3

George Eastman.

If the man on the street, or indeed, any other man in almost any part of the civilized world, were asked to name the two nouns most widely known and most frequently mentioned in connection with photography, he would unhesitatingly say Kodak and Eastman; the latter by his invention of the former, and the business methods that placed it and all the material that it implies all over the world, having achieved a commercial success that is phenomenal, added the two words to every civilized language under the sun, and given a new verb to our own.

It would, perhaps, be too much to say that had George Eastman not arisen photography would not have attained to its present stupendous popularity, as if history teaches anything it shows that the conditions produce the man, but we are quite within the mark in saying that to him more than to any other, or perhaps than to all others together, and especially to the happy thought that evolved the catch sentence, "You press the button, we do the rest," is to be attributed the almost omnipresence of the camera.

George Eastman was born in Waterville, N. Y., on July 12, 1854, and in 1861 removed with his parents to Rochester, N. Y., where he has since resided, and where he is perhaps one of the best known of its in-
habitants. There he attended the public and private schools till he was fourteen, when, as office boy, he entered the insurance office of Cornelius Waydell, and from which, a year later, he was transferred to the insurance office of Buell & Brewster, where he remained for five years. From insurance he changed to banking, having in 1874 obtained a clerkship in the Rochester Savings Bank, where he remained till 1881.

During this time much of the leisure supposed to be the privilege of the bank clerk was devoted to amateur photography, and especially to the making of dry plates, with the latter of which he succeeded so well as to find a ready market through one of the New York stock houses for all that he could produce; and having foresight enough to have faith in photography, he retired from the banking business in 1881, and, on a single floor of a small building in State Street, resolved to give all his time to the making of dry plates as the “Eastman Dry Plate Company.”

From this little acorn, through the business energy, tact, knowledge of human nature and other qualities of George Eastman has sprung the great oak whose branches envelop the world; and, reversing the ordinary order of things, making the supply create the demand. Nor is it uninteresting to consider the nature of that supply. Every item of it was made to be more or less dependent on every other; the camera was first made in 1888 for a paper-coated film, the latter transferred to a transparent film, then for a complete transparent film, and vice versa, so that the possession of the one entailed the possession of the other, while every article was made not only in the most convenient form, but of the very highest quality.

In this way the single floor in the small building in State Street, devoted to the making of dry plates, expanded into an immense factory for the making of cameras of all sizes and forms, but always of the most
perfect workmanship, and later to Kodak Park, covering many acres, where transparent film, papers, and other specialties are manufactured to an extent that must be seen to be understood.

Nor is the output with which Eastman is connected or which he controls confined to the Rochester factories. At the present time the allied Kodak companies employ capital aggregating many millions of dollars, and give direct employment to over thirty-five hundred people, and have factories or branches in all of the principal countries of the world. Mr. Eastman is President of the Eastman Kodak Company and of the General Aristo Company, managing director of Kodak, Limited, and a director in Eastman Kodak Société Anonyme Française, and Eastman Kodak Gesellschaft. His principal work in photography has been in the direction of simplifying and cheapening its processes, so as to permit of the practice and use of the art by the masses. He invented the first plate coating machine, patented 1880; the first commercially successful rollable film, patented 1884; the original film camera, patented 1888; first made famous by the phrase (originated by Mr. Eastman), “You press the button, we do the rest,” which, in connection with his invention of the film, reduced photography to the “you press the button” stage, thereby enabling hundreds of thousands to take pictures who could not devote time to learning the technical side of the art. Cameras of various forms made by his companies have obtained a world-wide reputation under the name of Kodak invented by him. Later Mr. Eastman invented the first machine for making rollable transparent film, patented 1890. Nearly all of the film used up to the present time has been made upon this
machine. In 1900 the French government conferred upon him the decoration
of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Mr. Eastman is a member of the
board of trustees of the Rochester Savings Bank, a director of the Roch-
ester Trust and Safe Deposit Co., of the Security Trust Co., and of the
Alliance Bank, a member of the board of managers of the Homeopathic
Hospital, the Rochester Orphan Asylum, and the Rochester Athenaeum
and Mechanics' Institute, a member of the Genesee Valley and Country
Clubs, all of Rochester, and of the National Arts and Strollers' Clubs, of
New York.

Such in brief is an outline of the work accomplished by an American
who has the satisfaction of knowing that his special ideas applied to the
promotion of photography have received world-wide recognition, as is
evidenced by the successful working of the several foreign companies,
carried on under his advice and direction. This we think is a great tribute
to American energy and business methods.

In the height of his success Mr. Eastman has not neglected his own
city, Rochester, for there he has built and endowed a handsome home for
the Rochester Athenaeum and Mechanics' Institute, an institution founded
by Capt. Lomb, of the Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., and designed to teach
young men and women knowledge in the practical arts, photography in-
cluded. Such an act of generosity in his time of prosperity deserves
special mention, inasmuch as it exhibits a spirit of helpfulness toward
his fellow-men which should be emulated.

Mr. Eastman owes much of his success to his wonderful grasp of
details and to a constant oversight of the business and methods of pro-
moting it, accompanied by unflinching integrity of purpose.

No. 1412. "EXPECTATION." By John F. Jones.
The Romance of Amateur Photography

By Edgar Allen Poets

All of the terms thus far had been in the direction of diminishing a good negative without much better. But amateur eyes were to see his view stand alone. This article tells the story of a man who was getting a good negative that could be developed in other ways. A man who was getting a good negative that could be developed in other ways was getting a good negative that could be developed in other ways.
Remarkable Work of an Alpine Photographer

By MRS. C. R. MILLER

RARE FINDS

These are the first photographs of Mount Blanc, taken in 1859, by Mr. Francis Frith, the English photographer, who was the first to photograph a mountain. The photographs were made with a camera attached to a balloon and several balloons were required to reach the summit. The photographs show the mountain's snow-capped peaks, glaciers, and surrounding landscape. The photographs were published in the first volume of "Mount Blanc," a series of works on the subject. The series was published in 1860 and was a great success, selling out quickly and setting a new standard for mountain photography.

GEORGE TANNIS

A new photograph of Mount Blanc was taken in 1861 by Mr. George Tannis, an American photographer. The photograph shows the mountain's magnificent scenery, including its peaks, glaciers, and surrounding landscape. The photograph was taken with a camera attached to a balloon, and several balloons were required to reach the summit. The photograph was published in the second volume of "Mount Blanc," a series of works on the subject. The series was published in 1862 and was a great success, selling out quickly and setting a new standard for mountain photography.

CROSSING A DANGEROUS CRYSTAL

Many persons have been killed by avalanches, which is one of the most dangerous natural phenomena on earth. The photographs show the mountain's crystal-like formations, which are caused by the movement of ice and snow. The photographs were taken with a camera attached to a balloon, and several balloons were required to reach the summit. The photographs were published in the third volume of "Mount Blanc," a series of works on the subject. The series was published in 1863 and was a great success, selling out quickly and setting a new standard for mountain photography.

A CHOICE MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING SCENE

A new photograph of Mount Blanc was taken in 1864 by Mr. George Tannis, an American photographer. The photograph shows the mountain's magnificent scenery, including its peaks, glaciers, and surrounding landscape. The photograph was taken with a camera attached to a balloon, and several balloons were required to reach the summit. The photograph was published in the fourth volume of "Mount Blanc," a series of works on the subject. The series was published in 1865 and was a great success, selling out quickly and setting a new standard for mountain photography.

These photographs were taken with a camera attached to a balloon, and several balloons were required to reach the summit. The photographs show the mountain's snow-capped peaks, glaciers, and surrounding landscape. The photographs were published in the fifth volume of "Mount Blanc," a series of works on the subject. The series was published in 1866 and was a great success, selling out quickly and setting a new standard for mountain photography.

These photographs were taken with a camera attached to a balloon, and several balloons were required to reach the summit. The photographs show the mountain's snow-capped peaks, glaciers, and surrounding landscape. The photographs were published in the sixth volume of "Mount Blanc," a series of works on the subject. The series was published in 1867 and was a great success, selling out quickly and setting a new standard for mountain photography.

These photographs were taken with a camera attached to a balloon, and several balloons were required to reach the summit. The photographs show the mountain's snow-capped peaks, glaciers, and surrounding landscape. The photographs were published in the seventh volume of "Mount Blanc," a series of works on the subject. The series was published in 1868 and was a great success, selling out quickly and setting a new standard for mountain photography.

These photographs were taken with a camera attached to a balloon, and several balloons were required to reach the summit. The photographs show the mountain's snow-capped peaks, glaciers, and surrounding landscape. The photographs were published in the eighth volume of "Mount Blanc," a series of works on the subject. The series was published in 1869 and was a great success, selling out quickly and setting a new standard for mountain photography.

These photographs were taken with a camera attached to a balloon, and several balloons were required to reach the summit. The photographs show the mountain's snow-capped peaks, glaciers, and surrounding landscape. The photographs were published in the ninth volume of "Mount Blanc," a series of works on the subject. The series was published in 1870 and was a great success, selling out quickly and setting a new standard for mountain photography.
PERSONAL GLIMPSES

GIVEN AWAY--THE DUKE AND EASTMAN MILLIONS

IF A MAN HAS WEALTH, he has to make a choice, because there is the money helping up. He can keep it together in a bunch and leave it to others to administer after he is dead, or he can get it into action, and have fun while he is still alive. I prefer getting it into action, and adapting it to human needs. This is George Eastman's brief explanation of his great gift to education; and James B. Duke, who gave away enough in the same day to make the total gifts $52,000,000, announced that he had "envisioned a means of providing in some measure for the needs of mankind along physical, mental and spiritual lines." The announcement in one day's news of the two legacies resembles "some incident in the Arabian Nights," as one appreciative editor observes. Including the recent gifts, the total contribution of these two of the nation's richest businessmen amounts to more than $100,000,000. George Eastman, head of the company that manufactures Kodak, and James B. Duke, tobacco manufacturer and developer of Southern water-power, thus take their places among the multi-millionaires whose benevolences, headed by John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie, total almost $2,000,000,000 in the last ten years. "Mr. Duke and Mr. Eastman have proved their skill as accumulators," as the Providence Journal phrases a typical newspaper comment: "they are now distributing their wealth--giving it back to the public from which it came." It is remarked, also, that both of the men became successful largely through the use of monopoly as a business weapon, and that the bulk of their fortunes went to colleges, the richer had a college education.

Mr. Duke, in fact, "rose from a log cabin to the throne of a tobacco king," as the New York Times epitomizes his career. He really lived in a log cabin, and he really worked in his boyhood at "warming" tobacco. His name has often been linked with those of John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie, as one of the three kings of American industry, continues the Times writer, who thus briefly outlines his career:

The great tobacco industry over which Mr. Duke exercised control was founded by his father, Washington Duke, owner of a little farm a few miles east of Durham, North Carolina. The elder Duke, in the course of the Civil War, joined the Confederate Navy and served for two years before the war. When he returned home after the war the family farm was ruined, because the crops had been devastated and the farm buildings were in ruins.

In a little old log barn on the farm Mr. Duke, with the aid of his sons, Beatie L., Benjamin N., and James Buchanan, used to attack the cured tobacco leaves with their long nails and in that manner granulated their product for the market. In the early days they peddled it through country stores and villages.

The physical strength and ambition of the sturdy sons hastened the success of the business and in 1879 they abandoned the old log barn to go to Durham, where they bought a two-story building. They used the lower story for a tobacco factory and the upper story as a combination of warehouse and living quarters. Four years later they built a factory 40 by 70 feet.
Just feel your hunger go!

Luncheon
Dinner
Supper

Campbell's Vegetable Soup! Lift a hot, steaming spoonful of it to your lips! How eagerly your appetite responds to the delicious flavor! How instantly you realize that this soup is a hearty and filling food! Each spoonful only increases your enjoyment and satisfaction. And by the time your plate is empty that keen first hunger will be answered.

For you will have eaten fifteen different vegetables, substantial cereals, invigorating beef broth, fresh herbs and dainty spices—thirty-two ingredients of finest quality blended by Campbell's famous chefs.

You'll make a meal of it often. And it's ready for your table in an instant.

21 kinds 12 cents a can
have applied myself harder and stuck to it longer. I know of people who have failed to succeed in anything who have more brains than I had but they lacked application and determination.

"I had confidence in myself. I said to myself, 'If John B. Duke's son can do what he is doing in India, why should I not do it in tobacco.' I resolved from the time I was a mere lad to do a big business. I lived better than anything else. I worked from early morning to late at night—I was sorry to have to leave off at night and glad when morning came so that I could get at it again. Any young man with common intelligence can succeed if he is willing to apply himself. Superior brains are not necessary."

By the time James B. Duke was eighteen years old his father had accumulated $70,000 or $85,000. He decided to send James to college, but the lad preferred to continue at work. In 1878 there was a consolidation in which the Dukes took into partnership George L. Watts of Baltimore and Brodie L. Duke, the eldest brother, who had established a substantial tobacco business of his own at Durham. The capitalization of W. Duke, Sons & Co. was $70,000. James B. had saved $3,000 and the $11,000 he needed to make up his share in the business was lent to him by his father. When the Duke business expanded to such an extent that they decided to invade New York and open a factory here, James B. was sent to the metropolis to prosecute that undertaking. Altogether his business was $80,000, a year he rented a half dozen in Harlem and it is the office the man set up in 1878. The capital stock was $25,600,000.

About 1880 or 1889 there was a tobacco war between the American Tobacco Company and the Continental Tobacco Company, a combination of the two tobacco interests through which Thomas P. Ryan had originally entered the tobacco field. James B. Keene, veteran financial soldier of fortune, was engaged by opponents of the American Tobacco Company to try to get control of its stock in the market. Keene is said to have worked through a man within the American's board.

One day, when Keene and his backers believed they had control, Keene sent for James B. Duke. He said:

"Mr. Duke, I have got control of the American Tobacco. Now I don't intend to dispossess you from the operating control of the business, but I believe I represent such interest that there shall be a man of more moderate disposition in a position to determine the financial policy of the company. Will you therefore, elect me vice-president, with an understanding along the lines that I have indicated?"

Mr. Duke thought a moment and endeavored to regain control of his nerves, which suffered a tremendous shock at the news just conveyed. He then said:

"Mr. Keene, I have known for some time that Mr. Biggs was secretly selling us out to the gentlemen that you represent. My reply is that you can have my stock if you have money enough to buy it, which I doubt. If you don't buy it I will fight you from inside the company with such means as I can command. If you are able to take it away from me I will fight from the outside, for I do not intend to get out of the tobacco business."

The understanding of what followed in that ease of Keene's is peculiarly obscure. He was not Keene's supporter who heard a sudden change of heart after listening to Mr. Duke. The result was that he remained the actual head of the American Tobacco Company.

Following the dissolution of the so-called Tobacco Trust in 1911, Mr. Duke devoted himself largely to the British-American Tobacco Company's affairs and turned to water-power developments in Canada and in North and South Carolina, where he organized the Southern Power System.

Mr. Eastman, whose position in the camera world greatly resembles that of Mr. Duke's in the world of tobacco, also began his life at the bottom of the ladder, and had to hold most of his runs as he went up. In the little town of Watervliet, New York, where he was born in 1854, reports the New York Herald Tribune:

He left school to work for $3 a week and, in later years, attributed his success in part to the fact that he never went into debt but always managed to save a little capital. He became an assistant photographer and experimenter and perfected a process for making dry plates, his first important invention. He then began making these plates on a small scale. Later, he made his most important invention, the kodak, and established a plant at Rochester.

He had to fight long and hard for the exclusive right to the various inventions which he controlled, and as he won he turned his attention to philanthropy. He established a School of Music in Rochester, at a cost of $5,500,000, and a theater in which the best musical talent is provided for Rochester's citizens at moderate cost. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology has for a long time been receiving gifts from an "angel" known as "Mr. Smith." It was not until many millions had been given the institution that a transfer of stock brought out the fact that the donor was Mr. Eastman. The complete list of his benefactions to date runs as given by The Herald Tribune:

University of Rochester, $23,575,050.
Rochester Dental Dispensary, $2,700,000.
Massachusetts Institute of Technology, $15,500,000.
Stock of Eastman Kodak Company to employees (value at date of delivery, July 1, 1923), about $20,000,000.
When better automobiles are built Buick will build them
The Literary Digest for December 27, 1924.

Y. W. C. A. and Infant's Summer Hospital (Rochester), $25,000.

Children's Society (Rochester), $50,000.

Syracuse Institute of Technology, $100,000.

Homeopathic Hospital (Rochester), $75,000.

Rochester parks, $304,207.

Hahnesen Hospital (Rochester), $100,000.

State and municipal research bureau, $303,950.

War Relief, $25,000.

Red Cross of 1917, $250,000.

Y. M. C. A., $50,000.

Tuskegee Institute, $1,422,000.

Mechanics Institute, $500,000.

For enrolling Rochester General Hospital, $500,000.

War Chest and Community Chest, $1,575,000.

Chamber of Commerce Building, $500,000.

Addition to Chamber of Commerce Building, estimated at $750,000.

Rochester Friendly Home, $50,000.

Hampton Institute, $1,000,000.

Total, $58,092,000.

The institutions which benefit under the latest gifts are:

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, $4,000,000; Eastman School of Music, $1,000,000; University of Rochester Medical School, $2,000,000; University of Rochester College for Women, $1,600,000; Hampton Institute, $1,000,000; and Tuskegee Institute, $1,000,000.

Mr. Eastman’s gift to Tuskegee and Hampton, the two colored colleges of the South, has a condition attached. As the Boston Herald explains editorially:

Two days ago the promoters of the campaign for the Hampton-Tuskegee Redevelopment Fund were striving to raise $6,000,000. Today they ask for $6,000,000. This is because Charles Eastman, in the splendid benefaction announced last Monday, included a million for these same institutions, contingent on their successful consummation of the campaign in which now their friends and supporters are engaged.

This gift from Mr. Eastman came as a bolt from the blue. Nobody looked for it. He was known to be somewhat interested in the two schools, perhaps the more in the one which has a photographic department under the direction of a clever negro photographer. Now his unexpected gift makes necessary the utmost exertions to secure the full sum originally announced as the goal for this union of endeavor. The General Education Board pledges the schools a million conditional upon their raising an equal amount. They started not only for this additional million, but for four millions, and the terms let by Mr. Eastman makes it essential that they shall not fail in their enterprise. They will try to raise no more than before. But their incentive is greater because what before was an option now is a necessity. All gifts, of course, are divided equally between the two. The job has to be done by the end of the coming year. Boston’s quota is $190,000.

Mr. Eastman’s main benefaction carries the proviso that the North Carolina university to which it goes must change its name from Trinity College to Duke University. This idea meets with some slight criticism in the South, even the Providence Journal observes, “it is reasonable to suppose that Trinity College will accept Mr. Duke’s offer,” since:

This is desirable from more than one point of view. Not the least argument in favor of the changeover is that there are Trinity Colleges at Hartford, Connecticut (originally Washington College, at Washington, D.C.; and at Wauskegan, Texas.

Mr. Duke’s gift of $40,000,000, points out the New York Herald Tribune, is “the largest benefaction ever made at one time by a single person, with the exception of Andrew Carnegie’s gift of $65,713,330, made in 1913.” The Duke gift is expected to become $50,000,000 within a comparatively short time. The terms of the bequest run:

To increase the principal of the trust estate, 39 per cent. of the income is to be withheld and added to the principal until such additions have aggregated $40,000,000.

The rest of the income is to be divided as follows:

Thirty-two per cent. to Duke University for all purposes of the university.

Thirty-two per cent., for obtaining and maintaining hospitals, primarily in the States of North and South Carolina.

Ten per cent., for the benefit of white and negro orphanages in North and South Carolina.

Six per cent., for assisting in building Methodist Episcopal churches in the rural districts of North Carolina.

Four per cent., for assisting in maintaining Methodist Episcopal churches in the sparsely settled rural districts in North Carolina.

Two per cent., for providing superannuated clerical and widows and orphans of deceased clergymen who have served in North Carolina conferences.

Five per cent. to Davidson College, Davidson, North Carolina.

Five per cent. to Furman University, Greenville, South Carolina.

Four per cent. to Johnson C. Smith University, a negro institution of Charlotte.

The gift is the largest fund ever set aside by a North Carolinian,
Many tell us that, while they were first attracted to the Oakland Six by its impressive appearance, time has given them a greater appreciation of its inner worth. It is this blending of beauty with rugged stamina that is winning and holding the good will of Oakland buyers.

Oakland Motor Car Company, Pontiac, Michigan

OAKLAND

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS
A LABORATORY THAT STARTED SOMETHING

This building, constructed in 1808, was the first gift of George Eastman to the University of Rochester. It is recorded that the inventor himself devoted much of his time and energy to its construction.

and comes from the largest fortune ever made by a native of North Carolina, the editor of the Raleigh (N. C.) News and Observer, speaking from the section which the Dukes millions will benefit. As for Mr. Duke himself, continuous in the editor, it may be well to remember that his huge fortune, whatever its present use, was gathered by a man who stands for the age of American monopoly. Without going so far as to invoke any modern idea an "untouched money," the editor says of Mr. Duke:

If anything or any competitor stand in the way of his reaching the goal, so much the worse for the man or object. Business was primary, primary was monopoly. Monopoly was power to realize the dreams of the tobacco king which came to him when he was a poor boy warming and cutting tobacco in Orange County, North Carolina. He was ruthless like Rockefeller, like Mellor, like Guggen, like Harriman—like the captains of industry who persuaded themselves that their monopoly would enable them to do things on a big scale and that the failing by the way of their competitors was a law of nature.

Mr. Duke shows that, like Rockefeller and other captains of industry, he wishes to put the money he has made by devotion to business, as business has been convinced by the over-ords, to good purposes. The causes he has named are all worthy and speak well for his judgment. Education, says Mr. Duke, "when conducted along sane and practical, as opposed to dogmatic and theoretical, lines is next to religion, the greatest civilizing influence." He correctly observes the place of the hospital for ministering to the comfort of the sick, but also for increasing the "efficiency of mankind and prolonging human life." The Rockefeller and Carnegie money for medical research has helped to lengthen life. The Duke gift will do much good. The money for orphans and for pensioning aged promishers and their widows and building churches in sparsely settled rural communities shows an appreciation of needs for which too little provision has been made.

What sort of man is Mr. Duke? A tobacco magnate, who made his fortune by obtaining a monopoly of the tobacco business. It is said he was so lucid at the decision of the Supreme Court when it compelled a division of the fortunes of the American Tobacco Company into three parts, because it had been found guilty of being a "monopoly in restraint of trade," that he decided to give his thought and attention to the big development of stagepainters. He thought the law could not regulate that "private" business. But he was defeated in his attempt to prevent State regulation of the charges for furnishing power. Government is bigger in its assertion of power than any giant monopoly, the it often falls down in wise regulation.

This paper records Mr. Duke's fortune, like the Rockefeller and kindred fortunes, was built up in part by heartless destruction of his competitors and fixing a price on tobacco because of the monopoly control that denied proper prices to the grower of the weed. Others see Duke's efforts as a captain of industry who earned his fortune by developing the tobacco industry from small to worldwide proportions. Perhaps partly will say of him that, if he obtained part of his money by the ruthless conquest and overthrow of his competitors, he was following the methods of many of his contemporaries, and that the use he made of millions by this trust fund shows he wished to put it to the best and most beneficial uses. Certainly he is to be applied toobjections the most praiseworthy, and in his giving Mr. Duke has manifested the sort of sound judgment in selecting the objects of his benefactions that he has displayed in making his great fortune.

This editor also feels that the big gift of Mr. Duke to Trinity College is accompanied by a "condition as regrettable as his large beneficence is praiseworthy." The argument runs:

Trinity College has rich tradition. It has a distinguished and honored name, given to it when it was established. The generous gifts of Mr. Washington Duke and Gen. Julian R. Carr made possible its removal to Durham, and the later gift of the Dukes have provided it with modern and beautiful buildings and campus. The large sum set aside to Trinity if it drops its honored name and changes its charter so that it will be "the Duke University" is a temptation that will be difficult to resist.

It is to be regretted—and regretted by most of its alumni—that Mr. Duke bestowed the beauty of the gift by the unusual conditions imposed. The trustees ought not be required to change the name of the college as a tribute to the donor as a condition precedent to acceptance of the gift. If Mr. Duke had realized the feeling of criticism this condition has produced, he would have not have proposed it. Generosity ought to be free and without constraint on the part of those who are expected to enjoy its beneficence. If the trustees, out of appreciation for the large donation, should desire to honor the name of the donor and his family, the method and manner of showing appreciation should be

John D. Rockefeller ........... $750,000.00
Andrew Carnegie .............. 300,000.00
Cleveland Foundation (miscellaneous) 100,000.00
Henry C. Frick ............... 80,000.00
Milton S. Hershey ............ 600,000.00
George Eastman ................ 200,000.00
James R. Duke ............... 400,000.00
Mrs. Russell Sage ............ 100,000.00
Henry Phelps .................. 150,000.00
Dwight L. Macomber ........ 200,000.00
John Stewart Kennedy ...... 150,000.00
John W. Sterling ............. 150,000.00
Edward C. Crouse .......... 100,000.00
W. E. D. Parke ............... 100,000.00
Mrs. Stephen V. Hoxie ...... 150,000.00
Augustus H. Jaifford ... 100,000.00
Henry E. Huntington ........ 150,000.00
George P. Baker ............. 100,000.00
J. P. Morgan ................. 100,000.00
Mrs. Elizabeth Milbank Anderson 100,000.00
W. E. D. Parke ............... 100,000.00
Pierce R. and T. Coleman du Pont 600,000.00
J. Ogden Armour ............. 600,000.00
George W. White ............. 500,000.00
W. A. Wiegoldh .............. 400,000.00
August Heckscher .......... 400,000.00
John Jacob Astor .......... 400,000.00
Lotte Crathorne .......... 400,000.00

Total: $1,029,000.00

GREAT GIFTS FROM THE NATION'S RICH MEN, NEARLY ALL MADE IN THE LAST TEN YEARS
The pie that all men like made with Sun-Maid Raisins

Cut through the flaky, golden crust of one of these juicy, racy raisin pies—and learn how good real raisin pie can be! Your baker makes them to perfection. Buy one from him. Or have a piece for luncheon at any restaurant. They are made with Sun-Maid Raisins—all the fine fruit flavor of the tenderest and sweetest grapes. Healthful, nourishing—goodness that satisfies! Serve one for dinner tonight.

Just a reminder—Wednesday is Raisin Bread Day. Bakers everywhere prepare a special baking for mid-week—it's the world's finest raisin bread, every loaf filled and flavored with plenty of plump and juicy Sun-Maid Raisins. Place a standing Wednesday order with your baker or grocer.
PERSONAL Glimpses

Continued

left to them. To compel a change of name in order to secure the endorsement, if it should be accepted on such terms, would not be encouraging an honor from the initi- 

ative of the trustees of the institution. Would it really be an honor under such circumstances?

Moreover, that may be, and whatever strings are attached, nearly everybody seems to feel that both Mr. Duke and Mr. Eastman have done a fine thing.

The Asheville (N. C.) Times rejoices that "in James P. Duke the South now has a philanthropist who deserves to be ranked along with the great benefactors of this age." Both of them are congratulat-

ed by the Atlanta Constitution, the Birmingham Age-Herald, the Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser, the Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier, the Nashville Banner, the Montgomery Advertiser, the Louisville Courier-Journal, and the Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.

In the South, and by numerous other journals throughout the North, East, and West. "Our very rich men is increasing numbers," observes the Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph, "are practising the doctrine of stewardship of wealth. In selecting the objects of their beneficence, they are choosing the same qualities of righteousness and sound business sense that aided in the acquisition of their wealth..."

The New York Times notes a "house" touch in the Duke and Eastman bequests. They are leaving their money, or most of it, where it will benefit their home communities. The Boston Globe, in a congratulatory editorial headed "Dividends," draws a general moral to this effect:

"Few can enjoy great universities. But many can apply George Eastman's philosophy in giving; invest in your own community and do it so your money can be put to work while you still live. It takes thousands to establish a college. A few hundreds will make possible a college education for a promising younger. The surprising thing is how little it takes to start something that has long needed doing. Every community has its promising needs which a small investment could fill with vast dividends of satisfaction.

Many high schools have had their standing raised by a few scholarships, placed in the hands of the school authorities to be distributed among boys and girls who might have to go to college and could not without help. Many scholarships could be used to great advantage. Or some neighbor's child may be going to work early who should be given a chance at the music conservatory or the art school. Many a career never gets started because of the lack of a small fund to begin with. Perhaps the children of the neighborhood need a tennis court or a swimming pool. Or the library needs new and solid books. Nobody need be shy of investing in the community's need because the fund must be small. There are so many little things that need doing. Money can scarcely buy greater satisfaction than comes from watching its dividends grow in human values.

Which would

you choose?

SUPPOSE that a dealer offered you two tubes of shaving cream. One with the ordinary cap that is easy to lose, and the other with a Hinge-Cap that can't get lost. Which would you choose?

The Hinge-Cap, of course. Any man with an eye for value would be quick to appreciate its greater convenience. Now add to this these facts:

- Williams gives a heavier lather. This lather holds the moisture in so that all of your lather is quickly softened.
- This lather lubricates the skin. There's actually a fabric film in the lather which prevents razor friction.
- There's an ingredient in Williams of decided benefit to the skin. It leaves the face in splendid condition.

Williams is a pure natural white shaving cream, entirely free from coloring matter. It is the latest product of world-famous shaving soap specialists.

Large size tube 36c, double size tube 50c containing twice as much cream.

The J. B. Williams Company

Glanton, Tenn.

The J.B. Williams Co., Canton, Ill., St. Paul & St. Louis

AGUA YENAY is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation. For free trial bottle, write Dept. 213A.

Williams

Shaving Cream

Soviet's Rubin Caviar Hunting, and Other Things

The great annual caviar hunt, described in such glowing terms by travelers who had never been in Russia, is likely to be called of a thing of the past. So, at least, we are informed by various observers of Russian affairs. Speaking more practically, we find that caviar, which is the pickled roe of the Volga River sturgeon, is being exported to only one-fifth the extent it was formerly. Liverpool the fishing is dropping off to a surprising extent. Caviar enough to supply appears to be exactly opposite to this by which our salmon fishing is threatened. We apparently are catching too many salmon, the Russians apparently are, catching too few sturgeon.

Americans who have been to the last two years deeply affected by unindulging Volga River hunting scene, rendered by Russian, Near-Russian, and non-Russian, musical and holiday-makers, will be saddened, not at the ease they may, to be, learn that these "rat codes" are dying out on the Volga. No longer, we are told, do the "rhythm of "Ei Czarstvo!" rhythmically attuned to the cadence of the sailboat upstream, reecho along its banks.

The nightly ball of "Winter Palace," the pirate who proved conclusively to his crew that he was a real democrat and a regular guy by tossing a captured Persian Princess overboard, and who now lies buried between Nikolai Lenin and John Reed in the Red Square at Moscow—this ball is now being forgotten.

So at least to gather from a rather significant Associated Press dispatch of recent date, which came out of the country—Anastasia, to be exact—by mail and not by cable. Here is a picture of the correspondent, thus true of the national sensibilities, is able to paint:

Life on the far-famed Volga River is slowly ebbing out. That great 2,000-mile yellow stream, once Russia's great highways, has been reduced to a winding way to the sound of fishermen's songs, the cawing of the wheels of great ocean steamers, or the clanging of heavily laden cargo boats. The hundreds of villages which the tide of life from the river are melancholy, spiritless places, for the people not only are fed with a goodly fare this year, but their fishing business, which is their chief support, is all but dead.

Where in pre-war days the Volga produced two billion pounds of fish and caviar annually, it now yields only one-seventh that quantity. This is no fault of the river, but of the Government to exploit it properly. The Government at first nationalized the fisheries and, finding that a failure, it reflected the industry over to their original owners. But the owners have found the Government wants to lose money on their activities.

But if it is the striking decrease in the number of caviar and caviar steamers, which one notices the most significant change in the Volga. Where previously the river...
Fair Warning!

Look out for January colds! This is the time of year when colds are most prevalent. Seeds are now being sown for deaths from pneumonia that will occur in January, February and March. These diseases which blot out an average of 150,000 lives a year in the United States and Canada frequently develop from neglected colds. One out of every seven who get pneumonia one person dies. As many people die each year from pneumonia as from tuberculosis. Year after year the same thing happens.

Do not neglect a cold. A cold in the head is not a simple, trailing annoyance but a real disease with a medical name—coryza. In addition to the danger that pneumonia may develop, a cold often leads to chronic catarrh of the nasal passages, to ear trouble ending in deafness, to chronic bronchitis and inflammation of the bony cavities of the face. A neglected cold may even prepare the way for serious heart trouble.

The first noticeable symptoms of diphtheria, typhoid fever, measles, scarlatina, whooping cough or smallpox may appear as a cold. A person suffering from what seems to be an innocent cold may pass on to someone else a fatal attack of one of these diseases. If you or your children are suffering from colds stay away from other people until you are certain that the "cold" is not an infectious disease. This decent precaution will prevent many serious epidemics and save many lives.

A cold is an inflammation of the mucous membrane which settles upon the point of least resistance.

The worry, throat, chest, or gastro-intestinal tract. Sudden changes in temperature, drafts and exposure to damp and cold, breathing stale air and street dust—these are direct causes of colds.

Lack of fresh air and sufficient exercise to keep the skin and body healthy, lack of sleep and rest, overindulgence in rich digestible food—these are indirect causes of colds.

To take cold easily is to advertise that your living habits are wrong. By following simple health rules you are likely to keep well. But if in spite of all your care, you do take a cold—do not treat it lightly. See your doctor. Remember, it is not a sign of weakness but a mark of wisdom never to neglect a cold.

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Articles
As we go to PRESS

ABR the Messes going to get a divorce? Mrs. Mix, averted for Paris, with Thespian, meaning she was looking forward to a divorce. In the first reports from the coast, Tom Mix was reported with saying that a divorce was in the making. Later reports from Hollywood changed Tom's situation. And there you are.

The Famous-Players production of "Abe's Irish Nose" starts as soon as the millionaire author, Anne Nichols, returns from Europe. Helen Josephson has been at work on the continuity for months. Victor Fleming is scheduled to direct.

Anna O. Nilsson leaves First National, the result of a quarrel over roles. For one thing, Miss Nilsson didn't want to play opposite "Babe" Ruth in "Babe Comes Home." Now she is playing the lead in a Universal film, "Honor and the Woman."

Warner Baxter declines to do any more Westerns and leaves Famous Players.

Norma Talmadge and her husband, Joseph Schenck, going to Paris, following completion of "The Desert." Upon her return, Miss Talmadge will start work in "The Daughter of the Gods."

Raymond Griffith leaves Famous Players and, according to reports, is going to hang up his silk topper in the Metro-Goldwyn studios.

Famous Players re-signs Chester Conlin.

W. Griffith still looking for a story to serve as his first production for United Artists. "The White Slave" is short, apparently. Mr. Griffith announces that Carol Dempster will continue to play the leading role in his productions.

Kathryn Williams, former star with Paramount and Selig, announces that she is returning to the screen. She has been abroad a year and a half, vacationing in Europe and Africa.

W. C. Fields leaves Famous Players to join Film Booking Office. He is signed to make three comedies for F. H. O.

Malcolm McGregor selected by Universal to play opposite Lyn de Porte in "Black Privates."

J. Farrell MacDonald comes to New York for his first visit in eleven years. He is playing with George O'Brien and Virginia Valli in "East Side, West Side," being made at the New York Fox studios by Allan Dwan.

The first partial making of "Anna Karenina" at the Metro-Goldwyn studios has been scrapped at a cost of $500,000. This production experienced a lot of tribulations. The argument between the dancers and Grete Garbo, the star, held up the production. Then, when work actually started, Miss Garbo became ill. Now the film has been thrown away and a fresh start made. Norman Kerry has succeeded Ricardo Cortez as the cast and Erry McBurnett has taken the place of Lionel Barrymore. And Edmund Goulding has followed Dimitri Buchowetzki at the megaphone.

Oliv Morgan makes flying trip abroad with her mother. Given why? To attend a prom dance at Oxford.

Some time ago Sam Goldwyn offered a prize of $2,500 for the suggestion of a film story. He has just awarded the money to Mrs. Winifred O'Connor, of Milwaukee, for suggesting the Barnard O'Reilly novel, "Love Machine," a story of William of Orange.

Dolores Costello suffers a slight breakdown, which is holding up production work for a few weeks.

Mary Astor and Gilbert Roland have the leads in George Fitzmaurice's production, "The Rose of Monterey."

Douglas Gerrard painfully injured during the making of a shipwreck scene on the Warner Bros. lot. He is in a Los Angeles hospital with two broken ribs.


Cecil B. De Mille purchases the screen rights to "Chicago," the New York stage hit.

Eddie Cantor apparently is leaving the screen after making three comedies for Famous. He has just signed a five-year contract with Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., the stage producer who launched the American girl. This means that Cantor will devote his entire time to the footlights.

Karl Brown, maker of "Star Love," completes the direction of "His Dog" at the Cecil B. De Mille studios in Culver City, Calif. He is next to make "Skyracketer."

"Spring Fever," a golf comedy, will be William Haven's first starring picture for Metro-Goldwyn.

Renee Adoree still very ill at the Hollywood Hospital, suffering from a relapse following a severe attack of flu.

Kris Vidor in New York talking the Manhattan extensions of his new picture, temporarily called "The Mob." His wife, Eleanor Boardman, is playing the leading role opposite his final, James Murray.
Little Journeys to The Homes of Famous Film Magnates

By Terry Ramsaye

Author of “A Million and One Nights”

The third of Mr. Ramsaye’s pen portraits of the big men of the screen world

DISCRETION personified — that is George Eastman, a crystallized, hard, dry, seasoned success, entirely surrounded by millions and discipline.

If the whole of this man’s life were to be run through a white filter paper there probably would not be a tint or trace of abandon or recklessness. Likely he has never in his life let himself do anything that he thought he should not do. If he did, it has been covered with precaution so deep that it does not count.

Most of America’s conspicuously rich men can be classified readily. Eastman can not. He is the only one of his kind. Yet in nothing is he peculiar. Every trait is normal. But the sum total of those traits is extraordinary.

George Eastman is 73 years of age, grey, crisp and wry. He might be any age beyond the middle fifties, if measured by appearances. He has never been married. Very possibly he has never been in love. Work has been his passion, success his mistress. He has built an industry worth more than a quarter of a billion dollars out of a hobby — photography. He is still a photographer, and a somewhat amateurish photographer, too. “I am in the most interesting business in the world,” he says, and his career has proved that he means it. He is a matter of fact, ingenious inventive Yankee, a whittler with a jackknife always in his pocket.

Also this Eastman is an exceedingly American citizen, born of the stock that came over in the days of the famous Mayflower Line. Persistence and prudence and will power

The most interesting place in the big Eastman residence is its owner’s workshop. Here George Eastman still experiments.

George Eastman built an industry worth more than a quarter of a billion from a hobby — photography.
Priscilla Moran, child actress, has the leading rôle in a lawsuit. An aunt would take her from the kindly care of Mr. and Mrs. John Ragland, her foster parents.

“Engagement” to him, thereby winning a lot of front page space on being the breathless little of a “prince.” The actress refused this “business” proposition with a “no” that shattered windows over in New Jersey.

Following an epidemic of gun play among the smaller fry of Hollywood, some of the film companies are stipulating that cowboys in their employ may not carry guns.

William Farnum’s only child, Sarah, has gone into the great world as bride of William Gerard Turtle. It was a pretty wedding, the Farnum home a mass of roses, and was attended by Mr. and Mrs. George Fawcett, Lois Wilson, Hedda Hopper, Lois Weber, John Roche, Frank Lloyd, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Edeson, among many others.

Little Priscilla Moran, the child actress, who, while back, was being touted as about to step into the size 1½ shoes of Baby Peggy, is announced to appear in the courts of Los Angeles in a rôle something like that played by the baby the wise King Solomon was going to bid for in an effort to discover which of the two women who claimed it was its real mother.

In Priscilla’s case, the claimants are her aunt and John C. Ragland, who quit being business adviser of Harold Lloyd to become business adviser of Raymond Hanton. Priscilla’s father, shortly before his death, gave the child—she’s now eight—into Ragland’s custody. Ragland and his wife having been good to him and her and being attached to them. Everything went along all right until the Raglands moved to California, whereupon Priscilla’s aunt, who lives in Long Beach, went into court to demand that the child be given to her.

WILL ROGET was deploring the flood of publicity on the Snyder case one day at the Lambs Club. “England handles these things better,” commented Will. “One day you read that the murderer has been indicted. And the next you hear of the case in the newspaper is when the criminal eats a hearty breakfast and waltzes manfully to the scaffold.”

George Fitzmaurice has moved into his beautiful new Beverly Hills home and is rapidly becoming the favorite gathering place of real tennis enthusiasts for Fita has the best tennis court in the entire film colony on his estate. Incidentally, Colleen Moore is trying hard to buy it, but Fita insists on living in it and enjoying it a while himself so Colleen may be forced to build for herself.

Douglas Fairbanks has selected Eve Southern for an important rôle in “The Gaucho.” Miss Southern has been playing extra rôles and small bits for five years or so. Several times, she has been on the verge of breaking out of the seclusion of a day class. Rupert Hughes once considered her for a leading rôle. Finally Edwin Carewe put her under contract and got her the job with Fairbanks.

It was just another of the Southern California days.

“Nice weather,” said the visitor to Richard Diet’s set.

“Yeah, I heard it very highly spoken of,” replied Richard.

Rather a touching tale, this, on Eddie Cantor whose ascent from the very first rung on the theatrical ladder of success has been nothing short of inspiring. It seems that all his life his great desire was to celebrate the Passover by not appearing on the stage, but it was

[Continued on page 99]
George Eastman has never married. He is the greatest anonymous philanthropist in America. He is a direct descendant of Roger Eastman, one of the founders of Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1638—an ingenious, inventive Yankee, a multi-millionaire with a jackknife always in his pocket.

radiate from him. He makes no flourish of virtue, no public professions of religion. He is a conspicuously successful specialist at tending to his own business. His private fortune has been guessed at a probable hundred and fifty millions, of which he has given away not less than sixty millions and no one knows how much more, anonymously.

The evidence indicates that George Eastman has always known precisely what he wanted most and that he has proceeded to get it, in a straight, sharp line, meanwhile letting no one, including himself, get in the way of the getting.

System, efficiency and precision rule all of Eastman's life. His code of the absolute covers, apparently, his every thought and act. Some seasons past, when he was preparing for a long Alaskan hunting trip, he attended in person to the packing of all his extensive equipment. He parcelled out each item, from tea to ammunition, into matched packages, equalized to the last fraction of an ounce; this to permit accurate balancing of the packhorse loads. Bad loading makes saddle galls and sore horses make trouble. Eastman refuses to have trouble.

EASTMAN lives with the grandeur of a rajah, but a very careful Puritan rajah, on a wide ten acre estate in the heart of the city of Rochester, New York. It is a setting as improbable as a ranch in Central Park. It is a sort of platinum mounted farm. Eastman is good to Rochester and if he wants agriculture delusiveness in town it is all right with Rochester.

When Michel de Montaigne, the French philosopher of the sixteenth century, was a boy he was awakened each morning by soft music. It was his father's notion that the day should be begun in poetic happiness. George Eastman's alarm clock is a pipe organ. At 7:30 o'clock in the morning in the great mansion at 900 East Avenue the organ recital begins, and continues through breakfast.

The day of this little journey began at breakfast, with a Mendelssohn-Bartholdy accompaniment, in the great conservatory, bowered with palms and banked with blossoms, pink and mauve and white in the pale light of a misty morning. In the center of the room stood an antique table, gleaming with the mellow tones of time-ambered wood, enlivened by contrast with Italian linen and the frosty highlights of an old silver service. Beside the table stood George Eastman, in an attitude of welcome, cautiously cordial.

"On time—let us sit down." At a glance one saw that [CONTINUED ON PAGE 109]
NOT long ago, Rod La Rocque built a beautiful new house. But Rod realized that it was only a house. When he met Vilma Banky he decided she was just the girl to turn it into a home.

AND just recently Vilma announced that she was going to marry a big, strong man who would make Mr. Goldwyn allow her to bob her hair. One look at Rod and she knew he was just the right man.
Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Film Magnates

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

If you really knew about PRINCESS PAT powder you'd surely try it

HERE WE SHALL TRY TO GIVE THE FACTS

The host had already been seated, for a sector of his grapefruit had been eaten, the coffee poured and a scone buttered.

The guest glanced at his watch. “No—it is 8:03—three minutes late—sorry, but I caught a taxicab driver who never heard of George Eastman or where he lived.”

This drew a thin smile. Possibly Eastman would admit that he is fairly well known in Rochester, although he is so guarded he might not. Anyway he rose casually to the sally. “There is a taxicab strike and there are some new drivers in town.” He turned his attention to the coffee and another touch of the very yellow cream.

The tones of the concealed organ rose from a far faintness to a subdued crescendo and lilted again. Eastman paused contemplatively, listening. His eyes swept up to the banked drift of flowers before him. The coffee was excellent even to the third cup. A humidifier hummed with cigarettes appeared, and Eastman produced a slender oxeye deddy, with a trick of flower tip gold and delicately ornamented. He flung the cigarette to the tip with deft care and leaned back to enjoy it.

There were long pauses in the lilt to the table, but filled with the flood of music. George Eastman is not fond of talking. He is most likely the world’s best listener.

All of that great mansion on Rochester Avenue seemed reflected in Eastman’s East Avenue seemed re-dressed. extreme comfort glimmered with magnificence, yet a restrained magnificence, a subdued splendor here and there, almost gay but never conscious—the whole reflecting most of the man who has made this house. It seemed very him, with his dark business suit of grey, his slightly sprightly face and a real mustache set off with a great plum of an ersatz black pine.

This morning late in March is typical of the beginning of each day in the life of George Eastman, the great unknown figure and personality who has these thirty odd years been the Atlas, the personified foundation of the world of the movie picture. He, in Eastman film, is the weaver of the magic carpet of the screen, the beastro of dreams to a wobbling world.

The name of Eastman, on films and televisions, has for nearly four decades been one of the most widely known names on earth. His wealth, his tremendous munificence and charities, have raised him for fame, but it has been a strangely impersonal fame. The public knows the name Eastman so well that the man Eastman not at all. This is as he would have it. He lives alone, with and within himself, and happily.

The little that the world knows of Eastman is of a stern, exacting materialist, rigid in his demands upon himself.

You know how confidently you depend upon Almond to liven, to brighten, to keep the skin soft, pliant and naturally lovely.

Almond in Princess Pat face powder has the silken properties. Fancy that! Instead of trying out your skin when you powder, you actually improve it. Constant use of Princess Pat powder is one of the very best ways to correct and prevent coarse pores, blackheads and roughened skin texture.

Princess Pat has been called “the powder your skin loves to feel.” It is a most apt description for this soft, velvety texture of Princess Pat is delightful—and different. And now, if you have read carefully, learned the unusual advantages of Princess Pat you will surely want to try it.

Your favorite retailer goods counter can supply Princess Pat Almond Base Powder—as two weights. These are medium weight, in the attractive box, and a splendidly adherent light weight powder in round box. Both weights are made with the famous Almond Base.

Get This Week End SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Wear-And-End Set is offered for a limited time for twenty-five cents and the usual price is forty cents. Your nearest Princess Pat dealer can mail to you a Princess Pat Wear-And-End Set. This is a set of shadow and blusher at a saving of forty-four cents. Each is a beautiful box of Princess Pat cream, including mirror, packed in a handsome, decorative tissue-wrapped box. Princess Pat powder.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
been able to give your mother this home.”

“Yes,” Eastman asserted, and then smiled a thin wicked smile, “but do you know it did not seem to make so much of an impression on her after all. She was pleased that I had succeeded, that was all.”

Eastman stopped to toy with his cigarette holder again and to light another smoke with careful deliberation. He was thinking of something very earnestly. Eastman is inclined to do some thinking always before he says anything.

“I was just remembering,” he said after a silence, “the time I got my first million. It was back about 98, when I had reorganized the company, and the British Kodak Company, too. I came home from London with, among other things, a million dollars in cash. I had had plenty of money before that, but this was, I felt, really my first million, in cash, all mine and not in the business, I was proud of it. I hurried home to Rochester and out to see mother.

“Mother,” I said, “we have got a whole million dollars now,” and I told her of the London transaction. She just looked up and said, “That’s nice, George,”—and she never mentioned it again.

Most likely there were not supplies in the success of her son for the Maria Kilbourn who bore him and reared him and watched over the thriving, hard years of his boyhood, and after that the saving, suffering years of his work and research. The success of George Eastman is an aftermath from the investment of the wealth of sacrificing another love that Maria Kilbourn poured into his life.

While Eastman was working in the booth about 1878, he decided to take his first real vacation, a trip to San Domingo, which was in the lifetime of the day because the Great administration was projecting an important naval base there. A friend suggested that Eastman should take a camera and record reported scenic beauties of the island. This was the deciding moment in the fortunes of Eastman. He got a camera. There were only two other amateur photographers in Rochester. He paid one of them five dollars to teach him to use his camera. It seems to have been worth it. But photography was complex, messy and difficult then. It depended on wet plates which had to be coated in a dark room immediately before use. The processes were uncertain and the possibilities of the camera were extremely limited. Eastman because so immersed in the problems of photography that he did not get to San Domingo. He took a short trip to Macinac in Michigan instead, making pictures there, with a little black tent darkroom. He had a new interest. This photographic thing was entirely too much trouble. He would simplify it.

Eastman acquired such literature on photography as could be had. He studied encyclopedias and tinkered. He built a workshop in the attic at his mother’s home and made his apparatus as he went along. His first masterpiece of construction was a ruby lamp, with copper flashed red glass and a lantern within it for illu-

My—how the times have changed!

It is hard to believe that a few short years back, women—perhaps you, yourself—looked on a dab of powder, a touch of rouge, as signs of skittishness, and a bobbed head as evidence of a freakish brain.

Times have changed—ideas too. If once it were considered unfair to turn back the years, today it is certainly a sign of bad taste to let mere years blemish you. If once gray hair was an accepted misfortune—today, no woman will wistfully permit it to mar her youthful charm. Today, with the discovery of the natural corrective, Notox—gray hair swiftly surrenders to science.

Notox Follows Nature

Hair is a long, very tough, stem, with a lustrous outside covering. Beneath the covering, is a layer of fibres. In these fibres, Nature puta her color. Hair turns gray when Nature no longer supplies color to its inner layer of fibres. Science calls gray hair a disease and names it "Canities." Notox furnishes the perfect corrective. It is useless to try to imitate Nature by coloring the outside of the hair; this is what the old-fashioned restorers did and why they failed.

Notox places color in the layer of fibres underneath the outer covering of the hair—right where Nature used to put its own color. By following Nature, it duplicates her efforts. That is why Notox defies detection—that it defies the millions of women who are "turning back the years" with invest Rapid Notox.

Notox is Unique

Notox is the genuine coloring that bends gray hair to the soft and natural, natural. It is brought together in two liquid parts that mix to make a clear blue color. The deposit of the manufacturer's dye must not be mixed in any other product. It can be fully protected by parent.

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Notox is applied and sold in beauty salons and in drug and druggist. 

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Articles
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Lip Stick

Angelus Lemon Cleansing Cream is another summer-time beauty requirement. Its whitening effect, the thorough cleansing it gives to the pores and its refreshing soothing soundness to the skin make it ideal for use after exposure to sun, dust and wind. Angelus Beauty Aids, the favorite among smart women, may be had at all the better drug and department stores.

Angelus Lemon Cream

[Advertisement for Angelus products]

Phooplay Magazine—Advertising Section

Institution. The lamp gave out a lot of light, and the young book-clerk-clerks was thoroughly baked in his laboratory.

"If I must say it, it did get hotter than — than Hades," remembered Eastman. And that is a very strong statement from him. It may be accepted that it was indeed warm.

Eastman was determined to make the plates, a photographic material which would keep indefinitely and which required none of the troublesome difficulties of the wet-plate process. The thing was being done in England and he was determined to do it too. Formulas were secreted, and there was even within those secrets very little known about the chemistry of photography. Eastman had to work it all out by cut-and-try methods.

The work began to make heavy demands on the young man. Eastman was invariably punctual at his desk in the bank, determinedly giving his employers their day and due, while he took his nights for himself and photography. Probably each night through the week he slept hardly more than three or four hours. When Saturday night came he rose up sleeping in a big way.

"I slept through from Saturday night until Monday morning," Eastman explained. "I could lie down after dinner and know nothing until mother called me for breakfast. Right after breakfast Sunday morning I went to sleep again and stayed asleep until she called me for dinner and again at supper. I got to be almost automatic. I could go to sleep on schedule by the watch. I could feel myself going to sleep as I got up from the table. When Monday morning came I was slept and rested and charged for the week, feeling as fresh as though I had never lost a night in my life.

In the background of these hard years one can see the patient devotion of Mrs. Kilborne, whose seven portraits on the mantel keep her sweetly serious, almost sad, face ever in the eyes of her son. All this while young Mr. Eastman was saving, saving. He had a total capital of $7,000 when he was ready to make the plunge into the commercial manufacture of dry plates. His experimental product was nearly perfect. The leading photographic supply concern of the time agreed to distribute his product. He entered into volume production and through the winter piled up a vast reserve supply for the coming summer trade. Spring came and with it disaster. The wonderful plates had spoiled. Eastman was raised before he had well begun. He examined the plates and looked failure right between the eyes. "Ship them back to Rochester, I will make them good!"

Eastman did not know how he was going to make them good, but he knew that he had to. In a strict commercial sense he had no obligation. The plates were good when he sold them and they had been accepted.

"There was nothing else to do about it," he observed this morning of interview just forty-seven years later, sitting in the room of the seven portraits of Maria Kilborne.

Eastman did make good with the plates, at a terrific cost and many struggles. Today there is a vast research department which goes deep into the chemistry of photography at the big Eastman plant at Rochester. But in 1880 when Eastman's problems were solved there was little science in the craft. It was all as empirical as grandmother's cookbook.

One did this and thus did another. Everyone knew why. All of which accounts for the secrecy and29 29

Articles

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Articles

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the kodak. "You push the button, we do the rest." That was the first slogan that Eastman invented, and in it is the magic of his fortune. Eastman's solution of the dry plate problem in the '80s was only a beginning. He wanted to make photography available and easy for the hasty, careless millions. He wanted to make it a household commodity. Through technical complications, of no importance here, he arrived at; last in the late summer of 1889 at a formula for making film, which eliminated breakable clumsy glass plates and enabled the perfection of "roller photography" in the roll film kodak. Coincidentally, and with vast importance to the immediate future, this film was precisely the material that Thomas A. Edison awaited for the completion of his invention of the motion picture. Edison sent William Kennedy Laurie Dickson to Rochester for a sample and within two weeks the motion picture was born on kodak film at West Orange.

This chance market for Eastman film grew and grew until it reached up into the millions. Other films came on the market and vanished again, unequal to competition with the persistently high standard of the Eastman product, exactly the same, and as excitingly made. The rigid straight line code that Maria Kilbourn lived by was, and the iron imperatives of discipline of counting house days and laboratory nights, went to the film that has made the world of the motion picture.

Something of the self-imposed discipline

Minutes for knowledge

You are busy. You haven't time to learn about things unless they can really interest you. Yet here's a way to learn about everything that concerns your personal life in almost no time at all. Just turn through pictured pages and run your eyes down interesting reading. You learn of the best way to shave, dress, brush your teeth, make your food better, health stronger, home richer, self happier. The razor, underwear, tooth-brush that will act in the best way for you. New wonders you can buy—where to buy them, what to pay, the exact good they'll do. What thousands of other people are enjoying, just what those enjoyments are. Good taste in home decoration, serving of foods—how to avoid mistakes, make the most of yourself, the most of your money; how to save.

All this in just the few minutes it takes to glance over advertising columns. Fast knowledge! Advertisements talk to you simply, briefly. They spread wares plainly before you. You get their meaning at once. Form the pleasant little habit of getting their good news in every issue. Their facts mean wisdom for you.

Advertisements tell you where to buy, what, when and how—read them
PHOTO MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

Eastman is indicated in an incident of three years past when George Eastman, one of the founders of the motion picture industry, arranged a luncheon at the Ritz in honor of Thomas Edison's birthday.

George Eastman arrived early and just after him came Edison. There was no sign of recognition between them.

Frank Tittermore, Edison's manager, took the situation in with a gnash of his teeth.

He drew himself up to Edison's best ear and shouted:

"I'd like you to meet Mr. Eastman." Edison stiffened up with surprise and looked startled.

"George Eastman?" replied Edison, extending his hand.

Edison beam'd. "I've heard a lot about you." Eastman was ready enough for that:

"Oh, yes, I bought a dynamite from you about 1885." "Was it any good?" Edison inquired in more serious vein.

"Pretty good machine," Eastman replied, "I have got it yet, and it will still work." "That's fine," Edison responded, "And say, your film is pretty good, too."

EDISON and Eastman went up the steps of the Crystal Rookhouse. This was the first meeting of the two men who made the motion picture possible—more than thirty years ago.

While these things were in the recounting the mail arrived at the Eastman machine and came nearly stacked to a table beside the drawer before the fire. Eastman reached for a paper knife and while he busied himself with a methodical opening of each envelope, the guest went wandering among the bibliographies and tables of the library, curious about the literary predecessor of this household of manufacture.

Rows of standard works and sets, a few volumes on music, countless books of travel, a miscellany of the contemporary works of significance, a heavy book of science, Macgraff's Book of Marriage, Eastman's is so completely the bachelor—a scoping of periodicals ranging from Alphée's and pulpwood magazines to the Political Science Quarterly, that was the inventory.

In a moment he was alongside and pointing to an impressively massive table with curiously finished surface with a waxy, soft orange tint and an amazingly hard surface. "I shot that table top myself," he explained.

"It is a piano lid, from my African hunt with Martin and Osa Johnson last year." On the table stood two exceedingly like miniature tow-hogs.

"They were table decorations at a dinner they gave me in Paris." Eastman went on, picking up one of the fluffy creatures. He found a key in the table drawer and wound up the lion's mechanical wizard. Then he placed the brute on the floor where it crowed and growled and leaped in most life-like manner, to the vast delight of the two men and audience.

"Let's go and see my guns and playing things," Eastman suggested, with his mind on Africa again. Up at the top of the residence, where play rooms always should be in an Automobile house, is a little motion picture projection room, a trophy room and a gun room and a workshop laboratory.

An arsenal of sporting rifles stands ranged in cases against the wall, every weapon from squirrel guns to great double-barreled English elephant guns, ready to hurl steel case slugs with a 5000 pound impact.

Also there are wall cases with trout rods, each in its groove and niche, pay with silk and satin wrappings and bright with varnish.

And there are rods of greenheart and hornwood, bearing the marks of hard service with affectionate care.

A large round table is covered with native African weapons.

There are hand-hammered from arrow heads, once coated with poison, spear heads, still too sharp to handle carelessly, war clubs and amulets and charms from the blacks.

All about are vases made from elephant tusks, tossetted heads of Rocky mountain goats, Alaskan mountain sheep, and the skins of bear and puma, trophies of many an Eastman hunt in the North American wilds.

In the picture room Eastman projected a film from his own Cine-Kodak, made by his own hand, as a reenactment charged him in British East Africa.

The big beast was pieced up on the distance and came plunging down the screen headlong to fall at last right under the camera.

"Too close for comfort," the guest commented.

"I was too busy with the camera to notice it at the time," Eastman asserted. "Anyway, Philip Perdew, the best guide in Africa, was standing by with the rifle. I know he would not miss."

"It would have been ruin to him if anything happened."

Eastman repeated the film on the screen.

"Overreached it," he remarked with a slight air of apology for the photography. "But I can get rather good laboratory service and they helped the negative a bit in the process."

ONE can imagine that the films Eastman sends off for showing get fairly efficient attention.

"Now," he said, defiantly reviving his precious African film, "we will see where I have the most fun of all." Which proved to be the workshop and dressroom, fitted with everything to delight the heart of a captivating younger of any age, from 8 to 80.

There is a great developing sink in the rear of a large room, equipped with a greater array of photographic apparatus than will be found in most professional establishments.

One corner of this room is dedicated to carpentry, with a busy bench equipped with vise and clamps and stops, while on the wall are tools cases, all in the typical Eastman apple-pie order, and all with their evidences of use.

Two of these lofty windows at the top
of the house one surveyed the grounds, ten wide acres in the heart of the city, bordered with stone walls and majestic rows of Lombardy poplars.

"I got the last large tract, the last remnant of a farm, inside the city," said Eastman with a strongly possessive sweep of the landscape. "You see I keep cows and chickens here!"

This Eastman city-farmer in Rochester is quite as improbable as a cattle ranch would be in Central Park, New York. "Something of a luxury, hardly commercially efficient, this dairy farming. Do you go in for blooded stock?"

"No, really it is not actually business-like," Eastman assented, "but I do get good milk and cream and poultry. I am not a farmer at all. But," and he smiled widely here, "I will admit I have very good cows.

"It is just utility," he pointed away to the greenhouses back among the stables and garages. "I am not a collector of orchids, either, but I raise a great many of them. I observe that my women friends like them."

DOWN at the carriage door a long hooded straight-eight was waiting. In a few minutes we were at the offices of the Eastman Kodak Company, and the guest was renewing acquaintance with the executive of the concern and confidant of Eastman affairs.

"Been out to the farm for breakfast with Mr. Eastman, he says he is doing a fade-out now."

"If you know your camera, let me say it is a very good fade," was the answer that came.

"If you want to know who is boss around here, start something!"

HEART THROBS

Allston, Mass.

May I thank God—and John Gilbert?

Picture a Puritanical home and a modern girl. I was forbidden to go to the movies. I went, however, and felt mean and cheap. But they cheered my deadened spirits.

The war. My brother died. My mother’s mind was affected with grief. Life would have been Hell for me, were it not for the movies.

Last year, the Heavens opened with a smile. I went to see "The Big Parade," John Gilbert! It was like seeing Bobby alive again. I wanted mother to see it, but I knew her aversion to the movies. I fooled her, however; I told her I was taking her to a lecture.

She cried. That was good. She had not wept for years. She loved John Gilbert—he was Bobby. I wish Mr. Gilbert knew of the happiness he has brought into a sorrowing home. Anyway, I want the old ladies who rip apart the movies to know that there are at least two people in the world who pray for the long life of the cinema.

C. W.

A moment to apply Deodo every day
then hours of immaculate freshness

by Lotta Hayne

We’ve made you a new powder deodorant—so easy to apply that even if you’re the busiest woman in the world, you can find time to use it every day! And then you will know that you are fresh and dainty always—under all conditions.

Deodo is a fine white powder, delicate and luxurious. Dust it over your body and rub it under your arms while you are dressing. It does not seal the pores. It simply absorbs and neutralizes the odors of the body, instantly and safely. One application continues effective for an entire day.

Deodo is soothing and healing to the skin. It will not harm your clothes. Used on sanitary napkins, it will safely and effectively solve your most annoying problem.

Deodo is sold at most druggists’ and toilet goods counters. Or I will gladly send you a miniature container, holding a generous supply, free! Mail the coupon today.

Deodo prevents and destroys body odors

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Please send me the free sample of Deodo.

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FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!
Cinders in Eyes should be dislodged this soothing, healing way

When you get a cinder in your eye, don't rub. It only makes matters worse. Instead, take a dropperful of soothing, healing Murine and thoroughly flush the eye. This will usually remove the offender and prevent after-irritation. Always carry Murine when travelling to guard against eye irritation resulting from cinders, smoke and dust. Also use it to refresh your eyes after motoring, golf, tennis and swimming. It's guaranteed to contain nothing harmful.

Why Do Great Lovers Fail as Husbands?

[Continued from page 30]

success Lew may have had with ladies at large and with his screen following, he himself would be the last to claim that he was a success as Dorothy's husband. Certainly she left him flat.

Why?

Why do great lovers fail as husbands? Why do their wives find them unsatisfactory?

Why is it that men who are adored by thousands of women all over the world are consistently and persistently deserted by their own wives?

I asked several people—wise people, who know about these things. The first was a director, who is famous for the way he directs love scenes. His answer was:

“They are spoiled by the flattery of other women.”

Then I asked a brilliant Russian woman who has been loved by kings and people of less importance.

The answer is in the question, ” she said with a shrug, “Great lovers fail as husbands because they are great lovers. Demeesty is not in them. They should not marry. One of the secrets of a successful life is never to attempt the impossible.”

I went away and asked a great motion picture star, who was born a thousand years old and who knows a great deal that she does not know why she knows.

“They marry the wrong women,” she said, very wryly.

I asked her to explain more about that. She put her head on one side and closed her eyes for a moment as though comming, with her Irish great-grandmother, and then she said:

“The women who could hold them won’t put up with them. And the women who would put up with them can’t hold them.”

Which, analyzed, seems a sound reason. A great lover wants a woman as vivid, as thrilling, as endlessly satisfying as his own ideas of romance. He wants a woman who can make him a mother and a mistress all rolled into one.

Such women are too begin very, very rare. And when they do exist, they will not, as a rule consent to play the rather difficult rôle of the wife of a great lover.

Such men as make romantic figures on the screen need to be taken care of, protected, surrounded and helped. But the kind of women that make that kind of wives, are not the kind of women who make great romances.

A wife’s position is difficult enough at best. But when she is the wife of a man who is told continually all day long by every woman he meets that he is a remarkable and wonderful and amusing person, a wife’s position becomes practically untenable. You can see for yourself how it would be.

Then—I don’t really know about these things—but it occurs to me that many women married to great movie idols might expect too much of them. Women are romantic. They long to live in the midst of a continual love affair. And it may be that men who are romantic on