

"MASTERS OF MEN" OF MEN

by MORGAN ROBERTSON

The greatest story of the sea ever screened!

A thrilling 97m story of he-men whose veins run hot with red fighting blood!

A blunt, vigorous yarn of a boy's fight upward against overwhelming odds, where fight means a hard fist and prime muscle, high courage and a ready wallop!

Shanghaied! Drugged by crimps and flung insensate into the hell hole forward, where sweating, brow-beaten men live like beasts scourged to their tasks with curses and belaying pin.

The seal! The flavor of salt in the nostrils; the odor of pitch in the air the snapping of wind-swept canvas crackling like a machine gun; the creaking, singing wood straining as the rides the high waves! All magic and lure of adventure, the Spanish Main and sailorman!

Love! A timid boy's unspoken dream of his heart's desire; a girl too old-fashioned to offer love unbidden; a lad's sacrifice of youth's dearest possession—honor—to protect her from the shame of another's crime; the confusion of their misunderstandings that threaten life-long broken hearts!

Uncle Sam's bluejackets! The fighting men of the greatest nation in the world, why what they think and how they live; their loyalty and cheer and youth, eternal, living, fighting youth! The careless devil-may-care "job," incorrigible, loyal; incident and loveable!

Romance! The sea spells romance. Red sunsets turn green waves to crashing mountains of blood; noon suns spread gold upon the bosom of the sea, gold that beckons and calls to youth to gather its riches; never-ending mirages of golden bowls at rainbows' ends. And, the sea gives no riches; only character and manhood, bitterly squeezed out of its cold, hard business.

Wholesome, clean, healthy! A boy's life of adventure, free from tawdry conflicts and sex illusions, based on fact gathered by one who served among men, who loved men, who admired men and who wished young America to so live that he might become a man! The trash of silly, social temptations has no place in this screen story of a boy who became the master of the sea.

Here is a story of the making of men; men who acted and argued later. Shifty-footed men, with a right and left punch and a keen eye and a high sense of honor and guts to go with it!

Dick Halpin is the lad you wanted to be; and I wanted to be! He's the fellow we dreamed of, whose fighting courage we envied. He's the boy that assumed another's petty crime and ran away to sea to live it down, that the girl he loved might not be shamed and humiliated by the revelation of her brother's weakness. He's the fellow you and I used to talk about; that lad of strength and honor we built with boyish imaginations up in the haymow, or while idling with a home-made fishing rod down by the creek. He's your kind and my kind and because we had fathers and mothers to make our way easier we never managed to be him; but we wanted to and we'll live our dreams again with Dick Halpin in this vivid living motion picture, "Masters of Men."

A master of men wrote this great sea tale. A man whose life was as hard as the diamonds he cut and who never wrote a line until he had lived beyond an average man's age; a man who took a beating at the hands of a brutal second mate with a smile, and who administered a beating with equal cheerfulness; a man who knew the sea and a sailorman's life; who criticized Kipling rightfully and who wrote his first sea tale to prove that a man who knew the sea could write a better story of the sea; a man who earned little by his pen and who starved while he wrote; the greatest writer of sea stories in all literature.

Morgan Robertson, a master of men, wrote the last word in thrilling sea stories when he wrote "Masters of Men."

VITAGRAPH
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When you are constipated, not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid is produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. Doctor's prescribe Nujol because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus secures regular bowel movements by Nature's own method—lubrication.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. Try it today.

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And sprinkle in the foot-bath Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic, healing powder for Painful, Swollen, Sweating feet. It prevents blisters and sore spots and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Always use Allen's Foot-Ease to break in new shoes and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache. Those who use Allen's Foot-Ease say that they have solved their foot troubles. Sold everywhere. Trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent Free. Address Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.

Matrimonial Adventures

The House Guest

BY Alice Duer Miller

Author of "Manslaughter," "The Charm School," "The Modern Obscure," "Less Than Kin," "The Blue Arch," "Calderon's Prisoner," etc.

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PERSONALITY OF ALICE DUER MILLER

Mrs. Miller smiled audibly over the phone when I called her up to ask her to tell me something about herself, her life, her work. She implied that there was nothing to tell, but I knew better and questioned her. She said she was a New Yorker by birth (but I was already aware that she belonged to one of the oldest and finest of New York families) and that she had lived there most of her life. Has she ever lived anywhere else? Yes, for some years in Central America. Her book, "Calderon's Prisoner," dealt with that country. It now bears the title "Something Different."

Nearly all her books, I found, had been both filmed and dramatized—an extraordinary achievement for any author. "Manslaughter" broke all her previous records. She has written plays that have been big successes; she has appeared times without number in all the leading magazines; it is impossible to fill the demand for her work.

Her interest in the Star Series of Matrimonial Adventures was keen from the first. The story that follows, written expressly for this series, holds her characteristic humor and charm.

MARY STEWART CUTTING, JR.

Elliot had been married seven years—and he was bored; not bored with the temporary languor that came over him of a Sunday afternoon when he wished for enough energy to go and play golf—but actively bored so that every action of his life as far as he could see was ugly and lusterless. And yet he loved his wife and his two good little girls. Mary was pretty, good, devoted, and—though his mind hesitated a little over the last step—intelligent. Her mind was as alert and vigorous and quick to understand his thoughts as it had been when, the autumn after he left college, he had married her.

It was matrimony, he told himself, not Mary, that bored him; but he was aware that the line was a fine one. Nevertheless he had been careful to draw it, when, the evening before, Sam Francis and he had been discussing the advantages and disadvantages of the married state. Sam was a bachelor. He had come over to dine, and after dinner the two friends had gone to a moving picture. Mary was busy putting the children to bed. The picture, as it happened, dealt with the life of a young married couple; and though all the walls were of rough plaster, all the doorways were arches, and all the trees eucalyptus, breakfasts and babies and bills seemed to be much the same on one coast as on the other.

"It's a dull picture," said Sam the bachelor, lightly.

"It's a dull subject," said Elliot, the married man, bitterly.

This opened the door to a discussion none the less frank and intimate because it was carried on in generalities. Elliot began by quoting that terrible sentence from Middlemarch: "I never loved anyone well enough to put my head into a noose for them—it is a noose you know." Sam agreed, but wondered whether every man as he grew older (Sam was twenty-six) did not want a home of his own, and at this point an irresistible desire for self-expression came over Elliot. He remembered how he had once been free—free not for evil things but for adventures that were often nothing more than intellectual—free to miss a dozen suburban trains, if he wanted to finish a book at the club—free to go to the theater without asking himself whether the money would not have been better spent on the children's shoes—free to wander all night on the bridges, thinking of some futile paradoxical philosophy, without owing anyone an explanation of his irregular hours—free even to give up his job if it became intolerable to him—free to hazard his future in any way he felt inclined. This was the aspect of matrimony that no one explained to you. You were told about giving up your club or your favorite cigar, and perhaps a good tailor, but no one made it clear that your privacy and your leisure and your liberty to choose must go, too.

"And to some people," Elliot said judicially, as if he had nothing in common with people like that, "to some people life becomes an intolerable bore when those things go. Of course that does not apply to us, because Mary is an exceptional woman."

"Oh, very," said Sam smiling to himself in the darkness of the theater, over the fact that anyone could call Mary exceptional.

The conversation made little impression on him, but in Elliot's mind it created a clear mental picture of his situation that he could not forget.

Never, it seemed to him the next morning at breakfast, had his two daughters asked why and when so often, Mary, neat and pretty at the head of the table, smiled and poured out coffee.

When he came home that afternoon, a note from Mary was lying on the hall table—a not unusual occurrence. She had probably gone to the Garden club. She was punctilious about letting him know her plans. It was the afternoon of the children's dancing class. The house was deserted. Elliot's spirits rose. He would actually sit down in his own sitting room and read—or think—or do nothing, without anyone saying, "What have you been doing all day, dear," or "Did you remember the butter," or "Why must I, father?"

He did it. He clasped his hands behind his head and looked at the ceiling. The little country neighborhood was silent. It was the first moment of this kind that he had had for months. He thoroughly enjoyed it.

He began to think about a little parody he was trying to write for a newspaper—he had been trying to do it at odd moments—in the train or in his bath—for several weeks. The occasion that made it appropriate had long since passed, but he wanted to finish it if he could. Within a few minutes, however, he heard the voices of his daughters returning. He wished the class had lasted a little longer.

Yet he was not an unnatural father and when they entered the room, flushed with exercise, elegant in their sheer white dresses and blue bows, he felt proud of them and glad to see them. He loved them even when the following interchange took place:

"Hello, father. Do you like my new shoes? What is jazz?"

"Well, Marietta, it's a kind of music where the beat is irregular."

"Why is it?"

"Because people like it that way—the time changes."

"What is time, father?"

Remembering Mary's assertion that he didn't try to answer them, he paused a moment to consider, but Marietta went on: "I was called out in front of the class to make a courtesy, father. Where's mother? Why did she go away?"

"She hasn't gone away," said Elliot, disengaging his mind with difficulty, from the problem of time.

"She took a bag with her. Why did she, father?"

"We'll see," said Elliot, thinking to himself that she had probably taken the wash to the laundry, as it was Saturday, and sometimes, if they were short a sheet and some one coming to stay—He fished her letter out of his pocket. He had put off reading it for fear it would ask him to do something that would have interfered with his moment of solitude. He opened it, with Marietta sitting on the arm of his chair, and Doris aged four balancing on his crossed feet.

The letter said:

Dear Elliot: Something strange has happened that makes it impossible that you and I should ever live together again. I want to be alone for a few days and think over how I can arrange my life. I will come to the office Monday, and talk it all over with you. I am sorry this is Nora's Sunday out, but you can probably manage somehow with the children. They are so good.

Yours,
MARY.

He became aware that Marietta had been saying for a long time: "What does mother say, father? What does mother say, father?"

He put the letter back in his pocket. "Oh, nothing, dear," he answered. "She had to go away for Sunday."

"Why did she?"

There was a question he couldn't answer. He had no idea—no explanation—no possible theory occurred to him. What could have happened? Had he done something? Or rather, for his conscience was absolutely clear, did she imagine he had done something to hurt her? Had she fallen under the spell of some sudden romance—one read of such things happening, but Mary! No. Had she gone mad? He remembered now that she had seemed silent at breakfast, but not portentously silent. He had questioned the children as to the events of the day—had any messages come—had any visitors been there? No, nothing. It was almost incredible that you should live with a woman seven years and be unable to form even a hypothesis as to why she had left you. Not that he admitted she had left him—it was just some misunderstanding.

To his first shock a feeling of anger succeeded. How could anyone treat another fellow creature like that—let alone a husband. And to leave him in suspense for days. And the children—suppose anything happened to the children?

They came to ask him to sit with them while they had supper and read aloud. They had asked him this almost every evening, since they had been able to speak, and he often refused. But this evening he consented. It was like a reproach to Mary. He chose Thackeray's "Rose and the Ring" to read to them. He hadn't read it for years. It was a magnificent piece of narrative. He read it well, too. At that place where the haughty Count Hogginorme stepped into the arena, and the lions rushed out saying, "Wurra, wurra, wurra—" he looked up to see two level spears arrested in front of two opened mouths while four eyes dilated with excitement.

After the children had gone to bed he had a long uninterrupted evening—one of those evenings in which he could have finished a dozen parodies—except that his whole being was taken up with anger and speculation. He walked up and down the sitting room all evening, and then went to bed—but not to sleep. How could Mary have behaved so—He began to imagine their interview on Monday—his side of it at least. About four o'clock, he found he was going to use the phrase "My little motherless girls."

By morning, however, he had discarded it as sentimental. The feeling behind the words was there, however. It was Sunday. He would take them to church. He had never taken them to church before. He went and brushed his high hat. He looked very tall walking down the little lane to the paved avenue on which the church stood. The children, small and duffy held each a hand. His little motherless girls.

Marietta chatted as they went. "You never went to church with us before, did you father? You're always so tired on Sunday when mother's home. The first time Doris went to church she thought the minister was God—all children do. I did myself. Why do clergymen dress like that, father? Why do they?"

If Mary had been there he would have answered, "Why do you wear ruffles on your skirt—because it's the custom," and Marietta would have replied, "Why is it?" and then the conversation would have been taken up by him and Mary as to whether Marietta was seeking information or simply trying to thrust herself into the foreground. But now Mary was not there he felt obliged to try and answer his motherless little girl, and she actually appeared to try to understand him, so that they were talking rather earnestly by the time they reached the church door.

In the afternoon he did not play golf, partly because he did not want to answer questions as to Mary's whereabouts, but partly because he became involved in a hymn Marietta had been most incompetently committing to memory for six months.

He went eagerly to the office the next day, and waited nervously through the early hours of the morning. About twelve Mary came. One glance at her told him that she was neither crazy nor playing a joke on him. Her face was the face of a woman who had been through two days of suffering. They went into his private office without greetings of any kind and shut the door.

Mary was direct. "I sat just in front of you the other night at the pictures," she said. "I could not help hearing."

There was a pause. Elliot's mind rushed back to the conversation with Sam, and his heart felt like a falling elevator. He recalled things he had said with a relish and bitterness hidden from Sam but obvious to Mary.

He looked at his wife. Her eyes were blazing. "And yet," he said, "I love you, Mary."

"I thank you for such a love," she answered, "the dull little woman at home—no, you didn't say that—quite. Suppose you had overheard me telling Virginia or Caroline that you bored me to death—that I'd stopped reading because you never talked of anything but housekeeping details—"

"That's most unjust," put in Elliot. "I said matrimony—not you."

"Oh, let's be honest," answered Mary, shaking her head, as if she were shaking out salt water from a wave that had passed over her. "Your marriage is me, and mine's you. And it's duller for me than it is for you—I don't even get to town every day and see a lot of people, and yet I'm not bored—I know what you're thinking—you think I'm not bored because I'm not as clever as you, but—"

"I wasn't thinking anything of the kind," said Elliot, and he imagined that he was telling the truth.

"Of course you were, but that isn't the reason. The reason is that no one can get more out of life than he puts into it—or out of marriage either. You're not bored with your business—and heaven knows it's a dull one—every one agrees to that—duller if possible than your own home—but it doesn't bore you. Why not? Because you put a lot of yourself into it."

Heretofore a sense of guilt had confused Elliot, but now he saw light.

"Isn't my work here just what I put into the home?" he asked.

"After office hours, what do you put into it?" said Mary. "You come home like a king expecting everything to be arranged for you—or a guest, who mustn't be interrupted by the children—your own children, mind you—"

"The men in the outer office will hear you, if you speak so loud."

"I hope they will," said Mary. "They are probably kings and house guests too. They probably think they have an inalienable right to be bored by their women and children, too."

"Well, after all," said Elliot, "it's not a crime to be bored."

"Isn't it?" she returned. "Now listen to me, Elliot. I can imagine staying with a man who was unfaithful, or stole, or beat me, but I cannot imagine under any circumstances staying with a man whom I bored. Why should I? Good-by."

"Hold on, Mary. Where are you going?" He would like to have spoken with the tongue of men and angels, but he was distracted by a peculiar mental state, he felt it was impossible that he should ever have been bored with this vital, violent, irritating handsome creature, and yet he knew quite well that he had been.

"Oh," Mary replied airily, "I'm going to my mother's—or on a trip—I really haven't decided."

"And are you ever coming back?" Elliot asked with a sarcasm that was meant to bite.

Mary took a step toward him, away from the door which she had almost reached. "Yes," she said, "I'm coming back, and I'll tell you when I'm coming back. When you're in the house so long that you feel uncomfortable if the food isn't good, when you feel guilty when the children interrupt me, when in other words, I'm the house-guest—that's when I'm coming back."

And she went out of the office and slammed the door.

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"I was laid up twenty-eight days from the effects of the flu. The flu was clamped down tight on my appetite, and the sight of food actually nauseated me. The little I ate caused indigestion, gas pains and palpitation that were simply awful. I was so nervous I couldn't sleep right, and so weak and dizzy I could hardly drag from one chair to another.

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Young Man—Well, look here! What about a round of golf next Saturday? —London Punch.

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A prominent druggist says, "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

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Happiness.

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For your daughter's sake, use Red Cross Ball Blue in the laundry. She will then have that dainty, well-groomed appearance that girls admire.—Advertisement.

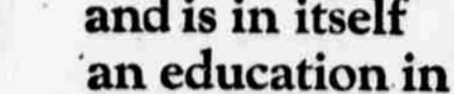
You are bright, but you can't tell how many toes a cat has without looking.

A mule never pulls when he kicks or kicks when he pulls.

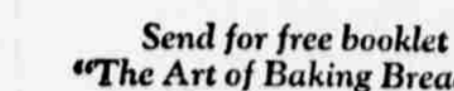
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