



The diving Starr. The Easiest Way is from a springboard.

AN ALL STARR PAGE
One Luminary Only—Blame It on Belasco—
Name, Frances—Now Moving Serenely in the
Zenith of Recreation—Soon to Revolve Around
the Stage Door

Photographs perpetrated by Paul Thompson

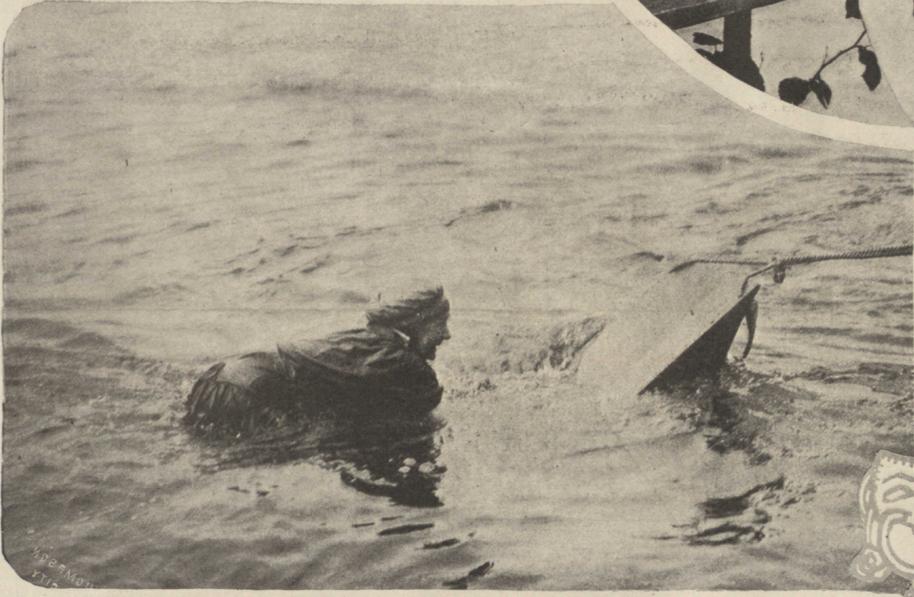


A magazine, a cushion! Oh, Ma, underneath the bow, why



fuss about the jug? We have a loaf and the photographer.

"The Rose of the Rancho" starting on a round-up of the summer ranch, "El-ke-ma-be," near Fort William Henry, Lake George, New York.



Close to Nature. One false step and she would fall into it. Her summer furs wave above her.

"Marie-Odile," having cast aside conventions of the convent and embraced the world, takes to hydroplaning in Lake George.

"The Secret" is herewith revealed. Frances Starr never tips the boat, although she sometimes rocks it.



"You will find angling to be like the virtue of humility, which has a calmness of spirit and a world of other blessings attending upon it." Written especially for Frances Starr by Isaac Walton somewhere between 1593 and 1683.



Listening to the voice and gazing into the eyes of the Master of Music Masters—Nature.