

MOTION PICTURE


CLASSIC

APRIL 25¢ COMBINED WITH BEAUTY



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Paris

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ONLY fastidious women, women who have been accustomed all their lives to the superlative—women who can afford to be exclusive—only such fortunate women as these are numbered among the users of Lubin perfumes.

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New Kind of Mask Worn While You Sleep Remakes Your Complexion!

A blemished complexion looks as smooth, soft and delicate as a rosebud after wearing this light, silken mask just a few nights! Acts to quickly revive the skin cells, smooth out tired lines, and clear away blemishes! Women are delighted when they see the remarkable change after just one night.

HERE'S something new and astonishing—a simple, silken mask that remakes your complexion almost overnight. Nothing quite like it has ever been known before; for this marvelous treatment is at work every minute while you sleep, purifying the pores and reviving the starved skin cells, making the skin soft, smooth, lovely. You wake up with a new complexion.

This wonderful new mask has been perfected, after long study and research, by Susanna Cocroft, world-famous as a health specialist. At the Susanna Cocroft Laboratories, experiments have proved that when used with the special Susanna Cocroft tissue tonic and nourishing cream, this amazing mask actually seems to remake your complexion while you sleep!

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As soon as you apply the tissue tonic and cream, your complexion is started on the road to a new beauty. Their duty is to coax the impurities from your skin—the blemishes and blackheads—and give it new life and radiance. The sheer, soft, silken mask, which is adjusted over the

nourishing cream, not only prevents the cream from rubbing off, but stimulates circulation and acts to smooth away tired lines, and make the skin soft, glowing and elastic. All

night as you sleep, the tiny cells breathe through the magic mask, taking in treatment and giving off waste. Muscles are lifted and invigorated. Minute by minute the skin is cleansed, purified, freshened throughout the night, and the cumulative effect in the morning is a skin velvetlike in its smoothness, fresh, attractive, radiant!

Clears—Whitens—and Beautifies the Skin

The new Susanna Cocroft Rejuvenating Face Mask does for your complexion what gloves and cold cream do for your hands overnight and much more. You know how soft and white your hands are in the morning after you have creamed them and slept with the gloves on. The new mask works on the same principle, but in addition the wonderful stimulating tonic and cream clean and freshen the face-pores, and revive and invigorate the poisoned skin cells, while the mask all night long gently but scientifically massages the face, acting to lift the muscles and smooth away lines as an expensive beauty operator does.

Your Mirror Tells the Story

After wearing the Rejuvenating Face Mask overnight, you wake up feeling refreshed. You run your fingers over your cheeks—and you are amazed. Soft as the petals of a flower! Smooth! Your mirror tells the rest of the story—a complexion that is radiant and lovely. Remade overnight!



Send for Full Information and Special Offer

An intensely interesting illustrated book called *The Overnight Way to a New Complexion* tells you all about the new Rejuvenating Face Mask and how it works—how it stimulates the cells, cleanses the pores, lifts sagging muscles, acts to smooth away tired lines and restore the youthful contour to cheeks, chin, throat. This handsome book is yours for the asking, and obligates you in no way whatever. Why don't you send for it today and find out all about this remarkable new mask that is remaking complexions overnight? Write today, and find out also about the special short-time package offer. Use this coupon. Thompson-Barlow Co., Inc., Dept. F-204, 130 West 31st Street, New York.

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Dept. F-204, 130 West 31st Street, New York

I am interested. You may send me your free book, *The Overnight Way to a New Complexion*, telling all about the Susanna Cocroft Rejuvenating Face Mask and how it works, and also the details of your Special Package Offer. It is thoroughly understood that this is a request for free information only, and that it does not obligate me in any way whatever.

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- blackheads and blemishes
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- flabbiness
- double chin
- sallowiness
- aging contour
- excessive dryness
- excessive oiliness

Mail the coupon today for the interesting details about this wonderful new mask.

Personalities of Paramount



James Cruze

The man who made "The Covered Wagon"

You would not need to know much more than that about any director to realize that he was one of the real kings of motion pictures.

Many a director would have been satisfied to rest on such laurels for a long time.

But the applause which still echoes wherever "The Covered Wagon" is being shown is somewhat unfair to Mr. Cruze's other work.

This remarkable man has made six hits all in a row: "The Covered Wagon," "Hollywood," "To the Ladies," "Ruggles of Red Gap," "The Fighting Coward," and "Merton of the Movies." Everyone holds audiences with a spell like Christmas-time over a child of six.

Mr. Cruze has just finished "The Goose Hangs High," and is now at work on a big special production of the novelty comedy-drama, "Beggars on Horseback," which will be shown as a Paramount super-feature next fall.



Paramount Pictures

Changing Conditions in the Film Industry

People used to refer to the movie game.

A game it was, fifteen years ago, and a gamble too, for producer, exhibitor and fan.

Everybody took a chance and often lost.

The motion picture industry of today is very different. Entertainment as a world-wide industry is in a class with Food, Housing, Transportation and other fundamentals of life.

As far as the best quality of Production is concerned, there exists a *standard*, and it is high because Paramount sets it.

As far as Distribution is concerned, Paramount Pictures are shown by the best theatres in almost every community in America.

As far as Demand is concerned, you tell that story yourself by your patronage.

Today, millions have excellent reason to know before they go that—

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

Vol. XXI

APRIL, 1925

No. 2

COVER PORTRAIT—LOUISE FAZENDA

Painted by Dahl from a photograph by Spurr

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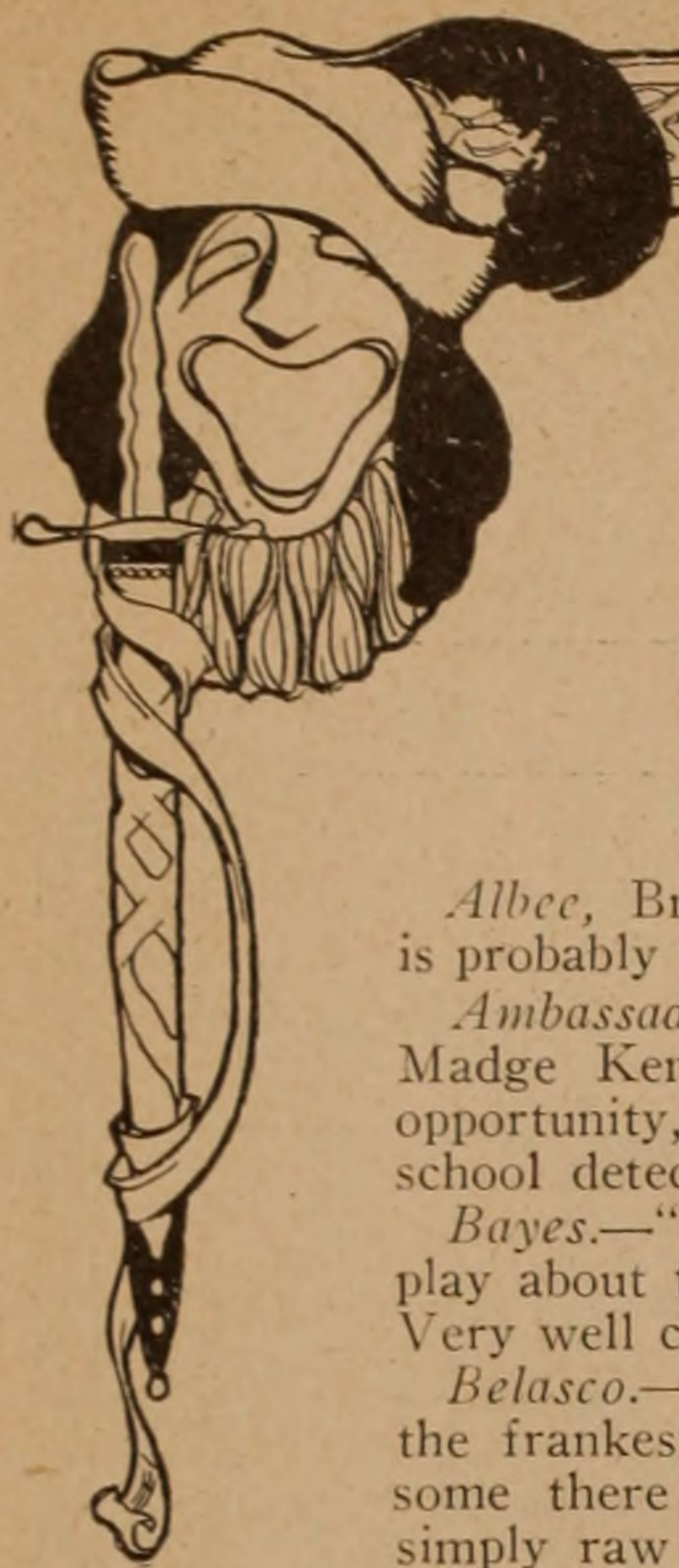
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CLASSIC comes out on the 12th of every month, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE the 1st, MOVIE THRILLERS the 15th

Coming! Coming! Coming!

Lois Wilson on a brilliant emerald green background is CLASSIC's cover for May. They Made Them What They Are Today, a press-agent story by Dorothy Donnell. It's great. Dont miss it. It's in the May CLASSIC. The Critical Code by Q. E. D. When a movie critic says one thing, nine times out of ten he means another. This is a delightfully witty exposé of movie critics by one of them. See May CLASSIC. Jim Tully, Harry Carr, and the brilliant tho anonymous author of The Fan Family are all with us again in the May CLASSIC. Remember, CLASSIC is "that different screen magazine."



Current Stage Plays

Tabloid Reviews by Marion Martone

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these said and sung plays appear in their vicinity)



Albee, Brooklyn.—High class vaudeville in what is probably the finest theater in the world.—E. V. B.

Ambassador.—"Badges." A light crook play with Madge Kennedy, who fails to shine for lack of opportunity, and Gregory Kelly as a correspondence-school detective who wins many laughs.—E. V. B.

Bayes.—"My Son." A captivating, picturesque play about the Portuguese and others of Cape Cod. Very well cast.—E. V. B.

Belasco.—"The Harem." The frankest play of the frankest theatrical season in history. At least, some there are who would call it frank; others simply raw! Lenore Ulric as the "lady turkey" is deft and beguiling. The rest of the cast is undistinguished.

Belmont.—"Mrs. Partridge Presents." Blanche Bates in a delicious little comedy. Splendid cast, but Ruth Gordon easily carries off the honors.—E. V. B.

Bijou.—"Episode." Kathleen Macdonnell gives a forcefully dramatic performance of a wife who has committed adultery. Finely acted and filled with suspense.

Booth.—"The Guardsman." A corking good comedy in which Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne do some clever acting.—E. V. B.

Broadhurst.—"The Depths." Jane Cowl gives an excellent performance in an ultra modern sex drama.

Carroll.—"Desire Under the Elms." A drama by Eugene O'Neill, with a tragic theme, filled with pity and terror. Excellent performances by Mary Morris, Walter Huston and Charles Ellis.

Casino.—"Artists and Models"—new edition. A revue containing much beauty, smartness and original humor.

Century.—"The Love Song." A gorgeous spectacle of an operetta with high class music, singing and ballet. Not in quarter of a century, if ever, has New York had anything quite as brilliant.—E. V. B.

Chanin's Forty-sixth Street.—"Is Zat So?" A comedy in which there is much merriment, slang and action. James Gleason and Robert Armstrong exhibiting a glorious prize-fight.

Cherry Lane.—"Loggerheads." Whitford Kane in a pleasant and well acted, typically Irish comedy.

Comedy.—"A Good Bad Woman." A rather crude and tiresome comedy giving Helen MacKeller no opportunities at all.

Daly's.—"White Cargo." Leon Gordon's vivid play about a young Englishman who succumbs to the wiles of a half-breed in the absence of white women on the west coast of Africa.

Cort.—"The Undercurrent." Presenting Harry Beresford as an old grouch, who finally becomes Pollyanna-ized and grants to the striking miners their full demands.—E. V. B.

Elliott.—"Dancing Mothers." An interesting play in four acts, woven around the sex attraction of a somewhat bored young man for wives and daughters.—E. V. B.

Eltinge.—"The Piker." Lionel Barrymore and Irene Fenwick in a most interesting and laughable crook play wherein he wants to be bad and cant.—E. V. B.

Empire.—"The Dove." Holbrook Blinn and Judith Anderson in a melodrama by Willard Mack. Review later.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Candida." A revival that outshines most of the contemporary drama. An intellectual feast of Shaw with Catherine Cornell portraying the wise, sweet, witty Candida in a manner utterly charming. The cast is all-star.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Betty Lee." It makes up in tunes, beauty, and dancing, what it lacks in plot and humor.

Forty-ninth Street.—"Chauve-Souris," Nikita Baliieff and his Russian entertainers from Moscow. Russian vaudeville. Very different and entertaining.

Frolic.—"The Blue Bird" (Seeniaya Ptitsa). A Russian musical revue, with the great Yushny. A baby sister of the "Chauve-Souris."

Fulton.—"Puzzles of 1925." Elsie Janis, the perfect mimic, in her own continuously entertaining revue.

Gaiety.—"The Youngest." Henry Hull in the type of rôle he plays best, well supported by Genevieve Tobin. But the mechanics of the plot are so heavy and so painfully evident that not even a fine cast can put the play across.

Garrick.—"Processional." A Theatre Guild production dealing with a strike in a West Virginia coal mine. An impressionist drama made up of everything from jazz to tragedy. Uneven but with moments of great beauty.

Globe.—"The Grab Bag." A typical Ed Wynn (The Perfect Fool) show. Clean, smart and hilariously funny.

Greenwich Village.—"Patience." A Gilbert and Sullivan revival. A talented company in a charming light opera. Well worth going downtown to see.

Hippodrome.—Keith Vaudeville. A great big show of unusual excellence containing the usual spectacular vaudeville, music and chorus girls.—E. V. B.

Hudson.—"Out of Step." A comedy about the jazz craze which matches business against art. Entertaining, but crude at times.

Imperial.—"Rose-Marie." The loveliest musical drama of the last ten years. In the light opera class. Ravishing music, beautiful and original chorus, real plot, romantic scenes, excellent cast. Mary Ellis winsome to look at, delightful to hear. William Kent funnier than ever.

Jolson's.—"The Student Prince." The one musical comedy that no man, woman or child can afford to miss. Ilse Marvenga, the prima donna, sings like a nightingale.

Klaw.—"They Knew What They Wanted." The season's best beyond any question. Tears crowd close upon the heels of laughter and *vice versa*. Superbly acted by Pauline Lord, with her husky sweet voice, and Richard Bennett as the endearing "wop," Tony.

Liberty.—"Lady, Be Good," with the dancing Astaires, is a delightfully amusing and tuneful musical comedy. The fascinating Adele Astaire proves she's as good at clowning as at dancing. A perfect show right thru to the finish.

Little.—"Pigs." The adventures of a youth (Wallace Ford) who invests his money in pigs. A typical John Golden production which introduces a charming young actress, Nydia Westman.

Lyceum.—"Ladies of the Evening." A sordid play with a sex theme. James Kirkwood and Edna Hibbard and others are in the cast.

Martin Beck.—"Cape Smoke." James Rennie and Ruth Shepley in a mystery play of the African veldt.

Henry Miller's.—"Quarantine." Somewhat risque perhaps, but nevertheless about the best comedy that has come to New York in years.—E. V. B.

Morosco.—"The Firebrand" is a comedy with Joseph Schildkraut. It is highly entertaining, very humorous, and borders on a bedroom farce of which, the original Benvenuto Cellini would approve, we are sure. Frank Morgan as the Duke is clever and Florence Mason is the beautiful model.

Music Box.—"Music Box Revue." Nothing has been spared to make the fourth annual edition of Irving Berlin's revue more beautiful and spectacular than the previous ones. Many novelties, melodious numbers and comic sketches are excellently put over by a cast composed of the best of the revue stars.

National.—"Silence." A melodrama in which T. B. Warner plays the part of a

Classic's Balanced Ration of the Drama

Rose-Marie
Old English
The Firebrand
She Had to Know
What Price Glory
Desire Under the Elms
They Knew What They Wanted

Color of Life

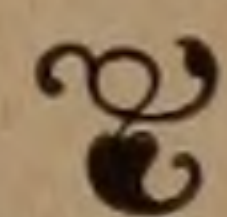
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petty gambler who, twenty years after he has deserted his girl and their unborn child, makes atonement. A murder is committed, and he takes the blame, thereby protecting the child, a daughter. A most satisfying murder-mystery play.

New Amsterdam.—"Follies," in which the American girl is again glorified in the characteristic Ziegfeld way. A lavish production.

Palace.—Keith Vaudeville. Always a good bill, and drawing more and more talent from the headliners of the regulars.

Playhouse.—"The Show-Off." A highly entertaining comedy of a typical American family, the daughter of which is in love with a vain and untrustworthy braggart, who is forever getting himself and those about him into all kinds of trouble.

Plymouth.—"What Price Glory." A tragic and bitter war drama filled with irony and real, human, probable players. Should be on everyone's list of "must" plays.

Princess.—"The Way of the World." Congreve's comedy of modes and manners of two centuries and a quarter back. It has an excellent cast and is brilliantly acted.

Punch and Judy.—"The Small Timers." A comedy about an unsophisticated and stage-struck boy and girl who run away and join a "small time" vaudeville company. Inexpert, but entertaining.

Republic.—"Abie's Irish Rose." An amusing study in temperaments of the Irish and the Jew, in which the irreconcilable is reconciled thru emotion.

Ritz.—"Old English." John Galsworthy's play in which George Arliss gives an excellent dramatic interpretation of an eighty-year-old officer of a navigation company. A rôle that only Mr. Arliss could do justice to.

Shubert.—"Othello." Shakespeare and Walter Hampden at their best. A really great production by a very great artist.—E. V. B.

Times Square.—"She Had to Know." An amusing dialogue in which Grace George and Bruce McRae give excellent comedy performances.

Vanderbilt.—"My Girl." A jazzy musical comedy with sprightly tunes and snappy lyrics, not to say anything about the high kicking.

Wallack's.—"Hell's Bells." A comedy by Barry Connors, which brings a lovable pair of Westerners to the East with amusing results.

Winter Garden.—"Big Boy." Al Jolson's new musical comedy, which no one should miss. There is a real horse race.

New York's Motion Picture Theaters

Capitol.—First run feature pictures plus superb program. Symphony Orchestra. Beautiful theater. One and two week runs.

Rivoli.—First run feature pictures plus interesting and varied program. Weekly change.

Rialto.—First run feature pictures. News reel, comedies, dancing, music, etc. Program changes weekly.

Strand.—First run feature films plus program and good music. Weekly bill.

Piccadilly.—First run feature photoplays. Charming theater, original program. Weekly change.

Colonial.—First run feature films, weekly program.

Cameo.—First and second run photoplays, good music. One, two and three week runs.

Loew's.—First and second run photoplays. Daily program.

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 Educational Film Co., 729 Seventh Avenue
 Export & Import Film Co., 729 Seventh Avenue
 Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Avenue (Studio, 6th and Pierce Streets, Astoria, L. I.)
 Film Booking Offices, 723 Seventh Avenue
 Film Guild, 8 W. 40th Street
 Film Market, Inc., 563 Fifth Avenue
 First National Exhibitors, Inc., 383 Madison Avenue
 Fox Studios, Tenth Avenue and 55th Street
 Gaumont Co., Congress Avenue, Flushing, L. I.
 Goldwyn Pictures Corp., 469 Fifth Avenue
 Graphic Film Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue
 Griffith, D. W., Films, 1476 Broadway (Studio, Oriental Pt. Mamaroneck, N. Y.)
 Hodkinson, W. W., Film Corp., 469 Fifth Avenue
 Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue
 International Studios, 2478 Second Avenue
 Jans Pictures, 729 Seventh Avenue
 Jester Comedy Co., 220 W. 42nd Street
 Kenna Film Corp., 1639 Broadway
 Mastodon Films, 135 West 44th Street
 Metro Pictures, Loew Building, 1540 Broadway
 Moss, B. S., 1564 Broadway
 Outing Chester Pictures, 120 W. 41st Street
 Pathé Exchange, 35 West 45th Street
 Preferred Pictures, 1650 Broadway
 Prizma, Inc., 110 West 40th Street
 Pyramid Picture Corp., 150 W. 34th Street
 Ritz-Carlton Prod., 6 W. 48th Street
 Selznick Pictures, 729 Seventh Avenue
 Sunshine Films, Inc., 140 West 44th Street
 Talmadge Film Corp., 1540 Broadway
 Topics of the Day Film Co., 1562 Broadway
 Triangle Distributing Corp., 1459 Broadway
 Tully, Richard Walton, Prod., 1482 Broadway
 United Artists, 729 Seventh Avenue
 Universal Film Corp., 1600 Broadway
 Vitagraph Films, E. 16th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn
 Warner Bros., 1600 Broadway
 West, Roland, Prod. Co., 236 W. 55th Street
 Whitman, Bennett, Prod., 537 Riverdale Avenue.

APRIL

Motion Picture

APRIL

Magazine

IT'S ON SALE NOW

Read About the Beautiful Barbarian

POLA NEGRI—The mysterious! The tragic! The lovable! The gay! Harry Carr probes the depths of this strange, exotic being, and brings to light the hidden truths and beauties of her nature in a sensational article, *The Mystery of Pola Negri*.

Hail the New Sheik!

THERE'S a new sheik in Hollywood—a handsome, genuine Latin Lover, with an aristocratic old name, but he insists upon using an American name for the films. You'll find his picture and his story—and both his names—on page 25.

The Stars' Old Clothes

WHAT do the film stars do with their old clothes? Do they sell them? Do they keep them? Do they give them away to their relatives or their friends? To their fans or their servants? Read this fascinating article by Dorothy Calhoun.

SURPRISES! THRILLS! ROMANCE!

All in the MAY Number

ON SALE APRIL 1st

The True Life and Love Story of Jack Gilbert

In which he reveals startling facts for the first time

HIS story reads like the wildest, most romantic and mysterious fiction. Until Jack was a grown man he never knew his own name. Suddenly a stranger appeared who proved to be his own father, and the secret of his identity was revealed in the strangest and most sensational fashion.

THIS popular actor spent a desolate childhood, unwanted and neglected, at the mercy of cruel people. He forced himself to cry at his mother's funeral, but he was not sorry she died. He and his first wife nearly starved, and he tells of the poverty they endured, and of his rise to fame.

COLLEEN MOORE'S picture is on the cover and Harry Carr gives you a snappy interview with her. You'll read about the amusing tricks and schemes by which people try to get into the movies. Also you will find a brand-new sort of cross-word puzzle, more fascinating than any you've ever seen.



"When I was a girl, my father who was a chemist, would allow me to use but one face powder—*Lablache*—because of its purity. I've liked it and used it always."
 "MARY YOUNG"

LABLACHE

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AND

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Powder Compact
2½ inches
Extra Thin Purse Size
Price, \$1.00
Refill, 60c with puff
- Double Compact
2 inches
Powder and Rouge
Price, \$1.50
Powder Refill, 50c
with puff
- Triple Compact
2 inches
Powder, Rouge and
Lipstick
Price, \$1.75
Powder Refill, 50c
with puff
- Three-in-one Refill
\$1.00, with two puffs
- New
Glove Rouge Vanity
Orange, Medium, Dark
Price, 50c
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Suits any Complexion
Price, 50c
- Hexagon
Eyebrow Pencil
Brown and Black
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GENTLEWOMEN for generations have chosen *Lablache* Face Powder—first for its purity—then for its strangely wistful odour (a secret one). It is as caressingly soft as a melody. It adheres as unobtrusively as friendship.

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PARIS

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et. BOSTON

LABLACHE

THE CHOICE OF GENTLEWOMEN FOR THREE GENERATIONS

MOTION PICTURE

CLASSIC

VOL. XXI

No. 2



Edwin Bower Hesser

LEATRICE JOY

Returns to the screen in "The Dressmaker From Paris," for which we are properly grateful. There was a time when it was rumored she would never come back. This would indeed have been a screen calamity since she is one of the most vitally colorful stars in the cinema sky



Waxman

RODOLPHO ALFONZO RAFFAELLO PIERRE FILIBERT
GUGLIELMI DI VALENTINA D'ANTONGUOLLA

Calls himself Rudolph Valentino for obvious reasons. He's Rudy for short, too. When we leave him out of CLASSIC for three or four months, we get all sorts of threatening letters demanding a picture or "we'll cancel our subscription." So, here he is in an exclusive pose for CLASSIC. The king of the screen is back in Hollywood, after many months away, making "Cobra," his first independent venture



Richee

CONSTANCE BENNETT

Is the daughter of Richard Bennett, one of the ablest and most distinguished actors on the American stage. Not to be dimmed by reflected glory, Constance went to work and made a name for herself in "Cytheria." It was only a small part but it was not overlooked and her picture "graph" has been going up ever since. Her latest film is "My Wife and I"



Waxman

MRS. WALLACE REID

Is a sort of cinema crusader, filled with strong purpose and high resolve. She has turned the last bitter unhappy years of her husband's life into a practical love for humanity. Her pictures are frankly of the sort known as propaganda, but they are animated by such a tremendous sincerity and honest intent that one can scarcely afford to miss them. The last is "Broken Laws"



W. F. Seely

BRYANT WASHBURN

Decided not long ago to grow a little mustache. Fortunes have been made and lost on less. Anyway, it seems to have altered this gentleman's entire life. When he deserted the American screen a year or two ago, he was playing light comedy rôles and now that he's back again he's the "heavy." At least, he's villainized thru two pictures now, "The Parasite" and "Passionate Youth." We're glad to see him back with the Kleigs in any sort of rôle



Poverty Row

Poverty Row is the land of the free producers, home of the brave-hearted, the independents, the states righters, the little 'uns

By DOROTHY DONNELL

"ON your left, Ladies and Gentlemen, you see Poverty Row, the slums of the motion pictures!" Thus the brazen-lunged spieler on the sight-seeing busses as they rumble along Sunset Boulevard filled with gaping tourists from the Middle West who have invested in the Hollywood trip in the fond hope of seeing something shocking.

A long row of shabby stucco buildings flaring with brave big names: the Waldorf, the Hercules, the Excelsior; glimpses of still others down sunny side streets; groups of cowboys and Indians standing aimlessly about the corners; a lunch cart under a pepper tree where they eat—*when* they eat, this is Poverty Row, land of the free producers, home of the brave-hearted, the independents, the states righters, the little 'uns.

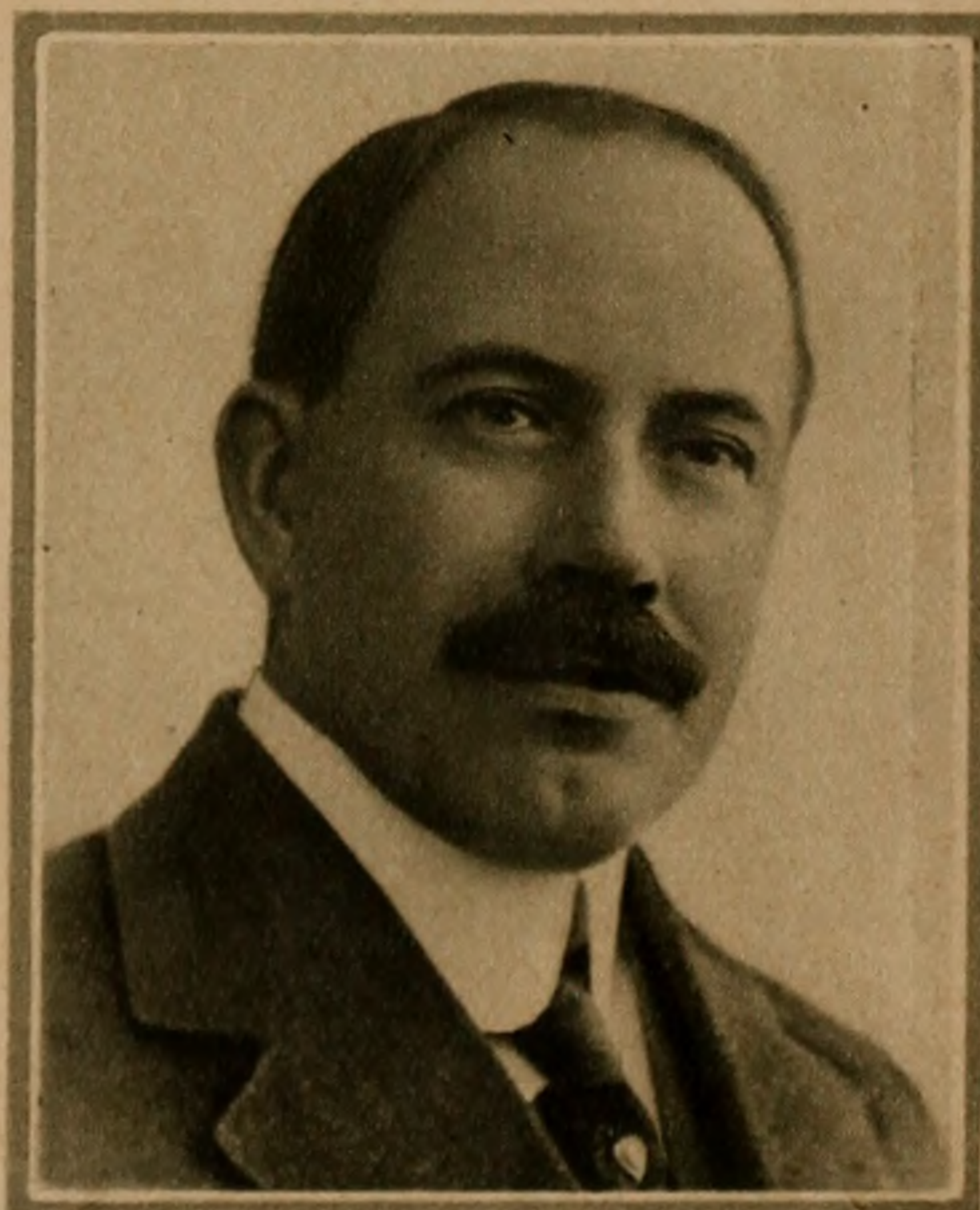
Here are made the pictures which never see the gilt and marble inside of the first-run theaters with seventy-piece orchestras and dollar-and-a-half admission fees. The corner stones of Poverty Row might be engraved with this truth, fundamental as an utterance of Socrates:

there are more Dimes in the world than there are Dollars. It is for the dimes that they make pictures, for the little towns, the humble neighborhood theaters, the frontier nickelodeons.

There isn't much sex stuff in these pictures—sex is expensive—few gilded sins, or flames, embers or ashes of passion, the sets don't cost thirty thousand like those in the big studios (which don't cost thirty thousand either!) the stars aren't photographed at the breathless moment when they are about to eat their breakfast egg.

Some of them can't afford a breakfast egg. None of them can afford to be photographed and publicized. Fame costs money, and money is the one thing that Poverty Row has everything except and must try in every way to save which, as our friend Florian would say. Hollywood doesn't crane its neck to stare after them on the Boulevard but a million fans know them and watch for them. Here is many a mute inglorious Milton Sills, here are unsung Polas, Valentinos of oblivion. It is the place of Famous Unknowns. Many

Kornman



Above is David Horsley, the first independent producer, who fourteen years ago defied the trust which refused to admit the Centaur Films into its ranks. Left: Renaud Hoffman, once a title writer now a successful free-lance director. Right: Bud Barsky, the Henry Ford of motion pictures

national stars have stepped from these cramped little studios onto the big lots—Edward Everett Horton was discovered here, Fred Thompson worked in Harry Brown Westerns for states right's release.

These stars of Poverty Row can *act*—they have to act to make forty or fifty scenes an average day. After the camera is set, there is no time to stand around arguing whether the leading lady shall pout before she drops her eyes, or drop her eyes before pouting. They don't go on location and then shoot craps and do cross-word puzzles in the shade while the director sits in the automobile and reads the scenario to see what it is all about, and by mid-afternoon decides that they will have to use another location.

There is much real poverty on Poverty Row. Hither drift all the ex-ranchers, farmers, soda-water jerkers who having acted once before a camera are actors forevermore, and the Indians who have bitten the dust in a Western two-reeler and will go without biting anything else rather than do any other kind of work, hereafter. Here you will find the idealist who has sold his house and car in order to finish his picture, and the hungry-looking actor who is giving his services to a co-operative production.

They don't talk in millions down there, or, since time is money, in months. Making a picture is a matter of days. The speed record for a five-reel Western is three and a half days. The Bud Barsky Productions make a picture in a week, by the next week every item of expenditure is paid for, and by the third week it is on the screens of a thousand small theaters! And von Stroheim has spent two years on "Greed."

The big free-lance stars who sometimes drift—rather shamefacedly—down to Poverty Row for a day or two's work to "fill in" between feature pictures are dazed by the speed with which they are put thru an incredible number of scenes, eighty, a hundred in a day. Zip! Bang! Into this room and out that door. To the telephone. Show surprise. Grief. Fear. You're in love with this girl. That letter says your mother is dead. Up those stairs now—out that door. That's all. Here's your money, good-by!

"I didn't have the slightest idea what the story was about," one famous actor moaned, as he staggered out of an independent studio at the end of a perfect one-day

contract in which he was to learn later to his dismay he was "Presented by Superba Films" as the star of the picture, "except that one of the other men in the cast was my enemy and I was supposed to glower at him whenever he appeared!"

Naturally, when a prominent actor whose salary is four hundred dollars a day is hired for a picture whose entire overhead for lights, film, sets, cast, laboratory, cannot exceed six thousand dollars (because that's all there is, there isn't any more), everything has to be arranged carefully beforehand so that every minute of his high-priced time is used.

But even without a "big name" on the expense account, the hundred-dollar-a-week-leading woman and the two-hundred-dollar-a-week star of Poverty Row do not spend two-thirds of their time sitting about waiting for something to happen in the other third. The picture is directed on paper first. The director knows what he is going to do and then he goes ahead and does it. Which seems like a simple rule and is certainly a golden one, and yet they haven't heard about it up on the Big Time lots where the other day a

famous director kept a five-thousand-dollar-a-day cast sitting about all afternoon trying to decide on an ending for the picture they were making!

A fitting selection for the orchestra to play at the beginning of a picture in many of the larger studios would be that old familiar classic, "We Don't Know Where We're Going But We're On Our Way."

It was the man they call the King of Poverty Row

who made the revolutionary discovery that more could be accomplished if there were no "time out" for temperament, or for the director to change his mind about the plot. Four years ago a youngster by the name of Phil Goldstone moved his equipment into a tiny building on Sunset—a desk, a chair and a second-hand safe to hold the money he expected to make by producing cheaper pictures than anyone was making or thought could be made.

This was the beginning of Poverty Row. Westerns had always been popular since the old days when the Bioscope shot them with Indians in sweaters and street-cars in the backgrounds. Very well, then, he would make Westerns. And instead of taking three weeks to make

(Continued on page 78)



Below: Kenneth McDonald and Fay Wray of the Bud Barsky Productions



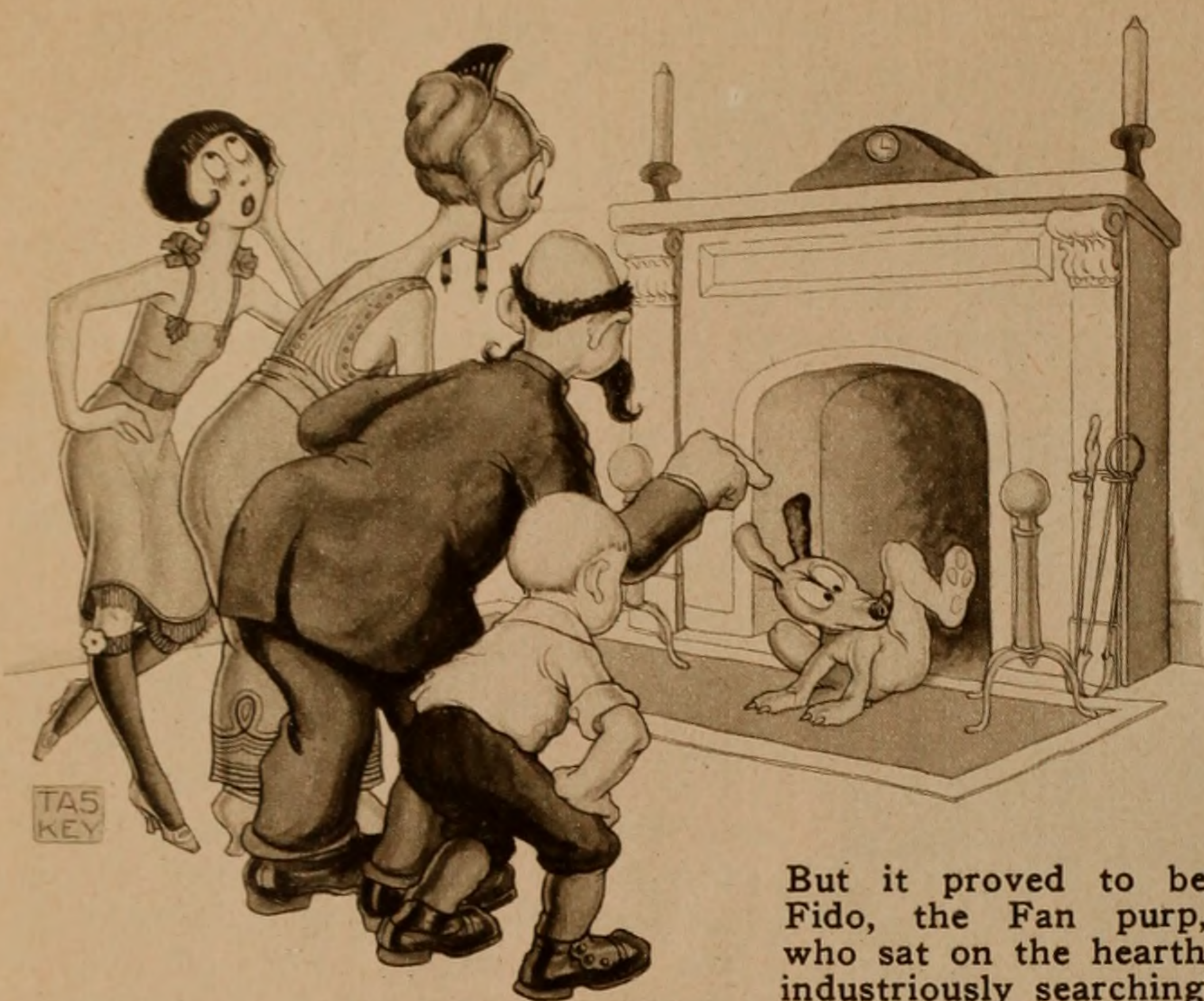
These are some of the stars of Poverty Row who never get their pictures in a fan magazine. Above is a Frank Merrill poster. Below are Buddy Roosevelt, William Lowrey and Violet La Plante, Le Roy Scott Production players

Fanning With the Fan Family

Fido Fan, the Dog Star, Does His Stuff For the Honor of the Family

Illustrations by Taskey

CHAPTER VI



But it proved to be Fido, the Fan pup, who sat on the hearth industriously searching for fleas

THE Fans were not of those whose gray lives were gripped in the grim grasp of the Moloch, Poverty. (See "Sunshine of the Sewer," "Garbage Flamed," "Alley Love," etc.)

But neither were they those gilded butterflies of Wealth whose gay lives are given to the mad pursuit of Pleasure. (See "Idle Lives," "Hollow Existences," "Flaming Riches," etc.)

The movies had taught them these great fundamental truths: All is not gold that glitters—it is probably prop money. What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and loses the heroine in the last reel? Heaven and the director will protect the working girl. When poverty comes in at the door, it means an embrace silhouetted against the window for the final scene.

Mom Fan knew the moment she laid eyes on the palatial drawing-room of the wealthy couple in "Cold Fires" that the only way they would ever be really happy would be to lose everything in Wall Street and go to live in a humble little flat on Third Avenue. (And So in Losing the Whole World they Had Found—Love.)

Flora Fan realized as soon as she read the caption in "Busted Vows," "She wanted a rich husband—she didn't care whose husband it was," that the beautiful heroine in the thousand-dollar lace wedding-veil was going to do some high-salaried suffering before she finally was divorced from the rich capitalist, married the handsome farmer, donned a simple gingham house gown, and Found Happiness At Last either in stirring a sauce-pan or washing little faces.

Being a true Fan, she knew, of course, that all Rich Men are fat, elderly, and inclined to be bald.

Frankie Fan, from such films as "Bars of Gold," knew the horrors of the Poor Little Rich Boy forced to wear velvet pants and keep his hands clean while he watched from the window of his country house (Nursie, If I Can Buy Everything I Want, Why Cant I Buy A Mother?) the barefoot country boy being Carr-essed by his white-haired Mother.

Nevertheless, tho they knew the hollowness of Riches, they were willing to Take a Chance on the misery that would follow their having a little more Tainted Money, Golden Lure, Withering Wealth—in short, they needed a little loose change.

It really looked as tho some member of the Fan Family would have to go to work.

"I might wire some director that I would accept a part in his next cast," Mom Fan suggested, "tho I haven't a

thing suitable to wear to an orgie if I were invited to one."

"That's Out!" Pop Fan said, "Not with all those sheiks I hear about in Hollywood. However, I might consider an offer to enter the films——"

"And get letters from strange women asking for a lock of your hair?" Mom Fan registered disapprobation as well as a correspondence school course in Movie Acting by Mail could have taught her, "You wont change Directors at your time of life!"

Flora Fan knew that if she became a movie star it meant sacrificing her future for a bungalow of only twenty-seven rooms, a motor of a mere sixty-horse power, and an income of scarcely more than three thousand a week. But she did not hesitate.

She shut her eyes, let her head fall back, and said with a gesture—(No. 7 Sacrifice) "I will become a movie star."

"Deleted by the Censors!" Said Pop and Mom Fan, for once synchronizing perfectly, "Think of the Temptations!"

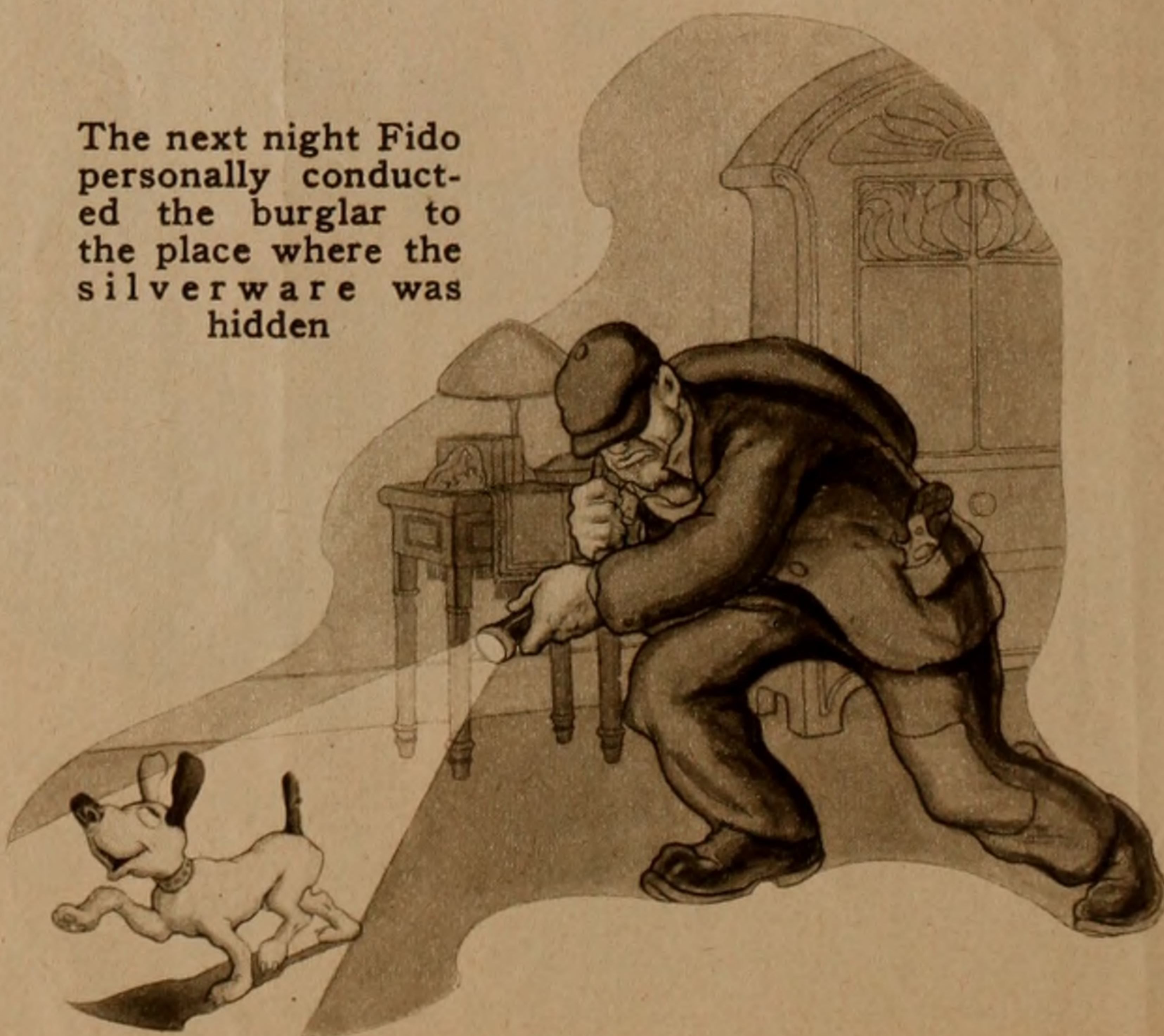
"Lemme be a child Prodigal," begged Frankie Fan, "Unspoiled, fond of wholesome fun, a typical American boy."

But kind-hearted Mom Fan pointed out to him that he might be depriving poor little Jackie Coogan and Bennie Alexander of a livelihood.

Pop Fan read a piece from the evening paper telling of a man with an educated mongoose who rented him to films needing mongooses for five hundred a week.

But since they had no mongoose—not even an illiterate one—that suggestion was Cut Out.

(Continued on page 80)



The next night Fido personally conducted the burglar to the place where the silverware was hidden



Waxman

A Study in Black and White—Mostly White

Olive Borden of the Hal Roach Comedies poses her saucy prettiest for CLASSIC. Olive is a Classic if we ever saw one!



Hoover

Louise Gives A Party

By HARRY CARR

WHEN Louise Fazenda hangs out the signal for a party, you can brace your cosmic soul for an unusual experience.

It's just as well to be frank about it; as a rule Hollywood parties are a bore . . . like most other parties. But these Fazenda celebrations . . . well, I'll tell you about her last one.

Louise said we were to be at our newspaper desk at seven o'clock. She would meander along with some folks.

One of the folks was George Herriman who draws "Krazy Kat," and another was Pat Sullivan who draws "Felix," that other cat. And the other one was Tom McNamara, another famous newspaper artist.

"I just had to arrange a family reunion of those two cats," whispered Louise as we got into the automobiles.

Heaven only knows where we went. Louise drew up at last in front of a quaint little Mexican restaurant in the suburbs of Los Angeles. Louise has a talent for unearthing quaint and strange little cafés that nobody ever heard of, but which straightway proceed to get famous. I think this one will.

It was altogether charming. The faint pleasant odor of chili peppers said how-y-do to your nostrils as you

went in. All around the place were potteries, the like of which few Americans have ever seen. It is made by a tribe of Mexican Indians who squat in the ruins of an ancient and forgotten Aztec city. These potteries are copied from designs that were made by the artists of a vanished civilization—a civilization which was old and wise when Egypt was young and foolish. They have faithfully reproduced the letters of inscriptions graven in a language long since vanished from the ken of man.

The dinner was served by a lovely señorita, whose delicate hands and patrician features told of other days. Los Angeles is the home of hundreds of aristocratic Mexican families, driven out by the revolutions, eking out a living as best as they can, just like the fugitive dukes and grand duchesses of Russia.

The dinner was as quaint as the place. There was not a dish served but went back to the forgotten chefs of the old Aztec civilization. They call it Mexican cooking, but it is in reality pure Aztec—or Maya. There was a soup—albondiga—with little balls of meat floating around in it; tamales served in the husk, not tame little New York tamales—but real ones so hot with chili that they made your eyes bulge; roast chicken swimming in a maroon-

colored sauce—and this was really hot; Tom McNamara took one bite and requested someone to ring for the fire department; there were frijoles and quaint native salads; there were candies made of the extract of cactus leaves; pumpkin seeds roasted and salted; an odd succulent little acorn. Between whiles, if your palate still craved genial warmth, the beautiful señorita passed around a little dish of tiny chilis.

She asked in her sweet, lisping, sibilant English if any one had tasted chili piquins. We all had—all but Mr. and Mrs. Pat Sullivan, who are of the effete East. A chili piquin is a tiny red ball around the size of a very small pea. It is the essence of liquid fire. Charley Van Loan, the writer of short stories, once wrote of the chili piquin: Once upon a time a piquin fell out of a dish onto the table-cloth. It burned right thru the table-cloth and then thru the table and then thru the floor and went on seeking his ancestral home—the eternal fires under the earth.

"Well," said the señorita, "I hope you will like these. They are very nice but they are somewhat hotter than the chili piquin."

At this point, all but the educated palates retired in awe and confusion. Louise took one little bite and reached frantically for the water glass. "Do I understand you are going to eat those?" asked Louise, looking at Mr. Herriman and me.

"We are."

"Then good-by. Give my regards to all my friends you meet in Paradise."

They were, as the lady said, somewhat hotter than a chili piquin; but they had an indescribable and alluring flavor.

After the dinner was over, Louise said, "Now I have a little surprise for you. I'm going to take you all somewhere."

Mr. Herriman laughed and told a story about another little surprise party he had recently attended.

It was down in the artist quarter of Los Angeles—the California Greenwich Village. Just as Louise did, the host took all the guests out on a surprise excursion afterward. He wouldn't tell where. He just led the way. At the first corner, Mr. Herriman said they heard a revolver shot. A fugitive criminal ran past them, turning to fire at some pursuing policemen. While the little party of artists cowered behind the corner of a building, a duel took place. The criminal blazed away until his revolver was empty, then fell dead at their feet—riddled by bullets.

Some surprise!

"There won't be any duels in this one," promised Louise.

We motored for miles down thru the half-lighted streets. Finally we wound up in front of a little Mexican theater blazing with lurid posters. Louise blithely led the way in thru the smells and tobacco smoke to the benches where we sat down.

It was a tiny little stage. The actors were almost as tall as the scenery. And the scenery was outrageously funny. It was supposed to be a scene in a monastery. The walls were all made of brown butcher paper. The great cathedral lamp which hung down in the midst of the cloister was made out of cardboard



Witzel

Below and above are samples of the then and now Louise Fazenda. For years no one knew that she was really a pretty girl. Harry Carr says, ". . . she is the most intellectual and remarkable girl that ever touched this queer business of making motion pictures"



and swayed and kicked around merrily in the wind.

In the middle of one of the most tragic scenes, someone in the audience signalled to the handsome young Mexican sheik—the leading man. He left the "heavy" emoting to beat the band and came down to the footlights to receive a box of cigars from a loyal admirer. They shook hands and the sheik tucked the gift away under a table and went on with the tragedy.

Right in front of the footlights, in the center of the edge of the stage, was the curved box of the prompter. The prompter said each line out loud—at the top of his voice before the character repeated it. Most of us laughed, but Louise did not laugh. She listened to the fat heroine as sympathetically and respectfully as tho she had been Signora Duse.

All of these things I tell about because they are the measure of one of the most interesting characters of the screen—they are the measure of Louise Fazenda.

It's no use making any ifs or ands about it. To my mind, Louise is the most intellectual and remarkable girl that has ever touched this queer business of making motion pictures. She has the most interesting, unexpected and original mind with which I have ever come in contact.

While we were sitting in the theater I tried to interview Louise. I asked what her real ambition in life is.

(Continued on page 83)

The Two-a-Day



Monroe



Apeda

Below is Rich Hayes, "The Elongated Personification of Unconcerned Dexterity," and his valet. Mr. Hayes' specialty is bouncing balls. He bounces them all over the Keith circuit to the delight of all his audiences

Ruskin

Above is Helen Eby Rock, a dashing young comédienne who dashes back and forth across the continent in the interests of vaudeville. Below is Betty Wheeler of Bert and Betty Wheeler in "Bits of Everything," to quote their billing—"a most satisfying potpourri which is cooked to the right turn and served to perfection"

Above is Ann Greenway, the singing comédienne, with Neville Fleeson, that popular composer of popular lyrics, who together present a vaudeville skit called "Samples." The melodies are by Al Von Tilzer. Below is De Lyle Alda, who sings and dances and plays a little imitation golf to please patrons of the two-a-day

Apeda



Apeda





Earl Broady Studio

Above is Eleanor Durkin of James Burke and Eleanor Durkin, who offer "A Tête-à-Tête In Song." Below is Chic Sale, who is to the theater what the late James Whitcomb Riley was to literature

© Strauss Peyton



News
and
Views
of the
Infinite
Variety
of the
Drama



Hixon Studio

Above is Miss Patricola, sister of the "cyclonic hooper" Tom, in a cycle of character songs. Below is the one and only Houdini, whose power in getting out of things is the unsolved riddle of the universe



Lapin-Rogers

Above is Janet of France, whose Orpheum offering is a piquant musical playlet entitled "A Little Touch of Paris." Janet Martine is a real Parisienne with a fascinating accent and a personality that sparkles like the wine of her native country



Beauty

My Pep—And How I Keep It Up

By CONSTANCE TALMADGE

Being the first of a continuing series of practical and helpful hints from film stars on the subject nearest a woman's heart

THE one thing that seems to make my friends envious is my seemingly inexhaustible fund of energy. I never hear even my beaux say: "Connie, how wonderful you are looking to-night!" Or, "Connie, how beautiful your hair is," or "your eyes are like stars," and so on. No. The usual compliments that most young ladies receive in admiration from their friends, are never offered to me.

One and all have the same tribute to pay—and I get so accustomed to hearing, "Ye Gods! Where do you get so much pep?" that if I went out on a party and each and every person I spoke to failed to come across with this remark, I would immediately begin to think that I was on the verge of death!

And yet, I don't want you to think for one moment that I fail to appreciate this gift. Heavens! As long as they keep saying it, I know that I've got something that the most radiant beauty in the world would give her eye-teeth for.

I might safely say that this same "pep" is the foundation of my success on the screen—and my popularity off. Every one knows how difficult and nerve-racking the work of a movie star can be. Every girl knows that nine men out of ten want to take out the girl who more nearly resembles a dynamo than any other kind. And every girl who is taken out also knows that unless she can get some real enjoyment out of an evening with her beau, unless she loves to dance, and unless she has the energy to keep up the pace he sets, why she would have been much better off if she had stayed at home. The wear and tear of a dancing evening on a girl if she is tired, no matter how much in love with a man she may be, makes him hesitate about asking her out again. He wants a girl who will not only amuse him, but will also be amused every moment she spends in his society. It's the vanity of the brute! You can't change 'em!

There's no better way of keeping in trim than to dance. I would rather dance than eat, or make love, or work, or



Kenneth Alexander

do anything else in the world. Tripping the light fantastic does me more physical good than any tonic ever invented by a hard-up doctor. Dancing exercises every muscle in the body, and teaches control of the body as nothing else can.

Because I have danced so long and so often, I can make my body do anything I desire. I control it. It does not control me, as is the case with most other women.

I am constantly learning new dances. I have studied with the best teachers in the world, and I never seem to get tired of learning new steps.

I started out by mastering the two-step, the waltz, the one-step and fox-trot. Then I learned the maxixe and the tango. Then I learned the "Camel Walk," "The Chicago," "The Collegian," "The Sheik Tango" (my how I

loved learning that one!) and about a year ago, I devised my own fox-trot which I danced with Maurice. I know I can earn my living by dancing any time I may be forced to leave the screen.

I have now started in to learn the national and folk dances, as well as those of bygone years. I learned the minuet and the old English dances for my rôle in "The Goldfish," and a Chinese dance for "East is West." The number of national and folk dances that are at my disposal to learn appalls me, but I am making a brave start.

I don't spend all my time at dancing, however, altho you may easily gather this from my hectic enthusiasm on the subject. I love to exercise out of doors. I play tennis and golf whenever I get a chance. I enjoy a brisk country walk, and whenever a morning or afternoon off comes to me, I am out doing something.

I love driving my own car, and think that speed laws are the greatest provocation invented by man. I simply adore to put my foot on the accelerator, and see if the salesman who sold me the car and told me I could get eighty out of it, is a truthful man.

Both Norma and I do our daily dozen every morning
(Continued on page 77)



HORRORS!

From "The Phantom of the Opera"



Of course, you know who this terrifying apparition is. It couldn't be anyone else but Lon Chaney. That master of make-up has achieved another masterpiece



Chaney's flair is a peculiar one—he has given the screen a series of grotesques, monsters, freaks and atrocities absolutely unparalleled elsewhere



He originated this revolting mask especially for his latest picture, Universal's "The Phantom of the Opera," in which he stars with Mary Philbin and Norman Kerry. An odd lighting naturally enhances the horrible effect



It is no wonder poor little Mary Philbin registers fright so realistically in the center oval. She probably was scared to death. These are from among the famous make-up to appear in print, since Mr. Chaney wanted to "surprise" his fans



Clara Bow

From a photograph
by W. F. Seely

You've heard about that "come-hither look," of course, but you probably never had the good luck to see it. Well, here it is. Little Miss Bow illustrates it rather well. People say the flapper is passing out, her day is done, and so forth, but don't you believe it. As long as Clara's irresistible flappers ornament the screen, there's no danger. Come on, boys! Three cheers for Clara! Long may she flap!

Three - A - Day Hearts

By JOHN HANLON

Illustrated by Douglas Ryan

"SWEET patootie!" exclaimed Miss Myrtle Randolph of "Randolph and Ross—Just Two Baby Dolls and a Baby Grand." Will you lamp the goofey time-table of the ac's at the Clarion Theater."

She was reading a Sunday paper which contained an advertisement of the vaudeville theater from whose rostrum she and her partner would sing and simper thrice a day for the next seven days.

"My Gawd!" Miss Bebe Ross widened blue eyes in apprehension. "The bozos ain't got the gall to shove us on number two again."

"Nope, dear heart. But Lark Taylor's head-lined an' LaVerne an' Krump is closin' the show. Gee them bookin' agents are the pure goofs!"

"I dont give a damn who closes," Miss Ross was relieved, "so long's we dont play to a house with its hands fulla hatpins. But what's the dirt about Lark Taylor an' the other ac's? Drip it swift, dearie."

"Ain't you heard, kid?" Miss Randolph was charmed at this chance to spread scandal. "Before Lark Taylor went over on her own, she was in a three ac' with LaVerne an' Krump. An' she was Frank LaVerne's wife. Yeh, honest-to-Gawd, with a ring 'n everything. . . ."

"She give him the air, eh? When she found she could draw more money alone?"

"Nope, he left her flatter'n a Ford joke at a supper show on the Pan time."

"Another frail?"

"'Spose so. But nobody dont know nuthin' definite. Gee, they ain't never been on a bill together before this, an' they say her routine is like his is. She'll kill his ac' dead even before the orchestra starts the introduction. An' I bet he'll try to do her dirt somehow, he's got a terrible temper. . . ."

LaVerne and Krump were snatching a light breakfast in a lunch wagon before the nine-o'clock rehearsal, which would consist chiefly of explaining their music cues to the orchestra leader of the Clarion Theater.

Frank LaVerne had been an acrobat for fifteen years, but he was still on the pleasant side of thirty. His slender but muscular body was beautifully built, as if some affectionate sculptor had shaped it from pliable clay. His face was not the face of an intellectual, but it was frank, ingratiating, altho a crisscross of bitter lines had stolen boyishness from his mouth.

A great contrast to him was Dave Krump, emaciated,

defomed, with gaunt face scarred by the claws of a circus lion that had cruelly slashed him. Nature and accident had molded him into the part of the clown which he played to gain a living; a grotesque creature, revolting, ridiculous, even without the white and carmine of his make-up.

"Say, Frank," Dave Krump muttered over his coffee. "Lark's on the Clarion bill."

"Huh!" A shudder shook the acrobat.

"She's toppin' the bill, even over Kraus and Rowland. . . ." the clown continued and his eyes did not leave the face of his comrade.

"Bet they'll be sore," Frank LaVerne said, with forced lightness, "bein' billed under a air ac'; but their ac's on'y hot air—gags that was dead before Anna Held was born."

"Be glad to see Lark, Frank?" The hunchback was suave, sympathetic, yet he was deliberately probing an unhealed wound.

"Gawd!" LaVerne's face grew black, his fists clenched.

"Say," Dave Krump murmured after a pause. "Accordin' to the bazo who catches new ac's for 'Variety,' Lark's lifted all your stunts—she'll kill us if she pulls them before we go on."



"Ain't you heard, kid?" Miss Randolph was charmed at this chance to spread scandal. ". . . Lark Taylor was Frank LaVerne's wife. Yeh, honest-to-Gawd, with a ring 'n everything"



Lark met Dave Krump at the stage door. "How . . . how is he, Dave?" she asked nervously. "Frank?" he growled. "Same as ever . . ."

Frank LaVerne struck the counter. There was nothing pleasant about his face now; it was bitter, cruel, sadistic. "Let her try to get away with it! What she done to me's done. But I wont stand for our ac' bein' crabbed by any of her dirty liftin'."

His eyes were nasty, vindictive, the eyes of a man whom it would be dangerous to cross.

Her mother had called her "Eliza," but her professional choice of "Lark" fitted her as closely as did her silken tights. She was petite, with masses of tawny gold hair, effervescent blue eyes, and the alert, nervous grace of a small bird was in all her movements.

There was one other birdlike quality about her, her voice—a clear and pure coloratura soprano, undertrained but none the less effective and lovely in its freshness.

It was this voice as well as her sunny and winsome personality that had lifted her from the undesired opening and closing positions allotted to "dumb" acts to head-line prominence in bills of the better small-time with the billing of:

LARK TAYLOR
The Flying Nightingale
Vaudeville's Prima Donna of the Trapeze

Lark met Dave Krump at the stage door of the Clarion

Theater before the Monday matinée. She had grown fond of the hunchback clown during the three years which she had trouped with him and Frank LaVerne and, altho she had broken the bonds of business and of matrimony with LaVerne, she had not failed to keep in touch with his partner.

"Dave!" She cried gladly and kissed him impulsively.

"Lark, girlie!" Her gladness was reciprocated. He patted her cheeks, her shoulders with his warped hands.

"How . . . how is he, Dave?" she asked nervously.

"Frank?" He growled. "Same as ever! Say, Lark, you know I wouldn't 'a' stuck with him after what he done to you, on'y, you understand . . . with me as I am. . . ." He shrank in a gesture of self-pity and self-disgust. "Well, it ain't easy for a joke like me to hook up with a new ac' . . ."

"Dave," she implored as if it were a question that constantly worried her. "Why . . . why did he give me the air? There wasn't no other dame, I know he loved me . . . and then—overnight!"

"That bozo never loved no one but himself, girlie. You was goin' bigger in the ac' than he was an' he got sore at you. But it wasn't your funeral. You're head-lined now an' we're still openin' an' closin' . . ."

"Yes." There was no triumph, no elation in her voice. "I'm head-lined now."

"Lark," he said sharply, reading the secret of her voice, her eyes. "You . . . you ain't still sweet on Frankie?"

"Yes, Dave," she whispered as she left him hurriedly, ashamed. "I reckon I am."

An hour later she did her act; her introductory song, her clever work upon the flying trapeze, and the finish in which she swung high over the audience, blonde hair streaming down, singing as she swung, only her toes keeping her from crashing to certain injury and probable death thirty feet below.

Her act was a riot, she took curtain after curtain. Twenty minutes later, after Kraus and Rowland had done their "bench act," the oleo curtain rose and revealed the aerial apparatus of LaVerne and Krump. There was the clatter of folding seats, the stamp of feet; the fatal "walk-out" had begun.

The overture for the first evening performance echoed, faintly bizarre, from the front of the house. Frank LaVerne sat alone in his dressing-room, shaving the hair from his chest and armpits, for he wore only the flimsiest of singlets above the purple tights which encased his shapely legs.

"Come in!" He curtly acknowledged a timorous knock on the door. "My Gawd!"

The door had opened, revealing Lark Taylor, wearing

a blue crêpe kimono that clung closely to her alluring figure, the masses of her golden hair tumbling about her shoulders.

"I wanted to see you, Frankie," she said quietly. "It doesn't seem right for us to be on the same bill an' not speak, after . . . after those years. . . ."

"You got your nerve!" he said, morose and cold. "S'pose you wanna gloat over the flop we done this afternoon. Well, you done it by liftin' everything I got."

"They're not your tricks, Frankie," she defended herself. "Circus folk done 'em years before you taught 'em to me."

"You're killin' my ac' . . ." he accused again.

She looked at him and the blue eyes were bitter, "You didn't think nuthin' o' killin' my heart."

"Ha!" He flung up his head as if she had hit him. "For Gawd's sake, ring off of that stuff. What did you do to my heart? You! . . . Sweet an' pure little angel! An' all the time dirtier than . . ."

"Frankie! What are you ravin' about, boy?"

"Oh, you know well enough." He went on brokenly. "A fella ain't blind an' deaf in the show business, not if he's got kind friends to give him ears an' eyes. I was blind for a while . . . but I had kind friends. . . ."

"Frankie," she was calmer now, as if for the first time she had found something definite to contend with, "Frankie, please. . . ."

He did not heed her interruption, standing there a figure of tragic fury, his naked torso above the purple tights swelling as if rent by tempestuous, terrible passions. "I heard you was belly-achin' cause I walked out on you. without a word. . . . Well, I didn't tell you then, I didn't wanna see you. I knew if I seen you, I'd 'a' killed you. An' I didn't tell no one. I was ashamed for to let the world know that Tony Mitchell had swiped . . ."

"Frankie, there's been some awful mistake. Tony Mitchell didn't mean . . ."

"Huh!" he snorted at her and for a second she thought that his clenched fist would strike her. "Dont lie to me. damn you."

"Frankie, you're wrong," she implored. "Dead wrong! Honest to Gawd!"

"'S that so?" He was calmer now, biting, scornful. "Well, I know what I'm talkin' about. There was folks saw you with him in Minneapolis . . . in his room . . . the dirty degenerate. . . ."

"You believed them! They was lyin'. You oughta know folk spill dirt about everyone in show business. . . ."

"No, I didn't jus' believe 'em. I found out for myself. I went to his boardin'-house, I seen the landlady an' she give me sumpin' the dame left—sumpin' that belonged to you. . . . An' I thought you wasn't like the rest of 'em, I married you. Gawd!"

He was leaning against the dressing-table now, tears streaming down his face. She came close to him, put his hands on his bare and heaving shoulders.

"I dont care what you found, I wasn't in his rooms. If it was anything of mine, it musta been a frame-up. . . . I've always loved you, Frankie, an' . . . an' you still love me . . . otherwise it wouldn't hurt you so much . . . still."

"Love you!" The tempest of passion gripped him again. "Christ, I hate you. Get out of here, for God's sake get out of here, before I beat you up. You——"

She struck him a sharp, stinging blow across the cheek. "That's enough from you, Frankie," she said, and her voice was harsh and bitter now. "I've played square with you an' all I get is threats an' insults."

He roared aloud, lunged at her, but Dave Krump had entered the room, flung his broken body in the way. Lark Taylor fled into the corridor as Frank LaVerne, anger replaced by weakness, crumpled against the dressing-table.

In the next dressing-room the ear of Miss Myrtle Randolph was eagerly pressed against the partition, "Gawd, Bebe!" she reported to Miss Ross with triumphant optimism, "he's gonna kill her sure. I wouldn't 'a' missed this for the Palace!"

Behind the oleo drop Tragedy may stalk but only Mirth and Jollity may scamper before the footlight side. That night Lark Taylor entered as gaily, sang as blithely, and

"That's enough from you, Frankie," she said, and her voice was harsh and bitter now. "I've played square with you an' all I get is threats an' insults"



swung from her trapeze with as nonchalant daring as if her life had never held more than love and laughter.

The audience was delighted as all audiences were with Lark Taylor. Then the climax of the turn arrived. The stage darkened and the spotlight centered upon the trapeze. Hanging, head downwards, by one foot, Lark began to describe a lengthening arc over the heads of the audience, almost brushing their faces with her unloosed tresses. As she swung, she sang, trilling, birdlike, exultant.

Her song shattered into a shrill scream of terror as if the shadow of a hawk had fallen across the warbler. Shrieks fluttered from the audience, there was a heavy thud. One of the ropes of the trapeze had broken, hurling Lark Taylor thirty feet to the aisle of the theater.

A small panic was averted by the presence of mind of the orchestra leader and, four minutes later, Kraus and Rowland were doing their stuff before a nervous audience that was gradually forgetting the tragedy which it had witnessed.

The show must go on; such is the unwritten law of the theater. A vaudeville bill is as relentless as time, even death does not halt its progress.

But Lark Taylor was not dead, altho they did not yet know how near death she might be. They had carried her back stage, laid her on a couch in her dressing-room, still unconscious, pathetically crushed and crumpled, like a song-bird brought down by a gun, its plumage mud-stained and bloody.

The crowd of artists and stagehands that clustered around her was forcibly parted. Thru it came Frank LaVerne, unrestrained and flung himself beside her.

"Kid . . . sweetie, oh, my God, whatever you done to me, I love you!"

Tears streaked his white chalk make-up. Perhaps she heard him, for her lips, all bruised and cut and bloody as they were, seemed to twist into a smile.

"LaVerne . . ." it was the brusque voice of the stage manager. "Where the hell are you? They're waitin' for you, they're playin' your music. . . ."

And Frank LaVerne with a last glance at the limp and broken figure, went up to the stage.

The show must go on.

The asbestos curtain had descended, the audience was shuffling out, and on the bare stage, a group of artists were discussing the accident.

Suddenly an exclamation burst from Myrtle Randolph. "Migawd! Look-a-here." She was examining the trapeze which had flung Lark into the aisle. "There's been dirt here. On'y one o' them strands broke, the others was cut!"

They crowded about her, peering, muttering, exclaiming. It was patent that what she had announced was true. Anyone who knew anything about ropes could see that one of the ropes that held the trapeze had been deliberately weakened.

"Who done it?" someone speculated.

"Who done it?" Miss Randolph was triumphant in having gained the center of the stage. She turned to where Frank LaVerne stood in the wings. "Who done it? Why, he done it. I heard him threaten her in the dressin'-room before the first show."

"You're nutty, woman," LaVerne answered her, but he was plainly unnerved.

"I heard him, too," chimed in Miss Bebe Ross, "an' he said he wanted to kill her two years ago. . . ."

The stage manager intervened.

"Say, somebody's lyin', I dont know who. . . . But it looks like a pretty serious thing—like murder. The ambulance driver said she probably wouldn't live to get to the hospital. In that case it will be murder!"

"Dead. She's not dead? No . . . no . . .!"

A cry of agony shrilled from the shadows where some set pieces were piled. It was Dave Krump crouched there against the wall, his distorted body quivering like a spen. His hollow cheeks were as white as if he had still worn his make-up.

No one heeded him, no one except Frank LaVerne who, brushing by the others, hurled himself upon his partner and seized him with strong and ungentle hands.

"Dave——"

he said and his

voice was choked with excitement, "you took the big clasp knife from my pants pockets after the first show. I seen you but I didn't think nuthin' of it."

The hunchback said nothing, he seemed to have gained control of himself, but his mouth was working hideously, his fingers writhed like the legs of a wounded insect.

"Did you slash that rope, Dave?" Frank LaVerne was shaking him brutally. "Did you? Tell the truth now or I'll . . ."

The hunchback cried aloud in pain which increased,

(Continued on page 73)



The show must go on; such is the unwritten law of the theater. A vaudeville bill is as relentless as time, even death does not halt its progress



Woodbury

Here is Viola Dana knitting her pretty brows, but it doesn't matter as long as she is also showing her pretty ankles. Below, Lila Lee finds hers easy guessing

What to Do Till the Director Comes



Doris Kenyon has just guessed a five-letter word meaning more. It's about her salary. No wonder she smiles. Below, Alberta Vaughan stops to think



Milton Sills really is a three-letter word meaning dry fruit



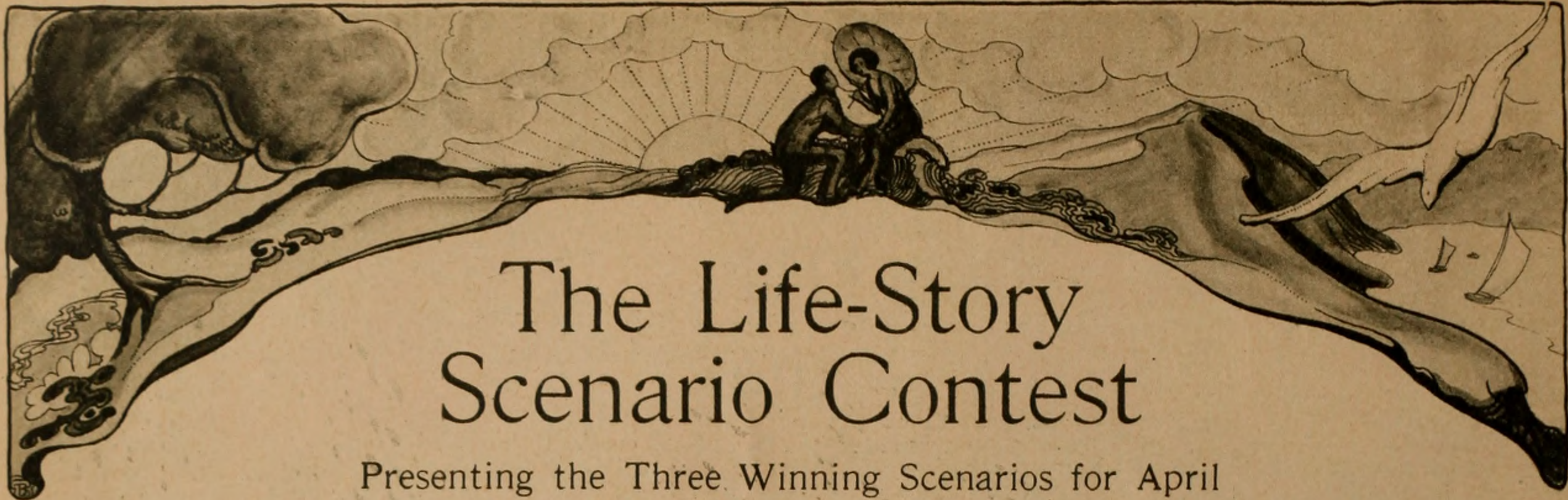
Fotograms

Some people—probably the censors—say crossword puzzling is a menace. But just what it menaces they don't say. It must be a godsend to movie stars, who used to spend half of their time waiting around on the set doing nothing



Left: Marjorie Daw has consulted four dictionaries, four encyclopedias, four almanacs, and twenty-four continuities, looking for a six-letter word that begins with "c" and ends with "a," that means moving picture. Perhaps you can help her





The Life-Story Scenario Contest

Presenting the Three Winning Scenarios for April

The Contest is now closed. The winner will be announced in the May CLASSIC

SCARLET

By Elizabeth Sherlock, Muskogee, Oklahoma—\$15.00

IN a Western town lives a young lawyer, James Deering, conspicuous in his criminal cases for leniency toward the erring woman, seemingly of the opinion that her standard of judgment should be the same as that of man.

Comes to this town Margaret Clayton, a guest of her widowed sister, Lucille Melburn, prominent socially. Margaret and Deering meet; ensues a whirlwind courtship. They are married but with slight questioning by Deering of Margaret's past, which runs thus: Margaret and Lucille orphaned at seventeen and nineteen years with very little means and limited education. Lucille marries, moves to this Western town, leaving Margaret to battle for herself in the city. She unsuccessfully tries to write, then becomes stenographer to a wealthy man, John Grayson, who suggests the easiest way. For three years, she lives as his mistress, but grows to hate this existence; after many stormy scenes, she breaks from his influence and finds work again. At this period, Lucille Melburn, now widowed, asks Margaret to visit her.

Margaret touches casually on her past to Lucille and Deering, the latter continually making spectacular strides in his profession, Margaret desires to do something to keep up with him intellectually, so tries writing again. In three months she has written a story of her own life. "Scarlet" she calls it, using a *nom de plume*. The book creates a furor. Deering pronounces it wonderful, but when Margaret asks what he would do in case his wife had lived that sort of life, he hesitates, "that would be different." Thereby she knows his magnanimity toward woman is a sham to gain public favor and she fears he will discover the identity of the author.

At this point, the man of the past appears, the man who had made scarlet three years of life. Grayson and Deering meet in a business way. Social amenities follow. Grayson and Margaret appear as strangers when introduced.

At a dinner "Scarlet" is discussed. Margaret knows the story is so thinly veiled, Grayson cannot but guess she is the writer. His love for her is not dead as is his conscience. A moment alone and he tells her, if she will not be the same to him, he will disclose to Deering the why and wherefore of "Scarlet."

She defies him, saying she knows her husband would be as magnanimous toward her, if he knew, as he was in the cases of other women, for instance, one whom he had just defended for killing her lover, a case in which she, Margaret, had shown such keen interest. Deering himself had wondered a bit.

These rebuffs mean nothing to Grayson, who thinking Deering out of town, goes to his house one evening.

Deering appears just in time to cut in on a lurid scene with Margaret, ostensibly in Grayson's arms. At bay, Grayson's only defense is to tell Deering that Margaret is the author of "Scarlet" and that it is her life. He tells him to use his fine arguments to save his wife's soul even as he had saved a woman from the scaffold the other day.

All this and more; Deering so dazed, he does not notice Grayson's exit. He and Margaret alone face each other with the world-old problem. He takes "Scarlet" from a table, looks at it and tosses it aside. To Margaret this action is indicative of the damage done by Grayson.

She goes to her room, starts packing. Some of the clothes are very tiny. Deering does not see her in the morning. When he returns at night, the house is empty. Better so, time to think things over.

Margaret and her maid go to a village in southern C, seeking quietude. She becomes interested in a girl of about fourteen—Virginia by name—who brings her vegetables and butter. The girl lives with her grandmother on the outskirts of the village.

Visiting them one day, Margaret learns their story: A daughter beautiful as this Virginia, a young man from the city on a summer vacation, a promise of marriage, a temporary absence, no return. Follows the birth of Virginia and the death of the young mother. Pitifully told, this story brings sympathy from Margaret, also a faint remembrance of hearing mention made by Deering of a vacation spent here years ago. The grandmother produces a picture of Virginia's mother and one of Deering. Margaret had laughed at one like it in an old album. She goes home heart-broken and maddened at the injustice toward herself.

Weeks pass; Deering discovers where Margaret is staying, but not until one night while searching in her room for something and finding an unfinished baby garment, does he decide to go to her.

She shows no happiness at his unheralded arrival, but rather confronts him with the lifelong misery his wrongdoing has caused these poor people.

Not until he makes reparation to this girl, in material ways at least, will she again live with him. Deering is stunned and ashamed. He begs Margaret to come back for the sake of their old love, and because of the little new life, and agrees to any demand she makes. They have played the game of life unfortunately, but at last find happiness in the great joy of forgiving.

THE HERMIT

By Mrs. Anna Riedl, New York City—\$10.00

THE engaged Lotte Wallner and Walter Brand made a trip to a mountain in the Swiss Alps. Loving to climb the most difficult parts, they were overcome by a violent snowstorm and lost their way. Walter had his gun with

(Continued on page 82)

The pictures on this page were taken in and around the camp of Arapaho Indians that was loaned to Paramount by the U. S. Government for the filming of Zane Grey's "The Thundering Herd"



Another great phase of America in the making—and perhaps the most interesting—will be exploited in this picture. Besides the Indians, the stars are Jack Holt and Lois Wilson



Indians interpreting the title of the picture in their sign language: left, Thundering; right, Buffalo

Lo, the Poor Indian!



Chief Goes In Lodge and Charley White Man, a white boy who was captured and brought up by the Indians



Above: Charley White Man with Colonel T. J. McCoy, who has charge of the Indians and who has an important rôle in the film. Right: Three famous (maybe!) movie stars

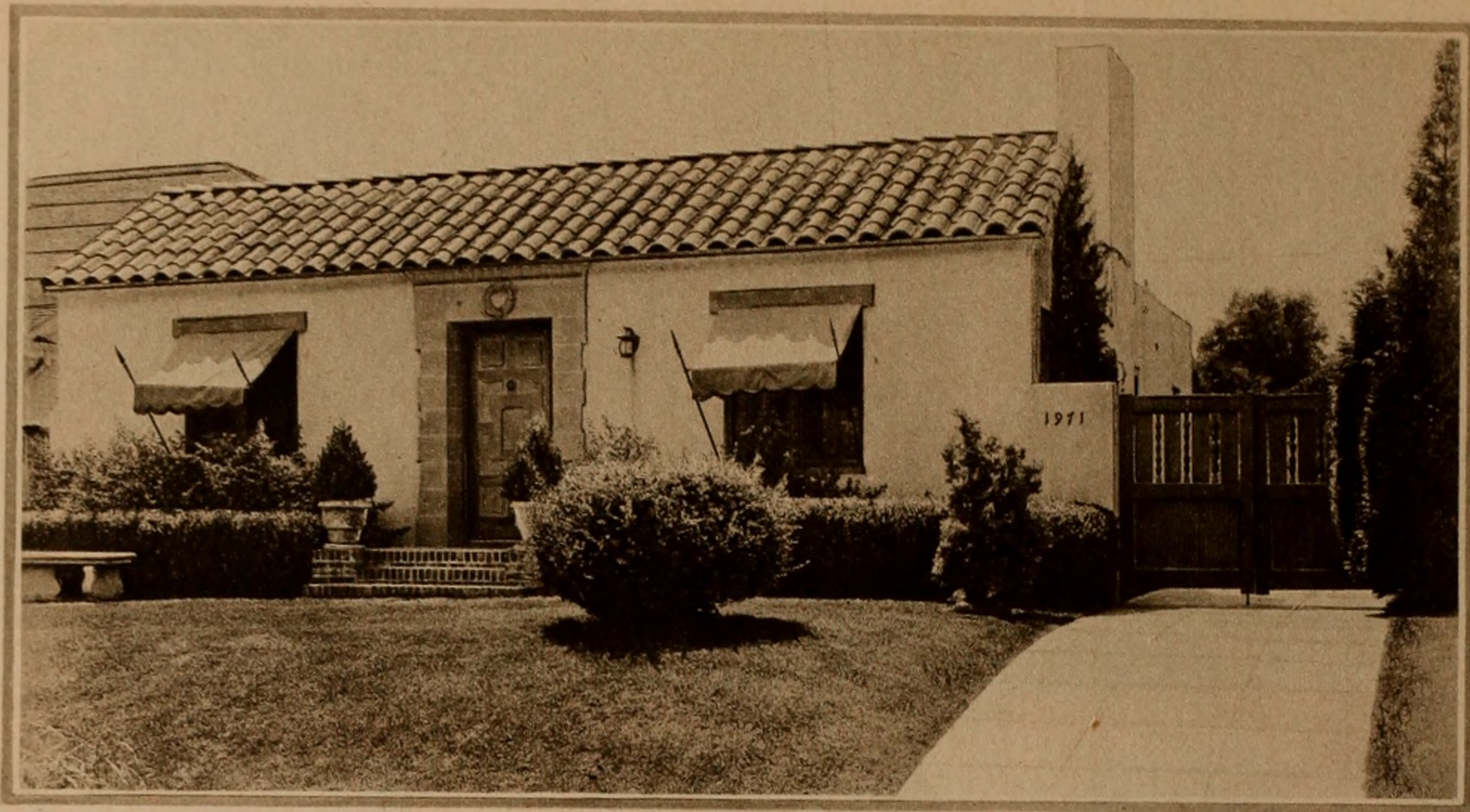


A group of Arapaho braves before their teepees



Above: Chief Bad Teeth and his squaw, who make their screen debut in "The Thundering Herd." These "extras" are all from the Government Reservation in Wyoming





Hollywood Homes—NO. XXVIII

Is
Little
Ben
Alexander's
House

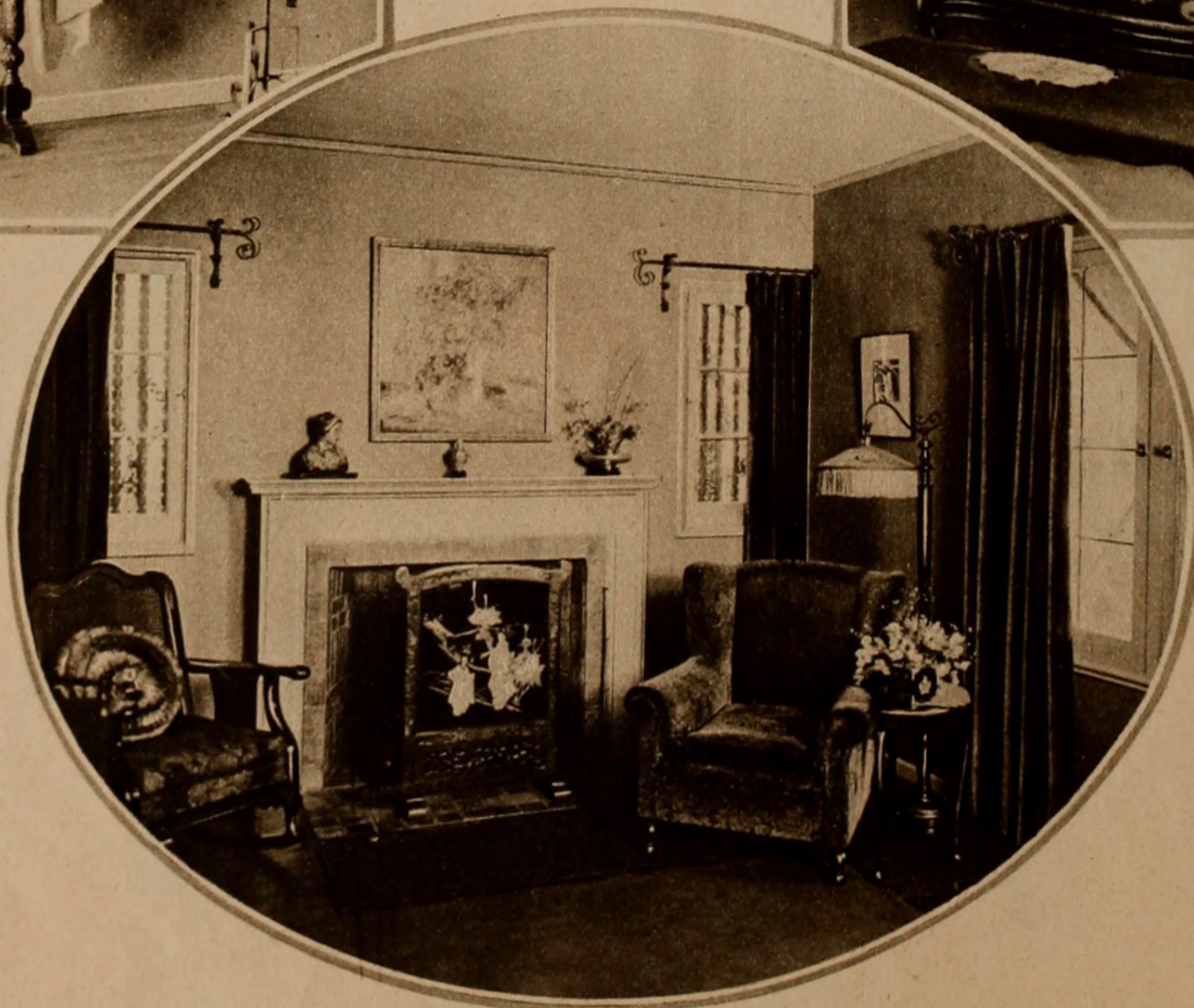
Below is a corner of
the living-room, and
you bet it's not al-
ways so orderly



Above: A pleasant detail of the hallway in Ben's house

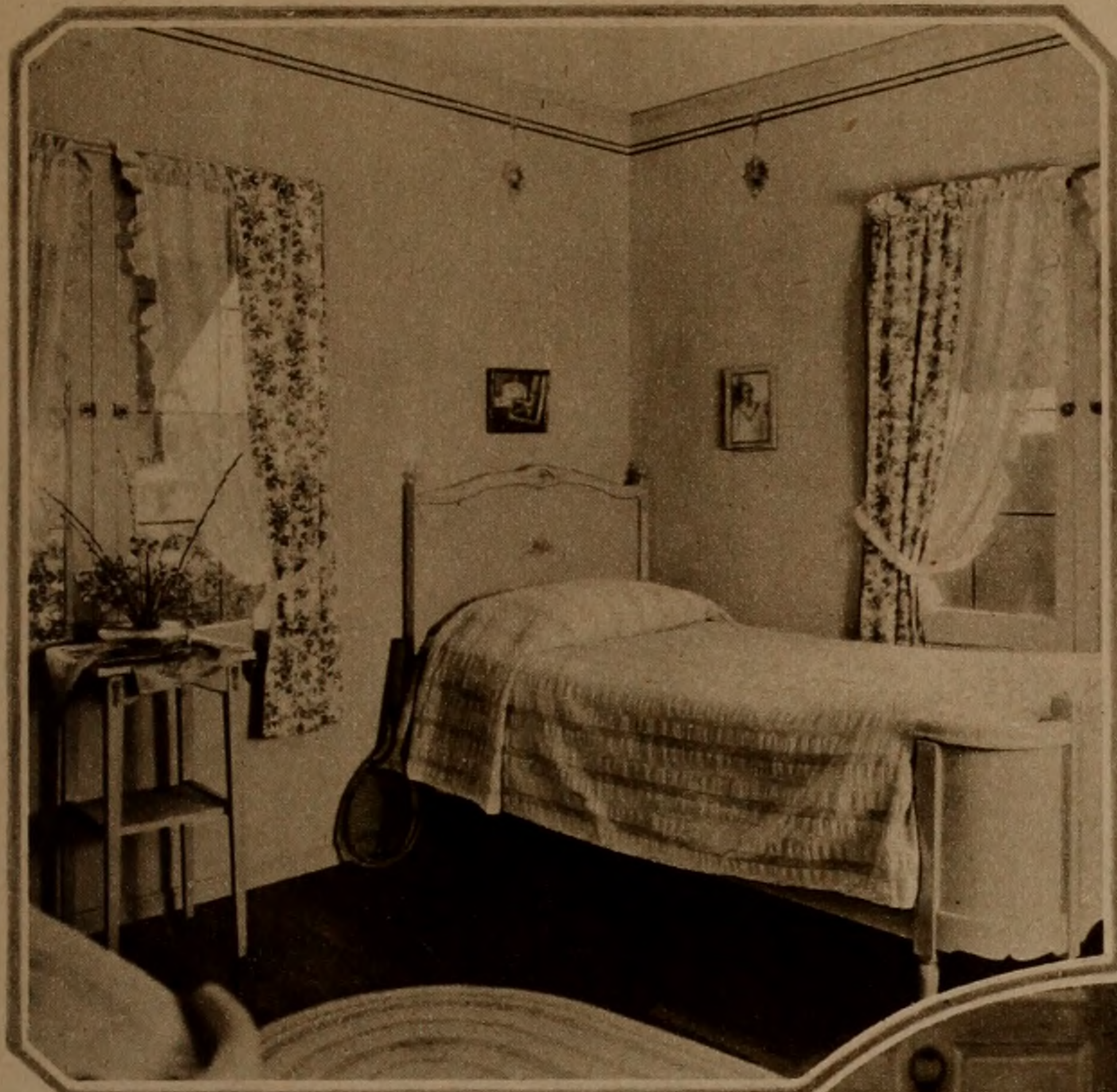


Above: A charming old-fashioned "sofa" in the living-room



At the top of the page is the exterior, which is reputed to be a perfect type of Spanish bungalow. Ben has plenty of backyard to play in, too

The living-room is done in shades of taupe and amethyst, tho probably if Ben had had anything to do with it, it would have been red



This is Ben's own bedroom, and dont miss the tennis racket

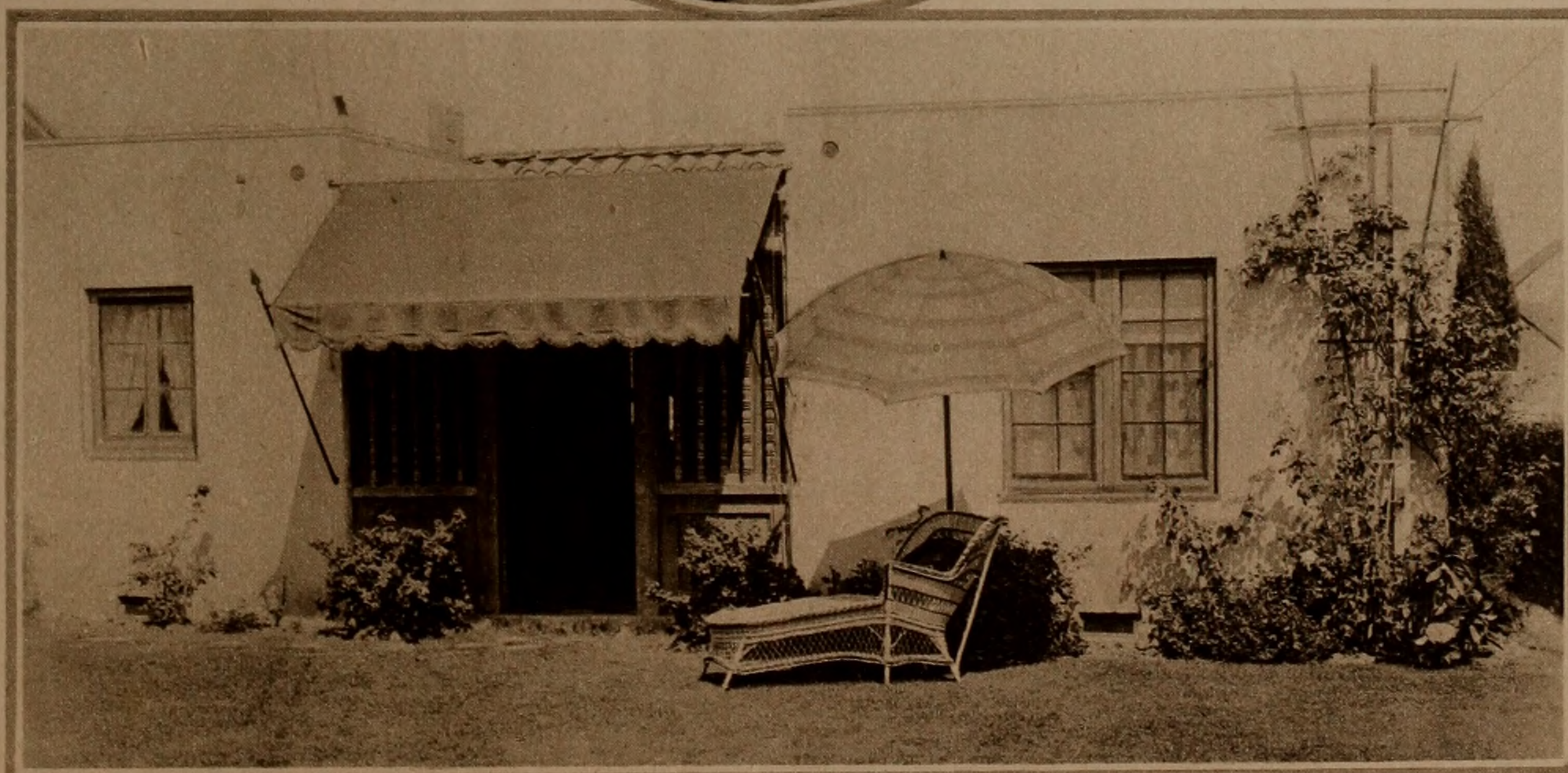
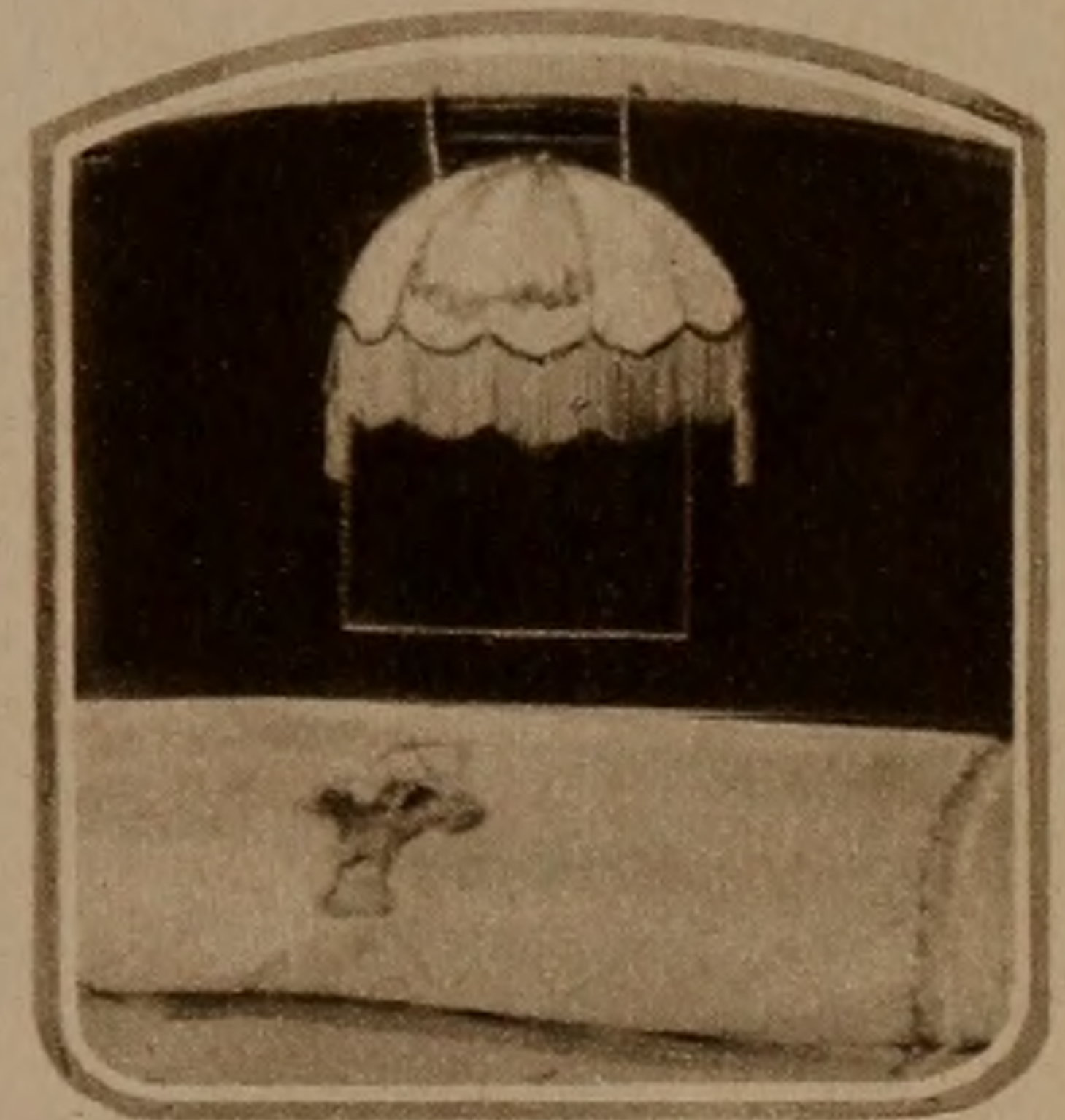


The sunny breakfast-room off the patio



Left is the master of the house (we hope Ben's mother and father dont see this) on his own front door-step. Below, and right, details of his mother's room

At the bottom of the page is the grassy patio with the door opening into the breakfast-room pictured above. A comfortable home—just right for a boy, we think



An Edison Enters

• By JIM TULLY

ROBERT FRAZER was talking to me, and he said, "I have often heard screen actresses called dumb. Many times I believe that this so-called dumbness can be traced to the fact that it is dangerous to talk too much. For an actress to betray her innermost thoughts is dangerous." I had heard that Bob was an inventor and one of the foremost authorities on radios in the film business.

After Bob got thru with the above paragraph, I said to Bob, I says, "Bob, let's see your radios, I hear you're good on them." Bob is smart and he took me right away to his workroom. It's lined with screws and nuts and special superhetro-dynes and coils and specifications and all manner of whatfors and whatstheuses, and Bob said right away, he says, "I can talk to Brooklyn on that one over there, Jim," and I spoke up Irish-like and says, "Who the hell wants to talk to Brooklyn," and Bob says, "If you dont shut up I'll talk about women again," and at that I kept quiet and heard everything there is to know about radios.

For really Frazer knows as much about radios as Edward Radio himself. Personally, I'm not for them. I started out to like them once and bought one and turned it on when several girls were around who did not want to betray their innermost thoughts for fear of cracking the glasses, and the thing started to spiel out William Tiresome Bryan's funeral oration over the body of Charles Darwin.

But this article is about Robert Frazer, who really is an actor of no mean ability—and who has—rarest of film mortals . . . a keen sense of humor.

Once, according to Robert, a gentleman high in the film industry took hold of his coat lapel in a heated discussion about art. Instantly, the hard struggle of this magnificent captain of industry's youth rose before him; when he worked from early morn to late at night, the needle forever plying to the tune of, "Stitch, stitch, stitch, on thy cold gray stones, O shirt"—and he exclaimed passionately—all art forgotten—"Bobby, Bobby . . . goodness

gracious . . . it's such a poor buttonhole you have!" The crows-feet of artistic endeavor again walked about the producer's eyes, and he went on—"But as I was saying . . . Art ain't for the masses—what the hell do you think money's for?" and Robert took the part—and bought another radio.

Bob has been on stage and screen for seventeen years.

He played in road shows for some time and as a result has been left stranded in every State in the Union but Oklahoma. It was a territory then.

Once he was stranded down among the whiskers of Illinois. By this time Bob was an expert at being stranded, so he realized he would have to get his clothes out of the hotel. Accordingly he removed his necktie and collar and

nailed the trunk to the floor. The proprietor, hearing the noise—paid no attention. Bob lowered his clothes out of the window into an alley, walked out the front door just in time to see a youthful hobo walking out of the alley with the collar and tie. Heartbroken, his front all gone, Bob walked to the next town and secured a job washing windows.

After washing many windows over and over, he secured enough money to get him back to the old home town of Boston. In Boston he met the manager of the stranded Illinois company. That gentleman proved to him beyond a doubt that all the board bills had been paid two weeks in advance and that Pola Negri's future leading man had been a little rash in

leaving so much unused hash in the country hotel. Bob immediately wired the local after-dinner speaker of the Illinois town for his trunk. That tavern hostler wired back collect: "Your trunk's nailed to the floor and they aint nary a hammer in town. Congratulations."

After some years of hand-to-mouth existence, Bob got a job playing in a prolog of a motion picture. For this work he received fifteen dollars a week. We next find him in New York playing in a stock company. He played fifty-two weeks in a year—and the bills changed twice a week. At the end of this period, Bob, being an actor, found himself broke. He watched friends flit by him on Broadway . . . he touched hunger again . . . an old

(Continued on page 90)

Robert Frazer as himself



C. H. Monroe



In his workshop at home

In "The Mine With the Iron Door"





A Chinese Serenade

This charming study is a by-product, so to speak, of "East of Suez." It was shot by a cameraman between scenes and is properly included in CLASSIC'S Fine Arts and the Movies series. The lady in silhouette, altho you'd never guess it, is Pola Negri

The Theater That Started On A Shoe-String

By B. F. WILSON

TEN years ago one evening, a small group of young art-hopefuls were assembled, as was their custom, in their favorite meeting-place, the back room of The Washington Square Book Shop down on Macdougall Street. The room was, needless to say, a comfortable one where the two young proprietors, Charles and Albert Boni, offered welcome to their poor but talented friends.

After disposing of the fundamental principles of art, literature, socialism, life and similar small matters, their conversation turned this particular night upon the dreadful commercial condition of the theater, several members of the group having strong ideas on the subject, inasmuch as they had been victims of this condition for some time past.

"Let's give a play ourselves," suggested a strong adversary of procrastination, "right now."

"Fine!" shouted the others as one man.

"What shall it be?" demanded Philip Moeller, a writer, painter and musician of generally unsuspected talent.

"Close your eyes, Sam, and pull one down from the shelf," suggested young Robert Edmund Jones, and Samuel Eliot, grandson of Charles W. Eliot, proceeded to comply with the bright suggestion and showed to the gathering Dunsany's "The Glittering Way."

With a great deal of enthusiasm, the now thoroly interested embryonic Thespians proceeded with their task. Mr. Jones proved his genius by immediately making stage properties, such as wands, out of wrapping paper, and using the large window in the rear of the room for a



Murray

background. Philip Moeller beneath the smothering folds of a cloak, became a realistic rock. The ten cents which was the cost of the wrapping paper was returned to the Boni Brothers by charging the same for admission to a lodger who lived overhead, and who upon hearing the noise and confusion, demanded to witness the performance.

She, together with Helen Westley, who was a member in high standing of the group, were the first audience that

the Theatre Guild ever had.

When the play had been produced, and the cast, glowing with pride at their own ability and success, proceeded to hold the customary post-mortem, it was unanimously agreed that their genius must not be allowed to die. They would go on, giving more and more plays, and the iron-clad policy of the organization was to throw a bomb into the hearts of other and farther-up-town-producers. For The Washington Square Players, as they named themselves, were to become world-wide famous

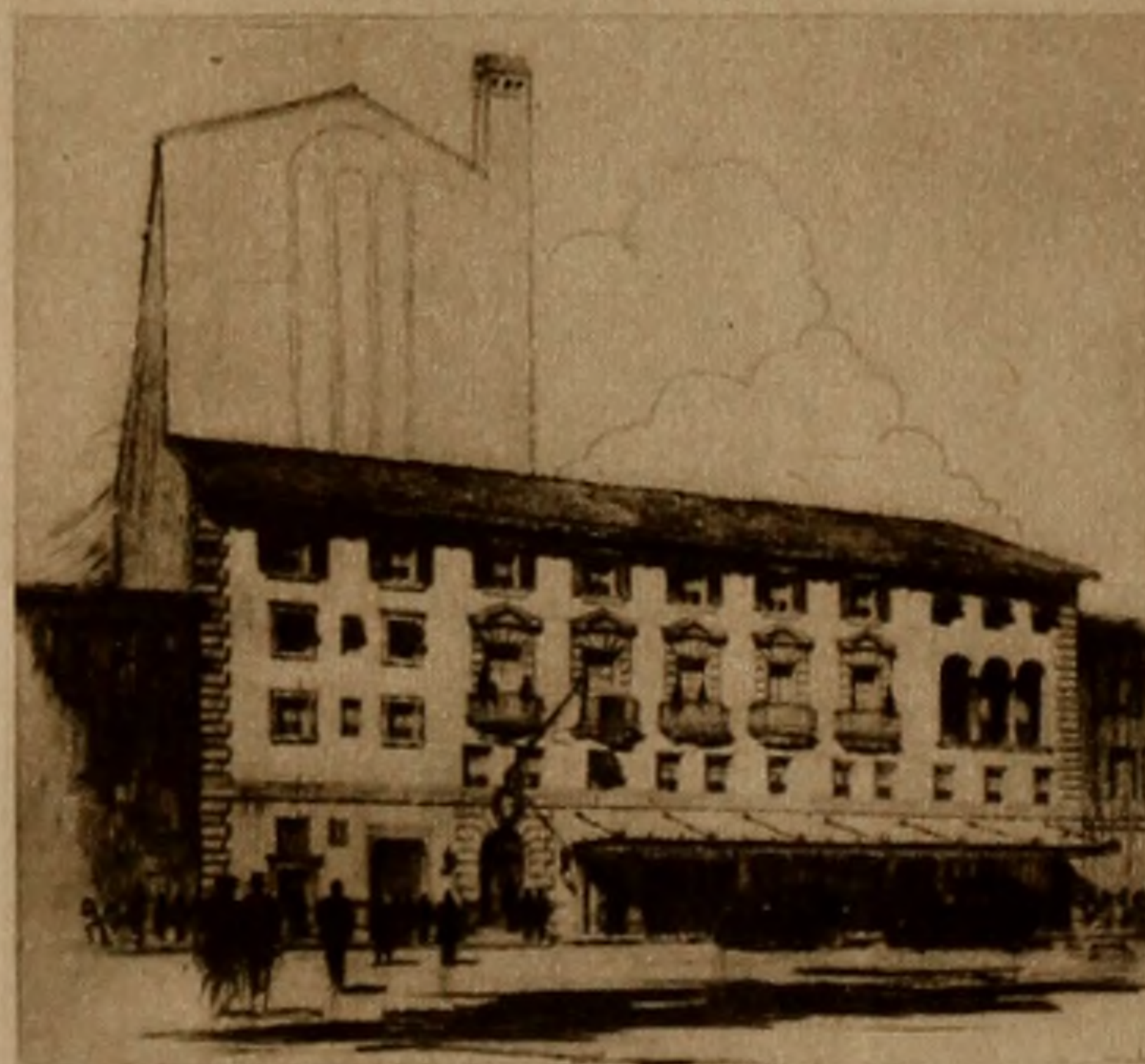
because of their strict attention to the development of art in the theater, and the discouragement of anything which smacked in any way of commercialism.

Their plays were to be by the great writers of the world whose work appealed to the intellect and not to the box-office.

Despite the fine glow of artistic zeal, it soon became apparent, however, that nothing could be done in a noteworthy manner without the help of that much despised article, money, and the struggle of the players

in their impoverished condition, presented a most interesting study in comic-pathos. Some one member of the

(Continued on page 86)



Pictured above is the board of directors of the Theatre Guild . . . the theater that started on a shoe-string and is now after ten years, in Broadway parlance, "sitting pretty." Left to right, they are: Philip Moeller, Laurence Langner, Lee Simonson and Maurice Wertheim. Helen Westley is seated with Theresa Helburn beside her. Below is a sketch of their beautiful new theater now under construction and, incidentally, heavily oversubscribed.



Abbé, Paris

Marguerite Namara

Is the lady Messrs. Shubert dragged away from her operatic laurels in France to sing in their "The Love Song." Then something happened that has not been wholly revealed to the public, and she isn't singing in that operetta. Whoever is at fault, the Messrs. Shubert have made most gentlemanly amends by having authors, artists, musicians, and so on, devise another opera for her which they will present as soon as it has been completed



Carmel Myers

Posed exclusively for CLASSIC by the
great Viennese photographer, d'Ora

Babes In Hollywood

By VALERIE WATROUS

THERE are fairy rings being woven in Hollywood. There are witches, too. Minna and Marion DeLara, two unsophisticated little girls from Mexico City, have found one. They have discovered that not all the witches are old and hobble along with the help of a cane. One has golden curls and a smile to which all the world has paid tribute. She is called "Our Mary."

I don't know if there are men fairies. Certainly George Fawcett, past-master of stage and screen, doesn't look like one. But to Minna and Marion DeLara he embodies all the virtues, the wisdom and the magic of a Merlin. There may be greater luck than to have George Fawcett as a guide, philosopher and friend, but just this minute I can't think what it could be.

And talking about luck, just imagine what it would mean to any eighteen-year-old girl and her twenty-year-old sister to hear Mary Pickford say: "From my experience, and what I've seen of these girls, I believe they will go far in pictures." That's what she said of these young Argonauts adventuring on the treacherous wastes of Movieland.

Do you wonder they were paralyzed when the cameraman took their pictures with Mary's arms about them? Can you think of a more delirious ecstasy than to touch the finger-tips of the adorée who has always been worshiped from afar?

They are ravishingly lovely, these DeLara daughters; they are Irish, too. It flashes thru the dark quality of their Spanish beauty. They are proud, too,

but sweetly gracious as is usual with those of distinguished ancestry.

Their grandfather was Francis Marion Cockrell, United States Senator from Missouri. I think that he came from the "auld sod," and William J. Cockrell, his

son, was a bit of a wanderer himself; then he met and married the Señorita DeLara and settled down in Mexico City.

Now planning revolutions has always been one of the pretty pastimes of the Irish. In this sport they stand second to none save the Mexicans. With a Celtic father and an imperious Spanish-Mexican mother, what would you expect of Minna and Marion DeLara but a high-handed revolt? And when two such adorable girls, not yet out of their teens, determined to go to Hollywood, what could a soft-hearted Irish father do? He capitulated, of course.

So they came to Los Angeles under the protecting care of their brave young brother, a six-foot stalwart lad who reluctantly admits his age as... fifteen years and one month!

When they arrived they went to a hotel. With their best grand manner they told the clerk they wanted a suite... with baths. They got it. Next day they discovered it was costing them twenty-five dollars a day. Horrified at such a charge, they rushed out and engaged a room as inferior as the other was splendid.

By the third day the mad whirl of down-town Los Angeles had so terrified them that they were ready to go home. They dashed out to Hollywood to find George Fawcett, their father's friend. Now he might not have been interested, or he might have forgotten the friendship of many years ago, but that wasn't the luck of the DeLara girls.

Mrs. Fawcett took them to her heart. She found them an apartment, and life in Movieland began. She did not realize that these children knew nothing of cooking. It didn't occur to her that they never had seen a gas stove.

(Continued on page 89)



Photos by Hasbrook



Above are Minna and Marion DeLara with their idol, their patron saint, their adorée — in other words, Mary Pickford. Left, is Minna and right, is Marion. If you're not too old for fairy stories, read this one





Abbé, Paris

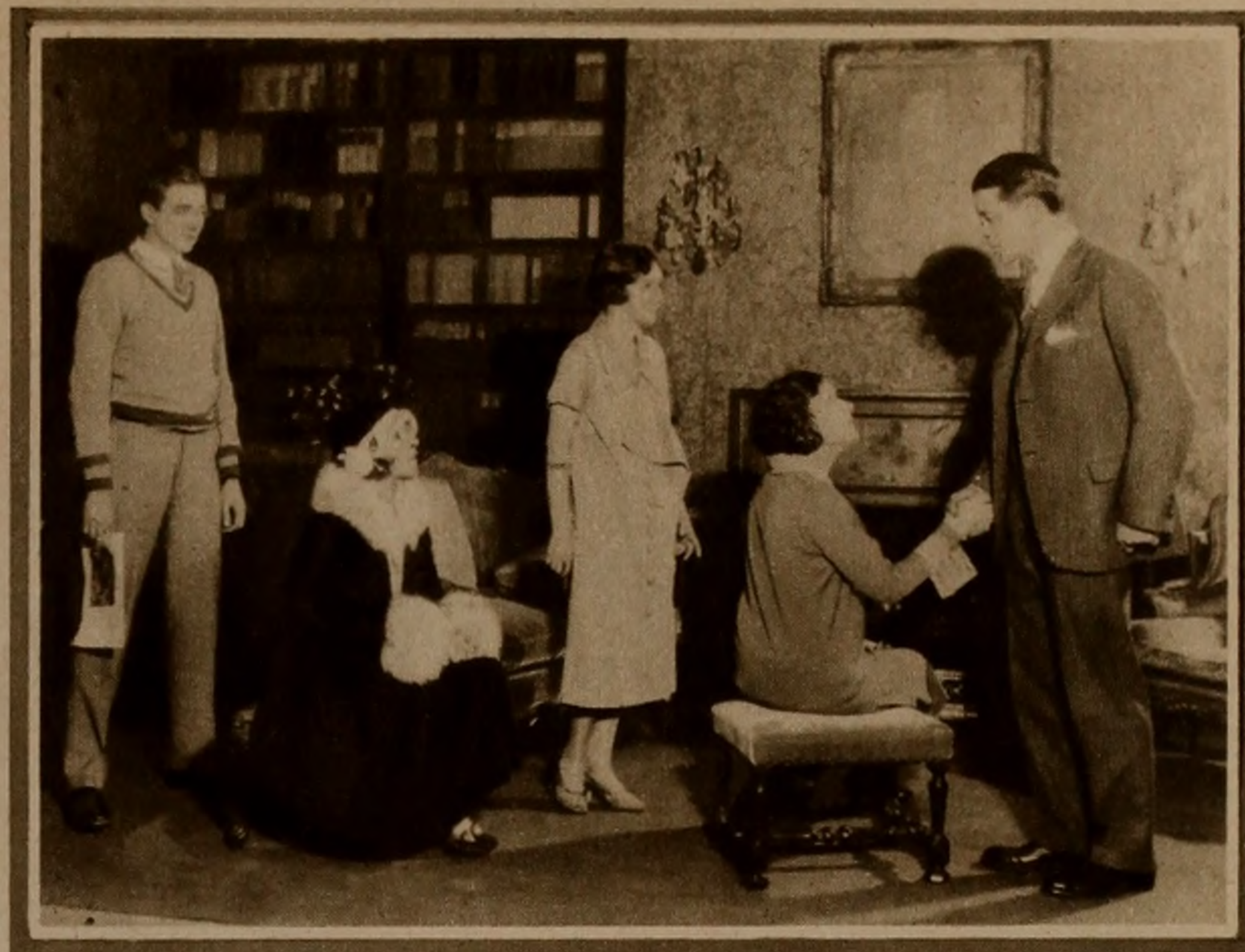
Maurice Chevalier

CLASSIC'S GALLERY OF HANDSOME MEN NO. XI

Ladies and gentlemen! Allow us to present the film idol of Paris, the Valentino—Ben Lyon—Novarro—Menjou—Dick Barthelmess of the French screen! The fickle Parisiennes have adored him now for months, where weeks of adoring the same thing in a record for them. The good or bad news, depending upon your sex, is that he is coming over here. He has "a way" with him, you may be sure. We really should have put this picture opposite Clara Bow's to see what would happen!



Apeda



White

Above is the Arabian Nights number from "Betty Lee," a new and popular musical comedy. Below are James Rennie and Ruth Sheply in "Cape Smoke." Center: Alan Brooks, Irene Fenwick and Lionel Barrymore in "The Piker"

The Stage

White

Above: A scene from "Mrs Partridge Presents." Left to right: Charles Waldron, Ruth Gordon, Sylvia Field, Blanche Bates and Edward Emery, Jr. Below are Marjorie Crossland and James Gleason in that roaring farce, "Is Zat So?"



White



Below: Allan Prior and ladies of the court in "The Love Song"



De Mirjian



White

Beauty's

Helpful Hints and Artful Aids

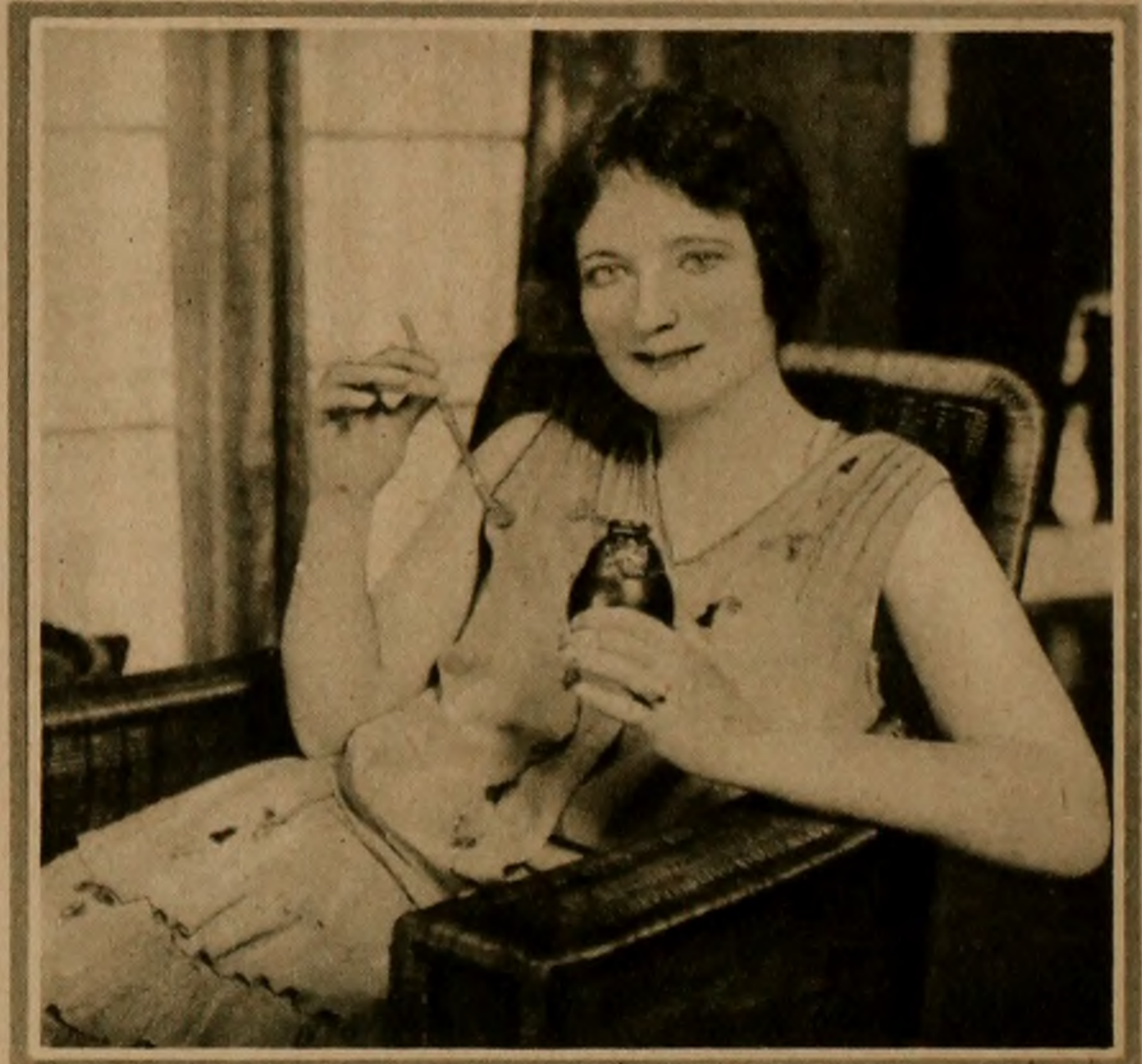


Sylvia Breamer eats peanuts to reduce. Sylvia is strong for the lamb chops-pineapple-peanuts diet to melt away pounds

pimples and other unsightly blemishes: well-broiled chops, baked potatoes, green vegetables, custards, plain soups, etc. Such things as French pastry, chow-chow and candy are the things a woman must *not* eat if she wants her skin to be free from eruptions. To make pimples a thing of the past, eliminate fats, sweets and starches so far as possible.

ALTHO a smile is supposed to go a long, long way, a well-known American beauty never smiles because she is convinced that smiling causes wrinkles. We should be grateful that most women are hard to convince. What an awful place the world would be without smiling women. Wrinkles are not caused by smiling unless, of course, one smiles every minute, which is hardly possible. Perhaps this is what they call "the smile that wont come off."

THERE used to be a general belief that cold-cream would cause hair to grow on the face. But on second thought it is fairly obvious that if anyone produced a cream that really would grow hair, the first thing that they would do would be to wash off the cold-cream label, paste on a sign reading "Hair Tonic" and make a fortune overnight. It's pretty hard to make hair appear where it doesn't want to grow; just as it is a hard matter to stop it growing where there are hair roots for it to start from. So if



Here's Peggy Wood starting a new fad—it is drinking maté, the native tea of the Argentine. The famous Firpo first brought the fad here and claims it gives strength to mind and muscle. He should know!

WHETHER you are one of those who think that soap and water is a great boon to the complexion, or one of those who are equally sure that no complexion can stand up under washing, there is one point on which all can agree. Every bit of make-up should be removed before going to bed at night. The pores must have a chance to breathe, and nature must have time to eliminate various impurities. Paint and powder undoubtedly do stop up the pores, and unless the skin is free of them sometimes the complexion is bound to suffer. So, regardless of the method you use—soap and water or cold-cream or almond oil—be sure to get at the job and do it thoroly.

IF you are anxious to have a clear complexion, you must stop eating pickles, pastry, lobster à la Newburg, and all other rich foods, and begin developing a liking for simpler things. Here is a diet for the girl who wants a clear skin and is anxious to keep it free from



Here is little "Miss Atlanta," a Southern beauty contest winner that Warner Brothers have taken under their wing. She's only sixteen and prefers dogs to men

you find hair growing on your upper lip, dont blame it on the cold-cream you have been using.

The best—and incidentally the simplest—rules for health and beauty, consist of seven little words, one right after the other. Here they are: Fresh air (plenty), green vegetables (lots), exercise (regularly), rest (enough), work (much), play (a little), a clear conscience.

Beauty

To Be Or Not to Be
For Blondes,
For
Blondes Lead a Hard
Life, Says

DOROTHY MACKAILL

Dorothy Mackaill, who is in New York to play the lead in "Chickie," has one of the loveliest blonde heads on the screen. Her hair is as fine and soft as a baby's and as yellow and shining as old Chinese gold. It is an attribute she does not neglect, naturally, and she tells here how she keeps its sheen and quality



Keystone Photo Service

THERE isn't a doubt in the world but that we blondes have a bad reputation. If any damage is done and one of our golden-haired sisterhood happens to be around, she's sure to get the blame; whether it's a broken heart or just a broken date. Anyone with light hair is considered devastating but not dependable.

And for these reasons, of course, most women envy us. They think we're blessed of the gods; that all we have to do is to toss our shining heads in an imperious manner and the world will tumble at our feet. On the whole, they decide that we have a soft life.

But that's all they know about it. If the truth is to be put down here in black and white, I for one am here to say that the life of a blonde is one of constant vigilance if she is to preserve the beauty which thus sets her apart from other women.

Usually, soft, white skin goes with golden hair. And such skin is prey to a thousand troubles to which the hardy brunette is never subjected—freckles, burns, blotches, chapping and scores of other plagues of the delicate skin.

Nor do the blonde's troubles end with her skin. There's her hair. If it is not cared for properly, it will lose the golden sheen which is its chief charm, and the "springiness" which makes for the fluffy coiffure will vanish. In the end it will become like so much colorless straw.

Now after wrestling for a number of years with the difficulties which confront the blonde, I feel that I can speak with a good deal of authority on this subject.

Let's start at the top and work down. Take the hair first. If you have naturally rather coarse hair, your problem will be half solved, for the coarser the hair, the easier it is to arrange it and keep it in place. However, this is very rare, for most of us of the golden tresses have extremely fine hair.

Naturally, no hard and fast rule can be laid down for the care and treatment of the scalp, for every head of hair is just a little bit different from every other head of hair. So, whatever I say here will have to be modified to fit the individual case. There are certain of your beauty problems which you and you alone can solve. However, you can, to a certain extent, profit by the advice and experience of others.

If your scalp is naturally inclined to have an abundance of oil, it will be necessary for you to wash it at least once a week, for there is nothing so unsightly as yellow hair which is stained and darkened with oil. If the oil is extremely excessive, it is advisable to sift a little bit of powdered orris-root thru the hair every three days. It is inadvisable to wash the hair oftener than every seven days as too frequent shampoos cause the scalp to crack and dry. If, on the other hand, your scalp is excessively dry, it will be necessary to stimulate an extra supply of oil by massaging it gently every night for about five or ten minutes.

Personally, I have a rather normal scalp. It is neither too dry or too oily and I find that a good shampoo every ten days keeps my hair fluffy, clean and shining.

The details of the shampoo are very important. The first thing I do is to work up a heavy lather with some pure soap. There are several on the market. This cuts the oil and takes away most of the dust and dirt. Then I rinse it and give it a second lathering, followed by plentiful rinsing in three or four waters.

But just plain water is not sufficient thoroly to remove all of the soap, for regardless of how many times you rinse, there will always remain a soap curd clinging to the hair. This cannot be rinsed off unless some other means is used.

(Continued on page 96)



Bragaglia, Rome

The Roman

Ramon Novarro, as Ben Hur the citizen of Rome, poses exclusively for CLASSIC

Mr. Reid Goes To The Movies

Our Celluloid Critic Reviews For This Issue the
Following Pictures, the Best of Which Is
"Peter Pan"

Peter Pan, Excuse Me, Dick Turpin, Fifth Avenue Models, Miss Bluebeard, Capital Punishment, The Lady, A Thief In Paradise, The Redeeming Sin, The Dixie Handicap, The Narrow Street, So Big, The Lighthouse by the Sea, Tomorrow's Love, A Man Must Live

Peter Pan. Famous Players-Lasky. Cast: Betty Bronson, Ernest Torrence, Cyril Chadwick, Virginia Brown Faire, Anna May Wong, Esther Ralston, George Ali, Mary Brian, Philippe de Lacey, Jack Murphy.

At last "Peter Pan" lives in the films and Sir James M. Barrie builds his castles on the screen! Peter breathes in the buoyant and captivating person of Betty Bronson, whose work here entitles her to a permanent place in the theatrical pedigree of this dainty and charming play. All that there is of boyish abandon and the bubbling spirit of youth finds expression in Miss Bronson's eloquent yet unaffected performance. Herbert Brenon, the director, has accomplished the difficult task of making a literal translation of the Barrie play. He draws upon imagination to bring a dream to life upon the screen. The exploits of adventurous Peter in "Never, Never Land" form a tale of elusive charm for the grown-ups and a bold and stirring proxy pilgrimage for the children. It is a picture of pure delight. Directed by Herbert Brenon.

The Lady. Schenck-First National. Cast: Norma Talmadge, Wallace MacDonald, Brandon Hurst, Alf Goulding, Doris Lloyd, John Fox, Jr., Paulette Duval, Emily Fitzroy, John Herdman, Margaret Seddon, Myles McCarthy, George Hackathorne, Marc McDermott, Walter Long.

THIS adaptation of Martin Brown's play shows Norma Talmadge at her best, which is a way of saying that you will not recall many performances so impressive as this moving and tender depiction of a dancer deserted by her wealthy husband and parted from her son. She is discovered in a Paris café and a flashback serves to visualize the past, when she married an Englishman of social rank and was eventually deserted by him because of the opposition of his snobbish father. The rich pathos and appealing tenderness of the character are superbly accented by Miss Talmadge and she achieves a sympathy which makes the reunion with her son, the climax, a moment that will long be remembered by those who witness this extraordinarily fine screen drama. The local color is admirably managed and the cast is a most distinguished and interesting one. Directed by Frank Borzage.



Little Betty Bronson, the unknown quantity of the screen, proved herself an actress of unlimited possibilities by her sensitive and charming performance in "Peter Pan"

So Big. First National. Cast: Colleen Moore, Ben Lyon, John Bowers, Wallace Beery, Ford Sterling, Dot Farley, Jean Hersholt, Sam DeGrasse, Gladys Brockwell, Rosemary Theby, Phyllis Haver, Charlotte Merriam, Henry Herbert, Dorothy Brock, Frankie Darrow.

THE tragic little Selina of Edna Ferber's novel serves Colleen Moore as a part of greater dramatic pretensions than any hitherto essayed by this popular screen personality. Miss Moore seizes upon all of the concretely dramatic incidents in an assured and reassuring manner, giving evidence that her histrionic range is not restricted to "flapper rôles."

The poignancy and charm of the book enlighten the film, tho some of its deeper significance has been lost. The translation is faithful to a degree. Every sincere effort has been made to accomplish a worthwhile and important screen drama and the reward to the producers is a work which is certain to evoke a warm appreciation from the discriminating picture patrons. Directed by Charles Brabin.

A Man Must Live. Famous Players-Lasky. Cast: Richard Dix, Jacqueline Logan, George Nash, Edna Murphy, Charles Beyer, Dorothy Walters, William Ricciardi, Arthur Housman, Lucius Henderson, Jane Jennings.

IN general outlines this adaptation of I. A. R. Wylie's "Jungle Law" resembles "Manhattan." It stresses action and builds up to a climax of some melodramatic sweep. However, it is not so constant in its dramatic vigor and lacks some of the sparkle of "Manhattan." But we do not believe the lack of incident sufficient to hold the action at an even pace will seriously mar the enjoyment which will be found in the offering by those who became Richard Dix fans on the strength of his earlier starring vehicle. The hero's straitened circumstances after leaving the army force him to take employment on a scandal sheet. He finds he is being used to get copy about the brother of his own light o' love, and then a battle royal occurs, with the hero coming off triumphant. The picture, as is all too often the case, does not measure up to the ability of the star. Directed by Paul Sloane.



Left: Norma Talmadge in "The Lady." Right: Tom Mix and Kathleen Meyers and player in "Dick Turpin." Below: Lou Telleen and Alla Nazimova in "The Redeeming Sin." Lower left: Aileen Pringle and Ronald Colman in "A Thief In Paradise." Lower right: Norman Kerry, Mary Philbin and Joseph Swickard in "Fifth Avenue Models"



Miss Bluebeard. Famous Players-Lasky. Cast: Bebe Daniels, Robert Frazer, Kenneth MacKenna, Raymond Griffith, Lawrence D'Orsay, Diana Kane, Martha Madison, Florence Billings, Ivan Simpson.

A MIRTHFUL and wholly enjoyable farce-comedy has been fashioned from the material which served Irene Bordoni so well on the speaking stage. Bebe Daniels is starred, but the bulk of the acting opportunities fall in other directions. Raymond Griffith, whose pantomime of a cat is one of the most uproarious bits we have seen in many a day, scores as the outstanding member of the company. It is an extravagant tale about a French actress who, thru a technicality, finds herself married to two men. Occasion is provided for a number of luxurious settings and the atmosphere thruout is bright and pleasant. The director has wisely set the action at a slapstick pace with the result that there is movement and excitement in the air. It is a highly diverting picture. Directed by Frank Tuttle.

Capital Punishment. Schulberg-Preferred. Cast: Eddie Phillips, Alec Francis, Edith Yorke, Joseph Kilgour, George Nichols, John Prince, Elliott Dexter, George Hackathorn, Clara Bow, Margaret Livingston, Robert Ellis, Mary Carr, Fred Warren, Wade Boteler.

ANY play which can so effectively overcome the handicap of propaganda as does this forceful melodrama must be considered a little out of the ordinary. Considered as propaganda, it may add weight to the sentiment against capital punishment or it may not. More important is the fact that the picture attains many moments of dramatic suspense and presents some vivid characterizations. A prolog shows a governor arriving too late with a pardon for the condemned man. The main play repeats the formula of having an innocent man condemned to death, but he is saved in a last minute manner thru the confession by the guilty one. It is crass melodrama, but sustains the interest and even becomes gripping in moments. Directed by James P. Hogan.

The Dixie Handicap. Metro-Goldwyn. Cast: Claire Windsor, Frank Keenan, Lloyd Hughes, John Sainpolis, Otis Harlan, Joseph Morrison, Otto Hoffman, Edward Martindel, Ruth King, William Quirk, James Quinn, Loyal Underwood.

THE racing story has not gone thru any variations with the passing years. This new expression of a Kentucky thorbred that lifts a mortgage from a home and brings a snug fortune to his impoverished owner, is cut from familiar cloth. Where it is



Pat O'Malley and Agnes Ayres in "Tomorrow's Love"





Left: Matt Moore, Dorothy Devore and player in "The Narrow Street." Right: Colleen Moore and John Bowers in "So Big." Below: Clara Bow, Mary Carr, George Hackathorne and Elliott Dexter in "Capital Punishment." Lower left: William Powell and Richard Dix in "Too Many Kisses." Lower right: Claire Windsor and Lloyd Hughes in "The Dixie Handicap"



different is in the absence of that convenient scene depicting the heroine wearing the colors and riding the horse to victory.

The director has seized the chance of dressing up the ancient hokum. In other words he has discovered that such a story can project humor. By giving it these new trimmings he has made the picture enjoyable. It contains some capital incident, a thrill or two—and one of these cameo character sketches of the Kentuckian, sub—played by Frank Keenan. Directed by Reginald Barker.



clouds. And all is well. The picture is not overburdened with sentiment, nor is there any struggling to invest it with heavy theatrics. It is acted with conviction by the cast—and directed with sufficient stress upon the humanities. Directed by Svend Gade.

Excuse Me. Metro-Goldwyn. Cast: Norma Shearer, Conrad Nagel, Renée Adorée, Walter Hiers, John Boles, Bert Roach, William V. Mong, Edith Yorke, Eugene Cameron, Fred Kelsey.

Fifth Avenue Models. Universal. Cast: Mary Philbin, Norman Kerry, Joseph Swickard, William Conklin, Rosemary Theby, Rose Dione, Robert Brower, Helen Lynch, Betty Francisco, Jean Hersholt, Mike Donlin.

THIS is no fashion parade, much as the title may indicate it. The picture has merely had one of those "box-office" names tacked on it to lure the customers. But once in their seats the spectators will not get an eyeful of sex appeal. It isn't that kind of story. Instead, it tells a tale of heart interest—featuring a girl who defends her honor and whose dismissal from the shop brings tragedy upon her. Then along happens the inevitable Prince Charming or the Cinderella Man—or what you will. He scatters the

RUPERT HUGHES' famous farce of the stage makes a truly hilarious picture—one comparable to the funny contributions of Keaton and Lloyd. It travels along at top speed, releasing continuous laughs as the elopers find themselves in one tight fix after another aboard the train. From a wrecked taxi to a quarantined minister's home they dash to have the marital knot tied until aboard the Limited they settle down in a drawing-room to thresh out their troubles. It's a picture kept alert with bright gags—which are neatly balanced with romantic interludes. There's a quarrel—and then there's a kiss. A thrilling finish, the only picturey touch, brings peace. A smart group of players are assembled here—with Bert Roach stealing the honors with his portrayal of
(Continued on page 97)



Buster Collier and Rin-Tin-Tin in "The Lighthouse By the Sea"



The Mode

Reflected From the Screen—Presenting Some Late Palm Beach Arrivals



Above is Jocelyn Lee, one of the twelve beautiful models in "The Dressmaker of Paris," in a gown of hand-blocked crêpe in shades of copper yellow, orange and gold. The cape which is lined to match the straight-line frock is of black satin

Here is Jacqueline Logan in a smart quilted white cord silk, trimmed in red duvetyne. The coat is trimmed with wool embroidery and the small scoop hat is white-lined with red to match the frock. Skirts, you will notice, may be any length you like them

Murray



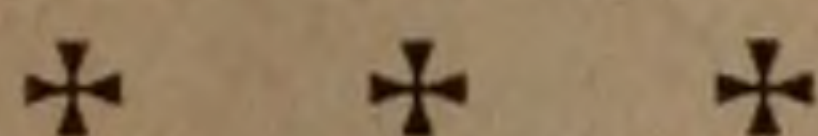
Above is May Allison in a charming light-weight taffeta evening wrap in fuchsia shades. Left is Agnes Ayres in an all-white combination of broadcloth and crêpe chiffon. Right is Elsie Lawson in a Bendel creation of the popular white Kasha with white fox. The white felt hat was also fashioned for her by Bendel



JRIP

Decoration by
Paulette Du Val

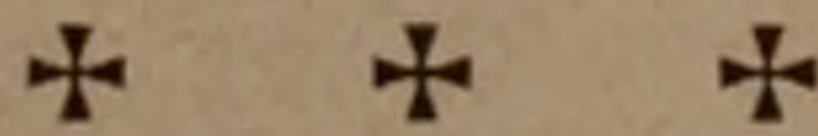
WE know a certain dumb flapper who thinks the name of Syd Chaplin's new film should be "Charley's Brother," instead of "Charley's Aunt."



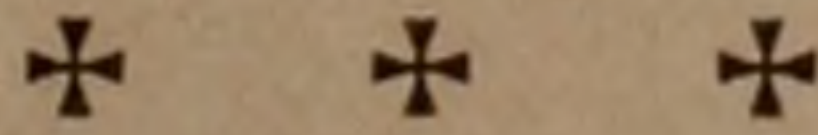
It still remains for some psychologist to explain the close relation of Charley's feet to his eccentric course down the rose-strewn path of conjugal felicity. And perhaps his next picture (if any) will bear the obvious box-office title of "Wandering Feet," or "Charley's Passions."



Gloria Swanson is now a Marquise. And it is rumored, that with the usual movie lavishness, the next vehicle of Mme. La Marquise will be "Seven Marquises to Baldpate." Gloria will play all seven.



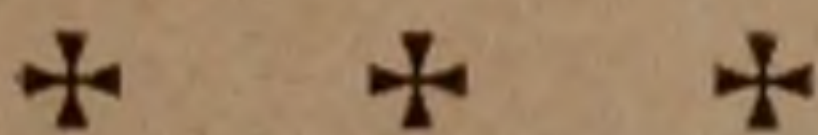
Our eight-minute Brooklyn friend tells us he has every intention of taking in Shaw's "Canada." "As I make it out," he says, "'Canada' must be one of them zippy rum-runnin' Border plays, full of North-Western Mounted Police dogs."



It was still another Brooklynite—"somebody's stenog" who with her friend stood gazing in the window of a jewelry store. The display was the manufacture of platinum wedding-rings: first the blanks, then the washers stamped from the blanks, then the washers rubbed up, and so on to the gleaming, alluring finished product.

"So that," said the friend, "is the way ya make platnim weddin'-rings."

"Ta h——!" answered the girl. "Whynt they show us how ya get 'em!"



It is understood that Miss Doris Deane thinks sufficiently well of Fatty Arbuckle to marry him. Mr. Arbuckle is stirred almost to tears by such touching confidence.

In other words, the faith that moves mountains.



by

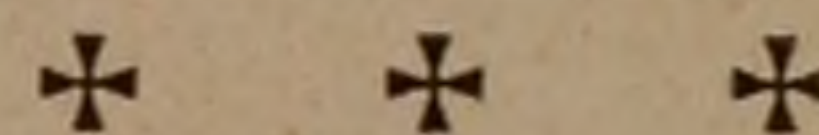
H·W·HANEMANN

Vitagraph has split with the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors Association, Inc., and henceforth will proceed on its own.

The idea being that it has seen better Hays.



It will, however, undoubtedly be of interest to see what Vitagraph will produce apart and away from the big combine. Our statistical department is still suffering from Christmas hooch so we cannot sock you in the eye with exact figures, but offhand, it seems to us that there is an appalling percentage of worthless movies, particularly in comparison with the number of acceptable examples of the spoken drama. And that, even if we exclude revivals and include musical comedies and revues.



On the other, or nigh hand, we attempted discussion with Robert Sherwood and he promptly told us to page ourself around the block. According to Mr. Sherwood, last year's movies displayed a far better effort than last year's plays. And against his opinion and experience our opinion is so much sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

So there you are, Dear Customers. If we haven't got what you want, at least we can send out and get it for you.

What Sherwood cant argue off, nevertheless, is the continued distortion of an excellent novel into an execrable movie. As a recent example, "The Golden Bed" is a warning. The book was a splendid novel with a logical, forceful development of character and circumstance. There was subtle humor in the book, and whimsy and the irony of reality. The bed was a work of art, of art perverted perhaps, but of a force sufficient to shape the character of its owner and to choke the beauty-starved man to whom it was too rich and too sudden a diet.

In the movies, "The Golden Bed" becomes a scenic artist's nightmare of tawdriness; the characters, the stock selfish wife and suffering husband, and the humor, the whimsy and irony the vulgarest and cheapest of subtitled facetiousness. And as if that were not sufficient insult, De Mille has added shots of a symbolic siren performing somewhat unhygienic operations upon her hair with a comb.



Madame La Marquise de la Falaise de Coudray

Altho you'd never think it from the picture! Madame la Marquise, etc., before her marriage was a screen actress of some reputation. Here she is cast as Madame Sans-Gêne, which picture of the same title she has just completed.
Her name? Oh, yes, she was a Miss Gloria Swanson

Flashes From the Eastern Stars

Of the Stage, On the Screen, Caught by

ALLAN STINCHCOMB

GLORIA SWANSON and her new husband, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray, were met with the wildest enthusiasm on their return from Paris. Gloria had just finished working on "Madame Sans-Gêne"—but from all reports she didn't spend every minute at work. Aside from taking time off to be married, she spent an afternoon looking for a new hat. She bought forty others before she found the one she really wanted. * * * **Harold Livingston** left Paris for a visit to New York awhile ago. He is well known abroad as a screen actor, but his reputation in America is purely literary. He is the author of two books and many short articles and stories. * * * "Fifty-Fifty" is the first picture **Hope Hampton** has made since she starred in "The Price of a Party." She is co-starring with **Lionel Barrymore**, and she says it's good to hear the click of the camera again. * * * **Betty Blythe** is in Berlin after spending less than a year at home. Having made one triumphal siege of the foreign studios, the temptation to do it again seems to have been too great to resist. * * * In **Milton Sills'** new picture, "I Want My Man," he plays the part of a blind man. The question arose as to whether blind men smoke. Everyone in the cast thought not except Sills. Finally, they telephoned the superintendent of a New York institute for the blind. "Do blind men smoke?" Came back the answer, "Well, most people say they dont, but dont you believe it. Old Jake in the corner of the room is ninety years old and he smokes like a chimney." * * * **Ben Lyon**, who generally plays the part of victim of the wiles of designing femininity, has burst forth at last in a real "he-man" rôle. In the new picture he is making, "The Pace That Thrills," Ben goes berserk at a prize-fight, fights a dozen or so policemen, and terrifies even his own producer by "doubling" for his double, and doing a few of the stunts that a picture star is supposed to do—but doesn't. * * * "The Midnight Girl" is the third picture **Wilfred Noy** has directed in this country, the other two being "The Lost Chord" and "The Fast Pace." * * * "Soul-Fire," the screen version of "Great Music," is starring **Richard Barthelmess**. The sets are made by **Everett**



Apeda

Above, left: Walter Adolphe Roberts, Edna Hibbert, Tony Moreno and Roberta Arnold all met the other day at Apeda's studio, so Tony treated the crowd to a free picture! Below: Dame Ellen Terry, England's oldest and best-loved actress



© Keystone View

Above: The celebrated Russian dancer, Mikail Mordkin, and his family in America for the first time in twelve years



© Keystone View



Left: The lovely star of "Dancing Mothers," Mary Young, gives a tea party in her home in Washington Square and obligingly stops the party to pose for the press photographer

J. T. Beals



Bachrach

Above: Madame Ference Molnar, wife of the author of "The Swan," Dimitri Buchowetzki, who directed it, and Frances Howard, who plays the lead



Above: Tommy Meighan and Lila Lee together on the screen once more and both looking pretty pleased about it



© Keystone View

Above: Mlle. Huguette Duflos, star of the Comédie Française, wearing the celebrated Thiers pearls which recently sold in this country for several hundred thousand dollars



Right: Francis X. Bushman, Ramon Novarro and Kathleen Key put on a little "sob stuff" for the emotional Italians in the "Ben Hur" cast

Shinn, who also designed sets for "The Bright Shawl" and "The Fighting Blade." Mr. Shinn has had a varied and picturesque career, having been a designer of engines, a newspaper man, a playwright, an illustrator and a painter who is represented at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. * * * **Carlotta Monterey**, who plays one of the leading rôles in "Soul-Fire," is a newcomer to the screen; but she has been an important figure behind the Broadway footlights for some seasons, in fact, ever since she came to New York from London, where she made her stage début. Miss Monterey ended a long and painful search for just the right type of leading lady for the first episode in "Soul-Fire." **Bessie Love** is in the picture too. * * * **Flora Finch**, the famous comédienne who starred with John Bunny a decade or more ago, is proving to be just about the funniest person on earth when dressed as a modern flapper. **William de Mille's** production of "Men and Women" is the picture which is bringing her back for everybody's enjoyment. * * * When **Rod La Rocque** went to Europe to play opposite Gloria Swanson in "The Coast of Folly," he announced that the reason he had left the stage for the pictures was so he could travel less and spend more time at home; since which time, he adds, he has traveled more and seen less of his home than ever. * * * **Julanne Johnston** describes her latest starring vehicle, "The City of Temptation," as an international affair. The picture was made in Berlin and Constantinople. An American directed, while an Italian cameraman shot the picture. France contributed a ballet master and a Viennese designed the costumes. Two Prussian assistant directors brought up the rear guard and the cast included so many nationalities that Miss Johnston says the Tower of Babel must have been a dead silence by comparison. * * * Eleven hundred natives of Miami, Florida, were employed in "The Cracker Jack," **Johnny Hines'** newest picture. The scenes in the picture are unique, as none of them have ever been filmed before. * * * **William Almon Wolff**, well-known novelist and short-story writer, has been added to the staff of Paramount's Eastern scenario department. * * * Next October the Theatre Guild will open The Theatre Guild School, under the direction of **Winifred Lenihan**. While all applicants will be accepted for the period of one month, at the end of that time eliminations will begin and this process will continue till, at the end of the course, only a few unusually talented students will remain. * * * **William de Mille's** latest "find" is **Claire Adams**. Always seeking new and promising material for the screen, Mr. de Mille has sent many young people on their way to success. The first picture Miss Adams appeared in under his direction was "The Fast Set," and she will soon have the privilege of playing opposite **Richard Dix** in "Men and Women." * * * A

remarkable contract has been signed by James M. Barrie, whereby the Charles Frohman Company obtains full rights to twenty-two full-length and one-act plays written by the famous Scotch dramatist. The number and importance of these plays make the contract unique in stage history. * * * **Ann Pennington** made her first plunge into the movies in "Manhandled," with Gloria Swanson. After that she simply couldn't stay out. She made her second plunge in "A Kiss in the Dark," and from now on there's no telling what may happen. * * * Another actress who can't ignore the call of the camera is **Kathleen Kirkham**. She retired from the screen forever a short time ago, but she's back, playing one of the chief parts in "Sackcloth and Ashes." * * * **Jacqueline Logan** and **William Powell** are playing the leads in Richard Harding Davis' "White Mice." * * * "Bad Company," the first of the St. Regis pictures, proved to be one of the most important releases of Associated Exhibitors in a good while. Their next picture is an adaptation of **Mrs. A. M. Williamson's** novel, "The Million Dollar Doll." * * * **Roberta Arnold**, of "The First Year" fame, is doing a condensed version of **Anne Morrison's** play, "The Wild Westcotts," in the Keith-Albee Theaters under the direction of Lewis and Gordon who also produced the stage original. * * * There was a new Albee Theater opened early in the year in Brooklyn. It's just around the corner from our office, and is one of the finest of the new theaters. * * * **Victor Heerman** is the director of "Old Home Week," starring **Thomas Meighan**, and **George Ade** is the author. * * * **Frances Howard**, who plays the title-rôle in the screen production of "The Swan," is playing opposite Richard Dix in "Too Many Kisses." This movie was adapted from John Monk Saunderson's magazine story, "The Maker of Gestures," by **Paul Sloane**. * * * **Vannessi**, the dancer whose "Peacock Strut" was one of the outstanding features in "Innocent Eyes," and who succeeded **Mistinguette**, the French dancer, in that production, is playing an important rôle in "Sky-High," the new musical play, starring **Willie Howard**. * * * When **Doris Kenyon** came to New York to play opposite Milton Sills in "I Want My Man," which **Earl Hudson** produced for First National, she left her secretary to look after her fan mail—and forgot all about it. A month later it was re-shipped from Hollywood—a mail-truck heaped high with bags of letters, which were delivered unceremoniously at the 175th Street entrance to the studio. * * * **Anna Q. Nilsson** and **Ben Lyon** are playing the leads in "The Winds of Chance," an adaptation of Rex Beach's novel of the same name. **Frank Lloyd** is the director. * * * **Mary Hay** is playing leading lady to her husband, **Richard Barthelmess**, for first time in "New Toys," an Inspiration (Continued on page 90)



© Keystone View

Above: Larry Semon and his bride, who was Dorothy Dwan. She's his leading lady from now on—on and off the screen



© Keystone View

Above: George Arliss as he looked when he arrived—monocle, gardenia, if that's what it is, and everything



© Keystone View

This is Lillian Foster, who became a stage star in three hours. The three hours were during her first night appearance in "Conscience"



Left: Sidney Olcott surrounded by too many cooks spoiling the broth. This is the cooking class that has a scene in his latest picture, "Salome of the Tenements"

"Which Shall It Be?"



White

When William Fox decided to produce the famous stage play "Lightnin'," he was faced with one of the most puzzling problems of his career. Who should play the rôle on the screen that the late Frank Bacon made all but immortal on the stage? The stage run of this play, 1291 performances, has never been surpassed, altho they say "Abie's Irish Rose" will eventually beat this mark. There were five road companies playing "Lightnin'" at the same time, four of the title-rôle players being pictured here, and each one of which stands a chance for the screen part. Which shall it be? Not even Mr. Fox knows yet

White



Apeda



Upper left is Thomas Jefferson. Above is the late Frank Bacon, who created the original character. Lower left is Milton Nobles and below is John D. O'Hara. In the center is Percy Pollack. Every one of these men has demonstrated his ability to play the endearing old Bill Jones. Besides that, there are such screen possibilities as Theodore Roberts, Claude Gillingwater, George Fawcett, Alec B. Francis and others. Still another suggestion is Lloyd Bacon, the son of Frank. And besides that, there is Harry Beresford, who played the Old Soak, and Raymond Hitchcock. No wonder Mr. Fox is puzzled.





"Dont blame you, Shorty," said Dutch contemptuously, "a ornery buck of a dirt-eatin' Mojave'd pay more'n that for his squaw"

The Great Divide

Written in Short-Story Form by MARGARET MAYFIELD

RUTH JORDAN stood in the doorway of the rude Western cabin gazing out into the night. In the moonlight the desert shone like an intensely colored jewel, covered with the uncouth shapes of giant cacti, dotted with bunches of gorgeous blooms. Afar off on the horizon she could make out dimly the vague shapes of her brother Philip, his wife Polly and Dr. Winthrop Newbury, a childhood sweetheart, riding into the night. As they disappeared from view, a feeling of fright invaded her bosom. She half wished that she had ridden with the others to the railroad to see Polly off on a visit, but her devotion to the ranch had forced her to stay. The men had taken French leave and but for her the place would have been completely deserted. Win would have undoubtedly stayed with her but the news of a man with a broken leg some distance away had made him leave her dutifully, if reluctantly. Ruth shivered slightly and somewhat hastily closed the door and barred it. In all that wild untamed country she looked like a slim New England tree blooming happily for all its rude transplanting. Dreamily

she began to prepare for bed, humming softly to herself as she brushed her smooth blonde hair until it shone. Her back was toward the window and she never saw the dark bearded face peering in at her. A sensation of disquiet made her heart throb, however, and she turned suddenly toward the window to find nothing there. Somewhat unsteadily she drew the curtains to and blew out the light. Standing trembling in the darkness, she heard above the familiar sounds of the night the murmur of rough voices. There was a lunge at the door which creaked mightily but withstood the onslaught until a battery of violent blows burst it open. Three men swaying drunkenly plunged into the room to face Ruth's leveled gun. The hammer clicked under her firm finger but the gun missed fire. The next instant the pistol was wrenched from her hand and she found herself struggling fiercely with a great ruffian. By a superhuman effort she slipped from his hot clutch and attempted to seize a pistol from a rack on the wall only to be stopped by a dirty, unkempt Mexican half-breed. Sick with horror, she broke loose

THE GREAT DIVIDE

Fictionized by permission from Metro-Goldwyn, from the screen adaptation by Benjamin Glazer and Waldemar Young of the famous stage play by William Vaughan Moody. Directed by Reginald Barker. The cast:

Ruth Jordan.....	Alice Terry
Stephen Ghent.....	Conway Tearle
"Dutch".....	Wallace Beery
Philip Jordan.....	Huntly Gordon
Dr. Winthrop Newbury.....	Allan Forrest
"Shorty".....	George Cooper
Polly Jordan.....	Zasu Pitts
Lon.....	Ford Sterling

from him and fled backwards to the chimney-piece where she stood panting, at bay. The third man, having lighted the lamp on the table, leaned motionless against it watching her with unfathomable eyes.

"What do you want here?" asked Ruth, striving to make her voice calm and natural.

The first man laughed loudly while he uncorked a flask and took a long pull at it.

"Did you hear that, Steve?" he asked, turning to the silent man at the table. "Have a drink," he went on, looking at Ruth, "and pull 'in your purty little claws, eh? Jolly time. No more fuss and fury."

For answer the New England girl grasped a knife in her hand but the Mexican wrested it from her and hugged her close to him. With a desperate strength she pushed him from her. The tall man named Steve remained gazing at her in a fascinated semi-stupor. Meanwhile, the Mexican drew some dice from his pocket and began to throw them on the table. Like a man walking in his sleep, Stephen Ghent took two steps toward the shrinking girl.

"Shake for her," cried the first man, whose name had long since vanished, and who went by the sobriquet of Dutch. "Come into the game, curse you, Steve. This is going to be a free for all, by God!"

"Save me, save me," begged Ruth thru stiff lips, looking at the advancing Ghent, "and I will make it up to you! Dont touch me! Listen! Save me from these others and I will pay you with my life."

Ghent stared at her, a dull wonder in his eyes, while his hands twitched.

"You mean you'll go along with me out of this? Stick to me—on the square?"

"Yes," said Ruth, in a tragic whisper.

"On the dead square?"

"Yes."

"You wont peach and spoil it?"

"No."

He paused and looked at her fixedly.

"Give me your hand on it!"

Bravely she held out her hand which he pressed hard between his. Then he looked at the others who had drawn their guns and were watching them suspiciously.

"Shorty and me's sittin' in this game," drawled Dutch, "and interested, eh, Shorty?"

The Mexican nodded eagerly. Ghent stood irresolute fingering the dice. Then he turned out the contents of his pockets and pushed a few bills toward the Mexican, since Dutch looked affronted at the mere suggestion. But Shorty turned his back on the little heap of bills and silver with a gesture of disgusted refusal.

"Dont blame you, Shorty," said Dutch contemptuously. "A onery buck of a dirt-eatin' Mojave'd pay more'n that for his squaw."

At his words Ruth covered her face with her hands and shrank back shuddering in horror.

"Well, it ain't much," said Ghent equably, "but here's a string of gold nuggets I guess is worth some money. Take it and clear out."

He unfastened the collar of his shirt and threw a chain of gold nuggets in the rough, strung on a leather thread on the table. In drunken anger Dutch half rose but Ghent held out his hand.

"We'll keep everything friendly between me and you. A square stand-up shoot and the best man takes her."

"Now you're talking," said Dutch, much mollified.

The Mexican grabbed the nuggets and bowed gracefully to Ruth and then left the room. Ghent motioned Dutch to leave also, ignoring his impudent wave of the hand to the girl. Left alone, Ruth stood beside the table,

gripping the edge with tensed fingers, her face white with agony. The sound of four pistol-shots made her start violently and the color mounted in a wave to her forehead. There ensued a long pause during which she heard dully the unquiet beats of her heart echoing loudly in her ears. Then the door swung slowly open and Ghent appeared on the threshold. With a faint cry she sank into the nearest chair.

"Is he dead?"

"No, but he'll stay in the coop for a while." —He stared at her hard—"Is this on the square?"

"I gave you my promise," said Ruth, in a low voice.

"Where are your folks?" he asked.

"My brother has gone out to the railroad," Ruth forced herself to reply thru steady lips.

"Write him a note," he commanded. "Fix it up anyway you like"

Ruth signs her freedom away at the justice's office at San Jacinto . . . and Steve takes home a bride . . .





By hard riding they reached San Jacinto at sun-up as Ghent had promised. And still he was treating her with a beautiful and bashful courtesy

"Tell me first what you mean to do with me."

"By hard riding we can reach San Jacinto before sun-up. Then we're off for the Cordilleras. I've got a claim tucked away in them hills that'll buy you the city of Frisco some day, if you have a mind to it."

Despite herself Ruth shivered and bit her quivering lips between her teeth. Steve stopped and stared at her again. Then he leaned across the table to her.

"I've lived hard and careless and lately I've been going down-hill pretty fast. But I haven't got so low yet but what I can tell one woman from another. I've seen what I've been looking the world over for, and never knew it. Say your promise holds and I'll go away now."

"Oh, yes, go, go!" cried Ruth hysterically. "Be merciful. You will not hold me to my cruel promise."

"And when I come back?" he asked slowly.

"Oh, go," she begged him pitifully.

"For good?"

"Yes."

"Do you mean that?"

"Yes, yes, ten thousand times!" her voice rose wildly. "You did yourself and me a hideous wrong by coming here. I was in a panic of fear. I snatched at the first thing I could. Oh, for God's pity, go away now and never come back. Don't you see there can never be anything between us but hatred, and misery and horror?"

His face hardened. "We'll see about that. Are you ready to start?" he asked abruptly. "Go and be quick about it."

In the face of his roughness she retreated hastily before him. To change to riding clothes was the work of a few minutes but still she lingered in her room, striving to still the trembling of her body. Then with head up and with lips compressed, she re-entered the living-room, cast a last glance about her and joined Ghent in the moonlight.

"You'll have to get a doctor," said Polly; "it may mean her life and that—of your child"



II

Three months later Ruth sat before Ghent's adobe cabin weaving baskets in the last rays of the setting sun. She was thin and pale and there was a wistful droop to her lips that had not been there a few months before. Now and then her feverish fingers stopped their work and she cast a quick and apprehensive glance over her shoulder toward the open door behind her. But when Steve appeared at last on the threshold his step was so quiet that she never realized his presence until his hand on her shoulder made her start up, shaking nervously.

"I expected to find you out on the bluff," said Ghent softly. "One of the men told me you were there." And as she said nothing, he went on pleadingly, "haven't you one word of welcome for me, after five days?"

But Ruth averted her head and looked steadily down the cañon reddened by the last flash of the setting sun.

"I've something to tell you," she murmured at last.

"It's about this work you have been doing?" he asked.

"How did you know?" she looked startled and too late made an attempt to hide the basket.

"I heard about it from the hotel people in the valley. What made you do it? Have you wanted money?"

Speechless, she could only bend her head.

"I thought you had enough. I have often begged you to take more."

"It wasn't for myself," burst out Ruth passionately. "I wanted it to buy back the chain with which you bought me." Her trembling fingers drew the chain of nuggets from her dress. As if the bright gold burnt her fingers, she held it out to him in loathing. "Take it and let me go free."

Reluctantly Ghent took the chain from her and let it run thru his fingers.

"Your price has risen," he said at last. "This is not enough." With a sudden gesture she was too slow to avoid he threw it about her slim neck and drew her to

him by it. "You are mine, do you hear? Now and forever."

But at sight of her whitening face he released her as suddenly as he had seized her. "I thought . . ." he began brokenly, "it seemed to me you had begun to care for me on our journey here?"

"That night," said Ruth slowly, clasping her hands tightly together, "when we rode away from the justice's office at San Jacinto and the sky began to brighten over the desert, my heart began to melt in spite of me. And when the next night and the next day passed and still you treated me with beautiful rough chivalry, I said to myself, 'He has heard my prayer to him. He knows what a girl's heart is.' It seemed as if you were leading me out of a world of little codes and customs into a great new world. —And then—and then—I woke and saw you standing in my tent door in the starlight! I knew before you spoke that we were lost."

Before he could answer her a man's voice interrupted them.

"Ruth!"

She turned toward the mountain path up which two men were climbing. At sight of them she ran to them and hurled herself into her brother's arms.

"At last I've found you," he said reproachfully, kissing her cheek with brotherly affection. "Win and I have had a hard time tracing you here."

Ruth motioned at Ghent.

"My husband," she said, unsteadily.

But Philip Jordan made no effort to meet Ghent's extended hand altho Winthrop took it momentarily in his.

"I'm going to take you away from here," said Philip, looking keenly from Ruth to Ghent. "I don't know by what ugly spell you have held her, but I wish to hear from her own lips that it is broken."

"No!" said Ghent, clenching his hands and staring pleadingly at Ruth.

"Yes," said Philip, measuring him with angry eyes.

(Continued on page 93)



"Can you forgive me?" she whispered. "You have taken the good of our life and grown strong. I have taken the vile and grown weak unto death . . . teach me to live . . . as you do"

PULL DOWN

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Everybody else is wondering exactly the same thing

DEAR EDITOR: I happened to see "East of Suez" tonight. I'm wondering why they can't give Pola Negri anything but rotten stories? Her entire ability is left out. I don't like to dig up her past success, but give her a part where she can use her versatility as an actress. There certainly are better stories than those we've seen her in lately. I've seen nothing yet that would equal her "Mme. Du Barry." So let's have her in a rôle befitting an actress who gave us the greatest portrayal of Du Barry.

A. M. KALLOY,
Chicago, Ill.

Here is an interesting letter we are glad for the opportunity to publish

DEAR EDITOR: In Dorothy Donnell's article (February CLASSIC), "The Cross on the Foothill," she makes the bold statement: "In only two places in the world is there any organized attempt to enact the life of the lonely Man," etc., and then goes on to specify Oberammergau and "Wicked Hollywood."

I challenge that statement.

Here in Hudson County are located two towns, West Hoboken and the town of Union. In the former is produced "Veronica's Veil," and in the latter we have the "Passion Play."

When Anton Lang recently visited America he was taken to West Hoboken, where "Veronica's Veil"

was produced for him and his entourage. His praise was of the very highest character.

Don't you owe us a published apology?

Both of these productions enjoy an enviable reputation and have called forth praises from both high and low. They are attended by people from all over the U. S. A.

The world is large, but you will find West

Hoboken and Union Hill on the map (even though they are only a dot).

Yours truly,
WILLIAM BATES,
Union, N. J.

All right, we will! Just give us time

DEAR EDITOR: I believe most people are tired of the pictures of motion picture stars. Why not give us a series of the Ziegfeld Follies girls, who are generally conceded to be both talented and beautiful? I for one would like very much to see you begin with them, using Noel Francis, a lovely girl and an excellent dancer, real soon, if not first; at all events let us have her picture some time.

I thank you.

L. V. GAYLE,
San Antonio, Texas.

Lloyd Hughes will be CLASSIC'S Handsome Man, No. XII. It's a promise

DEAR EDITOR: In your Classic Gallery of Handsome Men, please make Lloyd Hughes the next. For the last nine months I have been buying CLASSIC with the hope of finding my favorite screen star's picture on that page.

Hoping you will take a hint—I am,
Gratefully yours,
BEATRICE V.,
Tarrytown, N. Y.

Last, but not least!

DEAR EDITOR: I just love CLASSIC. I wish I could have one twice a month—but—please give us another picture

of Valentino—a big one. And can't we have him on the cover? And Ramon Novarro, too? As Ben Hur, he would be wonderful.

But, anyway, CLASSIC is the prettiest picture book in the world. I mean it.

Admiringly yours,
ELSIE SINGLETON,
Mitchell, Nebraska.

WE WANT TO KNOW

What do you think of us: of CLASSIC, of the movies, of the stage, of the stars and starlets? Write us letters. We haven't room to print all of them, so we'll have to select those of greatest interest and provocativeness. In other words, we'll try to "start something." That's always interesting. But don't ask us questions. That's what we have an Answer Man for. (See page 70.) And if you want to see your letter in print *make it short*. Letters to this department, must be addressed: The Letter Box, CLASSIC, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. *Sign your letter exactly as you want it printed.*

THE EDITOR



Schellenberg

“Where Men Are Men!”



Evans

The men on these pages are the reason why what is known in the trade as “Westerns” will never die out. As long as reels unwind and prairies roll, the everlasting romance of the great West will take shape on the screen. Above is Jack Hoxie, a Universal star. Below is Buck Jones, a Fox star



Freulich

Above is the Prince of them all, Bill Hart, the original good bad-man of the cinema. In the center is Harry Carey, and dont think for all that careless smile he wouldn't get the drop on you if necessary. Below is Bill Desmond, the serial king, in a Mexican interpretation of the cowboy. He's under the Universal banner

Spurr



Freulich



Stars
of the Screen
Who Have
Made That
Great Breed
of He-Men,
The Westerners,
Famous
All Over the
World



The Wild,
Wild West
is Still
Untamed
in the
Movies

Freulich



Above is Lefty Flynn, a gentleman cow-puncher for F. B. O. Sooner or later, they all have a try at this sort of thing. There's Conway Tearle in "The Great Divide," for instance

Twenty million fans love and admire this man and his famous horse, 'Tony. It's Tom Mix, of course, who works for Fox



Someone wrote in the other day and asked us to print a picture of Hoot Gibson, a Universal star, and here he is, smiling as usual

Evans



Above is George O'Brien (Fox), and left is Fred Thompson (F. B. O.)



Here is Jack Holt, who is rapidly becoming identified as a Westerner

The Hollywood

Transcribed by



The stars and director of "Realization"

AND now Hollywood has a new plaything. It is a café where they do not have knives and forks; they serve only chicken which you eat with the feeding implements that Providence supplied you.

You get chicken in your eyebrows and all over your face and all over your hands until you have to stand with your fingers spraddled out like a little boy who has burglarized a molasses barrel. Probably it is a relief from the Hollywood dinners where you spend most of your time watching the hostess out of the corner of your eye to see which fork she is going to use.

The café belongs to Raymond McKee, a Sennett star. He calls it the "Zulu Hut." It has just a dirt floor and wooden board tables and is lighted by candles stuck in old beer bottles. He must be cleaning up a young fortune on it. It is jammed with picture people.

* * *

Mr. McKee, by the way, had to make a decision this week between dramatic art and comedies. He had two big offers in these opposite directions. He pinned his faith to the comedies and has signed for a term of years with Sennett. He first leaped into fame in the whaling picture, "Down to the Sea in Ships," which was made in an old whaler sailing out of New Bedford.

* * *

A very much astonished young man arrived in Hollywood from Sumatra last week. He is an editor of a Dutch fan magazine. The chief article of the edition he brought along was a black-bordered account of the death of Marion Davies. The first person he met in Hollywood was Marion herself.

* * *

Terrible secret: there is said to be a scene in Miss Davies' forthcoming picture, "Zander the Great," which was directed by Charlie Chaplin. Miss Davies and Charlie are great pals and visit back and forth like admirals whose flagships are in the same port. It is said that she is trying to induce him to direct her next picture.

Left: George K. Arthur, "Kips," who played the boy in the much-discussed "The Salvation Hunters." Right: Alma Rubens in her own back yard in Hollywood



Grenbeaux



Neil Burns and Natalie Joyce in "Dandy Lions"



Boulevardier Chats

HARRY CARR

Charlie, it seems, has other plans. He is going to make another big dramatic picture with Edna Purviance as the star.

Ever since the unpleasant affair of a shooting in her apartment, Miss Purviance has been on a vacation in Colorado. She came back a week or so ago. She says that she got acquainted with some tourists and went on a long trip with them. Only one suspected her identity. He was a good enough sport to keep it to himself.

* * *

According to those who have seen him working, Lew Fields, the old Dutch comedian of Webber and Fields, is due to make the crashing dramatic sensation of the year in "Friendly Enemies." His emotional work in the big dramatic scenes had even the electricians in tears. No one was so astonished as Webber.

* * *

Someone asked Mrs. Fields the other day some question about the old Webber and Fields shows in New York. She produced the astonishing information that, in the course of thirty years or so of married life, she had never been behind the scenes but once; that was when her husband was ill and they sent for her. She has been only once in the studio.

* * *

Little Lucille Ricksen has been missed in the familiar haunts of Hollywood for some time. The other day a newspaper reporter unearthed her in a sick bed. For nearly a year, she has been critically ill as the result of a nervous breakdown. At the age of sixteen, she suddenly found herself one of the foremost emotional actresses of Hollywood. She was one of the few rare ones with enough pliance of mind and soul really to "give herself to" mimic emotions. She gave herself too many times to such emotional strains. The physician in charge has no prophecies to make—except to say that her progress toward recovery is disappointing. Burned out!

* * *

Grace Darmond gave Hollywood a series of



Right: Mathilde Comont and Russell Powers as Swiss peasants in "Enticement." Left: Jackie Logan doesn't take any chances on her satin fur-trimmed bathing suit



Lilyian Tashman in "The Parasite"



Charles Ray and his best pal, Whiskers



Above: Four important people—left to right: Alf Goulding, Conrad Nagel, Norma Shearer and Walter Hiers, who have just finished "Excuse Me." Right: Claire Windsor being artificially aged for her latest picture, "The Square Peg." Below, Frank Lloyd, Will Rogers and a pal

electric shocks last week. The first was her announcement of her engagement to marry Lefty Flynn, the former football star. The soft confession was immediately followed by an indignant denial by Mr. Flynn. He said he hardly knew Miss Darmond. They had met while appearing in a musical show in Los Angeles. They had never even spoken of marriage, he said. To which he added a clincher. His recent divorce has not yet reached a final decree. To which Miss Darmond merely answered: "Hollywood may laugh at me; it is doing so now. But my Irish sense of humor will help heal the heartache. But how this shakes my faith in men!"

* * *

The "writing extra" is a new development of Hollywood studio life. Several enterprising young men and women discovered that if you could once break a way into a studio, the rest wasn't so hard. And they observed that newspaper writers went right in. Whereupon a wild scramble for newspaper credentials has occurred. There are enough young amateur journalists writing for "my home-town paper" to fill the ranks of a regiment. The funniest are the foreigners. They turn up with all kinds of badges and letters from newspapers published everywhere from Java to Timbuctu. Some of them get away with it and some do not.

* * *

Mary Pickford has opened her sheltering arms to a considerable part of the old Ince studio force. Ed. De B. Newman, the Ince business manager, Mr. Thomas, the publicity director, Henry Sharpe, the star Ince cameraman, and several other members of the old Ince forces have come over to Miss Pickford in a body.

* * *

Cecil De Mille has bought the Ince studio and will make his pictures there as an independent producer, releasing thru the Associated Distributors.

Merrit J. Sibbald

No one, as yet, knows what his plans will be as a rival of the Famous Players-Lasky studio. A grand scramble for stars is expected, however. The contracts of Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy and several other De Mille "discoveries" are soon to expire at Lasky's. There is some question as to whether they will go with De Mille or stay with Lasky.

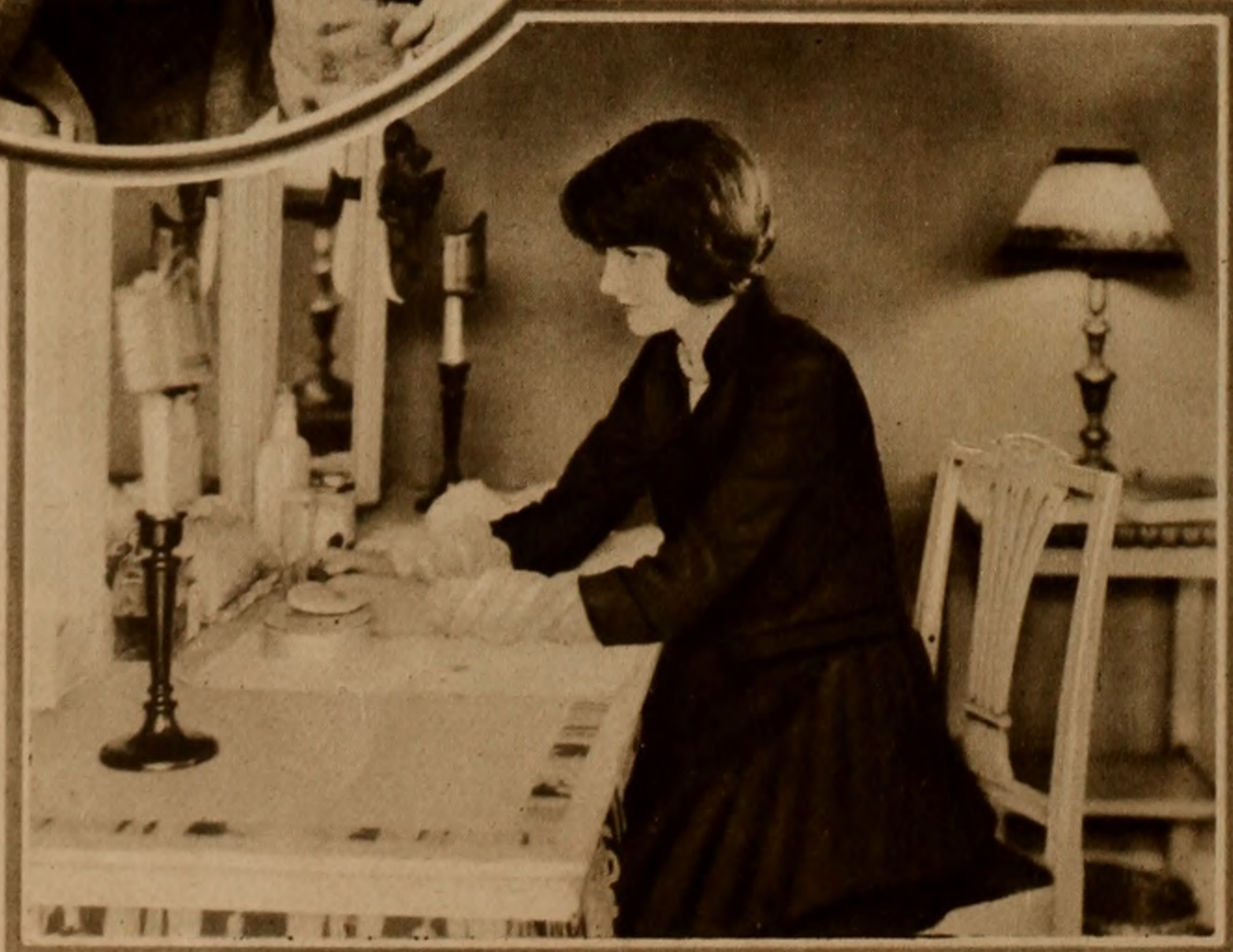
* * *

Rod La Rocque is now in Europe. He has written back to Hollywood telling of a terrible voyage "across." He got into the middle of the frightful storm which did so much damage recently on the English coast.

(Continued on page 74)



Eleanor Boardman in her studio dressing-room, the decorations for which are her own design



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Thumbnail Sketches

No. V—ALICE LAKE

Alice. She longs to make people laugh, but she needs must make them weep. It is nearly always the other way about.

It has been said of Alice Lake that "she is a joy to an author and a pleasure to a director," for she does one thing that youth almost never does, that is, tries to understand. She is quick, keen, alert and amenable to suggestion, another characteristic usually missing from youth's bright lexicon. She tackles a part with the determination and absorption of a midshipman in one of the hotly contested Army-Navy football games. She brings to it imagination, a wealth of latent emotion, and the radiance of buoyant youth.

Beside all these grand words, Alice is a good sport, as free and easy and unassuming as a child. She has recently gotten married and for the moment the husband in the case

(Continued on page 90)

Alice Lake is the reverse of the usual order—she is a natural born comédienne, but she must "emote" for a living. Below, with David Powell in "The Lost Chord," a Whitman Bennett production

SHE looks just like Viola Dana. She acts like her, seems like her, is like her.

But I have never seen Viola Dana in person and Alice Lake says that while everyone makes the same mistake, they are actually totally dissimilar. "If you could see us together," she said, "you'd laugh at the idea."

Anyway, I was in a state of total unpreparedness for Alice Lake. The only pictures we had of her in our files gave the impression of a large, rather mature, full-lipped blonde. The last photoplay I had seen her in was "The Deep Purple" and if she didn't look exactly blonde, she did look large and mature.

"But you're not Alice Lake," I kept insisting stupidly after the incredible introduction, "You're Viola Dana."

She laughed politely and I noticed that her mouth was small and red and delicately shaped. Her bobbed hair is black and curly, her figure slight, almost boyish. She is small, dainty, lively, magnetic. Her movements are quick, impulsive and indicative of a magnificent surplus energy. Laughter trembles on her lips, shines thru her eyes. She is gay, insouciant, devil-may-care, rare enough virtues in a woman.

And yet, strangely enough, she has always been cast in emotional rôles. She seems to have a gorgeous flair for comedy, but she must "emote." What is comedy for some folks is tragedy to



Watch Harold Lloyd, the famous Pathe star, in his great picture "Hot Water." How "crazy" he seems. Far from it! In private life and in his preparation for his successes he is one of the best read young men in America.



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The secret is this—they have spent their spare time in making themselves *interesting* people. In *their* libraries, too, you will find Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

And they are only a few of the screen favorites who have discovered this great secret of personality. Glance through the names at the left!

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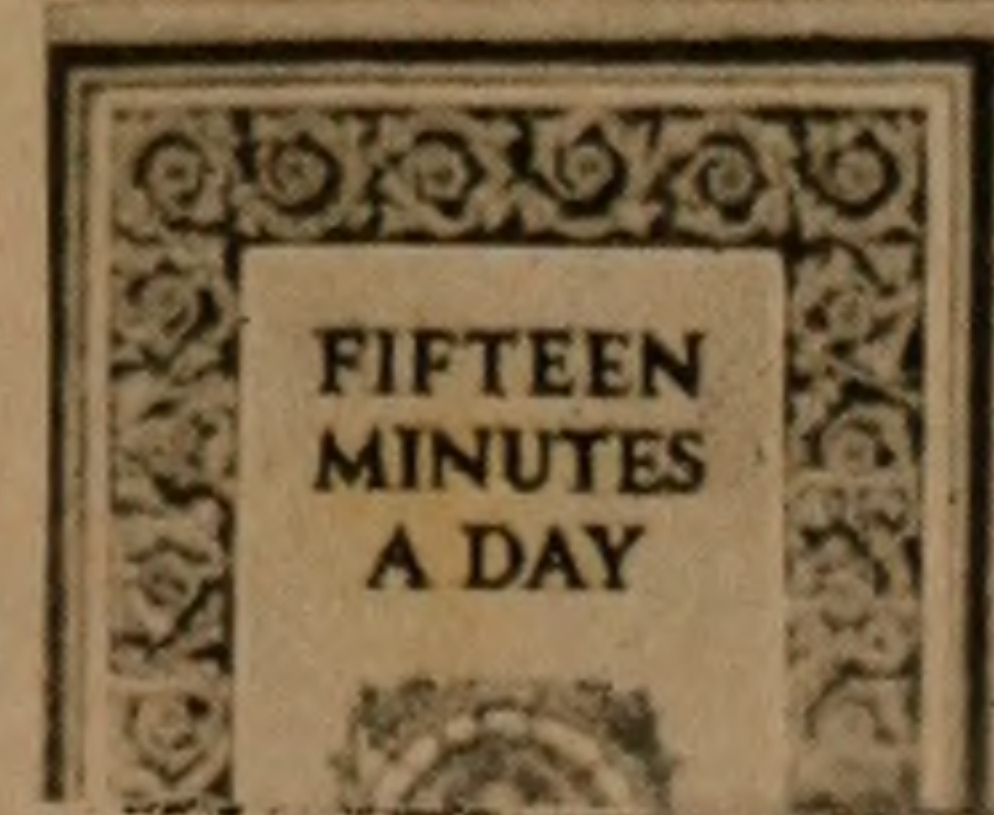
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The Movie Encyclopædia

by
THE ANSWER MAN



JUSTAMERE TON.—Welcome to the throne. So you are all for Glenn Hunter. He is twenty-five years old, and is playing on the stage right now. Viola Dana is playing opposite Ben Lyon in "The Necessary Evil."

ANNA N.—I should say I do wear rubber boots, who doesn't in this kind of weather? Rubber overshoes was the first article Charles Goodyear made when he thought he had perfected vulcanized rubber. It took twenty years of experimentation to find the proper adhesive, sulphur. Today the hard-rubber process has taken the place of bone, ivory and horn. Goodyear was born December 29, 1800, and died July 1, 1860. Lon Chaney is to play a dual rôle in "The Unholy Three" in which Matt Moore and Mae Busch play.

EDNA.—Well, you know, old heads will not suit young shoulders. Robert Ellis has the lead opposite Evelyn Brent in "Flawless Blood," for F. B. O. Yes, Thomas Meighan is married, but has no children. He is six feet and weighs 170 pounds.

A. H. O.—Well, no man is satisfied with his lot, unless it is a lot. Address Richard Dix at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island. He was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1894, and played on the stage, and in stock for two and a half years before going into pictures. No, he is not married and is six feet, weighs 185 pounds. Brown hair and eyes.

EDNA M.—No, you don't need a pass to see motion pictures made. You need a "pull" and a mighty strong one. Rod La Rocque is six feet three; Richard Dix, six feet; and Thomas Meighan, six feet.

M. E. P.—Your questions are all about the stage players, whereas I deal only in motion pictures.

CRICKET.—Come, come, there are two things you should not worry about—things you can help and things you can't help. If you can help, do it; if you can't, don't worry about it. Tom Mix and Anne Cornwall are playing in "The Rainbow Trail." William Haines is playing opposite Dorothy Devore in "Fighting the Flames." Sure thing, write to me any time. I'm always here. Ben Lyon is twenty-four, five feet eleven, weighs 160 pounds: I'm sure his letter wasn't published with the idea you had in mind.

MARION.—Wyndham Standing in "The Isle of Conquest." No, Marion Davies is not married. Mildred Davis is the wife of Harold Lloyd. So you don't believe that I am an old man over eighty. Honest Injun! Corinne Griffith in "The Social Exile." This was formerly Ethel Barrymore's "Déclassée." Write me again.

VIRGINIA H.—Yes, it is true that Gloria Swanson married Marquis Jacques Henri de la Falaise de Coudray, on January 28. We hope she will be happy in her third venture.

DOROTHY.—Betty Compson was born March 18, 1897. Harold Lloyd's infant is going to play in a picture very soon. Yes, Bessie Love is playing in Richard Barthelmess' "Soul Fire." I have buttermilk every day, it's the best drink I know of.

JESSIE K.—Pola Negri was born January 3, 1897. She played in both "Passion" and in "Gypsy Love." Irene Rich, Beverly Bayne, and Bert Lytell in "Eve's Lover," for Warner.

HELEN V.—Warner Oland is not playing right now. I know Helen, but it is better to regret than to remember with regret. Flora Finch has been signed by William de Mille for one of the leads in Richard Dix's "Men and Women."

HELLO, THERE!

Any screen questions you want answered today? That's what I'm here for. I know everything in that line—yes, sure—all you have to do is ask me. And as for movie news—well, I hear that before it happens. I can tell you when, where, why, who, how, and if, about the screen. I've been doing it for fourteen years and I'm a regular movie encyclopædia. Address your letters: The Movie Encyclopædia, CLASSIC, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Sign your letter with the name you want printed. If you want an answer by mail or a list of studios, producers, etc., enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. If you want an immediate reply, or information requiring research you should enclose additional stamps or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must wait their turn. Come on now, let's go!

THE ANSWER MAN.

M. E. Mc.—Well, right now George Arliss is playing in "Old English" on the stage in New York. Anna Q. Nilsson and Ben Lyon are playing in "Winds of Chance."

ELLEN G.—Rod La Rocque has black hair and brown eyes. He is six feet three, and that is his right name. He was born in Chicago. The Dead Sea in Palestine is the lowest lake in the world. It is 1300 feet below the sea-level, its length is about 50 miles, and its water is intensely salt. Clara Bow is playing opposite Monte Blue in his next picture.

STRUZK.—George O'Hara is with F. B. O. Trixie Friganza, better known in vaudeville, has signed to play Pola Negri's mother in "The Charmer." Jacqueline Logan's next picture will be "The White Mice."

PEGGY.—Of course I have a long beard. It keeps me nice and warm. Nita Naldi is one of the tallest actresses. Owen Moore, Madge Bellamy, Lilyan Tashman and Mary Carr have the leads in "The Parasite."

MARIA G.—How philosophical. Well, Plato was a Greek philosopher and the disciple of Socrates. He held that the human soul has always existed and that an idea is an eternal thought of the divine mind. He was born in 428 B. C. and died in 347 B. C. Can't tell you very much about John Barrymore, except that he is married, and has a daughter.

FRECKLES.—Your letter was very interesting, and I hope you write me again. Yes, you should see "Fashions for Men." Lewis Stone, Percy Marmont, Alma Rubens, Eileen Percy and Raymond Griffith are all in it. No, I don't mind answering questions. They keep me busy anyway.

B. SALA.—Right now, Mary Hay is in Bermuda. I envy her. It was pretty cold here last month. Henry Walthall and Lilyan Tashman and Edward Peil have the leads in "Thirst."

KITTY.—Tom Mix was born January 6, 1880. James Kirkwood was born February 22, 1883. Viola Flugrath is Viola Dana's real name. Doris Kenyon in "The Half Way Girl." Well, when the outlook is not good, try the uplook.

THE GANG.—Hello Gang! Mrs. Daisy Canfield is Mrs. Moreno. Richard Dix was born July 18, 1894. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is playing in "The Air Mail." Yes, Marjorie Daw is playing right along. Her next picture will be "Haunted Hands," with Bill Tilden, the tennis champion.

AL K. H.—No, I can't give you the personal addresses of the players. Jack Pickford with Nazimova in "My Son." Bebe Daniels is at the Famous Players Studio, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, California.

M. E. C.—Shirley Mason is with Fox. Alice Calhoun is playing in "Pampered Youth," the screen version of Booth Tarkington's "The Magnificent Ambersons."

PEGGS.—Pauline Garon was born September 9, 1901, and she is also playing in "My Son." She is five feet and weighs 104. Hoot Gibson is thirty-five. Mary Astor in "Enticement."

A REAL BLONDE.—Charles Jones is with Fox. Victor Varconi is with Famous Players. After all, it is better to be kittenish than cattish.

ASTRI.—So, you think Ian Keith is wonderful. Well, you're not the only one. He is six feet, and is married. Clara Bow and Raymond McKee are playing in "Free to Love." Yes, I

(Continued on page 72)

EARN EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME AT HOME



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"Art Invades the Screen," should be the heading. This pose by Margaret Morris and Gladden James was copied exactly from Millet's familiar and well-loved painting, "The Angelus." There is a motion picture being built around it

The Movie Encyclopaedia

(Continued from page 70)

know Clara personally. Didn't we discover her?

A NORWEGIAN.—Welcome, the more the merrier. So you are all for Warner Baxter. He is five feet eleven, and has brown hair and brown eyes. He is married to Winifred Bryson.

TRESA.—I observe this difference between my readers; the men mourn most for what they have lost, the ladies for what they haven't got. Haven't any information on Manuel Granada. I enjoyed your letter immensely.

ROSE Z.—So, you like George O'Hara. That's right, write and tell me who you like and who you don't like. I enjoy hearing from all our CLASSIC readers, and you will cheer up a lonely old man of some eighty summers. Never mind how many winters.

MR. AND MRS. W.—Well, I am glad you took your husband's advice to write to me. Leatrice Joy was married to Jack Gilbert, but they are separating. Mary Hay and her husband, Richard Bathelness, are playing in "New Toys." Harold Lloyd is thirty-two. Herbert Rawlinson is married to Lorraine Abigail Long. Corinne Griffith was born in 1897. Why Priscilla Bonner is to play in "Drusilla With a Million." Mae Marsh in "In the Garden of Charity," which J. Stuart Blackton is making for Vitagraph.

FRENCHY.—The players you mentioned are not married. Anne Boleyn was the second wife of Henry the VIII and the mother of Queen Elizabeth. She became maid of honor to Queen Catherine and attracted the attention of Henry and later married him and became Queen. She was beheaded in 1536 for adultery and conspiracy. That will be about all.

PATRICIA.—Kenneth Harlan and Florence Vidor in "The Virginians." Pauline Frederick was born in 1882, and Nazimova in 1881. Just pronounce it bee, bee. Nita Naldi is five feet nine.

VEEDEE.—Yes, I am here to answer questions, but giving advice is an unnecessary responsibility—and it is not

popular. Ralph Graves is with Mack Sennett Comedies. Betty Bronson is still with Famous Players. She is playing in "The Little French Girl." Lloyd Hughes is married to Gloria Hope.

LOUISE E. B.—Arthur Rankin is about twenty-two, you know, and he has brown eyes. Is that all for this evening?

VIRGINIA.—Yes, everyone who has seen "Peter Pan" likes it. Ivor Novello is playing on the stage in England. No, I don't know whether he wears a monocle, but I presume he knows how to.

FRANCES S.—Monte Blue is with Warner. Yes, it was on June 24, 1924, that Lieutenant F. Maughan of the United States Army Air Service flew in a Curtiss plane from Mineola, New York to San Francisco, California, a coast to coast flight of 2,850 miles in twenty-two hours. An average of 156.29 miles an hour. It marked the delivery in San Francisco of a New York daily newspaper on its publication date.

DONALD M.—You can reach Norma Talmadge at the United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

DOROTHY D.—Your postal has been answered above.

SKEEZIX.—Valentino hid himself into a barber shop and had his beard removed. He is again the handsome Valentino. That is an old picture, sorry I can't help you. Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman have the leads in "His Supreme Moment." Alma Rubens is playing opposite Percy Marmont in "The Clash."

KITTIE.—You want to know if I need a housekeeper. No, thanks, I manage very nicely in my little hall-room. It gets pretty cold now and then, but my fireplace, I mean my electric heater, does its duty pretty well. John Gilbert has been playing in pictures for the last five years.

ERNESTINE B.—Yes, I am the same old chap who answers the questions in *The Motion Picture Magazine*. Did you think we were twins? No, Ben Lyon is not married. William Collier was Max and

(Continued on page 77)

Three-A-Day Hearts

(Continued from page 30)

became unendurable. "Yes," he moaned, and LaVerne flung him roughly to the floor, stood above him menacing.

"I didn't mean to kill her." The hunchback was hysterical, fear-crazed. "Honest to Gawd, I didn't, I must be crazy."

"Why did you?" Frank bent above him, relentless, fists like poised sledge-hammers.

"I . . . I loved her." Like a sob it broke from the groveling caricature. "I loved her from the first day she joined our ac'. But I didn't have no chance. My Mother's to blame, damn her; she brought me into the world a joke, not a man. Oh, Gawd, Frankie, I wanted Lark, but you got her. You was a man with a man's body. An' then you threw her down, but she wouldn't 'a took me even then—as I am. She is so beautiful, and me . . . !" The words trailed off into weeping.

"Why did you try to kill her. . . . ?" "I didn't mean to kill her. Honest to Gawd! I musta went crazy. I figured that if she fell . . . she might be hurt . . . just a little. She might be crippled . . . like me . . . Not so far out of reach . . . !" "You toad!" snarled Frank LaVerne, and spat upon him, and then a light broke in his anger-blackened face, there was almost gladness in his voice as he cried, "Dave, it was you who spilled the beans about Lark an' Tony Mitchell . . . it was you who planted her handkerchief an' her vanity case with the landlady. Was that part of your game, Dave?" Again he held the hunchback in the torturing vise of his fists. "Was it? Tell me!"

But he needed no answer, the other's face had given it to him even before he spoke. He left the clown, moaning and writhing, upon the floor of the stage. Still in the singlet, the purple tights, the white-chalk make-up, he ran from the theater and up the stage alley to the street.

Frank LaVerne sat beside Lark Taylor's cot. The ambulance interne had been pessimistic. Her injuries would not prove fatal. Two broken ribs, a right wrist fractured—that was the extent of them. Within two months the Flying Nightingale would be soaring, singing above her audiences again.

"Oh, Lark . . ." he muttered, eyes lowered. "Can you ever forgive me?"

With her unbandaged left arm she raised his hand to her lips.

RINCON *

By WALTER ADOLPHE ROBERTS

I shall come here to dream when I am old,
When love is cold I shall come here to die.

My heart has need of blue and green and gold.

I shall come here and watch the days unfold,

In beauty suave as the unchanging sky,
Lulled by warm winds, by singing birds cajoled.

I shall come here at last when all is told,
Of the brave tale whose worth I set so high.

I shall bring dreams when all things else are cold.

* The shade of meaning in this Spanish title, "Rincón," cannot be rendered in English. It means, approximately, a nook or corner, remote from the rest of the world, and it implies beauty.—The Author.

Send the Coupon

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Thousands have gleaming wonderful teeth without knowing it . . . you may be one. Make this remarkable test and find out.

Gloriously Clear Teeth

Why you may already have them—
and yet not realize it

Make this unique test. Find out what beauty
is beneath the dingy film that clouds your teeth

DO you seriously want dazzlingly clear teeth? —teeth that add immeasurably to your personality and attractiveness?

You can have them, if you wish. That's been proved times without number. But not by continuing with old methods of cleansing and of brushing.

Modern science has discovered a new way. A radically different principle from old ways; and based on latest scientific findings. This offers you a test, free. Simply mail the coupon.

How to gain them—quickly

There's a film on your teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel it. *Beneath it are the pretty teeth you envy in others.* Ordinary methods won't successfully remove it.

That is why this test is offered. For when you remove that film, you'll be surprised at what you find. You may actually have beautiful teeth already—and yet not realize it. Find out!

What that film is

Film is a viscous coat that is ever present, ever forming on your teeth.

Most tooth troubles now are traced to it. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

That film, too, absorbs stains . . . stains from

food, from smoking, from various causes. And that is why your teeth look "off color."

You must remove it at least three times daily. And thus combat it constantly. Results in whiteness, in clearness and lustre are a revelation.

New methods now remove it

Old-time dentifrices could not successfully fight that film. So most people had dingy teeth. And tooth troubles increased alarmingly.

Now new methods have been found. And embodied in a new type tooth paste called Pepsodent

It acts to curdle the film, then harmlessly to remove it. No soap, no chalk; no harsh grit dangerous to enamel.

Foremost dental authority of the world now urges this modern way. People of some 50 different nations employ it. It marks a new era in tooth health and beauty.

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Ten days' use will prove its benefits. And that 10 days is offered to you as a test. Why not make it then?—*have prettier teeth, whiter teeth?*

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FREE Mail this for
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Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

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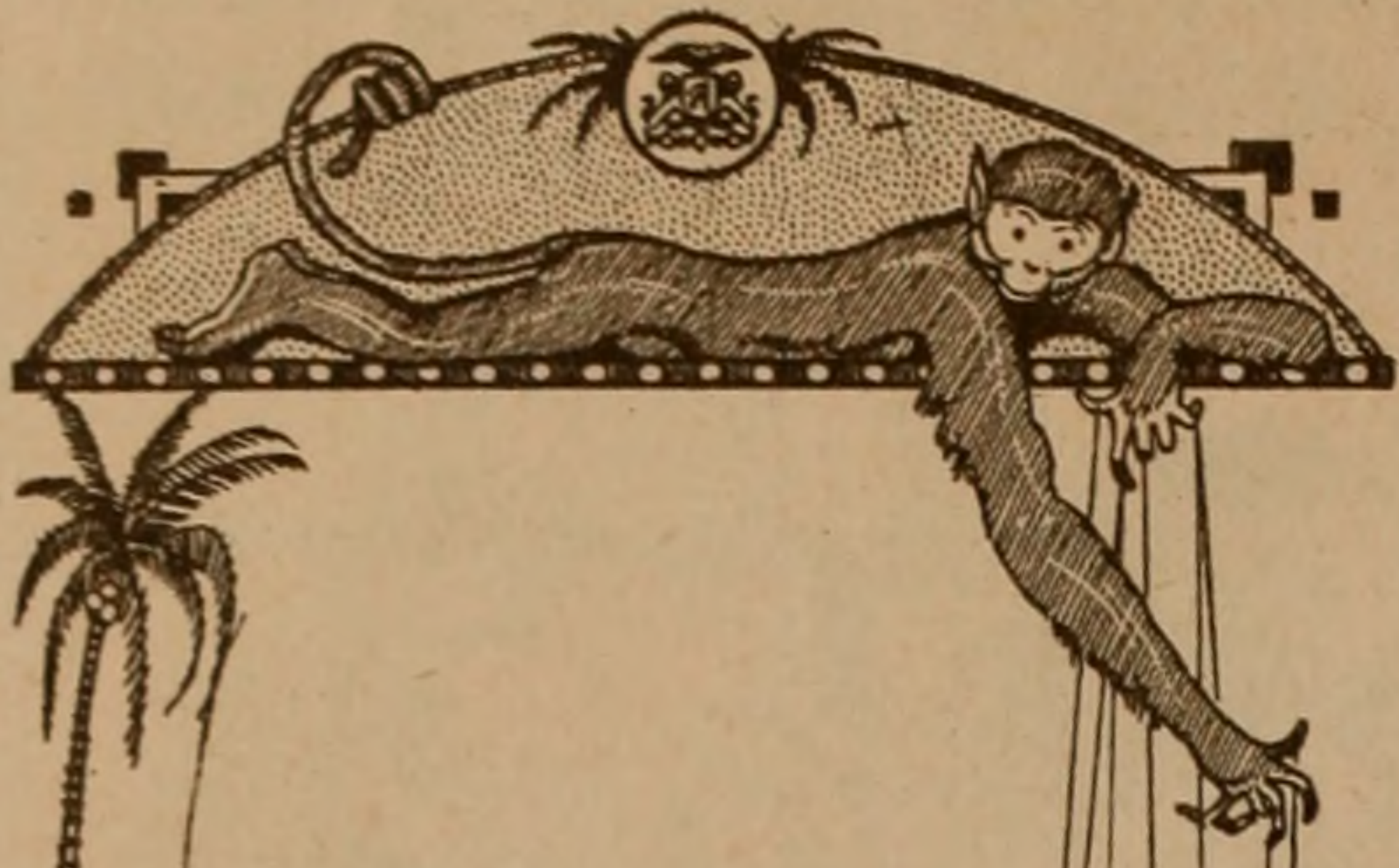
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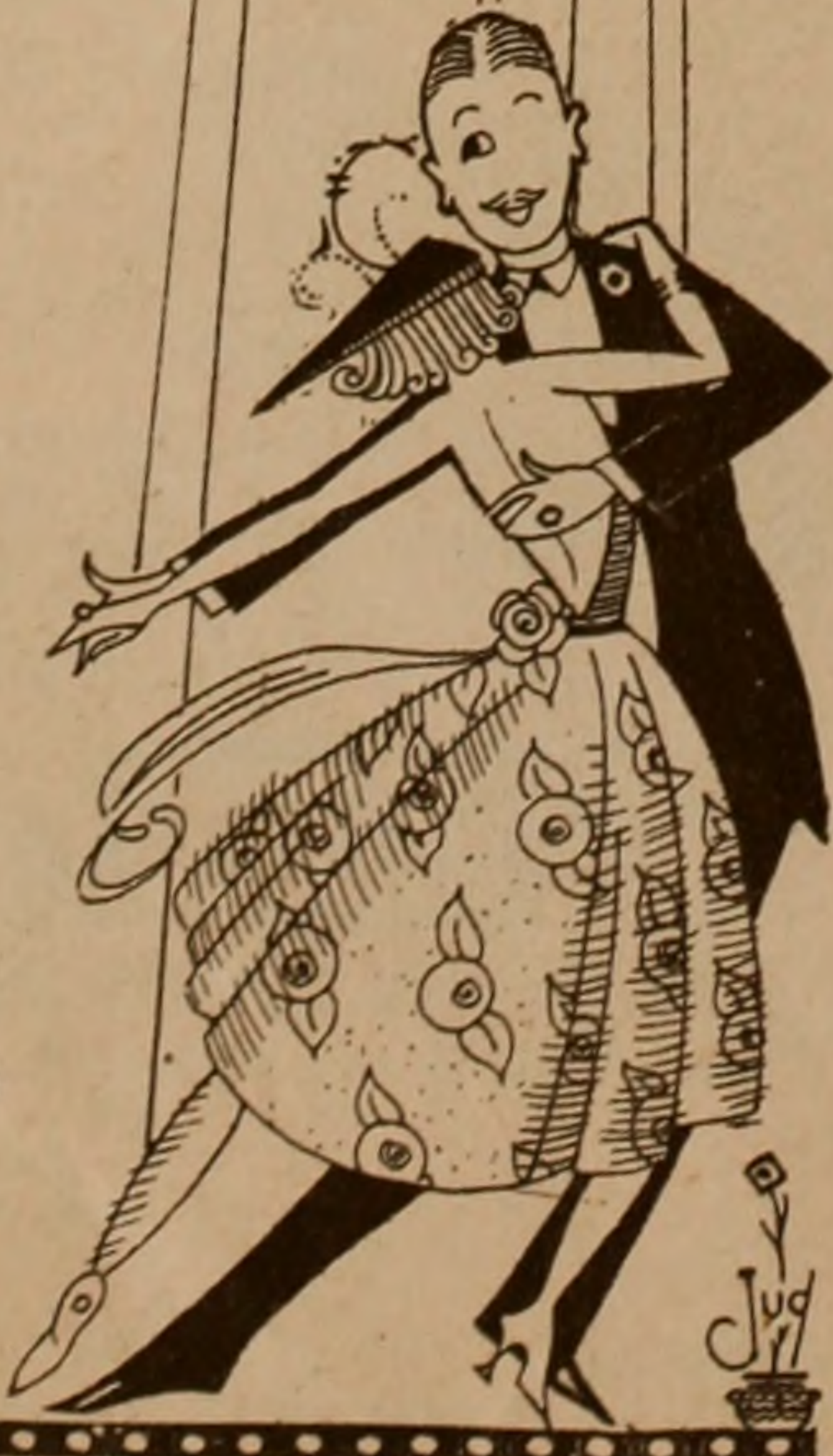
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for Chef's
Illustrated
Cook Book



The Hollywood Boulevardier Chats

(Continued from page 66)

Harry Langdon who just signed up for four years more with Sennett has had the most remarkable fund of experience of any actor I have ever met in Hollywood. He has been with a medicine show, a circus clown, a cheap stock company, musical comedy, serious drama and finally became one of the biggest head-liners in vaudeville before coming to the screen. Oddly enough, in spite of this rough-and-tumble experience, Langdon's comedy comes dangerously near great acting. He has the same wistful quality as Chaplin.

Valentino's astute and energetic press-agent all but fainted one day last week, when he discovered, by accident, that Rudolph has one of the finest collections of old masters and other paintings in America. Very few persons in Hollywood knew anything about it until a famous art critic from Berlin—visiting in Los Angeles—asked if he might see the collection. And that's not the end of Rudy's accomplishments. He is a graduate with a diploma from one of the leading agricultural colleges in Italy.

Noah Beery is inflated with pride and excitement. For sixteen years he has been villaining around in pictures. He is always in screen fights and is always getting licked. He has now been cast for a picture—"Contraband," in which he actually wins a fight.

Louise Beudet, who was a famous emotional star on the stage in the days of Clara Morris, Jeffries Lewis, James O'Neill, is doing small parts in Hollywood. She was in "Sally" with Colleen Moore.

Irene Dalton, a motion-picture actress, was arrested with Raymond Owens, on a charge of violating the Mann Act; but was discharged as not guilty. Miss Dalton's tears were so copious on the occasion of her release that she used up her own and the handkerchiefs of four friends.

Edwin Carewe, the director-producer, has announced his intention of marrying

little Mary Akin as soon as various formalities in the way of pending divorces are cleared up. Carewe is part Cherokee Indian and is one of the most interesting characters of the motion picture colony.

After changing her mind many times, Mary Pickford has written a story with Jack Cunningham which she is to begin screening at once—as soon as she can find a director. It is to be called "Annie Rooney." It will be very different from anything that Mary has ever done, being a literal, realistic story of the home life of a little Irish shop-girl with her whole family on her hands to support.

Douglas Fairbanks has already begun work on "Don Q," in which he will be the son of Zorro—of his old picture hit.

Antonio Corsi was the most famous artists' model in the world. He posed for most of the Prophets in the Boston Public Library and for many of the figures in the San Francisco Pan-American Exposition, and for thousands of other paintings. During the years, he had accumulated a very imposing and remarkable collection of famous costumes and mementoes. When he died recently in Los Angeles, he willed the entire collection to Bobbie Nye, a little motion-picture girl who has been kind to him. His two brothers and a sister are contesting the will.

John Bowers and several other motion-picture people were badly hurt in an automobile accident last week. They were on the way to Tia Juana in Bowers' car and they were not loafing. Attempting to take a sharp curve at high speed, the car turned over. Dave Smith, a director, S. J. Hawkins and C. H. Hawkins, producers, and Bowers were all hurt, the Hawkins brothers very seriously.

Twenty-five different people who said they were in the original "Merry Widow" company were tried by Eric von Stroheim

Leon Errol in his original rôle that he played on the stage so many seasons. This time it is in the picture "Sally"



MOTION PICTURE

CLASSIC

FOR MAY, 1925

OUT APRIL 12

High Lights in the Next Number of the "Different Screen Magazine"

The charm of Lois Wilson is as varied as the weather of an April day. Wistfully boyish and friendly at one moment; radiantly feminine the next—and no matter what her mood, always beautiful, always delightful, with an irresistible appeal in her large dark eyes. For the next cover of CLASSIC we have chosen a particularly beautiful picture of Miss Wilson



What do the stars do between scenes? What becomes of them during the hours and hours when they're waiting for the lights to be shifted and the stages set. Lois Wilson tells you of these intimate times in her own life—what she thinks, how she feels, in a fascinating article appearing in the next number of CLASSIC

Harry Carr is one of the best liked men in the motion picture world. He speaks with more authority than any other one person in the industry and his knowledge of stars and their stories is unequaled by any other movie writer. No movie fan should miss his Hollywood Boulevardier chats in this, as well as every other number of CLASSIC

A Literary Hobo

Of course, you know Jim Tully! His new book, *Beggars of Life*, is one of the best sellers of the year. But did you know that he writes every month for CLASSIC? Watch for these stories of your favorite stars. In the next three numbers he will tell you about Warner Baxter, Virginia Valli and Wallace MacDonald. They are told with the charm and humor that make Mr. Tully one of the most popular writers of his day

Have You Met the Fan Family?

This series of articles is the most brilliant satire of the screen that has ever appeared in a fan magazine. If you have missed them so far, start now to make up for lost time. There's a laugh in every line—it will cure the most chronic grouch in captivity. Send for back numbers.

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Who made whom? Why, the Press Agents and the stars! Dorothy Donnell has written the liveliest P. A. story you ever read. Millions of dollars are spent yearly on publicity, and the P. A. does the spending. Miss Donnell tells you just how he works and some of the unbelievable things he does to get publicity for his star.



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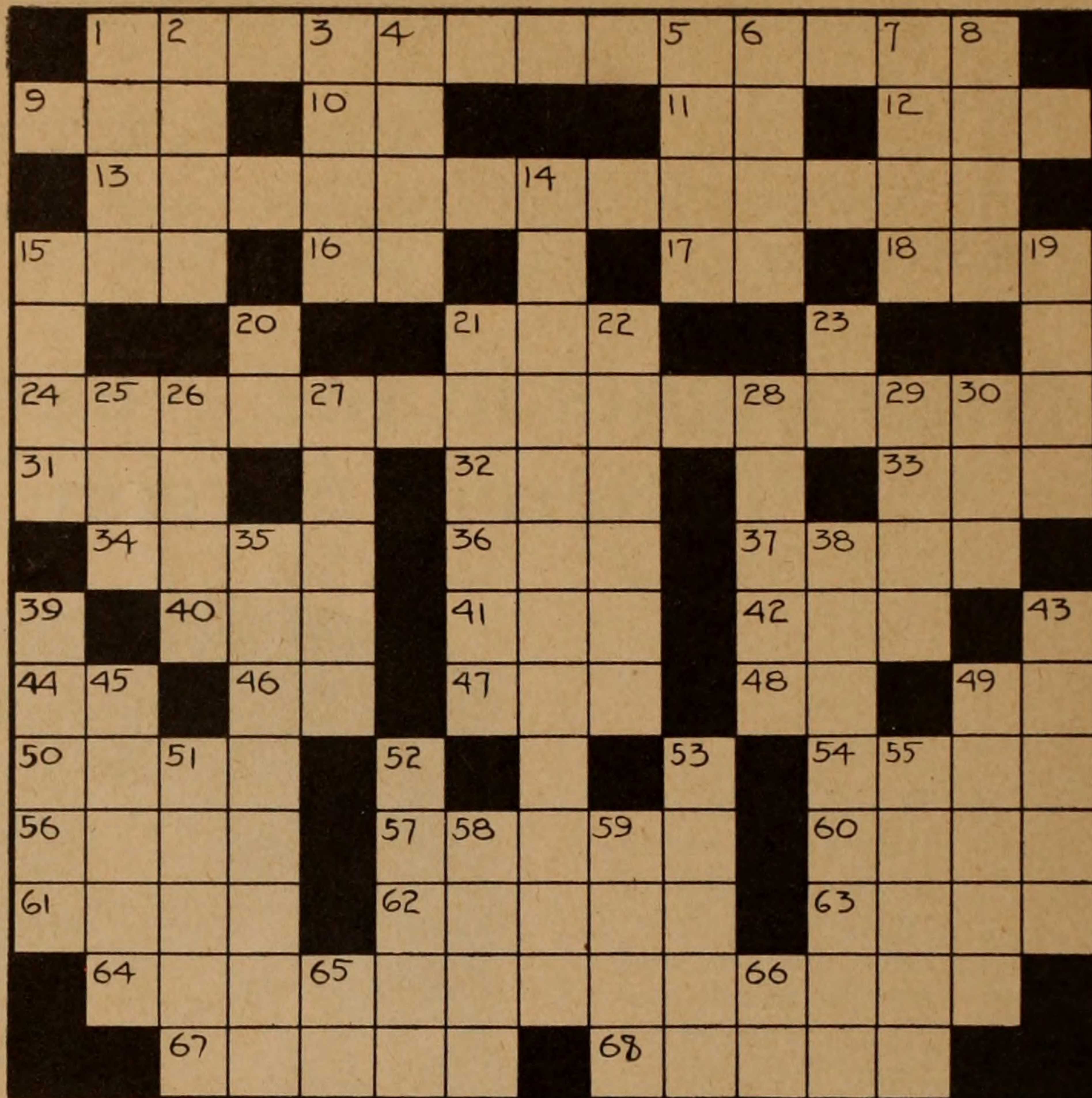
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Classic's Own Cross-Word Puzzle

HORIZONTAL

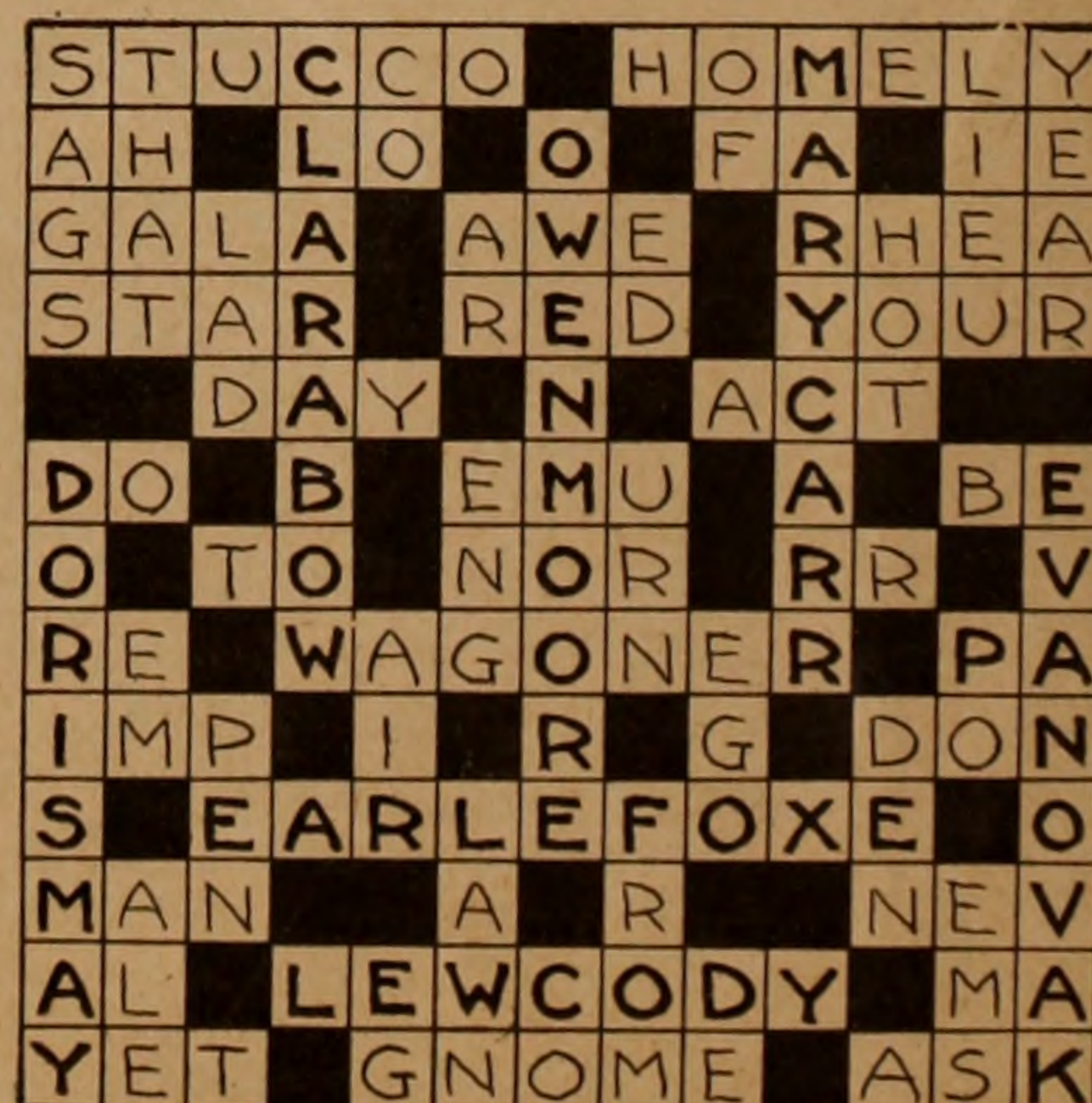
1. A FAMOUS MOVIE ACTRESS.
9. Exclamation of disgust.
10. Abb. for a thoroughfare.
11. Letters added to form comparative degree.
12. Railroads (abb.)
13. FAMOUS MOVIE ACTOR.
15. Prefix meaning "equal."
16. Suffix denoting agency.
17. Place for the seal (abb.)
18. Manuscripts (abb.)
21. The emmet.
24. A FAMOUS MOVIE ACTRESS.
31. Title of respect.
32. Kind of fish.
33. Anger.
34. Part of horse's harness.
36. Self.
37. Leisure.
40. Kind of ox.
41. Proceed swiftly.
42. A high mountain peak.
44. Indef. art.
46. Nova Scotia.
47. Perceive.
48. Note of the scale.
49. Abb. of name of a Western State.
50. Deficiency.
54. Small spike.
56. Land measure.
57. A sun-dried brick.
60. Detest.
61. German for three.
62. Satan.
63. Metric land measure (pl.)
64. FAMOUS MOVIE ACTRESS.
67. A number.
68. To glisten.

VERTICAL

1. Statutes.
2. A Middle West State.
3. Island.
4. Move slightly.
5. Ardor.
6. Makes mistakes.
7. Band instrument.
8. Firearms.
14. FAMOUS MOVIE ACTOR.

15. Devils.
19. Father.
20. Exists.
21. Large bits.
22. Sovereign power.
23. Man's name.
25. Tune.
26. A card with three spots.
27. American League ball team.
28. Visionary.
29. Imperfect speech.
30. Before.
35. FAMOUS MOVIE STAR.
38. FAMOUS MOVIE ACTOR.
39. A table delicacy.
43. Indentations.
45. Mother of Pearl.
49. A slanting joint.
51. Ridge of a mountain.
52. Used to dish soup.
53. Word used in the Bible to denote a pause.
55. Man's name.
58. A part; share.
59. Small particles.
65. A suffix forming comparative degree.
66. You.

Answer to last month's



Beauty

My Pep—And How I Keep It Up

(Continued from page 24)

before going to the studio. I studied these exercises for some time with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, and flatter myself that I am pretty good at them.

I suppose that next to dancing, my greatest pleasure in keeping fit is my fencing. For more than six months I took daily lessons from Mr. Fred Cavens, the Belgian swordsman. This training came in handy, and altho it took me six weeks to learn how to fence for six seconds in "The Dangerous Maid," it was worth it, for everyone who saw me in that scene could sense that I was not jumping around like a jack-in-the-box, but that I knew what I was doing.

My sister Norma loves horseback riding, and often I accompany her on long cross-country trips. She also has in the garden of her Los Angeles home, a swimming pool, and as I am almost as crazy about swimming as I am about dancing, I spend a good deal of my spare time in this pool.

Altho I consider dieting as important to health as I do exercise, it is probably because I go in for the latter to such a great extent, that I don't have to worry about my food. I never overeat. My breakfast consists of fruit, coffee or chocolate and one roll. My lunch is a very light one, particularly when I am working on a picture. Two glasses of milk and a light salad is the usual course in the middle of the day. But at night, I eat anything I please because it is my one hearty meal. I never eat meat except at dinner, and usually I am pretty careful about balancing the amount of sweets, starches and so on even for this meal.

I am a great believer in cold water. I have a warm bath every morning, and a shower immediately afterwards, at first lukewarm, then ice-cold. I wash my face in cold water every morning as I consider it better than any of the million-odd beauty creams and lotions which women are lured into buying, by the cosmetic manufacturers. When I find a good cold-cream, I stick to it, and it would take a mighty strong argument to make me give it up for some other "perfectly marvelous" brand which my friends are always telling me about.

The Movie Encyclopædia

(Continued from page 72)

Robert Agnew was Bobby in "Wine of Youth."

A LONG BRANCH FLAPPER.—Hello there! John Patrick is with Warner. George O'Brien is with Fox. Yes, I have heard that coffee grounds are good for rose-bushes.

ETHEL L.—That was Webster Campbell in "The Pleasure Seekers." No, Mary Eaton is a Follies Girl and not a picture player. Gareth Hughes is playing in "The Midnight Girl." Priscilla Dean in "The Crimson Runner."

BETTY H.—No, I don't do as much reading as I should, but you might read "The Green Hat," "The Little French Girl" and of course you have read "So Big." It is the art of mankind to polish the world, and everyone who works is scrubbing in some part. Betty Bronson is still with Famous Players.

BETTY COMPSON'S FAVORITE.—Yes, Elliott Dexter was born in Houston, Texas.

(Continued on page 87)

Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit for Permanent Waving



THE Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit does its work quickly, safely and comfortably wherever it goes.

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THIRTY DAYS'
FREE TRIAL

An Outstanding Success

LET your straight hair be permanently wavy this Spring. Enjoy the relief and confidence which natural waves, curls and ringlets alone can give you. Sign your own Declaration of Independence from lifelong slavery to nightly crimpers and hot curling-irons. In other words, in your own home, let the eminent Mr. Charles Nestle's famous invention transform your hair—no matter how straight or stubborn—into waves, curls and ringlets that last ALL THE TIME, and look even prettier under the influence of perspiration, shampoos, bathing, dampness, etc.

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has enthusiastic endorsement from the world's leading scientists, hair dressers and beauty editors. In his two New York establishments several hundred women daily enjoy LANOIL waves. Professional LANOIL-wavers elsewhere give many thousands this wonderful treatment. But in private homes, even more than this is done by means of the dainty, reasonably-priced Outfit illustrated above, which works so simply, so quickly and so comfortably that mothers take pleasure in waving their children's hair, children their mother's; school girls, nurses and teachers club together to do this work, and even husbands have been known to take a hand in it!

Interesting, Simple and Safe

is the Nestle LANOIL permanent waving process. You merely wet the hair with the sympathetic LANOIL lotion, wind it, strand by strand, on the Nestle mechanical curlers, slip the little heater over each curler for just seven minutes, remove, unwind and shampoo. And now the wonder grows—for the harder you rub, comb, wash or brush your soft waves and curls, the prettier do they become, because the gentle LANOIL steam has made your hair naturally wavy.



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CUT THIS OUT

Poverty Row

(Continued from page 17)

them he would finish in eight days. Instead of shooting twice as many scenes as the script called for "in case they were needed," and sixty thousand feet of film to be cut down to five, he would cut the picture before it was taken. If he was going to use two hundred and fifty scenes in the final picture, he would not take two hundred and fifty-one.

"But it cant be done!" the buzzards clamored. "You cant make pictures that way!"

Phil Goldstone went ahead and made them that way. Nowadays even the biggest directors do it—when they have to. Jimmie Cruze once shot one hundred and twenty-eight scenes in a single day.

Going up and coming down—that's Poverty Row. It's where actors and directors and scenario writers make their start, and where they drift when they are thru. It is the haunt of young enthusiasts; visionaries like Josef von Sternberg, who made the symbolic film that everyone is talking about, "The Salvation Hunters"; business men who make good pictures because they sell better than poor ones, and know how to turn over investments whether in dry-goods, groceries or heroes and heroines; old-time directors who worked with Ince and Griffith; actors pushed out of the spotlight by newer stars and actors who have never acted yet, and of course the grafters who are always to be found wherever money is being spent and made.

These last have hurt the independent pictures more than anything else. To most people the words "motion pictures" clink like coin. The same trustful souls who buy oil stock, gold bricks and take violin lessons by mail come out to Hollywood with their savings and think to become movie magnates without knowing which end of the camera does the work. A wealthy young widow who arrived in town and announced that she was going to produce pictures recently was offered thirty-four different chances to lose her money! Fortunately, she had a level head, but most "angels" listen to the siren promises of the fly-by-night director and hand over their money, which he pockets, and then hastily cranking up his camera, covers five reels

of celluloid with anything and everything—or nothing, and piles them into the angel's arms, saying, "Here's your picture. It's all done—yep, finished. You've got a great picture there—wonderful!"

"But what do I do next?" asks the victim, clutching his tin can of film.

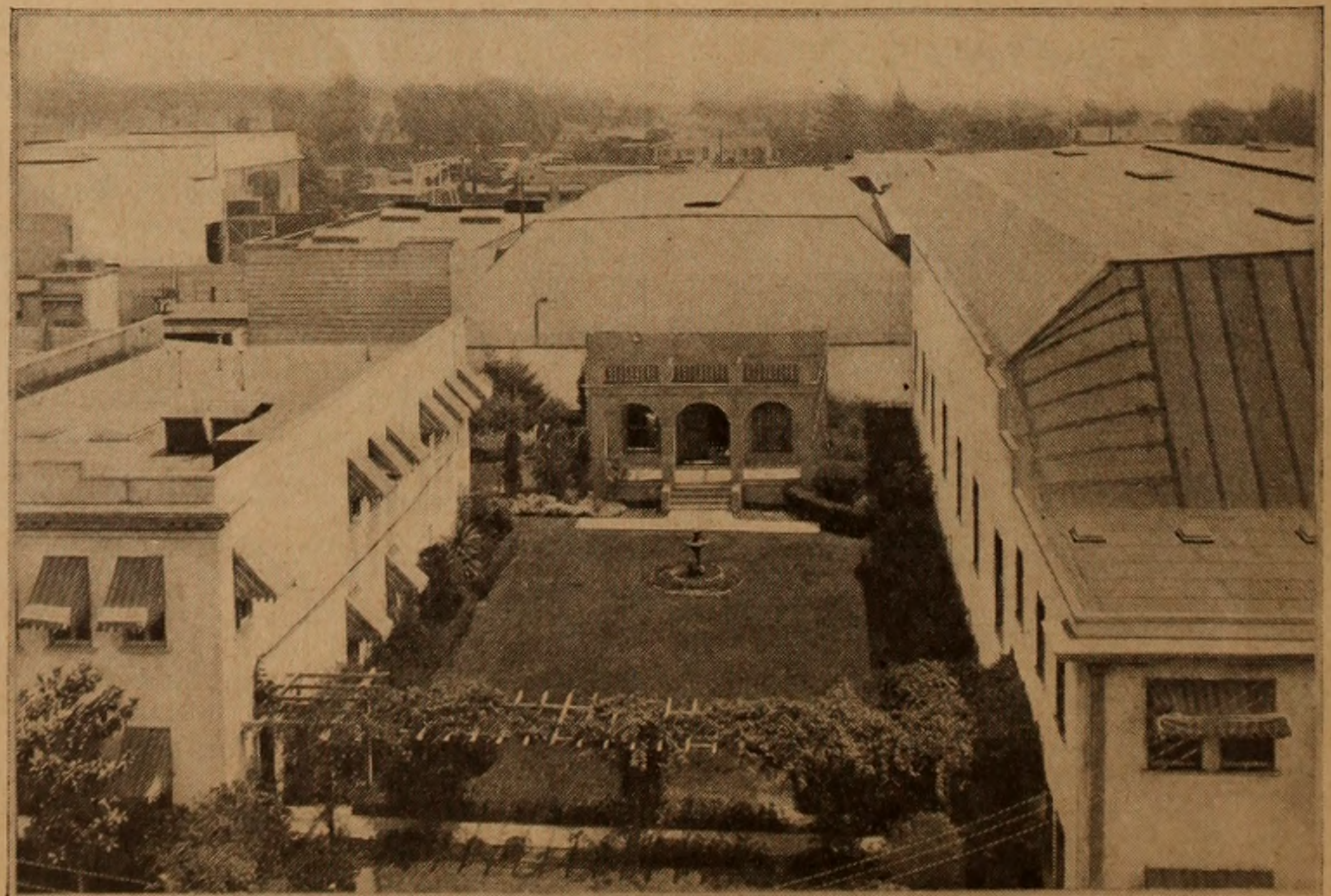
"Oh," says the "director" easily, "all you've got to do now is just sell it. That's all. Good-bye!"

Hundreds of tin cans lie gathering dust on the shelves in Poverty Row, filled with a curious hodgepodge that are not motion pictures and were never intended to be. Sometimes the disillusioned angel is able to sell his film for a few dollars to a company that handles misfit and second-hand pictures and will retitile his masterpiece—the titles being usually of the "Unhand that woman or I'll shoot" variety—more often than not it is left on his hands, an "orphan." Then he goes back to Iowa and abandons the movies, which he does not know, for hogs or potatoes, which he does know.

It is this sort of thing—which has nothing to do with independent picture production—that makes people wary about loaning money to perfectly honest enterprises. The small free-lance producer with nothing but an idea finds that he cannot get backing until he has a purchaser for his prospective film, and naturally enough the buyer thinks he would be a fool to rush in where angels fear to tread; the producer's case is like that of the man who got into Russia without a passport and was arrested and told he could not remain. He apologized and said he would leave at once. "Have you a passport to get out of Russia?" they asked. No, he hadn't. "Then you cant leave, either," they told him, and they gave him twenty-four hours to decide what he would do.

The Rockett boys, burning with young enthusiasm, spent harrowing months raising the money to make their "Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln." Time and time again they were forced to abandon work on the picture and go out to raise more funds. One night in San Francisco, Ray Rockett spoke to a group of business men for three hours and felt that he was

The California studios where the Independents rent stages for a day or an hour at a time. "The Salvation Hunters" was made here, the studio owner being willing to take a chance on getting his money if the picture made good





This is Reed Howes, the star of the Harry Brown Productions

carrying them with him—until one old fellow arose, said crossly, "Say, what's this all about anyhow? If you're after money, I'm thru!" and put on his hat and departed, followed by all the rest.

Here is a typical story of Poverty Row. A man who had worked to make other producers rich felt that he knew enough about the picture game to go out on his own. With a friend he rented space on an office door for the ambitious name of his firm in gilt letters and became a movie magnate. They found a good story, a comedy that made everybody shout with mirth when they read it to them—until they mentioned money. Then the hearers grew sober. For months the two of them tried to get a loan of the few thousand they needed, then they pooled their meager resources, sold their lots, their cars, their liberty bonds and started to make their picture anyhow. They were scenarist, director, props, business manager and janitor, according to which one could beat the other to the broom. They even put on make-up and acted, and each night they toiled in the cutting-room till the lights went out along the Boulevard and the milkmen began to appear with the cream for the stars' breakfast.

At last it was finished, and they had a preview in a down-town theater. One of the partners did not dare to go, the other hid himself in the gallery where nobody would see him if the picture flopped. Toward midnight, tho, the one who had stayed away couldn't stand the suspense any longer and tiptoed into the theater. A roar of laughter from the audience nearly sent him reeling. Before he got to his seat, three more roars greeted the picture. He stared stupidly at the familiar scenes on the screen—he had worked over it so long, suffered and sweat over it so much that he had forgotten that it was a comedy!

Afterwards as the audience crowded out, reminiscent grins still on their faces, two tired men shook each other's hands hysterically and saw the future enveloped in a golden haze. The picture was good. All they had to do now was show it to a distributor—

Selling a film was one labor that was spared to Hercules. When the would-be Griffith takes his canned masterpiece under his arm and starts for New York, he is a marked man. The distributors keep him waiting out in front while they look up his standing in Bradstreet and find out what he has to get for his picture so that they can offer him a little bit less.

The picture is shown in the firm's projection room and the trembling free-lance producer has to undergo the ordeal of "the

(Continued on page 91)



The drawing on the left is one of the crude pictures Mr Shirley drew before taking the Federal Course. The picture on the right is one he made recently. It has a commercial value of \$50. Look these two drawings over, note the improvement. Read Mr. Shirley's interesting letter below.



This Young Artist Is Already Earning \$3,800 a Year

A few years ago Lloyd Shirley and his young wife were struggling to get along on the meagre salary he earned in a clerical position which he detested, and which seemed to lead him nowhere. He had always liked to draw, but how could he drop his job and go to art school? He was in despair when his wife noticed a Federal School advertisement and sent for our descriptive book, "Your Future." After considering the course carefully, he enrolled, studying evenings. In a few months he left his position to accept a better one as artist for a paper company. From then on his rise has been rapid, and now he is earning a fine salary as artist in a large engraving company. Read his letter.

Mr. Shirley writes: "I feel as though my old days of drudgery were a bad dream. Now I am earning \$3,800 a year and I have just started. This commercial drawing is work I love to do. If it had not been for the opportunity of studying art in my spare time, and the kindly interest of the Federal faculty, I would never have gotten out of the rut I was in. The practical, thorough, short course I took with the Federal School made my success possible." Mr. Shirley is one of hundreds of successful Federal School students, holding positions all over the country.

Federal Training Practical

The Federal Course is based on methods and principles gained through 25 years of experience. You receive personal instruction in every branch of commercial art, including Elementary sketching and Drawing with pen and ink and brush, Composition, Perspective, Lettering, Poster and Decorative Design, Photo Retouching, Figure Drawing and Fashions, Color Harmony, Booklet Designing and Processes of Reproduction. Everything that will be of value to you as a commercial artist is thoroughly taught.

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This book "YOUR FUTURE," tells all about the Federal School, gives examples of students' work, explains the Commercial Art Course and gives information about the opportunities for art work in business. If you can draw as well as Mr. Shirley did before studying our course, this book will show you how you can learn to draw as well as he does today. If you are genuinely interested send 6 cents in stamps for this book today, stating your age and present occupation.

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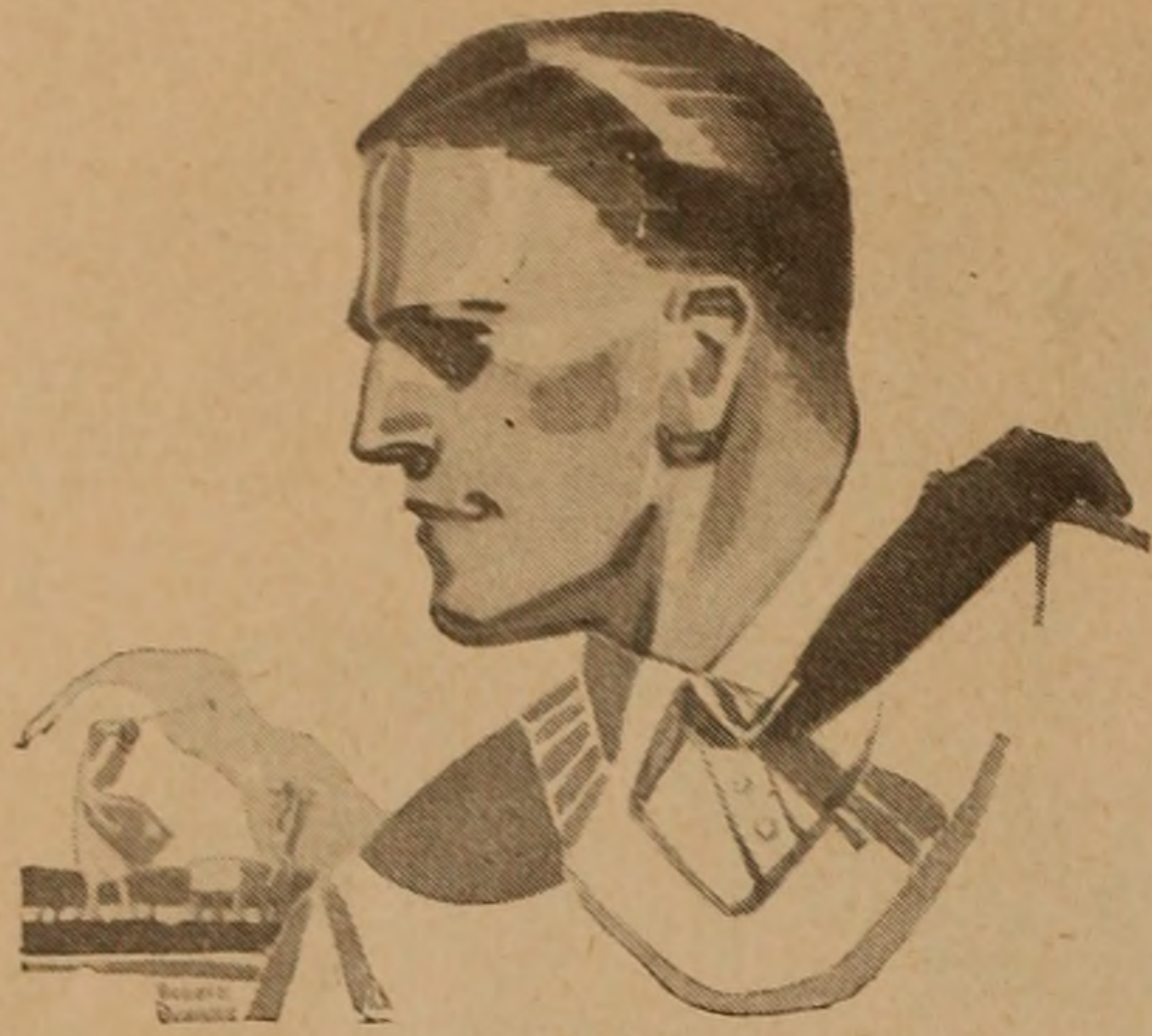
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Fanning With the Fan Family

(Continued from page 18)

"Woof! Woof!" said another voice. The Fans at first thought it was William, who had just dropped in to see Flora. She treated him like a dog. But it proved to be Fido, the Fan pup, who sat on the hearth industriously searching behind his ear for a flea.

They looked at one another. A Dog Star! Why not?

A large Canine Cast had taken part in Fido's Pedigree. No one could tell, from looking at him, exactly what Kind of dog had been featured.

"We will train Fido for the films!" cried Pop Fan.

"You will never make a movie actor of Fido unless his fleas are Trained also!" William grinned. William often said things intended for Gags, but he had no sense of humor. He never laughed when the comedy waiter with bow legs spilled a tray of soup over the comedy spinster in the striped stockings, or when the Fat Man threw pie at his wife. The Fans, on the contrary, had been pie-oneers ever since B. C. (Before Chaplin).

"You are no reel gentleman," Flora Fan sniffed, registering hauteur (Expression No. IV).

Before training Fido, the Fans had to Cast him for Type.

"He resembles Rin-Tin-Tin," Pop Fan declared; "we will make a Police Dog of him and teach him to Find his Man and Save the Women and Children."

"He has four legs and one tail like Rin-Tin-Tin," murmured William.

Mom Fan, on the other hand, thought that Fido would make a good Borzoi for Society Stuff to lie on the hearths of hunting lodges and walk on terraces of country houses.

Flora Fan cast him as the Collie who bounds beside the pretty, innocent country maid in meadows and rescues babies from drowning in time to reunite estranged parents over the tiny Form.

Frankie Fan wanted to make a stunt comedy dog of Fido and teach him to steal bathing girls' clothes and tear the seat out of tramps' pantaloons.

They even differed on his name. Pop Fan was for Rat-Tat-Tat; Mom Fan wanted Ivan the Great; Flora preferred Stronghead.

All they agreed on was his salary—1000 bucks a week—or, as William said more appropriately 1000 bones, the company to furnish publicity—or, as William put it, dogma.

The Fan Dog had supposed that he knew what trouble meant and where to scratch for it. Now suddenly he was introduced to as many kinds of trouble as the heroine of a Pathé serial.

As a trick dog he was a flop. When Frankie borrowed a silk union-suit from the next-door clothes-line, Fido chewed it to bits instead of carrying it off. The next-door woman did not seem amused at the comedy Gag. He would not learn to Look thru Keyholes in Bath-houses. When Frankie gave him a shot of bootleg hooch, he did not lean against the lamp-post. He bit the butcher's boy—and the butcher's boy could not seem to see the funny side, either.

Flora Fan gave up training him for a collie when she found that she could not persuade any parents to loan a baby to be rescued from drowning.

Mom Fan felt that she was doing well with Fido's social training until she gave a tea and Fido, instead of stretching before the fire, insisted on trying to scratch his right ear with his left hind leg, as no



"And now she's so slender!"

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Borzoï would think of doing. He was evidently not the society Type.

Pop Fan felt that in time he would make a very good police dog of Fido. The location, of course, was the main difficulty. It should have been much Farther North than the Bronx. Pop Fan tried to carry out the illusion by dressing as a trapper, a Mounted Police and an Eskimo while training him.

At eighty-five in the shade the last costume was rather hard on Pop, but he was willing to sacrifice everything for His Art.

He smuggled Fido into a movie theater to see "The Silent Snooper." Shortly after that Fido leaped for the throat of the butcher boy, who resembled the Villain of the picture. Pop was much encouraged, tho the butcher boy did not share his elation.

"No Harm Shall Come to His Own," Frankie Fan captioned. "Thru the Hours of Darkness He Watched for Shapes of Evil."

The next night, however, Fido greeted a burglar who broke into the Fans' house, with rapturous kisses and other marks of affection and personally conducted him to where the silverware was hidden.

It transpired later that the burglar had looked like the hero of "The Silent Snooper."

Discouraged, the Fans presented Fido to William, who said that he needed a dog at the garage to do his Barking for him.

Little Did They Guess the Threads Which Destiny Was Weaving!

Three Dawns Had Dawned, Three Dusks Had Dusked—in other words, three days later William drove up in a natty Ford roadster doubling for his ancient car. Flora Fan almost forgot to register contempt when she looked at it.

"Where did you get it?" she cried.

"Perhaps," suggested William, grinning, "an Heiress stopped at the garage to get me to repair a fade-out or a cut-back on her limousine and fell in love with the Poor but Honest young proprietor."

Flora Fan stared at William, seeing him for the first time in the Part of Hero whom the Heroine marries in the last reel after she has discovered the Hollowness of Riches and Divorced her Supporting Company. She registered, as she supposed, scorn (Expression No. XX), but got her numbers mixed and registered jealousy (Expression No. XIV) and grief (No. III).

William was delighted with this Double Exposure of her heart.

"Why Worry?" he asked. "As a matter of fact, a movie director saw Fido barking at a cat and scratching for fleas in the garage and gave me three hundred bucks, bones, iron men—or, as you would say, Devastating Dollars, for him. Said he wanted a dog for a picture that looked like a dog and acted like a dog."

At this moment, as in all moments of dramatic suspense, the telephone rang. Mom Fan removed the doll shield and answered it.

"The Butcher speaking," said a voice at the other end of the wire. "If you want that steak for your dinner, you'll have to come after it. The boy is afraid to come."

"Never mind," said William. "Flora and I will drive down to get it in Tin-Din-Din, which is my name for the new car."

As they drove away, he leaned toward Flora. "The Movies are right," said William; "Wealth Cannot Buy Happiness. Besides, all the heiresses I know are homely. I prefer what the posters call Super-Superb-Features!"

And he kissed Flora.

It was a successful kiss, still William felt a Re-Take was necessary.



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The Life-Story Scenario Contest

(Continued from page 32)

him, which he shot, hoping somebody would hear the sound of them. Nobody seemed to hear and he had no more bullets left. Half dead from cold, hunger and weariness, they were rescued by a hermit, who brought both to his hut on that side of the mountain. Lotte was unconscious; Walter, too, was near so. The hermit had disappeared at their awakening. They found breakfast ready for two, which they ate with appetite. They went away, leaving a note expressing their thanks to their unknown rescuer.

Lotte made a trip alone one day with a guide and met him. She told him, how much she owed him; he looked annoyed and did not want to hear about thanks. She went back, knowing nothing but his name, Paul Guenther.

She was to marry Walter soon, but was not happy, because she loved the hermit. Some strange power drew her near his hut another day, but she did not dare to go in. Paul found her after a while near his home, weeping bitterly.

In the valley, some one had seen Lotte go and Walter followed her up, finding her with the hermit. He recognized Paul Guenther. He knew that he had been in jail for five years for beating his wife to a lifelong cripple. Before Lotte could see Paul's outstretched hand, Walter had drawn her away. She knew, it was true, but did not know whether to condemn or to pity him.

The day before her wedding, Lotte ran away from Walter. She loved Paul too much. She wanted to see him once more and then—an end. People would say, an accident, a misstep. She found Paul in his home. Neither of them knew what to do or to say the first second, but finally they lay in each other's arms. Who took the first step, they did not know. And then Paul told his story:

Paul's wife had betrayed him. Discovering this, he was very angry. She stood at the top of the stairs; Paul threatened her, she was afraid, made a step back and fell down the stairs. She was operated on and remained a cripple. He was condemned to five years; his wife divorced him and lived with her mother. His time being over, he went to the mountains, to do penance. A mountaineer supported him with a little food. The statue of the Blessed Virgin was everything to him now, friend, confessor, his consolation, his God. He swore not to set his foot on the ground "down there," unless the Blessed Virgin told him so, by going down herself. The statue had to go down the hill by its own or heavenly power.

Paul and Lotte decided to throw themselves down from the 4,000-foot height. Up there they looked down at the statue and Paul's house. On the footpath a man could be seen. It was Walter. In another second, the place where the statue, man and house stood, was empty. An avalanche had gone down, tearing everything with it.

The Blessed Virgin had gone down to the valley! A sign from above for Paul!

The divine mother had shown them their way. Walter was dead and Paul was informed that his wife had died three months ago and nothing stood in their way.

To avoid people's talk, they went to America, where they live till today.

DUCKS AND DRAKES

By Eileen Hill, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

Both of John Smith's nieces had married against his wishes. Helen, the elder, had wed Arthur Drake and lived in South

America, while Betty married James Duck, an Englishman.

Altho Helen had sent her uncle a picture of Baby Evelyn and Betty had sent one of Baby Sidney, neither sister knew of the other's child until Smith died and left his vast fortune between his grandchildren provided that Evelyn, Helen's daughter, married Sidney, Betty's son, within a year.

However, Evelyn happened to be a boy and Sidney was a girl, so on the quiet each family planned a masquerade. The fleet of Ducks and Drakes arrived at the New York residence of Lawyer Armstrong. The whole fleet seemed to be in strange waters. Evelyn was having trouble with his French heels, while Sidney could not manage the monocle which all English gentlemen are supposed to wear. It was agreed that the wedding would take place a month later.

The masquerade went along smoothly until the night of the engagement party. Inez King, a guest and visitor from South America, in love with Evelyn, threatened to reveal the deception. In the conservatory Evelyn implored her to keep quiet, but as she remonstrated he shook her violently just as Sidney arrived on the scene. For a man to shake a woman is not very common, but when a woman (to all appearance) shakes another woman with such force as Evelyn used, something is wrong, so Sidney fled to his or her mother, convinced that Evelyn was insane.

Alone in her room that night, Sidney decided to go down to the library and get a book on insanity. She sees a man at the safe who, believing he has a man to tackle, knocks her senseless, but Evelyn, looking very unmanlike in his lace negligée, enters and finishes the burglar. Of course, the masquerade is over so far as Sidney and Evelyn are concerned, but they decide to keep it up for the benefit of the others, and Sidney, with his (or her) black eye, was thanked for saving dear Evelyn's life.

The wedding day arrived. At eight o'clock everything was ready except the clergyman, thanks to Inez King. The climax came when the disappointed wedding guests were informed they could not leave, as there was smallpox in the servants' quarters. Sleeping accommodation was scarce, so the bride and six bridesmaids were bundled into one room while Lawyer Armstrong took James Duck and the bridegroom into his.

Evelyn cleared his room by staging a fit and leaping from the window. All exits were guarded, but as they did not expect much resistance from a bride, Evelyn made short work of them and got clear. Once on the road, he was seized by two keepers who were out after a lunatic that had escaped in the bridal costume of one of the matrons, and there followed a wild chase, with first Evelyn and then the real lunatic being caught.

Meanwhile Sidney escaped to the bride's room, where she was found by Mrs. Armstrong, who showed her surprise at finding him (her) with the young ladies. Inez King was about to disclose her identity, but Sidney said, 'I believe Miss King has smallpox,' effectually clearing the room. Running out of the house, she ran into the officers who held Evelyn. To prove his argument, they trotted them around to the minister and married them.

When the married couple arrived home, Inez had told all, but Lawyer Armstrong pointed out that it didn't matter which was the boy and which the girl, so long as they were both Smith's grandchildren.

Louise Gives a Party

(Continued from page 21)

"Well," she said, "I want to make money enough to get fat."

"To get fat on?"

"Yes. I have been dieting all my life. I never want to eat anything that somebody doesn't lift a warning finger. Some day, when my ship comes in, I am going to buy a farm and eat everything I want and have a lot of children. When I am forty, people will say, 'Good heavens! has that fat Fazenda woman got another baby!'"

This didn't seem to be a very promising start for an interview. Thinking of the dramatic parts she has been playing of late, I asked her if she liked drama better than comedy. "Well," she said, "it requires more effort and application; they always put you in low neck dresses, and you have to keep your neck so clean."

It is a fact that Louise has had a soul hankering all her life to play in heavy emotional drama. She told me that she went home and cried every time she sees Lillian Gish on the screen. That's the stuff she really wants to do; but she is a prisoner of her own genius. She will never be allowed to forsake comedy. She does it too well.

Her comedy is as great in its way as Charlie Chaplin's. Like Chaplin's, it has the under-current of wistful sorrow. Behind every one of her laughs is the suggestion of tears.

When her screen days are over, Louise will be rich enough to retire to a farm and eat milk chocolates as she threatens, but she will not. In all probability she will be a writer. She has already written much and brilliantly. Her pen flashes fire. Some of her queer little pen pictures are of unexampled vividness and vision.

For instance, she once described Theda Bara as "a torch in a forest." Mae Marsh, she said, is like three o'clock of an afternoon in Autumn. Dorothy Gish is a laugh heard outside a window. Henry Walthall, old brass and green jade; Doug Fairbanks, a white motorboat; Lillian Gish is Tennyson's "The Lady of Shalott" bound in white vellum, and so on.

If you don't think these things are hard to write, just try it. Louise flaps them off like a chef cooking flap-jacks. You tell her the actress and she will respond instantly with one of these brilliant word visions.

This Fazenda girl's mind always gives me the impression of sparking like an electric dynamo. She has sympathy, brains and a demon determination. I don't know in what line it will, but one of these days, Louise Fazenda is going to do something bigger and finer than any one has ever dreamed of for her.

LOVE DIES

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

Once they could stop my heart from beating,

Your lips, your eyes.

Oh, love is fleeting!

Ah, love dies!

Once I lived for a moment's meeting

Somewhere between day's dawn and close.

Oh, love is fleeting!

Ah, love goes!

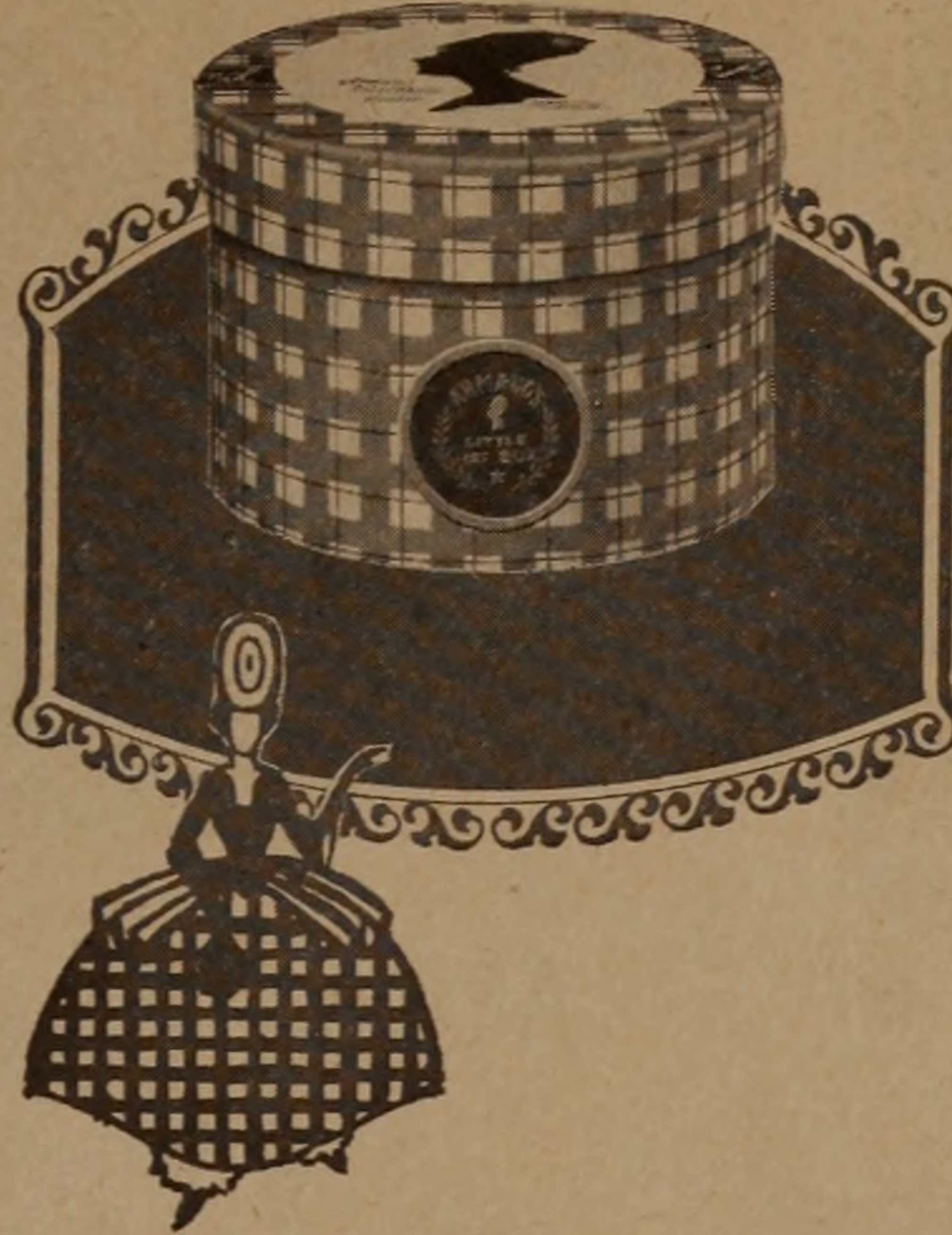
It was your name my pulse kept repeating,

Your smile was the only sun in my skies.

Oh, love is fleeting!

Ah, love dies!

You can't *imagine* how wonderful this face powder is try it



Armand is the original and the perfect Cold Cream Powder, originated by Armand, priced everywhere \$1.00 a box. Should you prefer a light-weight powder that can be fluffed on quickly, Armand Peridore is ideal. Also \$1.00 a box. . . . Try both these powders at slight expense. Send ten cents (stamps or coin), using the coupon below. Be sure to mention the shade you wish. Address Armand, Des Moines.

THE first time you use Armand Cold Cream Powder, rubbing it carefully into your skin, you'll realize that it actually makes your complexion lovelier. Because it has a magic touch of cold cream in it—it is wonderfully soft and fine and clinging. It brings out the beauty of your skin, emphasizing its fresh coloring and delicate texture! And the direct effect is that your eyes sparkle more, your teeth seem whiter, your smiles are brighter and you yourself are a more charming person, because you know you are looking your best.

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Street		
City		State

To Art Lovers

THOSE who are interested in oil paintings are invited to a permanent exhibition of the works of Eugene V. Brewster at the galleries of Brewster Publications, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, between the hours of ten and five, any day except Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. Mr. Brewster has given several one-man exhibitions on Fifth Avenue, New York, and has always received high commendation from the press and art critics. These paintings are in all sizes from small to large, and the prices run from \$25 to \$250. Out-of-town patrons may order through regular dealers, or we will send any painting on approval on receipt of price. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Moonlights, twilights, landscapes, marines, etc. In ordering, state size and general description of the kind of work desired.

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175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



My Skin— My Hair

Try what I used to get them

by Edna Wallace Hopper

I started as a plain girl and made myself a famous beauty. For 35 years as a stage star I have played a beauty's part.

Now, at a grandmother's age, I retain my youthful bloom. The thousands who see me daily on the stage know that I look 19.

I have done this by securing the greatest of beauty helps. I have searched the world for 40 years to find them. Leading experts everywhere have given me their best. Now I am placing all those helps at every woman's call, through drug stores and toilet counters. And I supply a free test to anyone who asks.

My Rosy Bloom

My envied complexion is due to superlative care. But all my best helps are embodied in three preparations.

My Facial Youth is a liquid cleanser which I found in France. It contains no animal, no vegetable fat. It cannot assimilate in any way with the skin. It simply cleans to the depths, then departs, taking all the grime and dirt and clogging matter with it. One use will bring you a new conception of what a clean skin means.

My Youth Cream embodies the best that science knows to foster, feed and protect the skin. It contains many ingredients, including products of both lemon and strawberry. It combines some of the best helps I have discovered, all in one application. It comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. One for night and one for day.

My White Youth Clay

I use a super-clay, the final result of 20 years of scientific study. Not like the old-time crude and muddy clays, but white, refined and dainty. It embodies numerous factors to do many things at once.

Youth Clay purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it. It draws out the causes of blackheads and blemishes. It combats all lines and wrinkles. It brings blood to the skin to give a youthful, rosy bloom. Many women seem to drop ten years with one application. No careful woman who once sees what Youth Clay can do will ever go without it.

Hair a Halo

My hair is like a halo—thick, lustrous and luxuriant. It grows finer every year. I have never had falling hair or dandruff, and never a touch of gray.

That is due to my *Hair Youth* which I largely owe to France. It is highly concentrated. I apply it with an eyedropper directly to the scalp. There it combats all that clogs the scalp and stifles the hair roots. It tones and stimulates. Hair then flourishes as flowers thrive in a well-kept garden.

I can do no greater kindness to women, girls or men than to urge Hair Youth.

All druggists and toilet counters now supply Edna Wallace Hopper's Beauty Helps exactly as I use them. Mail this coupon for a sample of one you wish to try, and my latest Beauty Book will come with it.

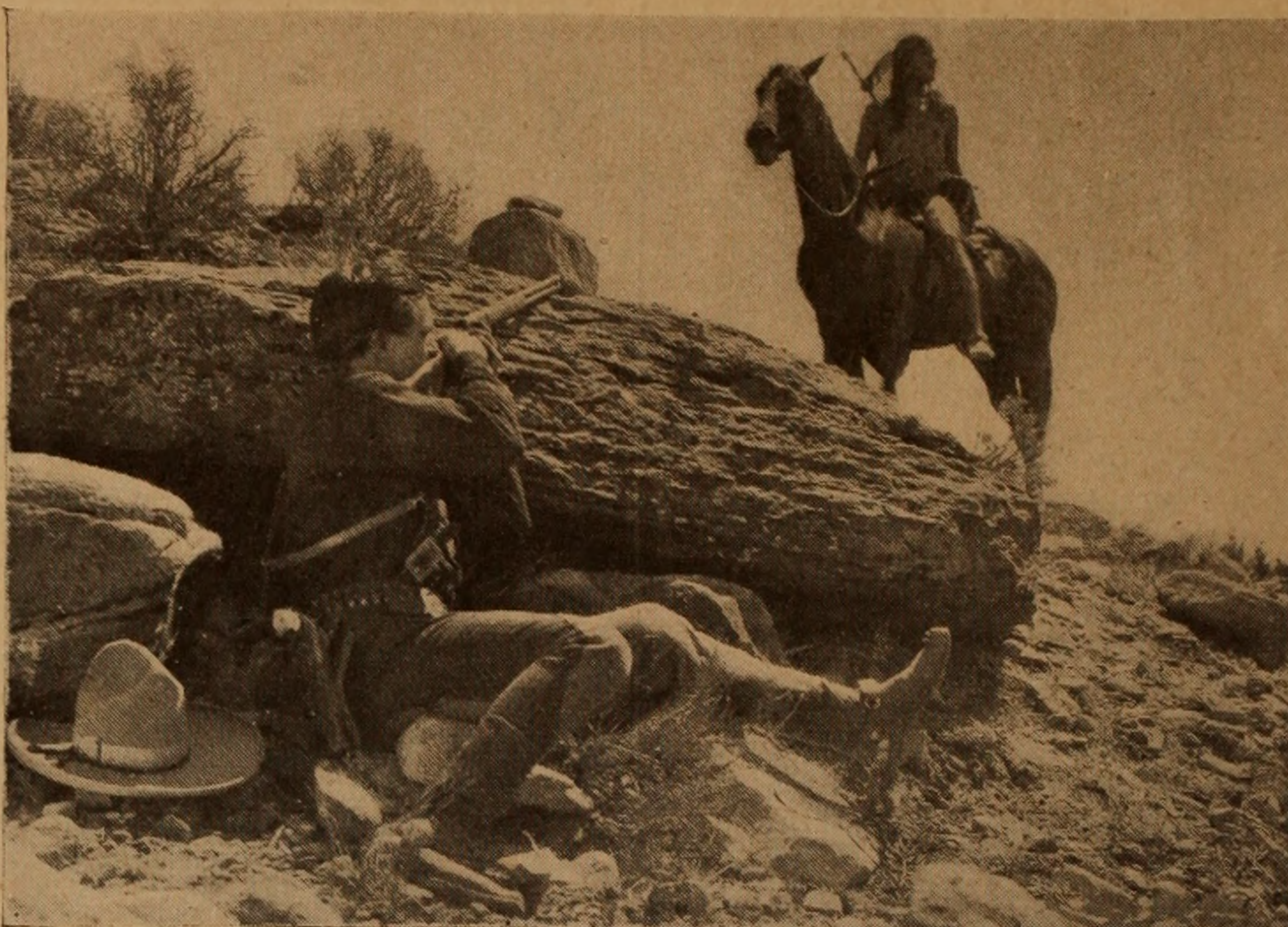
Your Choice Free

Insert your name and address. Mark sample desired. Mail to Edna Wallace Hopper, Inc., 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 907-M. P. C.

- White Youth Clay Youth Cream
 Facial Youth Hair Youth

Name.....

Address.....



My Greatest Movie Thrill

We Want You to Tell it to Classic

SEVERAL years ago there was a picture called "Tol'able David" that starred Richard Barthelmess. In it was the most terrific and exciting fight ever seen on the screen. It was such a success that ever since then two-thirds of all pictures have copied that fight. Now, you know the hero is going to win, but you didn't know in that one. There was actual suspense, so skilfully managed that when at last it was over the audience was frequently moved to cheers.

You remember—for all of you must have seen it—that towards the end of David's (Dick Barthelmess) fight with the terrible Hatburn (Ernest Torrence) the screen showed only the outside of the house, with a door that slowly opened—and closed. It did that until you were in such a state of intolerable suspense trying to discover which one was coming out, that being a woman you stifled a scream, or being a man you cursed aloud. Anyway, when it finally opened wide, there was David, bloody and battered, but with the precious mail-bag clutched in his hands. Marvellous!

And that's one kind of a thrill.

Another sort entirely is in "The Covered Wagon"—when those harassed pioneers finally reached their journey's end. Beautiful! Still another brand of thrill is given us by a wonderful pair of screen lovers—alho the censors have done their best to deprive us of those. And speaking of that, reminds us of a kiss we sat thru one picture three times running to see. It was in one of Geraldine Farrar's early films and the hero was dear Wallie Reid. He was an Italian fisherman and she was a peasant girl and they loved each other. He sat on her window-sill in the moonlight and they kissed with all the passionate abandon of their superemotional race. Heavenly!

"The Lost World" is so full of thrills that we haven't slept since we saw it. No one was quite prepared for the jolt

it gave. Those incredible monsters—whew!

The screen is so rich in surprises; it's people so ingenious in devising things to amaze, delight, horrify and startle you. "The Phantom of the Opera," with Lon Chaney, is another thriller. All of Tom Mix's pictures have a genuine A No. 1 thrill in them. And take the serials—compounded entirely of thrills. The public has an appetite for them, all right. There's no denying that.

Now CLASSIC would like to get your reaction to some of them. We think it would be fearfully interesting reading. Since some things excite some minds and not others; since people respond to such different stimulæ; since some hearts are stirred by danger, some by beauty, some by passion and suspense and so on, *ad infinitum*, we feel that such a department as we propose to start could never be dull.

Now then, tell us your greatest movie thrill. It doesn't matter how long ago you saw the picture; if nothing in the current films surpasses that thrill, why send in that one. A thrill, for the purposes of this page is anything in pictures that made you forget for a moment you were seated safe and happy in a theater, and actually share the feelings of the actors—actually to become for a moment part of the situation on the screen. Just start thinking and hundreds will occur to you.

There is one variety of thrill illustrated at the top of the page—it's Tom Mix doing the shooting—and here's another kind

at the bottom of the page—it's Pola Negri and Ben Lyon, who alho still a youngster, is one of the grandest kissers on the screen. We're going to publish ten thrills every month and we'll pay a dollar apiece for all those we print. The only thing to remember is not to write more than one hundred (100) words, preferably less.

Address your contributions: Thrill Contest, CLASSIC, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



\$2500.00

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2nd honor, a silver medal and.....	75.00
3rd honor, a bronze medal and.....	50.00
4th honor.....	25.00
50 prizes of \$10.00 each.....	500.00
50 prizes of \$5.00 each.....	250.00
Medals to contestants and stars.....	500.00

Medals to Your Favorite Stars

We want you to present a medal to your favorite actor and actress—"from the readers of Brewster Publications"—and at our expense! These medals will be emblematic of their popularity. In addition an issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will be dedicated to the most popular Motion Picture Actress and an issue of *Motion Picture Classic* will be dedicated to the most popular Motion Picture Actor.

Eugene V. Brewster, Editor-in-Chief and President of our Company, has written a little book entitled "How to Criticize a Picture."

In it are twenty-eight charts for twenty-eight Motion Picture Reviews, with blanks to be filled in by you. This book will be very helpful to you, altho it is not necessary for you to have one for the contest. (We will be glad to mail one of these books to you for ten cents in cash or stamps. Six books for fifty cents.)

There is no entrance fee to the contest. Anybody may compete—except employees of Brewster Publications and their families or professional writers. The judges will be a competent board of editors presided over by Mr. Eugene V. Brewster.

Rules

1. Write a criticism, of not more than two hundred and fifty words, of any picture that you have seen.
2. Sign your name and address at the bottom of the page.
3. You may send in any number of "opinions" either in one envelope or separately.
4. No entries will be returned, and we reserve the right to publish any we receive whether it wins a prize or not.
5. This contest will run for six months.
6. For every book, "How to Criticize a Picture," sent in completely filled out with twenty-eight criticisms, we agree to mail to the sender another copy of the book, free. The judges will carefully examine all books thus sent in and all favorable ratings of players will count as votes. These books shall not be entered as prize criticisms. However, each of these criticisms will count as a ballot in favor of the players mentioned.
7. The best criticisms of pictures will be decided by the judges, but the Motion Picture Actress and Actor receiving the greatest number of votes will be declared the most popular.
8. During the contest MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and *Motion Picture Classic* will print from month to month a selection of the criticisms received.
9. The picture that is the subject of the "Opinion" winning the first prize will be fictionized in *Movie Thrillers*, if permission can be obtained from the producing company.

Address all communications to

"Your Opinion" Editor,

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.

175 DUFFIELD STREET

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

The Theater That Started on a Shoe-String

(Continued from page 38)

organization, when a check from home arrived, or a small compensation for a poem, or the sale of a drawing, would donate six dollars. Another gave ten, another two dollars and a half, and nowhere in the world could there be found a more earnest and hard working band of mummers who had determined to prove to the public at large that the theater was capable of high, artistic possibilities with as little money.

They began to look about for a more fitting place to give their productions than the back room of the book-shop. A stable was considered because it was in the neighborhood, and no longer in use, but city fire-laws squelched their hopes for this home immediately.

About this time, the proprietor of the Bandbox Theater in East 57th Street came along with the offer of his new and artistic little house for the small sum of two hundred dollars. Somehow by the united efforts of the company, which had added several new members to their group, this amount was obtained. The new roll of members now included Dudley Tucker, who worked in a publishing house, and was probably the only member receiving a weekly and steady income; Lucy Huffaker, a newspaper reporter; Josephine Meyer, illustrator; Rollo Peters, Daisy Thompson, owner of a gift shop; and the founder-members, Philip Moeller, Helen Westley, Lawrence Langner, a patent attorney; Ida Rauh, a sculptress; Sam Eliot, Robert Edmund Jones and Edward Goodman, a school teacher and who was made director.

Their first public offering consisted of "Interior," by Maeterlinck, "Another Interior," by an anonymous writer, and the entire action of which occurred in the interior of a man's stomach, Helen Westley playing the ardent rôle of an oyster, and Philip Moeller, giving a realistic version of a cordial enamored of said oyster; a one-act play by Lawrence Langner, and another by Edward Goodman.

The next morning, the players woke to find themselves famous. The critics spoke with praise of the artistic and original merits of the production. From then on, success followed in their footsteps. During the entire run at The Bandbox, they played to capacity.

Altho they still clung to their ideals, and worked without hope or desire for material reward, the organization began to feel that they could give bigger and better plays in a larger house, the Bandbox seating only 250 people. They began to look about for another theater, and finally decided upon The Comedy, but the war came along, and complete disaster overtook them. Several of the members left for overseas, others joined the army in any capacity obtainable, and soon despite the fact that the surviving company made a last effort to go on, in 1917, they disbanded, and The Washington Square Players ceased to exist. The name, however, was purchased by another group of players, now passed into the limbo of oblivion.

After the war, two or three of the former members were dining together one evening, and reminiscences of their past dramatic efforts held the board.

"We shouldn't let so much effort and attainment die," remarked one, "why dont we start another company?"

The idea developed and the new organization calling themselves "The Theatre



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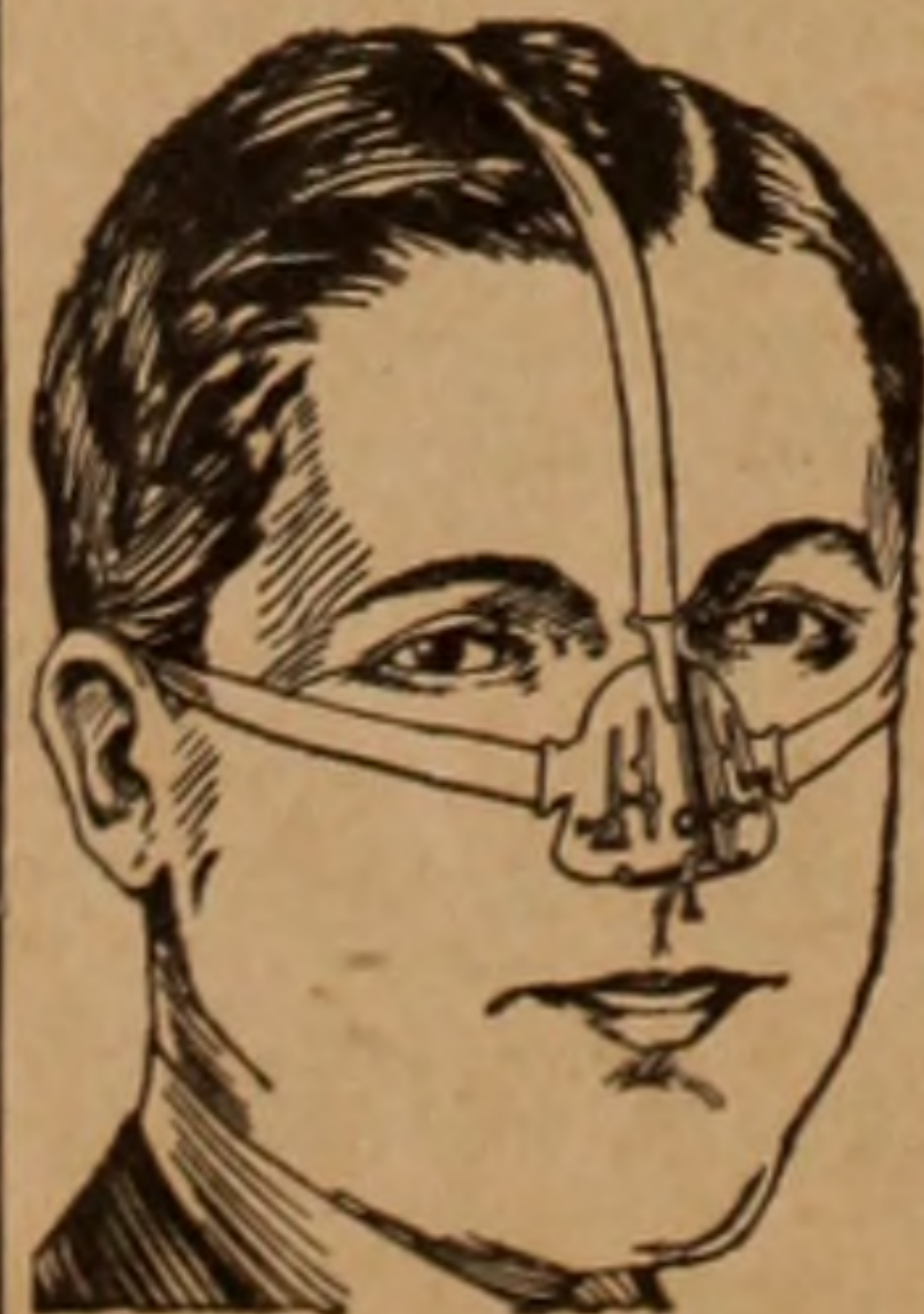
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Guild" started the ball rolling. The charter members were Lawrence Langner, Helen Westley, Philip Moeller, Lee Simonson, of the old group; and to these were added Rollo Peters, Helen Freeman, Maurice Wertheim and Justus Sheffield.

Of course, the only man in the city to help them get a theater was Otto Kahn, and he agreed to get them the Garrick Theater—where they still are—provided that they would pay the rent, if they made it.

Their first production was Benevente's "Bonds of Interest," which proved a decided failure. Then they repainted the same scenery and turned it into a background for "John Ferguson," which was a hit. They made money, or rather enough money to go on, and since then, altho they average two successes to three or four failures, The Theatre Guild has steadily continued in its progress, some of their most notable productions being: "Jane Clegg," Shaw's "Heartbreak House," "Lilliom," "He Who Gets Slapped," "Back to Methusaleh," "R. U. R.," "Peer Gynt," "Saint Joan," "Fata Morgana," and these two current successes, "The Guardsman" and "They Knew What They Wanted."

Theresa Helburn, who was called in to read plays, is now the executive director, and the Board consists of six members: Miss Helburn, Mr. Moeller, Mr. Langner, Mr. Simonson, Mr. Wertheim and Miss Westley. This Board decides on every play unanimously before it is produced. Their policy still continues the same, and thru their sincere attempt to give the public artistic, genuine productions, they have increased their subscribers from two hundred to ten thousand.

The Theatre Guild is the only theater in the country which is run entirely and successfully upon a subscription basis. They have no subsidy, as other theaters have; they pay the smallest salaries, and get the best artists to take them, in the country. Their reputation has been carried abroad, so that they are offered the work of the most famous player rights all over the world. Every cent of profit is immediately turned back into the business, and their work has aroused a generous response from their audiences, so that within a short time they will be installed in their new permanent million-dollar home in Fifty-second Street.

The Movie Encyclopædia

(Continued from page 77)

Conrad Nagel is an American. What did you think he was? Douglas McLean is playing in "Introduce Me."

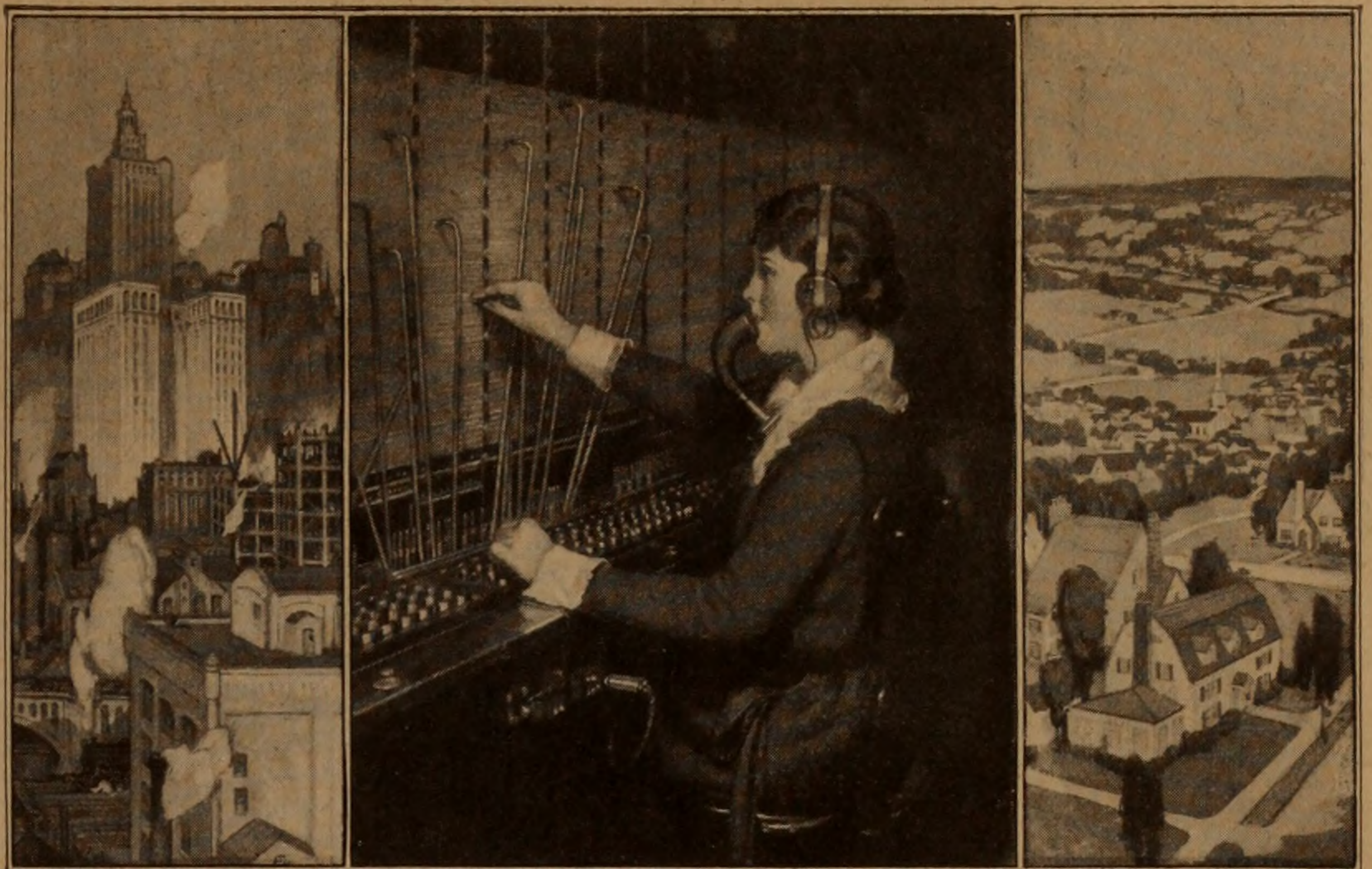
ESTELLE P.—I believe most of the players will send pictures if you request them.

ETHEL M. B.—Why, Ben Lyon has been playing for about two years now. Barbara La Marr's real name is Reatha Watson. She is twenty-eight. No, Rod La Rocque is not married. Nita Naldi is at present playing in "Cobra." Lew Cody and Harriett Hammond have the leads in "Man and Maid." Richard Dix in "Men and Women."

PYTHON AL.—You want to know who is the ugliest man in pictures. Well, I will leave that for you to decide. Bill Hart hasn't retired as yet, you will see him in a new picture soon. Alberta Vaughn is twenty-one. Baby Peggy is the youngest star right now.

LUZ P.—Hades is the Greek name of Pluto, the god of hell. The word signifies hidden, dark and gloomy. Wait until

(Continued on page 94)



At Your Service

The courteous girl at the switchboard speaks the first word in more than two million conversations an hour. Presiding day and night at the busy intersections of speech, she is always at the call of the nation's homes, farms and offices.

Out of sight, and most of the time out of hearing of the subscribers, little is known of the switchboard girl—of her training and supervision under careful teachers, and of her swift and skilful work. Likewise, little is known of the engineering problems necessary to bring the terminals of fifteen million telephones within the reach of a girl's arm, or of the ceaseless work of maintenance which in fair weather and storm keeps the mechanism fit and the wires open.

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The Hollywood Boulevardier Chats

(Continued from page 74)

for the production now under way. Only one proved to be genuine. To the astonishment of all Hollywood there have been no explosions between Mae Murray and von Stroheim in this picture. All serene. Nothing short of a massacre was expected.

* * *

Miss Murray has told several friends that she is going to retire from the screen at the expiration of her present contract. Both she and her husband, Robert Leonard, want to go back to musical comedy.

* * *

Anita Stewart opened her heart and gave a ride to three boys who petitioned her forlornly from the road side. When she stopped to let them out, they thanked her very politely. They had reason to. They had departed with the contents of her purse.

* * *

"Peter Pan" was expected to make one star; it made two. Little Mary Brian, who was Wendy, has leaped almost to stardom on the Lasky lot. She will appear in "The Little French Girl," which was planned for Betty Bronson. Betty will appear instead in "Are Parents People."

* * *

Edmund Lowe narrowly escaped blindness one day this week as the result of being hit in the eye with a squash ball.

* * *

Bill Hart's wife is frank in saying to the Los Angeles reporters that she would like to "make up"; but William's heart still remains adamant. They have been in court for two weeks, at law with each other. At the time of the separation, Mrs. Hart signed an agreement to accept a trust fund of \$103,000 and stay off the screen. She sued to have this set aside. She wanted to be a movie again. The court ruled that she might go back to the screen without losing the trust fund; but that she must not use Bill's name for screen purposes. On the stand, she stated—to his unmeasured satisfaction, that all stories of his cruelty were false.

* * *

Mabel Normand was also vindicated. Mrs. Georgia Churchill, who named Mabel as co-respondent with a man she didn't know even by sight, has made a complete retraction. Mabel says, however, that her cook read in the tea leaves at the bottom of a cup that she is going to get rich suing somebody; so she thinks she will press her damage suit against Mrs. Churchill anyhow . . . just to be in right with the tea leaves.

* * *

Lubitsch, as his last program picture before he begins making his series of big spectacles, is making an uproarious rough-neck comedy. At least, he says it is a rough-and-tumble one. Little Clara Bow, who won one of the Brewster fame-and-fortune contests, plays one of the leading parts.

* * *

The problem of what would become of Josef von Sternberg who burst into fame with "Hunters of Salvation" made for \$4,500, has been settled. He is going to make Alden Brooks' "The Escape," for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. Every one is interested to see what he will do with plenty of money behind him.



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New York

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Babes in Hollywood

(Continued from page 41)

Pride and ignorance have wrecked empires. It came close to wrecking an apartment-house. 'Tis not for a DeLara to ask questions. Miss Minna, the lovely romantic looking one, blithely turned the handle, believing that the gas would light. It didn't.

"We deed not like thad smell," she confided, "so we went oud and found a place where they sold things cooked. When we returned eet was worse, and we opened dose windows wider. Eet makes a queer noise, so I turn thad handle the other way." Minna's lisped English is so softly slurred by her Spanish tongue it defies reproduction by any thing so hard and cold as a typewriter.

You see, that Fairy Godmother had already taken them in charge. But something in my spine quivered as I thought of what might have been.

These infants always had coffee for breakfast. But never had they made it, so they wrote their mother in Mexico City for instructions, and while they waited for the letters to go to Mexico and return . . . they bravely drank tea.

"They eat a great deal of baked ham. You see they like it," explains George Fawcett with a wicked twinkle back of his kind smile.

"Oh, no!" Marion protests, widening the biggest, brownest eyes I've ever seen. "No, no, we do not like eet, but we can buy eet cooked, thad's why," she adds seriously. The DeLara blood may make twin stars, but the cooks may breathe freely. Their laurels are safe.

And then came that glorious day when they went to tea at Pickfair, the home of the idol of their dreams. The adored Mary not only gave them tea, she gave them a priceless treasure. Kindly words of encouragement, her approval, and her friendship.

Lady Luck touched them with her wand and they were engaged as "extras." They have had a number of such opportunities, and they are learning fast. Later they are to be cast in . . . Of course, you'd never guess?

And even while this is in the writing they have met the great von Stroheim, perhaps the most distinguished director in Hollywood. Lady Luck walked by their side, and when he met them she whispered low. Now they have been cast for substantial parts in "The Merry Widow," which he is directing.

They are being taught expression by a no less past-master of the stage and screen than George Fawcett himself. He has tucked them under his arms like two frightened little rabbits, and he dares the dogs of Hollywood to bark even a little.

Since that first wonderful day they have met Mary Pickford many times, but Marion DeLara has not yet recovered from the numbness that sealed her lips. She just opens her big eyes, and all the charm of Ireland flashes thru: "Eet ees so wonderful . . . so marveelous . . . thees Hollywood!" she gasps.

THE NIGHT BEFORE HER COMING-OUT PARTY

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

I've heard that Life holds lessons

Of bitter pain and sorrow.

Experience is teacher.

Joy! I start to school tomorrow!



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Mrs. Middleton received \$1000 cash and will share in the profits of the picture for five years. Her story has also been published as a novel by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Unknown writer wins \$10,000 prize

Miss Winifred Kimball, a Palmer student living in Apalachicola, Florida, won the \$10,000 prize in the scenario contest conducted by the *Chicago Daily News* in collaboration with the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation. Mrs. Anna Blake Mezquida, another Palmer student, won the second prize of \$1000 in the same contest, and seven \$500 prizes were also won by Palmer students.

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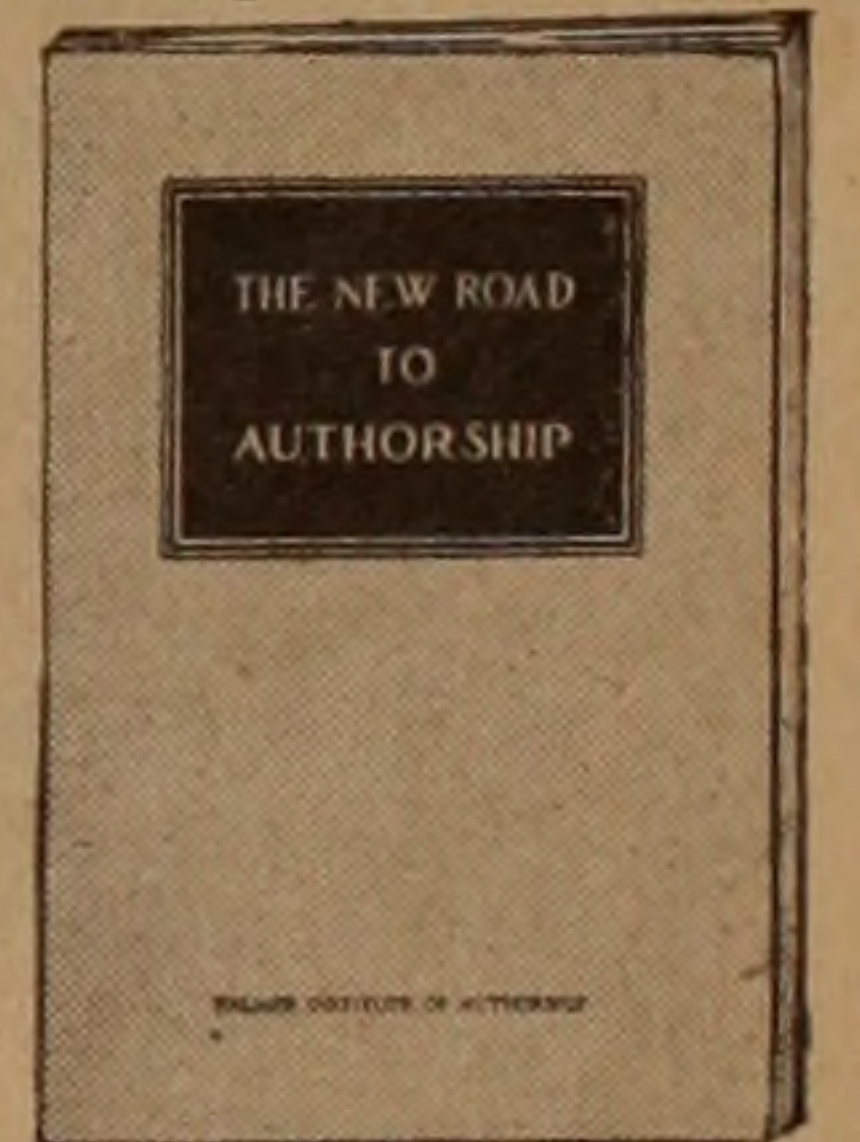
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An Edison Enters

(Continued from page 36)

crony of the vagabond actor days shared eighty cents with him. The old crony is now high in the films . . . but he has pride—so called—and no sense of humor, and he would not like his name used here. Napoleon was hungry once . . . but Napoleon was only Napoleon. But this can be said of the nameless parader of ego . . . he shared that eighty cents—and that is all that matters in a helter-skelter world—where men are wise and do not love each other.

Frazer finally "hit." He landed when he played opposite Julia Arthur in "Sere-monda." This was at the Criterion Theater in New York.

He played the title-rôle in "Ben Hur," for two years, and then the leading rôle in "The Wanderer." Next we find him opposite Mary Nash in "Thy Name Is Woman." Later with Florence Reed in "The Mirage."

This chap has actually played four hundred rôles . . . not counting the radios. When Douglas Fairbanks went into pictures, Frazer succeeded him in "The Show Shop." This is but a glimmer of the man on the stage. He is now under contract with Frank Lloyd, one of the film's leading directors. He has played opposite Pola Negri in "Men" and in Harold Bell Wright's "Mine With the Iron Door." With Bebe Daniels in "Little

Miss Bluebeard," in Basil King's "The Garden of Charity," and numerous other pictures. In fact, he now ranks among the first half-dozen leading men in pictures. And with it all he is a man of high intelligence who knows what it's all about, including what's what.

He has been married twelve years. He admitted that if he were to marry again it would be to Mrs. Frazer, and this can be said for Mrs. Frazer: she understands her husband. She walks into his radio library surrounded by bolts and nuts and watches him standing engrossed in some nut . . . oblivious of all the world. She looks at him tenderly as a mother might . . . shakes her head sadly . . . and walks out—leaving him to talk to Brooklyn.

Personally, I know no more about radios than Bryan does about the interior of the White House. But a radio engineer told me recently that Robert Frazer knew as much about radios as any man west of Chicago—or was it—the setting sun?

"Now," said Bob, speaking of screen actresses, "an inarticulate girl is not necessarily dumb; she may be just reserved . . . her innermost thoughts . . ."

I hurried away—as the hour was late and I thought that Bob might want to tell it to Brooklyn.

Flashes from the Eastern Stars

(Continued from page 55)

Picture. * * * **William Ricciardi** has an important part in "Hail and Farewell," the second Sawyer-Lubin production for First National, starring **Barbara La Marr** and **Conway Tearle**. **Arnold Daly**, a noted stage actor, has also "gone over to the movies" in this picture. * * * **Edward Kunneke**, who selected and arranged Offenbach's melodies in "The Love Song," has signed a contract with Messrs. Shubert to write the music for four forthcoming operettas. Mr. Kunneke had planned a trip to Europe, which he has postponed indefinitely since signing the contract. * * * **John Francis Dillon**, the director of "Chickie," the sensational First National production, began his dramatic career in the old American Theater in New York. Mr. Dillon played the part of a wave in the river Seine. The river itself was played by a green carpet, beneath which Dillon and another lad undulated gracefully. * * * **Dorothy Mackaill** is playing Chickie. Almost a nation-wide search was made to find a girl who was just the right type for this part. Then they found Miss Mackaill and she came to New York to head a cast that included **John Bowers**, **Hobart Bosworth**, **Gladys Brockwell**, **Marguerite de la Motte**, **Myrtle Stedman** and **Paul Nicholson**. "Chickie" was a newspaper serial by Elinore Meherin, and a check-up of the papers which printed the story shows that the territory covered by the combined circulation of the papers was more than seventy-five per cent. of the entire country. * * * The Australian rights to "Betty Lee," the Broadway success, have been sold to Hugh Ward by **Rufus LeMaire**. The play was first produced in this country under the title of "Going Some," from which the musical version was made by **Otto Harbach**. * * * **Gladys Rice**, who is

known by radio fans as a member of **Roxy's Gang**, who broadcast every Sunday evening direct from the Capitol Theater, was one of the entertainers at the first annual dinner of the Jewish Theatrical Guild of America. **Eddie Cantor** was master of ceremonies at the dinner. * * * In the first row at the performance of "Topsy and Eva," the other night, sat **Baby Peggy** on her father's lap. The **Duncan Sisters** had been playfully referring to her thru-out the show, and in the last act when Topsy sang "When It's Sweet Onion Time in Bermuda," Peggy was too thrilled to be quiet any longer. At the end of the song Topsy brings forth a bunch of young onions and hands them to the front-row patrons. Peggy reached up and took one. Then in her excitement, she exclaimed to Miss Duncan, "Haven't you some cake? It wouldn't break up much, would it?" Whereupon the show stopped till Peggy got a rousing "hand."

Thumbnail Sketches No. 5

(Continued from page 68)

occupies all her attention. She has just completed a picture called "The Lost Chord," one of the perennially popular Whitman-Bennett melodramas, in which she is cast as a nun.

Her immediate future is pictorially uncertain. The stage is calling with a loud voice and a golden palm extended, but her heart is true to pictures. They were her first love, and she started as an extra and worked her way up, so that she knows the worst of that game and loves it anyway, which, after all, is the essence of all true love. And, by the way, Miss Lake just had a chrysanthemum named after her which took first prize at New York's Annual Chrysanthemum Show.

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Poverty Row

(Continued from page 79)

coroner's jury." After five minutes one of the onlookers rises ostentatiously and walks out; a little later another yawns, remarks that he guesses it's no use his sticking around any longer and also leaves. By the time the picture is over there is only one man left besides the miserable owner of the film, whose spirit is probably so broken by this time that he is glad to sell it for anything they offer him!

If, however, he says he'll be damned if he'll take their blankety-blank offer and marches out, can still hugged under his arm, he hasn't reached the elevator before the telephone is at work calling up all the other distributors and warning them to "lay off, this is our meat!"

This, at least, was the experience of the two partners who had made a good picture and had put all their prospects, hopes and resources into that single can of film. They sold it—for less than it cost them, and were forced to watch it make good.

Sometimes the story with Poverty Row for a locale has a happy ending. Josef von Sternberg could not find anyone to listen to his idea for "the Salvation Hunters," so he sold everything salable he had, and pawned everything else and began to make it with three thousand dollars cash in the treasury. He fired the small cast of unknowns with his own ardor so that they agreed to work without pay until he sold it. His faith did more than remove mountains, for it inspired the hard-headed business manager of a renting studio to take a chance on letting him have stages, scenery and equipment without pay unless the picture made good.

The only person in the company who was paid a salary in the three weeks of making the picture was the cameraman—and he was likewise the only person in the production who ate three squares a day. The rest dined à la cart; or, in other words, at the lunch-wagon.

Up to date it is said "The Salvation Hunters" has made a hundred thousand dollars. It has won its producer the position of director to Mary Pickford, its unknown leading lady the chance to play opposite Charlie Chaplin and its obscure leading man a fine contract.

These are the extreme cases of free-lancing. Most of the little companies operating down on Poverty Row have money to work with and an arrangement for the release of their pictures, either thru the states rights market or thru some big distributor. Their overhead is low. They pay for an address instead of a studio, and hire their casts for the picture, except for one star, who is under contract. They rent their street settings from bigger companies and stock sets for interiors from a renting studio.

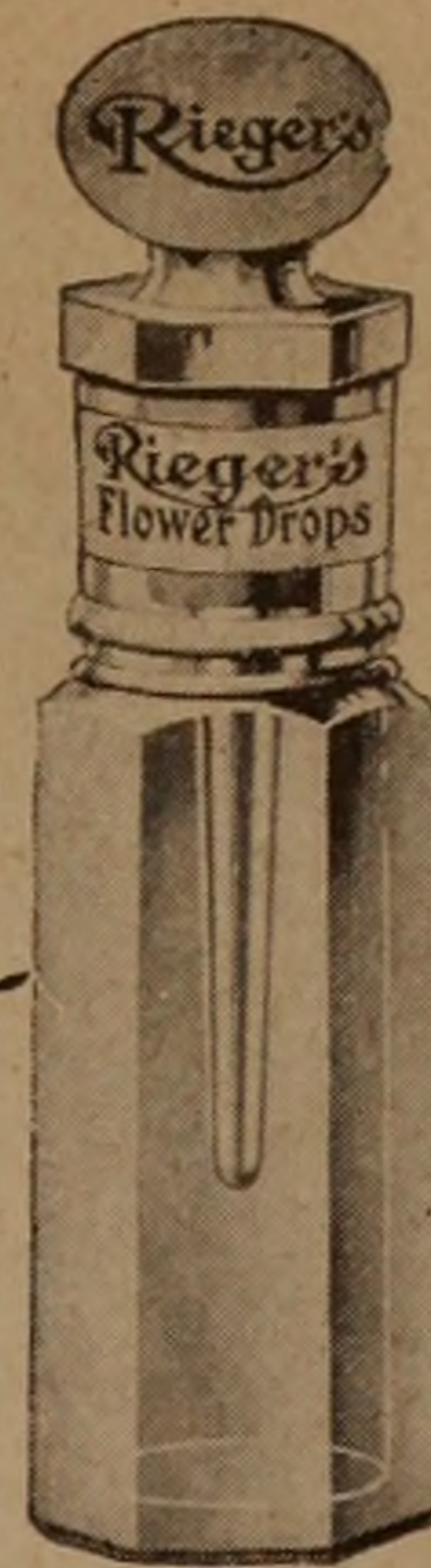
By adding different hangings, pictures and furniture, the same set may be made to do for the drawing-room of Mrs. de Peyster's country house, and the boudoir of the heroine, confetti and tables transform it into a café, and an office desk fits it for Wall Street.

"I rent my sets by the week, day or hour," one studio manager declares.

Even then these small-time pictures can be made as good as they must be made only by cutting corners, faking locations and using every trick in the production bag to get expensive effects, without expense. The director must know how to obtain a desert scene without transporting his cast to the desert, and how to procure a storm without wind machines, rain hoses or electrical lighting. Six horses and riders are ridden down-hill first as the escaping

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outlaws and then sent back and ridden down again as the posse chasing the escaping outlaws. The cheaper Westerns are often made by pirating people's back yards, using dirt roads and the foothills.

With all possible economy, a picture costs about a thousand dollars a day. There is no time for subtleties—a hundred feet of close-up of a gigantic face registering emotion at a dollar a foot, or shedding glycerine tears the size of marbles at ten bucks a tear. Action is what the independents go in for. Listen to these titles, chosen at random from the productions of the Meloford Company, one of the most prolific on Poverty Row: "Come an' Get Me!" "One Jump Ahead!" "Out of My Way!" "The Trouble Buster," "Forty-five Caliber Law"—cant you hear the kids in the village cinema cheering as the hero sweeps down the hills to the rescue? Cant you see the small-town audience to whom nothing exciting or adventurous ever happens leaning forward, carried out of the dulness of their lives in the thrill of the man-hunt?

Perhaps Poverty Row has a keener sense of what people really want in their pictures than other geographical locations in Hollywood! Certainly some of the best brains of the movie world are working down there in those shabby little studios. The Brown Productions holds the unique record of being one hundred per cent. A.B. from producer to star, Reeves Howe, a University of Utah boy. Bud Barsky, the Henry Ford of the movies, as he calls himself, has men writing his scenarios who were the highest-paid writers in the profession a few years ago but who have come down to Poverty Row thru the saw-saw of circumstance. The Barsky stars are Kenneth McDonald, a handsome young giant who was a Fox electrician, and Geno Carrado, who has played in many Paramount pictures but would prefer to be starred by a small company to being merely lost in the cast of characters.

Other stars of the independents whose faces are never seen in a fan magazine but are well known to several million people in the United States are Buddy Roosevelt, Violet Avon, Richard Talmadge, Ollie Kirby, Neil Hart, Franklyn Farnum, Frank Mitchell, Wes Barry and Dorothy Woods—some of the handsomest men in Hollywood, and the prettiest girls.

Independent pictures date back to that day, fourteen years ago, when the Motion Picture Patents Company, the first big combine, excluded the Centaur Films, of which David Horsley was the president, from membership "because they only had a washtub and a sink." Now there are a hundred independent movie concerns in Hollywood, most of them so efficiently organized that they make a hundred per cent. profit on a picture—far more in proportion than the million-dollar productions of the big companies.

The tourists on the sight-seeing busses stare blankly at the shabby rows of studios. The lunch-cart chef lays a fresh row of hamburger cakes on his grill and a cowboy, leaning against one of the buildings, sniffs wistfully and hitches his handsome tooled-leather belt a notch tighter.

A white-haired character man who was once a great star enters one of the studios; a tall young chap who is going to be a great star runs out of the same building. A well-tailored producer with a prosperous girth passes briskly along the sidewalk—brushing against a stoop-shouldered, hollow-cheeked fellow with a million-dollar idea under his shapeless old felt hat, and hope springing eternal under his unpressed coat . . . this time he is going to lick the world . . . this time . . .

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The Great Divide

(Continued from page 60)

"Let her say," said Ghent, his gaze still on Ruth.

For a long moment she returned his stare as if hypnotized, then recoiling sharply she ran to her brother and cried out in a tortured voice.

"Take me—with you. Take me—home."

III

Months of heartache leave their mark even on the bravest spirits. Ruth Ghent looked worn and listless since her parting from her husband. She had acquired a habit of gazing off across the desert which stretched before her like a limitless sea, her eyes seeking something continually. However, with fate's true irony she was seated in front of the fire, shivering slightly despite the heat when Ghent at last rode across the desert in search of her. The cold air from the opened door made her turn around. At first she did not recognize him but then she went suddenly as white as the snow that powdered his shoulders. He strode across the room to her and knelt gently beside her chair.

"Ruth," he pleaded with her, "come back to me. I can't live without you."

She shrank away from him, took two or three steps blindly and fell, a small, forlorn heap on the brilliancy of a gaudy Navajo rug at his feet.

The next instant Ghent had her unconscious body close in his arms against his heart.

"Jordan," he called in a voice hoarse with anxiety, "come quickly, for God's sake."

Polly came running from a near-by room and together they supported her to the couch. Polly looked up at Ghent in sudden terror.

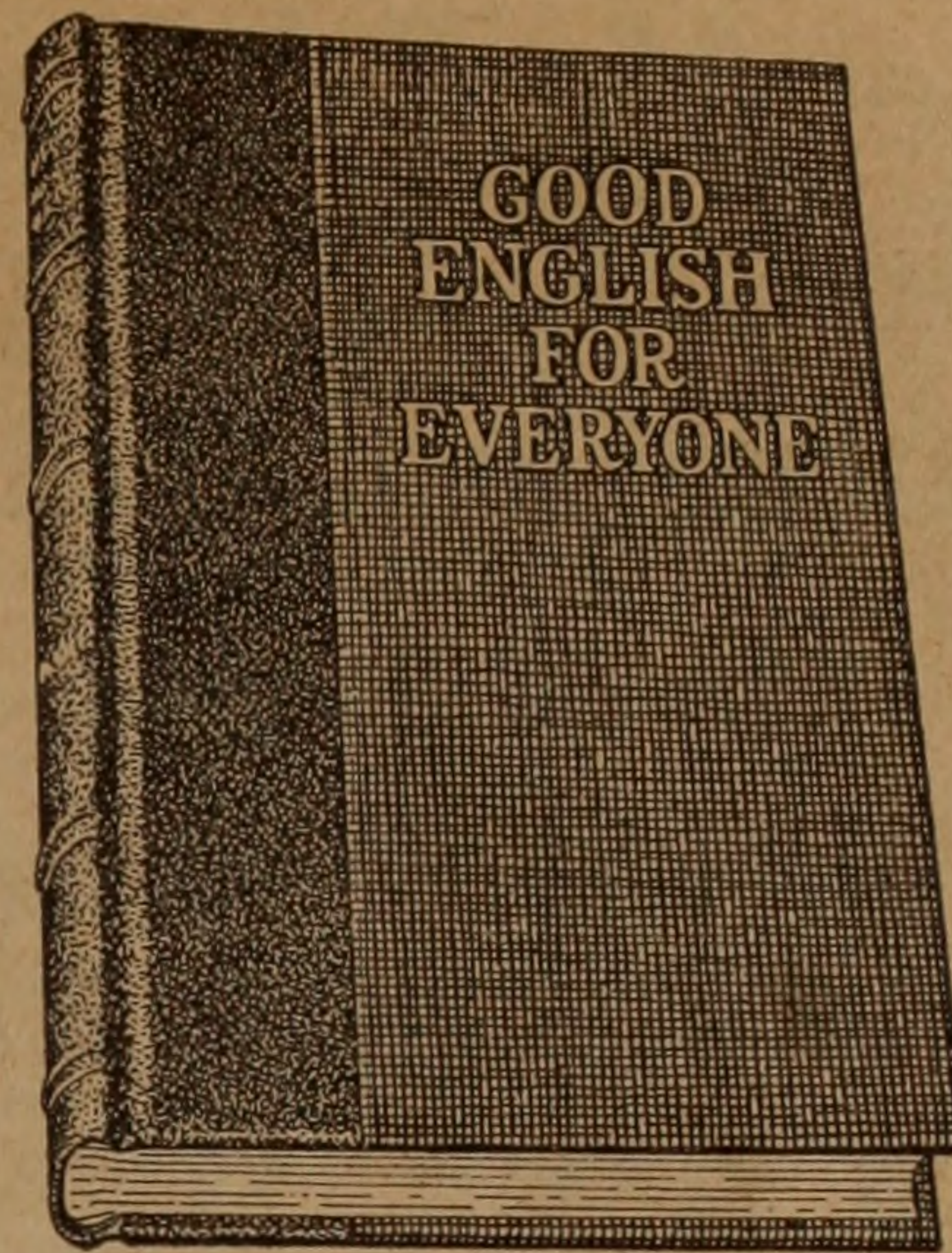
"You'll have to get the doctor. And hurry. It may mean her life and that of—your child."

He kissed the pale, unresponsive lips and without another word vanished into the storm.

A week later Ruth lay quiet and placid beside her son. At the foot of the bed Philip hovered awkwardly as if he had something on his mind. Beyond the door, slightly ajar, Ghent waited humbly for permission to enter, altho he knew that as yet Ruth was unaware of his presence.

"I say, Ruth," said Philip, "I've got to apologize to you about your husband. He's a man all right. Do you know that he returned afoot thru the blizzard the night the baby was born so that the doctor, whose horse had fallen and broken his leg, might ride to you? He risked his life to save you and the boy. Tell me what's the trouble between you two. Let me clear up your difficulties."

At the gentleness of his voice, tears of weakness stood in Ruth's eyes. Her overburdened heart longed for his comforting comprehension. In a few broken words she told the story of her marriage to Ghent. Her gaze on the baby, she never realized the change in Philip's face until he gritted out a terrible oath between his shut teeth. His hand went to the revolver he wore and with one jerk it lay in his palm. His face was suffused with blood and his hand trembled with rage. Frightened, Ruth stretched out her hand, but she was too late, for Philip had leveled his gun and fired point-blank at Ghent at last plainly visible to his wife thru the open door. With Ruth's shrill scream a shot rang out simultaneously. But Philip's hand was none too firm and the bullet went wild and buried itself in the wall above Ghent's head. At the realization



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that he had almost committed murder, her brother sank back on the bed and buried his face in his arms.

In his turn Ghent stood by the bed and contemplated his wife and son with hungry eyes.

"I'm going now out of your life, forever," he said softly, "but there's one thing you can't take from me—that's the man you've made of me."

He walked slowly toward the door, his shoulders bent in despair. He had stepped thru the opening when Ruth at last found her voice.

"Steve!"

At the soft intonation his shoulders straightened. He faced around, the haggard lines of pain fading from his mouth. For Ruth was holding her arms out to him and on her face was a look he had never dared to hope to see.

"Can you forgive me?" she whispered. "You have taken the good of our life and grown strong. I have taken the vile and grown weak unto death. Teach me to live as you do."

Her small bright head was pillowed on his breast. Her red lips with the wistful curves were upturned to his. He pressed her to him in a close embrace as his lips kissed hers with a fierce passion that thrilled her thru and thru.

"Mine! Mine now!" he whispered, "for ever and ever amen!"

The Movie Encyclopædia

(Continued from page 87)

you see Ricardo Cortez in "The Spaniard." Ramon Novarro has several brothers and sisters as I understand it. Florence Vidor has signed a two-year contract with Cecil De Mille. She was under contract with Thomas Ince, but at his death the company was dissolved.

SOPHIE D.—Lois Wilson is not married. You will see her on the cover soon.

ANNA B.—All right, call me King Cole. You know he was a legendary king of Britain, who affected tobacco and spirits. The only spirits I take is buttermilk. Why Corinne Griffith is twenty-seven. She is five feet four, weighs 120 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes.

ROSEALIE S.—Ben Lyon is with First National, 383 Madison Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

THE OL' LADY.—Well, as we grow old, we grow more foolish and wise. You're not so old, but how y's. I am glad you liked the February MAGAZINE. You refer to Gertrude Claire in "Wine of Youth." Beverly Bayne is playing with Frank Mayo in "The Passionate Youth." Write me soon again, your letters are great.

ALICE K.—That was William Eugene in "Women Who Give." Jetta Goudal is French. She is playing in "Salome of the Tenements." Jacqueline Logan and Clive Brook in "Mock Marriage." Yes, Harrison Ford is playing in "Proud Flesh."

APPLE SAUCE.—I know, and now they call it Banana Oil. Marie Prevost has brown hair and blue eyes. She is twenty-six, five feet four and weighs 123 pounds. Monte Blue is thirty-four. No, Bessie Love is not married. Madge Bellamy is twenty-one. Clara Bow has red hair. George Walsh in "The Unchastened Woman." Viola Dana is four feet eleven and a half inches. Shirley Mason is five feet. You also want to know if Lillian Gish is always as sad as she looks. The answer is, no, she isn't. Lita Grey is sixteen. Baby Peggy is six, and that's no apple sauce. Tra la la!

(Continued on page 96)



PIMPLES

He turned away. It worried her terribly. She need not have suffered this embarrassment.

For unsightly skin eruptions, rash or pimples on the face, neck, arms or body you need not wait for relief from torture or embarrassment, declares a noted skin specialist. Apply a little Mentho Sulphur and improvement shows at once. Pimples seem to dry right up.

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A Movie Dictionary

Compiled by Harry Carr

(Continued from March CLASSIC)

Cooper Hewitts: another kind of electric lights, operated with mercury instead of carbon; they give a soft, diffused, bluish light.

Descending action: after the climax where the difficulties start to unravel.

Director: the head and commander of a motion-picture unit.

Assistant director: a technical lieutenant of the director; it is his business to see that the scenery and props are in readiness; that the actors who are to work the next day are notified, and that they understand what costumes they will appear in. In fact, the assistant director of a company has a good deal the same job as that of the executive officer on a battle-ship.

Domes: groups of lights from which illumination is thrown from above.

Double: an actor, usually a professional acrobat, who takes the place of the regular actors in the dangerous or difficult parts.

Double exposure: a second picture taken over a part of the first. For instance, when Mary Pickford played both Lord Fauntleroy and her mother in the same picture, she played one part one day, and the other character another day, the film being run twice thru the camera.

Extra: an actor who plays an unknown part.

Fade-in: just the reverse—a scene which gradually comes into sharp vision.

Fade-out: a scene which gradually grows dim and disappears.

Featured actor: any actor whose name is singled out from the other members of the cast, or whose name appears in electric lights at the theater, as "Pola Negri in 'Forbidden Paradise' with Adolphe Menjou." Menjou is the featured actor.

Flats: pieces of scenery.

A Flop: a picture which fails to bring business to the box-office.

Footage: the length of a picture in feet of film.

Frame: motion pictures are a succession of separate photographs moved rapidly thru a projecting machine. Each of these tiny photographs is called a frame. "Frame" is also an order or warning to the operator of a projection machine to tell him he is showing some feet at the top of a picture and some heads of the same people at the bottom—in other words, two half pictures instead of one whole one.

Fuzzed: close-ups which have soft outlines, made by being taken out of focus.

Gag: a comedy scene in which no title is required; as, for instance, the scene in which the cats in Harold Lloyd's "Grandma's Boy" lick the blacking off his shoes.

Gauze shot: a picture taken thru a curtain of gauze to give softness. They are sometimes used to heighten the art. Sometimes, however, they are by way of saying on the part of some star to her adoring public: "Darling, I am growing older."

Gig it: the reverse of gauze shot, meaning to turn on the power.

(Continued next month)



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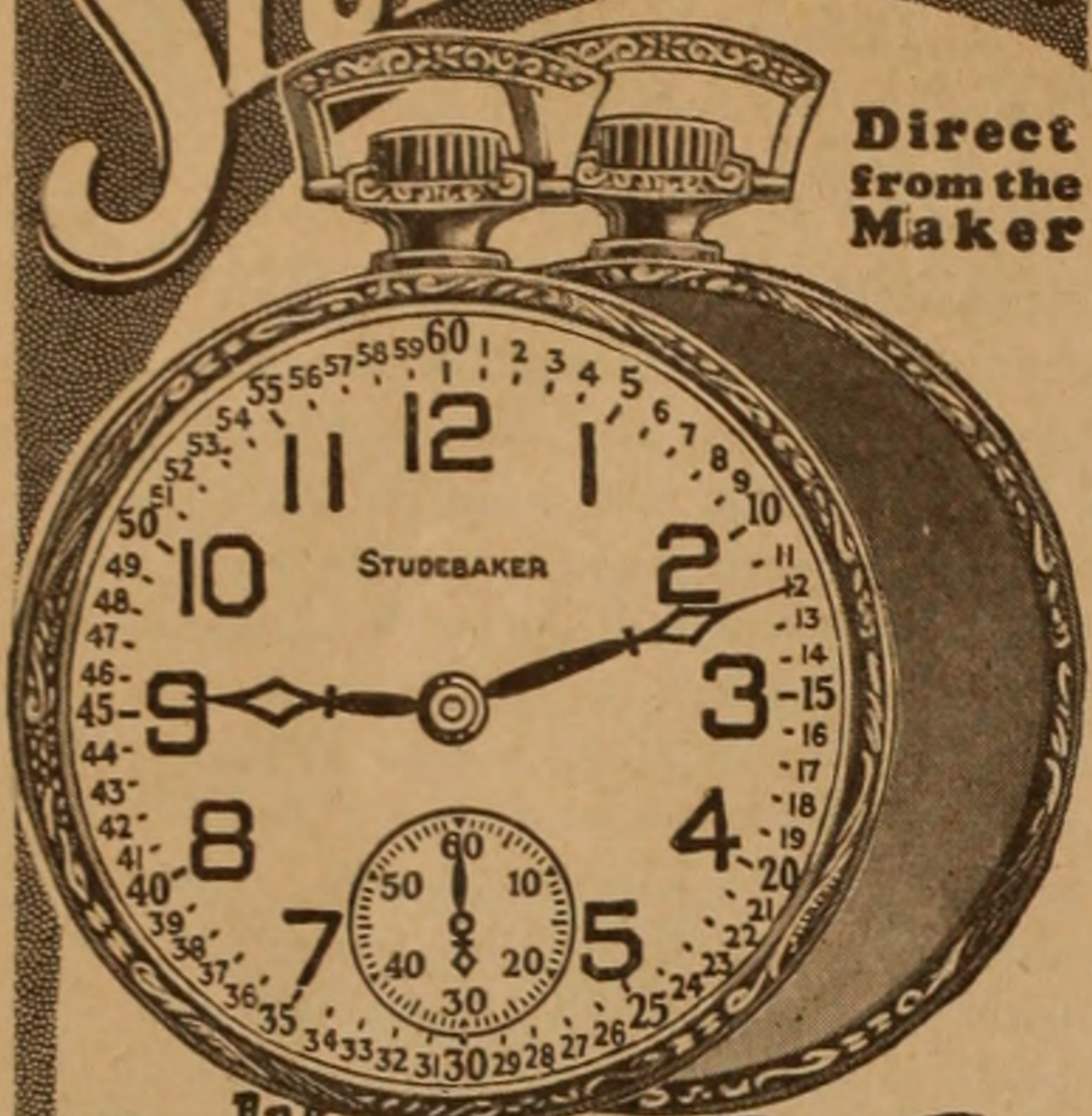
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Beauty

To Be or Not to Be for Blondes

(Continued from page 45)

I have found that the juice of a lemon mixed with a quart of water is excellent to remove the curd. The acid of the juice seems to cut it and loosen it. I pour the lemon solution over my hair and then give it a final rinsing in clear water. When my hair is dried, it is beautifully soft and glossy and the lemon has imparted a gleaming, silken sheen. The mineral salts of the juice also act as a tonic to the scalp and aid in keeping it healthy.

If you have genuinely golden hair, never give in to the suggestions of a hair-dresser that you have it "touched up." Artificial chemicals will only destroy its beauty, whereas this simple lemon treatment is harmless and imparts a bright glossy tone to blonde hair of every shade from ash blonde to deep Titian.

The girl with the delicate, white skin will find that the lemon is also her staunchest ally in offsetting the ravages of wind and sun. People often ask me what I do to keep my hands and arms soft, white and smooth, especially when the arms are exposed in evening dress. I have a very simple recipe. I rub the skin with half a seedless lemon night and morning. This takes off hidden dirt and acts as a marvelous bleaching agent.

I keep a halved lemon, together with a fresh one, always in a saucer near the wash-bowl and use it regularly. I also make a very delightful lotion of lemon-juice and glycerine which is excellent for chapped and sunburned hands and face.

The Movie Encyclopædia

(Continued from page 94)

BOBBIE H.—Ramon Novarro is with Metro-Goldwyn, Culver City, California. Why, the Himalayas is the highest mountain range on the surface of the globe. It is 1,500 miles long and 200 miles broad, and it has an average height of 20,000 feet above sea level.

BOBS.—Dale Fuller is playing in "The Easiest Road," for Warner, but she is with Metro-Goldwyn. You are right, Orville Caldwell was presented with a baby boy recently in Hollywood. Mr. Caldwell is playing in "Sackcloth and Scarlet."

BLOSSOM.—Milton Sills is married to Gladys Wynne. He is forty-two. No, Bebe Daniels is not married. Ethel Clayton is coming back to pictures in "The Mansion of Aching Hearts." Clara Bow will also play with her.

NANNIE.—Richard Dix is not married. Wanda Hawley has one of the leads in the next Al Christie comedy, "Stop Flirting."

ALMOND EYES.—Well, be not simply good; be good for something. Mrs. Daisy Danziger is the wife of Antonio Moreno. Colleen Moore is playing in "The Desert Flower."

CALIFORNIA.—Once more this evening, Ben Lyon is not married, and he is twenty-four.

ELIZABETH B.—Her name is Gladys Cooper, and she is English. Elaine Hammerstein and Lou Tellegen in "Parisian Nights."—Anita Stewart, Bert Lytell and Mary McAlister in "The Boomerang." Louise Fazenda is going to play in "I'll Show You the Town." And leave it to Louise.

BARBARA.—Your letter was delightful. Write me again.



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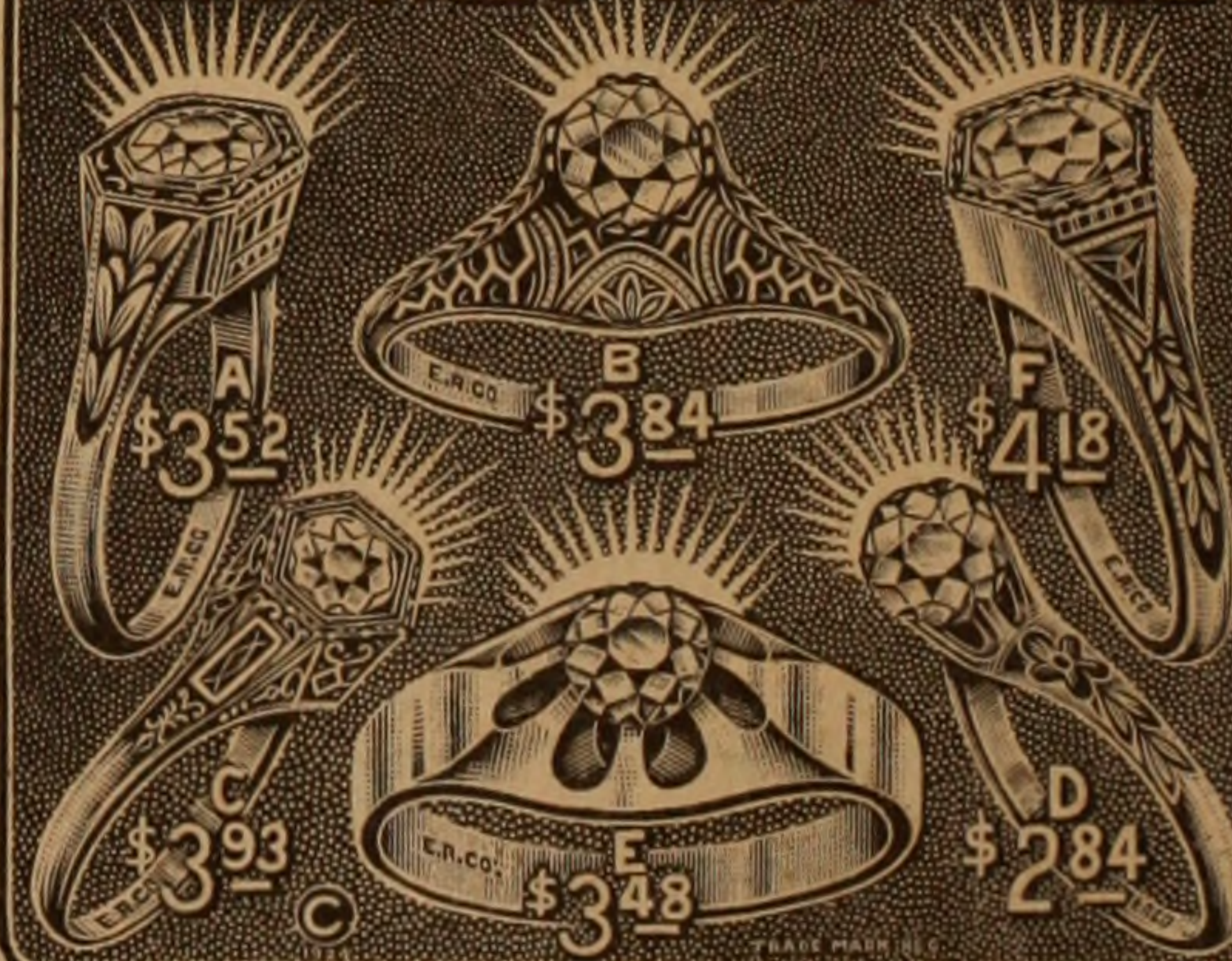
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Mr. Reid Goes to the Movies

(Continued from page 49)

a drunk. You'll enjoy this film. Directed by Alf Goulding.

Dick Turpin. Fox. Cast: Tom Mix, Kathleen Meyers, Philo McCullough, James Marcus, Lucille Hatton, Alan Hale, Bull Montana, Fay Holderness, Jack Herrick, Fred Kohler.

TOM MIX has hung up his chaps and sombrero and gone in for laces and plumes in a picture of romantic chivalry. "Dick Turpin" gives him the chance to steal some of Fairbanks' thunder in the rôle of England's most notorious robber. He robs from the rich to give to the poor—and performs several daring and amusing feats. Tony is also in the picture, doubling as a mare, Black Bess. It's a romantic, adventurous yarn, rich in incident and carrying the trimmings and trappings of the days when knights were bold. The idea is not so far different from the usual Western which has featured Mix up to this time, but it at least affords the popular star a change of costume and locale. You'll like the fight, you'll like the pursuit—you'll like pretty near all there is in it. Directed by J. G. Blystone.

The Redeeming Sin. Vitagraph. Cast: Nazimova, Lou Tellegen, Carl Miller, Otis Harlan, Rositta Marstini, William Dunn, Rose Tapley.

PICTURES of the apache world of Paris never seem to vary. The feminine apache must be molded in the clay of Kiki—and she must hold the whip-hand over her "wolf-like" lover. Then she must waver in her affection when a youth from the upper strata walks into her life. This is a picture of redemption—of the girl who toys with her "wolf," but who returns to him when believing the good youth unfaithful. So she goads him into stealing some priceless jewels from a statue of the Madonna in the church. When she gets "religion" she forces him to return them—and he is killed by his "wolves" for his treachery. It follows an orthodox groove, but the picture is enlightened with atmospheric touches—and several flashes of colorful acting by Nazimova. Lou Tellegen is inclined to strike too many heroic postures to be convincing. A familiar tale, but well done. Directed by J. Stuart Blackton.

Tomorrow's Love. Paramount. Cast: Agnes Ayres, Pat O'Malley, Raymond Hatton, Jane Winton, Ruby Lafayette, Dale Fuller.

A LIGHT bit of matrimonial fluff has been dressed up with smart trimmings here so that it serves in offering real sparkle. Paul Bern's Continental touch is very much in evidence in taking away the sting of morality and injecting the necessary spice. There are no heavy scenes in the sense that domestic tiffs are scenes. In other words he kids the story—a tale of a disillusioned wife who wins an interlocutory decree of divorce, but who races frantically to reach her husband at the end of the year when she realizes that he might marry her hated rival. The comedy vein—the gentle interference of grandma, deftly portrayed by Ruby Lafayette, and the subtitles keep it dashing along in a pleasant vein. It's light, but enjoyable. Directed by Paul Bern.

The Narrow Street. Warner Brothers. Cast: Dorothy Devore, Matt Moore, David Butler, Russell Simpson, Gertrude Short,

Kate Toncray, Tempe Pigott, George Pearce, Madame Sultewan, Joe Butterworth.

A WHOLESOME and quaint idea is projected in this humorous study of a shy, bashful youth who slaves monotonously at his work without finding romance until it comes dancing right up at his door. It carries the saving grace of being treated in just the right vein by Director Beaudine and Matt Moore who so skilfully plays the timid young man. Moore never steps out of his character. For 365 days he lives a life of dull routine. He is a pussy-footer, then the girl enters and makes him over. He turns from a lamb into a lion. The plot develops and mellows along with its characterization—but it is Moore's sketch which makes it so enjoyable. No actor can excel him at such a rôle. Directed by William Beaudine.

The Lighthouse By the Sea. Warner Brothers. Cast: Rin-Tin-Tin, Louise Fazenda, "Buster" Collier, Jr., Matthew Betz, Douglas Gerrard, Charles Hill Mailes.

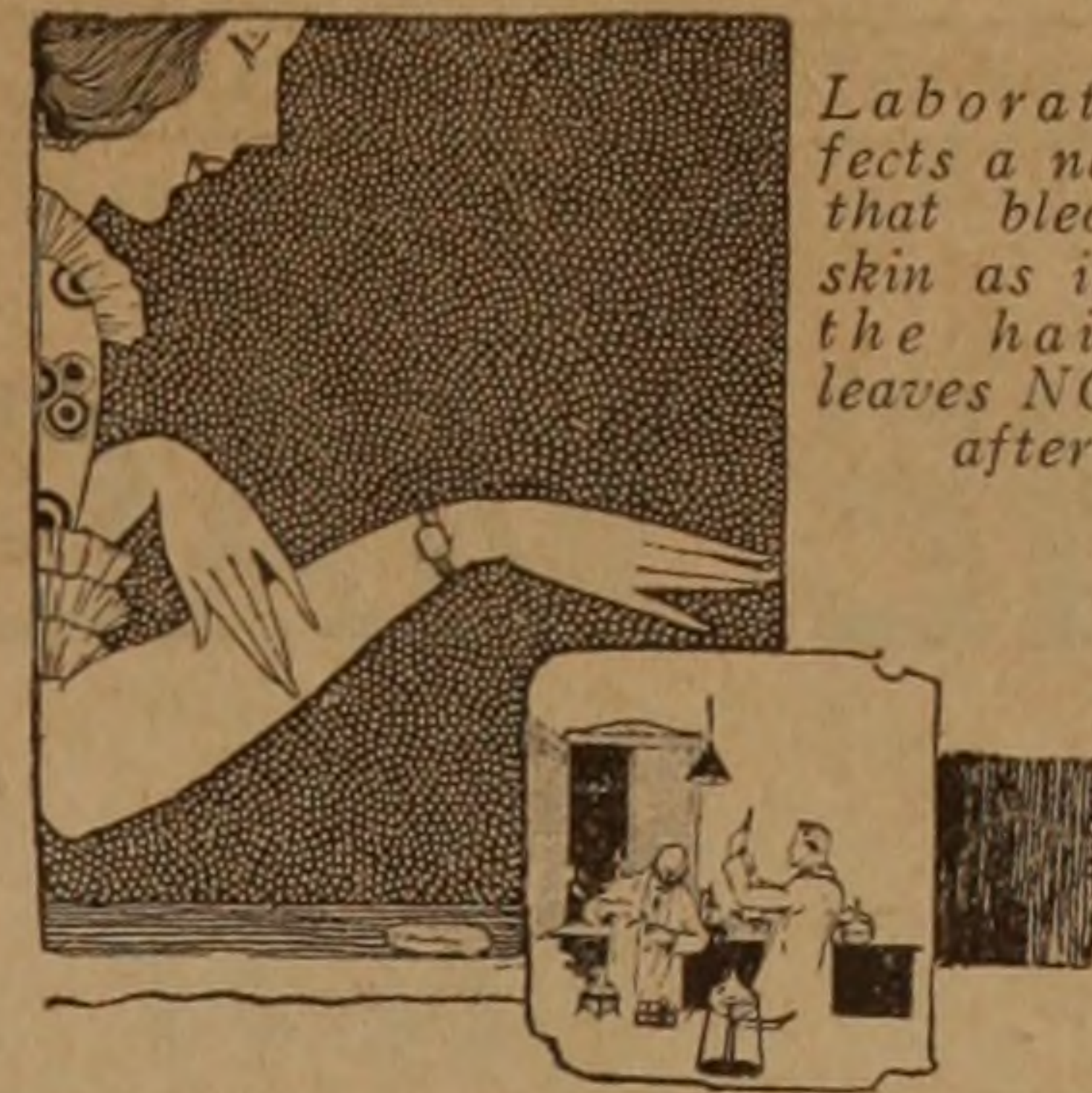
WHEN an old-time melodrama reaches the screen and is treated for what it is—hokum, there is no doubt of its entertainment qualities. The sponsors of this thriller of yesteryear have realized the value of the camera to catch action and hold it.

So we have one of those lively affairs concerning an aged, blind lighthouse keeper and his daughter and the rescued youth and the latter's trusty dog who fight to prevent bootleggers from landing contraband goods. The characters are in their accustomed places—and the action runs true and familiar. Still at the same time it provides more than one thrill—and the incident concerning that fine, up-standing dog, Rin-Tin-Tin is immense. The canine star certainly does his stuff. It's a picture crammed with physical action and suspense. There isn't a dull moment. If you want a breathing spell, take notice of the marine shots. Directed by Mal St. Clair.

A Thief In Paradise. First National. Cast: Ronald Colman, Aileen Pringle, Claude Gillingwater, Doris Kenyon, Alec B. Francis, John Patrick.

CARRYING about everything that you can imagine to appeal to the eye and quicken the pulse, this picture seems destined to crack box-office records. We will catalog it as one of those modern society dramas in which a down-and-out pearl fisher and a dancer abandon their huts in the South Seas and come to Frisco, the former posing as the son of a millionaire, the latter being set up in queenly style.

Of course it is all obvious how it will develop, yet at the same time there is occasion to be pleased over the suspense, action, story interest and rosy romance. As part of the general scheme we are shown an under-sea fight, a polo game between pretty girls in one-piece bathing suits, sufficient tense drama—and an airplane honeymoon. A well-rounded cast performs well, tho Ronald Colman is surpassed in his heroic rôle by the work of such seasoned troupers as Claude Gillingwater and Alec B. Francis. A colorfully mounted picture, this—with enough stuff in it to make three productions. Directed by George Fitzmaurice.



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Well-groomed women everywhere welcome this new Cream, which is called Pryde. It gives assurance of daintiness—the most essential of feminine charms; and the most *subtle*. For, as a famous beau has well said, "Prettiness does attract attention, but daintiness is the feminine charm that holds it."

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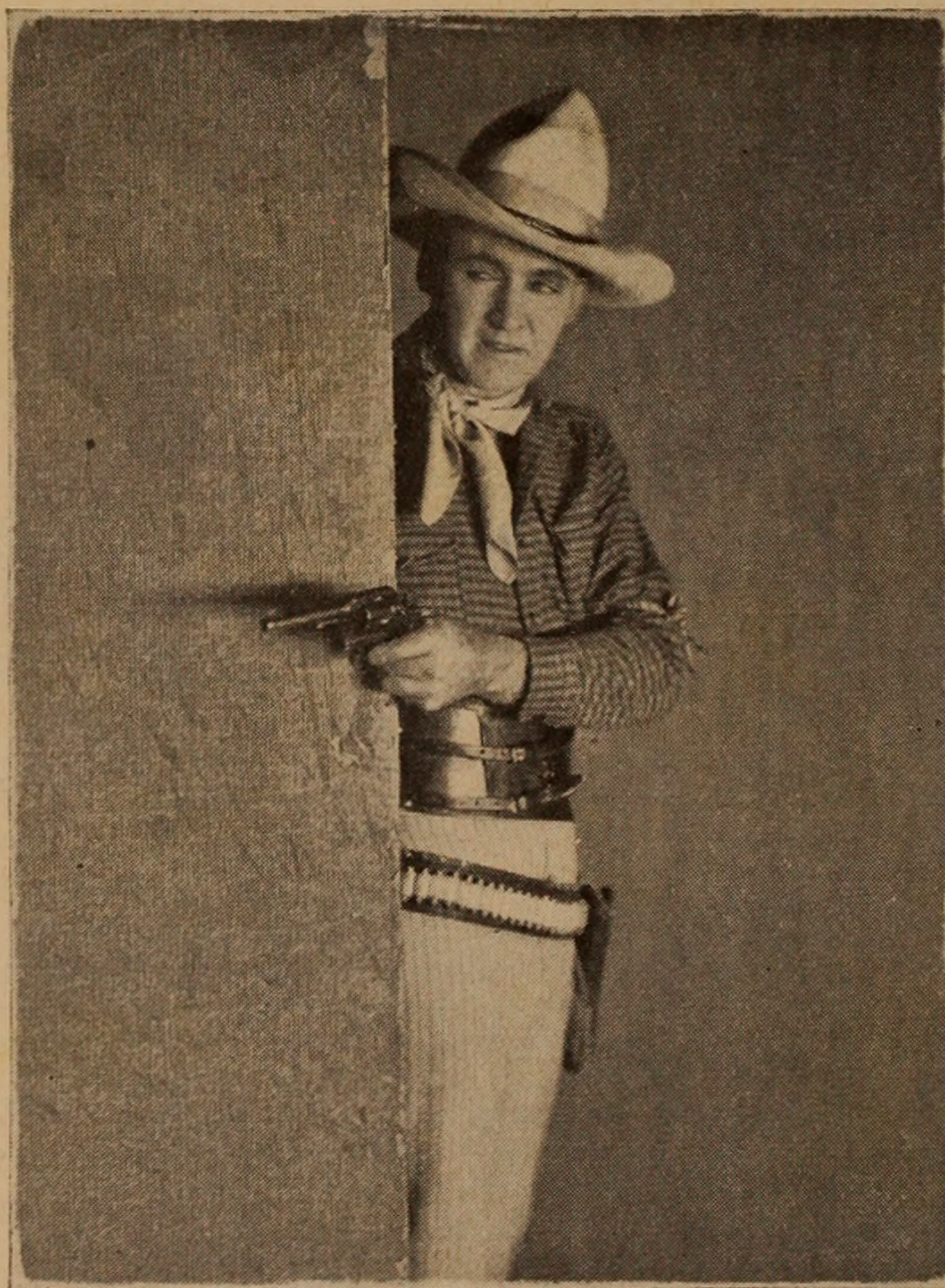
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"Breed of the Border" is the name of the swiftly moving Western tale from which the cover of the May issue is taken.

The Ace Of Death

A tremendous serial of motion picture life at Hollywood and Tia Juana. It pulsates with romance and action.

May
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Ask Your Newsdealer
MOVIE THRILLERS

May
Number

When grandfather was a little boy

EVERY fall there would come a day when his mother would say to his father, "John, it's time to see about the children's shoes."

Shoes were matters to reckon with in great-grandfather's family. As in many other families of the countryside, calves had to be killed and skinned. The skins were taken to a tannery across the river, and in due time young John would set off with the leather to the cobbler to have his measure taken.

Old Sam, the cobbler, was a friend of the family. They knew him. They knew his work. They knew the quality of the leather they had furnished him. They could have estimated pretty accurately the time young John's shoes would wear him.

Those days are gone forever. No longer do you know personally the makers of your shoes. Your clothing, your food, your furniture, your household utilities are produced by men and women you will never see.

That element of confidence, however, which in former days came from personal contact of neighbor with neighbor and friend with friend is still present.

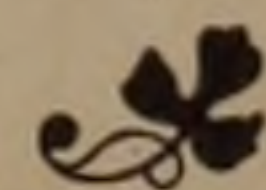
Nowadays, advertising is the bond between manufacturer and consumer; between merchant and patron.

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Through advertising, they make a bid for your friendship.

To them, your friendship is essential, and to assure it, they see to it that their goods are as advertised.

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*In buying advertised goods the element of risk
is removed*

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There is no streaking, artificial dyed look. Just the even, natural, exact shade of early youth.

Apply it with a comb

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Address.....

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