BROWN OF HARVARD

Kick off!
With the snap of a well coached team
This greatest of football pictures
Rushes into action!
Thrill follows thrill as quickly
As a quarterback barks his signals
And such a team of talent!
Jack Pickford as the heroic roommate—
Mary Brian (she’s beautiful!)
And
William Haines as Tom Brown
Who played a great game of football—and love
To win out in the end!
Take “time out” to see this College Classic!

Directed by Jack Conway and adapted
from Rida Johnson Young’s celebrated
stage play by A. P. Younger

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

“More Stars Than There Are In Heaven”
I'd Be Bald Today
-but a sleepy telephone girl saved me

Sixty Days Ago I Hardly Had A Handful of Hair Left.
Then One Night I Tried To Get A Number From A
Drowsy Telephone Operator. I Didn't Get the Number—
But I Did Get A Wonderful New Growth of Hair in
the Most Unexpected Way!

"There’s no use trying to prevent it," I said to Mary. "There’s another
couple of hair gone, and—"

"Oh, stop talking about your hair," Mary replied. "You’re worrying yourself
into baldness, that’s what you’re doing."

"Worry or no worry," I exploded, "it’s
getting so now that I’m actually ashamed
to take my hat off."

"Oh, forget about it, and get Alice on the
phone. She wants us to dinner tomorrow.
Tell her we’ll be there."

"Very well," I said, and picked up the
receiver.

"Hello," came from the other end of the
wire in a man’s voice. And just as I was
about to answer "Hello," another gruff
voice replied: "Howdy, Jack."

Some sleepy operator had put me on a
busy wire! I started to hang up when
Jack, whoever he was, called out cheerfully:

"How’s your old bald head?"

I could have sworn he meant me. But
he didn’t. For the other replied, just as
cheerfully, "It isn’t!"

This was good and I decided to listen.

"What do you mean—it isn’t?"

"It isn’t bald."

"What’s happened—have you bought a
wig?"

"No, I haven’t bought a wig. But I’ve
got a brand new growth of hair—and it’s
real, honest-to-goodness hair, too. I’ll tell
you about it."

And while I eavesdropped he explained
how he had been using a wonderful new
treatment perfected by Alois Merke—
founder of the famous Merke Institute,
Fifth Avenue, New York. This treatment,
he said, got right down to the cause of
baldness—the dormant roots themselves.
In 30 days he could see new hair coming
in, and in 60 days every bald spot was
being rapidly covered.

That was enough for me. I remembered
having seen an ad on the Merke Treat-
ment in one of the magazines. So I im-
mEDIATELY dug it up and read it carefully.
To my surprise I learned that Merke not
only agreed to grow new hair—but he
positively guaranteed to bring results in
30 days or no cost, I told Mary about it
and together we decided to send for the
treatment.

The first two or three times I used the
treatment I began to notice that my hair
didn’t fall out as much as it used to. But
a little later I got the biggest surprise of my
life. For I looked in the mirror—and there,
spouting right up from my once scantily-
covered scalp, was a fine, downy growth of
healthy young hair.

Each evening I devoted 15 minutes to the
treatment at home. And day after day I
could see this new hair getting thicker
and thicker. In a month’s time there was the
most surprising difference. And at the end
of sixty days—well, I no longer worried
about baldness. I had regained a wonderful
new, healthy growth of hair. That sleepy
telephone girl will never know what a won-
derful thing she did for me.

Here’s the Secret

According to Alois Merke, in most cases of baldness
the hair roots are not dead, but merely dormant—
temporarily asleep. Now to make a sickly tree grow
you would not have to shave the bud on the
leaves. Yet that is just what I had been doing when
I used to douse my head with tonics, salves, etc. To
make a tree grow you must nourish the roots. And
it’s exactly the same with the hair.

This new treatment which Merke perfected after
17 years’ experience in treating baldness, is the first
and only practical method of getting right down to
the hair roots and nourishing them.

At the Merke Institute many have paid as high as
$500 for the same results that may now be secured
in any home in which there is electri-

city—at a cost of only five cents a day.

The thing I like most about Merke
is that he frankly admits that his
treatment will not grow hair in every
case. There are some cases of bald-
ness that nothing in the world can help.
But so many others
have regained hair this
ew way, that he absolutely
guarantees to produce an entirely new growth
in 30 days—or the trial
is free. And you are the sole judge of whether
his method works or not.

Coupon Brings You Full Details

This story is typical of the results that great
numbers of people are securing with the Merke
Treatment.

"The New Way to Make Hair Grow," is the title of
a vitally interesting 34-page book describing the
treatment. It will be sent you entirely free, if you
simply mail the coupon below.

This little book explains all about the treatment,
shows what it has already done for countless others,
and in addition contains much valuable infor-
amion on the care of the hair and scalp. Remember,
this book is yours free—to keep. And if you decide to
take the treatment, you can do so without risking a penny.
So mail the coupon now. Address Allied Merke
Institute, Inc., Dept. 576, 512 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Allied Merke Institute, Inc.
Dept. 576, 512 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Please send me.—without cost or obligation—a
copy of your book, "The New Way to Make Hair
Grow," describing the Merke System.

Name

Address

City

State

Page 3
KNOCK ENNUI FOR A GOAL!!

Biff, bing, right in the eye, that's

JUDGE

every week—a knock-out for ennui with a mitt full of fun

No other weekly contains the sparkling, vivacious good humor; the enlightening satiric notes on current topics and events; the brilliantly clever reviews of the theater; the fearlessness in expressions of opinions; the intolerance of hypocrisy, dullness, provincialism and boredom, as JUDGE.

Kick in a dollar bill and you can have JUDGE for 10 weeks

Incidentally—do it now

JUDGE—"The World's Wittiest Weekly"
627 West 43d Street, New York

Here's your dollar. Let me see 10 copies of your "mitt full of fun."

Name ......................................................
Address ....................................................
City ......................................................State ..............
It Seemed So Strange to Hear Her Play

We Knew She Had Never Taken a Lesson from a Teacher!

We always thought of her as an onlooker, you know. A sort of social wallflower. Certainly she had never been popular, never the center of attraction in any gathering.

That night of the party when she said, "Well, folks, I'll entertain you with some selections from Grieg"—we thought she was joking. A rather poor joke, at that. But she actually did get up and seat herself at the piano.

Everyone laughed—and went right on chatting. I was a little sorry for her. But I did see her chin go up, her eyes flash. She played a chord, and it rang through the room like a challenge. "Listen!" it seemed to say.

And suddenly the room was hushed... She played Anitra's Dance—played it with such soul fire that the room faded and we seemed to see gypsies swaying and chanting around the camp fire. Everyone sat forward, tense, listening. When the last glorious chord vanished like an echo, she turned around and faced us, her face glowing, her eyes happy. "Well!" she seemed to be saying, "you thought I was bluffing. But I can play!"

We were astonished—and contrite. We surged forward in a mass to congratulate her. "How did you do it?" "Why, you are wonderful!" "We can't believe you never had a teacher!" An onlooker no longer—she was popular! She played for us all evening, and now one would even think of having a party without inviting her.

She Told Me About It Later

We were lifelong friends, and I felt I could ask her about it. "You played superbly," I said. "And I know you never had a teacher. Come—what's the secret?"

"No secret at all!" she laughed. "I just got tired of being left out of things, and I decided to do something that would make me popular. I could afford an expensive teacher and I didn't have the time for a lot of practice—so I decided to take the famous U.S. School of Music course. In my spare time, you know."

"You don't mean to say you learned how to play so beautifully by yourself, right at home in your spare time?" I was astounded. I couldn't believe it.

"Yes—and it's been such fun! Why, it's as easy as A-B-C, and I didn't have a bit of trouble. I began playing almost from the start, and right from music. Now I can play any piece—classical or jazz. From the

notes, you know.

"You're wonderful!" I breathed. "Think of playing like that, and learning all by yourself."

"I'm not wonderfu!" she replied. "Anyone could do it. A child can understand those simplified lessons. Why, it's like playing a game!"

"You always wanted to play the violin—here's your chance to learn quickly and inexpensively. Why don't you surprise everyone, the way I did?"

I took her advice—a little doubtfully at first—and now I play not only the violin but the banjo!

How You Learn Any Instrument So Easily This Way

The amazing success of students who take the U. S. School course is largely due to a wonderful, newly perfected method that makes reading and playing music almost as simple as reading aloud from a book. You simply can't go wrong. First, you are told how a thing is done, then a picture shows you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. No private teacher could make it any clearer. The admirable lessons come to you by mail at regular intervals. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need, and music paper for writing out test exercises. And if anything comes up which is not entirely plain, you can write to your instructor and get a full, prompt, personal reply!

Whether you take up piano, violin, 'cello, organ, saxophone, or any other instrument, you find that every single thing you need to know is explained in detail. And the explanation is always practical. Little theory—plenty of accomplishment. That's why students of this course get ahead twice as fast—three times as fast—as those who study old-time, plodding methods!

Booklet and Demonstration Lesson Sent FREE

You, too, can quickly teach yourself to be an accomplished musician right at home. This wonderful method has already shown half a million people how to play their favorite instrument. To prove that you can do the same, let us send you our booklet and valuable Demonstration Lesson—both FREE!

Forget the old-fashioned idea that you need "talent." Read the list of instruments to the left, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. At the cost of only a few pennies a day to you!

Special offer now open to limited number of new students. Act without delay. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 326 Brunswick Building, New York City.

U. S. School of Music,
326 Brunswick Building, New York City

Please send me your free book "Music Lessons in Your Own Home" with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your special offer. I am interested in the following course:

Have you the above instrument? [ ]

Name.............................................................................................................
Address..........................................................................................................
City........................................State............................................................
Here's one great entertainment you must not miss!

MARIE PREVOST
IN
Up In Mabel's Room

A GREAT COMBINATION THAT GUARANTEES AMUSEMENT

1. Marie Prevost, public-made star, of sparkling personality, who scored distinct triumphs in "Tarnish", "The Marriage Circle" and "Kiss Me Again", now to be presented by Al Christie, the master of farce.

2. Up In Mabel's Room—A. H. Woods' sensational stage farce hit, by Willson Collison and Otto Harbach, that created a furore in leading theatrical centers of the United States, amusing millions with its inimitable comedy.

3. Al Christie—the dean of farce comedy, who gave you those wonderful laughing successes, "Charley's Aunt", "Seven Days" and "Madam Behave".

4. E. Mason Hopper—is directing it, the man who filmed "Dangerous Curves Ahead", "Janice Meredith", "The Great White Way" and who has just made "Paris at Midnight" for Metropolitan Pictures.

ALL THESE THINGS SPELL A FINE EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT
ASK AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE WHEN THIS PICTURE IS COMING

RELEASED BY
PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION
“Ha, ha,” says Monte, “ain’t we got fun.
I tried to beat the engine, but the engine won!”
JOE—What's the matter with the kid—is he unstrung?
BILLIE—No, just in a violent temper.

Johnny—I have a terrible rumbling on my stomach. It's like a wagon going over a bridge.
George—It's most likely that truck that you ate this morning for breakfast.

Stuart—Freeze your ear, did you? Why don't you wear an ear-muff?
Big Man—I did—but somebody asked me to have a drink and I didn't hear him.
Bacchus says that women's styles may change, but their designs remain the same.

Clyde says that regular passengers may measure a trip by miles, but he measures it by rods.

Bill—So your honorable excellency once had a frog farm?

Bobby—You speak truth, your exalted highness, but it was a failure. All the frogs croaked.

Cesare—Here's a little philosophy for you. Happiness is just like a kiss.

Zasu—How's that?

"The only way you can get any fun out of it is to give it to somebody else."

Page 9
Chauncey and his wife, Maybelle, are the society folks of the family. (They're second cousins twice removed to Uncle Jerry.) They give teas and dinners—and there's fingerbowls with every meal.

Here's Ebenezer and Florence, just after they got tied. You've heard about the ebb and flow of the tide. Flo has just got an ocean to have a permanent wave.

Daniel Dunkins and his two aunts, Hetty and Emma. Daniel is a rising young business man—he drives the grocery wagon. Hetty ain't married, says she wouldn't marry the last man on earth. That makes it unanimous. Emma's buried two husbands, now she's married to the undertaker.

This is Lulu Hicks and that slick city feller that called himself Algerum Van Deever. His real name was Hiram Bump and when she run away with him they got in them new fangled movin' pictures. But she'll wish she'd married Jim Hawks, the bank cashier, like she could of.
JUST to bring back
those dear, dim,
distant, dead days—
when women bustled
about in bustles, when
men pulled their shirts
over their heads, when
no nice girl wore less
than three petticoats,
one of 'em flannel, and
children were seen and
not heard; just to re-
turn, in other words,
to a simpler, more
halycon time, the good
old days which weren't
so good—if you ask us
—we've dug up, disin-
terred and resurrected
some rare specimens of
the camera's art—a
few antique (well, if
they ain't, they look it)
examples of photogra-
phy such as you can't
get nowadays. (Who
wants to?)
Way back in the
past, back in the mists
of March, 1926, these
priceless relics were
posed for Film Fun
and we're showing you
the Family Album so
you can see how movie
people looked in that
bygone period.
My goodness, don't
they look strange?
Dorothy—It's no good grumbling, Robert.
Don't forget I'm one of fashion's butterflies.
Robert—Butterfly! By the way you get through clothes I would call you a moth.

Micky—Pet, what are you thankful for to-day?
Joe—Oh, I'm thankful daddy gave me $5 when I didn't see him kiss nurse.
Norma—T’m blue. The show opened tonight and nobody sent me a single flower.

Ronald—There, there, little girl. Here’s a package of seeds.

Bobby—Why did you steal that quarter, sonny?

China Boy—I wanted to go to “The Ten Commandments.”

Charlie—Shall we have a little chicken?

Edna—You can’t get chicken here; there’s nothing but hard-boiled eggs in the place.

Charlie—That boy of ours seems to have a rare thirst for knowledge.

Colleen—Yes. He gets his thirst from you and his knowledge from me.
do you like my new gown, Lloyd. It's the very last word, y'know.

Lloyd—Being a woman, I suppose you had to have it.
Jimmie—What did you pay for your little pet?
Hank—Two dollars and an extra cent.

Trixie—Still wearing that dirty shirt? Why don't you get a clean one?
Man—I can't get up early enough.

Gertrude—It cost May $10,000 to have her legs straightened.
Norma—Pin money.
FRILLIES FOR THE

"Felix the Cat" sketches made especially for Film Fun by Pat Sullivan Studios, by courtesy of Educational Film Exchanges, Inc.

POSED BY AN EXTRA AND LUPINO LANE.
Pyjamas by Omar the Tentmaker.
Night cap by American Storepipe Company. Price, a copper coins it

Lacy Trifles at a Trifling Cost

POSED BY DOROTHY DEVORE.
This one comes high—it's from the Eye-full tower. But if you've got some altar of roses you can get it for a scent.

POSED BY OUIDA WILLIS.
A peerless trifle to Pierette. A Pierot them can be bought for $0.19.

POSED BY DOROTHY KNAPP.
Here's a Knapp-sack with lace filet. Could you fill it as Dorothy can? A bargain at $1.25 with 50% off.

POSED BY J. FARRELL MACDONALD.

POSED BY OUIDA WILLIS.
Negligee for a train trip. You're bound to trip on this train. Fare, $0.29.
WORKING GIRL

How to undress on $20 a week. That's the problem bothering many a pore lil' working girl. How can a frill get "frillies," how can she negotiate negligees, how can she pay for payjamas, what's the combination for getting a combination, on the mere pittance she earns from pitiless toil? Film Fun herewith slips her the answer. Slips her the recipe for obtaining a slip for a trifle. Prominent movie people demonstrate in various poses how you can sit in satins, linger in lingerie and wear a mere nothing for a mere nothing. Prices of garments marked in plain figures and garments displayed on figures far from plain. Take these pictures with you when you go shopping, lil' working girl, and try and match them in the stores. Maybe you can, who knows?

POSED BY LILLYAN TASHMAN.

Lounging Robe. Sofa so good. Made of Sears-Roebuckskin. Only $1.54.39.

POSED BY LILLIAN KNIGHT.

She may shimmie in this chemise and she may not. It's just a slip for a slip of a girl. $4.98 with Boudoir tax of $8.

POSED BY JANE THOMAS AND AN EXTRA.

Turkish bath suit trimmed with calf-skin in pale water-color. Reduced to almost nothing.

POSED BY DOROTHY MACKAILL.

This negligee has nothing but atmosphere. Price—a mere nothing.

POSED BY MAE MURRAY.

A dainty step in to step out with. Any lil' girl can have it for $6.9.

POSED BY TON RICKETTS.

Robe de Nuit of a fine frogs' hair. The latest from Paris (Ky.). Woolworth the price, $3.69.
Estelle—Aren't you going to give me a tip? Why the champion tight-wad of the town gives me a dime.
Extra—He does? Well, gaze upon the new champion!

Lady in the Left Window—I wonder why Helen of Troy had such a reputation for beauty.
Lady in the Right Window—Why, that's easy to see. She got all her clothes from Paris.

Man—I'll teach you to make love to my daughter.
Jimmie—I wish you would, I'm not making much headway.
Joan—Use the word *cauterize* in a sentence.

Harry—The moment I *cauterize* I knew she was mine.

Harry thinks that the reason why so few milkmen are married is that they see women too early in the morning.

First Lady—How can I avoid falling hair?

Harold—Step out of the way!
CARMEL—Just saw the funniest thing. A horse with two shirts and four pairs of socks.

LEW—Have you been drinking?

"No, stupid, it was a clothes horse."

Ye Editor Goes to Ye Movies

"The Black Pirate"

BOY, bring us that bag of superlatives out of the dictionary. Fetch us the sack of enthusiasms out of the safe. And tell the truckman to drive over with eight or ten tons of assorted "hip-hip-hoorays," "Yea Bos," "Hot Dogs," "Attaboys," "Whooppeas" and "Rah, Rah, Rahs.

Hire all the steamboats in the river to tootle their whistles and horn, call out all the fire department with its sirens, telephone the chief of police and order him to make all his cops blow their whistles at once, get Paul Whitman, Vincent Lopez, Ben Bernie and young Otto Kahn to collect their jazz boys and furnish the music for dancing in the streets.

What for?

Douglas Fairbanks in "The Black Pirate" has come to town!

And that's the way we feel about it!

(Continued on page 60)
William says you can't paint the town red and be in the pink of condition afterward.

POSED BY WILLIAM HAINES, IN "BROWN OF HARVARD," PRODUCED BY METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.

Anna May—When Dolly met Jack the poor fish was all at sea.

Horace—Well, she landed him!

Pose by Horace Wade and Anna May Wong, on the Paramount Lot.

Micky—Through the desert sandstorm, oh my love, have I come to thee?

Martha—Verily, sheik, thou art a man of grit.

Pose by Micky Daniels, Martha Sleeper and Farina, in Hal Roach's "Better Movies," released by Pathe.
Mary—Does your father have to pay much for coal?
Mike—Not a cent! We live near the railroad track and he makes faces at the engineers.

Monty—Dearest—our engagement is off. A fortune-teller just told me that I was to marry a brunette in a month.
Virginia—Oh, that's all right! I can be a brunette in a month.

Virginia says her friend Dora is off again. She thinks that the hemlock is an attachment for a sewing-machine.

Mae—Your brother is certainly a nice boy, but he knows the worst songs.
Edward—Does he sing them to you?
"No! He just whistles the tunes."
POSED BY LIGE CONLEY, ESTELLE BRADLEY AND PHIL DUNHAM, IN "LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING." PRODUCED BY EDUCATIONAL.

ESTELLE—How do you like this job?
LIGE—It's a pipe—soots me.

POSED BY V. B. FAIRE AND HOOT GIBSON, IN "WHIP OF THE FLYING U." PRODUCED BY UNIVERSAL.

HOOT—May I come too?
VIRGINIA—You'll never come to, unconscious.

POSED BY VERA FOKINA, FAMOUS RUSSIAN DANCER, PHOTO BY MURAY STUDIOS.

Madame Fokina says that some girls can't even wear a smile without looking in the mirror to see if it fits.

POSED BY DOROTHY REVIER AND FORREST STANLEY, IN "FATE OF A FLIRT." PRODUCED BY COLUMBIA PICTURES.

STANLEY—I know a man who paints stockings on women's legs.
DOROTHY—Is he good?
"Good? He paints 'em so real that they have runs."

Page 23
"Oh, Baby, Ain’t Life Humorous?"

By Virginia Morris

EVERY day in the week is Laugh Month in the Al Lichtman studio. For when you have a Tom Thumb star like little Billy, who smokes fat, black cigars, playing the part of a golden-haired angel child of seven, in frilly lace dresses, you’ve got a large laugh to start with.

Take any Monday, for instance. Or, if you’d rather, take any Tuesday—it’s all the same to me. The Tuesday I’ll tell you about was like this:

Similar to most Tuesdays, it was the third day of the week and by (Continued on page 56)
Billy—Madam, I implore you to allow me to be the captain of your soul!
Jean—You can't be that, but you can be my second mate.

First Tramper—Does your uncle have much liberty in his prison?
Harry—I don't know; but I understand they are going to give him a lot of rope in the near future.
If you go to "Nell Gwyn"—
As we hope and we wish—
You will see quite a lot
Of Miss Dorothy Gish!

Wine, Women and Song were the three things that beckoned.
And captured the favor of King Charles the Second.
Concerning these three—so the story's rehearsed—
Young King Charles the Second was King Charles the First.

Cliff—My dear, we are getting up a raffle for a poor old man. You'll buy a ticket, won't you?
Zelma—Oh, gracious no. What would I do with him if I were to win him?
I'm asking you, kid, on the level—
Don't these babies look like the devil?

If these are sample ladies of those one meets in Hades,
Life wouldn't be so slow there.
If these are "Hell's Four Hundred,"
I'd rather like to go there!

Girl—I heard Blanche kissed Bill right in public.
Sid—Did you ever?
"No."

Pages from "Hell's Four Hundred," produced by William Fox.

To Carl Laemmle because he's spent twenty years in making movies Universal, and because he knows how to pick peaches to pose with him.

To Dorothy Gish, for being simply ripping in the English film, "Nell Gwyn," and for having a sister like Lillian.

To Lillian Gish, for being tres charmante as Mimi in "La Bohème" and for having a sister like Dorothy.

To Greta Garbo, for getting along swimmingly in "The Torrent."

To "Doug" — for being author, producer, editor and star of "The Black Pirate," which is our idea of a great picture.
POSED BY COLLEEN MOORE AND MARY LOUISE MILLER, IN "THE DESERT FLOWER," PRODUCED BY FIRST NATIONAL.

COLLEEN—I called you—half a dozen times before you took the slightest notice. I'm sure I don't know what you'll be fit for when you grow up.

MARY—Oh, I'll probably be a waitress.

POSED BY BILLY SULLIVAN, IN "OH, BILLY, BEHAVE!" RELEASED BY RAYART PICTURES.

Billy says he knows a dumb doll so dumb that she thinks a dogma is a mamma dog.

POSED BY ETHEL SHANNON, APPEARING IN AL LICHTMAN PRODUCTIONS. PHOTO COURTESY OF HOOVER ART.

Ethel says about the only way to insult a girl nowadays is to tell her she needs a haircut.

POSED BY JOSEPHINE CROWELL AND CHARLEY CHASE, IN ROAD'S "DOG SHY," RELEASED BY PATHE.

CHARLIE—Mother, is it correct to say, "water a horse," when he's thirsty?

JOSEPHINE—Yes, dear, quite correct. "Well, give me a saucer. I'm going to milk the cat."
Viola—What a nice moustache you have, Robert.

Robert—Do you like it? I'm sort of attached to it myself.

Stephen—The other guy comes from Boston and he's a bad bean.

Al—Boy, let him mess around with me and he's gonna be a has-been!
Gladys tells us that it takes twelve billion dollars annually to clothe the American woman from the top of her head to the bottom of her shoes. And what have they got to show for it?

George—See here, Colleen, do you believe in auto-suggestion?
Colleen—Yes, dear. Let's call a taxi.

Hughie—I met a swell dame in Columbus the other night.
Charles—Zat so? Get her address?
"No, but she stung me for a wrist-watch."
Finding it necessary to take off weight to get in the movies, I secured four copies of Film Fun and in four months I took off 200 pounds and enough clothing to become a bathing girl.—Addie Post Ishew.

Before I took Film Fun I was so unattractive that nobody invited ever came to my parties.

Are you lean? Are you fat? Does your life seem dull and flat? We have got a cure for that! Are you much too short or tall, are your feet too large or small—we will cure you, one and all. Herewith we present to you samples of the work we do making people over new. Read the testimony, be a-wakened to the Big Idea—Film Fun is a panacea!

With an eye to improving my appearance, I took a couple of copies of Film Fun when the newsdealer wasn’t looking. Now nobody can tell me from Barrymore.—Owen T. Plane.
Not only was I too skinny, but I had a small head for business. Three copies of Film Fun, in which I was featured, swelled me all up and gave me a head big enough for the movie business. — A. Newman.

Since taking it, I'm so fascinating everybody comes to my parties without being invited. — Hal E. Tozes.

Taking

POSED BY WALTER MERS.

POSED BY NORMA SHEARER.

POSED BY NORMA SHEARER.

POSED BY GLORIA SWANSON.

POSED BY LUPINO LANE.

I was a coal digger, digging black diamonds out of bunkers. After taking Film Fun a little while I became a gold digger, digging white diamonds out of bankers. — Goldie Gymme.

Before taking Film Fun my appearance was a little drab. After taking it I just shifted the letters around and became a little darb. — Ima Behr.

Before taking Film Fun I was undersize and in company I was a little stiff. After taking five copies, I grew so much that now people call me a big stiff. — Orville Little.
Richard—Watch out, Con! You struck a match on the gas tank.

Con—It's all right. This is a safety match.

Phil—Gonna see the play?

Cliff—What is it?

"Clothes."

"Naw; I think I'll take in a burlesque show."

Man—My boy, if you had six caramels and I asked you for three, how many would you have left?

Big Boy—Six!
Olive says the ocean is moaning because she stepped on its undertow. Surfs it right!

Carle — Doctor, the other physician who looked at me yesterday disagreed with you on the diagnosis. He said—
Doctor—There, there, never mind. I’m sure the autopsy will prove I was right.
Captain—Come and dine with me tomorrow evening, old man.

Lige—Afraid I can't; I'm going to see Hamlet.

"Never mind, bring him along too."

POISED BY LOUISE DRESSER AND NORMA SHEARER.
IN "HIS SECRETARY," PRODUCED BY METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.

Norma—I complimented Margaret on her voice once, and she hasn't spoken to me since.

Louise—What did you say?

"I just told her I thought she was a howling success."

Page 36

POISED BY LIGE CONLEY AND OTHERS.
IN "LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING," PRODUCED BY E. D. NATIONAL.

Boy—My father says we are descended from apes.

Mary—Your private family matters have no interest for me!

POISED BY MARY PICKFORD AND A BOY.
IN "SCRAPS," PRODUCED BY UNITED ARTISTS.

Anna—I want a chair that's big enough for two.

Huntly—Any chair is big enough for two, if you know how to sit in it.
Read the Knees for Understanding

Put the knees and heads together
Till you find out who is who,
It's an kneezy thing to do.

Put the knees and heads together
Till you find out who is who,
It's an kneezy thing to do.

PHRENOLOGY gets a bump on
the bean.
Palmistry gets its hands slapped.
Physiognomy gets a biff in the face.

A learned professor tells us that
these methods of reading character
are out—
Kneeology is the bees knees now.
This Prof. says that you can
read anybody's character in his or
her knees, particularly hers.

Every dimple is a treat—we
should say trait.
Knock-knees show a mean dispo-
sition. Bow-knees indicate broad
views. Stiff knees show an un-
bending will.

In fact, knees show—
Yes indeed, they certainly do.
show with skirts as they are—or
aren't.

Observe the knees, says the
learned savant.
Which is our idea of superfluous
advice. As if we hadn't been ob-
serving 'em, as if anybody who
isn't being led around by a little
dog could help observing 'em.

As to reading character by the
knees—that would have to be de-
cided by a joint comission.

They may look like
knock-knees, but
they're bone knees.

Warm heart, but an
ice knee.

Right up to date,
knees with the latest
wrinkle.

An kneezy way to
save money.

The banker's
daughter, she has
mon-knees.

A savage pair—aborigines.

A prudish type—
just skirts the sub-
ject.

A bouncing girl,
even her garters are
elastic.

A critical disposi-
tion—knock-knees.

Who's knees are
d these? I don't know
who can totem.
Alaska.

Whose knees are
these? I don't know
who can totem.
Alaska.

Phrenoology gets a bump on
the bean.
Palmistry gets its hands slapped.
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just skirts the sub-
ject.

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even her garters are
elastic.

A critical disposi-
tion—knock-knees.

Who's knees are
these? I don't know
who can totem.
Alaska.
POSED BY DOROTHY KNAPP, APPEARING IN EARL CARROLL’s “VANITIES.” PHOTO BY DE MIRJIAN.

Dorothy says that when the modern girl is jilted she doesn’t take it to heart.
She takes it to court.

POSED BY DAVID MORRIS, BILLY BEVAN, AND NATALIE KINGSTON, IN ROACH’S “FIGHT NIGHT.” RELEASED BY PATHÉ.

DAVID—And do you think you could live on thirty-five a week, Natalie?

NATALIE—Yes, David, but what are you going to live on?

POSED BY ROD LA ROQUE, STAR FOR CECIL DEMILLE.

Rod says that his dog is so good he calls him a holy terrier.

POSED BY CLYDE COOK AND VIVIEN OAKLAND, IN ROACH’S “WIFE TAMERS,” RELEASED BY PATHE.

CLYDE—How did you get that bump on your head?

VIVIEN—Oh, that’s where a thought struck me.
Film Fun's Komic Kaption Kontest

THIRD Heat!

Another set of five pictures for which you can write Komic Kaptions.

Five more Ten Dollarses, any one of which you may Kapture.

Each of these five pictures is numbered. For the best kaption for each picture FILM FUN offers a prize of Ten Dollars.

Polish up the brain cells, oil the old thinking machine, and send us your funniest kaptions. Number them to correspond with the pictures they're intended to fit.

You can win only one prize, but the more you send in the better are your chances—and kaptions that don't happen to land a ten buck prize we may nevertheless buy for use elsewhere. So you've got a double chance to kash in on your kaptions, kwips or jokes.

FILM FUN's editor will be the judge of the merit of the kaptions submitted. In case of a tie for any prize each of the two or more winning contestants will be awarded the full ten dollar prize.

Once again—number your kaptions to correspond with the numbers on the pictures. Submit as many kaptions as you please. Send them to Editor, Komic Kaption Kontest, FILM FUN, 627 W. 43d St., New York.

Kaptions for this month's contest must be in this office by June 1. Winners will be announced in the August issue, out July 1. Winners of the first (April issue contest) are announced in this issue.
"How can I obtain Success? How can I gain fortune, fame and things?" Those are questions every young man or woman asks himself or herself as the case may be respectively. He or she may not ask him or herself those questions every hour, or even every day, but sometime, somewhere, when he or she is not playing pool or bridge, or when he or she is not riding to hounds or playing polo or shaking the dogs in a jazzy—sometime when there is nothing else to do, he or she is bound to ask himself or herself, "How can I improve myself? How can I reach the opulence and luxury to which I would like to become accustomed?" The answer is PERSONALITY. If a person has PERSONALITY a person can get anywhere. If a person hasn't PERSONALITY a person must go out and get PERSONALITY. How? Where? Film Fun tells you. Film Fun shows you. Study this course in PERSONALITY presented on this page and you can try for any job. You can try for the presidency or for the Follies, depending on whether you are a he or she, as aforesaid. So achieve Personality, pick out your job and try and get it!
GET A JOB
System and Sign for a Sinecure

Syd Chaplin demonstrates how a rising young man never watches the clock.

Belle Bennett shows one way of applying for work. (P. S. She got the air.)

Securing the executioner's job is simple. You just hang around until you get it.

Earle Fox lays out the method for getting a job as bouncer.

Clara Bow could land almost any job. She's good in every line.
POSED BY JACK DAUGHERTY, EDWARD SEDWICK AND BLANCHE MEHAFFEY OFFSTAGE, WHILE MAKING "THE RUNAWAY EXPRESS," A UNIVERSAL-JEWEL.

JACK—Is that your new girl?
EDWARD—No, just the old one painted over.

POSED BY ARTHUR HOUUSMAN, IN "TOO MANY RELATIONS," PRODUCED BY FOX.

Arthur says Venus was supposed to be a rather swift lady, but there really was no arm to her.

A SCENE FROM "HOLD EVERYBODY," PRODUCED BY FOX.

HALLAM—How's business?
MAN ON CYCLE—Fine, I'm getting ready to retire. How's yours?
"Oh, same old grind!"
Lines That Lift Lips In Laughter
Film Funny Fooleries of the Rollicking Reel

“Madame Behave”
Christie
DAVID—Meet the wife—
but not too often.

“The Wedding Song”
Prod. Dist. Corp.
LEATRICE—Give me a
half hour and a negligee
and I bet I’ll land him.
Gladden—When in a tight
place, get into something
loose.

“Sea Horses”
Paramount
JACK—Any man who
thinks he understands a
woman is an idiot.
F*ck!—You can never
please them. You treat ’em
rough and they love you;
you love ’em and they treat
you rough.

“A Flaming Affair”
William Fox
HE came from a good
family but lost their
address.

“Oh! What a Nurse!”
Warner Bros.
THAT dame’s got calves
that only a cow could
love.
Ruth—Come in, boys, and help the Working Girls' Home.
Billy—We'd be glad to. How far away do they live?

Pose by Ruth Hiatt, Billy Bevan and Andy Clyde, in Sennett's "Wandering Willies," released by Pathé.

Ruth—Some one is running away with your wife.
Syd—What's he running for?

Pose by a dog and Syd Chaplin, in "Oh, What a Nurse!" produced by Warner Bros.

Norma—You brute, you have broken my heart.
He—Thank heaven! I thought it was a rib.

Pose by Norma Talmadge and a musician, in "Kiki," released by First National.

This One—I'm going to Paris for some gowns.
Man should be master in his own house or know the reason why. Lew says that most married men know the reason why.

Otto—What? Another raise? It's not six months since I gave you a raise to get married on.
Al—Yes, sir, but I want this one for a divorce.

Louise—Do you ever go riding with him?
Marjorie—Once in a blue moon.
"Humph! He always took me in a red flivver!"
Here Are the Komic Kracks That Kop the Kases

Winning Kaption for Picture No. 1.

"A Fine Leg Show—but Who'd Pay to See It?"

Ten Kases for this Komic Krack

go to

Bryant M. Brownell
P. O. Box 388
New Bedford, Mass.

Whee!

THE Wheezes are coming to town.

In fact they're already here.

Out of a shower of big jokes, little jokes, medium sized jokes, and just jokes that dropped down on the FILM FUN office during the month of March and right up to midnight, March 31, the five you read above were judged the best.

In other words the Film Fun Kaption Contest for April is over. The winners have their checks, we have the jokes, and you have the chance to read them above.

Maybe you think your Kaptions were funnier than these. Maybe they were, but we're only human and we picked what looked the best to us. And if your jokes didn't any of them land a prize, this time, it's a fair bet that they may already have kopped one of the ten dollarses offered in the May issue.

Four states, Ohio, New York, Michigan, Massachusetts, and the District of Columbia are represented by the winners in the April Komic Kaption Contest.

So you see FILM FUN plays no favorites. 'Smatter of fact, we didn't even look at the names and addresses until we'd picked the five winners.

Kwip that Kaptures the Koin for Picture No. 3.

"The Red Hot Mamma Loves Her Ice Cold Pop."

Ten Bucks for this bright bit of brilliancy to Raymond H. Welsh
170 Buffalo Street
Conneaut, Ohio

The Joke's the thing—absolutely. Doctor, Lawyer, Merchant, Chief, Rich Man, Poor Man, Beggar Man, Thief—(if he doesn't steal his jokes) — they've all got an equal chance in this Komic Kaption Kontest. FILM FUN doesn't look up the Kontestants in Bradstreet or Dun. Kontestants may be in Who's Who or in Who's Whosis, we don't care—if they ship in the kraziest kracks they'll kop the Kases. ALL ABOARD FOR THE JUNE KONTEST, LET'S GO!

Wheeze which Wins No. 4 in a Walk.

"Chauffeur—Hey, Boss, Be Careful—You All Is Losin' Yore Spare Tire!"

Ten Smacks for this to
Frank K. Young
929 West Seventh Street
Traverse City, Mich.

This Gag Grabs the Glory for Picture No. 2.

"When Eats Meats Vest."

Ten Simoleons are hereby slipped to
James A. Walker
Lambda Chi Alpha House
Colgate University
Hamilton, N. Y.

For perpetrating this pun publicly.

This Bonmot Brings the Bacon for Picture No. 5.

'The Girl Who Walked Home from an Auto Ride Gets Even.'

Ten Iron Men Awarded for this Jazzy Jest to
Martin Shepherd
2-5406 Connecticut Avenue
Chevy Chase, D. C.

Page 46
POSED BY GERTRUDE ASTOR AND LIONEL BARRYMORE, IN ROACH'S "WIFE TAMERS," RELEASED BY PATHE.

GERTRUDE—You talked in your sleep last night!
LIONEL—Excuse me for interrupting you.

POSED BY SEENA OWEN AND PRISCILLA DEAN. ON THE METROPOLITAN LOT.

Priscilla—What do they charge for a ticket to Ozone Park?
Seena—They don't charge anything. You pay cash or walk.

POSED BY J. P. LOCKNEY AND FRANKIE DARROW. IN "HEARTS AND SPANGLES." A GOTHAM PICTURE.

J. P.—So Miss Ethel is your oldest sister. Who comes after her?
Frankie—Nobody ain't come yet: but pa says the first fella who comes can have her.

POSED BY KALLA PASHA AND EVELYN SELBIE. IN "SILKEN SHACKLES." PRODUCED BY WARNER BROS.

Evelyn—If you were half the man you ought to be, you'd carry me to safety.
Kalla—Yes. And if you were half the woman you are, I'd try.
Louise—Chester, give me some money for an evening dress!
Chester—Where is the one you had?
"A moth has eaten it!"

Kathryn—I thought I told you to keep that break in the bathroom pipes a secret.
Hallam—I tried to but it leaked out.

Passenger—Do you stop at the Sherwood Apartments?
Sid—No, I can’t afford to.

Elinor—Can you perform on that thing?
William—No, but you tell me how and I’ll play accordionly.
They’re WILD about

HARRY LANGDON in

“Tramp, Tramp, Tramp”

IF laughs were worth a dollar it would cost you a million to see HARRY LANGDON in “Tramp, Tramp, Tramp”!

Harry’s the latest smile sensation. Everybody says so.

Look at those eyes—that mouth—those feet. . . . Yessir, he’s the arch-enemy of gloom and remorse—the reigning Comedy King!

“Tramp, Tramp, Tramp” is a step in the right direction of longer and louder Langdon Laughs.

For it’s HARRY LANGDON’S first 7-reel feature, presented by First National to a grateful, gleeful public who have had just a hint of his amusement-ability in 2-reel comedies.

“Tramp, Tramp, Tramp” is more fun than a joke-book!

If you’re a real fun-fan you’ll be waiting in line—at the box-office

—the first night they show HARRY LANGDON in “Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.”

Presented by HARRY LANGDON CORP.
M. M.—William Boyd joined the army of extras about five years ago. So you see he is not entirely new to the screen although you have noticed him in only two pictures. In "The Road to Yesterday" he played opposite Vera Reynolds, and his latest featured role is in "The Volga Boatman," the leading lady being Elinor Fair, whom he recently made his fair lady for life. The Boyd is about twenty-seven.

SWEET.—As you undoubtedly know, Svenska, some husbands are very uxorious, but we're sure James Rennie will not mind if you write Dorothy Glah for her picture at 485 Fifth Avenue, New York. By the bye, some one caught us up on "uxorious" and we had to pass it on. Bet you ten pesetas you guess wrong.

KIDDIE.—Baby Peggy Montgomery is outgrowing it. She's seven now, and lives in Hollywood with her family on the money she's made for them. She occasionally appears in a picture. Watch for her in "April Fool," released by Chadwick.

M. C. L.—"Mare Nostrum" means "Our Sea"—it isn't horse medicine. Yes, you saw the original and only "Mare Nostrum," Alice Terry is at present with her husband, Rex Ingram, at their studio at Nice, France, working on her next picture, untitled as yet.

Ranny.—Esther Ralston deserted the State of Maine for the state of matrimony with George Webb. Esther was born in Bar Harbor, Me., in 1902. Esther is five feet five inches and is one hundred and twenty-five pounds ringside. Just the blondest head you ever saw and blue eyes to match.

E. C. W.—Find out the name of the exhibitors in your town and address a letter of inquiry to them.

W. R. V.—Buck Jones may have been shooting pictures on the 101 Ranch in Oklahoma, but his birthplace is at Vincennes, Ind. Most all of his pictures have been produced by Fox. He lacks but one-quarter inch of being six feet and weighs about one hundred and twenty-five pounds. His hair is brown and his eyes are blue and his teeth are all of a pearly hue. Address him at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

S. F.—Some one made the wise crack that recent earthquakes in California might be due to Gilda Gray's shimmy. Her first picture for Paramount is "Aloma of the South Seas." Don't confuse this with "Moana of the South Seas," because Moana was a different gal entirely. Gilda and Gil Boag are married and live on Long Island.

PUZZLED.—Well, we should say that last name would be familiar to you. Kinar Meichkan is the 11th brother of Thomas Meighan. King is a T. B. M., who decided the movies were a better business. Columbia Pictures Corporation is presenting him in a series of pictures.
Dolores Costello, in The Little Irish Girl.

Roy D'Arcy, in "La Bohème."

Laura La Plante, in "Butterflies in the Rain."

Charles Rogers, in "Beau Geste."

Greta Garbo, in "The Temptress."

DEAH—Dolores Costello has played the lead in four pictures. "The Sea Beast," "The Mannequin," "Bride of the Storm," and "The Little Irish Girl." Dolores is nineteen, has light brown hair and brown eyes, and is, as you probably know, the daughter of Maurice Costello.

D. F. C.—With four opened reference books on our desk, we dug up a lot of dirt (not to say anything about the dust on our paws) about the fella they call Valentino. The earliest mention of Valentino in the cast of a motion picture is that of "Ambition," starring Dorothy Phillips, released July 6, 1918. One book says Universal, another says Fox. Produced it, take your choice. But what we really think is absolutely positively correct is this: he appeared in "A Society Sensation," produced and released by Universal October 6, 1918. During the early part of 1919 he appeared in two Mae Murray specials, "The Big Little Person" and "The Delicious Little Devil." As to whether his roles were featured or not, we can't say. June Mathis discovered him, and "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" came out in February, 1920, with a new star launched in the filmament. Then came "The Sheik," and from there on you know the rest. To-day he is hard at work on "Son of the Sheik." We don't take stamps for our labor (the boss prefers to pat us on the back) but you can forward $2 to our Subscription Department and receive the lovely little Film Fun once every month for one year. Yours for bigger and better Sheiks.

HENRYETTE.—The smiling and devilish villain in "La Bohème" that threatens the fragile Lilian Gish is Roy D'Arcy. In "The Merry Widow" he was the Crown Prince that laid siege to Mae Murray's favor. In real life, Roy is married to the daughter of the vice-president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures.

L. N. M.—Your favorite movie star, Laura La Plante, was born at St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 1, 1904. She is five feet two inches tall and weighs about one hundred and ten pounds. Blonde hair, clipped very short and dimples that beggar description. Universal is giving her a nice big role in "Butterflies in the Rain." No, Laura is a bachelor girl.

J. W.—Herbert Rawlinson heads the cast in "The Millionaire Policeman" with Eva Novak.

X. L.—Charles "Buddy" Rogers, whom you saw in "Fascinating Youth," is to appear in Gloria Swanson's picture "Fine Manners." Buddy is one of the sixteen graduates of the Paramount School of Acting, and from all indications is well started on the road where all good actors travel. His home town is Olathe, Kan., and for three years he attended the University of Kansas, at the same time appearing in college orchestras with his little trombone. He is twenty-five, black hair and dark eyes.

E. F. T.—A typical Scandinavian type, blonde and possessed of rare physical charm—that's Greta Garbo. She is now at work on "The Temptress," opposite Antonio Moreno. Two years ago Greta first appeared in "The Story of Gosta Berling," a Scandinavian film. Louis B. Mayer persuaded her to come to America, and she is now under contract to Metro-Goldwyn.

Quick, Easy Way to Become an Artist

THOUSANDS are now learning to draw who never dreamed they could. Wonderful short-cut method makes it easy for anyone to learn illustrating, Commercial Designing and Cartooning at home in spare time.

Earn big money as an artist. Good artists are in tremendous demand by Magazines, Advertisers, Newspapers, Department Stores, etc. Salaries from $50 to over $300 a week are gladly paid them! And now you can easily become an artist. Now you can easily enter this fascinating big paying field.

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The simplicity of this method is astonishing. You will be amazed at your rapid progress. From simple straight lines and curves, you soon learn to make drawings that sell. It's just like a game—learning to draw at home this way. All your work receives through the mail the individual criticism of one of America's most successful artists. It's fun learning—and almost before you realize it, you are able to make real professional drawings.

Coupon Brings FREE BOOK

A new handsomely illustrated book has just been printed, which gives all the most up-to-date information on the thousands of wonderful opportunities in Commercial Art and Illustration. It shows how this startling simple method enables you to enter this field. It tells about our students—their success—what they say about their actual reproductions of their work—how they made big money even while studying. This attractive book will be sent without cost or obligation. Send for it. Mail coupon now.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
Room 376-D, 1115-15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
ARTISTIC TALENT
+Perseverance = Success

Compare the small drawing at the left made by George Halman Ray before studying with us and the Cover Design at the right which was made recently. Note the wonderful improvement brought about by the right kind of training.

His is an interesting story. When eighteen, he was employed as Indian interpreter and storekeeper at Robinson's Bay, one hundred miles beyond the railroad. In summer his mail was carried by canoe; in winter by dog sleigh.

Perseverance—Then Success

He says: "My cousin sent me a magazine which contained an advertisement telling about the Federal Course. I was fortunate enough to get several jobs in trapping I was doing with an old rifle. I used the money to start the course. I had absolutely no other art training except the Federal lesson. I worked faithfully at the course I got an art job in Winslow, then with the St. Paul Dispatch and now I am here in Chicago operating a studio of my own. I owe my start in illustrating entirely to the Federal Course. I am still studying and find Federal text-books and co-operation as valuable as ever."

Get Busy

Compare your opportunity with the difficulties under which Halman labored, consider how much easier you can gain success equal to his by studying under Federal tutors, your leading artists such as Old Smith, Nega, McNeill, Fontaine Fox, Charles Livingston Bull, Clare Briggs and many others.

Five thousand publishers are looking for skilled artists at this pay. Step out boldly into the "ROAD TO BRILLIANT THINGS!" like dozens of others have done under Federal tutoring. Just write your name, age and address on the margin, mail it to us and we will send you a copy of the book free. Do it right now while you're thinking about it.

FILLUMCRITS

Tell us what you think of what you see. FILM FUN will print your review on this page and award a year's subscription to FILM FUN for the best criticisms, in our opinion, printed each month. Keep it down under 150 words. Address, Film Fun's Fillumcrits, 627 West 33rd Street, New York City.

"The Siren of Seville"

With "The Siren of Seville" we've Priscilla back again.

As a bright-eyed peasant lass in a tale of Sunny Spain. She is sparkling as Dolores with her scintillating verve. She makes one laugh and thrill to see her ready wit and nerve.

Allan Forrest plays the hero to our Priscilla Dean. You can see he loves the radiance and laughter in her mien. There's a sensuous enchantress, and a villain cold and vile; there are bullfights staged right thrillingly to thrill you all the while.

There's no cause for reprimanding; Storm directs with understanding. And the cast responds commendably with zeal.

It's Miss Dean's first independent, And 'tis charmingly resplendent! In an atmosphere done colorfully real.

—A. Theodore Baxt, New York City

"Dance Madness"

A FINE box office title for one of the silliest pictures ever produced—yet one that is highly entertaining! Conrad Nagel, who shows rare genius at comedy, and Claire Windsor, pretty and bewitching, help to rescue this film. The settings, photography and direction are splendid.

Claire Windsor is the wife who engineers stereotyped movie situations to keep her straying hubby—Conrad Nagel. But who can blame him for straying in Paris, surrounded by a bevy of beauties? Claire does a series of vamp stunts that should class her with the best of 'em, and wins back the errant Conrad, who has fallen for a sensational dancer. This dancer is the rage of Paris—but then Paris is so full of rages it could start to syndicate them. Unlike the rest of them this "rage" refuses attention and flattery, which is not true movie form.
Snappy, sparkling, hilarious, amusing, ridiculous comedy, but not at all bad!—Irving Weisser, Brooklyn, N.Y.

"Introduce Me"

Not since the days of "Twenty-three and a Half Hours Leave" has Douglas MacLean given us anything so screamingly funny as "Introduce Me."

After several years of almost complete inactivity, Doug has come back to the screen in a role in which the fans want to see him. And he has scored a square hit in "Introduce Me."

With his amazing penchant for blundering into ludicrous situations only equalled by the equally blundering manner in which he escapes their consequences, Doug is a riot in "Introduce Me."

The whole picture is a scream. Every scene contains a laugh, and the whole is the most enjoyable thing seen in many moons.—Thomas E. Pate, Albany, Ga.

"Percy"

I doubt if this picture is of very recent release, and perhaps review of it will be thought most untimely, yet it appealed to me and I found it very interesting. "Percy," taken from the story, "The Desert Fiddler," by William H. Hamby, is a neat little attraction of the serio-comic variety, containing humor, human appeal, a little love interest, a few thrills, a little fighting and excitement, and a few brief glimpses of desert life. "Holy Joe," the itinerant preacher who sells bibles in religious towns and packs of playing cards elsewhere, is a most picturesque and comical character, but nevertheless a most efficient man in a pinch. The fact that the leading rôle is played by Charles Ray perhaps needs no further comment. As "Percy," the boy prodigy, and later, the desert fiddler and man, he is all you might expect him to be—and perhaps just a little bit more! The manner in which he proves himself all man, in spite of an over-solicitous mother and a San Francisco siren in the person of Betty Blythe, is very satisfactory, and when it comes to loving and winning the beautiful heroine at the finish—well, Percy's all there, and he gets the job. —Kenneth Young, Traverse City, Mich.

"Soul Fire"

I have heard "Soul Fire." It is very pleasing to "the ear of the eye!" This "symphony" is a charm-

Note—SILPH will not work any overnight miracle, neither will it take off twenty pounds in one week, but chew it regularly and see for yourself how much you can take off—SILPH sells at all good drug or dept. stores for 50c a box. If your druggist is out of it send direct to the SILPH CO., 9 W. 60th St., Dept. 11A, New York City.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

SILPH is the name of the original and genuine. The only one we personally guarantee to be safe and harmless.

"Girl With Most Perfect Figure in America"

says

"Chew SILPH if you want to be Slender and Well"

ARE YOU TOO FAT?

Why not give a chance to SILPH?—See what it can do for you—You chew SILPH like ordinary Gum!

Safe—Easy—Pleasant

No diets—no exercises—no dangerous drugs

Louise Mote—winner of contest for most perfect girl in America, advises SILPH Reducing Gum to the woman who cares to get a beautiful figure.
ing innovation for the film fan. A fruitful attempt to picturize music. Successful! Yes! But it required "composers" of real ability and sense of "rhyme and rhythm" to produce this masterpiece. In less skillful hands a "jangling, discordant tune" would have been the result! Barthelmess rises to newer heights in this achievement. For John S. Robertson has wielded his baton, and obtained a perfect unison of tone and overtones—a Music of the Spheres.

No doubt, much of our praise should be credited to Josephine Lovett who reset the story from "Great Music" into a more beautiful-silent "overture." The jumping in the continuity, from each episode back to the music hall, is a pleasing novelty. We do derive great music from "Soul Fire." See it.—Myer Cohen, Kansas City, Mo.

"Daughters of Pleasure"

This is more or less a "fan" picture, the personnel proving a bait for the ardent, even with such an absurd and glamorous title. Sifting it down to the point the picture is very good entertainment for frequenters of the silent drama. Marie Prevost and Monte Blue are excellent, and the supporting cast is almost perfect. The plot is chiefly about a philandering husband with an old-fashioned wife and a far from such daughters. After pap has had some months of riotous fun, whom should he encounter but his offspring, both being rather indiscreetly accompanied at the time. Daughter naturally resents the fact that her father had dared criticize her companions when he himself was no stern old saint, and if certain actions fall rather flat in the face of such tremendous odds. With the sneering remark, "like father, like daughter," she flounces on her way to ruin and Monte's retreat in the mountains. Kind fate, however, which is always ready to assist the scenario writer, provides a smash-up in front of a quaint little rectory, and, of course, the day is saved so that mamma and reformed papa may give the dear children their blessing in the last reel. Rather sticky, but as stated, a wonderful characterization is given in every instance by the players, even to the scamp who makes out of a thankless bit a realistic and humorous personage.—Carolyn Johnson, Memphis, Tenn.

What's In A Name?

A MOVE whereby screen actors would retain their own names for their screen characterizations has been inaugurated by Gaston Glass, member of the all-star cast now at work in "Molasses," First National picture.

In suggesting this idea, Glass pointed out that a forger's seldom give attention to the name of the character in a screen play. If Douglas Fairbanks enacts the part of "Don Q," for example, the fans don't think of him during the picture as "Don Q," but continue to think of him as Douglas Fairbanks.

Glass says that every member of the cast should retain his or her own name on the screen. He feels that this would do more to cultivate realism than does the present method of giving each player fictitious names.

We might make humorous comment on this but—"Oh, hell, it's perfect."

Oh, Does She?

MARGARET LIVINGSTON

coins words with the abandon of a Kipling. Asked to classify the vampish-flapper rôle she enacts in her first starring vehicle for Fox Films, "Hell's Four Hundred," she answered with the readiness of a lexicographer, "It's a 'Flamp' rôle."

... Oh, is it?
Ben Lyon Has Six Birthplaces

Tis well known and an established fact that a person can only be born in one town or city or country.

However, Ben Lyon, First National featured player, made a check-up the other day and discovered that according to the various newspapers and magazines and boosting organizations of bustling cities, he was born in six cities!

Altoona, Pa., Atlanta, Ga., Baltimore, Md., High Point, N. C., Los Angeles, Calif., and Bridgeport, Conn., are the six cities named.

...Altoona claims Ben was born in Atlanta, Atlanta aver he was born in Baltimore, Baltimore claims High Point as Ben's natal town, High Point claims—well, finish it yourself.

Pegasus, Jr.

Here's a poem by young Keats, alias Alfred Callisto.

It is dedicated to the strong and silent Mr. Mix, of the Broad Open Spaces, where men are cowboys: Tom Mix is the cowboy king, A man who's got some pep and sting.

When it comes to shooting up the town.

You'll always find that Tom's around.

Tom has a trick horse, Tony, A warin', rantin', he cow pony.

And say, can Tony act
What I mean, that's a sure enough fact:

Tom's a good actor and Tony, too.

And their best picture I've seen is

"The Lucky Horseshoe."

...Which proves that Alfred is as good a poet as Tom is an actor.

Know Any More Jokes?

May McAvoY slipped a good joke across on Ben Lyon down in Florida the other day while they were there shooting exterior scenes for "The Savage," which Earl Hudson is producing for First National.

Ben had to grow a large-sized beard for this picture, as he is the savage. Tiring of being the center of all eyes, Ben decided to have some company, so he offered a prize of fifty dollars for the member of the unit who could grow the longest beard before starting back for New York. The race was on and Ben was not so conspicuous.

Came the judging day. A very tiny young man with a beard a foot in length walked up to Ben, Earl Hudson and Director Fred Newmeyer to have his beard to be measured. Ben let out a yell. The prize was handed to the young man forthwith and with no questions asked.

Then May removed her false beard. She had dressed like a man and donned the beard to put one over on Ben.

... If these movie people don't stop their funny, funny tricks we'll simply laugh ourselves sick! Ooh, gosh! Ooh, golly!

Dogged Persistence

Three days work to make a dog curl his upper lip right!

That is what was required during the filming of one scene in "Men of Steel." In this scene Milton Sills, the star, fights with a big police dog. The fight went off according to schedule. But a close-up was wanted showing the dog with his upper lip curled upward in a particular fashion. Three days of constant effort on the part of Sills, Director Archambeau and Assistant Director Al Lena were required before the dog gave the proper curl. Such is the patience required in the movies.

... And such is the time wasted in the movies.

Without question

Because it costs us more to make Fatima the retail price is likewise higher. But would men continue to pay more, do you think, except for genuinely increased enjoyment? The fact cannot be denied—they do continue.

Boy, How Come?

Dorothy Devere got more than a loving and devoted husband when she recently was married to A. Wylie Mather. She gained considerable of a business asset.

Mr. Mather is owner of the controlling interest in the Consolidated Amusements Company, operators of all the theaters in Hawaii, of which there are about one hundred. Among these are three that are larger and more elaborate than the Million Dollar Theater of this city. This information is probably unique to those who believed that Hawaii boasted few modern buildings and luxuries.

... We've lived in Hawaii. If there are one hundred movie houses there, we have fifty fingers on each hand. The biggest theater in Honolulu is a fine house, but it's no "Million Dollar" one. Page Baron Munchhausen.

Page 53
nion in the morning the whole “Oh, Baby!” company was on the set, washed, dressed and made up. Director Harley Knoles had by the hand a beautiful little girl with golden curls.

Enter Ethel Shannon, fresh from Hollywood. It was her first day at work, and as yet she was vague as to what the story was all about.

“Miss Shannon,” spoke the director, “I want you to meet my little daughter!”

“Oh, isn’t she the darlingest thing!”

Then to Billy in that patronizing tone that nice children bear so patiently from their elders:

“And how are you-o-o-o feeling to-day?”

“Pretty damn hungry—that’s how!” bellowed Little Billy, sticking a cigar in the corner of his mouth. “You see, I got my weight down to fifty-seven pounds. Last night I ate a piece of heavy cake and now I weigh fifty-eight—so nothing but hot water for breakfast to-day!”

When Ethel recovered from the shock she managed to answer as Little Billy asked how she liked his own Broadway.

“New York’s a grand and glorious city!” she rhapsodized, “where men know the wide open places—I love it! Last night I went to a night club. They use everything to hold you up but knives—and they can’t use them ‘cause all the big butter and egg men are eating with them!”

But life in the studio isn’t all it’s wise-cracked up to be. There’s work to be done, my lads, so heave ho!

Sixteen Jackie Coogans and Baby Peggie between the ages of four and eight were working, and the director was having more trouble than if he were dealing with a continental, temperamental, oriental actress who was undecided whether to announce her engagement to Charlie Chaplin or be robbed of a hundred thousand dollars worth of priceless gems. (Priceless is right!)

At the moment Mr. Knoles was pretty well convinced that the rising generation was on the decline. He was optimistically seeking a child who could speak a piece, but not one knew a darn parlor trick but the Charleston!

One of the future Rudies was a dark-haired, handsome boy of six.

“Come here, Valentino!” Mr. Knoles commanded.

“Look here, my name’s not Val- entino!” protested the embryonic Barrymore. “My name is Warren Whittington McColllum. For this Valentino person, who is he? I never heard of him!”

That for “The Sheik” and “The Son of the Sheik!”

WARREN WHITTINGTON MCCOLLM apparently doesn’t give a snap of his small fingers for publicity. In his future stardom he’s one actor you’ll never see feeding strawberry shortcake to photoplay editors in January. An interviewer for a New York paper, having noticed the details of Producer Al Lichtman’s career, approached young Mr. McColllum.

“You have been in pictures before?”

A terse “Yes!”

“What ones, lately?”

“Really, I can’t go into all that now—I’ve got to rehearse this scene!”

Here’s a news beat on the interviewer. Mr. Warren Whittington McColllum played in “Just Suppose,” “The New Klondike” and “A Kiss for Cinderella.” At the same time he was appearing in “Embers,” a Broadway show.

Something had to be done to restore the interviewer to humor, so we decided upon lunch in Madge Kennedy’s dressing-room, with Floren Finch as one of the guests. The latter is just as genial, just as funny as the day way back in 1908 when she made her screen début in a one-reel super-special with John Bunny called “The New Stenographer.” She amused us with anecdotes of the good old days when Broncho Billy, Maurice Costello, Florence Turner and Lillian Walker were the idols of the screen.

And then to show that she knows all about the up-to-date players too, she did an incomparable imitation of the octopus in “Mare Nostrum.”

In a studio the hour for lunch is over in thirty minutes. Then we were heard strains of soft music from the two-piece orchestra that was supplying inspiration to a perfectly dumb actress, even a press agent would have to admit that. She’s a cocker-spaniel named Lassie, and at that particular moment she was being coaxed into eating a plate of ice cream. Before the close-up was taken she demanded six rehearsals, and then when the crucial time came she deliberately
got out of focus. Not so dumb if you can combine business and pleasure like that.

Little Billy stood by trying to hold his own in an argument with Clarence Sunshine, another member of the cast. Although Clarence at the tender age of fifteen (and with a name like that!) weighs only two hundred and ninety pounds, he supplies a ton of comedy to "Oh, Baby!"

"Hey, Billy, what's all this shootin' for? Does he owe you money? I asked.

"Not that!" answered the diminutive star, "but what's worse. He says he's going to be a heavyweight fighter some day, and all I told him was that if that's so

he's gotten away to a whale of a start!"

"Phone call for the press agent! On the wire was an editor who was up the previous day. At that time we called the picture "Charley's Niece," and he just heard that we had changed the title to "Oh, Baby!"

"Why did you allow me to leave before it happened," he groaned. "For ten years it's been my ambition to be present at a title changing—just to know why it's done. And now you go and let me miss it by ten minutes!"

Well, life can't be all sunshine—even for me. So, a trifle wilted in spirits, I went back to the set and waited for the next laugh!

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Now You Can Make Your Own

How is a picture made?
Well, if you honestly, cross-your-heart want to know, Ray Rockett of First National will tell you.

Fold your hands, take your feet off the desk in front of you, don't whisper or fidget, and Ray will tell you all about it.

If the little boy in the back of the room doesn't stop pinching that little girl's— if he doesn't stop pinching that little girl he may leave the room. Now, Ray, speak your piece.

"Well," says Ray, and you could hear a bunch of sleighbells drop, it is so silent,
"First you get your story. Buy it, beg it, write it, s-a-seek it everywhere, but GET IT.

POSED BY KATHERINE GRANT AND FRANK BUTLER, IN "TOL'ABLE ROWEO," A PATHÉ-ROACH COMEDY.

FRANK—Night after night he gazes up at the stars. It is his very work, his life interest.
KATHERINE—I know a boy like that. He plays the piano in a movie.

"Then you get a scenario writer, and he and the producer talk it over and decide what's to be done with it. Sometimes they change the title and keep the idea, sometimes they throw away the idea and keep the title, sometimes they throw away the idea and the title and start from there.

"Then the scenario writer writes the script.

"The whole story is broken into scenes and a rough working scene is described and worked out and placed down in the script with the accompanying subtitles, which are usually only temporary. When finished this script is like an architect's drawings or plans for the making of a building. And it is given to the man who will direct the picture.

"Next—the cast is selected. "After that the art director and the property man figure the cost of sets and props. The director estimates the time, salaries of actors, extras, cameramen, assistant cameramen, deputy cameramen, electricians, assistant electricians, deputy electricians—they're great on 'assistants' and 'deputies' in the movies—scene shifters, carpenters, location hunters, secretaries, executives, yes-yes men and others.
Then transportation, costumes, rent of outdoor locations, etc., etc., and so on, must be figured. And when it's all added up that's the budget.

'It always costs more than that, but anyhow that's the budget.'

"Then they start the picture. If it's studio stuff they can figure pretty exactly how much they can do in a given time. But if it's outdoor location work—boy, anything can happen. It may rain and make a two-day scheduled of shots stretch over two weeks. Somebody may be ill and jam the works. Essential properties may be delayed in transit. And salaries and hotel bills go on just the same.

"However, on time or late, the shooting is finally done. Then the film goes to the film editor and the
cutters, who hack it down to proper length—for a film is always twice or three times as long as it should be. Also it's a jumble when it leaves the lot, and has to be assembled and arranged. Then comes the titling—the 'Came-the daws' and the 'That nights' and the gags that you may or may not laugh over. After which the negative is shipped away for printing, turned over to the distributors and sold, heaven helping, to the exhibitors.

'That's the finish for the producer and director. They have a sigh of relief, and meet the 'Dawn of a New To-morrow' with nothing to do but start all over again on a new picture. Gosh, ain't life wonderful!'"
Ye Editor Goes to Ye Movies
(Continued from page 20)

We've been one of the Missourians where this “Art of the Moving Picture” stuff is concerned. One or two films like the “Big Parade” had us weakening a little in our feminism, but things like the “Dixie Merchant” and “Memo- 

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gather that we liked "The Tor-\r\nrent."

"Mare Nostrum"

MARE NOSTRUM, foiled by \nBlasco Ibáñez, is a very slow \nmotion picture, featuring Alice \nTerry, Antonio Moreno and an \nocopus. The octopus is quite con-\nvincing. The story is about one \nCaptain Ferragut, descendant of \nan old Spanish family of sea-\nThe, who, according to the sub-
titles and the worried expression \nregistered by Señor Moreno is \non the verge of bankruptcy. Then \n"Came the War" and a new day for \nboth Captain Ferragut and the \nshipping industry.

Alice Terry, as an agent of \nthe German secret service, meets \nthe gallant Spanish captain just as \nbusiness is picking up. He is \nvamped away from wife and fires-\nside and consents to aid the Ger-\nman Government in their misun-\nderstanding with the Allies.

Retribution is hot on the Cap-\ntain's heels, however, as the as-\n\nsistance he renders a U boat in the \nMediterranean enables it to tor-\npedo a steamship on which his only \nson is a passenger.

In the meantime, the head of the \nGerman Secret Service discovers \nthat agent Alice has fallen in love \nwith Captain Ferragut, and so has \nher sent to Paris where she is \ncought by the French authorities \nand sentenced to be shot. The \n\nsighting takes place with Alice \n\nTerry dressed in gorgeous furs, \nthe entire French Army on guard \nduty, and all the Metro-Goldwyn \nextras blowing bugs.

** **

To avenge the death of his son, \nCaptain Ferragut equips his Ves-\n
sels for fighting and patrols the \nMediterranean looking for the U \nboat. Then in a heavy storm the \nU boat torpedoes Ferragut's ship \nand Ferragut in turn sinks the U \nboat with a lucky shot just as his \nvessel founders.

"Mare Nostrum" is a frankly \ntragic movie and all the principals \nare neatly killed off. But even so \nthe directional desire for a fade-\nout kiss was irresistible, so the \nfinal picture shows the spirit of \nAntonio linking slowly down through the green waters of the \nMediterranean to embrace its \namoreto and so to gladden the \nhearts of all ardent little fans.

FRECKLES

Tells How to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots and Have a Beautiful Complexion

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Ostheine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Ostheine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it, night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Ostheine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

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Have a Heart—Art

ART is a noble thing.

Art who?

ART—just ART.

We're for it. We believe in a lot of Art. We just can't get enough of it. We go to bed saying, "Have we had enough Art today?" Sometimes the answer is "No" and sometimes it's "Not quite," but it is never "Yes, indeed."

And when we rise in the morning we say to ourselves, "We must get more Art into our life today. Here are sixteen waking hours before us, each with sixty golden minutes, each minute composed of sixty jeweled seconds—let us make each hour, each minute, each second contribute to the precious cause of Art."

So you see how we stand on Art. Yes, sir, Art's our Baby! BUT, there are many, many, kinds of Art. There's the Art of Opera, and the Art of Painting, and the Art of the Modiste, and the Art of the Drama, and the Art of Vaudeville, and Orchestral Art, and Arts and Crafts, and Arts and Flowers, and the Art of Terpsichore, and, finally, the Art of the Movies.

And we, personally, like to take our Arts one at a time. We have a one-track mind, and when we have eight or ten kinds of Art pushed at us at once we get all confused and our mind runs off on sidetracks and gets switched all around the yards.

We now arrive at what we really want to say. Which is that we think a lot of the swell-elegant movie houses are forgetting which Art they represent. They're becoming all cluttered up with miscellaneous Arts.

And where does it get them? Echo answers, where? If the picture is a good picture—or a popular picture (they are usually the same thing, but not always) the box office grosses heavy, if it's a flop picture, the box office gets anemic. And all the other Arts that decorate the place don't add a dollar to anything but the expenses.

We went to see a movie the other day. It was a picture we'd heard a lot of good things about. We arrived during the overture. It was William Tell, or something. The Philharmonic Orchestra couldn't have played it better. But we didn't come to hear the Philharmonic Orchestra.

Next we saw a gorgeous Ballet. Pavlova hasn't a thing on any of those girls. But we didn't come to see Pavlova.

Then we were offered a stunning Pantomime.

After that a bunch of Jubilee singers who certainly could co a mean falsetto.

Following which came a lady straight from grand opera, and a baritone from the same source. On top of that a tabloid musical comedy. Wonderful scenery, good dancing, and fair-to-middling vocalism.

But we squirmed in our seat. We didn't come to see pantomime except on the screen. We didn't come to hear Jubilee singers, or grand opera or musical comedy. As aforesaid, we like our Arts one at a time. And we came to see an example of the Movie Art. We came to see a Picture.

We saw it—it was a good picture. But by the time it flashed on the screen we were tired and impatient. We were all fed up with six or eight other Arts, and if it hadn't been practically a perfect picture we would have gone away with Art Indigestion and probably panned the movie even when it shouldn't have been panned.

Maybe we're different from the average Movie patron, but we doubt it. We don't mind a little incidental music—in fact we recognize its necessity, but we could cheerfully dispense with the six or eight or fifteen other Arts that weary our mind and tire our ears and eyes before we get down to the real Business (parson us, the "Real Art") for which we go to Picture House, viz., THE PICTURE.

Art is long, say you?

To our simple taste the Art that is flung at us from the movie house stage preliminary to the PICTURE itself is altogether too doggone long. Whaddya say?

T.H.E greatest trouble with the motion picture business is that there are too many people engaged in the business of telling each other what the greatest trouble with the motion picture business is," says Ned A. Sparks, former stage star who is making a name for himself as a screen comedian. To which we can only echo: "Boy, you said it."
**Starlets Are Let Loose**

**SIXTEEN ill-t moving picture actors and actresses just graduated from the Famous Players Movie School. What’s more important, they’re all starting in with contracts at $75 a week apiece.**

Jesse Lasky gave 'em his blessing and a lot of fatherly advice, and now all they need to do to get their own Rolls-Royces is to become stars.

Watch 'em and see. Write these names down on your cuff or carve them on the dining-room table, and a year from now maybe you’ll be able to say “I knew them when they were nothing but movie freshmen.”

The names of the graduates are: Ivy Harris of Atlanta; Josephine Dunn, New York; Iris Gray, Wichi-
ta; Thelda Kenvin, Brooklyn; Jeanne Morgan, Medford Hillsdale, Mass.; Dorothy Nourse, Roxbury, Mass.; Mona Palma, New York; Thelma Todd, Lawrence, Mass.; Charles Rogers, Olathe, Kan.; Robert Andrews, New York; Greg Blackton, Brooklyn; Charles Bro-
kaw, Columbus, O.; Claude Buchan, Boston; Walter Goss, New York; Irving Hartley, New York; Jack Luden, Reading, Pa.

**How They Get That Way**

**LEWIS STONE got into pictures because an actor in his uncle’s company was taken ill.**

Barbara Bedford was practicing as an extra when Maurice Tourneur picked her out of the mob because she resembled the lead in “Deep Waters.”

Tally Marshall started as a theatrical call boy.

Katherine MacDonald got into pictures because of her sister’s reputation, and stayed in on her own.

Walter Pidgeon was a stock broker who went bust. Broke—he broke into the movies.

Arthur Rankin comes of a stage family and was born on the boards.

Ann Rook got her father, Sam, the producer, to let her try for the screen. Now she’s in.

Albert Conti was an Austrian officer who lost his fortune in the war. Von Stroheim picked him because he knew how to wear a uni-
form.

Now you all know all about the cast of “The Desert Heater.” And all about how to get into the movies. The class is dismissed, please pass out quietly and don’t scuffle in the halls.
"Lay Offa That"

"THAT's come to be the first commandment around these studios," said Pat Sullivan, who draws Felix the Cat.

"People are always asking me, 'How DO you think of all the stunts you have Felix do?' Well, I don't. Not all of them. The scenarist and a lot of the boys toss me hunches now and then so that Felix's adventures are more or less a community product."

"But listen—it isn't what Felix DOES, it's what he MUSTN'T do that gives us gray hairs."

"If you make a plumber the butt of a Felix comedy, the plumbers get a length of lead pipe and lay in wait at the safe's last, few or no money and in a few days you will receive the most startling surprise of your life.

Sex Secrets

At last a book has been published that digs into sex matters without fear or favour among the sexes. "The first book written for the woman reading woman," says M. D. Ph. D. and Prof. J. L. Nichols, A. M., contains just the information you want. You will be amazed at the ignorance. Words are not minced. "Felix" phrases are, however, the right word is used in the right place. "Safe Counsel" contains nine startling sections: 1. The Science of Inseminations; 2. Levor's; 3. Marriage; 4. Childbirth; 5. Family Life; 6. Sexual Science; 7. Diseases and Disorders; 8. Secret Hymen; 9. The Science of Life; Here are a few of the subjects discussed—Love, Acceptance and the Heart; A Word to Mothers; Maternal Infections; Change of Life; Impotence; Fighting Modern Youth. You owe it to yourself, to your happiness and your health to read this wonderful book.

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Dinner Ring

"Even spooks can bring in a storm of protests unless handled with the delicacy due their ethereality. Some years ago we produced a spoof. Felix as a ghost breaker, writing his way merrily through scenes filled with the hants of the long, long departed. Unfortunately we had selected the 'heavy' or villain of our plot, a 'medium,' who was using these materials for his own nefarious ends, 'C-c-c-curse yourself on yuh, Jack Dalton' and there was where we trod on the ailing toes."

"A deluge of letters asked us how come we were so disrespectful as to cast aspersions on and poke at the fine clergy. We had defamed in caricature one of the most spiritual of religions, namely Spiritualism, whose priests and priestesses we had defamed in caricature our wicked charact-er.

"What can a poor scenario writer do these days? A really good plot must have a wicked, malignant, predatory and utterly despicable villain, and where are we to turn?"

"Obviously, we cannot suggest that the wicked creature is a banker, without having all the members of high finance from the massive institutions of Wall and Broad streets, to the smaller ones in Monrovian, California, and points West, North and South, pointing out to us that we are guilty of endeavoring to incite in the minds of the public a distrust for all banks, thereby utterly ruining the credits of the country."

"May we call our desperado a lawyer? Not without being accused of sullying the majesty of the law and her officers—no, indeed!

"Lessee, now! Doctor? Nosiree! Think what a terrible thing it would be to weaken the faith of the suffering public in the medical profession, taking from the ailing world all relief from pain which could be gained were they not foolishly prejudiced.

"Let's run 'em over: Butcher, Baker, Grocer—well, we might confine our villains to the ranks of bootleggers and highjackets—only the public is tired of these damned prohibition jokes."

"And yet we just gotta get our next scenario ready and pack it full of laugh getting gags. We just gotta poke fun at somebody, else the giggles won't come."

"Won't somebody please come forward and volunteer to be the butt of all our jokes and let us poke the finger of satire at his well-known foibles without screaming at us, 'HEY! YOU, LAY OFFA THAT'"

GASTON GLASS is nearing completion of his rôle in "Mo-lasses," a First National picture. He is a member of an all-star cast and stuck on his job.
Shoot 'Em Cowboy

POLA NEGRIT'S new picture will be called "Good and Naughty." Which reminds us of the little verse,
"There was a little girl and she had a little curl, Right in the middle of her forehead. And when she was bad she was very, very nice, And when she was good she was horrid."

LAURA LA PLANTE will be starred by Universal in a film called "Butterflies in the Rain." We can think of an even wetter title than that——"Bar Flies in the Rain."

SWEET PICKLES! is the vehicle for Vera Reynolds which is shortly to be released by M.-G.-M. That title otta gerkin a lotta money to the box office.

ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS will produce H. C. Weaver's "The Totem Pole, Beggar." We've made one terrible pun on "Totem Pole," so you can make your own for this one.

TOM MIX is to appear in "High Society." In order to live up to the title Tom will probably wear a pink dress suit with orange spats. Use Tom as your guide for clothes—note what he wears and buy something else.

RONALD COLMAN will play Michael in "Beau Geste," to be produced by Paramount. "So's Your Old Man" will be W. C. Fields next; well we were bound to get that title sooner or later.

After "Ella Cinders" is completed, Colleen Moore will be starred in "Twinkle Toes," by Thomas Burke; then in "Delicatesse," Brooke Hanlon's imitation of Fanny Hurst at her worst; and after that Miss Moore will do "Daphne Grows Down," by Hetty Spiers and Langford Reed.

The Moore haste the Moore speed.

MARION DAVIES is to be starred in "The Red Mill" by—'you'd never guess who—Cosmopolitan.

We suppose Marion will play the Gold-dusty Miller.

NED A. SPARKS, already engaged in "Money Talks" and "Love's Blindness" at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, started work this week in a third vehicle, "There You Are." He seems destined for movie success just as the Sparks fly upward.

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CHICAGO, ILL.
Whaddyuh Mean a Dog’s Life?

WITH three wows, a couple of yip-yips and a long gr-rrrr, Rin-Tin-Tin barked his approval of a plan of Warner Bros. to send him on his first grand tour of personal appearances over the country.

On board the car with the star was Lieut. Lee Duncan, his owner and trainer, beside Rinty's personal valet, a detective bodyguard and a special chef, for Rin-Tin-Tin is too valuable an asset for his owner to take any chances. Being insured in the neighborhood of a half million dollars, Rinty will also be domiciled in the best hotels along the route, special arrangements having been made for his comfort and safety.

Threats of divorce were made by Nanette, the beautiful mate of Rin-Tin-Tin, who was left behind, but her husband told her it was a wife's duty to remain home and care for the kids while he went out and earned the bones.

"Dad, I'm goin' havin' good time while you're away," barked young Rinty, Jr.

"So's your old man," confided Dad.

Rin-Tin-Tin's tour is being made in connection with his latest production, The Night Cry, which is said to be the best dog picture ever made. It is a thrill from start to finish, winding up with a fight between Rinty and a giant eagle.

The dog's present schedule calls for appearances at the Cameo Theater, Cleveland; Dome Theater, Youngstown; Metropolitan Theater, Baltimore; New Broadway Theater, Charlotte.

After that, Rinty will make appearances in New York City, Bridgeport, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Seattle and other cities.

Extra Footage

WILLIAM MARSHALL, cameraman, has joined Paramount again. Marshall has shot more than a hundred miles of film. Turn the crank, Billy.

HELEN COSTELLO, sister of Dolores and daughter of Maurice, will play opposite Raymond Griffith in "Wet Paint." Whatever the roles, the Costello family seems able to fillum.

BLANCHE RING is to play with W. C. Fields in "The Old Army Game." Blanche, like Fields, has been so long in the acting business that it's all "The Old Army Game" to her. Which doesn't mean that she's as doggone old, but that she started early and kept going. Believe us, when it comes to know- ing her Blanche Ring sure has "Rings on her Fingers and Bells on her Toes."

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, has been filed with the Postmaster General of the United States. The Act of March 3, 1879.

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Fielding & Tenney's 1926 Register-Complete Book-NEW YORK---Located in the New York Public Library--Berkley Building--First Floor--Room 104--Phone 84-85--Postal Address--New York City--Publication Year--1926--Number of Pages--578--Editors--Fielding & Tenney--Price--$2.50--Subscription Rate--$2.00--Advertisements--400--Edition--25,000--Price without Death and Marriages--$1.50--Price without Deaths--$1.00--Price without Marriages--$.50. The volume contains nearly 50,000 court records, many of which are not included in any other source. The Register is a valuable source of information for genealogists and family historians. It is a comprehensive list of all the births, marriages, and deaths that occurred in New York City in 1926.
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