

Illustrated by
Russell Patterson

Making A

Do you want to get rich quick?
these tales of wild ani-

MAKIN' a million in the movin' picture game, accordin' to figures of the present day press agent, don't seem like a heap of hard work. Yet, from personal experiences an' admittin' that I got mine, I'd like to rise up an' say that grabbin' the aforesaid million is just as tough a job now as it was in the days when I first started to round up one for myself, an' concernin' which I'm a-writin' these pieces for PHOTOPLAY.

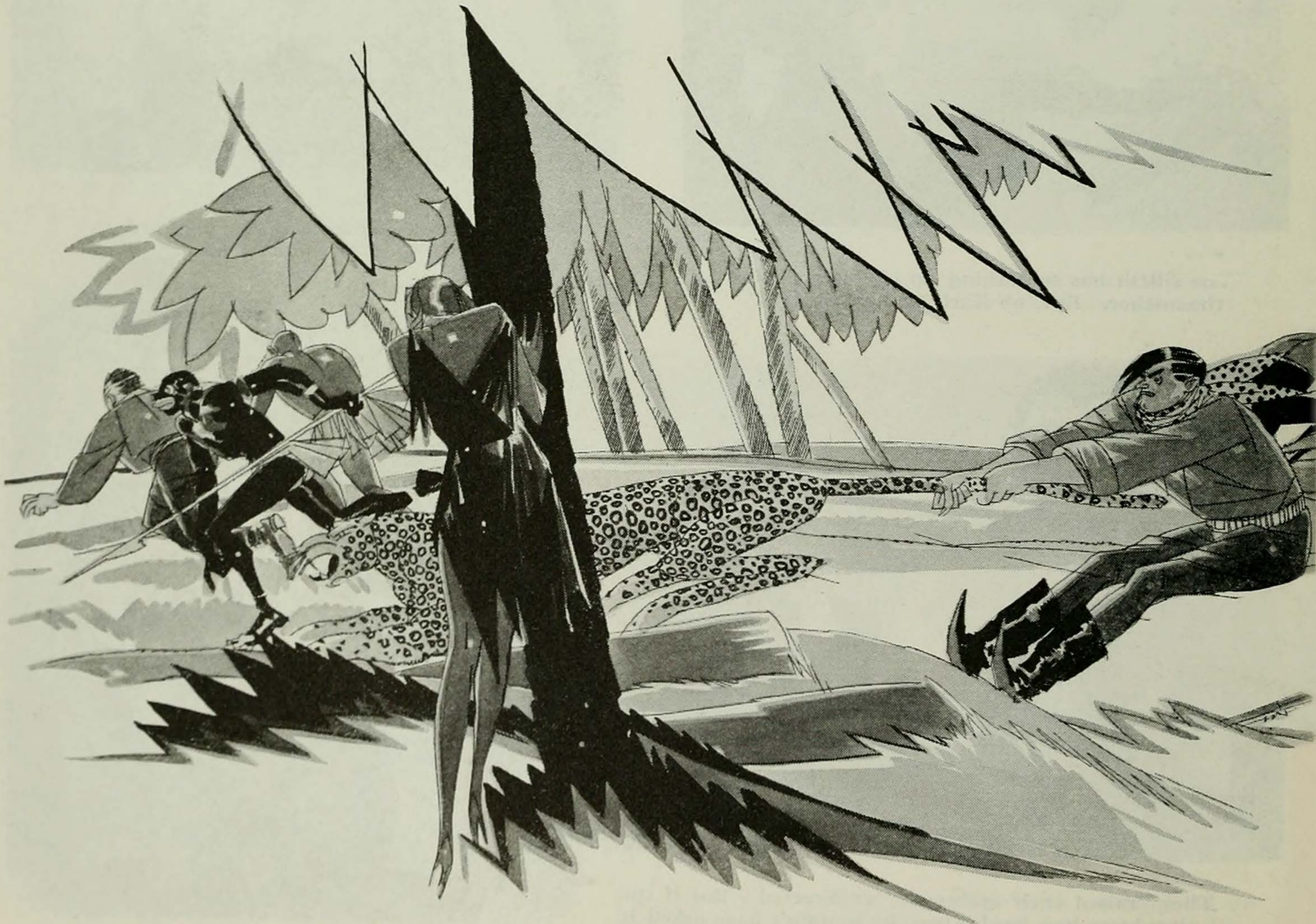
You read a lot about the millions made today in movin' pictures yet I know, an' the income tax reports will show what I'm a-sayin' is correct, that such millions as have been apprehended by movin' picture folks are today in the hand of not more'n ten individuals. I ain't a-sayin' that a lot of us picture folks ain't got money an' that some of us are fairly well to do, but when it comes into ownin' a million of real money, that's another matter.

I know big executives in the movin' picture game that can't count up to a million, there bein' no such numbers in the sixth grade, which is about as far as a lot of 'em ever got. If it wasn't

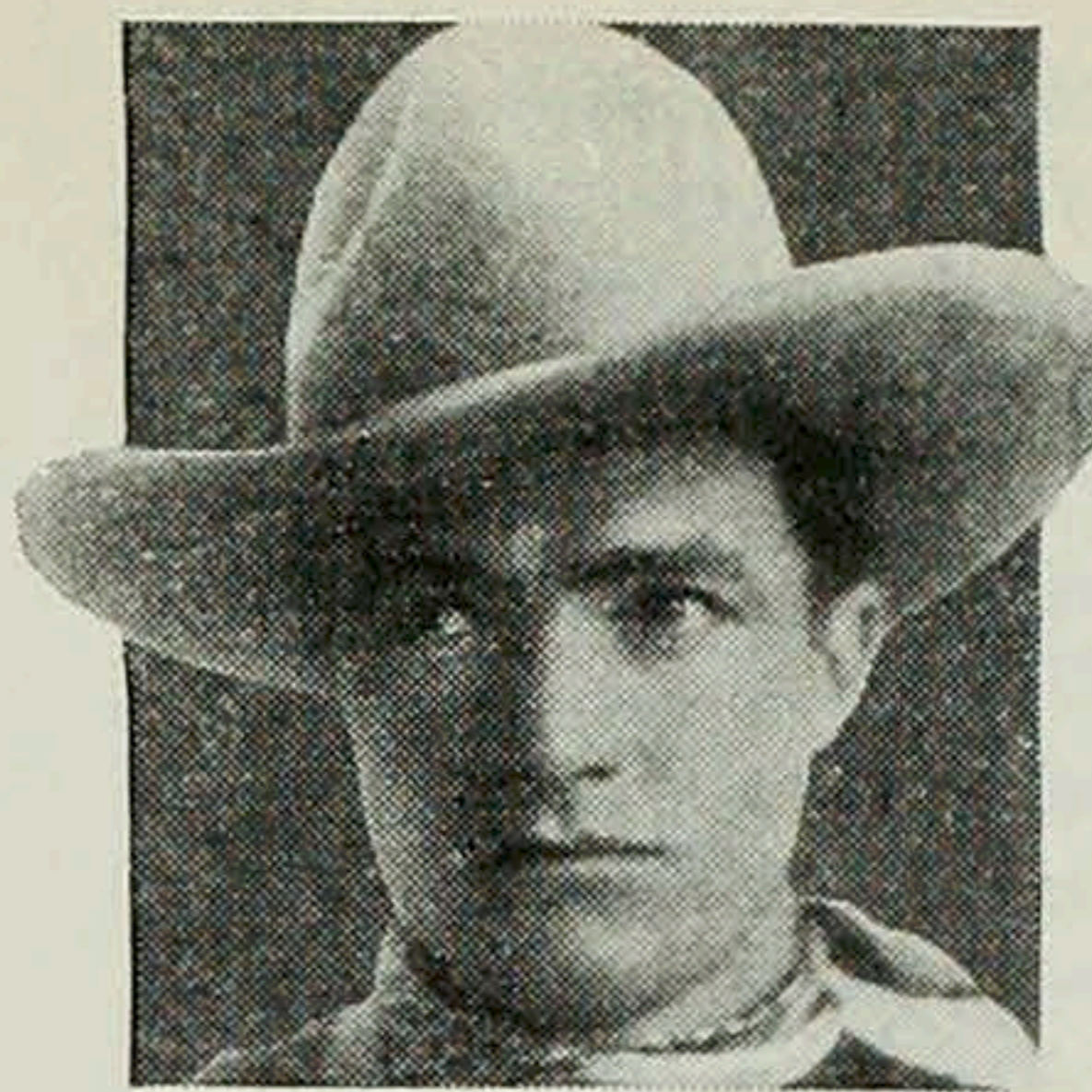
for good secretaries an' addin' machines a lot of 'em would sure be out of luck. I know one important executive who never got past the "9's" in the multiplication table, and yet has a salary that makes Coolidge's wages look like Cal was just one of the hired hands.

I admit here an' now that I had to have the assistance of a bank teller an' Bill Steincamp, the good lookin' and obligin' paymaster of the Fox lot, Hollywood, to tell me when my bank roll got that high. I asked Harry King, auditor of the Fox lot, if he thought Bill Steincamp's figures could be relied on an' when he said Bill could count money faster an' more of it than any man in Hollywood, an' havin' the day before heard Jesse Lasky talkin' money to Cecil DeMille, I knew Steincamp must be a mathematical genius if he could outcount those two birds. So I took it for granted that Bill was right an' that I really had a million. Later on the bank confirmed it.

But to get back to the story of how I made this here million. It will be remembered that chokin' wolves, bulldoggin' buffaloes an' rescuin' a helpless maiden from the horns of a wild bull in



Million



By
Tom Mix

Then you can't afford to miss mils and high finance

"Quo Vadis" hadn't proved much of a financial success. The last of the \$500 in gold that Madera paid me in Mexico had dwindled down into nothin' an' at the finish of the "Quo Vadis" picture, which, as I wrote, never was finished, I found myself the proud owner of one horse, a red an' white bull that nobody wanted, an' owin' Mike Cunyan \$135.

I reasoned to myself that there was somethin' wrong with those birds who said there was millions in the movin' picture game. Mebbe they knew what they was a-talkin' about but I hadn't seen none of 'em get very far yet. I figured by this time that we was usin' the wrong kind of animals. They all was too small. If there was millions to be made in makin' movin' pictures I reckoned we'd better be gettin' rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, elephants an' try for it in that way. I thought they'd look a heap more like a million than a few ornery wolves an' a coupla Oklahoma bulls an' a buffalo too old to be on speakin' terms with any of his three former wives, that we'd been a-usin'. With this in mind I wrote a letter to Colonel Selig in Chicago an' told him if there was a job makin' pictures with some real big live stock in it to count me in, but so far as ordinary Oklahoma stock was concerned I was through.

ABOUT a week later I got a letter from Chicago tellin' me about a picture to be made in Florida where they was a-goin' to have all kinds of big animals includin' lions, tigers, an' elephants an' that they could use me at once. I was told to report to my old director friend, "Dad" Turner, in Jacksonville, Florida.

Boardin' my cow pony, "Old Blue," and the yearlin' colt which I claimed although I couldn't have shown a bill of sale for

it, on a friend's ranch, I journeyed south. On the way I stopped in Memphis and Atlanta to see a coupla friends an' finally reached Jacksonville, an' found my old friend, "Dad" Turner.

With him as members of his cast was Kathryn Williams, as leadin' lady; Charles Clary, Bill Mong an' a young English feller who could almost out-London my old friend A. B. Chatsworth McCauley, who it will be remembered was the feller I wrote about in the last chapter, an' who directed or tried to direct the "Quo Vadis" that came to such a bad end.

"DAD" TURNER will be remembered by PHOTOPLAY readers as the director who made the picture where I was hired to bulldog the buffalo. Of course, "Dad" always thought that I threwed the buffalo on the level an' I suppose he learned for the first time in PHOTOPLAY that the old boy slipped on the movin' picture salt an' mica snow an' almost threwed himself.

"Dad" told me that he was a-goin' to make two pictures—one, "Back to the Primitive," an' the other, "Lost in the Jungle." He said he could use me in both, but especially needed me for the one about "Lost in the Jungle." He sure made my heart glad when he said that the jungle picture was a-goin' to have lions an' tigers an' a elephant. Here, says I, to myself is my great chance. I'm at last with the big animals an' the big money. It's more'n likely I'll have my million an' mebbe a little more in a few weeks an' can take it back to El Paso County, Texas, as I promised my mother.

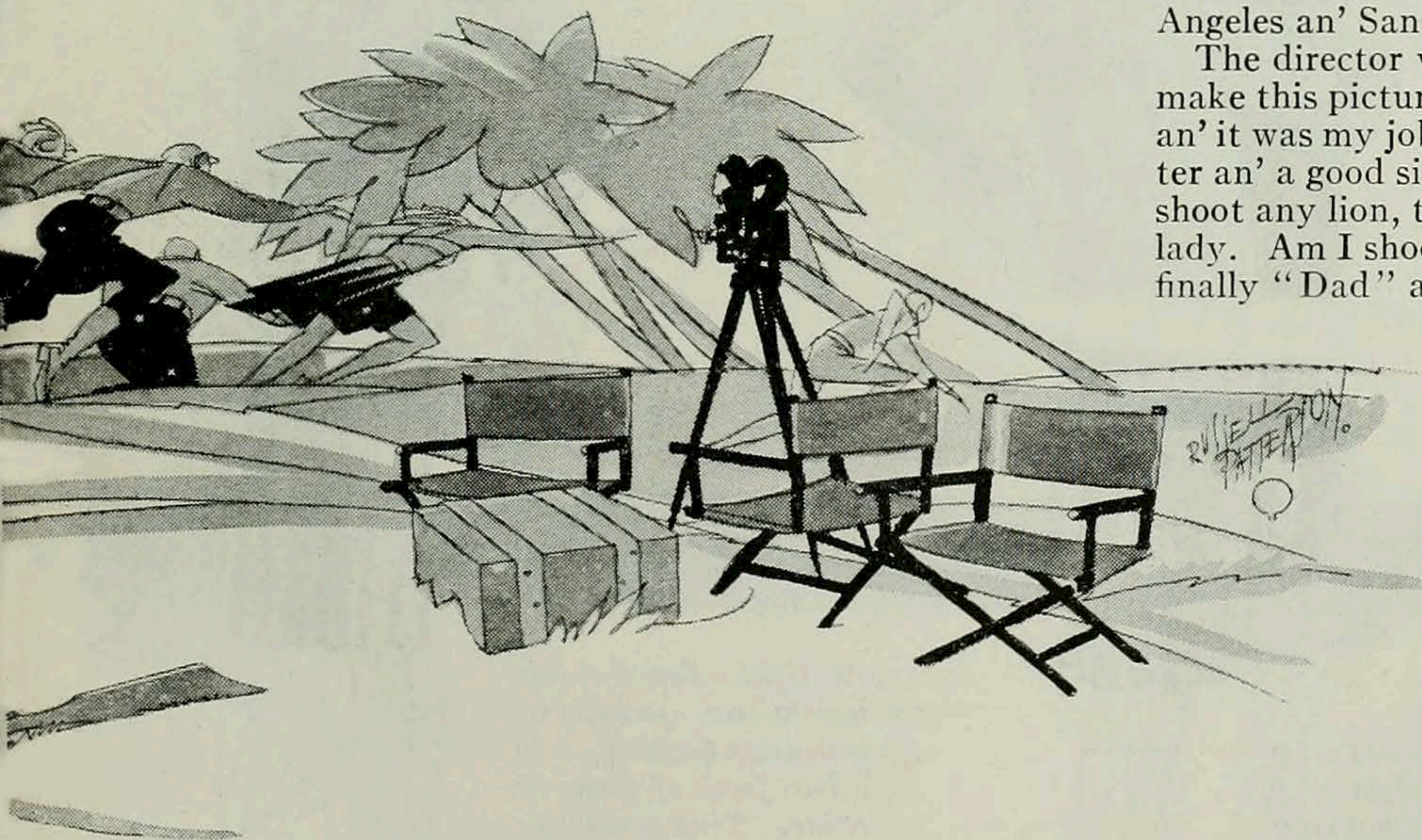
"Dad" said that he'd hired a feller known to the circus world as Big Otto, who owned a animal show. Big Otto, I may say, is still a-livin' an' still got a animal show. His good lookin' daughter is married to a young feller named Furness, one of the owners of the Continental an' a lot of other hotels 'round Los Angeles an' San Francisco.

The director went on to explain as how they was a-goin' to make this picture with wild animals runnin' loose in the jungle an' it was my job to sit on a horse or somethin' with a Winchester an' a good six shooter close by, an' be ready to head off an' shoot any lion, tiger or elephant that got fresh with the leadin' lady. Am I shootin' 'em by the head or by the day I asked an' finally "Dad" agreed that in view of the peculiar job I had, I

was to be paid \$25.00 a day. He said the job would last quite a few weeks an' that if in the end nobody got hurted there would also be a nice bonus that would set me on my way for the million in fine shape.

BEFORE makin' "Lost in the Jungle" "Dad" said they was a-goin' to make a picture called "Back to the Primitive" with Kathryn Williams a-playin' the leadin' lady an' Charles Clary an' this English gent doin' the scenes as leadin' man an' heavy an' Bill Mong a-playin' the girl's father. An' he said besides usin' me in another way he allowed to let me play the girl's brother. That sort of swelled me up.

That night in the hotel a man seen' my big Stetson hat an' high
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]



"I grabs Mr. Leopard by the tail, gives him a yank an' swings him clear. I don't know how many fellers have experienced the sensation of havin' a full grown and hungry leopard by the tail, an' at the same time tryin' to figure out some way of lettin' him go. I'm here to inform any inquirin' gent that it ain't so funny"

Making a Million

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

heeled boots asked me what I was a-doin' with the picture company. "Young feller," says I, "I'm a actor."

So far as I can look back an' remember that's the only time in my entire picture career that I've ever made such a claim, or even tried to pretend that I was a actor. I'm anythin' else but. Nowadays, when asked my business, I explain that I'm makin' pictures. "Ain't you a actor?" I've been asked, an' I always tell 'em no, that we hires gents an' other ladies to do the actin'.

In this here picture, "Back to the Primitive," "Dad" Turner got me to help write the story. "Dad," says I, "there ain't a-goin' to be no sufferin' Osage squaw with a meat-eatin' baby in this here picture, at least with my help." So the story was written 'bout a young English gent a-bein' shipwrecked on a lonely island with the leadin' lady, who was Miss Williams, an' while this young feller was a wonderful waltzer an' knew the right kind of perfume to use an' which fork to pick up at the right time, when it come to bu ldin' shacks to protect the girl, an' hustlin' 'round to get a little food to keep 'em both from starvin', he was just no count an' didn't know nothin'.

WHEN it come to goin' back to the primitive he had no idea what it was all about. It was an easy part for this young London gent to play for he didn't know what it was all about anyway. An' so far as I know he ain't learned yet.

Finally I come along as the brother. I'd been one of these here young fellers who had to

get out an' hustle a bit an' it wasn't much of a trick for me knowin' outdoor life to build shacks, snare game, catch fish an' provide ways an' means of keepin' the family a-livin' until we got rescued.

It turned out to be a great picture, so Colonel Selig of the old Selig Polyscope Company afterward told me, an' in it my old friends, Charles Clary an' Bill Mong, who are livin' right here today in Hollywood, did some mighty fine actin'. I've seen 'em both in many pictures since but don't recall anythin' better than they did then. We had a lot of ups and downs in this here picture an' about a week before we finished 'long comes Big Otto an' his animals—lions, tigers, leopards an' elephants.

Finally come a day when "Lost in the Jungle" got started. We didn't know nothin' then about enclosin' the sets with fine wire screen and hide 'em so the animals couldn't get away, an' still the audience couldn't see what was a-keepin' 'em in. In those days we just turned them loose an' the actors took the long chance of gettin' in the way.

Of course, Miss Williams was the gal lost in the jungle an' we was a-rescuin' of her. This jungle, as I remember it, was supposed to be somewhere in Burmah, between Rangoon an' Mandalay. Incidental, about that time I read the poem a feller named Kipling wrote about "The Road to Mandalay." He says, "On the road to Mandalay, where the flyin' fishes play." Comin' back from the Boer War I stopped in Rangoon, Burmah, an' I discovered that Mandalay is more'n a hundred miles from

the sea coast an' if any flyin' fish flew that far he was sure a aviator. The "road to Mandalay" I might add in passin', is a long, windin' narrow dirt trail an' traveled most by ox an' water buffalo teams, an' no place for any self-respectin' flyin' fish, Mr. Kiplin's opinion to the contrary.

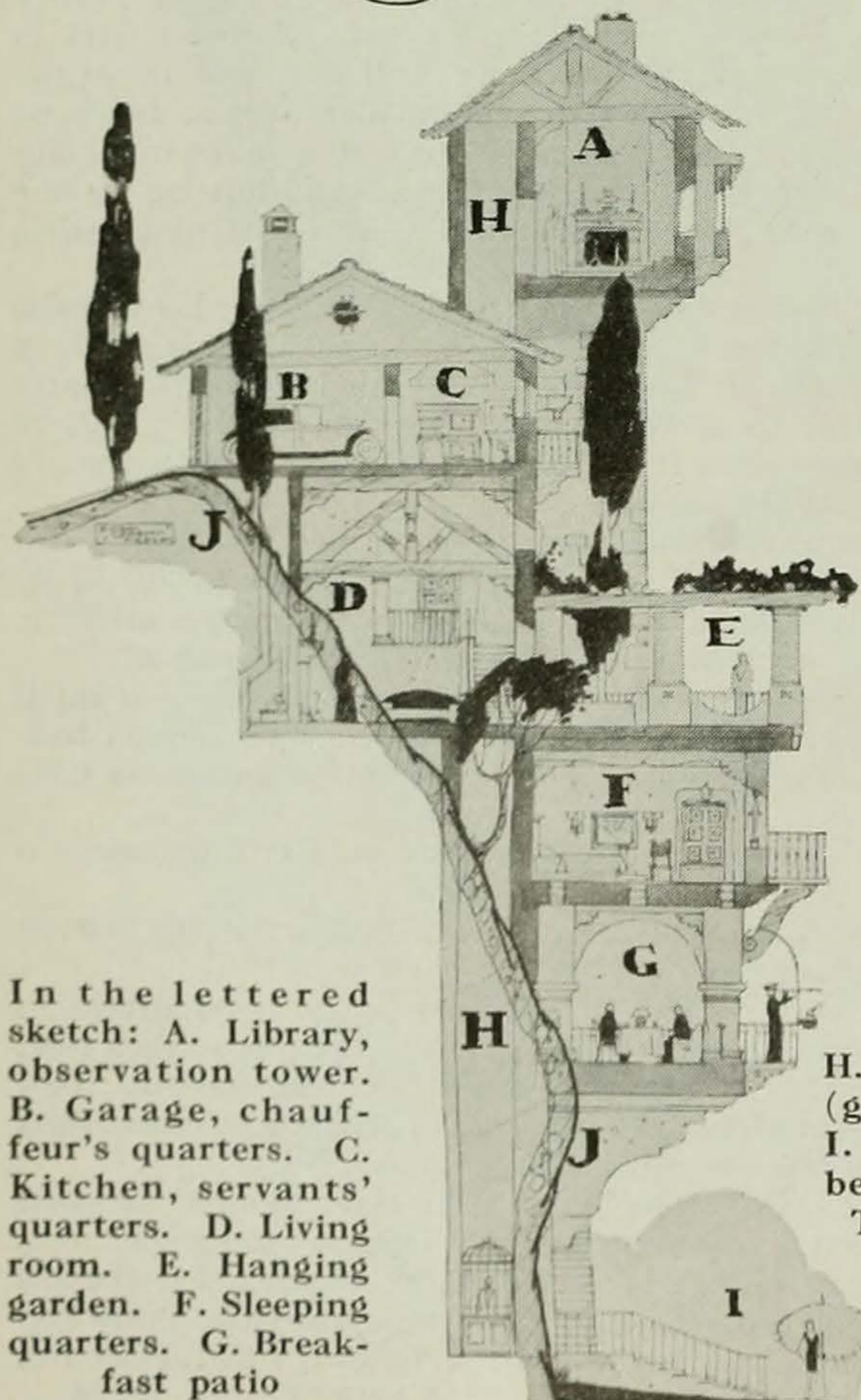
WHAT I knew about "cats" was confined to pumas, mountain lions, bobcats an' catamounts, with a triflin' knowledge throwed in of wolves an' coyotes; but about lions, tigers an' leopards I had a heap to learn.

My first experience in this picture that amounted to much was when old Toddles, the elephant, got a hankerin' to go a-visitin' an' me an' another feller chased him six or eight miles down the Atlantic coast an' was unable to turn him back until we'd prodded him with pitchforks for an hour or two. Every week Toddles used to bust out, an' him an' me had many a session. I followed him once into a swamp until nigh onto daylight. Me an' him got to be pretty good friends at that. Still he'd look at me once in a while out of one of his little funny pea-shaped eyes with a peculiar squint an' that told me he was a-preparin' for one of his nightly jaunts, an' I arranged my affairs accordin'.

I must say Kathryn Williams had a lot of nerve an' she made scenes with them animals that no livin' woman today in movin' pictures would dare follow. She just wasn't afraid of nothin'.

"Lost in the Jungle" was a great picture but [CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]

Doug Trusts California's Cliffs

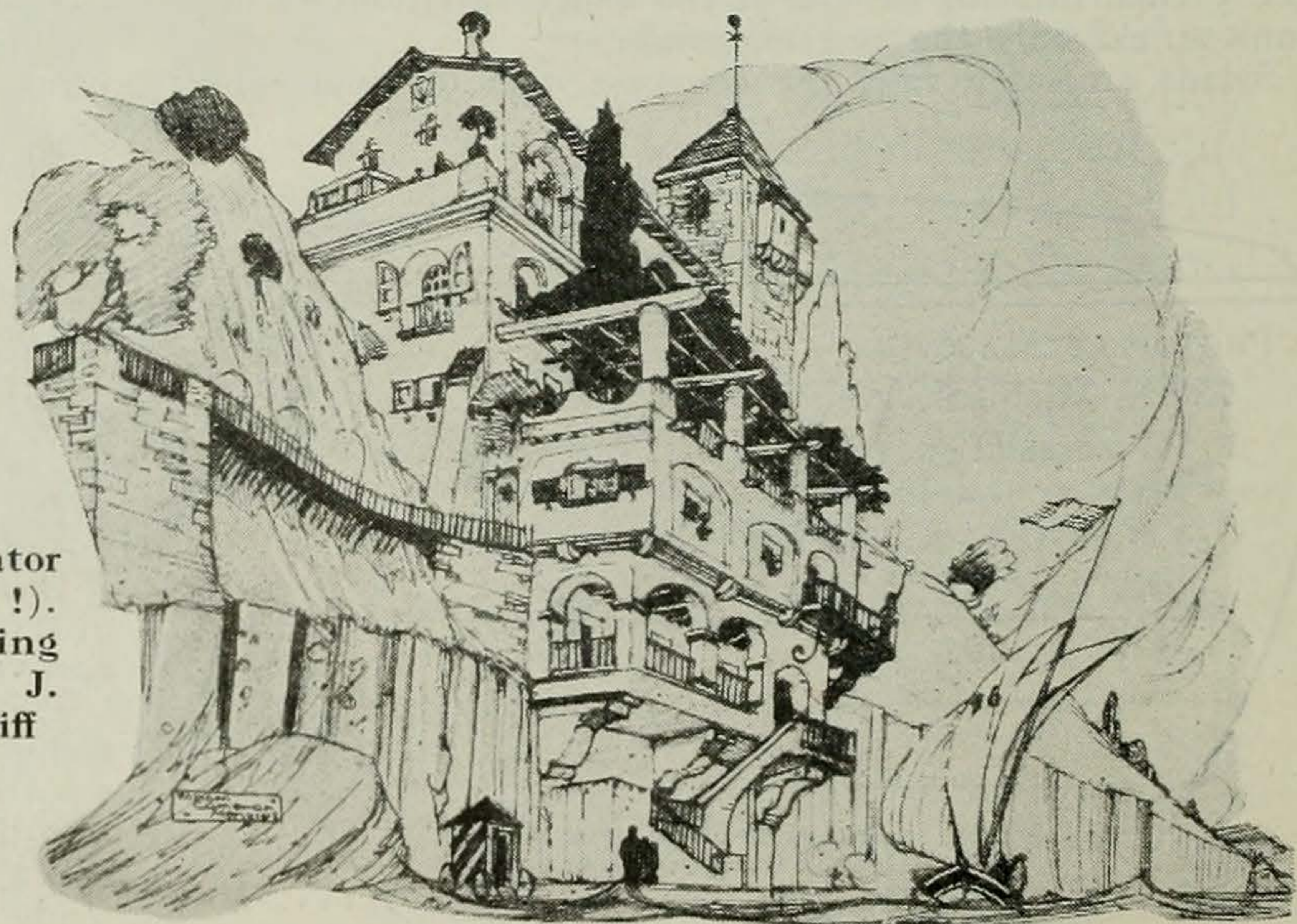


In the lettered sketch: A. Library, observation tower. B. Garage, chauffeur's quarters. C. Kitchen, servants' quarters. D. Living room. E. Hanging garden. F. Sleeping quarters. G. Breakfast patio

H. Elevator (goody!). I. Bathing beach. J. The Cliff

HERE is a mountain-climbing house guaranteed to keep the occupants slender by giving them more exercise than a New York walk-up flat. It was designed by William Cameron Menzies as a beach home for Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford.

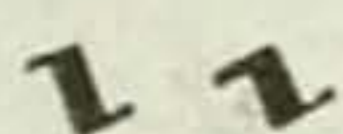
The house will cling—we hope—to the side of a cliff at Solana Beach, Calif. It's a cantilever structure, which means that Doug prays it will support itself by its own weight. You enter by the chimney or by boat during high tide.





Pick

any 12 girls—
10 have to
be told



ONE of the most serious social handicaps is so difficult to detect oneself that almost all girls have to be told about it.

They think they are immaculate, but all the while underarm perspiration may be causing odor which is unpleasantly noticeable to others, and is ruinous to dresses.

So women of distinction rule out the possibility of offense by keeping the underarm dry *all the time*, by the regular use of Odorono. Other ways they say are troublesome, and mar the smart fit of frocks. But with Odorono odor is impossible—impossible too, costly stains, odor tainted dresses.

Odorono was made by a physician to stop perspiration where it causes odor and ruins clothes. The underarm particularly. Checking perspiration in small areas with Odorono has no effect on health. Physicians recommend it where perspiration is annoying.



Odorono, (ruby colored) stops moisture and odor used once or twice a week, *the last thing at night*. Odorono No. 5, milder (colorless) for sensitive skins and hurried use, used daily or every other day, *night or morning*, gives the same protection. At toilet goods counters, 35c, 60c. Odorono Cream Depilatory 50c. Or send 10c and coupon for four samples.

Women of breeding use over three million bottles of this medically approved "occlusive" every year.



New 10¢ Offer:

Ruth Miller, 245 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, O.
I enclose 10c for samples.

Name _____

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(Print name and address plainly)

In Canada address The Odorono Co.,
468 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.



Making a Million

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

it sure would have been lost without Kathryn Williams. I was a-guardin' the actor folks in the day time an' helpin' to take care of the animals at night time an' it kept me pretty busy. But a-gettin' my money regular.

I reckon what was the biggest moment of the picture came one afternoon kinda unexpected like. Not only was it the biggest moment of the picture but it was the biggest moment that yours truly had ever experienced, an' while I've had a few excitin' spells since then in pictures, nothin' ever happened to me quite as nerve-rackin' as this scene I'm now a-goin' to tell you about.

MISS WILLIAMS is lost in this here jungle. There ain't nobody near or nothin' to hear her cry for help. In fact, she is miles an' miles from no place, afoot an' wanderin' 'round in this jungle, which, by the way, was built in the old fair grounds at Pablo Beach about fifteen miles from Jacksonville. Well, in this here scene, Miss Williams is a-kneelin' down between two logs a-tryin' to hide herself from a lot of leopards that is runnin' 'round loose in the jungle lookin' for food. She has heard their cry an' has listened to the dry jungle grass a-cracklin' as they pass, an' it ain't no pleasant moment for her.

We had put Miss Williams between those two logs an' then fixed to have a leopard jump through the air apparently at her, but Big Otto, the animal man, a-knowin' about beasts of that kind, had arranged so that the leopard really was to jump over an' beyond Miss Williams, bein' enticed by a chicken fastened to a stake just out of the camera line.

The animal man figured that not havin' been fed for a coupla days, this leopard would sure make a flyin' leap for the chicken. I reckon everythin' would have been all right except just at the moment we turned the leopard loose an' I'm a-standin' by with my Winchester ready, the wind blew in sharply an' fluffed up Miss Williams' hair, so seein' that, instead of springin' for the chicken, the hungry leopard sprung for Miss Williams an' drove the claws of his fore paws into her scalp. Even at that she didn't scream but just kept perfectly still.

I couldn't take no chance of a shot without danger of killin' Miss Williams so I saw but one thing to do, an' I grabs Mr. Leopard by the tail, gives him a yank an' swings him clear.

I don't know how many fellers have ever experienced the sensation of havin' a full grown an' hungry leopard by the tail, an' at the same time tryin' to figure out some way of lettin' him go. I'm here to inform any inquiren' gent that it ain't so funny.

Down in Oklahoma I'd seen college boys a-throwin' the hammer an' that struck me as a pretty good scheme so I commenced to throw Mr. Leopard 'round an' 'round turnin' with him just the same as a college athlete would do. In the meantime I was a-tryin' to think out what to do next. I kept this here leopard goin' so fast he had no chance to double under an' scratch me. Since then, I've often wondered what the leopard was a-thinkin' of an' if he was just as worried as me.

"Let him go! What the hell do you want to hold onto him for?" said "Dad" Turner a-yellin' at me.

"IF you fellers know more about lettin' I go of a leopard's tail than me," I told 'em, "there's nothin' to prevent any of you a-comin' in here an' takin' him off'n my hands. I ain't stuck on the job so bad that I ain't willin' to give him to any of you. Otherwise, me an' this leopard is a-goin' to adjust this matter in our own way."

Finally I saw what I thought was a clear chance an' turned Mr. Leopard loose. He hit the ground with a dead thump, gathered him-

self an' with a wild yowl, started back for me. The rest of the gents, havin' no urgent business in that immediate vicinity, had already went.

I got my old six-shooter loose an' sent two shots, aided an' abetted by a good Methodist prayer, in the direction of the leopard.

The prayer was answered an' it was just too bad. "Dad" Turner had to pay Big Otto for another leopard. Meantime they'd got a doctor to fix up Miss Williams' head an' to this day she carries the scars of that wild old leopard of the Jacksonville jungle. That night I skinned him an', somewhere in Miss Williams' Hollywood home today, you will find his hide. I might add in this connection that when her head was a little better, that same day, Miss Williams went back an' with another leopard, an' another chicken, made the scene. This time it worked great.

"LOST IN THE JUNGLES" was finished finally an' armed with a letter to a motion picture director in Hollywood, who by the way, I'm sorry to say, is now glad to play minor rôles, which explains why I ain't a-mentionin' his name, I decided, on the advice of "Dad" Turner, Charles Clary an' Bill Mong, to try my luck in the picture capital of America.

After payin' all expenses I had quite a few dollars an' came back to Ponca City, Oklahoma. First I wanted to pay Mike Cunyan the \$135 I owed him an' see if anybody had found or heard of the spotted "Quo Vadis" bull I was ownin', which was strayed. An' most important, I wanted to get my horse "Old Blue" an' my yearlin' colt, which I was aimin' to take with me to California. I stopped in Kansas City an' bought myself a fine silver mounted saddle, which was up to that time the best I'd ever owned. Since then I've been foolish enough to pay as high as \$2500 for a saddle, but I always blame that onto Tony because he likes 'em that way.

After paying' off all my debts 'round Oklahoma an' havin' a coupl'a seances with a coupl'a good stud players, my bank roll was down to 'round \$300. I went to the Santa Fe agent an' I found that it would cost \$316 to ship "Old Blue" an' the yearlin' an' me into Los Angeles. Finally we figured it out that I could ship the two horses into San Bernardino, sixty miles from Hollywood, an' through ridin' myself on a stockman's pass, hit the California line with a few dollars to spare.

SO it came about that one bright fall day back in 1910, me an' "Old Blue" an' the colt reached San Bernardino. We unloaded at the stock pens an' after restin' a coupl'a days an' with \$21 in cash in our pockets a-ridin' "Old Blue" an' leadin' the colt, I rode the sixty miles from San Bernardino an' from the top of Cahuenga Pass about four in the afternoon, had my first sight of Hollywood, California, my future home, an' where I confidentially expected my million dollars was a-waitin'.

Hollywood didn't appear to be much of a town when I first saw it. I expected all the movin' picture studios to be grouped together but they were scattered everywhere an' no more resembled the studios of today than Sid Grauman's Punch an' Judy show looks like Ringling Brothers an' Barnum an' Bailey's Circus. I found a stable for my horse in Edendale, an' started to look up this director.

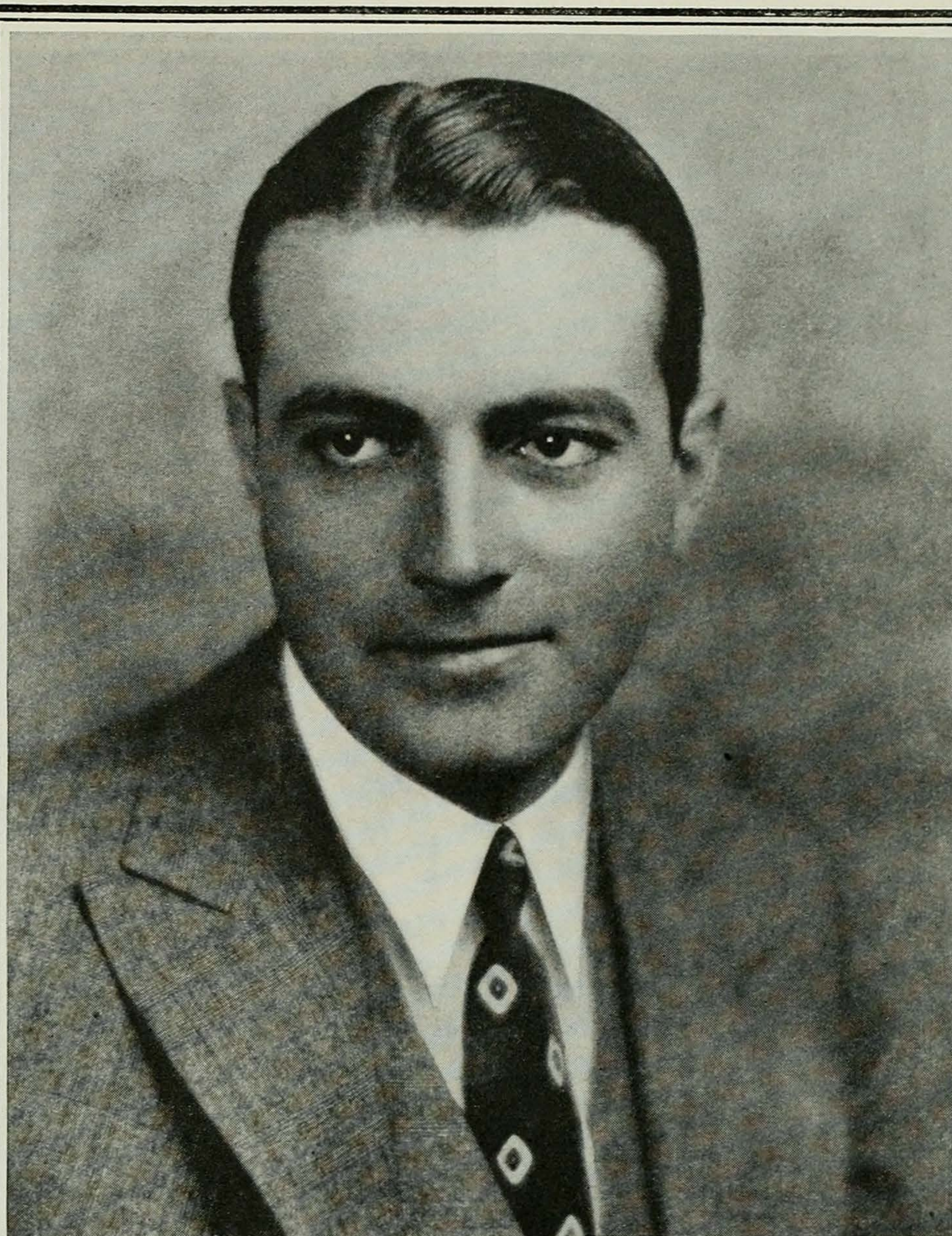
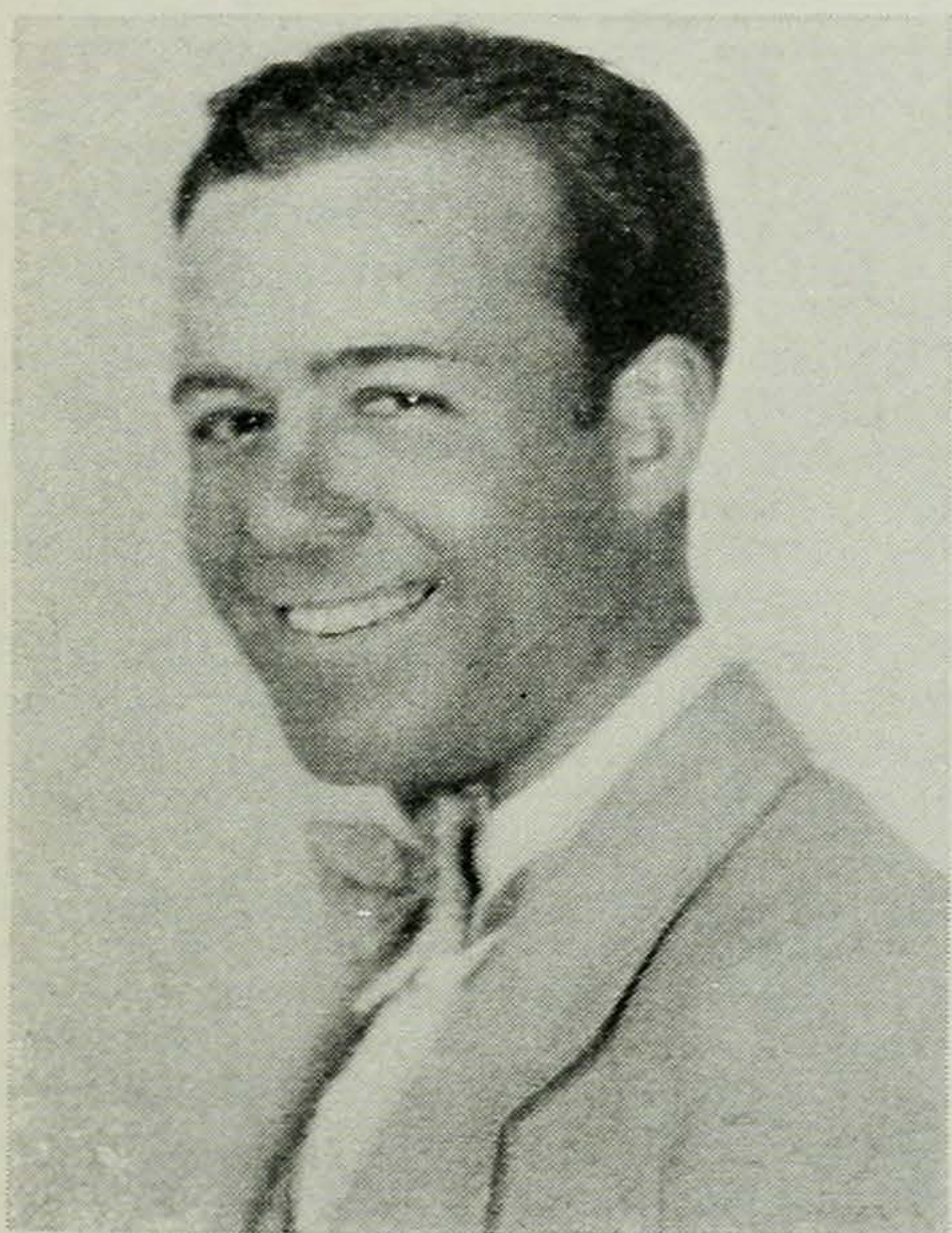
In a corner drug store I was about to ask the man to put me on the right trail when I heard the sound of jinglin' spurs. It sure was a welcome noise to me, for I said, here's a bunch of cowhands passin' through an' I reckon that no matter where they are from, there'll be somebody they know that I know an' I can make myself welcome. A minute later they all come a-borin' into this here drug store.

I had never before seen such cowhand

clothes an' I had rode the range from Alberta, Canada, clean down into the State of Sonora, Old Mexico. I never had seen such shirts, such boots, such six shooters, such handkerchiefs an' such things on their sleeves as cuffs, that these here gents was a-wearin'. Anyone of 'em 'round Ponca City would have been as great a curiosity as a long haired man on Broadway. The only thing about 'em that even looked like a cowhand's outfit was their Stetson hats.

In the center of this bunch of strange lookin' gents wearin' spurs an' six shooters was a man I recognized from havin' seen him on the screen an' he was in those days a mighty well known star. I ain't a-mentionin' no names because later him an' me got to be good friends an' he confessed that he was just a actor, that he'd never lived in a cattle country, so I forgave him for the clothes he was a-wearin'!

He had boots that fitted tight and came clear up to his hips. His belt was almost a foot wide an' resembled somewhat the type of belt worn by the Gaucho of the Argentine. His shirt was buckskin, much fringed. Incidental, the only man I've ever seen a-wearin' a fringed buckskin shirt in my life, an' I've been on the plains for a good many years, was in a wild west show. Not alone was the shirt buckskin, but it was beaded with workmanship an' design of a kind that no squaw ever knew.



Richard Barthelmess, starring in First National Pictures

Dressing Up

In the better photoplays no effort is spared in making the scenes depicted true to life. This applies to both "properties" and dress.

The clothes worn must be authentic, correct—they must reflect good taste.

In scenes showing successful men at business, at the club, at social gatherings, in the presence of ladies—wherever the occasion places a premium on appearance—a *Starched Collar* is worn.

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ARROW SHIRTS, COLLARS, UNDERWEAR, HANDKERCHIEFS

Since the days when he was property boy at Paramount, and was called upon to quickly don a leopard skin and play one of the Nubian slaves in Geraldine Farrar's picture, Jack Donovan has been trying to forge ahead—in pictures and out.

He has been leading man to some of the prominent women stars; he has been starred by Pathe in thrilling Westerns; he has been awarded a Carnegie medal for life saving; he is holder of a Red Cross medal of honor, but nothing has given him the renown he has received from Mae Murray's recent suit against him.

She didn't mean to buy his house or his furniture, but he caught her in a weak moment, as it were, and she was unable to resist the soft music, the subdued lights, the oriental rugs, etc.; and she thinks the court should make him hand her back a few thousand dollars, even after she had the publicity of paying him \$85,000 for it, when she actually purchased it for \$50,000. And she never discovered that she had paid too much for it until eight months later, when one of the \$2,000 a month payments came due.



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The clever woman today is able to make her lips more lovely than ever before, with an entirely different kind of lipstick.

Quite unlike other lipsticks, Tangee changes color as it goes on—from orange to blush-rose, Nature's loveliest color! How soft or how deep this blush-rose depends upon your own complexion, and upon how heavily the little magic stick is applied. You may rest assured that even the closest scrutiny will fail to detect any artifice in the loveliness of your lips.

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Ask for it today — on sale everywhere — and be sure you see the name TANGEE on the carton and the chic little gun-metal case.

PRICES — Tangee Lipstick, \$1, Tangee Rouge Compact 75c, Tangee Creme Rouge \$1 (and for complete beauty treatment: Tangee Day Cream, Tangee Night Cream and Tangee Face Powder, \$1 each). 25c higher in Canada.



THE POWER of . . . Twenty Cents

Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-up." Address Dept. P.P.4, The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Name
Address

'Round this gent's neck was a silk handkerchief knotted through what I now know to have been a piece of abalone shell carved by a wild Indian, a livin' in Santa Monica. His Stetson hat was high crowned an' rose to a peak an' of a type an' shape unknown in any man's cattle country. Hangin' on his waist at an angle no cowhand could wear without bein' cut into by the weight, was the first an' only pair of gold mounted six shooters I'd ever seen. His spurs was gold an' the rowells was gold. His hip boots were patent leather an' glistened an' crackled as he walked.

"I come out here," said I to myself, "to be a cowhand in the movin' pictures but if I've got to wear clothes such as this gent an' the rest of his friends are a wearin', me an' 'Old Blue' an' the colt is startin' overland to Ponca City, Oklahoma, in a coupl'a days."

Later I was to learn that this movin' picture ranch owner an' his "cowboy" gang at that time, was a-wearin' what the East believed to be the proper clothes of a hard workin' an' humble cow puncher. I believe I've since changed that.

Next day I hunted up my friends, Bill Mong an' Charles Clary, an' found the director. The latter took me over to his studio at Edendale where, after a little wranglin', I was hired

permanent at a salary of \$250 a week to make a string of two-reel western pictures.

That night I went to the boardin' place the boys had found for me much elated. Says I, "Tom, you are now in a fair way to make your million. You're bein' paid more money than the Mayor of Kansas City gets; you got a better job an' more money than Chief of Police Tom Speers an' Chief Hale of the Fire Department, Kansas City, have got together. You are sure a-goin' to get that million." I felt fine.

But later that night I had a sneakin' suspicion that I'd better do a little figurin'. I discovered that at \$250 a week it would only take me 3999 weeks to get the million that I was a-needin'. A little more figurin' showed that if I saved all my salary, at the end of 76 years, 10 months and 24 days, the million would be mine.

That didn't look so good.

But I was in Hollywood.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Next month Tom Mix will continue his tale of high finance with his early adventures in Hollywood. Tom's plunging on to his goal. He's got \$21, "Old Blue" and a yearling colt to his credit. Watch for his next article. It's full of laughs.

The Shadow Stage

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SAILORS' WIVES—First National

THE sequel to "Flaming Youth," so carefully fumigated and deodorized that it's harmless and practically meaningless as well. What remains is the sombre story of a girl who renounces love and marriage because of approaching blindness. There are some high-society orgies in the suburbs, in an attempt to justify the title of the picture. Mary Astor has some trouble in acting like a wild, wild girl. This won't hurt you, but it won't thrill you either.

BEYOND LONDON'S LIGHTS—FBO

POINTING out the awful consequences, when the young master starts getting familiar with the second girl. A painless little story of a battle between the snobs and the lower classes in London, with the decision going to the lower classes. It has one of those disconcerting endings in which the girl suddenly finds she loved somebody else all the time. This is made easier to bear by the presence of two pretty girls, Jacqueline Gadsden and Adrienne Dore.

STREETS OF SHANGHAI—Tiffany-Stahl

THE marines actually come to the rescue at the end of this picture—two truckful of them. Need I say more? It's all about dirty work in China, with the inevitable Sojin slithering around plotting horrid deaths for all Americans in town. And there is a scarlet woman named Sadie who calls the marine "Handsome." Where have we heard that before? Pauline Starke and Kenneth Harlan do the best they can. Cheap melodrama.

SKINNER'S BIG IDEA—FBO

THERE is nothing important or distinguished about this, yet it manages to be pleasant entertainment. The famous movie-Skinner always had a lot of bright ideas and when he is called upon to discharge the three oldest employees of his firm, Skinner has some tall thinking to do. But everything ends grand and glorious to the amusement of most audiences. Bryant Washburn, Martha Sleeper and Hugh Trevor are in the cast.

THE BATTLES OF CORONEL AND FALKLAND ISLANDS—Artlee

THE idiocies of war are exemplified in this authentic record of the two biggest naval engagements between the British and Germans. They were grudge battles, which did nobody any good and lost hundreds of lives. But that fact is overlooked, and you are treated to a lot of foolish heroics, and an ostentatious display of sportsmanship in giving the Germans their due. This aims at the simple realism of "Potemkin," but misses by a mile. Only mildly interesting.

THE UPLAND RIDER—First National

AS thrilling a horse race as you ever witnessed makes up for many of the story deficiencies in this picture. The theme is the old one that the farm must be saved by one horse and one rider. The neighboring "country home" owner who desires the farm is the menace. Ken Maynard is a rider second to none, while his horse has a bundle of new tricks which will make Tony look to his laurels. Splendid for children.

PARTNERS IN CRIME—Paramount

WALLACE BEERY and Raymond Hatton dive into the underworld to dig up some new laughs and a few thrills. Beery is a detective who discovers more by accident than a Scotland Yard man could by design. Hatton plays the double rôle of reporter and gang-leader who are constantly mistaken for one another. Like all the comedies of this pair, the picture depends upon gags and the corking titles of George Marion for much of the interest.

THE BRIDE OF THE COLORADO—Pathe-De Mille

THE Grand Canyon of the Colorado River plays the lead in this picture. It makes a beautiful spectacle and a desperate menace, but does not lend itself to real story interest. In fact, the characters and the plot are absolutely incidental to the cathedral cliffs, the whirling rapids and other stupendous beauties of the canyon. John Boles and Donal Blossom, a newcomer to pictures, have some intimate love scenes, but even here it is the background which interests.