

Don't Call Her A RICH GIRL

But give Sue Carol credit
for succeeding in spite of
her money

By Ruth Biery

CHARLIE CHAPLIN was coming to the Huntington Hotel in Pasadena. An exciting event for the children, back in 1913, when this story opens, as it would be today among any group. It was in the middle of winter, when many youngsters were spending their winters in California, rushed away from the cold and snow of the East and Middle West.

"Let's give Charlie a show," they said. "We have given benefits for poor people and parties for ourselves. Now let us do something for Charlie Chaplin who has given us so many wonderful entertainments!"

So they ran to their respective mothers at the bridge table and took up the matter with fathers on the golf links. As the evening approached for the entertainment, there was much excitement among the tiny performers. Chief among the merry-makers was a dark-eyed child of six winters, thrilled because she was to dance for Charlie Chaplin.

And how she did dance upon that evening dedicated to her favorite actor! Danced so hard, with so much genuine ecstasy and motion, that right in the middle of her principal number, the scant, chiffon costume which mother had ordered especially created, fell to the floor.

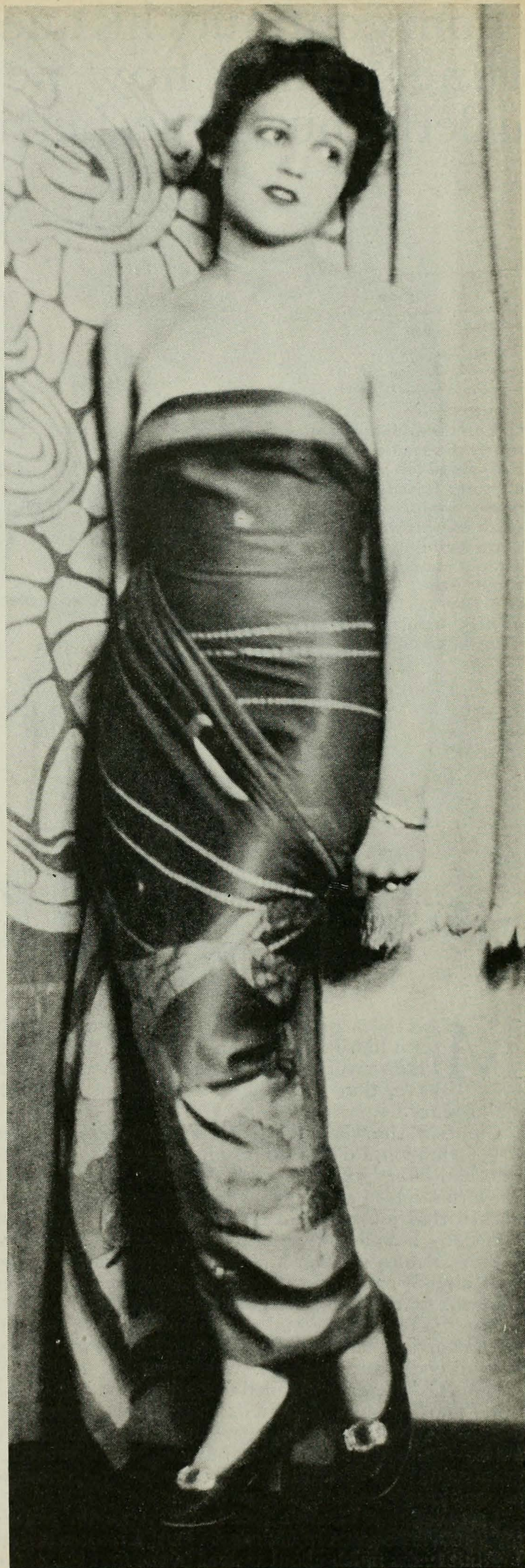
WITH one look at the withered costume beneath her, she burst into hysterics, kicking and screaming. She had disgraced the party!

"And Charlie Chaplin did everything but stand on his head to make me forget it!" Sue Carol's eyes danced with mischief in memory of the six-year-old tantrum which she was describing. "He did everything to make me feel happy. And later he asked mother about my going into pictures. When mother said 'No,' he agreed that she had made a wise decision because he felt it was a hard life for little children.

"When I left Pasadena, I wrote Charlie Chaplin a love letter. It must have been one of the most ardent fan letters he ever received, I am certain."

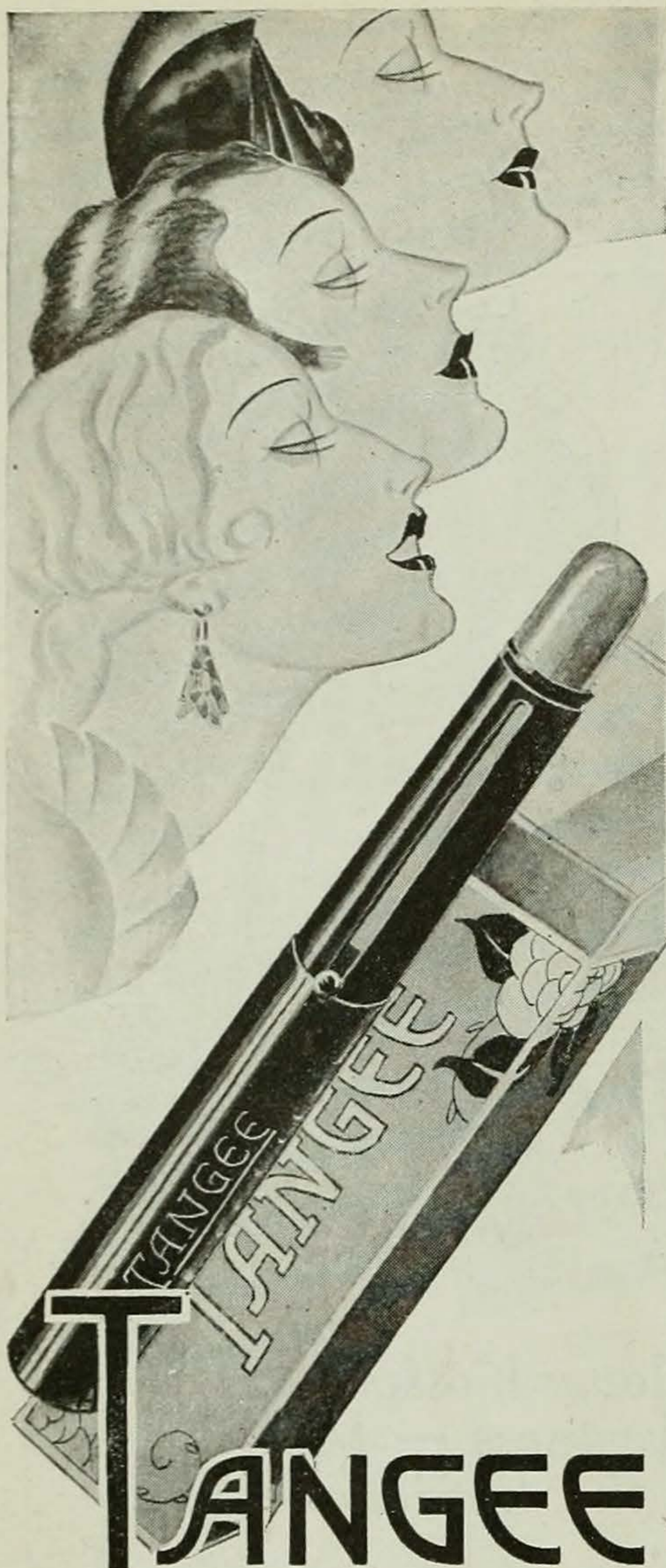
Only, Charlie never did get it. And Sue, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]

Without pretensions, without pull, without publicity, Sue Carol won her audiences immediately



Don't Call Her a Rich Girl

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TANGEE

The smart woman achieves lovely lips

She runs a little stick of orange magic firmly over her lips. Gradually, they begin to glow—not with the orange color of the lipstick, but blush-rose, Nature's own youthful bloom!

Once more she applies the lipstick . . . the color deepens, becomes richer, astonishingly lovely! No trace of grease or pigment, no unnatural coating. Nothing except a lovely glow, so natural it seems a part of her own lips . . . and, indeed, it is—for it is as permanent as the day is long.

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PRICES—Tangee Lipstick \$1, Tangee Rouge Compact 75c, Tangee Crème 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

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who was, of course, at this time known by her real name of Evelyn Lederer, only daughter of Sam Lederer of Chicago, never knew that he didn't receive it, until this last September, when she went back to spend four days with her mother.

THEN, one evening, when all the girl friends were gathered at her home asking her questions about "fan" letters, her mother slipped out to get the "fan" letter which little Evelyn had written Charlie Chaplin. The mother read them the yellow, time worn pages which she and the father had so carefully preserved for ten years.

"My Very Dear Friend Charlie
"We arrived here in San Francisco yesterday safely I thought I would write to you today: I Will write again as soon as I reach Chicago Dear Charli I dont want your Secretary to answer my letters only you very own Dear Self Please: I don't want any postal or five Sentences letter either But I want a good size one at least a three paged Letter from you and Believe Me. Charlie. I will certainly honor that Letter if I ever did honor a letter Charlie. Everyone I know well enough to speak to I tell them I know you Charlie Chaplin and no fake either; And you took me to the Depot. If you only knew Charlie how happy you made me by taking me to the Depot.

"From you'r Great Little Admirer,
"Evelyn Lederer.
"P. S. If Charlie Chaplin's Secretary reads this: Please Give it to Charlie to read."

YOU know, it is almost with regret that I go on telling this story of Sue Carol. And when you read these lines about this youngster who at the age of twenty is making one of the most rapid climbs ever chronicled in pictures, I just want you to know how difficult it was to get Sue to talk about herself.

Not that she doesn't want publicity. For she realizes that stories are, after all, essential to her success in pictures; but just because she doesn't like to talk about the fact that she has money; has always had money.

"People don't understand," she told me. "They'll just think it's publicity or they'll think I'm bragging. Can't you please write something else about me?"

And when we explained that any true story must carry the details of exactly what has happened in her twenty years of existence, she still held back and decided we just hadn't better tell any story.

When we asked about her girlhood friendship with Janet Gaynor, we met the same hesitant resistance. "But I don't see Janet out here any more. When I just came out here for fun, I used to see Janet. But now that I'm just a little person in pictures and she's a star, I don't call her up any more. Oh, she's lovely. Only people might think I was bringing up the old friendship just to have someone write the story."

She laughed. "Did I ever tell you how we fell out of the hammock one night? We were thirteen and we lived very near one another. We used to dress just alike and comb our hair the same way. We weren't allowed to ride on buses, but we used to sneak away and ride on the top, hoping that people would take us for sisters.

"One time, after such a ride, Janet stayed all night with me. We wanted to sleep on the porch but mother wouldn't let us. So after everyone was in bed, we slipped out onto the hammock. And it broke! We didn't dare move for fear someone would hear us. And when mother came out, there we were on the floor sleeping, or at least pretending."

SUE is an only child who, until ten years of age, was not allowed to play with other children because she might catch some contagious disease or be injured. Then her health broke and physicians ordered lots of play and fun with other youngsters, so she was sent to Kemper Hall in Kenosha, Wisconsin. After three years, she went to National Park Seminary. On September 25, 1926, she made her debut at the Drake Hotel in Chicago.

You know, I am going to play fair with this youngster and not tell you about her marriage to Allan Keefer which followed. She speaks so highly of Allan and of his mother and father, that why should anyone divulge that little secret of personal unhappiness which might befall any eighteen year old youngster who happened to marry?

But the year of 1926 was an unfortunate one for Evelyn Lederer Keefer. For in that year she lost her daddy. And to Sue her daddy and her mother are, after all, the only things in life which really have mattered. She was on the ocean, four days out, racing to Switzerland to meet them, when she received word she was too late. Although she didn't say so, we guessed that it was to forget this year of misunderstanding and sadness that she came to California to visit a friend in February last winter. Then she met Nick Stuart. When others had asked her to take a screen test, she had laughed and said she wasn't interested. But where others had failed, Nick succeeded. She was awarded the lead in "Slaves of Beauty."

THEN the telephone wires to Chicago began buzzing. Mother said "No." But Nick persisted, until mother finally said, "Just one picture!"

The next day the Fox lot was buzzing. Now Sue didn't tell us this, but we know that when she finished her first day of work, there were forty agents present, trying to sign her as their client. Sue didn't know what agents were for and only laughed at their offers. The harder she laughed, the harder they persisted.

But one persisted more than all others. When she refused to talk to him on the phone or admit him to her apartment, he literally kidnapped her on the lot and took

her to Douglas MacLean. Mother rushed to California, and Sue is now finishing her seventh month in pictures, happier than ever before, because she has been kept so busy. Under contract to MacLean for four more years, there have only been ten days when she hasn't been working. Six of these were spent on the train and the other four in Chicago.

I wish you could visit her apartment, near the Ambassador Hotel. A kindly woman, half governess and half maid, whom mother sent from Chicago, rules over the six rooms. A careful boy by the name of Robert (who counts every fan letter secretly before he delivers them to her) drives her big car to and from the studio, morning and evening.

AND the only imp which disturbs her contentment is the little demon called Gossip. People say that her mother invested fifty thousand dollars in Douglas MacLean's pictures to get her into the movies. There seems little reason to doubt that mother would have spent twice that amount to keep her out of pictures.

And they ask her how much her income is from the estate of her grandfather. And how much her father left her. And if it is true that she pays three hundred fifty dollars a month for her apartment. And what she paid for her white ermine coat, her fox coat and her squirrel coat.

Because she is Sue, she can't or won't tell them. Only she'd probably be proud to tell them she's just been raised from one hundred fifty a week to two hundred, in pictures. Not because of the money, but because it means that for the first time she is working and making good on the job.

And if tomorrow, she should lose all her money, she would remain what she really is now, the girl whom forty agents tried to sign—determined, like any girl, to make a success of her career.

Questions & Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95]

T. A., TROY, N. Y.—Not Helen of Troy, by any chance? PHOTOPLAY had a cover of Rudolph Valentino in July, 1922. Write to the Photoplay Publishing Company, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., for back issues. Send twenty-five cents for each copy you want.

NESTA HARRIS, LONDON, ENGLAND.—Your letter touches my heart. I agree with you, Louise Dresser is a fine actress. Write to her in care of the Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Miss Dresser is married and her newest pictures are "The Garden of Eden" and "My Country."

A. S., DAYTON, O.—Karl Dane never has told me his age. But he was born on October 12. I'd guess about 38. Hey, Karl, how old are you? He's married. And weighs 205 pounds. He was a carpenter before he became a movie comic.

IRMA F., ATWOOD, COLO.—Tom Mix's wife is Victoria Forde. She used to be in the movies. Ronald Colman is still legally married to Thelma Raye, an English actress, but they have been separated for some time. Mary Pickford is thirty-four and Lon Chaney is forty-four.

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JUST think of stepping into a bath like rich cream, using your favorite soap, then stepping out and finding that your skin has a "feel" like the down on a pansy petal.

This sounds almost too good to be true—or if true, probably too expensive.

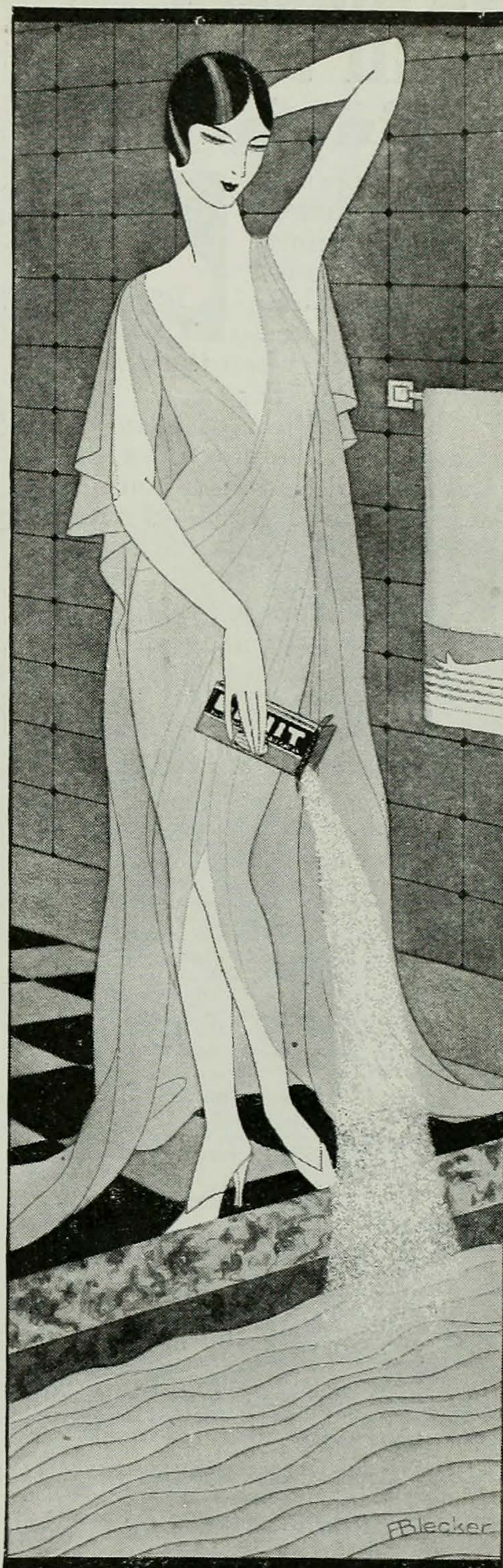
But it is true—the results are immediate and the cost is insignificant. You'd never believe that such an inexpensive beauty bath could produce such instant, enriching results.

Merely dissolve a half package of Linit in the bath—bathe in the usual way, dry off—and then feel your skin—soft and satiny smooth!

This soft, satiny "finish" comes from a thin coating of Linit left on the skin which is invisible to the naked eye.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit—harmless and pure—and being a vegetable product, it contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. Dermatologists and doctors regard its purity so highly that they generally recommend starch from corn to soothe the tender skin of young babies.

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Merely buy a package of Linit from your GROCER and follow the suggestions given here.