

Nita Tells How

You don't have to nearly kill your Nita Naldi. It is simply a case of

By A. L.



These photographs, taken something more than a year ago, show the alarming state of avoirdupois Nita had attained.

WHEN Nita Naldi looked at me after I had asked that impertinent question, "How did you do it?" I wondered if my hose supporter was down or if, in dressing, I had forgotten to put on a necktie.

Something seemed to be wrong.

She didn't exactly see, it appeared, how the loss of twenty pounds or forty pounds or whatever it was, could be of interest to me or to women anywhere in the world. And the fact that Ritz-Carlton in signing her up to a very juicy contract had stipulated that she was to be out of a job if she ever again weighed one hundred and thirty pounds, was a matter between her and Ritz-C. and a set of scales which didn't dare lie.

I had gone to see her with the idea that she would very sweetly describe how she rolled on the floor twenty-six times each night and nineteen times in the early morning hours; how she stood for an hour at a time on the back of her neck, played teeter-totter over the foot of her bed, ran four miles in the dewy grass before the sun or anything else had peeped over the hills, then ended by whaling the tar out of a punching bag and breakfasting on a pair of prunes and a slice of whole-wheat bread, toasted till it cracked.

But not Nita! Not on your life! Catch her doing any gymnastic stunts—never!

"My weight?" she said, after it seemed as if about nineteen years had passed.

"Yes, Miss Naldi," I replied. "You see, just about a year ago, you were rather—well, somewhat—ah, inclined to be a bit, what you might call a trifle plump. Only a trifle, you know. And women everywhere are so interested in the eternal question of reducing, I thought you might be able to tell something that would interest them, on how you did it."

I just wish she wouldn't look at an interviewer the way she does sometimes when she wants to know how really in earnest he is! Those great, lustrous vampire eyes turned about a thousand volts on me and again I felt nervous. Everything seemed to be all right, but I had the feeling that it wasn't. The question *did* seem impertinent and I was ex-

pecting to be told very soon just what to do to sell my War Cries. I was at the point of retreating when again she turned those eyes on me—and smiled.

"Why, my dear sir," she said, "there isn't any secret to it. Any one can reduce who wants to reduce."

"Is it very hard work?"

"Work! May heaven protect the poor working girl who tries to reduce that way! Work lends ambition to your appetite. I don't believe in it—that is, the kind of work you mean."

"Do you intend to imply that you didn't work, didn't exercise, to get rid of that which is gone?"

"Never a bit!"

"Then how was it?"

"I cut out spaghetti!"

Ah! I thought, I have the secret. Banish the spaghetti and away goes the poundage.

"Is that all you banished?" I inquired dubiously.



She Did It

self with exercise to reduce, says
not looking upon food when it is fat.

Wooldridge

"Oh, that and a few starchy foods. Then I occupied a drawing-room compartment on the water wagon, limited."

"Did you, or do you, eat spinach?"

"Spinach! Oh, I just *love* spinach! It's so green and satisfying. I buy it by the bale. But when I want a banquet, a whole gorgeous banquet with everything from soup to nuts, I eat a bowl of chop suey about as big as your ear. Then, occasionally—only once in a while, I have a piece of chicken. I'm due for another piece of chicken about next Wednesday."

Shades of the open market! I just couldn't help wondering what would happen to the vendors of food if all the world simply gobbled up sustenance as Nita Naldi does! Spinach and lettuce and celery and chop suey and sometimes a little piece of bread toasted so hard it cracks. Yet that is what the famous actress absorbed in order to bring her weight down to one hundred and twenty-three pounds. She just quit eating. She confesses to having weighed one hundred and forty-two pounds. Then she stops confessing. Denies she ever got beyond that in weight. But the photographs taken of her when she played in "Don't Call It Love," a William de Mille production filmed something more than a year ago, show her to have been a very husky one-hundred-and-forty-two pounder. Writers were unkind enough to refer to her as "corn fed," "stall fed," "overfed," and the like.

The remarkable thing about Nita Naldi's reducing is that she accomplished it without any of the gymnastic exercises which are punishing the very souls of so many American women. And she very bluntly and boldly asserts that such reducing exercises are unnecessary.

"Tennis!" she exclaimed, "I loathe it! What can be more ungainly than a woman sprawling herself out into the air batting at a tennis ball.

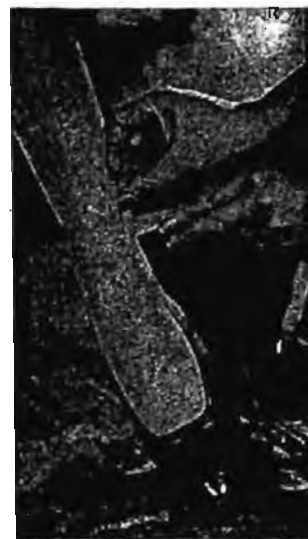
"Golf! It develops your feet—spreads 'em out' over the green.

"Horseback riding! Nothing more ridiculous, than a woman setting down on a horse to reduce.

"Swimming! That's worth while, if you keep it up. But here is the idea: Exercise just naturally gives ambition to the appetite. When you eat, you give your body something on which to build. If you wish to reduce, quit giving your body that 'something.' You can't acquire flesh if there's nothing to acquire it from. You can eat just enough each day to sustain your

strength and keep your mind clear and body active. That's enough. Stop at that. Very soon your figure will assume the natural proportions it was intended to have.

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Except for her height, Nita Naldi would now make a perfect Mack Sennett bathing beauty. Here is how her measurements compare with those of the Sennett standard:

| Nita Naldi | | Sennett Standard |
|--------------|-----------|------------------|
| 5 ft. 8½ in. | Height | 5 ft. 3½ in. |
| 123 pounds | Weight | 120 pounds |
| 12½ in. | Neck | 12½ in. |
| 36 in. | Bust | 34 in. |
| 26 in. | Waist | 24 in. |
| 35 in. | Hips | 35 in. |
| 19 in. | Thigh | 21 in. |
| 12½ in. | Calf | 13 in. |
| 7¼ in. | Ankle | 7¼ in. |
| 8 in. | Forearm | 9 in. |
| 5½ in. | Wrist | 5½ in. |
| 9¼ in. | Upper Arm | 10 in. |

The full-length picture, at top, shows Nita Naldi in her triumphant slimness of to-day, while the close-up proves that her ankles are again in perfect proportion.

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Nita Tells How She Did It

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fats and greases and starches the average woman consumes each day are sufficient to make any healthy person roll in fat. Alcohol is the biggest flesh builder there is. A woman cannot retain a slender figure and feed it on alcohol in any form.

"I know the plan I followed is different from that recommended by physical culture directors and different from that being followed by millions of women, and I'm not urging it on any one. I'm simply telling what it did for me. It sounds silly to hear girls say they are 'trying to reduce.' All they have to do to shed superfluous flesh is quit feeding it—guard their eating. When it starts going, it goes fast. Eliminate the starches and meats and alcohol. Be strictly a vegetarian. It's easy."

"But Miss Naldi," I asked, "don't you get hungry sometimes for a regular old farm-hand meal?"

"No," she replied, "not now. But oh, gentle Josephine! How I battled with that eating bird when we first went to the mat! Why, at night, in my sleep, I would dream of sweet, juicy steaks parading around my bed followed by biscuits floating in brown gravy, flocks of side dishes with sweet corn and peas and then regiments of cream puffs with ice-cream portions cheerfully trailing along in the rear. Then I'd awaken to hear my siren-voiced resolution saying: 'Nita, it's time for your two prunes and slice of dry toasted whole-wheat bread!' So I would arise and eat."

"However, that's gone and I feel better, sleep better, and am happier than I ever have been. I know I have reduced my figure."

She extended one silken-clad ankle smaller than it ever was, distended the biceps muscle of her slender arm and gave other evidence that the surplus flesh was gone.

The truth of the matter is that Nita Naldi has regained, if not improved, that wonderful figure which did much to bring her coveted vampire rôles on the screen. Her complexion is clear, her skin soft and smooth, her eyes bright, and the keen wit for which she long has been known fairly sparkles. Persons who see her in "Cobra" and "The Scarlet Power," the new plays in which she is to appear with Rudolph Valentino, will find her with one of the most symmetrical and yet voluptuous figures of any actress on the screen. Were it not for her height, she could consistently qualify as one of Mack Sennett's bathing beauties, and it is doubtful if that connoisseur of feminine physical charms ever had a more perfectly proportioned creature.

In order to show what the Naldi improved system of voluntary diet will do, I bribed a maid to attend the dark-eyed vampire to a dressing room and measure her figure. I even had a picture taken of the ankle measurement to try to convince you if you're sceptical. Then I compared these measurements to the standard approved by Mack Sennett in selecting bathing beauties. The results I have given in the comparative table accompanying this article. Study it over—remembering the difference in height, and then, if you are interested, try out the spinach and toasted whole-wheat bread.

To the Rescue of the Villain

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though there are a lot of things you wish were different, you keep right on. And then there is the credit side of the situation. On the stage you don't have the variety of parts or contracts, the interesting side diversion. Neither do you have long trips to Italy, in which you can manage to see a good part of Europe in between times. And of course, with all that, you have a very nice salary."

William Powell so far has confined

his screen activities to New York. "I've been thinking a lot of going to the Coast," he told me, "but"—with a rather wistful smile—"I hate to think of going so far away from the stage. You know," he added more lightly, "we actors are always hoping that the great play will come along and that we will get the great part. And how terrible it would be to be in Hollywood if that happened!"

NORMA TALMADGE—An Impression.

Dusk of dreams, warm mystery of night,
Eyes that hold the passion of the south;
Deep eyes, soft-shadowed by dark hair,
And love's sweet promise writ upon the mouth.