

American Beauties



*July
25 Cents*

CH

"Let Us Taste Life While We May"

"Doushka," he whispered, "Life is so short. Let us taste it while we may!" And the princely stranger, who had suddenly appeared out of the soft shadow of the warm, sensuous Egyptian night, bent and kissed her lips.

She struggled against the intoxicating emotion—tried vainly to resist—to push him away—but he again gathered her into his arms and most tenderly kissed her.

All power of movement seemed to desert her. She only knew that she was wildly happy, that this was heaven, and she wished it would never end.

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American Beauties

Volume One Number Eight

JULY, 1926

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HIRSCH



Carol Dempster

Since the days of "Dream Street," Carol Dempster has done nothing to prove her art so effectively as she is doing now in the screen version of "The Sorrows of Satan." Once every little while David Wark Griffith displays his genius, and he has created a film masterpiece in his picturization of the once famous Marie Corelli novel. With Adolphe Menjou, Miss Dempster carries off the laurels in this photoplay, which has not yet been released.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
in
AMERICAN
ART





Courtesy Metropolitan Museum

“Moonrise”

By Frederick S. Church

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,
And ever changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?

Percy Bysshe Shelley



"The Fog," by F. S. Church

The Last Murmur of Mermaids

*What the Wild Waves Say to the
Artistic Soul*

By EDWARD LONGSTRETH

THERE probably never was a more downright, literal-minded age than ours in all the centuries mankind has lived upon the earth. We not only call a spade a spade but we seem to enjoy referring to it as often as possible, especially if we can put it to some ultra-earthly, some dirty use.

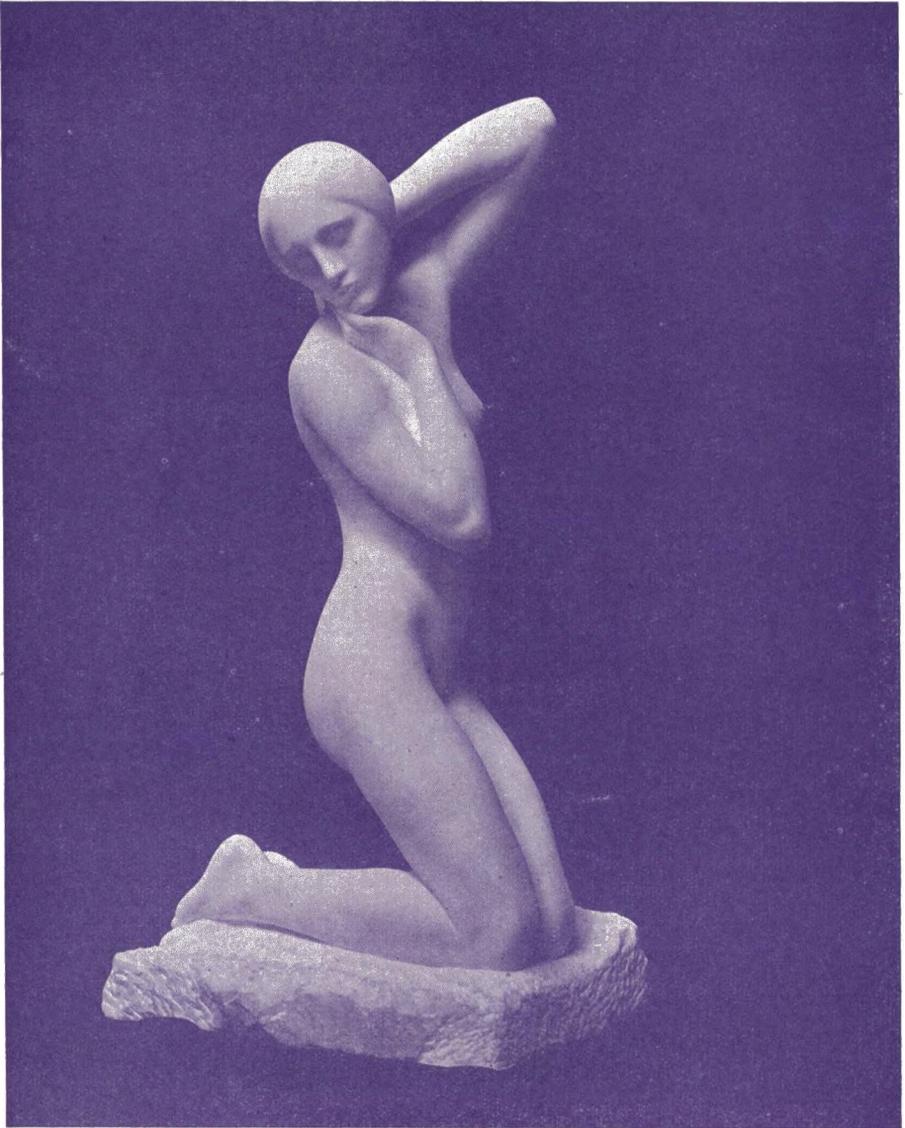
Once upon a time there was a way of avoiding all literal unpleasantness, especially regarding sex. When Mr. Orestes was overwhelmed by remorse, the ancient Greeks described him as pursued and nagged at by the Furies. Of course, the Furies were conceived of as being women. In quite another way the same principle of poetically glossing over the details was applied. This was in the case of the parentage of Mr. Aeneas of Troy, whose father was well-known to be Anchises. But apparently there had been no earthly mother for the gentleman. The situation was easily explained—his mother was Aphrodite, the goddess of love.

In this way, all doubt was removed because Aphrodite, or Venus, as the Romans called her, was *known* to exist. Why, she was a goddess and had been answering prayers for generations, or not answering them when the offerer was not in favor. One could always tell by the result.

Since nothing of this charming poetic custom remains, since we dare not invent pretty stories to fill in the embarrassing gaps of our career lest we be reviled with unpleasant names, we must protect ourselves by using all the unpleasant names first.

PITY the poor coast guard who dallyes on the way home some soft summer moonlight night. He must be painfully definite in explaining his delay to his waiting and perhaps irritable wife. He cannot say, as once he might in centuries long ago, something like this: "I am dreadfully dismayed, my dear, but the fact is you are exceedingly lucky

(Continued on page 8)



Courtesy of Grand Central Gallery

“Fragilina”

The exquisite marble shown above has recently been purchased by the Metropolitan Museum from the Grand Central Galleries. Attilio Piccirilli is the most talented and famous of a great family of stone cutters. With his father and brothers he has worked on many of the most celebrated marble and granite monuments in America by our leading artists. The whole family, with their wives and children, lived and worked together like an old patriarchal family. Now of all the Piccirilli, Attilio has risen to the first ranks of American Sculpture in his own right.

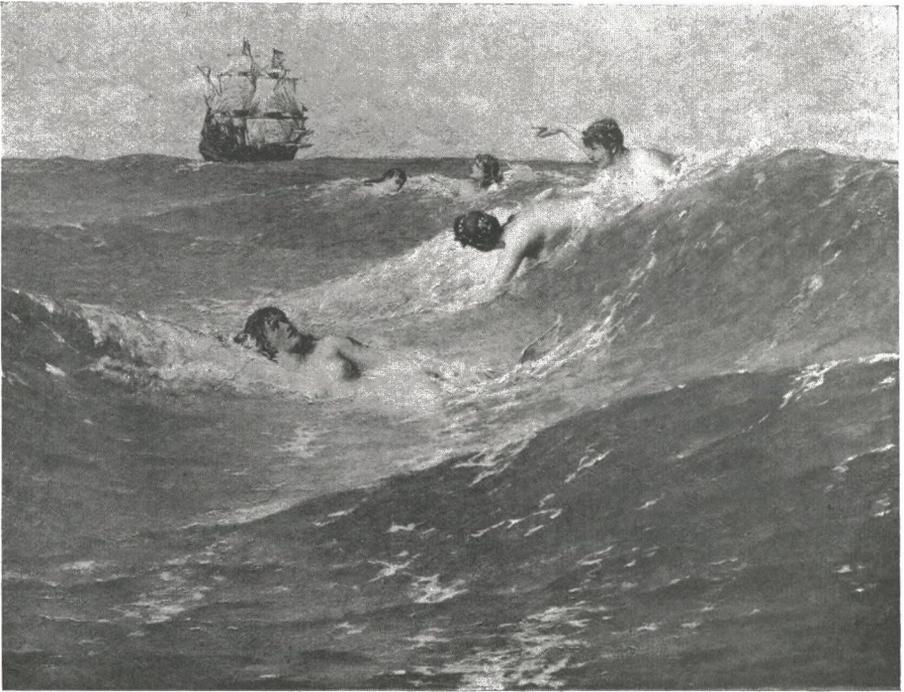
Nymph and Imp

"THE Nymph of Fynmere," by Herbert Adams, is shown at the right in all its classic purity of form. And yet it is not to be denied a strong romantic appeal. Nothing could be more skilfully restrained and yet more significant than the water-lily clasped in the left hand, for it suggests the whole environment of the figure. Through this one thing we can see in fancy the quiet pond, overhung by leafy shades, sweet-scented and beautiful. The extended left foot tests the temperature of the water brink and the action is effectively carried out in the gesture of the right hand and the attentive expression of the face.



Courtesy of Grand Central Gallery

BABY sculpture is always popular in art exhibitions and no doubt "Ouch," by Bonnie Mac Leary, has had hundreds of admiring people stop before it and exclaim "How cute!" This sort of statuary is designed for garden use and is usually piped for jets of water to spurt from the mouths of the little frogs around the base. Cuteness may seem deplorable in the robust art of outdoor sculpture, but it is a great step away from the iron dogs and stags that marred the lawns a generation ago.



"The Strange Seas," by George W. Maynard

(Continued from page 5)

to see me return alive at all. As I was turning the point by the cove I heard a song with ravishing music. I could not control my feet. They moved in strangely new ways and propelled me irresistibly toward the rocky shore. There I beheld a marvellous creature who beckoned me. She was a Siren, and a blond.

"Just as I was about to step into the swirling tide where I would surely have been dashed to death against the rock, my life was momentarily saved. A hideous monster rose in coiling, clammy scales from the sea and frightened the Siren away.

"But, alack, the monster made directly toward me, with his gaping jaws dripping with eagerness to seize upon me and crunch me to death. In my extremity, almost paralyzed with fright, I found my voice and cried aloud to Neptune. 'O, Neptune,' I said, said I, 'save me against the wrath of this monster and

I vow to sacrifice a string of coral, throwing it to one of your mermaids on the beach at the next full moon.'

"Neptune was auspicious and struck the monster back below the waves and I miraculously escaped to see you again."

Of course, the poor coast guard's wife would in those olden days have greatly rejoiced to hear of his lucky escape. She would give her coral necklace gladly for the sacrifice, and some evening not long after, our hero would throw it to a mermaid on the beach just as he had promised to do.

I doubt if any of our coast guard service could get away with this sort of thing today. He must either call his spades, spades, and take the jack-pot, or else stay out all night.

THE stark realism of our modern point of view is no doubt trying to the artistic temperament, and rightly so. It does not matter whether the artistic temperament is in the artist, or work-

man, or businessman, he must have some relief from so much ghastly realism. He turns to art. In the summer, quite naturally, he will turn to marine art.

There is a fascination always about the depths of the mysterious and awful sea. It is already peopled with weird fish which we can see in aquariums, and certainly it is no great stretch of the imagination to invent one or two that might just as readily exist, like Sea-serpents, and Mermaids. Indeed, of all the old line of ancient mythology, these two are the only ones left in which we have a half-expressed secret belief.

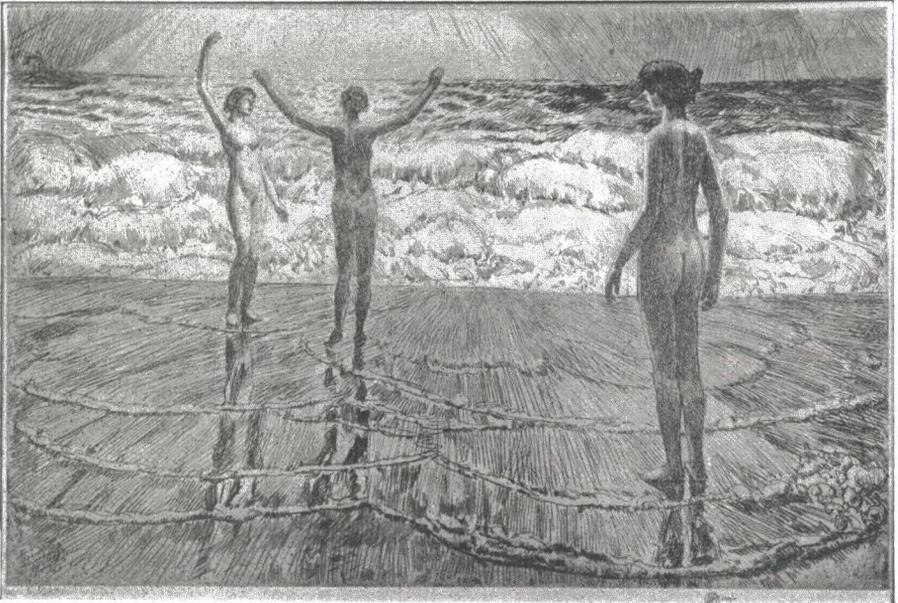
If, on one of our bathing beaches this summer, some quick-eyed flapper should shout, "Oh, look, a Sea-serpent," and we turned and saw it looping and coiling its way toward us through the surf, we would undoubtedly get a thrill out of it. But just as surely part of our feeling would be, "Well, at last, I've seen it. I always knew the damn thing existed, but I never could be sure. I hope it doesn't bite."

IN two of the seashore paintings used in this issue there is a fine feeling of

the great space and extent of the sea as it stretches, apparently forever, straight away from the shore. The scale is typified by the use of jots of human beings, lending color and a limited form to the huge generalities of color and the immensities of form shown in the land, the sea, and the sky.

There is a cool refreshment for us, too, in contemplating paintings of the sea, and a sense of personal approach to both romantic adventure and the realm of the mysterious Unknown. We no longer believe it possible that Atlas holds up the sky, or that the center of the earth is the realm of Pluto, or anyone else, but it is still possible that on summer evenings by the sea we can hear the subdued murmuring of the Mermaids in the shallows, and half dimly see, further off from shore, the sea gods and Neptune riding with seaweed in their hair.

But a little more real estate "developing" along our coast and even the last vestige of this will be gone and we shall have heard the last murmurs of the Mermaids. They will sink with the gods to the bottom of the sea and forevermore shun the shore.



"Beach at Southampton," by Childe Hassam



"Washington Marching Through Philadelphia, 1777"

Penn's Holy Experiment

Violet Oakley's Famous Mural Pageants

THE most magnificent, sumptuous and sovereign state capitol building in America is probably that of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania at Harrisburg. Only the stupendous scale of its ornamentation could make the great burden of its decoration beautiful. Before the entrance stand the groups in marble by George G. Barnard, which profane reformers have obscenely "draped" with plaster additions. Within the great building are elaborate mosaics—gigantic bronze chandeliers and sconces, superb panelling in rare woods from every corner of the world, and extensive designs of mural decoration.

The paintings for the walls of the great chambers were originally planned

by the famous Pennsylvanian, Edwin Austin Abbey, but he died before they were completed, leaving to his assistant, Miss Violet Oakley, the task of finishing his designs for the series called "The Holy Experiment."

Violet Oakley is also a Pennsylvanian, a Philadelphian, and has a most attractive studio large enough to complete enormous mural panels at "Cogslea" on the estate of State Senator Woodward in Chestnut Hill. The first series were installed in the Governor's Reception Room and were completed November 26, 1906.

This was, however, not the end of the work. Other murals followed, designed for and installed in the Senate Chamber



"The Legend of Peace," by Violet Oakley

and the Supreme Court. For theme, Miss Oakley took the ideal of William Penn and the Society of Friends, called Quakers—the ideal of tolerance and brotherly love. This second series depicts the progress of the Christian ideal,

through the history of the Commonwealth, Penn, Washington, Meade, and other leaders in triumphs for freedom. With these are panels like the beautiful "Unity" panel, with its cold, exquisite blue, and the others shown here.



"Penn and the Slave Ship," by Violet Oakley



Irene French

A petite and dainty "Vanity," one of the morsels of delightful girlishness that give grace and exquisite charm to the somewhat daring spectacle features of Earl Carroll's famous "Vanities."

CHARMING FIGURES of the AMERICAN STAGE





Florence Horne

One of the delightful dancing figures in the brilliant new Winter Garden show at Madison Square Garden, "The Great Temptations."

It is a colorful revue molded on the most gorgeous lines.



Mildred Espy in "The Great Temptations"

Laugh Festivals in Summertime

*The Ultra-Modern Mode of Entertainment—
Called a Revue*

By ROLAND HARGIS

SUMMER is supposed to have an odd and inevitable effect upon people and hence upon the theatre.

It is taken for granted that the human brain pan sizzles slightly as the annual heat waves sweep across it. The lobes are vaguely gelatinous, and the machinery just a little out of gear.

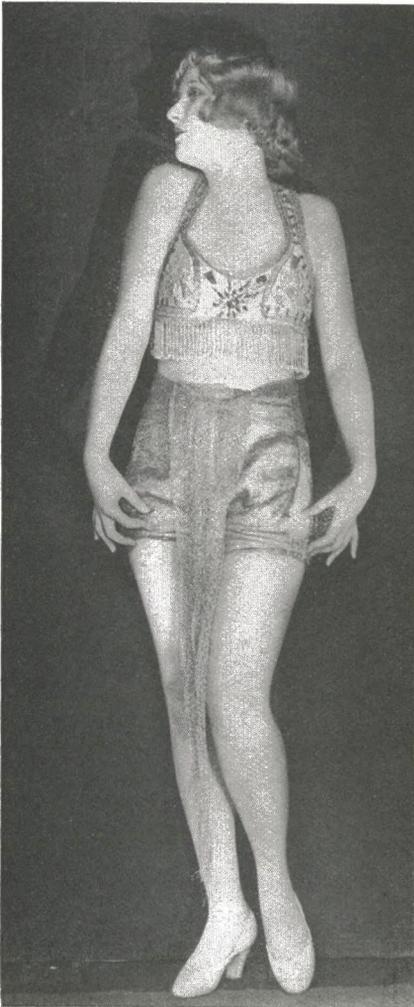
In this condition, it has been found, the ordinary victim of such a combination as heat and the theatre, is willing to behave in the strangest manner. Being careless and irresponsible, the customers attend the first shaded playhouse they can find, sink into a seat, and accept the consequences.

Nearly all the consequences are the same. Most of them are called revues under such crack titles as "The Junk of 1926" or "Draperies of" (insert here the name of your favorite year). In each one of them is to be found a bit of all the others you ever saw.

As likely as not there will be some women in the show. This fact is usually disclosed about 8.31 o'clock, or twenty seconds after the curtain has gone up. Quite often they are not recognizable as women at first because they may be representing (and being vocal about it too) anything from flowers in your garden of dreams, or garden of memories,

or garden of loves, to a figure tableaux showing the need for further reductions in income tax—to say nothing of visibility.

After that almost anything may happen. Sooner or later people will get off jokes, varying in age, about such topics as the weather, the radio, sex, flora and fauna (the naughty pair) at the North Pole, and the five inevitable Als to wit, Jolson, Woods, Smith, Cohol, and Imony. Sooner or later there will be



MARGARET QUIMBY
A dancer of "Music Box
Revue" fame

Charlestons unless the featured Charlestoner has happily broken her leg, and sooner or later a couple which appears to have lost the way to the swimming pool, will lift each other about the stage in what is said to be a dance, but which may be readily recognized at once as merely aesthetic 'longshore hauling.

You will know then, unless you had guessed it before, that in summer it is not so much the heat as the stupidity.

AT this peculiarly un-Springlike moment the preliminaries afflict the New York theatrical platform. For hark, hark, the dogs do bark, the beggars are coming to town, some in rags, some in tags, and some in velvet gowns.

All of the revues used to come in velvet gowns until M. Charlot arrived and explained gently that a show is not always as good as it looks. The news has spread about pretty thoroughly, now, and quite a few people seem to know that you have to buy many things besides scenery, electric lights, and new lily cups before you can open a summer entertainment.

Years ago some of the old guard managers almost died when an absolute bolshevist paid \$10 for a joke. Until then, apparently, they had been clipped out of magazines on dentists' waiting room tables, or collected hurriedly during rehearsal, with a can of beer from the corner saloon.

Now all the sad young men write bright wisecracks for New York's summer boarders. They are inserted adroitly into the laugh festivals, and thus tickle the ribs, massage the funny bones, and exercise the larynxes brought here from all parts of the country for the yearly outing.

There are, as a result, two classes of revues, the still splendid, gorgeous spectacle, and the intimate, shy, but snappy youngsters who have substituted an occasional thought for a few square yards of uncovered human epidermis. It is impossible to say which is the more daring exposure.

(Continued on page 54)



Phoebe Foster

If jazz can be called a form of art, Miss Foster is the artist supreme in the interpretation thereof. She has been doing dances and songs at the Cort that have kept the audience under the spell of a dizzy whirl that sent them home with titillating songs in their ears and music in their toes.



Glenn Anders,
Richard Ben-
nett and Paul-
ine Lord in
"They Knew
What They
Wanted."

Helen Westley and
Augustin Duncan
in "John Ferguson."

Scene from "The
Faithful," a The-
atre Guild Pro-
duction.

At Last—A National Theatre for America

The Increasingly Important Work
of The Theatre Guild

PERHAPS it is a trifle premature to speak of a national theatre as though it were an accomplished fact, and yet in one respect it is. America's theatrical center is New York, and the permanent organization of greatest prestige there is The Theatre Guild.

In a real sense we have no proper national theatre, for if that were so in a great country like ours, each city would have its repertory theatre. Not only would the old favorites by Shakespeare

and Sheridan, and the drama of the last century be produced, but while the newest popular play is on the boards in New York, it would also be seen in the city theatre of Kansas City, Atlanta, and San Francisco. As things stand today, such matters must be left to indifferent road companies which start some months after the success of a show has been assured.

No longer ago than 1919, The Theatre Guild was a struggling art theatre of painful amateurishness in Greenwich



Helen Westley and
Edna St. Vincent
Millay in "Bonds
of Interest."

Philip Leigh, Wini-
fred Lenihan and
Albert Bruning in
"Saint Joan."

Joseph Schildkraut
and Louise Closser
Hale in "Peer
Gynt."



*Robots from
"R. U. R,"
one of the
finest Guild
plays.*

*Roland Young,
Basil Sydney and
Lotus Robb in
"The Devil's Dis-
ciple."*

*Ernita Lascelles
and George Gaul
in "Back to Methu-
selah."*

Village, in lower New York. Before the end of 1923 it had raised half a million dollars for a theatre fund.

The Garrick Theatre, a small, old-fashioned theatre far from the new theatrical section, way down on 35th Street, housing only six hundred persons, was leased by the Guild in 1919 for "Bonds of Interest." Guild plays have been there every since.

The Guild continued to grow. Its subscribing membership has become enormous and is still increasing.

The Guild gave a resounding laugh to the superstitious beliefs of the older theatrical managers, for they produced "high-brow" plays that became popular "hits." Many of the productions have been imported and consequently have greatly enriched the experience of the American theatre-going public. The plays are magnificently put on and both

staged and directed with a sense of unity and design. Plays by Shaw are seen every winter. A brilliant company of players has been assembled, including stars of such magnitude as Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. The Klaw Theatre, seating eight hundred persons, is under lease to them.

One of the great successes last year was "They Knew What They Wanted." The impression left by the Guild was that They most certainly did! But the sex interest was healthy and human, and gave a good demonstration of how sex is legitimately a dramatic theme—as it is, in fact, the dominant motive in human life. Writers who deny this obvious truth are as pernicious as plays which abuse and distort it—plays which could be readily named, but which have nothing to do with the magnificent work of The Theatre Guild.



*Dudley Digges and
Margaret Wycherly
in "The Adding
Machine."*

*Winifred Lenihan
and Jacob Ben Ami
in "The Failures."*

*Morgan Farley and
Emily Stevens in
"Fata Morgana."*

Temptations

Great and Small



Girls and More Girls



Mildred Espy

IN the history of recent revues, modelled after the famous French revues, "The Great Temptations" is one of the most gorgeous and scintillating. It is the new summer offering at the Winter Garden, and it suggests bathing beaches and desert oases and a number of other things that might match up with pink lemonade and Japanese fans. Everywhere there are girls—girls that dance, girls that sing, girls that tell a story, girls that flirt, girls that are coy, girls that dare, girls that you'll enjoy—because they are young and happy and full of that sparkle of irresponsibility that is of the modern age modern and makes no pretense to do other than engage and entrance and delight.

ELSIE CARROLL (on the left) is one of the prettiest girls in this newest garden of girls. A bit Spanish, a hint Oriental, she belongs to the new type of chorus girl, who has an individuality and personality of her own.



*The
Winter
Garden
Puts on its
Summer
Show*



I Like You

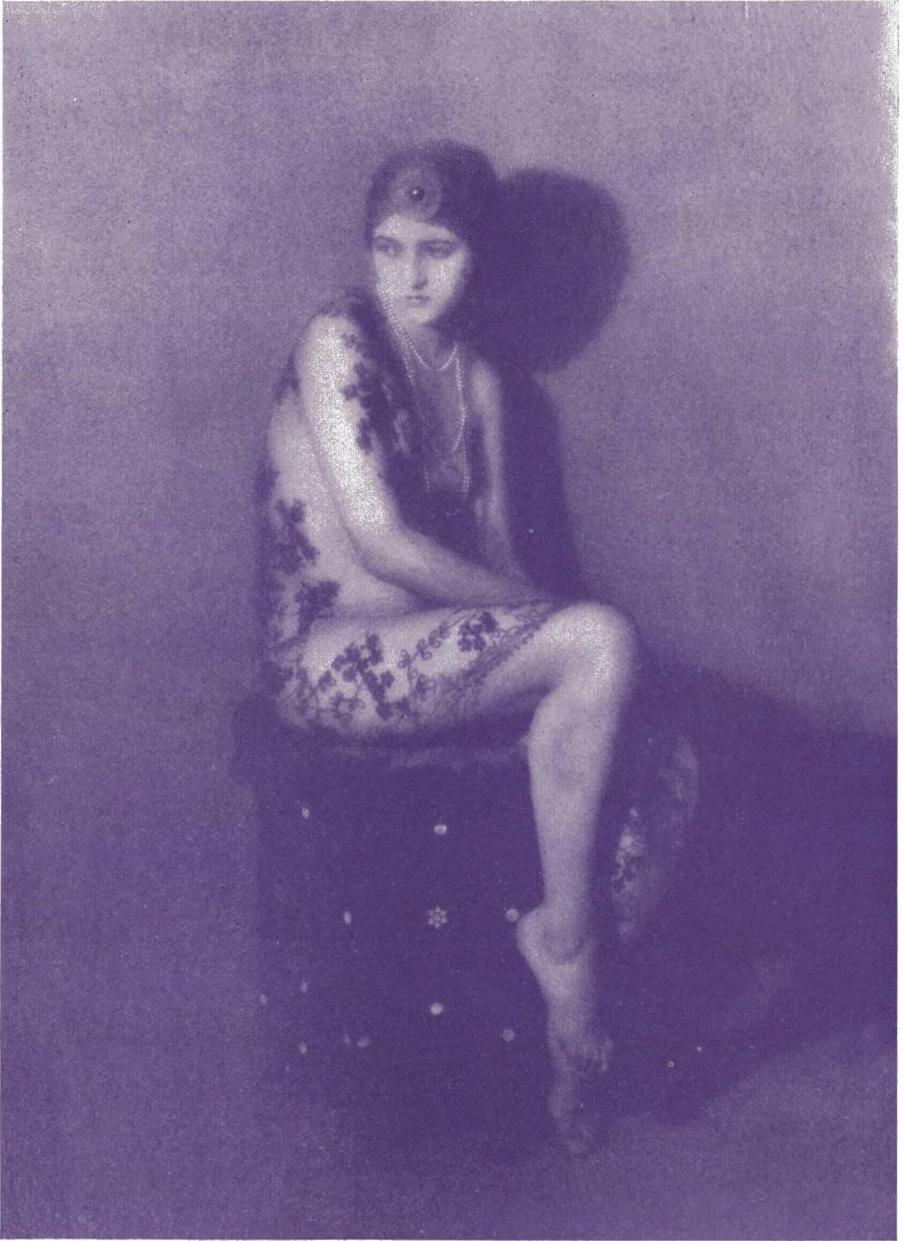
Anyway,
I like you.
Anyway,
I care.
Oh,
I know
Your whimsies
Are difficult
To bear;
Oh, I know
Your tantrums,
Your moods,
Are maddening.
But I have to like you—
'Specially in Spring.
You're all the things I don't approve
But I'm compelled to say,
Darling, that I like you,
Anyway.

ONE of the gay-
est and most
charming of the
Winter Garden
girls is Mildred
Espy. Bangs and
a boy bob vie with
a dainty figure to
make this little
dancer a real enticement throughout
the revue. Meet
little Miss Mildred
Espy.



ROSERARY and CAPELLA are dancers worthy the name. They can languish romantically, or do a dervish whirlwind with equal ease and convincingsness.





Billy Bostek

*Gravely remote, in pensive pose, she seems no part of "Kitty's Kisses."
But then, she's meditating for the photographer, and she's
doing it in perfect form.*



A Bunch of Cherries

“Kitty’s Kisses”

We Engage in the Pleasant Pastime of Reviewing

By AUDREY McMAHON

THIS is a pleasant summer show. It is a hot weather performance, sans plot and *avec* girls.

The funny thing about “Kitty’s Kisses” not possessing any plot is that it is supposed to have been adapted from “Little Miss Brown,” and that was supposed to be a play, and plays are supposed to have plots. And the nicest thing about Kitty’s plotlessness is that since the words don’t tell a story they are used freely as cues for songs and dances.

“Look at those two walking down the track,” says somebody. Bang—a song. “Here they are coming back,” murmurs somebody else. Crash—a dance. “My gracious, how many of us there are here!” Presto—the chorus in a song and dance. This is not literal as to the words, but it is as to the effects.

There is just one person in the cast that isn’t a dancing star and that is John Boles, who, as Robert Mason, plays the part of the hero. But the acrobatics his feet don’t perform his eyebrows do. First he raises and lowers one of these facial ornaments, then he repeats with the other, then he elevates both at once

—but to different levels, then, just to show you how he has them trained, he makes them roll over and lie dead. And does it fetch them? All about me I heard flappers sigh with pleasure and I should hate to have to answer Johnny’s morning mail. But even so—I didn’t like him.

I don’t know why. He is tall, he is handsome, he has square shoulders, and always takes off his hat when even thinking about a girl; he is noble—heaven knows he is noble—but I didn’t like him. It may be sour grapes. You see I’m not a flapper any more!

HOWEVER, decrepitude didn’t interfere with my enjoyment of the remainder of the cast. Dorothy Dilley is very fetching as Kitty Brown. She has a nice voice and she uses it well. She has lovely legs and she uses them superlatively. As for her toes—you ought to see the pjama dance. There’s something new under the candelabra!

Then there is Mildred Keats, as Miss Wendel—the Daughter of the Hotel. How *that* girl dances! She isn’t up to
(Continued on page 54)



Walter Woolf and Yvonne d'Arle

WHEN the hero disguises himself as an inferior and, unknown to the heroine, enters her service, the audience sits back with the cosiness of being in on the secret, and awaits developments.

This is what happens in "Countess Maritza," the tuneful operetta brought over by the Shuberts after a four-year success throughout Central Europe. It has a great deal more plot than is usually found in a musical production, and instead of stopping the show every so often to interpolate songs that haven't much to do with the story at all, the music really helps the story along, besides being unusually good in itself.

Walter Woolf plays the part of Tassilo, a young Hungarian nobleman, who having lost his fortune, and wishing to earn a dowry for his sister Lisa, takes the position of overseer on the great estate of the Countess Maritza. The fair Maritza is besieged by suitors, especially by a large and pompous general who supplies some of the comedy of the piece. She unwittingly brings home as her guest none other than sister Lisa, but Tassilo, in a moment alone with her, begs Lisa not to betray his disguise.

In all the world there is no folk music

"Countess Maritza"

*A Shubert Importation
from Central Europe, With
Music and Comedy Spicily
Mixed.*

By CALTHA BURNS

sweeter than the Tsigane, or gypsy, music of Hungary, so that when a troupe of gypsies come by the chateau the overseer is directed to engage them. Among them is a gypsy maid who not only plays the violin in a way to make one's blood rush warm, but who reads the future with startling truth.

PEERING into the aristocratic palm of Maritza, she says: "Countess, you have riches galore, but you will not always know happiness. Before the month is out you will fall in love with a man of title, and sorrow for him."

But of this Maritza is somewhat sceptical, since, to rid herself of her obese general, she has just announced her betrothal to one Baron Koloman Szupan, whom she has invented. But, alas! her imagination has worked so well as to hit upon fact, for a dapper little gentleman really of that name turns up to claim her. (The dancing of Carl Randall in this part is one of the good things in the show.) Complications ensue.

But if the Countess is having her own troubles—after a furtive, admiring glance or two at Tassilo who, even though he is only her new overseer, is very handsome—Tassilo is beginning to have his.

The gypsy girl also finds him very handsome. She can foretell the future, but what is more to the point, she knows how to make the most of the present. Being of a blood that knows no drawbacks, Manja does not hesitate to make advances various and sundry. It's not fair to attack any one with Tsigane music—one must be anaemic indeed to remain untouched by it. Our virile hero is almost carried away. Manja begs him to come and live among the gypsies, and almost beside himself, he bursts forth into one of the gypsy songs.

MARITZA overhears him, and his strong voice in turn touches her. All the gals in the audience
(Continued on page 55)



Color and Comedy in "Countess Maritza."

Maids Be Nimble Maids Be Quick

IN these days of sensational dance stunts the acrobatic has more than casual place in the average musical revue. Among the features of "The Great Temptations," that brilliant new show now hanging out at the Winter Garden, the little girl on the left contributes a full measure of grace and color in her variety of dancing numbers.



A Dancer in
"The Great Temptations."

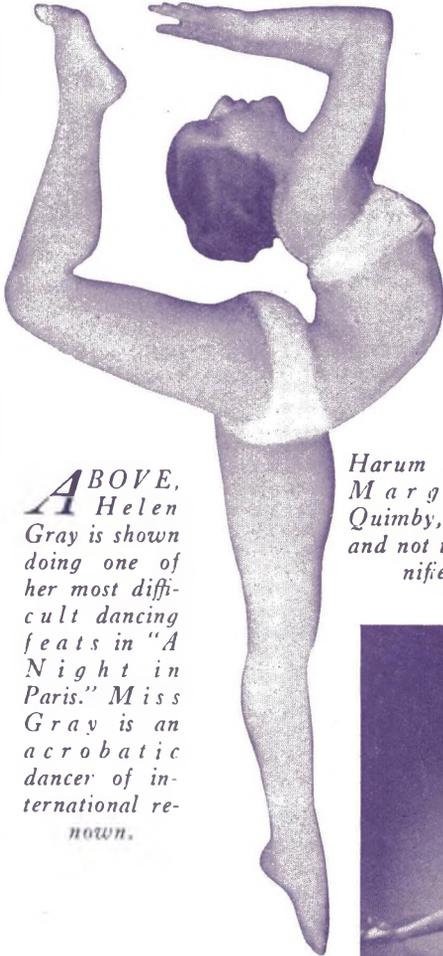


MARGARET QUIMBY won many laurels in "The Music Box Revue" and on the vaudeville stage. Recently she has gone into pictures where she takes her eccentric contortions that are withal very satisfying to the eye.

ABOVE is a wild little dancer lately seen with some of the more popular musical shows. There are few poses that she cannot make, seemingly with little effort.

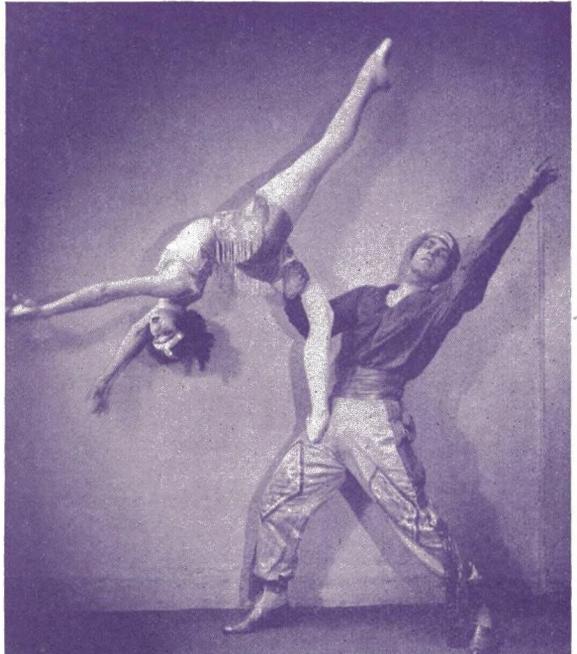
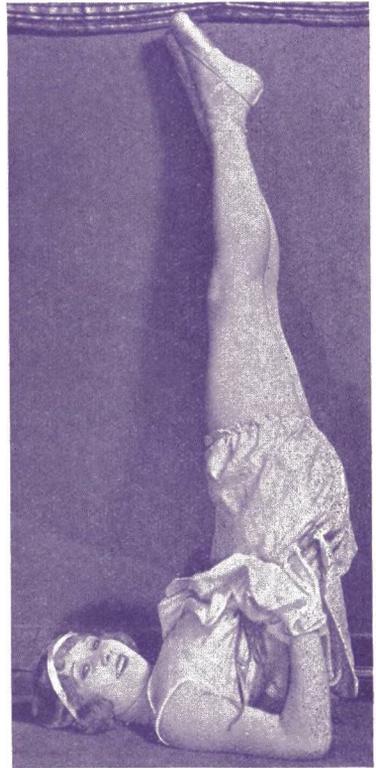


Dancing Girls Who Have a Kick



ABOVE, Helen Gray is shown doing one of her most difficult dancing feats in "A Night in Paris." Miss Gray is an acrobatic dancer of international renown.

Harum scarum Margaret Quimby, pert and not too dignified.



ON the right, Gracella and Theodor, famous Adachio dancers, are seen in one of their numbers. They were recently awarded the 1926 Gold Medal of the American Society of Terpsichore.



A Tense Scene from "At Mrs. Beam's"

Bluebeard and His Bride

From the Popular Stage Play, "At Mrs. Beam's"

By FRANCESCA RAMBAUD

HE loved her a little less than she loved him because she loved him a little more than he loved her. Such is life, here, there, and—at Mrs. Beam's.

Mrs. Beam ran a boarding-house where a room to let was called a vacancy and a boarder a paying guest. Most of these paying guests were so old that they weren't interesting any longer, or so young that they weren't interesting yet. The rest just

weren't interesting. With the exception of Bluebeard and his near bride.

(Lynn Fontanne is always lovely, but as a pseudo French-Brazilian-daughter of a Viscount or what have you, she is loveliest of all.) And so much loveliness

could not go unnoticed in any boarding house—much less—at Mrs. Beam's

"Do you think she is really his wife?" asked one elderly girl who had not yet lost hope, of another elderly girl who had.

CAST

Miss Shoe.....	Jean Cadell
Mr. Durrows.....	Henry Travers
Miss Cheezle.....	Helen Strickland
Mrs. Bebb.....	Helen Westley
James Bebb.....	Paul Nugent
Mrs. Stone.....	Phyllis Connard
Miss Newman.....	Dorothy Fletcher
Mrs. Beam.....	Daisy Belmore
Mr. Dermott.....	Alfred Lunt
Laura Pasquale.....	Lynn Fontanne
Colin Langford.....	Leslie Barrie

It was just a rhetorical question, because the hopeful E. G. never waited for anyone to answer anything.

"I don't," she continued. "I believe that they are—er—well, you know. That's what I believe. Even if she is the daughter of a Viscount. And I believe that she is. I don't know why. But I do. As for Mr. Dermott. . ."

The dots indicate Miss Shoe shivering. This she frequently did, sometimes with excitement, frequently with curiosity, and all too seldom with apprehension. But it looked as though she would get a real thrill out of Mr. Dermott. For Bluebeard was abroad.

Absolutely. The papers said so. He had slain and eaten goodness knew how many wives in Paris, France, and now he had migrated to England to do likewise. And Miss Shoe was convinced—oh, utterly—that he had come to roost under Mrs. Beam's roof. Not that she minded. She had never been out of England, but she was cosmopolitan. Some people are. I don't know why—but there it is. They are.

And being a cosmopolitan she knew that Mr. Dermott was this very Bluebeard, and that the daughter of the



Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne

Viscount was his next victim. Didn't he have a mole on his - er - person? Wasn't he handsome? Wasn't she appetizing? Didn't they have a large square trunk in their room?

SO Miss Shoe watched and Miss Shoe listened. It's positively marvellous how much you can learn that way. Miss Shoe's patience was speedily rewarded, for you can't expect a Bluebeard always to be even tempered. Even so handsome a Bluebeard as Mr. Dermott. And when Miss Shoe heard sounds of a violent struggle, accompanied by objects falling, and piercing screams—why, she did her duty as a cosmopolitan. She opened the door of the Dermotts' bedroom, and asked for a bucket of coal.

"Do you want to throw it?" asked Mr. Dermott, a strange light in his eye.

"Oh, dear, no," protested Miss Shoe, "just to burn it, truly."

So he gave her the coal, and she gave the rest of the house the dirt.

"There she lay," said Miss Shoe. "There she lay."

(Continued on page 56)



*Jean Cadell, Lynn Fontanne
and Alfred Lunt*



Claire Windsor—Metro's Star

If you don't care,
Pretend you care.
I've got to be
Happy at least a little while,
You see.

If you don't care,
Pretend you care,
And fake for me a happy ending.
Pretend—but, oh,
I hope, I know,
It isn't just pretending!

SCREEN BEAUTIES

Out where the kisses are a little stronger;
 Out where they "make-up" a trifle longer;
 That's where the Movies begin.
 Out where the blue-laws are a darn sight bluer;
 Out where the censors are a wee bit fewer;
 Out where the gunmen shoot a little truer;
 That's where the Movies begin.



Love The World

If you would have me love you still,
Be strange toward me, be strange
and chill;
Be strange and chill—when I am by,
Let dull indifference veil your eye,
And greet me, sometimes, with a
stare
As blank as though I were not there.
Be kind to others, but with me



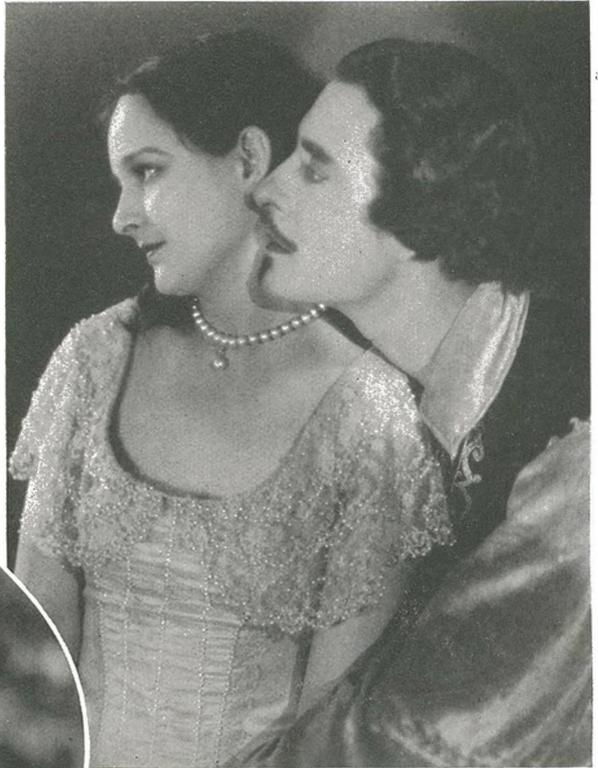
Will Collier, Jr. and Joan Crawford



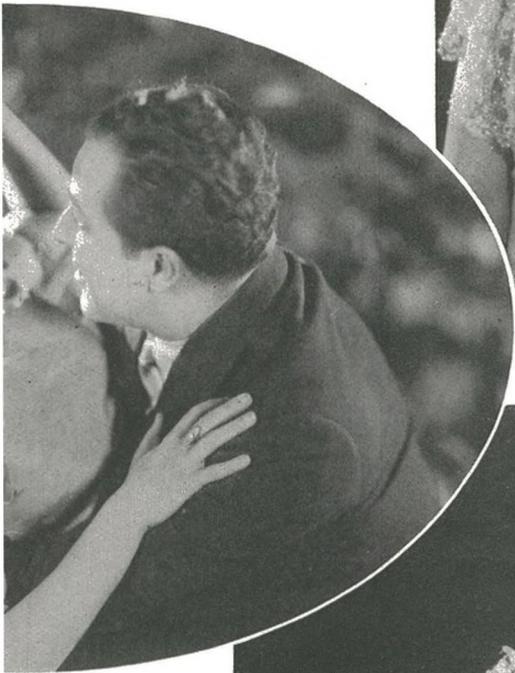
IN "Fine Manner" is far from finding "strange and chill" caution seem to be Lya dePutti and seen in "Variety" again in Ramon Novarro Myers (A Certain the right. And the heart-warming photo

Makes Go Round

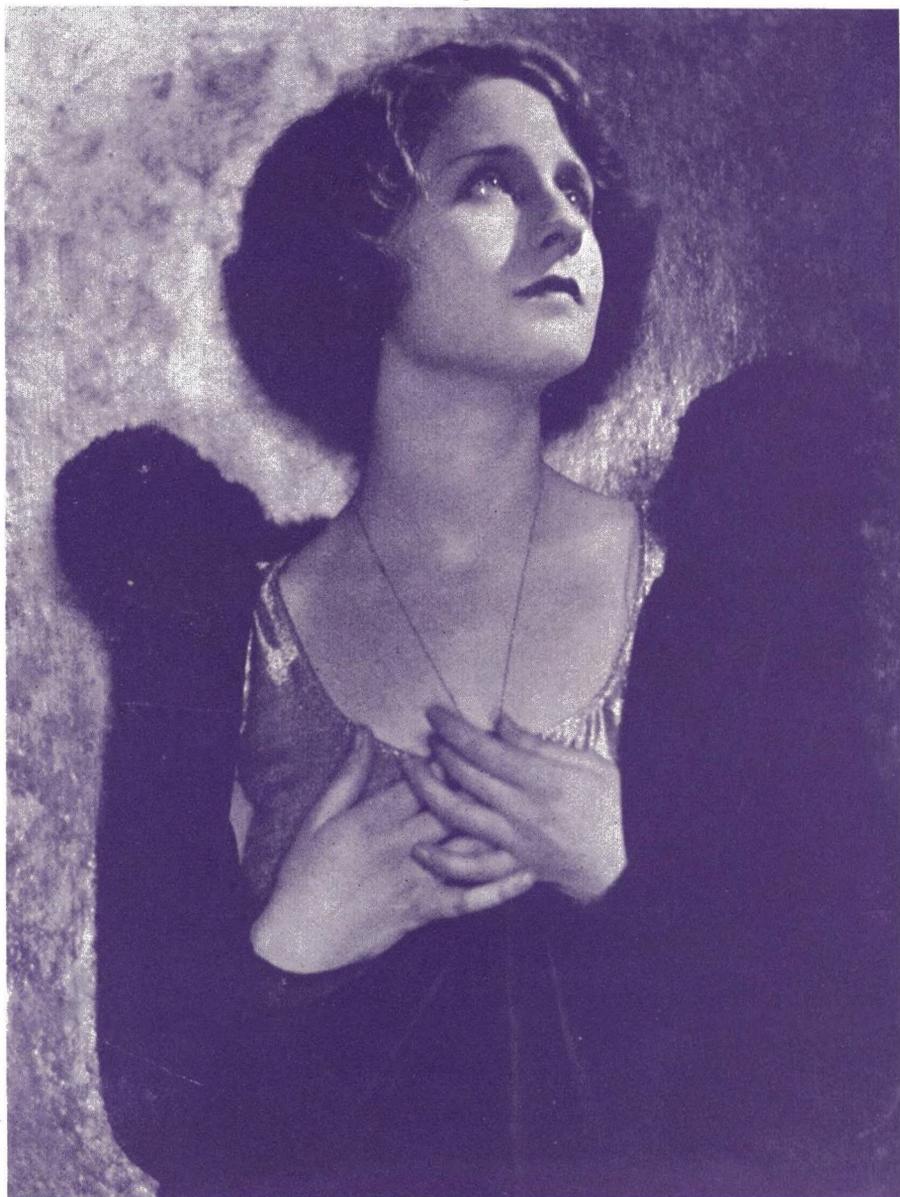
Use no sweet ancient sorcery
Of laughing lip, or dimpling cheek;
Be unattainable and bleak
As Asian mountains, lifting high
Their scornful summits toward the
sky.
If you would have me love you still,
Be strange toward me, be strange
and chill.



John Gilbert and Eleanor Boardman



s," Eugene O'Brien
ing Gloria Swanson
" Nor would the
ring response from
Warwick Ward as
' on the left; nor
avarro and Carmel
a Young Man) on
so are only a few of
love scenes in new
plays.



Norma Shearer

A new portrait study of a young star who has been more photographed than almost any girl on the screen, chiefly because she is the photographer's dream of lovely womanhood come true.



A scene from "He Who Gets Slapped"

Norma Steps Out

The Little Shearer Person Has a Knack of Changing Her Viewpoint With Her Clothes

By GRACE DEETER

THERE are stars that are born and stars that are made. The manufactured constellation, like the manufactured poet, is rarely a consistent success. Its light is likely to wane and its place be usurped by some more radiant newcomer to the heavens.

Norma Shearer is no manufactured star. She must have been ordained for a place in the movie heavens long before she made her first appearance there in 1921. If at first her light was no brighter and clearer than that of a hundred others, still it gradually deepened to a steady and then a brilliant glow, until now it can be seen from afar, shining

with a permanency of which there can be no question.

Our metaphor has served its purpose. Perhaps you would like to know more about this little Shearer girl, whose face has such a lovely photographic quality, and whose every appearance on the screen reveals some fresh possibility in the way of characterization and variety of acting talent.

MISS SHEARER did not start life as a movie or even a stage potentiality. She was born into a home of culture and wealth. That was where she obtained her air of good breeding;



*NORMA SHEARER
in "His Secretary."*

that ability to handle herself in every situation with charm as well as grace, and never to seem out of place in whatever the surroundings. Necessity drove her to a career. Wealth has a way of vanishing ever and anon and the Shearer family found it essential to engage in some sort of money making enterprise. With good looks as her first asset, Norma Shearer looked toward the stage and screen. She looked longingly and then doubtfully; finally she looked with determination. That won the trick. She started as an "extra."

Intelligence is the first requisite to seizing an opportunity. Norma Shearer is intelligent; more, she is resourceful. She didn't mind if she did have to look ugly in a picture—she would be the character to which she was assigned.

She knew that to be successful you must be able to work. To intelligence she added the gift of knowing how to work. To get the

best results from your work you must be adaptable; she became adaptability itself.

It was Louie Mayer who saw this little extra girl putting all of herself into picture work. He had a real test made of her photographic possibilities. She was a new type—beautiful, with a rare lack of self-consciousness and a convincing method of making you feel that she would do all that was required of her and then some.

In 1925 Norma Shearer appeared in five feature pictures, as many as Norma Talmadge ever did in her most prolific days. And she made good in every one. She was a little country girl, a shadow of the slums, a woman of fashion and a dozen other things. In some roles she was surpassingly lovely—so that men, and women too, exclaimed when they saw her; in some she was common to the point of being vulgar and repellent; in others she was sophisticated with a touch of deviltry; in still others she was the lady of the current mode, smart to her finger tips, seductive, disdainful, even as she had been innocent and childishly alluring only a short time back.

"Don't you mind being ugly?" Miss Shearer was asked. And she laughed. "I never think about it," was her smile.

(Continued on page 60)



Norma Shearer, Conrad Nagel and Sally O'Neill, in a new Metro picture.



Lya de Putti

One of the newest Paramount finds, a foreign actress who is said to surpass even Pola Negri in intensity of passion and emotional range and quality. She appears in "The Sorrows of Satan."



Esther Ralston

The prettiest little star in the Paramount galaxy, jumping from her lovely American Venus part to that of an exquisite bride in "Old Ironsides"



Kosloff Ballet Girls in "The Temptress"

We Vote—for Less Vaudeville and More Films

As We Wander Around Among the Movies

By BETH BROWN

THE Movie Palace of Broadway is no longer a palace. It's become more of a 10-19-25 cent store with a little bit of this and a little bit of that of vaudeville and movies flung scatter-wise on the same bargain counter.

There used to be darkness, peace and a quiet seat in which one could escape from the blare of living, but all that's in the by-gones.

Nowadays, a seven-reeler is no longer even a five-reel picture.

One reel has been snipped off to make room for the blustering brass jazz band number. Another reel has been amputated for the young society dude singing

in a speaking voice to the accompaniment of Benny, his unmusical banjo.

When the film flickers, it's because the projectionist (the fellow in the booth who runs the picture) has been told to shove it in fast so as to make room for the numbers.

"Give the public vaudeville!" cry the managers. But does the public want it? Seems to me if they did, they would go round the corner in the first place, to the vaudeville store and the two-a-day. Under the present regime, the public, who has come to see a feature film, must sit patiently through the "overture," a topical review, a light soprano, a heavy



Looks—"Come hither"—"Don't you dare"—"I would if I could."
From "Good and Naughty," a new film.

basso and other what-nots before the picture is finally shown.

Do people realize that a theatre, to pay for its expensive vaudeville numbers, must necessarily cut down on picture costs . . .

And does! To the detriment of the picture. That's the reason, right now on Broadway, if you're sharp-eyed, you can readily discern the tawdry cheapness and gradual cheapening of film productions, cheap casts, cheap sets, cheap stories.

Perhaps the film people think they can fool the public into believing that they're giving them twice as much for their money, but, believe it truly, the public doesn't take long naps even if it does occasionally indulge in forty winkers. Soon enough, the public will wake up and make the important decision—whether it prefers vaudeville and poor pictures or good pictures and less birthday cake icing.

A Social Celebrity

Our favorite for the month was Adolphe Menjou in "*A Social Celebrity*." Menjou has certainly made great strides these past few seasons and his work shows the studied effort he has given it. One is always sure that a picture in which Menjou is starring is good enough to spend an evening on. Chester Conklin was another reason we enjoyed "*A Social Celebrity*." Chester (if we dare to) had the theatre kicking its heels and wiggling its giggly toes.

The story was good, too, something just a little different about a barber shop and an expert bobber who leaves a small town to make his fortune in the metropolis and returns to the small town because only there does he find sincerity, a plentitude of hair-cuts and—an heir!

This is a clever bit of screen acting that reveals Menjou at his best.

That's My Baby

"*That's My Baby*," with Douglas Maclean, is a so-called gentle comedy, fairly good, but not too. The story concerns itself with a rather shy, scatter-brained young society gent who falls in love with a damosel and follows her to a costume affair where one and all the ladies are dressed *a la* Turkish, so that he very nearly collects a harem-full instead of the *the*. The audience liked this picture but we've seen Maclean riding better vehicles.

The Wilderness Woman

"*The Wilderness Woman*," with Eileen Pringle, Chester Conklin and Lowell Sherman, is from a story by Arthur Stringer. Well, we nearly laughed our beans off, it was so improbable and so delightfully burlesque, too. Think of it, a young man out by his lonely in the heart of Alaskan wilderness, up a tree as it were, and a young lady who comes along fortitudi-

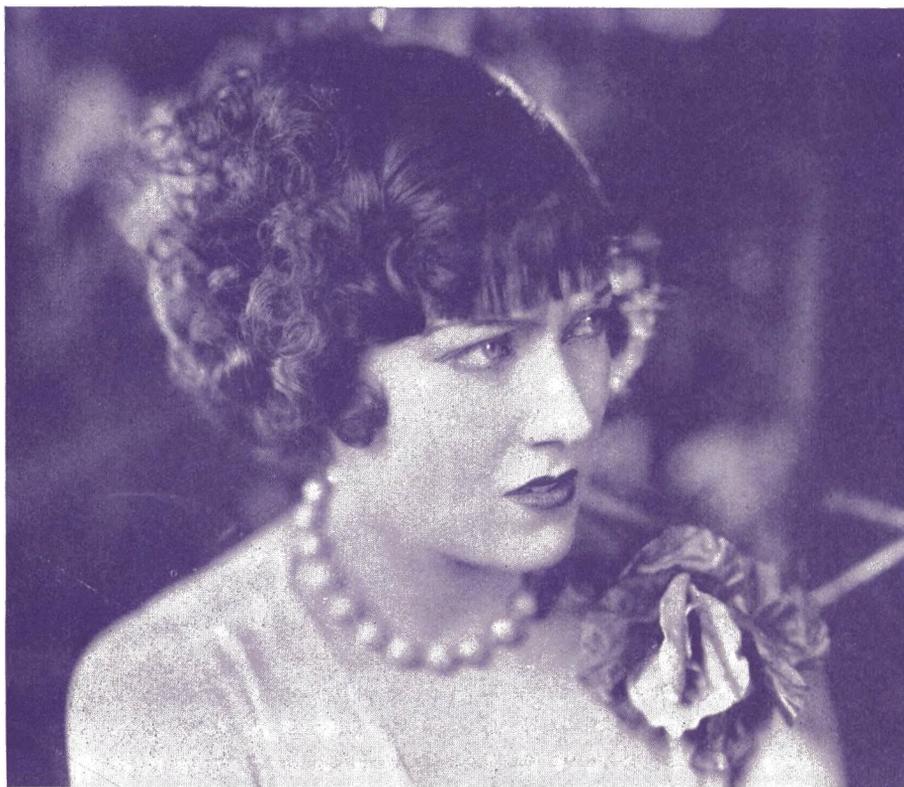
ously and rescues him, and a silver mine being sold for a cool million, and the newly rich coming to New York, because Chester wants to see if what the stranger said about trains running under the river is true. We can't lay it on thick enough for Conklin. He's as good as Chaplin, and better than Sidney Drew ever was.

Fascinating Youth

"*Fascinating Youth*" is or was an experiment more than anything else. As you probably know, the Paramount Picture Corporation established a school for picture players. Boys and girls all over the country who passed the screen test were admitted, and taught fencing, etiquette, make-up and whatever other requirements seem necessary for a screen career. Then this story was written for them and all took part. It's a tale about a group of wild Greenwich village youngsters who take over a seedy mountain resort and turn it into a paying proposition.



A Dilemma in "Good and Naughty," Pola Negri's new picture



GLORIA SWANSON

“Fine Manners”

*A Fictionized Version of the Latest Film Featuring
Gloria Swanson and Eugene O'Brien*

By AUDREY McMAHON

BRIAN VANDEROON had them. Orchid O'Toule hadn't. There were several other things Brian had that Orchid hadn't, as for example, a limousine, a valet, an old name, and an independent income. But Orchid had pep. And when you have pep things frequently happen.

Things were happening fast and furious the first time Orchid and Brian met. The time was New Year's eve, the place was Times Square. Lots of

people were hurrying around going nowhere, and among them was Orchid. Everybody was having a good time, but they could have had a better time if they had been having it at somebody's expense. And then Brian appeared.

"Pipe the plug hat," said somebody. "One o' them uptown swells."

"I'll swell him a few," said somebody and proceeded to swell Brian one over the eye with an orange he had found too ripe to eat.

The fun was on. Ordinarily Orchid enjoyed a scrap as much as anyone—perhaps even a little bit more. A burlesque chorus girl has to know how to

use her tongue—yes and her fists as well as her feet. But there was something in the way the crowd turned on Brian, and something so hurt in his expression as he received their insults—both verbal and vegetable—that she hurried to the rescue.

Chance caused a waiter with a heavily laden tray to rush in the same direction, and Fate ordered a collision—with the contents of the tray unspilled but transformed to the astonished hands of Brian.

"Come with me," ordered Orchid, pulling him vigorously.

"Gladly," murmured Brian, well bred even when in a hurry.

Together they rushed through the crowd, into a skating rink where Brian lost the tray—and his poise, and Orchid found her brother Buddy.

"Meet my new friend, Bud," she invited the boy. "He's a waiter."

CAST

Orchid O'Toule.....	Gloria Swanson
Buddy O'Toule.....	Walter Goss
Aunt Agatha Vanderoon	Helen Dunbar
Brian Vanderoon.....	Eugene O'Brien

NOW Brian was not a waiter, and Orchid knew it, but Buddy was one of those good brothers that are such bad men to run up against. He believed

that all rich men were crooks, and all rich *young* men were crooked crooks out to "get" his Orchid. But in the poor he had faith. So he beamed on Orchid and Brian as they skated away together.

But Orchid knew what Brian was and Brian knew—and deplored—what Orchid wasn't. Because he had fallen in love. He explained it all to his indulgent Aunt Agatha.

"She really is a jewel, Aunt," he said eagerly.

"In the rough. I know." Poor Aunt Agatha couldn't repress a shudder. "What do you want me to do?"

"Teach her—you know. How to hold her fork, and move across the room without upsetting herself, and the other details of life. If I am to marry her . . ."

"But *are* you to marry her."

"I'll tell you this evening," said Brian.

(Continued on page 60)



When Beau Gene makes love to Glorious Gloria

Nell Gwynne Comes to Life



IT takes a madcap actress to bring back to life another madcap actress. Dorothy Gish, with all up-to-date wrinkles of the motion picture at her command, reincarnates the delightfully gamine player of the days of King Charles and makes a photoplay full of amusing episodes and touched with more than a hint of a wonderful personality.



Dorothy Gish Resurrects Gay Nell

*N*O more picturesque figure lives in history than Nell Gwynne. She was the courted of kings, the gutter child grown to a contempt for royalty, the petted and spoiled darling of the rabble as well as the nobility. Miss Gish has caught the very spirit of Nell and has relived it in a picture that is the best she has ever attempted and that puts her in the class of the most



accomplished screen artists. Never has the younger Gish displayed so finished and adequate an act.





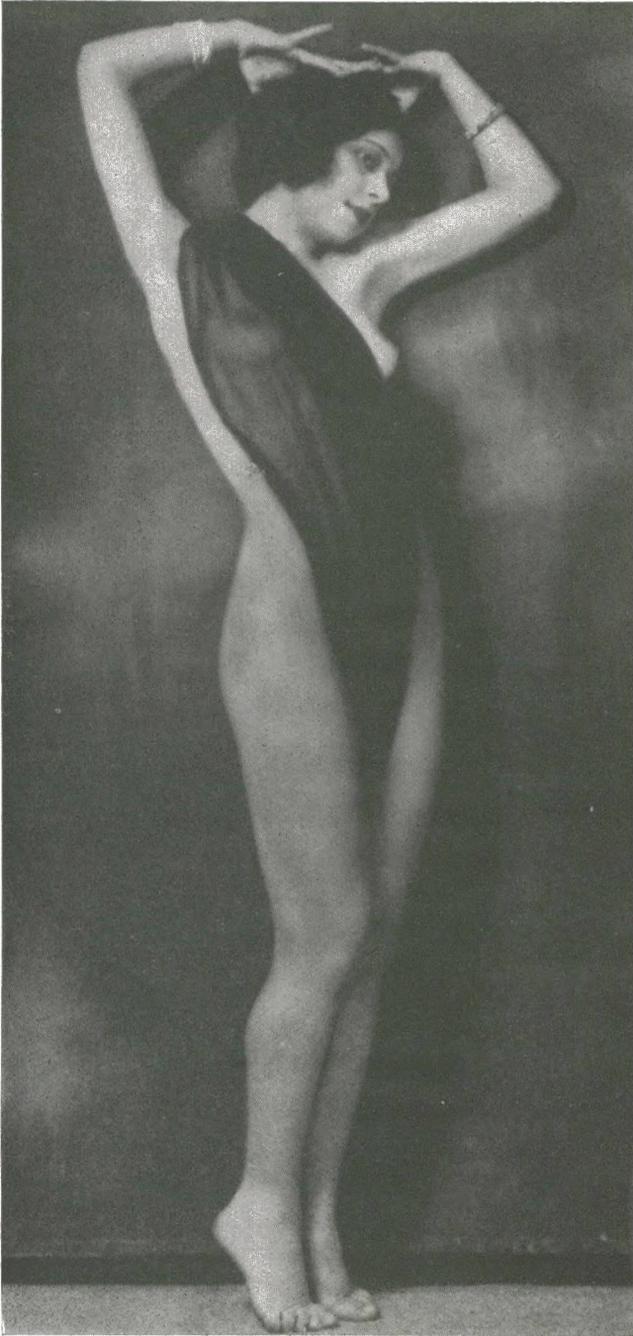
Lois Moran

In "Padlocked," a new Paramount feature picture, Lois Moran is a Spanish dancing girl who does a Carmen-like part with grace and finish. Miss Moran has specialized in Charlestons.



Pauline Stark

When Pauline Stark was an extra girl in crude Westerns no one ever expected that she would be a finished artist in the near future. But in "Love's Blindness" Miss Stark reveals an emotional appeal that places her with the most favored of the best known actresses.



Esther Tanya

Of Earl Carroll's "Vanities"

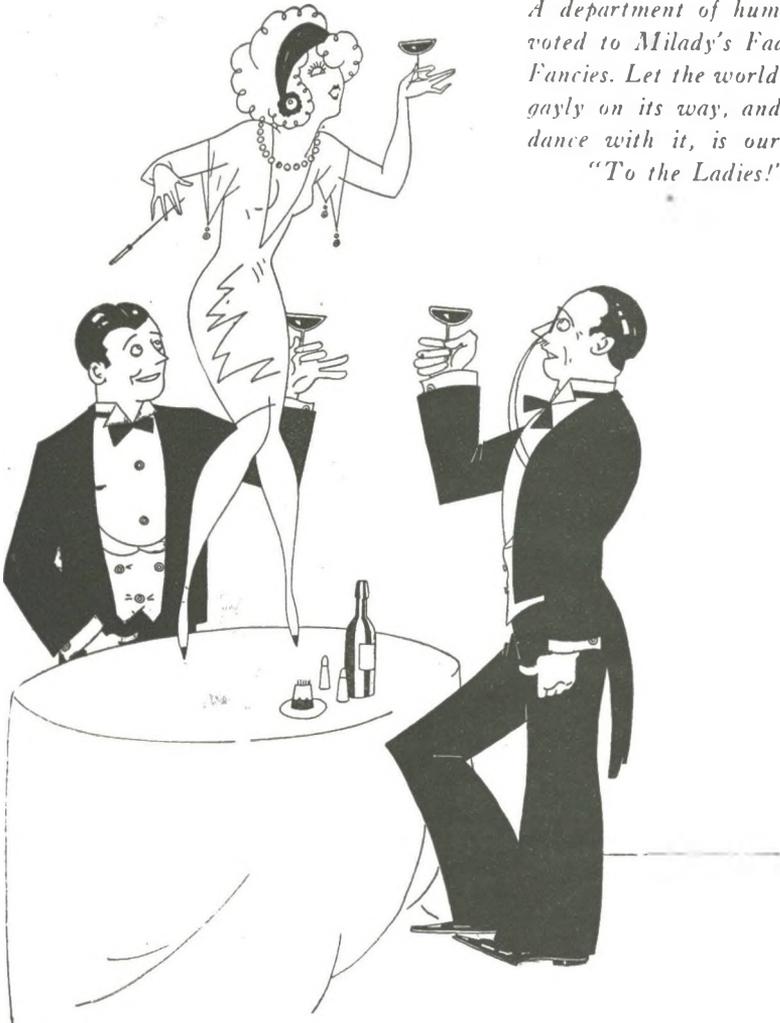
I am a little show girl,
and I sing a little
song,
And take a little step
or two each night,
Togged out in satin slip-
pers (that to me do
not belong),
And a crown of jewels
on my tresses bright—
And the folks who see
me prancing on my
light fantastic toe,
So frolicsome, so grace-
ful and so gay,
All think that always
dancing through the
world I blithely go,
In silken skirts and
spangles every day.

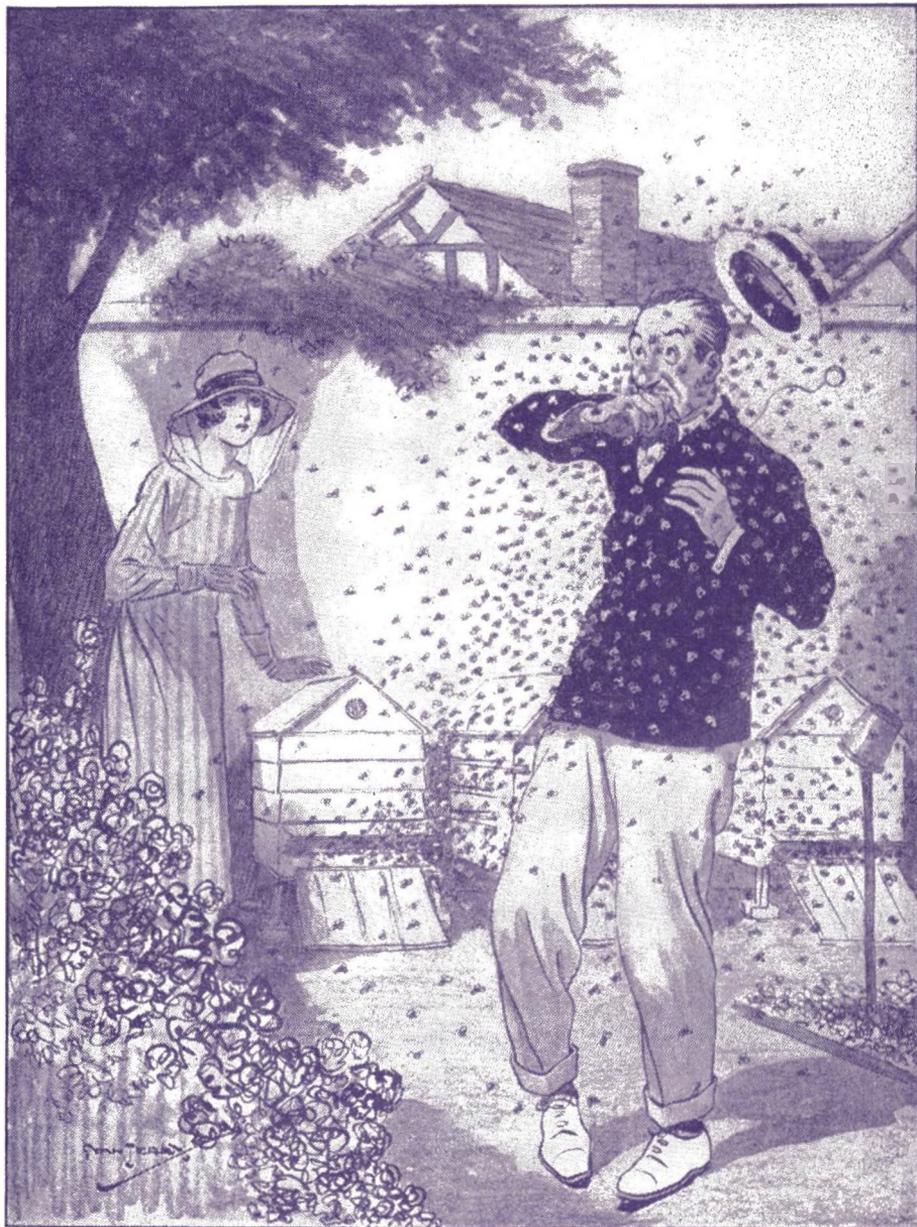
But the tricks that look so
easy when you watch
them from the front
Mean hours and hours
of practice till you
ache;
A set of weary muscles
is the price of every
stunt,
And the language of the
boss would make you
quake.
You think that when the
curtain falls in glee
we sally out
To lobster and ice
cream and auto spins,
But its nix upon the lux-
uries you read so
much about,
And the rubies and the
pearls and diamond
pins.

It's home upon the sub-
way by my lonesome
every time
To a hasty snack of
crackers, milk, and
cheese,
In a stuffy little bedroom
not much bigger than
a dime,
With a view of clothes-
lines swaying in the
breeze.
So remember when you
watch me pirouetting
through my part
I am not the giddy
creature that I seem,
The lightest foot may
travel with a tired
and heavy heart,
And a show girl's life
is not a gilded dream.

To the
LADIES!

A department of humor devoted to Milady's Fads and Fancies. Let the world dance gayly on its way, and we'll dance with it, in our toast "To the Ladies!"





NOT ALL HONEY!

THE LADY (showing visitor hives): "Keep cool! Remember a bee can only sting once!"



THE STARE WAY TO FAME

HOSTESS (to famous explorer who has been over-lionised): "Now, tell us all about your terrible experiences."

EXPLORER: "Well—when I landed at New York—"

ALMOST

A GIRL strolled languidly into the lounge, revealing much of her charms in a sleeveless, backless, very-nearly-skirtless frock.

"And that child's a bare eighteen!" sighed a matron.

"Not quite bare, but nearly," said the bad man in the adjacent basket-chair.

* * *

Very wise, we think, of the beauty specialist who advertised that she would be delighted to give ladies some useful wrinkles.

* * *

"H'm—talks in his sleep, too, does he? Well, I'm—er—afraid that's a matter that—er—medical science—er—can't—er—"

"Oh, I'm not expecting you can cure him—I was wondering whether something can't be done to make him talk just a little more distinctly!"

LARGE ENOUGH

A FASHION paper, for convenience, is supplying patterns in an envelope.

We know some actresses whose whole wardrobe would go in one.

* * *

"Never judge a girl by her clothes," says an evening paper, headline. We don't. We always insist on some tangible evidence.

* * *

There have been several articles in the newspapers regarding the problem of baggy trousers. Indeed, the only solution seems to be the Press.

* * *

"That fellow next door threw a stone through the window while I was playing a Russian piece on the piano."

"Silly fellow! Now he will hear you all the plainer!"



WIFE: "Bridge, bridge, bridge! You'll die at the bridge table."

HUSBAND: "Well, bury me with simple honors."

NO HURRY

TR-R-R-R-RING! went the telephone for about the fifth time, and, with a muttered imprecation, the doctor took up the receiver.

"Yes?" he said.

"Oh, doctor," came the answer, "my wife has had an accident. Her mouth seems set and she can't utter a sound."

"Hum," said the doctor, "perhaps she's got lockjaw."

"Ah, perhaps so," agreed the voice at the other end, and, to the doctor's amazement, it appeared relieved.

He was even more astonished when the voice spoke again:

"Doctor, if you should happen to be passing next week, you might drop in and see what you can do for her."

* * *

Married Woman: "Ah, my husband has always been a lucky man. As a child he was thrown by a horse but wasn't injured. As a youth the ice broke beneath him but he wasn't drowned. As a student he was caught in an Alpine avalanche but escaped uninjured. . ."

Bachelor: "And he has now been married twenty years and is still alive."

LINES TO A WIFE WHO CAN'T COOK

I like to loll around and think
Of gorgeous things to eat and drink;
Of puddings spiced with sherry wine;
Of tarts with raisins cut up fine,
And as I sit, my dear, and think
Of all these things to eat and drink,
I get to brooding and I rue
The day I ever married you.

* * *

"Dress," says a fashion note, "portrays the mind of the wearer." There must be a lot of empty-headed people about.

* * *

DISCOURAGING

"Er—er, didn't I speak to you on the train last night?"

"Oh, were you the person who said 'Fares, please'?"

* * *

"The riot scene on the stage was very realistic!"

"Yes. I got the stage manager to go on the stage and tell the supers that they would have to wait for their pay."

HER HERO

HER dearest friend had come to tea, and she was telling her all about the attempted burglary. "Yes," she said, "I heard a noise and got up, and there under the bed, I saw a man's leg."

"Good heavens!" gasped her friend "The burglar's?"

"No," replied the other, "my husband's. He had heard the noise, too."

Many a wife finds married life merely sew-sew.

A DIFFICULTY

"You will not find me talkative,"
Said Smith to Brown one day;
"I am a man of fewest words,
So people always say."

The other pondered for a while,
Then sadly shook his head.
"I understand your trouble, Smith,
I'm married too," he said!

Geishas are forbidden to tattoo in Japan.

It is quite enough for other people to have designs on them.

THE MATERNAL INSTINCT

"I just adore Keats," said Miss Gusher one day.

"Ach!" said her German friend feelingly. "Dot's goot to hear a fraulein vot likes children!"

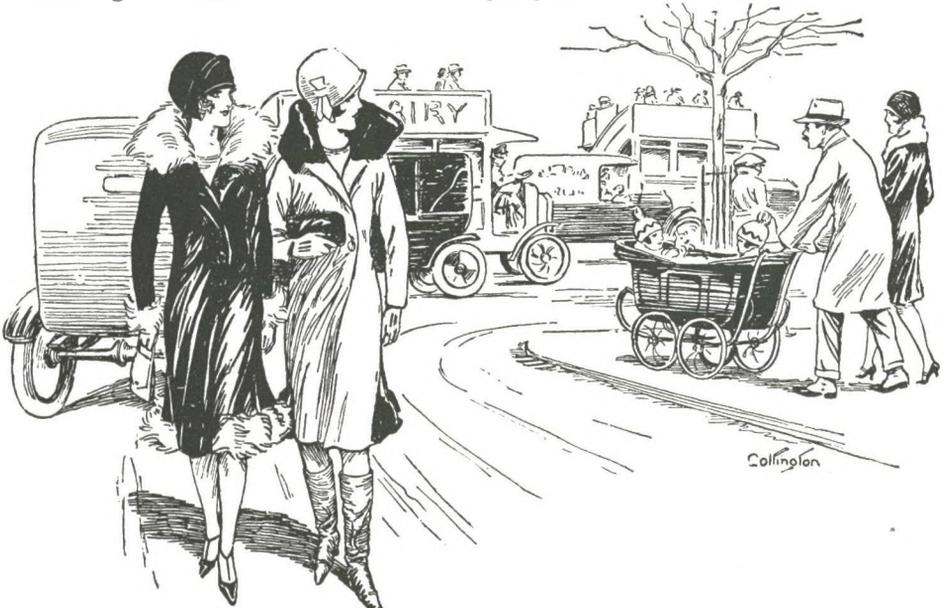
Every man has his price—and every woman her figure.

Some chorus girls
Are so
Imitative
They're never happy
Unless they're
"Taking off"
Their own clothes.

When it comes to making love, even the shallow woman is very deep.

"Arthur and Sybil have made up their quarrel."

"Yes, but not for long. They are going to be married shortly."



"I never knew Jones had twins."

"My dear! He married a telephone girl and, of course, she gave him the wrong number."

Summer Festivals

(Continued from page 16)

Strangely enough a great many prefer both, which just goes to show that summer is, after all, a perfectly silly season which should be merged as soon as possible with winter, retaining the best features of each.

OF the winter residents still bidding successfully for torrid patronage there are, thank your lucky stars, "Sunny," "The Cocoanuts," and the most neatly naked of the whole lot, "A Night in Paris." In the order of their appearance you may see in these Miss Marilyn Miller, the Four Marx brothers, and about everything the human eyesight can make out on a well-lighted stage.

By the time these slushing words suffuse the printed page with ink Mr. Ziegfeld will have brought in his new show, and Mr. George White will have betrayed whatever "Scandals" are considered current.

Chiefest, though, of the customary ceremonials in honor of the thermometer's upper register is that at the Winter Garden. That is the spot where Spring first hits New York in the eye. When the trees in our local Bois are cloaking their bare limbs in the whispering verdure of green, the Winter Garden is going as far in the opposite direction as the law allows, and "The Great Temptations" is, if nothing else, a fine example of liberal legislation.

They go about as far as the eye can reach on a clear day from the tower of the Woolworth Building, which is, in usual measurements, as far as from Dr. John Roach Straton to the nearest open District Attorney. The rumor has unfortunately gone about that Mr. Carroll got into trouble because the girl hid modestly in a bath tub.

But "The Great Temptations" has in addition to these ruby diversions, several highly optical and lavish furnishings. It is rich, gaudy, and encrusted with the spangled upholstery of Broadway sol-

vency. What clothing it has may not be in the usual place, but it is opulent and helpful to the eye.

Virtually no ribs have cracked under the strain of its humor and the one case reported turned out to be that of a man who had been hit by a taxicab. He didn't notice it until he reported that he had broken it laughing, and the taxi driver claimed the credit.

UNLIKE "The Great Temptations" the "Garrick Gaieties" reverses the process and indulges in heavier wearing apparel and lighter humor. It is gay, youthful and sophisticated. The second product of a crowd of perambulator players who broke out of the Theatre Guild class rooms on a Sunday evening last year to give one performance of a show they had cooked up. They ended sometime in November after running six months and keeping the Guild out of its own theatre.

Since it is the object of this bureau to help those who don't read it at all, as much as those who have to spell out the words and then look at the pictures, this dispatch may close with a note concerning the farthest north and south in the month's dramatic explorations.

At the zenith of the ear entertainments in the town is "Iolanthe," the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, and almost directly below it, at a place listed in the postal guide as the Nadir, and perhaps even on the outskirts of that, stands "Kitty's Kisses."

Here you are, Messieurs et Mesdames, the silly season whose only tax is at the box office.

"Kitty's Kisses"

(Continued from page 23)

Miss Dille's standard in vocalization, but she's so doggoned flexible in the ankles and knees that a little stiffness in her vocal cords doesn't matter.

Her partner is Nick Long, Jr. As Phillip Dennison he is something or other in the story, just what is frightfully unimportant. But as Miss Keats'

partner—and later as a solo performer—he is, as our colored friends might say, the most leadingest man of all.

Now I have told you about all the people who were fair and some that were much better than that, but even so, I've saved up the best for the last. Without any hesitancy I award the palm of the show to Ruth Warren, who plays the Hello girl, and who manages to get a laugh out of every line, and a roar out of every gesture. As for her dancing, it left me limp and spent with mirth.

Of course it is burlesque and much of it is not new, although even that is nice. But she *has* a stunt which I have never seen before, and which made me clutch my neighbor's arm with glee—even though it wasn't the arm I love to clutch, and my neighbor frowned at me heavily. The gesture in Ruth Warren's dancing that pleased me so might be called the modesty touch. You see, she's a Hello girl, and she's always modest. And so, when she's a ballet dancer all in horrible rose and green—why she's still modest. And when her partner lifts her high into the air and rumples her a little—Ruth carefully pulls down the ballet. That was when I threw in the clutch!

So much for the principals. As you have probably guessed, the main attraction of this show is really the chorus, which is well-trained, young and easy on the eye. They sing well, they dance better and they are dressed—and undressed—to perfection.

They have been given an assortment of very nice songs. They start it with "Choo Choo Love," in which they tell you just what they think about a young person who lets herself be picked up by a strange young man—with irregular eyebrows. Why "By the time they got to Troy, she had called him dear old boy!" That's nothing to what I'd call him if I got him to Troy. But then, as I said before, I didn't happen to like the young man.

ONE of the best songs in the show is entitled "Kitty's Kisses," in which the hero tells the world that if he can't have Kitty's Kisses he'll have none.

Then at the end of the first part of the show, Kitty sings one called "Promise Your Kisses," and this one is charming, too. It's a sort of a lesson Kitty is reading the girls. She tells them to promise their kisses to one big boy and then keep them strictly for him. Very moral, eh, what? But as it is sung in pyjamas—the equation is somehow evened.

There are others—plenty of them. There is a valse, both dansant and chantant, and a very fine Charleston where the girls fling "One leg east and one leg west." There are the blues without which a revue cannot mount the boards, and there's the love song which every self-respecting and bandolined hero simply *must* sing somewhere in the first act.

Of course it ends happily. The bonds—*what*, hadn't I mentioned the fact that there were bonds? Well, there were, and though they were not stolen bonds, they *were* misplaced. Anyway they are found, and happiness ensues. The chorus cavorts about indicating joy, and a row of bald-headed gentlemen look while they leap.

The hero takes the heroine into his manly arms and bends his head to hers.

*And all the sweet world bliss is,
While he gathers Kitty's kisses.*

No—that's not from the show. But, it might have been.

"Countess Maritza"

(Continued from page 25)

are touched too, for Walter Woolf is quite superb at this point, and all over the house one hears thrilled murmurs of "Isn't he divine?" Not only is he quite as handsome as the hero is supposed to be but seldom is, but he is gifted with a baritone voice that booms out in such a manly way as to send shivers along the female vertebrae.

Maritza comes up to him and orders him to sing again.

At sight of the contrast between the Countess and the vagabond gypsy, the pride of the Hungarian nobleman returns with a rush.

"Madam," he replies, "I am your overseer, not your entertainer."

"I command you to sing!" Maritza repeats, unused to being denied.

"No," said Tassilo firmly. "Madam, I am in your employ, but not as a servant."

And Maritza, hurt and indignant, all the more because her feelings toward Tassilo are beginning to be a bit more personal than are necessary toward an overseer, cries, "Then leave my employ and go!"

The Countess soon regrets her hasty dismissal of her overseer. The gypsy's prophecy commences to trouble her, and she comes to Tassilo and begs—not orders—him to remain, and protect her by seeing that no man of title is admitted to the chateau. And each time they meet a sweet, faint perfume pervades the air. In other words, as is the habit in all good musical shows, they begin to fall in love.

Then just when things are going nicely, something occurs. Tassilo has little opportunity to talk with Lisa, so he takes the expedient of writing. A note falls into the hands of Maritza; she reads:

"Dearest Lisa:

"All is going well and the Countess is very kind. Soon we will have money enough."

We always feel that everybody would save themselves a lot of trouble if they wouldn't read some one's else mail; or if they must indulge in this illegal pastime, at least not jump to conclusions. Talk it over nicely and rationally, we say—as if anyone did. Certainly the Countess doesn't. She flies into a jealous rage, and sending for Tassilo, tells him, with a flow of talk he cannot interrupt, that he is insolent, has forgotten his place, is trying to make up to her for her money, and then indulges in a highly dramatic climax by rushing to a drawer where she casually keeps tremendous sums of cash on hand, and pulling out pile after pile of paper money, which she proceeds to hurl at him. If this be revenge, we at last know why it is called sweet.

After that the plot has only to disentangle itself. Musical comedies have a great way of cheating the audience by letting at least half the action occur off stage—at least, it must happen there, for certainly very little happens on. Even "Maritza," which so far has outdone itself in plot, comes out alright without much more difficulty. Tassilo explains that dearest Lisa is only his sister, and that the money referred to is his salary. The poor gypsy takes one last shot at luring him with her music, but failing, sets out on the road again, but not before her prophecy had been fulfilled. Maritza's sorrow, however, is short-lived; she is ably comforted by her man of title, as he soon confesses himself to be. All in all, the show is a good one and will doubtless have a long run. With a good cast, excellent music and really funny comedy touches—what more can an audience ask?

Bluebeard and His Bride

(Continued from page 29)

And there indeed she had lain. But before assuming that supine—and goodness knows attractive—position, Laura had done some heavy walking about, and some active bun and fruit throwing, not to mention a piece of Mrs. Beam's crockery which she broke over her Bluebeard's head. Why? Because he didn't love her any more as he used to. And if you think that's a strange way to induce the tender passion, go to Portugal, or wherever it was that Laura came from, and learn. For after she had hit him over the pate a few times, and he had knocked her down, and they had rolled about some in the most refined English dust, why he kissed her—passionately. And that was when Miss Shoe opened the door.

But Miss Shoe, who thought he was Bluebeard, also thought the kiss was a sort of preliminary bite—hors d'oeuvres, as it were.

"I'm certain of it," she said. "I shall take the poor child under my wing."

"And get it bitten off," said someone nastily.

"Oh," shivered Miss Shoe; with delight.

But under her wing she took Laura and what went on under that wing was something. For Laura wanted some man to kiss her all the time and that was Bluebeard, and she wanted all men to kiss her some of the time, and that was the rest of the male inhabitants in the boarding house.

I MUST say they obliged. Being English, the lads sometimes had to be teased for their kisses, but she got them in the end. And Miss Shoe, as guardian, was always in at the death.

It was the next best thing to being kissed herself, and Miss Shoe made the most of it, although she always did her duty as an English gentlewoman by reproaching Laura lightly. But Laura confided in Miss Shoe that Mr. Dermott didn't love her, truly; that she was nothing better than his slave—and that was why she sought kisses elsewhere. And while Miss Shoe didn't approve, she understood. At least, that's what she said to Laura.

"But what I *don't* understand, dear," she said hopefully, "is why you married him."

"I did not marry him," replied Laura succinctly. "I did *not* marry him."

"You did not marry him?" echoed Miss Shoe, who knew what she knew but wanted to be certain of it.

"No," Laura confirmed it. "I did not marry him."

"Oh," gasped Miss Shoe, "you did not marry him. What would your dear father, the Viscount, say?"

"I do not know," replied Laura, how truthfully, Miss Shoe did not guess, since the Viscount was no more Laura's papa than he is yours and mine.

"I must write to him at once," declared Miss Shoe. "It is my duty, you poor child."

"She is writing to the Viscount," Laura said to Mr. Dermott later. "Think of that."

"I am thinking," affirmed Bluebeard.



Does a peering party stop with a kiss or does it go further? Is spooning dangerous? At last the question is answered. See "Safe Counsel," Page 190.

Are You Afraid To Love?

Has true love come into your life—or didn't you recognize it when it came? Are you afraid now of the baffling, perplexing mysteries of sex relationship? Are you discontented with the stupid lies and furtive ashamed answers the world gives you in place of the naked, fearless truth you desire? Do you want some safe, sane, unashamed advice on sex questions? Do you hesitate asking your doctor certain questions? Clip coupon below, send it today without any money and in a few days you will receive the most startling surprise of your life.

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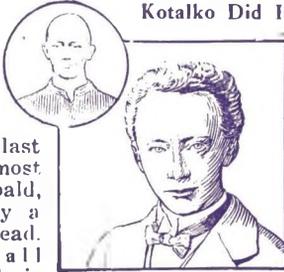
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"But he is not my father," continued Laura.

"Who is?" asked Bluebeard idly.

"How do I know?" replied Laura.

"Did you tell them we weren't married?" continued Bluebeard.

"Yes," admitted Laura.

"Fine," said Bluebeard.

"Why fine?" asked Laura.

"Because they will throw us out," said Bluebeard.

"And you want for us to be thrown out," asked Laura.

"I do," affirmed Bluebeard.

And he did. You might not, and I certainly wouldn't, but then, neither of us has a large square trunk in our possession.

"That Shoe thinks it's filled with bones," mused Bluebeard. "But of course the police know it's filled with loot. We must get out."

It wasn't difficult. Mrs. Beam told them what was what in boarding-house morals right before dinner. He might be Bluebeard if he liked but she must be Mrs. Bluebeard or they couldn't stay in her house. So right after dinner they went. But before they went, Mr. Dermott presented the trembling Miss Shoe with a scimitar, which, he said, had come from the bottom of his trunk. He made a little speech as he made the presentation, and he waved the scimitar around, and all of the boarding-house sat spellbound, and scared to death. For was not this Bluebeard, and might not he eat them all up at any moment?

And while he was scaring them to death—with a stolen scimitar—Laura was creeping down the stairs, with this and that trifle, lifted experted from this and that room, and out to the taxicab where the large square trunk—full of bones—or bullion—was standing.

There presently Bluebeard joined her, and they rode away, leaving behind them disillusionment and barren bureau drawers. But they gave good value in return, for after that experience every Elderly Girl felt that at last she had lived, and Miss Shoe knew she had.

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Norma Steps Out

(Continued from page 36)

ing reply. "It is the part. And the surroundings. I find myself being molded into them and by them almost unconsciously.

"I love to make-up," she confessed naively. "I always have. And I love to experiment with make-up."

THERE is little of the egotist about this young actress. She is out to make the most of herself. She loves the work. She gives herself to it unstintingly and with a refreshing candor as to its demands.

Only one other motion picture star has risen with such brilliancy and rapidity—that is Gloria Swanson. Both Miss Shearer and Miss Swanson belong to the class of extra girls without any real stage experience, who have brought to the screen, personality and an ever-widening versatility that stretches almost to infinitude.

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I still hold that stars are born and not made—but sometimes they shine the more brightly by contrast, and sometimes they take on a glory that is all their own.

"Fine Manners"

(Continued from page 43)

"There's going to be a show-down after the show."

And there was. First Brian said "You must marry me," and Orchid said "Hell, no"; and then Brian said "Ah, please, won't you marry me?" and Orchid said "Hell, yes."

"I have to go to South America for six months," said Brian, "and during

that time I wonder if you would agree to live with my Aunt Agatha and learn"

"Learn!" exclaimed Orchid, angrily. And almost she cried "Hell no," again. But there was something so earnest about Brian—and besides she loved him—so she agreed.

But as he wasn't marrying her before he left, she knew it would never do to tell Buddy about the arrangement, because that young man would believe that his beloved sister was being done in, and he'd be out for Brian with a knife, or a gun, or both. So Orchid left the family diggings without any farewell or explanation. And, of course, Buddy thought the worst.

And while he was thinking it Brian was down in South America looking after his fortune, and Orchid was up on Park Avenue being made over into a lady.

"I can knock 'em cold," she murmured to herself one evening after a Prince, an attache, and a song writer had proposed and been refused. "And when that saphead comes back, cold is what I'm going to knock him!"

For although she loved Brian, and so wouldn't marry anyone else, she had not forgiven him for thinking she needed revamping, and so she wouldn't marry him. Or at least, not at once. But this, of course, Brian did not know.

ALL unsuspecting he returned, expecting to clasp his blushing fiancée to his manly bosom—but she stood him off with a frigid "how do you do" and all he clasped was the tip of perfectly manicured fingers. You can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear but it's useless to look for a little piggy when you've done it.

"Why, Orchid," stuttered Brian, "How you've—I mean"

"Do you want to give me back my hand, Brian?" asked Orchid, in her most aloof tone. "There are some others waiting to claim a privilege you have overlooked."

Brian gasped—and relinquished Orchid's finger tips, and a very smart sam-

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SEXUAL—LOVE AND LIFE!

ple of some nobility or other exercised the aforementioned claim, and kissed them. Whereat Brian swore volubly, though under his breath.

Now right here comes the moral of this story. When you've got something you like, don't make it into something else—because, look what happened to Brian!

He couldn't get Orchid to himself a minute. There was always somebody in the Social Register standing in his path. And Orchid seemed to be enjoying his discomfort. Poor Brian began to wonder. Didn't she love him any more? Were some of Society's favorite boys more to her taste now that she was what she so indubitably was—a lady? Had her fine manners, of which she had a plenty, ruined and banished her fine spirit and her fine common sense? He determined to find out.

But you can't find out much from a person you never see, and so at last Brian, in despair, smuggled himself into Orchid's boudoir, very, very late one evening. And it just happened that Buddy, who had read in the papers that Brian was back, chose that evening to perpetrate his revenge, and smuggled himself into Orchid's bedroom.

"Will you marry me?" asked Brian in a low voice.

"No," said Orchid, in a loud one.

And then, in a mirror, she saw Buddy, armed to the teeth, and with murder in each eye.

"Wait," she gasped, and ran into the bedroom, shutting the door behind her.

"Oh, Buddy," she threw herself at her brother, "what are you doing here?"

"I'm going to settle with that lily-livered skunk," said Buddy vigorously.

"Buddy, you mustn't," cried Orchid. "Why I—I love him."

"You poor kid," her brother comforted her awkwardly. "All the more reason he should pay for doing you in. And believe me, he's going to. Let me at him."

"But Buddy, you don't understand," gasped Orchid. "We—we're going to be married." She knew that nothing else would deter her brother—and be-



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PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

CHAPTER I FROM BIRTH TO PUBERTY

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sides—hadn't Brian just asked her to be his wife?

"You are?" Buddy was plainly sceptical. "I've gotta hear that guy say so before I'll believe you."

"Wait in here," said Orchid, "and you'll hear him say it. And after he's said it, will you go quietly?"

BUDDY promised, and Orchid went back into her boudoir, leaving the door a little ajar.

"I've changed my mind, Brian," she said quickly. "I will marry you."

"Well, I've changed *mine*," said the young man angrily, "And I won't . . ."

"Brian," Orchid leaned close to him. "Darling—*please*."

For a moment he was nonplussed, then he took her quickly into his arms.

"Why—yes, dearest, of course we'll be married," he said quickly.

Orchid lay passive in his arms, watching the mirror until Buddy had left her room via the window through which he had entered, then she tore herself from him, and stamped her feet with rage.

"Do you think I'd marry you, Brian Vanderoon?" she cried angrily. "All you want is a parcel of fine manners. Somebody to parade your jewels and get the ends of their fingers kissed by your friends. That fool brother of mine was in my room and he wanted to bump you off. That's why I put over the marriage gag. But marry *you*. Hell no."

And to emphasize the fact, she tore down a few curtains hither and yon and demolished some of the bric-a-brac.

And Brian stood there, delighted—for this was his Orchid, alive under the veneer. That she loved him still, he knew, else why had she saved his life? And that he loved her still, he knew, else why did her return to nature thrill him so?

"You will marry me, you young tornado," he said finally, taking her into his arms, and kissing her into quiescence. "You say yes right now or I'll beat you until you do."

Which may not have been fine manners—but believe me—it worked.

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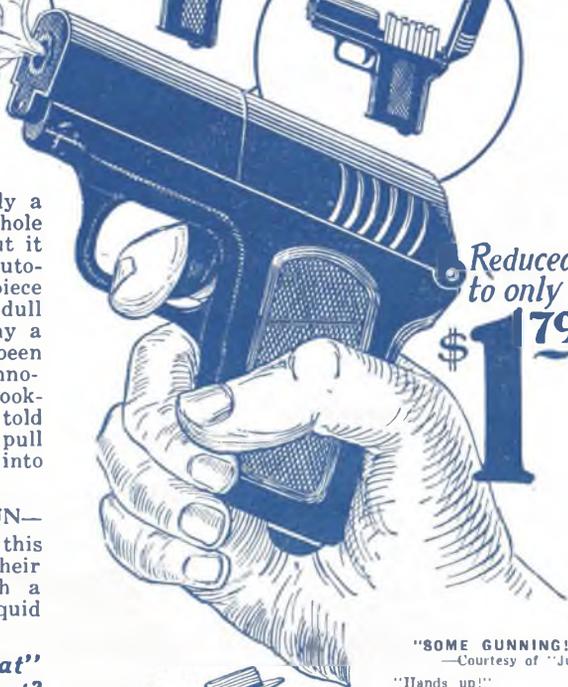
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"Hands up!"
Brown heard the command—and found himself gazing into the barrel of a glittering revolver.

"Hands up! Do you hear!"
Instead—from his right-hand coat pocket he produced a deadly-looking black automatic. He covered his coverer.

"Throw that dollar paper weight down!" he cried. "And come across with your dough, Snappy! Do you hear me! Or I'll shoot you dead in your shoes!"

Down clattered the dollar paper weight—four times indeed it was, and well Brown knew it, for he had one of his own at home.

Without any argument the fellow passed over a wad of bills, his hands trembling violently.

Brown pocketed the money. "All right," he said. "Be on your way! And make it speedy!"

The would-be hold-up-man rapidly departed.

"Well," said Brown to himself, "a case of Justifiable Robbery if there ever was one!"

And pulling the trigger of his deadly looking black automatic he selected one of the cork-tipped Egyptians exposed to view as the top of the gun jumped up.

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