

HOLLYWOOD CONFESSIONS

True Stories of Movie Adventure

JUNE

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They Told Her to Strip to the Waist!



Those three, gross casting directors who looked at her with such hungry eyes that they might see if her form was perfect enough for the role. She needed the job. What would she do? Read this and other thrilling experiences in

The Diary of An Extra Girl IN SCREENLAND for JULY

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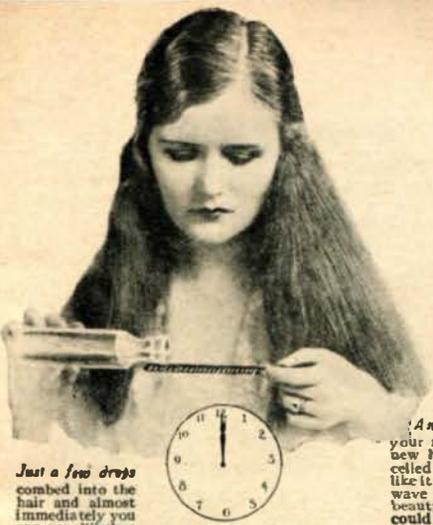
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And in 20 minutes your mirror shows you a new head of hair—marcelled and curled as you like it best; with a natural wave that no artificial beauty-parlor process could possibly duplicate.



Marvelous New Spanish Liquid

Makes any hair naturally curly in 20 minutes

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

by Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the touseled-hair twins.

Our mothers despaired of us. Our hair simply wouldn't behave.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing or worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward me.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."

Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my *abuela*.

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodby and pressed a gold coin in his palm."

"*Hija mia*," he said, "You have been very kind to an old man. *Digamelo* (tell me) *senorita*, what it is your heart most desires."

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly.'"

"*Oigame, senorita*," he said—"Many years ago—a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizados* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of *pesos* to the man who would fulfill her wish. The prize fell to Pedro, the *droguero*. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him, go to him and tell your wish."

"I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, a funny old hawknosed Spaniard met me. I stammered out my explanation. When I finished, he bowed and vanished into his store. Presently he returned and handed me a bottle.

"Terribly excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

"Come, Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

Twenty minutes later as I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy.

The next morning when I awoke, I hardly dared look in my mirror fearing it had all been a dream. But it was true—gloriously true. My hair was curly and beautiful.

I asked Charity's permission to take a sample of the Spanish liquid to my cousin at the Century Laboratories. For days he worked, analyzing the liquid. Finally, he solved the problem, isolated the two Spanish herbs, the important ingredients.

They experimented on fifty women and the results were simply astounding. Now the Century Chemists are prepared to supply the wonderful Spanish curling liquid to women everywhere.

Take advantage of their generous trial offer—

I told my cousin I did not want one penny for the information I had given him. I did make one stipulation, however. I insisted that he introduce the discovery by selling it for a limited time at actual laboratory cost plus postage so that as many women as possible could take advantage of it. This he agreed to do.

No need to undergo the torture and expense of the so-called permanent wave, which might even destroy your hair. You can have natural curly hair in twenty minutes. One application will keep your hair beautiful for a week or more.

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We are offering for a limited time only, no-profit distribution of the regular \$3.50 size of our Spanish Curling Liquid.

The actual cost of preparing and compounding this Spanish Curling Liquid, including bottling, packing and shipping is \$1.87. We have decided to ship the first bottle to each new user at actual cost price.

You do not have to send one penny in advance. Merely fill out the coupon below—then pay the postman \$1.87 plus the few cents postage, when he delivers the liquid. If you are not satisfied in every way, even this low laboratory fee will be refunded promptly. This opportunity may never appear again. Miss Ralston urges that you take advantage of it at once.



Wavy Bob

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(Originators of the famous 40 Minute Beauty Clay) Century Bldg., Chicago

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Please send me, in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full size \$3.50 bottle of Liquid Marcelle (Spanish Curling Liquid). I will pay postman \$1.87, plus few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a five-day trial, I am not elated with the results from this magic curling fluid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle, and you will immediately return my money in full.

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If opt to be out when postman calls, you may enclose \$2 with coupon, and Liquid Marcelle will be sent you postpaid.



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Lovely Curls

"YOU'LL NEVER SUCCEED with a WRINKLED FACE"



Photographs by Melbourne Spurr, Hollywood, who wishes to say that if there is any doubt as to the genuineness of the above photographs, refer anyone to him and he will show them the ^{negative} photographs.
MELBOURNE SPURR
 Hollywood

April 14th, 1923.
 Apt. 101, 701 South Alvarado St., Los Angeles, California.

To Whom It May Concern:

This is a word of encouragement and advice to my fellowmen who look in the mirror and find that Father Time has brushed his not too tender fingers across their faces and left those telltale lines and shadows.

My mirror looked back at me and my heart sank, but not for long, for I had heard that wrinkles could be removed so I began to investigate the different methods I saw advertised.

I interviewed several operators and saw many of their patients, but M. Ella Harris at 1531 N. Bronson Ave., Hollywood, California, proved to me beyond a doubt, that she could positively remove wrinkles and all blemishes. She showed me a number of people treated, perhaps only on one side, others completely rejuvenated, with their pictures taken before, which proved to me that **SHE WILL SET YOU BACK TWENTY YEARS.**

But the one whose face showed the most marvelous effects of M. Ella Harris' treatment, was a pupil of hers (this lady now has an establishment in Hollywood) and after seeing her who had been treated three times only in seventeen years, and still retained the smooth contour and un wrinkled skin of youth, I **WAS COMPLETELY CONVINCED.**

M. Ella Harris treated my face about two months ago and I am entirely satisfied and received much more benefit than I had hoped. The mental effects has made me more happy as looking well makes one more agreeable to their friends. I will be glad to tell anyone who wishes to learn more of this method.

Yours truly,
 (Address) Mrs. M. Steele,
 Apt. 101, 718 South Alvarado St., Los Angeles, California.

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HOLLYWOOD CONFESSIONS

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SCREENLAND out the first of every month;
HOLLYWOOD CONFESSIONS out the fifteenth.

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ANNE AUSTIN,
Managing Editor

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All motion picture talent for illustrations secured through the Ivan Khan Agency

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY SCREENLAND, Inc. (a Delaware Corporation) at 28 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill. U. S. A. Entered at the post office at Chicago as second-class matter, under act of March 3rd, 1879. EXECUTIVE AND CIRCULATION OFFICES, 119 West Fortieth St., New York. EDITORIAL OFFICES, 5540 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Publishers also of SCREENLAND MAGAZINE. Subscription price for HOLLYWOOD CONFESSIONS, \$2.50 a year in advance, including postage in United States, Cuba, Mexico, Philippines and Canada. Foreign, \$3.50 a year. Single copies, 25c, postage prepaid. Subscription price, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, \$2.50 a year; single copy, 25c. Club rate, the two magazines for \$4.00 a year; foreign, \$6.00 a year. Subscriber must notify at once of any change of address; when changing an address, give the old address as well as the new and allow five weeks for the first copy to reach you.

PR. ROBINSON

"The Wolf of Hollywood"! I gloied in the title. It meant that my victims feared me, despised me, found me worthy of their most concentrated hatred. Perhaps I look the part? The Girl? I gave her that look of devil-may-care hardness. She was my tool—my dupe.



THE WOLF of HOLLYWOOD

The Scourge of the Movies Gives Details of His Numerous Crimes, which Finally Landed Him Behind the Bars in San Quentin

THE REVEREND GOODY-GOODY was a little man with a big idea. I call him Goody-Goody because I didn't catch his name when the warden introduced him. It doesn't matter much, anyway—except that it was he who, unintentionally, caused me to write these memoirs.

He explained that he was visiting the boys in the hope that he might bring his congregation some great lesson. And he felt that I, whom the newspapers long since had blackened with the title "the plague of the movies" and the "Gentleman Wolf of Hollywood," could give him, out of my adventures, the facts for a sermon on sin and its punishment.

"What great truth would you have me give my lambs?" he asked. "How teach them so to live that they may never come to this?"

He pointed around the walls of the warden's room.

"Tell them to be careful," I replied.

The Wages of Carelessness Are Jail

AND the more I think of that advice, the more I like it. I believe it is up to me, as they say here, to tell the young men that the wages of carelessness are jail.

It was carelessness that sent me here, beginning with the time I killed that curly-headed Grosvernor, the New York broker. Not directly, of course, because it is not known yet that I did it. But indirectly it is responsible for my presence in San Quentin.

Grosvernor was my partner. He made the suckers squeal. I lured them to his den. We were supposed to split fifty-fifty, or, as he was fond of saying, "filthy-filthy." But he double-crossed me and one day in his office I started to open his head with my gun.

The trigger caught in one of his curls. The bullet went into his head. He did a funny flop to the floor.

That was pure-carelessness on my part, of course. I

simply couldn't make it look like suicide, because of the unfortunate course taken by the bullet. But after I had taken all the money from his pockets, and from the safe, and locked the door behind me, I committed the second carelessness. Perhaps I wouldn't have done it were I not nervous—but who wouldn't be nervous after such a blunder?

Betty Blue was coming down the corridor. I knew her slightly. I knew she was going to a theatre and restaurant with Grosvernor—or thought she was. And I knew she would cause trouble when she found the door locked.

YOU will be held spellbound by the utter recklessness of this master criminal. And the writer proves himself a genius with words. His caustic wit and penetrating satire lays bare whole areas of hitherto concealed Hollywood night life to the reader's astonished eyes. A four-part serial. Read the first installment of this fascinating confession of a master criminal. Begin it in this issue.



I lured them to his den. We were supposed to split fifty-fifty, or, as he was fond of saying, "filthy-filthy." But he double-crossed me and one day in his office I started to open his head with my gun.

So I walked up to her and took her by the arm and said, "Come on."

"Where are you going?" she wanted to know, haughty, trying to get away from me.

"As far as possible. California. Come out to Hollywood with me, and I'll put you in the movies."

She gave me a smile, and we took the next train.

You'll admit that it was gross carelessness now. I knew nothing about her. I didn't know what she'd do when she found out about Grosvenor. If she got jealous she might call in John Law. Women will—unless you know so much about them that they do not dare.

My First Mistake

BUT if I had realized what would be the outcome of that innocent invitation to the moving picture world, I would have taken her into the office, shot her through the heart, left the gun in her hands and let a scandalized world shout "murder and suicide." It would have served her right.

I cheered up, however, after I had studied her awhile. I saw she was just a little piece of fluff. And I figured out that if anything happened, I could say she killed Grosvenor, and I was simply shielding her.

I didn't at that time know anything about the movies, but I did realize that Betty was just the movie type. A pretty doll with no lines in her face, and not a snifter of brains in her head.

I counted on the fact that I had a friend in Hollywood—a bootlegger named Dago Ed who did considerable business with the cinema citizens—and sold a few bindles of cocaine and morphine for me whenever I could send it to him. They called him Dago Ed because he was an Australian. I figured he knew people who could get both Betty and me into the studio life. I was almost happy, for I saw fat plums in Hollywood.

Betty read the movie mags all the way across the country. Every little while

she'd take her nose out of one of them and say, "Tell me about Gloria Swanson," or ask, "Am I really going to see Mae Busch?" or rave about Viola Dana's eyes. She never mentioned Grosvenor's name.

"Listen, little one," I said, the morning we got into California. "I may not be able to place you right away. We may have some trouble. But don't get discouraged."

"I'll do anything," she said.

I laughed to myself.

"You'll do everything," I said to myself.

But I waited until we were alone in our little vineclad bungalow in the foothills before I asked her anything about her education.

An Uneducated Girl

I WAS cruelly disappointed, but beyond giving her a wallop or two I never let on. Would you believe it, she had never picked a pocket, rolled a drunk, lured a sheep to the shearer, pulled a badger game. She had never done any shoplifting! Just a runaway kid. And I had thought she would be such a help to me.

Well, always the gentleman, I was kind with her, but firm—and determined to school her myself.

I didn't have to treat her roughly more than twice—taking care not to hurt her beauty—when she showed a disposition to learn. And in time I must say she got to be a fairly good vamp.

In a month we were well organized, Betty and Dago Ed and I. I had entree to all the studios, all the fine houses. This because of my good clothes, my elegant speech, my handsome, striking appearance, my winning way, and Betty's winsome appeal.

We found Hollywood a village running with milk and honey, ready for the taking; a land rich with spoils and aching to be despoiled. Here the streets were paved with gold—and when you tore up the pavement it was repaired and made as shiny and rich as ever.

Great "Pickings"

THOSE were the days! The sun shining bright all day; the studios open and inviting, with good fellows and beautiful girls everywhere; the trees, palms and star pines, peppers and acacias; the blue-green mountains; flowers growing everywhere; cozy and queer little restaurants; smart shops that cried out to be pilfered; gay parties in the home of some big star or other, with wine and Scotch and orange juice and gin as plentiful as water; the work under the Kleig lights—for both Betty and I were playing extra parts now and then; the adulation of the populace.

And then there was Dick Douglas, the famous and wealthy detective with whom one could match his wits. We played a long time, Douglas and I, before he found out who I was. It was a thrilling game, and I owe him many apologies for some of the tricks I played on him.

An amateur he was, but a gentleman always. He played the game for the fun of it, not for money.

There are some here who speak his name with loathing and disgust—bitter memories. But I hope to meet him again, some nice dark night in Hollywood.

Betty was very thankful to me for getting her into the movies. She was like a little girl with a new doll. And she really began to enjoy the excitement of the game, after she had become accustomed. The right training will do much.

Poor Betty! Sometimes I almost feel tenderly toward her. Perhaps I am hard on her. She never had a father or big brother to bring her up and she was a dumbbell by nature. But you can never quite forgive dumbness, can you?

The time arrived when I decided on a killing, and I wrote an easy part in it for Betty.

The news came from Dago Ed that Nalga Nice's husband planned to sue her for divorce and name Jay Reel. But so far he had no evidence. He would pay through the nose for it.

The Nalga Nice Affair

NOW, Nalga Nice was a great star, and a beautiful woman as well. She was getting a tremendous salary, was independent of her husband and wanted to divorce him even more than he wished to divorce her. But she wanted no publicity. She was afraid of scandal. It might drag her down from stardom. It might take away her house on the hill, her salary, her jewels, her fine dresses, her automobiles—even Jay Reel.

This Jay Reel was married to his third wife, but their vows made at the altar had been taken to the court for dissolution.

Reel was an actor. Nice was not. Nice had millions. But Reel had personality. Even his ex-wives were his friends.

He was standing at Hollywood Boulevard and Cahuenga Avenue one fine afternoon with Wife No. 3, when who should come along but Wife No. 2. The three embraced each other cordially, and talked of dinner. But Wife No. 2 said she had just heard Mrs. Reel No. 1 had been arrested for speeding, and was in jail because she could not pay her fine.

Upon the word Reel called a taxi. The three jumped in. They ransomed the fair prisoner, and that night held a mighty celebration in the Reel home, or, as you would put it, on the Reel estate.

I read much about the third Reel divorce, and read all the letters. This Reel was a whirling dervish with a fervid fountain pen. I had a hunch he had written mushy missives to Nalga Nice. Once get those letters and Nice would have his evidence.

The "Dirty Work" Begins

SO it was that Betty presently went to work in Nalga's studio, and, because she flattered the lady highly, soon became Nalga's intimate friend.

Nalga got her a nice part in a good picture, invited her to her home, and came to our house frequently. Presently Betty was constantly with Nalga—except when Nalga went motoring with Mr. Reel.

But it was impossible for Betty to find where the letters were hidden. So it was up to me—they say here.

On a certain memorable night we invited Nalga to our bungalow and entertained her with good liquor and much nimble conversation. I touched on Reel—ever so adroitly. But no clew was forthcoming from the lady. Tippy or sober, she was a lady. And a cautious one, at that.

quietly—so Nalga would feel no draft upon her that might lead to embarrassing questions—and went by circuitous route to Nalga's home on the hill.

I figured the servants would have all left—they usually went to their own homes at nine o'clock—and I had no thought of



I didn't have to treat her roughly more than twice—taking care not to hurt her beauty.

So I feigned sudden dizziness and left for my bedroom. I waited perhaps an hour, then called to Betty that I would lie down and try to sleep, then climbed through a rear window out of the house.

I took pains to put the window down

dogs. I stood a moment on the back porch, looking down in a heaven of stars that was the myriad lights of Hollywood, then pushed up a window.

I went very softly, as is my habit, taking what pleased my fancy. I was in no hurry.



There was light enough from the street lamp for my purpose. "Stop," I said.
"Put down the valises."

Betty would entertain the lady until I came home. I would find the letters, surely.

The Letters

I WAS convinced I was alone. What, I then, was my surprise to find a light in the library, and a little bald-headed man looking over some letters which had been in a gold box covered with cupids. My letters!

My fingers ached to smite him, to bring down the gun butt on his thick skull. But not here. There must be no violence. That would make the letters of no market value. Nice would have to turn them over to the police—as a clew in a murder case. He would do it to show that he was honest—and to have the letters printed in the newspapers. Thus he would be saved the trouble of paying me for them. He would either do this, or decline to treat with me, being afraid to be implicated.

“Reach for the sky,” I said to the man.

He slumped over as if I had already struck him. He quivered. He shivered. But his pudgy arms went up, and he did not turn to look at me.

I gathered up the letters and thrust them in my coat pocket.

I interrogated the man, learned he was the butler; that he, too, had heard that Nice wanted evidence, and intended betraying his mistress.

The Judas! Again I ached to bring the gun butt down upon his skull. But first there were the taxes to collect. I made him fetch two great valises. I made him open the safe. Into one valise I made him place the money and the jewels and the silverware I wanted. In the other I had him pack some of Nalga's dainty clothing.

In all this time he never said a word, never dared to look into my face. It would not have mattered, for I had put on my handkerchief and made sure it was very tight, and that a fold of the cloth was between my teeth so my voice might be disguised.

My Plan

WHEN I was ready I gave command, and marched him out of the front door. I made him lock the door and put the key in his pocket, and go before me.

It was after midnight, and quite dark. We met few automobiles on the road, but we heard them coming, and I gave command to hide in the shadows, so that none noticed us.

The way we took was a direct one, and down hill. The road was rough, covered with dust in places, in places with mud and sand. And it was bordered with great pepper trees, for which I was thankful.

I was disgusted with this clod who walked in front of me, carrying the valises. He had not the courage of a rabbit. If he had broken into a run I would have had to shoot him, of course. But I would have called him a man. But he was too frightened to run, too frightened to cry out to the drivers of any of the autos that passed us. He was too frightened even to beg for his life, so that my gorge rose in me more and more.

When we were within sight of the bungalow where I lived I had decided his fate.

We were under a pepper tree. It was dark, but there was a light from a street-lamp, enough for my purpose.

“Stop,” I said. “Put down the valises.”

And as he bent I brought my gun down on his dome.

Quickly I opened the valise that contained Nalga's clothes. I spilled some of them out, rumped others, tore a few, and threw the bag away. Then I rifled the pockets of the traitor, threw Nalga's key near the body and went my way.

So, presently, in my pajamas, bedroom slippers, and my purple velvet bathrobe with the gold tassels, I wandered, yawning and blinking and stretching, into the parlor where Betty and Nalga were giggling over their drinks.

“I couldn't sleep,” I said. “Thought maybe a drink or two would help my headache.”

They were glad to see me, Betty especially, for, as she told me afterwards, she had been quite worried.

I was tempted to go to my room and read those letters. They must contain some juicy passages. My mouth watered when I thought of them. But I must stay a little while to perfect my alibi. Tomorrow I would send Dago Ed to Nice with a photographic copy of one of the letters.

Nice could say he had received the missives through the mails. The papers would tell of the butler's death. But they would say that he was hurled to the curb by a speeding automobile, no doubt, and had then been robbed by passersby—or that two highwaymen had done the job. There are always two in the newspapers. They would know nothing of the letters, of course.

Nice would not need to use the letters, either, I thought, if he let Nalga know he had them. She would connect them with the robbery, of course, and the death of her butler. But she would not tell the police. She would not even contest the divorce suit.

Perhaps Dago Ed could get a better price from Nalga than he could from Nalga's husband.

My Second Mistake

I WAS thinking thus heavily, while drinking and chatting lightly, when all of a sudden fear clutched me by the neck and my whole spine shivered.

Richard Douglas!

He would surely see what had happened! He would take the trail! He would find the butler's footprints in the mud and sand and dust of that road from the house on the hill!

And he would see my footprints, too—and know them for mine! In youth I suffered a permanent injury to my right arch, and must wear shoes especially made for me. Douglas had once commented on the fact.

"I would know your footprints in a million," he had said with a little laugh.

And I had left a thousand footprints for him to follow. Already I could feel the hangman adjusting that knot under my ear. The glass of Scotch broke under the pressure of my fingers. The liquor spilled on my bathrobe. Nalga looked at me queerly. I had to smile at her to mask my emotions.

What in the name of heaven should I do?

(To be continued next month)

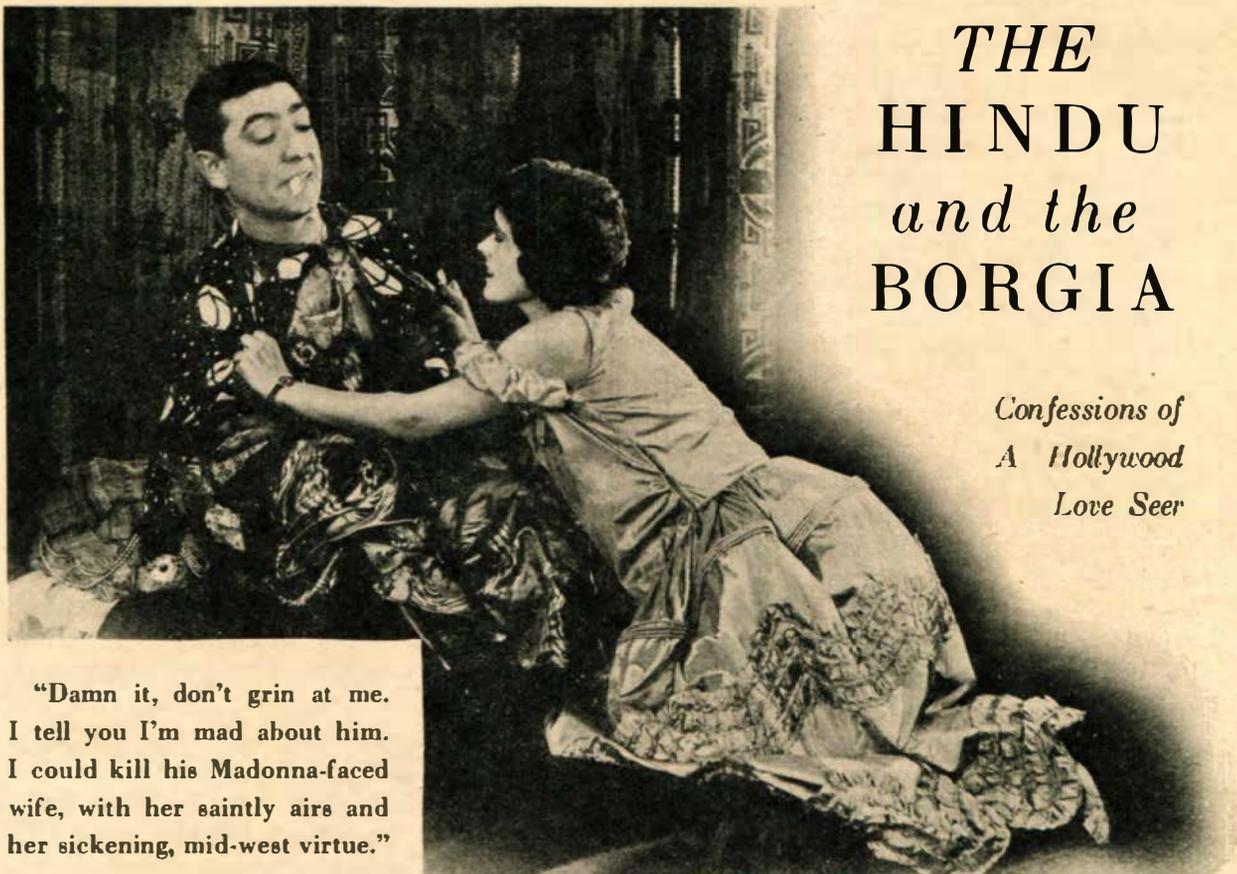
Stardom Bought and Paid For

Did you ever think of using screen fame as a lever to force your way into a desired security? One clever woman was blacklisted by society in her own home town, through no fault of her own. She had simply been innocently mixed up in a notorious scandal—but her name was OUT, so far as society was concerned. So she set out to conquer society through the screen. It's an amusing and human story—in

HOLLYWOOD CONFESSIONS for July, out June 20.

THE HINDU *and the* BORGIA

*Confessions of
A Hollywood
Love Seer*



"Damn it, don't grin at me. I tell you I'm mad about him. I could kill his Madonna-faced wife, with her saintly airs and her sickening, mid-west virtue."

I AM a seer, a clairvoyant, a crystal-gazer—use any term you see fit. Of course I am a faker. Most of us are. It is so easy to humbug the world, especially Hollywood. I came to Hollywood early in my career, choosing it as the ideal locale for my business. Hollywood is inhabited by a delightful people all its own. Kalamazoo and Seattle, Crown Point and Birmingham, London and Singapore contribute their atoms to Hollywood's population, and soon Kalamazoo and Singapore are memories. The atom becomes an unmistakable Hollywoodite.

But I am a little different from the others, for I am a murderer—an unconfessed murderer.

Murder is a terrible thing. To murder and be found out is horrible; it must be; but to murder and be denied the blessed relief of confession is a more unbearable thing.

I know. Who better than I? I have been an unconfessed murderer for two years. Naturally, I do not want, in this

confession of mine, this first relieving outpour of words on a thing that has eaten like a cancer into my heart, to give the exact time. I shall disguise the identity of the victims in the case, too, but I must confess. I must, I must!

You who have never taken a human life can have no conception of the effect of murder on one's soul. I am a sensitive man. I am an educated man. College. Travel. The Orient. I hate that last word now, for it all goes back to the years I spent in India, where I learned my "trade."

The "natives" of Hollywood—and to be a native one has only to abide in Hollywood a month—are the most credulous people in the world—and the most skeptical. They are as naive as children, as willing to be amused as collie pups. Any fad is sure of attaining a following, provided only a leading "movie" star will champion it.

I had no trouble in establishing a vogue. I early formed a "silent partnership" wi

Marion Henderson, one of the well known screen beauties, always willing to turn an honest penny. This actress has an interest in several apartment houses, a bank, a canning machine patent, a patented dress snapper company and a modiste shop. When I offered her an easy commission on every dollar of business she brought me, she snapped it up, perfectly sure of my protection. For to expose her meant to expose myself.

She is an excellent business woman, being richer now than the producers who first starred her in serials, in the good old days, when a star's chief duties were to find doubles who could hang off cliffs by their fingernails, while she watched from a safe vantage point beyond range of the camera, and to register fear in close-ups, for the villain who earned a living by pursuing her. In my next incarnation, I ardently hope I am cast as a screen villain. It is an easy life, requiring only a sinister expression and a pointed mustache. The heroine's double, poor over-worked man, can double for the villain as well, in every scene which has the slightest aspect of danger.

Marion — which was not her name — worked in two capacities, as the silent partner of Hollywood's most popular "love seer." She came often herself, ostensibly for consultation, a reading, or whatever you prefer to call it, but really to bring new clients. New players on her lot, new friends which her easy graciousness drew to her like kittens to a milk saucer, accompanied her, entirely unsuspecting her mercenary motives.

My crime was the result of years of unscrupulous dealing with credulous Hollywood people. Mostly picture people, of course. Sometimes tourists, too, eager to be identified with any fad which had the approval of the motion picture colony.

My Movie Star Partner

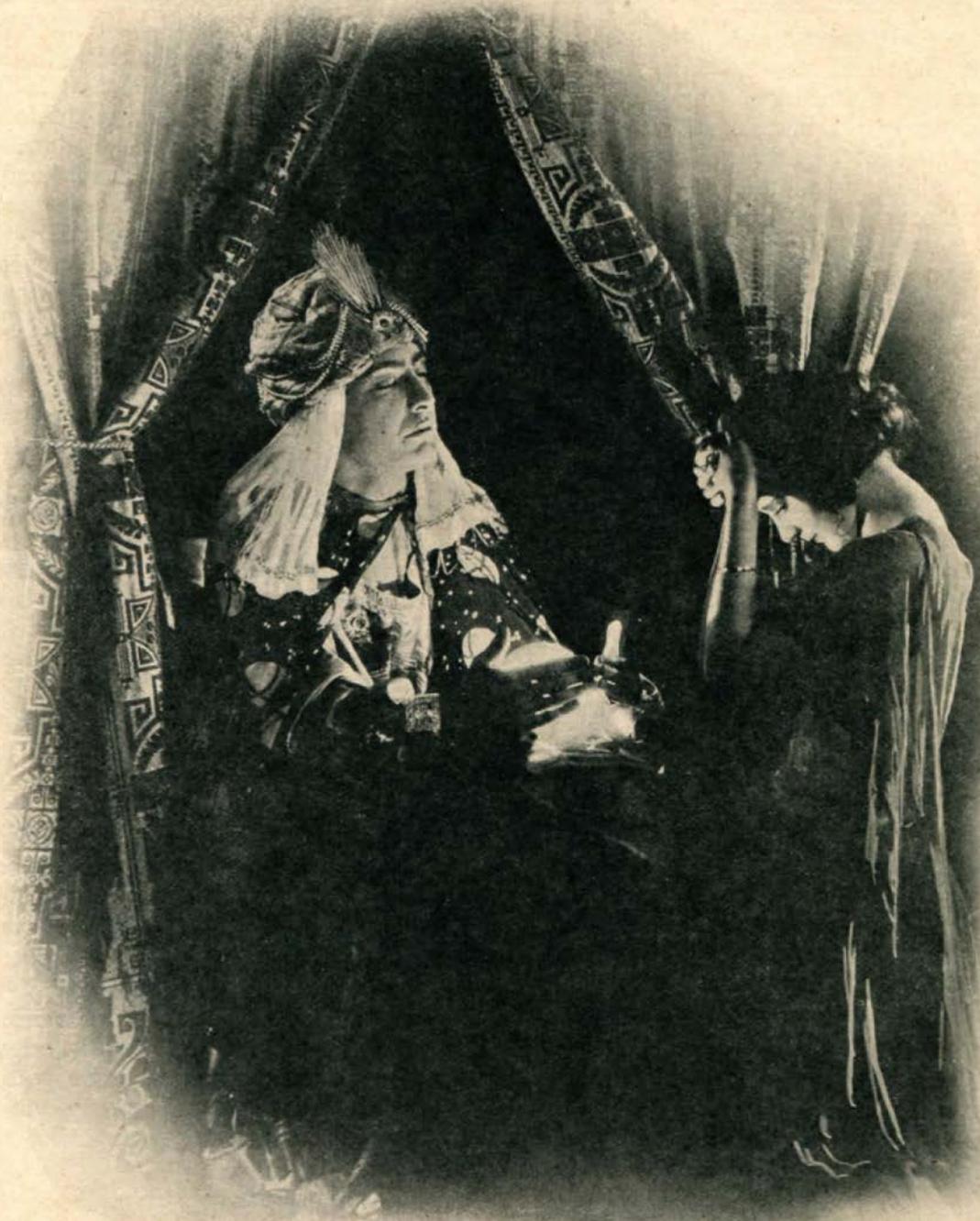
MARION further did me the service of bringing in all the gossip and scandal that she could possibly assemble

—and it was a load that would have filled "Town Talk" regularly. How she got it I don't know yet; she rather loved making a mystery of it. But she seemed to absorb scandal like a sponge sops up water. And to all outward appearance she was as untouched as a virgin, as innocent in mind and body as a nun. I have watched her sitting, with a cigarette dangling from carefully painted cupid's bow, a serene light in her childish blue eyes, a faint flush on the cream of her perfect cheeks, looking for all the world like a Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Portrait of a Young Girl," while the foulest oaths and most sickening gossip dripped like drops of poisoned honey from her little pointed tongue. Her public idolized her—still considers her one of the foremost actresses. Perhaps they are not so credulous about her innocence and purity now, since she has been the heroine of two divorce trials and the co-respondent in another. But probably nine out of ten of her admirers will warmly defend her; saying with pitying platitudes, "She is more sinned against than sinning; more to be pitied than censured."

For an ingenue face can successfully mask a Hellion's soul; but a spinster's soul with a vampire face has no chance on earth.

My studio was a perfect setting for the traffic in love and intrigue which I carried on under the guise of mystic and clairvoyant. If ever a man worked hard to fool his public artistically, it was I. Really, my clientele, composed, first and last, of the brightest stars in Screenland and all their satellites, in diminishing radiance, got their money's worth in gorgeous stage settings and artistic atmosphere, if in nothing else.

I catered to the vanity which is the guiding principle of every motion picture player's life. I never predicted failure. All my gloomy forecasts were concerned with the client's enemies. I glibly arranged contracts for the budding stars, with God, giving the order as nonchalantly as if I were St. John, already on the right



Very sadly, and with such distaste that the words seemed like burrs in my dry throat, I told Mary that I saw trouble looming for her.

hand of the Father. I foretold death and destruction for the waning star's Nemesis—the young ingenue who was taking the old star's territory as fast as it slipped away from under her feet.

I kept them happy and interested and thrilled. If I had stopped there I should not have had a confession to make, a confession which has burned into my brain and soul like the branding iron on shrinking slave flesh. And the brand which I wear is that of murderer. It is so easy to become a tool, to let money strangle one's soul.

There is something in the very air of Hollywood which makes us who live here grasp the main chance, even to the point of snatching it from the dying fingers of a pal. I have actually seen a player step across the dying body of a star, killed in a stunt, which the hired stunt man had been afraid to perform, and bid for his place in the picture. We are all opportunists out here. We have to be. A thousand greedy hands clutch at every opening in the game, from a minor job as property man to that of star in super-specials.

Humbugging Hollywood

I MADE the most of the credulity, the short-sightedness, the easy forgetfulness, of Hollywood. I did nothing vicious until I was forced to do it—or quit. Quitting an easy living is not to be thought of in Hollywood. I had prestige. I had become used to my Hindu coloring. The fact that I had been born in Connecticut and that I wrote home to "Dear Mom" once a month never leaked out. To Hollywood, I was an impenetrable mystery, a Hindu who could scarcely talk English, a mystic so buried in his occult sciences that he scarcely knew the value of the large sums of money which he asked in return for his prophecies, his mystic readings. It was rather a nuisance to stain myself brown, to wear flowing robes when my New England complex demanded trousers of the conventional variety, to let my black hair grow

long. But I felt that to be in make-up all the time was little less trying than to be in make-up for the working day only. And my weekly earnings compared not too humbly with those of my beautiful and unregenerate partner.

I had no idea of the hold that Marion Henderson had over me. For that is the name by which I will call her in this confession. Our partnership had been such a pleasant, remunerative one that I hardly knew how to answer her when she made me a straight, simple proposition one night in January, after my work for the evening was over, and we sat in the midst of black velvet hangings and eerie trappings of the trade, alone and in our true guises.

"I'm in a damned bad hole, old top," she said wearily, crossing one shapely leg over the other, and striking a match with graceful ease on the sole of her shoe.

I grinned, letting my face "go" for the first time that day. I had evolved a character for myself as a "love seer" which would not let me even smile. Stern sadness was my ticket—unsmiling seriousness, tinged with romantic mysticism. I fancy I had appealed to the ingenue of that day much as Valentino appeals to the flapper of this. "You're always exaggerating, my dear," I told her tolerantly. "Have you just found out that your double is sick and you'll have to walk across the street in crowded traffic in your picture tomorrow? Or has your double been so inconsiderate as to up and die on you?" It was a relief to talk good old plain Americanese to Marion.

She considered me gloomily, her wide blue eyes like a pair of dew-drenched gentians, with their faint mist of tears. "I'm serious, old dear. I'm in love, Rummy, and I can't have the man."

Marion's Horrible Demand

I DREW my arms carefully out of the long, flowing sleeves of my Hindu robe, and with a muttered curse threw the garment to one side. My respectable, soul-satisfying trousers underneath gave me a

sense of being able to cope with any situation.

"You have had so many. Suppose you pass this one up, then," I suggested, still not taking her seriously.

"Oh, but Rummy, I love him. Damn it, don't grin at me. I tell you I'm mad about him. I could kill his Madonna-faced wife, with her saintly airs and her sickening, mid-west virtue. Poor prune! Poor idiot! Oh, damn her!" And to my amazement Marion Henderson threw herself at my feet with far more abandon than she ever gave to the screen. "Oh, help me to get him, Rummy! I've got to have him."

I still tried to take it lightly. "If you expect any favors of me, young lady, such as murdering your idol's wife, or any little odd job like that, you'll have to get up off my feet. I only have on sandals, and you're hurting a corn."

I drew her as gently as I could to her feet, and almost tenderly forced her back into her chair. I was never very fond of Marion, for she let me see herself too clearly. In return, I was granted the luxury of revealing my own true nature, so I suppose I should not have complained when the mutual orgy was not especially satisfying to me.

"I want you to do something for me, Rummy," she began again, using the name I disliked so much, a contraction of my imposing "stage" name, which I had picked up from a native seer of India. "I want you to work on Ralph's mind. You know how. He is beginning to fall in love with me, but I need help. And he has a virtue complex. He wouldn't consider leaving his wife for me. He's not in pictures. He's a business man in Los Angeles, the dearest, the handsomest, the most fascinating—but what do you care about that? I must have him, Rummy, honest to God!—I'm not raving to hear myself talk or to shock you, you poor, tired old dear. But you will help me, won't you?"

I got what she wanted instantly. I had "planted" suggestions before, innocently enough, but for mercenary reasons. For

instance, I had created little complex situations through which my subject would need, or would think she needed, the continued expert advice of one who could delve into the future, and at will consult the past. I have created more previous incarnation histories for Hollywood than any living seer. I missed my forte when I did not choose fiction writing. Or maybe I shall make you feel that I missed my vocation when I did not choose wholesale crime as my life work, since I have apparently gotten off so freely from the usual consequences of murder. But you shall judge for yourself. I know that I have suffered more than the murderer who shakes the iron bars of his cell in San Quentin, waiting for the date of execution.

When everyone knows that a murderer is a murderer, he can relax. There is no further need for pretense. He can drop the mask and grieve or defy death or forget—all according to his nature. But the uncondemned murderer who walks a free man, unable to marry, unable to declare his love for any woman, unable to make friendships, for fear of dragging those friendships through the mire of scandal—

But to prove I am not mad I will go back to Marion Henderson, sitting there, looking like an angel and talking like a Borgia, and I will tell of the crime that had its inception in that relaxed hour after the day's work.

"You want me to give him a 'past' in which you were his love, many times over? You want me to 'plant' in his mind the fact that you are destined to be his throughout all eternities? That you are his fate, his one love?" I asked her sarcastically, mimicking my own professional manner.

No Way Out for Me

"YOU get me, Rummy, you get me! Get busy on it right now. Send him a few thought waves. He's taken his wife to Marcell's, to dance. Damn her! I'll have him here to see you tomorrow, along with her. Oh, yes, I'm *her* friend, too. She calls me Marion, and advises me what dentist to go to. And she prays every

night for a baby. And she thinks I have such a sweet personality, just like I am on the screen! Oh, God, God, God!" She thrust her fingers through her yellow curls and, gripping handfuls of the hair, pulled and screeched in a mad way.

I was genuinely alarmed. I had had a few previous samples of Marion's temper; I did not want it to be overturned, like phials of vitriol, on my defenseless head. I promised her anything that night, at last calling her chauffeur in to escort her to her car. She was limp and hysterical, sobbing like a hurt child. I picked her up in my arms when I saw she was in no fit condition to walk down the long path to the sidewalk. She whispered in my ear, as we neared the car: "You'll do it for me, Rummy? After all I've done for you?"

I had no intention of going through with it seriously, but I nodded, touching my brown cheek to her white, tear-stained one, in comradely sympathy. I was never in love with Marion. I should as soon have thought of loving a soft, silky-haired panther in the Selig Zoo.

But Marion had no intention of letting me forget my promise. She brought her "friends" the next day. I was instantly attracted to the Madonna-faced wife, a rare type in the black-velvet inner shrine of mine, where I, like a bronze Buddha, sat in impassive power, apparently in control of all cosmic forces.

She was prettily impressed with my sternness and Oriental sadness. She gazed into the crystal with the trusting naivete of a child. I liked the birdlike bending of her proud head on the slender neck; enjoyed her little subdued comments.

I Obey the Whip

I TOLD her only generalities that day, startling her with a few references to the past, which Marion had given me, and let it go at that. I hadn't the heart to "plant" anything in that meadow-sweet plot of mind.

Marion, out in the receiving rooms with the husband, Ralph C., was nervously

awaiting the end of the seance with little Mrs. Ralph. When the wife appeared, serene and untroubled, Marion realized that I had disobeyed her. She excused herself to Ralph and whirled in upon me like a destroying cyclone. I had never seen her so angry, so vixenish.

"You white-bellied traitor!" she raged. "I told you what to do! Are you going to do it? I'll expose you if you don't! I'll make you the laughing stock of Hollywood. The papers will love it, dote on it! Are you going to do it?" The last question was flung at me in such an intensity of rage that I paled under my brown stain.

"Surely you're not serious in such a demand. It would be criminal. I am not a plaster saint by any means, Marion, but I refuse to wreck a home, even for a partner!"

"Wreck a home!" The actress was wasting on me expressions of emotion which her director would have given a week of his own salary to call forth. "Wreck a home! Who said anything about wrecking a home? I want that girl's life, and I want it quick! You know how to do it. You can poison his mind against her; put in his mind the idea of doing away with her. You don't have to be crude. You can be very sorry about it all, but fate is fate, destiny will not be denied. Work it out any way you damn please, but snap into it, old dear, or you'll roll up your black velvet curtains and leave Hollywood by the next train—or be hooted out of it. I'll sacrifice my own career in order to wreck you, if you don't!"

And seeing the flaring nostrils, the fiery blue eyes, the thin, cruel mouth, I knew she meant what she said. I have never thought of her since except as a modern Lucrezia Borgia. And so morbid have I become that occasionally I go to see her on the screen, just for the sake of chuckling at the way she is fooling the audience. Sometimes I am seized with an insane desire to shout out: "She is a murderess, and I am a murderer. She is fooling you. She would kill any one of you as lightheartedly

as she plotted the murder of Mary C." Now that I am putting this down on paper at last, I shall probably never be mad enough to make a spectacle of myself in public, and hence a subject for the psychopathic ward.

When Ralph C. came in, laughing in the embarrassed way men have when dabbling with the occult, which they half fear and half ridicule, I was ready for him. I valued his peace of mind far less than my own. After all, it was none of my business, if he was a gullible, susceptible fool.

I gave him the usual rot, as preliminary. He was easy to fool, being largely Irish and hence superbly credulous of the spiritual or occult. I sometimes feared to become lazy, or to grow careless of technique, so gullible did I find most of my clients.

I told him that in all his past incarnations a beautiful golden-haired goddess of a woman had been his fate, his love. I pointed out that in some of his past lives he had tried to evade her, for complex reasons, but that she always won. And that, having won, he found himself immensely happy with his destiny. He ate it up. He eagerly asked a minute description of his fair fate, and I gave him a faithful word painting of Marion Henderson. He started in surprise, or pretended surprise, I could not be sure which, since my eyes were half veiled in a slumbrous half-trance-like condition.

The Poison Works

THE three of them went away together, the man somewhat subdued, casting puzzled, interested, fiery glances at Marion, who, flushed and triumphant, was almost disgracefully proprietary in her attitude toward Ralph. The excited, happy young wife noticed nothing wrong—then.

I did not see them again for a week. Marion had been away on location in Truckee, making snow scenes in one of the big serials which were released every six months or so, and the husband and wife did not come without her. But the very

day of her return, which I had noticed in a flowery press notice, which referred to Marion as "that intrepid little queen of thrills," Marion brought her "friends" with her for another consultation. The man was terribly eager, almost indecently so. He trembled when we were alone, so that his hands could not grasp the crystal with decent firmness. I gently removed it, spreading on my Oriental sadness, so that he could not help noticing it.

"Are you—sorry for me, Swami?" he asked, using a term by which I was often miscalled by inaccurate Hollywood.

"Yes," I answered, truthfully.

"Tell me this"—the man leaned toward me and asked in a husky undertone: "Is my—destiny, my fate—Marion Henderson? I love her! It has been hell without her this week! Tell me, Swami truthfully!"

"Why tell you what you already know?" I asked cryptically, spreading my brown thin hands in patient weariness.

"And it is right for me to have her, no matter how?" he demanded. But as he said the words he seemed to realize what they implied, and he shrank, turning white. "Oh, I did not mean that! Of course—" His voice trailed off. He stared at the embroidered cobra on the black velvet curtain behind my throne chair.

At last he rose, sighing heavily, but with a certain impatient eagerness to be back with her. The little wife fluttered in, giving me her hands with charming friendliness. She was like that. Big enough and sweet enough to share herself with all the world, believing with the sweet simplicity of a child that all the world loved her.

Very sadly, and with such distaste that the words seemed like burrs in my dry throat, I obeyed my mistress. I told Mary with unfeigned sadness that I saw trouble looming for her.

"Illness?" she demanded. "I am often ill. I came out here for my health, you know. But that will not make me unhappy. So long as Ralph—it's not Ralph,

is it? Oh, tell me it's not Ralph!" she pleaded, as she scanned my stern, sad face with horrified eyes.

I nodded slowly. "Yes, your husband. But not illness," I told her impressively, acting my role to the best of my ability, just as a clown is funniest when his heart is breaking—if one is to believe the time-honored tradition of the circus business.

I refused to tell her more, and at last she left me. Marion came in almost instantly, shining-eyed, happy. She dropped a kiss on my turban, and failed to notice my disgust.

The Beginning of the End

SEVERAL weeks passed. I thought perhaps Marion had forgotten her infatuation for the business man, had turned again to her own profession for her love interest. She had had so many affairs that I could not take this one very seriously, so far as she was concerned.

Then, one day in June, when there was a decided lull in business, because of the general exodus to the beach and outdoor interests, I was surprised and terrified by a visit from the wife. Mary—for I called her that in my heart—came in alone, white-lipped, trembling. She looked very ill. For a brief, horrid moment I thought her husband had been administering slow poison. So he had—to her heart.

"I want to know," she panted, her little white hands locked tightly before her on the ruby velvet of the crystal's stand, "I want to know—if what you meant—oh, I can't say it—if Ralph—if Marion——" She dropped her Madonna-like head to her hands and began to weep. I ached to comfort her, to stroke the sleek brownness of that proud head, but I clenched my hands beneath my foolish silk robes and waited.

At last she raised her head, and questioned me mutely with her dove-like brown eyes.

I forced myself to nod slowly. I had the grace to drop my eyes. After all, I was only telling the truth. If ever a

woman was a man's destiny, Marion Henderson was Ralph C.'s. She had made herself so.

Without a word the wife rose and with the saddest resignation I have ever seen on face and figure she drifted out slowly into the inner room. I followed, determined to tell her the truth. But a car outside was discharging its passengers. Marion and Ralph C. were coming up the path in a half run. When they saw Mary they forced smiles to their faces. Marion's eyes questioned mine fiercely as she bent over the stricken wife with feigned solicitude. Ralph was genuinely disturbed, frightened. They sat down at a table, and Mary, gallantly but without fooling anyone, began to chatter. Ralph, much relieved by her effort, joined in and Marion immediately soared into real gaiety. She saw the beginning of the end.

With majestic dignity I seated myself and listened, keeping on my face that sad, stern impassiveness that was my trade mark. But now it was not feigned. I had never been so heartsick in my life.

As they talked, Marion Henderson took her make-up boxes out of her handbag—little compacts of rouge and powder—and began to enhance her vividness deftly.

"A ride in a car always makes me feel so *naked*," she explained, smiling sweetly at the shocked little wife. No one could imagine Mary making up her face in public.

Ralph watched the actress adoringly, disgustingly enamored, desirous. A bleak look of utter despair crossed the face of his wife as she watched the two.

Ralph leaned close to Marion, looking into the mirror with her, laughing boyishly, the undertones of his voice charged with passion. He picked up a little box and fingered it curiously.

A Diabolic Suggestion

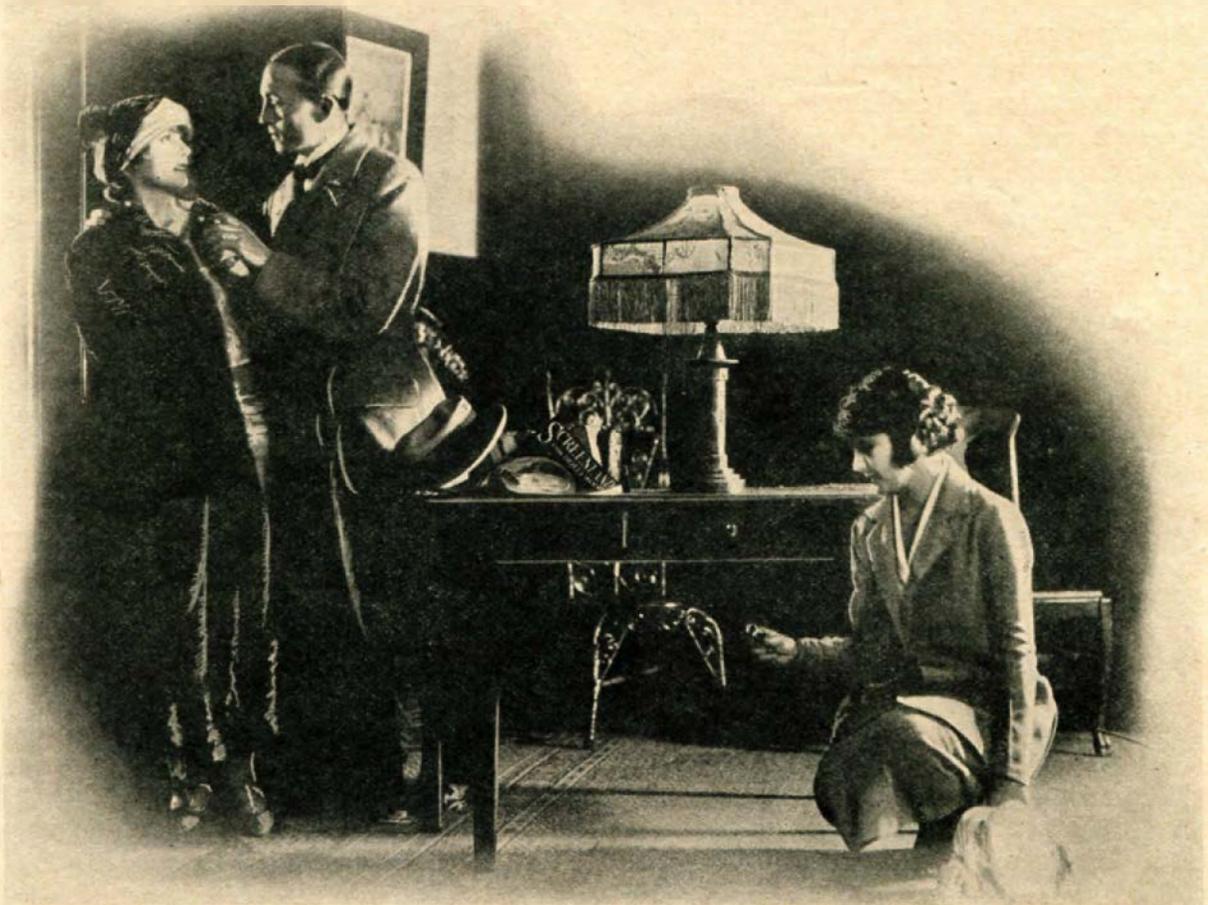
"**M**ORE rouge, or is this mascara?" he asked.

"Neither, old dear," Marion answered flippantly, carefully shaping the Cupid's

bow of her lips with her stick of carmine. "That's cyanide of potassium. I always carry it. No telling when I'll want to commit suicide. A chap in the laboratory at the studio gave it to me. You see, an actress is likely to be in terrible danger any time——" She finished with her lips and smiled brilliantly all around the little group, allowing her eyes to linger meaningly on the wife's wide brown ones. She ignored Ralph's sharp exclamation of dismay, terror. "And if I'm ever injured so badly that I will die, or that my beauty will be spoiled, I'll simply put a pinch of this nice little white powder on my tongue, when no one's noticing—a woman's vanity box is always given to her when she asks for it, you know—and within thirty seconds I'll be dead."

Marion clearly enjoyed the sensation she had created. She chattered on, all of us, except me, joining in the discussion of the best ways to commit suicide, and as to whether suicide was ever excusable or permissible.

The wife joined in rather feverishly, asking questions, laughing a little hysterically occasionally. At last Marion rose to go, and Ralph was instantly at her side to help her on with her cape, which she had thrown back across her chair. He did not see, as I did, that the little gold box containing the cyanide of potassium rolled out of Marion's lap to the floor, and that his wife picked it up. She put it into her handbag quickly, without looking at me. She did not know that I saw her, I am sure.



He did not see, as I did, that the little gold box containing the cyanide of potassium rolled out of Marion's lap to the floor, and that his wife picked it up.

I was in a frightful quandary. If I had told what I had seen, I should have been denounced and exposed on the spot. I feared Marion's tongue more than I did the police, or the derision of Hollywood. But I did not relish the thought of them, either. So I watched them leave, heard Marion call out, as she started down the path to the car, "You'll drop Mary at your house and then drive me out to the studio, Ralph?" And I saw Ralph nod his acquiescence.

I Realize My Love

THE next few minutes were the most agonizing I had ever lived through. A bevy of pretty girls from Mack Sennett's lot came streaming in, to "have their fortunes told," as they put it. But I refused to see them, on the plea of illness. I sat brooding, while the Jap attendant peered at me curiously from between the black velvet curtains. I ordered him away with an oath, and considered my problem again from all sides. I had no uncertainty as to what Mary C. intended to do. I had seen that look in women's faces before. I had never seen a woman who was so wholly in love with her husband, so utterly heart-broken at his betrayal.

At last I knew the truth. I who told others their love secrets, who trafficked in love, had not suspected the truth about myself. I knew as I sat there, steeped in soul agony, and immersed in remorse, that I loved Mary, had loved her saint-like face and pure mind from the first moment I had seen her. With the realization, I sprang to my feet and ran from the little bungalow studio, to the rear where I kept my car.

Ten minutes later I drew up at the curb before the C.'s bungalow, one of a court, in the exclusive Wilshire district in Los Angeles. Some children playing around the fountain in the patio cheered and hooted as I sprang from the car and

ran up the cement walk, searching for the name plate. There were nine of the artistic little houses, arranged in California's favorite court fashion. One child, who was staring owl-eyed at my costume and make-up, directed me silently to the house in which the C.'s lived. I rang the bell, and a maid answered. I asked breathlessly for Mrs. C., and the maid wonderingly let me in.

"Mrs. C. has just gone to her room. I'll tell her you're here. What is the name, please?"

I gave her my professional name, a hard one for an uneducated maid to catch. She frowned a little, but moved toward the rear of the house. I followed silently, my heart in my mouth, a terrible ache in the back of my head. I felt as if I too were dying of the poison which I feared Mary would take.

My strained ears told me that the maid had spoken with her, that she still lived. I almost cried out in my joy. I pushed on down the little hall, to explain everything to her, to promise her my help in remedying a situation which I had created at the command of a Borgia.

But before I could get to the bedroom, the door opened and Mary started toward me. Her eyes were wide and fixed, but there was a singular peace on her face.

"Tell them—I did not stand in the way of fate, and I wish them joy!" As if she had kept alive only to utter the benediction, she fell at the last word. She was dead when I reached her.

The Outcome

MARION married him; I was not exposed. Marion divorced him a year later, after she had fallen in love with her new leading man. I saw him suffer more than his worst enemy could have wished for him. And when he was killed in an

airplane crash, shortly after his divorce, I felt that he had planned it all deliberately, and that at last he had found peace.

Only I remained to suffer. Since I have no other trade, I am still a "love seer," but I have never done anything else crim-

inal. I have long since broken with Marion. I have tried to bring happiness to young lovers, to reunite estranged husbands and wives, all in an effort to expiate to some extent the terrible crime for which I will answer before a more just tribunal.

Dave De Fete, the dapper extra, was all gowed up again this last week. We saw him in a grocery store on Hollywood Boulevard, one spat all awry and cane hanging on his arm, buying ten pounds of animal crackers. And he was making the distracted saleslady pick out all the bears because, he said, they frightened his little boy.

* * *

It is evident that all the trouble was caused because Eve found the fig leaf too late.

* * *

The studios are full of peaches but it's only occasionally that you find a cling.

* * *

About all a star's husband gets out of matrimony, says Filmy Fanny, is board and lodging.

* * *

It's a wise wife who knows her own perfume.

* * *

TO A BATHING BEAUTY

I've seen a lot of you in films,
 (The part the censors pass) ;
 The sample is so awful sweet,
 The rest must be some class.



She was small, slender, but pretty in a vivid foreign fashion. She rigged herself up as a dryad, a strip of gold cloth about her loins, a bunch of Bacchus' grapes in her slim, pointed hands. She laughed at my shocked face and I caught her with her head flung back, her rounded, long throat pulsing with Ariel glee. It was one of my best studies.

BEAUTY *and the* BEAST

*An Art Photographer Confesses what Life
in Hollywood has done to Him—
and what He has done to
Hollywood*

WHEN the editors of HOLLYWOOD CONFESSIONS asked me for a "confession," I was stunned—insulted. I had been showing them some of my latest "art studies"—beautiful things, my best type of work, and much in demand.

"What have I to confess to?" I asked shortly, preparing to take my pictures away from such prying, insulting people. The editors looked at my pictures, smiled significantly, and without apologies, allowed me to go.

When I got back to my studio I looked about thoughtfully, seeing the place with observing eyes for the first time in five years. The old, familiar place suddenly had a new aspect. Was this really my place of business? Did I really make my living with this sort of thing? There was the "backdrop" of waves breaking on a rocky shore against which straight, slim young bodies make a virginal, lovely silhouette; there was the carved "antique" chair, against which I have seen so many dimpled knees pressed, while rounded, dimpled young arms reach upward to the bird cage of tarnished gilt, in which an eternally poised canary cocks a dead eye ceilingward.

My Stock in Trade

THERE on a couch, tumbled from the hasty pickings of my last subject, were the "props" of my trade. A rumped

length of pale pink chiffon; a faded strip of green and gold brocade, much the worse for "wear"—the hard wear that one "garment" is likely to get, when it has to serve the triple purpose of concealment, revelation and fascination; a pair of brocaded gilt slippers, size four and a half—since

that is the average size of most young women of medium size; an ostrich feather fan, invaluable as a single garment; a stuffed parrot on mahogany stand, forever turning a deaf ear to the demure confidences and upraised finger of pretty girls in no attire other than their maidenly modesty and innocence. At least I always presumed that they wore this mantle.

Had I really bought that Japanese parasol? Curious, spiked thing, against which the tender flesh of a girl looks rosily, sweetly soft and alluring.

And—God knows it was a shock—could it be I who was looking over this room with these thoughts in my mind? Suddenly the camera seemed a sinister, evil-eyed thing. It had seen so much, and yet stood there blinking and unconcerned, palled with black, sturdy in its wooden impassivity. Had I always been so wooden? Had I remained so owlshly impassive as that faithful camera, with its

I find myself wondering about that host of girls and women whom I have stripped for the camera. Have they too risen to their present heights by casting off ballast—self respect, modesty, sweetness, innocence? or do they, as they claim, regard being photographed in the nude, for the delectation of all that vulgar crowd, as simply an expression of a high art?

expensive equipment representing a large part of my tangible assets?

I sat down in this now silent and otherwise deserted sanctum of beauty revealed. A long pier glass, whose polished surface had unwinkingly reflected the fairest beauties of Hollywood gave me back my own sorry reflection. I studied myself with the seeing eyes of a disillusioned man. It was like looking at myself after hearing a beautiful woman with whom I had thought I was making a hit refer to me as an "old man" or a "foxy grandpa"—two epithets I feared myself about to win, as I studied the unhandsome, loggy, bulgy figure in the mirror.

My Boyhood

FIVE years before I had been lean with the leanness that comes from too little

to eat. I had had plenty of hair on my head then, but no money in my pockets. I had had a clean, untainted mind—and no bank balance.

Now I am considered the most successful photographer in Hollywood—of the new school, at least. I might almost say I created the new school in "Art" photography.

I started life in Iowa. I was raised on platitudes, dealing with virtue, honesty, hard work, decency of mind and body. I believed them all and practised them. And almost starved to death. I found decency to be a drug on the market. No one cared whether I was virtuous or not; at least, no one would lend me money on the strength of it.



From the time I was twenty until I was thirty-five I struggled to make an honest living in Sioux City, Iowa, as a photographer. I specialized in family groups—and all the family and all the community for that matter could with perfect propriety

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to have “Kitty Gordon” studies made went to the chap down the street. I used to blush as I passed the showcase at the foot of his stairs. Brazen things, showing the shoulders and backs of young girls!

Disgraceful! My “trade” was largely made up of children and mothers and fathers—group stuff, as I said.

The extent of my adventures in “nude” photography was a portrait of a fat baby in the flower-trimmed wash bowl, one of my few “props.”



My “trade” was largely made up of children and mothers and fathers—group stuff.

No Nudes Then

BUT I maintain I was a good photographer, even then. My pictures were good likenesses, where such were wanted — by old men and old women, especially — and my “portrait studies” caught something of the soul of the person. I was proud of my sincere efforts to paint portraits by squeezing a bulb and retouching

plates. I had the joys of creation then. But Sioux City did not care for my “art.” Just how little my best efforts were appreciated was brought home to me in a heart-breaking manner when I was ill for

a month. I had to hire a youngster from Chicago to take my place in the studio, to keep all my business from slipping away from me. Almost from the first the business reports began to pick up. I questioned him when he came to the hospital, but he wouldn't give me the reason. Afraid I would stop him.

When I was well enough to get back to the studio I saw the reason quickly enough. My own showcase now made me blush, a much redder blush than my competitor's window called up. I understood now what some of the strange "expense" items, charged to overhead, were. I saw in *my* window—the shock was terrific—girls and women in next to nothing, poised gracefully on bare toes, or nonchalantly sniffing roses, in little more than fig-leaf attire.

Become More Daring

NOW—I look about my own studio as I recall those pictures that shocked me so terrifically in those old days. Now those pictures would appear stuffy, overdressed, positively cluttered up with clothes! My daring employe had used only three or four yards of opaque silk; I would consider that a ghastly waste of money and cloth now! The brazen youngster turned his figures away from the camera, not daring to show the firm, rounded young breasts. Now, my sole concern is to find the angle at which the twin mounds of Venus can photograph most lusciously, most completely.

That shows the distance I have gone since my rude awakening. I had had much time to think as I lay in my hospital bed. I knew that if this youngster was succeeding—and my weekly reports on the business proved that he was—there was a reason and I was going to profit by it—no matter what paths it led me into.

I sold him the studio and good will—though God knows there was little of the kind he needed that I could will him—for a thousand dollars. I had made some discoveries as to lenses, had ground a few of my own, perfecting a wonderful soft focus that I have since improved on, until I believe it is the most perfect of its kind.

I Leave for Hollywood

I LEARNED my lesson from this shameless youngster, but I did not confess to him or to Sioux City that I had. I was aghast at my own thoughts. But I left Iowa, fully determined to make a name and a fortune for myself, at whatever cost to my own self respect that such a success might entail.

Until today I did not know that I was sorry of that decision. Now—I wonder. But to get back to the story of my struggle to rise. I was like a balloon with too much ballast.

I found that I had to cast overboard my self-respect, my inherited Puritanical slant on life; my old-fashioned ideas as to modesty and virtue; my reverence for the white soul and the sacred body of a maiden; my own inherent decency. For a strictly decent chap in this business has a hard time of it. The woman who will undress herself before a photographer, to be clothed by him with a strip of luminous cloth and a bunch of artificial grapes likes to see her charms "register"; the "artist" who can gaze on her unmoved and untempted affronts her vanity. I am not speaking now of *professional models, who are usually as impersonal, after years of stripping for art's sake, that they think no more of posing in the nude than a cat thinks of washing its face in public*; I am speaking of the actresses who pose in the "almost nude." The motion picture player is fed on vanity, on praise. It is her life blood. By the reactions of the photographer to her displayed beauty she gauges her sex appeal for the public. A photographer who could drape her famous body in a film of chiffon or a six by eight-inch piece of batik and still not tingle with desire to touch her adoringly—at least—would probably be written down in her dainty little notebook as a "dud"—a priceless boob.

Want "Exposed Charms" to Register

TO the motion picture star is denied the contact with her audience that a stage celebrity gets. I have photographed the

reigning beauties of the stage, for I spent part of my time in the east. And I find this difference. A picture star is much more determined to make a conquest with the photographer who disposes her beauty before the camera than is the legitimate star who has an opportunity to display her charms, in almost as complete state of nudity, to thousands of people every night of the theatrical season. The photographer means little more to the stage performer than the camera itself.

But to go back to those first days in Hollywood. With my thousand dollars, minus railroad fare out here, I rented three rooms in one of Hollywood's most pretentious office buildings. I gambled my small wad on my ability to bluff my way through to success, in this land of make-believe, where the inhabitants actually enjoy being buncoed.

A Lavish Studio

I BOUGHT a camera on the installment plan; fitted up the rooms in a lavish style, far beyond my means. A girl artist, rather famous now for her art titles, fitted the place up with batiks, cathedral windows, goldfish pools and the like. She "hand-painted" every wall, splashing color in a glorious riot over everything.

She bought me my "props," and when I saw the small handful of gauzy stuffs, I almost threw up the game. Then I resolutely cast aside more "ballast." The girl artist herself was my first model. I posed her, positively against my will, and with my eyes almost shut, so great was my sense of shame, in every conceivable pose of beauty and grace. She was small, slender, but rounded, pretty in a vivid, dark, foreign fashion. She rigged herself up as a dryad, autumn leaves stuck in her short, curly black hair, a strip of gold cloth about her loins, a bunch of Bacchus' grapes in her slim, pointed hands. She laughed at my shocked face, and I caught her with her head flung back, her rounded, long throat pulsing with Ariel glee. It was one of my best studies.

A Series of Nudes

SHE insisted on my doing a series of nudes—with my wonderful, soft focus lens. We created real works of art between us. She had the true artist's feeling for graceful poses; I had the camera sense. Her small, rounded body, posed with artful back drops and with the help of double exposure, swam mistily in blue waves, or rose from the ocean's spray like a white-flanked, shimmering Aphrodite; she poised on rocky cliffs, like a startled Eve, about to bound away before the hint of Evil. She listened to the stuffed canary sing; she blew on reed pipes; she tossed balloons into the air; she wept over fancied wrongs or griefs, her beautiful hair swept about her grieving face, her shoulders drooped in a perfect and alluring curve, suggesting anything but sorrow to the beholder. She—but why go on? The series is famous. It has been printed all over the civilized world—or the uncivilized, if one is to judge by the greed with which my "art" studies have been snapped up.

A New Thrill

THE studies made an instant hit. I was besieged with orders. Motion picture studios saw in my work a chance at a new vein of publicity; stars felt a new thrill in posing for "art studies." I soon found that my little handful of props was being neglected. So few of my clients wanted to be hampered with drapes. They wanted to express themselves with the complete sense of freedom that nudity seems to give a beautiful woman.

After a while, as I cast off more and more of my hampering ballast, I found myself rising to heights of success which I had not dreamed of in my respectable Iowa existence. And so intoxicating was the rarefied air of commercial and artistic success that I had little time to mourn for that discarded ballast.

As the years went on I found that fewer and fewer came to me for straight portraits.

A Byword on the Boulevard

IT became a byword on the boulevard that J—— was the man to go to for nudes. I heard myself joked about more and more, and I resented it less and less. I grew a little proud of my distinction, the questionable distinction of being the champion undresser of film stars. I was envied—am envied, I should say, for why put it all in the past tense, since I am still supreme in my line?—envied in a more or less joking sort of way, by men who would have liked to be in my position. At first I burned at these crude jests; soon my ears became accustomed to them, and I missed them if they were not forthcoming. I wanted to be envied, jested with. I got a vicarious sort of dissipation out of these coarse jokes and ribald hilarities. I rather strutted, I fancy, as I walked the boulevard. I became accustomed to stripping women with my eyes as I passed them; sizing up their points, impersonally, for the most part. But what normal male can be one hundred per cent impersonal when beauty in its virgin state stands revealed?

And now that the mood for confessing is upon me, I find myself wondering about that host of girls and women whom I have stripped for the camera. What of them? Have they too risen to their present heights by casting off ballast—self-respect, modesty, sweetness, innocence? Or do they, as they claim, with loud protests, regard being photographed in the nude, for the delectation of all that vulgar crowd who wants to buy and can pay my price, as simply an expression of a high art? I wonder.

Casting Off Ballast

I HAVE seen women change these five years, or is it old age creeping toward me that casts a shadow on my optimism

today? But it seems to me that I may be one reason why there is so little real womanliness left in Hollywood. Have I been one of the modern picks, digging relentlessly at the foundation of womanhood? I had never thought of that before. Again—I wonder.

Somehow, today, I do not value my success, my bank account, my luxurious home, where I entertain in bachelor opulence, my twin six car, my prestige as an "artist," as I have been valuing them. I did not know of the thoughts that crawl like hideous little green snakes below the golden placidity of my surface mind. It is not pleasant to discover them. I wish those chaps had not asked me to "confess." Maybe—I had not thought of this either—maybe these ugly thoughts show on my face now. I wonder.

The bell! The buzzer at my elbow tells me that a sitter has arrived. I strain forward to listen. I would know that high, sweet voice anywhere. I spring to my feet, brush the thin strip of hair over the bald spot. I *must* get that new hair tonic that barber recommended. My tie! She likes purple. She said so. I have fairly itched to get my camera on her again, to try out that new idea of mine. Where is that silver ball, that stuffed snake? First she shall pose as Innocence, holding aloft the maiden's dream of love, not heeding the serpent, Vice, at her feet, twined to strike.

She is coming. Did I say *impersonal*? And is her eagerness to pose for each new series *impersonal*?

"Hello! Come in, my dear! You are charming, adorable today. What is the matter with me? Nothing! I have just been—well, to tell you the truth, I've just been sitting here dreaming of you!"

When a man kisses a girl he thinks he is changing the course of her whole life when he is only disarranging her makeup.



THE HAG of CEME- TERY HILL

The gripping story of a trafficker in baby flesh and of a star who permitted greed for fame to rob her of her child.

I pulled out my pistol. "You have lied," I told her, "I believe my baby is lying now among those poor little ones we found under the old house in Galveston."

I WAS an orphan and was brought up in Galveston, Texas, by a woman whose chief concern lay in seeing how much work she could get out of me, and how little she would give me to eat. At sixteen I would have gone to any length, committed any folly to escape, and when a young fellow, whom I had often seen lounging on a street corner as I went to and from market for my fostermother, asked me to marry him, I accepted with hardly

a moment's hesitation. My husband was young and his habits had not been of the best, but he really cared for me, and went to work with a will to make a living for us both. We might have been happy in spite of the predictions of my malicious fostermother and her friends, but when we had been married only a few months, my husband was killed in a street-car accident.

So I found myself at seventeen, the mother of a posthumous babe, penniless

and ignorant, faced with the terrible problem of making a living for myself and my child. I had no one to turn to, no one with whom I could leave my child while I worked during the day, for my foster-mother refused to have anything to do with me. I was desperate. When I went out to hunt work I had to carry my poor little girl with me. Almost no one would have me; no one had anything for me to do. Finally I went down one afternoon to the seawall and walked along its granite crown for hours, trying to get up courage to throw myself and my baby down on the cruel rocks below. I thought of leaving my baby on one of the benches with a note, but I could not make up my mind to leave it to such a fate as I had had.

As I walked back and forth, I attracted many glances, but no one stopped me to find out my trouble and relieve it. I decided that it would be easier to walk to the end of one of the piers and jump into the water, when a flashily dressed girl stopped me.

"Why, Alice Forrest," she exclaimed, in a shocked voice. "What is wrong with you—you're glaring like a mad woman! I do believe you were going to jump off the wall."

I could not answer and the girl took me gently by the arm and made me sit down on one of the iron benches facing the sea. The girl was "Joy" Morris, and her name was notorious in my old neighborhood because she had quite openly and flauntingly taken the easiest way, but I thought of none of these things as she soothed my crying baby in her arms and gave to me the tender, pitying sympathy which good women sometimes think is their prerogative alone.

Joy took charge of the situation in capable fashion. "We'll find a place for little Alice, first," she said, "then I'll stake you until you get something to do, and everything will turn out all right. I know just the place for her. Mother Mawker makes a business of taking care of babies like yours, and I'm sure she'll have a place vacant."

We found "Mother" Mawker's establishment on "L" Street, a little weather-beaten white cottage, set on high brick foundation walls almost hidden by oleanders and honeysuckle. The house was not overly clean and I did not like the looks of the half-witted daughter of the old woman, but after two nights spent huddled in the shelter of a deserted shed, the place seemed a heavenly refuge. "Mother" Mawker must have been about seventy, but she was tall and wiry still, and any traces of senility were concealed in her fawning graciousness. She promised to care for little Alice as though the child were her very own, but I noticed that she clutched the money that Joy gave her very greedily.

The Weary Search for Work

ALTHOUGH I was loath to take it, Joy insisted on giving me money to get a room for myself, and something to live on while I hunted for work. Again I took up the weary search. I was ignorant and untrained; the only thing I had ever done was household drudgery, and I looked so thin and worn now, that I could not compete with the husky colored girls who did most of the domestic labor of the southern seaport. Two weeks went by and I was still living on Joy's money, money earned by means which I could not bring myself to use but by which, in her case, I was profiting. I burned with shame at the thought of it. In Galveston, a woman newsie was almost unheard of, but it suddenly occurred to me that I might earn a few pennies in that way, even if I could not make a living. I took the few coins that still remained of the money Joy had given me and purchased a small bundle of evening papers.

I first tried to sell my wares on the downtown corners, in front of the post-office, and the old Tremont Hotel, but these posts were all occupied by regular newsboys, and they drove me from place to place, ruining all my chances of disposing of my papers. Deeply dispirited, I started for the beach and so stumbled into the

episode that changed the whole course of my life.

I Break Into the Movies

A COMPANY of moving-picture actors, headed by Lillian Weston, were then

into them shooting a scene at the base of the great Treasure Island sign which flares nightly against the black velvet of the sky gulf. Lillian Weston's vogue was just beginning to wane as her blonde



"I can fix that tear in two seconds," I said, breathlessly, and when no one spoke, I knelt down beside Miss Weston and began to sew on that ripped flounce for dear life.

in Galveston making pictures—one stop in what was more of publicity stunt tour than anything else. It was my fortune to run

beauty became a little too mature for the taste of the fickle movie public. The movies were cruder then than now and this

trip, a variation of the personal appearance tours so popular with some players, was an attempt to regain her lost popularity. The trip had gone none too well, and Miss Weston's temper, none too steady, had not helped her cause. When I came up to the little crowd gathered round the picture people, a grand scene was in progress. The director was ostensibly about to shoot a scene in which Miss Weston, garbed in a delicate lace gown, bade her leading man, dressed in the costume of a naval officer, a passionate farewell. Miss Weston's maid had blundered in some way, her dress was torn and must be mended before she could go on. The actress flew into a passion which was evidently the last straw for the maid, a most independent young woman, who calmly took off her cap and apron, dropped them on the ground with the makeup box and sewing kit she had been carrying and left.

The actors sneered and some one in the crowd began to snicker. The director who was evidently used to his star's vagaries, merely shrugged and gave an order to give up the attempt for the afternoon. Without pausing to reflect I carried into effect the impulse which suddenly seized me. I dropped my papers and darted through the crowd. I snatched up the maid's discarded apron and the needle and thread from the sewing kit. "I can fix that tear in two seconds," I said breathlessly, and when no one spoke, I knelt down beside Miss Weston and began to sew that ripped flounce for dear life.

The crowd, the director, the cameraman, and the actors laughed. Even Miss Weston got over her sulks. The flounce was mended, and the affecting farewell photographed. When the company started for the Hotel Galvez I went with them, with a job at last, as maid to Lillian Weston.



An old woman, snuff dribbling from the corners of her mouth, her face, dirty and lined, her hair straggling over her sly eyes, peered out, holding the door only half open with an air of senile suspicion.

When the moving-picture people went on, I went with them. I had not dreamed of this when I had run forward so impulsively to sew up the tattered flounce. But the company only remained in Galveston a few days, and faced with the prospect of going back to Joy's charity while I

made another desperate search for work, I took the opportunity that was offered. I left my first wages with Mother Mawker for little Alice, and she promised to keep in regular touch with me.

I Come to Hollywood

SO I came to Hollywood. I did not stay long with Lillian Weston—her temper made that impossible. Her director, however, tried me as extra, and gave me several bits to do. Though I was given no particular encouragement, I screened fairly well, I was young, and I became seized with the ambition which grips most of the girls who come to Hollywood from small towns and cities. I would leave my baby with Mother Mawker, stay on in Hollywood, and be a screen star. And a bitter, bitter price I paid for my success.

Thus began four years of privation, endless drudgery, the frantic struggle to get enough work to keep body and soul together. There were many times that I went hungry, but somehow I always managed to send the monthly stipend to Mother Mawker, and her brief notes detailing the growth of my baby I read over and over again, my heart almost bursting with yearning for my child at times. There were days when I felt that I must go back to her at any cost, but in all that four years I do not believe there was a single time when I ever had money enough at one time to have paid my fare to Galveston though I might have gotten back some way if the lure of the screen had not been so strong.

My Big Chance Comes

I WAS doubling for Marie Montaigne in some water stuff when the star suddenly disappeared with the picture only half done. Though nothing definite was ever made public, some very ugly scandal began to be rumored. Marie had succumbed to the drug habit and could never come back to the screen again. The producers were desperate, faced with the loss of the money tied up in the picture. Very much as I had dropped my papers, and picked up the maid's needle, I walked into

the office of the producers, and boldly told them that I would finish Marie's pictures. With skillful photographing and careful makeup, I could easily pass for her in the scenes which still remained to be taken. With some trepidation they agreed. After all, they were only risking a little more money with a chance of saving the bulk of their investment.

The experiment was a success, and when the picture was finished I found myself something of a personage in the inner film world. A real contract was offered me—eventually I would be a film star. My first thought was of my baby. Now I could go back for her. But in order to fulfill my contract it was necessary to start work at once. I consented, stipulating that when the first picture was finished I should be allowed a few weeks of rest. I wrote to Mother Mawker announcing my early return to Galveston, and asking her to be prepared for my coming. In the next few weeks I worked in a fever of excitement and anxiety, which deepened as I did not hear from the old woman to whom I had entrusted my child. I wrote again, and my letter came back to me, undelivered. We finished the last shots of the picture at 7:30 one evening, and at eight I was on board the Southern Pacific bound for South Texas.

A terrible premonition of disaster made that trip a nightmare to me.

Where is My Baby?

I ARRIVED in Galveston in the early morning, and without waiting for breakfast, or going to a hotel, I directed the taxi driver to Mother Mawker's old address on "L" Street. The old house, almost tumbling down, was still there, smothered in oleanders and honeysuckle, but there was a desolate, sinister air about it that chilled and frightened me. I knocked at the sagging, rotten door. No one answered, and I called hysterically. There was still no reply and I pushed and pounded on the old door. Unexpectedly it gave under my hand. A stench as of dead things filled the air. Almost fainting I ran

into the little hallway and threw open the first door at the right. The room was empty and indescribably filthy. I ran on from room to room. All were empty and in the same state of filth and decay.

The taxi driver must have thought me mad when I came running out of the house, gasping out that my baby, my baby was gone. As it happened, there were no other houses very near the house which I had searched, and I ran gasping down the street to inquire at the nearest.

A slatternly, indifferent middle-aged woman came to the door, sleepy and sulky at having been roused so early. Yes, Mother Mawker had lived there, but she'd moved away some time ago. No, she'd lived there two years, but she'd never seen no little girl walking around the place.

My heart fell. The horrible thought came to me that perhaps my baby had died, and Mother Mawker, wishing to keep the money I paid, had never revealed the truth to me. I went on to everyone else living within the radius of the block. Some of them willingly, some of them grudgingly, told me what they knew of Mother Mawker. In the last two or three years, she had grown

senile and queer, nearly always drunk, while her half-witted daughter was stranger and more uncouth than ever. She still took in babies from unfortunate girls, but no one had ever seen a child big enough to walk about her place. About two months before my coming, she had suddenly disappeared. A baby had died and the mother had made a complaint and demanded an investigation. There was ugly talk, but in the midst of it, the old woman had vanished. No one knew where she had gone, but it was not believed that she was still on the island.

I have never known how I got through the next few days. With a sympathetic and pitying woman attache of the district attorney's office, I went up and down the



I saw my little Alice, a fragile, beautiful little thing. As I left, I asked permission from a slightly puzzled mother to hold her for a moment in my arms.

island, still hoping that Mother Mawker might be near. Our search was fruitless, but in the meantime inquiries had been sent out through the state and we hoped to find some trace of the old woman that way. Finally, we picked up information that made us believe that she might be in the nearby city of Houston. In twenty-four hours I was in conference with Mrs. Jennie Jocelyn of the Child's Welfare Protective League in Houston, and the search was begun anew with her, assisted by the police.

By this time the producers to whom I was under contract in Hollywood were beginning to wire frantically to know why I did not come back. I answered recklessly that I did not know when I could, and that I was engaged in a matter of life and death besides which my contract, and everything else, was nothing. The excuses I had made to myself during that long four years, for leaving my child alone, now seemed empty, and my conduct criminal. I could not sleep and when I did doze restlessly I was visited with horrible dreams in which I saw my baby, dead, tortured, starving, or crying piteously with its little arms stretched out to me and a reproachful look in its eyes that nearly killed me.

A Clue at Last

IT was Mrs. Jocelyn's business to keep track of the various nursing homes, and boarding homes for children in the city, and she kept a register of all of them in her office but Mother Mawker's name was not among those in her list. Still, there were scattered clues which seemed to point to her presence in the city. A girl who came for help to the League offices reported that an old woman, answering Mother Mawker's description had tried to get her to come to her establishment. Another report came of the half-wit daughter of the old woman being seen with a tiny baby. We began a careful search of the city, inquiring at corner grocery stores, checking up on new arrivals in the poorer part of the town. At last, a big policeman, whose beat was in the San Felipe

district—a region once given over to legalized vice and now occupied almost exclusively by negroes—brought in word that such an old woman and her daughter as we were seeking, had moved into an old house back of a condemned cemetery about two months before. With the policeman, Tim Shane, as guide, Mrs. Jocelyn and I set out to visit the place.

A closed and muddy street forced us to cross the old cemetery in order to reach our goal. The place was a wild jungle of weeds and shrubs, tangled grape vines and blackberry brambles. A faint path led across it, winding between the low mounds that still remained to mark the old graves with their occasional blackened headstones. On some there were the remnants of old artificial wreaths, black and hideous. Torrential rains had washed a gully through one part, and the shallow graves were washed open. Broken coffins, even dismembered skeletons, were strewn in the litter left by the receding water—a ghastly monument to the indifference of the city.

We left the last of the broken graves behind us and stepped into the littered sandy yard surrounding a shack of the variety known as a "shotgun" house, a house just one room wide with flimsy partitions dividing it into two or more rooms, one back of the other. The sagging door was half closed. Flies buzzed about it, and a busy column of ants moved to and fro on the doorstep. A deathly silence hung over everything, yet I knew intuitively that there were living beings within the shack. Big Tim Shane rapped authoritatively on the door. A long pause, then slow shuffling footsteps approached the door. It opened, whining on the tortured hinges, and an old woman, snuff dribbling from the corners of her mouth, her face dirty and lined, her hair straggling over her sly eyes, peered out, holding the door only half open, with an air of senile suspicion.

It was Mother Mawker, but a Mother Mawker who had gone far down in degradation, vice, and crime since the day I had given my baby into her care. The reek of synthetic gin hung on her breath

and did much to tell the story of her degeneracy.

"What you-all want?" she asked, in a husky voice, obviously a little uneasy at our presence. I gasped and strangled in the effort of finding my voice, and it was only because I was so faint and trembling that I did not yield to the impulse to leap at her throat. I needed no further proof that my child was not here; instinctively, I knew that we had failed in our search. Mrs. Jocelyn was the first to speak.

"Mrs. Forrest has come to inquire about her little girl," she said smoothly. "I think it would be better if we went inside."

"No," said the old woman harshly, "I want no visitors here—I don't know nothin' about her baby." She tried to shut the door but Big Tim was too quick for her, and his great foot blocked the aperture. Mother Mawker suddenly flew into a senile rage; her eyes blazed madly, and she clawed impotently at the policeman's barring arm. Another figure came into view, the half-witted daughter, a foolish, vacuous grin on her face, her dress a mass of filthy rags. "Cut it out, Maw," she said, "I done covered it up."

The old woman's rage suddenly cooled, and a crafty, worried look came into her face, but she moved away from the door, and suddenly beckoned us in.

The room into which we stepped was unfurnished and dirty. A door led from it into the rear apartment into which we hurriedly passed. As long as I live I shall never forget the horror of the sight that greeted us.

Within the little room there were crowded two beds, both apparently covered with a mass of filthy rags. But on the one nearest to us, we distinguished three babes, so stunted and thin that it was impossible to judge their ages. They were half naked, all of them, their little bodies caked with filth and horribly emaciated; terrible sores, about which flies buzzed, covered them and the spark of life was so low that they did not move nor cry. A dirty bottle half full of a watery, milky mixture stood on a box by the bedside, evi-

dently the common source of food for the three little mites, that scarcely appeared human.

While I stood with my face buried in my hands, Mrs. Jocelyn and the policeman completed their investigation of the room, and under the edge of one of the beds discovered the body of a fourth child, dead of disease and malnutrition.

In spite of her wails and protests, Mother Mawker was bundled into the police ambulance with her daughter; Mrs. Jocelyn took charge of the three poor little infants left in the hovel, who were to be removed to the Children's Hospital and Mother Mawker was put for safety in the County jail.

A Traffic in Baby Flesh

THAT afternoon I went with a representative of the District Attorney's office to Mother Mawker's cell, and we endeavored to make her tell us what had become of my child. At first she pretended that she did not know me, and had never seen my child, but at last she told us that my child had been given to a well-to-do family three years before, and that she had sworn that she would never reveal their names. She had never expected to see me again and had accepted the money I sent her as a profitable graft, until the letter announcing my return had come to her and caused her to leave Galveston. She stuck to her story with little variation, but in spite of all our threats and pleadings she refused to reveal the name of the person to whom she had given the child.

Investigators made a careful search of the shack back of the cemetery and discovered in the yard the shallow graves of two more babies. Several girls who had left their babies with the old woman, appeared, frantic with grief, when they learned of what had happened, forgetful even of their shame in their desire to learn what had become of their children.

After the discoveries in Houston, the investigators went to Galveston and made a search of the old house and grounds there. They discovered a veritable charnel house

there beneath the high foundations of the old place. It was quite evident that Mother Mawker's practice had been to take the children of unfortunate mothers, get as much money as possible from them, while she let the children die of neglect and starvation. The terrible fear came to me that one of those pitiful little skeletons might belong to my baby, yet I could not quite give up all hope.

The warden at the County jail had come to know me, and my story, since Mother Mawker had been confined there, and I conceived a desperate expedient. I secured a pistol from Mrs. Jocelyn's desk, and late one day when I knew that there were fewer keepers on duty than at other times, I called at the jail and persuaded the matron to let me go alone into Mother Mawker's cell.

Mother Mawker sat on a stool beside the window, and as I came in, she looked up with the sly leer, almost of triumph, that I had come to hate. I waited until the matron was out of sight. Then I pulled out my pistol, pointed it straight at the old woman.

"Confess or Die!"

"YOU have lied," I told her, "I believe my baby is lying now among those poor little ones we found under the old house in Galveston, and I have come to kill you. If you make one cry or move, I will kill you now, but if my baby is not there, tell me where she is. You shall live until I have had time to prove your story false."

Trembling with fear, she talked at last and her words had the ring of truth.

My child had lived with Mother Mawker until she was a year old. At that time she had sold her to a sideshow man, who wished to make a show freak out of her, sewing her into skins to be the putative offspring of a wild woman of Borneo. She did not know what had come of the man, nor what had happened to the child.

I went with the story to Mrs. Jocelyn. She was doubtful of its truth, but the tip seemed worth following up.

My Child in a Side-Show

I CANNOT go into the details of the long search for the side-show man that followed. For a time it almost seemed that he was a mythical personage, but at last, in a little town in Arkansas, I found him with a street carnival. He was unwilling to talk, at first, but my agony moved him at last to confess the whole thing and he confirmed Mother Mawker's story. He had taken the little girl, whom the old woman called "Alice Forrest," but his wife had been so opposed to the scheme of using the child in the side-show, that he had turned her over to a minister in a North Texas town to be given for adoption.

Again I set out on the trail. The minister had moved, two or three times, but at last I found him, a kindly, old-fashioned man in a little country parish. I told him my story. He remembered the child; he knew where she was now, alive, well and happy.

I was almost suffocated with joy, but the old clergyman laid his hand on mine and looked at me with pitying eyes.

"Your child is alive and well, but not because of anything that you have done for her. For three years she has been the center of a loving, devoted family. She will never know that she was not born in to that family if you do not tell her, for the woman who cares for her, loves her as the very heart of her heart. It would shadow that woman's whole life if the child were taken away from her. Do you think that you, my dear, have the right to break up the happiness of that home? Do you think that you have shown yourself to be better fitted to be the mother of that child than the woman who has devoted her life to caring for her?"

A burning shame flooded me and I fell on my knees beside the old minister, sobbing a prayer for forgiveness.

Found—and Lost Again

I SPENT several hours with the old minister, and when I left him I had made up my mind to renounce my child for her

own sake, as well as for the sake of the woman who loved her. Torn with grief as I had been, I knew at last the beginning of peace, though the scars of my sorrow remained. I asked only one thing, and that was that I be allowed to see my baby just once, though she would never know who I was. This was granted me; and for an hour I was the guest with the old minister, of the courteous, kindly people who had taken my child to their hearts. I saw my little Alice, a fragile, beautiful little thing, who, it was evident, could only thrive with the tenderest care and treatment, so disastrous had been the effects of neglect during the first year and a half of her life. As I left, I asked permission from the slightly puzzled mother to hold her for a moment in my arms; then I put her gently down and went out to the automobile which would take me to the train.

I wrote Mrs. Jocelyn something of my experience after I had returned to Hollywood, and when I received my first pay check, I sent her the bulk of it to be used in child welfare work, with the promise that more would come. There was no doubt after I had made one picture that my success would be tremendous, but I shall carry with me to the grave the marks of the soul suffering I went through in the search for my lost baby. Ironically enough, it is what shows of this in my face, and expression, which seems to have brought my great success. I have a beautiful home on Whitley Heights in Hollywood, now and I have two dear, adopted children to share it with me. Later there shall be other children in my home, and everything about it is planned for children. I am trying to do for these children what a gentle, loving woman in a little Southern town, is doing for the child I bore.

The Wolf of Hollywood

The first expose ever printed about the famous "Wolf of Hollywood"—a character who terrorized the film colony for years, and whose cleverness was so diabolical that seldom did his name come to the attention of the police. He had a fiendish faculty for throwing suspicion upon other people. Utterly immoral—and unmoral—he had no scruples—human life meant no more to him than a drink of Scotch, less, in fact. He gets an almost insane pleasure out of confessing. Read the second instalment in July CONFESSIONS, out June 20.

"THE BEAUTY SPECIAL"

My first disillusionment came when I saw the girls and men gathered on the back platform of "The Beauty Special," which was to take us to Hollywood.



PART ONE

A Two Part Story

I'VE always heard it said that ward politics was the crookedest game in the world, but the average screen beauty contest, pulled off every so often by every fan magazine and newspaper in the United States, has

Haven't you often wondered how it feels to be a beauty contest winner? How beauty contests are conducted? What happens to girls who win them? Here's the real story of a contest winner who came to Hollywood a few years ago—and was hurt and disillusioned in a ghastly, unbelievably cruel fashion. And it's TRUE—every word of it.

politics skinned forty ways, for mean, petty, underhanded tricks. Once in a while an honest one comes off, and a girl gets a trip to Hollywood and a "screen chance" on her merits—then finds when she gets there

that the name "beauty winner" is the greatest drawback she could possibly have—but for the most part, the girls who enter such things are vain, shallow and not too scrupulous about the means they use to attain what seems to them a great opportunity. Take it from me. I've been through the game from A to Izzard and I know what I'm talking about.

To start with, even my best lover in his

maddest moments never could have called me a beauty. I'm not even pretty, and I look better in a gingham house dress than I do in a sequin evening gown, but a clever photographer, willing to spend a lot of time with the retouching brush, can do for me what can be done for almost any woman, make a picture that could pass for a study of Theda Bara, or a slightly hazy art view of Mary Pickford, according to

how he feels at the time, and how much India ink he wastes on the negative. And yet I once won a beauty contest, and a chance for screen fame, with a vote 125,000 greater than any other girl in the contest.

Was Leading a Blameless Life

AT the time I took the fatal step which embarked me on my first, last and only career as a beauty winner, I was leading a blameless if not exciting life as stenographer for the B. & N. Seed Company in my home town of Millersville. Three times a week, Jim Lester, who'd been my steady for so long that I had forgotten when I first started going with him, would come over and

"If you enter a beauty contest," said Jim, "I'll never speak to you again." we'd go to the



"Mayflower" theatre to see the newest pictures, and sometimes Jim would say we'd go to Hollywood on our honeymoon. Sundays, Jim usually took me to the park, and sometimes we'd walk through the new Eastmont Heights section and look at the new houses, and try to decide what kind we'd get, when Jim got a raise with the Fairfax Lumber Company.

One Saturday afternoon Jim came by to walk home with me. He had a copy of the "Evening Leader," all smeared up with the announcement of the "Peero Pictures Company's" great contest to attract new screen material.

Millersville had been selected, the paper said, as the most promising place to hold one of the contests, and the "Evening Leader" was to pick the winner. There would be twenty winners picked from the whole United States. They would all be taken in a special palace car to Hollywood, and one of them would get a \$10,000 contract as a grand prize, while the other nineteen were sure to land in pictures to satisfy the raving of the public for "new faces." The whole thing disgusted Jim—he was in a bad mood, anyway—and he burst out with not all the tact in the world that he was glad I wasn't one of these fool girls who, with the plainest mug in the world, still think they've got the charm that put Helen of Troy on the map.

Now, I'm only fair-looking and I know it, but no girl likes to be complimented on her sense instead of her complexion. I didn't say anything to Jim until we got home. Then I casually got out a bunch of pictures that I'd just had taken, one enlargement free with a ticket, if you buy a

dozen cabinet size. I handed them in the most offhand way to Jim and asked him what he thought of them.

Jim Puts His Foot in It

"AS a swell picture of a lot of tulle and some hair, it's great," he said, sarcastically, "but as a picture of you it's a false witness, and the lady who really looks like that could sue you for libel if it were ever printed with your name under it—I could almost believe that you were planning to enter that beauty contest."

Now Mama had just come into the room

and heard what Jim said, and she doesn't like Jim much, so she just picked up the picture and snorted: "It's a mighty good-looking picture, Mamie, and so far as the contest goes, I don't see any reason why you shouldn't enter it if you want to."

"If you do," says Jim, "I'll never speak to you again."

Naturally I had just one comeback to that: "Here's your

hat, Mr. Lester, I'll have to be hurrying to get down to the newspaper office with this picture."

Now honestly, after I sent that picture in, I never expected anything more to come of it, but just as soon as it was printed all the girls began to kid me about it, and tell me what a swell picture it was, and promise they'd save votes for me, and I couldn't help but feel a little interested, especially as Jim was still sore, and insisted I wouldn't get a hundred votes.

Tricks of the Game

A DAY or two after this I got my first sight of the tricks of contest winning.

The real "kick" to this story comes in the second instalment, in the July issue, out June 20. We believe this is the most vivid, real story ever told by a girl about her own vanity and gullibility. And now that she is safely married—to give away just one thing you'll find in the second part—you'll join us in hoping that she will forget that wild night, which brought to a bitter culmination all the folly for which her vanity and childish credulity had made her an ideal victim. Now—don't enter a beauty contest until you have read Part Two.

One of the "Leader's" district circulation men, a young fellow, came around and told me the paper was going to distribute 5,000 free copies of the paper, every paper with a coupon in it worth 100 votes. If I'd get the seed store to give a job to his little brother, he'd clip the coupons out of the free papers in his district and give them to me. I didn't stop to think it wasn't exactly honest, for I knew the store needed another office boy, and I told him to go ahead. Two

days later he turned the coupons over to me, and thus the list of contestants came out with me at the head. The paper printed my picture again, with a little piece about my "dark, Southern beauty," and though I tried to laugh it off, I liked it. It's nice to be told you're good-looking, even if you know you aren't.

The contest was to run only a few weeks but toward the end things got hectic. It wasn't only collecting the votes friends had promised, but the four or five other contestants, began to send around to the others, telling how many votes they had held back for a last big entry, and trying



"You can't get out, Miss Beauty, until you give Papa Genswig a kiss."

to persuade rivals to turn votes over to them, even offering to buy them. One fellow pestered me for a week to buy a bunch of a few hundred votes he had collected from some of the minor contestants. When the last day came, I was worn to a ghost, and on top of all my other troubles, I had a final quarrel with Jim, who insisted on telling me what a fool I was to think I could win a beauty contest. I gave him back his ring, determined, if I couldn't win that contest one way, I'd win it another. I had about \$500 in the bank saved up to buy things for my hope chest, but since I'd broken off with Jim there wasn't any use

in saving it any longer. So I drew out \$150, and sent for the young man who'd been hounding me to buy his votes. He claimed he could swing 25,000 now and wanted \$75.00 for them.

A Manicurist Sells Out

"ALL right," I said to him, "go out and get another bunch that big—enough for me to win—and I'll pay you \$150.00.

He did it. A manicurist at the Carter Hotel had collected a bunch of votes from her men patrons, and she was glad to part with them for a ten-spot. Another girl turned over nearly 25,000 to my representative, because she didn't want to see the manicure win! My friend made me pay \$250.00 before he delivered.

I Win

I WON the contest. Some of the contestants made a fuss about it, but there wasn't anything to show that I hadn't received every vote fair and square, and they had to hush up.

Even now I admit I got a lot of kick out of the week before I joined the "Beauty Special" that was to take me to Hollywood and ultimate screen fame. The "Leader" printed stories about my life, interviews on what I meant to do for the screen, and took dozens of pictures. People I didn't know stopped me on the street and gushed their congratulations and I got dozens of letters from small town admirers of my pictures. Florists sent me flowers; department stores gave me hats and dresses and printed my picture, garbed in their gifts, in their advertisements, under the caption: "What Beauty Winner of Millersville will wear in Hollywood." When I left, a Pierce-Arrow took me to the train and I got photographed with a bunch of American Beauty roses in my arms, as I stood on the step of the Pullman. Jim was still giving me absent treatment, but I tried not to think of him except with disdain. I still knew I wasn't a beauty, but I tried to think of all the plain women who had been wonderful charmers, and, I hate to confess it, I even got to the point where I reflected it probably was fortunate for

me I had broken with Jim, since it was not unlikely that in Hollywood my individual charm (that was the way the "Leader" described me) would attract the attention of some great man, perhaps Claude Rex whose pictures I had always adored, or Seebe de Snell, the great director.

My First Disillusionment

I GOT my first disillusionment when I joined the Beauty Special train. A bunch of the girls and half a dozen smirking men were hanging over the back end of the observation car, which was labeled with immense banners: "The Twenty Most Beautiful Girls in America Selected by the Peero Picture Company are in this Car." They struck me as a decidedly frowsy, rowdy lot, and I didn't like the looks of the men at all.

I had been somewhat dismayed by that banner, but I was relieved to discover that so far as beauty went I averaged up as well as fifty per cent of them. In fact there was one beauty winner, from Kansas City, by the way, who was every day of forty, and a spinsterly, long-faced forty at that. I found out afterwards that she had once had a trip to Europe on a vacation from schoolteaching and had spent a hundred dollars to have her picture made by the artist of the camera that makes the royal family look like human beings for publication. Further, her brother-in-law was editor of the "Kansas City Beam" and he wasn't fond of having Miss Fanny spend her vacations with him. The contest in his town was not settled by votes but by a committee of "artists." Sister Fanny entered her photograph and her brother-in-law selected the committee.

A Strange Crew

TWO or three of the girls had genuine beauty and were honest winners. Mary Purvis, for instance, who was afterwards awarded the grand prize, and turned it down to go back to a plain job in a little town in Maryland. She was a glorious creature, with classic features, beautiful skin and teeth and the sweetest smile I have ever seen. Jane Venney was another

nice girl. She was not as beautiful, but she had good eyes and features that photographed well, plus honesty and ambition, and she has since made a real success in the films. The rest of the girls were a nondescript bunch. Grace Delacy was a cabaret singer and never was seen without her hat—the others swore she wore a wig. Judith Hale was a cloak model. One girl told me she made a living buying and selling saloons in New York—getting a family trade worked up in a rundown place, then selling. Some of the rest I've suspected may have earned at least part of their living at anything but hard work.

Of the men: one was a hardworked and harassed press agent, and another was an even more harassed courier for the whole party. A cameraman, a genial ex-cowboy, called Buck, was a third, and the decentest one in the bunch. There was also a dapper young fellow who accompanied a blonde beauty who called herself Glory Vale, as a special publicity agent to see that she got proper notice, and certain entree into pictures.

The rest of the men were officials of the Peero Picture Company, all of them resplendent in checked suits, loud ties and rakish headgear. In spite of the cost that trip must have meant to them in secret sorrow when they stopped to think about it, they probably got more fun out of the whole thing than anyone else. Regardless of looks and age, most of the girls made a fuss over them, allowed hugs and kisses on the sly, and called the older ones "Papa"—the general idea being that any one of the half dozen, from Rosenblum, the advertising manager, who had his beautiful young wife with him, to "Papa" Mosenwein the president of the Peero Company could make or break the winners in their screen career.

The most objectionable man of the party, was short, fat middle-aged Abe Genswig, owner of a string of mid-western theatres and interested in the Peero Company. His only connection with the Beauty Special was one of pleasure. Before I joined the party he had made advances to every girl

in the party. When I got on he began by telling me what a wonderful screen type I was, "distinct," "unique," his compliments accompanied by a discreet squeeze of the hand. He hinted that he could insure my getting a real chance, for I was unusual. I knew what he said wasn't true, yet the foolish, vain part of me drank it in as gospel truth. As we sat side by side on the deserted observation platform and he talked in his thick guttural voice, patting my arm with his clammy paw, my imagination soared ahead. I saw myself triumphant, successful, a heroine of the screen besieged by adorers, showered with gifts. I told myself that if my charms had brought this poor, fat boob to my feet, if I had enslaved him to such an extent that he was ready to give me success, then others would fall to my spell. I saw my name featured in electric lights in front of the "Mayflower" theatre and Jim Lester looking up at it ruefully. Genswig asked if I had any pictures and writeups with me. Still in my dream I told him I had some in my compartment and would get them if he wished.

The train was standing on a sidetrack and all except one or two of the party were eating at the Harvey House—I had not been hungry—so the parlor car and the compartment car were deserted. The men were not supposed to come into the compartment car, though I had more than once heard what seemed to be muffled masculine laughter and talk from some of the state-rooms, but as I reached the door of my compartment, I saw that Genswig had followed.

The Beast Rampant

"WE can look at them here," he said, "den you don't have the trouble of taking them out."

I was fearful of what the chaperones would say if one of them found him there, but I did not know how to get rid of him. So I said nothing but turned to open my suitcase, while Genswig stood in the door. But when I turned with the pictures and clippings in my hands, Genswig had closed

the door and was standing leering at me with a horrible grin that showed his yellowed fanged mouth and coated tongue. I dropped the pictures and darted to the door. It was locked. "You can't get out, Miss Beauty, till you give Papa Genswig a kiss," he said.

He advanced confidently, his arms spread. With all my strength I punched my arms into his paunch. The blow staggered him an instant but now angry he came after me in earnest. I am strong but light and the sheer weight of the horrible man fairly overpowered me. I fought and struggled seemingly for ages. My hair came down, my clothes were disheveled. At last somehow, I broke away and got the window shade up. I called feebly for help. Buck, the Cameraman, strolling along the track, heard my call and came running. Genswig ran like a whipped cur and Buck chased him clear through the men's car and

into the dressing room where he locked the door.

I kept my apartment all next day. Somehow the incident came to the knowledge of the rest of the girls. They thought it a good joke and I came in for much kidding and, beside, more attention and respect than I had hitherto received.

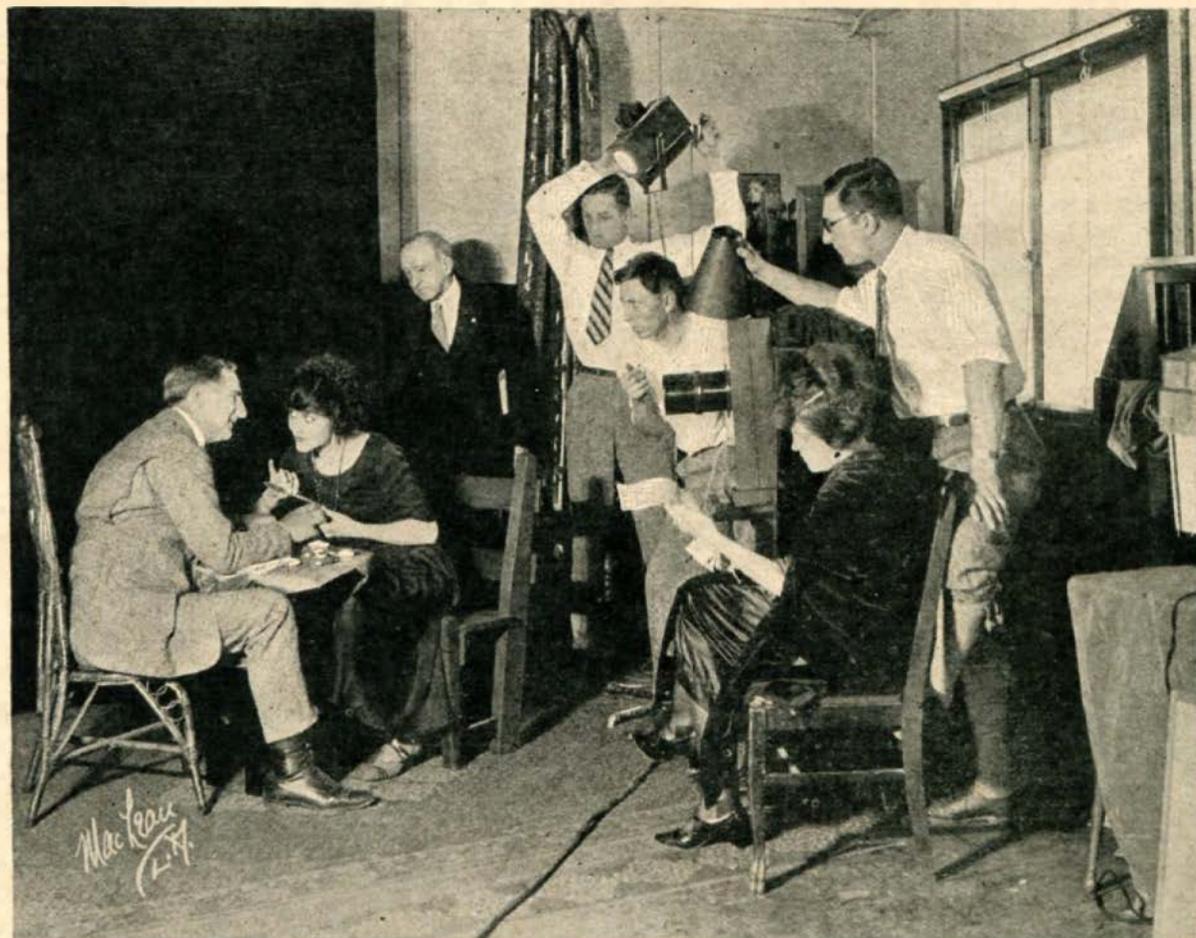
In spite of the fact that I recognized Genswig for the beast he was, I still secretly believed his flattery and spent long hours dreaming of my conquest of Hollywood. A queer conquest, indeed, and one that came near proving forever disastrous to me.

(To be Continued.)

[“Beauty Bespoiled” might be the title of the second half of this sincere record of vanity and disillusionment. Don't forget that Part II will appear in the July issue, on sale June 20.]

The Serpents' Tooth

The tragic story of a screen mother who lied, begged and wheedled her daughter's way into the movies, and how the roulette of events spun all these abuses back upon her. Read *The Serpent's Tooth* in the July issue of *Hollywood Confessions*, out June 20th.



Showing how we make the illustrations for this book. That megaphone is entirely unnecessary, but it looks so professional. And that chap fixing the "baby spot" light is really an actor, and just wanted to get into the picture. You'll see the picture we are here seen directing in the July *CONFESSIONS*, with the story "STARDOM—BOUGHT AND PAID FOR." The vampish manicurist is Gene Barr and the interested victim is Jack Fowler.

IN STRICTEST CONFIDENCE

A Page On Which We Can All Confess

HOLLYWOOD is a world in itself. Every stratum of society—from royalty down to peasantry, from saints to sinners, from parsons to bad check-passers—is represented here. *Anything* can happen here—and does. And so potent is the spell of Make-Believe that it is sometimes hard to separate the real from the reel, the sham from the shame of the life that we live here. As in every city in the world, sweetness and light and sincerity and goodness are balanced by crime and scandal and intrigue.

But while the rest of the world has been considered fair "copy" for writers, there seems to have been a sort of unwritten law that here in Hollywood we are to keep the gates closed on YOU—the rest of the world.

And now **HOLLYWOOD CONFESSIONS**, feeling that it is not fair to the world outside, which is so interested in the world inside the magic walls of filmdom, to keep the drawbridge up forever, has made a bridge on which the whole wide world can walk right into Screenland. The

bridge is this magazine. It is presented to you out of Hollywood, made by the people whose life stories are told within its pages, illustrated by motion picture players. It is a Hollywood product strictly, and we hope it carries with it something of the flavor of the real Hollywood.

The life of Hollywood—embroidered with the lacy shadows of pepper trees, scented with geraniums and synthetic gin, colored with wild mustard on the hills, a million roses in the hedges, pink and lavender stucco bungalows, the flaunting glory of the orange groves, the grease paint on the faces of the actors, the henna on the hair of the sirens and the peroxide locks of the flapper stars—is laid before you. It is not all pretty, and is far from being all ugly. It is simply LIFE.

Making the Magazine

OUR first task was to get Hollywood to tell the truth about herself. Naturally many of these confessions are slightly disguised, so that the revelations will not re-open old wounds or expose hearts to sword-thrusts of notoriety. But all the stories are *true*. If you read carefully enough, you will be able to identify most tragedies and comedies on which we have given you the real “inside dope,” to use one of the most popular Hollywood terms.

And Look at the Pictures!

ROYD. MAC LEAN is responsible for the gorgeous photographic illustrations in this book. He can take a chair and a book and create with them a drawing room, a Pullman compartment, a kitchen or a train—just as we fancy.

Fifty-four motion picture players were used in posing these “stills.” They were made exclusively for use in HOLLYWOOD CONFESSIONS and are fully protected by copyright. We put that in so nobody will be tempted to steal them—and we admit they are good enough to tempt anyone. The players *donated* their services, that

you might have a real Hollywood magazine.

We had a lot of fun posing these illustrations. For instance, in making the “stills” for THE STING OF THE NEEDLE, Miss Rosini didn’t know how to sniff the “dope.” The story called for its being placed on the thumbnail, but as she raised her hand to sniff, five men—waiting to pose for other pictures—rushed up to show her how to do it. We wonder—

These Exclusive Chinese

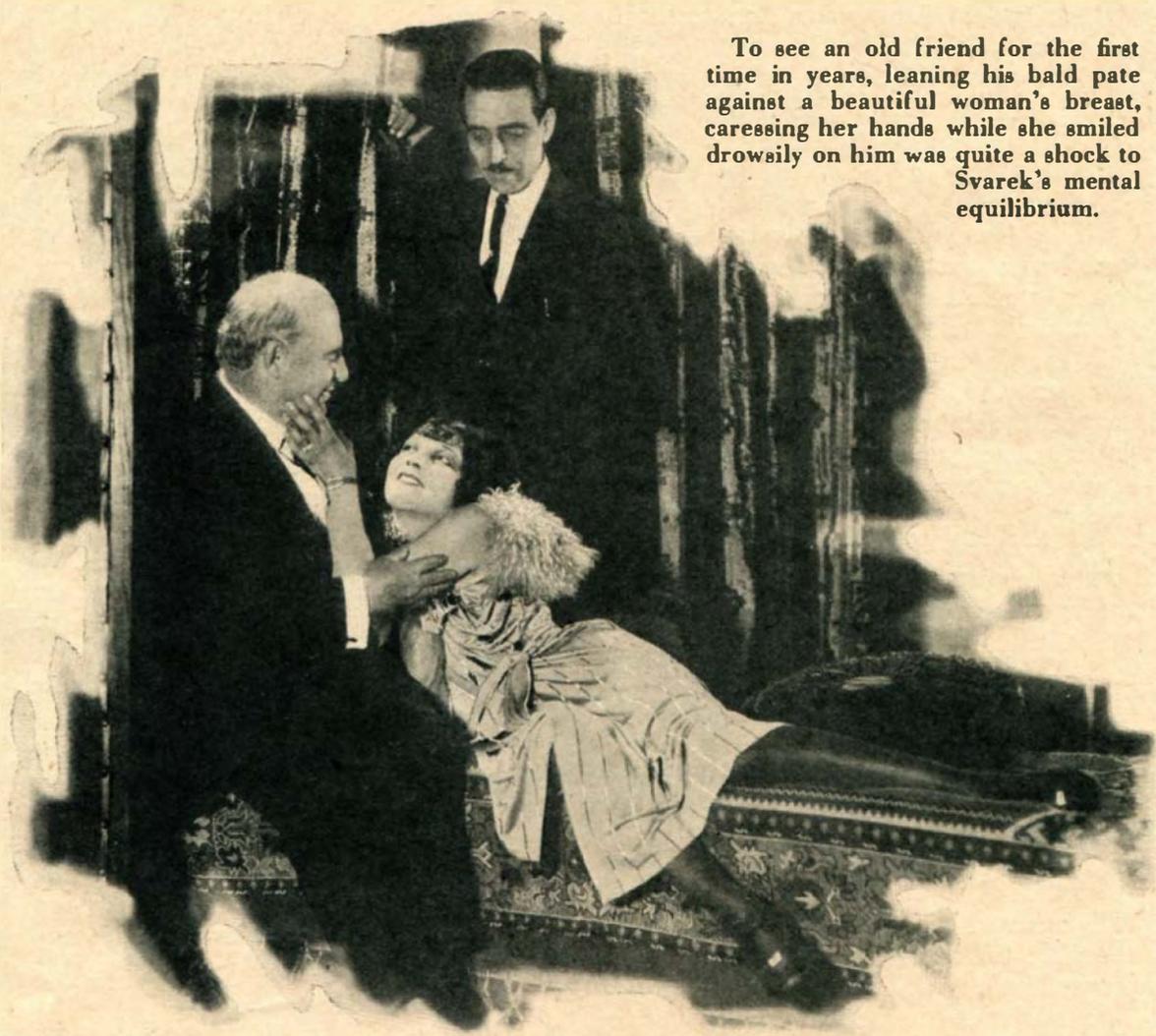
WE had no trouble at all getting people to pose for us, until we came to that corking good yarn, THE KILLER. When the word went out that we wanted Chinese to pose “stills” for a Chinese tong war story, the Chinese grapevine sent out a message to the effect that anyone who posed for the pictures would be bumped off pronto, in the most classic Chinese fashion. But we were bent on having real Chinese, and at last we ran across an unorthodox and brave Celestial—Edwin Zubb, by name, an Eton and Harvard man. You’d love his English. It ripples off his tongue like liquid gold. And beautiful Anna May Wong posed as “Su Loy” on a loveboat. Isn’t she a dear?

Billie’s a Boy

LITTLE BILLIE LORD, who posed as the star’s long lost baby in THE HAG OF CEMETERY HILL, wants everyone to know he’s a boy, even though he has got on his fiancée’s best silk frock. Another case of making a tremendous sacrifice for art’s sake.

If You Like It, Say So

WELL, anyway, here it is—this first issue of your new magazine. It’s yours. How do you like it? Write and tell us whether you like it or not. And if there’s a story you’d like to see written up for HOLLYWOOD CONFESSIONS, just give us the tip. *We’ll get it for you*, if it is *true* and if it happened to picture people.—The Editors.



To see an old friend for the first time in years, leaning his bald pate against a beautiful woman's breast, caressing her hands while she smiled drowsily on him was quite a shock to Svarek's mental equilibrium.

MARRIAGE MADNESS

How many of us would be willing to have a hypnotist delve into the hidden recesses of our minds and bring out the truth about our married happiness or unhappiness?

SVAREK paused in the doorway, astounded and a bit perturbed.

To see an old friend for the first time in years—to see him holding in his arms a beautiful woman, caressing her hands while she smiled drowsily on him with faintly-lustrous eyes that seemed very blue in such close proximity with the cop-

per coils of hair that were looped about her head—to see all this was quite a shock to Svarek's mental equilibrium.

He had expected to find Darnell a prosaic old bachelor—and instead, he found him lounging here like some opulent and voluptuous sheik enjoying the company of the favorite of his *haremlik*.

An Embarrassing Intrusion

"**B**EG pardon," stammered the lank, dark Svarek, who did not stammer often, for he was not a stammering sort of fellow.

"I thought it was the Jap with the sandwiches," muttered Darnell to the woman. And then he jumped up and showered effusive and hearty greetings on Svarek.

"Old-timer! Where have you been all these years? This is Mrs. Moore. No, don't go!"

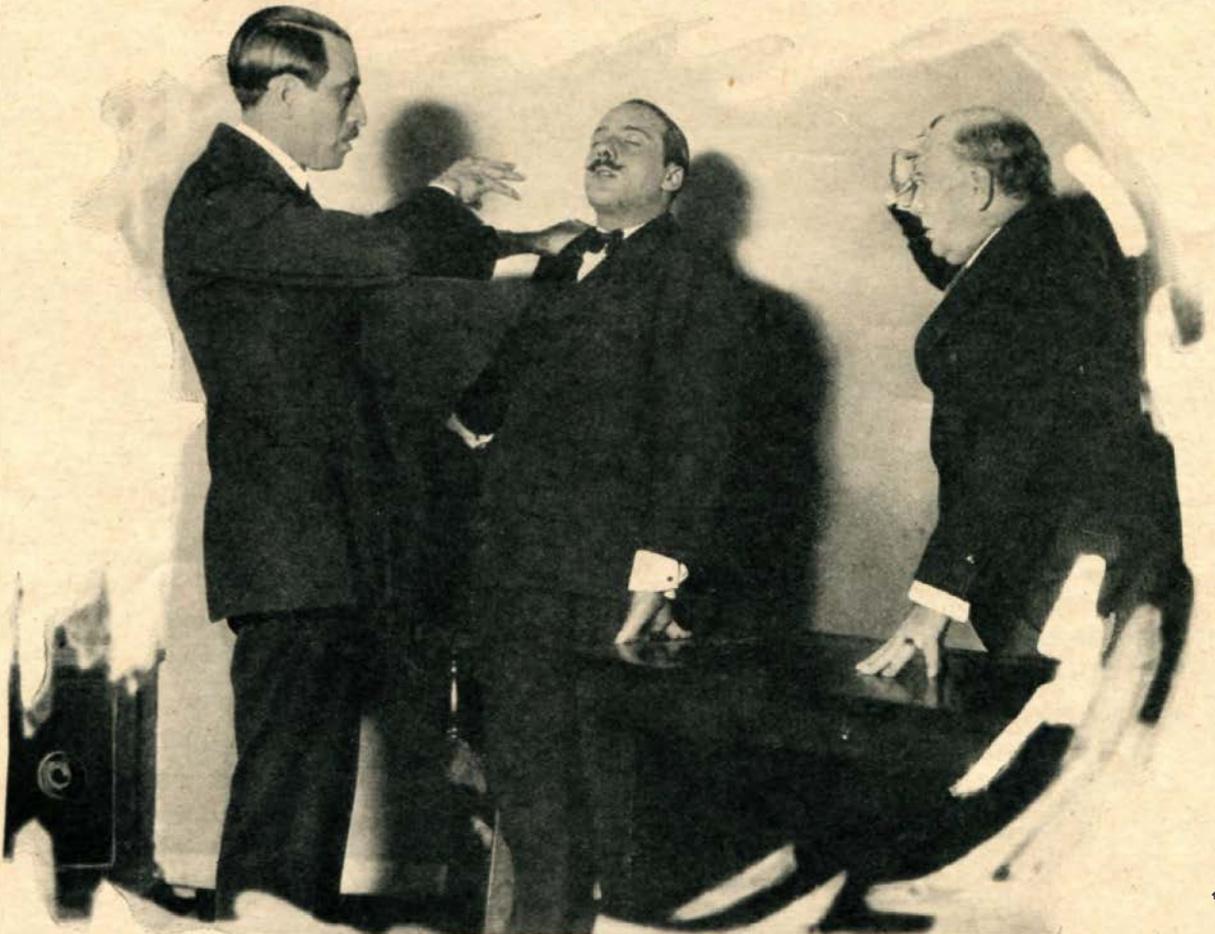
The woman with the copper-colored hair looked at once indignant and bored. So Svarek backed out hurriedly, leaving his card.

The Next Day

"**S**HE's to be my wife," cried Darnell, happily, the next day, after he had looked up Svarek in the latter's gloomy, garretlike lodging in the least fashionable quarter of Hollywood.

Darnell had a pink egg of a head. His paunch was a huge orange against a flat wall. He turned very red and his eyes popped out like a frog's when he laughed, which was rather often, for he was a bluff, racy, impetuous sort of chap, successful business manager of a large motion-picture studio.

"You've changed," mused Svarek, his lean gray hands stacked like muskets *en*



"Tracey," boomed Darnell jovially, "this is Mr. Svarek—"

"Thank you, Mr. Tracey," murmured Svarek, his furry-red eyes gleaming blackly. "Now, Mr. Tracey—that's it, Mr. Tracey—you're sleeping now.....sleeping....."

bivouac. "You say you're in the motion picture business now, my old fellow trouper of the vaudeville circuits. You did a good monologue in those days..."

Darnell grew uproarious in chuckle. "You had the world by the tail in your act, 'Hypnotic Powers'—wasn't that the way you was billed? A great graft." The hick towns never suspected you was phony. They thought the long distance piano player you put in the clothing store windows to play for thirty or forty hours was hypnotized, sure enough. They even fell for the clucks and the hops of the stage hands you had playin' chickens.

"You had one good stunt," he confessed. "Never could quite catch on to it... when you had some men hide a key out in the country, you know, and then you drove a team of horses right to the spot and found the key—and you blindfolded all the time. I couldn't quite... what business you in now?"

Svarek smiled, and his long gray cheeks wrinkled till they were like withered bean pods.

A Mystic

"MY neighbors will whisper that I am a mystic. I dress in black and tramp up my rattling stairs with musty big books under my lean arms. And I have clients—who do not believe that I am—phony. Picture people, largely, of course."

Darnell was staring into the next room, where a woman with faded yellow hair and artificially-bright cheeks was laboring with a mop.

"By George," he whispered, clutching Svarek's arm. "I've seen her—why, its Josie Revere, who used to be with the Water Witch Girls on the circuits. Svarek—did she marry you?"

"She is my wife," said Svarek, without animation.

"She's changed some. Don't have very good health, does she? Yes? Well, from the expression on her face, I thought maybe she wasn't well... Lord, I remember what a stunner she used to be, poised on the divin' board, ready to plunge—all rigged out in nifty scarlet tights..."

"Forget it," said Svarek, irritably, "forget it."

Svarek's Warning

HIS voice grew less repellant, and he went on: "My friend, it was kind of you to receive me so cordially yesterday—to introduce me to the woman you think will marry you. You were proud of her. You wanted your old friend to see how well you had done."

"You're darned right," declared the producer, warmly.

"And now," went on Svarek, softly, "now I must tell you that you must not marry her."

Darnell's eyes popped out like a frog's and his slick face grew very red. But he was not laughing. In the other room, the woman continued her mopping, turning her ears sullenly to catch the conversation; and her face, too, became suffused with redness, a redness that was not artificial.

The Love Nemesis

The story of a professional divorce correspondent, who is caught in her own net. In *Hollywood Confessions* for July; out June 20th.

Woman: the Hypnotist

SAID Svarek: "Men go mad. They see eyelashes, lips, teeth, ankles, shoulders. They see grace, beauty, daintiness, shapeliness, allurements. You, my friend, have seen glorious coils of copper hair, and they have hypnotized you as completely as I could, would I but try. Men go mad."

"Aw!" said Darnell, frowning.

"Marriage is madness. I know. I have looked into the minds of men and women. I have read their hearts. They are not happy. Marriage is madness—a terrible madness that brings sacrifice, satiety, burdens, boredom. I have yet to find one married man as happy as he was before his brain caught fire."

"I like your nerve," burst out Darnell, with a jeering laugh that had a bewildered doubtful ring to it. "Why the devil you tryin' to give me the creeps?"

Svarek rubbed his long gray hands together very softly.

A Wager

"I'LL wager you, my friend, that you can't find a single married man in Hollywood who is genuinely happy. Show me one that appears so, and is advertised as such, and I will prove that it is only a surface indication of happiness."

"You're a nutty old man! I can show you a hundred—among my acquaintances, picture people, at that."

"I will wager a hundred dollars," said Svarek—"against nothing."

"Done!"

They called a taxi.

"I realize," speculated Svarek, "that these two men you have selected for proof are men that you have picked from the thousands of this city. I realize that you are making my task of proof as difficult as possible. These two men are men that the world looks on enviously—men seemingly blessed by the ideal felicity of charming, compatible wives and homes unexampled in contentment. Tracey, did you say the first man's name was?"

The Proof

THEY found Tracey, a motion picture director, a smiling chap with a stiff brush of pompadour, in an office where many people moved about and papers rustled and typewriters clacked like senseless geese. He led them into a private room.

"Tracey," boomed Darnell, jovially, "this is Mr. Svarek—"

"Thank you, Mr. Tracey," murmured Svarek, his furry-red eyes gleaming blackly. "Now, Mr. Tracey,—that's it, Mr. Tracey—you're sleeping now—sleeping—"

Tracey swayed—swayed before them.

"Now, Tracey," said Svarek, in crisp command. "Tell us what you tell your friends about your wife and home."

"A jewel, fellows," spoke Tracey, in a curious monotone, as if the words came from a wooden man. "I always come first with her. She'd sacrifice anything for me. Never a complaint about the home—if comforts or pleasures have to be sacrificed, she only smiles and says she doesn't mind. Never asks me for money—this pretty, little sweetheart of mine—"

Svarek stopped him. Tracey still swayed eyes half closed.

"Didn't I tell you?" whispered Darnell, patting his paunch in glee.

"Tracey," said Svarek, sharply, "tell us your heart, your mind, your soul. Are you happy? Be honest, now."

Any Tracey whispered, his blank face twitching in sudden piercing lines.

The Real Man Speaks

NO—I try to be happy. I don't let on. I'm a good sport. I made my own bed—I'll lie in it. But it's Hell! Clothes—clothes—clothes. Clothes that will make her attractive to other men. Clothes that I have to pay for—and can't. And when I tell her that I can't afford things—a new house, a new car, a bulldog—that I'm in debt, that it'll ruin me—she pouts. She pouts. *She pouts*. I can't stand it to see her pout. The same old story, every day. Home for two meals—and she pouts. Won't I buy this—won't I buy that? And people say: 'What a dear little wife you have!' They think she's nice. Other men swear that she's charming. And I smile, and maintain that she's just a jewel—and all that kind of stuff—all that kind of stuff..."

Svarek snapped his fingers.

"Beg pardon," said Tracey, rubbing his eyes and yawning. "I didn't get just what

you were saying, Mister—Mister—. Are you looking for work in character parts? Might use you in some desert stuff . . .”

“Certainly, we’ll call again, Mr. Tracey,” bowed Svarek. “Certainly. Thank you.”

On the way out, Darnell muttered thickly. There must be a mistake. Tracey and his wife were the jolliest pair imaginable—real people, they were. Yes, sir, he couldn’t believe it . . .

He shook his head. “I don’t know,—maybe this ain’t a fair test. But . . .”

“Shall we discontinue and call the bet off?” suggested Svarek.

Another Test

“OH, no. No, we’ll try Glennison. Yes, we’ll try Glennison. He’s got an office job over in Los Angeles. Real estate broker. Wife is a motion picture star. We’ll just pretend that we’ve come to see him on business. I won’t introduce you—maybe he’s heard of you or something—might get next that there was something funny being put on. You just catch his eye . . .”

“That’s all that is necessary,” replied Svarek, easily. “Just catch his eye.”

Glennison was a slender, buff-thatched man with tired eyes and an obliging air. He sent his stenographer out of the office and faced them.

“Hello, Darnell. What’s the name—Mister—”

“How do you do,” murmured Svarek. “How do you do? Now—now—”

And Glennison swayed before them as Tracey had done, a curious blankness centering about his open mouth. He was an automaton.

“Mr. Glennison,” said Svarek, “tell us what you tell your friends about your home life—your wife . . .”

“My wife is a beautiful woman,” began Glennison, mechanically. “She is an ideal companion. She is perfect in the little things of thoughtfulness that appeal to a man and makes a home what it ought to be. She does not sacrifice her home to her career.”

“All right,” said Svarek, and he commanded incisively, his words like cracking sticks: “Now, tell the whole truth—the truth that your pride conceals. Is your home life happy?”

A Modern Messalina

“HAPPY?” The inflectionless voice came in wooden mumbles. “Happy? Happy? No, no. Not happy. I can’t be happy. I do my best. I try to do my part. I give her this and that—everything she wants—gladly. I’m proud of her—because she’s beautiful, clever—but, oh, God, the agony I endure because she loves conquest! Every man is her legitimate prey. The man who fails to succumb to her charms is destined to be pursued by her until he capitulates. She is dauntless, untiring, in this pursuit of thrills. She has threatened me with divorce many times, as each new pursuit enthralled her passions. Some time she will do it—will I rejoice? Perhaps! God knows! And the hell of it is that I love her—love her still—would crawl at her feet for a smile a day! The man who wins her away from me will feel the same way—will as surely be a victim of her caprice, her insatiable craving for excitement. And I—I—shall—”

Svarek snapped his fingers.

“By George,” apologized Glennison, sleepily, straightening and recovering himself. “I’m afraid I dropped off to sleep. Pardon me! I was up late last night—my wife was giving a party at the Ambassador.”

“Not at all,” said Svarek. “Not at all.”

Outside in the hall, he said to Darnell, “We will go back to my lodging, my friend.”

Darnell offered no objection, and when they were alone in the bleak rooms, he only stared defiantly at Svarek, breathing like a winded horse.

“I have given you the proof that men are mad,” observed Svarek. “There is your warning. Do not be hypnotized by beautiful coils of copper hair.”

Darnell swore huskily.

"Our first subject," resumed Svarek, "represented the ideal of conjugal happiness. We pricked the bubble of his pride and found his unhappy soul. Our second subject did not represent as strong an example as the first. But you wished to learn the truth about him—to see if he really was happy.

The Truth Revealed

THAT man's name is not Glennison. His name was on the door, there, in high, gilt letters—"Harvey Moore, Manager." No doubt this man's wife is figuring on a divorce. His wife has coils of copper hair. *She is the woman you intended to marry.*"

"You're a damned fraud," cried Darnell, suddenly, his angry eyes sticking out of red rims. "You hypnotized Moore and made him tell things that weren't so! He's a chump, anyhow. It wasn't so—about Laura! It's a damned lie—and I'll marry her, anyhow. I'll make her the greatest star of them all!"

Svarek rubbed his lean gray hands together very softly. His chuckles were broken by a dirty-faced little girl who appeared suddenly at the door, handed him a note and then skurried away down the hall.

"My God!" cried Svarek, after his eyes had drunk in the note. He staggered back, and his face covered behind his thin hands. "Josie! Josie!"

Darnell did not hesitate to read the paper that went fluttering from Svarek's hands. It ran:

"This is to tell you that I have left you for good and for all. For ten years I've scrubbed your floors and cooked your meals. I've endured your insults and your jealousy, and let you practice your crazy hypnotic stunts on me. But when you bring a man that I used to know well to the house, and pass me off with no more respect than you'd show to a hired girl, and say insulting things about wives within reach of my ears—well, I guess my pride won't stand everything. I can't see why I've stood you as long as I have. And I wonder what it is that makes us girls marry old fossils like you.

"I'm leaving you—for good.

"JOSIE."

Darnell stared at the stricken man who was whimpering one word over and over through his lattice of hands.

"Josie! . . . Josie! . . ."

"By George," muttered Darnell, wonderingly. "He cares! . . . And he said marriage was madness! The old man's human, after all, just like the rest of us. We ain't perfect—and women ain't perfect—but we can't get along without 'em—bless 'em—God bless 'em . . ."

The Whirlpool of Hate—A telegraph clerk becomes enmeshed in one of the most involving love triangles that Hollywood has ever tried to conceal.

Blind Vengeance—The story of a Kleig murder told by a court reporter. Both gripping stories in *July Hollywood Confessions*, out June 20th.



THE STING of the NEEDLE

The tragic story of a motion picture actress, buffeted by a perverse fortune into pictures because of her addiction to drugs, and then out again, by a still stranger circumstance

"I am a Scout from the Blank Studio, and all day long I have been searching the streets for a girl of your type. A type that doesn't know how to act a dope part, but that can be a living example of it."

WHERE I came from I guess doesn't matter to you, besides I wouldn't ever want my dear old folks to know about me, or this hell on earth that I have gone thru with the three years that I have been in Hollywood.

I came to Hollywood, of course, to get into the pictures, just like thousands of

other girls do every year. I didn't have so very much money when I came, but because many of my old friends at home had said that I was pretty and looked like Bebe Daniels, and had talent, I thought that I would have no trouble at all getting a job. At least I could start as an extra.

But day after day I haunted the studios,

only to be told that there was nothing doing—they couldn't use me. Several assistant directors had hinted dinners and gay parties in return for work, but nothing then could buy my virtue and my soul.

From Bad to Worse

THINGS went from bad to worse. Little by little the money I had saved vanished, and before I quite realized it I had only enough for a few more meals and another week's rent. I hardly knew what to do—I had written my parents and friends that I was making good, and I could never stand the humiliation of returning to my home and have them learn the truth.

It was while I was in this slough of despondency that I met an extra girl at one of the employment agencies, and on becoming acquainted revealed my circumstances to her. She expressed her sympathy for me and suggested that I come and stay with her until I was better able to take care of myself, or over my financial difficulties. After some deliberation I accepted her offer and with my last remaining dollar moved what belongings I had to her apartment.

I felt blue and discouraged, and somehow couldn't keep from crying, realizing that all my dreams and hopes had come to this—that tomorrow perhaps would find me in a kitchen or worse.

My new-found friend cried with me and sympathized, and suggested that I let her give me a powder for my headache and nerves. Never dreaming that I was taking my first lesson in drug addiction, I placed the white powder on my thumb nail, as she directed, and sniffed it up my nostrils.

How It All Started

I FELT so refreshed after awhile and courageous that all my troubles seemed just trifles to be laughed away. Then, without hardly knowing how, the headache powders became a habit, and the green monster of dope held me fast in its evil hand. I knew the truth then, but did not have the courage within me to quit.

After a month my friend no longer wanted to give me the powders; they were terribly expensive, she explained, and if I wanted to continue them I would have to buy them for myself.

Because of this I had to find many pretenses to write home for money, but I was careful to ask for only small amounts at a time for fear that they would become alarmed and want me to come home—that I realized now I could never do. One thing led on to another. Before six months I was using the "hypo"—the effect came quicker and lasted longer. Peace and joy seemed to come to me with the very sting of the needle as it pierced the skin of my arm or thigh, whichever I chose. I made use of my limbs mostly because on the arms it would leave a tell-tale spot to show thru thin sleeves, or when my arms were bare.

All thought of pictures seemed to have left me. I still held the desire, that is true, but never once did I go back to a studio in search of work.

One evening after my girl companion and I had each taken a shot, and I was going to a place on Vine Street to meet a dope peddler, a gentleman approached me and politely asked if I would care to work for a few days in pictures. I readily assured him that I would, and after he had given me a card and told me at what place to report for work, out of curiosity I asked him, "but why did you select me for a picture?"

"I am a scout," he replied, "from the Blank Studio, and all day long I have been searching the streets for a girl of your type."

A Surprise

HIS next words not only were a complete surprise to me, but filled me with contempt and hatred for the man.

"A type that doesn't know how to act a dope part, but that can be a living example of it," he said, and departed before I had time for protest or reply.

A dope type—he had searched all day for one, had he; but how did he know I was a user—a fiend held by mighty bands no



Never dreaming that I was taking my first lesson in drug addiction, I placed the white powder in the crook of my hand, as she directed, and sniffed it up my nostrils.

mortal strength could separate from the thrill and sting of the needle—that was alone for death, I felt, to accomplish.

My pride was hurt; I felt remorseful, abashed; if he could tell perhaps others could too, but still I saw no way in which I showed my addiction. My slavery to this Evil God—it all seemed uncanny. Soon, however, thought of the promise of work erased the feelings I first had held toward it all. After all, hadn't I tried for weeks to get into the Movies without any success whatever, and here now the chance had come to me without my even expecting it. At last my dreams, the successful accomplishment of my highest ideals were to be realized—I was to be an actress—to have a worthwhile part in a good picture with a big star. The chance that I had searched and worked and starved for had come, and without my even looking for it. I decided I would put my soul into it—I would be a success, and I was.

Hardly had I finished one picture when another company wanted me. The part was a fine one, but difficult. It called for many emotions; it was hard—would have been for anyone, but to me whenever I felt I was nervous or tired I retired to my dressing room took a shot to brace me up and give me vitality and courage enough to go thru anything—to portray any part I was called upon to enact.

The Coming of Success

FOR a year and a half I played many important bits, both in feature pictures and in numerous comedies. More and more, stronger and stronger, was the call of my ravaged system for dope—for the needle—the needle. Sometimes I would wake in the night and being unable to rest would have to fix up a "hypo," that I might be rested and fit for the work of the coming day.

Hardly was there a spot upon my body where it was safe to shoot those powerful drugs that had not been pierced by a hypo-needle. Great reddish-blue bumps covered my limbs and upper arms like spots upon a leper's back, but it was not until I was

called upon to portray the part of a bathing girl in which a number of close pictures of my limbs were to be taken, that I realized the awfulness of the condition that my body was in.

My director was very kind to me during the filming of the water scenes and close-ups. It was necessary for me of course to wear flesh colored tights under my bathing suit, otherwise I would have had to have a substitute for those scenes, and that would have been impossible.

That night after I had finished the scenes upon the beach I thought of the sham and how disappointed hundreds of my admirers thruout the country would be if they could only see the real me—not as I pretended to be, not as I was on the screen—but as I was in my own home, locked behind doors where no one but my trustworthy maid and the friends I had who occasionally dropped in for a little chat or a shot of dope, could see me.

I felt ashamed, and as the days passed by the feeling of shamefulness seemed to grow upon me, until out of the din of street car and auto traffic, out of the hustle and bustle of studio life, out of the shadows of night, anywhere, everywhere, I would hear small voices saying, "You're a marked woman—you're a sneak—a cheat, and justly ashamed of it all."

I hardly know what brought that state of mind upon me, but most of it, I think, was brought about by a prominent actor, who has since died, and who later greatly influenced me in going into well-known Hollywood Sanitarium and taking treatments, for it was under their care that I later became cured of the dope evil.

The Still Small Voice

VOICES seemed to haunt me, as I said before; no matter where I might go, and when I awoke at night, lewd, vicious, sneering faces distorted with rage and pain, would silently jeer at me from out the dark corners of my bedroom. Moonbeams, which in the wee hours of the morn would sometimes pierce my drawn curtains

with their slender yellow rays, seemed to have a thousand little devils dancing and playing upon their shafts of mellow light. When the rain fell upon the roof above me it sounded like the feet of a million little dragons clawing madly at the shingles in vain effort to poke their hideous faces down upon me.

Many times I endured this tragedy of the night, trying by the aid of more dope than I had ever taken before to erase it all from out my mind, but all in vain.

At last, unable to endure it longer, I made arrangements to quit pictures for a while and exert every effort which I could resort to in order to loose myself from the tentacles of that insidious monster—dope.

I had a specialist operate upon my eyes to release the water matter that the use of drugs causes to gather at the back of the eye ball. I took everything—I fought a hard fight, harder than anything I had ever been called upon to do in all my life. There were times when I would lie tossing nervously upon my bed, screaming for, “Oh, just a little something to ease my nerves—to put me to sleep—to relieve my pain—to make me forget it all, even just for a few minutes.”

“Don’t feel so bad,” my nurse would say. “Everything is going to be so much better for you, my dear. I know you can’t understand it all—you’re a brave girl, and I know you’re going to win out; that when you’re ready to leave here life will hold a brighter future for you.”

My Fight With the Demon Dope

BUT in spite of my nurse’s wonderful attention and encouragement I would willingly have let my soul burn in Hell to have never undertaken to break away from dope. But after awhile I would say to myself, “It can’t beat me—it can’t—I won’t let it,” and in the end after several months of suffering too great for oral expression, I won my battle. I beat the evil that had so long obsessed me—beat it

out of my body; cleansed my heart of all the old evils the lax sense of morality had inbred in me. They’re gone now—all gone, but with it I wonder if I did not also kill my soul. Sometimes it seems that when dope went out of my mind and body all the life, the bouyancy of the days before I knew what dope was—all the vitality, the vigor, that I knew under its influence, have gone too, and left only an empty, ugly, scarred shell.

That was almost a year ago. No important parts have I had in pictures since the day the doctor pronounced me permanently cured of narcotics, cleansed of the monster evil—dope. The casting directors say I have no more life—that I am no longer bubbling over with youth; that the light and flash have gone from my eyes; that my poise is not the same; that my personality has been changed; yet how can they justly say these things without giving me a chance, at least one more chance to make good or be a failure?

Dope made me a success on the screen, it seems. Perhaps with the return to dope I could please the eyes of some casting or assistant director, and with the old evil within me go back to the screen, to higher laurels and perhaps greater accomplishments, and of course to the old Hell, it now seems, I had known for ages.

But I would not go back to dope for all the laurels that the film world holds; I am thru with it, once and for all, forever and a day. I have paid for all the successes I have ever had in pain, humiliation, heart-aches and tears.

Tomorrow my rent’s due; my bank account will just about take care of that. A few more weeks without work will find me destitute, penniless, forsaken by all those who once called themselves my friends. The dope peddlers, traffickers in hearts and souls, who used to give me expensive parties and beautiful gifts, now cross the street when they see me coming, or drive hurriedly away upon my approach.

Tonight as I sit in a big wicker chair watching the cars pass up and down the street a beam of mellow, yellow light from a new moon rests upon my dressing table crowded with many pictures of myself and stars that I have known and played with, and one of them, the largest picture of all, the leading player in the last picture that I was in, stands out more clearly than the rest, and I recall it all as plainly as if

it were but yesterday. The last scenes of the picture where we were in the rose garden together—such a happy ending, too, there in his arms beneath the moon, just such as this tonight, his kisses still seem warm upon my lips.

But that was a year ago. A near star then, a penniless, forgotten girl today, who nobody cares about. I wonder what tomorrow may hold for me?

A Hollywood landlady knows more about Hollywood than the Chamber of Commerce ever dreamed there was to know. *Spoiled for Iowa*—next month.

If the world were suddenly set on its head and a new code of moral values created what would happen to us all? *Sham*—next month.

What gratitude does a man owe to the woman who has sacrificed all to assure his screen success? *The Old Rough Stuff*—next month.

Can screen success and stardom buy off the idle gossip of Main Street that pursues a woman who is different? "*Stardom*"—*Bought and Paid For*—next month.

A Star who was yellow when the critical moment came and the extra who doubled in the part and risked his life for opportunity in love. *A Double for Adonis*—next month.

Can the departed spirits of the movie world assume the role of the invisible director? *Ghost Hands*—next month.

The true story of a star's romance with a Cinderella. A story so beautiful, poignant and real that you will never forget it. *A Man With a Conscience*—next month.

All these *and many more* fascinating true stories of movie adventure in *Hollywood Confessions* for July, on all newsstands June 20.



"I am through with divorce suits, forever, even though you call me one of the most successful divorce lawyers in Hollywood!"

THE MAIN CHANCE

"I AM through with divorce suits forever, even though you call me one of the most successful divorce lawyers in Hollywood!"

That is what I told a prominent motion picture actress who came to my office last week, and taking a check book from her silver purse, offered me a fat retaining fee to get her a divorce.

"No, Belle," I said to her, and handed her a newspaper clipping that lay on my

Seizing the "main chance" is the popularly accepted standard of ethics in Hollywood. This is the story of a pretty young wife who seized the main chance when her director, ignorant of the fact that his new player was married, asked her to be his wife.

desk. She read it, from flaring headlines to the last word, and shuddered.

"Poor Margie!" exclaimed Belle, "And she might have been as great as any star in Hollywood. To think that I helped in all this!" She put away her check book.

"It's on my conscience," I answered. "I don't want any more of that kind of business. I have taken my last divorce fee and turned it in as first payment on

a farm. I intend to swap law for fruit raising. Folks must always eat—but must they divorce as often as they do?"

Divorce by Fraud

OTHERS may be interested in this typical case of "divorce by fraud." As I say, it has affected my own life so deeply

that I shall never write another divorce complaint. I don't want heart's blood on my hands.

It is two years almost to a day that Margie first came to my office with Belle and in that soft liquid voice of hers begged me to free her from unhappiness that was



She was discussing with her director the opening scenes of her first starring picture, soon to start filming. As she introduced me, unseen by him, she set a cautioning finger on her lips.

blighting her career, by obtaining a divorce for her.

"You must swear to keep my screen name out of it," she cautioned and made me promise not to identify her professionally with the action.

Every one in Southern California was reading about Margie in the newspapers then, making her first starring picture—how her beauty and ability had stirred even blase Hollywood; how producers fought to sign her up. Moreover she had cast the spell of her sweetness and gentleness on all she met.

That day she came to my office she was just past nineteen. She wore a simple black satin frock that enhanced the radiance of her loveliness, youth and innocence. She was perfect of feature and coloring. I recognized in her the type that would screen remarkably, the dainty ingenue, with the personality plus that walks right out of the screen and grips the audience.

Sitting in the very chair where Belle recently sat she told her story.

Six months previous she had come to Hollywood from Scranton, she said. Her husband, whom she had married at seventeen, had resigned his position as a bank teller to go to Europe for a machinery concern, he told her, but she had not learned the name of the concern. He had promised to supply her with funds till he could send for her or return. He had sent her no money in the year he had been absent, she avowed, and his letters had ceased. Her mail to him came back. She showed registered letters from Hotel Cecil in London, from the Crillon in Paris and from a Petrograd address, all of which he had given her. She produced her registry receipts for these letters.

Tears welled from Margie's eyes as she talked and hardened lawyer that I was my sympathy went out to her. She seemed so like my own young daughter that I yearned to give her protection.

Wanted to be Free

SHE explained further that it wasn't just a "movie bug" that had brought her to California, but her desire to get

away from Scranton where she had no kin and where she felt her desertion keenly. She wanted to be free from gossip and she must work for her living.

"Quite in desperation I came to Hollywood and plunged," she said.

Here, at what she was told was the favorite hotel of film people, she registered as "Miss ——" well, let's call her "Miss Banks."

"You can understand why I took a professional name," said Margie with a sob, "and have kept my husband's name secret from all but Belle and you. I paid my last \$45 for a week's room and board at that hotel, because I felt the atmosphere would help me get on."

Margie had imagination, and you know imagination can make a woman's life. She had wonderful taste in dress and that can help her professionally—in Hollywood. The studios opened to the sesame of this loveliness.

From her first engagement as an extra girl at \$10 a day—she got so much because of her looks and wardrobe—she obtained a part as second ingenue, refusing two other offers to take one with a famous director, producing independently, who hinted that he saw in her star possibilities.

Before starting Margie's case I made excuse to visit her at the motion picture concern where she was working. I wanted to make sure of her truthfulness. Beyond the high board walls of the studio, down gravel walks along which blossomed geraniums and petunias, I found her in a tiny bungalow dressing room, the sort usually assigned to stars, and I realized the importance with which the director must regard this rising young actress. In her dainty green and gold sitting room, off which opened her dressing room and bath, she was discussing with her director the opening scenes of her first starring picture, soon to start filming. As she introduced me, unseen by him, she set a cautioning finger on her lips.

As I waited for them to finish their talk I found—Director —— unusually brilliant, artistic, temperamental and ambi-

tious for himself and his new star. When he left I congratulated her on finding the one man with talent and money to establish her future.

In the Dressing Room

I STOOD in the door of her dressing room while, sitting before her mirror, she put on her make-up, waiting her call to the stage. She was finishing her third picture with Director —. We talked in whispers. She didn't hesitate when I named my fee — oh, yes, it was big enough for any one, but I saw that in a year, with her chances, she might easily be getting \$2,000 a week or more.

A few days later Margie made affidavit that she didn't know where her husband was and was unable to find him. On this affidavit I obtained an order from the court

for publishing the summons, choosing for the purpose an obscure California newspaper. I had copies of the summons and complaint sent to the last address Margie could give for her husband, the one in Petrograd.

You know some lawyers have two consciences—a professional and a personal, and my personal conscience whispered to me that that husband could never in the world read those newspaper notices—but I had fulfilled the letter of the law.

With Belle as her corroborating witness, Margie was in due time granted her interlocutory decree by defaults.

A week later I found a note from her in my morning's mail. It was postmarked "Tia Juana, Mexico," but the letter bore neither date nor address. It read:



Laddie was frenzied. Aiming a blow straight for the man's face he leaped forward.

"Dear Friend: Laddie and I were married today. We shall keep it secret from every one, including you—remember—till after I am a full fledged star, because I want to win entirely on my own name. The other matter must be buried deep in your heart, for I can have not a breath to mar my starring career. I have trusted you. I do still. Margie."

"Laddie" was her pet name for Director —, and of course "the other matter" was her divorce.

I knew what questions might arise as to the legality of her marriage in Mexico, but she had not consulted me and why should I interfere, if she and he were willing to take the risk? I eased my conscience by resolving, when it seemed advisable, to suggest that she have another marriage ceremony when she obtained her final decree, which would be a year after the first decree.

Of course she must have told him about the divorce, I thought, but if she had or hadn't that again was not my affair.

Ambition Satisfied

FROM week to week I read the flattering newspaper notices of Margie's progress and saw her and Director — several times at the studio where I was often called as advisor of one of the producers there. Twice I lunched with the two in the little bungalow sitting room to which lunch was carried from the studio cafe by Margie's maid. Not a hint ever passed us about marriage or divorce, but in the young girl's eyes there glowed the fire of ambition satisfied.

As to Laddie, he was the adoring lover. His flowers daily adorned her desk and dressing table, with candy, fruits, books and magazines. A platinum diamond ring, a costly fur, an oriental kimono, a silver set for her dressing table—his gifts came in showers and she accepted them like a glad child.

They make fun of coincidences in the "movies," but coincidence certainly took Margie and me by the hand one morning three months after she had married. I had just left the office of my producer client and met her hurrying toward the big stage to the set where, she told me, they were

filming one of the last retakes of her first starring picture. She invited me to come along and watch, a privilege seldom granted to visitors there.

On the "Set"

SHE was beside herself with joy and held Laddie's hand with no concealment of her affection—though none but she and I knew he was her husband. Laddie sat in his big canvas covered director's chair and I near him in Margie's "star chair," watching Margie and the leading man. The set represented a gorgeous drawing room, richly carpeted and furnished. Laddie had spared no cost on the details of this picture. The star was arrayed beautifully in an extreme evening frock, a Callot design, she had been telling me, and her lovely hair glistened in the glare of the Kliegs and the Cooper-Hewitts.

The camera was "grinding." Laddie, tense with interest, was following every motion of Margie, giving a low word of direction now and then.

Suddenly her smile froze on her lips, transfixed with fear she gazed past me. It was only for an instant. Quickly she was herself again and resumed the action. But alert and sensitive, Laddie had caught her expression and was on his feet following her look.

An Interruption

IT was only then that I noticed a plain little man, decidedly not of motion picture aspect, standing just back of the cameraman. How he got into the studio or onto the set I couldn't guess; the management was very strict regarding visitors and Margie's sets were carefully secluded.

"Get off the stage!" cried Laddie. Quietly the plain little man disappeared amid the shadows and scattered scenery.

"Sorry to spoil the scene," the star called out gaily. They went on for an hour, working out the business carefully to the end and repeating bits till the director had filmed it exactly to suit him. Twice when Laddie was advising with his cameraman or giving an order to his assistant director, I saw Margie furtively peer-

ing out among the shadows into which the strange man had disappeared—but she kept her composure and her acting was superb.

When all was ended the star bounded from the set laughing joyously. Tapping Laddie on the arm with her yellow ostrich feather fan she cried, a bit too excitedly, I thought:

“Now crown me queen of pictures!”

He put his arm round her and bent to kiss her.

In that instant I was aware that the plain little man had reappeared out of the shadows like a ghost and was again standing just behind me.

With a coquettish flirt of her fan Margie slipped from Laddie’s reach and passing me she caught my wrist with her left hand and gave it a quick agonized pressure.

“How do you do!” she cried, extending her right hand to the man.

Her Other Husband

THAT moment the Kleigs and Cooper-Hewitts were shut off—for lighting is a costly item in filming a picture—and we were a moment in darkness. Then a stage hand threw open an outer door, letting in the bright California sunlight, which flooded round the actress and the plain little man grasping hands. He stared dumfounded with drooping mouth at the paint on her cheeks and lips and the beads of mascara on her long lashes, showing ugly in the light of day; at the extravagantly low cut evening gown and the rich wrap that clung to her shoulders.

“What does it all mean, Babe?” he said as if his very soul were sickened at the sight. He seemed what we in the west call the “typical easterner,” conventional, conservative, utterly strange to the free masonry of the stage.

Still holding his hand Margie turned lightly to the director and me.

“Meet Mr. —,” she said speaking the name of her divorced husband. He merely glanced at us. “Come,” she continued quickly, with a sweeping gesture as if to carry all three of us along with her, “we must hurry to see the rushes,”—

meaning the scenes taken the previous day were to be thrown on the screen for her and the director to view. I realized that Margie’s *sang froid* was remarkable.

We started—all but the plain little man. He had become suddenly decisive.

“I am going to take you home out of this rot,” he said. “Didn’t I give you enough to support you?”

Margie laughed, as if to turn his words into a joke, but his aspect belied her.

Laddie strode forward.

“If you are here to annoy Miss Banks —” he threatened, putting a protecting arm round her.

“Miss Banks!” returned the man. “She’s Mrs. —, my wife and you take your hands off her!”

A Fight

LADDIE was frenzied. Aiming a blow straight for the man’s face he leaped forward. The man ducked and evaded. He held up a warning palm.

“We will have no quarrel. She is my wife,” he said. Quietly he stood an instant looking from the girl to the director who stared limp and panting.

“Henry—” she began, huskily.

Taking her by the shoulder he pushed her along the shaft of sunshine, past the camera to the blue Chinese rug and into the carved cathedral chair in which she had just finished her scene.

Bit by bit, question by question, gently but with unmistakable mastery of the situation he stood over the girl and forced her story out—how, fed on admiration from girlhood, she had long yearned to shine on the screen. She had come west, she confessed, as soon as he had been called to Russia and mailed her letters in inclosures to Scranton to be forwarded on to him. She had purposely left no address behind knowing his letters would return to him. Yes, yes, before she left Scranton she had got his letter saying the company would transfer him to South America before he could return home.

At that point the man’s voice lost a bit of its calm. It took on a higher tone and trembled.

"Don't you care for me any longer?" he asked, as if to a spoiled child he dearly loved. "Do you want to give up my home and my love?"

The Truth Comes Out

SHE turned her big eyes to Laddie. He was beside himself with rage and pain—yet he felt that the other man had command of the situation.

Looking back to her inquisitor's face she said firmly, as if relieved that the truth were out at last, "Henry, I have divorced you!"

Laddie dashed his hand across his eyes and staggered forward, kneeling at Margie's feet, and took both her hands in his.

"Tell me it isn't true," he pleaded in childish tremelo. "Tell me it's a lie!"

Margie opened her mouth but made no sound.

Henry bent over the two.

"And him?" he asked, pointing at the kneeling man.

"I married him," she shaped the words almost inaudibly.

Henry stepped back. His whole frame relaxed and drooped and he groaned heavily. Slowly, mechanically, he took up his hat that he had dropped on the mahogany table.

"Babe!" he said—the old tender pet name, in tones of pity. I believe he felt more for her than for himself. "I'm through!—but you told him the truth about the divorce?"

"No, no, no!" she cried, stung to speak out the whole unhappy truth. "I couldn't tell him!" Laddie looked up at her agonized. "I meant to tell him," she rushed on, "afterward—after I had starred—he didn't even know my name. I couldn't marry in California—not for a year—we went to Mexico—because I thought it was legal to marry there and because we'd planned to keep it secret till after I had starred!"

Loses Everything

"TILL after you had starred!" repeated Henry bitterly. He put on his hat, turned and walked slowly out of the place.

Laddie had got to his feet and stood staring down at her with widening eyes as if he didn't understand, as if he could never reconcile the hideous story he had just heard with that beloved face and form.

A look of revulsion crept over his handsome features. I saw his lips tighten, his shoulders slowly rise and his hands stiffen. Alarmed, she sprang from the chair and stretched out her arms pleadingly.

"Laddie!" she cried.

"Till after you starred!" he muttered and snatching from her shoulders the long circular mink cape, his wedding present to her, he flung it across the stage and next instant his hand was clutching at her throat.

She screamed. I sprang forward, grabbed his arm and shook him fiercely.

"Remember you're a man!" I said to him. "Miss Banks, go to your dressing room at once," I commanded the terrified girl.

I dragged Laddie to my car and we drove away.

He sat white and haggard, muttering repeatedly, "She has wrecked me!"

"What shall I do?" he asked at last, like a helpless child.

All My Fault

I HAD been thinking it out. I felt how responsible I had been in this miserable business and that I owed reparation to these two men. I drove to my office and phoned to every hotel in town till at last we located Henry.

We went to him and soon convincing him that Laddie was equally Margie's victim with him, persuaded him to produce evidence to show her divorce obtained by fraud. He had letter after letter he had sent her to Scranton returned "unclaimed." He also had her letter to his last European address, her final one, mentioning his transfer to South America. Alarmed at her silence, Henry had obtained leave of absence from his South American position and returning to America had traced Margie through a Scranton

neighbor who had seen her on the screen. While he had literally sent her no money since he left home, he had before his departure, given her checks, dated ahead, one for each month, a generous allowance for a year. He had the cancelled checks.

With the divorce decree set aside Margie was, of course, still married to Henry. She was not and never had been legally the wife of Laddie. Then on the grounds of her having lived with another man while still his wife, Henry began action for divorce.

Immediately afterward Laddie left for New York, and I have never seen Margie's starring picture on the screen.

I felt sorry for the girl. I blamed myself for the part I had played in her downfall.

I tried to help her in the business by getting her to the attention of producers and directors of my acquaintance. But none would star her or feature her, for her name was connected with the sort of publicity motion picture producers wish to avoid. She took second parts and even bits and character parts, feverishly hoping that another chance might come.

Everybody knew her story; from stars to stage hands it was the gossip of every corner of Hollywood. Sometimes, she told

me, she longed to bury herself alive to avoid the constant stare. She grew morose over it.

Six months ago she came to me for a loan. I gave her a check for the amount of the fee she had paid me for her divorce.

Never have I seen the rankle of bitter disappointment play such havoc with a pretty face. Dark hollows had crept under her eyes; a hardness had come about her mouth; her cheeks had lost their contour and resentment gave her the cynicism of a worldling of forty. She who had held in her grasp her greatest ambition, who had seen fame laying garlands at her feet, must daily watch other girls, less beautiful, less talented, climb past her up the ladder.

Poor little fool! She had sought the easiest way. Honesty would have paid much better.

Last week she summoned me to her. I was her only acquaintance. Even Belle, married to a wealthy man and yearning for his alimony, had forgotten her. Margie had had pneumonia and lay in the tuberculosis ward of the county hospital, with only a few days of life before her. The newspaper clipping I had shown Belle had told of the end.

"Tell Henry," Margie begged me, "that I never starved and ask him to forgive me if he can!"

In Memoriam

Adios! dear little custard pie,
I sure do hate to say goodbye;
You always was a dandy pal
When I was known as Slapstick Hal;
But now I'm doing highbrow art,
So you and me has got to part.

WHO'S YOUR BOOT- LEG- GER?

*Perhaps
the author
of this story
was—but he
isn't any
more. He
was fright-
ened into
quitting by
murder of a
Los Angeles
society man
—bootlegger
extraordi-
nary*



"That's mighty good stuff," he said when he had finished. "Who's your bootlegger?"

WHO is your bootlegger?

Maybe I am. If so, I hope I will not give away any of the secrets which exist between client and merchant.

But perhaps you have been wondering who the young man might be who delivers your contraband liquor, who doesn't even pass the time of day and after making the

collection, passes out of your existence until it is time to make the next regular delivery; or supply your special needs in response to a telephone call.

I am one of the "smart" bootleggers of Los Angeles and Hollywood. I cater to the "best people in filmdom and society. I maintain my own air service between here

and Mexico for the transportation of the "hooch" for which you would sell your souls. I drive expensive sport cars, live in a luxurious apartment. Have I not all that the most unreasonable petted darling of fortune could demand?

But I am haunted by the murdered spirit of my best friend, also a bootlegger, murdered in cold blood by jealous pals plying the same trade.

I am guilty of pandering to the carnal appetites of thousands and I know deep down in the organ which is the heart of a bootlegger, that sooner or later I shall come to judgment, punishment shall be meted out to me. It may be in the form of a murder, in which I shall be the victim, when I shall be shot down like a cur and

left to welter in my own blood; it may be that the officers will get it on me, in which case, San Quentin would be my address, because I have other crimes at my door besides my selling of doped moonshine whiskey.

I can have no family ties. I am not vile enough to ask any woman to participate in the life I lead. Not that women do not play an important part in my life. To a man of my occupation and tastes, women of a certain type cling.

It was a woman who, indirectly, was the cause of my taking my first drink. I am not trying to use the accepted Adam alibi in saying this. A party, two mere boys and girls even younger, a joy ride, one drink from the pocket flask, the mischief had been done.



One night four of us went on a joy ride, took a drink or two, smoked a cigarette—the girls protesting, but doing it all, nevertheless. Then, speeding home, we ran into another party, like ourselves, in a condition of parlous jollity.

How It All Started

SHALL I tell you a little about how the thing started? It may serve as a warning to others. I wonder.

My dad and mother lived in a small town, universally respected, prosperous, clean living. Dad got me a place in the local bank, and things were pleasant for me.

Then I got to chasing with a fellow whose father was postmaster. He had the sporty instincts which I thought were smart and I attempted, and succeeded in emulating them, every one.

One night four of us went on the joy ride I mentioned, took a drink or two, smoked a cigarette, the girls protesting, but doing it all nevertheless. Then speeding home we ran into another party, like ourselves, in a condition of parlous jollity. Nobody was hurt and the matter would have been hushed had not a cop, new to the force, seen the accident and immediately made it his business to take names and addresses. We worked all the pull we could, but nothing availed to curtail the zeal of the officer.

We were pinched, the whole bunch of us and we made our debut in jail. Of course, we did not stay there long, the desk-sergeant letting us loose as soon as he heard our names, but there it was on the police blotter, at the mercy of every stray reporter. Such a one took the matter up and next morning the papers blazoned forth our disgrace.

I was the first down to breakfast, although my head was splitting, and saw the paper. Dad saw it next and then the fireworks started. What he didn't tell me was not worth telling. Mother cried.

As nonchalantly as I could, I went down to the bank, and was received by the cashier who curtly informed me that banks did not generally care to employ the type of man that I evidently aimed to be. Therefore, I could look for something else, as I was fired.

I was stupid with shame as I slunk away.

Standing on the street corner I saw a fellow who was a regular attendant at all

the dances, who dressed well, seemed to have nothing to do yet never seemed to be without funds. He was not considered my social equal, but he was friendly as he asked me what the matter was. I was in the mood in which a poor beaten dog licks the hand of the first person who has a note of kindness in his voice, so I told him all the trouble.

"I tell you, kid," he said, finally, "jobs are scarce in this man's town, and besides who wants to work? Money can be made without working. Let's you and me hit it for Los Angeles and get into the movie game. I know some guys who did and they are doing fine. It's easy money, nothing to do but wear good clothes and date up girls. What say, kid, what say?"

Any Port in a Storm

IT didn't take me long to decide. We agreed to beat our way and went home to change our clothes, shipping our good duds ahead. With an extensive wardrobe and good looks, I felt sure I could get by.

In due time we hit the city of our dreams, but not without many hardships. We made rounds of my buddy's acquaintances and found that they were only extras, working sometimes, oftener not at all.

Breaking into the Movies

NOT disheartened we listed with casting agencies and in a few days got our first bit at \$7.50 per. We were in our glory. At last we were on the way to fame. Fortune had smiled upon us. We were to hobnob with stars and belong to the unreal world of which we had both read so much.

It was the second day on the set that we heard two of the contract players talking about a booze party.

"That was sure good stuff that you had," said one of them. "Who's your bootlegger?"

"I get mine through a fellow on the lot," his companion replied.

But our luck was shortlived. We got in one more day's work and that finished the set so far as the extras were concerned. Other jobs followed, but few and far between. Our money went and at last we

found ourselves practically down and out, all but the clothes we had on our backs either sold or in pawn, and forced to sleep in Main Street flop houses.

"This doesn't look much like stardom to me," my companion said one morning as we stood at First and Main streets wondering where our breakfast was coming from.

It certainly didn't and we were obliged to hit the stem and mooch enough for a feed.

That afternoon we met a bootlegger. We found him or he found us in Pershing Square. We didn't know what he was until we had told our hard luck story.

"Perhaps I can help you out," he said. "If you work in pictures and can sell moon to some of them folks, I will make it worth your while. The next time you get a job in Hollywood line up some customers, come to me and I'll pay you 25 per cent commission for all you can sell."

We were ready to make money any way. It was agreed and taking his address we parted. Two days later we got a call to a big set which promised at least a week's work. It was our chance. We determined not to miss the opportunity, but make the most of it in every and any way.

Our plan was to visit our friend, induce him to let us have a pint to carry in our pocket on the hope that we might find some one who wanted a drink and in that way get into their good graces.

It worked. With a bottle on our hip we appeared on the lot. It was after the noon lunch that we overheard a star whose name is a household word say that he wished he had a drink. I was custodian of the bottle. When opportunity afforded I sidled up to him and said that I had overheard his remark.

At first he looked at me as a master might look at a slave, which is the way stars have of looking at extras. It was a



The flying was done at night and the wet goods landed on the clubman's ranch, where it was stored and brought into the city, by truck, as needed.

long chance which I had taken, but I guess he really wanted a drink. Desire overcame snobbishness and we went behind the set. I thought he would finish the pint with one gulp. He was a human fish.

"That's mighty good stuff," he said "Who's your bootlegger?"

The First Sale

I CAN'T tell you that," I replied. "Well, I would like to have some of it," he declared.

That was easy. I gave him the rest of the bottle and got an order for a quart to be delivered the next day. It was the beginning. He was and is yet one of our best customers and through him we have met others to whom we have sold thousands of dollars worth of moonshine and bonded goods, synthetic gin and liquors of all sorts.

Business prospered so well that in a few months we were not only able to quit the studio game and its precarious \$7.50 per, but had our own car, an expensive apartment and fat bank roll. We were no longer studio rats, but to some people were honored and respected citizens.

Our business had grown so great that our benefactor of Pershing Square could hardly supply the demands. We wanted to branch out. To buy direct, import if necessary and put out our own agents.

It was then that we were invited to a party where we met a girl who had the entre to the offices of some of the city's biggest businessmen. She was in films, pretty and charming and had a lover, a married man, a clubman who had often appeared on the front page of the daily newspapers.

She liked us and when we took her into our confidence promised to help us. Her angel was in sore need of money. He had been gambling and needed cash to aid in a business extension plan. She would introduce us to him.

The meeting was arranged in his office. We told him our needs.

"Why don't you import from Mexico?" he asked.

But how? That was the question with us.

"By aeroplane," he replied.

He knew a good deal about aircraft, had in fact been in the air service and invented many appliances which were in successful use on army planes. He proposed to plan a machine which could carry an enormous stock in the fusilage. He would also furnish an aviator and go with us to Mexico to establish our pipe lines. We should pay him 25 per cent of the gross profits.

We agreed and a few days later he left for an airplane factory near Omaha. A month later the machine arrived in Los Angeles. With the pilot we left by train for Mexico. There we met an American who is king of the bootleggers. He sells more than half of the bonded stock which enters the United States over the southern border.

Details were soon arranged. I left my partner in Mexico and came north with the rest of the party. The first shipment was to leave the following week. The machine was set up, tested and flown. When all was ready I took the cash, for a bootlegger's business with the wholesaler is by cash only, and flew across the border.

A Flourishing Business

EVERYTHING went well. The consignment left Mexico on schedule and I came north again by train. The flying was done at night and the wet goods was landed on the clubman's ranch, where it was stored and brought to the city by truck as needed.

From that time on we have imported a supply each week. Profits have been enormous. I am now making more money than most of the fabulous salaries supposed to be paid to some of the stellar lights of the silver sheet.

The game is exciting, not without fatal danger. We are forever in fear of exposure. Jealousies are common among bootleggers. We don't know when we are going to be bumped off and I am obliged to have a bodyguard at my heels all of the time.

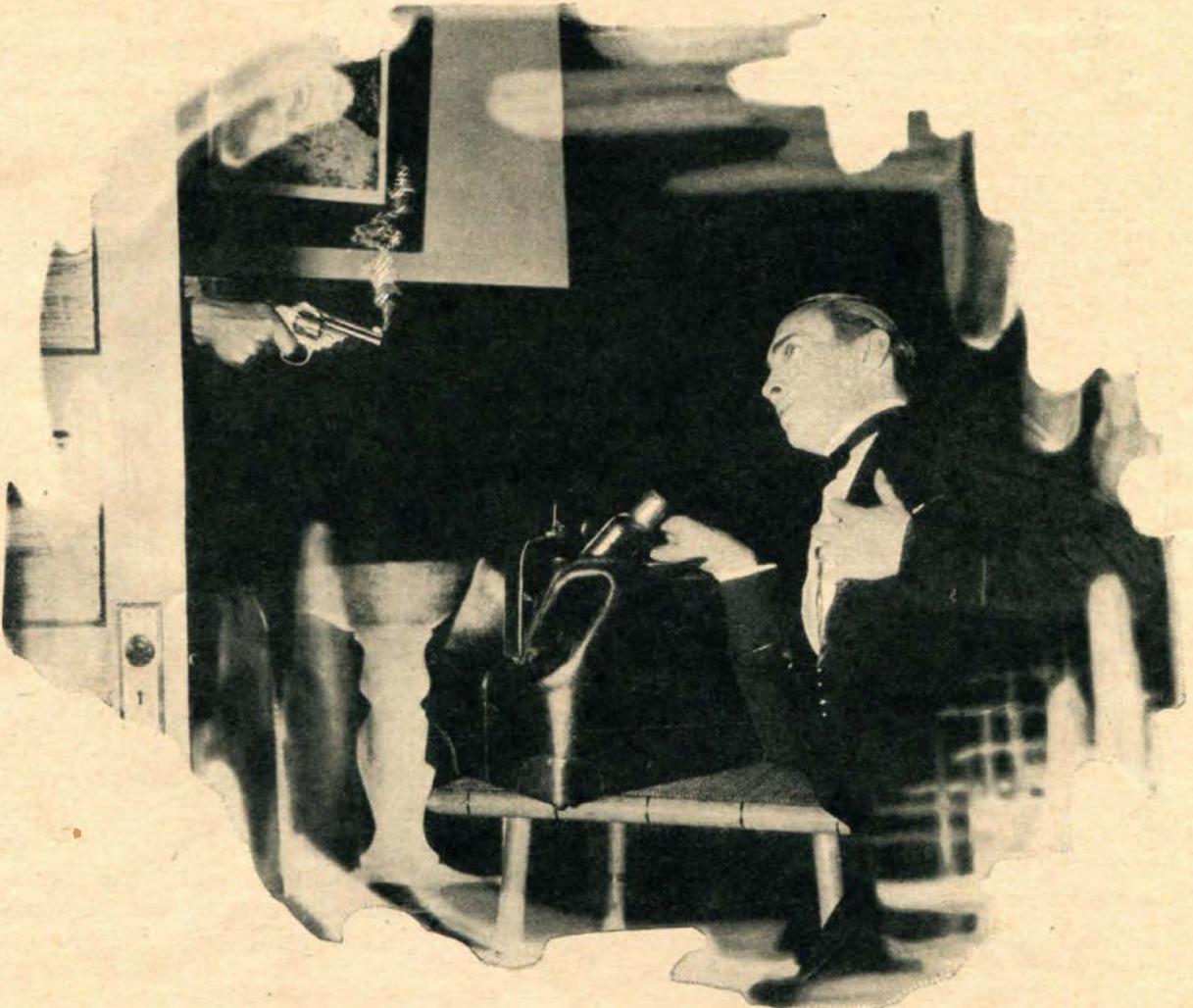
The man who put us in the business has threatened our life because we left him. He feels that the customers we secured while peddling for him are his. We believe it was he who tipped off the government agents and caused the raid on our apartment. But we never keep anything there, except a bottle or two for our personal use and they were too well secreted to be found.

It is hard to get tactful agents. Several of our men have already been arrested. Two of them were pinched as they came from the home of one of our clients. We are supplying them with the money with which to fight for their freedom, but where they lack tact in their operations, they hold

a tight mouth about their employer. Yet who knows—they may yet succumb to the third degree and tell all. It is the chance we take.

I say that the game is not without its element of death. One of our friends has already been killed, the clubman. We are not able to say who did it, but we have suspicions.

Three months after we began our importations the man who opened Mexico to us called me up and said that he wanted to see me. Except to send him an accounting and his check for his share of the profits I had seen little or had little to do with him. Bootleggers have few intimates. I went to his office.



The next day I read that he had been murdered. Who could have done it? I cannot point to any one person and say that he fired the fatal shots.

The Fear of Death

"YOU had better arrange to get a new storing place for your whiskey," he told me.

"Why?" I asked.

"I am afraid I am going to be bumped off," he replied. "I have been a hounded man ever since I began to operate with you. My life has been threatened. I am followed day and night. I double crossed someone else to go in with you because I was to get more money with you. Don't ask questions, I can't explain."

His face was drawn and pinched. He was drinking heavy and was almost a sick man. I suggested he go away for a rest, but he said his business would not permit that.

I at once arranged for another cache.

Two days later he telephoned me again, asking for an advance on the next shipment and saying that I might not see him again. I sent the money.

The next day I read that he had been murdered. Who could have done it? I have my suspicions, but they are only that. I can not point to any one person and say

that he fired the fatal shots. I might point to several and say that they had a finger in it.

But he was no sooner out of the way than I, too, began to be hounded. I am watched continuously. Perhaps I only imagine it, but it seems so to me. My partner, who is in Mexico most of the time has had several narrow escapes from shotgun fire.

If we don't get out of the game we are almost sure to get ours. But get out of it, how? That is the question. Once you get into this sort of thing it gets into your blood. We become hardened and defy the world, defy all law and order and are determined to stick to it just for the love of the excitement.

Yet I spend sleepless nights. There is not a night that I do not see the murdered body of my friend in my dreams. I wake up with a start and wonder when my turn will come, for surely it will come.

"Who's your bootlegger?"

A marked man, a man who will either go to jail or die with his boots on.

Two Fascinating Serials

The Wolf of Hollywood.—A four part story of the greatest criminal who ever threatened the security of Screenland's Capitol. Read the first installment in this issue and don't miss the thrilling installments to follow.

The Beauty Special.—A two part story that tells the real adventures of a train load of girls bound to Hollywood for fame and fortune. The first installment in this issue—shows the humor of movie contests. The second installment next month shows their tragedy. Don't miss these two absorbing serials starting in this issue.

“WHITE LINEN” VAMPS *the* SHEIK

A hospital nurse seizes her opportunity to possess the most potent matinee idol of them all—regardless of the havoc she makes in his domestic life.

I began to find excuses to be near him, just to feel the thrill that went over me at the touch of his weak fingers.



I'M through with him now. His wife can have him back, if she wants him.

I'm not sorry. It was wonderful while it lasted; it was worth even risking the loss of my nurse's diploma, but the game has been played out. I'm satisfied.

The doctor has just left. I can hear the pad-pad of his rubber heels echoing down the hospital corridor. I wonder if he suspects. I thought he looked at me a bit suspiciously as he glanced over the chart tonight.

“Odd,” he said, regarding intently my patient, twisting and turning on the narrow cot, as though the crisp white sheets were red-hot, “not a sign of temperature, yet he acts as though he were burning up with fever. He seems to be craving something.”

He *was* craving something, but I never let on. He was craving what is inside the little bottle, in the pocket of my starchy white apron. But he's had his last dose, from me. He's due to get well now, to go

back to his wife—if she'll take him back, after what she saw yesterday. I reckon she will though, for he's a handsome chap and she's mad about him.

Hungry for Romance

I 'M a student nurse in a New York hospital. For four years I've worked like a slave. Eleven hours a day, seven days a week, I've swept corridors, made beds, tended cranky patients, cut beards and toenails in the D. T. ward. I've seen sights that would make you faint.

I remember my first major operation. A poor chap—just married, he was — had his arm taken off at the shoulder. I distinctly recall the wave of nausea that swept over me when the white-robed surgeon handed me the bloody arm and told me to put it in the furnace. I've hardened in the last three years. I'd not blanch now at having to put a severed arm—or things more ghastly—in the furnace. A nurse becomes calloused.

But my hard work began to tell on me. It was a case of all work and no play. And in the hospital I found no place for romance. A nurse is forbidden more than the most cursory intercourse with internes and staff men in a hospital are beings apart, of a higher sphere. Anyway, doctors did not interest me.

I craved romance. I felt that if some new and colorful interest did not come into my drab life I should do something desperate. I am a strong, passionate woman, and I had no relief for my excess energy. I grew to hate my little room, so like a nun's cell in its austerity, and shared with a chattering blonde whom I detested.

Then R— came to the hospital.

If you are a movie fan, you know that R— is probably the most adored matinee idol on the screen. Women are mad about him. They rave about his passionate, inscrutable dark eyes and the caressing little quirk to his sensitive lips. I, too, had felt a strange thrill as I watched his love-making, on an occasional evening at the movies. I had cut his picture from a magazine and hidden it under my mattress. He

had come to personify the romance I was missing.

My Hero at Last

R— was a very sick man when he came to our hospital. He had suffered a rupture when doing a very difficult stunt for a picture, and had come all the way from Hollywood to have his friend, Dr. B— of our hospital, perform the abdominal operation that was necessary. His coming threw all the nurses into a flutter, and when I was assigned to the case, they were envious.

Was I thrilled? Wouldn't you have been?

The night after the operation, R— was in great pain. The doctor gave me an order for codine, to dull the pain from the raw wound.

Have you ever taken codine? If you have, you know how it makes you float miles high on a lovely, soft bed of fleecy pink clouds. And you know too, perhaps, how affectionate it makes you toward the world.

It had the same effect on R—. As the pain slowly died away, and the drug began to get in its effect, he looked at me languishingly out of those famous dark eyes. As I bent over him to smooth out his pillow, or to take his pulse, he would fondle my hand, or reach up to touch my hair spilling out from under my cap.

It amused me at first. It is a standing joke among us nurses, the effect codine has on patients. I realized that if I had been cross-eyed or hare-lipped, the "great lover" would have patted my hand just as lovingly. It wasn't of his own volition; it was just the feeling of relief from pain caused by the drug working in him.

I Fall in Love

BUT after a bit, I began to thrill. Here was R—, whom millions of women adored. And here was I, starving for a little romance. I began to find excuses to be near him, to feel the thrill that went over me at the touch of his weak fingers. And when the effect of the drug waned,

I gave him more, out of the private stock we nurses unlawfully carry.

I was R——’s night special. As day by day, my passion grew, I became jealous of the day nurse, lest some of the affection the drug was causing him to lavish might be transferred to her. For the effects were long-lived. Then, too, I feared that what I was doing might leak out, and then disaster for me! So I pulled some wires, and had myself made his special nurse for both day and night.

R—— improved rapidly. He did not need codine any longer. But I could not be satisfied. I began to feel the codine was not powerful in its effects. I tried heroin on my patient. But the heroin merely made him restless. One night he shouted, “Nurse, nurse!”

And while I knelt thus, mouth to his mouth, clasped in his arms, Mrs. R—— appeared in the doorway, her arms full of red roses she had brought to “her boy.”

I came running from my cot in the corner of the room.

“Please send those nurses out of my room,” he begged, holding my hand piteously, like a frightened little boy. “They keep marching round and round my bed, and I cannot sleep. Please send them away.”

I could not convince him that we were alone in the room. Another time he swore that many children were playing underneath his window. So I went back to the codine, in ever increasing doses.

His affection became as necessary to me as morphine to an addict. Though I knew he would have been as loving to a telephone post or a cigar store Indian, under the in-



fluence of the drug, yet I thrilled under the touch of his warm hands.

I Hated His Wife

I HATED his wife. Her visits were a torture to me. To see her kiss him, to stroke his forehead, to call him tenderly "her own boy"—was hell. It was all I could do to keep from screaming names at her, from driving her away. I used to clutch the bottle in my apron pocket, and think fiercely that my time would come when this intruder in my happiness, would have gone away again.

I kept her out as much as I could. I did all the hateful little things a nurse can do to keep the patient apart from his loved ones. I think she suspected me. Her woman's intuition detected a rival in me. Yet her love for her husband and his love for her was so great she hated herself for distrusting him.

Dissatisfied with his impersonal love-making, I wanted to make him love me because I was myself, not because he was drugged. This feeling grew as my hatred for his wife increased.

"Tell me about your wife," I asked him one night. I wanted to find out how he felt about her—and a man will tell his stenographer and his nurse things he would not confide to his father confessor.

"She's wonderful, marvelous!" he said, and his face gleamed. For half an hour he told me how good she was, how tender, how patient, with every word a sword piercing my heart. I hated her worse than ever. From that night I deliberately set about winning him away from his wife.

I decreased the doses of codine, giving him just enough to keep him happy and pliant to my will. I flattered him. I began to intimate that his wife did not understand him—and I discovered the vital fact that she did not want him to continue as an actor, but wanted him to go into some solid business like the shoe business.

"Why don't you take father's advice and let him set you up in the shoe business?" she said to him one day, on one

of her visits to the hospital. "Acting is so short-lived; soon you will be too old for lover parts. The shoe business would be permanent, and you wouldn't have to be risking your life with these terrible stunts all the time."

You can imagine that this suggestion didn't make any hit with R—. After being the idol of a million women, he got no kick out of the thought of making shoes the rest of his life. He wasn't any more conceited than a man in his position has a right to be, but he didn't exactly hate it when he blocked the traffic every time he appeared on the streets.

His Vanity

I KNEW I had her number just as soon as I heard her talk to R— like that. I felt it was all over but the shouting. So I kept telling him what a sin it would be to rob the motion picture of his Art, with a capital A, and how different he was from matinee idols who were merely clothes-horses.

Being a man and very human, he responded to this treatment like a sunflower to the sun. And when he told me, one day, I was the only woman who really *understood* him, I knew I had him. So I began to set the stage for the big finale. My conquest would not be complete until Mrs. R— also realized it.

She always made her visits, as short as I could make them, on Tuesdays and Thursdays and Sundays. It was on Wednesday that he made his unconscious confession to me. That night and the next morning, I gave him codine out of my private stock. I gave him more than he had ever had before. So early Thursday afternoon, the drug, combined with his growing natural affection for me, had brought him to a high pitch of excitement. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes unnaturally bright. He never looked more handsome, not even in the big love-scene of his war picture, which permanently shattered the hearts of a million flappers. And he couldn't keep his hands off me. If I so much as passed by the bed, he

would stretch out his hand to touch my apron, to fondle my hand.

The Drug Gets Him

BUT I kept away from him, tantalizing him with my nearness. Mrs. R— was due at two o'clock. She was always punctual; in fact, she could never seem to wait for the hour when she could see “her boy.” The hands of the little clock on the table crept slowly around. Half-past one, a quarter to two, ten minutes, five minutes, three—. The slow purr of the elevator sounded and stopped. A door clanged and a light step came down the corridor.

I dipped my thermometer in the antiseptic and bent over him. He brushed aside the thermometer. His hand tightened on mine, crept up my arm, around my shoulders. Suddenly I was on my knees beside the bed, my arms around his neck. Our lips met in a long, burning passionate kiss. My whole starved soul went out to

him—and found perfect satisfaction. While I knelt, mouth to his mouth, clasped in his arms, Mrs. R— appeared in the doorway, her arms full of red roses that she had brought to “her boy.”

My Great Triumph

MY triumphant eyes met her incredulous ones. She looked at me, at her husband, struck with sudden shame, and back at me again. And the heart-sick grief in her face banned my triumph in a flash. I felt as if I had struck a baby in its cradle.

Dead silence reigned in the room. In the corridor outside, I could hear the low tones of the head nurse, reprimanding a probationer for some tiny fault. Then, when the silence grew so intense that I thought I must scream, Mrs. R— stepped to the bed-side and gently laid the red roses on the bed, as one spreads flowers over the grave of a lost love. And turned and left the room.

She asked me if I'd like to see
Where they vaccinated her knee;
When I yelled, "Please show me, gal!"
She smiled and said, "At that hospital!"

* * *

Each year Babe changes hubbies as
She does her runabout;
New models only she will drive,
The old ones get worn out.

* * *

Del has a pretty level head,
If given half a chance;
Though when a strap fell down one day,
She lost her nonchalance!

* * *

She plays among the wildest beasts
As fearless as the deuce,
But you should see her run once when
A safety pin broke loose!

THE KILLER

*A Chinese
Tong War
Ends in
Hollywood*

By Richard Conway

A Chinese Tong War, a Mandarin murdered on a motion picture lot, the story of a great love, a triumphant finish to a quest,—you have them all here, in a dramatic and picturesque tale of Hollywood's thousand-sided life. Perhaps you read the beginning of this story in the newspapers. The sequel tells the truth about the murder for the first time.

Su Loy was her name. Her eyes were long, glossy black almonds, and her cheeks below them were like the bloom of roses in the gardens of the palaces.



CAMERA!" Reichmer's voice boomed through the megaphone. The camera men ground industriously, the

Winfields poured their glare of light upon the set, the star made her entrance.

The scene was laid in China. The odor of incense hung in the air, and an orchestra

thrummed the "Chanson Indoue" industriously just off the set to give "atmosphere." Miss Merrivale, yes, the Merrie Merrivale whose fame the newspapers and press agents have doped out to a devouring public—in the silk trousers and blouse of a Chinese girl came in through the rustling bamboo leaves, crossed the set, and went to the shrine where an ugly little Buddha grinned.

"Slower, please Miss Merrivale," Reichmer called out. "A little slower—and shuffle your feet more. That's it. Now kneel and lift your hands over your head. Right. Now then, Mr. Chang, make your entrance!"

The bamboo leaves parted again, and the Mandarin, appeared.

There was a craning of necks among the extras who waited at the edges of the set, assembled for the mob scene. For it was known that Ah Chang's slanted brows and yellow skin did not come out of a makeup kit, but were his by right of birth. His blouse of rich brocade, likewise, and his purple silk trousers, did not emerge from the property room, but were his personal possessions. In other words, Ah Chang was the real thing—a rich merchant with a shop opening upon the Plaza, induced by a substantial sum to come and take part in the picture and impart a flavor of reality.

"All right, Mr. Chang," Reichmer continued his directions. It was noticeable, however, that his voice held a note of respect—almost of deference. "Now you start at the sight of the girl kneeling at the shrine. A little more surprise, please—" The director's voice took on

emphasis as the Oriental's face failed to register the desired emotion. "Look more surprised! That's better. Then you stand and watch her.—Now you kneel, Miss Merrivale.—Now, Mr. Chang—"

Not in the Script

A PISTOL shot crashed through the unfinished sentence. Ah Chang pitched forward on his face with a gurgling groan. Miss Merrivale sprang up with a scream, and then collapsed, fainting, into Reichmer's arms. For the shot that went through the heart of Ah Chang had grazed her uplifted finger tips. If she had been standing erect—!

Pandemonium broke loose on the great stage. The crowd of extras burst into outcries of terror and stampeded in a mad rush for the exits. Among them was a liberal sprinkling of Chinese, for the mob scene was to be an encounter between the white people and the natives of

an inland province of China. Some of the women fainted—some of the men bellowed "Police!"—and sundry of both sexes ran screaming "Fire!" "Help!" "Murder!"

In the uproar no one noticed a little Chinaman in a blue blouse step quietly out of the way of the terrified crowd and shuffle to a small unremembered exit behind the set.

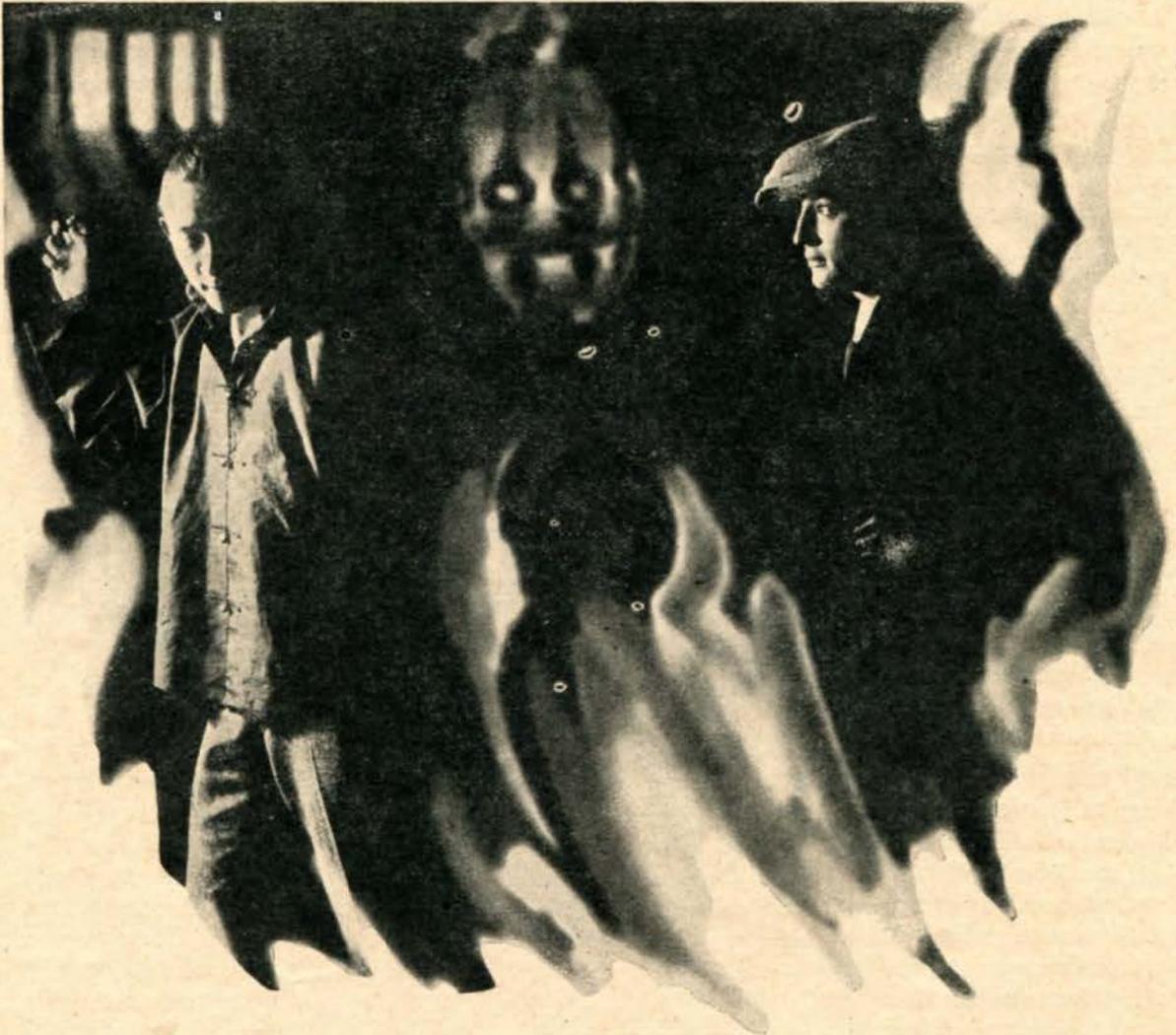
No one, that is, but me.

"All roads lead to Rome," it used to be said in the old days. All paths lead to the motion picture studios of Hollywood, it might be stated now with much truth.

And so it happened that I, soldier of fortune and knight errant of the pen, who knew every sun that shone on every empire

A Klieg Murder

Everyone—whether he admits it or not—enjoys sitting in on a murder trial. There is something immensely fascinating about "question and answer" stuff—as the newspapers call it. We have arranged to give you the most vital part of the transcript of a murder trial, resulting from the unique case of a studio murder. A blind man shoots unerringly—and kills the man who caused his blindness and stole his wife. It's a whale of a murder story. In the July issue—out June 20.



I skulked back into the shadows and watched. The man gave a signal on the door with his knuckles—two long raps—a pause, two short ones.

of the earth, who had eaten meat in kings' halls and shared crusts with tramps—I, too, had found my way thither. And while others screamed or ran, I stood still—and looked—and listened.

The little yellow Oriental who shuffled away aroused my curiosity. The moment my eyes fell upon his face, they were held there. I have lived long in the Orient, and know the Oriental types well. It was not so much the physiognomy of this man that kept my eyes fixed there, as the fact that while the rest of the face was that of a man in full vigor of his years, the lips were shrunken and wrinkled and gave the appearance of great age. He drew out a

cigarette and lighted it. And then the mystery was solved. His teeth were gone. It was not the toothlessness of old age, however. For close to the jaw could be seen the broken ends of teeth. With a flash of memory I recalled the barbarous custom that obtains in some of the sections of China of knocking out the teeth of prisoners.

As he reached the door, he turned and looked back. I followed his glance. It rested upon the man who lay crumpled there in his rich brocades, his face ghastly, and a bright red stain growing larger and larger upon the front of his embroidered blouse.

I gave a start. Accustomed as I was to encountering the unexpected, that glance sent a sudden thrill over my nerves. For in it glowed hatred—no ordinary fleeting emotion, but the accumulated blaze of a fire that had smouldered long. Hatred—and triumph!

I Follow

THE Plaza held its afternoon assortment of greasy Mexicans, yellow-skinned Chinamen, and nondescript white men,—men, that is, that would be white if several layers of dirt could by any process be removed from their skin,—the inevitable policeman, and one or two strollers like myself.

I was on the side toward the little church of Nuestra Senora la Regina de los Angeles, so that the balconies and swinging lanterns of the shops that mean the beginning of Chinatown, were directly opposite across the Plaza.

I glanced up, across the green lawn. The gay red and yellow lanterns of the Chinese shops were swinging in the breeze. Then—

A Tong War

SUDDENLY the door opening upon the foremost balcony was jerked open. A Chinaman ran out—turned and looked behind him. Two shots shrilled sharply upon the air. The man jumped over the railing of the balcony, slid down one of the supporting columns and leaped from half its height to the group, landing nimbly on hands and knees like a cat.

As the shots rang out the Policeman in the Plaza put his whistle to his lips and blew a shrill call as he ran. By the time he had ceased, the square was aswarm with excited humanity while from the alleys of Chinatown poured a blue-bloused array of running, screaming, Asiatics. The balcony was filled with them, also, running madly back and forth, gesticulating, peering down over the railing, trying to push their way out of the doors or crowd back into them.

"A tong war!" "A tong war!" The words flew excitedly from lip to lip in half a dozen languages.

I cleared the lawn with a couple of bounds and before the policeman had taken the whistle from his lips I was across the Plaza. I saw the man who had leaped gain his feet and dash into the nearest alley. I sprang after him.

Some of the Chinamen peering over the balcony had seen, and with wild yells and gesticulations tried to direct the attention of those below to him. But the words were lost in the outcries—and the slippery Chink leaped down a cellarway where I had seen him disappear. I stooped and looked down—I stooped lower and looked sharper. Nothing was to be seen!

However, the hole would bear watching. I backed against the wall, so that I would not be swept off my feet by the excited torrent of Orientals that came pouring past, and let them surge by me.

I Find My Man

AT last I was rewarded. A thatch of coarse black hair protruded itself above the rim of the sidewalk—disappeared again. I smiled—and waited.

My ear caught the soft shuffle of padded shoes. I shrank back close against the wall above, so that I might not be visible from below. Presently the padded steps grew quicker—there was a flash of a blue blouse—and a nimble figure had reached the street and went padding down the alley.

"Pretty work," I chuckled to myself. "Son, I follow you!"

The Lure of the Chase

TWISTING and turning, going up one alley and down another, until I had begun to wonder if the man were going to keep it up interminably, we finally came to a short flight of dirty steps. I knew enough about Chinatown to know that this probably led to an underground passage. I hoped my quarry would pass on, for the underground passages of Chinatown are not a particularly safe thing for an American to enter, even in the daytime.

But down he went. I hesitated but an instant. This was too exciting a trail to abandon. I felt in my pocket to make sure

that my little automatic was with me—and then plunged after. The passage to which it led, as I had surmised, was narrow and dark, and smelled vilely,—with that sourish smell that one who has been in the Orient never forgets. I could touch both sides with my hands as I passed along.

Finally, we reached a door—I, of course, keeping some distance behind and using the utmost caution so that my presence would not be discovered—that proved to be at the bottom of another short flight of steps, and we emerged into another alley, at some distance, I imagined, from where we had gone down.

Along this we went for a time. Then the man paused. And he turned his face so that, for the first time, I could see it plainly.

Ah Chang's Murderer

I HAVE had many thrills in my life. But I never have had a keener one than I experienced in that moment. For I was looking into the face of the man who had murdered Ah Chang!

"So, my friend," I said to myself, with a little sigh of satisfaction, "you're a Blue Dragon! Very well. I'm going to find out why you murdered Ah Chang!"

I skulked back into the shadows and watched. The man gave a signal on the door with his knuckles—two long raps—a pause—two short ones.

The wooden covering of a small oblong opening high in the door was lifted from within, and a voice asked in Chinese "Who is it?"

"Qwong Lai," came the low answer.

"What do you seek?"

The Blue Dragon

"I SEEK the Breath of the Blue Dragon."

"Enter."

There was a sound of slipping bolts, the door swung open from within, and Qwong Lai passed in.

I lounged in the shadow and drew out another cigarette.

Presently I heard shuffling footsteps. Two blue-bloused figures came into view.

There was an instant's pause as they caught sight of me. I put my hand quickly in my pocket where my little automatic reposed. They were lithe fellows, and I could only just jerk my arm out and flash the pistol in their faces, or they would have had me.

"Mellikan man! What wantee?" growled one of them, crossly.

"I am a friend," I replied, in my best Cantonese.

"Wantee hop?"

"No."

"What do here?"

With my free hand I drew some silver out of my pocket and showed it to them.

"I am a friend of the Blue Dragon," I said slowly and impressively. "And of those who come to seek the Breath of the Blue Dragon."

Into the Sanctuary

I POINTED to the door with the characters above, and held out some silver.

"I want to go in there," I said. And I held out the money a little farther, but still out of their grasp.

At first they shook their heads.

"No can do."

I drew out a little more money. That settled it. They whispered together—but I knew what the result would be. And presently they turned to me, beckoned stealthily, crossed to the door, and gave the signal.

When asked who they were they gave their names. But the watchful eye behind the door was evidently not satisfied.

"Who is the American? And what does he want?"

The words that were given in answer were so swift and low and in such a dialect that I could not catch their meaning. But after a little parley the door swung open and we entered.

I perceived myself in a long passage. The two Chinese went one behind the other, wordless, and I followed.

"Ay-ly-chy-ly
Ah-ha-aah—"

It was a song I had heard the Cantonese boatmen sing. I could see again the sam-

pans on the slow river, propelled by sweeps and sails of matting—I could hear the snarling cries—I could catch the glimmer of the shining whampee leaves along the shore.

A Different World

"I WANT to see Qwong Lai," I said to my guides.

They syllabled swiftly to each other a moment, then went and lifted the heavy drapery at the opposite end of the room.

I peered within. The dimness, the grotesque chalkings upon the walls, an altar at the far end where a huge Buddha squatted, and the clouds of incense that made the dimness almost impenetrable, confirmed my foreknowledge that it was a temple. And there, kneeling before the Buddha, was Qwong Lai.

He was mumbling what must have been a long prayer. I could catch a word only here and there—but enough to know that it was a prayer of thanks—elaborate outpourings of gratitude, punctuated by pauses, and ending at each pause with the words "I have done it. I am satisfied. I have done it. I am glad."

Finally it was over. Qwong Lai straightened up and backed slowly to the entrance.

I Confront the Killer

HE started to see the three of us standing there. A quick gleam as of fear shot into his eyes as they rested upon me—but it was still more quickly dismissed, and he faced me with impassive calm.

"I want to talk to you, Qwong Lai," I said boldly. "Send the others away."

"Who are you?" he asked, peering curiously at me and evidently much amazed at the sound of his own language from my lips.

"A friend of the Blue Dragon," I replied. "And of those who seek the Breath of the Blue Dragon."

The words, startling as they certainly were to him, yet brought a certain reassurance. He spoke to the others and they disappeared.

"Why did you do it?" I asked without preamble.

"Do what?"

"Why did you murder Ah Chang?"

At the words the quick look of terror again glinted in his eyes—but only for the barest instant. The second time a flash of will calmed it.

And, then, as he looked at me, a gleam of a different kind came into his eyes. He lifted his fingers to his lips to give a signal. I caught the intention in an instant flash. And before he could put in into execution, I flashed my pistol in his face.

"Not a sound!" I said, coolly. "Not a move! Or you will go to join your ancestors!" And I shoved the pistol a point nearer.

He looked down the muzzle. But I did not give him a chance to reply.

"I am a friend of the Blue Dragon," I repeated, "and of those who seek the Breath of the Blue Dragon."

He looked calmly into my eyes.

"You murdered Ah Chang. I want to know why."

He was silent a moment.

"And then—you tell the dogs of police?"

"Tell your story. And I will decide whether or not I will turn you over to the police."

He looked at the pistol—and then he squatted on the floor there at the entrance of the temple, and crossed his legs. I did likewise. And after a moment he began to speak.

Qwong Lai's Story

"I, QWONG LAI, was born the son of a lute-maker in Canton. My father wanted me to be a priest. And so he sent me to school. But always I could hear music—the tones of the lutes that came from my father's deft fingers—the wind in the bamboos at twilight—the sound of singing voices. This was as a child, when I scarcely knew how to name my longing. But as I grew up, I knew it was music I wanted—music—music—music! I would steal away from the school and go to the temples, where the tinkling of the little bells made melody; or I would skulk about the gardens of the palaces where great ladies in perfumed silks strummed their

lutes, or hired minstrels made all the air vibrant with sound. . . .

"And then, one day, I heard music from a love-boat. I saw heaven—I didn't know where I was or what I was doing. I climbed up and peeped over the side. The Sing-Song girls sat there, playing their lutes and singing, waiting to be bought for wives. I don't know whether she saw me, or not. But one of them came and stood at the side of the boat and looked over. She saw me. I looked up into her eyes. She smiled. And then, blinded, I dropped down into the water.

"The next day I came—and the next. And each hour of the day found me near the boat, waiting for a chance to clamber up the side. Su Loy was her name. Her eyes were long, glossy black almonds, and her cheeks below them like the bloom of roses in the gardens of the palaces. And her voice, ah! her voice! When she sang, my eyes streamed with tears, it was so beautiful.

"I told her I was a poor student, and could not buy her. And we arranged a set of signals, so that I would know each day when I might climb up, and, hidden behind the sails, exchange a few whispered words with her.

"And then one day when I came I found her pale and tearful. A rich merchant had visited the love-boat. He had picked her out, and was coming to pay for her and take her soon.

"Oh, my revered ancestors! May I never again know the pain that agonized me then.

"'He cannot have you, Su Loy! I love you—you are mine!' I cried passionately.

"'Hush, Qwong! Hush!' she whispered quickly, laying her hand on my lips. 'For if Chok Fang, the owner of the boat, should hear us, we would never see each other again.'

"'I will kill myself,' I groaned. 'I will throw myself into the river! Here, by the boat where we have met so often! I cannot live without you!'

"'No, no! No, my Qwong! No! I could not bear to think of that! Can't you

find some way? You are a scholar! Think of some way to save me!'

I Plan to Save

"SAVE her? What could I do, a penniless student? But with her dear face so near mine, a flash of power came to me. I thought, hard and fast. At last I spoke.

"'Tomorrow is the Dragon Boat Festival,' I said, then, and it seemed to be the voice of someone else speaking through my lips, so quick and sure did the words come. 'Chok Fang will let you go to the temple for the Festival, will he not?'

"'We all go, all of the girls from the love-boat—together—and Chok Fang himself watches over us,' she replied, shaking her head mournfully.

"'Never mind—go to the temple! Watch for me—I will watch for you! I will have a little old woman with me. When I raise my finger—so—you run up to her, call her grandmother, and kiss her hands. Chok Fang will see. Then go to him and tell him your grandmother wants to talk to you a moment. Follow her to the temple gates. There a palanquin will be waiting. She will put you in. I will have slipped out, meanwhile, and will be inside it, waiting. The carriers will pick it up immediately, and run to where the boats are moored, and we will sail away down the river!'

"Su Loy was frightened at first. But the very boldness of the plan offered success, and she agreed.

"As I slipped away I heard voices—I saw Chok Fang come to the side of the boat and look over. He caught a glimpse of me. I pretended to busy myself with the fishing nets that hung over a sampan near. But I saw his wicked eyes snap. And I know he suspected.

"I hurried away, however, determined to trust to the gods that watch over lovers for the success of my plan. I sold my books to get money to hire the palanquin and the little old lady and pay the boat fare down the river. Then I waited for the dawn of the Dragon Boat Festival.

"As the throngs of worshipers began to stream toward the temple, I was among them. Though I knew it would be hours before Su Loy came, I could not keep myself away from the place.

"I drew in the fragrance of the incense—it was the fragrance of Su Loy's breath to me. I listened to the tinkling of the little bells—it was the sound of Su Loy's lovely voice in my ears. And so I contained myself to wait.

"At last I saw Chok Fang and the Sing-Song girls from the love-boat. And there among them was Su Loy, her face pale but her eyes shining. She saw me. But she gave no sign, for the fierce little eyes of Chok Fang were watching. She went on to where the great bronze Buddha sat upon his altar.

"She went and knelt before it.

Su Loy's Purchaser

"**T**HEN I heard quick words near. I turned and looked. It was Chok Fang. And, talking to him, making angry gestures, was one whose garments showed him to be a rich merchant. My heart gave a leap of terror. I knew this was the man who had come to buy Su Loy.

"I heard him demand angrily of Chok Fang why he had allowed the girl to come to the temple. I heard Chok Fang try to explain that she had begged to come with the other girls—that this was the festival when all the girls from the love-boats were granted leave to come to the temple. But the merchant would have none of it.

"At that moment, Su Loy, kneeling, lifted her white hands to the Buddha. With an angry word, Ah Chang, for he was the merchant, strode forward—picked her up in his arms, and rushed out of the temple.

"I darted forward—I seized him by the knees and tripped him as he came down the steps. Su Loy sprang free. But only for an instant. Ah Chang struck her a cruel blow—she fell senseless—his servants ran and picked her up. Then he turned upon me. He struck me down—he beat me—he kicked me. Then his servants came and hound me.

"He went down to his silken palanquin, where his servants had already placed Su Loy. And while I lay there in the dust beside the temple steps, bound hand and foot, spit upon and derided by his servants, he carried her away.

"After a while he came back. He, in his fury, knocked out all of my teeth, and then he had me dragged away to prison.

"As a student I had joined the mystic Order of the Blue Dragon. My comrades managed to get me out of prison and send me to America. And here I have been, watching—waiting—looking. Looking—always. Looking—everywhere."

The End of the Quest

A FARAWAY look came into the eyes of Qwong Lai.

"Yes, I waited long. I searched long—long time. But—I found him!" Again the triumph blazed fiercely in the almond eyes above the shrunken lips.

"But what about you? You are here, in America, where murder is paid for by death!"

Qwong Lai folded his arms. His eyes were calm.

"You give me up to police?"

I did not answer. There was a long silence. I was thinking... of his story...

"As for me, what does it matter?" he said, at last. "I looked for him, long time, I found him. I have done what I wished to do. I am happy." He leaned back and looked down at his folded arms.

Over me stole the heavy scent of the incense that burned at the little shrine. A tinkle of tiny bells came from within an inner sanctuary.

"Ay-ly-chy-ly

Ah-ha-aah—"

came the droning sing-song through the barred windows.

I caught a long breath. I looked at Qwong Lai—calm, satisfied, his life quest ended.

Then I got up quietly, slipped my pistol back into my pocket—and stole out.

I reduced Frances' neck to the delicate proportions of her cousin's, opening the skin in several places, removing unnecessary fat formation and overlapping skin, and sewing the incisions.

“DOUBLING” for GOD

A dying star, a picture half finished, a great plastic surgeon, a cousin willing to sacrifice her life—there you have a wonderful tale, which could be written only in Hollywood, where all things are possible.

“THE beauty secrets of the film queens of Hollywood—what a field for revelation!”
And who more fitting to give this revelation than the cosmetic surgeon who made

this remark, past master of all those mysteries of beautifying the female face and figure which he learned in European cities where women have for centuries made a profession of beauty, aided by such scien-



tists as he, and where he delved deep into the age old lore. It is only after persuasion and promise of keeping secret the names that he has consented to give here the marvelous story of the girl Frances.

I WAS in Vienna where I had gone to attend a convention of physicians and psycho-analysts and where I had given a paper on plastic and cosmetic surgery, when there was delivered to me the following cablegram from Hollywood:

“Return to Hollywood by first steamer. Will meet you in New York. Read novel Bianca en route. Imperative. Remuneration unlimited. L... S...”

The name was that of an author whose novel “Bianca” had shortly before fairly set America afire. Accompanying the message was a generous amount of money for my expenses.

Wondering what could be the vast import of my return home, I packed and took train at once for Cherbourg, where I managed to buy a copy of Bianca.

My experience among film folk, with whom I had worked extensively in Europe, New York and Hollywood, had taught me that the secrets of cosmetic surgery and of those compounds and chemicals that have spelled loveliness and fascination for many a queen, princess and high-born lady of Europe, were coming slowly, aided by men of my profession, to mean much to women, young and old, plain and beautiful, who sought money or fame on the screen.

The Story of Bianca

AS I sat in my steamer chair re-reading the fascinating pages of Bianca—the story of the girl of such great physical and spiritual beauty and such interesting mani-



Her last words were to me, “You will promise,” she asked, “to make the work perfect?”

festations after death—my thoughts turned repeatedly to instances the public would not believe, of how my knowledge of chemistry and cosmetic surgery had helped increase the salary of many an actress through facial improvement. I alone knew the lengths to which some producers had had to go to perfect a cast—honestly and humanely, I mean, for this is no story of cruelty, but of a marvelous science of which the public is not cognizant.

That moment I could not foresee that I was journeying west to my greatest professional experience—my greatest psychological experience, too.

None but I and six others will ever know what my professional work has meant in helping make one of the greatest pictures ever released. Recently finished it is the most powerful photoplay I have ever beheld, soon to become a great gift to the world. Yet what would it have been without the complete facial remaking of an actress, changes in her form, changes in her personality, beside the subtle influence of a mystic agency beyond my power.

As I read the unforgettable description of the magnetic glow of Bianca's unusual red hair, such as few women are born with, I recalled how my accidental discovery of the secret of making just such color in hair, once saved a picture for my director friend, Frank Newman of the Western Films.

"I am desperate!" he shouted one day, rushing into my Hollywood laboratory. "I have held up my picture for ten days with a big company on my hands at a cost of \$900 a day, looking for the right girl to double for Marta Morton, my leading woman."

"Come back in half an hour," I said, thinking of my waiting patients.

"Now!" he cried, pulling me into a chair beside him.

"The big point in my story is the hair of the lead," he rushed on. "I didn't realize Marta's hair was so unusual till I looked for a double to do the life saving act in the sea—why, the hair makes that incident." He was almost in tears.

"Marta can't swim—is afraid of the water—won't learn—says it isn't in her contract."

"Use a wig," I suggested, but he interrupted angrily.

The Dye Wizard

"WIGGING would ruin the action," he cried. "She's got to be rescued by her floating hair and have a lot of close-ups in the water. Marta's hair is a red that takes the light unusually. The double's hair is long and luxuriant, but a putty color that photographs awfully!"

"Dye it," I proposed.

"Man!" he returned almost with contempt. "Every beauty specialist in greater Los Angeles has thrown up her hands. There's no known dye for that shade of hair. The double's willing to do anything—in fact she's crazy to have red hair like Marta's!"

"Bring them to me," I said.

In all my experience as a cosmetician I have never seen hair the color of Marta's—which in her was entirely natural—only in Mesopotamia among some women who had come from the Arabian desert. The coloring was a treasured secret of their tribe. It was only by much diplomacy and many bribes of the old chief of that tribe, owning a small date garden on the Persian Gulf, that I got possession of the formula for concocting the ingredients, henna powder and dried blood of salamanders.

"You're a wiz!" cried Frank. His picture was saved and the double was rejoiced at the change in her hair. This is the same dye I used later in the case of Frances.

Just to prove to my readers what a fussy thing is the motion picture photographing of hair, let me tell the classic instance, known to all Hollywood, of the lost toupee.

The Lost Toupee

A CERTAIN leading man had sickened and died in the midst of a production. He had worn a toupee throughout. The producer expected to finish the picture

without letting his public into the secret, by using that toupee on an actor who resembled the deceased, and by photographing especially his back head and profile. Search revealed 52 toupees in the dead man's wardrobe, all different in shade and color, but not the one he had worn in the photoplay. The mystery was traced to the undertaker, who said the actor had been buried in the toupee. Only by the help of experts, who understood the meaning of color in motion picture photography, was the picture saved.

As the big Berengaria steamed into New York harbor came a rap at my stateroom door and opening, I found a tall dark man who announced unceremoniously:

“I am L... S... I must confer with you at once.” He had come up the bay in a tug to meet me. As I greeted him he glanced at the copy of Bianca lying in my open traveling bag and looked at me significantly.

“I am producing Bianca on the screen,” he said.

“Congratulations!” I cried, wringing his hand. “It is the book of the day with a message of uplift that only the screen and a great novel together can give. But have you found a girl equal to the part of Bianca?”

Without reply he gave instruction to a man who followed regarding my luggage, and rushed me into the waiting tug.

A Matter of Life and Death

“I CAME to prepare you fully for what I want of you,” he said, “and to urge you to attend to any necessary preliminaries here before going west.”

As we sped through crowded shipping he answered my former query.

“I found Bianca after a year's search,” he said, “and for months I had her live in our home that Mrs. S... and I might prepare her mind for the work and prove that she had the pure beautiful soul of the Bianca of my novel. Many actresses might have looked and acted the part, but I refused to have a mere histrionic portrayal of purity and spirituality. I wanted them

a living fire in the girl herself. Too many actresses, I find, fail to convey the meaning of a character because their own souls and lives are not crystal clear. Bianca, naturally and through development, came remarkably near the spiritual as well as the physical grace and beauty I had endeavored to describe. Pure as the angels, filled with unselfish love for humanity, she radiated joy and youth. Beside that she screened well and acted admirably.”

I was about to congratulate him but he held up a warning hand.

“Bianca is dying and my picture is only half filmed,” he continued. “I must depend on you, Dr. M...,” he went on as if he were saying “*fiat lux*,” “to make me another Bianca.”

“Impossible!” I exclaimed. “Externally, yes, but what of her indescribable personality?”

“The picture is my life work,” he replied. “It is Bianca's, too. Though her spirit will go on, as with my Bianca of the book, the screen record must not die with the passing of her material body.”

A Soul to Suit

“I HAVE found the soul of another Bianca in her cousin, who is deeply interested in the work. But Frances is pitifully unlike Bianca in appearance and personality. You must change her.” He looked at me with trust.

“Bianca, mangled in an auto accident lies in a hospital in Los Angeles, kept alive by medical skill till you can reach her. She wishes it so, that on your mind may be impressed the features and the personality you are to convey to Frances with your marvelous talent. We would not trust the work to another. Bianca prays hourly that she may be spared till you come. Hers is such a forceful entity that after death even—but who can say? Frances is eager for the sacrifice to carry on her cousin's work which she knows is a great gift to the world.”

“In age, height and general size the girls are approximately the same,” ex-

plained S . . . , but one great doubt I have is that you can make Frances' round re-trousse nose into an aquiline."

"It is the first and the easiest thing I shall do," I replied, "simply open the skin and the flesh at the top, saw the bone in two, straighten it and sew it up again."

"But the scar!" he exclaimed.

"There will be a number of scars," I replied, but all of them, together with the pock marks that show on her left cheek will disappear with one of the last processes she will undergo, the deep skin peel."

He shuddered.

"Painless," I reassured, "and necessary, not for the scars alone but also for the firmness of flesh she seems to lack. One application of peeling liquid and a week's seclusion, is all."

"The eyes?" he questioned. "My cameraman, Fenton, finds though differing in shade they photograph alike—but the expression—so unlike!"

"There are several solutions to that problem," I answered, "but for the most wonderful one of all it is too late, I fear. Have you heard of the eye clinic in Munich of Herzog Carl Theodore?" I asked. "He is the only one I know to successfully perform eye transplantation, in which the eyes of a dying man have been grafted to the eye nerves and muscles of a blind man. It was done in post-war surgery."

Tears blurred S . . . 's vision.

"Bianca and Frances are noble enough to consent to such an operation," he replied, "but let us consider other solutions."

My Almost Impossible Task

SO from our talk and the photographs I found I must change Frances at least as to eyes, nose, hair color, the forehead line of her hair, hands, bust, skin, neck, ears. Indeed there were other particulars I could not then foresee.

We reached Bianca at 8 o'clock at night. At dawn she closed her eyes forever. Her last words were to me.

"You will promise," she asked, "to make the work perfect?"

Re-making Ears

WHEN her nose was properly bandaged I set about the changes in her ears, very necessary because Bianca's hair had been arranged to reveal her ears through most of the picture already filmed. One of Frances' lobes was badly scared and both were too small. I employed a method that had salvaged many a poor fellow during war time by transplanting tissue from her arms, holding the arm in position with bandages while the tissues knitted.

I was making ready my instruments and bandages to start operations on Frances' neck, when the door opened and there stood Fenton, white, staring, beads of perspiration on his face. He beckoned me out and spoke in a hoarse whisper.

"You can't go on!" he said. "You have to stop! Come and see!"

I told him I was ready to operate. He pleaded that I wait and go with him.

The Ghost of Bianca?

HOW shall I explain it? Mr. S . . . , Fenton and I sat in the dark little projection room watching the first day's film—was it a trick of the lights or was it really the face of the dead girl, flashing into the picture and as quickly flashing out again, with an expression of deep concern?

Fenton was in a panic. He wanted to stop work, stop the operations on Frances. Mr. S . . . only shook his head "No."

The filming continued. I reduced Frances' neck to the delicate proportions of her cousin's, opening the skin in several places, removing unnecessary fat formation and overlapping skin, and sewing the incisions. The scars disappeared later with the deep skin peel.

Hourly Frances' beauty of spirit reigned supreme under this ordeal.

Almost daily, at first, Mr. S . . . , his wife and I viewed the film tests that had pre-

viously been taken of Frances, as well as the films of Bianca. We found that a tiny dimple in Bianca's left cheek showed conspicuously.

When I asked the patient girl if she could at once stand another tiny operation, she smiled her consent.

One More Operation

“**B**IANCA would wish it so,” she replied.

A small incision of the inside of the cheek, a slight shortening of a muscle—behold a dimple that Frances will carry through life.

For a week I did not see Fenton, then I was astounded at the change in the man. He was thin and haggard.

“It's there every day,” he said, “that thing on the screen. It's her face. I believe she isn't happy. We ought to stop this tampering with human beings. I'm afraid for Frances.”

Next day Fenton reappeared, pale and wild eyed.

“You'll have to come see for yourself,” he said.

Complying with his pleading I again watched the day's filming with him and S.....

The Ghost Again

THE lightning-like flash we had taken for Bianca's spirit face was more vivid and both her hands seemed extended in appeal.

Will any of us forget the first day that Frances, all bandages removed, was wheeled into the sunshine where we had gathered to greet her? Mrs. S..... knelt by the girl's side and wept with joy.

“Bianca!” cried S..., too greatly moved to do more than lift the wonderful red hair that flowed over her shoulders and kiss it.

The girl herself was prayerfully happy that she had given her best to the great work to be bestowed on the world. At her own insistence we drove to the studio and Fenton made a few hundred feet of film for Frances' first screen test in her changed appearance.



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The instant that test was flashed on the screen, Frances, sitting beside me, rose with a cry and stood gripping my shoulder.

Bianca Still Not Satisfied

“**B**IANCA is not satisfied yet,” she whispered and I guessed that she had seen what I thought I saw flickering through the picture.

We cherished the made-over girl like a new born babe, under a course of rest and feeding for complete recuperation, then she began rehearsals.

After viewing the “rushes,” S..... summoned me to confer with him.

“It is wonderful,” he said, “so like Bianca, but something is missing, the fine essence of the other girl.

I pointed out to him the lack of “spring” in Frances' walk, of general physical elasticity.

“It is the radiation of youth that is absent, that should come from a little fine toning of her system, by means of thyroid extract and blood transfusion.

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After this treatment we resumed filming with Fenton's assistant as cameraman. S... was delighted. Frances took on the sparkle and sprightliness that had marked her cousin. I felt that my work was complete.

Now began the final photographing in earnest. I lingered a day to watch and as it crept on me that in some vague way the girl was inadequate to replace Bianca. Next morning I rushed eagerly to see the screen showing of those first "takes."

Making a Soul Over

I DECLARE I am a sane man and practical, but across the final feet of that piece of film I seemed to see a shadowy transparent Bianca wave a hand in protest.

I told S... I wanted the filming held up for another month, perhaps two.

"Ordinarily it would not matter," I explained, "but this picture must not fall

lations of Bianca's personality. It was like the tuning of an exquisitely strung instrument, mechanically perfected—we had her listen to the best music, hear the reading of beautiful poetry and drama, see the finest art.

Our Task is Finished

IN TWO months S... set to work in earnest and finished the picture. Only once, at the very start, did we see, or fancy we saw, that spirit like flash of a face smiling approval.

Mr. S... was more than satisfied. He was deeply grateful for the gift that came to him in Frances, now launched on a successful screen career. But when that soul inspiring picture is at last bestowed on the world, only we six will know that the Bianca of the second half is not a happily discovered double, but the creation of plastic and cosmetic surgery.

short of the perfection that dying Bianca made me promise. Do you not see that Frances' eyes, the mirrors of her soul, have not the same life and fire that her cousin's displayed in the first part of the photoplay?"

"But surgery . . .," he began in protest.

"I fear we have clung too closely to the physical changes and not enough to the mental," I replied.

On my suggestion we took the girl to the observation laboratory of a psycho-analyst, who after careful test found she needed still some subtle mental and spiritual awakening. With his help we set about transferring to Frances the final scintil-



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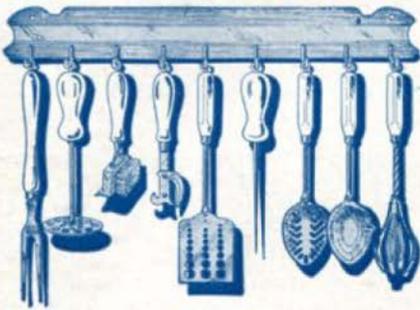
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This is Hartman's famous special, selected set of heavy gauge Aluminum Ware—a complete cooking outfit, light to handle, easy to clean, always bright as silver. Will never chip, crack or rust. So durable that we guarantee it for life. 32 utensils—everything you need for baking, boiling, roasting, frying. Just read the list above. You want and need everything there. Your kitchen is not complete without them. You really can't appreciate this splendid set until you see and use it. Then you will realize what a wonderful bargain it is. And without a penny's cost—absolutely free—you get a Combination Kitchen Set which gives you 10 utensils with white handles—all hung in a row—where you can reach them easily.

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Hartman gives the world's most liberal terms and the world's great at values in dependable merchandise, and this offer proves it. You pay only \$2.00 and postage on arrival (this on the Aluminum Set—not a penny to pay at any time on the Kitchen Set). Then, if after 30 days' trial you decide to keep it, pay a little every month. Take nearly a year to pay.

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