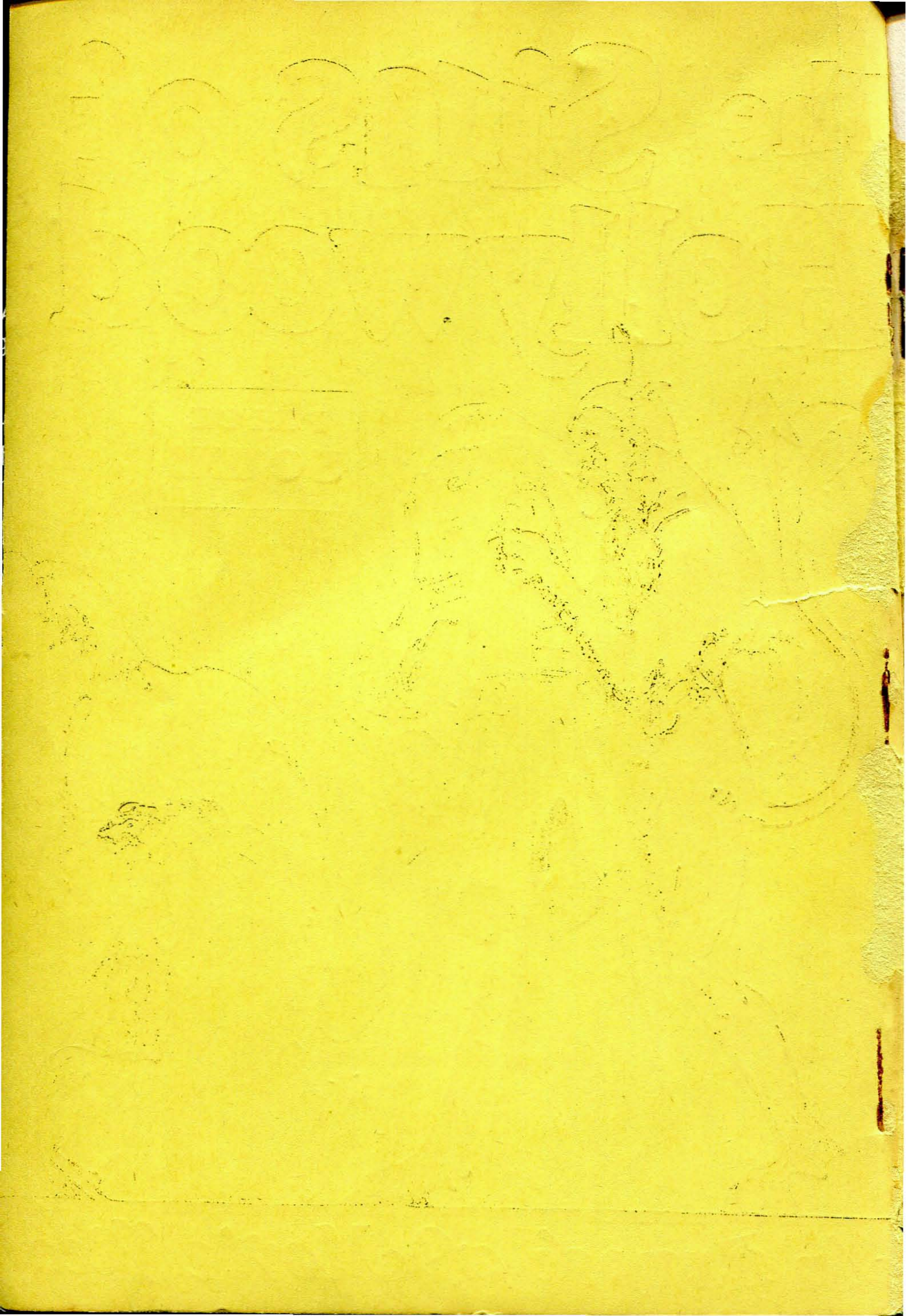


The Sins of Hollywood

PRICE
50 CENTS



An Exposé of Movie Vice!



The Sins of Hollywood



**A Group of Stories of Actual Happenings
Reported and Written
by
A Hollywood Newspaper Man**



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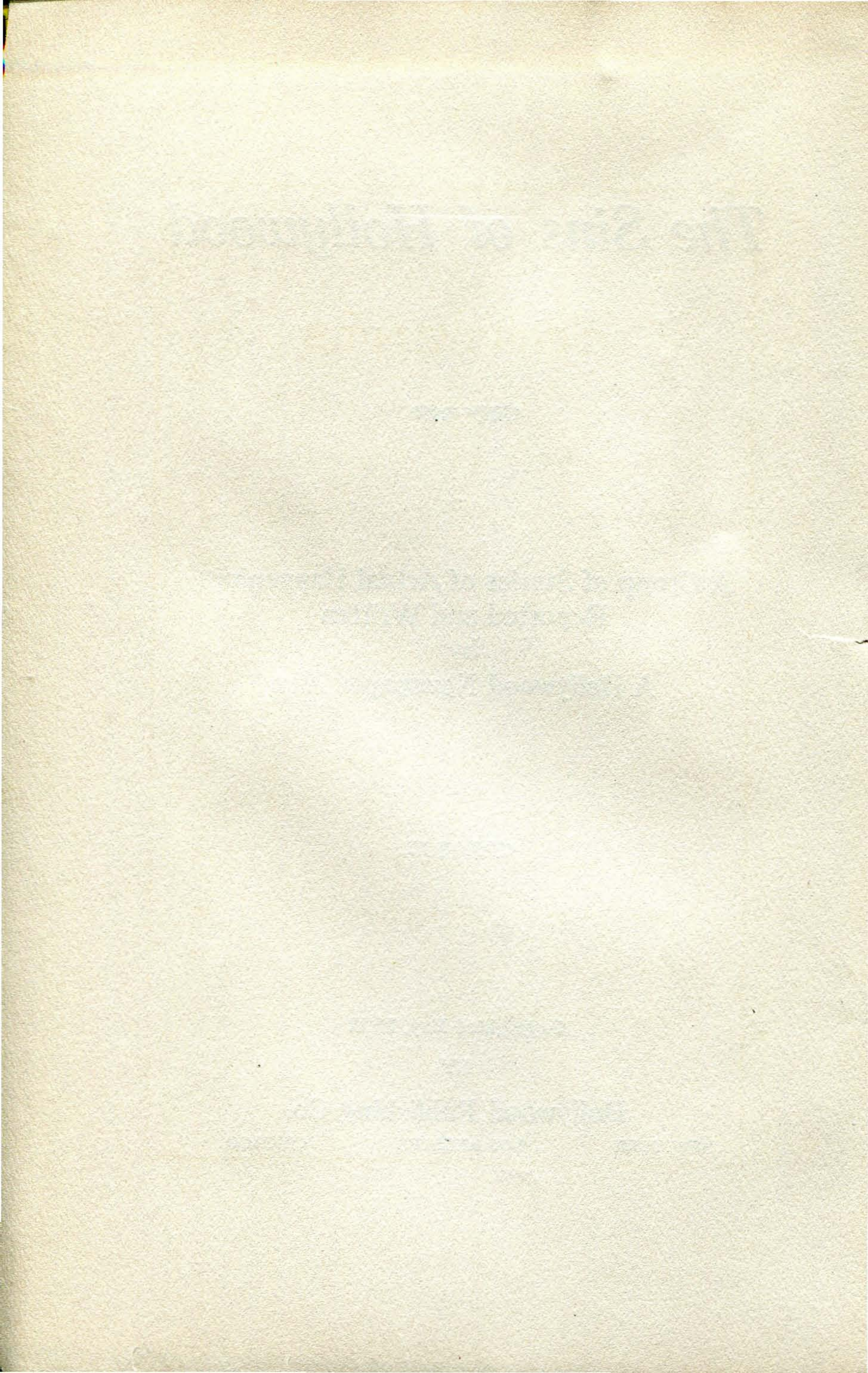
BY

Hollywood Publishing Co.

NEW YORK

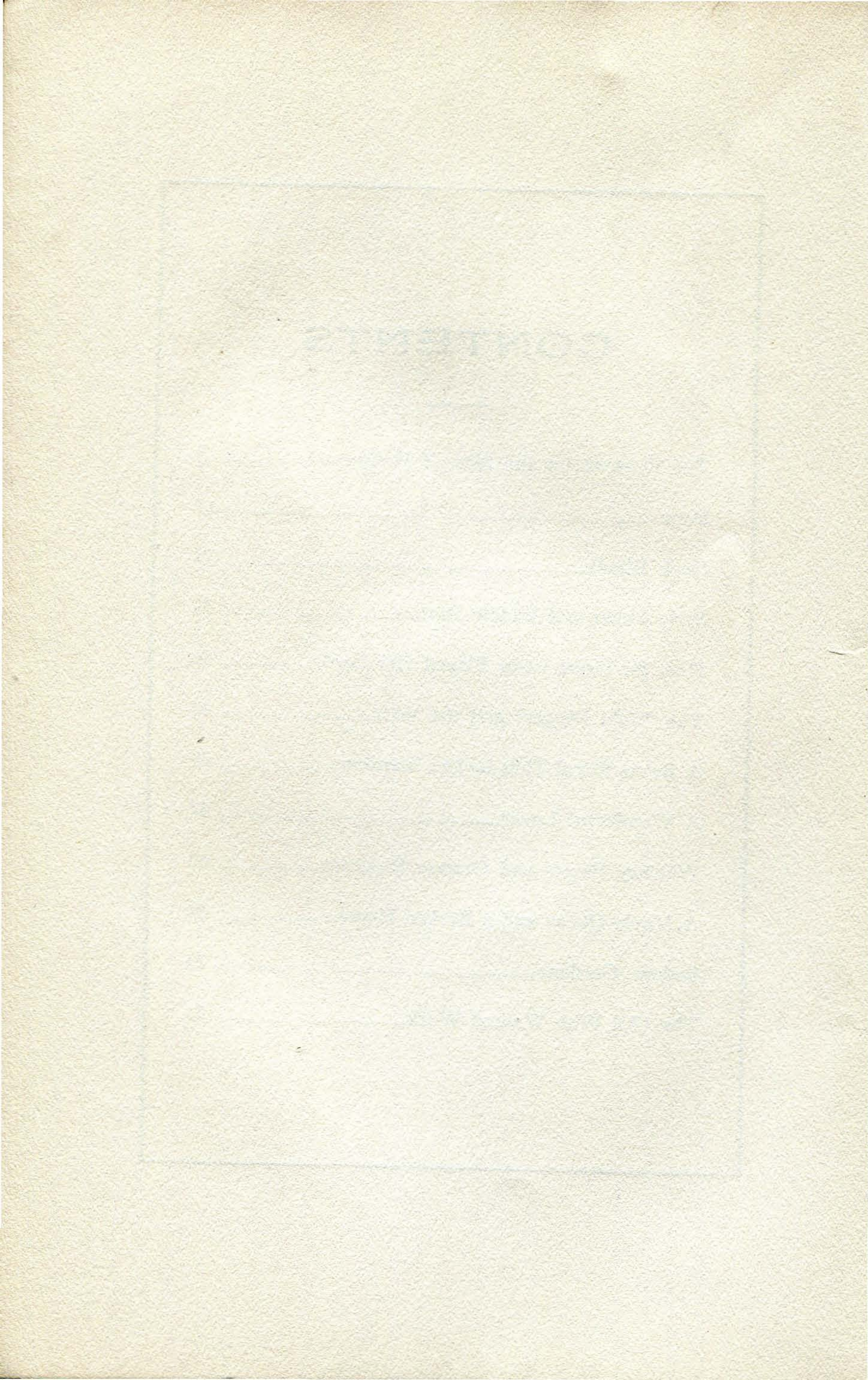
LOS ANGELES

CHICAGO



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The Reasons for the “Sins of Hollywood”

TO THE PUBLIC:

THE sins of Hollywood are facts—
NOT FICTION!

The stories in this volume are true stories—the people are real people—

Most of those involved in the events reported herein are today occupying high places in motion pictures—popular idols—applauded, lauded and showered with gold by millions of men, women and children—
ESPECIALLY THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN!

To the boys and girls of the land these mock heroes and heroines have been pictured and painted, for box office purposes, as the living symbols of all the virtues—

An avalanche of propaganda by screen and press has imbued them with every ennobling trait.

Privately they have lived, and are still living, lives of wild debauchery.

In more than one case licentiousness and incest have been the only rungs in the ladders on which they have climbed to fame and fortune!

Unfaithful and cruelly indifferent to the worship of the youth of the land, they have led or are leading such lives as may, any day, precipitate yet another nation-wide scandal and again shatter the ideals, the dreams, the castles, the faith of our boys and girls!

It is for these reasons that the SINS OF HOLLYWOOD are given to the public—

That a great medium of national expression may be purified—taken from the hands of those who have misused it—that the childish faith of our boys and girls may again be made sacred!

Fully eighty per cent of those engaged in motion pictures are high-grade citizens—self-respecting and respected.

In foolish fear of injuring the industry, Hollywood has permitted less than one per cent of its population to stain its name.

The facts reported in these stories have long been an open book to the organized

producers—No need to tell them—they knew!

They knew of the horde of creatures of easy morals who hovered about the industry and set the standard of price—decided what good, clean women would have to pay—have to give—in order to succeed—

They knew of the macqueraux—of the scum that constituted the camp followers of their great stars. They knew of the wantonness of their leading women—

They knew about the yachting parties—the wild orgies at road houses and private homes—

They knew about Vernon and its wild life—Tia Juana and its mad, drunken revels—

They knew about the “kept” women—and the “kept” men—

They knew about the prominent people among them who were living in illicit relationship—

There was a time at one studio when every star, male and female, was carrying on an open liason—The producer could not help knowing it.

Eight months before the crash that culminated in the Arbuckle cataclysm they knew the kind of parties Roscoe was giving

—and some of them were glad to participate in them—

They knew conditions—knew about the “hop” and the “dope”—but they took the stand that it was “none of our business”—

Their business was piling up advance deposits from theater owners and manipulating the motion picture stock market.

They frowned on all attempts to speak the truth—

Any publication that attempted to reveal the real conditions—to cleanse the festering sores—was quickly pounced upon as an “enemy of the industry”—A subsidized trade press helped in this work!

Any attempt to bring about reform was called “hurting the industry.”

It was the lapses and laxities of the producer that precipitated the censorship agitation—that led a nauseated nation, determined to cleanse the Augean stables of the screen, into the dangerous notion of censorship—almost fatally imperilling two sacred principles of democracy—freedom of speech and freedom of the press!

They have made “box office” capital of everything—Nothing has been too vile to exploit—

They created the male vamp—

Nothing was sacred—nothing was personal—if it had publicity possibilities—

In the Daniels case they exploited the courts and made them a laughing stock—

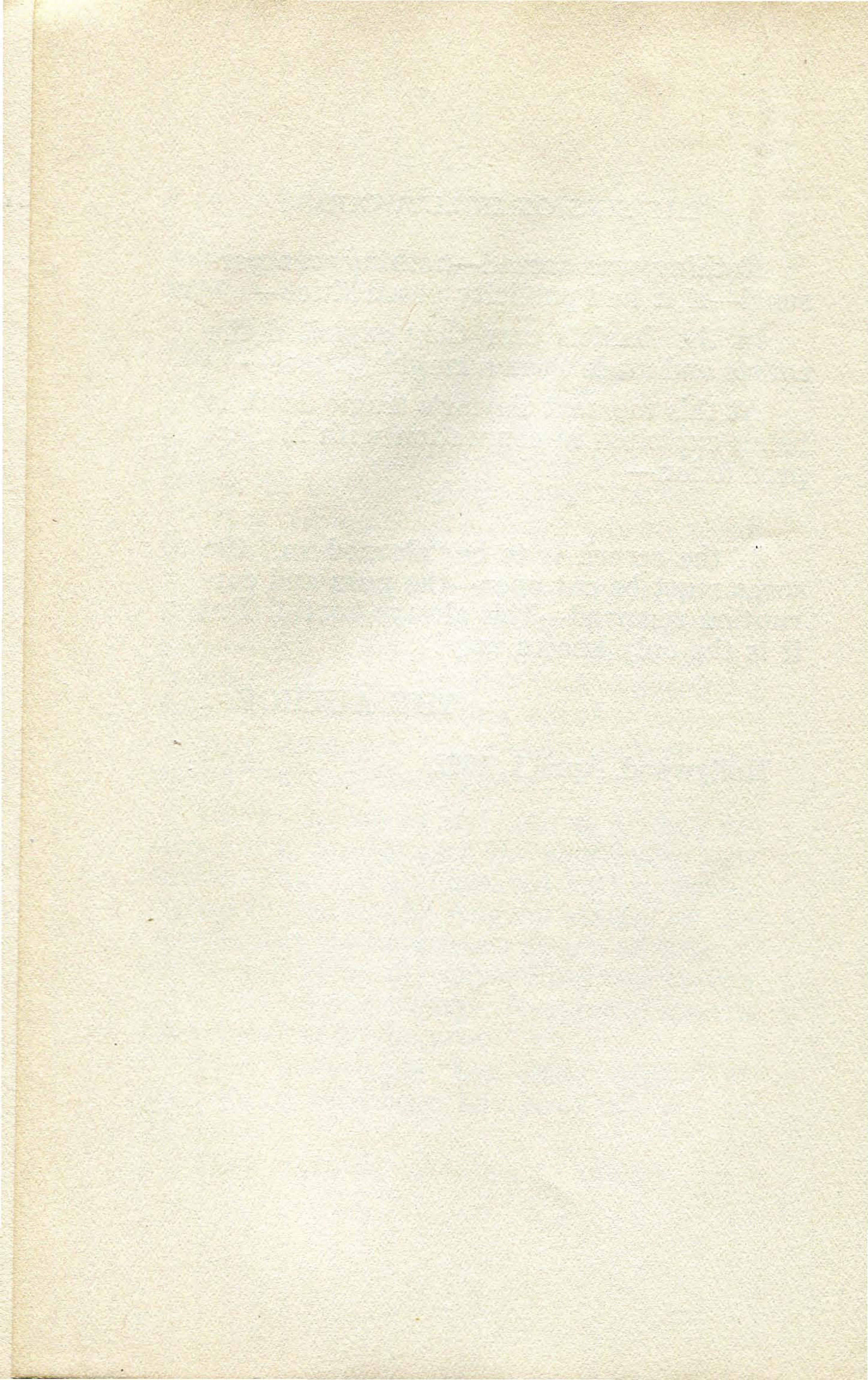
At this moment Taylor's tragic death is being exploited in connection with his last production—

* * * *

If the screen is to be "cleaned-up," the sores must be cut open—the puss and corruption removed—This always hurts! But it is the only known way!

THE AUTHOR.

Hollywood, April 1, 1922.



Dope!

DURING the throbbing, feverish years of the World War all roads led to France or—Hollywood.

The conglomerate, nondescript mass of beings of every hue and type that swept over the battlefields was no more complex in its composition, no more a mixture of oil and water, than were the high and the low, the vile, the vain and the vicious that made up the mob which swarmed into Hollywood to dip its fingers into the pot of gold that was being poured from the movie crucible.

No mining camp ever equalled it. No mad, lurid, wild and woolly border town ever attracted so many men and women of so high a station in life or so vilely sunk as did Hollywood.

None of the country's historic bonanza towns ever beheld one half the real money that Moviedom bathed in.

The Hollywood of those days will go down in history as the Rainbow Age of the mountebank and the mummer.

The circus, the Uncle Tom show, the medicine show, the carnivals, the physical culture fakes, the pony shows, the wild west outfits, the concert halls, the dives, the honk-a-tonks—and in many cases—the bawdy houses—all contributed their quota to the studios of Hollywood.

With them came men and women who had achieved world wide fame—actors, authors, dramat-

ists, composers, dancers, whose names are indelibly written in the list of the world's great artists.

When the shower of gold fell this latter group held its wits—in the main. Here and there one dropped into the mire of licentiousness and incest. But this was rare.

The great actor of the spoken drama rarely got very far in the movies. He refused to fit into the scheme as laid out by those who held the purse strings.

It was the upstarts, the poor uncouth, ill-bred "roughnecks," many of whom are to-day famous stars, and who never knew there was so much money in the world, who made the Sins of Hollywood the glaring, red sins they are to-day.

After the first few weeks of plenty, of full feeding, the days of penury and vagabondage faded into the dim vistas of the past. Then came indulgence in the common, ordinary vices of the average being. And still the money lasted and even increased. Then the appetites became jaded and each tried to outdissipate the other.

Strip poker parties of both sexes, wild drinking debauches and lewdness, motor cars in designs and colors that screamed and shrieked—dogs and cats as aids to stimulate the imagination. The odors of the Tenderloin and the lobster palaces. Poor, futile mimicry!

Then one day a certain well-known and muchly adored heart-breaking star of the so-called "manly" type taught them something new. And this is how it came about:

This star—who shall be called Walter—had tried out something. In his mad endeavor to provide for himself a thrill not written down in the Movie Vice-alogue, Walter sought out several habitues of the

underworld of Los Angeles and visited with them, consorted with them for the purpose, he explained, of obtaining "local color."

Once they induced him to try "a shot of hop." It was great, he told some of his friends and "Yes men." They agreed that if he said it was great, it was indeed great.

Yes, Walter smoked an opium pipe and went back for more. He then tried "snuffing" a bit of cocaine. That too gave him the desired kick. He "took a few shots in the arm." Ah, that was still better. He was getting on.

But why have his pleasures all alone? Walter was a good sort. He wanted his friends to taste of the sweets of life as he found them. Here's what he would do—he would give a "dope party."

Obviously he could not hold this party at his own home. His wife—she, too, a star—would object. She didn't even know that Walter had been trying out various kinds of dope.

But that was easy. Walter merely leased a cabin in Laurel Canyon and invited a few select friends to come and enjoy something new. Many attended: Margaret and Mae, Vincent and Jay, Frank and Louise, Mary and Jack and Juanita—all good fellows and friends of Walter.

Oh, yes, there was a Chinaman there with his layout—pipes and little pellets of opium.

But first they must try "a shot in the arm." My! How they enjoyed that "shot in the arm." It thrilled the blase actor folk as they had not been thrilled since Clara Kimball Young auctioned off her teddy bears, removing them right before all the crowd.

"Sniffing cocaine" through a little tube, one end of which hung inside a vial of "snow," was another pastime which all hugely enjoyed. It exalted and

made other beings of them. It was thoroughly a worth-while party, his guests told Walter, and he was pleased—very pleased, indeed, if he had succeeded in bringing a few thrills into their uneventful lives—lives, too, made up of many thrills, but little else.

But the crowning event was when the Chinaman entered and gave each of them a pipe and a pellet of opium.

Walter had fitted up cosy lounges for them to lie in. Soft, clinging curtains hung about them, pink-shaded lamps shed a soft glow, and the Chinaman worked fast and soft-footedly.

Luckily the night was long—it was Saturday. None of them had to appear for work on Sunday. So all the rest of the night and far into the next day did they loll there upon the soft cushions and dream—and—well, there are things that cannot be printed even for truth's sake.

One by one they staggered homeward, vowing to return—any time—and partake of handsome Walter's hospitality.

And they did. For that was but the beginning. Today the Chinaman has increased his output of pipes and pellets. He has two assistants and he holds himself in readiness to answer a summons at a moment's notice to appear at somebody's home and help to make the night short and the dreams long.

Today the dope peddler is a common sight around the streets of Hollywood. And once, not so long ago, the Federal officers called upon Handsome Walter and talked things over with him. They wanted to know if he was the go-between—the man who acted as middleman for the actors and the ped-

dlars of drugs. Somehow he got out of it. At least, he is still in pictures and out of jail.

But the dope users are increasing; dope peddlars prevail.

There is a handsome home, closed temporarily, on a certain fashionable street in Los Angeles, where if you could enter you would find the finest equipped dope outfit in America.

Here come the players—mostly stars and near stars—to revel in Poppyland; here are held high revels—or such was the case only a few months ago—and here are the wildest of wild parties staged.

Not so long ago Dottie Pitchfork fought a duel with a former Follies girl with fist and vases; though it is claimed that hair pulling constituted and really ended the argument.

But they are interesting parties for all that. They must be interesting, for there have been as many as a hundred guests at these "affairs," not all of them dope fiends, but many of them are.

Most of them are easy to pick out. Their nervousness betrays them. The twitching of their mouths, the "snuffles," the listless air of many of them.

A rather new and somewhat unusual dope lately employed is that of bromidia, a drug which taken in teaspoonsful drives the user to continuous sleepiness, swelling of the limbs and a lassitude that brings great surcease.

There are but a few of these, however, more of them preferring cocaine, a "shot in the arm," and an occasional drag at the pipe.

Take for instance a certain young actor, son of one of the country's foremost exponents of the spoken drama. His face is yellow as saffron. He is a pipe smoker. Twice his father has had him comm-

itted to sanitariums. When his father's company comes to Los Angeles now the son secretes himself and after his father's departure writes and tells him how sorry he was to be away on location during his stay in the city.

Then there is the case of the blonde with the Scandinavian name. Last year it cost her a thousand dollars a month for her dope supply. She uses cocaine and heroin, goes to sleep on the set, slips over to her dressing room, takes a few "sniffs" and returns full of ginger, only to fade away in a short time again.

A once noted song writer, now a movie scribbler, spends the greater part of his income for drugs.

An actor who has had a long and successful career with two of the big companies is one of the list.

A well known director is another.

A young woman star, whose name has been very much in the public print of late, is still another.

The list is interminable—almost inexhaustable.

These indulgences are not always confined to the privacy of the home, either. In certain more or less public resorts one may upon occasion find well known movie people partaking of ether cocktails or other concoctions—perfume dripped on sugar, for instance. Anything and everything in the nature of what the jazz mad world knows as a "kick."

Walter, they say, still persists in giving an occasional party, though his wife has long since learned of his condition. But Walter has stamina. He is still the handsome young devil he always was. He gets away with it.

And even whiskey still has a thrill for him. He dearly loves to go out—to some other town, of course—and fight a couple of policemen, tear out

sections of the hotel lobby and throw dishes at the head waiter.

But there are two young girls who regret that they ever attended one of Walter's parties. They were new at the game, but they wanted to be "good fellows." They "hit the pipe," they "took a shot in the arm," they snuffed cocaine, just as the others did.

One has returned to her home in Illinois—back to her parents—where they say that the drugs have so eaten into her system that she is dying of tuberculosis.

The other, driven to desperation because of the insistent demand of her nerves calling for the drugs, is now an ordinary street walker. Her place of "business" is a shabby rooming house in the underworld district of Los Angeles; her "beat" is Main and Los Angeles streets. Occasionally when she can lure a sailor or a stranger to her room she gets from him whatever money she can and then, as soon as she can rid herself of her companion, she rushes frantically down to "John" and buys another "shot." It is all she lives for, that "shot." And she prays nightly that she will not live very long.

There are other cases, of course. For it is the young and inexperienced who suffer most. It is they who are driven to despair, and there are many in Hollywood today.

The Federal officers are trying to stamp out the plague, but somehow the dope users manage to obtain enough to keep them happy. It has made wrecks of several once good men. One of them, in his efforts to break off the habit, has gone into the wilderness. He is trying to make a little farm pay

him a livelihood, and his estimable wife is helping him. She has had a hard fight, but they say she is winning over the drug.

But Walter, handsome, debonair, smiling Walter, goes serenely on, having a handsome salary, feeling, no doubt, that he is a benefactor to his friends.

Didn't he give them a new thrill?

Duck Blinds!

THERE are no houses of prostitution in Hollywood. No foot-weary Magdalenes patrol the night.

Hollywood looks with contempt upon the hunger-driven sisterhood that haunts the streets and bawdy houses. Here the merchandizing of sex has been made a fine art—its devotees are artists. The unskilled worker is a pariah—unwelcome.

The old Barbary Coast—the old Tenderloin—Armour Avenue, at their height, are not Hollywood. There is no restricted district—no “other side of the railroad track.”

There is nothing crude or tawdry about Hollywood. Hollywood loves refinement.

Wherefore, the “joy parlors” and the “love nests” of Hollywood are not all in Hollywood. The “artists” pay a little more for what they get than anyone else—go where they will and are welcomed.

Foul fingers reach far out from the city into the green hills and valleys. The reek of city vice mingles with the scented air of the open places—Hollywood overlooks no bets.

A thousand roads lead to canyon cabin, sequestered cottage or mountain shack. There are easy routes to a score of hidden bays and inlets where wait lavishly furnished yachts and house-boats. From San Diego to Del Monte, from the beach to the desert Hollywood drips its ooze.

The private dens—or retreats, is it,—where the idols of our boys and girls disport and indulge their vices span a hundred miles in any direction.

It is in these snug bowers that the “domesticity” the fan magazines so lovingly and so lyingly prattle of is revealed in its true form. Here the veneer assumed for box office purposes vanishes—

The language of the gutter resumes its place as the mother tongue—a spade is a spade or even a harder name—passion is mad passion and nothing less.

No frowning “Madam” calls a halt to maintain a show of order. Hollywood has eliminated the “madam” and the grafting policeman. They belong to the crude days.

Hollywood knows no curb but satiation and exhaustion.

* * *

Half a dozen miles north of the Ridge Route on what is known as the inland highway between Los Angeles and San Francisco lies a small lake that nestles between the foothills and the highway. On its shores are scattered clumps of brush and a few blinds for duck hunters.

In the stories we read of Sodom and Pompeii there is nothing about duck blinds. Hollywood is creative—requires no precedent.

Hollywood has found a new use for duck blinds—

On the far side of the lake and about two hundred yards from the water’s edge stands a frame house. It is painted a dark shade of green.

The house and the acres that lie back of it are the property of two nationally famous film producers and a Los Angeles business man who runs with the film crowd.

Silence holds the green house most of the time. The nearest neighbor is some distance away. Many shade trees hide his view of the green house. A few turkeys roam the hills.

To the passing motorist the green house is but a speck on the landscape. The general aspect is one of serenity and peace. The scene is truly pastoral. The spot exudes an air of rural innocence.

Hollywood knows the value of "atmosphere." That is part of Hollywood's business. In studio parlance "atmosphere" and camouflage go hand in hand.

During the summer months the hills are hot and few visitors come to the green house. But as the days grow cooler and October draws near, signs of life appear. The duck season is approaching. Automobiles wind over the road back of the lake and unload their cargoes. Everything is made ready for hunter and huntress. By the first of October all is in shape for the season's sport.

The green house duck hunter travels like the Mexican army. His women go with him. The laws of California are the same for men or women who hunt ducks. You must carry a hunting license.

The law says nothing about a marriage license. So the little green house complies with the law. Also the law says nothing about chaperones for house parties of married people—who do not happen to be married to each other. Again the green house complies with the law.

More than one noted screen beauty has spent the week end in the green house. More than one famed portrayer of sweet innocence has "hunted" on these shores. It is not every passing motorist that carries field glasses—and the naked eye does

not carry across the lake far enough to recognize faces—

From Friday to Sunday night through October, November and December, the greenhouse walks with kings and queens of shadowland. It sees them at play—in what the naturalist would call their native habit, untrammelled as it were by the artificial conventions of society or the demands of business.

It sees them shorn of their gloss and their glamour.

Not long since a certain beauty who was once the wife of a widely advertised male vamp, a hunting went on the far shore of this lake. This lady has achieved much fame. She first won her way into the heart of a noted producer by “hanging crepe” on the “lamp” of a rival who was at that time basking in the sunshine of his favor and the public smile. Carmen stuff comes natural to her. Although she and the producer in question are not the pals they once were, their names are more or less interwoven, and they are still very good friends.

Yes, very dear friends. He has a wife and family and must be more or less careful.

Just as day was breaking the beauty was escorted to one of the blinds. It was not quite light as yet and her escort, a noted screen celebrity, had to help her. The blind is constructed in front of a row boat moored to the shore.

It was cold. He had a bottle of which both partook freely. He emptied it and produced another. It was real cold. So they partook freely—and cuddled close against the wind.

There were few ducks that morning. In fact, the waters of the lake had been particularly low and the birds hardly alighted before they flocked

off again on their way southward. There were chances for but few shots.

It grew a bit lighter but the cold wind grew colder. The sport began to lag. Pretty soon she dropped her gun and snuggled closer to him and took a few more drinks. He continued peering into the distance in search of passing birds.

Up over the edge of a hill some distance back from the house a man with field glasses gazed intently. As the woman cuddled closer he fixed his gaze more intently. For weeks he had been watching the place unknown to its owners.

Of course, he had no idea of the prominence of those he spied upon or he might have hesitated. There is not much spice in the life of ranch hands. When tales of strange carryings on came floating over the hills early in the season, the man with the field glasses bethought himself of a good use for them. More than once his vigil had been rewarded. But this time he was puzzled. He could not tell what was coming. He did not know a new thrill when he saw one. He was not an "artist."

His eyes remained riveted on the scene before him. Soon the woman's male companion dropped his gun, rested his arm on the side of the boat, slid down into the bottom with his legs sprawled over one of the seats and appeared to have fallen asleep.

The beauty yawned, took another drink and sat down on the same seat. For a long time the watcher on the hill could detect no sign of life. Clouds came up and hid the sun. There was no stir in the green house. The other occupants, if there were any, were evidently fast asleep.

A flock of birds made a sweep over the edge of the lake and settled. Another bunch came and joined the first. Sun and sky remained obscured.

The pair in the boat were still inert. The watcher on the hill grew more puzzled than ever. What had happened?

He stepped down and started to circle to the lower reaches of the ridge over toward a pass in a canyon that led to the house. Cautiously he drew nearer until he was on the rim of a high bluff directly overlooking the blind.

On this bluff a hole had been dug into the ground and crawling toward it he slid out of sight until he was entirely covered. From this vantage point he could, with the aid of the glasses, see all that transpired.

More ducks came. No shots were fired. The mystery deepened. A slight ripple danced away from the side of the boat as it slowly rocked. The ripples grew larger and came more often. The boat rocked more violently. The watcher lifted his glasses and gazed again. This time he did not remove them from his eyes. The glasses remained fixed or rather transfixed. The watcher was oblivious to all else but what was going on in the row boat on the water's edge.

Suddenly the boat rocked more violently than ever. It seemed to be having a spasm. The watcher jumped to the edge of the hole. He could stand it no longer.

He waved his hands aloft.

"The dirty dogs," he cried out aloud as he walked into the open. There was a flurry of wings as the startled ducks took to the air. The boat gave a final lurch like a ship in a gale.

The watcher on the hill had recognized the beauty—he knew the face. Had seen her in pictures a thousand times!

But he had never read of Sodom or Pompeii!

Strip Poker and Paddle Parties

THERE surely must be some way of getting into the movies without stooping below one's own level."

So thought Jane Evans, who had been in Hollywood some weeks without making any impression on casting directors other than to invoke insinuating invitations.

Surely the high-class stars were not so coarse. These men who talked so openly were just the riff-raff. It could not possibly be otherwise. The newspapers said such nice things about the great actors and actresses—

Soon opportunity came to Jane to mingle in the social whirl of the much talked of celebrities. She had left her telephone number at all the studios. One day she was telephoned to by some mysterious person. She was told it was a business call. She went to the studio designated and found a young man pawing over some photographs in a wire basket. She noticed that a picture of herself, that she had left hopefully, lay segregated from the others. She entered without being seen and was almost taken off her feet when she heard the young man say: "I am rustling up some new ones for the Boss' party tonight."

The young man picked up Jane's photograph and was going to say something else when he noticed her presence.

"Ah, this is Miss ——?"

"I am," said Jane, "you telephoned for me."

"Do you ride and do you swim," he asked with a peculiar glance towards another man that sat playing with another photograph and who was just then ruining it utterly by poking a hole in it with a paper knife.

"I do a little of each."

"All right," said the young man. "Wait."

The youth went into an inner office and threw the picture on a desk by which sat a very handsome man, well known as a screen favorite. He was playing with a dog and drinking a cocktail.

"Not bad," he said, and sized up the picture. "I'll take a look."

He went towards the door and peeked out carefully. He came back and said in a very cool and deliberate way:

"She is a new one on me. She'll do."

The young man came back and was all attention and politeness.

"Mr. ——, well, the boss, says that he will be pleased to have you meet some of the members of the company at his house tonight," he said, "and he wants you to be there promptly at midnight."

He wrote an address and a telephone number and gave it to Jane and showed her the way out.

"Midnight?" asked Jane of herself. "How odd."

But then it occurred to her that perhaps the great men worked late and she thought nothing more about it. She made up her mind to take the opportunity and to let no chance to meet the great and near-great go by.

She spent the evening at her apartment and, after having written an optimistic letter to her mother, she dressed in her best and soon looked very charming.

Promptly at midnight she arrived at the address given. It was one of the largest houses in the city and stood buried among magnificent trees in the middle of a park-like garden. She approached the entrance. But the house was dark, but for a small light in the hall. She thought at first that she was at the wrong house, but rang the bell. At length the door was opened by the young man she had met at the office and he asked her in.

"You are on time," he laughed. "That's enough. I know now that you haven't been long in the movies. Nobody gives a whoop for appointments or time. I guess they'll show up, though. They do at times."

The young man asked her to take a seat. Whether she removed her wraps or not did not seem to bother him. He sat down and lighted a cigarette, threw the match on the floor and smoked. He remarked suddenly that his name was Mack. He made a move now and then as if he would sit down close by Jane, but he looked towards the door and refrained from doing so.

Jane saw a light-button and deliberately turned on the lights.

"Go as far as you like," said the young man with a raucous laugh. "Most o' them don't want no lights."

Jane pretended not to hear him.

"Is that you, Mack?" suddenly came a drawling voice from upstairs.

"Yes, sir," replied Mack, all attention. "I didn't know you was in."

"Is the little one there?" asked the voice.

"She has just came. She's kicking about more light."

"Give her a drink or two till I get down," said the voice. "I'm having a row with Clara."

"Who is Clara?" asked Jane, and rose to her feet.

"Nobody," replied Mack. "I think she is his wife. That's nothing."

Jane, frightened, got ready to leave when she heard a volley of laughter outside and four boisterous persons came rushing in.

Jane now could see that they were under the influence of drink. They made a rush for the decanters and the sideboard.

They all seemed to know where everything was in the house and helped themselves liberally. Then one of the men noticed Jane and said to Mack.

"Mack, who have we here?"

"Gee, you didn't give me a chance to introduce her," said Mack. "She is a new friend of the boss—and—"

"Great God," snapped one of the women, "Is he through with Clara already?"

"Of course," laughed the other woman, "Clara has lasted longer than any of them. Gee, what do you expect?"

"Where is his Nibs? asked one of the men.

"Upstairs, scrapping," said Mack. "But he's told me to tell you—"

"That's enough," cried one of the women. "Get the cards and the lubricants and we don't care if he never comes down."

Jane found herself swept on to a chair at the card table and soon a poker game was in full progress. She was given an allotment of chips and had no idea whether they represented money or not, or

if so, how much. She did not know what to do or say and nobody seemed to care.

"Ante-up," said Mack. "Gee, it's hell to be popular."

The game progressed. Jane knew enough of poker to keep up her play. Soon one of the women lost all her chips. Jane thought she would now learn what the stakes represented. She had heard of games where thousands of dollars changed hands in a few minutes.

The losing woman stood up. Jane then witnessed a remarkable performance. The woman calmly unhooked her shirtwaist and stripped it off her and threw it on the floor. She picked up her cards and continued to play, after lighting a cigarette.

"Are you warm?" asked Jane in bewilderment.

"Yes," laughed the woman. "Wait till you get your turn. Quit your kidding."

The other woman was the next one to lose out and she calmly removed her skirt and flung it away.

Jane had never heard of the popular game of "strip poker," and consequently concluded that her companions were losing their minds as well as their chips and clothes.

She felt a sinking feeling as she suddenly saw her last chips gone. She noticed that they all stared at her, the men especially.

"Pay your loss," laughed one of the men. "Strip off something."

She said she did not understand. They explained to her that the game consisted of a system of undressing and that the losers had to strip off some garment each time he or she lost their last chips.

Jane kicked off one of her slippers and smiled.

The men looked disgusted and the women turned up their noses and the game went on.

While Jane was so busy trying to devise some plan by which she could get out of the house, she found her last chips again swept away in a large jack-pot.

"Nothing can be stripped off that some other player has removed before," laughed one of the men. "Now be a good sport and pay your bets. No waists or skirts or shoes."

She became fearfully indignant. She arose and said she thought it was time to leave.

"She is crawfishing," cried one of the women. "Make her pay, Al."

The man who answered the name of "Al" put his cigar more firmly into the corner of his big flabby mouth and arose. He took hold of her and unhooked the back of her dress.

The others roared and the other man wanted to know if "he wanted any help?"

Jane began to cry. She tried to tear away from the man. He sunk his dirty fingernails into her white full arm.

Just then the "boss" was heard coming down. He reached the scene at the poker table with incredible haste.

He looked at Jane who was wiping a tear and tried to look calm.

Mack tried to intervene and explain. The big, handsome host took him by the neck and flung him into a corner. He picked Jane up bodily and carried her to a nearby sofa.

"There'll be no rough stuff while I am here. This is one of my homes," he said with apparent chivalry. "Nix on that."

"Who dragged this nice, young girl into a strip poker game?" he demanded. "For God's sake, don't you know a lady when you see one?"

The two men stood like whipped dogs and Mack sneaked out of the room.

But Jane did not see how her supposed champion winked to the men and how they exchanged glances.

The big man walked over and sat down by Jane.

"Look here," he said, consolingly, "nobody is going to get neither me nor any of my homes in bad. I am going to be your friend."

At last, thought Jane, she had met one of screenland's noblemen, although he was rather rough in manner. But he seemed to have a heart as big as his body.

It was past two o'clock and Jane said something about departing.

"Don't spoil the party," pleaded the host. "There ain't nobody here yet. I expect a raft of ladies and gentlemen. The bunch seldom gets here before two."

Little did Jane know that the foregoing was merely an overture to one of the great bacchanalian parties, to one of the nauseating orgies which are the order of the day in Movieland. Or, perhaps, it would be more correct to style them the order of the night, or nights.

It was not long before the parlors of the house began to fill up. The most remarkable etiquette seemed to prevail. Whether a man preceeded a woman through an open door, or if he conversed glibly with his cigar or cigarette in his mouth, mattered not at all. Everybody called each other by their first name and all of them smiled in a peculiar

way when they met Jane. The men smiled pleasantly and the women critically.

Jane recognized some of the leaders of the profession and was glad to have a chance to view them and hear them at close range.

In a semi-circle, around a fire-place, sat a young handsome man with a name like one of the country's most famous playwrights.

He was jabbing a hypodermic needle into the pretty white arm of a young girl, and then others were watching him intently, and still others sat in a stupor and leered.

The girl evidently had not the courage to inject the narcotic drug into her own arm. She was a novice. Then the needle was passed around just like the pipe of peace was passed by the noble American Indians on the same spot in days of yore.

A famous girl, in the meantime, was drinking perfume and another was pouring perfume from the bottles on the dressing table on lumps of sugar, and eating it.

The supply of liquor seemed inexhaustible. As fast as the bottles were emptied fresh ones took their places. Bottles that had cost as much money as would maintain an ordinary family for a week were emptied almost in one swallow. Concoctions were mixed that even old time drinkers had never before heard of.

The women were the first to show the effects. Their high kicking left nothing to the imagination. The men encouraged them. One pair shimmied three-quarters nude. There was nothing concealed in the climax to their dance. The onlookers shook their shoulders and bodies in unison with the dancers.

Suddenly the host, from the far end of the big room, called for silence. In his arms he carried what looked like ordinary flat sticks of wood. Painted on each one was a number.

At the same time Mack, his assistant, passed about among the women pinning a paper tag with a number on it to each of their backs. Not knowing what was coming, Jane permitted him to give her one. She thought it was a new game. It was—to her. Possibly something like the old time donkey parties they used to have at home? Not a bit!

Then Mack went around among the men and collected twenty dollars from each of them. This money he placed in a heap on the table in front of the host. The girls were told to gather in a corner and turn their backs to the men leaving their numbers exposed to view.

"The new one is 18," said Mack in a low tone as he approached the table. The host slipped that number into the table drawer.

"Awrit lesgo," cried the host. Mack spun the wheel that lay on the table.

"Number 6," yelled the host. A dozen men grabbed for it. The victor turned about and made a rush for the girl marked "6." Maudlin shouts and suggestive grimaces greeted them. Mack handed the girl twenty dollars as the pair walked to another part of the house. They were seen no more.

"Some paddle party," said Mack, as without hitch of any kind, one man after another drew his girl. The girl took her money and each pair in turn vanished.

During the sale of the "paddles," as Jane learned the wooden disks were called, she had overheard

enough to let her know what it meant. One of the women even told her of a "paddle" party she had attended and what a "fine" time everybody had—and money besides.

Jane found it easy to slip up stairs and find her coat. It was four o'clock. She passed out of the house unnoticed, walked and ran until she was a dozen blocks away. It was broad daylight when she reached home.

Her absence was not remarked until the room was almost emptied. Then Mack noticed she was gone. He hunted everywhere. He went back and told the host.

"Why in hell didn't you watch her," he growled at Mack, as he slipped Jane's number out of the drawer and on to the table and re-placed it with another.

In this way the host drew a girl. Mack drew the blank that represented Jane.

The big room was empty now but from every part of the house came suppressed laughter. The lights went out.

Thus ended the function. It was regarded as a great success.

The morning sun shone through the windows, but the house was stale with tobacco and liquor reeks and the sickening odor of "dope." Here and there lay torn women's garments and in the halls were bits of lingere.

How the Great Letty Played Her Cards

LETTY had aspirations to be somebody. Early in life she learned that if a girl cannot be good she must be fairly careful. This grew to be her motto.

Born in a Western state where men see fit to provide for more than one wife—brought up among these strange surroundings the girl had talent in more ways than one. She learned to play the piano at first, then she took up the violin. When fifteen years of age she sought and obtained a position playing for dances with an orchestra.

Thus she was able to purchase the baubles and dresses which appealed to her as the greatest possessions a girl could acquire.

But Letty was young then—only fifteen. She is older now—and wiser—much wiser. The Past has a baleful look to her—a saddened, chastened look. A forbidding Memory haunts her, taunts her. And this is the story:

Growing into a fairly pretty girl who knew how to wear clothes, a winsome expression, an innocent face, with a simulated poise that was always on tap, Letty heard of the movies. She had played in a theater where pictures were shown. The lure of the

silent drama called to her in such determined tones that she forsook her violin in the land of many wives and hastened to Hollywood.

Letty found that the job of "extra girl" brings little remuneration — unless — well, Letty didn't know the ropes—then. It was an assistant director who first taught her the things she wanted to know. Assistant directors are sometimes wonderful artists at teaching young girls many things—many tricks of the movie profession.

By the time the assistant director had shown Letty how she could be successful as an actress, she was granted an opportunity to give her education a test. The assistant had found a blonde who looked particularly good to him, anyway. He was finished with Letty.

As a bathing girl, Letty got her first part. The director of comedies merely wanted to see if she could screen in a bathing costume, he said. He "looked her over" in the privacy of his office. The bathing suit was particularly daring—even for the movies. The director approved of her form—and in comedies he was one of the big directors. That was Letty's cue. She is a bright girl, is Letty.

Some girls would have started right in to vamp the great director—who, incidentally, is part owner of the studio where he directs. Not so, Letty. Letty had been schooled—by an assistant director. She had learned all about the fine art of "yessing." Vamping is old.

True she displayed her physical charms as best she could—as much as she dared. Not too much—just enough. She had been an apt pupil.

So Letty did bits and atmosphere—as a bathing girl. But this did not last long. Letty came to life

when she thought the time was ripe. She showed a decided interest in the great comedy director. She patted him on the cheek—she leaned against him when she conversed with him; she tantalized him—and walked away. Letty had learned a great deal more than some of the other girls—they had not all been schooled by an assistant director.

Soon the great director was seen out with Letty at a few of the roadhouses at Venice, Playa del Rey, Beverly Glen. Letty and the great director often exchanged knowing glances on the lot.

And with the passing of each day Letty kept growing wiser. She was wise enough not to tax the great director too much. She needed clothes and other things. There was a certain shoe merchant in Los Angeles. He liked movie girls. Letty saw to it that she was the particular movie girl he liked.

Letty was nice to her director and nice to the shoe merchant—but each had his place in her scheme for the future. The former was to be her stepping stone. The latter supplied the wherewithal to keep her dressed for the part until—well, one day his wife went to a department store and got the wrong bill—it amounted to over Five hundred. Letty had to be more careful after that—but not less ambitious.

There was heralded throughout Hollywood one day the news that a wonderful director was coming to town—a master builder.

Letty read the news with avidity. She began to plan. She had sense enough to know that as a comedienne she never would arrive. No girl ever amounted to anything in comedies. They were good enough to rub off the rough spots, but that was all. She must have a chance at drama. She had tried innumerable times—when the great com-

edy director did not know it—to get even a bit in the big pictures, but always she had been turned away.

So she decided to use her wit—and her physical charm.

Patiently she waited till one evening the opportunity came when she could meet the Great One—the wonderful director of master pictures. The introduction was simple and brief. To Letty it was an event upon which she determined to capitalize.

The Great One gave her but a passing notice. But Letty was patient as ever. She bided her good time. There was but another step. The Great One needed a girl to play the role of a woman member of a gang of thieves. With the aid of a booking agent, she succeeded in selling herself—her services—to the Great One for his big masterpiece—a picture that has been called the equal of anything Griffith ever produced.

Letty's work made an impression. She knew how to be hard—to play the embittered woman. She was wise but—it had cost something and the hardness in the picture was not all acting.

By degrees she began to appear at places the Great One frequented—just as if by accident. By the same slow process she practised the wiles she had learned from her two teachers—the assistant director and the great director—and soon she began to see progress. Slowly, but none the less surely, she broke down the Great One's reserve, and then—

Step by step she builded the foundation for her success. She intrigued the Great One—without shame she permitted him to come to her in the great silences of the whispering night; and in the pink tinted hours of the dawn she bade him begone lest someone learn of their illicit love.

Then she twisted her mouth and to herself she smiled a smile of cynicism and scorn. She had won over the Great One in spite of himself—

Later she told him many things and—he believed her. She had not realized all her ambitions yet. She needed him.

At a cafe in New York he agreed to provide the funds for her own company—her triumph was complete. She had her publicity man call in all her bathing girl pictures of the earlier days. The publisher of a motion picture trade paper agreed to get a release for her pictures—It cost her only a smile to secure this service without pay. The publisher and the Great One were friends of long standing. The publisher had helped make the Great One great and—it had paid well.

Mystery surrounded the formation of the company—Letty paid all the bills at the studio—her name appeared on the pay checks. Hollywood suspected but did not know. The Great One was involved in law suits over his big picture and his name must not appear. The Great One chose an air of mystery—well and good. Hollywood was used to mysteries—none of which were really mysteries to Hollywood at all.

But Letty had started something—she had succeeded in making a slave of the Great One. She had won him from his relatives, his friends and his backers. She had made of him a servant who answered her every whim—he lived only for her.

It was strange, too. For here was a brilliant man—a man with a reputation for big things—a scholar, a gentleman, a connoisseur—yet he was a veritable groveling slave to Letty, an uneducated, unrefined, mongrel type of middle western girl.

But it was all too true—and sad.

Now there was a handsome young chap—an actor of a class—who frequented the lot—The young son of a famous theatrical father. He looked good to Letty, did Waldo. He was clean-cut, husky, clever and a good dresser. Better looking by far than her Great One—and younger. Why, he had no gray hairs at all.

So Letty fell really in love—or at least she thought it was love. Anyway, Waldo appealed to her in a different way than did the Great One. She began to cultivate Waldo, the young one. And Waldo appeared to like Letty. Perhaps he was flattered, for Letty was now a star; the newspaper clippings said so. For the Great One maintained a fine staff of press agents for the express purpose of exploiting Letty.

Soon Waldo and Letty began to go about the roadhouses together; to appear at public places in each other's company. He was always by her side at the studio. Indeed, it soon became noised about that the young couple were engaged, and neither one of them took the trouble to deny it. Even the press agents failed to capitalize upon the choice bit of material.

The Great One called Letty into his office.

"What is this I hear about you—and young Waldo?" he wondered, as if afraid to learn the answer.

"Search me," replied Letty, flippantly. "I haven't the slightest idea what you have heard."

"It isn't true, is it, Letty? You are not going to marry him—and leave me are you, Letty, dear?"

"Aw, what's the matter with you again?" burst out the girl. "You always manage to think up something to razz me about. What's eating you, anyhow? Haven't I got a right to do as I damn

please? Who the hell do you think you are, anyhow—King of Ireland, or something?"

And she walked away from him.

Had she looked back she might have seen the Great One drop his head in his hands as he settled back in his chair. The Great One was very, very tired.

Letty's picture was finished and released. It was regarded as a good one. The Great One was given little time to rest.

In order to hold the girl, he supervised another picture—and his assistant completed it. This picture, of course, starred Letty. It was not such a wonderful picture—mediocre, in fact. But the publicity brought about by the success of the masterpiece made of Letty a well known actress. It made her famous. And her name carried the second photoplay past the booking offices and into the projection rooms of the theaters throughout the land.

By this time Letty was flaunting the Great One openly. She turned from him, head uplifted, eyes straight ahead. But she had succeeded only too well in her efforts to drive the Great One from her. Indeed, she had broken his heart.

He took to his bed and for many weeks lay there, paying no attention to anyone. Apparently he did not want to get well.

Before his death the company which he had formed for the purpose of starring Letty went into the discard. But Letty was "made." The death of her benefactor brought about the solution of her problem—a problem she had been trying to solve for several months. That problem was How to Become a Star for One of the Biggest Companies in the Business.

For immediately one of the Biggest Directors

sent for her. Letty knows men. She had clothes now, and a name. She wore her clothes well. They displayed just enough of her physical charms to attract the Big Director. Also she knows just how much to say—and how much to hint. Letty is a very intelligent girl—along certain lines.

Today Letty is listed among the Stars. Every day she climbs higher. Her position appears to be secure. Her escapades seem to be confined to playing a quiet game with those who can do her the most good.

The "Gold Digger" and the Wife

HE is famous now, this comedian—famous and rich. Children of all ages laugh in joyful glee at his screen antics. His salary extends into the thousands per year. For he is one of the greatest in his line.

But it was not always thus. Time was when he was a plugger—a worker in another line of endeavor—a newspaper man.

Happily married was this comedian whom we shall call Parry. He stayed at home those days and enjoyed the society of his loving wife and happy little child—his daughter.

Through the years of struggling for a livelihood, fighting off the spectre of debt which followed in the wake of the birth of their baby, the wife was ever at his side cheering him, praising him, helping him to make a success in life. That was her job—she was a helpmate.

Then—he became a motion picture actor.

At first he was only ordinary and commonplace. But his trained newspaper sense showed him that many comedians who were funny were overlooking some important features—ideas which make for fun on the screen. "Gags," the comedians call them.

So Parry began to try out new stunts—"gags." From the first he was successful in his new idea.

His employers saw that he "had something" and they permitted him to spend all the money he required to properly "put over" his stunts.

And soon he became known as a real comedian—not because of his acting, for he is not an actor—but for the reason that his "gags" were novel and new.

Soon his head became slightly enlarged—he was becoming famous. His letters to his wife, who still remained in New York, became more and more infrequent.

He was so busy.

There came to the "lot" one day a dark-haired, fair-skinned girl of, say, twenty years. Her smile—to Parry—was infectious. She had "a way" about her. And, indeed, she had. This "way" had become a habit with her. She had employed it for many years for just the purpose of decoying men to do her bidding. She was clever, none can gainsay that.

It was no trick at all for her to ingratiate herself in the good graces of the comedian. And at once she became his leading woman. She was a comedienne. She admitted it to Parry and he believed it.

In time he bought her a handsome light blue car—a limousine. Parry was her slave. He visited her apartments. Virtually he lived there—day and night. A paid chauffeur drove her to the studio. Parry drove a nondescript car. Of course, they did not arrive at the studio together. That would be too crude.

Back in New York a little woman began to eat her heart out. The cry of mate for mate went out across the continent, but Parry heard it not. His tiny daughter, now a beautiful young girl, sent tearful messages to her daddy, but Parry ignored those appeals.

Came then time for action. The wife had been

receiving a fairly liberal allowance, but no endearing words from her now famous husband. She wondered why. Later she wondered why her allowance was being gradually cut down. The little daughter, too, now old enough to see that her mother was terribly worried and sad, wondered. She tried vainly to cheer her saddened mother—to tell her that "Daddy" would come home some day—or perhaps send for them—and they would all be happy together once more.

But the long days dragged themselves out and no word came from the comedian. True a small check occasionally drifted along, but nothing accompanied them—no words of love for the wife and little one.

The wife could stand it no longer. She decided that once and for all she must find out what the trouble was—what influence was turning her own lawful husband against her—and their baby.

So she packed up and with her daughter they came to Hollywood. Vainly did she try to get on the "lot" where her comedian husband was employed. The gate keeper had his instructions—for she had wired that she was coming. Yes, she had telegraphed Parry—but he did not meet her at the train. The little daughter mingled her tears with those of her mother that night in the gloomy hotel room.

Telephone calls received no response—Parry was not at home. Then it began to dawn upon the wife of the comedian that he was deliberately turning her down—flouting her love.

The wife learned of a noted attorney—a lawyer who knew all the movie folks, for they were his clients—many of them. To this attorney she went.

The gruff, old lawyer's heart was touched at the pathos of it all. He knew the kind of a man Parry was—of his philandering, of his infatuation for his leading woman.

So he sent for Parry. Parry came at the lawyer's bidding. Many of the film workers do. They know what he knows. They are afraid not to answer when he beckons.

Parry came—and met his loving wife and his tearful daughter at the gruff, but kind hearted lawyer's office.

Joyfully did the little girl bounce to the side of her "Daddy."

"Daddy! Oh, my Daddy!" she cried, throwing her arms about the comedian's neck.

Roughly the comedian loosed the tiny arms that encircled his neck. Then he turned to his wife—the wife he had promised to love and cherish—the wife who had helped him when he needed help most. The woman stood aghast at his actions. It was incredible!

"Still nagging, I see," he said, sneeringly. "Still hounding me! Well, what do you want?"

The wife fell upon her knees before the comedian, begged him for the sake of the baby to make a home for them—to love them—to live with them.

But he turned away from her—whistling.

"Let's get it over with," he said to the lawyer. "What does this woman want?"

"She wants—and we intend to get—all that is coming to her—in money," answered the attorney. "She wants your love and your kindness—she wants a father for her daughter—she wants a home. But this she sees now she cannot have. She wants happiness—and you are denying her that. So she must

have money—to properly bring up your daughter—and hers.”

“Well, how much?” asked the comedian. “I’m not a millionaire, you know. It costs me a lot of money to live here—”

“We know your salary—never fear. We’ll get what she wants—in our own way—unless you see fit to be fair right now.”

The comedian did not see fit to be fair. But before he left the attorney’s office he had paid—paid in hard coin—and he is still paying. And he will continue to pay—for the contract is iron bound and certain. That is the kind of contracts the lawyer draws—because he knows some of the movie folks for what they are.

Tear-stained faces now peer from the windows of their apartments in New York—two saddened hearts beat dully, yet occasionally with a faster beating of hope—for some day, maybe, “Daddy” will see the error of his ways and come home—some day—maybe.

For Lucy—as she shall be called—now has the upper hand. She is what is termed in Hollywood “a gold digger.” She has extracted every dime she can from the comedian—her rent, her car, her jewels, her clothes, her pleasures.

But even to the man who has brought her all these she oftentimes is not at home.

And why?

Because oftentimes other men are there—men she has lured; men who are fond of her charms; men who do not leave her apartments until daybreak—and later.

Every now and then she makes a trip to New York—fatigued from being too closely wedded to her art—she needs a change.

And Parry pays the bills as she flits in and out of the Tenderloin's mazes. Her face is familiar in every hotel lobby on Broadway. She has many telephone calls—many midnight suppers.

Parry pays for these jaunts to the same city where a little fatherless girl sits and waits with her face pressed against the pane—waits alone for her "Daddy" who never comes.

Every day Parry talks to Lucy from Los Angeles—if he fails to reach her he comes home sick. She disappeared for two days on her last trip and they had to get a doctor for Parry. His assistant and his "Yes Men" were sorry for him so they tried to frame lying excuses, but they knew where she was and under their breaths they cursed her.

Finally she wrote and said she was not coming back—the going was too good in New York. So after a couple of weeks of illness, during which he was under the doctor's care; the doctor knew what he needed and didn't dare tell him—Parry went to work with a new leading woman.

His friends and faithful assistant were happy—Parry was cured. He was through with Lucy, through with his parasite. But they did not know Lucy. When she tired of New York she came back, smiled at Parry and the next morning the new leading woman was fired. Lucy resumed her place as sole occupant of the harem—

That evening she recounted to a group of laughing and screaming studio pals the wonderful time she had in New York. She told of all the men she had met, and set the bunch roaring with glee again and again as she re-told her adventures.

Lucy enjoyed playing the wanton, and her friends enjoyed hearing about it.

Yes, she is wanton—wanton and cruel and selfish. Think not that she "entertains" other men because she is so fond of their society—because she is a "man's woman." No, she is just a "gold digger." Parry's money is good—but it is not enough. She wants more—always more. And then Parry may be a great comedy star but he is not much for looks. She wants more and more and more. And that is her way of getting it. Soon Lucy will be rich—for in proportion as their men grew poorer, the "gold digger" grows richer.

And back in New York with her little face pressed against the pane a little girl waits and watches—alone she waits for her "Daddy" who never comes.

And a lone woman dreams of the days when she was the helpmate—the happy wife of a poor newspaper artist—and in her heart curses the hour motion pictures came into being.

But some time—some day—there may come a familiar step—and with a great joy, that will fill their tender hearts to overflowing, they will dash down the stairs and fall into the arms of their "Daddy"—if he sees the light in time—in time.

But, of course, that will only be when Lucy gets ready.

A Battle Royal That Led to Stardom

LOVE brings strange contrasts—it upsets traditions and turns precedent all topsy-turvy. But what is love?

Long years ago when motion pictures were struggling along in baby clothes there was a man whose total histrionic experience had been confined to carrying a spear on the speaking stage. He was a "super."

It was D. W. Griffith who gave him his first chance in the pictures—and he still carried the spear well. That, in fact, was about all he ever could do successfully.

But it did not keep him from becoming a maker of pictures—of many popular pictures.

But right at first it was a struggle. Somehow he managed to break away from a job—induced half a dozen others to put in their wages along with his and take a chance on making a comedy.

Finally, they sold their finished production and realized a profit. With this money they made another picture and by degrees the spear-carrier became the sole owner of the company—the others worked for him.

Such is the law of humans. The man with the executive ability wins always in business. This man was an executive. To make it easier to com-

prehend his title we shall call him Jack—which is not his name.

Now there was a girl—a comedienne—who started out with Jack. She was his leading woman through all the vicissitudes which accompanied the first experiments in pictures. It was Molly who cheered Jack up when things went wrong, who kept all the players in good spirits.

And so it came about that Jack learned in his crude way to care for her. So did many another. But from the beginning it seemed that Molly's affection leaned more toward Jack than any other of her pals in "the good old days" when custard pies and stuffed bricks were coined into golden ducats.

Time went on and gradually the other suitors pulled away—Jack was winning out. True now he had much money and fame was beginning to look in on him when he was at home. The world looked particularly good to Jack.

With some of his now easily earned money he fitted up a handsome apartment. To this love nest Molly came often. No, they were not married.

It seemed fair enough to Molly, she who had been reared to look lightly upon moral conditions. She could see the point. As a married woman she would not be so popular in pictures.

And so they drifted along for a year—two years—and then—

One day there came on the "lot" an attractive brunette. Straightway the girl—shall we call her Mae?—and Molly became friends, then pals. It was Mae who proposed that they be good friends. At first Molly demurred, then she agreed. It was a diplomatic move. There was a good deal of talk going on around the "lot." She wanted to stop that talk. So she frolicked with Mae.

Jack was true to her—this the girl knew. Of course, there were a large number of new faces around the studios these days—they were necessary in the sort of pictures Jack was making. But Molly worried none about them. Her Jack was hers—always.

And so blissfully working her away along toward stardom. Molly drove to the "lot" with a song in her heart each morning, and with a happy smile on her face in the evening. Wasn't she "kept" by the great maker of pictures, himself? Was not she soon to become a star? Was she not earning a wonderfully big salary?

But Jack began to get young ideas. True, in his way he loved Molly; he does yet. But Temptation tossed her curls and beckoned him to come and play along the Highways of Immorality. Temptation, guised as a shapely maid with alluring lips and firm, rounded bosom called to him and he began to take heed.

Temptation's other name was Mae—

There were little parties arranged—quiet parties in secluded places. Molly, all blisfully ignorant of these meeting places, still went about her work with a song in her heart.

Once she was calld out of town for a couple of days. She returned one day ahead of her planned schedule. A friend whispered a word to her. She was dumbfounded. Certainly it could not be true. Her Jack would not do such a thing.

The friend offered proof. All she needed to do, she was told, was to quietly go to a certain apartment that evening—late—and she would learn something.

Molly dashed to the apartment, the friend

following. They took Mae by storm. She opened the door. Mae was naked to her skin.

Molly's worst fears were confirmed. For there, occupying the bed, was—Jack.

Like a tigress Molly tore at the head of the sleeping Mae. But she reckoned without her adversary. Mae was the stronger, the more cat-like of the two. With a bound she was up and fighting her former chum. Grasping her head, Mae thrust Molly's head against the wall. Time and again she battered it against the wooden casing of the window, lacerating the scalp, tearing long gashes in her cheek.

Jack hurriedly dressed and like a slinking coward, sneaked out and down the elevator and fled.

Molly fell unconscious, her head bleeding, her breath coming in gasps. Mae, waiting only to see the havoc she had wrought, too hurriedly dressed and went to a hotel for the night.

Molly, with beating head and too weak from loss of blood to go downstairs, called in her physician.

The next morning, Jack quaking with fear, called up the apartment. She was deathly ill, he was told. No he could not see her. The doctor said she was too ill. Well, then, was there anything he could do.

He was told to go to Hell!

That scared him all the more, just as Molly and her friend expected it would. So he called up the doctor. Yes, Molly was in bad shape—the end in grave doubt—only hope for the best.

Jack started sending flowers and gifts of every description and wanted to hire all the nurses and doctors in town. But it was no use, they would not

let him see her. Every day he was told she was getting worse.

Then about a week after the eventful night, one of the Los Angeles papers came out with a seven column scream headline "MOLLY DYING."

Jack was petrified with fear. He called in his man Friday—at that time a cadaverous young man with a reputation as a clever fixer.

Friday got busy. The first thing to do was to quiet the papers. By the pulling of a few advertising strings the newspaper stuff began to abate. The journal that ran the seven column head in its first edition on the first page buried the story in the center of the second edition under the smallest head it could find type for.

Of course, the editor had been convinced that he was in error, that the lady was really getting better already—was mending rapidly.

Jack had a very busy fortnight following the battle. Between keeping the papers under control and trying to find out just how ill Molly was, he didn't have much time to make comedies. Every request that he see Molly was denied. She was too ill, far too ill to see him or anyone else.

Yet, somehow or other the papers had allowed the story to drop—

It was two weeks later that Jack received a curt summons to call at the apartments of Molly. Her head was still swathed in bandages. She was pale and thin. The doctor said she might not get well.

Jack was offered an ultimatum. The ultimatum was this: He must immediately build a new studio away from his "lot." He must employ one of the finest directors obtainable. He must buy a first-class story—a comedy-drama, something to which Molly aspired. Then he must star her, advertise

her, spend money in making her name known, offer her hundreds of luxuries to which she had never before been accustomed. And he must pay her an enormous salary—away into the hundreds of dollars per week.

There was another alternative: The doctor said she might die. Mae would be held for murder, Jack would be an accessory. The whole sordid affair would be aired. Jack would be ruined.

The producer faced either ruin—or the necessity of spending a fortune upon the woman he said he loved—if she lived.

Now, as a matter of cold, sordid fact, Molly was not ill—she was not suffering from her injuries—she had been cured. But doctors are odd persons, and this one was her friend.

Nearly two years were spent on the production in which Molly was starred. Of course, the new studio was built; many a first-class director went down to defeat before the picture was completed. But she received everything she demanded—and what she demanded was a plenty.

The picture was not released for still another year. But it was a good one. It made the star famous—and rich. Jack made a lot of money in the meantime, and he needed it. Molly took heavy toll.

Finally, when her big picture was cut, titled and released, she found that she must go to New York. There she remained until her name was spread about the land as a great star.

Daily there came to her frantic telegrams begging, pleading with her to come back—to her Jack. He needed her now more than ever, he said. And he wanted so to be forgiven—and they would start all over again.

There was a long silence; finally Jack received a telegram. It said:

“Just signed a long term contract with
I am to be starred in comedy-dramas at a salary,
the basis of which you started. You and I are all
through. Goodbye. P. S.—You made me what I
am today, I hope your’e satisfied.

Molly.”

A Wonderful Lover!

“**W**HAT a lover! Doesn't he just make you tingle all over!” cried the foolish wife of a prominent citizen.

“Oh, what wouldn't I give to go through that last scene with him. Where he hugs her as only he can hug. When I think of that kiss my head gets light,” chirruped the idle spouse of the local usurer.

“Well, girls, those kisses and wondrous embraces are easy enough to get—if you have the price,” remarked the big woman who sat between them. She had been doing comedy characters at the studios ever since pictures were pictures. She travelled in the train of the prosperous pair because she told raw stories rawly, was witty and clever, was their connecting link with the movies—they had nothing else to think of; no washing to do; and besides—her cosily furnished bungalow on the edge of the foothills came in very handy at times—very, very handy.

“I'd be willing to pay. He can have me any time he wants me. You only live once,” said Mrs. Usurer.

“What my husband don't know won't hurt him,” said Mrs. Prominent Cit. “And besides I've got enough on him to make him look sick. If ever Adolfo comes my way watch me grab.”

“You're both wrong again girls,” laughed the big woman. “I don't mean what you mean. That's easy—any woman can give that. When I said

'price,' my good wimmien, I meant cash, spondulix, mazuma, golden ducats."

"What DO you mean," cried both in a breath.

"I mean, children, that Adolfo has put a cash value on what he's got. He accommodates the ladies at so much per accommodate or—well, you can have his services by the week, month, or hour. It's all according to how you feel."

"Right now?" cried Mrs. Prominent Citizen and Mrs. Usurer, in chorus.

"Now, girls, don't get excited, don't be foolish. 'Right now,'" mimicked the big woman. "Right now, he's a great star. The mammas and the daughters all over this dry nation fight like cave women to get good seats whenever and wherever his love making appears on the screen. He does not have to live the old way any more. He's just like the successful bucket shop operator—in the high finance class—probably contributes to the fund to clean-up the bucket shops—or the lounge lizards—take your pick."

"All right. Tell us the whole story, teacher," said Mrs. Prominent Citizen.

"Yes, please, teacher," implored Mrs. Usurer.

"Time was," began the big woman, "when our hero was not as prosperous as he is today. He wasn't very prominent (nodding toward Mrs. Prominent Cit.) And he did not have any money to loan out at high rates of interest. (Nodding toward Mrs. Usurer). So he had to do the best he could. Now, it happened that the boy had brains in his feet as well as his head. Also he had no scruples. No scruples, a-tall. Adolfo was what they call a dancing fool. The 'dancing' part was okay, but they were wrong on the 'fool.' Very, very wrong.

"With his little old dress suit—that was his

wardrobe, he came to Pasadena. There was in Pasadena in those days just as there is now a group of hotels that were as swell as—as—Hell. The papas and mammas of the War Babies—the sugar guys—the oil guys—the munition guys—all that bunch, came there to play. And more often than not mamma had to come alone because papa had to stay home and nurse little War Baby. And this made mamma a very lonesome and a very miserable woman.

“So that every night at the ultra ultra Hotel Miseryland and the also ultra ultra Hotel Wantington there were sundry women, not too good looking, not too fair of form, nor too young, who sat by the side lines and enviously eyed the young girls who had no difficulty in securing partners. What good were their diamonds and their gold embroidered dresses and their limousines 'n everything when they couldn't get them a dancing partner. So there was gloom, deep impenetrable gloom and disappointment among the mammas of the War Babies.

“Then along came little Dolfy. His appraising eye surveyed the field. He saw what he saw. The diamonds did not blind him. In the dazzling light he only opened his eyes all the wider. He looked over the young ones and he looked over the old ones. For the time being—at least until after the campaign was over—he determined to turn his back on the flappers. They would have to wait.

“He pulled no 'boners.' He was a bright young man. He danced the old girls dizzy. He started out by dancing with the young ones and flirting with the old ones over his partners shoulders. No, he was not bold. This was work that called for a certain kind of finesse. No matter how much

he needed them, he must hold tight until they came after him.

"You see, Adolfo had once read the story of Potiphar's wife and how she chased little Joseph, a nice Jewish boy with black eyes and pretty hair, all over her husband's preserves just because Joseph handled the proposition right. He made her come after him. 'Them Jews have always been good business men,' he said to himself. Wherefore, he planned his campaign along Josephian lines. He made them come after him.

"Well, he danced and he danced and it wasn't long before he had the rivals for his attentions glaring at one another and saying little spiteful things about—and often right to—each other. The young girls laughed and sneered and the old girls cried—in the privacy of their rooms whenever they didn't get their full share of dances with him. And, believe me, the boy could dance. He made every dowager think she had it on Mrs. Vernon Castle. My, but he was the popular boy.

"There is no use in prolonging this story too much, children. Adolfo was going great. Funds were getting very, very low, when the contest came to a climax. The rivalry for his favours narrowed down to just two contestants. One was the wife of a very rich Easterner. She had come to Pasadena a month or two before with her young daughter. They occupied a lavishly appointed apartment near the Miseryland. The other was the more or less well known wife of a gay blade whose people had amassed millions in the packing game. Wherever people eat her husband's family draws revenue.

"For some time, he played them both. On one occasion he rode home with the pair in a

big limousine. They met the next day. Said the one from the East: "Dolfy was wonderful last night. He squeezed my hand all the way home." "That was when he wasn't squeezing mine," snapped the other.

"Finally the lady from the East forged to the front and took possession of Adolfo. He lived well, had plenty of money and prospered. The apartment was cosy and comfortable and there was always room for him. This lasted until the woman who ran the apartment house decided things were getting a little bold. The lady was asked to move. Which she did and Adolfo went along. But the time came for going home and her husband's insistence could be overcome no longer. She departed sorrowingly.

"After that it was one after another. He was making a good living. He finally began to drift over to Los Angeles. He enlarged his territory. He became a four o'clock tea hound at the principal downtown hotel. He walked about the lobby with his hat off. Was thoroughly at home. The four o'clock teas were patronized by a group of women whose husbands bored them and a few young girls who didn't care. He found many patrons here and basked in the sunshine of success and plenty.

"On one occasion a florist who had received a bad check from Adolfo went over to the hotel, where he had been informed he spent his afternoons. He found him and demanded payment in no uncertain terms. Dolfy asked him to wait. But the florist followed him into the tea room and there our hero whispered a word or two to a sportive looking matron and came back smiling with the money to make good the check.

"Then Dolfy met a movie girl. She was just on the edge of stardom, just going over the top. She helped him. Then she married him. That was his entry into pictures. He had done a few bits but was comparatively unknown.

"With the opportunities and the personal contact his marriage gave him, Adolfo moved fast. He met the right people. He had talent. Brains in both head and feet. His opportunity came and he took advantage of it. He could act. Had been acting all his life. That's how he lived. His lessons in love-making stood him in good stead. All he had to do was be natural.

"When he finally hit the high mark he didn't need the movie girl any more. She was a liability now, not an asset. So he canned her. Her career is about ended. His is just beginning.

"He draws a fat salary. His love-making is an art. He learned it in a great school and was paid while learning. He's a big star. Nice girls and nasty ones are all in the same boat. They all love Dolfy's way of loving."

Whiskey Fumes and Orange Blossoms

THEY met on the broad walk at Venice—three motion picture “extra girls” and three natty students of aeronautics.

For a week the three uniformed men had been drunk, gloriously pickled. They were on a three weeks’ leave and this was to be their last day in Los Angeles.

“Well, if there ain’t a flock o’ chickens!” spoke up one of the staggering representatives of Uncle Sam. “Where’n hell you goin’?” he asked the trio.

The girls giggled. It was a very humorous situation indeed.

“Watchin’ the sad sea waves,” said pretty little Babette, tossing her curls. “Who wants t’ know?”

“Le’s all go together—six lil’ pals,” suggested O’Mara, one of the airmen, and a prominent figure in the life of Hollywood’s wild set. “Le’s all go together an’ shee th’ shad waves wavin’.”

“Where d’ya get that pal stuff?” wondered one of the girls. “Who said so?”

“You—all get funny wi’ me an’ my pals an’ I’ll sp-sp-pank you where it hurts,” said one of the students.

The girls giggled again. The party was getting good.

"Well, if you guys'll buy us a drink, maybe we might consider your proposition," said one of the "extras."

"You're on," said O'Mara.

And so then, arm in arm, they went down the broad walk and into a cafe noted for catering to the motion picture profession.

It was mid-afternoon when they emerged, each a bit worse for the visit, but all contentedly munching peanuts.

Babette, though, was a bit overjoyous. She lifted her skirts a little too high for strict decorum and she shimmied down the broad walk, but Venice is used to that.

Suddenly O'Mara stopped dead in his tracks, for the moment half sobered.

"My Gawd!" he said in a stage whisper. "I just thought of somethin' damn important."

"Aw, hell, there ain't nothin' as important as goin' somewhere and gettin' anozer drink," said one of the "extras."

"'Simportant t' me, jus' same," insisted O'Mara.

"What's so damned important?" Babette wanted to know.

"This 's my weddin' day," said O'Mara. Then singing lustily: "Call me early, mother, darling, I'm goin'—goin'—t' be queen o' th' May."

"You're just a plain damn drunk an' you ain't gonna be queen o' May or Mabel or anybody," asserted Babette.

"Hell I ain't," insisted O'Mara. "I'll bet an'body six-bits I'm goin' t' be married today. Thass all."

"Who's the dame?" wondered Babette.

"Damfino," said O'Mara. "But it's sure's hell somebody."

"Say, whassa idea, anyhow?" queried one of the girls. "What th' hell you wanta go an' spoil perfe'tly good party with a damn weddin' for?"

"Ain't spoilin' no party. Make it fine party," said O'Mara. "Damn it, le's all get married."

"See if I care," giggled Babette.

"I wouldn't mind it so much, but it always makes m' wife sore whenever I go out and get married," said one of the other students.

"Me, too," spoke the third.

"I gotta get me a wife t'day, somehow," insisted O'Mara. "Where in hell 'm I goin' t' get me a wife?"

"Gawd, if it's s' damn important as that, I'll marry you, you damn drunk fool," said Babette.

"S go," said O'Mara. "Le's go."

So they went.

So to the city hall they went, arm in arm, where they procured a marriage license, and from there to a Justice of the Peace who performed the ceremony. After which they had a fine wedding supper, consisting to a large extent of spirituous liquors. Then at nightfall the three girls accompanied the students to the Southern Pacific station where the boys entrained for a point in Texas where their training school was located.

The bride and her two friends returned to their homes, none of them remembering the details of the party. But they all insisted that it certainly was a very enjoyable affair—it gave them a new thrill.

Sobered, O'Mara explained to his friends the necessity for his marriage to a girl he had never seen before.

He had applied for and had received so many leaves of absence that his commander grew tired of

permitting him to go off on his periodical drunks. This time O'Mara had to have a good excuse. Marriage was the only alibi he could think of. Indeed, it was the only excuse his commander would tolerate. So he said he was going to be married. He was given three weeks' leave. He had to bring the license back with him. He brought it.

When the armistice was signed, O'Mara was one of the first to return to Hollywood. He had a reason—he wanted to see what his new wife really looked like; he wanted also to be certain whether or not he was married. He found that he was—securely.

Then came the inevitable. It was but a few short months till Babette was in court applying for a divorce. Her new husband beat her, cursed her, hated her, she said. To his friends and hers she made vile charges against him. She obtained a divorce and alimony.

O'Mara is one of the most brilliant young men in the motion picture industry. He has held several splendid positions at the biggest studios in Hollywood. He is popular at parties and very much in demand among a certain set.

Babette is receiving regular money now, the first she ever received. Being an "extra" doesn't pay well, or regularly. Alimony is much easier. The court collects that.

And this is only one of a dozen similar cases.

Take Jim Brown, for instance. Jim met a charming young married woman at a movie party one night. Her husband, a young and coming director, was dancing quite frequently with his leading woman, and the young wife, piqued, flirted with Jim Brown.

The liquor flowed freely, as it usually flows at movie parties. Jim Brown and the director's wife went out for a walk. The director found them there spooning in the tonneau of Brown's car. Brown whipped the young director. The young wife said she was afraid to go home. Brown said she should go with him. She did.

But the young wife, possibly repenting, decided the following day to return to her home and beg her husband's forgiveness.

Quietly she stole into the house, for it was night. Noiselessly she switched on the lights—and occupying her place in her bed was her husband's leading woman.

The young wife returned to Jim Brown. They are still living together—and her husband is living with his leading woman!

A Movie Queen and a Broken Home

HOLLYWOOD drafts its workers from the
Trenches of Life—

Argosies from all the seven seas—caravans from every clime—bring their contributions of ambitious toilers to the movie mill.

A vivid, living mirage of everything the human heart desires lures alike the innocent blue-eyed girl, the sophisticated damsel, the flower and the froth of mankind, into the yawning mouth of the abyss—the tragic realm of Moviedom—

Showers of gold, luxury realized beyond the wildest dreams, a life resplendent with jewels, gowns that bewilder the eye, ravishing silks and satins, sables and ermine, fortune, fame—and shame!

Pugilists become actors, song writers become directors, physicians become character men, bartenders and button-hole makers become producers, artists models and modistes' manikins become stars—in some cases almost over night—and police court lawyers become arbiters of the public taste!

It is a strange world—Moviedom. A strange and a tragic world—a wheel on which men and women are pitilessly broken in body and soul. There is something about the pictures which seems to make men and women less human, more animal-like.

There are numerous stories of how men—popular idols—have abandoned their wives—their children, to carry on illicit relations with the women of the

studios; of how wives have left their husbands to associate with a stage carpenter or an assistant camera man. These cases are of common knowledge.

The winning of another man's wife or another woman's husband was a sort of friendly contest. A game in which many played a hand. The incident of the leading woman who took away the husband—a prominent actor and director—of the wife who had discovered her and selected her for the position, is but one example of this kind.

At a dance another leading woman openly boasted that she was going to win a certain assistant director, then present, away from his wife and child. She did. The pair are now in Australia. The wife is working in a Los Angeles office, supporting herself and the girl. They never hear from the husband and father.

Only a few months before, this, then happy family, had enjoyed a wonderful Christmas—a fine big tree, gifts for the girl, games and good food, friends dropping in all day. Whenever the wife passes that house—the place of her last happy memories, the tears start. But—the leading woman wanted that man. She got him. Movie conditions—close, unrestrained contact—helped her.

But a recent case, a very recent case, involving a certain prominent woman star and a married man, once admired by all who knew him as a model husband—father of two children—is receiving more than passing notice. It has shocked even shockless Moviedom.

The facts:

There came to Hollywood a few years ago a man who had once been a famous football player. In the East he had been known as a great varsity athlete. He is a fine specimen of physical manhood. He is

good to look at. His father is a prominent financier, rich and liberal.

He came to Los Angeles with his wife and child. He made friends fast. Everybody liked Hefty—which we will call him hereafter but which is not his name.

He started to serve his time in pictures. He had been a gridiron star. He was naturally affable and a regular fellow. Why not reach stardom on the screen? He worked conscientiously. He was determined to make his way without any fatherly aid.

Hefty and his wife took a modest apartment. At night Hefty came home and helped—helped with the baby—with the dishes. With the exception of going to an occasional prize fight, his only pleasure was running out to see the few intimate friends they had made.

He struggled on. He was good looking—a type. He had strength and physical appeal. Before long he was much in demand—had work almost all the time. He was living clean. No scandal attached itself to his name.

V———, the woman in the case—had reached Hollywood long before. She had already won her way to stardom when Hefty arrived. Aided and abetted by her girlish appearance, her good looks, her insinuating manner, her easy morals—and a capable mother who handled her affairs—she was living in easy opulence on a salary that ran into four figures.

She was known to have been married at least once, although the concern that owned her pictures made much capital of her “innocent” youth. According to the press notices she was still in her teens. She had been married to a director. The flu carried him off.

Sometime before Hefty appeared on the scene she had been "playing"—as they say in Hollywood—a famous aviator, a man who received enormous fees for his dare-devil exploits. More than once he had risked his neck after hours spent in V——'s society. For a while the aviator forgot his wife in Texas to be with V——. They had a merry, merry time while it lasted. Then the aviator was killed.

At the time Hefty arrived on the scene V—— had not yet selected a successor to the aviator. There were what might be called a few casuals who filled in the lapse—a wild party or two—but nothing in the way of a prolonged liason.

Where or how they met is of little consequence. Somehow or other they manage to meet in the movies. Their first meetings were but friendly visits. Then V—— saw to it that Hefty should see more of her. Hefty was willing. Before long he wanted to be with her often—oftener than he would care to have his wife know.

It required cunning with a wife and baby but somehow they managed it. It is more simple—in pictures. There is night work—long trips on location. Numerous excuses and opportunities that exist in no other walk of life.

In time Hefty's friends—and he had made a lot of them—began to notice things—to open their eyes. Hefty and V—— were growing careless—were taking no pains to avoid a scandal. The studios began to talk.

Hefty's friends were worried. They felt bad about the thing for they all liked his wife. She was as good a fellow as her big husband. She was a good wife, a good mother and a good friend. They were willing to overlook ordinary lapses, but this affair was growing dangerous—and besides Hefty's

wife was soon again to become a mother. Happy, she had told her intimates of her condition.

But Hefty and V—— didn't seem to be particularly concerned about what their friends had to say or what they thought. Hefty remained away from home more often now—made few if any excuses and saw his wife and home only when he could not be with V——.

Events were fast drawing to a head. The affair was now a matter of common gossip. At last the wife heard the whole story—learned all the details. Most of them Hefty himself told her. The telling was cold and brutal.

Two or three days before the anticipated arrival of their second child, he came home and informed his wife he was going to leave. He did leave. Entreaty proved unavailing. She pleaded and implored—but Hefty went. The unborn babe had no influence!

Then friends abandoned Hefty and came to the wife's aid. They promised to help her. This gave her courage. She was told to threaten. They showed her the only way to reach the victims of movie viceitis. She followed their advice. She would expose them—ruin their careers, their money making powers. This appeal succeeds in Hollywood when the calls of humanity and decency fall flat.

So they settled in cash and its equivalents. Hefty made provision for his family. The wife agreed to keep quiet—but her friends say that she will never be able to quiet the aching heart that will not heal.

V—— is still a star. The alleged movie "clean-up" has passed her by. And Hefty's friends do not think so much of Hefty—not even in callous Hollywood.

Making Sodom Look Sick

MEASURED by the pace set at some movie star parties there must have been a lot of weak and sterile minds in ancient Sodom and Babylon—Rome and Pompeii.

Either that or the historians have been holding out on us—have not told us all there is to tell.

Possibly there was a limit beyond which even a Pagan emperor dared not go. It may be that the truth was not so easily suppressed in those days. There was no phalanx of press agents in the armies of the ancients. There were no million dollar advertising appropriations to help still the journalistic conscience. No sixteen page displays such as ran recently for ten consecutive days in a certain Western daily.

In the light of revealed history it is certain—whatever may have been the cause—that ancient degenerates had to exercise a certain amount of prudence.

There were no modern safeguards such as surround the kings and queens of Moviedom. No ramification of interests to suppress the truth at every step. Moviedom's imagination had free play—unfettered, unrestrained it made the scarlet sins of Sodom and Babylon, of Rome and Pompeii fade into a pale, pale yellow!

Not so long ago a certain popular young actress returned from a trip. She had been away for ten days. Her friends felt that there ought to be a special welcome awaiting her. Rostrand, a famous comedian, decided to stage another of his unusual affairs. He rented ten rooms on the top floor of a large exclusive hotel and only guests who had the proper invitations were admitted.

After all of the guests—male and female—were seated, a female dog was led out into the middle of the largest room. Then a male dog was brought in. A dignified man in clerical garb stepped forward and with all due solemnity performed a marriage ceremony for the dogs.

It was a decided hit. The guests laughed and applauded heartily and the comedian was called a genius. Which fact pleased him immensely. But the "best" was yet to come.

The dogs were unleashed. There before the assembled and unblushing young girls and their male escorts was enacted an unspeakable scene. Even truth cannot justify the publication of such details.

Another recent party was that given by Count _____, a "prince" of a fellow, at his palatial mansion. Nearly two hundred guests were present. A jazz orchestra furnished sensuous music. The guests, women and men, disrobed. Then a nude dance was staged which lasted until morning.

Some of the guests were outraged. They departed. Others remained and took part in the orgy which did not stop with mere dancing for some of them.

But these nude parties were common. There is another comedian (of no mean ability, whose home for several months had been the meeting place of

these nude dancers. Recently a raid on the home of this comedian was scheduled, but he was "tipped off" in time to be acting perfectly decorous when the officers arrived. The neighbors, however, knew better.

A type of "citizen" well known in certain quarters—handsome, young, well proportioned men who work as "extras" in the pictures—is the paid escort or "kept man."

Deplorable as it may seem these beings have found patrons as far north as the exclusive precincts of Del Monte. Montecito, Pasadena, San Diego, are familiar to them. Women of a certain sort used to have the telephone number of the establishment where these men held forth and many calls came to them every day and night. Pay for their "company" ran high. Only the few could afford it.

Recent events suggested that it might be best to close this establishment but the former "club members" still hover about plying their profession.

The Girl Who Wanted Work

THE girl came from Atlanta. So we will call her by that name just to mark her for identification, as the lawyers would say.

Tired, yet brave, she entered the great sanctum of the great producer. There was an outer and inner office. In the outer office nobody paid the slightest attention to her, so she walked into the inner room. Half of the walls were unpainted. On a large near-leather sofa lay a man, snoring lustily with a newspaper over his face. His funny derby hat was threatening to fall off.

At the desk sat a frizzy stenographer. She was sucking an orange with much smacking and now and then took a bite, peel and all. With the other free hand she typed a little spasmodically. She had her limbs crossed with great abandon and wore rolled-up stockings with wild lace curtain effects.

At last Atlanta was in the presence of a great film magnate. Everything seemed eccentric, to say the least. The great man on the sofa was snoring with a struggling noise as if he expected to die every minute. The stenographer said, without looking at the girl,

“Leave your photos on the desk—is your name and phone number on the back?”

"I beg pardon," said Atlanta. "I have a letter of introduction to Mr. Junius.

The blonde frizzy-haired head turned and the stenographer gazed at the girl as if she had dropped down from another planet. She wiped her rouged lips on the back of her hand and said while inhaling a mouthful of orange juice:

"Wasn't you going to register for a job?"

Atlanta stated that she had a letter. She also asked when she might be able to interview Mr. Junius.

"For the love of Mike," said the girl. "How should I know. There he is on the sofa. He's dead or something. He gets awful sore if I wakes him up."

"I have been here all day," said Atlanta.

"Gee, in this game you're lucky if you see somebody the first week," laughed the girl, and took another bite of the orange. "I don't want to wake him."

He was small, dark haired, with a bullet head and a low, receding brow. He looked very boyish. His trousers were much too long for him. He was bow-legged and wore a silk shirt with huge monograms on both sleeves. He had a large nose and small ratty eyes and dangling from his ear hung a pair of goggle-like eyeglasses.

Suddenly the telephone rang. The man sat up and rubbed his eyes, mumbled something of an anathema in a language that Atlanta did not understand and he walked to the desk and answered the telephone. He did not seem to see her.

He snatched the telephone receiver off and thundered:

"Vat the hell?"

He listened for a moment and then replied to somebody with a flow of excited and lurid language. The substance of the conversation seemed to be the practicability of using an African elephant in an Indian scene.

"Golly, go to it," he snapped. "Who knows the difference between an African elephant and a American elephant. I don't. Nobody does. Vat the hell?"

He slammed up the receiver and then saw his stenographer through the door.

"For why don't you answer the telephone," he snapped. "Vat I pay you for, here?"

He turned and was going to lie down when he saw Atlanta.

She wore some very pretty stockings that day and very trim slippers.

"Vell," he said, looking at her ankles. "Vat do you want?" Then he put on his hat.

"Are you Mr. Junius?" began the girl.

"No, I'm Kristopher Columbus," he smiled. "Who do you think I am?"

"I have a letter of introduction to you from Mr. Riddle, the theatre-man of Denver," she said, presenting the letter. He evidently could not read it.

"Are you vun of his chickens and he wants to get rid of you, eh?" he smirked.

Atlanta was so suddenly taken "off her feet" that she did not get time to get fully indignant. The little man's eyes gleamed with merriment over his own cheap witticism and his ears stood out like the wings on a biplane.

He shook his bullet head and the little "derby" hat, of the "fried egg" type, fairly danced on his head. Then he saw how the girl's lower lip quivered, and he decided to try another tack.

"Sit down, dear," he said, "you are a friend of a friend of mine."

Then he shouted out to the stenographer:

"It's time for your lunch, eh?"

Although it was in the middle of the afternoon, the girl said "yes, sir," with a wink and left closing the door behind her. Atlanta heard a snap lock go shut.

"Vell," he smiled, and pushed his chair close up to where the girl sat. "Speak your piece."

Determined to succeed and to tolerate his idiosyncrasies, Atlanta began:

"I want to get into the motion pictures and will work very, very hard."

"You have a nice figure," said Junius, and looked her over.

"I have had some dramatic experience," she stuttered.

"Vy don't you act that way, then," he smiled. "You are camouflaging, and vhy?"

"In high school plays and in—"

"You have swell ankles and pretty knees, I think—" he continued. "Vat do you veigh—live veight?"

"I weigh one hundred and twenty-two," said the girl. "As I was going to say—I—want to be given a chance—"

"It's up to you," replied Junius. "You are a high kicker, yes?" He held his hat high above his head, invitingly.

"Can you do anything for me?" she asked, ignoring his personal remarks and attempting to overlook his leering glances.

"I told you it vas up to you personally," said the man, insistently. "Do you live with your mother or have you a apartment. If you live with your

mother—well, there's nothing doing—”

Atlanta could stand it no longer. She arose, trembling and disgusted.

“You shouldn't be so particular,” he laughed. “Anybody that's been Riddle's chicken. I know Sol and his wife and family. Are you the girl he bought them squirrel furs for, eh? He was telling me.”

“I—I don't accept presents from men and I don't know Mr. Riddle,” snapped Atlanta. “My mother does.”

“Ah,” smirked Junius, “the old lady is gayer than the daughter, eh?”

This remark about her mother proved the last straw. With super-human effort she kept outwardly cool as she walked towards the door.

Either ignoring her state of mind or too calloused to understand that he had hurt every sensibility in the girl, Junius asked, with an attempt to tighten her coat around her:

“How you look in a bathing suit, yes?”

Atlanta snatched her hatpin from her hat and held it manacingly towards him. He turned pale and opened the door. The boy was outside.

“Show this one out, Teddy,” said Junius. “She is a flivver! Look out, she has a hatpin.”

Scarcely knowing what she was doing Atlanta found herself on the sidewalk and as she passed the window of Junius' office he looked out and shook his finger at her.

“I'll qveer you all over town,” he said, “you—you are a lemon!”

Of course, the girl did not know till later that he was a member of a producers association, and that the blacklist was one of his weapons for stubborn girls with “false” standards of virtue.

