

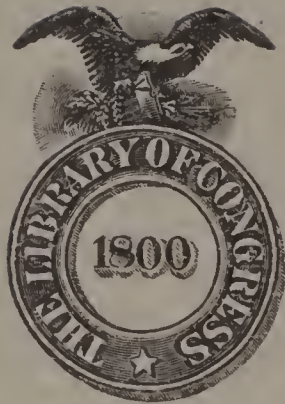
Do Gentlemen Prefer Blondes?

They Do Not

Colin Clements

Illustrated by

A Bond Salesman



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*THEY DO NOT*





TO  
ANITA LOOS  
AND  
RALPH BARTON



“WHEN IT CAME MY TURN I JUMPED RIGHT UPON THE TABLE WITHOUT A UKELELE OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT”

# THEY DO NOT

*The letters of a non-professional lady  
arranged for public consumption*

BY  
COLIN CLEMENTS

KNOWINGLY ILLUSTRATED BY  
A BOND SALESMAN



BOSTON  
SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY  
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## AN OPEN LETTER TO MY PUBLIC

Well, when I arrived here at Hollywood and all the excitement about my getting back to "the heart of the cinema world" had settled down a little, I began to hear that the newspapers were saying awful things about me all over America without consulting my press agent or Max or anybody.

It turned out that Anita Loos wrote a book called, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," which is all about a girl whose sex-appeal wasn't as pure as it should have been. Well, while I was over in Paris getting all the artistic atmosphere I could get to use in my work, and studying history all the time, and looking at nothing else much but the buildings you're supposed to look at if anybody takes you to Paris on your vacation, while I was doing all that just as fast as I could, this book I'm telling you about was being published over here in America.

So one of the critics happened to read it and right away he began to think that Anita Loos had used me and my characteristics for the girl

## *An Open Letter to My Public*

in that book. Well, what chance has a poor girl got when a critic reads a book and thinks he finds my characteristics in it? And then goes for lunch to the Algonquin? That's how everything started and I think they ought to stop serving lunch there, especially to critics, because they always have the worst kind of minds about everybody.

So the book has been read everywhere and turned into seven languages besides, and when I think of people talking about my reputation as they think it is from that book in seven languages, my God, I don't know what to do about it, because one language is bad enough to get your reputation talked all about in, even when a girl has got as much ability as I've got.

After that, they told me that everybody who couldn't read the book for themselves got somebody else to read it to them and in that way everybody in America is laughing themselves to death. So I feel it is my duty to save my reputation from seven languages and all the American population who is laughing itself to death, because I'm very democratic even if I am a Russian Princess ever since I got back from Paris.



## *An Open Letter to My Public*

So I thought and thought, because how could I ever tell the public I was not the girl in that book, especially after it had gone as far as seven languages? But I knew something ought to be done about it at once, because if it got into seven more languages, a book-reviewer might happen to read it and then my reputation would be worse off than ever, as they don't care what they say about anybody because that's what they're paid for.

Then I thought about it for another ten minutes. A great screen artist like I am has to think like a flash if she ever wants to get anywhere, because no director is going to just stand around the lot all day unless he happens to feel like it. So that's how I came to remember about all the letters I wrote to a friend of mine while I was over in Paris. I knew she would have them all because she knows how wonderful I am with so much ability, so that's the reason she saves all my letters. She says they're rich and ought to make a book some day. So that's how I got the idea of putting all the letters I'd written together till they make a book. Well, I called up a very clever young man I know who is out here in Hollywood this summer and asked him what he thought of the

## *An Open Letter to My Public*

idea. Then we went down to the Biltmore for lunch and talked it all over when we weren't eating. So he agreed with me that it was a swell idea too, so that's how I happened to do it. And he promised he'd make as many corrections as he thought my large public would stand for and leave out any little personal things which my public takes for granted about a girl with all my ability.

So when my book gets into seven languages, quite a few of the people in these United States from San Francisco to New York City will be able to read it and then they will see for themselves that I'm not at all the girl in that "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and besides, I'm not a blonde any more. Because I don't believe gentlemen do. Naturally any girl in my position has had a lot of experience with hair and gentlemen of all kinds. Also, I never knew a man by the name of Eisman in my life. Max Goldberg is the only man who was ever interested in seeing that I got all the education that's behind me and he's a motion picture director, not a button-maker. Also, I've never been to Vienna ever. Why, I didn't even know there was such a place till somebody looked it up on a map for me and showed it to me so

## *An Open Letter to My Public*

Miss Loos must have made that part of her book up right out of her mind.

Also, the public, after they've read my book in seven languages, will learn that any jewelry which was given to me while I was in Paris was for my ability alone and even if it wasn't always given to me for my ability alone, I wouldn't be fool enough to tell anybody, so all that part of her book must be guesswork and I don't think it's a very nice thing to write a book on guesswork, unless it's a cross-word puzzle book, and then such parts are left blank.

So when my book with all the letters I wrote about things gets into seven languages or more, if there are any more, all the critics and public will see that I spent all my time in Paris getting into one atmosphere after another, so that when I got home here, I could give everything to my art which is the most important thing I can think of at present in my whole life. My public will now see that while I was in Paris, I went with only the very best people because Dickie was nothing if he wasn't a gentleman and it breaks my heart when I think what became of him because I'm all full of sympathy as well as ability.

## *An Open Letter to My Public*

Then Tony was very nice while he lasted, and besides he went to Africa which somebody told me was very dark and you've got to hand it to a man who is brave enough to go into a place as big as Africa is big, in the dark all alone, and that's just what he did, all alone, because I couldn't go running off to Africa when I was in Paris for only three weeks, could I? Besides I wouldn't go into the dark with any foreigner, I don't care who he was, until I'd known him longer than I knew Tony. I've got my reputation to think about all the time if my mind's not too full of other things. And as for Freddy, why Max, my director, was awfully pleased about Freddy. And when Freddy's mother hurried clear over to Paris on the first boat she could find, just to meet me, it proves that a girl with my ability is taken right in and up by all the Big Society from Boston and clear on as far west as Philadelphia.

As for Boris, which in the intimacy of our own family circle we called Borax, I certainly married him for true love if any girl ever did, because of all the men I've met and everything in my life, I've never even hinted a word about marriage before so that ought to prove to the public that I was loyal to the man of my choice.

## *An Open Letter to My Public*

I'm so glad all my letters are to be published out in the open where everybody can read them, because now all my public will see that I am not at all like that girl in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and they will also know for the first time that I'm very innocent for a girl with as much ability as I've got who ever wants to get anywhere or a diamond bracelet once in awhile unless she's a fool.

So, as my friend, Michael Arlen, when he isn't dining with Bebe Daniels, always says,

Yours "for Purity,"

LUELLA.

P.S. Maybe Miss Loos believes gentlemen prefer blondes, but I want to say *They Do Not*.

P.S. Again. I think it was terrible of that author Anita Loos, to say I had no inhibitions if she meant me and when she gets out here to Hollywood again I'm going to say to her, I'm going to say,

"What do you mean no inhibitions?"

Because I don't know for sure except what I can guess about them because the dictionary Max gave me got all spoiled. We had a party here one night and somebody spilt some gin-

## *An Open Letter to My Public*

gerale that wasn't quite pure on it so all the printing got scorched and now you can't read a word of it, so the dictionary is no good except for decoration. Anyhow, I'm sure I've got lots of inhibitions because no girl could get as far as I've got and everything unless she had lots of everything including class.

P.S. Once More. I almost forgot to tell you that the name of the Bond Salesman is Jacob Bates Abbott.

# CHAPTER I

TO PARIS BY WAY OF NEW YORK AND A BOAT





## CHAPTER I

### TO PARIS BY WAY OF NEW YORK AND A BOAT

#### *Hollywood.*

Listen! You'll never believe it. Listen, I'm going to Paris. I don't mean maybe, I mean Paris, France. Because Mr. Goldberg says every artist, especially one in the motion pic-



“MR. GOLDBERG . . .  
SEEMED TO THINK I OUGHT TO GO TO PARIS . . .”

tures should see Paris. No actress is ever quite educated until she sees Paris, if you know what I mean. Paris does something to every-

## *They Do Not*

one that nothing else can, and there you are. Anyway, Mr. Goldberg being my director here in the pictures seemed to think I ought to go to Paris and, of course, I think the way he thinks because that's what I'm supposed to do, being a screen artist.

It seems he's going to Paris also, because going to Paris gives you so many new ideas, and if there is one thing a motion picture director needs it's lots of new ideas, even if he has to pay someone to think them up for him. So that's why I'm going to Paris. Of course, I'm just crazy to go to Paris. Everybody is once. Besides, I met a boy once who wrote a book called *Sweeter Piffle*, or something, and after I'd met him I bought his book because he said he'd write his name in it.

I think it's the duty of any girl who wants to get anywhere in pictures to keep up on the current authors because you never can tell when they might come out here to Hollywood and begin writing for the screen like everybody else. Anyway, this book was all about Paris because a friend of mine who borrowed it told me so and ever since then I've wanted to see Paris. I mean I'd heard of Paris before but not so intimately.

## *They Do Not*

Well, anyway, after Max told me I was to spend three weeks in Paris to get the French atmosphere, I got so excited I didn't know what to do, so I just didn't do anything except kiss Max, which seemed to tickle him to death,



MAX

but of course any man as old as Max is likes to have a little attention now and then and of course when I'm not romping around the lot I'm paying a lot of attention to Max, which any

## *They Do Not* ·

girl with my ability should do for her director.

Right after lunch I called up Donald Ogden Stewart, who knows a thing or two about Paris for it seems when he's not out here in Hollywood writing motion pictures he's writing travel books and getting them published. Of course, I ought to buy them but what's the use of buying an author's books when he lives right in the same hotel I used to live in? Well, I asked Don to tell me a thing or two about Paris, and listen, you'll never believe it, but what he told me about Paris can't go through the mails or I'd write you everything, because you can't tell when letters from a girl with my ability might fall into wrong hands, so I always watch my step. Because, you know what happened to me that time I wrote some letters to George and said the things I thought I felt but didn't and his wife got them. A girl can't get far if the Sunday papers go on saying things like they said about me with pictures, even if she is a screen artist.

So we're starting for New York next week.

## *They Do Not*

*New York.*

Well, here I am in New York again, and you'll never believe it, but the first person I ran into almost was Ralph Barton.

He said, "How are you, Luella?"

And I said, "How are you, Ralph?" and then we shook hands and went and had lunch.

Ralph always knows about the newest places ever since he got running around with Nikita Balueff and the rest of that Russian Chauve-Souris crowd.

So I just said, "Ralph, I'll leave it to you." And I did.

So we went up to a new place on Lexington Avenue run by Adolph Buchler. It's all in black and white and looks awfully swell including the people that go there. Adolph has gone in for Danish cooking, so we had a Danish lunch which wasn't half bad, seeing as how it was foreign. Then they dragged in a lot of French pastries and I ate three. I told Ralph that since I was going to Paris I might just as well begin at once to cultivate everything French even if I did have to begin with pastries.

So then I took another one because when a girl with my ability is on her vacation going to

## *They Do Not*

Paris, she don't have to worry what happens to her hips.

Then the young Mexican cartoonist that everybody that is anybody has been raving about came in. His name's Miguel Covarrubias. Ralph introduced him to me as they work on the same paper together with Steichen, the photographer, which is run by Condé Nast on Forty-fourth Street, so of course they are all friendly. I suppose you're beginning to wonder how I know so much but listen, you'll never believe it, a girl in my position has to know a lot or she'll never get where she is if the critics can help it.

Then just as I was reaching for a sugared mint-leaf, in came Charles Hanson Towne and listen, you'll never believe it, Charlie, when I last knew him, was not what you'd call a well-dressed man but he's changed so since he discovered Cruger's or Cruger's discovered him.

Well, then who should blow in but Glenn Hunter? You could have knocked me over with a feather duster.

He said, "Hello, Luella."

I said, "Hello, Glenn."

And then we shook hands and began to talk about Hollywood, because everybody in Holly-

## *They Do Not*

wood is crazy about Glenn ever since he did "Merton of the Movies" in the pictures and now he's doing another play and he told me all about it's being the story of an English school boy called "Woodley," and of course, everybody is crazier than ever.

Then Ralph took me back to the hotel which is the Algonquin, because Max thought a girl of my ability ought to stay there and, of course, I always think the way he thinks because he's my director and that's what I'm supposed to do. Besides, everybody that is anybody stays at the Algonquin as long as they can afford it. So, of course, I can afford it since Max Goldberg is my director. Because, if you're seen in the Algonquin you're sure to get into the public's eye sooner or later, which Max seems to think ought to be cultivated by a girl with my ability.

So I said Goodbye to Ralph Barton and he said he'd see what he could do about getting one of his drawings of me in a magazine called the *New Yorker*, which everybody reads who don't live in New York, which ought to be popular because all the fans love to see their favorite actresses in the papers, when they don't live in New York.

## *They Do Not*

Listen, you'll never believe it, but I'd just got my lip-stick half way out when who should I run into but Konrad Bercovici?

He said, "Hello, Lu."

I said, "Hello, Konrad," and then we shook hands and talked a lot about Hollywood because he's awfully democratic even if he wasn't born in America.

By that time it was time to have tea so we went into the next room which is filled with the cutest red and black furniture and had orangeade with nothing else in it.

Well, just as I was having my last orangeade, I looked up and who do you suppose I saw leaving the room with his wife that used to be Ruth Gordon and still is? Nobody less than Gregory Kelly. I used to know him awfully intimately when he was playing at the Booth Theatre in "Seventeen" and I was connected with the same company in the box-office. But that was before George's wife got her divorce and all my letters got published in the Sunday papers and I got my first contract to go into the movies and show how much ability I really had because the movie people seemed to think that any girl who could get a string of pearls from George like the one I got from George



## *They Do Not*

had real ability. I guess they were right because I'm still in the movies and you'd be surprised what a lot of jewels and things friends give you when you're a screen artist with my ability.

Anyhow, the minute I saw him I rushed over and said, "Hello, Greg," and he's just as shy as ever. He tried to get out through the side door but I got there first. I was a little annoyed when he pretended not to remember me until I told him the name of my last picture, but after that he got all excited so we shook hands.

I said, "You call me Lu and I'll call you Greg," and then we talked all about Hollywood because he's not been there yet.

So then he told me he was playing in a show called, "Butter and Egg Man," but I forgot to ask him which part, but anyway he asked me to come around to the theatre because the show's a hit. After that we said, "Goodbye."

Then I went back to find Konrad but I guess he got discouraged or had to write another book or something and went home. Anyway it was time to dress for dinner so I went upstairs and took a nap.

Then Max came in and we got his flask and

## *They Do Not*

a taxicab and ended up at Ben Riley's new place which is up toward Yonkers, right up Riverside Drive to the end and then out on Broadway till 230th Street, and is called, Arrowhead Inn and is all Moorish besides.

Right in the middle of the lobby stood the cutest Chrysler roadster for which you get a free chance with your Long Island Duckling for five dollars which is nothing at all when you consider this is New York where every girl spends every cent of money she can lay her hands on including her own salary.

Then we got into another taxi and went for miles and miles and miles down Fifth Avenue and at last we came to the Neighborhood Playhouse, because Max wanted to see a play called, "Daybreak" or something all about Jews, and Max said it was a good show and what's the use of seeing any other kind when you're in New York because in New York when a play is no good they pack it up and send it out to the coast. Well, I couldn't make much out of the show because I'm not Jewish even if I am in the pictures.

Anyway, Max promised to tell me what it all means when we get on the boat tomorrow if he's sober. Max is nice that way, he always

## *They Do Not*

explains everything which certainly takes a weight off my mind.

So I spent all my time looking at the audience which certainly was smart if I do say so. Stuart Walker was there with Mrs. Richard Mansfield and Stark Young came in with Morgan Farley after the first act. Then Heywood Broun was there and Alexander Woolcott who is much thinner than when I used to know him well enough to call him by the first half of his first name. Ring Lardner was there too and I thought he was still out in California and so was Joseph Hergesheimer because if you see him once you can never forget it. Then Max pointed out George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken. I suppose you have heard of these literary gentlemen, because, it seems, they're always fixing the world and everything. They both write lots of books together and separately but Max says the kind of books they write wouldn't interest me, so I just leave it all to him because knowing me as he does, he knows the kind of a book I'll read if I ever do.

Well, after the show, who should I run into but Doug and Mary? I don't know how I missed seeing them right at the beginning because nobody ever does.

## *They Do Not*

Anyway, I said, "Hello, Doug."

And he said, "Hello, Lu," and we shook hands, but we didn't talk about Hollywood because we are all going to Paris.

Well, then we got into another taxi because Max wanted to go back to the hotel to get his other flask because the one he had with him was empty and Max isn't the kind of a man that goes around, even in New York, with an empty flask. I will say that for him.

So then we went to Small's which is the high spot of Harlem because everybody's going to Harlem or Paris or somewhere these days. But I began to think I didn't care so much about these night-clubs because nobody was there but a lot of Princeton boys and I didn't know any of them so I got lower and lower but felt better after the waiter brought the ginger-ale.

Then McKay Morris came in with a friend of his and Carl Van Vechten who is interested in all the poetry he can find around Harlem and John Weaver with Peggy Wood who married him. So things looked better. Then Elsie Janis blew in with some boy friends and her mother, and Elsie looks younger than ever.

## *They Do Not*

So I whispered to Max, "My God, how does she do it?"

I said out loud, "Hello, Elsie."

And she said, "Hello, Lu."

Then we shook hands and began to talk about Hollywood but Elsie's mother wanted to tell me all about the last time they were in Paris where they stopped at the Crillon, which is a hotel, and I just had to sit there and listen because Max told me once that it's not polite to talk when somebody older is talking to you, and of course, Elsie's mother is older than I am even if she won't admit it.

Then Porter Woodruff came in and the minute he saw me and my new Reboux hat, he said he wanted to make a drawing of me under the hat for *Vogue* magazine. Then he took out a pad of paper and kept on insisting and insisting about that drawing.

So I said, "Go ahead," and he did.

But it's awful how men keep pestering a girl of my ability and of course she has to let them have their way about things once in a while if she ever wants to get anywhere or jewelry. Then the place got noisy and I told Max that since we were going to Paris to get the

## *They Do Not*

artistic atmosphere, I didn't think we ought to spend our time in a place like this.

He said, "Keep your damn mouth shut."

After I'd thought it over for a while I made up my mind he was right because he knows all about the world and everything. So I did.



"SO I DID THAT CUTE LITTLE CHARLESTON  
ARTHUR MURRAY TAUGHT ME"

Then listen, you'll never believe it, but the place got noisier than ever so I took another

## *They Do Not*

little drink of gingerale which wasn't quite pure.

Then when it got so noisy you couldn't hear a thing I heard some one yell, "Do your dance, they're walking out on you."

So I got up and did that cute little Charleston Arthur Murray taught me but I must of tripped on something, anyway, the next thing I knew we were in a taxi going down Fifth Avenue and it was daylight so I opened my eyes and asked Max what day it was and he told me it was Wednesday and that we had to catch our boat for Paris, France, at twelve o'clock. But I'm not as crazy about the night-clubs as I used to be because they don't seem to amount to much since the Prince of Wales went home.

Well, I suppose you'll think I'm a regular "I knew him when-er" but a girl of my ability has to keep up with everybody and her dancing. The next time you hear from me I'll be setting my feet in Paris so I'll tell you about how artistic it is if I don't get time to write on the boat.

### *On the Ocean.*

Well, here I am in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean but as there are lots of us, it is not as lonesome as it sounds. Anyway, it's a lovely

## *They Do Not*

boat and my God, it's big. I hope Max don't get it into his head to have it taken out to Hollywood for a picture because if he does what chance have I got? It used to be a transcript or something in the war but I never knew much about the war, besides some officers and a second Lieutenant, except what Conrad Nagel told me because he used to be a sailor and had to pound a typewriter all through the war which I think was awful because what's the use of getting all dressed up in a sailor-suit if you've got to run a typewriter instead of a boat?

Listen, you'll never believe it, but I'm a little disappointed because I always thought Paris, being as artistic as it is, was very exclusive, but so far as I can see, everybody seems to be going to Paris. I don't know where they are going to put us all when we get there. Then besides, I got sick the first day I spent on this boat.

Max said to me, "How do you feel, girlie?"

I said, "Don't talk to me, I think I'm dying." But I didn't.

So Max had half a dozen cases of champagne sent down to our suite and right away I felt better because just to look at so much



## *They Do Not*

expensive Champagne, right under her own bed, makes any girl see how much ability she really has. But I told Max I didn't know everybody had to go through this to set her feet in Paris. I said I'd just as soon set my feet any old place where there was less water and more trees.

But the next day after one of the cases of champagne was gone I felt better and went upstairs and sat down in a chair with my feet up.

Then the man next to me said, "Good morning!"

I looked up and right there close enough for me to touch him was a preacher or something because he had his collar on backwards and I knew it wasn't Mr. Belasco because I used to know David well when I was at the Booth Theatre in the box-office and was trying to get a job from him as an actress. But that was before George gave me the string of pearls and the Marmon and all my letters got into the Sunday papers with pictures and, of course, until then nobody really knew how much ability I had. So you can't blame David.

Anyway, I yawned and said, "Good morning."



"WELL, I DIDN'T SEE ANY SENSE OF STARTING AN ARGUMENT  
SO I SAID 'YES'"

## *They Do Not*

Then he said, "Pleasant, isn't it?"

Well, I didn't see any use of starting an argument so I said, "Yes."

And then we talked all about Hollywood without shaking hands or anything. So he asked me if Hollywood was really full of sin and I told him it wasn't since I left.

That seemed to worry him because he turned out to be a bishop. It's a good thing for a girl with my past to live up to to have a Bishop among her friends, if she don't give mixed parties, so I asked him if he didn't think a little extra dry champagne would make him feel better and after he'd looked up and down the deck several times he said he thought it would. So then we went to my suite and had a bottle of Champagne. After that I got friendly and told him all about myself and how I was going to Paris to cultivate all the art over there. He seemed awfully interested and said there was some beautiful churches in Paris and he hoped I'd go to all of them.

So I said, "My God, what's the use of going clear to Paris to go to church when you can do that right in Hollywood, if you can find one to go to."

That seemed to hurt his feelings so we had

## *They Do Not*

another bottle of Champagne. Then he told me all about himself, which wasn't very interesting because he'd never had any divorces or anything.

By that time it was time to have another bottle of Champagne. Then I told him a little more about myself and when I saw tears in his eyes I thought we'd better have another bottle of Champagne. So we had two. And then he told me all about his mother, which was very sad, because any man with a mother who made him read all the time must of had a sad life.

Well, by that time we were both so down that I felt it was time for just one more drink but somehow we lost count. After that he took my hand and listen, you'll never believe it, he told me he loved me. I was so surprised I almost slid off the bed. Besides, when I woke up, it was the next day.

By the time I got into my clothes I thought I'd go up and see how the Bishop and the climate was. There's one thing nice about being on a boat, you get lots of climate from all sides and it's very refreshing. Well, when I got to my deck-chair, the Bishop wasn't there. A woman in a Queen Mary hat and a bunch of chins was sitting in his place but I noticed that

## *They Do Not*

her diamonds were extra large so I decided to overlook the face and be friendly which is a thing everybody is supposed to be when they're all on one boat in the middle of the ocean where you can't get off even if you want to.

So I leaned over and said, "Would you mind lending me a smear of your lipstick?"

Listen, you'll never believe it, but that woman just dropped her flock of chins a half inch and let things come out of her mouth that no lady even with a face like hers should even think of, let alone say out loud. Well, I couldn't make out why she had it in for me until I found out she was the Bishop's wife and I guess maybe he talks in his sleep, if you know what I mean. So I just went down and drank a little Champagne to settle my nerves because a girl with my ability is awfully high-strung or she wouldn't have it. Well, after a while I woke up and it was the next day.

About lunch time Max showed up. I hadn't seen him for days and had begun to think he'd fallen into the ocean or something but it turned out that he had been up in the smoking-room playing poker for high stakes and when a man gets that way he's just got to keep on going till he wins everything. Besides Max is

## *They Do Not*

awfully lucky at poker, especially when he can use a deck of cards he had made for himself last winter but, of course, I'm not supposed to tell anybody that because they might think he was crooked at cards and what people don't know won't hurt them if they don't find it out.

Well, Max was awfully good natured, for him, because he's got everybody's money on the boat and as this is not a small boat that's enough to make any man happy.

. So after we'd had a little champagne he took my hand and said, "Listen Girlie, I want the three weeks in Paris to be the happiest of your whole life."

And then I told him they certainly would be if I could have a ruby bracelet like the one Peggy Joyce got the last time she was in Paris and wears up near her elbow.

Max laughed at that and told me he wanted me to get everything I could out of the cultured French people and atmosphere, because when we go back to Hollywood, he's going to—listen, you'll never believe it, he's going to put me in a French picture. So that only shows what a lot my director thinks of me and my ability. He told me that with my looks and everything, and his brains full of a lot of new

## *They Do Not*

ideas and of French atmosphere, we could go back to Hollywood and put a kick into the whole motion picture industry which is something if you take time to think about it.

Well, after we'd had something to eat and drink and had talked over all of our plans in Paris and everything, the time just flew away until the first thing I knew it was the next day which is today and now it's almost time to get off the boat. So the next time you hear from me I'll be in Paris with my feet on French soil and my director.





## CHAPTER II

PARIS IS FULL OF LIBERTY



## CHAPTER II

### PARIS IS FULL OF LIBERTY

*Paris, at last.*

Here we are at Paris, France, and it's too beautiful for any words I can think of just at present but will try to later. It seems Paris has everything except our lovely Hollywood sunshine which, of course, is always on my mind because that's the way I make my living being a screen artist.

Well, what's the use if I don't start from the beginning because I'm here to see Paris, France, inside out. That's the only way anybody can get any atmosphere, I don't care who she is. So then we got off the boat and into a train, anyway they call it a train, and pretty soon I picked up an acquaintance with a good looking young man who is also going to Paris and he gave me a lot of information, which is a good thing to have lots of in a foreign land. I'll use it later on. Anyway, we came to a place called St. Lazare station and got off. That only goes to show how religious these French are because they name all their

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railroad stations after a saint. Maybe the Bishop was right, I suppose since I'm over here I ought to go to church once if I can get up in time.

Then all over I saw signs which said, *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, and as I don't speak the French language yet I thought I might as well begin to learn because there are lots of things you can't begin too soon. So I asked Max about the signs and he told me it meant Liberty. It seems there's more Liberty in Paris than anything else excepting artistic atmosphere. So then we rode in a taxi and, say, Liberty is all right in its place but in a French taxi it can be overdone. I began to think we'd never get anywhere alive.

Well, we went down the Rue de la Paix till we came to a building. Max said it was the Ritz Hotel, so naturally I got out. It didn't take me long to find out that anybody who pretends to be anything if she's got a good contract or a friend or something, always stops at the Ritz except a few of us because Mary and Doug told me they were going to stop at the Crillon and Charlie Chaplin told me once that he always stops at Claridge's but then he don't care for Paris so what can you

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expect! Gloria Swanson goes to the Plaza-Athénee. But I like it here because right in front of us is the Place Vendôme which has a monument which quite a famous man called Napoleon put up there when he wasn't fighting or anything. And right around the corner is the Tuileries and the Rue de la Paix and from the sound of them they ought to have lots of artistic atmosphere because I've heard so many people speaking of them.

Well, anyhow, I'd hardly got through the swinging doors of the Ritz when, listen, you'll never believe it, I bumped right into Al Jolson.

So I said, "Hello, Al."

And he said, "Hello, Lu," and "When did you get over?"

So I asked him over what and he introduced me to a whole bunch of his friends because a man who is as famous as Al is and can sing besides always has a flock of friends. So we met Gilbert White and Gil Boaz and William Hogg and Jack Dean, who is married to Fanny Ward, and Jo Davidson, who is an artist even if he does look like a man, and Clifford Harmon and Dana Pond.

Then it was time for a cocktail. It's always time for a cocktail over here because in Paris

## *They Do Not*

there is so much Liberty that everybody including automobiles can go as fast as they please without the police stopping them.

Then Harry Lehr joined us. It seems that ever since he got tired of Newport, Rhode Island, he has lived in Paris, France, and because he knows so much he told us a lot of things. That's how we happened to find out that Margot Asquith and Dame Melba and Dollie Wilde, who is a niece of Oscar Wilde who used to write plays, and even the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia were stopping here and tomorrow Elinor Glyn and even Queen Marie who lives over in Roumania is coming to stop here.

So I said, "My God, think of us all under the same roof."

By that time Max decided there was no use starting right out to see Paris when we had come so far and could sit right down and drink cocktails shaken by Frank Meyer who is the best shaker in the world including a friend of Max's that works in London at a place called the Savoy Hotel. So we sat and drank cocktails and the first thing I knew I was in our suite and it was the next day and time to get up.

## *They Do Not*

So as it was almost noon I decided that a girl with my ability and everything can't always be shutting herself away from the world because I feel it is our duty to give happiness to as many people as can see us if they don't crowd too much. Then I had a bite to eat. After that I decided to try and find the place the good looking boy on the train had told me about. Because if you can make lots of connections that's the best way to see Paris.

Before I started out I tried to find Max but after a thorough search all over including a long hall near the tea-rooms that is filled with naughty French undies and pajamas, I gave it up. But it was not long before I made up my mind that he was out looking up ideas or playing poker or something because there are so many things like that to do in Paris, France.

Well, it seems that after Marshal Foch got through fighting the war and seeing America he came here to Paris and started a thing spelled *Bienvenue Francaise* and pronounced French Welcome. So I decided to find out about it right away because I was told that Prince Roland Bonaparte is vice-president and Baron Edouard de Rothschild is treasurer and Countess de Jouvenal is secretary so when a

## *They Do Not*

girl can get welcomed to Paris by a flock of titles like that she's a fool if she don't.

Anyhow, the man at the front of the Ritz who looks like a king but isn't, got a taxi for me. Right near the door I saw a lonesome looking old man. Being as I'm so kind-hearted I asked him to go with me which seemed to please him because he did. In a wink we came to 38 rue Faubourg-Saint-Honore, that means street, which only goes to show you how quick a girl with my ability can pick up this French language and everything if she only sets her mind to it.

Right next door was the British Embassy because Mr. Chatham-Birt, only I call him Dickie, told me so and if anybody ought to know he ought to because he's English even if he was born in Boston.

Well, it was quite a nice place when you come to compare it with some of the smaller homes in Hollywood. Then right next door is the Allies' Club which is the most distinguished of anything in Paris because they always entertain all the famous foreigners, including Americans there.

Mr. Chatham-Birt asked me right on the spot if I'd like to go and be entertained there



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and seeing as how it was so distinguished I said I would. So then I went up to see about the French Welcome but come to find out it's only a place to ask questions if you want the answers to them and to get people to meet other people. After I'd looked around a bit I knew I'd never meet the kind of people a girl with my ability is expected to meet if I hung around that place, so I left. That good looking young man I met on the train must have been a Harvard Freshman, on a Cook's tour or something, because if he'd been anything else he would have had better sense than to send a girl like me to a place like that.

Anyway I had Dickie and the Allies' Club and you can't expect everything on the first day even if it is Paris.

By that time it was four o'clock and nobody ever misses going to the Ritz at four o'clock. So, listen, you'll never believe it, till you've been in one, but my God, I thought that Taxi was going to fall all to pieces right under us before we got back to the Place Vendôme and the Ritz and everything. But Dickie said all the taxis in Paris were like that so that's how he happened to give me the car I'm using now with a chauffeur. Anyway, we went down-

## *They Do Not*

stairs and ordered tea and something. So everybody began to come in because Dickie knows them all.

Jed Kiley who runs a place in Montmartre



“ . . . SO THAT’S HOW HE HAPPENED TO GIVE ME  
THE CAR I’M USING NOW . . . ”

blew in and then blew out again. So did Colette because she writes for a magazine in American called *Vanity Fair*. And after that we had some more tea and everything. Then pretty soon Fredy Prince and Fredy Junior came in, but they weren’t together, and after that Jack MacVickar, who has more children than anybody else that counts. Then I saw that sweetest old gentlemen, Duke Richardson and

## *They Do Not*

John R. Drexel but, you'll never believe it, they didn't see me.

'Then we had some more tea and everything and Bill Hurley came in. He's a special agent of the Department of Justice back in the United States of America so being in safe hands I felt better. By that time I was feeling like nothing at all when in came Lou Hauser so he walked right over to where I was sitting and I met him and he met me and we were all at the same table which makes a lot of difference in a place like Paris.

Then lots of other people came in including Mr. Beekman who is a governor in Rhode Island which is back in America too, and Teddy Rousseau who runs the Guaranty Trust Company over here, Harold McCormick with Ganna Walska and Fritz Brookfield and after that I blinked harder than ever. So in came Sinclair Lewis who writes books which seem to sell and Tarn McGrew who was all dressed up in spats and Eddie Walskow who used to live out in Wyoming chasing cows but made his fame and fortune in the pictures like some of the rest of us, but I haven't met him yet.

By that time it was time to dress for dinner. Dickie said so. So we paid the bill and after

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he'd paid it he took out his watch and chain and gave it to the waiter which I thought was quite generous of him.

After that I sent him home and called a waiter and an elevator boy to help me upstairs. So they did because they knew who I was besides knowing I was also a friend of Mr. Chatham-Birt and Max who pays most of the bills as he's my director.

Well, anyhow as soon as I was able to I got into a gown Paul Poiret sent me yesterday with a butterfly in front and nothing much behind it and sat down in a chair I happened to find and waited until the telephone rang. Then it did. So I woke up and answered it and then I put on my things and went downstairs and let everybody turn and look at me. After that I got into one of Dickie's other cars which he hasn't given me yet. So then we went around to Rue Faubourg-Saint Honoré, which I have mentioned before, to the Union Interalliée, which is the Allies' Club, only in French which makes it different. Listen, you'll never believe it, but look how my French language improves. Anyhow, we met a great many distinctive people including General Gouraud and Countess Tolstoy and Countess du Buat

## *They Do Not*

and heard somebody play on the harp three times not counting the encores. But after while everybody just sat around.

So I said, so nobody could hear me, because



DICKIE

it's not nice to be heard too often among distinctive people, I said, "My God is this Paris?"

And Dickie said, "Not very. Come with me."

## *They Do Not*

That's how it happened that I did. Then after we had gone for a long ride and everything we found ourselves in Montmartre which is really a part of Paris when you are in a car like the one I was in. So we got out and into a café in the Place Pigalle that is called The Abbaye de Thélème but as it wasn't very lively we just had one bottle of champagne and got into our car again.

So Dickie said for us to go to the Pré Cate-lan because it was Friday night and they always have the biggest times there on Friday night. So we went. We got a little booth upstairs and I looked downstairs and listen, you'll never believe it, but I never saw so many jewels in my life. It almost made me wish I had a little more ability but then a girl can't have everything when she's still as young as I'm supposed to be. Fanny Ward was there and of course, she had on most of the jewels because she always does have. Besides there were so many Americans there that I began to feel right at home including Mrs. Frederick Havemeyer and Howard Sturges of New York City, America, and Freddy Bate and Spencer Eddy and Mortimer Schiff and Marquis Sommi de Piccinari who certainly knows

## *They Do Not*

how to wear a dress suit almost as well as Adolph Menjou. Then all of a sudden I saw Mr. Selwyn.

I said, "Hello, Archie."

And he said, "Hello, Luella," but we didn't talk about Hollywood or anything because he was with Arthur Hopkins and Mrs. Al Woods.

But just the same I called out, "Have you signed up the Guitrys yet?" Because they are famous actors and have a lot of ability for actors as they write their own plays.

Well, anyhow, I didn't hear what he said because Irving Berlin came in and every one began yelling for him to sing. So he did and after that Gilda Gray and Pearl White and some other people turned up. So the party got gayer than ever and I danced on the table.

Just as I was getting up this morning I happened to run into Max so he asked me what I'd been doing since I landed in Paris. So I thought I'd better tell him everything except the automobile and chauffeur, so I did almost. Then he told me I ought to spend more time looking at all the buildings.

I said, "My God, what's the use looking at buildings when we've got them all the way from Hollywood to New York without any

## *They Do Not*

cocktails or things anywhere unless you happen to know how to get it.”

He said, “Shut your damn mouth.”

Well, after I had turned it over in my mind several times, I decided to let him do my thinking for me because that’s the reason I get such a good salary and everything from Max Goldberg.

Then he wrote down on a piece of paper and said for me to go there which was “National Tourist Information Bureau at 152 Boulevard Haussmann.” Then after I got there I was to ask them a lot of questions and they would tell me the answers, if I asked the right kind of questions.

So I went downstairs and saw a man looking at me so I smiled back.

Then after a while we went in Tony’s car because he turned out to be a Count which is something, but I call him Tony because a girl with my ability from America is supposed to be democratic. So it turned out that he was French and had spent a great many years in Paris because he was born here, but he didn’t seem to know any more about the buildings than I did. So I went and asked a lot of questions and Tony bought a little colored book,



## *They Do Not*

called, *Plan de Paris par arrondissement* which was very pretty.

When we had finished doing that we went to the Café de la Paix, which is very handy



“SO I WENT DOWNSTAIRS AND SAW A MAN LOOKING AT ME  
SO I SMILED BACK”

because you can sit and look at the Opera which every one should see at least once while she's in Paris with her director or somebody. Well, Tony is awfully well educated even if he

## *They Do Not*

is a Count so when he wasn't kissing my hand or making love to me, which is a thing you've got to expect in all these Frenchmen, he was telling me a lot of things which will be very useful when I get back to Hollywood.

After that we started out to see what we were looking for. I'll write it all out for—even if you haven't got my ability and everything which got me to Paris, France—I'll explain anything important so you can live with me in your mind's eye. So we got into Tony's car and went to a thing called Place de la Concorde, which is really quite pretty because it opens right into a wide street called Champs-Élysées, which is very famous everywhere because it has trees in it and there was the Tuileries and the Louvre which I had heard about somewhere before and the Seine, meaning river in French, which girls with a lot of sin and no ability to get away with it, jump into because the motion pictures industry in Paris isn't what it is at home.

Well, Tony said this Place we were in had been just like this for over a hundred years. Imagine that! Except in the middle of it there used to be a guillotine. That's where Marie Antoinette lost her head about something back

## *They Do Not*

in 1793. So having taken a good look at it we went into the Tuileries which was all planted for a King named Louis but I think Tony said he has been dead for some time now. Anyhow in the middle of it is quite a nice palace built by Katy de Medicis in 1570 which was many years ago as you can see by the date. She was a very clever girl for her time, it seems, even if she did have to build her own houses. So we went over to the Ministry of Marine but there weren't any around. Anyway, it seems that before the King died he used to keep all his jewels in that building but they aren't there now. I guess Fanny Ward has got most of them. Well, then I thought I'd seen enough buildings for one day. Besides I was hungry so Tony told me all about a little place called *Ciro's* where he thought he ought to be seen eating with a girl of my ability and everything because just the best people can afford to go there.

So we went too and I'm glad of it. *Ciro's* is on the rue Daunou, which everybody says is the most American street in Paris so I began to feel at home right away. Anyway we got a table near the bar which is the smartest place to sit. Tony ought to know if any one does.

## *They Do Not*

Well, I looked up and there was a black boy all dressed up in a Turkish costume and for a minute I thought I was back in Hollywood. But I wasn't because I found out that he is part of the decoration and goes with the Turkish coffee in the little cups. So Joe who runs the bar made us a Bronx and then he made us another one.

Then Florence O'Neil, who writes a lot, came breezing up and I was awfully glad because now it'll get in all the papers and every one back in America will know I've arrived O.K. and be glad.

Anyway, before Florry left we had some more Bronxs and then because he knows more stories than any one else in Paris, he told us some which I'll tell you when I can say them to you and not write them because you never can tell what these authorities over here might do even if they are French and think more about Liberty than anything else. Then things started because Muriel Miles came in and if anybody knows how to wear clothes it's Muriel. Pretty soon Captain Molyneaux came in with a Dolly sister on either arm and they were cuter than ever. They were followed by a lot of society like Anthony Drexel with Harry

## *They Do Not*

Lehr and Cornelia O'Connor and Eleanor McCarthy with Mrs. Al Davis. Everybody important gets to Ciro's.

Then we ate but I couldn't hear a thing because Lord Castlerosse with his cigar and a lot of Americans in the corner was making so much noise. I hope Tony didn't say anything I missed. Well, then, listen, you'll never believe it, I looked up and there was Mr. Goldwyn.

I yelled, "Hello, Sam."

And he yelled, "Hello, Lu."

And I yelled back, "Fine, when did you get over?" because that's what you're supposed to yell at your friends here in Paris if you've got any to yell it to.

He replied, "Let's all have a drink on me."

So we marched over to the bar including Tony because he was so impressed by that time and had a drink on Sam. Only it turned out to be three.

For awhile we ate some more. Then a friend of Tony's named Pierre came in and I was awfully glad to see him because I'd heard so much about him. Helen McDonald told me all about it. She used to work for Flo Ziegfeld but left him and came over here with

## *They Do Not*

seven other girls to work in a show. But they got fired which wouldn't have been so bad if it hadn't been Christmas time and the poor girls didn't have any place to go to but the Ritz. So this friend and a fellow who owns a paper or a bank or something over here and some boys named Lillaz turned the whole inside of a department store outside for the poor forlorn girls and it was wonderful. Helen doesn't have to work any more except when she wants to.

By that time we had finished our Turkish coffee and I just had to get back to the hotel or somewhere.

Then as we were turning around the corner of Rue de la Paix, I happened to remember I needed some perfume from Coty who has the sweetest little drug store on the corner all full of perfumes and nothing else. Tony came in with me and after I'd found the most expensive bottle I could he paid for it without changing color very much which is something when you consider he's a foreigner and a Count instead of an oil King or something profitable like that.

By the time we got to the Ritz I found a note from Dickie, who was frightfully upset

## *They Do Not*

because I wasn't there but a girl with my ability on a vacation for only three weeks can't afford to sit around waiting for an old man in a hotel even if it is the Ritz. So I told Tony I was going to stay in and read all about the artistic buildings we'd seen after spending our afternoon together and then he kissed my hand a lot but I had got used to it by that time and didn't mind much because the perfume I'd selected was really worth it. So he's coming tomorrow.

Before I went upstairs, I looked around a bit and gave every one a good look at me. Then I went up because I didn't see anything interesting enough to stay down for.

After glancing at all my mail and telegrams on the table I decided that I was too busy to read anything because Max wasn't there to read them to me. Pretty soon I took off my clothes and put on another one which isn't much but a hook with a piece of ribbon sewed on it, so I covered the rest with powder.

Anyhow, I was sure that if Dickie's heart could stand as many cocktails as I'd seen in him it could stand that dress so I went ahead. Well, pretty soon the telephone rang and it was Dickie. When I got downstairs there he

## *They Do Not*

was back again with an emerald bracelet for me so naturally I was tickled to death to see both of them.

After getting into his car we rode up a street called Avenue Alexandre III which was really quite nice till we came to a big building which Dickie told me was the Grand Palais where the salons are held but as he didn't suggest stopping for a drink, I didn't like to say anything especially after the bracelet. So we went for the long ride in the Bois de Boulogne which is very full of trees. After a long ride we came back to a place called Ledoyen and sat down near a fountain to eat just behind a place called Petit Palais. Well, nobody I knew turned up but the others looked all right. So I made up my mind to enjoy myself because a girl with my ability should enjoy anything that's expensive.

So when we'd finished another bottle of wine Dickie said he had two tickets for the Comédie Française. So we went because two tickets are two tickets. It turned out to be a theatre which is really very beautiful on the outside. Well, after we got inside the curtain was up and the scenery was rotten. Then a man in a white night-gown followed by a lot



## *They Do Not*

of fat women done up in the same way, only less, came in all talking at the same time so I couldn't understand a word they said. I thought at first it was one of those naughty French bedroom farces like Avery Hopwood writes for Americans and Irene Bordoni.

After we'd been in there for about fifteen minutes it suddenly came to me like a flash.

So I turned to Dickie and I said, "My God, they're talking French," because nobody does much in Paris except one or two Americans.

Then he said, "But it's a Greek play and over a thousand years old."

Well, I nearly fell out of the box because even if Dickie is a little rheumatic with no hair to speak of except fuzz, I took it from the way he'd been acting that he had younger ideas than that.

I told him I guessed he was right about its age because nobody was laughing at the jokes. You could have heard a pin drop anywhere.

Anyway I said, "I think it's a rotten show."

He seemed all mixed up about it and pretty soon he said he'd heard about a place he thought I'd like. As it turned out we ended at the Folies-Bergères. Well, if Flo Ziegfeld ever saw that show he must have been green

## *They Do Not*

with envy. From all I could see, and I'm not exactly blind, those girls didn't have enough clothes to put into your vanity case when it's stuffed full with a powder-puff. Which only goes to show what an awful lot of Liberty there really is here in Paris.

When the show was over we went up to Montmartre to a little place named after a rabbit, only in French. Besides, I saw a beautiful white building called Sacre-Cour on top of a big hill which only goes to show that any girl with my ability can see double if she keeps her mind wide open.

So the whole place was lighted with candles and an old man with long hair was playing on a guitar and everybody was singing, "Pray for My Blonde" so far as I could make it out and seemed happy about it. So we had something called Anis, which is like castor oil but it tastes different. And then we had some more Anis.

By that time everybody had to do a stunt so we had some more Anis and laughed our heads off. Listen, you'll never believe it, but when it came my turn I jumped right up on the table without a ukelele or anything like that and sang:

## *They Do Not*

Down in front of Casey's  
Old brown wooden stoop,  
On a summer evening  
We formed a merry group;  
Boys and girls together  
We would waltz and sing  
While the "Gin-nie" played the organ  
On the streets of old New York.

East side, West side, all around the town,  
The tots sang "Ring-a-rosie" "London bridge is  
falling down";  
Boys and girls together, me and Ma-mie O'Rourke,  
Tripped the light fantastic, on the side-walks of  
New York.

Well, after that the whole place went crazy so Dickie was so happy he bought champagne for everybody. So after things had settled down we had some more several times by ourselves and then before we knew it another day was breaking in the East. I mean it was morning.

Listen, you'll never believe it, but when we got outside Dickie's car was gone! I mean it wasn't there. He just laughed and laughed and laughed, until I couldn't do a thing with him but laugh myself, and then he laughed some more and said, when he could keep from

## *They Do Not*

laughing, he said never mind he'd get another one so by that time I began to suspect that maybe my song with his mixed drinks had gone to his head. But I didn't say anything because anybody who is a lady in my position don't like to mention anything like that if she keeps sober enough not to do so.

Well, somebody got us a carriage with a horse at one end and as Dickie is not as young as he used to be a long time ago, I had to help him in but you'll never believe this, the minute he got in one side he fell out of the other. By that time I began to believe in my suspicions. But pretty soon I got him seated and after I had dusted him off several times he was as good as new, considering his age, so it was all right.

And then we started out. The cabby seemed to know just where we wanted to go much better than we did because we were singing and couldn't stop to tell him. He was right because we ended up down in the market at Père Tranquil's which is among a lot of carrots and cabbages and was made famous by de Max who used to be a great actor till it killed him. Then everybody had onion soup. Inside everybody was singing songs and outside they were yell-

## *They Do Not*

ing “sale Bourgeois,” because everybody outside really liked everybody inside. So what was the difference?

So now I've lived one of the greatest traditions in Paris because only the very best people get as far as Père Tranquil's and live to remember it. I never would have realized it however, if a very good looking boy who had pearls in his shirt hadn't told me because Dickie was sound asleep by that time and couldn't say anything. Anyway, the good looking boy seemed to know who I was because he's going to call me up tomorrow. His name's Freddy and for his age he's very affectionate.



## CHAPTER III

PARIS IS REALLY WORTH THE TRIP





## CHAPTER III

### PARIS IS REALLY WORTH THE TRIP

*Paris, somemore.*

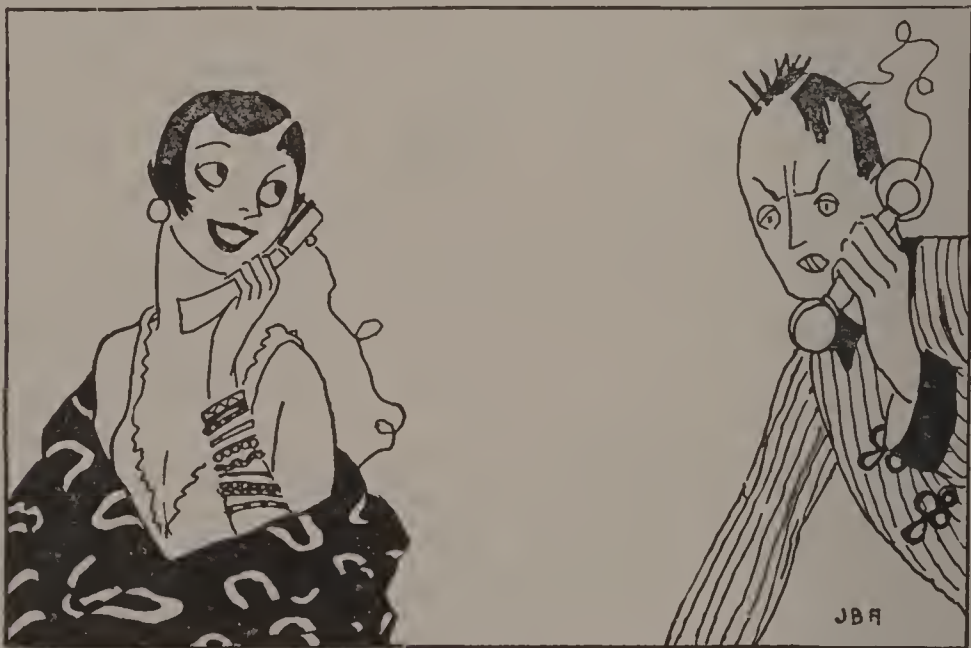
Well, the first thing I knew Tony was on the telephone and wanted me to spend the day with him at Versailles which is full of history and everything, but I didn't feel like it so as it was Sunday I decided I was going to stay in bed so far as Tony is concerned.

Then I had breakfast and Olivier brought it to me with his own hands because he is fond of me, otherwise he wouldn't have because besides from being the head waiter he's the whole cheese around the Ritz and knows everybody from the King of Spain to Irving Berlin. Everybody panders Olivier and he has more decorations from Kings and Queens and things than anybody living almost, except an English friend of John Pershing's called Marshall Allenby.

So I asked him about the Freddy I'd met and listen, you'll never believe it, but Freddy's father puts Rockefeller in the shade when it comes to cash. Why, his father, I mean

## *They Do Not*

Freddy's father, has got so much money he has to send Freddy over here to Paris every year just to get rid of as much of it as he can and Freddy's mother spends all her time giving money to charity just as fast as she can write the checks. So of course, any girl in my position and with all the ability I have is naturally interested in as much charity as possible. So, I got Olivier to call him up on the telephone because French telephones are awfully complicated until you get used to them and I'm not going to live here long enough to get used to



"BUT I GUESS HE MUST HAVE BEEN SAYING IT TO HIS VALET"

French telephones. Nobody from America ever does. He has a suite at the hotel Mary Garden always stops at called the Princess.

## *They Do Not*

So then, after quite a long while, I talked to him over the telephone and said sweetly, "Good morning," and he said something but I guess he must have been saying it to his valet or somebody because I'm sure I wasn't supposed to hear.

Then I told him I was the girl he met at Père Tranquil's early this morning, but it took him sometime to remember because it always takes anybody with as much money as Freddy has some time to remember anything, because they're bound to have a lot of things on their mind. Then I told him I had a table for two at the dinner-dance at the Ritz. He said he'd be here because everybody who is anybody always goes to the Ritz dinner-dances when there's room because there's never any room unless you're a King or a Queen or a good friend of Olivier's. Besides it's such a good way to spend a lot of money that I thought it ought to interest Freddy. After that I got dressed.

Well, when I was all through I sat down in a chair and thought about it. After I'd thought about it for a long time I decided that maybe the Bishop was right and that I ought to go out and see at least one church while I was

## *They Do Not*

over here. Someday somebody might ask me about it because when you get home somebody is always asking you about something. — At least that's been my experience and I've had quite a lot in one thing and another for a girl who is as young as I'm supposed to be.

As I was sitting there thinking some more about it, Dickie called up, from downstairs, so I thought since I was going out to see a Church I might as well go with him as anyone. That's how Dickie happened to get up. Well, he looked a little worse for wear but otherwise he was all right. Listen, you'll never believe it, but among other things he brought me was a string of pearls which were rather nice even if they were small, and a perfectly heavenly square emerald in a ring. I told him that I ought to always wear emeralds to go with his complexion. Well, after all that he got so excited I thought he was going to propose to me or something, but he didn't so I was pleased.

When a girl has gone through all I have it makes me sad to see an old man of eighty making a fool of himself. I was so worried I forgot to ask him if he'd found his car for quite a while. He didn't but he said never

## *They Do Not*

mind he'd get another car. So we went downstairs and had to take a taxi because I just had to tell Max about my car and he's been out in it ever since with the chauffeur.

So Dickie said, "What church do you want to see?"

I said, "God knows."

But the taxi-cab driver did, and that's how we got started or we'd be sitting out in front of the Ritz yet. But I never mind how long I sit in a taxi-cab so long as the motor is going.

So we went through a place called Parc Monceau and came to a church. I found out afterward that it was a Russian Church. I wondered at the time what was the matter because as it turned out our driver spoke English and you never know how these foreign taxi-drivers are going to take a thing. So he drove us across to a place called Chapelle Expiatoire and told us all about it.

It seems that the place used to be a kitchen garden for a monk but of course it's been cleaned up considerably since then. Well, some great things have gone on here because when a King named Lewis and Marie Antoinette got married they had a lot of fireworks in the Place de la Concorde, that swell place I

## *They Do Not*

wrote you about in front of the Hotel Crillon where Elsie Janis always stays if her show's a success. Anyhow, a lot of people blew up along with the fireworks so they brought them over here and buried them. Then twenty-two years later a thousand Swiss Guards who stuck up for Mary Antoinette down in the Tuileries got blown up also. Anyway, they got buried here too and some other famous people like Manon Roland, Charlotte Corday, Du Barry, Lucile Desmoulins and Danton. Well, I don't know how much longer that taxi-driver might have kept on talking if I hadn't looked at poor Dickie. He was greener than ever.

So I said, "My God, I don't want to visit a graveyard even if it is Sunday."

That's how we happened to drive away after we'd bought lots of postcards from the concierge because that's the only way you can get out with any dignity.

Anyway, I thought I'd die because that driver had one eye on us and one eye on his wheel and a taxi-driver in Paris is bad enough when he has both of his eyes on the wheel. So he said he knew all about a place called Sainte-Chapelle which he thought we'd like. By that time we were skimming past the Opera but I

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didn't pay much attention because I'd seen it once before from a chair in a café.

Then we went by something Gothic called Tour Saint-Jacques which looked wonderful from all I could see with Dickie holding my hand and everything. So we went to a place called Place du Châtelet where a man named Moliere, who, it seems, is quite famous over here because he wrote plays for Cecile Sorel to act in. Anyway he was put in prison because he couldn't pay his debts like everyone else who writes plays except George M. Cohan who makes his living dancing. Well, it turned out that the driver brought us here to show us the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt because she was a famous actress even as far away as America.

But as I'd started out to see a church I made up my mind I was going to see one and when I make up my mind I always do it unless Max Goldberg changes it for me.

I said, "Take us to the best church you've got in Paris and let us have a look at it."

So he did. We went to a place called Ile de la Cité which, after all, is only an island in the Seine which is a river. I wrote you about it. Well, it seems that before there were any Christians in the world Paris was a hick town

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on this little island. But he wanted us to take a look at a big church called Notre-Dame, so we did, because it was right there in front of us which was very handy. Then he told us all about it.

Napoleon seems to have been very popular over here so he came to Notre-Dame to be crowned and brought a girl named Josephine along with him. Marie Antoinette used to come here and a King named Henry, who was number IV and Mary Stuart and the brothers of Jeanne d'Arc, a girl who was burned to death because she saved France from the English for the American tourists, and Victor Hugo, who I'd heard about because Lon Chaney did one of his stories out in Hollywood. Lots of other famous people besides me have been coming to Notre-Dame ever since because they've had eight hundred years to do it in and I only have three weeks. Besides eight hundred years is an awful lot of history.

By that time my head was so full of it I couldn't think of anything else because it ached. So then I asked our taxi-driver how he knew so much about it and it turned out that he knew so much about it because he used to be a professor in a place called the Sorbonne,



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which seems to have been a college, and had written some books besides. Anyhow, he wants to retire to the country. The French country is full of taxi-drivers because all they have to do is to get six American tips and live forever.

So the driver thought we ought to see the Odéon which is a very famous theatre for it's size. By that time my head was so full of history that I didn't care where we went because I thought a drink might help. So we went to Foyot across from the Luxembourg Gardens down the street from the Panthéon which is really very famous even if we didn't go to see it.

Well, then we had some Anis and then we had some more. Then after awhile we had some more Anis and so the taxi-driver came and found us and put us back in the taxi and closed the door. By that time all the history was out of my head and I felt much better. So I took a good look at the Odéon because Dickie was asleep and as he was up late last night I didn't want to wake him up. A man his age ought to get as much sleep as he can in Paris whenever it's possible.

So the driver told me all about a girl who

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lived on rue de Condé around the corner. As I'd heard quite a few things about her before I was very glad to get some first hand information. I guess if there's anything the taxi-drivers in Paris don't know about it's only because it hasn't been done yet. Well, it all happened back in the days which were before the year I was supposed to be born in. Anyhow, this girl's name was Camille and she used to live down this way so she could stroll through the Luxembourg Gardens, if you know what I mean. Well, it seems that everybody including an actor named Deburau, who was famous even in those days when there weren't as many newspapers as there are now, went crazy about her. So she took an apartment uptown. Well, after awhile she made a fool of herself and fell in love with a fellow named Armand. You'll never believe it, but instead of using her ability on the stage she went out in the country to live with Armand in the fresh air. After that her father-in-law, only of course he wasn't, made Armand come back to town. So of course, it was just curtains for her. It was awfully sad.

So I decided that I'd looked at enough historical places for one day even if it was Sun-

## *They Do Not*

day. Anyway, I had a date with Freddy and a girl who is as high-strung as I am can't get herself all tired out when she has a date with a boy like Freddy.

By that time Dickie was making a frightful commotion through his nose. I just can't stand a commotion through anybody's nose, so I woke him up and told him it was time we had some tea. So away we went across a bridge and pretty soon we were going up the Champs-Élysées, which is the street with all the trees in it I wrote you about. By that time we'd come to the Bois de Boulogne. So then we stopped at a place in the Avenue des Acacias. Everybody who is anybody always does because they can have tea right under the trees and see each other talk about things. There seems to be a lot of things to talk about in Paris, France, because there is so much Liberty and a great many people take advantage of it.

Well, there was Cecile Sorel out with Count Guyon de Ségur who seems to be quite famous because he is related to Napoleon who seems to have been popular over here. And it seems Cecile Sorel played a part called Camille which is all about that girl I told you about which is

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a coincidence because I would have seen them both on the same day if the other one hadn't lived before I was even born. But then anything can happen in Paris.

At another table sat Micheline Séres who



“ . . . AND I'VE GOT TO HAVE ONE TOO IF IT CAN BE DONE IN THREE WEEKS . . . ”

made Belgium (which I remember quite distinctly because everybody had to talk about it during the war) famous because she is so beautiful. Then Pearl White drove by in a Hispano and I've got to have one too if it can be done in three weeks because I won't be here any longer. Listen, you'll never believe it, in came Gloria Swanson with her brand new

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husband, Marquis Henri de la Falaise de la Coudraie.

So I said, "Hello, Gloria."

And she said, "Hello Lu."

So I shook hands with the new husband because she said, "Shake." And I was glad to meet him because his uncle is the man who put the three stars on all the Hennessy bottles.

Henri used to be secretary for Forrest Halsey the continuity man for the Paramount outfit so we had a lot in common to talk about. Anyway, it wasn't long before I began to feel I was right back in Hollywood instead of away off in a foreign land because a lot of people I knew came in besides—Betty Blythe and Parker Reed and Rex Ingram and Joe Schenck and Norma Talmadge and Sessue Hayakawa who doesn't count because he lives over here all the time now and speaks their language.

Anyhow, we were in fine company which is one good reason for coming to Paris even without the buildings because Henri pointed out some of his friends which sounded like the Social Register which is a book you can write your name in if your father was anybody in a war or something, except the union. Well, my mother could never remember quite who my

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father was, so that's how I had to get famous for my ability alone. Well, there sitting right under the same trees with us, was Princess Cito-Filomarino di Betto, which is a real name even if it don't sound like it, and Mrs. James M. Reynolds talking to James Hazen Hyde and Mrs. Helen Gwynne who is even related to Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt in America and Countess de Graffenreid who used to be Dorothy Gould until she got a title for herself.

By then it was time to go back to the hotel to get ready for dinner and Freddy. Well, I told Dickie I was going out with Freddy that night and couldn't go out with him. He swore an awful lot for a man of his age. It seems that Dickie knows all about Freddy including his family because they both belong to the same Night-club or another one. The tea or something must have gone to Dickie's head because after he was through swearing he began all over again and when he got through the second time he took my hand and said, "You poor, dear girlie." So I just laughed. That must have made him mad.

Anyway, he yelled right out loud, "Luella, why can't you be good?"

No girl with my ability will stand for a man

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yelling at her the way he yelled at me, unless he's her director.

So I just turned and looked Dickie right square in the eye and I said, "Good? Good? Say listen, Grandpa, I'm good for another fifty years."

Well, when we got to the Ritz and got out of the taxi I noticed, because I'm always so observing about little things, that Dickie gave our driver enough to keep him and his whole family besides out in the country forever, and when he got through giving away all his money he took off his gold cuff links and a pearl stick pin out of his tie and gave them to the driver too. Then he began to take off his clothes but I thought that was too charitable, especially out in front of the Ritz, so I asked him to wait until he got back in the taxi, so he did. Right there and then I decided that if Dickie was so kind and charitable and everything toward everybody he met I might just as well give him as much of my time as possible considering all I had to do while I was in Paris.

Then I told him what a perfectly lovely afternoon I'd had and that I hoped I'd see him real soon and that I was terribly fond of diamonds, especially if they had platinum set-

## *They Do Not*

tings. My saying so seemed to please him like everything for I suppose any man likes his girl friends who are as young as I'm supposed to be to have the good taste I have.

Then I went upstairs and got into the most comfortable lowest dress I could because if Freddy was half what I'd heard about him, including his family, I wanted him to know that my heart was in the right place. Listen, when I saw myself in the glass I looked just like a Eric von Stroheim production, if you know what I mean.

Well, then Freddy turned up and I will say the boy has no inhibitions and is good looking besides. So after awhile we went downstairs. And there we all were, Society with a big S because there was a little fellow who used to be a King, besides Harry Lehr and Berry Wall and the Marquis de Castellane and André de Fouquières who everybody says is the best dressed man in France. Anyway, he looks it. Well, there I was with titles and things on every side of me including the Princess de Polignac, the Duchess d'Ayen, the Marquise de Breteuil, Countess de Lesseps, Countess Jacques d'Aramon and the Marquis de Cham-





“BECAUSE IF FREDDY WAS HALF WHAT I’D HEARD ABOUT HIM,  
INCLUDING HIS FAMILY, I WANTED HIM TO KNOW  
MY HEART WAS IN THE RIGHT PLACE”

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brun just to mention a few of them including myself.

Then I saw Mr. Harmon and I said, "Hello, Cliff."

And he said, "Hello, Lu."

So after that I felt better because he owns more real estate than anybody else in the world.

Then, listen, you'll never believe it, why you could have knocked me over with a feather pillow, there was Max Goldberg, my director, eating asparagus with a Queen and his fingers besides! And I don't mean maybe, I mean a real Queen. Well, that upset me a little, but as soon as I could think again I made up my mind not to let it upset me, because a girl who thinks as much as I do won't let anything upset her if she gets time to think about it. But it did just the same. Well, I didn't feel much like making a night of it so I said "Goodbye" to Freddy but he hated to say "Goodbye" from the way he acted but I told him I'd see him soon if he'd telephone me, which seemed to make him feel better. So then I went to bed and cried and kept right on crying with real tears.

Then Max came in and he wanted to know

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why in hell I was crying. So I asked him what chance did I have even with all my ability and his brains when my name wasn't signed in the Social Register if he was going to start featuring Queens? He talked to me a long while. So it all turned out for the best because she's going to make a story for me to put on the screen and that made me feel happy. Max said it would make everybody in the world come to see me in the pictures which is what any screen artist wants. Besides he promised me he'd get me that ruby bracelet I wanted if I'd stop throwing away my tears that way when there wasn't a camera-man around to shoot them. So then I stopped because a girl can't have everything. Besides a ruby bracelet is quite a lot when you stop to turn it over in your mind.

So that's how it happened that I had to get up so early this morning because a girl with my ability always has her premonitions and listen, you'll never believe it, but right on the pillow beside me was a ruby bracelet. I was so happy; I couldn't think for a long time but after awhile I could, so I made up my mind that this trip to Paris, France, was really worth while and had its advantages for a girl like me with my ability. So I kissed Max and by

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the time I got through it was time to have my picture taken a lot of times for it seems that any girl who has a play being written for her by a Queen has to have her picture taken much more often than she would otherwise because everybody in the world that already doesn't know, wants to see what she looks like.

After that a great many reporters came to find out what I thought of Paris and what a great artist like I am, thought of all the beautiful art in this foreign land. So Max gave cigars to everybody and told them all I thought without my having to think a thing about it, which certainly took a lot off my mind.

Right after lunch Tony called up so I told him to come on over because several people in Paris had asked me if I had seen the Louvre which it seems is quite a famous place in Paris, so I thought I'd better see it while I am over here. Besides, Tony seems to know a lot about History.

But after I'd thought it over some more I decided I had to do some shopping because if all the newspapers are going to take a lot of pictures of me I've got to have something different.

So when Tony arrived I knew where to go

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without a map because clothes are my instinct, besides, every morning when I wake up there are always a lot of attractive invitations to all the famous establishments. With everybody in America over here in Paris, I thought I ought to get a few things right away before they're all picked over.

So we started out and went to Lucile's first up on the Rue de Penthievre. Poor Tony seemed depressed so that's the reason we went to Lucile's first, because everyone told me she had lovely undies and pajamas. They were right. Things like that ought to tickle any man almost to death when they're going to be worn by a girl with my ability. Well, once I'd set my feet inside I knew I was in heaven but Tony didn't seem to feel that way so I didn't know what was the matter with him and began to think I'd picked an off day. But you can never tell about these foreigners. Well, I selected the cutest things I could find because there were so many to choose from. Besides, if the boat we go home on is as big as the one we came over on I decided right away that there would be plenty of room for anything I wanted if I used my discretion.

Well, when I got all through Tony didn't

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seem any happier so I took him to a place called Alexandrine on the Rue Auber because a nice invitation they sent me said that there “women of discreet taste and of the utmost refinement” would find what she was looking for—especially stockings.

Most men love things like that. But Tony didn't. So I had to pick out everything I wanted as fast as I could until I had a brilliant idea, so after I got through having the brilliant idea, we went over to look at some corsets.

By that time I thought Tony was going to faint so then I began to think I'd started on the wrong track because you can never tell about these foreigners. Well, I decided that if Tony was going to faint on me I'd get as much done as possible before he did, so we went up to see Paul Poiret because somebody had told me all about his new place at Rond Point des Champs-Elysées, and I was glad we did because I found so many things I needed besides a lot of other things. When a girl has a big boat to go home on she might just as well get all she can, besides Tony is a Count and ought to know how a girl of my ability has to keep dressed if she wants to get anywhere. Tony seemed more white than ever so I



JBR

“TONY SEEMED MORE WHITE THAN EVER, SO I DECIDED THAT  
MAYBE WE’D BETTER NOT STAY ANY LONGER”

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decided that maybe we'd better not stay any longer. So we didn't.

Then we went to see Madeleine Lemaire on the Rue des Mathurines. By that time Tony said he had to run around to his bank. So I just kept on picking out all the hats I wanted. Well, you know how long it takes a girl with my ability in taste to pick out all the hats she wants. Anyway, when I got all through Tony wasn't back.

I began to think what a fool I was to let him get away from me. Well, I waited and waited and then we got Tony's bank on the telephone and they said he'd gone to Africa. That made me mad because when a man is going to Africa he might at least come and help a girl get her hats back to the Ritz so I got madder than ever and paid the bill myself and called some taxis.

Well, what's a foreigner or two in the life of a girl like me? By the time I reached the Ritz and got inside I felt better because there was a big pile of telegrams and letters and telephone calls besides flowers from Freddy. Well, just as I was going upstairs who should I see but Dickie and he saw me at the same time



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and he looked awfully sad and asked me if I'd seen Freddy.

So I said, "No, a girl can't see everybody, even in Paris."

He seemed to feel better after that and asked me to come with him to the Café d' Armenonville for some tea which is in the Bois de Boulogne. So just as I was making up my mind Dickie looked all around and then he took out a box which contained two diamond ear-rings and a brooch to match. After I'd got a good look at them and saw that they were quite large, I said I'd go. But as I thought it over those ear-rings and brooch looked very familiar. I was sure I'd seen them somewhere before.

Well, anyway, I made up my mind that if I had I could have them re-set and then I put them out of my mind. I told him I was crazy about the trees up in that part of town anyhow. Well, I was glad I went because the Café d' Armenonville is quite a swell place because so many people whose names you see in print go there in the summer-time.

Well, there was another actress there besides me, called Regine Flory and Dickie told me she jumped into the Seine once, which

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is the river I told you about, which is quite prominent here in Paris because it has so many bridges across it and everything. Well, Regine Flory, Dickie told me, found one of the bridges and jumped into the river because she saw a woman wearing a dress just like hers. Over in one corner was Jean Nash and a fellow with a title called Marquis de Medici. But nobody else came in so I said to Dickie that it was too slow here for a girl of my ability. What's the use of drinking tea if you've got to do it all alone?

That's how we happened to go to a place called Château de Madrid, which is something because a Grand Duke named Boris was there who is quite famous, because his mother used to have a diamond necklace which is more than I have got yet. Then Mrs. Gurnee Munn and Mrs. John Wanamaker came in from Philadelphia and Mrs. Oliver Belmont.

By that time I was tired and made up my mind to go back to the Ritz because a girl of my ability can't spend all her time with one man even for a pair of ear-rings. Well, Dickie named over a lot of places he wanted to take me to called Zelli's, and the Rat Mort, and Pigall's, and Caveau Caucasian, and El Garon,

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because it is very Argentine. I didn't like to say anything about Freddy, especially after the diamonds, because it always upsets him so I told him I was going to sleep one night for a change because I had to go see the Louvre which is quite important and a girl ought to have her mind very well rested if she is going to see the Louvre. Anyway, he agreed with me and asked me if he could take me and I said he could.

We said "Goodbye," only he said it in French which doesn't mean quite the same thing.

### *The Ritz.*

Well, here I am back here in Paris again, because so many things have happened so where shall I begin? After all I didn't get to the Louvre because nobody can be in two places at once.

Well, anyway, last week Freddy came to take me to lunch and brought a lot of flowers and things. His father must have sent a boat-load of money over for him to get rid of. So I helped him and we did.

Well, the first thing Freddy said was, "Let's see Paris."

## *They Do Not*

So I told him I'd seen most of it except the Louvre.

So he said you haven't seen anything yet.

I didn't like to disagree with him because when a man's got as much money as Freddy's family has any girl would be a fool to disagree with him. So he said, "Let's start with the Latin Quarter."

I didn't mind where we started but I thought maybe the Latin Quarter was like the Jewish Quarter in New York which didn't sound very artistic but I was willing to take a chance because I've been willing to do that all my life and look where I am which is more than I can say for lots of people I know, even if they do work as hard as I do. So we went over that river I spoke to you about several times before, because it seems you can't get away from it. Being such a temptation to so many girls I think Georges Carpentier or whoever runs this country over here now ought to have it filled up or something. Well, it seems that all Paris is divided into two parts, the right bank and the other one. Of course, the Ritz is on the right one, because being what it is, it wouldn't be anywhere else, so I feel I am in the best element even in Paris.

## *They Do Not*

Well, it turned out that the Latin Quarter is the place where everybody lives who does anything with their brains. So we went up the Boulevard Saint Michel which everybody over here calls the Boul' Mich' and turned a corner. Then it was time for an apéritif, so we went to the Lantern and had two. After that we went to the Closerie des Lilas because it's full of art. Well, who should I see there but James Joyce who wrote a book everybody is talking about if they can get a copy, and Ford Madox Ford, whose name wasn't that when I knew him last.

Anyhow, I said, "Hello, Ford."

And he said, "Hello, Lu."

But I didn't ask him when he got over because he's been here all the time. So this was the café where a fellow named Svengali used to bring a girl he was interested in educating who's name was Trilby, who was famous for her feet as well as her voice which is a good combination for a girl with any ability. Freddy told me all about it because he read it in a book once which it seems was written by a man named du Maurier whose son turned out to be an actor which must have

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been a great disappointment to a man who had enough ability to write a book.

After that we went to the Rotunde which is across the street from the Dome on Montparnasse because everybody goes there once and Freddy wanted to see who was there. It was crowded with people who do things because they have lots of time to do them in because the moving picture industry over here isn't what it is in America.

Well, Freddy picked out some of the most important ones. Nina Hammet who sometimes paints pictures was there and so was Jacob Eppstein who did a famous statue of that man named Oscar Wilde and they put it up over in a cemetery called Père Lachaise, which everybody goes to see, but nobody talks about it if there happens to be any ladies around. Another sculptor named Jo Davidson was there but I'd seen him before at the Ritz and Mudz Eaton who takes care of everybody over there when nobody else will. Then an artist named Augustus John and his son Robin sat down at one of the little tables and I took a good look at him because I thought it might help me get the artistic atmosphere which is supposed to be around everywhere, but it

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didn't much because the artists over here look just like the ones in California, which only proves that the world is a small place after all.

By that time it was time for some more anis so we went to the Gypsy Bar and after that to the Dingo and then to the Jockey where everybody had on velvet coats and windsor ties because it was the Latin Quarter. So by that time we'd seen all of it and besides it was almost nine and time to eat. So then we went across the river again to the Champs-Elysées Restaurant which is in the Champs-Elysées which is the street I wrote you about with all the trees and everything in it.

Well, the restaurant is very famous because it was started by Jules Ansaldi and Marc Brésil who is a dramatic critic which is quite important. But everybody knows about him anyhow because he was the one who discovered Maurice and Florence Walton and Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle. Well, I was glad to go there because everybody who is anybody even if they are only pretending always goes there. So we went down stairs and had a lot of cocktails and then we went up stairs and spent all the money we could on things to eat including pressed duck. So Freddy wanted

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to spend some more money and that's how we happened to go on out to a place I wrote you about called Château de Madrid for coffee and everything.

Well, listen, everybody was there including me and Spinelly. Jane Danjou all dressed up was there and Jane Renouardt with Jacques Wittouck and also Jane Marnac and Cecile Sorel, who is quite famous over here because I wrote you about her, with Count Guyon de Ségur and six other good-looking young men. How does she do it? They say she never appears in public without her court. Also other famous people besides me who came in were: Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt Junior and Tessie Oelrichs and Mr. and Mrs. Freddy Bate but the P. O. W. wasn't with them. When he comes over from London to see Paris the Prince usually goes around with the Bates's because they know so many people and he's supposed to be very democratic for royalty. The Shah of Persia was there, too, with a little dancer from the Perroquet.

Then Jean Nash came in with some people and I thought it was Fanny Ward who had all the jewelry from that building I told you about in the Tuileries, but I found out that I



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was wrong. I don't see how she can stand up under them. In her blonde hair was a diamond diadem and around her head was an emerald headache band. A pearl dog-collar and a pearl necklace were looped around her neck three times and she had on a diamond brooch and a diamond girdle and sixteen bracelets on the left arm and seven on the right and a diamond



“YET I’VE SEEN MRS. NASH AND SHE’S JUST AS IMPORTANT TO SEE AS ANY PLACE IN PARIS.”

anklet and ruby heels. I knew by that time I was in the right atmosphere because even if I haven't seen the Louvre yet I've seen Mrs. Nash and she's just as important to see as any place in Paris, France.

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I felt sorry for her though, because all her life is spent in getting engaged, married, divorced and signing theatrical contracts, which is an awful nuisance to any girl with the ability she must have. When she isn't doing that or trying to catch a wink of sleep she's changing her gown because she's the best-dressed-woman-in-the-world, which is certainly something when you take time to realize that she's not a picture star. But the last time she was married it was to Prince Sabit Bey and when it was time to get a divorce, all she had to do to get it was to have her husband point his finger at her and say he'd thrown her over because that's Moslem law, whatever that is. Anyway it's a good law because it saves signing a lot of papers and things so we ought to have a law like that in America especially out in Hollywood. It would be a great relief to lots of people.

Well, after that it was time to go to Maxime's on Rue Royale because it's been a very famous institution in Paris ever since a fellow named Franz Lehar came along and wrote "The Merry Widow" about it and now that Eric von Stroheim has put it on the screen with Mae Murray there's no telling how

## *They Do Not*

famous it will get. Well, Gustave, who runs the place, took us to a table in the centre room and we had something to drink. So Harry Pilcer came in.

I said, "Hello, Harry."

And he said, "Hello, Lu."

And I was glad to see him because he's just the same as ever even if he has lived in Paris for a long time. Then the orchestra played a song that Eva Tanguay is still singing because she gets a good contract that way. So then we had some more drinks and everyone was as happy as they could be including ourselves. So then the orchestra began to play again and I stood up and sang as loud as I could, because I meant it:

"I'm happy at Maxim's  
Where fun and Frolic beams!  
With all the girls I chatter,  
I laugh and kiss and flatter!  
Lolo, Dodo, Joujou,  
Cloclo, Margot, Froufrou,  
For surnames do not matter,  
I take the first to hand,  
And then the corks go pop!  
We dance and never stop;  
The ladies smile so sweetly,

## *They Do Not*

I catch and kiss them neatly;  
Lolo, Dodo, Joujou,  
Cloclo, Margot, Froufrou,  
Till I forget completely,  
My dear old Fatherland.”

Then everybody was happier than ever so we had some more drinks and by that time it was time for a little jazz but you can't get that at Maxim's so we went to the Le Perroquet which is called the Half-way house by everybody because it's half way down-town to Montmartre and that's how you can never miss it, whether you're coming or going.

Well, I was glad to get there because Albert Glaser, who runs it, made us feel right at home the minute we reached the door and anybody likes to feel at home in Paris if they ever get time to think about it. Well, then the negro jazz band began to play and we began to dance and I'm always happy when I can dance even when there's nothing to drink. But there was.

Before we got through dancing all we wanted to, it was almost morning and time to go to Père Tranquil's for onion soup. But Freddy said he felt so lucky he wanted to go to the Haussman Club so we ended up in a place on the Boulevard des Italiens instead of

## *They Do Not*

soup. So of course I was glad to be there even if it was almost morning because the Haussman Club encourages music and artists and I needed encouragement. So it turned out that there happened to be some baccarat going on so even if Freddy had spent money as fast as he could all night, he didn't want to go back home with a lot of extra coin in his pockets, so he played chemin-de-fer which seems to be the fastest way the French have of losing money so far.

I would have played too, but it takes a lot of thinking and no girl of my ability wants to spend her time thinking so early in the morning if she doesn't have to. Well, by that time Freddy had lost as much money as possible for one night.

So he said, "Let's go to Deauville."

And I said, "Sure, where is it?" Because I didn't care what happened by that time.

So we got into the car and started off. Well, listen you'll never believe it, Deauville isn't a café or a Club or anything like that. It's a place. Well, when I woke up I was furious because there I was a long way from Paris and I hadn't seen the Louvre yet and besides I

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didn't have any clothes except the ones I had on which wasn't much.

But after we reached Deauville Freddy wrote out a book full of checks and I got a few



“WELL, WHEN I WOKE UP I WAS FURIOUS BECAUSE THERE I WAS A LONG WAY FROM PARIS”

necessary things, including two bracelets to go with them, so I sent a lot of telegrams to my director and felt much better. Well, I was glad I went because I met a lot of swell people which is most important when you are as famous as I am. Besides everyone there was from America so I felt right at home.

So we went to the Casino but when we got inside everybody was saying something about

## *They Do Not*

*“Faites vos jeux. Vos jeux sont faits? Sept! Huit! Banco!”* and got all excited about it. So as those words are not in my French vocabulary yet and as I couldn't see anything to get all excited about, I just walked around and let everybody get a good look at me and they seemed to enjoy it very much, because now I've got almost as many bracelets as Peggy Joyce and anybody who knows anything at all is always interested in a girl when she has as many bracelets as that even if they don't happen to know anything about her ability.

Of course, I enjoyed myself very much because anybody likes to be looked at by people like Jerry Preston and Roddy Wanamaker and Laddy Sanford and Mr. Newman, who everybody used to say would be Irene Bordoni's future husband and Joe Whitehead, who is supplied with all the money he can use by everybody who puts down a nickel and says, “Coca Cola,” and Jack O'Day, who comes from the famous Standard Oil.

Anyway the first thing I knew I found myself talking to the cutest little Marquis whose name was too complicated to bother my head about trying to remember so I called him Mark right from the first. Well, it turned out

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that he was quite a nice boy even if he did wear white spats.

So I had a good time until Freddy saw him kissing my elbow on the inside which made Freddy mad and that's how we happened to come back here to Paris so suddenly. Anyway, it turned out that Freddy is crazy about me.

Well, listen, you'll never believe it, but



“SO I HAD A GOOD TIME UNTIL FREDDY SAW HIM KISSING  
MY ELBOW ON THE INSIDE . . .”

when we got home all the papers were full of how we went to Deauville. Well, Max was awfully pleased because all he had to do was stand down stairs and hand out my picture to



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all the reporters who called, without having to think up a thing to say about me because the reporters did all the thinking and sent it to their papers.



## CHAPTER IV

FREDDY'S MOTHER APPRECIATES MY ABILITY



## CHAPTER IV

### FREDDY'S MOTHER APPRECIATES MY ABILITY

#### *The Ritz.*

Well, I've got into the strangest sort of a thing but what else can a poor girl with my ability do when her director is busy getting ideas? Anyway I'm glad it's over because now I don't have to think about it any more and anyway, Max always says, "When the sun's in front the shadows fall behind." So I keep saying that all the time and it makes me feel better about losing my friend because I have. They've put him into a sanitarium. And you know as well as I do what it means when they put a man of Dickie's age into a sanitarium.

Well, listen, you'll never believe it, but who should turn up in Paris but the Bishop? I mean the one I met on the boat coming over. But I might have known that he would turn up sooner or later because everybody seems to turn up in Paris sooner or later if you give them time. Well, then the Bishop came to see me.

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He just looked at me a long time and then he said, "My poor dear girl."

When I heard that I shook an armful of bracelets in his face but as he didn't say anything I made up my mind he didn't know a good thing when he saw it.

Well, to make a long story shorter it all turned out that Dickie is the Bishop's brother-in-law.

So I said, "How's the wife?" and he told me she was just the same.

After that I felt sorry for the poor man, because he must have an awful hard life with a wife like that, so I asked him if he wouldn't have a drink but he thought he wouldn't under the circumstances, which were very painful.

Then he told me that for two long years Dickie has been suffering from Amnesia.

I said, "My God, is it catching?"

Then he looked at me another long time and said, "Not for you my poor girl, you were born with it."

Well, I might have been worried about it except that Max is always telling me I was born with nothing else but Ability with a capital A. And since Max pays my salary and some of my bills besides, he ought to know exactly what

## *They Do Not*

I was born with. Besides I always make it a point to agree with him.

Well, it turned out that all the watches and cars and jewelry and everything which Dickie has been scattering around Paris belonged to the Bishop and his wife and Dickie has been absent-mindedly picking them up and giving them away. Then the Bishop looked at me again and asked me what Dickie had given me.

So after I'd thought about it for quite awhile, I happened to remember about the the automobile and a string of pearls which were so small I didn't care much for them anyhow. So then I gave them to the Bishop and told him I'd leave the car on the Rue Cambon, which is the back door to the Ritz, as soon as Max got back. Then he seemed to feel better so I said, "Goodbye," and sat down in a chair to think it all over because any girl hates to lose a good friend like Dickie especially when he's as absent-minded as Dickie was.

Well, after I'd thought about it for a long time I just happened to remember about the emerald bracelet and the diamond brooch and the diamond ear-rings and the emerald ring, but when a girl has as many things to think of

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as I have you can't expect her to remember everything besides it was too late to call the Bishop back by that time and he hadn't left his address. Well, just the same, jewelry is jewelry, even if you did get it absent-mindedly.

Well, Freddy called me up and that made me feel better because when a girl knows a fellow whose family has as much money as his family has is crazy about her she always feels better unless she's a fool. So it turned out that Freddy's mother had read all about my ability in all the American papers which had also mentioned our trip to Deauville, so of course, she was mad to meet me. That's the reason she left for Paris right away on the first boat she could catch and is landing in a place called Havre or something like that today, so Freddy must go right down and meet the boat.

So that's how I happened to spend a quiet evening with Max and went to the Casino de Paris revue to see Earl Leslie and Mistinguett who is a French institution even more important than the Louvre.



## *They Do Not*

### *The Ritz.*

Well, listen, who should turn up in Paris but Mark? I didn't know what to do so I told him to call up later because with Freddy's mother coming to town I thought I ought to make a good impression. Besides, you can never tell about these French gentlemen with titles. Look what happened to Tony. So I asked Max about it and he told me a Marquis was much better than a Count and that I ought to go out with him especially where I can be seen. So as Max is my director I thought I'd better do what he said because that's what I'm supposed to do because what would become of him if it wasn't for my ability?

Well, when Mark called up again I told him I had to see the Louvre. Because I thought if it was as important as everyone seems to think it is I might as well be seen in public there with Mark as any place else. He didn't seem to like the idea much at first but anyhow we went because the Louvre is right in the middle of Paris and very handy.

Well, listen, the Louvre turned out to be nothing but a picture gallery. You could have knocked me over with a pin-cushion. Well, having dragged Mark that far I wasn't going

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to give up without going in and having a look around so we entered through a place called the Pavillon Denon. So then a man who must have been a general or something with a uniform like that, became interested in us and stepped up and began showing us everything he could lay his eyes on. He must have recognized me from my pictures in all the papers.

He took us through a lot of rooms where there were lots of pictures hung all over the walls but it only goes to show how much Liberty there is over here in Paris, France, because if an American censor ever got into that place he'd turn inside out. Well, it seems there was once a man named Cellini, who wrote a book all about his autobiography which made him very famous and besides that he made a Nymph so we looked at it and thought it was very nice. Then the General, or whatever he was, wanted to show us the most beautiful piece of art in Paris so as I wanted to see all the artistic things over here I could hardly wait. So we went through a lot more rooms filled with pictures and things until we came to a room all hung with black curtains and in it was a statue called Venus de Milo, but as I'd

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seen a picture of it before, it wasn't anything new to me.

Then the General, or whatever he was, asked us if we didn't think she was beautiful, but of course a girl with my ability can't be too demonstrative so I said I thought it was quite a nice statue even if the arms were broken. Well, he told us they had been lost a long time ago.

So I said, "My God, the servants must have been careless."

But he didn't say anything which only goes to show how these foreigners stick together.

By that time I was sure we had seen everything because we'd been there almost half an hour. Anyway, even if it is artistic, I don't see how a girl of my ability could spend her time looking at broken statues when there are so many other things to do over here.

Well, when we got outside Mark told me the only really interesting place with any history to it worth seeing was a place called Versailles which I'd heard about before. When you've seen that you've seen everything and I thought if I'd seen everything it would certainly be a weight off my mind. So it seems Versailles was built by a King named Louis,

## *They Do Not*

but there used to be a lot of Kings over here by that name so they numbered them all, and the one who built Versailles was number XIV. Well, we got into a taxi and went there which is quite a long ways, but Mark kept kissing my hand and telling me how content he was to see me so the trip didn't seem so long after all.

As Mark is a Marquis, which is quite important, he knew a lot about Versailles so I'll give



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you the dope on the place which is really quite nice and comfortable when you stop to compare it to some of the homes of our stars in Hollywood. I was quite impressed.

It seems that the King built this place because he wanted all his noble friends to be around him so everybody who was anybody gave up housekeeping and moved out to spend their time with Louis. Well, out in front is a tennis court where a lot of people called deputies used to make all the laws between sets. Then we went through a lot of rooms and things till I was dizzy and at last we came to the Galerie des Glaces which in French means it's full of mirrors and for the first time in Paris I got a good look at myself which was very comforting.

Anyhow, a great many things had happened in the room besides me including the German Empire being proclaimed as far back as 1871 and also it seems that was the spot where Mr. Wilson came to stop a war with a treaty but none of these things interested me very much until the man who knew all about it and told us so, mentioned a diamond necklace. So, of course, any girl with my ability is always interested in jewelry unless she's a fool.

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So in those days, long ago, there was a firm of jewelers who found their place overstocked, because the Queen had all the diamonds she wanted for the time being. Anyhow, the firm went right ahead and made a necklace and showed it to the King who thought it was swell so he showed it to the Queen but she said she couldn't use it. So a Prince named Rohan, who didn't know about all this wanted to make a hit with the Queen so he bought the necklace for her. But he got double-crossed, for it seems there was a crook or two about the place because when he sent the necklace to the Queen one of the crooks got it instead and skipped for England. Well, anyway, there were a lot of lawsuits and trials and things and when it was all over the Prince wasn't any farther along than he was in the first place as far as the Queen was concerned because she was as cold as ever.

So I said, "My God, any man's a fool who will go wasting jewelry on an iceberg."

Then we went into another room and heard about another King named Louis whose number was XV. It seems that he had two girl friends, called Pompadour and Du Barry, who were famous even if they were old fashioned

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girls because when they got all their friends rounded up on a party the sky was the limit. Which only goes to prove that our grandmother's friends used to step out once in a while like everybody else even if nobody will admit it.

Well, by that time I'd had all the history I could stand for one day so we went back to the Ritz. And I told Mark I'd have dinner with him that night because a girl like me has to have a little fun once in a while.

Well, when I got back to the Ritz there were all sorts of messages from Freddy. His mother and he will be in Paris tomorrow and I suppose she is as crazy to meet me as ever but he didn't say so.

Anyway, Mark came back and we went to Montagne Traiteur on a street called L'Echelle because it's so expensive. And Mark said if you just put yourself in his hands you are sure to get a good meal. That's how we happened to do it and the one we had was fine. Anyway, that's the way we felt about it, so did some others I guess because the Queen of the shimmy was there and so was Aristide Briand and Gaillard Boag.

I said, "Hello, Gilda."

## *They Do Not*

And she said, "Hello, Lu."

But I didn't ask her when she got over because Mark told me she had a new house out on the other side of Paris called Neuilly. So Montagne brought us some more wine. And then it was time to go to the Acacias. Well, when we arrived everything was in full swing and there was Harry Pilcer at the door.

I said, "Hello, Harry."

And he said, "Hello, Lu."

And I asked him if he'd dance with me because a girl of my ability has to ask for things once in a while if she wants to get anywhere. Besides I'm very fond of Harry because I know all about him and he's one of the best fellows in the world. I first knew Harry when I was connected with a Broadway success in New York, in the box-office selling tickets, but every girl's got to start somewhere.

Well, it's quite a long story but—it seems that whenever royalty blows into Paris it's up to the government to show them a good time so a place called the Foreign Office keeps a long list with all the names of interesting French ladies anybody can think of on it, because nobody, even if he is a King, wants to be alone in Paris. So when a King named Manuel came



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over from Portugal the Foreign Office had to find a little playmate for him because he was that kind of a King. So they called up the Capucines Theatre and asked for a girl named Gaby Deslys and she came over in a taxi as fast as she could which must have been very fast, when you stop to think that it was a French taxi she was riding in.

Anyhow, the Foreign Office said, "Gaby, shake hands with the King," and she did.

Then there was a revolution in Portugal. So the next day all the Sunday papers were full of it with pictures and Gaby was famous. After that of course, there was nothing to it. Every manager wanted to give her a job but, of course, she couldn't take them all so she took one with the Winter Garden Revue in New York. But after they got her to New York they found out she couldn't dance and what chance has a girl got in the Winter Garden if she can't dance? So everybody hurried out to look for Harry Pilcer and when they found him they made him teach Gaby how to dance. He did. So that's how she happened to get so famous in every place including America and Europe, in spite of the revolution over in Portugal.

## *They Do Not*

### *The Ritz.*

Well, I've been through a lot for a girl of my high-strung ability which only goes to show what you can get into if you go on a vacation to Paris, France—even for three weeks.

Anyhow, when I got home from Harry Pilcer's the other night, what should I get but a note from Freddy's mother and it seemed she was just crazy to meet me because she'd seen my picture with Freddy's in all the papers all over America. Anyhow, Max wasn't there to tell the reporters what to say so it seems they went right straight ahead and said what they pleased about me and when newspaper reporters get loose like that and say what they please it always turns out to be something awful. These days everybody who is anybody always gets talked about by a lot of people who are nobody. But I didn't know anything about it till Freddy's mother told me. So when I got up the next morning and found out she was in town, I put on the cutest dress I could find. Short everywhere, if you know what I mean. After all, my legs are supposed to be one of my best points and Max always tells me to put my best foot forward. Then I went around to

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the Meurice Hotel where Freddy's mother is staying.

The minute I saw Freddy's mother I knew



“THE MINUTE I SAW FREDDY'S MOTHER I KNEW SHE AND I  
WOULDN'T GET ALONG TOGETHER VERY FAR”

she and I wouldn't get along together very far, because she's the sort of woman who looks at you through a lorgnette for a very long time before she says anything.

So she did me, and after she'd got both her eyes good and full she asked me how I got the way I was. It was a long story but to make it brief I told her all about my ability and Max Goldberg my director. But it turned out that wasn't what she meant because she wasn't

## *They Do Not*

interested at all in art or my ability, which is great even if I do say so, or Max who is a gentleman if anybody is. Of course, when I found out I couldn't talk about my ability I shut up like a clam, because I always do.

Well, after awhile she got out a check-book and looked at me some more. But, of course, a thing like that, I mean a check-book, always interests me a great deal so I began to talk a lot but it turned out that Freddy's mother wasn't very conversational so I had to keep right on talking. But then what can you expect from a woman who looks at you through a lorgnette?

Anyhow, listen, you'll never believe it, but it all turned out that all the money Freddy had been writing checks for and spending as fast as he could get the checks made out wasn't in the bank at all because Freddy's father had forgotten to make a deposit or something that morning. Well, it turned out that the bankers were awfully mad about it because what good were all the checks to them if there wasn't a deposit to go with them? Bankers are awfully funny about things like that. But I suppose business is business after all even if I don't know anything about it.

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Anyway, Freddy's father isn't going to give him any more money to spend which made me sorry for him because a boy like Freddy will never get anywhere in this world unless he has an awful lot of money to do it with. After that Freddy's mother asked me how much I wanted for never seeing Freddy again.

So then I said, "What do you think I am?"

And she told me what she thought I was which took her quite a while.

Then I got mad and decided that any woman who could go through life thinking such things about me and my ability would have to pay for it.

So it all turned out that I promised Freddy's mother I'd never see Freddy again. So then we talked some more, and I will say I kept my temper like a perfect lady which is much more than I can say for Freddy's mother. Well, she gave me a check for fifty thousand dollars which only goes to prove that even a woman like she is can appreciate ability like mine.

Well, so I promised her again, only in writing, that I'd never see Freddy again for the fifty, because money is money and what's a man or two in the life of a girl like me? So when I got back to the Ritz there was Mark all

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excited about a race he wanted me to see which turned out to be quite interesting.

So after lunch at Delmonico's we went through the Bois de Boulogne, which is full of very pretty trees and everything, because I wrote you all about it, till we came to a place called Longchamps where there was to be a very important race with horses, called the Grand Prix which is something in French which means it's the best race of all. So I was pleased Mark picked out a good one. I was glad we came because everybody besides me and Mark was there so I became very interested. Besides, a great many people have seen my pictures in the papers and are very much interested in looking at an artist like I am. Of course, a girl with my ability likes all the attention she can get especially in a foreign land like this even if it is made up of Americans more than anything else. Before long the place was just packed full of people including two or three French ones and as I came clear over here to get the foreign atmosphere I was awfully glad to see anything in Paris as French as that.

So I looked around and there was Mistinguette in a fox coat and little Maud Loty who

## *They Do Not*

everybody says is a darling and chic, which doesn't mean the same thing over here that it does in America. Because in America if you call any girl a chicken it's an insult, unless she really is.

Well, there was Berry Wall and Preston Gibson, who writes books when he finds time, Jeffrey Crane and Howard Sturges. So Mark told me all about them. Then who should come up but A. K. Macomber?

I said, "Hello, Mac."

And he said, "Hello, Lu."

He comes from California and I was glad to see him. So he took us around and showed us a lot of horses because he owns a lot, besides he was the first man to bring American horses over to France which is something. And out in a place called St. Louis de Poissy, he has some more horses. He bought them all from W. K. Vanderbilt because Frank O'Neil went with them and Frank is the star jockey all over Europe and anybody who can stay on a horse when it's moving ought to be a star.

Well, I was very proud to see all the horses and Mr. Macomber because he comes from California. And anything that comes from out there is fine because we all stick together and

## *They Do Not*

boost for each other more than ever since a place called Florida was discovered by some real estate men who went fishing and have been doing pretty well at it ever since.

Then we went back and sat down and I looked at all the new clothes as fast as I could because everybody who is anybody always wears her best clothes to the races and you can see all the new models from Jenny to Callot. Well, pretty soon Mark got all excited just when I had my eye on a mannequin that had on a dress I've got to have before I leave Paris.

Anyhow, Mark said, "Look, look. They're bringing on the ponies."

So I said, "What do you mean?"

And he said, "Look at the horses."

But I said, "My God, what's the use of coming clear out here to look at horses?"

Well, everybody got all excited so I looked around and all the horses were running as fast as they could so when they got all through running as fast they could Mark went down to a little booth and they gave him as much money as he could carry. By that time I began to get interested. Because any girl ought to be



## *They Do Not*

interested in a man with as much money as he can carry unless she's a fool.

Well, it all turned out that I went back to the Ritz with Mark who was just bulging with money and a man like that is always very interesting even if he is a foreigner. So he wanted to celebrate with taking me to a dinner because he said I was his little luck piece.

I told him, "A dinner is something, but jewelry is jewelry the world over."

So after I'd explained my hint so he could understand, which took quite a while because these foreigners don't understand things as well as American men do, he said he'd see what he could do about it. So I told him I'd always wanted a pair of diamond bracelets to match because just for the minute I couldn't think of anything else that matched and, after all diamond bracelets to match are as good as anything else because if they aren't you can always look on the box and see where they came from and then take them back and change them.

Well, when I got upstairs there was Max all full of French atmosphere and everything. So I took a little drink with him but it must have hit me the wrong way because I couldn't think

## *They Do Not*

of anything except poor Dickie even if he was older than I'm supposed to be.

Well, I told Max all about the way Freddy's mother had talked to me just because I was a poor girl when I started out young and never would have been where I am now if it hadn't been for the way I work and Max's brains. Because not every girl can stay at the Ritz in Paris unless her director happens to think as much of her ability as Max does of mine.

Max seemed very happy about it and he told me if I kept on getting mixed up with all the Big Society like Freddy's mother, he'd raise my salary and that interested me because a girl like me always likes to feel that she has worked hard and earned all that she has in this world. Besides, Max told me he was going to call up all the reporters he knew and tell them the way Freddy's mother had acted and I guess she won't feel so smart when she sees all the things she said to me in print besides the fifty thousand dollars she had to pay for saying such things. Max told me that was more than she's ever given to any hospital or anything like that in her whole life.

So sometimes when I stop to think of how much ability I really have it almost frightens

## *They Do Not*

me because a girl who can get more than any hospital in America must have something in her favor, even if the critics won't give her credit for it.

By that time it was time for dinner so I got into my jewels and things and waited for Mark. Pretty soon up came some flowers and I knew he was waiting below. But I just let him wait a while because, listen you'll never believe it, the flowers he had the nerve to send me were



“LISTEN YOU’LL NEVER BELIEVE IT, THE FLOWERS HE HAD THE NERVE TO SEND ME WERE NOTHING BUT A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.”

nothing but a bunch of violets. Well, a bunch of violets are all right in their place but there's more flowers in Paris than anything else, except Liberty. Why, sometimes they

## *They Do Not*

have so many they can't get them all in the stores because the other day up near a church called Madeleine, I saw a whole street full of them.

After I'd thought about it a long time I decided I'd see Mark anyway, because I just happened to remember about the bracelets I'd hinted for and I was curious to see what he'd done about it. Well, sure enough there was the two diamond bracelets so I thought Mark wasn't so bad after all for a foreigner even if the diamonds weren't quite as large as I thought they should be. Because when a girl has as much ability to live up to as I have she can't be seen going around with diamonds no bigger than peas. But after I'd thought about it for a long time I decided to let it go because if I got around to it I could go out and change them in the morning.

So we went to dinner and all the way Mark kept kissing my hand and telling me how wonderful I was, which didn't make such a hit with me because I already knew it. Max is always telling me how wonderful I am and when he says a thing like that to me he says it with a contract which is very important when you're a screen artist.

## *They Do Not*

Then we went and had a French dinner at a French restaurant which wasn't much and besides they had nothing to drink but red wine. Then we went to a theatre called the Grand Guignol. By that time I saw Mark was bent on making it a French evening so I made up my mind I'd get as much atmosphere as I could. Well, about fifteen minutes was all the atmosphere I could stand because you can't go into a foreign land like this is and get used to it right away. So I told Mark I had a bad headache and had to get back to the Ritz as soon as possible. All the way back he kept right on kissing my hand which is all right now and then but it starts to be a little bit tiresome when it gets to be a habit.

### *The Ritz.*

Well, here it is two weeks since I arrived at the Ritz hotel and Paris.

So when I got up this morning I said to myself, I said;

“Girlie, you must go out and try to find a building or two to look at because that's your duty.”

And I always do what I consider my duty. So I started out to look for a building, because

## *They Do Not*

I thought there must be one or two I hadn't seen yet.

So I went up near the Opera and found a man selling picture post-cards that no girl would send through the mail unless she was a fool. So I told him I was looking for something in Paris I hadn't seen yet. Well, he named over several places but after I'd thought it over for sometime I came to the conclusion that the places he wanted to show me were the sort of things no girl of my ability wants to see in Paris unless she is accompanied by a gentleman friend to shield her reputation.

So I said, "Could we go see something more famous and less shady?"

Well, after he had thought it over he said he thought we could so we got into a taxi-cab and started out.

Then we came to the Bastille because it is a very famous building even if nothing is left of it now but a white mark on the pavement. Well, the post-card man seemed to know all about the building which used to stand there because way back in 1698 they put a man wearing a black mask inside and locked the door. Well, he stood it as long as he could and after five years they buried him under the

## *They Do Not*

name "Marchioly." So everybody got very much interested about it and still are. So I began to think it might be a good screen play. Then a man named Voltaire went to prison also and while he was there he said that the masked man was the son of a girl named Anne from Austria. He was going to say a lot more but he died before he got a chance to say it which was too bad because everybody was so interested by that time. Then somebody else came along and said the man was a twin brother of a King named Louis whose number was XIV. So many stories have been written about this man that I was very interested because a girl like me likes to hear all about other people who are getting talked about too. But it all turned out that nobody ever found out who the man in the black mask was or anything. By that time, I knew it wouldn't make a good picture anyhow, because the public never wants to see people in the pictures unless they know who they are looking at and all about them.

Well, we looked at some other places but I decided that I had seen everything interesting because when you've seen the Louvre, even if it is only a picture gallery, and Notre Dame

## *They Do Not*

Church and the Latin Quarter, what is there left?

Anyway, when I got home there was Mark waiting for me because he wanted to take me to lunch. Well, it's always handy to have a man pay for lunch because then you don't have to bother so I said I'd go with him. I suggested *Ciro's* but he said he knew about a better place so like a fool I went with him.

It turned out to be another one of those French places where they had nothing but red wine. So I was more disgusted than ever. Well, after we had lunch Mark wanted me to go with him to the Bois de Boulogne which I told you about. So I thought sitting under the trees might make me feel better.

So I said, "Sure, why not?"

Then, listen, you'll never believe it, he started to lead me toward a métro station. Well, no man alive, even if he is a Marquis, is going to get me underground. So I said I had a headache and got away after he let go kissing my hand long enough for me to slam the taxi door shut. After I'd thought it all over for a long time I decided that Mark was a poor spender even if he is a Marquis and what's the



## *They Do Not*

use of a girl playing around for three weeks in Paris with a man who is a poor spender?

Anyway, when I got back to the Ritz there was Max fuller of new ideas and everything than ever. He was awfully glad to see me which was very nice because it's always a good sign when a screen artist's director is glad to see her because usually they aren't. Well, he's got a great big surprise for me which he wouldn't tell me even if I am dying to know. Max is always so full of surprises and everything. So after I'd thought about it and thought about it I decided I wouldn't think about it any more but I couldn't help it.

After Max left the telephone rang and they told me that something called a Marchioness wanted to see me so I said send it up. And they did.

Well, listen, you'll never believe it, but she turned out to be Mark's wife. I've met lots of wives in my time, because any girl with my ability is bound to sooner or later but I will say I never met one like that before. She said she was going to sue me. So then I began to worry because I thought she had read in the paper all about the present Freddy's mother had given to me instead of to a hospital or

## *They Do Not*

something. Of course, I didn't want to lose that even if I have got a good contract and a Queen writing a scenario for me besides, so I didn't know what to do or how to get hold of Max.

So the minute I could get a word in anywhere I said to the Marchioness, I said,

“What do you mean, sue me?”

Well, then she began all over again only worse than ever. Why, the things she said to me nobody less than a Marchioness would have dared to say to anybody but, thank God, they were all in a foreign language and I didn't understand a word she was saying. If I'd had time to think about it I would have slapped her face but I learned long ago never to lose my dignity with men's wives. Well, after she got through all the French she could think of she told me in plain English that she was going to sue me because I'd taken all Mark's affection away from her.

So I said, “Affection? What do you mean, affection? Madam, if you call a kiss on the hand affection, you ought to come out to Hollywood.”

Well, that seemed to quiet her down because everyone in Paris in the summertime is

## *They Do Not*

very much interested in Hollywood, unless they already live there. Well, the second she shut up for a minute I gave her a bottle of champagne and took one myself. After that she seemed to feel even better so I got out two more bottles of champagne before she had time to open her mouth again. Then we talked quietly for a while. So after we'd talked quietly for a while and had some more champagne we began to tell all our troubles to each other and about that time I began to feel very, very sorry for her because it turned out that she was married to Mark when she didn't know any better. She was very young and ignorant at the time because her mother was one of those old fashioned people who never got a divorce, even when it was necessary. So if a mother has never even had a divorce once, what can she expect to be able to tell her daughter about anything? So after she married Mark they got a little older than they were at the beginning, because some women are fools enough to do that.

Anyway, they had all kinds of trouble, except children, because they had no money to get along on and of course, when you've got a title to live up to you've got to have some-

## *They Do Not*

thing to help you live up to it, or you can't. So then they came to Paris and she had to make a living for herself, besides Mark, who was even more expensive. So it turned out that she was a dressmaker.

Well, when I heard all about her married troubles, except children, I was so sorry I could have given her back the two bracelets Mark bought me with the money he won on the horse-races at Longchamps, which is the place I wrote you about. But by that time I was so full of sympathy and everything, that I didn't have very much time to think of the bracelets.



“SO THEN WE HAD ANOTHER BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE”

## *They Do Not*

So then we had another bottle of champagne apiece and that was how I happened to tell her I'd buy some of her gowns. Well, of course she was pleased about that the same as any other dressmaker would have been. Well, the suite was already so full of clothes that I can't turn around even if Max did take two extra rooms but a girl can always find some use for things she doesn't need sooner or later.

By using a taxi with a driver who was kind enough to help us in and then help us out again, we at last reached her establishment. Well, when we got there we were all over talking about our troubles and got to laughing so that we had to sit right down in the middle of the floor and laugh it out. But after a while I could see better so I bought a lot of things and took them back to the Ritz where I stored them in the basement and now the Marchioness calls me "Luella" and I call her "Marie" and it's something to call a Marchioness "Marie" even if she is a dressmaker.

### *The Ritz.*

Well, when Max came in I told him all my troubles and he felt very sorry for me. But just the same he wouldn't tell me the surprise

## *They Do Not*

he has for me because he said he wanted to be sure he'd got it.

But after a while he said he thought I was tired out, so he is going to take me out of Paris for a little while because he thinks I am using my brain too fast and getting too much French atmosphere which pleased me, because any artist is glad when her director sees an improvement in her.

### *Hotel de France.*

Well, it turned out that after Max wanted to take me on a trip we had a nice little supper together at a place called the Red Mill, which all Americans call Moulin Rouge but it's the same thing, and the first thing I knew we were on our way to this place called Fontainebleu. Well, it did seem good to be going with Max who speaks my own language after running around with all those foreigners.

Well, anyhow, the picture I'm to make when I get back to Hollywood is very French and all about me and Fontainebleu so I'm to get as much atmosphere as I can because Max says so.

Well, this is only half of the surprise because Max says the other half is back in

## *They Do Not*

Paris, France, and is more important than this or a ruby bracelet even. Well, I went and spent a whole hour in a palace, which is here in Fontainebleu, because that's the most important of all, as it's a palace full of atmosphere and old memories which is something, because it is much more than just decoration.

Well, it all turned out that a famous man named Napoleon, which I have mentioned before, used to live here with a girl named Josephine, before they got a divorce. So after Max told me all that I went back and looked at the palace for another whole hour and by that time I was as full of atmosphere as I could possibly get. Of course, I was very much interested about Napoleon because every place I've been in Paris he and I seemed to link up together. I mean, I see his name everywhere, except in the papers.

Then Max told me a lot about him and he was awfully famous for a foreigner. Like me, he started poor but got all he got by hard work and some good friends. So Max is going to do a screen play all about me as Josephine and Napoleon, because she really gets all the sympathy until the very end, where Napoleon is left on a cannibal island to starve, but he

## *They Do Not*

doesn't quite, as Max is going to change that part because I'm going to rescue Napoleon in an airship and save his life and nurse him back to strength and happiness, and after that we get the divorce annulled and live together the rest of our lives in comfort which is a very good moral lesson for all the newly-married public. Any picture, to be popular, must have a good moral lesson as well as a lot of sex-appeal and a well-known star in it all mixed up together. A picture like that ought to be a wow in America.



## CHAPTER V

LIFE HAS ITS MOMENTS



## CHAPTER V

### LIFE HAS ITS MOMENTS

#### *The Ritz.*

Well, here we are back in Paris again. So the first thing I did was to go out and take a good look at the column out in front of the hotel, because it was put up there by that Napoleon I wrote you about, and now I'm more interested in him than ever. When a great man like he was becomes famous he puts up statues and things. When a woman like me becomes famous, she wears them all on her arm unless they happen to be necklaces. So I feel we have something in common.

Well, listen, you'll never believe it, but something has happened just when I was beginning to think nothing ever happened to me.

Anyhow, in came Max, dragging along the funniest little fellow you ever saw in your life. He turned out to be a Russian so that's the reason. He only speaks a few words of English and all the rest is French or something foreign, but otherwise he seems to be all right,

## *They Do Not*

except that he hasn't any money because it seems there are a lot of Russians over here in Paris now who are that way. But I'm so democratic I never care when people are broke, so long as I don't have to mix with them, if you know what I mean.

Anyhow, Max brought him in for me to look over.

Then he said, "Girlie, do you think you can use it?"

So I said, "What for?"

So he said, "Do you think you could stand it around for a couple of months?"

So I said, "What for?" again.

So he said, "It won't be so bad when you get used to it."

So then I said, "What could I use the damn thing for?" Because what good is a man who has no money, especially if he doesn't speak your own language?

Max said, "For a husband."

Well, when I woke up it was the next day. By that time I had made up my mind that for years and years I'd been letting Max do all my thinking for me, because it saved me so much trouble, but when it came to marrying Boris, for that's what his name is, everything has its

## *They Do Not*

limits, and, after I'd turned it over in my mind, I decided then and there that Boris was one of them. But just after I'd got my mind good and made up, Max came in.

After all, he is usually right because it seems that out in Russia they had a revolution, which is the same thing they have so much of in Chicago, but in Chicago they call it a "race riot." Well, anyhow, ever since the revolution out in Russia Princes have been at half price, so Max thought we could afford one. Grand Dukes were a little more expensive but it seems they were all snatched up in no time. So Max thought we could afford Boris, but I call him Borax because his real name sounds so foreign. Anyway, if I marry him for a month or two, that makes me a Princess, which Max said any girl with my ability in the pictures ought to be. A nice title is very good for a girl, even if her sex-appeal is 100 per cent pure as Max is always saying mine is. Well, even if Borax isn't all you might expect in a man he comes from some very good families, because besides being a Prince, he is very closely related to some people called Burgundy and some others named Bourbon, who used to

## *They Do Not*

be very famous even over in America before prohibition became a law if nothing else.

So I said to Max, "My God, why didn't you tell me all that in the first place instead of springing him on me without a warning?"

But Max said, "Shut your damn mouth."



"BUT MAX SAID, 'SHUT YOUR DAMN MOUTH'"

He always says that to me when he's busy thinking. So I'm used to it by this time as he does such a lot of thinking.

Well, after he got through thinking, Max explained to me that my going home from France in three short weeks a Princess, not including an arm full of bracelets, was worth all the front pages there are in the American

## *They Do Not*

newspaper offices. So that was what Max was thinking about all the time which only goes to show how much he thinks of my ability, because no director wants to get a girl's picture on the front page unless he is sure she can live up to it.

Well, all the front pages in America are worth getting married for even if it has to be to Borax.

### *In the Atlantic Ocean.*

Here we are almost back in America. So Max had the captain marry Borax to me because it turned out that there is so much Liberty in France that the hardest thing to do is to get married, otherwise nothing much has happened to me on the boat because Max said my mind was so tired that I ought to rest it as much as it's possible for me to, so I've spent most of the time in bed. Because three weeks in Paris where there is nothing but one Liberty after another, is as much as any girl as young as I'm supposed to be can stand.

Borax is getting along fine. He looks more like a man every day, because when I found him wearing bracelets I took them away from him and told him I'd wear all the bracelets for

## *They Do Not*

the whole family, because if there's one thing I hate, it's competition.

Well, Borax is learning English in no time, because I taught him to sing that "Mama loves Papa, and Papa loves Mama" song in two days and he already knew four or five other English words. So when we get to America I'm going to get him a copy of the ten commandments if I can find one in New York, because I've discovered that there are two or three of them he ought to know by heart, if I'm not getting them mixed up with something else. But then you've got to expect a few things like that in these foreigners.

### *The Ritz, New York City.*

Well, here we are back in the good old U. S. A. of America, that George M. Cohan is always telling the world about. It took us quite a long time at the boat because we had to let all the reporters see as much of us as possible but, of course, a girl of my ability must expect things like that. Of course, we had to have our pictures taken a great many times and Max told all the reporters everything I was thinking which certainly took a weight off my mind, because I'd been too busy



## *They Do Not*

getting a wink of sleep to think of anything much.

So after that we came here to the Ritz instead of the Algonquin because if you once begin with the Ritz, it always gets to be a habit as long as anybody can afford it.

Well, I thought all the Americans were over in Paris, but when I went down to lunch today, I saw that there were still a few left over here, because I saw Muriel Draper and Mary Lawton there and Anita Loos was having lunch with Ralph Barton.

I said, "Hello, Ralph."

And he said, "Hello, Lu, how is that sweet Paris?"

So I told him it was too sweet for words and then I said, "Meet the Prince" and he did so with pleasure.

Then we all shook hands with Anita Loos, who seems very nice even if she did write a book all about a blond girl who was a gold-digger and got it published which I don't think was very nice of any girl who is as young as she looks. When it comes to books, I'm one of those old-fashioned girls, who think literature, after it's published, ought to be as pure as possible because ever since Mr. Carnegie

## *They Do Not*

put up a lot of buildings everywhere and filled them all full of books, you never can tell who is going to read one these days. I certainly wouldn't want any friend of mine to spend their time reading about a girl who was a gold-digger, because I knew one once and she was very vulgar, even if she was a famous motion-picture artist.

Well, a few other people that really count were there, including Marion Davies and Norma Talmadge, who got back sooner than I did, and Edna Ferber and Gertrude Lane and Laurence Stallings, who went to war when the last one was in France, and wrote a screen play all about it. Well, his screen play made the war, which was really over in France, quite famous right here in America, which only goes to show what an influence the screen really has on the public, if you've got a good press agent.

So then we found out that Will Rogers was here in New York City and that he was giving a show up in a place called Carnegie Hall, so as we are teaching Borax to be as much American as he possibly can, we thought we ought to take him to see Will Rogers, because Max always says, "See America first" and after

## *They Do Not*

you've seen Will Rogers, you've seen everything. So we put Borax into a taxi and took him up to Carnegie Hall and let him see Will Rogers.

But we didn't let Will Rogers see Borax, because I said to Max, I said,

“My God, if Will Rogers ever saw Borax, he'd kill him.”

And for once in his life Max agreed with me without saying anything back.



BORAX

## *They Do Not*

Well, as it turned out there are still a few other Americans left in America but most of the crowd at Carnegie Hall looked very foreign. Anyway, Mr. Abraham Erlanger, the most famous theatrical manager in America, was there and I was very glad to see him because I used to know him quite well, that is, I used to see a lot of him when I was connected with one of his companies in the box-office. Well, besides him, two boys named Kermit and Teddy, whose last name is Roosevelt, were also there so I told Borax to take a good long look at them. They are considered very American because they used to live in Washington, D. C., in a big white house which is so famous here in America that everyone is always naming coffee or suspenders or something after it.

Well, then I looked some more and saw Mrs. Fiske, who is very famous as an actress, even if she has made only one or two plays for the screen yet, as far as I know, and Fannie Hurst, who buys a bank every time she finishes a new story, was in the audience.

After that the curtain went up and Will began to throw a lot of ropes and everything.

## *They Do Not*

So the audience seemed very happy about it. Anyhow, they clapped. It was a great night.

### *On the Train.*

Bound for Hollywood!

Well, there are a lot of other people on the train besides us, so Hollywood won't be so deserted after all.

Max was right. I certainly ought to be a very happy girl if anyone is. Here I sit in my compartment with a screen-play written for me by a Queen. On one side of me is Borax with a title and on the other side of me is my director full of French atmosphere. And on my arm is Mark, Dickie, Tony, Freddy, and a few others I may have forgotten to mention.

Well, Max calls me "Cinders" now. She was a poor little girl who used to spend all of her time in the gutter with the ash cans but one day somebody discovered her ability and after that she got a lot of things from friends who were interested in her including a great deal of jewelry and a Prince. So she's like me in lots of ways, except that she never got the chance to show her ability on the screen because in her day the film industry wasn't what it is now.



“AND ON MY ARM IS MARK, DICKIE, TONY, FREDDY AND A FEW OTHERS I MAY HAVE FORGOTTEN TO MENTION.”

*They Do Not*

Anyhow, you'll never believe it, or maybe you will, but my three weeks in Paris were worth everything I've had to go through to get there, including the Atlantic Ocean.

Oh, well, life has its moments.





## CHAPTER VI

BORAX LEAVES HOLLYWOOD AND I TAKE UP  
SPANISH



## CHAPTER VI

### BORAX LEAVES HOLLYWOOD AND I TAKE UP SPANISH

#### *Hollywood.*

Well, here I am right where I started out from, and except for all the Liberty of Paris, give me the jazz of this little berg everytime. As we spun up Hollywood Boulevard and I looked out and saw Sid Grauman's Egyptian Theatre and the Christie Hotel and Montmartre, my heart just went smash because here we all are, me and the Warner boys and Fairbanks and Pickfords and Charlie and Bill Fox and Al Christie and Sol Lesser and Jessie Lasky and Buster Keaton and all the Talmadges besides Sam Goldwyn. So even if all these famous people haven't begun to put up statues of themselves all over the place yet they've done everything besides that including their pictures to everybody who sends them twenty-five cents in silver or even stamps. So Hollywood has got all these people besides Charles Chaplin and a lot of others and Paris has only got Napoleon after all.

## *They Do Not*

Well, I haven't had much time to write because of course everybody wanted to give parties for me with gingerale that wasn't quite pure and everything because they were so glad to see a girl like me and all my ability back in their midst again. So Life was just one hang-over after another hang-over. Besides me, everybody wanted to see the Prince I'd brought back alive. So everywhere I went I said,

“Shake hands with the Prince.”

So everybody shook hands with Borax and took a good look at him but when they took a good look at him I said to myself, only, of course not out loud, I said,

“My God, I hope they're not thinking the same thing I think everytime I look at him.” Because when you look at Borax you just got to think a lot until you get used to it.

So I always say that to myself. Believe me, after you've been in a train with a man five days from New York to Los Angeles you get to know a thing or two about him which nobody but his mother maybe knew before. Because I'd never been on a train with any man that long before, I mean five days long, except Max, so of course it was all new to

## *They Do Not*

me. Of course I don't like to talk about my own husband or anybody else's or anything like that but even before our train pulled out of Kansas City I began to wonder how a man with a head as square as Borax's head is square could wear a round hat and keep it on.

Well, I thought I ought to give a big party just to show everybody I was as glad to see them as they were to see me, so I did. So on Saturday night we all had dinner and then everybody who could still walk after so much food and everything, went down to the Biltmore to dance, and it was fine because everybody that could still carry them brought their flasks and besides that there was jazz and spotlights. Well, Alma Rubens looked wonderful because she was with Ricardo Cortez, Priscilla Dean was there, came with Wheeler Oakman who happens to be her husband and so did Constance Talmadge and Norman Kerry and Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams and Dot Hubbard and Colleen Moore was there with John McCormick and so I asked Colleen all about the new picture I heard Florence Rye-son was doing for her but she hadn't heard a thing about it yet. Ben Lyon came too with Dorothy Dore and so did Baroness d'Estreilles

## *They Do Not*

because I thought all of us titled people ought to stick together as much as we can because we can make a better showing because when all of us Princesses and things get together, then all of our conversation is so elite up till midnight anyway. So she says,

“How are you this evening, Princess?”

And I say: “Swell, how is yourself, Baroness?”

So she says, “It’s a beautiful party, Princess.”

And then I reply, “Swank is the word, Baroness.”

So when everybody hears us talking like that, I mean calling each other by our husband’s titles they all turn and look at us and ask each other a lot of questions and of course that’s very important when you are in the pictures.

So of course Jack Dempsey was there with Estelle because I feel it’s always safer to have at least one very strong man in the crowd when you give the kind of parties I always give, or nearly always. Well, there were a lot of other people there besides Wanda Hawley and Tommy Grey and Irvin Willat and Billie Dove so it was a swell party and when it was time to

## *They Do Not*

go home and we got into our cars and started off, the police didn't say a word or anything which I thought was very nice of them.

Well, everybody got home all right except Borax but Max got an ambulance for him so now he's all well again except for a few bruises but that's what he gets for trying to tell Jack that Carpentier was the best fighter in the world.

## *Hollywood.*

Well, when I got up this morning I decided that if Borax wanted to see Southern California right he ought to begin by going and taking a good look at a mission because everybody who comes to California always takes a good look at one once. Anyhow, take away the moving picture industry and all the missions and the climate when it isn't foggy and what have you? Nothing that amounts to anything except the Cocomanut Grove at the Ambassador. So I took him out to San Juan Capistrano because that's just about as close as any of them as far as I know because it's only about sixty miles away which isn't so far in a Stutz. Well, Borax took a very good look at the walls

## *They Do Not*

because they are four feet thick and I thought of him but of course I didn't tell him so.

It seems long ago, before the motion picture industry made California what it is today, everybody used to go around eating tamales and chili and throwing knives at each other and there used to be a lot of women called *senoritas* and men called *cabaleros* who went everywhere in spurs and were always sweeping their rapiers all over the place so of course you had to have walls four feet thick in those days. I will say that California is a lot safer than it used to be several years ago because knives is one thing everybody out here has stopped throwing.

So when we got back I thought I'd go see a lot of people because after three weeks in Paris you lose track of everything.

It turned out that while I was away everybody seems to have gone in for native sons, if you know what I mean. Well, the Chaplins have another boy now, and the Robards have got one out in the Good Samaritan Hospital and so have the Clive Brooks and so have the Monte Blues but Agnes Ayres has a girl. So after I'd turned it over in my mind a lot I was glad Borax sleeps in the guest room. It's



## *They Do Not*

rather small but adequate . . . that is, adequate.

Anyway, Borax wanted to see some of our Hollywood "night life," but of course as there isn't much Liberty over here we don't have any "night life" only what you take with you, except near-beer but nobody ever drinks it unless she's a fool. Anyway, Borax wanted to see the stars because that's what everybody wants to see when they come to Hollywood, but if they had any sense they'd stay home and look at them for forty cents because it costs more than that out here and besides lots of people get an awful shock of disappointment when they see the real thing because no girl can keep right on acting when the camera isn't going unless there is something the matter with her. So we went down Sunset Boulevard and then turned over to Hollywood Boulevard until we almost come to Vine street and there was Henry's little place and you're always sure to see somebody there. So we went in.

There was Henry right up in front.

I said, "Hello, Henry."

And he said, "Hello, Lu."

And then he asked me how I liked Paris. So I told him and after I told him which didn't

## *They Do Not*

take very long because I just said, "Fine," I told him to shake hands with the Prince. So he took his cigar out of his mouth and shook hands with Borax with pleasure. Anyway that's what he said but I couldn't see how he got any pleasure out of it because Henry's not in society like some of the rest of us and don't have to go around telling lies in people's faces unless he really feels like it.

Henry used to be in the same business Mary Garden is in and over in Paris they've got a whole building for it but I don't think they do much business because the afternoon I looked at it there wasn't a soul going in. So I asked Max about it and it seems like opera is like the old fashioned quartet only they do it in a foreign language just to fool people and make them think it's good.

After that we went to one of the tables in the back and sat down because everybody was back there talking about the new premiere at Sid Grauman's because everybody goes to Henry's and talks over the premieres.

Well, there was Charlie Chaplin because he's there almost every night.

So I said, "Hello, Charlie."

And he said, "Hello, Lu."

## *They Do Not*

But he didn't ask me anything about Paris because he don't care much about it.

Then we ordered Turkey Sandwiches because that's part of what Henry is famous for because everybody eats turkey sandwiches there unless they've never been there before.

Then I told Borax all about Henry in simple English language because Borax don't understand any other kind yet except a lot of swear words. Well, anyhow, once upon a time besides from being in the opera, Henry Bergman used to be a strong man and an actor but finally he wanted to show his art on the screen like everybody else. So he came out to Hollywood and worked with Pathe and then way back in 1916 which is really farther back than a girl who is as young as I am supposed to be is supposed to remember he went to play with Charlie Chaplin and he has been playing with him ever since. He has been in every one of Charlie's pictures for the last ten years. He was Hank Curtis, the good Samaritan, in the "Gold Rush" and when Charlie's new picture "The Circus" is all finished he is going to be the ringmaster with a whip or something.

Well, Charlie went home early because ever since something "out of the nowhere and into

## *They Do Not*

the here" arrived and got itself called Sydney Earl Chaplin, Charlie always rushes home early.

Anyhow, I'm glad I don't have to rush home early because a girl with my ability can't always be rushing about all over the place to look after a baby and besides it might take after its father and then we would have to drown it or something and then we'd get all mixed up with the police and Max always tells me to keep right on mixing up with everything I can except the police.

## *Hollywood.*

Well, as this is Friday I thought I ought to take Borax over to the Writer's Club who have a swell place over on Sunset Boulevard. I thought all the writers ought to see him and his spats and everything because people who use their brains to make a living on a typewriter always like to see something that's different from anything else they've ever seen in their whole lives, and though I will admit you can see most anything in Hollywood I had a treat for them.

So we went in and there was Donald Ogden

## *They Do Not*

Stewart and Rupert Hughes running the whole business because they always do.

Don said, "Hello, Lu, how's Paris?"

And I said, "Fine."

Then Jim Tully said, "Hello, Lu, how is Paris?"

And I said, "Fine."

Then Montague Glass said, "Hello, Lu, how is Paris?"

So I said, "Fine."

And then George Ade said, "Hello, Lu, how is Paris?"

So I said, "Fine."

And then Lew Cody said, "Hello, Lu, how is Paris?"

So I said, "Oh, go to hell."

Then I went over to the big "dutch treat" table where Frank Spearman and Carrie Jacobs Bond and William S. Hart and Edgar Rice Burroughs and Jane Murfin and Frances Marion besides Jeanie McPherson and a lot of other people were eating and I got up on a chair and I said, so they could hear me all at once, I said,

"Listen, world, Paris is fine."

So then when they got all through laughing I said,

## *They Do Not*

“Look what I captured alive and brought back with me. You can all look at it but don’t you hurt it. So they all looked at Borax a lot and then I said,

“Shake with the Prince.”

So they all did and Bert Lytell asked me why didn’t I bring back the Prince of Wales but I told him the P. O. W. wasn’t in Paris at the same time I was.

So then we ate lunch and talked all about Paris. Of course everybody was surprised I could see so much in three weeks but then a girl with my ability can always do lots of



“HE SEEMS TO FIT AT A TEA-PARTY BETTER THAN ANYTHING ELSE I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO FIND SO FAR.”

## *They Do Not*

things nobody ever dreams of unless they are as young as I'm supposed to be.

After that we went home, so after I'd turned it over in my mind several times and then thought about it quite a bit I decided to take Borax over to Montmartre, so after we got there we went in and Paul found us a ring-side seat on the Hollywood Boulevard side because that's where all of us stars always sit. So we were all there besides Mary Astor and Dick Barthelmess and Douglas MacLean and Dolores Costello and Betty Compson and Tom Mix so Borax got his eyes all full of stars but he's awfully disappointed because he can't seem to realize that there isn't anything like the Liberty over here that there is in Paris unless you've got a good Bootlegger and even that isn't everything. But Borax can't get it out of his head that we aren't so immoral out here in Hollywood as all the newspapers would have you think we are. That's one reason everybody gets their director or their new husband or somebody else's to take them to Paris every summer.

### *Hollywood.*

Well, I took Borax to a tea-party today because he seems to fit at a tea-party better

## *They Do Not*

than anything else I have been able to find so far.

Of course everybody talked about everybody else that wasn't there out loud because that's what tea-parties are supposed to be for, to give you a good chance to say what you think, if you do, about anybody you please, because if you say it at a tea-party and they hear about it afterward they can't get mad about it, for very long anyhow, so I heard about everybody and it seems Anita Stewart is wearing a slave anklet for some Italian doctor but he isn't a Prince or anything like that so far as I can find out yet. And Dorothy Dawn studied French for eight years in a school in Philadelphia but I don't see how that does her any good in pictures, do you? Anyhow, I'm glad I spent all my three weeks when I was over in Paris looking at all the beautiful things and taking advantage of all the Liberty. Well, listen, Ramon Novarro has taken up singing with his mother and they do it over K.H.J. Well, that's all they talked about so I drank as much tea as I could hold because that's what you're supposed to do, and then I told everybody what a swell time I'd had, and after that was all done we went home.



## *They Do Not*

*Tia Juana.*

Well, here I am down in Mexico because I thought Borax ought to like Mexico because down here in Mexico there is almost as much Liberty as there is in Paris, France. Only of course they don't do it so well because after all they're just Mexicans no matter what you may think and haven't got all the beautiful buildings to look at like Paris or the Rue de la Paix, but just the same even if they haven't got the Rue de la Paix you can spend just as much down here as you can in Paris, I mean if you've got anybody in the party to spend it. There are two blocks to Tia Juana with three curio stores and all the rest are salons which is quite a few when you stop to think there are only five hundred people in the town after the Americans have gone home. Just outside of town are The Foreign Club and Monte Carlo where everybody goes to gamble, but I didn't tell Borax anything about them. So I left him at the San Francisco and went over to the Coffroth race-track to see if I could see any ponies or anything but I didn't. Anyway Buster Keaton and Joe Schenck and some of the Talmadges were there because there are so many of them you can't miss them anywhere,

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including Paris and New York and Tia Juana. Well, when I got back to the San Francisco I couldn't find Borax anywhere, so I didn't know what to do about it because the line closes at six now instead of ten as it used to the last time I was down here and no girl wants to stay in Mexico all night even with her own husband, unless she's a fool. Well, I didn't know what to do somemore because a girl can't leave her husband no matter who he is, with a lot of foreigners when he's another kind of a foreigner because when you start to mix a whole lot of foreign languages up together you never know what might happen.

So I went to look for him. Well, listen, you'll never believe it, because pretty soon I found Borax all surrounded by a lot of women who looked very fast from all I could see, which was almost everything. Of course the climate down here is very famous everywhere for its heat so if you stop to think of it you can't blame the girls for wearing nothing almost but I don't think that's the only reason because I've seen the same thing over in Paris, France, and it's not so hot over there as some of those girls would have you believe from the amount of clothes they wear. Well,

## *They Do Not*

of course it's none of my business one way or another but any girl hates to see her husband, if she ever happens to do so, making a fool of himself with a lot of women in that condition and it didn't take me very long to see that Borax was in the same condition himself. I could tell right away from the smell and everything that Borax had been in every single one of the sixty-seven salons in Tia Juana and hadn't even looked at the three curio shops. Well, I just assumed a very haughty manner Max taught me for the screen and led Borax right out of that place and marched him to a curio store.

So then I bought him a curio and brought him back here and I got a waiter to put him in a chair and sit on him till I get this letter written to tell you how I showed my husband all the sights down here in Mexico besides the ones he found for himself. But when I stop to think what he's seen besides what I saw the minute my back was turned, my God, I just shudder to myself.

Well, you never can tell about these foreigners because I met a few when I was over in Paris and I know what I'm talking about.

But then I don't suppose I can blame Borax



“I COULD TELL RIGHT AWAY FROM THE SMELL AND EVERYTHING  
THAT BORAX HAD BEEN IN EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THE  
SIXTY-SEVEN SALONS IN TIA JUANA”

## *They Do Not*

too much because any man is bound to look for all the Liberty he can the minute his wife's back is turned, especially if he's been shut up in a guest room as long as Borax has been shut up in a guest room.

So I've forgiven him because that's what a wife is supposed to do, and anyway just between us, I let him marry me just to please Max by getting on all the front pages in America and besides I feed him and bought him a new sport suit with a belt to wear in California, so that's something.

But just the same he's still so young for a man of his age that's been through a revolution, that I can't help wishing I'd been able to find a copy of those ten commandments Mr. De Mille made so famous a few years ago, because I'm sure there was another edition besides the stone ones, because no girl, I don't care how many figures there are in her contract, can afford to go around with a lot of bricks in her trunk.

*Hollywood.*

Well, I've been through an awful lot since the last time I wrote you. Because I've been through everything but a divorce and Max is

## *They Do Not*

going to attend to that to as soon as he gets time, because when a girl like me gets a divorce it's sure to be on the front page of all the papers which is very important, so Max has to think up as many things as he can.

So we had to let Borax go because after I took him down to Mexico that time he was never the same afterward. Every time my back was turned he'd go sneaking away somewhere and no girl with all my ability wants a man around who is always sneaking away somewhere.

Besides it got so he used up all my perfume and I made up my mind I wasn't going to have all my expensive perfume used up on somebody else's ears, even if I did happen to be married to him at the time.

But that wasn't the worst of it. The worst of it was that it got so I couldn't keep a drop of cologne in the house because every time I got a drop of cologne in the house, Borax would drink it all up so I told Max I couldn't have a man who was always drunk around, besides from smelling like a bath room. So after I told Max that, he agreed with me because the last time he paid my cologne bill it was something awful.

## *They Do Not*

Anyhow we got Borax a ticket for Paris and gave him three hundred dollars, besides which was certainly a lot more than he was worth so far as I was concerned.

So now I can give all my time to my art and



“EVERY TIME I GOT A DROP OF COLOGNE IN THE HOUSE  
BECAUSE . . . BORAX WOULD DRINK IT ALL UP.”

my director and anyway what is a Russian Prince to a girl with all my ability when she's got her art and all of her great public to live for?

Besides that they say the King of Spain is coming over next year.

P. S. I'm learning Spanish.

















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