

"Are All Men Alike?"

By Arthur Stringer.

AUTHOR OF "THE PRAIRIE WIFE," "THE HOUSE OF INTRIGUE," ETC. ILLUSTRATED BY WILL B. JOHNSTONE.

RUBY REAMER, in a tone that denoted belligerent animosity, had just informed Teddie that they had "considerable speakin' to do."

Teddie, her soul heavy with the various complications her search for freedom had brought upon it, could think of nothing that she and Ruby might have to talk about.

"About what?" she somewhat indifferently inquired.

"About my Ginnie," he said. "I want to know just what call you've got to come between Ginnie and me after we've been going together for a year and a half! I want to know what right, just because you're rotten with money, you've got to turn a poor boy's head and have him say the things that Ginnie's just been sayin' to me! I want!"

"Ruby," interrupted Teddie, steadying herself, "you are saying things yourself that are utterly ridiculous. I haven't either the intention or the desire to come in any way whatever between you and Ginnie."

"Then just why were you usin' me, me, all people, to make a date with him not more than twenty-four hours ago?" demanded the irate voice over the wire. "And if there's nothin' to that, just why is he runnin' round in your car to-day?"

"In my car?" echoed Teddie. "Yes, and bumpin' into a Fifth Avenue bus with it and havin' reporters comin' and frightenin' his old mother into a nervous breakdown!"

"It took a little time for Teddie to digest this.

"But, my dear girl," she finally explained, "your Ginnie has no more claim on that car of mine than he has on me."

"Well, he thinks he has. And he's so sure of it he's even been advertisin' that you know he has. And I've been goin' with Ginnie long enough to realize that that boy never told a lie in his life."

"Ruby," finally called out the bewildered girl at the telephone, "I want you to come here. I want to see you. I must see you at once."

"From the way Teddie is breakin' in," clearly and coldly announced the lady on the other end of the wire, "I don't think it's me you want to see. You'd better do your talkin' to my lawyer!"

"Ruby!" called the girl at the desk.

But the wire brought no answer to that repeated call, and Teddie hung up the receiver. She placed it slowly and carefully on its hook and sat staring at the cadmium tinted wall, with a look of helpless protest on her bewildered young face. And for the second time she found herself face to face with a forlorn and seemingly fruitless survey of her resources.

Once or twice, in her desperation she was even tempted to pack up and scurry off to Hot Springs in the wake of her Uncle Chandler. But that, she remembered, would be more than cowardly. It would be foolish, for it would be nothing more than a momentary evasion of the inevitable.

And besides being a sacrifice of dignity, it would stand as an advertisement of guilt.

Then out of a world that seemed as cold and empty as a glacial moraine came one faint glow of hope. On the gray-line of a Sahara of uncertainties appeared a tremulous palm-branch or two. For Teddie, in her misery, had suddenly taken thought of Gerald Rhineland West.

Gerry, she remembered with a gulp, was not only one of her own set, but also a corporation lawyer!

It wouldn't be easy to explain things to Gerry. It would, in fact, involve sacrifice of pride which made her wince without knowing it. But she had talked about having an attorney. And it was her duty to find one.

There had been a time, during a period of potential romantic alliances, when she might possibly have entrained some tender feeling for Gerry Rhineland West, her next-door neighbor whose grilled iron gateways in the midst of a manorial stone wall was quite as magnificent as her own.

But Gerry had disappointed her. He primarily disappointed her by meanly resorting to the habit of addressing her as "Nero" (the sobriquet of a Great Dane of uncertain temper owned by her mother after Teddie had bitten him down in a bitter struggle to recover from her possession a domesticated and one-eyed Russian rat which had been indiscreet enough to invade the Hayden estate.

And he finally disappointed her by abandoning his fixed intention of becoming an engine-driver and deciding to waste a one-promising young life on due preparation for the study of law.

Gerry, it is true, later on attempted to revive this blighted romance by bombarding her with purple-tinted boxes of English violets done up in glazed paper and surmounted by small and neatly addressed white envelopes, and sometimes with striped boxes so big they looked like baby-coffins, except for the thorny stalks which protruded from one cut-away end, until the matter-of-fact Teddie reminded him that he was wasting a tremendous amount of money, as her mother's head-grover grew these things in abundance.

Thereafter, Gerry attempted little more than a stiff bow when he passed. When Teddie made ready for her conference with Gerald Rhineland West she did so with a particularly which might have surprised both her recently abandoned maid and the immediate members of her own family. She went forth to the terra incognita of Nassau Street cuirassed in tailored and braided trimness and gaudied in spotless kid with just the light array in wrinkles about her glove-tops.

She was still further entrenched behind a four-skin scarf of blue fox-which wasn't blue at all—and a canny muff to match, to say nothing of seven cyanitic-looking orchids which completed the color-scheme and fluttered demurely above her slightly fluttering heart.

For it wasn't often that Teddie was as excited as she found herself that morning, just as it wasn't often that she had turned to give ponderable thought to the question of arm-pi-plate. But it loomed up before her as a serious matter, this commending of a clever young attorney to her side of the case, and she felt the need of not producing an unfavorable impression on Gerry.

WHO'S WHO IN THE CAST.
THEODORA LYDIA LORILLARD HAYDEN, a poor little rich girl, seeks freedom and a means of "expressing herself" by renting a studio in Greenwich Village. Taking her Art with a big A, she allows

RAOUL UHLAN, a well known portrait painter, to come three times a week to give her instruction. At the third visit Uhan casts aside all restraint and seizes and kisses her in spite of her protests and struggles. Leaving her triumphantly, he swears he will return "to-morrow at three."

MAJOR CHANDLER KANE, Theodora's uncle, who admires and sympathizes with his niece. He tells her life is like a waffle-iron, making every one into the same pattern.

GUNBOAT DORGAN, a lightweight prizefighter, is summoned by Theodora to punish Uhan for his insult and gives the artist a beating. Theodora had suggested as a reward that Dorgan use her roadster, but to her surprise he kisses her, hinting that she is to take the place in his heart which had been held by

RUBY REAMER, an artists' model through whom Theodora had met the prizefighter.

William Shotwell, a lawyer, calls to announce that his client, Uhan, had lost a \$12,000 portrait commission because of the bruised nose he had suffered in Theodora's studio, that his feelings had been damaged \$12,000 more and that medical and other expenses ran the cost up to \$25,000. The girl tells him she will consult her lawyer. As he leaves, Ruby Reamer telephones in an angry voice.



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SECRETS OF SCOTLAND YARD

BY SIR BASIL THOMSON
Chief of British Criminal Investigation Department
1913-1921

RED PROPAGANDA IN ENGLAND

Up to 1921 at least \$300,000 of Russian gold, and nearly \$10,000,000 in unset jewels were spent in England on Red propaganda.

The Bolsheviks are more successful with their window dressing than they are with their propaganda.

As a general working rule, publicity has been the best weapon against the force of disorder. Whenever there is something the agitators are anxious to keep secret, advertise it. Their organization will fall apart while they hunt in their own ranks for the supposed traitor. In 1919 England was on the brink of revolution.

CHAPTER XIX.
THE same damme of the labor movement had been the Daily Herald. There was room for a good labor daily newspaper, but the fate of the Daily Citizen had shown that as a business venture it is very difficult to make such a paper self-supporting.

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Screenings By DON ALLEN

ALL STUCK UP.
This being a villain, with pointed and carefully waxed mustachios, has distinct disadvantages.

Ask Robert Cain, he, like the far-famed paternal parent—KNOWS!
Cain was called upon to paste on a regular ramshorn set of lip muffs for his part in "The Impossible Mrs. Bel-ew." He didn't mind that at all; but recently he was seen going through a regular hula hula dance in the studio.

"What's trouble?" some one asked.
"This doggone spirit gum I use to paste on these defunny whiskers just leaked all over the pocket of my white flannel trousers and now I find all my bills, both dollar and grocery, all one, I'm not at all conceted, but I sure am stuck up."

FRANK LEAVES US.
Frank Borzage, who directed Cosmopolitan Production's gold medal picture "Humoresque," yesterday shed the dust of old Broadway from his oxford and started a trek for the Pacific Coast, where he will at once begin work on a picture to be known as "The Pride of Palomar," the filmization of a Peter B. Kyne story.

He was accompanied by Forrest Stanley, leading man; O. O. Puff, (who isn't that way at all) as assistant director, William Sampson, manager, and Chester Lyons, cameraman.

Here's luck, Frank, and we hope it'll be as good as "Humoresque!"

CLEAN-CUT START.

Joe Striker, who gives such an admirable impersonation of the spoiled boy in "Silver Wings," had a clean-cut start in pictures.

Joe drifted around and secured a job in a big production. He needed it, too, as he was as fat as an oil can.

The director looked him over and noted an overabundance of brain-thatch.

"Here," muttered the director, "take this half buck and get a haircut; and get it cut short, too. Your part will call for little hair."

And so Joe drifted into the first barber shop he ran across and told the barber to keep on cutting until told to stop. Then Joe went to sleep. When he awoke the barber had clipped his hair a la Sing Sing.

Rushing back to the director Joe gasped:
"Can I still have the part?"
"Well," mused the director, "as long as I have 50 cents invested in you already, I suppose I've got to hire you."

And he did.

REAL SCRIBE.

Ralph Lewis, now playing the policeman hero in a current Broadway film, has the distinction of having played a newspaper reporter in the most lifelike manner in Bayard Veiller's stage play, "The Fight."

All newspaperdom gave him a rising vote of thanks when he took his notes on the back of an envelope instead of using the much-abused and bulky notebook; but when he turned and asked another one of the characters for a pencil the real newspaper man who saw the show arose and shouted their approbation.

We'd like to see a reporter played like that on the screen just once before we do our final fadeout.

LIONEL ENGAGED.

One of the best bits of news we've heard for some time was to the effect that Lionel Barrymore had been engaged for the role of Blackie Dawson in "The Face in the Fog," a "Boston Blackie" yarn to be made into a film by Cosmopolitan.

The role should fit Lionel like the well-known gauntlet and he should make a classic of it.

As far as we are concerned—and we know we'll be almost lynched for saying it—we think Lionel can movie act rings about Brother John and then have something in reserve.

No% Come on! One at a time! Steady there!

A NEW ONE.

"Bow Wow," a new sennett comedy, will soon be released through Associated First National, and it is said to be one of the best ever.

The picture, directed by Fred Jackman, features Louise Fazenda, but recently returned to pictures; little John Henry Jr., Teddy, the almost human canine, and Pepper, the Sennett cat.