

Olive Borden is not married, and is not even sure that she has been in love, but she has her ideals.

"The clinging vine is a pretty myth that men dream of because it makes them feel strong and superior," states Olive.

Olive Borden believes love can't be catalogued and draws conclusions on the world's oldest emotion

YOU CAN'T

By Ruth

LOVE and matrimony so often prove ephemeral in Hollywood that any tips on how to make them permanent are valuable.

Not so long ago, an intrepid soul rushed into print with the news that the girl who would hold her man must keep him busy taking her around and keep him poor spending money on her.

Which rule is repudiated by two of our youngest, handsomest and most popular stars.

"I wouldn't have a man I had to hold!" cries Olive Borden, her dark eyes flashing. "It seems to me like playing games with the most sacred thing that can happen to you. Love shouldn't be a matter of 'If I do this, he'll think I mean that, and then he'll do so-and-so!' Real love should be rooted in sincerity. I'd hate to feel that I had to pretend about it.

"I'm not married, and I'm not sure I've ever really been in love, but like most girls I have ideals. I'd want to be trusted absolutely, and I'd feel there was something the matter with our marriage if I had to worry about holding the man who cared for me."

"Seems like a perpetual escort would get mighty tired of his job," observes Buddy Rogers, sagely. "I like family life. My folks are all coming out to live with me—Dad's giving up his newspaper to come, and he'll manage my affairs—and then I'll leave the Athletic Club and have a home. I'm wild about a home. Why should a man enjoy being dragged out of it every night?"

"I hardly know what to think about women. I've never gone with one girl more than a month or so at a time, and I haven't had time to think much about marriage, but just looking at it from the outside, seems like you're more likely to stick if you're good comrades."

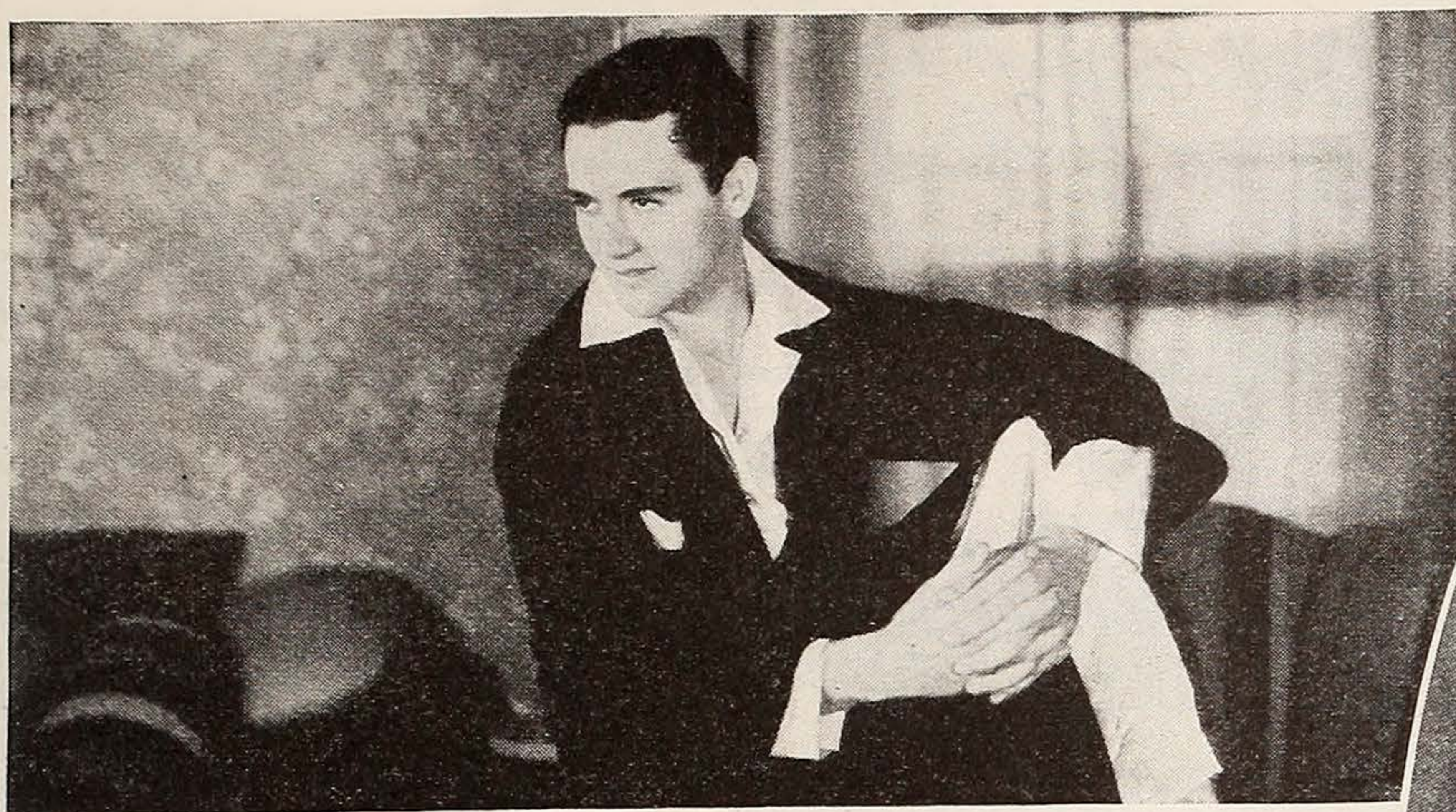
"A good comrade who liked the same things, or at least sympathized with my liking for certain things would be nice," admits Olive.

"I've noticed that most men like the domestic type of woman pretty well. I wonder if I'd ever qualify as domestic? I've never had time to find out. But I love the very idea of a home. Not a tremendous establishment, but a real home with a fireplace and real logs, where my friends and my husband's friends would be welcome, and yet where we could be alone, too. I wouldn't like my home to be a roadhouse!

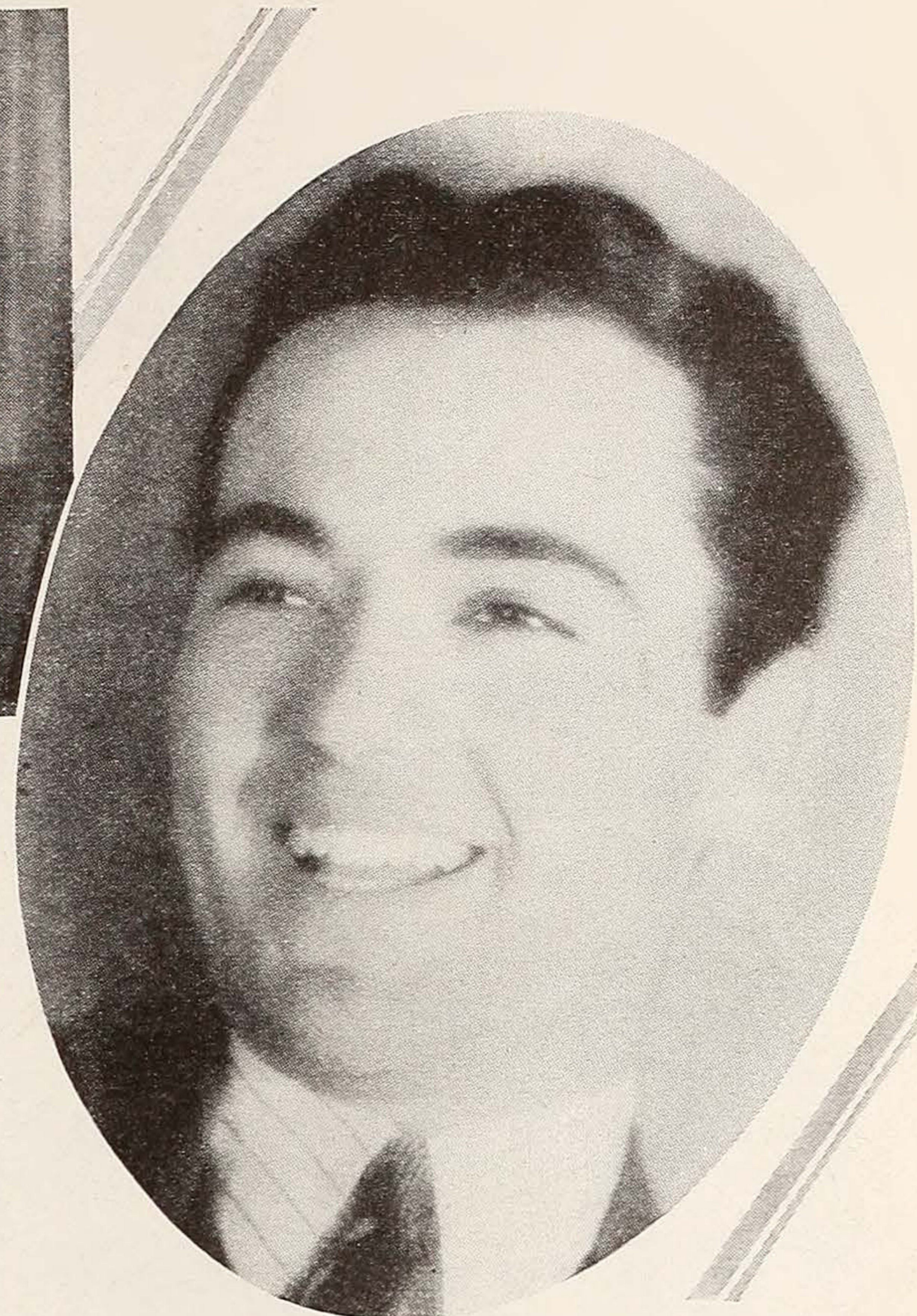
"I'd like to have it stand for all the sweet, simple, lovely things of life—not for ostentation or formality or keeping up with the neighbors.

"Sometimes I think that the thing that spoils romance, marriage, or any relation is success.

"When people are poor and struggling, they seem to stick together and be sweet about it, but the minute they are successful they seem to grow hard and cold and selfish.



"Looking on from the outside," says Buddy Rogers, bachelor, "I reckon marriage is more or less of a gamble."



Buddy Rogers says that if marriage is to hold, there must be understanding and good comradeship

Buddy believes the ideal girl should be the mothering type who would consider his comfort. Well, lots of girls would!

'TYPE' LOVE!

Tildesley

Why is that, I wonder? The poor boy remembers to bring home candy on special days, even if all he can afford is five cents' worth in a paper sack, and the girl ponders over what she can fix for him to eat. 'He should have something good—he works so hard!' or 'If I do without a movie, I can afford a better steak for him, he is so brave and sweet!'

"But the minute success runs up its flag, each one suddenly begins to think 'I-I.' 'I must have so-and-so to make up for all I've been through!' 'I must spend more on myself, people expect it!'"

Buddy, believes, however, that many girls feel there is something lacking in an unsuccessful man. From his observation, jealousy is the chief reason for wreck of the marital brig.

"But you couldn't be jealous if you weren't playing games with love," asserts Olive. "Great stress is being laid on the value of elusiveness. Keeping them guessing is advocated. It's just too much for me! I have work to do, and I can't be bothered wondering what he meant by this or that. If a man cares for me, let him show it, so I'll know where I stand. This guessing business looks like deceiving each other to me, cheapening love, tarnishing a beautiful thing.

"Why don't men feel like that? But perhaps they like to wonder."

"Yes, a little guessing keeps one interested," admits Buddy. But he believes that the ideal girl should be the mothering type, who would consider his comfort and run after him with his rubbers when it rains. A girl who knows how to cook and sew and run a house, although she needn't necessarily do any of these things.

"A number of girls as well as men in Hollywood like to be babied," returns Olive. "It makes them feel important to have someone mothering them, perhaps. But as for me, I don't yearn to bring up a husband. I'll take him fully grown. I don't care to be babied, either. I think if a girl is old enough to be married, she is old enough to be treated as a woman, not as a child.

"One of the chief ideals of all men is the clinging vine, so-called. The truth of the matter is that *she doesn't exist*. She's a pretty myth that men dream of, not because they'd really like her, but because they've read and heard of her and think she would make them feel strong and superior.

"But if a man's wife looked helpless and murmured: 'I don't know how—you do it, darling!' every time she was asked to telephone or buy tickets or drive a car, there'd be a different story. The helpless female is all very well at a distance. Men are so used to the independent girl who does something about whatever happens instead of wringing her hands and sobbing, or gently fainting away, that they would think there was (Continued on page 105)

be duplicated. There are vivid Navajo rugs, snowshoes, ancient moccasins and Indian gourds. The furniture is inlaid following an intricate pattern. A totem pole from Alaska stands next to a head hunter's weapons from India. Every country is represented to some degree in this interesting collection. All sorts of games are to be found here, even ping-pong. The Chinese compartment features Chinese and Japanese games. Standing about are antique Buddhas and carved dragons. Chinese embroideries cover the wall. In the billiard compartment the walls are whitewashed to display to advantage the rare Russian samovars, smoking pipes, masks from heathen temples and even a skull! The atmosphere is extremely informal, from the entrance through the hall of fame, the walls of which are lined with pictures of celebrities from every field of activity, to the impressiveness of the Chinese room. The grown-ups aren't the only ones to find games to their liking either, for the three Niblo children are well taken care of and even have juvenile pictures and comedies to amuse themselves and their little friends.

Both Hoot Gibson and Reginald Denny use their Big Bear Mountain cabins mainly for recreation. They are near together, each one surrounded by several acres of ground. Hoot always takes his Hawaiian

musicians with him when he throws a party at the cabin because he is as mad about it as Bob Vignola. Reginald Denny's cabin is full of personality. The living room, which is the playroom, has an enormous fireplace and davenport facing it, and many roomy lounging chairs and coffee tables scattered about. There are shelves stacked with books, about 1000 of them, I should say. The furniture, however, was made to order, and I think it was 'Bubbles'—Mrs. Denny's—idea. For instance, a table has a flat top made from a slice of tree trunk. The natural bark rims it. The legs are made of branches. The smoking stands are crooked branches with two twigs gripping a metal ash receiver. Everything has several coats of varnish, so nothing is rough. There is provision for riding, skiing, skating, ice hockey, archery, target practice and indoor card and other games.

Harold Lloyd has an underground passage running from his house to his playroom which is hollowed out of the hill. Only one side is open and there is a little door and very narrow path running down the side of it to the golf course far below. Looking up at it, it looks like a tunnel room in a medieval castle. There is nothing but four walls so far, because Harold's house isn't finished, but there will be plenty to amuse one, you can be sure of that.

You Can't 'Type' Love

Continued from page 45

something wrong with a clinging vine if she simply clung when the cook left or the house caught fire."

"It's hard to lay down rules about marriage," contends Buddy.

"Once when I was down in Texas, I went to a party. In the group, were a girl and a man who met each other that evening for the first time. For some reason before the party was over someone dared them to get married. 'I'm game, how about it?' said the man, and the girl laughed and said: 'I'm game, too!' And they took the dare and were married.

"According to all rules, they should have been miserable, but as a matter of fact they are two of the happiest people I know.

"The other side of the case is illustrated by my uncle. For nineteen years, he kept company with a girl. Several times they set wedding dates, but always something happened. A death in one of the families. Losing a job. A move to a new place. Always something.

"Then at last they got married—and there again they are happy, because they thoroughly understand one another and don't expect too much."

"Kindness is a terribly important thing," declares Olive. "When I was fifteen or sixteen, I used to think that a romantic man would be ideal, but now I've come to the conclusion that kind people are the loveliest in the world.

"I've worked ever since I left school, and I think I'd expect to work if I married. I don't know—it seems to me I should be happier if I were working, if the man didn't seriously object.

"I adore children; not just little babies, as all girls do, but children growing up. I find them interesting. The odd thing is that children seldom make friends with me at first. Later, when they're more used to

seeing me, they become quite chummy, and I like the feeling that I seem to improve upon acquaintance.

"But I've noticed that frequently children separate people. Parents are not the same thing as sweethearts. When the baby comes, the mother either becomes absorbed in him, neglecting her husband, or neglects her child for the demands of the man she married. It seems too bad! Not that I shall let it prevent my having children. I hope I shall remember what I've noticed and see that I don't neglect either one."

"Seems like children would draw people together," drawls Buddy, "but I reckon the whole thing is more or less a gamble."

Olive regarded her slim self in her make-up mirror, as she deftly applied a puff—an exquisite self clad in futuristic black-and-white lounging pajamas, her dark hair closely set in its new bob.

"One thing is certain—and the rest is surmise," she paraphrased, with a smile, "when I get married I am going to grow my hair! I loved my long hair, and I miss the two curls on my neck. I rather like the bob, and I felt I needed it to give me a new personality for the talkies, but I liked my long hair better."

The certain thing in Buddy's mind is that, girls or no girls, he is going to keep himself in the pink of condition.

"I have a trainer," he exults. "I make four pictures a year and as it doesn't take so long to make talkies, I have three or four weeks between pictures. My trainer is at the club by 7:30 each morning and I work the medicine ball with him. It weighs twenty pounds and every muscle comes into use before I get through manipulating it. Then comes my swimming lesson and after that a sunbath."

Much more enthusiasm manifested about the trainer than about the not-impossible-she!



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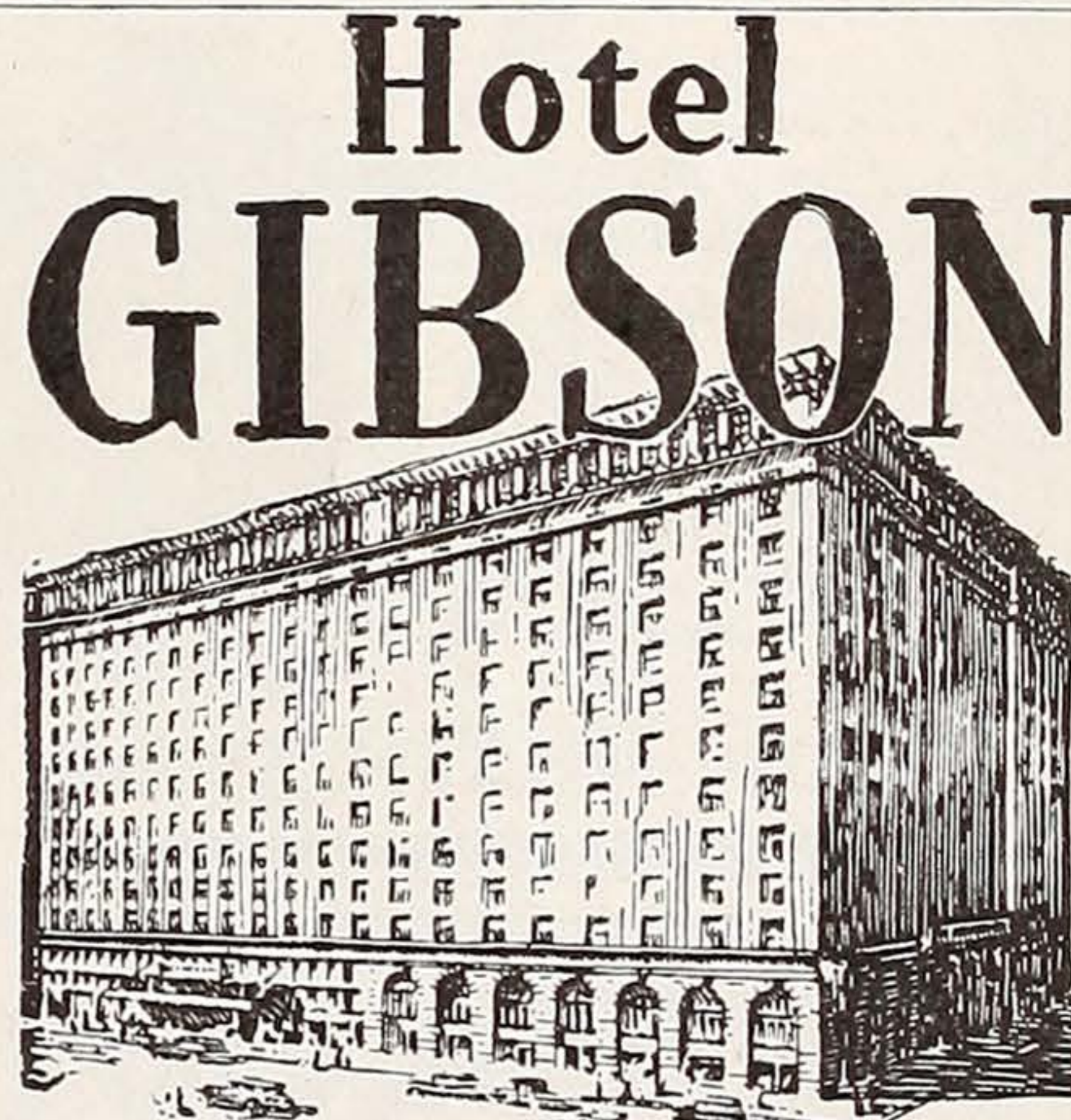
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