



Vampire or Ingenuer?

*Even Louise Glaum's press agent never learned.
However, who ever saw a siren in a tam o'shanter?*

By Herbert Howe

HOW would you like to be a vampire's p. a.? No, not her pa,—her press agent. You have read in magazines about p. a.'s. They're always referred to with the same delicacy as one uses in speaking of bigamists, burglars, pro-Germans and "cooties." I think the editors are jealous because they don't have the chance to hob-nob with stars. They confer the degree of M. H. (Master of Hyperbole) upon all press agents. Sure, press agents lie. So do the editors. The only difference is the press agent always knows when he's lying and the editor doesn't,—always.

I was a press agent. That doesn't hold now, or I wouldn't say anything about it.

Once I was delegated to introduce a vampire to New York.

Now that's worth suffering the ignominy of being called a p. a., eh?

One bright morning I was informed by an official of the company that Miss Louise Glaum would arrive in New York the next day. She had never visited the city to anyone's knowledge; therefore it was up to some one to introduce her to a few people, preferably those connected with newspapers, so that she would not perish of nostalgia and nonentity. I was to be "Some One." The morning of the peacock lady's arrival I suffered so with nervousness that I had to go to a doctor. He took my pulse and said my heart was beating so far above normal that I ought to be dead. I replied that I soon would be.

I fully expected to see the siren supreme descend from the train wearing a simple boa constrictor and a head-dress of peacock feathers interspersed with javelins. When

I did behold, for the first time, one of those ladies who-do-not-care, it was in the Lounge of the Claridge Hotel.

"Miss Glaum," said some one, and there she was.

Not a peacock feather, serpent, cigarette or foreign accent about!

Instead, there was a young girl, about ten years younger than you would expect the vampire to be, wearing a tailored suit, a tam o' shanter hat and a smile. All she needed was a curl and she would have passed as an ingenuer. In fact, I never have decided whether Louise Glaum is ingenuer or siren.

She has the eyes of a madonna and the mouth of a temptress. Her smile is guilelessly roguish. Her hair is short and curls waggishly. Sometimes in some lights it is a soft, dark brown; at other times in other lights it has a glint of Satanic flame. She's enigmatic because she doesn't try to be. Affectations always make a person apparent. She hasn't any. Half her charm is in her frankness. For instance, I heard her admit these shocking things:

"I was born on a farm in Maryland.

"I made my debut at the age of twelve in a Methodist church. I was made-up,—my eyes pencilled with matches, my cheeks rouged with crushed geranium blossoms. I was a complete failure. I horrified my darling mother and my sisters. I was almost excommunicated from the church. I hope the people who saw me that awful night have forgiven.

"When I played with a stock company on the road I had a trunk that was the despair of the stage carpenter. It was always flying to pieces and spilling my few clothes

over the station platform. Finally it collapsed for the last time and was abandoned even by the patient carpenter. Only the kindness of the leading woman, who offered to put my clothes in her trunk, permitted me to finish the season.

"I used to cook on an alcohol lamp in my room. One night I set the bed on fire and was nearly arrested by the hotel proprietor.

"Then I tried to launder my linen. I purchased an electric iron, which was eternally blowing out fuses in every hotel I visited. For some time I escaped detection by hiding it in the bed clothes and sitting still as a mouse when the search for the offender was on. Finally I was caught. The hotel proprietor was a villain. I should have known some vampire tricks then. But I didn't; I cried."

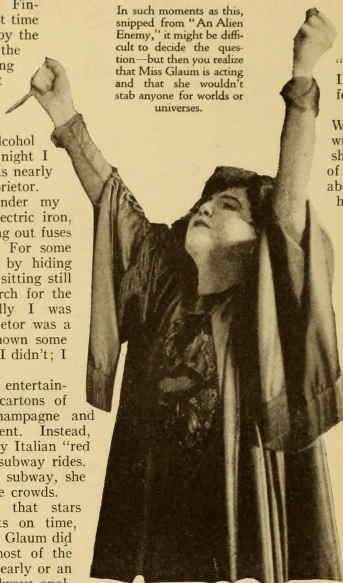
My idea for a vampire's entertainment had been—several cartons of cigarettes, buckets of champagne and manslaughter for excitement. Instead, Louise preferred that funny Italian "red ink," Turkish coffee and subway rides. She had never been on a subway, she declared, and she liked the crowds.

I had been informed that stars seldom keep appointments on time, and vampires never. Miss Glaum did some of the time, but most of the time she was an hour too early or an hour too late. But she always apologized beautifully. This was the stock

excuse: "I met a girl (or gentleman, as the case might be, and usually I imagine it was the latter) and of course I had to be nice to them."

On one occasion she kept a very important caller waiting a half hour,

In such moments as this, snipped from "An Alien Enemy," it might be difficult to decide the question—but then you realize that Miss Glaum is acting and that she wouldn't stab anyone for worlds or universes.



and the person was raging—until she met Miss Glaum. Afterward I learned my star had been chatting with the hotel manicurist. The manicurist said, "She is so nice to every one." I got so I could join in on that chorus in perfect key—"I had to be nice to them."

When our siren finally set out for the West it was only after the studio had wired her no less than three times that she must get back to start production of a new play. She must have arrived about a week late, but I know she squared herself quite easily by saying, "I had to be nice to them."

The last words I heard as she and her cortege of farewellers departed from the hotel lobby came from a bell hop.

"Goodbye, Louise," he shouted, "Hope you'll come back soon."

"Goodbye, dear," she replied.

I'd like to know what his tip was, but Louise (I caught the bell hop's familiarity) said she had just "been nice to him."

Never again will I pity her victims. She may kill them, but I know that in so doing she will be nice to them. She may plunge the knife into their hearts, but after so doing, she will see that they die as comfortably as possible.

Louise Glaum does not need an accomplished leading man for her Romeo; indeed, one scarcely notices her opposite, so intent is he on her charming method of love-taking. And so this Louise is not a vampire after all, except upon the screen; and of late her managers have cleverly discovered that the real Louise—perhaps a superb mixture of vampire and ingenue—is much more interesting than any peacock lady however alluring she has been as such. And she was so charming and "ingenueish" in that tam o'shanter!

Louise Glaum does not claim to have Lucille or Duff Gordon green eyed with envy. Her mother is the eager and talented collaborator on matters of dress. Here—curiously—under a mother's watchful eye, evolve the gowns that are supposed to lure men onto the rocks.

