

# When Queen Meets Prince

They may do it with pomp and ceremony in the movies, but when Constance Talmadge met a prince in real life—pouf!—it was just one more engagement added to a busy day.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

**T**HERE should really have been a fanfare of trumpets, and a band playing the national anthems of Egypt and Filmland. At least there should have been a velvet carpet with flowers strewn upon it, and a bevy of jeweled ladies-in-waiting and stout uniformed gentlemen-also-waiting. In the olden days when a queen met a prince, there was something of a function made of it. It was considered an occasion, and treated as such. No use talking, these modern days have taken all the romance out of royalty. For when Constance Talmadge was told that Prince Something Or Other, son of the Khedive of Egypt, was there at the studio to meet her, she simply remarked, "Well, that will be a thrill for both of us," and didn't so much as change her dress in honor of his Egyptian nibs. And the prince, who looked just as royal as a barber, or a plumber's assistant, said

in a guttural voice that suggested a mouth full of porridge, that he was "charmed," and he kissed her hand to prove it. Then every one stood around and looked embarrassed.

I was on the side lines in my capacity of Interviewer-in-chief to Her Majesty, Queen Constance. So far there hadn't been much of an interview. Constance had been too much engrossed in putting on and taking off a varied assortment of clothes in which she was to pose for setting-up exercises. And, as she confided to me without the slightest embarrassment, she had

*Philadelphia Jack O'Brien put Constance through a tortuous maze of setting-up exercises.*



Photo by Pach Brothers

*Among her intimates Constance Talmadge is the life of the party, but before an interviewer she is amazingly devoid of enthusiasm.*

never "set up" in all her life, so how was she to know what kind of clothes a person wore when they did that sort of thing? Her publicity representative held out for low-heeled shoes. Constance was against them. Simply didn't wear them, she maintained, and wasn't going to begin, at her time of life. After trying a combination of white skirt and black shoes, a mottled sweater and a black dress with no shoes, she finally decided on a sports sweater over a fashionably short, black skirt. She refused to remove her French-heeled pumps.

"It will look all right in the picture," she averred. The publicity representative was dubious. But the queen had spoken. We trailed out of the dressing room and headed for the stage which was vested with the choleric glare of the Kliegs. Our complexions became livid parodies of their former selves. Constance's sweater turned light green and my blue cape became a dyspeptic-looking lavender affair.





Constance refused to wear low-heeled pumps during her setting-up exercises.

A group of men were waiting in the vicinity of the Klieg-lit stage. Some of them were negligible, being only photographers, and studio deck hands, so to speak. One of

them was huge and pigeon-breasted, with a nose somewhat flattened by wear and tear—he, we conceived rightly, to be Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, the famous ex-pugilist and now a trainer of note, who was to direct Constance in the setting-up exercises. But among the other three men in the group, we could not distinguish the prince. "He might at least have worn a diamond in his buttonhole," said Constance to me, *sotto voce*.

One of the gentlemen stepped out and made some sort of a vague introduction. Constance beamed upon the group generally and stuck out her hand. Three men made a dash for it, but it was the prince who reached it first, bent over it and kissed it.

"Only a prince could do it that nicely," said Constance, with perfect composure, and his royal highness said many guttural things, the only intelligible one being that he was "charmed."

The photographer by this time had adjusted his instrument of torture, and Constance invited the prince to pose with her before the camera. He accepted with enthusiasm, and Constance put him through a series of American jazz steps, which also "charmed" his Egyptian soul. Shades of the departed Pharaohs! Must they not have turned in their sarcophagi—plural for sarcophagus—when the heir to that royal and ancient line stepped bravely out in a scandal walk with a bobbed-haired movie queen? What series of hieroglyphics could have expressed adequately their feelings!

But Constance and the prince were serenely unconscious of the weight of centuries. Neither of them seemed overwhelmed by the importance of their respective callings, nor of the epic magnitude of their meeting. In fact Constance told me in an "aside," that meeting royalty was getting to be "old stuff" for her. There had been a count or something last year—where was he from—Sweden or some place—well, anyway, his name was Grease—or something—

I identified the unknown scion of royalty as Prince Axel of Denmark. I had met him at the Goldwyn studio in Los Angeles.

Oh, yes, said Constance, that was the one. Then there was an Italian duke or something—she

couldn't remember his name. The Prince of Egypt announced that he was going to California soon. Constance said so was she, and invited him to come and see her work at the studio in Los Angeles.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien was getting restive. So Constance diverted her attention from the prince and followed the massive trainer through a tortuous maze of gymnastics known as setting-up exercises. Between the acrobatic agonies she demanded to be shown an exercise that would reduce hips—she maintained, in the face of his tolerant, likewise skeptical smile, that her hips were too large, that they must be reduced—

"You've got no more hips than a snake," pronounced Mr. Philadelphia gallantly, or words to that effect.

"I'm positively dead!" declared Constance to me at a later hour. Mr. O'Brien had gone back to Philadelphia, or wherever it was he came from, and the Egyptian prince had taken leave with as many bows as if he had been before a curtain in a theater. We were in her dressing room again, and her eyes were indeed very tired, and the sparkle in them was dimmed.

"Setting-up exercises—phew! I call them setting-down exercises!" She illustrated her point by flopping down on the couch.

"Fans ask me how I keep my figure, how I keep slender—I'm commonly reported to be athletic, I believe, but I'm not. I don't swim well, ride well, or do anything strenuous. I dance a lot, of course, but that's all."

There was a short silence, and I appraised my victim for the first time professionally. It occurred to me that fans would want to know exactly what she looked like, what she talked like, in short, what she *was* like. Had it not been for the very fortunate advent of the prince and the pugilist that day, I would have had meager material indeed for this account of meeting fair Constance. For she is—I have learned it since—the despair of interviewers. I suspect that she prides herself a little upon being so difficult. It is not that she is snobbish, or "upstage," or discourteous. Not in the least. She simply makes no effort to be entertaining or enlightening upon any of the subjects in which her adorers would be interested. For one so young she is amazingly devoid of enthusiasm. I do not think she is particularly blasé—in fact, I know upon good authority that she is, among her intimates, the life of the party. But there is about her, a certain calm acceptance of things, among which is a placid belief that when one is being

The son of the Khedive of Egypt stepped bravely out in a scandal walk with the bobbed-haired movie queen.



Her trainer smiled tolerantly when Constance insisted that she must do something to reduce her hips.



interviewed it is the interviewer's job to do the talking.

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And yet she did talk, come to think of it. She spoke with a real flash of fire of her love for opera, and was thrilled at the prospect of hearing Jeritza's farewell performance in "Tosca." She was very earnest, too, when she spoke of her next picture, which is to be a screen version of "East Is West."

"I have gone to see Fay Bainter in it five times now," she announced, "and mother and I are traveling out to the wilds of the Bronx to see her again this week. I asked Miss Bainter about getting costumes for it, and she advised me not to have them made—to buy them at Chinese stores, and have them cut down to fit me if necessary. Yes, I'm crazy about doing the picture, it will be the first of that sort that I've attempted—yes, it's to be made in California—"

Again there was a short silence. I knew well enough that I would be expected, by fan readers, to question her concerning her late marital venture. For of course it is well known that her determination to go West for a picture caused the final rift in the matrimonial lute. But somehow I couldn't. She looked so much like a tired child, as she sat, curled up on the sofa, her slim legs tucked under her, her brown eyes shadowed by the abundant darkness of her hair. I felt that it wasn't any of my business—or anybody's business—anyhow, I didn't ask. Instead, I ventured, "How will it feel to be an aunt?" This last referring to the expected arrival in sister Natalie Talmadge Keaton's family.

"Great!" She flashed at me. "Say, that baby is going to have everything in the world! I went into a store yesterday and saw some cute little doodads all trimmed with pink—gee, I nearly bit 'em! I hope it's a girl, you can make 'em look cuter than boys—"

There was a knock at the door. A gentleman admirer was admitted with a parcel for Constance to undo. It proved to be a toy dog in a kennel, and was so arranged with an electric battery, that the vibration of a voice calling "Here Rex!" made him leap out of the door with a lifelike momentum that was fairly uncanny. Constance was fascinated. She played with the dog until the battery threatened to wear out. Then she confided to me that she loved toys of all descriptions. Dolls, especially. Some one was always sending her something novel in the way of toys, and she was crazy about every one.

As I rose to go, she rose, too, and I realized with a shock of surprise that she is much taller than I had thought. Her graceful slenderness always seems diminutive upon the screen. Her famous smile flashed out at me when I told her to give my love to California.

"Come out and give it yourself," she retorted.

"And if you see the prince—"

Her eyes looked vaguely beyond me.

"What prince?" she asked uncertainly.

So much for royalty's glamour! She had forgotten him already.

# Over the Teacups

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tion on the *S. S. Yale*, where they took some of the scenes. The *Yale* runs from San Francisco to Los Angeles and San Diego, and often motion-picture companies take scenes on board during the trip. That was where I first saw Lillian Gish years ago, when she was just a youngster. If any one was as thrilled seeing Estelle Taylor or Marjorie Daw or Irene Rich as I was at seeing Lillian so long ago, it was a red-letter day in their lives. And speaking of Estelle Taylor—"

"Now you shouldn't talk about that Owen-Walsh divorce case any more. It isn't ladylike," I interposed.

"But all I wanted to say was," Fanny continued, "that Seena Owen claimed in her suit that George Walsh was getting fifteen hundred dollars a week, and he insisted that he was

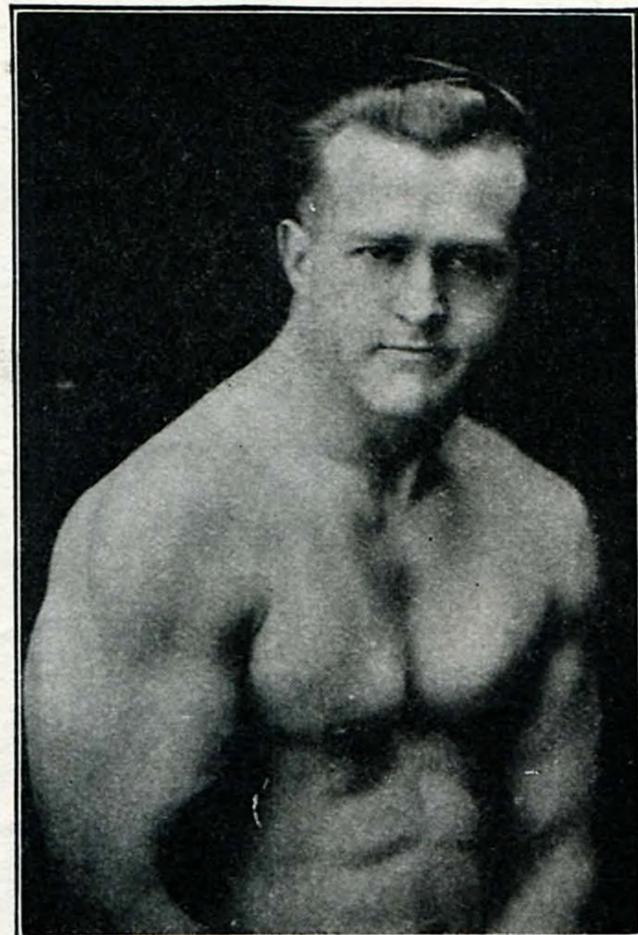
getting only five hundred. And I think that is too much."

"What is the matter with you, Fanny?" I protested. "Can't you say anything nice about any one?"

"Can I?" she exclaimed. "I should say I can. I just got a picture from Lila Lee this morning showing her in her 'Blood and Sand' costume. She looks so charming I hate to think of all the woe the scenario has in store for her.

"Don't count on seeing me for the next week or so," she continued airily as the waiter appeared with the check and she departed hastily.

"I won't be at home or at large to my friends for a week at least, for there's a new John Barrymore picture opening. If you want me just page the Capitol Theater."



Latest photograph of Earle E. Liederman

## ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR APPEARANCE?

Are you as strong and healthy as you wish to be? Do you feel the fire and vim of youth surging through your veins?

Do you have a well developed, powerful physique, a pleasing appearance and a strong personality? Ask yourself frankly, "Am I a Real Man?"

### How Do Your Measurements Compare with These?

Height.....	5 feet 9 inches
Weight without clothes.....	158 pounds
Neck.....	17 inches
Biceps.....	16 1/2 "
Chest.....	47 1/2 "
Waist.....	32 "
Forearm.....	13 "
Thigh.....	23 1/2 "
Calves.....	15 1/2 "
Wrist.....	6 1/2 "

Look in your mirror this very night and see what it tells you. Would you be proud to have your picture produced in these columns? How does it compare with the illustrations and measurements shown herewith? Your outward physical appearance reflects your internal condition. If you do not show a daily improvement outwardly, you must not be deceived. Your body is being consumed and you are clogging up like the stagnant pool. Stop then where you are. Get a grip on yourself this very minute. Let this be the start of new life and physical perfection, for it is yours if you will accept it.

You can easily obtain these proportions and perhaps better them if you really set your mind to it. Many of my pupils are stronger and have larger measurements than I have. Why not give me a chance to help you make the most of yourself? I have developed thousands of boys and men, taken many of them when they were physical wrecks—more dead than alive—and trained them into powerful athletes. Wouldn't you like me to do the same for you? No matter what your condition is at present, I CAN DO IT—now it is up to you to let me.

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Look strong and feel strong and have a strong personality. Be a man of power! Broaden your shoulders, deepen your chest, make your arms thick and muscular, straighten your neck, develop your legs and obtain the energy and "pep" that only an athlete knows.

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