

# Viewpoints of a Vampire

By  
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Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

Regarding Valentino, Nita Naldi said, "He and his wife are in love. She always waited for him at the studio. And he's obliging. He'd imitate the Sheik any time he was asked. I'm glad he's made good, because he did it without any backing or pull. He's some lover!"

thought of that. One usually gets rid of one's sympathy inhibitions over the little-woman-left-at-home. But then, after all, there is the viewpoint of the vampire when you come to think about it.

"Of course," said Nita Naldi, carelessly, "they have to on the screen. The sob sisters would set up an awful howl if the little husbands didn't come home in the last reel leaving their tales behind them!"

"But you think in real life . . . ?"

**I** SAID, being editorially authorized, "Do you like to play vampire rôles?"

"Who would?" said the Woman Who Didn't Care of "Blood and Sand." "The vamps always get the gate!"

I confess that I hadn't

I was hopeful. I leaned forward, expectantly.

"Yes."

"Ahhhhhhh!"

"My little sister. She's eighteen. And she's in Italy just now. When she's home she lives here with me. She's all I have by way of my own people and I'd steal for her. Even a husband. Outside of her, I don't care for anything much. Reading . . . I do a lot of that, but I don't know whether I do it because I'm so darned fond of it, or just to pass the time away between reels."

I looked, I thought, very slently.

"Have you," I said, "anything to say about Valentino?"

Nita stared frankly. "Sure I have," she obliged. "I like him. And he's the most conscientious worker I know of. Studies the ink off his carbon copy. That taught me something. I never knew there were carbon copies before. I thought there was one script and one only, and that that one was locked up in a safe that could only

"Oh, that," said Nita, indifferently, "is different."

"Wouldn't the little husbands come home?" My anxiety was getting the best of me.

"Not on your life!" Nita shook a reckless earring. "You know yourself," she said, clubbily, as one home-wrecker to another, "that the way to lose a man for keeps is the way the film wives treat them. Be nice to a man and he's as good as gone. Cater to him, run after him, spill a few tears over him at the breakfast table, call him 'Dearie' and you'll have him falling into the arms of the first vamp who throws him a red rose and a cruel word now and then, when she thinks of it. Treat 'em rough if you want to keep 'em. But of course," pensively, "they wouldn't dare to show that on the screen. Think of the shock it would be to the folks at home. But, if anyone asks me what I'd like to do, just for once, during my five-year contract with Famous Players, I'd like to do one little picture showing the vamp getting her just deserts—if I've got to keep on vamping at all."

"Just?"

"Oh, well, so far as life goes . . ."

"Aren't you the optimist!"

"No, nor a pessimist either. I'm not enough concerned about anything."

"No consuming passion?"