

Stars of Past Years Trying to "Come Back"

"Comebacks" seem to be in order in the picture world this season. Never has a year brought forth so many avowed to reclaim their place in the sun.

No matter what the outcome of these stellar attempts to prove the fallacy of "the tickle mob," self-confidence appears to be the motive that inspired them.

Perhaps the most courageous and certainly the most successful essay at "coming back" is that made a few months ago by Priscilla Bonner who dates her first film fame back 15 years to stardom in the earliest two reels.

Just when the former leading lady was prepared to take the first opening as an extra, B. P. Schulberg, president of Preferred Pictures, gave her a small role in "Shadows."

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Old Fiddlers' Contest At Rialto Thursday

"Old Melody Week" at the Rialto this week in conjunction with the showing of the picture founded on the power of music, "Mighty Lak A Rose" will be celebrated Thursday night with an old fiddlers' contest.

"Does It Pay?" Completed. "Does It Pay?" has been completed with Hope Hampton as the featured player supported by a notable cast, and directed by Charles Horan.

Youth, 20, Works for \$18 a Week to Convince Pretty Young Bride He Is Worthy of Fortune Left by Uncle

The story of the "poor little rich boy" who spent so much money that he had to be put on an allowance, is an old and hackneyed one.

Here is the story of the "poor little rich boy" who is a "rich little poor boy" because he wants to be.

"I've made a fool of myself at times," he frankly admits. "I spent money that could have been well saved. I'm going to beat back now, and save money that could be well spent. Watch me go!"

His friends are watching him—and watching him with interest too. Because they think they know Vincent J. Lamb and they are wondering if he can keep his resolution.

There is a girl in Hollywood watching him too, however, and it is she that he is eager to please. "Needles and pins, needles and pins, when a man marries his trouble begins," is a rhyme of the ages.

Lamb says it's all wrong. "When a man marries his trouble ends," he declares. "I'm going to prove it by my case."

In 1908 Joe Connor, a wealthy Omaha grain broker, died and left an estate valued at that time at \$460,000. One of the five heirs was Mrs. Mary J. Lamb.

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Back from the war Vincent Lamb felt the young man's inclination to have a good time and he satisfied that inclination with every means at his command, which were many.

His mother wanted him to go to school—giving him the choice of several universities. He declined politely and said he wanted to go west, to Hollywood. Mrs. Lamb went with him.

Vincent had good looks and the clothes and manners of a gentleman

and found it easy to "get a place in the pictures." But his mother calmly pointed out to the producers that he still was a minor and than any contract he might make would have to be signed by her to complete its validity.

When a contract was signed Mrs. Vincent inserted a stipulation that the boy's salary should be paid to her. Cupid Takes a Hand.

That irked Vincent. He found himself back on the hated allowance plan and the money his mother allowed him as not at all sufficient to enable him to live as he considered a



Vincent J. Lamb showing how he is earning his \$18 a week.

young man of his responsibilities and engagements should.

Then to complicate matters, he fell in love. It wasn't at all like any of his former "cases" he assured his mother and friends. This was the real thing this time and marriage was the object, not just dances and motor rides and bridge parties and the accustomed round of pleasure of the average wealthy young man and his best girl friend.

"Who is the girl?" his mother asked. "Grace Ivers," replied the youth, whereupon the mother began to look up Miss Ivers.

Her investigation brought out facts that would have been satisfactory to the most particular parent. Miss

Ivers was the daughter of a Denver banker and had gone to Hollywood, because she had a pretty face and felt the call of a career.

"She isn't like the other girls here," Vincent had told his mother proudly,

and he had just the one ambition—to make a name for herself on the screen. If she had a second guiding purpose in her life, it was to help along other young men and women who she was convinced, had ambitions similar to



Mrs. Grace Ivers Lamb, wife.

and Mrs. Lamb found that she spoke the truth. Miss Ivers had no "vampish" tendencies and paid no attention to invitations to the kind of parties and good times the sensationalists like to write about. She seemed to

her own. A romance started and progressed nicely, but romance doesn't thrive on the kind of allowance Mrs. Lamb gave her son, so he returned to Chicago. "I'm tired of working for nothing

in Hollywood," he announced. "I'm back here to make my fortune."

He found friends who were eager to play around with him, fair weather friends, many of them, who saw in the "poor little rich boy" an excellent opportunity of that rather tiresome position that it known as the Chief Payer of Checks and of Grand Giver of Good Times.

One night a particularly tricky party was being "thrown" and Vincent ran out of funds.

"Why not cash a check?" someone suggested. "Fine," was the chorus of reply, and the person who had the bright idea wrote out the check and Vincent endorsed it. Another check was floated in the same manner. No difficulty was encountered because those who cashed the checks knew of the wealth and position of the Lamb family.

But the checks came back and the receivers were stunned.

Behind the Bars. "Not so good," they decided, and they had Vincent and his check-writing friend arrested. The two spent a few hours in custody and then the checks were paid and the affair settled. But Vincent had learned a lesson.

He went to a railroad station, bought a ticket for Denver, where Miss Ivers had returned home. He arrived there last October and had a serious talk with his sweetheart. Her father was consulted and there was another talk. The wedding of Vincent Lamb and Grace Ivers was solemnized on October 17.

From that day on Vincent was a changed young man. He went back to Chicago alone, while his bride returned to Hollywood and her screen work.

Parties were proposed as soon as he felt the pavement of Michigan boulevard under his feet, parties that probably would have had the same end as the old ones, rollickers strolling through restaurant doors and piling laughing into motor cars, while Vincent stayed behind to pay the check.

His Own Proposition. "Nothing stirring," he answered. "I'm going to work and I'm going to make good." The old days are over.

His first interview was with the trustees of the Connor estate.

"I want things to be arranged so that I can't get any of the money until I have earned \$10,000 by myself," he told them.

The trustees looked at him narrowly. "Are you in earnest?" "Never more so."

"All right, we'll go through with it."

So, with the consent of Vincent's mother, the arrangements were made.

The next order of business for the now "rich little poor boy" was to find a job. Vincent went at that right heartily and found that the firm of B. L. Kopenhagen, brokers, with of needed a young man to take stock quotations as they came in over the ticker and write them on a black-board.

"How much does it pay?" Vincent asked. "Eighteen dollars a week," he was told. "Nothing that you would touch."

"Oh, wouldn't I?" he demanded, and snapped up the job.

And so He Tolls. He went to work immediately and has stuck hard by the task ever since. For handicaps he has the knowledge that Chicago is doubting whether he will stick by the ship. For assets and an urge that drives him forward, he has Grace's constant letters saying that she knows he will make good and that she is believing in him and pulling for him every minute.

"I'm doing the best I know how and I want to put myself across without having anyone know I was different from the rest of these boys here in the office, or had any more money," he said. "I haven't any more, as far as that is concerned, since it is all up to me now and my \$18 a week looks just as big to me and is just as big as theirs is to them."

"What is making you do all this?" he was asked.

"It's my own idea and it came to me because of her," he answered. "I met Grace and wanted her and got her, and then knew it was up to me to cut out the old life and start all over again."

"You see, in the other days, I was living up to my income and what I got from mother and no matter how high the total amount ran it never seemed enough. I suppose I would have gone along in the same way until I got my money and then gone at it the same way if it hadn't been for Grace. But she made it all different. She wouldn't wait for me if I didn't make good, even though she had faith enough in me to marry me without waiting for the test."

No Saving Done Yet. "But how are you going to save \$10,000 on \$18 a week?"

"I'm not," he answered. "That's ridiculous, but I'm going to work so hard for that \$18 that they will have to increase my pay, and then I'll be on my way."

Vincent is living in a furnished room for which he pays \$4 a week. His food, he says, costs him about \$12 a week. The other \$2 go for in-

dentals, carfare and the like. His clothes, he figures, will last him until that \$18 is hoisted.

When Chicago first heard of its "rich little poor boy" some strange stories came out. They put the amount of the Connor legacy at \$5,000,000 instead of the \$450,000 it really was and they changed the Joe Connor to Patrick O'Connor and made him president of the Omaha Board of Trade instead of a grain broker.

But Vincent Lamb, who is now just 20 years old, just laughed. And he laughed at those who doubted his sincerity. And best of all, for him, his employers laughed with him.

"He's delivering the goods," they say. "He has prospects."

The girl out in Hollywood isn't doubting either. "And my boss and my wife are all I care about," says Vincent.

Europe Sets Fashion Ideas in Our Films

Instead of depending upon Europe, Europe is depending upon America for ideas for women's fashions, according to Clara West, costume designer for Cecil B. DeMille's Paramount productions.

"The American motion picture has become virtually the dictator of the world's fashions," declares Miss West. Her impressions are fresh, because she has just returned from a trip to Europe for the purpose of getting ideas and materials for Mr. DeMille's next production, which is to be based upon the 10 commandments.

"Our designers, especially those whose work is reflected on our screen," Miss West continued, "are months ahead of those of Paris and London, and the Europeans very evidently realize it. Every advance trade showing of a big American production is a mecca for European designers, and it won't be long before the leaders of the profession abroad will be sending their representatives here for our American premieres."

Miss West spent a month in London and Paris purchasing materials, ornaments and jewelry.

NEIGHBORHOOD THEATERS

HAMILTON - 40th and Hamilton FEATURE AND COMEDY VICTORIA - 24th and Fort CHARLES RAY in "GAS, OIL AND WATER" GRAND - 16th and Binney LEWIS STONE in "THE DANGEROUS AGE"

Advertisement for Cecil B. DeMille's "Adam's Rib" at Strand Theatre. Includes showtimes, cast list (Milton Sills, Elliott Dexter, etc.), and promotional text about the film's modern themes.

Large advertisement for Mae Murray in "Jazzmania" at Sun Theatre. Features a central illustration of Mae Murray in a jazz-style dress, showtimes, and promotional text about the film's over-the-top themes and orchestra.