

Men Still Like "Nice Girl" Best

She Is Kind That Still Knows How to Blush, Says Mrs. Yorke.

London, Sept. 8.—A nice girl, according to Mrs. Clara Yorke, is one who "is still capable of that strange physical feat which is almost as extinct as the capacity to move our ears—the blush."

And it is still the "nice" girl, according to Mrs. Yorke, who is one of London's best known society leaders, who is the favorite of men. It is about her that "all the love stories in the world have been written" and to her that "poets have sung their sweetest songs."

Therefore, Mrs. Yorke declares, the modern girl should not regard the appellation of "nice" as a handicap.

"Every era has its fashions in women," said Mrs. Yorke, but none of us can remember any such curious fashion as has produced the women of today. What is that fashion?

Can't Be "Shocked." "As far as I can judge it is one in which everything is permitted except to be shocked. You may wear the most outrageous clothes; you may drink, smoke and use expressions which would not even have been understood by one's grandmother, but so long as you are completely unmoved by any deeds or opinions, so long as you remain physically incapable of such a thing as a blush you will be regarded, in some circles, as amusing and up to date."

"Such a fashion, of course, fills the life of the girl who does not follow it with problems. She hears a rescue story and is at once placed in an admirable dilemma. If she pretends not to understand there is the danger that the teller of the story may continue to elaborate the undesirable. If she does understand it, or pretends to do so, she is at once credited with far more knowledge than she possesses and is, therefore, considered fair game for further shafts of "wit."

Must Keep Dignity. "She may, of course, walk from the room without replying. But have you ever tried to walk from a room like that? It is not an easy task. It needs greater courage and self-control than is given to most girls."

"Again, she may go to a dance which is attended by a woman whom obviously she ought not to meet. If she stays she runs the risk of being classed as belonging to a set which she may regard with distaste. If she leaves she may be regarded as prudish, or even cruel."

"Smoking and drinking are no essentials for the debutants, but when the first comes in contact with them on the scale they are practiced in certain London homes she will probably think that unless she follows suit she will be regarded as demode. I know many girls who loathe cocktails, who choke when they smoke a cigarette and who certainly do not understand one-quarter of the meaning of their own remarks who yet continue to make martyrs of themselves in this way because they fear that otherwise they may be regarded as impossibly out of date."

Really "Despise Her." "That is where they make their greatest mistake. It is true that some men may be for a moment attracted by such girls. They may find such a girl amusing and, for a dance or two, as stimulating as champagne. But in their heart of hearts they despise her."

"And so I say to nice girls: Stay as you are." Read all the love stories in the world, and you will find that it is to you whom the poets have sung their sweetest songs. They have not hymned the cocktail, the cigarette or the diaphanous gown. They have not found charm in a distorted wit. They have found it in lowered eyes and modesty and restraint and most of all, they have found it in innocence. As it has been, so it always will be, and so, I believe, if we did but know, it is today."

Class Proves It Can Get Along Without "Prof"

Princeton, N. J., Sept. 8.—"Abolish the faculty" was one of the answers to the question, "What would you do if you were running Princeton?" contained in the annual, "Dope Sheet," compiled by the senior class here.

That this suggestion is not one impossible of execution was proved last week when one of the senior classes met for a conference. The instructor was late. The custom at the university is for classes to wait five minutes for a tardy professor and then leave the room.

The class in question waited the usual time, and then one of the members suggested leaving. The majority of the section, however, decided to institute a precedent by conducting their own exercises. When the instructor arrived, some 10 minutes after the hour had begun, he found the class in the midst of a discussion of the day's assignment. In fact, for the remainder of the period the instructor was but a spectator of the proceedings.

Since then this class has conducted its own recitations on several occasions, and the head of the department is making a jocular reference to the apparent lack of necessity for professors in that course.

But the incident has suggested to other members of the faculty here the idea that it may not be many years before universities become non-professional institutions, where under graduates meet and conduct their own exercises, without the aid of hired instructors. Such a university, the faculty say, would, if managed efficiently, give many students a more thorough education than colleges run under the present system, since the undergraduates would rely entirely on personal and exhaustive research and not on lectures where their attendance is compulsory.

Has Unique Screen Role of Woman Made Young by Science



CORINNE GRIFFITH

This talented favorite of the silver sheet has been awarded one of the prize screen roles of the year—that of the Countess Zatlanyi in the film version of Gertrude Atherton's "Black Oxen." As the heroine of this remarkable story Miss Griffith is called upon to play the difficult part of a middle-aged woman who, through scientific treatment, is made to act, look and feel like a girl of 20.

Baby Screen Star in "Nobody's Darling" "A tiny adorable tot, about knee high and only 2 1/2 years old, awoke one day to find herself among the screen's greatest stars. She's just had a contract signed that will net her an almost unbelievable income. One of her new pictures, "Nobody's Darling," will be at the Sun all this week.

"Dust of Desire," a story of love and political intrigue in Algeria, is to be Norma Talmadge's next special. In this picture Norma portrays a native dancing girl who is used as a decoy by native leaders who are plotting the overthrow of the French. Joseph Schildkraut will enact the leading male role. Others for principal parts are Arthur Edmund Carew, Hector Sarno, Laurence Wheat, Earl Schenck and Mario Carrillo.

Muse Program. Sunday, William Desmond in "Shadows of the North," Monday and Tuesday, Wallace and Noah Beery in "Stormswept," Wednesday and Thursday, Hoot Gibson in "Shootin' for Love," Friday and Saturday, Charles Ray in "A Tailor Made Man."

Victor Seastrom, who has been making "The Master of Man," says that the best work ever done by him was in a picture which has never been shown in America. It was "Eyvind of the Hills" a story of Iceland, made in 1917.

James Cruze, director of "The Covered Wagon" and "Ruggles of Red Gap," never goes to see any motion picture but his own. It isn't egotism, avers Jimmie, but he believes that everyone is a natural plagiarizer, and he doesn't want to be unconsciously imitating any other directors.

Popular Price Concert Course

Auspices: Women's Division, Chamber of Commerce. Season 1923-24. City Auditorium. Season Tickets, One Dollar. Additional Charge for Reservations. Reinald Werrenrath, Rosa Ponselle, Tandy MacKenzie, Cherniavsky Trio, Jeanne Gordon. Tickets are now on sale at the Chamber of Commerce, at all Columbia, Edison and Victor dealers and by members of the Women's Division of the Chamber of Commerce. Advance reservations may be made by mail at once.

'A Sun Master Production'

Advertisement for 'The White Rose' at Sun Theater, featuring D.W. Griffith. Includes text: "As the opening attraction of the fall and winter season at the SUN THEATER... TO BE FOLLOWED BY Sept. 30th—MRS. WALLACE REID in picture 'HUMAN WRECKAGE,' for an indefinite engagement, two weeks or longer."

Married Life of Helen and Warren

Helen's Incontinent Rebellion at the Interference of Warren's Family. Heat! Stifling, airless heat! A faint rumble gave hope of a relieving storm, but the lowering clouds seemed only to add to the sultry weight.

The electric fan that had buzzed all day in the library, Helen now brought into the dining room. "Nora, put some ice on those radishes," as the girl swung in from the pantry. "And don't bring in the butter until we sit down."

"There ain't much ice out there. That piece he brought today was no good—all like snow. "Yes, that's very poor ice—I'll speak about that. Try to make it last till morning. You can raise these awnings in here—the sun's down now."

"It's almost 7," grumbled Nora as she pulled up the awnings. "Mr. Curtis may've taken the surface car—it's so hot in the subway." "Hot? Oughta stay out in that kitchen! Hottest place I ever cooked in."

"Well, you haven't cooked much to-night, Nora. We're having every thing cold. But it's only another week—we'll try to get along until then." "Glad it ain't no longer," she slouched back to the kitchen.

Another week! Seven days more of this wilting, sickening heat—and they would be off to the seashore! But to Helen never had seven days seemed so long! She was almost ill now. Intensely hot weather always weakened her—and she could not eat! "Almost melted?" running out to the hall as the heard Warren enter. "Was it hot at the office?"

"Like an oven," mopping his forehead. "Dear, wash up quick. She's so sulky when you're late these hot nights." "Well, I'm not getting in that subway jam weather like this," as he strode into the bathroom, stepping over Pussay Purr-Mew stretched out to keep cool.

At the table, a few moments later, he glowered at the cold sliced veal. "No soup?" "Dear, it's too hot for soup, and you don't like it cold."

"You're cutting the meals pretty short. And I'm fed up with cold meat." "I've been trying to make it easier for her—she complains so about that hot kitchen. Oh, I'll be so glad to get off. Just one week more!" Muttering something under his breath, Warren dug into the potato salad.

"I've never been so anxious to get away. I've felt this heat more than I ever did before. Dear, I've lost four pounds! I weighed yesterday—only 102." "Hub, no wonder you don't eat anything." "Not when it's so hot—I never could. But I can eat at the seashore!"

"Well, don't count too much on going next week," forking a piece of lemon into his iced tea. "Not so blamed sure we can get off." "Warren, what do you mean? You don't mean we're not going?"

not eat—not even the frozen custard. When they left the table she took the fan back to the library, where Warren, in his shirt sleeves, had settled down with his paper. "Then slipping out to the hall, she took the elevator up to the roof. It was not an attractive roof—not fixed up as a summer garden. Only a few old chairs the superintendent had brought from the basement.

The place was deserted. Grateful for the quiet and the faint breeze Helen dropped into one of the rickety chairs. Heat clouds veiled the moon, but a patch of sky glimmered with stars. His sister! It was always his sister. Ever since their marriage she had been forced to yield to Carrie.

And now she must stay to keep the apartment open just for Carrie's comfort. Hot rebellion surged within her. Other men considered their wives frail! Yet with Warren it was always his family, and above all, his sister.

What if she should refuse to stay? Why not pack up and go to the shore alone? Brisk steps over the gravelled roof behind her. "Any cooler up here?" The chair beside her creaked under Warren's weight.

"Not much," glancing at his stern profile lit by his glowing cigar. Silence. Again that constrained, rancorous silence. Then suddenly voices—illiterate voices and giggles. Two maids had sought relief from their stifling kitchen.

Their white aprons gleamed through the dark as they stood by the water tank. "He treats her sumpin' awful. He over-saltin' a radish. I told Carrie we'd stay."

"You only think of Carrie," flamingly. "You always put her first. To keep me here in this hot city just to wait on her!" "Now I said we're to stay. That settles it. Bobby's having a serious operation and if we can't give up a few weeks—"

"But we can't help Bobby! He'll be at the hospital and they'll take him home as soon as he can be moved. There's nothing we can do for him!" "We can stay here and make things comfortable for Carrie. Now drop it. I don't want to hear anything more about it!"

Helen gulped back an indignant sob as she forked at her untouched salad. Another two weeks! Fourteen—11 more days of this unbearable heat! "But Nora's going. We can't get a girl for those few weeks. She's all her plans made to go to the country with her sister."

"I'll fix it with Nora. She'll stay if I make it worth her while. If she doesn't, we'll have breakfast here and go out for dinner." So that is what it would mean! She would have to get breakfast and dinner too, for Carrie would say she was too tired and upset to go to a restaurant.

"Now, stop chewing the rag. Eat your dinner and we'll go to a roof show!" "You can if you wish. I'll go up on the roof here where it's dark and quiet." "Want to mope all evening, eh?" reaching for the pickled peaches. Helen drank her iced tea but could

"Thought you didn't want to go?" "I do now—if you want to. And I—I'm sorry if I was horrid about staying because of Carrie—why, we will, of course. And I'll promise not to complain once!" "Why she's so good to you—she lets you go out 'most every night. "Oh, she's good to me, all right. But she's always cryin'. And them dinners is gittin' on my nerves. She gits all dressed up and sits there waitin' fer him—an' he don't eat home two nights a week!"

"Is he runnin' 'round with another girl?" "Morn' one, I guess. I heard him tell her if she didn't like what he did she could go home to her ma and stay there. And the other day when I was cleanin' his room I found a letter from some dame. My, that was some letter!"

"Did you read it?" "Sure I read it! Sendin' him a lot of hugs and kisses! I tore it up, I did. He's got a grand little wife, and the way he treats her is sumpin' fierce. Come on, let's go over to the other side. You git more air over there and a swell view."

Retreating voices. Then again silence. Helen glanced timidly, wistfully at Warren. He was scowling out over the roof tops. The glowing cigar still lit his grim profile.

And she had been rebellious because of his devotion to his sister! There was no other woman. There never had been and never would be! He spent his evenings with her. She never had to anguish over where he was. What if he did humor his selfish sister? There were things so much worse than that.

"Dear, is it too late to go to the roof show?" her hand stole into his. "He treats her sumpin' awful. He over-saltin' a radish. I told Carrie we'd stay."

"You only think of Carrie," flamingly. "You always put her first. To keep me here in this hot city just to wait on her!"

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Large advertisement for the movie 'Dulcy' featuring Constance Talmadge. Includes text: "This Week Strand... Come to the frolic. Here's a picture that's all to the merry. The Queen of Comedy balling things up to the queen's taste. 'Dulcy' is a delight. And that goes for the star as well as for the picture. 'Dulcy' is a delightful Dumb-Belle... You'll smile through a mile of fun-film... Presented by Joseph M. Scherck with an all star cast featuring CONSTANCE TALMADGE... Supported by JACK MULHALL, CLAUDE GILLINGWATER AND JOHNNY HARRON... Directed by Sydney Franklin, Who Made 'Smilin' Through'... Duley was a dumb-bell. She butted into everything, everywhere—even into her husband's business, where she gummed the game and nearly ruined him. IT'S CONNIE'S FIRST GREAT TRIUMPH SINCE 'EAST IS WEST'... More Laughs than the Navy has Beans DOROTHY DEVORE, JIMMIE HARRISON and the entire Pacific Fleet in a Roaring Deep Sea Comedy 'NAVY BLUES'... NEWS OF ALL THE WORLD STRAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA"

Advertisement for 'Moon and Muse' featuring William Desmond. Text: "BIG DOUBLE BILL MOON AND MUSE... Today, Mon., Tues. One Day Only—Today... A drama of the stark Northwoods and the grim gold trails with its teeming passions, panting struggles, wonderful love story."

Advertisement for 'Shadows of the North' featuring William Desmond. Text: "SHADOWS OF THE NORTH... Adapted from the popular novel, 'The Skyline of Spruce'... With WILLIAM DESMOND... ALL NEW ADDED FEATURE ALL NEW THE H. C. WITWER'S Third Series Collier Stories"

Advertisement for 'Leather Pushers' featuring Reginald Denny. Text: "'Leather Pushers' WITH REGINALD DENNY... YOU will leap to your feet, you'll feel like shouting, you'll thrill as you've never thrilled before when handsome Kid Roberts pulls over the punch that ends as exciting a ring contest as was ever staged—all because he loves a charming girl, and there is more behind the punch than a mere desire to conquer! Funnier, faster and even better than the first two series."