

BEHIND THE SCREEN

By SAMUEL GOLDWYN

(Continued from Yesterday.)

Almost immediately I was apprised of the latter fact. "Miss Ward phoned you just now," announced my secretary on an otherwise pleasant morning. "She wants you to call her immediately."

That I did not heed this request was due to a misplaced confidence on my part in the healing quality of time. When the actress finally succeeded in seeing me, I found that time had done no more for Fanny than it does for a treeless crook. Instead of cooling it had merely conserved those inner fires.

I had just ordered my dinner on that night when she consummated my capture, and as I saw her bear down upon my table I resigned myself to the inevitable. The inevitable was punctual. "You!" cried she, glaring up at me: "what have you done?"

I was, however, given no time for this solicited autobiography. Instantaneously the actress proceeded to enlighten me upon the one predominant and vital activity of my career. "You have disgraced me in the eyes of Hollywood and New York," she asserted; "that's what you have done. Did I ask to go into pictures? Not much! I had a big reputation on the stage, and then—you come along! You tell me what a future I have in pictures; you persuade me to leave New York and go to California, and now here I am, disgraced, absolutely made a laughing stock—"

I took advantage of this, her first pause. "There, there," murmured I, fully conscious of the limitations of my soothing technique, "what's the matter?"

"Matter!" she stormed. "Everything's the matter. Your photography's rotten—absolutely no good. And as for your director—say, haven't I been on the stage some years—oughtn't I to know something about the game? And am I to be told what's

began to trip across the edifice. For a few moments the tripping was good. Then suddenly there was a creak of boards. The creak was followed by the low rippling of the bridge fell and a moment later the camera, that remorseless Boswell had recorded Fanny sitting in the pool below.

It was a somewhat inglorious attitude for any heroine, and Fanny was not slow to realize it. Sitting there in her soaked emine coat with her plumed hat all swept, she relieved her feelings in a manner highly satisfactory both to herself and to those about her.

"Lad!" commented one of her fellow actors, hearing this outburst of indignation, "we have seen it—the lake of fire and brimstone."

But it was only a moment after this that the film rolled and quite as heartily as the spectators. Indeed, among the various tempers which I have looked over in my career as a producer, Fanny Ward's variety comes nearest to the ideal recognized as "lovable." Not only is her anger short-lived, but it is accompanied by such marks of heart and generosity of spirit and it is followed so swiftly by her infectious laugh that one never remembers her stormy moods except with an affectionate smile.

Certainly her residence in Hollywood did much to dispel the horror which the mere mention of California evoked in the minds of many screen performers of that day. Into that former community with its few shops and its unpretentious homes Fanny moved with a suggestion of eastern pomp. Having been married to a wealthy man and being therefore independent of her salary, she took the largest house in Hollywood and filled it with a fine blend of gold plate, servants and bric-a-brac.

This home became the rendezvous of the picture-making colony. If you entered it on Sunday afternoon you found that 40 people had come to wander far from childhood's happy hour. Once, I remember, a donkey party was tendered. On this occasion the hostess, Fanny Ward, did not wander far from childhood's happy hour. Once, I remember, a donkey party was tendered. On this occasion the hostess, Fanny Ward, did not wander far from childhood's happy hour. Once, I remember, a donkey party was tendered. On this occasion the hostess, Fanny Ward, did not wander far from childhood's happy hour.

want to tell you something. I'm going to get her, no matter what I have to pay. So you'll do me a favor if you don't bid me up any higher."

I agreed to withdraw, but upon one condition only. The Lasky company had just secured the rights to Harold McGrath's "The Goose Girl," and we had been thinking for some time Marguerite would be ideal for the part. My final understanding with my competitor accordingly was that he should lend us the coveted star for this single picture. In this arrangement, however, we reckoned without Marguerite herself. "What Marguerite go all the way out to California?" I called at the Clark apartment that first evening.

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

Free Shoe Fund Closes Sunday

Last Chance to Aid Poor Boys and Girls This Winter.

The Omaha Bee Free Shoe fund will close February 10.

There is still time for you to contribute if you haven't done so. And there is plenty of need for the money. The fund could run till summer, but most of the worst cases have been taken care of, or will be with what money still flows in.

Up to today, \$1,675.56 has been received and that amount has been spent on shoes for the poorest of little boys and girls. Not a penny of this fund goes to anybody connected with raising it or spending it.

Previously acknowledged: \$1,638.34
 One Wanting to Help: \$2.00
 West Side Ladies Aid Society: 10.00
 Primary department, Presbyterian church, Gothenburg, Neb.: 1.00
 W. A. Field: 5.00
 Total: \$1,675.56

Send checks or cash to The Omaha Bee. Checks may be written to "Free Shoe Fund."

Escaped Convict Meets His Alias

When Amos Hollman escaped from the Oklahoma state penitentiary, where he was serving a 20-year sentence, last November, he took the name of Guy Sileck, another prisoner.

"This was the name he gave police last night when they arrested him for investigation.

Police already had on the blotter one Guy Sileck, the real one, who had served his time at the penitentiary and had been released.

The two men were brought face to face. Their meeting resulted in the discovery of Hollman's identity.

Sileck was released yesterday morning. Hollman is held as a fugitive from justice. He still has 22 years of his 20-year sentence to serve.

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By Thornton W. Burgess.

Awfulness in something new is chiefly by a point of view.—Old Mother Nature.

Danny's Great Fright.

The great man-bird was as well as ever. The broken wing had mended. Danny Meadow Mouse didn't know how, but he did know that it was so. So once more he became used to the noise of the engine and began to enjoy flying. He wondered what kind of a place the great man-bird would pick out to spend the night in. He was sorry that he hadn't had a chance to say good by to Trader the Wood Rat and to his good friend, Bob White. But you know that flight had been a great surprise to Danny and Nanny.

Late in the afternoon the great man-bird came down to earth. The aviator had saved some of his lunch, and this he put just in front of the cupboard in which Danny and Nanny were living. "I suppose," said he, "that if I want to keep you I ought to shut you inside that little cupboard. But I don't like to do it. Perhaps if I leave plenty of food for you you will stay. Anyway, I hope so. I certainly should miss you if you didn't stay."

As soon as all was quiet Danny and Nanny came out of the little cupboard and fairly stuffed themselves with the food the aviator had left. When they could eat no more they took what remained into the little cupboard where their nest was and hid it there. They took every crumb. Then Nanny went back to her babies. Danny had nothing in particular to do. He didn't have to go hunt for food because he was already so stuffed he couldn't eat another crumb. Nanny didn't need his help in taking care of the babies. In fact, she preferred not to have him around. So Danny didn't know what to do with himself, which is a very bad state to be in. He poked his inquisitive little nose into every nook and corner of the great man-bird. Then he climbed up and looked down.

"I believe I'll go out and see what kind of a place this is," muttered Danny. "It looks safe enough. I won't go far. I'll just poke around a little and see what I can find."

So Danny scrambled down. It was moonlight. The great man-bird was, of course, out in the open. For a while Danny kept in the shadow of the great wings, all the time looking

and listening. Finally he made up his mind that there was no danger of Yowler the Bob Cat or Gray Fox in such a place as this. He ventured out into the moonlight.

Nothing happened. It was still and beautiful and peaceful. Danny went a little further. Not far away were some bushes, and back of these were

some trees. Presently Danny discovered a hole in the ground. Then he discovered several more. He wondered if anybody lived in them. He fairly ached to go down in one, but somehow he had a feeling that it would be better not to. By and by he sat down in front of one of these holes, with his back to it. A little sound caused him to turn his head. Danny nearly fell right over with fright. Indeed, as he himself said afterward, it was a wonder he didn't die of fright. He was staring at most awful-looking creature he had ever seen.

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He Writes to Another

"Can He Write to Another and Still Love Me?"

By Martha Allen



Presently Danny Discovered a Hole in the Ground.

Dear Miss Allen: I have been reading a number of the problems which have been sent to you and think you give very good advice in answering them. I am a young lady who has been going with a young man for several years of which is two years my senior.

Now he professes his love for me and I believe him to be true to me in all respects but one, of which I come to you for help.

He corresponds with a young lady of his own age whom he went with before he met me. He only went with her about nine months. He doesn't write often to her, but still do you think that if he really loves me, he ought to correspond with her. We are engaged. Hoping you understand and will advise me with the best.

DOT.

Don't carry the foolish notion, my dear, that you can do this man's thinking for him just because he is engaged to you. There is too much of that between lovers and even married people. A man or woman re-

The next story: "The Awful-Looking Pop-Eye."

Bicycle Stolen.

Walter Longway, 1415 High street, reported to Council Bluffs police the theft of his bicycle from a drug store at Fifteenth and High streets.

tains his individuality even though he loves another. Let him be a correspondent whether or not this is a correspondence which he should keep up. If he honestly cares for you, he will doubtless cease writing to the other girl. Let him stop, however, because he wants to, and not because you MAKE him.

Vet Bureau to Be Probed.

Chicago, Feb. 6.—A special grand jury to investigate the conduct of the veterans' bureau under former Director Charles R. Forbes has been summoned to convene today.

Measles Checked.

Measles epidemic in Council Bluffs is past its peak, according to Dr. C. H. Bowers, city health officer. Seventy-eight cases had been reported to the health department Monday.

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Omaha today ranks as one of America's great cities. You who are a part of this wonderful populace should feel a just pride in living in a city that offers so much in health, wealth and happiness.

Let's tell the world the facts about Omaha. We've got a wonderful story, rich in romance, full of youthful struggles—and success. Omaha is a wonderful place to live!

Omaha Auto Show

Feb 18-23 1924

The Auditorium

An Exhibit of Motor Transportation Development

The demand for four million motor vehicles during the past year was a recognition of the fact that the automobile is a unit of transportation. It has become a prime necessity for every progressive business, for farmers, for individuals. It is essentially a vehicle of utility. For that reason, and because the big production enabled manufacturers to offer improved and refined cars for less than pre-war prices, this industry has leaped ahead. With this advance have come many important improvements of interest to motorists and dealers alike.

Study Them at the Show

The Omaha Automobile Show, the big automotive exposition of the Middle West, affords the best opportunity for obtaining quick, accurate knowledge of these developments and improvements. More dealers will exhibit than last year and the leading American cars will be on display. The truck exhibit will reveal the progress in commercial vehicles. Accessory booths will display those new products which add to the comfort and convenience of motoring. Musical programs every afternoon and evening. The show is again staged.

At the Auditorium February 18-23

Omaha Automobile Trade Association
 A. B. Waugh, Show Manager
 Fontenelle Hotel, Omaha

Henry Beal
 County Attorney

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Why do you eat Bran?

TO FIGHT CONSTIPATION—the most dangerous condition your system can become chained to—to get free from blearly biliousness, dull headaches, nausea—etc., etc.!!!

Rid yourself of this dangerous condition—or start "slipping" and become a prey to one of the most dreaded human ailments which have their beginning with constipation and toxic poisoning!

Fight constipation as you would fight fire! Fight it with bran—Kellogg's Bran—BECAUSE IT IS ALL BRAN! Don't temporize! Don't waste time and health by going half-way! You need ALL BRAN; you need the bulk, the "roughage" of ALL BRAN, because it sweeps, cleanses and purifies!

REALIZE THIS—foods with a part bran content can only relieve constipation in proportion to the amount of bran they contain! If they are 25 or 50 per cent bran—you may get 25 or 50 per cent relief!

REMEMBER THIS—Kellogg's Bran is ALL BRAN and is guaranteed to give you positive and permanent relief if you eat two table-spoonfuls daily, or as much with each meal in chronic cases!

Don't delay; don't fuss with half-way measures! You have too much at stake! All grocers sell—

Kellogg's the original BRAN—ready to eat

Peterson's Ointment

Clears the Skin of All Blemishes

After other treatments fail to clear the skin of blotches, blemishes, rashes or any affliction that causes imperfect skin the mighty healing power of

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Clinical tests have proved that Zonite is highly effective in cases of nasal catarrh when used in dilution as a nasal spray. Its effect is to cleanse the mucous membrane and reduce abnormal discharges, thus clearing the nasal passages.

Notes: Atomizer fittings must be of hard rubber.

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