

EDDIE'S FRIENDS

Playing Another Fellow's Hand



BEHIND THE SCREEN

By SAMUEL GOLDWYN

(Continued from Yesterday.) Once, I remember, when she was exceptionally tardy, Lehr met her in the studio with his face fixed in lines of righteous indignation. She approached him with one hand behind her back and the other uplifted in a gesture of the gayest, most irresistible command. "Wait," cried she, "before you say anything." With that she brought forward a new and very beautiful photograph of herself and presented it to him with a curtsy. On the photograph were written these lines: Roses are red, Violets are blue, When I'm late I think of you. She watched him while he read these words and then, her big brown eyes dancing with merriment, she said coaxingly: "That's the reason I was late, you see. I was thinking up something nice to write on your photograph. I didn't want to say just 'Yours sincerely,' or something stupid like that." I do not need to say that Lehr's face softened perceptibly or that he forgot all about the judicial rebuke which he had evidently planned. For the pictured collection of stage and screen celebrities which he has had mounted under the glass top of his office desk represents a hobby, and this contribution of Mabel's still occupies an honored place in the gallery. I do not mean for a moment to convey the idea that Miss Normand is an isolated example of tardiness. Many screen favorites have in sight as slowly as Lohengrin's swan. This is particularly true of comedians. Chaplin, for example, often keeps his associates waiting for hours—indeed, there are entire days when he is absolutely unable to work. The fact of it is that the efficiency engineer will never be able to control a picture studio. Such an expectation is as vain as the belief that you could obtain a poet's best work by snapping your fingers over him and crying, "Come, come, we want another sonnet and a gross of couplets before lunch." For the best screen acting is naturally inspirational. True, some performers are able to turn on their emotional faucets at any time. Mary Pickford, as I have related, rings up early every morning. But then she is a systematized human being who presents in permanent the opposite pole from Mabel Normand. The latter is a creature of impulse. She never calculates the moment ahead for fear that the moment itself might calculate something she liked better. When she works she works hard, but she can't do it in step with the hour hand. Mabel has a really fine talent and she knows picture production from every angle. But the screen does not absorb all of her amazing vitality. Eagerly she turns to poetry, books, mystery, strange scenes. She does not want to miss one glint of "this dome of many colored glass." The difference of degree in the attitude of Mary Pickford to pictures and that of Mabel Normand is indicated by their varying response to European travel. Chaplin once said to a friend of mine, "You know, I was in Paris with Mary and Doug and often they really seemed lost without their pictures." Far from this state of mind, so familiar in the American business man temporarily implicated with a goddess or a ruined temple, is the eagerness with which Mabel Normand returned last autumn from her first trip abroad. "Oh, how I enjoyed every minute of it!" she told me. "Pictures, music, all the funny outdoor cafes, all the funny people!" She has always been an inveterate reader. This, of course, is at present one of the fashionable claims of the screen star, and in some cases I am obliged to say that the claim rests on very flimsy foundations. Right here, indeed, I am compelled to anticipate by telling a story illustrative of this point: One day Charlie Chaplin went with me to a Los Angeles hospital where a friend of mine was recuperating. Left alone in the corridor, he wandered into a little sitting room. It was filled with books representing the most advanced taste in fiction, poetry and criticism. "Whose room is this?" asked Chaplin of the nurse hovering over the scene. Quite evidently she did not recognize him, for she replied without a vestige of embarrassment, "Oh, this belongs to Mrs. Mildred Harris Chaplin." Charlie's face underwent a number of changes. "Oh, indeed? And is she reading these books?" he finally inquired. "Oh, no," returned the nurse in a matter-of-fact tone. "The books she really reads are in a little closet in her bedroom." Mabel Normand, however, does not regard books merely for their furnishing value. She really gets into action on "literachooor." Many people who are generous

obtruded themselves into any business relation with her. I ascribe this to the regularizing influence of a very happy marriage. Obviously she was very much in love with her husband, a young New York business man who frequently drove over to the Fort Lee studio to take her back to town. From a being so well disciplined as Madge you would expect the relentless care with which she guarded her health. At any party she was apt to go off unseasonably as an alarm clock. Once, I remember, I invited her to a dinner party in Los Angeles to meet Mr. and Mrs. Rex Beach. The dinner had just ended and the party had hardly begun when Madge rose to depart. "What?" exclaimed Pauline Frederick, another of the guests, "you don't mean to say you're going?" "Oh, yes," replied Madge, "I told Mr. Goldwyn that if I came at all I should have to leave early. You

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see, I have a call for 8:30 in the morning all made up." Pauline looked bewildered. In her mind there was absolutely no connection between early to bed and early to rise. One of those rare people who, like Edison and Bernhard, thrive on a few hours' sleep, she never took 8 p. m. as anything more serious than the start of an evening. Yet when she appeared at the studio the next morning her eyes were glowing with health, her whole frame snapping with vigor. The third member of the trio of feminine stars with which I began work in the Goldwyn studio was Mae Marsh. One of the luminaries of whom I have spoken in connection with "The Birth of a Nation," Mae had also played a leading role in Griffith's "Intolerance." Both of these performances had inspired me with great confidence in her ability, and I looked forward eagerly to her first Goldwyn venture. (Continued in The Morning Bee.) To remove paint on black silk or other material patent rubbing with chloroform is effective and will not hurt the most delicate color or fabric.

Thanks Before Our Meals

The Best Prayer Comes From the Heart—Prayer More the Attitude of Mind Than Mumbling of Words.

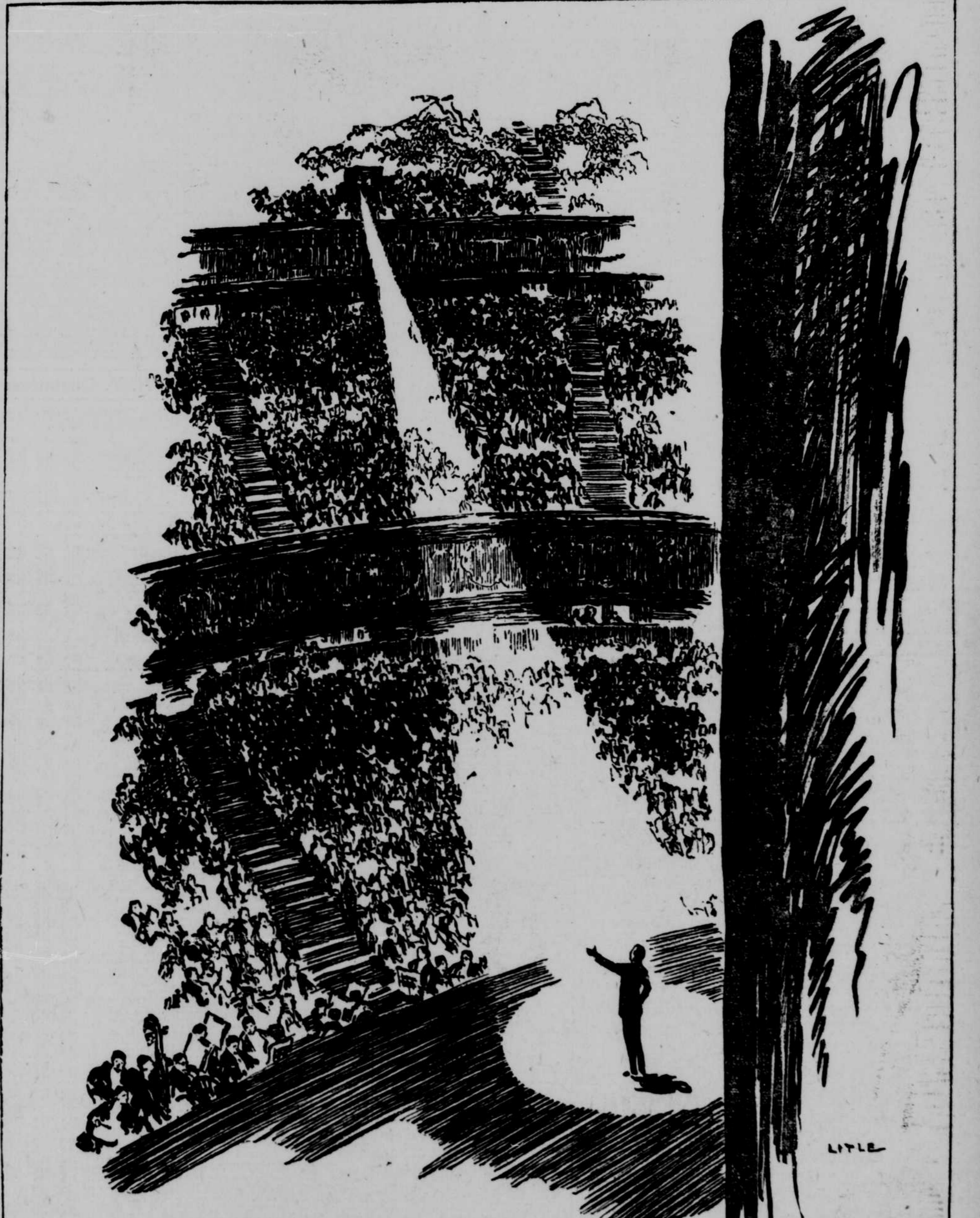
By Martha Allen

Martha Allen: I wish to give thanks before meals, would you please help me out and give me something to say. Respectfully, J. A. H. The best prayer is the one that comes from the heart and not the one

learned from some book. There is a little poem which says "We are at prayer when least we know A quiet moment 'neath the sunset glow Of April, on a wooded hill . . ." Prayer is more the attitude of mind and heart than a mumbling of words. So, as you give thanks before your meals, breathe what is in your heart toward the Creator. Can you not say you are thankful for the food, for the day's peace or happiness, for your loved ones? A blessing which is good for a family—and of course children must be guided and led until they are strong enough to go alone—is "Lord, bless the food we now partake. And do us good, for Jesus' sake. It is simple and brief and understandable for young ones. Here is one which may be sung to the tune of the Doxology. It is especially good for a large gathering and should be sung standing. Be here and everywhere adored.

Bless, Thou, this food, and grant that we may feast in Paradise with Thee." If these suggestions do not help you consult the minister of your church, or of any church. In Love: Why not invite the young man to call at your home. His answer may help you to know if he is interested. Otherwise let him make the advances. A man likes to do the courting himself. Do not be urged into marriage without love—it always leads to disaster. Toots: It was a very discourteous thing for your escort to do—to stop and talk to the pianist, not introducing you, and letting you seat yourself alone. Maybe no one has objected before to his doing such things, and it would do him good to be told how you felt about it. Waller Rites. Funeral services for James E. Waller, 79, who died Tuesday at his home, 2431 South Twenty-first street, were Thursday afternoon at 3 at the Crosby-More funeral home, Mr. Wal-

is survived by a daughter, Mrs. F. A. Miller, and a son, J. E. Waller, both of Ackerson, Colo., and a brother, Tillman Waller of Norfolk, Neb. Iowa Alumni to Meet. Alumni of the University of Iowa living in Omaha will form an Omaha chapter of the alumni association of that school at a meeting to be held in the university club Tuesday of next week, according to E. W. Edwards, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, about 200 Iowa alumni live in Omaha. Rub steel blades of knives with emery paper before putting away for any length of time and they will not rust. Stop Coughing. The simplest and best way to stop coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, "flu" and grippe coughs is to take CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY. Every user is a friend.



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