

EDDIE'S FRIENDS

Panning the Host



BEHIND THE SCREEN

By SAMUEL GOLDWYN

(Continued from Yesterday.)

I have spoken of my disappointment when Blanche Sweet, another Griffith product, made her first picture for the Lasky company. I was doomed to the same experience now with Mae Marsh. She, too, seemed incapable of any notable achievement when removed from the galvanizing influence of Griffith. To be sure, her Goldwyn pictures were not failures, but comment on these pictures usually failed of any reference to Mae Marsh.

Take, for example, "Polly of the Circus," the first vehicle we provided for her. People spoke highly of the story, but Mae's work in it created no flurry of excitement. I was not, however, discouraged by this initial experience, for it often happens that the very story which you suppose exactly adapted to a performer's personality fails to evolve her best. So it was with unimpairing belief in her more sensational possibilities that I made preparations for "The Cinderella Man." These included the engagement of George Loane Tucker, the celebrated director of "The Miracle Man." Here again Mae failed to strike 12. For the comedy which brought Tom Moore's acting into such bold relief again evoked only lukewarm appreciation of the star, Mae Marsh.

I cannot say that Mae's presence in the studio was invariably a sunny one. She had a habit of balking at something which the director suggested, and the terms of her objection were always the same.

"Oh," she would say rather scornfully, "that isn't all what Mr. Griffith would do. He would do so-and-so."

Naturally such continued harping upon the one standard of artistic merit did not exactly enlist the sympathy of the director, thus reminding of his limitations. Friction marked all subsequent relations between the two.

There was one type of service in the Goldwyn studios which did inspire her admiration. It was the thing removed from her own special sphere of activity. She always liked the director assigned to the other stars. She had a corresponding esteem for their stories.

Right here I wish to introduce one of the thornier elements of any film producer's life. First of all, he buys at the advice of his editorial staff some particular story. The purchase is made, of course, with some other case in mind. But when the story is submitted to that star there is hardly a chance in a hundred that she will like it. Sometimes she may be convinced of its merit. In other cases she remains obdurate. Either termination involves, of course, precious time and money.

Mae Marsh was not, as I shall establish later, distinguished by her captiousness in this regard. But she was exceedingly able in the performance of rejecting scenarios. "I don't like this—it doesn't suit me," she would report after reading something our editorial department had just bought for her. We would then concede a new scenario, only to have it dismissed in the same arbitrary fashion.

In this way weeks went by, weeks during which of course her salary being regularly paid to her. Was it wonder that I began to feel uneasy as a man who sees his meter jumping while his cab remains perfectly motionless?

In the beginning of these reminiscences of mine I said that it was always the far horizon which had haunted me. While I was with the Lasky company I had tried always to march in its direction. Now that I was head of the Goldwyn company I was determined upon really catching up with it. Far from limiting myself to those who, like Mable Norman and Mae Marsh, were representative screen stars, I reached out toward the far lights of opera and the legitimate drama. To draw to the screen the names of deepest import in the world of art—to this ambition may be traced the great disasters of my professional career.

CHAPTER TEN. The Magic of Mary Garden. While I was still with the Lasky company I had been attracted by the reputation of Mary Garden, the most consummate of "singing actresses" I borrow the phrase from that famous musical critic, H. T. Parker of Boston, and at the beginning of the war I wired our London representative to see her. She was then in Scotland, where she was connected with a hospital for war relief and all efforts of our organization to interest her in pictures failed absolutely. She refused to leave her humanitarian work. When, however, two or three years after this she came to America to sing in opera, I was prompt to get in touch with her.

My first talk with the celebrated artist was at her apartment at the Ritz. As she swept in upon me I remember thinking that she looked even taller than she does on the stage. With her clear blue eyes and

her finely modeled features and her heroic mold, a real Valkyri! Not for one moment did she suggest any of those roles to which her exquisite art lends itself. Thais, Melisande, Louise, Le Jongleur—I thought of these and was bewildered. I had never realized before how completely the mind can transmute the entire meaning of a face.

Here in her apartment away from the footlights Miss Garden's countenance expressed a keen intelligence directed toward the problems of the day. For a long time we talked about the war, and I was amazed at her grasp of every industrial and economic phase of the conflict. Her wide range of information, together with the vivid, forceful phrases in which she expressed it—these made it hard for me to realize that I was really talking to a prima donna, she who even in her business transactions is supposed to distill an atmosphere of feminine romance and caprice. If I had heard Miss Garden that evening without knowing who it was I should have thought I was listening to some keen-witted, able woman of letters.

So engrossed were we both in the impersonal that it was at least an hour before I attacked the real purpose of my call. When I finally broached the subject of pictures, I told her, of course, how eager the Goldwyn company was for the honor of first presenting her on the screen. She responded to this fact very graciously. There was quite evidently not one moment's doubt on her part that she could do pictures. Her only misgiving, frankly revealed, was that I might not pay her enough to justify her in making them.

I must say that for some time I, too, shared this misgiving. For the sum on which she stood firm was \$150,000 for 10 weeks' work. However, a discussion of the matter with my associates, Edgar Selwyn, Arthur Hopkins and Margaret Mayo, brought out the fact that they were all in favor of engaging her even at that sum. I took their advice, and, triumphantly conscious that I was taking Mary Garden from the numerous other film producers who had been competing for her services, I signed my name to the enormous contract. The news that Mary Garden was at last to appear in pictures created a sensation throughout the country and, as the newspapers carried the story in big type, the Goldwyn company profited by an enviable publicity. Seeing the importance attached to her appearance, I grew more and more hopeful that in the celebrated operatic star I was going to offset the various hardships attending my foundation of the Goldwyn company.

Naturally it was "Thais," the most widely known of her operatic roles, which suggested itself as her first vehicle. The story, although uncopyrighted in America, obligated the purchase of foreign rights, and I paid M. Anatole France, its author, \$10,000 for these. In so doing I felt sure that the French exhibitors alone would more than return my expenditure. Just how little this belief was realized is brought out by the conclusion of this episode.

No sooner had the actual production of "Thais" begun than I was beset by grave fears. Miss Garden, feeling rightfully that her operatic representative of the role was authoritative, did not recognize the difference of medium involved, and her first days on the set showed her, as the studio people expressed it, "being all over the place." That which was art in opera was not art on the screen, where the secret of achievement is emotional restraint. Watch Charles Chaplin, the great exponent of motion picture art, and you will see that he gets his effects by suggesting rather than by presenting an emotion.

Those days when we were producing "Thais" remain with me as among the most troubled of my history. Harassed by financial adjustments and by production difficulties, assailed by complaints of scenarios and directors from my various stars, I now had this supreme anxiety regarding the outcome of my enormous investment in Mary Garden. Indeed, I was constantly called upon to mediate between the singer and her director.

The death of "Thais" was almost the death of Mary Garden. She had fought bitterly the scenario's departure from the original text here in this scene. She asserted that the screen version, presenting as it did the triumph of Thais, the woman, over Thais, the saint, was an intolerable falsification. And she could, indeed, hardly be persuaded to act in it at all.

When she saw the rushes of this scene, which so violated her artistic conception, her rage and grief knew no bounds. "I knew it!" she cried. "Oh, I knew it! Imagine me, the great Thais, dying like an acrobat!" A moment later she rushed from the projection room down to the office. Here she found Margaret Mayo. "Did you see it?" she stormed to this woman. "That terrible thing? Did you see the way they made me die?"

Imagine a saint dying like that! The actress looked her up and down and then she responded in a tone of studied insolence. "You would have a hard time, Miss Garden, proving to any one that you were a saint."

Some time later when I came up on the set I found Miss Garden weeping hysterically. "Oh," said she, "that terrible woman! Have you heard what she just said to me?"

Miss Garden never forgave this gratuitous insult. At last, after such stormy sessions, "Thais" was completed. The finished picture was not reassuring. But, even though I recognized its shortcomings, I still hoped that Mary Garden's name would carry the production to triumph. If it went over it meant a lift from the deep trough of the sea in which the Goldwyn company had been weltering. If it failed—I did not dare allow myself to dwell upon this.

With the full sense of that evening's significance, I went to the opening of "Thais" at the Strand theater in New York. A woman friend of mine went along and as we walked out of the theater her face told me everything. "Oh," she said, her eyes filling with tears, "I just hate to tell you—knowing how much it means to you—but—well, you can see for yourself how they took it."

I had indeed seen it—the heart-breaking coldness with which that first New York audience had received the picture on which I had staked so much. Even then, however, I did not realize the enormity of the failure. I did this only when a day or so later telegrams began pouring in from cities all over the country where "Thais" had appeared simultaneously with New York. These telegrams rendered, with few exceptions, the same verdict as the metropolis. Not were foreign countries more enthusiastic.

(Continued in Monday Morning Bee.)

Poverty Keeps Them Apart

By Martha Allen

Dear Martha Allen: Two years ago, when I met a man of 23. He was not wealthy, and our friendship continued for a year. He realized he loved me. We then had a talk, in which he said poverty and love would not harmonize, so we parted. During last year I became engaged to another man, who, in my parents' opinion, is a fine person. Last month I met the first man accidentally and discovered I couldn't continue with the other. The engagement was broken, but that is all.

ADVERTISING A THREE DAYS' COUGH IS YOUR DANGER SIGNAL

Chronic coughs and persistent colds lead to serious lung trouble. You can stop them now with Creomulsion, an emulsified creosote that is pleasant to take. Creomulsion is a new medicinal discovery with twofold action; it soothes and heals the inflamed membrane and kills the germ. Of all known drugs, creosote is recognized by the medical fraternity as the greatest healing agency for the treatment of chronic coughs and colds and other forms of throat and lung troubles. Creomulsion contains, in addition to creosote, other healing elements which soothe and heal the inflamed membranes and stop the irritation and inflammation, while the creosote goes on to the stomach, is absorbed into the blood, attacks the seat of the trouble and destroys the germs that lead to consumption. Creomulsion is guaranteed satisfactory in the treatment of chronic coughs and colds, bronchial asthma, catarrhal bronchitis and other forms of throat and lung diseases, and is excellent for building up the system after colds or the flu. Money refunded if any cough or cold, no matter of how long standing, is not relieved after taking according to directions. Ask your druggist. Creomulsion Co., Atlanta, Ga.

why his present financial condition need be anything but temporary. Make him understand that you believe in him and his future, and try to inspire him with faith in himself. Thousands of young couples have started life's journey together with nothing but their love and hope. If this man has a good mind and is industrious you should be able to build well and happily together.

Tact and honest devotion without too much stress on that fatal thing, pride, will convince him that you see his future promise and are proud to wait and work toward it with him. You are both so young that it is logical to believe a few years of waiting will be rewarded. But your task is as difficult in a way as his. Inspire him with your faith in him. That is no easy thing to do, but you can do it.

Betty Jean: If you place a stamp upside down on a letter it means I love you; place it slanting and it means I need you; place it on the left corner, I hate you; and in the middle of the letter, I am mad at you. I would discourage you, however, in placing a stamp anywhere but in the right place, the upper right-hand corner. It is only fair to postal employees for you to be correct in this matter.

HN: Few women are wearing white gloves except in the evening, and even then they are not necessary or popular. Hands should be gloved on the street, but at a dance or theater they are no longer a strict social requirement.

Mary Mc: I would advise you to see an attorney as soon as possible. If you have reason for divorce the law is just and should, I think, take care of your interests. See Want Ads Produce Results.

\$6.50 Basket Ball Sets, complete with two goals and ball at \$3.49

BURGESS-NASH COMPANY "EVERYBODY'S STORE"

\$39.50 Bicycles, with front and back mudguards and coaster brake, at \$27.00 Buy on Our Club Plan

Advance Spring Showing of Men's Suits

Stein-Bloch \$60 | Styleplus \$40 Suits, at 2 pant suits

Throughout the country today men are adopting the "Dress Up" idea. Most men realize that many chances for advancement depend a great deal upon personal appearances.

In keeping with the "Dress Up" slogan we have assembled for this early spring showing a remarkable selection of styles and fabrics that are recognized as new and correct.

Styles are turning to the loosely draped, easy wearing, English model in two and three-button coats. We have conservative and semi-conservative single and double-breasted models in imported or domestic woolsens, patterns that are authentic for Spring 1924.

A Splendid Assortment of New Spring Top Coats

Continuing Saturday Men's O'coats Values to \$40.00 \$24.75 Our policy of selling this season's merchandise this season enables us to offer our remaining stock of Overcoats at this low price. Ulsters and Ulsterettes Full or Half Belted Single or Double Breasted Box Back Models Plain or Fancy Mixtures



1800 Men's Shirts

Exceptional Bargains--On Sale at Many Patterns \$1.19 Sizes 14 1/2 to 17

Saturday we are going to present to the men of Omaha one of the best shirt buying opportunities offered in a long long time. 1,800 shirts—all good patterns, good colors, good workmanship and assured good values.



Styles Neckband and collar attached. Materials Madras, Poplin, Oxford Cloth, Percales and Others. Colors Plain colors, stripes, Checks.



Super-Value Giving Sale of Boys' Blouses 69c each 3 for \$1.95

A special purchase of 600 boys' blouses enables us to offer them at this low price in time to supply your boy's spring needs. Made with button down or plain collars. Sizes 4 to 14.

Boys' Two Pants Knicker Suits \$8.95 Knicker suits of all-wool materials in tweeds, heather mixtures, stripes, checks and blue serge. Made with patch pockets, full belt and plain or belted backs. Ages 5 to 18 years.

Boys' Sweaters \$1.95 Sweaters in cotton and wool mixtures, made in all-over and coat styles. Also Jersey sport coats in a good assortment of all the wanted colors. Sizes 4 to 14 years.

Clearance of Broken Lots of Men's Shoes and Oxfords

\$5.00 Values to \$8.50

A final clearance of broken lines in our remaining stock of fall and winter shoes and oxfords. Every one with Goodyear welt soles and rubber heels. All sizes are represented. THE SHOES Black or tan calf shoes with French toe. Brown calf, straight last shoes. Toney red calf shoes with French toe. Black or tan vicci kid shoes. Business men's last. THE OXFORDS Black calf oxfords with French toes. Tan calf oxfords with medium round toe. Patent leather oxfords with French toe. Toney red calf oxfords.

Clearance of Men's Hats

Mallory, Crofut Knapp, Stetson \$3.95 Values to \$10.00

The remainder of our stock of fall and winter hats. Every one of excellent quality and in perfect condition. Brushed and plain felt hats, many of which are ideal for present and early spring wear.

