

BEHIND THE SCREEN

By SAMUEL GOLDWYN

(Continued from Yesterday.)

His reaction to life is, you see, intensely emotional. Nothing is more persuasive of this than his interest in certain impersonal topics. Chaplin loves to talk about government and economics and religion. Mention of a new "ism" of "ology" brings him hopping from the farthest corner of a room. When Rupert Hughes came out to Hollywood he and Charlie were much given to what somebody calls "topical" just what somebody could have been more illuminating. While Hughes conducted his side of the discussion in a spirit of dispassionate inquiry, the less scientifically trained mind of the comedian struck out with a poet's frenzy at everything which he did not like. One could see it was not really abstractly that he desired. It was the theory which most successfully represented his own prejudices.

His prejudice is against anything which interferes with his own personal freedom. The censor, the income tax, any supposed obstruction—these are hateful to him in the degree which they infringe upon that coveted sense of power.

One day when I first came to know Chaplin well, he was with me in my apartment at a Hollywood hotel. While he and I were talking on the telephone, Charlie looked terrified.

"What do they want you for?" I asked exceedingly amused.

"A guest," he answered with a grin. "Mrs. X is having a dinner tonight. I promised I'd be there and then found out she had asked a whole lot of people. So you won't call me going."

"This was an introduction to Charlie's most notorious social failing. Often thereafter I witnessed his struggles against being taken into custody by the police."

Not long ago a friend of mine asked him why he wanted to make or keep an engagement.

"I don't know," answered Charlie. "I suppose, though, it's because I want to feel that I have to do anything at the end of the time. It just destroys my pleasure in doing it."

At this my friend suggested, "Ah, Mr. Chaplin, but don't you think that is because you don't want to feel quite free?" The person who is conscious of real freedom doesn't fret at any such superficial bondage.

He looked at her eagerly, delightedly, just as he always does when confronted by a new theory. "Why never thought of that, but I believe it's true," he assented. "You see," he added, "when I was a young boy I was very free. I was with one of those who had to stay at home. My brother Sydney didn't hang around as I did. He went off to Australia."

Then for the first time I suspected what was responsible for Charlie's love of power. Those early years of his in London when, the son of poor vaudeville artists, he experienced hunger and tragedy and the constant terror of the next day, have driven fear into his brain. No prosperity can quite rid him of fear. That is why he wants to assure himself in every way of his present strength.

For what is it but fear which makes a man conscious always of the thickness of his armor, the sharpness of his weapons?

There was one engagement of his which Charlie did keep. When Claire Sheridan, the English sculptress, came to California she expressed implicitly a desire to meet Chaplin. My friend, Abram Lehr, thereupon invited the comedian to a dinner given for the handsome author of "From Mayfair to Moscow."

Charlie not only obeyed; he obeyed in a dinner coat. From the first, so clear and bright, the two were directly satisfied with each other, and that occasion led to a friendship upon which Mrs. Sheridan dwells so glowingly in her "American Diary."

Charlie is well liked by the average woman. Indeed, most people are attracted to him. Why should they not? His drollery, his quick and vivid response to the moment, his friendly, boyish smile, the manner which makes you feel at first meeting as if you had known him all your life—these would lead the usual person to pick him out as a roomful of distinguished people. And all this quite apart from the glamor of his reputation.

He makes another appeal. The first time I ever met him I felt sorry for him. The humor of it, that I should want to help him—this young, charming Fortunatus—struck me almost at once. But I could not help it. Afterwards I found that nearly every one else shares this feeling.

Of course, exactly the same thing is operative on the screen. For Chaplin owes his supremacy much to the tears as to the laughter of the multitude.

This pathos of his comes from an enduring isolation. He is, and it is always will be, a lonely figure. Beloved by many, applauded by all, he is merely with—never of the crowd—not though he gives it back gesture for gesture and laugh for laugh. His misleading, the look of listening which so much impressed me the first time I met him. For early in life Chaplin took his seat in the milk bottles life and ever since he has been watching the rest of us actors unfolding our drama. Do not be deceived because sometimes he vaults over the footlights and behaves just like a performer. Even when he is at his merriest pranks, even when he is talking most confidentially and affectionately to his friends, he is still the onlooker, detached from the rest of us by I know not what fastness of spirit.

The most intimate of Charlie's friends in Hollywood are Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. He goes over to their house frequently, and the three talk pictures hard and fast. Chaplin, of course, frequently sees in the criterion of his own two an opportunity for characteristic suggestions.

When, for instance, he saw the moated castle in "Robin Hood," he said to Fairbanks: "Wonderful, Doug! Just think what I would do with that drawbridge on Sunday morning! I'd let it down so I could take in the Sunday papers and the milk bottles and then draw it up tight so that nobody could get at me all the rest of the day."

One time I asked Charlie who was his favorite screen actress. "Think Mary Pickford," he answered unhesitatingly. "You see there's a wonderful quality about her—it's that more than her acting."

Unlike almost every other screen actor, Charlie does not work from a script. When he starts a new story he is apt to come into his studio and say, "Build me a kitchen and a dining room." He has at this moment perhaps only the germ of an idea. But day by day he develops it, and as he does so his scenario writer puts down each scene. This method has been described, and I touch upon it here only for its value in revealing his psychology. A scenario would undoubtedly irritate him as much

as would a social engagement. Always, always, Chaplin must be assured that he is free, that his individuality has scope for its spontaneous play.

His emotionality is never more apparent than when he is at work. Often he becomes exhausted in his efforts to inspire one of his company with the desired emotion. "Heavens!" he will cry. "It's enough to break your heart—such stupidity!" When he sees the rushes and despair are apt to break from their leashes and run away with the projection room. Often, however, these emotions are directed quite as much toward his own part in the performance as toward that of others. Charlie has, in fact, that capacity for being dissatisfied with his own work which is a part of every great artist.

The world at large does not seem to know much about Charlie's brother, Sydney. Yet he is a very real character and Charlie has a very real affection for him. He himself is an excellent comedian with only one disadvantage—he is the near relative of a great comedian. This relationship, I may add, could never be detected from a casual glance at the two, for Syd Chaplin is rather tall and rather blond and his features are much more sharply cut than are those of his brother.

Syd, by the way, possesses a very ready wit. Once when dining with Mary and Doug he listened to the latter's statement that the costumes for "Robin Hood" had cost \$12,000. "Hmph!" commented Syd, "I should call that 'Robin' Doug."

It was after completing his \$670,000 contract with the Mutual Film company that Charlie made with the First National company a million-dollar deal calling for eight two-reel pictures. This did not sound difficult. The comedian expected to complete the order in a year. Instead, he has only just recently finished the last of the National Film pictures.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN.
Jackie Coogan and "The Kid."
The few superlatives which appeal to Charlie Chaplin must have some association of romance. For example, he is very fond of mangoes, and every evening that a certain Los Angeles cafe has this delicacy the manager calls up Charlie's house. When Charlie sits down in front of a glass of this exotic fruit he is positively radiant.

"Lovely, musty odor," he will comment. "The delicacy calls to my visions of long-robed, wide-sleeved eastern men, of caravans winding thread-like across the desert, and of incense rising in fretted temples from the feet of golden statues. The odor of him goes out to meet the broad, rollicking humor of the derby pulled off by the stranger."

Domesticity does not fit into my conception of his character. He is too individual, too much oppressed by threat of the screen, to sustain any such close relationship. One can easily imagine De Musset or Verlaine mowing the front lawn of his suburban home as Chaplin responding contentedly to like conditions.

My association of his name with these two great French poets is not accidental. For Chaplin is not a comedian. He is a poet—the great poet of the screen. His fierce rebellions against man-made fetters which would trammel the individual soul in its progress toward complete self-expression, his sensitivity to emotionality and complete detachment—these ally him in spirit with the youngest and fiercest of bards. Surely, too, his professional achievement, consistent with this spirit, for Chaplin has brought from the borderland of the subconscious mind those emotions which he has before you in that single small figure with the baggy trousers and the flopping shoes he reveals the loneliness and frailty, the lurking irresponsibility, the fears and aspirations—all the intermingled pathos and humor of the universal soul.

"Shoulder Arms," for example. Here Chaplin bears for you the real Evermann at war. Stripped of his bombast and fine speeches, of the brave front which he presents to his fellows, the soldier stands stark before you. It is a poet's realization of those things buried beneath the surface of garb and manner and every-day speech, and it is all of a poet's concrete expression of them.

One evening while I was dining with Chaplin in Los Angeles a very smartly dressed woman leading a small boy by the hand entered the restaurant. The moment that the latter caught sight of the comedian

he rushed over to him and threw his arms about Chaplin's neck. There was a look of rapture in the big brown eyes which I have never forgotten.

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

From Buenos Aires

Adele Garrison
"My Husband's Love"

Madge's Quick Wit Turned a Nuts Trick.

The news that the car, which we feared was trailing us, was just behind us again gave me, curiously enough, no added twinge of terror, but instead a sudden flash of red hot wrath.

"I'd like to wreck that machine," I muttered grimly as I shifted gears and resumed our halting, laborious journey. "But it won't be long now until we know for certain whether he is trailing us. Look out for a bridge, Edwin. We cross it just before we come to Canoe Place Inn."

Slowly we crept along the road, and as slowly behind us came the car which was causing us so much uneasiness. Of course it was possible that the other car was only keeping in the rear because of the advantage of following our rear light, but Edwin's account of the car without lights stationed at the place where the bay road came out into the village savored far too much of espionage for my peace of mind.

"I think the bridge is just ahead," Edwin said quietly.

"Yes, it is, and as soon as we get a few feet higher we can see the lights of the inn. There they are now." I gave a little sigh of relief as the ghostly mist before my windshield was pierced by the cheery lights of the famous hostelry.

"I'm going to go faster now," I warned Edwin, "and turn into the inn driveway without slackening speed. Will you watch the other car?"

The Quick Turn.
"To see what they do when you turn?" he asked, and added without waiting for my affirmative, "You don't miss any bets, do you, Madge?"

I was too intent upon my wheel to answer. Although I am an experienced driver, the task before me gave me an uneasiness as real as it was unreasonable. But like most dreaded things, it turned out to be easy of accomplishment, and when I was directly opposite the inn driveway, I swerved the wheel, and—careening perilously, but safe—the car rolled into the driveway, where I stopped.

"By Jove, they were following us," Edwin said. "They were coming after us at our own gait. Look at them now."

The car was proceeding at a snail's pace, and from one side we could see a head, muffled so that one could not tell whether it was that of a man or a woman, looking back and watching us. The next minute, evidently coming to some decision, they shot on again.

"Turn off your engine," Edwin suggested, "so we can hear what they are doing."

I already had done so, and as the rear light of the other car disappeared into the fog, and the chug of their engine grew fainter, I began to wonder whether we were not mistaking the ordinary curiosity of fog-bound travelers for something more sinister. But, in another few seconds, there was a change in the noise to which we were listening, and Edwin spoke quickly.

"They are turning around." I turned my switch key quickly and started the engine.

"What are you going to do?" Edwin asked.

"On the Wrong Side." I answered. "Go on as we have started," I answered. "The lights of their car will help us on a little way, and then we'll come to the road lights leading

to Hampton bay. They will have to turn around again, and anything is better than waiting to see what they are going to do."

"I agree with you," he said heartily, and as we rolled out into the road and started down it at a smart pace, behind us a doorman of the inn who belatedly had appeared at the entrance

as high as Peter could reach. When the bark had been taken off all the way around the trunk of a tree that tree is said to have been girdled. A

trance stared in puzzled fashion after us, and then went back into the lighted hostelry again.

"He probably thinks we mistook this place for the sanitarium to which we ought to be headed," Edwin commented, and then with quick warning, he added, "You are over on the wrong side of the road, Madge."

"I mean to be," I said grimly, and I kept my car at the left, with the result for which I wished. The advancing car, plainly puzzled, slowed up a bit and began to edge over to the right. As they did so I turned a bit to the right myself, as if I had seen my own error, and then when I was almost upon them, swerved again, crowding them off the road, and bringing them up with a snapping rending sound against the bushes by the roadside.

"I believe you've done the trick, Madge," Edwin said, as two men scrambled out of the car. "Nobody hurt and the car perhaps out of commission, at least delayed. I take off my cap to you."

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Blessed he who in his mind
The other's viewpoint seeks to find.
—Peter Rabbit.

Peter's Mischief Is Discovered.
Peter Rabbit, gnawing the bark from the fruit trees in Farmer Brown's young orchard, had no guilty feeling for which I wished. The advancing car, plainly puzzled, slowed up a bit and began to edge over to the right. As they did so I turned a bit to the right myself, as if I had seen my own error, and then when I was almost upon them, swerved again, crowding them off the road, and bringing them up with a snapping rending sound against the bushes by the roadside.

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D. A. R. Members Own Many Colonial Relics

Many antiques dating back to revolutionary times have been brought to light in Omaha by Mrs. John Barth in preparing the exhibit of revolutionary relics for the Colonial tea of Maj. Isaac Sadler chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, tomorrow afternoon at the home of Mrs. Leslie Johnson.

A quaint newspaper containing the account of Washington's death is contributed by the hostess. In this, the printer used the name "Washington" so many times that he ran out of the 's' and was obliged to substitute an 't'. He apologizes in a foot note for this involuntary descension of the name of the father of his country, setting forth the cause.

Mrs. Finlayson offers a colonial tea pot, and some hand woven linen which has been handed down in her family from revolutionary days. Among her things is a pewter basin out of which a chunk was taken to make bullets.

From John R. Webster comes a musket taken by an ancestor of his from a tory and used in the Revolutionary war. Mrs. Roland Jones has contributed a linen tablecloth

spun and woven by her great grandmother, and Mrs. Samuel Maupin a pair of ancient candlesticks and snuffers which were the only lamps known to early colonial days. Mrs. Samuel Hanford brings a tiny wooden footstove, 6 by 8 inches, which her revolutionary ancestors used to carry to church to keep their hands and feet from freezing. Hot coals of charcoal were slipped into the box, which was perforated to allow the heat to ascend.

A large collection of colonial china owned by Mrs. Winterson, and a colonial tea set of dainty cups without handles belonging to Mrs. James Han-

berry, may also form part of the exhibit.

Dear Miss Allen: I want to ask you what should I do with my hair, I had it bobbed long ago and would like to have it grow now. Would you advise me to use some of those advertised lotions, or is there some kind of massage to help hair grow? Please answer in Monday's paper. From your reader, BOB HAIR.

Scalp massage is good for the hair. It stimulates circulation. Brushing does the same thing. Keep your brushes clean and use them often. If your scalp is dry, apply a good oil to the scalp once or twice a week, rubbing it into the head and not getting it on the hair.

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