

# BEHIND THE SCREEN

By SAMUEL GOLDWYN

(Continued from Yesterday.)

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

Doug and Mary.

As I have already mentioned, Charlie's closest friends in the film colony are Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. Regarding the former of these two, I may say that I have never had the same opportunity to observe him professionally as that which favored me in the case of his famous wife. It is natural, therefore, that I should think of him first as that adoring husband.

That he is very deeply in love with Mary no one who sees them together can doubt for an instant. Not by any means a self-effacing person, he is nevertheless always trying to turn the spotlight upon her and her achievements. Of the latter he is inordinately proud. It seems to me, in fact, that he is almost as much in love with Mary's pictures as he is with Mary herself.

I recall that once I attempted to talk to him about a certain picture of his, "You were splendid in that scene," I began to say.

"Glad you liked it," he interposed politely, but carelessly. And then, his eyes glowing at the approach of a really significant subject, he asked, "Have you seen Mary's new picture yet?"

I shook my head.

He looked at me almost reproachfully. "Oh, it's great—best thing she's ever done!"

Feebly I tried to turn back the conversation into its original channel. "You certainly were great in that scene with the—"

"Oh, yes, but Mary," he interrupted again; "my how that girl does know how! She has the sure instinct."

Et cetera, et cetera. Regarding his wife's superior talents, Fairbanks is as constantly uplifted as a wall motto. He is no less sensible of those attributes of hers which are not directly connected with the screen.

"Mary has so much more than she has," he said, "than she has, hasn't she?"—friends of the celebrated pair have heard Doug say this time and again.

As to Mary, I have already stated my certainty that Douglas Fairbanks represents the great romance of her life. To see her with him is to see Mary at her best. She never calls him "Doug"—indeed, she never calls him anything but "my dear," and his name thus shorn by other people—and somehow into her utterance of that "Douglas" you find, no matter how casual the speech, the way she really feels about him.

Mary Pickford, according to her most intimate friends, fell in love with Douglas Fairbanks the first time she saw him—fell in love in a way on which she had never known it. As years have gone by this first mad infatuation has been directed by real understanding, by the closeness of their professional interests—most of all by a solemn gratitude on her part for the care with which he so constantly surrounds her.

Only last October when Douglas and Mary came on to New York for the openings of their latest pictures I had dinner with the two.

"Mary," said I when for a moment Fairbanks left us together, "you're looking wonderful. It seems to me you are 10 years younger than when I last saw you."

"Yes," replied she, "and it's all due to Douglas. He's a wonderful husband as he is an actor. Always, always, his first thought is of me and you know what that means to me."

I did know. I remembered the gallant battling little figure of Famous Players days, of how she had always protected others—her mother and her family—and I was touched by the thought that now this great gift of protecting love was hers.

When I first met Mary she was married to Owen Moore. Regarding this marriage, Mack Sennett has told me an interesting story.

"Mary and Moore were working together in the Biograph when Griffith and I were there. One day I don't think I ever once thought of each other in any sentimental light—not until the rest of us put it into their heads. But you see it was this way: She was such a sweet-looking girl and he was such a sweet-looking boy—Owen Moore used to make you think of a kid whose mother had scrubbed his face and brushed his hair and got him all tidy for school. This left me nothing but my uniform, and the uniform proved, as it did to so many other ex-service men, anything but a talisman. The only effect it seemed to produce was to prejudice any possible employer against me. At last—of course that's the way it always happens—I had two jobs offered me at once. In the meantime, though, I had been obliged to give up my little \$2 room. In fact, when I got my double offer I was owing two months' rent for it."

Sometimes when you remove a spot with gasoline you leave a ring about the part cleaned. You can remove this by holding it over the steam of the teakettle.

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN.

Rodolph Valentino.

When in Hollywood about four years ago I learned to know by sight a young man who frequently stood around in the lobby of the Hotel Alexandria. He was very dark and slim, and his eyes had the somberness of the Latin. I was especially struck by the grace of his walk and of his gestures. Even when he leaned up against a cigar case he did it with a certain stateliness, and you felt that the column of some ruined temple overlooking the Mediterranean would have been much more appropriate than his present background.

Quite evidently he was looking for a job. In fact, before I was introduced to him I saw him approaching various people in the industry.

"Anything doing today?" "Have you finished casting 'Sea-Drift'?" "When do you start shooting?" These questions, so familiar in the lobby in his case by a very naive manner, by a slightly foreign accent. He always looked so eager when he put the question and so disappointed when he got the answer.

Not long ago when I was in Hollywood I saw this same young man at a nearby seashore resort. On that day he was in a bathing suit, and he was leading three police dogs. The dogs were not a protective measure, but certainly they warranted some sort of guard. For as the young man walked out toward the waves, as the sun shone on his swarthy skin, the hundreds of women and girls who had come to Long Beach pressed forward for a more satisfactory glimpse of the bather. And as they did so an aved cameraman flashed through the feminine multitude.

"That's he—that's Valentino."

In all film history, replete as that is with instances of meteoric success, there has been nothing quite so sudden as the rise of this young Italian pantomimist, Rodolph Valentino. The beginning of the breathless ascent may be traced to a reception given one afternoon by a certain Mr. Cole, a painter living in Hollywood. To this reception came Rex Ingram, then lately returned from overseas service in the flying corps. Came also in company with Paul Troubetzkoy, Rodolph Valentino. At this point I shall allow Mr. Ingram to tell me one story just as he related it to me one evening last summer while we sat chatting on the porch of Mae Murray's and Bobby Leonard's home at Great Neck.

"I was attracted at once by Valentino's face and by his remarkable grace of movement," said Ingram, "and I made immediately a mental note of him. Here's a fellow, thought I, who would be great in pictures, and if I get my job of directing back I'm going to use him. I was pretty confident then, you see, that this experiment was due for the very near future. Little did I think that months—yet, almost a year—would go by and find me just as idle as I was that day when I walked into Mr. Cole's reception."

"I wasn't remembering much about Valentino in those days, I can tell you. I was so poor that I had to hock all the civilian clothes I had left behind me in my storage trunk. This left me nothing but my uniform, and the uniform proved, as it did to so many other ex-service men, anything but a talisman. The only effect it seemed to produce was to prejudice any possible employer against me. At last—of course that's the way it always happens—I had two jobs offered me at once. In the meantime, though, I had been obliged to give up my little \$2 room. In fact, when I got my double offer I was owing two months' rent for it."

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## Adele Garrison

"My Husband's Love"

Flushing Bound, Madge Hoped She Was Unobserved.

I do not think I ever slept so soundly as I did in the hotel at Riverside, following our drive through the fog. I did not realize how the strain of being at the wheel had fatigued me until I literally fell into bed without knowing whether my "head touched the pillow" or not.

We had been fortunate enough to secure communicating rooms, the one which the children occupied being between mine and that of the Braithwaites. But whether the children slept or were restless mattered nothing to me. I lay drugged with slumber until the grasp of a hand on my shoulder, gently shaking me, brought me bolt upright in unreasoning panic.

"Hush!" Harriet said smiling at me. "Don't wake the children yet. But Edwin said you wished to start as early as possible, so I thought I'd rouse you."

"Thank you," I stammered. "I believe I would have slept until noon if you hadn't awakened me."

"You probably needed to do that very thing," she replied compassionately. "But—"

"Oh, we must get started right away," I said, scrambling out of bed. Harriet had moved over to the open window and put it down as soon as she had aroused me, and the shade pulled up revealed a clear dawn.

"Where are those vacuum bottles?" she asked.

"Right there. I pointed to a table at the other end of the room. I emptied them and rinsed them as well as I could last night, but they

need cleansing in plenty of hot water."

## Your Problems

By Martha Allen

To Bob or Not to Bob.

Dear Miss Allen: Do you think a woman in her early 30s is too old for a bobbed hair? I am a young business woman in my early 30s; I am small and am always taken to be several years younger than I am. I would like to have my hair bobbed, as I think it would make my hair grow thicker.

I chum with girls younger than myself and they have bobbed hair, and they think that I should bob my hair, too, but I am undecided what to do. Please answer me in The Evening Bee.

"BROWN EYES."

I think the question of bobbing one's hair is entirely a matter of taste. It is becoming to some people and not to others. I am glad that at last this subject of bobbed hair is being discussed sanely. For a long time some people had prejudice. All bobbed hair looked evil, wrong and silly. Of course that was a silly way to look at the subject. But now that the style has become so general, we can look at it dispassionately and let the question, "To bob or not to bob?" stand on its own merits.

I have seen some round-faced, fat girls get a round bob. The hair is perhaps thick and it stands out from the head, making the girl look like a Comanche Indian or a South Sea Islander. Now, that isn't pretty. I have seen other girls, small in type, who have had shingle bobs and who do not even curl their hair. They look trim and neat and most attractive.

I am trying to make you understand that it is a question of type and the care of the hair after the bob, which determines whether or not it is becoming.

Thirty is not too old for a bob. I really think the day will come when all women will wear the hair short. It should be no more objectionable than the short cut style for men.

Do not delude yourself into thinking that a bob will benefit your hair in any way, unless you use it straight, there is no doubt it will be benefited.

Amicus Advises.

Dear Miss Allen: I have something to say about the world of today. I want this letter printed in order that all the flappers of today can read it. I took up The Omaha Bee today to read your problems and read the letters of "Marie" and "Lonesome." "Lonesome" thinks a girl must act flapperish in order to be popular. No, no, my girl. I am a young lad of 18 and have taken many girls home. Some wanted to kiss me; but, girls, listen here. The boys take them

home, but for a wife—oh, never would they want her for a wife.

"They all know there was another before them."

Now, this is advice for all girls. Don't smoke or do anything in that class. Try and be nice, clean and respectable. Then is when the boys think about the girl.

PUELLARUM AMICUS.

See Want Ads Produce Results.

Guests of Mrs. Archer

The Misses Irene Lamma and Esther Brancham of Lexington, Neb., are guests of the former's aunt, Mrs. J. M. Archer, who entertained 10 guests for them at dinner last night at her home, and who gives a 10 o'clock breakfast to eight young women in their honor this morning. Miss Lamma is county treasurer and vice president of the Nebraska State Treasurer's association. Miss Brancham is on her way east, where she will visit New York, Boston and Philadelphia. The two guests will be in Omaha about 10 days.

E. D. Morcom, treasurer of the Federal Land bank of Omaha has gone to Cheyenne, Wyo., on a business trip.

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This fascinating dress offering has three essential appeals: STYLE, NEW MATERIALS, NEW COLORINGS. Materials are Satin Canton, Crepe de Chine, Figured Crepe, Florella and Black Satin.

One Model of Florella

Very smart; straight line with one or two deep tucks giving a semi-peplum effect; leather belt and contrasting color collar. Colors: Hollywood, jade, Chinese yellow, toast, navy, black, brown, Lanvin green, Mexico, French blue, beaver and rosewood. Sizes 16 to 46.

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It's a quiet period in our business; we want action now. So if you will anticipate your later wants we will sell this staple merchandise cheaper now.

Carmen Hair Nets, single, Regular \$1.50 doz.	\$1.19
Carmen Hair Nets, double, Regular \$1.50 doz.	\$1.25
Carmen Hair Nets, knotted ends—Regular \$1.00 doz.	\$80c
Whisk Brooms	17c
Narcissus Hair Pin Cabinets, Regular 10c	8c
Diadem Hair Pins—Regular 25c	19c
Household Aprons—Regular 50c	39c
Naiad Sanitary Aprons—Regular 50c	39c
Sanitary Belts—Regular 35c	22c

Shopping Bags

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An important and fashionable adjunct to modern dress. New groups, new colorings. Shown for the first time Saturday.

Trim Boyish Suits

The youthful spring suit expresses its details in fastidious simplicity. It may be a one-button or double-breasted model, and with a skirt which elects to be trimly shorter than last season. Slashed pockets, leather or ribbon pipings give an added dash. The sport materials are English checks and plaids, stripe-added effects, tweeds, mixtures and tiny stripes. Sizes 14-16.

\$34.50 \$46.50 \$54.50

JUNIOR SECTION—SECOND FLOOR

Sateen Slips \$1.89

Light of weight, self stripe, bodice top, neatly tailored. Colors, rose, navy, flesh, Mohawk, orchid, sand, cocoa, brown, maize, black, peach and black. Special, each \$1.89

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Silk Stockings at Practically Pre-War Price

FULL FASHIONED SILK WITH FIBER THREAD, giving added wear, in the leading shades of nude, beige, together with pure silk all over in blacks, browns and staple shades that have sold at \$2.25 and \$2.50, all in our Saturday sale, pair.....

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MUSLIN NIGHTGOWNS—Cut full, neatly trimmed, well made, specially priced, each..... 95c

Women's Gloves From France

On sale Saturday, a small shipment of a popular number in 16-button length. Stock is of black glaze kid, self trimmed. Made to sell regularly at \$6.00. A splendid value of guaranteed quality. Pair..... \$3.95

Mazda Lamps

The best electric lamps made for home use. 15, 25, 40 and 50-watt sizes, each..... 30c

Saturday Fabric Values

36-INCH GLACE TAFFETA—A two-tone taffeta that is popular for dance frocks. Specially priced, yard.....	\$1.95
36-INCH MARGOLD CREPE—In a full range of spring shades. Ideal for dress or blouse. Specially priced, yard.....	\$1.39
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54-INCH ALL-WOOL JERSEY—In all new sport shades. Excellent quality. Specially priced, yard.....	\$1.95

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38-inch Heather Check Ratine, 38-inch Silk Checked French Crepe,	
54-INCH POLO COATINGS—In new tans and grays. All wool. Specially priced, yard.....	\$1.95
54-INCH ALL-WOOL FRENCH SERGE—An exceptionally fine twill. Navy only. Yard.....	\$1.69

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