

BEHIND THE SCREEN

By SAMUEL GOLDWYN

(Continued from Yesterday.)

Lloyd, I think, would make a poor subject for psychoanalysis. He seems to have no complexes. He probably never caught any colds in his subconscious. A fine balance is the outstanding effect of his whole personality.

He is very much interested in athletics. He is a fine amateur boxer, and I suppose he gets more fun out of his swimming pool than out of almost any other profession of his. In this he presents a great contrast to Chaplin, who doesn't care for Hollywood's "chilly pools" as he calls them.

If you go to Lloyd's studio you find almost everybody calling him "Speed." Even the youngsters on the lot make use of this nickname. These latter all seem to love him, and he is often followed by a troop that he resembles the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

There is a great deal of the old-fashioned gentleman about this lovely young fellow. He is so earnest about his work, so determined that he is going to do everything which will make him a better actor, so modest of his achievements, and then, too, he has all the old-fashioned reverences. Mother, country, religion—all the unities so often exposed nowadays to the critical mood—are accepted by Lloyd unquestioningly.

"I can't understand how any man could ever dissent his own mother's character," he once said in speaking of somebody who had engaged in this modern pastime. "After all—what ever she does, whatever her faults—she is your mother."

No rebel, not in the least degree introspective, Lloyd is essentially a thoughtful person. He has been made more so by the accident—an explosion in his studio—which so nearly cost him the loss of his sight. Nowadays when he loses his perspective he tells me that he often visits a hospital.

"I go into that grim white place," says he, "and I put myself back into those weeks and months when I lay with a bandage over my eyes, when everything that I had or wanted—youth and success and work—seemed to be vanishing, and I think I can see—what does anything else matter?"

It is due to the old-fashioned gentleman in Lloyd that he will tolerate no suggestion of anything broad, anything Hogarthian in his comedy. One day one of his advisors came to him and said, "I've got it, Speed, a bit of business that will go over big."

When he heard what it was Lloyd retorted promptly, "Not on your life!"

Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

Roderick upset the Travelers by His Remarks. I need not have feared for my sister-in-law's action when confronted with the necessity for quieting the screaming small boy, Roderick, who was wildly vociferating his objections to the mental picture which platin had formed in his mind at my best concerning the chicken coop over which the older children were still chattering. Her common sense immediately triumphed over her desire to enforce obedience from the screaming child, whose yells arose, partly at least from sheer naughtiness and she took from the short cut to pacifying him.

"Listen," she said, as frantically as any harried young mother might have done. "You shall have your milk and egg as soon as we get to the house, and you are not going into a chicken coop, but into a nice big house."

"What lots of stairs?" Roderick inquired hopefully turning off his shrieks, as one might shut off a faucet.

"Yes, I think there are lots of stairs," his aunt replied.

Roderick considered the fascinating possibilities of this answer for a few seconds, then palpably urged on by his victory, piped cheerfully:

"Then I slide down 'em. Hot dog."

He got that from the boy across the street? Mary interposed defensively, evidently anxious that we should not underestimate the rigidity of her dead mother's training, and I felt my throat muscles constrict in pitying admiration of the little girl's loyalty when she had been deprived of the real mothering to which every child is entitled.

The Parental Subterfuge. My brother-in-law's deep voice sounded in a quiet unobtrusive monotone from the seat beside me.

"But you guarantee unlimited demands," he murmured with the time-honored parental subterfuge of words beyond a child's understanding while even through the stress of the moment I smiled at the way my famous brother-in-law and his stately wife were being fitted to the shackles of parenthood. "The discipline so sorely needed can be enforced in seclusion later."

"Have no anxiety upon the score of later enforcement," his wife retorted grimly in matching murmur, and then she gave a gulfed reply to Roderick who was questioning insistently.

"Can I slide down em, Auntie? Can I? Can I?"

"Can I be for tomatoes, Roderick," Mary interposed primly. "You must say, 'May I?'"

"Shant," retorted Roderick briefly and his aunt with a whispered, "Never mind that now, Mary, dear," answered his last "Can I?" crescendoing into a temperish shriek with gibb mendacity.

"Yes, yes, Roderick, you may slide down the stairs—if you wish," she added meaningly.

"And jump lots!" His brain was evidently busy revolving all the heretofore forbidden things which some instinct treacherously assured him he was safe in demanding.

The Big House. "Children, quick!" I struck in with apparent excitement, "watch out the right side of the car, and see if you can guess the house when we come to it. We are almost there."

I had just rounded the turn in the road, with its accompanying landmarks, which Lillian had said was about a mile from our destination, and I promptly had seized the opportunity to divert the small boy's attention. The race was highly successful, for as we drove slowly down a beautiful road bordered by old-fashioned houses with ample grounds the children gabbled and squabbled happily in their attempt to select the house to which we were going.

Hedges of privet, of lilac, and of box, screened some of the grounds, but through most of them we were able to see the waters of the bay sparkling a little distance to the rear. But a few of the homes were built upon gentle undulations of higher ground which effectively screened the low land back of them and the distant water. Of these the largest but the shabbiest of all the houses we had passed, answered by the description Lillian had given me and it was with a feeling that we had reached heaven at last that I drew up before the gates, which appeared as openings in the thick lilac hedge, and turned to my brother-in-law with a nervous catch in my voice.

"I think this is the place," I said, preparing to climb down out of the car. "At any rate I'm going in to see if I am right before driving in."

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She "Pesters" Him With Her Love

Dear Miss Allen: I love a man devotedly and know that down in my heart he loves me. But I realize that I care so much for him that I pester him. How can I show my sweethearts I care for him without making myself a nuisance to him? I just can't keep from making a fuss over him, and I know that it repels him. How will I keep from losing him through no fault but that of being so devoted?

HELEN.

Men want to do most of the wooing. The woman who is wise in the lore of love does her wooing by making man want to pursue rather than by rushing at him with the club of her demands or becoming so clearly the aggressor that the old human instinct to run from pursuit sets the man racing away from her.

Men like to consider themselves the aggressors in the love game. Women like to fancy that they are being sought after. That is the history of emotional life.

No one man or woman—likes to be taken possession of or be taken for granted. Men like to plan a few details of their own lives. They like to make a few engagements on their own initiative. The woman who goes blundering into the garden of romance with a determination to arrange everything to suit herself isn't loving at all. She's just selfish.

The real reason why the girl who rushes at her man with all sorts of demands and requirements and plans is a nuisance in that she is not expressing the love and devotion the man wants and she fancies she is giving. Not at all. She is merely expressing her ego. She is trying to bind and shackle the man to her notions, plans and desires.

And the man protests.

A Reader: You have no cause for worry as to your popularity. You are surely laying a good foundation for many friends of your own age in your love for children and older people. You are evidently thinking too much about it. Are you not a little self-complacent? Your writing is very good.

A. S.: Bobbed hair has gone past the stage of "fad." Some are letting their bobbed hair grow out and more are bobbing theirs. There is no doubt the fashion is on the increase.

Mrs. J. H.: Serve a fork and a spoon for the silver. The fork should be used in eating the cake and the spoon for the jelly.

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

A coward never loses the scratch. If he suspects he's met his match. —Peter Rabbit.

Peter Whips a Coward.

For what seemed to Peter Rabbit a long, long time, those fierce, hungry-looking eyes stared in at him. Really it was only a few minutes. Then the eyes disappeared. But hardly had Peter sighed with relief that those dreadful eyes were back there again. So for a while they kept appearing and disappearing. Finally they disappeared and for some time Peter saw no more of them.

Then he heard a noise in the manger above his head. He looked up hastily. Those mean-looking eyes were peering down at him over the edge of the manger. They glared at him steadily for a couple of minutes. Then there leaped down into the stall a thick, graying form with a long, smooth, tapering tail. It was Robber the Rat. Yes, sir, it was Robber the

struggle. He would have known that he had no chance, and would have been paralyzed by fear. But instead of being paralyzed by fear now, Peter was suddenly very angry. He was big and strong, and his anger made him unafraid.

Robber the Rat started toward Peter. He was grinning, and that grin was an evil-looking grin. He expected that Peter either would not move at all or would dash away in fright. But Peter fooled him. Peter

did move, but it wasn't to run. Robber the Rat never did know just what happened. Something struck him so hard that it dashed him against the side of the stall with a thump, and knocked all the wind from him. Hardly had he scrambled to his feet when he was hit another terrible blow and sent flying.

All the fight was knocked out of Robber the Rat, for at heart he is a coward. His one thought was to get out of there. Instead of chasing Peter around that stall, Peter was chasing him. Never in all his life had Robber the Rat met with anything like the kicks from those stout hind legs of Peter's. He squealed with fright. Twice more Peter knocked him over. Then he got his chance to scramble up and climb out the way he had come in. You should have seen him sink off then. He didn't waste any time about it. Peter had nothing more to fear from Robber the Rat.

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Holstein Cows Average \$166 at Beatrice Sale

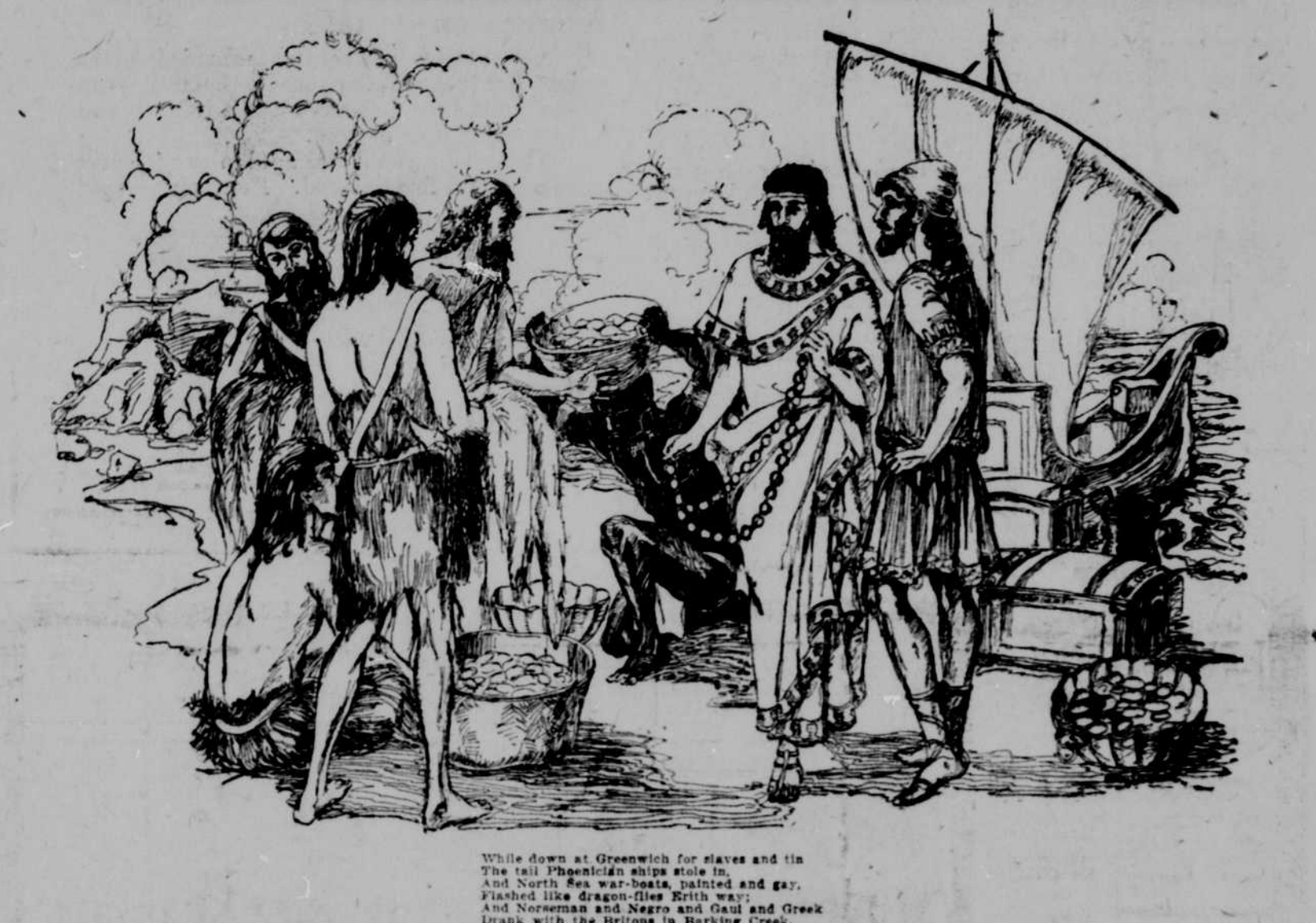
Beatrice, Neb., Feb. 26.—At the Putnam & Liebers stock sale east of the city 14 head of Holstein milch cows were knocked off at an average of \$166 a head. One herd bull sold for \$275, and about 25 calves brought an average of \$100 a head. Mr. Putnam and family will leave this week for Crete, near where they will make their home.

Kearney Business Men to Dinner

Kearney, Neb., Feb. 26.—The Chamber of Commerce annual banquet is to be held on Wednesday evening. Frank D. Tomson of Lincoln and County Attorney Suhr of Grand Island, will speak. R. V. Clark, will act as toastmaster. The banquet will be held in the Teachers college gymnasium and will be limited this year to an attendance of 400 men.

While down at Greenwich for slaves and tin The tall Phoenician ships stole in And North Sea war-boats, painted and gay, Fished like dragon-flies in the bay And Norseman and Negro and Gaul and Greek Drank with the Britons in Barking Creek.

—RICHARD KIPLING.



Driving a bargain

—a first—a second—a third—a twentieth "ASKING PRICE"

NO REAL price—only an ASKING price, such was one of the lamentable impediments to commerce through the centuries. No wonder the twin spectres of doubt and distrust curtailed the purchasing power of the ancient British when they dealt with the Phoenicians—the magic of the medicine man must be very sure indeed if they would get the better of the trader who could persuade a whole tribe to part with many pelts for a few beads and a little cloth, when it was known that he had given many beads and much cloth elsewhere for a scanty store of pelts. The trader's standards were unknown, but his cunning was a by-word.

Today the one established price policy of the fine modern store means that those who have NO SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE of the things they are seeking can buy with assurance. The boy who buys his mother a sewing cabinet and his father a smoking stand secures as great a bargain as the man with a thorough knowledge of the furniture business,—and regarding this matter of bargains—values; we feel that the public should know that we make constant and careful comparisons in Omaha as well as in other cities, even going as far away as Chicago, Illinois.

Now in this big Home furnishing store, we have found it frequently expedient to run those delightful events, known as Special Sales, for the quick disposal of many classes of merchandise. Seasonal merchandise that arrives late—merchandise that is not moving fast enough—remnants, odds and ends of broken lines, of which thousands are constantly accumulating—mill imperfect goods

Orchard & Wilhelm Company

Canned Beans are Baked Beans when the label reads BAKED

All beans in cans are not baked. Read the labels. If the label reads "baked beans", they are baked. Heinz Oven-Baked Beans are baked—with dry heat and labeled "baked" on the can for your guidance in buying.

HEINZ OVEN-BAKED BEANS with tomato sauce

Advertisement for Heinz Oven-Baked Beans, featuring a picture of a can and text describing the product and its availability.

Sixty Years of Wedded Life Celebrated at Pierce

Pierce, Neb., Feb. 26.—The 60th wedding anniversary of Rev. and Mrs. Alfred G. Brande, of this city, occurred Sunday. The event was celebrated by a family dinner at the county home of the eldest son, the county treasurer, A. L. Brande. Those attending are the three children, A. L. Brande of Pierce, Mrs. Frank Frahm of Omaha and C. B. Brande, editor of the Pierce County Call of Pierce; Mrs. Richard O'Neill of Alliance, a grand-daughter, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Brande, with her two daughters, Mary Ellen and Baby Grace, great-grandchildren and also another great-grandchild, Donald Turek. Dorothy Ann Brande, a granddaughter and Charles Turek, son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Brande, made up the family gathering.

Bonding for Junior High School Up at Kearney

Kearney, Neb., Feb. 26.—Kearney is voting on the issue of \$325,000 school bonds by petition, the first time in history of the city that any method other than the Australian ballot has been exercised in disposing of a referendum issue. While the question generally favors issuance of the bonds, many are opposed to the petition plan and would prefer to have the issue carried to the polls. The board of education favored the petition plan as more expedient and less costly than an election. The purpose of the bond issue is to erect a new Junior High school building.

Nelson-Carlson.

The wedding of Miss Evelyn Carlson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Carlson, and Theodore J. Nelson of Sioux Falls, S. D., the son of Mrs. John Nelson of Omaha took place last night at the home of the bride's parents. One hundred relatives and friends attended. The Rev. C. A. Segerstrom, pastor of the First Swedish Baptist church, officiated. The bride's gown was of accordion pleated sergeotte over satin, and trimmed with lace. Her veil was held in place with a floral wreath, and she carried a shower bouquet of Ophelia roses and lilies of the valley. Miss Neva Nelson was the maid of honor, and Miss Edith Olson, the bridesmaid. Edwin Peterson and Herman Nelson were ushers. The little Misses Eloise and Helen Nelson, nieces of the bridegroom, were flower girls. Mrs. Oscar Roderberg sang, and Miss Katherine Stigberg played the wedding march. After an extended honeymoon trip to Oregon and California, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson will be at home in Sioux Falls, S. D., April 1.

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