

BEHIND THE SCREEN

By SAMUEL GOLDWYN

(Continued from Yesterday.)

I have been told by those who have worked with Miss Norma Talmadge on the set that, in contrast to her sister Constance, who is exceedingly extroverted, she displays many of the characteristics popularly associated with a great emotional actress. Gusts of impatience followed immediately by the most radiant, sunshiny laughter; flurries of annoyance; ripples of amusement—these are the manifestations of a nature which, in the words of one admirer, is "as big and sweet as all outdoors." Thoroughly consistent with such a nature is Miss Talmadge's type of generosity. This functions more conspicuously through some concrete human appeal than through official solicitation. Testimony to this is offered by a letter from Joe Schenck to a friend of mine.

The letter, written by Schenck while he and Miss Talmadge were on a recent visit to Germany, records how Norma was followed by a beggar in the streets of Berlin. Old and emaciated and dirty, he fell on his knees before the radiant young American and begged for her help. Miss Talmadge thereupon emptied the entire contents of her purse into his hands. "It was a nice little gift," commented the director in reporting the incident to her husband, "but it made me happy to do it, for I never saw a human being so grateful as he was."

"And how much did you happen to have in your bag?" questioned her husband.

"Oh, it was all of a thousand marks," answered she.

Her husband rocked with merriment. "And do you realize that you gave him all of 25 cents?" he said.

Miss Talmadge, so Schenck wrote, was in Germany in reporting the incident in benevolence. "And, pressed as she was for time," he concluded, "nothing would do but that she should go out early the next morning and hunt the fellow she had wronged by her 25-cent donation. When she did find him—believe me, he got something real."

From a being so swayed by the claim of the moment—being too young and beautiful—you would predict perhaps a less stable domestic situation. Mr. Schenck, one of the finest men I have ever known is some years older than his wife and, in addition to this, he is what is known as a practical type. Yet Miss Talmadge's devotion to him is one of the stories in the picture. The evening when she could hardly wait to tell him of her triumph over Clara Kimball Young is, indeed, indicative of her whole attitude. Everything, both in pictures and in life, is talked over with Mr. Schenck, and her manner when she is with him reflects always that deep content which an emotional nature feels often in such a situation.

Yet Mr. Schenck represents much more than a mooring for this brilliant personality. Remembering his efforts in her professional behalf from the moment when he so proudly showed me the bracelet on his office desk; acquainted, too, with the absolute devotion which he has subsequently given her career, I often wonder how it would have fared with Miss Talmadge had this demerit in her life been lacking. Certainly she would have risen by sheer force of her talent and her beauty and her enthusiasm without any such concentrated interest. But I very much doubt if her ascent would have been either so swift or so dazzling had she not had that constructive force been absent.

CHAPTER TWENTY.

It is a far cry from the greatest emotional actress of the films to one of the world's most infectious comedians. Yet I have set aside chronological considerations in order to save for last my recollections of a man whose comedy touches brightened the Goldwyn lot almost as much as they did the Hollywood screen.

It was Rex Beach who, who brought Will Rogers into pictures. After our approach he confided to me that he had been somewhat mystified by the director's recognition of his talents on the part of the picture world.

"I used to think it was funny," said he in his own inimitable way. "Here motion pictures were booming along. They were getting in trained dogs and trained cats and grand opera singers and everybody in the world but me. I couldn't make it out, and now after all these years your fellows have come to."

Rogers still loves to dwell on these delicious pangs of a slighted talent, and he always adds, "Well, there was a movement on foot for making fewer and worse pictures and so they hired me."

Certainly if his coming into picture activities was the result of any such urge, we were woefully misled. For his "Jubilo" was one of the best pictures ever produced by the Goldwyn company.

And his selection for the chief character of this story Will weaves one of his choicest monologues. "Sam had bought a tramp story," he relates, "and he was looking around for the lot one day for somebody who

could play the tramp. Well, he happened to see me in my best clothes and he said, 'There is the fellow to play the tramp.' 'Of course,' he adds, 'I love to play a tramp—you can act so natural and never have to dress for it.'"

Whether this story is historically correct or not it does bring out one of Will's claims to distinction in the Hollywood community. An old slouch but pulled down over his eyes and some kind of nondescript trousers increased as a child's brow—this is his inveterate costume. Clad in this wise, he used to stand around the Goldwyn lawn and, surrounded by a crowd of cowboys and extras, would amuse himself by throwing the lariat at our "Keep off the Grass" signs.

The reader may imagine what a personality like this did for a studio somewhat overcharged with the artistic temperament. Temperament seemed to find relief in those droll rolls with which Rogers meets almost every issue of the day. Numerous times I saw Miss Farrar and Miss Frederick talking with the comedian, and both gave every sign of an unshoddy enjoyment in his conversation. It was one of the two, I think, who asked Will one day why he liked pictures as well as he did the stage, which was his original occupation.

"Oh, sure," drawled he with the unsmiling face which always makes his verbal twist the more irresistible. "Why, up to the time I went into pictures and had a friend of mine more than an audience at a time. This is the only business in the world where you can sit out front and applaud yourself. Now I was getting to get on the stage where that feature appealed to me."

Incidentally, one of Rogers' most amusing memories of the stage implicates Miss Farrar. I shall let him sketch this with his own pungency of style. "I made one picture 'Doubling for Romeo,'" he relates. "The reason we made it was that we could use the same costume that Miss Geraldine had worn in her last picture at that time—all these Shakespearean tight and everything. I don't say this egotistically, but I wore Geraldine's. There may be those in the screen world who are overriden by motions, who are played upon by gusts of alternate personal attraction and repulsion. Not so Rogers. He is essentially a home man, and the first thing he did when he came to Hollywood was to invest the savings of years in a house for his family. This residence of Bill's is on Beverly Hills, and its location imposed upon its owner a heavy social responsibility.

"You know," I heard him telling somebody the other day, "my principal occupation in California is not making pictures—it is official guide. I live on the same hill as Uncle Doug and Aunt Mary—only I live much lower down the hill than they do—in fact, I live at the foot of the hill in a swamp. It's right at the forks of two streets, and all I do all day long is to tell tourists where Mary Pickford lives. I will be out in the yard going through my daily work—maybe licking my second kid—when some Iowa car will drive up and say, 'When you tell us where Mary Pickford lives?'" So I stand and point it out—just point and say, 'Mary Pickford lives right up there.'"

"You want to know why I came back to the stage for a while—why,

just to get a rest. I was so tired pointing. Now, I have played for every charity affair that was ever held in Los Angeles, and their people are very appreciative, so when I die they are going to give me a benefit and take the money and erect a statue of me with the army pointing toward Mary's and a sign on it, 'Mary Pickford lives right up there.'"

There is nothing waspish about Rogers' funmaking. Such a quality of humor as his implies, in fact, a true sense of life's values, a very wise and mellow spirit. Nothing shows this more clearly than a communication I received from him not very long ago.

"Dear Sam," it read, "when you first announced that you were going to write this book of memories I must say it didn't create much of a stir in movie circles till they learned what memories were. Then when they found it meant truths, everybody, including myself, commenced to get leery and wondered if you were going to remember everything. Now, I don't know what you are going to put into this catalogue of yours, but I do hope for the salvation of the infant industry you don't tell all—especially not what some of my picture grossed.

"But if you've got to say something about me, say this—they were the two happiest years of my life that I spent on the old Goldwyn lot. We had some great troops there in those days—all of them good fellows. There was Miss Frederick, whom everybody liked that ever met her; Miss Madge Kennedy, than whom we have no sweeter character of stage or screen; Mabel Normand, the 'kiddie' and good fellow, friend of every soul on earth, whose quiet and not-seen charity has helped many a poor soul in need; Tom Moore, as good an Irishman as ever lived, and not stuck on his looks either.

"Also say this: I made in the two years I was on the lot 12 consecutive pictures—all with one director, Clarence Badger. That, I think, is a record—to be with the same director, and if there is anything worth while in any of them, it was certainly due to his efforts, as I am no actor. But he is patient, capable, and the finest man I ever met."

I have saved this communication because nothing else could reveal more forcibly the tolerance, the modesty, and the quick appreciation of anything good in my frail mortal which form the source of Will Rogers' ever-willing humor.

(Continued in The Morning Bee)

Wife's New Lighting Fad Keeps Her Husband Worried.

"I'm worried about my wife," said Mr. Smith to his friend, Mr. Jones, as they rode into town the other morning. "Not so worried," Mr. Jones replied. "I'm afraid her mind is failing."

"Dear me! Dear me!" ejaculated Mr. Jones with great feeling. "You don't say. What's the trouble?"

"Well, you know our house; old fashioned affair and all that. Recently at the off expressed wish of my wife I had it wired for electricity. But last night when I came home I found she had removed the fixtures from the dining and living rooms and had installed in their places sconces in which burned candles. Candles, Mr. Jones, candles! Now do you wonder I'm worried?"

Jones smiled reassuringly. "There's nothing to worry about, Brother Smith," said he. "It's just a new fad of the women. My wife has done the same thing."—N. Y. Sun

Don't Accept Cheap Love Substitute

By Martha Allen

Dear Miss Allen: I'm in love with a man I almost hate. He's perfectly fascinating, a friend sighed. And all the girls are crazy about him. But he seems to prefer me. That flatters me, but it keeps me on the jump all the time, for I know if I don't play up and keep him amused and stimulated, I'll lose him. I don't trust him, but I can't do without him. And I'm dreading the day when he'll turn from me to another girl. He's out for a good time, and he tells me to take the pleasure of the moment and not worry about tomorrow. But I believe that if I play the game right I'll get him to propose. Would you marry a man you don't trust?

Never! I can't think of any way of inviting misery than by marrying a man whom you have no confidence. Love is built on faith. So indeed are all the big, vital things of life. Wait for real love. Don't accept cheap substitutes because they are "attractively packaged." You don't buy an inferior brand of goods because you like the way it is done up—and if you do, you know perfectly well that you aren't going to be satisfied.

So if you take some substitute for the love which satisfies your mind as well as your heart, you are bound to get tired of the ribbons and the tinsel paper in which your bargain is decked and want something real beyond the pretty wrappings with which you let yourself be fooled.

K. F. Candy, books and baskets of fruit are the most frequently given steamer "bon voyage" presents.

A great feature of the crossing on large steamers is the masquerade dance. For this occasion a fancy paper costume or a gay cambrie Pierette suit and a mask make attractive steamer presents for young people.

For the older person make a padded back rest for the deck chair. These are easily made out of a piece of chintz—3x26 inches—and padded with a thin cotton lining. Few people would think of taking them along, but they make deck chairs far more comfortable for those who spend most of their time there.

For men the best present is probably a generous supply of their favorite cigars or cigarettes, the latest book on their particular hobbies or some good sea yarns. And if you

want to send an ultra smart present, boxes of made to order Egyptian cigarettes, with the initials or monogram, can be had in quantities of 100 or more.

Candy rather goes begging on shipboard, but if you want to send it, lemon drops, candied ginger, candied fruits or toffee keep better and taste better than chocolates or bonbons.

O. E. S. Chapter Observes 50th Anniversary

Vesta chapter, Order of Eastern Star, celebrated its 50th anniversary last night at the Scottish Rite cathedral. This, the oldest chapter of the order in Nebraska, was inaugurated on February 27, 1874, by Robert Morris of Illinois, founder of the order. Two of the charter members are living and were present last night. Mrs. Sarah Jensen and Mrs. Augusta Lemm. The chapter has now 1,106 members.

The anniversary celebration last night opened with a program. An address of welcome was delivered by Mrs. Winifred Wallace, Omaha, and a response on behalf of the state officers present by Mrs. Ida Sum-

stead, grand worthy matron, of Lincoln. A history of the chapter was read by Dr. Eleanor Dalley, past worthy matron. Readings were given by Mrs. Anna Simpson, first grand matron. After the program, local and state officers received, and the rest of the evening was devoted to dancing and cards.

The order is devoted to social and benevolent purposes. This year it has contributed more than \$1,000 to the support of the Masonic home.

A pretty ceremony was the cutting of the birthday cake of the order, which measured 56 inches by 24 inches. This was preceded by a prayer offered by Mrs. Augusta Bauer, Lincoln, grand chaplain of the order.

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35c Fancy Voiles, a yard..... 15c
\$1.95 Embroidered Pillow Cases, a pair..... \$1.00
\$7.50 Wool Mixed Blankets, a pair..... \$3.95
\$10.00 Wool Blankets, a pair..... \$6.95
\$6.75 Beacon Bath Robe Blankets, each..... \$3.95
\$1.00 Fancy Bath Towels, each..... 69c
\$1.50 Bath Mats, each..... \$1.00

MAIN FLOOR

Front of Elevators

15c Handkerchiefs, Each..... 7c
Our Stock of Silverware, plated..... 25% Off
50c Mon Amour Face Powder..... 23c
Bulgarian Wool Trimmings, 4 to 12 inches wide..... 29c
Jewelry, up to \$1.50, each..... 39c
Women's Neckwear, mussed from handling..... 1/2 Price
\$5.00 Fancy Leather Hand Bags..... \$2.29
\$1.00 Leather Novelties..... 29c
Wool Dress Goods, sold to \$2.50, yard..... \$1.00
Wash Dress Goods, sold to \$1.00, yard..... 25c
Mexican Market Baskets..... 29c, 49c, 69c
Women's Silk and Fabric Gloves, Gauntlets..... 89c
Buttons, cards of 2 to 12 buttons, each..... 5c
Silks, a great gathering for all purposes, yard..... \$1.00
Men's 50c Lisle Socks, good colors..... 25c
Men's \$1.00 Wool Socks, small sizes..... 25c
Odd Lots Night Shirts, Underwear, etc., each..... 50c
Women's Underwear, all shapes, sold to \$2.50, each..... 50c
Women's Silk Stockings, sold from 95c to \$1.35, each..... 69c

SECOND FLOOR

Formerly Priced to Sale Price

20 Children's Sweaters (2 to 10 years)..... \$ 5.00 \$ 1.00
25 Girls' Gingham Dresses (3 to 16 years)..... \$ 5.00 \$ 1.50
30 Children's Scarf Sets, some with hats..... \$ 3.00 \$ 1.00
12 Girls' Dresses, white and colored (8 to 16 years)..... \$20.00 \$ 5.00
7 Children's White Dresses (2 to 6 years)..... \$ 5.00 \$ 2.00
5 Kiddies' Coats (1 to 3 years)..... \$ 7.75 \$ 2.50
7 Junior Winter Coats (sizes 14 to 16)..... \$20.00 \$ 5.00
7 Women's Winter Coats..... \$89.00 \$25.00
6 Women's Winter Suits..... \$59.00 \$25.00
15 Women's Cloth Dresses..... \$59.00 \$20.00
100 White Aprons, tie-on and bib models, close out..... 25c and 50c
50 Black Sateen Office Aprons, close-out price..... 75c
50 Bungalow Percale and Novelty Black Sateen..... 50c
20 White Uniforms, Indian Head, sizes 16 and 36..... \$1.00
25 Gray and Gray and White Uniforms, 16 to 44..... \$1.00
100 Bungalow Aprons, percale and gingham..... \$1.00
100 Figured Cotton Dust Caps, 2 for..... 5c

Odd Lots Children's Hats, Caps, Infants' Dresses, Wool Knit Leggings, Skirts and Knickers..... 25c, 50c, \$1.00

150 Pieces Night Gowns and Envelopes of fine nainsook, Corsets, Semi-Elastic Girdles, Fancy Bandeau Brassieres, Corsettes and Netherals, choice \$1.00

250 Pieces Outing Flannel Night Gowns, Slip-overs, Muslin Envelopes, Corsets, Ferris Waists, Semi-Elastic Girdles, Bandeau Brassieres, choice 50c

140 Pieces Bandeau Brassieres, Boudoir Caps, Sanitary Aprons and Belts, choice 25c

THIRD FLOOR

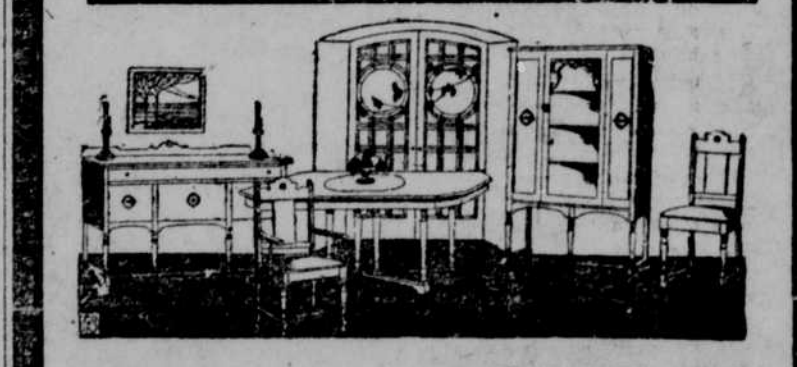
Quaker Tuscan Net Curtains, \$3.00 numbers, each..... \$1.75
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Wool Knitting Yarns, balls and hanks, each..... 25c
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Stationery, 72 sheets paper, 3 pkgs. matched envelopes..... 49c

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