

SOCIETY AND WOMAN'S PAGE

BEHIND THE SCREEN

By SAMUEL GOLDWYN

(Continued from Yesterday.)

I remember that once I asked a man who had long been associated with Ben Turpin, the widely known cross-eyed comedian, what sort of chap Turpin really was.

"Well," said he laughingly, "he's this sort of a chap. He makes a lot of money and he keeps almost as much. He has an unpretentious little home furnished with not more than one servant, and in the home there is a suite of parlor furniture. It's gilt, I think—anyway it's quite showy, and the Turpins are very much concerned over its welfare. They keep it covered up except when somebody calls, and even then they're not reckless. For they say that when the door-bell rings some one always peeps out of the window to see who is there. If it's a stranger, of course the furniture coverings. But if it's a friend, the insurance is kept on."

This amusing story is always linked in my mind with the one which Will Rogers is fond of telling on Chaplin. "A girl went riding up in the Hollywood mountains," says he, "and was thrown and lost for two days. When it was thought they weren't going to find her, Charlie offered a reward of \$1,000 in all the papers. It looked at that time, mind you, as if they weren't going to find her. But they did. So the people that found her offered \$500 of \$1,000 to anybody that would find Charlie." For me one of the most amazing

revelations regarding M. Maeterlinck concerns his indifference to music. It was in this country and while he was with the Goldwyn company that he heard for the first time a rendition of the opera "Pelleas et Melisande." One of my publicity men sat near him in his box at this performance, and he reported that from the large placid face those ethereal strains which Debussy wove about his own play drew not a sign of response. It was quite evident that the Belgian author perhaps considered Dr. Johnson somewhat too broad-minded when he said that music was a sound more agreeable than other noises.

When I was in England several years after the formation of the Goldwyn company I made a memorable call upon another playwright who pen moves in a different tempo from that of Maeterlinck. I had long been an admirer of Mr. Bernard Shaw and, in spite of the fact that the quality of his plays rather repudiates the suggestion of screen adaptation, I was interested in conducting the experiment.

Mr. Shaw and I were entertained at their London apartment with much brilliant talk and the inevitable tea. The playwright's wife, a very cordial hostess indeed, is one of those fresh-colored, vigorous types of womanhood which you meet at every turn of Hyde Park. She was deeply engaged that day in the Irish question, and her sympathies were

brought into relief by a call from Sir Horace Plunkett, then just returned from a visit to the United States. I recall that during the course of the talk Mrs. Shaw told a story of an Irish lad sentenced to be hanged in the Tower for his revolutionary activities. Before his execution they came to him and promised that if he would give the authorities information regarding certain leaders in the movement his life would be spared. To this the lad, only about 18 years of age, replied, "Gentlemen, you are wasting your time and mine."

Mrs. Shaw quoted this speech with great fire. "How," she concluded, "can you conquer a people with a spirit like that?"

When we drifted away from the Irish situation Mr. Shaw and I had a chance for a talk about motion pictures. To my surprise I learned then that he was a picture enthusiast. He told me that there were two people whose films he never missed—Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford. Regarding the former, he was especially enthusiastic. I found, in fact, that he was as familiar with Chaplin's work as an I myself.

The affectionate courtesy displayed toward each other by the playwright and his wife is bound to impress any one familiar with some of Shaw's iconoclastic utterances upon domestic situations. Certainly the atmosphere surprised me. The pair did not address each other as "Father" and "Mother," but, aside from their failure, they seemed to be as tolerant and contented and settled as a hardware merchant of Topeka and his wife.

Toward the latter part of the afternoon I saw Mr. Shaw look frequently at his wrist watch. Ultimately he mentioned that he was due to deliver a lecture that evening.

"And have you decided yet what you are going to speak about?" queried Mrs. Shaw when at last her husband rose to depart for this engagement.

"Not yet," he retorted. "I dare say I shall decide on the platform."

I always think of Mr. Shaw as he looked when he made this reply. His eyes, which are, I think, the nearest and most living blue I ever saw, so erect and spare and vigorous—there was so much spring in both face and physique—that he seemed to me—this man past middle age—the very embodiment of electric youth.

I suppose that he had the same expression of merry perversity when on the following day he told a newspaper reporter who called upon him to learn the outcome of his conversation with me. "Everything is all right. There is only one difference between Mr. Goldwyn and me. Where as he is after money."

Whatever the explanation, Mr. Shaw never came to America, nor did he do any work for the Goldwyn company. I was no more fortunate in the result of my call upon Mr. H. G. Wells. He, like Mr. Shaw, had me at his home in London for tea. Here, however, the conversation focused, not upon India, but upon India, a direction determined by the fact that a young East Indian was calling upon the author that afternoon.

The foreigner was very earnest in his expressions of admiration for Mr. Wells' "Outlines of History," and it was indeed a privilege to me, who had just read this book, to be permitted to hear such first-hand comments by both the author and a representative of that mellow civilization which Mr. Wells had compared so favorably with our Western achievements.

During the course of this conversation the Indian told the author that no other English writer held so high a place in his country as the one occupied by Mr. Wells. Although the latter must have spent many hours of his life in listening to similar tributes, he responded to it as gratefully as if this were a fresh experience.

When we came to talk of pictures I suggested to Mr. Wells that he visit California and write some stories for our company.

"Oh," said he, "I should like to come, for I know I should enjoy the California sunshine and meeting Charlie Chaplin. The only trouble with me is that I never could write on order. I haven't been able to do it for magazines or publishers and I should certainly fall abjectly when it came to doing it for the screen."

I thereupon urged him to come to California as my guest, look over the situation. But, although I assured him that such a visit would leave him perfectly free to decide whether or not he cared to enter the picture list, Mr. Wells did not accept my invitation.

As I left his home that day I remembered suddenly that 25 years before, I, who had just been entertained by the most celebrated of the younger English novelists, had wandered without home and without money through these very London streets. There was no self-congratulation in that swift contrast of present and future, but there was a deep wonder at the mysterious flux of life.

Another feeling dominated this wonder. It was my gratitude to the work which has so shaped and colored my destiny. To motion pictures I owe all the wide range of contacts which have made up to me for a boyhood handicapped by so many unfavorable circumstances. To it I owe also the greatest blessing which can befall any one of us—an impersonal interest so vivid and com-

peiling that it survives any personal grief or maladjustment.

Almost every one who has been connected with picture production understands the fascination which it exerts. I always think, indeed, of the answer which Charlie Chaplin once made to somebody who asked him what he most wanted from the future.

"More life," said Chaplin promptly. "Whether it comes through pictures or not—more life." And then he added half sadly, "Still I can't think of myself out of pictures. Whatever I do, I find myself wondering, 'Now, how can I be good for work or not?'"

Although, in comparison with this great creative artist, my own sphere is so humble, my understanding of this one dominating interest is sufficiently complete to justify me in applying his words to myself. Like Chaplin, I can not think of myself out of pictures. For to do that would be to turn my back on the far horizon which has always called me to it.

In the 10 years since I entered that little Broadway motion picture theater with its static western drama, its player piano, and its fatidic peanut shells, giant changes have taken place. The film production attracted few men and women of real intellectual capacity. Today's offices are former members of the United States cabinet presiding over its destinies. Then the motion picture theater was as sporadic as it was stunted and disfigured. Today the smallest street puts up its first motion picture theater at the same time that it erects its first church, and in the larger communities the costly edifices have followed in the wake of the costly picture. Eight years ago the \$20,000 which the Lasky company expended upon "Carmen" was considered a big sum. Today the same company is investing nearly a million in its production of "Ben Hur."

With the development of our industry has come a corresponding development in the life of the country. Motion pictures are, in truth, the magic traveling carpet on which those in the most remote village may fly to distant lands, but they deny to realms of romance hitherto denied them. No other agency, not even the automobile, has combated so successfully the isolation of the rural communities. When I think of the glow which pictures have brought to so many lustreless lives all through the world, I am tempted, indeed, to overlook all the defects of the industry and to dwell only upon its perfections.

Yet defects there certainly are. Undoubtedly the 10 years to come will do much to remove them. My own faith in the next decade is a firm one, and to this new era of expansion I wish to dedicate whatever of ability, whatever of judgment I have gained from the experiences set down in these chapters.

THE END.

Adele Garrison

"My Husband's Love"

Madge Set Forth on a Shopping Expedition.

There was something so sturdy and confidence-inspiring in the sun-tanned face of Mrs. Bird as she gave me her assurance of taking care of things until I came back that I felt my heart warm toward the brusque but kindly little woman.

"Tell me," I said irreverently, "how many times have people told that you are suited to your name?"

The brown-haired, brown-eyed little woman with her bronzed skin, and her smoothly-fitting brown dress, gave me a reluctant smile.

"I couldn't count 'em," she said; and then, perking her head to one side she looked hesitatingly at me for a second. I had somehow the feeling that she was weighing me, and was absurdly relieved when she said with a confidential little air: "Luckily, most people never guess my first name."

It was a distinct challenge, and I accepted it instantly.

"Phebe," I guessed.

She laughed merrily.

"I rather thought you'd guess," she said, and I saw that the little woman had an old little pride in her name and its fitness, which, however, she admitted to but few people.

The Children Are Ready.

"It just couldn't be anything else," I said. "But if you only knew what I imagined you to be before I saw you."

"As big as a house, I suppose," she retorted. "That's generally the way with names like mine. Yes, Olga."

A discreet tap at the door punctuated her comment, and at her permission, a tall girl with fresh, healthy coloring swung open the door.

"Lunch is all ready, Mrs. Bird," she said and vanished.

The tiny chateaux of the house rose and moved toward the door.

"I shall serve luncheon to you myself," she said, "so please excuse me now. And—the taxi will be here directly after luncheon."

"I shall be ready," I said, taking her hint, and hastened back to the room where Harriet, capable as always, had the children in immaculate readiness for luncheon, and the contents of our traveling bags stored away in bureau drawers and closets. I signaled Harriet and Edwin into another room and told them rapidly of little Mrs. Bird's advice.

"I shall do everything I can to get passage for tonight or tomorrow," I said, "and I can get everything needed for the children while I am gone. Will you have everything in readiness to start by the time I come back?"

"Five minutes will be all I'll need," Harriet promised. "Not that long, if there's need for more haste."

Her quiet, even voice promised fulfillment of her promise, but two spots of color showed on her cheeks and the tenseness of the strain upon her nerves.

The Cellar Garage.

Little Mrs. Bird's knock at the door brought us back to the fact that we were all exceedingly hungry despite our anxiety. The children did not do better justice to the simple but delicious meal which the little woman put before us than did we older people. And then we heard the noise of a motor car directly beneath our feet, and little Mrs. Bird smiled at us.

"The garage of which I spoke is in my own cellar," she said. "It is very handy in cold weather—and very times," she finished significantly.

I rose from the table in haste, and put on my outer garments. Mrs. Bird waited until I was ready and then led the way to the long French windows which overlooked the hedge and building-enclosed court which I had noticed from the rear window.

Beneath me unseen doors shot open, and a small enclosed motor car rolled out from the cellar. Mrs. Bird swung open the windows and I descended the long steps to the waiting car. An undersized, shrewd-looking youth sat at the wheel, and as I climbed into the seat Mrs. Bird spoke to him in a low tone.

"I'll have everything covered while you're gone. John, if you don't see anybody come in the usual way."

"All right," the youth returned, alertly, and the next minute we were rolling away, but toward the rear of the yard instead of toward the road.

Old Post Lures Aphasid Victim

Rigid discipline which he worked while a private in the Third United States Infantry proved the only connecting mental link between Capt. Samuel F. Wolfe of Fort Crook and his fellow man, when he was stricken with aphasia and disappeared from Omaha.

Memory of his duties at Fort Ontario, Oswego, N. Y., remained fixed in his mind after knowledge of wife and friends here had departed. True to his trust as a soldier, he returned to Fort Ontario, where he had laid the foundation for his career.

After reaching Oswego, his dazed condition apparently became worse and he was unable to make his way to the headquarters of his old regiment. Instead, he went to a hotel where he lived from Wednesday until Saturday. He admitted his mental condition to hotel employees and was taken to the army hospital where his records were checked. It was found that he had been a private there 10 years ago.

His attention to duty is shown by his army record, brother officers say. He has battled his way upward from a private, through the noncommissioned ranks to the grade of captain. His wife is still living at Fort Omaha.

Paving Bid Fair, Realtors Decide

A resolution was prepared by the tax committee of the Omaha Real Estate board Tuesday morning for presentation to the city council, recommending that contracts for paving be awarded the lowest bidder and that further investigation of the paving combine be continued.

The tax committee decided that the city was being injured in withholding the contracts at the present time and that "while the combine should be broken up the estimates of the lowest bidder were fair and would not abuse the confidence of the taxpayer."

Action following the hearing before the city council in its chamber Tuesday.

File for Public Office.

Harry A. Foran, 1905 South Thirty-fourth street, filed today for city commissioner. Municipal Judge Baldwin filed for re-election to office. G. W. Stroup, Valley, Neb., filed on the republican ticket for county commissioner.

C. M. Rice Files.

C. M. Rice, 1904 Lothrop street, has filed as a candidate for state representative from the Eighth district on the republican ticket. He formerly was a member of the agricultural committee of the Omaha Chamber of Commerce and took an active part in the organization of the Omaha hay market.

Have you sent in a Local Laf today?

"—and Finally They Come to Know It!"

MANY people go on for years and years, drinking one or more cups of coffee at a meal. But finally, for apparently no reason at all, they become nervous and irritable.

Or they lie awake at night, with their hearts beating faster than they should. Or perhaps their food may not agree with them. They are distressed after eating.

When the doctor is finally consulted he asks: "Do you drink coffee?"

Why not serve delicious, healthful Postum as your mealtime drink? Postum is a pure cereal beverage—absolutely free from caffeine, or any other irritating drug.

Sold by grocers everywhere!

Postum for Health

"There's a Reason"

Your grocer sells Postum in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) prepared instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages) for those who prefer the flavor brought out by boiling fully 20 minutes. The cost of either form is about one-half cent a cup.



Your Problems

By Martha Allen

K. N.: To gaze at a man worshipfully and tell him how splendid he is, may appeal to his vanity. It may make a pleasant momentary impression. But unless there is some honest understanding in the approval it won't concern a real man long.

Most of us are better than we seem, and capable of more than we have yet proved. The understanding and faith and encouragement of a woman who is the best in a man is a fine thing. It spurs him to endeavor. So, of course, a man gets an incentive to further effort in the fact that he is being recognized.

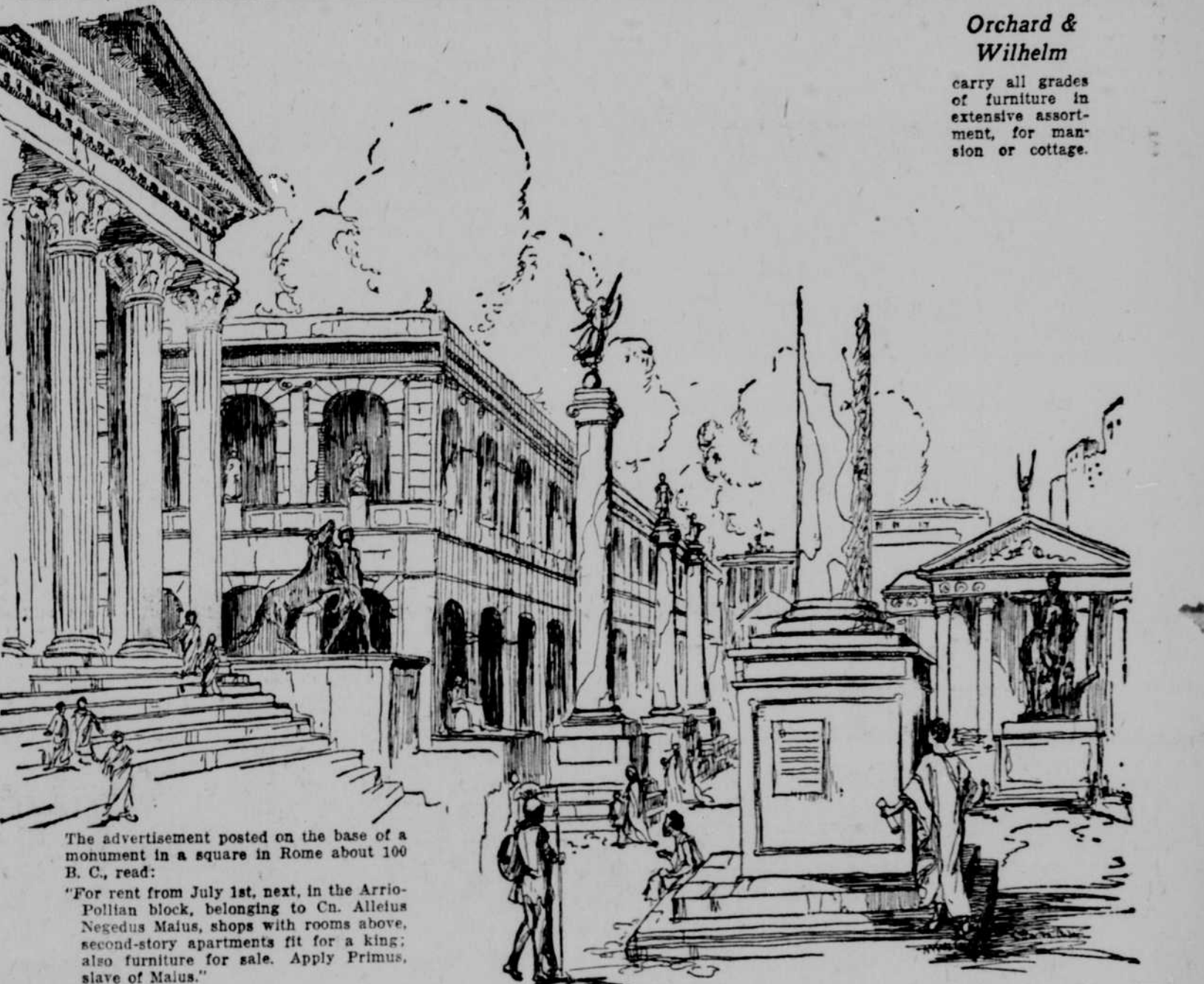
The men who can be won by flattery are not worth flattering, much less winning. The men who are grateful for understanding and encouragement and faith and the praise they deserve are—all the normal men in the world.

Frances: However sympathetic I might feel for you and your boy friend, I cannot advise you to be disrespectful toward your parents. I believe they are better judges than I would be as to whether or not your friendship with this young man is desirable. If you really love him, you will be willing to wait several years for him. You are very young. It would be much better to give him up for a year than to deceive your parents, take a rash step and regret it all your life. Your parents are probably your best friends on earth. Stick to them, at least until you are old enough and wise enough to be very sure that your judgment is better than theirs.

Among the Best

From The Harrington (Neb.) Herald

The writer has been receiving The Omaha Daily Bee regularly during the past few days and is mighty glad to see the old Bee again. Since living in Arizona, we have seen a number of daily newspapers, including the great Los Angeles dailies, but we have never seen any better ones than The Omaha Bee. It ranks among the best daily newspapers in the metropolitan field.



The advertisement posted on the base of a monument in a square in Rome about 100 B. C. read:

"For rent from July 1st, next, in the Arrio-Pollan block, belonging to Cn. Alletus Negasidus Malus, shops with rooms above, second-story apartments fit for a king; also furniture for sale. Apply Primus, slave of Malus."

The first advertisement

IN THE days of ancient Rome the posting of a placard, written by the hand of a slave, was generally the limit of advertising ingenuity. It was read by the few who could read and who chanced to pass that way until such a time as the rain defaced it or the wind blew it away.

Had Maius been able to run his ad in either the display or classified columns of a newspaper with a circulation of one hundred thousand copies, he would have been able to tell all Rome and its environs and much of the outlying Empire of his shops and rooms and furniture. Indeed, in ancient times, half the value of things to be sold was frequently expended, not in selling, but in just telling people about them; in other words in advertising, in wandering around the country, in visiting market towns and places where men of wealth congregated.

The advertising expense of a modern store, centrally located, represents a very small percentage of the business transacted; while the activity advertising creates produces a volume of commerce unthinkable to the ancient mind, thereby materially reducing prices.

The earnest efforts made by all the better class advertisers toward truthful advertising has, during the last twenty years, greatly increased the effectiveness of their announcements.

In the days of Maius the standards of value were very loose, depending largely upon the cunning of the salesman and the trading instincts of the buyer—today advertising keeps the public closely in touch with prices; merchandise and merchandising policies that are out of line are easily recognizable.

ORCHARD & WILHELM COMPANY have used the daily newspapers and other forms of advertising very freely during their thirty-one years of business in Omaha and it is pleasing to note that their advertising expense has relatively decreased year after year. The graphic meter tells the story.

This advertisement is the second of a series devoted to interesting things about our business.



GRAPHIC METER showing relation of business to advertising.

Orchard & Wilhelm Co.

(Copyright Applied For)

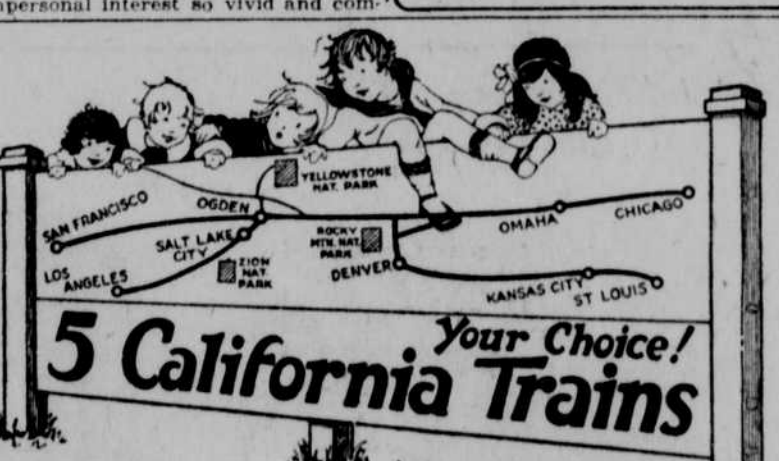
GRIPPY COLDS

During the period following colds, coughs, grippe, influenza or other prostrating illness, when your body is weakened, it is the worthwhile time to prove the strength-restorative merit of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

It is the food- tonic with world-wide prestige, that strengthens and helps build up the weakened body and restore the normal balance of health. If you are run-down with Grippe—build up on Scott's Emulsion!

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 23-115



From Omaha to Southern or Central California—Go one way—Return another.

- 1—San Francisco Overland Limited—leaves Omaha 9:45 a. m., arrives San Francisco 2:30 p. m., 3rd day.
- 2—Los Angeles Limited—leaves Omaha 9:40 a. m., arrives Los Angeles 1:40 p. m., 3rd day.
- 3—Pacific Limited—leaves Omaha 12:40 a. m. (sleepers open at 10:00 p. m.), arrives San Francisco 8:30 a. m., 3rd day.
- 4—Continental Limited—leaves Omaha 12:35 a. m. (sleepers open at 10:50 p. m.) and arrives Los Angeles 9:30 a. m., 3rd day.
- 5—California Mail—leaves Omaha 4:40 p. m. and arrives Los Angeles 9:30 a. m. (3rd morning following), San Francisco 10:30 a. m.

For full information regarding fares, for berth free California booklets, etc., ask

A. K. Curtis, City Passenger Agent, Union Pacific System
1416 Dodge St., Phone Jackson 5822, Omaha, Neb.
Consolidated Ticket Office, 1416 Dodge St., Phone Atlantic 9214
or Union Station, 10th and Marcy Sts.

Union Pacific

USE BEE WANT ADS—THEY BRING RESULTS