

Last Curtain Down on Oldtime Star

He Had Known Stage Fame But Death Found Him Only a "Beard."

By GARRETT GRAHAM
His salary was \$7.50 a day—when he worked.
He was a "beard."
In that impossible, polyglot world they call filmdom, there are many who live by their beards or their meekness, their dignity or deformities, their stature or lack of it.
But Smith, which isn't the name, was more than a "beard." There had been a time when his name in front of a theater brought people in. He had played with the best of them, had known luxury. He had tasted the giddy wine of success, had warmed to the flattery of press criticisms and of the fawning sycophants always at hand when a man prospers. Money? Easy to make—not worth saving! Come on, fellows, the night's in its infancy.
The years filed silently by, but each left footprints. He suddenly missed his youthful buoyancy, as if that sneak-thief, Time, had flicked from his dressing room. The courtly air remained, the knack of wearing clothes. Success was still his for the asking. All those good fellows to whom he had played host—

Three-score-and-ten found him a "beard" in Hollywood. In picture parlance that is a man with a natural growth of whiskers. They play many parts, few important, generally atmosphere. From \$5 to \$7.50 is their daily stipend. Not enough? Well, past reputations don't photograph and Hollywood has plenty of beards.

Hal Roach was casting a picture and wanted an exclusive clubful of plutocrats, distinguished, aristocratic old gentlemen whose wealth and aristocracy were obvious. Smith, of course, was called. None fitted the part better. His silk hat and frock coat were meticulously correct. He lounged about the luxurious club with the nonchalance that only such experience brings. He was at home among his fellows.

One day on the set just before lunch time, the old man called Glenn Tryon to one side. Tryon is a likeable, care-free young fellow of 25, in whom Hal Roach perceived such latent ability that he is starring him in a new series of comedy-dramas—a chance for which hundreds of young fellows of equal stage experience would give their chances for immortality.

"Son," the old man said, "I want to give you some advice—which you probably don't want and won't remember. You see a lot of old men on this set who are mighty glad to get this call at \$7.50 a day. Most of us are old enough to be your grandfather and have made plenty of money in our time. We haven't a dime now.

"You have youth, ability, opportunity—the world's before you. For God's sake keep your feet on the ground. Hal Roach is one of the wisest men in the film business. He has faith in you. He'll probably make a real star of you if nothing happens. Don't let success turn your head. Don't squander your money on fair-weather friends. The world has no place for an old man who is poor. I had my chance once. God, if I was only young again—"

The benighted old figure moved off, a veritable picture of culture, affluence and dignity, and entered the studio restaurant. He ordered coffee with the air of an epicure at the close of a particularly good dinner. But when he thought no one was watching, he furtively took from the pocket of his immaculate frock coat, a half-eaten bun and munched it with his coffee. Tryon saw.

"Won't you have dinner with me tonight?" the young actor inquired later, "I want to ask you a lot of things about this new part Mr. Roach has given me."
"Sorry, Glenn,—already invited out—some other time—"

After several days the landlady entered the cheap room with a rascal and called the coroner hysterically.
"Ptomaine—I guess," said the official, noticing an opened tin of meat, half gone. "Any relatives—No?—Guess there's no need bothering with an autopsy, then—"
A new "beard" was called by Ted Wilde, the director, and the picture is progressing smoothly.

REEL REMARKS

By the M. P. Editor.

Listen To This One.
Louise Fazenda has a press agent who writes us that while filming "Dixzy-Dixzy" down on the sea shore by the sea, etc., the pet sea lion swam out into the ocean and kept on swimming. Just a moment folks, the operator is changing the reel! The next day this same bird writes that the sea lion returned to Miss Fazenda. That's all there is—there isn't any more.

Jack Hoxie says he wasn't always so smart. Before he got a regular job with Universal he was contributor to a bogus movie school—paid his money and took the course and nearly didn't get any job when the movie director heard he was a graduate.

There was a hull in the whirl of activity on the studio stage where William Selter was directing the screen version of David Belasco's "Daddies." The star, Mae Marsh, dabbed on a small bit of yellow makeup and walked up to Harry Myers with a look of firm resolve on her face.

"Who was that lady I saw you with on the street last night?" she hissed at him.
"That wasn't a street, that was an

NEIGHBORHOOD THEATERS
GRAND - 16th and Binney Shows at 3, 5, 7, 9
Corvina Griffith and Conway Tearle in "LILIES OF THE FIELD"
LOTHROP - 24th and Lothrop
LILLIAN GISH in "THE WHITE SISTER"
BOULEVARD - 38th and Leavenworth "THE CAT IN THE HAT"
With a Galaxy of Stars

Old-Time Melodrama Revived



Claire Windsor.

Classics of the days when we were gallery gods.
That's what the motion picture is offering its patrons in the announcement of "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model" at the Rialto next week.
The wildest inventions of hair raising episodes for the camera are hard put to it to compete with the thrills and dangers that beset fair Nellie, the cloak model, in that melodrama of the days of the ten- and twenty-third.

The good old song "Cause, Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl" must have been about such bits of action alley" returned Harry Myers, as the bond played "Annie Laurie."

"It's all in the mustache," says Raymond Griffith, now playing in Emmett Flynn's "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," coming to the Rialto. Says Griffith:
"Raise a mustache that travels horizontally across the lip just above the mouth and you can play leads."
"A touch of wax on the ends, twist a bit, and you can play nothing but villains."
"Turn down at the corner and become a comedian."
"Use it for eyebrows, toupees, goat hair or sideboards—and become a character man."
Griffith, incidentally, is one of the

few leading men of the screen who can wear a mustache and get away with it. Others are Jack Holt, Norman Kerry and Harry Myers.
"Barbara Fritch," the tale of whose stirring defiance of a rebel colonel has been "spoken" by hundreds of thousands of school boys, is Florence Vidor's new film.
John Harron, brother of the famous Bobby Harron, movie star, has a part in "What Shall I Do?"
Mabel Julienne Scott is making a series, "Women of History," to be put out in 12 parts.
Blanche Sweet is to visit Europe this year.

Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model
A Great Photoplay
The Real Inside Story
Revelations in the life of a beautiful model
Enacted by
Claire Windsor
Hobart Bosworth
Raymond Griffith
Mae Busch
Lew Cody
Edmund Lowe
Starts Saturday
RIALTO
DIRECTION OF A. H. BLANK

CONSTANCE TALMADGE
The GOLDFISH
The story of a flapper who couldn't—and just wouldn't—stay married.
EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION
OMAHA'S OWN BATHING GIRL CONTEST
NEXT SUNDAY
Strand
10th & Douglas
NEXT SUNDAY

REAL AND UNREAL

DON H. EDDY, Hollywood Correspondent of The Omaha Bee.

All in a Day's Work.

"Well, sir, here the other day or maybe longer, who should we run into in a press agent's high-class office but little Viola Dana, all dressed up like a fire wagon and rearing to do.

It seems like the press agent had sent telegrams, radios, letters and other forms of communication to VI, demanding that she hurry down forthwith and have some highly important pictures taken for something. It was something in connection with her garage up on the boulevard, which she admits is making money, which is strange for a garage.

So VI dressed up like a good little girl and came down, wearing only a simple green silk dress with hand-crocheted lace or something like that, and a perfectly miserable little ermine wrap that only reached to her ankles. And we didn't talk to her very much, because she was very mad. She didn't want to have her pictures taken. She had too many other things to do.

That afternoon, she said, she was dated up to have her hair singled, washed and curled, he fitted for two new evening gowns, talk over her new story, and roller skate.

Little Liar's Corner.

"Dear Don: I will not be able to take the part of the ghost in 'Hamilton' as Mr. De Mille wants me to star for him."
"Oscar, the Lasky Bootblack."

Let's Be Thankful.

Since Dorothy Reid opened her sanitarium for the cure of drug addicts, in commemoration of her husband's brave fight against death, and since it got to going good and proper out in the green hills west of Hollywood, she has been snowed under with requests from far, near and in between, from addicts who want to be cured.

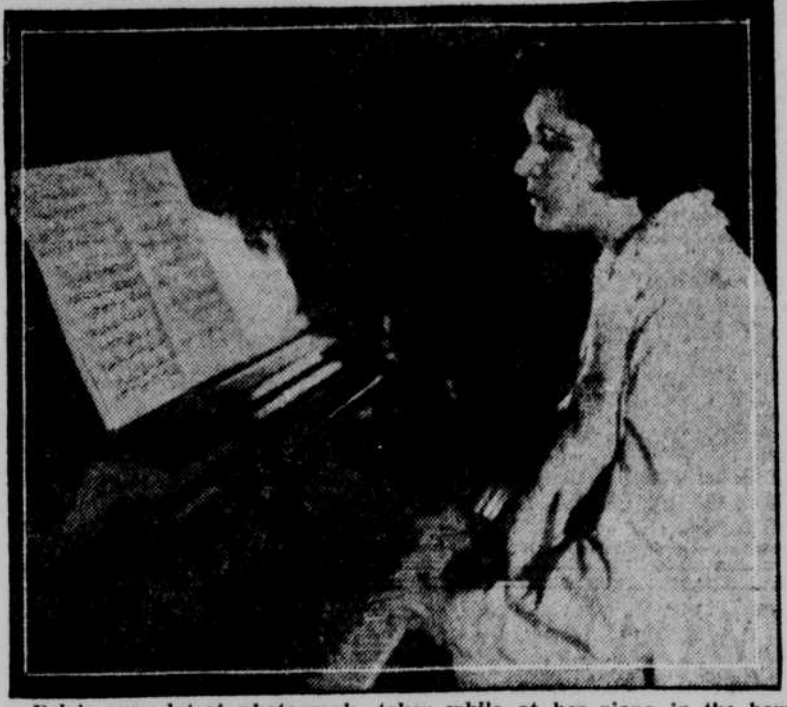
The other night, about 10 o'clock, the phone rang and it was a gent who said he was a drug addict and wanted to be cured. "I've been on the stuff for years and have even been sitting it here lately," said the voice.

"My goodness," said Dorothy, "don't you know the police will put you in jail?"
"Ha," said the voice triumphantly. "That's one on you! They can't put me in jail. That's where I'm phoning from."

With the Funsters.

Vic Schertzinger, who makes pictures when not writing songs, or vice versa as you please, is making a opery named "Bread" over at the Metro lot, and we happened to get

Pola's Coiffure Artist Will Tell No Studio Secrets



Pola's very latest photograph, taken while at her piano in the home in Hollywood which she has just purchased.

Muriel Ballin, personal hairdresser attendant to Pola Negri, who will give public demonstrations in the lobby of the Strand theater during the engagement of Miss Negri's latest Paramount picture, "Men" starting Sunday, will enact a role unfamiliar to the rank and file of womanhood. Were her presentation to be titled, "Sealed Lips" would tell it probably better than any other caption.

And for this reason.
Before the fiery Pola consented to Miss Ballin's tour of the country in the role of her studio capacity it was agreed that she (Miss Ballin) should reveal none of the studio secrets. That is to say that questions pertaining to Miss Negri or her studio or private life shall go unanswered.

So—those who offer their heads for over time the other afternoon just in time to see Mae Busch doing a piece of ground and lofty emoting.

She had a wad of dollar bills in her hand, and she was counting them over one by one, sitting in a chair at a table and looking all excited about something. Maybe she just stole the money, we don't know. Anyway, we watched until the scene was over and then Mae came out and we asked her what it was about.
With her usual nonchalance, Mae remarked, waving the dollars bills, that it took dough to make "Bread."

Sadder and Wiser.

Walter Hiers never told this story when he came back from his personal appearance tour through the east, but

say, "traditional"—with film folk to forget the dull cares of movie life on the Sabbath.
Miss Ballin will confine her hair dressing to the contrivance of the Pola Spit Curl, made famous by Miss Negri through the invention of Hollywood's leading hair faddist, Miss Ballin. The demonstration will be free of charge and accommodations will be available for those who visit her "workshop" in the lobby of the Strand theater between the hours of 2 and 4.30 from Monday until the close of the run of "Men" which falls on Saturday.
The local engagement of Miss Ballin is espoused by The Bee by special arrangement with Famous Players-Lasky Corporation producers and distributors of Paramount pictures and the management of the Strand theater. Incidentally under Miss Ballin's signature daily in The Bee will appear a series of articles touching on the proper care of the hair and scalp, as practiced by Miss Ballin upon the famous head of Pola.
Those who submit to the deft fingers of Miss Ballin will understand—or think they do—the reason for Miss Negri's selection. Not rarely has Miss Ballin been mistaken for her illustrious subject, her facial features markedly resembling the Pola countenance. Dimitri Bouchevetski, director of Miss Negri, so the story runs, once had the humiliating experience of greeting Miss Ballin when it was Pola he sought.
Miss Ballin is one of the very few of the doddlers sex living in the film colony who doesn't aspire to a cinema future.
"Girls who would emulate Pola, Miss Swanson and others on the screen cannot acquire the histrionics necessary to screen acting," says Miss Ballin. "The trait must be inherent for after all the better actors and actresses are born and not made through the megaphone of a director. I'll bet Pola do the acting—she's cut out for it. I'll stick to my own last."



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SHOWS START 11:00-12:30 2:15-4:00 5:45-7:30 9:15
FEATURE STARTS 11:20-12:50 2:35-4:20 6:05-7:50 9:35
Truth-The Sun HAS The Pictures

Strand
DIRECTION OF A. H. BLANK
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A Flaming Story of Love and passion with gay Paris at it's gayest as the background.
POLA NEGRI MEN
The Flashing Jewel of the Screen in
POLA as the woman who pays—and then collects.
Pola as an innocent young girl, who, betrayed by men—and who, grown rich and gorgeously alluring, makes playthings of her betrayers.
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WILLIAM FOX presents
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in **The TROUBLE SHOOTER**
with TONY the Wonder Horse
Story and Scenario by FREDERICK and FANNY HAYTON
Directed by JOHN CONWAY
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One Day Only—Today