

# Eugene O'Brien Admits to Ideals

"I'M WORKING for ideals, just as every worthwhile person should," asserted Eugene O'Brien, "and you needn't laugh. I'm quite serious, really, and I don't mean that 'really' to sound like an Englishman, either."

"Why not?" we asked, with great interest. "Why the injured tone at all?"

"Because I'm terribly afraid of you interviewers. I like to be made out a real human being. I like people and I want them to like me, and they certainly won't if you tell them I have a perfect English accent, and wear orange gloves when I'm eating grape fruit, and use sachet powder on my cereal in the morning."

"We won't tell them anything of the sort," we promised, "we'll tell them exactly what you've said, and they'll know you have a sense of humor, which is the most delightful trait in the world. Besides that, people are pretty apt to like anyone who wants them to very much, so if you really value their good opinion, we don't think you need worry about getting it. But please tell us about those ideals. We'll forget the sense of humor and take them as seriously as you want us to."

The Perfect Lover looked skeptical. "I think you're joshing me, but here goes—anyway, I'm in earnest. I should like, through my picturizations, to help those of us who are weak to be stronger, to give them incentive and enthusiasm and encouragement for more valuable lives, and to help those who are strong to be more patient and tolerant towards their less fortunate fellow beings. That's what I'd like to do, but I guess I'm pretty far from it. It's all platitudes, too, but, as Mark Twain says, 'Adam was the only original man that ever lived, wasn't he?'"

He looked quite serious during this speech, as serious as Eugene O'Brien could ever look, for in spite of his lofty aspirations he is so brimming over with the joy of living that one wouldn't associate him

off-hand with definite intentions of any sort, philanthropic or otherwise. He is big and jolly and wholesome, the sort of person whose very appearance inspires action and the assurance of a wonderful time. The discovery that underneath this gay exterior and exuberance of spirits is a most admirable ambition is like finding emeralds in a gold mine. Charming philanthropists are distinctly alluring. People who set out to reform the world are usually so much in need of reforming themselves.

"I'll tell you something else I'd really like to do," he added, "but print it in small type, because I can't get anybody to agree with me. I want to play 'Michael and His Lost Angel.' What's the matter? Don't you think I look spiritual enough for the part?"

"We don't think it would go," we maintained. "Henry Arthur Jones is a little bit too advanced for the picture fans."

"But I don't believe in playing down to one's audience," he argued. "That's one trouble with the movies. And now that Griffith has proved how wrong we were in believing that we had to have a happy ending, I think the rest of us might venture a few departures in other lines, don't you?"

"We'd like nothing better than to see you do it, by way of digression. Won't you tell us what your latest hobbies are?"

"Only one just at present—my house. I'm building a home, and I'm watching it grow with the greatest enthusiasm."

"And who is going to live in it with you?" eagerly.

"My mother," emphatically.

"We're the best of pals, and we're going to have a great time together. No, it's not a country place, it's in the center of town, because, as I said before, I like people and I like to see them around, especially in the evening. The country's all right for horseback riding—I'm fond of that,

## SMART SAYINGS OF FILM STARS

**THE** photoplayers are finding the mental exercise of coining epigrams stimulating, and here are a few of the recent sayings from feminine lips.

Mary Pickford: Discontent breeds trouble. Trouble breeds broken noses and black eyes. So watch your step.

Peggy Hyland: Life is serious; life is earnest, but we don't have to cry over it.

Kathleen O'Connor: There are three kinds of marrying men—those who marry for money, the sort who lead a girl to the altar because so many fellows are trying to do the same thing, and those who feel it's dignifying to be "my dear" at breakfast.

Ethel Tare: If you keep your nose to the grindstone all your life your face will begin to show it.

An Extra: A picture a day keeps the landlady at bay.

Mildred Reardon: Men, like monkeys, are always up to some trick or other which women have to be continually guarding against.

Eileen Percy: If woman is at the mercy of man before marriage, certainly marriage is at the mercy of both of them afterward.

Madeline Travers: This would be a very harsh world with men only, and it would be a very soft one with women only.

Doris Pawn (a new verse for an old song): Ashes to ashes and dust to dust; you never met a "he-va-m" that you could trust.

Viola Dana: Laugh and the world laughs with you, but don't try to out your director when he wants you to emoté.

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# HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE---

## NOT MUCH JOY IN HER DAY'S WORK

It's Mostly a Day of Clippings With Occasional Outpourings.

Bright lights and laughter, gay colors and near-wickedness—these are the elements of the veil of romance and glamor which the unthinking every-day people all about us are apt to cast over other people's occupations, at least over a large number of occupations with which such associations have become traditional. Thus it is we are apt to think of the chorus girl, the traveling salesman, the circus rider and the manicurist, particularly she who cares for the hands of the other sex.

But if you are a man and you walk into a barber shop for a manicure, your half-hour spent sitting across the little white table from the girl working on your hands is a half-hour of manicuring and not of flirtation. She smiles up at you, a professional smile, when you sit down, and spreads a clean towel on the little pillow on the table. Now comes the critical moment in which the girl sizes up her customer, if he is a new one, for appearances sometimes are misleading.

"Now You May Soak Them."

The ordinary preoccupied business man falls into a thoughtful mood and sometimes scarcely a word passes between the two, except when she says, "Now you may soak them." Or the customer may start with the weather. There are ways and ways of starting with the weather, and the girl usually knows what sort of man is facing her before he has said three words. And if a man thinks he is going to "kid her along" he usually starts right in trying.

But we will presume there enters the manicure's corner the average, more or less tired business man, with several pressing things to think about. First she files his nails; not grasping the long file firmly and awkwardly and sawing away with compressed lips, the edge of the file digging into the finger tip, as so many amateurs at the task are apt to do. Instead she holds the instrument of torture between her thumb and finger as gracefully as ever a society dame poised a teaspoon, and moves it swiftly and lightly around the fingernail until the nail is of the desired shape. Then she clips and clips with tiny flashing scissors so lightly that he does not feel the points of the scissors removing epidermal bits from his finger ends.

Don't Exchange Three Words.

Then she works around the root of the nail with an orange stick; she polishes and she is done. Perhaps he hasn't exchanged three words with her. Perhaps he has told her that he is worried about his wife or one of the kiddies and it is possible that during the 15 or 20 minutes that his hands have been more or less in hers he has kept up a spirited conversation on movie heroes or even politics, if he is one of those men who will deign to discuss politics with women. If she likes the looks of his hands and nails, she will probably tell him so, because she is very appreciative of good material when she finds it.

His visit with her is over. She has worked for him just as his steographer, the elevator girl and the girl in the candy shop may serve him before the day is over. And yet such is the attitude of the unthinking world in general that a girl who pursues manicuring for her life profession is usually sensitive to its hostile feeling and very quick to defend her own position and that of her co-workers.

"Some people are really surprised to find that we have a home and go to it every night at 6 o'clock," said one capable manicurist, the other day. "They think we are gay, wicked creatures who float around without any family connections and go to a theater with a different man every night in the week. They would be surprised to see us go home and cook supper, sweep the kitchen and darn stockings."

Young Men Have "Such Nails."

Although a manicurist is not as a rule a deep student of psychology she has a great opportunity to observe the kinks and curves in human nature. One noticeable thing about men and manicuring, says one manicurist, is that the majority of men who come to be here are over 40.

"Young men have terrible nails," she says, "they are very fussy about their appearance otherwise, but such finger nails!" They think they can fool her about them, too, and say: "Why, I don't know what makes my nails look so bad, I had them tended to a week ago," when she knows very well from the look of the man's hand that he has not been near a manicurist for a month.

Another well-worn excuse which many men present to the manicurist, is that they have been working on their cars. If a man's nails are dirty or spotted or broken, it's because of his automobile. And the smaller the man's car the louder he talks of the trouble it causes him. Nevertheless it seems to be true that autos do a great deal to ruin the hands of men who do not earn

## The Manicure?



their bread by manual labor, but do take care of their own cars.

Has to Listen to All Sorts.

Whether she encourages it or not, the manicurist must hear a great many people's troubles and a great many kinds of troubles and although men are alleged to be able to keep secrets better than the weaker sex, they are just as quick and often more likely to tell their troubles. Sometimes a man has a wonderful wife, but they just aren't congenial, and sometimes he can't stand it to live with her any longer. Sometimes he is about to make a lot of money in a big deal and sometimes he has just fallen down on a big deal. Whatever it is, the chances are strong that the manicurist will have to listen to it while it is fresh in his mind.

From studying a man's nails the manicurist can tell very nearly the condition of his health. "I just hate to work on the hands of a man who I can tell is not strong and well, just from the looks and the touch of his hand. I like nice strong nails with big moons on them. And have

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but they're naturally handsome. I get in the habit of glancing at the nails of everybody, no matter what sort of folks they are or what they're doing. You get so you can tell a lot about folks by their finger nails."

Prinking Men Amuse Her.

If the manicurist has a sense of humor she gets a great deal of amusement out of watching man beautify himself. When woman would make herself charming she retires to the privacy of her chamber and applies the accessories which enhance her charm. But man goes through all these operations unconcernedly and self-centered in the public precincts of the barber shop. Sometimes the manicurist watches him amusedly from her corner and sometimes she is summoned to work on his hands while the barber also works over him.

"And of all the curling and per-

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