

Science to Play Important Part In Productions

Interest in psychic and psychological problems today has reached the point where all the world is debating various angles of the many questions. Scientific investigators of world-wide reputation are delving into the mysteries of the after-life. Books without number are being written and millions of people are manifesting keen interest along all lines of psychic research.

No other art in the world is as keenly sensitive to the mind of the people as the art of the motion picture. Because of the far-reaching effects of the motion picture and its close relationship to the daily life of its millions of adherents, it is safe to say that the world-wide interest in psychic and psychological matters will be reflected in the type of photoplay which the near future will bring into existence.

What will be the effect of this world mental state upon the motion picture? Cecil B. DeMille, admittedly one of the most far-sighted producers in the field today, believes that it will have a two-fold temporary effect and a single great effect upon both photodramas and the people. He believes that the future will see a great argument for and against matters psychological and psychic fought out in the motion picture. He believes that the use of the motion picture to carry their propaganda; scrollers will be no less quick to use the photoplay for their own uses. In other words, we will see both extremes of the problem thrashed out on the screen. And ultimately he believes that the truth on these questions will survive, not only as a powerful element in photodramatic construction but as a vital force in the lives of the people.

"Whenever a great problem arises we find people taking sides and going to extremes in defence of their positions," says Mr. DeMille. "The screen, always reflects the will and the ideas of the people." "This being true, it is safe to predict that the present deep interest in all things psychic will make itself felt in the fields of the motion picture." "We will have, both sides of spiritualism, of scientific thinking and other psychological problems presented on the screen. And we will have the extremes in both cases." "Champions of psychic power will present radical arguments favoring their beliefs. Doubters will swing to the other extreme and attempt to ridicule the belief of their opponents. Some of the greatest film dramas of the past year have been founded on the doctrine of faith healing, one angle of the present day interest in psychic matters. Not only will we see more of this same angle of theme but we will have many other angles of the same great problem presented in the affirmative or negative.

"Eventually, I believe that we shall achieve the truth on many of these points," continues the director-general of the Famous Players-Lasky corporation. "When that day arrives, all of the truths will pass into dramatic oblivion. The drama is always sensitive to the beliefs of the public and the achievement of the truth by the people will see a corresponding reflection on the art of the stage and the screen.

"What will all of this argument mean to average theater-goer? Just this: Whether the individual is interested in the problems before the psycho-analysis or not, he or she will see interesting presentations of vital ideas done in an entertaining and artistic way. The public is assured of real entertainment—the producers will see to that—plus, in many cases, interesting presentations of themes vital to the world."

**Fake Snow Storm Is Too Much for Trained Dog Sled Team of North**  
Getting together in the north country a team of dogs that will work together on a sled in harness is no joke in the first place, but to get the team, get the dogs trained and working nicely and then to have them blown away by a fake snowstorm is scarcely a funny incident in the life of a motion picture director, although it might strike the average movie fan while his goggle starts.

Such was the experience of Ralph Ince who directed and co-starred with Zena Keefe in "Out of the Snows," which was mostly staged around Lake Placid. One scene in this picture required a snow storm to drive the dog team through. Mr. Ince held his company in readiness for several days awaiting the storm which didn't come. There was plenty of snow at Placid at the time and it lay light and feathery so that the only problem was a windstorm. As the wind didn't come along either, Mr. Ince finally created his own storm by taking the plane down and starting the motor. The fans started the finest snow storm any one could wish.

Three Men and a Girl On "Ship of Blood" Play a Hard Game Against Cut-Throat Crew



The Jack London of the high seas is portrayed with the living reproduction in "The Mutiny of the Elsinore," at the Moon theater this week. Love, hate, fear and heroic endeavor with a fighting girl predominating over a blood-thirsty crew, make up the thrills of the plot.

Good Photoplays Cannot be Greater Than Their Themes

No photoplay can be greater than its theme. In the age-old discussion as to the comparative merits of story, acting and direction, the story has won its rightful first place, but the time has come when we are thinking back of the story—on beyond it, as you choose.

"Theme" does not mean "sermon." Dramas primarily intended as ethical lessons usually fail, as they should. Unless an artistic work intrigues the senses—to put it more plainly, unless it entertains—it is not an artistic work at all. The themes of the photoplay that have been memorable, from "Stella Maris" to "The Miracle Man," from "The Birth of a Nation" to "Madame X," have been based on the deep-down things which are every man's inheritance; the simple things which it takes neither book-learning nor artful accomplishment to appreciate and comprehend.

American life, we admit, was once lived too easily, too superficially. But we are no longer a childishly happy, snugly contented nation; we are a nation in manhood as resolute as it is restless, bearing our share of the world's burdens and sorrows, as well as partaking of its fruits of victory. The day is past when we can consider as "good stories" many of the mechanical contraptions of young love, hero and villain, small complication, easy triumph and happiness forever, which were, quite honestly, "good stories" yesterday.

We have, as we said, gone beyond childish things, and as men and women reaching maturity we see that the fundamentals, the great-

Salesman Makes Good as Director Of Screen Plays

George Marshall, co-director with Ruth Roland of "Ruth of the Rockies," the Pathe serial which will be released soon, owes his present success to his own pastime. At the name of his father's death, Marshall, the son of the well known Chicago jeweler, took a trip, for the benefit of his mother's health, with her to California. He had no difficulty in obtaining an excellent position in one of the city's leading jewelry stores. An old friend called on Marshall and invited him to accompany him to the motion picture studio where he was employed. Accordingly Marshall, on his first holiday, accompanied his friend.

With a group of extras, Marshall watched his friend working in an Al Christie serial at Universal City. A casting director walked up to him and asked abruptly "you work tomorrow—8:30—for Christie. Name and address?" and before Marshall could recover from his surprise, the casting director had walked away. At that time the jewelry store was no longer graced by Marshall's presence.

His rise came rapidly. After a few weeks as an "extra" he was made assistant for McKee, at the expiration of three months with McKee young Marshall was given the directorship of Harry Carey, who was the first man to star at Universal City. Marshall directed a number of the Helen Gibson railroad pictures and also co-directed with Jacques Jackard on "Liberty" with Marie Walcamp and Jack Holt. Mr. Marshall not only directed but wrote a number of his productions for Carey and Miss Gibson.

What Undertaker? Wally Asks Operator



"You've been dead so long, thought I'd have you buried," Wallace Reid told the motionless and emotionless "Central" when he's in a hurry, in "What's Your Hurry?" at the Strand theater this week.

To overcome delays in wire communication Paraguy has arranged for radio service to outside countries through stations in Argentina.

Entertaining a Handy Man

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

We've just had a visit from a handy man—you know the kind. They understand all about plumbing, and furnaces, and locks, and gas stoves. And they are pained beyond expression to discover that you let these things get out of repair and don't do anything about it.

He spent a happy week fixing up all the delinquent domestic machinery—a happy week for him; that is. He complained a good deal because we had so few tools, and kept them in such bad condition. But being a handy man he knew how to fix the tools, too. He had them in good working order in a few days, and began on his helpful task of making our household what it ought to be.

He did it, too. We would have been better off if we had moved out in the meantime. In fact when he was fixing the bathroom hot water faucet, without shutting off the water, we suggested it—but he wouldn't hear of it.

"What's a little falling plaster," he said calmly as the cook in the pantry below raised a wild yell of despair. "I'll put it all back on the ceiling, and when it's done it will stay there. I'll make it waterproof." His first shock, as he went over the house, was caused by a smoking chimney.

When he spoke about it we told him we had sent for a chimney sweep, who would be around in a few days.

"Don't fool away your money on chimney sweeps," he said. "They don't know their business, anyway. I'll attend to that in jig time."

He did. He got a ladder out of the cellar, lashed several scuttles together as the handle for a swab, tied a bunch of rags around one end, and proceeded to climb to the roof. Hauling the swab up after him he broke a couple of windows, but he said that could be easily fixed afterwards.

Plenty of Thrills. The family went into the back yard to watch his operations. Several times we suffered from heart failure when his feet slipped on the steep roof. But all the damage was done to the shingles. The handy man wasn't even disturbed.

It was quite a juggling feat to get the swab handle, which was 30 or 40 feet long, nicely poised over the chimney. But he managed it at last, after several failures, each of which precipitated the thing to the ground.

Then bracing his feet on either side of the chimney, he shot it downward, while a cloud of soot soared into the air and quite shut him off from our vision.

When the handle came out again there was no swab on the end of it. "Stuck some place," he called to us cheerfully. "But never mind, I'll burn it out. The chimney's good and clean anyway."

So he went into the cellar and built a roaring fire in the furnace. The result was somewhat startling. Thick, black smoke poured out of all the windows. Passers by rushed up the street and called the fire department. When it arrived we had to use all the firmness at



our command to keep them from rushing into the house and flooding it with water.

But the scheme worked—eventually. All his schemes worked, after the harm had been done. The rags burned out, and the chimney was clean.

So was the house after we had spent three days getting the smoke out of it, and the handy man had re-lacquered all the ceilings on the lower floor.

This triumph achieved, he found that the front door refused to lock. "That's a little job," he said, "nothing messy about that. Get me a screw driver."

We got the screw driver and he went to work eagerly. In a few minutes the lock was in 80 or 90 pieces and he was explaining why it didn't work.

"Rust, full of it. I'll put a little oil in it, put it together again, and you'll have no more danger from burglars."

We were all going out that evening, so we were glad to have the lock fixed. The bolt clicked into place as we slammed the door, and we had a sense of security that had been lacking since the rust had done its evil work.

No Fear of Burglars. We returned that night in a pouring rain and quickly slipped the key into the lock. But it wouldn't turn. "The handy man seemed elated. 'When I fix a lock,' he said, 'it stays fixed.'"

"But how are we going to get into the house?" "Oh I'll take it down again." "But you can't take it down again. You're on the wrong side of the door."

That daunted him for the time being. But he stood cheered up. I'll go in through one of the windows," he said.

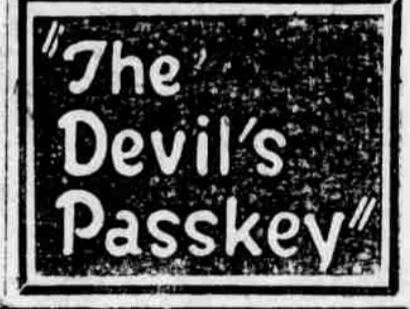
He might have done so except for the fact that he had previously been

Trade Review of Photoplays Big Event in London

An event of unusual importance in the lives of hundreds of British exhibitors is the weekly trade show of Paramount-Artcraft pictures held at the Shaftesbury pavilion in London. This, in brief, is the opinion entertained by Bioscope, one of the leading trade journals of Great Britain. Under the heading "Are You Feeling Run Down?" a recent editorial note in Bioscope has the following to say about these showings.

Every Tuesday Famous-Lasky give a trade show at the Shaftesbury pavilion, and every Tuesday Famous-Lasky go one better. Exhibitors, film makers, reviewers and all those people whose business it is to see the films are certain to be good. It's always on the cards that they'll be splendid. Take next Tuesday—two pictures, a Paramount and a Paramount-Artcraft. The first, entitled "Sadie Love," is a witty and altogether delightful vehicle for the charming appearance and surprising ability of Billie Burke. The second, "The Knock-out Blow" (The Egg Crate Wallop), a thrilling story leading to a fine ring contest featuring Charles Ray. Could you wish for anything better?

upkeep of the motion picture industry possible. He or she is not generally well read or well educated, and for such the movies are essentially recreation. Therefore to successfully present classics, which in their original form would never be read by many fans, one must sugar-coat them, so to speak, with a bit of love interest, just enough to get those who have not had educational advantages over the deepest places without destroying their interest. "It is unfortunate that this is so, but truth cannot be dodged. When the public demands unadulterated literature they will get it. But so long as they continue to prefer the diluted forms no producer is going to risk heavy investments to please a few critics."



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**WALLACE REID**  
In the Smashing Saturday Evening Post Story "The Hippopotamus Parade" by Byron Morgan  
**What's Your Hurry?**  
Another sizzling auto thriller! By the author of Wallace Reid's biggest hits, "The Roaring Road" and "Excuse My Dust."  
A romance of love, business and whizzing racers. And of lumbering motor trucks that helped make a speed-demon human.  
See the hair-raising motor race that opened the new Los Angeles Speedway.  
See the battle of men with a raging storm to save a sleeping valley from death!  
See the breaking of the great Cabrillo dam!  
Then see an unforgettable climax, that called for a MAN—and found him on the job!  
A picture that fairly bursts with power and excitement!  
"Seven Bald Pates," 2-Reel Christie Comedy of Merit  
Pathe News Mr. and Mrs. Andy Gump  
TODAY ALL WEEK. Strand DIRECTOR OF A. H. BEANK. TODAY ALL WEEK.

**Two-Platoon System Is Sought by Boston Firemen**  
Boston, Sept. 18.—Boston firemen will again ask the voters to accept the two-platoon system at the coming election, despite opposition by Mayor Peter J. Finney. The Finance Commission and the defeat of the plan last year by a majority of 5,399 votes.