

BELLE-FONTE.

Written years ago, for the "Watchman," by Will H. Truckenmiller. Loved by Indian hunter In the long ago, Mystic music hearing In the water's flow...

DRESSING THE MOVIE STARS.

Do you remember a motion picture—last year I think it was—called "Too Many Kisses"? Rather a hectic title, I admit.

I had a curious experience in connection with this particular screen drama. It was filmed at the huge studio of Famous Players in New York City; and one day, when they were "shooting the scenes," I happened to be there for luncheon.

The studio restaurant is an extraordinarily interesting place; especially when, as sometimes happens, several pictures are being made simultaneously in different parts of the great building; for everybody—famous stars, directors, photographers, electricians, extras, the whole amazing medley of people—goes to this one big room for luncheon.

And they go just as they are. At one table you may see Gloria Swanson in a gorgeous evening gown that cost as much as the little "extra" girl, at the next table, earns in a whole year. You may see Thomas Meighan, immaculate and handsome, in one corner—and a stage carpenter, in overalls, in the opposite corner.

Well, this play that I speak of, "Too Many Kisses" was laid in the Basque country. You may have seen the picture; but even so, you have no idea of what those costumes really were, because they, of course, photographed only as black and white.

If only you could see them as I did! Every table in the restaurant was crowded. And oh, such colors! The place fairly quivered with marvelous blues and greens, orange and red and violet. The air seemed to be full of shattered rainbows.

I wonder if I can make you feel the thrill of it. I had a curious sensation of excitement, of romance, of adventure. The very atmosphere seemed to be charged with some electric current. Every one was affected by it. The room buzzed with talk and with laughter. People seemed eager, alert, responsive, full of enjoyment.

That was many months ago, but I never have forgotten that hour of subtle excitement. Thinking it over, I believed I understood the secret of the spell under which we all came. And finally, a few days ago, I went to see the man who had created that spell.

He is Mr. H. M. K. Smith, the costume director for Famous Players at their New York studio. Before he took this position he was with Lady Duff Gordon, known throughout the world of fashion as "Lucille," the famous dressmaker of New York, London and Paris.

He took me through the studio wardrobe department, opened door after door and showed me racks hung with wonderful gowns and evening wraps—thousands of dollars' worth of finery in a single small compartment! He must have bought a million dollars' worth of clothes during the past few years.

From the wardrobe, we went downstairs to the restaurant for luncheon. The same restaurant—but how different from what it was on that day when it seemed full of shattered rainbows, so bright and brilliant.

Gloria was there; but for the picture they were making now she wore the tawdry finery of a poor New York shop-girl. There were others like her. And somehow I had a feeling of dirty streets, of crowded subway trains, of ugly tenement houses.

gray. Do you understand what I mean?" I certainly did; for that was precisely the way I had figured out the spell which I myself had felt that day.

"There's an old proverb," Mr. Smith went on, "about fine feathers not making fine birds. But, in a sense, that isn't true; for fine feathers make you at least feel fine. Every woman knows this. You remember the famous epigram: 'To a woman, the consciousness of being well dressed gives a sense of tranquility which religion fails to bestow.'"

"There is good sound psychology back of this. Women ought to realize it, for they can turn it to wonderful use. You may have seen a picture called 'Clothes Make the Pirate.' It was a story of a meek, henpecked little tailor who became a roistering buccaneer, simply by being thrust into a pirate's garments. Well, I can tell you that clothes do not simply make the pirate. They make the woman!

"You know the kind of part that Lois Wilson has always been given in motion pictures. She is cast as the 'good girl,' the noble and virtuous young heroine; charming and appealing, but not—what shall I say?—not exotic. She is always the daughter of poor but honest parents. Something of that sort. And she does it beautifully.

"Well, a year ago I was in London. So was Miss Wilson; and I called on her at the Savoy. I assure you that if I never had seen her except on the screen I shouldn't have recognized her! She wore the loveliest negligee, one of those alluringly beautiful things that quite take your breath away.

"She seemed—and this is the point I want to make—an entirely different person. As I watched her I said to myself, 'I should like to try an experiment. If, instead of a minister's daughter—which was to be her next part in a picture—she could be cast for a passionate peacock sort of role,' I wondered if the mere act of dressing the part would create in her the spirit of the part."

"The way a woman dresses controls, to an extraordinary degree, her mood. Not only that, but it also dictates our own attitude toward her. Do you remember that sports costume I showed you upstairs?"

I did remember it. A gay, capricious little dress of lively blue taffeta, with clustered stripes in bright colors. "You laughed when you saw it," he went on, "but were you laughing at the dress?"

"N-no," I said; "I just laughed because—well, because I felt like laughing." "Precisely!" he exclaimed. "It was a gay, impudent, amusing little dress. A costume is like a bit of music. It can be as tragic as a dirge; as dull as a five-finger exercise; as shrill and strident as a screaming phrase of jazz; as tender as the lilt of a love song. And when you see a girl or a woman dressed in any one of these ways, you feel just as the corresponding bit of music would make you feel when you heard that."

"Some women know these things instinctively. But if they haven't this intuitive knowledge, they ought to study other women's dress, to find out the feeling it gives them.

"Is it altogether a question of colors?" I asked. "Not at all!" he said emphatically. "Black and white could be as impudent and as amusing as a gay little taffeta dress you saw. But colors are undoubtedly the most important source of these effects.

"If I were a woman, I should study the psychology of colors. We all have strong likes and strange antipathies in regard to them. You, yourself, have these preferences and prejudices; and you shouldn't let yourself be persuaded to wear a color toward which you feel an antipathy.

"Billie Burke was once making a picture here, under a director who had a strong liking for an ugly, sickly shade of green. He was a good deal of a dictator, as well as a director, and insisted on this shade for one of her costumes.

"But when Miss Burke put on the dress, for the scene in which she was to wear it—she simply quit! Knowing the psychology of clothes as I do, I think she was entirely justified. She felt such an inward antagonism toward the color that she could not release herself from its influence."

"But," I said, "suppose I do not like a color which appeals to other people. Shouldn't I wear it for its effect on them?"

"No; you should not!" he declared. "You want to impress yourself on people, not merely your outward appearance. If you wear what you dislike, you will be inside a barrier through which you personally cannot break. When Shakespeare said, 'To thine own self be true,' he wasn't thinking of clothes; but every woman might well put that sentence up over her mirror."

"How about the famous motion-picture stars?" I asked. "Tell me about dressing people for the movies. Do the stars choose their own costumes?"

"Only in a few cases," he said. "As a rule, I decide on the costumes for the entire cast. We have our own designers and our own workrooms. I also order from the leading dress-making establishments in New York. Often I go to Paris to study the advance styles. To women all over the country many of our pictures are not simply plays; they are style shows! Consequently I must try to give them the very latest fashions."

"The situation here in America is an extraordinary one. For instance, did you see this advertisement in the morning paper? A New York store, with branches in Brooklyn and Newark, is selling copies of a Jean Patou model at fifteen dollars apiece.

Every Inch a Real Home Is This Colonial Type



A LIVING-ROOM forty feet long—that is practically what one has in this exceptionally well planned Colonial house. The living-room extends on one side into the dining-room, set off only by two small china closets, and on the other into the sunroom. The whole effect is one of spaciousness and hospitality.

Another outstanding feature is the downstairs bedroom, which can be used as sick-room, guest chamber, playroom or sewing room, as occasion arises. The stairways are compactly arranged and well out of sight. There are closets and storage space enough to please the most acquisitive housekeeper.

White, cream or grey paint may be used on the siding with shutters, trim and roof in harmonizing colors. The walls and roof are made to resist heat and cold by insulating with celotex. The cost of building may be kept down by excavating only half of the house, taking care to insulate the unexcavated half with a layer of celotex in order to heat the house easily in the coldest weather.

A further saving may be effected by finishing off the walls of the second floor rooms with celotex instead of lath and plaster. Left either plain painted, stained or finished with a dainty stencil such walls are extremely effective and durable.

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times have not only duplicates but also triplicates."

"For Bebe Daniels' picture, 'The Palm Beach Girl,' I had to provide a 'double' for one dress, and two doubles for each of two other dresses. "In the scene where the first of these three was to be worn, Miss Daniels had to put her head out of a car window just as a switch engine came along. The engine was to discharge a huge puff of thick coal smoke, blacking her face and her dress. A duplicate of the dress was made, so that she would have a clean one in reserve.

"In another scene she is fishing from a small boat when a big tarpon takes the bait and drags her overboard. She has other adventures equally disastrous to her costumes; is lost in a swamp, for instance, and becomes hopelessly mud-stained and bedraggled. Maude Turner Gorjon, who plays Miss Daniels' aunt in the picture, shares these adventures. So, instead of six dresses for them in those few scenes I furnished sixteen!"

"Couldn't you use cheaper materials for the costumes which were to be ruined?" I asked. "Not in this case," said Mr. Smith, "because the action was so close to the camera that the difference would have been shown in the picture. In case of a long shot, we can use a less expensive duplicate dress. And if only a part of the costume—a sleeve, for instance—is to be torn or injured in any way, we provide a duplicate of that part of the dress, not of the entire costume.

"In advance, I always make a careful analysis of a scenario to provide for any possible accidents, as well as for the emergencies which the story calls for. Suppose a string of pearls—imitation, of course—is to be worn. I know by experience that the string may break. So instead of buying one, I buy half a dozen.

"In every audience there are lynx-eyed people who would spot the least change in a costume which should be identical in various scenes. As we can't depend on the actors to remember every detail, a careful list of every item to be worn is given to each performer.

"When a man, for instance, is told to report for a certain scene, his list informs him exactly what he is to wear; the kind of hat, collar, necktie, shirt, coat, waist-coat, trousers, hosiery and boots. If he is to carry a walking stick and to have a watch and chain, this is all set down on the list. Even the kind of handkerchief is specified; also how he is to carry it. If, in one scene, he had it in his sleeve, and it wasn't there in another scene, a surprising number of people would notice that it was missing. If an actress should wear a certain scarf in one scene and a different scarf in another, when she is supposed not to have left the room, a million women would detect the inconsistency.

"I spoke of the psychology of color in achieving a certain mood. There is also a psychology of perfume! And I often make use of it in my work as costume director.

"A few years ago, in a picture called 'The Secret of Forgotten Men,' certain characters were to represent women of doubtful reputation. I carefully planned their dresses, hats, and so on, to fit that type of woman. But when they put on their regalia and presented themselves for my inspection, some subtle quality was lacking. They seemed just what they were: good women, dressed up to imitate their unfortunate sisters.

"While I was puzzling over the problem, I had a sudden inspiration. Hurrying to the nearest drug store, I bought an atomizer and some cheap strong perfume. Coming back to the studio, I sprayed it liberally over the good bad ladies, and sent them down to the set. You may not believe it, but the psychology of that perfume, affecting not only the women themselves but also the other actors, supplied the subtle quality which was missing."

"There is one fact in connection with dress which I always have realized, but never so forcibly as now. A woman's costume should fit not only herself—her physical type and her temperament—but it should fit her environment also. A dress which is beautiful and effective in one room will be all wrong in another kind of room."

"Do people ever write in and criticize the clothes worn in a picture?" I asked. "Sometimes," he replied. "The stars receive all kinds of fan letters, as they are called, and occasionally they refer, either in praise or in criticism, to clothes.

"In the production, 'The King on Main Street,' one of the characters was a prim New England spinster with very decided ideas about modesty in dress. For a certain scene she had to resurrect an evening gown of the 1900 period; an elaborate black lace dress, with a very tight waist, trimmed profusely with velvet ivy leaves! "After the picture was shown, she received a letter from a fan of advanced years, living in Connecticut, congratulating her on her good taste. There are similar letters from other old-timers whenever we show a picture that goes back to the days of their youth."

"What was the most difficult costume order you ever had to fill?" I asked. "It was for the glass slippers to be worn by Betty Bronson in 'A Kiss for Cinderella.' The director, Herbert Brenon, wanted them to be actually of glass. But it seemed an impossible undertaking, so we experimented with practically every other transparent substance we could find. However, we also consulted all the leading glass manufacturers.

"While we were still negotiating, Mr. Frederick Carter returned from Paris. He had been sent there by Herbert Hoover, of the United States Department of Commerce, to study the glass exhibits at the Exposition des Arts Decoratifs. He heard of our problem and undertook to have it solved, under his direction, at the Corning Glass Works.

"Impressions were taken of Miss Bronson's feet and were sent to Corning. There Mr. Carter turned out two

pairs of exquisitely wrought glass slippers, with French heels three and one-half inches high. It took six weeks to complete them. Meanwhile, we had been forced to proceed with the picture and had used transparent celluloid slippers. However, the glass ones were made and fitted perfectly. They are now in our possession and are probably the only pair of 'custom-made' glass slippers in existence. Some time we may be able to make use of them, for this business of dressing the movie stars makes demands, sooner or later, for everything that has ever been worn, either in fact, fiction or fairy tales."—By Mary B. Mullett.

PATIENCE—AND THE SLICE OF THE MELLON.

Some men are undone by their vanity. Others by their stubbornness. And still more by impatience. I have a new theory which seems to explain why the farm makes such an excellent training ground for successful men.

A boy who is raised on a farm knows how to wait. He plows the ground in the fall for the crop he will reap the next summer. He plants trees now for the fruit he will pick in five years. The hog that will win the championship at the State fair in 1938 will not be born for more than ten years, but some farmer had already begun to breed that hog. He is now choosing its ancestors.

This willingness to wait with patience, to let time and the law of averages work for you, is a distinguishing quality of great men.

The insurance business is a monument to what compound interest will do if favored by time and patience. The distinguishing quality of great scientists is patience. The patience of trout fishers is classic. Noted detectives are marked for patience—for their willingness to collect evidence bit by bit until they have a chain which cannot be broken. The patience of Lincoln is legend, and is one reason why his memory is cherished so dearly.

Of course, I can't say that I admire bovine patience. There is such a thing as alert patience, gadfly patience, or if you prefer, satanic patience.

Men have grown indecently rich by fencing off a chunk of vacant land and waiting patiently for a city to grow up around it. Others have grown wealthy by letting six per cent compound interest work for them while they sleep and waited.

This form of patience is all right for those of the proper temperament, but I can more easily admire and commend the patience of men like Luther Burbank who can wait twenty years to transform a thistle into an edible plant, or men like Charles Goodyear who dragged himself through a life of poverty and at the very end succeeded at last in vulcanizing rubber.

City life makes men too impatient, to their misfortune. A delay in an expected promotion or an increase in salary causes them to sacrifice three or four years of effort.

Farmers boys come along, lacking the ability and agility of city boys, but endowed with generous patience. They don't expect to pick fruit the first year. They hang on, and on, and when a melon is cut they get their slice.

A New Entrant for the Altona Races.

In connection with the announcement of the 250-mile speed classic to be held by the Altona Speedway Association on Labor day, the management has arranged for the appearance of Frank Lockhart, of Los Angeles, California.

That Lockhart is perhaps the most noted of the younger pilots on the American roster is shown in press dispatches accorded him recently following his sensational victory on the Indianapolis bowl. Being the recipient of \$42,000 for a single afternoon's driving, he immediately assumed a prominent place in the racing world.

So marked was his advance following his graduation from the dirt tracks of the country, that thousands of eager fans awaited his recognition by the contest board of the American Automobile association.

Now that he occupies fourth place standing with the official body, there appears no end to the many offers he has received to drive on the grand national circuit. For a while Lockhart was unable to determine just what course he would pursue. It remained however, for the veteran Harry Miller, dean of the racing motor industry, to win the valorous Lockhart on his famous racing team.

The deal made with Miller offers Lockhart greater prestige, since it is known in racing circles that the veteran manufacturer is preparing a special mount for the coming event in Altoona. The car should excel anything in rear wheel driven construction. This car will team with the famous two cars of front wheel drive design, piloted by the two oldest drivers in the game, Earl Cooper and Dave Lewis. Both these cars have been victorious at Salem, N. H., and Atlantic City tracks. The trio represents a very unusual combination, and should add to the intense interest which is steadily surrounding the coming event.

Orphans to Get More Learning.

Extensions of the course to permit a third and fourth year at the Sunbury High schools was decided upon at Friday's meeting of the Central Pennsylvania Odd Fellows Orphans' Home Association at the orphanage, near Sunbury.

More than 200 orphans are students in the schools, and the new plan will give them a chance to complete either business or college preparatory courses.

The officers elected were: Roy D. Beeman, Harrisburg, president; E. E. Chubbick, Monroeton, and W. G. Lentz, Catawissa, vice presidents; L. M. Dice, Marysville, secretary, and Robert Davis, Mt. Carmel, treasurer. Mr. and Mrs. Kimber A. Hartman were continued in charge of the home.