

"We're All Getting Married!"

All Because People Will Fall in Love Even in That Make-Believe Behind the Footlights, Here is a "Record" from the Biggest Stage.



Winifred Skelton, the demure ballet dancer, who became the wife of Arthur Geary, the Tasmanian tenor. This started when she brushed against him in the wings one night.

BY THOMAS B. SHERMAN.

THERE'S a great scurrying about in the land of make-believe! As the curtain falls on the love scenes portrayed to amuse, what is this that begins to happen behind the scenes? Clergymen, wedding rings?—O, yes! Love that is real happens in houses of make-believe.

"We're all getting married," announced one of the girls when a visitor called to learn why such a rush had been made on the marriage license bureau. The Hippodrome was once more to make a record in matrimony.

If there's one man in the world who would seem to be too busy for thoughts of love, it's the elastic gentleman who whirls through the air and catches himself on a steel bar by means of a recess in his heel. It is entirely possible, though, that even as he makes that fateful whirl he is asking himself whether Sophronia will be on time tonight. And if he's a Hippodrome performer and a friend of yours, you might as well start looking for something inexpensive in sugar tones, because sooner or later—with the odds in favor of sooner—you are going to be giving Sophronia a wedding present.

Not only has the Hippodrome personnel proved beyond peradventure that even the perils of acrobatics may be performed by reflex action, but it has also pulverized at least two of our heartiest traditions, viz: (1) That familiarity breeds contempt; (2) That all show girls either marry millionaires or deteriorate into boarding house keepers.

They develop not only the many intimacies that are a natural part of association in any sort of project, but they carry these intimacies into the movements of the ballet, the green waters of the colossal pool and the masses of trapeze performances. Yet the big playhouse in Sixth avenue, New York, may justifiably call itself a hall of romance, for 19 weddings among the cast of "Good Times," with 29 of the principals drawn therefrom, took place during the present season.

Marriages of Romantic Rapture.

As the post-nuptial records will show, these are not the stage weddings of the newspaper headlines. These are marriages generated out of a fine, full romantic rapture. In most cases they flowered among the piled-up properties in the cavernous corners back-stage.

Here one might have seen a pretty girl in the gilded scales of a mermaid, hiding each day in the wings until a breathless harlequin with hands full of hoops would rush out for a word or two and a hurried kiss in the friendly folds of the big velvet curtain.

Out of this fervent episode came a hasty trip to the city hall, a honeymoon supper in some little restaurant

in the Forties, and a transformation of pretty Mildred Barton into Mrs. Willie Murray. Both of them still managed to amuse the thousands without prejudice to each other.

The little love god who considers himself clothed and in his right mind when he's wearing a baby-blue sash about his waist is given carte blanche around the Hippodrome, and perhaps that is why he merges so easily into many different disguises. Sometimes he is tricked out as the gray-haired old candy man who sits all day at the foot of the runway on the Forty-third-street side and peddles his wares between scenes. He was in such a disguise when he snared a slim blonde youth named Joseph Brown—a property man who used to come and buy a bag of candy during the entr'acte.

One day a little black-haired girl in ballet skirts bounded up at the same moment Mr. Brown appeared and flirted outrageously with the delighted old candy man as she selected a bag of assorted sweets.

The next day—Mr. Brown happened along again as if by the merest chance. And strangely enough he found at his elbow the self-same black-haired girl in ballet skirts. They looked at each other with curious eyes of longing, and it is written in the book that once happens beneath the roof of the Hippodrome, the nude little hunter considers that his work is done.

Presently the two candy buyers began to appear by prearrangement and leave the theater, arm in arm, to snatch a bit of food between performances in a quiet corner of some tearoom. Two months later the big stage was littered with rice and confetti. It was the wedding night of Joseph Brown and Helen McDonald of the chorus.

Principals, however, are not immune. Arthur Geary, the Tasmanian tenor who periodically disturbs the rafters with his ringing high C, counted himself immune to sentiment and be-armed against romance. He survived several seasons as a matinee idol abroad and in this country. But the Hippodrome took him and made a husband out of him.

A demure ballet maiden—Miss Winifred Skelton—brushed against him one day as both were hurrying out of the theater. A few words were spoken and after that he could be found pacing to and fro in front of the stage door and anxiously twirling his cane while Winifred replaced her dancing costume of sequins for her street clothes. Geary, having been a practical joker, had to endure many a gibe, but he was too far gone to mind that.

On his bridal night, however, by some strange trick of fate, all of the tenor's clothes mysteriously disappeared from the Hippodrome. All that was left him was a gaudy oriental bathrobe. He raged and stormed all over the place with nothing but the empty auditorium to hear him. Fast, his dresser, finally returned to the theater and succeeded in unearthing



Poppy Guinini, now Mrs. Billie Weston. Billie was a tramp comedian, but Poppy and the Hippodrome have made a husband of him.

Elsie Ringle and Rita McDonald, both of whom found love lurking behind the Hippodrome scenery.

an ancient jumper and overalls, and this clad Geary went home to his bride, who by now—it being 2 o'clock in the morning—was almost frantic.

The love affair between Eleanor Martin, one of the chorus, and Ralph Muro, a cornet player in the orchestra, flowered unseen, but none the less effectively. Bobby, the door man, was the first to suspect. Every day at half-past one, Bobby, the door man, would see a white arm slip something from behind the curtains into the rack where the musicians' time cards are filed, and a few moments later the young Italian musician would rush in, seize the note, stand devouring its contents and then wander off without remembering to punch his time card.

"It must be love," said Bobby, who, through long practice, had become an expert diagnostician. His observation would be justified a few moments later when Muro would rush back and place the answer to the note in the rack under Miss Martin's name.

Exchanges Silk for Gingham.

And now Mrs. Muro collects two pay envelopes on Saturday afternoons. The arcade leading into the Forty-third-street stage entrance of the playhouse has been the favorite trysting place of Hippodrome lovers. It was here that Happy Lumber, singer and dancer, smoked innumerable cigarettes and waited for pretty Doris Duncan, another chorus girl, through two solid years of courtship.

Doris was one of those who refused to get excited even by the mad, mad passion. Always calm and leisurely, she was the last of the girls to leave the building after a performance. But Happy was always there. He got his reward only a few weeks ago, when Doris consented to become Mrs. "Happy" and take a brief honeymoon as far as Central park.

When Happy was doing his sentry-go in the arcade he was often accompanied by Billie Weston, the tramp comedian, and Eddie McCardie, a property man. Bobbie Kerns, a ballet girl, was the one who would presently be swinging to the arm of the embarrassed Mr. McCardie. She is now his and he hers. Billie Weston finally captured Poppy Guinini, who has changed her silks to dancing frocks for a big gingham apron, in which



Camille Guinini looked at Jack Gillard and he looked at her. She now draws his pay envelope and calls him friend husband.

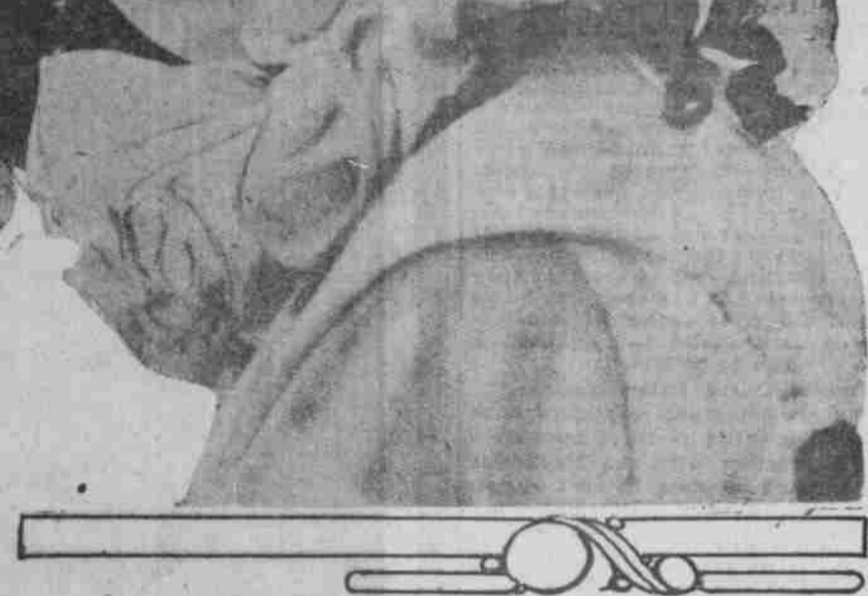
she presides over the Weston ménage. Hippodrome, as the vital statistics Romance is always in season at the show. Two weddings a month was

and a nature that will persist and pervade in what the mind undertakes to do. Yet President Harding is not charged with having any Indian blood in his veins.

Before they plucked up their goods and "went west," the Harding ancestors had been residents of Pennsylvania, where some of them in colonial and revolutionary days had been murdered by the Indians. Others of this fine old stock had fought in the war for independence. On his mother's side of the family tree, Mr. Harding is descended from the Dutch.

There are doubting Thomases, of course, who cannot be brought to agree with Mr. Hoppe's views, so that explanation of the Indian features is necessary. From the earliest period, the Indian tribes have been regarded as possessing what naturalists term a set of suite features, such as are not only peculiar to their development and physical life, but which, taken as a whole, form one of the distinct varieties of the human race.

Millions of good Americans today, Mr. Hoppe grants, do not look like Indians, but that is because, he argues, they are either naturalized themselves, or are the children of naturalized parents. In other words, they have not been long enough to acquire the American characteristics. Mr. Hoppe's contention that the American face is beginning to look like that of the Indians consequently excludes these examples. The photographer's statements are based purely on that indefinable "atmosphere," or climate, or what-not which gives to Americans of the fourth and fifth generations the Indian "look."



Helga McDonald, who met her husband, Joseph Brown, while they both were buying candy between the acts.

the average during the run of "Good Times." And the end is not yet. It is whis-

pered from girl to girl that an even greater number are being prepared for the next season.

FORGETFULNESS AT DINNER IS ENTERTAINING TO GUESTS

Speaker Just Can't Get It Straight That Way to Man's Heart Lay Through His Stomach and Everyone Bursts into Laughter.

AT THANKSGIVING time an elaborate dinner was given in the college dining hall for the dormitory students. The faculty and friends of the students were honored guests. During the meal a programme was rendered, part of it being given over to toasts. I had been asked to give one to the college cook. I arose at the proper time, nicely until I got to the place where I intended to say everyone knew that the way to a man's heart lay through his stomach, and therefore our cook held first place in the hearts of the students. Somehow my tongue got twisted and I made the emphatic announcement that everyone knew the road to a man's stomach lay through his heart. It didn't sound right and I stood wondering just what was wrong. Then everyone burst into laughter and I caught the eye of the president, who led in a round of applause, since I was his private secretary and he thoroughly enjoyed the joke at the expense of the "dignified" young lady who did his work. For the next two weeks when I met a young man who smiled broadly as he tipped his hat I knew the question would be "Do you know the way to a young man's heart?"

E. A. T.

Such a Fit-y!

I had traveled 500 miles to visit my fiancée, and at close of dinner while waiting for dessert to be served I was relating what a wretched luncheon I had had en route. I ended my narrative by saying in a tone of disgust, "And to finish up with they brought me cherry pie with the pits in it." Consternation seized me when I glanced down and saw

Never Came Back.

We had just moved into a new neighborhood in the edge of town and had not fixed a pen for our 12 hens and a rooster, and this particular day the grade door of the house had been left open.

Across the street lived a fashionable woman, and on this particular day she had dropped in to pay her respects. She had found me none too well straightened up, with my cap and apron none too clean. However, making a few apologies, we sat down for a little chat. Right in the midst of our visit I walked our roosters, followed by the hens, having come in the open grade door. I gave chase and succeeded in getting all out but that blasted rooster. I chased him under most of the furniture and finally gave up in disgust. Finally he saw the way out and started, only to be met by himself in a large mirror that had been set on the floor. Being of a scrappy nature, he ruffled up his feathers and gave battle. In the midst of the battle my caller left, saying she would call again when I was straightened up, but she never came back. L. O.

Literary Effort Wasted.

Birmingham Age-Herald. "I understand your latest novel has met with a favorable reception." "You are mistaken," said the author gloomily. "The motion picture people tell me they can't do a thing with it."

FAMOUS ENGLISH PORTRAIT PAINTER SAYS AMERICAN FACE RESEMBLES RED INDIAN

President Harding and Other Well-Known Men are Cited as Proof of Startling Assertion, While Characteristics Also Are Noted as Reflecting Those of Lo.

EVERYBODY knows that the American soldier was easily recognized in France, even if his uniform was not there, to say that he came from "S." The American's free gait, his frank nature, his willingness to share his smoke and his grub, and his optimism, were a few of the characteristics which distinguished him. The story goes that even in the dark one could not mistake an American.

Such is the American spirit. Now comes E. O. Hoppe, famous London portrait painter and photographer, who says that after studying many Americans he is firmly of the opinion that there has developed a distinctly

American face, as well as an American spirit, a face which is beginning to look more and more like that of the American Indian.

Here are Mr. Hoppe's own startling words: "The racial mixture which exists in the United States is going back toward the characteristic of the red Indian. That is strange but undeniable. Is it something in the soil which reaches up into the countenance? Another oddity: nationality in other countries is shown first and most clearly in women's faces; here in America in men's. No type of American woman's face exists. The

American man's type is perfectly established."

As evidence to support Mr. Hoppe, the reader is respectfully invited to study the facial characteristics of no less a personage than President Harding, and compare them with the characteristics of the Indian face. The reader will notice the sharp, clear-cut, and finely formed features, the prominent nose. The lips express a firm, resolute, practical, and exact character. They denote that Mr. Harding, like the typical Indian, has much control, and is inclined not to talk unless he has something to say, and then to the point. The chin conveys will-power and mental force,