

What Men Have Told Me About Other Women

A story that every wife should read

By Nita Naldi

I SHALL always claim that it is not my fault that I have these eyes and this hair. I was born with them and while peroxide might change the hair, nothing can be done about the green eyes that slant after the Chinese fashion. Since I was fifteen, people have considered that I must be wicked on account of my coloring. However, I suppose I shouldn't complain because it has enabled me to make my living.

Combine my coloring and general contour, which is also the result of nature, with the sort of roles I play on the screen, and every man I meet thinks I am the real thing in vampires and either runs after me or away from me, according to his nature and inclinations.

No man that I have ever met so far has taken the trouble to inquire about my personal likes and dislikes. I am a vampire and all men are my prey. He takes one look at me, somebody says, "That's Nita Naldi, the vampire," and he wades right in.

I have heard it said that appearances are sometimes deceitful, but nobody ever gave me the benefit of the doubt.

Oh, I'm not claiming that I'm an ingenue by instinct. I admit that I have been in the "Follies" and various other American institutions of that kind. I don't like ingenues. Most of them are either hypocrites or bores. Men interest me. I admit that, too. Sometimes I get a thrill out of them and sometimes they're good for a lot of laughs.

But I have learned most about men from those who assumed on first acquaintance that I would be interested in their views on love, with and without marriage. The "with marriage" referring to their wives, and the "without marriage" referring to me. The things I have listened to from men whose names I couldn't remember! And it is odd, but so many men are married.

My idea in writing this yarn is chiefly to give a little advice and a warning or two to women.

Ladies, ladies, listen to me and let me tell you the things men tell me about their wives, their sweethearts, and their women friends. It has been a liberal education to me. Incidentally, if you care anything about your man, it may show you some of the things not to do.

A lot of it is such old stuff that I'm ashamed to mention it. Caesar told it to Cleopatra on the banks of the Nile. And I daresay he stole it from the ancient Chinese. However, since

there's nothing new beneath the sun, and a lot of women don't seem to know any more about men than they do about monkeys, I may as well not try to be original.

The first line that is pulled on me oftenest is—oh, it's a shame to do this—, "My wife's a fine woman, but she doesn't understand me."

If I like his looks, maybe I let him get away with it. If I don't, I say, "The truth is that she understands you too well.

You don't want to be understood. You want somebody to tell you how grand you are."

Nevertheless, I notice by the papers that nice little school teachers and innocent young stenographers all over the country are still falling for that misunderstood line. It isn't such a joke, either, because a lot of times it leads to divorces and separations and even to murder.

So, just in confidence, let me tell you an experience of my own. I knew a man once who had a wife. (This line is going to cause a lot of men who read it to get very nervous around the collar.) I was young and innocent then, my ankles had just got me into the "Follies," and I thought this man was pretty nice. He had such lovely, trustful brown eyes. Well, anyway, as for his wife — my dear, my dear. That woman, according to his story, should have been boiled in oil, given lethal gas, hanged by the neck. She nagged him from morning till night. She spent more money every month than he could make in a year. She hadn't any sense of humor and she didn't laugh at his jokes. She threw dishes at him when she got angry, and once she broke a clock over his head. She flirted with other men. She was always gadding

around to teas and bridge and beauty parlors. Oh, there is no end to the things that woman could be guilty of.

I believed him. I believed him! The merest thought of that man's wife used to make my young blood boil. I never felt so sorry for anybody in my life as I did for him.

Well, a few years later when I was touring around the country, I happened to stay at a fashionable hotel at a well known springs in the middle west. There, I met a lady by the same name. But it was a fairly common name, and my heart had ceased to turn over at the sound of it many months before. The only thing that did occur to me was how different this Mrs. Smith—we'll call her Smith though that wasn't her name—was

Nita Naldi's Ten Commandments. For Wives Only

Don't be too obvious in understanding your husband's little faults and failings. Let him get away with it sometimes.

Don't nag. If he doesn't get you the second time, it's hopeless anyway.

Don't let him make you dowdy in appearance.

Don't keep him from drinking cocktails or playing poker at home unless you can enforce the amendment everywhere else.

Don't make a liar out of him for a few miles or a few dollars when he's telling a story.

Don't be too free with your opinions and too stingy with your laughs.

Don't knock any other woman he admires. Agree with him and then look around diligently for some little thing that will make her seem or look ridiculous.

Don't make him feel as if his home is a prison. Let him go out with the boys once in awhile and always see to it that you've got something amusing to do yourself those evenings, so he'll worry a little about you. He'll come home earlier.

Don't forget that man, being a polygamous animal, can't be content with merely a wife. He's got to have a sweetheart as well and the smartest thing a wife can do is to be it.

Don't be too familiar, too nervous, too busy, or too tired to be polite and decent to your husband. There are so many other women in the world.

close-up was born with the motion picture in the Edison peep show days and that it was a most garish close-up that brought down the first demands for censorship of the picture in the '90s when the Vitascope depicted the May Irwin-John Rice Kiss; or that fadeouts, dissolves, double exposures and such devices were common in the early day magic pictures from the Paris studios of George Melies; or that both the close-up and the cut-back figured in "The Great Train Robbery" and "The Life of an American Fireman" produced by Porter of Edison in 1902-3.

Instances of the sort could be multiplied endlessly.

The greater claim that Griffith raised "motion picture acting to the higher plane which won for it recognition as a genuine art" is better substantiated. Mr. Griffith did not invent the language of the motion picture, but, rather, he became an early master of its syntax and rhetoric.

It is only fair, however, to point out that these published self-proclamations of Griffith's were made within the motion picture industry, rather than as public utterances. They were perhaps essential to the development of his career. The realm of the motion picture was and is dominated by that peculiar mind which usually mistakes modesty for cowardice and commonly confuses ordinary conservatism with weakness.

This has begotten a picture publicity policy of "claim everything, concede nothing—and take all you can get."

While these developments were in progress in the swift evolution of the motion picture to a new plane of dramatic form, a closely related movement was inevitably set in motion within the business organizations of the industry. The state of flux liberated a collection of old impulses, hates and rivalries, which expressed themselves in a violent succession of moves. Internal troubles spelled the beginning of the end in the General Film Company, even while its golden flood was at its height. Plots and counterplots, with ever-shifting realignments of factions and interests, wove a tangled web of affairs among the Independents at the same time.

Some of the more significant of these movements and their results will be the subject of the next chapter—along with the previously untold story of how Charles Chaplin came to the screen.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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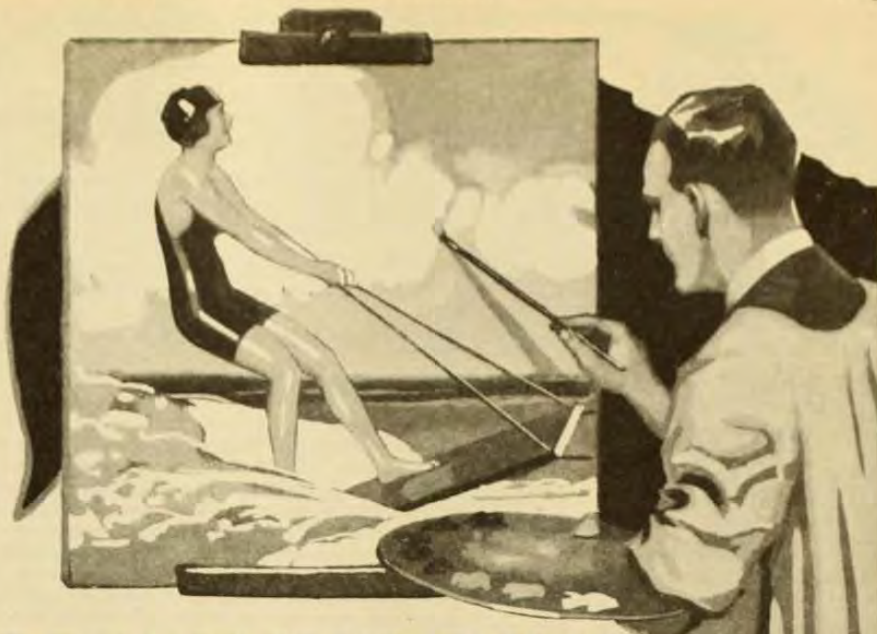
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as good a right to be polyandrous as men have to be polygamus. Maybe your wife agrees with you.

Extremes seem to be one great complaint that men have. My wife hasn't any conversation. My wife talks all the time. My wife won't go out to a cabaret with me in the evening. My wife hasn't let me stay home one night in three months. There must be a middle ground, a happy medium, between those two extremes. If there are two things a man apparently objects to, it is a wife who can't intelligently discuss baseball or golf or whatever his hobby happens to be, and a wife who has Gibraltar opinions about everything from the Ruhr to the Japanese earthquakes.

A man does like to have his opinion at least respected and his stories laughed at. It's such a little thing, after all.

FIFTY-THREE per cent of California brides are between forty and forty-five years of age. Is it that California climate again? Or do the girls spend the first forty years trying to get into the movies?—*N. Y. World.*



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