

The Evening World Daily Magazine

There's a Kiss — That the Censors Censor There's a Kiss — That They Let Get By

BUT THE KISSES THE FILM FANS LIKE TO SEE—

The Clinging, Cleopatra Kiss of Theda Bara?—The 160-Second Endurance Kiss of Katherine MacDonald?—The Soul Kiss of Geraldine Farrar?—The Apache Kiss That Almost Broke Gladys Brockwell's Back?—The Minute Lover's Kiss of Dorothy Phillips? Or the Synthetic, Rose Kiss of Pauline Frederick? The Chaste "Door" Kiss of Elinor Fair?—Or the Kiss That Charlie Chaplin Gives a Daisy?

By Zoe Beckley

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"Oh, love! Oh, fire! Once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew."
—Tennyson.

WHAT is a kiss? Is it as Cyrano de Bergerac put it: "The rose-dot on the i in loving?" Or should it be the Don Juan salute: "A long, long kiss—a kiss of youth and love?" Because if Cyrano is right, then Theda Bara is all, all wrong. If Don Juan has the correct idea, Mary Pickford is far from truth in declaring "The delicacy of any love scene is ruined by a long-drawn kiss." And Charlie Chaplin ought to be boiled in oil for his emphatic refusal to kiss anything but a daisy, no matter how cluttered up the screen may be with damsels fair whose lips seem willing to brave even the prickles of the noted Chaplin mustache.

Far be it from us to decide this vexed question of how long a kiss should last either on or off, before or behind the screen. We only know that the State Board of Censors is agitated over the protraction of certain recent film kisses and is about to pounce officially and hard. Pending the decision, we have gathered data which may help you to judge who is right—the West Coast folks who favor a kiss occupying no more than two feet of celluloid reel, or the more sympathetic audience further east which lately viewed 120 feet of kiss without any disorder being reported.

This record-breaking salutation was given by Roy Stuart as Kenneth Laird to Katherine MacDonald as Apelle Deane in a First National production called "The Bleeders." Those who hold stop watches on this event agree upon two and two-thirds minutes (the 2.75 kiss?) as the exact duration. Cyrano would never have approved of that. Nor would little Mary of the sunny locks. The State censors are said to have not yet recovered from the shock to their sensibilities, but hope soon to be able to make their (adverse) report.

For the information of those who may thus be disappointed that Theda Bara does not hold the loving cup for the osculatory championship we hasten to state that Miss Bara and Albert Roscoe in a love scene from the Fox feature "Cleopatra" consumed only a fraction less film than in the episode above mentioned. There are those among the witnesses who maintain that if quality counts, the Bara technique entitles the Cleopatra kiss to first place.

"It is not the duration of a kiss," Miss Bara avers, "but the emotional fervor that counts. The art of the screen must reflect truth. One should not measure a kiss but feel it. Tapes and temperament don't mix."

Gladys Brockwell, who recently survived a film kiss from William Scott which is said to have dislocated her fifth, sixth and seventh spinal vertebrae, is threatened with mandatory discipline from the Board of Censors. "It is an 'Apache' kiss," explains Miss Brockwell, "and the Paris Apache does not salute his belle mimi by blowing it across the room to her from the palm of his hand, nor by tickling her cheek with the fringe of his eyelashes. Either all photoplays of passion must be abolished by the censors or latitude permitted for realism in kisses. There are kisses—and kisses."

The most chaste and restrained patron of the movies will grant the truth of Miss Brockwell's last remark. There is, for instance, the "door kiss" (see Charlie Ray and Elinor Fair in "Be a Little Sport"). This type of salute is highly approved by the censors, being maintained for but three feet of film, and at low pressure that, with a large, cold, hard and unyielding door almost entirely separating the participants.

Like-wise the synthetic osculation performed by Pauline Frederick and her handsome lover in a recent Goldwyn production featuring a rose. The rose, held interposed between the lips of kisser and kissee, acts as a complete non-conductor, and conforms with all the ideals of those who enjoy window-shopping and marriage by proxy.

Geraldine Farrar has never placed herself on record as opposing the more torrid forms of osculation. The lovely "Gerry" just shuts her eyes, throws back her head and gives to Fred Truesdell: "All the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag of one bee, all the wonder and wealth of the

The Kiss in the Movies

Here Are Osculatory Samples of the Kinds They Furnish on the Screen, From the Lingering, 120-Foot Marathon Buss to the Brief, Esthetic "Rose Kiss"



THE APACHE KISS GLADYS BROCKWELL AND WM. SCOTT.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN RECEIVES HIS KISSES FROM DAISSIES

THE ROSE KISS PAULINE FREDERICK

THE "CLEOPATRA" KISS THEDA BARA AND ALBERT ROSCOE



THE "DOOR" KISS CHARLIE RAY AND ELINOR FAIR



THE "SWEETHEARTS" KISS DOROTHY PHILLIPS AND WM. STOWELL

THE "CHASTE" KISS CHARLIE RAY AND ELINOR FAIR

Ain't It the Truth?

By Neal R. O'Hara

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OUT-OF-TOWN fellows don't think New York's the place to get a wife. When the out-of-town fellers are in New York, what do they want of a wife?

Yokels' dope is all wrong. Trouble is, a walk in the park is a waste of time in New York.

Schedule of a Summer Girl at the Seaside:

- 8.00 A. M.—Sleeping.
- 8.30 A. M.—Snoring.
- 9.00 A. M.—Still sleeping.
- 10.00 A. M.—Starts swimming.
- 10.01 A. M.—Starts shivering.
- 2.30 P. M.—Starts shimmeying.
- 2.31 P. M.—Starts shivering again.
- 9.00 P. M.—Starts spooning.
- 11.00 P. M.—Still spooning.
- Midnight—Doesn't want to stop.
- 12.00 A. M.—Sleeping.
- 12.50 A. M.—Starts snoring.
- It's a great life and they never weaken.

Still arguing about the one-piece bathing suit, but no progress is being made.

How Would You Pick ? A HUSBAND ? A WIFE ?

"The Kind of a Wife Men Talk About Choosing" Young Women Readers of The Evening World Assert "Is Seldom the Kind of a Wife They Choose"—Why Is It?—And Is It True?—New York Young Men Are Invited to Answer the Charge.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

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"WHY is it," an intelligent young woman asked me the other day, "that men always say they admire one sort of girl and always seek the company of the other sort? Why is it that, in picking a wife a man TALKS about choosing the modest, home-loving girl and CHOOSES the flashy, overdressed, out-for-a-good-time type? Why, in short, is the wife picker's theory so hopelessly at variance with his practice?"

Several young women contributors to this discussion have made the same complaint. Two letters expressing their point of view are published below. The young men of New York are invited to answer the charge that they disingenuously praise the "home girl" and yet leave her at home when they seek a companion for an evening's entertainment or even for life.

Men often, I think, show a curious stupidity in their judgments of women. The obvious does attract them. The girl who emphasizes her good looks, who laughs more readily and often than is necessary, with whom—

somebody used to say of the popular magazines—it is always "sex o'clock"—she is the girl whose mirror is crowded with dance orders and who is extremely popular with every man except the one who marries her.

To the "nice girl" who envies her popularity I can only offer one piece of practical advice: Without losing your intrinsic fitness and worth, take pains to cultivate a few surface attractions. Don't confuse true modesty with chilly reserve. Be as pretty and as well dressed as you possibly can. The graces, as well as the virtues, have their place in life. Don't hide your light under a bushel. Be natural with young men whom you like—which means that you should be charming and provocative.

After all, the old idea that a girl should shut herself in a tower and wait for a young man to come wooing beneath her window was an artificial convention. Even in the days when it ruled, more than one young woman rebelled, put on armor and rode forth to seek her own adventures with love and life. Now there are so many more avenues open to the girl who would form normal friendships with young men—with the frank hope that one of them may prove something dearer than a friend.

There is a happy medium between the good girl who is dull as bread pudding and the meretricious, vulgar siren. The girl who chooses that middle road will have no difficulty in choosing a husband or in being chosen as a wife.

YOUNG MEN NOT INTERESTED IN GIRLS THEY DESCRIBE.

Dear Madam: You are quite right in your defense of the New York girl. I will admit that a great number of New York girls apparently deserve the arraignment of your cynical correspondents, but the reason is that if girls do not dress fashionably and dance jazziily they are not invited out.

The thoroughly "nice" girl is left at home. Of course I am speaking generally, not individually. There are still enough nice girls for the nice young men. If a young man is desirous of meeting such a one, all he need do is to look around his office, his social circle or his sisters' friends and he will find one to his liking. That is, of course, provided he himself is not fast or ill bred.

But remember that the sweet, sensible, practical girl likes to be taken out and have a good time as well as the frivolous girl, and it is not fair to either to spend the best years of your life in entertaining the frivolous girl and then at the eleventh hour decide that she is not the girl you want for your wife, and marry the sensible girl. I repeat, it is not fair to either.

I know that your young men will find the girls they want if they are the sort that their letters imply, if they will look carefully enough. The average New York girl is a true American girl, fond of outdoor sports, such as swimming, tennis, camping, fond of reading, music, dancing, a fairly good housekeeper (which is saying a lot, considering the fact that most of them have very little practice), very apt with the needle in making over clothes and millinery—taken all in all a fine companion, friend and sweetheart through life.

As to the argument that out of town girls are more womanly and feminine, that is not true. You can't contrast a huge city like New York, with its millions of young girls, with a little town of perhaps two or three thousand unless you bring it down to proportion, and if you do that you will find that there are more womanly girls in New York in proportion than in any other city in the Union, or outside of it for that matter. I have found that the out of town men as a rule are more courteous, agreeable and likable than the New Yorker, but they have not the progressiveness and manliness of the true New Yorker. You see I am

legit.

My idea of a husband is as follows: He must be mainly, kind, thoughtful, neat in his appearance, fond of outdoor sports, have a desire to get ahead with a bit of ability, take an interest in civic and Federal affairs, above all, be clean in his thoughts and manner of living. All these qualities I believe the average New Yorker has in him if he will but allow them to come to the surface.

I wonder if men realize that they ought to thank their lucky stars for being men. A man's life is so much freer, so much richer in opportunity than a girl's. I've so often wished that I were a man instead of just a girl.

GOOD FELLOW MORE POPULAR THAN QUIET HOME GIRL.

Dear Madam: Do these two gentlemen, who state that:

"The New York girl is all right to take to dances and summer shows," know that here in this supposedly wicked city, which, according to them, can boast of nothing but stilly, frivolous women, there are girls who loathe the dance halls, who never attend dances, who have never been to these so-called summer shows, who are not a bit interested in these forms of amusement?

There are girls in this great city, who are wretchedly lonely. Why? Because they are not afforded opportunities of meeting suitable young men. These girls have no friends, and can think of no possible means of acquiring desirable acquaintances. Their pleasures consist of frequent trips to the movies or an occasional car ride.

Do these two "cynics" realize, that the majority of men do not care for quiet girls? They prefer girls known as good fellows. Do these gentlemen know that there are countless young girls who hesitate to accept invitations from young men because, after a day's fun, a man expects payment of some sort or another?

The young men of to-day will not bother with any other kind of girl than the one who has developed the gentle art of attracting by means of flashy clothes, and bold, forward manners, and I don't mind confessing that it gives me pleasure to hear of men being made monkeys of by these selfish, mercenary creatures.

The New York girl is all right, and the men will only realize that this statement can be taken at its full value when they turn their attention from the girls who are not worth while to the quiet, unassuming little ladies who are patiently waiting to be discovered, and duly appreciated.

MOST GIRLS VAIN AND FICKLE AND SELFISH.

Dear Madam: I have studied American girls from all angles and am very sorry to state that I find the majority of them possess fickleness, vanity, selfishness and shallowness.

MY WIFE.

She does not have to be beautiful, just pretty, knowing how to dress and being clean. Nationality or creed is immaterial, but she must have common sense, be considerate and willing to live up to my ideals.

Education is not necessary, provided she is intelligent otherwise, but she must love children and home, be a life partner in all things and know something about cooking. I do not mind an occasional dab of powder.

HER HUSBAND NEED HAVE ONLY ONE QUALIFICATION.

Dear Madam: What I would demand in a husband, is one who would look upon the marriage vow as the most sacred oath that he could take; realizing that to be considered an honorable man would necessitate his filling that contract the same as any other dual contract entered into under oath. I could ask no more; that meets all demands.