Six and a Half Dozen.

By RUTH CAMERON.

Two letters lie open before me. One is from a wife and one from a husband. The husband says, "Can you tell me anything to do for a nagging wife? My wife is always nagging at me about one thing or another. If she didn't say so much I'd pay more attention to her, but I'm so used to being reproached for one thing after another that my ears have gotten past proof.

"Can't you write something that she will see, advising women not to nag their husbands. Tell them it does more good to speak about a thing once or twice and then keep still. She reads your articles, and it might make some impression on her."

The letter from a wife (not this man's wife, that would be too much of a coincidence) reads:

"I wish you would say something in your column about husbands who don't pay any attention to what their wives say, but keep right on doing the same things.

"My husband is a dear, but he has some very trying little faults. For one thing he is terribly disorderly. He drops everything exactly where it happens to be. I'll have our little apartment in apple-pie order when he comes home at night, and the next morning it will look as if a hurricane had passed through it. I spend a good deal of my morning just picking up after him. He thinks it is only a little thing, and he doesn't realize how much harder it makes the work.

"Another thing, he is very often late to meals. If it were necessary I wouldn't care but it isn't. He just doesn't realize how much trouble he makes, and lets himself be careless about it.

"Of course I've spoken to him about these things and tried to make him realize how hard it is for me, and he promises to do better, but he doesn't. And lately I've noticed that he gets touchy when I say anything, though at first he was very pleasant. I'm afraid he thinks I'm nagging him and if there's anything I hate in the world it's nagging. But what can I do? If he wouldn't keep doing the things I wouldn't keep speaking about them. I hate it worse than he does but his untidiness and his tardiness make my work so hard and I'm not strong.

"Won't you please write an article, Miss Cameron, saying that women wouldn't nag if husbands would pay more attention to what they said in the first place."

The case for the prosecution and the defense both rest, and leave the judge to charge the jury.

Unfortunately the judge does not feel competent to do that. Although her sympathies are strongly on one side she doesn't feel that she has a right to say which comes first, the hen or the egg, the heedless man or the nagging woman.

In every case of this sort each thinks the other caused all the trouble, and each probably deserves some share of the blame.

Let's hope these two letters will give both husbands and wives a better understanding of the way the other party feels about it.—Tit-Bits.

Ruth Cameron

What Cinema Favourites Earn.

The £ s. d. of Film Making.

Picture-actresses and actors whose names are almost household words draw salaries that would make many stars of the legitimate stage green with envy. Besides, the picture-player's money is regular for fifty-two weeks of the year, whilst the footlight favourite is liable to last for only a few months out of the twelve.

The biggest salaries in the picture business are paid in America. A star player such as Miss Alice Joyce receives £60 to £80 per week, and this amount grades down until we reach the unattached super who wanders from studio to studio seeking a day's work wherever he can obtain it, and asking 5 dollars (£1) per day. There are all manner of salaries in between these two figures.

The capable "character" player who is ready to take any kind of part at a moment's notice, and do it well, and who is, therefore, a useful man (or woman) to have round the studio, although the public do not trouble to find out his name or ask their picture-palace manager to show all the films in which he acts, is worth £7 to £10 per week.

£100 a Week.

The leading man, unless he happens to be world-famous like Maurice Costello, or working on a salary and royalty basis like some of the best-known picture stars, will receive from £30 to £50 per week.

John Bunny is reputed to receive £80 as a weekly honorarium, and Costello £100, and they are worth these sums to the fortunate company for whom they work.

In this country, six to eight pounds is a good weekly salary for a leading artiste, and supers are contented with 7s. 6d. per day, with travelling expense and meals provided. A leading artiste's life is not a bed of roses; a super's life is to be avoided if any regular occupation is obtainable.

The super applies at the film-making company's office in the morning, and journeys to their country studio, but if the weather is bad and no pictures can be taken he receives only his expenses. The result is that a week's anxiety may produce two days' pay. Supers are often regular actors, who attempt to earn a little extra money by working for the camera when otherwise they would be "resting."

The man who earns most money at picture-making, and deserves it, is he can the public seldom sees and never hears about. He is called the producer, and stands beside the camera directing the performers during the actual taking of the photographs and before. "Mr. Smith," he says, "open your eyes wider; you're supposed to be horror-stricken. And you, Miss Jones, keep that right arm quite still; you're unconscious." He engineers the thrills, and upon his ability depends the play's success, for he may blow or force the artistes to do actions that will destroy its realism.

An Incredible Salary.

The greatest photo-play director in the world is Mr. David W. Griffith formerly of the Biograph Company. He began making pictures in 1908, and promptly put his company at the head of the entire trade. He recently broke away from them, joining another big organization at a salary of £500 per week. This salary may seem incredible, but the writer has been assured that this statement is strictly correct. One of the British film papers suggested that £500 per week was a sample of Yankee exaggeration, and was promptly taken to task by the chief U.S.A. picture journal.

"It is because of this hesitating niggardly attitude," said the American paper, "that England, in spite of its wonderful history and scenery lags behind in cinematography. To produce good films you must pay good salaries to good men. We sometimes pay enormous salaries to men who are more fitted for driving milk wagons than directing screen-plays but it is better to err on the side of extravagance."

Producers in Britain are usually partners in the companies for whom they work, but when they have no interest in the business their salary averages £6 or £8 per week, with a royalty on the sale of all pictures produced by them.

Another individual whose work is very important to the success of a play, but of whose existence little is known by the outside public, is the camera man. He must be a first class photographer, and have an eye for pretty scenery. The artistic setting of a photo-play and the clever lighting effects are all his work.

The Camera Man's Work.

Exactly how much depends upon the camera man will be understood by this. A certain British company took a troupe of players to a distant part of Britain in order to produce some thrilling plays. The actors and actresses stayed in a little village for a fortnight and wore well assorted with their work. On returning to town the films were developed, when it was discovered that owing to a defect in the camera, which had passed unnoticed, the photography was one long line of ghosts, the players being apparently transparent, and the backgrounds showing through their bodies. Nothing could be done with these films, although the expedition had cost the company nearly £500.

A moving picture studio is not complete without its staff of carpenters, scene-painters, and property men. These workers are recruited from the ranks of stage employees, and receive from 50s. to £5 per week, the scene-painters being highest paid.

There is practically no chance for anybody without influence and experience obtaining an acting position at a good salary with a film-making company.—Tit-Bits.

Sick, Sour Stomach Indigestion, Or Gas

Take "Pape's Diapepsin" and in five minutes you'll wonder what became of misery in stomach.

Wonder what upset your stomach—which portion of the food did the damage—do you? Well, don't bother. If your stomach is in revolt; if sour, gassy and upset, and what you just ate has fermented into stubborn lumps; head dizzy and aches; belch gases and acids and eructate undigested food; breath foul, tongue coated—just take a little Pape's Diapepsin and in five minutes you wonder what became of the indigestion and distress.

Millions of men and women today know that it is needless to have a bad stomach. A little Diapepsin occasionally keeps this delicate organ regulated and they eat their favorite foods without fear.

If your stomach doesn't take care of your liberal limit without rebellion; if your food is a damage instead of a help, remember the quickest, surest, most harmless relief is Pape's Diapepsin which costs only fifty cents for a large case at drug stores. It's truly wonderful—it digests food and sets things straight; so gently and easily that it is really astounding. Please, for your sake, don't go on and on with a weak, disordered stomach; it's so unnecessary.

Leave Your Cause For God To Try.

Cease, oh, cease this idle whining,
Though your way may not be clear;
Learn to bear without complaining
All your disappointments here.
Should you by false friends be injured
Look not on with angry eye;
Do not harbor thoughts vindictive;
Leave your cause for God to try.

Do not this, our world of beauty,
For your own misfortune blame;
'Tis our home to heaven nearest;
Do not desecrate its name.
Deal with all upright livers,
Made partakers of His bliss;
Waiting for a future world, then;
Try to make the best of this.

Opportunities embracing,
Doing good whene'er you can,
Striving every tie to strengthen,
Brotherly, 'twixt man and man.
Viewing with content the present,
Sighing not for days gone by,
Calmly waiting for the future;
Leave your cause for God to try.