

STORIES IN REAL LIFE GET FULL SCRUTINY

Business of Mellon Institute Likened to Detective Service.

DISCOVERIES OF VALUE

By FREDERICK J. HASKIN.

PITTSBURGH, July 5.—If you think that the solving of million-dollar mysteries is confined entirely to detective stories and the movies, you should visit the Mellon Institute of Pittsburgh and see how it is done in real life.

That is the institute's business—solving the various mysteries which baffle and obstruct the path of American industry.

While the institute is operated as a part of the University of Pittsburgh, and is often mistaken for one of the university's buildings, it really leads an independent life, with its own separate board of directors and its own fellowship system.

EXPERTS BUSY IN LABORATORIES.

Working in its many splendidly equipped laboratories are experts, sent to it from all parts of the country, who are anxious to improve the quality of their products, or to discover newer and cheaper processes for making them.

Every kind of industrial product, from soap and cement to oleomargarine and glue, is exhaustively studied here, often with million-dollar results.

Thanks to the institute's business, a particular line of experimentation by endowing a fellowship (sometimes two or three) in the institute upon the understanding that he shall receive exclusive title to any results obtained.

That is, any new processes invented by the scientist selected for the fellowship are the property of the manufacturer.

He also agreed that the nature of the research shall be kept absolutely quiet, unless the manufacturer or corporation interested permits it to be made public.

Hence, many of the most interesting problems being worked out at the institute are clothed in darkest secrecy, and the visiting public is merely permitted to look on the experiments that are going on.

To most of the laboratories, however, one is given free access and graciously allowed to ask as many questions as one likes.

One of the most interesting laboratories is the one in which the various laboratories of the institute the other day, the reporter came upon a young man being constantly over a boy containing numerous glass jars of peanut butter.

Upon questioning him, we found that the box and not the peanut butter was the cause of his solicitude.

The box was made of fiber board, and the young man was a fiber board fellow.

It seems that some years ago the fiber board industry was losing money because it could not prove that its fiber board product made just as strong a container as wood.

The railroads held that all corrugated fiber board boxes used as containers for freight shipments were not as strong as wooden boxes, and the fiber board industry in their construction had to have a certain minimum thickness, and it had to pass a specified bursting test.

This bursting test was made with a machine called the "Mellon Paper Tester," which was not particularly designed for testing corrugated board, but which was used for lack of anything better.

The results were unsatisfactory, and consequently the railroads refused to permit anything weighing more than ninety pounds to be shipped in fiber board containers.

So the fiber board industry founded a fellowship at the Mellon Institute, with directions to prove, if possible, that fiber board would stand up under much heavier loads.

HE FOUND THE ANSWER.

"And we have," said the young man, running a finger over the heavy corrugated lining of the fiber board box, "although we had to invent a new machine to do it."

He pointed to a queer looking apparatus on a nearby table.

That's our new Web paper tester, endorsed by the United States bureau of standards," he was equated in the library, surrounded by a stack of books that he could see over.

"He told me he hadn't the remotest idea in the world whether or not he was going to be able to produce a material as good as others already on the market, much less all the large order he had given his chief, but he also told me to go back to my desk, look as pleasant as possible, and sit down and wait."

"We waited, and we proceeded to wait all during the first year. At the end of that time, since the fellowship was terminated and we had paid our money, we had the privilege of taking our choice of two cents, developed by our chief, neither of which was worth manufacturing."

"Our board of directors discussed the situation for two or three days. We looked at it from every angle, with the result that we decided to stick. We faced a big loss anyway, which would never be anything but a loss if we quit."

"And we were twelve months nearer the solution of our problem."

"So we blundered the treasurer and cut for a new deal."

"Then we proceeded to wait for several more months, and finally, incredible as it had come to seem, our waiting was rewarded."

"One day our chemist came tearing into my office with his hair fairly standing on end, and shouted, 'I've got it!'"

"And he had a new dental cement which beat all of its kind on the market."

"But that day was one year seven months and two days from the day we signed up for the research."

HUCK'S ADVENTURES RETOLD ON MOVIE SCREEN

Drury Lane Thriller at Ohio—Child Singer at Colonial—Talmadge at Circle

A boy's heart has been exposed.

Mark Twain did it first in "Huckleberry Finn," but it remained for the

Paramount people to show the real heart of Huck on the screen.

Everybody in the wide world loved Huck in book form and he will be even better loved on the screen, although some liberties were taken by the movie people of the story.

Not every story that is transferred to the silent drama has the same attraction that it had in book form.

But this is an exception.

The director must have seen the principles involved; he must have been young once, and dreamed the same dreams that "Huck" and his pals dreamed.

The Photoplay reflects the immortal story, only slightly altered, and with all its old charm and attraction.

Lewis Sargent is Huck and makes us feel again the days when we dreamed of just the same adventures and deeds that we see in this play.

Huck is the personification of the hopes and ambitions of the average American boy, and Sargent realizes his responsibility in the re-telling of Twain's story.

Probably every man and boy in the audience thought that Mark had taken a page from his boyhood dreams for his plot.

Never for a moment does the audience see anything extraordinary in the character of Huckleberry Finn.

Sargent sees to it that his characterization at all times bears the imprint of carefulness and natural acting.

The cast is good, all the characters of the book appear true to life.

W. E. Rennie begins to relate the story of the play because everybody knows this story.

And the movie, like all little boys and girls, "should be seen and heard."

It is a triumph for the makers of motion pictures to be able to translate Mark Twain's story with such great success as has been done.

Opinion—Lewis Sargent is a premier delineator of the American boy and his adventures, and he handles the story of the play with a sure hand.

At English's all week.

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD SINGER SINGS NEW JAZZ SONGS.

A little bit by the name of little Berna Deane Murphy, aged 7, rather glib in the honors on the new bill at the Colonial.

She has a cute little way in putting over a song, especially a jazz number or two, and she is good for several encores.

A child generally makes good before a large audience, but Miss Murphy has an unaffected way about her which causes the little singer to win on her merits and not by the ancient habit of audience-pleasing children because they are children.

She jumps from one song number with ease and every word she utters can clearly be heard over the theater and that is something which can not be said of many group singers.

One's appreciation of Eugene O'Brien in "The Figurehead" will be determined largely by his knowledge of "rotten goods" politics and the methods political bosses use in putting over their candidates.

When in this movie is a society butler who is madly in love with a society girl, but the girl gives up the life and attaches herself to a mission in life.

She will have nothing to do with Eugene unless he works and he accepts the candidacy for mayor of a town.

Finally, he proves that he is only a figurehead and that his own party manager is pledged to the other party's candidate.

When gets his facts in action, shows up the gang wins at the election and marries the girl he loves.

Opinion: Rather strenuous work for the actor, but the action of this play is supposed to take place when something stronger than soda water was served at political headquarters.—W. D. H.

NORMA TALMADGE PLAYS TWO ROLES.

In "Yes or No" Norma Talmadge plays two roles—one a wife of a wealthy man whose home is without love and the other character is that of a wife who is married to a man of limited means, but there is love in this household.

As Minnie Berry, she is the wife of the poor man, and as Margaret Vance she is the wife of the rich man, both to do it.

HE POINTED TO A QUEER LOOKING APPARATUS ON A NEARBY TABLE.

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DOROTHY ILLUSTRATES THE 'SCALP HOLD'



JAMES RENNIE AND DOROTHY GISH.

Demonstrating the "scalp hold" in the domestic wrestling ring.

If Dorothy Gish were an Indian she might be accused of trying to purl the forehead of James Rennie, her leading man in Paramount pictures.

As it is, she's merely showing her affection.

having similar domestic problems to solve.

The wealthy husband thinks only of making money, and can buy his wife more idle pleasures of life, while the poor man slaves to realize his dream of riches for his wife, which fate had denied them.

There is plenty for the star and his support.

At the Circle all week, in addition to a Mack Sennett comedy, "By Golly."

AT THE OHIO.

Queer things may happen in far away Scotland.

This is proved in "The Best of Luck," which is shown this week at the Ohio.

"The Best of Luck" is another of the Drury Lane melodramas, pictured.

But this melodrama becomes, in its scenario form, more of a mixture of romance and adventure than anything else.

Scotland is the scene of most of the action, although some of it is in this country and in England.

Kathryn Adams is the star of the production.

She has the part of an athletic girl, who can do most anything from flying an aeroplane to riding a motorcycle.

Jack Holt, her leading man, is cast as a Scotch nobleman who has lost his estate to keep them in the family.

She goes to England incognito, to win the friendship of the nobleman and his tenants.

But a villain appears and causes a lot of trouble.

Then the action becomes rapid, and keeps at rapid fire until the end.

Miss Adams has a big part, one that gives her a chance to do big things.

And Jack Holt is a convincing nobleman.

Opinion—a fast moving play, with action, adventure, romance and a capable cast.

AT THE ISIS.

Robert Warwick is on view the first half of the week at the Isis in "The City of Masks."

This romantic story has been reviewed at length in this space and has decidedly interesting minutes.

It is a good vehicle for the star and his support is good.

Bill includes Hank Mann in "The Coy Copper."

SEARLES WANTS COMPLETE LIST OF WAR HEROES

Records of 150, Who Made Supreme Sacrifice, Not Available.

PEOPLE ASKED TO HELP

Out of a total of more than 400 Marion county men and women who lost their lives in the world war, the records and photographs of only approximately 250 have been obtained for publication in the Indiana state war history, according to Ellis Searles, who made the collection.

In the remainder of instances, he says, it has been impossible thus far to locate the relatives of the men, although every effort has been made.

"The state historical commission, which will publish the history, hopes to make the list complete," Mr. Searles said yesterday.

"It would be unfortunate, indeed, if this could not be done. The official war history should contain a list of the men whose relatives and next of kin have not been found, and it is published below."

He requests every man, woman and child in Marion county to read the list carefully and then write or telephone to the state historical commission all possible information in regard to any of those whose names appear in the list.

The office of the commission is at Room 85, statehouse, and the telephone number is Main 4171. The commission asks this information as early as possible.

Following are the names of the men: William R. Allen, Bert Arbuckle, Ed. M. Allen, Corp. James E. Albert, James Bagg, Walter D. Baker, William Beasley, Patrick Bell, Albert A. Bergman, Henry Bergman, Lieut. Edward J. Bell, Sgt. Woody Blythe, Harry D. Bell, Ezra H. Borah, Jerry Bostick, David C. Brenton, Wallace O. Bridgeport, Willard Brooks, James O. Brown, Lawrence G. Brown, Louis K. Berlan, Lieut. John Vernon Bouris.

Sam J. Chapple, Edward Cherry, Harry C. Colburn, Samuel Edwards, Elmer Cox, Ernest A. Crabtree, Louis O. Craighead, James A. Crites, Corp. Leroy H. Croswell, William L. Cusack.

William Daniels, Oral Dean, Albert H. DeHaven, Leroy Denny, Orville DeWain, William H. Dibble, Walter S. Diddle, J. O. Donnelly, John Joseph Duffey, Capt. Joseph Gray Duncan.

Fred Howard Ellis, Thomas Enoch, Fred Everett, Oscar F. Erwin.

Carl F. Felke, Charles W. Fins, Morris S. Fish, Marion G. Pitt, Corp. Luther Flora, James Arnold Foreman, Edward A. Forrester, Frank Fowler.

Earl Garrett, Clarence Gayer, Corp. Harry P. Gray, James N. Griffith, Cecil Grimes, Ralph Gullett.

Philip G. Hagne, Charles G. Harris, Corp. George R. Harris, Allen W. Haupt, Corp. F. Hasely, George Henley, Raymond G. Hesel, Samuel Hester, Joseph L. Hill, Rufus Hill, Paul W. Hornaday, William R. Harley, Warren P. Hoyle, Lewis G. Humphries.

John Elmer Jackson, Clay James, Harold Johnson, Ransom J. Johnson, John H. Johnson, Thomas O. Jones.

William H. Keedy, Sgt. Fred A. Kennedy, Willis O. Kimball, Charles E. King, John E. Kubitz, George E. Kuhn, John E. Lannon, John Laptry, Homer Lee, Chester Lesley, Ernest Lester, Claude Lueberry, Raymond Lindsey, Elson Loy.

John McCondonough, Robert L. McGrath, Arthur Lee McLaskey, Lulu Maligra, Carl Malines, John Edward Mann, Payton W. Marshall, Roy O. Martin, John V. Masters, Arthur H. Medley, Sgt. Hyde Burton Merrick, Harry Meyers, Frank E. Michaels, George M. Moore.

THE MURAT.

"The Gypsy Trail," a romantic comedy, is the present week's offering at the Murat by the Stuart Walker players.

Robert Housum, the author of "The Gypsy Trail," has written a new play called "The Star Sapphire," which has been accepted by A. H. Woods for production early this fall.

Want you to promise to give me two bags of gold if I rid your castle of all the rats and mice?"

"Agreed!" said the mean old miser, although he didn't mean to keep his promise at all, you know.

So Puss took off his coat and his red top boots and his pink waist-coat and his hat with the big waving plume, and then he got down on all his four paws and crept softly into the room.

"Ho, ho!" said the old miser, "I'll soon be rid of all the rats and the mice without it costing me a penny," and then he rubbed his hands together and sat down and waited.

Well, he didn't have to wait very long before Puss returned and said:

"There is not a rat nor a mouse left in your castle; not even the baby mice. So give me the bags of money that I may be on my merry way." But the mean old miser began to laugh loudly, and then he said:

"What have you done with the rats and mice?" So Puss took him over to the window and showed him all the rats and the mice creeping away in a long line.

"There they go," said Puss, "and they'll never come back."

"Well, you follow after them," said the old wicked miser, and he tried to push Puss out of the window. And this made Puss Junior so angry that he gave three loud whistles and back came all the rats and mice as fast as they could.

And when the old miser saw what was happening he brought out the bags of gold and gave them to Puss. "Now tell the rats and the mice to get out," he said in a cross voice.

So Puss took the bags of gold and went out of the castle, and all the rats and the mice followed after, and by and by they came to another old castle where a kind lord lived who didn't have any money.

So Puss brought the castle for a bag of gold and gave it to the rats and the mice to live in forever and ever, and the kind lord went to London and Puss went on his way to seek more adventures.—Copyright, 1920.

(To be continued.)

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

A New Serial of Young Married Life

By ANN Lisle.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

"Please, Mr. Hyland," Virginia put up one white hand wearily, and Neal drew back as if she had thrust him away. Never had I seen any one more thoroughly snubbed, nor more cowed by a mere gesture.

As an outlet for his anger and hurt amazement, Neal rushed over and poured himself a glass of lemonade—then he began striding up and down the room moodily, drinking in large gulps as he moved.

Virginia appeared unaware of him. She turned to Jim, saying:

"Dear, you were going to telephone to the Rochester for rooms. As soon as I have had another of Anne's delicious sandwiches I shall have to think about carrying my little Phoebe off for her beauty sleep."

And then I turned and noticed how completely Phoebe had awakened. Neal had paused in his march and was staring down at her groggy, rumpled hair. She looked up and smiled shyly.

"Hui-lo!" said the boy, in great amazement. This wasn't a child—a "kid," as Jim had called her—but a young lady, as Neal could see now that he really looked at her.

"Hello!" said Phoebe, demurely. Her long lashes fluttered down again, and she hid her little heart-shaped face. Then she untangled her feet from under her and straightened up, with an eye to Virginia's ideas of propriety, I suppose.

Neal took this as an invitation and sank down at her side. For a minute they sat quiet, looking at each other with eyes that were almost frightened. Then Neal burst out:

"I thought you were a kid."

"I'm a woman grown—seventeen!" cried Phoebe.

Then they laughed, and the ice was broken. They were deep in the process of getting acquainted.

I crossed over to Virginia.

"You won't want to stay long at the hotel, I suppose," I ventured. "But even while you're there you will come to me for lunch and dinner at least?"

"We'll see," my sister-in-law replied. "I shall be very busy hunting an apartment."

"Oh, I'd love to help you, Virginia. If you like I'll call for you at the hotel in the morning and take you to the office. I'm sure they will be able to give you just what you want—they did so well for us," I cried.

"My dear Anne, you need not trouble yourself. I'm an old New Yorker—and shall manage very nicely without the Masons—or you?"

I felt that I had presumed—that she had intended her words to convey "without the Masons—or you?"

Before I could reply Neal burst out:

hoester, Michael E. Mullen, Francis J. Murray, Orr A. Mullinix.

Arthur H. Negley.

Sebastiano Palomares, Sgt. R. H. Pace, Richard M. Pankey, Fred G. Poladexter, Lorin Potter, Fernando Reed, H. H. Ryan.

Claude C. Raymer, Bradley W. Reed, Jack Bailey Reiman, Lee R. Rowell, James Robinson, Harry Thomas Roman, Howard C. Root, William J. Rugenstein, R. J. Ryan.

Charles Ball Sandeford, George F. Saunders, Peter H. Schrieber, Louis S. Schwartz, Carl J. Shipley, Lieut. Charles W. Simpson, John C. Smith, Earl Ray Snyder, Sprig, Raymond St. Clair, Harmon E. Strong, Roy Stunkard, William Sumner.

Sgt. Harry A. Tate, Mack Thomas, Roy Townsend, Lieut. Charles W. Turner, Russell Steven Tynes.

Bryan F. Van Kirk, William Russell Van Vaker, Curtis Wallace, Lieut. William Noble Wallace, William Warner, Lieut. Harold S. Watson, William Weaver, Corp. George Webster, Harlan E. Witte.

Roy R. Yeager.

Lieut. William Zion.

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Anderson Plant

HOME GARDENS REAL PURPOSE OF NEW SOCIETY

Carry Campaign Into Every Home in Country by Stereopticon.

PLAN TO LEARN NATURE

"Cultivation of home gardens is the fundamental purpose of the American Homecraft society," declared George H. Maxwell, executive director of the organization, in discussing the campaign which will be opened to enroll thousands of American citizens in its membership.

The American Homecraft Society has been organized with its national headquarters at Indianapolis.

A lecture tour through all sections of the United States illustrated by stereopticon pictures of ideal homes will be one of the big features of the campaign, according to Mr. Maxwell's plans.

The society will also maintain an information bureau to which persons may write asking questions regarding the best way and the best time to plant and how to cook the products from the home garden.

PROVE GOOD TO CHILDREN.

"There are hundreds of children every year," said Franklin Vonnegut, president of the Homecraft society, "who are deprived of good food and fresh air on account of the crowded conditions of the neighborhoods in which they live."

"Tenement children grow to be restless, selfish and brutal."

Mr. Vonnegut said that the only thing which can make these children grow up to be contented men and women is to teach them to love nature and her works.

In connection with this Mr. Marshall proposes a twelve months' school session for the children, the summer months being devoted to gardening.

"Children who are taught to work with their hands to cultivate a garden and get food from it will learn to love rural life and the pleasures of the country, and the tenements of the cities."

Mr. Maxwell declared that only the children who have fresh air and sunshine have strong chances to grow up to be healthy men and women.

Letters will be sent out to business houses in all parts of the country as one means of communicating with the people and the plan of the campaign.

"The success of the war garden stimulates us to believe that we can be very successful," said Mr. Marshall.

"Every vacant lot and backyard in the city should be utilized into a garden."

Mr. Vonnegut declared that he believed the people should be fastened to their homes by the anchor "A Home Garden."