

The Daily Movie Magazine

CLOSE-UPS of the MOVIE GAME

Things the Daily Movie Magazine Man Sees and Hears and What He Thinks of 'Em

By HENRY M. NEELY

You Haven't a Chance, Geraldine

IT'S just as well to break it to you brutally at the start, Geraldine. There isn't a chance in the world for you to get into the movies at the present time.

If the thousands of young women in this city—and young men, too—would only put about ten cents apiece into a fund and send a representative over to New York to try to get an "extra" job and come back here and tell her experience, she would say, "Forget it, Geraldine. There's a customer coming to your counter. Better get on the job."

In the past six weeks there must have been at least two hundred girls in this office—all lured by the chance offered by our beauty contest, but all wanting to enlist somebody's aid in getting them into the game whether they won or not. And, after we had talked to them and told them the truth about things, they went away, probably thinking that we were all brutes and didn't know anything about movies anyway. Which might have been true.

BUT, before you begin to feel resentful about hearing the bald truth, just, just, just, have you seriously ever asked yourself this question: "What have I done that I can absolutely guarantee to deliver in return for getting a job with a big company?"

For you must remember that there are fifty people hunting every single little job that a studio has to offer. And the studio will give that job to the one who can deliver the most in return.

PRODUCTION has been cut down to the very bones in every studio, both East and West. In New York they are doing only such work as is necessary to fulfill contracts and pay overhead.

The West Coast studios have had a sickening slump the past few weeks. A few days ago we printed a letter from Constance Palmer, our Hollywood correspondent, saying that things seemed still to be humming, but a few days after she had mailed that letter, Jesse Lasky, production head of Famous Players, went to Los Angeles, got the heads of other big concerns together, and the result was a general flat reduction of 25 per cent in all production expenses.

That doesn't mean cutting the salaries of the big stars. It means getting rid of most of the little folks—the extras, the helpers, the people who make a living by playing minor bits. The quantity of output will be maintained by a general speeding up, and that means a life of drudgery for every one who remains.

SINCE June 15, when there was a reduction in railroad rates across the continent, picture player folk have been deserting the West Coast in swarms. On one day fifteen additional sections were added to the regular trains eastward from California.

ALL of these people—each one an experienced camera actor or actress—are headed for New York, hoping to find a niche in a studio there or else get a job on the speaking stage.

And the slump on the speaking stage is so bad that there are 5000 chorus girls out of work in New York, all sitting day after day outside the offices of casting directors, hoping to get their room rent by picking up an odd day now and then in the studios.

Remember, these people are all experienced; they have made reputations for themselves as dependable, satisfactory, hard-working folks who will relieve a director of all worry.

If they can't find jobs, Geraldine, where do you think you would get off? No; unless you can absolutely guarantee to deliver something valuable in return, you'd better hang on to the job selling ribbons.

Maybe there's nothing romantic about it, but at least, you know you can reach across the counter and grab a square meal three times a day and there's a comfortable bed and a roof just beyond the next aisle.

WELL, I had aspirations once myself. But I also had an appetite. And when, after months of aspiring, some one told me where I could find a job, I went. I went so fast you couldn't see me for dust.

YOU want to know what I mean by "guaranteeing to deliver something valuable." Let's look facts in the face:

Beauty contest winners deliver something valuable in return for the trouble it takes to make actresses of them. They deliver the publicity won by coming out at the top of the heap. Their widely advertised beauty is worth dollars and cents to the producer in marketing the pictures in which they appear.

Girls who are relatives or close friends of officials of the companies of the distributing concerns, deliver something valuable. They deliver the co-operation of these interests with the director.

Girls with training, experience, known screen ability (if I may coin such a word) deliver something valuable in normal times, but at present there are so many thousands who are offering only this standard inducement that it is no inducement at all.

AND now, of course, you want to know how long this condition is going to last. If I knew that, Geraldine, I'd lay my bets accordingly. And I shouldn't worry about a job thereafter.

REX INGRAM IS PUTTING BALZAC ON THE SCREEN

By CONSTANCE PALMER

THERE seems to be no length to which Rex Ingram will not go to get the effect he wants. "The Four Horsemen" took months and months to make. He is now at work on an adaptation of Balzac's "Eugenie Grandet," which will probably be shown as "The Conquering Power." He has had a statue made by Ralph Barton to place in the center of a banquet board to express the spirit of the gathering. If I were in the mood I could discover something very significant from the fact that it is of cubist design.

In the original Balzac story Pere Grandet, the miser, in his mental tortures sees spirits of things that are and are not. Mr. Ingram and his camera man have worked out very simple means of eliminating these ghosts of the departed without the aid of double exposure.

Lovely Alice Terry plays Eugenie. Valentin Varene, who plays the hero, is Ralph Lewis, who was Stone-man in "The Birth of a Nation."

Other members of the cast are Edward Connelley, Bridget Clark (I like that name; it's so honest), Nobel Johnson and Mark Fenton. June Mathis did the screen version.

TOM MOORE is just starting "From the Ground Up," which was written especially for him by Rupert Hughes. Helene Chadwick is again his leading woman. I like her a lot. De Witt Jennings, Grace Pike, Hardee Kirkland and Darrel Foss are also in the cast. Ed Mason Hopper (if he only wouldn't put his name in the middle! And he's such a nice, unassuming young man!) is directing.

Rita Welman, Saturday Evening Post scribe and writer for our movies, makes a collection of jade. This is not press agent's twitter—I've really seen it. The latest addition is a pair of earrings—long, dangly things—which Miss Welman's father gave her. She has rings, bracelets and necklaces, besides pieces of unset jade.

Metro has instituted a new fire-fighting system whereby Alice Lake, Viola Dana and the other stars will have to all their places in the bucket line just the same as the firemen. Think of that!

GARETH HUGHES has completed "The Hunch," his first starring picture for Metro, and is getting ready to start "Garments of Truth."

MOTHER OF THIRTEEN MOVIE ACTORS AND ACTRESSES



THIS is a unique photograph in that it shows two unique figures in the moving-picture world. The gentleman in the top hat is, of course, Will Rogers. All of his recent pictures show him with the violin in his hands. He had to play it in a recent production and became so interested that he actually took lessons.

Ever hear a beginner scraping away at his scales? That's what the people around the studio here had to put up with ever since. Rogers has learned to "play" one whole tune, and he insists on doing it for every one that he meets.

Here he is shown, snapped as Mrs. Treboal, who has thirteen children, every one of them steadily employed in the various studios about Hollywood, Calif.

my nose and thought, "The Pest!" Then I smiled to see how awkward and nervous he was. He was just getting started.

"Why, good-morning, Nella!" he said. "I nodded. "Talking, is it? Suppose we sit down?"

"Oh, no," I said. "I don't care to be nearer."

"Now, see here, Nella," he burst out, "how long do you think I can stand this?"

"Listen," he went on a little hoarsely. "You know you could be a great actress, if—"

"I paused. Always this "if!" Then, before I had time to add, "I had me by the arm and tried to kiss me. It was like blinding light. I awoke from months of dreaming, and undetected fully. I broke loose and turned on him."

"Mr. Snyder?" I cried; "don't come a step nearer."

and swiftly I walked out never stopping until I reached home. It was only then that I broke down.

I cannot describe now what a change took place in me, what a fury swept me, and what a resolve that I would end all. I felt that that night would be the final night. I told myself that no more would I be taken in.

Now, it so happened that I was acting in a melodrama, and in the last act I came on with a hidden revolver. I finally shot and killed the villain. I hid a box of blank cartridges for the weapon.

But, on the way to the theatre that afternoon, I stopped in at a store and bought a box of genuine cartridges. These I took to the dressing room and put on the shelf before me beside the revolver, and the other box.

To be continued tomorrow

PAULINE FREDERICK TELLS WOMEN HOW TO WEAR CLOTHES

"OH, HEAVENS! I'll have to cut out candy and potatoes for a week! Maybe a month!"

This groaned Claribel, the New York model who is just the same size and weight as Pauline Frederick, and who spends most of her time fitting gowns for the famous motion-picture star.

"Mon Dieu," sighed Celeste over in Paris, when she, too, received a message that she must reduce eighteen pounds in order to keep pace with the sweet lines of Pauline.

The house Frederick, admittedly the best-dressed actress in the pictures, has two models of the same size and weight as herself who do little else than fit gowns for her. One of them is in California, and one is in one of the smartest dress-making establishments in Paris.

The moment a new material has left the designer's hands, the moment a new style is created, long before even the trade has seen it, a telegram is dispatched post-haste from these houses to the Robertson-Cole star.

This Is How the Story Begins:

NELLA MORELAND, most famous of screen stars, has that a young girl, Annette Wilkins, has fallen in love with Roland Welles, an idol of the screen. Miss Moreland, to save Annette, writes the story of a screen tragedy, love affair with Welles, intending to send it to Annette so she may know the kind of man he is.

Patricia, a member of the company, proves her best friend, but the manager, whom she nicknames "Beaver-Face," becomes obnoxious with his attentions.

Now Go On With the Story

The day I first saw him, I had been little piqued at first that he had made no comment upon the progress I had made. But I had decided that it was just his way, and had let it go at that.

But at the end of the eventful week, when I had made my first legitimate "hit," I stopped me after the Saturday afternoon matinee, just as I was about to go out to supper.

"I'll be right back," he said, "so you're not an icicle over all."

"An icicle!" I echoed, astonished.

"Yes," he said, "I begin to think that your coldness is all assumed."

"Well, you don't think you've been particularly pleasant to me, do you?"

I stared at him without reply. I did not know what on earth he was getting at. I got back to the theatre earlier than usual, having hurried through my supper, and went at once to Kitty's dressing room.

"What on earth do you suppose he meant?" I demanded, after I had told her of my encounter with Beaver-Face.

"I wouldn't worry about it," said Kitty, evasively.

"But I was not to be put off. "But can you imagine what he meant by my not being pleasant?"

"He never said Beaver-Face without thinking of them. I determined to keep a wary eye on him in the future."

Months passed. Spring came. I was playing excellent parts, but I had not yet played any "leads." The reason for this was obvious. Beaver-Face continued to make it plain to me that I must be "more pleasant." He made it evident that the way up lay through his love.

I was quite indifferent, save that at times he was like a mosquito which I kept brushing away, and his buzzing annoyed me.

Before people, I was always quiet, determined, laconic; but sometimes, when at last I came to my little room, I wept bitter tears, when no one else was near, in the dead of night. I think at such times it was love that kept me alive, as it was love that kept me at my worst, I clung to it undaunted. I determined, in spite of everything, to keep everlastingly at it.

Spring came; and wily Beaver-Face, biding his time, kept on with his trivial intrigues. At that time I took every occasion I could for long walks up the river, along the cliffs. I loved the counting, looking, coming back through the woods. I looked up and saw a man in the distance.

It was Beaver-Face. I puckered up

The LOVE STORY of a MOVIE STAR

CHAPTER XIV

MY FIRST taste of real success—for I was sensible enough to realize that my success was largely a matter of accident—came when I happened to be playing a small part in an old-fashioned melodrama. The part, in itself, was very little. But I had a short scene where I was supposed to fly into a rage over a supposed slight at the hands of my lover. Prompted by a spirit of mischief, I had carefully held myself in rehearsal. I was adequate, no more. But on the opening night, I let more go. I had only to recall some myself or, with some of my teachers when I was a perfect wildcat, to put myself in the proper mood.

The effect was electrical. Thunders of applause greeted my outburst of temper. One admirer in the gallery even went the length of calling out: "Go it, you little devil! You've got him scared!" Of course that got a laugh. But the scene was fortunately over, so it couldn't be spoiled.

All through the week I got the same sound of applause each night. Of course, I was delighted. But I really believe that dear little Kitty was even happier than I. There was never a more generous person in the world than Kitty. And it was this success that brought me for the first time in actual contact once more with Beaver-Face.

Now that I had seen him constantly about the theatre; but beyond a curt nod, he had never acknowledged my presence. His whole attitude suggested that, having turned me over to the stage manager after I had brought him my letter from Roland, his duty was done.

Nevertheless, I was constantly stumbling across him as I came off the stage. More than once I had glanced aside in the middle of a scene to find him watching me with that same old cynical expression which I found so inexpressibly comic. But I think I am within the limit when I say that we had not exchanged above a dozen words since the day I first saw him. I had been little piqued at first that he had made no comment upon the progress I had made. But I had decided that it was just his way, and had let it go at that.

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GARRULOUS GARRY HEARS DORIS MAY IS HAPPY BRIDE

HELEN KLUMPH "ABOUT Doris May," Garry began importantly. "You needn't tell me," I interrupted. "I've had a letter from her myself." But a little thing like that doesn't stop Garry.

"She's so happy since she's married that she's in a daze most of the time. She says she didn't know that anybody could be so bewilderingly, wildly happy as she and Wallace MacDonald are. They have a little house out in Hollywood and Doris just loves fixing it up. Oh, wouldn't you love to see it? I'll bet that it's the dearest, loveliest little house imaginable."

"Well, remembering all the things she bought when she was in New York," I volunteered. "Yes, she did take back loads of things and, thank goodness, most of them were pink," Garry remarked with finality. "Doris is so deliciously pink and white herself. Yes, of course, she'd be heartbroken if she didn't wear pink and furnish her house with lots of sunrise pinks and yellows."

"Wasn't it funny that the last picture she made before she was married was 'The Foolish Matrons'? She insists that she got lots of tips from it."

"I'll bet Maurice Tourneur kidded her unmercifully while they were making that picture," I observed, and he usually, my remark fired Garry to further flights.

"Well, his heart wasn't in it as much as usual. He never knew just how long he could engage Doris in mere picture-making when the New York shops were beckoning her to come trousseau-buying."

"He'd say, 'The car will come to the Commodore for you at 10 o'clock. We're going out on location.' And Doris would say in that demure but uncomfortable way of hers, 'Yes, of course, Mr. Tourneur, but have it come to Hickson's for me instead. I'll be having a fitting just then.'"

"And, of course, he'd wonder if she really would show up. He always had a secret horror that she would rush back to California and the prospective groom before he was able to get to the altar. And if you think that her making 'The Foolish Matrons' was funny, how about Wallace MacDonald? He made a picture called 'Are You Men Alive?' It was so good that Doris hasn't the slightest interest in a title like that."

"Hollywood ought to be changed to Hollywood, California," Garry admitted. "Doris May and Virginia Vail were the only brides there it would justify that. And incidentally Virginia is going to play opposite Bert Lytell in his next picture again. The name of it is 'Junk.' I should think that her husband would prefer to have her play opposite Bert. Mere handsomeness might get tiresome, but Bert's disposition, never!"

"SPEAKING of Bert Lytell reminds me of something that happened in the Metro Studio one time last winter. A girl was sitting talking to him while they both watched Miss Vail working. The girl was one of that kind that always 'knew' in advance what Mr. Lytell would do. She told Garry's name used to be Sweeney years ago in Chicago."

"See, I'm glad to hear it," Mr. Lytell remarked unexpectedly. "The only thing I was afraid that girl lacked was a little good old Sweeney blood."

"The girl was utterly crushed." "Served her right," Garry said, glad to edge into the conversation somehow. "And there are lots of other people in the motion-picture business who could have slaughtered her for getting any reflection on a good old fish name."

"Chiefly Marshall Nellan," Garry broke in. "If you ever know any one who wants to get a job in a picture of his, just tell them there is only one

Opera "Rigoletto" Made into Movie

The Italians have just completed another of those spectacular pictures for which they are justly famous. The theme this time is "Rigoletto," a dramatization of the story of Verdi's great opera.

Return of Photographs in Movie Beauty Contest

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Tells Garry She Is Happy

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DOROTHY FARNUM ANSWERS QUERIES OF SCRIPT WRITERS

C. G.—Never write a producer demanding return of your story. They will all be read and passed upon in good season, you may be sure.

Herbert Tatuell—Never before in the history of the photoplay, except perhaps in the days of Miss Swartz, have so great an opportunity. You will find, as time goes on, the policy of buying original screen plays will be even more clearly defined than today.

J. F. Lowell—The instruction method you mention is an excellent one and if you can arrange to subscribe to it, you will find it all means do so.

Lila A. Blake—Write your story on standard-sized typewriting. It must, by all means, be typewritten. I cannot advise you to whom to send the story. You may use your own judgment as to what company or what studio is best suited. Addresses of the leading picture companies may be obtained by writing or phoning to the editor of the photoplay.

C. Williams, Jr.—Submit your story in synopsis form to the company for whom it is best suited.

A. V. Gilliland—Any book shop will procure for you the Emerson-Loom book on the photoplay.

Grace M. Retlow—It will be well to write a little description of each character in your play, not in the text of the play itself, but on a separate sheet. Describe them, not in the order they appear, but rather in the order of their importance to the story—star first, leading man, leading woman, etc.

PHOTOPLAY REQUIREMENTS

Anita Stewart, Louis B. Mayer Studio, Los Angeles, Calif.—Society at least part society drama in order to secure good dressing, which exhibitors and followers of the central figure of the learned to demand. Will gladly supply original stories provided they show creative effort. Nothing suggestive or sensational. The central figure of the story and the situations must revolve about her. Because she is above the average height, all the principals of her caste must be tall. The heroine of her stories must be decidedly human.

Bryant Washburn Gets Royal Consent to Film

BRYANT WASHBURN, while working on "The Road to London," was wanted by "some of the royal extensors on the grounds of the royal castle at Windsor, England.

Officials of the royal court, when approached with the request for permission, were shocked and said that such a good sport and actor as Bryant V. Washburn were still more shocked when Mr. Washburn told them that this was the very reason why he wanted his request fulfilled.

The officials being persistent in their refusal, Bryant Washburn became impatient and said: "Well, if you people won't let me do it then I'll apply for an audience with King George; he is a good sport and won't put up any obstacles in my way as you fellows seem to."

The officials were thoroughly scared, as the young Yankee looked as if he actually would approach His Majesty, King and Emperor George V with the request to be allowed to make "movie" on the royal grounds, and finally granted permission.

<p>PHOTOPLAYS</p> <p>APOLLO 522 & THOMPSON STS. MATINEE DAILY</p> <p>CARLYLE BLACKWELL</p> <p>"THE BURGOLAR"</p> <p>ARCADIA 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. MATINEE DAILY</p> <p>"THE LITTLE FOOL"</p> <p>ASTOR FRANKLIN & GIBBARD AVE. MATINEE DAILY</p> <p>CONWAY TEARLE</p> <p>"SOCIETY SNOBS"</p> <p>BALTIMORE 512 & BALTIMORE STS. MATINEE DAILY</p> <p>MAX LINER</p> <p>"SEVEN YEARS OF BAD LUCK"</p> <p>BENN 94TH AND WOODLAND AVE. ALL-STAR CAST</p> <p>"The Revenge of Tarzan"</p> <p>BLUEBIRD Broad & Russ. Ave. WALLACE REED</p> <p>"THE LOVE SPECIAL"</p> <p>BROADWAY Broad & Snyder Ave. MARSHALL NEILAN'S</p> <p>"Bob Hampton of Placer"</p> <p>CAPITOL 722 MARKET ST. SESSUE HAYAKAWA</p> <p>"BLACK ROSES"</p> <p>COLONIAL Gtn. & Maplewood Ave. ALL-STAR CAST</p> <p>"TOO WISE WIVES"</p> <p>DARBY THEATRE LOIS WEHNER'S PRODUCTION</p> <p>"WHAT'S WORTH WHILE"</p> <p>EMPRESS MAIN ST. MANAYUNK Wm. De Mille's Production</p> <p>"What Every Woman Knows"</p> <p>FAMILY THEATRE-1311 Market St. ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN</p> <p>56TH ST. THEATRE-Below Spruce BETTY COMPTON</p> <p>"STRANGERS OF LOVE"</p> <p>FRANKFORD 476 FRANKFORD AVENUE</p> <p>MARY PICKFORD</p> <p>"THE BACK DOOR"</p> <p>GLOBE 230 and 630 to 11</p> <p>VIOLA DANA</p> <p>"THE OFF-SHORE PRIVATE"</p> <p>GRANT 402 MATINEE DAILY</p> <p>BEN TITMUS in MARK SENNETT'S</p> <p>"A SMALL-TOWN IDOL"</p>	<p>PHOTOPLAYS</p> <p>GREAT NORTHERN Broad St. & Erie 2, 7 & 9 P. M.</p> <p>CHARLES RAY</p> <p>"THE OLD SWIMMIN' HOLE"</p> <p>IMPERIAL 90TH & WALNUT STS. MAURICE BERTHELOT COMEDY</p> <p>"MARRIED LIFE"</p> <p>Lehigh Palace Germantown Ave. and Lehigh Ave. GALE INC. PRODUCTION</p> <p>"OUT OF THE SNOWS"</p> <p>LIBERTY BROAD & COLUMBIA AV. ALL-STAR CAST</p> <p>"</p>
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