

The Daily Movie Magazine

CONTEST WINNERS START THEIR WORK IN MOVIE STUDIO

THE three girls who won our Movie Beauty Contest started their actual work toward movie stardom yesterday.

Movies Get "Justice"



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM William Faversham will be the star in the Selznick production of John Galsworthy's drama, "Justice."

STARS OF FICTION, DRAMA AND SCREEN IN NEILAN FILM

IN THE production of his newest and most ambitious film, "The Lotus Eater," Marshall Neilan has enlisted the services of famous stars of fiction, drama and screen.

Children Barred From Movies

Owing to strict police regulation of the new law debaring all children under the age of sixteen from cinema performances...

English Film in Colors

J. Stuart Blackton will be back in this country in October from London with the completed Lady Diana Manners picture.

MOVIE BEAUTY CONTEST WINNERS CREATE FURORE ON CAPE MAY BEACH



The upper picture shows the girls as they faced their admirers. From left to right are Eugenie Brew, Hotel Normandie; Madeline Starhill, 5806 Cedar avenue; and Marion Holst, 205 South Forty-second street.

This Is How the Story Begins:

NELLA MORELAND, most famous of screen stars, hears that a young girl, Annette Wilkins, has fallen in love with Roland Welles, an idol of the screen.

The LOVE STORY of a MOVIE STAR

CHAPTER XXV

I WAS in the street, then Roland helped me into one of the automobiles, and a girl next to me loaned me a ribbon.

MAKES CHILDREN HAPPY BETWEEN SCENES



Molly Malone cuts out paper dolls between scenes at Culver City. They are for Robert De Vilbries and Jeannette Trebbal.

The camera-man put his hand on the handle of his machine, screwed up his forehead, and eyes us keenly.

CLOSE-UPS of the MOVIE GAME

By HENRY M. NEELY

Some Emote Violently and Some Don't

NOT long ago I read in one of the fan-magazines an affecting article on the terrible nerve strain of emoting violently for a number of consecutive shots before the camera.

HOW would you like to sit through a harrowing scene of Nazimova on the speaking stage and get to the point where you were gulping hard and openly wiping away the tears and then suddenly having her stop acting and cry with a laugh.

IT DOESN'T often happen that way, of course. Usually the screen actor or actress is tremendously moved by the part being played.

I spent the morning in the Cosmopolitan studio, at 120th Street and Second Avenue. Marion Davies is making a big picture up there and I had been watching her on a magnificent set.

When she stopped for a costume change, Albert Capellani, the director, called for Forrest Stanley and Follie de Cordoba to put on one of the great dramatic scenes whose action takes place on the same set.

Stanley, as the hero, is in the room when De Cordoba, as the villain, enters. They quarrel over the girl. Beginning in somewhat quiet tempo they work up to a tremendous struggle scene and Stanley, with a cry of "You cur! I'll kill you!" draws a pistol and shoots De Cordoba.

They rehearsed it until they had it right. Then Capellani said, "Let's go" (He doesn't say "camera" like most directors), and the camera man began to grind and the men on the set started their act.

It did it most impressively. Hard-boiled as I am, I was conscious of the thrills running up and down my spine with the realism of the death struggle.

The great moment came. "You cur," cried Stanley, and his voice vibrated through the great studio. "I'll kill you!"

He whipped out his gun and fired and, while I watched, fascinated, turned with the same motion to Capellani, laughing gayly and said, "I think Pedro and I ought to go into vaudeville with this stuff."

IT WAS like a dash of cold water in the face for me. I had let him carry me with him through those moments of his character's mental torture right up to the extreme climax where men could no longer control themselves and was engaged in the tidal wave of primitive passion.

IN THE afternoon I was playing about the Fox studios, down on West Fifty-fifth street, and stood watching Scarle Dawley directing a particularly pretty girl in some close-ups.

She sat in a chair, playing the part of a daughter in love with a young man whom her father will not tolerate.

Dawley himself spoke the father's lines. He was out of the picture, of course. The camera was shooting close-ups of the changing emotions on the girl's face—her terror at first at discovery, her indignation as she heard her lover called insulting things.

Well, they rehearsed it and then went to it for the camera. Dawley was certainly an irate father. And the very beautiful little girl suffered such palpable soul anguish and showed it so plainly on her lovely face that, as the climax came, my heart went out to her and I felt like hushing Dawley over the beam.

Then came the last supreme effort; she sprang to her feet, cried, "No, father, I will NEVER give him up!" and, glancing at the skylights, continued, "Good Lord! Look at it raining! And I didn't bring an umbrella!"

I'D LIKE to tell you that little girl's name, because she is sure one beauty and she can act. They told me who she was, but I've forgotten it. When she simply proclaims how old I'm getting. Twenty years ago, I'd have had her name and address written down in my notebook and would probably have asked her her phone number while I offered her my own umbrella. Ah, well—

COGLEY RECALLS "GOOD OLD DAYS" ON WEST COAST

By NICK COGLEY

(Mr. Cogley, well-known character actor, famous for his interpretation of Negro roles, and now a member of the Goldwyn stock company, was one of the first players to leave the stage for the screen. He tells some interesting stories of early days in filmdom.)

THE motion-picture industry is one of the biggest in the world today. I can remember when there was only one company on the Pacific Coast, and they called it "Polygram Pictures."

In those days all a fellow needed was a pair of corduroys, a slouch hat, an old coat and a bandanna and he was dressed for any role. All the pictures were Westerns or mining stories, you see.

Well, those were the good old days, sure enough, when every one was taking a gambling chance on the future of the movies, and motion-picture actors were looked upon as hoboes by regular folks.

About fourteen years ago the Selig Polyscope Co. was the only picture company in the West. They had a little place on Olive street. I recall that place looked more like a Chinese junk house than anything else.

The studio was a back lot, filled with tin cans—to this day the open space reserved for outside sets is called the "back lot." I had drifted out from the East, where I was a stock actor, and decided to throw my luck with the pictures.

Selig had a regular stock company, all but the character man, and I came along right in the nick of time, which makes me rank with Santucci as one of the oldest screen actors on the coast. There was Santucci, Barbara Worth, Jean Ward, Frank Montgomery, Dick Vivian and Frank Richardson.

FIRST they asked me: "Can you swim?" I couldn't. "Can you ride?" I couldn't.

Remember This Edisonette?



GLADYS HULETTE

"Can you climb hills?" I couldn't. I was, and am, too fat. I began to think I had no qualifications whatever when suddenly a bright idea came to me.

I announced impressively as the director fired another question at me, but, gentlemen, can act."

Of course I was handicapped, not being a mountain climber, but they got around that difficulty by lowering me down and raising me up with a piano wire. You see, once I started rolling, being so fat, I naturally rolled to Kingdome. Climbing hills was a regular part of making pictures in those days.

The first year we hit Yosemite we had to get permission of the major boys who were camped over the country all of our guns and ammunition with the military. A Western picture not being much good without a lot of shooting in it, we had to pull wires to get the guns and ammo.

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Well, things went along like that for several years. In the meantime Biograph and Vitagraph and others had started up and Selig had put up the first buildings of what is now known as the Selig Zoo.

Mother, I'll just sign up and we'll have a place somewhere near the studio where the kids can go to school and leave soon, but I can't do this trip round the country. We'll have a regular home of our own—and we have.

PICTURES had begun to get down to a science by that time, and more and more of the speaking stage actors joined the ranks. I gave up all thought of going back to the legitimate, and when Goldwyn offered me a contract I said to my chief:

"Mother, I'll just sign up and we'll have a place somewhere near the studio where the kids can go to school and leave soon, but I can't do this trip round the country. We'll have a regular home of our own—and we have.

"Better to fall and break your neck."