

The Daily Movie Magazine

Daily Tabloid Talks to Fans
on Breaking Into the Movies

By JOHN EMERSON and ANITA LOOS

CLOSE-UPS of the MOVIE GAME

By HENRY M. NEELY

It's a Great Year for Mothers in the Movie Business

THERE was a time when you couldn't succeed in the movies unless you were a raving beauty with wonderful charms, or else a young Greek god with a deft chin and marvelous eyes. But not any more. Times have changed. Nowadays you're got to be a mother. That lets you and me out, Percy. It's sad but true; this isn't our year. Since about the middle of last season the only stars who have made really big hits are the women who play mother to about half a dozen children. The more children they have to mother, the bigger hit they make. If some one had formed the Hubbard Film Company he would have made a fortune. I refer to Mother Hubbard, not Elbert.

It certainly is odd the way these movie styles come in waves of popularity. We've had waves of Kaiser films, waves of "miracle men," waves of stunts (I'm talking psychology now, Geraldine), and waves of what you think I am; waves of everything else.

Now it's mothers. We've seemingly revolted at the artificiality of the machine-made scenario and have suddenly come suddenly remembered that the grass grows green in the homes of our infancy and the little children, and the little kittens, and the little chickens and the little everything things romp about joyously in the fresh air, never having heard a cabaret orchestra jazz "Samsun and Dellah" or "Madame Butterfly" or "The Palms" while the dancers toddle in and out among the tables.

I WAS talking the other day to Willard Spencer, who has written more successful light operas than I have fingers and toes. "I have noticed this tendency on both the stage and the screen lately," he said. "It is funny how it spreads. I woke up yesterday morning with the musical theme for a song running through my head. I sat down at the piano and began to work it out. The words tell how we have grown tired of the camp and the jazz girl and now want 'The Apple Pie Kind of a Girl.' I think it is the best thing I have written." (Adv.—Next to reading matter.)

ALREADY we have three great screen mothers whose names are being pressed-agered more widely than the names of younger stars. They are Mary Alden, Mary Carr and Vera Gordon.

Mary Carr, in "Over the Hill," has had New York women weeping happily for some time. This playlet is in some ways the most remarkable achievement of the last season. It came at a time when the production of expensive spectacles was quite the thing.

"Over the Hill" was not expensive; it was not a spectacle. Its cast consists of about a dozen people, with no "stars," and it tells a simple, homely story of plain life.

Yet William Fox has cleaned up over a million dollars with it and it has not yet been released to the country at large. It is a triumph in simplicity; it gets into the human heart and stays right there, and, for the average woman, it is at least a two-hander relief.

And Mary Carr did it. Of course, those who understand these things will know that Harry Millarde, the director, was the real guiding spirit throughout the production. But Mary Carr, former Philadelphia woman, "gets the stuff across" and mothers her screen brood so you almost want to be mothered by her yourself as you watch her.

Mary Alden has been a screen mother ever since her debut in pictures. Her triumph this year in the Rupert Hughes story, "The Old Nest," will probably make it forever impossible for her to play anything but mothers: Mary Alden, without a brood of youngsters to worry over and snuffle over, will now be inconceivable.

Oddly enough, Miss Alden had a mother part in the very first picture she appeared in. This was Griffith's "Battle of the Sexes." And she had another in the screenization of Ibsen's "Ghosts." She's been mothering ever since. And this year she and the other mothers of the screen step right into the camera lens and take all the close-ups there are.

YOUNG all remember Vera Gordon and her part in "Humoresque." She simply stretched out her arms and mothered the whole world. She doesn't do it just as a press agent stunt, but because she really has the big maternal heart that she displays on the screen.

Even when she deserts pictures for vaudeville she continued mothering. She makes it a point in every city she visits to do something or other for a Jewish orphan home there and usually she does it without her press agent knowing it if she can. But it's pretty hard to fool a press agent.

She did it here some time ago. When the "flu" epidemic was on one of the Jewish charitable organizations gathered together twenty-eight little children who had been orphaned by the disease. Some women collected funds and took a house at 1530 South Sixth street and turned it into a home for the kiddies until permanent arrangements could be made.

Vera Gordon heard of it and visited the house when she came here on her vaudeville tour. She helped.

Now the little family of orphans has outgrown its home and has sent another appeal to the screen mother. And she is helping again. She has started work in New York on another picture, but she has found time to organize a concert to be given in Atlantic City next Sunday night and she is going to run down there with little Miriam Battista and show how some of the famous scenes in "Humoresque" were made.

For several years she has been sending autographed photographs to fans who wrote to her. Now she is writing each one of these fans, asking them to pay twenty-five cents for the photograph, but to send the money to the downtown Jewish orphan home.

That's the kind of real mother heart she has. And that's why it is impossible to think of her in any other than a mother role.

ONCE asked "the Miriam Battista which screen player she liked best of all she had ever played with. And she answered quite simply, "Vera Gordon. Not I don't like her. I LOVE her. She's just like a mother, even when you're acting with her!"

HE IS THE YOUNGEST LEADING MAN

Little Edgar Jones and his sister, who will be starred in Goldwyn pictures

THE LOVE STORY of a MOVIE STAR

TAKE her on up here? And have Him—have that man coming up here continually to see her? I will not agree to it. At least," I added, overcome by a belated sense of shame, "let me think it over."

He—gave me one of his keenest looks.

"Very well, Nella," he said quietly, even gently. "You will have plenty of time to think it over. Annette is going away on a trip for a few months. We can both think it over. We need not decide before fall. But please remember that her father is an old and valued friend. I ask you to consider me that far."

With that, he was gone.

But it was as if the peace that had come to me was a false peace. It was like the dozing green growing over the edge of the crater of a volcano.

Leaving a hurried note for Him—that I had one of my old headaches and would not be able to work that day, I left the studio, and drove home.

Once there, I sent my servant away for the day, giving her permission to go to a sister's and spend the night. I wanted to be alone. I wanted to be where no human eye could see me. I wanted to give myself up completely to the rage and jealousy—yes, jealousy, Annette; jealousy of you—that was consuming me. I had never known Katie, my maid, to be so slow. I thought she would never be ready to go. I thought she would never stop coming in to tell me where I would find the tea, and in what part of the larder she had put the cream, and where I would find the eggs for my breakfast, and the grapefruit, etc., etc.

I had told her that she need not come back until after breakfast the following morning, and that I was going out to dinner.

I knew that she was only thinking of me and of my comfort. But I hated her for not going more quickly. At last heard the door close behind her. I was alone.

I was in the big studio in my apartment. I took a studio apartment, because I can move about freely. One gets accustomed to space, working in our large studios. After that, the ordinary New York flat seems like a handkerchief. My studio has just enough furniture in it to make it look inhabited. A grand piano at one end, a large table for books and magazines, a few chairs and a couch. Here and there, on shelves, on brackets, and on the window-sills, are beautiful and costly pieces of bric-a-brac, many of which I—has given me.

When at last the welcome sound of the closing door fell upon my ears, I snatched off the little velvet toque I was wearing. The next second it was splashing through the air. I had not meant to throw it at anything; I only wanted to have my burning temples cooled. I wanted to let down my long hair. But it struck a delicate, fairy-like vase—one of the first pieces that I—had ever brought me. Down it came with a crash, shattering into a thousand pieces. After that, I think I went crazy! The sound of the breaking glass gave me an insane delight. At the end of a few minutes I had swept every choice piece that I possessed onto the floor.

Then the reaction came. A flood of shame, of remorse, of bitter humiliation as I have ever known, swept over me. I threw myself on the floor in a passion of self-abasement. I was nothing more than an ignorant savage! All my hard-worked-for education, all my acquired refinement was a mere veneer! I had reverted to type! The years had come crawling for me. At bottom I was the same ignorant, undisciplined brute that had played long ago on the slag heaps in Pittsburgh. There was where I belonged! I had better return!

When I got myself up from the hard floor, sore and bruised in mind and body, night had fallen. I tottered into my bedroom, bathed my swollen face,

MARY ALDEN IS A WONDERFUL MOTHER IN "THE OLD NEST"



AND fastened my long hair up into a loose coil. Remembering that I had had nothing to eat all day, I made myself a cup of tea, and forced myself to swallow it.

Then I took a hot bath, got myself into a loose gown, and sat down to think things over soberly and sanely.

The next, that I thought dead, was not dead. That was clear. Roland Welles had become real to me again. But I was no longer filled with jealousy, with rage, with desire.

How could I have acted as I had done, when you—who were innocent in the matter—had made an ideal of me? And when I cared for you truly? But could I let you go blindly to him? That was the question which I set myself to solve.

And that was how I came to write this. That was how I came to tell you my secret; that you might know the truth, and choose for yourself. So I tried—and finally succeeded—to think of you, to feel toward you, as if you were my younger sister, or even my child.

But the struggle is not entirely over. It is wearing me out. I wonder if I will ever conquer it? You see now, dear, sweet little Annette, how un-knowing and innocent in crossing my path, you brought back the tragedy of my life in all its poignant freshness.

And, even now, when there seems little more to write, I have not quite made up my mind whether you shall ever see this or not. I do not feel sure that I am big enough, and true enough, and brave enough to save you, although I can do it so easily!

For I love him! I love him more still! Ah, I am sick once more of life!—and love!

September 16.

A strange thought had been occupying my mind today. The idea came to me in the night, while I was lying awake. It is that some subtle change has taken place in me since I started to write this, my life-story. A strange change! Is it that all confession cleanses? Even if one is confessing, as it were, only to one's self?

For remember, Annette, I do not know yet whether I shall ever have the courage to send this to you, after all. In the end, I may simply keep it for myself; a record of the stormy pages of my youth, to be read over and perhaps who knows, smiled at when I get to be an old, old woman. It is hard for me to think of myself as really old in the sense of having outlived the courage of my youth, to be read over and perhaps who knows, smiled at when I get to be an old, old woman. It is hard for me to think of myself as really old in the sense of having outlived the courage of my youth, to be read over and perhaps who knows, smiled at when I get to be an old, old woman.

Ready for Work

SEENA OWEN has recovered from her illness

CONTINUED TOMORROW

Many Jobs Are Open in Movie World

The authors of this series are the James Emerson and Loos, who have written some of the most successful photoplays. They now have full charge of all scenarios for Constance Talmadge.

Presently a large number of actors and actresses appear at the studio and the individuals best suited to the coming production.

Meanwhile the art director has built his scenery, and the picture goes "into production." At the end of some six weeks or two months, the directors turn the completed film over to the assembling and cutting department.

At the same time another specialist on the borders of the written stage is busy. Finally the assembled picture is shown to the studio staff, and if they are satisfied, the negative is forwarded to the distributing company. The studio's work on that picture is ended.

From this brief survey you can see that the avenues for breaking into pictures are almost unlimited.

You can be an actor, director, cameraman, scene builder, cutter, title, scene writer or anything else if you will pick the job for which you are fitted, and all require a high knowledge of motion-picture technique.

(These "Tabloid Talks" are condensed from the material for a book by Mr. Emerson and Miss Loos to be published by the James A. McCona Company, New York.)

Answers to Questions From Movie Fans

Otesaga—John Barrymore played the lead in Galsworthy's famous stage play "Justice." It is being seen on the screen at present with William Faversham in the leading role.

Ted—Sylvia Ashton, Mary Alden and Vera Gordon are all famous for their mother roles on the screen. At present characterizations of mothers are giving the vamps parts a run for their money. Adele Rowland is a well-known singer in light opera and incidentally the wife of Conway Tearle.

Curious—You may be interested to know that Betty Ross (Clarke in private life is Mrs. Arthur Collins. Her new picture is "Partners." She recently played with Katherine MacDonald in "Her Social Value."

Peggy—Rudolph Valentino is at present playing in "The Conquering Power." His leading lady is Alice Terry, who played opposite him in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Rudolph is ready to start work on "The Sheik."

Hilda C.—The C. M. Productions Company is a company formed to make pictures for Lina Cavalieri, to be assisted by her husband, Lucien Muratore, the famous opera singer.

Floy—"Moonlight and Honey-suckle" was first played on the stage about two years ago. Ruth Chatterton played the part of Hennie, Dorothy Gish's husband, played opposite her.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A STAR

Who could have written this searching, intimate record of the inner life of a motion-picture star? Who but A STAR WHO HAS LIVED THIS LIFE HERSELF? Anybody who has lived this life knows the sordid contrasting with the spiritual and ideal, vice rubbing elbows with clear, clean living in the studios—all these combine to make the story

The Most Gripping Novel You Have Read in Years

It begins on this page next Tuesday. WHO WROTE IT???

PAULINE FREDERICK

von Stroheim has caused to be made a roof-garden cutting room to which he retires, accompanied (always) by the recent Mrs. von Stroheim, and there the two of them cut and edit the thousands and thousands of feet of "Foolish Wives"—129,000 feet, to be exact.

Rollin Sturgeon, who used to guide the action of various glimmering luminaries at Universal, has signed a contract with Famous Players-Lasky to supervise Jack Holt and Agnes Ayres in their new starring vehicle, "The Lash." Before Mme. Elinor Glyn left for London, she left a second story for Frank Swanson to star in. It is called "Beyond the Rocks." (Why will the redoubtable Elinor be so obvious? Anybody who has seen her in "The Lash" will know.)

By the way, lovely Gloria is depending upon her dramatic ability alone to put over "The Shulamites," which is to be called pictorially, "Under the Lash." I don't mean she hasn't a splendid apt to help her. She has, as Marion Hamilton, Ruth Chatterton, Lillian Leighton.) But I mean there is no gorgeous display of gowns and no spectacular sets.

She looks kind of tired and worried, poor dear. Pretty hot weather to have domestic troubles!

Lubitch Secures Large Lot

The Ernest Lubitch Film Company has acquired about 100,000 square yards of a hot job, or beautiful lot, which is occupied at present by an Egyptian city, which the director is building for the filming of "Pharaoh's Wife." Palaces, pyramids and sphinxes are being built to a height of 120 feet. About 9000 persons will be used in this production.

PHOTOPLAYS PHOTOPLAYS PHOTOPLAYS

The following theatres obtain their pictures through the STANLEY Company of America, which is a guarantee of early showing of the finest productions. Ask for the theatre in your locality obtaining pictures through the Stanley Company of America.

APOLLO 522 & THOMPSON STS. MATINEE DAILY THOMAS MEIGHAN in "THE EARLY ROAD"	GREAT NORTHERN Broad St. & Erie 2, 7 & 8 P. M. PAULINE FREDERICK in "ROADS OF DESTINY"	THE NIXON-NIRDLINGER THEATRES
ARCADIA 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. COSMOPOLITAN PRODUCTION "THE WILD GOOSE"	IMPERIAL 607th & WALNUT STS. 2, 7, 8 & 9 P. M. KATHERINE MACDONALD in "MY LADY'S LATCHKEY"	BELMONT 522 ab. Mt. Pleasant 2, 30 and 8:30 to 11 P. M. TOM MOORE in "HOLD YOUR HORSES"
ASTOR FRANKLIN & GIRARD AVE. MATINEE DAILY TOM MIX in "A KID IN ROMEO"	Lehigh Palace HOBERT BOSWORTH in "HIS OWN LAW"	CEDAR 607th & CEDAR AVE. 2, 7, 8 & 9 P. M. BRYANT WASHBURN in "THE ROAD TO LONDON"
BALTIMORE 61st & BALTIMORE AVE. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. ALL-STAR CAST IN BASH KING'S "EARTHBOUND"	OVERBROOK 65th & HAVERFORD AVE. 2, 7, 8 & 9 P. M. LOIS WEISS PRODUCTION "TOO WISE WIVES"	COLISEUM Market St. 60th & 60th 2, 30 and 8:30 to 11 P. M. WILLIAM DESMOND IN DAN SULLY'S "THE PARISH PRIEST"
BENN 64th and WOODLAND AVE. MATINEE DAILY Bessie Bell in "First World Showgirl" "THE TEN-DOLLAR RAISE"	PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. ROSCOE (Fatty) ARBUCKLE in "CRAZY TO MARRY"	JUMBO FRONT ST. & GIRARD AVE. Jumbo June on Frankford 2, 30 and 8:30 to 11 P. M. LEAH BAIRD and SPECIAL CAST in "THE HEART LINE"
BLUEBIRD Broad & Susquehanna ST. JAMES M. BARRIE'S "SENTIMENTAL TOMMY"	PRINCESS 1918 MARKET STREET 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. W. S. BARTY "RIDDLE GWANNE"	LEADER 41st & LANCASTER AVE. MATINEE DAILY ALL-STAR CAST IN "APPEARANCES"
CAPITOL 722 MARKET ST. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. ALICE BRADY in "LITTLE HEALS"	REGENT MARKET ST. Below 17th 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. DOUGLAS MACLEAN in "ONE A MINUTE"	LOCUST 522 & LOCUST STREETS 2, 30 and 8:30 to 11 P. M. WALLACE REID in "TOO MUCH SPEED"
COLONIAL 230, 7 and 9 P. M. CONSTANCE TALMADGE in "DANGEROUS BUSINESS"	RIALTO GERMANTOWN AVENUE AT TULPEHOCK ST. MACK SENNETT'S COMEDY "MARRIED LIFE"	RIVOLI 522 and RANFORD STS. MATINEE DAILY OWEN MOORE in "A DIVORCE OF CONVENIENCE"
DARBY THEATRE CONSTANCE TALMADGE in "THE PERFECT WOMAN"	RUBY MARKET ST. Below 17th HARLEY KNIGHT PRODUCTION "CARNIVAL"	STRAND GERMANTOWN AVE. AT WALNUT STREET DOROTHY DALTON in "BEHIND MANS"
EMPRESS MAIN ST. MANAYUNK MATINEE DAILY KATHERINE MACDONALD in "PASSION PLAYBOY"	SAVOY 1211 MARKET STREET MACK SENNETT'S PRODUCTION "HOME TALENT"	AT OTHER THEATRES MEMBERS OF M.P.T.O.A.
FAMILY THEATRE—111 Market St. 8 A. M. to MIDNIGHT GEORGE MUIR PRODUCTION "A WISE FOOL"	SHERWOOD 64th & Baltimore Ave. ALL-STAR CAST IN "CARNIVAL"	Germantown 5510 GERMANTOWN AVE. MATINEE DAILY May Allison in "Extravagance" LAUREY DESMON IN "THE FALL GU"
56TH ST. THEATRE—Below 56th MATINEE DAILY HOBERT BOSWORTH in "THE FOLISH MATRONS"	STANLEY MARKET AT 19TH 11:15 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. ALL-STAR CAST IN "Don't Neglect Your Wife"	JEFFERSON 20th & DUNBAR STS. MATINEE DAILY JAMES KIRKWOOD and SPECIAL CAST in "A WISE FOOL"
FRANKFORD 4715 FRANKFORD AVE. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. MARJORIE RAMBEAU in "THE FORTUNE TELLER"	333 MARKET STREET THEATRE 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. EUGENE O'BRIEN in "WORLD'S APART"	PARK RIDGE AVE. & DAUPHIN ST. 2, 30 and 8:30 to 11 P. M. THE SUPER-STAR PRODUCTION "D"
GLOBE 5901 MARKET ST. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. ALICE LAKE in "UNCHARTED SEAS"	VICTORIA MARKET ST. No. 97th 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. ALL-STAR CAST IN "WET GOLD"	
GRAND 4022 GIRARD AVE. MATINEE DAILY Special Cast in "Back to God's Country"		