

The Daily Movie Magazine

CLOSE-UPS of the MOVIE GAME

By HENRY M. NEELY

Are We Still Scared to Death by Those Terrible Foreigners?
OUT in Los Angeles, where they make moving pictures and where half the population now derives some, or most, of its income from the moving-picture industry, they are still all set up over foreign films. They are still spreading the propaganda that the invasion of the foreigners is threatening to overthrow the whole fabric of the business.

Here comes Marshall Neilan, otherwise a mighty sensible chap and certainly one of the best of American producers, and Marshall, intimately called "Mickey," is starting in to use the screen to spread this idea that Europe is going to swamp America with cheaply made pictures, and that after the deluge there won't be anything left of us but a lot of muddy wastes with the corpses of molding pictures floating up every here and there to remind us that we once had life on this devastated area.

Mickey tried an experiment the other day in California. At a showing in Los Angeles of his big picture, "Bob Hampton of Placer," he inserted a title, "Not Made in Germany." And according to Pete Smith, who is Mickey's very capable and wide-awake press agent, the house rose to such a demonstration of "patriotism" as has not been seen since the days of shipyard workers used to cheer pictures of the boys enlisting for overseas.

Now I haven't the slightest doubt that both Mickey and Pete are absolutely sincere in their conviction that the public feels just as that Los Angeles audience seemed to feel. They both live in Los Angeles and they hear this anti-foreign stuff talked a good deal. And they naturally suppose everybody everywhere is talking the same way.

But Los Angeles has a peculiar interest in the question that is not shared by the rest of the country. Los Angeles largely gets its bread and butter from making motion pictures. If there were a possibility of foreign films coming here in great numbers it might lower the wages of the film colony in Los Angeles.

BUT I doubt if the rest of the country would keep over that. There are admittedly too many people out there now trying to get into pictures. They don't have to; they just want to. And the people around the studios are making money because of the money that is being put into ordinary life. Maybe that's why the price of pictures stays high.

JUST to get at the truth of this situation, I called on a man in New York the other day. He is in the foreign end of the business. In other words, he is an official of one of the biggest distributing organizations, and his special department is exporting and importing.

His exporting business is tremendous; his importing interests consist largely of going to private views of films brought over here for sale, looking at them, and turning his thumbs down on them.

There are a lot of speculators who are buying up all sorts of stuff abroad or bringing it here on a commission gamble. But there is no danger of it flooding our moving-picture theatres unless it is bought by a distributing organization with facilities for putting it broadcast on the market. And this man's views are the views of all the men in similar positions in all the big distributing organizations.

He told me that he and his assistants have looked at more than five hundred foreign films, brought here on speculation. Out of the five hundred and more, not twenty have been bought by all companies combined.

Does that sound like a foreign invasion? Now I ask you. This man jotted down for me a list of those which had been accepted, as they occurred offhand to him. First, of course, "Passion," "Deception," and "Gypsy Blood," the three great Lubitsch pictures. Would anybody have missed one of those three, in spite of the fact that they were made in Germany?

Then there is "The Golem," which is running now in New York and which will not cause any violent earthquake anywhere else, in spite of the fact that it is unquestionably a good piece of work. That lets it out.

"The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" is another invader—and a welcome one in my humble opinion. I don't know any American company that could have made it.

Then there are "The Governess," "Vendetta," and "The Twice-Born Woman." I haven't seen any of them. I'm under the impression that they have not yet been shown to the public.

"Tradition" was tried out in New York and flopped. It may be sent out on the road or it may not.

We are to have the filmation of Sardon's "Theodora," D'Annunzio's "The Ship," "The Bridge of Sighs" and "Mme. Sans Gene." They all sound good to me. Worth seeing, anyhow.

And we will get "Danton," and "One Arabian Night." The last named is a picture for which I look with a great deal of interest. In it are combined all of the master picture makers of the German art, with one of the greatest directors acting a minor part in the story. I'm going to tell you more about "One Arabian Night" soon.

That gives us fifteen foreign pictures to put the country in a panic. And five more which my friend may have forgotten, and we see the border of Attila (whoever he was) blackening the horizon, their spears as thick as the hairs on a five-year-old toothbrush. Yeah!

I CAN'T for the life of me see why we shouldn't have European pictures anyhow. We claim that moving pictures have become an art. Well, what would our art be without the pictures that come from Europe, literature, our drama? We don't have to adopt their methods or their standards. But at least we ought to see what they are doing, or we are likely to become provincial.

DAILY TABLOID TALKS TO FANS
on Breaking Into the Movies
By JOHN EMERSON and ANITA LOOS

What Is Necessary for One to Screen Well?
The authors of this series are the famous Emerson and Loos, who have written some of the most successful photoplays. They now have full charge of all scenarios for Constance Talmadge.

THE male types which are most in demand are not those who appear in through physical beauty. Audiences are sick of large-eyed, romantic heroes, and are demanding a little manly force and character.

To film well a man's head should be large, rugged, with the features cut in masses, like a Robin Hood. Whether he is attempting to play "Javelin," "leads" or "loaves," his face must possess the cardinal requisite of character.

Deep-set eyes, a strong chin, a cutting forehead, a prominent nose are all desirable. Again, the high cheekbones and long face appear desirable characteristics. William S. Hart's success depends largely on these two simple characteristics of facial structure.

Neither in men nor in women is the hair an essential part of the picture. Wigs and trick arrangements of the hair are a function of the make-up department, and a man or woman with no hair at all could still be made to appear most attractive to the unsophisticated camera.

In analyzing your own face, then, ask yourself the following questions: Are my eyes deep-set? Is my skin fine and well kept?

Answers to Questions by Movie Fans
Marian H.—Pearl White played in "Know Your Men." Milton Sills is married to Gladys Wynne.
Bee-bee—Alan Churchill in "The Sign on the Door," starring Norma Talmadge is portrayed by Robert Agnew. Robert is twenty-two years old. An interesting fact is that he was a former comedian. I bet you never knew that. He has played with Billie Burke, William Faversham and Norma Talmadge. It was reported that he was engaged to May MacAvoy, but this has been firmly denied. In fact, in a recent interview, May declared that she was never going to marry.
Roger—Buck Jones is married. Of course he will send you his picture if you ask him. And don't forget to send the usual twenty-five cents or you probably will not receive the photo.
Pola Negri has not made her appearance in this country. She was booked to arrive some time ago. There is a report that she may not come at all; however, you know as much as I do about it.
Glas—"The Lotus Eater" is a Mar-

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S FIANCEE NOW APPEARS AS A NUT-BROWN MAIDEN



MAY COLLINS, the beautiful, noted for the pure whiteness of her skin—and for the fact that she is Charlie Chaplin's fiancée—has done something entirely out of the ordinary in her new picture, "The Shark Master."

Most women with skins as white as May Collins—and there are mighty few that have—would register serious objections to showing themselves in public with their chief claim to beauty entirely hidden—so far as its whiteness is concerned, we mean.

But Miss Collins comes on the screen now as a nut-brown maiden of the South Seas. That's a severe test for any actress who has won thousands of admirers by her good looks, but these pictures show that even the nut-brownness can't conceal the fact that May is a beauty.

Frank Mayo is the star in the picture. The other actress is pretty Doris Deane.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A STAR
AS TOLD TO HELEN KLUMPH

Who but a STAR WHO HAS LIVED THIS LIFE HERSELF? Love, jealousy, ambition, 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**

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Has New Role

THE LOVE STORY of a MOVIE STAR

Continued From Yesterday
September 18.

Last night we had the great Motion Picture Ball. All during the week there has been a public exhibition, and the ball was the climax. And all through the week, too, the thousands of people that came and went were handed little ballots to enable them to vote in the Popularity Contest. They were to vote for whatever came their way—most popular of the one they considered the most popular moving-picture actress in America.

It is strange that I should look to myself in amazement, and survey to myself like the old lady in the nursery rhyme:

"If this be I, I think it be—"
As sure I think it be—"

For I was the contest! Was it five, or was it six, years ago that I put in the dark little Imperial Theatre in A—and gazed up at Roland Welles while he delivered his speech, my hands clasped, my whole soul looking out of my eyes? And last night, I was the contest!

But it is as I said at the start: there is no film I have ever acted in so dramatic, so strange, so unbelievable as my own life. To come in a mere few years from obscurity and erudite girlhood into the glare and flame of the world!

And it was through you, Roland Welles, that it all came about. I can never forget that, although there is little credit accruing to you. I do not flatter you in making the state-ment. If you had been the man my girlish imagination painted you, the man I dreamed you were, I know in my heart that I would never have risen. I would have had no thought of glory for myself. I would have been content always to have lived in the shadow of your greatness.

The road up in Art is through heart-ache and sorrow. The way to its Purgatory is through Inferno and Purgatory. And often it is our enemies who prove in the end to be our best friends; and the things that torture us and shatter us, those that make us in the end, are those that make us in the end.

How strange it all is! How can we arbitrarily set down what is good and what is bad, when out of seeming evil so much that is good can spring? But that ball! It was so delightful over it; proud as a peacock of me. He



always knew it, he said. And he felt sure that I was yet only at the beginning. Greater days beckoned. May this be true!

Well, he decided, of course, to make my entry at the ball a dramatic one. I must confess that I was not at all averse to this; what woman, and that woman an actress, would have been? No, after a time, the instinct to act becomes too deeply ingrained in us for us to be able to resist such temptations! So they decided to wait until half past ten, and then fling aside the curtains at the lack of the little stage that formed one end of the ballroom, and have me suddenly appear, come down and lead the grand march.

I designed my own costume. And I decided to make it as daring as was possible, consistent with decency. If I were truly the Queen of the Movies, and not the Little Peacock any more, I must come as a queen, and in a queenly dress. My maid, who is very clever and deft, and is not without ideas of her own, worked with me several hours to put on the final touches which often mean so much. And when I finally saw myself in the huge mirror that fills one wall of my dressing room, I was so delighted with the result that I let her—come in. He had come to escort me to the scene of my coming triumph in his motorcar. He was absolutely thunderstruck when I swept him a magnificent curtsy.

"I'd hardly know you," he said, "Queen Nella!"

And then, suddenly, he came round to me. His lips parted, and a happy light came into his face.

"Turquoise!" he said.

I smiled at him. The turquoise is his favorite stone. He doesn't happen to have the foolish superstition that it is unlucky.

"Yes," I answered. "It is out of compliment to you. You made me Queen Nella!"

He took my hand and pressed it to his lips, and there was something that touched me deeply in the action. My own eyes filled.

Then I took a last look at myself, as if in time that we were going. My costume was, if I do say it myself, quite Egyptian, quite Egyptian. There were Egyptian earrings in my ears, and I had a headgear of beaten brass with a turban-like top. A string of them were across my bare shoulders, and helped keep my gown in place, and I had a headgear of beaten brass with a turban-like top. A string of them were across my bare shoulders, and helped keep my gown in place, and I had a headgear of beaten brass with a turban-like top.

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GARRY AWAITS GLORIA SWANSON'S VISIT TO EAST

By HELEN KLUMPH
"WELL, something has happened at last," Garry announced, sinking into her usual seat next to me.

"Do you mean that you're wearing?" I answered caustically. "That's not an occurrence; it's nothing short of an outrage!"

"Oh, well," Garry murmured in a pitiful imitation of a downtrodden heroine. "Gloria Swanson is coming East in about a week and if the rest of us don't wear chain armor or scarlet bathing suits or something equally startling, no one will be able to see us."

"Who'd want to?" said I, but when Garry has something to tell nothing will stop her, so she didn't even hear.

"Isn't it too bad that Agnes Ayres has gone West? They sure had a good time that they'd have lots of fun shopping together, just as they did when they were here last time."

"That was when French strap pushers were just coming in style and it seemed to the innocent bystander as though those two girls were going to buy all of them in New York. They hadn't started out shopping together—they met by accident in a tiny shoe shop up on Sixth avenue, and ever since they've been inseparable."

"That was their first meeting since Gloria and Agnes were extras at Essanay. Agnes went West with Gloria when she went back, and when Gloria became a star Agnes took her place in the De Mille company. A friend of mine went shopping with them while they were here that time, and she said that it was just like being the tail of a comet. But even at that I envy her."

"But what I started to tell you was—have you heard about Norma Talmadge's cocktail shaker for \$150. Not that she had any use for it, of course," she added, and I nodded smilingly. "She paid the luxury tax, but the firm didn't turn it over to the Government. Somebody reported them, and now they have to pay a fine of \$2000."

Of course, the only calamity for Norma was that as soon as people heard that she was buying a cocktail shaker, they began going to see her in droves, even more than usual. She overflowed from Norma's house next door. And, speaking of Anita, she's brushing her hair down so tight that it looks almost like patent leather. I think it's fascinating. At a distance she looks like a little boy."

"Speaking of bobbed hair—Mrs. Castle is in the house! Those bobbed hairs aren't anything to do with it, of course. She was making a scene for 'French Heels' the other day when the villain choked her too hard. It disconcerted some muscles, but she didn't notice it much just at first."

"She went on up to Ithaca, where her home is, and stayed for several days. They were just rolling the swimming pool on her place, and she and her husband were so thrilled over putting 20,000 pounds of salt in it instead of the usual twenty that a few muscles more or less meant nothing to her."

"But after diving a few times she had to send for a doctor and he advised her to come down to New York and see the doctor D. Baker. He came cattering down in an ambulance, the way any one else would; she wore a smart little Lucille gown, and stopped on the way for a hat that a few muscles more or less meant nothing to her."

"And she's still at the hospital!" I asked anxiously, grabbing my hat to go to see her.

"Yes, Garry called after me. 'And her favorite flowers are bluebells. But she won't be able to see you. It's five minutes past the opening of the visiting hours. Don't you suppose they'd allow a crowd there already? If you don't, you don't know Irene!'"

Betty Ross Clarke is Williams' Lead
Betty Ross Clarke, who is rapidly forcing her way to the front rank of screen notables, is playing opposite Earle Williams in "Lucky Carson," at Vitaphone's West Coast studios, under the direction of William A. Wellman. The new Williams' production is based on "Salvage," a novel by Aquila Dempster, and has its action mostly out of doors. Mr. Williams and his supporting company have been working hard spending most of their time in the mountains of Northern California and picturesque points along the Pacific coast.

Russians Form Movie Company
A number of Russian players who have fled from their country since the outbreak of the Russian Revolution government have pooled their resources and formed a motion-picture company in France. They propose to base their films on old Russian and Polish legends.

High Price Asked for Fight Films
A good deal of discontent has been expressed in Paris about the exorbitant price of \$700,000 France is demanding for the French rights of the Carpenter-Dempsey fight film. With business bad and taxes high, nobody has been found to make it a deal, and there is little chance of any body being discussed about this matter until the price comes down. Meanwhile the Daily Mail has got the first innings by showing the film photos on the French screen as a substitute for the missing movies.

Arriving Soon
Gloria Swanson
BIG STUDIO GAVE WEEK'S VACATION; WHAT STARS DID
METRO studios at Hollywood, Calif., were shut down a whole week recently, throwing more than a thousand members of the five producing units there out of work.

But they were out of work for a week only. The week was devoted to an all-around vacation.

With the week ended production started immediately on "Turn to the Right," with Alice Terry in the cast; "Lady Fingers," starring Bert Lytell; "The Fourteenth Lover," starring Viola Dana; "The Golden Girl," starring Alice Lake, and "Little Eva Ascends," starring Gareth Hughes.

On seven days' leave, here's what the leading women for Bert Lytell in "The Conquering Power," in which Miss Terry scored a notable triumph as Eugenie Grandet.

Resuming her honeymoon (Miss Valli is Mrs. George Swann in private life) at California beaches. Her honeymoon was interrupted by her engagement to appear in the production of "The Conquering Power," an adaptation of a Moinar play by Benjamin F. Glazer, and in "Lucky," Kenneth Harris' story of old California.

Re-reading "Duchess Ton's Cabin," which figures in the production of "Little Eva Ascends," a comedy of barnstorming life.

Maxwell Karger—Demonstrating the speed of his family touring car for the benefit of his family.

June Mathis—Touring in quest of the prettiest peach orchard location for the production of "The Conquering Power," an adaptation of a Moinar play by Benjamin F. Glazer, and in "Lucky," Kenneth Harris' story of old California.

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MAKING MOONLIGHT IN THE STUDIO



Emmet J. Flynn is seen directing Eileen Percy, the leading lady for William Russell in "Man Who Dared." The moon is made to cast reflections by the use of a sunlight arc. The shadows would not be out of place if we were standing where the movie camera was placed. The camera which took this picture was off to one side

<p>APOLLO 522 & THOMPSON STS. MATINEE DAILY THOMAS MEIGHAN in "THE EASY ROAD"</p>	<p>GREAT NORTHERN Broad & Luz Sts. PAULINE FREDERICK in "ROADS OF DESTINY"</p>	<p>THE NIXON-NIRDLINGER THEATRES</p>
<p>ARCADIA CHESTNUT Bldg. 18TH & N. 1315 P. M. COSMOPOLITAN PRODUCTION "A WILD GOOSE"</p>	<p>IMPERIAL 60TH & WALNUT STS. Mat. 2:30. Evng. 7 & 9 KATHERINE MACDONALD in "MY LADY'S LATCHKEY"</p>	<p>BELMONT 652 ABOVE MARKET TOM MOORE in "HOLD YOUR HORSES!"</p>
<p>ASTOR FRANKLIN & GIRARD AVE. MATINEE DAILY SHIRLEY MASON in "THE MOTHER HEARS"</p>	<p>Lehigh Palace Germantown Ave. and 6th St. WALLACE REID in "TOO MUCH SPEED"</p>	<p>CEDAR 670 & CEDAR AVENUE 2:30 and 6:30 to 11 P. M. EDITH STORY in "THE BEACH OF DREAMS"</p>
<p>BALTIMORE 51ST & BALTIMORE AVE. 6:30, 8:15, 10:15 P. M. EARLE WILLIAMS in "THE SILVER CAR"</p>	<p>OVERBROOK 653 and Havertford AVENUE PAULINE FREDERICK in "MADAME X"</p>	<p>COLISEUM Market St. 29th & 30th 2:30 and 6:30 to 11 P. M. WILLIAM DESMOND IN DAN SULLIVAN'S "THE PARISH PRIEST"</p>
<p>BENN 64TH AND WOODLAND AVE. MATINEE DAILY WALLACE REID in "TOO MUCH SPEED"</p>	<p>PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET ROSCOE (Fatty) ARBUCKLE in "CRAZY TO MARRY"</p>	<p>JUMBO FRONT ST. & GIRARD AVE. Jumbo June. on Frankford St. WILLIAM DESMOND IN DAN SULLIVAN'S "THE PARISH PRIEST"</p>
<p>BLUEBIRD Broad & Sun. Ave. JAMES KIRKWOOD in Geo. Metford's "A WISE FOOL"</p>	<p>PRINCESS 1018 MARKET STREET LOUISE GLAUM in "I AM GUILTY"</p>	<p>LEADER 41ST & LANCASTER AVE. MATINEE DAILY "THE WILD GOOSE"</p>
<p>CAPITOL 722 MARKET ST. 10 A. M. to 1:15 P. M. ALICE BRADY in "LITTLE ITALY"</p>	<p>REGENT MARKET ST. Below 17TH & 18th DOUGLAS MacLEAN in "ONE A MINUTE"</p>	<p>LOCUST 29th & Locust Sts. 2:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30 to 11 P. M. WALLACE REID in "TOO MUCH SPEED"</p>
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