

CLOSE-UPS of the MOVIE GAME

By HENRY M. NEELY

It Was a Great Night for Doug and Mary and Charlie

YOU'VE all read in the papers about the great demonstration they staged in New York last Sunday night for Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin. The news dispatches carried descriptions of the scenes outside the Lyric Treatre after the first showing of Doug's new picture, "The Three Musketeers," but somehow they did not tell much of what went on inside the house. Maybe the reporters couldn't get in. Most people couldn't. Even if you had tickets, you had to do a D'Artagnan stunt yourself to get through the mob that jammed Forty-second street.

I doubt if there would have been a greater demonstration if they had been staging a three-round bout between the President of the United States and the

King of Great Britain and a part of Ireland. A friend of mine tried to buy tickets on Friday and couldn't. Everything was taken. Of course, at least half the house was invitation; the first showing was intended to gather an audience that would set a record for brilliancy in flindom. And it did. The place looked like a moving-picture production of "Who's Who on the Screen."

Forty-second street was literally jammed from curb to curb. They had to call out the police reserves to let the traffic through. People who had tickets lought their way through the crowds and then stood outside the theatre, waiting to see the triumphant arrival of the three stars. And the police couldn't move them. There wasn't any place to move them to, for the lobby was crowded by the earliest arrivals and they blocked the entrance,

Fifteen minutes before the time for the show to begin they had to station a couple of ballyhoo artists outside to yell. "No more tickets sold." And the people who had come, intending to buy tickets, cussed a bit and then stood firmly just where they were, determined not to be cheated out of a glimpse of the three stars anyway (I hate to write that "three stars": it brings back such happy . . .

THEY had to send men out to yell "The picture starts in five minutes; no one scated after it starts." That got them. They began to come in and hunt their chairs, but they didn't sit down. They just stood and craned their neeks in every direction to get glimpses of the famous film folk who dotted the house.

NORMA TALMADGE was unquestionably the center of interest in these last minutes. And she deserved to be. If you who love her on the screen could see her in the fiesh, you would almost wish she had chosen the speaking stage. Norma is personality plus. She looks so sane and so unspoiled and so human that it is almost impossible to think of her as one of the most famous persons

She walked down the aisle with her husband and her mother, speaking to people as she passed with a wonderful little genuine smile that seems to come right from the heart. There isn't anything up-stage about Norma. She didn't Ritz it half as much as two lesser-oh, much lesser-lights of the screen who acted all over the place as long as there was a chance to attract attention. And they had a chance-until Norma came in.

There were several hundred people who had bought general admissions because they couldn't get seats. I saw two famous directors standing up in back. It was the best they could do.

And when this standing crowd began to spread out and filter down the sides, the management sent men to get them back. There was no time for argument. The one answer was, "I'm sorry, sir, but if you are not satisfied, you can get your money back at the box office." Polite, ch? But nobody wanted his money back. There were a lot of celebrities of the speaking stage there, too. I noticed

dozens of people poluting to an upper box and found that they were spotting out Kyra, the dancer, who is making such a sensational hit at the Winter Garden. And Kyra is a good deal like Norma; there isn't the slightest suggestion of the stage about her when she is out among people. She's human and eminently sensible and she doesn't talk shop.

THEN there came a commotion at the door-cheering and clapping and the crowd surged in. The house was on its collective feet in an

Chaplin fans. I've come to believe that Volapuk and Esperanto are not needed: all you have to do is acquire a good initiation of the Chaplin walk and Mother to the word as if that. They have the same inexplication that we went to a photographs. They look as though the chaple walk and the Chaplin walk and Mother to the world as if that the collector to under that.

We met at his aunt's home. Mrs. Gorham was an old friend of my aunt's, walk of the chaplin walk and the collector to under that.

We met at his aunt's home. Mrs. Gorham was an old friend of my aunt's, walk of the chaplin was an old friend of my aunt's, walk of the chaplin walk and the collector to under that.

We met at his aunt's home. We all looked that.

We met at his aunt's home well when they boun down and Constance and Mother that.

We met at his aunt's home. We all looked that.

We met at his aunt's home walk of the chaplin walk and the chaple was giving. She motored to town to good—don't you think so?

"In otice," she said, "They have the same inexplication was an old friend of my aunt's, walk of the chaple walk and the chaple walk of the chaple walk of the chaple walk and the c

all in masses of curls-you know; the kind of baby curls that mother used to make us hate before church on Sunday morning when she wet our bair and brushed it tight around her finger and left it that way for all the other fellows to hoot at. Mary's head was just a mass of these curls. I don't know any other woman of twenty-eight who would dare to go out in public that way-and who could get away with it.

But we've known her for so long as a little girl of the curly, Pollyanna kind Theda Bara. You youngsters won't rethat it isn't so conspicuous with her. We've come to think of her in just that member when she caused the censors to

The house wouldn't let the show go on until Doug had jumped up on the railing of the box and stretched out his hands to silence them. "Friends." he and Olga Nethersole were the original said with that inimitable smile of his, "I can't make a speech now. I'm too dyed-in-the-wood kissers. Of course nervous-honestly. But I'll tell you that this reception is wonderful-simply wonderful. If you want me to, I'll say something after we've seen the picture. But not now. Come on : let's go." So they saw the picture and they laughed and cheered at everything that

Doug did in it, and every time he pinked some one through the midriff with his sword they gloried in the gore and a good (daylight saving) time was had by all. And then, at the end, they made Doug come out and say the usual stage

nothings and they clapped. After that nothing was left but to begin the fight

wants the more personal contact of who have been writing to Dorothy Far-

IT IS when I see things like this that I begin to understand the lure the movies have upon our young folk. All the work and all the worry and all the privation of years are nothing-if they only bring at the end one such supreme moment of popular idolatry. That's why the fans are anxious to get into the game. There is no other way in the world by which such wealth and fame can be won by people scarcely

Daily Tabloid Talks to Fans

on Breaking Into the Movies

By JOHN EMERSON and ANITA LOOS

Does the Movie Actress Really "Feel" Her Part?

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

BUT they have no brains!" some one is sure to say.

That sort of thing is rather cheap This is nonsense and that if an actor whicism. As a matter of fact, they really felt his part, he would lose con-

temperamental creature; but the prob-lem which worries him the most is one as the painter uses his canvas. The of intellect rather than emotion—in short, the problem of just how to con-trol the reactions inside that discredited tray matter of his. temperamental creature; but the prob- he does not feel-using his face merely

you enter this field-is at one time or spectacular or emotional the scene.
Still a third school declares that these views are wrong, and that account allow to go into his work; that a, whether his acting should be emo-ional or intellectual. The question re-

Does an actor feel? Should he feel?

by her portrayal of the bereaved her in "East Lynne" to such an exhoo at that women leaped to their feet

are able to simulate the three reactions which are quite beyond the control of the will-pa'lor, blushing and the sudden perspiration which comes with great terror or pain. This, they say, is proof positive that these actors are feeling every emotion as they enact it

THE second group declares that all have plenty of brains, but of their own peculiar sort.

A motion picture actor, like any other type of artist, is an emotional, intellect, is able to simulate that which had does not focus on the face of his intellect, is able to simulate that which had does not focus on the face peruly.

Every film actor—and you, too, if keep perfectly cool and know exactly tenter this field—is at one time or what you are doing, no matter bow Still a third school declares that both these views are wrong, and that acting is neither a matter of thought nor of emotion, but is purely imitative.

actor observes his own emotions as he experiences them in each crisis of his Should be feel?
There are two schools of thought on this seemingly academic, but in reality most important subject.

The great stars of the motion picture.

First are those who say that an actor tures today, when one is able to draw them out on the subject, say that when they are acting they are thinking not about one thing, but about several things. The brain is divided into different strata, and while one section is emotions they portrayed.

They tell one story such as that of Mrs. Kendall, who, having lost her cown child, electrified an English audistratum is busying itself with idle speenlation about the cameraman and the

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

TALMADGE FAMILY AS THEY LOOK TODAY



TO WRITE PLAY

JUST FOR HER

in New York not long ago.

Dorothy Farnum on how to write the synopsis for a moving picture."

The aforesaid man pleaded guilty. "Well," said the divine Theda, " an tell your budding scenario writers O'ver upon a time there wasn't a that I will give them a better chance wasn't in the whole world except than most scenario writers can get. I 'vamp'' in the whole world except want an idea for a good play for the speaking stage. I don't want the whole ay. I simply want the synopsis in measure the proper number of feet that were allowable for a screen kiss. She ordinary story form.

"I am willing to pay \$500 in each to we've all kissed. But not as Theda did. All question of kissing and "vamp-

the speakies. So, while she is touring the country in a "personal appear-ance" act, she is looking for some sort hundred cold dollars in it just for a hundred cold dollars in the speaking for some sort hundred cold dollars in the speaking for a hundred cold dollars in the speaking for some sort hundred cold dollars bare idea. And royalties besides. of play that will give her that contact. man who runs this page met her | Come on-as Doug Fairbanks sayslet's go.

DOES SHE LOOK LIKE A "VAMP" TO YOU?



OF A STAR As Told to

INEZ KLUMPH

the story begins
with the early days in the old Fine
Arts studio in California, when Calleen Moore, the Gish girls, Bessie
Love and a host of others were not
much more than extra girls. Diana
Cheyne relates the tale; she begins
with the day in the studio when she
and Isabel Heath, not stars then as
they are now, were sitting on the
stairs when a strange man came into
the studio and looked at them. The
cameraman called them down to
meet him, and it proved the turning point in Isabel's life. He was
Phil Crancy, a famous director from
the eastern studios, and he taught
Isabel to be the first of the screen's
"baby vamps," and engaged her for
such a part in a photoplay he was
producing.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

FOR a while the trade journals deal-

"Looks queer to me," one of the men

Later I saw that Decry had gone to

seen-a long, low house, cream-colored, with a red tile roof, with the blue sea lying below it.

Keith, one arm resting on the top of a great terra-cotta urn, his big figure, in stunning white flannels, slihouetted against the flaming gardens that swept down to the sea.

Hearing my footsteps on the tiled floor, he turned, and my eyes met his long, heavy-lidded ones. anybody who will give me this idea. I my heart fluttered and I had a curious, will be in Philadelphia soon and, if shivery feeling Just one other time in will be in Philadelphia soon and, if shivery feeling Just one other time in they will send me their synopses—either my life have I felt that way; both to me or to you.—I will give \$500 for times the sensation has warned me that make a hit on the speaking stage in some sort of play that will allow her to live down the reputation she made as the genuine sting-of-a-wasp kisser.

She still loves the movies, but she wants the more personal content of wants the more personal content of the stage. And the stage of the stage of the stage of the stage of the stage. And, if it is acceptable, I will give them the usual royalties in addition to the \$500 same thing has happened to other girls. I know—and I hope and pray that it wants the more personal content of

Mrs. Gorham introduced us, and then sauntered down to the rose gardens, the heavy lace of her gown making a soft, swishing sound. I found myself listening to it intently, knowing that I was trying to postpone the moment when I would find that Keith Gorham's eyes had drawn mine to his again.

commonplace things, before dinner was announced. Then I found myself seated across from him at the round table that was laid on another terrace, from which we could look up at the hills, dark against the wonderful blue of California's night sky. Across from me sat Mr. Gorham, a genial, sandy-haired man, who was frankly curious about the world I moved in; between him and Keith sat his beautiful wife, her yellow hair and the emerulds that gleamed about her throat made doubly effective by the rose-shaded light of the candles. Out of sight, but reminding us of its presence by the salty tang it laid on the evening air, the sea murmured con-tentedly. And the flowers that bloomed everywhere all seemed to be embodied in the sunset-bued roses that were massed on the table between Keith Gorham and

fuffiness. I knew that I looked well; that the deep waves of my bronze hair were lovely, that my eyes had never been a deeper, clearer gray. And I knew, too, when I looked at Keith Gorham for a long, breathless second, when my heart seemed to have.

Huge Set Built for Lytell

The reorganization of the motion-pic-The reorganization of the motion-pic-eure industry now being effected has not interfered with costly and elaborate scene "sets." This is illustrated in the production of "Lady Fingers." from Jackson Gregory's story, with Bert Lytell as star. The largest setting ever constructed at Metro studios in Holly-wood, Calif., is used in this picture. It wood, Calif., is used in this picture, shows a patio, including a large garden in the center of which is a pool. The

Got His "Bad Men" All Right Maxwell Karger, directing "The Golden Gift," in which Alice Lake is to star, sent to the Mexican border last for "bad men" types. The "bad scouts were so successful that the horde of evil-looking strangers who appeared at Metro Studios in Hollywood had the whole cast nervous until they were shipped back again.

GLOBE 5001 MARKET ST.

230 and 630 to 11

THE VOICE IN THE DARK."

CONFESSIONS

THE STORY BEGINS

ing with the motion-picture industry were full of announcements about Isabel and her new company. She was to begin work right away on a wonderful story written by a big scenario writer. whose name would be made public later.

Then she was looking for studio space an old photograph from the Lubin stuat Fort Lee. Then she was choosing a director. But nothing definite was ever now famous as the hero of Fox's "Contold. Always this picture was going necticut Yankee in King Arthur's to be the most wonderful one ever made. Court." The stoutish chap facing the but that was all that was said about it.

at the studio said, one night when a lot of us were eating some sandwiches that had been sent in; we were working late, and hadn't time to go out to dinner. "The latest is that she's reading stories. the one that was written specially for her being no good-'not suited to her talents,' it says in the Review. That always means that something's fallen through, when they're just reading stories. I know the signs."

of paper when I came upon her unex-Later I saw that Decry had gone to France with the aviation corps—gone without sending me even a line. I tore up the little souvenirs I'd been keeping of the times we'd gone out together, and threw away the four-leaf clover be'd found and given me once when we were out on location together. I felt awfully unhappy, and sick of pictures, and tired of everything. And then I met Keith Gorham, and my life took on a queer twist that has never been quite straightened out.

I don't know that I can make you pectedly. tificate or a picture of Wallace Reid as a baby, so I had to admit my curiosity in "What were the good old days?" snapshot toward me, the one you see on this page today. "The fat and kindly looking man at the bottom of the stairs

Instant. And the Big Three of Filmdom entered.

THEY yelled for Doug and he came out and bowed. They yelled for Mary and she smiled her thanks. They let Jack Dempsey come forward to put a punch in the affair. And then, when Charlie Chaplin appeared, they simply went wild.

The man who writes our "Close-town Talmadge and her mother at the opening performance of Douglas Fairbanks, Diction of the Stairs in Philadelphia?" he asked.

What is there about this wonderful little man that carries his human appeal to spin you a yarn about the fans. I've come to believe that Volapuk and the world to spin for have to do is acquire a good imitation of the Chaplin walk and the world in your brother.

I never saw any human being look less flesh and blood than Mary Pickford.

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I don't knew that I can make you understand his fasting the ode.

I don't knew that I can make you understand his fasting the ode.

I don't knew that I can make you understand his fasting the ode.

I don't knew that I can make you understand his fasting the ode of the stairs in both 'Passion' and 'Deception.' It is looking man at the bottom of the stairs in both 'Passion' and 'Deception.' It is look with any body of the stairs in the flow have in the hinds of the stairs in the stairs

I came out into the terrace when I had dressed for dinner, and there steed

We talked only a moment, about little, My tulle frock was orchid color, with cloth of silver shimmering beneath its

second, when my heart seemed to hamscented evening was going to bring me

CONTINUED TOMORROW

patio is surrounded by a cloister walk with vined archways. All of the rooms are completely furnished, so that scenes may be "shot" from any angle.

HERE'S HOW THEY BEGAN RIGHT HERE IN PHILLY

been an actress, but she retired when she got married. And then, when her husband became very ill and she had to support the family, she just stepped she got married. And then, when her husband became very ill and she had to support the family, she just stepped into pictures, and she knew so much about them that directors found her wonderfully easy to handle. They said she was much more plastic and expressive than most experienced young players."

She got married. And then, when her husband she was decimally she will be an important the pictures and they didn't dare do as they di

"But about Emil Jannings." I reminded her. Garry is so apt to wander from the subject. 'How on earth did from the subject. "How on earth did dollars a week and supervision over In these days of airplanes and perfect you know him?"

Did every detail of my productions attitude flying weather, such things as these are that some stage stars have now. And you know him?"

"Of course not." Garry declared, her that some stage stars have now. And that's probably one good reason why sees flashing. "How old do you think I hold my years like a second Mary Miles Minter?"

But when she had calmed down a long been forgotten. And that reminds actitude lying weather, such things as these are that some stage stars have now. And that some of reason why large working on a new story to be presented on the screen by while some of those others who were upstage about going into movies have in which the first Wiley story ever long been forgotten. And that reminds screened will be presented.

little bit, she told me that she had been me—when do you suppose his 'Boom-just as much of a motion-picture fan erang Bill' will be released?''
in the ploneer days as she was now. "Along with all the other good things "Along with all the other good things the producers have been holding up for cooler weather, I suppose," I re-

EMIL JANNINGS deserves all the praise he's getting now, because of his early struggles." she told me. "Well, there's only one consolation for the dreary pictures they're putting out now," Garry offered. "Come with me to "The Hell Diggers' and see Wally every picture, and oh! how he longed to play a real dramatic part! One of the old Lubin directors told me.

"There was none of this high-handed give me my own company, a million dollars a week and supervision over In these days of airplanes and perfect

PROTOPLAYS



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.

PHOTOFLAYS



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WILLIAM S. HART ARCADIA CHESTNUT BOLLIOTH
WANDA HAWLEY

MANDA HAWLEY

PHOTOPLAYS

ARRULOUS GARRY in her article

camera is no less a personality than Emil Jannings, who has since achieved

fame as King Henry VIII in Lubitsch's production of "Deception." Above are Myers and Jannings in their new roles.

GARRY RECALLS

EMIL JANNINGS'

DAYS AT LUBIN'S

By HELEN KLUMPH HOSE were the good old days.'

▲ Garry was murmuring over a slip

I couldn't tell at first glance whether

t was Lew Cody's first marriage cer-

"These," she declared, pushing a

in "THE SNOB" ASTOR FRANKLIN & GIRARD AVE,
MATINEE DAILY
Gerrude Atherton and Special Coat in
"Don't Neglect Your Wife"

BALTIMORE SIST & BALTIMORE EVE. 8:38.8AT.MAT. WESLEY BARRY In Marshall Nellan's "DINTY" BENN 64TH AND WOODLAND AVE

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GRANT 4022 GIRARD AVE. "THE OTHER WOMAN" GREAT NORTHERN Broad St. at Erie

LIONEL BARRYMORE

in "THE GREAT ADVENTURE"

IMPERIAL 60TH & WALNUT STS.
WHITMAN BENNETT and Special Cast in
"NOT GUILTY"

Lehigh Palace Germantown Ave. and DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS in "HE COMES UP SMILING OVERBROOK GED & HAVERFORD

ELSIE FERGUSON in "SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE" PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

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REGENT MARKET ST. Below 17TH JUSTINE JOHNSTONE In "SHELTERED DAUGHTERS" RIALTO GERMANTOWN AVENUE AT TULEPHOCKEN ST.

"The Woman God Changed" RUBY MARKET ST. BELOW 7TH WANDA HAWLEY in "HER STURDY OAK"

SAVOY 1211 MARKET STREET S A. M. TO MIDNIGHT LIONEL BARRYMORE

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STRAND GERMANTOWN AVE ROSCOE (Fatty) ARBUCKIL

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