

The Daily Movie Magazine

LOSE-UPS of the MOVIE GAME

By HENRY M. NEELY

Norma Talmadge Is Going to Algeria

AFTER all the rumors about Norma Talmadge and her plans for the future, it is possible to say something definite now. Norma's personal representative, Beulah Livingstone, has returned from abroad, where she completed arrangements that have been under consideration for some time, and the result is that Norma will leave us in November.

Over at the big, barn-like studios of the Talmadges on East Forty-eighth street, in New York, they are beginning to shoot the interiors for "Smilin' Through," which will be the next work put out by Norma. Constance has not yet returned from vacation.

The exteriors for "Smilin' Through" were shot down on Long Island. And, by the way, one of the features of this play will be the screen debut of Gene Lockhart, whose popular songs you have sung dozens of times, probably without ever looking on the title page to see who wrote 'em. That's the penalty of being a writer. Nobody cares much about you; it's only your stuff that counts.

With the completion of "Smilin' Through," the Norma Talmadge company will pack up their little steamer trunks and sail for two months abroad that ought to result in something notable. It won't be "The Garden of Allah," as most of the rumors have had it. Instead, it will be "The Voice on the Minaret," another of the works of Robert Hichens. Incidentally, Norma has bought screen rights to his "Snake Bite." If she could only arrange to sell the cure, she'd make her blooming fortune.

A lot of the work will be done in Southern France before they go to Algeria for the main shooting. It was to arrange for studio space in France that Miss Livingstone crossed and she reports the Europeans very far behind us in such things.

The principal trouble over there is that they haven't sufficient electric current in the ordinary city service to handle the immense demands which we make on studio lighting. When one of our big plants is going full blast, it consumes enough current to illuminate a town of some five thousand inhabitants.

ONE of those big sunlight arcs alone develops about 300,000 candlepower. Some studios have six of these working at once. Say the average house lamp is thirty candlepower, and a simple division will show you how many homes could be illuminated with this current alone, without counting the Kleegs, the spots, the domes and all the rest.

Mary Pickford Wasn't a Bit Afraid of Them

ALMAN who was connected with the old Biograph studios in the early days when D. W. Griffith was just beginning to forge his way to the front told an interesting little yarn the other day. We were on our way back to New York from the Griffith studio on Long Island. We had been watching Griffith work with Lillian and Dorothy Gish and we were going in to see Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford at the opening of "The Three Musketeers."

As we left the Griffith lot, Lillian Gish came up to us to say good-by. "If you see Mary Pickford tonight," she said, "I wish you would give her my love. Tell her we are working here so I cannot get in to see her, but ask her to phone me tomorrow."

"That takes me back a number of years," this man said as we settled in our seats in the train. "There used to be a brass rail running down the office of the old Biograph studios. People connected with the Biograph were admitted to the inner side of the rail; visitors were kept on the other side.

"Griffith, then making a name for himself, had started Mary Pickford on her career. He really discovered her, you know. They were great friends and Griffith never lost a chance to play a joke on Mary.

"One day Mary came in with two little girl friends. Griffith was standing on the inner side of the brass rail and stopped her with mock gravity. "Did you want to see some one?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. Griffith," Mary said. "I want to introduce two friends of mine. They want to act for the movies. They think they will be good and I do, too."

"Griffith looked at her seriously and then opened the gate in the railing and drew her inside, leaving the other two outside.

"Mary," he said solemnly, "you belong this side of the rail; they belong out there. If you keep on bringing your friends in to this side, first thing you know some of them will be so good that every one will forget about Mary Pickford."

"And Mary drew herself as far as her tiny height would let her and said: "Mr. Griffith, Mary Pickford will never be afraid of any little girls, no matter which side of the railing they are on."

"Griffith laughed at her independence. 'All right,' he said, 'bring them in and introduce me and I will see what they can do.' So Mary brought them in. 'That,' she said, 'is my friend Lillian Gish—and this is her sister, Dorothy.'"

"Griffith looked at the girls and then turned to Mary. 'You are a good girl,' he said. 'You know how to bring your friends in on the right side. I am glad you are so good. I will see that you get the best of the business. You will be a big success.'"

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NORMA TO GO ABROAD AFTER MAKING THIS PICTURE



NORMA TALMADGE is finishing "Smilin' Through" in her present work, "Smilin' Through." The man with the long trousers is Sydney Franklin, himself a well-known actor, who is directing her in this. Gene Lockhart, in the ministerial get-up, is making his screen debut after achieving fame as a playwright and composer of popular songs. Herbert Brenon will again direct Norma in the pictures she makes abroad.

MONTE BLUE ACTS WITH GRIFFITH, GARRY DISCOVERS

By HELEN KLUMPH
"WHY does everything good come out of the West?" Garry asked with a pensive air, as though she knew the answer already.

HAD TO LIGHT MINIATURE CITY FOR "WALLINGFORD" PRODUCTION



THE last scene in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," based on George M. Cohan's famous stage play, which will be seen soon on the screen, shows the sleepy town of Wallingford made into a metropolis by the efforts of J. Rufus Wallingford and his associate, "Blackie" Daw. Wallingford and Daw are looking from the terrace of their mansion down on the city of Wallingford with its moving trolley cars, street lamps and fine, electrically lighted dwellings.

CONFESSIONS OF A STAR

As Told to INEZ KLUMPH

THE STORY BEGINS

with the early days in the old Fine Arts studio in California, when Colleen Moore, the Gish girls, Bessie Love and a host of other actresses were more than extra girls. Diana Cheyne relates the tale; she begins with the day in the studio when she and Isabel Heath, now known 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 Craney, a famous director from the eastern studios, and he taught Isabel to be the first of the screen's "baby camps," and engaged her for such a part in a photoplay, he was producing.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Chapter XIII

SUCH contracts as the one which Malcolm Sandy wanted me to sign are not so common in the motion-picture world as one might think. I suppose the most famous one was that which Mary Miles Minter accepted when she went to Manila, and not to marry for its duration, and promising to abide by certain other restrictions.

Mine made no such demand, but Mr. Sandy made it quite plain that he expected me to accept his plans for me, in which my personal life as well as my career in pictures was included. I was not to go around with Keith Gorman as I had. I was not to frequent public restaurants except those of very high standing and conservative patronage. In fact, I wasn't to be "a common little movie actress."

I told Keith about it that night. We had dined together, and motored along our favorite highway for some distance, to a point where the great, tumbling sweep of the Pacific spread below us. The sky was very deep and blue, and the stars were golden. Far out, a liner plunged along on its way to the Orient, its lights a double bar of yellow against the water. China, Japan, India—a sudden longing surged over me. I wished that I could go to those far countries, govern my own life as I pleased, never again have a director say to me, "We're ready for you on the set at 9 in the morning, Miss Diana," and know that I'd be blamed if I wasn't there, but would probably have to sit around for at least a day, waiting in the drafts if it was a cold day, or with my make-up melting and running all together, if it was a warm one, before they were ready to begin work.

Keith and I had always been just friendly; he had never made the slightest attempt even to hold my hand. But that night, as we sat there with the great wind blowing in from across the land I loved so, he caught both my hands and kissed them eagerly, then turned, took me by the shoulders and bent his face to mine.

"Please—please Keith—" I stammered, drawing back. "You mustn't do this—now." And then I told him all that Malcolm Sandy had said.

"But this is absurd—why, I never heard of anything so silly!" he protested. "Why should it hurt you any to go around with me? Why, we're always home by half-past eleven or twelve; we never go anywhere that isn't perfectly all right in your eyes. I'm giddy as any high-school bunch in the whole darned country!"

"Yes, but don't you see—well, he's going to make a star of me, perhaps, and he doesn't want to have me talked about." I tried to explain. "And people are always ready to gossip about an actress, you know, even though, like me, she's just a nobody in the crowd."

"And you care more for your work than you do about me?" he asked, facing me again, and holding my hands very tightly in his.

"I loved myself to look at him, to look straight into those long, narrow, fascinating eyes of his. They proved too much for me. I tried valiantly to make myself meet his gaze, reminding myself that I was only doing what Malcolm Sandy had told me to, in breaking off this friendship. But suddenly my eyes dropped, and my cheeks flushed hotly, as I turned away.

"Listen, sweetheart," he began then, his face husky and trembling with emotion. "Don't bother with this thing any longer; let it go. You don't have to work. Marry me tomorrow, and let's go off somewhere together—you'd love Honolulu, and we could go on to Japan and China—why, we could go clear around the whole darned world if we wanted to. How about it, honey?"

It was amazing, the way he had voiced the very desire I had had only a few moments before. After all, why shouldn't I do it? Why not? For the moment I was swept off my feet, deprived of all ability to resist this opportunity to do exactly what I wanted to. No more working out on location under the broiling sun, doing the same thing over and over and over again till I was perfectly blue, because somebody else couldn't get a bit of action just right; no more need of crying all day long, because there had to be so many "takes" of a scene in which I'd be shown in tears for possibly one minute on the screen. Just perfect comfort, travel in far lands with the most attractive man I'd ever known taking care of me. Do you wonder that I turned back to him, and laid my hands on his shoulders and said "Yes?"

We drove back to my home then, hardly saying a word, both of us perfectly happy. I say "perfectly"—that isn't quite true, for Derry Winchester was still in the back of my mind. Not all the arguments I used against him could make me admit that I didn't care for him still. Little scraps of our days together insisted on coming before me, as we sped quietly on through the night. The day they were had caught me up from under the hoofs of Richard Vale's horse; the morning when he

SCRAP BOOK OF STARS



LUCY FOX

had rushed up to me as I entered the studio to say that he was to have a small part in a picture with Lillian Gish, to take the place of somebody who'd been hurt doing stunts and couldn't work; would I please come down to the property room with him while he got his costume together, and then run through the action with him on the set? Like the rest of us, he worshiped Lillian from afar, and would have died rather than suffer the humiliation of making a mistake the first time he worked with her.

"I'll come for you in the morning," Keith told me, and I welcomed the interruption of my thoughts. "We'll start at nine, and run down the coast—I know a corking little inn where we can have luncheon—and then we'll go on to Capistrano, and be married. Married, honey!"

My heart leaped into my throat at the thought. Like every girl I'd dreamed of being married, and now all at once it was going to happen to me, right away!

CONTINUED TOMORROW

Budding Romance Kept Hayakawa From Baseball

WHEN Sessue Hayakawa was a student at the University of Chicago he was considered one of the most skillful ball players under the supervision of Head Coach Alonzo Stagg. Big League scouts made him many offers, but the one thing that prevented him from becoming a professional ball player was his love of motion pictures and his interest in Tsuru Aoki, who was then appearing in films in Los Angeles. He preferred to go there to see her than play ball at a good salary during the summer months.

As a result Miss Aoki is now Mrs. Hayakawa and Sessue is one of the highest-salaried film stars in the world.

Advertisement for Stanley Company of America, featuring photo plays and early showing of the finest productions.

A large grid of theater advertisements listing various venues such as Alhambra, GLOBE, BELMONT, CEDAR, COLISEUM, JUMBO, LEADER, RIVOLI, STRAND, and others, with their respective shows and showtimes.

Is She the Prettiest Girl?



ALTA ALLEN

Max Linder, the comedian, being French, naturally thinks that he has an infallible eye for beauty. And having been in the movie business ever since it started, he thinks he has seen the pick of the pretty girls of the world. He has declared Alta Allen, a Western girl who recently made quite a bit in Broadway musical comedies, the prettiest girl he has ever seen, and therefore the prettiest girl in the world.

Do you think she is? You'll have a chance to judge soon, for Max has signed her to play the feminine leads in the comedies he is now making out in California.

Tourists Welcome at This Studio

The one Southern California motion-picture studio in which visitors are made welcome and are given an opportunity of witnessing reel stars at work is that of the Pacific Film Company, where each week Manager John J. Hayes entertains hundreds of tourists. They see George Ovee, Vernon Dent and their White Cap comedians in action, filming single reels in an ambitious program that schedules fifty-two releases during the next twelve months.

Wallace MacDonald in New Serial
The lesser lights seldom receive less than \$20,000 a year. Cameramen get from \$100 to \$300 a week. Art directors receive several hundred dollars a week, but few companies have as yet realized the necessity of employing specialists in scenic art.