



The Daily Movie Magazine



CLOSE-UPS of the MOVIE GAME

By HENRY M. NEELY

The Wonder Story of a Little Berlin Shop Girl

WE BOAST a lot of the romances of our business world over here in the United States. Our newboys become industrial dictators, our bootblacks blossom into kings of finance. We tell about it and hold it up as proof that the whole world is the oyster of any kiddie lucky enough to get his start in life over here.

We've come to think that these wonder tales of success do not exist in the old world. But they do. I heard one the other day while I was in New York. It was told by a man who has just come from Germany. It was about a little girl who, only a few years ago, stood all day long behind a counter in a department store in Berlin and sold different things and gadgets to the female of the Roche species and found her more kindly than the male.

Nobody knew the little shop girl then; you all know her now—she is known all over the world. She is Pola Negri.

There has been a good deal of controversy here over the real name and nationality of this temperamental star of "Passion" and "Gypsy Blood" and "One Arabian Night" (the last of which you still have in store). Some said she was a Polish countess. Others declared her name was really Pauline Schwartz and that Pola Negri was an Italian translation.

This man tells me that she is really Polish, though not a countess by any means. The "Pola" in her name represents her nationality. And, he says, the "Negri" really is an Italianized version of her surname—Schwartz, which is German for Black.

Pola's story isn't the usual one of sudden rise from poverty to riches, with the steady happiness that such a career would bring. She got a sudden start, had a taste of success and then slumped back into her job in the department store again. It wasn't her fault that she slumped; it was the war.

THESE wonder stories of the screen always seem almost unbelievable to me. I can't conceive of any one staying sane and normal after such dizzying transitions from poverty to immense wealth and world-wide fame; I'd hate to think what it would do to me (if I'd love to try it.)

CHARLIE CHAPLIN had an uphill struggle in his early days, playing small parts in cheap London vaudeville. Today he hires several assistants, to each of whom he pays just about the salary of the President of the United States. Marshall Neilan was a chauffeur not a decade ago. Now he is one of the biggest of producers and directors.

Norma and Constance Talmadge were glad once to get jobs as extras around the studios. And now look at 'em—just look at 'em!

Anita Stewart thought she was lucky when they let her play a tiny bit as a maid, and Charlie Hay used to carry a spear in a stock company that went broke and left him flat.

And before the war this temperamental Pola Negri was making fifteen marks a week in Wertheim's department store on the Leipziger Platz in Berlin. Fifteen marks then was worth nearly \$4 in regular money. Now it might be worth forty cents.

Pola was born in Posen in Poland. As a youngster, she learned to dance and play the violin—not at the same time, of course—that is, she didn't do both of 'em at the same time. If she had, she could have got a handsome engagement and the department store episode would be out of the picture.

But she must have been fairly good on the fiddle because friends who heard her play in the evenings after she had punched the Wertheim time clock urged her to try it professionally and quit the ribbon counter.

Finally she decided she would. And she did. She managed to get booked for a modest concert tour and then worked into the Imperial Russian Ballet, where she danced before the once well-press-agented Czar Nicholas. Nick probably didn't know she was there, but it was a better job than Wertheim's at that.

SHE was dancing in Berlin when the war broke out. And that temporarily ended her artistic career. Came the time (as the magazine writers say) when they weren't doing any more dancing in Berlin—or anywhere else in Germany. So Pola went back to her job at Wertheim's. And by that time fifteen marks was worth one car ticket.

NATURALLY, shopkeeping couldn't satisfy a girl who had had a taste of public life. There's no thrill selling things and gadgets to the adipose shoppers of Berlin—at least, I shouldn't think there was.

Pola heard about moving pictures. She got a job as an extra, working as



POLA NEGRI

atmosphere with Lubitsch, "The Griffith of Europe." And Lubitsch "discovered" her.

That was six years ago. Today the little shop girl is wildly worshipped in two or three continents. Maybe four.

Her early dancing experience gives her her principal opportunity in "One Arabian Night." She takes the part of a wild, whirling dancer of the desert, and when you see her perform before the old shield in the picture you will get a chance to make a new estimate of her temperament and her versatility.

I'm just wondering how long it will be before some astute American manager will bring over the temperamental Pola in person and star her in a show that will give her a chance to run all through her list of accomplishments in one evening. I'd almost buy a ticket to that show myself.

Answers to Questions by Movie Fans

WILMADY—At last it is rumored that William S. Hart and Jane Novak are to be married in October. It is interesting to know that "The Way of a Blind Man" is now going under the name of the fruit, but something always is rumored. Poor Charlie! Some time he'll get there.

COO-COO—May Allison hails from the South Sea, says Hope Hampton. Niles Welsh is at present working with Elaine Hammerstein in "The Way of a Blind Man." This picture threatens to be the last appearance of the young man on the screen for some time to come; he is to play the leading role in "The Hot Heads." This play is to open on Broadway early in the new season.

MRS. H. N. W.—Malven Polo, Eddie's daughter, has looked hair. Irene Casle's eyes are blue, not brown. Her hair is light brown. And, by the way, speaking of Irene, her new picture, which was called "The Broadway Bride," is now going under the name of "Flying Colors." Titles, you know, are subject to change at a moment's notice.

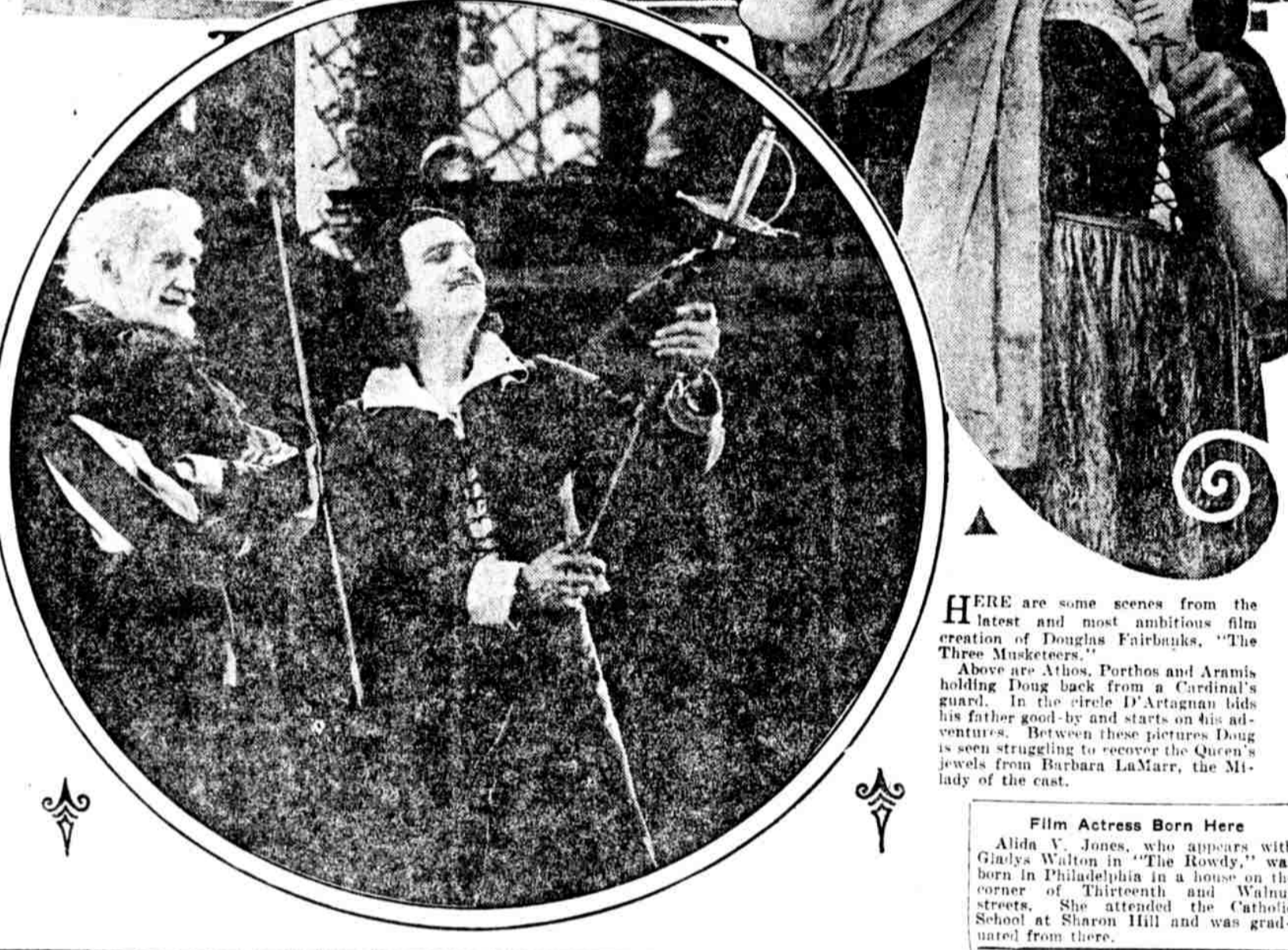
VICTOR—Doris May is married to Wallace McDonald. "The Sky Pilot" is taken from Ralph Connor's well-known book by that title. It was produced by the Catharine Currier Production Company and features Gloria Moore and John Bowers. Yes, Gloria Swanson was once a bathing beauty. She has been married twice. She is divorced. Poor Charlie! Some time he'll get there.

MARION—The cast you ask for is as follows: Jane Jennings, Myrtle Morse, Richard Carlyle, William Humphrey, Edward Bowden and Charles Fang. The temporary title of the picture is "Haldane of the Secret Service."

CLARENCE—Ina Claire is in Europe just now. I do not know that she is making a picture over there. My guess would be that she is not. "The Gold Diggers" has not been adapted for the screen.

J. A. D.—Address your letter to Julian Ellinger, Ellinger Theatre, New York City.

DOUGLAS IS IN HIS ELEMENT AS D'ARTAGNAN IN "THE THREE MUSKETEERS"



HERE are some scenes from the latest and most ambitious film creation of Douglas Fairbanks, "The Three Musketeers."

Above are Athos, Porthos and Aramis holding Doug back from a Cardinal's guard. In the circle D'Artagnan bids his father good-by and starts on his adventures. Below are Douglas and his friends in a scene from the picture.

ACTORS CAN'T GET HIGH PAY THEY USED TO DEMAND

By CONSTANCE PALMER, Hollywood, Calif.

TOMMY MEIGHAN has committed back again from New York. Dear me, how that man does travel! His present objective is the making of George Cohan's stage success, "A Prince This Was." He is again directed by Tom, Parnham, and that nice Guy Oliver is in the cast.

Lois Weber, who always looks so nice opposite Mr. Meighan, is his heroine, Nigel Barrie, a year past the most leading of leading men, is playing a secondary part.

Amount this—it's happening more often than you would think. Actors who have held out for months for their exorbitant salaries of days gone by have capitulated, and are now only too glad to take what they can get. Which is sensible.

Rupert Hughes, whom we have nominated for a niche in the Hall of Fame, is co-directing, with Mason Hopper, his own story, the continuity of which he wrote himself. The title of it is "The Wall Flower" and Colleen Moore is in it.

I watched her work yesterday, and I saw frankly I didn't think she did it in her. In the first part of the story she is a very down-trodden, unpopular, homespun sort of person—and by the way, Fanny Stockbridge, who played the old maid in "Way Down East," plays Colleen's mother.

The girl seems to be in her part even though she is in the picture, too. I found her over in a corner back a lot of scenery, sound asleep. He says the picture he made with his wife, Zasu Pitts, will soon be released for all the world to see. Zasu plays the part five distinct and separate times, and probably will be as many more. I'll say frankly I always enjoy meeting her, and she has my admiration for being a good actress.

Gus Edwards, with his little troupe of proteges, is touring the studios between acts at the Opeheim. He visited Wallie Reid the other day and afterward Betty Compton.

Back again to "The Wall Flower." I forgot to tell you that Ruth Hughes, a very good-looking son of Rupert Hughes, makes his debut in this picture. He has only a small part, but the fun he gets out of putting on his make-up—and others watching and listening to him while he does it—is worth the price of admission.

Richard Dix, playing the lead, is

Daily Tabloid Talks to Fans on Breaking Into the Movies

By JOHN EMERSON and ANITA LOOS

Cost of Production Doesn't Guarantee Success

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.

A GOOD feature picture today costs about sixty thousand dollars to produce. If a famous star is employed, the cost of the picture goes to \$100,000, or even \$150,000. "Way Down East," Griffith's latest production, cost just under a million dollars to produce.

The profits of the picture come out of its run, which may last seven or eight years, and even longer in Europe.

Charlie Chaplin's pictures are practically without exception long-run productions. His very first comedies have been re-run time and again and given return engagements all over the country.

"Shoulder Arms," released during the war, is still going strong. "The Kid," more recently shown to the public, and "The Idle Class," his new picture, will probably enjoy a fresh wave of popularity ten years hence.

D'Artagnan's immortal "Cabiria," which created a sensation when it was introduced in this country in the spring of 1914, is about to make the rounds of American picture theatres again this year. Of course, all pictures are by no means in the same long-run class.

his guide and mentor, and the sounds that issue from their dressing rooms, coupled with remarks about grease paint, show they both have their hearts in their art.

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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.

Alhambra 12th, Morris & Passunk Ave. DOROTHY DALTON in "BEHIND MASKS"

Allegheny Frankford & Allegheny Ave. GLORIA SWANSON in "THE GREAT MOMENT"

Apollo 512 & Thompson St. DOROTHY DALTON in "THE IDOL OF THE NORTH"

Arcadia Chestnut St. & 10th St. ELSIE FERGUSON in "FOOTLIGHTS"

Astor Franklin & Girard Ave. DOROTHY DALTON in "BEHIND MASKS"

Baltimore 51st & Baltimore Ave. "THE BRONZE BELL"

Benn 64th and Woodland Ave. "THE WILD GOOSE"

Bluebird Broad & Susquehanna Ave. WILLIAM DE MILLA in "THE LOST ROMANCE"

Broadway Broad & Snyder Ave. THOMAS MEIGHAN in "THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN"

Capitol 722 Market St. GLORIA SWANSON in "THE GREAT MOMENT"

Colonial 4th & Mifflinwood Ave. GLORIA SWANSON in "THE GREAT MOMENT"

Darby Theatre THOMAS MEIGHAN in "THE CITY OF SILENT MEN"

Empress Main St. MARYKATE DOROTHY DALTON in "BEHIND MASKS"

Fairmount 20th & Girard Ave. WALLACE REID in "TOO MUCH SPEED"

Family Theatre-1811 Market St. THOMAS MEIGHAN in "THE BRONZE BELL"

56th St. "THE LONE HAND"

Frankford 4715 Frankford Ave. "What's Your Wife Worth?"

Globe 5001 Market St. "SENTIMENTAL TOMMY"

Grant 4922 Girard Ave. ETHEL CLAYTON in "SHAM"

Great Northern Broad St. & Erie St. CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG in "CHARGE IT"

Imperial 60th & Walnut St. ROSCOE (Fatty) ARBUCKLE in "CRAZY TO MARRY"

Lehigh Palace Germantown Ave. & 4th St. "THE WILD GOOSE"

Liberty Broad & Columbia Ave. "LIFE"

Overbrook 52nd & Havertford Ave. WILLIAM S. HART in "THE WHISTLE"

Palace 1214 Market St. BETTY COMPTON in "THE END OF THE WORLD"

Princess 1918 Market St. "What Every Woman Knows"

Regent Market St. ENRICO CARUSO in "MY COUSIN"

Rialto 4th & Mifflinwood Ave. "WIFE FOOT"

Ruby Market St. DOUGLAS MACLEAN in "ONE A MINUTE"

Savoy 1211 Market St. WILLIAM S. HART in "THE WHISTLE"

Sherwood 43rd & Baltimore Ave. "THE LOST ROMANCE"

Stanley Market at 17th St. "EXPERIENCE"

333 Market St. "The Woman God Changed"

Victoria Market St. "The Great Impersonation"

Wm. Penn 41st & Lancaster Ave. CONSTANCE TALMADGE in "EAST IS LOVE"

The NIXON-NIRDLINGER THEATRES

BELMONT 222 ABOVE MARKET ST. "THE GREAT MOMENT"

CEDAR 90th & CEDAR AVENUE THOMAS MEIGHAN in "WHITE AND UNMARRIED"

COLISEUM Market St. "TOO WISE WIVES"

JUMBO FRONT ST. & GIRARD AVE. WILLIAM S. HART in "THE TESTING BLOCK"

LEADER 11ST & LANCASTER AVE. "ISOBEL"

LOCUST 32D AND LOCUST STREETS "THE GREAT MOMENT"

RIVOLI 52D AND SANSON ST. "DECEPTION"

STRAND 4th & VINCENNA ST. "THE GREAT MOMENT"

AT OTHER THEATRES MEMBERS OF M.P.T.O.A.

Germantown "THE CUP OF LIFE"

JEFFERSON 29th & Dauphin St. ROSCOE (Fatty) ARBUCKLE in "THE TRAVELING SALESMAN"

PARK RIDGE AVE. & DAUPHIN ST. "LIFE"

WEST ALLEGHENY 23rd & Allegheny St. THOMAS MEIGHAN in "WHITE AND UNMARRIED"

CONFESSIONS OF A STAR

As Told to INEZ KLUMPH

THE STORY BEGINS with the early days in the old Fine Arts studio in Philadelphia, when Colleen Moore, the Gish girls, Bessie Love and a host of others were not much more than extra girls. Diana Clapton relates the tale, which 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 Croney, 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 CHAPTER XIV

I'D BEEN married several times in pictures, once in a beautiful gown and veil, and six awfully pretty extras as maids of honor, and a set built from parts of a real church. I'd thought then that, when I was really married I'd have a wedding somewhat like that.

When I dressed to be married to Keith Gorham I remembered that I'd thought I'd be adjusting a floating, gauzy veil to my head on my wedding day, instead of running a wet comb through my hair, pulling out the little tendrils that curled down around my face, and putting on a soft white hat that wouldn't blow off in the wind on the way to San Juan Capistrano. I did remember all the little superstitious things, though; my "something new" was the white serge "hat I put on; I had it made for a picture, and then at the last minute they changed the story and I didn't have to wear it. "Something old" was the rest of my clothes. "Something borrowed" was the little pearl crescent pin which Colleen Moore had lent me a few days before, when the top button came off my blouse, and "something blue" was the georgette scarf that was wound about the crown of my hat.

We had decided not to say anything to anybody about it till it was over, because we were perfectly certain that the bride and groom would not be. Keith was still in college, and my aunt had never realized that I was grown up. So we thought it would be better just to go ahead and be married, and then tell them afterward.

It was a glorious morning, clear, sparkling, golden. We slipped through the town's traffic without seeing any one we knew, and before long were out on the road to Conestoga, that road that follows where the monks' feet trod so long ago. It was heavenly, skimming along through the country, through the hills so covered with yellow poppies that they looked as if some giant god had tipped a great cornucopia and spilled them out.

Keith laid one arm across the back of the seat, and I slipped down low and leaned my head back against it. Glancing up at him, a sudden thrill of happiness went through me. Even when he looked down at me and I met his eyes, I had no longer felt the old, disturbing sensation as if my heart were a bird that was trying to fly away.

I had always loved the old mission at San Juan Capistrano, and wanted to be married there. We were to get our license in the town, and get a Justice of the Peace there to go with us up to the mission. There was a grassy space, outside the crumbling gray walls, where the ceremony would be held.

And then we would go skimming on along the white highway, past more great hills with their golden poppies tumbling down to the sea, to Coronado. From there we could send the necessary telegrams back to Los Angeles; there we could pour over steamship companies' booklets, planning the journey, wondering that would be our honeymoon.

We came to the mission at last, parked the car and picked out way across the grass to the place where I had expected to be married.

"Here it is, Keith," I exclaimed. "We'll find the nearest minister's house and be married in the front parlor, even if it has wax flowers and mourning wreaths in it," I declared, tucking my skirts in and pinning my hat on more firmly. "That's the only place I know of where there's certain not to be a motion-picture company."

So we turned toward the open country again, and presently were shouting at the funny twist my plans had taken.

"It couldn't have happened to any one who wasn't in pictures," I laughed, giving the car more gas as it flew up the winding road to the crest of a hill. "But of course—"

And then suddenly it happened. The working realization that another car was plunging around the turn of the hill toward us, the sickening swerve to the side of the road, the crash that seemed to still my heart with fear.

And then the horrible aftermath. The hills still tumbled their golden poppies to the sea; the blue water still luried up to meet them. Far out a gray plume of smoke marked the passage of a liner outward bound. But there at my feet lay a crumpled, broken thing, with tortured face and striking eyes—all that was left of Keith Gorham.

CONTINUED TOMORROW

Youngest Leading Lady



LUCILLE RICKSON

This curly-headed woman is the youngest leading woman in motion pictures, but she is not satisfied with that honor. Now, at the age of eleven, she has taken up the study of music as a side-line and will make her singing debut at the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles. She plays in the "Tarkington," "Edgar" comedies.

Angerly, running ahead of him. "Halt here, where the shadows—"

And then I stopped. For a voice, clear, peremptory, came across the cluttered stillness. The single word spoken was all too familiar, and sent my dream flying.

"Camera!" it ordered.

And across the grass streamed a motley crew, faces painted yellow, moule brilliant scarlet, eyes grotesquely shadowed. They were making a motion picture of the very spot I'd picked out for my wedding!

I could have wept as we went back to the car. No chance now to have the ceremony performed there; they'd be working all afternoon.

"Never mind, dearest," Keith urged, as he started the car. "We can find another place that's just as picturesque."

"How They Named One Play"

"What shall we call the picture when it is completed?" was a question exciting Selznick's staff, as Fleming Hammerstein worked on one of her new photoplays. But the need of an airplane to use in some of the scenes proved the real problem, to the relief, temporarily, of not having an airplane in stock, it became necessary to borrow one—and then the picture was named "Borrowed Wings."