



# The Daily Movie Magazine



## CLOSE-UPS of the MOVIE GAME

By HENRY M. NEELY

**Three Cats and Three Mice Can Cost a Lot of Money**  
ONE day last week I walked into the office of a man in the publicity department of one of the film companies in New York. I found him sorting over a big pile of photographs.

"Hello," he said. "I'm just looking for a picture that made me think of you. Remember the trouble we had to make those mice run up Johnny Hines' trousers and the cats in them?"

"Well," he said, "it ought to be interesting to your readers to know how much those cats and mice cost us that day. I haven't figured it out, but it must have been well over a thousand dollars."

He was referring to an incident that occurred while they were filming "Torchy a la Carte," one of the series of Torchy comedies in which Johnny Hines has made such a success.

In one town, he wins a great reputation for the delicious doughnuts he cooks and a society woman, who is planning a party, thinks it will be a distinct novelty to have him bring his lunch cart and make doughnuts for her guests.

So the film shows Torchy mingling with the aristocracy and one of the laughs called for by the scenario was to have a mouse run out from somewhere, chased by a cat, seek refuge up Torchy's trouser leg and then have the cat dash into the picture and try to get up the trouser leg, too.

When they were casting the picture, they had to find some one who had a cat and a mouse guaranteed to carry out their parts in the performance. Can you imagine what a job the casting directors and property men have when they are expected to know at a moment's notice where they can get such things as trained cats and mice? That's just what is expected of 'em, though.

AND there actually was comparatively little difficulty in finding what they thought they wanted in this case. They had on their files the name of a young woman who did vaudeville and entertainment acts with three cats and a mouse and they were sure that she would be able to get them and not even one generation between the backstage fence and themselves.

WITH the assurance that these animals were perfectly trained, the director figured that he could shoot that particular scene in a few minutes and then go on with the rest of the day's work. So he ordered the whole company to report in the morning and he put the animal act on first as so to get it over with and not keep the salary list working while the people weren't.

But I've already told you how unexpectedly temperamental animals sometimes get when the camera begins to grind. Remember the story printed here some time ago of the long day they spent at Betzwood getting a mule to pull the Toonerville trolley car just a few feet down the track?

The supposedly trained cats and mice engaged for this Torchy episode got suddenly very much prima donna on this day. The girl who owned them came out from a dressing room carrying a round pasteboard box, much like the boxes some vaudeville acts carry their make-up in. The three cats followed her with bored expressions on their faces and they squatted near her chair and closed their eyes as though they considered it the right time and place to take a nap.

They went through the rehearsal once with the girl figuring out the best way to make one of the mice run up Hines' trouser leg. Then she tried it, first with one mouse, then with another and then with all the mice together. But the mice wouldn't. It seemed that all the people standing around watching perturbed them, which is a slang way of saying that they made the act all wet.

After about two hours of this she did manage to get one of the tiny critters to do the trousers stunt in pretty good shape so then she turned her attention to the cats. From then on the camera man had to grind out expensive celluloid on every try because there was no way of telling which one would be a success and they couldn't afford to miss it if it did happen right.

But the cats simply acted bored to death. Being in a movie studio, they immediately adopted the movie actor's attitude and pretended they couldn't possibly stop anywhere but the Ritz, and they wouldn't think of taking a common tumbler for fear of getting things on 'em and all that.

Besides, why should they chase those three little mice up Johnny Hines' trouser leg? They were perfectly good friends with the mice—had known 'em for years—been brought up with 'em, in fact. And who was this Hines person, anyway? Did his people know their people?

By the time the cats began to assume a blasé half interest in the work the mice were tired of it and wouldn't act. And so everybody had to wait and give 'em a chance to regain their equilibrium, which is a colloquialism meaning second wind. And then it was lunch time.

After lunch they tried it again, but both cats and mice seemed to have forgotten what they had been taught during the forenoon session. And all the expensive actor people just stood around and waited, with every tick of the clock meaning more dollars dropping out of the company treasury.

THEY tried that stunt for seventeen solid hours and didn't get it. Until, sometime after midnight, the old studio cat saved the day for them. One of the mice started deliberately on his way to Hines' trouser leg. The studio cat condescended to see him and made one wild spring for him. And the mouse, having already learned that the trouser leg was a place of concealment, made a terrified dive for it with the cat right on his heels. And the cat didn't do any mere acting. He wanted that mouse and he closed and scratched, with Johnny Hines yelling bloody murder and the director imploring him not to quit—that the action was simply great—and the camera man cranking away just as though nothing unusual were happening, which is a very camera man have. So, when you see "Torchy a la Carte" and laugh over this scene, you will enjoy it more, knowing that the acting of the studio cat is the real thing and not merely a work of clever artistry.



GLADYS WALTON

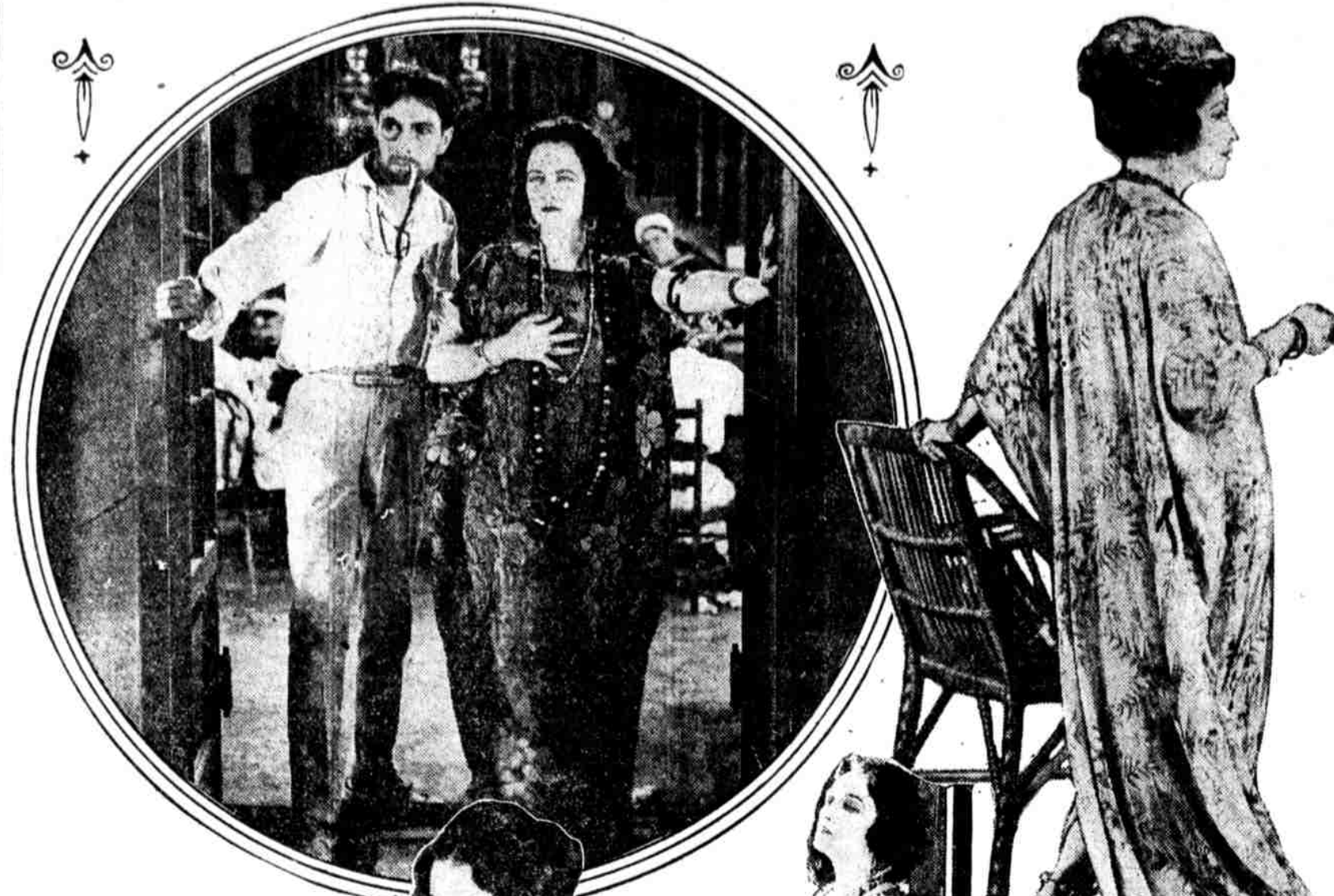
## Answers to Questions by Movie Fans

**LILYAN**—Dore Davidson played the father in "Humoresque," Abner Grey in "A Midnight Bell" and an important role in the stage play "Hello's Wild Out." He was on the speaking stage for many years before his appearance on the screen.

**MAC**—Kathlyn Williams played the Fairy Godmother in "Forbidden Fruit." Julia Farnley was the First Lady-in-Waiting in the same production.

**MOLLY MAKE-BELIEVE**—Madge Bellamy's stage experience included engagements in "Peo o' My Heart," in stock in "Polyanna," and with William Gillette in "The Brutos." She was to have done the Prince and the

## "POLLY" FREDERICK MATCHES HER EMOTIONS BY HER GOWNS IN THIS FILM



## CONFESSIONS OF A STAR

As Told to INEZ KLUMPH

**THE STORY BEGINS**  
With the early days in the old Fine Arts studio in California where Colleen Moore, the Gish girls, Bessie Love and a host of others were not much more than extra girls, Diana Cheyne tells how she and her chum, Isabel Heath, sat lonesomely around the studio until Paul Croney, the famous director, chose Isabel to be the first of the screen's "Baby Rumps." They are seen together a great deal, and a scandal is created by the director's wife, Derry Winchester, a friend of Diana's, is called on to help, and Isabel tries to "vamp" him. Then Isabel announces she is to be starred in the East by a Paul Markham. Derry goes to France with the aviation corps and Diana meets Keith Gorman, who strangely attracts her. On the eve of a romantic runaway marriage, Keith is killed in an automobile accident.

**AND HERE IT CONTINUES**  
**CHAPTER XXXIII**  
"ISABEL!" I gasped.  
"Yes, it's I. Thank heaven, I recognized you there at the station; you've saved my life, Di." She was trying to speak with her old nonchalance, but I could see that she was trembling, and she locked the door of the compartment before she sank down in the seat across from me.

"Did you notice our little party at Poughkeepsie?" she asked, taking out a gold cigarette case with her monogram done on it in rubies and diamonds and offering it to me. "Well, you might as well know the truth about that. Fact is, Di, the authorities are after us because they heard that a 'snow' party was given at my apartment in New York the other night. It wasn't at all; it was given at—well, never mind where. They've got the goods on us, though, and we got away, we thought, and then were traced, and—"

"Isabel!" I exclaimed. "Surely you haven't come down to this. Opium parties—why, I, I can't believe it."  
Yet looking at her, noting the change in her pretty face, and the way she acted, I knew that she was telling me the truth. At that time "snow" parties were not so common among movie folk as they are said to be now, and even now I'm sure that the stories I hear of them are greatly exaggerated. To be sure, a friend of mine wrote me a while ago about a party which she heard had been given in Hollywood, where, according to the stories, there was a sunken pool filled with champagne, which was painted like Nubian slaves dipped up in great golden pots, while opium and cocaine were passed to the guests. But she was telling what she had heard, not what she had seen—and I'd rather think that such things don't actually happen even among those who have made more money in much less time than any of the motion-picture people I know.

"I'm up against it, though, Di, even if they didn't get me," Isabel went on a few minutes later, quite ignoring my protest. "You see, I—well, I'm broke; played the stock market and lost everything, except this." And she opened her handbag and dumped into my lap a heap of bracelets and rings that glinted and gleamed like imprisoned sunlight. "That's what stands between me and starvation. I'd still be all right, but my apartment was broken into day before yesterday—I pined down today and the mail told me: I guess that's how the news of where we were looked out; they must have traced the call."

"Any way, I had an ace in the hole down there, if it hadn't been stolen. Evidently that's what the house was broken into for. I keep a card index, you know—even the cards that came to me in boxes of flowers, I keep. Every telegram, every little note—anything that might be evidence. And I had some notes there, and a cablegram that—well, I was holding them for twenty thousand, and I'd have got it, too, if I'd only had time to stick 'em into a safety deposit box before I had my light out."

I just sat there and stared at her in amazement. To think that Isabel Heath, the girl who'd shared my dressing room in the old days at Fine Arts, and been such a close associate of my

## WHITE ELEPHANT IS PROBLEM IN NEW DE MILLE FILM

THERE'S no such thing as a white elephant. So says Mrs. Florence Moechn, famous expert on things Oriental. The discussion arose when Mrs. Moechn was aiding Cecil B. De Mille in his latest picture, "Fools' Paradise." She has the golden egg just the same. "I told her, not exactly liking the way her eyes narrowed, speculatively, as she listened. "Where you going, Di?" she asked after a moment.

"Well—say, Di, let me go along with you, won't you? I've heard about you and Sandy—oh, don't blush; you earned Derry Winchester for him, didn't you? That is, you didn't marry him. That's a nice way to stall—being in love with a peach like Derry, but hanging right on to the golden goose until you can't get it any more."

"So what was that people were saying about me, was it? My eyes filled with hot tears of indignation.

"If you think things like that about me, you can leave this room at once, and never speak to me again," I told her, angrily. "I'm not that kind of a girl at all, and if you think—"

"Oh, all right, Di—I understand," she answered quickly, patting me on the shoulder. "But listen to me now. They'll write ahead and have this train searched, when they realize that I've slipped away on it. Help me out, will you, Di, for the sake of old times? Honey, this thing wasn't my fault. I'll pull you through this mess, and I promise you that I'll go straight from now on."

"I don't see what I can do, but I'll try," I answered. "I was thinking that 'old times' meant the days when she took Derry away from me, and Billy Shay away from his wife."

"Let me be your secretary, or press agent, or something," she told me hastily. "Get my make-up here? How about wig? All right—give 'em to me."

And hastily, making her skin a warm cream color with green paint and powder, instead of a deathly white; touching her cheeks and lips with rouge, darkening her light brows and lashes, and finally putting on the dark wig that I wore in part of my picture," she made herself an entirely different looking girl. Just in time, too. For she had hardly finished when some one came knocking on the door, a moment after my train had slowed down jerkily at a station where it wasn't supposed to stop, and Malcolm Sandy called to me.

"Diana, open the door, please!"

## Get New Name for Film

"Keep Off the Grass" is the screen title selected by Bayard Veiller for Bert Lytell's forthcoming photoplay of the prize ring based upon "The Right That Failed," by J. P. Marquand. Virginia Valli will be leading woman.

## Send to Faraway Biskra for Valentino's Costume

It would be absolutely correct in every particular, to be worn by Rudolph Valentino, featured with Agnes Ayres in "The Sheik," the United States was combed and costumers were asked to submit designs. None seemed to fill the bill and finally a cable was sent to the American Consulate at Alexandria with a request to buy a costume in Biskra.

As a result a few weeks before the production of the picture was started by George Melford a costume arrived. When seen on the screen it will, it is claimed, justify the effort, for it is elaborate and effective. The accoutrements, in the shape of long sword, pistols and other things that went with it, caused the entire outfit to weigh about forty pounds. Valentino declared he was tired every night as much from wearing the costume as from acting.

## "Polly" Frederick Wears Some Stunning Gowns in Her Newest Picture

ABOVE are scenes from Miss Frederick's comedy feature of the South Seas, "The Lure of Jade." In it she wears some of the most gorgeous gowns imaginable. In the circle are Miss Frederick and Leon Barry in the Sea Gull Inn on a distant isle. In the lower left-hand corner Miss Frederick is seen in a robe of flamingo red silk with sash hangings of brilliant green beads. Three ropes of beads—ivory, amber and dark red—encircle her neck.

In the lower right-hand picture the star has on a costume of silk madras with a flower design in rainbow hues. With this costume she is wearing a rope of hand-carved ebony and ivory beads, a necklace of rare gold, a pendant of green jade, a bracelet of black onyx with turquoise drops and another of chased silver. Miss Frederick designed this costume herself.

In the upper right-hand picture she has a gown of gray silk chiffon, splashed with flowers in shades of amber, rose and brown. This she also designed. Each costume will typify the mood of the wearer at the moment, thus increasing the effect of nudity, anger, grief and other emotions.

## U. S. Company Tours France With Circus

JOHN S. ROBERTSON has brought his company back to London from France where scenes have been shot for "Love's Boomerang" with the Cirque Pinder.

The picture folk much enjoyed their two weeks' association with the circus people, following up the big tent outfit as it moved from place to place. Unfortunately for most of them were the days spent at the little old-world town of Caudebec-en-Caux, where the inhabitants vied with each other to give the first moving-picture company they have seen at the place a hearty welcome and a pleasant one.

Ann Forrest, who appears in the role of Perpetua, is enthusiastic about her first intimate glimpses of circus life spent at the little old-world town of Caudebec-en-Caux, where the inhabitants vied with each other to give the first moving-picture company they have seen at the place a hearty welcome and a pleasant one.

## WILL MAKE SERIAL OF TRIP WHICH COST STOWELL LIFE

By CONSTANCE PALMER

REMEMBER a story that ran on this page about a month ago about the ill-fated expedition to Africa of the Universal Smithsonian Institution expedition? The man, a pedagogue in which William Stowell, that fine actor who used to play with Dorothy Phillips in her Universal-Jewel pictures, died? Well, they've made it into a serial, and Eileen Sedgwick is to play the lead. It is to be called "The Clutch of the Octopus"—which is a terrible title, I think. But Eileen's a nice girl, who plays her Westerns in a vigorous, earnest manner that is deserving of better things.

Bert Lytell is working in a big country club garden party set that is remarkably realistic. It is being among the dust of the Metro back lot and the grass is laid down by the yard. (That sounds like a pun, dear, but I plead not guilty.)

Virginia Valli, of the sweet and demure manner, is again Mr. Lytell's leading woman. She is a pleasant, quiet sort of girl, entirely feminine. The girl who waved her hand about her bungalow and says, "We took down all the pictures and moved out the furniture because it was terrible, and I hope I work in a new picture soon" is very pleased and happy about it all.

Miss Joy, whom Mr. De Mille has signed up for his new picture, sends out a public entreaty to note, please, Mr. Editor, that her first name is spelled with an L and not with a B. Being "Leatrice," which is pretty and just like her.

QUITTING on the shoe-shining stand at Lasky's today I saw a sight for the gods. Mr. De Mille went into view. Ceil, I mean. Then in single file four respectful paces apart, stepping softly, a string of disciples, breathlessly, gently, reverently. And he stopped—right in front of the stand. They all stopped. He turned to his two art directors, who were next in line, and started speech. Breathing ceased. He's getting ready for his new picture, called "Saturday Night."

Ah, well, we laugh, not loudly you understand; but we wouldn't miss one of his pictures for the world. And I'm sure if he would deign to have me in his next picture, I'd just as soon and breathe just as spasmodically as the rest. He's that sort of man.

Frank Mayo is out on the ocean making the sea scenes for "Dr. Jim." The story which was written for him by Priscilla Dean's director, Stuart Eaton, Claire Windsor, the beautiful and non campus mentis, is his leading woman.

HAROLD LLOYD is a most versatile young man. And smart. The newest accomplishment to come to the notice of an astonished public is his knowledge of slight-of-hand tricks. He's been on the stage for about forty-eight to Mark Jones, who is a juggler in Mr. Lloyd's new picture, "A Sailor-made Man."

He's having a harem in the picture. I hope it's the most orderly harem, for that sort of thing somehow doesn't go with Harold Lloyd in the minds of his fans. I find. But I suppose he knows, as I've never known him to miss a sure-fire idea in the movies, he'll do it. Why does Charlie Chaplin go European just now? Get my point, dear?

"BUT if you'll allow me to live after Irene Castle is one of the most designing women I know. She not only designs her own clothes, but she designs herself, but often, when a friend drops in to see her, she can't resist making a sketch of the kind of hat or gown she'd like to wear to appear at her best.

"That's one thing about Irene: she can afford to be prodigal with the secrets of her charm. Let any one else do the same things she does and they fall flat.

"She's all well again from the injury she got in her last picture and about to start on another. And, oh, what thrills she's storing up for her friends. You know, she insists that she can't act. She told me the other day that to give the public the movie she was she was going to try to learn a lot of new stunts—horback riding, swimming and the like—to do in each new picture. Has any one else her ambition?"

"No," I admitted thoughtfully. "But if she's any more long-winded than you are, I miss my guess."

## She Does 'Em Both



CONSTANCE BINNEY

Who has been busy this fall flitting from the footlights of Broadway to the klieglights of the Rehear studios

## GARRY SEES STARS AT OPENINGS OF N. Y. SHOWS

By HELEN KLUMPH

"The oldest story in the motion-picture business," Garry announced with that air of authority that always convinces people that she is of Lois Weber-like importance at least. "Is that motion-picture stars have to stay at home nights and rest."

"Look at Lillian Gish." Garry glared at me. "I might have known that you'd pick out the one exception. What I was going to say when you interrupted me," and she glared at me as though she would think of doing such a thing, "was that all the motion-picture stars seem to be chronic first-nighters. A glance at designed for the audience looks like Who's Who in Filmdom."

"Of course, it's been wonderful having Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks and Irene Castle, but you've seen many a dull show merely because of a peering in a box. One night the cast of the play didn't know they were there, and made the fatal mistake of being that the applause was for them.

"Then Gloria Swanson has graced several shows with her presence. Dorothy Gish and her husband, James Hennessey, were at the opening of 'Swords' and Irene Castle has her cyrenose of all eyes at the revival of 'The Merry Widow.' And that reminds me that the new Merry Widow had isn't going to be a space grabber like the old one. It's going to be like our darling toques Mrs. Castle wears in pictures sometimes. Peggy Hoyt, who designs most of Mrs. Castle's hats designed for the show—and that's how the resemblance comes in."

"No," I admitted thoughtfully. "But if she's any more long-winded than you are, I miss my guess."