The Daily Movie Magazine

CLOSE-UPS of the MOVIE GAME

By HENRY M. NEELY

By All Means, the Author Should Have Credit

FROM Leander Kilpatrick, of 1709 Mount Vernon street, comes a letter, which says: "Your comments on 'Credits' on the screen is good—very good. You voice the sentiments of the average movie fan when you say out out the 'hunk' inserts—the producer, the cameraman and the janitor.

"There is, however, in my estimation one man or woman who IS entitled to full credit and whose name should appear. That is the author—the fellow or fellowess whose brains and hard work, often under the most trying conditions, produce the original material of the tale. Now, you, as a writer—do you not think this is only just?"

And I answer to that, "You betcher sweet life I do." I'm firmly convinced that the day is coming when the genuine screen author will be the one big controlling factor in the success of moving pictures. I believe that today the slump in popular respect for the movies is due to the narrow-minded and hide-bound methods of a lot of people who think more of tradition and so-called technic of production than they do of truly dramatic and human interest material.

Some year and a half ago a small group of screen writers got together with this very idea in view and formed the Screen Writers' Guild, which was made a branch of the Authors' League.

It is really wonderful how that guild has grown and what it has accomplished to bring forward the author as the person to whom most of the credit should go. It has bettered forms of contract and prices paid and generally the standing of the writer either or chapter under whose brain creates the foundation for a film success.

You will be interested to know that the biggest men and women among photodramatists now belong to the Guild. The organization has fought a dozen bitter battles with the producers and it has on all of the important ones.

THE screen is thirsty for the best of the day. Its appetite is insatiable, and more than ever before it is demanding a high quality, compared to the old days when an average, a mediocre and a poor book.

I NOTICED last month in the Photodramatist, the monthly official organ of the Guild, an interesting article on the work containing a "resume of the future" which, I'm sure you will agree, is altogether delightful. The writer says:

"First of all, we imagine the screen peopled with real actors. The motion picture, a highly developed art, has outstripped the pulpit, the press, the public rostrum, the daily paper. It is the greatest educational force, the universal channel of news presentation, the dispenser of international understanding.

"Technically it is undergoing immense changes. Photography, lighting, laboratory work, projection are all far advanced beyond present standards. Wireless has been utilized for the transmission of current events, an achievement made possible by revolutionary methods in photography.

"And the screen drama? Future trends, it has not changed, but it has progressed. It has a different audience, an audience connected to the picture. Through his art the screen writer has taught that audience what cause should follow what effect—he has given it not the stage, with its limited appeal, could never give to it—dramatic perception. He has impressed it with the best taste in art, in literature. He has aroused its interest and now lured its study of philosophy, science and the mechanics of civilization.

"Truly there is little new under the sun for it. Consequently it is an exacting audience, critical and unforgiving. Of course, it is still interested in seeing itself upon the screen, its hopes, fears, love, hates, its follies and tragedies. But it demands exactly where formerly it was satisfied with continuity. The old tricks no longer fool it or it. Only a master of the craft can hold it to suspense and give it the big thrill.

"Screen writing is no longer the prerogative of scribes under pressure. The author must keep not moments, but hours of his audience. The imaginative standard must be higher, the workmanship better. And that of the reward? A greater pecuniary reward? Yes, that has naturally followed the real advancement of the art, but more work and more than must be exhibited.

"THE cubby-hole with its plain desk and battered typewriter, the efficiency expert attempting to accelerate unhurried productivity, the eternal grind that destroys the soul and stifles the imagination, these are no more. Even business—even business has learned that mental, physical and creative activities must be treated separately. The dinner is the keystone which supports the industry and the photodramatist alone can supply it."

Answers to Questions by Movie Fans

CABEEN—Sylvia Breamer's next picture will be "The Phantom Bride." Bert Lytell will play opposite her. She was born in Sydney, Australia. She has dark brown hair and eyes.

CLAIRE—William Farnum has just returned from Europe, this being his first vacation in twenty-five years. I do not know the title of his next picture.

EDITH—It is true that there is to be a revival of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," but John Barrymore will not play the title role. John Barrymore's latest picture is "The Lotus Eater." Colleen Moore plays opposite him in this picture.

JACK—You are mistaken about Colonel William Cody. He died some years ago. Jane and Katherine Lee are in vaudeville.

TRUDEAU—Mary Anderson plays opposite Charles Ray in "Two Minutes to Go." The rat boy is Lincoln Steadman.

BETTY—The cast of "The Cup of Life" includes Hobart Bosworth, Madge Bellamy, Tully Marshall and Niles Welch.

GENEVA—Will Rogers and Sylvia Breamer head the cast in "Doubling for Romeo." Lila Lee plays opposite Jack Holt in "After the Show."

ANDY—Constance Talmadge has just finished "Good for Nothing." Her next picture will be "The Divorcee." Kenneth Harlan will play opposite her.

GENEVA—Lillian Gish directed her sister Dorothy in one picture. Her latest picture is "The Two Orphans."

MARY H.—Who is the prominent motion-picture actress who rises at 7 o'clock every morning and is an accomplished cornet player? Now there is a question which has me stumped. I fear you are getting me in on one of those guessing contests, and, frankly, I hate them. No, I do not know her name. When you discover it you may tell me. Let us hope she does not play that blooming cornet at 7 in the morning.

A STUDIO-BUILT FAIRYLAND

The above picture shows with what magic the makers of movies take an ordinary vista and transform it into a veritable wonderland of romance, color and charm. The set in the new picture, "The Street of the Flying Dragon," with the bridge in the background, was built in the studios and was stuck up in the sand at Playa Del Rey (just below Venice) with the bridge and water as a background.

CLARENCE BURTON WANTS TO BE "MEANEST VILLAIN"

"I WANT a different kind of villain," said Cecil B. De Mille, picture maker, to Clarence Burton, character actor. "I want a man so mean-looking that movie audiences will know on sight that murdering people in their beds is only a mild diversion to him."

The result of this order appeared in "Fool's Paradise." And what a villain!

Here was a "cantina" in an oil town on the Mexican border. Amid all the excitement there entered a burly figure in the chaps and felt hat of a vaquero, sinister lines graven deep in evil face, one lone eye glinting with concentrated deviltry. The other socket was apparently empty—a vacant space suffering many deadly encounters of a criminal nature.

Burton's task in creating this characterization found its beginning in his own analysis of his problem.

"An absolutely new sort of 'heavy' had to be created," he said. "Some one had been used hundreds of times, so I could hardly make them the basis of my characterization. One was deformed, if possible. One-legged and one-armed villains are also as common as the vices of the age.

"I went over the list of all the characters 'heavies' I had ever seen or played for the last twenty-five years and finally decided on a one-eyed interpretation.

"Character actors have tried this before, but always by hobbling their eye shut through lieutenant effect. Unfortunately, that de rogue all opportunity for facial expression. My problem, then, was to find some means of holding the eyelid down and relaxing the muscles for interpretative use.

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"This was a really hard nut to crack. If I used collodion or glue, the ordinary substances for fastening skin or hair in make-up, I would either put my eye out or make it a tremendously sore. For the role meant that I had to keep that unlike my eye every day for eight weeks, almost a physical impossibility under ordinary circumstances.

"I took an overlike friend into consultation, and after some weeks of experiment evolved a 'stickum' that did the fastening satisfactorily, photographed with the proper sore eye effect, and washed off with the utmost ease. The entire process required something over three hours every day."

To see Mr. Burton on the street one would take him for a prosperous business man. Well-dressed, well-groomed, kind to his friends, his family and his dog. Burton is a regular American in every way, who looks and is a good, intelligent, law-abiding citizen.

In his dressing room the first move is to don the clothes for the part. And these are worth a story in themselves. The vaquero suit is of leather and genuinely Mexican. It was purchased in Chihuahua, Mexico, and made its first appearance years ago in "The Cowboy and the Thief," a famous old-time melodrama.

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AND then come the chaps. These were needed for the heavy in "California," another melodrama. Burton secured these in Dodge City, Ia., from a cow-puncher just off the range with a carload of cattle.

"They were twenty-eight years old," Burton related, "and needed disinfecting. But, oh, boy—what a prize!"

Even with these trappings aboard, however, Burton was still far from being a border bandit. For above all the paraphernalia his broad American face, with a good-humored, friendly smile, had not yet come under the magic of make-up.

First came the "foundation" of dark grease paint, chosen with particular reference to its reproduction on photographic film.

Then came "high-lighting" with still darker grease paint, a technical process which brings out the sagging or depressions of the cheeks which are the guideposts of character.

Deep lines are engraved with the back pencil. This man is presumed to be of part Indian blood. Hence the cheekbones are accentuated through the application of ordinary cold cream on top of the grease paint. This gives a sheen which brings out the cheekbones distinctly.

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BUT the real problem was fastening the eye. The special "stickum" device for this part is applied to the upper eyelash with a match, then fastened to the lower and held in place for ten minutes. After this the eye is closed until the end of the day's work, when its opening is the matter of a minute through the use of another special prescription. This particular fluid must be used, as water is of no avail.

A little on the "stickum" is left on the outside to give the proper bore-eye effect, while "high-lighting" with grease paint gives the effect of a vacant socket.

Nigel Barrie Is Not Related to the Author of "The Little Minister"

SINCE he started work as the "heavy" in Betty Compson's picture, "The Little Minister," directed by Penrhyn Stanlaws, Nigel Barrie has been dubbed either "Sir Nigel" or "Sir James" by his fellow players. But, he observes, he's related neither to the ancient knight made famous by Conan Doyle nor to the noted dramatist and novelist.

"When Charles Frohman brought me over to America for the first time," says Barrie, "oddly enough, I was called upon to play in Sir James M. Barrie's 'Half an Hour.' Frohman was worried about the similarity of names.

"'They'll think you're his son or something,' he said.

"I reminded him that Barrie had no son, but anyway he induced me temporarily to spell my name 'Barry.' However, I've since altered the spelling to the original.

"My grandfather and great-grandfather were both in the military service in Great Britain. In my present role of a British captain, I made up especially as to my hair—to look somewhat like my great-grandfather."

HE WANTS TO BE THE "MEANEST VILLAIN"

Clarence Burton made up as a villainous "Greaser" in "Fool's Paradise." The pictures above speak for themselves

THEY MAY YET REBUILD WORLD IN MOVIE STUDIO

AN APACHE dive full of smoke and boisterous dancing girls;

A huge African veldt and a Boer settlement;

A dignified old English manor house;

And all of these sets had to be constructed in forty-eight hours by the technical men of Universal City for pictures under production.

Architects, designers, interior and exterior decorators, production managers and directors immediately got busy working out every detail.

The Apache dive, which will be used in "Clay," Miss du Pont's starring picture now being made, has been erected "in the underworld district of Paris," and is complete in every detail of the life it depicts. The walls are covered with crayon sketches of dancing girls, French verse, names and initials, while bright posters decorate other portions of the place.

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IN CONTRAST to the informal, undignified atmosphere of the Apache set is the replica of the old English manor house which will be used in Priscilla Dean's picture, "Wild Honey," under the direction of Wesley Ruggles.

Though it is supposed to be an old mansion which has been better days and which is now run down because the family has lost its wealth, the manor house still retains that certain prestige and dignity true to type. The very bricks in the walls, though some of them are crushed and broken, seem to assume an air of haughtiness and caste as one approaches the house. And the difference between an old run-down estate which never did shelter aristocracy and one that still does, but is dilapidated because the family has lost its wealth, is very great when it comes to the question of designing.

And while these two distinctly different sets are being erected, Dallas Fitzgerald, who is directing Gladys Walton in "Sandman," is trying to figure out where he can stage the big fire scene called for in the script.

THE STUDIO IS A SMALL PLACE

The old saying about the world can also be applied to the movies. For example, when Madge Bellamy started work at the Lasky studio in California she found her cousin, Tom Forman, directing there.

FOREIGN MOVIES PROGRESSING FAST CHAPLIN WARNS

THAT American stars and producers must look to their laurels if they are to keep pace with the progress which foreign motion-picture concerns are making in the development of the silent dramatic art, was the declaration made by Charles Chaplin, just back from Europe, at a dinner in the Biltmore last week.

Mr. Chaplin spoke particularly of the progress being made in film production in Germany, Sweden and England. "These foreign producers," said Mr. Chaplin, "take their work very seriously, more so than most Americans engaged in the same line. They recognize that we are ahead of them in technique, but they believe they are ahead of us in story value.

"They are strong for realism and subtlety in their stories. They say we have too many bedroom farces and sex plays, and I agree with them, and that most of our stories are too obvious, too made-to-order, and that they lack the convincing appeal of a story that is faithful to real life. Original stories written especially for the screen will be the only salvation for the American producer."

Chaplin stated that while in Berlin he met Pola Negri, the great European star, who has achieved fame in America for her work in such pictures as "One Arabian Night" and "Passion."

"She is even more vivacious, charming and lively off the screen than on," said Mr. Chaplin. "She is possessed of a most wonderful personality. Yes, Europe has some very fine artists, and they are doing some very ambitious things. We Americans must look to our laurels."

Asked if the report was true that he intended to do Shakespeare for the screen, Mr. Chaplin declared that the motion picture is too crude in its present stage to seriously undertake the interpretation of any of the works of the Bard. He did admit, however, that he has been nursing the idea of some day burlesquing Shakespeare on the screen.

How I Became A Movie Star

As Told to
INEZ KLUMPH

What Has Already Happened

Dorothy Lane, a girl from a small town, shares her biggest ambition with thousands of other American girls—that of becoming a moving-picture star. She thinks her chance has come when Persis, a friend of hers working in New York, tells of meeting some people connected with motion pictures and asks her to visit her. On her first day in the metropolis, the girl starts on a visit to the studios and gains admittance to one of them. Dorothy is given the chance to play in a mob scene, and makes the most of it. She meets Laurence French, press agent for the company, who becomes interested in her. Then comes her big chance when, because of her resemblance to a well-known star, she is asked to double for her. When she tells Persis the happy news, Persis in turn tells of a delightful surprise for the evening—a party planned by her motion-picture friends.

HOMESICK and unhappy as I was when I got to the club, it looked wonderful to me. I ran up the walk, between the beds of geraniums, and called to the caretaker, who was sweeping the front porch.

"Oh, Miss Lane," she cried. "Back so soon? And Miss Sylvia's just gone away. Did you see her perhaps at the station?"

"No—no, I didn't," I answered, wishing that my throat wouldn't feel so choky.

"Well, she's gone away, and she left a note for you on the bulletin board."

I dropped my suitcase at the foot of the stairs and crossed the hall to the big bulletin board where we girls always left messages for each other. There were a lot of folded notes there now, addressed to different girls, and several notices.

"Will Miss Hewitt phone Mr. ABC"—I can't tell you his name; he was one of the big theatrical managers—"at 10 o'clock. He called up at 8." Oh, I knew what that would mean to Constance Hewitt—a chance to get an engagement at last!

"Wardrobe trunk for sale—in excellent condition; only needs new handles and a bit of mending in one tray. I'll let it go cheap." I read that almost mechanically; then, scrawled on the bottom of the notice, was written "Bought by Sylvia Stearns!" in blue pencil. Oh, what that meant to me!

I found my note from Sylvia at last but somehow I didn't dare open it. It would mean unhappiness for me, I was sure, and I wanted to stop a moment and remember how dear Sylvia had been to me before I tore it open.

I took off my hat, ran my fingers through my hair—it was so thick that it made my head ache—and went into the dining room to sit down near a window and have breakfast. I felt awfully weak and shaky.

It was lovely in there. At the far end, overlooking the back yard, the breakfast things were being laid out on the counter, and Jenny, one of our two maids, was filling the big, shining urns with coffee and hot chocolate. The other maid had put up the card with the list of dishes and their prices on it—eggs, bacon, ham, cereal, hot muffins, fresh fruit—I knew it so well. And the little tables were all in order, with their painted oilcloth breakfast sets, all garlanded with buttercups and daisies, and their bowls of flowers. It was such a dear little place; just sitting there looking at it made me feel more at peace.

"Now, Miss Lane—here's your coffee all ready. Shall I bring it to you?" Jenny called to me.

"Oh, no; I want to get it myself," I cried, hurrying down the room for my tray and silver. I felt that getting back into the ordinary little details of my old life would make it easier for me to face the changed conditions.

It seemed nice to stand there at the counter and pick out a bowl of cereal and some berries, and have Jennie pour a great cup of steaming coffee for me and get hot toast from the kitchen.

"Have a nice time, Miss Dorothy?" she asked as she set the little jar of cream down on my tray.

"Oh, wonderful." I answered, trying to make my voice sound enthusiastic. But I turned away hastily—Jennie had sharp eyes, and I didn't want her to read the secret that I was trying to conceal.

I finished my breakfast before I opened Sylvia's note, but finally, when I'd had two cups of coffee—Jenny insisted that I ought to because I looked so pale that she was sure I was tired—I tore the envelope across. And this is what I read:

"Dorothy, Dear—Such marvelous luck! I've got a job—a real one—got a telegram just ten minutes ago to join a company that's trying out a new musical show in the dog towns! I'm almost exploded with joy, and you weren't here to tell it to, and I've jumped up and down on my bed so I guess the springs broke—something happened—but I had to let off steam somehow, and there was nobody home to tell the news to.

"I've got just half an hour till train time, and I've called Lawrence French up—woke him out of a sound sleep apparently—and he's coming to take me to the train because I've got just enough money to buy my ticket and not even car fare over, and I don't dare walk any of the girls to ask them for some, and I've simply got to go to the station in a taxi to celebrate. Besides, I've got to have somebody to talk the great news over with or I'll confide it to strange people in the railway station.

"There's the bell now—it must be Lawrence, so I'll stop this scrawl. Wish you were home, honey; I'll write you soon as I know where I am. Heaps of love. SYLVIA."

I just sat still for two or three minutes; I suppose I must have breathed, but it doesn't seem as if I could have, I was so happy.

I went upstairs then to my little room that was so dainty and sweet, and got out of my messy linen suit and into a kimono. And then I went into Sylvia's room.

To Be Continued Tomorrow

She's Starring Now

AGNES AYRES

Is at work on "The Lane That Had No Turning," a Gilbert Parker story. Mahlon Hamilton is her leading man

PHOTOPLAYS PHOTOPLAYS 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 & Passyunk Aves. Mat. Daily 2:15, Evgs. 6:45 & 9 BERT LYTELL in "A MESSAGE FROM MARS"

ALLEGHENY Frankford & Allegheny Mat. Daily 2:15, Evgs. at 8 RUPERT HUGHES' "Dangerous Curve Ahead"

APOLLO 52D & THOMPSON STS. MATINEE DAILY WALLACE REID in "TOO MUCH SPEED"

ARCADIA CHESTNUT Bel. 19TH 10 A. M. to 11:45 P. M. EUGENE O'BRIEN in "THE LAST DOOR"

ASTOR FRANKLIN & GIRARD AVE. MATINEE DAILY DOUGLAS MacLEAN in "PASSING THRU"

BALTIMORE 91ST & BALTIMORE AVE. 6:30 SAT. MAT. JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD'S "God's Country and the Law"

BENN 60TH AND WOODLAND AVE. MATINEE DAILY JAMES KIRKWOOD in "The Great Impersonation"

BLUEBIRD Broad & Susquehanna Continuous 12 to 11 P. M. BETTY COMPSON in "AT THE END OF THE WORLD"

BROADWAY Broad & Snyder Ave. 2, 6:45, 9 P. M. CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG in "CHARGE IT"

CAPITOL 52D MARKET CONSTANCE TALMADGE in "WEDDING BELLS"

COLONIAL 60TH & Main Cont. 2 to 11 P. M. ALL-STAR CAST in "WOMAN IN HIS HOUSE"

DARBY THEATRE TOM MOORE in "HOLD YOUR HORSES"

EMPRESS MAIN ST., MANAYUNK BETTY COMPSON in "AT THE END OF THE WORLD"

FAIRMOUNT 29TH & FAIRMOUNT AVS. ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN in "THE GIRL FROM NOWHERE"

FAMILY FRANKFORD AVE. NEAR ALLEGHENY AVE. Cont. 1 P. M. to MIDNIGHT ALL-STAR CAST in "BLUE BLAZES"

56TH ST. HAVERFORD & 56TH MARY ROBERTS RINEHART'S "IT'S A GREAT LIFE"

GLOBE 63RD MARKET ST. Cont. 1 to 11 P. M. BUCK JONES in "TO A FINISH"

GRANT 52D GIRARD AVE. MAT. SEE SATURDAY "NO WOMAN KNOWS" The Amazing Story of Fanny Hurself

GREAT NORTHERN Broad St. at Erie Cont. 1 to 11 P. M. RUPERT HUGHES' "Dangerous Curve Ahead"

IMPERIAL 60TH & WALNUT STS. Mats. 2:15 & 4:30, Evgs. 7 & 9 CONSTANCE TALMADGE in "MAMMA'S AFFAIR"

KARLTON CHESTNUT, Above BROAD Daily 10 A. M. to 11 P. M. BERT LYTELL in "A TRIP TO PARADISE"

Lehigh Palace Germantown Ave. and Lehigh Avenue ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN in "POOR DEAR MARGARET KIRBY"

LIBERTY BROAD & COLUMBIA AV. MATINEE DAILY CONSTANCE TALMADGE in "Mamma's Affair" CHARLIE CHAPLIN in "THE IDLE CLASS"

OVERBROOK 63rd & Haverford Av. Continuous Mat. Daily ALL-STAR CAST in "APPEARANCES"

PALACE 12TH MARKET STREET 10 A. M. to 11:45 P. M. WILLIAM S. HART in "THREE WORD BRAND"

PRINCESS 19TH MARKET STREET 9:30 A. M. to 11:45 P. M. SPECIAL CAST in "OUT OF THE DEPTHS"

REGENT MARKET ST., Below 12TH 9:45 A. M. to 11:45 P. M. SID FRANKLIN in "COURAGE"

RIALTO GERMANTOWN AVENUE AT THOMPSON-KEN ST. RICHARD BARTHELMESS in "EXPERIENCE"

RUBY MARKET ST. BELOW 54TH 10 A. M. to 11:45 P. M. WEDGEWOOD NOEL and Cast in "8 13"

SAVOY 52D MARKET STREET 9 A. M. to MIDNIGHT ALL-STAR CAST in "PASSION FRUIT"

SHERWOOD 63rd & Baltimore Ave. Douglas MacLean in "Passing Thru" HAROLD LLOYD in "Among Those Present"

STANLEY MARKET AT 69TH WILLIAM DE MILLE'S "AFTER THE SHOW"

STANTON Market Above 12TH WILLIAM FOX'S WONDER PLAY "OVER THE HILL"

333 MARKET 333 MARKET ST. Cont. 1 to 11:45 P. M. ALL-STAR CAST in "WOMAN IN THE HOUSE"

VICTORIA 46TH & MARKET STS. Cont. 1 to 11:45 P. M. FRANK LLOYD'S "THE INVISIBLE POWER"

RIALTO WEST CHESTER TOM MIX in "A BIG-TOWN ROUND-UP"

The NIXON-NIRDLINGER THEATRES

BELMONT 52D ABOVE MARKET 1:30 and 6:30 to 11 P. M. MADGE KENNEDY in "MARY, BE CAREFUL"

CEDAR 60TH & CEDAR AVENUE 1:30 and 6—7 and 9 P. M. ELSIE FERGUSON in "FOOTLIGHTS"

COLISEUM Market Bel. 59th & 60th 1:30 & 6—7 and 9 P. M. Mabel Ballin and Wyndham Standing in "THE JOURNEY'S END"

JUMBO FRONT ST. & GIRARD AVE. Jumbo Junc. on Frankford "El" CLAIRE ADAMS in The Dwelling Place of Light

LEADER 41ST & LANCASTER AVE. MATINEE DAILY Rupert Hughes' "The Old Nest" Harold Lloyd in "PINCHED"

LOCUST 52D AND LOCUST STREETS Mats. 1:30, 3:30, Evgs. 6:30 to 11 CONWAY TEARLE in "THE FIGHTER"

NIXON 52D AND MARKET STS. 2:15, 7 and 9 ALL-STAR CAST in "STRAIGHT IS THE WAY"

RIVOLI 52D AND WANSOM STS. MATINEE DAILY ALL-STAR CAST in "HEARTS ARE TRUMP"

STRAND GERMANTOWN AVE. AT VENANGO STREET MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN in "The Woman in His House"

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

Germantown 5509 GERMANTOWN AVE. MATINEE DAILY HELEN CHADWICK in LITTLE WOMEN "Dangerous Curve Ahead"