

The Daily Movie Magazine

CLOSE-UPS of the MOVIE GAME

By HENRY M. NEELY

Has the Bottom Been Reached in Eastern Movie Production? IT BEGINS to look very much as though the worst of the movie slump has been passed.

Reports on general business conditions throughout the country. Isolated sections don't matter so much to us; what we want to know is the average condition.

I made the investigation "below the surface" in the Eastern studios, and while this week happens to be a sort of "between-the-acts" period, I found plenty of evidence that there is a general peeping up work.

FOR the last three weeks or more I had found everywhere a sort of dull lethargy. Those who were working did it half-heartedly, for they didn't know where their next jobs were coming from, and so were in no hurry to finish the ones they had.

HUGO BALLIN, who produces pictures in which his wife, the charming Mabel Ballin, stars, has dropped ten years from his age since the last time I saw him.

On Thursday I saw them again and they were about as happy a couple as I ever saw, barring honeymooners and new divorcees.

Mr. Ballin is now deep in the intricacies of writing the continuity for the first production and they will start work as soon as it is finished.

While there's nothing official in it, I'm expecting Cosmopolitan studios to resume work immediately. They have recently slowed down because of the distribution difficulties, but this, as I understand it, has been adjusted.

Pathe's organization is pushing ahead on the present Dutch serial and officials admitted to me that work is being rushed because they have another chapter thriller which they want to get under way as soon as they can.

Irene Castle's announced vaudeville contract isn't going to take her out of pictures. She's going to do vaudeville on the side.

The Tri-Art people, whose first attempt at a different kind of picture was "The Beggars Maid," are starting a new one, "The Young Artist."

The big Fox studios, for the first time in my knowledge, are absolutely devoid of production activity. But this doesn't mean there's nothing doing there.

William Christie Cabanne, the R-C director, is shooting close to twenty-four hours a day up at the old Metro studios on Sixty-first street.

So, YOU SEE, things are looking decidedly more optimistic. I'm only hoping that the stuff that all these hard-working folk turn out will be the kind of stuff that you and I want.

Answers to Questions by Movie Fans

WALTER S.—You ask me whether Katherine Perry is to appear in a new picture. Rumor has it that she is to retire from the stage and screen and simply be Mrs. Owen Moore.

ADELAIDE—No; Laurette Taylor has never appeared on the screen. She was to play the leading role in the stage version of "Humoresque" this fall, but for some reason a later date has been decided upon.

HILDEGARDE—Olive Barkie was born in Boston, Mass. She has blond hair and brown eyes. If you write to the young lady you will receive the picture. If you do not neglect to send the twenty-five cents to cover cost of mailing.

BENEDICT—Kathryn McGuire will soon be seen in "The Silent Call." She is not the star of this picture, although she plays an important part.

H. N.—George Walsh is a brother of the well-known producer, R. A. Walsh. His latest picture is "Surrender," in which he plays opposite Miriam Cooper, the wife of R. A. Walsh.

THEY'VE ALL BEEN ENJOYING "RENT FREE"



But it wasn't in real life. Only the name of a film. Here is the cast grouped together during a leisure moment. Reading from left to right, Lillian Leighton, Lucien Littlefield, Wallace Reid, Lila Lee, Gertrude Short and "Bill" Gonder.



THEY JUST STEPPED OUT OF OLD PARIS



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, she goes to a visit to the studios and gains admittance to one of them.

She is given the chance to play in a mob scene, and makes the most of it.

She meets Lawrence 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.

CURIOUS enough, she had broken the bed springs—they sagged way down in the middle, nearly to the floor.

I could just imagine her jumping up and down there, not daring to shout, as she naturally would have because of the people who were asleep.

I don't know how long I slept, but it must have been quite a while, for the sun had gone far enough around the sky that it no longer shone in my window.

Miss Lane could not wake up and answer the telephone? she asked, opening the door a crack and sticking her head in.

"It's Mr. French," he said, and he says he's got something awful important to say to you that can't wait.

"Could I talk to Lawrence?" I simply leaped into a kimono and my slippers, and ran down to the hall below, where the telephone was.

"I'm sorry," he said, but only to have central answer: "Your party has disconnected."

"Oh, no!" I cried. But I knew that he would call me again in a moment, so I stood there waiting.

I wondered about so many things, as I stood there at the telephone, waiting for Lawrence French to call me again.

"Miss Lane?" The voice was not too surprised to realize that he had seen him in the taxi with Sylvia early that morning.

"I don't know what you mean," I said, but I rather love him and I know that I shall marry him than have anything else in the world.

Suddenly the phone bell rang. My heart seemed to be thumping in my throat as I answered it.

"This is Jack Gibbs, at the Gordon Agency," the voice went on. "You registered here some time ago. I've seen you in the picture."

"Yes—of course—I'll come right away," I answered. I knew that I ought to feel glad over this new turn of events, but somehow I wasn't so happy as I'd have been if that call had been from Lawrence French.

He got me on the wire a moment later.

"Hello, Dodo," he cried, and his words made me feel truly all over. "This is Larry French, and I'm sorry to see you right away. How about having dinner together and dancing a bit afterward? I know a place where there's a marvelous view of the harbor and I know a lot of things I want to tell you."

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WILLIAM MONG IS PLAYING ROLE OF PEDDLER IN PICTURE

By CONSTANCE PALMER Hollywood, Calif. J. L. FROTHINGHAM is putting on a very true-to-Ghetto-life production in "The Man Who Smiled."

I visited them for a long time yesterday, the most thrilling thing that happened being an invitation to lunch at "Mother Brown's."

Just a word about Tony. He's been a cameraman since 1905, the year he came over from Italy. He was put in charge of the camera work on what was then a large production before he could speak a word of English.

AFTER the argument between Tony and Mr. Mong had subsided, and we had finished our pie, we wandered slowly back to Stage Four—where Miss Pickford made much of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" for the afternoon's work.

Little Mary Wynn is in the cast. She is still talked from the Christie Comedy ranks and given a chance to develop her talent along dramatic lines by Mr. Frothingham.

Eventually the straying foot, and poor Mr. Mong is left disconsolate with little Bruce, who is one of the sweetest children I ever saw.

CLYDE COOK SPENT ONE NIGHT IN AN ALARMING PLACE

CLYDE COOK was an actor in Australia, his native land, before coming to this country, and loves to reminisce about the misadventures that befell him during his first season as a player in some of the remote districts of Australia.

Cook relates how at one time, owing to the exigencies of travel, getting from one night stand to another, it was necessary for the troupe to travel several nights in succession, with but little sleep for the players.

At last, arriving in a little hamlet on the borders of the Australian Bush, he decided to seek a quiet rooming house where he could sleep all day undisturbed, rather than take a chance in a bustling, noisy hotel, with the chances of being awakened every few minutes.

HE HAD, however, scarcely closed his eyes in slumber before he was awakened by a fusillade of shots that brought him to his senses in a hurry.

After two repetitions of this experience, he rose, dressed himself and repaired to the hotel he had passed up.

In explaining the shooting, Cook says: "I think I must have been suffering from one of my blooming ancestors. There I was with a room over a bully old shooting gallery."

For while Mr. Nagel has consumed cigars by the dozens and cigarettes by the hundreds, he has found it necessary to learn the technique for his scenes before the camera.

CONNIE TALMADGE WILL Be a Divorcee, but Only for Film Purposes

CONNIE TALMADGE left New York this week for Los Angeles to direct Constance Talmadge in her next starring vehicle, which is a story by Edgar Selwyn, author, playwright and producer.

Constance Talmadge, who has been making all her recent pictures in New York, left for the Coast a few days earlier for the first time since she left the Select-Selznick organization.

Rumor says that Norma may make her next picture in California, but Constance refuses to be separated from her husband, the handsome John Talmadge, for longer than three weeks.

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Business Is Picking Up in Film Studios ATTHOUGH there are still many actors and actresses out of work around the California studios, there seems to be an upward trend generally in the game.

I had one darling dress, of very thin, dark-blue organdie, it was trimmed with little narrow white frills, and had a big sash, and it was awfully becoming. But it had to be laundered every time it was worn, if it was to be kept crisp and fresh looking—if it didn't look perfectly fresh and newly done, it looked like a mossy rag—you know those dresses.

The upholster on that frock was simply ghastly. The French laundry charged me \$4 every time they washed it. The maidman at the corner charged me \$5, and I went to the French place, as well, and left the blue part looking streaky. I'd tried doing it myself, in the laundry at the club, and it looked worse than when the Chinaman did it.

Luckily, I went to the French place just before I went to Cape Cod, so it looked simply wonderful that afternoon. I couldn't quite decide to wear it, because it was so awfully sweet and simple looking, and I thought maybe the agent would want me for a rather sophisticated role.

But the afternoon was pretty warm, and I finally voted for the dark blue one and white shoes and stockings and a big floppy hat trimmed with maline and soft white flowers. His lines were wonderful, and I knew I'd look nice, whether I was sophisticated or not.

I took a taxi to the agent's office; it wasn't really an extravagance, because I wanted to look as fresh and new as possible when I got there, and I knew that making the trip on a Broadway street car or the elevated would make my dress look wilted. So I arrived in time, and went up the stairs to the office right behind a terribly pompous-looking man who had stood in the doorway and stared when I got out of the cab.

I didn't have to wait in the ante-room at all; I felt sorry for all the people who were standing around there, when the officeboy came out and said that I was to go right in to Mr. Gibbs' office. And then he turned to the pompous-looking man and said, very respectfully:

"You're to come in, too, Mr. Eikhorn! My knees shook, and I had a wild desire to laugh. I'd set the great Eikhorn down as a man looking for a job, and felt rather annoyed when he stared—Eikhorn, the biggest producer, save two who stood on a par with him, in motion pictures."

"Hello, Dodo," he cried, and his words made me feel truly all over. "This is Larry French, and I'm sorry to see you right away. How about having dinner together and dancing a bit afterward? I know a place where there's a marvelous view of the harbor and I know a lot of things I want to tell you."

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A vertical column of theater advertisements listing various theaters and their current shows, including Alhambra, Great Northern, Belmont, Cedar, Coliseum, Jumbo, Leader, Locust, Nixon, Rivoli, Strand, and Victoria.

To Be Continued Monday