The Daily Movie Magazine

Here are a few striking figures in the latest foreign feature, "All for a Woman," which is based on the life of Danton, a big figure in the French Revolution. At the right (in circle) is Frederick Kuhne as Fouquier-Tinville, public prosecutor. In the center a scene at the grim guillotine. At the left Hilda Warner as Babette, the beggar maid, and Ferdinand Von Alter as a nobleman

CLOSE-UPS of the MOVIE GAME

By HENRY M. NEELY

Why Do They Want to Be Extras?

I'VE often looked at the long lines of young men and young women hanging around outside an agent's office and asked myself the question, "Why is an extra?"

Why are these people willing to spend weary hours footing it from one place to another on the off chance of getting a day's work now and then for pay that doesn't exceed the pay they could get six or seven days a week in a regular job?

When you look over the crowd at the agent's door, or around the office of the casting director in a big studio, you soon discover that no one explanation will answer the question. The people are of such widely varying types and evidently in such widely different circumstances in life that their motives must differ as widely.

Yet they have one great aim in common. They want jobs as extras.

There's one type that is very familiar among the women. She is obviously well-to-do, well educated and refined. Frequently she will drive up in her own car. She doesn't need the pay. She just wants the job.

There will be one of two motives in her case. She may be a very pretty girl, whose men friends have flattered her beyond all reason until she has come to believe that she is a raving beauty and that she has but to get a few jobs as an extra and meet a director to be taken from the ranks and starred. And then the wonderful life of adulation and world-wide fame!

Or she will be a fluffy and empty-headed daughter of ease who thinks it is wonderful fun to get into the romantic atmosphere of a movie studio and meet all the queer, interesting people. It gives her so much to talk about to her friends and they all envy her and speak of her as quite an adventurer in life.

And among the men you see these same two types, but you will also see another—the type known as the lounge lizard. He's there for his own sinister purpose. It's a good way to meet a lot of pretty girls and become friendly with them. The agents soon spot him. He doesn't last long.

* * *

BUT the ones who interest me are the men and girls who very evidently are hard up. Their clothes are frayed, they look hungry, they show the lines of worry. This is their profession and they need the jobs.

* * *

THE other day I talked to a casting director about conditions in the business and asked him what chance these folk had to make a decent living in their end of it. He shook his head pityingly.

"I don't know why they stick at it," he said. "I venture to say that the average extra girl doesn't get more than ten days' work a month, week in and week out.

"We pay them \$5, \$7.50 and \$10 a day, depending on their experience, their wardrobe and their known photographic qualities. But the great majority of them fall into the \$5 class.

"Any girl who has been an extra for a year and is still an extra might better look for a job in some other business. If she has anything at all in her, it will show in that year and she will be engaged, first for bits and then for small parts.

"Even then she'll have to economize. The average girl who plays a maid's part—just a bit here and there in the picture—will get \$50 a week, but she won't be likely to work more than one or two weeks a month. You see, her competition will be so keen. There are only a few maid's parts and hundreds or thousands of girls fit to play them.

"For small parts she will begin to get \$75 a week and will work on up to \$150; but then there enters the big expense of a constantly replenished wardrobe, and her clothes must look costly and actually be costly. We don't allow any camouflage in wardrobes.

"Most of the girls think that this talk about the expense of wardrobe is bunk, but it isn't. They may be clever with their needles and think they will make all their own gowns. They can help out a lot that way, of course, but that weekly bill for hats and shoes and gowns and wraps is going to stagger them anyway—that is, if they are getting good parts to play.

"And the more successful they are and the more engagements they get the more gowns they will have to have, for, even if they make pictures for different companies, the pictures are seen by the same public. The wardrobe bills of a moderately successful motion-picture actress are as big as those of a wealthy society woman. That isn't bunk; that's fact.

"But, of course, you can't discourage them with facts. Always they see stardom awaiting them in the next studio. It's that hope, springing eternal, that keeps them plugging on and on through discouragements, through self-denial, through hunger and cold and want and privation. All they want is their chance. Good Lord! Chance!

"Why, the girl or the man who is going to star doesn't wait long to find it out. They don't wait for their chance. They make it."

* * *

THAT same day I happened to run into a studio manager from Hollywood who had just arrived in New York. I told him what this man had said to me, and asked if conditions were as bad as that on the West Coast. "Huh!" he grunted. "Worse. I don't know what they're going to do. You see a lot of stuff sent out by publicity offices about the great revival in the industry and the prosperity that is just ahead of us. I'll tell you the truth. We're expecting a mighty flat winter in Hollywood."

Bert Lytell Defends Crook Characters on Screen and on Stage

"I'VE been called 'the best crook in the screen world'—and I'm wondering just how complimentary the remark is."

BERT LYTELL

Bert Lytell, having finished production of "Ladyfingers," paused to give the subject due consideration. In "Ladyfingers" he is once more cast as an expert cracksman, of a type similar to that which he portrayed in "Alias Jimmy Valentine!" "Boston Blackie's Little Pal" and "Boston Blackie's Redemption."

"It is true that these crook plays have been among my most successful pictures," Mr. Lytell continued, "and I must confess I like my parts in them about as well as any that I have played. I don't believe it's because I have a fellow feeling for crooks in general; as a matter of fact, thievery has always seemed to me about the most despicable of crimes.

* * *

"THEN to account for the success of crook plays—I think it is because they are usually plays of regeneration. A good man has gone wrong; that's the pity of it. The drama of it is his fight to win back to the light. It is the eternal drama of the struggle between good and evil in the heart of a man; the drama of ultimate redemption.

"The lower he has sunk, the more dramatic his rise. At any rate, it's fascinating to play the man in the case. Being 'the best crook' isn't the worst thing in the world."

Answers to Questions From Movie Fans

MORSE—Phyllis Haver has recently been made a star. Yes, she is still with Mack Sennett. Her real name is Phyllis O'Haver.

MUNRO—Frances Ring is a sister of Blanche, Julie and Cyril Ring. She also is the wife of Thomas Meighan.

LYRA—You are slightly twisted in your titles. "Blossom Time" is a musical play in three acts, founded on the life of Franz Schubert, many of the melodies taken from his songs. "Broken Blossoms" is a motion picture which was presented some time ago and in which Richard Barthelmess played the lead.

LUCIA—Viola Dana was the leading lady in "Puppets of Fate." George Arliss has made two pictures, "The Devil" and "Disraeli." He is working on "Idle Hands" at present. He is one of the foremost actors of the screen as well as one of the most finished actors on the stage today.

TOM W.—Marcia Manon played in "The Forbidden Thing" and will soon be seen in the leading feminine role in "The Man Who Smiled." She is the wife of J. L. Frothingham, the well-known producer.

EVANS—Theodore Roberts, Florence Vidor, Madge Bellamy and Lloyd Hughes are included in the cast of "Hail the Woman."

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 motion-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 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.

"YES, I've done pretty well. Of course, I've had good luck," I said. I felt that she'd mind my success less if I just made it seem that I was lucky. "Lawrence French got me the engagement with Seward."

"Oh, yes, he's the young Sir Galahad, isn't he? Well, his hunch was right about Metcalfe and Fay Granville and that crowd. They had intended going down into Pennsylvania on a fake stock-selling proposition, just as he said—only this other deal came along, and they dropped that one. Wish I'd listened to him as you did. I'm done for now! I can't go back to stenography—there are three girls applying for every job in town, and anyway, after having a taste of easy money, it would kill me to slave all day for twenty a week."

"You won't have to do that," I told her. "Why don't you visit me a while, Persis—I visited you, you know—and I'll introduce you to John Seward and everybody else I know who could help you, and the first thing you know you'll have a job, and things will be fine."

She didn't answer for a moment, but just looked at me, and the expression in her eyes made me want to cry. She did cry—great big tears that splashed on her hands and mine, that she didn't even try to wipe away.

"You're the darlingest thing in the world, Dot," she said at last. "And I'll never be able to thank you. We'll call it visiting just now, because I've only got ten cents to my name, and I pawned my suitcase and the few clothes I had this morning, so that I could buy breakfast. Where do you live?"

I told her about the club, and that she could sleep in Sylvia's room for a while, because Sylvia would be away.

"And I'll phone over there now, so that it will be all right for you to go. Then you can just take the things you need out of my room—the maid will show you where it is—and have dinner at the club and charge it to me, and go to bed," I went on.

"But aren't you coming with me?" she asked, as we got up from the couch and she powdered her nose and wiped away the tearstains from around her eyes.

"Oh, I can't—I'm dining with Lawrence French," I told her.

"With Lawrence French, eh?" she said, looking at me with a quizzical little smile. "Well, you can say that with wide-eyed innocence if you want to, but you look to me exactly like a girl who's dining with the man she's in love with, and who knows that he's in love with her. Have a nice time, honey." And she slipped out of a side door and was gone.

I stood there for a few moments, just thinking things over. I wondered if I had looked that way when I went to see Jack Gibbs and Eldhorn—if that was the "dewy look" Gibbs had meant. It would be funny if thinking of Lawrence had helped me to get a job with a man like Eldhorn!

And it would be queerer still if I'd been all wrong about Lawrence. After all, just because he'd been so nice didn't mean that he was in love with me. I went out into the corridor where we always met and sat down in a big chair to think it over.

I began to feel awfully tired—not a bit like I had when I left the club. I caught sight of myself in a mirror in the wall, and realized that a bit more powder wouldn't have hurt my face any, but I just felt too listless to go into the other room and put some on. All at once nothing seemed to matter a great deal. I almost wished I'd gone home with Persis.

And then, down at the other end of the corridor, I caught sight of a young man pushing his way through the crowd that waited for the elevator. He came straight toward me, looking at the people who were sitting in the chairs on either side of the hall. It was Lawrence, and my heart began to pound just at the sight of him.

His face lighted up wonderfully when he saw me, and he came over and held out both hands. I laid mine in them and looked up at him—and from the expression in his eyes I knew that Persis had been right. I had come to meet the man I loved—and he loved me.

To Be Continued Tomorrow

WALLIE REID PLAYS SAXOPHONE AT STUDIO CLUB TEA

By CONSTANCE PALMER

Hollywood, Calif.

YESTERDAY the Studio Club had a tea to raise funds for its future clubhouse. The Ambassador is our newest and most pretentious hostelry, and boasts of coconut grove. This was the scene of the slaughter. Wallie Reid was there, and saxophoned for 'em. Gloria Swanson looked glorious, of course; and by gum, if they didn't run Marie Prevost's new picture, to the wonderment of those present. The title is "Love and Riches." Why not "Tessie, the Bootiful Hatrack"?

Anyhow, I believe the girls made some money. The affair was sponsored by Mrs. Hancock Banning, who is the most energetic of the society philanthropists hereabouts.

One redeeming feature of Miss Prevost's current effort is that T. Roy Barnes is her leading man. One glance from that wandering eye is enough to cause most audiences to emit an anticipatory titter.

I was over at Lasky's yesterday, wandering about among the scantlings supporting the sets. I heard a groan, and yet another, and every now and then a roar. Rushing to the point of interest, I beheld Theodore Kosloff choking Frank Campeau for the benefit of Agnes Ayres' first starring picture, "The Lane That Had No Turning," written for her by Sir Gilbert Parker. Mr. Kosloff is a hunchback in the picture, and Mr. Campeau a French-Canadian woodsman, who gets sassy to the former once too often and gets the life squeezed out of him. Mr. Kosloff seemed to be doing John Barrymore's "Mr. Hyde," with few variations. But, indeed, the performance sent a shiver down the erect spine of Mayme Kelso, who also was drawn thither by the groans.

* * *

FROM nearby there came the sound of the infuriated barking of a King Charles spaniel in the lap of "Mother" Ashton, the darling. Rounding the corner, I came upon another overwhelming sight. Paul Powell, the director, was making faces at the dog to make him mad! The scene belonged to Ethel Clayton's new picture, "For the Defense." Just about then Zasu Pitts wandered around another corner with a little girl expression. "Please, Mr. Powell, kin I go home? I've got to start Tom's dinner." After inquiring what she was going to cook, and how she was going to do it, and asking Mother Ashton's advice about the matter, he let her go.

Well, I'll not say it. I've sung enough anthems in praise of Mr. Powell ere this!

Remember when Larry Semon was up in the big woods filming his latest comedy, and there was a forest fire and the whole company worked their heads off to put it out? At least, they said they did. Well, the other day Larry received a check for \$17.50 in payment of his services! At that rate I'll say it is a lot more profitable to hand people a laugh than to save their lives and property!

Stanlaws Is Coming East

Penrhyn Stanlaws' technical staff sprang a surprise party on him in celebration of the completion of "The Little Minister," starring Betty Compson, giving a farewell dinner party before his leaving Hollywood for New York on a short vacation. There were thirty diners, including the entire producing unit. Mr. Stanlaws, who has directed Miss Compson in three pictures, "At the End of the World," "The Law and the Woman" and "The Little Minister," will not direct her again this year. William D. Taylor will produce Miss Compson's next picture, which will be started soon.

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PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET ELSIE FERGUSON in "SONG OF SONGS"

PRINCESS 1018 MARKET STREET MISS DU PONT in "THE RAGE OF PARIS"

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RIALTO GERMANTOWN AVENUE ELSIE FERGUSON in "FOOTLIGHTS"

RUBY MARKET ST. BELOW 7TH MAE MARSH in "LITTLE ITALY LADY"

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