

The Daily Movie Magazine

HOW THEY USED TO "SHOOT THE FILMS"



In celebration of the tenth anniversary of the photoplay, in which Lasky company taking leading part, Charles Tyle and Edith Chapman demonstrated the "old way" in contrast to the new. Above is the result. Note the chalk-line to keep the actors in the angle of view of the camera, and the flimsy back-drop—also the whiskers on the military-looking gentleman at the door.

THE MOVIE FAN'S LETTER-BOX

By HENRY M. NEELY

E. M. Gloucester—I'm having some difficulty getting the information you want about Enid Markey. I think I am on the track of it, however, and will print it as soon as it arrives.

Ruby—"Peter Ibbotson" was first screened under the name of the book with the intention of having that title permanent. Then it was thought that such a name would mean nothing in cities where the play had not been seen, for it was likely that, in such cities, the book would not be generally familiar. So it was decided to release the picture under the title "Peter Ibbotson" in cities where the play had not been seen, but to call it "Forever" in other places. I can share your admiration for Elsie Ferguson so far as her beauty and the technique of her acting are concerned. But in everything except "Footlights" (I fairly loved her in that) and perhaps "Sacred and Profane Love," she impressed me as being cold and reserved to most of the deep sympathetic appeal. I think, however, she is developing a more human touch and a more heartfelt conception of things, and if she does I'll be one of the first to worship. I'm sorry I can't tell you her age. I've never seen it given in a biography. Her studio address will be care Famous Players' Studio, Astoria, L. I., after about the 1st of April, but just at present she isn't making pictures at all. She is playing in "The Varying Shore" at the Hudson Theatre on West Forty-fourth street.

John Attilio—I'll be perfectly brutal in answering you; you haven't a chance of getting into the movies now. They don't want you, if you're a novice. They are pestered to death with applicants, and there aren't enough jobs for the old-timers who know all the ropes. And, every time you see a contest going on with the avowed purpose of "finding new material" for the screen, you believe it. What the producers are looking for is new material to give them publicity and keep their names played up in the magazines. No, Valentino was not an actor in Italy.

"The Phantom"—Is there an actress by the name of Julia Arthur? Go; you take me back many years. She was the first actress to whom I completely lost my heart. She was in "The Great Train Robbery" when she married a wealthy Canadian and retired from the stage and it was only recently that she emerged from her retirement and returned to the stage. She was a very beautiful woman, decidedly dark—almost Oriental-looking.

"Me and Myself" writes: "I think reading other people's opinions is very interesting and, in fact, a brain-buster. Sometimes you hit on an awfully good idea you never would have thought of yourself."
"What really prompted me to inflict myself on you was J. H. Post's letter. I should like to shake hands with Mr. Post, and I do so verbally. He is entirely right. If we had a few more broad-minded people like him, the famous Society for the Prevention of Others' would not enjoy so prominent a place in the limelight."
"Has any company, to your knowledge, contemplated producing 'Ibany's'?"
"Mare Nostrum." I think it would make a good movie, although the wonderful death scene at the end would be pretty nearly impossible to produce as it is—and then I suppose they'd cast it. Valentino, Est., in the leading role. Horrors unspeakable! Perhaps it is just as well left undone, taking all in all.

"What do you think of Faversham?" I like him—tres bien.
(I like him, trays bean, too. I don't know of any plan to film "Mare Nostrum.")
Theodore R. C. (something or other, I can't read the signature), of Camden, writes: "I saw your answer to 'Peter Pan' in today's EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, and to say the least, it nearly struck me cold. Perhaps you cannot see how, but I will try to explain."
"Omit you have shown a tendency to take a neutral stand in regard to the reviewing of pictures, as in the case of 'Mare Murray' and 'Peacock Alley.' You state that you have made a definite policy not to discuss your department films which are having their first showing here, so as not to influence the fans to go see it or stay away. Well, of all things! I thought you were a person of judgment."
"We will have to blame you for the vast percentage of undesirable films we are getting, because with your true opinion in the review, and a little discussion of it in your department, a good picture would prove a success and a bad picture a failure. But if you refuse to discuss the permission to let your readers have a choice in your department, you will not give us your true opinion in your reviews, by what are we to be guided? You are letting a bird fly away from your hand to catch two in the bush, because the time to discuss a picture is when we have a chance to prove to the theatre managers that a good picture can call a crowd and a bad picture empty seats."
"What will they care for our opinions after the picture is gone, when what we would term a bad picture has proved a success to them, which they can prove by showing us the box office receipts?"
"The educated part of the public should have a means of propagating their opinions so as to bring on their side the majority, which is now held by the uneducated, that is, those that can't tell the difference between good and bad."
"You are to blame, Mr. Neely. You are double-crossing me by not telling up just how you saw the picture, since we rely on you for an unbiased opinion. Instead we have to pick a good photo-play from out of the mass, and waste money on pictures that are not worth it."
"The sooner we can prove to the producers that good pictures are appreciated and make it paying for them, the sooner we get better pictures. Do you agree with me?"

"Gosh!" How'd you expect me to agree with you when you lambaste me that way? So I'm to blame for bad pictures 'n everything, am I?
Now, let's get down to cases and send how much basis there is for your complaint. I quote verbatim from my review of Mae Murray's "Peacock Alley," published February 14:
"For photoplays like those shown more careful production, more elaborate or richer settings, more impressive photography or more skillful directing than this one."
"That was all true, wasn't it? To continue:
"The story is a slight enough thing and very much along the usual Mae Murray line. And with the dependable Monte Blue as leading man, leaves the feminine portion of the audience, at least, with a very satisfied, even enthusiastic, after-impression."
"That was a new thing to say about Monte Blue, wasn't it? And he deserved it. To continue:
"Miss Murray, of course, plays a dancer and it is equally important that she should be a French dancer. Other-wise her irrepressible numerous, her shrugs and grimaces, her pucker and her pout, would have no excuse whatever. They have little enough as it is."
Now, I leave it to your sense of fairness and that give you the impression that I liked the production?

The way to suppress bad pictures is not to discuss them in this column before most fans have seen them. The only way is for you, if you can, to see them and for every one of those people to write—not to me—but to the theatre manager denouncing the film. Not a long letter, mind; you can say all that is necessary on a postcard. Ever since this Movie Magazine was started I have implored the fans to get into this habit of constantly writing to the theatre managers, expressing both good and bad opinions of photoplays. He's the bird to whom the producers look for reports on their stuff, and, if he doesn't hear from his client, he has only his own judgment to offer. If he sees or receives hundreds of protests against such-and-such a film and tells why the movie should be dropped, the producers are likely to think twice before they put out a similar one.
You are entirely wrong in thinking that any opinion influences the fans to go to a picture or to stay away. I can name a dozen shows mounted to the limit by every critic in Philadelphia, and the dollars continued to clink merrily into the box-office cash drawer.
No; the solution of the problem lies entirely between the fans and the theatre managers. And, if I had my way, I'd lure thousands into the theatre to see a hopelessly bad thing, if I felt sure each one would write a scathing letter to the manager about it. Why? Because the fans would think of me for it doesn't matter. Nobody loves me, anyhow.
But afterward, in the discussion in this department, I would feel privileged to roast the film, too, and to point out to those who didn't think it bad just why it was bad and how they should regard films. There are certain fundamental things to consider in viewing any work that purports to be art and it's my job to try to teach these things.
In my reviews of such things as "Peacock Alley," I consistently remember that there are thousands of fans to whom the stars are wonderful. They are entitled to their opinion. I try to see whether merit they see in the picture and I mention it if I can find it. But I invariably color it with my own opinion, just as I did in the review of "Peacock Alley." In this department, where my signature shifts all the responsibility to me, I can express myself more strongly without consideration of the opinions of the fans. That's why the boss puts my name here. He wants it understood that he isn't to blame for the idiosyncrasy and that I do it every time I do it.

BEN TURPIN RIDES IN TROLLEY TO KEEP AUTO DRY

By Constance Palmer

Hollywood, Calif.

BEN TURPIN was the cause of much excitement one rainy day last week as he entered the gates of the Mack Seneca lot. He was all dressed up in a brand-new suit of golf clothes, the outfit including a loud checkered cap. All he needed to complete the picture was a bag of golf sticks. He had come to the studio via the street car, which no doubt afforded the passengers their daily thrill. When asked why he used street cars on rainy days, instead of coming in his big limousine, and also why he wore golf clothes in the rain, he replied: "I never drive my car in the rain. It might get wet. And by wearing knickerbockers today my other pants will be dry for tomorrow."
They tell another story about Ben in the old days at Essanay. He was a prop boy with ambitions to become a director. He told every one about it so often that it became something of a nuisance. To quiet his importunities, one of the fall-begged directors loudly demanded a white elephant to be used in the picture he was making. The next day his assistant came on the set and said: "I never saw such an animal. But Ben said: 'I'll get it. I'll leave it to me.' So the director gave him permission to absent himself from the studio all that afternoon. Not a word was heard of him until the morning after, when he proudly led a pure white elephant toward the scene of action. The animal was unnaturally white. Nothing living could have been so white. And it trotted. The company rushed to examine Ben's find. "But—but—how did it happen?" stammered the director. "White enamel," replied Turpin, proudly, and leaned against the beast to hold it erect.
Listen to this, though: It's the true story of the way Ben broke into pictures. As I have said, he was a prop boy. One day they were taking a heavy emotional scene on one of the Vitagraph stages. Ben, ever busy, was fixing one of the props on the set. He didn't know the camera was grinding and no one noticed him. When the film was run off in the projecting room, Ben's career as a comedian was started when the first titter ran like a wave over the spectators.
Word comes that the comedians are in a bad way just now. Charles Chaplin has been confined to his home with flu; Harold Lloyd is just recovering from a serious attack, and Buster Keaton has it, though mildly.
They showed me a trained goldfish at the Hamilton-White Studio the other day. It looked like an ordinary fish in a tank until he leaped out of the bowl and back into it again. In fact, it seemed to think it quite a game, for they had to put a netting across the opening, for fear it would get all tired out. But I've just heard that the poor thing has jumped itself to death, and the company is in mourning for its loss.
There—I've been silly enough for one day.

HAN BIBLICAL CHALK SIGNS
Barrisburg, March 15.—City Council yesterday passed an ordinance aimed at street evangelists who for several years have been writing scriptural advice and mottoes with chalk on the paved streets. It makes it unlawful to write or paint on the sidewalks or the driveways or street pavements of the city. The fine is \$25 to \$100.

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DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

The Magic Fairy Cap

By DADDY

Jack and Janet are told by Cocky and Merry Robin they need a magic fairy cap to enter Fairyland. They can gain this cap by doing a brave deed and rescuing a fairy in distress. Following alarm cries from the birds, they find a tiny creature caught in a spider's web. A snake is crawling up to eat him.

CHAPTER III

The Test of Bravery

JACK didn't want to go back to face the snake climbing the tree to eat the Fairy prince trapped in the spider's web. Snakes made him feel very creepy.
But if he didn't go back the snake surely would nuke an end of Prince Flitter-Flash. Jack and Janet were the only ones who could save the struggling fairy. The birds screamed loudly for help, but they were afraid to venture near the snake.
Jack took only an instant to make up his mind. He snatched up a stout club and turned back to the lovely dell.
"Wait here," he said to Janet. But Janet didn't wait. She picked up a stick and ran after Jack.

Mr. Snake was climbing the little tree beneath the spider's web, in which the Fairy prince was caught. He thought he had scared Jack away. He raised his ugly head above the edge of the web, and his forked tongue flickered languidly as he gazed over the entranced fairy. He thought he was going to have a dainty feast. The snake drew back his head to strike at the helpless captive. He thought he had scared Jack away. He raised his ugly head above the edge of the web, and his forked tongue flickered languidly as he gazed over the entranced fairy. He thought he was going to have a dainty feast. The snake drew back his head to strike at the helpless captive.

It banged the snake in the neck. Thud! Thud! Jack struck again and again. The birds turned their screams of alarm into shrieks of joy. They thought Prince Flitter-Flash was safe.



Interviewed & Underwood
MISS ETHEL JOHNSTON
She was seriously injured in a motor accident in New Jersey. Miss Johnston lives on Riverside drive, New York.

It banged the snake in the neck. Thud! Thud! Jack struck again and again. The birds turned their screams of alarm into shrieks of joy. They thought Prince Flitter-Flash was safe.

But he wasn't. While danger from the snake was past, he was still tangled in the spider's web. And hidden in a den at a corner of the web was the giant spider watching and waiting. The spider had caught the prince for his own meal, but had been scared into hiding by the sight of the snake. As Jack knickered the snake down, the spider saw a chance to regain his dinner. He scurried out on the web to drag the fairy into his den.

Janet saw this other peril. She shivered as the spider darted toward the fairy. Spiders made her feel as creepy as snakes did.

But Janet proved brave. Smash! She drove her stick toward the web, almost clipping off the spider's toes. The web was cut in two. The startled spider clinging to one side. The Fairy prince was freed on the other.

Janet dropped her stick, so she could use both hands to free the prince. The spider threw out a fresh thread and started toward Janet. She tore the Fairy prince loose and ran up the hillside. Jack gave the snake a finishing whack and followed her.
At the top of the hill they paused, and Janet held the Fairy prince up to get a good look at him.
"Why?" cried Jack in disappointment. "The Fairy prince is just a hummingbird."
The tiny creature gave a tinkling laugh.
"If you think that," he whispered, "you are going to get a big surprise."

(What that surprise is will be told in the next chapter.)

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| ARCADIA CHESTNUT bet. 16th & 17th STS. ALL-STAR MATINEE DAILY GEORGIA FITZPATRICK PRODUCTION "THREE LIVE GHOSTS" | OVERBROOK 624 & HAVENWOOD AVENUE MATINEE DAILY PAULINE FREDERICK "THE STRING OF THE LAMP" | BELMONT 522 ABOVE MARKET STS. 1:30 and 8:00. Even. 6:30 to 11 Conrad Nagel, Leatrice Joy and Bill Costin in "SATURDAY NIGHT" |
| ASTOR FRANKLIN & GIRARD AVE. MATINEE DAILY FIRST PHILADELPHIA SHOWING "MADONNAS AND MEN" | PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET MATINEE DAILY CECIL B. DE MILLE PRODUCTION "A FOOL'S PARADISE" | CEDAR 60TH & CEDAR AVENUE 1:30 and 8:30 and 9 P. M. BETTY COMPSON "THE LAW AND THE WOMAN" |
| BALTIMORE 51ST & BALTIMORE STS. MATINEE DAILY MME. NAZIMOVA "CAMILLE" | REGENT MARKET ST. Below 11TH ST. MATINEE DAILY SHIRLEY MASON "MACKIE" | COLISEUM Market bet. 50th and 60th STS. 1:30 and 8:30 and 9 P. M. Conrad Nagel, Leatrice Joy and Bill Costin in "SATURDAY NIGHT" |
| BLUEBIRD Broad & Suburban Aves. MATINEE DAILY SPECIAL CAST "OVER THE HILL" | RIALTO GERMANTOWN AVENUE MATINEE DAILY "A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT" | JUMBO FRONK ST. & GIRARD AVE. MATINEE DAILY BARBARA BEDFORD "THE FACE OF THE WORLD" |
| BROADWAY Broad & Snyder Aves. MATINEE DAILY SPECIAL CAST "Ten Nights in a Barroom" | SHERWOOD 54th & Baltimore Aves. MATINEE DAILY WANDA HAWLEY "A KISS IN TIME" | LEADER 41ST & LANCASTER AVE. 2:30 to 4:30 to 11 P. M. WILLIAM S. HART "TRAVELIN' ON" |
| CAPITOL 722 MARKET ST. MATINEE DAILY VIOLA DANA "THE FOURTEENTH LOVER" | STANLEY MARKET AT 19TH ST. MATINEE DAILY WALLACE REID "THE CHAMPION" | LOCUST 522 and LOCUST STREETS 1:30 and 8:00. Even. 6:30 to 11 P. M. Wallace Reid & Elsie Ferguson in "PETER IBBOTSON" |
| COLONIAL 6th & Maplewood Aves. MATINEE DAILY Conrad Nagel, Leatrice Joy and Bill Costin in "SATURDAY NIGHT" | STANTON MARKET Above 10TH ST. MATINEE DAILY "TURN TO THE RIGHT" | NIXON 522 and MARKET STS. 2:15, 7 and 9 P. M. BERT LYELL "THE IDLE RICH" |
| FAIRMOUNT 20th & Girard Aves. MATINEE DAILY SPECIAL CAST "Ten Nights in a Barroom" | 333 MARKET STREET THEATRE MATINEE DAILY WILLIAM FARNUM "A STAGE ROMANCE" | RIVOLI 522 and RANSOM STS. 1:30 and 8:00. Even. 6:30 to 11 P. M. BETTY COMPSON "THE LAW AND THE ROMAN" |
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| LIBERTY BROAD & COLUMBIA AVES. MATINEE DAILY SPECIAL CAST IN "Ten Nights in a Barroom" | GERMANTOWN 5510 GERMANTOWN AVE. MATINEE DAILY "THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOLLOPS" | PARK RIDGE AVE. & DAUPHIN STS. MAT. 2:15. Ev. 6:45 to 11 P. M. MARY PICKFORD "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY" |