

The Daily Movie Magazine

FOR THE FILM FAN'S SCRAPBOOK



JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

We will be glad to publish the pictures of such screen players as are suggested by the fans.

THE MOVIE FAN'S LETTER-BOX

Re HENRY M. NEELY

ROBERTSON, HOME FROM ABROAD, SEES NO FOREIGN RIVAL

AFTER one year of production work abroad, John S. Robertson, Lasky director, has returned with the opinion that the industry in his country has nothing to fear from foreign competition. He feels, on the other hand, that competition may benefit American pictures.

"For one thing," he said, "it will be a long time before European producers can command a sufficiently large capital to make pictures on a large scale. There will be, just as there has been in the last few years, some large productions made which will attract attention in this country; but, for the most part, the American public will not be interested in stories told from the European viewpoint.

"Even among intellectual people of the two continents there is a vast difference in psychology, and this difference is greater when you come to the average people who support the pictures—who look to them for their daily entertainment. Europeans, even the English, have no feeling against entities which are not happy. If a story is plausible and interesting, with an ending which is unhappy but convincing, they feel that they have not been cheated. In this country, a picture which hasn't a happy ending is doomed.

Also, it is interesting to note that English and French distributors pay no attention to the success or failure of a picture in this country. They have learned by experience that the most absolute failure when they show it, and more than once, the reverse has proved true—that a failure has become an enormous success before their audience. But American distributors, regardless of that difference in story selection and story-telling viewpoint—I mean the angle from which a director takes up his story and reveals it—are the most popular in Europe. That is due probably to two causes: In the first place, our pictures are far better produced than the usual European picture; and, in the second place, they have created a demand for more stories of the same sort. European willingness to see an unhappy ending doesn't mean that they actually ask for them.

"There is some splendid directorial talent being developed in Europe, and, coupled with experience, it is going to add immeasurably to the art of cinematography. Without endangering our own industry, simply because of that difference in the idea of story-telling, it is going to bring many new and important things to the art. I, for one, am anxious to see Europe find the capital and make progress, for I feel that they have some genuinely valuable ideas.

Mr. Robertson made "Love Bonanza" and "Spanish Jade" while in Europe.

Gasoline-Tax Returns Increase
Harrisburg, March 28.—Payments to the State Treasury of the gasoline tax for February are running ahead of those for January. The weekly receipts in January cut down gasoline sales, which accounted for the decrease, it was said at the Treasurer's office yesterday.

"This picture isn't life. It's what some lovelorn silly happens want it to be. But they'd be the first ones to be shocked, if life was really that way. Some things had best be kept under cover. And where is our conscientious Pennsylvania censor bureau? From what some of those uplifting scenes show, our censors must either be asleep, or taking a vacation.

"Then the second picture is called 'The Child That Gave Me.' It's a very interesting picture. I will not say much more about it except that no child in real life ever acted like little Richard Heald.

"Dickie is a very charming, talented child. But, take care you imagine a child of these sitting at a table studying a picture for hours, and then seeing the original of the picture and recognizing the same movie children, always looking so angelic. Their father is always so proud to them, poor little things. But miracles of miracles, they always win the irate parent's love at the end. That is one consolation.

"And then the movie husbands! They never trust their wives. Always suspect her of wrongdoing, never give the poor girl a chance to explain. Any agree absolutely in everything he says. In addition, I thought the picture extremely jerky and stupid and, as for Von Stroheim, we had enough of that type during the recent war in which so many of us suffered the loss of our dear ones. Mine was a beloved and only son.

"Curly," St. Louis—what little's he! Shirley Mason was born in Brooklyn in 1901. Her real name was Flagrah, you know. Yes; she's married—to Bernard Durning, once a film actor, now a successful director. Yes; I think she's "cute"—and that just about sums it up. You're taking a mean advantage of me in asking whether I am married or not. If I say I am, the girl fans won't like me and if I say I'm not, I won't date you tonight. So I'll simply have to refuse to tell you. There's no reason on earth why you shouldn't love Mary Pickford. Lots of people do.

"Kitty of the Movies"—You are wrong. It was Thomas Meighan in "Why Change Your Wife?" and "Male and Female." The only pictures in which I recall Red and Gloria Swanson playing together were "The Affairs of Anatol" and "Don't Tell Everything" and rumor has it that the latter was simply a rehash of the scenes cut out from the former. Sorry you were hurt by "I. S. K.'s" unfavorable opinion of Red. Everybody doesn't love him as you do.

C. Widener—If you liked "Mickey," you must like Mabel Normand, because that's who played the part.

Anti-Vivisectionists to Meet
The American Anti-Vivisection Society will meet tonight at its headquarters, 22 South Eighteenth street. The principal business will be the election of a Board of Managers for the coming year.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

Giant Cross-Patch

By ARTHUR W. STACE

Jack and Janet, wearing magic fairy caps which make them tiny flyers with gauzy wings, are asked by King Hammer of the Fairies to help some Giant Cross-Patch, who is on a rampage.

CHAPTER II

Judge Owl Laughs Too Soon
BOOM-OM-OM! Again the crash of a gun rocked the air of the forest. The Quaker People, gathered in the court of the Fairy King, took quick alarm. Away they fled in sudden flutter and flurry. Some were silent with fear; some were noisy with panic. King Hammer and his son, Prince Flitter-Flash, turned pale.

"We do not have to hunt for Giant Cross-Patch," whispered the king to Jack and Janet. "Giant Cross-Patch is coming to hunt for us."

"There is no reason to be afraid," murmured Prince Flitter-Flash. "We have Jack and Janet right then didn't feel a bit like trying to tame a rampaging giant."

"I think we had better hide," whispered Janet wisely. "We can't tame Giant Cross-Patch if he shoots us first."

The fairies clustering about the king waited for no more. They darted hither and thither seeking concealing nooks and crannies.

Jack and Janet, King Hammer and Prince Flitter-Flash took wing together. They were hurried by the crackling, smacking sound of a heavy body rushing through the woods.

An opening high in a tree yawned before them as they fled. It looked dark and secret.

"Let us hide in this hollow tree," said Jack. "Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when the Fairy King visited us there."

They acted on his word, dashing into the tree and losing themselves in its dark depths.

"Now we are safe," whispered Janet, as they found a rough shelf and huddled on it. Scarcely were the words out of her mouth, when a hoarse chuckle sounded close at hand. It was a scary chuckle. It made them jump.

"Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!" rumbled a deep voice. "I feel honored that the Fairy King visits me in my castle."

Jack and Janet were scared. Had they blundered into a new danger? Again came the chuckle, and this time they knew it—the chuckle of Judge Owl. "We are hiding, Judge Owl," whispered the Fairy King. "Giant Cross-Patch is on a rampage."

"Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!" laughed Judge Owl. "No wonder he is on a rampage. I kept him awake all night tending him."

"Why did you tease him?" whispered Janet, who thought it dangerous to tease a giant.

"Because he is mean to the birds," replied Judge Owl. "He spends his day driving them from his orchards and fields, so I spend my nights keeping him awake. Last night I perched behind a tree trunk outside his window. 'Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!' I said to him. 'You are a cruel old giant. You do not deserve to sleep. Sleep is for folks who are good and kind. Hoo! Hoo! Hoo! There is no sleep for the wicked. I'll keep you awake. Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!'"

Judge Owl chuckled to himself. "My, but Giant Cross-Patch was mad. He was crosser than his name. He threw his slippers at me. He threw his alarm clock. He threw all the kitchen pots and pans. But, of course, he couldn't hit me because I was hidden in the dark behind that tree trunk. My, it was fun. He was just starting to throw the breakfast dishes when day began to dawn and I hurried home to sleep, being him raging over his spoiled slippers. Something banged against the tree, stopping Judge Owl's laugh.

"Ha!" roared a rough voice. "This is a hollow tree. This may be the home of that rascal hunting owl that kept me awake all night. Now for revenge. I'll soon make an end of him."

Then they knew Giant Cross-Patch had found their hiding place. He was at their door.

"Tomorrow will be told how the Giant Cross-Patch almost catches them, but gets fooled."

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Fashion and the Cantilever Agree

Fashion is the ficklest of masters. A while ago women considered others frumps who didn't lace until they achieved waists like an hour-glass. And more recently out went the spindle heel and the pointed toe that so tortured women's feet. In the

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