

# The Daily Movie Magazine

## CLOSE-UPS of the MOVIE GAME

By HENRY M. NEELY

### Maybe You'll "Screen"; Maybe You Won't

HE HAD about given up all hope, when a friend advised him to try moving pictures. He did—and today he is a star.

Ever notice how often you read that—or something like it—in the biographies of screen luminaries? It seems to have become a stock story with the press departments—some sort of romantic and saves the stock of thinking up a new story for each of them. And if there is anything a publicity man loves nowadays it is something that will save him the trouble of thinking.

But the worst of this standard yarn is that it gives the average fan the impression that the movies offer a career to any one who hasn't managed to make good in any other business—that they are an easy thing to hold in reserve to brandish finally in the face of the wolf when he comes howling at the door.

And you unconsciously find yourself believing that any one at all can walk in front of a movie camera and later be projected perfectly satisfactorily on the screen.

But the cruel fact of the matter is that the best way to scare the wolf from the door is to let him see the screen portraits of most of us when they are projected through the film that the movie camera makes. If anything in the world has distorted vision, it is the glaring and heartless eye of the cinema lens. If anything has a ghoul-like and perverted sense of humor, it is the outfit with which motion pictures are made.

THERE'S nothing it likes better than to take some one like Cleopatra or the Queen of Sheba and make her look like Jack Dempsey after the fight. And then, in a fit of sardonic malice, it will take a human hairpin and project her like Atlantic City on Easter Sunday. And the worst of it is that nobody can tell, just by looking at you or me, which class the movie camera will put us into.

THE nearest thing to a definite statement you can get an experienced movie man to make is, "She looks as if she might screen well." The more experienced he is the more vague he will make his remark. He knows that no human eye can see a girl as the lens will see her. If it does, the man behind the eye ought to consult an oculist or a commission in lunacy.

Out of doors, in the sunlight, almost any one will reproduce with fairly satisfactory results. That is because the light is all coming from one direction, as we are accustomed to see it in our ordinary lives. The lines, the shadows, the high lights and the half tones are just as the eye sees them and, after years of looking at things this way, we have fallen into the habit of always expecting to have them so. The minute we see them differently, we get an unpleasant sense of something wrong, something grotesquely out of order.

And that is what happens on a set in a studio. All around you are artificial lights—on both sides, above, sometimes even from behind and below. If your cheek bones are a trifle high in real life, some malicious light above them will glare down and cast a distorted shadow over your cheeks and make them look shrunken and sallow. If your nose is just a trifle long or pointed, some arc is bound to spy it and send out one sharp ray of light that will make that piquant tip the most conspicuous thing in the picture—shining ahead of you like the grotesque nasal make-up that brought fortune to Mansfield in Cyrano de Bergerac.

THERE isn't anything personal about that camera. You mustn't feel insulted when a director tells you that you haven't screened well. He doesn't mean you aren't beautiful. He simply means that the lens hasn't sense enough to see how ravishingly beautiful you really are.

SO FAR as mere features are concerned, most veteran movie men can make a fairly safe guess as to how you will screen. But, after that—ahad of it sometimes in importance—comes the mystery of color.

The lens records in only one color—black. Every ray of light that goes through it to the sensitive film causes a chemical action that, in the developer, changes the nitrate of silver to metallic silver. And metallic silver is black. It may be any kind of black, from a solid to a soft half tone. But it is all black. And every color in the spectrum and every mixture of colors has its own photographic value in blacks.

It is no unusual thing for a girl with the most beautiful natural coloring to screen like a gaunt and haggard woman of fifty. And there are women of fifty who, through some peculiarity of coloring, screen so that their mail is loaded down with mash notes from love-lorn college boys.

I STOOD beside a director not long ago while he was having some tests made of several very pretty girls. "They look pretty good, don't they?" he hazarded.

"He was a veteran who has been in the game from the early days. He shrugged and pointed to the camera. "There's the boy who will tell," he said. "You and I don't know anything about it."

## GARRULOUS GARRY JUST RAVES OVER COLLEEN MOORE

By HELEN KLUMPH

GARRY had a letter from a friend the other day who had seen "When Dawn Came," the Hugh Dierker production, five times, and Garry was immediately stricken with jealousy. She had seen it only four times.

Not that either of them loved the picture, but oh, how they liked Colleen Moore in it! So, though the day was hot we sought out a secluded theatre and saw it again.

"I don't wonder that they all want her," Garry sobbed, wiping her eyes as Colleen, as the little blind girl, came on to the screen.

"Even hard-hearted directors can't look at her without thinking of forget-me-nots and family albums and the old homesteads and that sort of thing. I've heard it was her work in this picture just as much as in 'Dinty' that made John Barrymore decide that she was the only leading woman for him in 'The Lotus Eaters'."

"And maybe that was what made them select her for 'Slippy McGee.' Aren't you crazy to see that? Every one who read the book will want to see it to see if they've tampered with the story, and every one like me who didn't read the book will want to repair the omission." Colleen wrote.

"And, of course, every one will want to see it anyway because Colleen and Wheeler Oakman are in it."

"WHERE are they now?" I asked.

"Have you heard from her?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" she gasped. "I don't see how it happened. I've worn my last letter from her thin carrying it around and reading it to people. So I'll have to tell you."

"The company went to Natchez, Miss., just a little while ago to make the exterior scenes for the picture. Colleen said that she had never known a hotter, dirtier trip, and she was so tired out when she got there that she thought she would just drop into a taxi and rush off to the hotel before any one saw her."

"But do you know, the whole town was out to meet them, and Colleen had to ride on a sort of glorified throne mounted on a truck, with Wheeler Oakman, Wesley Ruggles, the director, and Pat O'Malley following close behind. Every one from the Chamber of Commerce and Elks to the Ladies' Aid and the Girl Scouts must have been there, judging by the crowd, Colleen said."

"And, of course, she was terribly sorry that she hadn't been ambitious enough to get all dressed up just before the train pulled in. 'It must have been a terrible shock to them to find an actress dressed in an old dusty suit when they were all so fresh in their pretty organdie dresses,' Colleen wrote.

"Of course, I've always told Colleen that she owed it to people to look more temperamental. Instead of looking bizarre and unusual and exciting, she looks just like the sort of girl you wish your brother was in love with. And

most people are just perverse enough to want her sweet and natural on the screen, but terribly posey off.

"SHE asked me one day what I would suggest in the way of a pose, and I confess I couldn't suggest one. We were lunching at Sherry's at the time."

"Just then Constance Talmadge went by with a diamond anklet on and Fifth avenue to a man stopped and stared."

"As soon as we got home Colleen tried my dog's collar on her ankle, but she didn't seem to care for it."

"But going back to Natchez—the first morning she was there the biggest bakery in town sent her an enormous box of french pastry. You know how she loves it. And some little girls brought her home-made fudge, and everything was so lovely that she just felt like settling down there to grow fat and old."

"And then, of course, everybody entertained her, so I suppose by this time she is as tired as though she'd been in New York. They've decided to

stay there for six weeks and take the interior scenes in the genuine old houses there."

"Even hard-hearted directors," says Garry, "can't look at her without thinking of forget-me-nots and family albums and the old homesteads and that sort of thing."

"I'll bet Norma smiled at him just as sweetly as though he'd made the most gallant speech in the world," Garry added, glancing at the last word, even though the story was mine. "She would."

After a tremendous amount of pleading, I prevailed upon her to let me see some of them, reminding her that she had already praised my skill as a dressmaker, and declaring that the only way to prove to me that she had meant what she said, was to let me "build" a new costume for her out of these relics of bygone splendor.

Half an hour later she appeared in my room, her arms piled high with costumes of every description. There were walking costumes, afternoon costumes, all of beautiful materials, and several

really splendid evening gowns, in addition to several opera cloaks.

"These all came from the old country, mostly from my dear Sweden," she said. "And these," pointing to two of the evening gowns, "were made in Paris. They were for when I was first married."

I feared she was going to burst into tears, so I hastened to admire them holding them up one by one. I did not have to pretend. Considered as fabrics, they left nothing to be desired. But she certainly was right about fearing that she would excite remark if she were to appear in any one of them on the street. As I looked at them, I could only think of some old-fashioned plates that I had seen in the property room at the theatre. Heaven knows what exact period they represented, but they might to all intents and purposes have been made before the Civil War.

To Be Continued Monday

FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK OF STARS

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

## PHILADELPHIA BOY IS MAKING GOOD

PHILADELPHIA BOY IS MAKING GOOD IN MOTION PICTURES



The picture shows Arthur Stuart Hull, formerly of this city, and Rosemary Theby in "Good Women"

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FROM bookkeeper in a Philadelphia brewery to leading roles on the stage and screen is the enviable leap made by Arthur Stuart Hull, who was born in this city, attended the public schools here and has climbed at length to a position of eminence on the screen.

Mr. Hull's most recent work of note was his important role in Louis J. Gasnier's production, "Good Women," distributed by Robertson-Cole.

Mr. Hull made a reputation here several years ago as bass soloist in Holy Trinity Church. He also nursed professional ambitions as a singer, but destiny carried him to the camera and the screen, where, owing to his success, he probably will remain for many years.

When George W. Lederer and his company visited Philadelphia with a musical comedy several years ago, Mr. Hull obtained his first job in the theatre.

Four weeks after his first night in the chorus of the Lederer show at \$12 a week, Hull was singing the leading role and doing a mighty good job with it.

WHEN bass voices went out of style for a time, Hull turned toward the dramatic stage, making his first appearance as leading man in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." He later was seen in other important leading roles, among them in "The Time, The Place, The Girl."

It was while touring the Pacific Coast in the musical comedies, "Going Up!" and "Ladies First," that Hull became interested in motion pictures and determined to abandon the stage.

O'Malley Tells How Movies Were Once Made

NOW at the top, working in large, perfectly appointed studios under the most favorable conditions, Pat O'Malley finds great delight in going back to those days when he was the juvenile, heavy, character and property man—at all the age of sixteen. And that was only a few years ago.

O'Malley, now a member of the hand-picked cast picturing "Slippy McGee," the second Morosco production, began his film career in 1912 after he already had accumulated eight years' stage experience. He arrived on the stage at the tender age of eight as a tight-wire walker!

"Those were wonderful days," says O'Malley. "We had no studios, no props—just one camera and endless enthusiasm. The leading lady wrote out the scenarios and also looked after the wardrobe. The leading man was assistant carpenter and casting director."

"With only vague plans we would start out to make pictures. We began working the moment of our departure. We used every available person on the trains and at the stations where we stopped long enough. When we arrived at some likely place to finish the picture we had most of it 'shot.'"

"We made several trips abroad, using the same system of working en route. In Ireland I, because of my name, was selected to go from door to door and borrow the necessary props. Many times I rate lenders of furniture were forced to sleep on the floor because we were using their only bed."

War Veteran in Talmadge Film

Despite the fact that a German shell tore off the back of one of his hands at the battle of the Somme, Captain Gordon Hume Smith, M. C., Croix de Guerre, is not going to permit this maimed member to interfere with his career as a screen actor.

Captain Smith played his part so well as a member of the cast supporting Norma Talmadge in "The Wonderful Thing" that he is going to be given an opportunity to play a big role in another Norma Talmadge production for Associated First National release.

The veteran has returned to his home in Toronto, Canada, to undergo an operation to have his wounded hand straightened. Director Herbert Brenon speaks very highly of this Canadian officer, whom he met in France.

## THE LOVE STORY of a MOVIE STAR

CHAPTER XVII

LIKE the reckless thing I was, I made up my mind to wait at least a week before looking for anything to do. Remember, this was my first real holiday for ages. Any one who has ever worked in stock knows how exhausting it is both to mind and body.

I had luxurious visions of lying in bed as late as I liked, untroubled by thoughts of rehearsals; of spending long afternoons going about looking at the pretty things in the shops—I am not one of those persons who cannot enjoy seeing things because I cannot hope to buy them—and of going each evening to the theatre. Julia Marlowe, Maudie Adams, John Drew, I would see them all for the first time in my life. It would be a new and delightful form of study to watch these great ones of the stage and learn, if possible, the secret of their success. For I was not silly enough to believe that I had yet learned even the A B C of my art.

What a happy, care-free week I had! I have never had one quite like it since. I lazed about deliciously until afternoon, pottering about doing odd bits of sewing and repairing for which during the past year I had never been able to find the time. I even bought some pretty, light material and made myself a new gown, which turned out to be a great success. Indeed, if my landlady, Mrs. Burkstad, could be believed, I had only to wear it when I went to see a man-time, and I would be able to make my own terms.

Of course I had told her all about my hopes and fears. She was the sort of person in whom one just has to confide. When she saw me strutting before the mirror in my new creation, the tears came into her poor, faded eyes.

"People said that I was pretty, too, long ago," she sighed, "although one would not like to look at me now."

"I'd believe it," I cried warmly. And I added, "I think you'd be handsome yet, if only you looked a little happier."

She only shook her head sadly by way of reply.

When it came to going to the theatre, I lacked the courage to try to get in on my "card" as I had heard some of the women in the company speak of doing. I felt that I should die if I were refused. And refused I almost certainly would be. Who in this great business had ever heard of Nella Moreland, an obscure member of an obscure stock company in a little hamlet across the river?

Besides, I had made up my mind to ask Mrs. Burkstad to go with me. I felt a strange timidity about going about at night alone. I didn't feel that it was quite "nice." I would certainly look foolish if she should see me there, and more important if I had such an imposing looking duenna. Then, too, I had a genuine desire to bring a little pleasure and gaiety into her drab life.

Any doubt that I might have entertained as to whether she would enjoy my scheme to her, her face lighted up like a child's, to cloud over again almost instantly. She thanked me very much because she did not have a new dress, and she couldn't have a decent rag to her back. She admitted having more than one trunk packed with old things. But they were all hopelessly out of style. The boys on the street would hoot at her if she were to appear in any one of them.

After a tremendous amount of pleading, I prevailed upon her to let me see some of them, reminding her that she had already praised my skill as a dressmaker, and declaring that the only way to prove to me that she had meant what she said, was to let me "build" a new costume for her out of these relics of bygone splendor.

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## WHEREFORE ART THOU, ROMEO?

The modern Juliet is standing on her wooden balcony, fifty feet from the ground, while in front of her the director and cameraman record her pleas from a high platform. It's all being done for Will Rogers' "Doubling for Romeo," which Goldwyn is making

## EDWIN CAREWE HAS GATHERED STAFF OF TECHNICAL EXPERTS

NINE years of motion-picture experience has taught Edwin Carewe, the director, that the best asset in making films is an able and efficient staff of workers. Carrying out this idea, Carewe has a staff of experts that he takes with him from studio to studio.

It is a rule with this director that unless the studio agrees to employ all his workers he will not take a job. More than once Carewe has turned down big money because a certain studio would not take his cameraman or one of his assistant directors.

For the last four years the same staff has been with Carewe. They are Robert Kurde, cameraman, and Al Green, his assistant; Wallace Fox and Ray Davidson, assistant directors, and in addition a technical man and prop boy.

DURING the time these men have been with Carewe he has worked in more than a half dozen studios, including Metro, Brant, Katherine MacDonald and Louis B. Mayer, and

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Just at present Carewe is finishing "A Question of Honor," his fourth picture with Miss Stewart. The other three are titled, "Playthings of Destiny," "The Invisible Feet" and "The Price of Happiness."

Theodore Roberts Back on Sick List

Theodore Roberts, veteran character actor, is again confined to his bed by illness, but his physicians say there is nothing critical about his condition, though he is undergoing considerable suffering.

## FROM CHOIRS TO COMEDIES FOR JIMMIE ADAMS

FROM choir singer to comedian might be the Horatio Algerque description of the career of Jimmie Adams, who is featured in Marmalade Comedies, released through Educational Exchanges.

Adams was born in Paterson, N. J., October 4, 1895, and when a mere slip of a boy he developed such a wonderful voice that he became a choir singer. It was while he was so engaged that the production of "The Venter Organist" was organized in his home town and Jimmie was offered a position. He was only thirteen, but he finally won over his parents by agreeing to send half of his weekly salary home. But when the season ended he found that the salary of \$18 a week on the road was not conducive to saving and he reached home broke. His father immediately decided that the youth could get much better training by going to work in a Paterson silk mill at \$3 per week.

BUT the plan did not appeal to Jimmie, and the night the subject was broached he ran away and followed the occupations of messenger, bellboy and office boy in various cities until he reached Milwaukee. There he obtained a position as entertainer in the Badger Room of the Wisconsin Hotel and here he made the acquaintance of two other youths, with the result that the singing comedy team of Adams, Beverly and West was formed and soon began to play "big time" in vaudeville. It was while the trio was playing an engagement in Los Angeles three years ago that Adams was tempted to become a member of the company producing Sunshine Comedies.

It was here that he made the acquaintance of Jack White, who is in charge of producing all Marmalade, and at the Sunshine plant he appeared under the direction of White in the first comedy ever made. He remained there for two years and afterwards played with several independent screen organizations, but when White organized the Marmalade Company he went with him and appeared in the first production, "A Fresh Start." Such a sensation did he create in this picture that he was immediately made a featured player. That this was justly done is shown by the attention that he has attracted in "Nonsense," "High and Dry" and "Holy Smoke."

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