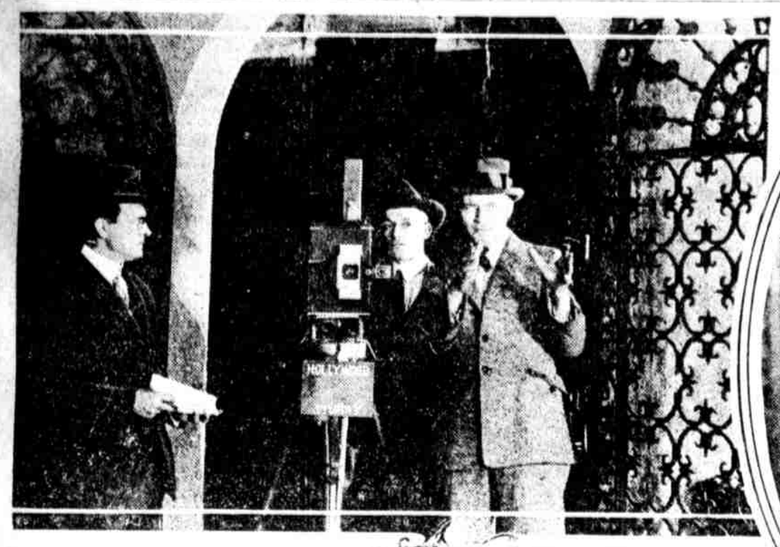
# The Daily Movie Magazine



## How I Became A Movie Star

*As Told to INEZ KLUMPH*

**What Has Already Happened**

*Dorothy Lane, a small-town girl, ambitious to become a screen star, while on a trip to New York meets Lawrence French, a press agent, who becomes interested in her and secures for her an important part playing opposite John Seward, a famous screen star. Seward asks Dorothy to marry him, but she refuses. Eikhorn, a big producer, offers Dorothy an important role. While dining with Lawrence French, she meets Eikhorn and goes home with him, while Larry goes to a dance club with Priscilla Graves, a childhood friend whom he met at dinner. Dorothy refuses Eikhorn's contract. John Seward has a fight with Eikhorn at the Mogul Club when the latter makes derogatory remarks about Dorothy, and a reporter asks for a statement from her. She tells him she is engaged to marry Seward.*

"NOW, you go straight to sleep and forget about all this," Jenny urged, as she slipped her arm around me and helped me back up the stairs to my room.

But I couldn't do it. I just lay there and thought about what an awful muddle I was in, and wondered how I'd ever get out of it. I thought of how happy I'd been earlier that day, and what a gorgeous time Lawrence French and I had had when we were dancing together, and it seemed simply incredible that I could have made such a mess of things after that.

Looking back, I could see so many ways in which, last by acting differently, I could have saved the situation. I needn't have been so fussy about that girl who was an old friend of Larry's, for one thing. It was perfectly natural that he shouldn't want to see her again. And I shouldn't have been so rude and so childish about not going away from the restaurant when he wanted me to.

I thought things over till I got perfectly desperate. I felt that if I didn't do something right away I'd just explode. So I got up and slipped on my kimono and slippers, and went into Persis' room.

She hadn't gone to bed yet; she was undressed, but she was sitting on her bed with a big writing-desk open, writing a letter. There were sheets of it all around her, but she scrambled them together when I came in—I'd knocked, but I'd opened the door at the same time—and stuck them under her pillow. Then she laughed, sort of stupidly.

"I'm just writing a letter—to a girl friend of mine out in Peoria," she explained, taking the sheets out again and folding them together. "She wants to come to New York to get into the movies, and I'm trying to dissuade her not to." And she went on and on, talking about this girl, when I didn't care a whoop who it was she was sitting up after midnight to write to.

"Persis, you've got to help me," I told her, when she finally stopped. "I just don't know what to do. I don't love John, and I don't see how on earth I can ever marry him, yet when he's done this wonderful thing for me—"

"Wonderful!" she exclaimed disgustedly. "I don't call a wonderful at all. He was just simply acting, that's all. This other man evidently was drunk, from what the reporter told me, when I went down to the door with him, and if John had just shut him up properly nobody would have thought anything about it, probably. But no! John is the handsome hero—he must always do the dramatic thing. If he'd thought of you he wouldn't have done a thing that was perfectly certain to result in the worst kind of publicity for you, would he?"

"No, I don't suppose he would," I admitted.

"Certainly not! But he didn't think of you. He thought of himself, and just gave way to impulse and knocked the man down. Now you're in an awful fix because of it. Your name will be linked with this mess always; people may not know all the details, but they'll know some version of the affair, and I've discovered just in the little while that I've been running around with motion-picture people that they're none too kind to any one when they get to gossiping."

"But what can I do?" I cried, almost beside myself. "I've got to do something. I can't just go on and let people talk about me. There isn't anything to say, anyhow, if they told the truth."

"No—nothing except that John knocked this man down and beat him, in a club, because he said something about you. That can be filled in to mean a lot of things that you've never dreamed of. If you take my advice, you'll marry John tomorrow morning, and then everybody will be so excited over that that they won't think anything of this other affair; they'll think it's all a lie, anyway; may even think it's just another way of getting publicity."

That wasn't very consoling. I went back to my room, then; I'd hardly closed the door behind me when I heard Persis' pen begin scratching across the paper again. It hardly seemed possible to me that she'd be sitting up till all hours to write to a girl friend, but Persis had changed a lot since I'd first come to New York, and I just couldn't spend much thought on her then. How was I to know that only twenty-four hours later I'd forget with all my heart my leaving Persis to her letter writing that night?

To be continued tomorrow

## HOW THEY PREPARE TO "SHOOT" A BIG FILM

## CLOSE-UPS of the MOVIE GAME

By HENRY M. NEELY

### Preparing for a Picture Is as Much Work as Shooting It

SUPPOSE you were more or less of a financier and had been approached to put some money into a moving-picture proposition. You would make some inquiries and would learn that the average time required for shooting a picture of regular program length was five weeks. So with that in view, you would invest your money.

At the end of five weeks you could call the director on the phone and ask if the thing was finished. He would say, "No, indeed; we start shooting tomorrow." And if you were like most of the financial men in the movies you would start to froth at the mouth and demand to know what in so-and-so they had been doing all that time.

The average business man who goes into a movie proposition doesn't think any one is working unless he sees a camera crank turning. Yet the hardest work of all is preparing for the crank to turn. It takes just about as long to arrange the preliminaries for a big picture as it takes to shoot it.

One day last week I dropped into the old Estee studio, up on East 124th street, in New York, and saw them shoot the first stuff for Irene Castle's new picture. And I remembered that a full month before that I had gone up there to see Edwin Hollywood, her director, and had found him deep in preliminary work with E. Douglas Bingham, the art director, and Frank Heath, the assistant director, and Robert Stuart, the head cameraman.

They were wrangling over the plans and water-color drawings for a magnificent set that Bingham had conceived to represent the interior of the New York residence of a millionaire—and last week I found that set fully completed and in actual use.

The average architect doesn't have anything like the number of problems to consider in building a house as does the movie art director in planning such a set as this.

Heath had laid out a schedule for shooting, listing every shot that was to be made from each location and arranging the time so as to shoot all the mob scenes successively, to cut down the expenses of the salary list. And Stuart had studied the manuscript with the camera always in his mind and an eye out for the best locations and the best lighting.

* * *

*SO BINGHAM'S job became a complicated one. He had to satisfy his own artistic sense, meet Hollywood's requirements for facilities for action, conform to Heath's schedule and provide camera stands and lighting facilities for Stuart's purposes.*

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ABOUT two weeks later I saw them building that set. It was an unusually large one, occupying the entire studio floor, and it was about as rich and beautiful a set as I have ever seen. It was the kind of thing that a millionaire of artistic tastes would really like to have in his home.

Like all such sets built for the movies, it was an odd mixture of practical stuff and stage stuff. When it is finally projected on the screen of that little movie house around your corner it will show a magnificent interior with a fireplace and mantel that are gems of art, with arched doorways, two on one side and one on the other, a stairway winding up one corner to a mezzanine floor, from which one can look down through smaller archways, and beyond, on the ground floor, a raised anteroom with a fountain playing in the center.

There are beautiful iron-grilled doors to one of the doorways—at least they will look like iron. But really they are cut out of heavy cardboard and wired together and painted black. The grill in the circular window above them is made in the same way. If the action required some one to slam those doors shut they would have made genuine iron work, for the pasteboard would shake excedingly if it were slammed. But these doors are purely for decorative effect, and the pasteboard is much cheaper and easier to make.

The walls were of golden-yellow plaster, patted on carefully by hand over compo board and then painted with an expert appraisement of the photographic values of the colors used.

The "tiled" floor interested me most—except, perhaps, for the fountain. The floor was compo board, carefully laid and fitted and I watched the workmen laying out the design for the tiling while others painted the tiles in black and white and still others went over the finished ones with varnish to give them the sheen of actual tiles when the time came to photograph them.

My interest in the fountain was aroused when a man in overalls brought in an ordinary bath-spray and showed Hollywood how he had soldered up the two outer rows of holes. Then Hollywood and Bingham took the spray over to the raised anteroom and carefully lowered the hose part down the shaft while a workman connected it to a water pipe that came up through the base.

After that they lighted a baby spot up overhead that threw its rays directly down on the fountain, turned on the water and went to the other end of the set to get the effect.

"You see," Hollywood explained, "that will photograph more like a fountain than a regular fountain would. The bath spray breaks the water up into very fine streams and the light from above is refracted and reflected so as to have the greatest photographic effect. The streams from a regular fountain would look too thick and heavy."

I have never seen, in any studio, such a spirit of friendly co-operation as there is in this one. Hollywood has given his assistants the idea that they are not working for him but with him. It's almost a family affair, and not once in my various visits have I heard a sharp word spoken by any one in the place. If you've been around studios much you'll know how very unusual that is. And it gets results through the deep personal interest each man feels in the work he is doing.

* * *

*FOR five weeks they had to go through this wrangling work of preparation. They had to foresee every contingency. Once the cast was engaged and the salaries started, a delay of half a day to build something that had been forgotten would be ten times as expensive. But you can't get the financial men of a company to see this. They think every moment wasted that a camera is not grinding.*

Above are some behind-the-scenes pictures showing preparations being made for a new Irene Castle picture. In the upper left-hand corner they are picking out a location on a set. Director Hollywood shows Cameraman Stuart the exact angle he wants included in this particular shot. The "iron grill" doors are cut out of heavy cardboard, wired together and painted black. The picture in the upper right-hand corner shows that a bath spray makes the best fountain. A baby spotlight will be aimed down on it from above and make the spraying water photograph beautifully. The lower view shows them "laying" a "tiled" floor. The base is compo board, carefully fitted. The design is then drawn in crayon, filled in with gray-black, jet black and white, and varnished so that it will photograph with the sheen of actual tiling.

## MUSIC FOR MOVIES HAS GONE THROUGH COMPLETE CHANGE

*Ever stop to think of the wonderful transformation of movie music—from the heavy-fisted piano murderer of nickelodeon days to the modern symphony orchestra and soloists?*

*George W. Vail has been a musician in movie houses since those days. He has been identified with every step of this development. He has lately been on the staff of the Loew enterprises, but is taking a short vacation in this city and is living at 3311 Arch street. This is the second of a series of articles he has written for you.*

By GEORGE W. VAIL

EVERY effort in the direction of securing greater realism through reenforcing sight by sound served merely to emphasize the unreality of the whole spectacle. Little by little, it became evident that what people wanted was not a reproduction of the sounds supposedly resulting from the doings on the screen, but a musical re-creation of the drama depicted thereon.

The general realization of the value of music in augmenting the emotional appeal of the unspoken drama marks the real beginning of photoplay music as a fine art.

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THE old order died hard and it was indeed an old enthusiast who dared to play good music in open defiance of a managerial preference for ragtime.

I well remember the torrent of criticism which descended on my head when, less than twelve years ago, I had the hardihood to suggest, in the columns of the Moving Picture World, that certain classical compositions might advantageously be utilized by the photoplay pianist. One indignant correspondent gravely admonished me that if I could actually play the numbers mentioned in my modest list—which he seemed to doubt—I was "wasting my time by sticking to moving pictures."

"Wasting my time!" I often wonder what that correspondent would think of the cue-sheet of a modern cinema orchestra.

Operas, symphonies, overtures, fugues, quartets—sometimes only a few bars, sometimes entire movements—all synthesized for the emotional embellishment of a feature film. Orchestras of nearly a hundred skilled musicians, soloists of international reputation—it seems incredible when we consider the short period required for this enormous revolution.

It is no mere accident that symphony orchestras are springing up everywhere throughout the country; America has become, almost overnight, a musical nation. And this sudden transformation is distinctly traceable to three factors—the photograph, the player-piano and the photoplay orchestra.

* * *

PICTURE-HOUSE audiences of today, while fully appreciating the masterly musical accompaniments which have become almost the commonplaces of modern film presentation, have little idea of the nerve-racking effort required to produce the artistic unity which they admire.

First comes the preparation of the cue-sheet. Long before the public gets a peep at a new picture, the film is screened especially for the director. He sits in the silent and empty house, pencil and tablet in hand, with his eaten on his knee, making notes and timing scenes.

From the data thus accumulated he compiles his cue-sheet, a list of the salient scenes or episodes of the drama, together with the spoken or acted cues which mark the transition from one episode to another.

Then comes the delicate task of choosing the actual music which will best represent to the auditor the underlying mood of every part of the feature as thus divided. This is the most difficult part of the whole procedure and a test not only of the highest musicianship, but of the profoundest sense of dramatic values.

To one who has not given the matter much thought, it may seem an easy task to select music which will fit any pictured scene or situation. Joyful pieces for happy episodes, somber strains for tragic moments, etc.

But it doesn't work out so easily as one might think; the moods of life are seldom all of a piece, but on the contrary are infinitely complex, perpetually varied.

To be continued tomorrow

# DAUGHTER OF THE SUN

A Tale of Adventure

BY QUIEN SABE (*Who Knows?*)

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CHAPTER 1

**In Which a Young American Known as "Headlong" Plays at Dice With One in Man's Clothing Who Is Not a Man**

JIM KENDRIC had arrived and the border town knew it well. All who knew the man foresaw that he would come with a rush, tarry briefly for a bit of wild joy and leave with a rush for the Lord knew where and the Lord knew why. For such was ever the way of Jim Kendric.

A letter at the postoffice had been the means of advising the entire community of the coming of Kendric. The letter was from Bruce West, down in Lower California, and scrawled across the flap were instructions to the postmaster to hold it for Jim Kendric, who would arrive within a couple of weeks. Furthermore, the word urgent was not to be overlooked.

Among the men drawn together in hourly expectation of the arrival of Kendric, one remarked thoughtfully:

"Jim's Mex friend is in town."

"Ruiz Rios?" some one asked, a man from the outside.

"Been here three days. Just sticking around and doing nothing but smoke cigarettes. Looks like he was waiting."

"What for?"

"Waiting for Jim, maybe?" was suggested.

Two or three laughed at that. In their estimation Ruiz Rios might be the man to knife his way out of a hole, but not one to go out of his way to cross the trail made wide and recklessly by Jim Kendric.

"A half hour ago," came the supplementary information from another quarter, "a big automobile going to beat the band pulls in in front of the hotel. The Mex is watching and when a woman climbs down he grabs her traps and steers her into the hotel."

Immediately this news bringer was the man of the moment. But he had had scant time to admit that he hadn't seen her face, that she had worn a thick black veil, that somehow she just seemed young and that he'd bet she was too darn pretty to be wasting herself on Rios, when Jim Kendric himself landed in their midst.

He was powdered with alkali dust from the soles of his boots to the crown of his black hat and he looked unusually tall because he was unusually gaunt. He had ridden far and hard. But the eyes were the same old eyes of the same old headlong Jim Kendric, on fire on the instant, dancing with the joy of striking hands with the old-timers, shining with the man's supreme joy of life.

"I'm no drinking man and you know it," he shouted at them, his voice booming out and down the quiet blistering street. "And I'm no gambling man. I'm steady and sober and I'm a regular fool for conservative investments! But there's a time when a glass in the hand is as pat as eggs in a hen's nest and a man wants to spend his money free! Come on, you bunch of devil-hounds: lead me to it."

It was the rollicking arrival which they had counted on, since this was the only way Jim Kendric knew of getting back among old friends and old surroundings. There was nothing subtle about him; in all things he was open and forthright and tempestuous. In a man's hardened and buffeted body he had kept the heart of a harum-scarum boy.

"It's only a step across the line into Old Town," he reminded them. "And the Mexico gents over there haven't got started reforming yet. Blaze the trail, Benny. Shut up your damned old store and postoffice; Homer, and trot along. It's close to sunset anyway; I'll finance the pilgrimage until sunup."

When he mentioned the "postoffice" Homer Day was recalled to his official duties as postmaster. He gave Kendric the letter from Bruce West. Kendric ripped open the envelope, glanced at the contents, skimming the line impatiently. Then he jammed the letter into his pocket.

"Just as I supposed," he announced. "Bruce has a sure thing in the way of the best cattle range you ever saw; he'll make money hand over fist. But," and he chuckled his enjoyment, "he's just a trifle too busy scaring off Mexican bandits and close-herding his stock to get any sleep of nights. Drop him a postcard, Homer; tell him I can't come. Let's step over to Old Town."

"Ruiz Rios is in town, Jim," he was informed.

"I know," he retorted lightly. "But I'm not shooting trouble nowadays. Getting older, you know."

"How'd you know?" asked Homer.

"Bruce said so in his letter; Rios is a neighbor down in Lower California. Now, forget Ruiz Rios. Let's start something."

There were six Americans in the little party by the time they had walked the brief distance to the border and across into Old Town. Before they reached the swing doors of the Casa Grande the red ball of the sun went down.

"Fat Ortega knows you're coming, Jim," Kendric was advised. "I guess everybody in town knows by now."

And plainly everybody was interested. When the six men, going in two by two, snapped back the swinging doors there were a score of men in the place. Behind the long bar running along one side of the big room two men were busy setting forth bottles and glasses. The air was hazy with cigarette smoke. There was a business air, an air of readiness and expectancy about the gaming tables, though no one at this early hour had suggested playing. Ortega himself, fat and greasy and pompous, leaned against his bar and twisted a stogie between his puffy, pendulous lips. He merely batted his eyes at Kendric, who noticed him not at all.

A golden twenty-dollar coin spun and winked upon the bar impelled by Jim's big fingers and Kendric's voice called heartily:

"I'd be happy to have every man here drink with me."

The invitation was naturally accepted. The men ranged along the bar, elbow to elbow; the bartenders served, and with a nod toward the man who stood treat, poured their own red wine. Even Ortega, though he made no attempt toward a civil response, drank. The more liquor poured into a man's stomach here, the more money in Ortega's pocket, and he was avaricious.

He'd drink in his own shop with his worst enemy provided that enemy paid the score.

Kendric's friends were men who were always glad to drink and play a game of cards, but tonight they were gladder for the chance to talk with "Old Headlong." When he had bought the house a couple of rounds of drinks, Kendric withdrew to a corner table with a dozen of his old-time acquaintances and for upward of an hour they sat and found much to talk of. He had his own experiences to recount and sketched them swiftly, telling of a venture in a new silver mining country and a certain profit made; of a "misunderstanding," as he mirthfully explained it, now and then, with the children of the South; of horse swapping and a taste of the pearl fisheries of La Paz; of no end of adventures such as men of his class and nationality find every day in troublous Mexico. Twisty Barlow, an old-time friend with whom once he had gone adventuring in Peru, a man who had been deep-sea sailor and near-pirate, real estate juggler, miner, trapper and mule skinner, sat at his elbow, put many an incisive question, had many a yarn of his own to spin.

"Headlong, old mate," said Twisty Barlow once, laying his knotty hand on Kendric's arm, "by the livin' Gawd that made us, I'd like to go a-journeyin' with the likes of you again. And I know the land that's waitin' for the pair of us. Into San Diego we go and there we take a certain warped and battered old stem-twister the owner calls a schooner. And we beat it out into the Pacific and turn south until we come to a certain land maybe you can remember having heard me tell about. And there—— It's there, Headlong, old mate!"

Kendric's eyes shone while Barlow spoke, but then they always shone when a man hinted of such things as he knew lay in the sailorman's mind. But at the end he shook his head.

"You're talking about tomorrow or next day, Twisty," he laughed, filling his deep lungs contentedly. "I've had a bellyful of manana-talk here of late. All I'm interested in is tonight." He rattled some loose coins in his pocket. "I've got money in my pocket, men!" he cried, jumping to his feet. "Come ahead. I stake every man jack of you to $10 and any man who wins treats the house."

Meanwhile Ortega's place had been doing an increasing business. Now there was desultory playing at several tables where men were placing their bets at poker, at seven-and-a-half and at roulette; the faro layout would be offering its invitation in a moment; there was a game of dice in progress.

Kendric's companions moved about from table to table, laughing, making small bets or merely watching. But presently as half dollars were won and lost the insidious charm of hazard touched them. Monte stuck fast to the faro table for fifteen minutes, at the end of which time he rose with a sigh, tempted to go back to Kendric for a "real stake" and cut in for a man's play. But he thought better of it and strolled away, rolling a cigarette and watching the others. Jerry bought a $10 stack of chips and essayed his fortune with roulette, playing his usual luck and his usual system; with every hazard lost he lost his temper and doubled his bet. He was the first man to join Monte.

For upward of an hour of play Kendric was content with looking on and had not hazarded a cent beyond the money flung down on the table to be played by his friends. But now at last he looked about the room eagerly, his head up, his eyes blazing with the upsurge of the spirit riding him.

About his middle was a money belt, safely brought back across the border; in his wild heart was the imperative desire to play. Play high and quick and hard. It was then that for the first time he noted Ruiz Rios. Evidently the Mexican had just now entered from the rear. At the far end of the room, where the kerosene lamplight was none too good, Rios was standing with a solitary slim-bodied companion. The companion, to call for all due consideration later, barely caught Jim's roving eye now; he saw Rios and he told himself that the gamblers' goddess had whisked him in at the magic moment. For in one essential, as in no others, was Ruiz Rios a man after Jim Kendric's own heart: the Mexican was a man to play for any stake and do no moralizing over the result.

"Ortega," cried Kendric, looking all the time challengingly at Rios, "there is only one game worth the playing. King of games? The emperor of games! Have you a man here to shake dice with me?"

Ortega understood and made no answer. Rios, small and sinister and handsome, his air one of eternal well-bred insolence, kept his own counsel. There came a quick tug at his sleeve; his companion whispered in his ear. Thus it was that for the first time Kendric really looked at this companion. And at the first keen glance, in spite of the male attire, the loose coat and hat pulled low, the scarf worn high about the neck, he knew that it was a woman who had entered with Ruiz Rios and now whispered to him.

"His wife," thought Kendric. "Telling him not to play. She's got her nerve coming in here."

The question of her relationship to the Mexican was open to speculation; the matter of her nerve was not. That was definitely settled by the carriage of her body, which was at once defiant and imperious; by the tilt of the chin, barely glimpsed; by the way she stood her ground as one after another pair of eyes turned upon her until every man in the room stared openly. It was as useless for her to seek to disguise her sex thus as it would be for the moon to mask as a candle. And she knew it and did not care. Kendric understood that on the moment.

"Between us there has been at times trouble, senor," said Rios lightly. "I do not know if you care to play? If so, I will be most pleased for a little game."

"I'd shake dice with the devil himself, friend Ruiz," answered Jim heartily.

"I must have some money from Ortega here," said Rios carelessly. "Unless my check will satisfy?"

"Better get the money," returned Kendric pleasantly.

As Rios turned away with the proprietor Kendric was impelled to look again toward the woman. She had moved a little to one side, so that now she stood in the shadow cast by an angle of the wall. He could not see her eyes, so low had she drawn her wide sombrero, nor could he make out much of her face. He had an impression of an oval line curving softly into the folds of her scarf; of masses of black hair. But one thing he knew; she was looking steadily at him. It did not matter that he could not see her eyes; he could feel them. Under that hidden gaze there was a moment during which he was oddly stirred, vaguely agitated. It was as though she, some strange woman, were striving to subject his mind to the spell of her own will; as though across the room she were seeking not only to read his thought but to mold it to the shape of her own thought. He had the uncanny sensation that her mind was rifling his, that it would be hard to hide from those probing mental fingers any slightest desire or intention.

Kendric shook himself savagely, angered that even for an instant he should have submitted to such sickish fancies. But even so, and while he strode to the nearby table for the dice cup, he could not free himself from the impression which she had laid upon him.

She beckoned Rios as he came back with Ortega. He went to her side and she whispered to him.

"We will play here, at this end of the room, senor," Rios said to Kendric.

As Kendric looked quite naturally from the one who spoke to the one from whom so obviously the order had come, he saw for the first time the gleam of the woman's eyes. A very little she had lifted the brim of her hat, so that from beneath she could watch what went forward. They held his gaze riveted; they seemed to glow in the shadows as though with some inner light. He could not judge their color; they were mere luminous pools. He started with an odd fancy; he caught himself wondering if those eyes could see in the dark?

Again he shrugged as though to shake physically from him these strange fancies. He snatched up the little table and brought it to where Ruiz Rios waited, putting it down not three feet from the Mexican's silent companion. And all the time, though now he refused to turn his head toward her, he was conscious of the strangely disturbing certainty that those luminous eyes were regarding him with unshifting intensity.

To Be Continued Tomorrow

"I'd shake dice with the devil himself, friend Ruiz," answered Jim heartily


PHOTOPLAYS PHOTOPLAYS PHOTOPLAYS

PHOTO-PLAYS THRU Stanley COMPANY OF AMERICA

The following theatres obtain their pictures through the STANLEY Company of America, which is a guarantee of early showing of the finest productions. Ask for the theatre in your locality obtaining pictures through the Stanley Company of America.

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ALLEGHENY Frankford & Allegheny Mat. Daily 2:15; Eves. at 8 WALLACE REID in "THE HELL DIGGERS"

APOLLO 52D & THOMPSON STS. MATINEE DAILY ALL-STAR CAST in "COURAGE"

ARCADIA CHESTNUT Bet. 16TH to A. M. to 11:15 P. M. MARION DAVIES in "ENCHANTMENT"

ASTOR FRANKLIN & GIRARD AVE. MATINEE DAILY RUPERT HUGHES' "Dangerous Curve Ahead"

BALTIMORE 51ST & BALTIMORE EVE. 6:30 SAT. MAT. MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN in "THE WOMAN IN HIS HOUSE"

BENN 64TH AND WOODLAND AVE. MATINEE DAILY ELSIE FERGUSON in "FOOTLIGHTS"

BLUEBIRD Broad & Susquehanna Continuous 9 until 11 THOMAS MEIGHAN in "CAPPY RICKS"

BROADWAY Broad & Snyder Ave. 9:45 A. M. to 11 P. M. CONSTANCE TALMADGE in "LESSONS IN LOVE"

CAPITOL 752 MARKET ST. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. WILLIAM DE MILLE'S "AFTER THE SHOW"

COLONIAL Ger. & Germantown Aves. 1:30, 7 and 9 P. M. WALLACE REID in "THE HELL DIGGERS"

DARBY THEATRE BERT LYTELL in "THE PRICE OF REDEMPTION"

EMPRESS MAIN ST., MANAYUNK MATINEE DAILY RUPERT HUGHES' "Dangerous Curve Ahead"

FAIRMOUNT 29th & Girard Ave. MATINEE DAILY SPECIAL CAST in "A WIFE'S AWAKENING"

FAMILY THEATRE—1311 Market St. 9:45 A. M. TO MIDNIGHT BETTY COMPSON in "AT THE END OF THE WORLD"

56TH ST. THEATRE—Below Spruce MATINEE DAILY SESSUE HAYAKAWA in "BLACK ROSES"

GLOBE 5901 MARKET ST. 9:45 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. MARY MILES MINTER in "MOONLIGHT AND HONEYSUCKLE"

GRANT 4022 GIRARD AVE. MATINEE TODAY ALL-STAR CAST in "A TALE OF TWO WORLDS"

GREAT NORTHERN Broad St. at Erie ALL-STAR CAST in "The Son of Wallingford"

IMPERIAL 60TH & WALNUT STS. Mats., 2:30; Eves., 7 & 9 RUPERT HUGHES' "Dangerous Curve Ahead"

KARLTON CHESTNUT Above BROAD Daily 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. WHITMAN BENNETT'S "SALVATION NELL"

Lehigh Palace Germantown Ave. and Lehigh Avenue BERT LYTELL in "A MESSAGE FROM MARS"

LIBERTY BROAD & COLUMBIA AV. MATINEE DAILY CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG in "CHARGE IT"

OVERBROOK 63D & HAVERFORD AVENUE CONSTANCE TALMADGE in "MAMMA'S AFFAIR"

PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. ANNA Q. NILSSON in "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME"

PRINCESS 10th MARKET STREET 8:30 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. RICHARD BARTHELMESS in "EXPERIENCE"

REGENT MARKET ST. Below 17TH 9:45 A. M. to 11 P. M. WILLIAM RUSSELL in "THE LADY FROM LONGACRE"

RIALTO GERMANTOWN AVENUE AT FRANKFORD ST. GEORGE MELFORD'S "The Great Impersonation"

RUBY MARKET ST. BELOW 7TH 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. PETE MORRISON in "DANGEROUS LOVE"

SAVOY 12TH MARKET STREET 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. HOBART BOSWORTH in "THE CUP OF LIFE"

SHERWOOD 54th & Baltimore Av. MAT. 2; EVE. 6:30 JACK HOLT and LILA LEE in "AFTER THE SHOW"

STANLEY MARKET AT 16TH 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. GLORIA SWANSON in "UNDER THE LASH"

STANTON MARKET Above 16TH 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. WILLIAM FOX'S WONDER PLAY "OVER THE HILL"

333 MARKET STREET THEATRE 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. WALLACE REID in "THE HELL DIGGERS"

VICTORIA MARKET ST. at 9TH 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. ANNA Q. NILSSON in "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME"

RIALTO, West Chester GEORGE MELFORD'S "The Great Impersonation"

The NIXON-NIRDLINGER THEATRES

BELMONT 52D ABOVE MARKET 1:30 and 6:45 to 11 P. M. Martha Mansfield and Wm. Desmond in "WOMEN MEN LOVE"

CEDAR 60TH & CEDAR AVENUE 1:30 and 3—7 and 9 J. P. McGowan and Catherine Clifford in "COLD STEEL"

COLISEUM Market bet. 59th & 60th 1:30 and 3—7 and 9 P. M. ALL-STAR CAST in "CROSSING TRAILS"

JUMBO FRONT ST. & GIRARD AVE. Jerome Iano and Clifford "D" "WANDA HAWLEY" in "HER STURDY OAK"

LEADER 41ST & LANCASTER AVE. MATINEE DAILY WILLIAM S. HART in "THREE-WORD BRAND"

LOCUST 52D AND LOCUST STREETS 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30 to 11 WALLACE REID in "THE HELL DIGGERS"

NIXON 52D AND MARKET STS. 7:15, 7 and 9 ENID BENNETT in "KEEPING UP WITH LIZZIE"

RIVOLI 52D AND SANSOM STS. MATINEE DAILY Doug. Fairbanks, "Reggie Mixes In" All-Star Cast in "LUXURY"

69TH STREET THEATRE Opposite Terminal OPENS SATURDAY, NOV. 19 GLORIA SWANSON in "Under the Lash" By Special Arrangement With J. E. Mostbaum, Pres. THE STANLEY CO. OF AMERICA

STRAND GERMANTOWN AVE. AT CHEW AND ANGO STREET DAVID POWELL in "DANGEROUS LIES"

AT OTHER THEATRES MEMBERS OF M. P. T. O. A.

Germantown 5510 Germantown Ave. MATINEE DAILY NELL SHIPMAN in "The Girl From God's Country"

JEFFERSON 29th & Dauphin Sts. MATINEE DAILY "God's Country and the Law" CHARLIE CHAPLIN in "THE IDLE CLASS"

PARK RIDGE AVE. & DAUPHIN ST. Mat. 2:15, Eve. 6:45 to 11 ALICE LAKE in "OVER THE WIRE"