The Daily Movie Magazine

WHO SAYS FILM STARS CAN'T MARRY HAPPILY?

Above is a group of the lesser-known halves (better or worse) of the marriage unions of picture players. Upper left, Natalie Talmadge, or Mrs. Buster Keaton. Below King Vidor, husband and director of Florence, and beside him Mary Hay, Dick Barthelmess' young bride. Below them, John Pasqualino, tobacco merchant, Constance Talmadge's fiancé; standing in center, Raoul Walsh, husband of Miriam Cooper. Upper right, Allen Holubar, husband of Dorothy Phillips, and lower right, Joseph Schenck, producer of pictures and Norma Talmadge's husband.

CLOSE-UPS of the MOVIE GAME

By HENRY M. NEELY

When Griffith Gets to the "Whistling Stage"

THE other day I met a man from D. W. Griffith's studio at Mamaroneck, L. I., and asked him how they were getting on with the shooting of "The Two Orphans."

"Well," he said, "we've got to the whistling stage now so I guess it will soon be finished.

Any time you hear anyone speak of the "whistling stage" you'll know he is with Griffith or has been identified with the great D. W. I have never heard the expression "whistling stage" anywhere else. It summarizes some of the keen insight into human nature that Griffith has acquired in his years of experience, and it also shows his attention to details that most directors wouldn't bother with.

He has found in the making of many big productions that the actors and actresses tire and begin to go stale as the weeks of intensive work go by. Their facial muscles become less elastic; they begin to get hard, drawn lines about the mouth and eyes and they cannot register emotions as they did when they were fresh.

And Griffith has discovered that the greatest relaxation for tired facial muscles is whistling. A good, hearty spell of whistling not only takes the mind from the work in hand, but it actually loosens up and rests the tendons, flesh and ligaments of the face.

Consequently, when he gets to the stage in a big picture where he finds his people beginning to go stale, he stops all work every now and then and orders them all to walk about and whistle.

That is what the man meant when he said that the "Two Orphans" has got to the whistling stage. There is a valuable hint in this for the frazed society woman whose mirror tells her there is something wrong, or for the business man who sees in his glass the lines of worriedness and worry that add ten years to his apparent age. Quit for five minutes and whistle.

It is at this whistling stage and somewhere about that most of the incidents occur. People begin to get rattled and they do not keep on the alert as they did when the production began.

This is especially true where there are big crowds and scenery, and it is a nerve-racking time for the director if the man is handling guns or sharp weapons.

* * *

ALREADY, in the production of "The Two Orphans" there have been a number of minor accidents. And last week, with every nerve tense, stale and worn, there came one of those funny mishaps the catastrophe to this enchantress that resulted in a death.

* * *

FOR some time past Griffith has been regularly employing a corps of from 500 to 1000 men and women. Most of the men represent soldiers of the French Republican Army and carry guns loaded with blank charges.

Even a blank charge is a dangerous thing if you get too close to it. And mob action always requires close work.

So Assistant Director Herbert Sutch has lately made it a practice to stop work every half hour to shout through his megaphone a lecture on the handling of the guns.

He had called a halt for this purpose on the day of the accident. As he began to talk to the crowd, one of the men, gone stale and careless with the daily grind, set the butt of his musket on the ground, placed the muzzle comfortably under his arm and leaned upon it to listen to Sutch's talk.

And another man, sparking with a friend, kicked the trigger and the blank charge drove four of the extra's ribs through his lungs. He died the next day.

There has been a peculiar series of accidents in the making of "The Two Orphans," though they are not related to this "whistling stage" carelessness.

Oddly enough, most of these mishaps have been to the right feet of the persons concerned. First, Griffith himself fell from a camera stand and tore the muscles of his right ankle so badly that he went about on crutches for two weeks.

Hendrik Sartov, the head camera man, injured his right foot and infected it so badly that amputation was considered at one time. A. L. Grey, the general manager, turned his ankle and had to wear bandages for a week.

The day after Grey's accident, Monte Blue, playing Danton, and riding at the head of a troop of cavalry down a street in old Paris to save Lillian Gish from the guillotine, got his right foot jammed between his horse and the horse of a trooper, and injured his ankle so badly that he limped for some time afterward.

That accident, by the way, showed me the spirit that seems to animate every one who works with Griffith. I asked Blue to pose for a photograph with the Gish girls and Richard Barthelmess' mother and Joseph Schildkraut examining his injured foot.

"Go ahead," he said cheerfully, "but I must be ready to work the moment Mr. Griffith calls me. You mustn't forget that this day, with 2500 extras at work, is costing him about $50,000, and I don't want to keep him waiting a minute. It's too expensive."

Oddly enough, Lillian Gish, who posed sympathetically over Blue's right ankle that day, and spoke of other mishaps to right feet, injured her own ankle while running to a fire that occurred at Mamaroneck a few days later.

To cap the climax, the favorite studio cat, born the day the production of "The Two Orphans" started, and the pet of all members of the force, got into an argument with an electric fan a week ago and lost his right foot.

* * *

BUT Frank Wortman, known to everybody as "Huck," who builds all the big sets for Griffith, showed that his ability is not confined to scenery. When the veterinarian had dressed the wound, "Huck" took the cat into his workshop and kept it there most of one morning. At lunch time they came out again, pussy ambling along fairly comfortably with a brand new leather paw that "Huck" had built for her.

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.

I WAS on the verge of reporting. "I wish to goodness you would!" but it seemed more proper not to. So I went on and told him about how I'd written John a note and was going away, though I didn't know just where.

"I know where!" he exclaimed, banging his hand on the table—we'd settled ourselves in the restaurant I'd been headed for when I met him. "A friend of mine is making a picture up in Ithaca, New York, and has one or two parts left. He wired me last night to see if I knew of somebody for them, and I came around last night to see if you'd go this morning. So when we've had breakfast, we'll like over to the Grand Central and I'll put you on a train for Ithaca. That'll give you a chance to forget all this muddle here, and get some good experience in the bargain. How about it?"

"But I sort of thought I'd go back home, Larry. I had just about decided that it was a mistake for me to go into pictures."

"Well, that's up to you, of course," he told me. "You'll have to decide it alone."

He was right, I knew. And yet it had just helped me a little it would have been so much easier for me to make up my mind.

If Larry had just said, "I want you to stay," if he'd given any indication that he cared anything about me, I'd have known in a minute what to do. But he didn't; he just sat there looking out of the window, and when the waiter brought our breakfast he seemed much more concerned over whether he'd brought extra syrup for the wheat cakes than about what I was going to do.

I thought about what it would be like if I went home, and suddenly realized that home had been spoiled for me. I couldn't be contented to settle down there; I'd have such an unhinged feeling. That helped me to see that I'd have to prove to myself whether I could make a real success of acting in pictures or not.

As yet I hadn't done it. I'd had a good part in that picture with John, but now I couldn't help wondering if that wasn't because John had been in love with me. And now, through Larry, I was to have another chance to find out what I could do.

"I'm going to stay, Larry," I said, as he moved the sugar bowl over to my side of the table. And then I knew that he was glad I wasn't going to go home, from the way he smiled.

We talked things all over then, and he promised to send me word about how things were going with Persis and what John was doing. We went to a drug store after breakfast, and I got some make-up to take with me; I couldn't help smiling a bit, as I ordered No. 16 theatrical powder, and told the clerk that it was brown mascara, not black, that I wanted; so short a time ago I wouldn't have known a thing about what I was doing now as such a matter of course. And the thought of having a boy along when I bought face powder would have simply killed me!

Larry bought my tickets at the station; I wanted to, but he said that they would be paid for as part of my expenses by his friend the director. I suppose he guessed that I hadn't much money; I'd told him that I hadn't yet been paid for the last two weeks I worked with John.

Somehow, I hated dreadfully to say good-by to him, when it was time for me to get on the train. He'd been so good to me, and always got me out of scrapes, and been so nice after the way I acted the evening before. All at once it seemed to me that I simply must tell him how much I cared for him.

"Oh, Larry, dear——" The words tumbled out before I could stop them. My hands reached out for his without my really knowing what I was doing.

But he just glanced away, as if he wanted to avoid what I was going to say. There were a lot of people around and a man nearly bumped into me just then as he went by with a great load of the morning newspapers that he was taking over to one of the newsstands.

To be continued Tomorrow

They Make Movie Bricks Out of Plaster of Paris

DID you know that most of the bricks used in construction of motion-picture sets are made of plaster of paris? These bricks are made in slabs of thirty-five each of one-quarter-inch thickness. By the use of fiber these bricks are made so tough that they can be nailed to boards and when they are painted they look like real bricks. Every day in the plaster shop of the Lasky West Coast studio more than a thousand of these bricks are made.

HE IS IN TRAINING NOW

"Wally" Reid plays the role of a prizefighter in "The Champion," adapted from Grant Mitchell's stage success. Above is a scene showing "Wally" getting in trim with the aid of a sparring partner

DAUGHTER OF THE SUN

A Tale of Adventure

BY QUIEN SABE (*Who Knows?*)

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THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Jim Kendric, the devil-may-care, whole-hearted adventurous American's arrival at the border town starts something. Hailed by his familiar nickname of Old Headlong by his former buddies, he at once forms them into a party to make a night of it in the wide-open town across the Mexican line. Well-heeled, he sets up the motley crowd at Ortega's gambling joint to drinks and then stakes them each with a piece of change to play. Finally the spell works in his own blood and he calls on Ortega to provide some one to accept his challenge to the "king of games," the nimble dice. Ruiz Rios, an old rival and enemy of Headlong's, pressed on by his companion, takes up the defi. His companion's identity is a mystery, but every one sees that it is a woman under the low-lying sombrero and masculine attire of the border. In an exciting game Jim worsts Rios and then challenges the house to another. The woman takes him up, sensationally.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

WITH her left hand she quietly shook the box, setting the white cube dancing therein. "You lose, Jim," said Monte at his elbow before the cast was made. "Look out for left-handers." Then she made her throw and turned up an ace.

Kendric caught up the box and die and threw. And again he had turned the deuce, the lowest number on the die. He heard her laugh as she drew money and jewels toward her. All low music, ruffling a man's blood, thrilling him after that strange perturbing fashion.

CHAPTER II

In Which a Spell Is Worked and an Expedition Is Begun

For a moment she and Jim Kendric stood facing each other with only the little table and its cargo of treasure separating them, engulfed in a great silence. He saw her eyes; they were like pools of lambent phosphorescence in the black shadow of her hair. He glimpsed in them an eloquence which mystified him; it was as though through her eyes her heart or her mind or her soul were reaching out toward his, but speaking a tongue foreign to his understanding. Her gaze was steady and penetrating and held him motionless. Nor, though he did not at the time notice, did any man in the room stir until she, turning swiftly, at last broke the charm. She went out through the rear door, Ruiz Rios at her heels.

When the door closed after them Kendric chanced to note Twisty Barlow at his elbow. A queer expression was stamped on the rigid features of the sailorman. Plainly Barlow, intrigued into a profound abstraction, was alike unconscious of his whereabouts or of the attention which he was drawing. His eyes stared and strained after the vanished Mexican and his companion; he, too, had been fascinated; he was like a man in a trance. Now he started and brushed his hand across his eyes and, moving jerkily, hurried to the door and went out. Kendric followed him and laid a restraining hand upon his shoulder.

"Easy, old boy," he said quietly. Barlow started at the touch of his hand and stood frowning and fingering his forelock. "I know what's burning hot in your fancies. Remember they may be paste, after all. And anyway they're not treasure trove."

"You mean those pearls might be fake?" Barlow laughed strangely. "And you think I might be slittin' throats for them? Don't be an ass, Headlong; I'm sober."

"Where away, then, in such a hurry?" demanded Kendric, still aware of something amiss in Barlow's bearing.

"About my business," retorted the sailor. "And suppose you mind yours?"

Kendric shrugged and went back to his friends. But at the door he turned and saw Barlow hastening along the dim street in the wake of the disappearing forms of Ruiz Rios and the woman.

Inside there were some few who sought to console Kendric, thinking that to any man the loss of ten thousand dollars must be a considerable blow. His answer was a clap on the back and a laughing demand to know what they were driving at and what they took him for, anyway? Those who knew him best squandered no sympathy where they knew none was needed. To the discerning, though they had never known another man who won or lost with equal gusto in the game, who when he met fortune or misfortune "treated these two impostors just the same," Jim Kendric was exactly what he appeared to be, a devil-may-care sort of fellow, who had infinite faith in his tomorrow and who had never learned to love money.

Kendric was relieved when, half an hour later, Twisty Barlow came back. Kendric's mood was boisterous from the sheer joy of being among friends and once more as good as on home soil.

He went up and down among them with his pockets turned wrongside out and hanging eloquently, swapping yarns, inviting recitals of wild doings, making a man here and there join him in one of the old songs, singing mightily himself. He had just given a brief sketch of the manner in which he had acquired his latest stake; how down in Mexico he had done business with a man whom he did not trust. Hence Kendrick had insisted on having the whole thing in good old U. S. money and then had ridden like the devil beating tan bark to keep ahead of the half-dozen ragged cut-throats who, he was sure, had been started on his trail.

"And now that I'm rid of it," he said, "I can get a good night's sleep! Who wants to be a millionaire anyway?"

He saw that though Barlow had once more command of his features, there was still a feverish gleam in his eyes. And, further, that with rising impatience Barlow was waiting for him.

"Come alive, Twisty, old mate," Kendrick called to him. "Limber up and give us a good old deep-sea chantey."

Twisty stood where he was, eying him curiously.

"I want to talk to you, Jim," he said. His voice, like his look, told of excitement repressed.

"It's early," retorted Kendrick, "and talk will keep. A night like this was meant for other things than for two old fools like you and me to sit in a corner with long faces. Strike up the chantey."

"You're busted," said Barlow sharply. "You've had your fling and you've shot your wad. Come along with me. You know what shore I'm headin' to. You know I've got my hooks in that old tub down to San Diego——"

"There's a craft in San Deigo," improvised Kendrick lightly.

"With no cargo in her hold
And old Twisty Barlow's leased her
For to fill her up with gold.
And he'd go a buccaneerin', privateerin', wildly steerin'
For the beaches where the sun shines on whole banks of blazin' pearls——"

But his rhythm was getting away from him and his rhymes petered out and he stopped, laughing while around him men clamored for more.

"Oh, there'll be a tale to tell when Twisty sails back," he conceded. "But until he's under way there's no tale to tell, and so what's the use of talk? A song's better; walk her up, Twisty, old mate."

Barlow's impatience flared out into irritation.

"What's the sense of this monkey business?" he demanded. "I'm off to San Diego by moonrise. If you ain't with me, you ain't. Just say so, can't you?"

"A song first, Twisty?" countered Kendrick.

"Will you come listen to me then?" asked Barlow. "Word of honor?"

It was plain that he was in dead earnest and Kendric cried, "Yes," quite heartily. Then Barlow, putting up with Kendric's mood since there was no other way that one might do for a willful, spoiled child over which he had no authority of the rod, allowed himself to be dragged to the middle of the room and there, standing side by side, the two men lifted their voices to the swing and pulse of "The Flying Fish Catcher," through all but interminable verses, while the men about them kept enthusiastic time by tramping heavily with their thick boots. At the end Kendric put his arm about the shoulders of his shorter companion, and in lockstep they went out. The party was over.

"What's on your mind, Seafarer?" asked Kendric when they were outside.

"Lost, mostly," said Barlow. "But first, while I think of it, Ruiz Rios' wife wants a word with you."

"What about?" Kendric opened his eyes. And, before Barlow answered, "You saw her then?"

"I went up to the hotel. Tried to get a room. She saw me and sent for you. She didn't say what for."

"Well, I'll not go," Kendric told him. "Now spin your yarn about your loot."

He leaned against a lamp post while Twisty Barlow, upright and eager, said his say. A colorful tale it was in which the rotter was lavish with pearls and ancient gold. It appeared that one had but to sail down the coast of Lower California, up into the gulf and get ashore upon a certain strip of sandy beach in the shadows of the cliffs.

"And I tell you I've already got the hull off San Diego that will take us there," maintained Barlow. "All I'm short of is you to stand your share of the hell we'll raise and to chip in with what coin you can scrape. If you hadn't been a damn fool with that ten thousand," he added bitterly.

"Spilled milk. Forget it. It came out of Mexico and it goes back where it belongs. But if you're counting on me for any such amount as that, you're up a tree. I'm flat."

"We'll go just the same if you can't raise a bean," said Barlow positively. "But if you can dig anything, for God's sake scrape lively. We want to get there before somebody else does. And I was hopin' you'd come across for grub and some guns and odds and ends."

"I've got a few oil shares," said Kendric. "If they're roosting around par they're good for twenty-five hundred."

Barlow brightened.

"We'll knock 'em down in San Diego if we only get two-fifty!" he announced, considering the sale as good as made. "And we'll do the best we can on what we get."

Not yet had Kendric agreed to go adventuring with Twisty Barlow. But in his sould he knew that he would go, and so did Barlow. There was nothing to hold him here; from elsewhere the voice which seldom grew quiet was singing in his ears. He knew something of the gulf into which Barlow meant to lead him, and of that defiant, legend-infested strip of little-known land which lay in a seven hundred mile strip along its edge; he knew that if a man found nothing else he would stand his chance of finding life running large. It was the last frontier and as such it had the singing voice.

"You'll go?" said Barlow.

But first Kendric asked his few questions. When he had answers to the last of them his own eyes were shining. His truant fancies at last had been snared; he was going headlong into the thing, he had already come to believe that at the end of it he would again have filled his pockets the while he would have drunk deep of the life that satisfied. It was long since he had smelled the sea, had known ocean sunrise and sunset, had gone to sleep with his bunk swaying and the water lapping. So when again Barlow said, "You'll come?" Kendric's hand shot out to be gripped by way of signing a contract, and his voice rang out joyously, "Put her there, old mate! I'm with you, blow high, blow low."

For a few minutes they planned. Then Barlow hurried off to make what few arrangements were necessary before they could be in the saddle and riding toward a railroad. Kendric meant to get two or three hours' sleep, since he realized that even his hard body could not continue indefinitely as he had been driving it here of late. There was nothing to be done just now that Barlow could not do; before the saddled horses could be brought for him he could have time for what rest he needed.

The thought of bed was pleasant as he walked on, for he realized that he was tired in every muscle of his body. The street was deserted saving the figure of a boy he saw coming toward him. As he was turning a corner the boy's voice accosted him.

"Senor Kendric," came the call. "Un momento."

Kendric waited. The boy, a half-breed in ragged clothes, came close and peered into his face. Then, having made sure, he whipped out a small parcel from under his torn coat.

"Para usted," he announced.

Kendric took it, wondering.

"What is it?" he asked. "Who sent it?"

But the boy was slouching on down the street. Kendric called sharply; the boy hastened his pace. And when Kendric started after him the ragamuffin broke into a run and disappeared down an alley way. Kendric gave him up and came back to the street, tearing off the outer wrap of the package under a street lamp. In his hand was a sheaf of bank notes which he readily recognized as the very ones he had just now lost at dice, together with a slip of note paper on which were a few finely penned lines. He held them up to the light in an amazement which sought an explanation. The words were in Spanish and said briefly:

"To Senor Jim Kendric because under his laugh he looked sad when he lost. From one who does not play at any game with faint hearts."

His face flushed hot as he read; angrily his big hand crumpled message and bank notes together. He glanced down the empty street; then forgetful of bed and rest, his anger rising, he strode swiftly off toward the hotel, muttering under his breath. The hotelkeeper he found alone in the little room which served him as office and bed chamber.

"I want to see Mrs. Rios," said Kendric curtly.

"You'd be meaning the Mexican lady? Name of Castelnar." He drew his soiled, inky guest book toward him. "Zoraida Castelnar."

"I suppose so," answered Kendric. "Where is she?"

"Your name would be Kendric?" persisted the hotelkeeper. And at Kendric's short "Yes," he pointed down the hall. "Third door, left side. She's expecting you."

Had Kendric paused to speculate over the implication of the man's words he would inevitably have understood the trick Ruiz Rios's companion had played on him. But he was never given to stopping for reflection when he started for a definite goal and furthermore just now his wrath was consuming him. He went furiously down the hall and struck at the door as though it were a man who had stirred his anger by standing in his path. "Come in," invited a woman's voice in Spanish, the inflection distinctly that of old Mexico. In he went.

Before him stood an old woman, her face a tangle of deep wrinkles, her hair spotted with white, her eyes small and black and keen. He looked at her in surprise.

To be continued Tomorrow

Her gaze was steady and penetrating and held him motionless

PHOTOPLAYS PHOTOPLAYS PHOTOPLAYS

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.

Alhambra 12th, Morris & Passyunk Ave. Mat. Daily at 2; Eves. 6:45 & 9 VIOLA DANA in "PUPPETS OF FATE"

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

APOLLO 52D & THOMPSON STS. MATINEE DAILY NORMA TALMADGE in "THE SIGN ON THE DOOR"

ARCADIA CHESTNUT Bel. 16TH 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. MARION DAVIES in "ENCHANTMENT"

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

BALTIMORE 58TH & BALTIMORE Mat. Daily CHARLES RAY in "NINETEEN AND PHYLLIS"

BENN 64TH AND WOODLAND AVE MATINEE DAILY WILLIAM S. HART in "THREE-WORD BRAND"

BLUEBIRD Broad & Susquehanna MATINEE DAILY THOMAS MEIGHAN in "CAPPY RICKS" Special Added Feature M. DE MAY With Fosh'on Review With Hope Hampton and Martha Mansfield

BROADWAY Broad & Snyder Ave. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. WHITMAN BENNETT'S "The Truth About Husbands"

CAPITOL 712 MARKET ST. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. WILLIAM DE MILLE'S "AFTER THE SHOW"

COLONIAL Gtn. & Maplewood Aves. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. WHITMAN BENNETT'S "The Truth About Husbands"

DARBY THEATRE DOROTHY DALTON in "THE TEN OF DIAMONDS"

EMPRESS MAIN ST., MANAYUNK MATINEE DAILY WALLACE REID in "THE HELL DIGGERS"

FAIRMOUNT 29th & Girard Ave. MATINEE DAILY ALL-STAR CAST in "REMORSELESS LOVE"

FAMILY THEATRE—1811 Market St. 10 A. M. to 11 P. M. WILLIAM S. HART in "THE ARYAN"

56TH ST. THEATRE—Below Spruce MATINEE DAILY HOBART BOSWORTH in "THE CUP OF LIFE"

GLOBE 5901 MARKET ST. 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. CONWAY TEARLE in "THE FIGHTER"

GRANT 1022 GIRARD AVE. MATINEE SATURDAY ALL-STAR CAST in "SHAMS OF SOCIETY"

GREAT NORTHERN Broad St. at Erie 2, 7 and 9 P. M. VIOLA DANA in "PUPPETS OF FATE"

IMPERIAL 60TH & WALNUT STS. Mat. Daily at 2; Eves. 7 & 9 RUPERT HUGHES' "Dangerous Curve Ahead"

KARLTON CHESTNUT Above BROAD Daily 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. Miriam Cooper and Geo. Walsh in "THE SERENADE"

Lehigh Palace Germantown Ave. and Lehigh Avenue CHARLES RAY in "NINETEEN AND PHYLLIS"

LIBERTY BROAD & COLUMBIA AV. MATINEE DAILY WILLIAM S. HART in "THREE-WORD BRAND"

OVERBROOK 63D AND HAVERFORD AVE. DOUGLAS MacLEAN in "PASSING THRU"

PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. ANNA Q. NILSON in "Why Girls Leave Home"

PRINCESS 1018 MARKET STREET 9:30 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. THOMAS MEIGHAN in "CAPPY RICKS"

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

RIALTO GERMANTOWN AVENUE AT TULPEHOCKEN ST. THOMAS MEIGHAN in "CAPPY RICKS"

RUBY MARKET ST. BELOW 7TH 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. MAX LINDER in "SEVEN YEARS' BAD LUCK"

SAVOY 1211 MARKET STREET 8 A. M. TO MIDNIGHT SID FRANKLIN'S "COURAGE"

SHERWOOD 54th & Baltimore Av. MAT. 2; EVES. 6:30 ETHEL CLAYTON in "BEYOND"

STANLEY MARKET AT 19TH 11 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. GLORIA SWANSON in "UNDER THE LASH"

STANTON MARKET Above 19TH 10:15 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. DAVID POWELL in "DANGEROUS LIES"

VICTORIA MARKET ST. ab. 9TH 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. ANNA Q. NILSON in "Why Girls Leave Home"

RIALTO WEST CHESTER WALLACE REID in "THE HELL DIGGERS"

The NIXON-NIRDLINGER THEATRES

BELMONT 52D ABOVE MARKET 1:30 and 8—7 and 9 P. M. LOIS WEBER'S "TOO WISE WIVES"

CEDAR 60TH & CEDAR AVENUE 1:30 and 3—7 and 9 P. M. SESSUE HAYAKAWA in "WHERE LIGHTS ARE LOW"

COLISEUM Market bet. 59th & 60th 1:30 and 8—7 and 9 P. M. Barbara Bedford and Special Cast in "The Face of the World"

JUMBO FRONT ST. & GIRARD AVE. Jerome Jones on Frankford "L" ALL-STAR CAST in "PARDNERS OF THE TIDE"

LEADER 41ST & LANCASTER AVE. MATINEE DAILY Barbara Bedford and Special Cast in "The Face of the World"

LOCUST 52D AND LOCUST STREETS Mats. 1:30, 3:30. Eves. 6:30 to 11 WALLACE REID in "THE HELL DIGGERS"

NIXON 52D AND MARKET STS. 2:15, 7 and 9 ALL-STAR CAST in "ROBINSON'S TROUSSEAU"

RIVOLI 52D AND SANSOM STS. MATINEE DAILY ALL-STAR CAST in "THE WIFE'S AWAKENING"

69TH STREET THEATRE Opposite Terminal OPENS TOMORROW GLORIA SWANSON in "Under the Lash" By Special Arrangement With J. E. Masbaum, President STANLEY CO. OF AMERICA

STRAND GERMANTOWN AVE. AT LEHIGH STREET WALLACE REID in "THE HELL DIGGERS"

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

Germantown 5510 Germantown Ave. MATINEE DAILY MILTON SILLS in Jack London's "THE LITTLE FOOL"

JEFFERSON 29th and Dauphin Sts. MATINEE DAILY ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN in "THE GIRL FROM NOWHERE"

PARK RIDGE AVE. & DAUPHIN ST. Mat. 2:15. Eves. 6:45 to 11 Constance Talmadge in "Wedding Bells" CHARLIE CHAPLIN in "THE IDLE CLASS"