The Daily Movie Magazine

SCOTLAND SEEMS TO BE A FAVORITE WITH FILM PEOPLE

Here are some of the scenes and characters in the picture version of Barrie's "The Little Minister," which Penrhyn Stanlaws directed out in California. The upper view shows the town square of "Thrums" with the "kirk" in a prominent place. The middle picture shows a street scene in "Thrums," and at the bottom are George Hackathorne and Betty Compson in a bit of action

FIGHT AT JUTLAND HAS ALL BEEN PUT UPON SCREEN

"THE Battle of Jutland," the motion-picture that has been in preparation in England since the close of the war, and which will give the first clear visualization of what actually happened at that greatest of all world's naval conflicts, has been brought to the United States.

The character of the work undertaken by Sir George Aston, Bruce Woolfe and their colleagues when they set out to film "The Battle of Jutland" is difficult to comprehend. The task of preparing the outline of the action took two years, and another period of twelve months was occupied in the filming of the battle.

Almost immediately after the armistice these experts began the study of all available official statistics of the battle. Such meager reports as had been given to the world had failed most noticeably to make clear what actually happened after Beatty led his squadron out to head off the German fleet. So the experts went straight to the official data.

All the British reports on the battle were studied, and every detail in the logs of the gunnery officers of the British fleet was noted. Then Sir George, Mr. Woolfe and their colleagues began the study of the corresponding material on the German side. When the data of both sides were compared it was found that they were frequently at variance, and the British and German authorities were brought together to iron out the differences. It was not until both sides had agreed on every move in this conflict that the work of actually filming the picture was begun.

* * *

A MODEL was made for each ship that took part in the battle, an exact replica of the fighting vessel. These were so small that the models of both fleets were maneuvered on a field only eight feet square, although at times there were as many as seventy ships in movement at the same time.

A model could not be moved more than a sixteenth of an inch at a time. The picture, of course, was taken by the "stop-motion" process, one exposure at a time. Before each of these exposures the models had to be moved in accordance with the detailed plan of the battle. Frequently each ship in the field had to be moved for each separate exposure. The film really consists of 50,000 snapshots merged into one composite film.

A cloud of mystery has always surrounded the Battle of Jutland. Press correspondents and naval authorities have discussed the conflict at length, but it has been virtually impossible for even those who are conversant with naval affairs to form any conclusive opinions as to the real outcome of the battle. The film shows every move in the fight, and the observer can judge for himself who is the hero of Jutland—who was the real victor.

It Was No Joke Filming Arctic Scenes on Very Hot Day

THE majority of Arctic scenes in Hobart Bosworth's production of "Blind Hearts" were filmed in the frozen North, where the action is supposed to occur, but as they wanted to depict Nome in the early days before the Alaskan gold rush, and the real Nome is now a thriving city, it was necessary to reproduce from sketches the early Nome on the stage at the studio.

The company returned from the Far North in the early summer and spent several days getting completely thawed out. The day came for them to do the Nome scenes and depict the sensations they had actually experienced on their long trip. This day chanced to be one of those sizzling hot ones that the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce booklets do not brag so much about.

Under the glass roof of the stage the heat was terrible, and into this came Bosworth and the company with their heavy, furlined suits, thick woolen mitts and other Arctic equipment. Perspiration rolled off their faces. The effect was ludicrous, and it was not the intention to film a comedy.

Finally, Max Graf, production manager, hit upon a scheme. He had a huge cake of ice shaved into fine particles and every minute the members of the company were not working they kept their faces close to the ice. Consequently Bosworth and every one else could freeze their faces for a minute, but it required three days' work instead of one, as originally planned.

Answers to Questions From Movie Fans

COUNTESS—Yes, Alice Brady is still in pictures. Her latest production is "The Dawn of the East." Kenneth Harlan will be seen in her support. Marion Davies wears a black wig in her latest picture, "Enchantment." The only time I can remember that she wore one before was in "Buried Treasure."

HELEN MARDEN—Pola Negri has never been in the United States, and I really can't say when she will come to this country. She is twenty-five years old. Address Marguerite Clark, care Cora Clark, 50 Central Park West, New York City.

SYLVIA GUTTERMAN—Conway Tearle is forty years old and is married to Adele Rowland. He is at present appearing on the stage in "The Mad Dog." D. W. Griffith is still working on "The Two Orphans." As you probably know, Lillian and Dorothy Gish are appearing together in this film.

STELLA S—The addresses which you request are: John Barrymore, Lambs Club, New York; Richard Barthelmess, Harrison, N. Y.; Douglas Fairbanks, Douglas Fairbanks Company, Hollywood, Calif.; Ralph Graves, Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, Calif.; Niles Welch, 1616 Gardner street, Hollywood, Calif.; Lila Lee, Gloria Swanson and Ethel Clayton, Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. You are not causing me any trouble at all.

BETTY CARLYLE—Harrison Ford appears opposite Norma Talmadge in "The Wonderful Thing."

WILL ROGERS MAKES MUSIC AT THE STUDIO

The famous comedian took a violin in hand, while making a picture at the Lasky lot in California and showed the studio orchestra how it should be done

How I Became A Movie Star

As Told to
INEZ KLUMPH

What Has Already Happened

Dorothy Lane, a small-town girl, 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 a contract, but she doesn't like the picture and declines the contract. Dorothy realizes that she loves Lawrence French. She leaves for Ithaca to play a small part in a picture.

I'VE always supposed that girls fainted when they had an awful shock. I didn't, though, when I heard that girl mention my name. I just sat perfectly still. I felt numb all over, as if I'd never move again.

I knew, now, why Persis had sat up the night before, writing that letter. And I knew, too, why Larry had looked after the man with the newspapers; he must have caught sight of the headlines on one of them, and thought he could save me from learning the news, somehow.

After a little I came to myself, and had the porter bring me a newspaper. And there I read all about what had happened in Persis' little room at the club, after I had gone to my own room. As I read, I wondered how I could possibly have been so selfish as not to realize that she was in trouble, too; far more serious trouble than mine. I must have been very blind.

It nearly broke my heart to think of what had happened; it made it seem worse, too, to have it told there in the paper, right out for every one to see.

She had taken poison, some time during the night; if the doctor's estimate of how long she had been dead was right, it must have been just before I slipped out of the house. Perhaps, if I'd obeyed my impulse to go in and tell her good-by, her life might have been saved. But I'd thought of how short she cut me off the night before, and had gone on.

She had left a letter for me, that was printed in the paper.

"Dear Dorothy," she had written, "I just can't go on any longer. There's nothing in this game as I've played it; I should have stuck to my stenography. Better still, I should have stayed at home and never come to New York.

"Having a good time went to my head, and after I'd played around a while with Fay Granville and her crowd, and seen them spend money like water, I couldn't go back to earning twenty-five a week and never having any fun.

"I did have a chance to work in pictures with Fay, but she couldn't really do anything on her own hook, and all she wanted was to marry some rich man and stop working.

"When she did it, I was out of a job. Mr. Melville was awfully nice and sympathetic, though, and finally he asked me to go South with him. I knew I ought not to, but I said I would. And then, on the boat on the way down, a man who knew him met us, and they had an awful row, and I heard the man say, 'Well, you're going to marry this one.' And so we got married. The captain performed the ceremony.

"But Mel just hated me after that, and when we got down to Old Point Comfort he gave me money enough to get back to New York, and said he was going West. He said we weren't really married, because he was forced into it, and he was going to leave me, anyway. I don't know whether he was right or not about our not being married to each other, and I don't care now.

"I'm not going to try to hang on any longer. You were a darling to me, and I thought at first, when you offered me a room and everything, that I could make a go of it. But now I know that I can't. So good-by, Dot—good luck to you."

At first I couldn't realize what had happened, even as I read about it in the paper. It said that a friend of the girl's, Dorothy Lane, to whom the letter had been written, had disappeared during the night, and that the authorities wanted to find her, as they were sure that she could tell something more about the affair. The paper said, too, that it was thought that the dead girl might be connected with the murder of a well-known clubman, which had occurred a few days before. Lots of women had been dragged into that case, which was a horrible affair, one of the worst scandals that had taken up space in the papers for some time. And now they were implying that Persis—yes, and that I, too—had something to do with it. For a moment I almost wished that I were dead, too.

I wondered why it was that the public is so much harder on motion-picture actresses, and those who work on the regular stage, than it is on girls in just ordinary life. Now, if I had been brought into this affair as what I'd been before I went into movies, just a girl who lived in a nice, quiet home, they'd have been much kinder to me in the papers, I'm sure. But because I'd been associated with a profession that's had some people with bad reputations mixed up with it, they assumed that I was bad, too. They mentioned the fight John Seward had got into because of me; they told a lot of things about me that weren't true—said that I'd frequented gay cafes with Eikhorn, and all that sort of thing. It made me hate the whole world.

I wondered what was the use of a girl trying to earn her living, if people were going to be so horrid to her about it. I was sure that Persis hadn't done anything really wrong till she went on that Southern trip, and even then things turned out right, as people look at such things. And yet the papers took it for granted that she'd always been perfectly rotten.

To be continued tomorrow

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. He takes his pals on a party to make a night in the wide-open town across the Mexican line. They wind up in Ortega's gambling joint. Finally the spell works in his blood and he calls on Ortega to provide some one to accept his challenge to the nimble dice. Ruiz Rios, an old rival and enemy of Headlong's, pressed on by his companion, takes up the dare. 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 winning. Later she summons him mysteriously to an interview, in which she tells of her hatred of Rios and asks Jim to aid her. He refuses as he has made a pact with his old chum, Barlow, to go on a voyage for some mysterious Mexican treasure.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

BARLOW chuckled as he explained unwritten terms of his lease.

"Hank Sparley owns her," he said, "and the day Hank paid real money for her is the first day the other man ever got up earlier than Hank, you can gamble on it. Now Hank gets busy gettin' square, and he's somehow got her insured for more'n she'll bring in the open market in many a day. Hank figures this deal either of two ways: either I run her nose into the San Diego slip again with a fat fee for him, or else it's Davy Jones for the New Moon and Hank quits with the insurance money."

"Know what barratry is, don't you?" demanded Kendric.

"Sure I know; if I didn't Hank would have told me." Barlow sipped his champagne pleasantly. "But we'll bring her home, never you fret, Headlong. And we'll pay the fee and live like lords on top of it. Hank ain't fretting. I spun him the yarn, seein' I had to, and he'd of come along himself if he hadn't been sick. Which would have meant a three-way split, and I'm just as glad he didn't."

Kendric went out on deck and leaned against the wind and watched the water slip away as the schooner rose and settled and fought ahead. Then he strolled to the stern and took a turn at the wheel, joying in the grip of it after a long separation from the old life which it brought surging back into his memory. And while he reaccustomed himself to the work Nigger Ben stood by, watching him jealously and at first with obvious suspicion.

Nigger Ben, as Kendric had intimated, was a man to be proud of on a cruise like this one.

If not seven feet tall, at least he had passed the half-way mark between that and six, a hulking, full-blooded African with monster shoulders and half-naked chest and a skull showing under his close-cropped kinks like a gorilla's. He was an anomaly, all taken; he had a voice as high and sweet-toned as a woman singer's; he had an air of extreme brutality and with the animals on board, a ship cat and a canary belonging to Filipino Charlie, he was all gentleness; he had by all odds the largest, flattest feet that Kendric had ever seen attached to a man and yet on them he moved quickly and lightly and not without grace; he held the New Moon in a sort of ghostly fear, his eyes all whites when he vowed she was "ha'nted," and yet he loved her with all of the heart in his big black body.

"Sho,' she's ha'nted!" he proclaimed vigorously after a while, during which he had come to have confidence in the new steersman's knowledge and had been intrigued into conversation. "Don't I know? Black folks knows sooner'n white folks about ha'nts, Cap'n. Ain't I heered all the happenin's dat's done been an' gone an' transcribed on dis here deck? Ain't I seen nothin'? Ain't I felt nothin'? Ain't I spectated when the ha'r on Jezebel's back haz riz straight up an' when she's hunched her back up an' spit when mos' folks wouldn't of saw nothin' a-tall? Sho', she's ha'nted; mos' ships is. But dem ha'nts ain' goin' bodder me so long's I don't bodder dem. Dat's gospel, Cap'n Jim; sho' gospel."

"It's a hand-picked crew, Twisty," conceded Kendric mirthfully when Nigger Ben was again at the wheel and the two adventurers paced forward. "The kind to have at hand on a pirate cruise!"

For Nigger Ben offered both amusement during long hours and skillful service and no end of muscular strength, while, in his own way, Charlie was a jewel—a king of cooks and a man to keep his mouth shut. When left to himself Charlie muttered incessantly under his breath, his mutterings senseless jargon. When addressed his invariable reply was, "Aw," properly inflected to suit the occasion. Thus, with a shake of the head, it meant no; with a nod, yes; with his beaming smile, anything duly enthusiastic. He was not the one to be looked to for treasons, stratagems and spoils. His favorite diversion was whistling sacred tunes to his canary in the galley.

As the New Moon made her brief arc to clear the coast and sagged south through tranquil southern days and starry nights, Kendric and Barlow did much planning and voiced countless surmises, all having to do with what they might or might not find. Barlow got out his maps and indicated as closely as he could the point where they would land, the other point some miles inland where the treasure was.

"Wild land," he said. "Wild, Jim, every foot of it. I've seen what lies north of it and I've seen what lies south of it, and it's the devil's own. And ours, if Escobar's fingers haven't crooked to the feel of it. And if they have, why, then," and he looked fleetingly to the rifles on the cabin wall, "it belongs to the man who is man enough to walk away with it."

More in detail than at any time before Twisty Barlow told all that he knew of the rumor which they were running down. Escobar was one of the lawless captains of a revolutionary faction who, like his general, had been keeping to the mountainous out-of-the-way places of Mexico for two years. In Lower California, together with half a dozen of his bandit following, he had been taking care of his own skin and at the same time lining his own pockets.

It was a time of outlawry and Fernando Escobar was a product of his time. He was never above cutting throats for small recompense, if he glimpsed safety to follow the deed, and knew all of the tricks of holding wealthy citizens of his own or another country for ransoms. Upon one of his recent excursions the bandit captain had raided an old mission church for its candlesticks. With one companion, a lieutenant named Juarez, he had made so thorough a job of tearing things to pieces that the two had discovered a secret which had lain hidden from the passing eyes of worshipful padres for a matter of centuries. It was a secret vault in the adobe wall, masked by a canvas of the Virgin. And in the small compartment were not only a few minor articles which Escobar knew how to turn into money, but some papers. And whenever a bandit, of any band under the sun, stumbles upon papers secretly immured, it is inevitable that he should hastily make himself master of the contents, stirred by a hope of treasure.

"And right enough, he'd found it," said Barlow, holding a forgotten match over his pipe. "If there's any truth in it three priests, way back in the fifteen hundreds, stumbled onto enough pagan swag to make a man cry to think about it. Held it accursed, I guess. And didn't need it just then in their business, anyway. Just what is it, I don't know. Juarez himself didn't know; Captain Escobar let him get just so far and decided to hog the whole thing and slipped six inches of knife into him. How the poor devil lived to morning I don't know, and I don't care to think about it. But live he did and spilled me the yarn, praying to God every other gasp that I'd beat Fernando Escobar to it. He said he had seen names there to set any man dreaming; the name of Montezuma and Guatomotzin; of Cortes and others. He figured that there was Aztec gold in it; that the three old priests had somehow tumbled on to the hiding place; that they three planned to keep the knowledge among themselves, and, when they devoutly judged the time was right, to pass the news on to the Church in Spain.

"I wish Juarez had had time to read the whole works," meditated Barlow. "Anyway he read enough and guessed enough on top of it for me to guess most of the rest while I've been millin' around, getting goin'. Two of the three priests died in a hurry at about the same time, leavin' the other priest the one man in on the know. There was some sort of a plague got 'em; he was scared it was gettin' him, too. So he starts in makin' a long report to the home church, which, if he had finished, would have been as long as your arm and would of been packed off to Spain, and that would of been the last you and me ever heard of it. But it looks like, when he'd written as far as he got, he maybe felt rotten and put it away, intendin' to finish the job the next day. And the plague, smallpox or whatever it was, finished him first."

"Fishy, enough, by the sound of it, isn't it?" mused Kendric.

"Fishy, your hat! There's folks would say fishy to a man that stampeded in sayin' he'd found a gold mine. Me, while they guyed him, I'd go take a look-see. And it didn't read fishy to Juarez and it didn't to Fernando Escobar, else why the six inches of knife?"

"Well," said Kendric, "we'll know soon enough. If you can find your way to the place all right."

"Juarez had a noodle on him," grunted Barlow. "And he was as full of hate as a tick of dog's blood. From the steer he gave me I can find the place all right."

Days and nights went by monotonously, routine merely varying to give place to pipe-in-mouth idleness. But the third night out came an occurrence to break the placidity of the voyage for Kendric, and both to startle him and set him puzzling. He was out on deck in a steamer chair which he had had the lazy forethought to bring, his feet cocked up on the rail, his eyes on the vague expanse about him. There was no moon; the sky was starlit. Barlow had said "Good night" half an hour before; Filipino Charlie was muttering over the wheel; Nigger Ben's voice was crooning from the galley where he was making a friendly call on the canary. The water slipped and slapped and splashed alongside, making pleasant music in the ears of a man who gave free rein to his fancies and let them soar across a handful of centuries, back into the golden day of the last of the Aztec emperors. The Montezumas had had vast hoards of gold in nuggets and dust and hammered ornaments and vessels; history vouched for that. And it stood to reason that the princes and nobles, fearing the ultimate result of the might of the Spaniards, would have taken steps to secrete some of their treasure before the end came. Why not somewhere in Lower California, hurried away by caravan and canoe to a stronghold far from doomed Mexico City?

Kendric realized that all the time that he was racing madly up and down there had been a clear vision standing uppermost in his mind, the picture of Zoraida Castlemar

He was conscious now of no step upon the deck, no sound to mar the present serene fitness of things. But out of his dreamings he was drawn back abruptly to the swaying, swinging deck of a crazy schooner by the odd, vague feeling that he was not alone.

"Barlow," he called quickly. "That you?"

There was no answer and yet, stronger than before, was the certainty that some one was near at hand, that a pair of eyes were regarding him through the obscurity of the night. So strong was the emotion, and so strongly did it recall the emotion of a few nights ago when he had felt the influence of a strange woman's eyes, that he leaped to his feet. On the instant he half expected to see Zoraida Castelmar standing at his elbow.

What he saw, or thought that he saw, was a vague figure standing against the rail across the deck from him, beyond the corner of the cabin wall. A luminous pair of eyes, glowing through the dark. Kendric was across the deck in a flash. No one was there. He raced sternward, whisked around the pile of freight cluttered about the mast, tripped over a coil of rope and ran forward again. When he still found no one, so strong was the impression made on him that some one had been standing looking at him, he made a stubborn search from prow to stern. Barlow was in bed and looked to be asleep; the Filipino was muttering over the wheel and when Kendric demanded to know if he had seen anything said, "Aw," negatively; Nigger Ben had given over singing and was feeding the canary and freshening its water supply.

Afterward Kendric realized that all the time while he was racing madly up and down, peering into cabin and galley and nook and corner, there had been a clear image standing uppermost in his mind; the picture of Zoraida Castelmar as she had stood and looked at him when she had said, "I have put a charm and a spell over your life." Now he simply knew that he had the mad thought that she was somewhere on board and that, hide as she would, he would find her. But when he gave up and went sullenly back to his toppled chair, he knew that all he had succeeded in was in making both Nigger Ben and Filipino Charlie marvel.

Nigger Ben, he thought sullenly, had come close enough to understanding something of what was in his mind. For the giant African rolled his eyes whitely and said:

"Ha'nts, Cap'n Jim? You been seein' ha'nts, too?"

"What makes you say that, Ben?" demanded Kendric. "Did you see anything?"

Nigger Ben looked fairly inflated with mysterious wisdom. But, thought Kendric, what Negro who ever lived would have denied having seen something ghostly? Kendric had searched thoroughly high and low; he had turned over big crates below deck, he had peered up the masts. Now, before settling himself back in his chair, he looked in on Barlow again. Twisty was turning over; his eyes were open.

"I don't want any funny business," said Kendric sternly. "Did you smuggle Zoraida Castelmar on board?"

Barlow blinked at him.

"Who the blazes is Zoraida Castelmar?" he countered. "The cat or the canary?"

Kendric grunted and went out, plumping himself down in his chair. He supposed that he had imagined the whole thing. He had not seen anything definitely; he had merely felt that eyes were watching him; what had seemed a figure across deck might have been the oil coat hanging on a peg or a curtain blowing out of a window. The more he thought over the matter the more assured was he that he had allowed his imaginings to make a fool of him. And by the time the sun flooded the decks next morning he was ready to forget the episode.

To be continued tomorrow

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
DAVID POWELL in "DANGEROUS LIES"

ALLEGHENY Frankford & Allegheny Mat. Daily 2:15; Eves. 8
WILLIAM DeMILLE'S "AFTER THE SHOW"

APOLLO 52D & THOMPSON STS. MATINEE DAILY
THOMAS MEIGHAN in "THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN"

ARCADIA CHESTNUT Bel. 16TH 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN in "HANDCUFFS AND KISSES"

ASTOR FRANKLIN & GIRARD AVE. MATINEE DAILY
ALL-STAR CAST in "The Woman Above Reproach"

BALTIMORE 51ST & BALTIMORE Eve. 6:30; Sat. Mat.
RICHARD BARTHELMESS in "EXPERIENCE"

BENN 64TH AND WOODLAND AVE. MATINEE DAILY
WILLIAM DeMILLE'S "AFTER THE SHOW"

BLUEBIRD Broad & Susquehanna Continuous 2 until 11
HELENE CHADWICK in "GODLESS MEN"

BROADWAY Broad & Snyder Ave. 2, 6:45 & 9 P. M.
MARGUERITE CLARK in "SCRAMBLED WIVES"

CAPITOL 722 MARKET ST. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
VIOLA DANA in "THE MATCH BREAKER"

COLONIAL Gtn. & Maplewood Aves. 2:30, 7 and 9 P. M.
WILLIAM DeMILLE'S "AFTER THE SHOW"

DARBY THEATRE
CHARLES RAY in "SCRAP IRON"

EMPRESS MAIN ST., MANAYUNK MATINEE DAILY
ETHEL CLAYTON in "BEYOND"

FAIRMOUNT 26th & Girard Ave. MATINEE DAILY
WILLIAM S. HART in "THREE-WORD BRAND"

FAMILY THEATRE 1311 Market St. 8 A. M. TO MIDNIGHT
WILLIAM RUSSELL in "The Lady From Longacre"

56TH ST. THEATRE—Below Spruce MATINEE DAILY
CONWAY TEARLE in "THE FIGHTER"

GLOBE 5901 MARKET ST. 1:30, 7:30 and 8:30 to 11
ALICE BRADY in "LITTLE ITALY"

GRANT 4022 GIRARD AVE. MATINEE TODAY
"THE GARDEN OF ALLAH"
CHARLIE CHAPLIN COMEDY

GREAT NORTHERN Broad St. at Erie 2, 7 and 9 P. M.
ALL-STAR CAST in "THE LITTLE FOOL"

IMPERIAL 60TH & WALNUT STS. Mats. 2:30; Eves. 7 & 9
BERT LYTELL in "A TRIP TO PARADISE"

KARLTON CHESTNUT Above BROAD Daily 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Elliott Dexter in "DON'T TELL EVERYTHING"

Lehigh Palace Germantown Ave. and Lehigh Avenue
CONSTANCE TALMADGE in "GOOD REFERENCES"

LIBERTY BROAD & COLUMBIA AV. MATINEE DAILY
DAVID POWELL in "DANGEROUS LIES"

OVERBROOK 63D & HAVERFORD AVE.
MARSHALL NEILAN'S "Bob Hampton of Placer"

PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG in "WHAT NO MAN KNOWS"

PRINCESS 1018 MARKET STREET 8:30 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
LIONEL BARRYMORE in "THE DEVIL'S GARDEN"

REGENT MARKET ST. Below 17TH 9:45 A. M. to 11 P. M.
SHIRLEY MASON in "QUEENIE"

RIALTO GERMANTOWN AVENUE AT TULPEHOCKEN ST.
RUPERT HUGHES' "Dangerous Curve Ahead"

RUBY MARKET ST. BELOW 7TH 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
PAULINE FREDERICK in "THE MISTRESS OF SHENSTONE"

SAVOY 1211 MARKET STREET 8 A. M. TO MIDNIGHT
MILDRED HARRIS in "HABIT"

SHERWOOD 54th & Baltimore Av. MAT. 2; EVE. 6:30
PAULINE FREDERICK in "THE STING OF THE LASH"

STANLEY MARKET AT 19TH 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
MME. NAZIMOVA in "CAMILLE"

STANTON MARKET Above 16TH 10:15 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
WM. FOX'S WONDER PLAY "OVER THE HILL"

333 MARKET STREET THEATRE 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
RUSSELL SIMPSON in "SNOW BLIND"

VICTORIA MARKET ST. ab. 9TH 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
TOM MIX in "THE ROUGH DIAMOND"

RIALTO WEST CHESTER
ETHEL CLAYTON in "BEYOND"

The NIXON-NIRDLINGER THEATRES

BELMONT 52D ABOVE MARKET 2:30 and 6:30 to 11 P. M.
DORIS MAY in "THE FOOLISH AGE"

CEDAR 60TH & CEDAR AVENUE 1:30 and 3—7 and 9
ALL-STAR CAST in "SHAMS OF SOCIETY"

COLISEUM Market bet. 59th & 60th 2:30 and 3—7 and 9 P. M.
PAULINE FREDERICK in "THE STING OF THE LASH"

JUMBO FRONT ST. & GIRARD AVE. Jumbo June. on Frankford "L"
ALL-STAR CAST in "OUT OF THE DEPTHS"

LEADER 41ST & LANCASTER AVE. MATINEE DAILY
WILLIAM C. DeMILLE'S "AFTER THE SHOW"

LOCUST 52D AND LOCUST STREETS Mats. 1:30, 3:30. Eves. 6:30 to 11
JOHNNY HINES in "BURN 'EM UP BARNES"

NIXON 52D AND MARKET STS. 2:15, 7 and 9
THOMAS H. INCE'S "THE BRONZE BELL"

RIVOLI 52D AND SANSOM STS. MATINEE DAILY
ORRIN JOHNSON and DOROTHY DALTON in "THE THREE MUSKETEERS"

69TH ST. THEATRE—Opp. Terminal Daily 2:30—7 and 9
GLORIA SWANSON in "UNDER THE LASH"

STRAND GERMANTOWN AVE. AT VENANGO STREET
JACK HART and LILA LEE in "AFTER THE SHOW"

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

Germantown 5510 Germantown Ave. MATINEE DAILY
BERT LYTELL in "THE MAN WHO"

JEFFERSON 20th & Dauphin Sts. 2:15, 7:15 & 9:15 DAILY
VIOLA DANA in "LIFE'S DARN FUNNY"

PARK RIDGE AVE & DAUPHIN ST. Mat. 2:15. Eve. 6:45 to 11
MAY ALLISON in "BIG GAME"