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, while on a trip to New York, meets Lawrence French, a press agent, who secures for her an important part playing opposite John Seward, a famous star. Seward asks Dorothy to marry him, but she refuses. Dorothy goes to Ithaca to play a small part that Lawrence French secures for her. Dorothy reads that her girl friend, Peggy, has committed suicide, and that the authorities are looking for her. Lawrence French asks Dorothy to marry him. He tells her that the matter of Peggy's suicide has been straightened out.

And Here It Continues

"HER face won't show buried on his shoulder that way," she remonstrated. "It's outrageous—horrible—the censors will never stand for that."

she wailed, as a final protest. But Mr. Banning, never cracking a smile, just went right on with the rehearsal. He kept them at it for half an hour before he shot a foot of film, and by that time Crystal was beaming up into Gilbert's eyes in a way that made her mother purple with rage.

She raved to Mr. Banning about it afterward.

"When Crystal played with Douglas Fairbanks she never did such things!" she raved. "And she's supported all the big stars—played leading lady for many of them—and never has she done such things! The public wants her just a sweet little girl—they don't want to see her do this sort of thing!"

Now, we'd all heard so many times about Crystal's playing with Douglas Fairbanks and William S. Hart and all the other men stars that we were heartily sick of it. As a matter of fact, she had played with them but her name hadn't even appeared in the cast, or else she'd just played children parts. As for the rest of her objections, Mr. Banning soon settled them.

"Crystal is a star now, and must appear in the big climaxes of the story, Mrs. May," he told her.

"As for this scene—well, this is a story of boy and girl love, a beautiful idyllic thing, and I think you'll find favor with both the critics and the public."

She turned away then; she knew that she was beaten for the time being, but she sputtered and through luncheon about it.

We had a picnic lunch out in the woods, and it was lots of fun. I liked Phil Cabot awfully well, and she and his wife and Gilbert Graves and I had a gorgeous time together, always. Mr. Banning joined us that day, and they all swapped stories of picture making that were enlightening, to say the least.

There was another big scene scheduled for the afternoon, but one of quite a different sort. It was to be a thriller. In it Crystal was to be shown escaping from the villain, with some important papers which had belonged to her father, and which he wanted. He wanted her for himself, too, and she was afraid of him. And she was to run down to the edge of the river, and finally, panic-stricken, to jump over the falls.

But Crystal balked.

"I don't want to do it," she protested, fairly shivering with fright. "I didn't know it was going to be this way when you told us the story. Why, I'd be risking my life."

"Not at all," answered Mr. Banning, calm as a May morn. "You can see that there's a net stretched where you can't help landing in it; there's really no danger at all. All you have to do is to wade into the water here at the top, over at one side; we can cut to show the falls, so that it will look as if you were near the edge. Then you jump, land in the net—and that's all there is to it. Perfectly simple. Come on, Crystal."

But Crystal didn't want to come on. She was terribly frightened. I didn't blame her, either. If she did it just right, everything would be all right, but if she stumbled, or the net didn't hold, or anything else happened just a bit wrong, she'd go over Taughannock Falls, just as sure as shooting.

"I can't do it," she whimpered, clinging to her mother. "I'm afraid—I don't want to."

"But it's in the story—it's the big scene; you'll be perfectly safe," her mother urged. "Come on, Baby. Now, a real actress wouldn't act that way. And just think of the people who do things like this all the time. Think of Pearl White and Ruth Roland and all those girls. Come on, Baby!"

Somehow, it reminded me of the way my mother used to urge me to go to the dentist.

"Oh, come on, Crys," said Janet Powers. "Why, that's nothing at all, that little jump. Want me to double for you?"

Every one laughed at that; Janet Powers was so much bigger than Crystal that it would have been impossible. But Crystal sat down on a big rock and burst into tears.

To be continued tomorrow

JUST EVERYDAY INCIDENTS IN ANY FILM STUDIO

The top picture was snapped between scenes at the Goldwyn studio. Reginald Barker, director, is objecting to the way a scene was done, and they've got the "N. G." sign ready, which means a retake. In the lower picture the photographer objects to Lentrice Joy's make-up, and the scene is held up while she improves it. Director Worsley looks bored

CLOSE-UPS of the MOVIE GAME

By HENRY M. NEELY

Hugo Ballin Explains About Your Scripts

SOME time ago, you may remember, I printed an article saying that Hugo Ballin, producer of "The Sheriff's Son," "Stage Struck" and other photoplays, needed a story and invited you to send him manuscripts. He promised, he tells us, was most entertaining. He has found these stories and does not need any more, but he has asked me to give him this space today so that he can tell you what "the scripts you sent him. This is what he writes:

"I AM sure that some of the material from Philadelphia contained the story I have at last selected, but both Mrs. Ballin and I wish to take this opportunity of expressing to the many readers of this column our very real appreciation of the friendly interest shown us, and to thank each and every one of the writers for the scenarios submitted.

"Many of these stories were excellent, some only fair, and others obviously the work of novices in screen writing.

"But, whether beginners or experts, it may not be amiss for me here to suggest a few of the reasons why even excellent stories are frequently not purchased.

"Many of your read ps asked me to criticize their individual stories, but had I attempted to do this, I should have had to employ an extra secretary, so if you will permit me to use a few inches of column space I shall outline some of the considerations which frequently affect the availability of a story.

"Some of the submitted stories had so slender a plot that a very elaborate and lavish production would have had to be made, with the necessary introduction of some spectacular effect in order to put the story across.

"Others were stories in which male characters only predominated, and in nine cases out of ten the woman in the picture is the figure on which the attention of the audience is centered.

"Still other stories, while really very good, were not sufficiently unlike other current pictures as to warrant a second production of a similar theme.

"Again, I read that a very excellent story had to be ruled out of my selection because it could only have been filmed in Canada—and my present production plans call for me remaining in the East. Another story dealt entirely with the World War, and for the time being, at least, we must get away from the war theme.

"STORIES of hypnotism, stories dealing with the occult, stories with a sport-auto theme are very edible, and necessarily difficult of treatment and not over-popular with audiences.

"Again, a single incident is not sufficient to make a successful screen story, even though that incident be of a very dramatic and thrilling character; and in making this statement I have in mind the many readers who wrote that some novel or startling experience had occurred to them or to some member of their family, and that they were sure it would make a wonderful movie.

"No movie is made up of a single incident. The successful photoplay has a specific story, an introduction, the unfolding of the plot, and the natural and logical building up of the theme to a very definite dramatic climax, and unless your story has an underlying theme, and a well-balanced plot, the most powerful and startling incident plays or little value.

"FINALLY, keep your theme as simple as you can. Be sure that it has a universal appeal, for, remember, it must be equally enjoyed by those in different walks of life. In fact, I can think of no better advice than Mr. Neely usually gives some stage star, who he said that a good photoplay demanded "acting, acting, acting, and the one great fundamental thing—a generic human human interest."

Answers to Questions by Movie Fans

JIMMY—"Dodgers" is Edith Barrymore's stage success of two years ago. It will be filmed this season. Allan Dwan is married to Pauline Finch. She has appeared on the screen, but at present is not playing in pictures.

PINTO—Yes, we believe Bessie Beatrice Sannon was not Gloria in "The Last Waltz." I never heard of Evelyn Hughes in motion pictures. Billie Dove plays the part of the sweetheart of Wallingford's pal in "Get Rich Quick Wallingford." Doris Kenyon has the leading feminine role in the same production.

ALICE BORTLIS—William Moore is one of the best known character actors. His latest completed pictures are "Ten Dollar Raise" and "Pilgrims of the Night." The picture on which he is working at present is "A Bride of the Gods."

SPINK—Lottie Pickford is Mary's sister. Marshall Neilan was at one time a leading man in pictures. Since becoming one of the most successful directors in the profession he no longer appears on the screen. Some of his notable successes are "The River's End," "Dinty," "Daddy Long Legs," "Go and Get It," "Bob Hampton of Placer" and "Bits of Life."

JUST SO—Dorothy Dalton and Reid is playing opposite Lester Cuneo in "Behind the Mask." No, no, the Reids are not same relations to anyone. They are one of the numerous families in Hollywood. The rumor probably started because Dorothy Davenport returned to the screen after an absence of several years.

ZEPHYRINE—Little Carolina Mrs. James Neill in private life. Bridgetta Clark plays the role of the mother of Eugenie in "The Conquering Power." She also played an important part in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

HESTER ANNE—A good old-fashioned name you have. Elaine Hammerstein's leading man in "Handcuffs or Kisses" is Robert Ellis. Norma Talmadge was not born in Brooklyn, but in Niagara Falls in 1897.

WOTZ—Yes, indeed, Eva and Jane Novak are sisters. I do not know if they ever appear on the screen together. I have never seen a picture in which they both appear.

BOOK WORM—Sam Kim was born in China. You are correct—he played with Houdini in the serial, "The Lightning Raider." He has appeared in a number of other serials.

FILM CELEBRITIES ARE VISITING COAST IN BUNCHES

By CONSTANCE PALMER
Hollywood, Calif.

LIFE on the Coast is just one arrival after another. One hardly knows which minute will be the next. Charlie Chaplin, first of all, came home from his conquering European tour. A large delegation met him at the station, the whoopdas being given by admiring friends and those who admired and wished they were friends. Claire Windsor, Mr. Chaplin's current fiancee, was curled coyly in a corner of her car. The meeting was quite evidently prearranged, for, after an emissary had ascertained her whereabouts, she and Mr. Chaplin drove off together, amid the shouts of a frenzied populace.

Constance Talmadge, upon her arrival, was met by a delegation of the city fathers, who not only presented her with a speech indicative of their delight, but a posy, thus showing they didn't care a single care for expense.

Miss Norma Talmadge is scheduled to arrive today, and a delegation, of which our Mayor is the leader, will meet her. Another group of close friends and relatives is motoring down the line to meet the train and ride in with her. Perhaps you already know the Talmadge aggregations intend to stay until June, each sister making two pictures, the total tour to cost a million.

* * *

Coincident with the arrival of the sisters, our attention is brought to the fact that the Brunton Studios have been taken over by a corporation to be called the United Studios, Incorporated. Joseph Schenck, husband of Miss Norma, and producer of the pictures of both actresses, has a controlling interest in the new company, and it is here the Talmadge pictures will be made.

The "plant," as the close-ups man calls it (sounds like a put-up job), will be greatly enlarged, as the new deal puts a lot more money at the disposal of the executives. Otherwise the policy of the studio will remain unchanged, Miss Pickford, upon her return, probably continuing to produce on Stages Four and Six.

Constance Talmadge has been resting and visiting with Sister Natalie since her arrival. It is announced that her new picture, temporarily xclepe "The Divorcee," will start in about two weeks.

* * *

Everybody may be arriving, but at least one person is leaving—and that of his own accord. No, I don't mean to insinuate that he's been put out previously, but this is strictly a personal trip. In other words, the gent is paying his own fare for the first time in many a moon. Yes, I'm talking about Tommy Meighan, the champion commuter of the films. He's just finished a picture called "If You Believe It, It's So," and is waiting to start "The Proxy Daddy." My word, did you ever hear a title to beat that? What's getting to be the matter with Mr. Paramount? He's renamed Jack Holt's just finished picture, "While Satan Sleeps," which is just as bad the other way!

She's to Be Starred

MAY COLLINS

Who last year was reported as being engaged to Charlie Chaplin, is to be starred by a new producing concern. The Chaplin rumor has been continually denied.

DAUGHTER OF THE SUN

A Tale of Adventure

BY QUIEN SABE (*Who Knows*)

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THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Jim Kendric, a devil-may-care, whole-hearted American, in a Mexican gambling joint meets Ruiz Rios, an old rival and enemy, who pressed on by his companion, takes up Kendric's challenge to a high stake game of dice. His companion's identity is a mystery, but every one sees it is a woman under the sombrero and masculine attire of the border. In an exciting scene Jim wrecks 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. After a voyage in a disreputable tub with a quaint cutthroat crew, the party lands and makes its way to the interior. At the picturesque scene of their exploit, again in mass attires to their amazement appears Zoraida. It appears the treasure hunting party is in the power of the strange woman and her coterie. In a startling interview she discloses that she is the last of the Aztec princesses and lays claim to the treasure of the Montezumas, which Kendric is seeking. She proffers him her love and is bitter when he says he has no time for love. Meanwhile he has sight of an American girl Betty Gordon, who is being held for ransom. Another message from Zoraida comes to him.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

THE message was typewritten, even to the signature. It said:

"No doubt Senor Kendric would like to see his old friend, Senor West. If he will only set his signature below what follows he will be given a horse, permission to ride and instructions as to direction. Zoraida."

And below were the words, with date and a dotted line for him to sign:

"I pledge my word, as a gentleman, to Zoraida Castelmar, that I will return to her at Hacienda Montezuma, not later than daybreak twenty-four hours from now. * * *"

"A take-or-leave proposition, clean cut," he comprehended promptly. And as promptly he decided to take it. The maid who had brought him the paper was offering pen and ink. He accepted and wrote swiftly: "Jim Kendric."

"Has Barlow breakfasted yet?" he asked, returning to his coffee.

"An hour ago, senor. He has gone out."

"Alone?"

"No, senor. With La Senorita Zoraida."

"Hm," said Kendric. "And Rios? And Escobar?"

"Senor Rios went to bed late; it is his custom, senor." The girl looked as though she could tell him more, but, with a quick glance over her shoulder, contented herself with saying only: "Senor Escobar is with the men outside."

"And the American girl? Miss Gordon?"

"Asleep still, senor."

"Has Escobar been near her?"

"No, senor. She has been alone except for me and Rosita. La pobrecita," she added, almost in a whisper. "She is so frightened."

"Be kind to her," said Kendric. He, too, looked over his shoulder. In his pocket were the few fifty-dollar bills left to him from his oil shares. "What is your name?"

"Juanita," she told him.

"All right, Juanita; take this." He slipped a bill along the tablecloth toward her. "Give Rosita half, you keep half. And be kind to Miss Gordon."

"Oh, senor!" she cried, as in protest. But she took back the note. Kendric felt better for the transaction; he finished his breakfast with rare appetite.

"Now," he cried, jumping up, "for the horse. Is it ready?"

Juanita, the folded paper in her hands, went with him to the door.

"The horse is ready, Senor Americano," she told him. "It remains only for me to tell the boy that you have promised to return."

Sure enough, pawing the gravel in front of the house, half jerking off his feet the westiro holding it, was a tall, rangy sorrel horse looking as fine an animal as any man in a hurry could wish.

"Senor Kendric will ride, Pedro," called Juanita. "Give him the horse."

Pedro gave the reins over to Kendric and turned away toward the stables. Kendric swung up into the saddle and for a moment curbed the big sorrel's dash toward the gates, to say meditatively to Juanita:

"If I took that paper away from you and made a run for it, what then?"

A look of fear leaped into the girl's dark eyes and she drew hastily back, clutching the paper to her breast.

"Senor!" she cried, breathlessly and aghast. "You would not! She—she would kill me."

"She would what?" he scowled.

"She would give me to her cat, her terrible, terrible cat, to play with!" Juanita shivered, and drew still further back. "With my life I must guard this paper until it goes from my hand into her hand."

He laughed his disbelief and gave his horse his head at last. They shot away through the shrubbery; the horse slid to a standstill before the closed gate. Of the man smoking a cigarette before it Kendric said curtly:

"You are to let me through. And direct me to Bruce West's ranch."

"Si, senor." The man opened the gate. "It is yonder; up the valley. The trail will carry you up over the mountain; there are piled stones to mark the way to the pass. In an hour, from the other side of the ridge, you will see houses. Ten miles from there."

Kendric rode through and as he did so his figure straightened in the saddle, his shoulders squared, he put up his head. Free and in the open, if only for twenty-four hours. And with a horse, a real horse, between his knees. He looked off to the left to Barlow's three peaks; the sun was gilding the top of the tallest and it was unquestionable that it was flat-topped. But he did not dwell long upon buried gold nor yet on the query which suggested itself: "Where were Barlow and Zoraida riding so early?" The immediate present and the immediate surroundings were all that he cared to interest himself in on a day like this.

The man at the gate had said it was ten miles from the far side of the ridge to the Bruce West ranch house; the entire distance, therefore, from the Hacienda Montezuma would be about double that distance. The trail, once he reached the hills, was a dilatory, leisurely affair, thoroughly Mexican; it sought out the gentlest slope always and appeared in no haste to arrive anywhere. Well, his mood could be made to suit the trail's; he was in no hurry, having all day for his talk with young West.

The higher he rose above the floor of Zoraida's grassy valley the steeper did his trail become, flanked with cliffs, at times looking too sheer ahead for a horse. But always the path twisted between the boulders and found the possible way up.

So he came into a splendid solitude, a region of naked rocks, of a few windblown trees, of little open level spaces grown up with dry brush and wiry grass; of defiles through stone-bound ways that were so narrow two men could not have ridden through them abreast, so crooked that a man often could not see ten steps ahead or ten steps behind, so deep that he must throw his head far back to see the barren cliff tops above him. Strips of sky, seen thus, were deep, deep blue.

It was not at all strange, he told himself during one of his meditative moments while his horse climbed valiantly, that Zoraida should know of his friendship with Bruce West, nor that she should understand his natural desire to ride where he was going this morning. Every one in the border town had known of his letter at the postoffice; further, it was not in the least unlikely that Senorita Castelmar would know of the letter when it was dropped into the slot at the Mexican postoffice. What did strike him as odd, however, was that she should consent to his leaving the ranch, realizing that he knew much of her own plans and would doubtless speak freely of them and of the American girl held in her house for ransom.

"Not only was she willing for me to see Bruce," he decided; "she wanted me to. Why?"

His trail led him into the last narrow defile to be encountered before reaching the summit. So closely did the rocks press in on each side that often his taparderos brushed the sheer wall. He made a turn, none too wide for the body of his horse, and drew sudden rein, looking into two rifle barrels. The men covering him lay a dozen feet above his head upon a bare, flat rock. He could see only the hands upon their guns, the heads under their tall hats, the shoulders. But he was near enough to mark a business-like look in the hard black eyes.

"You've got the drop on me, companeros," he said lightly. "What's the game?"

A third man appeared on foot in the trail before him, stepping out from behind a shoulder of rock. He came on until he could have put out a hand to the sorrel's reins.

"Where do you ride so early?" asked the man on foot, his voice quiet, but vaguely hostile. "On what errand?"

"What business is it of yours, my friend?" returned Kendric.

"I know the horse," called one of the figures above. "It is El Rey, from the stables of La Senorita."

"Then the rider must have a message. Or a sign. Or he has stolen the horse, which would go bad with him!"

"Curse you and your signs and messages," cried Kendric hotly. "It's a free country and I ride where I please."

The man before him only smiled.

"Let me look at your saddle strings," he said.

Kendric stared wonderingly; was the fellow insane? What in the name of folly did he mean by a thing like this? Surely not just the opportunity to draw close enough to strike with a knife; the rifles above made such strategy useless.

So he sat still and contented himself with watching. The man came a step closer, twisted El Rey's head aside, pressed close and looked at the rawhide strings on one side of the saddle. Then he moved to the other side and repeated the process. Immediately he drew back, lifting his hat widely.

"Pass on, senor," he said courteously. "Viva La Senorita!"

Kendric spurred by him and rode on, passing abruptly out of a wilderness of tumbled boulders into a grassy flat. He turned in the saddle; nowhere was there sign of another than himself upon the mountain. Curiously he looked at his saddle strings; in one of them a slit had been made through which the end of the string had been passed; a double knot had been tied just below the slit. In no other particular was any one of the strings in the least noteworthy.

"As good a way to carry a message as any," he granted. "With not even the messenger aware of the tidings he brings!"

The incident impressed him deeply. Zoraida, at the game she played, was in deadly earnest. Her commands went far and through many channels and were obeyed. The passes through the mountains were in her hands. The sunlight fell warm and golden about him; the full morning was serene; a stillness as of ineffable peace lay across the solitudes. And yet he felt that the placid promise was a lie; that the laughing loveliness of the day was but a mask covering much strife. In the full light he moved on not unlike a man groping in absolute darkness, uncertain of the path he trod, suspicious of pitfalls, knowing only that his direction was in hands other than his own. Hands that looked soft and that were relentless; hands that blazed with barbaric jewels. There had been a knot in a rawhide string, and a bandit in the mountains had lifted his hat and had said simply: "Long live La Senorita!"

CHAPTER IX

Which Begins With a Little Song and Ends With Trouble Between Friends

Speculation at this stage was profitless and the day was perfect. Kendric told himself critically that he was growing fanciful; he had been cooped up too much. First on board the schooner New Moon, then in four walls of a house. What he needed was day after day, stood on end, like this. If he didn't look out he'd be growing nerves

"Let me look at your saddle strings," he said

next. He grinned widely at the remote possibility, pushed his hat far back and rode on. And by the time his horse had carried him to the far edge of the level land and to the first slope of the downward pitch, he was singing contentedly to himself and his horse and all the world that cared to listen.

Far below, far ahead, he caught his first glimpse of the ranch houses marking the Bruce West holdings. From the heights his eye ran down into valley lands that stretched wide and far away, rolling, grassy, with occasional clumps of trees where there were waterholes. A valley by no means so prodigally watered as Zoraida's, but none the less an estate to put a sparkle into a man's eyes. It was large, it was sufficiently level and fertile; above aught else it was remote. It gave the impression of a great, calm aloofness from the outside world of traffic and congestion; it lay, mile after mile, sufficient unto itself, a place for a lover of the outdoors to make his home.

No wonder that young West had gone wild over it. Hills and mountains shut it in, rising to the sky lines like walls actually sustaining the blue cloudless void. As Jim Kendric rode on and down his old song, his own song, found its way to his lips.

"Where skies are blue
And the earth is wide
And it's only you
And the mountainside!"

"Twenty miles between shacks," he considered approvingly. "And never a line fence to cut your way through. It's near paradise, this land, wherever it isn't just fair hell. No half-way business; no maudlin make-believe." But all of a sudden his face darkened. "Poor little kid," he said. "If Bruce could only loan me half a dozen ready-mixed, rough and ready, border cowboys; Californians, Arizonans and Texans!"

His hopes of this were not large at any time; when he came upon the first of Bruce West's riders they vanished entirely. An Indian, or half-breed, at the best, ragged as to black stringy hair, hard-visaged, stony-eyed. Kendric called to him and the rider turned in his saddle and waited. And for answer to the question: "Where's the Old Man? Bruce West?" the answer was a hand lifted lazily to point up valley and silence.

"Gracias, amigo," laughed Kendric and rode on.

There was not a more amazed man in all Lower California when Jim Kendric rode up to him. Bruce West was out with two of his men driving a herd of young, wild-looking horses down toward the corrals beyond the house. For an instant his blue eyes stared incredulously; then they filled with shining joy. He swept off his broad hat to wave it wildly about his head; he came swooping down on Kendric as though he had a suspicion that his visitor had it in his head to whirl and make a bolt for the mountains; he whooped gleefully.

"Old Jim Kendric!" he shouted. "Old Headlong Jim! Old r'arin', tearin', ramblin', rovin', hell-for-leather Kendric! Oh, mamma! Man, I'm glad to see you!"

Only a youngster, was Bruce West, but manly for all that, who wore his heart on his sleeve, his honesty in his eyes, and who would rather frolic than fight, but would rather fight than do nothing. When last Kendric had seen him Bruce was nursing his first mustache and glorying in the triumphant fact that soon he would be old enough to vote; now, barely past twenty-three, he looked a trifle thinner than his former hundred and ninety pounds but never a second older. He was a boy with blue eyes and yellow hair and a profound adoration for all that Jim Kendric stood for in his eager eyes.

"Why all the war paint, Baby Blue-eyes?" Kendric asked as they shook hands. For under Bruce's knee was strapped a rifle and a big army revolver rode at his saddle horn.

Bruce laughed, his mood having no place for frowns.

"Not just for ornament, old joy-bringer," he retorted. "Using 'em every now and then. I'm in deep here, Jim, with every cent I've got and every hope of big things. Times, a man has to shoot his way out into the clear or go to the wall. Hey, Gaucho!" he called, turning in his saddle. "You and Tony haze the ponies in to the corrals. And tell Castro we've got the King of Spain with us for grub and to put on the best on the ranch; we'll blow in about noon.

"Come ahead, Jim, I'll show you the finest lay-out of a cow outfit you ever trailed your eye across."

They rode, saw everything, both acreage and water and stock, and talked; for the most part Bruce did the talking, speaking with quick enthusiasm of what he had, what he had done, what he meant to accomplish yet in spite of obstacles. He had bought outright some six thousand acres, expending for them and what lowbred stock they fed all of his inherited capital. From the nearest bank, at El Ojo, he had borrowed heavily, mortgaging his outfit. With the proceeds he had leased adjoining lands so that now his stock grazed over ten thousand acres; he had also bought and imported a finer strain of cattle. With the market what it was he was bound to make his fortune, hand over fist—

"If they'd only leave me alone!" he exclaimed hotly.

"They?" queried Kendric.

"Of course the country is unsettled," explained the boy. "Ever since I came into it there has been one sort or another of unrest. When it isn't outright revolution it's politics and that's pretty near the same thing. There are prowling bands of outlaws, calling themselves soldiers, that the authorities can't reach. Look at those mountains over there! What government that has to give half its time or more to watching its own step can manage to ferret out every nest of highwaymen in every canyon? Those boys are my big trouble, Jim! A raid from them is always on the books and there are times when I'm pretty near ready to throw up the sponge and drift. But it's a great land; a great land. And now you're with me!" His eyes shone. "I'll make you any sort of a proposition you call for, Jim, and together we'll make history. Not to mention barrels of money."

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 ALICE LAKE in "UNCHARTED SEAS"

ALLEGHENY Frankford & Allegheny Mat. Daily 2:15; Eves. 8 BERT LYTELL in "A TRIP TO PARADISE"

APOLLO 52D & THOMPSON STS. MATINEE DAILY ORRIN JOHNSON and DOROTHY DALTON "THE THREE MUSKETEERS"

ARCADIA CHESTNUT Bet. 16TH to A. M. to 11:15 P. M. MAY McAVOY in "MORALS"

ASTOR FRANKLIN & GIRARD AVE. MATINEE DAILY DORALDINA in "THE WOMAN UNTAMED" and HAWAIIAN MUSICAL REVIEW

BALTIMORE 21ST & BALTIMORE Mat. Daily SESSUE HAYAKAWA in "WHERE LIGHTS ARE LOW"

BENN 64TH AND WOODLAND AVE. MATINEE DAILY MARION DAVIES in "ENCHANTMENT"

BLUEBIRD Broad & Susquehanna Continuous 2 until 11 DAVID POWELL in "DANGEROUS LIES"

BROADWAY Broad & Snyder Ave. 2, 6:45 & 9 P. M. ELSIE FERGUSON in "SONG OF SONGS"

CAPITOL 722 MARKET ST. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. WILLIAM C. CADANNE'S "THE BARRICADE"

COLONIAL Gtn. & Maplewood Aves. 2, 7 and 9 P. M. GLORIA SWANSON in "UNDER THE LASH"

DARBY THEATRE RUPERT HUGHES' "Dangerous Curve Ahead"

EMPRESS MAIN ST., MANAYUNK MATINEE DAILY DAVID POWELL in "DANGEROUS LIES"

FAIRMOUNT 29th & Girard Ave. MATINEE DAILY DAVID POWELL in "DANGEROUS LIES"

FAMILY THEATRE 1311 Market St. A. M. to 11:15 P. M. NORMA TALMADGE in "THE SIGN ON THE DOOR"

56TH ST. THEATRE—Below Spruce MATINEE DAILY HAZEL DAWN in "DEVOTION"

GLOBE 5901 MARKET ST. 2:30 and 6:30 to 11 DORALDINA in "PASSION FRUIT"

GRANT 4022 Girard Ave.—Mat. Today Violin and Organ Recital CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG in "CAMILLE"

GREAT NORTHERN Broad St. at Erie 2, 7 and 9 P. M. RUSSELL SIMPSON in "SNOWBLIND"

IMPERIAL 60TH & WALNUT STS. Mat. 2:30 Eves. 7 & 9 JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD'S "THE GOLDEN SNARE"

KARLTON CHESTNUT West of BROAD Daily 10 A. M. to 11 P. M. CECIL B. DE MILLE'S "FOOL'S PARADISE"

Lehigh Palace Germantown Ave. and Lehigh Avenue MILTON SILLS in "THE LITTLE FOOL"

LIBERTY BROAD & COLUMBIA AV. MATINEE DAILY WILLIAM RUSSELL in "THE LADY FROM LONG ACRE"

OVERBROOK 63D AND HAVERFORD WILLIAM DESMOND in "DANGEROUS TOYS"

PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. SPECIAL CAST in "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari"

PRINCESS 1018 MARKET STREET 8:30 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. GOUVERNEUR MORRIS' "A Tale of Two Worlds"

REGENT MARKET ST. Below 17TH 9:45 A. M. to 11 P. M. GRACE DAVISSON in "Love, Hate and Woman"

RIALTO GERMANTOWN AVENUE AT TULPEHOCKEN ST. MILDRED HARRIS in "THE WOMAN IN HIS HOUSE"

RUBY MARKET ST. BELOW 7TH 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. ALL-STAR CAST in "GOOD WOMEN"

SAVOY 1211 MARKET STREET 8 A. M. to Midnight RUSSELL SIMPSON and PAULINE STARK "SNOWBLIND"

SHERWOOD 54th & Baltimore Av. MAT. 2; EVE. 6:30 LIONEL BARRYMORE in "JIM THE PENMAN"

STANLEY MARKET AT 19TH 11 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. SPECIAL PRODUCTION "THE SHEIK"

STANTON MARKET Above 16TH 10:15 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. SPECIAL FOX PRODUCTION "THE QUEEN OF SHEBA"

333 MARKET STREET THEATRE 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. GLORIA SWANSON in "UNDER THE LASH"

VICTORIA MARKET ST. ab. 9TH 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. SPECIAL PRODUCTION "THUNDERCLAP"

RIALTO WEST CHESTER ANNA Q. NILSSON in "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME"

The NIXON-NIRDLINGER THEATRES

BELMONT 52D ABOVE MARKET 2:30 and 6:30 to 11 P. M. DAVID POWELL in "DANGEROUS LIES"

CEDAR 69TH & CEDAR AVENUE 1:30 and 3—7 and 9 Orrin Johnson, Dorothy Dalton, Louise Glaum "THE THREE MUSKETEERS"

COLISEUM Market bet. 59th & 60th 1:30 & 3—7 and 9 P. M. Orrin Johnson, Dorothy Dalton, Louise Glaum "THE THREE MUSKETEERS"

JUMBO FRONT ST. & GIRARD AVE. Jumbo Juno on Frankford "L" JUSTINE JOHNSTONE in "SHELTERED DAUGHTERS"

LEADER 41ST & LANCASTER AVE. MATINEE DAILY MARION DAVIES in "ENCHANTMENT"

LOCUST 52D AND LOCUST STREETS Mats. 1:30, 3:30. Eves. 6:30 to 11 THOMAS JEFFERSON in "RIP VAN WINKLE"

NIXON 52D AND MARKET STS. 2:15, 7 and 9 MARY ANDERSON in "TOO MUCH MARRIED"

RIVOLI 52D AND SANSOM STS. MATINEE DAILY CARMEL MEYERS in "CHEATED LOVE"

69TH ST. THEATRE—Opp. Terminal Mats. 2:30—Eves. 7 and 9 JACK HOLT and LILA LEE in "AFTER THE SHOW" Thursday, Friday, Saturday W. S. HART in "THREE-WORD BRAND" and HAROLD LLOYD in "Never Weaken"

STRAND GERMANTOWN AVE. AT VENANGO STREET GLORIA SWANSON in "UNDER THE LASH" Thursday, Friday and Saturday ELSIE FERGUSON in "SONG OF SONGS" and HAROLD LLOYD in "Never Weaken"

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

Germantown 5516 Germantown Ave. MATINEE DAILY JOHNNY HINES and BETTY CARPENTER "BURN-'EM-UP BARNES"

JEFFERSON 20th & Dauphin Sts. MATINEE DAILY WANDA HAWLEY in "HER STURDY OAK"

PARK RIDGE AVE & DAUPHIN ST. Mat. 2:15. Eve. 6:45 to 11 CONSTANCE TALMADGE in "LESSONS IN LOVE"