The Daily Movie Magazine

How I Became A Movie Star

As Told to
INEZ KLUMPH

What Has Already Happened

Dorothy Lane, a small-town girl, ambitious to become a screen star, while on a trip to New York, meets Lawrence French, a press agent, who becomes interested in her and secures for her an important part playing opposite John Seward, a famous star. Seward asks Dorothy to marry him, but she refuses, realizing that she cares for Lawrence French. Dorothy goes to Ithaca to play a part in a picture. Lawrence French asks her to marry him, but they have to postpone the wedding on account of the picture. Crystal May, the leading lady, refuses to take a dangerous leap over the falls and Dorothy agrees to do it.

And Here It Continues

"I KNOW what you want to say to me—every bit of it," Mr. Banning began. "And I don't blame you a bit. But there's more to this thing than you think, child. Crystal really has the say about what we do; I've confirmed that by telegraph. And there's only one thing for us to do now—go on and finish the picture, and let her have her way."

"But—do I have to let her have that big scene; I mean, let her have my jump over the falls?"

"I'm afraid you do, Dorothy," he answered. "She's got the upper hand of us there, you know. This thing happens every day in pictures," he went on, giving me a chance to get hold of myself. "I know a girl who did beautiful work in a picture a while ago, but she was so good the star took a dislike to her, and eventually every one of her scenes was cut out. However, don't feel bad; you're new at the game, and the world is round—you haven't heard the last of this thing yet, not by a long shot. Crystal insisted that we destroy all the film that showed you, except the long shots which we are going to use—but sometimes—well, sometimes things aren't destroyed when people think they are. And we may hear more of that bit of film before we get through with it."

"But I can't go on acting with her," I protested. "I simply can't. I'll go back to New York tonight—I won't stay here another day."

"Now, listen to me a minute," he answered, and the hand that he laid on my arm was so steady and cool that I had to listen in spite of myself. "If you do that you're going to queer this picture. And it concerns more people than you and Crystal—more people than you imagine. I know that Crystal has been a little beast about this thing, but if you're a thoroughbred and stick it out I know that you won't lose anything by it.

"We'd have to shoot all your scenes over again, with a new girl, if you left us now. It would cause delay and expense and a lot of trouble. Stay till we're through, and I promise that your scenes will be finished as soon as possible, and you can get back to New York. And I won't forget you—maybe some day I can show my appreciation of what you've done. Now, how about it?"

I wanted to do the right thing, of course; people always do want to, I suppose, only sometimes it's so hard he sat it seems impossible.

"We haven't any contract of course," Mr. Banning went on, "but other, en Larry sent you to me the understanding was that you'd finish the picture—you aren't going to go back on that, are you?"

That cleared everything up for me. Of course, I'd be going back on Larry's word as well as on my own—I wondered why I hadn't realized that before.

"I'll stay," I told Mr. Banning, holding out my hand to seal the bargain. "I give you my word on it."

"Good!" he exclaimed, and then turned away, as some one shouted to him from the road. But even after he had started away he came back to say, "I appreciate this, Dorothy—I'm ever so much obliged to you."

Then I took Larry's letter out of my pocket—and when I finished it I'd have given anything to have my promise back from Carl Banning!

Larry's letter had been hastily scrawled at a desk in the Algonquin Hotel, in New York—headquarters for the nicer motion-picture and theatrical people.

"Have a special assignment to go to the coast with Nanette de Naille," he wrote. "She's going out there to do a picture, and B."—a famous novelist—"is going along; a great party, with a private car and everything. I'm to do special publicity, talk over her picture with her and the way a story of his can be adapted so that she can do it—have a grand time.

"And I want you to come down here at once, sweetheart, and marry me. Then you can go along. We'll have a stateroom out in the regular train, and can play around with these people as much as we want to, yet be by ourselves. We can start a day early, if you want to, and stop off to show your husband to your family.

"Wire me what train you'll catch and I'll meet you."

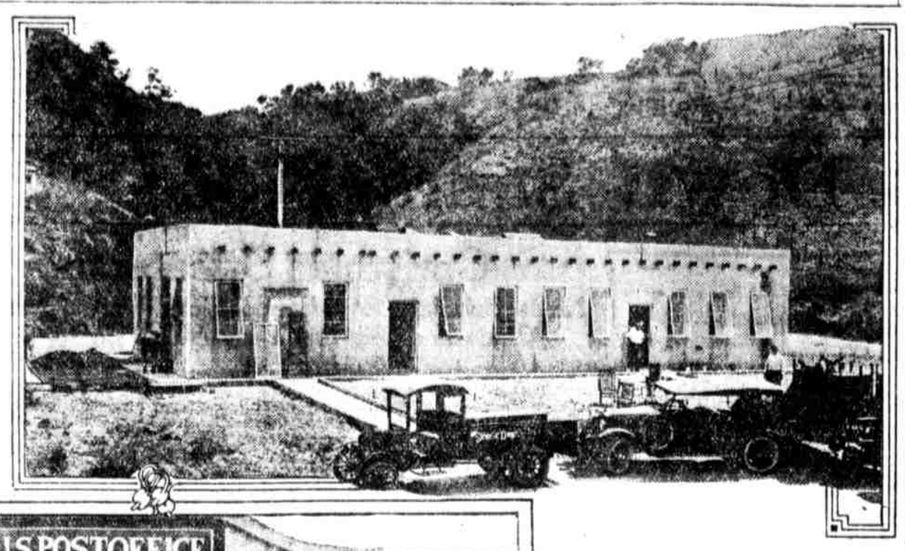
A honeymoon on the coast—right away—and I couldn't go. It seemed to me that my heart would break. Here I'd thought that my coming up to the country to work in this picture was wonderful, and it had brought me such a lot of trouble.

But I'd given my word to Banning, and even though few of the people whom I'd known in the motion-picture industry bothered about a little thing like that, I felt that I'd have to stick to it. I knew that Banning was hurrying to get through with the picture for reasons which he hadn't told me; a story that was quite similar was being made by somebody else, and he had already worked out a big advertising and exploitation scheme that would fall flat if somebody else beat him to it.

A scenario editor who had worked for him had gone over to one of the other companies and sold them the main plot of this very story, and so, of course, Banning was working against time. So he simply couldn't afford to lose the time that he'd be behind if I left him and he had to send to New York for some one else, and take my scenes again. I hadn't needed him to tell me that.

To be continued tomorrow

SOME "BRASS TACKS" OF A BIG FILM STUDIO



ALL is not romance and gorgeous sets around the studios. The top picture shows the scenario department's headquarters at Universal City, and below the postoffice at the same place. The sack that is being delivered probably contains fans' mail and scenarios submitted by amateurs. Nothing beautiful about these buildings, but they occupy a very necessary niche in the day's work at the studio.

HAROLD LLOYD IS HARD AT WORK ON LATEST COMEDY

By CONSTANCE PALMER

Hollywood, Calif.

HAROLD LLOYD is working hard on a new comedy, temporarily called "The White Feather." It's a small-town story, the lovable Harold appearing as a country youth, and adorable Mildred Davis as a little rural girl. "The Sailor-Made Man" has been finished, and the print shipped to New York. Just before this, however, Mr. Lloyd and Miss Davis took it aboard the U. S. S. Frederick, where many of the scenes had been taken. It's unnecessary to say that six hundred gobs and the requisite number of officers were delighted to see themselves on the screen.

When C. B. De Mille leaves for Europe, on what is ostensibly a pleasure trip, he will take with him Paul Iribe, the famous French artist, who is now Mr. De Mille's art director.

Incidentally it doesn't take more than half an eye to see that Colonel Cody's motion-picture equivalent is being the trip for scouting purposes.

Here's something: Leigh Wyant, who is a lady of considerable pulchritude, having played Beauty in the original production of "Experience," has not only written a motion-picture story, but has sold it to Realart. It is possible she conceived the idea while working in two recent Wanda Hawley productions. Oh, yes, Miss Wyant was also leading woman—I think—in the stage production of "Fair and Warmer."

May MacAvoy has a brand-new car. It seems to startle her a little yet, but she'll soon be as used to it as the other stars are accustomed to theirs. However, we are no longer to be refreshed by the view of Miss May walking to work at the early-worm hour of eight A. M. No, dears, I didn't see her—I heard about it.

Mary Miles Minter has her hair all out of curl while she is doing "Tillie, the Mennonite Maid." Frank Urson is again directing her, and I believe dear old Walter Long is in the cast, though I'm not sure of this.

* * *

GEORGE MELFORD has brought his company back from the San Francisco waterfront, where for the last three weeks or more they have been filming "Moran of the Lady Letty." Everybody's delighted to be home again, for they worked from dawn until dark out on the ocean. Dorothy Dalton, the leading woman, couldn't go on board the boat on account of seasickness, so—keep it under your hat—most of her shipboard scenes were made with a double.

Rudolph Valentino, leading man for "Moran of the Lady Letty," is in the midst of his divorce suit. Jean Acker is the lady. Each charges the other with desertion and with "honeyed words while present and sarcastic letters!" At the time of the marriage neither one seemed to take it very hard, but it does seem as if they might be a little more original about their divorce.

Remember Victor Potel—"Slippery Slim" of comedy days? He's been engaged by Metro to play the comedy part with Gareth Hughes in "Stay Home." Can you imagine the two of them together?

Charlie Ray May Visit Philadelphia Soon

RICHARD WILLIS, of the Charles Ray Studio, has announced the revised itinerary which Mr. Ray will follow on his tour through the East.

"The announcement that Charlie intended to make his maiden trip to New York has deluged us with invitations. Among them is one from the Mayor of Jacksonville, Ill., the town where Charlie was born," says Mr. Willis.

"Mr. Ray has now decided to go straight from Los Angeles to Chicago, then to Niagara Falls and Buffalo and then on to New York. Later he will visit Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore.

"On the return trip Charlie probably will tour the Southern States after visiting the Middle West. His party will consist of Mrs. Ray, Richard Willis and Albert A. Kidder, Jr., in addition to cameraman Rizard."

Answers to Questions From Movie Fans

BOBS—Nat Nazarro is a juvenile dancer who is appearing in vaudeville. He has never been seen in pictures that I know of, so you must be mistaken. Besides being a remarkable dancer, he is an accomplished cello player.

KANDY KID—"The Green Goddess" was one of George Arliss' plays, not a picture. He made his debut in "The Devil," which was one of his stage successes before being adapted for the screen.

P. L. S.—It was John Barrymore, and not Lionel who played in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "The Jest." He does not appear in "Peter Ibbetson" although he played in the stage play by the name. Lionel Barrymore is starring in "The Claw." His latest picture was "Jim the Penman."

A. H.—Jackie Coogan will soon be seen in "My Boy," a story written by Jack Coogan, Sr. Norma Talmadge is appearing in "The Wonderful Thing." The cast includes Harrison Ford, Julia Hoyt, Howard Truesdale, Robert Agnew, Ethel Fleming, Mabel Burt, Walter McEwen, Charles Craig and Fanny Burke.

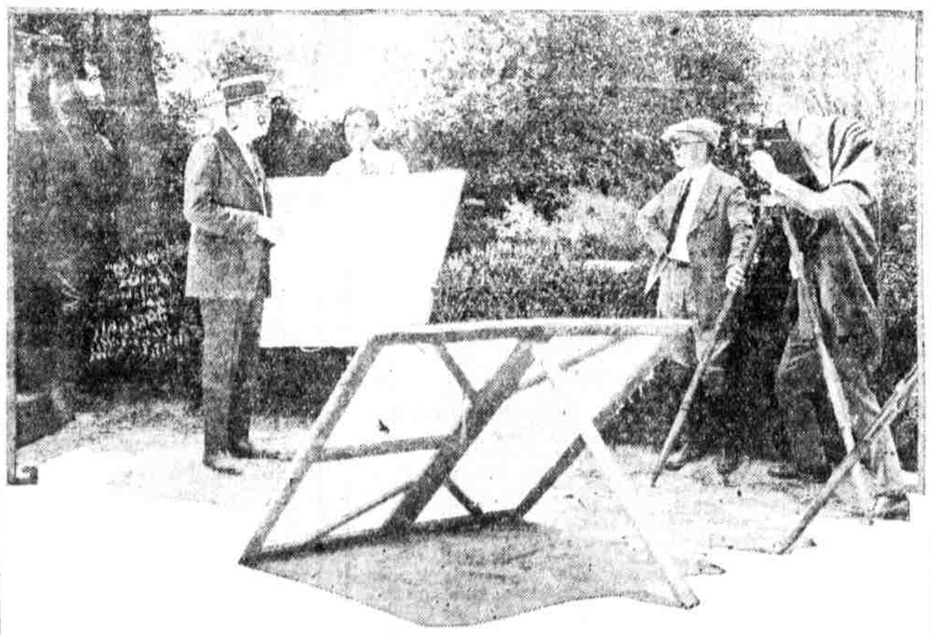
HOWARD—Lila Lee is not married. The little lady says so herself and she ought to know. Otis Skinner played the leading role in both the stage play and the screen version of "Kismet."

PAM—Douglas McLean will soon be seen in "The Hottentot," William Collier's well known stage success.

PIXIE—Francelia Billington was born in Dallas, Texas, in 1897. She has light brown hair and gray eyes. She will soon be seen in "Jim," an Ince production. Betty Blythe was born in Los Angeles, Calif., in 1895.

TENNIE — NERI — Marguerite De La Motte played opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Three Musketeers." She is eighteen years old, has been in pictures since she was fifteen, has gray eyes and light brown hair. She will play the leading role in "The Bride of the Gods."

THE COMPLICATIONS OF A CAMERA CLOSE-UP



Tom Moore is being "shot" for a close-up in the above picture, and look at the trouble it took. The white boards are there to throw light into his face, and the mosquito netting behind him is to soften the back light

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, wholehearted American, in a Mexican gambling joint meets Ruiz Rios, an old rival and enemy, with his companion, a handsome woman in man's attire, who wins a game at high stakes from him. Kendric has made a pact with his old chum, Barlow, to go on a voyage for some mysterious Mexican treasure. At the picturesque scene of their exploit in the Mexican mountains, again in male attire, 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. Kendric's friend, West, has a ranch nearby. Zoraida permits him to visit West, on condition he returns to her headquarters. West proffers help. Zoraida shows her power by having Barlow, who has come under her spell, badly shot and burning down West's ranch. Kendric, keeping his word, returns to Zoraida's place, but she is away, and he decides to make a getaway. He finds Betty Gordon and promises to aid her, and is offered assistance by Rios for a big price. Rios is after Zoraida and her treasure, and wishes to get a rival out of the way. Suddenly Zoraida returns, bringing West, whom she has successfully "vamped." He tells Kendric that Betty is really a notorious dancer.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

"OR APPEARS to be," Bruce jerked his arm away and began moving restlessly up and down, looking always toward the door through which Zoraida had gone. Kendric turned toward Betty. She had not stirred; her cheeks were still burning. Apparently she had heard a very great deal of unsavory report of the lady Bruce mistook her for. Only the expression in her eyes and about her lips had changed; now it was one of passionate anger. The look surprised him. He began to think of Betty in altered terms. She wasn't just the baby he had named her and she wasn't just the little kid of sixteen he had at first taken her to be. During the interview with Ruiz Rios he had learned that she had a mind of her own. To her other possession he now saw added an American girl's fiery temper.

Then Zoraida and Rios returned. Before a word was spoken Kendric knew that he was to be treated to some more play-acting. Zoraida had elected to look frightened and uncertain; the glance she cast toward her cousin spoke of terror as well as loathing. Rios glared and looked important. Swiftly Zoraida crossed the room, her bejeweled fingers finding Bruce West's arm.

"My friend," she whispered so that they could all hear. "I don't know which way to turn. A man has killed himself—the Captain Escobar. Or so Ruiz Rios says. And I——" She broke off, shuddering. And then, bewildering Jim Kendric if no one else, two big tears gathered in her eyes and spilled down to her cheeks!

"Senores Kendric and West," announced Rios autocratically, "you will take all orders from me now. You will not leave the house, either of you, unless I give the word. Senorita Zoraida, you will go to your room and wait until I send for you. Senorita Pansy," and suddenly his teeth showed in his quick smile, "a word with you please in the patio?"

"My cousin," said Zoraida, all soft supplication now, her two hands held out toward Rios, "it is only a little thing I beg of you. May I have a few words with Senor West?"

"Go to your room," answered Rios shortly. "Senor West remains with us. You may see him later."

Zoraida looked lingeringly at Bruce, shook her head sorrowfully as he appeared to be gathering himself to spring at the man who terrorized her, murmured gently, "Wait—for my sake, Senor!" and went out of the room. Out of the corners of her oblique eyes, when her back was to Bruce, she mocked Jim Kendric.

Rios held the door open for Betty.

"Will you come to the patio with me, senorita?" he asked.

"No!" cried Betty. "You terrible man. No."

Rios, though not the actor Zoraida was, managed to appear startled that she should speak so. Then, as he looked from her to Jim and Bruce, he smiled as though in comprehension.

"There is no need to pretend further, Senorita Pansy," he said. "They know."

"There is a great deal we know, Ruiz Rios," broke out Bruce. "You hold the upper hand just now, but there's a new deal coming!"

"Will you come, Senorita Pansy?" Rios grew truculent. "Or shall I call for a dozen men to escort you?"

"Rios," snapped Kendric, "I'm getting damned tired of this foolishness. Betty Gordon is a friend of mine and I'm going to see her through. She goes nowhere she does not want to. If you want to take me on, I'm ready for you. Ready and waiting!"

"No," said Betty again. "Mr. Kendric, I will go with him as far as the patio." She took a step forward, then whipped back at a sudden thought. "He is lying out there—dead!" she whispered.

"The unfortunate Captain Escobar," Rios told her equably, "has been removed to another part of the house. And, if you like, we will speak together in the dining room."

Betty came to Jim Kendric then. She looked up into his eyes and said gently: "I do trust you. You are the only one I trust. I can look to no one else. If I want you I will call. And you will come to me, won't you?"

"Come to you? Why, bless your heart, I'd come running!"

So Betty and Rios went out and for a little while Jim and Bruce were left alone.

"Bruce, old man," said Kendric, "let's come down to earth. Put your sentimental heart in your pocket and use your brains a while. You know me well enough to know that I won't lie to you. Will you listen to me?"

"Yes. But tell me only what you know, not what you surmise. What do you know against Zoraida Castelmar?"

"I know she is an adventuress, playing for big stakes, stakes so big that in the end they are bound to crush her."

"Speculation, old chap," Bruce smiled faintly. "Keep away from doping out the future and stick to facts."

"So you want facts? All right: She is planning a revolution; she has the mad idea that she can rip Lower California away from the government and make of it a separate empire, herself its queen!"

"Why not? Wilder things have been done. And where would you find a more likely queen?"

"When I first saw her she came, disguised as a man, into Ortega's gaming hell, Rios with her. She played dice with me for twenty thousand dollars."

Bruce's eye brightened.

"She's wonderful!" he said eagerly.

"She's hand and fist with Rios and Escobar and a lot of other riff-raff I don't know. She is instrumental in Betty Gordon's being held for ransom——"

"How do you know? Or are you just guessing again? Betty Gordon! How do you know she isn't what I called her, the infamous dancing woman with an evil record a mile long?"

"Haven't I talked with her?" Kendric grew impatient. "Haven't I seen her terror? Haven't I looked into her eyes?"

"Haven't I talked with Zoraida?" countered Bruce. "Haven't I heard her explanations? Haven't I seen her terror of Rios? Haven't I looked into her eyes?"

"You were burned out tonight. Have you forgotten that? Your herds were raided. Even old Twisty Barlow, once a square man, followed Zoraida Castelmar into that! And Zoraida herself was one of the raiders!"

"How do you know?" demanded Bruce. And always he laid significant stress on the word of certainty.

"I saw the horse she rode. I heard the whistle which she wears on a chain about her throat. I even saw the white plume in her hat."

"Is there only one white horse in Mexico? And only one whistle? And only one white plume? These things, if it had been Zoraida, she would have left behind. In the dark you guessed. I am afraid you have guessed all along the line."

"Then tell me how the devil it came about that Zoraida showed up at your place? A pretty tall coincidence."

"Nothing of the kind. The whole thing was engineered by Rios. She overheard a little, guessed it all. Dangerous though the effort was, she tried to be in time to warn me. She came just too late."

Kendric stared at his friend incredulously. First Barlow, then young Bruce West drawn from his side and to Zoraida's. She required men, men of his stamp. And she seemed to have the way of drawing them to her. He felt utterly baffled; he could at the moment think of no argument which Bruce's infatuation would not thrust aside. Where he would depict a heartless, ambitious adventuress Bruce would see a glorified and heroic superwoman.

Rios came to the door.

"Senor West," he said as they turned expectantly toward him, "Senorita Zoraida implores so eloquently for word with you that I have consented. If you will step this way she will come to you."

Bruce required no second invitation. With Rios' words he forgot Kendric's arguments and Kendric's very presence. He went out, his step eager. Before Rios followed him Kendric called:

"Where is Miss Gordon?"

"Gone to her room, senor. If you will look at your watch you will note that it is time."

It was well after midnight and Kendric thought that for all the good he could do, he, too, might as well go to bed. But he was too stubborn a man to give up his friend so easily and he hoped that since Bruce was not a fool he would come in time to see the real Zoraida under the mask she had donned for his benefit. So he waited, walking up and down.

Zoraida entered so quietly that she was in the room and the door shut after her before he felt her presence.

"Bruce has gone out that way, looking for you," he said.

"I can see him presently," she answered lightly. "I think he will wait, don't you?"

"I fancy he will," he returned bitterly. "What do you want with the boy, Zoraida? What has he done to you that you should ruin him, first financially and then every other way? Aren't you afraid of what you are building up for yourself? Men like Barlow and Bruce West may let you sing their souls to sleep for a little; look out when they wake up!"

"I think that all along you have doubted my power," she said, her eyes steady on his. "Are you beginning to see that Zoraida Castelmar is a girl to reckon with? You have said that the great things I attempt are beyond me; have I failed in anything I have tried?"

"To infatuate a man is not the same thing as to build a state!"

"And yet infatuated men make obedient lieutenants."

They grew silent. In each there was much which was of its nature incomprehensible to the other and which, of necessity, must remain so.

Slowly there came a different look upon the girl's face. Her eyes softened and were more wistful than he had ever thought they could be. Her breast rose and fell in a profound sigh. All of the triumph and mockery went out of her.

"Why are you so unlike other men?" she asked. And her voice, too, had softened and grown tender.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"Escobar hated me, but he would have followed me through fire had I beckoned. You have seen the look in your friend Barlow's eyes when he turns to me, and this after only a few days, a few smiles! You glimpsed just now the love that has sprung up in Bruce West's heart like a flower full blown. There have been many, many men, my friend, who have looked upon Zoraida Castelmar as they look. Until you came there has been no man who turned his head away." Again she sighed unhiddenly. Her eyes melted into his, yearning, promising, beseeching. "And to you I have offered what would have made any other man mad with joy."

He looked into her eyes and it seemed impossible that they could speak shameless lies. For the moment at least she had the appearance of a young girl without sophistication, without the skill to hide her thoughts. Her eyes seemed unusually large, wide open frankly, as innocent as spring violets.

"To infatuate a man is not the same thing as to build a state"

Was she always like this. Was this the real, true Zoraida? He felt her influence upon him, pervading his senses like heavy perfume, and spoke hurriedly.

"You and I are different sorts of people," he answered. "Our ideas as well as our ideals are of different orders."

"And what if I altered?" whispered Zoraida, coming closer to him. "What if I discarded all of my ideas and ideals? Yes, and my ambitions with them? What then, Senor Jim Kendric?"

He shook his head and moved restlessly.

"I am no woman's man, you know that. And if I were you know also that you are not my kind of woman."

And still no passionate outburst came from Zoraida denied! Rather she grew more deeply meditative. Almost she seemed saddened and weary.

"Your kind of woman," she mused. And then, in pure jest, "Like Escobar's captive?"

For some obscure reason after which he did not grope the half sneer of the words stung Kendric into a sharp retort.

"By heaven, yes!" he cried. "There's the sort of girl for any man to put his trust in, to give the best that is in him!"

Zoraida gasped. Utter amazement filled her eyes. Then came incredulity; she would not believe. But when she saw the seriousness of his eyes, her passion burst out upon him. Her two hands rose and clenched themselves on her panting breast, her eyes lost their shadow of amazement and grew brilliant with anger.

"That little baby-faced doll!" she cried. "She has dared make eyes at you. And you, blind fool that you are, have turned from me to her!" Her voice shook, her whole body trembled visibly, then stiffened. In a flash all girlish softness was gone; she looked as cold and cruel as steel. "I had thought to let her go when the ransom came. Now I shall have other plans for her."

Kendric stared.

"In the first place," he said with an assumption of carelessness, "you have overshot the mark; Betty Gordon hasn't made eyes at me at all and I'm not in love with her and have no intentions of being. Next, I fail to see what has happened that would alter your plan in her regard?"

Zoraida laughed her disbelief.

"Any girl in her place would make eyes at you," she retorted. "And as for my plans, perhaps you may be allowed to watch the working out of them! Would you enjoy," she taunted him, "the sight of Betty Gordon in a steel cage into which we allowed to enter a certain pet of mine?"

At first he did not understand. Then he stared at her speechlessly. Words of Juanita, spoken fearfully that morning, recurred to him: "She would give me to her cat, her terrible, terrible cat, to play with!" He opened his mouth to lift his voice in hot protest; then he bit back the words, savagely calling himself a fool for the mad thought. Even to Zoraida's lawlessness there must be a limit; even the cold cruelty looking out of her oblique eyes now could not carry her so far. And yet the laugh with which he answered her was a trifle shaky.

"We are talking nonsense," he said abruptly. "And Bruce is expecting you. When you finish distorting facts for his consumption I'd like a word with him."

Zoraida's face went white.

"It is in my heart," she said in a dry whisper, "to give orders that you will never see another sun rise!"

"Give your orders then," he snapped. "I'm sick of things as they are. Send in a gang of your cutthroats and I'll give you my word I'd rather fight my way through them than stand by and watch you poison honest men's souls."

She stepped across the room and put out her hand as though to the bell on the table. Kendric watched her sternly. She stopped and looked at him wonderingly. Suddenly she dropped her hand to her side and with the gesture came a swift alteration in her expression. A strange smile molded her lips, an inscrutable look dawned in the dark eyes.

"I knew already that you were a brave man, Jim Kendric," she said. "I was forgetting, losing all clear thought because a man had dismissed me from his presence? Well, of that, more another time. But brave men I need, brave men I must have in that which comes soon. If there is not one way, then there will be another to draw you to my side."

She was going out, but stopped as they heard horses in the yard. She stood still, waiting. Presently there came an unsteady step at the front door. A hand fumbled, the door opened and Twisty Barlow entered. His arm was in a sling, a bandage bound his forehead, his eyes shone feverishly. He stopped on the threshold and stared at them. Kendric spoke quickly.

"Twisty," he said, "do you know who shot you?"

Barlow merely shook his head.

"I did. I was at Bruce's. I did not know you but——"

"But you'd have shot just the same, anyway?" grunted Barlow.

To be continued tomorrow

PHOTOPLAYS PHOTOPLAYS PHOTOPLAYS

PHOTO-PLAYS THRU The Stanley COMPANY OF AMERICA

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

Alhambra 12th, Morris & Passyunk Ave. Mat. Daily at 2; Eves. 6:45 & 9 CHARLES RAY in "THE OLD SWIMMIN' HOLE"

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

APOLLO 52D & THOMPSON STS. MATINEE DAILY CONSTANCE TALMADGE in "WEDDING BELLS"

ARCADIA CHESTNUT Bet. 16TH 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. MAY McAVOY in "MORALS"

ASTOR FRANKLIN & GIRARD AVE. MATINEE DAILY RUDOLPH SCHILDKRAUT in "THE WANDERING JEW"

BALTIMORE 51ST & BALTIMORE Eve. 6:30, Mat. JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD'S "THE GOLDEN SNARE"

BENN 64TH AND WOODLAND AVE. MATINEE DAILY HOBART BOSWORTH in "BLIND HEARTS"

BLUEBIRD Broad & Susquehanna Continuous 2 until 11 WALLACE REID in "THE HELL DIGGERS"

BROADWAY Broad & Snyder Ave. 2, 6:45 & 9 P. M. MAY ALLISON in "THE LAST CARD"

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

COLONIAL 6th & Maplewood Aves. 7 and 9 P. M. ELSIE FERGUSON in "SONG OF SONGS"

DARBY THEATRE ALL-STAR CAST in "HEARTS ARE TRUMPS"

EMPRESS MAIN ST., MANAYUNK MATINEE DAILY TOM MOORE in "HOLD YOUR HORSES"

FAIRMOUNT 25th & Girard Ave. MATINEE DAILY ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN in "HANDCUFFS OR KISSES"

FAMILY THEATRE—1531 Market St. 8 A. M. TO MIDNIGHT FRANK MAYO in "GO STRAIGHT"

56TH ST. THEATRE—Below Spruce MATINEE DAILY CONSTANCE TALMADGE in "WEDDING BELLS"

GLOBE 5901 MARKET ST. 2:30 and 6:30 to 11 WILLIAM RUSSELL in "THE LADY FROM LONGACRE"

GRANT 4022 Girard Ave. Mat. Sat. Violin and Organ Recital ORRIN JOHNSON & DORTHY DALTON in "THE THREE MUSKETEERS"

GREAT NORTHERN Broad St. at Erie 2, 7 and 9 P. M. MAY ALLISON in "BIG GAME"

IMPERIAL 60TH & WALNUT STS. Mats. 2:30. Eves. 7 & 9 TOM MIX in "THE ROUGH DIAMOND"

KARLTON CHESTNUT Above BROAD Daily 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. CECIL B. DE MILLE'S "FOOLS' PARADISE"

Lehigh Palace Germantown Ave. and Lehigh Avenue WALLACE REID in "THE HELL DIGGERS"

LIBERTY BROAD & COLUMBIA AV. MATINEE DAILY ANNA Q. NILSSON in "WITHOUT LIMIT"

OVERBROOK 63D & HAVERFORD AVENUE THOMAS H. INCE'S "THE BRONZE BELL"

PALACE 12TH MARKET STREET 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. SPECIAL CAST in "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari"

PRINCESS 1018 MARKET STREET 9:30 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. WILLIAM S. HART in "THREE-WORD BRAND"

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. WILLIAM S. HART in "THREE-WORD BRAND"

RUBY MARKET ST. BELOW 7TH 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. POLA NEGRI in "GYPSY BLOOD"

SAVOY 1211 MARKET STREET 8 A. M. to Midnight CONWAY TEARLE in "AFTER MIDNIGHT"

SHERWOOD 54th & Baltimore Av. MAT. 2; EVE. 6:30 MARY MILES MINTER in "MOONLIGHT AND HONEYSUCKLE"

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

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

333 MARKET STREET THEATRE 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. TOM MIX in "THE ROUGH DIAMOND"

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

RIALTO WEST CHESTER RUPERT HUGHES' "Dangerous Curve Ahead"

The NIXON-NIRDLINGER THEATRES

BELMONT 52D ABOVE MARKET 2:30 and 6:30 to 11 P. M. EVA NOVAK and BIG CAST in "WOLVES OF THE NORTH"

CEDAR 60TH & CEDAR AVENUE 1:30 and 3; 7 and 9 P. M. PAULINE STARK in "THE FORGOTTEN WOMAN"

COLISEUM Market bet. 59th & 60th 1:30 and 3; 7 and 9 P. M. Thomas Meighan, Gloria Swanson, Thos. Roberts, Bebe Daniels and Lila Lee in "MALE AND FEMALE"

JUMBO FRONT ST. & GIRARD AVE. Jumbo Junc. on Frankford "El" ALICE BRADY in "THE LAND OF HOPE"

LEADER 41ST & LANCASTER AVE. MATINEE DAILY GLORIA SWANSON in "UNDER THE LASH"

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 FRANK MAYO in "THE SHARK MASTER"

RIVOLI 52D AND SANSOM STS. MATINEE DAILY Sessue Hayakawa and Bessie Love in "THE SWAMP"

69TH STREET THEATRE Opp. Terminal Mat., 2:30. Nights, 7 and 9 WILLIAM S. HART in "THREE-WORD BRAND"

STRAND GERMANTOWN AVE. AT VENANGO STREET ELSIE FERGUSON in "SONG OF SONGS"

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

Germantown 5510 Germantown Ave. MATINEE DAILY BERT LYTELL in "A TRIP TO PARADISE"

JEFFERSON 29th & Dauphin Sts. MATINEE DAILY CORINNE GRIFFITHS in "MORAL FIBER"

PARK RIDGE AVE. & DAUPHIN ST. Mat. 2:15. Eve. 6:45 to 11 SESSUE HAYAKAWA in "WHERE LIGHTS ARE LOW"