The Daily Movie Magazine

How I Became A Movie Star

As Told to INEZ KLUMPH

What Has Already Happened

Dorothy Lane, a southern girl, ambitious to become a screen star, while on a trip to New York, meets Lawrence Fennel, a press agent, who becomes interested in her and secures for her an important part playing opposite John Seaton, a famous star. Seaton asks Dorothy to accompany him, but she refuses realizing that she cannot play French. Dorothy goes to Paris to play a part in a picture. Lane is French and has to win [illegible] they postpone the making of the picture to Spanish. [illegible] May, the leading lady, [illegible] take a dangerous leap. [illegible] the director gives the order to proceed, [illegible] Crystal May refuses to do [illegible] the picture unless the stunt [illegible] down. Dorothy's part [illegible] big scene as a [illegible] leap. Dorothy [illegible] time with the picture to [illegible] fact that Crystal [illegible] the leap [illegible] risked her life.

And Here It Continues

THEN [illegible] make-up, [illegible] been sold in [illegible] country. About [illegible] that some time before [illegible] a good chance to [illegible] ment and a number [illegible] if the picture [illegible] not unreasonably [illegible] of the responsibility [illegible] rested on my shoulders.

So I went into the [illegible] Larry that I could [illegible]

Then I went to [illegible] write and explain to him. [illegible] most favorable [illegible]

When I thought of [illegible] time we would have [illegible] together, and how [illegible] to take him back home [illegible] to mother and [illegible] everybody, I wanted [illegible] floor and [illegible] ted that it was [illegible] been, if things had been [illegible] bit different [illegible] at once, while [illegible] to do more to [illegible] world—well, I [illegible] give up the stage [illegible] New York when I [illegible]

I knew that [illegible] swollen when I [illegible] that night. But I [illegible] to Larry [illegible] thing, and I felt [illegible] own mind, even though [illegible] did grief and whipped [illegible] when I came into the [illegible]

She seemed to be in fright [illegible] all through supper she [illegible] the little table where she [illegible] ate and make fun of me.

"You ought to remember [illegible] ting, 'Look before and [illegible] try it again, Dorothy,' [illegible] me as she left the room [illegible]

That was just the [illegible] before I could [illegible] back to her. Janet Powers [illegible] —and you ought to [illegible] who's backing [illegible] ingenue with [illegible] erect."

That set off a [illegible] stalked out of the room [illegible] wrath, and her [illegible] down the corridor [illegible] out, and they [illegible] her all sorts of [illegible] perfect old cats. People said [illegible] brought up in a West [illegible] where her father [illegible] but I don't [illegible] have accounted for [illegible] to Janet.

I just [illegible] wrangle. After [illegible] spent [illegible] Mrs. Max [illegible]

But that [illegible] more difficult [illegible] some reason Mrs. Max [illegible] were a little [illegible] of course [illegible] stand for anything [illegible] Crystal made Mr. [illegible] down till there was [illegible] left of it, [illegible] day after day, all [illegible] sun making the [illegible] melt and run. I [illegible] been a perfect [illegible] New York and [illegible] hang.

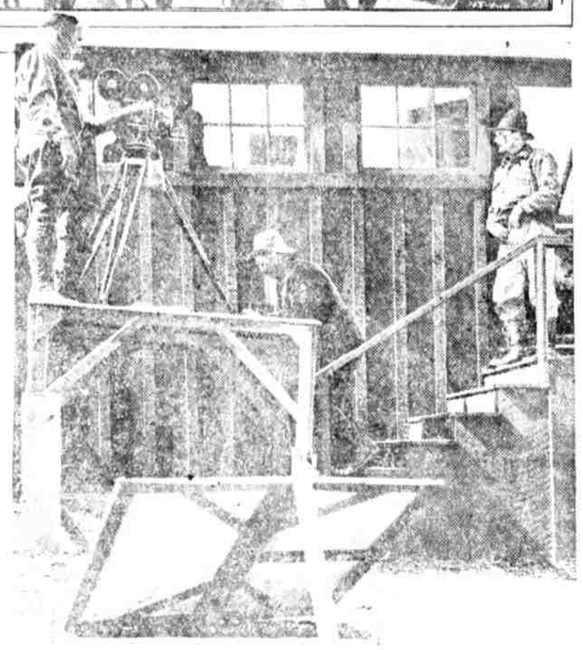
I'd had a [illegible] swer to mine. It [illegible] we'll [illegible] see you before [illegible] write."

But I [illegible] come. And [illegible] hotter and hotter, and [illegible] mother got [illegible] to me.

Every one [illegible] with whom [illegible] Coast was popular [illegible] were always falling [illegible] but she was [illegible] sort of like Elinor [illegible] the women could [illegible] the novelist who [illegible]

To be continued Tuesday

INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF PICTURE-MAKING



[illegible] Film Costumes Make Players "Stuck Up"

[illegible] "The Man From Lost River" [illegible] Bruce Peters descending steps. [illegible] Peters [illegible]

CONRAD NAGEL IS TO PLAY LEAD WITH ALICE LAKE

BY CONSTANCE PALMER

Hollywood, Calif.

[illegible] Wallace Reid in "Guide of Women."

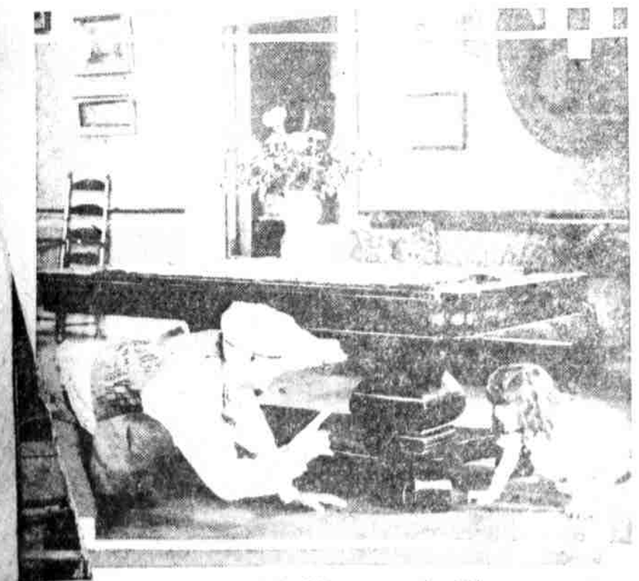
Raven Hughes, who seems to specialize in [illegible] "Romance [illegible] Patsy Ruth Miller, a comedy [illegible] to the screen, is now [illegible] leading women role. She [illegible] since her appearance with Goldwyn [illegible] Miss Lester is [illegible] Patsy Ruth Miller [illegible] Hollywood. West's Patsy, though—she's on her way to be [illegible]

Will Direct "Betty" Now

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR

[illegible] "THE NIGHT ROSE" [illegible] Mary Warren, [illegible] Brown.

"EASY LIFE" OF FILM DIRECTOR



JOHN K[illegible] is J. Gasnier has methods of his own to make children act naturally before the screen. He romps with them first to make them forget their [illegible] shyness, and then orders "Camera." It's undoubtedly a good [illegible] but it's not easy on the director. Above he is playing tag with little Jean, who will appear in one of his features

Answers to Questions by Movie Fans

NORMA TAN [illegible] Lake and [illegible] Her address is 236 West Seventieth street, New York City.

BETH [illegible] Sarah Bernhardt [illegible] appeared on the screen, although she [illegible] as saying that she intend to make a picture [illegible] Elsie Hammerstein has been married to Gordon [illegible]. Her latest picture is [illegible] and Kisses."

BEATRICE.—Sessue Hayakawa's latest picture is "The Swamp." He is to be star, and play the leading role. Bessie Love plays opposite him in the picture.

PAMELO.—"Peaches" was the working title of Kathleen MacDonald's last picture. The title under which it will be released is "Yours Truly."

ELSIE.—Lloyd Hughes was born in Boise, Ariz., in 1899. He is a wonderful swimmer, besides being adept in athletics of all sorts, although I never heard that he had won medals for swimming. His latest picture is "Hail the Woman."

PAUL.—Margaret Linden was born and educated in Australia. She has [illegible]

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. As the plot unfolds, scene of duty 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 colonic. 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 prefers 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, both 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. Rios is after treasure. Suddenly Zoraida returns, bringing West with her. She has successfully "stamped" Rio with Kendric that Betty is really a notorious spinster, which Kendric denies. Zoraida discovers a new plot with Rios, who with Kendric's aid, for a revolution in [illegible] State with herself as queen. Meanwhile Barlow comes to, [illegible] he had shot him in mistake.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

"YOU got yourself into damned bad company, Barlow. But that's your affair! Just tell me one thing: Was it not at Zoraida Castelmar's orders that you went?"

Barlow's back stiffed for an instant to Zoraida's half smiling face. But his hesitation was brief.

"No," he said shortly.

An hour later Kendric gave up waiting for Bruce and went off to his bedroom. On his table were two letters in their envelopes. They were the letters he and Bruce had written, telling of Betty Gordon's captivity.

CHAPTER XII

In Which an Overture Is Made, an Answer Is Postponed and a Door Is Locked

In his bedroom Jim Kendric sat for a long time pondering that night. What had appeared to him the simplest, most straight-away errand in the world had brought him down here, just the time-honored search for treasure. In all particulars the adventure had seemed the usual one, two men undertaking to share whatever lay ahead, expense, danger or loot. And through no fault of his own Kendric saw simplicity altered into complexity. There were Barlow's changed attitude, the desires and ambitions of Zoraida, the absurdity of Bruce West's infatuation, the interference of Ruiz Rios and finally the situation in which Betty Gordon found herself.

"I came down this way to get my hands on buried treasure, if it exists," Kendric at last told himself irritably; "not to work out the salvation of half the souls of Mexico! If the issue become complex it is because I am getting turned away from the main thing. What Barlow and Bruce do is up to them; Barlow, for one, ought to know better, and Bruce has got to cut his eye-tooth sooner or later. It's up to me to do my way."

Which did not entirely dispose of all matters, since it involved Zoraida and made no place for Betty. The latter, however, he did put far from his promptings or even from his planning. If she said "no" to Zoraida and weight take it she said "no" to Zoraida and weight take the chance with him, he'd find the time chance with him, he'd find the time for safely out of this house of intrigue. He was constitutionally of intrigue. He was constitutionally [illegible] enough to decide that. Among the bushes out in the garden a [illegible] was bidding slang under his left [illegible] and arse pit was a [illegible] for a row. In his heart he was spoiling for a row.

Such was his mood, an hour after he had gone to his room, when a tap [illegible] announced a soft-footed [illegible] at his door. He rose [illegible] thinking it would be Bruce or perhaps Barlow. But when he opened the door it was Ruiz Rios who slipped noiselessly into the room, swiftly closing and locking the door after him.

"Not in bed yet, my friend?" smiled Rios. "It is well. I have something to say to you."

Kendric went back to his chair from which he eyed Rios narrowly. The Mexican's look was full of craft.

"Let's have it, Rios. What now?"

"What I said to you earlier in the evening came from the heart," said Rios. "That without my help you could not leave that you may have that help. For a price."

His utterance was incisive; his voice, eager and quick, filled the room. Evidently he had no fear of eavesdroppers. Kendric stared at him curiously.

"You are a double-dealing gentleman, you have considerable as usual," he granted. "You don't seem to care a [illegible] hours."

Rios waved an impatient hand.

"I know what I am about. [illegible] La Senorita Zoraida is [illegible] her own house where she can [illegible] one of my good friends while the other [illegible] in her anteroom. I have [illegible] because just now I am assuming, [illegible] the man of [illegible] war. Your destiny and that of your compatriot, Miss Betty, as well as [illegible] of your two [illegible] and perhaps of yet others. [illegible] my hand."

"You [illegible] when Zoraida [illegible] are not on [illegible]," said Kendric.

Rios [illegible] suddenly, then shrugged and [illegible] himself a [illegible] vapor cigar.

"I talk for [illegible] I can, so you say, [illegible] deliver the goods." Do you wish to go free?"

"Since you ask it," said Kendric drily. "Yes. I've got no stomach for your crowd here."

"And you would like to take with you the pretty little Rios?" Rios's eyes were full of insinuation. Kendric felt an impulsive desire to kick him, but for the time kept his hand and withheld his foot.

"Speak on, Senor Man of the Hour," he parried. "Somehow I'm not partic[illegible] sleepy yet. If you've really got anything to say let's have it."

"It is this! The lovely one you have come so far to find will never be yours. Mine it may be; if not mine, then Zoraida's. On my honor it will never go into your hands or those of Barlow."

"Your honor," laughed Kendric, "it's well in your mouth, Ruiz Rios, but rides light in the scales."

"You mean you would want proof?" Rios was imperturbable. "It may be given you in due time, but only when it is too late for you to make any stock out of it. Now, for what you know, I offer you your own safety and that of Miss Betty. Have I not marked how you look at her?" He laughed in his turn.

"If this is all you have to say," answered Kendric, "suppose you shut the door from the outside."

For just now, while he had thought of other matters, he had pondered on this offer. Even were he disposed to treat with Rios, the secret was not his to give. Further, once Rios had the knowledge he sought, he would no doubt fail to keep his word. And in any case there was always the possibility of getting away without the Mexican's aid; and if there was treasure, as Rios so plainly believed, it should be worth many times the twenty-five thousand dollars which had been demanded of Betty's father. On top of all this it was sheer nonsense to plan on what Betty might have to say until her word was spoken. Hence Jim was no little pleased to baffle Rios.

"You are thinking of yourself," said Rios sharply. "Not the girl. Can you not imagine that it might be unpleasant for her, left here over long?"

Then Kendric sought to be as crafty as his visitor.

"Am I responsible for all wandering damsels in distress?" he asked coldly.

"But Miss Betty——"

"Exactly. What the devil is Miss Betty to me? I never saw her until a few hours ago."

"But," insisted Rios, "in some soils some flowers bloom quickly! Love comes when it comes, in a year, in a day, in a moment."

"Love!" Jim's surprise was not altogether feigned. Then he laughed and remembered his craft. He was thinking that already Zoraida suspected him of being too warmly interested; he did not know but that Rios was here now on Zoraida's errand, making pretenses the while he sought to ferret out real emotions. And so for Zoraida's sake should the words be carried to her, he cried as though in high amusement: "Love? What are you thinking of, man?"

He saw that he had puzzled Rios. The Mexican had been convinced of his keen interest in the girl and, further, knew from of old how lightly Jim Kendric held such mere bagatelles as dollars.

Kendric drew a certain satisfaction from the situation. But his frank grin died away slowly as Rios went on.

"We are not friends, you and I, senor," he said smoothly. "But just now that matters not, since my personal interests move me to do you a kindness. Of what happens to you later on, I care less than that." He snapped his fingers. "Perhaps you do not fully understand either your own case or that of Miss Betty. You are to be held here indefinitely; unless you decide to throw your lot in with La Senorita Zoraida's and become her man, body and soul, there will come a time, suddenly, when her patience will die and her wrath rise and you will die too. And for Miss Betty there remains always the prima."

Rios spoke with every sign of sincerity. Kendric, with what he knew of Zoraida to guide his thoughts to a conclusion, was more than half convinced that the man was telling the truth. Rios himself was not above murder, hardly now had the body of Escobar stiffened when he seemed to have forgotten the rebel captain and the deed of violence. And Zoraida was Rios's blood cousin.

"You appear to be sure that there is treasure?" Kendric said.

"Yes. There is no question." Again was Rios mercurially frank. "I could lie to you, but there is no need. The treasure is beyond your reach; it must fall to my hand. Yes. I am sure."

"What do you know of it? What makes you so confident?"

Rios smiled.

"Again there is no need to lie to you. You have marked that my cousin is a very rich woman? There is no richer in all Mexico. And why? Because she has long been in possession of a portion of the hidden wealth of the Montezumas. A portion, mark you. For there is some sign which she has understood to tell her that there is still other hidden treasure. Always, since she was a little girl, has she looked for it, never content with what she has. And if I come first to it—Think, senor!" His eyes brightened, a flush warmed his dusky skin, he lifted his head arrogantly. "It will mean that I, even I, can dictate to some things to Zoraida! It will mean that she must join force with me. It will mean that she and I together will go far, will rise high. As she will be the one bright star in all Mexico, so will I be the newly risen sun."

"So," muttered Kendric, "you two are tarred with the same stick."

Now Rios's black eyes were deadly.

"What you know means everything to me," he said, his voice at last sunk to a harsh whisper. "I killed Escobar for less. Remember that, Senor Americano!"

Kendric ignored the threat.

"What of my friend?" he demanded. "Even were I of a mind to talk turkey with you, there is Barlow. Half is his."

"Barlow is touched with madness. Have I not told you he will have none of it? You have eyes, senor. Already my fair cousin has made of Barlow a tame animal like her cat. When she commands, he will speak. Think you he will remember in that dizzy moment that you have claims to be safeguarded? All will go to Zoraida. What you are pleased to call your share, along with his own."

Jim hated to believe that. And yet he did believe. Tonight Barlow had looked at him out of hard, unfriendly eyes; he, himself, had shot Barlow out of a cattle rustler's saddle. Suddenly, startling Rios, Kendric's fist came smashing down on his table.

"Here I've just been deciding the whole game is simple enough," he cried.

"Your honor," laughed Kendric, "it's well in your mouth, Ruiz Rios, but rides light in the scales"

"and along you come messing it all up again! Clear out. I'm going to sleep."

"And my answer?"

"Talk to me tomorrow, if you're a mind to. Most likely I'll tell you to go to blazes, but that can be said as well after breakfast as now."

Rios accepted his dismissal equably.

"For me there is gold at stake," he said, going out without protest. "For you there is your life and Miss Betty's. I can afford to wait as well as you. Buenas noches, senor."

"Go to the devil," retorted Kendric, and banged the door shut after him.

Though he had not intimated his intention to his visitor, Kendric, holding to his determination to simplify matters, had made up his mind to have a talk with Barlow first of all. Since that could not come until tomorrow, the thing now was to go to bed. He undressed and put out his light. Then he slipped up his window shade. Only when he was about to thrust his head out of the open window to take a the fragrant night air and have his little "look around" did he discover the bars to any possible escape there; a heavy iron grill had been fastened across the opening. Just how it was secured he could not tell since it had been set in place from outside, and though he thrust his hand through the bars he could not reach far enough to locate the staples or hooks which held it in place. He shook it tentatively; it was simply solid.

But the door was open from his room to the hall. He groped his way across the smaller room and found the knob on the door which led to the room Barlow had occupied last night. That door was locked. As he fumbled with it he heard some one stir in Barlow's room.

"Who's there?" he called out. "That you, Twisty?"

There was no answer. He rapped on the door and called again. Then he heard quick steps across the room and a door closed; whoever had been there, listening without doubt to his talk with Rios, had gone.

He came back and passing through his own little sitting-room tried the door to the hall, that through which Rios had departed. Fastened by heavy iron hooks on the other side; he could hear them grate in their staples as he shook the door.

"A man had better be in bed this time of night than rapping at locked doors," he decided. And in five minutes was asleep.

CHAPTER XIII

Concerning Woman's Wiles and Witchery

When Jim awoke next morning his first act was to try doors and window. All were as he had left them last night. But since he was not the man for worry before breakfast, he went into his tub singing. When he had splashed refreshingly in the cool water and then, after had dressed, breakfast was ready for him. For, while he was in his own room he heard the door to the room Barlow had slept in the first night open. And when he went through the bath to see who was there he saw a tray spread on a little table by a window, the coffee steaming. No one was there. He tried the outer door which led to the hall. Locked, of course. So he sat down and uncovered the hot dishes and made a hearty meal.

"They've certainly got the big bulge on the situation," he conceded. "They could starve a man, poison his rells or bore a bullet into him while he slept, and who outside to know about it?"

Now he had the run of four rooms and could look out into the gardens. Not so bad, he consoled himself. He had his smoke and sat back in his chair, assuring himself that there were advantages in being shut off by himself where he could take time to shape his plans. But as an hour passed in silence—not a sound from any part of the big house all of whose inmates might have been asleep or dead—and another hour dragged by after it, he grew first impatient and then angry. He had found that all of his planning could be done in five minutes: It resolved itself down to a decision to have a talk with Barlow and then, with or without help from Ruiz Rios, to make a bolt for the open. If Bruce and Barlow would come to their senses and join him, it would all be so simple. Three able-bodied, determined Americans against a handful of Zoraida's hirelings.

The time came when Jim thundered at the doors and called. When only silence followed his echoing voice he hammered at the hardwood doors with the butt of his revolver and shouted, demanding to be let out. He tried the iron gratings over the windows and found them firm in their places and too heavy-barred to be bent. In the end he gave over in high disgust and waited.

Toward noon, while he was in his own room, pacing restlessly up and down, he heard a door slam. He ran to the bathroom and found that the door leading to Barlow's former quarters was closed and locked. Some one was moving about just beyond the thick panel. He heard the homely sound of dishes on a tray and waited, his hand on the doorknob, meaning to push his way forward once the door was opened. But he heard no other sound, though he waited minute after minute until perhaps half an hour had dragged by. Then he sat on the edge of the tub, grown stubborn, determined not to budge. And so another half hour passed.

An hour was a long time for Jim Kendric to sit or stand still, and at the end of it he began pacing up and down again, at first just in the narrow confines of his bath, presently soft-footed upon the soft carpet of his room. And no sooner had he stepped a dozen paces from the bathroom door than he heard a bolt shot back.

To be continued Monday

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 [illegible] CHARLES RAY in "THE OLD SWIMMIN' HOLE"
ALLEGHENY [illegible] BERT LYTELL in "A TRIP TO PARADISE"
APOLLO 52D & THOMPSON STS. LIONEL BARRYMORE in "SHE THE PENITENT"
ARCADIA CHESTNUT BELOW 40TH MAY McAVOY in "MORALS"
ASTOR FRANKLIN & GIRARD AVE. ELIHU ROOT, JR. in "THE WANDERING JEW"
BALTIMORE 31ST & BALTIMORE AVE. JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD'S "THE GOLDEN SNARE"
BENN 52ND AND WOODLAND AVE. MATINEE DAILY HOBART BOSWORTH in "BLIND HEARTS"
BLUEBIRD Broad & Spring Garden EUGENE O'BRIEN in "IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"
BROADWAY Broad & Snyder Ave. MAY ALLISON in "THE LAST CARD"
CAPITOL 722 MARKET ST. WILLIAM C. DEMANT'S "THE BARRICADE"
COLONIAL 69th & Market Sts. ELSIE FERGUSON in "SONG OF SONGS"
DARBY THEATRE BUCK JONES in "TO A FINISH"
EMPRESS MARKET ST. MANAYUNK MATINEE DAILY TOM MOORE in "HOLD YOUR HORSES"
FAIRMOUNT 29th & Girard Ave. MATINEE DAILY TOM MIX in "THE ROUGH DIAMOND"
FAMILY THEATRE 1211 Market St. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS in "MANHATTAN MADNESS"
56TH ST. THEATRE Haverford Avenue MATINEE DAILY CONSTANCE TALMADGE in "WEDDING BELLS"
GLOBE 2904 MARKET ST. WILLIAM RUSSELL in "THE LADY FROM LONGACRE"
GRANT 4022 Girard Ave. Mat. Today Violin and Organ Recital LORRIN JOHNSON & DOROTHY DALTON in "THE THREE MUSKETEERS"
GREAT NORTHERN Broad & Snyder Ave. MAY ALLISON in "BIG GAME"
IMPERIAL 60TH & WALNUT STS. TOM MIX in "THE ROUGH DIAMOND"
KARLTON CHESTNUT Above 40th LEON H. DE MILLE'S "FOOL'S PARADISE"
Lehigh Palace Germantown Ave. and Lehigh Avenue WALLACE REID in "THE HELL DIGGERS"
LIBERTY [illegible] ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN in "HANDCUFFS OR KISSES"
OVERBROOK 63D & HAVERFORD AVENUE Norma Talmadge & Eugene O'Brien in "GHOSTS OF YESTERDAY"
PALACE 52D & MARKET STREET SPECIAL CAST in "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari"
PRINCESS 60TH MARKET STREET CHARLES RAY in "SCRAP IRON"
REGENT MARKET ST. Below 49TH GRACE DAVISSON in "Love, Hate and Woman"
RIALTO GERMANTOWN AVENUE AT TULPEHOCKEN ST. WILLIAM S. HART in "THREE-WORD BRAND"
RUBY MARKET ST. BELOW 47TH WILLIAM DUNCAN in "WHERE MEN ARE MEN"
SAVOY 52D MARKET STREET CONWAY TEARLE in "AFTER MIDNIGHT"
SHERWOOD 5916 Baltimore Av. MARY MILES MINTER in "MOONLIGHT AND HONEYSUCKLE"
STANLEY MARKET AT 49TH SPECIAL PRODUCTION "THE SHEIK"
STANTON MARKET ABOVE 49TH SPECIAL PRODUCTION "THE QUEEN OF SHEBA"
333 MARKET STREET THEATRE TOM MIX in "THE ROUGH DIAMOND"
VICTORIA MARKET ST. 49th 8TH SPECIAL PRODUCTION "THUNDERCLAP"
RIALTO WEST CHESTER RUPERT HUGHES' "Dangerous Curve Ahead"

The NIXON-NIRDLINGER THEATRES
BELMONT 52D ABOVE MARKET EVA NOVAK and BIG CAST in "WOLVES OF THE NORTH"
CEDAR 60TH & CEDAR AVENUE PAULINE STARK in "THE FORGOTTEN WOMAN"
COLISEUM Market Bet. 59th & 60th CARMEL MYERS in "CHEATED LOVE"
JUMBO FRONT ST. & GIRARD AVE. Junction Frankford "L" VANDYKE BROOKS in "THE CRIMSON CROSS"
LEADER 41ST & LANCASTER AVE. MATINEE DAILY GLORIA SWANSON in "UNDER THE LASH"
LOCUST 52D AND LOCUST STREETS THOMAS JEFFERSON in "RIP VAN WINKLE"
NIXON 52D AND MARKET STS. 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 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 5516 Germantown Ave. MATINEE DAILY BERT LYTELL in "A TRIP TO PARADISE"
JEFFERSON 29th & Dauphin Sts. MATINEE DAILY SESSUE HAYAKAWA in "WHERE LIGHTS ARE LOW"
PARK RIDGE AVE. & DAUPHIN ST. EARLE WILLIAMS in "BRING HIM IN"