The Daily Movie Magazine

IT'S HARD TO KEEP A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY WORKING WITH THIS DISTRACTION

While Wesley Barry was making "Penrod," a musical comedy came to town. Marshall Neilan, Wesley's director, was invited, but work prevented his going, so the musical comedy came to the studio and performed there. Do you wonder from the left-hand picture why "Wes" Barry hated to work? On the right an assistant director is forcibly bringing him back to work

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 postpone the wedding until the picture is finished. When Crystal May, the leading lady, refuses to take a dangerous leap over the wall the director sees the scene to Dorothy, promising to enhance her part. Crystal May refuses to go on with the picture unless the director cuts down Dorothy's part and uses the big scene as if Crystal had made the leap. Dorothy is persuaded to continue with the picture in spite of the fact that Crystal will get credit for the big scene for which Dorothy risked her life.

And Here It Continues

"HOW about having supper somewhere, child? You must be starved," Larry asked as we left the minister's.

I looked down at my little, dusty from that long trip in the train, thought of how bedraggled I looked, and burst into laughter. I'd always thought I'd have a wedding in the church at home, with six bridesmaids and a dance afterward, and instead of that I'd been married in a dusty suit and hadn't even had a chance to wash my face before the ceremony!

"They'd throw me out of any big restaurant, looking as I do," I told him. "I'd much rather go to that wonderful fruit store on Fifth avenue where they have the marvelous ice cream sodas, and have at least three of them; it's so hot tonight that nothing else would be as good."

Larry protested, but Sylvia could see my point of view. And when he'd had one soda—which he swore was the most innocuous drink in the world—and I'd had two he agreed with me that it was at least a unique wedding supper, even though it wasn't very filling.

"We'll have a regular one tomorrow," he declared. "We can—well, John Seward, where'd you drop from?"

My heart sank straight to my heels, and I choked over the last of my soda. I'd been so happy, and now here was the worst part of my life bobbing up to meet me. What if John Seward held some grudge against me for rushing away after I'd told the reporters that I was engaged to him?

And then suddenly I realized that my burdens were on Larry's shoulders now; he'd take care of me, no matter what happened.

And two seconds later I realized that, if John Seward had ever had any grudge against me, he'd forgotten all about it.

"Come on with me, you kids," he exclaimed, clutching Larry and me by the arms. "We're showing 'Daylight' at the projection room in half an hour for a bunch of the biggest exhibitors in the country, and I swear that it'll make Dorothy a star. I've been so excited over the thing that I've been walking the avenue, trying to get settled down. Come on—hurry."

He bundled us into a taxi, with Sylvia, Larry and I sitting on the big seat, while he perched on one of the little folding ones in front of us. It kept collapsing with him, and he'd carefully prop it up and try to sit on it again perfectly seriously. It was awfully funny, yet he was so on edge that he didn't seem to realize that.

I wasn't the least bit excited, though. Larry was holding one of my hands—the one with the dear little wedding ring on it—tight in both of his. And I told myself that nothing that could ever happen to me now through the movies could make any difference. Not even if John Seward's prophecy came true and I did become a star would I be so happy as I was over being Larry's wife.

We drove over to one of the office buildings on Forty-second street, and went up to the projection room where the picture was to be shown. I'd never been there before, but Larry told me that there was a company which made a specialty of renting projection rooms to different companies.

There were several men there that night, even though it was rather late. There was a man who wanted to run off two reels of an industrial film for some man who owned a factory; the first man wanted to get the second one to have him to make some industrial films for him, evidently, because he kept talking about what a wonderful thing they were and how before long the motion-picture theatres of the country would be renting their screens just the way the magazines sell their back pages to advertisers.

Then there was another man who kept raving around and saying, "I gotta have a room to show 'Greed' in! Gimme a sheet and a machine, and I can sell 'Greed' for Oklahoma, Arizona and New Mexico before midnight."

The man in charge told him that their operators had all gone home except the ones who'd been engaged in advance, but that they'd get another one there as soon as possible, but he raved around just the same.

"He's got a bum picture and he wants to dispose of the States' rights before the censors get after him," Larry whispered to me as we went out of the main office and into a stuffy place that was lighted just enough so that we could find our way to some leather chairs at the back of the room.

I recognized several people among the dozen or more that were gathered there—the man who wrote the story from which John Seward had made his picture, and the director and one or two others. The camera man was huddled up in a corner, looking as worried as if the whole picture depended on him; he came over and sat with us, and he told us that afternoon he'd been offered $800 a week to "turn the crank" on a picture that a woman who'd just been acquitted in a sensational murder trial was going to make. She had lots of money behind her, but he had refused to have anything to do with it. I couldn't help wishing that more people who are concerned in the making of pictures felt as he did about such things.

When they turned out the lights Larry reached over and took my hand, and I slumped down in my chair contentedly. I had begun to realize that I was pretty tired, after the long train journey and the excitement of getting married and all that. But just the realization that I had Larry to take care of me made me feel more rested, as if I'd dumped the weight of all my fatigue on his shoulders.

And then, as I sat there thinking of him and the home we'd have and a lot of things like that, something happened that made my heart bounce up into my throat, and hot and cold shivers run all over me. I wanted to jump from my chair and shriek, and I wanted to crawl under it and hide at the same moment.

For there I was on the screen.

To be continued tomorrow

FILM COMPANY HAS SUBWAY SYSTEM FOR SALE CHEAP

IF MOHAMMED can't go to the mountain then bring the mountain to Mohammed.

That's the slogan which runs motion-picture studios and drives production directors, art directors, technical directors, etc., to an untimely grave.

Jack Conway wanted a subway. Jack Conway is directing Herbert Rawlinson in "The Millionaire" at Universal City. There was no New York subway at the West Coast studio when the picture was started—but there is now.

And what's more, there is a real subway train that runs on tracks, which defies the closest scrutiny to differentiate it in any way from the Metropolitan system.

For a month previous to the filming of the scene Archie Hall, chief of the studio technical department, and Elmer Shealy, art director, were in conference almost daily, laying plans for the building of this unique and expensive set.

* * *

THE subway and its train is declared by those acquainted with New York to be an exact replica of the famous underground whizzers that burrow under Gotham from the Battery to Van Cortland Park.

An enormous amount of detail was involved in the building of the Universal subway, requiring the expenditure of a large amount of money.

"We're just finishing the picture, and if the City of Los Angeles needs a good second-hand subway, I know where they can secure one fairly reasonable," remarked Rawlinson to Mayor George Cryer.

LUNCH TIME ON LOCATION

Winifred Dunn, who made the screen adaptation of "Mam'selle Jo," and Louis J. Gasnier, the director, split a watermelon at high noon while on location in the high Sierras. Every one had to wear old clothes, and tough ones at that, on this trip, as the sites selected for photographing were north of Conner Lake and over twenty miles from the nearest railroad. Everything had to be packed in, except the watermelons, and a big field of them adjoined the company camp

FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK OF STARS

MARY THURMAN

Answers to Questions by Movie Fans

KENDALL—Send your story to the producer, in the form of a synopsis. Jack Holt and Lila Lee play the leading roles in "After the Show." Charles Ogle also has an important part.

GLORIA—Rupert Hughes has written another story for Colleen Moore. It is to be called "Sent for Out." This expression is an Irish idiom used by the relatives left in Ireland when the family in America sends for them. No, Colleen isn't married yet, but there are rumors that single blessedness will not be hers for long. Colleen is a friendly little soul and I am certain she would send you her picture if you asked her nicely.

TED—"The Iron Trail" is a picturization of the novel of the same name by Rex Beach. It is directed by William Nell. Your friend does not seem to be mentioned in the cast.

SLADE—You ask about the picture "Lucky Damage." Right here I may as well tell you that it has been renamed "Skin Deep." The cast includes Milton Sills and Florence Vidor in the leads, Marcia Manon, Charles Clary, Joe Singleton and Walter Hall.

EILEEN K.—Yes, indeed, the "Prisoner of Zenda" is to be filmed and directed by Rex Ingram. Alice Terry will play the role of the lovely Princess Flavia.

BETTY—Mae Murray has her own company, called the Tiffany Productions, Inc. Her husband, Robert Leonard, is her director.

NEELEY—Alice Terry plays the part of Eugenie Grandet in "The Conquering Power." She has blue eyes and dark red-brown hair. It is true that she was born in Vincennes, Ind., in 1901, making her twenty, if my arithmetic is correct.

ANN CARROLL—As far as I know, Buster Keaton has no troubles. The serious look on his face does not necessarily suggest trouble. With such a nice wife as Natalie Talmadge is, how could he have any worries?

HERVEY—Charles Miller was on the legitimate stage for sixteen years. He can be reached at the Lambs' Club, New York City. Write him there and I am certain you will receive the information you wish.

Old Man 98 Will Make His Debut in Films

THOSE who may have imagined they were too old to act for the "movies" might consider the case of Samuel Yetter, ninety-eight, late of Carthage, Ill. Mr. Yetter not only is separated from the century mark by only two brief years, but he also has had to use crutches since he suffered a fracture of the hip two years ago.

But neither years nor infirmities dimmed his glowing ambition to be a movie actor. So he left Carthage, where he had lived continuously for eighty four years, and dropped in on his grandson, Raymond McKee, at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif., a couple of weeks ago.

Word has just come that Mr. Yetter has been given a role in a new Irish drama by Rupert Hughes, "Sent for Out," which is about to go into production. Chances are there are few, if any, more thoroughgoing optimists than this ancient novice. Says he:

"I expect to start my 100th year on my own two feet again."

Mr. Yetter is extremely agile, despite his lameness. Up to the time his hip was fractured he had been active at his profession of breaking horses.

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 held. 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. Rios is after treasure. Suddenly Zoraida returns, bringing West, whom she has successfully "vamped." He tells Kendric that Betty is really a notorious dancer, which Kendric denies. Zoraida develops a new plot with Rios to win Kendric's love, and by a revolution to establish a state with herself as queen. Kendric is confined at the ranch. Zoraida invites him to a dinner, at which both West and Barlow are guests. She urges the three men and Rios to play a game of cards for large stakes of gold, which she provides.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

HAD not Betty chosen to look at him then Kendric's answer would have been a blunt, "No." But Betty did look, and the glance was as eloquent as a gush of stinging words. Without a clue to the girl's thoughts, he merely set her down as the most illogical, impertinent and irritating creature it had ever been his bad lot to encounter. For her eyes told him that he was an animal of some sort of a crawling species which she abhorred. This after he had put in long, troubled hours seeking the way to be of service to her!

"Bah," he said in his heart, staring coldly at her until she averted her eyes, "they're all the same." And to Zoraida, "I'll play, but I play with my own money."

Zoraida only laughed. His open rudeness seemed unmarked.

"Barlow," said Kendric, "I want a word with you first."

Barlow did not turn or lift his eyes.

"Talk fast then," he retorted. "The game's waiting."

"In private, if you don't mind," urged Kendric.

Now Barlow looked at him sullenly.

"After what happened last night, Kendric," he said heavily, "you and me have got no private business together. Am I the man to take a bullet from another and then go chirr with him?"

"You blame me for that?" Kendric was incredulous. Barlow snorted. "Well," continued Kendric stiffly, "at least we've unfinished business between us. You haven't forgotten what brought us down here, have you?"

"Treasure, you mean?" Barlow spat out the words defiantly. "Put the name to it, man! Well, what of it?"

"The understanding was that we stand together. That we split what we find fifty-fifty. Does that still go?"

Barlow pulled nervously at his forelock, his eyes wandering. For an instant they were fixed on the smiling face of Zoraida. Then grown dogged they came back to Kendric.

"Hell take the understanding!" he blurted out savagely. "We stand even tonight, one as close to the loot as the other. It's every man for himself, whole hog or none, and the devil take the hindmost. That's what it is!"

"Good," snapped Kendric. "That suits me." He slammed his little pad of banknotes down on the table and took his chair. "What's the game, gentlemen?"

They named it poker and played hard. Reckless men with money were they all, men accustomed to big, fast games. The most reckless of them, Jim Kendric, was in a mood for anything provided it raced. Betty's attitude, Betty's look, had stirred him after a strange new fashion which he did not analyze. Barlow's unreasonable unfriendliness hurt and angered; the jeer in Rios' hard black eyes ruffled his blood. And even young Bruce looked at him with a defiance which Kendric had no stomach for. From the first card played, Jim Kendric, like a pacemaker in a race, stamped his spirit upon the struggle.

Betty, seeing that she was not to be allowed to go, sat down, and for a space made a pretense of ignoring what went forward before her. But presently as the atmosphere grew strained and intense, she forgot her pretense and leaned forward and watched eagerly. Zoraida had a couch drawn up for her, richly colored silken cushions placed to her taste, and stretched out luxuriously, her chin in her two hands.

There are isolated games wherein chance enters which make one wonder what is this thing named chance, and from which one rises at last touched by the superstition which holds so firm a place in the hearts of all gamblers. From the beginning it was Jim Kendric's game. When a jack-pot was opened he went into it with an ace high, though it cost him a hundred dollars to call for cards, which was not playing poker, but defying mathematics and challenging his luck. And the four cards given him by Bruce, whose blue eyes named him fool, were two more aces and two queens. And the pot that was close to ten hundred dollars before the sweetening was done, was his. Barlow, who had lost moodily at him and muttered under his breath; young Bruce merely stared incredulously and looked again at the cards to make sure; Rios, who had kept clear, smiled and murmured:

"Lucky at cards, unlucky in love, senor."

"I prefer the cards, thanks," said Kendric, stacking his winnings. And there was enough of the boy left in him to look briefly for the first time at Betty. Zoraida saw and bit her lip.

But though it was borne in upon those who played and those who watched that it was Jim Kendric's game there were the inevitable tense moments when each man in turn had his own eager hope. Bruce, no cool hand at gambling, showed his excitement in his shining blue eyes; Barlow muttered to himself; Rios sat forward in his chair and left off pointing the tips of his mustaches. At the end of the first half hour, though Kendric's heap of winnings was by far the greatest, no man of them was down to bed rock. And by now Kendric lost patience.

"Make it a jack pot for table stakes," he invited. "One hand for the whole thing!"

"What's the hurry?" demanded Bruce. "You're doing well enough as it is, aren't you?"

"A quick killing is better than slow torture," returned Jim lightly. "And you'll note that I am offering odds. Better than two to one against the flushest of you."

"Bueno, senor," said Rios. "It suits me."

"It's a fool thing to do," growled Barlow. A fool thing for Kendric, but not for him, since his were the biggest losses. He had always loved money. Had Twisty Barlow, and could never understand Headlong Kendric's contempt for it and now looked at him as though at one gone mad. Then he shrugged. "Suits me," he said.

"Wait!" Zoraida suddenly leaped to her feet, tossed out her arms in a wide gesture, her eyes unfathomable and shining with the mystery of a hidden thought. "I am glad to have in my house men like you four! You are men! Were it life or death, love or war or wealth, you would play the game the same. Men like you make the blood run hot in the heart of Zoraida who also grips life by the naked throat. Wait. And look."

She whirled and in another moment, as lithe as a cat, had sprung to the top of a serving table half across the room. And there she displayed herself in all her barbaric splendor, posing like a model in an artist's studio, turning slowly, standing at last confronting them, athrill with her own daring.

"Would you play for such a stake as never men played for before? For such a stake as kings would risk their crowns for? As such Zoraida offers herself, pledging her word to make the rich gift of herself to the man who wins!"

For a moment all four and Betty with them and the serving men at the doors stared at her and the room was dead still. Through the deep silence cut Zoraida's laugh, clear and sweet as a silver bell. Under their bewildered gaze she preened herself like a peacock, proud of her beauty so boldly displayed before their eyes. Zoraida smiled slowly.

"Is the stake high enough for your play?" she asked gently, in mock humility.

Bruce surged up from his chair only to drop back into it without having said a word. Rios' eyes caught fire and for the first time Kendric guessed that he, too, was in heart bond-servant to his amazing cousin. Barlow tugged at his forelock and muttered.

"Heap all the gold together," cried Zoraida. "Play for it and each man of you pray his favorite god for success. For with it goes Zoraida!"

Betty, looking at her out of round eyes, seemed once more the little girl Kendric had first taken her to be.

"Will you play?" said Zoraida softly.

"Yes! By God, yes!" cried Barlow.

Rios merely nodded and shoved his money to the middle of the table. Bruce started like a man from a dream and with hands that shook visibly thrust forward his own gold. Then all looked to Kendric.

Impulse decided for him and his answer came with no measurable time of hesitation. If he played and lost, as he looked at it, there was nothing to regret. If he played and won, perhaps it would have been Zoraida's own all-hazarding hands which had shown the way to break the chains that bound his two friends to her. It would need something like this to bring both Bruce and Barlow to their senses. It was mostly of Bruce that he thought just then.

"One hand of cards?" said Barlow.

"Rather one card, my friend," said Kendric drily. "We are keeping a lady waiting."

"Oh!" gasped Betty.

A shining pyramid was made of the gold pieces. Then the cards were shuffled and one of the serving men was called forward. He dealt one card to each of the four men, face down, and stepped back. Then the cards were turned over.

All were high cards, not one lower than a ten, yet with no two alike. The one new—the ace of hearts—lay in front of Jim Kendric.

CHAPTER XIV

Concerning a Difficult Situation, Recklessly Invited

For a moment in the heavy silence Jim Kendric sat appalled by what he had done. In the grip of the game he had been swayed by emotion, not tarrying for cold logic during an episode when time raced. He had hoped to win. Plus, since he had discovered that Rios, too, was enamored of his beautiful cousin, he would tease an old enemy, solve Bruce, jolt Barlow—and vex Betty. He had not thought of himself nor of Zoraida.

No one spoke. The first sound was a long shuddering breath from young Bruce; his face was a sick white save for a spot of red in each cheek; his eyes looked like those of a man with a high fever. Kendric sat staring in perplexity at the gold he had won, automatically gathering it toward him. Zoraida stood motionless, displaying herself, awaiting his eyes. And abruptly, when he lifted his head, his eyes went not to her but to Betty.

The girl appeared fascinated and horrified. Jim's eyes pleaded with her. Betty began to twist her hands in an agony of bewildered emotions. Zoraida, waiting for Jim's face to be lifted to her and not one accustomed to waiting on a man, frowned. But swiftly and before any one but the always watchful Rios saw, she broke the silence with her little cooing laughter. She put out her two white arms toward the men at the table, saying softly:

"Will you help me down, Senor Jim?"

Before Kendric could answer Bruce was on his feet. The blood charged to his face so that the red spots were merged in the crimson flood. The boy looked ready for murder.

"Stop this, Zoraida!" he said excitedly. "Stop it! You are mad. Have you forgotten?—Good God!"

A sudden heave and a mighty jerk came close to breaking his arm

"Betty——" said Kendric, hardly knowing what he would say. He wanted her to understand——

"Don't speak to me!" Betty flung the words at him passionately. "You are an unthinkable beast!"

Bruce heard nothing that was said, saw nothing but Zoraida. He came two steps toward her and then stepped, staring at her.

"Zoraida," he commanded, as one who speaks with love's authority, "you don't realize what you are doing. It is that cursed wine you have drunk or there is just desperation in the air and it has got into you. This hideous jest has gone far enough—too far. Tell them, tell Kendric, that it was all a jest. Nothing more."

"Had you won," said Zoraida sweetly, "what then, Senor Bruce? Would you have been jesting?"

Bruce's lips moved but no words came. Suddenly he whirled from her upon Kendric, his face distorted with rage.

"Damn you!" he burst out.

No longer was it merely a case of murder in his look. The urge to kill had swept into his heart, rushed hotly along his pounding arteries. Before now had Kendric seen men frenzy-lashed, like Bruce, briefly insane with the blood impulse and as Bruce cursed him he knew that he meant to kill him. There were half a dozen paces between the two men and already was Bruce's hand lost under the skirt of his coat. Kendric sprang to his feet and as he did so Bruce whipped out his pistol. There seemed no loss of time between the action and the discharge. But Kendric had been quick and only his promptness saved the life in him that night. As he went to his feet he swept up in his hand a heap of the shining gold pieces and flung them straight into the boy's purpling face. The bullet went by Kendric's head, doing no harm beyond splintering the wall behind him. Before Bruce could shake his head and fire again Kendric was upon him, worrying him as a dog worries a cat. Bruce, even in the desperation driving him, and with a gun in his hand, was little more than a stripling in the hard hands at his wrist and throat. A sudden heave and mighty jerk came close to breaking his arm and freed the pistol from his claw-like fingers. Kendric hurled him back so that Bruce staggered half across the room and crashed to the floor. Before he could come to his feet the pistol had been dropped into Kendric's coat pocket.

During the whole time Twisty Barlow had sat like a man bereft of volition, his face puckered queerly, his mouth a little open. He looked at the gold on the table top and at Zoraida; when Kendric had hurled the coins into Bruce's face he looked at the gold rolling across the floor and again back to Zoraida. Rios, having risen quietly, stood with one hand on the back of his chair, one hand at his mustache, looking steadily at his cousin. Even while Kendric and Bruce battled Rios gave them scant attention. He was watching Zoraida as though his life itself depended on his reading her wild heart aright.

Slowly, as though he had been half stunned, Bruce rose from the floor. Once more his face was white and looked sick. He had in his eyes the startled expression of a man rudely awakened from profound slumber.

He walked with dragging feet across the room and dropped wearily into a chair. He put has elbows on his knees and his head into his hands.

Zoraida, seeing that Kendric would not come to her, caught up her gown and leaped lightly down, landing softly like a cat. She put into her eyes what she pleased, a confusion of messages, a swooning passion, a maidenly tenderness, a joy that seemed to peep forth shyly. On tiptoes, as though she would not break the hush of the room, she went to the hall door, smiling a little in her backward look. A moment she whispered to the serving man at the door; then she was gone and they heard only the light patter of her slippers.

The man to whom Zoraida had whispered spoke in an undertone to his fellows. One of them went out swiftly; the others threw wide the three doors and then gathered up the fallen gold. It was replaced in its box and gravely presented to Kendric. He threw back the lid, thrust into his pocket without counting what he deemed equal to the amount he had played and tossed the box back to the servant.

"Divide with your friends," he said shortly, and turned toward Betty. But already, with the doors open, she had sought escape. He saw the whisk of her skirt and marked the erect carriage of her head of brown hair as she went out.

Jim Kendric stood looking about him and cursed himself for a fool. Headlong he had always been, plunging ever into deep waters that were not over clear, but he could not recall the time he had been a greater blunderer. He had no more than decided that the one thing for him to do was to simplify matters than here he went already interfering in other people's business and making a mess of the whole thing. Betty adjudged him being desirous of becoming Zoraida's lover; Bruce sought his death; Rios' eyes were like knives; Barlow still sent his sullen glances from the box of gold in a servant's hands to the door through which Zoraida has passed. Kendric went to where Bruce still sat and put his hand gently on the slack shoulder.

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. 6:15 & 9 TOM MIX "THE ROUGH DIAMOND"

ALLEGHENY Frankford & Allegheny M.'n'ee Daily 2:15; Eves. 7 & 9 ANNA Q. NILSSON in "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME"

APOLLO 52D & THOMPSON STS. MATINEE DAILY ALL-STAR CAST in "THE SON OF WALLINGFORD"

ARCADIA CHESTNUT Bet. 16TH & 17TH A. M. to 11:15 P. M. PAULINE FREDERICK in "THE LURE OF JADE"

ASTOR FRANKLIN & GIRARD AVE. MATINEE DAILY WILLIAM B. DE MILLE'S "AFTER THE SHOW"

BALTIMORE 51ST & BALTIMORE EVS. 6:30 SAT. MAT. Eugene O'Brien, 'The Last Door' HAROLD LLOYD in "THE FLIRT"

BENN 44TH AND WOODLAND AVE. MATINEE DAILY RUPERT HUGHES' "Dangerous Curve Ahead"

BLUEBIRD Broad & Susquehanna Continuous 2 until 11 WILLIAM S. HART in "THREE-WORD BRAND"

BROADWAY Broad & Snyder Ave. 2, 6:15 & 9 P. M. ANNA Q. NILSSON in "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME"

CAPITOL 722 MARKET ST. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. CLAIRE ADAMS & ROBERT McKIM in "A CERTAIN RICH MAN"

COLONIAL Gtn. & Maplewood Aves. 2, 6:45, 7 and 9 P. M. ANNA Q. NILSSON in "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME"

DARBY THEATRE TOM MIX, THE ROUGH DIAMOND HAROLD LLOYD in "NEVER WEAKEN"

EMPRESS MAIN ST., MANAYUNK MATINEE DAILY ANNA Q. NILSSON in "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME"

FAIRMOUNT 20th & Girard Ave. MATINEE DAILY JOHNNY ("TORCHY") HINES in "BURN-'EM-UP BARNES"

FAMILY THEATRE—1311 Market St. 8 A. M. TO MIDNIGHT SHIRLEY MASON in "QUEENIE"

56TH ST. THEATRE—Below Spruce MATINEE DAILY ADDED HAROLD LLOYD "IT'S A GREAT LIFE"

GLOBE 5901 MARKET ST. 2:30 and 6:30 to 11 VIOLA DANA in "LIFE'S DARN FUNNY"

GRANT 4022 Girard Ave.—Mat. Wed. Violin and Organ Recital Lucy Dorraine in "Good & Evil" HAROLD LLOYD in "NOW OR NEVER"

GREAT NORTHERN Broad Stat. Erie 6, 7 & 9 P. M. ANNA Q. NILSSON in "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME"

IMPERIAL 60TH & WALNUT STS. Mts. 2 P. M. Eves. 7 & 9 ANNA Q. NILSSON in "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME"

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

Lehigh Palace Germantown Ave. and Lehigh Avenue DAVID POWELL in "DANGEROUS LIES"

LIBERTY BROAD & COLUMBIA AV. MATINEE DAILY JUNE ELVIDGE in "FINE FEATHERS"

OVERBROOK 63D & HAVERFORD AVENUE Harold Lloyd, 'Among Those Present' LARRY SEMON in "THE BELL HOP"

PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. MME. NAZIMOVA in "CAMILLE"

PRINCESS 1018 MARKET STREET 8:30 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. VIOLA DANA in "HOME STUFF"

REGENT MARKET ST. Below 17TH 9:45 A. M. to 11 P. M. ANNA Q. NILSSON 'WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME'

RIALTO GERMANTOWN AVENUE AT TULPEHOCKEN ST. DAVID POWELL in "DANGEROUS LIES"

RUBY MARKET ST. BELOW 7TH 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. CORINNE GRIFFITH in "MORAL FIBRE"

SAVOY 1211 MARKET STREET 8 A. M. TO MIDNIGHT Constance Talmadge, 'Wedding Bells' HAROLD LLOYD in "NEVER WEAKEN"

SHERWOOD 54th & Baltimore Av. MAT. TUE. 6:30 MERMAID COMEDY, "BANG!"

STANLEY MARKET AT 16TH 11 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. GEORGE MELFORD'S "THE SHEIK"

STANTON MARKET Above 16TH 9:45 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. WILLIAM FOX'S "THE QUEEN OF SHEBA"

333 MARKET STREET THEATRE 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. MARION DAVIES in "ENCHANTMENT"

VICTORIA MARKET ST. at 9TH 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. WILLIAM FARNUM in "PERJURY"

RIALTO, WEST CHESTER MARION DAVIES in "ENCHANTMENT"

The NIXON-NIRDLINGER THEATRES

BELMONT 52D ABOVE MARKET 2:30 & 6:30 to 11 P. M. ANNA Q. NILSSON "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME"

CEDAR 60TH & CEDAR AVENUE 1:30 & 3 and 7 & 9 P. M. PAULINE FREDERICK in "THE STING OF THE LASH"

COLISEUM Market Bet. 50th & 60th 1:30 and 3, 7 and 9 P. M. DORIS MAY in "THE FOOLISH AGE"

JUMBO FRONT ST. & GIRARD AVE. Jumbo June on Frankford "L" JOHNNY (TORCHY) HINES "BURN-'EM-UP BARNES"

LEADER 41ST & LANCASTER AVE. MATINEE DAILY ANNA Q. NILSSON "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME"

LOCUST 52D AND LOCUST STREETS Mats. 1:30, 3:30. Eves. 6:30 to 11 ELSIE FERGUSON in "SONG OF SONGS" Harold Lloyd in "NEVER WEAKEN"

NIXON 52D AND MARKET STS. 2:15, 7 and 9 ALL-STAR CAST "LIFE"

RIVOLI 52D AND SANSOM STS. MATINEE DAILY FLORENCE REED in "INDISCRETION"

69TH STREET THEATRE 69th Terrace M. T. 2:30 Nts. 7 and 9 PRISCILLA DEAN in "CONFLICT"

STRAND GERMANTOWN AVE. AT VENANGO STREET MARION DAVIES in "ENCHANTMENT"

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

Germantown 5510 Germantown Ave. MATINEE DAILY LOIS WEBER'S "WHAT DO MEN WANT?"

JEFFERSON 20th & Dauphin Sts. MATINEE DAILY ELSIE FERGUSON in "FOOTLIGHTS"

PARK RIDGE AVE. & DAUPHIN ST. Mat. 2:15. Eve. 6:45 to 11 DAVID POWELL in "DANGEROUS LIES"