

The Daily Movie Magazine

KLIEG-EYES NOT VERY MUCH FUN, CONNIE FINDS OUT
By CONSTANCE PALMER

Hollywood, Calif.
CONNIE days ago your noble friend, Connie Palmer, got Klieg-eyes looking at Betty Conson. Yes, you know they call her "radiant" Betty; but she shouldn't be as bright as that! It was like this: Betty was all dressed up in an Ancho costume for her new picture, "The Noose," and was watching two men beating each other up. She looked so charming during the rehearsal I couldn't keep my eyes off her. And then the lights went on, all of a sudden, and I kept on gazing past her, right into the blinding rays of a super-light.

Stars (not picture ones) danced before me the rest of the day, and the next morning I woke up, as well as I could, with lids red and swollen, and tears running down my cheeks. All for Betty! After using the usual remedies—boric acid, castor oil (just try putting it in your eyes some time!) and poultices of scraped raw potato and tea leaves, I'll pass the word that today finds me much as usual.

FROM the sublime to the ridiculous: Lee Moran has left Universal and will henceforth be associated with Century Comedies. He is a very good producer, director and story-writer.

From the ridiculous to the sublime: Hall Crane is expected in Hollywood one of these days, to pass on the script and oversee the production of "The Christian," which is shortly to be made into a picture at Goldwyn. Charles Kenyon wrote the continuity, and many famous people are being considered for the star part, among them Joseph Schickelrueck.

Betty Bixbie is to appear in the picturization of a Rex Beach story by "United Artists," she says. She is a very busy girl, with personal appearances around at the universities. She stopped off at Columbus to visit Ohio State, at the invitation of the students. You remember she was recently voted Princeton's most popular actress by that school. After she's finished with the Rex Beach story, she plans to do a concert tour of several Eastern cities.

Clare Sheridan, who needs or should need no introduction to you, visited our famous colony about a month ago, and writes back, (Mr. Close-Eyes), she has ideas radically regarding films and the making of them. When she came, she had the patronizing, tolerant attitude toward us that so many people, famous and otherwise, have. But after watching the huge productions, the business-like attitude and the mammoth "plants" we have here, she has changed her opinion right about-faced, and now regards us with the most wholesome respect and admiration.

VETERANS OF WAR BEST WORKERS, SAYS STUDIO CHIEF

THAT army training increases a man's value in civil life materially is the belief of Irving C. Thalberg, general manager at Universal City, who has just proved it to his own satisfaction.

When Harry Carey went to the Mojave desert to film "The Fox," a civilian contractor estimated that it would take ninety days to build a camp for his unit.

Harry Schenk, production manager, had a clever young lieutenant on his staff when he was making a record during the war. He recommended him to Thalberg. The man came. He is R. E. Taylor, an assistant director when there is no war to divert his mind.

"Jump out to the desert," said Schenk, "take a look at the situation and tell me how long it will take to build a camp that would pass army inspection."

"Yeep," said Taylor. "I took Taylor exactly nineteen days to build a camp. Men curled up under army field hospital, while others went in field tents to sleep. In the fifth day a cliff looked as though it would hold up operations. The civilian contractor estimated that it would take five steam shovels at a thousand dollars a scoop to remove the obstacle. Taylor nudged that cliff with a shot of TNT that sent 400 tons of rock over into the next canyon."

ON THE nineteenth day the outfit started to build comfortable tents to be fed in a mess hall by a leather-necked mess sergeant and to shoot a picture that will go to the screen from the hottest hot-hole on the great American desert. Taylor's second day, he took Taylor set down to rest. He woke up three days later in a hospital at Mojave.

"Who's running the outfit?" he asked anxiously.

"Jack Lawton," was the answer. Taylor rolled over for another nap. Jack Lawton was a marine at Mare Island.

A smaller camp has just been completed by another outfit of ex-service men. It is for Edward Lennett's use in filming "The White Horse of the West" in which Art Acord is starred. The location is a wild and inaccessible gulch near Chatsworth, five miles from a wagon road that would allocate the veterans of a military dancer.

"GOT another good soldier?" asked C. Thalberg of Schenk. He had, in twenty-four hours, Assistant Director, who is also an assistant writer when the flag doesn't keep him away, had acquired a trail into the gulch and was throwing up a camp.

That confirmed Thalberg's belief that an ex-soldier can handle a man who has seen any condition that a man who has never cursed a bugler.

FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK OF STARS



Jacqueline Logan
THE MOVIE FAN'S LETTER-BOX
By HENRY M. NEELY

Investigative Betty—Address, Claire Windsor, at 424 Santa Monica boulevard, Los Angeles. She is a beauty, isn't she?

Investigative Persim, 1122 Tasker street. If you have been watching this department lately you will have seen the answers to all your questions about Bunish Valentini. No, I don't think you're an impertinent person, by any means. But I'm afraid I cannot share your admiration for this handsome young Italian. In "The Four Horsemen" I think he was fine right up to the time he tried to be heroic. Then I think he went blower and stayed blower. And I think he is blower-blown in most of "The Shock." Now watch all the fair young readers of this column jump on me with both feet!

F. S. Little wrote a letter to this department the other day which warned him would bring down the wrath of the Tom Mix and Buck Jones fans upon him. Here is a copy of the letter as it stands, and I think it is one of the best replies in the history of the "General Delivery" as his address:

"In the Movie Fan's Letter Box I note a letter from F. S. Little. If you care to take the trouble, you can explain to him that all the good stories for producers are about exhausted. Of course it is impossible to exhaust ALL the good stories that there are, but it is true that a good many holders of copyrights will not sell the motion-picture rights to their stories. Another reason why you will find the decline of American plays is this: there are very few real good scenario writers and directors and so many plays are spoiled for the good part.

"As for his remarks about Bert Lytell, if he will take into consideration the above reasons, I think he will find that there is nothing wrong with Lytell's opinion. It is not for Lytell to decide when there are no better pictures for him to shoot. The same applies to every actor on the stage.

"Letting and motion picture making are great things and wonderful. BUT there is a great commercial side to it which must be taken into consideration, for it is not more than the actual making of the picture. If Mr. Little will send me his address, I would be delighted to discuss the matter further with him. But I do not care to do so until he sends me 'The Great Adventure.' It is not a poor play.

And a reader who prefers to be known simply as 'Scrapable' comes in with the following:

"In your answer to F. S. Little, you really 'passed the buck' for the American boys, such as Tom Mix, who really stars."

ORCHESTRA PERFORMS A BEAUTIFUL PROGRAM
Familiar Numbers Arouse Enthusiasm of Big Audience

THE PROGRAM
Philadelphia's State Opera House
Conducted by Gustav Scherzinger
Soprano: Greta Scherzinger
Soprano: Greta Scherzinger

Yesterday's concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra was marked by a program of the greatest beauty, three familiar numbers being performed, but all of the highest standard and with sufficient contrast to make the concert one of the finest that the organization has given this season.

It began with the beautiful Brandenburg Concerto No. 2 (in F major) of Bach, one of the earliest compositions of that great master in the purely instrumental form. It was finely performed, especially the solo parts, the orchestra playing with spirit and enthusiasm, and the leading of Mr. Stokowski bringing out the wealth of variety in which Art Acord is starred. The location is a wild and inaccessible gulch near Chatsworth, five miles from a wagon road that would allocate the veterans of a military dancer.

There were three Philadelphia singers in last evening's cast: Bianca Scovato, as Marguerite; Henri Scott, as Mehistophiles; and Miss D'Allessandro. Miss Scovato's fresh, brilliant voice was heard with pleasure throughout the entire opera. Her singing of the "Jealous Song" was her finest effort to date. Henri Scott's Mehistophiles is familiar to a Philadelphia audience, and it was admirably acted, as well as sung. Mr. Agostini, as Faust, again appeared, as he always does, to the best vocal and dramatic advantage, and his "Salve Diadora" was a fine vocal effort, while Joseph Valente in a most acceptable manner. Kinova was the Martha and Manuel Pines, the Wagner.

The San Carlo Company's season will be brought to an end today with "Madame Butterfly" as the matinee opera, and the double bill of "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" at the final evening performance.

FROM NOW ON

By FRANK L. PACKARD
(AUTHOR OF "THE MIRACLE MAN")
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CHAPTER I
One Hundred Thousand Dollars
A wild and prolonged roar came from every quarter of the race track. It swelled in volume. It came again and again. Pandemonium itself seemed loosed.

"Outside the enclosure a squat fat man, the preparation rolling on streams down his face, tugged at his collar with frantic, nervous jerks, as he leaped over the side of a high-powered car, and with his other hand gripped the arm of the young man in the driver's seat."

"Dave, listen to 'em! My God, listen to 'em! That's the off man, that's the off man! He's the off man! He's the off man! He's the off man!"

"You get that, don't you? You know it's the off man, and you don't seem to give a damn!"

"Why should I?" inquired Dave Henderson calmly. "I guess it's their own fault. They've made a mistake."

"You've played square, I have," he whined. "And I'm wiped out!"

"Yes—square as hell!" answered Dave Henderson.

"Now, getting back to America's favorite, Tom Mix, Mr. Little says why all you Tom Mix plays. There is only one answer; he is the biggest box office attraction and is always in popular demand. I am sure I am speaking for the American public. Mr. Fox cannot turn out Tom Mix productions fast enough to satisfy the demand. Mr. Little says why all you foreign play come so good as the American movies? Fannie Ward in 'The Client,' Mae Murray in 'The Dance,' and how about 'Intolerance' and last, but not least, 'Over the Hill'?"

"I'm going up to Frisco—If I ever get around to it, that's all, and that means a ninety-nine run—and we'll see how the train goes down to Cape." You got Tydemann on the long distance—what did he say?"

"I couldn't help your missing the train!" Bookie Skarvan's voice had grown almost ingratiating. "There wasn't any use of your going up there. I got a hold of him before the banks closed, was there? And if I'd been able to get him at once, we might have had a little more money. You can't grab the evening train back. I can't grab the evening train back. I can't grab the evening train back."

"All right," Dave Henderson was apparently much more intent upon the starting mechanism of his car, than his companion's words. The engine was already purring softly when he looked up at Bookie Skarvan again. "Well, what's the arrangement?"

"Tydemann will have the money in cash at his house—one hundred thousand dollars. You go there and get it, and bring it back on the train tonight."

"No, that's all." Bookie Skarvan mopped at his face with the back of his hand, and then he looked at another clock on the wall. "That'll be another long shot—everybody's playing 'em—down—'em! For Dave's sake, don't let me have to take these pikers that never turned a red in their lives before! If I lay my hands on that money, I'll give it all to you. You got to have 'em off that long. I wish I could go with you and get out of here, but they'd think I was running away, and—"

"I get you," said Dave Henderson. "They all love Bookie Skarvan! Well, it's your car, and you've got a right to take it. He threw in the clutch, and the car shot forward. "So long, Bookie!" he flung out over his shoulder.

An hour passed. Out in the free sweep of country the car was running at terrific speed. Dave Henderson's dark eyes, cool and self-reliant, stared at the little black and white feet as they came light lips parted slightly in a smile, and suddenly, over the rush of the wind and the roar of the speeding car, he spoke a word that was a challenge.

"One hundred thousand dollars—in cash," said Dave Henderson meditatively. "Well, it's like the change I've been waiting for—what? Only I can't go and let old Tydemann hand it over to me and trust me with it, and then beat it. Once he shines it at me, that's all, and then I'll be the laughing stock of the town." "Dave, my boy, take this back to Skarvan. I'm stung, and there's nothing doing." "That's right, isn't it? Well, then, what's the answer?"

The broad, muscular shoulders set a

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little more rigidly over the steering wheel, and the square jaws clamped in a sort of dogged defiance in the face of his self-proclaimed problem. His mind, as though seeking therefrom the solution he demanded, was reviewing the facts and circumstances that had placed that little black handbag, with its suggestive possibilities, at his feet. It had been looking for the bookmakers, and a particularly bad day for Bookie Skarvan—it was the culmination of several extremely bad days for Bookie Skarvan. Shots at odds that were staggering had won again and again. There was absolutely no question that the man was wiped out—a good many times over. Now Tydemann was coming to the rescue, but that did not put Bookie Skarvan on his feet again; it only paid the bills, and saved Bookie Skarvan from being a street cleaning device in the shape of a human mop!

The curious thing about it was that Tydemann was in any way connected with Bookie Skarvan. Everbody knew that Skarvan was crooked from his boot soles up—except Martin K. Tydemann. But that was Tydemann's way! Tydemann must have been too often crooked, but Tydemann wouldn't believe it. That was Tydemann's way! Once, years ago, Skarvan had tipped Tydemann off that one of his rings was being cleaned by a young fellow who had given up his information, and had tried first to play both ends to the middle by blackmailing an then double-crossing the man who had done the "deteriorating."

Tydemann did not know that—Tydemann would not have been so sure of his belief that there was no squarer man on the circuit than Bookie Skarvan. It had resulted in Tydemann becoming a sport partner of Bookie Skarvan, and the betting fraternity had been not a little pleased, for Tydemann's millions went up on the board better than even against Bookie Skarvan's trifles. Now Dave Henderson nodded his head. It was quite true, Martin K. Tydemann was getting to be quite an old man now, but Martin K. Tydemann was still hailed as the greatest, greatest sportsman there, and he had a record that would be a little rough on that kind of sports. It was no too bad that it was Bookie Skarvan; Skarvan was the clean-shaven face set and hard, the dark eyes introspective as they held on the road ahead, Dave Henderson sat there, almost motionless, but over the wheel. Once he stopped to replenish his supply of gasoline, and then the car rumbled on again, rocking in its speed. He drove perfectly, as if he had no other worries. It depended entirely upon whether Tydemann would have the money in the money without accepting it as a trust from the old millionaire.

"You're a poor fool," Dave Henderson informed himself, with a sharp laugh. "What the difference? You think it either way, don't you?"

He shook his head, as the car tore forward.

"Maybe," he muttered, "maybe I am, and maybe there isn't any difference, but there's nothing doing that way. I got a little reputation myself—left. No guy ever put a bean in my mitt that he didn't get it out, and he didn't get it out on the level—in spite of Skarvan! Damn Skarvan! He wouldn't have had a look-in on a two-bit bet for more seasons than one if he hadn't been running the games for him—no body'd have trusted him!"

Again Dave Henderson relaxed into silence. He drove in a purely mechanical way. His mind was rambling now in a sort of bitter meditation with the years that reached back as far as he could remember.

They were not an altogether pleasant memory; and that was why he pleased, and not only pleased, but they had his mind to have \$100,000. He did not remember either his father or his mother. They hadn't had any money, but he had an impression that they had been rather decent people—only they had died. He hadn't known how old it happened—he didn't know how old—only that he had been in a school, a school, an orphan school, it had been a place of a place. And at ten he had run away. After that, beginning by looking after his own affairs, he had lived on the streets ever since—and had risen to the heights of becoming Bookie Skarvan's clerk!

His jaws clamped hard. It was a pity! He felt there was a chance to get out of it! He had been looking for the chance—and here it was—if he could get away with it! There had been a lot of money before, but for one hundred thousand dollars—that the bet hadn't been good enough. He had even a little better than three thousand dollars himself, for that matter, and it was put-

ing interest, too; he had loaned it to Source John Kelly, who ran the Pacific Coral Saloon down on the Barbary Coast in Frisco. And he had a couple of hundred dollars in his pocket now, too, for that matter. But it was all chicken feed. He had won it, and he might win as much more again some time—or he might lose it. The game wasn't any good. It didn't get anywhere. Maybe it was the interest commission in on that three thousand? Tydemann would make Tydemann a gentleman of independent means out of him at one crack. Sure, it was worth the risk. If he got caught, well then—good-night! If she got away with it, well then—zowie!

Yes—but how? That was the question.

If he wouldn't go to Tydemann and let Tydemann tastefully hand the money over to him, how was he to get the cash into his possession? He was quite willing to accept the risk of pursuit and capture, given a few hours' start; he was quite willing to pit his wits against the machinery of the law—that was the gambling game he ran; and it would be a simple matter to make Tydemann Skarvan's own library, say, assist in packing the little black handbag full of money, and then, instead of taking the train back to Frisco, take the next train to New York. The strong jaws clamped harder. But nothing doing! Not that way! He'd

ing interest, too; he had loaned it to Source John Kelly, who ran the Pacific Coral Saloon down on the Barbary Coast in Frisco. And he had a couple of hundred dollars in his pocket now, too, for that matter. But it was all chicken feed. He had won it, and he might win as much more again some time—or he might lose it. The game wasn't any good. It didn't get anywhere. Maybe it was the interest commission in on that three thousand? Tydemann would make Tydemann a gentleman of independent means out of him at one crack. Sure, it was worth the risk. If he got caught, well then—good-night! If she got away with it, well then—zowie!

ing to throw it at him, and that while he racked his mind for a method of getting the money into his possession, he must also rack his mind for a method that would prevent its being forced upon him! He laughed out sharply.

"Now, wouldn't that sting you?" mumbled Dave Henderson. "Say, wouldn't that sting you?"

And then, abruptly, Dave Henderson stopped the car at the side of the road. He had it now—almost. It had come, the game of it, in a flash. And now he wanted to think it out without the distraction of handling the machine. There came a smile, and the eyes narrowed, and he looked at his eye now that afforded him a grim sense of humor. He could see the great bare dormitory in the orphan school, a room whose walls were decorated with huge scrawled mottoes—and there was the one on the end wall with its great red painted letters, and he could see it through the words. Sure, he could see it! "Virtue Is Its Own Reward." He had never taken much notice in those days, but it looked now as though that one wasn't all to the bad! By refusing to allow himself to double-cross old Tydemann, he had now found a very good better way. He would have to take the risk of pursuit now if he had any luck, for the very simple reason that there wouldn't be any pursuit; and instead of its being a self-explanatory fact that he had got away with the money, he would not now appear in the affair at all.

He began to elaborate the plan very carefully in his mind. He knew old Tydemann's house well, almost every inch of it, for he had been there on er-

and—and all this without the slightest chance of being observed. He should be able to go to Tydemann's house and return in an hour, or an hour and a half at the outside. If any one noticed the car in front it would seem, naturally, that he had gone to his room. Again he got the idea—how to get his clothes after a ninety-mile ride, especially in view of the fact that the train he was supposed to take back to Stockton did not leave until 9 o'clock. He leaned back in his seat and blew a smoke ring into the air complacently.

"I'm sure!" observed Dave Henderson. "I guess I've got the idea worked out—'a little better than even money'—it's back with that hundred thousand and no one the wiser, but I've got to hide it somewhere—what? And in my room? Another smoke ring followed the first. Almost any place would do—so that it would be easy to get at, and at the same time would not attract attention to him when he went back to it. Well—the shag, then? He nodded his head absently, yes?—of course—Mrs. Foole's things would be one place in a million! He perfectly safe there, and he could get it again any time at a minute's notice. Again he nodded, and perhaps change his whole thing was as good as done. After the money was hidden, he had only to get into the car, drive with the little black satchel in his hand, and see the door of Martin K. Tydemann, Esquire, the money that Bookie Skarvan had sent him for, and which he had motored a matter of some ninety miles to obtain! Dave Henderson's lips parted in a sudden smile, though the outburst, though he was in no degree relaxed, there wasn't an one who could be a hundredth part of the man who would be the wildest stretch of imagination have had anything to do with the robbery was Dave Henderson.

After that, maybe he would accept a second hundred thousand from Tydemann—and take it back to Bookie Skarvan, too! That was all he had to do—play the game for a month or two, and he'd be able to dig up an amount of the West for keeps. There wasn't a hurry. Being already a man of affairs, it would take him some time to get those affairs settled up. There was old Square John Kelly and that three thousand dollars, for instance. Kelly couldn't produce the cash at an instant's notice, and Dave Henderson's lips parted in a sudden smile, though the outburst, though he was in no degree relaxed, there wasn't an one who could be a hundredth part of the man who would be the wildest stretch of imagination have had anything to do with the robbery was Dave Henderson.

There was something superbly insouciant about the man as, far back in his past, his hands rested in a sort of masterful ease on the wheel, and the steering wheel. Of sties Dave Henderson knew little, and cared much less—ethics had been missing from the curriculum of the school in which he had been brought up. He wanted a hundred thousand dollars, because with a hundred thousand dollars he was fixed for life; and, having weighed the betting odds that stood before him, he had decided to accept those odds. It became simply a question of winning, or of being wiped out. If he got wiped out, he would neither whimper nor whine—he would simply swallow his medicine. He was taking a sporting chance—he was staking his liberty, quite possibly his life, against \$100,000. Tydemann directed thousand dollars. And Tydemann could afford to lose.

He wasn't for putting Tydemann, or any one else, on the rocks; that wasn't the sort of game he had any use for. He wanted to reach the city until at least a few minutes after 9 o'clock. 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.

PHOTOPLAYS	PHOTOPLAYS	PHOTOPLAYS	PHOTOPLAYS
Alhambra "THE SNOW BLIND"	GREAT NORTHERN "THE GOLDEN SNARE"	W The NIXON-NIRDLINGER THEATRES	BELMONT "SESSUE HAYAKAWA" "THE FIRST-RUN"
ALLEGHENY "Gloria Swanson" "THE SPEED GIRL"	IMPERIAL "BEBE DANIELS" "FOOL'S PARADISE"	CEDAR "CECIL B. DE MILLE" "MALE AND FEMALE"	COLISEUM "MAY ANDERSON" "TOO MUCH MARRIED"
APOLLO "DAVID POWELL" "BITS OF LIFE"	KARLTON "AFTER THE SHOW" "TOM MIX"	JUMBO "WILLIAM S. HART" "JUSTINE JOHNSTONE"	LOCUST "DANGEROUS CURVE AHEAD"
ARCADIA "THE WIDOWED MAID" "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME"	Lehigh Palace "AFTER THE SHOW" "TOM MIX"	LEADER "JUSTINE JOHNSTONE"	NIXON "THE LURE OF EGYPT"
ASTOR "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME" "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME"	LIBERTY "TOM MIX" "AFTER THE SHOW"	LOCUST "DANGEROUS CURVE AHEAD"	RIVOLI "VIOLA DANA"
BALTIMORE "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME" "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME"	OVERBROOK "CONSTANCE TALMADGE" "AFTER THE SHOW"	LOCUST "DANGEROUS CURVE AHEAD"	SHERWOOD "THE LURE OF EGYPT"
BENNY "THE DIRT" "ALICE JOYCE"	PALACE "ANITA STEWART" "WILLIAM S. HART"	LOCUST "DANGEROUS CURVE AHEAD"	STRAND "THE LURE OF EGYPT"
BLUEBIRD "ALICE JOYCE" "GLORIA SWANSON"	REGENCY "WILLIAM S. HART" "THE LURE OF EGYPT"	LOCUST "DANGEROUS CURVE AHEAD"	STANTON "THE LURE OF EGYPT"
BROADWAY "GLORIA SWANSON" "GLORIA SWANSON"	RIALTO "AFTER THE SHOW" "AFTER THE SHOW"	LOCUST "DANGEROUS CURVE AHEAD"	SHERWOOD "THE LURE OF EGYPT"
CAPITOL "DON'T TELL EVERYTHING" "THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI"	RUBY "THE MASKED AVENGER" "THE MASKED AVENGER"	LOCUST "DANGEROUS CURVE AHEAD"	SHERWOOD "THE LURE OF EGYPT"
COLONIAL "THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI" "THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI"	SAVOY "DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS" "WANDA HAWLEY"	LOCUST "DANGEROUS CURVE AHEAD"	SHERWOOD "THE LURE OF EGYPT"
DARBY THEATRE "SHIRLEY MASON" "CHARLES RAY"	STANLEY "BETTY COMPTON" "BETTY COMPTON"	LOCUST "DANGEROUS CURVE AHEAD"	SHERWOOD "THE LURE OF EGYPT"
EMPRESS "CHARLES RAY" "BUCK JONES"	STANTON "THE QUEEN OF SHEBA" "THE SERENADE"	LOCUST "DANGEROUS CURVE AHEAD"	SHERWOOD "THE LURE OF EGYPT"
FAIRMOUNT "BUCK JONES" "MILNER HARRIS"	STANTON "THE QUEEN OF SHEBA" "THE SERENADE"	LOCUST "DANGEROUS CURVE AHEAD"	SHERWOOD "THE LURE OF EGYPT"
FAMILY "MILNER HARRIS" "MILNER HARRIS"	STANTON "THE QUEEN OF SHEBA" "THE SERENADE"	LOCUST "DANGEROUS CURVE AHEAD"	SHERWOOD "THE LURE OF EGYPT"
GLOBE "SHIRLEY MASON" "SHIRLEY MASON"	STANTON "THE QUEEN OF SHEBA" "THE SERENADE"	LOCUST "DANGEROUS CURVE AHEAD"	SHERWOOD "THE LURE OF EGYPT"
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GRANT "WHAT DO MEN WANT" "WHAT DO MEN WANT"	STANTON "THE QUEEN OF SHEBA" "THE SERENADE"	LOCUST "DANGEROUS CURVE AHEAD"	SHERWOOD "THE LURE OF EGYPT"