BABY WAR VICTIM **BECOMES SCREEN** STAR ON COAST

SNATCHED from death in the World War, a helpless eighteen-monthold baby lived to become a screen chi'd actor of today.

Philippe de Lacey, playing a child art in the comedy "Is Matrimony a Failure?" is a striking example of the niraculous care of an all-powerful

Little Philippe is now four years of age and one of the most beautiful child types on the screen. His beauty and sweetness of expression seem a miracle in view of the terrible circumstances surrounding his birth and early life. Had this baby been able to talk, his first words probably would have been those of Sherman, "War is hell!"

It was during a German air raid near Nancy that little Philippe was born. His father, together with four of the latter's brothers, had alread; been killed. His mother, then only seventeen, was killed in an air raid two days after his birth. The grandother, who was holding the babe in her arms at the time, was unburt.

Taking her precious burden, the age lady made her way to an abandoned dugout underneath a house and lived as best she could, finding meager nourishment from day to day for herself and the child. A little straw on the unit floor of the dugout was their bed. In this way they existed for eighteen

Mrs. Edith de Lucey, who was then with the Women's Overseas Hospital, was at the hospital in Nancy. Sac found the old lady in a dying condition. The babe, sitting on the foot of the straw bed, held out its arms to her and said "Mama." Assuring the Assuring the dring grandmother that she would care for the babe. Mrs. de Lacey took little Philippe in her arms. Touched by the babe's pitiful ery.

Mrs. de Lacey immediately began to it had to undergo six months' hospital treatment because of exposure, poor food and privation. When she left for America, after the armistice, she ought the child with her, adopting it as her own.

In the same house where she live! efter returning was an artist who was fect features and expressed a desire to paint his portrait. The portrait was painted and soon commercial artists. hearing of the child, sketched him for various advertising work. In this con-nection he met Geraldine Farrar, who "The Riddle Woman." He displayed not only screen beauty and charm, but

"I like pictures, however," she says.
"Have pictures, however," she says.
"Who could help enjoying working with
Will Rogers or under the direction of
James Cruze? Mr. Rogers is a constant menace to those who are afraid
of gaining weight if the adage 'laugh
and grow fat' is to be taken seriously. Keeping a straight face while acting with him is a difficult task for any

"SPOOFY'S" LAMB LIKED PAINT ON BABY CARRIAGE

LAMB and a baby carriage feature The lamb to all appearances was a very ordinary one. But the baby carriage
was obviously a very exclusive affair, right to say he is wonderful. And I with an ermine robe, a ducal crest and wish the other writers would not talk very up-to-date improvement. It was against him.

The lamb to all appearances was a very next for him very much. It is much more pleasant to look at him than Will Rogers, or Harry Carey, or several others.

"Please publish this, as I want some of those people like John Graves to the difference of the provided by the property of the same time. I like him very much. It is much more pleasant to look at him than Will Rogers, or Harry Carey, or several others." with an ermine robe, a ducal crest and every up-to-date improvement. It was tased, in fact, for the kidnaping of an aristocratic infant by "Spoofy," who, having lost his memory as a result of shell-shock, in a moment of absentmindedness unknowingly kidnaps his own small son and incidentally picks up a lamb in the park and carries at home for the child to play with.

Needless to say, both the lamb and the baby had the time of their lives at the studio. In spite, however, of its

illian

the studio. In spite however, of its undistinguished appearance, the lamb seemed to have very decided opinions concerning the leisured classes. It was area suspected of harboring Bolshevik as related in the story, was the only

recen by Will Payne, noted author, is "A Truthful Liar," which is being produced with Wanda Hawley as star. produced with Wanda Hawley as star. Included in the cast are Edward Hearn as the male lend; Charles A. Stevenson, former Shepherd of the Lambs Club; Casson Ferguson and George Seigmann.

Betty Put Up a Bluff

Betty Compson put up a good poker face at the Hollywood Studio last week "Sapho," a leopard, about whom Betry dances in "The Noose," her next pic-ture. "You're a brave girl," some one ture. "You're a brave giri, some on said to her as she walked off the lot may have looked brave, but I'll tell you and your guests. you I was scared," she replied."

To Film "Manslaughter"

"Manslaughter." the novel by Alice ner Miller, which was recently issued. Il he translated into film form at the De Mille again takes up his mega-ne next February.

FOR THE FILM FAN'S SCRAPBOOK



We will be glad to publish the pictures of such screen players as are suggested by the fans

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

Why "Pick on" Wally Reid? T. M. C. writes-"As you may prob-

"There is no other actor on the

M. R. C., 156 Luray street, writes— "Just a word about Rudolph, I fell in love with him as the Sheik. He is a gr-r-rand and ga-lorious Sheik-but, in the last scenes where he puts on store clothes—good night!"
"And think of him as Armand in 'Camille!" Awful! Between Producer Nazimova and Rudolph, they succeeded

Gee! How the Girls Love Him!

ender of your column in the I am so interested in the case A LAMB and a baby carriage feature of Rudolph Valentino. Oh. Mr. Neely, conspicuously in certain scenes of you can't inagine how in love I am with him. If I was sure he was not Fitamaurice went to London to make, married, I would go across the conti-

every word against him makes me sick at heart. I am sixteen years old." (Gee, Girlie! You've got it bad. ably recall, it is only a very few days liaven't you? I'd like to save the same I wrote to you, and I therefore ter and send it to you when you since I wrote to you, and I therefore twenty-six and watch you blush twenty-six and watch you blush the same bad written it. Meanwi ie! You've got it bad. I'd like to save that letthrough, I certainly was mad at read-ing some of those letters in your of sulphur and molasses would be best

prefer to Wally, but I do not mean to bore you with this.

"Every person—Harry McBin, D. M. "Every person—Harry McBin, D. M. "Every person—Garden Cartanada and one of the control of the

writes (on exactly the same stationery used by Mildred Renner)—"I'd like of these people who are roasting Rudolph Valentino. Well, there are as many people outside the movie game as in it who are conceited and for less reason.

Nazimova and Rudolph, they succeeded in slaugherting a classic. Rudolph is no actor—and I love Italians, too.

'For first-class bores, I'll mention Hart, Fairbanks, Chaplin and Fatty.

'But, oh, Henry! Don't you just love Tom Meighan? All he needs is to wake up."

As some one else has said, 'Why pick on him? He's not the only one to wake up." "Furthermore,

Miss American writes—"I am a conwill you?

"Why is it all the producers are after him? Surely he has to act, for all these men to want him for their pic-

tures.
The sticking up for Wallace Reid at the same time. I like him very much. It is much more pleasant to look at him

of those people like John Graves to is even and his multi-

seemed to have very decided opinions concerning the leisured classes. It was seen suspected of harboring Bolshevik ideas, for its favorite indoor sport was licking off the crest of the ducal baby carriage.

Screen Will Payne Story

The first story written direct for the screen by Will Payne, noted author, is repeated and the private and there being nobody at the private, and there being nobody at the private, and there being nobody for the array of feed. at the private, and there being nobody for the private to pass them to, he went and did it

That's the bus boy in the restaurant. You come and tell the head waiter there to head in. The head waiter smiles and backs you to a seat and then turns around and gives the waiter fits. He will have you docked at the waiter smiles obsequiously at you, the week to show his gratitude. and then, when he thinks you don't hear, he gives the bus hoy darnation.

The bus boy immediately gets busy. fills his hands and pockets and things with dishes, silverware and glasses, butter and bread, and distributes their impartially over the table, as well as

T IS very dangerous to be a bus boy. It is almost certain that you will his seven-year-old daughter, Anna, who figure in a murder trial. Either you was sick in bed.

The police alleged that Brenthal quar-

days, when you set 'em up, it was

is coming with a large tray of food.

After you have been severely censured you may go and make another set-up. Not until then, though, If by some miracle the waiter should forget to swear at you, gently remind him. He will appreciate your thoughtfulness. the end of

HELD FOR TURNING ON GAS

Police Say Yonkers Man Sought Own Death and That of Daughter Yonkers, N. Y., Jan. 3.— M. A. Brenthal was arrested last night, charged with opening gas jets in his home here and enlangering the life of

was sick in bed.

The police alleged that Brenthal quarwill murder the water or a control only reled with his wife, drove her out of hope is that you may murder the waiter the house and then released the deadly One of the first things you must learn and the child. Neighbors smelled eais how to make a set-up; in the old caping gas and gave the alarm

From Now On (AUTHOR OF "THE MIRACLE MAN")
Copyright, 1922, by Public Ledger Company

says you came here like a hunted thing. and it is very evident that you have been in a fight.

"I suppose it was with the police, or with this gang you speak of; but, in that case, you have ruined any chance for help from me if you have led them here—if, for instance, they are waiting now for you to come out again."

"I do not think they are waiting! said Dave Henderson, with a twisted smile. "And I think that the police end of tonight, and maybe some of the rest of tit as well, is in the hospital by now! It's not much of a story—but unless that light in your back porch, which was on for about two seconds, could be seen up the lane, there's no one could know that I am here."

a bit of a fight," he said quietly. "I left them there pawing the air in the left them there in your Nicolo Capriano's hand in the left them there in your Nicolo Capriano's hand reached out. Nicolo Capriano's hand reached out. Nicolo Capriano's hand reached out. Nicolo are discussed in the left them there in your metamorphosis critically for a mo-metamorphosis critically for a metamorphosis critically for a THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Dave Henderson, as Bookie Sharvan's confidential man, is sent to Martin Tyricman to get \$100,000 to recoup rasing losses. He steals the morey and calmiy serves his sentence of five years without disclosing the place where he has hidden it, in an old pigeon cote, despite the fact that Detective Barlan and Skarvan both visit him in jail, each trying to wring from him bla secret with opposite purposes. Just before his term expires he confides in Millman, a prison mate, who is freed two months earlier and who is freed two months earlier and most Henderson at the St. Lucien Hotel in New York at 8 o'clock in the evening of July 24. He immediately regrets this one silp in his determination, and when he leaves the prison sets out almost hopelessly to overtake Millman, although almost immediately he finds both the police and the old gans on his trail. He succeeds in momentarily throwing off his pursuers and gets to the home of Nicolo Capriano, an old bed-ridden Italian, formersly a gang leader, who lives alone with his laugther. Teresa, in San Francisco, Having been sent by one to whom the old man owes mich, he succeede in winning from him a promise of aid, and be is ordered to chance his clothes while the daughter males, arrangements for the next move, at the old man's directors.

was on for about two seconds, could be seen up the lane, there's no one could know that I am here."

The old Italian smiled curiously.

"Ah, my young friend, if I had had you on the night that Tony Lomazzi was trapped, instead of—but that is too late, eh? Yes—too late! But you

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

THIS BEGINS THE STORY

"Tell me exactly what you want me to do. You think you can find the man and the money if you can throw the police and the others off your trail?"

"Yes!" said Dave Henderson, with ominous quiet. "That's my job in life now! If I could disappear for three or four days. I guess that's all the start

There was a tolerant smile now on the old bomb king's lips.

"Three or four days would be a very casy matter," he answered. "But after that—what? It might do very well in that—what? It might do very well in respect to this gang of crooks; but it would be of very little avail where the police are concerned, for they would simply do what the crooks could not do—see that every plain-clothes man and officer on this continent was on the watch for you. Do you imagine that, beligning took how when the money is believing you know where the money is, the police will forget all about you in three or four days?"
"No." admitted Dave Henderson.

with the same ominous quiet; "but all I ask is a fighting chance." Nicolo Capriano stared in speculative

silence for a moment.

"You have courage, my young friend!" he said softly. "I like that—also I do not like the police. But three or four days!" He shook his head. "You do not know the police as I know them! And this man you trusted, and who, as I understand, got away with the money, do you know where to find hit 2"."

Henderson answered.

"Ah! New York!" Nicolo Capriano nodded. "But New York is a world

in itself. He did not give you his address, and then rob you, I suppose!"

Dave Henderson did not answer for a moment. What Nicolo Capriano said bave that letthen you are
ou blush to
Meanwhile,
tioned course

Tould be best

Meanwhile,
tould be best own opinion from the start; but during the two years Millman and he had been all right. I let them pick me up in a screen, either male or female, whom I Mildred Renner, 3797 Cresson street, together in prison there had been many prefer to Wally, but I do not mean to writes—"Why is all this talk soins on little inadvertent remarks in conversa-

mot only sereen beauty and charm, but the special many of the special mother and for sereen beauty special mother and for sereen child parts. Other pictures in which has a special mother of the book from the mother of the special mother and the special mother of the special many special mother of the special mother of the special mother of the special mother of the special many special mother of the special mother

Teresa would not have me forget." He then stow me away somewhere and spoke abruptly to Dave Henderson. make me talk." He jerked his hand "Tell me about tonight. My daughter toward his torn garments. "There was

'It's not much," said Dave Hender-

"The police shadowed me



feverishly. "It is like the young blood warming up an old man's

from the minute I left the penitentiary do not be minute I left the penitentiary today. Tonight I handed them a little there is time," her father answered that I had sidetracked them before common!"

The minute I left the penitentiary today. Tonight I handed them a little there is time," her father answered with sudden brusqueness. "Run, mow!" ing here. And then the gang, Baldy Vickers' gang-"
"Vickers-Baldy Vickers! Yes, yes,

saloon over the bar. He thought I was pretty drunk even then. We started in to make a night of it-and the fly-cop all the history of his life, and inci-dentally get him to lead the way to the police where a certain little sum of money was! Understand? I kept heading in this direction, for I had looked the lay of the land over this afternoon. That saloon up the street was booked as my last stopping place. I was going to shake the fly-cop there, and——" Dave II enderson paused.

"But Dollce——"
"Safe!" The old Italian grinned suddenly in derision. "Listen, my young friend, you need have no fear. My daughter is a Capriano—ch? Yes, and, like her father, she is more than a match for all the police in San Francisco. Go now and change! It will not take Emmanuel long to get here."

like some long-smoldering flame leaping At the expiration of that time he sur-suddenly into a blaze. At the expiration of that time he sur-veyed the result in a small mirror that

"You say you are receiving a great many letters from ancient person."

Miss Rait is surprisingly young and charming when she doffs her make-up, however, and tells of a lengthy career in vaudeville and in musical shows. She in value in responsible success, and also a member of "The Trained Radolph Is "No Actor"

They usually cast me in the state of the form a surprising in page to the for your 'Scrapbook of Stars."

"You say you are receiving a great value from Valentino fans, and at such prices, too? Surely none of Wallie Red's or Tommy Meghan's? Nicolo Capriano's blue-tipped fingers when the door."

Nicolo Capriano's blue-tipped fingers when the long white the hangs out. I'll get him—if I caught sight of Runty Mott and the rest of his crown when the door."

Nicolo Capriano's blue-tipped fingers went straggling through the long white the hangs out. I'll get him—if I caught sight of Runty Mott and the rest of his crown and the door."

Nicolo Capriano's blue-tipped fingers when the door." I'll set him—if I many letters from the success whether and the rest of his crown and the rest of his crown

se, and not only for Tony Lomazzi's sake, but for your own. You shall have your chance, your fighting chance, my young fired, and you will run down your man'—his voice was rising in excitement—'and the money—ch! Yes, yes! And Nicolo Capriano will help you!'

He raised his voice still remained the money—ch! Yes, yes! And Nicolo Capriano will help you!'

He raised his voice still remained the money—ch! Yes, yes! room, you must not remain the room you must not restaurant, and he will give you a room you must not room, you must not room, you must not remain the room you must not room, you must not room. know that I am here."

The old Italian smiled curiously.
"I do not put lights where they act are clever, and you use your head, and so beacons," he said whimsically. "It does not show from the lane; it is for the benefit of those inside the house, but for your your your head, and not only for Tony Lomazzi's sake, but for your your, You shall have your And Nicolo Capriano will help you!"
He raised his voice still higher.
"Teresa! Here, Teresa!" he shouted.
The door opened; the girl stood on the threshold.

"Father," she said reprovingly, "you

have a guest for him who does not like the police, a guest by the name of Smith—that is enough for him to know. And tell Emmanuel that he is to come with his car and wait a block below with his car and wait a block below the lane. And after that again you will go out, Teresa, and let us know if all is safe, and if there is still any police, and any one else, in the lane. Eh? Well, run then!"

"Yes." she said. She was looking at Dave Henderson now, and there was a friendly smile in the dark, steady eyes, though she still addressed her father. "And what news does he bring us of Tony?"

She was back in a few moments with

on armful of clothes; then once more left the room, t room, this time closing the Nicolo Capriano pointed to a second oor at the side of the room. "There is the bathroom, my young friend," he said crisply. "Go in there and wash the blood off your face and

change your clothes."

Dave Henderson hesitated. "Do you think it is safe for her, for your daughter, to go out there?' he demurred. "There was more of a row than perhaps I led you to imagine, and

shake the fly-cop there, and—" Dave line of take Emmanuel long to get here."

Nicolo Capriano was leaning forward in his bed, and there was a new, feverish light in the coal-black eyes—

It took Dave Henderson perhaps ten minutes to wash and bathe his bruises and change into the Italian's clothes. "Go on!" he breathed impatiently.
"Go on! Ah! I can see it all!"
"Runty Mott and his crowd must, have been trailing me." Dave Henderson smiled grimly. "They thought both the fly-col. and myself were drunk.
But to cover their own game and make the mirror and transferred the money he had received from Square John Kelly, together with his few belong-

By FRANK L. PACKARD

You must give the old man, whose brain

"You need not worry on that score!" said Dave Henderson grimly.

"Good!" cried the old Italian again. Tather, 'she said reprovingly, 'you are exciting yourself again.''
The old bomb king's voice was instantly subdued.

"No, I am not. You see—my little one. You see, I am quite calm. And now listen to me. This is Tony Lominous listen to me to do Nicolo to find a way.

Yes, yes"—excitement was growing upon the man again; he rocked his lody to and fro—"old Nicolo and the rocked his lody to and fro—"old Nicolo, who is down that you me there. You can there came in leave it to old Nicolo to find a way.

Yes, yes"—excitement was growing upon the man again; he rocked his lody to and fro—"old Nicolo, who is down that you me there. The was growing upon the man again; he rocked his down in the procked his losy of the was growing upon the man again; he "Only my daughter and myself will police—ha, ha! Old Nicolo, who is dying in his bed—eh? And—" His voice was hushed abruptly: he lowered himself back on his pillows. "Here is Teresa!" he whispered. "She will say I am exciting myself again. Bah! I am strong again with the old wine in my veins!"

"Emmanuel has come," she said. "Emmanuel has come," she said. "There are some police up in Vinetto's saloon, but there is no one in the lane. It is quite safe."

Nicolo Capriano nodded. "And Emmanuel understands?"

"Yes," she said. "Go, then!" The old Italian was holding out his hand to Dave Henderson. "Go at once! My daughter will take you to Emmanuel."

Dave Henderson caught the other's list wing in his bed—eh? And—was holding out his hand to Dave Henderson stepped into the car. His mind was in a chaotic whirl. A thousand diverse things seemed strug-

Nicolo Capriano nodded.

"And Emmanuel understands?"

"Yes," she said.

"Go, then!" The old Italian was holding out his hand to Dave Henderson. "Go at once! My daughter will take you to Emmanuel."

Dave Henderson caught the other's hand.

"Yes, but look here;" he said, a sudden huskiness in his voice. "I—"

"You want to thank me—eh?" said the old bomb king, shaking his head.
"Well, my young friend, there will be time enough for that. You will see me again—eh? Yes! When old Nicolo sends for you, you will come. Until sends for you, you will come. Until then—you will remember! Do not move Until

from your room! Now go!"
Teresa spoke from the doorway.
"Yes, hurry, please!" she

quietly. "The lane was empty a ten minutes ago, but-" She shragged her

called out to him in a whisper to join They passed out of the lane and into the cross street. A little ahead of them Dave Henderson could see a small car, its hood up, standing by the curb. She stopped suddenly.

"Emmanuel has seen me," she said. "That is all that is necessary to identify you." She held out her hand.

identify you." She held out her hand,
"I—I hope you will get out of your
danger safely."
"If I do," said Dave Henderson fervently, "I'll have you and your father
to thank for it."
She shook her head.
"No," she said. "You will have to
thank Tony Lomazzi."
He wanted to say something to detain
her there for a moment or two longer.

her there for a moment or two longer, even under those most inauspicious of circumstances—but five years of prison had not made him glib of tongue, or quick of speech. She was very pretty but it was not her prettiness alone that made her appeal. "But I can't thank Tony Lomazzi, since he is dead," he blurted out—and

the next instant cursed himself for a raw-tongued, blundering fool. In the rays of the street lamp a little way off, he saw her face go deathly white. Her an ngain, hand that was in his closed with a quick, involuntary clutch, and fell You can away—and there came a little mean of

And then she seemed to draw her little form erect—and smiled—but the great dark eyes were wet and full of tears.
"I—" Her voice broke. "Good-

debonair facetiousness.

"Some boy, Emmanuel!" he said—and flung himself down on the seat.
"Go to it!"

To be continued tomorros

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Alhambra 12th, Morris & Passyunk Ave. IMPERIAL 60TH & WALNUT STS. Mat. Daily at 2; Evgs. 6:45 & 9 IMPERIAL Mats. 2 50; Evgs. 7 & 9 JOHNNY HINES in "BURN 'EM UP BARNES

ALLEGHENY Frankford & Allegheny Mat. Dally 2:15; Evgs, at MME. NAZIMOVA in "CAMILLE"

APOLLO 62D & THOMPSON STS. CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG in "WHAT NO MAN KNOWS" ARCADIA CHESTNUT Bel. 16TH

BETTY COMPSON

in "THE LITTLE MINISTER"

ASTOR FRANKLIN & GIBARD AVE.
MATINEE DAILY
GEORGE MELFORD'S "THE SHEIK" BALTIMORE 618T & BALTIMORE Eve. 6:80. Sat. Mat. CORINNE GRIFFITH

in "RECEIVED PAYMENT"

BLUEBIRD Broad & Susquehanna Continuous 2 until 11 GLORIA SWANSON in "UNDER THE LASH" BROADWAY Broad & Snyder Ave. WALLACE BEID & GLORIA SWANSON IN

"Don't Tell Everything" CAPITOL 722 MARKET ST. 19 A. M. to 11:15 P. M **EUGENE O'BRIEN** in "CLAY DOLLARS"

COLONIAL Gtn. & Maplewood Aves.
2:30, 7 and 9 P. M.
WALLACE REID & GLORIA SWANSON In "Don't Tell Everything" DARBY THEATRE WHITMAN BENNETT'S "The Truth About Husbands"

"Don't Tell Everything" FAIRMOUNT 26th & Climated Ave. RICHARD TALMADGE in "TAKING CHANCES"

EMPRESS MAIN ST., MANAYUNK WALLACE REID & GLORIA SWANSON In

FAMILY THEATRE-1811 Market Bt. 8 A. M. TO MIDNIGHT MISS DUPONT in "FALSE KISSES" 56TH ST. THEATRE—Below Spru MATINEE DAILY

VIOLA DANA in "PUPPETS OF FATE" GLOBE 5001 MARKET ST. 2:30 and 0:00 to 11 PAULINE STARK

GREAT NORTHERN Broad St. at Erle GRANT 4022 GIRARD AVE. BETTY COMPTON

HOUSE PETERS

in "THE INVISIBLE POWER" KARLTON CHESTNUT Above BROAD Daily 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. Wallace Reid & Elsie Ferguson In "PETER IBBETSON" ehigh Palace Germantown Ave. and

CONSTANCE TALMADGE LIBERTY BROAD & COLUMBIA AV.
GEORGE MELFORD'S
"THE SHEIK" ORIENT Woodland Ave. at 62d St.

WILLIAM S. HART

in "WHITE OAK" OVERBROOK 63D & HAVERFORD FRANK MAYO "THE SHARK MASTER" PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. "The Child Thou Gavest Me"

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CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG RUBY MARKET ST. BELOW ITH
ALL STAR CAST In
"SHAMS OF SOCIETY" SAVOY 1211 MARKET STREET

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11 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.

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"A CONNECTICUT YANKEE 333 MARKET STREET THEATRE WILLIAM S. HART

TOM MIX RIALTO WEST CHESTER JEFFERSON 20th & Dauphin St MATTINEE DAILY

"THE SHEIK" TOM MIX

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BELMONT 52D ABOVE MARKET BETTY BLYTHE in "MOTHER O' MINE" CEDAR GOTH & CEDAR AVENUE

DORIS MAY in "THE FOOLISH AGE" COLISEUM Market bet. 59th & 60th JOHNNY (Torchy) HINES

IN "BURN 'EM UP BARNES" JUMBO FRONT ST. & GIRARD AVE.
ALL-STAR CAST In

"THUNDER ISLAND" LEADER 41ST & LANCASTER AVE

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in "THE MILLIONAIRE" RIVOLI 52D AND SANSOM STS. HARRY CAREY

in "THE FOX" SAVOY 1211 MARKET STREET STREET WALLACE REID & GLORIA SWANSON in 69TH ST. Theatre—Opp. "L" Terminal 2:30, 7 and 9 P. M. BETTY COMPSON in "LADIES MUST LIVE"

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