

The Daily Movie Magazine

BABY WAR VICTIM BECOMES SCREEN STAR ON COAST

SNATCHED from death in the World War, a helpless eighteen-month-old baby lived to become a screen child actor of today.

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

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 already been killed.

FOR THE FILM FAN'S SCRAPBOOK



BEBE DANIELS 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 probably remember, I wrote to you, and I therefore hesitated before sending in this letter.

There is no other actor on the screen, either male or female, whom I prefer to Wally, but I do not mean to bore you with this.

Every person—Harry McBin, D. M. G. H., Mercedes Casteneda—each one picks on Wallace Reid in defending Rudolph Valentino. 'Mercedes' asks the reason for picking on the latter as a concealed actor.

As to Harry McBin, I would like to know if there ever was a man who acted who never made love in his films. I cannot see where Reid does so any more than any other.

Rudolph is "No Actor" M. R. C., 156 Lundy street, writes: "I was so wild about Rudolph. I fell in love with him at the Shick. He is a gr-r-raud and ga-ri-ous Shick—but, in the last scenes where he puts on stage his will, I predict that you will be thinking how in love I am with him. I would go across the continent for him."

Geel! How the Girls Love Him! Miss American writes: "I am a constant reader of your column in the paper. I am so interested in the case of Rudolph Valentino. Oh, Mr. Neely, you call me a fan, but in love I am with him. I would go across the continent for him."

Vocational Guidance Series: By J. P. McEVROY How to be a Bus Boy THE bus boy in a restaurant responds to the private soldier who is related in the story, was the only soldier in the army.

Screen Will Payne Story The first story written direct for the screen by Will Payne, noted author, is "A Truthful Liar," which is being produced with Wanda Hawley as star.

Betty Put Up a Bluff Betty Compton put up a good bluff face at the Hollywood Studio last week when she had to appear in a scene with "Sphinx," a leopard, about whom Betty says she never heard before.

From Now On

By FRANK L. PACKARD (AUTHOR OF "THE MIRACLE MAN") Copyright, 1922, by Public Ledger Company

THIS BEGINS THE STORY Dave Henderson, as Bookie Sharyan's confidential man, is sent to Martin Tyndal to get \$10,000 to "keep racing losses."

"I do not think they are waiting here for me if you have led them here—if, for instance, they are waiting now for you to come out again."

"I think he is in New York," Dave Henderson answered. "Ah! New York," Nicolo Capriano nodded. "But New York is a world in itself. He did not know the address, and then you, I suppose."

"I think he is in New York," Dave Henderson answered. "Ah! New York," Nicolo Capriano nodded. "But New York is a world in itself. He did not know the address, and then you, I suppose."

"I think he is in New York," Dave Henderson answered. "Ah! New York," Nicolo Capriano nodded. "But New York is a world in itself. He did not know the address, and then you, I suppose."

"I think he is in New York," Dave Henderson answered. "Ah! New York," Nicolo Capriano nodded. "But New York is a world in itself. He did not know the address, and then you, I suppose."

"I think he is in New York," Dave Henderson answered. "Ah! New York," Nicolo Capriano nodded. "But New York is a world in itself. He did not know the address, and then you, I suppose."

"I think he is in New York," Dave Henderson answered. "Ah! New York," Nicolo Capriano nodded. "But New York is a world in itself. He did not know the address, and then you, I suppose."

"I think he is in New York," Dave Henderson answered. "Ah! New York," Nicolo Capriano nodded. "But New York is a world in itself. He did not know the address, and then you, I suppose."

"I think he is in New York," Dave Henderson answered. "Ah! New York," Nicolo Capriano nodded. "But New York is a world in itself. He did not know the address, and then you, I suppose."

it to three of the one he now had on. He stepped out into the bedroom.

"Good!" ejaculated the old bomb king. "Excellent!" He rubbed his thin fingers together. "Yes, yes, it is like the old days again! Ha, ha, old Nicolo still plays a hand in the game, and old Nicolo's head is still on his shoulders."

"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 are clever, and you use your head, and you have the courage. That is what I like. Yes, assuredly, I will help you, and not only for Tony Lomazzi's sake, but for your own. You shall have your chance, your fighting chance, my young friend, and you will give your man—his voice will rise in excitement—and the money—eh! Yes! Yes! And Nicolo Capriano will help you!"

"The door opened; the girl stood on the threshold. "Father," she said reprovingly, "you are exciting me. The old bomb king's voice was instantly subdued.

"No, I am not. You see—my little one, you see, I am quite calm. Listen to my friend, and he is therefore our friend. Is it not so? Well, then, listen! He is in need of help. The police are not getting him. So, my young friend, get him some clothes instead of those torn ones. Get him some of mine. They will not fit very well, but they will do. Then you will tell me where he is, and I will be 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 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!"

"You will know by and by, when there is time," her father answered in sudden brusqueness. "Run, now!"

"I took Dave Henderson perhaps ten minutes to wash his face and change into the Italian clothes. At the expiration of that time he surveyed the result in a small mirror that hung on the wall. The clothes were only made up for him from a store where they were ill-fitting and they bulged badly in places. His appearance was not flattering. He might have passed for an Italian man, but he looked dead. He smiled queerly as he turned from the mirror and transferred the money he had received from Square John Kelly, together with a few belongings, from the pockets of his discarded

"Go on!" he breathed impatiently. "Go on! Ah! I can see it all!" "Rusty Mott and his crowd must have been trailing me," Dave Henderson smiled grimly. "They thought both fly-cop, and myself were drunk. But to cover their own game and make their play at me they had to get the fly-cop out of the road first. One of the gang came into the saloon, faked in a quarrel with the fly-cop, and knocked him out. I didn't know what was up until then, when I caught sight of Rusty Mott and the rest of his crowd pushing in through the door."

"That's all right!" he said. "I haven't got his address—but New York is good enough. He spilled too much in prison for me not to know that if he were anywhere, it would be in New York. I can only shake the police."

"The police!" He was whispering—seemingly to himself. "It is always the police—a lifetime of the cursed police—and I hope you'll be candid if I understand that John Graves is one of these male creatures and hide their jealousy there wouldn't be half as much criticism. What picture ran in Philadelphia as long as the 'Four Horsemen' and at such prices, too? Surely none of Wallace Reid's or Tommy Meighan's, do you?"

"I hope you'll publish this, as I am an ardent reader of your Daily Movie Magazine."

"I'm suggesting Richard Dix's photo for your 'Scrapbook of Stars.'"

"I'm suggesting Richard Dix's photo for your 'Scrapbook of Stars.'"

quietly. "The lane was empty a few minutes ago, but—" She shrugged her shoulders significantly.

Dave Henderson, with a final nod to the propped-up figure in the bed, turned and followed Teresa along the passage and out into the porch. Here she held him wait while she went out again into the lane; but his mind was more so-called out to him in a whisper to join her.

"Emmanuel has seen me," she said. "That in all that is necessary to identify you. She held out her hand. 'I—I hope you will get out of your danger safely.'"

"If I do," said Dave Henderson feebly, "I'll have you and your father to thank for it."

"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 even under those most inauspicious circumstances—but five years of prison had not made him wild 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 raw-tongued, blundering fool. In the rays of the street lamp a little way off the lane; but his mind was more so-called out to him in a whisper to join her.

"A man in the driver's seat reached out and opened the door of the tonneau. 'Go, Emmanuel,' he said, in broken English. 'You give a dam for da police any more. I gotta da room where you hide—safe. See? Over da restaurant. You eat, you sleep, you give a da cops da laugh.'"

Dave Henderson stepped into the car. His mind was in a chaotic whirl. At his hip, cursing at himself again for a blundering fool, she disappeared in the lane; and then he, too, turned, and walked to the waiting car.

"To be continued tomorrow"

"To be continued tomorrow"

"To be continued tomorrow"

"To be continued tomorrow"

ACTRESS OF STAGE PLAYS MOTHER ROLE IN PICTURE

LILA RAIT, who plays the role of Lila Lee's mother in "One Glorious Day" with Will Rogers and Lila Lee in the leading parts, has had an unusual career in the theatre and picture.

"SPOOFY" LAMB LIKED PAINT ON BABY CARRIAGE

A LAMB and a baby carriage feature so conspicuously in certain scenes of "Three Live Ghosts," which George Fitzmaurice went to London to make.

Screen Will Payne Story

The first story written direct for the screen by Will Payne, noted author, is "A Truthful Liar," which is being produced with Wanda Hawley as star.

Betty Put Up a Bluff

Betty Compton put up a good bluff face at the Hollywood Studio last week when she had to appear in a scene with "Sphinx," a leopard, about whom Betty says she never heard before.

ACTRESS OF STAGE PLAYS MOTHER ROLE IN PICTURE

LILA RAIT, who plays the role of Lila Lee's mother in "One Glorious Day" with Will Rogers and Lila Lee in the leading parts, has had an unusual career in the theatre and picture.

"SPOOFY" LAMB LIKED PAINT ON BABY CARRIAGE

A LAMB and a baby carriage feature so conspicuously in certain scenes of "Three Live Ghosts," which George Fitzmaurice went to London to make.

Screen Will Payne Story

The first story written direct for the screen by Will Payne, noted author, is "A Truthful Liar," which is being produced with Wanda Hawley as star.

Betty Put Up a Bluff

Betty Compton put up a good bluff face at the Hollywood Studio last week when she had to appear in a scene with "Sphinx," a leopard, about whom Betty says she never heard before.

When The Record of Quality START 1922 with OKet tunes and you'll be all set for the biggest dance year ever.

Wanted-- a \$25,000 Man WE ARE about to close arrangements for the exclusive distribution of Keith-Landis Electric Clocks for Philadelphia and surrounding territory.

Wanted-- a \$25,000 Man WE ARE about to close arrangements for the exclusive distribution of Keith-Landis Electric Clocks for Philadelphia and surrounding territory.

THESE LONG WINTER NIGHTS Comfort and coziness in the home are provided by Incandescent Gas Light—clear, mellow, restful. To get the most enjoyment from good gas light, care should be used in the selection of the lamp and shade.

THESE LONG WINTER NIGHTS Comfort and coziness in the home are provided by Incandescent Gas Light—clear, mellow, restful. To get the most enjoyment from good gas light, care should be used in the selection of the lamp and shade.